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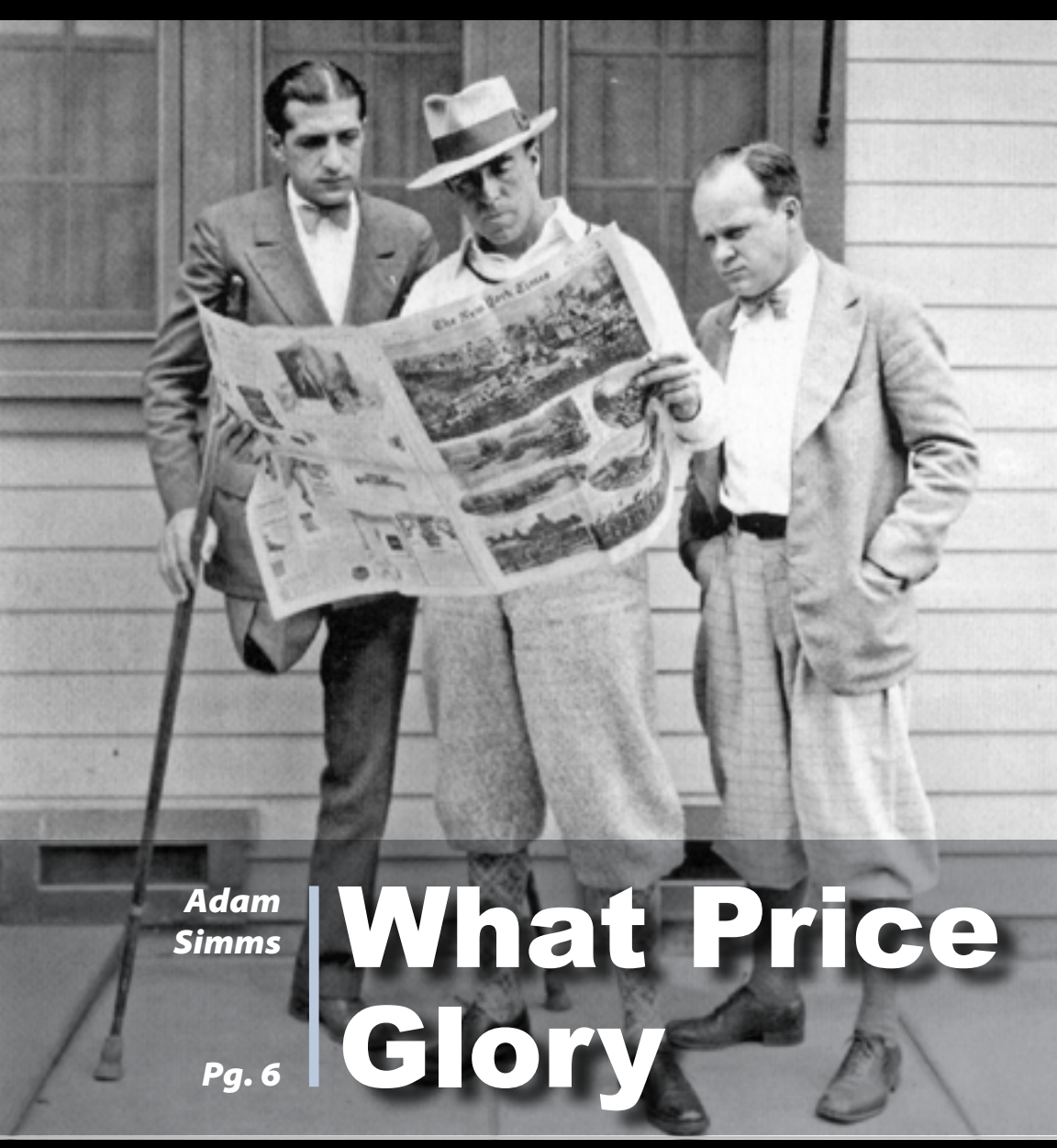

