

Military Resistance 9F5

“How Can You Ask a Man to Be the Last Man to Die in ~~Vietnam~~?”

AFGHANISTAN



**Army's 101st Pays High Price
For Afghan Surge Year:
“The Screaming Eagles Lost 131
Soldiers, The Most Killed In A
Single Deployment For The Unit
Since Vietnam, With Many More
Wounded Or Injured”**

**“They Spent The Year Chasing
Ghosts Across Mountain Ridges And
Feeling Frustrated”
“We’re Supposed To Be Nice And
Friendly And Try To Help Them Out, And
We’ve Got These Guys Who Have
Infiltrated”**



April 30, 2011: Soldiers from the 1st Brigade Combat Team, 101st Airborne Division, at a memorial plaque at Forward Operating Base Fenty in Jalalabad, Afghanistan, for soldiers killed in the country. The division lost 131 soldiers during the yearlong deployment. (AP Photo/Kristin M. Hall)

[Thanks to Pham Binh, Military Resistance Organization, who sent this in.]

KRISTIN M. HALL, Associated Press. [Excerpts]

JALALABAD, Afghanistan — The soldiers of the Army’s famed 101st Airborne Division deployed to Afghanistan confident their counterinsurgency expertise would once again turn a surge strategy into a success but are headed home uncertain of lasting changes on the battlefield.

What progress was made in improving security and governance came at a high price:

The division known as the Screaming Eagles lost 131 soldiers, the most killed in a single deployment for the unit since Vietnam, with many more wounded or injured.

The 101st has been a force in America's major conflicts since World War II, when it was first formed for the 1944 Allied invasion of Normandy.

In the eyes of many of the troops returning to Fort Campbell on the Kentucky-Tennessee line, they spent the year chasing ghosts across mountain ridges and feeling frustrated by the slow pace of the nearly ten-year war.

When explaining what the division accomplished in the year at war, the division's commander, Maj. Gen. John F. Campbell, can rattle off statistics from memory — thousands of weapons caches found, thousands of insurgent fighters killed and dozens of districts with improved security.

But the one figure he often ends with is the number of soldiers under his command who were killed.

Campbell kept notecards with the names and photos of each soldier, held together by a rubber band in his uniform's pocket. By the end of the deployment, the stack was as thick as a paperback book.

"We had some very, very kinetic events," he said after arriving home at Fort Campbell.

In addition to fighting, troops also worked to train their Afghan military counterparts.

But the relationship was strained at times, especially after incidents like one in November when a lone gunman from the Afghan Border Police shot and killed six soldiers from the division.

Cpl. Andrew Barnett, 28, from B Company, 2-327 Infantry Regiment, said trusting Afghans was difficult, especially when his unit got an intelligence report that indicated Afghan soldiers were communicating with insurgent fighters about their positions at a combat outpost in Kunar province.

"It's kind of frustrating because we're supposed to be nice and friendly and try to help them out, and we've got these guys who have infiltrated or are paying their buddies to give information," Barnett said

**POLITICIANS CAN'T BE COUNTED
ON TO HALT THE BLOODSHED
THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO
STOP THE WARS**

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

Texas Sgt. Killed In Afghanistan



U.S. Army Sgt. Joshua David Powell, 28, of Quitman, Texas, and three others were killed during an attack on their mounted patrol by insurgents using an improvised explosive device June 4, 2011 in Afghanistan. (AP photo/U.S. Army)

Mississippi Soldier Killed In Afghanistan



U.S. Army Cpl. Christopher Roger Bell, 21, of Golden, Miss., and three others were killed during an attack on their mounted patrol by insurgents using an improvised explosive device on June 4, 2011 in Afghanistan. (AP photo/U.S. Army)

Foreign Occupation “Servicemember” Killed Somewhere Or Other In Afghanistan Monday: Nationality Not Announced

June 6, 2011 Reuters

A foreign servicemember died following an insurgent attack in southern Afghanistan today.

Cohocton Soldier Dies in Afghanistan



Spc. Devin Arielle Snyder (AP photo/U.S. Army)

6/06 13wham.com

Cohocton, N.Y. – Devin Snyder, 20, a specialist in the U.S. Army Military Police, was killed in Afghanistan on Saturday, June 4.

Specialist Snyder is survived by her parents, Ed and Dineen of Cohocton, a sister Natasha Snyder; a niece, Ariel; and two brothers, Derek and Damien Snyder—listed on Wayland- Cohocton School District’s Website.

Snyder’s father, Edward Snyder is a U.S. Navy veteran.

Her brother Damien serves in the U.S. Army. Her sister Natasha is serving in the U.S. Navy.

Miamisburg Marine Killed In Afghanistan

June 7, 2011 WHIOTV

MIAMISBURG, Ohio -- Flags are being flown at half-staff in Miamisburg in honor of a fallen Marine.

Cpl. Paul Zanowick was killed over the weekend in Afghanistan in a battle while conducting combat operations in the Helmand Province.

Zanowick was a 2006 graduate of Miamisburg High School.

High School Coach Melvin Johnson said, "Whatever we asked him to do, he was willing to do it. He was a team player and he wasn't a superstar but whatever we wanted him do he did for us."

Miamisburg Mayor Dick Church ordered the flags lowered. Zanowick was an Eagle Scout growing up in the local community.

"They would come to our council meetings quite often because Paul was working on a merit badge of some sort and I remember the smile. He always had a smile," Church said. It is the sacrifice to his country and community that deemed him a hero.

At this time, funeral plans are still being worked out. News Center 7 was told that Zanowick's parents are in Delaware for the transferring of his body back to Wright-Patterson Air Force Base.

Red Bay Native Killed In Afghanistan

June 5, 2011 Times Daily

A former Red Bay resident was among four Army soldiers killed Saturday in Afghanistan by an improvised exploding device.

Christopher Roger Bell, 21, was killed along with three other members of the 3rd Platoon, 164th Military Police Unit, while on patrol.

Bell, his wife, Samantha, and their 1-year-old daughter, Lana, lived at the unit's base in Anchorage, Alaska, his mother, Barbara Bell, said.

Bell had been in the Army for three years and was considering a career in the military or law enforcement, his mother said.

He is the fifth Shoals area soldier killed in the war on terrorism in Iraq or Afghanistan.

