



ABOUT THE FILM

FREQUENTLY ASKED QUESTIONS

Q. Why is the movie called "Bowling for Columbine"?

A. First off, let me make it clear that this is not a bowling movie. Bowling fans will be disappointed if they come expecting to see a number of exciting bowling maneuvers.

It is also not a movie about the Columbine tragedy, although that sad event is revisited briefly in the film.

The title is taken from the little-known fact that the two killers, Dylan and Eric, were supposed to be in bowling class at Columbine High School on the morning of the murders. At least five witnesses, including their teacher, told the police that they saw one or both boys that morning at the bowling alley for their first hour class. Some school and law enforcement officials later maintained that the two boys skipped that class that morning yet no other witness has come forward to say they saw Eric and Dylan anywhere else that morning.

One reason the film is called "Bowling For Columbine" is that, after the massacre, all the pundits and experts started blaming all the usual suspects that are wheeled out for blame whenever a school shooting occurs—evil rock music (in this case Marilyn Manson), violent video games, and bad parenting.

My point is that those scapegoats make about as much sense as blaming bowling. After all, Eric and Dylan were bowlers, they took bowling class at Columbine—was bowling responsible for their evil deeds? If they bowled that morning, did the bowling trigger their desire to commit mass murder? Or, if they skipped their bowling class that morning, did that bring on the massacre? Had they bowled, that may have altered their mood and prevented them from picking up their guns. As you can see, this is all nonsense, just as it is nonsense to blame Marilyn Manson.

The title suggests other metaphors for the state of the nation which are best left to the viewers and their imagination.

Q. Is that bank that hands out guns for real?

A. Yes. North Country Bank (with branches throughout Northern Michigan) offers you a wide choice of guns when you open up a certificate of deposit account. In effect, they are giving you all of the interest the account will earn in advance in the form of a gun. The bank is also an authorized federal arms dealer so they can do the quick background check right there at the bank. I put \$1,000 in a long-term account, they did the background check, and, within an hour, walked out with my new Weatherby—just as you see it in the film. (I did have a choice of getting a pair of golf clubs or a grandfather clock, but they didn't have either of those hanging on the wall like they did those three rifles). I learned about the bank's gun offer from an ad in the local paper that showed a gun across the top with the heading, "More Bang for Your Buck" from North Country Bank. I still have the account and the gun to this day (though I plan to legally "auction" off the gun for charity, and creatively have it destroyed—more on that later!)

Q. Are you really a member of the NRA?

A. Yes. I currently hold a "Life Membership." I was a junior member and won the NRA Marksman Award when I was a teenager (back when the NRA was known as a gun safety and sportsman organization). I went hunting with the neighborhood kids but there were never any guns in our house. After Columbine, I decided that I would run against Charlton Heston for the presidency of the NRA. If elected, my plan was to try to return the NRA to a gun safety organization, instead of its current agenda of gun fanaticism. The rules said that to run for president, you had to be a member for the past five years or buy a lifetime membership for \$750. And that's what I did. But after a while I realized this endeavor was going to take too much time, so I decided to focus all my attention on the movie I was making.

Q. When you went into the bedroom with James Nichols and he cocked his gun, what were you thinking?

A. That this was really a bad decision on my part and that the gun could go off any second.

Q. How did you convince Lockheed to let you in their missile factory in Littleton?

A. Well, first of all, the Lockheed PR people would disagree with your use of the term, "missile." They now call their Titan and Atlas missiles on which nuclear warheads were once (and still are but in less numbers) attached, "rockets." That's because the Lockheed rockets now take satellites into outer space. Some of them are weather satellites, some are telecommunications satellites, and some are top secret Pentagon projects (like the ones that are launched as spy satellites and others which are used to direct the launching of the nuclear missiles should the USA ever decide to use them).

Lockheed Martin is the largest defense contractor in the United States. They gave us the MX missile and are now heavily involved in developing the nutty Star Wars missile defense shield. They have five facilities in and around the Littleton and Denver area and they are the #1 private employer in the school district that contains Columbine High School.

How did I get their permission to film there? I threatened them with bombing, of course.

Q. Did the United States really do all that stuff in the Wonderful World section?

A. Yes, we did. You can read more about it [here](#). More updates will be posted there in the coming weeks.

Q. How did you get the security camera footage of the Columbine shooting?

A. We asked for it, and the sheriff's office sent it to us.

Q. The teacher we see on the footage as he dives through the cafeteria- was he OK?

A. Yes. We do not show anyone being shot or killed at Columbine in the movie.

Q. Did Columbine High School give you permission to film inside the school?

A. No. So we just walked in and filmed the empty hallways. It is very easy for anyone to just walk right in to the school. There is virtually no security still at the school.

