

## **Military Resistance 11K3**



# **[Veterans Day #1] The Meaning Of Life**

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

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

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### **The Meaning Of Life**

**The middle aged Jewish man throws  
bodies on a cart & then throws them  
into a ditch in Auschwitz  
He now believes there is no God  
because God would not allow this.  
In Paris only a few go to Notre Dame  
because the others do not believe  
there is a God anymore**

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

as an Old Soldier asks just what the Hell  
are we doing Here  
what is the Purpose of  
Man's Inhumanity toward man  
Human Animals since day one  
Incisor Teeth to rip flesh  
inventions of the first War Tools  
a Rock & then a Club  
No different from an Atom Bomb  
or Drone Warfare  
Animal kind Humankind can't  
seem to pass the Kindergarten Class  
of War & Move on to a better place  
where Veteran's Days are gone  
& a New Human Condition  
is Born & Living & Loving Life  
is the Meaning of Life.

Written by Dennis Serdel for Military Resistance

## **[Veterans Day #2]**

# **"I Stood Among The Heaps Of Dead"**

"I stood among the heaps of dead.

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

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

"They had been so different, then."

-- Robert Leckie, United States Marine Corps

**MORE:**

## **[Veterans Day #3]**

# **Subject: Sgt. King Jeremy**

**[From GI Special, 11.11.2007]**

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

**I pray for Kings wife and daughter.**

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

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

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

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

**REPLY From GI Special: Excerpts]**

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

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

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

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

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

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

Limitless respect,

T

## **The Radio**

### **“Remember Jeremy King”**

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



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

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

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

The premise was simple.

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

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

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

They couldn't change the channel.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

"This is Eagle Dustoff, over"

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

“Where’s that fucking chopper!? We’re losing him! He’s not fucking breathing! Where the fuck are you!?”

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

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

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

All the while, there I sat.

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

No one in the truck was speaking.

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

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

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

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

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

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

Seconds seemed like hours; minutes seemed like days.

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

“Eagle Dustoff, cancel the chopper. He’s dead.”

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

Now, the voice was quiet.

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

“Do you have casualty’s information?”

“Yes. SGT King, over.”

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

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

We all did.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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



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

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

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

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

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

**This August 24th, remember Jeremy King:**

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



Jeremy King

Wednesday, August 30 2006 @ 04:20 AM EDT

Contributed by: River97

Views: 621

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

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

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

**MORE:**

# **[Veterans Day #4]**

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

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

July the 14th, 1861  
Washington DC

My very dear Sarah:

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

Our movement may be one of a few days duration and full of pleasure - and it may be one of severe conflict and death to me. Not my will, but thine O God, be done. If it is necessary that I should fall on the battlefield for my country, I am ready. I have no misgivings about, or lack of confidence in, the cause in which I am engaged, and my courage does not halt or falter.

I know how strongly American Civilization now leans upon the triumph of the Government, and how great a debt we owe to those who went before us through the blood and suffering of the Revolution. And I am willing - perfectly willing - to lay down all my joys in this life, to help maintain this Government, and to pay that debt.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As for my little boys, they will grow as I have done, and never know a father's love and care. Little Willie is too young to remember me long, and my blue eyed Edgar will keep my frolics with him among the dimmest memories of his childhood.

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

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

O Sarah, I wait for you there!

Come to me, and lead thither my children.

Sullivan Ballou

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# AFGHANISTAN WAR REPORTS

## **Pa. Soldier Killed In Afghanistan**



An undated photo provided by the U.S. Army shows Army Sgt. Patrick C. Hawkins. Hawkins, 25, of Carlisle, Pa., assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment, Fort Benning, Ga., was one of four people killed Sunday, Oct. 6, 2013, by an improvised explosive device in Afghanistan. (AP Photo/US Army)

October 9, 2013 by Emily Babay, PHILLY.COM

The remains of a Pennsylvania Army Ranger killed in Afghanistan are being returned to Dover Air Force Base today.

Sgt. Patrick Hawkins, of Carlisle, was one of four soldiers who died Sunday when their unit was attacked with an improvised explosive device in Kandahar Province, according to the Department of Defense.

Hawkins, 25, was assigned to the 3rd Battalion, 75th Ranger Regiment out of Fort Benning, Ga.

He was killed while moving to aid a wounded soldier, Lt. Col. Patrick Ellis, commander of Hawkins' battalion, said in a statement.

"Sgt. Patrick Hawkins was a brave and incredibly talented Ranger," Ellis said. "His actions that night were in keeping with the epitome of the Ranger Creed: 'I will never leave a fallen comrade.'"

He enlisted in the Army February 2010 and was on his fourth deployment to Afghanistan.

