A NEWER ORDER

Biting his cigar, an Air Force general was bent on bombing Vietnam back to the Stone Age. A war earlier, he'd firebombed Tokyo to ashes, human and otherwise. Last week a Las Vegas billionaire demanded that Gaza be bombed back to the Stone Age. Both men resembled one another: fat around the belly, frowningly serious, flanked by sycophants and affluent. Without four stars or a fortune fleeced from suckers at Casino games, they'd be ignorable. Frankly, they sold the Stone Age short. Aborigines learned to work with tools and fire, hunted animals instead of one another, housed their young in the safety of caves and coped with dangers well enough to keep the race from vanishing. Recently we've done the opposite. Historians confirm we've killed more people in the last half century or so than any nation now or ever, executed thousands and stocked the country with more guns than people. Currently we tally seventy

homicides per day compared to thirty-five per year in Japan.
To match that kind of savagery the Stone Age fails to qualify.
But who am I to talk?
While hundreds suffer and die with our assent in Gaza, I watch baseball on TV where millionaires in uniform play a boy's game to keep me shamefully distracted from the world we say we're saving.