

“Exposing
the true costs
of war”

The War Crimes Times

WarCrimesTimes.org

A publication of



Vol. VI No. 4

Fall 2014

Donations Welcome



Painting by Søren Hawkes — passchendaeleprints.com

In this issue:

WAR IS OVER!

IF YOU WANT IT*

Happy Christmas

GIVING PEACE A CHANCE. If left to their own devices, young men would prefer to sing, converse, and play sports with other young men—even strangers, even foreigners—than to kill them. War is not a grass roots phenomenon. It is imposed from above, from “the ones who call the shots [who] won’t be among the dead and lame,” in John McCutcheon’s words.

In these pages, we explore the Christmas Truce of 1914, the Peace Movement’s past and possible future, humanity in warriors, uselessness of war, and on page 20, we have a last laugh.

* a message from John and Yoko — ImaginePeace.com

Christmas in the Trenches

My name is Francis Tolliver, I come from Liverpool,
Two years ago the war was waiting for me after school.
To Belgium and to Flanders to Germany to here
I fought for King and country I love dear.
’Twas Christmas in the trenches where the frost so bitter hung,
The frozen fields of France were still, no Christmas song was sung,
Our families back in England were toasting us that day,
Their brave and glorious lads so far away.

I was lying with my messmate on the cold and rocky ground
When across the lines of battle came a most peculiar sound
Says I, “Now listen up, me boys!” each soldier strained to hear
As one young German voice sang out so clear.
“He’s singing bloody well, you know!” my partner says to me
Soon one by one each German voice joined in in harmony
The cannons rested silent, the gas clouds rolled no more
As Christmas brought us respite from the war.

As soon as they were finished and a reverent pause was spent
“God Rest Ye Merry Gentlemen” struck up some lads from Kent
The next they sang was “Stille Nacht,” “Tis ‘Silent Night,’” says I
And in two tongues one song filled up that sky.
“There’s someone coming towards us!” the front line sentry cried
All sights were fixed on one lone figure coming from their side
His truce flag, like a Christmas star, shone on that plain so bright
As he bravely strode unarmed into the night.

Soon one by one on either side walked into No Man’s land
With neither gun nor bayonet we met there hand to hand
We shared some secret brandy and we wished each other well
And in a flare-lit soccer game we gave ‘em hell.
We traded chocolates, cigarettes, and photographs from home
These sons and fathers far away from families of their own
Young Sanders played his squeeze box and they had a violin
This curious and unlikely band of men.

Soon daylight stole upon us and France was France once more
With sad farewells we each began to settle back to war
But the question haunted every heart that lived that wondrous night
“Whose family have I fixed within my sights?”
’Twas Christmas in the trenches, where the frost so bitter hung
The frozen fields of France were warmed as songs of peace were sung
For the walls they’d kept between us to exact the work of war
Had been crumbled and were gone for evermore.

My name is Francis Tolliver, in Liverpool I dwell
Each Christmas come since World War I I’ve learned its lessons well
That the ones who call the shots won’t be among the dead and lame
And on each end of the rifle we’re the same.

“Christmas in the Trenches” © 1984 John McCutcheon/Appalsongs (ASCAP) from Water from Another Time. See John McCutcheon’s website: FolkMusic.com.

Letters

Gaddafi

Just received the *WCT* and read the note about [this] issue being the last. Sad to see it end but it has been excellent work.

I have a topic for you: Muammar Gaddafi. Here, the media portray him as a tyrant. However, he did many good things for Africa. In fact, when I was in Burkina Faso at a training for researchers from five countries, at lunch I asked if his net effect on Africa was positive or negative and each of the eight at my table said positive. So an article about his plusses and minuses might be useful.

Stan Becker
Baltimore, MD

Sorry we didn't have the resources to pursue this. But you can certainly say of Libya, as you can of Iraq, that the people are now much worse off than before their leadership was deposed and disposed of by the U.S. Under Gaddafi, Libya made remarkable progress in education, literacy, health care, and women's rights; it rose from among the poorest nations of the world to one with highest living standard in Africa. Perhaps the U.S. was displeased by Gaddafi's nationalization of oil resources, his opposition to U.S. support for Israel, and his efforts to create a United States of Africa independent of outside powers? Because of U.S. meddling (sanctions, covert activity, bombing, etc.), the country is now in chaos.

Thanks

Through the "good offices" of Clare Hanrahan I've continued to see and appreciate the *WCT* and just noticed that you've announced that the current issue is the last. My loss. Our loss, but as you say, it was a good run.... Thanks for the all the time and effort and skill and sweat and tears.

Jim Cavener
Asheville, NC

Moonrise and WCT

I am so sorry to learn that *WCT* has become a victim of Herblock's Law, which (I think) was triggered by the phasing out of the 1960s VW Beetle which paid for itself over time what with the air-cooled engine and low overhead and low price.

Herblock's Law (*NYT* cartoonist) held that if "they make anything good, they will soon stop making it." The *WCT* is in good company with *I.F. Stone's Weekly*.

This a.m. I passed out 49 copies of the Summer edition in sleepy downtown Easton, Pennsylvania. As I was walking along the sidewalk that parallels Route 22 (one of the main routes East/West that transports between Pittsburgh and NYC), the tire noise is loud. I came up behind a man sweeping the sidewalk and I shouted (over the tire noise), "Get your Summer edition of *WCT*!" He jumped three feet in the air, spun around, and (I think he was packing heat),

as he reached for his back pocket, he said, "Jesus Christ! Don't do that!" I apologized, explaining the tire noise obstacle to communications. He took a copy of *WCT*, and I had a high of sorts.

For no particular reason it took me back to when I was about to report that we were on collision course with a large, lighted, contact broad on our port bow. I was Officer of the Day, and Speedy Anderson was Boat-swain's Mate of the Watch.

I had squawked on the squawk box to CIC (operations room – Combat Information Center): "Combat, Con. I want a course, speed and cpa (Closest Point of Approach) on that contact." They replied, "Mr. Berg, we have no contact." I said, "goddamn it Combat, I have the contact visually..."

As I reached for the phone to call the captain, Speedy Anderson in his slow Southern drawl says, "Mr. Berg, Ah buhlieve it's the Moon." Later Combat squawked back up: "Mr. Berg, we have a cpa on that contact (amidst laughter in CIC): 226,000 miles!"

I never had seen the moon rise on the ocean before, and I've never read a better newspaper before *WCT*. So sorry to see the curtain ring down. Y'all deserve a standing ovation from the readership, y'hear?

Bernard J. Berg
Easton, PA

Questionnaire

by Wendell Berry

How much poison are you willing to eat for the success of the free market and global trade? Please name your preferred poisons.

For the sake of goodness, how much evil are you willing to do?

Fill in the following blanks with the names of your favorite evils and acts of hatred.

What sacrifices are you prepared to make for culture and civilization? Please list the monuments, shrines, and works of art you would most willingly destroy.

In the name of patriotism and the flag, how much of our beloved land are you willing to desecrate? List in the following spaces the mountains, rivers, towns, farms you could most readily do without.

State briefly the ideas, ideals, or hopes, the energy sources, the kinds of security; for which you would kill a child. Name, please, the children whom you would be willing to kill.

Copyright © 2009 by Wendell Berry from *Leavings*. Reprinted by permission of Counterpoint.

WCT LAST ISSUE —Three Important Things

1. Readers, contributors, donors, and volunteers: Your support, kind words, submissions, letters, generosity, and hard work made this six-year publishing run possible. **THANK YOU!**

2. WarCrimesTimes.org contains links to all past print issues and will continue to accept submissions of original articles, poems, letters, and cartoons.

3. \$\$\$—We still need financial support to reimburse our volunteer out-of-pocket expenses for this issue. (We'll refund pre-paid subscriptions at your request.) At year's end, any WCT account balance will be donated to VFP's Howard Zinn Fund.

XMAS IN IRAQ...



Cease Fire Poetry Contest Winner: "Messenger of Death" by Paul Appell (page 16).
(Runner-up entries appear in this issue and online.)

The *War Crimes Times* has been published and distributed quarterly by volunteer members of Veterans For Peace in North Carolina, Florida, and California and is funded entirely by donations from readers and from organizations that distribution the paper locally.

Make donations: online at WarCrimesTimes.org or by mail: War Crimes Times, Veterans For Peace, 216 South Meramec Ave, St. Louis MO 63105.

Please note that our contributors' viewpoints may not always be entirely consistent with those of the War Crimes Times, but their topics address our concerns.

Editor-in-chief: Kim Carlyle. *Graphics editor:* Mark Runge. *Editorial team:* Susan Carlyle, Lyle Petersen, and Robert Yoder. *Distribution team from VFP Chapter 099 includes* Chris Berg, Ed Brown, Jim Brown, Claire Hanrahan, Ronald Harayda, Susan Oehler, Bruce Roth, Charlie St.Clair, Coleman Smith, and Gerry Werhan.



veteransforpeace.org

The Christmas Truce

First hand accounts from soldiers who were there

Francis Philip Woodruff (1883-1961) was a coal miner from Wales who joined the 2nd Battalion Royal Welsh Fusiliers and saw action throughout the British campaigns on the Western Front during World War One. In 1933 under the name Frank Richards, he wrote his account of the war from the perspective of a regular soldier (he never rose above the rank of private). What follows is from his book, *Old Soldiers Never Die*:



British and German troops meeting in no man's land during the unofficial truce. (British troops from the Northumberland Hussars, 7th Division, Bridoux-Rouge Banc Sector). Photo from the collections of the Imperial War Museum.

by Simon Rees

You are standing up to your knees in the slime of a waterlogged trench. It is the evening of 24 December 1914 and you are on the dreaded Western Front.

Stooped over, you wade across to the firing step and take over the watch. Having exchanged pleasantries, your bleary-eyed and mud-spattered colleague shuffles off towards his dugout. Despite the horrors and the hardships, your morale is high and you believe that in the new year the nation's army will march towards a glorious victory.

But for now, you stamp your feet in a vain attempt to keep warm. All is quiet when jovial voices call out from both friendly and enemy trenches. Then the men from both sides start singing carols and songs. Next come requests not to fire, and soon the unthinkable happens: you start to see the shadowy shapes of soldiers gathering together in no man's land laughing, joking and sharing gifts.

Many have exchanged cigarettes, the lit ends of which burn brightly in the inky darkness. Plucking up your courage, you haul yourself up and out of the trench and walk towards the foe...

The meeting of enemies as friends in no man's land was experienced by hundreds, if not thousands, of men on the Western Front during Christmas 1914. Today, 100 years after it occurred, the event is seen as a shining episode of sanity from among the bloody chapters of World War One — a spontaneous effort by the lower ranks to create a peace that could have blossomed were it not for the interference of generals and politicians.

The reality of the Christmas Truce, however, is a slightly less romantic and a more down to earth story. It was an organic affair that in some spots hardly registered a mention and in others left a profound impact upon those who took part.

Many accounts were rushed, confused, or contradictory. Others, written long after the event, are weighed

down by hindsight. These difficulties aside, the true story is still striking precisely because of its rag-tag nature: it is more "human" and therefore all the more potent.

Months beforehand, millions of servicemen, reservists, and volunteers from all over the continent had rushed enthusiastically to the banners of war: the atmosphere was one of holiday rather than conflict.

But it was not long before the jovial façade was torn away. Armies equipped with repeating rifles, machine guns, and a vast array of artillery tore chunks out of each other, and thousands upon thousands of men perished.

To protect against the threat of this vast firepower, the soldiers were ordered to dig in and prepare for next year's offensives, which most men believed would break the deadlock and deliver victory.

The early trenches were often hasty creations, poorly constructed; if the trench was badly sited it could become a sniping hot spot. In bad weather (the winter of 1914 was a dire one) the positions could flood and fall in. The soldiers — unequipped to face the rigors of the cold and rain — found themselves wallowing in a freezing mire of mud and the decaying bodies of the fallen.

The man at the Front could not help but have a degree of sympathy for his opponents who were having just as miserable a time as he was.

Another factor that broke down the animosity between the opposing armies was the surroundings. In 1914 the men at the Front could still see the vestiges of civilization. Villages, although badly smashed up, were still standing. Fields, although pitted with shell-holes, had not been turned into muddy lunar landscapes.

Thus, the other world — the civilian world — and the social mores and manners that went with it was still present at the Front. Lacking was the pain, misery, and hatred that years of bloody war would soon build up. Then there was the desire, on all sides, to see the enemy up close — was he

(continued on page 8)

On Christmas morning we stuck up a board with "A Merry Christmas" on it. The enemy had stuck up a similar one. Platoons would sometimes go out for twenty-four hours' rest — it was a day at least out of the trench and relieved the monotony a bit — and my platoon had gone out in this way the night before, but a few of us stayed behind to see what would happen. Two of our men then threw their equipment off and jumped on the parapet with their hands above their heads. Two of the Germans done the same and commenced to walk up the river bank, our two men going to meet them. They met and shook hands and then we all got out of the trench.

Buffalo Bill [the company commander] rushed into the trench and endeavored to prevent it, but he was too late: the whole of the company were now out, and so were the Germans. He had to accept the situation, so soon he and the other company officers climbed out too. We and the Germans met in the middle of no man's land. Their officers was also now out. Our officers exchanged greetings with them. One of the German officers said that he wished he had a camera to take a snapshot, but they were not allowed to carry cameras. Neither were our officers.

We mucked in all day with one another. They were Saxons and some of them could speak English. By the look of them their trenches were in as bad a state as our own. One of their men, speaking in English, mentioned that he had worked in Brighton for some years and that he was fed up to the neck with this damned war and would be glad when it was all over. We told him that he wasn't the only one that was fed up with it. We did not allow them in our trench and they did not allow us in theirs.

The German company commander asked Buffalo Bill if he would accept a couple of barrels of beer and assured him that they would not make his men drunk. They had plenty of it in the brewery. He accepted the offer with thanks and a couple of their men rolled the barrels over and we took them into our trench. The German officer sent one of his men back to the trench, who appeared shortly after

(continued on page 7)

Lessons from the Vietnam War:

What it means to be human

by Becky Leuning

“To know thine enemy may be to not have one. Both civilian propaganda and military training are focused on dehumanizing the ‘other’ so that our general aversion to killing is overridden.”

