

# NO MORE WAR



W. J. Foote

Foreword by Dr Kate Dewes, N.Z. Representative on the  
U.N. Secretary General's Advisory Board on Disarmament

# No More War

W J Foote

The Glen Press

*“I believe that unarmed truth and unconditional love will have the final word in reality. This is why right, temporarily defeated, is stronger than evil triumphant.”*

Martin Luther King Jr<sup>1</sup>

*“War is an old habit of thought, an old frame of mind, an old political technique that must pass as human sacrifice and human slavery have passed. I have faith that the human spirit will prove equal to the long heavy task of ending war.”*

Herman Wouk, ‘War and Remembrance’<sup>2</sup>

Published by The Glen Press, 1/52a Aorangi Rd, Bryndwr, Christchurch 8053  
Phone (+64 3) 351 8662

ISBN 978-0-473-22079-2

Printed by Copyland, Christchurch, New Zealand.

# **NO MORE WAR**

## **Contents**

Foreword

Preface

1. From a distance
2. Love
3. War
4. The war that didn't end war
5. An avoidable war
6. Living in the shadow
7. The Cold War
8. Listening to a different drum
9. Cold comfort country
10. Guest of the government
11. Beyond the wire
12. Deadly dominoes
13. Nuclear-free and guilt-free
14. A rose by any other name
15. Parihaka and paper clips
16. Dancing with daffodils

Notes

Bibliography

Acknowledgements

## **FOREWORD**

As I write this, Israel's Prime Minister Benjamin Netanyahu is frenziedly beating the war drums about the need to attack Iran's nuclear facilities. War-weary Israelis are not responding as he had hoped. Latest polls indicate less than a third see the need for a military strike – which would be the worst international crime, and would engulf the Middle East, already struggling to contain the Syrian uprising. How tragically ironic it would be for the national guardians of the memory of the Nazi Holocaust if they yet again flouted the principal feature of the Nuremberg Charter.

Amongst such reckless warmongering, any mention of love, compassion, or forgiveness is smothered and silenced. Will Foote chooses this as his theme for this, his seventh book. These words of David Lange, in his brilliant last public speech in 2002, when he opened an exhibition of photographs of Mahatma Gandhi in the Canterbury Museum made a lasting impression on Will: "We have the capacity to love and be loved – that's the guts of it."

Deploying similarly plain language enlivened by often-humorous anecdotes, Will shares his personal anthology of quotes for each era of war spanning his 95 years. His collection of heart warming stories gives encouragement that ordinary people can effect change.

This is an epic story of unwavering pacificism, and of how his conscientious objection in World War II affected his family and teaching career. Above all, he shows an awe-inspiring determination to pass on the lessons of his experience and wisdom to today's younger generations, so that they can see there are peaceful alternatives centred around love and respect for humanity in all its diversity.

**Kate Dewes**

## **Preface**

David Lange has been quoted as saying, “We have the capacity to love and be loved – that’s the guts of it.” Without knowing the rest of his speech, I assume he is saying that love is the cure for all our ills, from a family row to world war. Basically, that’s what I’m trying to say in this book. There is no glory in war. No war is inevitable. War is a failure of love. Love is all around us. You see it in a mother’s care; a baby’s smile; you see it in nature. The poet Wordsworth’s heart filled with joy when he saw the flowering daffodils swaying in the breeze. We feel the same way when we see the flowering of the human spirit.

The remedy for violence in the home, the school, in international affairs is not more violence. In this book, I give examples of the non-violent loving answer to man’s violence. I also give a picture from personal experience of the New Zealand peace movement and of some of those who spent World War II “behind the wire” for their refusal to participate.

