



## Obsession of Hating America

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Hating America by the new generation immigrants is a big time fun, passion, obsession, a source of free entertainment and, above all, it is a great example of hypocrisy. I have seen it with almost all immigrants. In the first place, they leave no stone unturned to sneak into this dreamland. The moment they touch the soil of America, their mouths gets rotated by exactly 180 degrees. They start hating everything in America. The American culture, its people, family values, politics, in every single thing they find faults. To them the Americans are just a bunch of brainless stupid people with zero intelligence. The new generation immigrants are doing all the great things. That's why America is so great today. Otherwise America couldn't have any hope. There is one group of immigrants who vehemently oppose to go along the American culture; today or tomorrow there will be a direct clash between the two.

With so much hatred why do you come here and make America your home and bring your parents, brothers, sisters, siblings and all whom you can bring through the window of immigration loopholes? I ask them why you came to America when you see fault in everything here. I see a brief pause in answering. Then they mumble, "Oh! Yeah! Money, you know." If money is the answer, why these jewels don't go to the oil producing countries! Often they add the phrase - this is the land of opportunity; this land belongs to God, so everybody has the right to come.

It is even funnier with the communist party cadres from some countries. They recruit new cadres offering one red book on Mao Tse Tung and another on Leninism to memorize. In their recruitment process, they scare the cadres that America is an evil power which is on its way to grab your country any time. Being geographically located far away from America and living in constant fear of American Imperialism, shouldn't they question themselves how Canada and Mexico are living as good neighbors of America? These communist cadres parade their city streets with a single slogan to destroy America and recruit new cadres with the first mantra to hate America. The parent Russia itself has demised but its offspring are still surviving with the same tactics. After all, the doctrine or mantra of socialism and communism is very appealing to brainwash young people. They effortlessly blame America for anything bad happening in the world. I am surprised that they didn't blame America for the last tsunami (December 26, 2004) which caused deaths to hundreds. Castro and Chavez and now Raul finish their breakfasts by hating America. This is their way to keep citizens brainwashed like a herd of sheep to make their dictatorships perpetual. Their shouting against America is broadcast on their nationalized media. Their cadres interpret these as military victory over America. People breathe a big sigh with profound satisfaction about the might of their leaders, "Look, how scared

President Bush is. He doesn't dare to utter a single word against our leader." It is not surprising that if there is a chance, these heroes will be the frontrunners to migrate to America by beating the record breaking fastest men of Olympic Games.

I have been watching characters after characters ever since I landed in America in 1989. Finally I met one interesting character in Mexico. In just an hour of time, I found that he can represent many of those who hate America but love its citizenship. His name is Mr. Art as he told me.

A tiny river called Rio Grande divides Mexico and the United States of America. Many people visit Mexico to see one of the greatest wonders of the world where one of the poorest countries resides by the side of the richest and the most powerful country. My peers insisted me to see the reality first hand since I had hard time to believe it all. Finally on April 28, 2007, my wife, Minu and I entered Matamoros via the check point in Brownsville. However, before I could realize where to park inside USA, I moved up to the point of no return. My only choice in the line of cars was to drive inside Mexico. The toll collecting officer advised me not park car unattended inside Mexico. I got puzzled. The driving was not comfortable on narrow lanes. The road names and directions written in Spanish were meaningless to me. Passing cross-sections, with crowded buildings on all sides, seemed to be nightmares as others seemed not follow any rules. As a result, we drove out of Matamoros very quickly. This first visit of the country, Mexico, lasted only 10 minutes. Minu managed to take some pictures through car windows. The pictures depicted beggars and hawkers in the narrow streets with dilapidated buildings on both sides.

The first expedition was incomplete. On April 30, 2007, we took the second attempt. This time I parked my car inside US territory and decided to hire a taxi and move around the city Reynosa.

Entry to Mexico was effortless. No one asked for our passports or identities. I put one quarter for me and another for Minu into the slot of a machine. A three handle-door got unlocked and we walked into the other side of the imaginary border line. We walked over a pedestrian bridge across the narrow river called, Rio Grande River. At the entrance of the Mexican territory, right after the river, we saw a bunch of dentists waiting for American patients offering only one-fifth cost of American treatment. Also in the wait were cab drivers for American tourists. Before we moved on, Minu wanted to have a taste of Mexican food in Mexican soil. Within yards, we found one Mexican restaurant mixed with Chinese dishes. No sooner had we entered she decided for Chinese food instead. It was different from the American Chinese dish. We liked it. Three singers with guitars and Mexican instruments sang to various tables. They also came to ours to entertain us. They named several songs to choose from as we understood from their postures. Since we could not understand a single word in Spanish they got disappointed and left us alone to enjoy our food. The restaurant was poor as expected but the food was good.

The town with small buildings was in dilapidated condition. Roads were narrow. They were paved with stone blocks long time back. Since then repair or restoration work was never done. Dust, pieces of torn papers and empty water bottles probably dropped from the hands of tourists were rolling across the roads with winds.