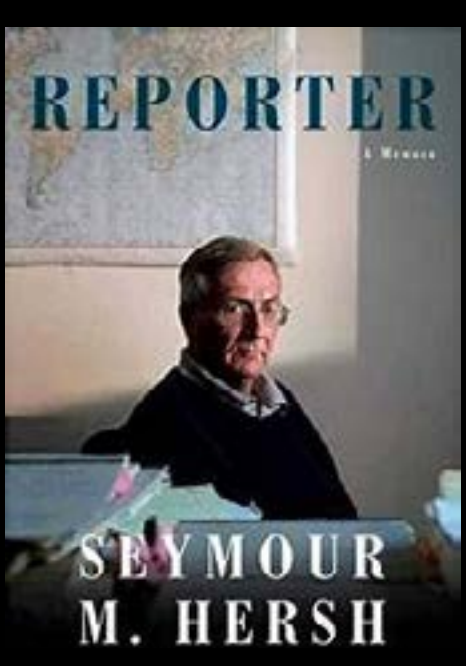

From Where I Sit

Enough is Enough: Washington's Forever Wars

Stefan Merken

It has been too long that America has been at war. Take the current war in Afghanistan. It started in 2001 and continues today some eighteen years later with 15,000 soldiers still in the field fighting and dying with no end in sight. But this is not the only major war we have been involved in: 1914–1918 WWI, 1939–1945 WWII, 1950–1953 Korean War, 1962–1975 Viet Nam War, Iraq invasion, 2003–, et.al.

Make your voice heard. Insist.

The list goes on. Why? What have we gained? We have lost generations of young men too numerous to count. Enough is enough. It is time that we insist that America stop fighting wars.

We need to live in a world of peace. Politicians campaign with promises of peace. But once elected, the wars continue unabated. The general attitude among Americans is that we prefer peaceful pursuits, while our foreign policy establishment revels in perpetual global engagement.

You have a voice, make it heard. ✡

STEFAN MERKEN *is chair of the Jewish Peace Fellowship.*

Viet Nam by the numbers (1962–1975)

Troop Strength

South Viet Nam:	850,00
United States:	540,000
South Korea:	50,000
Others:	80,000 plus

Casualties

South Viet Nam Civilians:	200,000 –400,000
South Viet Nam Military:	170,000-220,000
South Viet Nam Wounded:	Over 1 million
United States Military:	58,200
United States Wounded:	300,000
North Viet Nam Civilians:	50,000 plus
North Viet Nam Military:	400,000-1 million

"Rudderless without a compass, the American state continues to drift, guns blazing."

—Andrew Bacevich, retired Colonel, Vietnam veteran, and professor of international relations, Boston University.

SHALOM

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Two Movements, One Idea

Pacifism, Not Passivism / Feminism, Not Pseudo-Machismo

Naomi Goodman

Pacifism and Feminism have often been considered antithetical ideas. At the meetings of the American Historical Association, Bernice Carroll, a University of Illinois historian, discussed the subject by saying that today's activists were confronted with the old question of "whether to sacrifice pacifism for feminism or feminism for pacifism." Yet Nonviolence and Feminism are defined as sister aspirations by the Gathering of Women in the Nonviolent Movement, sponsored jointly by the International Fellowship of Reconciliation and War Resisters International.

The Gathering pointed out that there are "links between feminism and nonviolence—we are feminists because we are nonviolent and vice-versa—but there is a generally hostile attitude in the women's movement towards 'declared nonviolence'. ... Acting nonviolently does not mean losing our newfound strength or returning to a position of weakness. On the contrary, it means discovering our *own new* and liberating ways of working which do not imitate traditional male structures: small groups, co-ordinated autonomy, respect for and caring about each individual (not just their politics.)"

In 1977, the same year that Naomi Goodman wrote this article, more than 20,000 women convened at the National Women's Conference in Houston, Texas. Pictured here are Congresswoman Bella Abzug (D-N.Y.), wearing a hat and red lei, and Betty Friedan (left, in red coat). (AP Photo).

