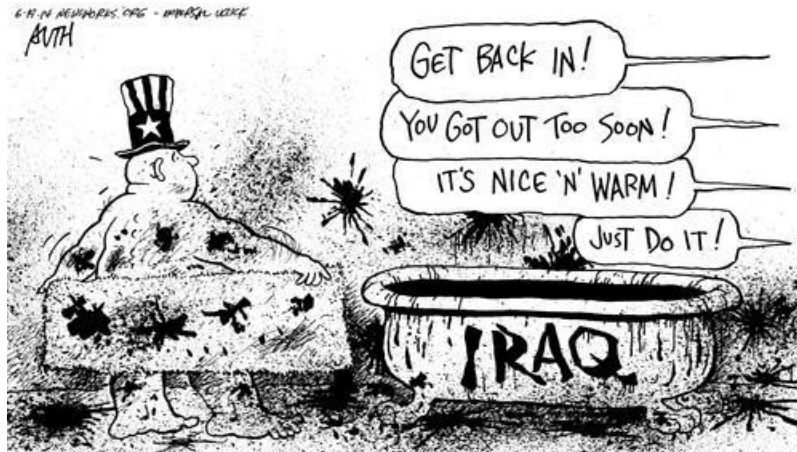


Military Resistance 12K5



[Veterans Day #1] The Meaning Of Life

From: Dennis Serdel
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Sent: November 08, 2013
Subject: The Meaning Of Life

Written by Dennis Serdel, Vietnam 1967-68 (one tour) Light Infantry, Americal Div. 11th
Brigade; United Auto Workers GM Retiree

The Meaning Of Life

The middle aged Jewish man throws
bodies on a cart & then throws them
into a ditch in Auschwitz
He now believes there is no God
because God would not allow this.
In Paris only a few go to Notre Dame
because the others do not believe
there is a God anymore
Americans searching for
the meaning of life
but the pews are sparse & Catholic
Churches are being closed as

the Tea Party religious Cult
like Jim Baker orders the members
to drink the poison
of No Social Security No Medicare
No Food Stamps No VA Disability
just knock them down to their knees
They fear the Atheists
who believe the Big Bang theory
as the Christians ask what became
before that &
they can Not understand
Nothingness &
the Belief of Nothingness
& Where we came from
& Where we are going
Instead building big Churches
or Egyptian After Life Pyramids,
Sun worship and
Ancestry worship where flags
fly on Veteran's Day
The Veteran gets one card that says
Thank You & your work for Peace
while he gets another Thank You
in a package with a framed
autographed picture of Country Joe
on the day the Wall was first opened
Another Vietnam Veteran says
he thought he was an Atheist
until his first fire fight
as blood drips down
the purple blue red stained glass
So there is some kind of Begging
& they think some kind of Heaven,
think some kind of Religion
to Die for in War
They think there is a reward
that is Promised for Sacrificing
their human life that just
goes to Nonexistence &
with no meaning to life
& Warriors die for nothing
except to defend their selves
as dirt & graves grow up to weeds
& sand that covers over graves
where Death is the Meaning of War
& Constant striving for Empire
by rich little men
as an Old Soldier asks just what the Hell
are we doing Here
what is the Purpose of
Man's Inhumanity toward man

Human Animals since day one
Incisor Teeth to rip flesh
inventions of the first War Tools
a Rock & then a Club
No different from an Atom Bomb
or Drone Warfare
Animal kind Humankind can't
seem to pass the Kindergarten Class
of War & Move on to a better place
where Veteran's Days are gone
& a New Human Condition
is Born & Living & Loving Life
is the Meaning of Life.

Written by Dennis Serdel for Military Resistance

[Veterans Day #2]

“I Stood Among The Heaps Of Dead”

“I stood among the heaps of dead.

“They lay crumpled, useless, defunct. The vital force was fled. A bullet or a mortar fragment had torn a hole in these frail vessels and the substance had leaked out.

“The mystery of the universe had once inhabited these lolling lumps, had given each an identity, a way of walking, perhaps a social habit of address or a way with words or a knack of putting color on canvas.

“They had been so different, then.”

-- Robert Leckie, United States Marine Corps

MORE:

[Veterans Day #3]

Subject: Sgt. King Jeremy

[From GI Special, 11.11.2007]

[NOTE: Information that would identify the writer is removed to protect members of the armed forces and their family members. T]

**From: [xxxxxx; Ft. XXXXX]
To: GI Special
Sent: November 05, 2007
Subject: Sgt. King Jeremy**

I am a soon to be wife of a soldier, NCO, that served in Iraq with King.

He is held in the hearts of many and did more than most in his life time.