Australian Soldier Killed In Oruzgan

07 Jun, 2011 By BENJAMIN PREISS, The Canberra Times

Australia has lost its fourth soldier in days in Afghanistan.

The Australian Defence Force says the soldier was killed in Oruzgan province yesterday.

His family has been notified but are yet to make a statement.

The death brings the number of Australian casualties in Afghanistan to 27, and is the fourth in two weeks.

The grim news comes a day after the bodies of two diggers killed in Afghanistan were returned to Melbourne.

Resistance Action: Politician Beheaded

June 6 Associated Press

Police found the beheaded body of a politician in central Afghanistan on Tuesday, three days after he was captured by suspected Taliban-linked militants.

Jawad Zahaak was head of the provincial council in Bamiyan, seen as one of the country's most peaceful areas and among the first wave of places to transition from Western to Afghan security control from around July.

He was captured while travelling in the neighbouring province of Parwan on Saturday and his beheaded body was found dumped near a main road, Parwan police chief Sher Ahmad Maladani told AFP.

Maladani added that the police had tried to rescue Zahaak but had not succeeded.

[Hard to argue with that.]

KABUL, Afghanistan — The Taliban attacked a police checkpoint in southern Afghanistan, killing two policemen and capturing five others, an Afghan official said Monday.

They said two of the other policemen at the checkpoint “were Taliban puppets” and had told them when to attack.

Hashim Noorzai, district governor of Khash Rod, told AFP the rogue policemen had since disappeared.

Weapons, ammunition and equipment were also captured in the attack in the province of Nimroz on Sunday.

A Sunday attack in Nimroz province also wounded two police officers, said Hashim Noorzai, district governor of Khash Rod. Nimroz is a sparsely populated, arid province near Iran and Pakistan that Taliban fighters and smugglers often use as a staging area.

More Toast



Oil tankers set ablaze by a bomb blast near the main border crossing of Torkham, on the outskirts of Landikotal on June 7, 2011. A bomb blast hit four trucks carrying fuel to U.S.-forces in Afghanistan in the northwestern tribal region of Khyber, local government officials said. REUTERS/Shahid Shinwari

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

ENOUGH OF THIS SHIT; ALL HOME NOW



US soldiers make their way through heavy sandstorm inside their camp near Sangin, Helmand Province, Afghanistan, June 4, 2011. (AP Photo/Anja Niedringhaus)

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

**I say that when troops cannot be counted on to follow orders because they see the futility and immorality of them THAT is the real key to ending a war.
-- Al Jaccoma, Veterans For Peace**

Addicted To War For The Love of Money



Photograph by Mike Hastie

From: Mike Hastie
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Sent: June 06, 2011
Subject: Addicted To War For The Love of Money

Addicted To War For The Love of Money

The most evil piece of real estate the world has ever known is the Pentagon.

America has become the world's bounty hunter with the invention of deadly drones.

If drones had been invented by the U.S. Government 400 years ago, we would have slaughtered the American Indians over night.

Let alone hanging Apache children from trees like Christmas ornaments.

The U.S. Government is barbaric.

That is the great truth that has great silence.

**Mike Hastie
U.S. Army Medic
Vietnam 1970-71
June 6, 2011**

Photo and caption 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)

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**

**“Somebody Dropped That Paper On
That Colonel's Desk In A Top Secret
Facility”**

**“The Air Force And FBI Knew That,
Whoever Did It, Antiwar Dissent Now
Reached Deep Into Even Highly Trained,
Highly Motivated Special Operations
Units”**

Vietnam GI

January, 1969

Free to Servicemen

"... he threw his rifle at his Commanding Officer..."



Below is an interview with a Marine who didn't like the war and figured out why. This guy is a Platoon SGT with five years in the Green Marines and over a year in Hanoi, mostly as long range recon with Charlie Company, 3rd Reconnaissance Battalion. VGI looks to him while he was on leave meeting his second team near Sonhe he doesn't ETS until 1973 we've left out his name.

interview

VGI: What are some of the things you saw and did that you also decided in the middle of Nam not to fight anymore?
A: Well, I was things what COL Bill Fisher, when he would call his men to dismount their personal weapons (machine-guns) like them out on a company deep and put them back together once they got out. He went into a village and told them, "Are there any VC here?" The village chief usually said "No, because I know what's happen to him. Then COL Fisher said, "Well, if there is any Viet Cong in this village, we'll show what's going to happen. The next one of his faint men up to the house, he came back to see if there was anybody in it or not. Later we found out there was a woman in there who was real ugly, she couldn't move or anything. She was burned to death. It was terrible. And seeing guys being mangled in a machine gun. A full grown man weighed about two pounds after he was brought in as a sack of raw flesh or something like that.

WHEN HAWKS RETIRE

All of us who've had our "first" trips to Suway Nam and Sonhe Korea shouldn't feel guilty about agreeing with "gals" from the Government. Lots of hawk politicians are taking Government trips too. Of course, they view us a little bit different.
Take Senator Edward V. Long (D-Mo), the Senate Judiciary Committee highest whose retirement in January was sponsored up to grant weekends. The good Senator decided that as a last gesture to his country he would give himself 12V to Europe. The reason was to "get firsthand information on foreign and military assistance programs." Doubtless, that's why he took his wife along.
Of special interest was his visit to Switzerland, which neither pits US aid nor wants any. It doesn't really make any difference, since as soon as Sen. Long returned from his "fact-finding mission" he retired from the Senate, thus depriving our Congress of all his "fact" (mostly on magazines and ratty hotels).
Going to and from Europe Long traveled on Senate funds, but while on TDY there, he economized by using US military aircraft and used chauffeurs to get around. The Pentagon ordered the first carpet pulled out around the world. Nothing too good for a retiring hawk politician. As the saying goes, in America we're all equal, only some are more equal than others.

As we go to press we learn that the government has finally agreed on the shape of the table and setting arrangements for the Paris talks. Now that everyone is seated and comforted, maybe we can expect further "inter-communications."
The grim fact is that while the government hanches are piling in Paris, thousands of our buddies are still dying in Nam. In fact, since they began talking last May 7,000 GIs have been killed in action.
Take our own talks, the only solution is to get the hell out of Nam, immediately. Stop talking and start shipping us home.
The next issue of VGI will discuss the Paris talks in greater detail. By that time we'll have more information on the talks and our own military situation.

