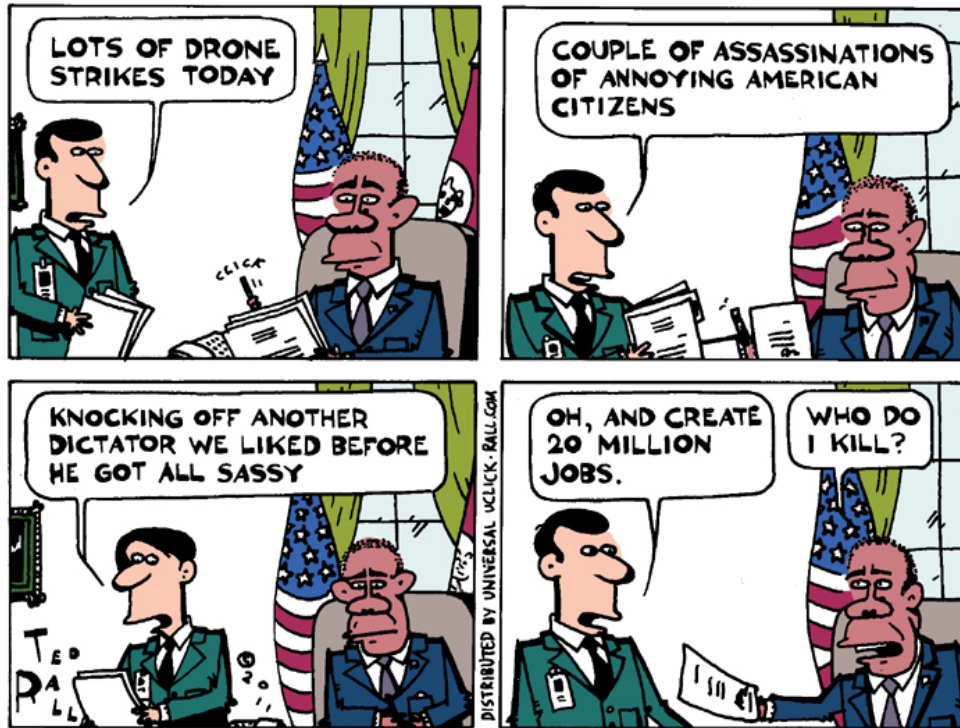


Military Resistance 9J15



Genocide

From: Dennis Serdel
To: Military Resistance
Sent: October 25, 2009
Subject: Genocide
Written by Dennis Serdel, Military Resistance 2009

Dennis Serdel, Vietnam 1967-68 (one tour) Light Infantry, Americal Div. 11th Brigade, purple heart, Veterans For Peace 50 Michigan, Vietnam Veterans Against The War, United Auto Workers GM Retiree, in Perry, Michigan

Genocide

Take a bar of soap
and stick it up his anus
but it doesn't do any good

as he defecates on the
world
So take a hand grenade
stick it up his anus
stand aside and watch
him blow up like
a suicide bomber
the people think he is
a terrorist and he is
but that is one less
of them
to kill so many people
It's time to scrub
the world
do some Elite Cleansing.
Take the tide of raging men
hang them from a rope
a cloths line
then take a broom
called a 45
cleanse both their ears
from one side to the other
it's called Elite Cleansing.
It's been done by them
many times to the poor
or unwanted people
so they can have it all
like the Palestinian
genocide in Israel today
or the genocide of Indians
in the past in the USA.
But now the new name
is Elite Cleansing
take a brush that is
a machinegun
line them up in Time's square
in front of everyone
with the cameras on
do some Elite Cleansing
leave not one standing
if they start to pray
tell them there is no god.

AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

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

October 23, 2011 Reuters

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

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

October 23, 2011 Reuters

A foreign servicemember died following an insurgent attack in eastern Afghanistan Saturday.

Lumberton Soldier Dies In Afghanistan

Sep 29, 2011 By LaMar Holliday, KIII

Private First Class David Drake, 22, was killed in his humvee Wednesday by an improvised explosive device.

His brother, William, is also in the army.

Crystal Silvey is a neighbor of the Drake family and saw when army personnel arrived with the news of David's death.

She also describes seeing David's brother in an emotional state when he learned what happened.

"I noticed a gentleman that was knelt down in the ditch area, he was obviously crying, upset and there were several people out there around him and comforting him and everything," Silvey said.

Funeral arrangements are still pending, Broussard's Mortuary will be handling the service.

This is the second soldier in southeast Texas to die within a week.

Last Friday, Sergeant Rafael Bigai Baez of Port Arthur was killed by a roadside bomb on his 28th birthday.

La Junta Medic On Fourth Combat Tour In Afghanistan Dies Flying In To Rescue Fellow Soldiers

10/16/2011 By Kirk Mitchell, The Denver Post

Staff Sgt. Robert B. Cowdrey often rushed to battle hot spots to rescue injured soldiers, sometimes even Taliban rebels.

The 39-year-old flight medic was flying into a combat area in the Kunar province of Afghanistan on Thursday when he was killed, said his father-in-law, Jay Bollacker of La Junta.

"They were rescuing people and they were under fire," Bollacker said.

"They were on a helicopter."

Though Cowdrey, who went by Brian, loved being a soldier, he had been leery about going overseas on his fourth tour of duty two months ago, Bollacker said.

"He was not anxious to go back. But he loved the military," Bollacker said. "He felt like he was helping the war effort."

Cowdrey often arrived at a battle area in a helicopter, delivered medical assistance under fire and ran a wounded soldier back to the helicopter.

"It was a very dangerous job," Bollacker said.

