

Chapter 1 : Platoon () - Quotes - IMDb

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He alone possessed the prestige and the authority to invent the rules and regulations by which Russia was to live. Within the Central Committee the commissars would go through the motions of debating on important matters and voting on them, but these nightly meetings seemed to be designed to give him some companionship. He wrote the decrees and saw that they were implemented. He held them all in the hollow of his hand. Inevitably, with the coming of peace, there was a vast restlessness. Indeed, there was scarcely ever a time when the people were not restless under his autocratic rule. In the spring of the workers of the Putilov factory had paraded through the streets of Petrograd with banners reading: Doloï Lenina s koninoi. Daitye tsarya s svininoi. Give us the Tsar and pork. The Cheka saw to it that the most vocal among them were arrested and shot. But the Bolsheviks were to learn that shooting workers was the least efficient way of entering their good graces. Discontent was reaching high into government circles. Most of the factories were shut down for lack of raw materials; the peasants were destroying their grain and livestock to prevent them from falling into the hands of the requisition squads; the economic life of the country was coming to a standstill. Lenin knew that the country was in desperate straits. This is what we are "starving, destitute beggars. He refused to admit any diminution of his powers. The two leaders of the movement, Shlyapnikov and Kollontay, were regarded as heretics. Had they gone through those seven years of war only to be ruled by a small clique in the Kremlin which never listened to their justifiable demands? For Lenin power was always one and indivisible. He could not tolerate, or even imagine, a state of affairs in which the monolithic power of the party was divided. At all costs authority must be upheld, and anyone who ventured to dispute his authority must be crushed. Ironically, the first to dispute his authority were the sailors of Kronstadt. They detested one-man rule and wanted to be heard. They had a new slogan: On March 1, , an open-air rally was held at Kronstadt attended by 16, sailors. The meeting had been summoned by the sailors of the Petropavlovsk and the Sevastopol, who had drawn up a lengthy resolution protesting against the excesses of the regime. The preamble of the resolution dismissed in a single sentence all the pretensions of the Soviet government. Whereas the present Soviets do not represent the will of the workers and peasants, new elections should be held immediately by secret ballot, and before the elections a free campaign should be conducted among all workers and peasants. There followed fourteen clauses demanding freedom of speech, press and assembly, the right of the peasants to keep cattle, the equalization of rations, the abolition of political control by a single party, and the freeing of prisoners who had been arrested in connection with labor and peasant movements. There were clauses demanding the abolition of specifically Communist detachments in the army and the dissolution of the Communist shock brigades which kept guard over the factories. The final clause demanded the return of small-scale private enterprise. The Kronstadt resolution was in effect an appeal to a more flexible kind of socialism, without tyranny and without the intolerable abuses of the Cheka. It appealed for the return of the rights and privileges of the workers. It stated, very clearly and authentically, that the sailors were weary of being ruled by the dogmatic machine in Moscow and wanted immediate changes. The apologists for the Kronstadt sailors were to say there was nothing in the least rebellious in the resolution. On the contrary the resolution was itself an act of rebellion against the Soviet power, and Mikhail Kalinin, who represented the government at the meeting, returned to Moscow full of foreboding, knowing that only two alternatives confronted the government "either it must submit to the demands of the Kronstadt sailors and lose its authoritarian character, or it must destroy the rebellion. The officers at Kronstadt advised the sailors to seize Petrograd at once. They were fired by a belief in the invincibility of their cause: On the first page of the first issue appeared an appeal for a calm and pacific temper: The Revolutionary Committee is anxious that not a single drop of blood be shed. The Committee is exerting all its efforts to bring about revolutionary order in the city, the fortress and the fortifications. Do not stop work! Workers, remain at your machines. Sailors and soldiers, remain at your posts. All Soviet workers and institutions should continue at their posts. The Revolutionary Committee calls upon you, comrades and citizens, to work unceasingly in good order to bring

