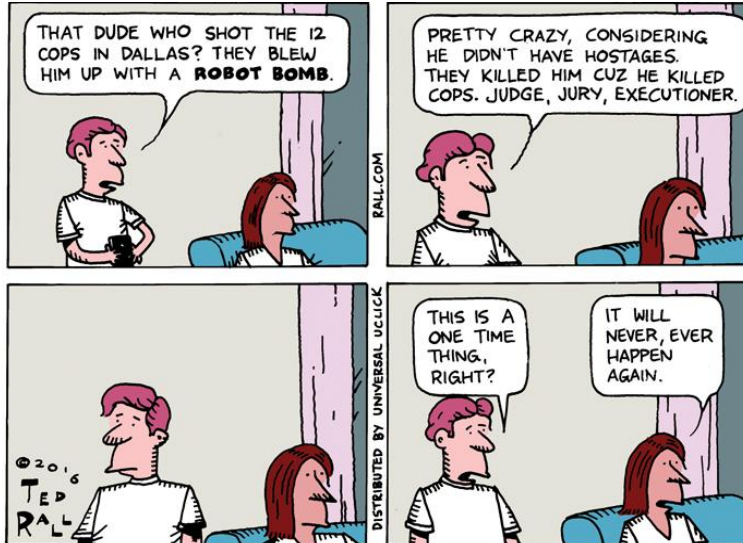


Military Resistance 14G5



Dallas: Three Points Of View #1: Beware

Negroes
Sweet and docile,
Meek, humble, and kind
Beware the day
They change their mind

Wind
In the cotton fields,
Gentle breeze:
Beware the hour
It uproots trees!"

Langston Hughes
1902-1967

#2: Home To Roost

"Being an old farm boy myself, chickens coming home to roost never did make me sad; they've always made me glad."

Malcolm X
Dec. 1, 1963

#3:

“We Oppose Terrorist Acts Because Individual Revenge Does Not Satisfy Us” “The Account We Have To Settle With The Capitalist System Is Too Great”

By Leon Trotsky; Originally published in German in *Der Kampf*, November 1911

Our class enemies are in the habit of complaining about our terrorism.

What they mean by this is rather unclear.

They would like to label all the activities of the proletariat directed against the class enemy's interests as terrorism.

The strike, in their eyes, is the principal method of terrorism. The threat of a strike, the organisation of strike pickets, an economic boycott of a slave-driving boss, a moral boycott of a traitor from our own ranks—all this and much more they call terrorism.

If terrorism is understood in this way as any action inspiring fear in, or doing harm to, the enemy, then of course the entire class struggle is nothing but terrorism.

And the only question remaining is whether the bourgeois politicians have the right to pour out their flood of moral indignation about proletarian terrorism when their entire state apparatus with its laws, police and army is nothing but an apparatus for capitalist terror!

However, it must be said that when they reproach us with terrorism, they are trying—although not always consciously—to give the word a narrower, less indirect meaning.

The damaging of machines by workers, for example, is terrorism in this strict sense of the word. The killing of an employer, a threat to set fire to a factory or a death threat to its owner, an assassination attempt, with revolver in hand, against a government minister—all these are terrorist acts in the full and authentic sense.

However, anyone who has an idea of the true nature of international Social Democracy ought to know that it has always opposed this kind of terrorism and does so in the most irreconcilable way.

Why?

'Terrorising' with the threat of a strike, or actually conducting a strike is something only industrial workers can do. The social significance of a strike depends directly upon first, the size of the enterprise or the branch of industry that it affects, and second, the degree to which the workers taking part in it are organised, disciplined, and ready for action.

This is just as true of a political strike as it is for an economic one. It continues to be the method of struggle that flows directly from the productive role of the proletariat in modern society.

In order to develop, the capitalist system needs a parliamentary superstructure. But because it cannot confine the modern proletariat to a political ghetto, it must sooner or later allow the workers to participate in parliament. In elections, the mass character of the proletariat and its level of political development—quantities which, again, are determined by its social role, i.e. above all, its productive role—find their expression.

As in a strike, so in elections the method, aim, and result of the struggle always depend on the social role and strength of the proletariat as a class. Only the workers can conduct a strike. Artisans ruined by the factory, peasants whose water the factory is poisoning, or lumpen proletarians in search of plunder can smash machines, set fire to a factory, or murder its owner.

Only the conscious and organised working class can send a strong representation into the halls of parliament to look out for proletarian interests.

However, in order to murder a prominent official you need not have the organised masses behind you.

The recipe for explosives is accessible to all, and a Browning can be obtained anywhere. In the first case, there is a social struggle, whose methods and means flow necessarily from the nature of the prevailing social order; and in the second, a purely mechanical reaction identical anywhere—in China as in France—very striking in its outward form (murder, explosions and so forth) but absolutely harmless as far as the social system goes.

A strike, even of modest size, has social consequences: strengthening of the workers' self-confidence, growth of the trade union, and not infrequently even an improvement in productive technology.

The murder of a factory owner produces effects of a police nature only, or a change of proprietors devoid of any social significance.

Whether a terrorist attempt, even a 'successful' one throws the ruling class into confusion depends on the concrete political circumstances. In any case the confusion can only be shortlived; the capitalist state does not base itself on government ministers

and cannot be eliminated with them. The classes it serves will always find new people; the mechanism remains intact and continues to function.

But the disarray introduced into the ranks of the working masses themselves by a terrorist attempt is much deeper.

If it is enough to arm oneself with a pistol in order to achieve one's goal, why the efforts of the class struggle?

If a thimbleful of gunpowder and a little chunk of lead is enough to shoot the enemy through the neck, what need is there for a class organisation?

If it makes sense to terrify highly placed personages with the roar of explosions, where is the need for the party?

Why meetings, mass agitation and elections if one can so easily take aim at the ministerial bench from the gallery of parliament?