We were standing within the stone-through distance from the border. The Mexicans everyday watch buildings and structures in America right over the river and dream to be there one day to live in luxury like the Americans. But they do not care to learn the language. One cab driver approached us but he cannot speak English. We started looking for someone to find the location of cabs. Right at that moment one street beggar with both legs amputated drew our attention with good English. He told exactly where we could find cabs. We paid him handsomely even though we could not utilize his help. A cab rushed to us. He got to know that we were looking for an English speaking cab driver. The first driver sent this buddy for us. This buddy would drive for one hour inside the city for \$10.00. It was a very good deal. We got in the back seats. The cab did not have air conditioning system; windows remained open. We continued inhaling the dust from the air all through our journey.

It was hardly a minute that he put his gear on; he stopped by seemingly a group of four gangsters chatting with loud voices at one side of the street. This buddy called one gangster with even a louder voice to get in quickly. He got in and sat by the driver. It was scary. I immediately understood the danger. These jobless guys spend their time on the streets for opportunities to come in their way.

I was really scared. All these happened before I could decide what to do in this situation. In broken English the driver told that this guy knows English that's why he picked him up. I did not have enough courage to challenge. We were foreigners in their land in their hands. I decided to be and remain as friends and prepared to pay extra money to avoid any problem.

This guy extended his hand to me and introduced himself as Mr. Art. I told him that we wanted to see some shops close by. He seemed to be a good guy. I breathed a sigh of relief. He took us to various souvenir shops while the driver waited in his car on the street. Minu was excited seeing the varieties in the shops. It was very hot but she did not show any sign of tiredness. After all, it was a shopping opportunity in a different land. I wanted to leave them and the city before any major problem developed. So I reminded her to be quick.

Mr. Art was fluent in English and remained nice to us. He told his story which tempted me to ask some personal questions. His responses seemed to be prepared, full of patriotism for his country, Mexico, but filled with hatred against USA.

He lived in Minnesota for years. While trying to smuggle one of his friends into USA, he was caught and deported. I asked if he repents for being deported while trying to smuggle his friend to America. My question gave him a good opportunity to show his height of greatness. His reply was immediate, "Why should I repent? He is my friend. I can die for

my friend.” His quick and big mouth answer only reveals the depth of his sorrow for being deported from the dreamland. I was not sure whether he was helping a friend or purely an attempt to smuggle someone for money. But he has deep anger against USA for being caught.

Two days back when I returned from Reynosa, the police officers did not check my car. Just to test his nerve, I told him that I can carry someone to America hidden in the trunk of my car. He told, “Had you have anybody really in your trunk, they would have definitely searched your car. You don’t know how smart the American police officers are.”

I asked him if he desires to come to USA. He retorted with a feeling of insult, “Why should I go to USA? I have a house, beautiful wife and three kids. America is a country of terrorists and gangsters. There are gun battles and killings everywhere. Bush attacked Afghanistan and Iraq.” I told, “Mr. Art, have you totally forgotten the incidence of 9/11? How dare they attack a country like America in its own soil? And how do you expect America to forget and forgive and encourage them to attack again and go free.”

Human beings are so peculiar. The unprovoked attack of 9/11 was unthinkable. Many gullible Americans have taken it easy or they might not understand its magnitude and after effect if not retaliated on time. President Bush has done the right thing. He pushed their wars back to their own soil. Fidel Crasto and Hugo Chavez make chimpanzee dances everyday by cursing Bush and America. Ahmedinazed becomes hero by demonizing America every moment. America does not retaliate to such things. This gives them a sense of blank check that there is nothing to lose by cursing or attacking America. Finally they are devastated seeing America to retaliate hard.

Mr. Art managed to get into USA to lead a beautiful life with family. Smuggling a person into America is a felony. He got deported for the crime he committed. His criminal activities are now limited in the streets of Matamoros. However, he has been dreaming and waiting for his next opportunity to get back to America. In twenty years his American born son would be able to sponsor him to the dreamland. Until then he would continue to hate America. What a wonderful character of hypocrisy?

We spent almost an hour. The hot weather did not bother Minu as she was fascinated with her new shopping adventure. But I remained busy to get out of this place before any harmful incidence happened. The driver pulled his car near the narrow bridge separating the two countries.

The whole deal was for \$10.00. I was ready to pay extra. But at the end of the tour, the deal went to the hands of Mr. Art. He demanded \$50.00. His reasons were, i) they have to pay the first driver who brought this so-called English speaking buddy driver for us, and ii) Mr. Art spent time with us.

I realized arguing with these guys at the wrong side of the border was foolishness. If situation worsens it might cost many times more than \$50.00. Therefore, with a modest

voice, I responded, “Mr. Art, do you think that we asked the first driver to find this second driver?” I didn’t utter that I didn’t ask for Mr. Art too. He probably realized that. So he came down to \$40.00. I thought it was better enough to end this episode before it gets worse and leave Mexico as quickly as possible.

Hawkers keep walking along the return cars up to the immigration control points with their merchandizes. We walked over the sidewalk to the immigration control point. It was a hot and humid day in Mexico. As we opened the door, we got bathed with a stream of cold air from the air-conditioned room. In a moment our mental and physical stress evaporated out. What a difference! It was probably like entering paradise from hell. The immigration officer asked for our driving licenses and let us enter back to our country. Our journey to a country which has been trailing a couple of hundred years behind into the history was over.