



# A Beautiful Indifference

**American Education  
a chisel & a scalpel for  
Empire**

Dr. Will Colley



# **A Beautiful Indifference:**

**American Education**

**A chisel & scalpel for**

**Empire**

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## Contents

**Prologue:**     *Reflections on “making America great again”*

### **Part 1**                      *A Beautiful Indifference:*

- chapter 1     *Our Stunning moments of confusion...*
- chapter 2     *Unlocking Dr. King’s word from the stone messaging that confines “Miracle”*
- chapter 3     *Founding Fathers on education of the masses & the elimination of black history*
- chapter 4     *Missed-Potential-- not in education but in re-education*

### **Part 2**                      **American Education a chisel & scalpel for Empire**

- chapter 5     *Refurbishing our minds to meet tomorrow*
- chapter 6     *The invisible Reality of social engineering*
- chapter 7     *Lecture Symphony: we have criminalized enlightenment to stifle learning*
- chapter 8     *Black Celebrity: “niggers” on the porch...*

### **Part 3**     **The 2026 Critique of *Project 2025*: at the round table on 2028 Empire**

- chapter 9     *The Element of Fear in the Mirror*
- chapter 10    *Debt to human guile and conflict: Money and Natural Resources*
- chapter 11    *Leadership Capacity: Keeper of the Bells and the lies*
- chapter 12    *Prophecy-- Heresy – and confidence in black male abdication*

### **Part 4**                      *the last phases of colonialism: our world psychoses*

- chapter 13    *Mother School—The secret of Maternity or Mental Illness*
- chapter 14    *Transition: Mental Chains & Change*
- chapter 15    *The Ice Maker... is dying and the colonized want their frozen sovereignty back*
- chapter 16    *Perfect Balance: When the Rain flows up (improbability not impossibility)*

**Dénouement**   *There are no Solutions found in the Sound of Silence*



## *Prologue—Reflections on “make America great again”*

You should have asked him for cheaper eggs, gasoline, heating fuel, and beef, things that American's are being price gouged on—and not so much to “make America great again” when in fact the only conceivable greatness she has ever possessed was before the Europeans decided to colonizer North America through rape and plunder, conquest, and slavery. The truth is like a cemented apple that can shatter teeth when we talk about where we go from here. Because there is no going back to the lies we have told ourselves about history or the truth that we are currently living that seeks to reestablish not so old tools of colonialism—even if it forsakes all its alleys for peace and white supremacy that has dominated the world landscape and psychology for the pass four-hundred years. One man, one idea, one dominant empire for all the Western Hemisphere: North, Central, and South America, the Caribbean, Greenland, and as many of the Atlantic islands as can be gobbled up and annexed into American Forts, penal colonies, and places that purposelessly serve hegemonic interest for self-preservation.

You could have asked him for cheaper bacon, baby food, pampers, and paper towels for every time we have to wipe up spilled facts on the floor, the propaganda of fear and invaders coming to fix our fascist and divisive warmongering around the world, or the outright hypocrisy that just slightly over half of all Americans believe with all their might, never wanting to far from the extremities that form the American challenge to change or her dichotomy to manage division opposed to finding an amical solution that leaves all manner of people with dignity and self-respect (if dignity and self-respect did not have monetary considerations and transactional accommodation based on wealth and in American, race entitlements if we are honest without our selves. And the truth is that race does not matter as much as one might think or as much as class and wealth. We have come to a breaking point in American where we find ourselves stuck, our wheels spinning round and round and going backward. We can never change. We can never change because change is not our objective. We can never change due to the reality that we are a one-trick pony with two saddles: Democrats and Republicans, either worthy of our affection, our passion, our children's tomorrow, or our tax dollars that fuel military bases around the world while we have a growing multitude of homeless, hungry, ignorant, and emotionally instable gorges within every state. It is our insecurities that keep us complicit; they say that food and hope insecurities will turn a human into an animal quicker than starvation and hopelessness.

We need to ask him for free body-bags and biodegradable boxes, because we can even afford to bury our deceased as the barren robbers rob us our birth and death dignities. Since we didn't get those forty-acres and a mule, maybe all of us who are living paycheck to paycheck could get a half-suit or dress, front side, to lay out nicely in our last sunset—sadly, never knowing or even wondering what it all was about, life; what was life for if not this constant toil, tug, and confusion?

