

In the course of human events, betimes, we become party to things that are beyond our ability to comprehend, effect or control.

Because we believe (we are led to believe) that we are peoples living in an advanced stage of civilization, we assume certain things (rule of law [social order], manners, decorum, trust, even love) in our basic relationship to our look-a-likes.

Additionally, if we make the effort to become the least bit informed, we are apprised of the devastating effects of War, as they have occurred in the last century; and the potential for total devastation that has become part and parcel of the all-out war machine, and the war mentality; (civilized violence).

When our own advanced country becomes the unwarranted implementer of devastation, we not only feel betrayed in what we have been led to believe, and in our assumptions, we feel an apprehension that resides solely with man; and not with the elements. We learn to fear man more than we could ever fear natural occurrences. Additionally, we fear our own leaders more than we do any potential enemy. Why is that?

Because we also learn that man does things with intent to harm, to control, to dominate, and to destroy; all with violence, and without discrimination; directed at his fellow man, and with total disregard for the fauna and flora gracing this one and only home for all.

Yes!, sometimes, with great relief, there is a hiatus of peace, when man does not overtly do these awful, appalling things. When it seems he can be content to dream and even build his dream, all with good feelings, with hard diligent labor, and with seeming regard for his fellow man, and fellow creatures.

But man is unreliable. And man in large part is a selfish animal. And when man is left to his own devices he develops cunning and other survival skills. By nature he is anarchistic; not law-abiding; only his own law, the law of the jungle; the strong over the weak; always seeking advantage.

And when war comes, all the worst of the survival instinct, so often diabolical in nature, is laid bare, for which no man wishes to be held accountable, no animal wishes to be held accountable.

And when National Security is threatened, whether imaginary, or real, all the rules of our civilization, imaginary, though it is, are violated, even carelessly disregarded. Topheavy with crud, George Bush, Karl Rove, John Ashcroft, Alberto Gonzales, Donald Rumsfeld, Paul Wolfowitz, Condoleezza Rice (no relation to Donna, who was all Heart)), Ridge, DeLay, Gingrich, Richard Perle, Feith, Frist (hopefully the Last), And Dicky Chenny, Oren Hatch, James Baker, and our all around man, Horiuchi, know what to doo doo. Pore Colin Powellless.

It has been said a great nation can withstand the crudiest government for a time. It has been said a great nation must not relax its vigilance if it wishes to remain on top of the heap.

As you may note, my rancorous disposition is to mock those who have become our power elite, so called governing body; governing without our consent. Maybe they intimidated and convinced our weak-kneed Congress to assent, and that dubious Supreme Court, but did not seek our consent. Who amongst us is barbarian enough to consent? By the time you have finished reading this writing, if you should read it to the bitter end, you will begin to develop a feeling, and a notion of what I mean when I write 'barbarian'. "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?"(HM)

In all fairness I want to put all of what I say, and what we have become, into context. We have become what Tawney identified as an acquisitive society, belligerently defending our piles; like some carnivorous beast with its kill. What's mine is mine and what's yours is negotiable.

Part of our pile consists in a possessory ownership of parcels of mother earth. Deeds, Certificates of Title. As an outgrowth of this, we form townships, cities, states, provinces, nations, unions; CORPORATIONS.

We need to live somewhere; where we live becomes our place on this planet, in this life. We are no longer nomadic, because the current occupancy of the planet precludes that life style. There are many landless travelers upon the commons; and many beholden to landlords; and a very few, wards of the state. It is opined there are too many of us.

There was a time when powerful nations colonized the weaker ones. For example, Portugal, a maritime nation, 35, 550 square miles, could colonize Angola (438, 350 sq. miles) and Mozambique (302,330 sq. Miles). England, Spain, France, Holland, Belgium, and in more modern times, Italy, Germany and Japan, Yes!, even the United States, colonized, conquered, occupied, governed, and extracted wealth; and in Ancient times, the Mongols, the Persians, the Greeks, The Romans, the Vikings; and the Turks. And in those smaller outback areas of tribes, tribe conquering tribe for whatever reason, perhaps one was stronger and one was weaker, or therein a pretty maiden dwelled.

This context is not intended to whitewash what is happening today; what we have become today. We can no longer claim to be formative. Days of colonization are over. That is not to say that one region will not be envious of the color of the grass in another; and if it is determined the region of greener grass is poorly defended, an attempt by the envious may be made to invade that green land.

Wisely, or necessarily wisely, we have formed a Union of Nations with executive powers that are enabled to deny the expropriation of greener lands by the envious nations. We, as a body politic, after the devastation and waste incurred in awful wars has wisely sought this course, and has deemed this the best course to follow. However, we have been unable to curtail the power of the strong over the weak, the will is lacking; and it is biased, by design. We have been unable to empower ourselves to intervene in sovereign nations when civil strife, even genocide, arises therein. On the one hand we make it our business, and on the other it is none of our business. But perhaps worst of all is the bully nation (bully leader of a powerful nation) that feels it does not need the brotherhood, the union of nations; it can act alone; preemptively; engaging in civilized violence once again.

This writer is aware that words are often like confetti, fluttering in the wind, swirling about in the air, insubstantial. They become ineffectual arbiters in the affairs of men. But they do exist alongside the sword, the steel edge; and are often thrown at the sword as both plea and insult.

There are some amongst us not immune to the persuasions of the word, who can act upon them, that is, respond to them with further urgings of the word. But all the word users must contend with the other parlayers, the liars, the dissemblers, the propagandists; the righteous; the patriots.

Through it all the word suffers some terrible abuse, ultimately destroying its tenability and its credibility, and exposing its utter impotence. They and we are left in ruin. Our Visceral bellicosity, roars and grunts, armaments, become our speakers. Those who object are the first ones to the gallows, or put to firing squad, or executed methodically or surreptitiously. Words, though ineffectual, cannot be tolerated. Give me liberty or give me death. Death!

But, take heart, word users, I am encouraged to pursue this venue, by the words of others. Robert Byrd, Al Gore, E. L. Doctorow, Kurt Vonegut, Howard Zinn, to name a few; and not without precedent. During the Vietnam war, words stood counter to both the liars, dissemblers, propagandists, the righteous and the patriots; as well as the armaments. They eventually brought the Man down.

I have included in this writing my thoughts regarding Vietnam.

The intrigue and dissembling used by our government prior to and during that war set a new standard and precedent for shabby Machiavellian statesmanship.





God Bless America

2005

There was ~ \$880,000,000.00 spent in the last Presidential Election. Of a total population of 293,000,000 people, some 62,000,000 (21%) of the people voted for the office holder. Whereas, ironically, when that resultant office holder mouths the dictum 'Leave No Child Behind', this tally also intentionally leaves no child behind. Some 20% voted for the alternative candidate.

Regard what we got for all that dirty money cast about.

A lot of people in AMERICA have too much freedom.
A lot of people in AMERICA are apprehensive. *because*
A lot of people in AMERICA are arrogant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are brutal.
A lot of people in AMERICA are ignorant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are intolerant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are victims.
A lot of people in AMERICA are terror fried.

Just to reduce any amount of confusion, AMERICA refers to the United States. And to reduce confusion even further, when the man who continually utters that phrase (**GBA**), not unlike his father before him, (George [not the father of our country] [not the one who couldn't tell a lie]), when he is being neglected by the Blessings of God, like all brutal dictators, a bunker lies beneath the White House, to which he may retreat, beyond the reach of the devils. He may also fly about in the Heavens in Air Force I; and daily, he is surrounded by body guards; his every move shielded.

I was born, raised and educated in the United States. At the time of this writing I would prefer to be elsewhere. Being elsewhere would reduce my exposure to curtailment of freedom, arrogance, brutality, ignorance, intolerance, terror, and victimization I feel when I am in the United States; **State sponsored terror!**

When I was a mere youth, being schooled, both publicly and parochially, I was being inculcated (hammered) with a certain set of values that were meant to be the backbone of our virtuous country. The flag waved in Algebra class, in Latin class, in English class, in History class, and in the Gym, and on the school grounds.

If one did not remove his hat, did not stand at attention, place his hand over his heart, salute the flag, and recite the pledge, he was immediately reprimanded, with a helluva lot of dirty looks, by all those around him/her. One did not oppose or question this basic act. Even though it was not that important, it was nonetheless a subservient gesture, and did not reflect the freedom to choose, about which we so often heard was a basic right, a right protected by the Constitution of the United States (of America).

Let me make it clear, I was mostly a conformist in those days, mostly out of fear; I want to make it clear that it was not out of love of country. All that yammering in the classroom was intended to mold us into something not well understood. Saluting and conforming were amongst its chief objectives. Teaching us to read and write were useful things in the overall picture; and may really have been a well-intentioned imposition upon all the youth of the nation. Leave No Unpatriotic Idiot Behind.

And even though there was intended to be a separation between Church and State, we often heard the word God, a particular Christian Protestant God, in the school and in the classroom, and even had God stamped on our currency, In God We Trust. And of course we participated in the sing along **God Bless America**.

When the mandatory schooling was over, we were turned loose into society, and expected to make something of ourselves, and earn our keep. And when our nation was attacked we were expected to defend it. When I was a child, our nation joined forces with other nations to end the reign of some really bad guys. When the bad guys had been subdued, our nation helped the knocked down peoples (by us, and their leaders) of those nations, to get back on their feet. Our nation was one of the good guys (with vested interests). Then we held those famous war-crimes trials assigning personal guilt to those who had hidden behind their flag in committing horrendous acts, as well as assigning guilt to the actual perpetrators. **The bell is ringing again.**

Then the world in general became exposed to another ideology. Its main focus began with the workers (proletariat) of the world, seeking to get them to unite against the oligarchs who ruled them, enslaved them, employed (exploited) them for a pittance, exposed them to inhuman toil, danger, hunger, want, and dire poverty. That was putting a good face upon it. Our leaders took exception to this new Godless ideology because it threatened to influence, and even control, all the other nations of the world, a state of affairs very threatening to our assumed hegemony, and threatening to 'our way of life'. Imagine the **people** taking over corporations, sharing the profits, providing nutrition, housing and health care for every individual; **Holy Shit, what a scary thing!**

As a young man, I was one of those sought after as cannon fodder intended to be used in the fight against the new aggressive ideology. In my time, Korea was a designated battleground, as our nation confronted the new ideology. My service career is unremarkable in this regard. I was not patriotic; I did not really understand the whole involvement. I do remember, while in the military, seeing and hearing in the barracks, on television, the McCarthy hearings. At that time of my life my mind was primarily preoccupied with the opposite sex, something else I did not understand.

In those days, I could only rely upon my survival instincts. I enlisted in the US Navy in order to avoid the draft (In those days I didn't have the privilege to vote, but I did have the privilege to serve). I chose a field that, in the end, enabled me to avoid the front lines; as a matter of fact, to get me posted overseas on the other side of the globe. After the Korean debacle had ended, I was

stationed in America in a place where the overbearing and childish military chickenshit began to bear down upon me. It was time to leave. I asked to be released.