I found your story while doing research. I am an artist being asked to come up with ideas, and many a tattoo is wanted in honor of King out of 8-10 CAV.

It was just as hard to read your account of that day as it is to hear the words of that day being retold from the man I love more than anyone.

I remember talking on the phone with my fiancé the day it happened, he was close to King.

I pray for Kings wife and daughter.

As I sit here while my love sleeps, and I read this, I thank god I can crawl in bed with him, kiss him, letting him know how much I love him.

I can't help but feel guilty, and very lucky at the same time.

Not everyone understands, I think you know what I mean by that.

**Thanks again
[XXXXX]
Ft.[XXXXX]**

REPLY From GI Special: Excerpts]

On reading your letter, I was immediately reminded of another from a long time ago, written by Major Sullivan Ballou of the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers.

It's reprinted below, following the article on Sgt. King.

Your letter, and the one below written 140+ years ago, have in common a clarity and directness of expression, and a fundamental honesty and goodness, that confirms the view expressed from time to time in GI Special that those who serve in the armed forces, and those close to them, are the finest people in America today.

Your letter gives good reason to publish again the article in memory of Sgt. King by Iraq veteran Justin C. Cliburn, 1st Battalion 158th FA Oklahoma ARNG, which you found in GI Special, along with your letter.

What you wrote is the finest letter of this war, so far, bar none. There are many troops and loved ones who will find their hearts lifted by your words.

Everyone who has served, or been close to someone who has served, will understand, and thank you.

Limitless respect,

T

The Radio
“Remember Jeremy King”
“A Soldier’s Death Isn’t Anything Like
The Movies. There Was No Patriotic
Music; There Was No Feeling Of
Purpose. It’s Just . . . Death.”



[From GI Special 5H29, August 24, 2007]

07/25/2007 by Justin C. Cliburn
[Iraq Veterans Against The War] [www.ivaw.org/]
Branch of service: Army National Guard of the United States (ARNG)
Unit: 1st Battalion 158th FA Oklahoma ARNG
Rank: SPC
Home: Lawton, Oklahoma
Served in: LSA Anaconda: MSR Patrol, one month. Camp Liberty, Baghdad: PSD/IP
Training, ten and a half months.

When I was in Mrs. Riner’s junior English class at MacArthur high school, we were required to read a short story titled “The Radio.”

The premise was simple.

A couple in the 1930s were given a special radio that allowed them to hear all their neighbors’ conversations.

At first they were elated, but, ultimately, they were haunted by the miracle of their ability.

They could hear all the horrors of society that usually go unnoticed or are covered up and sterilized . . . and they couldn't turn it off.

They couldn't change the channel.

It took seven years, but I eventually went back to that story in my head and felt their horror.

August 24th, 2006 was a routine day for my squad in Baghdad.

We had gone to Traffic Headquarters and I had gotten to visit with Ali.

Business taken care of, we started to make the familiar trek back to Camp Liberty.

It was a hot day, over 120 degrees, and I stood up just a little higher than usual with my sleeves unbuttoned to let the air circulate inside my body armor and clothing. It had been a good day.

Back on Route Irish, we were on the home stretch when the call came out over the radio:

"Eagle Dustoff, Eagle Dustoff, this is Red Knight 7* over"

"This is Eagle Dustoff, over"

"Eagle Dustoff, I need MEDEVAC; my gunner has been shot by a sniper."

The voice went on to recite the nine line MEDEVAC report and I marveled at how cool, calm, and collected he sounded.

My squad leader plotted the grid coordinates and found that this had occurred only a couple blocks away from one of our two main destinations on Market Road.

"Cliburn, go ahead and get down; someone might be aiming at your melon right now", CPT Ray said.

Sergeant Bruesch concurred and I sat down, listening intently to the radio transmissions that I couldn't turn off if I wanted to.

Five minutes in, the voice on the radio was losing his cool.

"Have they left yet?! He's losing a lot of blood; we need that chopper now!"

In the background, you could hear other soldiers yelling, screaming, trying to find anyway to save their friend's life. At one point, I swear I heard the man gurgle.

Ten minutes in, the voice on the radio was furious.

"Where's that fucking chopper!? We're losing him! He's not fucking breathing! Where the fuck are you!?"

Every minute to minute and a half the voice was back on the radio demanding to know what the hold up was.

Every minute to minute and a half the other voice on the radio, a young woman's voice, tried to reassure him that the chopper was the way from Taji.

She was beginning to tire herself; I could hear it in her voice. She was just as frustrated as he was.

All the while, there I sat.

Sitting in the gunners hatch, listening life's little horrors with no way to turn the channel.

No one in the truck was speaking.

