

GI SPECIAL 4D4:

**THIS IS HOW BUSH BRINGS THE TROOPS HOME:
BRING THEM ALL HOME NOW**



The family of Marine Lance Cpl. Edward 'Augie' Schroeder, 23, from back left, mother Rosemary Palmer; sister Amanda; and father Paul, follow his flag-draped casket out of services at the Church of the Savior United Methodist Church in Cleveland Heights, Ohio Monday, Aug. 15, 2005. (AP Photo/Amy Sancetta)

The Worst News Emperor Bush Could Hear:

**“Some Troops Just Broke Down
In Tears Apologizing For The
Terror These Raidings Caused
To The People”**

[There is important news in the middle of this letter from Iraq.

[The news is about soldiers with tears in their eyes.

[These troops deeply regret what they are commanded to do, and who have had enough of it. The same kind of experiences led the U.S. forces in Vietnam to rebel against that Imperial war, and stop it.

[Bush, Rumsfeld, and the rest of the scum who infest Washington have no clue what this report means.

[Unfortunately, neither do the leaders of the U.S. "anti-war" movement. They have a nearly perfect record of helping Bush keep the war going by refusing go find and offer organizing aid and comfort to anti-war troops in the Reserve and National Guard units in their own home towns, or to active duty troops on U.S. military bases.

[It is not necessary to wait for these blind "leaders." Just do it. T]

March 27, 2006

From: Ward Reilly, Veterans For Peace

Subject: From my "adopted daughter" in Iraq

I just got letter a few minutes ago this from my (sunni) "adopted daughter" who lives in a northern Iraq city...they have cut-off their internet, except with pre-paid cards

Please note her statements about GIs raiding her house....

Not to mention the massacre of 24 shiatts by U.S. troops yesterday....

This is killing me...she and I have been writing for a long time now, and she truly is like my daughter...

She is so fu**ing brave, and I wish I could get her out of there NOW, along with our troops....

I deleted most of her name for her protection...

Peace someday,
Ward

Dear Ward,

I did see some war veterans marching on al-jazeera indeed but i can't say I spotted you between the crowd, However, they had so many protests to cover around the globe only summaries of each were shown.

The american news channels were the ones claiming that the protests were not as large as expected world wide. But I think after 3 years the opposition of the war and the neocons is overwhelming. I'm sure had bush been a democratic president the republicans would have had him impeached by now due to his low approval ratings and weak leadership. I truly believe the democrats will take majority of the congress in the upcoming elections next fall.

Yesterday american forces raided our home in what we thought was a usual arrest of my father or brother because this happens almost daily to sunnis in Iraq, but instead some troops just broke down in tears apologizing for the terror these raidings caused to the people. It was very emotional.

24 shiaats were executed yesterday in baghdad by american troops and I can't seem to figure out why? the shiaats have been close to the coalition. Everything is too messed up to try to understand.

I have indeed thought about leaving the country and i have checked so many places for immigration, at least temporarily, but no country wants to bare iraqis anymore and that was very disappointing. In america the only way to get a visa is either through a study course which costs more than even my wealthy family can afford, or like you said through marrying an american citizen and i don't have that option either.. :)

I'll try to get a work visa cause I have heard engineers have a good chance in america and lots of jobs are available for them. And who knows maybe I can give my long lost father a big hug someday.

Love & Peace,
R

Do you have a friend or relative in the service? Forward this E-MAIL along, or send us the address if you wish and we'll send it regularly. Whether in Iraq or stuck on a base in the USA, this is extra important for your service friend, too often cut off from access to encouraging news of growing resistance to the war, at home and inside the armed services. Send requests to address up top.

IRAQ WAR REPORTS

5 Marines Die, 3 Missing In Iraq Accident

Apr. 03, 2006 Associated Press & HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES CENTRAL COMMAND NEWS RELEASE Number: A060403c

BAGHDAD, Iraq: A U.S. Marine Corps 7-ton truck rolled over in a flash flood near al Asad April 2, killing five U.S. Marines, injuring another and leaving three other troops missing, the military said Monday.

The vehicle was on a combat logistics convoy in al Anbar Province with eight Marines and one Navy corpsman on board.

Two of the missing are assigned to 1st Marine Logistics Group and the third is assigned to Regimental Combat Team 7.

The injured Marine was transported to al Asad Surgical for observation and was returned to duty.

The rollover of the seven-ton truck appeared to be an accident and was "not a result of enemy action," the military said.

THREE MARINES, ONE SAILOR KILLED IN AL ANBAR PROVINCE

4/3/2006 HEADQUARTERS UNITED STATES CENTRAL COMMAND NEWS
RELEASE Number: 06-04-03C

CAMP FALLUJAH, Iraq: Three Marines and one Sailor assigned to 2/28 Brigade Combat Team, serving with Multi-National Force West, died from enemy action while operating in Al Anbar Province April 2.

Soldier Killed: 1st Brigade Private Fell From Helicopter

April 3, 2006 The Leaf Chronicle

A 101st Airborne Division soldier died when he fell from a helicopter in Kirkuk province, Iraq, Thursday, according to a news release from Fort Campbell. The helicopter was landing after a nighttime combat operation.

Pfc. Joseph J. Duenas, 23, of Mesa, Ariz., was an infantryman assigned to D Company, 1st Battalion, 327th Infantry Regiment, 1st Brigade Combat Team, the release stated.

Duenas is survived by his wife, Shawna, of Phoenix, Ariz.; mother and stepfather, Rose and John Garret, of Lorenzo, Calif., and father, Michael Tibbits, of Kapolei, Hawaii.

Bay State Marine Dies

April 3, 2006 IBS

BOSTON -- A 20-year-old Marine from Saugus has been killed overseas, his family said Monday.

NewsCenter 5's Mary Saladna reported that Cpl. Scott Procopio was about two years into a four-year duty with the Marines when he was killed Sunday morning.