VGI: How did you feel about the war when you went over there. Did your feelings change?
A: When I first went over there, I thought it would be a great thing to go, and a great new experience of being in war. I really thought it was going to be something different. But then I got put on some of these parties and I got to see the people and got to talk to the people. That was the first thing that finally changed me. I finally saw that it wasn't worth while, and that they actually don't want our help because it actually isn't help.
VGI: Did you have any contact with the Vietnamese with the people?
A: There was a place called Ben Son and for a while I was stationed down at the bridge there. This is where I lived, ate, slept, drank, everything. There were houses, right next to my tent. We had to shelter for our unit and we gave everybody the address. We had to take the people what the addresses were and they got all shook up about the whole thing, wow, they got addresses now.
VGI: What was it like, living there?
A: We lived with them, we shared our food with them. They used to really go for the little treats in the canteen, the gum and the creamer, cigarettes and everything, and so forth they'd bring back bananas. There was this one girl, her name was I can't think of her name now, I had her picture in front of me. This one girl, she really stands out in my mind because she used to come over and bring me beer every day and in time, all she wanted from us was the empty boxes of cigarettes, that's all she wanted, the empty boxes. But then we started putting little things in the empty boxes and told her we wanted her to have them.
VGI: What would she want with the empty boxes?
A: I don't know, the Vietnamese people, they could take an empty can of something and make something out of it. She made me a cigarette which she had made out of a certain tin. She had pointed it out with a nail and a hammer. It had a little hole in it and I wore it all the time. I actually got to feel naked after I lost it.
But yet, later on, during the Tet holidays, the Viet Cong came in and burned out half of the village, and the survivors usually were in groups. In order to stop them, the VC took this girl and they cut off her breasts. She was brought up to the hospital and later she died.
VGI: Did the brass give you any state about living with the Vietnamese?
A: The brass didn't let me get into trouble was, there was a convoy of about 12 to 14 trucks. I think it was. We had a whole bunch of plywood on it and we took this plywood over to a village chief in Nam Son, he was one of

the ones. We dropped off something like 14 sheets of plywood. Naturally, when we got back, there was one truckload of plywood missing, and they asked where it was. They later found out that I had given it to this village chief, not for my own good relations with him, but because there was times when we didn't get enough of our observations. Food and they brought us food, so we gave them something else in return.
VGI: What are some of the things you saw and did that you also decided in the middle of Nam not to fight anymore?
A: Well, I was things what COL Bill Fisher, when he would call his men to dismount their personal weapons (machine-guns) like them out on a company deep and put them back together once they got out. He went into a village and told them, "Are there any VC here?" The village chief usually said "No, because I know what's happen to him. Then COL Fisher said, "Well, if there is any Viet Cong in this village, we'll show what's going to happen. The next one of his faint men up to the house, he came back to see if there was anybody in it or not. Later we found out there was a woman in there who was real ugly, she couldn't move or anything. She was burned to death. It was terrible. And seeing guys being mangled in a machine gun. A full grown man weighed about two pounds after he was brought in as a sack of raw flesh or something like that.
VGI: Did you see any other incidents like that?
A: There was this little village just out of Ben Son where we located our base and got our ice. It's not pretty, it's really nice, it was this small village, maybe 16 or 17 houses. It was a "gray" or "white" village, off and on there'd be Viet Cong visiting the area. No helicopters at all, they'd just go in there to be resupplied. Yet one day, they found out that VC were coming into that village and they called "Puff" "Puff" came over and leveled the whole village down. I think maybe three people lived out of the whole thing. One was a little baby about two years old whose mother and father was gone.
The day the guys were dropped this little two year old, she took this little red shirt. When we went on to and I was brought back back toys and snacks and things like that. It was really something, because they don't get too many trucks over there. We'd get a few camp trucks and stuff like that from Hong Kong. They were really surprised to see the new toys. I mean, the toys they play with, old machine guns and stuff like that, see their toys. They're a fascinating people. If you have any opportunity to see them, to get to know them. They're really great.
VGI: How do you think they feel about us?
A: This one incident, I know of the letter one north Vietnamese who was down south wrote to his brother in north who was interest on coming down.

Continued on page 8

May 31, 2011 By Jan Barry, Earthwater.blogspot.com

[Thanks to Robert Sharlet, Jeff Sharlet's brother, who sent this in. He writes: "In the attached link, Jan Barry just put up a great story of his Air Force brother in '68, and a rogue copy of VGI landing on the CO's desk at a top secret Cold War base in Hawaii. Just goes to show how effectively subversive you guys were with the paper.

[Bravo, Bob]

One of the most outlandish protests of the war in Vietnam, in the eyes of minders of military tradition, was a small independent newspaper, "Vietnam GI," published by Jeff Sharlet, a feisty veteran of the early secretive stage of the conflict.

With a top secret clearance and training in translating Vietnamese, Sharlet served in Army Security Agency operations in 1963-64 that monitored radio communications by both sides in what he came to see as a civil war in which the US government was

propping up a corrupt, dysfunctional regime of revolving door generals and would-be dictators.

In the tradition of Ben Franklin-style colonial-era newspapers that challenged the coercive actions of the British empire, of Frederick Douglass' "North Star" challenge of the entrenched institution of slavery, and of numerous other examples of journalism-activism in American history, Sharlet launched an antiwar newspaper for GIs, written by active duty GIs and young veterans of the controversial war in Southeast Asia.

Starting in January 1968, copies of the "underground" newspaper were widely distributed to soldiers, sailors, airmen and marines across the US and in Vietnam via informal networks of servicemen and women willing to challenge the official rationales for waging that war.

[For more on the hows of distribution by mail to troops in Vietnam, see the letter below. T]

Volunteer staff and contributing editors were members and supporters of the then-fledgling Viet Nam Veterans Against the War. Sharlet paid for the initial printing with funds from a Woodrow Wilson Graduate Fellowship he had won for studies at the University of Chicago. Fundraisers with an array of peace movement supporters kept the monthly publication afloat.

Sometime in the spring of 1968, my brother Ted visited me in New York City and drolly told a story about how a copy of "Vietnam GI" had set off a big commotion in an Air Force special operations unit.

It seems that a copy of the paper mysteriously appeared on the commanding officer's desk in a highly secure area of a base in Hawaii.

