



**Punk Johnny Cash
Gonzo Times Articles
Parts 1&2**

Gonzo Times Articles of Punk Johnny Cash
Part 1 & 2
Media and Military

Part One

Media

By: Punk Johnny Cash

Defense is Terrorism

The terminology we use is heavily ideologically laden, always. – Noam Chomsky

The term 'terrorism' is always what someone outside of the U.S. does. 'Defense' is every action the U.S. takes. Those actions can be identical and whether it is called defense or terrorism depends on if the U.S. has taken the action or if another country or individual has taken such action. If the U.S. invades a country it is always in defense. If the U.S. bombs innocents it is in defense and in the name of peace. Every action of terrorism the U.S. partakes in is claimed to be all part of the 'peace process'.

Nobody truly wants to be 'defenseless' it is the rhetoric game that few wish to dispute. The reality is that it is using a concept that is supportable to re-name horrible acts of terror, empire building and murder as something most can actually agree upon. People need and want protection and wish to prevent the dangers that may be present in the world. By using the term 'defense' to justify every action the state takes we see that all actions are justified.

Hitler acted in the name of defense. It was defense against the invading Jew which justified the concentrations camps. It was defense against Poland that led to the invasion. The U.S. uses a similar justification by the use of the term 'defense' as the citizens go after migrants and Muslims, as it invades South Vietnam, Iraq and Afghanistan. The interests of

corporations becomes 'defense'. The hatred of people groups is masked by 'defense'. At least there were large populations that took issue with Nazi Germany, few question the largest terror organization on earth which is the Empire of the United States.

Most times I question the terror of the U.S. I am met with anger from a certain population which echos the same rhetoric that is often used to defend the murderous actions of the state through nationalist pride which uses the rhetoric of 'patriotism'.

Mainstream Media

You are the Product

Mainstream News outlets are in a business. The business is not to sell news. It is to sell an audience. Many magazines will offer demographics of their audience for the advertiser to know what audience they reach. They are not selling truth. They are not even selling news. They are using news to amass an audience which they in turn sell to advertisers. It occurred to me that we are not the customer for the news companies, we are the product they sell. It's not some conspiracy. It just takes a little thought and analysis to realize this, or in my case read Chomsky, because that's where I got this from.

Those of you reading this who reject capitalism already see the problem inherent in this. I am going to direct some of this article to those who are capitalists. If you are a capitalist I am not trying to attack your beliefs. I am simply going to show a problem inherent in the current media model, mostly in the United States. The product they are selling is the audience. The media outlet will be driven to gain ratings. This is not a drive for truth. Investigative reporting is thus discouraged in this model because there is a desire to please the customer which is the large corporations who have the funding to purchase this product. It is not a conspiracy to deceive, it is simply the idea 'don't bite the hand that feeds.'

Listener supported media would have a better tendency to report in the interest of the audience. Major corporations are intertwined with the state. The interests that drive politicians to please major corporations for donations and support are the same interests that drive media. This will create a sort of magnet that will draw both politicians and media outlets to a similar path. The politicians are seeking the audience of the media outlet. They are also seeking the corporate donations. In this model the advertisers which are large corporations hold much power. This is simply by default the hand that feeds or the invisible hand working not in the interest of the people, because we are not the consumer for either the politician or the media outlet. The consumer is the one paying for the service. This makes both media and politicians naturally retailers who sell products to the corporations. The interests they will naturally be more concerned about will be the interest of the Corporations. This is easily seen in the Monsanto milk, Fox news incident.

It is also useful to consider while watching or reading media. It is wise to remember that the media outlet will naturally hold a bias and the bias is easy to spot. Perhaps with the changing face of media in the twenty first century we can remember this and begin to build media models that have the interest of the general population in mind. Perhaps we can move towards the audience being the consumer as opposed to the corporation purchasing the audience.

Smaller news outlets often rely on the larger

news outlets for much information and direction. This is out of their lack of resources. The major news outlets have the resources paid for by the sale of audiences to major corporations. This works almost like a trickle-down effect to direct other media in the direction of corporate interests. Is anyone really shocked?

Propaganda and The Language of the State

Language is powerful. Language is deceptive. Propaganda is pumped into U.S. citizens heads daily without question or critical evaluation. The rhetoric is chosen and the connotations as well as the implied half truths are more powerful than what is directly said. We see this in our news outlets as well as the opiate for the masses, sports games such as the Superbowl.

The best lies are not lies but half-truths. Leave out the part where you provoke someone to defend themselves and suddenly you have justification for further attacks found in someone's defense against the initial attack. They tell you the presence of war is peace and the absence of war is violence, can you see the error in these lies? Our governments continuously tell us that the people shooting and killing are the 'peacemakers'. The majority of the political narrative in the United States is distorted by lies, half-truths and rhetoric to evoke an emotional reaction without understanding a reality.

War is Peace! Shoot kids in the head to end violence!

My favorite media half-truth is how Glenn Beck loves to tell how communism and socialism has killed so many and leaves out the fact that his capitalist republic and democracies have done so also. With this he paints one form of state power as aggressive and

ignores the aggression of another. The rhetoric goes further to often justify and promote this same violence and murder by re-painting it with words of patriotism, defense, freedom and other twisted rhetoric.

Patriotism is one that deserves a further look. Patriotism is not only a part of nationalism, it is a crux of it, and often what most call patriotism is nothing more than nationalism. Nationalism is defined by as: a strong identification of a group of individuals with a political entity defined in national terms, i.e. a nation. Often, it is the belief that an ethnic group has a right to statehood, or that citizenship in a state should be limited to one ethnic group, or that multinationality in a single state should necessarily comprise the right to express and exercise national identity even by minorities. It can also include the belief that the state is of primary importance, or the belief that one state is naturally superior to all other states. [via wikipedia] We see the negative connotations in nationalism so when conservatives rally around their anti-migrant war mongering praise of the nation they choose to mask this with the term 'patriotism' because of it's lack of a negative connotation in the eyes of the majority narrative. Patriotism is the love and devotion to this nation that is seen as 'number one'. The belief of the so-called patriot in the U.S. is very much one that embraces the idea that their governments are naturally superior to all other states. This superiority is quite often falsely defined with words such as freedom, liberty, equality or rights. There is little emphasis on what those actually mean, outside of more emotional rhetoric that tends to

be vague at best. There is no defined ethic or concept that all can see under a true definition. This rhetoric then is brought up to support the U.S. being number one and this is most often true in the context of what we spoke of earlier, the killing and slaughter. They pride themselves on their 'defense' which is a massive invading force around the world.

