

# Peace in Our Times



A Veterans For Peace publication exposing the root causes and enormous costs of war

## Vets Say No to New U.S. Base in Okinawa

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Veterans For Peace members Mike Hanes and Enya Anderson block the gate at Camp Schwab Marine base, Okinawa, Dec. 13. Photo: Ellen Davidson

## The Most Dangerous Man on Earth

By Tom Engelhardt



Let's start with the universe and work our way in. Who cares? Not them, because as far as we know they aren't there. As far as we know, no one exists in our galaxy or perhaps anywhere else but us (and the other creatures on this all-too-modest planet of ours). So don't count on any aliens out there caring what happens to humanity. They won't.

As for it—Earth—the planet itself can't, of course, care, no matter what we do to it. And I'm sure it won't be news to you that, when it comes to him—and I mean, of course, President Donald J. Trump, who reputedly has a void where the normal quotient of human empathy might be—don't give it a second's thought. Beyond himself, his businesses, and possibly (just possibly) his family, he clearly couldn't give less of a damn about us or, for that matter, what happens to anyone after he departs this planet.

As for us, the rest of us here in the United States at least, we already know something about the nature of our caring.

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## Letters

### Centering

Every time I read *Peace in Our Times* it centers me in a way nothing else in our world quite centers me. I guess it's the honest look at what we are doing and continue to do and the sense of the human toll the nation's wars exact. I stopped believing in the so-called "news" a long time ago.

Baron Wormser

Poet Laureate of Maine, 2000–2006.

### Wanted: Moral Compass

Tarak, I must say that after reading the issues of *Peace in Our Times* you left with me my eyes are wide open now to the work you do, and do so well.

Outrage and admiration for Angie Hines' courage and speaking out with laser focused insights to the military culture for women. That she continues on as a counter-recruiter is flat-out inspiring. The article on Mike Hanes and Rory Fanning's sojourn to Japan to apologize on my behalf for the atrocities of Nagasaki and Hiroshima and their work in Okinawa tumbled my heart. The Standing Rock by Four Arrows and on and on ...

I think what I'm trying to express is that your publication articulates and records for me meaningful, rational and needed responses to a world that needs to find its moral compass asap! We cannot escape living memories. We cannot escape making memories of the smallest injustices we see, hear or witness at warp speed in today's world but we can stay resilient and informed by supporting the *Peace in Our Times* troops.

Bill Durkin

Woodstock, NY

### Peace in Our Times

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## A Note from the Editors

### How Should We Live in a World Gone Mad?

2017 was not a good year—not for me anyway, and probably not for most of you. Neither were the end months of 2016. The day after the idiot with the hairdo got elected, my partner Ellen and I left the country.

For a while it was fun (also tempting) to pretend we weren't coming back, but we had roundtrip tickets and commitments back in the States we couldn't run away from—too bad.

Sometimes I wonder if the egomaniac in charge and some of his cohorts are consciously trying to destroy the world as most of us are trying to save it.

Besides the denial of global warming and all the things Trump, Tillerson, and Pruitt do to accelerate climate chaos, it seems the idiot is not content with waiting the few decades we have left, as he and his cohort generals are pushing a nuclear showdown with North Korea. Even with this arrogant narcissist, I was shocked and, well, furious to hear this out of his barely English-speaking mouth: "They will be met with fire, fury and frankly power the likes of which this world has never seen before."

**Trump, the Mad Hatter-in-chief, is not the problem. The problem is much, much deeper.**

But we shouldn't be surprised or shocked. This has been coming for a long time—the true face and reality of U.S. America. Forget the myth of freedom, democracy, and all men created equal. The white Europeans came only to destroy. First the genocide of the indigenous population and destruction of their profound culture, then slavery, then war without end and the growth of what we see appearing in full view these days—the cor-



porate totalitarian state, the last and final mad death throes of the American Empire exposed for all to see.

So what to do in the face of this? Was there ever a way to stop the madness? Is there a way now? There is more at stake now than ever in history. Unfortunately, Trump, the Mad Hatter-in-chief, is not the problem. The problem is much, much deeper.

I'm going to confess, I don't have any solutions, so if you're looking for answers, maybe stop reading now.

We do try to provide inspiration in this paper to keep on keepin' on, to fight the good fight to the last. One thing I know though, is that we, human beings, will never know peace until we come to a place where we stop abusing, exploiting and stealing the land that we and our animal brethren need to live. We need to understand viscerally, as many indigenous peoples did, that we are one family, one life, and are connected. As we do to others, so shall it be done to us.

The article on the back page about grizzlies says a lot. And Doug Peacock, Viet Nam special forces medic and role model for Hayduke in Edward Abbey's classic

book, *The Monkey Wrench Gang*, also has a lot to say, especially to the veterans among us. Read *Walking It Off* by Peacock.

As we enter what might well be the last gasp of humanity on this planet, I have realized that we've had it all wrong for so many years. Science and religious teachers alike have maintained that it is we humans who are the pinnacle of evolution—that we are obviously the most evolved because of our intellect, our opposable thumbs, our language.

This fallacious idea, a criterion based on anthropomorphic values, has led to arrogance and the idea that the earth and all its creatures are there for exactly our use—to exploit, factory farm, hunt for sport, kill for ivory or blubber, mine for coal, pave over. Nothing has been sacred, not the mountains, the water, the air, the majestic whales, the wise elephants, the grizzlies, the wolves, not the birds who fly or the denizens of the seas. All were there for only our use.

Do we not see how wrong this is? Do we not see that this cruelty and abuse of the earth and our animal kin have come back to haunt us as we continue the madness and killing and starvation of our own, even the children?

Four Arrows' article, "Utilizing Indigenous Thought to Cope in the Age of Trump" (opposite) is well worth reading carefully. He says, "Every life form is interconnected, equal in significance and deserves respect."

We live in a world gone mad. The return to sanity must start with us. Blessed are the children, the earth, and all its creatures. Let us, as long as we can, stand for justice and peace, be willing to sacrifice for others, live in harmony with the earth, with respect for and oneness with all life.

I am hoping against hope that this year will be better than the last. It is up to us, all of us. Peace, my sisters and brothers.—Tarak



## By Four Arrows

November 9, 2016, was a typical North Dakota wintry day and the cold wind bit into me. Unlike the group of fellow Veterans For Peace I was with, who had come from northern or eastern locations, I was fresh in from a fishing village in central Mexico. We huddled around a red camper van, listening to a radio station in anticipation of hearing the results of the election. The crowded camp below our hilly perch was strewn with makeshift buildings, campers, and tipis, and we were surrounded by rolling hills, grass plains, and buttes that bordered the sacred Missouri River we were trying to protect. Hearing the radio transmission was difficult, owing to static and occasional interruptions from TigerSwan, a private military contractor hired by Energy Transfer Partners to disrupt our communications with the outside world. Nonetheless, when we heard that Trump was the new president of the United States, the words resonated all too clearly.

No one spoke at first. Then, showing tearful emotion, one of our younger vets, who had regretfully participated in two tours in Iraq, angrily spoke out: “How stupid are people in this country?” Immediately, one of our female Lakota vets walked up to him and gave him a sincere hug. She was a round-faced woman in her 40s or 50s who wore a derby-type leather-brimmed hat, long beaded earrings, a brightly colored vintage Navajo-styled Pendleton blanket coat, and a pair of glasses that illuminated eyes that radiated gentle wisdom. “Welcome to our world,” she said.

As an Indigenous professor, researcher, and author, I knew immediately what she was saying: Trump was only a more blatant manifestation of the kinds of inequity, hierarchy, and violence against all of the natural world that American Indigenous have suffered throughout U.S. history. We all knew this related to a small percentage of individuals controlling everyone and everything else. I also understood that such an affair had faced humanity globally for only the past 1 percent of human history. For 99 percent of our time on this planet, prior to our “point-of-departure” around 9,000 years ago, most humans lived as Indigenous peoples who managed to thrive in relative harmony without destroying the planet’s life-systems. What the Lakota veteran was conveying was not so much that white people were now getting a taste of their own medicine, but rather that implications of the dominant culture’s worldview are currently catching up to everyone.

Sitting Bull, the Hunkpapa Lakota leader who lived and was assassinated on the Standing Rock Reservation, also understood that the settlers’ worldview was not compatible with how life had been lived for most of human history. Not long after he signed the 1868 Treaty that established the Lakota reservation lands that included the Black Hills of South Dakota, he shared his philosophy in a speech to a council of his people. He spoke to the anthropocentrism, hierarchy, and greed that continue to lead us into an untimely sixth

# Utilizing Indigenous Thought to Cope in the Age of Trump



Aztec dancers at protest against Dakota Access Pipeline. Photo: Ellen Davidson

mass extinction.

The speech, recorded by Charles Eastman (Ohiye S’a), described the Lakota worldview:

*Behold, my friends, the spring is come; the Earth has gladly received the embraces of the sun, and we shall soon see the results of their love! Every seed is awakened, and all animal life. It is through this mysterious power that we too have our being, and we therefore yield to our neighbors, even to our animal neigh-*

*with their buildings and their refuse. They compel her to produce out of season, and when sterile she is made to take medicine in order to produce again. All this is sacrilege.*

Such sentiments are common to many of the great variety of Indigenous cultures around the world, including those eradicated and those surviving. They can be contrasted sharply with the cultures that converge around the dominant worldview. So, how can we draw upon Indige-

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*Get in touch with the position, beliefs, and feelings you have about the issue at hand. Ask yourself: From whose authority did this position originate?*

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*bors, the same right as ourselves to inhabit this vast land.*

Sitting Bull contrasted this paradigm with the damaging worldview of the European settlers, which persists in the U.S. government today:

*Yet hear me, friends! We have now to deal with another people, small and feeble when our forefathers first met with them, but now great and overbearing. Strangely enough, they have a mind to till the soil, and the love of possessions is a disease in them. These people have made many rules that the rich may break, but the poor may not! They have a religion in which the poor worship, but the rich will not! They even take tithes of the poor and weak to support the rich and those who rule.*

*They claim this mother of ours, the Earth, for their own use, and fence their neighbors away from her, and deface her*

nous worldviews to make sense of the era of Trump, and to move beyond it? Here are some Indigenous worldview precepts one can use to evaluate—and begin to transform—one’s thinking and beliefs:

- 1) Love of Life and acceptance of its mysteries is essential for wellness.
- 2) Every life form is interconnected, equal in significance, and deserves respect.
- 3) Ceremony and alternative consciousness are vital for internalizing Nature’s wisdom.
- 4) Place and its inhabitants are sacred teachers.
- 5) Complementarity describes Nature and is essential for a balanced life.
- 6) Generosity and courage are preeminent virtues observable in Nature.
- 7) The highest authority comes from honest reflection on lived experience.
- 8) Language (words) and music have

vibrational frequencies that prompt diligent attention.

How can we use these precepts to challenge the problems wrought by the dominant worldview? In order to move into authentic ways of being in the world, we can start by considering these five Indigenous ways of thinking and doing, which contrast with dominant worldview-based practices:

**Alternative Consciousness.** It’s required for deep transformation. There are many ways to achieve it, but believing in new and appropriate images deeply while in light trance states can override previous unintentional beliefs that continue to cause us to live against our own logic. Traditional societies knew that harmful behaviors often stemmed from unconscious beliefs and actions that could be reversed via trance-based learning. When you are out of balance; when anger lasts for more than a few minutes; when you behave or react in a way that seems to bring on stress; when you feel you are avoiding movements on behalf of your highest potential; when a relationship is not working, there are often unconscious belief systems operating. Trance-based learning can help us overcome harmful unconscious beliefs, making us more capable of addressing the inequities and ecological damage in our world today.

**Questioning Fear.** Ask what possible fear relates to problematic events, actions, attitudes, or behaviors. The dominant worldview perspective is to avoid, dismiss, or deny it. Move to the Indigenous perspective that sees fear as a catalyst for practicing a virtue, such as courage, generosity, honesty, patience, fortitude, or humility. Then, imagine yourself practicing that virtue until, by taking appropriate action, you become fearless by fully trusting the universe.

**Questioning Authority.** Closely related to fear is the idea of authority. Dominant culture is hierarchy driven, and external authority guides too much of our behavior. Get in touch with the position, beliefs, and feelings you have about the issue at hand. Ask yourself: From whose authority did this position originate? Then, use a strategy such as self-hypnosis to erase all forms of external authority from the picture, dismissing previous ones entirely and basing your new thoughts on only an honest reflection on your lived experience and complementary attitude.

**Words.** Get in touch with all the words you use, especially self-talk, to describe the situation. Analyze them for how accurate and truthful they really are. Our Indigenous ancestors lived at a time when words were considered sacred. Find the best ways to honestly phrase the situation so you can better process it. Carefully listen to the words of others without being “hypnotized” by them. Use life experience, intuition, critical thinking, and diverse research to come to truthfulness.

**Nature.** In our original ways of thinking, other-than-human (or greater-than-human) entities were our teachers. Anthropocentrism did not exist. We were intricately part of the Natural world. We can still learn from other-than-humans.

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# Disturbing Parallels: U.S. Policing at Home and Military Tactics Abroad

*This army strategist says today's policing is looking more and more like a military operation.*

**By Danny Sjrursen**

"This ... thing [the War on Drugs], this ain't police work. ... I mean, you call something a war and pretty soon everybody gonna be running around acting like warriors ... running around on a damn crusade, storming corners, slapping on cuffs, racking up body counts. ... pretty soon, damn near everybody on every corner is your fucking enemy. And soon the neighborhood that you're supposed to be policing, that's just occupied territory."—Major "Bunny" Colvin, season three of HBO's *The Wire*

I can remember both so well.

2006: my first raid in South Baghdad. 2014: watching on YouTube as a New York police officer asphyxiated—murdered—Eric Garner for allegedly selling loose cigarettes on a Staten Island street corner not five miles from my old apartment. Both events shocked the conscience.

It was 11 years ago next month: My first patrol of the war, and we were still learning the ropes from the army unit we were replacing. Unit swaps are tricky, dangerous times. In Army lexicon, they're known as "right-seat-left-seat rides." Picture a car. When you're learning to drive, you first sit in the passenger seat and observe. Only then do you occupy the driver's seat. That was Iraq, as units like ours rotated in and out via an annual revolving door of sorts. Officers from incoming units like mine were forced to learn the terrain, identify the key power-brokers in our assigned area, and sort out the most effective tactics in the two weeks before the experienced officers departed. It was a stressful time.

Those transition weeks consisted of daily patrols led by the officers of the departing unit. My first foray off the forward operating base (FOB) was a night patrol. The platoon I'd tagged along with was going to the house of a suspected Shiite militia leader. (Back then, we were fighting both Shiite rebels of the Mahdi Army and Sunni insurgents.) We drove to the outskirts of Baghdad, surrounded a farmhouse, and knocked on the door. An old woman let us in,

and a few soldiers quickly fanned out to search every room. Only women—presumably the suspect's mother and sisters—were home. Through a translator, my counterpart, the other lieutenant, loudly asked the old woman where her son was hiding. Where could we find him? Had he visited the house recently? Predictably, she claimed to be clueless. After the soldiers vigorously searched ("tossed") a few rooms and found nothing out of the norm, we prepared to leave. At that point, the lieutenant warned the woman that we'd be back—just as had happened several times before—until she turned in her own son.

I returned to the FOB with an uneasy feeling. I couldn't understand what it was that we had just accomplished. How did hassling these women, storming into their home after dark and making threats, contribute to defeating the Mahdi Army or earning the loyalty and trust of Iraqi civilians? I was, of course, brand new to the war, but the incident felt totally counterproductive. Let's assume the woman's son was Mahdi Army to the core. So what? Without

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*Ultimately, the irony is this: Eric Garner—at least if he had run into my platoon—would have been safer in Baghdad than on that street corner in New York.*

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long-term surveillance or reliable intelligence placing him at the house, entering the premises that way and making threats could only solidify whatever aversion the family already had to the Army. And what if we had gotten it wrong? What if he was innocent and we'd potentially just helped create a whole new family of insurgents?

Though it wasn't a thought that crossed my mind for years, those women must have felt like many African-American families living under persistent police pressure in parts of New York, Baltimore, Chicago, or elsewhere in this country. Perhaps that sounds outlandish to more affluent whites, but it's clear enough that some

impoverished communities of color in this country do indeed see the police as their enemy. For most military officers, it was similarly unthinkable that many embattled Iraqis could see all American military personnel in a negative light. But from that first raid on, I knew one thing for sure: We were going to have to adjust our perceptions—and fast. Not, of course, that we did.

Years passed. I came home, stayed in the Army, had a kid, divorced, moved a few more times, remarried, had more kids—my Giants even won two Super Bowls. Suddenly everyone had an iPhone, was on Facebook or tweeting or texting rather than calling. Somehow in those blurred years, Iraq-style police brutality and violence—especially against poor blacks—gradually became front-page news. One case, one shaky YouTube video followed another: Michael Brown, Eric Garner, Tamir Rice, Philando Castile, and Freddie Gray, just to start a long list. So many of the clips reminded me of enemy propaganda videos from Baghdad or helmet-cam shots recorded by our troopers in combat, except that they came from New York, or Chicago, or San Francisco.

## Degradations and Humiliation

So often, both counterinsurgency and urban policing involve countless routine humiliations of a mostly innocent populace. No matter how we've cloaked the terms—"partnering," "advising," "assisting," and so on—the U.S. military has acted like an occupier of Iraq and Afghanistan in these years. Those thousands of ubiquitous post-invasion Army foot and vehicle patrols in both countries tended to highlight the lack of sovereignty of their peoples. Similarly, as long ago as 1966, author James Baldwin recognized that New York City's ghettos resembled, in his phrase, "occupied territory." In that regard, matters have only worsened since. Just ask the black community in Baltimore or for that matter Ferguson, Mo. It's hard to deny that America's police are becoming progressively more defiant; just last month St. Louis cops taunted protesters by chanting, "Whose streets? Our streets!" at a gathering crowd. Pardon me, but since when has it been okay for police to rule America's streets? Aren't they there to protect and serve us? Something tells me the exceedingly libertarian Founding Fathers would be appalled by such arrogance.