It has to be more than making America great again or fighting the dictums and doctrines that further miscarriage our innate human yearnings for family, friends, soil beneath our feet, water between our toes, and the image of sky not necessarily heaven in our horizon (for heaven is a forlorn concept of generations so long removed from such antiquated ideations that we have forgotten how to practice and have unequivocally denounced in our actions and inactions across generations: genocides, mass murders, slavery, human trafficking unabated and for the pleasure of our wealthy friends and celebrities, and those miscreants who love to exist in the proximity of power).

If given one, ask. I would ask for paper and pencil to jot down the names of those who defile humanity here on earth. Trump said to the Iranian people, keep protesting, take over your institutions, and remember the names of those who abuse you; help is on the way. We have been abused for so long that history has lost count of our many grievances (that are never resolved, understand that). So, this president who tells a repressed people in a faraway country to fight, fight, fight without offering Americans a solution for militarism, materialism (capitalism), and spiritual indebtedness through fascist propagandizations (on the distortion of classism and racism-based pejoratives and categories of devaluation).

I think I would be “real” and inquire of myself, what I have done or not done on my watch as a human being born in an oh so imperfect world. I don’t think I could blame Trump or his administration, or the hundreds of millions of people who voted him in office—I am not delusional about my smallness in the world, even if I were a “we” and included myself among all the proud black people who have succumb to being so marginalized throughout our inaccurate history, I would still be of a conquered people, small, seemingly insignificant, almost minuscule like the pebble of sand washed to shore and swept out to ocean again, and again, and again, enduring the endless toil of being. And there is where particles and pieces for a sand bard upon which to stand, if only for a moment, to gesticulate the concept that the lowest, the smallest, the most insignificant of us and value when it defies the powerful coercion and motions with common sense and the audacity to state it simply.

I am not a saint or a judge of sainthood, so truly I don’t know if this powerful man, who has come before us like no other, is an aberration of great power (divine or depraved) or just a figure who has been given reign over the mob to justify man’s continued perversion over his fellow man and thus not worthy of being a targeted figure for deification when he is no more than effigy, ephemeral, while the mob of angry men and women, mostly white, and their invisible benefactors continue to mis-educate and choke human potential at the Whitehouse.

Even to be great at anything is fleeting and difficult to maintain twisting it into a psychosis that preoccupies ones cognitive and emotions wiring that is always deeming and night illuminating that others may be inspired and demonstrate humanity as a focal point. To make America great again is a self-fulfilling prophesy that boarders on so many dysfunctional and correlating factors that produce unhealthy hubris, unwarranted thirst for more, and incomprehensible endeavors to conquer a world that has already been conquered and colonized—and not the fate of humanity will be in decolonization of places and people and lands that will regrow and reestablish a harmony whether man wants it or not. And it is evident and manifest that now we notice the unnoticeable forces that promote the proclivity for division, useless forms of government (we can never again give congress or the courts the power to decide life and death of its citizens after they have proven to be either co-conspirators, collaborators, or spineless and useless elected officials who have allowed the world to be brandished and held morally hostage.

So write their names down, the corporate entities at the round table of billionaires who sought to divide and manage the spoils of other nations, wealth, resources, with no dividends for the American citizens: a check did get out for 1,776 dollars to commemorate an independence partially won, for some not all, only to become the grand dictator for which we sought redress, to now wear the armor of colonial power with no adversaries except in our minds.

Who am I to doubt the divine purpose of a great president; even if all great men have flaws, they have risen through their time, and found themselves not only relevant but instrumental in moving both the masses and their minds to the moment that exist, whether that moment be real or a figment of one's cognitive dissidence. Trump is such a figure, even in his silver years, with full-throated voice, valor, and audacity to move where other men have failed to even consider encroaching upon what they thought (should have thought) right at their moment. It is intimated that Trump is the greatest galvanizer of men and women since Lucifer in all his glory and splendor rebelled within the heavens, and inspired the angels to question their own celestial being—and thus in his defeat it did not lose its power of illumination; he just lost his place among the stars for a glowing fallacy on earth. Much like the confederate generals of the post-civil war, where victory and glory was reclaimed in the sympathies of Americans to make her great again and continue hegemony through any means undetectable to the masses.

