

India bound

BOOK ONE

A DIFFERENT TIME



A DIFFERENT WAR



by: Markand Thakar

A DIFFERENT TIME – A DIFFERENT WAR

(BOOK ONE of the trilogy: INDIA BOUND)

A SKUNK PUBLICATION

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PREFACE

INDIA BOUND – BOOK ONE

A DIFFERENT TIME – A DIFFERENT WAR

By: Markand Thakar

For America's youths growing up during WWII: those too young to be drafted yet old enough to be affected by the war's impact on everyday life, it was to be a time of great confusion. Virtually all young Americans were induced or coerced into dropping their hyphenated status [a result of being indoctrinated in a call for patriotism with its sacrificial demands for the defense of God (the Protestant, Judeo/Christian One), country (that of Walt Whitman and Carl Sandburg) and the American way of life (as pictured by Norman Rockwell)]. They were inculcated with this when in the schoolroom, when reading the comics and war stories in the newspapers, when at the movies and when listening to the radio (no TV yet with its vivid depictions of what war is really like). Nevertheless, despite all this having had the intended effect, one that resulted in most ethnically-hyphenated teenagers' thinking of themselves solely as Americans, few adults neglected to remind them of their "ethnic heritage", albeit usually

in a very low-key manner, either as a means of inflating their own egos, or of deflating the thought-to-be overblown concept-of-self that the youths were acquiring – one that resulted from their believing themselves to be Americans, and only Americans at that.

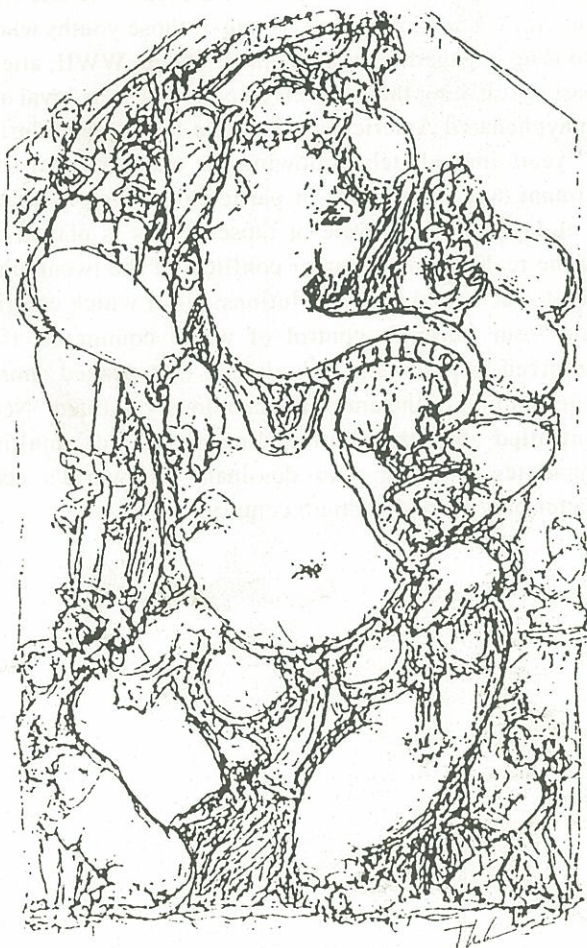
The writer recalls the dumbfounded look on the face of a friend, a then recently-discharged, twenty-year-old veteran, who had been wounded (he lost his thumb) during the “Battle of the Bulge”, when his German-born father, stated in an Eric Von Stroheim voice: “If not for the Russians we would have taken your Statue of Liberty”.

To be sure, the events leading up to America’s involvement in WWII acted to unify the nation somewhat: all her adult citizenry (at least outwardly) began to stress their American credentials. Many residents had centuries-old ancestral ties to nations that were soon to become America’s enemies, e.g., Germany, Italy, Japan and their satellites. Others had real or believed ties to nations such as Ireland and her people who, like the citizens of India, had had no national interest in seeing America’s soon-to-be allies win the war – only to have them reassert their militarily enforced dominance over them.

Meanwhile, virtually all other Americans, those whose forbears had migrated from Europe or Asia, had ancestral ties to nations then under siege, or already conquered by one or another of the Axis powers: our impending foes. Ergo, our nation of immigrants, whether as an attempt to prove their patriotism, or in order to join in defending themselves against a feared invasion by the then seemingly invincible Axis powers, gave a show of being flag-waving patriots. The net result was that the effects of America’s ethnic pecking order were somewhat mitigated during the war years. Nevertheless, the overall effects of that Americanization began to wane considerably in the late fifties, culminating in the refragmentation of the nation’s peoples precipitated by the “Real American” years of Ronald Reagan.

The protagonist in Book One of “INDIA BOUND”: “A Different Time – A Different War”, Nainsink Tagore, is one of those youths who, though too young to have engaged in actual combat during WWII, attempted to play their part in fulfilling their perceived obligations as loyal and truly-patriotic, unhyphenated Americans. The tale takes place during those “non-event” years immediately following the unconditional surrenders of both Germany and Japan and, in particular, the early years of the occupation of Japan. The naivete of those youths is played against a backdrop of the realities of the major conflicts of the twentieth century – what led up to them, and their resolutions: all of which contributed to the transition from Europe’s control of world commerce, through a militarily enforced imperialistic colonialism that peaked shortly after the turn of the century, to the era of the nebulously defined “New World Order” controlled by the bottom-line-motivated, multinational superconglomerates that began to dominate the world’s economies during the latter part of the twentieth century.

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No sooner had the Japanese agreed to an unconditional surrender, than the draftees, the vast majority of the thirteen million Americans then in the service, demanded to be discharged. In less than a year, and despite the continuance of the draft (the WWII national emergency was still in force) there weren't enough troops available to occupy the defeated Axis countries. The army, as a quick fix, made an all-out effort to get kids to join up. Using lists of recent high school graduates and dropouts, they mailed out millions of pieces of enticing literature to adventure-starved, youthful, wannabe heroes.

On July fourth, 1946, Nainsink Tagore, a high school dropout, whose three older brothers had only recently been discharged, turned seventeen – two weeks later he was sworn in at the Manhattan Induction Center, 39 Whitehall Street, as a private in the Regular Army.

Nainsink, with but two-and-a-half years of high school, managed to score high on the Army's I.Q.-type test given at Camp Dix: a deployment center for recruits. The test was designed to determine the what, when, where and how a soldier would best serve his country. As a result of the test, Nainsink was offered a clerical classification. He rejected it, telling the interviewer, with all the self-confidence a middle-class, smug, snotty, street-wise, teen-age, wannabe hero could muster: "I didn't join the army to be a clerk and work in an office."

In the course of the first days at Camp Dix, the recruits were read the Articles of War, at which time Nainsink and his fatigue-clad, youthful comrades were made well-aware that as privates they could be shot for committing the very same offense for which an officer would receive but a reprimand, or, if for a truly horrendous act, be asked to resign his commission. Although this was intended to impress the recruits with the fact that the army had special rules: the kind intended to enforce military discipline (and preserve the class distinctions in the service, taken for granted in everyday civilian life) – this didn't prepare them for what might, in retrospect, seem a minor infringement on the rights they had enjoyed as civilians. At the camp movie, after paying the same uniform price of admission, they were to discover that it was standard army procedure to reserve the seats with the best view (those in the center of the orchestra) for officers and their guests.

Being brought up in the American tradition, whereby "you gets what you pays for", regardless of who you are (almost), Nainsink and his fellow recruits felt cheated, but having been read the Articles of War, they were cowed somewhat; and, so, they waited until the lights went out to show their resentment. Condoms had been made readily available, and the buck privates went about blowing them up and deliberately floating them over the heads of the occupants in the reserved section. The film was stopped, and the lights went on – all at the command of an officer who was seated with his privileged guests.

The audience was then told that the film would not be shown if it happened again. Whereupon, they all settled down to watch “Andy Hardy Goes to College”. And the forging of free souls into good soldiers had begun.

The youths had felt deceived and humiliated at the camp movie theatre. The result, and obviously the intent of the army, was the same for the soldiers as being forced to sit in the back of the bus was for the American Negro in the South: to make them know their place, and to make them obedient to the arbitrary demands of an elitist authority. And, although the breaking of a soldier’s spirit could possibly be rationalized as being a military necessity, only an Old Testament racist could defend the use and effects of the South’s Jim Crow laws on America’s Negro population.

[Less than a decade after this tale of post-war army life takes place, and, in particular, the episode at Camp Dix, a seemingly insignificant occurrence took place in America’s South. Rosa Parks, having paid the going price for her bus ride, was damned if she was going to give up her seat to one of her supposed “betters”, and move to the rear of the bus. Of course, the recruits had forfeited their rights to rebel against the army’s rules, no matter how arbitrary they might seem to be, or how demeaning to the soldiers when abiding by them. Not so for Rosa Parks: having the same reaction as the recruits to arbitrary and humiliating rules, she, as an American citizen and civilian, unquestionably did the right thing when she refused to obey them.

[The mid-1950’s were years when major social changes were taking place in America. And the reaction to Rosa Parks’ peccadillo by the South’s enforcers of the status quo was so great, that her act of “civil disobedience” (she had just finished a day’s work, and was just too plumb

tuckered-out to get up and move) was raised to the magnitude of the romanticized actions of that martyr to the maintenance and furthering of French royalty's special privileges: Joan of Arc. For it was Saint Joan who goaded her countrymen into displaying their manhood, in the old-fashioned way, by following her into battle against the Anglo-Norman Brits.

[Rosa Parks, our American version of Joan of Arc, has so guilelessly stated that she, quite understandably, had no idea that her negative reaction to the bus driver's request would be instrumental in changing the course of American history. Although a then-little-known reverend: Dr. Martin Luther King, used her stand to such telling effect, as a civil-rights rallying point, that after his untimely death many would come to consider him America's version of Mahatma Gandhi. And who knows what super-idealistic motives will be attributed to America's equivalent to France's lionized farmer's daughter when, in the next century, history books are rewritten?

[However, it's probably safe to assume that Rosa Parks, much as the GIs did, felt cheated and humiliated by not having the right to sit on any unoccupied seat she damned well pleased. The fact remains that, whatever her reasons were, her reaction made manifest the implicit unfairness of the then prevalent Jim Crow laws – which, without doubt, caused a sympathetic chord to be struck with the general American public: one which might very well have originated in the hurt feelings of the great majority of enlisted men who served in the huge civilian army of WWII].

Within a week of his arrival at Camp Dix, Nainsink was shipped off to Fayetteville, North Carolina (where, at Fort Bragg, it was intended that he and his fellow, wannabe heroes go through a quickie, eight-week,

Field Artillery, basic training – one thought to suffice to turn callow youths into manly soldiers). For most of the troops, this was to be their first trip below the Mason-Dixon line – as well as any distance from home.

At Washington, the troop train got shunted about in the rail yard. Back in 1946, when just about everyone still travelled by train, it was accepted, though not ordinarily commented on, that the poorest section of a city or town could be found surrounding the railroad marshalling yards – Washington, D.C., was no exception. When the train was being switched, the troops got their introduction to just how degrading segregation in the South could be: masses of shabbily-dressed Negroes were to be seen milling about in the rear yards of ramshackle buildings. The color of their skin appeared to be neither brown nor tan; it was a dusty gray. The would-be defenders and spreaders of world-wide freedom looked on in awe at the sight – not knowing what to make of the crowd of poor people seen from the Pullman car that was to transport them south to do their part for God and country. In retrospect, Nainsink concluded that the assemblage of dark-skinned humanity was probably migrant labor awaiting transit to harvesting jobs in the North, but at the time, he and his fellow recruits all believed that they were merely getting a foretaste of what they could expect to see throughout the South.

Although there were no more yards full of destitute Negroes, every station in every small town had its shack-like outhouses with their poorly-lettered signs, never-before-seen by the recruits from the New York area, reading either “WHITE” or “COLORED”.

The speed at which the young “White” recruits, most of whom came from middle- to lower-middle-class backgrounds, accepted the privileges bestowed upon them by reason of their not being Negroes, was mind-boggling. From the time they left semi-integrated Camp Dix

in New Jersey, with a few hours allowed for a quick walking-tour and a sit-down beer in the then-segregated Washington, D.C., plus an overnight trip through the rural South as far as Fayetteville, on a Pullman with a “colored” porter in attendance, not much more than twenty-four hours could have elapsed. Yet this was sufficient time for them to accept, as fact, just how special they were in relation to “Colored People”.

Nainsink couldn't remember hearing anyone speak out, immediately before or after he joined the army, against the segregation in the service of Negro draftees (a political accommodation intended to cater to Southern bigotry). However, he had seen and heard much about the plight of Americans with Japanese ancestry, who, at the outbreak of WWII, were unceremoniously dragged off to isolation camps located in America's underpopulated heartland: an act intended to unify America in her fight against Tojo's infamous army of “bowlegged”, “buck-toothed”, “slanty-eyed”, “yellow-skinned”, “sneaky” murderers. The ruled-legal (by the U.S. Supreme Court) detention, during WWII, of ethnic Japanese (a tiny, law-abiding segment of America's population) had the effect of warning German-, Italian- and even Irish-Americans, as well as any other ethnic groups that might have Axis leanings, that this could happen to you too, if you show any disloyalty. Only the most populous of the four largest ethnic, Euro-Caucasian groups: those of British ancestry, were assumed to be unquestionably loyal Americans.

In no way is it the writer's intention to belittle the patriotism displayed by the overwhelming majority of members of all the various hyphenated-American groups – his own included. However, the FBI,

under J. Edgar Hoover (the reason for his adulation by the American public), did monitor all organizations and groups thought to be potentially-traitorous:

There had been a fairly large group of ethnic Germans who had been active members of The German American Bund, a Nazi-sponsored organization that flourished openly in America. And, up until the very day Germany declared war on America, New York's 86th Street was aglow with festooned and billowing German flags, proudly displayed: each bearing its Nazi swastika. No doubt Hitler was ignorant of the origins of the swastika (as are so many Jews, who fifty years after the destruction of the Third Reich, understandably, continue to bristle at the sight of it – as the malignant symbol that signified the impotence of their God). The facts are that “swastika” is the Sanskrit name for the ancient, over-five-thousand-year-old, pre-Aryan, Indo-Harappan symbol for well-being: one that is still displayed as a religious symbol by the most gentle of peoples: the very un-Nazi-like Jains of India.

Many ethnic Irish, before America's entry into the war, were known to support Germany (as did ambivalent “neutral” Ireland) as a means of getting back at the British for the continued occupation of Northern Ireland, and their centuries-long brutal treatment of Irish Catholics: barbarities that culminated in the atrocities committed by England's Black and Tan troops – but two decades before the outbreak of WWII.

New York's ethnic Italians evinced no equivalent to the fanaticism and racism exhibited by the ethnic Germans in Yorkville; they were not known to have any particular dislike, let alone hatred, for the Brits or any of their allies; and they didn't relate, in any large numbers, to Hitler's anti-Semitic tirades – as did so many with Irish, along with the overwhelming majority of those with German ancestry. And, although Americans with Italian heritage were almost as disliked by “real” Americans (especially in upstate New York and throughout New

England) as the Japanese were in California, they were not thought to be as potentially disloyal.

[Mussolini's fascist Italy, with her claims to being the resurrected Roman Empire, could hardly be expected to convince Italian-Americans, most of whom traced their ancestry to the land of the Two Sicilies: an area with a population having a most diverse gene-pool, that they had much, if any, ancient Roman lineage – or that they, or the Germans for that matter, as a people, were racially purer than were the Jews – or any other ethnic group.]

Since there was no equivalent to the sneak attack on Pearl Harbor by any of our newly-made European adversaries, and those Americans with ethnic attachments to Europe's Axis nations comprised such a large portion of our population, there was never any serious thought given to segregate any entire Euro-Caucasian group from mainstream America. Ergo, to satisfy West-coast American bigotry, and set an example for our major Euro-ethnic groups, the decision was made to displace and confine that relatively small segment of American-born and naturalized citizens of Japanese ancestry. Obviously, our ethnic-Japanese countrymen were totally justified in demanding compensation from the rest of us.

With benefit of hindsight, WWII may very well have been won without devious coercive actions and the expedient of relying on immoral political catering to get the nation's support for an all-out war effort. However, one must give the benefit of any doubt to a man of FDR's stature, and assume that the winning of the war was facilitated by the many egregious miscarriages of justice carried out in the belief that they were essential if the Axis powers were to be defeated.

Without any consideration for the feelings of "Negro" troops, an attempt was made to make up for the indignities foisted on "Whites" (all those men not

considered to be Negro). Negroes (all those men recognizable as such) were segregated at deployment centers such as Camp Dix in New Jersey, and then sent for basic training, usually in the Quartermaster Corp, with other Negroes from various sections of the country. In this way, the “White” troops, who, almost exclusively, filled the ranks of the front-line, combat divisions (the exceptions being a few highly-regarded, segregated Negro units), though demeaned, were made to feel superior to the members of an “inferior race” whose members were denied the special privilege of fighting and dying for their country.

Now then, if those Japanese-Americans who were shamefully deprived of their rights were worthy of being awarded retribution, how much more worthy were those forefathers of today’s African-Americans of receiving compensation for the destruction of their manhood. Nevertheless, it should also be noted, albeit for good and obvious reasons, that had nothing to do with a lack of courage, few Negro voices were heard clamoring for the right to fight and die for their country during WWII. (Though few other arbitrarily-designated peoples are asked to prove their courage, and only racism can account for Negroes’ being required to do so – to put the matter to rest, one need only cite the recorded performance of African-American troops during the Civil, Korean and Vietnam wars, if proof is, indeed, required.) Moreover, the fact remains that the WWII segregation of Negroes effectively barred them from serving in the line-divisions, and this did result in a death toll for them that was far less than the 30,000-plus that they could have otherwise expected to incur – and their absence from the front lines did result in a higher death toll for the “White” front-line troops.





After eight weeks of a grueling, no-nonsense Field Artillery, basic training, most of which took place in the stifling summer heat, Nainsink, along with a few of the other newly elevated-to-the-rank-of-private first class, teenage defenders of the American way of life, received travel orders. The accompanying multiple, railroad ticket covered his trip from Fort Bragg in Fayetteville, North Carolina to Penn Station in New York. Then, after allowing for a ten-day, delay-in-transit furlough, he was to proceed, using the route designated by his train ticket, to the army camp at Pittsburg, California for overseas assignment.

Once home in New York, Nainsink, togged out in his O.D. dress uniform, stopped by the corner drugstore to “shoot the breeze” with the gang that hung out there – but none of them showed up; most had enlisted, or, if drafted, were not yet discharged. Doreen, however, a

wise-to-the-ways-of-the-world, pretty, strawberry-blond sixteen-year-old who filled a fuzzy, Lana Turner-type sweater (as well as that movie star did), and who from time to time hung out with the crowd on the corner, happened to stop by the drugstore as he (known as Nance to the crowd) was sitting at the counter. He asked her out, and as an inducement told her he'd try to get tickets to a Broadway show. For the occasion he bought matinee tickets to "Oklahoma", for which he spent most of the army pay he had only just received. The seats were in the first-row, far-off to the right side of the orchestra, with the drummer banging away directly in front of them. But, since Nainsink did manage to get the tickets on such short notice, and just attending the musical was, besides being such an adult thing to do, so much fun, nothing could detract from the pleasurable experience.

After the show, in the late afternoon, while playing the roles of Hollywood's often depicted silver-screen sophisticates, they had drinks and danced to the piano music of a bored, coffee-colored musician, in the near-empty cocktail lounge of the long-since-gone Hotel Astor.

[Doreen had taught him how to lindy and foxtrot, and how to shift his weight in order to polka, waltz or rhumba. Before he enlisted, together, they had gone a few times to the Pepsi-Cola sponsored square dances. It was between the sets, when the band played popular music, that he got his lessons. Those dances were held at night, once a week during the summer in Riverside Park on the ballplaying fields around 103rd Street down near the highway. In those days, all parts of New York, including the parks, were pretty safe. And you could even walk through those neighborhoods considered to be tough, if you minded your own business. (Poor neighborhoods, at least in Manhattan, were always considered tough. But, then, poor wasn't used as a euphemism for the residents, no matter how well off, of the now numerous and very much

expanded Harlems – which are now not so much tough, as downright dangerous, and not only to “Whites” but to the “poor” as well. Those, then living in tough neighborhoods, many of whom had never recovered from the effects of the depression, were, besides a relatively small number of Negroes, mainly “shanty” Irish, but also included the impoverished from every conceivable ethnic group: from English to American Indian).]

Later in the week they went out on a few movie dates: the last of which ended up on the dusty, top-floor landing of the twelve-story apartment house on the corner of Broadway and 112th Street where she lived. What started out as heavy petting was soon turned into a going-all-the-way encounter by the all-knowing Doreen. It was probably the uniform that did the trick, since in the past all her favors were bestowed on Columbia’s frat-house members.

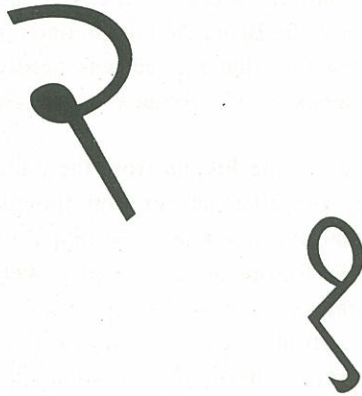
The actual fighting had been over for a little more than a year by the time Nainsink returned home on leave. All three of his older brothers were veterans, the youngest of whom had seen action on a cruiser off Okinawa. His relationship with his two oldest brothers (eleven and twelve years his senior) was an ambiguous one: after his father’s death, Nainsink was eight at the time, they had assumed a position of authority. And, since they were both bright, masculine and hardworking, each became a kind of father figure for him. They had had jobs as mid-level management in a war plant before they were drafted – and they even gave him an allowance. Nevertheless, his attitude towards them began to change even before his enlistment.

Much had changed during the few years that his brothers had been away. And, since Nainsink was beginning to think of himself as a man and as their equal, he rejected any attempt made by them to assert

authority over him. He had been working for over two years by the time he enlisted; jobs were easy to come by during the war – what with those millions of men in the service. During the time they were away he contributed most of his salary to his mother – which sufficed to pay the rent: they lived in a two-bedroom apartment in an elevator building with a doorman (they had moved from a larger apartment once the older sons got drafted).

Shortly before Nainsink enlisted, an incident occurred that no doubt influenced his decision to join the army: he knocked his oldest brother down (it was the first, and one of the only times he was to ever hit anyone in anger), jumped on him, made him cringe, got up, and then walked out of the house in disgust – all in response to his having been slapped by that brother for no apparent reason. On that, as well as on numerous other occasions after his father's death, Nainsink's sexually-repressed mother (unfulfilled as a woman, since her late thirties), frustrated by her inability as a single parent to control her treated-as-a-dolt, youngest son, had urged one or another of her oldest sons to "beat some sense into him".

When considering that his brothers, with the end of the war, were understandably preoccupied with trying to get decent jobs and getting on with their lives, and the fact that Nainsink had been away for little more than two months, Nainsink's ten-day stay was a non-event for all concerned. For the most part, his presence was barely acknowledged, and since he was out most of the time, he didn't much care – or maybe he did.



Nainsink's mother was an ardent and implacable Anglomaniac: an all-but-extinct breed, one whose numbers peaked shortly after the onset of the twentieth century. They believed, unconditionally, in the supremacy of every aspect of the West's North-European culture, as exemplified by the greatness of the military and economic power of the British Empire, as well as her literature. Germany's science and music, and Holland's involvement with tulips and cheese were further aspects of the West's obvious cultural superiority.

[France's contributions to that Western culture were all but dismissed, although a fluency in her language and a knowledge of French cuisine were required for one to be considered well-bred. The exclusion of the French from the rich-Euro-Wasp-like club was rooted in a Germanic-Protestant animosity towards their Latinized, Frankish brethren (Vandals and Goths along with Hessians, Angles and Saxons were

German barbarian tribes – but, of course, so were the pre-Romanized Franks). DeGaulle believed that Protestant Europe's past demeaning attitude towards the French, which may very well have been due to their liberalism, as well as for having lopped off the heads of their royalty, had been an insult to the honor of France – one magnified by America's refusal to share the secrets of the A-Bomb with the French, while giving them gratis to the Brits. Although, one might assume that that was based more on the fact that France was hardly a reliable ally during WWII (Claude Raines in "Casablanca" to the contrary).

[The barring of the French from the club because of her killing off her aristocracy, as well as her religion, though major considerations (despite French Catholicism's being essentially anti-papist), was more the result of England's European balance-of-power strategy. This make-a-lot-of-money strategy, like so much of England's self-serving, basically-immoral actions, was rationalized on moral grounds. They manufactured a maligned persona for the French, that of being libertines: as sellers of "feelthy" picture postcards, as well as for their liberal attitude towards the enjoyment of the sensual pleasures of life: of which cultured English gentlemen (deprived of their ability to indulge in them at home) were only too happy to take advantage, by visiting Paris at every opportunity. But, of course, this was accomplished only with the discretion of a well-bred Victorian Brit.]

As a result of his mother's Anglomania, nurtured by Victorian-era hypocrisy and bigotry, she believed in a genetically-arrived-at superiority for all those genteel followers of all the various Old Testament-reading (not only Church of England), Judeo-Christian religions. And, in following the lead of the well-bred Brit, she too added the proviso that only those inhabitants of Europe who were highborn, well-educated and extremely wealthy (with each component given subjectively-weighted values based on an individual's or group's peculiar, self-serving prejudices) could be considered amongst the elite.

Nainsink's mother, much like the educated offspring of all the other lesser nouveaux riches, had been indoctrinated with the concept that the Victorian morality, despite, or perhaps because of its elitist values, was the ideal to adopt. That it tended to exclude all but the wealthiest Jews and Catholics, along with virtually all Europeans with recent Irish, Mediterranean and Slavic ancestry, plus, of course, those with non-Western heritage: all of whom were presumed to be inferior peoples, didn't alter his mother's adherence to the Victorian ethic.

There were allowances made (even before the onset of Britain's one hundred years as the seat of empire) for the truly wealthy and politically powerful to take their places amongst the elite, no matter how lowly their station at birth – or by what means the power and/or wealth was obtained. This was accomplished by the simple expediency of bestowing knighthood or lordship upon those thereby deemed worthy (scoundrels or not) – and resulted in the recasting (no pun intended) of even miscreants as Lords and Sirs. This eye-of-the-needle-size opening for the lowborn to attain highborn status, that continued on until the end of empire period, was apparently sufficient to prove to Britain's lower classes that its system of sharing their nation's wealth and privileges was fair: one that had them merely grumbling as they accepted their low-man-on-the-totem-pole fate.

Nevertheless, with the fall of the British Empire (in the aftermath of WWII), England's laborers became less accepting of their lowly status and blind-alley futures; they were no longer able to fantasize a status superior to that of the now-being-acknowledged-as-equals, colonized folk. Consequently, an effort was made by the Brit elite to placate the broad-based growing discontent amongst England's lower classes by allowing for a modicum of socialism to sneak into the system. This tended to ameliorate some of the hardships incurred by Britain's underclasses that resulted from the past, unfair distribution of their nation's wealth.

Then, in an effort to withdraw those so-hard-fought-for benefits given England's working men and women, an attempt was made to substitute the material gains won by British labor, during the decades following WWII, with a patriotic plea to national solidarity against a "racially-inferior" foe. It was assumed that the winning of a war would have the effect of reinstating England's pre-loss-of-empire prestige: much as a nation's participation in World-Cup competition allows the hoi polloi to vent their patriotism, while forgetting any gripes against their government that they might harbor. And, so, England's lower classes, along with the rest of the world, were given proof of the invincibility of the last vestiges of what was once the all-powerful British Empire.

An armada was amassed and arrangements made for American logistics support, as England mobilized for war, and her troops girded for battle in the far off *Islas Malvinas* (mundanely called the Falkland Islands). There, British troops attained a great victory as they recovered the islands: they handily defeated an army of half-trained, ill-equipped, Argentine youths who had only recently occupied the long-contested territory. In truth, the Falkland Islands were nothing but desolate grazing lands with no strategic or economic value to England (even when taking into account the recent discovery of an oil reserve that could possibly prove suitable for profitable extraction). And, the winning of the war, despite the valor of the hundreds of British troops who lost their lives (and the killing of hundreds of the "despicable" enemy), proved insufficient to restore the glory of empire for the common Brit – for any appreciable length of time.

As a result, new means of placating the unrest amongst England's common man, short of reinstating their social benefits, had to be found. This was accomplished by raising everyone in Britain (ranging from jockeys to movie stars and swindlers) who had acquired even the slightest degree of prominence (no matter how or why) to the exalted

status, whereby they might be addressed as a Sir. No Englishman was to be denied the opportunity to attain knighthood!

[With its enabling materialistic morality, derived from a self-serving interpretation of the Old Testament, North-Europe's (and especially that of England's) amalgamation of Judeo-Christian banking, trading and manufacturing enterprises amassed great wealth. The entrepreneurs who controlled those enterprises had been handsomely rewarded for their part in financing the original, caveat emptor, two-way trade with the economically developed civilizations of Asia and North Africa. Nevertheless, by the mid-1800's, still armed with their Bible's rationalizations for greed, Europe's traders and bankers called upon their governments, with their superior weaponry, to subdue and officially colonize their militarily-weaker trading partners – so much for the West's, and especially the Brits', much-touted claims of fair play. "Anyone for cricket?"

[In an attempt to legitimize their self-serving interpretation of God's promise of somebody-else's land, the colonizing nations claimed to be members of the already, very much extended family of the Old Testament's not-overly-moral, chosen people. And so, their use of armed aggression, subterfuge, intrigue, mass murder, assassination and deception (all accomplished with the authority of the one and only most-beneficent God) was parlayed by the Brits, at the instigation of the "Protestant" Disraeli, into the "British Empire", which earned Queen Victoria the right to wear the empress's new tiara, of which India was its jewel, and without which there would be no empire.

[During the latter part of the twentieth century, in New York, a clothier, much like Disraeli, made an attempt at gaining acceptance (or at least great wealth) by catering to the vainglorious self-deluding conception of

a middling-upper-class's belief in its own importance. The Brit accomplished it by bestowing the crown of empire on Queen Victoria: the figurehead of a nation's affluent burgers and penurious royalty. The New Yorker did so by clothing the sons and daughters of a Johnny-come-lately upper-economic class (that included numerous pseudo-Wasp Catholics, Jews and a variety of others, along with America's moneyed near-Wasp, Protestant, wannabe elite) in the authority of a modern rendition of a rich old-Wasp's new clothes.

[But, unlike that cloth woven by Hans Christian Andersen's fabled charlatans to clothe an emperor, those made to be worn by America's old-Wasp wannabes are visible for all to behold. (Nevertheless, though visible, the clear-eyed vision of a child might very well detect and expose as deceptive an intent on the part of the makers and sellers of new clothes to those eager to be taken for "old-Wasp money", as that storybook child did when viewing the naked emperor.)

[The peoples whose countries were colonized had, like the emperor of fable, naively accepted the deceptive words of conniving strangers. And their naivete cost them the indignity of colonization. Perhaps, they too would have become aware of the deceitful intentions of those who placed the crown on Victoria's head – had they originally taken a good look at that tiara of empire. Because, had they done that, they would then have realized that it was made of ephemeral stuff – like sealing wax and tinsel. But, maybe they did.]

Nainsink's mother was a snob. It was a snobbery derived from a bigoted conception of a Euro-centric, ethnically- and racially-based elitism – hardly a unique posture then. And, although later, during the last half of the twentieth century, lip service was being given, world-wide, to a belief in the intrinsic equality of all peoples, the superiority of Europeans and their

culture was, and still is, accepted as a fact of life amongst the ever-growing, ever-changing, overwhelming majority of the world's (not only of the West's) citizenry – with little consideration given by them for their own cultural heritage, education, race, ethnicity, income, social status or religious beliefs.

Now, had his mother not married a Hindu, albeit a high-caste one, and then had half-a-dozen children as a consequence of that union and its consummation, there would hardly be any reason to single her out for her exercising her bigoted, Victorian-era prejudices. However, not only did Nainsink's mother maintain her racist and elitist opinions throughout her lifetime, but she acted upon them when bringing up the fruit of her womb. She believed that her very own children were inferior beings, and treated them as such, despite their being physically strong and attractive – with I.Q.s' matching those of the brightest of high school graduates. And, when later in life each attained what could best be considered a modest success, she attributed it to their being late bloomers – thereby exonerating herself for having brought them up to have the expectations that were no higher than to serve as well-paid lackeys' functioning as management to a middling level of the West's elite.







The every-day, world-wide incidence of death was far rarer in the closing years of the twentieth century than at its onset. By the time Manu Mainsink Tagore, Nainsink's father, turned eighteen, he had lost both his parents: his mother during childbirth – he was his mother's first and only child; and his father, of natural causes, seventeen years later. His child bride died of pneumonia when still in her puberty, and years before they would have been permitted to attempt the consummation of their marriage.

No doubt these were traumatic experiences for so young a man to endure: surely they would be the makings for the stuff that gave rise to the neuroses and the subsequent talking-out sessions from which the all-knowing shrinks of later years were to grow rich.