about the conditions necessary for honest and just elections of the new Soviet. They believed wholeheartedly in their pacific propaganda. It was as though they suffered from some strange disease compounded of hope and benevolence, and believed they could infect the whole of Russia with their disease. It never occurred to them until too late that Lenin was implacable and ruthless, and would sign the death warrant of the Kronstadt sailors with the same careless ease as he had signed the death warrant of the bourgeoisie. Lenin ordered the destruction of Kronstadt unless the sailors surrendered. Trotsky was given full powers to quell the rebellion. He arrived in Petrograd on March 5, and his first act was to issue an ultimatum in the name of the government. The workers of Petrograd were seething with discontent; but the Cheka was watchful, and Zinoviev, who occupied the position corresponding to lieutenant governor of Petrograd, was determined to keep a tight rein on the workers. At his orders workmen who came out on strike in sympathy with the sailors were shot. Even when it became evident that the Soviet government was prepared to throw all available forces against Kronstadt, the sailors made no effort to attack. They could have wiped out the shore batteries at Sestroretsk and Lisy Nos; they could have taken Oranienbaum with ease; they could have steamed up the Neva and stormed Petrograd; at the very least they could have used their ships to plow up the thin ice to prevent troops from making their way across the ice against them. If they had known what would happen, they would have delayed calling for a revolt against the government until the ice had melted, when Kronstadt would have been unassailable and impregnable. Instead, they invited disaster. For seven days the Kronstadt *Izvestiya* preached passive revolution. On the eighth day the army of Trotsky struck. The shore batteries opened fire, while picked Communist troops clad in white capes made their way across the ice in the teeth of a snowstorm. Wave after wave of white-clad troops were hurled against Kronstadt only to be thrown back. On March 8 the extraordinary *Izvestiya* reported mournfully: Then to your misfortunes there was added a terrible snowstorm while black night shrouded everything in darkness. Nevertheless the Communist executioners, without counting the cost, drove you across the ice, threatening you in the rear with their machine guns aimed by the Communist squads. Many of you perished that night on the icy vastness of the Gulf of Finland. When day broke and the storm died down, there was only a pitiful remnant of you left, exhausted and hungry, scarcely able to move, coming to us clad in your white shrouds. Red military cadets, tribesmen from Central Asia, Lettish sharpshooters, Chekists and regular troops from all the garrisons within reach of Petrograd were thrown into the fighting. The sailors had not even troubled to send their own men to Oranienbaum to seize the food stored there: They fought magnificently, but they were hopelessly outnumbered and outmaneuvered, and Providence was in no mood to protect those who do not help themselves. The final attack came on the night of March 16 with simultaneous assaults from the north, south and east. By morning the battle was over, and there remained only the brief mopping-up campaign. Even Tukhachevsky, who was in operational command of the final assault, was surprised by the desperate determination of these men fighting against hopeless odds. I cannot understand where they found the strength for such furious rage. Every house had to be taken by storm. Barely a hundred escaped over the ice to Finland. Kronstadt became a desert. Lenin had given the order for the destruction of Kronstadt. In no mood for half-measures, he suggested that the ships of the Baltic fleet should be sunk: He explained that the sailors served no useful purpose and consumed food and clothing of which the country was desperately short. He had convinced himself that they were reactionaries, anarchists, Mensheviks and White Guards; foreign money had been poured into Kronstadt; they were being led by a tsarist general. All these statements were untrue. The sailors were Russians fighting on Russian soil on behalf of the free Soviets, a peculiarly Russian form of government; they were not ethnic enemies with a long history of bitterness behind them. They were both major catastrophes. Lenin blamed everyone except himself. He blamed foreign interventionists, though they were notably absent. By blaming all he blamed none. He knew he was guilty, for he abruptly changed the course of Soviet history by introducing the New Economic Policy, so giving some small freedoms to the hard-pressed Russian people. By abolishing the state monopoly of trading in grain, by abandoning the system of requisitioning grain and by substituting a fixed tax in kind or in currency, Lenin knew that he was opening the way to a modified form of capitalism. But though capitalism was being revived, it was state capitalism. All large industry and all foreign trade remained in the hands of the Soviet government. Small industries, involving no more than seventy men, were leased to private ownership.

The peasants were allowed to trade their surplus grain on the open market. The idea of selling for profit, which had previously been regarded as a crime against the state, was now officially encouraged. Outwardly these changes represented only a marginal factor in the total economy, but the psychological effects were breathtaking. The economic machine had ground to a standstill, and the government had been powerless to move it. Where the government failed, private initiative stepped in to provide the new blood which coursed through the whole economy. Under the New Economic Policy the machine began to move forward hopefully.