In hindsight, my instincts had engineered me toward the innate objective of survival. At this juncture I do not feel any particular need to justify my actions. And I do not feel any particular need to be vindicated. It was my experience, undertaken by myself, not encouraged by anyone. I do not brag about it; I was very fearful of the power vested in the military. The Korean War had ended, there was no further need for my services. There was a mutual parting. I was free to go on with my life, such as it was; and turned out to be.

There were times I would have altercations with patriots who would defend the actions of our country against the new ideology. One must remember that the threats of the new ideology became a rallying cry for our nation, right or wrong. The new ideology was the new bad guy. Our nation still regarded itself as the good guy. Only it was little more complicated than that.

As a matter of fact, life in the USA became very complicated.

I have learned I could mostly forget everything I had been taught. I have needed to start over again, by educating myself. I shall acknowledge that I did extract one thing from those early years in school; a sense of idealism, and a lot of expectations; both misplaced; both unrealistic. However that may be, I still gravitate to the hypothetical 'If Only', because it seems both plausible and possible; because, somewhere deep inside me I yearn for it to become a reality.

This brief 'autobiographical' excursion is meant to create some kind of reference for all that I might have to say. I don't just want to pop off with one opinion or another. I want what I say to be grounded in a plausible reality.

I want to use words like justice, fairness, equity, because these words, as I learned their meaning, shoulder concepts that mean a great deal to me. I suppose most of us carry within us a concept of an ideal state where each of these words fulfills a certain criterion.

Underneath all the words and their implementation is the rationale (or reasoning) that invents them and assures their validity, their purposefulness, and their meaning; and significance in also assuring a stable well ordered community of man.

In my own mind these certain words shaped into basic concepts are devoid of politics, of local perturbations. They exist in themselves as inviolable, by anyone. So that all individuals, all nations, all peoples, and all locals, and all faiths, creeds, and beliefs can know of their existence, and trust in their inviolable nature.

God Bless America

Up Against The Wall

Do I speak of the unattainable? As long as men are free to become arbitrary with respect to the basic concepts, reserving certain prerogatives unto themselves, some things will always be in jeopardy, and rarely attainable.

To continue with the ongoing reality, where most of these idealities turned out to be proof of unpatriotic leanings. The new bad guys remained as bad guys for some time. Open confrontation with them took the form of **MAD**. Altercations took place on other peoples territory, like Korea, like Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia, Nicaragua, Chile, Angola, and Kent State, to name a few.

Then these bad guys were gone of their own accord, riven by internal failures. We crowed about their demise, claiming that we were the ones who destroyed them. We outlasted them; we forced them to spend themselves into unpayable debt; oblivion.

It didn't take us long to come up with another bad guy. These guys are going to be harder to destroy; and there are others waiting in the wings. **Pretty soon our number will come up.**

So **God Bless America.**

We're gonna need sumthin'.

The vicious cowboy at the helm is STEERING this nation on a course towards the precipice. He's taking on the Muslims (terrorists). He's gonna get that OIL. He's taking on Flag Burning, he's taking on Abortion; he's taking on Gay Rights; he's putting on Prayer in The Schools; he's violating the Constitution; he's raiding Social Security, and he's taking on Freedom. And he's gonna make all the courts after his own image, and load the Supreme Court with Justices (?) that support his agenda. And he is creating terror at home and abroad. When the cowboy was governor of the nation's most brutal state, he approved 152 executions (9 of whom are still innocent); **he's got the habit.**

Someone had said that we deserved what we got. I don't know how they meant that, but let me guess. My guess is that helluva lot of people are basically stupid (uninformed). They only know they are supposed to support the leader; and you do that by shoving the flag in everybody's face. And if they don't salute, you tell them they are unpatriotic, or worse, they are traitors. A traitor is worse than the enemy. That's about it. Not much to go on.

So, you hafta figure.

God Bless America

God Bless America

Up Against The Wall

This blessing is so huge, and in the shape of a hot iron, jerked right out of the fahr, because they say he is a coward; but worse than a coward, a bully. Here are some of the indicators; things to watch for:

Love It Or Leave It
Anti Abort
No Stem Cell
On Your Knees In School
No Flag Desecration
Gays Are History (Toast)
Lasso The Alaska Wilderness
Social Security Sucks
No Mercy For Bad Dudes
Axil Of Evis
Terror! Terror! Terror!
Attack Iraq (IRAN) PBS NEA ACLU
Gotta Git Thet Petroleum
God Bless Americar

The Compassionate Conservative

"Please, don't kill me."

Read My Lips

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And Don't Forget: **There Ought To Be Limits To Freedom**

Gott That? Way to go. Meanest Prez ever. Jus' what we need! And they ventured to guess that he was intelligent. Some kind of gent anyway. Another had classified him a moron. Lost her job.

There have been others before him, most notably within the same oligarchy. They had Bonzo, Pearl, Gangbang, Chinny, Meeese, Bayker, Noxoff, ennobeled Kissassfinger, Hatchet, Hide, Helm, BushSr., Earlich, Halter, Noth, Slott, Dullest, Whinebugger, and all them new Buggers, Chinny (him again?) DustBinCraft, Riceroni, Smidge, Bumstead, Powerless, Wolfblitz; Gonezilla; Geezus, Fallwell, Gawd, and King Fahdd, The Shah,. And Saddam, uv coarse. Leave anybody out?

SUV OIL GREED

Now that's some headline. Go on with your story.

IRAN HAS NUKE

How about that one. That came from Powerless Powell as he was going out the door. Sounds pretty contentious to me. Get ready for another

PreemptiveStrike

And that was just after The People's Republic Of China made a lifetime Bullions of Yuan/Rial deall with IRAN for GollyGee, Erl for Honey; that's Beesness! Yup!, time for a little preemption; excuse please, not a little, but a lotta preempting.

ARMAGEDDON

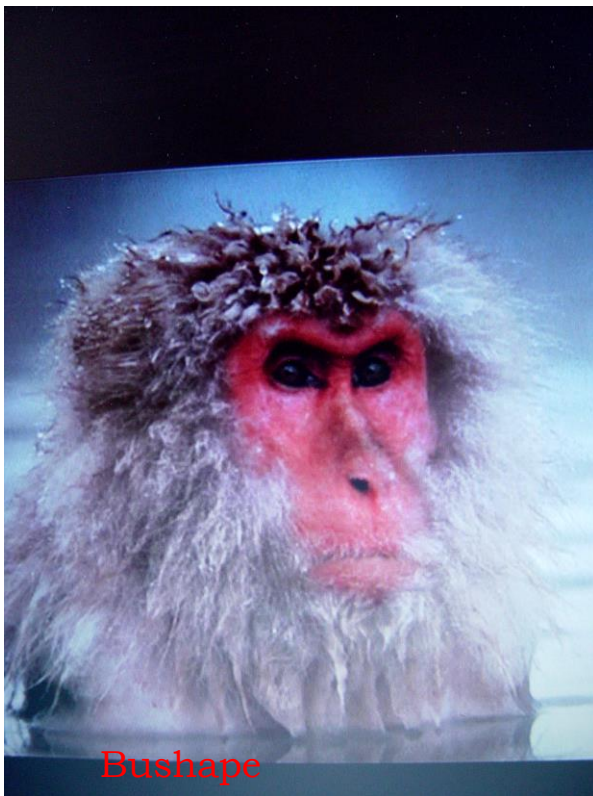
Looks pretty bad, with one point two billion (1,200,000,000) PRC's and damnear one billion (1,000,000,000) Muslims. That's a rough two billion (2,000,000,000) lined up agin' a measly one quarter billion (290,000,000). Like simple math, that even that

idiotdubyer in the linen closet should figure; outnumbered damnear eight to one (8 to 1). Pretty rough alright. Can't nuke 'em all without

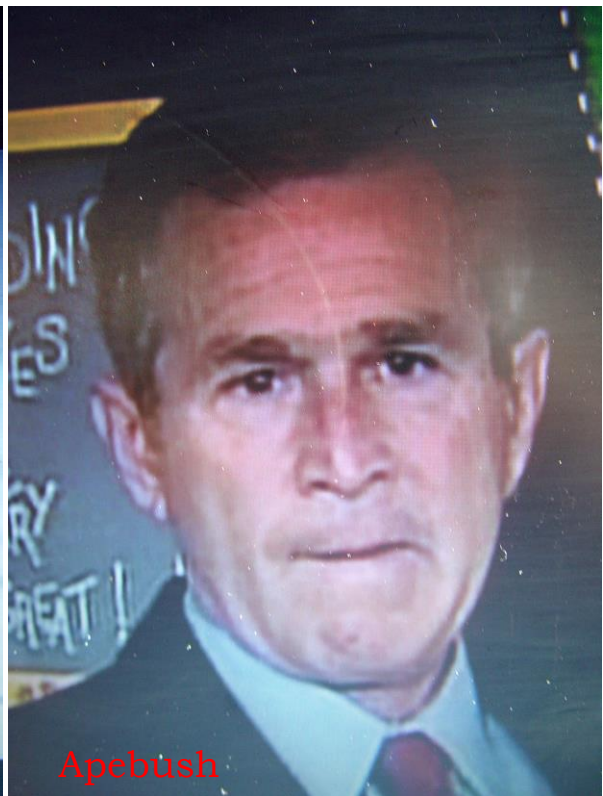
ARMAGEDDON

And there's the forgotten Ruskie who've just come up with a doooooomsday nuke. That should help with their tirade balance.

What the fuck is wrong with the human race?



Bushape



Apebush

This is part of what is wrong!!!