The acceptance of death was considered by Nainsink's father to be part and parcel of his acceptance of reincarnation and the transient nature of

our earthly existence. This led to his belief in an inevitable, future, post-mortem existence for those whose deaths were to so affect the course of his life. Their reincarnation would offer them the potential for, if not a better, at least a different karma: one imposed as a result of a crap-shoot engaged in by the anonymous ethereal dispensers of life. With each roll of the dice the exact time and place of one's birth would be determined, which, in turn, dictated the fate meted out in accordance with the casting of one's horoscope. And, so, with his belief that only the flesh dies, while the essence of life (the soul, if you will) perseveres to be reincarnated at some later, yet-to-be-determined date, Nainsink's father apparently accepted the otherwise incomprehensible dictates of fate.

His acceptance of the immutability of his karma was something akin to the blind faith that accompanies the buying of a one-dollar lottery ticket – in the belief that it would result in the winning of a multi-million dollar jackpot, although, deep down, the buyer is well aware of the overwhelming odds against its ever happening. And if it does, it's always some mythical, unknown other who wins it. Or, perhaps a better simile would be the attitude of the average followers of the religions emanating from the Levant, as they respond to the universal dilemma brought on by our being born: How does one deal with life and the resultant finality of death? In chorus they can be heard to proclaim: "I accept the preposterous pronouncements made by the all-knowing clergymen who know just what God's will is" – referring to the utterances of that particular set of priests, ministers, shamans, rabbis, evangelists, imams or what have you which best placates their fears. While, deep-down, and to themselves they answer the question: Why do you believe them? "Though I know full well that there ain't no heaven, nor a hell, I'll play the zillion to one shot that says paradise exists – and follow the yellow-brick road to that Eden in the sky which the all-knowing preachers tell me is the way to go". Hey! You never know!

There was a loss, however, that affected Manu Mainsink Tagore far more than the loss (as heartrending as it was) of his parents and child bride.

It was a loss that couldn't be alleviated by his Hindu fatalism: that which had more or less, made for his acceptance of death as a natural consequence of living.

While still in his teens he had come to realize how the yolk of colonization, with its ballyhooing of Western culture, was gradually, yet nevertheless inexorably, undermining, if not destroying, the character of the Indian ethos. He became determined to prove to himself, and to exhibit to the world, the depth of Indian culture and its past contributions to every aspect of contemporary universal civilization.

He set himself no mean task. It required that he come up with a means of countering the vilifying and derogatory presentation, world-wide by the Brits, of the inhabitants and culture of India. Indians were being depicted as a people so morally and intellectually deficient as to require the services of a "Christian" master. The self-serving and slanderous description of Indians, of course, varies slightly from that made by warring parties about each other. However, the malignant assertions' being made by those wealthy and privileged Brits were not being made to win a war in defence of their country, but rather to prevent their losing their cash-cow: the jewel in the crown of empire. They feared that, should the world be made aware of India's contributions, as the original source of an appreciable part of what was then being touted as a home-grown, West-European culture, their rationale for their military occupation of India would no longer be accepted. They rightly assumed that the degrading depiction of India and her peoples, that they had so astutely cultivated, would be proven to have been the result of their (the rich Brits') deliberate attempt to besmirch the Indian character – through the astute dispersal of a venomous brand of "misinformation" (or is "misspeak" the latest euphemism for what used to be called "lies", plain and simple).

Whether or not British archaeologists were aware of the ancient Harappan civilization, with its cities like Mohenjo-daro, Harappa and Lothal, and chose to ignore their existence, or agreed not to publicize their findings (as gentlemen), remains a point of conjecture. But, it was not until Indian archaeologists got involved that the truly major digs were begun. Nevertheless, due to their having internalized a Eurocentric concept of world history from their association with British archaeologists, they, too, at least at first, were blind to the significance of much of the evidence of India's ancient culture. (They, too, had accepted the theory that Indian civilization was non-existent until the insemination of Greek culture that resulted from the incursion by the Macedonian Alexander: a raid so minor that no contemporary account of its having occurred can be found in India.) The spreading of misinformation by (possibly well-intentioned) Judeo-Christian, Eurocentric, Western historians and archaeologists in the recent past, is that the major discoveries' proving India's ancient cultural heritage to be contemporary with that of six thousand year old Sumer (acknowledged by students of the archaic, as the oldest, known, true, broad-based civilization), remains but a minor bit of arcanum, if known at all, to the average educated Westerner – or Indian, for that matter.

In the West, archaeological minutiae were being used to substantiate esoteric aspects of mythological Greece and those involving the West's Holy Land. These finds become so well publicized that even those in the West with but modest educations are often aware of them. Whereas, one would be hard put to find a college graduate who has the foggiest notion of the why, when, where and who of the Sumerian and Harappan civilizations, or for that matter just how those societies affected the cultural mix that makes for what is commonly called Western civilization. (It might be of interest to the reader to point out that when either Sumer or Harappa is typed into our word processor, it registers an error.)

The near totality of the blind acceptance by the residents of the entire Indian subcontinent, of a determined-at-birth karma, was more responsible for the acceptance by them of a demeaning colonized status, than the West's duplicity or superior armament. And, it was only when Europeans failed to respect India's complex religio-cultural heritage, with its arcane rituals and seemingly contradictory reverence for life, that rumbles of unrest were heard coming from potentially-unmanageable numbers of Indians.

[It should be noted that the caste system has remained pervasive in India. Over the millennia it had become an indelible aspect of Indian culture, and, although still fundamental to Hinduism, all Indians and their progeny, whether converted, no matter how many generations back, to Protestantism, Catholicism, Mohammedanism, Sikhism or what have you, still, in varying degrees, believe themselves bound by the dharma of their caste. And, virtually all Indians still cling, at the very least, to a lingering belief in reincarnation.]

The caste system, with its more or less pyramid configuration, placed the majority of Indians at the bottom of the social pecking order. As a consequence, those who were Sudras (peasants) along with those from the Scheduled Castes (outcastes), by believing they had nothing to either gain or lose by a change in the nationality of the Raj, acquiesced to the demands of each succeeding ruler – alien or not.

Adding to the lack of concern shown by those at the bottom of the heap, was the attitude of Indians belonging to two of the three higher castes: Brahman (priests) and Vaisya (bourgeoisies). They, too, believed the nationality of the Raj to be of little consequence – providing their own religion or business interests were not adversely affected.

[The concept of nationalism came late to much of Judeo-Christian Europe, as well as to Hindu-Buddhist Asia. The respective religions, each in its own way, supported the concept of a privileged aristocracy. The concept of rendering unto the Raj (Caesar) what is the Raj's (Caesar's) was implied (the admission to renounce the material) by the Hindu Buddha. Half a millennia later, those same sentiments, so supportive of the rights of the aristocracy, were said to be voiced succinctly by the Jew Jesus. As a result of that religious support given to the rule of the militarily-backed aristocracies, democracy and its handmaiden nationalism didn't start to become major political factors in Europe until late in the eighteenth-century. It then continued, in spurts and spasms, on into the twentieth century – when it was used as a tool by the West to discombobulate the Soviet Union and its control over its non-Russian satellites. Meanwhile, the concept of nationalism didn't begin to be a political force in India until after the Sepoy rebellion (the First War of Independence?) in the mid-nineteenth century, and was later used with great advantage by Gandhi to free all India from British rule.]

The Brits, sensing the devastating results for the empire should the unifying effects of Indian nationalism take hold, made what appeared to be, at least initially, successful attempts at hindering its progress. The attempts by the Brits to justify, to their people, the stealing of another's land: like those of the expansion-minded Germans under Hitler; the proselytizing conquistadors from Iberia; the rampaging religious zealots pouring out of Araby; and Europe's various claimants to Palestine as the Holy and/or Promised Land, were initially successful, through the use of ego-building and morally-uplifting rationales spouted by their religious and/or lay leaders – that were further enhanced with implications of a prosperous and happy materialistic result for those actually involved as aggressors, as well as for their active supporters.

Once a moral justification was established, the British government had a free hand in the manner they chose to go about squelching India's

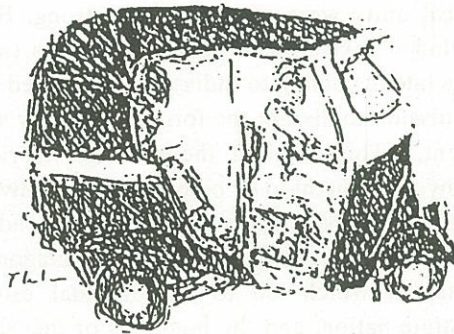
obviously naive, expectations of self-government. As a result, the loyal upholders of “Rule Britannia” and her subjects’ having accepted, unquestioningly, for the most part, the distortions of fact, half-truths and outright lies spread by spokesmen for England’s wealthy, upper leisure classes about India and her peoples, went about tightening their control over their prize possession. That their behavior was totally lacking in the Christian morality they claimed to be upholding caused, with few exceptions, no remorse on their part. Indians were as yet unaware of the underlying racism, so fundamental to the teachings of the Old Testament, that undercut so much of the moral teachings attributed to the Son of God. As a result, they had expected that they, like the citizens of the “White” colonies who were also struck with the notion of a national identity, would gradually take control over the domestic aspects in the running of their own lives and country.

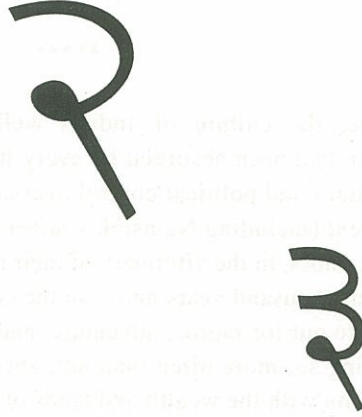
Overlapping and intertwined devious means at preventing Indians from attaining a political unity were attempted. A strong, British military presence that included Sikh and Gurkha mercenaries (nationalism, as already noted, was late in coming to India) was supported by a KGB-like spy system – its mission to disrupt the formation of any semblance of a freedom movement. This entailed the bribing, imprisoning and/or assassination of anyone thought to be potentially disruptive to England’s endeavors to milk India of every rupee it possessed. In addition, Britain engaged in a shrewd policy designed to foment antagonisms between Hindus and Moslems, which led to the eventual establishment of Pakistan as a separate nation, and the hundreds of thousands of deaths of Hindus and Moslems as a result of the war of partition.

In India, England’s old, balance-of-power game kicked in, but with different players. World-wide, in every land where the Brits played that game, the eventual results were civil strife and wars. In America, of course we had the Civil War (the Brits backed the South and slavery in a failed attempt to export her balance-of-power, divide-and-rule policies

A DIFFERENT TIME – A DIFFERENT WAR

to North America); the political history of modern Europe is punctuated by wars, and from the time of Napoleon until the present, they can be traced to England's driven-by-the-greed-of-her-privileged-classes, divide-and-conquer, balance-of-power strategies – the last of which resulted in fifty-million deaths. And to this day, India and Pakistan have been in a virtually continuous state of war – one in progress since the first days of the partition of the subcontinent.]





Nainsink's father could not accept the fact that the land his Kshatriya ancestors had conquered, and then ruled for millennia, was being lorded over, in a condescending and demeaning manner, at that, by an alien ruler residing in a faraway and alien land. And even citizens of that alien country, whose birth and occupations would make them no better than outcastes in India, and who were treated as such in their own country, had the audacity to consider themselves superior to all Indians. Euro-Caucasians claimed a pre-eminent status in relation to Asia's Indo-Caucasians by reason of their (Northern Europeans') having a faulty gene: the one that makes for their own inability to acquire a tan without getting cancer.

Why North Europe's Caucasians mutated and lost their ability to withstand the sun's rays, and why Mediterranean and Asian Caucasians have retained it, is beyond the purview of this work, and must await

consideration by Darwinian geneticists and their ilk for an attempt to solve the problem. And, no doubt they will find the answer, provided they're not hidebound by tradition and blindly abide by the racist nonsense found in the Judeo-Christian Bible, or that which is the basis of India's endemic caste system.

Over time, the culture of India's well-over five-thousand-year-old civilization had been absorbed by every invading peoples who had ever taken military and political control over any appreciable segment of the subcontinent (including Nainsink's father's barbaric, Sanskrit-speaking, Aryan ancestors, in the aftermath of their massive invasion that occurred almost four-thousand years ago). In the course of India's past, invading hordes were out for rapine, adventure, and/or to found a new homeland, and in doing so, more often than not, absorbed, in varying degrees, the culture along with the wealth and lands of the long-civilized and, for the most part, no-longer-warlike peoples.

[In the past, those claiming suzerainty over India, had shown an appreciation for the land, her culture and her people, if not always her religion, by residing within the confines of the subcontinent. In that way, despite the temporary, though major upheaval of India's economy that resulted from the initial marauding tendencies of invading, trekking hordes, once they settled down, India recouped her losses; her wealth remained intact – as it circulated amongst a diversity of Indians as compensation for the goods and services rendered by them to the by-then-civilized (due to exposure to India's ancient culture) nabob, maharajah, or what have you. As a result of her wealth circulating within India, Indians remained a relatively prosperous people. Not so under the absentee colonial rule of the unremittingly materialistic Brits – whose every official action appeared to be predicated on how best to transfer India's wealth out of the country and into the hands of

England's London-based bankers and entrepreneurs. (A half-century after India gained her independence, British gentlemen, operating out of the one-time, money center of the world: London, were said to be giving serious consideration, as an act of philanthropy: to invest, for profit, in the one-time impoverished-by-them nations of South Asia. Residents of Calcutta are known to bless them for this act of kindness.)

The civilizing effects of Harappa's historic and prehistoric culture have become an indelible aspect of contemporary Indian life. Over time it worked its way throughout the subcontinent, and eventually, unseen, as if by the process of osmosis, throughout the world, as each new large group of traders and/or invaders and/or eventual colonizers became aware of, if not engulfed by, India's spiritually uplifting qualities. The latest cultural priorities of Indian society are the result of an amalgam of the various cultures introduced by each new group of invaders of the Punjab and the Gangetic plain with that of primal, pre-historic India: the Indus Valley culture that had existed for millennia before the arrival of the earliest known invaders: the Aryans.

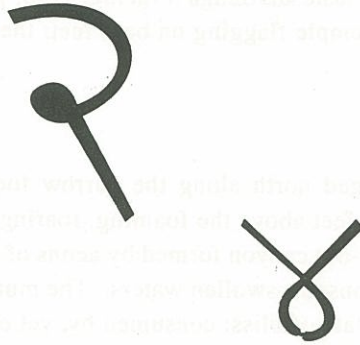
Since the culture evolved in the homelands of virtually every ancient society becomes absorbed over time, in varying degrees, by every group who ventures forth to invade and conquer it (the process is a continuing one, and is repeated as each newly-formed culture matures), the development and spread of India's culture could hardly be considered unique:

Minoan culture was absorbed by the barbaric proto-Greeks; Greek culture was then absorbed by the yet-to-be-civilized proto-Romans and much later by Eastern Europe's barbarian Slavic hordes. In the finale to North Europe's initial stages of becoming civilized, Roman culture was absorbed by the balance of Europe's unlettered populous (composed, for

the most part of the ubiquitous, barbaric, Indo-European-speaking tribes, as well as those with an infusion of Mongolian blood: a result of the eighty-year, on-again, off-again presence, in central Europe, of the horde from China: the Huns) as they went about decimating the remaining vestiges of the Roman Empire – with the Huns eventually settling down in what is now Hungary and Finland, while the majority of Euro-Aryans spread out to form one or another of the nation's speaking a Germanic language.

What does make the evolution of Indian society unique, however, is the result of its having developed in relative isolation for a longer period of time than any contemporary culture. Its earliest development in the Indus Valley progressed from prehistoric times until the early years of the second millennium B.C., when both the culture and genes of the unwarlike Harappans were combined with that of the Aryan barbarian invaders to form a newly-synthesized Indo-Aryan culture, one that ultimately spread throughout the entire subcontinent.

The surrounding Himalayas, jungles, deserts, deltas and tidewater salt flats had offered the ancient Indus Valley civilization and its Indo-Aryan sequel the opportunity to develop independently of those everyday infusions of alien influences that was denied to the ancient cultures of Egypt, Sumer, Crete, and even China: despite her building the Great Wall. As a result, major elements of the Indus Valley civilization remained intact – despite, or perhaps because of, their having been integrated into every social and religious grouping or political entity that existed, and/or continues to exist, within the confines of the Indian subcontinent.



For whatever the reason, and obviously, Nainsink's father had many to choose from, he decided, in a very Indian way, to go off to the Himalayas and attempt to fathom the meaning of his life. It was there, where the Ganges, in preparation for its long journey across India's fertile plains, gathered up the plummeting, ice-cold and sparkling green-blue waters released by the warmth of India's early spring as it melted Nanda Devi's long accumulated snows, that the youth, Manu Mainsink Tagore, was to gain the knowledge of, and confirm his faith in, Hinduism's spiritual values. Under the guidance of, and in company with his bound-to-silence guru, he learned the art of complete concentration: a concentration so deep as to blot out any and all extraneous thoughts.

At certain times and with certain people, every one of us has managed to communicate complex thoughts without either the need or desire to

utter a sound. Being completely in tune with his mum's-the-word guru, allowed Nainsink's father to absorb concepts no words could describe. But, there were other times when the demands of quietude served to offer him the opportunity to sample the simple sensual pleasures offered up by nature: the smell of flowers in full bloom; the sight of birds in flight; the taste of Ganga's racing, cold, pure waters; the feel of damp and holy temple flagging on bare feet; the sounds of bleating sheep.

They trudged north along the narrow footpaths that ran precariously, some fifty feet above the foaming, roaring water, along the inner rim of the gorged-out canyon formed by aeons of Ganga's cascading Himalaya-fed and monsoon-swollen waters. The muted guru strode on ahead in an apparent state of bliss: consumed by, yet oblivious to the overwhelming presence of distant Nanda Devi and her countless, surrounding, sister Himalayan peaks. Manu lagged behind, his thoughts' meandering between those deep and spiritual and those considered but superficial: thoughts stimulated by the sensual delights nature so graciously provided.

Nainsink's father, Manu, had learned much from his guru: revered and silent but for the sound of a meditative "Om". But, although the better part of a year had elapsed, the guru was not yet finished. He detected in Manu's demeanor the continuing presence of an ever-so-faint, yet persistent melancholy, and sensed its reason. The guru decided to illustrate the transitory nature inherent in each incarnated life, the inevitability of death, and the lack of value in the corporeal presence – that container in which the reincarnated essence resides during its short-lived, tangible interlude on earth.

When death occurred above the treeline, cremation was no option. The corpse, free of life, was cast upon the waters of one or another of the Ganges' quick-flowing tributaries. At a level point, where fish teamed and where the water spread out and its momentum slowed, the guru, with Manu's help, pulled a well-preserved body to the water's edge and anchored it to a rock. That day, they scrutinized every physical aspect of that corpse. At first a sense of revulsion overcame Manu, his stomach turned, and he ran downstream and fed the fish with the undigested remnants of his meager breakfast.

The body remained in the icy water, and each morning they would retrieve it, and survey another layer of the body's anatomy; each night the fish ate away the softest remaining tissue. By the time a skeleton was all that remained, Manu Mainsink Tagore had not only learned the anatomy of man, but was made to realize the insignificance of man's material substance – for anything other than as an insignificant part of nature's food chain.

His experience with the guru in the Himalayas, not only gave him the confidence to take on the responsibilities of manhood, but acted to confirm his religious beliefs as a practicing Hindu: those concerning the transient nature of the material self and the subsequent release of the life force, when death comes. Never having lost the consoling belief in reincarnation, and freed of the last remnants of the lingering guilt he had had for continuing to live while those whose lives were so entwined with his had died, Nainsink's father, Manu, decided to go forward and test the validity of his Hindu beliefs in the outside world, a world so many educated-in-England Indians were being brainwashed into believing was the only one that counted.

Kachchh Mandvi was the port city from which Manu's family's sailing vessels had, for hundreds of years, plied the Arabian Sea in trade with Zanzibar (his ancestors had come down to Gujarat from Rajputana – after having fought and lost their battles with the Moguls). When he returned home from his pilgrimage to the Himalayas, he sold his interest in the firm, a clan undertaking, to his distantly-related cousins. Nainsink's father, Manu Mainsink's Tagore, was the last direct heir to his family's financial interest in the Tagore Shipping and Trading Company. The money he realized from the sale was sizable, considering the obsolescence of the vessels and the port from which they sailed; and it was this, along with the rent from the two buildings in Bombay that he had so recently inherited, that were to provide the wherewithal for his travels to the other side of the world. (An adventure for any young man, but a unique one for an Indian at the turn of the century.)

The obsolescence of Kachchh Mandvi as a port, was the result of its being midway between, and in close proximity to, Bombay and Karachi – whose ports had been modernized and enlarged. Whether or not intentional on the part of the Brits, much of the cargo that had once been shipped through Mandvi, and other such ports, was diverted to those deep-water ports. The major maritime centers were created to accommodate large, deep-draft, oceangoing vessels – as a means of facilitating the extraction of India's raw materials and as ports of entry for cheap manufactured goods and soldiers from Britain destined for a quick dispersal by train throughout India (Calcutta, Chittagong and Madras having been developed on India's Bay of Bengal side).

It's an interesting quirk of fate (though hardly an unexpected one to karma-believing Hindus) that, although both India's railroad systems and port cities (built and funded by the labor and wealth of Indians), where most of her railheads are located, were developed as a means of insuring a steady flow of India's wealth out of the country, which they most assuredly did – they have, after the peaceful expulsion of the Brits,

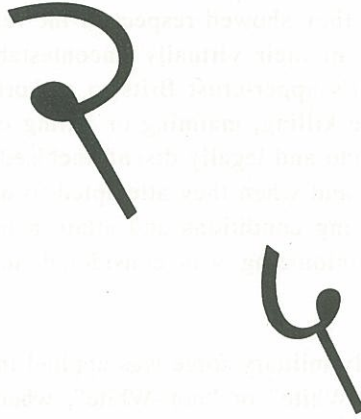
proven to be amongst the most valuable assets benefiting the peoples of the subcontinent.

The consequences of colonialism were such that England has her London, built up with India's leeches-out wealth and, in return, the Indian subcontinent received a world-class rail and port complex. And, if the subcontinent's newly-formed countries (with borders established as a result of past European mendacity and greed) can eventually make up for the destruction of the industries that had once made "India" so wealthy that she became a magnet for all sorts of greedy and murderous adventurers and fortune seekers – they might very well be able to take advantage of the remnants of colonialism that the Europeans were unable to carry away with them when leaving.

All the various and sundry freebooters coming to India had wide-ranging degrees of success: there was Columbus, and his colossal blunder, he missed India by some ten-thousand miles (he stumbled on an island in the Caribbean Sea, for which the West had acclaimed him for both discovering the New World and for finding India – despite their resentment for being denied their own individual identities, all the various aboriginal peoples of the Western Hemisphere are still called "Indians"); and of course, there was Alexander's peripheral incursion into India's western borders (which helped him earn the epithet "Great"); and then there were the too numerous to count: Mogul, Arab, Turk and Persian invasions; French, Portuguese and British commercial cum military occupations; the religious folk, with or without a claimed moral purpose: Parsis, Moslems, Jews, Protestants, Catholics; and finally the groups and individuals of every size, shape and hue. Virtually all of them had one other thing in common: they went about rationalizing their aspirations to acquire fame and/or wealth – at the expense, more often than not, of India's pride.

As the twentieth century drew to a close, the Indian subcontinent again gained the attention of the outside world. And the greed-driven entrepreneurs from outside India are being welcomed back by their counterparts in every segment of the subcontinent. Perhaps this time around India's home-grown moneygrubbers will have some pride, and resist the temptation to sell out to the highest bidder. And perhaps the current crop of multinational entrepreneurs will not give in to the temptation to maximize their profit by taking advantage of the vulnerability of the overwhelming majority of Indians (far less than one percent of India's population of nine-hundred millions of people are practicing lawyers, hawkers, money changers, politicians – and their ilk) who still believe (much as early Christians once did) in the transient nature and insignificance of the material aspects of life – plus the very Indian belief that all living beings are interconnected spiritually to the same, all-pervasive, universal, eternal essence: Brahma.





Nainsink's father, Manu Mansink Tagore, had decided to leave India at a point in time midway between that of the Sepoy Rebellion and the year India gained her independence. It was a time when the British Empire appeared invincible (it was the world's sole superpower). India's continued subjugation as a colony, crown jewel or not, seemed certain. At the turn of the century, England's military and economic power went uncontested.

London's wealthy bankers' and entrepreneurs' working hand in pocket with that nation's highborn landed gentry, controlled Parliament; and as a result, together they controlled the destinies of England's own laboring masses – a melange of Brits: Celtic, Nordic, Germanic, Franco-Gaulish, Italic, Phoenician and you-name-it folks' residing both at home and abroad in her "White" colonies like Australia, Canada, Ireland, New Zealand, South Africa.

Deadly military force was applied to keep those “White” laboring masses in their place; union-busting was accepted as a function of government. The political influence of England’s Parliament (a small, elitist club, with the majority of its membership’s consisting of those privileged to rule by reason of birth and/or wealth) was absolute, providing they showed respect to the reigning monarch when he/she concurred to their virtually uncontestable decisions. This allowed Parliament’s upper-crust Brits to authorize, or at least rationalize as lawful, the killing, maiming or jailing of English dissidents, i.e., its own de facto and legally disenfranchised working classes, at home or abroad, if and when they attempted to organize in an effort to better their working conditions and attain a life free of the indignities of poverty (unionizing was considered an act of treason against the crown).

That deadly military force was applied in India or in any of the other colonies, “White” or “non-White”, when and if the populous began demanding their right to self-government, should not have caught anyone by surprise. Nevertheless, the machine-gunning massacre, by British troops, of some four hundred unarmed Indians’ representing the interests of a cross-section of the subcontinent’s population (despite England’s reneging on her promise, they had gathered in a public area: Jallianwala Bagh, in the outskirts of Amritsar in preparation for the self-government agreed upon as a result of India’s support for Britain during WWI), plus the subsequent exoneration of the British officer and gentleman who ordered the deliberate murder of those unarmed men, did catch Indians off guard.

Although the Brits had engaged in deliberate acts of murder and mayhem of those in her “White” colonies who had had the audacity to question their arbitrary rule (one has only to look at their ruthlessness during the War of 1812, when they attempted to retake their lost American colonies), nothing quite matched their execution-style murder

of India's four hundred innocents. The obvious racial overtones of the murderous attempt to dissuade Indians from engaging in their right to internal self-government (which they were entitled to in accordance with their gentlemen's agreement with the Brits) backfired. It served, much as the put-down of the Sepoy Rebellion did, to make Indians aware of the humiliating state they allowed themselves to fall into. But, this time, it not only made the entire population of the subcontinent aware of the lowly status they held as a peoples within the empire, as well as world-wide, but it also triggered an active response.

The perpetration, by the Brits, of the wanton massacre of those four hundred peaceful, non-threatening Indians, surely made all Indians well aware of England's superior weaponry, and their willingness to use it against them. Those arbitrary killings by the "honor-bound" Brits, did act to unify the entire Indian subcontinent (albeit temporarily) in a movement that was to lead inexorably to the ridding of India of foreign rule. It did so by giving rise to Gandhi's creation of the doctrine of Satyagraha (truth force) as a counter to British deceit. This, in time, led to Gandhi's leading Indians in a movement that, once started, was to cause the complete expulsion of the Brits from India. "Passive resistance", for all its being a non-violent movement, was far more effective in ridding the Indian peoples of the militarily-enforced rule by the Brits, than any armed rebellion could have been.

A multitude of practitioners of law have earned themselves a status, as professionals, considerably below that of prostitutes (nota bene, when the sobriquet whore is arbitrarily applied to lawyers, which occurs with much frequency, honest, street-walking whores are known to take offense at the insult). And, although the legal profession had been disparaged in the past, perhaps also with good cause, there were at least a few moral giants around, like the lawyers, Lincoln and Gandhi.

To improve the status of Indians, regardless of caste, Gandhi: the more recently martyred of those two most decent of lawyers: the one who chose to prove his case without resorting to war, opted for a plan of action that utilized both his legal background and his awareness of British hypocrisy:

For the British upper-classes, it mattered not how base the action undertaken by an underling, as long as it was carried out with patriotic zeal. And, any action so taken, no matter how ignoble, if considered necessary to maintain the flow of wealth from the colonies into the coffers of the Bank of England, was considered an act of patriotism. However, since British gentlemen did have their pride, only those actions capable of being publicly praised were acknowledged outright as being officially sanctioned. When those actions taken were not worthy of praise, which was the case more often than not, they were rationalized, ignored, denied or lied away. This allowed the British gentry to walk tall, and continue to maintain a moral and above-it-all facade – while enjoying full-well all the benefits derived from the barbarous actions of their underling compatriots.

By finding and employing the means to publicize, world-wide, every action taken by the Brits against Indians that would be universally considered a violation of the unwritten code of civilized behavior, and contrasting it with the peaceful civilized actions of Indians as they deliberately challenged the arbitrary application by the Brits of laws demonstrably unfair – and which would be unenforcible under British common-law – Gandhi won his case for Indian independence in the world-court of public opinion.

[“Passive resistance”, as utilized by Gandhi as a means of countering the indignities suffered by a peoples deprived of freedom as a result of their being subjected to a militarily-enforced domination – has been adopted by oppressed peoples the world over, usually with successful results.

However, passive resistance can only work where the oppressors claim to be governing under the rule of law – and the subjugated peoples have a deep sense of pride and a willingness to persevere.]







It was during the era of the Pax Britannia that preceded WWI, a decade or so before Gandhi returned to India, and when Britain's world-wide, military, political and economic influence, with its Victorian morality and manners, was at its peak, that Nainsink's father ventured forth in pursuit of adventure – and to give purpose to the years allotted to him by fate.

As an elite, based on wealth, gained in power and political influence over the land-rich, cash-poor nobility of Europe, mercantilism supplanted feudalism. In Britain, the transition between these two systems was a peaceful one. The Brits had no need to invent the guillotine; unlike in France, England's royalty not only retained their heads – but were permitted, by the rich bourgeoisie, to continue to ornament their pates with stripped-of-real-authority, very-much-down-

sized coronets. Nevertheless, since England's royal family was deemed to be ruling by the will of God, with its highest-ranking member as head of the Anglican Church – as symbols of virtue, they were to continue to serve as a convenient cover for the activities of a ruthless, rapacious, greed-motivated, elitist government.

Furthermore, by the wealthy entrepreneurs' allowing England's ineffectual aristocracy to retain at least the appearance of authority, they, through their puppet sovereigns, were able to share in all those common-law rights and prerogatives once reserved for the aristocracy and landed elite. (In this way, England's titled and military were merged with her wealthy bourgeoisie to form the economic and political basis for the world's first, deliberately formed, banker-controlled, military-industrial complex.)

With the expansion of British control and eventual colonization of militarily weaker lands, the basis for profiting from the application of the mercantile system was greatly increased. The more profit realized, the more funds available to ensure a militarily enforced stranglehold on the economies of the colonies. The import into England, at minimal cost, of raw materials and minimally manufactured goods from her colonies, allowed Britain's non-risk-taking "entrepreneurs" to realize huge profits: profits obtained from the value added during their further manufacturing in one or another of England's coal-smoke-polluted industrial centers – by England's very-own economically, enslaved citizenry.

In England's heartland, a plentiful supply of home-grown, fresh-off-the-farm, cheap labor was available. And to make the cost of labor even cheaper, children, who worked for half the wages of an adult, were also employed. And they were used so inhumanely, that caring English ladies (after having first set up the "Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals", a result of their observing the caring attitude towards

animals by Indians) formed a humane society to prevent cruelty to children, and helped enact the tainted-by-socialism, infringing-on-the-law-of-supply-and-demand, child-labor laws.

In order to maximise the profits from their control of both the imports from the colonies, as well as the exports of finished goods to them, English interests built a huge fleet of cargo and passenger vessels. Due to her controlling the commerce of an empire on which the sun never set, Britain could profitably maintain the world's largest fleet of ocean-going vessels.

It was on a British flag vessel out of Bombay that Manu Mainsink Tagore booked passage for the first leg of a journey that was to eventually lead him to New York where he would marry, father six children and die.

His search for dignity led him to Java, which like Cambodia had been part of Greater India. But despite Java's having a Hindu-Buddhist culture going back two-thousand years, he felt as a trespasser. The island of Java had been taken over by the Dutch, in much the same manner that the Brits had India: by stealth, deceit and superior armament. He remained in what was then the Dutch East Indies for six months before embarking for Yokohama.

He travelled to Japan because it was a Buddhist country (the Japanese had been converted by Indian Buddhists some fourteen hundred years earlier – at about the same time that Christianity first entered England). He lived a married life with a young Japanese woman, and there was no issue. At first he noticed very little Western influence on the Japanese people. But the longer he remained, the more he realized that in Japan (perhaps because it had such a young culture in comparison with that of

India), Buddhism had lost much of the spirituality it had derived from its early Indian roots.

He determined that the Japanese acceptance of a life-long subordination of the self to the will of a master (the result of the inputs of Shintoism's stress on the ritualistic worship of, and obedience to, a living God – the emperor), made them vulnerable to the ant-like participation in Japan's massive attempt to compete, at the very least on equal terms, both with the military and industrial might of the West's major powers.

Nainsink's father believed it was this imitation of, and competition with, the West that was the root cause of the lack of spiritual content in the Japanese concept of Buddhism.