The great galvanizer, poo. Black folk have not been galvanized to show up for this round of fights against human oppression. I think we are waiting for the dust to settle, and someone invites us to the table to divide the world: they won't. It's just business! Don't take it personal! We elected a "businessman" to fix our problems with "affordability" public education, healthcare, housing, burial expenses, and government when business lack of ethics is the culprit.

## **Rather than being your thoughts and emotions, be the awareness behind them-- Eckhart Tolle**

If you have read any of my other books you understand the point of view from which I write, a black man of conscientious and concerns about the crisis the world faces in its inability to recognize, not just the rise of fascism, the collusion to divide the world in two or three global powers, and the inculcation of social-engineering that corrals the masses, black, brown, and no more evident today than ever, white citizens alike into divisions of thoughtless people who fail to understand the collective power of American citizens who are deemed only as a tax base for American hegemony and the further building of empire across the world.

Until now, this alarm to recognize the inapt and corrosive damages of an American educational system, at every level of our existence, from our primary schools, public schools, and secondary educational programs that were and have been exclusively, for the process of American assimilation: based on the “exceptionalism” to convince us of our preestablished places on God’s earth, under skies that were meant for man to tend to the flowers, the babies, the land, not the pursuit of unbelievable riches that a few men could not spend in a life time, while the masses labor in their ignorance like lumps of feces in soup de jour.

That is what our universal education has amounted. A Beautiful Indifference, a way of life that has lost all concepts of humanity and reality. We have allowed the dumbing of our natural instincts and organic intelligence to perceive, like the pinned hog, our hour of gradual cellular degeneration: dead, comatose, but we can only think without the ability to act, like in a nightmare that one fails to wake and save themselves. No one cares, no one is coming: empathy has been outlawed, and truth, criminalized based on what vantage point you allow yourself to believe. The takeover of American values and the distortion of truth have always been a struggle for black American: in our schools, in our courts, in our jobs, in our streets, in our potential to reach the ever-unapproachable heights of a now banned system of justice and equality. Now white American citizens and Hispanic working people, who have worked tirelessly to undergird America, serve those with coin to pay, and devote their lives, their votes, their trust to a man that they failed to understand the machine behind the cloud of orange.

This book is about a situation so frail in American that it cannot handle the introspection or critique from any vantage point of truth and credibility, even if one is spiraling in the very moments of such spectacular, unfathomable, inconceivable rampage of greed and divisive



power-- that only contradict our capacity to believe in our own ability to challenge the system. It is times like these when sleeping people must rise, when people of color must shuck off that appearance of ignorance that has sustained us for longer than we needed.

This book is about the current reality that American has put its citizens under; we are at the precipitous moment where WW111 is beginning: what did we think that it would begin with bombs and long-range missiles? Did we think it would begin with the Declarations of War, from our newly formed Dept of War, who we now see Federal Troops and the Military through the Presidential use of the 'Insurrection Act of 1807, to suppress what our Secretary of State, Kristi Noem refers to our citizens who chose to protest as "domestic terrorist" and term that black Americans who have challenged hegemony in America is well to accustom to (with the assignation of all our black gifted men throughout these past three-hundred years, including Martin, Malcolm, and the many others who we remember in February, maybe march, but never revenge). Our Presidential administration and its merry men and women, in an effort to suppress civil unrest and rebellion which is the only time we seem to be alive and exercising the type of divine values through insurrection that is intended to save all of humanity (if saving humanity were possible).

No one is coming for us but us— is a concept we have failed to fully understand or recognize; it is as if we are resigned to staying cruelly ignorant in the face of mass extrapolation of our souls in the moments that test our proclivity for altruism. To stand and protest, to march collectively and die for more than affordability, decent housing cost, or nutritious foods that poison us from pre-birth to perpetual convalescent homes.

