

Military Resistance 12H1



Military Resistance Computer Repairs Ongoing

Publication of the Military Resistance Newsletter has been interrupted for several weeks by computer failure damaging both computer functions and highly specialized Word program functions necessary to continue publication.

A fresh office clipboard application has been found and ordered from the UK restoring ability to copy and post news reports and other text material from the Internet for publication, including text content sent in by email from Newsletter contributors.

It was difficult to find a fresh application fully conformable to the modified basic platform used for Newsletter production.

The new application is expected this week, and hopefully, if there is nothing else screwed up, then it will be possible to resume publication.

Special regrets for the delay to civilians, veterans, and active duty who have sent in material for publication.

See Articles Below

Printed below are a number of articles that have appeared in earlier issues of Military Resistance Newsletter.

The clipboard function is not operating for fresh material other than isolated graphics, but will copy from earlier Word documents.

Your Assistance Necessary

Funds are respectfully requested to the expenses necessary to get the repairs finished.

No funding support has been requested or received by Military Resistance Newsletter since 2013.

There is no source of funds other than support from readers.

If you have found the Newsletter useful, please help now.

Thanks to you who have already responded with assistance!

T

1. BY MAIL:
IF YOU SEND A CHECK OR MONEY ORDER,
MAKE PAYABLE TO: THOMAS F BARTON

Mail to:
Military Resistance Newsletter
Box 126
2576 Broadway

New York, N.Y. 10025-5657

2. BY CREDIT CARD OR PAYPAL THROUGH OUR PAYPAL ACCOUNT:

**CLICK ON THIS PAYPAL LINK OR COPY IT INTO
YOUR BROWSER ADDRESS FIELD:**

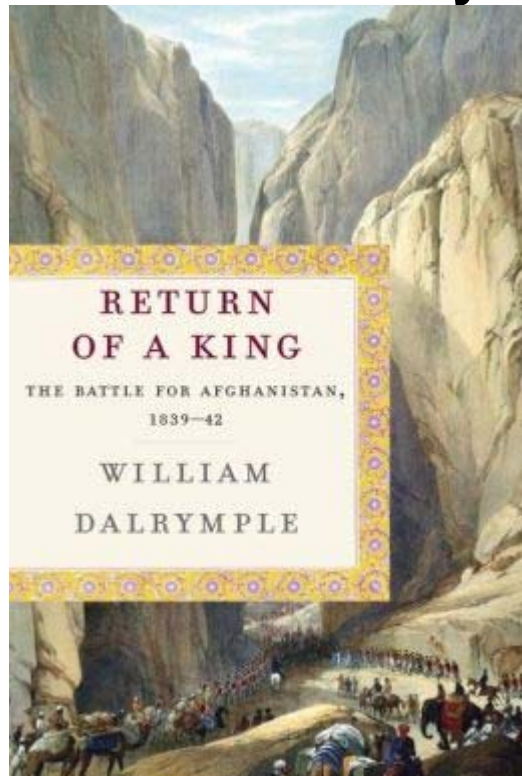
**[https://www.paypal.com/cgi-bin/webscr?cmd= s-
xclick&hosted_button_id=5069540](https://www.paypal.com/cgi-bin/webscr?cmd=s_xclick&hosted_button_id=5069540)**

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

**“For All The Differences, There
Are Striking Parallels Between
The Twenty-First-Century
Occupation Of Afghanistan And
That Of 1839—42”**

**“Whoever Comes To Afghanistan,
Even Now, They Will Face The
Fate Of Burnes, McNaughton And**

**Dr. Brydon,' Agreed Mohammad
Khna, Our Host In The Village”
“Everyone Nodded Sagely Into Their
Rice: The Names Of The Fallen Of
1842, Long Forgotten In Their Home
Country, Were Still Common
Currency Here”
“In Truth, All The Americans Here Know
Their Game Is Over. It Is Just Their
Politicians Who Deny This”**



I talked about my great-great-uncle, Cohn Mackenzie, who had been taken hostage nearby, and I asked if they saw any parallels with the current situation.

“It is exactly the same,” said Jagdalak. “Both times the foreigners have come for their own interests, not for ours. They say, ‘We are your friends, we want to help.’ But they are lying.”