In our eyes, individual terror is inadmissible precisely because it belittles the role of the masses in their own consciousness, reconciles them to their powerlessness, and turns their eyes and hopes towards a great avenger and liberator who some day will come and accomplish his mission.

The anarchist prophets of the 'propaganda of the deed' can argue all they want about the elevating and stimulating influence of terrorist acts on the masses. Theoretical considerations and political experience prove otherwise.

The more 'effective' the terrorist acts, the greater their impact, the more they reduce the interest of the masses in self-organisation and self-education.

But the smoke from the confusion clears away, the panic disappears, the successor of the murdered minister makes his appearance, life again settles into the old rut, the wheel of capitalist exploitation turns as before; only the police repression grows more savage and brazen.

And as a result, in place of the kindled hopes and artificially aroused excitement comes disillusionment and apathy.

The efforts of reaction to put an end to strikes and to the mass workers' movement in general have always, everywhere, ended in failure. Capitalist society needs an active, mobile and intelligent proletariat; it cannot, therefore, bind the proletariat hand and foot for very long.

On the other hand, the anarchist 'propaganda of the deed' has shown every time that the state is much richer in the means of physical destruction and mechanical repression than are the terrorist groups.

If that is so, where does it leave the revolution? Is it rendered impossible by this state of affairs? Not at all.

For the revolution is not a simple aggregate of mechanical means. The revolution can arise only out of the sharpening of the class struggle, and it can find a guarantee of victory only in the social functions of the proletariat. The mass political strike, the armed insurrection, the conquest of state power—all this is determined by the degree to which production has been developed, the alignment of class forces, the proletariat's social weight, and finally, by the social composition of the army, since the armed forces are the factor that in time of revolution determines the fate of state power.

Social Democracy is realistic enough not to try to avoid the revolution that is developing out of the existing historical conditions; on the contrary, it is moving to meet the revolution with eyes wide open. But—contrary to the anarchists and in direct struggle against them—Social Democracy rejects all methods and means that have as their goal to artificially force the development of society and to substitute chemical preparations for the insufficient revolutionary strength of the proletariat.

Before it is elevated to the level of a method of political struggle, terrorism makes its appearance in the form of individual acts of revenge.

So it was in Russia, the classic land of terrorism. The flogging of political prisoners impelled Vera Zasulich to give expression to the general feeling of indignation by an assassination attempt on General Trepov. Her example was imitated in the circles of the revolutionary intelligentsia, who lacked any mass support. What began as an act of unthinking revenge was developed into an entire system in 1879-81. The outbreaks of anarchist assassination in Western Europe and North America always come after some atrocity committed by the government—the shooting of strikers or executions of political opponents.

The most important psychological source of terrorism is always the feeling of revenge in search of an outlet.

There is no need to belabour the point that Social Democracy has nothing in common with those bought-and-paid-for moralists who, in response to any terrorist act, make solemn declarations about the 'absolute value' of human life.

These are the same people who, on other occasions, in the name of other absolute values—for example, the nation's honour or the monarch's prestige—are ready to shove millions of people into the hell of war.

Today their national hero is the minister who gives the sacred right of private property; and tomorrow, when the desperate hand of the unemployed workers is clenched into a fist or picks upon a weapon, they will start in with all sorts of nonsense about the inadmissibility of violence in any form.

Whatever the eunuchs and pharisees of morality may say, the feeling of revenge has its rights.

It does the working class the greatest moral credit that it does not look with vacant indifference upon what is going on in this best of all possible worlds.

Not to extinguish the proletariat's unfulfilled feeling of revenge, but on the contrary to stir it up again and again, to deepen it, and to direct it against the real causes of all injustice and human baseness—that is the task of the Social Democracy.

If we oppose terrorist acts, it is only because individual revenge does not satisfy us.

The account we have to settle with the capitalist system is too great to be presented to some functionary called a minister.

To learn to see all the crimes against humanity, all the indignities to which the human body and spirit are subjected, as the twisted outgrowths and expressions of the existing social system, in order to direct all our energies into a collective struggle against this system—that is the direction in which the burning desire for revenge can find its highest moral satisfaction.

YOUR INVITATION:

Comments, arguments, articles, and letters from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Write to Box 126, 2472 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025 or email contact@militaryproject.org: Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe.

POLICE WAR REPORTS



Minneapolis July 7, 2016

**NY City “Law-Enforcement
Official” Caught In Stupid Lie
About Cop Who Murdered
Unarmed Man:
Claimed Mr. Small Punched Cop
“Multiple Times” Before Cop Killed
Him;
But Video Shows “Man Approaching
The Vehicle’s Window, Then
Immediately Stumbling Back And
Collapsing” When Shot Three Times;
“Mr. Small, Who Had Been Driving With
His Girlfriend And Two Children, Died At
The Scene”**

July 8, 2016 By THOMAS MACMILLAN, Wall Street Journal

The man who authorities say was killed this week by an off-duty New York Police Department officer in a road-rage incident appears to have been shot immediately after he approached the officer, according to surveillance video.

The video, published online Friday by the New York Post, is from a surveillance camera mounted on a building near the site of the shooting, said a law-enforcement official familiar with the matter.

New York state Attorney General Eric Schneiderman, who is serving as a special prosecutor in the case, confirmed his office is examining the video.

“I am committed to conducting a full, fair and independent investigation of this tragedy, and will follow the facts and evidence—including this video evidence—wherever they lead,” he said in a statement.

On Monday, Officer Wayne Isaacs shot 37-year-old Delrawn Small, who approached his car window near Atlantic Avenue and Bradford Street in Brooklyn's East New York neighborhood, police said.

