

## Lest We Forget



It is claimed: 'A Picture Is Worth A Thousand Words'.

There were many pictures taken that day. There have been many words printed concerning the events of that day. Herein are a few more.

Richard Milhaus was President then. He beat out Hubert and Wallace. He had promised to end the Vietnamization of the U S of A. But first he hadda end the Vietnamization of Cambodia.

But you know how it goes: 'the best laid plans'. Eventually Hank got the Prize, if you know what I mean. Peace With Honor!

After all, the whole southeast Asia thing was a bungle from the start. Dick was saddled with something that required the intelligence and foresight of another individual far removed from the political scene. It was his former boss who stalled the elections in that far away place. It was the choice of the U S of A to return to the colonialist Frenchy, its ally, French Indochina, after WW 2. The U S of A just couldn't measure up to those snotty Western Europeans, even after saving their asses and their country in two world wars; they had to suck up to their disdainfulness by reinstalling them with their ill-gotten gains, against the will of indigenous population. Recall all our preachiness with regard to democracy and freedoms. And what have the Frenchies ever done in return? Snot, That's what.

Now, there is a disgusting picture.

The story goes The U S of A (JFD) even offered to give Franky the Bomb to throw at Ho Chi Minh, when the latter was about to throw out the snotty bastards.

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But the U S of A is a slow learner, mostly because it elects a lot of dumbassed politicians as statesmen. A dumbassed politician is someone with a large advertising budget.

The story goes, the U S of A missed other opportunities in Asia. Perhaps 'opportunities' is only slightly a misrepresentation of the actuality. It only illustrates a pattern of missed opportunities. When Mao began his march to oust the corrupt government of Chiang Kai Chek, Madame Chiang cootchie cooed the Brass in the U S of A into abetting the further enslavement of the Chinese to their corrupt government; imagine if you will, after the Japanese onslaught. To deny Ho Chi Minh and the people of southeast Asia was just part of a pattern of sucking up to low lifes by stupid politicians. Handing over Eastern Europe to Joe was another of those sucking-up stupidities. And what the U S of A has done to this present day only serves to highlight its inability to learn (the true meaning of democracy and freedom).

A sorry picture. Full of righteous flag-waving.

When there are a lot of stupid politicians at the helm, you never know what to expect (usually the worst). Those who fancy themselves implementers of stupidity, James L. Rhodes not excluded, take measures that assure a very nasty outcome. An even sorrier picture.

Given these few preliminaries, it becomes easier to understand the goons in full National Guard battle regalia, (excepting their leader in suit and tie; something about the military being under civilian control?) with fixed bayonets on their rifles, and goony ghastly masks, just being themselves, irrepressibly stupidly righteous patriots and implementers. It all adds up. There was no other possible outcome. All of those who walked into it were equally stupid for believing that if they exercised their inalienable right they would be able to influence those other stupid dumbassed politicians. Two stupid don't make a brilliant deduction. Then, of course, to make the whole thing absolutely absurd, the chief agitators, and hecklers were not the targets, although a dubious self-styled heeroe Lana ForACan CanofBULL conveniently found himself behind an oak tree (all in 13 prescient seconds) (was he a CIA plant who was not fatally gored?). Anybody unsuspecting else, maybe even MYOB, that found their way into the sights of the goons became a target. Gotcha!

So you get a very ugly picture. And there are no words that can describe what has been captured on film. The caption necessarily should read: "Dumbassed!"

Having said these few things, you may feel you have grasped the gist of my words, dismissing them as another treasonable rant.

I must say I cannot recall exactly what I was doing on May 4, 1970, or that I was overly impressed with the news, having expected much worse from some quarter. I believe I was in the throes of another common human embroilment. There was a lot of campus unrest throughout the nation. There were a lot of young men on college campuses who were draftable for the front lines in the dumbassed conflict. They were burning their draft cards, seeking CO Status, they were emigrating to Canada, some were resisting the draft as matter of principle only to be imprisoned. Some of the more comic and imaginative were gathering in

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passive assemblages attempting to levitate the ROTC facilities located on campus. And others were simply protesting, dissenting, protesting, dissenting, protesting.