Japan's ruling class allowed for no outside influence to alter their citizen's adherence to tradition: a tradition that acted to keep everyone in their proper place. The potentially disruptive presence of an outsider within Japanese society was tolerated, if at all, temporarily and superficially at best. And so, Manu Mainsink Tagore decided to leave Japan. The fate of the lady he had lived with: wife, mistress or whatever, remained a mystery – another Madama Butterfly?

America seemed to be the logical destination for this adventurous and curious man to witness the manifestations of the next segment of his fate. Of course, had he been a dark-complexioned Indian it would have been foolhardy, karma or not, for him to come to America at that time. However, with his modest rental income, the remainder of his inheritance, a working knowledge of English and a Mediterranean coloring, he looked forward to seeing the New World.

Having obtained his sea legs as a youth when sailing on one or another of his family's small ships, he didn't suffer from the mal de mer that inflicts so many ocean voyageurs. However, being a strict vegetarian, as were the vast majority of Gujarati Hindus, Nainsink's father was faced with a dilemma: how to keep from starving, or being bored to death after continually dining on the bland, unspiced, boiled vegetables he had felt obliged to eat.

He had already learned, that when travelling by sea, one had to make compromises with the demands of religious ritual. (Hinduism did take this into consideration: travellers from beyond the confines of the subcontinent could maintain their status within the Hindu community if, upon their return, they performed the requisite soul-cleansing rituals.) Nevertheless, when first scanning the ship's menu, he avoided ordering those items he recognized as being obviously taboo: chicken, fish and especially beef, as well as pork and mutton in the form of steaks, chops, stews and their ilk.

However, many young Hindus, especially those in their early teens, like youths the world over, were known to test the validity of the ritualistic laws of their God(s) (as handed down and/or interpreted by the accepted authorities). And so, they would make half-hearted attempts at eating meat – but, being Hindus they might try chicken and mutton, or even pork which had the added attraction of annoying their Moslem counterparts. It was seldom, if at all, that they ever ate beef.

It was on his eighth day at sea, at dinner time, that he was overcome by the urge to try something different. A tantalizing aroma wafted by him. It came from a neighbor's plate. It was a dish consisting of what appeared to be a fairly light-colored meat, topped with a savory mushroom sauce. He assumed the meat to be chicken, or at worse pork. And though the steward had advised him it was "veau et champignons", being unfamiliar with the term, he ordered it. It did taste good at the

time, but when he later realized that he had eaten the flesh of a calf, he felt the pangs of guilt. He was never again to eat the fleshy tissue or fat of either an adult or a baby animal.

By the late eighteen hundreds there was a thriving community of Indians, primarily Sikhs, living in California. Manu spent a few months with them (this was some ten years before America's entry into WWI) while partaking in their hospitality and their awareness and knowledge of the ways of America and her people. Armed with that knowledge, plus that of book-keeping which he had learned as part of his training while serving his apprenticeship in his family's shipping business, he decided to discover America. As he moved east, he was able to find work as an accountant on a cattle ranch. The fact that the cattle on the ranch were raised for slaughter didn't seem to bother Manu. However, since he would not eat beef, in lieu of it, he was given all the butter he wanted – which he turned into ghee: clarified butter.

[Manu prepared the ghee by heating the butter (but not burning it) and then sprinkling flour into the near-boiling liquid. This caused the butter-fat solids to combine with the flour – the resultant buttery granules that settled to the bottom of the pot resembled, in size and consistency, but definitely not in its flavor, "Grapenuts". Many years later, after having prepared ghee, he would give the crunchy, buttery granules to his children as a very special treat – that was during those unaware-of-the-effects-of-cholesterol days.]

No doubt, Nainsink's father's consumption of butter, whether or not in the form of ghee, was a major contributory factor to his dying of heart failure at the age of fifty four – despite his having been a vegetarian.

Manu Mainsink Tagore, during the decades he lived in America, had come a long way in accepting the life styles of non-Hindus. When as a youth in India, on his first sea voyage to Zanzibar, he refused to eat in the presence of any low- or non-caste member of the crew – for fear that the shadow of that “unclean” person would be cast upon his food or drink, thereby making it unfit to be consumed.

[The insult to the members of the crew could only be compared to that received by the wife and children of Manu’s youngest son Nainsink. When they were on vacation in the Berkshires, they became friendly with a lovely family of Orthodox Jews who occupied a nearby cabin. The children of both families, being about the same age (five to seven years), played together. On one occasion Nainsink’s children were asked to have lunch with the neighbor’s children, which they did. However, on the following day, when Nainsink’s New England-born Baptist wife invited the neighbor’s children in for lunch, their parents declined the invitation, stating that their religion forbade their eating there because the food and/or the premises would, according to their religion, be considered “unclean”. This attitude struck the American Tagores as ludicrous, and not as an insult. It seemed preposterous to them that the Judeo-Christian God, that all-powerful Supreme Being whom their neighbors were so afraid of offending, couldn’t possibly do them any more harm than He had already done – when he stood by and allowed their fellow chosen people to be made into soap. Or perhaps they were afraid that He could indeed do them even more harm – although, it was beyond the Tagores’ ability to comprehend just what that might be.]

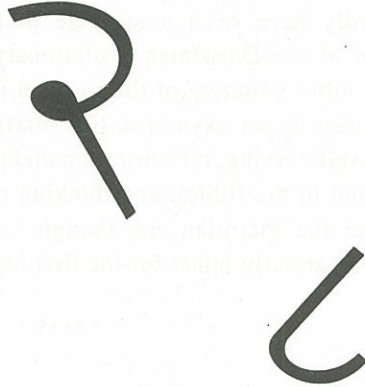
When, by chance, during Manu’s first voyage as an apprentice, the shadow of a crew member did fall on his food or water, he would toss the remainder overboard. Upon observing him, he was advised by an uncle (amongst Hindus, and in particular his father’s clan, all older male members were referred to as uncle): “You had better put aside your obligations of caste, or your rations will not last out the voyage.”

To be sure, as an adult, Manu Mainsink Tagore's religious code did allow for the exigencies of life. When one of his children was said to be anemic, and the blood of a slightly-cooked beef steak was prescribed for the child by the family's American doctor, he made no objection. However, he remained out of the kitchen while his Belgium-born American wife broiled the steak – and he did make mention that it smelled just like that of a body being cremated.

His adaptation to the American way of life was superficial at most. Nainsink's father: was a strict vegetarian (as were his wife and children during his lifetime); cast horoscopes; believed in reincarnation; practiced yoga; bathed in a squatting position in an unstoppered bathtub with the water running freely (he considered soaking in a bathtub the equivalent to stewing in one's own body filth). And, in the end, while following the rituals of his religion, he died penniless, and was cremated: as all good Hindus were.







Proper social behavior for all newcomers to America was based on that of European aristocracy, as it was filtered, over time, through the ever-changing, ever-growing influence of an English bourgeoisie culture: one that culminated in the accepted etiquette of the Victorian era. It was a materialistic culture that appealed to those striving for the better life: those lulled into believing Britain's Victorian culture had a democratic base – as manifested in its House of Commons. However, Parliament no more represented the huge mass of England's population who lived in poverty, than did the ancient council of the Athenians – or America's government during the first years of the Great Depression: before Roosevelt took office.

Victorian-era culture was firmly based on privilege; a privilege one was born to, or one that money could buy, no matter how obtained. Money was readily obtainable to the high-born and/or greedy due to the

government's control of the factors' determining the outcome of the application of the law of supply and demand. That Adam Smith's economic theories, so aptly called the dismal science coexisted, and even thrived, when the Old Testament was being used to rationalize the stealing of another's land (as promised by the Judeo-Christian God), could hardly have been a surprise to anyone. However, when an adaptation of the Darwinian evolutionary theory on the origin of the species – with its touting of the survival of the fittest was added to that mix (resulting in an oxymoron-like marriage between Darwin's words and those self-serving, racism-rationalizing words attributed to God that one can find in the Bible), any thinking person must surely ponder the morality of the Victorian era: though somewhat diminished, one that remained essentially intact for the first half of the twentieth century.

Manu Mainsink Tagore had had heart trouble for some years before the fatal day when he was carried away on a stretcher – never to be seen again by his youngest son, Nainsink. As an eight-year old, in that era where children were to be seen and not heard, Nainsink asked no questions when earlier in the day he watched as his mother and older siblings rushed about in a frenzy, with pails and wet cloths, as they went about tending to his father's needs. And, even as he watched his wan-faced father, as he lay strapped in a stretcher, being carried down the flight of steps, he was unaware of what it all meant. However, despite his not being told a thing, when the lead attendant carrying the stretcher down the stairs almost lost his footing, as he ripped his shirt on the downstairs door latch, a feeling of pity for his father (as much of a one as an eight-year old could muster) overcame Nainsink – but he never cried.

Nainsink went to the window to get a glimpse of his father's being placed in the ambulance. But, in an attempt to preserve some privacy,

the shades were pulled and, after getting but a peek, he was shooed away from the window by his oldest brother: the neighbors had been attracted by the arrival of the ambulance, its being a typically (in those days) uneventful, Brooklyn, summer evening – and they could be seen milling about in the street below looking up, out of curiosity, at the Tagore's windows.

It wasn't until the next day, when he was sent out to play, that he was made aware of his father's death. One of the neighborhood kids came by and told him: "My mother said your father died." Neither child had any conception of just what death meant. But the other kid had himself only recently lost his father. And since that child's parents were Italian-born Catholics, he had taken part in a ceremony with: incense; candles; and ringing bells; and a priest: dressed up special in a brocaded, multicolored, silky-looking robe, who sanctimoniously uttered, in Latin with an Irish brogue, a whole string of unintelligible ritualistic prayers for the soul of his dead father – all of which made the kid, his too-well-fed male relations, and innumerable women veiled and dressed in black, believe that his father's dying was merely the first stage leading to his eventually going on a kind of everlasting vacation to a never, never land in the sky.

When Nainsink got home, he confronted his twelve-year-old brother and asked, "Is Papa dead?" "Who told you that?" his brother countered, and then acknowledged that his father had passed away in the hospital during the night, but he made Nainsink promise not to tell anyone that he had told him. The fact that his father had died was not mentioned, in his presence again – until well-over a decade had elapsed.

Not even when people dropped by to offer condolence was Nainsink officially told of his father's death, let alone its significance. When the

close Dutch and American friends (whom the family had known since the good times – when they had lived in an elevator building “with a doorman” on Claremont Avenue, in Manhattan) came by and sat around the dining-room table, Nainsink was sent from the room so as not to inhibit their hushed and reverential conversation. Years later, Nainsink was to realize that he had been excluded from an intellectually-rationalized, non-sectarian, Atheistic memorial service, for a Hindu Indian – Manu Mainsink Tagore, his father. It was a memorial service attended by a group that consisted, for the most part, of free-thinking Christians.

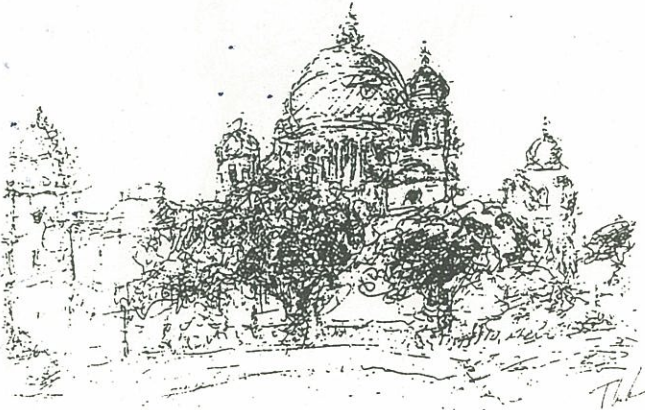
Few, if any, of his father’s Indian friends’ living in New York (there were but a handful), came by after his father’s death. Perhaps they were fearful, owing to the family’s financial straits, of being compelled to “help out”. On the other hand, it was quite possible that Nainsink’s mother never bothered to let them know of his demise; there was no love lost between them: she didn’t particularly like Indians, and they didn’t much care for her either.

Considering the inferior social status of Indians in South Africa, where Nainsink’s mother spent six of her most formative years, her marriage to his father was an obvious anomaly. But it did serve to satisfy her new-women, rebellious-for-its-time nature: the one she manifested by coming to America to attend college, at a time years before women in America had the vote.

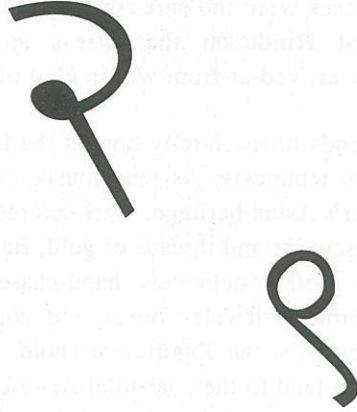
Nainsink’s mother’s pre-WWI attitude towards Indians, when she married his father, had been quite similar to that manifested by independent, upper-middle-class girls from New England and the Middle-Atlantic States, at least up until the early 1960’s, when they married young men with Irish-, Italian- or Polish-Catholic heritage; or, which was less frequent, with Greek, Latino, Slavic and Armenian ancestry: whether Christians or Jews. Though each young woman may

have felt that the particular man she had wed was someone special, they still maintained, if not heightened, their attitude of superiority towards all other members of their husband's particular ethnic group. (This may very well have been a defense mechanism: virtually all cultures, worldwide, tended to place a wife in a subordinate role to all men, not only her husband. And, in India, this attitude was not limited to the lower classes; with major exceptions, women in the subcontinent, though respected, still have a very definite role: and in theory, at least, it's one of subservience to men.)

Nevertheless, for educated women in America, many of the practices and customs of their husband's immigrant heritage were adopted by them, and then absorbed into their own conception of just what a proper upper-middle-class American upbringing for their children should be.







Before his death, Nainsink's father had earned a small income from his writing, translating and occasional casting of a horoscope. With those moneys no longer coming in; with the rent from his small real-estate holdings in Bombay having dwindled to but a few dollars a month; with no savings (the remnants of his inheritance had been used up during the first years of the Great Depression); and with no offers of financial assistance – much like all Americans at that time – his family had to make it on its own: sans insurance, sans social security.

Gradually, many of the family's Indian possessions were removed from old steamer trunks and hard-to-reach, closet shelves; walls were partially denuded; and the surfaces of bookcases, dressers and tables were cleared. Though almost all Americans had been adversely affected by the depression, a few of the Tagore family's friends had managed to remain relatively solvent. Some of those acquaintances were to "help

out”. They were Dutch for the most part, along with a few well-educated, elderly spinsters whose career expectations, as women, despite their early-American, Wasp backgrounds, were limited to being head librarians, office managers, chief telephone operators, supervisors of hospital nurses and positions of that ilk. Virtually all those family acquaintances were the sort who are still known to be attracted to the aspects of Hinduism that stress an intellectualized, non-deist, personally-arrived-at-from-within kind of spiritualism.

Those friends of the family bought the knickknacks and paraphernalia that had so tenuously, yet tenaciously, connected the Tagore family to their father’s Asian heritage. Vari-colored, silk saris: all decorated with glittering sequins and threads of gold; Batik bed spreads, wall hangings and table cloths; delicately hand-chased and enameled, brassware: incense burners, jewelry boxes and cobra-shaped candlesticks – all disappeared from the Tagore household. And from then on, the forces that were to lead to the near-total Americanization of the Tagores were to continue, more or less unimpeded.

If, after the death of Manu Mainsink Tagore, his widowed wife and children maintained any lingering affinity with his ancestral and cultural ties to India (though their fondness for Indian food was never in doubt), the receipt of the registered letters from India served to dissipate it. The letters bore large, red-wax seals and multi-colored postage stamps (bearing the visage of one or another of England’s German Emperor-Kings named George), that had been hand cancelled with official-looking, inky, blurred and squiggly lines.

The letters were addressed to Manu Mainsink Tagore’s two oldest sons: as their father’s heirs (the senders’, no doubt, being unaware of his other issue). The purpose of the letters was to advise them that the houses in Bombay were being sold to satisfy a tax assessment and other costs associated with the widening of the street on which they faced. Moreover, they were advised that if any dispute arose, they could expect a request for

all legal fees to be paid in advance. There never was any serious consideration given to contest either the government's assessment of taxes, or to look into the veracity of the assertions made by their father's distant relations.

The net result of all this was that aside from the retention of the Tagore name, the family's connections with the land of their father's birth came to an abrupt end. And, since their ties with Europe had ended years before: the result of their mother's having been financially, emotionally and culturally disinherited by her family; they adopted the American way of life to the exclusion of all and any other.

They celebrated birthdays with their very-much Americanized Dutch "aunts" and "uncles" (although none were blood-related, the children treated and referred to them as such). They became meat eaters: lamb curry replaced Bhatia curry: the buttermilk-based vegetarian one of their father's people. They ate meat loaf and beef stew; and when times got better they had ham for Easter, sausage-stuffed turkey for Thanksgiving, and lamb chops and rare beef steaks for Sunday dinner. At Christmas they trimmed a tree, sang carols and exchanged gifts. Like their "uncles" and "aunts", they too believed that they had become good Americans: Protestant ones like them, at that.

Perhaps Nainsink, having been so young when his father died, had the most need to learn about his Indian antecedents. The recollections he had had of his father were based more on hearsay than on his own observations. However, it seemed certain that Manu Mainsink Tagore was an intellectual dabbler, albeit of a fairly high order. He had a knowledge of medicine; anatomy; English, Japanese and Greek, as well as numerous Sanskrit-based Indian languages; yoga; the casting of horoscopes; Indian dance, music, cooking and religion.

Nainsink remembered hearing that his father had intended to return to India: there there was a possibility that he'd be doing something connected with film making. He had heard stories about his father's family having been in shipping. He knew his father had had an extensive collection of research-type books. He recalled seeing his father silhouetted against a window, seated at a small table cluttered with books, magazines and ephemerides – while writing on a pad of yellow paper with a number-two Mongol pencil. And, though he couldn't remember his father's having ever punished him, Nainsink had no memory of his ever showing him any sort of affection (all of which might very well have been due to his father's illness during the last years of his life). The results of his vague memories and the hand-me-down tales about his father's doings; was that he knew nothing about the stuff the man, his father, was really made of.

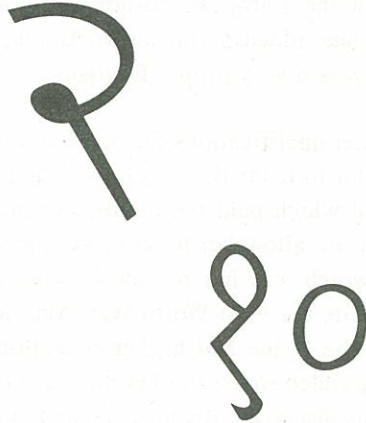
Nainsink was eager, due to his having had so little exposure to his father's influence and doings, to discover all he could about him. It was in early 1944, during the war, and after the third and youngest of his three older brothers had been drafted, that Nainsink, while rummaging around in a big, walk-in closet, decided to explore the contents of the two old steamer trunks: both still bearing illegible, faded, peeling and partially-disintegrated steamship labels. They had been securely tied before the family's move back to Manhattan several years earlier. He eagerly untied the clothesline ropes from the much-used, much-travelled trunks; one after the other, he unlatched and rummaged through them, searching and finding all sorts of things that helped him get an idea, albeit a very superficial one, of his father's Indian past.

The contents were the remainders from the sell-off of Nainsink's father's possessions: things so personal, or in such poor condition, that no buyers could be found for them. There were also some items that his mother had kept for sentimental reasons. Nainsink found a few time-worn sepia photos of turbaned men, and women draped in saris. The one

that had impressed him most was of two tall, white-bearded, wiry men dressed in sheer, white, cotton tunics and dhotis; seated and looking out at the viewer with great dignity – as each held firmly to a long-barreled, bolt-action rifle. There were cut-glass (or possibly crystal) bottles partially filled with what he discovered to be cloyingly exotic-smelling perfume: their perfectly fitting precision-ground stoppers had prevented their contents from evaporating. There were wedges of incense individually wrapped in red or blue or green silver paper. There were boxes and bottles of mysterious looking medicines: all pills, but some were covered in gold or silver foil, others seemed made of pearls. There was a beautiful, deep-red silken sari with threads of gold running through it, and there were a few bracelets and an ivory, good-luck charm: rubbing the pot belly of the gnome-like figure did the trick.

There was, however, something that gave Nainsink a real insight into the workings of his father's mind. There were a number of volumes of the "Egyptian Book of the Dead". The recto page was printed in Hieroglyphics; the verso in Greek. The book had been annotated in Gujarati by his father. From the little that he could gather from his mother, it seemed that Manu Mainsink Tagore had been involved, earlier in his life, in trying to dispel the then-accepted notion that Indian culture began with the Macedonian Alexander's penetration into the periphery of Northwestern India. He had hopes that one of his children would get involved in archaeology, linguistics and anthropology in order to disprove the self-serving, Euro-centric concepts of man's history: one that was, and still is, prevalent – worldwide.





Certainly, an allowance must be made for the shortcomings of Nainsink's mother: at the age of forty-four she was left a widow with five children ranging in age from eight to twenty (one of her youngest son's having been run over and killed six years earlier in an automobile accident). She had tended her husband, Nainsink's father, after his first heart attack – and then, intermittently, up until his death during the summer of 1937. And for those unaware of just what the 1930's signified: they were the depression years.

When his father finally succumbed, Nainsink's Belgium-born mother, Bertha Tagore, was the lowly-paid (as a result of frequent cuts in her salary: a commonplace happenstance during the "Great Depression"), foreign-news editor of a respected and well-established trade magazine. Her good fortune for having and keeping that job was due to her knowledge of that period's most important languages: those of

colonialism, international trade, culture and science. This she acquired as a result of her having received the kind of education typically given to the affluent, both in South Africa (where she spent most of her early childhood, which spanned the Boer War years, and where she acquired her snobbish, upper-class, Brit accent), and then in the Netherlands where, with the European no-nonsense approach to learning foreign languages, she added a fluency in Dutch, French and German to her ability to speak a very proper English.

Adding to her qualifications for that job, one that required her byline as foreign editor to read: B. Tagore – so as not to reveal her identity as a woman, and which paid the munificent monthly salary of seventy-two dollars (but did allow her to work at home), was that she had attended college – which was her reason for coming to New York in the first place. (Before the First World War, America was the place for a “New Woman” to be if she had higher-education aspirations.) However, her college stay ended soon after her marriage to Nainsink’s father, at which time she was disowned, disinherited and excommunicated by her family for ignoring their protests.

[What wealth her family had acquired was from dealing in diamonds. They had left Germany as a result of Napoleon’s freeing Europe’s peasantry from their compelled servitude and/or segregation which had been a requisite to the maintenance of the last remnants of Teutonic feudalism. Many of those Christians who were freed of their enforced ties to a specific piece of land had manual skills to offer as a means of surviving in an urban setting. On the other hand, a small proportion of Germany’s Jews’, those with a decent education, having been exposed to the art of making money, when freed from the need to stay put, followed the logic espoused by America’s folk hero: Jessie James, and traveled to “where the money is”. And the money was in Europe’s commercial centers: Antwerp, Amsterdam and London. Nevertheless, when gold and diamonds were discovered in the Transvaal and the Orange Free States, in

what is now the Union of South Africa, members of Nainsink's mother's family left Europe's commercial centers and again traveled to "where the money is".]

Surely his mother should be praised for having fed, clothed and roofed her children, especially in light of the attitudes displayed by later, the-world-owes-me-a-living generations. And, if she were an uneducated babushka-wearing European immigrant, her accomplishments would be praised.

From the time her husband became sick, a good portion of the money that enabled her to provide for her brood was derived from the labor of her eldest sons – both of whom were made to believe they were incapable of obtaining a college education, and might as well go to work (she convinced all of her children that they were unsuitable college material). Though sending children off to work as breadwinners was a common practice during the depression and that era of the nuclear family, it meant that the older boys hardly adults themselves, were, after their father's death, also allowed to assert parental authority over the younger children. This arrangement had little adverse effect on the others, but on Nainsink, the youngest of all by four years, it definitely did. And it was this that accounted for a good part of his alienation, and eventual split with everyone directly related to, or involved with, his mother and his siblings. Of course, it's always possible that he was just the black sheep in the family.

Her husband's never-to-be-acted upon decision to return to India, after what he rightfully felt was the insulting determination by the U.S. Supreme Court regarding the racial standing of Indo-Caucasians, did not

take her by surprise. Although, due to her own deep-seated, inherent belief in the inferiority of the non-European she found no fault with the Supreme Court's ruling, as a dutiful wife, she accepted his decision to take his family to India: Bertha Tagore realized that it was the only response a man of pride could have towards the court's denigrating resolution: one in which Asians, in America, were deemed an intellectually and racially inferior peoples.

Owing to the lingering aftereffects of his heart-attack and subsequent death, Manu Mainsink Tagore's return to India never materialized. Nevertheless, the court's decision still had a major effect on the Tagore children: it acted to reinforce Bertha Tagore's own bigoted beliefs about the inferiority of Indians. Now, during his lifetime, and despite his illness, Manu Mainsink Tagore had been the uncontested head of his family (which was pretty much the way things were in those days). However, upon his death, Bertha Tagore was faced with all the problems of "single parenthood" (a term not yet then in vogue), for which she was totally unprepared. The consequences of her shortcomings, for her children, were cataclysmic – at least in the short term.

As long as her husband lived, he had maintained his authority by his demeanor: for the most part he was sure of himself, stern yet loving and accepting of the foibles displayed by his children. On her own, Bertha Tagore hadn't the foggiest notion of what to do with her very intelligent children – besides encouraging them to get jobs and earn an honest living. This was pretty much the only obligation parents had towards their children in those pre- "Dr. Spock" days of child rearing. And the fault with Nainsink's mother was not her singlemindedness regarding work, but in the low level of expectations she had had for her children's abilities: she deliberately steered her children into taking commercial courses, while discouraging them, to the point of belittling any intellectually-based aspirations they might have had, from taking academic, college preparatory ones. The result was that, although all

the grown children, except Nainsink, managed to graduate from high school, not one of them obtained a college degree. Why did she do this? Because Bertha Tagore, a well-educated Anglomaniac of a woman, was so inculcated with the racism endemic in the West's self-serving interpretation of the Old Testament, that she believed the babies she gave birth to, sired by her Hindu husband, were incapable of benefiting from, and therefore unworthy of having the opportunity to obtain a higher education.

Within two years after his ten-day delay-in-transit furlough, and six months after his discharge, and, in preparation for college after he had taken enough courses under the GI bill to make up for well over a year of high school that he had lost as a result of his having quit school at sixteen, Nainsink was admonished by his mother to stop wasting his time and get a job. "It's not fair to your brothers", he was told.

Nainsinks' having satisfied his role as "A Soldier on Leave in The Big Town", he added the role of "Departing Warrior". Meanwhile, Doreen, in her turn, played the part of "The Girl He Left Behind". When it was time for him to leave, she accompanied him to Pennsylvania Station to see him off – and to fulfill their mutual need to be part of "The Greatest War The World Had Ever Known" (roles, heretofore, denied them because of their youth). Amongst the lockers, in the barn-like section of old Penn Station, while awaiting the gate to open leading down the stairway to the tracks and his train, they kissed good-by as passionately as any wartime-movie couple ever did.





From Penn Station, Nainsink, along with other fledgling heroes from the New York area bound for occupation duty in Japan, travelled by standard coach on the first leg of their cross-country journey: a relatively-comfortable, overnight trip to Chicago. Once there, they had a six-hour layover.

To pass the time, two of his fellow passengers, youths also from Fort Bragg, suggested they go see a burlesque show; New York's had been closed down during the depression by Fiorello La Guardia, one of the city's first law and order, Italian-American politicians, albeit a left-of-center one. (Burlesque, in general, had little relation to the kind of hardcore pornography first championed in the 1960's by claiming-to-be-liberal comedians, filmmakers, magazine publishers and their ilk: most of whom, when not dying from overdoses, became wealthy – which, in turn, made everyone ever involved with pornography into an honored

and respectable citizen.) The burlesque Nainsink and his friends saw relied mainly on the free use, by its comedians, of double-entendre, a practice intended to set the mood for the main event: the strip tease. The stripper, euphemistically called an exotic dancer, in a manner meant to tantalize her all-male audience, removed one piece of clothing after another – as she gyrated erotically, grinding and bumping to the tempo of the intended-to-be-erotically-evocative sounds of music emitted by a small and nondescript group of musicians seated in the orchestra pit.

Upon leaving the burlesque, and having heard that pizza was better in Chicago than in New York, they decided to try it. Well, what passed for pizza in Chicago, at least in those days and in the place at which the cabby dropped them off, was served piping hot, directly from the oven, in an earthenware deep dish. To them, it tasted as if it had all the ingredients of a “real” New York Pizza. So, despite its having the consistency of a poorly-made, leaden and soupy cheese souffle, they loved it.

[In those days, New York pizza was not at all like the soggy, gloppy, floppy, doughy, quick-cooked, mass-produced fast food sold-by-the-slice or delivered luke-warm and reeking of its cardboard container that, by the mid-1950’s, began to pass for pizza in New York. Prior to the onset of that descent into culinary mediocrity, when pizza began to become the mainstay of a two-bit, quick lunch-on-the-run (a slice and soda), it was necessary to go to the Italian section of the city, in what is now known as Spanish Harlem, to get the real thing. It took time to make a good pizza, and old-country Italians were the only ones who knew how to make it right. To be right, tomato sauce, cheese, olive oil and spices were all applied with controlled gusto. It was served piping hot; the thin dough was crisp on the bottom and its raised edge was slightly-burnt, blistered and crusty. It was never sold by the slice; extras, at a nominal charge, were normally limited to canned anchovies or slices of Italian sausage, and restraint was used by the customer if and when adding oregano, or salt, or red pepper, or sprinkling it with

parmesan cheese. The addition of glutinous globs of mozzarella: the gluttonous request made by pizza's new aficionados, was unheard of. New York pizza was gourmet food then, and, although, decades later, you could get a tasty snack at a Pizza Hut, it would require a quantum leap in judgement to see any resemblance to what they claim to be pizza, and what was the real thing.]

The final leg of their journey was in a soon-to-be-junked coach that was part of a dilapidated hulk of a train, and made for an almost sleepless, and most unpleasant end to an otherwise routine cross-country trip. If not for their belief that they were roughing-it, just as the "real" soldiers had, the boy soldiers-in-the-making might have felt ill-used – especially when their train was sidetracked in order to give cattle cars the right of way.

[To point out that the transportation of troops in horrible conditions, in otherwise-useless cars, both during WWII (when railroad companies could use the plausible excuse that the availability, and demand for even mediocre equipment was completely out of sync) and in the post-war years (when they had no reasonable excuse), resulted in the railroads' realizing a windfall profit, could be construed as a belaboring of the obvious. Accordingly, the reader is asked to ignore any allusion to corporate greed (one satisfied at the expense of the taxpayer) that one could construe from the above, and instead accept the railroad's claims of having made a patriotic sacrifice of profits in order to do their part in protecting the American way of life. (Pay no attention to the base canard, that patriotism is the last refuge of the scoundrel – and, most assuredly, ignore the fact that most thinking people believe it's a scoundrel's very first resort.)]

Nevertheless, before they were switched to those decrepit cars that brought them to their destination, they were exposed to the daytime

viewing of a wonderful cross-section of America. The desolate, yet awe-inspiring expanse of the Great Salt Lake; the overwhelming grandeur of seemingly-endless miles of prairie grass; and the sight of cornfield's continually filling an ever-moving yet seemingly-static horizon, were to become, for them, indelible visions of this great nation.

And, so, despite their unpleasant ordeal on the last leg of their journey, all that was heard from the youths were but a few gripes, and many words of relief upon getting off the antiquated train. Howsoever, their ordered destination in California: the Pittsburg "Repple Depple", was hardly an improvement: the camp was remorselessly hot, arid and barren; it was bordered by sand-colored, lifeless hills silhouetted against a cloudless, slate-blue, yet sun-filled sky.

Nainsink, and his fellow wannable heroes, were originally scheduled for shipment out of nearby San Francisco. But, instead, after a week of details at Pittsburg (one of which was probably illegal: it required that the soldiers deliver gravel to, and work on the driveway of an officer's off-camp private home), they were loaded onto an all-bunk troop-train bound for Seattle. During the journey north, a white-capped mountain showed itself intermittently, during those rare breaks in the lush green forest that appeared to constantly envelop the train. The just-out-of-high-school soldiers concluded that it could be Mount Hood or Mount Rainier, or possibly even both, one after the other, that they were seeing on the far-off horizon. Meanwhile, the deuces-wild, seven-card-stud, poker games went on, and the train continued unimpeded towards its preordained destination.

Camp Lawton was located amongst the hills surrounding misty Seattle. The in-transit troops were stationed for a few days in dank, cold, tar-

papered shacks. (They had been built as temporary holding quarters for the seasoned combat troops shipped from Europe, across continental U.S., after Germany's defeat, in preparation for America's planned invasion of Japan.)

At the appointed time, the youths were bused to the Army's pier in Seattle. There they boarded the waiting-to-depart troopship that was to take them to Yokohama.

The air was full of excitement for the boy soldiers, despite their being no faraway war to be fought. And, so, as they made their way up the gangplank – they were oblivious to the nature of the routine, lackluster performance and the disjointed meter of the drum beat emanating from the far-from-enthusiastic marching band detailed to pay homage to the youths as they boarded the ship that would enable them to fulfill their patriotic commitment to God, country and the American way of life. The wannabe heroes were playing out their fantasies, and there was no way that they could be made to face reality.