—Carol Wilder,
Crossing the Street in Hanoi

In his memoir, *Blood on the Tracks*, S. Brian Willson recounts the gut reaction he had when ordered to plunge his bayonet into a dummy while yelling *Kill!* during a routine Air Force Ranger training exercise. Brian’s brother Dwight, a post-Korea, Cold War vet, says he went through that same bayonet training in the army, and while he didn’t balk like Brian did, he basically faked the exercise. It felt ridiculous, he said.

These accounts and others lead me to believe it’s not uncommon for soldiers-in-training to feel weird going through the motions of sticking it to a dummy, a weirdness that apparently stems from a deep discomfort with the whole notion of killing. Despite intense conditioning

Despite the intense conditioning during basic training designed to get soldiers comfortable with the idea of killing and inure them to the general violence of war, many stories brought back from war zones tell us that the softer tendencies of the human heart are not so easily overridden.

designed to get soldiers comfortable with the idea of killing and inure them to the general violence of war, many stories brought back from war zones tell us that the softer tendencies of the human heart are not so easily overridden.

The death or wounding of comrades, witnessing or being party to atrocities of war, injustice or abuse within the military establishment, and grinding, day-to-day, boots-on-the-ground experiences all can contribute to a creeping antiwar consciousness or just an awareness that the actual mission is something other than that stated in official propaganda. Face-to-face encounters with the enemy can have the same thought-provoking effect.

What follows are examples from the Vietnam War of soldiers recognizing common humanity in the “other,” collected in celebration of the December 1914 Christmas Truce, that moment during the Great War when soldiers from opposing sides spontaneously emerged from the trenches

to fraternize in no man’s land in the spirit of the holidays. Rather than one large, spontaneous event experienced by many, the following are discrete, individual experiences, but they similarly illustrate a side of human nature that is persistent and common even in war, though rarely acknowledged due to its power to dissolve the construct of enemy that is necessary to justify all wars.

Key in these stories is the element of reflection, both in the sense of seeing one’s own reflection in the face of the bad guy, and in the subsequent thought process this provokes. If not squelched by internal or external forces, these initial thoughts may lead to questioning of the rationale for the war at hand, illumination about the nature of war in general, and even, eventually, to actions leading away from war. It’s important to realize that this is not an entirely intellectual process, but one that often involves the gut and the heart as well.

“What are they so afraid of?”

The 2014 German documentary, *Lighter Than Orange*, examines the impact of Agent Orange on Vietnamese veterans and their families. Early in the film, a man tells about being shot during the war. He describes his fear, as he lay wounded, of being discovered by the enemy, and his joy upon finally being rescued by a comrade. The emotional content

of this man’s story prompted American veteran Mike Tork to reflect on his own wartime experience:

When I arrived in Vietnam in 1967, I had been well indoctrinated. Everyone, from the top down, used derogatory terms that dehumanized the Vietnamese: Gook, Slope, Zipperhead, Charlie, Chuck, Chink, Dink, etc.... At one point, a new Marine told me that Vietnamese mothers didn’t love their children the way American mothers did, so it wasn’t that big a deal if they lost one. And he believed it! Even though I did believe the Vietnamese were my enemy, something just didn’t fit. Something, deep within my mind, kept telling me these people were human beings just like myself, and that very soft, nagging voice got stronger over time.

One of the things that started my questioning happened while working upriver in the Mekong Delta with the Mobile Riverine Force. At the

If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man’s life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

—Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

Jabbar Magruder of Iraq Veterans Against the War at anti-war demonstration in Minneapolis-St. Paul, August 2008. Photograph by Mike Hastie overlaid with Longfellow quotation.

request of a group of Marines, we were transporting about a dozen Vietnamese prisoners (VC) down river, and I was struck by two things: How unbelievably young they were (of course, I was only 19 myself!), and how frightened they looked. Very, very frightened. I kept thinking, *What are they afraid of? We’re Americans. We aren’t going to hurt them. We’re the good guys.* I thought about the very real fear I saw in their faces for a long while, and over time I learned that their fear was justified—that we were *not* the good guys.

I never forgot the fear I saw that day, and in fact saw it in the faces of many Vietnamese I encountered while searching sampans and conducting other military operations. Although my realization that something wasn’t right was very slow in coming, it did come. What I saw in those faces opened my eyes ever so slightly, but at least it was a beginning.

“I wonder if he had a girlfriend?”

David Cline, in the David Zeiger documentary, *Sir! No Sir!* tells a harrowing story of being wounded (in 1967; for the third time) when his unit is overrun by North Vietnamese regulars. In a hole with his M16 pointed up, he sees the muzzle of an AK47 and pulls his own trigger at the same moment he sees a flash and feels his knee hit, and then blacks out. After the fighting ends, at dawn, he gets to see the guy who shot him:

He was sitting up against a tree stump and he was dead. He had three bullet holes across his chest and his AK across his lap. And the sergeant said, *Here’s this gook you killed. You did a good job. And I seen this guy, and he was about my age. And I started thinking, you know, Why is he dead and I’m alive? It was just a matter of pure luck. And I started thinking, I wonder if he had a girlfriend or how his mother’s going to find out and*

things like that.... I don’t consider he was the first guy I shot, but it was the first guy I shot where ... I looked him in the face afterward. And I felt a certain amount of responsibility to him. To make his death not be in vain meant that I had to try and advocate for the justness he was fighting for, because I believe he was fighting for his country.

By this time, Cline had already gained awareness that the war was based on lies, but the way he tells it, it was this incident that cemented his commitment to the GI resistance movement.

Elements of Cline’s story are similar to Tork’s. He notices how young the guy is that he’s killed. Seeing someone about my age, his next thoughts are about a girlfriend, a mother. *And I started thinking...* he says twice, in telling his story for Zeiger’s camera.

“They’re people just like us.”

When I traveled to Vietnam in the early 2000s, I happened to meet Steve Sherlock, an American vet hanging out at the R&R Bar in Hanoi. He had a nonprofit that arranged donations of medical supplies and equipment to Vietnamese hospitals. Sherlock is a great storyteller, and the story of his progressive transformation from super war supporter (1966) to member of Vietnam Veterans Against the War (1971) is included in Christian Appy’s excellent oral history of the war, *Patriots*.

Sherlock’s reflection begins while he’s still stateside, doing riot control duty in D.C. with the 82nd Airborne after Martin Luther King’s assassination. “About three-quarters of my platoon were black or Hispanic and they’d all just come back from Vietnam,” he recounts. “It was clear that I was already in the middle of a kind of war. It just didn’t feel right...and Vietnam was somehow connected to it.”

His state of mind by the time he got to Vietnam in 1968 was one of confused
(continued on page 18)

Putting an end to

The War Crimes Times

by Kim Carlyle

“Peace is obtained neither by Law nor Force but by compassion towards others and self-sacrifice.”

—Mahmoud Ahmadinejad

We live in the war crimes times. Each day, the media report some new atrocity which they call a “war crime.” Such misbehavior occurs in all regions of the world and is often perpetrated by both sides of a conflict. But to call some act a war “crime” suggests that there is a standard of conduct in hostilities between nations (or other participants) that is acceptable, respectable, even honorable, and, of course, legal.

War is defined as “groups fighting one another” — people killing other people and destroying things. To me anyway, this is unacceptable, not respectable, and not honorable. It should be illegal, and in fact it is. Several international treaties outlaw war. To quote one: “The High Contracting Parties solemnly declare in the names of their respective peoples that they condemn recourse to war for the solution of international controversies, and renounce it, as an instrument of national policy in their relations with one another” and “the settlement or solution of all disputes or conflicts of whatever nature or of whatever origin they may be, which may arise among them, shall never be sought except by pacific means.”*

So, war itself is a crime. But since no higher power exists to enforce international law, war is a crime without punishment. What are we blessed peacemakers to do?

Humans have the capacity to shed their warlike, greedy, competitive ways and to re-create a society that has a social conscience, values all life, and shows respect, goodwill, kindness, and compassion to all other beings.

Weapons and Wars

People who prefer peace to war have tried for years to eliminate certain types of dastardly weapons. The cause *du jour* is the Unmanned Aerial Vehicle, the drone. Past causes include poison gases, nukes, land mines, chemical defoliants, and cluster bombs. Indeed, these are reprehensible weapons. But to focus on weaponry is to

engage in a game of whack-a-mole. We might be able to ban a particular weapon (fat chance of belligerents complying!), but creative and resourceful weapons developers will always come up with something new and even more reprehensible. Besides, isn't a bayonet, or even a pistol, a reprehensible weapon? Killing and maiming is killing and maiming; the choice of weapons simply determines the order of magnitude. Moreover, eliminating weapons will not stop war.

Stop This War!

Activists also work to stop the war *du jour* — and new conflicts arise entirely too often. Placards proclaim, “No War Against (fill in the name)!” Another game of whack-a-mole. Stopping *this* war does nothing to prevent the next.

To protest is to oppose something. The more we protest, the more firmly entrenched we become in our righteous opposition. Clever chants, witty posters, and provocative “nonviolent” actions serve largely to alienate us and our cause from those we wish to change. They dig in. We dig in. Trench warfare ensues. Salvos of rhetoric are traded; neither side gains ground. The rare concessions are tactical and temporary. (For example, street protests against the Vietnam War arguably altered policy and emboldened the antiwar movement within the military, and thus brought an end to *that* war — but *not* the next and the next. Learning from the experience, the war machine dumped the draft and muzzled the media. In any event, the record number of protesters across the world did not prevent the 2003 Iraq invasion.) Nothing really changes. It's my tribe against your tribe, waging war ad infinitum.

Bad Attitude

Some folks make *rational* appeals that war should be abolished because it is immoral or economically devastating or simply not efficacious. All true. But the decisions, collectively and individually, to wage and participate in war are emotional, not rational. These emotions — fear, pride, foolish patriotism, and greed — are deeply ingrained in our national psyche, our cultural mores, our world views, and our general attitudes.

Attitude Adjustment

Ending the plague of war requires a cultural transformation. Some scholars maintain that before humans developed agriculture on a large scale (which led to civilization as we know it), they lived in peaceful, egalitarian, sharing, cooperative



**There's battle lines being drawn
Nobody's right if everybody's wrong...**

**A thousand people in the street
Singing songs and carrying signs
Mostly saying, “Hooray for our side”**

It's time we stop...

—Buffalo Springfield, “For What It's Worth”

societies. If true, it means that humans have the capacity to shed their warlike, greedy, competitive ways and to re-create a society that has a social conscience, values all life, and shows respect, goodwill, kindness, and compassion to all other beings.

“A pipe dream,” you're thinking. Something that John Lennon could only “Imagine.”

But that's what's needed: imagination. What if all the energy and creative resources needed to carry out a large, non-violent (and largely ineffective) antiwar demonstration were redirected to finding ways to cultivate a culture of peace?

That's what our greatest teachers — Buddha, Jesus, Gandhi, Einstein, King, and, yes, Lennon — wanted for humanity. They preached a gospel of peace informed by empathy, compassion, and loving kindness. We have merely been the choir — singing but not really believing. To achieve peace, we must become true believers, preachers, practitioners, and missionaries. To borrow from the Great Emancipator, “It is for us the living,

rather, to be dedicated here to the unfinished work which they... have thus far so nobly advanced.”

Okay, creating a culture of peace sounds about as preposterous as trying to put a man on the moon — but wait, we did that. We have also, almost inconceivably, overcome institutionalized human rights abuses that had stood unchallenged for millennia.

But outlawing wars, specific and general, or weapons has not thus far so nobly advanced us toward peace. Nor has appealing to reason. So, isn't another approach at least worth a try? All I am saying, is give *really* waging peace a chance.

Try To See It My Way (or Their Way)

Stuck in antiwar mode, we've not come any closer to achieving world peace. Protests and mass demonstrations may have their place, but a strategy whose goal is lasting peace requires fresh tactics. Let's quit fussy and fighting, my friend. We want nations to reconcile disputes peaceably through dialogue and negotiation; shouldn't peace activists do the same?

(continued on page 6)

* The Kellogg-Briand Pact of 1928, whose more than 60 signatories include the United States of America.

WCT*(continued from page 5)*

Imagine engaging our ideological adversaries in discussion — millions of one-on-one conversations — where we identify our basic, common, human goals (to increase happiness, reduce suffering, increase harmony); we actively listen, with compassion and empathy, to their stories; we remain open to new ideas; and we share our own hopes for a peaceful world and how it might be achieved. We can work it out, we can work it out.

Understand that the transformation won't be easy and it will take generations. (Instant gratification is another cultural flaw to work on).

Retooling and Reschooling

While we're working it out, to forestall future wars, we must remove the gears of the war machine — the weapons-makers and the warriors. (No arms. No armies. No war!)

Let us create and promote "constructive programs" that provide job alternatives to the military and the "defense" industry. Convert the military from a force for death and destruction to a humanitarian aid agency. Retool weapons plants to produce wind and solar power equipment. Turn the military-industrial complex into a peace-industrial complex.

Spend less time in the streets and more time in the schools. Gandhi said, "If we are to teach real peace in this world, and if we are to carry on a real war against war, we shall have to begin with the children." Educate students and teachers on the realities of war and militarism. Teach *real* history. Challenge faith communities to uphold their ideals of peace by forbidding participation in war. Create and promote alternative service — *genuine* service, not armed "service"— opportunities for young people.

Condemn the use of violence anywhere it occurs; it is unacceptable as playground behavior, it is unacceptable as foreign policy, and, manifesting as "structural violence," it is unacceptable in social, cultural, political, and economic institutions.

Recognize the structural violence of our consumer culture. The demand for material goods and energy drives a malignant growth economy which appropriates world resources by coercion or by force.

Replace the Gross Domestic Product (U.S. rank: #1) with a new metric for human (and planetary) well-being, such as the Happy Planet Indicator (U.S.: #105) or Global Peace Index (U.S.: #101). Economist Joseph Stiglitz maintains, "What you measure affects what you do," and if "you don't measure the right thing, you don't do the right thing."

**Constructive Program**

Let Us Beat Swords into Plowshares, sculpture by Yevgeny Vuchetich - 1959 gift of the Soviet Union to the United Nations - garden of the United Nations Headquarters in New York City.

Educate the general public. Write op-eds and letters to the editor. Speak truth to power (and everyone else) at every opportunity. Preaching and practicing the gospel of peace, we can change minds, turn hearts, and transform the culture.

If this approach seems sappy to you, take a moment to reflect — objectively — on your own biases, assumptions, cultural programming, and on our failed efforts to win peace. Then remember the sappy little Indian fellow who began a huge cultural transformation.

