



Part Three: Obama's Exorcism

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“Rosalee, You're new here, listen closely and keep your mouth shut, and you might stay.” The officious senior secretary sneered at the newcomer. Rosalee who'd just started yesterday, had arrived as part of the White House shakeup that followed the President's denouncing insider trading on the floor of the New York Stock Exchange.

Once the President turned on Wall Street, many working at the White House, saw their career no longer advanced by time at the so called “people's” house. The last straw for many had been the two week open house the President and first lady presided over during the National Conference on Family, Health and Housing. “The people,” had been permitted wander anywhere in 1600. Not only that, but funds that had been earmarked for the hollow leg that was the TSA budget had instead been redirected to expanding Medicare for Families. For Families?

It seemed half a lifetime ago, Rosalee set her studies aside to join Occupy, the movement to renew Civic Rights and Economic Justice. She had been a teaching assistant to Professor Elizabeth Warren at Harvard, and had also joined Professor Warren during her stint overseeing the TARP Process. Later she left school again to

work with Professor Warren while she stood up the only consumer protection to come from Wall Street's looting of Main Street, the Consumer Financial Protection Bureau. So when "that" Obama caved again Goldman Sachs and drop kicked Professor Warren out of the agency she created, Rosalee reluctantly returned to Harvard.

Rosalee had taken a position with the Congressional Progressive Caucus and was instrumental in arranging the large video projections of the JOB TOUR VIDEOS that had captured the attention of American public and Congress. Rosalee had made the arrangements for the nightly projections on all four faces of the Washington Monument. Everyone knows about it now, but it was once little more than a memo. The Progressive Democratic Caucus had toured the country collecting the voices and faces of Americans telling their personal stories of jobs lost, sent overseas, and over and over the stories of amnesiac bankers refusing to do, what they'd committed to do, when they got their TAX PAYER BAILOUT!

The President would ascribe his moment of transformation to the Wednesday night he left the Goldman Sachs party and while driving past the Washington Monument saw the JOBS VIDEO projected on all four sides of the Tower. That was the third night of the projections that continued to reverberate across Washington appearing every night for a week at various locations across DC.

That night the President he stopped the limo and jumped out and walked up the hill to join the throng watching transfixed as Americans told their stories. He got it, now could see the ninety-nine percent. He walked around the truck and nearly bumped into Rosalee, who spent the better part of an hour explaining the tour and what they learned from the project. "This is incredible" the president said. Pointing to the images playing across the face of the monument. "The Washington monument can become a living monument to all Americans." She started working at the White House the next day.

The president called Rosalee into THE OVAL "Have you placed the orders?" "Yes, Mr. President, the picnic tables will arrive today, and the tents later this afternoon." "Have you asked the networks for the half hour tomorrow night?" "I told them you required a half hour of prime-time, is that enough?" "I'm not not sure how much of this they'll want to cover," the president grinned and turned back to the papers spread across his desk. Rosalee leaned over, "A Presidential speech on the lawn outside the Pentagon, with the public invited for dinner and a movie? They'll cover the speech, AND the video." "Are the projectors, ready?" "Yes, Mr. President, and we'll have copies of the footage for the networks." "Thanks" he said.

Rosalee, left the Oval, and no sooner had arrived at her desk, than word came from the gate that the *special* guests had arrived. Rosealee met the guests and led them to the

security check point. There were three Tibetan Buddhist Monks, one Zen monk, a pair of Wiccans and Native American Shaman from the Black Hills and the Navaho Nation. After they were finger-printed. Rosalee led them in to meet the President. They came into the Oval and quietly shook hands with the president. He asked them to start in his office. The Monks lit their incense and began chanting as they circled the room. The Shaman from the high plains lit their sage and began to cleanse the aura of the Oval office. The Wiccan's drew ley lines on the rugs and then joined in the chants of the Tibetans who also began circling the room. The president stood in the doorway observing the monks at play, and said quietly to Rosalee. "This should make things easier." Her eyes flicked from the president, to the murmuring monks as they conducted the cleansing ceremony.

"C-SPAN's here Mr. President." Rosalee interrupts, "they are setting up in the Rose Garden." The presidents headed out to the Rose Garden. CSPAN's Producer leaned over to the press secretary and whispered "What's with all the picnic tables set up in the Rose Garden? The Press Secretary looks over her glasses and says soto voce... "He'll address that."