“Whoever comes to Afghanistan, even now, they will face the fate of Burnes, McNaughton and Dr. Brydon,” agreed Mohammad

Another Popalzai ruler lacking a real power base, Hamid Karzai — astonishingly, from the same sub-tribe as Shah Shuja [in 1842]—faces the brunt of concerted guerrilla attacks led by the eastern Ghilzai who today make up the footsoldiers of the Taliban.

They are directed by another Ghilzai tribal leader from the Hotak ruling clan, in this case Mullah Omar. (Mullah Omar is a distant relative of the first Afghan ruler of southern Afghanistan, Mir Waiz Hotaki.)

Excerpts from
RETURN of a KING
The Battle for Afghanistan, 1839—42

By William Dalrymple,
ALFRED A. KNOPE;
NEW YORK 2013

At the end of Kim, Kipling has his eponymous hero say, “When everyone is dead, the Great Game is finished. Not before.”

In the 1980s it was the Russians’ Withdrawal from their failed occupation of Afghanistan that triggered the beginning of the end of the Soviet Union.

Less than twenty years later, in 2001, British and American troops arrived in Afghanistan, where they proceeded to begin losing what was, in Britain’s case, its fourth war in that country.

As before, in the end, despite all the billions of dollars handed out, the training of an entire army of Afghan troops and the infinitely superior weaponry of the occupiers, the Afghan resistance succeeded again in first surrounding then propelling the hated Kafirs into a humiliating exit.

In both cases the occupying troops lost the will to continue fighting at such cost and with so little gain.

For all the differences, there are of course striking parallels between the twenty-first-century occupation of Afghanistan and that of 1839—42.

There is a real continuity in the impact of political geography on the evolution of both conflicts. The significance of Kabul’s location is one issue — adjacent to both the Tajik population of Kohistan, on one side, and the eastern Ghilzais on the other.

Then there is the tribal issue, as another Popalzai ruler lacking a real power base, Hamid Karzai — astonishingly, from the same sub-tribe as Shah Shuja—faces the brunt of concerted guerrilla attacks led by the eastern Ghilzai who today make up the footsoldiers of the Taliban.

They are directed by another Ghilzai tribal leader from the Hotak ruling clan, in this case Mullah Omar. (Mullah Omar is a distant relative of the first Afghan ruler of southern Afghanistan, Mir Waiz Hotaki.)

On my extended visits to Afghanistan to research this book in 2009 and 2110 I set myself two goals.

Firstly, I wanted to try to find the elusive Afghan sources telling of the war which I was certain had to exist and which I have in due course used to write this book.

Secondly, I was keen to see as many of the places and landscapes associated with the First Afghan War as was possible in a situation where ISAF's (International Security Assistance Force, established by the United Nations in 2001 and taken over by NATO in 2003.) hold on Afghanistan was already visibly shrinking every day.

By 2110, the Taliban had a strong presence in over 70 per cent of the country and Karzai's government had firm control of only 29 out of 121 key strategic districts.

That 70 per cent included most of the route of the British retreat of January 1842 which I knew I would have to travel if I was to have an idea of the geography I was going to write about. I particularly wanted to try to get to Gandamak and see the site of the British last stand.

The route of the 1842 retreat backs on to the mountain range that leads to Tora Bora and the Pakistan border, the Ghilzai heartlands that have always been—along with Quetta—the Taliban's main recruiting ground.

I had been advised not to attempt to visit the area without local protection, so eventually set off in the company of a regional tribal leader who was also a minister in Karzai's government: a mountain of a man named Anwar Khan Jagdalak, a former village wrestling champion and later captain of the Afghan Olympic wrestling team, who had made his name as a Jami'at-Islami Mujehedin commander in the jihad against the Soviets in the 1980s.

It was Jagdalak's Ghilzai ancestors who inflicted some of the worst casualties on the British army of 184z, something he proudly repeated several times as we drove through the same passes.

"They forced us to pick up guns to defend our honour," he said. "So we killed every last one of those bastards." None of this, incidentally, has stopped Jagdalak from sending his family away from Kabul to the greater safety of Northolt in north London.

On the day we were to drive to Gandamak, I had been told to report at seven in the morning to Jagdalak's Ministry in the heart of the administrative district now named Wazir Akbar Khan. Threading my way through a slalom of checkpoints and razor wire surrounding the Ministry, I arrived to find Jagdalak being hustled into a convoy of heavily

armoured SUVs by his ever-present phalanx of bodyguards, walkie-talkies crackling and assault rifles primed.

