

EIR Books

Why America is losing 'the game'

by Mark Burdman

The Game Player: Confessions of the CIA's Original Political Operative

by Miles Copeland

Aurum Press, London, 1989

294 pages, with index, £12.95

If the United States and Western civilization survive their current perilous crises, future historians might have a shorthand name for one of the characteristic afflictions of the United States in the decades following the end of the Second World War. That affliction could be labeled "Miles Copeland."

This is not to attribute too much importance to Miles Copeland himself, who is already more than enough of an egomaniac for anybody's taste. It is only to say that his personality and career embody that quality which has brought the U.S. to the brink of strategic, political, and moral disaster.

As the reader of *The Game Player* will discover, Copeland is a chief mastermind of CIA "covert operation games." He operates at the point where several different "universes" intersect: the CIA as such, CIA activities in the Middle East in particular, the strategies and activities of the multinational oil companies, the "Irangate" political-intelligence complex, and the degenerate milieu of Hollywood and of the rock-sex-drug counterculture. Since the late 1960s, dating from the period immediately after the June 1967 Arab-Israeli war, Copeland has, according to his own account, been a central figure in a "private CIA," which contrives "covert political action operations" that are "indispensable in a wide range of

government-to-government activities outside the normal scope of conventional diplomacy and statecraft." This same "private CIA" services the multinational (or transnational) corporations whose power, Copeland gloats, has grown during the past years, because of the discrediting and growing ineffectiveness of U.S. government institutions.

On the surface, Alabama-born Copeland is an ingratiating creature, more or less of the sort that accosted Eve in the Garden of Eden, or what more colloquially minded folk would call a "tricky bastard." The book is itself tricky, and the best advice to any prospective reader might be to start at the end. There, we find Copeland philosophizing, "Put simply, I see life as a game. . . . I've found that if you see life as a 'game'—a term I use as military, political and business strategists use it, not in its frivolous sense—you gain several advantages. . . . I must emphasize that here I'm writing exclusively of 'serious' games, those that the famous mathematician John von Neumann and the famous economist Oskar Morgenstern wrote about in their monumental work, *The Theory of Games and Economic Behavior*, and those that I wrote in my monumental textbook for the CIA, *Non-Mathematical Games for Innumerate Intelligence Officers*. The 'life is a game' outlook that I prescribe doesn't trivialize; it only makes a person see things in their proper perspective, 'maximizing benefits' and 'minimizing losses,' to borrow terms from von Neumann and Morgenstern."

Without boring the reader with all the details about von Neumann and Morgenstern, suffice it to state two details. One is that "game theory" is a radical form of American pragmatism, elevated to a kind of cult, a cult that has a significant amount of priapist, masturbatory emotional content. "Game theory" manufactures a conceptual aura for the childish, paranoid-schizophrenic belief in "rules of the game."

In the universe of von Neumann and co-thinkers, physical-economic reality doesn't matter in the least. But, since the laws of the universe are efficient, and the "rules of the game" are not, the "game player" is doomed to failure. Reality must, sooner or later, catch up. That, in a nutshell, is why we are in trouble today: game theory.

A second point: On numerous occasions, *EIR* contributing editor Lyndon LaRouche has written of his adversary relationship to "game theory," dating back to around 1950. It was LaRouche's disgust with "game theory," and the worldview underlying it, that motivated him to develop some of his most important conceptual breakthroughs in economics and science. It is hardly coincidental, that Miles Copeland is reported by intelligence sources to be an integral component of the international "Get LaRouche" task force, which has conspired to frame LaRouche up and jail him. Copeland's hatred of LaRouche is so profoundly intense, that the astute observer would conclude that "something more than meets the eye" is involved.

Cults, drugs, and Satanism

The danger posed by Copeland and his friends is that they see success precisely where they have failed. In significant part, this is because their "game" is inherently immoral, tending in its worst cases to outright satanism, a love of evil for evil's sake.