Absent a major, sustained effort to reconstruct our attitudes and institutions, we are destined to remain mired in the war crimes times.

"In a gentle way, you can shake the world."

—Mohandas K. Gandhi

Kim Carlyle (U.S. Army 1966-69) has been the editor-in-chief of the War Crimes Times since its inception.

WAR

"You may not be interested in war, but war is interested in you" —Leon Trotsky

Those who can't control themselves, seek to control others.

Those whose minds are not free, seek to limit others' minds.

Creating doubts & confusion, betraying the clarity & precision of words, minds are subverted.

For many, it is easier to go to war, than to live their stale life of peace.

The war between mind & heart causes the most casualties.

War is a game played by the powerful, with other people's lives.

Check! Check! Checkmate!

MASTERS OF WAR

A Somalian warlord recently called the U.S. "the masters of war."

At least thugs, brigands, & terrorists admire us. We've come a long way, baby.

This is what 400 years of history have led us to.

And yet, is it not so? From the slaughter of millions of the

first nations to inhabit the American continent, to the bombing of

Iraqis & Afghans & Syrians & Libyans & Palestinians by proxy...

We are clearly not masters of statesmanship or even master of politics,

and certainly not masters of reason, but we've been from the first to the latest, for the last 400 years,

"Masters of Destruction."

—two poems by Joe Michaud, July 2014

"...and they shall beat their swords into plowshares, and their spears into pruning hooks: nation shall not lift up sword against nation, neither shall they learn war any more.

—Isaiah 2:3-4

If you want to make peace with your enemy, you have to work with your enemy. Then he becomes your partner.

—Nelson Mandela

The best way to destroy an enemy is to make him a friend.

—Abraham Lincoln

First hand

(continued from page 3)

carrying a tray with bottles and glasses on it. Officers of both sides clinked glasses and drunk one another's health. Buffalo Bill had presented them with a plum pudding just before. The officers came to an understanding that the unofficial truce would end at midnight. At dusk we went back to our respective trenches.

Bruce Bairnsfather (1887-1959) was a prominent British humorist and cartoonist. In 1914, he joined the Royal Warwickshire Regiment and served with a machine gun unit in France until 1915, when he was hospitalized with shellshock and hearing damage sustained during the Second Battle of Ypres. This account is from his book Bullets & Billets:



The dawn of the 24th brought a perfectly still, cold, frosty day. The spirit of Christmas began to permeate us all; we tried to plot ways and means of making the next day, Christmas, different in some way to others. Invitations from one dugout to another for sundry meals were beginning to circulate. Christmas Eve was, in the way of weather, everything that Christmas Eve should be.

I was billed to appear at a dugout about a quarter of a mile to the left that evening to have rather a special thing in trench dinners—not quite so much bully [corned beef] and Maconochie [vegetable stew] as usual. A bottle of red wine and a medley of tinned things from home deputized in their absence. The day had been entirely free from shelling, and somehow we all felt that the Boches [Germans], too, wanted to be quiet. There was a kind of an invisible, intangible feeling extending across the frozen swamp between the two lines, which said “This is Christmas Eve for both of us—something in common.”

About 10 p.m. I made my exit from the convivial dug-out on the left of our line and walked back to my own lair. On arriving at my own bit of trench I found several of the men standing about, and all very cheerful. There was a good bit of singing and talking going on, jokes and jibes on our curious Christmas Eve, as contrasted with any former one, were thick in the air. One of my men turned to me and said:

“You can ‘ear ‘em quite plain, sir!”

“Hear what?” I inquired.

“The Germans over there, sir; ‘ear ‘em singin’ and playin’ on a band or something.”

I listened—away out across the field, among the dark shadows beyond, I could hear the murmur of voices, and an occasional burst of some unintelligible song would come floating out on the frosty air. The singing seemed to be loudest and most distinct a bit to our right. I popped into my dug-out and found the platoon commander.

“Do you hear the Boches kicking up that racket over there?” I said.

“Yes,” he replied, “they’ve been at it some time!”

“Come on,” said I, “let’s go along the trench to the hedge there on the right—that’s the nearest point to them, over there.”

So we stumbled along our now hard, frosted ditch, and scrambling up on to the bank above, strode across the field to our next bit of trench on the right. Every-

one was listening. An improvised Boche band was playing a precarious version of *Deutschland, Deutschland, uber Alles*, at the conclusion of which, some of our

requisite touch to our Christmas Eve—something a little human and out of the ordinary routine.

After months of vindictive sniping and shelling, this little episode came as an invigorating tonic, and a welcome relief to the daily monotony of antagonism. It did not lessen our ardor or determination; but just put a little human punctuation mark in our lives of cold and humid hate. Just on the right day, too—Christmas Eve! But, as a curious episode, this was nothing in comparison to our experience on the following day.

On Christmas morning I awoke very early, and emerged from my dug-out into the trench. It was a perfect day. A beautiful, cloudless blue sky. The ground hard and



Bairnsfather cartoon: “Well, if you knows of a better ‘ole, go to it!”

Walking about the trench a little later, discussing the curious affair of the night before, we suddenly became aware of the fact that we were seeing a lot of evidences of Germans. Heads were bobbing about and showing over their parapet in a most reckless way, and, as we looked, this phenomenon became more and more pronounced.

A complete Boche figure sud-

denly appeared on the parapet, and looked about itself. This complaint became infectious. It didn’t take “Our Bert” [the British sergeant who exchanged goods with the Germans the previous day] long to be up on the skyline (it is one long grind to ever keep him off it). This was the signal for more Boche anatomy to be disclosed, and this was replied to by all our Alf’s and Bill’s, until, in less time than it takes to tell, half a dozen or so of each of the belligerents were outside their trenches and were advancing towards each other in no man’s land.

A strange sight, truly!

I clambered up and over our parapet, and moved out across the field to look. Clad in a muddy suit of khaki and wearing a sheepskin coat and Balaclava helmet, I joined the throng about half-way across to the German trenches.

It all felt most curious: here were these sausage-eating wretches, who had elected to start this infernal European fracas, and in so doing had brought us all into the same muddy pickle as themselves.

This was my first real sight of them at close quarters. Here they were—the actual, practical soldiers of the German army. There was not an atom of hate on either side that day.

Submitted by David Swanson who is active with WorldBeyondWar.org.

There was not an atom of hate on either side that day.

mouth-organ experts retaliated with snatches of ragtime songs and imitations of the German tune. Suddenly we heard a confused shouting from the other side. We all stopped to listen. The shout came again. A voice in the darkness shouted in English, with a strong German accent, “Come over here!” A ripple of mirth swept along our trench, followed by a rude outburst of mouth organs and laughter. Presently, in a lull, one of our sergeants repeated the request, “Come over here!”

“You come half-way—I come half-way,” floated out of the darkness.

“Come on, then!” shouted the sergeant. “I’m coming along the hedge!”

“Ah! but there are two of you,” came back the voice from the other side.

Well, anyway, after much suspicious shouting and jocular derision from both sides, our sergeant went along the hedge which ran at right-angles to the two lines of trenches. He was quickly out of sight; but, as we all listened in breathless silence, we soon heard a spasmodic conversation taking place out there in the darkness.

Presently, the sergeant returned. He had with him a few German cigars and cigarettes which he had exchanged for a couple of Maconochie’s and a tin of Capstan [tobacco], which he had taken with him. The séance was over, but it had given just the

white, fading off towards the wood in a thin low-lying mist. It was such a day as is invariably depicted by artists on Christmas cards—the ideal Christmas Day of fiction.

“Fancy all this hate, war, and discomfort on a day like this!” I thought to myself. The whole spirit of Christmas seemed to be there, so much so that I remember thinking, “This indescribable something in the air, this Peace and Goodwill feeling, surely will have some effect on the situation here to-day!” And I wasn’t far wrong; it did around us, anyway, and I have always been so glad to think of my luck in, firstly, being actually in the trenches on Christmas Day, and, secondly, being on the spot where quite a unique little episode took place.

Everything looked merry and bright that morning—the discomforts seemed to be less, somehow; they seemed to have epitomized themselves in intense, frosty cold. It was just the sort of day for Peace to be declared. It would have made such a good finale. I should like to have suddenly heard an immense siren blowing. Everybody to stop and say, “What was that?” Siren blowing again: appearance of a small figure running across the frozen mud waving something. He gets closer—a telegraph boy with a wire! He hands it to me. With trembling fingers I open it: “War off, return home.—George, R.I.” Cheers! But no, it was a nice, fine day, that was all.

Truce

(continued from page 3)

really as bad as the politicians, papers, and priests were saying?

It was a combination of these factors, and many more minor ones, that made the Christmas Truce of 1914 possible.

On the eve of the Truce, the British Army (still a relatively small presence on the Western Front) was manning a stretch of the line running south from the infamous Ypres salient for 27 miles to the La Bassée Canal.

Along the Front, the enemy was sometimes no more than 70, 50, or even 30 yards away. Both Tommy and Fritz could quite easily hurl greetings, or insults, to one another, and, importantly, come to tacit agreements not to fire. Incidents of temporary truces and outright fraternization were more common at this stage in the war than many people today realize — even units that had just taken part in a series of futile and costly assaults were still willing to talk and come to arrangements with their opponents.

As Christmas approached, the festive mood and the desire for a lull in the fighting increased as parcels packed with goodies from home started to arrive. On top

In our age of uncertainty, it is comforting to believe, regardless of the real reasoning and motives, that soldiers and officers told to hate, loathe, and kill, could still lower their guns and extend the hand of goodwill, peace, love, and Christmas cheer.

of this came gifts care of the state. Tommy received plum puddings and “Princess Mary boxes” — metal cases engraved with an outline of George V’s daughter and filled with chocolates and butterscotch, cigarettes and tobacco, a picture card of Princess Mary, and a facsimile of George V’s greeting to the troops. “May God protect you and bring you safe home,” it said.

Not to be outdone, Fritz received presents from the Kaiser, the *Kaiserliche*, a large meerschaum pipe for the



troops and boxes of cigars for NCOs and officers. Towns, villages, and cities, and numerous support associations on both sides, also flooded the Front with gifts of food, warm clothes, and letters of thanks.

The Belgians and French also received goods, although not in such an organized fashion as the British or Germans. For these nations, the Christmas of 1914 was tinged with sadness — their countries were occupied. It is no wonder that the Truce, although it sprung up in some

spots on French and Belgian lines, never really caught hold as it did in the British sector.

With their morale boosted by messages of thanks and their bellies fuller than normal, and with still so much Christmas booty in hand, the season of goodwill entered the trenches. A British *Daily Telegraph* correspondent wrote that on one part of the line the Germans had managed to slip a chocolate cake into British trenches.

Even more amazingly, it was accompanied with a message asking for a ceasefire later that evening so they could celebrate the festive season and their captain’s birthday. They proposed a concert at 7:30 p.m. when candles, the British were told, would be placed on the parapets of their trenches.

The British accepted the invitation and offered some tobacco as a return present. That evening at the stated time, German heads suddenly popped up and started to sing. Each number ended with a round of applause from both sides.

The Germans then asked the British to join in. At this point, one very mean-spirited Tommy shouted, “We’d rather die than sing German.” To which a German joked aloud, “It would kill us if you did.”

December 24 was a good day weather-wise; the rain had given way to clear skies.

On many stretches of the Front, the crack of rifles and the dull thud of shells plowing into the ground continued, but at a far lighter level than normal. In other sectors there was an unnerving silence that was broken by the singing and shouting drifting over — in the main, from the German trenches.

Along many parts of the line the Truce was spurred on with the arrival in the German trenches of miniature Christmas trees — *Tannenbaum*. The sight these small pines, decorated with candles and strung along the German parapets, captured the Tommies’ imagination; and the men of the Indian corps were reminded of the sacred Hindu festival of light.

It was the perfect excuse for the opponents to start shouting to one another, to start singing and, in some areas, to pluck up the courage to meet one another in no man’s land.

By now, the British high command — comfortably “entrenched” in a luxurious châteaux 27 miles behind the Front — was beginning to hear of the fraternization.

Stern orders were issued by the commander of the British Expeditionary Force, Sir John French, against such behavior. Other “brass-hats” (as the Tommies nicknamed their high-ranking officers and generals) also made grave pronouncements on the dangers and consequences of parleying with the Germans.

However, there were many high-ranking officers who took a surprisingly relaxed view of the situation. If anything, they believed it would at least offer their men an opportunity to strengthen their trenches. This mixed stance meant that very few officers and men involved in the Christmas Truce were disciplined.



Interestingly, the German High Command’s ambivalent attitude towards the Truce mirrored that of the British.

Christmas day began quietly, but once the sun was up the fraternization began. Again songs were sung and rations thrown to one another. It was not long before troops and officers started to take matters into their own hands and ventured forth. No man’s land became something of a playground.

Men exchanged gifts and buttons. In one or two places, soldiers who had been barbers in civilian times gave



Drawing made by Bruce Bairnsfather, Christmas 1914

free haircuts. One German, a juggler and a showman, gave an impromptu and, given the circumstances, somewhat surreal performance of his routine in the centre of no man’s land.

Captain Sir Edward Hulse of the Scots Guards, in his famous account, remembered the approach of four unarmed Germans at 08:30 hours. He went out to meet them with one of his ensigns. “Their spokesman,” Hulse wrote, “started off by saying that he thought it only right

to come over and wish us a happy Christmas, and trusted us implicitly to keep the truce. He came from Suffolk where he had left his best girl and a 3½ h.p. motor-bike!”

Having raced off to file a report at headquarters, Hulse returned at 10:00 to find crowds of British soldiers and Germans out together chatting and larking about in no man’s land, in direct contradiction to his orders.

Not that Hulse seemed to care about the fraternization in itself — the need to be seen to follow orders was his concern. Thus he sought out a German officer and arranged for both sides to return to their lines.

While this was going on, he still managed to keep his ears and eyes open to the fantastic events that were unfolding. “Scots and Huns were fraternizing in the most genuine possible manner. Every sort of souvenir was exchanged addresses given and received, photos of families shown, etc. One of our fellows offered a German a cigarette; the German said, ‘Virginian?’ Our fellow said, ‘Aye, straight-cut’; the German said ‘No thanks, I only smoke Turkish!’... It gave us all a good laugh.”

Hulse’s account was part of a letter to his mother, who in turn sent it on to the newspapers for publication, as was the custom at the time. Tragically, Hulse was killed in March 1915.