Jagdalak drove himself, while pick-ups full of heavily armed Afghan bodyguards followed behind.

As we headed through the capital, evidence of the failure of the current occupation lay all around us.

Kabul remains one of the poorest and scrappiest capital cities in the world.

Despite the U.S. pouring around \$80 billion into Afghanistan, almost all that money has disappeared into defence and security and the roads of Kabul were still more rutted than those in the most neglected provincial towns of Pakistan. There was no street lighting and apparently no rubbish collection.

According to Jagdalak, that was only the tip of the iceberg. Despite all the efforts of a dozen countries and a thousand agencies over more than a decade since 2001, the country is still a mess: a quarter of all teachers in Afghanistan are illiterate. In many areas, governance is almost non-existent: half the governors do not have an office; even fewer have electricity. Civil servants lack the most basic education and skills.

We bumped through the potholed roads of Kabul, past the blast walls of the U.S. Embassy and the NATO barracks that has been built on the very site of the British cantonment of 170 years ago, past Butkhak, then headed down the zigzagging road into the line of bleak mountain passes—first the Khord Kabul, then the Tezin—that link Kabul with the Khyber Pass.

It is a suitably dramatic and violent landscape: faultlines of crushed and tortured strata groaned and twisted in the gunpowder-coloured rockwalls rising on either side of us. Above, the jagged mountain tops were veiled in an ominous cloud of mist.

As we drove, Jagdalak complained bitterly of the western treatment of his government. “In the 1980s when we were killing Russians for them, the Americans called us freedom fighters,” he muttered as we descended the first pass. “Now they just dismiss us as warlords.”

At Sarobi, where the mountains debouch into a high-altitude ochre desert dotted with encampments of Ghilzai nomads, we left the main road and headed into Taliban territory; a further five pick-up trucks full of Jagdalak’s old Mujehedin fighters, all brandishing rocket-propelled grenades and with faces wrapped in their turbans, appeared from a side road to escort us.

At the village of Jagdalak, on 12 January 1842, the last 200 frostbitten British soldiers found themselves surrounded by several thousand Ghilzai tribesmen; only a handful made it beyond the holly hedge.

Our own welcome that April was, thankfully, somewhat warmer.

It was my host’s first visit to his home since he became a minister, and the proud villagers took their old commander on a nostalgia trip through hills smelling of wild thyme

and wormwood, and up through mountainsides carpeted with hollyhocks and mulberries and shaded by white poplars.

Here, at the top of the surrounding peaks, near the watchtower where the naked and freezing sepoy had attempted to find shelter, lay the remains of Jagdalak's old Mujehedin bunkers and entrenchments from which he had defied the Soviet army.

Once the tour was completed, the villagers feasted us, Timurid style, in an apricot orchard at the bottom of the valley: we sat on carpets under a trellis of vine and pomegranate blossom, as course after course of kebabs and raisin pullao were laid in front of us.

During lunch, as my hosts casually pointed out the site of the holly barrier and other places in the village where the British had been massacred in 1842, we compared our respective family memories of that war.

I talked about my great-great-uncle, Cohn Mackenzie, who had been taken hostage nearby, and I asked if they saw any parallels with the current situation.

"It is exactly the same," said Jagdalak. "Both times the foreigners have come for their own interests, not for ours. They say, 'We are your friends, we want to help.' But they are lying."

"Whoever comes to Afghanistan, even now, they will face the fate of Burnes, McNaughton and Dr. Brydon," agreed Mohammad Khna, our host in the village and the owner of the orchard we were sitting.

Everyone nodded sagely into their rice: the names of the fallen of 1842, long forgotten in their home country, were still common currency here.

"Since the British went we've had the Russians," said one old man to my right. "We saw them off too, but not before they bombed many of the houses in the village."

He pointed at a ridge full of ruined mudbrick houses on the hills behind us.

"We are the roof of the world," said Khan. "From here you can control and watch everywhere."

"Afghanistan is like the crossroads for every nation that comes to power," agreed Jagdalak. "But we do not have the strength to control our own destiny. Our fate is determined by our neighbours."

It was nearly 5 p.m. before the final flaps of naan bread were cleared away, by which time it became clear that it was now too late to head on to Gandamak. Instead we went that evening by the main highway direct to the relative safety of Jalalabad, where we discovered we'd had a narrow escape.