To put it another way: By his own effective admission, Miles Copeland is *objectively* an agent of influence, not only of the Soviet Union, but also of Satan. He stresses at one point, that Soviet strategy against the West, does not mean fighting a "hot war," nor competing in the sense the word "competition" suggests in American usage, but on "making it impossible" for Americans to compete: "Whatever kind of conflict the Soviets engaged in with us, their strategy would be geared to American weaknesses rather than to Soviet strengths." In and of itself, this is true enough. Elsewhere, he reports that his son, Miles III, advised him, as an "intellectual exercise," to "'game out' what KGB political activists might accomplish if they were to use the CIA's own techniques on the American political scene." Out of this emerged a paper entitled "A Dozen Ways to Destroy America," which "showed how some particularly influential Americans thought that what we were doing to ourselves was almost exactly what the Soviets would like to have done to us, if we hadn't beat them to it."

What better "American weakness" to exploit, than to have a moral imbecile like Miles Copeland supporting drugs, cults, mystics, and the like? What greater blow could be dealt to the United States?

Do we exaggerate? Take the case of Copeland's boast, that one of his early CIA-linked units, the Political Action Staff, sponsored Scientology as a *political intelligence operation*, to gain "useful secret channels into the minds of leaders not only in Africa and Asia." This is most interesting,

and is an important detail about Scientology that has somehow been missed, or ignored, by the presumptive investigative journalists who have written book-length exposés on Scientology. Copeland's admission should be of great interest to those who have traced the origins of Satanic killer cults to Scientology spin-off groups like the Process Church of the Final Judgment (see, for example, Maury Terry's *The Ultimate Evil*), and to those who have wondered more generally about Scientology's place in the "New Age" rock-sex-drug counterculture, typified by Scientology founder and guru L. Ron Hubbard's late-1940s relations to the Ordo Templi Orientis, the group of British Satanist Aleister Crowley.

Such activities, writes Copeland, were for a while run under a Political Action Staff sub-unit called "occultism in high places," or "OHP." Aside from the Scientology capers (and related ones involving the odd Moral Rearmament Movement, which is itself linked to Britain-based cult groups), this involved using astrologers and mystics to manipulate politicians. Elsewhere than his book, in the *Times* of London May 21, 1988, Copeland had referred to the same *modus operandi* as the CIA's "Cosmic Operations Bureau," which he had headed in the last year of its existence, in the mid-1950s.

Copeland, of course, likes to portray this all as fun and games, and of course, very clever. It is all, however, not so funny, and derives from a particular entity in the Anglo-American intelligence world that we will identify in a moment.

But for the full flavor of the mind, read the passage where Copeland discusses CIA-sponsored drug experiments (these were part of what became known as "MK-Ultra," although Copeland doesn't use that term): "The projects that drew the attention of the Church Committee were all conducted *outside* the CIA by scientists and pseudo-scientists employed by universities and pharmaceutical companies under contract to the CIA for what we understood would be strictly experimental. It never hurts to know what *can* be done. So these 'scientists,' or whatever they were, made pharmaceuticals that could make a 'target' tell the truth, hallucinate, behave self-destructively or even drop dead for no detectable cause. It was pretty entertaining stuff. . . . But we were as much surprised as the general public when the story broke about the poor guy, to whom some experimenter had fed an LSD pill, who plunged out of a tenth-story window of a Washington hotel screaming, 'Look, Mom, I can fly!' Senator Church, who already had a bead drawn on the CIA, failed to appreciate the comic side of the event, and when his investigators delved deeper into the most arcane corners of the CIA they found experiments in germ warfare, personality alteration, memory erasure, assassination and God knows what else. . . . But their existence didn't indicate evil so much as they illustrated, once again, what can go on in the basements and attics of a dream factory like the CIA if its top people aren't forever watchful."

“Comic side of the event”?!

All of this is not Copeland alone speaking, it is a certain identifiable institution, the so-called “Anglo-American Occult Bureau.” These are the creatures who find Satanism and related atrocities useful for manipulating societies, and reinforcing their own power. To some extent this “Bureau” goes back to Churchill’s efforts to penetrate and manipulate Nazi occult circles around Hitler, and to World War II Office of Strategic Services Switzerland station chief Allen Dulles’s cultivation of Gnostic psychologist C.G. Jung, although the ultimate origins lie in the launching of the “New Age” occult movement in the second half of the 19th century. As for the Jung apparatus, it has been supported by the financial-political interests of the Mellon family, particularly the strange Paul Mellon and his late wife Mary. Miles Copeland’s main oil company connection, by his own account, is Gulf Oil, the company on which Mellon family wealth is, in part, based.