The statement expresses my personal view so well. Perhaps the contradiction referred to above comes from differing definitions of feminism which thus lead to different goals. If the goal of the woman's movement is equal acceptance in the present male-dominated society, then feminists celebrate such victories as women being commissioned in the regular army, participating in the maneuvers and being considered for combat duty, while regarding the dull and unsatisfactory jobs held by most men as desirable achievements for women. If the goal of feminism is a life-oriented world in which women's sensitivity and nurturing interests become acceptable attributes of both sexes, then the attitudes of nonviolence and pacifism (not passivism), are basic values for a non-exploitative society in which neither sex dominates and aggression is no longer a survival skill.

Perhaps some of the feminists who are not pacifists need to realize that pacifism is not passive acceptance of fate or personal avoidance of conflict. Rather it is active acceptance of the strength and responsibilities of nonviolence. Pacifism is not spineless acceptance of whatever will be but practice of the nonviolent method of combating evil and misplaced force. In its essence, pacifism is a nonviolent way of life which recognizes the religious truth that means and ends are the same. Thus, it is as appropriate for the women's movement as for any human being.

> *Adopting pacifism "does not mean losing our newfound strength or returning to a position of weakness."*

To those who regard such aims as impractical ideals, we can reply that the goals are indeed long term and that the approach will condition the results and affect the participants. Also, the extraordinary changes in attitudes and actions, by women and towards women, which are the result of even the woman's movement, have come surprisingly fast even recognizing that progress is built on the struggles of the early suffragettes and even earlier feminist pioneers. These changes are qualitative —a large scale consciousness raising. Is it too much to link a realization of every individual, regardless of their sex, with an appreciation of the sanctity of every life, regardless of nationality or religion? That we women can no longer accept the popular male attitudes of machismo and violence.

Feminism to me is a logical and meaningful extension of my concerns as a pacifist and a believer in nonviolence. Pacifism for me has been clarified and enriched by feminist understanding. If the potential of women is to be realized, then true equality will be needed. If the potential of individuals is to be realized, then violence—as organized into war, institutionalized in society, and practiced in private—will also have to end.

—1977 ✡

NAOMI GOODMAN, a former JPF president, was a feminist historian, writer and poet.

Yes! Here is my tax-deductible contribution to the Jewish Peace Fellowship!

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❒ $500 / ❒ $1000 / ❒ Other $ ____

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Below, please clearly print the names and addresses, including e-mail, of friends you think might be interested in supporting the aims of the Jewish Peace Fellowship.

To Lecture or Not to Lecture?

Canada

Murray Polner

It could very well have been my home country had my parents immigrated to Winnipeg in 1920 to join their cousins who, like my folks, had also fled Eastern Europe in 1921 and the bloodletting and savagery of a three-year civil war between Poles, Ukrainians, Russians, Reds, Whites, Brits, French, and Americans, often with Jews as its main targets. Instead, they chose to live in Brooklyn, U.S.A.

The Good Ol' U.S.A. Home to the Land of the Free and Home of the Brave, empty slogans and examples of American Exceptionalism, but a mere catchphrase, no more than a contrived and clever PR term. In addition to the best features of American life such as freedom and liberty for its people, mainly the white ones, the U.S.A. has also been the home of racism, residential segregation, corporate domination, schoolroom murders, constant wars and threats of war fueled by our Merchants of Death.

At various times in our history, immigrants were barred entry, such as the Chinese in 1882, eastern and southern Europeans in 1924, and of course today, when "Keep 'em out" is now part of the system.

By comparison, how generous were most Canadians when they welcomed our men and women who refused to join in America's criminal war in Vietnam. At its best, Canada is a land of diversity and moderation—except to its First Canadians and Roman Catholic indigenous children who were forced into boarding schools run by the Catholic Church and where many of the kids were victims of beatings, rape, and other horrors, as reported by Canada's National Truth and Reconciliation Commission. The legacy of how poorly Canada treated its native Indians, for example, remains but also "helps account for the country's openness to immigrants and refugees," wrote Andrew Stark, University of Toronto professor of political science.