## Racial and Ethnic Stereotyping

In Baghdad, many troops called the locals hajjis, rag-heads, or worse still, sandniggers. There should be no surprise in that. The frustrations involved in occupation duty and the fear of death inherent in counterinsurgency campaigns lead soldiers to stereotype, and sometimes even hate, the populations they're (doctrinally) supposed to protect. Ordinary Iraqis or Afghans became the enemy, an "other," worthy only of racial pejoratives and (sometimes) petty cruelties. Sound familiar? Listen to the private conversations of America's exasperated urban police or the occasional public insults they throw at the population they're paid to "protect." I, for one, can't forget the video of an infuriated white officer taunting Ferguson protesters: "Bring it on, you f—king animals!" Or how about a white Staten Island cop caught on the phone bragging to his girlfriend about how he'd framed a young black man or, in his words, "fried another nigger." Dehumanization of the enemy, either at home or abroad, is as old as empire itself.

## Searches, Searches, and More Searches

Back in the day in Iraq—I'm speaking of 2006 and 2007—we didn't exactly need a search warrant to look anywhere we pleased. The Iraqi courts, police, and judicial system were then barely operational. We searched houses, shacks, apartments, and highrises for weapons, explosives, or other "contraband." No family—guilty or innocent (and they were nearly all innocent)—was safe from the small, daily indignities of a military search. Back here in the United States, a similar phenomenon rules, as it has since the "war on drugs" era of the 1980s. It's now routine for police SWAT teams to execute rubber-stamped

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**Militarized police assemble in Ferguson, Mo.**



**Esaw Garner, wife of Eric Garner, breaks down during a rally for her late husband in New York.**

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or “no knock” search warrants on suspected drug dealers’ homes (often only for marijuana stashes) with an aggressiveness most soldiers from our distant wars would applaud. Then there are the millions of random, warrantless, body searches on America’s urban, often minority-laden streets. Take New York, for example, where a discriminatory regime of “stop-and-frisk” tactics terrorized blacks and Latinos for decades. Millions of (mostly) minority youths were halted and searched by New York police officers who had to cite only such opaque explanations as “furtive movements,” or “fits relevant description”—hardly explicit probable cause—to execute these daily indignities. As numerous studies have shown (and a judicial ruling found), such “stop-and-frisk” procedures were discriminatory and likely unconstitutional.

As with my experience in Iraq, so here on the streets of so many urban neighborhoods of color, anyone, guilty or innocent (mainly innocent) was the target of such operations. And the connections between war abroad and policing at home run ever deeper. Consider that in Springfield, Mass., police anti-gang units learned and applied literal military counterinsurgency doctrine on that city’s streets. In post-9/11 New York City, meanwhile, the NYPD Intelligence Unit practiced religious profiling and implemented military-style surveillance to spy on its Muslim residents. Even America’s stalwart Israeli allies—no strangers to domestic counterinsurgency—have gotten in on the game. That country’s Security Forces have been training U.S. cops, despite their long record of documented human rights abuses. How’s that for coalition warfare and bilateral cooperation?

### The Equipment, the Tools of the Trade

Who hasn’t noticed in recent years that, thanks in part to a Pentagon program selling weaponry and equipment right off America’s battlefields, the police on our streets look ever less like kindly beat cops and ever more like Robocop or the heavily armed and protected troops of our distant wars? Think of the sheer firepower and armor on the streets of Ferguson in those photos that shocked and discomforted so many Americans. Or how about the aftermath of the tragic Boston Marathon bombing? Watertown, Mass., surely resembled Army-occupied Baghdad or Kabul at the height of their respective troop “surges,” as the area was locked down under curfew during the search for the bombing suspects.

Here, at least, the connection is undeniable. The military has sold hundreds of millions of dollars in excess weapons and equipment—armored vehicles, rifles, camouflage uniforms, and even drones—to local police departments, resulting in a revolving door of self-perpetuating urban

militarism. Does Walla Walla, Wash., really need the very Mine Resistant Ambush-Protected (MRAP) trucks I drove around Kandahar, Afghanistan? And in case you were worried about the ability of Madison, Ind. (population: 12,000), to fight off rocket-propelled grenades thanks to those spiffy new MRAPs, fear not, President Trump recently overturned Obama-era restrictions on advanced technology transfers to local police. Let me just add, from my own experiences in Baghdad and Kandahar, that it has to be a losing proposition to try to be a friendly beat cop and do community policing from inside an armored vehicle. Even soldiers are taught not to perform counterinsurgency that way (though we ended up doing so all the time).

### Torture

The use of torture has rarely—except for several years at the CIA—been official policy in these years, but it happened anyway (for example, at Abu Ghraib). It often started small, as soldier—or police—frustration built, and the usual minor torments of the locals morphed into outright abuse. The same process seems under way here in the United States as well, which was why, when I first saw the photos at Abu Ghraib, as a 34-year-old New Yorker, I flashed back to the way, in 1997, the police sodomized Abner Louima, a Haitian immigrant, in my own hometown. Younger folks might consider the far more recent case in Baltimore of Freddie Gray, brutally and undeservedly handcuffed, his pleas ignored, and then driven in the back of a police van to his death. Further-

more, we now know about two decades worth of systematic torture of more than 100 black men by the Chicago police in order to solicit (often false) confessions.

### Unwinnable Wars: At Home and Abroad

For nearly five decades, Americans have been mesmerized by the government’s declarations of “war” on crime, drugs, and—more recently—terror. In the name of these perpetual struggles, apathetic citizens have acquiesced to countless assaults on their liberties. Think warrantless wiretapping, the PATRIOT Act, and the use of a drone to execute a (admittedly deplorable) U.S. citizen without due process. The First, Fourth, and Fifth Amendments—who needs them anyway? None of these onslaughts against the supposedly sacred Bill of Rights has ended terror attacks, prevented a raging opioid epidemic, staunched Chicago’s record murder rate, or thwarted America’s ubiquitous mass shootings, of which the Las Vegas tragedy is only the latest and most horrific example. The wars on drugs, crime, and terror—they’re all unwinnable and tear at the core of U.S. society. In our apathy, we are all complicit.

Like so much else in our contemporary politics, Americans divide, like clockwork, into opposing camps over police brutality, foreign wars, and America’s original sin: racism. All too often in these debates, arguments aren’t rational but emotional, as people feel their way to intractable opinions. It’s become a cultural matter, transcending traditional policy debates.

Of course, these days when you talk about the military and the police, you’re often talking about the very same people, since veterans from our wars are now making their way into police forces across the country, especially the highly militarized SWAT teams proliferating nationwide that use the sorts of smash-and-search tactics perfected abroad in recent years. While less than 6 percent of Americans are vets, some 19 percent of law-enforcement personnel have served in the military. In many ways it’s a natural fit, as former soldiers seamlessly slide into police life and pick up the very weaponry they once used in Afghanistan, Iraq, or elsewhere.

Ultimately, the irony is this: Eric Garner—at least if he had run into my platoon—would have been safer in Baghdad than on that street corner in New York. Either way, he and so many others should perhaps count as domestic casualties of my generation’s forever war.

What’s global is local. And vice versa. U.S. society is embracing its inner empire. Eventually, its long reach may come for us all.

This article originally appeared at TomDispatch.com.

*Major Danny Sjursen is a U.S. Army strategist and former history instructor at West Point. He served tours with reconnaissance units in Iraq and Afghanistan. He has written a memoir and critical analysis of the Iraq War, Ghostriders of Baghdad: Soldiers, Civilians, and the Myth of the Surge.*



**Iraqi men arrested during a house raid in Fallujah.**

# Refusing to Learn Bloody Lessons

*Trump's continued Afghan War pursues the same failed path as the prior 16 years, says former Marine officer and diplomat Matthew Hoh*



Matthew Hoh (right) with Veterans For Peace in Palestine in 2017. Photo: Ellen Davidson

## By Mohsen Abdelmoumen

Matthew Hoh is a senior fellow at the Center for International Policy ([ciponline.org](http://ciponline.org)). He formerly directed the Afghanistan Study Group, a collection of foreign and public policy experts and professionals advocating a change in U.S. strategy in Afghanistan. He has served with the U.S. Marine Corps in Iraq and on U.S. Embassy teams in both Afghanistan and Iraq. He is on the advisory boards of Veterans For Peace, Expose Facts, World Beyond War, and the North Carolina Committee to Investigate Torture.

**Mohsen Abdelmoumen:** As an expert, how do you see the evolution of the political process in Afghanistan?

**Matthew Hoh:** Unfortunately, I have not seen any positive evolution or change in the political system or process in Afghanistan since 2009. What we have seen are three national elections that have been ruled to be grossly illegitimate and fraudulent by outside observers, but have been validated and supported by the American government through the presence of tens of thousands of soldiers and the spending of tens of billions of dollars.

We have seen the creation of extra-constitutional positions in the government, such as the chief executive officer position occupied by Abdullah Abdullah, which was done at the behest of the American government. Additionally, bargains and compromises that were brokered by the American government in an attempt to create a more inclusive government, reduce corruption and heal fractures among the political bloc that once supported Hamid Karzai and the American presence

have failed to achieve those things. Corruption is still the dominant feature of the Afghan government, and the political support for the rule of Kabul has deteriorated and splintered by the corruption and the machinations of the Karzai and now Ghani governments.

Most important, the political process, by being so corrupt, by seating successive governments that won by fraud and by disenfranchising various political communities, has alienated many, many Afghans—and not just those Pashtuns who ally themselves with the Taliban—from the government in Kabul. This has allowed for greater support for militia commanders and warlords outside of Kabul, as well as the Taliban, and has allowed the war to progress with no real hopes for reconciliation, negotiations, or a cease-fire anywhere in the near future. By supporting and growing a kleptocracy, a system of have and have-nots, that system has by its nature and necessity produced more people out of the system than people in the system every year. This causes resentment, grievances, and a desire to share in the spoils and gifts of American occupation that leads to greater violence, more political chaos and a dearth of hope for the future.

**MA:** Can you explain to us what was the disagreement that led you to resign?

**MH:** I had been twice to Iraq prior to my time in Afghanistan, and I had been working on issues of the wars since 2002 when I was in the Pentagon as a Marine Corps officer. I could no longer go along with the killing of the war, and the lies that propped up that killing. I saw in the Afghan government the worst excesses that I had seen in the Iraqi government

and I knew the Afghan government in Kabul had no real or true interest in coming to a peace with the Taliban and those in the Afghan insurgency.

I also saw that Barack Obama's administration cared only for the political value of Afghanistan in terms of American politics and had no real interest in the well-being of the Afghan people. I also knew the amount of money that American corporations were making off the war and

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*'I had been twice to Iraq prior to my time in Afghanistan, and I had been working on issues of the wars since 2002 when I was in the Pentagon as a Marine Corps officer. I could no longer go along with the killing and the lies.'*

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how that influenced American policy and the escalation of the war. Finally, I also knew that American generals and civilians tasked with overseeing the war were more interested in preserving American empire, as well as their own careers and legacies, than achieving peace or ending the suffering of the Afghan people.

**MA:** In addition to being a diplomat, you were a soldier and served in Iraq as a commander in the Marine Corps. In your opinion, was the U.S. intervention in Iraq in 2003 justified?

**MH:** No, the war in Iraq was not justified. There were many reasons for the invasion and occupation of Iraq in 2003, but none of them were morally valid, internationally legal or had to do with the

safety and security of the American people, or the well-being of the Iraqi people. The reasons included President Bush's desire to win a war to win reelection in the United States in 2004, people in the government and foreign policy community who believed in removing Saddam Hussein to "democratize and Americanize" the Middle East for reasons of American Empire and hegemony, the influence of Israeli policy and thought on American policy, Iraq's large and vast oil reserves, and the influence of Saudi Arabia and other Gulf Nations.

**MA:** In your opinion, should the Bush administration be accountable in particular to a court for the crimes it committed in Iraq?

**MH:** Yes. Without elaboration, war crimes and crimes against humanity were committed by the Bush Administration and those in charge should be held responsible. It is as simple as that.

**MA:** You are a privileged witness as a diplomat and as an officer of the war in Iraq. You describe what happened during the intervention in Iraq as a vast racket. Can you tell us why?

**MH:** The amounts of money that were made on the Iraq war by American corporations and individuals were enormous. In terms of direct spending on the wars in Iraq and Afghanistan, the direct costs of the wars are nearly \$1.8 trillion dollars. Adding indirect costs, such as healthcare for veterans and interest payments on debt, we see that the long-term costs of the war may reach \$6 trillion dollars. At the same time the budget for the Pentagon this coming year will be \$700 billion, which is 10 times more than Russia and three times more than China spend on their militaries, and this \$700 billion does not include the money we spend on our intelligence agencies, healthcare for veterans, homeland security or interest payments for past defense and war debt (next year the United States will spend about \$115 billion just on

interest and debt payments for past wars and military spending).

This money primarily goes to American corporations that then put money into funding politicians in Congress, as well as to funding think tanks and universities that help to promote the policies that foster and sustain America's wars in the Muslim world and America's massive military budget. This funding process is cyclical and the instability and violence that American militarism, intervention, and occupation foster and sustain are utilized as continued justification by American politicians and generals for more military spending.

On another level, what I witnessed

*continued on next page ...*



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by my presence in Iraq and Afghanistan is that the money injected into these war zones fuels the corruption and provides no incentive for the Afghans or Iraqis working with the Americans to seek peace, reconciliation, or a cease-fire with their adversaries. So long as the Americans are keeping them in power and making them rich, there is no sense in pursuing an end to the conflict, an end to the American occupation/presence/influence.

**MA:** While whistleblowers inform public opinion on various issues by taking major risks, don't you think it is more than necessary to launch initiatives or even create a global specific program to protect whistleblowers?

**MH:** Yes, one of the things I would like to see created is a fund to help whistle-

the American military is. It is hard in America for people to speak against the military and the wars, because we have a culture that celebrates war, violence, and the military, but veterans must find the courage to do so, because through their witness and testimony people can understand the realities and the truths of America's wars, empire, and imperialism.

It is important too for American veterans to stand in solidarity with those resistance movements both outside the United States and internal to the United States that are fighting against American militarism, occupation, and intervention. This includes standing against client governments of the United States like Israel, South Korea, and Japan. It is also necessary for veterans to stand with the oppressed communities of the United States;

continuing the oppression.

**MA:** How do you evaluate the alternative media experience?

**MH:** When I first started speaking about the war I was allowed onto and into mainstream media. I appeared on the main cable news networks and was published in major newspapers, but over the last decade voices of dissent, particularly those who are against war and imperialism have been dramatically marginalized from the mainstream, or corporate-owned press.

In 2014, when I was arguing against a renewed American presence in Iraq, I was only able to appear on one cable news network and none of the major newspapers sought my opinion. The same occurred for many of my colleagues. Where we were successful in appearing on cable television news, CNN in my case, or being printed in major newspapers and media outlets, we were outnumbered 5, 10 or 15 to one in terms of the voices and opinions that were pro-war. For example, when I appeared on CNN during that time, I was introduced as "the lone dove in a field of wolves" by the anchor (Brooke Baldwin).

Without the alternative media, voices like mine would have no outlet. I think, however, that the success of the alternative media has caused the mainstream media to limit its allowance of dissent as fear of dissent against the wars having an effect on the population and policy has caused the intersection of the military/government, the media and corporations to more rigidly control the messages being allowed. I think this really accelerated in 2013, when public opinion and public action toward Congress kept the Obama Administration from launching a war against the government of Syria. The nexus of the top echelons of the military/government, the media and the corporations is quite real and reinforcing, and the consequences of this have been the limitation and, in some cases, elimination of

dissent from the corporate-owned media.

**MA:** What do you think of the fact that the Trump Administration is going back on the Iranian nuclear deal and what is your opinion on the escalation between the United States and North Korea? Does U.S. imperialism still need an enemy to exist?

**MH:** I think that Trump going back on the nuclear deal with Iran was bound to happen. Trump is following the lead of the foreign policy establishment in the United States, which is first and foremost committed to American hegemony and dominance. The preservation of the American Empire is the mission of most foreign policy experts in the United States, whether they are liberal or conservative, Democrat or Republican.

Cooperation between nations, demilitarization, and worldwide respect for human rights is hardly ever a concern for the American foreign policy establishment. This is why we see the same bellicosity to North Korea, and let's not forget both Barack Obama and Hillary Clinton have threatened to destroy North Korea themselves.

I think not just for imperialism, but for our culture of militarism, violence and our nationalist concept of American exceptionalism, we must have an enemy. We view ourselves as Good, so there must be a Bad or an Evil. American exceptionalism and the violence that comes with it, believed to be redemptive and justice-based, is a Manichean, binary framework, so Americans must have an adversary or an enemy. So sad and so tragic that so many have suffered, died, and been made homeless all around the world, over the decades for such an absurd, ignorant, simplistic, and false belief.

*Mohsen Abdelmoumen is an independent Algerian journalist. He has written for Algerian newspapers such as La Nouvelle République, and Algérie Patriotique. He started his career at the Algerian newspaper Alger Républicain.*

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## *What I witnessed ... in Iraq and Afghanistan is that the money injected into these war zones ... provides no incentive for the Afghans or Iraqis working with the Americans to seek peace.*

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blowers pay for the very high costs that they incur by becoming whistleblowers. Whistleblowers lose their jobs, have expensive legal fees and may go for years without having the money necessary to support their families and pay their bills. This is a tactic used by the government and corporations to frighten people into not becoming whistleblowers. I would like to see a fund started that would help whistleblowers pay for these expenses and not be forced into bankruptcy and insolvency because they followed their consciences and reported wrongdoing.