In conversation with many who hold the U.S. as number one you will wonder if the U.S. would be worthy of loving or devotion if it was number two, or number three. The supremacy of force seems to be justification for devotion, nationalism renamed patriotism and the actions that it takes to be number one. It is a sport where we throw bombs and take lives. This idea of us vs. them is one I have addressed before on the site and it is one strongly ingrained in the language of the state, media and U.S. propaganda. The language does not have to define both sides if it has an assumed side you are on. The assumed norm is most often the westernized white religious patriarch. Even the generics of the English language reflect this, but also the popular vernacular. The generic used for all people is often be 'mankind'. Many people groups are getting labels that are sticking such as 'illegal' or 'terrorist'. Many use the religion of some in a negative connotation. This again happens by aid often of the assumed norm on the us vs. them paradigm. The words Muslim and Islam is a dirty word to be feared by far too many within this paradigm.

This is a slant of cultural bias that runs deep

in the way we use language and images in almost all media and often in every day conversation. This is the unexamined life. It is much easier to not question because to question we see the thick veil of deception that is covering our entire culture. It is in our education, entertainment and religions. One person I recently spoke to mention this language paradigm with their professors saying the simple word 'created' over 'evolved'. In this connotation we can see how the perception of reality is implied in only one instance. It can often be one simple word or the usage of that word.

We looked at the idea of law before here on Gonzo Times in the article Rule of Law. We see another instance of this language tactic in law. Many accept 'law' to be moral with no critical evaluation of what that law is, or the ethics of this. As you may have heard, slavery was legal and few would support such a thing under the defense of 'law' in this day and age. Why then are we uncritical of other 'lawful' actions? We use this on our paradigm to see others as 'unlawful'. This allows us to label innocent human beings as 'illegal' and to disassociate from violent actions our nation inflicts on other minorities.

We also have an assumed authority that we looked at previously on the site in The Authority Of Violence. It assumes the might makes right concept by masking it in a veil of 'authority' 'order' or 'justice'. Of course there are positives we look towards. People want justice, some form of order in some things, as well as freedom and liberty. The problem lies in the tendency

to take these words in vain. The 'founding fathers' used words such as 'all men are created equal' as they bought and sold their slaves and excluded woman from the language and the equality. We hear the phrase 'all men are created equal' and some assume this means 'all people are equal' which sounds good, but in fact this did and does not translate to equality amongst human beings in the United States. I have heard it said 'some people are a little more equal than others' and sadly in the context of the reality of these patriarchal documents this is the truth. Just because I write something on paper does not make it truth. The sad truth is that our decorations of independence and our constitutions have more in common with science fiction than with reality.

I hear conservative talk show hosts scream 'common sense' a great deal. In reality this is used in many ways to discredit any outside information that may be brought in to gain a full perspective on a situation or concept. It is a catch phrase to rule out critical evaluation in place of complacent acceptance of what is that seems to often be propped up by the 'is ought fallacy'. We see this in every day Americana. Violence and oppressive actions even on smaller interpersonal levels are dismissed by 'boys will be boys' and other little catch phrases that allow one to look away from the issues at hand. These rely again on myths assumed en-masse about gender and the appropriate role or nature of men.

There is a collective sentiment. There is a form of mass brainwashing that occurs with state, religion,

education and media. This can be seen in sporting events. People gather fueled by the 'us vs. them' paradigm. This paradigm is further perpetuated by dominance of a geographic region. Your city must be number one. This is the same idea as the United States is number one. This is the idea that dominance over the other region or people group is our goal, a sort of might makes right idea. These sporting events start with nationalist acts of singing praises to the nation they are subjects of. The superbowl had many people emotionally heightened watching to see the dominance of the team of their choice in an 'us vs. them' paradigm who were all fed nationalist ideas by song and through the holy documents of the state. It began with reading the declaration of independence.

The presentation was powerful. It used imagery of 'patriotic Americans' and music to evoke an emotional reaction from people. Much of what was said sounded nice, but was a great deal of half-truths and undefined statements which were often nothing less than Orwellian doublespeak. War means peace. They declared a belief in equality and as mentioned earlier this belief in equality was and is only applicable to a select few human beings. It does not apply to many people groups still to this day.

The television is the opiate of the masses. If you look at older houses they often had larger porches. This is because at one point in history people would gather on their porches and spend their evenings outside often congregating with neighbors. Sunday services were

something many attended. The opiate and messages were fed to them by preachers. Over the years we have the invention of air conditioning and television. Now the world is sitting in front of their televisions being given their messages nightly. It is not a once a week thing. The messages are more powerful in that people are so constantly bombarded with them. What better place to praise and worship the United States Empire than on the most watched religious event in history, the Superbowl?

You must begin to question and evaluate the rhetoric and everything you are being fed. Look for the implied messages. Start to critically evaluate these messages and the support for these messages. One good film to see this paradigm occurring War Made Easy. Please watch the film. It does not delve as far as we can with this, but we will work on delving further, and I challenge you to delve further examining the messages we are fed. If just a few people can break through the rhetoric and messages we are being fed each day then I have accomplished a great deal.

Part Two

Fear And Loathing In The U.S.M.C.

by: Punk Johnny Cash

Introduction

Once a Marine always a marine they said, except for those few ex-marines. I am one of those ex-marines. Bag of ass, shitbird they call me still to this day. I left the Marine Corps with an honorable discharge. While I was in I created Punk Johnny Cash. The screen name that would grow to be more popular than Shane. Punk Johnny Cash would go online and discuss politics. Shane could not discuss politics or blog online because Shane was really property of dirty old Uncle Sam, Shane was Lance Corporal Thayer, at the Public Affairs Office of the 9th Marine Corps Recruiting District. All I wanted at the time was to get the hell out as quickly and easily as possible.