Canada's legacy of treating its Native Indians poorly helps to account for its openness to immigrants and refugees.

Still, my favorite Canadians are novelist Mordechai Richler and his wonderful books about his Montreal Jewish life, and Pierre Trudeau senior, who welcomed thousands of American exiles during Vietnam and about whom I wrote in my book *When Can I Come Home?* (Doubleday, 1972).

Now I ask myself how is it that Canada has not gone the way of Trumpism and his white working and lower middle-class populists and xenophobes.

So it was with delight that while the U.S.A. was undergoing a nervous breakdown in the sixties, shooting black and white Americans at home and abroad, killing two Kennedys and King, and some 58,000 US soldiers and a million or so Vietnamese, I was offered a position as Visiting Professor of History at St. Dunstan's University, a small Catholic college in Charlottetown on Prince Edward Island, a somewhat remote and ignored maritime Canadian province.

A Postcard with images of St. Dunstan's University on Prince Edward Island

All of us Polners—Lou, Beth, Alex, Rob, and of course Mottke Goniff, our mixed Collie-Shepherd—took off in our ancient, well-dented Dodge, roaring through New England and then into Maine (where I'd teach history the next year at The University of Maine) along the notorious Route 9 into New Brunswick and finally landing at the old farm we had rented, a few miles from the college.

Day One at St. Dunstan's University: Before I ever stepped into a classroom the faculty, all priests, asked me to lunch. The Vietnam War was very much on their minds and for two hours—exhausting but fascinating hours—questions followed questions. For a while I wondered if they regretted hiring me even though the history chairman earlier told me he had prayed to God for a summer replacement since he had a free trip to France awaiting him.

After questioning me about the war and related subjects, the chairman concluded that though I was a bit too conservative for them I was very welcome. Actually, the priests had been worker priests in France, an effort by Church "liberals" who wanted priests to work in factories because they feared the French working classes were leaving the Church and uncritically turning toward left-wing and communist causes.

I was the first Jewish faculty member St. Dunstan's ever hired.

Looking and living like workers, the movement was terminated by the conservative church hierarchy. Remnants of the movement were found among the American Catholic Left during the sixties, among Liberation Theology followers in Latin America and now among my new colleagues at St. Dunstan's.

My students were well-informed and wrote well and critically. I asked lots of questions and challenged and/or praised their responses. The nuns were well-read and flirted. Alternative theories and nonconformist views never seemed to deter them. Outside the classroom, Father Arsenault, a professor of English, became my friend and told me that I was the first Jewish faculty member the college had ever hired. Confidentially, he added, they want to hire me as a permanent faculty member, with free housing and a fair salary. Sadly, I would eventually say "No" to their offer since my widowed mother needed me and Louise and the kids needed, I believed, their home country.

Charlottetown, Prince Edward Island

Too bad. Charlottetown, the capital, was a small city, looking almost as it might have in the twenties and thirties. Often we'd wander about visiting a blanket factory and with no union to protect their employees' interests, their factory floor resembled the squalor of a Victorian-Dickensian industrial unit, the shreds of blankets gagging the workers. We used the invaluable Canadian national health plan. We were invited to weekend parties and their church dinners, and we witnessed at first hand

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Montrealers gave Jackie Robinson the royal treatment during his time with the Montreal Royals.

the bleak lives of local farm boys (girls rarely seen).

Our conversations continued here and there, my colleagues often testing my liberal views, which were turning left/libertarian but always anti-war.

When Al Campanis, who had played shortstop next to Jackie Robinson at second base for the Montreal Royals, the Brooklyn Dodgers' major International League farm team, asked me to write his autobiography because I had written a bio of Branch Rickey (who brought Jackie Robinson into previously white baseball), I was thrilled at the possibility of returning to Canada to do interviewing and research but other things intervened later, especially for poor Al, who lost his job with the LA Dodgers (see my sad essay about him at <http://www.evesmag.com/campanis.htm>) and the book was never written.