The unit did helicopter rescue missions for air crews whose planes crashed in the Pacific Ocean. It also, secretly, retrieved capsules from satellites that took photos of the Soviet Union and other places of interest to the US military.

Spying my name among the culprits on the masthead of this antiwar rag, Air Force investigators called in the FBI and targeted Ted, a paramedic in the air-sea rescue detachment.

"Whose side are you on?" the commander demanded.

The agitated colonel, who had lost a brother in the war, proposed that my brother join him in a raid on North Vietnam.

The FBI agents flipped out a document that they said was a psychological profile of Ted's radical brother, who resigned from West Point after serving in Vietnam. They implied that Ted was likely in his brother's orbit.

Ted, who professed ignorance of the newspaper's appearance in their midst, was saved by a lieutenant who noted that the airman was a highly regarded member of his crew, who had jumped out of helicopters with rescue gear to save pilots who crash-landed in the ocean.

But the damage to military decorum was done.

Somebody dropped that paper on that colonel's desk in a top secret facility.

The Air Force and FBI knew that, whoever did it, antiwar dissent now reached deep into even highly trained, highly motivated special operations units.

Jeff Sharlet came out of that milieu, working in secretive communications-intercept units in Vietnam that other GIs called "the spooks."

Working with Jeff — who abruptly died way too soon at 27 of kidney cancer in June 1969 — was a big step in my education that the hidden truth of what happens in wars can be revealed by participants willing to counter the official mythologies.

Jeff Sharlet's ripples of influence on the Vietnam-era antiwar GI movement have been memorialized in numerous books, publications for GIs challenging the war in Iraq and at least two websites.

"The most dramatic tribute," noted Jeff's brother Bob Sharlet in a widely researched wikipedia entry, "has been the award-winning documentary, Sir! No Sir! (2005), on the Vietnam GI anti-war movement screened in theaters across the country... co-dedicated to Sharlet, as the director David Zeiger put it, 'for starting it all.'"

Another fitting tribute is Bob's son, Jeff Sharlet, the investigative journalist and author of *The Family and C Street*, among other works.

For more information:

[http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeff_Sharlet_\(Vietnam_anti-war_activist\)](http://en.wikipedia.org/wiki/Jeff_Sharlet_(Vietnam_anti-war_activist))

http://jeffsharletandvietnamgi.blogspot.com/2011_02_01_archive.html

<http://jeffsharlet-and-vietnamgi.com.yolasite.com/>

MORE:

Mailing *Vietnam GI* To Vietnam GIs

Each issue mailed used a different wholesome name and return address in order to get past the surveillance and interference of the military mail service, and to protect the troop receiving it. "Nekoksjy, here's your Vietnam GI" would not have been brilliant at mail-call.

The letter below is an example of a bogus return name, with correct address, so that letters with *Vietnam GI* that could not be not delivered would be returned. Another name used, for example, was the Presbyterian Pen Pan Club

Some envelopes of each issue mailed were returned to sender with a note on the envelope that the addressee had been killed in action. It was not a good day when those came.

Subscribers caught with the paper in their possession routinely told command they had no idea why they were receiving it, to avoid punishment, formal or informal. Thus the letter below.

We would usually be contacted later by letter from the subscriber with an alternative APO mailing address, usually to another soldier in the same unit who was also opposed to the war.

One soldier caught distributing Vietnam GI was forced to walk point on numerous patrols. He survived.

T

DEPARTMENT OF THE ARMY
HEADQUARTERS 1ST CAVALRY DIVISION (AIRMOBILE)
Office of the Division Staff Judge Advocate
APO San Francisco 96490

AVDAJA

7 June 1968

Barton Consultants
202 E 7th Street
New York, New York 10009

Re: Vietnam GI

Gentlemen:

I regret to inform you that someone is using your address to distribute an obscene, poorly edited "Newspaper" which intentionally does serious violence to the truth - "Vietnam GI".

The "Newspaper's" political philosophy is of no consequence. People here are dying to preserve freedom of the "press" among other things. The addressee of this "Newspaper", one PFC John P. Hiatt, Company A, 5th Bn, 7th Cav, APO 96490, has asked that he be spared any further exposure to the immature filth represented therein. He asks that you be advised of his feelings in the event you have some control over those who distribute this so-called "Newspaper".

Sincerely yours,



ZANE E. FINKELSTEIN
LTC, JAGC
Division Staff Judge Advocate

Copy furnished:
FBI, 201 E 69th St,
New York, N.Y. 10021

MORE:

Vietnam GI: Reprints Available



Vietnam: They Stopped An Imperial War

Edited by Vietnam Veteran Jeff Sharlet from 1968 until his death, this newspaper rocked the world, attracting attention even from Time Magazine, and extremely hostile attention from the chain of command.

The pages and pages of letters in the paper from troops in Vietnam condemning the war are lost to history, but you can find them here.

Military Resistance has copied complete sets of Vietnam GI. The originals were a bit rough, but every page is there. Over 100 pages, full 11x17 size.

Free on request to active duty members of the armed forces.

Cost for others: \$15 if picked up in New York City. For mailing inside USA add \$5 for bubble bag and postage. For outside USA, include extra for mailing 2.5 pounds to wherever you are.

Checks, money orders payable to: The Military Project

Orders to:
Military Resistance
Box 126
2576 Broadway
New York, N.Y.
10025-5657

All proceeds are used for projects giving aid and comfort to members of the armed forces organizing to resist today's Imperial wars.

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN THE MILITARY?

Forward Military Resistance along, or send us the address if you wish and we'll send it regularly. Whether in Afghanistan, 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 wars, inside the armed services and at home. Send email requests to address up top or write to: The Military Resistance, Box 126, 2576 Broadway, New York, N.Y. 10025-5657. Phone: 888.711.2550

**“I Came To Washington In The
High Afternoon Of The Imperial
American Presidency, Although
We Did Not Recognize As Such
At The Time”**

**“Washington, After All, Is Built For
Murder And Cheap Melodrama
Concocted Under The Shroud”**

“It Goes With The Imperial Territory”

**“Reluctance, Under Senator Talmadge’s
Questions, To Draw The Line At Murder
As A Proper Presidential Activity In
Stringent Cases Suggests How Detached
From People Government Has Become”**

[“Moods Of Washington” 1974]

When it was merely giving itself airs by showing us through Internal Revenue how it could terrorize us out of our last cent it was still tolerable; when it starts telling us it might even have the right to murder us for its own good — national security — one starts to wonder.