The music was on, but no one heard it. There was just an eerie silence.

All I heard was the radio transmissions; I watched as the landscape passed me by in slow motion.

I didn't hear wind noise or car horns or gunfire or my own thoughts. I was only accompanied by the silence of the world passing me by, interrupted only by the screams of the voice on the radio.

At this point, I was as frustrated as I had been all year. Where the fuck was that goddamn chopper and why was it taking so long?! What if it were me?

Would I be waiting that long? Would this pathetic exchange be included in the newscast if the guy dies?

I was angry, upset, frustrated, and anticipating the next transmission in this macabre play by play account. Forget about TNT, HBO, and Law and Order: THIS was drama. This was heart wrenching.

Seconds seemed like hours; minutes seemed like days.

Finally, after several more non-productive transmissions where Eagle Dustoff attempted to reassure the voice, after twenty minutes and a few more frantic, screaming transmissions by the voice, the man's voice was calm again.

"Eagle Dustoff, cancel the chopper. He's dead."

. . . and that was that. The voice had gone from being the model for the consummate soldier (cool, calm, collected, professional) to the more human screams and frantic pleading for help to solemn resignation.

Now, the voice was quiet.

"Eagle Dustoff: requesting recovery team. We can't drive this vehicle back; we need someone to come get the vehicle and body. Over."

“Do you have casualty’s information?”

“Yes. SGT King, over.”

I sat in that gunners sling in a fit of rage that I couldn’t let out.

I had to be a soldier; I had to keep my cool.

We all did.

I was so angry, I still am, about being an unwilling voyeur, forced to listen to the gruesome play by play of another soldier’s life and death.

We had been told that the insurgency was in its last throes, that they were just a bunch of dead enders. No, not this day.

Today, SGT King was in his last throes, and I was there to listen to the whole thing, whether I liked it or not.

A soldier’s death isn’t anything like the movies. There was no patriotic music; there was no feeling of purpose. It’s just . . . death.

I wasn’t there physically; I didn’t see him, but I was there.

Any sane person would have wanted to turn the channel. No one wants to hear the screams of a man losing his friend, but I couldn’t turn it off. We were required to monitor that channel.

Either way, it didn’t take long to become emotionally invested in it; was he going to make it? I hung on ever word until I got the final, sobering news.

My truck was the only one in the convoy monitoring that net. When we got back to base, no else had heard it, and SSG Bruesch, CPT Ray, and I didn’t discuss it. I don’t think we ever did.

A few days later, I felt like I had to find out more about his soldier. I felt like I had lost a friend, yet I didn’t know anything but his name and rank.

Looking back on it, I should have just let it go, but I didn’t. Using the miracle of the Internet, I found out all I needed to know about the young man.

SGT Jeremy E. King was 23 years old. He was from Idaho, where he played high school football. He had joined the army to get out of Idaho and see the world.

He was one year younger than I was, and he was dead. He sounded like any of a number of teammates I played high school football with.

I’ve replayed that scene in my head more times than I’d ever want since that day.

I don't believe in fate or karma or any type of pre-destined events, but I often wonder what made that sniper hole up on North Market Road instead of South Market Road, where I often found myself.

I was fortunate enough in my time there to never have to call in MEDEVAC.

I didn't bury any of my comrades, but I will always remember what it was like listening to the miracle of modern communications, the radio, and for the first time in my life being terrified, much like the couple in the story over eighty long years ago.

This August 24th, remember Jeremy King:

Sgt. Jeremy E. King, 23, Of Meridian Died Thursday In Baghdad.



Jeremy King

Wednesday, August 30 2006 @ 04:20 AM EDT

Contributed by: River97

Views: 621

Star Telegram -- KILLEEN, Texas - A Fort Hood soldier from Idaho has died in Iraq of injuries sustained when troops came under fire during combat, the Department of Defense said Friday.

Sgt. Jeremy E. King, 23, of Meridian died Thursday in Baghdad.

He was assigned to the 8th Squadron, 10th Cavalry Regiment, 4th Brigade, 4th Infantry Division at Fort Hood.

MORE:

[Veterans Day #4]

From Major Sullivan Ballou, Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, To His Wife, Sarah:

Major Sullivan Ballou of the Second Regiment, Rhode Island Volunteers, wrote the letter July 14, while awaiting orders that would take him to Manassas, where he and twenty-seven of his men would die one week later at the Battle of Bull Run.

July the 14th, 1861
Washington DC

My very dear Sarah:

The indications are very strong that we shall move in a few days - perhaps tomorrow. Lest I should not be able to write you again, I feel impelled to write lines that may fall under your eye when I shall be no more.

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure - and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done.

If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter.