Canadians "pride ourselves on our ironic modesty."

George Woodcock

We loved PEI (Prince Edward Island), St. Dunstan's University, and Canada. Years later Alex would take his family to this *Goldene Medina*. And in 1969, St. Dunstan's merged with a renamed entity called Prince Edward Island University. My guess is that they simply ran out of money or the passionate ex-worker priests grew old and simply retired.

Canadians, said George Woodcock, the Vancouver writer, "pride ourselves on our ironic modesty." No wonder then and now it has accepted so many refugees fleeing persecution and has so easily accepted multilateralism. The Trudeaus, father and son, reflected that sentiment when one of them said that Canada should never "lecture another country how they choose to govern themselves."

A good lesson for Good Ol' U.S.A.! ✡

MURRAY POLNER co-edits SHALOM

"It has been assumed by most of us, that when all else fails, evil must be fought by any means necessary, even dubious ones. Then, when the mission has been accomplished, the evil means can be pushed aside, and ethical conduct reverted to. History does not support this thesis. Once the sword is taken up it clings to the hand. The worthy goal is flawed; one war follows another endlessly. A problem solved by war is not a problem solved, and the dustbins of history are full of causes and ideologies that turned sour, because the means to achieve them were evil."

—Ed Feder, "Nonviolent Activist," edited by Murray Polner & Naomi Goodman

WWI Centennial

What Price Glory: Forgetting and Remembering the First World War

Adam Simms

This year has been the centenary of American participation in the First World War. Congress declared war in April 1917; the first detachments of American troops landed in France in January 1918, and five months later, in May, they engaged in their first major combat engagement.

And yet there has been little American commemoration of this war.

In truth, this lack is not all that surprising. The fact is that American opinion about the war quickly soured among the generation that lived through and fought it, and *that* has been the general public's attitude ever since. Reasons are not hard to discern: "The war to end war" didn't end war, and neither did all of the war's bloodshed make "the world safe for democracy."

What the war *did* do was to change American society in ways which few foresaw.

During the war, manufacturers, munitions makers, and bankers reaped enormous profits, while ordinary folk coped with rationing and inflation. In the years immediately following, an economic recession, then a depression, put millions out of work; agricultural prices collapsed; and railroad workers, steel workers, and coal miners mounted bitter strikes in industries which fought tooth-and-nail for wage reductions and against unionization.

WWI changed American society in ways that few foresaw.

Moreover, the postwar period brought massive cultural changes: Alcoholic beverages, especially beer and liquor, were outlawed. Women, who had flocked to factory work to replace men who were in the armed services, soon realized that "their place" need no longer be merely in "the home." The prewar Victorian social order crumbled, and the "flapper," that quintessential symbol of 1920s America, danced her way across movie screens and into speakeasies.

Such phenomena were unintended consequences of the war. And one response, shared particularly among writers who had been in the war, was a profound sense of *disillusionment*. They had gone into combat or driven ambulances at the front, and ushering in these changes were *not* among the reasons why they had enlisted to fight.

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American writer Laurence Stallings (left) and American film director Raoul Walsh (center) read* The New York Times. *Stallings was wounded during the Battle of Belleau Wood in France during World War 1; his leg was amputated in Feb. 1922. Photo circa 1926.

Over the past five or so years, I've been reading and doing archival research about the First World War focused on Laurence Stallings, a journalist, novelist, playwright, and screenwriter. Stallings and his work are largely forgotten today, but in the brief period of 1924-1925, he was as the premier voice of this sense of postwar disillusionment.

Born in Macon, Georgia, in 1894, Laurence Stallings left his job as a newspaper reporter at the *Atlanta Journal* in July 1917 to enlist in the Marine Corps. Shipped to France as a second lieutenant, in June 1918 he fought in the battle of Belleau Wood, the first major combat offensive undertaken by the Marines. Their objective was to stop a German advance forty miles from Paris. During the last day of the battle, much of it fought hand-to-hand, Stallings's right kneecap was shot away by German machine gun fire.