The two drivers had gotten into a dispute, and Mr. Small had confronted Officer Isaacs at a traffic light, police said. Earlier this week, a law-enforcement official said Mr. Small punched Officer Isaacs multiple times before Officer Isaacs drew his gun and shot Mr. Small three times in the shoulder and torso.

The video appears to show a man approaching the vehicle's window, then immediately stumbling back and collapsing.

Mr. Small, who had been driving with his girlfriend and two children, died at the scene.

The Patrolmen's Benevolent Association, which represents Officer Isaacs, didn't respond to a request for comment.

Texas Police Kill Naked, Unarmed Teen:

“It’s Almost Incomprehensible That A Young Naked Man Would Be Considered Dangerous Such That A Police Officer Would Kill Him”



David Joseph

Feb 09, 2016 by Matt Ferner, National Reporter, The Huffington Post

A black teenager who was naked and acting erratically in an Austin, Texas, neighborhood Monday was unarmed when he was fatally shot by police, the Austin Police Department says.

Police say that on Monday morning they received multiple calls from residents of the neighborhood in the northeast of the city reporting the teen, now identified as 17-year-old David Joseph, was “acting erratically” and “chasing” another male in a nearby apartment complex.

Austin Police Chief of Staff Brian Manley told reporters Tuesday that when police arrived at the scene, the teen was not wearing any clothes and proceeded to charge at veteran Officer Geoffrey Freeman, who is also black. Manley said the officer ordered Joseph to stop, but that he did not comply.

“Mr. Joseph ultimately charged at the officer and that’s when shots were fired,” Manley said, noting Freeman fired just seconds after the confrontation began.

Manley wouldn’t say if a stun gun was deployed by the officer during the incident.

The teen died Monday at Round Rock Medical Center.

Nelson Linder, president of the Austin chapter of the NAACP, told local news station Fox 4 that he questions whether the shooting was legal.

On Tuesday, the Texas Civil Rights Project called for a “full, fair and open” investigation into the shooting.

“It’s almost incomprehensible that a young naked man would be considered dangerous such that a police officer would kill him,” Jim Harrington, director of the TCRP, said in a statement. “There have been way too many police killings over the years simply because police do not know how to deescalate situations and end up resorting to violence. This has to stop.”

Freeman is a veteran of more than 10 years on the Austin force. He has been placed on administrative leave.

Police say part of the incident was recorded on the officer’s dashboard camera, but the shooting itself occurred off camera. Audio from the shooting was recorded and police say the officer can be heard ordering the teen to stop repeatedly after he began charging at the officer.

Manley said there are two investigations into the incident, both an internal one and a criminal one.

“This is a tragic event. It’s tragic for the community and for the police department,” Manley said.

MILITARY NEWS

**NOT ANOTHER DAY
NOT ANOTHER DOLLAR
NOT ANOTHER LIFE**



U.S. Army soldiers from 2nd Battalion, 8th Field Artillery fire a howitzer last week in Kandahar Province. (Photo: Baz Ratner, Reuters.)

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

**What country can preserve its liberties if its rulers are not warned from time to time that their people preserve the spirit of resistance? Let them take arms.
-- Thomas Jefferson to William Stephens Smith, 1787**

Agent Orange Children #12 Vietnam 2016



Photograph by Mike Hastie

From: Mike Hastie
To: Military Resistance
Sent: May 13, 2016
Subject: Agent Orange Children 2016 #12

Full Disclosure

Photo from the portfolio of Mike Hastie, US Army Medic, Vietnam 1970-71. (For more of his outstanding work, contact hastiemike@earthlink.net)

One day while I was in a bunker in Vietnam, a sniper round went over my head. The person who fired that weapon was not a terrorist, a rebel, an extremist, or a so-called insurgent. The Vietnamese individual who tried to kill me was a citizen of Vietnam, who did not want me in his country. This truth escapes millions.

Mike Hastie
U.S. Army Medic
Vietnam 1970-71
December 13, 2004

LET AMERICA BE AMERICA AGAIN [A Song For Mr. Trump's Campaign]

LET AMERICA BE AMERICA AGAIN
Langston Hughes
1902-1967

Let America be America again.
Let it be the dream it used to be.
Let it be the pioneer on the plain
Seeking a home where he himself is free.
(America never was America to me.)

Let America be the dream the dreamers dreamed —
Let it be that great strong land of love
Where never kings connive nor tyrants scheme
That any man be crushed by one above.

(It never was America to me.)

O, let my land be a land where Liberty
Is crowned with no false patriotic wreath,
But opportunity is real, and life is free,
Equality is in the air we breathe.

(There's never been equality for me,
Nor freedom in this "homeland of the free.")

Say, who are you that mumbles in the dark?
And who are you that draws your veil across the stars?

I am the poor white, fooled and pushed apart,
I am the Negro bearing slavery's scars.
I am the red man driven from the land,

I am the immigrant clutching the hope I seek —
And finding only the same old stupid plan
Of dog eat dog, of mighty crush the weak.

I am the young man, full of strength and hope,
Tangled in that ancient endless chain
Of profit, power, gain, of grab the land!
Of grab the gold! Of grab the ways of satisfying need!
Of work the men! Of take the pay!
Of owning everything for one's own greed!

I am the farmer, bondsman to the soil.
I am the worker sold to the machine.
I am the Negro, servant to you all.
I am the people, humble, hungry, mean —
Hungry yet today despite the dream.
Beaten yet today--O, Pioneers!
I am the man who never got ahead,
The poorest worker bartered through the years.

Yet I'm the one who dreamt our basic dream
In the Old World while still a serf of kings,
Who dreamt a dream so strong, so brave, so true,
That even yet its mighty daring sings
In every brick and stone, in every furrow turned
That's made America the land it has become.
O, I'm the man who sailed those early seas
In search of what I meant to be my home —
For I'm the one who left dark Ireland's shore,
And Poland's plain, and England's grassy lea,
And torn from Black Africa's strand I came
To build a "homeland of the free."

