

Has American Democracy Been a Hallucination for Nearly 60 Years?



by Roger L. Simon

Call it a [democracy](#), call it a democratic republic, call it a constitutional republic, call it anything you want—it doesn't really matter what America is if there is truth to what [Tucker Carlson](#) was reporting the other night via a source who had "direct knowledge" of still-hidden documents concerning the Kennedy assassination, implicating the CIA.

If indeed the CIA was in any way involved in the assassination of [JFK](#) on Nov. 22, 1963, then anything that has happened in the public sphere in our country since that day has basically been a hallucination created by an intelligence agency far deeper than most of us—certainly me, since I was never much given to conspiracy theories—ever imagined.

The affairs of the day—RNC chief Ronna McDaniel revealed to be a profligate spender on her own luxury travel, not on Republican candidates; Donald Trump releasing self-aggrandizing NFT pseudo-art as a fundraiser (rest in peace, Johannes Vermeer); even Elon Musk's exposure of the multiple mendacious censoring creeps behind Twitter, although that has an eerie similarity—pale by comparison to CIA involvement and, therefore, massive coverup for decades in the JFK assassination.

That former CIA director Mike Pompeo declined to appear on Carlson's show to discuss this is not insignificant. We all know about 51 intelligence officials—John Brennan and others who fallaciously claimed two years ago the Hunter Biden laptop was Russian disinformation. They have to have known otherwise. Now this?

Why are 3 percent of the Warren Commission documents on the assassination still being hidden after those nearly 60 years with all the major players dead, if not to hide something of serious importance from the American public?

It's time to reconsider Oliver Stone's "JFK" that, though I admired Oliver's filmmaking, I originally thought to be a crackpot.

The Kennedy assassination has special ramifications for me because it occurred on my 20th birthday. I was a Dartmouth student at the time and drove down to spend the weekend with my girlfriend at Skidmore (Saratoga Springs, New York) and sat in a motel room stunned and mesmerized watching Jack Ruby shoot Lee Harvey Oswald, live on the black and white television.

I cannot remember seeing anything more inexplicable in my life. How could this have been allowed to happen only hours after the assassination? In retrospect, it becomes even more incredible. In a certain sense, I now feel that most of my

adult life, what I have thought was real, has been erased.

Although most of us of a “certain age” have our own personal stories, that’s the relatively minor part. Historically, for our country at large, the Kennedy assassination was a disaster. It led to the ascendance of Lyndon Johnson and his “Great Society” social programs.

What actually occurred because of these programs was the not-so-gradual destruction of the black family, the women having been financially induced via handouts to marry the state instead of the men who normally would have been their husbands. The statistics on the decline of the black family and the rise of single-parent households are well known, as are the results that the black community and the rest of us live through on a daily basis. What becomes of a man, black or white, who no longer has the responsibility of being a father? LBJ was in many ways the godfather of Black Lives Matter, not to mention the hugely sad violence in the streets of our biggest cities, most notably Chicago.

If all this is true, the question becomes how do we get out of this hallucination that is more powerful than, though not unrelated to, the mass formation psychosis described by the Belgian academic Mathias Desmet.

To begin with, we need the full information, every document, and we need it now. Without the public being able to review that last three percent we can go no further. We should be calling for that—loudly.

The Everly Brothers perhaps put it best, although in another context.

*“Wake up, little Susie, wake up
We’ve both been sound asleep
Wake up little Susie and weep
The movie’s over, it’s four o’clock
And we’re in trouble deep.”*

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