The decorated sergeant was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 82nd Combat Aviation Brigade, 82nd Airborne Division, out of Fort Bragg, N.C. Among many medals, he earned the Bronze Star and two Army commendations for valor.

Cowdrey, who graduated from high school in La Junta, was married and had three sons.

His oldest, Justin, enlisted in the army and is currently stationed in Germany. His other two boys are Nathan, 15, and Jacob, 13. "All of those boys said they were going into the military," Bollacker said. "He was a good disciplinarian. They loved him. He was a good man."

Cowdrey was an avid outdoorsman, who often went bow hunting. He joined the Army in June 2003.

Cowdrey served in Iraq from July 2004 to July 2005, and in Afghanistan three times — from January 2007 to February 2008, from April 2009 to March 2010, and from August until his death.

During his latest deployment he communicated frequently with his wife, Bollacker said.

**POLITICIANS CAN'T BE COUNTED ON TO HALT
THE BLOODSHED**

**THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE
WARS**

Resistance Action

October 17, 2011 CNN & 23 October 2011 BBC

The intelligence chief of northern Afghanistan's Faryab province was injured when a bomber targeted his car Monday morning, the province's deputy governor said. The attack wounded four of the intelligence chief's body guards, said provincial Deputy Governor Abdul Satar. The bomber struck the convoy of Gen. Sayed Ahmad Sadat as he was driving by on his way to work in Maimanah, capital of Faryab province.

Afghanistan's interior minister escaped an assassination attempt after a would-be suicide bomber targeted his convoy north of the capital Kabul.

Bismullah Khan had decided at the last minute not to travel in the convoy, an interior ministry spokesman said.

Earlier reports suggested Bismullah Khan had been in the convoy which had stopped on the road between Sayed Khail and Gulbahar districts to pray.

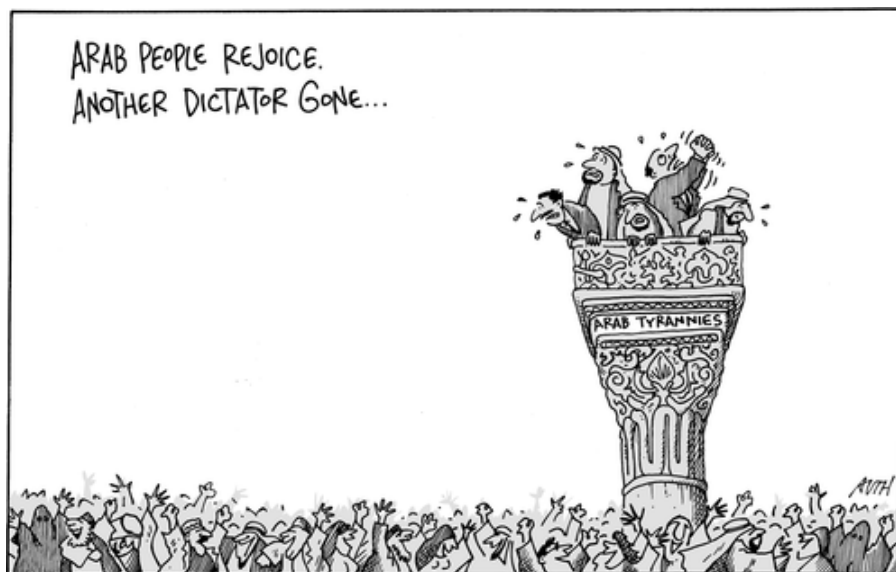
The Governor of Parwan province, Abdul Basir Salangi, told the AFP news agency that the attacker emerged from his hiding place under a nearby bridge and approached the convoy.

"The bodyguards saw him and shot him. He had a suicide vest on, but the explosives didn't explode," he said.

Interior Ministry spokesman Sediq Sediqqi told Reuters news agency that the minister had been planning to travel in the convoy, but changed his plans at the last minute for unknown reasons and sent a deputy in his usual vehicle.

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

LIBYA WAR REPORTS



Troops Invited:

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

MILITARY NEWS

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



The remains of Sgt. Christopher Diaz Oct. 1, 2011 at Dover Air Force Base, Del. Diaz, 27, of Albuquerque, N.M., died Sept. 28, 2011. He was killed by a roadside bomb in Helmand province, Afghanistan. (AP Photo/Steve Ruark)

“This Guy Is Fantastic!”

[Thanks to Pham Binh, Military Resistance Organization, & Clancy Sigal, who sent this in. Clancy Sigal writes: “this guy is fantastic!”]

[Just in case you missed it the first time.]

http://www.alternet.org/newsandviews/article/681748/marine_sargeant_military_veteran_scolds%2C_shames_nypd_for_beating_unarmed_protesters

**GET MILITARY RESISTANCE
NEWSLETTER BY EMAIL**

If you wish to receive Military Resistance immediately and directly, send request to contact@militaryproject.org. There is no subscription charge.

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

The Social-Democrats ideal should not be the trade union secretary, but the tribune of the people who is able to react to every manifestation of tyranny and oppression no matter where it appears no matter what stratum or class of the people it affects; who is able to generalize all these manifestations and produce a single picture of police violence and capitalist exploitation; who is able to take advantage of every event, however small, in order to set forth before all his socialist convictions and his democratic demands, in order to clarify for all and everyone the world-historic significance of the struggle for the emancipation of the proletariat.”

