

Sherlock Holmes and Dr. Watson: What Do Iran's Mullahs Want?

By Amil Imani

When dealing with the mullahs ruling Iran, what you see is not what you get, and what you hear is not what they mean. Transparency and honesty are not their strong suits. So, we need a first-rate sleuth to see through their smoke and mirrors and beyond their twisted tongues into their warped brains.

Who else but Sherlock Holmes can be our man to tell us what the mullahs really want?

The fact of the matter, as far as we can tell, is that the mullahs are waving a big menacing stick over the world's head—their nuclear program and its ramifications.

The mullahs, however, say to the world (if you are ever foolish enough to trust the word of a people whose religion not only officially condones but recommends taqqueyh—lying—to achieve a higher purpose) they promise, on their Boy Scout's honor, to limit their nuclear activity to peaceful endeavors under the United Nation's watchdog.

From its past performance, rather than its absence of performance, we know that the UN watchdog is a true disgrace to dogs since all it does is eat, sleep, and look the other way. Furthermore, the dog has no teeth. The vet had to pull all its teeth before the dog became acceptable to the crafty cats that constitute the UN itself.

In return for their promise that you cannot even sell at a 100% discount, the mullahs demand that the world—led by the

Big Dog, the United States of America, and the lesser dogs, the Europeans— give them an iron-clad security blanket.

The bargain that the Allah-fearing and peace-loving mullahs offer makes even the shrewdest Yankee trader strictly amateurish by comparison, one suspects.

“What is the problem? What do the mullahs mean by ‘security blanket,’ Holmes?” asks Dr. Watson.

“Simplicity itself, Watson,” answers Sherlock Holmes. “But first, as an exercise in detection, give me your own surmise on the matter. Do the mullahs want a security blanket to guard against the U.S. military attack, the rabid Iraqis who might break out of their cage in Baghdad again and bite them, or the Emirs of the Gulf States who are happily immersed up to their headgear, frolicking in their harems?” The master asks his pupil.

“Breathlessly, Holmes, I await your never-erring elucidation of the enigma,” says Holmes’ always-at-sea sidekick.

“Well then. We can safely rule out the butcher of Baghdad, Saddam Hussein. He is no longer alive, and the murderous gang of Tikriti killers known as the Republican Guard is also gone. Saddam Hussein must have known that the Republican Guard could not stop the advance of the U.S. military on Baghdad. Saddam is replaced with a friendly regime toward their Shiite brothers in Iran. There is no more a threat from the Iraqis. Thanks to “Uncle Sam.” Remember how Saddam was paraded periodically at his trial and displayed on television for all the Iraqis who had suffered under his rule to get even with him by spitting on his image? An aside, my dear Watson, have you noticed that the Arabs have this nasty habit of spitting at anyone or anything they dislike? So, that rules out Saddam and Iraqi guards. Do you agree with Watson?” pontificates the master.

“I do,” replies Watson.

"As for the Emirs and Sheiks posing security threats to the mullahs, we hardly need to take that possibility seriously. These parasites, with their immense petrodollars, are busy having a blast. They may be dumb, but they are not stupid. They hardly want to mess around with the rabid, turbaned zealots across the Persian Gulf. They smugly feel safe, at least for now. And 'now' is the operative word for them. They will worry about 'later,' later. Life is too short, they surmise; they have little faith in Allah's promised paradise with all the virgins, and they are busy making the most of the paradise they have on earth. Also, they are comforted in the knowledge that the Big Dog, also known as the Great Satan in some circles, is on the job with its huge force of armed to-the-teeth fighters protecting them so he can continue feeding his habit-imbibing oil. So, the Emirs keep pumping oil, frolic, and let the Big Dog do the worrying while they do what they really like to do," explains Holmes, takes a long drag on his pipe, stares at the overhead rings of smoke, and says no more, to Watson's consternation.

"Holmes, you did not complete your explanation, I dare say. Would you also explain the role of the E3, the European Three, in this melodrama," Watson intones.

"Patience, Watson, patience. Well then. The E3 dogs have interjected themselves into the squabble. They have taken a page from the Prince's Machiavellian Book of Statesmanship by pretending to be honest brokers while letting the Americans bleed both blood as well as money. The E3 feel that the more the Big Dog is busy fighting, the less it can eat, and more is left for them," says the great man.

"Yes?" presses Watson.

"As for the Big Dog going after the mullahs, it is completely out of the question. Everyone is opposed to it. The Iraq misadventure has hopefully taught them an old lesson they seem to have had difficulty learning. The lesson is that it is a

terrible mistake to go halfway across the world and invade a country unless you are able and willing to bulldoze the whole thing from one end to the other, with all the people, bar none, buried under the rubble. Recent military undertakings have been, by and large, busts—in Korea, Vietnam, Iraq, and even Afghanistan, where the indigenous people seem largely supportive of the effort,” says Holmes.

“Holmes, with all due respect, you are taxing my patience. Please spell it out without going on a great detour. Since you have eliminated all the suspects, why do the mullahs want a security blanket from the world powers, and why are they so insistent upon it?” Watson demands.

“The ever-conniving mullahs dread the Iranian people. Granted that a small percentage of Iranians, known as the 3Fs—fools, fanatics, and frauds—support the mullahs. No totalitarian rule can survive without that population segment, for one reason or another, supporting it. Yet, time is not on the side of the mullahs. Through their mismanagement, thievery, and oppression of the masses, they have created explosive internal conditions. Any significant support of the presently splintered Iranian opposition will be the tipping point—a tipping point that would assuredly topple the mullahs,” says Holmes, and rewards himself with another long drag on his pipe.

“So, the mullahs want the powers that be, led by the Big Dog, to lend no support of any kind, moral or material, to the Iranian people?” asks Watson.

“Yes, Watson, that’s their life insurance. The mullahs like their lifestyle and want to bequeath it to their children.

They are also long-term planners. They have maniacal messianic delusions of someday ruling the world. Presently,

they will do all they can to imprison and kill with impunity the internal opposition and want the rest of the



world to keep its nose out of their “family” business. In the meantime, they will, with greater peace of mind, pursue their quest for the nuclear bomb, by hook or crook and keep the fat UN watchdog happily in a slumberous state by throwing it a bone or two from time to time,” concludes the master sleuth.

“Holmes, that’s a cynical view of the world, I say,” pipes up Watson.

“It is a cynical world, my dear Watson,” retorts the master.

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