The free?

Who said the free? Not me?
Surely not me? The millions on relief today?
The millions shot down when we strike?
The millions who have nothing for our pay?
For all the dreams we've dreamed
And all the songs we've sung
And all the hopes we've held
And all the flags we've hung,
The millions who have nothing for our pay —
Except the dream that's almost dead today.

O, let America be America again —
The land that never has been yet —
And yet must be--the land where every man is free.
The land that's mine — the poor man's, Indian's, Negro's, ME —
Who made America,

Whose sweat and blood, whose faith and pain,
Whose hand at the foundry, whose plow in the rain,
Must bring back our mighty dream again.

Sure, call me any ugly name you choose —
The steel of freedom does not stain.
From those who live like leeches on the people's lives,
We must take back our land again,
America!

O, yes,
I say it plain,
America never was America to me,
And yet I swear this oath —
America will be!

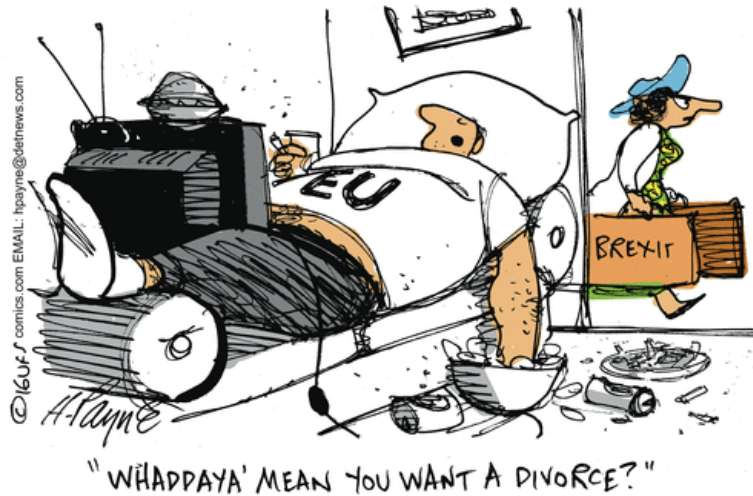
Out of the rack and ruin of our gangster death,
The rape and rot of graft, and stealth, and lies,
We, the people, must redeem
The land, the mines, the plants, the rivers.
The mountains and the endless plain —
All, all the stretch of these great green states —
And make America again!

MILITARY RESISTANCE BY EMAIL

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The Brexit Vote -- An Irish Perspective: “A Defeat For The Business And Political Elite Of Ireland, Britain And Europe” “An EU Superstate That Is Militarised, Anti-Democratic And Fundamentally

Wedded To A Destructive Neo-Liberal Ideology”



June 27, 2016 Redline

The Irish revolutionary current éirígí issued the following statement on Saturday, June 25 on the Leave victory in the EU membership referendum in the ‘United Kingdom’ and its ramifications for Ireland:

Speaking from Dublin the national chairperson, Brian Leeson, said, “Today’s result can only be seen as a defeat for the business and political elite of Ireland, Britain and Europe. The EU superstate project has been struck a massive blow by millions of working class people across England, Scotland, Wales and occupied Ireland.

“Over the last decade éirígí has consistently highlighted the deeply flawed nature of the EU. In three separate referendums in the Twenty-Six Counties we have encouraged voters to reject an EU superstate that is militarised, anti-democratic and fundamentally wedded to a destructive neo-liberal ideology.

“Over the last number of weeks our activists have again been on the ground in Belfast and elsewhere distributing tens of thousands of leaflets and posters calling on people to oppose the EU superstate by voting Leave.

“Despite the hysterical scare-mongering of Sinn Féin and the other pro-EU parties our activists succeeded in getting the socialist Leave message to the people on the ground. I commend them for the part they played in today’s historic result.”

Calling for a British withdrawal from Ireland and an Irish withdrawal from the EU, Leeson said:

“Like Connolly and the others leaders of the 1916 Rising we believe that the Irish people should be in full control of their own destinies, free from external interference from London, Brussels or Washington. Without such control the people of Ireland will not be

able to build the democratically-controlled economy and fair society that they are entitled to and deserve.

“The British occupation of the Six Counties and the de facto EU control of the Twenty-Six County state represent twin barriers to the creation of a Republic that will genuinely cherish all the children of the nation equally.

“We correctly identified that a Leave vote had a once-in-a-generation potential to trigger a constitutional crisis within both the EU and the British ‘Union’. That position has been vindicated by today’s calls for referendums in Ireland, Scotland and elsewhere.

“The momentum from today must now be built on to restore full national democracy and freedom to Ireland. We use the opportunity of today’s result to again demand that the British ruling class respect the inherent and inalienable right of the people of Ireland to collectively decide their own future without external impediment.

“The creeping transfer of sovereignty from Ireland to the anti-democratic institutions of the EU must also be halted and reversed. The campaign for a full Irish withdrawal from an irreformable EU must now be built in parallel to the campaign for a withdrawal of the British state from Ireland.”

Leeson concluded by saying, “The constitutional status quo in Ireland, Britain and Europe is now in a state of flux that has not been seen in decades. The ruling elite will do all in their power to limit that change, to shut down people power and their demand for a just society.

“The forces of the progressive Left in Ireland need to seize the moment and push for maximum constitutional, political, social and economic change. We in Éirígí are ready to play our part in driving that change and building an independent socialist Ireland.”