If you are not a student, or have not been a student of history, you would not know that colonialism is an old and ancient monster loosed upon the black, brown, and indigenous worlds: and due to its waning power, and the power demonstrated in these times, Kairos, by various colonized nations to reclaim their sovereignty—is a threat to hegemony, capitalism, and colonialism everywhere. All of Europe are and have been colonizers of Black and Brown people, but it is not until now, that the door has been cracked, and the colonizers are back at one another's' throats, white on white ravaging at the global level as when they devoured Black identity and dignity around the globe. All empires throughout the history of humanity have thus perished at a pre-established moment in time. *A Beautiful Indifference* takes the reader through these times of inculcation and erasure of truth and reality, in four sections: the history of indoctrination; (2) the Ubiquitous and pervasive national universal education systems from our countries inception to today (without even considerations for a new curriculum based on truth and facts regardless how tragic); (3) the politics that bring us here to this reckoning, these cross-roads where we are devoured by decisions to act or hide from the bombastic nature of a depraved administration whose names we must remember; and fourth section on the anatomy of how Empire works and is working to enhance our lives and destroy our souls. (that we digest so easily as a pill of cognitive dissonance or a potion places us in a "willing suspension of disbelief").

Each of the 16 chapters has three major articulations or manifestation beginning with a current problem that requires the readers to challenge what they understand by relearning how to learn truth even if there are two truths, how and why. Secondly, a representation of that problem viewed through its opposing vantage points, opposing sides of the problem or argument (the division that exist in America, televised daily, where our eyes either play tricks on our minds' eye, where we distort reality to conform to our individual beliefs and justifications for such atrocities that blind us to absurdities. And lastly, within each chapter I will provide either a worldly, relevant, experiential or anecdotal context for the various dualities, justifications, and moments of insanity we as citizens of one mind set or another – must at some point grapple with, whether from a tent or the corner of a busy intersection, our two to three bedroom dwellings, or our baby mansions of five or more rooms we complain about heating cost.

# CHAPTER 1

## ***Our stunning moments of confusion...***

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My grandfather referred to it as “Burning Day baby” when a defeated man found solace in the dark, quiet, hours of day and night to think through his continuous toil, about the worth or worthlessness of his life; the Jews in post WW11 called it Kristallnacht, the “Night of Broken Glass” that was a violent, state-sponsored pogrom used against European Jews across Nazi Germany and Austria much like the Federal- sponsored program initiated by the Trump administration across every state in America, to instill fear, discombobulate the Hispanic populations and any African immigrants from African or the Caribbean Islands, especially Cuba, Venezuela, and portions of the middle east who still have ties, regardless of how small, with the displaced and victims of a modern campaign of genocide within an apartheid state, as the result of a “red-flag operation” (political and military subterfuge) that created the self-fulfilling operations on October 7<sup>th</sup>, initiated by Israeli Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu himself, members of the Knesset, and at least one high level American official in the corner, much like when Africa was divided in *The General Act of the Berlin Conference* “the scramble for Africa” and the “Partitioning of humanity’s” first Nations under God.

Our stunning moments of confusion that we are experiencing in the world are the beginning of the end of all that we have been privileged to conceal in the recesses of our minds, that has allowed us to live with ourselves. The confusing moments we face today is the use of the Department of Homeland Security (DHS) and its use of Gestapo strategies through the U.S. Citizens and Immigration Services (USCIS), U.S. Customs and Border Control (CBP), and U.S. Immigration and Customs Enforcement (ICE) as they ravage cities and “assassinate American citizens, white people at that, with presidential immunity (lets be real) and a portion, if not half, of American sanctions as evident by the fake and flawed contention between what our eyes see and what lies people are willing to digest for their side of a one government order: Renee Nicole Good, mother, activist, daughter, lover did not deserve to be shot in the face three times; Alex Petti, 37-year-old ICU nurse at a military hospital in Minneapolis, while exercising his god given rights to assist those neighbors in need (which is everyman’s business and human responsibility which we have almost succumb to the fallacy that empathy is illegal) did not

deserve to be shot in the back of his body, while lying prostrate on the cold earth, 10 times—with each bullet now being tracked and accountability sought from our voices too long quiet about bullets in the back, in the head, of people who fought for truth and just that has never come to America for black and brown people, but perhaps people will begin to see that skin color is arbitrary and it is one's politics that distinguished them and will distinguish them in the doom that we must face alone in our streets—may God show up in the setting sun and have mercy on us.