Comment: T

There is much to dispute in this magnificently written article, for instance the passing remark exaggerating the importance of political donations by unions to congressional campaigns, but Baker hated the Empire and knew it well, a long time ago.

As Republicans press their attacks on the Obama regime, there has been recent whining by assorted apologists for the regime that the government is not the enemy.

In 1974, as now, the government certainly is the enemy, and has been for a long time before that.

It is the mechanism by which the wealthy who rule the society exercise their power for their own benefit, and to keep the rest of us down. The police, courts and prisons and two-party farce are their police, courts and prisons, and two-party farce.

They think the troops are their troops as well. That remains to be seen.

1974: By Russell Baker, Columnist, New York Times. Reprinted in the book *So This Is Depravity*, By Russell Baker; Congdon And Lattes, New York, 1980

I came to Washington in the high afternoon of the imperial American Presidency, although we did not recognize as such at the time.

Eisenhower, two years into his peaceful occupation of the White House, was a gentle Caesar, more a homespun Marcus Aurelius than great Julius, certainly no Caligula, but the imperial machinery was already in place awaiting the dynamic *imperatores*, Kennedy and Johnson, and after them the Whittier brooder doomed to inherit the whirlwind.

Washington today is a far world removed from that pastoral age of simple-minded follies and small-bore Rasputins.

We were placid and smug with Eisenhower and, Lord!, life was dull here then, but the sense of stability was overwhelming, and under its slumberous ease we took permanence for granted, deplored pessimists and looked forward to an even more golden age when our children would inherit the good life assured by American wealth and power.

And now — panic, dismay, fever, despair.

The world is turned upside down.

The Huns are at the city gates. The Presidency is a ruin, the Congress a dilapidation.

Power is ebbing. The good life is flowing away through our fingers.

Everything comes unstuck and nothing works. We sit in the gasoline lines and curse, and seek comfort in sour mirth.

Despite the air of collapse and spoilation, however, or perhaps because of it, the city is also infected with a morbid exhilaration.

Washington, after all, is built for murder and cheap melodrama concocted under the shroud.

It goes with the imperial territory.

Nasty though it is, a taste for it is in the marrow, and Washington can no more resist the appetite than a piney-woods mob can resist attending a lynching.

“The Great Celebrities Are Those With The Smell Of Rascality On Them”

Nixon apologists have noted the cruel assiduity with which the Washington reporters have undone their tormented captain, peeling away the once impenetrable imperial flesh layer by layer, stripping him down to the bare bones of Haig, Ziegler, Kissinger and Shultz.

Dreadful it may be to the fastidious and the gentlemanly, but, ah, is it not exciting? After the bland porridge of the first Nixon term this garish and awful circus has its compensations. In the Haldeman-Ehrlichman reign, Washington was Des Moines on a Sunday in February. Now it has celebrities again.

The great celebrities are those with the smell of rascality on them. To see someone who has been indicted, to meet a man who wakes in the night with the clank of jail doors echoing out of his dreams — that is the new delight.

Rubbernecks lunching at Sans Souci now strain for a glimpse of Jeb Magruder or Maurice Stans. That splendid showcase room falls into reverential awe for a rare appearance by James McCord. Not an archbishop ascending to the altar, but the famous Watergate burglar himself, who first spilled those fateful beans to Judge Sirica.

Charles Colson, who used to pride himself on such loyalty to Richard Nixon as might stamp his boot marks on his grandmother, is one of Sans Souci's dependable attractions.

Coarse japes circle the room as Colson sits to order, for everyone is mindful that he has publicly turned to Jesus since the likelihood of criminal indictment began to trouble him, and cynicism about timely conversions is part of the city's adaptation to the disagreeable new reality.

I do not report this with approval or satisfaction. No great sensitivity is required to recoil from it, but there, nevertheless, are the facts.

The obscene and the grotesque have become the commonplace.

I was strolling Pennsylvania Avenue past the White House one day recently when the driver leaned from the window of a speeding car and screamed a string of unimaginative sailor's obscenities at our absent President. A few days earlier, a madman had been killed at the Baltimore airport in the act of stealing an airliner which he had planned to dive, suicidally and homicidally, into the White House.

“The Pentagon Thunders Blindly On Out Of All Human Control”

Omens of a civilization coming unhinged are not associated exclusively with the Watergate affair. Unrelated breakdowns of the system add to the general sense of Gotterdammerung just around the corner.

The Government has surrendered before inflation, and has nothing to suggest but prayer.

The Federal Energy Office has six new pronouncements every day, and each conflicts with the one before. William Simon, ordering dramatic emergency allocations of gasoline that may or may not exist, is like absurd Glendower boasting, “I can call spirits from the vasty deep,” to whom fierce Percy — the oil cartel? — replied, “Why, so can I . . . but will they come when you do call for them?”

The Pentagon thunders blindly on out of all human control.

In this celebrated first year of peace with honor it will spend more money than during any year of the Vietnam war.

When peace has become more expensive than war, does it not follow that to cut the budget we must go to war? And if so, can anybody, anybody at all, possibly be in charge here?

Wild ironies abound.

It has been duly observed that Mr. Nixon's staunchest remaining defenders are those very same heathen Communists he used to denounce as scourges of the planet.

The paradox, while amusing, is not inexplicable.

His power was once greater than theirs, and the example of its ruin, of how quickly such steel can turn to ash, must wake them in the Kremlin night with visions of rioting in the G.U.M. and graffiti on Lenin's tomb.

At such times the brotherhood of power is more affecting than old theological Billingsgate.

“We Have Seen A Curious Tendency For Government People To Differentiate Between Duty To Government And Duty To Country In A Most Ominous Way”

I went to the Rayburn Building the other day on trifling business. It was an appalling experience. I had forgotten how preposterous the thing is with its pretentious megatonnage of rock and steel spreading acre after acre down the slope of Capitol Hill in sullen defiance to eternity and man.

It dwarfs the forum of the Caesars. Mussolini would have sobbed in envy.

Inside, one is compelled to dwell upon the insignificance of humanity. Not a single tiny wisp of beauty, nothing that is graceful, or charming, or eccentric, or human presents itself to the senses.