**MA:** You are also a man committed to the cause of the Palestinian people; you participated in a trip to Palestine with Veteran For Peace to see the conditions in which the Palestinians live. Can you tell us about this action?

**MH:** This was a very important trip for me, as spending 18 days with the people of Palestine and the popular resistance to the Israeli occupation was extremely moving and powerful. You can read essays and books or watch documentaries and films about the suffering of the Palestinian people, but until you are with them, you don't really understand the horror and the tragedy of the Israeli occupation. As an American it was very important for me to go and stand in solidarity with my Palestinian brothers and sisters, particularly as my country is often the sole supporter of Israel and gives the Israeli military nearly \$11 million dollars a day in assistance.

**MA:** In your opinion, what is the contribution of veterans like you, especially through Veterans For Peace, in supporting resistance to U.S. imperialism around the world?

**MH:** The most important thing American veterans can do is to speak openly and plainly about what they saw during their time in the military, what they took part in [during] the wars, and what they truly believe the purpose of the wars and

with Native Americans, Latino Americans, and Black Americans. All of the oppressed people within the United States are victims of America's militarism and continue to be oppressed by a system that provides overwhelming economic, civic, and societal benefits to the wealthy white classes while continuing to punish people of color through mass incarceration, police violence, deportation, economic disadvantage, inadequate health care, poorer education, etc. Such treatment of people of color would not have been possible in the past without the American military and the effects of militarism on the white people of the United States, and now, with militarized police, remains essential in




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*'It is also necessary for veterans to stand with the oppressed communities of the United States'*

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# A Veteran's Plea: Please, Stop Revering Us

By Lyle Jeremy Rubin

In an age of endless war and social turmoil, the veteran has become a fetish. Americans are desperate to believe the United States is still righteous and powerful, even though most of us know otherwise. Much like the flag we drape ourselves in, the fetishized veteran functions as a security blanket for a population deeply worried it is in danger and has lost its way.

The degree to which veterans like me are now fetishized suggests a perverse reversion in our collective development as a nation. It was the pediatrician Donald Winnicott who extended the idea of the fetish to the security blanket, something to which young children attach in the place of a mother they discover is separate from them.

This item helps the child learn to navigate a universe residing outside themselves, one they are dependent on yet accountable toward. We seem to be stuck in the most immature phase of this evolution, where subjective illusion and objective fact are almost entirely fused.

If it were still 1944, a case could be made that our warfighters were risking everything for freedom, democracy and national defense. But as official records have repeatedly confirmed, from the Pentagon Papers to WikiLeaks, our wars since have been fought to maintain economic, political, and ideological dominance—and sometimes to help secure windfall profits for contractors and other mercenaries.

President Eisenhower, one of our most revered generals, confronted this dark matrix as early as 1961, when he warned in his farewell address of a merger between the arms industry and the state, in what he called the

“military-industrial complex.” Gen. Smedley Butler, one of the most decorated Marines in history, announced this trend line way back in 1935 in his classic pamphlet “War Is a Racket.”

Not all veterans would agree. But those of us who have served on the front lines tend to be viscerally aware of the gap between what powerful people say about our wars and what we know to be true.

Since my unit returned from Afghanistan, we have watched the villages in which we bled or shed blood be overrun by the people we were fighting, and we have watched as those in power have doubled down on the very approaches that have failed us time and again.

Many of us are also burdened by moral reservations or disgust. I remember the first time I truly discovered the enemy was much like me, men and women oftentimes in more dire straits than I could ever know. Plenty where I fought were poor farmers coerced into combatant roles, forced to pick sides between the local tyrant and the imperialist invader. Many were propelled to play both sides at once. Many more were young protectors, driven to arms after losing loved ones to American (or American-backed) bombs and bullets.

When I see someone offended by the alleged disrespect for the flag because it is disrespectful to the military, or when someone thanks me for my service, I see people who have rarely contemplated the honest meaning of military service, for the veterans they are honoring or the hundreds of thousands of people devastated in that service's wake.

We idolize war and the warfighter, I fear, so that we need not face the world as it is, a world composed of constraints and obligations demanding something other than



brute assertion.

This peculiarly violent fetishism, a security blanket with spikes, comes from a place of collective insecurity and fear, in a time of distinct uncertainty. Veterans are not the only ones dodging grave hazards or committing grave wrongs on the edges of a broken world, but we might have a few urgent things to say about that world if you ask us.

Stop calling us heroes to be revered. Look us in our eyes like anyone else. It is time we talk, grow up, and get real.

*Lyle Jeremy Rubin is a PhD candidate in American history at the University of Rochester. He served in the Marine Corps for five years, and nearly a year of that service in Helmand Province, Afghanistan. He is a member of About Face: Veterans Against the War.*

*So we are told ...*

*Be proud of the rock  
where we cried  
our first tears.*

*Be proud of the flag  
that flutters above  
our hopes and fears.*

*Be proud of the song  
we sing together  
Fearing the same  
man-made god.*

*Then we are told ...*

*Be proud to fight those  
that cried their first tears  
on a different rock,  
under a different flag,  
singing a different song,  
fearing a different  
man-made god.*

*Yes! They are proud,  
but our pride stronger.  
Yes! They fight with their god,  
but our god  
is greater.  
Yes! They feel pain,  
but our pain  
is deeper.*

*So I say,  
Pain for all those  
affected, is the same.*

*For it has no flag,  
no anthem.*

## Pride, Pain, and War



*It knows not race,  
nor skin.  
There is no heart so strong,  
can stop it getting in.  
It gives no introduction,  
nor will reveal its face.  
Like a dagger twisting  
in your gut,  
no why,  
no thought,  
no grace.  
It engulfs your  
very being.  
It is your darkest dream.  
It'll cut you wide,*

*to release inside,  
a guttural,  
primal scream.*

*So I say to those  
that feast upon our  
hollow pride.*

*I have seen the skull  
behind that crooked smile.  
As you ride that  
lead-lined carriage,  
along that golden mile.*

*You possess those lands*

*and titles of which  
you have no right,  
paid for, by the blood  
of those,  
those you sent to fight.*

*So I say to you,  
Profiteers of war.*

*No more ...*

*Knee deep in  
mud and blood,  
will we clear  
those crow-pecked*

*bodies, from every  
field and shore.  
We will tell you  
Greedy bastards,  
we fight for you,  
no more.  
We will turn our backs  
on dignitaries  
and monarchs  
laying wreaths.  
We will tell you  
Greedy bastards,  
the slaughter  
has to cease.  
We'll not clear  
those crow-pecked  
bodies, from every  
blood-soaked  
field and shore.  
We will tell you  
Greedy bastards,  
we die for you ...*

**NO MORE.**

**November 11, 2017**

*Spike (Michael Pike) is a former soldier, now a poet, peace activist, and member of Veterans For Peace UK. Once his experiences drove him on a path to self-destruction. But through poetry, he has found an outlet. He is now a performance poet and speaker who attacks the establishment that thrives on war. He is polemic and unswerving in his damning condemnation of the war machine.*



By Madeleine Mysko

November. Veterans Day. I'm a veteran who can feel its approach in her bones. The smell of autumn in the air, the leaves turning—once again I'm overwhelmed by complicated feelings, so hard to explain. This year it's been especially trying because I'm also bearing up under the weight of the PBS series on the war in Vietnam. Meanwhile the public arena is a minefield of viciousness over how we properly demonstrate our patriotism. It makes my hands shake to see it—how we can't even get through a football game without tearing each other apart.

Right after the calendar turned to November, I walked to the memorials on the grounds of the Baltimore County Courthouse—the gleaming black Vietnam Veterans Memorial, and beyond it the newer, earthen-colored memorial dedicated to veterans who served in Operations Desert Storm, Enduring Freedom, and Iraqi Freedom. I go there often. I write in my notebook there and sometimes take photos—in the morning and at dusk, on gray days and snowy days, in the dappled light of a gorgeous Memorial Day.

As I turned the corner on the courthouse lawn and approached the memorials, I was upset by something new on the path: Close to my feet, standing small but erect above the fallen leaves, a line of crisp American flags. I was upset, but I took a photo anyway, getting down on one knee to achieve the best angle. There were people walking by—it was lunch hour, a pretty day. All of a sudden I wanted to accost those innocent, unsuspecting people. “Armistice Day!” I wanted to yell at them. “Flags! Couldn't we just for once put the patriotism away?”

## Return Armistice to Veterans Day



*Once upon a time—99 years ago in fact—a devastating world war came to an end. To celebrate the peace, our nation set aside one sacred day each year.*

Few people care that the 11th day of the 11th month wasn't always called Veterans Day, that it used to be Armistice Day. Few people see the irony.

Once upon a time—99 years ago in fact—a devastating world war came to an end. To celebrate the peace, our nation set aside one sacred day each year, a day to join

all nations in recalling the moment when at last the arms were laid down. Eleven bells would toll solemnly at the 11th hour, and nobody would march in patriotic parades displaying military might. But time went by, and then after a second devastating world war, our nation gave up on Armistice Day. The 11th day of November became Veterans

Day instead. It was as though we no longer believed in that blessed moment of peace when all the arms would be laid down. We dedicated ourselves to honoring those brave men and women who still carry the arms for us, the ones we keep sending off to wars we don't fully understand and haven't the courage or the political will to end.

Of course I didn't yell at anyone that day at the memorial. I got a grip and began my ritual of reading the dedication and the names of the dead. It took some time; on the Vietnam Veterans Memorial in Baltimore County, there are 148 names.

I used to have a quarrel with the wording on the memorial: “Vietnam Veterans Memorial: Dedicated to the Citizens of Baltimore County who served their Nation in Southeast Asia, 1957–1975.” I used to think it wasn't right to dedicate this place to all of us veterans, just because we served. It seemed to me a memorial belonged to the dead. But lately I've had a change of heart. Veterans like me, whose service included seeing with our own eyes the suffering and death of others—maybe we do need a place dedicated to us. There we can sit on the bench in the shade of old trees, year after year of ongoing war, and consider what we know about the costs.

Maybe we even need this special day, the 11th of November. But if it were up to me, I'd ask a favor of the nation: Please return to us the name—and the blessed spirit—of Armistice.

*Madeleine Mysko is a novelist, a contributing editor to the American Journal of Nursing, and a member of the Baltimore chapter of Veterans For Peace; she served in the Army Nurse Corps at the Brooke Army Medical Center during the Vietnam War.*

## The New and Improved Armageddon 2000!

By Leonard Eiger

Remember the Armageddon 2000? The Armageddon 2000 Nuclear Hardened Travel Trailer is the only travel trailer that you can enjoy all year long and, when the mushroom clouds start to appear on the horizon, instantly converts into a bomb shelter.

We introduced the Armageddon 2000 way back when President Trump was about to take office, and since then sales have gone through the roof. There is a one-year waiting period to get one. (Humanity should last that long!) And you can bet that all those people on the waiting list are getting nervous as Trump's days in office seem to go on forever and his tweets keep pushing the world closer to the coming Trumpocalypse.

If you were one of the early adopters, and have your Armageddon 2000 parked and ready for action, you are in luck. Legendary shelter designer Dave Patterson, a member of Veterans For Peace, San Diego chapter, has introduced a brand new feature that can be retrofitted onto your Ar-

maggeddon 2000.

This amazing new feature is the Ionized Radiation Plasma Deflection Generator (IRPDG). The IRPDG drives all ionizing radiation away from the Armageddon 2000 while engaged. That means you can pull out the lawn chairs and have a barbecue without worrying about your hair falling out (and a slew of other unpleasant symptoms of radiation exposure) on those ribs (or vegan barbecue option).

The plasma generator performed admirably during recent performance tests, and the manufacturer guarantees that it will perform at or beyond specifications during the real thing.

Consider buying an Armageddon 2000 with the new Ionized Radiation Plasma Deflection Generator feature, or have yours retrofitted! Appointments are available, and it takes just a few hours to install.

And be sure to check out the other new features and options of the soon-to-be-released 2018 Armageddon 2000, including extra large refrigerator and bluetooth capability. All electronics on the 2018



**Armageddon 2000 inventor Dave Patterson with the new and improved version at an undisclosed location during recent performance tests. Note the glow emitted by the plasma generator when engaged. Photo: Nancy Patterson**

model have been modified with vacuum tubes, old-school technology proven to minimize the effects of nuclear electromagnetic pulse.

The Armageddon 2000—a heck of a lot better than hiding under a school desk (and a whole lot more fun).

*Leonard is a retired health profes-*

*sional who coordinates communications and outreach for Ground Zero Center for Nonviolent Action (gzcenter.org) in Washington state. Ground Zero is located next to the Bangor Trident submarine base, home of the largest deployed concentration of nuclear weapons in the United States.*

# Emma Goldman Jailhouse Interview

*Report by pioneer of investigative journalism dispels a few myths*

**By Nellie Bly**

Do you need an introduction to Emma Goldman? You have seen supposed pictures of her. You have read of her as a property-destroying, capitalist-killing, riot-promoting agitator. You see her in your mind a great raw-boned creature, with short hair and bloomers, a red flag in one hand, a burning torch in the other; both feet constantly off of the ground and “murder!” continually upon her lips.

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*‘No one is lazy. They grow hopeless from the misery of their present existence, and give up.’*

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That was my ideal of her, I confess, and when the matron stood before me saying, “This is Emma Goldman,” I gasped in surprise and then laughed.

A little bit of a girl, just 5 feet high, including her boot heels, not showing her 120 pounds; with a saucy, turned-up nose and very expressive blue-gray eyes that gazed inquiringly at me through shell-rimmed glasses was Emma Goldman!

Her quiet little hands held rolled a recent copy of the *Illustrated American*. The modest blue serge Eton suit, with a blue muslin shirtwaist and scarf, had no suggestion of bloomers, and the light brown hair, not banged but falling loosely over the forehead and gathered in a little knot behind, was very pretty and girlish.

The little feet were decorously upon the floor, and the rather full lips parted, showing strong white teeth within, a mild, pleasant voice, with a very fetching accent, said not “murder,” but—

“What is it you wish, madam?”

I told her. I sat down beside her, and we talked for two hours.

“I do not want anything published about me,” she said, “because people misjudge and exaggerate, and, besides, I do not think it looks well for me to say anything while I am in jail.”

“But I want to know something about your former life; how you became an anarchist, what your theories are, and how you mean to establish them.”

## She Tells Her Age

She smiled at me, rather amused, but the smile was a very becoming one, lighting up the gravity of her face and making her look more girlish than ever.

“How old are you?” I asked as a beginning.

“Twenty-five last June,” she replied without the faintest hesitancy.

What greater proof do I need that she is an unusual and extraordinary woman?

“But the month of roses has not brought many into my life,” she added, with a little smile.

“When did you become an anarchist, and what made you one?”

“Oh, I have been one all my life, but I never really entered into the work until after the Chicago riot, seven years ago.”

“Why are you one?” I asked. “What is your object? What did you hope to gain?”

She smiled again, and slowly smoothed the book upon her knee.

“We are all egotists,” she answered. “There are some that, if asked why they are anarchists, will say, ‘for the good of the people.’ It is not true, and I do not say it. I am an anarchist because I am an egotist. It pains me to see others suffer. I cannot bear it. I never hurt a man in my life, and I don’t think I could. So, because what oth-

ers suffer makes me suffer, I am an anarchist and give my life for the cause, for only through it can be ended all suffering and want and unhappiness.

## A Word About Capitalists

“Everything wrong, crime and sickness and all that, is the result of the system under which we live,” she continued earnestly. “Were there no money, and as a result, no capitalists, people would not be overworked, starved, and illy housed, all of which makes them old before their time, diseases them, and makes them criminals. To save a dollar the capitalists build their railroads poorly, and along comes a train, and loads of people are killed. What are their lives to him if by their sacrifice he has saved money? But those deaths mean misery, want, and crime in many, many families. According to anarchistic principles, we build the best of railroads, so there shall be no accidents. There is the Broadway cable, for instance. Instead of running a few cars at a frightful speed, in order to save a larger expense, we should run many cars at slow speed, and so have no accidents.”

“If you do away with money and employers, who will work upon your railroads?” I asked.



*Emma Goldman.*

“Those that care for that kind of work. Then everyone shall do that which he likes best, not merely a thing he is compelled to do to earn his daily bread.”

“What will you do with the lazy ones, who would not work?”

“No one is lazy. They grow hopeless from the misery of their present existence, and give up. Under our order of things, every man would do the work he liked, and would have as much as his neighbor, so could not be unhappy and discouraged.”

“What will you do with your criminals if everyone is free and prisons unheard of?”

## Why Are There Criminals?

She smiles, sadly.

“The subject takes a lifetime of study,” she answered, “but we believe that we would not have a criminal. Why are there criminals today? Because some have everything, others nothing. Under our system it would be every man equal. The Bible says, ‘Thou shalt not steal.’ Now, to steal, it is granted, there must be something to steal. We do not grant that there is anything to steal, for everything should be free.”

“Do you believe in God, Miss Goldman?”

“Once I did. Until I was 17, I was very devout, and all my people are so, even today. But when I began to read and study, I lost that belief. I believe in nature, nothing else.”

“Where were you born?”

“I was born in Russia and afterwards my family removed to Germany. Although my people were of a good family, I was always in deep sympathy for the poor. I did not think of being an anarchist then, but I was always trying to see some way to benefit the working classes. I was taught a trade. My father thought that no difference what one’s position was, one should master a trade, so I learned dressmaking at a French school. I have worked at this for years, sometimes in my own rooms, and again in establishments.”

## She Likes to Bathe and Dress

“Do you care for dress at all?”