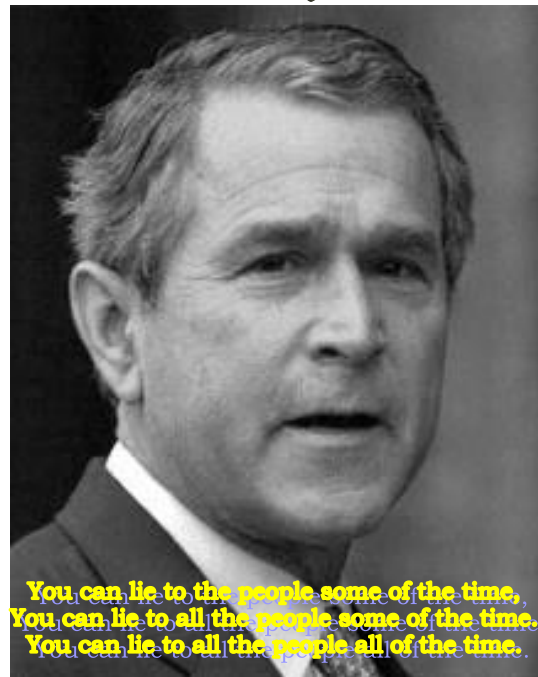
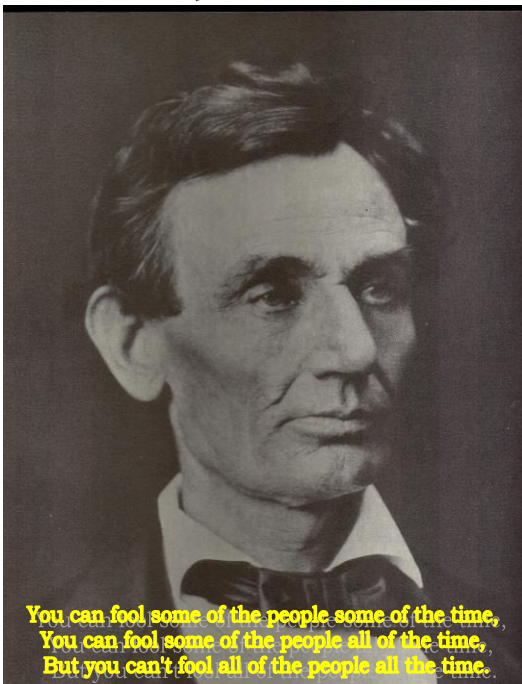
A lot of people, the world over, are afraid because these Apebushes' are on the loose. It has been our custom to view the Bushapes as lesser than ourselves. In the Apebush world, it is an ill conceived notion that we descended from the Bushapes. Just a bit of terminological inexactitude; in reality, we have ascended from the Bushapes. But even that notion is intolerable to the Apebushes'.

To the Apebush, evolution sucks. To the Apebush, we is the handiwork of the Almighty.

What!!!???

You mean to say, or is it mean to intimate that Gosh Awmighty didn't get all the pieces in the right place? OH!, all the pieces on the right? Far Right? So he got it Right, after all? Killer Instinct and all.

The Compassionate Conservative



Which of these two?

Collateral Damage, to coin another phrase.

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Leave No Child Behind

I know you are moved by what you see on this page.

I thought it would be worth mentioning to all those acquiescent flag wavers, my own Congressman amongst them. Ugly vivid stuff. But this nation is remote from it all, just as it was in Vietnam, or even closer, in Nicaragua. Just wait; it came to Expansionist Nazi Germany, Expansionist Fascist Italy, and Expansionist Dictatorial Japan. It will come to Expansionist Belligerent United States Of America. Mark these words. If you thought the Oklahoma City Bombing, or the Bash on the World Trade Center were horrors, imagine the above in every city street in the nation.

I have learned that Bullshit attracts flies; not much else. Watch your back; that ain't bullshit. This nation has to take its licks; that

ain't bullshit. There is one possible redemption, not coming from Gawd, or the White House, but from the **United States Congress**.

Time to **Impeach**

Yeah, you think this is a lotta bullshit! Well, think again! Take a long look. And yet another, and yet another!



There isn't any difference between these two.

And our replacement attorney general professes to believe that the Geneva Conventions are 'quaint'. DustBinCraft's Understudy.

With that attitude emanating from the Capitol of the 'most powerful nation on this earth', we are going to require more than Homeland Security and Gott Mit Uns to stave off the vengeance of the world. ~Six Billion (6,400,000,000) against two hundred and ninety three million (293,000,000). Twenty-one point eight to one [21.8 to 1) Our (Your) nation does not stand a chance. Not without:

ARMAGEDDON

So you still want to be righteous?
I debate with myself. Where did humanity take a wrong turn? Or is it as Sigmund Freud clearly stated in Civilization And Its

God Bless America

Up Against The Wall

Discontents that it is 'fatefully inevitable' that the greatest suffering in this world will be brought about by mankind, *gratuitously.*



September 11, 2001 Photo © 2001 Bill Biggart



Yeso

Tough Love



It would be rare, those who did not recognize some of the images exhibited in this document. Our earth-home has not become a safer place after all these centuries of civilization (civilized violence). It seems instead 'inevitably' the same, but even more diabolical than in our last reckoning. More diabolical because mankind has learned little or nothing, and persists in this bestial urge to dominate; and what he cannot dominate, he will bring to ruin. And what of those who are dominated; do they feel safe in some womb?

All of this is happening in my lifetime.

MAD had gone away for awhile. Except for a few assholes Atmospheric Testing had been ended. And even without contraptions like the A and H, and other members of the alphabet, Bombs, upwards of 100 megatons; the 'fallout' (the cows were hot). And the nuclear power plants were self-destructing at an alarming rate.

We cannot go back. We have ventured too far out into this desert; this land for no man; no life. For those who do not believe in anything more than this life on this planet, there are those who have made of it Hell, a righteous Hell, claiming it is their divine right to make of this planet - Hell; whether by Gawd or Allahlah. If you do not believe in the beyond you are doomed to the Hell they have made of this earth. Armageddon and Jihad join forces to make of this home a torture filled prison. **Do something, CHINA!**

I'm writing of real people. This is not a fiction.



"For some time now, the inequalities that are embedded into the American system have bothered me. As they are becoming progressively worse and it is clear that the government's priorities are not bettering the quality of life for all of its people, but rather on expanding its own power, I can no longer, in good conscience, salute the flag.

The war America will soon be entering in has reinforced my beliefs, while further angering me. I am aware that this is a time of fear for many Americans, and the media has done a fine job of maintaining that fear and riling up people's emotions. However, amidst this fear people have lost sight of the fact that Bush's plan for "maintaining our safety" will cause many innocent people, women and children, mothers and babies, to die overseas. Furthermore, going to war will likely provoke more violence in this country.

It does not bother me that so many Americans oppose me. If anyone looked deeper than the headlines they would find that my arguments are true. Besides, whether or not people agree with me is irrelevant. It is my right as an American to stand for my beliefs the way others have done against me. Being patriotic cannot simply be an empty slogan. Patriotism can be shown in many ways, but those who choose to do so by saluting the flag should recognize that the American flag stands for individuality and freedom. Therefore, any true patriot must acknowledge and respect my right to be different."

Listen Up!



"Elimination of terrorism as a threat to:

Our "Way Of Life"

"There ought to be **Limits To Freedom**"

(I didn't mean that the way it sounded. I intend to spread Freedom all over the world. We'll find out with time what I mean.)

Campaign Rhetoric 101



Maybe I should just leave it there; no further argument; let you decide our fate, with your worship of our way of life.

One hears the phrase often enough without knowing what it means. Its some kind of brassy assumption and hardened assertion, what *Our Way Of Life* might be.

Toni Smith may have a glassy-eyed view of things, but is her '*Our Way Of Life*' based on some kind of false information? Could any declaration of belief be any plainer? Could there be more heart? What is she lacking? The right kind of slogan?

Not a yea-sayer. Fifty lashes on a turned back.

Being righteous about '*Our Way Of Life*' on our planet, with our resources and our rate of converting our planet into a (our) 'standard of living' and our rate of consumption, without any concern for the morrow, in terms of environmental overload, depletion of resources, and creation of mountainous waste, all through the exploitation of labor, is downright criminal. You know, it just doesn't seem right, '*Our Way Of Life*'. The 'Standard Of Living' index. What is that? Jesse Jackson talked of the Misery Index. Where's the fit fella?

Many of us, deep down, recognize it as a 'croak'. A pile. But for the rest, the 'true-believers', it's what comes naturally, and is ours for the taking; our inheritance, by divine right.

There may be a 'standard of living' that applies (naturally) to certain elements of our society, but most assuredly it is not a uniform standard applied to all of the people all of the time. And it will never be, because it isn't in us to provide it. First of all, we are not altruistic. We are not embarrassed by the glaring disparities; we are not embarrassed by the glaring disparities because we have no heart. Every dadblasted citizen of this country has the right to be poor; we will fight to (the death) protect their right to be poor. We will not allow any terrorist to threaten our right to be poor, to not care, and to have no heart.

Yeah! What right do I have to use 'our' and 'we'? When I say 'we' are not all of (us) in this together (all of the time)' it is clear that I am not speaking for everyone. There are only some of us that are 'all in this together (some of the time)'

'We' sometimes appear to be a very tolerant nation (read the brass plate beneath the Statue). Although we tolerate the 'Misery Index' we look down upon the unfortunate; and what our government has identified as 'social retards'. Now you just know that kind of assessment has to come from someone with no heart.

'*Our Way Of Life*' is nothing to brag about. It may not even be better than anybody else's way of life. In some way it's a helluva lot worse, because we tout the whole thing, raising expectations; but

we don't deliver. They say it's because there are no delivery vehicles. There are only delivery systems for nuclear weapons; gotta put your delivery where it counts. I'm sure that needs to be rephrased. Taxation without representation; Congress!?! Who?!

'*Threat to Our Way Of Life*'. If there really is a 'way of life', the biggest threat to it lives in the White House. With all this righteous rant about the 'only kind of marriage', rearranging social security, greasing the rail for the rich, prohibiting abortion, prayer in schools, creationism, intelligent design, flag burning, patriotism, 'if you aint with us you're against us', Love It Or Leave It; Axle Of Evis, Iraq Attack, Alfred Quaeda, (rape) the north slope, grandfather the pollution, Down with PBS ACLU EPA DEQ NAACP, women's rights, gay rights, minority rights, civil rights, and with too much freedom. You wanna right, you gotta earn it. You don't automatically qualify for a right, or to '*Our Way Of Life*'. You have a right to death if you don't 'get it'. You gotta pass the test. First, you gotta get what you can anyway you can, then you have to build a fence (razor wire) around it, and get your self a Rotwieller, then an automatic assault weapon, a bazooka, a stinger missile, and a microwave. Fight back because the terrorists are gonna blind your pilot with a laser beam; he's your pilot, not mine; and he's already blind. I refuse to fly with him. He's threatened to send his thugs after me because I am an insurgent, an insurrectionist, a subversive, a dissenter, a seditionist, a malingerer, a shit dauber, an anarchist (conspirator), soft on atheism, an evolutionist, a human being with a mind of his own who loudly proclaims: 'straighten up, and fly right'.

Words, words, words. They say 'a picture is worth a thousand words'. What do you think? Is there an offense intended?



It's a federal offense.

Despite all the disparities to be found in '*Our Way Of Life*', even obvious to the man in the street, but somehow missed or avoided by all those in our government (it is our government, is it not), and

whether or not it is shameful that *'Our Way Of life'* is not a right, but something that is wrested from the planet, and from one's fellow; despite the ironies, the hypocrisy, the cynicism, the unchristian (Is that Jesus who is being invoked here?) take, the righteous ignorance, righteous spigotry, and right wing proclamations about what is and what isn't; has it ever occurred to anyone to ask, what it is that outsiders do not like about us? About *'Our (holy) Way of Life'*

Holier than thou. 'Arrogantly', like the man said.

Can't it be so obvious?

There I go using 'us' again as though I was part of the 'us'.