I was too old to be drafted, but I thought of other reasons to march in protest along with many others. There were hundreds of organized and semi-organized groups, all more or less protesting, each with its own slant, much of which lost its effectiveness in proprietary stuff, mostly egotistical conceit; division seemed a natural outcome, and a benefit to the promoters and the hawks (who had all the power through weapons). But the whole disorganized negation amounted to something that could not be ignored entirely. Besides, things were not going well over there!, over there!.

But even these are details assessed as relevant or not relevant to what it is that man does to implement the Golden Rule, which is always open to interpretation. And it may all boil down to who gets there first.

The particulars of 5470 are examples of something that a self-consciously reverent species ought to have abandoned centuries ago. But since that time, the species as a whole has shown a distinct predilection for the violent resolution to the conflicts amongst its own.

What is the take-home lesson? That perhaps we should never be allowed to leave the classroom. Flunked as a matter of course.

But I want to do my thing with pictures. I don't just want to look at them in the listen and learn sense. I already know; I do not need to be convinced. But I want to show that it has already been said many times, and illustrated dramatically by others in our illustrious past. And that many many examples of Horror continue to horrify; I want to believe that mankind can still be horrified, eh wot Francisco Goya? And I would like to show that there is more to life than death. That Death is not a monument to life. That Violence reaps its own reward; HORROR! Just what in hell good is HORROR? To Horrify! Whom? Bunch of sadists is what. Bunch of control freaks is what.

Anyway, we haven't learned. (An undisclosed source reports.)

A series of photographs (still lifes) capture some of the Kent State episode, but none of a person actually struck and falling as a result of a projectile entering their bodies; so much for the blind shooting the blind. But the illustrious Lana ForACan CanofBULL (not Louis Farakon) is shown with his black flag and hippie hairdo taunting the Guard at some distance as their weapons are pointed in his general direction. If they had chosen to fire at that moment, the projectiles would have ended his concern for the bombing of Cambodia without a whimper. The Guard had other uncertain moments in mindless array. As the Guard moved in another direction, the still lifes record the black flag drooped disappointingly, as though it had lost its erection. Hey!, I'm over here. When the startling shooting actually did occur the flag waver was behind a tree. A pitcher is worth a thousand words.

Dubious protest focused on a true shirker; irrelevant really. All were not protesters, so some of the projectiles were unfairly delivered. Those who were not protesting ought to have been warned to leave the field, and those who wanted to protest ought to have lined up for execution. In the end it was the blind shooting

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the blind, aiming through gas masks at stick figures in the distance; rather impersonally.

Geeezzz, what more canofbull be said?

As the author gets ready to shift this message to the website, 46 years have passed. Yes! Lest We Forget, it was One Of Those Days.

Massacre Of The Innocents.

Over 1,000,000 innocents (civilians) in North Vietnam. How Many Soldiers?

Untold numbers in Cambodia. And Laos.

Then there's the soldiers; the myrmidons. How many? 58,000 plus?

200,000 – 250,000 South Vietnamese Soldiers, another 1,000,000 civilians?

While stuffed shirts like John Foster Dulles, Robert McNamara, Hanky Panky Kissinger, and Donald Rumsfeld stuff it up our; well, you know where!

Over 100,000 innocents in Iraq

Then there's The Soldiers; the Myrmidons. Even with all that death, we had to slaughter our own. Only Four. As many died the year before attempting to climb Mt St Elias; buried alive in an avalanche. John Hall, Stan Adams, Lucile Bergen, and the sweetest, Susan Deery.

Are we meant to feel more about life that we do? Are we missing something?

We say, it is unthinkable, then we go ahead and do it. Does that mean we don't think?

Claptrap: Peace With Honor. Love It Or Leave It.

Then every business placed a decal on their front door: United We Stand Divided We Fall. Well, hell yes.

How far can you fall?