“Oh, of course,” she answered, laughing. “I like to look well, but I don’t like very fussy dresses. I like my dresses to be plain and quiet, and, above all things,” here she laughed as if recalling the oft declaration of anarchists’ hatred for soap, “I love my bath. I must be clean. Being a German, I was taught cleanliness with my youth, and I do not care how poor my room or my clothes are so long as they are clean.”

“What did you do with the money you earned by sewing?”

“Spent it all on books,” she said emphatically. “I kept myself in poverty buying books. I have a library of nearly 300 volumes, and so long as I had something to read I did not mind hunger or shabby clothes.”

Think of that, you girls who put every dollar upon your backs! Can you not testify to this woman’s earnestness of purpose when she sacrifices her looks for books?

Miss Goldman speaks Russian, German, French, and English, and reads and writes Spanish and Italian.

## Her Ideas of Marriage

“There is something else I must ask you. We look upon marriage as the foundation of everything that is good. We base everything upon it. You do not believe in marriage. What do you propose shall take its place?”

“I was married,” she said, with a little sigh, “when I was scarcely 17. I suffered—let me say no more about that. I believe in the marriage of affection. That is the only true marriage. If two people care for each other, they have a right to live together so long as that love exists. When it is dead, what base immorality for them still to keep together! Oh, I tell you the marriage ceremony is a terrible thing!”

“Tell me,” she added very seriously, “how can a woman go before a minister and take an oath to love ‘this man’ all her life? How can she tell but tomorrow, next week, she may get to know this man and hate him. Love is founded on respect, and a woman cannot tell what a man is until she lives with him. Instead of being free to end the relation when her feelings change, she lives on in a state that is the most depraved of all.”

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*‘If two people care for each other, they have a right to live together so long as that love exists. When it is dead, what base immorality for them still to keep together!’*

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“Take the woman who marries for a home and for fine clothes. She goes to the man with a lie on her lips. Still”—with a little uplifting of the hands—“she will not let her skirts touch the poor unfortunate upon the street who deceives no man, but is to him just what she appears! Do away

*continued on page 18 ...*



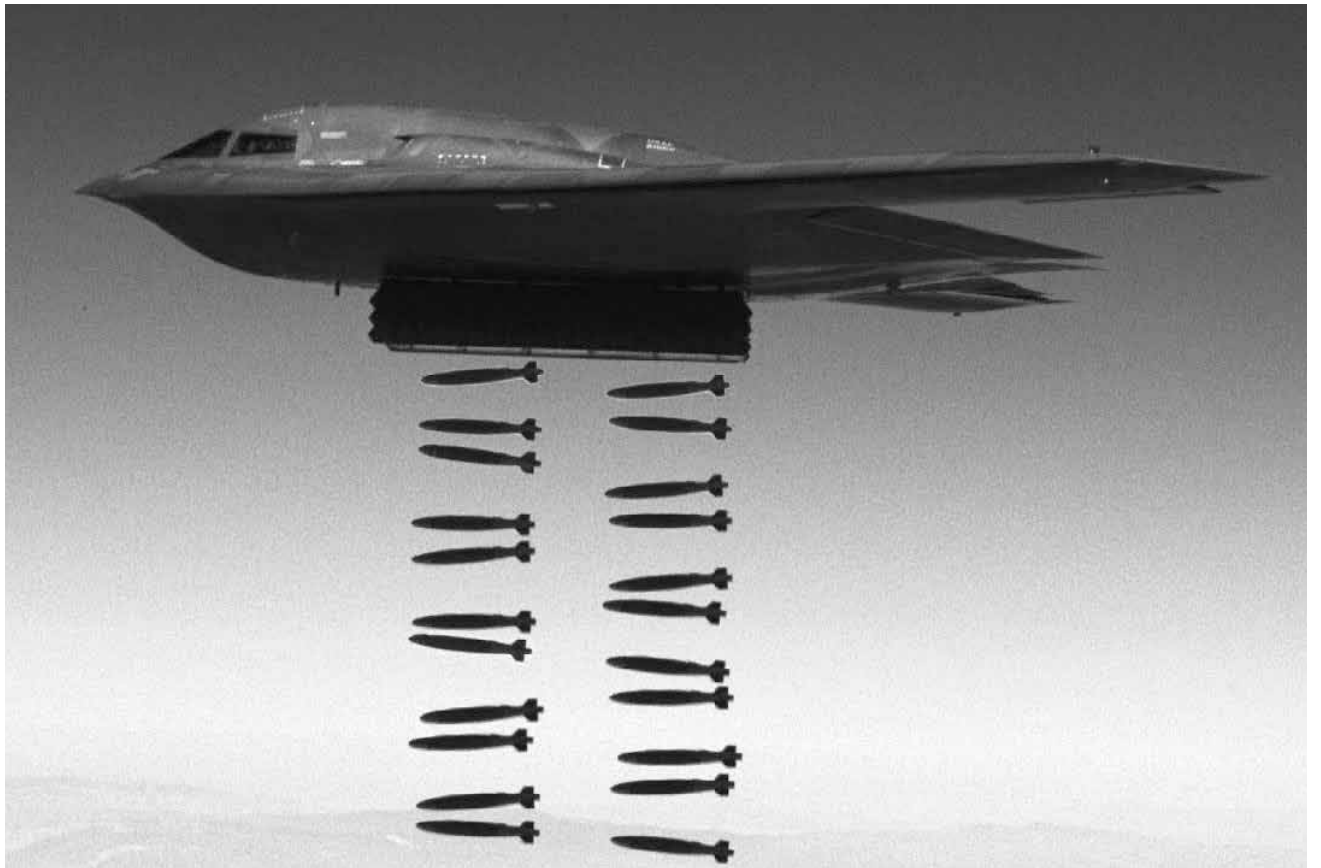
# Is There Such a Thing as a Painless War?

By Denny Riley

I've always been the brunt of ribbing from Marine Corps and Army veterans because I served in the U.S. Air Force. I admit, it was more comfortable duty. The worst I had it was a cot in a tent at U-Tapao Airbase in Thailand, and a winter at a B-52 base in North Dakota. But the Air Force is different. The Air Force is about aircraft and maintaining them in mission condition. More so than any other branch, the Air Force will train a recruit in a technical field. Members of the Air Force rarely if ever see the enemy.

After basic training and tech school my first assignment was with the 98th Bomb Wing. I was 19, and after six months in uniform I was beginning to see what a dumb move volunteering for four years was. But that name, 98th Bomb Wing, I liked that. It reminded me of those WWII movies I'd grown up on, with Van Heflin and Van Johnson and Robert Taylor and "May day! May day!" and off we go into the wild blue yonder. Shortly after I arrived at the 98th, the outfit's designation was changed to 98th Aerospace Wing. I didn't like the change but the 98th had ICBMs in subterranean silos over a wide swath of prairie, and I thought that was cool. I was a target intelligence specialist so periodically a captain and I traveled to the Atlas silos, went down three levels, opened a little door on the side of the missile, yanked out the target trajectory kit and stuck in a new one, and that simple, the missile had a new target. Strategic Air Command (SAC) was on alert around the clock for years, although nothing more threatening than a crypto compromise happened, I was there. And thank your guardian angel for that, because SAC was our nuclear might. Our alert pad had bombers loaded and ready to go in minutes, and our alert shack had the crews ready to do it. And the Soviets had the same. That mode of war, one that is unbelievably still discussed as an option, would have snuffed out everything. Had the klaxon sounded, forget your bomb shelter. Nothing would have saved any of us. Everything was a target. Did your hometown have a railyard, a port, a factory, a mine, a military installation, a major highway interchange, a seat of government, a food-packing plant? The Soviets had nukes aimed at you. If that war had gone off, everyone was going to get killed.

In January 1966, I left SAC because our war in Viet Nam was escalating. My new assignment was in the target room of an F-105 wing that bombed North Viet Nam



B-2 dropping bombs in Afghanistan.

and Laos every day. During that war the U.S. military flew 1,899,688 sorties, dropped 6,727,084 tons of bombs, and lost an estimated 10,000 aircraft. One thing I learned while I was over there is that aerial bombardment isn't very accurate. We often miss the target. SAC would have also often missed the target, yet a nuke has a greater effect than a 750-pound bomb, so even a miss is devastating.

rebel group last month at Saudi Arabia's capital, Riyadh. It was a victory for the Saudis and for the United States, which supplied the Patriot missile defense system. 'Our system knocked the missile out of the air,' President Trump said the next day from Air Force One en route to Japan, one of the 14 countries that use the system. 'That's how good we are. Nobody makes what we make,

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*Had the klaxon sounded, forget your bomb shelter. Nothing would have saved any of us. Everything was a target.*

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Over three million Vietnamese died in our war in their country, but an even bigger number to U.S. policy is the 58,000 Americans who died there. Washington knows the U.S. people don't want 500 of our young men and women killed a day, as did happen at the height of our war in Viet Nam.

So now we wage our wars from the air. Author Nick Turse reports that in 2015 we had troops in 147 countries. But if a GI is killed anywhere it's huge news. Thus the best way to support the various regimes we want to do business with is from the air. I've seen 74 as the number of regimes we are actively defending. Apparently in none of those countries does the other side have the capability to shoot down an aircraft. That definitely would be news. The idea is ugly.

The only way those people who believe military force is the solution to a problem can rationalize not using our ground forces—the chief component of war for all time—is to believe, or at least get us to believe, that air forces can do the job.

Other than my own experience of viewing Bomb Damage Assessment photography and seeing bomb craters all around the target while the target is untouched, I have a small collection of news articles on the subject. I'll only reference one for your edification, or maybe two.

The first is a story in the December 5, 2017, *New York Times*, entitled, "Five Shots at a Rebel Missile, But Signs Suggest All Missed."

It begins, "The official story was clear: Saudi forces shot down the ballistic missile fired by Yemen's Houthi

and now we're selling it all over the world.' But an analysis of photos and videos of the strike posted to social media suggests that the story may be wrong."

Further in the article, Jeffrey Lewis of the Middlebury Institute of International Studies is quoted as saying, "Governments have overstated the effectiveness of missile defenses in the past, including against SCUDs. During the first Gulf War, the United States claimed a near perfect record in shooting down Iraqi variants of the SCUD. Subsequent analyses found that nearly all of the interceptions had failed."

The Houthi missile had to travel 600 miles. In order to do that it had to separate into two pieces, a tube and a warhead. The tube fell to the ground but the Saudis claimed to have shot it down. The warhead went on and missed the airport runway by 200 yards.

So we have two failures (or three if we include the often unknown truth about SCUD missiles in the first Gulf War). The missiles our government sold the Saudis didn't do their job. And the missile provided by Iran to the Houthis failed to hit its target.

The second story, also from the *Times*, on December 12, 2017, and reported by Eric Schmitt, is entitled, "Hunting Militants in Afghanistan, With 10 Tons of Bombs at 20,000 Feet." Our military leaders are beginning to use B-1s, B-2s and B-52s on ISIS and the Taliban. The last time we resorted to that was in Viet Nam and we lost that war.

Denny Riley is a member of Veterans For Peace Chapter 69 in San Francisco.







**Left to right: Japanese police carry Mike Hanes away from blocking a construction truck; the VFP delegation in front of the Camp Schwab Marine base gate; Enya Anderson is removed from construction gate at Camp Schwab; Adrienne Kinne being roughed up by police; Monisha Rios holds a sign above the heads of protesters being held in a police pen. Photos: Ellen Davidson**

An 18-member Veterans For Peace delegation, including four former Marines who had been stationed on the island while on active duty, traveled to Okinawa Dec. 10–17 accompanied by Japanese filmmaker Hanayo Oya. They joined the daily blockades at the construction gates for the new base at Oura Bay in Henoko; visited Takae, where helipads and jungle warfare training are

devastating the Yanbaru Forest; held banners outside Futenma Air Station, which is situated in a densely populated area and houses crash-prone Osprey helicopters; and observed conditions at Kadena Air Base, where unrelenting noise from the jets forces classes to be suspended three or four times a day in nearby schools. At the U.S. base gates, the veterans addressed the

Marines inside, urging them to learn about how their presence serves to oppress the Okinawan people. The group was made up of Miho Aida, Enya Anderson, Ellen Davidson, Pete Doktor, Bruce Gagnon, Will Griffin, Michael Hanes, Takao Izutsu, Mayumi Jo, Tarak Kauff, Adrienne Kinne, Douglas Lummis, Ken Mayers, Miles Megaciph, Alice Kurima Newberry, Noriko

# Standing Okin

Oyama, Monisha Rios, and Russell Wray. Following are some impressions from participants in the delegation.

## Miles Megaciph

The last time I was in Okinawa was over 20 years ago, 1994–1995 when I was stationed at Camp Schwab as a U.S. Marine. I was not doing any sightseeing or cultural enrichment in those days. It was my and others' actions that were part of the blight of American forces stationed abroad, so the opportunity to go back as a civilian and redeem myself meant a lot to me. This trip exceeded my expectations. We met survivors of the battle of Okinawa at the gates of Camp Schwab, and I held some of their hands in nonviolent resistance as the police pried us apart so the construction vehicles could drive in and destroy Oura Bay. The bay is home to precious coral reefs and the dugong, a seafaring mammal, listed as vulnerable on the endangered species list. A number of us jumped out of the police holding pen and created a scene in which four of my comrades propped their legs against the front fender of a con-

## Nuchi Du Takara

### Chorus:

**Nuchi du takara Nuchi du takara  
No new Futenma Henoko Bay feeds us  
Nuchi du takara Nuchi du takara  
Any means you measure Okinawans are together  
Nuchi du takara Nuchi du takara  
All life is a treasure All life is precious  
Nuchi du takara Nuchi du takara  
Shut 'em down forever Shut these bases down forever**

### Verse:

**Long Before America was born This became the ryukyu nation  
Predating by more than 400 years imperialist japanese annexation  
Then U.S. offensives came to fight and kill and this I land was taken  
In the battle of Okinawa away from the country of the rising sun  
Now Busting big guns is still done often makes civilians anxious  
The situations simply one of ethnic oppression let's just face it  
For the seven generations coming their views and imaginations  
And all the lives unnecessarily taken opposing these occupations**

**Chorus  
Its a simple matter of Human rights over humiliation hence the  
Daily demonstrations and colorful cloth placements  
The power and peace represented through the perseverance  
In the push back against The rampant militarization  
From the northern training area down past camp Hansen  
For All the noise and harassment and Ospreys crashing  
The Illegal land grabs an American embarrassment  
And the 12-year-old raped in 9-5 with no answer**

**Chorus  
Yeah I was stationed at camp Schwab in '95 and**



**Miles Megaciph sings "Nuchi Du Takara" outside the Nago police station after he was released from jail.**

**I remember our presence impeded a normal life  
i mean On the island Marines relax by fucking wilding  
when Drinking and fighting was our way of socializing  
So now I work towards vocalizing the way I feel properly  
Now that I am no longer government property  
I hope and pray it's not impolite of me to say this  
I'm truly Sorry for my service ...  
it meant your freedom waited  
Chorus (2x)**

**—Miles Megaciph**





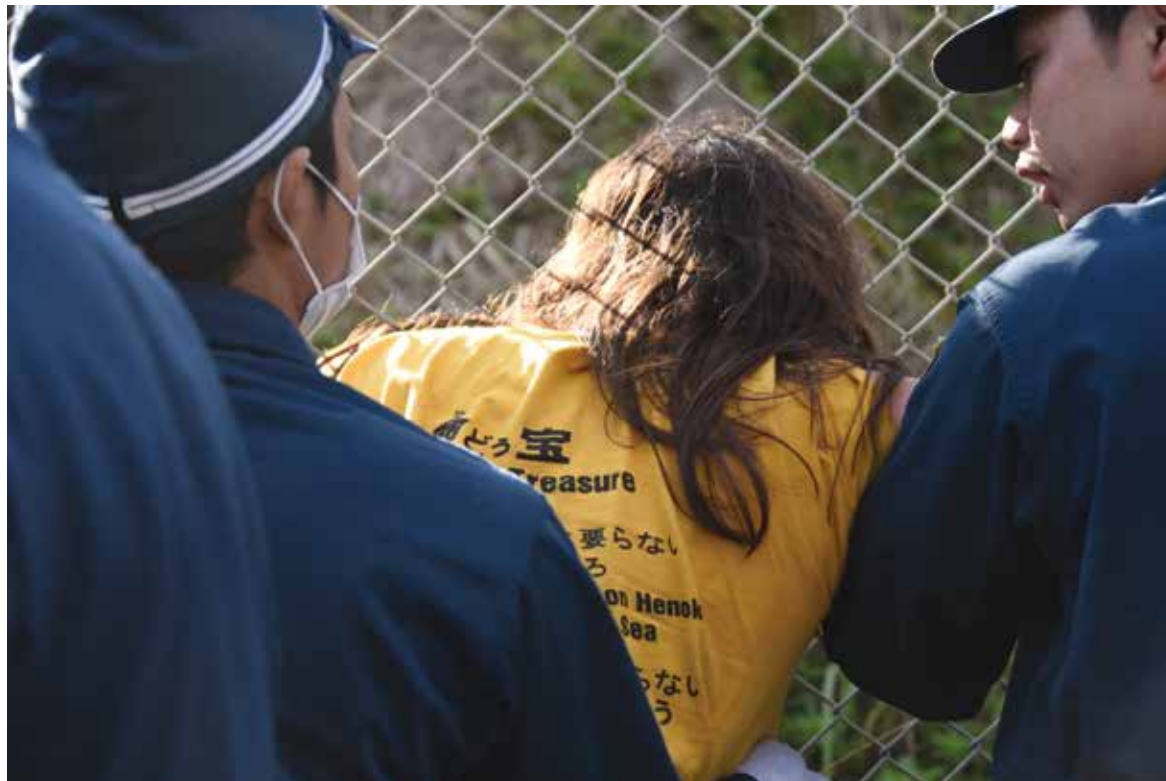
# ng with awa

struction truck and I jumped under the truck. I was asked by an officer with a flashlight, “What are you doing?” and I told him, while trying to wrap my legs around the axle, “I am protecting the dugong, I am protecting the coral reef.” Fortunately, I didn’t have to be scraped off but I did get arrested. [He was released the following day.]