**“Of All Persons, Therefore, The
Productive Worker Has Least Command
Over The Services Of Unproductive
Workers, Although He Has Most To Pay
For The Involuntary Services (The State
And Taxes)”**

**“The Artisan Or Peasant Who Produces With
His Own Means Of Production Will Either
Gradually Be Transformed Into A Small
Capitalist Who Also Exploits The Labour Of**

Others, Or He Will Suffer The Loss Of His Means Of Production And Be Transformed Into A Wage Worker”

“It Can Therefore Be Assumed That The Whole World Of Commodities, All Spheres Of Material Production — The Production Of Material Wealth — Are Subordinated To The Capitalist Mode Of Production”

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

The performance of certain services, or the use values resulting from certain activities or labours, are embodied in commodities; others on the contrary leave no tangible results separate from the persons themselves; or, their result is not a vendible commodity.

For example, the service rendered to me by a singer satisfies my aesthetic need; but what I enjoy exists only in an action inseparable from the singer himself; and as soon as his labour, the singing, comes to an end my enjoyment is also over; I enjoy the activity itself — its reverberation on my ear.

These services themselves, like the commodities which I buy, may be necessary or may only seem necessary — for example the service of a soldier, a doctor or a lawyer; or they may be services which only yield enjoyment.

But this makes no difference to their economic character.

If I am in good health and do not need a doctor, or have the good luck not to be involved in a lawsuit, I avoid paying out money for medical or legal services as I do the plague.

The services may also be forced on me: the services of officials, etc.

If I buy the service of a teacher not to develop my faculties but to acquire skills with which I can earn money — or when others buy this teacher for me — and if I really learn something, which in itself is quite independent of the payment for the service — these costs of education, like the costs of my maintenance, belong to the costs of production of my labour power.

But the special usefulness of this service does not alter the economic relation; it is not a relation in which I transform money into capital, or whereby the supplier of the service, the teacher, transforms me into his capitalist, his master.

Consequently it also does not affect the economic character of this relation whether the doctor cures me or the teacher makes a success of teaching me or the lawyer wins my lawsuit.

What is paid for is the performance of the service as such, and by its very nature the result cannot be guaranteed by those who render the service.

A great part of services belongs to the costs of consumption of commodities, such as those of a cook, maid, etc.

It is characteristic of all unproductive labours that they are at my disposal — as is the case in the purchase of all other commodities for consumption — in the same proportion as that in which I exploit productive workers.

Of all persons, therefore, the productive worker has least command over the services of unproductive workers, although he has most to pay for the involuntary services (the State and taxes).

Vice versa, however, my power to employ productive workers does not at all increase in proportion to the extent that I employ unproductive workers, but on the contrary falls in the same proportion.

Productive workers may, in relation to me, be unproductive workers.

For example, if I have my house re-papered, and the paper-hangers are wage workers of an employer who sells me the job, it is just the same for me as if I had bought a house already papered: I would have expended money for a commodity for my consumption; but for the employer who gets these workers to hang the paper they are productive workers, for they produce surplus value for him.

What then is the position of independent handicraftsmen or peasants who employ no workers and therefore do not produce as capitalists?

Either, as always in the case of the peasant (but not for example of a gardener whom I get to come to my house), they are commodity producers and I buy the commodity from them — in which case it makes no difference for example that the handicraftsman supplies it to order or the peasant brings to market what he can.

In this relationship they meet me as sellers of commodities, not as sellers of labour, and this relation has therefore nothing at all to do with the exchange of capital, and therefore also nothing to do with the distinction between productive and unproductive labour, which is based purely on whether the labour is exchanged with money as money or with money as capital.

They therefore belong neither to the category of productive nor to that of unproductive workers, although they are producers of commodities. But their production does not fall under the capitalist mode of production.

It is possible that these producers working with their own means of production not only reproduce their labour power but create surplus value, since their position makes it possible for them to appropriate their own surplus labour or a part of it (as one part is taken from them in the form of taxes, etc.).

And here we come up against a peculiarity that is characteristic of a society in which one definite mode of production predominates, although all productive relations have not yet been subordinated to it.

In feudal society, for example, as we can best observe in England because here the system of feudalism was introduced ready made from Normandy and its form was impressed on what was in many respects a different social foundation — even productive relations which were far removed from the nature of feudalism were given a feudal form; for example, simple money relations in which there was no trace of mutual personal service as between suzerain and vassal, for instance the fiction that the small peasant held his property as a fief.

In just the same way in the capitalist mode of production the independent peasant or handicraftsman is sundered into two persons.

As owner of the means of production he is capitalist, as worker he is his own wage worker.

As capitalist, he therefore pays himself his wages and draws his profit from his capital; that is to say, he exploits himself as wage worker and pays himself with the surplus value, the tribute that labour owes to capital.

Perhaps he also pays himself a third part as landowner (rent), in the same way, as we shall see later, that the industrial capitalist who works with his own capital pays himself interest and regards this as something which he owes to himself not as an industrial capitalist, but *qua* capitalist pure and simple.

The social character of the means of production in capitalist production — the fact that they express a definite productive relation — has so grown together with, and in the mode of thought of bourgeois society is so inseparable from, the material existence of these means of production as means of production, that the same definition (definite category) is applied even where the relation is the very opposite.

The means of production become capital only in so far as they have become an independent power confronting labour.

In the case mentioned the producer — the worker — is the possessor, owner, of his means of production.

They are therefore not capital, any more than in relation to them he is a wage worker.

Nevertheless they are thought of as capital, and he himself is split in two, so that as capitalist he employs himself as wage worker

In fact this way of presenting it, however irrational it may seem at first sight, is nevertheless correct in so far as the producer in such a case actually creates his own surplus value (assuming that he sells his commodity at its value), or the whole product materialises only his own labour.

That he is able to appropriate to himself the whole product of his own labour, and that the excess of the value of his product over the average price of his day's labour is not

appropriated by someone else, he owes however not to his labour — which does not distinguish him from other workers — but to his ownership of the means of production.

It is therefore only through his ownership of these that he takes possession of his own surplus labour, and thus arises his relation, as his own capitalist, to himself as wage worker.

The separation between the two is the normal relation in this society.