I am condemned to the association; I cannot work myself free of it; people elsewhere look at me, saying, 'You Americans'. I am not an anomaly. It just occurs to me that all this beatification and sanctification has been eaten away and crudded up with a couple of centuries of acid rain. Well, its like acid rain, in the deterioration that is apparent. Can it be restored to its former glory?

Not by government! And maybe not by 'we the people'.

Our forefathers might not have conceived of *'Our Way Of Life'*.

The Western World's mantra of Bible thumping from the Popes, to Martin Luther, Kink James, Gideon, American Standard Revised, Reverend Moon, Jimmy Baker (and Tammy and Jessica), Jimmy Swaggart, Pat Robertson, Jerry Falwell, Billy Graham, Dubya.

Sorry folks. Anyone have a toothpick?

I'll bet you thought I was getting off the subject in this rant. That I was diluting the effect of the pictures and the big **RED** words. What follows is the repetitive phase of this document; the knock and knell of mans inhumanity to man..

There isn't any doubt in my mind that the emphasis must be made that, as a nation, a nation with a human conscience, one that goes beyond the phony bullshit emanating from that arrogant bully who resides in the Immaculate House, that as a nation, of 'we the people', taking our cue from Toni Smith, we must prevail upon The United States Congress (the Foxes) to Impeach the bugger (the chicken [Dubya]). It is a truth that is self-evident. The Consent Of The Governed has never been so meaningfully or severely challenged. It is clear that 'we the people' has been usurped into a private agenda constructed of abuses toward a singular effort and Object of despotism, whereof it has become the RIGHT and DUTY of 'we the people' to remove the despot.

Some will argue long and hard that the governed consented through the electoral process, that the governed assented to despotism. The governed were taken aback midstream riding about

in their SUVs, Jesus hanging from the mirror, with rising fuel costs. Presented with the alternative of walking instead of riding, the governed assented to theft of Oil. They softened the blow to their conscience by imagining they were trading (exporting) the precious commodity of Democracy to a bunch of backward (and evil, hedonistic) people (imagine 69 virgins as a reward). They argued with themselves, 'you can't pull the rug out from under the troops fighting for (stealing) Oil and establishing Democracy'.

But let's do arithmetic once again. There are ~293,000,000 of us in this country. ~62,000,000 voted to elect the current leader. That's ~21% of the population. ~79% of the population did not vote for the leader. Can you imagine 79% of 'we the people' being in the minority, disenfranchised. That's even worse than, in the old days, not so long ago, when the distaff side was considered a minority, along with all the other minorities. By the way, the distaff side is still unratified (146,500,000 plus). Our Democracy is a bit threadbare, here and there. Pretty soon it will be in rags. **We're workin' on it.**

In the Federalist Papers, a man who became our Fourth leader, James Madison, was very concerned about the rule of the majority, that is, the apparent disenfranchisement of the 'minority'. This concern is ever with us to this very day. It must be understood that the disparities between ~146,500,000 + 1 and the ~62,000,000 are very great. 2.4 times. Ordinarily we can ride through this disparity business, but there comes a time when it poses a very real threat, not only to '*our way of life*', but to our nation, and to our life and limb; actually worse than terrorism. Nazism. Despotism. Do we really want ~79% of the nation to be disenfranchised, whether or not they voted, or whether or not they were ineligible to vote (too young (only !0 % of ages 18 thru 24 voted; 90% too demoralized to vote), too old, too something or other, like too criminal or too black, too anarchistic, too subversive, too socialistic, too stupid, social retards, too cynical, **too sick at heart**). Shouldn't this glaring disparity be cause enough for us to change the way we conduct business, the business of Democracy?

Do we really want that 79% to be forced into the destructive agenda of that arrogant bully in the Immaculate House?

I believe most of 'we the people' suspect '*our way of life*' is in tatters. They just don't want to face up to the reality. They don't know what to do to reclaim something that may never have existed, except only in the human heart (**human heart!?**). When they have an opportunity to make even a superficial change, they become fearful that even more will be lost to them, less to reclaim. So if an asshole comes along who says 'stay the course' we try to do just that,

mostly out of fear of change. Rather than follow our intuition, and our **heart**, we succumb to the basest rhetoric that promises more of the same. We become victims of our own cowardice, our insecurities. Since we do nothing to really, substantively improve *'our way of life'*, it deteriorates even further. **Listen up Congress!**

All the frontiers are gone, literally gobbled up. The planet earth is replete with 'humanity', that pious and righteous animal, most of whom seek the beyond as the only and final fulfillment, this planet, a mere waystation, or subdued hellhole, on the way to the promised land.

If you assume this to be a blast against our leader, you would be only partially correct. It is a slam against all of us who do not make the effort to be informed. All of those who choose to be conned by the colossal extravagance (waste of monetary resource) of the high-priced media, rather than exercise their right to inquire, to seek the truth. To sort the truth from the lies. (\$880,000,000.00 spent in the last election to advertise a bully and a dubious alternative; 'where's the beef?').

To succumb, surrender to the persuasions of a complicit and cynical media. To allow convenience to hamper the proper access to ones mental processes, regardless of their limitation. To seal off, blockade the flow of truth, by setting up obstacles, by sticking ones head in the sand, by becoming willing, acquiescent, gullible, almost begging to be led down the garden path, out of pure laziness and convenience, all salted and sweetened with Jesus, and **God Bless America.**

Some have ventured the opinion that we deserve what we got. Yeah! maybe we have created a yardstick by which we are to be measured. How does that grab yuh? Different when you think of it that way? You want to be known as a bully, as tough guy? Tough on terrorism, tough on evil, tough on crime? You want to be known as an ignoramus? You don't care. Oh! You do care. You believe you did the right thing. No doubts at all. The right man for the job? Willing to go on the front lines, are you? Is he? For Oil? To take on Fundamentalist Islam? Spread Democracy? By whose right? Divine Right?

Do you realize how bad this sounds coming from the most, what should one say, 'advanced', I had thought of 'civilized', most what, nation 'on earth'. Are we really 'most' anything? Think about it for a moment, what are we? There I go again using that generic 'we'. How do we measure what we are? How do we measure the 62,000,000 people who voted for this administration? How do we measure the 231,000,000 who did not vote for this administration?

If this administration was so great, why didn't at least 147,000,000 (only half of us) vote for it? 147,000,000 to Zip?

Why? It's a free country? But does he know that? Does he respect that? Look what he did when he lost the election, just imagine what he will do with a win.

The man is clearly a menace. Before he is through he will have undermined every tenet of decency that has become a hallmark of our own self-image. He will squander that decency. And we will hear that "Peace With Honor" claptrap again. And A chickenshit world will award Condolisa BarleyCorn the Piece Prize (some piece of work, that); after the 'insurgents' had humiliated the 'magnanimous' occupiers by driving them out, as had the 'gooks' did to the same bunch of occupiers earlier. And the chickenshit world awarded the Piece Prize then to the Kissassinger then in the reign; instead of the worthy opponent (posthumously) who humiliated him and his ilk, the lousy occupiers. When some day our great land becomes occupied, and we get a taste of an occupier, not so magnanimous, but one who feels the sting, and who might leave after being insurged against, we will cry foul when we are not awarded the Prize. In a chicken shit world of that's what you get. The prize goes to the guy who got defeated.

And guess who gets to do the fighting? Whose blood gets smeared all over the crust of this cold hard planet? While the oligarchs reign, and compete for the prize.

Oh!, so you think me warped, biased, unbalanced, treacherous, maybe a sociopath, a person who wants to bring the man down. Part of what you think has some merit. Yes! I want an end to something I find grossly inhuman, without even defining what 'human' is. Its what I feel inside when that swaggering arrogant double-breasted, double-talking bully opens his mouth. That response partly defines what it is to be 'human'. Sick!, it is 'human' to feel that sickness. A mixture of fear, and desperate desire to have it out with him, to challenge him to get out from behind his fortress, 'say that to my face, you sumbitch'. I'm an old man; I would probably lose in a direct physical confrontation with the arrogant bully; I've lost some of those confrontations before, even when much younger, when not prepared for the down dirty stuff that comes when the other party senses defeat. But early on I won a few of those down dirty ones. So one can never tell. I would be willing to risk defeat just to raise the courage level of the onlookers, those who would realize the bully is not invulnerable, that he could be bloodied by a determined foe, even an old man. I would hope to lower his threshold of arrogance. Maybe even yammer at him about a little humility (a word he used once as a political slogan). But I suspect he is a coward, like they say, not

God Bless America

Up Against The Wall

about to risk anything. One thing I know about him, he understands this kind of talk.

Its our decency that he is willing to risk for some narrow objective. The people of Texas are still recovering from his rampage as governor; some governor. Somebody was pretty slow on the draw.

A lot of people in AMERICA have too much freedom.
A lot of people in AMERICA are apprehensive. *because*
A lot of people in AMERICA are arrogant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are brutal.
A lot of people in AMERICA are ignorant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are intolerant.
A lot of people in AMERICA are victims.
A lot of people in AMERICA are terror fried.

God Bless America

Tyranny Liberty Freedom

Don't you just get sick of it?

We, a close associate of mine and I, and some of our friends, were discussing this last night. The general conclusion seemed to be the only way this kind of horseshit is able flourish is for 'we the people' to stumble about in a profound state of ignorance, apathy, and indifference.

OR

We have to get rid of the evil terrorist that lives on the Potomac near the cherry tree. The guy on Prozac. The Guy who had the \$30,000,000 Ball. The guy who AWOLed the National Guard. Who Texecuted Karla Faye. The Who Who ran all over the country on Easter Weekend, instead hunting for eggs, was trying to save the life of a dead woman. Who Who Who. The one Who Who Who won't talk to the Motherfuckers, the who need to know so they can tell the rest of us about Lay (an egg) and ENRON; and the sneaky Rover; because we don't know and we would like to know. The Who Who Who turns my stomach.

God Bless America

Up Against The Wall

I just can't understand what has happened to my country. Perhaps its all my fault, because I let others run the world while I earned my living, and tried to live my life. Now I find myself in this awful mess, this terrible predicament. It's just like the Vietnam era. I was sick then too. Sick because I felt so impotent, so fucking useless.

He just shouldn't be running our country; that's all. Its all so wrong. Utterly wrong. The years that will be required to repair only some of the damage he will have caused.

How can I tell you about how small this little creature really is, this thing, were its clothes stripped from it, would be so fucking innocuously ordinary, indistinguishable from any other ordinary being in the lineup. Yes!, even Abe would have looked awkward, probably with his hands folded in front of his crotch, just like Dubya would, with his off.

Yes! I fear this creature because it lacks intelligence, it lacks the something required to separate it from the rash of visceral activity that destroys the equanimity I require. Always fomenting, stirring up the masses; terrorizing them, almost with glee, because it means Control, a Power Trip, God; I am God, I am God, I am God

How I fear this Thing! More than I ever feared anyone. And he takes pleasure in my fear. Sum Bish! Dirty Sum Bish! God Damned Dirty Sum Bish!