I wrote a song entitled, “Nuchi Du Takara,” an Okinawan phrase meaning “All life is precious”; the song was intended as an anthem for the resistance, and it was beautiful to watch it being embraced by the movement’s central figures. At a number of our key actions and meetings I was asked to perform the newly written, and still being memorized, lyrics which became crystallized in my mind and dear to at least a few hearts by week’s end. [See full lyrics at left.]

## Mike Hanes

Toward the beginning of our time in Okinawa we went to the Futenma gate for a demonstration and protest. This Marine air base has the most dangerous airfield in the world, located right in the middle of a city, with



“clear zones” that are occupied by buildings. To my delight, there happened to be a group of four Marines standing inside the gate. It was a great opportunity to grab the microphone and talk to my fellow Marines. I saw my early self when looking at them and their posture. I explained that I was stationed here at the age of 19. I never questioned what I was doing until my government sent me off to war. I told them to look at the people. What do they want? They don’t want these bases here. The Marines pride themselves on honor, courage, integrity, and upholding democracy. Where is the democracy in occupying land when the people don’t want that? Where is the integrity in doing that? Where is the honor in upholding this imperialistic posture? They began to move uneasily and shied away from looking directly at me.

A major highlight for me was being chosen to speak for the delegation at the rally marking the one-year anniversary of an Osprey crash in Nago. It was indoors and there were some 3,000 people in attendance. It was also an intense moment, as extreme right-wingers were outside with sound trucks making loud noise trying to distract us. Most of the speakers were either politicians or motivational speakers and they spoke powerfully, expressing their anger at the U.S. military occupation. Near the end of the program I had my moment to speak. I started off with a collective apology from the Marines in our delegation that were stationed in Okinawa, an apology for supporting the continued occupation through our service there. It was our service that delayed their freedoms. From my experience as a combat Marine, I spoke

*continued on page 22 ...*

## U.S. Marine Jungle Warfare Training Trashes Yanbaru Forest

By Gentatsu Ashimine

My name is Gentatsu Ashimine from Takae in Higashi Village, Okinawa.

I love nature. I wanted to raise my children to have a spiritually rich life in the Yanbaru forest of northern Okinawa. We spent three years looking for a place to live, then finally found land in Takae. We bought the land, built a house by ourselves, and started our life in the Yanbaru forest. My family is myself, my wife, and our six children. Our children have been growing up freely and healthily in the rich forest. Playing and running barefoot every day, they have gotten to know the many species of plants and animals and have learned the importance of life. The forest is an irreplaceable and precious place for us.

We wanted to share with as many people as possible how

relaxing and comfortable it is to live in the forest, so we started building a lodge for visitors. We wanted to continue to live in Takae.

However, in 2007, we found out in the newspaper that the Japanese and U.S. governments had agreed to construct six U.S. military helipads that will surround the Takae residential area, as a condition for the return of part of the U.S. Northern Jungle Warfare Training Center in the Yanbaru forest. Since then, we have asked the Japanese government and the Defense Ministry over and over how often the six helipads will be used by what kind of military aircraft and which route they will take around the helipads, but we have not received any reasonable answer.

The construction of the first two helipads was completed by

2014. Before the promised return of the part of the Northern Jungle Warfare Training Center area, the two helipads were provided for the U.S. forces without any notification to us. Soon after, in 2015, Osprey aircraft began using them.

In June 2016, Osprey aircraft flew at very low altitude above our house every day and night for over three weeks. As many as three aircraft came together and flew over Takae many times as late as 11 pm. The noise was indescribably loud. We could not go to sleep. My children could not wake up the morning after the flight training. Even after waking up they looked absent-minded and could not go to school.

The Osprey has caused many accidents and a great deal of trouble. Flying directly above us, they threaten our

*continued on page 22 ...*



Former Marine Mike Hanes, Okinawan biologist Akino Miyagi, and filmmaker Hanayo Oya cleaning up garbage left by U.S. Marines in Yanbaru forest after jungle warfare training. Photo: Miho Aida



# The Story Behind America's Biggest Overseas Base

Story and photos by Jon Letman

At first glance, U.S. Army Garrison Humphreys looks like an ordinary American suburb. With K-12 schools, chapels, a library, a big box store, dental and veterinary clinics, and a spacious plaza where kids can skateboard and eat ice cream, Humphreys could easily be in Dallas or Denver. It's the security gates, razor-wire topped walls and the M1 Abrams tanks that stand out. Humphreys is, in fact, in Pyeongtaek, 40 miles south of Seoul, South Korea.

On a guided tour of Humphreys, Army Public Affairs Officer (PAO) Bob McElroy calls it "our little piece of America." The Army calls it "the largest power projection platform in the Pacific." Now in the final stage of a massive base expansion, Humphreys will have tripled in size when the expansion is completed in 2020. It will be nearly 3,500 acres—roughly the size of central Washington, D.C.—making it the largest overseas American military base in the world, capping off over a dozen years of transformation and consolidation of the U.S. military footprint in South Korea.

Humphreys is a major helicopter base, home to a rotational Attack Reconnaissance squadron. Attack assets like Apache, Blackhawk, and Chinook helicopters fly out of Humphreys mostly at night and the 8,000-foot-long airfield is large enough to land C-130s or other fighter jets from nearby Osan Air Base.

The installation has a battle simulation center, small arms range, communications center, and motor pools for servicing Bradley Fighting Vehicles and battle tanks, all poised and constantly ready to "Fight Tonight" while, like any other municipality, managing its own public works, infrastructure, police, fire, and real estate.

For the residents of Humphreys—even though there will be more than 45,000—there are creature comforts like a "super gym" and 18-hole golf course; a community center for arts, crafts and music; swimming pools; athletic fields; a movie

theater; and a bowling alley, as well as a 200-room hotel for military personnel. This month a 300,000-square-foot modern shopping center with scores of restaurants and retail stores will open near the pedestrian-friendly town center.

In all, more than 650 new buildings have been built on what was once rice fields and farming villages. But beyond the saunas and Starbucks, the Yong-san Relocation Plan and Land Partnership Plan are consolidating U.S. bases and other installations in Seoul and near the Demilitarized Zone (DMZ) dividing North and South Korea.

During Korea's Japanese colonial period (1910–45), Humphreys was a Japanese military base. At the end of World War II, the United States seized control, renaming the base "K-6" (Korean airfield No. 6) and later Camp Humphreys. Today Humphreys is home to U.S. Forces Korea (USFK) Headquarters, the 2nd Combat Aviation Brigade, and more than three dozen other mission units.

Humphreys also hosts rotational infantry, tank, and artillery battalion units that augment forces on the ground and train at the Rodriguez Live Fire Complex using cannons, tanks, and mortars near the heavily militarized DMZ.

The relocation to Humphreys includes soldiers from USAG Yongsan, USAG Red Cloud, Camp Casey, Eighth Army headquarters, and elements of the combined forces command and the Second Infantry Division, uniting 173 U.S. military camps from around the country.

The Army says the move to Humphreys means having to defend fewer sites and being further away from potential North Korean artillery strikes while improving "force posture and operational efficiency."

## A More 'Normal' Tour

Under a policy called tour normalization, USFK is encouraging families to join their soldiers in-country, hoping more spouses and kids will be a stabilizing force to counter so-called "camp-



Kang Song-won of the Pyeongtaek Peace Center points toward USAG Humphreys in the distance as he explains how farmers were displaced by the expansion of the base.

town" problems like fighting, crime, sexual violence, and prostitution near bases.

To accommodate some of those families, up to a dozen 12-story modern housing towers are being built, furnished, and designed for maximum comfort and convenience.

Leading a media tour of the base, PAO McElroy explains how Humphreys expanded onto farmland granted by the Republic of Korea (ROK) government. He says Korean farmers were given cash settlements by the South Korean government and moved into new houses in the mid-2000s.

Media accounts from the time describe

presence and the cost to host countries.

"Even if, at the end of the day, you think bases are there to provide stability and security—we think about national security, but what about human security or, at the very local level, what cost was it to have this large infrastructure in place? It's all part of the question of who defines peace and security."

In the village of Songhwa-ri, surrounded by small vegetable fields just outside Humphreys, as large banners decrying helicopter noise flutter in the breeze, Korean activist Joyakgol reflects on the protests and living with a foreign military presence. He

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*'[W]e think about national security, but ... what cost was it to have this large infrastructure in place? It's all part of the question of who defines peace and security.'*

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the forced relocations as land grabs accompanied by some of the largest and most violent anti-base protests in modern South Korean history. Dr. Andrew Yeo, an associate professor of politics at Catholic University of America, was there. He recalls farmers and families being evicted from the no-longer-extant villages of Daechu-ri and Dodu-ri.

"The [South Korean] Ministry of National Defense (MND) had acquired the land through a process of eminent domain. ... There was definitely land that was rice farms. I saw it with my own eyes; I walked there." After leaving South Korea for several months, Yeo returned to find the former rice farms and villages cordoned off with barbed wire.

By late winter of 2006, Yeo explains, the ROK government was under increasing pressure from the United States to push the expansion project forward, a process delayed by clashes between police and protesters. As winter turned to spring, Yeo says, it became easier to accelerate the removal of protesters.

Yeo, who teaches a course on the politics of overseas U.S. bases, says it's important for U.S. citizens to understand their country's large overseas military

says Americans should learn about the impact of U.S. bases in this country slightly larger than Indiana. "In [South] Korea it's a small country. If you have a huge military installation like Camp Humphreys, the people will have to live here and will be affected by the noise or the pollution or the crime so it's very painful."

## No Free Ride

Described as the U.S. military's largest peacetime construction project, up to 93 percent of the \$10.7 billion cost of Humphreys' expansion is being paid by South Korea under the Special Measures Agreement, which comes in addition to more than \$800 million in support of the U.S. military presence in South Korea in 2016, a 50-50 split with the United States, according to a USFK Public Affairs Office spokesperson.

Last year Gen. Vincent Brooks, now commander of USFK, made headlines when he stated that it's cheaper to keep U.S. forces stationed in South Korea than in the United States while then mayor and presidential candidate Lee Jae-myung argued South Korea is paying too much to host U.S. forces.

*continued on next page ...*



Behind fences, gates, and walls topped with razor wire, USAG Humphreys is a 'little piece of America,' where U.S. military personnel and their families enjoy the comforts of home while soldiers train for battle ready to 'fight tonight.'



... continued from previous page

Despite this, as early as 2011, President Donald Trump has been inaccurately claiming that South Korea doesn't "pay us" for providing military defense. During the 2016 campaign he continued to falsely suggest U.S. allies weren't paying "their fair share." Last April the U.S. President sparked outrage when he called on South Korea to pay \$1 billion for the deployment of the THAAD anti-missile system, which maker Lockheed Martin openly states is being deployed "to defend U.S. troops, allied forces, population centers, and critical infrastructure."

Seoul's willingness to pay so much for the U.S. military presence, McElroy says, is "a sign of the strength of our alliance with the ROK." He stresses the United States and South Korea share "an important alliance ... an important mission," adding, "we're equal partners in it and we have each other's interests at heart."

Responding by email, Lee Mihyeon, coordinator of the Peace and Disarmament Center of the Seoul-based NGO People's Solidarity for Participatory Democracy, says her organization does not support Korean tax dollars paying for U.S. military forces: "Of course there are people who accept this expenditure with resignation, but most South Korean citizens are not okay with [it]."

Regarding the question of burden sharing, Dr. Daniel Pinkston, a lecturer on international relations at Troy University in Seoul, says, "The ROK is a democracy, so they can stop it if they want. But they are getting a good deal."

Writing in an email, he suggests that in light of regional security threats, South Korea spending about 2.6 percent of its GDP on defense is reasonable. He calls South Korean expenditures to keep forward-deployed U.S. forces and credible extended deterrence "a really great bargain," asking, "What would the alternative be?"

### Deep Divisions Remain

In addition to the cost of paying for Humphreys' expansion, Kang Song-won, director of the Pyeongtaek Peace Center, says that more than a decade after villagers were displaced, community divisions remain.

New infrastructure like wider roads near the base and real estate development for off-base military housing, Kang says, benefit U.S. forces and specific business owners, not the greater community.

The size of the base, he adds, isn't as important as it once was, with the United States exercising a policy of strategic flexibility, meaning U.S. forces can be dispatched from South Korea to other countries as needed. For Kang and like-minded Koreans, being sandwiched between Osan Air Base and Humphreys means living with noise, crime, and a divided community.

When protests against Humphreys' expansion raged over a decade ago, Kang was joined by Catholic priest and prominent peace activist Father Mun Jeong-hyeon. Father Mun, now 80 years old, still actively protests against U.S. and Korean militarism. "The U.S. military occupies

so [much] land here and there," Mun says. "We insist that U.S. troops should be out of Korea. We cannot allow the U.S. military to occupy Korean land anymore."

Father Mun asks a simple question: "Why Korea was divided? Why USA is stationed in this country for a long time?"

### Ready or Not

Lanae Rivers-Woods, a U.S. citizen who has lived in Pyeongtaek teaching in a Korean public school for seven years, has watched how her own country's military is changing her adopted home. She says the impact and the response defy simple explanations.

She describes indifference by many in her community for whom Pyeongtaek's bases—USAG Humphreys and Osan Air Base—are all but nonexistent. She calls the situation "kind of surreal."

Areas around the U.S. bases have little to offer Koreans, Rivers-Woods says, recalling her own experiences outside Osan

as a lack preparation by the military and the inability to integrate soldiers into Pyeongtaek's civil community. In response, she has launched her own volunteer organization and created a smart phone app and blog to help military personnel adapt and better understand Korean culture.

"I don't have anybody's agenda," she says, "I am just there to solve problems."

Pyeongtaek faces many challenges beyond its role as a major military hub. Rivers-Woods points to massive industrial and commercial development, worsening traffic and poor air quality, and rapidly rising housing costs, which she says dwarf local concerns over the expanding military base. "If you saw the other development, you'd be like, 'why would I care about that base?' I am pretty sure the entire base would fit in the one Samsung factory. ... We've got a lot of issues going on," says Rivers-Woods.

New Samsung, LG, and other large proj-

after it is returned by the United States. Projects include parks, restoration of natural areas, and commercial ventures. After the United States returns land to the ROK government, it is primarily controlled by government agencies like the Ministry of Financial Planning and the Ministry of National Defense (MND).

Local municipal governments may want that land but the MND charges market price for the former military sites and, as Martin explains, "No one can afford to do anything with [the land] and it's already a very economically depressed area." The result, she says, is a lot of unused, abandoned land.

Meanwhile, the Pyeongtaek municipal government has tried to present the Humphreys' expansion and troop increase as an opportunity to spur growth, attract new investment and infrastructure development, and transform Pyeongtaek into an international city.

"There is a diversity of opinions in the Pyeongtaek city government for sure," Martin says, "but the vision for the city kind of congealed around this utopian sort of military cosmopolitan space that I cannot imagine will ever pan out the way it is portrayed in the propaganda and planning material."

### Little Piece of America

Back inside USAG Humphreys, Bob McElroy drives along a main thoroughfare called Freedom Road, where, even at a time of heightened rhetoric when the leaders of North Korea and the United States casually threaten each other with nuclear annihilation, life plugs along as usual. Soldiers maintain their vehicles, attack helicopters conduct night training exercises, and military families live a comfortable American lifestyle inside their fortified home.

McElroy says the upgraded base is a way to show appreciation for the men and women of the U.S. armed forces who support the U.S.-ROK alliance, always ready to "fight tonight." Whether there's war or peace, the United States shows no sign it plans to leave Korea any time soon.

Surveying the installation from the balcony of a 12-story family housing tower, McElroy says, "It's interesting to see how much it's grown and how much it's changed. It's a great thing. It's staggering when I think of the size of this thing and the fact that we built a city out of just farm fields, out of—not from nothing, there were villages out here—but we built it up from the ground up."

Reviewing the expanded perimeters of U.S. Army Garrison Humphreys on a map, this reporter points to Korean names and asks, "Are those villages?"

"They used to be," McElroy answers, explaining a new vehicle maintenance facility is being built where the village of Daechu-ri once stood. Gesturing inside a thick black line on the large map, he says, "All of this is ours now."

Jon Letman is a Hawaii-based independent journalist covering politics, people, and the environment in the Asia-Pacific region. He has written for *Al Jazeera*, *Foreign Policy in Focus*, *Inter Press Service* and others.



**Clubs and bars like the Drunk Bus cater to U.S. military personnel in the village of Anjeong-ri outside of USAG Humphreys. Camp town districts near overseas U.S. bases have a history of crime, prostitution, and human trafficking.**

Air Base.

"Generally, we all avoided those areas because they were violent and stressful," she says. "The verbal sexual harassment the second you walked onto the main street [by the bases] was really stressful," she says, calling it "really inappropriate" and "very uncomfortable."

Today, however, that hostile atmosphere has changed dramatically, according to Rivers-Woods, who calls the situation now "way more normal."

But as Humphreys draws a huge influx of U.S. military personnel and their families, she worries about what she sees

ects are expected to double Pyeongtaek's population from the current 440,000 in several years' time.

### Abandoned Land

Bridget Martin, a PhD candidate in the Department of Geography at the University of California-Berkeley, is currently living in South Korea studying how base consolidation and U.S. military spatial reorganization impact communities and local development projects.