Soldier With N.C. Ties Killed By Bomb In Iraq, Family Says

April 03, 2006 The Associated Press

A U.S. soldier who grew up in Fayetteville was killed in Iraq this weekend by a homemade bomb, his parents said.

Staff Sgt. Darrell Clay, 34, had been in Iraq for about a month, said his father, David Clay, who continues to live in Fayetteville. His parents did not know what city their son was in Saturday when he died. Darrell Clay had been stationed in Germany for about the past five years, they said.

Darrell Clay joined the Army Reserve during his junior year at Seventy-First High School. He graduated in 1990 and attended Shaw University in Raleigh for a year before deciding to become a full-time soldier, David Clay said.

Darrell Clay is survived by a wife, two sons and a daughter.

David Clay said his daughter-in-law called him early Sunday to tell him of his son's death.

Darrell Clay had been deployed to Iraq twice before and came from a military family, his father said.

"I did 24 years in the Army, I got a son who's got 25 years in and a daughter with about eight or nine years in," David Clay said. "I don't worry about things. If your time comes, you're going."

Bethlehem High Graduate Killed

April 3, 2006 By JORDAN CARLEO-EVANGELIST, Staff writer, Times Union

BETHLEHEM -- A 25-year-old Bethlehem High School graduate was killed in Iraq Saturday when the helicopter he was piloting crashed southwest of Baghdad, killing both people on board, according to a family friend.

Moshier, who graduated from Bethlehem High in 1998 before entering the United States Military Academy at West Point, leaves behind a wife, Katherine, and his 10-month-old daughter, Natalie.

Local Serviceman From Shafter Dies



March 20, 2006 Internet Broadcasting Systems, Inc.

BAKERSFIELD -- For the third time in three weeks, a local serviceman has died while serving in Iraq. The family of Army Ranger Ricardo Barraza learned of his death over the weekend.

Barraza is a 1999 Shafter High School graduate, and football player for the school's team. Barraza's former coach, Bryan Nixon says he joined the army right after graduation.

There is no word yet on funeral service arrangements.

Kentucky Guardsman Killed In Iraq To Be Buried In Bowling Green

Mar 28 Tom Kenny, Action News 36

A Kentucky guardsman who was killed in Iraq last week will be buried in Bowling Green this Friday.

Staff Sergeant Brock A. Beery, 30, of White House, Tennessee, was killed when his armored vehicle hit an improvised explosive device about 80 miles west of Baghdad.

Beery will be buried with full military honors at Fairview Cemetery in a section for veterans. A funeral service will be held at J.C. Kirby and Son funeral home at 10 a.m. CST on Friday, March 31st. Visitation will be at the funeral home on Thursday, the 30th, from 2 p.m. to 6 p.m. CST.

He is survived by his wife and 7 year old daughter.

Beery was the ninth Kentucky National Guardsman to die in the Iraq war since it began three years ago.

Fort Hood Soldier Dies Of Non-Combat Injuries In Iraq: “Her Father Says The Army Has Not Given The Family Any More Information”

3.30.06 AP

BALTIMORE Private first class Amy Duerksen grew up an Army brat, the third generation of a military family.

Amy enlisted in the Army in April. She was deployed to Iraq with her unit -- the Fourth Combat Support Battalion, First Brigade, Fourth Infantry Division, based at Fort Hood, Texas -- on Christmas Day.

Her father and the Pentagon says that she died March Eleventh of injuries sustained in a non-combat incident on March Eighth.

Her grandfather, Wayne Duerksen of Copperas Cove, Texas, is a Navy veteran who served in World War Two.

He said "she was the sweetest, most wonderful little girl."

A funeral for Amy Duerksen was held March 17th. About 200 people attended the service at a church in Temple, Texas. Her father, Major Douglas W- Duerksen is an Army chaplain. He says that although her Army family moved around a lot, they lived mostly in Texas and Germany.

The Department of Defense has not released details of the incident that led to Amy Duerksen's death. Her father says the Army has not given the family any more information.

Insurgents Use Artillery Against Slovak Position

4/3/2006 The Slovak:

SLOVAK soldiers serving as part of a multinational force in Iraq came under artillery fire on March 30. According to Defense Ministry spokesman Milan Vanga, the attack caused no casualties or damage to the Slovak contingent.

Camp Echo, near the Iraqi town of Ad Diwaniyah between Baghdad and the southern city of Basra, was hit by two shells on Thursday at around 19:00. All 97

**YOU DON'T WANT TO BE HERE;
THEY DON'T WANT YOU TO BE HERE:
SOLUTION OBVIOUS:
GET THE FUCK OUT AND COME HOME**



A U.S. Marine patrols near the Abu Ghraib prison April 1, 2006. (AP Photo/Jacob Silberberg)

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Turkish Engineer Killed In Afghanistan

New York Times, April 3, 2006]

Gunmen believed to be linked to the Taliban shot dead a Turkish engineer in Afghanistan on Sunday. This was the second attack in a week on foreigners working on a road project in the western part of Afghanistan.

TROOP NEWS

Announcing: **WEST POINT GRADUATES AGAINST THE WAR**

[Thanks to Ben Chitty, Vietnam Veterans Against The War, for posting this announcement.]

"Duty, Honor, Country."

"When people speak to you about a preventive war, you tell them to go and fight it. After my experience, I have come to hate war."

- Dwight D. Eisenhower, 34th President of the United States (1953-1961)
- Class of 1915, United States Military Academy

**WHY DIE FOR A LIE?
WHY KILL FOR A LIE?
WHY TOLERATE LIARS?**

Say No To This Illegal, Dishonorable War

JOIN US:

**West Point Graduates Against The War
<http://www.westpointgradsagainsthewar.org/>**

Time To Pull Out of Iraq, Voters Tell Blair

4.3.06 London Daily Telegraph

The British public no longer believes that British military presence in Iraq is serving any purpose. A substantial majority want troops to be withdrawn, either immediately or within 12 months, regardless of conditions on the ground.

