

Bang!

**Your on the
Street Reporter**



Uyless Black

**PEACE:
Pistols for Everyone, Arms Control is the Enemy**

PEACE
(Pistols for Everyone, Arms Control is the Enemy)

April 21, 2007 and August 30,2014

Hello from Your on the Street Reporter. Being on the streets doing these reports presents an interesting situation in that many America's streets are not known for their safety. I learned this news from the media. I've found them safe enough, but then I don't go out much after dark. I keep my venues confined to locked-up locales, away from the gun-totters. If you want reports on muggings and mayhem on America's streets, go to www.FindAnotherReporter.com.

Even more, I'm beginning to think I would rather attend school online, rather than sit in a classroom. An Internet virus embedded in my computer memory is unpleasant, but it pales in comparison to a bullet embedded in my body.

Move Over Clint Eastwood

Speaking of gun-totters, Jack Bauer of the TV show *24* has replaced Clint Eastwood as my celluloid hero. In the past, Clint has been my favorite, especially for his roles in the Spaghetti Western movies. He plays a cool cowboy who utters drop-dead witticisms just before he drops the bad guys dead. I sometimes borrow Clint's put-down pearls for my own writings. On occasion, and for a little variety, I add a verb here and there.

A friend told me that Clint is a sensitive, singing soul. In an earlier report, I mentioned Clint's singing in the movie *Paint Your Wagon*. Here is one stanza I mentioned in which he sings to trees and stars:

*I sing to the trees,
but they don't listen to me.
I sing to the stars,
but they don't hear.*

Jack Bauer does not sing, but if he did, I would wager his version would be:

*I kill all the thugs,
if they don't listen to me.
I cut off their ears,
so they can't hear.*

That's my idea of a singing hero. I also like the way Jack Bauer cuts-through red tape. A scene in the first season of *24* is a classic (I modified some of the lines. For those that I did not modify, I made up, as any stalwart reporter would do. But I convey accurately the spirit of the scene):

- Jack and his boss are situated in an interrogation room with a terrorist. Jack starts the questioning, "I want you to tell me what I need to know." (So Jack can infiltrate into the terrorist group.)
- Terrorist, "I don't know nothin', and you can't lay a hand on me. I'm protected by...."
- BANG!

- The terrorist does not have an opportunity to express his Constitutional rights because Jack's bullet has put an end to his constitution.
- Jack's boss, "Good God, Jack! What the hell are you doing?"
- Jack, "Nothing. I've already done it."
- Jack's boss, "There are rules against this sort of thing. Oh my, the paperwork involved."
- As the scene fades away.

Gun Control for the Gun Impaired

We've seen Jack's bosses in our office. Sticklers for rules, they go by the book. They will not allow you any leeway in how you do your job. Even worse, there's the pain-in-the ass who shares your office cubicle. He whines all the time. Why not shoot him? You can't because there's a law against shooting people in general, and whining people specifically. So, you ask for a transfer and end up with another whiner. Just think of the lost productivity because of the whinings and related office moves. What would Jack do about this conflict situation?

- The whiner is whining.
- Jack says, "Stop whining."
- Whiner continues whining.
- BANG!
- Whiner stops whining.

There would be fewer arguments in our homes, offices, and college campuses if we all carried a six-shooter around our hips. Before a flippant ass threw-out an insult, he would pause and think, "Hmm, I'd better simmer down. Mary has her gun pointed at my forehead."

As it now stands, America's laws against carrying-around guns are honored by everyone except those who carry them around to shoot the very folks who aren't carrying them around because of the laws. Something is missing from this picture, notably those who are six feet under and unavailable for the photo-op.

Photo-ops can also be dangerous. While writing this report, I came across a news article about a boy in New York who had been shot in the head while he was posing for a picture with his Little League team.¹ Everyone thought he had been hit with a ball. After two to three hours of sitting in an Emergency Room, it was discovered the lad had a bullet in his skull.

Sidebar. When being admitted to an Emergency Room, make sure you lie about your condition. Make sure you describe it in dire terms. Make it much worse than it is. In this way, you might actually come in contact with a doctor before your insurance company discovers you need medical care and cancels your policy.