She spends a lot of time meeting with South Korean government officials, examining how they want to use the land

# Rape Was Rampant During the Vietnam War

*Thousands of books have been written about Vietnam with no mention of widespread sexual assault*

By Nick Turse

On August 31, 1969, a rape was committed in Vietnam. Maybe numerous rapes were committed there that day, but this was a rare one involving U.S. GIs that actually made its way into the military justice system. And that wasn't the only thing that set it apart.

War is obscene. I mean that in every sense of the word. Some veterans will tell you that you can't know war if you haven't served in one, if you haven't seen combat. These are often the same guys who won't tell you the truths that they know about war and who never think to blame themselves in any way for our collective ignorance. The truth is, you

and deaths, loss, privation, hunger, dislocation, house burnings, detention, imprisonment, and torture. Some experienced one or another of these every day for years on end. That's suffering beyond the capacity of even our ablest writers to capture in a single book.

Unfortunately, however, that's not the problem. The problem is that almost no one has tried. Vietnamese are bit characters in American histories of the war, Vietnamese civilians most of all. Americans who tromped, humped, and slogged through Vietnam on one-year tours of duty are invariably the focus of those histories, while Vietnamese who endured a decade or even decades of war remain, at best, in the background or almost totally missing. (And by the way, it's no less true for most of the major movies about the war. Remember the Vietnamese main characters in *Apocalypse Now*? *Platoon*? *Full Metal Jacket*? *Hamburger Hill*? Me neither.)

The reasons for this are many and varied, ranging from racism and ethnocentrism to pure financial calculation. Few Americans

accounts, we've been assured, offer a more honest depiction of the horrors of war and the men who nobly bore them. Don't believe it.

As the narrator of Tim O'Brien's "How to Tell a True War Story" puts it:

"A true war story is never moral. It does not instruct, nor encourage virtue, nor suggest models of proper human behavior, nor restrain men from doing the things men have always done. If a story seems moral, do not believe it. If at the end of a war story you feel uplifted, or if you feel that some small bit of rectitude has been salvaged from the larger waste, then you have been made the victim of a very old and terrible lie. There is no rectitude whatsoever. There is no virtue. As a first rule of thumb, therefore, you can tell a true war story by its absolute and uncompromising allegiance to obscenity and evil."

Which brings us back to that rape on August 31, 1969.

Aside from Daniel Lang's *Casualties of War*, a brilliantly compact and harrowing account of the kidnap, gang-rape, and murder

know his story because the court martial records of one of his assailants, who was found guilty and sentenced to prison time, made it to the National Archives, where I found the document. But really, we know it because, according to the military judge presiding over the case, Curtis delivered "clear, strong, convincing, not halting, not hesitant, not reluctant, straight-forward, direct, willing, sincere, and not evasive" testimony. He and others told a brutal story, an obscene story—that is, a true war story.

## What Veterans Won't Tell You

Curtis was feeling sick that late summer day and wouldn't drink with his hootch-mates, so they pounced on him, held his mouth open, and poured whisky down his throat. When he began to retch, they let him go and he ran outside to throw up. He returned to his bunk and they attacked him again. The cycle repeated itself twice more. The last attempt to force Curtis to drink began with a threat. If he didn't imbibe with them—"them" being a fellow specialist, a private first class, and a private—they swore they would anally rape him. Curtis resisted.

In a flash, the three tore off his bed sheets and flipped him onto his stomach. They leaned on him to hold him down as he thrashed and bucked, while they ripped off his underwear. Then they smeared hand lotion all over his buttocks. As Curtis cried out for help, the private mounted him. He began to rape him and was heard to exclaim that it was "really good, it was tight." After the private was finished, the private first class raped Curtis. The specialist followed. "I know you enjoy it," Curtis heard one of them say before he blacked out from the pain. Across the hootch, another private watched the entire episode. Curtis had protested, he'd later say, but this soldier did nothing to intervene. He was, he later testified, "very scared" of the three attackers.

After Curtis regained consciousness, he retreated to the showers. When he finally returned to the hootch, the fellow specialist who raped him issued a threat. If he reported the attack, they would swear that he had paid them \$20 each to have sex with him.

That's a true war story. And that's a Vietnam War story that's absent from our histories of the conflict—all 30,000 of them.

Given the stigma attached to rape, especially decades ago, and the added stigma attached to male rape victims, it's shocking that the case ever became public, no less that it went to trial in a military court, or that the victim gave clear, graphic, painful testimony. The truth was out there, but no one ever told this story to the wider world—neither the victim, the perpetrators, the witnesses, the lawyers, the judge, the commanders at the base, nor a historian. You could read thousands of books on the Vietnam War—even books devoted to hidden histories, secrets, and the like—and never know that, in addition to rifles and rice paddies, war is also about rape, even male-on-male rape, even GI-on-GI rape. Just how many such rapes occurred, we'll never know, because such acts were and generally still are kept secret.

Veterans don't tell these stories. They al-

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*'As a first rule of thumb, therefore, you can tell a true war story by its absolute and uncompromising allegiance to obscenity and evil.'*

actually can know a lot about war without fighting in one. It just isn't the sort of knowledge that's easy to come by.

There are more than 30,000 books in print on the Vietnam War. The main problem with most of those books is the complete lack of Vietnamese voices. The Vietnam War killed more than 58,000 Americans. That's a lot of people and a lot of heartache. It deserves attention. But it killed several million Vietnamese and severely affected—and I mean severely—the lives of many millions more. That deserves a whole lot more focus.

## Missing in Action (From Our Histories)

From American histories, you would think the primary feature of the Vietnam War was combat. It wasn't. Suffering was the main characteristic of the war in Southeast Asia. Millions of Vietnamese suffered: injuries

want to read real stories about foreign civilians caught up in America's wars. Almost no one wants to read an encyclopedia of atrocities or a tome-like chronology of suffering. And most Americans, above all, have never wanted to know the grotesque truths of their wars. Luckily for them, most veterans have been willing to oblige—keeping the darkest secrets of that war hidden (even while complaining that no one can really know what they went through).

The truth is, we don't even know the full story of that war's obscenity when it comes to the American experience. This, too, has been sanitized and swapped out for tales of combat horror or "realistic" accounts of the war in the boonies that focus on repulsive realities like soldiers stepping on shit-smeared punji sticks, suffering from crotch rot, or keeling over from dehydration. Such

of a young Vietnamese girl (a *New Yorker* article-turned-book-turned-movie), you're not likely to encounter the story of the rape of a Vietnamese woman by Americans in "the literature." And yet the sexual assault of civilians by GIs was far from uncommon, even if you can read thousands of books on the Vietnam War and have little inkling that it ever happened. Hints about the harassment or sexual assault of American women—nurses, enlisted women, and so-called Donut Dollies—also rarely make it into the histories. And you can read most, perhaps all, of those 30,000 books without ever coming across a case of GI-on-GI rape in Vietnam.

But that's just what happened that August 31 at a U.S. base in Vietnam's far south, when three GIs attacked a fellow American, a fellow soldier. For the purposes of this piece, we'll call him Specialist Curtis. We





Woman sits with her children at a camp for internally displaced people in Dharawan, near the capital of Sana'a, Yemen.

## Remaining Peaceful Was Their Choice

By Kathy Kelly

People living in Yemen's third largest city, Ta'iz, have endured unimaginable circumstances for the past three years. Civilians fear to go outside lest they be shot by a sniper or step on a land mine.

ever harder to dig and were crippling the agricultural economy. They were similarly distressed over unemployment. When starving farmers and shepherds moved to cities, the young people could see how the increased population would overstress already inadequate systems for

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*In December of 2011, 150,000 people walked nearly 200 kilometers from Ta'iz to Sana'a, promoting their call for peaceful change.*

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Both sides of a worsening civil war use Howitzers, Kaytushas, mortars, and other missiles to shell the city. Residents say no neighborhood is safer than another, and human rights groups report appalling violations, including torture of captives. Two days ago, a Saudi-led coalition bomber killed 54 people in a crowded marketplace.

Before the civil war developed, the city was regarded as the official cultural capital of Yemen, a place where authors and academics, artists and poets chose to live. Ta'iz was home to a vibrant, creative youth movement during the 2011 Arab Spring uprising. Young men and women organized massive demonstrations to protest the enrichment of entrenched elites as ordinary people struggled to survive.

The young people were exposing the roots of one of the worst humanitarian crises in the world today.

They were sounding an alarm about the receding water tables, which made wells

sewage, sanitation, and health-care delivery. They protested their government's cancellation of fuel subsidies and the skyrocketing prices that resulted. They clamored for a refocus on policy away from wealthy elites and toward creation of jobs for high school and university graduates.

Despite their misery, they steadfastly opted for unarmed, nonviolent struggle.

Dr. Sheila Carapico, an historian who has closely followed Yemen's modern history, noted the slogans adopted by demonstrators in Ta'iz and in Sana'a in 2011: "Remaining Peaceful Is Our Choice," and "Peaceful, Peaceful, No to Civil War."

Carapico adds that some called Ta'iz the epicenter of the popular uprising. "The city's relatively educated cosmopolitan student body entertained demonstration participants with music, skits, caricatures, graffiti, banners, and other artistic embellishments. Throngs were photographed: men and women together; men and women separately, all unarmed."

In December of 2011, 150,000 people walked nearly 200 kilometers from Ta'iz to Sana'a, promoting their call for peaceful change. Among them were tribal people who worked on ranches and farms. They seldom left home without their rifles, but had chosen to set aside their weapons and join the peaceful march.

Yet those who ruled Yemen for over 30 years, in collusion with Saudi Arabia's neighboring monarchy, which fiercely opposed democratic movements anywhere near its borders, negotiated a political arrangement meant to co-opt dissent while resolutely excluding a vast majority of Yemenis from influence on policy. They ignored demands for changes that might be felt by ordinary Yemenis and facili-

tated instead a leadership swap, replacing the dictatorial President Ali Abdullah Saleh with Abdrabbuh Mansour Hadi, his vice-president, as an unelected president of Yemen.

The United States and neighboring petro-monarchies backed the powerful elites. At a time when Yemenis desperately needed funding to meet the needs of starving millions, they ignored the pleas of peaceful youths calling for demilitarized change, and poured funding into "security spending"—a misleading notion that referred to further military buildup, including the arming of client dictators against their own populations.

And then the nonviolent options were over, and civil war began.

Now the nightmare of famine and disease those peaceful youths had anticipated has become a horrid reality, and their city of Ta'iz is transformed into a battlefield.

What could we wish for Ta'iz? Surely, we wouldn't wish the terror plague of aerial bombardment to cause death, mutilation, destruction, and multiple traumas. We wouldn't wish for shifting battle lines to stretch across the city and the rubble in its blood-marked streets. I think most people in the United States wouldn't wish such horror on any community and wouldn't want people in Ta'iz to be singled out for further suffering. We could instead build massive campaigns demanding a U.S. call for a permanent cease-fire and an end of all weapon sales to any of the warring parties. But, if the United States continues to equip the Saudi-led coalition, selling bombs to Saudi Arabia and the UAE and refueling Saudi bombers in midair so they can continue their deadly sorties, people in Ta'iz and throughout Yemen will continue to suffer.

The beleaguered people in Ta'iz will anticipate, every day, the sickening thud, ear-splitting blast, or thunderous explosion that could tear apart the body of a loved one or a neighbor or a neighbors' child; or turn their homes to masses of rubble, and alter their lives forever or end their lives before the day is through.

Kathy Kelly co-coordinates *Voices for Creative Nonviolence*, [vcnv.org](http://vcnv.org).

## Indigenous

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In practice, these can be pets, insects, plants, parks, rivers, mountains. When an issue arises, consider it in relation to these other-than-humans. Allow yourself to continue to watch for other aspects of Nature as keys to a new realization as relates to the issue. Use ceremony with plants like pine, cedar, sage, or sweet grass to evoke images of other-than- or greater-than-human life forms. Such ceremonies can truly continue to help you embrace the unknown. Balance these ceremonies with discourse, knowing that discourse tends to remove the mysterious. All answers reside somewhere in what remains of the natural landscape in which you dwell.

As we move forward in the era of Trump, facing vast structural problems, let us remember that Nature is and always will be the ultimate teacher if we heed it accordingly.

Originally published at [truthout.org](http://truthout.org).

Wahinkpe Topa (Four Arrows), aka Don Trent Jacobs, is a professor in the College of Leadership Studies at Fielding Graduate University. Of Irish/Cherokee descent and a made-relative of the Oglala, he lived on the Pine Ridge reservation, where he served as director of education at Oglala Lakota College and fulfilled his four sun dance vows with the Rick Two Dogs Medicine Horse band. He was named one of Alternative Education Resource Organization's 27 "visionaries in education" and received the Martin Springer Institute's "Moral Courage Award." He is the author of 20 books.

# Return of the Apache to Gaza

By Ahmed Alnaouq

Like most children everywhere, I had a rich imagination, befriend everything from baby birds to characters that existed only in my mind. But what's different about children in Gaza is that we have an intimate knowledge of Israeli missiles, tanks, Apache helicopters, and F16s, which often made our fantasy worlds a bit sinister.

Drones are relatively new in our world, first invading my imagination during Is-

rael's 2008 war on Gaza, when I was 14. Before that, the Apache helicopter dominated both our play and our nightmares. During the Second Intifada, most of the assassinations of Palestinian leaders in Gaza were carried out by Apaches. I was in the first grade when the intifada began, and they were used to shoot at protesters. Apaches hovering in the sky over Gaza became a routine sight as I walked to school.

I still remember my first exposure to those killing machines. One day, just as

I reached home after school, my older brother, Ayman, ran into the house, shocked by something he had witnessed. Ayman was 10 years old and I was only six. Protests were our routine during the intifada, but that time, the demonstrators ventured too close to the nearest Israeli settlement in my town of Dair Albalah—Kfat Daroom. (The 8,000 Israeli settlers were pulled out of Gaza later, in 2005.) Ayman described the grisly sight when an Israeli helicopter shot two of the men, amputat-

ing their arms and legs. During the rest of the intifada, which lasted five years, seeing Apaches in the sky became a daily affair.

Seeing and hearing the buzz of the aircraft began to seem normal. I didn't really know fear yet; I was young. I liked how the Apache seemed to float in the air without falling. It reminded me of my dream of flying. I asked my parents and other adults how such a big, heavy machine could fly. I never received a satisfactory answer, until I studied physics in the 10th grade. I was amazed to learn how flight was possible and I earned a 100 percent in my class. The teacher thought I was a genius. I wasn't. I just was fascinated by planes.

We saw the Apache in our skies so much it lost its ability to terrify. Abdulaziz al-Rantisi, a leader of the Hamas resistance movement, told the media after an Apache assassinated his predecessor: "Are we afraid to die? It's death, it's the same thing. We are all waiting for the last day of our life, either by Apache or by cardiac arrest. I prefer to die by Apache." A few months later, he was assassinated by one. His near-prediction echoed in our minds for some time.

When the first Israeli war on Gaza began in 2008, it was the first time I felt truly scared of Apaches. It was on a Saturday in December of that year, and I was at school when an Apache flew very close by and targeted a site with multiple missiles. Fragments flew everywhere and we all ran home. That day, 300 Palestinians were killed, and the war was on.

It's been 17 years since I first heard of the Apache, and five years since I heard or saw one. The resistance fighters learned how to shoot them down, so drones and F-35s took over—although now I hear the Israelis know Hamas can't withstand another war and are getting bolder.

Yesterday, I was home in my bed, at 2 a.m., when I heard a familiar buzzing. I ran into the street and looked around, but couldn't find it. I was joined by one of my friends, fearless and peering around. "Will it be war?" I asked. "No, it won't," he replied. "They will just target some sites and go away."

We talked a bit in the cold breeze, chatting about the attempted reconciliation between our two political parties. I shared my pessimism about the chances for success and he agreed. Then we looked up at the sky and the stars were too many and too bright. There appeared to be many meteors and shooting stars. I remembered the fairytale from childhood and said jokingly, "Let's wish for a safe sleep and a peaceful night." My friend smiled and said, "You're such a child."

Then there was another shooting star, and another—this time bigger and faster. Except now I knew they weren't meteors. A blast deafened me and the sky exploded into red. I felt a deep vibration, as if in my heart. The Apaches are back.

Ahmed, 22, graduated from Al-Azhar University in Gaza City. A resident of the middle Gaza community of Deir Albalah, he says his dream is to advance the cause of Palestinian human rights and to expose the "human face" of the Israeli occupation. He is project manager for the Gaza team of *We Are Not Numbers*, [wearenotnumbers.org](http://wearenotnumbers.org).



## Emma Goldman

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with marriage. Let there be nothing but voluntary affection and there ceases to exist the prostitute wife and the prostitute street woman."

"But the children? What would you do with them? Men would desert; women and children would be left uncared for and destitute," I protested.

"On the contrary, then men would never desert, and if a couple decided to separate there would be public homes and schools for the children. Mothers who would rather do something else than care for their children could put them in the schools. There they would be cared for by women who preferred taking care of children to any other work. In this way we would never have diseased or disabled children from careless and incompetent mothers.

"Besides this," she went on, "in our free schools every child would have a chance to learn and pursue that for which it has ability. Can you imagine the number of children today, children of poor parents, who are born with ability for music or painting, or letters, whose abilities lie dormant for the lack of means and the necessity to work for their daily bread as soon as they are out of their cradles?"

### Her Relatives

"Have you any brothers or sisters, Miss Goldman?"

"Yes; a married brother, who does not bother about anything, and only reads the papers when there is something in them about me. My sister is also married and, while not actively engaged in our cause, is bringing up her children to our principles. My father and mother

are also living, near Rochester, and, while not anarchists, sympathize with me and do not interfere with my work."

"What is your future?"

"I cannot say. I shall live to agitate to promote our ideas. I am willing to give my liberty and my life, if necessary, to further my case. It is my mission and I shall not falter."

"Do you think that murder is going to help your cause?"

She looked grave; she shook her head slowly.