Trying to imagine Clay and Webster in this celebration of the death of the spirit, erected to the glory that was Congress, is an exercise in comic despair.

What do we have?

Banks of stainless-steel elevators. Miracles of plumbing. Corridors of cemetery marble stretching to far horizons under the most artificial light unlimited millions of dollars can create, a light that abides no shadow, grants no privacy, tolerates nothing that is interesting in the slightest degree

Occasionally a small figure appeared in the distance, grew larger, then larger, then assumed human proportion, then passed and became smaller, and smaller, and smaller. Two ants had passed in a pyramid.

And for what? Why, for office space for our House of Representatives. Not for all 435 of them either, although it is big enough for all 435, as well as the Senate's too, and the resident population of Syracuse, New York, with room left over in the basements for the Parthenon and the tomb of King Victor Emmanuel.

I go on about the Rayburn Building because it is such an eloquent expression of the sterile grandiosity which has beset Washington since the modest days of the Eisenhower pastorate. One sees efforts everywhere to emulate its arrogance.

The Kennedy Center nearly succeeds for barefaced oppression of the individual spirit. Poor Lincoln, down the road a piece in his serene little Greek temple, would be crumpled like a candy wrapper if the Kennedy Center could flex an elbow.

The Pentagon of the warlike forties is matched by a monstrous new Copagon, home for the FBI, astride Pennsylvania Avenue.

The vast labyrinths bordering the Mall would make a Minotaur beg for mercy.

My misgivings are not about the wretched architects, who must give Washington what it pays for, but about their masters who have chosen to abandon the human scale for the Stalinesque.

Man is out of place in these ponderosities. They are designed to make man feel negligible, to intimidate him, to overwhelm him with evidence that he is a cipher, a trivial nuisance in the great institutional scheme of things.

Those most likely to be affected are men who work in such arrogant surroundings. And so, it is not surprising that of late we have seen a curious tendency for Government people to differentiate between duty to Government and duty to country in a most ominous way.

It is as if the United States Government were a separate power to which Washington owes prime loyalty, and the people at large an obstreperous ally, a less truculent France, perhaps, to be guardedly eyed and kept in line.

Government is revered for itself, is conceived even outside Washington among much of the population as a sort of private, almost sacred entity whose business is not necessarily any of the public's business.

“An Adventurer Like Daniel Ellsberg Who Betrays The Sacred Scrolls And The Secret Handshake Is Hounded And Tormented To Give Example To Potential Heretics”

Like some vast industrial combine in the soap or processed-food business, the Government now spends hundreds of millions of dollars in public relations and advertising to persuade us of the excellences of its products (war, tax forms, détente, etc.) and to engineer our agreeability to its policies.

An adventurer like Daniel Ellsberg who betrays the sacred scrolls and the secret handshake is hounded and tormented to give example to potential heretics of the price the Government can exact from whoever dares step out of the lodge.

At the very top we see President Nixon engaged in public veneration of the office of the Presidency. When he speaks of it as an institution beyond common public obligation to submit to law, one thinks of a bishop contemplating the Trinity.

John Ehrlichman's reluctance, under Senator Talmadge's questions, to draw the line at murder as a proper presidential activity in stringent cases suggests how detached from people Government has become.

When it was merely giving itself airs by showing us through Internal Revenue how it could terrorize us out of our last cent it was still tolerable; when it starts telling us it might even have the right to murder us for its own good — national security — one starts to wonder.

Yet much of the public and even distinguished thinkers hesitate to side with people when the question involves Government's rights.

No less a philosopher than Chief Justice Burger was outraged by Ellsberg's publication of classified documents. They belonged to the Government, Burger reasoned, and Ellsberg had no more right to give them to the people than he would have had to filch another man's private property off a taxicab seat.

The Government, of course, commonly leaks classified documents when it deems publication convenient to manipulate public opinion to its advantage.

Ellsberg's documents threatened to manipulate opinion adversely.

Only the Government, it seems, has a legal right to manipulate opinion with hot documents.

The Rayburn Building, for all its monstrosity, contains, finally, a mouse. It is a monument to Congress, and as Eugene McCarthy used to observe before forsaking the Senate for poetry, monuments exist to memorialize the dead.

Completed in the 1960's when Congress had become a spare tire on the imperial presidential machine, the building tells us something about congressional envy of executive power.

If Congress was to have little say about which Asiatic countries we would ravage, about how many billions were to be thinned from the citizenry's purse, about whether we would build a civilized or a barbaric order in the United States or whether we should all risk incineration to save presidential face, it could at least have the biggest house in town.

A sad and touching monument to impotence.

“Congress Likes Things As They Are. It Likes Its Role Of Slopping More Gravy To The Hogs”

And now, of course, it confronts the monumental question of the age: impeachment.

It is endlessly fascinating to watch the terror with which Congress edges toward its dreadful trial. One thinks of an old heavyweight, retired these many years, coming out of his easeful dotage to fight the champion. He has no stomach for it, or more correctly, too much stomach for it. Training is an agony, his legs have forgotten how to work, he gasps and pants and chuffs at the big bag, and has nightmares about the moment when he must finally be alone on his own in the ring.

His hangers-on struggle to infuse him with courage.

They shower him with press clippings attesting to the champion's enfeeblement, revealing that the champion's jab has lost its sting, that his hook is gone, that he has been knocked down by sparring partners, that Las Vegas is dropping the odds to even money.

Congress is not persuaded. It has soaked so long in the juices of its own mediocrity that its confidence has withered. It is fearful of Presidents and, therefore, deferential to a fault. It knows how to vote its powers away to Presidents, and how to complain when they use them, but it has been a long time since it seriously considered itself in the imperial weight class with Presidents.

Congress is not suited for this sort of work.

In its declining years it has adapted itself for unambitious service chores.

These days it is fitted principally for servicing the powerful and the rich, who repay the obligation by picking up the bills for reelecting Congressmen, who repay the obligation by assuring a perpetually rising standard of living for the rich and the powerful, the labor unions among them.

Will Congress deprive their bankrollers and themselves of this sweetheart contract by adopting reforms cutting off their special friends from private access to public lawmaking? Despite Watergate, there is no evidence that the idea has crossed any important congressional minds.

Congress likes things as they are.

It likes leaving heavy Government duties to Presidents, and would happily see Gerald Ford assume all the powers of imperial Caesar to be rid of the Nixon awkwardness.