Q. How did you get a tape of all those all calls the day of the Columbine massacre?

A. The sheriff's office provided a CD-Rom to the press of selected phone calls but tried to block the rest from being heard. We unscrambled them and were surprised to hear how many media outlets were tying up the

emergency lines that day with their demands that they talk to "someone live on the air." Calling 911 without a legitimate emergency is a crime.

Q. Why is Denver the center of so many weapons of mass destruction?

A. There is nothing unusual about this. We are a nation that had, at one point, 40,000 nuclear warheads. You could pick many, many other areas of the country and show similar activities taking place.



LIBRARY STUPID WHITE MEN

"The Sad and Sordid Whereabouts of bin Cheney and bin Bush"

A Free Online Chapter addition to "Stupid White Men"
by Michael Moore

Part One:

"What Does a 99-cent Bic Lighter Tell Us About the Bush War on Terrorism?"

On September 22, 2001, just 11 days after the terrorist attacks in New York and Arlington, I had to fly. I had actually wanted to fly on September 11, and in fact had a ticket on the 3:00pm American Airlines flight from LAX to JFK. As we all know, that flight never made it off the ground as hours earlier four California-bound flights, two on American and two on United, were hijacked as part of a coordinated suicide mission to attack the World Trade Center in New York City and the Pentagon outside Washington, DC.

Stranded in Los Angeles, my wife and I (out there for the annual Prime Time Emmy Awards for our series, "The Awful Truth"), were awakened that morning by my wife's mother, calling us from Flint at 6:15 a.m., L.A. time. I answered the phone and heard her say that "New York was under attack, New York is at war." I remember thinking, "So what's new," but she suggested we immediately turn on the TV. I fumbled for the remote and switched on the hotel room TV. And there it was. The twin towers on fire, black smoke billowing upward.

"OK," I thought, "a really bad fire." But then they ran the replay from 15 minutes earlier, of the second plane hitting the south tower. This wasn't an accident. We tried to call our daughter in New York. The phone lines weren't allowing any calls. We tried calling our friend, Joanne Doroshow, who works a few blocks from the towers. Again, the lines were jammed.

A horrible panic started settling inside me. Finally, I reached Joanne's office. A woman answered, frantic. I asked if Joanne was there. "NO!" she shouted. "She's not here! We have to go! Ohmygod!" She dropped the phone and I heard a loud roar, like a train. My wife said, "Look at the TV." I did, and I saw from L.A. what I was listening to over the phone: the collapse of the south tower.

It would be another four hours before we were able to reach our daughter, and seven hours before Joanne calls us, safe inside her apartment (she had ducked into a building just in time as the cloud of debris rained its way down the street).

That night, as we watched the images repeated on the TV, a ticker began running the names of some of the dead who had been on the planes. Along the bottom of the screen came the name, "William Weems." A friend of ours the next morning confirmed that this was, in fact, the same Bill Weems, a line producer from Boston with whom we had recently filmed a batch of humorous TV spots targeting the tobacco companies. Bill was on the Boston-to-L.A. plane. He died as the jet, traveling at 586 miles per hour, slammed into the south tower. He left behind a wife and 7-year old daughter. It was all so unbelievably horrific.

The airports were closed and all planes were now grounded. I found a Hertz dealer who would rent me a mini-van for \$1,700 -- and 43 hours later we pulled out of our hotel on the Pacific Ocean and began our 2,990-mile journey home to our apartment in New York City.

Somewhere around Oklahoma City, the airports were all open again, but my wife did not want to ditch the mini-van and get on a plane. So we continued on home for the next few days, the first ever trip each of us had made driving coast to coast. It was, as it turned out, well worth it, as it gave us a chance to gauge the reaction of average citizens, especially as we passed through Bush and Ashcroft country (The internet letters I wrote – **and read** – from the road can be found on my website).

By September 22, I had no choice but to get back on a plane. I had been scheduled to give a talk in San Antonio, and so off I went on an American flight out of Newark. At the airport there was a newly, hastily put-together list of all the items that I could NOT bring aboard the plane. The list was long and bizarre. The list of banned items included:

- No guns. (Obviously)
- No knives. (Ditto)
- No boxcutters. (Certainly now justified)
- No toenail clippers. (What?)
- No knitting needles. (Huh?)
- No crochet hooks. (Now, wait a minute!)
- No sewing needles.
- No mace.
- No leaf blowers. (OK, now it's personal)
- No corkscrews.
- No letter openers.
- No dry ice.