**W J Foote**  
**May 2014**

## 1 From a distance

Those who regard war as Nature's pruning hook must be pleased. No one knows exactly how many died in the wars of the last century but it is generally accepted that over 20 million died in World War I and some 50 million in World War II.<sup>3</sup> If that is not enough, according to historian John Keegan, writing in 'A History of Warfare' in 2001, some 75 million had died because of wars in the previous 35 years. As most of you know, there are enough nuclear bombs around to finish the job many times over.<sup>4</sup>

Is this why we struggled out of the primeval slime or, alternatively, arrived fully formed in the Garden of Eden, avoiding the snakes and eating the apple. A little green man, sitting on a rock in an as-yet undiscovered planet, using his space vision, should be shaking his head sadly at the folly of the human race, not only because of war but also because of the way we organise our everyday lives based, in economic terms, on the survival of the fittest. However, this book is not about capitalism, although that has a lot to do with war. If somebody couldn't make a profit, we mightn't have the necessary equipment, and have to resort to fisticuffs.

I believe that the seeds of war are in all of us. So are the seeds of peace. We must learn to eliminate or at least neutralise the first and encourage the second. I am convinced that the majority of the world's people have a common morality – love of their children, consideration for their neighbours, love of the natural world that surrounds them, a desire to live peacefully. So where did we go wrong? This excerpt from Wilfred Owen's poem, written in the dying days of World War I, gives us part of the answer to that question:

*Dulce et decorum est*

If in some smothering dream you could pace  
Behind the wagon that we flung him in,  
And watch the white eyes writhing in his face,  
His hanging face, like a devil's sick of sin,  
If you could hear, at every jolt, the blood  
Come gargling from froth-corrupted lungs  
Bitter as the cud  
Of vile, incurable sores on innocent tongues,  
My friend, you would not tell with such high zest  
To children ardent for some desperate glory, the old lie:  
*Dulce et decorum est*  
*Pro patria mori.*<sup>5</sup>

The answer lies in the mythology of war that's part of the upbringing, the education of the British and exported through them to us. The Vandals are at the gates. Pull up the drawbridge. Pour boiling oil on the heads of those climbing the ladders. Your country needs you. The mythology was so pervasive that when World War I broke out, the recruiting officers could hardly cope with all their clients. The greatest achievement of this disaster, apart from the appalling loss of life, was to set the scene for World War II.

Look back in history. Picts, Scots, Celts, Romans, Angles, Saxons, Jutes, Danes, Vikings, and Norman French have invaded England. The Spanish and Dutch didn't quite make it, the others got a foot in the door and for better or worse are part of our British heritage. Then they added to the mix by doing a bit of invading of their own and built an Empire on which the sun couldn't set and added to the military mystique. Not only must the Brits resist the stranger at the gate, they must defend the Empire, not only against the barbarian foe but also against any stropky natives who fail to recognise the benefits of British rule.

So, in the great public schools and the ones that catered for those of lesser nobility and wealth, chests and bosoms swelled with pride when bells rang and trumpets trumpeted and flags flew as the death of another ex-pupil at the Western Front was announced at Assembly. Just to make sure they got the message, the Head Boy came to the lectern, and recited Newbolt's 'Vital Lampada':

The sand of the desert is sodden red -  
Red with the wreck of the square that broke:

The Gatling's jammed and the Colonel dead,  
And the regiment blind with dust and smoke.  
The river of death has brimmed his banks,  
And England's far, and Honour a name,  
But the voice of a schoolboy rallies the ranks,  
"Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

This is the word that year by year  
While in her place the school is set,  
Every one of her sons must hear,  
And none that hears it dare forget.  
This they all with a joyful mind  
Bear through life like a torch in flame,  
And falling, fling to the host behind -  
"Play up! Play up! And play the game!"

The ceremony would then end with the National Anthem and a Benediction from the Chaplain. In a similar ceremony now, when they sing "send her Victorious" they're forgetting that the last Queen to actually head her troops was Boadicea.

It's not just the English that recite these patriotic stories to brainwash the young. When studying American history I read Whitters poem about Barbara Frietchie. It was during the Civil War. Stonewall Jackson and his rebels came galloping into town. Barbara saw them coming from her upstairs window, grabbed the Union flag and defiantly waved it out the window.

"Shoot, if you must, this old grey head  
But spare your country's flag", she said.

If her grandchildren had any sense, they should have said, “Pull your head in, Grandma. It’s only a bit of rag.”