The youths sat around on deck, watching a glorious sunset, as the ship sailed out of Puget Sound, and on through the Straits of Juan de Fuca. But even before it got dark, and just after they were heard to joke about the thought of getting seasick, they made their way down to their assigned bunks, just a tiny bit queasy. Nothing, it would have seemed, was going to be capable of lowering their spirits, now that they were finally on board the ship which was to be the real beginning of the first (and for many, the only) major adventure of their lives.

It was October by the time the troopship, bearing one or another general's name, started on her voyage across, what turned out to be for them, a misnomered "Pacific Ocean". The ship took a northern route

that brought her close to the Aleutians, where she ran into constant, violent and stormy weather. The result was that most everyone was seasick for the duration of the two-week voyage. Their major respite occurring when, during a storm, they went up on deck, which had the miraculous effect of reviving even the sickest amongst this boatload of wan yet still-spunky teen-agers. As for Nainsink, he found relief from his overwhelming and continuous feeling of queasiness when he stood at the very tip of the ship's prow. There, alone, cloaked in his waterproof poncho, he stood, while clutching the ship's ice-cold railing, and watching as he and the vessel (now made insignificant by the immensity of the surrounding, seemingly-endless mass of turbulent water) inexorably rose with each swell before plunging again into the resultant void – all while a cold and salty ocean spray swept smartly across his unprotected face.

As the ship entered Japanese waters, the troops, now standing at the railing, could see the remnants of the partially-sunken hulks of Japan's once formidable fleet. However, despite this evidence of their failed efforts to dominate Asia, those Japanese, at dock-side in Yokohama, who witnessed this boatload of green, teen-age, mal de mer-weakened troops as they straggled down the gangplank, must have given second thought to the wisdom of their military leaders' running up the white flag. For, though the gear the boy soldiers carried on board weighed no more than what they lugged and dragged off the vessel, they gave the appearance that it had at least tripled in weight during the voyage. And, by the time our youthful, would-be heroes managed to tug, tote and toss their belongings onto a waiting train, each could be seen collapsing exhausted into the nearest available seat.



By the time Nainsink Tagore and his fellow teenagers arrived in Japan in the fall of 1946, the function of the American occupation forces was to give the stamp of authority to the near-puppet governments installed by the victorious Allies. This was intended to afford the former Axis nations sufficient time to establish democratic, non-socialist governments that were dedicated to the establishment of a capitalistic, free-market economic system. It was hoped that those newly-formed governments would remain strong enough to: permanently dispel Germany from returning to the pursuit of her master-race-rationalized plans of conquest; keep Japan's expansion-minded military-imperialists from ever coming back into power; and prevent Italy's Fascists from again attempting to endow modern-day Roma with the Glory that was Rome's. Meanwhile, America's overpowering military potential, backed by her possession of the atom bomb, was expected to keep the Russians at bay, thereby, perhaps unwittingly, enabling our former

European allies to make an all-out effort to reclaim their colonies – just as if WWII had never happened.

Under the Marshall Plan: we poured billions of dollars into West Europe's war-stricken economy – when a billion dollars was real money – in an effort to bolster the free-enterprise system. This was necessitated by war-weary Europe's socialist leanings resulting from the greed-caused Great Depression brought about by out-of-control capitalism's abysmal performance, whereby it failed to enable ordinary people to have the opportunity to provide a life of dignity for themselves – which had, coincidentally, prepared the way for WWII. Accordingly, postwar Europe's war-weary masses, disillusioned by war-profits-hungry capitalism's complicity in having brought about WWII (while rationalizing their own individual acquiescence as gullible, racist, greed-motivated partners-in-crime), were thought to offer fertile ground for the establishment of a communist-type socialist state.

Now, while we were pouring those billions of dollars into West Europe, our allies in that war were bent on continuing and/or reinstating their own military subjugation of their "possessions": their cash-cow colonies – most of which would have been lost to one or another of the Axis powers, if not for the American presence. And even those colonies conquered by the Axis powers during the war, though only temporarily (this time thanks to American military intervention), were reinvaded by our European allies – even when without the non-too-plausible excuse that they were preventing a former colony from going over to the "commies".

[The Dutch only ceased their armed-with-the-most-up-to-date-American-weaponry attempt at re-occupying their former colony, the Dutch East Indies (what is now the Republic of Indonesia), after the Americans threatened to withhold aid to them under the Marshall plan – in event they didn't get out.

[A decade later, by taking advantage of the turmoil caused by Russia's armed intervention in Hungary, two past recipients of Marshall Plan aid: Britain and France, along with a near-totally-subsidized-by-the-American-taxpayer Israel, attempted to steal the Suez Canal from Egypt – backing-off only after President Eisenhower demanded that they withdraw. And, from that day forward, Ike was to become the subject of ridicule by the representatives and supporters of the three nations he so chastised.]

Americans might ponder the irony of one of the effects of the American taxpayer-funded Marshall Plan: by pouring billions of dollars into the British economy, America was instrumental in allowing for the establishment of England's National Health Service – a form of free-to-all-comers, nationalized-medicine plan. Yet, even after the passage of half a century the American people can look forward to no such medical coverage: the very concept of which is damned as a socialist contrivance.

America's wealthy industrial and banking interests were also more than a little concerned by the prospect that newly-democratized Axis nations might turn to a communist type of socialism. For that reason, our leaders decided that America would fare better if the lands of our former foes were controlled by ex-fascists, rather than ex-communists.

They acted on that assumption, despite the fact that the dictatorial socialist states of Nazi Germany and Imperial Japan had walked hand in hand with those very same pro-fascist, mega-monopolistic industrialists who had profited by the ruthless use of slave labor in support of the Axis war effort. Perhaps the ounce of prevention (the postwar backing of the Axis' industrialists) was worth a pound of cure (armed intervention to prevent the spread of communism in the defeated Axis nations). And perhaps immoral means can be justified as a way of obtaining believed-

to-be-desirable ends. However, our support for the moneyed oligarchies in those countries, has proven to be to the ultimate detriment of the average American (as well as West European) working man and woman.

It would be safe to assume that America's post-FDR, postwar leaders had very little interest in establishing truly democratic governments anywhere in the world. And when we did, we either deliberately, or inadvertently made the people in those nations incapable of affecting their government's political direction. We accomplished this by backing, world-wide, albeit not always successfully, an elite coterie of all-powerful, money-made aristocrats whose economic clout was such that they were capable of preventing a truly-democratic state from being established – which, horrors of all horrors, could have had socialist leanings.

This worked well in Germany and Japan, because the mass of their citizenry, though nominally free, hadn't the vaguest idea of how a man or woman, as an individual, goes about caring for his or her own needs. Therefore, they willingly ceded control of their governments to the will of the wealthy few who controlled the manufacturing and banking cartels. In return they receive (as long as the Soviet Union continues to be a viable military threat) benefits equal to, or better than they could reasonably expect to receive in a socialist-run economy. The end result was, and is, that the great mass of Japanese and Germans (Italians, the other major Axis partner, never quite got the hang of accepting restraints on individualism in return for the equivalent of socialism's touted material benefits) paid for their economic security with the loss of their political freedom (becoming nothing more than well cared for peons giving unquestioned allegiance to their benign overlords: that congregation of modern-day, quasi-military corporate leaders).

That ability for political self-determination was the obvious consequence of the power-of-the-ballot given to the citizens of the

former Axis nations (at the insistence of the old formulators of America's "New Deal"). Then, as a means of counteracting the socialistic tendencies democracy is prone to foster, the new members of America's "Old Guard", under the guise of countering communism, made certain that the real power: the power of wealth and privilege, remained with their counterparts in the defeated Axis nations. This was done, despite the fact that America's industrial and banking counterparts, in the former Axis nations, were guilty of having committed, and/or abetted, the very same atrocities for which Germany's and Japan's military and political leaders were executed or imprisoned (though, in all fairness, it must be stated that only a fraction of those responsible for the untimely deaths, directly and indirectly, of untold tens-of-millions of peoples, during the course of WWII, were actually punished).

The loathsome level of barbarity exhibited by the Axis powers, though a fairly commonplace happenstance in the course of human events, hadn't been seen since Europe's Catholic and Judeo-Christian "discoverers" and colonizers of the new world, committed their centuries-long exploitation and decimation of the indigenous American peoples and their culture (it has been estimated that some fifty million native Americans died as a direct result of the European presence – a body-count equal to that of all those killed, throughout the world, during the deadliest war of all: WWII).

Of course, it would be a great injustice to Euro-Caucasians to assume that in the past, only non-Europeans were butchered by them on such a grand scale. For the better part of a millennia they went about murdering one another, en masse. They invented all sorts of reasons why their fellow Europeans deserved to die: they were heretics, papists or non-Christians; they practiced witchcraft, associated with the devil and engaged in other

such evil doings. And, of course, long before Catholic and Judeo-Christian Europeans menaced the well-being of the rest of the world, one or another horde of Euro-barbarians, Indo-Aryans, Semites and Huns also committed acts of senseless carnage, which brought about the near-total economic and cultural destruction of entire, ancient, advanced Asian and Mediterranean civilizations.

Though the original attempts by the crusaders to wrest the Holy Land from the Saracens were, for the most part, motivated by religious zeal, the later Crusades were inspired by greed. Having few of the world's luxuries at their disposal, once the north-of-the-Mediterranean Europeans had their appetites whetted by their exposure to the goodies of Christian Byzantium, they exhibited their Christian fervor by ravaging the Christian city of Constantinople. The West no longer showed great interest in the biblical land of Christ's birth, at least until Balfour promised to give the Promised Land away.

Despite the universality of greed-engendered bestiality, only the followers of Judeo-Christian-Mohammedan monotheism (all sharing a belief in the very same, one and only, true God: all-powerful, jealous, vainglorious and vindictive) rationalized the murder and enslavement of alien peoples, along with the confiscation of their lands – by claiming they had a valid contract with “The One-and-Only True God” that authorized their doing so. This compact with their God, as interpreted by the Egyptian Moses, the mythological leader of the Hebrews, required only that they pay homage to Him, and only to Him: the Unmentionable Him. This they accomplished by figuratively destroying the idolized golden calf, as a symbol of idolatry, while literally worshipping the gold it was made of. (It should be noted that the remaining chiselled-in-stone conditions – the nine other commandments – are all apparently negotiable.)

This compact with their God allowed the followers of the monotheistic religions to claim their legacy from Him of the promised land. Moslems

and Christians (until almost modern times) added a dollop of hypocrisy. Under the guise of proselytizing the heathens, armed Moslem and Catholic, iconoclastic, religious zealots attempted and usually succeeded in destroying a great part of the visible, physical evidence of the existence of any of the early cultures in any lands they set foot in. Jews, however, at least nowadays, when reclaiming their “Promised Land”, avoid being hypocrites; they no longer make allowances for the conversion of the “Goyim” to Judaism: as they did in the Levant, and in the lands occupied by the Greeks, Germans and Slavs.

The near-fatal blow to the remnants of the ancient cultures came about as a result of “promised-land” colonialism: the greed-motivated interpretation of the Old Testament which rationalized the confiscation of the wealth and lands of militarily-weaker people. The colonial powers that were to become America’s WWII allies: England, Holland, Belgium, France – all believed (or at least claimed they did) that they were acting with the authority of their God when they went about subjugating alien peoples while stealing their lands and property – all in accordance with their compact with Him, whereby they were merely claiming title to the land promised to them. All this they accomplished with the most advanced weaponry that their loving God had so graciously made available to them.

Any observant person will, by force of empiric evidence, realize that all bullies are cowards: like individuals, nations are no different. With the exception of England, notably in North Africa, every one of our West-European allies, when attacked, surrendered their colonies to one or another of the Axis powers – with hardly a whimper. And only England, with the overwhelming support of America, gave more than a token defense of their very own homelands.

[Stressing the immensity of the innumerable barbarisms committed throughout humanity's known existence, does tend to place the cowardly and inhumane destruction of well-over six million unarmed and defenseless Jews, Slavs, Gypsies and cripples by Germans into proper historical perspective. Nevertheless, pointing out that bestiality is a universal human trait, surely does not, nor is it intended to make light of Nazi Germany's despicable orgy of barbarism: the carrying out of which, with such methodical, Germanic precision, precludes comparison with the prewar and postwar actions of America and her wartime colonist allies. There is no way that Germany can use the same obfuscating rationalizations for the mass-killing of innumerable innocent peoples, and the stealing of their property, such as was made by our God-fearing WWII allies when they went about subjugating the most trusting segments of the non-Christian, non-Euro-Caucasian world – with the most advanced weaponry, for its time.

[By the late 1980's, the corporate, industrial and banking interests in the ex-Axis nations (the bad guys) were sharing equally with the ex-Allies (the good guys) in partaking of a disproportionate percentage of the world's finite wealth. And, by the final decade of the twentieth century, not only had America and Russia, the two nations most responsible for the defeat of the Axis powers, lost much of their own industrial and economic prowess, but only America managed (by damn near bankrupting herself) to retain her overwhelming military supremacy.]



Although the most popularly supported American war was not officially over until January 1, 1947, being in the service, overseas, during 1946, earned even less respect for a G.I. than serving stateside during the Korean or Vietnam wars. It was a time when soldiers were needed for occupation duty; essentially, this was for ceremonial purposes, and to give the appearance of an American military presence.

Since dictatorships can only function amongst an obedient-to-authority citizenry, once the leaders of the Axis nations told their people to surrender, with few exceptions, no resistance of consequence was made to the occupation forces. At the time it was attributed, by what seemed an obvious assumption, to their being as relieved by the ending of hostilities as we were. However, their apparently resigned acceptance of defeat (after all, they did surrender unconditionally), didn't stop them

from rationalizing that defeat. This they accomplished in that time-honored manner, “We would have won, but....”.

And so, the loss of face associated with their losing the war was to be mitigated by their manufacturing alibis (much as so many American patriots did after our loss of the Vietnam War, for which there was no need of an alibi: we did the honorable thing when we quit fighting what was essentially an immoral war – as are all potentially-avoidable wars). By rationalizing their loss, citizens of the defeated Axis powers were able (no matter how unwarranted and hypocritical) to retain a sense of national pride: “We only lost because of the Russian winter.”; “We would never have surrendered if the Americans hadn’t dropped the bomb.”; “We never wanted to go to war – it was all Mussolini’s doing.”

The upshot was that the youthful occupation troops, despite their wearing the combat boots of war, were no heroes, not to our former enemies: the Germans, the Japanese and the Italians; not to Americans back home (after all, the real war was over); and not, for that matter, to the kid soldiers themselves – all of whom were only too aware that they had been too young to have taken part in “The War”.

During WWII, Americans had been bombarded with propaganda depicting the Japanese as a cruel and vicious peoples. And nothing that has come to light, evidencing what they actually did do during that war, would appear to refute that propaganda. Consider their murderous treatment of prisoners of war; their massacre of hundreds of thousands of unarmed Chinese; their kidnapping of Korean women to act as whores to service the sexual needs of their invading armies; their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor; their pillage and rapine in Manila; the betrayal and enslavement of those Asians taken in by their claim of: “Asia for Asiatics”, when their sole intention was to supplant the European colonizers as their new rulers.

Likewise, the Japanese people were fed a constant barrage of propaganda that vacillated between calling us effete mongrels to heartless murderers. The first: to belittle Americans and the higher standard of living that we then enjoyed; the second: to eliminate any possibility of the Japanese people's surrendering – while fostering a willingness to do or die for their emperor, their country and for themselves – though not necessarily in that order.

Our devastating fire-bombing of Japan's major cities, where the majority of buildings were but flimsy, wooden structures with unsubstantial, rice-paper and wooden-framed room partitions; and Harry Truman's authorization to drop the atomic bomb on civilian populations in cities so vulnerable, did nothing to detract from their opinion of Americans as murderers.

[It should be pointed out, however, that Japan's use of Kamikasis (known today only as potent drinks to be consumed by the alcoholically unsophisticated – but which were, in fact, suicidal, fanatical pilots who, during the final months of WWII, flew their planes into our warships, with tragic results for many thousands of American sailors), plus the horrendous death toll to the Russians in taking Berlin, convinced Truman and his advisors that many hundreds of thousands of additional American lives would be lost during the projected invasion of Japan proper. In addition, Japan was in the process of developing the means of engaging in biological warfare, and it would be safe to assume that they would have used it against America – had the war continued much longer. All of this does negate much of the need to justify our use of the atomic bomb. Nonetheless, it should also be pointed out that the use of the bomb gave Japan's military leaders a face-saving excuse to stop fighting a war they knew they couldn't win. Moreover, in event an invasion of Japan had taken place, the projected losses for the Japanese

(assuming the same proportion of Japanese-to-American casualties that prevailed in the taking of Iwo Jima and Okinawa) could very well have reached a two-digit multiple of those realized in the A-bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki.

[As long as we have a morality that claims that might is right, and an international economic system that thrives on continually increasing the demand for an expanded list of consumer goods (by making essential what in the past had been considered story-book luxuries), while keeping them in short supply: thereby creating an insatiable demand for them that the majority of would-be purchasers can't afford – we will continue to have greed-motivated wars. And, just in case we've forgotten just what war is, it seems a good idea to repeat those simple, often quoted words of that great nonpolitician, General William Tecumseh Sherman: "War is hell". And he, it should be remembered, was on the winning side.]

Despite a few occasional excesses committed by the battle-weary, American combat troops who first occupied Japan, the Japanese people had to be surprised by the general lack of vindictiveness displayed by the victorious American occupying forces. And, within six months after Japan's acceptance of the terms of unconditional surrender, the great majority of those combat troops began to embark on the troopships that were to return them to the states: to the carefree life that, as civilians, they optimistically believed would be theirs. In the fall, as 1946 drew to a close, their replacements: young draftees, as well as enlistees eager to play soldier and partake in the service of their country, began arriving in force at the Army's Yokohama Replacement Depot.



The train the boy soldiers boarded at dockside chugged along for about an hour before disgorging them on a far-from-sturdy, wooden platform; from there the still-weakened youths carried their gear, as best they could, to waiting buses. After a short ride, they were dropped off at the Yokohama Repple Depple. Upon arriving, and answering to yet another series of the army's never-ending roll calls, they were led to a large mess tent. There, while seated at buckboard benches, they ate what was obviously a hastily-prepared meal of black coffee and a sandwich: American cheese-on-dry-white-bread. Since it was the only meal the army offered them, it was most welcome. Nevertheless, this sample of the army's indifference towards even the most basic needs of the youths, or at the very least of its poor planning and overall incompetence, does show just what a typical low-level SNAFU was at that time.

“SNAFU” was a frequently used term in America’s armed forces, and usually with good cause. This was the acronym for the phrase: “Situation Normal, All Fucked Up”. But the phrase, “All Fouled Up” was normally substituted (in those days of women’s bondage), if and when called upon to explain its meaning to a female – no matter what her age or sexual orientation.

[In the service, “Fuck” was the morpheme of choice as the basis for every conceivable part of speech the average GI could possibly apply it to. However, surprisingly enough, that old Anglo-Saxon verb was rarely conjugated by them for use in its literal sense. Instead, the term “lay” was substituted as the root for all the words describing the act of fornication. Although, in those sexually-represssive times, fornication was normally considered to be an activity limited to that which is today debasingly called “parson’s position” sexual intercourse.]

The term SNAFU was reserved for the less horrendous mistakes committed by America’s military. And, so, the 1994 downing of two of our own helicopters, in Iraq, at which time twenty-six UN and US observers were killed, would definitely not be considered a SNAFU – but will most assuredly be treated as a major “FUCK UP”, for which heads could roll. On the other hand, the Navy’s downing, a few years earlier, of a civilian Iranian plane with some three-hundred Moslem pilgrims on board was obviously considered a mere oversight: a SNAFU. The commanding officer responsible for this incomprehensible act of stupidity (no doubt this was attributed, by his very understanding superiors, to his use of poor judgement under stressful circumstances), if not one motivated by his total disregard for the lives of non-Christian non-Euro-Caucasians, was exonerated – and, at worst, might have received a negative notation on his record – which may have either acted to delay or expedite his promotion. (However, that the downing of the Korean passenger plane that strayed over Soviet territory caused the Russians to be reviled as barbarians throughout the

“civilized” world, was most assuredly not a SNAFU; it was obviously a major “FUCK-UP” on their part.)

Despite, or perhaps because of the stress on military procedure, with its necessary demand for blind adherence to authority (under normal circumstances, there can be no room for responsible, independent action), there have been, and will continue to be innumerable occasions, often with deadly results, when the use of the term SNAFU, though at times tinged with the macabre aspect of black humor, was, and most certainly will continue to be appropriately and fittingly used to describe the uncaring manner in which the military so often functions, or malfunctions, as the case may be.

It has been said that war is far too important to leave in the hands of the generals. And who can argue with that? But what’s the alternative? Have politicians tend to it? Hardly! Perhaps it’s time to really give peace a chance.

It had been dark for hours by the time the boys were ordered outside. Then, while standing in formation, and after another interminable, hurry-up-and-wait delay, their names were called as they were assigned to one or another of the waiting six-bys. Again, lugging their gear, as best they could, they clambered up the backs of their assigned trucks, and squeezed in on one of the fold-down, wood-slatted benches. It took no more than a few minutes for them to reach their final destination at the sprawling camp. There the youths were led to large, airy, canvas tents (the sides were rolled up a foot from the ground to keep the canvas from rotting); each had a small oil stove in its center, and fold-up, canvas-bottomed, wood-framed cots strung along the sides of the tent. The non-com in charge lit the stove, cautioned them on the dangers involved in trying to relight it in event it went out – then climbed back into the cab of the truck, and was off.

Japan, warmed by the waters of the South Pacific, has weather much like that of the northwest coast of America. And, as in Seattle, Yokohama in late fall is damp and bone-chilling, with its temperature bordering on freezing; the cold was far more penetrating than was the frigid, dry air of the snow-bound-in-winter sections of America. The result was that even the young replacement troops from the north, while donning all the clothes they could wear, moved their cots as close to the, by then, red-hot stove as they dared. Within minutes, all were fast asleep: sweating on the side facing the stove, and freezing on the other. Two tents, a little distance away, burned down during the night; it was said that no one was hurt.

The following evening an outbreak of dysentery hit the camp. The latrine was situated over a hundred yards from Nainsink's tent; no sooner did one G.I. return, than another left to take his place. Dysentery was rampant, and throughout the night soldiers could be seen lined up – each anxiously awaiting his turn to use the facilities. (Perhaps understandably, there was evidence outside one of the tents that one GI decided not to make the long trek to the latrine.)

Upon entering the latrine: the night-time destination of that stream of sick and pitiful teenage soldiers, they found a long trough, about two feet off the ground. It ran along most of the right side and served as a communal urinal. Opposite it, about five or six feet away, set on a one-foot-high, concrete platform, was a long, rectangular, wooden box that was about a foot and a half high, and three feet wide which ran the entire length of the latrine: about forty feet. It was probably of Japanese design, since, along the top, at three-foot intervals, round holes of about ten inches in diameter had been cut, which appeared to make them better suited for squatting than sitting.

The Japanese, being an industrious and frugal people, constructed the latrine in such a manner as to enable an old, forlorn, Japanese man, the driver of an ox-drawn, “honey” cart, to collect its contents.

Similar collections of night soil were made throughout Japan for use as a fertilizer on the ubiquitous rice paddies. This sort of utilization of human waste: the natural by-product of man’s internal, energy-producing mechanism, was, of course, a commonplace practice in agricultural societies. Humanity’s not-so-fastidious primitive forebears were obviously just as observant as our modern-day humorist who noted that the grass grew greener over the septic tank.

Worldwide, those segments of society subjected to the puritanical interpretation of the Bible’s Judeo-Christian Old Testament, have come to consider certain of humanity’s normal bodily functions as being obscene. This has brought about a moral posture (no pun intended), in those parts of the world so influenced, with a line of reasoning that runs something like this: since both the reproductive process and the elimination of bodily wastes are bodily functions’ utilizing some of the same or adjacent fixtures, and, since both are considered by the Euro-centric ethos currently universally in vogue to be somewhat dirty, if not obscene (barring an occasional virgin birth), many in our analytic society conclude that elimination and fornication must be interrelated. This warped logic has led to the rationalization of an entrenched practice by a now self-segregated sub-society dedicated to the glorification of a sexual outlet (albeit one practiced to some degree in every known culture – though not normally self-righteously flaunted, nor for that matter, self-righteously condemned) that is the root-cause of a plague destined to be with us well into the twenty-first century.

One of the most hypocritical forms this glorification of anal sex has taken is that which the unsophisticated amongst our fellow human beings call “feelthy” pictures for homos – and which the cognoscenti call homo-

erotic art. This call-it-what-you-will “art”, differs in its *raison d’être* from hetero-erotic art (an obvious euphemism for dirty pictures meant to appeal to “straights”), in that it’s self-evident that it’s being used for the purposes of proselytism – as well as a means of justifying the very same sexual outlet universally accepted as being responsible (African monkeys to the contrary) for the initial outbreak of AIDS. On the other hand, porno for “straights” is meant primarily to be either a stimulant or substitute for a heterosexual encounter. (The validity for drawing these conclusions can be found in the fact that certain ladies, not all of whom claim to be lesbians, wish to prohibit the making, exhibiting and sale of porno meant to appeal to “straight” males. This, despite the incongruity, that many of these same ladies tend to defend the right of homosexuals to display homo-erotic art: that celebration of a sexual practice proven to have far more deleterious consequences for women in general, than for “straight” men.)

By and large, the sex life of the boy soldiers was direct and simple, and since there were those few amongst them who suffered little or not at all, from the effects of the ocean trip, or even from the subsequent dysentery, some of them managed to have sex with the then-ubiquitous Japanese whores – this despite the replacement depot’s encircling wire fence, albeit not a very sturdy one.

Rumor had it, that those encounters were brought to a climax while the parties remained on their own side of the fence. By the sex-education-for-six-year-olds 1980’s, the greatest majority of young Americans would have met with no difficulty in realizing the ease in which this could be accomplished. However, in those days, when most kids thought in terms of parson-position sex, the majority of the youths, including Nainsink, were incapable of visualizing just how this was accomplished. And even after a year of innumerable exposures to the

paid favors of Japan's huge array of whores (euphemistically, and erroneously called geisha girls), the vast majority of teenage Lotharios would still have been unable to supply the additional data that could enlighten their mind's eye.

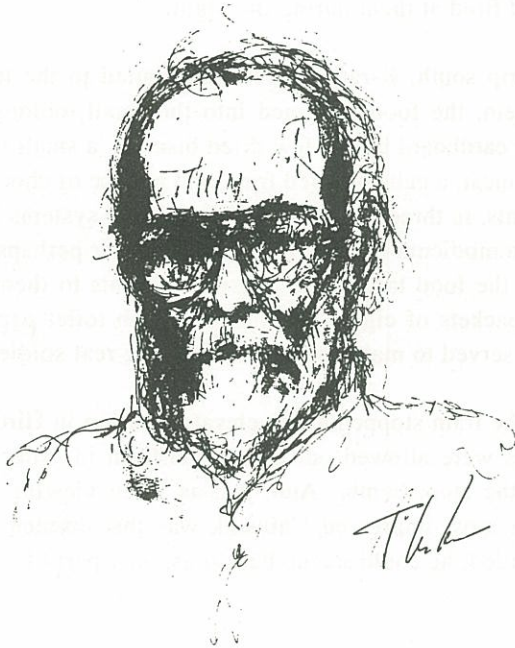
The trip south to Camp Hakata was uneventful, in that no one took pot shots at the troops. But the windows did show evidence of bullets' having been fired at the train – either before or after the war was over. As a precaution, at night, no lights were turned on; and the still-very-green soldiers were advised (perhaps as a hoax) not to sleep sitting up in their coach seats, but rather to lie down as close to the floor as they could. It was feared, that under the cover of darkness, some Jap crazies, who could be hanging out in the wooded areas, might take pot shots at them. In the morning, however, there was nothing to indicate that anyone had fired at them during the night.

For their trip south, K-rations were distributed to the troops, and, for most of them, the food crammed into the small, oblong, water-proof, olive-drab, cardboard box: a few dried biscuits, a small tin of cheese or Spam-like meat, a cube of dried fruit, and a piece of chocolate, were the first nutrients, in three weeks, to remain in their systems long enough to give them a modicum of energy. And despite, or perhaps because of its simplicity, the food tasted like gourmet delights to them. Meanwhile, the small packets of cigarettes and olive-drab toilet paper, that it also contained, served to make the youths feel like real soldiers.

En route, the train stopped at the elevated station in Hiroshima, and all the soldiers were allowed out on the platform in order to take in the effects of the atom bomb. And, just as when viewing the Great Salt Lake, what most impressed Nainsink was the absence of life. From where he stood, he could see no buildings; only part of a corner of what

might have been a bank building remained – and that appeared to be about a mile away. However, plots, outlined with roof tiles (where buildings once stood and/or where new ones were to be built), covered the entire area, as far as he could see.

[One year later, travelling north to Yokohama on his way back to the States, the train he was on again passed through Hiroshima. This time he saw, as if by a miracle, that each one of those laid-out plots was occupied by a little wooden house with a clay-tile roof. They appeared to be just like every other little house in every Japanese town Nainsink had seen in the course of the past year – except that, instead of the wood on the buildings being weathered, and brownish-gray in color, it was the orange-ocher hue of new, barely-seasoned lumber.]





For large bodies of newly-arrived and in-transit troops, their comings and goings, to and from one camp or another, are all more or less the same: lots of standing in formation, roll calls, waiting around, rumors and make-shift meals before being assigned temporary quarters and a bunk. For the boy-soldier, replacement troops, their arrival at Camp Hakata (a converted Japanese seaplane base, located across the bay from Fukuoka, in northern Kyushu) proved to be no exception. Nevertheless, before they were permanently assigned, there was a major addition to the routine; several days were allocated to getting them oriented to certain aspects of postwar Japan. For the most part, this took the form of an indoctrination into the anatomical makeup of the human body, with a stress on the male and female reproductive organs. However, the diagrammed gynecologist's view of the female's crotch received the most detailed attention – much to the embarrassment of many of the boy soldiers. Despite the apparent arbitrariness of those lectures, they were

in reality the preliminaries to their being advised as to the whys, wherefores and how-tos of having safe sex with the Japanese ladies of the morning, afternoon and evening.

For decades prior to the 1950's, the average, red-blooded American boy had gained his knowledge of female anatomy from his hanging-around-the-corner peers, plus the assiduous perusals of the photos published in a more-or-less free press: lingerie and swimsuit ads, and Esquire, National Geographic and an assortment of girlie magazines. In those publications of yesteryear (all, unofficially, yet, nonetheless, very much self-censored) and over the course of those "sexually-repressed" decades' leading up to, during and immediately after WWII, in every instance, the ladies on view were clad in such a manner as to deny them the ability to engage in any aspect of the female reproductive process – or, for that matter, in any of the other then-unspeakable bodily functions.

There's probably some significance, although it's hard to say exactly what, that should be given to the fact that had it not been for the sex education they received in the service, the great majority of men, even well after attaining middle-age, and having an enduring sex life, would have been, just like their fathers before them, totally ignorant of just how a woman's plumbing actually worked, as well as of the actual, outer, physical appearance of those fixtures.

For all but the children of the most sophisticated parents (or of those thought to be depraved), the closest thing to a sex education the average kid could have received, during the depression and into the forties and fifties, when even movies were industry-censored, would have come from reading one or another of the underground publications generically called: "Hot Little Books". These very small, pocket-sized booklets contained about a dozen pages, with a single panel to the page. They

featured fairly well-drawn, vividly-graphic, pornographic takeoffs on well-known comic strips; an abundant supply of out-of-work artists, all eager to make a more-or-less honest buck any way they could, was easy to come by during the hard-time years of the Great Depression – the period when the takeoffs were originally rendered.

The heroes and heroines found in comic books and newspaper cartoons: Alley Oop and Oola, Dick Tracy and Tess Trueheart, Terry and the Dragon Lady, Little Orphan Annie and Daddy Warbucks, Superman and Lois Lane, Jiggs and Maggie, Dagwood and Blondie, and any other couple you might think of, were to be seen in these “Hot Little Books”, engaged in various modes of copulation. It was from such publications that many an American youth, this included many a girl, learned about the more arcane aspects of sex. However, since for the most part, those acts depicted required remarkable feats of athletic agility on the part of the cartoon characters for the stories to reach their climax, these little books acted very much as the Kama Sutra for the acne set. Moreover, only by a dramatic stretch of the imagination could those comic-strip rip-offs be compared to the gynecological explorations of the XXX movies and sex magazines that youngsters (as well as adults) began to be exposed to, as the mid-sixties came to pass.

[Still, a half-century later, and after decades of exposure to graphic forms of sex education offered throughout the public school system, and the plethora of freely available explicitly pornographic magazines and video tapes, the swimsuit edition of a major sports magazine, albeit one featuring nubile, scantily-clad (though strictly “G”-rated) sexy-looking models, is its biggest seller. The magazine is sold on newsstands – its come-on cover competing with those selling pictures of non-”G”-rated ladies: ladies not wearing so much as a “G” string. However, the sales that count most for this “sports” magazine come from the home delivery to its subscribers: that much sought after “readership” of middle-class, church-going exponents of “traditional, American family-values”. HMMM!]