It likes its role of slopping more gravy to the hogs. It likes being reelected by constituencies who do not know, and do not much care, who their Congressmen are.

Impeachment imperils everything. It is a congressional act of insolence to an office the electorate venerates. Being urged to strike the king is a disagreeable suggestion to a man happily tending fat sheep.

Indeed, the view of President as king is so extensive that Congressmen frequently discuss a Nixon defenestration in terms of royal head chopping.

"History does not look kindly on regicides," Senator Scott, the Republican leader, has observed, thinking no doubt of how the English exhumed the dead Puritans who had beheaded Charles I and hanged their corpses at Tyburn when the crown was restored.

The luckiest member of the House on the day an impeachment vote was taken, Senator Robert Byrd said recently in a singularly congressional metaphor, would be the man anesthetized at Bethesda Naval Hospital undergoing a hemorrhoidectomy.

Nothing would make Congress happier than a Nixon resignation, although canner Democrats would sorrow at the premature loss of such a splendid political bogey for putting the fear of Republicanism into the masses. In the main, however, Congress prays that the cup may pass and writhes in misery with each new presidential assurance that Nixon will sit it out as unbudgeably as Molotov.

Having penetrated to the heart of the Aztec kingdom and occupied the center of the capital, Tenochtitlán, Hernando Cortes and his tiny conquering army found themselves

hopelessly entrapped when the Aztecs perceived that they were not agents of heaven after all, but only a gang of boodlers.

At this stage, writes the great Prescott, "there was no longer any question as to the expediency of evacuating the capitol."

Cortes's plight in Mexico foreshadowed Richard Nixon's plight in Washington. Having penetrated to its heart with a tiny band of captains, he rapidly cultivated the sense of a conquest turned to beleaguerment.

Beyond the White House fortress he saw a city peopled with an envious and bloodthirsty multitude.

Although he had lived in Washington through the Truman and Eisenhower years, Nixon returned in 1969 with small appetite for the place. His taste runs to palm fronds and hot sand. Washington saw nothing of him, heard little and knew less. We know now that his craving for Florida and California rose in some measure from the sort of edginess that must have affected Cortes over the altar of Huizilopochtli. From inside the White House, Washington appeared to be a murderous confusion of mutinous bureaucrats, jealous and malicious newsmen, raving demonstrators and senile congressional bumbler.

To protect himself, Cortes kidnapped Montezuma, who, dying a captive in his own kingdom, left Cortes locked in his trap with nothing to save him but Spanish courage. Accounts of Cortes's bloody extrication read less like history than like an Errol Flynn screenplay, and like Flynn, Cortes made it.

President Nixon's extrication struggle is scarcely less melodramatic, but the outcome is in grave doubt.

"What agitating thoughts must have crowded on the mind of (Cortes) as he beheld his poor remnant of followers thus huddled together in this miserable bivouac!" Prescott wrote of the escape's denouement. "And this was all that survived of the brilliant array with which but a few weeks since he had entered the capitol of Mexico! Where now were his dreams of conquest and empire? And what was he but a luckless adventurer, at whom the finger of scorn would be uplifted as at a madman?"

Cortes, it may comfort the President to reflect, came back to Tenochtitlán in conquering glory. The President looks forward to glory in the history books. Although his polls are miserable, his men are fond of observing that Harry Truman's were worse, and that now Truman is widely viewed as a great success in the office.

They do not point out that the Democrat Truman's term also ended in a Republican landslide, but, then, they are not much interested in politics anymore. They are fighting now for the judgment of history.

"Is There No Reward In The Toil Of Government More Satisfying Than Seeing Oneself Flattered By Drones And Hacks?"

Is there any accounting for this neurotic obsession with being well reviewed, first in the press, then in the history texts, which has characterized our past three Administrations?

Is there no reward in the toil of Government more satisfying than seeing oneself flattered by drones and hacks?

The press's surly reluctance to award President Nixon four stars and the blue ribbon with palms has eaten into the soul of good Republicans here, as everywhere, but none of them are more passionate about it than the President himself.

In one of his rare unofficial Washington appearances outside the White House, he went up Connecticut Avenue a few weeks ago to attend Alice Roosevelt Longworth's ninetieth birthday party.

Encountering reporters after the party, he fired one of those off-the-top-of-the-head shots at the newspapers which disclose how bitterly he feels the press to be the cause of all his woe.

If Mrs. Longworth "had spent all her time reading The Post, she'd be dead now — or The Star for that matter," he said, referring to the two local papers. "She stays young by not being obsessed by miserable political things all of us unfortunately think about in Washington, instead of the great things which will affect the future of the world — which The Post unfortunately seldom writes about in a responsible way."

The daughter of Theodore Roosevelt, Mrs. Longworth has lived in close communion with political Washington for most of this century. Informed later of Mr. Nixon's explanation for her longevity, Mrs. Longworth said, "Nonsense."

“Something So Unspeakable Will Eventually Happen In Washington That It Will Strike Us As Outrageous”

In those early Eisenhower years the elite of the governing classes dined each other with minuet precision. Week in and week out, one made the rounds of appointed tables to sit glassy-eyed with boredom while the officially approved dinner conversation ran its tedious course.

We talked about the Communist menace and cold war, about Eisenhower's golf and his passion for Zane Grey. Then a tidbit of gossip, some dreary news from the Capitol about Senator Lyndon Johnson's latest coup, a rumor of a new ambassadorial appointment to the Court of Zippity Zap.

Afterward, we would rise and divide sexually, the women retreating to a boudoir to discuss matters presumably too feminine for mixed conversation, the men to another chamber to hear some old Princetonian from CIA warn us against imminent Communist penetration of the Crocodile Zones, or something equally hair-raising and fatuous.

With Kennedy the ritual of Washington dining became briefly giddy. It was chic to raise a voice now and then at table. If sufficiently well connected at New Frontier headquarters, one could even throw a soft roll at a fellow diner to express disagreement and exhibit fashionable vigor.

The Middle Empire was already experiencing the collapse of manners which always accompanies the onset of decadence.

Assassination, Johnson and Vietnam occurred.

Now we went to dine with dread and horror.

It was certain that before the meal was out men would exchange accusations of treason, Fascism and related barbarities, that as the result of this dinner one's name would be entered in secret dark books known only to secretive dark men.