We are confused just a little. The shiny nations on the Hill, where Democracy was written and carved a fallacious path from the White House to stolen, obliterated, and strategically planned dwellings to confound the masses to what are more important lessons that conquest and capitalism. We are a nation of immigrants if we find our best within the tattered belief systems that have been abandoned watches, rings, and jewelry: ideologies born of a perverted sense of assets and capitalism (that Democracy as formed into a necessity) forsaking such corny and obsolescent terms like liberty or the rights to protest one's own grievances for fair and equal status, or just the rights to raise your cellular device in the air and bare witness, even though there is no one coming to help, except our newly found responsibility to act in unconventional manners that allow you to live with dignity: you determine what that resembles and where to display it. I want my moment to be under a purple sky, with the sun waning, the stars behind a weeping moment where the thunder strikes me in glorious moments of me fighting back.

The history of courageous men of color fighting back as been erased from our cognitive understanding of the intentions of colonialism against people of color and people of contentious as well, regardless color; for it appears we have all been doped and caught in a fallacy that somehow we were not all deceived from the same mother earth, shades of who each of us were designed to become is a tragedy our cognitive dissonance and social inculcations have alter our minds and our innate emotions. To understand the historical landscape as to how we got here, what instruments were used, and why we have chosen to say marginalized and subjugated peoples within a one-party oligarchy is easily notably, discernable, or rationalized through every single time-period in America (so see I don't differentiate much between white and black, between a slave and master) for in the progression of day to night, things change, and in the twilight years we all revert back from which we came, either answered one's call or found and left dead in a box unfulfilled: dust not redemption.

Man's depravity toward his fellow man is etched in over three-hundred years of slavery, over three-hundred years of a Democracy that has always slain black people in the back, in the head, and sometimes just left us alone in the woods swinging with the sounds of birds chirping, squirrels scurrying about the fallen leaves—and all we could do, for three hundred years, is stop the feet from swaying, and hum something old and partly Christian, and partly depraved. And now the redundancy of “re-colonialism” that pervasive practice of the intentional exertions of political, economic, and cultural domination of one over another in a universal place and an appointed time that seeks to conceal injustice like a doormat that reads “Welcome”. In in these

times of our 47<sup>th</sup> presidency, it has begone again—thank god—actions that reveal that the displace, social rejection, and subjugation of my people was not because of their color, it was because of their inherent ability to love, it is referred to in the cultural, historical, and political book ‘The Cracker Jar’ as our innate and natural proclivity to be nurturing, hypothesized by the “Two Cradle Theory” of Egyptian scholar Cheikh Anta Diop as Africa being the southern most “cradle” of civilization that give birth to men, that it has not been easy for me to disavowal as it is engrained in me prior to me being me, and whispered from one ancestor to another, down to me that I might testify to our divinity. The chicken’s have come home to roost, Malcolm would say, but the redemption of confined struggle in a state represented by a “lack of reason”, a lack of courage.

Emmanuel Kant (1774) defined enlightenment as “man’s emergence from his self-incurred immaturity (cognitive dissonance, maybe even depravity). He thus justifies that fact that this comatose state of “immaturity” was our inability to use one’s own understanding of the world predicaments infused into our being, without the misguidance of other men, more wealthy, more educated, less Godly—all the while referring to ourselves as good men often times do, as forthright, but the truth is that men lacked the courage, according to Kant, the courage to stand and be sacrificed for the next generation, and not a lack of intelligence or enlightenment: we knew what we were being asked to do, to turn our minds off, our hearts off, or personal responsibility off, to hide the crimes of *greater men* with louder pulpits and graft to feed the beast in man.

Historically, regardless the circumstances, we have lacked the courage to care for our fellow man; now we are being asked to stand on courage and demonstrate that the masses can be more than a mob, that we can distinguish between a fallacy spun on fascism and political hubris and the truth. That is the argument presented herewith today. Do we have the longstanding endurance to stand on truth, seek it out like blue sea-glass from the sands, and shift it in the palms of our hands or let it slip between our fingers due to the apathy and cowardice that our unknowing Father Bastards have coerced and socially-engineered us to do (not think for ourselves, not to see what our eyes see)?

If we were to be honest, there is no known righteous path that leads to nirvana, whether enlightenment be a state of mind or a path to a place of afterlife transcendency to alleviate the suffering of the masses that the benefactors of their existence may not have been wholly exposes due to the extreme lavishness they have amassed (that is not a crime nor a sin), because of the dichotomy that exist of the matter herewith could never be convened in a way that had the possibility to persuade one side over the other.

On this matter of truth and discernment, there are two starkly diverse sides, making the matter more a conundrum than a proposition for argument.