-- V. I. Lenin; What Is To Be Done

Slipping Into Madness



From: Mike Hastie
To: Military Resistance Newsletter
Sent: October 17, 2011
Subject: Assassination Drone vehicle headed to White House and General Atomics

Slipping Into Madness

**The American Assassination Drones are the piranhas of the U.S. Empire.
They are the Charles Manson weapons that will spell doom for America.
You reap what you sow.
You murder when you launch "The Reaper."
America is experiencing moral starvation.
The Pentagon has lost its mind.
America is dancing with evil.**

**Mike Hastie
Army Medic Vietnam
October 16, 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

How To Make A Billionaire Blink: “One Simple Fact Stands Out In All Of This: Class Lines Have Been Drawn And You’re Either On One Side Or The Other”

October 20, 2011 By Sherry Wolf, Sherrytalksback.wordpress.com/

Like everyone else with a social conscience and a dwindling bank account in New York City, I've been running around these days to protests and marches and mass gatherings to defend #OccupyWallStreet and extend its reach.

I'll admit, it's strange how you can spend a lifetime organizing resistance only to be somewhat startled when it actually takes off in ways you never anticipated. So much the better!

Just a quick note on last Friday morning's predawn victory against Mayor Bloomberg, whose fortunes have slipped a smidge of late — he's only the second-richest man in NYC these days (behind David Koch with \$25 billion, as opposed to Bloomberg's piddly \$19.5).

As many are aware by now, the private owners of the square being occupied, Zuccotti Park or Liberty Plaza, attempted to use the ruse of needing to clean the square in order to try and oust the movement from its encampment. Folks reading this are likely to know many of the details by now, so I won't waste time repeating them.

My point here is to highlight what I think is the single most significant factor in our victory that day, which inspired tens of thousands to take over Times Square the next evening for several hours of impromptu speeches, music and protest.

The pivotal force that made the mayor blink was the unprecedented (at least in the last 3 decades) show of confrontational unity by unions — from the Communications Workers of America and SEIU 1199 health care workers to the behemoth of them all, the AFL-CIO, that is, the national federation of millions of union workers.

In the 12 hours prior to the anticipated showdown, unions felt pressure from their members to call out their troops.

Only unlike most labor events of recent years, this was not to be some pro forma, well-choreographed affair.

This was expected to be a potential confrontation with city officials standing behind a phalanx of New York City police.

A force that has beaten, pepper-sprayed and generally disrespected the civil rights of thousands of peaceful New Yorkers these last weeks—and brutalizes Black and Brown New Yorkers as a matter of course.

As a seasoned activist, I was absolutely stunned by the unions' unanimity and defiance.

An e-mail from the AFL-CIO, sent just before 7PM Thursday evening with the subject line "Go to Wall Street. NOW," read:

"Since the protests are a truly organic movement, and aren't organized by the AFL-CIO, we can't tell you exactly what will be happening. But what we can tell you is this: the more people who can stand in solidarity at this critical moment, the better."

My own Brooklyn subway stop at 5 the next morning was abuzz with workers and students. Six young people with me on the platform had left their school in Wesleyan, Connecticut, at 2:30 in the morning to be there. We waited for the train alongside a freelance photographer, a nurse and an off-duty bus driver, all headed to the square.

By the time we arrived to defend the occupation at 5:45 am, the square was packed with the circus of humanity that NYC is known for the world over. Less than an hour later, we cheered a flat-out victory that none of us had expected to come so swiftly. The deputy mayor issued a statement (do wealthy people do anything for themselves?!) that the city was "satisfied with the cleanliness of the park."

Elation erupted. We won. We made a billionaire blink!

I have no idea where all of this is headed, and I've no doubt that some forces, including among the union officialdom, will attempt to derail this dynamism and fighting energy into the tame and harmless waters of electoralism.

But nothing, nothing is carved in stone right now.

Everything is up for grabs. What leftists do to help shape and push this struggle forward matters.

One simple fact stands out in all of this: class lines have been drawn and you're either on one side or the other.

“According To The C.I.A.’s Own Ranking Of Countries By Income Inequality, The United States Is More Unequal A Society Than Either Tunisia Or Egypt”

“The frustration in America isn’t so much with inequality in the political and legal worlds, as it was in Arab countries, although those are concerns too.

“Here the critical issue is economic inequity.

“According to the C.I.A.’s own ranking of countries by income inequality, the United States is more unequal a society than either Tunisia or Egypt.”

Columnist Nicholas D. Kristof
New York Times
October 16, 2011

Occupy Wall Street: The Excerpts Below May Be Useful In Understanding Current Events And Where Those Events Are Tending



Comment: T

The excerpts below may be useful in understanding current events and where those events are tending.

That said, one dimension not covered below may be worth considering.

Before people, especially classes, frame a clear program to fight for, it is human history that first the negation of things-as-they-are unfolds and reaches white-hot mass rage.

People tend to first puke up what they don't want before they formulate a program and plan of action to get what they do want.

Occupy Wall Street certainly does not have a clear program of what is wanted or an agreed upon method of action to achieve anything in particular. Rule by consensus mirrors the rule of the 1% in society at large, the dictatorship of a minority who hate democracy and wish to keep the 99% powerless, whether in society or in the movement to change society.

Clarity, program, organizational democracy and recallable elected leadership will come, because there is no other way for the majority take power away from the 1% inside their movement or in society at large, and thereby wield power for their own benefit, inside their movement and in society at large.

For now those defects are trivial and transient when compared with the fact that, on a massive scale, world-wide, huge numbers of very angry people are expressing with crystal clarity what they do not want.

They do not want the economic system, capitalism-as-it-is.

Most do yet understand that it is what it is, and cannot be anything other than what it is now: society organized to benefit and politically governed by the 1%.

That understanding will come; is coming now, more every day.

The Occupy Wall Street movement and similar movements all over the world are what is necessary first, the negation of things-as-they-are that has preceded every great mass movement forward in human history.

That is happening now.

Negation in mass consciousness of the cruelty, stupidity, and incompetence of 2011 capitalism is at the same time the birth of a defiant, new, worldwide, urban, working class movement from below.