During my time in the Marine Corps I experienced some things that would forever change my life and perspective. Violence, hierarchy and abuse were over abundant and I began to loathe the institution I had sold my soul to. After I left the Marine Corps I began to read a great deal more. I considered myself a libertarian. I was a card carrying member of the U.S. Libertarian party. As I read and as I evaluated my life I began to drift from this conservative world view and grew to be an anarchist. I went from a free market libertarian perspective to embracing socialism and anarchism all online on a little blog I started called Gonzo Times. I started to get attention and people started to follow what I wrote and hear what I had to say. The whole time I was taking in any book I could find on

anarchism. I grew to embrace Anarcho-Syndicalism and traditional views of anarchisms.

Through this public metamorphosis I lost and gained many friends. Some would become angry for the stances I took against the military and violence most specifically. I also found while some Marines I served with would hate me for what I would say, others would stand up and support my speaking out. I found a great deal of support from veterans in my stance against the military.

For God and Country

I was young and naive when I joined the U.S.M.C. I held an anti-authoritarian attitude and libertarian leanings, before my embrace of anarchism. I was at that point a John Stossel libertarian. I would frequent the Advocates for Self Governance. I still held to the idea that there was a 'good government' and this was the killing kind. It was my time in service that opened my eyes to the lies that I was told.

I was twenty three years old living in a little studio apartment dealing with legal issues involving abstract laws of the state. I decided that I could get education a job and a place to live if I just joined the Marine Corps. I got a job waiting tables over nights at the local 'Steak 'n Shake.' I went early in the morning after my shift up to the local recruiters office sporting my red Mohawk. I went through a bad break up and was feeling no reason to stick around Cincinnati. So I was going through a period where I was listening to a good deal of 'Stiff Little Fingers'

At the time I figured I would just go in and work a 9-5 job and get out to a normal life. I should have taken the hint that morning I first showed up at the recruiting office to ship off to boot camp. The recruiter that was supposed to take me did not show up. I waited around a while to discover that he had taken his life. He shot himself in the head twice. Apparently the first round only grazed him and the second was the one that

did the job. I should have just ran, but at that point I felt as if I had nothing else for a future. I went home and waited a few months.

I was staying at my parents house because I had left my apartment to join the Marines. I was asleep in the basement when my mother started yelling at me. I ran upstairs to the view of the twin towers going down in smoke. I was scared. Was there going to be war? I hid. I did not want to go into a Marine Corps on the brink of war. I did this until after Christmas when I finally set off.

I remember the flight down was one of the last moments of normal humanity that I would know. When I exited the airplane there were two Marines in their Smokey Bears' rushing towards me. They took me through a deserted airport to a bathroom where I emptied my pockets and placed my hands on the counter and spread my legs as if I were a criminal. They patted me down looking for 'contraband.' I lost my cigarettes and lighters. I was walked out and placed on a bus where we were instructed to lean forward and place my head against the seat in-front of me. We stared at the floor the whole ride. The buss was filled with other recruits like myself.

It was dark as I arrived. The Drill Instructors came on the bus screaming and rushing us out to those yellow footprints. They gave their motivational speech dripping with nationalism and some patriotism about dying. It was this point that I realized I had made a mis-

take. Oh, how I will always loathe Parris Island. Every bit of my time in service still weighs heavy on my conscience. I was property. I no longer had a name. I was to be refereed to simply as 'Recruit'. Individuality and humanity were no longer an option. They would begin thirteen weeks of stripping any humanity from us. The purpose they stated often was to "break us down so they could build us back up as MARINES!" Yes they broke us down. It is the major purpose. Humanity can be a problem for the government. When you are the killer it uses to commit mass murder you can not cling on to your humanity, for what you are doing is wrong and you can not see this. You must have a new state approved set of morals that accepts murder as a necessity without blame for what you do. You must be trained to place the blame of the murder you commit on the greater good, you must without question blame the victim. You must have the instincts and justification of a killer poured into an empty shell of a human being.

The word "I" was forbidden. If one was to refer to themselves it would be as "this recruit". The recruits were to refer to the drill instructors by proper rank. The hierarchy of rank was quickly understood. These recruits learned that Marines had more rights and that Marines of higher rank would always have more rights and unquestioned devotion. The individual did not exist as well as independent thought. This recruit was told what to think and was reminded that this recruit would be told what to think.

The recruits were brought to a cold room where

recruits were weeded out. They drilled for any past medical history or any information recruits were withholding. The point of the game for most was for the recruit to just keep it's mouth shut. In order to get in I had to hide my past and my very nature. I have Tourettes Syndrome. This was what kept me out at the age of eighteen. This recruit would get me in trouble on a few occasions in boot camp because of tics.

I remember the day after we arrived we were handed little packed lunches that were frozen. The Recruits would eat what they could eat frozen and keep the sandwiches under our butts to try and warm them up enough to eat.

Tics are not aloud. My Tourettes got me in trouble a few times this recruit could not hold them back any longer. This recruit remembers Drill instructor Sgt. Pulsin screaming with that scratchy voice drill instructors use as his spit in this recruits face over a tic. All this recruit could think of was devouring the drill instructors face and cannibalizing the drill instructor. This recruit did not just imagine cannibalizing the drill instructor this recruit had the urge and want which had to be forced back. The urge had to be pushed back somewhere with the humanity that was suppressed. The suppressed humanity had been mixed with violence aggression and hate. The response was programmed at that time.

“Drill Instructor Sgt. Pulsin! Yes! Drill Instructor Sgt. Pulsin! This recruit was stupid Drill Instructor Sgt.

Pulsin!”

“I CAN’T HEAR YOU!” he screamed in this recruits face.

“DRILL INSTRUCTOR SGT. PULSIN! YES!
DRILL INSTRUCTOR SGT PULSIN! THIS RECRUIT
WAS STUPID DRILL INSTRUCTOR SGT. PULSIN!”

Repetition went hand in hand with the denial of self. Information was repeated loudly in unison by the recruits. The Corps values Honor, Courage and Commitment were one of many things that were yelled repeatedly in unison. Of course with the skewed perspective of courage to kill and die for the state and the commitment state it made mockery of the concept of honor. Honor was what was deemed honorable by the state. Commitment is “Total dedication to the Corps and Country.”