On many parts of the line, the Christmas Day truce was initiated through sadder means. Both sides saw the lull as a chance to get into no man’s land and seek out the bodies of their compatriots and give them a decent burial. Once this was done the opponents would inevitably begin talking to one another.

The 6th Gordon Highlanders, for example, organized a burial truce with the enemy. After the gruesome task of laying friends and comrades to rest was complete, the fraternization began.

With the Truce in full swing up and down the line, there were a number of recorded games of soccer, although these were really just “kick-about” rather than structured matches.

On January 1, 1915, the London *Times* published a letter from a major in the Medical Corps reporting that in his sector the British played a game against the Germans opposite and were beaten 3-2.

Kurt Zehmisch of the 134th Saxons recorded in his diary: “The English brought a soccer ball from the trenches, and pretty soon a lively game ensued. How marvelously wonderful, yet how strange it was. The English officers felt the same way about it. Thus Christmas, the celebration of Love, managed to bring mortal enemies together as friends for a time.”

The Truce lasted all day; in places it ended that night. But on other sections of the line, it held over Boxing Day and, in some areas, a few days more. In fact, there were parts on the Front where the absence of aggressive behavior was conspicuous well into 1915.

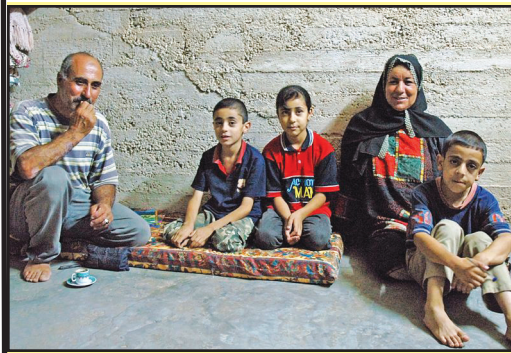
Captain J. C. Dunn, the Medical Officer in the Royal Welch Fusiliers, whose unit had fraternized and received two barrels of beer from the Saxon troops opposite, recorded how hostilities restarted on his section of the Front: “At 8:30 I fired three shots in the air and put up a flag with ‘Merry Christmas’ on it, and I climbed on the parapet. He [the Germans] put up a sheet with ‘Thank you’ on it, and the German Captain appeared on the parapet. We both bowed and saluted and got down into our respective trenches, and he fired two shots in the air, and the War was on again.”

The war was indeed on again, for the Truce had no hope of being maintained. Despite being wildly reported in Britain and, to a lesser extent, in Germany, the troops and the populations of both countries were still keen to prosecute the conflict.

Today, pragmatists read the Truce as nothing more than a “blip” — a temporary lull induced by the season of goodwill, but willingly exploited by both sides to better their defenses and eye out one another’s positions. Romantics assert that the Truce was an effort by normal men to bring about an end to the slaughter.

In the public’s mind, the facts have become irrevocably mythologized, and perhaps this is the most important legacy of the Christmas Truce today. In our age of uncertainty, it is comforting to believe, regardless of the real reasoning and motives, that soldiers and officers told to hate, loathe, and kill, could still lower their guns and extend the hand of goodwill, peace, love, and Christmas cheer.

Reprinted from *FirstWorldWar.com*



Museum of an Extinct Race in Jerusalem: A people formerly known as Palestinians

by Namaya

“We must expel Arabs and take their places.”

—David Ben Gurion, 1937

There is a *living* museum in Israel called the *Museum of an Extinct Race*. The Israeli government seeks to commemorate a people, formerly known as Palestinians (PFKP), who had been living in the fatherland, Eretz Israel, in communities extending from the Mediterranean Sea to the Jordan River, by creating the Museum of An Extinct Race. These primitive folks lived on farms and in cities before the rightful owners, the Jewish people, returned after a two-thousand-year absence. The Museum is a noble example of the leadership of Israel in addressing the so-called “Palestinian issue.”

First, it is necessary to correct some misperceptions of the so-called “Palestinians.” As Prime Minister Golda Meir said, “There is no such thing as a Palestinian people... It is not as if we came and threw them out and took their country. They didn’t exist.” The anti-Zionist conspiracy has endeavored to undermine the state of Israel, a state founded on the moral bedrock of the old Jewish testament. The sooner Muslim Arabs adhere to European Jewish values, the sooner they can be fully assimilated to the greater Zionist vision of the state of Israel. Otherwise, in the words of

David Ben Gurion, our founding Prime Minister, “We must drive them out.” Or, more vividly by Prime Minister Yitzhak Shamir, “The Palestinians should be crushed like grasshoppers and their heads smashed against the boulders and walls.”

Nevertheless, the Museum of an Extinct Race seeks to preserve the memory of the Palestinian culture while Israel eradicates the blight of Muslim communities. The goal is to preserve the Levantine *je ne sais quoi* that tourists seem to find so endearing — the Middle East flavor without the detritus of Islam. The term PFKP (People Formerly Known as Palestinians) eliminates the tedious pretensions of identity and ownership. By eliminating the confusing Muslim names, where virtually everyone is Mohamed or Ali, we can, instead, assign numbers to them (PFKP-1, PFKP-2, and so forth) and perhaps give each a small tattoo for record-keeping. The Museum of an Extinct Race is a sure path to achieving a final solution to the Palestinian issue by eliminating even the most remote pretense of a “Palestinian Identity.” As Nobel Peace Prize winner Menachem Begin said, “There can be no Jewish state without the eviction of the Arabs and the expropriation of their lands.”

The germ of the idea to create a Museum of an Extinct Race began with Alfred Rosenberg who created *Hohe Schule* (The Academy). The Museum of an Extinct Race is a center of education and an institution for studying the PFKPs. The institution serves as a repository for the books, rugs, and primitive artwork of this fascinating culture. The PFKPs were mostly agrarian bumpkins, and their Muslim ideology of fatalism was a hindrance to their development, ultimately contributing to their failure to adapt to the modern industrial age of capitalism. This underscores one argument of Social Darwinism, that some races are inherently more successful than others.

The museum will chronicle how these Arabs came to settle in the greater Levant, remaining in the region for centuries, until the return of the Jewish people to their ancestral homes, following an absence of more than 2,000 years. During the great liberation of historic Israel in 1948, many of the PFKPs left their homes because of the Israeli Army. This was a blessing, as it gave the rightful Jewish owners a chance to reclaim their land. After all, as the *chosen people*, a two-thousand-year absence could be considered nothing more than a pittance of time.

The return of the Jewish people and fulfillment of the prophecies will happen only with the final removal of the Arabs from Jerusalem, the full occupation of the West Bank, and the deportation of the unruly and ungrateful Arabs, to Jordan (or wherever this scourge came from). As Jerusalem is cleared of the last remnants of the PFKPs, the remaining Muslims will realize the superior culture and imperative of the Jewish people to achieve an ethnic purity. The Museum of an Extinct Race will be a fitting tribute to the wise policies of Israel in dealing with PFKPs, or, as Jewish scholars have called it, *Arabfrage* (the Arab Question). There had been discussions about deporting the remnant people to Madagascar or elsewhere in Africa more accommodating to their Arabic disposition; yet, we do wish to preserve the memory of their *séjour*. For example, the Muslim Quarter in Old Jaffa, is very charming without the clutter of Muslims, and their old schools and buildings make very chic bistros.

Imagine the possibilities as we undertake a final solution to the thorny Arab Problem.

Namaya is a poet, artist, jazz poet, story teller, musician, and playwright who creates art word performance to celebrate the inevitability of peace. See namayaproductions.com.



Breaking Our **Addiction** to War

by S. Brian Willson

I am sick of being anti-war. Are wars inevitable? War crimes? If we really don't want wars, it behooves us to get serious about understanding their causes, and choose to radically address them. Otherwise, what's the point? Feeling a "rush" with like-minded folks at political actions only perpetuates our addiction to anti-war rallies, which do nothing to stop wars from occurring.



Saturday March 22, 2009, anti-war protest march on the Pentagon. (Photo by Bill Hackwell)

Feeling a "rush" with like-minded folks at political actions only perpetuates our addiction to anti-war rallies, which do nothing to stop wars from occurring.

The inarticulate presidency of George Bush II successfully unmasked the U.S. empire for everyone to see in its gruesome glory — laying bare all the lies, sordid details, and egregious consequences of unfettered greed. Then the "hopium" associated with Obama's election served as a soothing tranquilizer, quieting the movement, at least for a time. Yet, no matter who is in power, wars continue ad nauseum. To learn why, we must examine the vertical/hierarchical, patriarchal, political-economic system to which we humans have adapted over millennia.

First, let's look at U.S. history. The record reveals a chronic, depressing pattern of war making — 550 direct

"Civilization" is marked by a dramatic shift from long-standing decentralized, horizontal, matriarchal societies, to centralized, vertical/class-oriented, patriarchal societies, in which obedience to a King was required, and slave labor utilized to construct massive projects like tombs, irrigation, and grain storage systems... Virtually all vertical power quickly becomes ego-tyrannical, inherent in concentration of political, social, and economic power.

military interventions since 1799 in more than 100 countries. More than 300 of these have occurred since World War II, including the bombing of 28 countries. In addition, the U.S. has conducted thousands of covert interventions, mostly in "Third World" countries.

The longer view: Since the advent of "civilization" around 3500 B.C. (55 centuries ago), there have been 14,600 recorded "decisive wars," not counting thousands of smaller, "indecisive" ones, according to the Norwegian Academy of Sciences. This coincides with development of writing and emergence of patriarchal, hierarchical kingdoms, most of which later became empires. The rulers of these kingdoms gained power by manipulating surplus that had grown out of the agricultural revolution. Another coincidence with the advent of civilization is a notable increase in findings of human remains for which the cause of death has been attributed to warfare injuries. Archaeologists have found little if any evidence of systemic warfare prior to this time.

Since A.D. 1500, war scholar Quincy Wright documents 3,000 recorded "battles" which involved casualties of at least 1,000 in land battles, and 500 in naval ones, with an additional quarter million "hostile encounters." The U.S. Army alone engaged in over 9,000 "battles and skirmishes" between 1775 and 1900, mostly against Native Americans. During the same period, the U.S. Navy engaged in over 1,100 encounters.

Efforts to prevent wars are also well established. Historical sociologist Jacques Novicow documented more than 8,000 treaties for peace between 1500 B.C. and A.D. 1860.

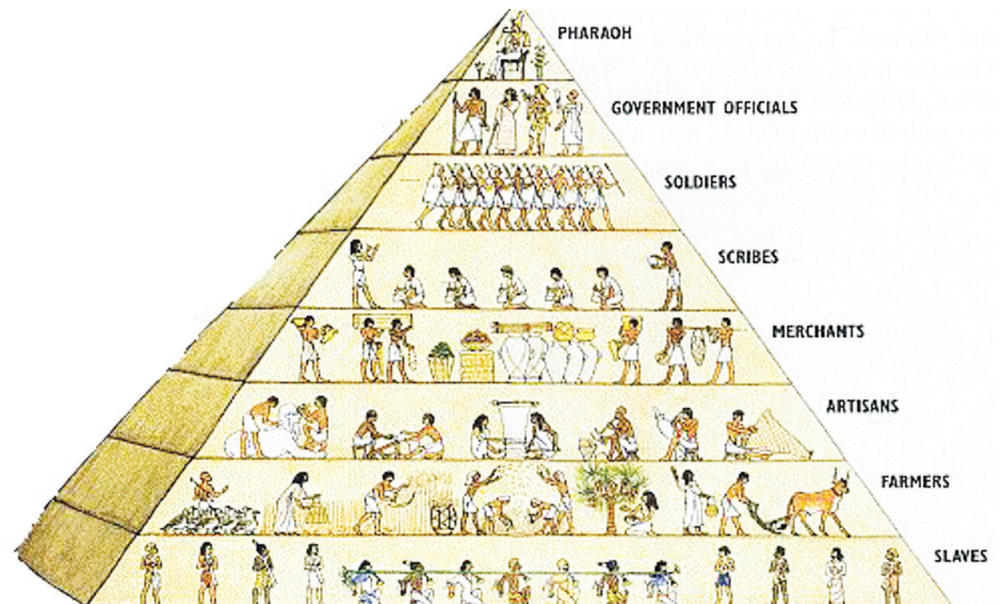
Modern efforts to impose accountability for war behavior include the

Hague and Geneva Conventions, the United Nations Charter, and the Nuremberg Principles. The 1928 Kellogg-Briand Pact renounced war altogether. Since the 1950s, the *U.S. Army Field Manual* adopted provisions of international law, absolutely prohibiting targeting of civilians and civilian infrastructure. It has done little, if anything, to retard murder of civilians.

Attempting to understand this chronic pattern of human carnage, scholars such as Lewis Mumford, Thomas Berry, Marija Gimbutus, Riane Eisler, and James Hillman chronicle the record of more than five millennia of the four patriarchal establishments — classical empires, ecclesiastical institutions, nation-states, and modern corporations. All four can be described as male-dominated, vertical hierarchies dependent for their functioning on strict obedience from their population base.

"Civilization" is marked by a dramatic shift from long-standing decentralized, horizontal, matriarchal societies, to centralized, vertical/class-oriented, patriarchal societies, in which obedience to a King was required, and slave labor utilized to construct massive projects like tombs, irrigation, and grain storage systems. Class and stratification ripped people from their historical roots as autonomous beings living in small cooperative tribal groups. This separation of people from their intimate connections with the earth produced deep insecurity, anxiety and fear in the psyche, and ecopsychologists such as Chellis Glendinning and Theodore Roszak suggest that such fragmentation created a traumatic primordial breach. Being forced to live and work in a class system generally leads to a feeling of lack of self worth. People will avoid this shame at any cost, often by adopting "defense mechanism" such as projecting demonization onto others "below," and/or deference of authentic autonomous freedoms to belief in authority structures and adoption of their accompanying mythologies and ideologies.

For 300 generations, civilization has required obedience. This has become a cultural habit enabling each of us to successfully adapt to our non-Indigenous culture. Observers such as Etienne De La Boetie have discovered that virtually all vertical power quickly becomes ego-tyrannical, inherent in concentration of political, social, and economic power, whether achieved through elections (such as in the USA), force of arms, or inheritance. Method of rule is essentially the same — achieving mass consent through either fear or propaganda/myth. Barbara Tuchman describes the historical folly of ego-maniacs at



Source: ancientegyptianfacts.com



Reprinted under Creative Commons licensing from truthinsideofyou.org

In the U.S., with but 4.6 percent of the world's population, our insatiable consumption devours more than 30 percent of the globe's resources.

war in her 1984 book, *The March of Folly: From Troy to Vietnam*.