The worldwide tectonic earthshaking that began early this year in Tunisia has sometimes paused, and will pause again, but never stopped, spreading from strength to strength, everywhere.

Nothing like it has been seen before.

“The Expropriators Are Expropriated” [The Negation Of Negation]

Excerpts from: Capital; K. Marx; based on the 4th edition. Chicago: Charles H. Kerr and Co., 1906; Frederick Engels, Ernest Untermann, eds.; Samuel Moore, Edward Aveling, trans. 1867

HISTORICAL TENDENCY OF CAPITALIST ACCUMULATION:

Part VIII, Chapter XXXII.1

What does the primitive accumulation of capital, i.e., its historical genesis, resolve itself into?

In so far as it is not immediate transformation of slaves and serfs into wage-labourers, and therefore a mere change of form, it only means the expropriation of the immediate producers, i.e., the dissolution of private property based on the labour of its owner.

Private property, as the antithesis to social, collective property, exists only where the means of labour and the external conditions of labour belong to private individuals. But according as these private individuals are labourers or not labourers, private property has a different character.

The numberless shades, that it at first sight presents, correspond to the intermediate stages lying between these two extremes.

The private property of the laborer in his means of production is the foundation of petty industry, whether agricultural, manufacturing or both; petty industry, again, is an essential condition for the development of social production and of the free individuality of the laborer himself.

Of course, this petty mode of production exists also under slavery, serfdom, and other states of dependence.

But it flourishes, it lets loose its whole energy, it attains its adequate classical form, only where the laborer is the private owner of his own means of labour set in action by himself: the peasant of the land which he cultivates, the artisan of the tool which he handles as a virtuoso.

This mode of production pre-supposes parceling of the soil, and scattering of the other means of production.

As it excludes the concentration of these means of production, so also it excludes co-operation, division of labour within each separate process of production, the control over, and the productive application of the forces of Nature by society, and the free development of the social productive powers.

It is compatible only with a system of production, and a society, moving within narrow and more or less primitive bounds.

To perpetuate it would be, as Pecqueur rightly says, "to decree universal mediocrity."

At a certain stage of development it brings forth the material agencies for its own dissolution.

**“This Fearful And Painful Expropriation Of The Mass Of The People Forms
The Prelude To The History Of Capital”**

From that moment new forces and new passions spring up in the bosom of society; but the old social organization fetters them and keeps them down.

It must be annihilated; it is annihilated.

Its annihilation, the transformation of the individualized and scattered means of production into socially concentrated ones, of the pigmy property of the many into the huge property of the few, the expropriation of the great mass of the people from the soil, from the means of subsistence, and from the means of labour, this fearful and painful expropriation of the mass of the people forms the prelude to the history of capital.

The expropriation of the immediate producers was accomplished with merciless Vandalism, and under the stimulus of passions the most infamous, the most sordid, the pettiest, the most meanly odious.

Self-earned private property, that is based, so to say, on the fusing together of the isolated, independent laboring-individual with the conditions of his labour, is supplanted by capitalistic private property, which rests on exploitation of the nominally free labour of others, i.e., on wages-labour.

[FOOTNOTE TO THE ABOVE: CLASS BASIS OF THE TEA PARTY]

The advance of industry, whose involuntary promoter is the bourgeoisie, replaces the isolation of the labourers, due to competition, by their revolutionary combination, due to association.

The development of Modern Industry, therefore, cuts from under its feet, the very foundation on which the bourgeoisie produces and appropriates products.

What the bourgeoisie therefore, produces, above all, are its own grave-diggers.

Its fall and the victory of the proletariat are equally inevitable....

Of all the classes, that stand face to face with the bourgeoisie to-day, the proletariat alone is a really revolutionary class.

The other classes perish and disappear in the face of Modern Industry, the proletariat is its special and essential product....

The lower middle-classes, the small manufacturers, the shop keepers, the artisan, the peasant, all these fight against the bourgeoisie, to save from extinction their existence as fractions of the middle-class...they are reactionary, for they try to roll back the wheel of history.

-- Karl Marx and Frederick Engels, "Manifest der Kommunistischen Partei," London, 1847, pp. 911.

"The Expropriators Are Expropriated"

Part VIII, Chapter XXXII.2

As soon as this process of transformation has sufficiently decomposed the old society from top to bottom, as soon as the labourers are turned into proletarians, their means of labour into capital, as soon as the capitalist mode of production stands on its own feet, then the further socialization of labour and further transformation of the land and other means of production into socially exploited and, therefore, common means of production, as well as the further expropriation of private proprietors, takes a new form.

That which is now to be expropriated is no longer the laborer working for himself, but the capitalist exploiting many labourers.

This expropriation is accomplished by the action of the immanent laws of capitalistic production itself, by the centralization of capital.

One capitalist always kills many.

Hand in hand with this centralization, or this expropriation of many capitalists by few, develop, on an ever extending scale, the co-operative form of the labour-process, the conscious technical application of science, the methodical cultivation of the soil, the transformation of the instruments of labour into instruments of labour only usable in common, the economizing of all means of production by their use as the means of production of combined, socialized labour, the entanglement of all peoples in the net of the world-market, and this, the international character of the capitalistic régime.

Along with the constantly diminishing number of the magnates of capital, who usurp and monopolize all advantages of this process of transformation, grows the mass of misery, oppression, slavery, degradation, exploitation; but with this too grows the revolt of the working-class, a class always increasing in numbers, and disciplined, united, organised by the very mechanism of the process of capitalist production itself.

The monopoly of capital becomes a fetter upon the mode of production, which has sprung up and flourished along with, and under it.