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We're doing satire here. Parody is the only way to write about this sickness. In the spirit of the absurd, let's start a new Web site. We will call it PEACE. PEACE is an acronym for Pistols for Everyone, Arms Control is the Enemy.

¹ AOL News, posted June 8, 2009.

The only way to handle America's guns is simple: Arm everyone. If you like the idea, send your check to the PEACE lobby. (Made out to Uyless Black.)

PEACE is based on the theory that mass massacres with armed weapons will only come to an end when a man---who has had a bad day at the office---comes to realize that he will not be able to shoot more than say, one or two people before he himself is gunned down.

Even more humiliating, he won't be able to commit suicide, as another gun totter will have the honors of ending his life. More often than not, these killers commit suicide. I suspect much of their time on earth was lived believing they had no control over their lives. Killing oneself before others do the deed allows the killer to have the last say.

Anyway, the gun control lobby contends if America had effective gun control, we would have fewer casualties from guns and mass massacres would never happen. I agree. But a small point: *It is too late to have pervasive gun control in this country.*

America may eventually ban the selling of bazookas at the local hardware store, even if the White Aryan Nations object. But getting hand guns off the streets/homes/dorms/cars of America? Limiting guns to an extent that it would be unthinkable for someone to shoot a MacDonald's cook for overcooking his hamburger? I wish I thought otherwise, but I do not see it in the cards.

Maybe we can succeed in passing laws forbidding deer hunters from using UZIs, confine teenagers to shooting their class mates with automatic pistols instead of M16A2 assault rifles, and restrict disgruntled employees to gunning-down their co-workers with paltry Beretta M9s. Perhaps we can find a way to keep a submachine gun out of the hands of 9-year-old child who accidentally killed her shooting range instructor.² In this manner, we put a sandbag-or-two on the dam. But we are a gun-totting nation. I cannot see this reality changing.

I grew up in the gun culture, as did most of my relatives. We had a gun rack in our living room, as did my cousins, uncles, and so forth. As of this writing, no one in the Black family has shot anyone. Do I favor gun control? *Yes, under the mandate of self-control.* Anyway, the central point of this report is that, as said above, it is too late for America to have an effective and fair gun control society.

Put a Pistol in your Purse

Given that America is going to remain the Land of the Free and Home of the Armed, how do we reduce gun deaths? As I suggested, arm everyone. I recognize this approach may appear as if your reporter has lost his bearings, but consider this scenario:

A Wendy's diner---unhappy his a-la-carte Chili did not include a severed thumb---pulls out his gun and opens fire on the cook. How many casualties do you think there might be? Two possibly: The cook, if the diner is a good shot. And certainly the diner, because the other customers, vexed at having their meals interrupted, would level this guy before he had a chance to empty his magazine. Granted, a few errant bullets from the irate hamburger eaters might find

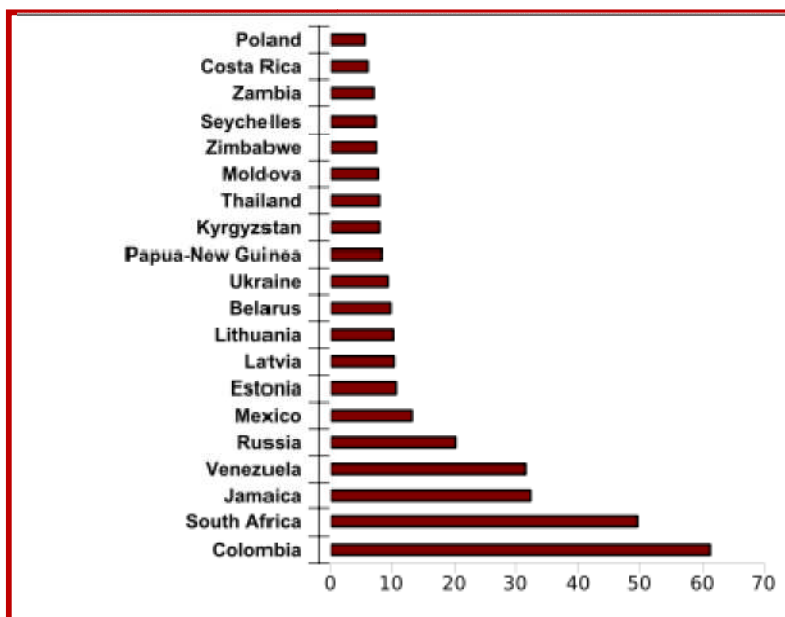
² "Girl, 9, Shoots Instructor Dead with UZI," *CDA Press*, August 28, 2014, A3.

their way into other diners. But the mayhem would be confined to fewer people than would have been killed if the original shooter had complete freedom of action. Result? Overall fewer deaths from guns.