The list went on and on. A lot of the items made good sense. I wasn't quite sure if terrorists also made quilts in their spare time, and I guess I must have missed the terrorist incident where some poor bastards smuggled dry ice aboard a plane (were they trying to keep their Popsicles cold until they ate them and then used the sticks for their attack?).

Frankly, I was a little freaked-out about flying so soon after 9-11 and I guess there was just no way I was going to fly without a weapon for my protection. So I took the New York Yankees-signed baseball that Mayor Giuliani had given me on "TV Nation," put it in a sock, and – presto! Whip that baby upside somebody's head, and they're going to take a little nap. Note to budding terrorfuckers: If you try something on a flight I'm on, I'll Clemens ya. That, or the smell from my ratty sock, is going to do you in.

Though I now felt "safe" with my makeshift weapon, as I continued to fly through the fall and winter, I did NOT feel safe being greeted at airport security by weekend warriors from the National Guard holding empty M-16s and looking like they shop in the same "special needs" department at K-Mart which I visit from time to time.

More importantly, though, I kept noticing something strange. The guy in front of me, while emptying his pockets into the little plastic tray to run through the x-ray machine, would take out his butane lighter or matchbook, toss them into the tray, then pick them up on the other side -- in full view of security. At first I thought this was a mistake until I looked at the list of banned items again -- and saw that butane lighters and matchbooks were NOT on the forbidden list.

Then came December 22, 2001. Richard Reid, on an American Airlines flight from Paris to Miami, attempted to light his shoes on fire, using matches. His shoes, the police said, contained a plastic explosive and, had

some passengers and flight attendants not taken quick action to restrain him, he would have been able to blow the entire plane out of the sky. But his lighter would not light the shoes fast enough, and everyone survived.

I was sure after this freakish incident that the lighters and matches would surely be banned. But, as my book tour began in February, there they were, the passengers with their Bic lighters and their books of matches. I asked one security person after another why these people were allowed to bring devices which could start a fire on board the plane, especially after the Reid incident. No one, not a single person in authority or holding an unloaded automatic weapon, could or would give me answer.

My simple question was this: If all smoking is prohibited on all flights, then why does ANYONE need their lighters and matches at 30,000 feet -- while I am up there with them?!

And why is the one device that has been used to try and blow up a plane since 9-11 NOT on the banned list? No one has used toenail clippers to kill anyone on Jet Blue, and no one has been blowing away the leaves in the aisle of the Delta Connection flight to Tupelo.

BUT SOME FRUITCAKE DID USE A BUTANE LIGHTER TO TRY AND KILL 200 PEOPLE ON AMERICAN AIRLINES FLIGHT #63. And this did nothing to force the Bush Administration to do something about it.

I began asking this question in front of audiences on my book tour. And it was on a dark and rainy night in Arlington, Virginia, at the Ollsson's Bookstore a couple miles from the Pentagon that I got my answer. After asking my Bic lighter question in my talk to the audience, I sat down to sign the books for the people in line. A young man walks up to the table, introduces himself, and lowering his voice so no one can hear, tells me the following:

"I work on the Hill. The butane lighters were on the original list prepared by the FAA and sent to the White House for approval. The tobacco industry lobbied the Bush administration to have the lighters and matches removed from the banned list. Their customers (addicts) naturally are desperate to light up as soon as they land, and why should they be punished just so the skies can be safe?"

The lighters and matches were removed from the forbidden list.

I was stunned. I knew there had to be some strange reason why this most obvious of items had not been banned. Could the Bush mob be so blatant in their contempt for the public's safety? How could they do this, and at the same time, issue weekly warnings about the "next terrorist threat"? Would they really put Big Tobacco's demands ahead of people's lives?

Yes, of course, the answer has always been YES but not now, not in a time of national crisis, not NOW, so soon after the worst domestic mass murder in U.S. history!

Unless there was no real threat at all.

The hard and difficult questions must be asked: Is the "War on Terrorism" a ruse, a concoction to divert the citizens' attention?