Day in and day out while training in physical combat the recruits scream “Marine Corps! KILL! KILL! KILL!” Kiler becomes an honorable thing that Marines call one another. Hey there Killer.

The recruit hears daily of how women are not faithful and how they are sluts and whores but their pussies are wet. This perspective of women I would see lead to abuse Marine Corps wide. I would see how much disregard for humanity Marines were left with. Sunday mornings offered a break from the intensity of the training and brainwashing. Recruits were encour-

aged to attend religious services. This helped with a few things. First it gave a way for recruits to process what was going on and gave a break. The second thing it helped with was dealing with the conflicts of religion and murder. The recruits could be taught by a pro-state religious perspective which helps them to believe their god is proud of their murder. Over the thirteen weeks communication between recruits was highly prohibited. The recruits would interact as a single entity. Over the time there would be camera crews and journalists. A film was shot there for a documentary on the History channel. All of this was strictly regulated on what was caught on film and what was able to be released from what was shot. What was seen on the Island was heavily regulated.

Those first thirteen weeks of isolation the recruits were given little to enjoy. On rare occasions instructors would allow recruits to see segments of films during training this was seen as a reward. The segments were only segments of extreme violence and murder. The recruits would sit and watch people beating, harming and shooting other human beings. They would call this “motivation” and talk of how it got their “dicks hard.”

The recruits would become the finely tuned killing machines mentally changed forever. I watched as the more rebellious recruits were wore down into submission. Those were the ones I saw loose more of their humanity than any of the others. Most would be proud of themselves. Some would go on to question their con-

ditioning, but most would retain their brainwashing and servitude to the state.

In a culture where violence is often praised it is not difficult to get young teenage boys to desire to become a part of all of this. In the schools where they are taught by the very state that sends them to die and kill the recruiters single them out with promises of glory and heroism. Many still are blind by the lies of the state in believing this is civilized society. Many are taught that without violence and murder there will be violence and murder.

Brainwashed in the Corps

“FIVE! FOUR! TWO! ONE! STOP! You’re done! Get your nasty hands off!” The drill instructor belted out in his guttural scratchy faux voice. “I said you’re done!” He screamed as he got into a recruits face. Everyone was frozen. “Get On Line!” The recruits left their ALICE packs lay and jumped to attention on the little yellow lines painted on the concrete ground in front the racks.

“Sir, Yes Sir!” the recruits chanted in unison. The drill instructor continued to berate the recruit, spit flying in his face and finger extended barely an inch from his eyeball. Fatigued and thrown into chaos the recruits listened to the drill instructor belittle every action they had made. The drill instructor would have them dump everything out of their ALICE packs and start the impossible task again while he counted down. This task would be repeated over and over until the recruits understood they were incompetent.

That was not a one time occurrence. It became every day and night for thirteen weeks. There was plenty of punishment. The recruits would understand that not only did they not have an identity outside of recruit but they would understand that their actions and attempts were never worthy until the recruit had become a Marine. The old self was worthless. The Marine was something of pride and honor. The state had to create people whose humanity had been denied so they would

lay down their lives without question for the cause of the state.

As a Marine I saw an institution that was structured not too different than an abusive relationship. I saw that to maintain the power they held over myself and others abusive behaviors were embraced. This is essential for the state to maintain its power and effectiveness in carrying out its main objective in killing those that would oppose the authority and desires of the state. The police must dehumanize the citizen, the soldier or Marine must dehumanize the enemy combatant. They must be dehumanized to be capable of dehumanizing other people. This can be as simple as the language used to replace the humanity of the victim such as “perpetrator”, “enemy” or “combatant”. The Marine or Soldier will resent the truth that they have been brainwashed. This process of brainwashing is essential to maintaining any militarized force from the U.S.M.C. to a police force or army. The soldier, police officer or Marine will resent the fact that the same process used to control an abused spouse in domestic violence situations is used on them. The militarized mind will grow angry and deny this reality when it confronts them. The apologetics they use are often ingrained in their minds during the process.

The techniques used in training set up a hierarchical culture that is perpetuated through ones' military career. This leads to the abusive power over individuals in their time in service. It also alters their perception and is often carried out to the civilian

world with abusive tendencies. No, that does not mean the Marine is necessarily beating the spouse always, but it can lead to many abusive power structures in relationships with other individuals.

What does this process look like?

Many different models of brainwashing can be found. The majority of them hold much in common with militarization of the individual. Biderman's Chart of Coercion highlights: Isolation, Monopolization of perception, Induced Debility & Exhaustion, Threats, Occasional Indulgences, Demonstrating "Omnipotence", Enforcing Trivial Demands and Degradation.

Isolation I saw even within the platoon I was a part of. Not only were we taken to an isolated Island but the recruits were forbidden to interact the majority of the time. Human interaction was forbidden.

Monopolization of Perception became a way of life for those thirteen months in boot camp. Your perception and attention was in constant devotion to what was often trivial matters. They would be repeated over and over and constantly the message was that they were not good enough so the tasks would repeat.

Induced Debility & Exhaustion were also a daily reality. The recruits were run ragged daily. by the time you hit the rack you were out. The final task was "The Crucible" where the exhaustion was even more extreme. The physical tasks were often used to break one down

to the point where they could no longer function at full capacity.

Threats were a constant. The threats often went hand in hand with punitive action through getting IT'd or what they like to call "Initiative Training" or in the "pit" or on the "quarterdeck" This was the screaming of "PUSH!" "FASTER!" as one was always unable to reach the intended goal. Often threats came in other forms. Recruits were told they would not graduate and certain dooms of being dropped and staying at Parris Island or "not becoming Marines" were some common threats.

Occasional Indulgences were rare. Often they were such small things that most would be shocked that a human being would become excited over them. This was mostly in the rare occasions recruits were allowed a "Power Bar" or a "Gatorade" for reward of a job well done. This was an uncommon reward that recruits would just about kill for.