“The Government Claims To Have No Idea How Many Soldiers Have Actually Been Injured In Action”

[Thanks to NB, who sent this in.]

25 Mar 2006 GETHIN CHAMBERLAIN CHIEF NEWS CORRESPONDENT, The Scotsman

A SOLDIER awarded the George Cross after he lost an arm and a leg in a bomb blast in Iraq has not been counted as injured by the Ministry of Defence - because he was treated by American medics.

Captain Peter Norton was injured while operating with US troops near Baghdad on 24 July last year. A roadside bomb killed four US soldiers, injured several others and wrecked their Humvee vehicle. Attempting to tackle a second bomb contained in two 155mm artillery shells, Capt Norton triggered a second explosion, hurling him 15ft into the air. He lost 84 pints of blood.

Yesterday, the MoD confirmed that he was treated at a US medical facility in Baghdad and then flown straight back to the UK. As a result, he does not feature on the official tally of 230 British wounded released by John Reid in January.

Ironically, it was as a result of pressure from Capt Norton's wife, Sue, that Mr Reid finally agreed to publish some figures for British wounded. She had complained that the government was not being open about the number of soldiers who were being injured in Iraq as a result of the ongoing conflict.

But when Mr Reid did eventually come up with a figure, it fell far short of a true picture of the casualties sustained by British forces since the start of the war.

The figure of 230 wounded includes - at most - only 24 soldiers wounded in action during the war itself. That is because the figures released by Mr Reid relate only to the Shaibah field hospital outside Basra, which was not operational until the final days of the fighting.

Instead, most of the British casualties were treated at other field hospitals, which later shut down and returned to the UK.

The MoD claims that it did not keep a record of soldiers treated by those hospitals, nor did it keep a record of injuries treated by the soldiers' own units. Nor, according to a statement on its own website, did it follow its own procedures for the reporting of casualty statistics.

The result is the government claims to have no idea how many soldiers have actually been injured in action since the start of the war in March 2003, and the MoD repeatedly has refused to go back through its files to establish the true figure.

Former US General Says Rumsfeld Should Quit Over Iraq

Apr 2 AFP

A former senior US military commander, Anthony Zinni, called for the dismissal of Defense Secretary Donald Rumsfeld over critical mistakes made in the Iraq war.

Zinni, who headed the US Central Command from 1997 to 2000, was asked if anyone should lose their job over how Washington has managed its Iraq policy.

"Secretary of defense to begin with," he told NBC's "Meet the Press" program.

"There's a series of disastrous mistakes. We just heard the secretary of state say these were tactical mistakes. They were not tactical mistakes. These were strategic mistakes, mistakes of policies made back here," he said.

IRAQ RESISTANCE ROUNDUP

Assorted Resistance Action

4.3.06 (Reuters) & The Canadian Press

Two soldiers were killed and three wounded when guerrillas attacked their patrol near Baiji, 180 km (112 miles) north of Baghdad.

A policeman was killed and two others wounded when gunmen attacked their patrol in Baiji, police said.

In Dora, drive-by shooters killed a police captain outside his home late Sunday, police said.

Those killed in Basra included a navy officer, two policemen and two workers at an electrical plant.

In another development, five Katyusha rockets slammed near an Iraqi army barracks north of Kirkuk. There were no damages reported.

Guerrillas also attacked an Iraqi army vehicle in central Kirkuks.

**IF YOU DON'T LIKE THE RESISTANCE
END THE OCCUPATION**

FORWARD OBSERVATIONS

**It Is Not Often That One Gets This Close
To Evil**



From: Richard Hastie
To: GI Special
Sent: March 28, 2006

Taken at " Camp Casey " in Crawford, Texas on August 13, 2005.

Anti-war activists protesting the Bush motorcade as it returned to the ranch. Traveling in the motorcade with Bush was Donald Rumsfeld and "Con" Rice.

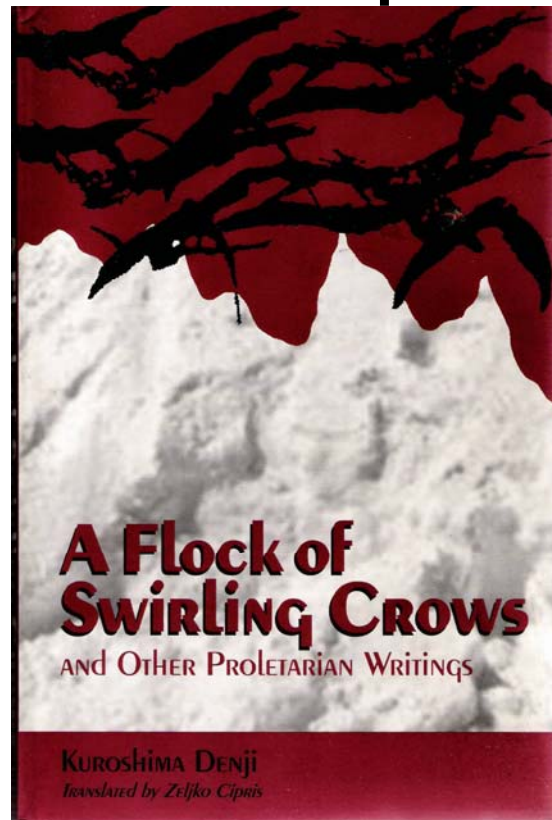
When these bulletproof vans drove past us, I felt a chill in my body.

It is not often that one gets this close to evil.

Mike Hastie
Vietnam Veteran

Photo and description from the I-R-A-Q (I Remember Another Quagmire) portfolio of Mike Hastie, US Army Medic, Vietnam 1970-71. (For more of his outstanding work, contact at: (hastiemike@earthlink.net) T)

“The Soldier Smacked Koyama’s Sickly Face” “His Powerful Arm Twisted The Rawboned Hand Holding The Whip”



MILITARIZED STREETS is a fact-based novel banned by the Japanese imperial government in 1930, and censored by the US occupation authorities in 1945.