Within minutes of the Presidents announcement, word went out on TEEVEE, Radio, and the INNERNETS. The President had invited the nation to drop by for a picnic. People from across the nation were shocked and responded with a collective, "We'll be there!"

Catering trucks were lined up for blocks as the White House gates were thrown wide open. Pundits were puzzled, *what was he thinking?* Was he unhinged? Speculation swirled across the chattering classes. The afternoon's news was full of smiling families cued up at the White House front gate, getting their pictures taken, and then being welcomed to the "Peoples House." Picnic tables had been scattered across the White House grounds, and families and children sat and dined on sandwiches, potato salad, iced tea and lemonade. Meanwhile plans were put into play outside the Pentagon just across the Potomac.

RosaLee had been given her instructions by the President, and after a raft of calls, had made travel arrangements for one thousand one hundred and one "special" guests of the president. The president declared a JUBILEE. All consumer debt's were forgiven. Effectively redirecting the BAILOUT from Bankers to American Families. And before America could catch it's collective breath, he then announced that for the next week, he and the first family will be hosting Americans on the White House grounds, for breakfast, lunch and dinner. All comers would be welcomed. He and Michelle would each take turns touring the grounds, and hosting Americans of every stripe.

The president walked out to the Gate House where the press had been stopped. He made his next major announcement. He had invited all America to join him at the

Pentagon next Monday at the Pentagon to view some of the nations' "home movies"? The official mouthpieces of the right, shrieked that the president was mad? Had someone finally thrown the switch on this Manchurian Candidate?

He'd caught Congressional Democrats and party leaders flat footed. Harry Reid, could hardly even bring himself to harrumph! The Occupy Movement was ecstatic, this might just be an interesting President. Earlier that morning he'd replaced little Timmy Geithner as Treasury Secretary with Professor Elizabeth Warren, and he'd placed Robert Reich in charge of the Fed and Rich Trumпка replaced that ZERO from GM as White House Chief of Staff, as well as Chief National Employment advisor.

The president invited the American People to march with him, from the White House to the Pentagon, in what he called a *New Orleans Style Funeral March* to celebrate the death of the **Military Industrial Complex**. He invited several brass bands from New Orleans to come north to join in the Celebration. He had a podium setup on the White House porch to address the guests on his lawn. He spoke eloquently of the needless brutal wars that consumed too much of America's greatest wealth, her vibrant and industrious people. During these halcyon days he also announced the ratification of the treaty against the use of Cluster Bombs. In another speech he announced that America would immediately unilaterally destroy our useless stockpile of Claymore mines.

The President announced that America would be investing a sum, equal to the WAR DOLLARS wasted on the Invasion of Iraq, to build an American College of New Orleans Jazz and Culture, which would focus on the rich diversity that is the heart of America's Capitol of Jazz. This national investment in the rebirth of New Orleans would bring not only federal dollars but dollars that would be matched by private investments levied on the petrochemical industries that has too long plundered the people and the environment of the Gulf of Mexico.

On that sunny morning the president invited Professor Robert Reich to the stage for an important economic justice announcement. That same morning the Justice Department had collared the Koch Brothers for Massive Nationwide Election tampering. He also announced that based on sworn testimony by Jack Abramoff and others, Dick Armeу and Karl Rove had been indicted on money laundering. They would all be held in military custody pending eventual hearings, in the recently renamed [but not yet renovated] Guantanamo War Crimes Memorial *Stress Position* Holding Facility. The President explained that as of this moment there would be no further corporate "investments" in political offices. K Street would be renovated to become the New America University of Public Administration, which would be funded by reparations from the newly nationalized Lobbying firms.

The President's final announcement from the podium, before the parade began, accompanied by the Dirty Dozen Brass Band. "Our nation has been virtually held captive by corporate villains," the president began, "and similar treasonous creatures, who have worked our political system from behind the scenes like puppeteers. They have used unlimited dollars to purchase controlling interests in a variety of elected offices. But as of today, Constitution Day, we proclaim, in America no longer will criminals dictate to the people's representatives, what ideas are acceptable and what ideas are OFF THE TABLE."