The attitude engendered in the great English public schools could well have contributed to the carnage in World War I. Public school lads, fresh from their cadet corps, almost automatically gained officer status and found themselves leading ‘Tommies’ whose speech they could barely understand.<sup>6</sup> ‘Lions led by donkeys’ was a saying commonly describing this situation. Writer Paul Fussell in ‘The Great War and Modern Memory’ records an instance when an officer who, finding his men reluctant to leave their trench, kicked a football over the parapet and ordered them to ‘get it’.<sup>7</sup>

The point I’m making is that what Owen calls ‘the old lie’ was pervasive in English education before World War I and was still common in World War II at the expense of rational examination of the causes of and alternatives to war. Since then the publicity given to peace marches and Greenham Common and Trident submarines and nuclear weaponry is changing the public perception of war. The massive public protests at the Gulf Wars, the growing disillusion with the so-called “war on terror” and the imbroglio in Afghanistan gives me hope. However, I note that Royal Princes are taking up military careers.

If you accept war, you accept death and injury, mental strife, homelessness, refugees, disease, and starvation. You forget the brotherhood of man and the precepts you grew up with. The fellow in the sights of your rifle is just another enemy, he’s not another Dad with a wife, two kids and a mortgage, he represents bombs and atrocities and the death of your mates. What you are about to do is sanctified by your church, approved by your government.

What if every country had signed and acted on that post-War Japanese declaration that they would never engage in war again (for the full text, see Chapter 6), what if every church had condemned war? Christians are told not to kill, the first precept for Buddhists is not to kill, Muslims, Hindus, Sikhs, Bahai, Jews, and Humanists all abjure violence. You don’t need religion to know war is wrong. There are and always have been non-violent alternatives.

Rewrite the history books. The European history of my school days; Alfred and the cakes, Canute, the Magna Carta, Joan of Arc, Agincourt and Waterloo are long gone. Many wars are recalled annually. Let’s acknowledge the things that now matter to us all – the 40-hour week, votes for women, social security, racial harmony, the non-violent story of Parihaka and our nuclear-free status.

## 2 Love

In an article in *The Press* marking the 25<sup>th</sup> anniversary of our country's nuclear-free legislation, peace campaigner Kate Dewes quoted David Lange "We have the capacity to love and be loved. That's the guts of it." He put succinctly what will take me about a thousand words to say.

Love – it's one of the most commonly used and abused words in our language. It's a word for something that 'passeth all understanding'; it's a word for one of our noblest feelings' a word for what we feel about the physical world we live in, a word for our attitude to life itself, to all humanity regardless of race, colour or creed as well as a very special word for the way we see those with whom we share our little corner of Earth – and it's the very antithesis of war.

It's a part of my earliest memories. My good Presbyterian mother, after visiting the nearest Christian Bookshop, decorated the boys' bedroom with subtle messages on stiff cardboard. Readers of my vintage will remember the sort of thing – a short Bible quotation, with chapter and verse to show it was the 'real thing', surrounded by a tasteful arrangement of daffodils and aspidistras. The only one I recall – it must have been right in my line of sight – stated simply "God is Love". Well I didn't really know who or what God was, but I did know love. Mum told me she loved me every bedtime along with a goodnight kiss and the obligatory prayer. Dad loved me too - I knew that. He was of the strong silent generation of men. The first overt act of love from him that I remember, not counting the goodnight kiss, was when I was seven and we were crossing Stafford Street in Timaru in heavy traffic. He held my hand and as we narrowly missed a red bus, he gave me a wink and squeezed my hand. I got the message.

Anyway, the point is that I knew I was loved. It wasn't God as far as I could see, but they say 'He works in mysterious ways, His wonders to perform'. I don't see God in the way some religious friends do, as some real disembodied power. If God is love, that'll do me. Just imagine it, a world of love, no war, no poverty, no discrimination, no refugees, the lion will lie down with the lamb, the Israeli will break bread with the Palestinian.

If you believe in and have experienced the power of love, you cannot accept war. Love starts in the home, moves in ever widening circles, to encompass relatives, acquaintances, the organisations to which one belongs, to our province, our country, and our world. Beware of the "country" one, it's used by propagandists to excuse actions the opposite of love. Yes, I mean war, though I recognise that acts of love can happen in the war situation.

