

To rivet the ole Phoenix on them, project 24 psyop teams nailed an eye to the house opposite anyone still enough in his right mind not to support us. When they'd come burbling with fear, we buddy-buddied them—took them out for a drink & dinner, later to a brothel to get some tight pictures. Then it's off to the pit for a little torture and abuse. The photos helped enlist them in a special blackop unit infiltrating areas, technically off limits, say Cambodia. (Their addition to our numbers proved the pacification program was gaining favor.) Once on the trail of righteousness, they'd radio the position of villages sympathetic to or abetting the enemy. B52s bombed both parties—leaving no loose ends and killing two birds with one stone, as it were. Eventually of course, the adversary began to track the lightly armed psyop teams coming in for surveillance and census duty. Utilizing this opportunity, heavily fortified squads secretly followed hard by—leveraging “the company's” guerilla bait appeal—to keep kill rations high and funding guaranteed.

What about the rights of non-combatants?

During wartime, which is now all the time and everywhere, civilians don't have them.

Out of sight out of mind operational zones maintain the public trust in the democratic institutions.