Demonstrating "Omnipotence" The recruits knew that no action was unobserved or would go unpunished. The fear was put in each recruit to the point where any act of individuality or rebellion was not even considered. The fear of the existing power structure followed each recruit to the point where there was no question the recruits would do as they were told no matter how absurd the demands were.

Enforcing Trivial Demands was also a thing that was a constant. If it was the way one showered or how they

were to sit there were trivial demands constantly made on the recruits. The recruits were often degraded by these trivial demands.

Degradation and humiliation became a way of life. Using the restroom was just one way they used to humiliate the recruits. I still recall being forced four to one Porto-john. Three would use the main hole with the smaller one standing on the toilet itself, his genitals hanging in the other recruits faces as all urinated simultaneously and the lucky fourth recruit would get the side urinal free from his privates in another man's face or another man's privates in his face.

One could write a novel pointing each of those elements out on a day to day basis in "Recruit Training" but I am not going to take that much time up. I do want to look at some more elements such as those written about by Dick Sutphen which is summarized here:

1. Isolation: the meeting or training takes place in a place where participants are cut off from the outside world. This often involves making a public commitment to stay during the training. When training takes place in isolation like this, there is usually a quick follow-up session to ensure that the technique has really taken hold.

2. Fatigue: a schedule is maintained that ensures physical and mental fatigue. This means long hours, few breaks, and very little time for relaxing or reflection.

3. Tension: techniques are used to increase tension in the group. For example, perhaps there are a few truisms thrown around that might make you feel like you are doing something wrong. Or that you are a sinner, or depressed, or generally unhappy.

4. Uncertainty: people are randomly put on the spot. Forced to withdraw into anger, fear, or awe. Revivalist churches and human-potential seminars include asking people to come on stage and talk about humiliating or weak moments in their lives. This withdrawn, fearful, state, makes you many times more susceptible to suggestions as your guard is down and you are looking for safety and reassurance in whatever form it takes.

5. Jargon: new language to talk about what's going on. It could help label the "enemy", whether it be ignorant people, people who aren't yet enlightened, or evil people. Also, new language to talk about people who are "fixed": either enlightened, saved, or healed.

6. Humorlessness: there's no humor involved until the process is complete. The humor then serves as a way to celebrate and seal the deal.

A couple other techniques can be used in addition to help the effects become more pronounced. These three steps are called the "decognition process" as they help slow down and eventually stop thinking altogether.

1. Alertness Reduction: one part of this is to force participants to keep a poor diet: either lots of sugar, or

very bland foods. Sugar throws your nervous system off. A very bland diet (usually fruits and vegetables and no dairy or meat) will make you more spacey. Another part is inadequate sleep after long hours of intense discomfort or strenuous physical activity.

2. Programmed Confusion: a deluge of new information, combined with questions, discussion groups, and one-to-one create a sense of jumbled-ness that make it easier to insert crazy ideas.

3. Thought Stopping: most of these brainwashing techniques encourage stopping your thoughts in one of three ways. All three processes can be very helpful if you are controlling the process. The only danger comes when you allow someone else who you don't fully know the motives of to take you through these steps and slowly alter deep beliefs about yourself and the world.

1. Marching to a beat, usually at around 1 or 1.5 steps per second, is particularly useful. Both the military and Hitler used this to great effect. The beat puts you in a slightly altered state of awareness that is close to hypnosis and makes you more susceptible to suggestions.

2. Meditation is the second form of thought stopping. An hour to an hour and a half of meditation a day for several weeks is enough to keep you in a constant "slow" state that is more focused and susceptible to suggestions (both good and bad).

3. Chanting is the third form of thought stopping, and has the same general technique as marching. The beat helps put you in a slightly different state of awareness. The reason we must continue to look at boot camp in the criticism of the system is that this is the foundation of all to come. This determines the ethics and mindset of the Marine. The mindset to belittle and minimize others is birthed from this. The new being that is formed through the brainwashing is the being that the state must have to insure it's power. The state requires it's killers to maintain it's very existence and here we see how human beings are programmed to do something destructive and often counter to their nature. This is essential to maintain a system where mass murder is the justifies authority over other human beings.

I was led to believe violence, murder and aggression were honorable. They were 'sacrifices'. The 'good guy kills'. Honor, Courage and Commitment were synonyms for Subservient Devotion to a Power Structure, Willingness to die or kill for that State & Power Structure and commitment to this State & those who demand authority over others.

Two Pictures

When I was in the Marine Corps I learned quickly that media, images and information would be tightly controlled. I worked in a U.S.M.C. Public Affairs office as well as the “Combat Visual Information Center”. There were images and footage that was not to be seen by the general public because they would make the U.S.M.C. look bad. I first learned of this when a camera crew came in to film a documentary on Parris Island. The footage was not aloud off the island until it was viewed by the general and he was to determine what footage was aloud to be used. I addressed some of this dialogue in context to the larger media and cultural discussion recently in my post Propaganda and Language of the State.

There were two pictures in particular that stand out in my memory in all of this. I would receive CD’s full of videos and images from Afghanistan and Iraq. We would go through them and decide what to do with much of it. Some was saved, some they did not want to exist. I remember seeing countless videos made by Marines playing songs like “let the bodies hit the floor” and other anthems of aggression over top of footage of violence. One of the things that I remember most clearly was the pink mist. You would see a person standing there one moment the next they would be nothing but a pink mist in the air raining down.

I found a batch of images on a disc that were

extremely low resolution. I took two to paint. Both struck me as strong images that needed to be seen. As I began the images I was told to stop. I was told there was no place for them, and that it was not the the image we wanted to portray of the war.

The first image was a field of rifles stuck in the desert ground muzzle first with a Kevlar helmet hanging off of each one. It was a memorial to the Marines lost in combat. Their M16 A2 service rifles were taken to what looked like a makeshift graveyard. It was vast. This practice made it's way back stateside and I later could find images of similar practices, but have had a hard time finding the field of rifles. There could have easily been hundreds of them sprawled out in the red dusk of the desert.

The second image I began was of an Iraqi citizen. He was a gentleman I assume was in his late forties or early fifties. He had a blue and white keffiyeh on his head, his arms were raised behind his head. His family and others stood around in horror and fear. Two marines their rifles pushed up to his head. The focus of the image was on his face. You could see the fear and terror in his teared up eyes. He was crying for his life. The popular dialogue would not be tainted with certain images and ideas. The USMC will not allow certain truths to come to light.