Centralization of the means of production and socialization of labour at last reach a point where they become incompatible with their capitalist integument.

This integument is burst asunder.

The knell of capitalist private property sounds.

The expropriators are expropriated.

“The Negation Of Negation”

Part VIII, Chapter XXXII.3

The capitalist mode of appropriation, the result of the capitalist mode of production, produces capitalist private property.

This is the first negation of individual private property, as founded on the labour of the proprietor.

But capitalist production begets, with the inexorability of a law of Nature, its own negation.

It is the negation of negation.

This does not re-establish private property for the producer, but gives him individual property based on the acquisitions of the capitalist era: i.e., on co-operation and the possession in common of the land and of the means of production.

Part VIII, Chapter XXXII.4

The transformation of scattered private property, arising from individual labour, into capitalist private property is, naturally, a process, incomparably more protracted, violent, and difficult, than the transformation of capitalistic private property, already practically resting on socialized production, into socialized property.

In the former case, we had the expropriation of the mass of the people by a few usurpers; in the latter, we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the mass of the people.

Summing Up:

[P]roletarian revolutions, like those of the nineteenth century, constantly criticize themselves, constantly interrupt themselves in their own course, return to the apparently accomplished, in order to begin anew; they deride with cruel thoroughness the half-measures, weaknesses, and paltriness of their first attempts, seem to throw down their opponents only so the latter may draw new strength from the earth and rise before them again more gigantic than ever, recoil constantly from the indefinite colossalness of their own goals – until a situation is created which makes all turning back impossible ...

-- The Eighteenth Brumaire of Louis Bonaparte. Karl Marx 1852

DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN MILITARY SERVICE?

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 and economic injustice, 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

DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



The Dictatorship Hates Our Liberties:

Air Force Veteran Roughed Up, Arrested For Reading The Constitution Out Loud During TSA Inspection; “I Wonder, Briefly, What Ben Franklin Or Thomas Jefferson Would Say, If They Knew It Was A Sign Of Terrorism To Recite The Bill Of Rights”

Oct 18, 2011 T. P. Alexanders, Daily Kos [Excerpts]

Oct. 17, 2011

Albuquerque International Sunport Security Checkpoint:

I pass a camera crew filming the ticket counter. I stop and consider telling them what I am about to do, but decide against it. They probably won't care. Instead, I wheel my baggage to the security area.

I can feel my heart beat in my chest. I've never done anything like this.

I've always said "Yes sir," even when I didn't agree. Even this simple act fills me with conflicting emotions.

New Mexico is far warmer than my native Pacific Northwest. I'm sweating by the time I reach the first inspection of my ID. I'm sure I already look like a terrorist. The TSA agent, perched on his stool, takes no notice.

I look enough like my driver's license and I have a valid airline ticket. He black lights my ID and lets me pass with hardly a glance.

I've come here to moonlight from my real job. My daughter had an operation, and I had to come up with thousands in deductible. She's in college and, so far, I've managed to keep her from becoming a debt slave, like her mother. I took eight extra weekends of work in the Land of Enchantment to cover the cost. I'm lucky, I guess, I can do that. Others, with fewer job opportunities, have no choice but to go bankrupt.

My heart kicks it up another notch when I get to the conveyor belt.

Come on, I tell myself, what are they going to do? Confiscate your toothpaste? Say something mean to you? So what. Relax. You can do this. You should do this. You have to do this.

I take off my shoes and strip my backpack of computer and the baggie of incidentals. I stand in line while my armpits grow embarrassingly moist and I feel my heart race. I think, Get a hold of yourself. You're being a drama queen.

When it is my turn, I decline to go through the monitor that scans under your clothes, as I always do.

The TSA agent starts his spiel about how safe it is. I've done my research. His statements are questionable, but that is not why I am doing this. I start my own spiel.

"The Fourth Amendment of the Constitution reads: The right of the people to be secure in their persons, houses, papers, and effects, against unreasonable searches and seizures, shall not be violated, and no warrant shall issue, but upon probable cause, supported by oath or affirmation, an particularly describing the place to be searched, and the persons or things to be seized."

I'm speaking loud and clear so those around me can hear.

Before I get to "unreasonable search" a man in an ill-fitting suit and a tie marches up to me. He tells me I was disrupting his operation.

I have no idea what his position is. He stands in front of the metal detector--the first place they usually screen me. He tells me I am holding up the line.

I drop my voice and tell him to go ahead and screen me. I'll take the pat down. But that's not what he wants. He wants me to shut up. I continue reading the Fourth Amendment.

He asks me to go with him to some undisclosed location to "talk". He indicates with his hand somewhere back toward ticketing, away from being screened. I decline.

He tries to gently guide me with a hand on my elbow, like we're on a date, pushing me back up the line.

I stand firm.

I want to go forward, let them pat me down while I read the Fourth Amendment to my fellow citizens.

He asks me what airline I'm on.

I have seen no badge or ID.

I ask him if he has a warrant for the information.

He looks at me dumbfounded. He sees the United boarding pass in my hand. He tells me he won't allow me to fly. I have no idea if he has that sort of authority.

I say as loudly and clearly as I can, "I am being told I can not fly for reading you the Fourth Amendment."

He says, "If you keep this up I'll call the police."

I say as loud as I can, "You are going to arrest me for reading the Constitution?"

"You are disrupting the screening process, and yes we will arrest you."

Again, I say I will be screened but not by the machine.

They make no effort to walk me through the metal detector or find a female officer to frisk me.

He tries again to walk me out of the area. I stand my ground and read the First Amendment:

"Congress shall make no law respecting an establishment of religion, or prohibiting the free exercise thereof, or abridging the freedom of speech, or of the press, or the right of the people to peaceably assemble, and to petition the government for redress of grievances."