Hawkins has received numerous military honors, including the Joint Service Commendation Medal, Army Achievement Medal, Army Good Conduct Medal, National Defense Service Medal, Afghanistan Campaign Medal, Global War on Terrorism Service Medal, Army Service Ribbon, Overseas Service Ribbon and Presidential Unit Citation.

Posthumously, he was awarded the Bronze Star Medal, Meritorious Service Medal and Purple Heart.

He is survived by his wife, Brittanie Hawkins, of Lansing, Kan., and his parents, Roy and Shelia Hawkins, of Carlisle.

**POLITICIANS REFUSE TO HALT THE  
BLOODSHED**

**THE TROOPS HAVE THE POWER TO STOP THE  
WAR**

## **SOMALIA WAR REPORTS**

### **Insurgent Attack Kills “One Of The Country’s Top Diplomats”**



Somali policemen inspect the scene of an explosion outside the Maka Al-Mukarama hotel in Somalia’s capital Mogadishu, November 8, 2013. REUTERS/Feisal Omar

8 November 2013 BBC & 09 November 2013 AFP

At least six people have been killed after a suspected attack at a hotel in Somalia's capital, Mogadishu.

Interior Minister Abdikarim Hussein Guled told the BBC that 15 people had been injured after a car exploded outside the Hotel Maka.

The hotel lies on one of the capital's main roads, which the authorities say is usually safe.

The BBC's Ibrahim Mohamed Adan in Mogadishu says a loud explosion was heard in the city's administrative centre just before 20:00 local time (17:00 GMT).

The Hotel Maka is on the Maka Mukaramah road which links the presidential palace to the airport, one of the most heavily guarded areas of Mogadishu.

It is popular with members of parliament and other officials.

Officials said one of the country's top diplomats -- Abdulkadir Ali Dhuub, a former acting ambassador to London -- was killed when the car bomb exploded outside the hotel, which is popular with officials and businessmen.

Our reporter says witnesses nearby told him they could see the wreckage of a car burning outside the hotel.

Senior police officer Farah Aden told Reuters news agency that four policemen were among the six dead.

The agency reported that four cars and two motorbikes were burnt out at the scene.

A police officer told AFP news agency that he could see "several burning cars, dead and injured people on the ground" following the attack.

Witnesses told the BBC there were actually two explosions; the car bomb detonated after a smaller device planted in a laptop computer went off inside the hotel's reception area.

## **MILITARY RESISTANCE BY EMAIL**

**If you wish to receive Military Resistance immediately and directly, send request to [contact@militaryproject.org](mailto: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**

# The Enemy



An Khe, Vietnam 1970. Photo by Mike Hastie

From: Mike Hastie  
To: Military Resistance Newsletter  
Sent: October 27, 2013  
Subject: The Enemy

**I am very proud of my National Defense Medal that I received in the military during the Vietnam War. Just think, I helped keep the Viet Cong from landing on the Oregon Coast. You gotta love American propoganda.... One of the great war stories of all time. LOL**

**Mike Hastie  
Vietnam Veteran  
October 27, 2013**

**Photo and caption from the portfolio of Mike Hastie, US Army Medic, Vietnam 1970-71. (For more of his outstanding work, contact at: [hastiemike@earthlink.net](mailto: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

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

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

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

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

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

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

As the soldiers file by on their way to the scene of ‘military action’, people will shower them from the windows with thousands of brief but fervent appeals; the troops will

encounter passionate words from speakers on the barricades, who will take advantage of the slightest moment of indecision on the part of the military authorities; there will also be the powerful revolutionary propaganda of the crowd itself, whose enthusiasm will be transmitted to the soldiers through exclamations and appeals.

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

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

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

Confusion breaks out among the troops.

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

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

compared to the fundamental question of revolution — the question of the soldiers' demoralization.

**'Whose side is the army on?'**

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

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

**For that purpose people are needed.**

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

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

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

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## **Nkosi Sikelel' iAfrika**

**Comment: T**

**The anthem of the South African liberation movement has been trashed over the past few years, transformed from a militant marching song into a slow dirge that barely moves, or, in other versions, into limping gushy sentimental garbage complete with violins and a church-style choir; carefully entombed with all traces of its revolutionary origins castrated.**

**This link is to the anthem as it was recorded in the 1930's, when it was still a truly beautiful and revolutionary call to action, marching proudly into the future.**

**Turn up your volume to the max.**

**<http://www.youtube.com/watch?v=ll1hNMhdmpk>**

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# Sebelius Threatens To Put VA In Charge Of Obamacare If Critics Don't 'Back The Fuck Off'



Kathleen Sebelius

October 31, 2013 by Jay-B, The Duffel Blog

WASHINGTON, DC — Following yesterday's disastrous Obamacare hearing on Capitol Hill, Health and Human Services Secretary Kathleen Sebelius has released a video message to Youtube where she warns: "Back the fuck off, or I'll go nuclear."