I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution.

And I am willing - perfectly willing - to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

But, my dear wife, when I know that with my own joys I lay down nearly all of yours, and replace them in this life with cares and sorrows - when, after having eaten for long years the bitter fruit of orphanage myself, I must offer it as their only sustenance to my dear little children - is it weak or dishonorable, while the banner of my purpose floats calmly and proudly in the breeze, that my unbounded love for you, my darling wife and children, should struggle in fierce, though useless, contest with my love of country?

I cannot describe to you my feelings on this calm summer night, when two thousand men are sleeping around me, many of them enjoying the last, perhaps, before that of death -- and I, suspicious that Death is creeping behind me with his fatal dart, am communing with God, my country, and thee.

I have sought most closely and diligently, and often in my breast, for a wrong motive in thus hazarding the happiness of those I loved and I could not find one. A pure love of my country and of the principles have often advocated before the people and "the name of honor that I love more than I fear death" have called upon me, and I have obeyed.

Sarah, my love for you is deathless, it seems to bind me to you with mighty cables that nothing but Omnipotence could break; and yet my love of Country comes over me like a strong wind and bears me irresistibly on with all these chains to the battlefield.

The memories of the blissful moments I have spent with you come creeping over me, and I feel most gratified to God and to you that I have enjoyed them so long. And hard it is for me to give them up and burn to ashes the hopes of future years, when God willing, we might still have lived and loved together and seen our sons grow up to honorable manhood around us.

I have, I know, but few and small claims upon Divine Providence, but something whispers to me - perhaps it is the wafted prayer of my little Edgar -- that I shall return to my loved ones unharmed.

If I do not, my dear Sarah, never forget how much I love you, and when my last breath escapes me on the battlefield, it will whisper your name.

Forgive my many faults, and the many pains I have caused you. How thoughtless and foolish I have oftentimes been!

How gladly would I wash out with my tears every little spot upon your happiness, and struggle with all the misfortune of this world, to shield you and my children from harm.

But I cannot. I must watch you from the spirit land and hover near you, while you buffet the storms with your precious little freight, and wait with sad patience till we meet to part no more.

But, O Sarah! If the dead can come back to this earth and flit unseen around those they loved, I shall always be near you; in the garish day and in the darkest night -- amidst your happiest scenes and gloomiest hours - always, always; and if there be a soft breeze upon your cheek, it shall be my breath; or the cool air fans your throbbing temple, it shall be my spirit passing by.

Sarah, do not mourn me dead; think I am gone and wait for thee, for we shall meet again.

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care.

Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood.

Sarah, I have unlimited confidence in your maternal care and your development of their characters.

Tell my two mothers his and hers I call God's blessing upon them.

O Sarah, I wait for you there!

Come to me, and lead thither my children.

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Insurgents Launch Three Attacks Inside Kabul:

**“Attack On The Heavily Fortified
Police Headquarters Killed At Least
One Senior Officer”**

**“The Assaults Underscored The Militant
Group’s Ability To Infiltrate Highly
Fortified Areas Inside The Capital
Protected By Afghan Security Units”**

November 9 By Sayed Salahuddin and Sudarsan Raghavan, Washington Post
[Excerpts]

KABUL — Two explosions rocked the Afghan capital Sunday, including an attack on the heavily fortified police headquarters that killed at least one senior officer and injured six other people inside the building.

Hours after the bombing at the police headquarters, a third blast was heard in the city, but police officials said it was unclear where it originated from.

The assault occurred hours after a bombing targeted a Defense Ministry convoy in the eastern outskirts of the capital, an area where similar strikes against Afghan security forces have been carried out in the past few weeks.

The Taliban asserted responsibility for the attacks on the police headquarters and the convoy.

Although the casualties appeared to be low, police officials suggested that the death toll could rise.

Nevertheless, the assaults underscored the militant group’s ability to infiltrate highly fortified areas inside the capital protected by Afghan security units, many of them trained by U.S.-led coalition forces.

The police headquarters are less than a mile from the presidential palace.

The militant group has carried out more-complex, commando-style attacks against other key security installations elsewhere in the country in recent years, but rarely has it been able to infiltrate heavily fortified government areas inside the capital.

Gen. Mohammad Zahir, Kabul's police chief, said the bomber was dressed in civilian clothes.

He had managed to pass numerous checkpoints where he should have been searched before detonating his explosives outside Zahir's office.

The blast killed Zahir's chief of staff, Col. Mohammad Yasin, and wounded six others nearby.

It remained unclear how the bomber entered the building without anyone detecting his explosives.

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

They treasured up wrath for the time to come.