With Watergate, dinner went on for hours.

Everybody was astounded and delighted by everything. After the total pseudo event of the first Nixon term, there was genuine news again and genuine people behaving like genuine people. One night last fall a group of us sat down at 8 o'clock, fell onto Watergate three seconds later and were still marveling at it when a collapsed wife murmured across the tablecloth that it was 2 o'clock in the morning.

Now the elite still dine each other with minuet precision.

Week in and week out, they make the rounds of appointed tables to sit glassy-eyed-with boredom about the collapse of civilization and the Huns at the city gates.

At dinner the other night a guest interrupted the talk at the salad course, declaring, "It's time for somebody to say something outrageous."

Everyone pondered a moment, but could think of nothing.

"When the outrageous has become commonplace," someone finally observed, "nothing can possibly be outrageous anymore."

I do not entirely agree.

Something so unspeakable will eventually happen in Washington that it will strike us as outrageous.

I cannot guess what such an event might be.

It would have to be something bigger than the thermonuclear holocaust.

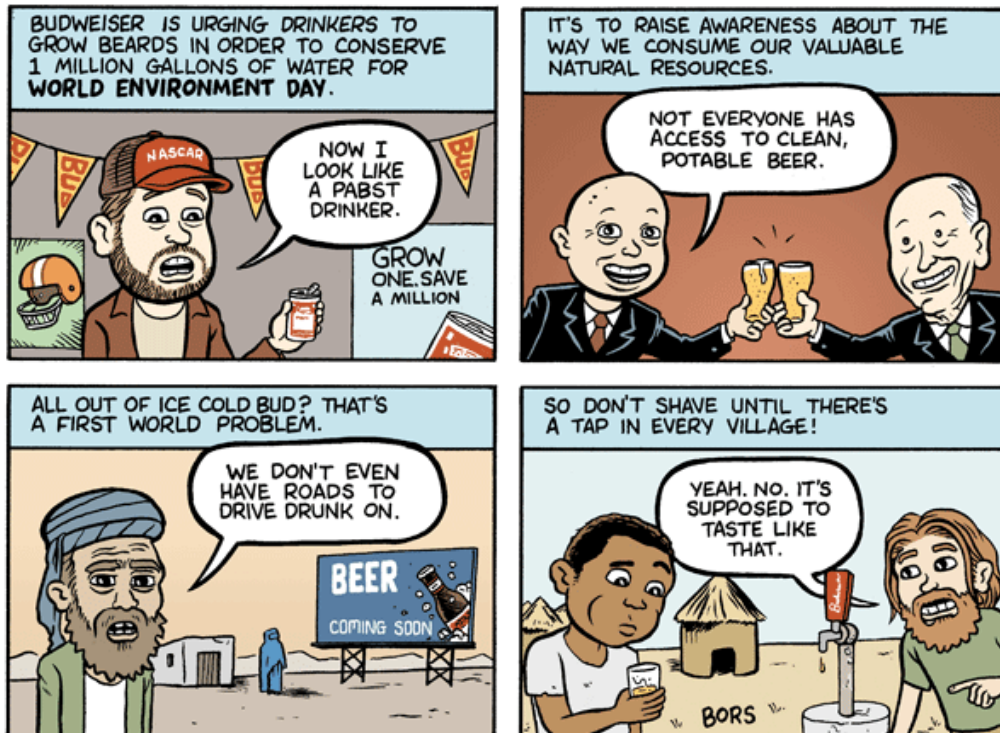
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DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



CLASS WAR REPORTS



“Stores Were Closed On Saturday And Sunday In A General Strike Across Hama, Syria’s Fourth Largest City”

“When 150,000 People Come Out To Protest In Hama, That’s Like The Whole City Marching”

“The Largest In The City Since Syria’s Uprising Began In Mid-March”

JUNE 6, 2011 By NOUR MALAS, Wall St. Journal [Excerpts]

Syrian soldiers and security forces withdrew on Sunday from the city of Hama, but residents said they were concerned President Bashar al-Assad’s forces were repositioning for a broader military attack on the city, which three decades ago suffered the bloodiest campaign against dissent in the nation’s history.

On Sunday, tens of thousands of people marched again in Hama in funeral processions for some of the 65 people killed there during nationwide protests on Friday, said Ahmed al-Hussein, a doctor in Hama who participated in the protests.

Stores were closed on Saturday and Sunday in a general strike across Hama, Syria’s fourth largest city of about 800,000 people. Hama has a Sunni Muslim majority—as does the country—with a Christian minority and virtually no Alawites, the minority sect from which Mr. Assad and his government hail.

Since Friday, Syria’s security forces have appeared to focus their crackdown on Hama, where protests were the largest in the city since Syria’s uprising began in mid-March. The Syrian Observatory for Human Rights estimates 80 people were killed in the city on Friday, but has only verified 65 names.

“When 150,000 people come out to protest in Hama, that’s like the whole city marching,” Mr. Hussein said.

Mr. Hussein said leaked, preliminary information from a local governorate office named 72 people killed, 350 injured, and 90 missing as a result of Friday’s attack on Hama, which was led by Tawfiq Younes, a high-ranking Alawite general and state security officer.

Another resident said a group of people met with a member of the mukhabarat, Syria's intelligence forces, who vowed that "if the regime was to go down, it wouldn't go down without a repeat of 1982."

Other activists also said the regime seemed to be simply repeating a pattern begun with Deraa in the south and in other protest hubs. In cities like Baniyas and Homs, a military attack followed a security siege, a cut-off of communications and rampant detentions.

"The focus hasn't been on us too much, but we've protested daily — even nightly — since day one of the protests," said a resident of Hama.

On Sunday, Internet services were cut off in Hama again, after being restored in most parts of Syria on Saturday, according to the resident. Residents and activists feared that the withdrawal of troops from the city and of tanks from the city's outskirts could indicate Mr. Assad was repositioning for a larger military attack from the outskirts. Rumors of the military's entry sent dozens of families fleeing to neighboring villages, a resident said.

"These fears are legitimate, because tanks have to withdraw from a city in order to really attack it," said Ammar Qurabi, head of the National Organization for Human Rights in Syria, who is now based in Cairo. "I doubt that they will repeat the 1982 operation in 2011," Mr. Qurabi said. "This would be suicide for Bashar al-Assad."

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