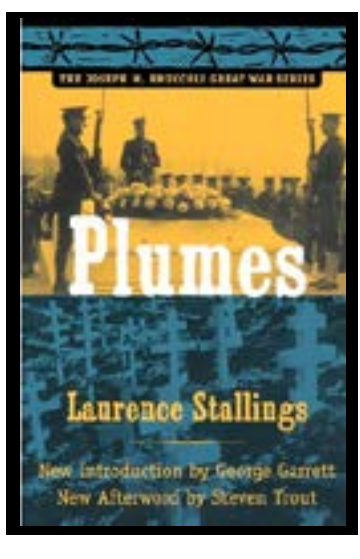
He returned home in November 1919, a year after the Armistice, having spent a year and a half recovering in French and American military hospitals. Discharged with the rank of captain, Stallings once again returned to journalism, this time for William Randolph Hearst's *Washington Times*. When in 1922 the bone graft that held his leg together failed, doctors at Walter Reed Army Hospital amputated his leg above the knee. That missing limb remained a reminder to Stallings and to everyone he encountered that he was the "real thing": an officer who truly had fought in the war.

Laurence Stallings captured the public's disillusionment in his journalism, novels, plays, and screenplays.

In 1924 and 1925, after moving to Joseph Pulitzer's *New York World*, where he served first as an editorial writer and theatre reviewer, and then as literary editor, Stallings wrote three major works.

The first is his 1924 novel, *Plumes*, about Richard Plume, a wounded veteran who confronts difficulties reintegrating into an America that has turned its back on the war and those who had fought it.

Then there is the play, *What Price Glory*, which he co-authored with Maxwell Anderson. Sardonic, madcap, and filled with gallows humor, *Glory*, which opened on Broadway in September 1924, focuses on two Marine Corps "lifers," a captain and a sergeant, who spend as much time fighting one another for the favors of a French tavern owner's daughter as they do fighting the Germans.



And there is the 1925 Hollywood motion picture, *The Big Parade*, for which the Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer film studio commissioned Stallings to write the story on which it is based.

The Big Parade tells of Jim Apperson, the feckless son of a wealthy industrialist. Jim enlists on a whim after his fiancée gushes over how dashing he will look in a military uniform. Overseas, Jim falls in love with a French farm

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girl. Called to the front, he is badly wounded and loses a leg. When he returns home, he finds that his fiancée has fallen in love with his brother, who stayed behind to help their father run his factory. With his mother's blessing, Jim returns to France and is reunited with the farm girl, who truly loves him.

The Big Parade's love story is so effectively directed and acted that it's easy to overlook how well the film mirrors and reflects the postwar spirit of disillusionment that resonated so acutely with postwar audiences: Jim, having literally left part of himself behind on a battlefield in France, comes home to find nothing is as it was before. He then makes a separate peace: Turning his back on the country he fought for, Jim goes back to France to find his beloved.

Laurence Stallings was not the only novelist/storyteller who employed this theme of a separate peace. A separate peace is also at the heart of Ernest Hemingway's 1929 war novel, *A Farewell to Arms*—which Stallings adapted for the Broadway stage in 1930.

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In *What Price Glory,* Stallings' Marines are hunkered down in a cellar, under fire. Wounded soldiers are brought in. One of them, Lewisohn, is bleeding heavily, and a medic cannot stop the bleeding. Confronted with this stark reality of war, Lieutenant Moore cries out: "*What* [is the] *price* [of] *glory now?*"

In 1924, when *What Price Glory* was first staged, that *cri de cœur* resonated with audiences and with the broader American public. America had gone to war in 1917-1918 with flags flying, military bands playing, and visions of glory floating over the horizon. But once the Richard Plumes and the Jim Appersons who had fought the war came home and the cheering stopped, the realities of an unfulfilled peace, recession, strikes, political corruption, and Prohibition sank in—and a pall of disillusionment settled over thoughts and memories of the Great War.