-- Edward, Earl of Clarendon, 1702, on the growing discontent below that led to the revolutionary overthrow and beheading of Charles I, King of England.

**“Guns, Rifles And Munitions
Are Excellent Servants Of
Order, But They Have To Be Put
Into Action”**

**“For That Purpose People Are
Needed”**

**“And Even Though These People Are
Called Soldiers, They Differ From
Guns Because They Feel And Think,
Which Means They Are Not Reliable”**

**“The People Seize This Moment To Go
Among The Ranks Of The Soldiers And
Convince Them, Face To Face, To Come
Over To The People’s Side”**

A dictator enjoys no moral support; on the contrary, he runs into obstacles every minute; around him forms a network of contradictory influences and

recommendations; orders are given and then withdrawn; confusion grows; and the government's demoralisation spreads and deepens at the same time as it feeds the self-confidence of the people

From: "After the Petersburg Uprising: What Next?" (Munich, 20 January 1905) by L. Trotsky [Excerpts]

As the soldiers file by on their way to the scene of 'military action', people will shower them from the windows with thousands of brief but fervent appeals; the troops will encounter passionate words from speakers on the barricades, who will take advantage of the slightest moment of indecision on the part of the military authorities; there will also be the powerful revolutionary propaganda of the crowd itself, whose enthusiasm will be transmitted to the soldiers through exclamations and appeals.

Moreover, the soldiers have already been affected by the prevailing revolutionary attitude; they are irritated and exhausted, and they loathe their role of executioner.

They tremble as they await the malicious command of their officer.

The officer orders them to open fire — but then he himself gets shot down, maybe as a result of a previously agreed plan, maybe just in a moment of bitter resentment.

Confusion breaks out among the troops.

The people seize this moment to go among the ranks of the soldiers and convince them, face to face, to come over to the people's side.

If the soldiers obey the officer's command and let loose a volley, the people respond by throwing dynamite at them from the house windows. The result, once again, will be disorder in the ranks, confusion among the soldiers, and an attempt by the revolutionaries — through appeals or by having the people mingle directly with the soldiers — to convince them to throw down their arms or bring them with them as they join up with the people.

If this fails in one instance, there must be no hesitation in using the same means of fear and persuasion again, even with the same units of troops.

Ultimately, the moral authority of military discipline, which restrains the soldiers from following their own thoughts and sympathies, will break down.

Such a combination of moral and physical action, inevitably leading to a partial victory of the people, depends more on organised and purposeful street movements than on arming the masses in advance — and this, of course, is the main task of the revolutionary organisations.

By winning over small units of the army, we will win control of larger units and eventually of the whole army, because victory over one part will give the people weapons.

Both during the Great French Revolution and again in 1848, the army, as an army, was stronger than the people.

The revolutionary masses triumphed not because of the superiority of their military organisation or military technology, but because they were able to infect the national atmosphere that the army breathed with the germs of rebellious ideas.

Of course, it makes a difference for the to and fro of street battles whether the range of a gun is only a few hundred sazhen or several versts, whether it kills a single person or hits tens of people, but this is still only a secondary question of technology when compared to the fundamental question of revolution — the question of the soldiers' demoralization.

'Whose side is the army on?'

That is the question that decides everything, and it has nothing to do with what type of rifles or machine-guns may be used.

Guns, rifles and munitions are excellent servants of order, but they have to be put into action.

For that purpose people are needed.

And even though these people are called soldiers, they differ from guns because they feel and think, which means they are not reliable.

They hesitate, they are infected by the indecision of their commanders, and the result is disarray and panic in the highest ranks of the bureaucracy.

A dictator enjoys no moral support; on the contrary, he runs into obstacles every minute; around him forms a network of contradictory influences and recommendations; orders are given and then withdrawn; confusion grows; and the government's demoralisation spreads and deepens at the same time as it feeds the self-confidence of the people

YOUR INVITATION:

Comments, arguments, articles, and letters from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657 or email contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe.

The Origin Of The Golden Rule: [Those Who Have The Gold Make The Rules]

By Frederick Engels 1887. Source: Marx and Engels On Religion, Progress Publishers, 1957

The world outlook of the Middle Ages was substantially theological. The unity of the European world which actually did not exist internally, was established externally, against the common Saracen foe, by Christianity.

The unity of the West-European world, which consisted of a group of nations developing in continual intercourse, was welded in Catholicism.

This theological welding was not only in ideas, it existed in reality, not only in the Pope, its monarchistic centre, but above all in the feudally and hierarchically organized Church, which, owning about a third of the land in every country, occupied a position of tremendous power in the feudal organization.

The Church with its feudal landownership was the real link between the different countries; the feudal organization of the Church gave a religious consecration to the secular feudal state system.