Life in a Whiskey Locker

Sometimes I remember things as if it didn't even happen. It's strange. They make me scared to think about. I don't know what to think half the time. I remember the whiskey lockers. They were just closets in the squad bays on Parris Island. I remember being told they don't hit or abuse recruits. I was told it through boot camp and I was told it throughout my career in the Marines. I remember people talking about how great it was now how watered down it is compared to what used to happen.

I also remember something I can't quite remember. It's strange. It is vague but when I try to think about it I get a sinking feeling in my gut. I get scared. I remember being dragged into the whiskey locker. I thought I was hit, I thought I was punched. I thought I was beat to the ground. I remember boots kicking me in the gut in the side and in the head. I remember my eyes were closed and I was holding myself up just an inch or so from the ground with my toes and arms in a push-up position just having to hold myself there as I was kicked.

What's wrong Thayer? Hu? What's wrong? Not going to make it? That's what I hear in that scratchy gruff voice. It wasn't screaming like it usually was, it was lower. I could hear his real voice in there not the growl he ordered the recruits around with. I remember

his face smiling with each kick as I was threatened and told not to let myself touch the ground. I remember being told when I was pushing my body up too high. I remember the kicks when I collapsed on the floor. It doesn't sound right. It doesn't even seem real most of the time. It's confusing for me. I'm not feeling good writing this. I feel scared and anxious. The floor smelled like Aqua velvet. I remember the yellow paint container open.

He would remind me a few times a week. If I was on the ground doing push-ups, or at the rifle range in the prone position firing my rifle. He would give me a quick light kick to the stomach or ribs and smile at me. I remember thinking nobody could hear or see us in the whiskey locker. There was paint on the ground. I was painting campaign covers. It's not just that. It's all kinds of stuff. It all gets to me. You can't talk about that. You are called weak and pathetic. Your personhood is diminished to shit, a bag of ass. All the brainwashed Marines have some little redundant mindless insult to come at you with to dismiss you and shut you up. Sometimes I can't tell what was real. Other things haunt me and I just can't seem to grasp it all. Some people tell me I have PTSD. I don't know what to think. I never saw combat. And does it matter if it's real? It's not like I'm stuck in a whiskey locker my entire life, but sometimes it is. Like in a car, or confined to a room, maybe. I don't know what to think of any of it. I only know that I hate the fucking Marine Corps.

Murder is okay if it's for profit or under the guise of Patriotism

The tragedy this weekend in Arizona was vile, disgusting and to be rejected. The tragedy should be mourned. I ask that you also remember the tragedy on Friday where five people were slaughtered in their home in Husseiniya. My hopes are that we can use this to mourn the violence and slaughter that happens daily by those who act alone and those who do so for profit or under the guise of patriotism. Remember every instance the media chooses not to show you.

I hope each of you can mourn these lives taken in Arizona and that this will open your eyes to the violent acts that are committed every day just like this. Do not only mourn those of your nationality, but all lives impacted by such tragedy.

In a world where murder is power we must begin to reject the use of force to reach our desired goals. The internet has been flooded with the left and the right trying to pin this tragedy on each other. Some blame the Glenn Beck and Sarah Palin group. Others are blaming Che Guivera and Saul Alinsky. It's time we stopped playing this juvenile game and see this for what it is. It is pure and unadulterated violence. It is murder. We should not see instances of this same action acceptable or less of a tragedy. We should not extol the murderers as heroes because they wear the right

uniform.

Remember that throughout the Middle East we do not count or keep track of our victims we only keep count of the deaths of those we send there to kill. Remember that each of these deaths we choose to ignore is also a tragedy we should mourn for and feel shock and horror for. Do not forget those that died in Arizona this weekend. Do not forget those in Darfur, Iraq, Afghanistan, in our cities and around the world. Reject the idea that violence is a means to an end that you are willing to embrace.

Nothing Brings Out Patriotism More Than Killing Human Beings

(Written upon the death of Bin Laden)

They triumph and celebrate the murder of a human being. They believe victory is only found in the taking of human lives. A human being was murdered by thugs, state paid hit-men. The nation reacts with joy. They celebrate and rejoice in bloodshed. The cycle of violence continues. Three thousand lives lost to a tragedy of violence resulted in the Christian holy war which took hundreds of thousands of innocent lives. Yet, nothing brings out patriotism and pride more than murder.

Murder at the twin towers, murder in Iraq, murder in Afghanistan and now murder in Pakistan all have rallied the masses to their nationalism and pride in the murderers they pay to kill other human beings. I wrote a rant in response to reading of the victims of the state a few months back in my article *Yes, As a Matter of Fact I Do Hate The United States*. That post remains the most popular post on this site since it has been online. I wrote of how revolting I found the murderous actions of the state. I want to add my utter disgust for the citizens who find some sort of pride and happiness in something so violent and repulsive as murder.

Many seem to believe that two wrongs make a right. They seem to believe killing is good if the killer

is someone they do not like. I can feel butterflies in my stomach, a sick and irritated feeling that comes up each time I hear this vile act praised. I am not writing to justify a murderer, but I am writing to say I am repulsed by murder no matter who commits the crime. Green or blue uniforms do not somehow make murder something to be praised. I stated before and I will state again; for your sake I hope there is no God for he will not look kindly upon you.

The nationalism and patriotism people are finding in the act of murder and in violence shows just how depraved humanity can truly be. Go try to claim credit for it with your political parties, I don't care. Blood is on the hands of every U.S. politician and tax payer who funded the rampant murder we bring the world.

Nothing could be better for this country than for each who pays for this bloodshed and supports it to be forced to attend each funeral of each victim of our violence. We should all have to hold the dying hands of the children whose bodies have been shredded and mangled by the metal manufactured by the military industrial complex. We should show images of the victims mangled bodies daily on the six O'clock news. Instead we show pretty pictures of what we claim are 'brave soldiers' being honorable. The murderers are celebrated while the victims are never considered. I'm sick to my stomach. This country and its mindless culture is repulsive and I reject it and all who praise the war machines constant murder.