"That is a long subject to discuss. I don't believe that through murder we shall gain, but by war, labor against capital, masses against classes, which will not come in 20 or 25 years. But some day, I firmly believe, we shall gain, and until then I am satisfied to agitate to teach, and I only ask justice and freedom of speech."

And so I left the little anarchist, the modern Joan of Arc, waiting patiently in the Tombs until her friends could secure bail for her.

"I shall certainly get a year or a year and a half," she said to me in parting, "not because my offense deserves it, but because I am an anarchist."



Nellie Bly

Journalist Elizabeth Cochran Seaman (May 5, 1864–January 27, 1922), known by her pen name Nellie Bly, was famous for her record-breaking trip around the world in 72 days, in emulation of Jules Verne's fictional character Phileas Fogg, and an exposé in which she reported undercover from inside a mental institution. A pioneer in her field, she launched a new kind of investigative journalism. Bly was also a writer, industrialist, inventor, and a charity worker.



# Symbol of a New Generation of Palestinian Resistance

*It would be far better, however, if Ahed Tamimi could just be a child*

**By Ben Ehrenreich**

Ahed Tamimi was 11 when I met her, a little blond slip of a thing, her hair almost bigger than she was. I remember her grimacing as her mother combed out the knots each morning in their living room. The second time I went to a demonstration in Nabi Saleh, the West Bank village where she lives, Ahed and her cousin Marah ended up leading the march. Not because they wanted to, but because Israeli Border Police were chasing everyone, and shouting and throwing stun grenades, and she and Marah ran ahead of the crowd. That's how it's been ever since. The Israeli military keeps pushing—into the village, into the yard, into the house, beneath the flesh and into the skulls and tissue and bones of her family and her friends—and Ahed ends up out in front, where everyone can see her. She was there again last week after a video of her slapping an Israeli soldier went viral. I can assure you it's not where she wants to be. She would rather be with her friends, on their phones, doing the things that teenagers do. She would rather be a kid than a hero.

Ahed's image flew around the world for the first time not long after I met her. In that photo, she was raising her bare skinny arm to shake her fist in the face of an Israeli soldier twice her size. His comrades had just arrested her brother. Overnight she became something no child should ever be: a symbol.

The demonstrations in Nabi Saleh were then in their third year. Israeli settlers had confiscated a spring in the valley between the village and the settlement of Halamish, and Nabi Saleh had joined a handful of other villages that chose the path of unarmed resistance, marching to protest the occupation every Friday, week after

week. Ahed's cousin, Mustafa Tamimi, had already been killed, shot in the face with a tear gas canister fired out of the back of an Israeli army jeep. Her mother's brother, Rushdie Tamimi, would not be killed for another few months. In November of 2012, he was shot in the back by an Israeli soldier just down the hill from her house. There was nothing unusual about any of it really, only that the tiny village didn't stop. They kept racking up losses, and kept marching, every Friday, to the spring. They almost never got close. Most Fridays, before they reached the bend in the road, soldiers stopped them with tear gas and sundry other projectiles. The army came during the week too, usually before dawn, making arrests, searching houses, spreading fear, delivering a message that got clearer each time: your lives, your homes, your land, even your own and your children's bodies—none of it belongs to you.

Last week, the soldiers came for Ahed. It's hard for me to understand this now, but I didn't think it would happen to her. I thought she might be spared this, that she might be allowed to finish school and go on to university and without this interruption become the bold and brilliant woman she will surely one day be. I assumed that her brothers and her male cousins would all at some point go to jail—most of them already have—and that some of them would be injured or worse. Every time I visit Nabi Saleh and look in the children's faces I try not to wonder who it will be, and how bad. Two Fridays ago, one week before Ahed chased the soldiers from her yard, it was her cousin Mohammad, one of her little brother's closest friends. A soldier shot him in the face. The bullet—rubber-coated but a bullet nonetheless—lodged in his skull. A week later, he was still in a medically induced coma.

If you've seen the video that led to her arrest, you might have wondered why Ahed was so angry at the soldiers who entered her yard, why she yelled at them to leave, why she slapped them. That's why. That and a thousand other reasons. Her uncle and her cousin killed. Her mother



**Ahed Tamimi at her family's home in Nabi Saleh. Photo: Ellen Davidson**

shot in the leg and on crutches for most of a year. Her parents and her brother taken from her for months at a time. And never a night's rest without the possibility that she might wake, as she did early Tuesday morning, as she had so many times before, to soldiers at the door, in her house, in her room, there to take someone away.

I didn't count on the astonishing fearfulness of the Israeli public, or that a video of Ahed, unafraid, slapping a soldier to force him out of her yard, would strike such a hideous nerve. Ahed Tamimi was not jailed for breaking the law—Israel, in its governance of the land it occupies, shows little regard for legality. She was arrested because she was all over the news, and the public and the politicians were demanding that she be punished. They used words like “castrated” and “impotent” to describe how they felt when they looked at that soldier with his helmet and his body armor and his gun and at the kid in the pink tee-shirt and blue windbreaker who put him to shame. For all their strength, power, wealth, and arrogance, she had put them all to shame.

The gulf between the two opposing fantasies that define Israel's self-image has only grown with the years: a country that still imagines itself to be David to the Arab Goliath—noble, outnumbered, and brave—while taking pride in the unrivaled lethality and sophistication of its military. Ahed made both those convictions crumble. Before the world, she had again revealed Israel to be the bully. And watching that video, they knew that their guns are worthless, their strength a sham. For revealing those secrets, for show-

ing the world how weak and fearful they know themselves to be, Ahed had to be punished. And so the defense minister of the country with the most technologically advanced military in the world stooped from his throne to personally promise that not just Ahed and her parents but “everyone around them” would get “what they deserve.” The minister of education was more specific: Ahed should be locked up for life, he said, so serious was her crime.

So far they have arrested Ahed, her mother Nariman, and her cousin Nour, who were also in the video. They arrested Nariman when she went to the police station to see her daughter and they came back for Nour the next day. The propagandists have been hard at work spreading lies—that Ahed is not a child or is not Palestinian, that the Tamimis are not a family at all, or are every last one of them terrorists, that none of this is real, that the occupation is not an occupation and what you think you see on video is theater staged for foreigners to make Israel look bad. Anything is easier to accept than the truth, that Ahed showed them who they are, and how 50 years of occupation has hollowed them out as a nation, how it makes them weaker and more frightened every day.

Please don't make Ahed a hero. Heroes, when they are Palestinian, end up dead or behind bars. Let her be a kid. Fight to set her free, so that one day she can be an ordinary woman, in an ordinary land.

*Originally published by The Nation.*

*Ben Ehrenreich is a freelance journalist and novelist who lives in Los Angeles.*



**Ahed Tamimi is escorted at a military court near Jerusalem, December 20, 2017. Photo: AP/Oren Ziv**

# Most Dangerous Man

... continued from page 1

A Yale study released last March indicated that 70 percent of us—a surprising but still less than overwhelming number (given the by-now well-established apocalyptic dangers involved)—believe that global warming is actually occurring. Less than half of us, however, expect to be personally harmed by it. So, to quote the eminently quotable Alfred E. Newman, “What, me worry?”

In the wake of the hottest year on record, we all now live on a new-normal planet, which means a significantly more extreme one. Perhaps it’s fitting, then, that the political version of that new normal involves a wildly overheated, overbearing, over-hyped, over-tweeted president (even if only 60-odd percent of us believe that he could truly harm us). He’s a man who, as the *New York Times* reported recently, begins to boil with doubt and disturbance if he doesn’t find himself in the headlines, the focus of cable everything, for even a day or two. He’s a man who seems to thrive only when the pot is boiling and when he’s the center of the universe. And what a world we’ve prepared for such an incendiary figure!

We’re all now immersed in an evolving Trumpocalypse. In a sense, we were there even before The Donald entered the Oval Office. Just consider what it meant to elect a visibly disturbed human being to the highest office of the most powerful, potentially destructive nation on Earth. What does that tell you? One possibility: Given the near majority of American voters who sent him to the White House, by campaign 2016 we were already living in a deeply disturbed country.

## Could Donald Trump Be the End of Evolutionary History?

One night almost 60 years ago, for instance, I can still vividly remember myself on my hands and knees crawling through the rubble of an atomically devastated city. It was just a nightmare, of course, but of a sort that was anything but uncommon for those of us growing up then. And there were times—especially during the Cuban Missile Crisis of 1962—when those nuclear nightmares left the world of dreams and pop culture for everyday life. And even before that, if you were a child, you regularly experienced the fear of obliteration, as the air raid sirens wailed outside your classroom window, the radio on your teacher’s desk broadcast warnings from Conelrad, and you “ducked and covered” under your flimsy desk.

With the implosion of the Soviet Union in 1991, such fears receded, though they shouldn’t have, since by then,



in a world of spreading nuclear states, we already knew about “nuclear winter.” What that meant should have been terrifying. A perfectly imaginable nuclear war, not between superpowers, but regional powers like India and Pakistan, could put so much smoke, so many particulates, into the atmosphere as to absorb sunlight for years, radically cooling the planet and possibly starving out most of humanity.

Only in our moment, however, have such nuclear fears returned in a significant way. Under the circumstances, more than half a century after that March of Progress imagery became popular, if we were to provisionally update it, we might have to add a singularly recognizable figure to the far right side of that diorama (appropriately enough): a large but slightly stooped man with a jut-chin, a flaming face, and a distinctive orange comb-over.

Which brings us to a straightforward enough question: Could Donald Trump prove to be the end of evolutionary history? The answer, however provisionally, is that he could. At a minimum, right now he qualifies as the most dangerous man on the planet. He might indeed be the final stopping spot (or at least the person who pointed the way toward it) for human history, for everything that led to this moment, to us.

## What Rough Beast, Its Hour Come Round at Last...?

Whatever you do, however, don’t just blame Donald Trump for this. He was simply the particularly unsettling version of *Homo sapiens* ushered into the White House on a backlash vote of dissatisfaction in 2016. When he got there, he unexpectedly found powers beyond compare awaiting him like so many loaded guns. As was true with the two presidents who preceded him, he automatically became not just the commander-in-chief of this country but its assassin-in-chief; that is, he found himself in personal control of an armada of drone aircraft that could be sent just about anywhere on Earth at his command to kill just about anyone of his choosing. At his beck and call, he also had the equivalent of what historian Chalmers Johnson once called the president’s own private army (now, armies): both the CIA irregulars Johnson was familiar with and the U.S. military’s vast, secretive Special Operations forces. Above all, however, he found himself in charge of the planet’s largest nuclear arsenal, weaponry that he and he alone could order into use.

In short, like this country’s other presidents since August 1945, he was fully weaponized and capable of singlehandedly turning this planet, or significant parts of it, into an instant inferno, a wasteland of—in his incendiary phrase in relation to North Korea—“fire and fury.” On January 20, 2017, in other words, he became the personification of a duck-and-cover planet (even though, as had been true since the 1950s, there was really nowhere to hide). It made no difference that he himself was woefully ignorant about the nature and power of such weaponry.

And speaking of planetary infernos, he also found himself weaponized when it came to a second set of instruments of ultimate destruction about which he was no less ignorant and to which he was even more in thrall. He brought to the Oval Office—Make America Great Again!—a nostalgia for his fossil-fueled childhood world of the 1950s. Weaponized by Big Energy, he arrived prepared to ensure that the wealthiest and most powerful country on the planet would clear the way for yet more pipelines, fracking, offshore drilling, and just about every other imaginable form of exploitation of oil, natural gas, and coal (but not alternative energy). All of this was intended to create, as he proclaimed, a new “golden age,” not just of American energy independence but of “energy dominance” on a planetary scale. And here’s what that really means: Through his executive orders and the decisions of the stunning range of climate deniers and Big Oil enthusiasts he appointed to key posts in his administration, he can indeed ensure that ever more greenhouse gas emissions from the burning of fossil fuels will enter the atmosphere in the years to come, creating the basis for another kind of apocalypse.

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# U.S. People: We Ask You to Stand Up to Your Government

*Open letter from  
Honduras' José Manuel  
Zelaya Rosales*

Tegucigalpa, December 21, 2017

People of the United States:

For the past century, the owners of the fruit companies called our country “Banana Republic” and characterized our politicians as “cheaper than a mule” (as in the infamous Rolston letter).

Honduras, a dignified nation, has had the misfortune of having a ruling class lacking in ethical principles that kowtows to U.S. transnational corporations, condemning our country to backwardness and extreme poverty.

We have been subject to horrible dictatorships that have enjoyed U.S. support, under the premise that an outlaw is good for us if he serves transnational interests well. We have reached the point that, today, we are treated as less than a colony to which the U.S. government does not even deign to appoint an ambassador. Your government has installed a dictatorship in the person of Mr. Hernández, who acts as a provincial governor—spineless and obedient toward transnational companies, but a tyrant who uses terror tactics to oppress his own people. Certain sectors of Honduran private industry have also suffered greatly from punitive taxes and persecution.

You, the people of the United States, have been sold the idea that your government defends democracy, transparency, freedom, and human rights in Honduras. But the State Department and Heide Fulton, the U.S. chargé d'affaires who is serving as de facto ambassador to Honduras, are supporting blatant electoral fraud favoring Mr. Hernández, who has repeatedly violated the Honduran constitution and (as noted by the U.N. Office of the High Commissioner for Human Rights) basic human rights. He is responsible for the scandalous looting of \$350 million

from the Honduran Social Security Institute, and while he lies to you shamelessly that he is fighting drug cartels, he has destroyed the rule of law by stacking the Supreme Court with justices loyal to him.

The people of the United States have the right to know that in Honduras your taxes are used to finance, train, and run institutions that oppress the people, such as the armed forces and the police, both of which are well known to run death squads (like those that grew out of Plan Colombia) and which are also deeply integrated with drug cartels.

People of the United States: The immoral support of your government has been so two-faced that for eight consecutive years the U.S. Millennium Challenge Corporation has determined that the Hernández regime does not qualify for aid because of the government's corruption, failing in all measures of transparency. With this record, the Honduran people ask: Why is the U.S. government

willing to recognize as president a man whom the Honduran people voted against, and whom they wish to see leave office immediately?

People of the United States: We ask you to spread the word, to stand up to your government's lies about supporting democracy, freedom, human rights, and justice, and to demand that your elected representatives immediately end U.S. support for the scandalous electoral fraud against the people of Honduras, who have taken to the streets to demand recognition of the victory of the Alliance Against the Dictatorship and of President-elect Salvador Alejandro César Nasralla Salúm.

We can tolerate difference and conflict, seeking peaceful solutions as a sovereign people, but your government's intervention in favor of the dictatorship only exacerbates our differences.

The electoral fraud supported by the U.S. State Department in favor of the dictatorship has forced our people to protest

massively throughout the country, despite savage government repression that has taken the lives of more than 34 young people since the election, and in which hundreds of protesters have been criminalized and imprisoned.

We stand in solidarity with the North American people; we share much more with you than the fact that the one percent has bought off the political leaders of both our nations.

As descendants of the independence hero Morazán, we want to live in peace, with justice and in democracy.

The Honduran people want to have good relations with the United States, but with respect and reciprocity.

José Manuel Zelaya Rosales  
Constitutionally Legitimate President of Honduras 2006–2010

Chief Coordinator, Opposition Alliance Against the Dictatorship



## Vietnam War

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most never offer up accounts of murder, assault, torture, or rape unsolicited. They don't want you to know. Such realities need to be mined out of them. I've done it for the last 10 years, and, believe me, it can be exhausting.

Veterans, their advocates, and their defenders often tell us it's never okay to ask if a soldier or Marine killed somebody “over there.” But if veterans refuse to offer up unsanitized accounts of their wartime experiences and it's improper for us to ask what they did, how can civilians be faulted for failing to understand war?

To set the historical record straight, I've traveled across the globe, walked into people's homes, and asked them questions to which, in a better world than ours, no one should have to know the answers. I've asked

elderly Vietnamese to recount the most horrific traumas imaginable. I've induced rivers of tears. I've sat impassively, taking notes as an older woman, bouncing her grandchild on her knee, told me what it was like to be raped with an American weapon.

As I said, war is obscene.

I also asked these questions of American veterans because—some notable and iconic exceptions aside—too few have had the courage of that Vietnamese grandmother. After all, some American raped her with that weapon, but as far as I know—and if anybody knew, it would probably be me—he never leveled with the American public about the true nature of his war. He never told the truth, publicly apologized, voiced regret, or even for that matter boasted about it, nor did he ever make a case for why raping a woman with a weapon was warranted in wartime. He kept it a secret and, if he's still alive, continues to do so today. We all suffer

for his silence.

On a single day in August 1969, on one base, three GIs raped a fellow American soldier. Three rapes. One day. What does that mean? What does it say about men? About the military? About war? We can't know for sure because we'll never know the whole truth of sexual assault in Vietnam. The men involved in wartime sex crimes—in raping Vietnamese women, in sodomizing them, in violating them with bottles and rifle muzzles, in sexually assaulting American women, in raping American men—have mostly remained silent about it.

One of the rapists in this case may have passed away, but at least one is still apparently alive in the United States. Maybe even on your street. For decades we knew nothing of their crimes, so we know less than we should about the Vietnam War and about war in general.

Maybe it's time to start asking questions of

our veterans. Hard questions. They shouldn't be the only ones with the knowledge of what goes on in armies and in war zones. They didn't get to Vietnam (or Iraq or Afghanistan) on their own and they shouldn't shoulder the blame or the truth alone and in silence. We all bear it. We all need to hear it. The sooner, the better.