Besides, the clergy was the only educated class. It was therefore natural that Church dogma was the starting-point and basis of all thought.

Jurisprudence, natural science, philosophy, everything was dealt with according to, whether its content agreed or disagreed with the doctrines of the Church.

But in the womb of feudalism the power of the bourgeoisie was developing.

A new class appeared in opposition to the big landowners.

The city burghers were first and foremost and exclusively producers of and traders in commodities, while the feudal mode of production was based substantially on self-consumption of the product within a limited circle, partly by the producers and partly by the feudal lord.

The Catholic world outlook, fashioned on the pattern of feudalism, was no longer adequate for this new class and its conditions of production and exchange.

Nevertheless, this new class remained for a long time a captive in the bonds of almighty theology.

From the thirteenth to the seventeenth century all the reformations and the struggles carried out under religious slogans that were connected with them were, on the theoretical side, nothing but repeated attempts of the burghers and plebeians in the towns and the peasants who had become rebellious by contact with both the latter to adapt the old theological world outlook to the changed economic conditions and the condition of life of the new class.

But that could not be done.

The flag of religion waved for the last time in England in the seventeenth century, and hardly fifty years later appeared undisguised in France the new world outlook which was to become the classical outlook of bourgeoisie, the juristic world outlook.

It was a secularization of the theological outlook.

Human right took the place of dogma, of divine right, the state took the place of the church.

The economic and social conditions, which had formerly been imagined to have been created by the Church and dogma because they were sanctioned by the Church, were now considered as founded on right and created by the state.

Because commodity exchange on a social scale and in its full development, particularly through advance and credit, produces complicated mutual contract relations and therefore demands generally applicable rules that can be given only by the community — state-determined standards of right — it was imagined that these standards of right arose not from the economic facts but from formal establishment by the state.

And because competition, the basic form of trade of free commodity producers, is the greatest equalizer, equality before the law became the main battle-cry of the bourgeoisie.

The fact that this newly aspiring class's struggle against the feudal lords and the absolute monarchy then protecting them, like every class struggle, had to be a political struggle, a struggle for the mastery of the state, and had to be fought on juridical demands contributed to strengthen the juristic outlook.

But the bourgeoisie produced its negative double, the proletariat, and with it a new class struggle which broke out before the bourgeoisie had completed the conquest of political power.

As the bourgeoisie in its time had by force of tradition dragged the theological outlook with it for a while in its fight against the nobility, so, too, the proletariat at first took over the juristic outlook from its opponent and sought in it weapons against the bourgeoisie.

The first elements of the proletarian party as well as their theoretical representatives remained wholly on the juristic "ground of right," the only distinction being that they built up for themselves a different ground of "right" from that of the bourgeoisie.

On one side the demand for equality was extended so that equality in right would be completed by social equality; on the other, from Adam Smith's proposition that labour is the source of all wealth but that the product of labour must be shared with the landowner and the capitalist the conclusion was drawn that this sharing was unjust and must be either abolished or modified in favour of the worker.

But the feeling that to leave this question on the mere juristic "ground of right" in no way made possible the abolition of the evil conditions created by the bourgeois-capitalistic

mode of production, i.e., the mode of production based on large-scale industry, already then led the major minds among the earlier socialists — Saint-Simon, Fourier and Owen — to abandon entirely the juristic-political field and to declare all political struggle fruitless.

Both these views were equally unsatisfactory to express adequately and embrace completely the working class's desire for emancipation created by economic conditions.

The demand for the full product of labour and just as much the demand for equality lost themselves in unsolvable contradictions as soon as they were formulated juristically in detail and left the core of the question — the transformation of the mode of production — more or less untouched.

The rejection of the political struggle by the great Utopians was at the same time the rejection of the class struggle, i.e., of the only form of activity of the class whose interests they represented.

Both outlooks made abstraction of the historical background to which they owed their existence; both appealed to feeling: some to the feeling of justice, others to the feeling of humanity.

Both attired their demands in the form of pious wishes of which one could not say why they had to be fulfilled at that very time and not a thousand years earlier or later.

The working class, who by the changing of the feudal mode of production into the capitalist mode was deprived of all ownership of the means of production and by the mechanism of the capitalist mode of production is continually engendered anew in that hereditary state of propertylessness, cannot find an exhaustive expression of its living condition in the juristic illusion of the bourgeoisie.

It can only know that condition of life fully itself if it looks at things in their reality without juristically colored glasses.

But Marx helped it to do that with his materialist conception of history, by providing the proof that all man's juristic, political, philosophical, religious and other ideas are derived in the last resort from his economic conditions of life, from his mode of production and of exchanging the product.