In essence, by being conditioned to obey the laws and mores of modern society dictated and shaped by vertical political-economic systems, we have been living contrary to our authentic nature as cooperative beings capable of self-governance in small communities without authority from above. In addition, in the West, with but 20 percent of the world's population, we have materially benefited from 500 years of colonial exploitation at the expense of the remaining 80 percent. This is not only immoral, it is ecologically unsustainable.

In the U.S., with but 4.6 percent of the world's population, our insatiable consumption devours more than 30 percent of the globe's resources. Habits of obedience to our system have historically been reinforced by our personal addiction to consumer goods, fed by the myth that our material well-being derives from our "exceptionalism" as U.S. Americans. Our allegiance to this myth and our addiction to its benefits are what enable those dreadful wars — these are nothing more than imperial projects to assure, at gunpoint, continuation of our American Way Of Life, not to mention endless profits for the "emperor" and his entourage.

In summary, we are addicted to war because we are addicted to a materialist way of life, which requires obedience to an infrastructure of imperialism that enables business as usual. That it is totally unsustainable is only now being realized.

The prescription: Re-discover the eco-consciousness that already resides in our visceral genetic memory outside our brains. Choosing to live with less stuff in locally sufficient, food producing and simple tool-making/artisan cultures can be joyful, and pockets of such revivalist cultures are cropping up in many places as people strive to re-establish their local autonomy. We are coming full circle — those we exterminated because we deemed them "savage," were, in fact, authentic. We are the savages and now must turn to the authentics to help in our healing.

S. Brian Willson is a Vietnam veteran whose wartime experiences transformed him into a pacifist and an activist. On September 1, 1987, he was nearly killed by a



Westlake Park in Seattle on Black Friday, Nov 27th 2009.
(photo by Michael Holden)

U.S. Navy munitions train while engaging in a nonviolent blockade in protest of weapons shipments to El Salvador. He now uses two prosthetic legs and a three-wheeled handcycle to "walk." His memoir is called Blood on the Tracks: The Life and Times of S. Brian Willson. Read more of his essays at brianwillson.com.

**Oh! that we who declare against wars... May we look upon our treasures...
and try whether the seeds of war have nourishment in these our possessions...**

But where that spirit works which loves riches, and in its working gathers wealth and cleaves to customs which have their root in self-pleasing; — this spirit, thus separating from universal love, seeks help from the power which stands in the separation, and whatever name it hath, it still desires to defend the treasures thus gotten: — This is like a chain, where the end of one link encloseth the end of another. The rising up of a desire to obtain wealth is

the beginning; this desire, being cherished, moves to action; and riches thus gotten please self; and while self has a life in them it desires to have them defended.

Wealth is attended with power, by which bargains and proceedings, contrary to universal righteousness, are supported; and hence oppression, carried on with worldly policy and order, clothes itself with the name of justice and becomes like a seed of discord in

the soul. And as this spirit which wanders from the pure habitation prevails, so the seeds of war swell and sprout, and grow, and become strong, until much fruit is ripened. Then cometh the harvest spoken of by the prophet [Isaiah 17:11], which "is a heap, in the day of grief and desperate sorrows."

Oh! that we who declare against wars, and acknowledge our trust to be in God only, may walk in the light, and therein examine our foundation

and motives in holding great estates! May we look upon our treasures, and the furniture of our houses, and the garments in which we array ourselves, and try whether the seeds of war have nourishment in these our possessions, or not. Holding treasures in the self-pleasing spirit is a strong plant, the fruit whereof ripens fast.

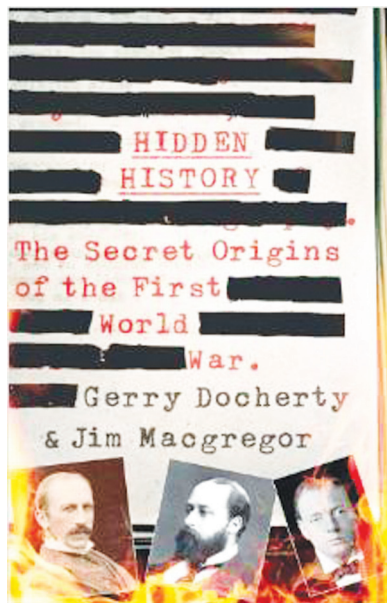
—John Woolman (1720-1772),
A Plea for the Poor

The true cause of the 'Great War' revealed

Historians and Journalists on Trial

by Tom Cahill

A Review of Hidden History: The Secret Origins of the First World War by Gerry Docherty and Jim MacGregor, Edinburgh: Mainstream Publishing, 2014.



Cecil Rhodes was a 19th Century diamond and gold mining magnate in South Africa who, according to his will, was determined to create a secret organization of English ruling-class elites who would eventually control the world and "...render war impossible and promote the best interests of humanity." To this day, scholarships in his name are still being awarded. A young Bill Clinton received one.

Rhodes died at 48. By then, he was a full-blown sociopath and a mega control freak who had already caused the deaths and misery of a vast population of blacks and whites in Africa in his successful attempt to monopolize that continent's gold and diamond mines. And the secret group he started in London at the turn of the century included other famous sneak-thieves and royal cheats of the period such as Nathaniel Rothschild and King Edward VII. These were the chief architects of the very first global war — a war "to end all wars" and to "save democracy," as the media hype of the time proclaimed to the under-educated and the gullible.

Thus it was an old boys' club of Brits organized by Rhodes and NOT a German cabal that instigated the "Great War" of 1914-18 as popular history has propagandized us for the past hundred years. This is the theory with abundant facts and sources, NOT of German historians, but of two Scots blowing the whistle on English elites. In their most timely — the centenary of the "Great War" — contribution to truth and reconciliation titled *Hidden History: The Secret Origins of the First World War*, Gerry Docherty and Jim MacGregor

have issued a challenge to historians and journalists to stop whoring themselves to the financiers and politicians as well as the industrialists and military brass hats and their camp followers who have forever profited from the misfortune of others.

As for the assassination of Archduke Ferdinand and his wife in Sarajevo in June 1914 that allegedly lit the fuse of WWI, the fingerprints of the Rhodes mob are all over this crime that was pinned solely on a group of idealistic young Bosnians.

In their introduction, the authors name a very few brave Anglo/American historians and journalists who dared question the authority of this royal crime syndicate as to the causes of WWI. This is of the utmost importance because historians and journalists should be objective but, alas, much, much too often they are NOT, thus aiding and abetting horrendous crimes against humanity. "When you fail in the duty to truth, malevolence fills the vacuum," the authors quote Ian Bell, a respected, contemporary Scottish journalist.

Take for instance the *New York Times* — the so-called "free world's" so-called "newspaper of record" — that for the past half century has rarely missed an opportunity to denigrate as "conspiracy nuts" the overwhelming majority of Americans (as high as eighty percent) who disagree with the Warren Commission that Lee Harvey Oswald (a poor shot in the Marine Corps) acted alone with a vintage, inaccurate, cheap piece-of-trash carbine (NOT a rifle) in assassinating President John Kennedy. So it will be interesting to see if the *New York Times* even deigns to review *Hidden History* about the current mother-of-all-conspiracy theories, namely, who really started WWI and why.



Credit: Lambert Studios, Inc., 1969. Copied from www.politicalgraphics.org for non-commercial use.

Here's a hint — a popular bumper-sticker and poster in the U.S. during the War on Vietnam was "WAR IS GOOD BUSINESS: Invest Your Son." The

poster was illustrated with a photo of Michelangelo's *Pieta*, the famous statue depicting the mother of Christ holding in her arms the tortured corpse of her only son.

Because of the massive wealth stolen by the "robber barons" such as J.D. Rockefeller, J.P. Morgan, Leland Stanford, Cornelius Vanderbilt, and many others at the turn of the century, Mark Twain called this period "the Gilded Age." But it wasn't just an American phenomenon. Europe, especially Great Britain, was also gripped by a plague of uncontrolled, unconscionable greed at this time.

The difference between the British gang that Docherty and MacGregor call the "Secret Elite" and the American white collar gangsters was that the Brits were (1) better organized, (2) more international in scope, and (3) had a broader objective — being that of white, Anglo/Saxon, global domination in which they preceded by decades Adolph Hitler's nightmare of an Aryan super-race.

During the Boer War of 1899-1902, the British also predated the Nazis with concentration camps in which about 20,000 white children died. More than 6,000 white women and untold numbers of black people also died in what the Secret Elite euphemistically called "camps of refuge." And most responsible for this barbarism was Alfred

Milner who took over leadership of the Secret Elite when Rhodes died and was knighted for his crimes by King Edward VII.

Most governments in history have a "gangster nature," says Michael Parenti, an American political scientist, historian, lecturer, and author of many books including *Democracy for the Few* and *Dirty Secrets*.

Not long after the Boer War, the Secret Elite went into high gear, conspiring to neutralize Germany, both commercially and militarily. By 1911, Winston Churchill was a card-carrying member of the secret clique and used his post of First Lord of the Admiralty to prepare the Royal Navy for battle against Germany. When war finally overcame the world in 1914, it was an unholy horror that even author Stephen



"The Rhodes Colossus" — cartoon by Edward Linley Sambourne, published in *Punch* after Rhodes announced plans for a telegraph line from Cape Town to Cairo in 1892.

King could not possibly overdramatize. Fighting became static, the trenches were open cesspools, and men died from exposure and diseases as well as from the new wonder weapons: machine guns, flame-throwers, tanks, airplanes, and poison gas.

The Battle of the Somme in northern France began July 1, 1916, literally with a bang — a very big one — from tons of explosives placed by miners under a German trench that left a crater three hundred feet across and ninety feet deep. In just that one day, in just that one battle,

The authors have challenged the historians and journalists who have whored themselves to the financiers, politicians, industrialists, and military brass hats and their camp followers who have forever profited from the misfortune of others.

the British Army alone suffered more than 20,000 killed and 40,000 wounded and missing. Most of the casualties fell in the first two hours, cut down in a crossfire by well-placed German machine gunners. There was virtually no gain, and that infamous day's losses were never matched before or since by any army in the world.

Imagine dealing with 20,000 corpses as the medical aid stations were overwhelmed with tens of thousands of wounded! Some of the dead were blown to small, unidentifiable pieces or buried by explosions of artillery shells, never to be seen again. Bones of men killed that day are still being unearthed by farmers along with unexploded munitions and other debris of combat.

Imagine the number of widows created that single day in 1916 — it had become

fashionable for young women to marry their sweethearts just before they left for France as a blessing for a safe return.

But I digress. *Hidden History* is about the run-up to WWI: who masterminded the plans to set-up, provoke, and blame Germany; who financed the filthy politics, cover-up, and hypocrisy; what newspapers beside the *New York Times* beat the drum for the bloodletting; what British General was a member of the Secret Elite and most responsible for the carnage at the Somme; what U.S. presidents (plural) were part of this conspiracy. And, stand-by, the authors are now working on volume two.

“War against a foreign country only happens when the moneyed class think they are going to profit from it,” wrote George Orwell.

Rhodes’ Secret Elite may have even caused WWII as well as the Great War in that Germany’s unjust punishment at Versailles in 1919 set the stage for the hostile takeover by a fanatical dictator whose name will always be synonymous with “holocaust.”

Docherty and MacGregor name names, dates, and places in incredible detail, enough to hang as traitors members of the Secret Elite. One family name repeated over and over and over is “Rothschild”—perhaps the arch-villains of all times who, like the merchants of Venice during the Crusades, traded with both sides of conflicts. And the authors end their scholarly contribution to justice with one hundred pages of notes, references, and an index.

Hidden History could be, and should be, a template for historians and Reporters Without Borders to chronicle the true causes of other wars. Just “follow the money trail” and name names, especially of dynasties such as Rothschild, involved in more than one mass murder.

“Deception: The First Rule of War,” could be an alternative title for this book as suggested by Sun Tzu in *The Art of War*. But beware! This book could affect you as Peter Weiss has his key character lament in *The Persecution and Assassination of Jean-Paul Marat as Performed by the Inmates of the Asylum of Charenton Under the Direction of the Maquis of Sade*:

Day and night were not enough for me.
When I investigated a wrong,
It grew branches
And every branch grew twigs.
Wherever I turned,
I found corruption.

Hidden History proves once again — as if further evidence is necessary — that conspiracy is synonymous with politics. The book is not for the faint-of-heart, but is an invaluable contribution for the psycho-spiritual healing necessary for the second great Renaissance now spreading globally. And this book is further evidence of this current Renaissance.

Tom Cahill, born 1937, is a disabled U.S. military veteran and a long-time activist and advocacy journalist for peace, justice, and the environment. He lives in Granville, France.

100 Years of War – 100 Years of Peace and the Peace Movement, 1914 – 2014

On August 4, 2014 – the 100th anniversary of the outbreak of hostilities which became known as the “Great War” – the First World War Centenary began. Back in February in his opening remarks at the Kooperation für den Frieden 11th Annual Strategy Conference in Cologne-Riehl, Germany, Peter van den Dungen questioned how the four-year-long commemoration’s purposes – to honor the war’s participants, remember the dead, and not forget the lessons learned – would be carried out. He makes his own suggestions of how the peace movement might take advantage of this opportunity and he provides some background on 200 years of peace activism.*

by Peter van den Dungen

Teamwork is the ability to work together toward a common vision. ... It is the fuel that allows common people to attain uncommon results.

—Andrew Carnegie

The public debate [among the government, historians, military, and journalists about the overall purpose of the First World War Centenary commemorations; e.g. is it also a celebration?] so far, in Great Britain at any rate, has been characterized by a rather narrow focus, and has been conducted in parameters too narrowly drawn. What is missing so far are the following aspects and they may well apply elsewhere too.

Plus ça change ... ?

FIRSTLY, and not surprisingly perhaps, the debate has concentrated on the immediate causes of the war and the issue of war responsibility. This should not obscure the fact that the seeds of war were sown well before the killings in Sarajevo. A more appropriate and constructive, and less divisive, approach would need to concentrate not on individual countries but on the international system as a whole which resulted in war. This will draw attention to the forces of nationalism, imperialism, colonialism, militarism which together prepared the ground for the armed confrontation. War was widely regarded as inevitable, necessary, glorious, and heroic.