In a makeshift classroom located in the front part of a large quonset hut, stood an embarrassed young lieutenant, blushing through his all-American, peaches and cream-complexioned face (one that appeared hairless, yet unshaven). Facing him was a group of soldiers, still-more-youthful-looking. With a pointer in hand, the lieutenant, while using a hanging wall chart picturing a reclining female with her legs spread wide apart, designated the various parts of a woman's body that are known to differentiate women from men. In giving his lecture, the youthful, trained-to-be-a-leader-of-men instructor, tried to be as matter of fact when giving the names and functions of the various parts of a lady's reproductive system, as when he was describing the functions of the apparatus visible from the rear view of a 105 howitzer – with its trails spread, breechblock open, ready for action.

The lieutenant, despite his obvious embarrassment, or perhaps due to his own awareness of his inability to mask it, made a point of adding man-in-the-know comments about some of the more notable aspects of a lady's reproductive system: the most memorable being, how when stimulated, the clitoris acts as an indicator of feminine desire.

Although this was the first time that the vast majority of boy soldiers heard the terms vestibule, clitoris, vagina, urinary canal, or for that matter pubis, it's doubtful that any of them had not used, or at the very least heard one or another street-corner, or barnyard term for one or more of those very same parts of a lady's anatomy. [It's no doubt difficult for those reaching puberty after the fifties, to realize that in those pre-women's lib/anti-pornography days, when, in a broad range of middle-class society, if a female was present, that entire general area of a woman (or of a man) was referred to, if ever, as one's private parts.]

After the introductory lecture, the soldiers were led into the rear section of the hut, which served as a small theatre. There they were seated facing the stage. Then another lieutenant, a near look-alike of the first one, lectured them on the dangers of having unprotected sex with Japanese prostitutes – they were also warned, that any days spent in the clap-shack, while recovering in isolation, would be considered bad time. This meant no pay for that period, as well as serving additional time as an extension beyond the expected date of discharge: a discharge other-than-honorable, at that. Finally, he held up his hand, and then, while dramatically, spreading his fingers, stated with great authority: “There are five venereal diseases that every Japanese prostitute is likely to have. And if you must have sex with them, you must protect yourself by using both condoms and prophylactics!”

At this point, five, hapless, Japanese males, all wearing informal western-civilian attire, were herded onto the stage; and with backs turned towards the audience of callow soldiers, and in a perfunctory manner, they, in unison, dropped their trousers. Then, the boy soldiers, after being told that each of those men were infected by a different one of the five venereal diseases, were marched, single-file, up onto the stage and made to observe the condition of the penis of each infected man. The youths hurried by the humiliated Japanese men as fast as they could, taking but a quick glance at the variety of cauliflower- and mushroom-like growths and chancres that were put on display. Once outside, the disconcerted wannabe heroes joked macho-like about how what they had just seen would probably stop them from going out to get laid – for at least a day or two.

Whether or not the army’s measures to prevent the spread of venereal disease among the troops was effective, would be difficult to determine.

Perhaps the sight of the demeaned, diseased Japanese men did act to curtail the sexual activity of the GIs. And perhaps the baskets full of condoms and prophylactic kits, always available for the taking in the day room (there had also been a lecture on the proper use of them), helped prevent the spread of venereal disease amongst the sexually active GIs: it was a known fact that some of the condoms were actually used to prevent infection during sexual encounters with the ladies amongst our former enemies, and that not all the condoms taken by the young GIs were made into rubber bands to blouse the cuff-less legs of their trousers over (rather than under) the straps of their highly-polished combat boots. Furthermore, the indignity of having to serve time, whether or not bad, in the clap-shack must have acted to restrain at least a modicum of the sexual urges of the youthful, wannabe warriors.

The difficulty in determining the efficacy of the army's war on V.D. (a parallel could be drawn to the attempt, four decades later, to prevent teenage pregnancy and the spread of AIDs, by doling out condoms and offering sex-education classes to children in elementary school) stems from the fact that the clap-shack always managed to be amply populated. A supporter of the army's efforts might justifiably ask one to consider how many more clap-shacks would have been required to house infected soldiers if not for all the preventative efforts put forth by the army. On the other hand, a detractor might very well counter that it had no effect at all, by pointing out that for every youth who was sexually active before entering the army, who refrained from having sex or who used proper precautions due to the army's efforts, there were many more who, by being made sexually-knowledgeable, albeit superficially, became less intimidated by the idea of a sexual encounter, and thereby indulged their erotic desires. Moreover, it would be a case of simple logic to assume that some of those boy soldiers, while succumbing to that basic urge and having the means (Japan's more than ample supply of whores) readily-available to

satisfy it, failed to use proper precautions (read: condoms), thereby making all the army's efforts ineffective: an exercise in futility. "Who knows?"







It doesn't seem to surprise anyone that virtually no children were begat to Japanese women by America's millions of servicemen who, over the course of a decade, passed through that nation of islands. This covered the period from the onset of the post-WWII occupation, and then on through the entire Korean War: during which time Japan acted as America's major forward base of operations (air and naval bases, supply depots, R&R, troop-replacement centers, ship-repair yards, and whatever). However, it would be safe to assume that innumerable racially-motivated abortions and infanticides were routinely performed in Japan. After all, even if condoms were always used, and empiric evidence: the many occupants in the army's numerous clap-shacks, indicates that they obviously weren't – and, even if they were, they're not known to be completely impregnable.

A telling effect of the American presence in Japan was that the monies Japan realized during the occupation: the result of her having started and lost WWII, plus her use as a staging area during the Korean War: due to the logistical advantage of having bases already established there in close proximity to Korea, enabled Japan to amass the wherewithal allowing for the huge capital investments sufficient to propel that resource-poor nation into the major industrial power she has since become.

Japan's earlier industrial base, which was rendered dysfunctional by American bombers during WWII, had originally, a century earlier, been attained as a result of the virtual enslavement of her entire peasant population – by her very own elite upper classes. This can be compared to the pre-WWII, mercantile policy of America's allies. With their superior armament, they amassed an equally ill-gotten, capital base by profiting from the militarily enforced plundering of the economies of their colonies, while paying starvation wages to their very own people – and, then, rationalizing their actions by citing how it benefited their victims – both at home and abroad.

Amsterdam and London owe their very existence as prominent, built-up, commercial centers to the wealth derived from their ruthless application of their rapacious policies – claimed necessary to protect their nations' interests. The Dutch and Brits, amongst others in the West, fostered stealthy efforts to siphon off the wealth of alien peoples – by stealing their land, their produce, and their pride. This was accomplished, by the West's colonizing nations, through the combined efforts of their political, military, banking, commercial, industrial and religious leaders: all of whom were adherents to a deservedly much-maligned, greed-driven, Euro-centric, Judeo-Christian morality – one that lingers on. That bankrupt morality persists by reason of its ability to rationalize present-day neo-colonialism – along with its fraternal-twin, and near-look-alike: the yet-to-be-adequately-defined “New World Order”, so conveniently kept nebulous by its advocates.

Somehow or other, the postwar Japanese oligarchy of resurgent, old, wealthy families (plus a handful of successful, postwar wannabes), has managed to rationalize the lobotomy-like effects on the Japanese psyche resulting from its dehumanizing commercial and industrial policies. This was accomplished by claiming that it's being done (the attempt to dominate the world's economies) in an effort to enhance the living standards of all the Japanese people. Maybe so, but modern Tokyo, like Amsterdam and London, was built with the profits derived from the compelled efforts and sacrifices of a peasantry: both at home and abroad. And, neither they, nor Japan's low-level management or skilled labor, are expected to freely participate in any of the social aspects associated with Tokyo's cultural life: that manifestation of her "ancient" heritage.

The Yakuza, Japan's version of America's Mafia (is nothing sacred?), was employed by Japan's born-to-be-rich leaders as a means of maintaining a self-serving status quo: by their coercing Japan's peasant majority into not taking democracy too seriously. Some might consider this just another manifestation of how resourceful Japan's wealthy families have been in guaranteeing the continuation of a fantasized and idyllic thousand-year-old history: one with a stress on inherited privileges – for themselves.

The nonsensical claims that racial and cultural superiority account for her economic clout (an obvious take-off on the still recurring utterances originally made famous during the Judeo-Christian West's colonial past) currently being touted by the spokesmen for the wealthy families that make up the oligopoly known as Japan, Inc., were hardly the reasons for Japan's current status as one of the world's most influential industrial powers. Although, luck (her proximity to Korea, and subsequent use as America's base of operations) played a major role in her ascent to economic equality with the West's wealthy nations, it was attained more as a result of the Japanese resorting to means as ignoble as those employed by West

Europeans. This becomes quite clear when one takes into account the extent that Japan's sex industry contributed, perhaps serendipitously, to Japan's otherwise-lackluster, post-war economy. No great stretch of the imagination is required to conclude that a goodly portion of the multi-trillion-yen increase in Japan's money supply (which allowed for the eventual, massive infusion of the funds required to make her changeover from being a producer of cheap, shoddy goods to that of high-tech, quality products) resulted from the cold, perfunctory servicing of the sexual needs of Americans by Japan's, then huge, army of whores.

Moreover, there appears to be a direct connection between the far-from-complimentary, and perhaps unfairly and deliberately distorting, nevertheless, accepted-world-wide depiction of the Japanese male as a cold, sexist, materialistic, obedient-to-the-will-of-his-master, workaholic, and the emotionally-uninvolved attitudes that were exhibited by a large segment of Japanese women in the aftermath of WWII. Their participation in the harlot's profession was, at the time, thought to be merely condoned by the Japanese authorities. However, in retrospect, it seems more than probable that they were encouraged, to the point of being coerced, to work as prostitutes by Japan's cadre of future leaders of that nation's then-re-emerging corporate giants.

Prostitution, as a profession, is still somewhat hypocritically decried by the West's adherents to a continually-changing and self-serving interpretation of a meandering and contradictory Old Testament. The West's preaching clergymen: rectors, priests, ministers, rabbis and what not – all claim to be authorized to spell out the exact where, when, why and how, as well as with whom the various members of their own particular congregation, and all too often, by extension, the entire human race – may express their most-private and passionate yearnings; apparently, this includes their right to spell out the proper sexual

behavior of all people: in barns, on the back seats in cars, in motel rooms, and even in the bedrooms of married folk – flock or not.

In countries such as Thailand, prostitution's economic importance as a generator of strong currency (dollars, yen, marks, pounds) enabled their citizens to purchase the high-tech goods from the industrialized nations. As a result, an apparently successful attempt has been made to gloss over even the grossest aspects of prostitution (the engaging in perversions that are considered to be in bad taste even by those who themselves indulge in acts considered perversions by the moral majority).

Prostitutes, and all and sundry connected with the profession, are currently designated "sex-workers": a euphemistic, broad-based term coined by our present-day, greed-rationalizing Adam Smiths to exonerate those God-fearing, high-roller, tycoons-of-commerce for living off the proceeds derived from whoring, albeit usually indirectly. The designation "sex-workers" has now become an all-encompassing classification that even includes "exotic" dancers and photographer's centerfold porno-models; this term is so benign that the having of a father who made his fortune by paying wiggling ladies (exotic dancers?) to exhibit as much skin as then legally allowable, didn't prevent his daughter from becoming one of America's foremost female interviewers – or for the daughter of a major publisher of a girlie magazine, upon taking over from her father, from becoming a much admired icon of feminine executive ability – despite the founder's (her father) being considered, by her women's lib admirers, as a sexist fornicator.

Apparently, corporate Japan (now-joined-in-greed with its economic equivalents worldwide) considers it quite acceptable to foster the growth of the institutionalized "sex industry". Take Thailand, for instance: where very young peasant girls, on a mass scale, are routinely duped or forced into prostitution – and then consider that Bangkok is a principal R&R

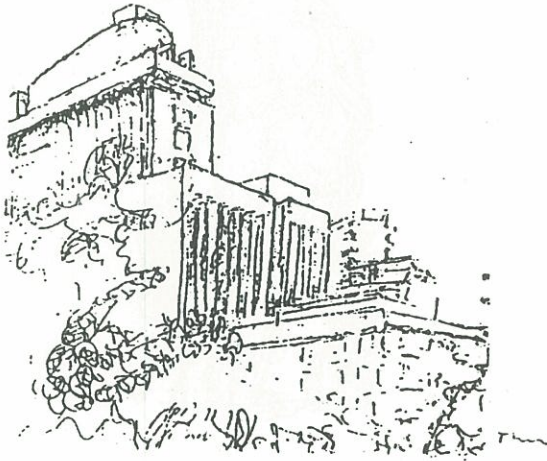
destination for the higher-level, adult, military-like automatons in the employ of Japan's elite, moneyed corporate overlords. Then, in a perversion of the none-too-savory, and no-longer-tolerated, "company-store" policies of America's big, bad corporations of the past, the monies earned from Japan's pleasure seekers by Thailand's sex-workers, after entering the Thai economy, is used for the purchase of manufactured goods produced by Japanese-owned corporations.

The Japanese apparently gave no more thought to the enslaved conditions of Thai "sex-workers", than they did to the Korean "comfort" women of WWII. This pragmatic approach to sex is utilized by Japan's power structure for its economic benefit as unabashedly as the dangling of a potential sexual encounter is used world-wide by the travel industry, and by America's gambling and real-estate interests in places like Nevada and Atlantic City. And, virtually every consumer directed advertisement holds out a promise, to the would-be buyer, of an enhanced sex appeal – if not today, eventually.

Demilitarizing the defeated Axis powers, and then preventing them from reverting to some sort of socialism to solve their postwar, economic problems, was of paramount interest to the West. However, by denying Germany and Japan the right, as well as the cost of tending to their own defense, America, not only weakened her own economy, but helped her former enemies amass the capital-base that was to eventually make them into the near-unbeatable, powerful, industrial, economic competitors that they have since become.

Realizing that Japan's constitution made it illegal, although not impossible, for her to go about stealing the wealth of other nations in the time-tested manner – through military aggression – the West allowed the Japanese to make money in any peaceful manner she wished. (As the

result of her losing WWII, Japan's elite-in-mufti agreed to refrain from the direct use of slave labor, through the force of arms.) And, so, as Japan amassed her wealth (her involvement in the "sex industry" was merely one of the more obvious means, but surely not the most significant one she employed to expand her economic base), she proceeded to gain admittance to the rich-"White"-man's club: the dollar-dominated alliance of the most economically and militarily powerful, industrialized nations: the formulators of the "New World Order".







Just as Japan had found it difficult to fight immoral wars of conquest according to the West's "moral" rules, she found it difficult to compete commercially while abiding by the West's rules on business "ethics". After all, they had been established by her gotta-make-a-billion, Euro-Caucasian counterparts to maximize their own profits. Moreover, Japan's elitist leadership often found its plans frustrated and its members discombobulated by the West's habit of arbitrarily changing their own rules – whenever it became apparent that they, the Japanese, were going to win the game.

The Japanese no-nonsense manner of making money is considered unscrupulous by some (more often than not, it's just a case of the courtesan calling the harlot a whore). Universal hypocrisy aside, Japan's approach, shared by any number of peoples, is consistent with the basic principles of the free-enterprise system – which is: make the

biggest buck you can, any which way you can. Due to their money-making success (by whatever means), Japanese businessmen maintained the respect of their own people – and the admiration, worldwide, of a diversity of others. Nonetheless, the Japanese also earned the wrath of the West's equally-ambitious and devious losers: envious individuals – singly, or as members of a diversity of one or another self-serving, arbitrary groupings.

Forgetting the preposterous conception that there's such a thing as niceties when fighting a war of aggression (or countering it – only losers pay for their war crimes), the sole goal in waging war is, under normal circumstances, to win it. And that requires the killing of one's enemies before they kill you – preferably, at the smallest cost: in money, and to a lesser degree: in lives. The rewards for warring, and winning, are such that the lands of the defeated enemy can be stolen, and its people enslaved.

With the West's colonizing nations involved in a war with Nazi Germany, in which their very existence was being threatened, Japan concluded that she need only neutralize America's war-making abilities to enable her to replace "White" rule in Asia with that of "Yellow" rule. Unfortunately for the Japanese, their attack on Pearl Harbor was of such magnitude, and appeared to be so devastating, that, out of a mixture of fear and anger, virtually every American joined in a united effort to mobilize for all-out war. "Remember Pearl Harbor" became America's call to battle.

That Japan's representatives were in Washington negotiating a means of averting war when the sneak attack occurred, killing many thousands of Americans servicemen, served to convince the vast majority of all Americans of the perfidy of the Japanese. Of course, since Californians

never had a very high opinion of “yellow-skinned Nips” – they, in lock-step with bigots throughout America, were already aware that: “the only good Jap was a dead one”.

The success of the attack on Pearl Harbor was greeted with jubilation by one and all throughout Japan – while many a Japanese-born resident of distant lands, far from Tokyo, beamed with pride of race. Japan’s planning and execution of that attack, was considered praiseworthy by numerous military strategists – as a feat of brilliance. Meanwhile, America’s wartime, atom-bomb response was being decried by both Japanese and European moralists as a heinous crime (though, it must be acknowledged that the French toned down the volume of their outrage once they too acquired the bomb – “Hiroshima, Mon Ami”).

Japan’s corporate rulers apply the same combination of ruthlessness and practicality when acquiring the natural resources and wealth of other nations through commercial means, as her military leaders did when they committed atrocities as a tool of warfare in an attempt to accomplish that same end. Along those lines, they’ve attempted to keep their automatized, male work force sexually satisfied by sending the men on R&R furloughs in places like Bangkok, much as her former military rulers arranged to satisfy the sexual needs of her no-brainer-do-or-die soldiers with Korean “comfort” ladies. The Japanese attitude towards sex and material success can, at best, be described as pragmatic, although their rationale seems to stem from a misunderstanding of the implications of the West’s time-worn shibboleth: “All’s fair in love and war.”

The fact that Thai “sex-workers” have been used, perhaps indirectly, to enhance corporate Japan’s long-term financial strength, does appear to have earned each member of Japan’s corporate elite the soubriquet pimp-cum-John. Howsoever, due to the manner that the “sex-workers” are controlled, the ladies have but little connection with old-fashioned

prostitution: a profession in which the practitioners, for the most part, were thought to have entered of their own free will.

The lack of a conception of free will in Japanese culture, is a key to their communal psyche. No doubt this lack is not considered a detriment by the formulators of Japan's national policies. It makes it easy to insure that corporate-Japan's executive and managerial hirelings (young, goal-oriented, Japan-born males with career-specific educations) can be indoctrinated in the single-minded concept that they must all work to make Japan "uber allus".

This with an emphasis on maintaining the social status quo – whereby underlings willingly sacrifice their own individuality to maintain the exalted status of Japan's clique of elitist families. In return, the Japanese people receive a trickle-down benefit (which, if not maintained, will no doubt bring about a major, social upheaval). That benefit is the people's reward for safeguarding the hereditary privileges, claimed as their due, by Japan's de facto rulers: her superwealthy.

Made aware of the near-total lack of opposition to the negative attitude, towards free will, by the Japanese, Americans might begin to comprehend just why the five Japanese men, on command, dropped their trousers – thereby giving a brutally-vivid, propagandist illustration of the consequences of having unprotected sex with Japanese women. The services of the Japanese men, if American, would surely not be given of their own free will. However, the Japanese powers-that-be, in cahoots with the American military: read General Douglas MacArthur, provided the five men, apparently with little opposition, who were required to expose themselves.

Perhaps viewing the condition of those men did enhance the use of condoms and act to prevent the spread of venereal diseases to the troops.

However, a suspicion lingers that the Japanese authorities cooperated with the American military, not in order to prevent soldiers from getting the clap, but in the belief that, by using condoms, GIs wouldn't be impregnating Japanese women. On the face of it, there's nothing wrong with that. It probably did prevent the spread of VD, and there were virtually no sired-by-GI births out of wedlock (or by reason of wedlock, for that matter). It would be disingenuous to find fault with the anti-VD, anti-bastard campaign, and disregard the positive effects – unless one takes into consideration that the vast majority of GIs returned home believing that all Japanese women were nothing more than a huge array of diseased whores.

The means (the humiliation of those five men and the insulting implications for Japanese women) could be said to justify the end result: there appeared to be no American-made bastards floating around in Japan – if not for the fact that, for the Japanese, as well as the then very much racist Americans, both in and out of the military, the motivation behind the prevention of those illegitimate births was rooted in bigotry. The barriers erected by both the Japanese and American authorities to marriages between American servicemen and Japanese women were made insurmountable for reasons that had absolutely nothing to do with either VD or illegitimacy: it was a matter of maintaining the concept of racial purity – period.

The cold and calculated manipulation of their own people by Japan's highborn leaders (even when allowing for the trickle-down, material benefits, that ordinary Japanese citizens may be receiving), illustrates that free will, for their own people, or for anyone else they deal with, is a non-issue in the Japan with her "company-store" mentality.

No doubt, Americans, as well as the ordinary citizens of all the industrialized and wannabe-industrialized nations, should begin to worry, now that all bottom-line corporations, world-wide, are beginning to imitate the Japanese in the way they run their own multinational manufacturing and banking enterprises. Furthermore, ordinary American working folk had better be on the alert because of the potential for their losing their independence – as a consequence of the way so many “respected” economists, politicians and educators go around extolling Japan’s culture and the virtues of her no-nonsense educational system.

[In an effort to avoid even a hint of bias towards the Japanese for the mentioning of their use of the charms of their lovely ladies for material gain, it must be pointed out that the Judeo-Christian Bible is rife with examples of much the same use of women: all for the material gain of one or another individual or group of God-fearing men (so as not to confuse these words with those of the Devil, no Chapter and Verse shall be quoted – and besides, the details of all the juicy sections are probably very well known). Nevertheless, it does appear that many of those ladies, mentioned in the Bible, were more than willing participants in their sexual exploitation during the course of those nefarious encounters – as, no doubt, were a goodly proportion of those exploited-without-making-a-protest Japanese ladies.]





To a majority of our youthful occupation troops sex became such a commonplace commodity that, more often than not, rather than bothering to go out and get laid, they'd go to a movie at the camp, or hang around the barracks playing poker or ping-pong in the day room – some even went so far as to read one of the many free-for-the-taking pocket books displayed there.

The workings of the free-enterprise system being what they are, when the boy soldiers did go into Fukuoka, they found themselves faced with a buyer's market for sex. It was as readily available to them as were the books in the day room – with supply, in both cases, far exceeding the demand. And, although not free, as were the books, sex was cheap enough. How cheap was cheap enough? An afternoon of sex cost two packs of cigarettes.

GIs were allowed to buy two cartons of cigarettes a week at a cost of sixty-five cents per carton. In those "I'd walk a mile for a camel" days,

one carton was usually smoked, and the other, if not traded two packs at a time, was sold openly on the black market at the going-rate of three hundred yen, which was, at that early post-war exchange rate of fifteen yen to the dollar, the equivalent of twenty U.S. dollars.

[The following illustration is meant to enlighten those readers born after “The Great Depression” to realize that twenty dollars was once considered a significant sum of money:

[WWII veterans who couldn't find jobs were demeaned as freeloaders by the likes of “The New York Times” for collecting their well-deserved and compensatory entitlement, one that amounted to twenty dollars per week. It was offered to them under the terms of the G.I. Bill of Rights.

[Those WWII veterans' having spent years in the service of their country (some feeling coerced to do so, but the vast majority serving more or less willingly), were given that munificent sum until they found employment – but for a period not to exceed fifty-two weeks.

[With the end of WWII, some ten-million men, many of whom were not qualified or not interested in furthering their education, and whose employable skills were limited to those learned in the service, were dumped en masse on the civilian job market: one that had few entry-level openings, or any other jobs paying even 75 cents an hour (then the minimum wage).

[All that notwithstanding, those veterans who collected the twenty-dollar-a-week benefit, were denigrated by the spokesmen for the more privileged, wealthy and landed Americans: those members in such clubs as the Union and Century, and on down to the likes of the membership of America's ubiquitous small-town country clubs. Those big-buck Babbitts contrived to stigmatize the unemployed veterans by placing them in a facetiously-fabricated, near-subversive “52-20” club, and then berating them for being members of a club of “good-for-nothing, lazy bums”. Nevertheless, sons and daughters of those libeled and

disparaged veterans can be found amongst those groups faulting present-day unemployables (constant reminders of one of capitalism's more egregious shortcomings) who are also in need of assistance, by calling them welfare cheats for accepting government aid.]

Sex didn't take place in Fukuoka's cabarets; it was necessary to go outside to obtain it. For the most part, the Japanese hookers encountered by the soldiers on the streets were well-groomed and attractive young women who were dressed in neat and clean, traditional kimonos. Their standard fee of two packs of cigarettes worked out to be half the amount said to be charged, during the depression, by the most depraved and obviously diseased American streetwalkers: those who were thought to cater to the carnal needs of Bowery bums and their ilk. In American, if or when a lady left a man for the arms and bed of another, she was, more often than not, disparagingly referred to by the jilted gentleman as: "that two-bit whore who...". Now then, if there's a lesson to be learned from all this, it's that even in those early postwar days, and even in whoredom, the Japanese provided a far better and cheaper product for the American consumer than Americans were either willing or capable of providing for themselves.

In the cabarets, a large bottle of potent beer sold for four yen. And if you bought a bottle for one of the Japanese "hostesses", and gave her a few yen, you could dance with her to the live music played by a Japanese, all-male orchestra-cum-dance band. Young soldiers could be seen stomping along awkwardly in their combat boots, while trying to dance the Lindy with their heavily-made-up Japanese partners, many of whom wore kimonos, obis and sandals, although most were dressed in simple, sheath-like, solid-colored gowns – the kind worn by taxidancers as seen in Hollywood's "B" movies.

None of the Japanese, least of all the musicians, nor the vast majority of boy soldiers, appeared to have even the foggiest notion of just how big-band, American music was supposed to sound. And so, despite the fact that more-sophisticated Americans would have, at their politest, good-naturedly ignored the band's lack of emotional involvement, as well as their inability to convey the rhythmic qualities of the music – they would have had to use great restraint not to burst out laughing when all the members of the band rose and sang out a garbled and near-unintelligible "Pennsylvania Six, Five Thousand". The GIs' however, being far from sophisticated, enthusiastically applauded the band at every pause in their playing.

Aside from the sight of bombed-out buildings, the cabarets, the easy access to sex, and the odd, though not necessarily-unpleasant aroma (except when passing a honey cart) that permeated the air, most notably during the ten-mile hikes through the countryside, occupation duty was just an extension of the basic training they had received back in the States. Nevertheless, over the course of the better part of a year, the boy recruits began to think of themselves as men, and did become tolerably good soldiers.

The backgrounds of the short-term, Regular Army, replacement troops that filled the ranks of the batteries and companies of the Twenty-Fourth Infantry Division, were as diverse as you could find in any of the WWII, going-off-to-war outfits depicted by Hollywood – although, as in the movies, the real-life diversity did not include Negroes. The only thing that differed from the movies was that there was no enemy: one who would have enabled the youths to be the rah, rah, rah, John Wayne-type, we're-all-patriotic-and-ready-to-die-for-God-and-country, heroic Americans. And so, alas and alack, just as the real-life John Waynes, Frank Sinatras and so many of America's other ultra-patriots, the boy

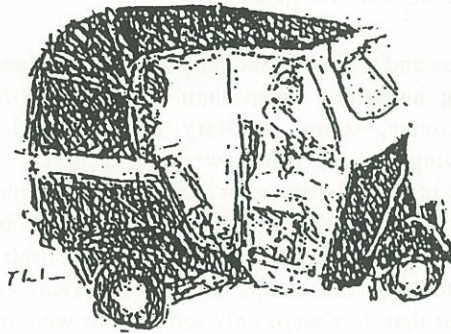
soldiers were not to be involved in the killing and dying that had taken place during the real-life WWII.

The use of the term “hurry up and wait”, may have given a scene in a movie a macabre-like humorous aspect: picture a landing craft loaded with GIs, girded for battle, sitting around for endless hours after having rushed to get where they were – all waiting their turn to engage in patriotically-motivated, death-defying battle. But when used by the occupation troops, there was to be no glory (nor any more risk to life and limb than to the draft-deferred and overage actors who, during WWII, portrayed the nation’s war heroes on America’s then-ubiquitous silver screens); only the irony remained.

The fate of the boy soldiers was to be involved in the boring and thankless job of being occupation troops. This required that they continually rush to be on time to perform numerous tasks, for which the only real talent required of them was that of being able to “hurry up and wait”. And, to be prepared for that ordeal, each evening they sat around waiting for lights-out, which enabled them (when they weren’t getting ready to sneak out after bed-check) to get a good night’s sleep and be ready to engage in the next-day’s continuous and never-ending, hurry-up-and-wait, make-believe war games.

For the adventurous and more romantically-inclined replacement troops, there was nothing humorous about their continuously-boring plight. There was, of course, sound, military logic behind the kind of preparedness training that the troops were being given. The constant drills, many times in a single day, at which time the cannoneers, riding in the rear of a six-by-six, with a 105 howitzer trailing behind, would dismount, dig in, set up, fire a few rounds, and then climb back into the truck, did serve to keep the troops in good physical condition, and usually so tired out that they were only too glad to welcome lights-out, and the playing of taps.

Although the short-term enlistees did become totally familiar with the duties required of each cannoneer at each and every position, if the proof of the pudding is in the eating, the procedure failed to produce the expected result of its peace-time mission: to maintain the army in a state of military-preparedness. When the occupation troops that were based in Japan were first thrown into the Korean War, they proved to be unready for the battle; and, their outdated armament left them ill-equipped and incapable of fulfilling their mission. Only six hundred troops from the Twenty-Fourth Infantry Division, all bearing outdated equipment left over from WWII, were, at the outbreak of hostilities, sent into Korea to find and engage the enemy. Their courage could not be denied; their lack of success is history, and it should not have been a surprise. The obvious lesson learned for America was the same as that from every prior war we had ever been involved in: it's only by being in a real war that foot soldiers can acquire the know-how to fight a real war, and this results in an awful lot of dying as they go about getting the experience that will enable them to obtain that grisly knowledge.





Despite the slews of casualties incurred by Americans during the Korean war (police action?), hostility shown towards our government was all but nonexistent. Nonetheless, a like death toll for our troops during the war in Vietnam (granted that it was coming at a time when major, domestic, societal changes were taking place), brought about an anti-government sentiment not seen in America since the onset of the Great Depression: a sentiment, then mollified by the passage of “New Deal” social legislation.

[Besides the death toll, there were many other parallels: both the Korean and Vietnam wars were initiated by presidential order: Truman and then Kennedy, in ill-conceived, tunnel-vision, tinged-with-bigotry, winning-the-cold-war-at-any-cost decisions, sent American troops into strategically-unimportant countries (previously written off by America’s military leaders as not worth the huge costs, in lives and money, required to defend them – the “Domino Theory” notwithstanding); both those presidents were liberal Democrats; both were actively supported in the

prosecution of their wars by conservatives and reactionaries of both parties; the two presidents responsible for concluding those wars (Eisenhower and Nixon) were, economics-wise, middle-of-the-road Republicans – and both of them became objects of derision by the majority of Americans' claiming liberal status: most of whom were known to voice only praise for Truman and Kennedy.]

By the mid-1960's, even in middle America, the morality of our murdering untold thousands upon thousands of non-Catholic Vietnamese peoples (ostensibly to prevent the spread of communist influence) was being questioned. Moreover, as the war dragged on, and we came to realize the grisly consequences of it (tens of thousands of American casualties), the nation's ever present, anti-war proponents gathered strength. This, in turn, gave impetus to a growing peace-at-any-price movement. Even some flag-waving isolationists who had become involved with never-say-die hawks, joined up with the peaceniks. But, it's doubtful that the movement gathered the support of those hawks who were hiding their bigotry behind the cloak of patriotism as a means of satisfying their hateful interests: those concerned with the race, ethnicity and religion of our Vietnamese foes, as well as their own egos.

Perhaps some knee-jerk backers of every armed conflict America has ever been involved in, had a morally-questionable motivation for backing our involvement in Vietnam during its first few years. But, without a doubt, the overwhelming majority of all Americans had always been patriotic: they accepted, without protest, our initial military intervention in Vietnam. However, as time wore on, through the end of the Vietnam War, and on and on thereafter, and as Americans continued to be bombarded with a constant flow of proclamations issued by one or another bureaucratic component of our government: each time advising of yet another national emergency (this to a citizenry made leary by past bigger-than-life falsities – such as those on the Bay of Pigs, and, of

course, Vietnam), while demanding the unstinting support for every proposed military action claimed necessary to protect our nation's interests (though, almost always the interests of but one or another politically and economically powerful, small but vocal segment of the population), did tend to put that patriotism of the average American to the test.

The cry of "national emergency" now causes no more concern to most Americans than that of "wolf". These constant claims by our rally-round-the-flag politicians' catering to the demands of their financially-supportive and core-constituent groups, that our national interests are at stake, with its implied demands for unquestioning patriotic support of any and every governmental undertaking claimed necessary to safeguard the "American way of life", can, if not selectively ignored, or critically exposed, only lead to a no-brainer kind of patriotism – that fundamental component in the building of a nationalistic and socialistic state: one controlled by a conglomerate of interacting bureaucrats, industrialists and generals – an America, Inc., if you will.

With the exception of those "we-could-have-won-if..." folk, and the murderers-by-proxy types like Kissinger and his ilk, and even before the negative reaction at home to our proven-to-be-ineffectual, yet relentless bombing of Cambodia, few, even amongst the hawks, thought we still had the will or the ability (short of getting involved in an all-out, WWII-type war, or by using "the bomb") to fight and win the war against the Vietcong. Moreover, being stymied by the Vietcong despite our having what was touted as the most-advanced, military hardware money could buy (even when discounting our nuclear arsenal), some Americans, began giving thought to the possibility that God might not be on the side of the righteous.