Thus he provided the world outlook corresponding to the conditions of the life and struggle of the proletariat; only lack of illusions in the heads of the workers could correspond to their lack of property. And this proletarian world outlook is now spreading over the world.

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CLASS WAR REPORTS



Questions Of Class Emerging From Below Trump Oligarchs' Election Table Dances

November 05, 2014 By Samantha Winslow, Labor Notes & November 7, 2014 by Peter Dreier, The American Prospect [Excerpts]

Voters in four red states—Arkansas, Alaska, Nebraska and South Dakota—approved measures on Tuesday to raise the minimum wage against the concerted and well-funded opposition of national and local big business groups. In doing so, they raised pay levels for over 1.7 million workers.

In Alaska, 69 percent of voters endorsed a raise in the wage floor to \$9.75 by 2016.

In Nebraska 59 percent of voters supported going up to \$9 an hour by 2016.

The state senate had tied on the bill, so activists took it to the ballot.

In South Dakota 55 percent of voters backed the increase to \$8.50 by 2015, a modest raise considering the federal minimum is \$7.25. But it will also nearly double the tipped minimum, from \$2.13 to \$4.25.

Arkansas is actually below the federal minimum wage at \$6.25, though the federal \$7.25 minimum trumps that for most workers. There voters decided by 65 percent to boost the minimum 25 cents the first year, and get to \$8.50 by 2017.

Illinois voters favored by 66 percent a bump in the minimum from \$8.25 to \$10 next year; however, the vote is nonbinding. Wisconsin voters in nine counties also supported a nonbinding question on raising the state minimum wage. In both states the results could be used to press legislators to act.

In Oakland, California, voters opted to boost the minimum wage to \$12.25. Further north, Eureka, California, voted down an effort to raise its minimum to \$12, the only defeat of a minimum wage proposal in Tuesday's vote.

The largest increase (in line with Seattle) passed in San Francisco. It will phase in raises to \$15 by 2018.

In Massachusetts, 60 percent of voters said yes to a paid sick leave measure. It requires business with 11 or more employees to offer part- and full-time workers 40 hours of paid sick time each year. Businesses with fewer employees must allow workers the same amount of sick leave, but it can be unpaid.

In Montclair and Trenton, New Jersey, voters endorsed giving food service, childcare, and home care workers paid sick leave, up to 40 hours per year, along with private-sector workers with large employers. Those working for small companies (10 or fewer employees) can earn up to 24 hours.

In addition to raising the minimum wage, Oakland voters endorsed workers earning five to nine sick leave days, depending on the size of the business where they work.

And in Richmond, California, where Chevron operates a giant refinery, the oil company poured \$3 million into an effort to defeat a slate of pro-worker community activists with the Richmond Progressive Alliance.

The RPA has been fighting to stop foreclosures and to get compensation from Chevron for endangering workers and sickening residents in a 2012 explosion.

The Chevron-backed mayoral candidate, on the other hand, said in a forum that if he were elected, the first thing he would do would be to go to Chevron and ask the company what it wanted.

Chevron's chosen candidates were also endorsed by the local Democratic organization.

But despite Chevron's flood of cash, the three RPA candidates swept the city council, and an ally won the mayor's race.

More than two-thirds of California voters approved the Safe Neighborhoods and Schools Act, which will revise some of the lowest-level petty crimes from felonies to misdemeanors and targets the financial savings into crime prevention and school programs.

This was a major victory against the prison-industrial complex, especially the growing number of private corporations that now run state prisons and support laws to incarcerate as many people as possible.

Arizona voters defeated Proposition 487, put on the ballot by business and Republican interest groups to undermine public employee pensions.

OCCUPATION PALESTINE

Zionist Settler Attacks Palestinian Child, As Usual



9th November 2014 International Solidarity Movement, Khalil Team

Hebron, Occupied Palestine

This afternoon in al-Khalil (Hebron), ISM activists witnessed a Zionist settler push a 10-year-old child to the ground.

The settler was driving close to Salaymeh checkpoint, through a group of Palestinian schoolchildren walking home. He suddenly stopped, exited his car, and violently pushed the young boy.

ISM activists who saw the incident tried to speak to nearby Israeli border police, who stated that they had not seen anything, so were unable to take action.

The ISM'ers pointed out that the settler was still present, and the young boy was crying and bleeding, and then the officers asked, "what do you want us to do?"

An ISM'er present stated, "We tried to say to the border police that they could at least speak to the little boy, and stop the settler from leaving the area, or even speak to the many witnesses present.