Accept, if you will for just a moment, that as truly despicable as George W. Bush is, he would not be so evil as to help out his buddies in tobacco land that that would be worth suffering through another 9-11. Once you give the man that – and for once I am asking you to do just that – once you admit that not even he would allow the murder of hundreds or thousands more just so Marlboro addicts can light up outside the terminal, then a whole other door opens – and that door, my friends, leads to the Pandora's Box of 9-11, a rotten can of worms that many in the media are afraid to open for fear of where it might lead, of just how deep the stench goes.

What if there is no "terrorist threat?" What if Bush and Co. need, desperately need, that "terrorist threat" more than anything in order to conduct the systematic destruction they have launched against the U.S. constitution and the good people of this country who believe in the freedoms and liberties it guarantees?

Do you want to go there?

I do. I have filed a Freedom of Information Act demand to the FAA, asking that they give to me all documents pertaining to the decisions that were made to allow deadly butane lighters and books of matches on board passenger planes. I am not optimistic about what the results of this will be.

And let's face it – it's just one small piece of the puzzle. It is, after all, just a 99-cent Bic lighter. But, friends, I have to tell you, over the years I have found that it is PRECISELY the "little stories" and the "minor details" that contain within them the LARGER truths. Perhaps my quest to find out why the freedom to be able to start a fire on board a plane-full of citizens is more important than yours or my life will be in vain. Or maybe, just maybe, it will be the beginning of the end of this corrupt, banal administration of con artists who shamelessly use the dead of that day in September as the cover to get away with anything.

I think it's time we all stood up and started asking some questions of these individuals. The bottom line: Anyone who would brazenly steal an election and insert themselves into OUR White House with zero mandate from The People is, frankly – sadly – capable of anything...

LIBRARY **INTRODUCTION OF "THE CULTURE OF FEAR"** **WHY AMERICANS ARE AFRAID OF THE WRONG THINGS** **BY BARRY GLASSNER**

Introduction: Why Americans Fear the Wrong Things

Why are so many fears in the air, and so many of them unfounded? Why, as crime rates plunged throughout the 1990s, did two-thirds of Americans believe they were soaring? How did it come about that by mid-decade 62 percent of us described ourselves as "truly desperate" about crime-almost twice as many as in the late 1980s, when crime rates were higher? Why, on a survey in 1997, when the crime rate had already fallen for a half dozen consecutive years, did more than half of us disagree with the statement "This country is finally beginning to make some progress in solving the crime problem"?

In the late 1990s the number of drug users had decreased by half compared to a decade earlier; almost two-thirds of high school seniors had never used any illegal drugs, even marijuana. So why did a majority of adults rank drug abuse as the greatest danger to America's youth? Why did nine out of ten believe the drug problem is out of control, and only one in six believe the country was making progress?

Give us a happy ending and we write a new disaster story. In the late 1990s the unemployment rate was below 5 percent for the first time in a quarter century. People who had been pounding the pavement for years could finally get work. Yet pundits warned of imminent economic disaster. They predicted inflation would take off, just as they had a few years earlier-also erroneously-when the unemployment rate dipped below 6 percent.

We compound our worries beyond all reason. Life expectancy in the United States has doubled during the twentieth century. We are better able to cure and control diseases than any other civilization in history. Yet we hear that phenomenal numbers of us are dreadfully ill. In 1996 Bob Garfield, a magazine writer, reviewed articles about serious diseases published over the course of a year in the Washington Post, the New York Times, and USA Today. He learned that, in addition to 59 million Americans with heart disease, 53 million with migraines, 25 million with osteoporosis, 16 million with obesity, and 3 million with cancer, many Americans suffer from more obscure ailments such as temporomandibular joint disorders (10 million) and brain injuries (2 million). Adding up the estimates, Garfield determined that 543 million Americans are seriously sick-a shocking number in a nation of 266 million inhabitants. "Either as a society we are doomed, or someone is seriously double-dipping," he suggested.



Garfield appears to have underestimated one category of patients: for psychiatric ailments his figure was 53 million. Yet when Jim Windolf, an editor of the New York Observer, collated estimates for maladies ranging from borderline personality disorder (10 million) and sex addiction (11 million) to less well-known conditions such as restless leg syndrome (12 million) he came up with a figure of 152 million. "But give the experts a little time," he advised. "With another new quantifiable disorder or two, everybody in the country will be officially nuts."

Indeed, Windolf omitted from his estimates new-fashioned afflictions that have yet to make it into the Diagnostic and Statistical Manual of Mental Disorders of the American Psychiatric Association: ailments such as road rage, which afflicts more than half of Americans, according to a psychologist's testimony before a congressional hearing in 1997.