We should ask to what extent these systemic causes of war – which resulted in the First World War – are still with us today. According to several analysts, the situation the world finds itself in today is not dissimilar to that of Europe on the eve of war in 1914. Recently, the tensions between Japan and China have led several commentators to observe that if there is a danger of major war today, it is likely to be between these countries – and that it will be difficult to keep it limited to them and the region. According to Margaret Macmillan, a leading Oxford historian of the First World War, the



Peter van den Dungen, General Coordinator of the International Network of Museums for Peace

Middle East today also bears a worrying resemblance to the Balkans in 1914. Has the world learnt nothing from the catastrophe of 1914-1918? In one important respect this is undeniably the case: states continue to be armed, and to use force and the threat of force in their international relations.

Of course, there are now global institutions, first and foremost the United Nations, whose primary objective is to keep the world at peace. There is a much more developed body of international law and institutions to go with it. In Europe, the originator of two world wars, there is now a Union.

Remembering the peacemakers & honoring their legacy

SECONDLY, the debate so far has largely ignored the fact that an anti-war and peace movement existed before 1914 in many countries. That movement consisted of individuals, movements, organizations, and institutions which did not share the prevailing views regarding war and peace, and which strove to bring about a system in which war was no longer an acceptable means for countries to settle their disputes.

In fact, 2014 is not only the centenary of the start of the Great War, but also the bicentenary of the peace movement. From the end of the Napoleonic wars to the start of the First World War, the peace movement’s achievements were, contrary to widespread opinion, substantial.

Obviously, the peace movement did not succeed in averting the catastrophe that was the Great War, but that in no way diminishes its significance and merits. Yet, this bicentenary is nowhere mentioned – as if that movement never existed, or does not deserve to be remembered.

The peace movement arose in the immediate aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars, both in Britain and the USA. That movement, which gradually spread to the continent of Europe and elsewhere, laid the foundations for many of the institutions and innovations in international diplomacy which would come to fruition later in the century, and also after the Great War – such as the notion

Commemorations of the centenary of the First World War during the next four years provide the peace movement with many opportunities to promote a culture of peace and nonviolence which, alone, will be able to bring about a world without war.

of arbitration as a more just and rational alternative to brute force. Other ideas promoted by the peace movement were disarmament, federal union, European union, international law, international organization, decolonization, women’s emancipation. Many of these ideas have come to the fore in the aftermath of the world wars of the 20th century, and some have been realized, or at least partly so.

The peace movement was especially productive in the two decades preceding World War I when its agenda reached the highest levels of government as manifested, for instance, in The Hague Peace

(continued on page 14)

* Kooperation für den Frieden (Cooperation for Peace) is an umbrella organization of more than 50 peace organizations and initiatives. Founded in 2003, the Cooperation for Peace is committed to ensuring that military force is outlawed as a political tool and replaced by methods and strategies of crisis prevention and conflict transformation.

100 Years

(continued from page 13)

Conferences of 1899 and 1907. A direct result of these unprecedented conferences – which followed an appeal (1898) by Tsar Nicholas II to halt the arms race, and to substitute war by peaceful arbitration – was the construction of the Peace Palace which opened its doors in 1913, and which celebrated its centenary in August 2013. Since 1946, it is of course the seat of the International Court of Justice of the UN. The world owes the Peace Palace to the munificence of Andrew Carnegie, the Scottish-American steel tycoon who became a pioneer of modern philanthropy and who was also an ardent opponent of war. Like no one else, he liberally endowed institutions devoted to the pursuit of world peace, most of which still exist today.

Whereas the Peace Palace, which houses the International Court of Justice, guards its high mission to replace war by justice, Carnegie's most generous legacy for peace, the Carnegie Endowment for International Peace (CEIP), has explicitly turned away from its founder's belief in the abolition of war, thereby depriving the peace movement of much-needed resources. This could partly explain why that movement has not grown into a mass movement which can exert effective pressure on governments. In 1910 Carnegie, who was America's most famous peace activist, and the world's richest man, endowed his peace foundation with \$10 million — the equivalent of \$3.5 billion today. Unfortunately, while Carnegie favored advocacy and activism, the trustees of his Peace Endowment favored research.

When the Endowment recently celebrated its 100th anniversary, its President (Jessica T. Mathews), called the organization “the oldest international affairs think tank in the U.S.” She says that its purpose was, in the words of the founder, to “hasten the abolition of war, the foulest blot upon our civilization,” but she adds, “that goal was always unattainable.” What would Carnegie say of those who have directed his great Endowment for Peace away from hope and from the conviction that war can and must be abolished? And thereby also have deprived the peace movement from vital resources necessary to pursue its great cause? Ban Ki-moon is so right when he says, “The world is over-armed and peace is under-funded.”

Another legacy of the pre-World War I international peace movement is associated with the name of another successful businessman and peace philanthropist, who was also an outstanding scientist: the Swedish inventor Alfred Nobel. The Nobel Peace Prize, first awarded in 1901, is mainly the result of his close association with Bertha von Suttner, the Austrian baroness who at one time had been his secretary in Paris, albeit for one week only. She became the undisputed leader of the



The Battle of Paris on 17th March 1814. Bogdan Willewalde (1818 - 1903)

movement from the moment her best-selling novel, *Lay Down Your Arms* (*Die Waffen nieder!*) appeared in 1889, until her death, twenty-five years later, on 21st June 1914, one week before the shots in Sarajevo. No woman did more to avert war than Bertha von Suttner.

vindicating Angell's thesis. The nature of the war, as well as its consequences, was far removed from what had generally been expected. What had been expected, in short, was “war as usual.” This was reflected in the popular slogan, soon after the start of war, that “the boys would be

The peace movement arose in the immediate aftermath of the Napoleonic Wars and laid the foundations for many of the institutions and innovations in international diplomacy – such as disarmament, international law, international organization, de-colonization, women's emancipation, and the notion of arbitration as a more just and rational alternative to brute force.

It can be argued that *Lay Down Your Arms* is the book behind the creation of the Nobel Peace Prize (of which the author became the first female recipient in 1905). That prize was, in essence, a prize for the peace movement as represented by von Suttner, and more specifically, for disarmament. That it should again become one has been forcefully argued in recent years by Norwegian lawyer and peace activist, Fredrik Heffermehl in his fascinating book, *The Nobel Peace Prize: What Nobel Really Wanted*.

Some of the leading figures of the pre-1914 peace campaigns moved heaven and earth to persuade their fellow citizens of the dangers of a future great war and of the need to prevent it at all costs. In his bestseller, *The Great Illusion: A Study of the Relation of Military Power in Nations to their Economic and Social Advantage*, English journalist Norman Angell argued that the complex economic and financial interdependence of capitalist states had rendered war among them irrational and counter-productive, resulting in great economic and social dislocation.

Both during and after the war, the sentiment most commonly associated with the war was “disillusionment,” abundantly

out of the trenches and home by Christmas.” In the event, those who survived the mass slaughter only returned home four long years later.

One of the main reasons explaining the miscalculations and misconceptions regarding the war was the lack of imagination of those who were involved in its planning and execution. They did not foresee how advances in weapons technology – notably, the increase in firepower through the machine gun – had made traditional battles among the infantry obsolete. Advances on the field of battle would henceforth hardly be possible, and troops would dig themselves in trenches, resulting in stalemate. The reality of war, of what it had become – namely, industrialized mass slaughter – would only be revealed whilst the war was unfolding.

Yet, in 1898, a full fifteen years before the start of the war, the Polish-Russian entrepreneur and pioneer of modern peace research, Jan Bloch (1836-1902), had argued in a prophetic six-volume study [popularly known in English translation as *Is War Now Impossible?*] about the war of the future that this would be a war like no other. “Of the next great war one can speak

of a rendezvous with death,” he wrote in the preface of the German edition of his great work. He argued and demonstrated that such a war had become “impossible” – impossible, that is, except at the price of suicide. This is exactly what the war, when it came, proved to be: the suicide of European civilization, including the dissolution of the Austrian-Hungarian, Ottoman, Romanov, and Wilhelmine empires. When it ended, the war had also ended the world as people had known it. This is well summed up in the title of the poignant memoirs of one who stood “above the battle,” the Austrian writer Stefan Zweig: *The World of Yesterday*.

These pacifists, who wanted to prevent their countries from becoming devastated in war, were true patriots, but often were treated with scorn and were dismissed as naive idealists, utopians, cowards, and even traitors. But they were nothing of the kind. Sandi E. Cooper rightly entitled her study of the peace movement before the First World War: *Patriotic Pacifism: Waging War on War in Europe, 1815-1914*. If the world had taken greater heed of their message, the catastrophe might well have been avoided. Karl Holl, the doyen of German peace historians, noted in his introduction to the splendid *vade mecum* [handbook] of the peace movement in German-speaking Europe that an awareness of the existence and achievements of the organized peace movement before the First World War should inspire its critics to a measure of humility, it should at the same time also provide encouragement to the successors of that movement today.

To add insult to injury, these “precursors of the future” (in Romain Rolland's felicitous phrase) have never been given their due. We do not remember them; they are not part of our history as taught in school textbooks; there are no statues for them and no streets are named after them. What a one-sided view of history we are conveying to future generations!

A greater awareness and teaching of peace history is not only desirable, indeed vital, for students and young people, but extends to the society as a whole. Opportunities for conveying a more balanced view of history – and, in particular, for honoring opponents of war – should not be absent or ignored in the commemorations for the victims of war in the countless battlefield sites in Europe and throughout the world.

Heroes of non-killing

We come now to a THIRD consideration. As regards the First World War, we should ask how the neglect and ignorance (on the part of later generations) of those who warned against war, and did their utmost to prevent it, would be perceived by the millions of soldiers who lost their lives in that catastrophe. Would most of them not expect that society would honor above all the memory of those who



Bertha von Suttner, author of *Lay Down Your Arms*, the book behind the creation of the Nobel Peace Prize.

wanted to prevent the mass slaughter? Is saving lives not more noble and heroic than taking lives? Let us not forget: soldiers, after all, are trained and equipped to kill, and when they fall victim to the opponent's bullet, this is the inevitable consequence of the profession they have joined, or were forced to join. Here, we should mention again Andrew Carnegie, who detested the barbarity of war, and who conceived and instituted a "Hero Fund" to honor the "heroes of civilization" whom he contrasted with the "heroes of barbarism." He recognized the problematic nature of the heroism associated with the spilling of blood in war, and wanted to draw attention to the existence of a purer kind of heroism. He wanted to honor civilian heroes who, sometimes at great risk to themselves, have rescued lives – not wilfully destroyed them. First established in his home town of Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania, in 1904, in later years he established Hero Funds in ten European countries, most of which celebrated their centenary a few years ago.

In this connection it is relevant to mention the work of Glenn Paige and the

Center for Global Nonkilling (CGNK) that he established at the University of Hawaii 25 years ago. This veteran of the Korean War and leading political scientist has argued that hope and faith in humanity and human potential have the power to change society in major ways. Placing a person on the moon was long considered a hopeless dream but it quickly became a reality in our time when vision, willpower, and human organization combined to make it possible. Paige persuasively argues that a nonviolent global transformation can be achieved in the same way, if only we believe in it, and are determined to bring it about. Commemorating four years long the killings on an industrial scale, is insufficient and insincere if it excludes serious consideration of the question that CGNK poses, namely, "How far have we come in our humanity?" While scientific and technological progress is stupendous, wars, murders, and genocide continue unabated. The question of the need and possibility of a non-killing global society should receive the highest priority at this time.

Abolition of nuclear weapons

FOURTHLY, commemorations of the First World War which are limited to remembering and honoring those who died in it (when killing), should constitute only one, and perhaps not the most important, aspect of the remembrance. The death of millions, and the suffering of many more (including those maimed, whether physically or mentally, or both, including the countless widows and orphans), would have been slightly more acceptable if the war which caused this enormous loss and grief had indeed been the war to end all war. But that proved far from being the case.

What would the soldiers who lost their lives in the First World War say were they

to return today, and when they would find that, instead of ending war, the war that started in 1914 spawned an even greater one, barely twenty years after the end of World War I? I am reminded of a powerful play by the American playwright, Irwin Shaw, called *Bury the Dead*. First performed in New York City in March 1936, in this short, one-act play, six dead U.S. soldiers killed in the war refuse to be buried. They bemoan what happened to them – their lives cut short, their wives widowed, their children orphaned. And all for what – for a few yards of mud, one bitterly complains. The corpses, standing up in the graves that have been dug for them, refuse to lie down and be interred – even when commanded to do so by generals, one of whom says in desperation, "They never said anything about this sort of thing at West Point." The War Department, informed of the bizarre situation, forbids the story from being publicized. Eventually, and as a last attempt, the dead soldiers' wives, or girlfriend, or mother, or sister, are summoned to come to the graves to persuade their men to let themselves be buried. One retorts, "Maybe there's too many of us under the ground now. Maybe the earth can't stand it no more." Even a priest who believes the men are possessed by the devil and who performs an exorcism is unable to make the soldiers lie down. At the end, the corpses walk off the stage to roam the world, living accusations against the stupidity of war.

I suppose it is fair to assume that these six soldiers would be even less prepared to stop raising their voices (and corpses) in protest against war if they would learn of the invention, use, and proliferation of nuclear weapons. Perhaps it is the *hibakusha*, the survivors of the atomic bombings of Hiroshima and Nagasaki in August 1945, who today most resemble these soldiers. The *hibakusha* (whose numbers are rapidly dwindling owing to old age) narrowly escaped death in war. For many

of them, the hell they have been in, and the great physical and mental suffering that has profoundly affected their lives, have only been bearable because of their deeply-rooted commitment to the abolition of nuclear weapons, and of war. Only this has given meaning to their ruined

An awareness of the existence and achievements of the organized peace movement before the First World War should provide encouragement to the successors of that movement today.

lives. However, it must be a cause of great anger as well as anguish to them that the world largely continues to ignore their cry – "No more Hiroshima or Nagasaki, no more nuclear weapons, no more war!" Moreover, is it not a scandal that in all this time the Norwegian Nobel Committee has not seen fit to award even one prize to the main association of *hibakusha* devoted to the abolition of nuclear weapons? Nobel of course knew all about explosives, and foresaw weapons of mass destruction and feared a return to barbarism if war was not abolished. The *hibakusha* are living testimony of that barbarism.