"However they refused to do anything, and even waved to the settler as he drove away in his car, smiling. We pointed out that if a Palestinian adult male had pushed a young settler child to the ground, they would have taken action whether they has seen the incident or not. They had no response to this."

Palestinian Activists Destroy Section Of Apartheid Wall



9th November 2014 International Solidarity Movement, Ramallah Team

Beit Hanina, Occupied Palestine

Yesterday, to mark the anniversary of the fall of the Berlin wall today, a direct action took place in Beit Hanina, a neighbourhood in Jerusalem.

ISM and international volunteers supported the Palestinian-led action, which involved demolishing a section of the Apartheid wall using a sledge hammer and a pick-axe.

In an International Court of Justice decision in 2004, the Apartheid wall was declared illegal and in direct contravention of international law.

To check out what life is like under a murderous military occupation commanded by foreign terrorists, check out:
<http://www.palestinechronicle.com/>
The occupied nation is Palestine. The foreign terrorists call themselves "Israeli."

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



The World-Historic Importance Of Which Oligarchs Control The U.S. Senate

November 05, 2014 by Charles Hugh Smith, OfTwoMinds blog [Excerpts]

Will U.S. foreign policy in the Mideast change from being an incoherent pastiche of endless war and Imperial meddling?

Please answer with a straight face.

We all know the answer is that it doesn't matter who controls the Senate, Presidency or House of Representatives, nothing will change.

Will basic civil liberties be returned to the citizenry?

You know, like the cops are no longer allowed to steal your cash when they stop you for a broken tail light and claim the cash was going to be used for a drug deal.

Or some limits on domestic spying by Central State agencies. You know, basic civil liberties as defined by the Bill of Rights and the U.S. constitution.

Don't make me laugh--you know darned well that it doesn't matter who controls the Senate, Presidency or House of Representatives, nothing will change.

Will the steaming pile of profiteering, corruption, waste, fraud and ineptitude that is Sickcare in the U.S. be truly reformed so its costs drop by 50% to match what every other developed democracy spends per person on universal healthcare?

It doesn't matter if ObamaCare is repealed or not; that monstrosity was simply another layer of bureaucratic waste on an already hopelessly dysfunctional system.

If you answer "yes," please run a body scan on yourself to detect the biochips that were implanted while you voted Demopublican.

Will the influence of Big Money be well and truly banned from politics?

If you answer yes, please pick up your tin-foil hat at the door.

Will anything be done to dismantle the Neofeudal Debt-Serfdom known as student loans?

You are delusional if you think either party has any interest in limiting the predation of an academic Upper Caste that came to do good and stayed to do well.

Will any prudent assessment be made of unaffordable weapons systems like the F-35 Lightning--\$1.5 trillion and counting for aircraft that will soon be matched by drones that cost a fraction of the F-35's \$200 million a piece price tag?

No way--parts of those insanely costly jets are made in dozens of states, so the pork is well-distributed. Never mind the plane is lemon, built to fight the wars of the past. Never mind the \$1.5 trillion--we can always borrow another couple trillion--the Fed promised us.

Do you really think the Senate controlled by either party will ask why the F-35's price tag dropped to \$120 million from \$200 million?

That's easy--the revised estimate left out the engine and avionics.

They'll be added back in after the Senate approves open-ended funding.

Secretary Of State Kerry On Full Alert For Khorasan Terrorist Infiltrators



U.S. Secretary of State John Kerry on full alert for Khorasan terrorist infiltrators at the start of Asia-Pacific Economic Cooperation (APEC) Summit ministerial meetings at the China National Convention Centre (CNCC) in Beijing Nov. 7, 2014. (AP Photo/Greg Baker, Pool)

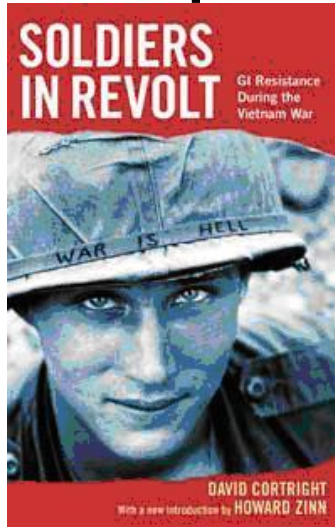
Military Resistance www.militaryproject.org

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

A photograph showing several soldiers in military uniforms and gear. One soldier in the foreground is carrying a wounded comrade on a stretcher. Other soldiers are visible in the background, some standing and some moving. The scene appears to be outdoors in a field or a similar environment.

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

**FREE TO ACTIVE DUTY:
A Vietnam Veteran Describes The
Strategy And Tactics Used By Troops To
Stop An Imperial War**



SOLDIERS IN REVOLT: DAVID CORTRIGHT

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