The scope of our health fears seems limitless. Besides worrying disproportionately about legitimate ailments and prematurely about would-be diseases, we continue to fret over already refuted dangers. Some still worry, for instance, about "flesh-eating bacteria," a bug first rammed into our consciousness in 1994 when the U.S. news media picked up on a screamer headline in a British tabloid, "Killer Bug Ate My Face." The bacteria, depicted as more brutal than anything seen in modern times, was said to be spreading faster than the pack of photographers outside the home of its latest victim. In point of fact, however, we were not "terribly vulnerable" to these "superbugs," nor were they "medicine's worst nightmares," as voices in the media warned.

Group A strep, a cyclical strain that has been around for ages, had been dormant for half a century or more before making a comeback. The British pseudoepidemic had resulted in a total of about a dozen deaths in the previous year. Medical experts roundly rebutted the scares by noting that of 20 to 30 million strep infections each year in the United States fewer than 1 in 1,000 involve serious strep A complications, and only 500 to 1,500 people suffer the flesh-eating syndrome, whose proper name is necrotizing fasciitis. Still the fear persisted. Years after the initial scare, horrifying news stories continued to appear, complete with grotesque pictures of victims. A United Press International story in 1998 typical of the genre told of a child in Texas who died of the "deadly strain" of bacteria that the reporter warned "can spread at a rate of up to one inch per hour."

Killer Kids

When we are not worrying about deadly diseases we worry about homicidal strangers. Every few months for the past several years it seems we discover a new category of people to fear: government thugs in Waco, sadistic cops on Los Angeles freeways and in Brooklyn police stations, mass-murdering youths in small towns all over the country. A single anomalous event can provide us with multiple groups of people to fear. After the 1995 explosion at the federal building in Oklahoma City first we panicked about Arabs. "Knowing that the car bomb indicates Middle Eastern terrorists at work, it's safe to assume that their goal is to promote free-floating fear and a measure of anarchy, thereby disrupting American life," a New York Post editorial asserted. "Whatever we are doing to destroy Mideast terrorism, the chief terrorist threat against Americans, has not been working," wrote A. M. Rosenthal in the New York Times.

When it turned out that the bombers were young white guys from middle America, two more groups instantly became spooky: right-wing radio talk show hosts who criticize the government-depicted by President Bill Clinton as "purveyors of hatred and division"-and members of militias. No group of disgruntled men was too ragtag not to warrant big, prophetic news stories.

We have managed to convince ourselves that just about every young American male is a potential mass murderer-a remarkable achievement, considering the steep downward trend in youth crime throughout the 1990s. Faced year after year with comforting statistics, we either ignore them-adult Americans estimate that people under eighteen commit about half of all violent crimes when the actual number is 13 percent-or recast them as "The Lull Before the Storm" (Newsweek headline). "We know we've got about six years to turn this juvenile crime thing around or our country is going to be living with chaos," Bill Clinton asserted in 1997, even while acknowledging that the youth violent crime rate had fallen 9.2 percent the previous year.

The more things improve the more pessimistic we become. Violence-related deaths at the nation's schools dropped to a record low during the 1996-97 academic year (19 deaths out of 54 million children), and only one in ten public schools reported any serious crime. Yet Time and U.S. News & World Report both ran

headlines in 1996 referring to "Teenage Time Bombs." In a nation of "Children Without Souls" (another Time headline that year), "America's beleaguered cities are about to be victimized by a paradigm shattering wave of ultraviolet, morally vacuous young people some call 'the superpredators,'" William Bennett, the former Secretary of Education, and John Dilulio, a criminologist, forecast in a book published in 1996.

Instead of the arrival of superpredators, violence by urban youths continued to decline. So we went looking elsewhere for proof that heinous behavior by young people was "becoming increasingly more commonplace in America" (CNN). After a sixteen-year-old in Pearl, Mississippi, and a fourteen-year-old in West Paducah, Kentucky, went on shooting sprees in late 1997, killing five of their classmates and wounding twelve others, these isolated incidents were taken as evidence of "an epidemic of seemingly depraved adolescent murderers" (Geraldo Rivera). Three months later in March 1998 all sense of proportion vanished after two boys ages eleven and thirteen killed four students and a teacher in Jonesboro, Arkansas. No longer, we learned in Time, was it "unusual for kids to get back at the world with live ammunition." When a child psychologist on NBC's "Today" show advised parents to reassure their children that shootings at schools are rare, reporter Ann Curry corrected him. "But this is the fourth case since October," she said.