At the same time, the Copeland family is a real whopper. His wife is British, by training an archaeologist, and Miles Copeland has lived, throughout most of the postwar period, in Oxfordshire, U.K. The Copelands’ one daughter and three sons are all involved in either Hollywood or rock ’n’ roll. His

son Stewart is a drummer, associated with the rock star “Sting.” Sting is a mystic, linked to the Jungian movements and to radical environmentalism. Son Miles III is a rock impresario. On its latest album cover, the “Black Sabbath” group expresses “special thanks to Miles Copeland,” which evidently refers to Miles III. The album, “Headless Cross,” has song after song in praise of the Devil, and on the same album cover that expresses the “special thanks,” there are song excerpts filled with praise for the Devil, Lucifer, witches, etc. Indeed, like father, like son.

Protectors of narco-terrorism

Along similar lines, Copeland is integral to that section of the American Establishment and CIA that backs Syrian President Hafez al-Assad, a chief controller of Soviet-backed narco-terrorism. Copeland’s chief buddies in the U.S. intelligence community are Archibald (“Archie”) Roosevelt, a grandson of Theodore Roosevelt, the latter being one of Copeland’s own fondest heroes; Archie’s cousin Kermit (“Kim”); and Archie’s wife Selwa (“Lucky”), by birth a Druze-Syrian princess. Selwa was the chief of protocol of the U.S. State Department during the Reagan administration.

A civil libertarian who opposes liberty

by Nancy Guice

Why We Act Like Canadians

by Pierre Burton

Penguin Books Canada, Markham, Ontario, 1987

132 pages, paperbound, \$5.95

This book, subtitled “A Personal Exploration of our National Character,” would be more truthfully named “A British exploration in cultural warfare against a national purpose.” It tells us much more about Pierre Burton than it does about Canadian character.

Burton, the author of several best-selling Canadian history books, reporter, perennial talk show guest, and a director of the Canadian Civil Liberties Association, has recently made public his desire to deny freedom of speech in Canadian airports to the Party for the Commonwealth of Canada, a political party dedicated to republican ideas and policies based

on the ideas of American statesman Lyndon H. LaRouche. This same Pierre Burton in the early 1970s vigorously defended the rights of the biggest drug den and distribution center in Canada—Rochdale College.

No wonder then, that Burton’s description of Canadian character allows for no human identity in pursuit of higher ideals but only a supposed love of dictatorial strictures and institutions which “save us from our so-called instincts.”

Burton’s British hatred of true political freedom is seen in his comparisons of Canada and the United States. According to him, “life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness” represent “panache and hedonism,” as in the actions of licentious miners during the Gold Rush. In reaction to this version of “liberty,” Canadians prefer “law and order,” to the point of tolerating gross violations of human rights. Higher ideals or national purpose do not exist—all that we have is bestowed upon us from a benevolent master. “Your [American] kind of democracy sprouts upwards from the grass; ours is dispensed from the heavens, like gentle rain.” (It is interesting how Mr. Burton implies that the Queen occupies that highest place and not God!)

This “gentle rain” is depicted by Burton in an account of Royal Canadian Mounted Police activity: “Consider this: income tax returns forged, letters faked, innocent people intimidated, mail obtained fraudulently and later destroyed, buildings burglarized and even burned; dynamite stolen; incriminating evidence planted on innocent people; wires tapped, phones bugged, left-wingers harassed. Yet no Mountie has yet gone to jail. Damaging files have vanished. Relevant evidence has been kept secret. But the Canadian public has remained relatively unmoved by all these revela-

Anecdotes about Copeland's days in Syria can be read in *The Game Player*, and in previous books by Copeland. Methodologically, his definition of "Sufism" tells all: "a perfectly respectable system of Moslem mysticism." In fact, Sufism is the brainwashing belief-structure out of which Islamic fundamentalism and terrorism has been manufactured.

This explains part of Copeland's admiration for Kim Philby, whose activities in the Middle East sometimes overlapped those of Copeland, up to the point that Copeland was active on the scene, in a curious way, around the time of Philby's flight to the Soviet Union. Keep in mind that Philby's father, St. John Philby, was a top controller of Middle Eastern cults on behalf of the Arab Bureau of the British Foreign Office.