The so-called "nuclear option" has long been considered a red line for the administration. It would see Sebelius cede control of implementing the Affordable Care Act to the Department of Veterans Affairs.

"You think this is bad now? You think this is bad now?! You ain't seen nothing!" Sebelius says in the two-minute video posted early this morning.

"They've [the VA] been in business for decades and have only a few million customers. It takes them six months just to lose your application. Their website is a Kafkaesque labyrinth straight out of Dante. You will fucking BEG me to be in charge again."

"The VA takes strong men and women who've survived IEDs, privation, disease and in a matter of days breaks their spirit," she continues. "Subpoena me one more time and I will fucking do it, bitches."

At press time, VA Secretary Eric Shinseki was seen adjusting his beret and shifting uncomfortably in his seat when asked for comment.

## **DO YOU HAVE A FRIEND OR RELATIVE IN THE MILITARY?**



U.S. soldier in Bejjia village Iraq, Feb. 4, 2008. (AP Photo/Maya Alleruzzo)

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### **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](mailto:contact@militaryproject.org): Name, I.D., withheld unless you request publication. Same address to unsubscribe.**

## **CLASS WAR REPORTS**



[Thanks to SSG N (ret'd) who sent this in with caption. She writes: "this is what you won't come home to."]

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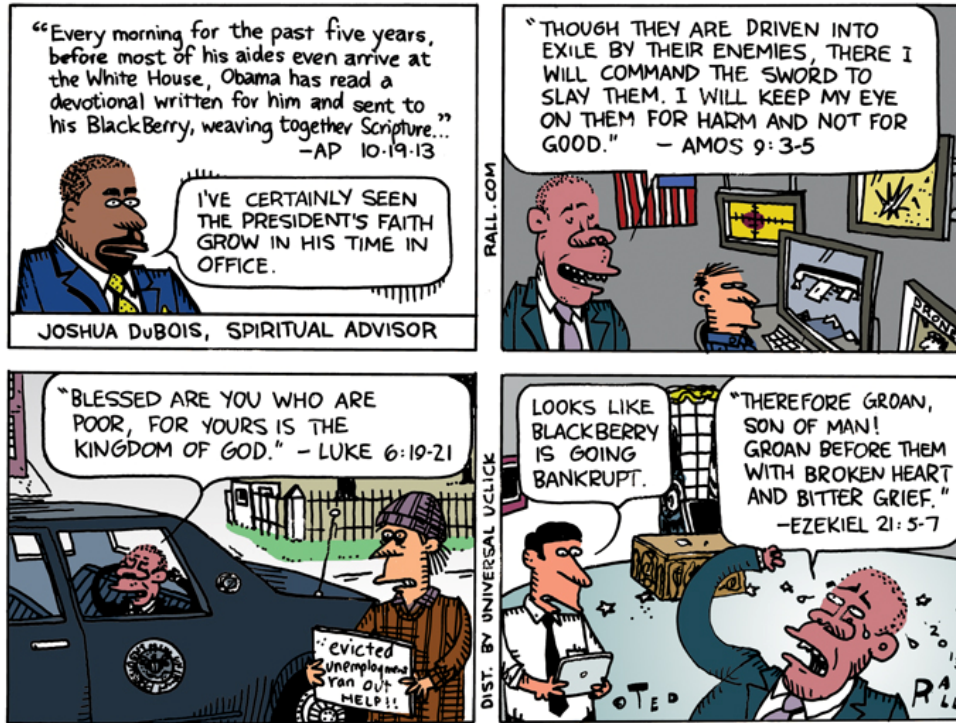
## **Bulgaria: "The Government Is Facing Almost Daily Street Protests Over Charges Of Corruption"**



A protester wrapped in a Bulgarian national flag in front of the government building in central Sofia November 10, 2013. Thousands of Bulgarians marched to protest against the cabinet on Sunday under the motto "March of Justice". The government is facing almost daily street protests over charges of corruption since it took office in May.  
REUTERS/Stoyan Nenov

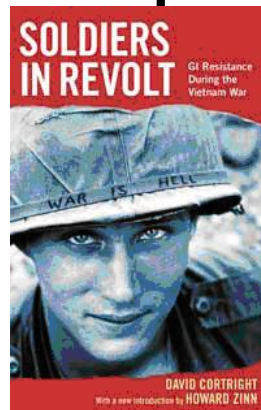
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## DANGER: POLITICIANS AT WORK



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



SOLDIERS IN REVOLT: DAVID CORTRIGHT

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