Where therefore it does not in fact exist, it is presumed, and, as shown above, up to a point with justice; for (as distinct for example from conditions in Ancient Rome or Norway or in the North-West of the United States) in this society the unity appears as accidental, the separation as normal, and consequently the separation is maintained as the relation, even when one person unites the different functions.

Here emerges in a very striking way the fact that the capitalist as such is only a function of capital, the worker a function of labour power.

For it is also a law that economic development divides out functions among different persons, and the artisan or peasant who produces with his own means of production will either gradually be transformed into a small capitalist who also exploits the labour of others, or he will suffer the loss of his means of production (this may happen to begin with although he remains their nominal owner, as in a mortgage) and be transformed into a wage worker.

This is the tendency in the form of society in which the capitalist mode of production predominates.

In examining the essential relations of capitalist production it can therefore be assumed that the whole world of commodities, all spheres of material production — the production of material wealth — are subordinated (formally or really) to the capitalist mode of production (since this is being continuously approximated to, is in principle the goal of capitalist production, and only if this is realised will the productive power of labour be developed to its highest point).

On this premise, which expresses the goal (limit), and which therefore is constantly coming closer to exact truth, all workers engaged in the production of commodities are wage workers, and the means of production in all these spheres confront them as capital.

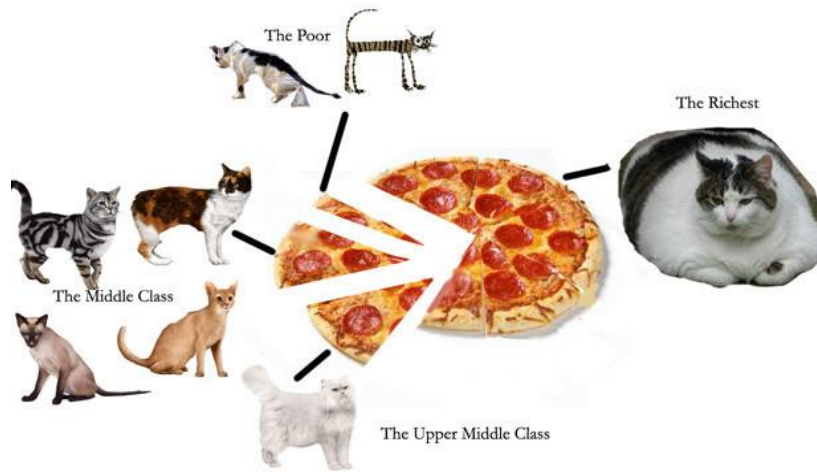
It can then be said to be a characteristic of productive workers, that is, of capital-producing workers, that their labour is realised in commodities, in material wealth.

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DANGER: CAPITALISTS AT WORK



How American Wealth is Distributed
(Each cat is 12% of the population.)

@markolmsted2011

OCCUPATION PALESTINE

**Waterless In The Jordan Valley:
“Settlers And The Israeli State
Have Committed Many Crimes And
Will Commit Many More, But The
Worse Crime, A Moral Monstrosity,
Is Denying Us Water”
“Deliberately Depriving Human
Beings—Families, Children, The**

Elderly– Of Water At The Height Of Summer In A Scorching Desert” “We Are Speaking Of Ethnic Cleansing. Without Water, They Must Assume, These People Will Either Die Or Leave”



Photograph: Guy Hircefeld

JULY 1, 2016 by David Shulman, /touchingphotographs.com. With thanks to Guy Hircefeld and Amir Bitan. Thanks to Anat Lev and Guy Hircefeld for permission to use their photographs

Four months away provide just enough distance to see the madness and the cruelty for what they are.

Who has set up this crazy system and kept it running for half a century?

Is it not mad to deliberately deprive human beings—families, children, the elderly— of water at the height of summer in a scorching desert? It was at least 37 or 38 degrees Centigrade, almost 100 degrees Fahrenheit, today in Al-Hadidiya.

No running water, of course, and almost no water at all.

You can't survive there without water.

I should warn you that reading the following report may make you thirsty, like watching Lawrence of Arabia. I had two liters of water with me, and I wasn't fasting, unlike most of the Palestinians I met (it's Ramadan), but still I was thirsty all day. Once the sweet morning chill was soaked up by a white-hot sun, the world turned to flame. You could

feel the liquid stuff of life being sucked out of you by the merciless sun-machine. In such heat, stones melt. Metal melts.

The sheep out on the hills, the cocks crowing in the tents, the dogs who can barely bark as they limp along the edges of the village—all of them are baked, singed, seared, charred, encindered.

As for us, wandering over the hills in search of the lost, ruined wells that once served Al-Hadidiya, we are drunk on the light, giddy with heat. Will I ever not be thirsty?

Before I go any further, I had better tell you what you perhaps already know, that is, that the Israeli settlement of Ro'i, half a mile away, has no dearth of water.

Water flows freely through their pipes, some of which run through the grounds of Al-Hadidiya, and their swimming pool is, I presume, blue and beckoning and, above all, full of water.

And there's another thing you already know.

Drying out the Palestinians of Al-Hadidiya is a matter of policy, not a random affair. The Civil Administration knows what it is doing.

Without water, they must assume, these people will either die or leave.

We are speaking of ethnic cleansing. No one should try to describe it as anything other than what it is.

Here is Abu Saqer, the strong-willed patriarch of this village on the golden slopes slipping down into the Jordan Valley. He has the sun-baked skin, the dark eyes, the breath-taking dignity of a man who was born in this tiny confabulation of black tents and who has lived all his life here among the rocks and the furrows.

He is at once calm, lucid, and embittered. He's a secular man, afraid of no one. He speaks a deep and elevated, even lyrical, Arabic, a mix of the standard literary dialect with the colloquial idioms of the farmer, with many rare words that Arabic-speakers love. He's a friend.