A full translation by Zeljko Cipris from the Japanese will be found in Denji Kuroshima, *A Flock of Swirling Crows & Other Proletarian Writings*, published by the University of Hawaii Press, 2005.

The scene: a Japanese-owned match factory in Tsinan (Jinan), China

Time: spring 1928, during a Japanese military intervention

Author: Denji Kuroshima (1898-1943), a soldier in Japan's imperial army during the Siberian Intervention who became a lifelong antimilitarist and anti-imperialist

Chapter 17

The troops merely lodged at one of the factory dormitories, nothing more. They did not interfere with the factory in any way. That was in accordance with Second Lieutenant Bando's warning. Both the commander and the officers possessed samurai spirit. It was beneath the pride of the military men to meddle in the conflict between capital and labor.

Even so, the troops had arrived. From that day on, the factory workers, like horses shown the whip, abandoned their slowdown tactics. The supervisors' and overseers' power doubled. Koyama, with his decayed jawbone and wracking cough, was aware of having a great and dependable force behind him. That awareness strengthened the tyranny of his club threefold and fourfold.

The overseer Li Lan-pu was getting just twenty-three sen a day more than an ordinary worker from Uchikawa. For that reason alone this Chinese took it for granted, as though he were Japanese, that the khaki troops would become his protectors -- his might -- and would crush any insubordinate workers who bore a grudge against his oak club. He placated, cajoled, and threatened the workers. It was he who served as a spy for Uchikawa and Koyama. It was he, too, who served as a stool pigeon.

The soldiers in no way interfered with the workers' activities. They had no intention of doing so. In fact, they were protecting the workers. They protected the factory, too. And yet the workers did not feel protected by the troops, they felt menaced by them.

The soldiers continued constructing the defense zone. Barbed wire spread like a spider's web throughout the length and breadth of the streets. Angular barricades blocked all the intersections. A telephone line was speedily stretched between the brigade and the

battalion headquarters. The battalion headquarters and the sentry line too were tightly linked up. The soldiers were ordered to carry arms and be ready for combat at a moment's notice. At intersections, sentries with loaded weapons sternly challenged each and every passing Chinese.

Within a mere day and a half, the city had entirely changed its appearance. It was as though it had suddenly buckled on armor and helmet over everyday clothes. Roadblocks projected like bristling horns into the middle of streets. Machine guns poked their barrels, like sensitive antennae, over the sandbag parapets. The factory, the walls, and the company housing -- all were being guarded by a stiff profusion of spiny steel.

It was not only the Chinese who stared in round-eyed wonder at the remarkable efficiency of the Japanese. Even the soldiers themselves, gazing back at the unbroken spread of barbed wire and the Great Wall of packed earth, were surprised at the results of their own work. Although these works had been constructed to repulse Chinese soldiers and fortify a bourgeois factory, they felt happy looking at what they had built. If only this fortification, they thought, were intended to safeguard a factory of our own!

Captain Sakanishi from headquarters inspected the completed earthworks. He studied the direction from which the enemy would advance. Sakanishi was a man who could not help spotting a flaw even in what was flawless. Perfection itself was a defect. After all, anything perfectly accomplished lacked room for further development.

"This is a straight line from the Chieh-shou station on the Shin-p'u line. We've got to assume that the Southern Army will attack from there in full force." Accompanied by other officers and NCOs he toured the southwest corner of the earthworks. "Lieutenant Suenaga, how many tens of thousands of enemy attackers could this flimsy earthwork withstand? Do you think it could withstand even a thousand? How about it?"

"Sir."

"Enemy is enemy. You may safely assume they will challenge us from over there... Right, do it over! Raise the height by half, double the width, triple the length. And double the number of machine guns."

"Sir."

Beyond the earthwork's southwest corner, a grassy plain with green fields and scattered groves of oaks and acacias unfolded far into the distance. The view was hazy. The herds of goats that always grazed about were absent. Probably the peasants, on guard against plunder, had hidden them.

Soldiers must obey orders submissively when there is even the slightest difference in rank. Expressing opinions is not permitted. Lieutenant Suenaga gave the order to the sergeant. The sergeant gave the order to the privates. The privates stripped away the quadruple rolls of barbed wire and began to rebuild the earthworks.

"More, more! Stretch it all the way here!"

Aiming to please the fastidious Sakanishi, Lieutenant Suenaga scratched a mark in the earth with his shoe. If we make this corner exceptionally strong, he was thinking, the

enemy is likely to concentrate the assault on a weaker sector. And the breakthrough would occur there.

“Take the dirt from here! That acacia is in the way. Cut it down! Damn! Get those roadblocks over here!” Keeping his thoughts entirely to himself, he continued to direct the soldiers. “More, more, bring the spades and picks. This is the only spot that isn’t done! Speed it up! Corporal Shinkaku! No, not that way!”

The conscripts from the training institute had been looking forward to going home on leave after eighteen months of service. Due to the intervention, leaves were postponed indefinitely.

Though on the verge of tears, they speedily obeyed the lieutenant’s barked orders and worked assiduously. They were model soldiers. Eyeing them, enlisted man Takatori smiled sardonically. Kakimoto was working at an ordinary pace.

“That’s right! Do it the way Kuraya and Kinugasa are doing it, all of you! Put some energy into those picks!” The special-duty sergeant major pointed to the training institute graduates. “Takatori! Pack more dirt into those bags!”

“Sergeant Major, sir! What should we do about these holes mice have eaten through the bags? Should we pack some straw into them first?”

“Yeah, yeah, do that.”

The sergeant major, whose mouth was oddly crooked, nodded with satisfaction at Matsushita from the same training institute. Further off, others were ingratiating themselves with the NCOs too. Takatori, who did not fail to overhear, again smiled sardonically. The fawning was so transparent!