Chapter 2 : Guest Post: When the Weakest Critical Part Fails, the Machine Breaks Down | Zero Hedge

*Machine Gun Kelly dropped by The Breakfast Club to break down his feud with Eminem. The two rappers have been firing off diss tracks over the past month and things have gotten ugly. Their beef stems from a Tweet MGK posted in about Eminem's daughter Hailie, calling her "hot as f*ck." MGK claims the two settled it privately six years ago and that the call out on Kamikaze was a total surprise.*

Lots of lubricants and cutting fluids, oil, metal shavings, dirt and dust, etc. Well, it is, and a recent visit to a manufacturing facility confirmed a long known fact: If not properly maintained, CNC and other machinery will fail sooner than later. To those that work in and around manufacturing machinery, it is known that the internal parts of the CNC, the electronic controls and servo motors, are the first thing to fail. Cabinet AC Cooling filter is plugged, lack of airflow causing overheat condition and drive failure. When we were on the floor of the production facility, it was degrees. Inside the particular cutting machine that we observed it was well over that temperature. High humidity caused by fluids, also harms circuit boards and causes them to fail. Each cabinet on a CNC machine holds the controls and can get upwards of degrees. To help combat this high heat, all cabinets are outfitted with AC units. The AC units have filters on the intake and over time, get clogged by, you guessed it, contaminates. Contaminates from the cutting or machining process, such as cutting fluid and hydraulic fluid, become airborne and clogs the filters on the AC units. The AC units then start over-working and not too soon after seize up or fail. This increases the temperature in the cabinets until the controls begin to fail. Overheating pump motor due to heavy contamination. Lack of pump efficiency causes downstream mechanical failures. Motor filter bonnet is clogged, heavy contamination, overheat condition and reduced motor life. This creates the vicious cycle! Also, if you have contaminates in your pump systems, it will eat the seals on your pumps, which are pumping coolant into your process to keep the cutting tools and product from getting too hot. The motor connected to the pump has seals that are eaten by contamination and the motor begins to work harder and failure becomes eminent. Drive Cabinet Air Condition fan contamination due to lack of filters. Cooling fan failures followed by drive failure due to overheat condition. Solutions for longer Machine Uptime Preventative maintenance plays a huge role in keeping your CNC machine running longer and more efficient. Regular maintenance on all AC units by thoroughly cleaning or replacing the filters clogged by by way of contamination will, in turn, keep your cabinets cooler, longer. Making sure the cabinets are sealed correctly will keep the controls cleaner and less likely to fail. Routine maintenance needs to be performed on all of these units. Make sure all of your fans internal, external, circulator, and chiller are in good operating condition. Be sure all heat sinks are clean of debris and contamination. Check all air intakes and discharges to make sure filters are clean and airflow is not obstructed.

Chapter 3 : When the machine breaks down, do we break down? | Yahoo Answers

Check out The Machine Breaks Down by Uppercut on Amazon Music. Stream ad-free or purchase CD's and MP3s now on calendrierdelascience.com

Anybody who uses the Internet should read E. It is a chilling, short story masterpiece about the role of technology in our lives. Forster has several prescient notions including instant messages email! It is lighted neither by window nor by lamp, yet it is filled with a soft radiance. There are no apertures for ventilation, yet the air is fresh. There are no musical instruments, and yet, at the moment that my meditation opens, this room is throbbing with melodious sounds. An armchair is in the centre, by its side a reading-desk-that is all the furniture. And in the armchair there sits a swaddled lump of flesh-a woman, about five feet high, with a face as white as a fungus. It is to her that the little room belongs. An electric bell rang. The woman touched a switch and the music was silent. The chair, like the music, was worked by machinery and it rolled her to the other side of the room where the bell still rang importunately. Her voice was irritable, for she had been interrupted often since the music began. She knew several thousand people, in certain directions human intercourse had advanced enormously. But when she listened into the receiver, her white face wrinkled into smiles, and she said: Let us talk, I will isolate myself. I do not expect anything important will happen for the next five minutes-for I can give you fully five minutes, Kuno. Then she touched the lighting apparatus, and the little room was plunged into darkness. A faint blue light shot across it, darkening to purple, and presently she could see the image of her son, who lived on the other side of the earth, and he could see her. I have something particular to say. Why could you not send it by pneumatic post? Men made it, do not forget that. Great men, but men. The Machine is much, but it is not everything. I see something like you in this plate, but I do not see you. I hear something like you through this telephone, but I do not hear you. That is why I want you to come. Pay me a visit, so that we can meet face to face, and talk about the hopes that are in my mind. I get no ideas in an air-ship. I dislike the stars. But did they give you an idea? How interesting; tell me. The three stars in the middle are like the belts that men wore once, and the three stars hanging are like a sword. When did it come to you first? She could not be sure, for the Machine did not transmit nuances of expression. It only gave a general idea of people - an idea that was good enough for all practical purposes, Vashti thought. The imponderable bloom, declared by a discredited philosophy to be the actual essence of intercourse, was rightly ignored by the Machine, just as the imponderable bloom of the grape was ignored by the manufacturers of artificial fruit. Something "good enough" had long since been accepted by our race. They are curious stars. I want to see them not from the air-ship, but from the surface of the earth, as our ancestors did, thousands of years ago. I want to visit the surface of the earth. The surface of the earth is only dust and mud, no advantage. The surface of the earth is only dust and mud, no life remains on it, and you would need a respirator, or the cold of the outer air would kill you. One dies immediately in the outer air. Her son had a queer temper, and she wished to dissuade him from the expedition. For a moment Vashti felt lonely. Then she generated the light, and the sight of her room, flooded with radiance and studded with electric buttons, revived her. There were buttons and switches everywhere - buttons to call for food for music, for clothing. There was the hot-bath button, by pressure of which a basin of imitation marble rose out of the floor, filled to the brim with a warm deodorized liquid. There was the cold-bath button. There was the button that produced literature. The room, though it contained nothing, was in touch with all that she cared for in the world. Vashanti's next move was to turn off the isolation switch, and all the accumulations of the last three minutes burst upon her. The room was filled with the noise of bells, and speaking-tubes. What was the new food like? Could she recommend it? Has she had any ideas lately? Might one tell her one's own ideas? Would she make an engagement to visit the public nurseries at an early date? To most of these questions she replied with irritation - a growing quality in that accelerated age. She said that the new food was horrible. That she could not visit the public nurseries through press of engagements. That she had no ideas of her own but had just been told one-that four stars and three in the middle were like a man: Then she switched off her correspondents, for it was time to deliver her lecture on Australian music. The clumsy system of public gatherings had been long since abandoned; neither Vashti nor