"I declare an end to the purchase of the sacred trust of public office, by corporate interests. I further announce today I hereby challenge in debate Grover Norquist, or Glen Beck or Rush Limbaugh on PUBLIC TV, as part of a series of broadcasts where I will join leading scientists and educators in discussions of some of the challenges facing the most resilient and creative country on the face of the earth, America. America THE WORLD'S GREATEST EXPERIMENT in self-government. Humanity's Ultimate Experiment in equality, not always achieved from the start, but showing at its core the ability to learn from its mistakes."

The President continued "Grover Norquist who has too long subverted our political process, from the shadows, has agreed to debate me on the topic of fair taxation. It is true there are a wide range of opinions on tax theory. But these ideas should be debated openly, not be subject to the whim of secret strategies of double-dealing skills. We will debate for two hours next Sunday and the networks have graciously agreed to provide the time over the people's airwaves as both a public service and teaching moment.

OK ladies and gentleman, children of all ages, let's begin the march to the Pentagon, where lunch will be waiting. Let hear some music. The parade slowly got under way with a jazzy send off from the Dirty Dozen Brass band, long a New Orleans favorite. The parade was a colorful collection of just plain folks and colorful protestor types dressed in everything from CLOWN COSTUMES, Doctors and Nurses to Soldiers and Anti-WAR sign carriers and you could see banners from OCCUPY. And whenever you thought the parade a little bland a group from the ever popular CODE PINK organization. Parade Marshals would wait after a block or two and add another BRASS BAND into the paraders. There were several contingents from ANTI-WAR VETERAN GROUPS and assorted ANTI-WAR and Social Justice organizations.

The President lead the parade, flanked by a contingent of nervous secret service. While its true there were a smattering of Tea Party protestors, most by-standers were more attentive to the rollicking beat of the New Orleans Marching Brass Bands. The parade grew and stretched. Soon the parade was more than a mile long snaking toward the Pentagon. Many a grey and grizzled marcher, reminisced about past marches to the

Pentagon. More than one voice was heard saying they'd never imagined that they would one day be led by a sitting President in an ANTI-WAR March on the Pentagon.

Meanwhile the Pentagon, was busy as well. The Secretary of Defense was busy working with staff to coordinate the coming throng. Trucks had begun to arrive and had begun to disgorge folding chairs and picnic tables. Catering trucks had arrived and were setting up feeding stations, on the western lawn. The press had arrived in advance and had begun the usual round, of seeking out the complainers and of course featuring the pontifications of the USUAL SUSPECTS.

The first arrivals who appeared at the Pentagon in the final moments of darkness just before dawn, were five buses filled with a broad assortment of Wiccans, Druids, Taoists and Shaman of many stripes who had been collected to perform a ritual to purify the Pentagon. They first arrived in the outer parking lot. Single file the whole troop paraded three times around, each praying in their own way. Some ringing bells, some burning incense and chanting as they called upon, their gods and goddesses. Each sought to charm a more peaceful energy within and around this imposing structure. After their final circle of the building they peeled off each taking a prearranged position around the structure where they would spend the day, aiming prayer and channeling energy through the visible and invisible structures that lay before them. These posts would be their responsibility, their points on the sacred circle, for the days' magical work. They left just as the first signs of the parade reached the grounds of the Pentagon.

When the parade arrived at the Pentagon and fanned out to the lunch that had been set up for the thousands of the President's guests. After the president had a brief conference at the side of the stage, he climbed to the stage which had been setup against the south face of the building. The same face of the Pentagon that had been the target on that fateful September day. Behind the stage, against the wall, hung an enormous American flag. While the audience enjoyed it's huge luncheon, the president took the stage and began to speak about his plan to reorient the country's agenda turning the seeming UNLIMITED tax payer resources previously available to the Pentagon and TSA would be turned in this national emergency to reconstruction and investment in the infrastructure and health of the American FUTURE.

After the presidents speech the Philadelphia Symphony played a concert and as the sunset faded in the west. The president again took the podium and made this key speech. He declared that the age of lies was behind us, and that appearing on the screen behind him would be the formerly secret video files made from original government videos, recorded by security services during the events of September 11th 2001. The projectors came on, and a simultaneous feed was sent to all teevee channels available to American television viewers. THE REAL VIDEOS from September eleventh.