We could postulate the same outcomes for workplaces, schools, churches, etc. What is more, some of these deranged killers are not so deranged that they might hesitate starting the melee if they knew they were outnumbered to begin with---that the old lady sipping soup at the next table had a pistol in her purse. As it is now, we've legislated gun control for the very folks who do not use guns in the first place. The killers can easily find a gun, regardless of laws.

Is America a Killer Nation?

I continue to read in the press and listen to the news about the United States having extraordinarily high murder rates, in comparison to other nations. I did some surfing and came across the chart below.³ It shows the murder rate per 100,000 inhabitants for the years 1996-2000. Colombia took the honors. America is not even in the top twenty. Nor or any of the countries in Western Europe, but they're all socialists and (after WW II) pacifists, so they don't matter.



Murder Rate per 100,000 Inhabitants

Of course, our low-ranking murder rate is small compensation if you or your loved ones fall within the survey. So, what to do? I've made the case that gun ownership in America is a given. It is too much a sacred cow for it to go away.

Besides, there is no way your reporter wants his gun ownership rights curtailed. The gate to the corral was opened many years ago. The cows that got out of the pen are armed, so to speak. It is too late to get them back in the corral. They now wander around America, in and out of our schools, our churches, our fast food outlets.

³ "Murder Rates," Wikipedia.

When these people are no longer a danger to the average American, Uncle Sam can talk to Uyless Black about giving up his guns. But not until that time. And that time will never happen in my lifetime. In the meantime, I'll keep my .22 nearby. I will not put myself and my family in harm's way. However remote, I cannot passively acquiesce to the possibility of an armed person entering my home without my having a means to protect myself and my family. As I said, it is a remote possibility, but it happens every day in America.

Does Gun Ownership Increase Murder Rates?

I have done a lot of jokes in this report about solutions to gun totting and gun shooting. I have offered the idea that having everyone armed will cut-down murder rates. I have been making light. The truth is, I seriously doubt if arming everyone will solve the problem (and many people would not carry a sidearm anyway). Even more, I would feel uneasy in a society where everyone was armed. But the problem is that most of the people who are not dangerous are not armed in the first place. It is the bad guys who are armed that are the problem.

Even more, studies show that a high incidence of ownership of guns has no relationship to high murder rates. For example, Washington, DC "...has the lowest reported gun ownership but the highest firearms death rate."⁴ Again, the problem is not gun ownership *per se*. It is a problem of having guns in the hands of people who choose to use them against other people.

One last thought. I have enough faith in my country that I would forsake my right to bear arms if I was assured all others did the same. If my right to own guns rests on the possibility that I might have to defend myself against U.S. Marines attacking my home, then I offer that my .22 won't do much good against a platoon of trained warriors. But I understand that some groups make the claim that my view is the very reason I should be able to buy a bazooka or a rocket launcher: To defend myself against a possible renegade U.S. government and its associated bandit militia. I have more faith in America than these people do.

Jack Bauer is really a Sweet Guy

To wrap up this report, I would like to ask if you have noticed, that for all of Jack's meanness, he is really a tender guy. I recently watched seasons one and two of *24*, and I'm certain he says, "I love you" to his daughter more times than I say, "I love you" to my wife, my dog, and my nine iron. Consider that we're talking about a ratio difference of 3 to 1 in potential opportunities to say, "I love you," I'm a "I love you" piker in comparison to Jack Bauer.

Of course, a lot of Jack's "I love you" declarations are spoken to his daughter on the cell phone while she is being held a prisoner by deadly terrorists. Maybe his tender comments assuage his guilt for her being captured for the sole reason that she is Jack's daughter. *Hang in there sweetie! I love you!*

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⁴ <http://asymptoticlife.com/2009/01/26/more-on-guns-and-violence.aspx>.