In an hour and fifteen minutes, the colossal defensive position had been completed as ordered. The devil himself was welcome to try to breach it now. Utterly exhausted, the soldiers returned to their quarters. They could not wash their muddy hands, noses, and necks. There was no water. The lunch bugle blared. Another one joined in from the direction of the noodle factory.

“It’s still only April but here in China the weather’s already like July... Ah, I’ve really had it. I’m hot and I’m famished...” They shoveled down the cold rice distributed into their mess tins. “Every single canteen’s empty... Cook! Hey, got any hot water? Any hot water?”

The soldier on cook’s duty, wearing an apron over his shirt, was busily running about. There was a shortage of cooking utensils.

“Hot water! Hey, hot water!”

“Forget hot water, I don’t even have water to wash the rice with.”

“Huh! You want to kill us by making us choke on the rice?”

“Ask me if I care!”

“The Chinks are selling hot water. A kettleful for an igazul.”

“What the hell’s an igazul?”

“It’s like a Chinese copper sen. Worth about two and a half rin.”

“Selling hot water. What a miserly business.” Kuraya, the training institute graduate, laughed with affected elegance.

Takatori was scowling next to a wall. The wall was peeling with decay. Tamada from the noodle factory asked him why he was making such a face: “Is the rough work getting on your nerves? You’re looking sour.”

“It isn’t that. It’s that bunch that disgusts me. Kinugasa, Matushita, and the rest of the bootlickers,” Takatori suddenly said. “We’ve got so many of that type, the Chinese will get robbed to the bone.”

“Those characters, hmm... The buffoons stink to high heaven.”

“Even though they’re squeezed half to death by factory owners and landlords back home, they can’t help bowing and scraping and wagging their tails like slaves. What a bunch.” Takatori glanced back at the lecherous Nishizaki behind him. The man was a novelty seeker who claimed never to have paid for the same prostitute twice.

“Their type’s the most exasperating. They are sweated, wrung, and tormented by the bourgeois without mercy. Despite all that, they don’t feel either resentful or rebellious. They fetch and carry, setting their hearts on getting blessed with the leftovers.”

“That’s true, but what the hell does it matter? Their bootlicking’s nothing new.” Nishizaki laughed with a leer.

“Go join them, Nishizaki! You’ll fit right in!”

“No, no, that’s not what I mean. Don’t get so angry... There, look at Kinugasa’s face. Doesn’t it look like a wet dick? Just like a wet dick.”

Nishizaki swerved from the topic. Munching away at canned meat over by the entrance, unaware of being talked about, the thick-lipped Kinugasa seemed indeed to fit the description. Tamada laughed. Nishizaki’s lewdness was well known. He was an entertaining comedian.

Having come to China, he was hoping for a taste of Chinese women -- looking forward to it, in fact, since before his arrival. Even while working, he would steal furtive glances at all the passing women with their bound feet, fringe-covered foreheads, and brown or purple suits. Their hands and feet were quite delicate.

He was drawn as well to the female workers who packed matches at the factory. They were not beautiful. They were grimy with dust, smoke, and phosphorus. But they differed somehow from the Japanese. They possessed something different. And the difference thrilled him.

“They’re doing something. Hey, the factory people are doing something.” The soldiers had been resting a while following their meal. A man noticed a disturbance in the drying area. A worker was being tortured.

“Torture, it’s torture!” Kakimoto spoke in a hushed voice, as though confiding a secret. “It’s torture, they’re torturing someone!”

Yui Li-song, the frowning and sardonic worker, lay twisted under the weight of two overseers like a rooster having its neck wrung, one of his legs desperately kicking the air.

“The supervisor’s sticking needles under his fingernails.”

Fingernails adhere tightly to the flesh of the fingertips. They were inserting cotton-thread needles into the gaps between flesh and nails. Starting with the worker’s little fingers, they thrust the needles into his ring fingers, middle fingers, and index fingers. To immobilize his arms the overseers coiled their own arms around them.

The agonizing groans cut through the din of the factory. The soldiers shuddered as though their own nails were being torn. Yui Li-song had always been hated by the company staff. He was disobedient. Even if a supervisor or an overseer cautioned him, he reacted with contempt. Such is the man he was. Koyama hated him the most.

Takatori knew that the workers at the noodle factory too were cowering before the soldiers’ menace. There too the staff was torturing the workers. The soldiers had seen it. If this goes on, they began saying, they would demand to be relieved from guarding the factories.

The company garrisoning the egg noodle factory was famous back home. It had fought to the last man both in the Sino-Japanese and the Russo-Japanese wars. Strangely enough, every year two or three radicals kicked out of active service elsewhere entered this company. Once they understood the factory staff’s intent to use the army as a shield enabling them to mistreat the workers, the soldiers of this unit refused to consent.

“Of course, these swine over here are using us as a shield too,” thought Takatori. “Shit! They’re treating us like idiots!”

“Try acting big now -- like when you were demanding wages the other day!” Koyama was shouting. “Quit bawling, and let’s hear your arrogant talk again like that night!”

“Hmm. I’d heard there are sons of bitches in China who beat workers to death, and it sure as hell seems to be true.”

Little by little, as if nearing something fearsome, the soldiers threaded their way between the mats covered with matchwood and approached the scene. They had slapped others, they had been slapped themselves, but they had never seen fingers pierced with needles. The rusty needles penetrated to the base of the fingernails. Beneath the translucent nails spread purplish blood.

“There are young fools who pamper this type, that’s why they act important.” (This was directed at Kantaro). “Are you a communist agent?! Take over the factory if you can!... Hey! Give me some more of that insolent talk like the other night!”

Koyama was conscious of the support supplied by the approaching soldiers. His face, twisted with rage, flashed a quick smile at them. Then, turning back to Yui, it instantly resumed its contorted shape.