her audience stirred from their rooms. Seated in her armchair she spoke, while they in their armchairs heard her, fairly well, and saw her, fairly well. She opened with a humorous account of music in the pre Mongolian epoch, and went on to describe the great outburst of song that followed the Chinese conquest. Her lecture, which lasted ten minutes, was well received, and at its conclusion she and many of her audience listened to a lecture on the sea; there were ideas to be got from the sea; the speaker had donned a respirator and visited it lately. Then she fed, talked to many friends, had a bath, talked again, and summoned her bed. The bed was not to her liking. It was too large, and she had a feeling for a small bed. Complaint was useless, for beds were of the same dimension all over the world, and to have had an alternative size would have involved vast alterations in the Machine. Vashti isolated herself-it was necessary, for neither day nor night existed under the ground-and reviewed all that had happened since she had summoned the bed last. Events-was Kuno's invitation an event? By her side, on the little reading-desk, was a survival from the ages of litter-one book. This was the Book of the Machine. In it were instructions against every possible contingency. If she was hot or cold or dyspeptic or at a loss for a word, she went to the book, and it told her which button to press. The Central Committee published it. In accordance with a growing habit, it was richly bound. Sitting up in the bed, she took it reverently in her hands. She glanced round the glowing room as if some one might be watching her. Then, half ashamed, half joyful, she murmured "O Machine! Thrice she kissed it, thrice inclined her head, thrice she felt the delirium of acquiescence. Her ritual performed, she turned to page , which gave the times of the departure of the air-ships from the island in the southern hemisphere, under whose soil she lived, to the island in the northern hemisphere, whereunder lived her son. She thought, "I have not the time. Above her, beneath her, and around her, the Machine hummed eternally; she did not notice the noise, for she had been born with it in her ears. The earth, carrying her, hummed as it sped through silence, turning her now to the invisible sun, now to the invisible stars. She awoke and made the room light. Again she consulted the book. She became very nervous and lay back in her chair palpitating. Think of her as without teeth or hair. Presently she directed the chair to the wall, and pressed an unfamiliar button. The wall swung apart slowly. Through the opening she saw a tunnel that curved slightly, so that its goal was not visible. Should she go to see her son, here was the beginning of the journey. Of course she knew all about the communication-system. There was nothing mysterious in it. She would summon a car and it would fly with her down the tunnel until it reached the lift that communicated with the air-ship station:

Chapter 4 : Breakdown | Definition of Breakdown by Merriam-Webster

A staff fight between Steve C, Danny, Erock and Travis turns into movie references galore for Anthony and Patrice. Platoon at and Jaws at (10/.