Since 1975 the Nobel committee in Oslo seems to have commenced a tradition awarding the prize for nuclear abolition every ten years following: in 1975 the prize went to Andrei Sakharov, in 1985 to IPPNW [International Physicians for the Prevention of Nuclear War], in 1995 to Joseph Rotblat and Pugwash, in 2005 to Mohamed ElBaradei and the IAEA [International Atomic Energy Agency]. Such a prize is due again next year (2015) and appears almost like tokenism. If she were alive today, Bertha von Suttner might well have called her book, "Lay Down Your Nuclear Arms." Indeed, one of her writings on war and peace has a very modern ring: In "The Barbarization of the Sky" she predicted that the horrors of war would also come down from the

(continued on page 16)

If the thing they were fighting for was important enough to die for then it was also important enough for them to be thinking about it in the last minutes of their lives. That stood to reason. Life is awfully important so if you've given it away you'd ought to think with all your mind in the last moments of your life about the thing you traded it for. So did all those kids die thinking of democracy and freedom and liberty and honor and the safety of the home and the stars and stripes forever?

You're goddamn right they didn't.

They died crying in their minds like little babies. They forgot the thing they were fighting for

the things they were dying for. They thought about things a man can understand. They died yearning for the face of a friend. They died whimpering for the voice of a mother a father a wife a child They died with their hearts sick for one more look at the place where they were born please god just one more look. They died moaning and sighing for life. They knew what was important They knew that life was everything and they died with screams and sobs. They died with only one thought in their minds and that was I want to live I want to live I want to live.

— Dalton Trumbo, *Johnny Got His Gun*



"Common grave near Vimy 1917" — Hermann Rex (1884-1937). Fallen British/Australian (perhaps also German) soldiers in a common grave, dug by German soldiers.

100 Years*(continued from page 15)*

skies if the maddening arms race was not halted. Today, the many innocent victims of drone warfare join those of Guernica, Coventry, Cologne, Dresden, Tokyo, Hiroshima, Nagasaki, and other places around the world which have experienced the horrors of modern warfare.

The world continues to live very dangerously. Climate change is presenting new and additional dangers. But even those who deny that it is man-made cannot deny that nuclear weapons are man-made, and that a nuclear holocaust would be wholly of man's own doing. It can only be averted by a determined attempt to abolish nuclear weapons. This is not only what prudence and morality dictate, but also justice and international law. The duplicity and hypocrisy of the nuclear weapons powers, first and foremost the USA, UK, and France, are blatant and shameful. Signatories of the Nuclear Non-Proliferation Treaty (signed in 1968, coming into force in 1970), they continue to ignore their obligation to negotiate in good faith the disarmament of their nuclear arsenals. On the contrary, they are all involved in modernizing them, wasting billions of scarce resources. This is in flagrant breach of their obligations which were confirmed in the 1996 advisory opinion of the International Court of Justice regarding the "Legality of the Threat or Use of Nuclear Weapons."

It can be argued that the apathy and ignorance of the population is to blame for this state of affairs. National and international campaigns and organizations for nuclear disarmament enjoy the active



Andrew Carnegie, who detested the barbarity of war, instituted a "Hero Fund" to honor the "heroes of civilization" whom he contrasted with the "heroes of barbarism."

support of only a small part of the population. The award, on a regular basis, of the Nobel Peace Prize for nuclear disarmament, would have the effect of keeping the spotlight on this issue as well as providing encouragement and endorsement for the campaigners. It is this, more than the "honor," which constitutes the real significance of the prize.

At the same time, the responsibility and culpability of governments and

political and military elites is obvious. The five nuclear weapons states which are permanent members of the UN Security Council have even refused to participate in the conferences on the humanitarian consequences of nuclear weapons hosted in March 2013 by the Norwegian government and in February 2014 by the Mexican government. They apparently fear that these meetings would lead to demands for negotiations outlawing nuclear weapons. In announcing a follow-up conference in Vienna later in the same year, Austrian Foreign Minister Sebastian Kurz pointedly observed, "A concept that is based on the total destruction of the planet should have no place in the 21st century ... This discourse is especially necessary in Europe, where cold war thinking is still prevalent in security doctrines." He also said: "we should use the commemoration [of World War I] to make every effort to move beyond nuclear weapons, the most dangerous legacy of the 20th century."

Nonviolence vs. the Military-Industrial Complex

Let us come to a FIFTH consideration. We are looking at the 100-year period from 1914 to 2014. Let us pause for a moment and recall an episode which is right in the middle, 1964, the year Martin Luther King, Jr., received the Nobel Peace Prize. He saw it as a recognition of non-violence as the "answer to the crucial political and moral question of our time – the need for man to overcome oppression and violence without resorting to violence and oppression." He received the prize for his leadership of the nonviolent civil rights movement, starting with the Montgomery (Alabama) bus boycott in December 1955.

In his Nobel lecture (11th December 1964), King pointed out the predicament of modern man, namely, "the richer we have become materially, the poorer we have become morally and spiritually." He went on to identify three major and connected problems which grew out of "man's ethical infantilism": racism, poverty, and war/militarism. In the few remaining years that were left to him before he would be struck down by an assassin's bullet (1968), he increasingly spoke out against war and militarism, notably the war in Vietnam. Among my favorite quotations from this great prophet and activist, are "Wars are poor chisels for carving out peaceful tomorrows," and "We have guided missiles and misguided men." King's anti-war campaign culminated in his powerful speech, entitled *Beyond Vietnam*, delivered in the Riverside Church in New York City on 4th April 1967.

With the award of the Nobel Prize, he said, "another burden of responsibility was placed upon me": the prize "was also a commission ... to work harder than I had ever worked before for the brotherhood of man." Echoing what he had said in Oslo, he referred to "the giant triplets of racism, extreme materialism, and militarism." Regarding this latter point, he said that he could no longer be silent and called his own government "the greatest purveyor of violence in the world today." He criticized "the deadly Western arrogance that has poisoned the international atmosphere for so long." His message was that "war is not the answer," and "A nation that continues year after year to spend more money on military defense than on programs of social uplift is approaching spiritual death." He called for a "true revolution of values" which required that "every nation must now develop an overriding loyalty to mankind as a whole."

There are those who say that it is no coincidence that it was exactly one year to the day later that King was shot dead. With his anti-war speech in New York, and his condemnation of the American government as "the greatest purveyor of violence" in the world, he had begun to extend his campaign of nonviolent protest beyond the civil rights agenda and thereby threatened powerful vested interests. The latter can best be summed up in the expression "the military-industrial complex" [MIC], coined by President Dwight D. Eisenhower in his farewell address in January 1961. He stated that "an immense military establishment and a large arms industry" had emerged as a new and hidden force in U.S. politics and warned, "In the councils of government, we must guard against the acquisition of unwarranted influence ... by the military-industrial complex. The potential for the disastrous rise of misplaced power exists and will persist." The fact that the retiring President had a military background – he was a five-star general in the U.S. army during the Second World

We all had varied experiences in the war and need to represent the truth of that war for those who were not there or have forgotten it. This poem tells of an experience of mine before, during, and after my tour in Vietnam.

Messenger of Death

Flip, flip the numbers on the odometer turn over
One less mile till I have to deliver the message from Dover

Thump, thump goes the mother's fist against my chest
Not enough miles to think of a justification for her son's eternal rest

As the odometer of life flips on with each setting sun
I find myself writing another mother about the death of another son

Though separated by miles of ocean and in a hot exotic place
I feel her fists pound my chest because for my lost soldier I could not make a justifying case

Though months, years, decades on my odometer turn over
Like the phantom pain of a lost appendage, the thump, thump is forever

In Iraq a boy from my small community can no longer take any breaths
The pounding thump, thump tells me this of all these Iraq and Vietnam War deaths

Waste, waste
Waste, waste, waste

—Paul Appell

War, and had served as the first Supreme Commander of the Allied Forces in Europe (NATO) – made his warnings all the more remarkable. Towards the end of his poignant address, Eisenhower admonished the American public that “disarmament ... is a continuing imperative.”

Worldwide poll: “Which country do you think is the greatest threat to peace in the world today?” — The U.S. came first by a wide margin.

That his warnings have not been heeded, and that the dangers to which he called attention have materialized, is only too obvious today. Many analysts of the MIC argue that the U.S. does not so much have a MIC as that the whole country has become one. The MIC now also incorporates Congress, Academia, the Media, and the Entertainment industry, and this widening of its powers and influence is a clear indication of the growing militarization of American society. The empirical evidence for this is indicated by facts such as the following:

- * the Pentagon is the world’s largest consumer of energy;
- * the Pentagon is the country’s greatest landowner, referring to itself as “one of the world’s largest ‘landlords,’” with about 1,000 military bases and installations abroad in more than 150 countries;
- * the Pentagon owns or leases 75% of all federal buildings in the U.S.;
- * the Pentagon is the 3rd largest federal funder of university research in the U.S. (after health, and science).

It is well-known that the U.S. annual arms expenditures surpass those of the next ten or twelve countries combined. This is indeed, to quote Eisenhower, “disastrous,” and madness, and very dangerous madness at that. The imperative for disarmament that he stipulated has been turned into its opposite. This is all the more remarkable when one takes into account that he was speaking at the time of the Cold War, when communism was seen as a serious threat to the U.S. and the rest of the free world. The end of the Cold War and

the dissolution of the Soviet Union and its empire have not hampered the further expansion of the MIC, whose tentacles now encompass the whole world.

How this is perceived by the world is made clear in the results of the 2013 annual “End of Year” survey by the Worldwide Independent Network of Market Research (WIN) and Gallup International which involved 68,000 people in 65 countries. In answer to the question, “Which country do you think is the greatest threat to peace in the world today?” the U.S. came first by a wide margin, receiving 24% of the votes cast. This is equal to the combined votes for the next four countries: Pakistan (8%), China (6%), Afghanistan (5%) and Iran (5%). It is clear that more than twelve years after the launch of the so-called “Global War on Terror,” the U.S. appears to be striking terror into the hearts of much of the rest of the world. Martin Luther King, Jr.’s courageous characterization and condemnation of his own government as being “the greatest purveyor

of violence in the world today” (1967) is now, almost fifty years later, shared by many people around the world.

At the same time, there has been a massive increase in the proliferation of guns held by individual citizens in the U.S. exercising their right (which is contested) to bear arms under the Second Amendment of the Constitution. With 88 guns for every 100 people, the country has by far the highest rate of gun ownership in the world. The culture of violence seems to be deeply ingrained in American society today, and the events of 9/11 have only aggravated the problem. Martin Luther King, Jr., a student and follower of Mahatma Gandhi, exemplified the power of nonviolence in his successful leadership of the civil rights movement in the U.S.

The West, and the rest of the world, would indeed be a great deal more civilized if war – “the foulest blot upon our civilization” in the words of Andrew Carnegie – was abolished. When he said so, Hiroshima and Nagasaki were still Japanese cities like any other. Today, the whole world is threatened by the persistence of war and the new instruments of destruction that it has brought forth and continues to develop. The old and discredited Roman saying, *si vis pacem, para bellum* [if you wish peace, prepare for war], must be replaced by a saying which has been attributed to both Gandhi and the Quakers: “There is no way to peace, peace is the way.” The world is

praying for peace, but paying for war. If we want peace, we must invest in peace, and that means above all in peace education. It remains to be seen to what extent the large investments in war museums and exhibitions, and in untold programs about the Great War (such as is happening now in Britain but also elsewhere), is education about and in favor of nonviolence, non-killing, abolition of nuclear weapons. Only such a perspective would justify the extensive (as well as expensive) commemorative programs.

The world is praying for peace, but paying for war. If we want peace, we must invest in peace, and that means above all in peace education.

Commemorations of the centenary of the First World War during the next four years provide the peace movement with many opportunities to promote a culture of peace and nonviolence which, alone, will be able to bring about a world without war.

Nobody made a greater mistake than he who did nothing because he could do only a little.

–Edmund Burke

Reprinted with permission from Peter van den Dungen.

This version has been edited. The full text is available at worldbeyondwar.org/100-years-war-100-years-peace-peace-movement-1914-2014.



August 14, 1914 — IN WITNESS

My soul screams at the memory 100 years ago the beginning of WWI.	It should be branded in our souls searing into every pore of our being.	How do we own redemption and the possibility of love?
An insanity that would drown the world in blood and tears.	This madness of war, made by the rich to serve the rich, and fought by the average working man.	Though it should be about our love for the other, at the least, love ourselves.
Humanity should be shamed by this slaughter.	But this war fought one hundred years ago the first industrialized war is largely forgotten.	At the least, love our children, and grandchildren... at the least.
Humanity should be so shamed by this memory of hate to never wage war again.	Largely forgotten in the genocides, holocausts, wars, and insanity in the ensuing years.	Today, this anniversary of WWI 14 August.
Despite the millions killed, millions maimed, it whetted our lust for more.	War should shame us, open our souls to contrition and remorse to oppose all wars.	This day that should burn with shame, let it burn bright as a light and witness.
37 million killed men women children 37 million.	How do we break this bondage to our soul shaming insanity of war?	Let it witness our deepest aspiration of humanness...
		no war no killing peace.

A One-man Christmas Truce

Saying No To War Crimes

by Tom McNamara

“I’m afraid that they will forget about the moral and legal issues raised by this war”

—Captain Michael J. Heck, B-52 pilot, speaking in 1973 after being discharged from the U.S. Air Force for refusing to bomb civilians in North Vietnam.

Between December 18 and 29, 1972, the United States carried out an intense bombing campaign over North Vietnam (the “Christmas Bombings”). Its aim was to destroy North Vietnam’s infrastructure and bring general terror to her civilian population. At least 20,000 tons of explosives were dropped, mostly on the city of Hanoi.

While bombing was halted on Christmas Day (one could imagine for reasons of Christian charity), on the days both before and after the celebration of the birth of our Lord Jesus Christ, the U.S.

One can only hope that the day will come when the U.S. servicemen and women who are taking part in [drone attacks] will refuse to take part in these crimes. Just as one man courageously did 42 years ago this Christmas.

Air Force (USAF) saw fit to fly 729 nighttime sorties, bringing death and terror (just as designed) to the civilian population of North Vietnam. Communist officials at the time said the dead numbered about 1,600, but many believe the actual death toll was much higher.