They wage holy war in the name of their holy constitution and in the name of their religion patriotism. Many believe their god wants them to kill. Terrorists are in green waving the red white and blue. It is not over and nothing has changed. Violence perpetuates violence, the empire is just continuing on the same old path.

Veterans Day

I made it through veterans day and the Marine Corps Birthday with more bumps and bruises than I expected. Every 'thank you' brought me back. It took me back to the 'thank you' I was uncomfortable getting while I was in. I made it known that I did not like the Corps while I was in and now that I am out I have made it perfectly clear that I abhor the abusive murderous institution.

I was uncomfortable with all the thanks while I was in. I got them in airports, restaurants or any place I had to show an I.D. or where my cover was blown. I often tried to hide the fact that I was in the Corps in public, I did not feel comfortable with it. What were they thanking me for? I did not give anyone freedom. I was a part of an institution that turned human beings into violent killers. It fucked my head up. It nurtured the aggression in myself. It made me into something I loathed. I became abusive and violent. I was trained to embrace savage anarchistic behavior I was not comfortable with. I was dehumanized along with all the other Marines. Some would go on to embrace it and in turn act in the manner they were treated.

I remember meeting Nathan Gale. We were in a bus station in Cincinnati Ohio. I rode with him to North Carolina and talked with him. I watched as he was belittled and treated like an animal. He was insulted and belittled. He was treated as less than

human. I was shocked at first to see him on the news years later after he killed Dimebag Dallas and turned the gun on himself. I was shocked at first, but after much consideration of what he was trained to do and how they treated him I am less than shocked that he would go out and murder other human beings.

I remember being there in North Carolina walking next to PFC Lamb in formation. I walked beside him when he still had legs. As I walked out of the grenade range I heard a loud explosion louder than the explosions I heard while I was there. It was much closer. I was rushed off to sit on the bleachers with the other Marines. I remember seeing the helicopter fly down so close that I could almost reach out and touch it. Then the Corpsman came out from behind the range crying. It was silent. Nobody spoke, and few had dry eyes. I watched them as they rolled him out his body mangled by the shrapnel. He lived. His legs looked to be fused with his jungle boots. they were red and wiggly like twizlers. They jiggled as they moved him. They rolled out Sgt. Funny. He was face down with his uniform cut off and little speckles of red scattered about his body from where the shrapnel went in. I think many of us came to the same realization at that point. This shit was for real. This was it and we might not ever get to go home from this hell.

Every thank you and every mention just jolted more memories I didn't want. It became too much for me to handle at times. I was crying out in anger. I did not want to hear them. These people had no idea what

they were thanking anyone for. It was the patriotic thing to do. They were raised to thank the Vet and believe the murderous abuse brought them freedom somehow.

I thought at least I could get something out of it all. I was told Applebees was giving Vets a free lunch. I went. It didn't feel right. I was uncomfortable even more. As I walked in I saw buttons and banners 'honoring veterans day'. They started with the 'thank you' stuff. I expected as much. The restaurant was packed with vets and young guys that looked like they were on active duty. I felt like I was back on base walking into the E-club or the PX or something. It was uncomfortable. It brought back more and more memories that haven't visited me in years. Things I was happy not to remember. Even at the time I dealt with them by drinking.

Most of it I drowned out with alcohol when I was in the Corps. I wasn't the only one. The Marine Corps was full of men and women who drank their pain away. Loneliness, trauma and pain could be dealt with if you just hid them under the liquor. You wouldn't have to face it. You wouldn't have to face the body of the PFC who was ripped open by the K-Bar of his Sgt for not returning a porno DVD. You didn't have to face the endless funeral details. You didn't have to face the fact that more Marines were dying in the states than in Iraq. You didn't have to face the marine strapped to his rack raped by a broomstick, or the countless female marines being raped by the aggressive patriarchy. You could just drink and fight.

Violence was a close friend. I abhor violence. But this is only after years of living so intimately with it. Drink, Fight, Fuck. I was an empty shell of a human being, a husk held up only by the liquor, fueled by the rage.

Marine Corps KILL KILL KILL!

I played their games. I spoke out and expressed my hatred for the Corps. This often led to mindless games invented to make me submit. I wanted out. I realized everything they told me was bullshit.

I remember the first time I had a work detail put under me. I had to make these guys clean a bathroom I couldn't do it. I told them what they had to do. I then took the rag and bucket and started cleaning the shitters myself. I let them just figure out what to do on their own. I did not want to tell anyone what to do. I had a major issue with giving these men such demeaning tasks, so I took them. I would not become one of them.

So many did not see the conditioning, abuse or aggressive nature of it all. So many did not see just how violent, vile and fucked up it all was. They just couldn't see past what they were taught. I remember the anti-war protests outside of Twentynine Palms. I took some pictures for the base paper. I was told to stay away from the protesters. I was not aloud to join them, confront them or become involved at all. I did not obey. That Saturday I saw them out in town. I was not looking much like a marine. I was out of regs. I wondered up behind

them with my flask of whiskey in my jacket pocket as I always carried some whiskey on me. I didn't hold a sign. I did not say much. I did not want to draw too much attention, I just wanted to be with them. These were the people saying something that made sense to me. This was where I belonged. I was comforted there just standing amongst the Anti-War protest. People calling for peace. People calling to end all this mindless violence. That was where I wanted to be.

I fought often. I would drink and fight. I was trained to fight, what else was I supposed to do? I can't tell you how many fights there were. I can't remember them all. I was full of rage, anger and a drive to commit acts of violence. The last fight I got into I ended up with a chipped skull, a black eye and a nose that was sore and mushy. I was hit in the face a great deal. I often woke up sore from being beat in the face or head in a fight the night before. Thinking back to this I become anxious.

I have separated myself from violence. I haven't been able to watch war movies in almost a decade. After I got out was really when I began to separate myself from violence. Hearing about it or seeing it depicted in media upsets me. I feel a great deal of sympathy for the victims of violence. I hate what I was when I was in the Corps. I can never go back to that. I don't want to remember it. I sure as hell can't take the 'thank you' bullshit, it just upsets me the same way I get upset hearing about violence against other human beings, for it is all I can see when I think of the Corps. The Corps only exists to inflict violence on people through the

people it abuses to condition to inflict violence and to murder.