On the factory floor, the workers kept working in deathly silence, listening intently. The only continuous sound was that of the machinery. Some of the workers stopped operating their machines and, careful not to be seen by the staff, were gazing quietly from behind the windows as Koyama forced a needle into Yui’s other thumb. Not surprisingly, the youngest and most vulnerable workers averted their faces as though they themselves were being jabbed.

“You’re still acting impudent?! Li, get me a wet leather whip! A wet leather whip!” Koyama was roaring with fury.

Even the laborers who had continued to work, feigning indifference, now flinched. They stopped moving their hands and looked at each other.

As one of their representatives, Yui Li-song had demanded that their wages be paid. For this the owners were taking revenge. The workers also knew that the torture was not directed at Yui alone but was meant to intimidate all of them. If it wasn’t for the soldiers, some sorrowfully thought, we could all rise up!

“How about giving it a rest,” said Kakimoto.

The workers stared at the wet leather whip gripped in Koyama’s bony hand and pictured bare muscles being ripped to shreds in sprays of blood. It was a frequent sight at police interrogations.

Yui’s screams merged with Koyama’s snarls. The wet leather whip wound itself round the body. The lashes slapped with a cutting sound. Then a tough, bighearted soldier sprang forward.

“Cut it out! You son of a bitch! Scum!”

The soldier smacked Koyama’s sickly face. His powerful arm twisted the rawboned hand holding the whip.

“If you think you can torture the workers just because we’re here, you’re dead wrong! You damned clown!”

Koyama was stunned.

“I’ll beat the life out of you, you damned clown!”

The soldier was Takatori.



Japanese troops arrive in Tsinan

[Thanks to the brother who sends in these selections. To be continued. T)

“And I'll Stand O'er Your Grave 'Til I'm Sure That You're Dead”

[Thanks to J who sent this in. He writes: Dear GI Special, I was reading "Iraq: The Logic of Withdrawal" By Peter N. Kirstein and following up at Peter Kirstein's own site : <http://english.sxu.edu/sites/kirstein/> where I found the lyrics to Bob Dylan's "Masters of War". It might be that some of your readers have never heard it.

[It was played quite a bit in the 1960's. I heard it again the other day on a cassette tape in the car of a friend and it brought back the feeling of outrage and the determination to change at least some of the things that were most glaringly wrong with the world that was blowing in the wind in those days.]

**Master Of War
By Bob Dylan**

Come you masters of war
You that build all the guns
You that build the death planes
You that build the big bombs
You that hide behind walls
You that hide behind desks
I just want you to know
I can see through your masks

You that never done nothin'
But build to destroy
You play with my world
Like it's your little toy
You put a gun in my hand

And you hide from my eyes
And you turn and run farther
When the fast bullets fly

Like Judas of old
You lie and deceive
A world war can be won
You want me to believe
But I see through your eyes
And I see through your brain
Like I see through the water
That runs down my drain

You fasten the triggers
For the others to fire
Then you set back and watch
When the death count gets higher
You hide in your mansion
As young people's blood
Flows out of their bodies
And is buried in the mud

You've thrown the worst fear
That can ever be hurled
Fear to bring children
Into the world
For threatening my baby
Unborn and unnamed
You ain't worth the blood
That runs in your veins

How much do I know
To talk out of turn
You might say that I'm young
You might say I'm unlearned
But there's one thing I know
Though I'm younger than you
Even Jesus would never
Forgive what you do

Let me ask you one question
Is your money that good
Will it buy you forgiveness
Do you think that it could
I think you will find
When your death takes its toll
All the money you made
Will never buy back your soul

**And I hope that you die
And your death'll come soon**

I will follow your casket
In the pale afternoon
And I'll watch while you're lowered
Down to your deathbed
And I'll stand o'er your grave
'Til I'm sure that you're dead

OCCUPATION REPORT

“The Government Is Just A Parasitic Entity Living On Oil Revenues”

6 April 2006 Patrick Cockburn, LRB Ltd [Excerpts]

Iraq is divided and the insurgency is strong, but the real reason for the collapse of Iraq is the weakness of the state.

Ali Allawi, the finance minister, told me that corruption had reached Nigerian levels and that the government is just a parasitic entity living on oil revenues. It's not merely that a percentage of spending disappears into official pockets: entire budgets vanish.

The US and Britain are trying to push Iyad Allawi forward as a sort of super-minister in charge of security. But while he was prime minister in 2004-5, the whole \$1.3 billion defence procurement budget disappeared. Millions more were spent on a contract to protect the vital Kirkuk-Baiji oil pipeline but the money was embezzled.

Ali Allawi says the insurgency is largely financed by oil smuggling, and 40 to 50 per cent of the vast profits go to the resistance.

American power is steadily ebbing and the British forces are largely confined to their camps around Basra.

Recruiting For The Resistance: Idiot Collaborators Cut Food Ration

02 Apr 2006 (IRIN)

The price of some staple food has increased in Iraq after the Ministry of Trade announced last week that several items provided by a monthly food-ration programme

would be cancelled. This prompted shopkeepers to raise the cost of items which are being imported at a high price.

"Many products offered for years by the monthly food-ration programme have been taken out," said Omar Abdel Kareem, an economist at Baghdad University. "Consequently, prices have risen".

Some products have seen their prices increase by as much as 300 percent or more.

In 2002, lentil beans were sold for about US \$0.50 per kilogramme. Since then, the retail price has jumped to around US \$2 per kilogramme.

While Hamza went on to predict that retail prices on essential foodstuffs could be expected to stabilise again quickly, many local residents who have come to depend on monthly rations expressed desperation.

"My family depends on food rations," said Muhammad Wissam, a Baghdad resident and father of four. "I earn US \$50 a month as a painter, but our rent alone is \$42."

According to Abdel Kareem, the budget cuts are aggravating an already difficult situation. "Before this decision, prices on items such as vegetables and grains had already doubled in January," he said. "Since then, they've increased more than 20 percent a week."