God Damned America

At this juncture I am forced to inquire: Is this the best we can do? 21% of the population has elected the class bully as the class president. A scoundrel draped in the school colors spouting the word of God.

I've got to say 'it turns my stomach'.

I want to feel good about my country, even though I don't do a damned thing to make it a better place.

Yes!, I write, I write what you have read here, trying to relieve myself of the gut ache.

Why could we not find someone of stature to be the person who would preside over us, instead of this colossal idiot? This throwback, this anachronism. The Texecutioner, this shoot from the hip cowboy. The swaggering smirky Born Again bully. How could this happen?

When they asked him about his adviser and close associate and his connection to the BIG Corporation (ENDRUN) that had fleeced its investors, before going bust, he screamed at them to get the

'motherfuckers outta here'. The mf's were members of that elite First Amendment group who have the right to know so that they can tell the rest of us who also have the right to know about any malfeasance coming from the highest office in the school, whether its cum stains on a dress or collusion between the Principal and Corps, who pay his other salary.

They put him on Prozac after that little outburst.

Its ironical that the former national Guard AWOL officer is sending the Guard to bash the Baathists, because he's running out of volunteers to fight his dirty war for Haliburton and Brown and Root, and for the guzzling SUV's, the mainstay of our country's thriving economy; 'our way of life'.

Now, there's a guy that is full of hate. Who, me?

He might be. But most of all he is just sick, sick in the gut, sick at heart. Whether he likes it or not, it is his school too. But if only it wasn't. If he could be part of somebody else's school. A disinterested somebody in someone's else's school. Which school? Aren't all schools alike in what they do and what they become? Not all. At least, not all, all of the time. But we're not like that all the time, are we?

It really is so disappointing, that somebody better could not have come to the fore. We have been mired so long, too long, in this sick kind of sick world, a miasma or quagmire from which we seem never to be able to rise. Buried beneath a mountain of moola.

It was and is ours to do with, and look what we are doing with it. No. She was ours to do with and REGARD! What we did with her. Ravished. Anybody could do something like that could do anything. And its all done just so a real honest to bejeezzuzzz nobody could wrangle its way into becoming somebody. Raping her, just to become a fat cat so's somebody can Lord it over everybody. How could that have ever become a family value?

My lord and master? Your lord and master? A Family Value? Just not spelled correctly: Familiar Value! Up Yours!

Yes! You can do something about it, you can do something about the shame you feel. Impeach It! There are others ways. They have been tried too, with better results. Two failed impeachments. One resignation with full pardon. And four successes the other way. They say you can't impeach nobody for just doing its job. Of course, if Congress had the balls, it damned well could impeach it for doing its job, just to show the world it had some balls. Doing things the other way showed that somebody had the balls, however dismayed we were by the technique.

I'd rather see the impeachment work. Just to show somebody with testicles, man or woman, had the testicles, if for no other reason. And so I wouldn't have to feel so sick all the time. The

impeachers told me they couldn't do it because the other guy would be even worse. Well Impeach it too, you have two testicles, don'tchu?!

Lets get a nobody that gives a damn and is content to remain a nobody in the service of everbuddy. Lets get a nobody that will lift us outta this reeking quagmire. Where even the Least amongst us will feel like somebody because he/she is going to a school where it practices what it preaches.

Impreach the usurper, the rapper, the squanderer of life liberty and the pursuit. He hasn't done his time on the front lines. Remove him from his elevated throne. His bravado is needed in the trenches. Impeach him and force him to do community service on the front lines, using his miserable carcass as a shield for his fallow countrymen. Pardon me!

Dreamer! As if Congress ever had any nuts. Yea-Sayers, Bunch of patsies. Pretending. Flag wavers, worried about that fat paycheck; and not being able to sit at the right hand of God.

Did you ever have the feeling that its outta yore hands?

Get on yore feet, an' run like hail!

What troubles me most is that you appear not at all bothered by any of this.

The foregoing is an indictment of America and its leaders for crimes against humanity. 'Our Way Of Life' is a way of life that consumes the life forces of other beings in order to further its own life. By doing this, we earn the same for ourselves. **Do as you would be done by. Does this ring true? Is it prophetic?**

When the author was younger (in his late forties) he wrote some things about our Vietnam debacle, which the first Gulf War was said to undebacle.

Those Vietnam things have so many parallels to our present debacle in this second Gulf War, that we are gonna hafta have another war somewhere (perhaps North Korea; or Venezuela; maybe China, who's making all the oil deals; while we are trying to grab it, they are wheelin' and dealin') to undebacle this one). We got the habit.

Apropos Of Nothing

V I E T N A M **Yellow** Dominos

Death Before Dishonor? Make Love, Not War. A Shambles.

We wait for better times. Often they never arrive.
We must think upon this thing before it gets away from us.

A Memoriam.

On the one hand we are all in this long trek together; yet on the other, each of us becomes a solitary - one in five billion (then).

While within, I may be vested with some kind of Vision, there are too many things wrong in my head for me to hope to pass myself off as someone imbued with and guided by any kind of optimism. I am less and less inclined to attempt to build defenses to account for my lacks; they are too numerous; and I do not wish to squander the remainder of my valuable time building defenses for something that cannot be defended.

Thus it is I expect to be judged whether I say something or nothing, but live in the hope that what I do say will have some effect. (paraphrasing I.F. Stone)

My life has hopelessly gotten away from me. Already it is nearly over; what remains treads ponderously, and precariously. I have too long been behind the curve.

I penned something not long ago:

There is a roaring behind me.
Sometimes I think it is a train
I look around to see nothing.

It does not reveal itself to me
It does not take me into its confidence
I feel it will very soon push me down

The doppler reverberations increase in pitch
I am anxious
I know it is the roar of Time.

If you are religious, these words will seem heretical and without purpose.

If you are young, these words will not contain much appeal; they are not forward-looking (Somehow my frame of reference has become the particular ethos of the country in which I have been engendered, a country which is reputed to fear death, wherein it seeks and pursues only youth and longevity. [We somehow manage to ignore our purported enlightenment. At this writing [During the

Eighties] 'we' have 'elected' a juvenile seventy-three year old as our 'sovereign'. (As I review this writing I have attained that venerable age of 72). It is fair to state that age acquires a relativity within a narrow confinement, defined by the greatest term of longevity possible [for which we might hope]. Other factors are to be considered; e.g., during the Sixties and early Seventies if one was 'over thirty' he was not to be trusted by the burgeoning youth that lived in opposition to the indistinct civilization that had led itself down the road to glory under the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. At this writing, that same youth is now approaching, or is past forty (with this review, sixty) many believing the juvenile seventy odd year old, finally interred with much ceremony, is a 'fair' man. Whatever the arbitrary differences between youth and age, these differences most certainly become absorbed and obscured as some simple-minded fatuity within the larger cosmos. I might assent to some arguments put forth by the young, but *'you spend too much time reflecting upon life'* is not one of them. And I will not accept the fact that youth *'knows it all'* before it has lived it all. Part of the reflective process involves reflecting upon one's own youth - not sitting wholly in judgment [Do not ask me what one is able to learn from his 'mistakes']).

My life has not been conducted in a complete vacuum; I have collided with the subliminal, having thus touched upon some essence, itself in the process of purification. That is to say I have looked beyond the raw materials of myself; I have been affected, while hopelessly resisting affectation. It is easy enough to resist certain enticements when the higher purpose or objective is to arrive at some semblance of 'truth' (In the Character of Tao, it is stated, in essence, that to name it [Truth] is to kill it). While this may sound a bit nebulous [a cop out], 'truths', like age, perhaps, have a certain relativity, but in addition, contain a conditional property, that, while not specifically nameable, are feelable, their feelable quality, perhaps the most relevant part, being evoked through the auspices [or magic, if you will] of 'art'. Without protracting further what has already been stated, suffice it to say that Truth does exist, perhaps mostly as a feeling, that may be revealed not in any specific way, but, nonetheless, with some surety, may be communicated from the one to the other through the auspices of some 'artistic' skill. It might be added that Truth, per se, has nothing to do with relevance, it has only to do with itself, remaining what it is, whether or not some intelligence perceives it.

I am a person who sits ensconced in a mock ivory tower. I suppose my words emerge somewhat like a sermon, while perhaps they are intended as a prayer. One does not necessarily pray to

Gods, per se; one may imagine that he prays to humanity. This is the more optimistic view.

I could choose to ignore the supposed 'horrors' of mankind; even though they have made a great impression upon me; that is, they have so troubled me I have spent a good deal of my life thinking upon them, their implications, significance and deeper meanings. I have attempted to view mankind as only, or merely, another extension of nature, devoid of any connection with a partial or intervening deity; in other words, as a solitary existence, similar to all the others one is able to observe. While it suits our fancy to concoct scenarios involving the confrontation of some prehistoric beast, a la Godzilla, it is usually a singular occurrence, rather than a whole race of beasts from whom we are rescued through the combined efforts of Tarzan, the big game hunters, the local Militia, the Armed Forces, and the all-knowing Scientist). It is argued that man most likely filled some ecological and/or biological niche made possible or vacated by some other unfortunate or implausible creature. In our imaginings we envision, with the passing of the age of the dinosaurs, it became possible for man (or the apes) to prosper (or to evolve). Perhaps some speculation with regard to our own seeming permanence is in order. Would you care to guess who, or what waits in the wings? And what advent will favor their appearance or favor our disappearance?

Before I proceed much further, I will say I have discovered that life is not without its enchantments; I cannot say exactly why I do not concentrate upon them. In no way do I assume that enchantments are a rightful expectation. I was enchanted as a child without knowing it. I had imagined that life with father, and life with the Sisters of Mercy, was rife with expectations of me, whereas I could have none of them. I had imagined I had little or no freedom to choose for myself. My movements were restricted, my thoughts were being channeled; my life was dominated by rules and ritual through the operative of fear, fear of father's physical punishment, fear of the nun's physical punishment as well as the fear of God which the nuns labored to instill (install) within me. The Public School System insistently purveyed the Covenants of Democracy both preceding and following the Convent, as well as simultaneously vying with father for the dominant influence in my life. Between the Hammer and the Anvil For My Own Good.

The enchantments of the child lie precisely within those confinements; one was protected in some way that was not completely understood, which became more apparent as one was

obliged to fend for himself, as he took leave of that environment. Upon leaving one was unceremoniously presented with the freedom to choose for himself. So to hell with all that B.S. about Gud, and all that heady dictum cast upon one by the father; yes, and to hell with one's bed and board. I had no desire to conquer the world; more, I was possessed by the desire to live within that protective envelope without the presence of an oppressive enforcer.

O give me a home where the buffalo roam,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word,
And the skies are not cloudy all day.

Home, home on the range,
Where the deer and the antelope play,
Where seldom is heard a discouraging word.....

Perhaps we have missed an opportunity somewhere along the way.

Oh, beautiful for spacious skies,
For amber waves of grain,
For purple mountain majesties,
Above the fruited plain.
America, America,
God shed his light on thee,
And crown thy good,
With brotherhood,
From sea to shining sea.