It turned out that there had been a battle at Gandamak that very morning between government forces and a group of villagers supported by the Taliban. The sheer

size and length of the feast and our own gluttony had saved us from walking straight into an ambush.

The battle had taken place on exactly the site of the British last stand of 1842.

The following morning in Jalalabad we went to a jirga, or assembly, of Ghilzai tribal elders, to which the greybeards of Gandamak had come, under a flag of truce, to discuss what had happened the day before.

The story was typical of many I heard about Karzai's government, and revealed how a mixture of corruption, incompetence and insensitivity had helped give an opening for the return of the once hated Taliban.

As Predator drones took off and landed incessantly at the nearby airfield, the Ghilzai elders related how the previous year government troops had turned up to destroy the opium harvest.

The troops promised the villagers full compensation and were allowed to plough up the crops; but the money never turned up.

Before the planting season, the Gandamak villagers again went to Jalalabad and asked the government if they could be provided with assistance to grow other crops.

Promises were made; again nothing was delivered. They planted poppy, informing the local authorities that if they again tried to destroy the crop, the village would have no option but to resist.

When the troops turned up, about the same time as we were arriving at nearby Jagdalak, the villagers were waiting for them and had called in the local Taliban to assist. In the fighting that followed, nine policemen were killed, six vehicles were destroyed and ten police hostages taken.

After the jirga was over, two of the tribal elders of Gandamak came over and we chatted for a while over a pot of green tea.

"Last month," said one, "some American officers called us to a hotel in Jalalabad for a meeting. One of them asked me, 'Why do you hate us?'

I replied, 'Because you blow down our doors, enter our houses, pull our women by the hair and kick our children. We cannot accept this. We will fight back, and we will break your teeth, and when your teeth are broken you will leave, just as the British left before you. It is just a matter of time.'

"What did he say to that?"

"He turned to his friend and said, 'If the old men are like this, what will the younger ones be like?'

"In truth, all the Americans here know their game is over. It is just their politicians who deny this."

“These are the last days of the Americans,” said the other elder. “Next it will be China.”

ANNIVERSARIES

August 3, 1913: Horrible Anniversary The Wheatland Massacre

Carl Bunin Peace History July 30-Aug 5

Four died in the Wheatland riots when police fired into a crowd of California Hop pickers trying to organize (with the help of the IWW, or Industrial Workers of the World) at the Durst Ranch in Wheatland, California.

Hundreds of workers — whites, Mexicans, and Filipinos — lay down their tools because of terrible working conditions, low wages, and an almost complete lack of sanitation and decent housing.

August 4, 1964: Lying Lyndon Johnson Fakes The USA Into Escalation In Vietnam

Carl Bunin Peace History July 30-Aug 5

A second attack on U.S. naval ships in Vietnam’s Gulf of Tonkin was reported by the Pentagon. But there was no such activity reported by the task force commander in the Gulf, Captain John J. Herrick.

One of the Navy pilots flying overhead that night was squadron commander James Stockdale, later held as a POW by the North Vietnamese for more than seven years, and Ross Perot’s vice presidential candidate in 1992.

“I had the best seat in the house to watch that event,” recalled Stockdale, “and our destroyers were just shooting at phantom targets — there were no PT boats there.... There was nothing there but black water and American firepower.”

Nearly three decades later, during the Gulf War, Pulitzer Prize-winning columnist Sydney Schanberg warned journalists not to forget “our unquestioning chorus of agreeability when Lyndon Johnson bamboozled us with his fabrication of the Gulf of Tonkin incident

FORWARD OBSERVATIONS



“At a time like this, scorching irony, not convincing argument, is needed. Oh had I the ability, and could reach the nation’s ear, I would, pour out a fiery stream of biting ridicule, blasting reproach, withering sarcasm, and stern rebuke.

“For it is not light that is needed, but fire; it is not the gentle shower, but thunder.

“We need the storm, the whirlwind, and the earthquake.”

“The limits of tyrants are prescribed by the endurance of those whom they oppose.”

Frederick Douglass, 1852

Wars throughout history have been waged for conquest and plunder and it is the working class who fights all the battles, the working class who makes the supreme sacrifices, the working class who freely sheds their blood and furnishes their corpses, and it is they who have never yet had a voice - in either declaring war or making peace. It is the ruling class that invariably does both. They alone declare war.