So Much For That "Reconstruction" Bullshit: U.S. Plan To Build Clinics Fails Contractor Will "Try" to Finish 20 of 142

4.3.06 Washington Post

A reconstruction contract for the building of 142 primary health centers across Iraq is running out of money, after two years and roughly \$200 million, with no more than 20 clinics now expected to be completed.

<p>OCCUPATION ISN'T LIBERATION BRING ALL THE TROOPS HOME <u>NOW!</u></p>

OCCUPATION PALESTINE

“I Have No Intention To Be A Part Of The Israeli Army, Performing War Crimes In The Name Of The Occupation”

From: JM
To: GI Special
Sent: April 03, 2006
Subject: One young mans reason for refusal

JM writes: This young mans reasons for refusing to serve in the Israeli army will, almost certainly, send him to prison because being a conscientious objector is not accepted as a reason for refusal. You may be interested in what he says because indoctrination is implied.

This Wednesday, 5 Apr. 2006, conscientious objector Aviv Sela is going to report at the Israeli army's Induction Base and refuse to enlist.

From Aviv's declaration of refusal:

"I was brought up thinking that the State of Israel is a good country, a country with values, that does not hurt human beings, a country where the values of freedom and equality are fundamental and where there is no place for racism. I was reared on pride in this country and in its flag.

“About three years ago I started visiting the Occupied Territories regularly, and I saw that beyond the Green Line, all those things I was reared on do not exist”

"As an ordinary human being, neither naive nor evil, I have no intention to be a part of the Israeli army, performing war crimes in the name of the occupation policy of the State of Israel..."

[To check out what life is like under a murderous military occupation by a foreign power, go to: www.rafahtoday.org The foreign army is Israeli; the occupied nation is Palestine.]

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK

***It's Official:*
Bush Says USA Not A “Free Nation”**

[Thanks to John Gingerich, who sent this in.]

“Free nations are peaceful nations. Free nations don't attack each other. Free nations don't develop weapons of mass destruction.”

“We know that dictators are quick to choose aggression, while free nations strive to resolve differences in peace.”



President George W. Bush denied rumors today that the stress of office has produced a severe disturbance in his endocrine system, with consequent growth of his breasts. He also scoffed at reports he has begun dating Secretary Of Defense Donald Rumsfeld. “He’s cute,” Bush said, “but way too intense.”

NEED SOME TRUTH? CHECK OUT TRAVELING SOLDIER

Telling the truth - about the occupation or the criminals running the government in Washington - is the first reason for Traveling Soldier. But we want to do more than tell the truth; we want to report on the resistance - whether it's in the streets of Baghdad, New York, or inside the armed forces. Our goal is for Traveling Soldier to become the thread that ties working-class people inside the armed services together. We want this newsletter to be a weapon to help you organize resistance within the armed forces. If you like what you've read, we hope that you'll join with us in building a network of active duty organizers.

<http://www.traveling-soldier.org/> And join with Iraq War vets in the call to end the occupation and bring our troops home now! (www.ivaw.net)

CONDI SAYS NUMBER OF U.S. MISTAKES CLOSER TO A BILLION

“I Forgot All The Mistakes Rumsfeld Made,” Rice Says

April 2, 2006 The Borowitz Report

After stating last week that the U.S. had made thousands of tactical errors in the war in Iraq, Secretary of State Condoleezza Rice restated that number upward today, telling reporters that the actual figure was "probably closer to a billion."

Dr. Rice apologized for initially low-balling the number of U.S. mistakes, explaining, "Quite frankly, I forgot about a lot of the mistakes that Rumsfeld made."

While acknowledging that pegging the number of mistakes in the thousands was an error, she added, "Quite frankly, when the U.S. has made a billion mistakes, what's one more?"

The State Department today issued an official list of the billion mistakes made thus far in Iraq, but Dr. Rice warned that the list was far from complete: "We are currently making between four and five thousand mistakes a day, so this list is very much a work in progress."

The list contains some well-known mistakes (No. 1: Expecting the Iraqis to greet us with flowers) but also some previously undisclosed ones (No. 23,556,779: Attempting to introduce Bon Jovi's "Livin' on a Prayer" as the new Iraqi national anthem).

At a press briefing at the Pentagon, Secretary of Defense Donald Rumsfeld was mum on the list of mistakes issued by the State Department, but said that later in the week he would be issuing a list of mistakes made by Dr. Rice.

"And that number is closer to a zillion," he said.

The Great Condi Rice English Tour Fiasco

April 1, 2006 By JOEL BRINKLEY, New York Times [Excerpts]

LIVERPOOL, England, March 31: Jack Straw, the foreign secretary, invited his friend Condoleezza Rice, the secretary of state, to his hometown, Blackburn, for the weekend to see a soccer match, in return for his visit last fall to Birmingham, Ala., where he watched a college football game.

But the Blackburn Rovers had rescheduled their match for Monday night, so Mr. Straw showed her around the Rovers' empty stadium on Friday. It seemed a metaphor for her visit to England, but also a moment of welcome calm in a trip otherwise plagued by numerous and sometimes raucous demonstrations against the war in Iraq.

Ms. Rice wanted to meet Paul McCartney later in the day, when they were here in Liverpool. But he said he could not make it, so Ms. Rice visited the Liverpool Institute for the Performing Arts, where he was once a student. She listened to a brief choral presentation in the Paul McCartney Theater.

Half a dozen students, with the school director's permission, lined up just inside the school's front door and stood with arms crossed over black T-shirts that read: "No torture. No compromise."

While in Alabama last October, Ms. Rice took Mr. Straw to see the Brunetta C. Hill Elementary School, which Ms. Rice had attended as a child. In Blackburn, Mr. Straw took her not to his old school but to the Pleckgate School, most of whose students are of Indian or Pakistani background. The idea was to show the ethnic diversity of Mr. Straw's hometown and electoral district.