The police do come, two of them.

A young man and a grizzled officer with a road map of wrinkles lining his face. The young man stands in front of me and now I am terrified. They aren't just going to take my toothpaste. Why didn't I ask the camera crew to come--take the chance of getting the brush off? They might not do this, if there was a camera. Do I have the will to continue?

I hear his voice asking for my name over the thudding of my heart in my ears. Do I have to give it to him? I'm not sure.

I look behind him to the startled mass of silent passengers. "If you have a cell phone camera, this would make good You Tube footage." It is an act of desperation, and I don't see anyone reach for their phone.

They jack hammer questions at me, name, where am I from, phone number, etc. I lose track, I can't tell which questions I am obligated to answer and which I'm not.

I concentrate on the officer in front of me. I think I know what the police can and can't do. He asks me my name, again, and I ask "Do you have a warrant or am I under arrest?"

He sees the license and plane ticket still in my hand and tries to take them. I pull them back. "Do you have a warrant to remove those?" He lets them go.

Guy with a Tie tells the cops I won't be flying. The police try to push me out of the area. I stand my ground.

"You are giving up your Constitutional rights for something that only has a 1 in 25 million chance of happening. Fifty times less than death by lightning or being struck by an asteroid." I call to the herd of passengers. They stare at me dazed.

The cops push me with more aggression and tell me that if I don't quit, I will be arrested.

I yell, "Thomas Jefferson said, 'those who would give up their liberty for their security deserve neither.'"

They physically push me out of the security area. I try to dig in my heels and resist, but my stocking feet slide over the tile floor.

I shout, "When you allow the Bill of Rights to be violated, you deprive your children of the government your parents gave you. That is neither reasonable or responsible."

They stop pushing me at the end of the security check point and I regain my footing.

The old goat of a cop shoves me. "Get the hell out of here!" he yells, "Go on, stop causin' trouble."

I am in my stocking feet, with no cell phone, wallet or back pack. I stare at his snarling face and I can't. I just can't walk away. In for a penny, in for a pound. I sit down.

Instantly, my right hand is yanked behind my back and the cuffs are snapped on so tight they cut my skin. I grit my teeth, bite my tongue and let them have the left hand as well. He yanks the ID and boarding pass out of my hand. He pulls me up before he tells me to stand, but I scramble to my feet so I won't be resisting arrest. I walk where I am directed.

At the first people I pass, I shout, "I am being arrested for reading the Constitution of the United States."

Old Goat lifts my hands up so high it hurts. I continue to yell. People walking to the gate stare wide-eyed, but no one stops.

A shout comes from behind me, "You are not being arrested."

I switch to, "I am being battered for reading the Constitution of the United States."

Old Goat pushes my hands up to the level of my shoulder blades, forcing me to walk bent over. I grunt with the pain but I won't give in to him.

"I am being battered for reading the Constitution of the United States, and when I tell you that he hurts me more."

Now my hands are over my head and it's hard to breathe. My eyes water, but I will not cry. My voice is high pitched with the strain of it. I have to pause to pant between my word, but I'm all-in.

"I...pant...am being battered...pant...for reading the Constitution...pant...and when I tell you that...pant...he hurts me more."

I am actually glad when we reach the holding cell. They throw me inside and slam the door with all the drama of any cop show.

The cell is clean and small, secured with a security door you would put on the front of your house. I sit on the bench at the far wall. My wrists, especially the right, are killing me. My mouth is parched and I am gasping.

Suddenly, I am filled with self-doubt. The bad machine doesn't know it is a bad machine. I say a prayer. Have I done the wrong thing? I've never stood up like this before--am I a bad person?

Calm descends. No. My words were the truth.

If I can't turn to a fellow citizen and say, "Hey the TSA isn't obeying the Constitution. They're acting like this is a totalitarian state. What do you think?," then it's because I live in a totalitarian state.

I have acted on the side of democracy, so I can look the next generation in the face and say, "At least I tried."

Young cop sits at a desk outside my security door. I hear Old Goat in the adjoining room tell someone, "We arrested her for disorderly conduct."

I yell, "That is the first time I've heard a charge."

I do not add that there have been no Miranda rights or "You're under arrest." statement.

In fact, they kept insisting while I was being marched through ticketing I was not under arrest--just cuffed and brutalized.

They ignore me. Old Goat asks for a statement from Guy with a Tie.

I ask, "Can I go back and get a statement from the people who witnessed it?" Of course, there is no response.

I turn to young cop. "How does it feel to be one of the brown shirts."

"What?"

"You can look it up later," I say.

He says, "Did you listen to what people were saying?"

"I listened to what you told me. I responded to your questions."

"No--to the people in the airport? They were shouting for you to shut up."

True, one of them in the back of the line was irritated by the delay. The rest looked on wide-eyed and confused. I don't remember anyone shouting encouragement, but it was hard concentrating on the crowd with so many men in my face.

I try a different tactic. "Didn't you take an oath to defend the Constitution?"

"Look, we're just trying to keep you safe."

"The thing you are keeping me safe from, only has a 1 in 25 million chance of occurring. I'm more likely to win the lottery today."

"Maybe you should have bought a ticket."

I sigh and switch tactics again. "I know you have a job to do. I bet when you got into this it was to be of service. But how do you feel about what you just did?"

"I followed the rules and did this by the book. You disobeyed an officer when you wouldn't give me your license."

"I wasn't under arrest. You had no right to take anything from me. What if your book doesn't follow the Constitution, the highest law in the land?"

"It's not that big a deal. It's for everyone's safety. We don't want to take the risk. You don't have to fly you know. You give up your rights when you fly." (Yes, he really said that.)