In an attempt to quell the growing antipathy towards the war by Mr. and Mrs. Law-abiding Citizen, they were made to think that our losses in Vietnam were negligible (i.e., they were lied to). The government did this by stressing a distorted and misleadingly-low casualty rate for our

troops, and a Mount Everest-like rate for the Vietcong. The ability to hornswoggle “all of the people...” resulted from a connivance between a “liberal” president and a majority in congress: the hawks, who got the votes and money to carry out the war; and the liberals, who, in return for their support of the war, were promised the money to pay for the “Great Society”.

[Notwithstanding that promise, within twenty years, conservative Republicans (the only kind by then), still tied to the umbilical chord of their hawkish mamas, were hypocritically trying to renege on the concessions to socialism that their ideological forebears had made in their compact with the “tax and spend” liberals: those “treacherous” squanderers of our nation’s wealth.]

Americans had been inculcated, by a media controlled by a wary-of-losing-their-special-privileges right, with a fear and hatred of communism (soon to be replaced by a fear and hatred of Mohammedanism – neo-anti-Semitism?) that bordered on paranoia. Nevertheless, remaining confident in our military prowess, Americans, out of compassion, not fear, voted in 1964 for our military withdrawal from Vietnam. Johnson’s intimation that he was the peace candidate, earned him the people’s overwhelming support – while the avowed “hawk” Goldwater was shunned. But, Johnson ignored the votes by loyal and patriotic Americans, and, then, as a result of a media blitz of fabrications of his making, convinced most of us that if our troops were withdrawn from Vietnam (where it was said we were engaged in a life and death struggle against the evils of communism), it would result in a win for that bugaboo of all bugaboos: the Russian-dominated, International. And, none of us wanted that!

This fear of communism, real or feigned, was the motivating force behind the misconceived actions in Vietnam of three successive presidents (Kennedy and Johnson were the instigators, and therefore the most culpable, sorry about that, folks). The beloved and bungling Kennedy, in support of a corrupt, Catholic, Vietnamese government sent

in the first troops; Johnson could have been a hero, had he withdrawn our men after the 1964 election: he had been elected on the basis that he do just that – but, instead, he mushroomed the size of our involvement; and Nixon, in his desire for an honorable way out, employed the use of devastatingly murderous, massive, blanket bombings in an attempt to extort a face-saving peace out of the Vietcong. Of course, as we all know, our leaders met with failure.

All three withheld, made up, and distorted the pertinent facts relating to our involvement in Vietnam. They were so successful at minimizing the loss of limbs, years and sanity sacrificed by our troops, that only those who gave their lives were to receive the honors that were their due: its being universally accepted that the giving of one's life is the ultimate sacrifice – Valhalla, nirvana, reincarnation and the promise of a physical resurrection in Paradise, notwithstanding.

The conflicting motives of a diversity of Americans for minimizing, when not totally ignoring, or worse still, denigrating the sacrifices made by those Vietnam veterans who lived through it, are based, for the most part, on the agendas of self-righteous, self-serving, self-segregated, self-promoting, me-first, politically active groups. As a result, the honoring of living Vietnam vets might very well remain a politically incorrect and unrewarding act indefinitely.

Killed-in-action Vietnam veterans received their due, but only as sacrificial lambs, with a memorial better suited for a headstone on a mass grave for paupers, than as a monument to the supreme sacrifice made by believing-they-were-doing-the-right-thing, young, heroic Americans. No commission was tended to any prominent sculptor for the making of a major, heroic monument on a grand scale: one capable of doing justice to the honoring of Vietnam veterans as human beings: whether living or dead.

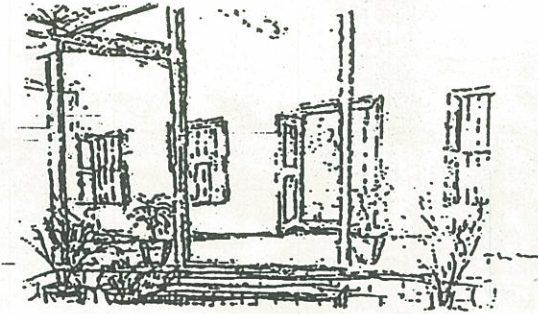
Who is it, then, and why are they so determined to erase all memory of the Vietnam War? Perhaps the easy answer would be that it's a war we

lost, so everyone wanted to forget it. But that would beggar the issue. The South lost the Civil War, yet their soldiers, upon returning home, were honored for their heroism, and they showed no embarrassment as a result of their having lost that war. The need to look elsewhere for the answer becomes obvious – to the attitudes of those who avoided the war in Vietnam by avoiding the draft: by prolonging their stay in college; by claiming to be homosexual; by legally or illegally deliberately remaining abroad; by feigning mental and physical disabilities. All of them had good reason to rationalize their actions (called draft dodging during WWII) by making insignificant the sacrifices of those who served, and risked their lives. Moreover, there were many women who felt compelled to ignore, if not denigrate, the returning Vietnam vet: women were (and still are) being forced to fight for equal rights, pay and opportunity – and war was, and, for the most part, still is a man's thing: one that, under normal conditions, precludes the combat participation of virtually all women. No doubt, one could point to other contributing factors, but, the fact remains, for reasons completely irrelevant to the Vietnam veterans' having served their country in good faith, the kind of recognition they deserve, has not been forthcoming.

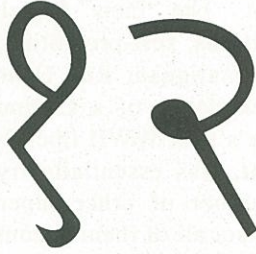
America could have pulled out of Vietnam in the aftermath of Johnson's election in 1964. That election was, in effect, a referendum to do just that. We hadn't as yet shown our inability to win that war, and since many Americans had voted against our continued military involvement in Vietnam on moral grounds, Johnson could have accomplished a face-saving (and life-saving) withdrawal – one with a morally uplifting rationalization. Instead, Johnson ignored the vote of the people and used a very iffy, Tonkin Gulf incident to escalate our military involvement there.

As the war dragged on, a growing negativism about our role in Vietnam began to manifest itself. The resentment caused by the government's indifference to middle-America's will was exacerbated by the

constantly-rising death toll for our troops – along with a continuing lack of candor by politicians: they either wouldn't or couldn't say just why it was so urgent a matter that middle-America's youths must be drafted out of college to fight, and possibly die, in a land halfway around the world. The result of this was that a negative attitude towards the war in Vietnam turned into a positive one for the growing grassroots "peace now" movement.







In both Korea and Vietnam, American soldiers were killed or maimed in support of the military rulers of repressive, totalitarian governments. Despite their being ruthless, murderous despots, they were considered to be “good” capitalists, who supported the West’s moral code of ethics: one based on a Euro-centric, Judeo-Christian concept of right and wrong. The “bad” guys were the Heathen socialists who were out to undermine our democratic institutions, and the American way of life. Consequently, we Americans, quite naturally, went about defoliating, napalming and blanket bombing the land controlled by the “bad” guys, in an attempt to coerce its misguided populace into giving up their unholy goal of establishing a socialist state – even if it meant annihilating all of them in the process.

When Truman embarked on his “police action” in Korea, most Americans had faith, although guarded, in their elected officials:

believing in the general fairness of government, and in the democratic system – warts and all. It took years to convince Americans that Senator “Tail-gunner-Joe” McCarthy, a tool of the reactionary, anti-pinko brigade, was knowingly, and deliberately making false, bombastic, patently inflammatory claims of a Communist plot to infiltrate the government. The “facts” he relied on were ostensibly ferreted out by his ambitious, self-promoting, obnoxious legal aides (led by the likes of the malignant Roy Cohn). McCarthy was not alone in claiming the existence of a Communist conspiracy in an attempt to stifle America’s post WWII liberal tendencies. He, in the course of his witch hunt, was essentially trying to accomplish the same results as any number of other super-patriotic members of Congress. And, in doing so, all of them unconscionably destroyed the lives of innumerable, law-abiding American citizens – who were innocent of any wrongdoing whatsoever. McCarthy, as did many of his reactionary cohorts, claimed he was rooting out communists and their sympathizers from government. And, for many Americans, despite his condemnation by the U.S. Senate (though hardly a unanimous one), his only sin was that he got caught lying.

Then there were the Rosenbergs. No one thought that there was a shadow of a doubt that they were guilty of being wartime spies. Nevertheless, Americans, in general, had mixed emotions about the need to actually execute them. Many held Truman, the so-called liberal, at fault for not commuting their sentences to life imprisonment. Instead, Truman, as sleazy politician, left it up to Eisenhower, who, as a wartime general, had, on numerous occasions, found it necessary to assent to the execution of American soldiers for lesser crimes. Eisenhower, put in a double bind by the wily Truman, couldn’t find it in his heart to commute the death sentence of the Rosenbergs. And virtually all Americans accepted Ike’s decision – with nary a murmur.

At the onset of war in Korea, Americans had little doubt that it would be over in short order. Moreover, the war there was considered by most Americans as little more than a trickle-down continuation of WWII. All the big-name American generals, many of the enlisted men and officers, and virtually all of those called up from the active reserve, were veterans of WWII. The result was that Americans thought of the Korean War as little more than an anticlimax to the “Big One”. And, so, despite the many casualties incurred by our men during the Korean War, but because we had won WWII in such a big way, Americans accepted, without protest, a conditional, yet face-saving, end to that war.

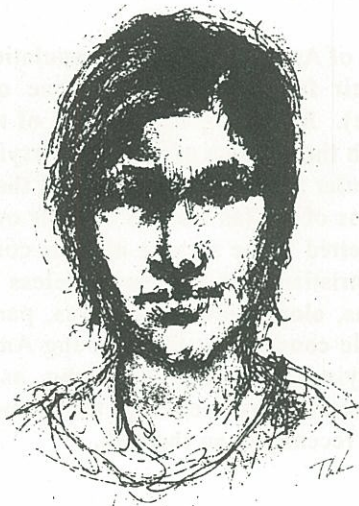
There were, of course, all kinds of reasons for the uncritical acceptance, by the vast majority of Americans, of every action taken by the government with regard to every aspect of the Korean War. The disruption of the normal lives of millions of Americans as a result of the military’s unpreparedness, the subsequent draft, the escalating cost in lives and money, the stupidity that brought the Chinese into the conflict, all transpired with little adverse comment. Why did the country go along with the government so willingly? The major reason was very simple: nobody gave a damn.

The largest segment of America’s civilian population was made up of WWII vets and their families (virtually none of which included children of draft age). Moreover, the families of the WWII vets had already lived through the anguish of WWII: worrying about the well-being of their particular soldier boy – while, at the same time, being well aware of the loss of his (as well as of their own) youthful years that were being forfeited in the service of their country. As a result, though not a very Christian trait, but, nevertheless a very human one, those WWII veterans, along with their wives, parents, siblings and children showed little concern for those young Americans who were then fighting and dying in Korea – and who, as far as they were concerned, were merely experiencing the same ordeal that all Americans had only recently been through.

A DIFFERENT TIME – A DIFFERENT WAR

So pervasive was that attitude, that even the veterans of the Korean War (despite the casualties that they suffered) were not heard to complain about the lack of recognition for their heroism, or for the sacrifice they had made in the service of their country. And, since there were but few societal changes actually taking place in America during or immediately after the Korean War, the overwhelming majority of all Americans retained more or less unquestioning faith in a more or less stable, social system.

The Vietnam War, on the other hand, was to take place during one of those periods in American history when the nation was going through a major reorientation of the relative social and economic status of all her citizens. The political maneuverings that accompanied those changes, along with the effects of the continuing prosecution of the war in Vietnam (Johnson's refusal to heed the will of the people), were to be major factors' contributing to the materializing of the long-in-the-coming, liberal, social changes that took place in America during the 1960's and 1970's. Which, as one might expect, led to the subsequent, reactionary, conservative backlash of the 1980's and 1990's.





By the mid-1970's it became obvious that unrealistic academic goals were being set for the majority of individuals coming from the African-American community – many of whom had been subjected to a degree of discrimination far exceeding that received by the vast majority of Americans' coming from the balance of the population.

Unfortunately, though based on a simplistic truth, the overly optimistic expectations (based on the morally admirable ideal: that all men are created equal) by those claiming-to-be-well-meaning folk: some of whom could be considered of a truly liberal bent, regarding the ability of even the least literate from amongst American-born Negroes to compete successfully across the board (once unencumbered by bigotry-based, arbitrary restraints) in competition with all other Americans – when put to the test, proved to be far beyond the scope of their capabilities. The shortcomings of those individuals, when mindlessly

lumped into a racial group, did, and still do, manifest themselves by their near absence in the most intellectually-demanding endeavors: those dominated by second-generation-plus Americans coming from a broad cross section of her multi-hyphenated population, as well as the progeny of recent immigrants with a whole panoply of racial and ethnic diversity – almost all of whom had the benefit of caring parents who gave freely of their time, money and moral support.

Bigots were to use the now “proven” inadequacies of African-Americans as a rationalization for past and continuing acts of discrimination. Meanwhile, many others, identifying themselves as liberals, busied themselves by placing the entire blame for the shortcomings of Blacks (along with an ever-growing list of a multitude of self-serving, self-segregated, minority groups’ claiming victimization) on the culture of the “Dead White Male” (while demanding all the material benefits that that greed-motivated, zombie-like creature created). Conveniently, it’s one of the only organisms incapable of claiming victimization for its long-since-interred components, or of attempting to disprove the allegations of their guilt, or of rationalizing their “evil doings” by citing the “civilizing” effects of their purported bigoted actions upon their: mentally; physically; sexually; emotionally; educationally; economically and aptitudinally handicapped: mothers; wives; daughters; sisters; sons; brothers; boyfriends; girlfriends; cousins: up to two hundred times removed – and, oh yes: upon those with evidence of Central African ancestry, whether or not related.

A thought-provoking result of all this, is that a large proportion of present-day bigots, though themselves the offshoots of ancestors (from every immigrant grouping: ranging from white-trash Wasps on through Latino Cubans, and beyond) despised by the previous generations of bigots, or perhaps because of it, all appear eager to count themselves

amongst the bigoted progeny of their ancestor's oppressors. These wannabe "Real WASPs" actually believe that by adopting the bigoted attitudes of the reactionary right, they can make themselves socially acceptable to those claiming blood-ties to America's "Real-Americans". They've even gone so far as to delude themselves into believing that their own ancestors were as one with the all-powerful, fantasized boogie man: the "Dead White Male": that imaginary source of all society's evils that's been created by a whole litany of self-serving, pseudo-liberal, pressure groups.

Neither the left nor the right, for diametrically opposed reasons, were willing to acknowledge the obvious: that a disproportionately high number of individuals, from amongst the African-American community, who evinced seemingly innate, learning limitations, were neither culturally motivated, nor culturally prepared, or parentally encouraged to willingly expend the time, energy and effort required to obtain the kind of skills and analytic ability that would then enable them to compete freely for employment in fields' requiring more than a modicum of intellectual input and commitment.

Perhaps the problems' arising from the need for so many insecure individuals to counter their believed or actual, cultural, intellectual and physical shortcomings, by making rationalized greed-inspired, acquisitions, legally or otherwise, and/or resorting to bigotry-based generalities intended to diminish the accomplishments of others, would resolve themselves, when all peoples, including those with views extending over the entire political spectrum, accept the fact that "Lucy" is our common ancestral mother. That could be the start of our treating one another as fellow human beings: accepting, respecting

and tolerating – while not evaluating, each other's individual differences.

In the meantime, however, self-interest of one form or another, rather than fairness, or good will towards men – oops, almost goofed – towards people (regardless of their: sex, sexual inclinations, race, religion, ethnicity, I.Q., place of birth and current residence, political affiliation, criminal record, economic status, occupation, food intake; size of: nose, lips, waist, hips, breasts, penis, feet; color: of eyes, skin, hair, shoes, ...), has become the motivating force behind the various attempts to make amends for the years of discrimination claimed, legitimately or not, to be the sole cause of the inability of the ever-increasing, current crop of “minorities” to compete with the majority: a composite of those Americans not included in the particular minority group, then claiming victimization.

It was the effect of the attempts at trying to compensate the expanded list of minorities, for whatever real, feigned or believed material deprivations they claimed to have received at the hands of the majority, by offering them priority treatment in such areas as: housing, employment and education, as well as business and career opportunities – all at the real or imagined expense of America's huge and wide-ranging middle class, that proved to be the root cause for much of the discombobulation, beginning in the 1960's and 1970's, of a socio-economic system that had otherwise been relatively stable – at least since the depths of the depression.

When it's obvious that a free high school education, available-to-all, was an essential element in making American industry, and our way of life, the envy of peoples throughout the world, it's difficult to find a moral excuse for the resistance, by conservatives, to making a free

college education available to all comers – which would add as much to the overall well-being of the entire nation as a free high school education did in the past. It's just as difficult to find a moral justification for refusing to increase the minimum wage to a wage anyone can live on – or to have a truly progressive tax structure: whereby those obtaining the most benefits from the system (the richest) actually pay taxes in proportion to the wealth they derive, directly and indirectly, from the totality of the nation's efforts and resources. Capitalism need not be a dirty word.

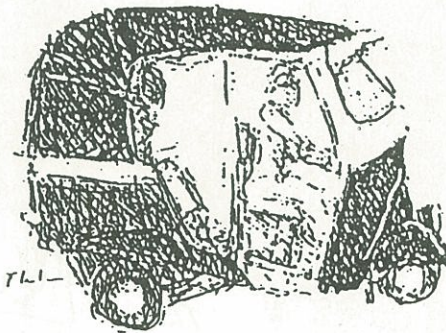
So-called liberals, joined surreptitiously by knee-jerk reactionaries, for opposing political purposes, go about supporting the questionable requests for assistance by vast numbers of claimants with well-off, middle-class backgrounds – all belonging to one or another of the growing list of groups formed into vocal voting blocks – all claiming minority status of one sort or another. This, in turn, made it easy for conservatives to discredit even the legitimate claims for assistance made by individuals from groups that had a more or less legitimate claim for compensation, from the American people as a whole, for prejudicial treatment tolerated by, when not sponsored by, our duly elected government. Destroying the credibility of those worthy-of-our-help, by adding innumerable obviously non-deserving individuals to an ever-growing handout-list, all in an attempt to make the burden of helping those individuals deserving of assistance appear both unnecessary and more costly to the taxpayer than it actually is, is not only mean spirited, but economically unsound.

The wealthy, amongst the conservative ultra-right, instead of acknowledging the simple fact (one they must certainly be aware of) that most of our social problems have a simple economic root – with a simple economic solution: based on a less lopsided distribution of income, and then graciously giving up a reasonable amount of their serendipitously acquired riches), they go about destroying the ability of the many tens of millions of economically disadvantaged Americans

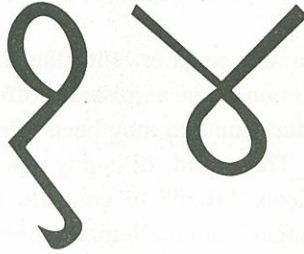
(found in great profusion in every ethnically and racially, arbitrarily hyphenated grouping) to unite democratically along economic lines. Since the vast majority of wealthy Americans most certainly choose to ignore the hyphenated status of their fellow rich, when voting their own pocket books, and willingly join forces with those whose only societal connection is the size of their fat wallets, their use of the bigotry card (playing one economically repressed racial or ethnic grouping against the other) to prevent America's wide-ranging, middle class (with an ever-growing, very low lower-middle class) from uniting on economic grounds, reflects more than mere hypocrisy on their part. It's immoral – according to the standards of God fearing, God loving, God ignoring, God denying and God damning folks.

Since poor Americans with Central African, Amerind and Latino roots accounted for a sizable minority of the more deserving of social assistance, an appeal was made to the ignorance-fostered bigotry of the least-educated and equally deserving Americans with Euro-Caucasian ancestry, as a means of countering the claims of all disadvantaged Americans. This was done by the PAC-elected lackeys of the conserving-of-their-own privileges, wealthy right, by implying that all groupings requiring government assistance (except bankers, manufacturers, farmers and the like) were freeloaders. Non-Whites and freeloaders were than claimed to be as one. Aware that prejudice tends to be exercised more openly by the least intelligent and least educated, who are far more often than not numbered amongst America's poorest citizens, the moneyed upper-crust (along with Black politicians), by playing on the always-present bigotry of the nation's poor (neither White trash nor Black trash seem willing to convict one of their own race for the murder of someone from another race), catered to the animosity that exists between various groups getting short shrift from our now-idealized dog-eat-dog, "free"-enterprise society. In so doing, the reactionary right managed to downplay the unfairness of a totally-

out-of-line distribution of the nation's resources by appealing to the bigotry of the "White" majority's poor. This was reinforced by Black politicians (who also went about, somewhat frantically, trying to enlist the support of Latinos) as they encouraged outbursts of bigotry by Blacks against "Whitey" as a means of consolidating their constituency into a welfare-support bloc: intended to actually benefit middle-class Blacks, needy or not – that could insure their own reelection. The effects of the greed and power motivated actions of these two apparently antagonistic groups, did prevent those in the bottom half of American society from uniting in common cause, to use their vote in an effort to get a fair shake from the system. All of which worked to preserve the privileges of the mega-buck folk, and sleazy politicians.







Through the mid-sixties, college students (the great majority, as per usual, coming from financially and socially secure middle-class backgrounds) were systematically deferred from the draft, and the need to go to war in Vietnam. This quite naturally encouraged in awful lot of young men to remain in school as long as possible. And, since their presence encouraged an endless stream of young women, in a sudden attempt to sate their thirst for knowledge, to join them there, the overall effect of all this legal draft evasion was to make for a better educated America – or failing that, it at least provided our great democracy with an awful lot of professional students with graduate degrees, albeit all too many in fatuity.

Young men were able to continue avoiding the draft as long as they stayed in college, but were required to take graduate courses in order to do so. What with the nature of supply and demand being what it is, the

vast majority of colleges (always eager to fill their coffers) conjured up snap courses for the edification of the children of well-to-do parents, the overwhelming majority of whom were understandably eager to have their sons stay out of Vietnam, at any cost. This led to the issuance of a plethora of degrees being issued in no-brainer subjects.

At the insistence of varsity coaches, with the financial support of the alumni, and the cooperation of the admissions offices, courses leading to a degree in physical education had long been offered at numerous well-known universities. That field of study was established for the edification of the athletes “hired” to compete in the money-making, prestige-building “amateur” intercollegiate sports events. Obviously, those courses were never intended to tax the athletes’ intellect (Rhodes Scholars’ being in short supply); but, they did serve to make them eligible to compete for Alma Mater U.: their being bona fide matriculated students. However, as the Vietnam War dragged on, middle-class, middle-income, middling students with middling grades suddenly found the lure of calisthenics irresistible.

In addition to the availability of degrees in physical education, draft-age men, along with their campus followers, were able to matriculate in one of the recently established courses in the plastic and performing arts. Would-be scholars, of both sexes, were seen to gravitate to courses leading to a degree in the fine arts. For many, this meant learning such intellectually-stimulating skills as linoleum-cut graphics, or how to go about prancing to the rhythmic drumbeat of classics such as “I Want To Fuck All Night”.

This marriage of self-interests, brought about by a willingness of parents to pay through the nose in order to have their sons remain in college to avoid the draft, and the willingness of academia to debase the meaning of a graduate degree, as a means of adding black ink to the bursar’s ledger, proved to be a potentially fortuitous one for the nation.

All that learning gave rise to a vast supply of semi-literates with degrees qualifying them as trainers for flabby, Wall Street, back-office, wannabe brokers, and frustrated secretaries, with career-woman aspirations. It now appears that that supply will be sufficient to meet the demands for their services in the nation's booming body-building, health-club industry, until well into the twenty-first century.

Moreover, all those degrees in the arts will guarantee that the world of the aesthete will never again be without a constant stream of Masters of Fine Art – all available to fill the ever growing need for their expertise in the ever expanding list of art museums and centers for the performing arts – all built as tourist attractions and tax dodges for collectors and wealthy patrons: as well as to give jobs to their otherwise unemployable heirs.

[The long-term consequences of the wholesale creation of degree courses in the plastic arts (in which any number of classes are now offered in such ground-breaking subjects as the likes of: pottery throwing, chain-saw woodcarving and watercolor dripping a la Jackson Pollock – as well as six-year studio courses enabling advanced students, upon completion, to earn “academic” degrees in finger and “primitive” painting), is the glut of grown men and women, with little or no artistic skills or talent, holding MFA degrees – all of whom, by reason of their having that degree, are automatically qualified to, and many of them do, teach what they know – to gullible eager-to-learn students, in schools and universities throughout the country.

[The acquisition of those degrees, required the recipients to rationalize their lack of artistic skills by using the latest acceptable avant garde, art-world jargon. This, in turn, has led to the proliferation and acceptance of the pseudo-intellectual gibberish spouted by MFA non-artist critics to describe the typical, MFA, non-art product, called art by its MFA, non-artist makers. This has brought about the elevation of art criticism to

that of an art form in its own right – presently considered and touted (albeit, by its practitioners) as being an art superior to the contemporary product's being critiqued by them. And, all things considered, it may very well be.]

Due to the insecurities of so many military men claiming-to-be-macho, any man subject to be drafted, and otherwise eligible to serve in the armed forces, was automatically deferred if he claimed, acknowledged and/or was psychoanalyzed to be homosexual. It's surely more than a coincidence that the "outing" of homosexuals gathered momentum during the same period that "straight" middle-class men began to be drafted to serve in Vietnam – whether or not they were in college pursuing a degree.

Nevertheless, it would be difficult to pinpoint the motivation that led so many young men, with middle-class backgrounds, to willingly, as implied by their outing, proclaim their homosexuality. If one were to assume it was due to the liberating climate of the times, it would turn into a question of which came first: the chicken or the egg. There can be little or no doubt that the outing of homosexuals was of itself a major input to the 1960's and 70's era of openness, and that it facilitated the acceptance of the social and sexual proclivities exercised by all the various segments of the human species. Nor can there be any doubt that the outing, of the soon-to-call-themselves "gays", occurred as a direct result of the Vietnam War: in particular, the end of draft deferment for men attending college.

The war, for a diversity of reasons, was the dominant force behind the justifiable demands for social justice being made by those minorities subjected to one or another Bible-rationalized forms of bigotry. Nevertheless, the onset of the outing by so many gays at that particular

time in American history had its roots in the Vietnam War draft, and was hardly a show of unity against the continuance of religion-inspired hatred: a truce, and a united front by the heretofore mutually disparaging lesbians and homosexuals, didn't materialize until well after the initial outbreak of AIDS in the gay men's community – which also happened to be the point in time when virtually all gays began to advertise their sexual preference.

The effect of their initial outing, during the Vietnam War, perhaps serendipitously, was that men deferred due to their homosexuality, real or feigned, were relieved of the stigma of being called malingering draft dodgers. By acknowledging their homosexuality, they could readily justify: to themselves, their families and the world at large, their not having gone off to the war in Vietnam. Why? Because the bigots denied them, as a result of their homosexuality, the "privilege" of offering up their youth and their lives in the service of their country. And, in some instance, that might possibly have been true.

[Some twenty years after America's pullout from Vietnam, homosexuals, none of whom were known to have ever staged a protest due to their exclusion from a wartime draft, now joined by lesbians (in an AIDS-induced show of sympathy), began a campaign to allow themselves to serve in the armed forces openly as avowed gays. (Lesbians, however, had no gripe on that score. The sexual deviations from the accepted norm, assumed to be performed by lesbians, were not considered threatening to American manhood. As a result, the obvious indications of the macho aspects of the sexual peccadillos displayed by some women in the service, were ignored.)

No doubt, it was a combination of factors that contributed to the decision by homosexuals to leave the claustrophobic security of their closets. But, the final impetus for their initial outing resulted from the raid made in 1970 by a group of unsure-of-their-masculinity, bored-

with-their-lives, bigoted New York City cops. It triggered the Stonewall Inn uprising (a male thing), which in turn gave momentum, if not birth, to the gay-liberation movement. At the time, it was hailed as the breakthrough that would enable them to live their lifestyle without legal and hypocritical moral restraints. Although it did just that, their euphoria was to prove short lived.

The consequences arising from their initial outing, as noted, was their ability to engage freely and openly (at least in San Francisco and Greenwich Village) in a gay life style. And, if statistical evidence can be believed, homosexuals, as a group, have stronger sexual urges than heterosexual men (the reverse is said of lesbian women). Assuming that it's true, and it appears to be, male gays are sexually more active, and involved with more sexual partners, than their heterosexual counterparts. Add to this, that within the gay communities, there were few if any bars to their engaging in their particular sexual outlets: numerous sexual partners were available; they obviously had no means of impregnating their homosexual partners; and, since they were aware of the efficacy of penicillin – they had no fear of getting any of the then known venereal diseases.

And, it was this new-found freedom that was to be the most important factor in causing the outbreak and spread of AIDS within the homosexual community. The results of the liberalizing effects of the sixties, on through to the initial outbreak of AIDS amongst male gays, some ten years after the Stonewall Inn incident, has a kind of ghastly inverted for-want-of-a-nail ring to it. But instead of a kingdom being lost, their lives were being lost due to the freedom they found – which assured them of a plentitude of sexual partners.

Due to the prevailing doing-your-own-thing attitude of the 1970's, AIDS spread beyond the homosexual community. The easy access to drugs; the sudden breakdown of class-based, societal stratifications; and the

scientific advances that led to the increased use of blood transfusions, all played their part. Accordingly, a case could probably be made that the rampant spread of the AIDS-causing virus from: homosexual to homosexual and then on to all their sexual partners; then to anyone they shared a needle with, and their sexual partners, along with their children; and finally to the unawares recipients of AIDS-tainted blood, and then on to their sexual partners, along with their children – had its roots in the Stonewall Inn riots.





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The integration of the races in the armed forces appeared to have been accomplished by the time the Vietnam War took place. This integration was to have a destabilizing effect on the home front – but hardly for the reasons (racial conflicts amongst the men in uniform) originally feared. Since the first World War, I.Q. tests, under one name or another, had been used by the Army in an attempt to determine a recruit's military potential, and how best to utilize it. This was still the practice in 1947, when integration in the armed forces began. The officers and enlisted men who score the lowest on those tests are routinely placed in the infantry (this was not necessarily true during WWII, when huge quotas of infantrymen and seamen were arbitrarily selected to cover the needs of the planned invasions of Europe, and then Japan – which was also the time when neither college students, nor men claiming to be homosexual could readily avoid being drafted into the armed forces to serve in one capacity or another).

For whatever the social reasons, the Black troops scored lower on the army's tests than any other arbitrarily-arrived-at major racial or ethnic grouping. The result was that in Vietnam, Blacks made up a disproportionately larger percentage of the men in the infantry; it is also a fact, that, not counting paratroopers, marines, special commando-type units and the like, the infantry suffers the highest rate of casualties. Since, in Vietnam, the percentage of Blacks in the infantry was perceptively greater than in the population as a whole, they did incur casualties at a disproportionately higher rate than any other recognizable, arbitrary grouping of Americans.

In all wars, the poorest (regardless of race), as a rule the least educated and considered the most expendable, almost always serve in the infantry, and as a consequence suffer a disproportionately high number of casualties. This is what happened in Vietnam where Blacks, as a consequence of their low test scores, made up a disproportionately high percentage of the infantry, which is the reason they were dying in disproportionately high numbers. And, although racism might very well have been the root cause of their obtaining such low test results: inferior educations, more extensive poverty, lack of motivation and so on, which in turn led to their disproportionate numbers in the infantry, the fact remains that, even so, many times as many poor Whites and "others" died in Vietnam as did poor Blacks.

That more African-Americans are being killed and wounded by gunshots in America during any recent year, than during the course of the entire Vietnam War, should, in no way rationalize their dying in Vietnam. Nevertheless, it points out the hypocrisy of those Black politicians who began playing the numbers game in Vietnam, which may or may not have saved the lives of Black soldiers, but did deprive those Americans with Central African heritage of the ability to demand their full rights of citizenship as individuals (as did other minorities who served in previous wars) – rather than being lumped up in a group by Black politicians eager

to use their hardships for their own political advantage. Nevertheless, there's no denying the long-needed, democratizing effect that the numbers game, as played by Black politicians, had on the draft. It forced self-righteous White politicians to sanction the drafting of middle-class college students into the infantry's ranks – which had the ancillary effect of stopping the war: Faced with the possibility of their children going off to war to risk life and limb in the service of their country, America's, until then, rabidly anticommunist, flag-waving middle-class citizenry, decided that preventing Vietnam from turning red just wasn't worth the effort.

We Americans had learned our lesson well, as a result of the Vietnam War. Bush's Washington was well aware of the prospect of the heavy casualties foot soldiers could sustain in event we were to get involved in a major war, far from home. Nevertheless, Bush did just that: by inventing the excuse that he was acting under pressure from domestic consumers to keep the price of oil down; by utilizing the jingoistic demands of those let's-fight-a-war-we-can-win, patriotic Americans: as a means of making up for our loss of the Vietnam War; by knowingly broadcasting the false claims made by the West's puppet rulers of Kuwait (the good guys), of atrocities attributed to the troops of the equally totalitarian Iraqi regime (the bad guys); and by reacting positively to the persistent efforts of an outspoken, pro-Israel, anti-Arab, so-called-liberal press to get involved in a war in the Persian gulf. It was obvious, however, to every thinking person, that the war was intrinsically immoral (its hidden agenda being to sustain both neo- and old-fashioned, economically motivated, Bible-rationalized, racist colonialism.).