Why Do I Do It?

Why do I write against the system?

Why do I oppose the state?

It was late one night in twentynine palms I heard screaming. It was like that of a formation but not. It was different. I looked outside to the courtyard between the barracks where I saw some boots fresh from infantry training school. They were being forced to chug whiskey and do push-ups. I watched as the bottles of whiskey was taken by their Cpl as he ran them back into the mountain ridge. Drinking and running, pushing and vomiting. They were returned to the barracks covered in sweat and vomit humiliated.

One evening I left my barracks to walk down to the pizzeria on the base. A unit had just returned from Iraq. I do not remember what unit it was. I do remember seeing them waving an Iraqi flag desecrating it and screaming obscenities. KILL! SAND NIGGER! two of the ones I remember most clearly. I recall some screaming and boasting of how they killed someone. They were screaming how many kills they got. They were hanging out of the barracks with bottles of beer celebrating and praising the murder they committed.

I remember one PFC whose neck was ripped open with a K-Bar by his Sgt over a porno DVD.

I remember one Marine tied to his rack face down raped in the asshole with a broomstick.

I hate remembering the Marines.

I remember how any objection to an order or to one in power was often met with humiliation. I hear of Bradley Manning's Abuse and am not shocked why they claim they are doing it. I am not shocked at all it is being done to him. Power and authority is not questioned or you will see the cruelty another is capable of.

I saw how our country is structured by the rule of force. I saw how threats and humiliation was used to maintain power and control over other human beings. My eyes were open to what it truly takes to order society with aggressive force and I hate it. It is all covered with a thin veil of patriotic bullshit. The blind worship bastards and killers.

Some make it out, more enlightened with their eyes open. Some are not murderous beasts. Some are men I think highly of. They were stuck a cog in this oppressive violent system. I hate it. There are some individuals I think lowly of. The most dedicated to the Corps were often the most inhumane. Then there are those who learned and left that vile shit.

I want to thank the Marine Corps for showing me the truth so that I could embrace Anarchism and Non-Violence.

So to every Jarhead with their redundant dehumanizing insults, I simply say that I feel sorry for you. Your weak minds could not retain your humanity. You are a pawn reciting every cliché your beloved Corps brainwashed you with. I hope one day you will seek professional counseling and heal mentally.

World War III Can Be Fought By The Bankers And Politicians Who Wish To Wage It

It is the near future and we are entering world war III. After raping the middle east and slaughtering countless human beings for cheap oil to support the pocket books of oil tycoons, bankers, Wall Street and the politicians, they found that there just wasn't enough to support their 50 mph lifestyle and suburban sprawl. Instead of going to a more natural 3 mph architecture and a sustainable lifestyle they decided it was time to hunt down the dictators of the world. Any country producing oil and not selling it to them at slave labor wages had to be a dictator.

They knew why they were waging their war so they preached murder in the name of liberty. Only, this time nobody bought it. The people were not ignorant and easily persuaded by the rhetoric of a false sense of patriotism to support the wealth of the ruling class. The poor did not answer the call. They did not enlist. The poor stayed home.

It was time for the bankers and politicians to fight the wars they sold the public on in the centuries before. Those in power would have to get their hands dirty with the blood of innocents directly. They could no longer hide behind the poor to kill for them.

Congress got the call. Every cabinet and every banker, oil tycoon and board member. Every wealthy fat cat that had promoted war for the liberty to continue stealing the wealth of nations got the call. They did not have to waste countless billions on the bullshit propaganda because they knew what they were fighting for. They were shipped off to Parris Island. They lined up on the yellow foot prints. They were humiliated and led into training to learn just how they had to murder to keep their filthy wealth and blood money.

The poor stayed home and laughed at them on their T.V. screens. They did not have to lie to the public because they knew just what they stood to loose. They were ready to destroy lives in Venezuela, Russia, and the Sudan. They knew that the other country that was using their oil was ran by dictators who did what they did. But, these countries were dictators because it was someone else doing what only they could do because they did it for patriotism and under the false name of liberty.

The senators got to carry the weapons and murder. The senators got to die for the cause they feel so much needed someone to die for. They spoke of how war was horrible and how they did not support it then they sent our boys off to their death for profit before. They spoke of how hard of a decision it was for them to make. They spoke of how we needed to keep our country free from Mexicans and Muslims. Now was their chance to show us just how much we needed the liberty they brought through murder.

They got their chance to 'die for their country'. After a while a few realized just how bad of an idea it was for them to murder to maintain their wealth. But they knew pulling out would only admit defeat so they continued to walk into the line of fire. They continued to blow themselves up and others also. They couldn't admit defeat and they could not let it look like they were wrong.

They sat in the trenches writing letters home to their lawyers and board members. They picked up the human remains. They got to take those lives directly. They got to learn just what kind of an impact their actions truly had on the world.

Every time they watched one of their fellow elite murdered they realized that just left more wealth for them. They began to cannibalize each other so they could return home with the oil they killed for and the extra suburban homes and BMW they knew they would get from the estate sale of their fallen comrades.

They took the paychecks of the PFC's they would send to be slaughtered, and the inner city youth they would get their bloated fat checks. After paying pennies to the poor to die and murder they would now receive pennies to die and murder. Since they felt that sitting home and waging wars was where the money was they no longer brought in the billions.

In an odd turn of events back home without

their oppression, tyranny and waste the people cut them off of the checkbooks. They cut them off of any decision they felt they should make. The people were too busy improving their way of life, economy and the issues that mattered to them. When their wars were done the ruling class started to come home but nobody wanted them there. They were not aloud to come back to the profit of their murder. They were asked to go live in Darfur so they could experience the genocide and oppresion they were so happy to oversee.

The people decided that they would let the bankers, oil tycoons and politicians live in the world they attempted to create for the rest of us. If that was what they wanted so bad they could have it. Sure, occasionally we would hear about the genocide and mass murder of bankers, oil tycoons and politicians in some third world country, but they showed us that murder was regrettable but just not something to oppose, so we let them live that reality out for themselves.