"You know, as well as I do, I do have to fly. I have a job, too. I got to feed by family, too. That's just an excuse for ignoring the Constitution. What if they say you need to give up your rights in order drive a car, or board a bus. Where is your line in the sand that can't be crossed. You know where mine is."

He chews on his lip, turning this over in his mind.

"I know about orders. I have to follow rules, too," I continue. "Would it surprise you to know I was in the Air Force once?"

He looks me in the face, really seeing me for the first time. "Yes, actually, it would."

"Twenty years. I'm a retired Lieutenant Colonel."

"How are those cuffs? Are they too tight?"

"They're a bit snug," I smile at him, "I wouldn't mind them a little looser."

He unlocks the door, and I turn my back so he can loosen the cuffs but he takes them off. He asks over my shoulder, "Are you thirsty? Would you like some water?"

I turn rubbing my protesting right wrist. There is a half inch dent in my skin outlining the cuff. "I'd love some water."

He brings a cold bottle and shuts the door. I'm grateful when the chill of the water hits my hot throat. I down half the bottle before I even realize it.

Guy in a Tie comes to the cage door. He asks if the address on my license is correct. I confirm that it is.

He asks my phone number.

I ask if he is an officer of the law and does he have a warrant.

He asks if I am refusing to talk to him. I ask if I am legally obligated to give him information. He asks again if I am refusing to talk to him. I tell him I am refusing to answer questions, and he leaves.

Young cop comes to the door. "What's your name?"

I sigh and ask about a warrant.

"We have your license. That's not why I am asking. I just wanted to know your name."

I give him my first name--the one on the license since they already have it. "What's your name?" I ask.

"Jared (not his real name)."

"Pleased to meet you Jared. Wish it was under better circumstances."

He nods and smiles.

A new man comes to the door. Marty (also not a real name) has a better fitting suit than Guy with a Tie. Polite is apparently in his job description.

"If I could get you home tonight, would you like that?" They must have hired him from a pool of telephone solicitors.

"Depends on the situation."

"But you would like that?"

"My husband would like it."

"Well, I'm married. Making the spouse happy usually makes my life better."

I can't deny this, and I nod. He disappears and returns. He offers to get me on a later flight if I take a misdemeanor charge of Disorderly Conduct. I feel like I am giving in, but what can I do? I actually do have to go to work tomorrow.

He says there is the little matter of getting through airport security.

I say that I never declined a physical search, it was never offered.

My intent was to read the Constitution, while it was happening.

He speaks to someone in the next room.

I ask who he is talking to and Guy with a Tie emerges.

"You refused to talk to me."

"No, I refused to give you personal information you were not entitled to."

"You refused to be searched."

"I never refused. You never offered. You only offered to remove me from the area."

"You don't have a right to disrupt the screening."

"You disrupted the screening. I just read the Constitution."

Marty intervenes. Clearly, his job is to get this resolved today. He breaks us up and I ask him, "So next week, when I have to fly again, what's going to happen when I read the Constitution?"

I actually feel pity for the way he looks at me. I have just made his day a living hell and I really do feel sorry for him and for calling Jared a Brown Shirt.

"Let's just get through today," he says.

I agree to be searched and tell them I will read the Constitution in a normal voice while they do it.

This is not good enough for Guy with a Tie.

He says if I read the statement, I can't pay attention to what the frisking officer tells me. You know, how she is going to put her hands here and there and use the back of her hand to check my "sensitive areas".

They tell me I need to listen to this, I kid you not, for my own safety.

I say I will only read while she is not speaking. That won't do either, because I won't be concentrating on her instructions.

Seriously, this was their rational explanation to me for continuing to violate my First and Fourth Amendment rights. I have to get home so I finally acquiesce.

Marty asks if I could be released and Jared lets me out. They give me back my shoes. Old Goat explains that I could await arraignment next Monday, or take the misdemeanor. I say I have already agreed to the misdemeanor.

"OK," he says, "then you need to wait 'til Monday." He leaves again.

"Wait a minute." I call after him, "I don't think I understood the options. Could you come back and explain them to me?"

There is only silence. My heart is beating again.

"I said I was taking the misdemeanor. Did I not understand what that was?" Monday is a week away. My job and my husband will kill me.

Jared comes to the rescue. He gets Old Goat to write up the misdemeanor charge and explains I have to appear before the judge here in New Mexico. That is going to be damned inconvenient, as I live in Northern California, but I agree.

Jared and Marty walk me back to security with Guy in a Tie. Jared asks, "What did you do in the Force?"

"Same thing I do now. I'm a doctor."

He snorts and looks at me. I know I'm not what he expected. Now, he can't help but think about all I've said. Is he drawing his own line in the sand? Maybe. It took me a while, too. I got here in stages, not all at once.

They walk me to the ticket booth. Three planes and I won't get home until midnight, but at least I am going home. Marty gives me his card and asks that I call him the next time I flying through Albuquerque. I agree. I have nothing to hide,

I maintain that I have not done anything not guaranteed to me by the Constitution.

They search me and I am sore and exhausted. I am silent. They check my bags for explosives and my backpack alarms. The same pack, with the same contents, I have had checked here multiple times with no problems, alarms today. I share this fun fact with Jared. He smiles and nods. They unpack it and examine everything but decide the 3 mm bamboo knitting needles aren't that dangerous.

Guy with a Tie wants to know if I was born in Arcata. I ask why I should give this information. He asks for my phone number. Again I ask if I am legally obligated to give it.

He says that a TSA representative will want to follow up about the incident. I'd love to talk to customer service about today. I give my number.

He dances from foot to foot and hunches his shoulder. He won't look me in the eye for more than a microsecond.

I say, "I can tell by your body language you know more than you are telling me."