While antiwar protesters dogged Ms. Rice at almost every stop, they were the loudest and most raucous at the school, shouting through megaphones, "Condi Rice go home!" and other chants even less polite.

Blackburn is a dreary-looking town in England's industrial northwest. The weather, typically British, was wet and chilly, much like her reception among many there. She took the occasion of the visit to Blackburn to stand with Mr. Straw and take turns giving foreign policy speeches — in a room-size skybox at the soccer stadium.

One of her hosts, Lord Hurd, who was the foreign secretary under Prime Minister Margaret Thatcher, spoke just before she did.

Without naming anyone or any country, he complained, "The world only works if the world's only superpower follows the rules like everyone else," and spoke of "the killing of thousands by foreign invaders."

Ms. Rice did not respond. She said she had expected the antiwar protests, but she probably had not expected the continuing problems with the visit.

In Birmingham she and Mr. Straw had visited the 16th Street Baptist Church. In Blackburn, the two intended to visit a mosque — a useful political symbol for both of them. But the mosque's leaders canceled the visit, citing threats by protesters to disrupt the service.

Friday night she attended a performance by the Liverpool Philharmonic Orchestra, but one prominent performer refused to attend, in protest against the Iraq war.

Even her first stop on Friday morning, at a British Aerospace plant that is making parts of the F-35 Joint Strike Fighter, seemed anticlimactic. The fighter, a joint project of the United States and its Western allies, has not yet received full financing. The shop floor was deserted.

CLASS WAR REPORTS

“They’re Not Going To Stop Us. We’ve Been Here Too Long”

“Who made this country?” asked one student waving a good sized flag. He drew cheers talking about beans and tortillas. “We’re a whole new diverse group that this country needs,” he said. “And we’re not going anywhere. We built this country. Even if they stop us, we’re going to come back. They’re not going to stop us. We’ve been here too long.”

April 3, 2006 by Greg Moses, Dissidentvoice.org

Be careful what you say, the children are listening. For the past year, children of immigrants have been hearing the worst things about their parents.

Finally, across the country from Los Angeles, California, to Bastrop, Texas, teenagers agreed all at once that it was time to talk back.

“Another day, another walkout” said a recent headline. This time the news was from Tyler, Texas, where students marched from Tyler High to the Smith County Courthouse carrying Mexican flags. Across the country, similar stories played.

I was eating lunch in downtown Austin, cleaning up a tasty plate of enchiladas mole, thinking about a fantastic exhibit of Mexican art that I’d just visited, when students filled the restaurant window with bodies marching north to the capitol.

“We’re here to work, we’re not criminals,” said one sign written in black marker on white posterboard. The young woman held the sign at the main gate to the Texas state capitol, surrounded by excited students. They chanted “Me-xi-co, Me-xi-co, Me-xi-co” and then cheered themselves on. They shouted “Si, Se Puede” the famous slogan of Cesar Chavez. In English it means, “yes - we can!” On this day, Chavez would have turned 79.

“We Pay Taxes,” said a slogan written in black marker on the back of a white t-shirt. “Without us Mexicans, the US is Nothing,” said a poster-board sign. A few young women wore petite-sized flags tucked into the fronts of their shirts.

It was a warm afternoon with temperatures climbing to 84 degrees and a South wind blowing up from the Colorado River. Bottles of water, eagerly grabbed up by students who had walked miles to get here, were poured into mouths and onto heads, sometimes accompanied by those little sounds you make when a cold splash catches you by surprise.

From passing cars, the students were treated to honks of support, which they often answered with cheers. Some of the cars were themselves filled with students and more flags of Mexico rippling from the windows.

“Who made this country?” asked one student waving a good sized flag. He drew cheers talking about beans and tortillas. “We’re a whole new diverse group that this country needs,” he said. “And we’re not going anywhere. We built this country. Even if they stop us, we’re going to come back. They’re not going to stop us. We’ve been here too long.”

In the shade of the small trees, the tone was jubilant and lighthearted, like a pep rally, but there was a serious message. These teenagers were confident in their heritage of hard work, determination, and life that keeps growing.

Political consultants are saying it would be better if students would carry American flags, but these teenagers haven’t been given very good examples lately of how the American flag can be carried with their kind of pride. The red, white, and blue has been used against them this past year. Who can blame them for unfurling the red, white, and green?

I’ve seen stories that listen to these teenagers and I’ve seen stories that listen mostly to adults who think they have something more important to say. Things like: they should be more pro-American, or they should be punished for leaving school.

But that’s just the problem these days, that pro-American pretty much means pro-punishment, along with the self-proclaimed entitlement to talk right over others as if they deserve to never come from places they call their own.

I’m no political consultant, but as I was standing in the South wind that blew through the capitol gates among the splashing voices and fresh water, I was feeling that this is what America is supposed to be like.

And I haven’t felt that way in years.

Majority Of Americans Favor Letting Immigrants Stay

02 April 2006 The Associated Press

Washington: More than one-half of those questioned are open to allowing undocumented workers to obtain some temporary legal status so they can stay in the United States.

At the same time, people doubt that erecting a fence along the U.S.-Mexico border could help to fix such a complex and enduring problem, an AP-Ipsos poll found. Two-thirds do not think it would work.

"You can't go and round up 11 million people and ship them out of the country," said Robert Kelly. "It just isn't practical," he said.

The Chicago lawyer is among the 56 percent of Americans who favor offering some kind of legal status.

What do you think? Comments from service men and women, and veterans, are especially welcome. Send to thomasfbarton@earthlink.net. Name, I.D., address withheld unless publication requested. Replies confidential.

GI Special Looks Even Better Printed Out

The following have posted issues; there may be others:

<http://www.williambowles.info/gispecial/2006/index.html>;

http://robinlea.com/GI_Special/; <http://qi-special.iraq-news.de>;

http://www.traprockpeace.org/qi_special/; <http://www.uruknet.info/?p=-6&l=e>;

<http://www.albasrah.net/magalat/english/qi-special.htm>

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