Enchanting!

My country 'tis of thee,
Sweet land of liberty,
Of thee I sing;
Land where my fathers died,
Land of the pilgrims's pride;
From every mountainside,
Let freedom ring.

William's Father said it was a lot of hogwash. I must admit I had my doubts. Yet we sang these ditties as some kind of enthusiastic yea-saying towards something which was largely a fairy tale. When I speak of enchantment, I am speaking of something that I ascribed to my youthful circumstances - in hindsight, all of which mostly excluded the naiveté incorporated in the songs we sang as group-children.

Some will argue there is no harm done in this sing-a-long perversion of the truth.

Perhaps the Pledge of Allegiance was far more harmful.

That's how we got into the Gulf of Tonkin.

While I was half-heartedly singing along these wondrously hopeful jingles, and hallucinating on the Pledge, my government was returning ..er.. French Indo-China to the French after that great and just war known as WW II. Ho Chi Minh was not pleased. Who gave a damn what a slant-eyed gook had to say about his nation, home, and land of enchantment? That was the beginning of a whole series of missed opportunities. Opportunity had a way of becoming folly when perceived and acted upon by the dim-witted old fogeys that ran our sweet land of liberty. The folly began to 'escalate' during the 'Sixties', as that particular period in our history has often been referred. That decade had begun with a promise, or so it was believed, by those who supported the boyish charisma that occupied the center stage of the New Frontier. The beginning of the decade also witnessed the escalating madness of atmospheric testing of the incredible megatonnage of explosive power (Trinitrotoluene equivalent) incorporated into a single "nuclear" device; it also witnessed an end to this testing when it was discovered the "fallout" from these devices followed a cycle of metamorphosis eventually materializing in cow's milk (probably in the milk of the deer and the antelope as well) (Conservation of energy and matter). We began to hear semantic rationalizations in terms of the distinctions between tolerable and permissible levels of radioactivity in the environment, as a Benediction (absolution of guilt) from the divinity of Nuclearism, Edward Teller (the 'Scientist') and the Atomic Energy Commission. After all, the cosmos is guilty of radiation Too, So There!

Man turned his propensity for the dramatic on this larger scale to the "Space Race". Then we lost the boyish charisma; we lost M.M.; we lost M.L.K.. We moved from the New Frontier, which masked what was happening in Southeast Asia, to the Great Society. We, the Pledged constituency, allowed ourselves to be lured with the Gulf of Tonkin Resolution. Soon we were up to our eyeballs on foreign soil

involved in a nebulousness, playing Dominoes and Xenophobia under the guise of that awful dubiousness called SEATO (created by John Foster D., our 'yellow-peril' specialist). In the 'Fifties', that other preceding age that had witnessed and endured rampant McCarthyism in our sweet land of liberty, the reds and the red, white and blues tested each other's virility and vitality on the soil (the land of enchantment) of the 'niggers of the Orient'. In the Sixties the confrontations of these sanguinary entities sallied forth in the land of the (yellow) Gooks of Southeast Asia. Guns and butter in the Great Society along with bloodshed and lingering defeat; and a 'divided' nation, hardly crowning its good with brotherhood: Race Riots; 'I had a dream' - Lost!; Billions siphoned away from any kind of a Home on the Range; Jumbo Johnson, the Fall Guy. Exeunt Dumbo into a Foggy Bottom.

Still we persisted in the dismembering, where seldom is heard a discouraging word. What a farce followed! Eugene Stalking Horse, a lumbering eloquence, unhorsed the Texan, the father of the Credibility Gap and the dupe of the Iron Triangle (Brawn and Route) (not to mention the tin, tungsten and manganese); these two were outrun by the jackal RFK who would 'support L.B.J. all the way' (has a catchy ring to it, like:

"I pledge allegiance to the flag
of the United States of America
and to the Republic for which it stands,
one nation, indivisible,
with liberty and justice for all.")

Only Fate intervened, as it often does, clouding the skies, the spoils falling to the biggest Janus (H.H.H.) of them all, in that bizarre political arena of Chicago Daley. I personally knew of lifetime Democrats who voted for R.M.N., the biggest prevaricator in our history (a real cherry tree chopper), who would not ordinarily have voted for R.M.N., if he was the last man on earth; only there was one worse, and it was he, the Betrayer of all the humane enlightenment, which had been the basis of his own political career. Perhaps it was that Pledge again, which prevents a man from abiding his own conscience (if he truly had been a man of substance). In the end the Racist from Alabama very nearly became the powerbroker in our dubious need for a leader. What a choice for our land of enchantment - one of the Three Stooges: A Racist, A Janus, or Tricky Dick. An odd sort of justice visited these three; the Racist got it in a parking lot, Janus got his from one of our arch-nemeses, and Tricky got pardoned and million\$ (Nirvana, the Land of Enchantment).



Instead of answering to the Judgment of Nuremberg the Prez went to heaven, and the Sec of State got the prize. Go figure.

Yes, I was part of it all. I feel I cannot depart without a commentary. I can only strive to summon a past that had labored to overwhelm me. I cannot see into the future; I cannot predict. My whole life has been comprised of an anxiety that thought it could anticipate the future. My commentaries upon the present are always too tardy, becoming apropos of nothing. What abides, but meager hindsight?

Then, as now, I was an ineffectual part. There were many who felt ineffectual. Somehow, though, despite all the factionalism in the Peace Movement (The Doves? Just a few):

The Geneva Agreements
The Get Out of Southeast Asia Movement
Citizens for a Sane Foreign Policy
Vietnam Summer
American Friends Service Committee
Fellowship of Reconciliation
SANE
Students for a Democratic Society
The Minority of One
VIET-REPORT
National Council of Churches
Seattle Committee To End Violence in Vietnam
Americans for Democratic Action
World Without War Council
Nationwide Declaration of Conscience Concerning Vietnam
Committee of Clergy and Layman Concerned about Vietnam
Board of Social Concerns of the Methodist Church
Unitarian Universalist Association
United Presbyterian Church Declaration of Conscience
Union of American Hebrew Congregations
International Committee of Conscience on Vietnam
United Church of Christ
UAW
National Coordinating Committee to End the War in Vietnam
Faculty Student Committee to Stop the War in Vietnam
Massachusetts Political Action for Peace
Committee of Responsibility
Promoting Enduring Peace Inc.
Committee for Non Violent Action

War Resisters League
Spring Mobilization Committee
Eugene Peace Information Center
Vietnam Day Committee
Contra Costa Citizens Against the War in Vietnam
Bay Area Peace Coordinating Committee
United Committee Against War
Peace Activist Defense
Port Chicago Defendants Committee
Negotiations Now

The Bureau of the International Conference for Solidarity with the People of Vietnam against U.S. Imperialist Aggression and For the Defense of Peace

Tally Ho!!

Somehow the sum total of this apparent ineffectualness, coupled with the immensity of the defeat, had signaled the end; the end of an embroilment, in which there was no heart and no glory - just a wearying attrition, forfeited through ignominious destruction and ignoble death.

Yes, we marched in protest; we were 'giving aid and comfort to the enemy', as the local rag editorialized, until the circulation department received a rash of cancellations, more or less obliging the Fourth Estate to eat 'Crow'. Even so, the seed had been sewn, the rag and its brethren, the self-styled righteous patriots, the proud and the mighty (scoundrels draped in the flag), the Loveits or Leaveits (the lowlifes waving it), they seized upon the theme, pointing their fingers; well, they only sort-of pointed - not directly. Once again, the Fourth Estate had perverted our 'right to know' they had maligned us; I feel certain our names were noted in the little black books. Shades of the Sedition Act. Shades of HUAC, Shades of Joe McCarthy, and John Birch. Yes, the 'Sixties' eventually earned another name: The Age of Paranoia.

We wrote letters upon letters to the President, to the Senators, to the Congressmen, to the Governors, to the Press; to anybody who would listen, and to those who would not. It all really happened, the protests, the marching, the campus 'riots'. It was not until 1971 that a youngster of draft-age was allowed to vote for the Leader who would have the 'power' to wrench him from the cradle to place his body on the firing line. If one was lucky he survived the draft lottery, with a friendly knowing nod, with some kind of deferment, or became a C.O., or a draft dodger (skipping the country). Are you

able to guess who got to shoot at all them gooks? Bizarre, I would say. Soft heads in Hard Hats.

William, one of the protagonists to be highlighted in this tale, this saga, this non-epic, this salutary epistle, had been deeply affected by the whole problem of Man. The conflict of ideologies, the conflict of 'races', the conflict of the haves and the have nots, the conflict between the citizen and his distant government; all served to cast an oppressive spell over existence. William had reflected upon his own induction into the military during the first of those contests conducted between the reds and the red-white-and-blues upon the homeland of yet another. It was all very confusing; his nation had allowed the Bear to gobble up Eastern Europe and Manchuria without batting an eye. Aye, such rapprochement (at Yalta) before the United Nations had developed any semblance of teeth. It was thought that Korea could receive the blessing of this August body as the proper recipient of intervening forces in a conflict doubtlessly promoted and fostered by the reds to antagonize and to test the resolve of the red white and blues; however the original reds were not obliged to contribute any of their manpower to the encounter while luring the red white and blues to commit their manpower. The whole involvement proved a gross absurdity; really there are no words to describe what happened in Korea. A Stalemate; a return to the status quo, and heavy losses to subaltern reds, and the red white and blues. Not incidentally, it was the yellows, the pawns in the maelstrom, who sustained the heaviest losses; the U.N., some kind of unwitting bystander. What would make it possible for a General Inductee to comprehend this madness?

Reflecting upon his own ' leap in the dark' William had written to the local newspaper:

'I would like to relate the short story of Horatio.

Horatio was in this thing whether he preferred to be or not to be. To a meager ruddy-faced youth, acclimatized to sweet sights and sounds, and even sweeter odors, the issuance of a little white card classifying him 1-A, deeming him a warrior fit to engage in battle across the waters of this earth, stirred not a little wonderment at the nature of things. The period of wonderment was brief, for the battle raged, induction becoming imperative, time sweeping him toward the day when all wonderment cried a long loud lament as he felt the giant steal him away. "But I just left high school; I can't fight; I've never fought anyone in my whole life. And you want me to kill - men!? Why?"

"Have you not heard of Hitler?" "Yes?", was the querulous reply, being unsure of the association, yet somehow persuaded of its significance. Although war is not an ordinary occurrence in every man's life, it does seem to arise as a determinate in every man's life. But to Horatio life was barely an idea and much less, a tangible reality; death was practically nonexistent.