They are continually talking about patriotic duty. It is not their patriotic duty but your patriotic duty that they are concerned about. Their patriotic duty never takes them to the firing line or chucks them into the trenches.

-- Eugene V. Debs

“What Are, Generally Speaking, The Characteristics Of A Revolutionary Situation?”

Comment: T

Whatever you may think of the politics of this writer, he was rather skilled at figuring out when a revolutionary situation was present:

He describes the essential ingredients:

- 1. A ruling class split and at war within itself about what to do: “a crack through which the dissatisfaction and the revolt of the oppressed classes burst forth”**
- 2. An economic crisis hammering the working class**
- 3. A war that breaks the passivity of “peacetime” politics.**
- 4. He might have added, had this been written later, a ruling class so blind and stupid it can’t conceive of a whole population rising in revolution against it, and an army willing to join the mass movement from below.**

1915, Excerpts from Collapse Of The Second International & IMPERIALISM AND SOCIALISM IN ITALY, Kommunist, Nos. 1.2, 1915, By V. I. Ulyanov. [The writer used the pen name “Lenin” to keep the government from terrorizing his family. Excerpts]

For a Marxist there is no doubt that a revolution is impossible without a revolutionary situation; furthermore, we know that not every revolutionary situation leads to revolution.

What are, generally speaking, the characteristics of a revolutionary situation?

We can hardly be mistaken when we indicate the following three outstanding signs:

(1) it is impossible for the ruling classes to maintain their power unchanged; there is a crisis “higher up,” taking one form or another; there is a crisis in the policy of the ruling class; as a result, there appears a crack through which the dissatisfaction and the revolt of the oppressed classes burst forth.

If a revolution is to take place it is necessary that “one is incapable up above” to continue in the old way;

(2) the wants and sufferings of the oppressed classes become more acute than usual;

(3) in consequence of the above causes, there is a considerable increase in the activity of the masses who in “peace time” allow themselves to be robbed without protest, but in stormy times are drawn both by the circumstances of the crises and by the “higher-ups” themselves into independent historic action.

Without these objective changes, which are independent not only of the will of separate groups and parties but even of separate classes, a revolution, as a rule, is impossible.

The co-existence of all these objective changes is called a revolutionary situation.

This situation existed in 1905 in Russia and in all the periods of revolution in the West, but it also existed in the seventh decade of the last century in Germany; it existed in 1859, 1861 and in 1879-1880 in Russia, though there was no revolution in these latter instances.

Why?

Because a revolution emerges not out of every revolutionary situation, but out of such situations where, to the above-mentioned objective changes, subjective ones are added, namely, the ability of the revolutionary classes to carry out revolutionary mass actions strong enough to break (or to undermine) the old government, it being the rule that never, not even in a period of crises, does a government “fall” of itself without being “helped to fall.”

“Much Has Been Left In The World That Must Be Destroyed By Fire And Iron For The Liberation Of The Working Class”

Take the present army. It is one of the good examples of organisation. This organisation is good only because it is flexible; at the same time it knows how to give to millions of people one uniform will.

Today these millions are in their homes in various parts of the country. Tomorrow a call for mobilization is issued, and they gather at the appointed centres. Today they lie in the trenches, sometimes for months at a stretch; tomorrow they are led into battle in another formation.

Today they perform marvels, hiding themselves from bullets and shrapnel; tomorrow they do marvels in open combat. Today their advance detachments place mines under the ground; tomorrow they move dozens of miles according to the advice of flyers above ground.

We call it organisation when, in the pursuit of one aim, animated by one will, millions change the forms of their intercourse and their actions, change the place and the method of their activities, change the weapons and armaments in accordance with changing conditions and the vicissitudes of the struggle.

The same holds true about the fight of the working class against the bourgeoisie.

Today there is no revolutionary situation apparent; there are no such conditions as would cause a ferment among the masses or heighten their activities; today you are given an election ballot - take it.

Understand how to organise for it, to hit your enemies with it, and not to place men in soft parliamentary berths who cling to their seat in fear of prison.

Tomorrow you are deprived of the election ballot, you are given a rifle and a splendid machine gun equipped according to the last word of machine technique: take this weapon of death and destruction, do not listen to the sentimental whiners who are afraid of war.

Much has been left in the world that must be destroyed by fire and iron for the liberation of the working class.