Plot summary[edit] The story describes a world in which most of the human population has lost the ability to live on the surface of the Earth. Each individual now lives in isolation below ground in a standard room, with all bodily and spiritual needs met by the omnipotent, global Machine. Travel is permitted, but is unpopular and rarely necessary. The two main characters, Vashti and her son Kuno, live on opposite sides of the world. Kuno, however, is a sensualist and a rebel. He persuades a reluctant Vashti to endure the journey and the resultant unwelcome personal interaction to his room. There, he tells her of his disenchantment with the sanitised, mechanical world. He confides to her that he has visited the surface of the Earth without permission, and that he saw other humans living outside the world of the Machine. As time passes, and Vashti continues the routine of her daily life, there are two important developments. First, the life support apparatus required to visit the outer world is abolished. Most welcome this development, as they are skeptical and fearful of first-hand experience and of those who desire it. Secondly, Technopoly , a kind of religion, is re-established, in which the Machine is the object of worship. People forget that humans created the Machine, and treat it as a mystical entity whose needs supersede their own. The Mending Apparatus—the system charged with repairing defects that appear in the Machine properly—has also failed by this time, but concerns about this are dismissed in the context of the supposed omnipotence of the Machine itself. He comes to believe that the Machine is breaking down, and tells her cryptically "The Machine stops. At first, humans accept the deteriorations as the whim of the Machine, to which they are now wholly subservient, but the situation continues to deteriorate, as the knowledge of how to repair the Machine has been lost. Before they perish, they realise that humanity and its connection to the natural world are what truly matter, and that it will fall to the surface-dwellers who still exist to rebuild the human race and to prevent the mistake of the Machine from being repeated. The sudden breakdown of the Machine, and what results, perfectly reflect the story "The Machine Stops". On the Planet Solaria human colonists live isolated from one another, only viewing each other through holograms, and only have interactions with their robot retainues. After several centuries the humans have become so dependent on this practice it has become taboo to even be in the presence of another human being. The space rock band Hawkwind released a concept album titled The Machine Stops in based on the story by Forster.

Chapter 5 : The Machine Breaks Down – Lenin's Body

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Once that subsystem fails, consumerism and the global economy grind to a halt. The failure of any critical subsystem in an organism triggers a catastrophic, fatal decline. The metaphor is easily extended to machines, where a perfectly sound engine will fail once the oil pump ceases functioning. The cliché is that a chain is only as strong as its weakest link. The conventional wisdom is that the U. But this belief was undermined by the financial crisis of , in which the apparently "limited" implosion of subprime mortgage debt dominoed into a full-blown global financial crisis. Conventional wisdom confuses redundancy and complexity. The implicit foundation of the conventional view that the U. This view can be distilled down to a belief in a sort of "automated redundancy," that capital and labor that is displaced by failure in one sector will naturally flow to a replacement sector. This belief system fails to grasp the critical roles of financialization and consumerism in the economy. The two are of course intrinsically bound together, two sides of a single coin: When financialization fails, the consumerist economy dies. This is what is happening in Greece, and is starting to happen in Spain and Italy. The central banks and Central States are attempting resuscitation by issuing credit that is freed from the constraints of collateral. In essence, the financialization system has shifted to the realm of fantasy, where we taxpayers, people who took out student loans, homeowners continuing to make payments on underwater mortgages, etc. Once this flimsy con unravels, the credibility of all institutions that participated in the con will be irrevocably destroyed. Once credit ceases to expand, asset bubbles pop and consumerism grinds to a halt. And since ever-expanding consumption is the bedrock of the global economy, the global economy will also grind to a halt. There is no magic redundancy in a complex economy that ultimately depends on the functioning of a single subsystem, financialization, i. These expectations of security and wealth have been slowly raised to lofty, impossible-to-meet heights, and the inability to meet those expectations will inevitably lead to the wholesale destruction of institutional credibility: Heightened Expectations and the Collapse of Credibility. Everyone who benefits from the continuation of financialization hopes it will continue expanding and thus save their piece of the Status Quo. But systems that self-destruct by their very nature cannot be fixed by waving dead chickens around and declaring "we will do whatever it takes to save the Status Quo.

Chapter 6 : THE MACHINE STOPS E.M. Forster

Now, I got no fight with any man who does what he's told, but when he don't, the machine breaks down. And when the machine breaks down, we break down. And I ain't gonna allow that in any of you.

Chapter 7 : Voting Machine Breaks Down, But Repaired With All Votes Safe | calendrierdelascience.com

The machine, located in Downey Elementary School in the town's Precinct 4, jammed around p.m. after nearly 2, ballots were processed. It was fixed about 30 minutes later.

Chapter 8 : The Machine Stops - Wikipedia

break down definition: 1. If a machine or vehicle breaks down, it stops working: 2. If a system, relationship, or discussion breaks down, it fails because there is a problem or disagreement.

Chapter 9 : Breakdown Synonyms, Breakdown Antonyms | calendrierdelascience.com

The Machine Breaks Down. The year brought peace to Russia. The White armies which had marched unhindered

almost to the gates of Moscow and Petrograd had dissolved and vanished at last, leaving a land in ruins.