

## War: Souvenirs and Memories

Written by Alex Baer

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When diplomacy fails, there is always the leverage of war. You can leverage yourself right into insanity. You can lose your mind, lose your sight of the shore. Some have already been there. More will go still.

Waging war is about hazards, mostly to body, but just as surely of mind. Some minds don't hold up well in jobs where signs of success are counting dead people, bodies heaped 'round. Uncomfortable yardsticks, echoes of home can intrude, "*How many did you kill today, dear?*"

Amazing how often we indulge this thing, War, which we always say we don't want and shall never let happen again. Who's kidding who? We love it when the Meat Circus rolls into town, it's just such a rush, it's just so much damned fun.

So, then, speaking of fun: We've already had a video of laughing Marine snipers urinating on their fresh kills. Now, we have a hot one for the Marine photo album, too:

The photo features ten Marine snipers, posed in front of our flag, the Stars and Bars, and, just below that, equally large -- about 3 or 4 guys wide -- is another flag, a blue one: This one is Adolph Hitler's Nazi "SS" unit flag.

Let's do that again: *Marines, posing with Adolph Hitler's Nazi "SS" unit flag, and with the American flag, too.* The Marines are holding their weapons proudly, so everyone can see.

The official explanation, later on, of course, is that those two letter-S's on that infamous Hitlerian unit's flag, right there, under our Old Glory, now stand for "scout sniper." Well, of course they do. Some other abbreviations leap into mind, too.

The Schutzstaffel, of course, were the bad guys -- that unit in black uniforms with the death's head as part of their daily wear. *We're the good guys, we wouldn't emulate that.*

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*Death is a distant rumor to the young.* - Andrew A. Rooney

\* \* \* \* \*

Hang on, we're done here, not quite yet. The Army's got its own circus coming to town. They are checking a vid, trying to see if that's one of their own, in there, a soldier, with a baseball bat, beating sheep to death, on the video. *Baseball bat.*

Your tax dollars at work. All this, done in your very own name, and in our names, too.

*Kinda gets you right here, you know -- makes you proud, don't it, just?*

*Hey! □ We can't heeeaaaaaaarr you! □ Sound off like you got a pair, punk!*

\* \* \* \* \* Oh, and, there's hazing, God -- and we -- only know. Just harmless pranks, off at camp, breaking down people like cheap shotguns, *everywhichaway*. Then, they all try to reassemble everyone again, in the right order, in the dark and blindfolded, trying to beat the record time, just like you do with broken-down weapons on the blanket before you, no spare parts leftover when you're done.

And, for the sheer hell of it -- hellish, to be sure -- let's chip in some tossing-around of that rank, and that privilege, order up a large party platter of cold cuts, hot rapes on the side. Pitch in a few beatings, there:

*We're gonna show 'em all who's the damn boss. □ Hey! □ You get your Private ass back here, Private, else it's all grass. □ Don't you yet know what's going on here? □ You do what you want with your heart -- but your ass is all mine!*

\* \* \* \* \* Don't wander off, now. We've still got killing civilians for pure sport, guaranteed to make us all laugh.

*Hey, what's the matter -- you don't wanna take a look at these fingers we took off 'em for our trophy case? □ Got some good feet here, too, you know. □ How 'bout some ears -- got a lot of those, still. □ Maybe, still got some heads back there -- had quite a run on those for a spell. We can get you whatever you want, stuff from some kids, if you want -- mostly leftovers from when the drones were last fed. □ Souvenir ropes, electrodes and wires, strips of rubber hoses, bits of this, chunks of that. Got some cool pics, nice vids □ if you want. We can do you some custom*

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*jobs if you want, be worth more than you'd pay... You got a U.S. Grant in your pocket, some more dead presidents, we can do business, right now, right away. ☐ C'mon over here, man -- what turns your crank? ☐ C'mon, what do you say?*

*\* \* \* \* \** *Death may be the greatest of all human blessings.* - Socrates

*\* \* \* \* \** *Soldier Boy Oh my little soldier boy I'll be true to you.* - The Shirelles *\* \* \* \* \** This is my weapon

this is my gun.

This one's for killing

and this one's for fun.

- Forced chant, close to 45\* years ago, now;

Delta-2-2:

*We cut no slack -- you mess with us, we break your back.*

\* Beat Kubrick by a generation-and-change, except that there was no change. *\* \* \* \* \** In the end, of course, we are all dead. No one gets out alive. Life causes death, don't you know -- it was in all the 'papers. The only trick you get slack on, is what you decide to do while you're here, how you choose how to act and to be, no matter what kind of crap comes shooting on down.

Killing and killing and killing may not be the best way to be or to go.

*Up to you. Always is.*

*\* \* \* \* \**

Geez, man -- lighten up, right? OK, here you, go -- catch:

*Death is caused by swallowing whole too much B-S, over and over, and over too extended a period of time. ☐ There you go.*