By general consensus among those who fought and lived through the First World War, it was a war about which, once it was over, Americans asked themselves, "Why did we fight it in the first place?" *That* is the unintended legacy of the First World War. And for that reason, the First World War is one that has deserved to be commemorated—in order that its unintended and unexpected consequences not be forgotten. ✡

ADAM SIMMS is an independent scholar and a former co-editor of SHALOM. *An earlier version of this essay was presented as a Sabbath evening talk before congregants of the Garden City Jewish Center, in Garden City, New York.*

With God On Our Side

Writing in the 1920s, Laurence Stallings questioned why we fought World War I. Four decades later, Bob Dylan echoed Stallings in his 1963 song "With God On Our Side":

Oh the First World War, boys
It came and it went
The reason for fighting
I never did get
But I learned to accept it
Accept it with pride
For you don't count the dead
When God's on your side

Forever Wars

Seymour Hersh, et.al. Versus Official "Truths"

Murray Polner

The more I read about Hillary Clinton's disappointment and her loyalists' allegations leveled against Russia's 'meddling' in the 2016 election that supposedly cost her presidency, the more I think of an editor I knew and a journalist.

The first is Jimmy Wechsler, the late editor of the once-liberal *New York Post* who, while harassed and pursued by Hoover's FBI and Joe McCarthy and assorted Torquemadas, helped smooth the way for many modern investigative reporters. Among his paper's scoops was a story about a pile of money received by then Vice-President Nixon from secret donors.

Toward the end of his life, Wechsler reminded his contemporaries in the mass media—I would add especially today's su rviving dailies and their threatened staffs—that their task is now more than ever "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

My second choice is Seymour Hersh and his fellow investigative reporters. Like Gary Webb, the *San Jose Mercury News* reporter who tried to crack what he believed was a CIA–Contra drug connection before dying of a still-mysterious suicide. Think too of Barbara Ehrenreich, who dug down deeply to explore the lives of low-paid cleaning women who do our domestic dirty work; Naomi Klein and her critical work about neoliberalism and worldwide global corporate domination; Jane Mayer's disturbing unraveling of some billionaires; my late friend the investigative reporter Robert Friedman, who probed Israel's West Bank conquests and also the Russian Mafiya in the U.S.A.; *Newsday*'s Bill Dedman, who earned a Pulitzer for tracking down mortgage lenders whose loans reinforced housing segregation; Woodward and Bernstein, of course; and the admirable Glenn Greenwald at the *Intercept* and its stable of smart investigative writers such as James Risen and Jeremy Scahill.

Mass media's role should be "to comfort the afflicted and afflict the comfortable."

Hersh, whose compelling memoir *Reporter* (Knopf, 2018) has recently been published, has broken hidden and ignored stories for decades, repeatedly challenging the official lies and obfuscations of governments and lobbyists and their apologists. We would all benefit if Hersh, now 81, would take on the obsessive "Russia-did-it" war fever plus some of the Trump-related scandals that come and go swiftly without context or depth. Writing and working for the UPI, AP, *The New York Times*, *The New Yorker*, and the brilliant *London Review of Books*, Hersh has broken story after story: The My Lai killings, torture in Abu Ghraib prison, Henry Kissinger's career ("the man lied the way most people breathed," Hersh wrote), and more.

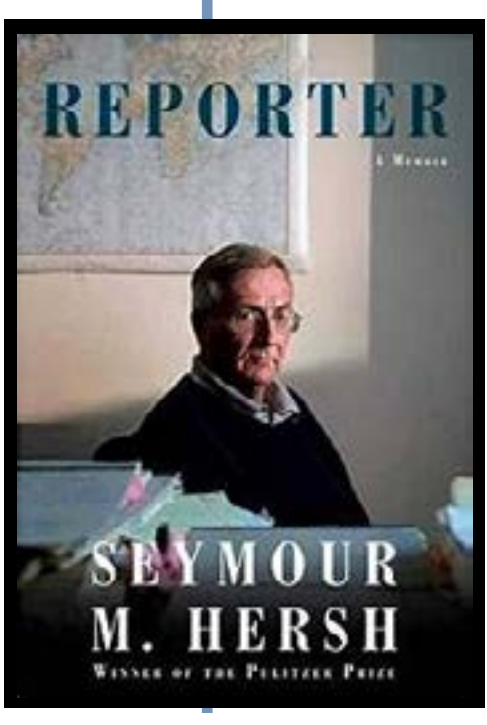
Americans collectively understand little of the past and our many wars. Flag-waving and emotion replace facts. Nonconformists like Hersh are rarely given time on our major TV home screens and cable news and panels where most Americans get their news—with the result that many Americans and Asians have died needlessly while few or no VIPs are held accountable, thus leaving our hawks, conservative and liberal, free to plan more wars.