He gives me the deer in the headlights look and says "That's not my department."

"What's not your department?"

"Investigations. When they call you."

"You mean an agent is going to call me?"

"Well, yes."

"Agent of whom, TSA or FBI."

"TSA."

"What will they be investigating me for?"

The headlights are closing in on the deer. "I don't know. That's not my department."

I nod, too tired to worry that part of the intimidation leveled at people who aren't good little sheep is to be investigated by a federal agency for terrorism.

I turn to my gate. I have 5 hours.

I call my husband. "Why would you do such a thing in some damn red-neck state, where I can't get to you?"

He has for years tried to cure me of my delusion that there is some democracy left in the United States.

I can hear the worry in his voice and I am sorry for putting it there. I try to reassure him that I am alright.

I find the first available electric socket and I write.

Tears finally come. People pass me by, staring, but I just put my head down and write. I open my veins and I write it all, the fear, the self doubt, the shock, the pain, the indignation.

When I am done, it is time to board. I pack my computer and stand in line, trying to come to grips with all that just happened.

I wonder what my husband will say when I get home. I wonder how I'm going to get down here for a court appearance. I wonder if they will let me fly again.

I wonder what will happen if I read the Constitution next week when I have to come back.

I wonder, briefly, what Ben Franklin or Thomas Jefferson would say, if they knew it was a sign of terrorism to recite the Bill of Rights.

**Spread The Word:
Copies Of Military Resistance Newsletter
Free On Request**

If you have some good use in mind for a package of Military Resistance & Traveling Soldier newsletters, email CONTACT@MILITARYPROJECT.ORG with a mailing address, an indication of how many you need, and how they will be used.

CLASS WAR REPORTS

THIS MODERN WORLD

by TOM TOMORROW



Chinese Dictators In Pants-Pissing Panic:

“Censors Are Cracking Down On Coverage” Of Occupy Wall Street

23 October 2011 by Zaid Jilani, ThinkProgress

When the Occupy Wall Street protests started last month, Chinese state media blasted the U.S. media for its poor coverage of the events.

Yet as the Financial Times reports, now that the protests are spreading and igniting global unrest, Chinese censors are cracking down on coverage.

“A magazine to which I am a contributor has received a notice from regulators saying that it must not carry any content regarding Occupy Wall Street,” said journalism professor Hu Jong.

A handful of occupation-style protests have popped up in China, and it’s possible that Chinese government officials fear that their own citizens will soon begin protests like those in Zuccotti Park.

Occupy Iowa Protesters March On Obama Campaign Office: “One By One, Members Of Occupy Iowa Denounced The President” “Some People Joined Along The Way”

Oct 22, 2011 by Jens Manuel Krogstad, Des Moines Register

Nearly 100 people marched to President Barack Obama’s 2012 campaign headquarters in Des Moines this morning.

One by one, members of Occupy Iowa denounced the president for his failure to protect the vast majority of Americans from home foreclosures, rising health care costs and student loan debt.

Among those who spoke: A union worker, an immigrant, a mother, her teenage daughter and a recent college graduate.

Others faulted Obama for deporting more than 1 million immigrants, and extending the nation’s military presence to countries like Somalia and Yemen.

The crowd generally agreed with the grievances voiced, but some differed in how much credit to give the president for his work in office.

Gabriel Delacerda, 33, of Des Moines praised Obama for accomplishing much, but said too many citizens carry a faltering sense of hope.

“We know you have not reached your full potential. We need our leaders to be great,” said Delacerda, a member of a local steel workers union.

Contrast that message with the one delivered by David Goodner, 30, of Des Moines, who placed a heap of blame squarely at the president’s feet for the nation’s financial woes.

If Obama's signature health care legislation were effective, then Wellmark Blue Cross/Blue Shield would not have proposed this week to raise premiums by 9.35 percent on lowans, he said.

"Obama is the president of the United States. The buck stops with him," Goodner said. "We will not blame Republicans. We will not blame Congress."

After speaking for nearly an hour, an Obama staff person offered coffee and doughnuts to the protesters. The staffer told the crowd he had recorded the event, and promised "everyone we work for will see this."

The protesters marched 1 ½ miles from an encampment at Stewart Square, 1401 E. Grand Ave., where dozens have pitched tents since Oct. 14. During the march, they banged drums and chanted slogans like, "We are the 99 percent," and "Bankers got bailed out. We got sold out."

Some people joined along the way, and organizers said about 120 people protested at Obama's campaign office.

More than 30 demonstrators were arrested Oct. 9 for staying on capitol grounds past 11 p.m.

Occupy Des Moines, part of Occupy Iowa, is an off-shoot of the Occupy Wall Street protests, which have spread nationally and internationally in the past month.

At the top of the list of their concerns are corporate greed and the role of money in politics.

Military Resistance distributes and posts to our website copyrighted material the use of which has not always been specifically authorized by the copyright owner. We are making such material available in an effort to advance understanding of the invasion and occupations of Iraq and Afghanistan. We believe this constitutes a "fair use" of any such copyrighted material as provided for in section 107 of the US Copyright Law since it is being distributed **without charge or profit** for educational purposes to those who have expressed a prior interest in receiving the included information for educational purposes, in accordance with Title 17 U.S.C. Section 107. **Military Resistance has no affiliation whatsoever with the originator of these articles nor is Military Resistance endorsed or sponsored by the originators. This attributed work is provided a non-profit basis to facilitate understanding, research, education, and the advancement of human rights and social justice.** Go to: www.law.cornell.edu/uscode/17/107.shtml for more information. If you wish to use copyrighted material from this site for purposes of your own that go beyond 'fair use', you must obtain permission from the copyright owner.

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