So he went off, reluctantly and apprehensively, to war; rather to boot camp, denudation, humiliation, and indoctrination. "By your leave, sir?"; "No Captain, sir"; "Fall In!"; "Present Harms!"; along with one-hundred-odd oppressive details overlapping to quite fill his day and prepare him for the simple detail of combat, each preceding detail merely equating with a bullet that one received or delivered according the opportunities invested in each. Before too long War appeared as a natural involvement apart from any cause. Instead of sowing seeds, Horatio sowed projectiles, and under ideal conditions advanced over the field until some objective was attained, and under less ideal conditions he, of a sudden, quickened, muttering some haunting flesh-syllable, falling hard and indecorously upon his cooling stellar ball, wrestling a little with some invisibility that had already departed; then to stir nevermore'.

William had written many letters, all filled with an aching cry of some kind, a cry compounded of anger, a raging against injustice that confounded one's sensibilities, causing one to feel shame for his country, and knowing that Mankind could not endure the consequences of such bestiality for long. He wrote again to the Fourth Estate:

'Does it disturb your sense of propriety, of decency, of equitableness, or even your innate sense of rightness, that such a nation as ours in "answering its call to greatness" would 'break every rule in the book' in order to destroy an unyielding fellow (Viet?) who believes differently, but no less, than we do?

Do you feel a restless and unmitigated shame, as I do, when viewing the barbarity (napalm, ? gas, crop poisoning, you imagine the rest) that our government perpetrates in the name of the idealities that comprise the very ethical and moral fiber of our great nation? Do you also consider it a personal affront that your Government can so implicitly dispense with your ideals?

Are you tired of reading, and hearing, from all corners of the globe, the imputation that we are "bagging" so many VC (gooks) per day, as though we were hunting quail? Do you find such an impression incompatible with your notions of what we are purportedly doing in Vietnam (and Southeast Asia)?

Do you feel that President Johnson, Secretary Rusk, and Secretary McNamara do not speak to you, do not speak your thoughts, and would act for you and me without particularly consulting us? Is it your impression that your thoughts and feelings are being disregarded by the arbitrary prerogatives of an office that gambles on your ignorance (and gullibility) and prostitutes your natural store of patriotism? Do you feel a shroud of secrecy engulfing this entire 'national' endeavor?

Do you feel your children are gradually being bound to a senseless and inescapable perdition through acts we commit, apprehensively, against "Communism", and (one should add) against the "yellow peril"?

Do you feel, as I do, that you cannot tolerate any more of our shameful and cruel devastation of a struggling and relatively powerless nation, any more of the wanton usurpation of our national honor which we all labor so hard to maintain, and any more of the increasing and the binding debt in blood that we are allowing to amass for our children?

If you answer these questions affirmatively and wish, yet, to help alter our course of action in Southeast Asia, write to your Senator or Congressman; write to the President.'

A rather polite and peaceable fellow, really. The Pen raised against the purveyors of Cain. Sedition! Vote for whom? Oneself!

The political candidate had said these things:

"If we don't fight them in Southeast Asia, we will have to fight them on our own shores."

"Maintaining the will of The American people is a real problem".
"We shouldn't let individual differences on details contribute to the spread of disunion in this country".

"I am more convinced that the real danger lies not in Southeast Asia, but right here in this country".

"I fear the possibility that dissension and disagreement in this country may become so great as to force our withdrawal from Vietnam".

"The American people can be proud of what we are doing over there".

Then the Militia (in their Brown garb) finally pulled the trigger on the citizenry, and Kent State became the eloquent expression of our blessedness; a Cause Celebre; a symbol of our shaky society, of our intolerance, and of our hostility, aggressiveness and proclivity towards destructiveness. Our creeping ossification, the disease of

the Status Quo, fired live ammunition on the younger generation who were protesting the Vietnamization of Cambodia.

Brother against brother; what a lovely age! "Is civilization a thing distinct, or merely an advanced stage of barbarism?" Ask it again, and again and again, Herman. What is there to redeem us?

Yes!, Rose's brother-in-law was a Chicano who had lost an eye, had his fingers and body riddled with shrapnel, and was exposed to Agent Orange while fighting on the front lines in the jungles of South Vietnam, while she marched in protest, "giving aid and comfort to the enemy". The First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States of America was weathering some tough times. Who was it that was expropriating the sacred scrolls?

Have you ever been to a Love-in? Let's make Love, not War. Operation Muscatine into "Pinksville" (an area in Vietnam where 'people' lived in hamlets, colored pink on the map) led to slaughter at Son My, mistaken for My Lai, which became our most notorious attempt towards a genocide of the gook, the dink, the slope, or the slant-eye. In observance of the acronym M.D.R. (mere gook rule), we had coined the phrase, "The only good dink is a dead dink".

And what of the Chicano? Before being shipped 'overseas' (Johnny will go marching over there, over there.), Rose's brother-in-law, exercising his more elementary, instinctive, and intuitive self, had contemplated going A.W.O.L. south of the border. Rose's father had counseled him to 'stay the course', to go with the flow, not to become a hunted man, a dishonored man, never able to return. He survived the shrapnel to return to a disability award from his (grateful) government, (and country), with a semblance of honor, but a knowing bitterness in his heart which proclaimed 'it was not just'. And later when he had heard of the Agent Orange exposure, he had said "I should have gone A.W.O.L."

The Chicanos, Blacks, and White Trash received 'the blessings' of, and few deferments from, their Messianic government. 'Piece of Cake!'

Let's make Love.

Yes, everything has to be put into perspective. It is a dreadful accounting; a testament to the lack of foresight; a testament to racism, to colonialism; a testament confirming us in our ways. As WW II was drawing to a close we did not permit ourselves to recognize the People's struggle led by Mao Tse-Tung; we did not permit ourselves to recognize the People's struggle led by Ho Chi Minh; (any more than we recognized the people's struggle in our own

nation), we had been informed of their sentiments; we lacked wisdom. Instead, we propped up the swaggerer Chiang Kai-Shek, and paved the way for our French 'ally' to regain her colony. It could be said we were not only without vision, but that we had reverted to form - we were stupid and insensitive. We were not able to reflect upon our own Revolution and Declaration of Independence. We were ordinary people, complacent and deficient; we couldn't do it all.

Or were we just up to our old tricks? Bertrand Russell finds in the New York Times of February 12, 1950: *'Indo-China is a prize worth a large gamble. In the North are exportable tin, tungsten, manganese, coal, lumber and rice; rubber, tea, pepper and hides. Even before World War II Indo-China yielded dividends estimated at 300 million dollars a year'*. A year later an adviser to the state department said the following: *'We have only partially exploited Southeast Asia's resources. Nevertheless, Southeast Asia supplied 90 percent of the world's crude rubber, 60 percent of its tin and 80 percent of its copra and coconut oil. It has sizable quantities of sugar, tea, coffee, tobacco, sisal, fruits, spices, natural resins and gums, petroleum, iron ore and bauxite'*. In 1953 President Eisenhower (Beware the Military-Industrial complex) stated: *'Now let us assume we lost Indo-China. If Indo-China goes, the tin and tungsten we so greatly value would cease coming. We are after the cheapest way to prevent the occurrence of something terrible - the loss of our ability to get what we want from the riches of the Indo-Chinese territory and from Southeast Asia (sounds like the President of General Electric)'*. Is it any wonder we (Dulles and Eisenhower) did not permit the elections to occur in Vietnam in 1956 as mandated by the Geneva Accords? Is it any wonder that we removed Ngo Dinh Diem in 1963 as he was attempting to 'negotiate' an end to Saigon's hostilities with the National Liberation Front?

There were so many elements to this nightmare. How many do you remember? Wherein lies the message?

"Grab 'em by the balls - and their hearts and minds will follow"

The Sermon from the Mount; one might wonder if that is the attitude of Corporate America towards their fellow Americans.

We tried to 'Bomb North Vietnam back to the Stone Ages'; In South Vietnam we tried to 'destroy the villages in order to save them'. Yes, we bombed and destroyed. What else?

Is it any wonder that the youngster was burning his 'cannon fodder' notice, proclaiming: "HELL NO, WE WON'T GO!"

Something for our amusement? A form of entertainment? If so, the cast of characters leaves something to be desired. There were no heroes emerging from the front, lest it be the anonymous gook. At home our leadership lacked class, and the 'peace movement'

appeared as a segmented discontinuity, each joint proclaiming its own formula for peace. The media aligned itself with the Establishment. There were prophetic voices who emphatically stated we could not win a land war in Asia. We were like the British in New England, taking on George Washington. Yes, we had grown so huge as to imagine we had the right to engage in 'adventurism', a pastime that others from another quarter characterized as Imperialism. Was this not the truth? Let's face the truth, ours has become a rather crude nation.

Truly, we are a industrious people, an industrial nation, manipulated by corporate interests, forever seeking a profit, needing to create demand, needing to create markets in order to enhance and enlarge the profit and the profit margin; and forever needing raw materials to fuel this unconscionable maw.

(While I use the 'we' freely, it is meant only to be an inclusive term conveying the suggestion of a larger responsibility. 'We' pertains to a notion of all-of-us-being-in-this-together, which, of course, is untrue. In our name these things are done, but we do not receive the benefits proportional to the usurpation; and if the truth were to be known we bear the larger part of the burden of responsibility in a number of areas. While this 'comes as no surprise' in the affairs of men, I thought it best to 'keep the record straight'.)

To be sure, there are other ways of perceiving this pervasive, yet enterprising corporate presence. Why should we allow some other industrial entity, beyond our borders, beyond our sphere of influence, to accomplish the same conditions that we seek, especially if the 'enterprising' perceive in places like "NAM" or Guatemala, Chile, or Timbuktu, the raw materials, the markets and the spheres exist for the taking (are 'up for grabs'); who is to say that one should not consider these as 'fair game'? If we persist in an economy of waste (over-producing consumable and obsolescing 'goods'), and in maintaining a sink-hole of military hardware; and if we insist upon expansion of markets with these 'goods', quite 'naturally' the imperative exists to go 'wherever the getting is good' to further those interests. Putting aside for the moment the lust for profit, what else can be said for the whole world driving General Motors products, fueling them with Standard Oil Products, packaging in Alcoa, drinking Coca Cola, paying interest to the Bank of America, and attending to one's toilet with products made from the Weyerhaeuser pulp mills?. Domination, World Domination!

We are hypocritical in the free market, and devious as well. When the free market eventuates in the suppression of our own productive capacity, we set quotas for the competition; we malign

our own citizenry when it buys the other guy's. We establish Anti-Trust Rules to enhance the benefit to the consumer (you and I; so the script reads) but we design forums and legislation where competing entities may get together in collusion to deal with the foreign markets, all the while pretending it has no effect upon the domestic market. Just more of the same, a crass bit of greedy manipulative thinking goes into the securing of the marketplace, both foreign and domestic. The corporate hegemony berates, dictates and blesses us with the rhetoric of Trickle-down. "As a Nation we all benefit. We don't force anyone to do anything against their wills at home or abroad. Something for everybody, you will have to admit". So sayeth the Great Communicator. No Vision!