I know it at once. It's still early, around 7:30, when we sit with him in the tent as the terrible light comes flooding in, and this is what he says.

"The settlers and the Israeli state have committed many crimes and will commit many more, but the worse crime, a moral monstrosity, is denying us water.

"They have polluted our wells, filled them with rocks and dirt, dried them up by their deep drilling, and dried up the natural springs.

"I myself owned between 60 and 90 wells on the hills over there, and all of them have been destroyed. It happened already in the 70's. At the same time, hundreds of cubic meters of water are being wasted on the settlers, on their lawns and swimming pools.

“Whole communities have been devastated, their people driven out, displaced by army camps and settlements. Once a hundred families lived here in Al-Hadidiya; only 14 are left.

“We have to bring water in tankers from far away, and often we are held up at the roadblocks for long hours, and we pay more than triple what any Israeli pays for water.

“In a war, there is the one who kills and the one who is killed, but what has water to do with this? Why are they continually demolishing our homes? Are they experimenting on us like on rats? We live in Area C—where the shepherds are responsible for the ecosystem, for the survival of many species of living beings.

“But they arrest the shepherds and put them on trial and force them to pay enormous fines—at first, it was 5 Jordanian dinars per head of sheep, then 11 dinars per head, just to free the herd from their clutches. A fine could easily add up to a thousand dinars.

“When A Soldier Comes To Tear Down My House, Where Is The Judge?”

“Helicopters sometimes chase the shepherds and the herds, and the soldiers come running out of them and shoot the animals.

“They claim this area is a security zone, but why do they have to shoot the sheep?”

“They are enriching the Israeli state with these fines and impoverishing us.

“In the late 80’s, at the time of the Oslo agreements, there was hope, but in the end the disaster became even more terrible. Just look over there, you can see how they have destroyed our homes.

“They are doing whatever they can to drive us out. We are simple people, in Al-Hadidiya, in ‘Ein al-Hilwe, in Ra’s al-Ahmar, in the Jiflik. What do we want? We want to graze our sheep, to feed our families, to educate our children. Only that.

“The Israeli Supreme Court ruled that the situation here should be frozen, and no more demolitions take place, but the soldiers pay no attention to the court’s ruling.

“When a soldier comes to tear down my house, where is the judge?”

“Last year there were demolitions (on November 26, 2015), and they are always threatening more.

“My daughter was wounded in front of my eyes by an Israeli girl (probably a soldier). What am I supposed to feel?”

“How am I supposed to live with the Israeli people, in what they claim is the only democracy in the Middle East? A new generation is growing up. We are tired of being lied to.

“They have also poisoned our sheep—44 killed by poison in 2014. How can we live with them?”

Abu Saqer speaks slowly, weighing his words. An eloquent man. But the story he tells is not only his. All Palestinian communities in the Jordan Valley offer versions of it—the same litany of wrongs, of state terror, and, again and again, of unbearable thirst.

They thirst for water as they thirst for justice, or perhaps it's the other way around.

Saqer, his son, leads us over the hill dotted with black goats and long-haired sheep. Every few minutes he stops to show us another well that has been stopped up, blocked with stones and dirt. We count twelve on a very rapid circuit. At one of them Saqer peers into the dark depths and discerns a snake. He spends a few minutes hurling rocks at it, apparently killing it. Palestinians in this desert zone hate and fear snakes.

Now that we've started cleaning the wells here, the activists have come across at least one large snake down at the bottom — but also something far more threatening, military ordnance, unexploded shells, that have been dumped in these wells.

Late morning.

We drive to 'Ein Hilwe, where Madi, apparently soon to be a candidate for the post of head of the Palestinian Regional Council here, speaks about water. It's the topic closest to heart and mind. We cross the highway to Umm al-Jamal, where there's a natural spring that the Bedouins use to water their herd of cows. They built a low stone wall around the spring, to protect it.

Not surprisingly, this tiny structure is scheduled for demolition by the Civil Administration next week. Umm al-Jamal is dry, hanging on in the heart of the fierce desert. Like sleepwalkers, heavy cows move slowly through the haze of heat, or lie down in scraps of shade from scraggly trees.

Here's the point.

Suppose you want to build a pipeline for water—to be taken from well-known, legal Palestinian sources and paid for according to a water meter that you install—so that your tents and shacks would have the elementary happiness of running water.

In theory, you could apply to the Civil Administration for a permit. Your application will be rejected. Almost all such applications are. Palestinians in the Jordan Valley cannot get water through pipes or wells by the standard bureaucratic procedures. In desperation, lacking any alternative, they may try to put a pipeline in place. They can be sure the Civil Administration will send its soldiers and policemen to demolish it and to punish them.

It happened today at Al-Hadidiya. I saw it.

We rush back there when we hear that soldiers have turned up, two full jeeps of them. By now it's a broiling high noon. The soldiers look pretty hot too.

They're loaded down with the standard hodge-podge of military metal and plastic. I can't help feeling a little sorry for them. They seem confused: the Jordan Valley has not had the benefit of a continuous presence of Israeli activists, and as a result the heavy hand of the Occupation has been even heavier here, and more arbitrary, than elsewhere on the West Bank.

The soldiers expect a docile, frightened Palestinian population. They're certainly not used to having us, or others like us, confront them. The officer is not really hostile, but he's doing his job. He says an order declaring Al-Hadidiya a Closed Military Zone is on its way. On what grounds? "Water works that have not been approved."

There are eight of us activists, and we've all been through this many times before in one way or another.

"Yesterday Soldiers Arrested Abu Saqer's Son And Held Him, Handcuffed, For Many Hours"

We try to talk to the soldiers, but the officer orders them not to speak to us.

One of them is filming us with his cell-phone. This goes on for a long, hot time, as if to keep him busy with something that will take his mind off what he has actually come here to do. They're waiting for the order to come through, or so they say.