Hersh has made mistakes such as relying on too many anonymous sources and blaming the U.S. Ambassador to Chile Edward Korry for being involved in the ousting of Salvador Allende, the democratically elected socialist president killed by Chilean neo-fascists, when Korry had actually been frozen out by Washington's hawks who were "meddling" in Chilean politics. Hersh also mistakenly claimed in his bio of JFK that Kennedy had a pre-Jackie wife from whom he was never legally divorced.

Even so, it's his instinctive skepticism born of questioning authority and cultivating sources deep in the heart of the beast that has allowed him to find and document so much hidden stuff. That's what makes his approach so special; informing readers that one of his early editors taught him to approach reporting with the idea, "If your mother says she loves you, check it out."

When Hersh broke the My Lai story, for which he received a Pulitzer, he found Lt. William Calley by wandering around a huge army base where he'd been hidden. Robert Miraldi, in his fine biography of Hersh (*Seymour Hersh: Scoop Artist*, published by Potomac Books in 2013), explains that Americans blamed Hersh since they could not accept that American soldiers were capable of committing such monstrous deeds and then, when they learned otherwise, rationalized that, after all, "war was war."

Despite our many failed wars since 1945, the policy of repeating failures after failures continues, supported by our Military-Industrial Complex and their pliant, well- subsidized politicians and ideologists.



Other observers have emulated Hersh's approach. Reviewing Steve Coll's *Directorate S: The CIA and America's Secret Wars in Afghanistan and Pakistan* (Penguin, 2018) in the *London Review of Books*, Thomas Powers, a worthy successor of Hersh, wrote, "Forty-plus years after our final failure in Vietnam, the United States is again fighting an endless war against a culture and a people we don't understand for political reasons that make sense in Washington but nowhere else. ...we don't know how to win or how to stop…"

Who's next? Iran? Syria? China? Russia? Venezuela?

Seymour Hersh's principle of journalism: "If your mother says she loves you, check it out."

It was Hermann Goering, one of the most horrendous monsters of the 20th Century, who said, memorably, that people always tend to follow their leaders as war approaches. All you have to do is tell them again and again that they're endangered. "It works the same in any country," he said. But it wasn't Goering's credo alone and it's continually used by others. The Korean and Vietnam wars were fought to "save" us—and presumably Asians—from communism. Iraq was invaded because Saddam was supposedly tied to 9/11 and 70 percent of Americans, including *The New York Times* and *The Washington Post* and many of its liberal readers, initially supported Bush's invasion of Iraq, which set the Greater Middle East afire. And remember, Afghanistan was a "necessary war," or so said Obama, the liberals' saint.

Meanwhile, the real danger we all face is the revival of a new Cold and maybe even Hot War between a nuclear U.S.A. and a nuclear Russia. Jack Matlock, Jr., our U.S. Ambassador to Russia from 1987 to 1991, and author of *Russia and Gorbachev: How the Cold War Ended* (Random House, 2004), has rightly argued that we have to "desist from our current Russophobic insanity and work to restore cooperation in nuclear safety, nonproliferation, control of nuclear materials and nuclear arms reduction. This is in the vital interest in both the U.S. and Russia. This is the central issue on which all sane governments and sane publics, should focus their attention." ✡

MURRAY POLNER co-edits SHALOM