And if bitterness and despair grow in the masses, if a revolutionary situation is at hand, prepare to organise new organisations and utilize these so useful weapons of death and destruction against your own government and your bourgeoisie. .

This is not easy, to be sure.

It will demand difficult preparatory activities. It will demand grave sacrifices.

This is a new species of organisation and struggle that one must learn, and learning is never done without errors and defeats.

The relation of this species of class struggle to participation in elections is the same as storming a fortress is to maneuvering, marching, or lying in the trenches.

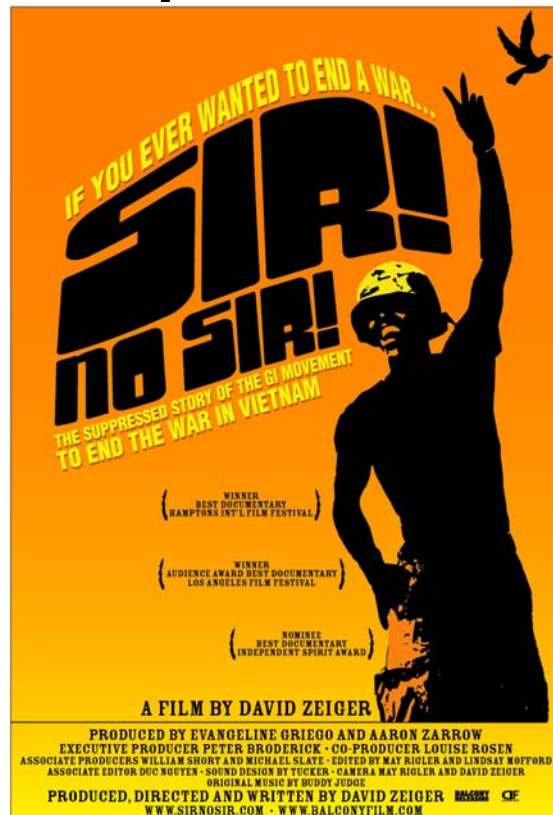
This species of struggle is placed on the order of the day in history very infrequently, but, its significance and its consequences are felt for decades.

Single days when such methods can and must be put on the programme of struggle are equal to scores of years of other historic epochs.

The question has been put squarely, and one cannot fail to recognise that the European War has been of enormous use for humanity in that it actually has placed the question squarely before hundreds of millions of people of various nationalities: either defend, with, rifle or pen, directly or indirectly, in whatever form it may be, the great-nation and national privileges, in general, as well as the prerogative or the pretensions of "our" bourgeoisie, that is to say, either be its adherent and lackey, or utilize every struggle, particularly the clash of arms for great-nation privileges, to unmask and overthrow every government, in the first place our own, by means of the revolutionary action of an internationally united proletariat.

There is no middle road; in other words, the attempt to take a middle position means, in reality, covertly to join the imperialist bourgeoisie.

A Film All About How An Armed Forces Rebellion Stopped An Imperial War:



Sir! No Sir!:

Dear Sir! No Sir! supporters,

Displaced Films, Iraq Veterans Against the War (IVAW), and a growing number of organizations have been working to distribute free DVDs of Sir No Sir to soldiers.

Hundreds have been distributed and we want to see that number grow into the thousands.

The response has been tremendous.

David Zeiger and Jade Fox
Displaced Films

To Whom it May Concern:

I just wanted to say thank you for this film, for raising my awareness, I never even knew some of these things happened.

I think this probably is one of the most important documentaries made about war resistance.

Thank you again,
SGT Spencer Batchelder

**BUY SIR! NO SIR! FOR ACTIVE DUTY
SOLDIERS NOW**

**HELP GET SIR! NO SIR!
INTO THE HANDS THAT NEED IT MOST**

The Sir! No Sir! DVD is on sale now, exclusively at
http://www.sirnosir.com/home_dvd_storefront.html

Also available is a Soundtrack CD (which includes the entire song from the FTA Show, "Soldier We Love You"), theatrical posters, tee shirts, and the DVD of "A Night of Ferocious Joy," a film about the first hip-hop antiwar concert against the "War on Terror."