There was fear of an outcry at home in event a slew of body bags filled with the remains of members of minority groups, with political clout, were to start arriving on our shores as a result of that war. Being maimed or dying while fighting to maintain: the elitist status of the

repressive regime of Kuwait's royal family; the military dominance of Israel in the Near East; and the continued control of the price of oil by the West's oil cartel (as it walks in lock step with the much-criticized-for-its-price-fixing OPEC, while maximizing its own profits as a result of it) – does conflict with most people's ideas of a moral purpose worth dying for. And, so American ground troops, all of whom had been trained, clothed, fed, educated and paid well to put their lives on the line to protect their country's interests, if and when so ordered by the Commander in Chief (otherwise, why on earth would we be taxing ourselves into bankruptcy in order to support them?), were used sparingly in the gulf War, and even then, primarily to mop-up the unable-to-flee and not-as-yet-massacred remnants of a defeated and demoralized enemy.

The point here is not that soldiers should be sent into battle, but that it's foolish to expect soldiers, reared in a democratic society, to give their lives willingly in support of causes that, in balance, are basically immoral. The Gulf War was the first war America entered into under the guise of establishing a "New World Order" – an apparent euphemism for the reestablishment, albeit with a few new players, of that old-time colonialism. The implication made, that somehow or other this New World Order will be beneficial to the world-at-large, is merely the most recent attempt to justify the past, present and future subjugation of alien peoples rendered economically and militarily defenseless. It supplants that earlier racist rationale for the theft of the land, wealth and independence of "less-worthy" peoples: whereby God promised the land of milk and honey to his flock – a land that just happened to belong to some other folks).

Although there is overwhelming empiric evidence that economies based on a capitalist free-enterprise system (one regulated through the use of

reasonable guidelines determined by a democratically elected government) prove to be beneficial to more of a large nation's citizenry than any other system yet tried, it's a given that unrestrained capitalism and totalitarian governments go hand in hand.

Whatever a New World Order is, and we have never heard its proponents give a satisfactory definition of it, the inventing of the term seems to be no more than an attempt to put a good face on runaway, multinational, corporate neo-colonialism – as enforced by the men and arms supplied by seven of the nine nations with the world's largest economies (China and India having been excluded). It would not be wrong to be skeptical when being told that this pax multinational will contribute to a meaningful rise in the standard of living for all peoples the world over. However, even assuming that that is true for the nonce, just who is going to regulate the multinationals in the future? Surely, not the ineffectual UN.

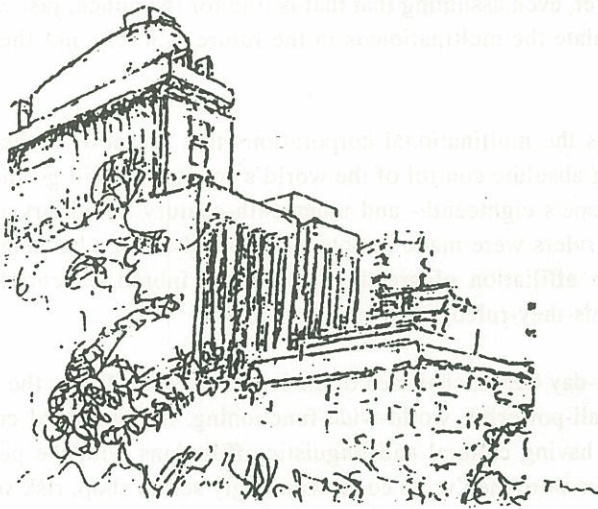
Perhaps the multinational corporations that are now in the process of gaining absolute control of the world's economies will go the same way as Europe's eighteenth- and nineteenth-century hereditary monarchies, whose rulers were made impotent or ousted as they became little more than an affiliation of greedy, squabbling, inbred, essentially-alien-to-the-lands-they-ruled, regal multinationals.

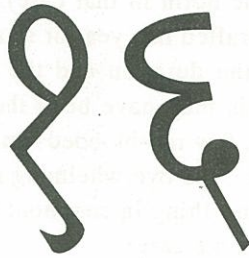
Present-day CEOs, chairmen of the board and presidents: the figureheads of the all-powerful, world-wide-functioning, multinational corporations, by not having cultural and linguistic affiliations with the people in the countries were they've so condescendingly set up shop, risk suffering the same consequences as those earlier irrelevant foreign monarchs. Eventually the people will, as in the past, throw the alien rascals out.

On the other hand, it's possible that all nations, as we know them (democracies, or not), will fade into oblivion – as they come under the

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control of megabuck, multinational corporations. Then, even in America, all but the superwealthy (a la Nazism – with or without racism) will be nothing more than well-fed, well-clothed automations: with cradle to grave government protection – and, with individuality and the freedom of action's having been sacrificed in the name of security.





WWII didn't officially end until December 31, 1946. That date, as proclaimed by President Harry S. Truman, was designated as the final day of the national emergency. Immediately thereafter, the government's authority to draft young men into the armed forces ceased.

Within six months of the issuance of that edict, most draftees were on their way home. And as more and more of them departed, the army's attitude towards its enlisted men hardened. It attempted to enforce the strict interpretations of the rules that were in force during the pre-WWII years – and the term “chicken-shit” took on a new meaning for the short-term, Regular Army enlistees; it was fast losing its humorous connotation. (The eagle is the insignia of a full colonel; in the army, that eagle is called a chicken – ergo, official, army procedure, always thought to be mindless and unnecessary was called by one and all, “chicken-shit”.)

A good portion of the youngest occupation troops, although Regular Army, had enlisted for the then minimum term of eighteen months. The reasons for enlisting varied from youth to youth: but the guarantee of eligibility for the G.I. Bill, was of major importance (three and four year enlistments were the norm in that case). In addition, many had assumed that they'd be drafted in a year or so anyway, and by enlisting they'd be sure of both the duration and the branch in which they'd serve; moreover (and this may have been the prime reason), having grown up during the war, few red-blooded American kids wanted to be left out of it. Furthermore, the overwhelming majority of those youths who enlisted had one other thing in common: they had no intention of making soldiering a life-time career.

With the end of the emergency, the "real" Regular Army officers and non-coms were overjoyed by the thought that the draftees would soon be going home. Draftees had to be treated with special care: congressmen, aware of public sentiment, let it be known that draftees should be dealt with more leniently than Regular Army personnel: young men who had voluntarily given up their rights as civilians. However, much to the consternation of a majority of the hash-marked and beribboned lifers who re-upped after the war, along with the ending of the draft, the mandate that all those Americans evidencing equatorial-African ancestry, all of whom had been previously segregated, were to be forthwith fully integrated throughout the armed forces.

The battery commander, a captain, arrived, his face grim, he marched to, and then up the three steps leading to a makeshift platform: his actions executed with exaggerated military precision. The room, a recently built and heretofore yet-to-be-used mess hall, was filled by the entire contingent of officers and men from Nainsink's battery. The men addressed: all of whom were assumed to be wannabe heroes, were very

young, with virtually all the privates, as well as most of the non-coms, still but teenagers.

They had been standing there for half an hour while awaiting the captain's arrival. He was to make an announcement which, they had been told, would be of major importance. The first sergeant called the men to attention as the captain entered. The captain, after telling the men to stand at ease, proceeded to tell them some of the history of their battery, of which he was the commander. He then went on – almost tearfully, as if delivering a eulogy – letting them know, in a stern yet fatherly voice, how if things had only remained the same, he was confident that together they would have made his battery into one of the army's best fighting units: one he would be proud to lead into battle.

None of the teen-age privates had any idea of just what the hell the captain was driving at, but the captain's claim that they had the potential to be real war heroes was definitely beginning to make them feel mighty good about themselves. And when he finally told them what the cataclysmic news was, they were even more proud of themselves for being what they were, or perhaps for what they weren't. The captain, in his educated Southern drawl, finally, resignedly let them in on the effects of the ending of the emergency with its unconscionable and revolutionary requirement that: "We all are gonna have to accept 'nigres' into our battery".

[The continuing segregation and degradation of the American Negro in the armed forces during WWII, was the political price that FDR, and the North's liberal hawks (it is hoped unwillingly) paid, in 1940, to win the votes of the South's "patriotic" Democrats in Congress. This allowed for the establishment of the Selective Service System (the draft) for the duration of the national emergency, the passage of which was being held up by that other bloc of "patriots": Mid-West, Republican isolationists.

[Had the integration of the armed forces taken place in 1940, when the great majority of “Whites” who were to make up the line divisions, still had hammer or sickle backgrounds, African-Americans would not have felt the need to try and rationalize their segregation by claiming everyone else was afraid of them. It’s doubtful that many of those millions of men who put their lives on the line during WWII would have felt physically intimidated by their presence. And, although the vast majority of WWII veterans, even after taking advantage of the GI Bill to further their education, returned to their former ways, one in which they related to the community that they had grown up in, rather than one made up of men from a cross-section of America, such as they met in the army, they, nonetheless, became aware of just how much all Americans had in common.

[It would be through no great stretch of the imagination, therefore, to conclude that had Negroes not been segregated during WWII, those servicemen who had been arbitrarily grouped as Blacks and Whites would have soon recognized each other as being made up of individuals: some good, some bad, and the overwhelming majority just ordinary folk. As it was, years after integration in the services was ordered: during the Korean War, Blacks felt the need to prove their worth by displaying an “I’m-more-macho-than-Whitey” attitude: one which worked only to increase the friction between the arbitrarily-designated races. There is no doubt that their attitude only acted to reinforce a de facto segregation that probably still exists, to some degree, in the armed forces – much as the actions of politicians, both White and Black, who play on perceived racial and ethnic differences amongst their constituents, to win votes, contribute to the persistence of segregation in communities throughout the entire nation.]

It was not quite closing time, when the MPs made the band stop playing and all the soldiers were ordered out. There was an urgency in their

manner; and since soldiers become an obedient-to-authority lot, they filed out in an orderly manner. As they were leaving, they could see a large group of Negro troops trying to force their way past the MPs, and into the cabaret.

[The cabarets were owned and operated by the Japanese, and remained segregated even though many months had passed since the integration of the armed services was to commence. If not at the request, then at the very least with the tacit approval of the U.S. Army, i.e., General Douglas MacArthur, the Japanese continued a segregationist policy that was enforced by American MPs.

[Whether or not the concept of racism had previously, over the centuries, been drilled into Japan's peasantry as a means of manipulating them into accepting an inferior status in their own country, or Japan's industrialists, as the post-war, new and sole ruling class, were merely astute observers and imitators of American racism and, who, like America's Southerners after the Civil War, Germans after their defeats in WWI and WWII, and Jews after the Holocaust when establishing Israel, found it useful to demean another peoples as a means of making up for their own loss of face – a humiliation caused by the failure of their manhood, their leadership and/or their God(s) to succor them, the Japanese were quick to adapt an attitude of racial superiority in their dealings with African-American troops. The worst thing a Japanese whore could say about another Japanese whore was that she had been laid by a Negro.]

The soldiers who were herded out of the cabaret were ordered by the MPs to get on any one of the trucks that were waiting around for the cabaret to close (since there was no public transportation available, each unit sent its own truck to bring their personnel back to camp). Nainsink and three of the other youths from his battery clambered over the tailboard and into the Camp Hakata-bound truck from divarty headquarters.

Although the soldiers had been ordered out of the cabaret by the MPs, it was obvious that some of the troops on the truck felt emasculated as a result of their leaving the scene. The truck stopped after its having travelled about a half mile from the cabaret, and the sergeant in charge came around from the cab, climbed up into the back of the truck and then, in a belligerent manner, began challenging the right of those soldiers from other outfits to be in his truck. The sergeant was standing next to McIntyre, who was seated at the open end of the truck, and, despite having his right arm in a heavy plaster cast, swung that arm at the sergeant in response to his bullying queries, knocking him out of the truck. At that point, realizing the position they were in, Nainsink, along with McIntyre and the two other youths from his battery, all leapt over the tailgate and onto the road. The sergeant, with the help of the remaining soldiers, managed to heave himself into the back of the truck. And, as it drove off, he could be heard berating the men from his unit for not having come to his aid.

As the four abandoned cannoneers stood at the side of the road, trying to decide what to do next, a weapons carrier, with its siren blasting away, sped past them. It was packed full of MPs, and was going in the direction of the cabaret from which they themselves had only just been forced to leave. With a show of much bravado, and in an attempt to reclaim their pride of race, they opted for returning to the cabaret.

By the time they had made their way back, it was apparent that the MPs had the situation well under control. In front of the cabaret, seated in the passenger seat of an open jeep, sat a handcuffed Negro youth, and standing a few feet away was an eighteen-year-old, stern-faced, resolute MP private with his pistol drawn. As the four companions stood there, not more than five feet away, taking it all in, they learned that the Negro soldier sitting in the jeep had, during a scuffle inside the cabaret, struck

an MP over his bare head with a beer bottle: seriously injuring him. As Nainsink and the others continued to watch, the handcuffed soldier broke into a smile, one that could have been taken as a sign of defiant braggadocio but was, in all probability, the kind of nervous smile brought about by the realization of the enormity (under military law) of his action. Upon seeing the smile, the MP, apparently believing his manly authority was being challenged, raised his gun, released the safety, and then coolly aimed the weapon at the head of the handcuffed prisoner. Abruptly, the smile disappeared. At that point, another manacled Negro soldier was brought out of the cabaret and taken to another waiting jeep, and then, within a few minutes, all the remaining vehicles (loaded down with now, self-confident MPs, along with a lot of much-subdued Negro troops) were driven away. Again, the four young artillerymen found themselves abandoned, but by this time the streets of Fukuoka were totally deserted.

Having no alternative, they walked the five miles or so back to Camp Hakata. It was well after curfew by the time they arrived outside the camp. They climbed over the wall at a point some distance from the main entrance. As they dropped to the ground, an armed soldier, who was walking his post while on guard duty, saw them sneaking in, but made no attempt to challenge them. They continued on their way until they reached their barracks, never once halted by any one of the many guards on duty. In a matter of minutes, they were all fast asleep.

[Perhaps it's being unfair to blame the army for maintaining its bigoted stance. After all, the Supreme Court didn't overturn its own earlier ruling, that "separate but equal" education was constitutional until 1954: this was seven or eight years after the ordered integration of the armed forces. Nevertheless, the foot-dragging in carrying out the order to desegregate the armed forces (where it is impressed upon every enlisted

man that one salutes the insignia on an officer's lapel and what it stands for, and not the individual officer), was an obvious attempt to circumvent the intention of the directive. However, it should also be noted that in the years leading up to and during the Korean war, which ended a year before the Supreme Court declared segregated schooling unconstitutional, meaningful integration in the army was being put in place.]

With the Regular Army now in full control, career soldiers were given preference in filling the MOS (Military Occupational Specialty) non-com openings – which was, of course, fitting and proper. Career soldiers (almost all of whom were White at that time) were the ones who would be serving long enough to warrant their being given the additional training that was so often required. However, this did have its adverse consequences on the future effectiveness of the army; in those pre-hi-tech times, a large proportion of the men who found a home in the army were to be found amongst the least intelligent of the troops, and, consequently, the least educable.

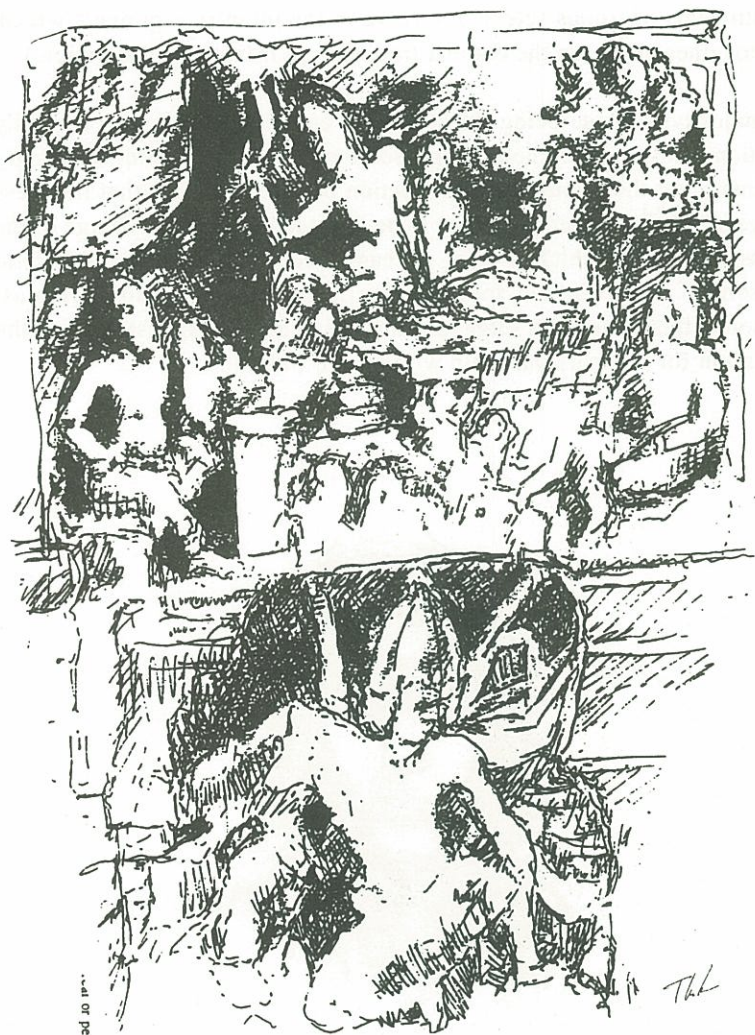
In the spring of 1947, regulations were put into effect that denied enlistment as well as reenlistment to those scoring under 90 on the army's intelligence test. (The tests were not identical to standard I.Q. tests, nor was the manner in which they were given, or the way that the scores were calculated – yet the army's scores correlated to some degree with the scores obtained on standard, school-given I.Q. tests. And with the same degree of accuracy that I.Q.s indicate the innate intelligence of civilians, the army's test scores sufficed to act as hazy indicators of the mental ability of those taking their tests.) Since the army's earlier acceptable score was 70, all GIs who had scored under 90 were ordered retested. The result was that in Nainsink's artillery battalion, some ten percent of the troops were marched away for retesting. (It should be

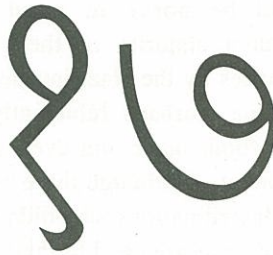
noted that, under normal circumstances, those servicemen selected to serve in the artillery tended to have higher scores than the far larger contingents of troops selected to serve in the infantry regiments which, all together, made up the combat troops of an infantry line division.)

A majority of those being retested were career soldiers, with a goodly portion of those being non-coms. Some of Nainsink's buddies jokingly claimed that there must be a connection between the fact that the mess sergeant who was marched away to be retested, was also in charge of the mess hall from which a slew of cannoneers came down with food poisoning. Nevertheless, for whatever the significance, and there must be some, this same mess sergeant managed to get the highest score in the battalion for his marksmanship with the M-1 carbine.



A DIFFERENT TIME – A DIFFERENT WAR





The events leading to WWII acted to unify the nation, and, for one reason or another virtually all residents of our land of immigrants found it advantageous to understate, if not deny, their connection in the past, present and future to the peoples of foreign lands.

Many had century-old ancestral ties to the totalitarian nations that were soon to be America's enemies: Germany, Italy, Japan and their satellites. Many others had ties to Ireland: a nation that remained neutral (but decidedly pro-Germany) throughout the entire course of the war.

Nevertheless, once America entered the war, virtually all Americans, no matter what their ancestral background, supported the Allied cause.

For years, even before Pearl Harbor, there were many ethnic American groups who were understandably vociferously anti-fascist. These were the Americans with real or perceived ancestral ties to peoples in those

countries that had already been conquered, or that had been under constant attack by one or another of the Axis nations – plus, of course, those universally and systematically persecuted by them.

Nevertheless, it should be borne in mind that most European governments, along with a majority of their peoples, accepted the occupation of their countries by the Nazi invaders with little or no real military resistance – some, perhaps reluctantly, supplied them with manufactured materials, food, labor and even military support in the form of troops and armament. (Although there was always a segment of the populous in those defeated nations who didn't collaborate with their Axis conquerors or submit unchallenged to their rule, it wasn't until the war was drawing to a close, and when it became obvious that Germany would be defeated, that meaningful efforts were made, by the citizens of the occupied nations, to assist in the ousting of the German and Japanese occupation forces from their lands.)

Prior to, and well after America's entry into the war, many European refugees arrived in New York. Despite the fact that a large proportion of those refugees were Jews (albeit most were rich or well-to-do, non-Slavic ones from central and western Europe), American Jews, especially those still living in the tenements on the lower-east-side, and in Brownsville, the South Bronx, or East New York (most of whom were earlier immigrants from eastern Europe), were as outspoken in showing their resentment of the refugees, as any bigoted Christian. It is a fact, however, that at that time the American public was totally unaware of the magnitude of Nazi Germany's atrocities (Japan's war crimes, though surely no less despicable, or devastating to its recipients, were committed, for the most part, on a more human scale). Provided one ignored the Old Testament rationalizations for the rapacious, predatory actions committed by the moneyed and landed classes in Europe's

colonizing and slave trading nations (most of whom were our WWII allies), it was impossible for Americans to comprehend how a supposedly-civilized peoples could sink so low as to treat their fellow human beings as nothing better than vermin – and then, even attempt to rationalize their bestiality.

[What is even sadder, is that in the half century since the years of Germany's shame: politically-motivated, religious racial and ethnic hatred and rivalry has been the root cause and rationalization for atrocities causing the deaths to far more civilians and minimally-armed soldiers, than caused by the despicable acts committed by the Nazis. During this same half century, only the major, former Axis powers (having been disarmed) appear to have refrained from openly and officially rationalizing the all-too-frequent descents into barbarity by nations with a new breed of "civilized" citizenry.]

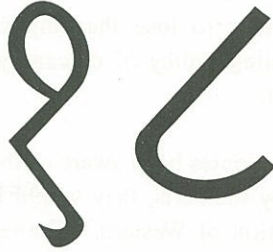
[After the war, the Israelis played on the resultant guilt of American Jewry (because of their unwillingness or inability to succor their fellow human beings with whom they were arbitrarily lumped and then designated as being some kind of unique and denigrated segment of near-humanity by the Nazis), to shame them into financing (directly as well as by applying political pressure on the American Congress to do so) the establishment and maintenance of the newest and, one would like to believe, the last of the old-fashioned, racism-rationalized colonies established by Europeans – no matter what name their religion goes by. (It should be noted that Israelis have managed to rationalize their own barbarous actions against Palestinians that differ only by degree, albeit a large one, from the manner so many millions of Jews suffered at the hands of the Nazis.)]

Despite destroying America's Pacific fleet, with its murder of thousands of American servicemen, the bombing of Pearl Harbor did have its

positive aspect. The reaction to it was immediate. We went on a war alert. American men, eager to display their patriotism, enlisted in droves. The American people became more united than they had ever been: a survival reaction to a feared invasion of our homeland by the then seemingly invincible Axis powers. Everyone stressed their American citizenship, while, at least outwardly, denying allegiance to any other nation or peoples. The effects of all that was that most everyone (especially the young, which included those with a relatively strong religious and/or ethnic orientation) tended to consider themselves only as Americans: in every sense of the word, which included being a kind of nebulous, non-practicing, all-purpose Protestant – much as the vast majority of all Americans were at that time.

The Americanizing process, though not necessarily trouble-free, as we shall see, lasted until the mid-1960's. By then, the tendency to refragmentize the nation began to take effect in earnest.





From the first rumblings of WWII, during the mid-1930's, the general attitude towards all of its eventual participants by the peoples in the diversity of non-Euro-Caucasian colonies was ambivalent: as far as they were concerned, since nobody was wearing a white hat, it was hard to tell who the good guys were.

It was only after America's entry into the war, and as a result of Roosevelt's moral additions to the Allies' stated cause, that that half of the world's peoples who, until then had felt they had no stake in the war's outcome, were swayed, perhaps, ever-so-slightly, to favor the Allies. And, there's little room for doubt, that those assertions of Roosevelt's: that all peoples, the world over, have the right to determine their own and their nation's destiny, with all of its anti-colonialism implications, was calculated to help sway world opinion in the Allies' favor.

(In passing, it should be noted that Churchill, though realizing full well the benefits to England's cause from such a claim, was distressed when it became clear that Roosevelt fully intended to see to the implementation of his ideas about self-determination for all peoples. Accordingly, Churchill advised FDR, albeit clandestinely, that he wasn't fighting the war in order to lose the empire – thereby manifesting England's then-continuing policy of chicanery as she tried in vain to hold onto her colonies).

Had the people in the colonies been aware of the heinous crimes against humanity committed by the Axis, they would have thought them to be just another manifestation of Western barbarism. From their point of view (as well as from any non-prejudicial historical perspective), in relation to the multitude of inhuman acts perpetrated against the inhabitants of the non-Euro-Caucasian colonies, in the not so distant past, by the majority of those nations that were to make up the Allies, the inhuman treatment of all peoples (including Europeans) by the Axis powers was hardly an aberration. After all, the Axis powers were only aping the actions of the colonizers amongst the Allies who, for centuries, while also armed with both superior weaponry and a religio-racist rationale, had gone about stealing the lands of others – worldwide.

Nevertheless, the world-at-large did tend to side with the Allies. Perhaps because they were thought to be the lesser of two evils – or, at the very least, an evil that they had learned to live with.

[It must also be kept in mind that the leaders of the freedom movements in the colonies (non-European-majority countries, most of which have since been categorized as belonging to the now-denigrated group of nations called the Third World – sort of like a crook taunting the rich man he had just robbed because he no longer had any money) remembered only too well how the Allies, including the United States, ignored the liberal concepts of Woodrow Wilson (America's earlier

moralizing world-leader) once the first of the world wars was over. We Americans even refused to join The League of Nations.]

Claims of German and Japanese atrocities were thought to be blown out of all proportion to reality; as a consequence, their moral implications were ignored in most instances as being nothing more than Allied propaganda. The known, but nevertheless, unacknowledged, political leaders from the colonized nations (all of which, in their then-recent past, had been subjected to more or less equally-atrocious acts at the hands of our European allies) were prone to consider the outcries, by our allies, against the Axis for the atrocities they were committing, as hypocritical. And, of course, they were just that.

In the course of events leading up to WWII, the residents of Ireland could see no more benefit to themselves, should England and her colonizing European allies win the war, than did the overwhelming majority of the citizens of other colonized lands, e.g., the Indian peoples of British India, the Indonesians in the Dutch East Indies, and the Laotians, Cambodians and Vietnamese in French Indo-China. The vast majority of all such peoples from the then tenuously-held or recently-lost colonies had, in years past, been forcefully and ruthlessly deprived of their lands, freedom and pride by America's soon-to-be allies. As a result, the non-European citizenry in those colonies were more than a little concerned that, in event the Allies won, England, France and Holland, with their superior, American-supplied arms, would attempt to reassert their military, economic and political control over them (which, in one way or another, was exactly what they most certainly tried to do).

At the onset of WWII, Europe's colonizing nations, due to their understandable preoccupation with Germany's threat to their very own existence, appeared to play benevolent tyrant and, rather than admit

their inability to defend their colonies, let alone their own homelands, indicated that by fleeing the colonies, in the face of Japan's seemingly invincible forces, they were merely relaxing their control, and that it was a sign of their beneficence, and of more freedom to come. However, the leaders of the various liberation movements had become inured to the deceptive promises made by the various colonizing nations that were to be found amongst our allies. Among the words of Abraham Lincoln that make him worthy of universal respect are these that the colonizers should have heeded: "You can fool some of the people all the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool all of the people all of the time."

[India had been promised self-rule if she supported England during WWI – India did so, and 70,000 Indian troops died in that war in support of England and the Allies – England welshed – England lied. It was this lie that motivated Mohandas Gandhi's use of passive resistance – as a manifestation of Satyagraha (truth force), and as a means of countering Britain's continuing duplicity in maintaining her occupation of India.]

Despite the probability that they were well aware that, in event the Axis powers were to win the war, Japanese or German imperialism would be every bit as depredatory, if not more so, many amongst the colonized nations (including Ireland) acted on the age-old adage: "mine enemy's enemy is my friend", and remained neutral, when not overtly hostile to the Allied cause – at least during the first few years of WWII.

[Yet-to-be-colonized Thailand (of "Anna and the King of Siam" fame), having good reason to fear the self-righteous, acquisitive nature of British imperialism, went so far as to side openly with the Japanese (suffice it to say that similar, though decidedly less open, attitudes towards Nazi Germany existed in South America and Africa.)]

No doubt Japan's ability, during the course of the war, to oust the Dutch, French and British from so many of their possessions, without their putting up much of a fight, was a major factor in bringing about the ultimate liberation of the colonies. In a country like India, at least in principle, the military had a moral obligation to fight and die, if necessary, for their right to enjoy the privileges that go with being members of the ruling class or caste. Obligations come with privilege; and the running out on their obligations to fight for their right to rule, by the Europeans, was considered a cowardly act, and was not taken lightly. Having lost face, they were incapable of regaining or retaining control of their former colonies. And even in those instances when America, as a means of countering communist influence, encouraged them to remain, our WWII allies were incapable of holding on to the colonies for any length of time.

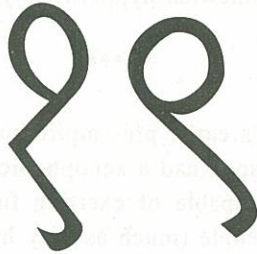
Catholic Portugal, neutral during WWII, was amongst the last of the European nations to be evicted from their Asian colonies (Macao, like Britain's Hong Kong, is to revert to China before the end of the century). However, for well over a century, Portugal had been but an insignificant presence in Asia: tolerated and supported militarily by England as part of her don't-rock-the-boat, self-serving colonial policy.

The Roman Catholic Church, a major power in the Portuguese colonies, had – in one of its more hypocritical stances, defended and rationalized that most un-Christian and degrading form of government; imperialistic colonialism, as a means of bringing Christianity to the non-European "Heathen". Over the course of the past five centuries, the Church condoned, and often played an active role in the impoverishment and massacre of untold millions of peoples world-wide in an effort to save their souls – as their advocates picked the pockets of those they converted and then went about destroying the spiritual and physical

manifestations of their cultures: most of which were far older and more civilized than any then functioning in Europe.

To be fair, although the Catholic Church supported the corrupt Frenchified Catholic rulers in Vietnam, many Catholic priests and nuns did martyr themselves in support of the Amerind/Latino peoples against the Reagan-armed fascist governments in Central America. And Mother Theresa did offer succor to hundreds of lepers and prevent hundreds of fetuses from being removed from Indian women, thereby exhibiting the beatific qualities of the Christian West's beneficence to India's nine-hundred millions of peoples whose ancestors managed to survive the effects of Judeo/Christian, religio-racist-inspired and -rationalized, rapacious aggression.

It's interesting to note that the Republican Eisenhower, hardly a communist sympathizer, refused to send American troops to fight a war in Vietnam (though, he did give the French financial aid). Yet, the proclaimed liberal Kennedy, a church-going, professed Roman Catholic, felt compelled to send American troops to die in South Vietnam in support of a Frenchified-Catholic minority, against that countries bent-on-peace Buddhist majority. This murderous war, resulting in the deaths of well over 50,000 Americans, along with as many as forty times that many Vietnamese, was but another example of the intrinsic immorality in the Euro-centric, Judeo-Christian ethic of greed. Only in Catholic Ireland was the demeaning nature of colonialism overtly denounced by the Church. No doubt, had John Double X Three served as pope for ten or twenty years longer, things would have been different.



Perhaps the ease in which Japan's earlier-in-the-century annexation of Korea was accomplished, and the lack of any actions to prevent her occupation of Manchuria were the basis for Japan's decision to invade the West's resource-rich Asian colonies, along with China and her source of cheap labor. It might also be said that the Japanese were only engaged in carrying out one of humanity's innate, greed-motivated animal activities (which hardly varied from those of the West's colonizers): "Do unto others if one can get away with it". And the rationale for their sneak attack on Pearl Harbor, might very well have been the instinctual carrying out of activities motivated by fear: "kill or be killed".

That type of spontaneous reaction is so well known, that green hikers, in mountainous regions, are routinely warned to wear bells: bears, upon hearing the sound from afar will keep their distance, and not be startled into attacking them out of fear. Add to this, what brave hunters of

wildlife know full well, sneaking up on a powerful beast can have far better results than meeting it head on. In humans, those actions resulting from a combination of both fear and greed, are thought to exhibit some of humanity's most bestial qualities – those that civilized peoples have always, somewhat-hypocritically, considered despicable.

At the time of Europe's early, pre-empire-building surge of seaborne commercial voyages, Japan had a xenophobic, centralized government with a military force capable of exerting full control over a made-obedient-to-authority people (much as they have remained throughout the 20th century). The Japanese military proved to be more than up to the task of preventing the half-hearted attempts by Europe's early colony-minded traders to establish any sort of a formidable foothold in the country. Since Japan was then considered a remote island nation, with but limited prospects for making the kind of profits that Europe's avaricious entrepreneurs of the 16th, 17th, and 18th centuries would have found worth the investment necessary to conquer her, and establish a colony there, she was left alone.

