

I'm a neoconservative and I believe that power has to be used in order to find out if it's really real.

Back in the Cold War, there was a lot of bluffing and hype and talk about "power" on all sides,

and sometimes some guerrillas would tangle with some mercenaries, and the victorious brotherhood would rub each other down

with the blood of the slain in some backwater in Africa or Central America, and of course that was an important moral test,

they had real power, these mercenaries and/or guerrillas, and they were admirable for that reason,

they could return home to their women proud of the fact that they had raped the women of their enemies

and hid them in holes and created magical objects to scare away the souls of the innocent children

who otherwise might have counter-attacked power as power tried to sleep (it's important to keep all the souls of the martyrs

neutralized—the key is to hide their names under a pile of heavier names—the names of our own side's dead—like paperweights,

and remember, never repeat your victim's name, *unless you have eaten part of him*, because then it is only your own name, and is safe—

that is why all the Iraqis mentioned on television are alive—spiritual security.)

But I'm no spiritualist, I'm a neo-conservative, and while those Third-World fighters were demonstrating their manhood,

the First and the Second World were fighting a war of equivocations and thought balloons full of angst and heavy depressing silences inevitable as Armageddon,

which Ronald Reagan ultimately won, by refusing to think as much as the enemy, and by taking refreshing naps.

He was a wimp, but he can teach us one thing of value: the key to victory is not to waste time worrying!

Because if you win but your enemy has made you *worry* while you were winning, well then terrorists won,

because the point of terrorism is to interfere with peace of mind and therefore interfere with economic prosperity,

because who among us can get as much done while perpetually *worrying* about everything?

I'm a neoconservative and I let the troops do my worrying for me. They deal with the roadside bombs,

I take care of more important matters, such as antagonizing France. I actually look forward to a world

where a new Franco-Russian-German military alliance has created another power-bloc big enough to be worth competing with,

because I want to strike at them with manly savagery and without worry or consideration, that is, I want the troops to strike at them for me,

the troops can be cowardly and civilized and worried and thoughtful if they want,

it's natural and only human to be like that when you're facing death,

I'll have enough strength for everyone, circling towns where every man and woman must lie down in a pool of their own blood

vanquished, clobbered, to prove how prosperous America is, because it takes a chunk of change to raze a village. I'm a neoconservative, and it's going to take a lot of treasure to demonstrate my manhood, because I really don't have much of it. Japan is going to have to loan us more than they've ever loaned us before.

Luckily, as the dollar becomes devalued, the real value of our loan payments will be less, so that will be a good deal for us, or will it?

I don't worry about economics either; I think you're starting to see the nature of my style. If necessary, we can just tell our factories what to produce and pay them in paper. Suitcases full of bills, bills, bills.

**(Did you know controlling the government means you can make as much money as you want? So Cool!)**

We should have them print a new ten-thousand dollar bill with George Bush's face on it, grinning at the people who are fine as wine. When it no longer makes sense to drive to work for a minimum-wage job, because the gas to get there costs 2/3s of the daily wage, join the army, three square meals a day except during boot-camp wargames, when the simulated suicide bomber blows up the dinner-truck and everybody has to sleep on an empty stomach to remind them that the simulation is lifelike.

I'm a neoconservative and I never served in the army because I was saving myself up to be a wise counselor.

My manhood has aged like a cheap Prosecco aged in a plastic canteen and I'm getting tipsy on it.