**“The Capitalist Production
Process Is Therefore A Process
Which Absorbs Unpaid Labour,
Which Makes Of The Means Of
Production Means For The
Absorption Of Unpaid Labour”**

**“The Necessary Labour Time
Materialised In A Pair Of Trousers
Is Equal Let Us Say To Twelve
Hours, While The Wage Received
By The Journeyman Is Equal To
Six Hours”**

**“The Service Which The Journeyman
Employed By A Master Tailor
Provides For This Capitalist Does Not
Consist In The Transformation Of
Cloth Into Trousers”**

**“The Service With Which He Provides
The Capitalist Consists Therefore In The
Fact That He Works Six Hours For
Nothing”**

From Karl Marx, *Theories Of Surplus Value*; International Publishers; New York, 1952

In order that it may produce a commodity, labour must be useful labour; it must produce a use value, be manifested in a use value.

And consequently only labour which manifests itself in commodities, that is, in use values, is labour with which capital is exchanged.

This is a self-evident premise. But it is not this concrete character of labour, its use value as such — that it is for example the labour of a blacksmith or a cobbler, spinning weaving, etc. — that constitutes its specific use value for capital and hence stamps it as productive labour in the system of capitalist production.

What constitutes its specific use value for capital is not its definite useful character, any more than it is the particular useful properties of the product in which it is materialised; but its character as the creative element of exchange value, that it is abstract labour; and

not indeed that it represents simply a definite quantity of this general labour, but a greater quantity than is contained in its price, that is, in the value of the labour power.

The capitalist production process is therefore also not merely the production of commodities. It is a process which absorbs unpaid labour, which makes of the means of production means for the absorption of unpaid labour.

It follows from what has been said that the designation of labour as productive has absolutely nothing to do with the definite content of the labour, with its special usefulness, or with the particular use value in which it manifests itself.

The same kind of labour maybe productive or unproductive.

For example, Milton, who wrote *Paradise Lost*, was an unproductive worker. On the other hand, the writer who turns out factory-made stuff for his publisher is a productive worker.

Milton produced *Paradise Lost* for the same reason that a silk worm produces silk. It was an activity of his nature.

Later he sold the product for £5.

But the literary proletarian of Leipzig who fabricates books (for example, *Compendia of Economics*) under the direction of his publisher is a productive worker, for his production is subordinated to capital in advance and takes place only because it increases that capital.

A singer who sells her song on her own is an unproductive worker. But the same singer, commissioned by an *entrepreneur* to sing in order to make money for him, is a productive worker.

For she produces capital.

Here there are various questions to be settled.

Whether I buy a pair of trousers or whether I buy the cloth and get a journeyman tailor to come to my house to make up this cloth into trousers for me, and pay him for his *service* (that is, his tailoring labour), is a matter of absolute indifference to me, in so far as what I am interested in is the pair of trousers.

If I buy the trousers from the capitalist tailor (“merchant tailor”) instead of taking the latter course, I do that because the latter course is more expensive; and the trousers cost less labour, and are cheaper in consequence, if the capitalist tailor produces them than if I have them produced in the latter way.

But in both cases I transform the money with which I buy the trousers not into capital but into trousers; and in both cases what I am doing is using the money as mere means of circulation, that is to say, transforming it into this particular use value.

Here therefore the money is not functioning as capital, although in one case it is exchanged for a commodity, and in the other it buys labour itself as a commodity.

It functions only as money, and more precisely, as means of circulation.

On the other hand the journeyman tailor (who works for me at home) is not a productive worker, although his labour provides me with the product, the trousers, and him with the price of his labour, the money.

It is possible that the quantity of labour which the journeyman performs is greater than that contained in the price he receives from me. And this is even probable, since the price of his labour is determined by the price which the productive tailors receive.

But it is a matter of absolute indifference to me.

Whether, once the price is fixed, he works eight or ten hours, is of no interest at all to me.

What I am concerned with is the *use value*, the trousers; and naturally, whatever way I buy them, I am interested in paying as little as possible for them — but in one case neither more nor less than in the other — or in paying for them only their normal price.

This is an outlay for my consumption; there is no increase, but a diminution of my money.

It is absolutely not a means to enrichment, any more than any other kind of outlay for my personal consumption is a means to enrichment.

A disciple of Paul de Kock may tell me that without buying the trousers, as without buying bread, I cannot live and therefore also cannot enrich myself; that the trousers are therefore an indirect means or at least a condition for my enrichment.

In the same way the circulation of my blood and my breathing would be conditions for my enrichment.