'The Bush League'

Would that all of this were just of historical or anecdotal interest, given Copeland's advanced age of 76. But it is, unfortunately, integral to everything that is rotten in the Bush administration. Copeland himself served as de facto head of the Bush for President Campaign in the United Kingdom in 1988, with a series of letters to British papers during that

year, portraying Bush as the perfect candidate of those intelligence and corporate "old boys" who wanted a President who would listen to, and act on the basis of, what they say. Earlier than that, according to what he reports in *The Game Player*, Copeland headed a group of intelligence operatives in 1980, who supported Bush for President, calling themselves "The Bush League."

Copeland is also hooked into Henry Kissinger's networks. Among other things, his high-powered personal secretary Veronique Rodman was previously, he claims, Henry Kissinger's "confidential secretary," who married Peter Rodman, Kissinger's "longtime friend and assistant."

Finally, for a good background clue to what makes Copeland tick, the reader is referred to an article in the Aug. 19 *Daily Telegraph* of London, about how and why the British elites prefer the worldview of the defeated Southern Confederacy over the victorious American Union, precisely, because of the South's rejection of the "philosophy of America" favoring scientific and technological progress. That takes us back to Alabama-born Copeland's worship of Teddy Roosevelt, who embodied the liberal Anglophile views now extolled in the Kissinger-linked *Daily Telegraph*.

tions. . . . We have lived too long with our national myth; we cannot bear to see it shattered."

Mr. Burton inadvertently describes the true source for his idea of the Canadian character in discussing the loyalists, the losing side in the American War of Independence, many of whom fled to Canada. It is the loyalists, he says, as well as the British-born, who were "the Chosen" and "have had an influence out of all proportion to their numbers."

After the American Revolution, the immigration of Americans to Upper Canada (Ontario) soon unbalanced the loyalist-British domination to the degree they became fearful of losing the province to the United States. But, says Burton, all that changed when "you Americans declared war on Great Britain and tried, unsuccessfully, to take the upper province by force." This "horde of ragged frontiersmen, slipping like phantoms through the trees, squirrel rifles at the alert, each acting on his own—a mob of wildmen, perfectly prepared to take a scalp or burn a house," created further cause for Canadians to run for the protection of their British masters. Pierre forgets to mention that these British protectors had been paying the Indians for American scalps for 20 years prior to the war, and that the British Royal Navy's "arrogance on the high seas" consisted of impressing, i.e. kidnaping, sailors from American merchant vessels.

Burton omits the Canadian republicans such as Louis Joseph Papineau and Thomas Edison's father Samuel, or the Quebec collaborators of Benjamin Franklin, who were committed to cooperating with the United States for the industrialization of all of Canada; equally, he ignores the active support of many Canadian patriots, including the composer of the Canadian national anthem Calixa Lavallee, for Abra-

ham Lincoln's fight against the British funded slavocracy of the South.

The rest of the lies in this book are of the same stripe as Burton's use of the tired excuse that our cold weather freezes our passions. His method of lying is "false causality," and therefore begs the question, why was this book written? *When*, gives a clue. The first edition came in 1982 as Canadians for the first time were establishing a written Constitution. The second came in 1987, during the debate on U.S.-Canada free trade agreements, and included an added chapter on that topic.

This book was written to prevent any serious debate of these two historic issues. For Pierre Burton, national purpose does not exist; he derides it in the Americans and ignores it for Canadians, whom he defines as fixed in their identity by processes outside of their control. After all, if there is no conscious direction to a nation expressed by its people, no desire to organize it in accordance with natural law for the good, what need has it of liberty? If Canada lacks a clearly defined national identity, it is precisely because of ongoing cultural warfare by the British, including Mr. Burton's "exploration," against a clearly defined national purpose. But another chance is now given to Canadians to assert their humanity and play an important role in history. The aforementioned assault by Burton on the Party for the Commonwealth of Canada occurs in response to a Supreme Court battle the party is waging against the Crown for freedom of speech. Mr. Burton's hysteria comes from the fact that the party has already won the first two rounds of this battle at the federal, and federal appeals court, levels; certainly not the result you would expect from Mr. Burton's Canadians.