Towards the end of the twentieth century, the major industrial nations, realizing that war had become counterproductive as a means of settling disputes amongst themselves, what with everyone being equipped with the most up-to-date killing machines, peaceful outlets, especially sporting events, were found to enable a nation's citizenry to give vent to their excess patriotism, as well as of the overflowing testosterone of its young men. As a consequence, most nations went about hiring high-priced athletes, under one pretext or another, so as to have strong teams represent them, thereby supplying potentially winning teams for the unflinching support of its young men – most of them with blue-collar and

underemployed family backgrounds: the very same class of men who in the not so distant past served as soldiers in their armies. And at that earlier time it was hardly necessary for nations to have a winning sports team representing them in order to garner the support of the populace for their rulers.

As the 18th century drew to a close, the West's war-making abilities, originally assembled in order to protect themselves against the greedy appetites of fellow Europeans, had improved substantially. As a result, Europeans became sure winners against the in-the-process-of-being colonized nations, whose armies were yet to be modernized – thereby giving ample proof of the superiority of the Euro-Caucasian, Judeo-Christian male.

From the mid-1800s on, after the heavy casualties realized by England in the Crimean war and despite Tennyson's glorification of the suicidal "Charge of the Light Brigade", England, until the outbreak of WWI, avoided the need to again fight equally-armed opponents. This she was able to accomplish by keeping Europe in check with an astute application of "balance-of-power" diplomacy.

Meanwhile, against the poorly-armed peoples of the world, England applied a judicious use of her military supremacy, along with her cunning ability to play group against group to her political advantage. England, during the last half of the nineteenth century, was able to concentrate on formalizing her control over those nations where she had originally engaged in trade. As a result, the cities established to facilitate that trade, like no-longer-benign cancers, spread their poisonous effects by destroying the economic health of the colonies. (The resources of the colonies, no longer being paid for, were, nevertheless, shipped off to England, thereby enabling the well-funded building of London to continue unimpeded.)

Believing themselves to have a physical and mental superiority to all other peoples (albeit as a result of their superiority in arms) middle-class Europeans began to consider themselves the Bible's chosen-of-God; they considered the lands of all other people as that land promised to them in accordance with a self-serving reading of the Judeo-Christian Old Testament. (It's hard to believe that that resultant, Bible-based rationalization for stealing the lands of another is still alive and well and flourishing. And what's even harder to believe is that there are hundreds of millions of peoples whose ancestors had been enslaved as a result of the racist content of the Bible, who still swear by It.)

We can now see the true seeds of Japan's evolution into a leading modern industrial nation. Without a doubt, Japan's nineteenth-century ruling class had observed how the West, armed with both far superior weaponry and the moral self-righteousness afforded by their self-serving interpretations of an all-encompassing Bible, with its conveniently-contradictory text (as is more often than not the case with all books containing the "words" of God), were stealing the wealth and enslaving the peoples of those nations that had originally naively opened up their countries to the West as trading partners. As a result, Japan's oligarchy realized that they would have to modernize their arms, or soon, they too would be forced to succumb to European domination. And, though many former colonies have long-since adopted that concept when dealing with the West, it, no doubt, would be a sign of wisdom if they also remained wary of Japanese intentions.

Through an all-out effort (with the no-nonsense massive-enslavement and death-dealing use of their own people), Japan transformed its medieval, authoritative, military-dominated government into an efficient war-making machine: a powerful military-industrial

conglomerate. Nevertheless, one destined to fail in its all-out, land-grabbing war against the West.

Over the course of several hundred years, in Japan, the innate rights of the individual had been forcefully suppressed. Whether or not the result was intentional, it made for a law-abiding people who unquestioningly carry out the will of their leaders. In times of national emergencies, the citizens of all functioning democracies have been willing to forgo their rights as individuals for the good of all. However, the Japanese people have been placed in a state of national emergency for the past one-hundred-and-fifty years. As a result, the denial of the right to be an individual, ostensibly for the good of the nation, has become an essential part of the Japanese psyche.

Since Japan's defeat in WWII, her leaders have worked on satisfying the most acquisitive aspects of the West's materialistic culture in order to maintain their own independence, and also as a means of attaining an ascendancy over other peoples. And, like all peoples driven by the need to acquire [greed, insecurity, the need to dominate, to test the potency and love of their God(s)?], the Japanese, as a nation, have been successful in their pursuit of wealth.

Japan's old-boy network insured a market for their manufactured goods by fostering the acquisition amongst their own people of the last word in cameras, optical instruments, mechanical devices, electronic gadgets and their ilk – all in every conceivable combination. This guaranteed home-market for the sale of all these high-tech doodads, allowed Japan's industrialists a non-risk opportunity to perfect their technology and work out the kinks that crop up during production, all while earning an income. They were then ready to meet the much-larger, world-wide, media-induced demand that they created for their products: all at the most cost-effective rate, and competitive prices.

The result of all this shrewd military-like planning was that there was no effective competition for their products. And with the manufacturers obviously in control of supply, and with their ability to control (as owners) a large segment of the media and entertainment industries, they became capable of influencing the demand for their products as well. With their ability to regulate both supply and demand to an appreciable degree, the production of their now-made-essential gimcrack could go forward at the most cost-effective rate. These quasi-monopolistic maneuvers are intended to maximize the manufacturers' profits, and invariably result in the setting of prices for their products much higher than if there were competition. Profits, not trying to be a good samaritan, is the name of the game.

Now none of this would necessarily be a bad thing, if not for the fact that in our consumer-oriented society, the process must continue, ad infinitum, in order to keep the money-machine of non-stop progress turning. And, this means, that at some point the game is over, e.g., when there is nothing new that people want, or when all but one player's been cleaned out. However, even assuming that the game can go on forever, the rest of the world is then forced to compete with the Japanese. And, since Japan's success in supplying these touted-as-essential goodies is so dependent on her people's forfeiture of their individual rights, corporations in the West are using Japan's commercial successes as an excuse to demand a similar sacrifice from their own workers – as a means of competing with the Japanese.

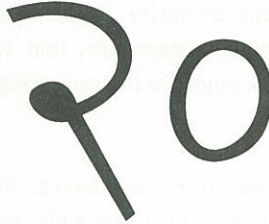
In America (though this is a world-wide phenomenon), both domestic and foreign industrialists are being enticed to settle in communities, that not only offer tax breaks, but promise to provide them with a docile, anti-union work force: one that will enable them to compete with the low-cost, manufacturing processes that the Japanese originally adopted to take advantage of the ant-like characteristics of their people.

The consequence of all this is that, throughout the developed and redeveloping industrial nations, the less-than-wealthy ordinary citizens are being coerced into making give-backs of wages, benefits and their rights as individuals to be represented by a bona fide trade or professional union. Though all of this is being done in the name of making a nation's manufactured goods more competitive with those of the Japanese, never once has it been suggested that the West's stockholders accept a smaller return on their investments.

By the late 1930's, the colonies in East and Southeast Asia were, for the most part, either loosely held by one or another of the Allies, or in jeopardy of being taken over by the Japanese. And then, by taking full advantage of Europe's disarray (the result of Nazi Germany's military successes), and the near-destruction of America's Pacific Fleet (the result of her sneak attack on Pearl Harbor), Japan's armies easily defeated the Dutch, French and British, and with considerably more effort, brought about the surrender of America's ground forces in the Philippines.

The Japanese, however, after a short period of acting the liberator, while touting the slogan, "Asia for the Asiatics", proved, in every nation they invaded, from as far north as Manchuria to as far south as Indonesia, to be every bit as racist, mendacious and avaricious as were the colonizers amongst the Allies.]





The single most telling factor that brought about the conditions that made for the outbreak of WWII, was the Great Depression. And that was triggered the day that that mother of all pyramid con games, the booming stock market of the nineteen-twenties, ran out of investors' willing or able to continue to buy in on it, at any price. The most telling economic effects of the crash were, as usual in all such cataclysmic events, felt mainly by the middle and lower-middle income earners. The poor couldn't get much poorer, although their ranks swelled considerably, as those once numbered amongst the middle class joined them. Meanwhile, some once truly wealthy did get a little less rich as they dropped a notch to a lower socio-economic level: that of the upper class with but a middle-class income.

The domino effects felt throughout the world, due to the loss of faith owing to the failure of the most publicized of capitalistic human endeavors, quite naturally accelerated the movement towards socialist

solutions to the social ills exacerbated by the totality of capitalism's monumental collapse. The market's crash only highlighted the gross disparities between the disposable incomes of the truly-rich haves and that of everyone else: those who tried, and failed to become rich, along with the rest of a nation, all now lumped together as the have-nots. It was the magnitude of the disparity in the distribution of wealth that manifested itself during the depression, that was the principal cause, world-wide, of dissension amongst the mounting number of members of the lower classes.

As a counter to that discontent, the haves, in the Central European countries that were to unite to form the Axis, gave employment to their dispirited minions in one or another of the components of the soon to be reestablished, nationalistic, military-industrial conglomerates. At the same time, those haves placed the blame for their own economic failings, which contributed greatly to the world-wide depression, on: the communists; the exclusionary economic policies of America in Latin America, and those of Europe's colonizers of Asia and Africa; plus the unrealistic WWI compensation demands made by France – and for good measure, on the “nefarious”, “anti-Christian” money-making practices and life styles of Gypsies and Jews in general, and in Central Europe in particular.

The results of their appeals to bigotry, and the rationalized preparations for war, did act to keep the masses of have-nots in line. The obedient-to-the-will-of-their-masters workmen were given employment in either arms-making factories or in their ever-growing armed forces – which in turn stimulated the growth of jobs in general, along with an increased demand for manufactured consumer goods and the produce of farmers.

[It's difficult to comprehend how the Axis powers, perhaps as a result of believing their own denigrating-of-America propaganda, managed to ignore the obvious, i.e., that Americans would also benefit economically

by the world-wide demand for raw materials and manufactured goods – caused by the arms race inspired by their sabre rattling. In addition, since a majority of the orders to meet Europe's needs for military hardware ended up in America, it gave a jump-start to the development and expansion of America's own arms industry – which was further stimulated by our own military needs, as we prepared to head off the Axis' expansionist aspirations. Because of that, even taking into consideration the near catastrophic destruction of the Pacific Fleet, America, at the time of Japan's sneak attack on Pearl Harbor was already on her way to being on a wartime footing. Moreover, America's ethnically-diverse population, contrary to the Axis's predictions, proved capable of uniting against them. It was accomplished with a burst of patriotic exuberance that was, no doubt, as much of a surprise to many Americans, as it was to the rest of the world.]

Perhaps Krupp and some of his fellow Nazi industrialists planned it, and perhaps Hitler, once he got over the surprise that his off-the-wall ideas were being seriously considered by many people who must surely have known better, was aware of exactly what the effects of his plan of action would be. However, in all probability, it was a fortuitous convergence (for the Nazis) of the unforeseeable and the uncontrollable, and not micro-planning, that enabled Germany to acquire both a large well-trained and highly-motivated military establishment – along with the ability to mass produce some of the most advanced war machines of its day. All of which enabled the Axis powers (Japan and Italy had developed similarly) to wage the largest and most barbarous war the world has even known. And, that took some doing.

[Neither Germany nor Japan had a broad-based, open-ended, accessible-to-all, middle-class social structure – both were, and can still be counted amongst the most recent major industrial states to have been converted

to a relatively free-market, capitalistic economy from a fairly-rigid and controlled neo-feudalistic one. And, it is this, no doubt, that accounts for their past, albeit short-lived, military successes, as well as their subsequent manufacturing and commercial prowess. The Italians, their having thrown off the major effects of feudalism hundreds of years earlier, were, much to their credit, incapable of being quite as regimented socially, or of being as commercially successful.]

Despite Japan's claim of making Asia for the Asiatics, the leaders of the freedom movements in the colonies, being worldly and highly educated, for the most part, must have realized that, in event the Axis won, the Fascist nations would prove to be every bit as exploitative, if not more so, if that were possible, than the former colonizers amongst the Allies. It was quite apparent, to anyone who gave it any thought, that Japan's idealistic claims were merely red herrings. The intent of the Axis powers was to supplant the Allies, after first conquering them, in the milking of the economies of their former colonies. National interest was the name of the WWII game – just as the post-war years were to see the self-interests of multibillionaire multinationals replace it.

[The Nazis were making direct appeals for pan-European support for their conquests based on a nonsensical claim to a common Euro-Aryan, heritage for all of Europe's recently-liberated (some hundred years earlier, at the time) peasantry, who were, and still are, locked into a lower-middle-class social status. These attempts at raising the self-esteem of Germanic Europe's lowest classes (at the expense of the "non-Aryan" Slavs, Jews and Gypsies) did meet with more than a little success.]

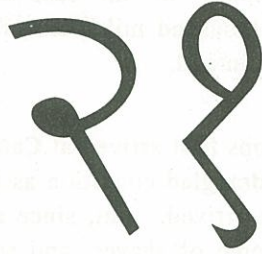
The leaders of the Axis powers, being materialistic realists, had no need to hypocritically beg for the forgiveness of their Gods, and then make donations to His self-designated representatives as a means of atoning for the evils they committed in his name. As a consequence, never once

were they heard to utter the claim so often made by the God-fearing Christian colonizers amongst the Allies that the bringing of God's word to the heathens was their primary motive for enslaving the non-believers (all of whom just happened to also live in-fecund lands with extensive natural resources – and a military force with out-dated arms that effectively left them defenseless). Howsoever, whether or not the fact that neither the Japanese nor Germans claimed to be Christians would make them better or worse despots, does seem to be an unsolvable conundrum.

All patriotic appeals to nationalistic pride are manipulative in intent and, often as not, based on a nonexistent, uniform genetic make-up of the citizenry. Mussolini tried to get Italians to willingly give up their lives and freedom by reminding them of the glory that was Rome's. In her pre-Christian era beginnings, Rome was a democracy with a relatively free citizenry. On the other hand, until quite recently, Germany and Japan, as political entities, had been nothing more than feudal states, each with a titular ruler, and a citizenry comprised of a preponderance of serfs. Perhaps Italians, with their individuality, were incapable of uniting for the purpose of conquest. And, the inability of modern-day Italy to have attained the same degree of military and commercial success as either Germany or Japan, may very well be due to the characteristics of her citizenry: a peoples' belonging to a much older, more civilized and individualistic culture: a people, though as capable of violent outbursts of bestiality as any, appear incapable of making a unified, large-scale, systematic attack, either commercial or military, on their fellow human beings. It is interesting to note, that even during the inquisition, Italians were no match for the far more Germanic and Semitic Spaniards – when it came to the committing of "acts of faith": the barbarous slaughter of heretics and non-believers – in the name of the Father, The son and The Holy Ghost.

Whether or not the Axis powers would be worse or better rulers became academic. The Allies won. And, it then took some thirty years after Germany and Japan surrendered for the last sizable remnants of Europe's old colonies to become free. Some of our former allies were coerced by America to get out; some got out while the getting was good; and the rest were forcefully evicted by the colonized folk. Nonetheless, true democracy had as much difficulty being established in many of the former colonies, as it did in Europe. However, even in those former colonies where democracy never quite made it (not having been given the multibillion dollar assistance afforded European nations under the Marshall Plan to entice them away from the "evils-of-socialism"), the people in those new and reborn nations were still able to maintain their pride, since at least they were being ruled by their own despots.

All this de-colonization notwithstanding, a half-century after the war's end, the northern segment of a partitioned Ireland remained a colony of England. And a kind of born-again colonialism, baptized with the highfalutin name: The New World Order, is again rearing its greedy head. This time its intent is to use overwhelming, economic power, obtained from technological superiority (a technology being deliberately withheld from the redeveloping nations), rather than relying just on the superiority of arms to gain control over those nations and peoples unable to defend themselves and their economies.



The career Regular Army troops in the battery were mainly from the South and the border states, Tennessee in particular. The short term enlistees, along with the last of the draftees, came from all over continental America: there were but forty-eight states at that time. And, at the beginning of 1947, a large contingent of troops was added from the territory of Hawaii.

Prior to the Japanese bombing of Pearl Harbor, the 24th Infantry Division was based in Hawaii. During the war, the division had seen much action, in which it had performed honorably, culminating in the retaking of the Philippines, and the initial combat-troop occupation of Japan. It was known as the Hawaiian Division, and its insignia was, and probably still is, the taro leaf. Rumor had it that this accounted for the sudden influx, in early 1947, of Hawaiian troops at Camp Hakata. And some thought it might also have been an attempt, on the part of

the Army, to claim that it had complied with the desegregation that was mandated by the end of the national emergency. There were still others who went so far as to suggest the somewhat farfetched theory, that it was the result of a rare government phenomenon: planning to save the tax-payers' money, in this case on transportation costs: Honolulu is some two thousand miles closer to Yokohama than any port on the American mainland.

When the Hawaiian troops first arrived at Camp Hakata, they were in the same unwashed, bedraggled condition as the stateside troops had been in when they first arrived. But, since all of them appeared in need of haircuts and some of shaves, and so many had Mongolian features, the stateside soldiers (themselves having only recently arrived at camp), seeing the Hawaiian troops descending from the backs of army trucks, thought they were Japanese nationals, and, as a result, could be overhead jokingly (and without thinking) asking each other if the army was now recruiting "Gooks" to serve as soldiers in the U.S. Army. The stateside troops had no idea that the pitiful looking men they were talking about understood English, let alone that they were actually American troops.

Although this was not a deliberate attempt on the part of the stateside troops to demean or insult the Hawaiian troops (many non-English-speaking Japanese nationals, our then recent enemies, worked in the mess halls, most of whom wore army fatigues, though dyed black – and all American GIs, this included the Negro troops, indiscriminately and unthinkingly called all the peoples of every non-European nation that they occupied "Gooks", whether or not they were friend or foe), the use of this pejorative and obviously racist means of referring to the Hawaiian troops, was at the very least a contributory factor, and perhaps, the primary cause of the hostilities and very real, albeit relatively short-lived, rift between the two groups.

Hawaii was, at that time, an American possession and, as the nation's major naval base in the Pacific, was controlled by the military. With its large Nisei population, whose patriotism, no matter how often tested and confirmed, was only guardedly accepted, Hawaii was fertile ground in which the hostility of their youths, towards mainland Americans, could grow. Moreover, as a result of being stationed in Japan, the Nisei troops not only had to make sure that they were respected as American citizens, but they had to prove their patriotism – moreover, they also had to stand up for their right to have Japanese ancestry – without being denigrated.

Add to all of this the fact that the members of all those deliberately-segregated groups, in America, whether bigotedly enforced from without, or caused by pressures to conform to an idealized synthetic ethnicity from within – not only come to believe that they are as strong and smart and as brave as all other Americans, singly or in groups, but more so.

The upshot was that a large portion of these particular Hawaiian troops, for whatever real and/or imagined reasons, displayed a physically competitive and hostile attitude towards the mainland troops who had, within the past few months, preceded them to Camp Hakata. Gangs made up of Hawaiian troops, once it got dark, began waylaying lone, stateside soldiers, robbing and beating them. However, this stopped immediately after the Hawaiian troops were dispersed throughout the battalions.

Nainsink recalled the time, soon after the Hawaiians were assigned to his battery, when one of them, who said he was of mixed-Portuguese extraction, bragged that, man for man, the Hawaiians could lick the stateside troops. When Nainsink told him that he didn't think there were many of them who could lick him, the Hawaiian said he was referring to the Yankees, not to him – inferring that Nainsink was more like the

Hawaiians. Nainsink told him that he thought of himself only as an American.

The abrasive attitude of the Hawaiians didn't completely stop until after the night of the big fight.

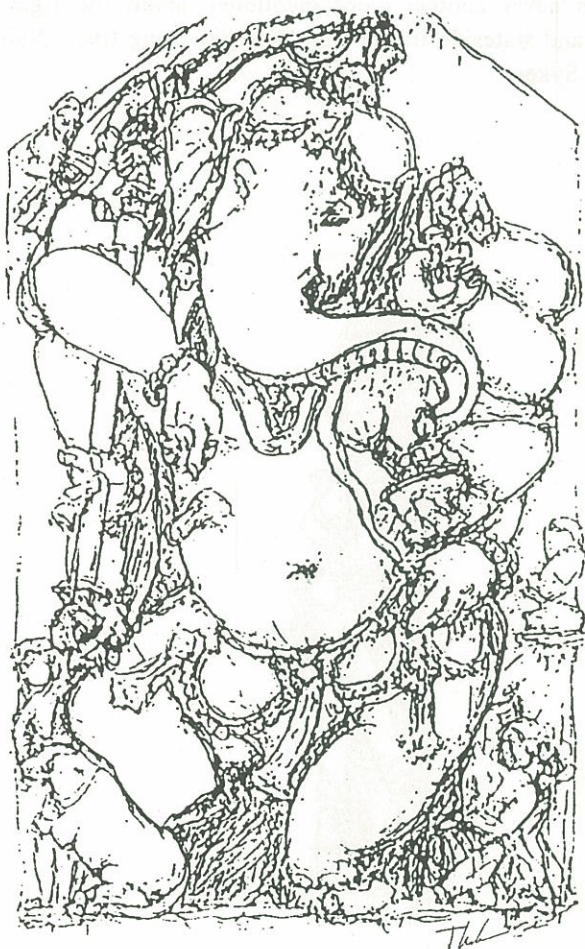
There was this nutty, wiry, dirty-blond, curly-haired slum-kid named Sykes. He weighed a little more than a hundred and fifty pounds, and stood about five-feet, nine-inches tall; these were average stats for a healthy youth during the 1940's. He came from one of the ubiquitous industrial cities that were to be found scattered throughout New England. He was strong, always volunteering to do heavy physical-type jobs, and had done some boxing before joining the army. There was also a Hawaiian youth of Japanese extraction, quiet and reserved, but nevertheless a little smug, named Hara, who was built somewhat squatter than Sykes, but weighed about the same. He was said to be a Judo expert and a belt-holder of a high order. Sykes tended to keep to himself and was not known to have ever started a fight.

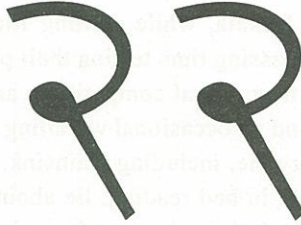
Now, one of the Hawaiians started touting Hara's outstanding skills in Judo. He then added (this was during a bull session amongst a large group of GIs who were sitting around in the day room) that Hara could take any Yankee in a fight. One word led to another, and the upshot was that when Sykes was told of it, he said he'd be willing to fight Hara.

Poor Hara, who, like Sykes, hadn't been present when the inferred challenge was made, had to agree to the fight in order to save face. Accordingly, arrangements were made to have a match take place between Sykes and Hara. It was to be held under the floodlights that lit up the rear lawn of the barracks, in full view of the entire battery; news of the impending fight also attracted scores of onlookers from the rest of

the nearby barracks. It was a very short fight, Sykes rained a continuous series of hard blows on his bewildered, overmatched, yet game opponent, Hara; and within a very few minutes the match was over. There was never another word mentioned about the fight, and the Hawaiian and stateside troops started to get along fine. Nainsink had rooted for Sykes.







A few months after the Hara-Sykes fight took place at the rear of the barracks, Nainsink had one his own to contend with.

As a rule, fights are started by bullies – whether individuals, groups or nations that, for whatever their reasons, believe they can't lose. Ordinarily, psychotics, drug addicts and drunks are no exceptions. However, there are times when sober, "normal" males initiate a fight without giving any apparent thought to the outcome: to prove one's manhood; to avenge an insult; to preserve one's honor; to protect another. Then there are the naifs who have been induced, seduced or coerced, out of pride, into starting a fight or war – one they couldn't logically believe winnable (Austria against Bismarck's Prussia; Amerinds against the U.S. Cavalry; Palestinians against Israel; Napoleon against Wellington, and on and on). In the Army, and in the barracks, fights among the troops, when consideration of their youth and

the diversity of their backgrounds is taken into account, tended to be a rarity: males (heterosexual ones, at least) get along fine, for the most part – at least when there's no perceived need to compete for the favours or company of a woman.

Most nights at Camp Hakata, while waiting for lights out, wannable warriors could be seen passing time testing their physical prowess in one or another form of far-from-lethal competition: arm-wrestling, one- and two-handed pushups, and an occasional wrestling match. At one time or another, just about everyone, including Nainsink, joined in. And, when not competing they'd lie in bed reading, lie about home to anyone who would listen, or just watch the goings on from the sidelines.

Nainsink hadn't yet turned eighteen when he had his first and only real fight while in the army. Like most soldiers he tended to mind his own business, followed army procedure (for the most part), and respected the space, property and privacy of his fellow soldiers. Nevertheless, unawares, he did show some of that New Yorker self-assurance that could have been taken as a sign of cockiness – which seemed misplaced. Nainsink had a smiling and friendly face that wasn't at all threatening and, physically, he appeared to be slight of build, all of which tended to belie his tightly-knit, muscular body.

Nainsink's overall demeanor gave no outward evidence of being a physical threat to anyone, and the only GIs who gave him any trouble were the bully-types. Never having gotten any pleasure out of hurting anyone, when a fight seemed imminent, he'd first show just how strong he was, and then show his willingness to fight. Occasionally, this resulted in a more or less friendly wrestling match, which he either won or that ended in a standoff.

This was not to be the case in the one real fight he did have: one that may very well have been deliberately brought about by some kind of a subconscious Machiavellian manipulation on Nainsink's part. And, if he did, indeed, sucker the slightly-older and bigger, newly-designated sergeant into starting a fight with him, the circumstances surrounding it, which worked to Nainsink's post-fight advantage – could never have been planned in advance.

One evening, before lights out, with everyone sitting around, the sergeant, out of the blue, referred to Nainsink by calling out Hindoooo: the "du" in Hindu being drawn out in an exaggerated Southern drawl, as an expression of distaste, one that was condescending and obviously meant to be a demeaning insult.

In Manhattan, at least in the not-overly-ethnic sections, and during those we're-all-Americans years preceding, during and immediately after WWII, the time when Nainsink was growing up, ethnicity was, for the most part, either respected or, just ignored. So, before this, though his boyhood friends were all aware that he had a Hindu father, he wasn't conscious of being anything but just another American kid, whose ancestors came from some place else. He didn't know exactly what to do about the sergeant's obviously-intentional, ethnic slur. He had absolutely no conception as to what it meant to be a Hindu. And, although his Indian father, and all his father's family were high-caste Hindus, he had no special feeling of being proud, nor, for that matter, ashamed of being a "Hindu".

There were but a handful of Indians living on the east coast of America during the years he was growing up (none of whom he could remember ever having met), and with his father's dying when he was but eight years old, being Hindu had no real meaning for him. Nevertheless,

having been deliberately insulted, and perhaps, due to his having a vague idea of what it meant to be a Kshatriya (his father and his people belonged to the warrior caste), if not of being a Hindu, he realized, with the moral conviction of a seventeen-year-old who felt it imperative to defend his honor, that he had to do something about it, and right away at that. For if he let it ride, he'd be just another "Pancho".

Pancho was a friendly, slight-of-build, Mexican-American youth who was a private in Nainsink's battery. Pancho managed to avoid conflicts because of his innate decency, which served him well as a means of survival. He smiled continuously, while ignoring the condescending attitude that was displayed towards him by some of the other soldiers: especially those with pretentious, middle-class, Southerner backgrounds. Nainsink, despite his admiration for Pancho's beatific qualities, and perhaps due to his own insecurity, had no intention of imitating Pancho. Nevertheless, since it was a non-com who had insulted him, if he started a fight, and won, he'd be court-marshalled. Moreover, although he was aware that all he had to do was fight, and not necessarily win, in order to maintain his pride and the respect of others, he had no intention of losing.

Perhaps it was a deep-seated, yet little-understood conception, or perhaps a misconception of just what a Kshatriya's macho was, but deep-down Nainsink wanted a chance to get revenge – not only for the intended ethnic slur, but also for the affront by the non-com who had had the nerve to think that he could get away with insulting him: Nance Tagore, the street-wise New Yorker. Nevertheless, he kept his cool, bided his time, and acted just as if nothing had happened.

Or maybe it was the passive and fatalistic side to his nature (made indelible in his psyche by an unawares observation, during his early

years, of a dying and resigned-to-his-fate, Hindu father), for had there been no harmful-to-his-pride repercussions, or further insulting remarks made by the sergeant, he would have let the whole matter ride, while chalking up his initial reaction to oversensitivity on his own part.

Within a week, and shortly after lights-out, the same sergeant (he occupied the first bed in the large dormitory-type room, which remained fairly well lit throughout the night: the beams of the floodlights that illuminated the rear of the barracks penetrated the string of windows that ran along the entire side of the room) approached Nainsink, who was sitting on his foot locker, dressed in his GI-issue, O.D. undershirt and boxer shorts (what all GIs slept in), unbuckling the straps of his combat boots as he got ready for bed. The nineteen-year-old sergeant stood there; two years older, fifteen pounds heavier and a couple of inches taller than Nainsink, and said, very deliberately, in a voice loud enough to be heard by all the other readying-for-bed, or bedded-down, and now-made-wide-awake, twenty-or-so GIs: “Tagore, I’m gonna kick the shit out of you!”

Nainsink asked the sergeant to wait a second while he rebuckled his boots. “It never fails,” thought the wise-ass New Yorker, “if you’re taken for a patsy – especially one believed to be unable or unwilling to defend himself, every cowardly ass-hole thinks he can prove he’s a man by beating you up.” He then got up to face him, fully aware that he would make no attempt to avoid a fight, yet not having any idea of just what he was going to do. Nevertheless, he felt relieved, for no matter what the outcome, he was going to have a chance at pay-back time – without threat of a court martial.

At this point, the sergeant put his hand on the strap of Nainsink’s undershirt; without thinking, Nainsink grabbed the sergeant by his collar

and tie, drew him forward, and then heaved him backwards toppling him over a half-dozen foot lockers. Then, still without thinking (in the words of Yogi Berra: “it’s no time to think when you’re at the plate”), in a tone of voice at least as insulting as that used towards him by the sergeant, Nainsink called out to him, loud and clear: “Now go to bed before I really get mad and hurt you!”

The sergeant got up (after almost a year of concentrated physical activity, everyone’s in pretty good shape) and, as he came running towards Nainsink, bellowed: “You can’t talk to me like that. I’m a sergeant!”. And when the sergeant got close, he threw a roundhouse punch at Nainsink, who ducked, spun him around, threw him down on his back and, by kneeling on his shoulders, pinned him to the floor. To the sergeant’s credit, even when pinned down he attempted to flail away on Nainsink’s thighs, albeit without much success. However, Nainsink had come to dislike him to such a degree, that the sergeant’s futile attempts at hitting him damn near caused him to do the first dumb thing: one that could have led to his being court-martialed. But a few of the other soldiers, torn between their allegiance to a fellow private, and to a fellow Southerner, pulled Nainsink off the downed, still-blustering sergeant before he could follow through on his urge to punch the pathetic bigot smack in the middle of his kisser.

Although it was not uncommon for a private to be sentenced to serve battery punishment for committing any one or another of the numerous, minor infractions of military regulations, Nainsink never was. He was, however, like a good many other privates, guilty of having violated one or another of the army’s rules: going into town after bed-check, reading while on guard duty, visiting off-limits areas and things of that ilk – but he was never caught: a fact that was to benefit him in many ways.

After an inquiry into the fight, the lieutenant in charge of it determined that the sergeant was in the wrong, and that Nainsink had acted in self-defense. Nevertheless, it was decided, that in order to maintain discipline, to transfer Nainsink out of the battalion at the first opportunity. This was accomplished within a month. And, since problem soldiers wouldn't have been accepted, no indication of the fight, on his otherwise clean record, showed up on the transfer papers that accompanied Nainsink to another battalion. He was assigned a bunk in a quonset hut, and remained there for the last few months of his stay in Japan. Aside from his having had to show a sergeant from Brooklyn that he'd fight if he got pushed around, nothing untoward occurred. Upon the completion of his term of enlistment, having a squeaky-clean record, Nainsink was given an honorable discharge from the army, along with a Good Conduct Medal, and one for being in the occupation of Japan, as well as one for being a sharpshooter.

By 1947, and the end of the draft, the army began to freely issue a discharge that was neither "Honorable" nor "Dishonorable", it was a discharge "Without Honor". The army was not required to give an enlisted man any reasons for issuing it. However, the discharge "Without Honor" could be changed upon application to civilian authorities, to an Honorable Discharge, providing the applicant veteran was not guilty of breaking any law for a period of one year after his discharge. The issuance of discharges "Without Honor" were known to be for arbitrary, and often bigoted and vindictive reasons. As a result, Nainsink's transfer to a newly formed battalion (so soon before his leaving Japan), which required that his records attest to his good character and fitness as a soldier, ensured, then and there, his receiving an "Honorable Discharge". And so, the fight, an outgrowth of the resentment so many Southerners showed towards "foreign types", and Northerners in general, that resulted in his transfer, was for Nainsink a truly most fortuitous happenstance.

After its presentation in 1948, the film was shown in a number of theaters. This is mentioned in the notes on the film which are included in the book. However, it was pointed out in the notes that the film was not shown in the United States. This was due to the fact that the film was not shown in the United States. This was due to the fact that the film was not shown in the United States.



FINIS

Without further delay, the author wishes to express his appreciation to the many friends and colleagues who have helped him in the preparation of this book. It is a pleasure to acknowledge the assistance of the following: [The text is very faint and difficult to read, but it appears to be a list of names and acknowledgments.]