What have we done in our lusting after the market place and the raw materials to fuel it - besides contribute to the real benefit of the few? Whatever (you) do, do not try to anoint our activities with high mindedness, or imbue them with an ennobling purpose or equate them in terms of contributing to the 'national glory'. The bottom line is PROFIT. Perhaps the average Joe, who does not calculate the dividend, because most of what he earns is expended in chasing the phantoms produced by the market place, that great materioconsumecomical edifice, cannot and does not conceive the immensity and intricacy of the whole edifice. Besides, GREED is essentially out of control.

In some ways it boils down to its simple crudities; 'how can I exploit another man's labor; how will I be able to persuade him to yield the contents of his pockets to me?' Its all very impersonal, even though I'll use every technique I know to get from him what I want. What I want most of all is to Gain in the 'bargain'.

When we must add in the sucker element - the 'whatever the market will bear' element, we have obviously entered another arena of human relations. We have become grasping impersonalities. We are not 'all-in-it-together'. And we cannot fairly characterize this as 'the best of all possible worlds'. Even the 'winners' must live with their, albeit, diminished conscience. We certainly have not provided a sustaining argument to support the ballyhoo concerning that baudy enchantress 'national glory' or 'national honor'.

In the last analysis, as testament to the foregoing, it must be said that Vietnam is a place that witnessed the waste and maiming of human life, those lives having been relegated to a secondary importance in the operatives attendant to the failed Conquest. 'Human Life (humanity)' once again failed to achieve the significant place in mankind's hierarchy of values. And we, the banner wavers, hiding behind the 'Christain' ethos, hiding behind Gud, grimly dispatched the yellow, heathen, Gudless enemy. Oh, how pure and

good we portrayed ourselves in our blatant wantonness. We cheapened every aspect of the creed we espoused. And we denied life to others as well as our own front ranks; the little people, the peons, the piss myrmidons. And we had the Balls to speak of HONOR, and ward the Prize to the conniver.

We merely exercised our predatory natures; our hostility, our aggression and our destructive propensities; all on the more primal level. What remained of our civilized nature became exposed as the sadistic expression of the foregoing. I regret I am unable to provide any insights, or to expand beyond what you already know.

In elegizing our history, I regret, as well, I am unable to sweep under the rug or to gloss over this episode.

You admonish "Forget the Past; Look Ahead to the .. WHAT?"

I bear witness to SHAMBLES.

Once again, in stalking my game, the culprits, I wander off too far into the wild, following a scent, a trail, knowing instinctively, innately, the creature I pursue - for I AM ONE OF THEM.

Because I am one of THEM, and because I am who I am in addition, imbued differently, wanting to test our thesis, our argument to ourselves as a (WHOA!) divine species, an Elevated species, an ascendant species, doggedly I make issue of our failings, wanting desperately to force you to respond - to WHAT!.

Yes, To WHAT?; to become the product of your own Vision, the Substance of your own Hypothesis. And that entails precisely the - Leaving off - the atrophy of the 'Capital (Sins)' - the self-serving, visceral life. It is my belief it is only the 'imaginary' insecurity of the unintelligent and unintelligible viscera that place us in our precarious position with respect to one another. We are not inflamed by Reason, we are inflamed viscerally. Some RUG.

Until we do as I suggest, and as you may suspect to be true, there will be a forever of Vietnams (now Iraq). Mutually Assured Destruction functions (operates) at precisely that visceral level we need to obviate.

And its not just Vietnam. We are otherwise attuned to violence; making much of it, as a form of entertainment!?

Ordinarily I do not encounter Violence per se in my daily life; I leave it to the Bull Terriers, the Sam Donaldsons, to bring it to me, so that I might make feast, in my 'right to know'. I sometimes wonder, if, in my writings, I do not resemble these mongers of the Fourth Estate. Whatever may surface from the wash, I recall now something I had seen on the ole Tube, which touched me in a way we all should be touched. I recall also, in Time magazine, the photograph of a suspected V.C. at the moment of his shooting by an ARVN, standing with his hands tied behind him, the gun having

been pointed and fired point blank at the head, already the powerful impact of the charged projectile twisting the face into a grotesque shape (to which I responded quite viscerally with seizures in my scrotum).

At the time of this writing I had added something else, perhaps not particularly relevant to Vietnam and Cambodia, but pointing to the violence that lives within man, so relevant to Vietnam and Cambodia, somehow not viewed in the abstract, but as an example of mankind's lack of reverence for life in general.

We think of the animal as powerless against us. We are ambivalent about its right to exist, or if it should exist, it is at our whim. We the dominant ones, the big game hunters, the trophy seekers. We set the style of existence with our bravado, our triumphant bellows. When it can, the animal cowers, when it can, it flees.

So, its not just the gooks, and its not just us, its something more pervasive.

Oh, Yes!, what I have read of the Gorillas in the Mist; or had seen on the Tube; the latter of which provoked something in those lower regions of the viscera; to which I thus refer. In Botswana, after a protracted drought on the edges of the Kalahari Desert, the wildlife, the animals of GUD's kingdom, who suffered, as all these dumb creatures do at such times, were forced to range farther and farther afield in order to find moisture. The wildebeest (gnu) was the most seriously affected because it was obliged to range the furthest. Doing what the wildebeest does, as only it can do, rather marvelously, inexplicably (although we try in our own limited way to explain natural or zoological phenomena), if you will, it, en masse, as a body, traveled, sensing, knowing its destination. Wonderful, all well and good, except that many, many perished on the journey; for those we may anthropomorphize. Hah!, the ravages of nature, a grim discipline for the living whom it dothe engender. And, alas!, as if 't'were not enough, there stood man in its way as well. Man overgrazing with his cattle, man the visceral animal, fearful, despite what was known to be the contrary, believed the wildebeest to be the carrier of foot and mouth disease. How long had these survived without the benign intervention of man? Fear, and perhaps gluttony, acting together, certainly vacant of empathy with life, the life of the beast (beast), man cordoned off the land; unable and unwilling to permit their passage. Many, many more perished as the march continued, many on the barbed fences, and even more, as the beast, lemming-like, but only gnu-like, followed these

confines until the way around finally came unto them (as things are apt to come to some creatures in the desert). This happening, being very real, and very tragic, in such a way, and in such proportions, leaves us cold, because we had imagined man could, and had tendered even more empathy and affection for the poor dumb brute of an animal than he did his own fellow man, uniquely identifying with a kind of helpless life as though he were a God looking after hapless man himself. But, not so in this case, rather the opposite, and presenting such a Righteous and Intolerant stance with regard to the poor dumb creature who could understand none of it. The Botswanan Wildebeest will suffer annihilation, perhaps extinction. While the Tube revealed snippets of the plight of the wildebeest in its decimating march to water, it also captured in motion, unlike the photograph of the executed V.C., the 'savage', stoning and beating to death of a lone wildebeest found wandering along a stream bed by some of the Botswanan populace. Thus brutally dispatched; not stoned and beaten to put it out of its misery, but from out of fear, fear of something that was not true, not even wanting to know whether it was true, instead, allowing fear, prejudice and ignorance, intolerance, perhaps hatred, to overwhelm life, overwhelm helpless life. One not only saw, but also heard the throes. "Savages!", you will say; were we then savages when we decimated the American Indian and the Buffalo; and what are we now?

Botswana is not alone. Africa was colonized; then broken into nations. Nations have become desperate confinements to peoples and to animals. The Missionaries of doom have arrived, as *Ωucking* always; the world savaged by the 'civilizational' ethos.

In Vietnam there were just too many people in the way of our gluttony. *(But the gook turned out to be a rather cunning animal with an AK-47 and anti-personnel mines.)*

I'm sorry soldier, if it is ye who peruse these words. There can be no honor amongst this pack of thieves, for whom you conducted your exploits. You were duped, beyond all duping; while you thought you would bring glory and honor to a nation, a flag, whom others willingly sullied; fully comprehending the act, you must realize what dishonor has befallen thee, not in the defeat - not in the defeat - but in the very act itself. Are you to be held responsible? While it is the most obvious of questions, the imperatives of the occasion demand one ask, "What have we learned?" Are we to forever remain a caricature of ourselves.

Damn it man: Hear Me! Hear Me!

This Must Cease _ MUST !

You may feel that the wildebeest is irrelevant to what happened in Southeast Asia; that I too freely associate; that what I am attempting to say by such juxtapositions is not apparent.

The scales of violence weigh heavily in one direction; violence engineered by MAN. Violence coupled with brutality. Violence somehow separated from the need to survive. Brutality, an ingredient that defines us in ways that only an outside agent may understand.

If one's life is threatened immediately, confrontationally, a reflex is set in motion, an adrenalized response, defensive in nature. Whatever it is that threatens must be subdued, must be neutralized. Perhaps a physical altercation requires measures that would characterize violence as well as a defensive reaction. Be that as it will, lets say the force was appropriately equal to the task. Somehow we have been compromised into an action that we imagine our more civilized and peaceful natures do not conceive as the chosen way to go. However, in hindsight, we struggle to justify the action, however inappropriate.

But no matter how you rationalize the Vietnam situation, The wildebeest situation, or the American Indian/Buffalo situation, survival, per se, was, and is, measured in terms of brutality, no differently than the brutality of the so-called NAZIS; mostly only as a matter of degree. We had exceeded the requirements of survival; we sought vengeance, destruction and annihilation; overkill. Because this last cannot be justified by any conscionable definition of a civilizational entity, removed from that constraint and apotheosis, we must accept the lesser perception of ourselves as brutes. Recognized as such, we must reexamine our claim as rational civilized beings.

Thus ended my impotent rant, long after events had transpired. As this attempt is another of those acts we undertake to unburden ourselves of something that will not give us peace; that affronts us, appalls us, that reduces us to nothing in our own eyes and in the eyes of our fellow man. And we are not being held accountable; not in Vietnam, not in Cambodia, not in Iraq. Not anywhere, because the rest of the world is scared shitless of the bomb! The place reeks and sucks!

In 1970 Telford Taylor, US Chief Counsel at Nuremberg wrote a book titled Nuremberg and Vietnam: An American Tragedy. One might have construed the debacle in Vietnam (and Cambodia) an American Tragedy, but it was a gross blunder, not untypical in human affairs, especially where governments lack in real vision and in statesmanship. Our government failed miserably in both. Such assessment is not a matter of hindsight. It was known at the time

by many Americans. And a specific responsibility belongs to those who were in the driver's seat.

What happened in Vietnam somehow pales before what has happened in Iraq. Our Government **HAS NOT LEARNED**. The responsibility weighs heavily upon the Bush Presidency. Blatant violations of International Law, Crimes against Humanity, the undermining of the US Constitution, and the near total destruction of the credibility of the US in human affairs, and the incredible debt being foisted upon every American citizen, for years to come. Rome Burns! And the bastard throws **God Bless America** in our faces, like a pot of filthy swill.



I can only do what I do. What are you doing?

Tell You What. It all hurts. To be dominated by something so untoward, and feeble minded, *one's leader*. Truly, is to placed *Up Against The Wall*. To think he got away with it.