But neither the circulation of my blood nor my breathing, in and by themselves, make me any the richer; on the contrary, both of them presuppose a costly assimilation of food, without which no poor devil could exist.

Consequently, the mere direct exchange of money for labour does not transform the money into capital and the labour into productive labour.

What is it then that gives this exchange its special character?

Wherein is it different from the exchange of money for productive labour?

On the one hand, in that the money is spent as money, as the independent form of exchange value, which is to be transformed into a use value, a means of subsistence, an object of personal consumption.

The money therefore does not become capital, but on the contrary, it loses its existence as exchange value in order to be dissipated and consumed as use value.

On the other hand, the labour interests me only as use value, as service, through which cloth is transformed into trousers; as the service which its concrete useful character provides.

In contrast to this, the service which the same journeyman employed by a master tailor provides for this capitalist does not consist in the transformation of cloth into trousers, but in the fact that the necessary labour time materialised in a pair of trousers is equal let us say to twelve hours, while the wage received by the journeyman is equal to six hours.

The service with which he provides the capitalist consists therefore in the fact that he works six hours for nothing. That this takes place in the form of tailoring trousers only conceals the real relationship.

As soon as he is able to, the capitalist tailor therefore tries to transform the trousers again into money, that is to say, into a form in which the concrete character of tailoring labour has completely disappeared, and in which the service performed expresses itself in the fact that instead of six hours of labour time, expressed in a definite sum of money, there is now twelve hours of labour time, expressed in double that sum of money.

I buy the tailoring labour for the service it provides me with as tailoring labour, to satisfy my need for clothing, and therefore to serve one of my needs.

The capitalist tailor buys the labour as a means to making two thalers [a unit of German money] out of one. I buy it because it produces a definite use value, provides me with a definite service.

He buys it, because it produces more exchange value than it costs, as a mere means to exchanging less labour for more labour.

Where the direct exchange of money for labour takes place without the latter producing capital — that is, when it is not productive labour — it is bought as *service*; which in general is nothing but an expression for the particular use value which the labour, like any other commodity, provides.

It is however a specific term for the particular use value of labour which provides this service in the form not of a *thing* but of an *activity* — which however in no way distinguishes it from a machine, for example a clock.

Do ut facias, facio ut facias, facio ut des, do ut des (I give that you may make, I make that you may make, I make that you may give, I give that you may give) are here forms that can be used completely indifferently of the same relationship; while in capitalist production the *do ut facias* expresses a quite specific relation between the objective value which is given and the living activity which is accepted.

For this reason, because the specific relation between labour and capital is in no way involved in these purchases of services, being either completely obliterated or altogether

absent, they are naturally the favourite form used by Say, Bastiat and their consorts to express the relation between capital and labour.

The question how the value of these services is regulated and how this value is itself determined by the laws of wages is not relevant to the examination of the relation we are considering, and belongs to the treatment of wages.

It has been seen that the mere exchange of money for labour does not transform the latter into productive labour, and on the other hand that the content of this labour makes no difference at all.

The worker himself can buy labour, that is, commodities supplied in the form of services, and the expenditure of his wages on such services is an expenditure which is absolutely no different from the expenditure of his wages on any other kind of commodities.

The services which he buys may be more or less necessary, for example the service of a doctor or of a parson, just as he may buy bread or schnapps.

As buyer — that is, representative of money confronting commodities — the worker is absolutely in the same category as the capitalist where the latter appears only as buyer, that is to say, where there is no more in the transaction than the conversion of money into the form of a commodity.

How the price of these services is determined and what relation it has to wages proper, how far it is regulated by the laws of the latter and how far it is not, must be considered in a treatment of wages, and are not relevant to our present enquiry.

If thus the mere exchange of money for labour does not transform the latter into productive labour, or what is the same thing, does not transform the former into capital, so also the content, the concrete character, the particular usefulness of the labour, makes absolutely no difference — as we have seen above, the same labour of the same Journeyman tailor is in one case productive, in the other not.



Military Resistance www.militaryproject.org

*This is how Obama brings the troops home,
BRING THEM ALL HOME NOW, ALIVE.*



*Military Resistance is a near-daily news bulletin for service members
www.militaryproject.org*

If printed out, a copy of this newsletter is your personal property and cannot legally be confiscated from you. "Possession of unauthorized material may not be prohibited." DoD Directive 1325.6 Section 3.5.1.2.