Over the next couple of months young people failed to accommodate the trend hawkers. None committed mass murder. Fear of killer kids remained very much in the air nonetheless. In stories on topics such as school safety and childhood trauma, reporters recapitulated the gory details of the killings. And the news media made a point of reporting every incident in which a child was caught at school with a gun or making a death threat. In May, when a fifteen-year-old in Springfield, Oregon, did open fire in a cafeteria filled with students, killing two and wounding twenty-three others, the event felt like a continuation of a "disturbing trend" (New York Times). The day after the shooting, on National Public Radio's "All Things Considered," the criminologist Vincent Schiraldi tried to explain that the recent string of incidents did not constitute a trend, that youth homicide rates had declined by 30 percent in recent years, and more than three times as many people were killed by lightning than by violence at schools. But the show's host, Robert Siegel, interrupted him. "You're saying these are just anomalous events?" he asked, audibly peeved. The criminologist reiterated that anomalous is precisely the right word to describe the events, and he called it "a grave mistake" to imagine otherwise.

Yet given what had happened in Mississippi, Kentucky, Arkansas, and Oregon, could anyone doubt that today's youths are "more likely to pull a gun than make a fist," as Katie Couric declared on the "Today" show?



LIBRARY
IT'S A FREE COUNTRY

It's a Free Country

Personal Freedom in the America After September 11

Edited by Danny Goldberg

"It's a Free Country" is groundbreaking collection of new pieces examining the effects of President George W. Bush and Attorney General John Ashcroft's legislative assault on civil liberties following the terrorist bombing of the Twin Towers and the Pentagon. Foreword by Cornel West, author of Race Matters, with original pieces by Michael Moore, Ani DiFranco, Congresswoman Maxine Waters, Steve Earle, Tom Hayden (former California senator, author of Irish on the Inside), Congressman Jerrold Nadler, Robert Scheer (LA Times columnist), Ira Glasser (former head of the ACLU), cartoonist Matt Groening, historian Howard Zinn, Lillian Nakano, Congressman Bob Barr, Michael Isikoff, Anthony Romero, Norman Siegel, Kenneth Roth, Nadine Strossen, Michael Tomasky, Helen Zia, Congressman Dennis Kucinich, interviews with Nat Hentoff and Congressman Barney Frank, and many more. Also, firsthand stories from Middle Eastern and American victims of civil-liberty infringement, such as the chief of police in Portland, Oregon who resisted federal pressure, and Fathi Mustafa, a Palestinian caught in the wave of racial profiling.

Check out the website for [It's a Free Country](#).

LIBRARY

WHAT A WONDERFUL WORLD

1950'S

1953: U.S. overthrows Prime Minister Mossadeq of Iran. U.S. installs Shah as dictator.

1954: U.S. overthrows democratically-elected President Arbenz of Guatemala. 200,000 civilians killed.

1960'S

1963: U.S. backs assassination of South Vietnamese President Diem.

1963-1975: American military kills 4 million civilians in Southeast Asia.

1970'S

September 11, 1973: U.S. stages coup in Chile. Democratically elected president Salvador Allende assassinated. Dictator Augusto Pinochet installed. 5,000 Chileans murdered.

1977: U.S. backs military rulers of El Salvador. 70,000 Salvadorans and four American nuns killed.

1980'S

1980's: U.S. trains Osama bin Laden and fellow terrorists to kill Soviets. CIA gives them \$3 billion.

1981: Reagan administration trains and funds "contras". 30,000 Nicaraguans die.

1982: U.S. provides billions in aid to Saddam Hussein for weapons to kill Iranians.

1983: White House secretly gives Iran weapons to help them kill Iraqis.

1989: CIA agent Manuel Noriega (also serving as President of Panama) disobeys orders from Washington. U.S. invades Panama and removes Noriega. 3,000 Panamanian civilian casualties

1990'S

1990: Iraq invades Kuwait with weapons from U.S.

1991: U.S. enters Iraq. Bush reinstates dictator of Kuwait.

1998: Clinton bombs "weapons factory" in Sudan. Factory turns out to be making aspirin.

1991 to present: American planes bomb Iraq on a weekly basis. U.N. estimates 500,000 Iraqi children die from bombing and sanctions.

2000'S

2000-01: U.S. gives Taliban-ruled Afghanistan \$245 million in "aid".

September 11, 2001: Osama Bin Laden uses his expert CIA training to murder 3,000 people.