On the day after Christmas, December 26, 1972, Captain Michael Heck, airborne commander for a group of three B-52s, was informed that bombing raids over North Vietnam were to recommence. It was at this time that he notified his commander that he would be refusing to take

part in the bombing of North Vietnam. On 175 previous occasions, Capt. Heck had flown his missions without question or incident. But this day would be different. Capt. Heck told his superior officers that he would not be taking part in any more bombing missions and that this refusal was based on “moral considerations and matters of conscience.” When asked by his commander if he was a conscientious objector he confirmed that he was. For his actions Capt. Heck would be charged with “refusing to obey a lawful order,” and it was recommended that he be court-martialed. He was eventually discharged from the USAF under less than honorable terms.

Captain Heck was believed to have been the first USAF pilot to refuse to take part in a bombing mission in America’s war in South East Asia.

In the days immediately following his act of insubordination, Captain Heck said, “I came to the decision that any war

creates an evil far greater than anything it is trying to prevent” and that “the goals do not justify the mass destruction and killing....I’m just a tiny cog in a big wheel. I have no illusions that what I’m doing will

shorten the war, but a man has to answer to himself first.”

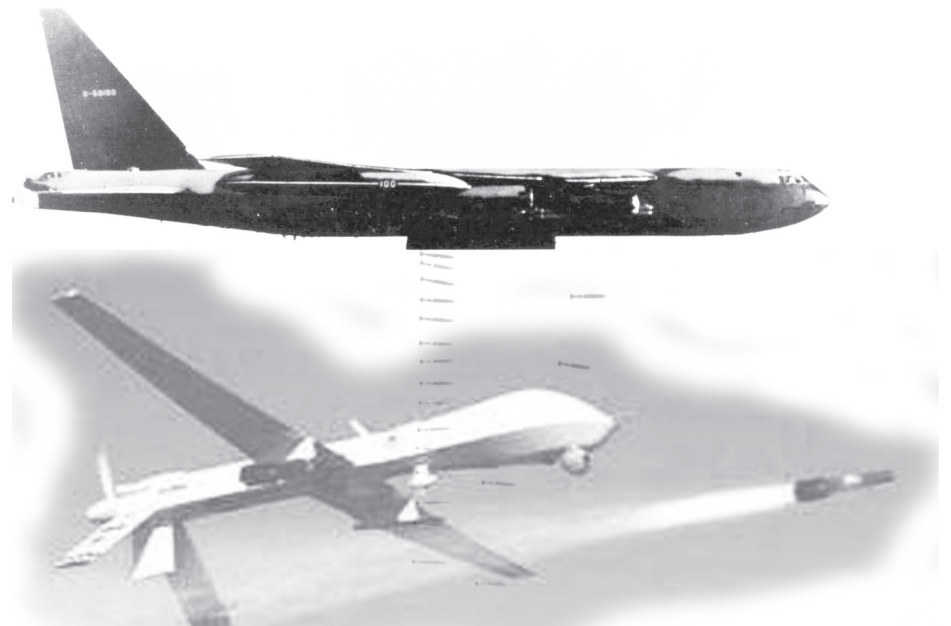
Since America was attacked on September 11, 2001, she has been engaged in a Global War on Terror, a war that is, conveniently, undeclared and has no end date. A major component in this “war” is the use of attack drones. And while President Obama assures us that drones are not being used “willy nilly,” facts on the ground might lead one to another conclusion.

On December 12, 2013, it was reported that 15 people were mistakenly killed in a drone attack in Yemen. The victims

have any more fights.” Unable to relate anymore to the concept of “evil Communist enemy,” he insisted, “They’re people just like us.” Though seen as traitorous by his commanders, Sherlock was merely expressing his humanity.

A Lesson for Us All

In our society, indoctrination starts early. Toys, games, school curricula, and recruitment materials are just the beginning of an endless stream of media messaging designed to inculcate an unquestioning glorification of war and the “brave troops” who “fight for our freedom.” But there are other voices, perhaps



A U.S. Air Force Boeing B-52D dropping bombs over Vietnam superimposed with a Predator drone firing Hellfire missile. This B-52D flew its final combat mission on 29 December 1972 and was one of the three final B-52 aircraft to bomb North Vietnam during “Operation Linebacker II” (aka “the Christmas Bombings”).

were on their way to a wedding when their party was spotted and attacked in the belief that they were an al-Qaeda convoy. This is not the first mistake, nor the most serious.

Back on October 30, 2006, at least 82 people were killed, many of them young children, when a madrassa (school) was attacked by a drone on the border region between Pakistan and Afghanistan. It is believed to be the single deadliest attack carried out by the U.S. to date in Pakistan. In March of 2011, a series of attacks were carried out that killed between 26 and 42 people in the North Waziristan region of Pakistan, during a jirga (tribal council) that was arranged to help resolve a local mining dispute.

Even more disturbing are reports that first responders and rescuers arriving to the scenes of drone strikes have themselves been targeted in immediate follow up attacks on the same location (a practice known as a “double tap”). There is even evidence that attacks have been carried out on mourners attending funerals. An estimated 18 to 45 civilians were killed in an attack on a funeral in 2009, again in North Waziristan.

For their part, the Bureau of Investigative Journalism has estimated that up to 951 civilians (including up to 200 chil-

dren) have been killed in Pakistan by CIA drone attacks alone between 2004 and 2013. (A good question to ask might be, “Why does the CIA have its own fleet of attack drones?”)

Human Rights Watch has said that the U.S. killing of civilians with drones is a violation of international law. Of this there can be no doubt. One only has to ask, “What would we say if China, Russia, or Iran were engaging in the exact same behavior, but closer to American shores – say in the jungles of Central or South America?”

It is clear that the U.S. and her citizens would recognize these actions for what they really are. War crimes and terror of the highest order. One can only hope that the day will come when the U.S. servicemen and women who are taking part in these actions will realize this for themselves, and refuse to take part in these crimes. Just as one man courageously did 42 years ago this Christmas.

Tom McNamara is an Assistant Professor at the ESC Rennes School of Business, France, and a former Visiting Lecturer at the French National Military Academy at Saint-Cyr, Coëtquidan, France. (Reprinted with permission. Source notes at WarCrimesTimes.org .)

To be Human

(continued from page 4)

neutrality, and although he didn’t fully understand the politics of the war, his gut feeling was that the Vietnamese were “just people.” He describes having to collect the bodies killed during firefights (for the sake of the body count); finding one man decapitated and discovering that a woman they’d killed, though probably a local guide for the Viet Cong, was a village schoolteacher. Sherlock’s disgust with the killing part of his duty led him one day to admit to his captain, “I’d like it...if they didn’t run into us and we didn’t

very soft, nagging voices at first, inviting us to question these messages and find our own voices in speaking out against the immoral madness of forever war; to point out the very clear meaning behind all the images and first-person accounts (and there are many) that depict the horrors of war. It is our right and our duty to share and to celebrate the stories, found in every generation, of soldiers who have discovered their own humanity by recognizing it in others, whether World War I vets who survived to tell of the amazing Christmas Truce or the hardcore individuals of another generation who survived to form Vietnam Veterans Against the War.

Walter Dean Myers, a prolific African-American writer of juvenile fiction known for writing books that depict marginalized people as fully rounded human beings, collaborated with illustrator Ann Grifalconi to create a picture book titled *Patrol*, in which a Vietnam War grunt has a number of experiences while out on patrol. In spare, poetic style, he captures the experience of a soldier recognizing common humanity in the other: *Crouched against a tree older than my grandfather, / I imagine the enemy crouching against / a tree older than his grandfather.*

Conventional military has lost power

by Stephen Kinzer

Horrible conflicts are shaking the Middle East, and war has erupted in Eastern Europe. The United States seems unable to shape the course of events. This is despite the fact that we have by far the most powerful military in the world.

Today's conflicts illustrate the declining value of conventional military power. For many decades, the United States dominated the world mainly because we had the most potent military. We still do — but that no longer brings the dominance it once assured.

For much of history, power has been won on the battlefield. Victory depended on your army. If it was bigger, stronger, and better led than the enemy, you would probably win.

That charmingly simple equation is now evaporating. In the emerging new world, cultural forces and webs of global politics and economics bind nations together in ways that make the exercise of military power more difficult. The idea that a big power can easily stop, win, or decisively intervene in an overseas conflict by applying massive force is a relic of past centuries. Potent armies are less valuable than they once were.

This is naturally troubling for the United States. No one wants to see the value of a principal asset decline. Our military, however, is best prepared to fight the kind of battles that are no longer fought. It is a truism that generals are great at fighting the last war. Something similar could be said of American security policies: They address past challenges, which are easy to see, but not the more complex ones the future holds.



Brian Willson, when confronted with a Vietnamese mother and children killed by U.S. bombs, had a sudden unbidden thought that they were members of “my own family.” In trying to understand this reaction, he came to believe that empathy is a deep, archetypal human characteristic. This idea is certainly supported by the spontaneous questions, thoughts of compassion, and recognition of shared humanity that arose during the traumatic wartime experiences of Mike Tork, David Cline, and Steve Sherlock.

In telling his story to David Zeiger, David Cline remarked, “I had to kill a revolutionary to become a revolutionary.”

In an age when fear is used to wage a forever war against a nebulous enemy called Terror, when upside-down priorities continue to value profits over people while the war on the environment threatens the very survival of our species, it is more important than ever for us to get in touch with our humanity and to recognize our connectedness to every person on the planet. Let these stories serve as a rallying call to seek our reflection in those who would be our enemy and

Nowhere is this clearer than in Iraq. A violently anti-American force has seized a huge part of the country, and the state itself may be on the brink of collapse. The United States, with all its military power, sits helplessly on the sidelines. This is not because of fecklessness in the White House. It is because in Iraq, as in many other places, our military power could achieve only short-term success at best.

In fact, it was our use of military force that helped produce this disaster. Our invasion in 2003 not only failed to produce victory in Iraq. It set off processes that led, among other things, to a palpable decline in our global power.

Our military is best prepared to fight the kind of battles that are no longer fought. It is a truism that generals are great at fighting the last war. Something similar could be said of American security policies: They address past challenges, which are easy to see, but not the more complex ones the future holds.

Another vivid example of the limited value of military force is now unfolding in Gaza. Radicals there, armed with rudimentary weapons, have dragged the mighty Israeli army into a bloody conflict. They win strength — and blacken Israel's name in the world — even as they suffer inevitable defeat on the battlefield. Israel clings even more fervently than the United States to the dangerously outmoded view that countries can guarantee their long-term security by military means alone.

The United States has not won a war since 1945 — unless you count the defeat of Grenada in 1983. Despite the application of huge resources, and enormous sacrifices in



Over 2000 unused but serviceable tanks sit dormant in the California desert ready for a World War II type tank battle.

blood and treasure, we lost major wars in Vietnam, Iraq, and Afghanistan. This is despite the fact that by conventional standards, our military is the world's best.

Tradition, inertia, and the natural impulse to cling to old certainties all contribute to America's refusal to confront the declining value of our prized military. Something else also drives it: the defense industry.

Military contractors have mastered the art of applying campaign contributions to gain political influence. They habitually divide major projects into pieces so that powerful members of Congress depend on them not just for contributions, but for employment in their districts. This naturally discourages the posing of questions about the true value of projects like the F-35 fighter jet, which is to cost taxpayers an eye-popping \$1.45 trillion over the coming decades.

Centuries ago Christopher Marlowe asked, “What are kings, when regiment is gone,/But perfect shadows in a sunshine day?” It is a fit question for the modern United States. We are accustomed to being something like kings of the world, but our regiment is now — not gone, but weakened. The decreasing value of armies threatens our standing in the world. Given this reality, how can we prevent ourselves from fading like shadows? How can we influence the world when the instrument we wield best — military force — no longer allows us to impose our will?

Successful countries of the 21st century will be those that are skillful at public diplomacy, cultural politics, and alliance-building. In the past, because of our military power, we have not had to develop those skills. We will have to learn them if we hope to project power in the future.

Stephen Kinzer is a visiting fellow at the Watson Institute for International Studies at Brown University. Follow him on Twitter @stephenkinzer. Reprinted with permission.

Lessons from the last half century of American warfare:

1. No matter how you define American-style war or its goals, it doesn't work. Ever.
2. No matter how you pose the problems of our world, it doesn't solve them. Never.
3. No matter how often you cite the use of military force to “stabilize” or “protect” or “liberate” countries or regions, it is a destabilizing force.
4. No matter how regularly you praise the American way of war and its “warriors,” the U.S. military is incapable of winning its wars.
5. No matter how often American presidents claim that the U.S. military is “the finest fighting force in history,” the evidence is in: it isn't.

Tom Engelhardt explores this topic in depth in “A Record of Unparalleled Failure” at tomdispatch.com.

engage together in revolutionary acts of compassion and empathy.

Becky Luening grew up during, but far removed from, the Vietnam War. She later developed a deep interest in the history and politics of that war, fed by involvement with the Vietnam Friendship Village Project (vietnamfriendship.org), travel to Vietnam, and friendships with veterans. She engages her anti-war passions with Veterans For Peace in Portland, Oregon, where she lives with her partner, Brian Willson. (Source notes at WarCrimesTimes.org.)

Faces Of Those Betrayed

The country of Iraq is in turmoil. America's pledge to democracy in Iraq was a total L I E, just like it was in Vietnam. In March 2008, in Silver Spring, Maryland, I and several hundred others attended an event called: "The Winter Soldier Investigation." Iraq and Afghanistan veterans testified about atrocities and other war crimes that they committed or witnessed during their deployments to the Middle East. The same thing occurred in 1971, when Vietnam veterans gathered in Detroit, Michigan, for another "Winter Soldier Investigation." Over 100 Vietnam veterans testified to horrifying events that the American public to this day would still deny. Nearly 50 Iraq and Afghanistan veterans testified to the same kind of events that the American public would also strongly deny, because the true reality of war will not be able to penetrate their belief system. During the four days at Silver Spring, I took hundreds of photographs of these young people revealing gut-wrenching and emotionally grieving testimony such as seldom heard in a public gathering. As these veterans told their stories, the brutal honesty of their testimonies was deeply felt by the entire audience. Many in attendance were openly crying. These photographs are a reminder of their great courage and sacrifice in bearing witness; and to the pain of their own betrayal from a government that L I E S about everything.



—Mike Hastie
Army Medic Vietnam

Photographs by Mike Hastie