Anat asks the photographer how it feels to deny water to a thirsty family. He is not allowed to answer, so he shrugs and screws up his eyes. What does this gesture mean? Yossi says that it's quite expressive and means something like "What can I do, these are my orders." It's an optimistic reading, but that doesn't mean it's wrong. It could also mean, "I don't give a damn." I'd like to think this soldier feels the faint stirring of inner conflict.

Now the police arrive, and the dogs go mad, sensing that something wrong and menacing is taking place.

With whatever is left of their vocal chords, they try to warn Abu Saqer that an enemy has appeared. Then they fall silent.

As so often, it's a waiting game. An hour goes by, then another. The graceful white doves we know from South Hebron sail past, on fire with sunlight. The roosters crow. No sign of the order. Suddenly, a surprise, the soldiers clamber into the jeeps and leave.

But not for long.

Soon they're back with the same affable policeman who would perhaps prefer to be sitting in his distant, air-conditioned office, wherever that is. A higher-ranking officer has joined them, and together they set off through the village, examining every trace of the brazen water pipe, also passing by the jagged ruins of the homes that were demolished less than a year ago.

They take pictures.

Yesterday soldiers arrested Abu Saqer's son and held him, handcuffed, for many hours. Today, perhaps because we are here, they refrain from anything as blatant and foolish as that. Again they depart, and again they return, this time following the line of the pipe at the farthest edge of the encampment. They photograph and take notes. Then—gone.

What, indeed, are they supposed to do? The pipe is illegal. The Occupation, too, is illegal. But it has its rules. Soldiers and policemen enforce the rules. Officers issue orders, which are obeyed. Fourteen families in Al-Hadidiya remain thirsty.

Maybe tonight, maybe tomorrow, Abu Saqer can expect another visit, no doubt to inform him that the evil pipeline the villagers have built will be destroyed, and so on—who knows what other forms of harassment are in store? Running water is not meant to reach the people of Al-Hadidiya. Not yet. We have work to do.

It was a day unlike any other that Al-Hadidiya has seen. Apart from our being there, and the unwelcome soldiers and policemen, large delegations from the European Union and the Norwegian Refugee Council also happened by at noon.

Abu Saqer graciously entertained them all.

For an hour or two, this little assemblage of black tents was a microcosm. Good intentions, bad intentions, outright wickedness, grace and courage—you could find them all, mingled together, melting down in the vast heat, each of us playing his or her role.

I write these words from my home, at nightfall. I've washed off as much of the caked sunlight as I could. I had a cold beer, which helped. I'm a little burnt and sore, and a little sad.

Also buoyed up by the miracle of friendship, new and old.

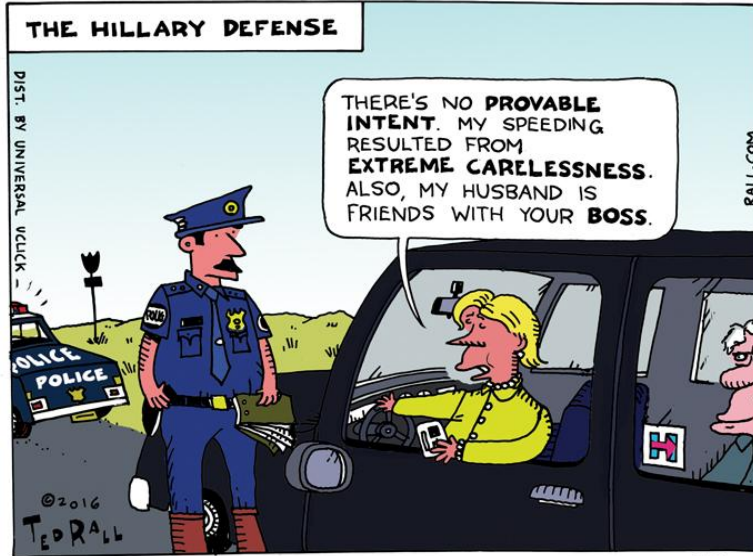
By now the sheep and goats are in their pens. All over the Jordan Valley and South Hebron and East Jerusalem and the northern West Bank, people are celebrating the end of today's fast with the festive Iftar meal. Next week Ramadan will end.

Someday thirst, too, will end for Al-Hadidiya and 'Ein Al-Hilwe. We'll see to that.

I'd like to think that in Abu Saqer, a deep and simple man, Netanyahu and his henchmen have met their match.

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

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



RECEIVED:

Solidarity March And Rally With Oaxacan Uprising

**San Francisco
Friday, July 15
7pm
24th St. BART Plaza**



From: El Enemigo Común
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Subject: San Francisco: Solidarity March and Rally With Oaxacan Uprising
Date: Jul 8, 2016

A teachers strike that began on May 15 has grown into a widespread rebellion in the Mexican state of Oaxaca. 14 compañeros have been killed by the state, including 12 in a massacre on June 19.

Join us on Friday, July 15 at 7pm at the 24th St. BART Plaza in San Francisco to mark two months since the strike began as we march in defiance of state repression and in solidarity with our compañerxs on the barricades in Oaxaca.

To our compañerxs, teachers, mothers, fathers and children of the Oaxacan community, here and there, though we are miles apart, we fight with you.

Because here and there we fight against the same monster called capitalism.

Because here and there, freedom, health care, and housing must be for all.

We march with love for our sisters and brothers who have been murdered and who will always be remembered, who walk alongside us in this struggle.

We in the Bay Area, in solidarity with the Oaxacan community, say no more repression, no more deaths. We are ready to stand together. If they attack one of our communities there, we will respond here.

The post [San Francisco: Solidarity March and Rally With Oaxacan Uprising](#) is available on El Enemigo Común. Please share it with your friends.



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