*This story first appeared on the TomDispatch website.*

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# Okinawa

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of the realities of war and how these bases support wars. I then said we are concerned for the future of the children in Okinawa because of the Japan-U.S. alliance. We are concerned that their children may be manipulated to fight in future wars such as I was. We say no to war! We say no to these U.S. bases and the violence and accidents that come from these bases. Then all the VFP delegation chanted together, “Nuchi du takara, nuchi du takara, nuchi du takara.” It was a powerful moment as the crowd went wild; the camera crews were snapping pictures of my VFP brothers and sisters, who looked at me in approval. At that moment, I felt an intense feeling of solidarity, unity, and strength with the Okinawan people and their future.

## Russell Wray

Sitting here now in cold and snowy Maine, I am filled with memories and images of the time spent as a part of this year’s Veterans For Peace solidarity delegation to Okinawa.

This was my first time ever being in Okinawa, but I have actually visited several times the tiny island just to the north, within eyesight of Okinawa, where my wife Akemi was born and raised. That island, Okinoerabu, was the site of a U.S. radar base (now operated by the Japan Self-Defense Forces). The image I hold in my mind of Akemi as a young child, frightened by the very loud roar of low-flying B-52s coming in over her home island, has always made me angry at the



At the memorial for Rina Shimabakuro. Photo: Ellen Davidson

U.S. military. What I learned and saw and experienced on this trip only deepened that anger.

And there is much to be angry about! The best part of being on the delegation was being able to experience firsthand some of the ways the U.S. military affects the local people’s lives, democracy, and environment.

Hearing the intense aircraft noise that our military is daily subjecting the Okinawan people to, visiting the school where young children have narrowly escaped injury or worse from parts falling from those aircraft, visiting the shrine for a young woman raped and murdered by a former Marine ... these experiences have made the brutality of the U.S. occupation a reality for me.

Long before this trip, I had been hearing of the U.S. and Japanese governments’ de-

cision to relocate Futenma Air Station to Camp Schwab, which would involve the desecration of pristine Oura Bay, the further endangerment of 262 already endangered species, and finishing off altogether any hopes for the eventual recovery of the Okinawan dugong. Being there, sitting at the Camp Schwab gate, and taking in the incredible beauty from the beach at Oura Bay brought home the reality of what is

taking place there. As someone who loves the oceans and ocean life, construction of this new U.S. military base is beyond outrageous. It is insanity!

## Monisha Rios:

Audre Lorde said, “There is no such thing as a single-issue struggle, because we do not live single-issue lives,” and “there is no hierarchy of oppressions.”

The people I met under Ryukyu skies showed me what it can look like to join together as interconnected, intersectional beings in the struggle against the systems that oppress us all and are destroying our shared home.

When the Japanese mainland riot police came to break us apart where we sat with locked arms, hands, and feet in front of the construction entrance near the Camp Schwab gate, the people behind me grabbed on. We were all holding on tightly to each other. We sang, raised our voices in protest, reached out to grab a hand or arm or foot if we saw it pried loose.

It was just “us” in those moments. There were no divisions, no labels, no hierarchy, no dominance, no competition, no “them.” It wasn’t about any single person, problem, or species. It was about protecting everything that connects all life to all life.

# Dangerous Man

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Still, you can’t just blame President Trump for this either. He’s not responsible for the ingenuity, that gift of evolution, that led us, wittingly in the case of nuclear weapons and (initially) unwittingly in the case of climate change, to take powers once relegated to the gods and place them in our own hands—as of January 20, 2017, in fact, in the hands of Donald J. Trump. Don’t blame him alone for the fact that the most apocalyptic moment in our history might come not via an asteroid from outer space, but from Trump Tower.

So here we are, living with a man whose ultimate urge seems to be to bring the world to a boil around himself. It’s possible that he might indeed be the first president since Harry Truman in 1945 to order the use of nuclear weapons. As Nobel Prize winner Beatrice Fihn, director of the International Campaign to Abolish Nuclear Weapons, recently commented, the world might be only “a tiny tantrum” away from nuclear war in Asia. At the very least, he may already be helping to launch a new global nuclear arms race in which countries from South Korea and Japan to Iran and Saudi Arabia could find themselves with world-ending arsenals, leaving nuclear winter in the hands of ... well, don’t even think about it.

Now, imagine that amended evolutionary chart again, or perhaps—in honor of The Donald’s recent announcement that the United States was recognizing Jerusalem as Israel’s capital—call to mind poet William Butler Yeats’s words about a world in which “the best lack all conviction, while the worst are full of passionate intensity,” while some “rough beast, its hour come round at last,” is slouching

“towards Bethlehem to be born.” Think then of what a genuine horror it is that so much world-ending power is in the hands of any single human being, no less such a disturbed and disturbing one.

Of course, while Donald Trump might represent the end of the line that began in some African valley so many millennia ago, nothing on this planet is graven in stone, not when it comes to us. We still have the potential freedom to choose otherwise, to do otherwise. We have the capacity for wonders as well as horrors. We have the ability to create as well as to destroy.

In the phrase of Jonathan Schell, the fate of the earth remains not just in his hands, but in ours. If they, those nonexistent aliens, don’t care and the planet can’t care and the alien in the White House doesn’t give a damn, then it’s up to us to care. It’s up to us to protest, resist, and change, to communicate and convince, to fight for life rather than its destruction. If you’re of a certain age, all you have to do is look at your children or grandchildren (or those of your friends and neighbors) and you know that no one, Donald Trump included, should have the right to consign them to the flames. What did they ever do to end up in a hell on Earth?

2018 is upon us. Let’s make it a better time, not the end of time.

*This article was originally published at [tomdispatch.com](http://tomdispatch.com).*

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# Yanbaru Forest

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lives. We felt that we could not live in our place any longer. In order to protect our children, we moved with them to a nearby village for two months. On the morning after our move, one of my children said to me, “I never realized I could have such a sound sleep without Osprey flying.” Hearing that, I felt heartbroken.

I immediately went to the village office and the local education board to explain the situation. Village officers came to our house, and they were surprised to hear how terrible the noise is. The local municipality asked the Defense Ministry to tell the U.S. forces to change the flight route. However, no response has been made to the request. Although less frequently, Osprey aircraft continue to fly above our house and the Takae residential area at very low altitude. The situation never changes, no matter how many times we insist.

Amid the suffering, in July last year more than 800 riot police were sent to Takae from inside and outside Okinawa. In order to promote the helipad construction, they forcibly removed those of us who were protesting against the construction and demanding a reasonable explanation from the authorities. We tried talking to the police, but they ignored us and avoided looking us in the eye. It was very frustrating and heart-

breaking. I used to believe that the government and police were working to protect our peaceful life, but such belief was completely destroyed. The riot police were working for the construction of the helipads, which will threaten our lives. They were removing us and hurting us while protecting construction vehicles and U.S. military vehicles, without caring to have any dialogue with us. It was difficult to accept that such things were actually happening. It was like a nightmare.

All six helipads have been completed. The Osprey will use them 4,690 times a year. Our family cannot live in Takae anymore. Now, we live in a nearby village. We cannot live in our home.

Okinawa has been occupied by U.S. forces since the end of WWII. It is hosting 75 percent of U.S. military facilities located in Japan. Crimes and accidents by the U.S. forces occur almost every day in Okinawa. Last year, a 20-year-old woman was abducted while jogging, raped, and killed by a former U.S. serviceman. Okinawans’ sufferings have reached their limits. The Japanese government is now trying to add more base burdens on us. This should not be tolerated.

This is not just a problem for Okinawa. U.S. military forces are creating havoc all over the world.

We must join forces and make efforts to stop this and create a bright future. Let us work together for our children.



# Blueprint for the Most Radical City on the Planet

*Jackson Rising: The Struggle for Economic Democracy and Self-Determination in Jackson, Mississippi*  
Edited by Ajamu Nangwaya and Kali Akuno  
Daraja Press, 2017

By Bill Quigley

In July 2017, 34-year-old Chokwe Antar Lumumba was sworn in as mayor of Jackson, Miss. He soon announced that the city was going to be “the most radical city on the planet.” This was not an idle boast, because Jackson, Miss., of all places, is where one of the country’s most radical experiments in social and economic transformation is happening.

For years, people in Jackson have been organizing to build and sustain community power. They created Cooperation Jackson to take concrete steps to make human rights a reality for all by changing their democratic process and their economy.

Their goal is self-determination for people of African descent, particularly the Black working class. The vehicle is the building of a solidarity economy in Jackson, Miss., on a democratic economic base. The long-range plan is to participate in a radical transformation of the entire state of Mississippi and ultimately the radical democratic and economic transformation of the United States itself.

The story of how Jackson, Miss., is being transformed and its plans for the future are set out in the new book, *Jackson Rising: The Struggle for Economic Democracy, and Black Self-Determination in Jackson, Mississippi*, edited by Kali Akuno and Ajamu Nangwaya.

This book details the history of how Jackson became the center of an epic campaign of organizing for Black self-determination, politically and economically. It explains the philosophy undergirding this work, how cooperative economics works, and the community’s concrete plans for present and future building.

## History

Mississippi, although arguably the most racist and violent state government in the country, has always had its freedom fighters. It has also been the home to outstanding organizing. While no social movement can be captured in one person’s story, one narrative is instructive to highlight important markers along the road to progress in Jackson.

Chokwe Lumumba, father of the cur-



Jackson, Miss., Mayor Chokwe Antar Lumumba.

rent mayor, first came to Jackson in 1971 along with a number of seasoned organizers who were part of the Republic of New Afrika People’s Organization, a group advocating Black self-governance and self-determination in the U.S. South. Though he left Mississippi to finish law school, he returned in 1990 and with others co-founded the Malcom X Grassroots Movement, a progressive multiracial organizing community.

One of their organizing efforts was the creation of a series of Peoples’ Assemblies. The assemblies, often hosted at Black churches, were vehicles for local low-income residents to practice self-determination and local governance. These assemblies have become a building block in the philosophy and practice of the changing of Jackson.

The first Peoples’ Assembly was or-

nificant plans were due to be presented to the city council. Those plans were further derailed when his son, Chokwe Antar Lumumba, who was openly dedicated to continuing the work, was defeated in a special election.

Now, with Chokwe Antar Lumumba as mayor, the nation’s attention has turned back to Jackson, but it has been organizing for years. And the progress is not just political, it is economic as well.

## Cooperation Jackson

Despite the death of Chokwe Lumumba in 2014, Cooperation Jackson was launched that year.

Cooperation Jackson is an initiative to help address the material needs of Jackson’s low-income and working-class communities through cooperative economic efforts. Without government support, it

A federation of local cooperatives and mutual aid networks, Cooperation Jackson has many concrete forms including an urban farming coop, a food coop, a cooperative credit union, a hardware coop, and a cooperative insurance plan. They plan to be an incubator for more coop startups, a school, a training center, a cooperative credit union, a bank, a community land trust, community financial institutions like credit unions, housing cooperatives, childcare cooperatives, solar and retrofitting cooperatives, tool-lending and resource libraries, and community energy producers. They are also working to build an organizing institute and a workers union.

Cooperation Jackson is an economic movement, a human rights movement, and a movement insistent on environmentally sustainable progress. They work for clean air and water, zero waste, and against toxic industries. They explicitly recognize the wisdom of James Farmer: “If we do not save the environment, then whatever we do in civil rights, or in a war against poverty, then whatever we do will be of no meaning because then we will have the equality of extinction.”

*Jackson Rising* includes essays on Jackson by a beautiful mix of radical voices, including Hakima Abbas, Kali Akuno, Kate Aronoff, Ajamu Baraka, Sara Bernard, Thandisizwe Chimurenga, Carl Davidson, Bruce Dixon, Laura Flanders, Kamau Franklin, Katie Gilbert, Sacajawea “Saki” Hall, Rukia Lumumba, Ajamu Nangwaya, Jessica Gordon Nembhard, Max Rameau, Michael Siegel, Bhaskar Sunkara, Makani Themba-Nixon, Jazmine Walker, and Elandria Williams.

Whether Jackson, Miss., can indeed become the most radical city in the world is as yet unknown. But it is definitely off to a concrete start, and that itself is both instructive and inspirational.

Bill Quigley is a law professor at Loyola University in New Orleans.

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*‘If we do not save the environment, then whatever we do in civil rights, or in a war against poverty, ... will be of no meaning, because then we will have the equality of extinction.’*

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ganized in a city council district that in 2009 elected Chokwe Lumumba as their city council representative. Peoples’ Assemblies began organizing citywide. They focused both on self-determination projects and changing city policies. Citywide organizing by Peoples’ Assemblies ultimately set the foundation for a mayoral run for Chokwe Lumumba.

The 2013 election of Chokwe Lumumba as mayor of Jackson signaled the beginning of a new phase of community-driven economic democracy.

Unfortunately, he died unexpectedly in February 2014 on the exact day that sig-

rose autonomously and created a network of worker cooperatives, a community land trust, and a network of urban farms.

The book explains the basics of cooperative economics and documents a long tradition of cooperative economic models in the African-American community. Ella Baker, Marcus Garvey, Fannie Lou Hamer, A. Philip Randolph, and many others pressed for coops, seeing them as pathways for economic liberation. Dr. W.E.B. DuBois wrote in 1933, “We can by consumers and producers cooperation establish a progressively self-supporting economy that will weld the majority of our people into an impregnable, economic phalanx.”



# Grizzlies ‘Saved His Life’ and Now He Fights To Save Theirs

Photo: Doug Peacock



By Jessica A. Knoblauch

After naturalist and author Doug Peacock served two tours as a Green Beret medic in Vietnam, he went into the American wilderness to confront his demons. There, he closely observed grizzlies across the West—an experience he says “saved his life.”

Below, Peacock talks about the government’s recent decision to delist grizzlies, stripping the Yellowstone Grizzly of protection under the Endangered Species Act, and why now—more than ever—we need to “fight like hell” to save them.

**Jessica A. Knoblauch:** Why did you start the “Save the Grizzly” campaign?

**Doug Peacock:** It was something that needed doing, and no one was taking it on. Back when the government was first considering delisting, I wrote a letter to President Obama that was signed by some of the world’s leading conservationists. I [also] formed the “Save the Yellowstone Grizzly” campaign so people could see the petition and take action.

I do not believe that, given the existing mortality rate of the Yellowstone grizzly population segment, grizzlies can endure a single season of trophy hunting. You won’t just have the people with hunting tags taking a bear. Everybody on earth will be shooting at grizzlies. And once they start killing grizzlies, it’s just going to continue.

**JAK:** Now that they’re delisted, what’s next?

**DP:** I’m keeping up the heat. Earthjustice has filed a lawsuit, and the attorneys want testimony to make clear what is at stake in the case. I’ve prepared a statement that says my own life would be irreparably damaged if grizzly delisting stands.

Right now, you’ve got an island population of six or seven hundred grizzlies. The number of known grizzly bear deaths is around 60 per year, with additional unknown deaths. If they squeeze even a single hunting license in, it could turn things around so fast.

**JAK:** Why come to Earthjustice?

**DP:** I had to do the lawsuit, with or without anybody. I’m old and I’ve been doing this for about 50 years, and just in case no one else was going to defend the grizzly, I

don’t walk down the trails thinking about your portfolio or your girlfriend or boyfriend. You’ve got something out there that’s much more powerful, and it’s kind of an instant humility. I find that a tre-



Doug Peacock stands by the Yellowstone River in Emigrant, Mont. Photo: Tom Robertson

will do it. But for me, to pick a legal group, there’s no contest. I trust Earthjustice.

**JAK:** Does climate change make the grizzlies’ situation worse?

**DP:** It’s causing havoc with the bears. With climate change, everything’s going to become endangered, not just grizzly bears in Yellowstone. It’s going to kick us all in the belly so hard. I know it’s going to come fast, but the upside is that we’re going to see that everything is linked and we’re all in this together. Nobody gets a free pass.

It’s all the more reason to fight like hell right now, because you know what’s at stake.

**JAK:** What do you appreciate most about grizzlies?

**DP:** It’s the one animal that shows us our own arrogance and our own absolute lack of humility in living in this world. You see a grizzly, and you’re aware of your place on the cosmic food chain. You’re not on the top, you’re in the middle.

When you’re in grizzly country, you

stone. We climbed to the top of a butte and the wind was roaring, so we huddled behind a big boulder, all scrunched down out of the wind. I looked at my daughter’s face, and I saw something change. Behind her was a mother grizzly and her yearling

*‘You see a grizzly,  
and you’re aware  
of your place on the  
cosmic food chain.  
You’re not on the top,  
you’re in the middle.’*

cub. I said to Laurel, “Don’t move.” The momma bear reared and kind of smelled the air and looked around. It took us a couple minutes to realize she was making up her mind about us and didn’t perceive us as a threat. The mother proceeded to walk past us to the edge of a cliff with her yearling, and she laid back and nursed her cub. It was just a magical moment.

**JAK:** It sounds like she was acclimated to humans. Now that grizzlies are delisted, does their trust in humans make them more vulnerable?

**DP:** Yes, absolutely. Though that mother grizzly was not necessarily a habituated bear, that trusting situation was set up by the human behavior. This female grizzly and her yearling were only eight miles from the park boundary where hunting would take place in the national forest. If hunting is allowed, those bears would be gone in a day.

If people are allowed to shoot grizzlies, all these bears that have tolerated people are going to be betrayed by humanity in such a deadly way. It’s ugly.

*This story was originally published at [earthjustice.org](http://earthjustice.org). For more information or to take action, visit [earthjustice.org](http://earthjustice.org) or [bearsforsave.patagonia.com/take-action](http://bearsforsave.patagonia.com/take-action).*

*Jessica Knoblauch’s articles have appeared in a number of award-winning publications such as Grist, Environmental Health News, Earth Island Journal, Scientific American, and Audubon Magazine. Currently, Jessica writes for Earthjustice’s quarterly magazine, blog, and online newsletter.*

mendously healthy place to be.

**JAK:** When was your last encounter?

**DP:** I saw a couple of grizzlies in June when my daughter and I were in Yellow-