Perhaps it was a God-given coincidence but the very day I was writing about love, my usual copy of *Sunday* magazine featured a music group "The New Seekers" reviving some old hits, one of which contained the words "I'd like to teach the world to sing and furnish it with love". As the article points out, it was pure cheesecake and was meant to improve the sales of Coke. I like cheesecake and if we can fill the world with love, I'll put up with the Coke.

Furthermore, the article told me that the song is being sung at Assembly in American schools. Well that's better than reciting Wittier's poem about Barbara Frietchie facing down Stonewall Jackson's rebels in the Civil War. And the ceremony may end with the guest of honour reciting the words of Martin Luther King Jr, "Darkness cannot drive out darkness, only light can do that. Hate cannot drive out hate, only love can do that."<sup>8</sup> Well, pigs might fly. Miracles happen.

### 3 War

What is it? Justified killing in a state of belligerence between the armed forces of those in authority in two different countries. Well that covers most of them. What about rebellions? What about revolutions? What about knocking off native inhabitants to grab their land? What about a religious crusade? For the unfortunate participants, I guess they're all rather similar.

If you go out and shoot your neighbour, that's murder and you get life in the slammer. If at your country's behest you go out and shoot whoever is the 'enemy', you could well get a medal. And the fellow you thought was an enemy could well have been suckered into fighting just as you were.

It's nothing new. Back in Biblical times, the aptly named Hittites and Amalekites or other assorted Hebrews were at odds, and the Assyrians came down like wolves on the fold and then the Romans came down on the lot of them. Then an old fellow named Moses went up into the hills for inspiration and came back with a set of rules from God including 'Thou shalt not kill'. Then a young radical named Jesus said we should 'love our enemies' as an alternative to slaughtering them – a suggestion more honoured in the breach than the observance, especially by the Christian Crusaders who claimed to have been told by God to reclaim the Holy Land. Just to confuse the issue, some theologian got his boss off the hook by discovering rules for a Just War.

Now to cheer you up before giving a somewhat radical view of wars we have been involved in, a few statistics.

In the six decades following World War II there have been 313 national and international conflicts killing 101 million people. Global military expenditure in 2012 reached US\$1 trillion – figures from SIPRI.<sup>9</sup> Arthur Feinstein, a former ANC member of the South African Parliament, published a book in 2011 'The Shadow World Inside the Arms trade'. In *The New Internationalist* December 2011, page 22 he wrote, "At the time that our President Thabo Mbeki claimed that we did not have the resources to provide life-saving medication to the over 5 million people living with HIV/Aids, we spent \$10 billion on weapons which we didn't need and barely use today. About \$300 million in bribes were paid to senior politicians, officials, go-betweens, and the ANC itself. The British company BAE Systems contributed \$180 million of the bribes and received the biggest contract. In the 5½ years after the deal was signed, 350,000 South Africans died avoidable deaths as a result of the Government's refusal to provide anti-retroviral drugs through the public health system."

STOP PRESS. Just as I was writing this chapter, the postie arrived with the 28 April 2012 *New Zealand Listener*. On page 20, I found a book review of Franklin and Andrews' "Megachange: the world in 2050". It summarises my topic. I quote the conclusion of the reviewer: "War. What is it good for? Absolutely nothing, it seems. When will we ever learn?"

### 4 The War that didn't end war 1914-18

Stevan Eldred-Grigg (2010), in his brilliant depiction of New Zealand society at the time and of the international situation in which World War I took place, calls it a “wrong” war and tells us why and he’s right. As a pacifist, I regard all war as wrong, and use a different title. We could have called it an inevitable war.

Look at the lead-up. There were the passions left by the Franco-Prussian War. There was the unification of Germany, which added a new and powerful military factor to the old contest to be top dog in Europe. They’d all had a go at it, Britain, France, Spain, Austria, Sweden, Russia, Holland and Italy. There were so many secret agreements that it was hard to know who supported whom. It was the age of empire. The Spanish and Portuguese empires of old, dividing the riches of the Americas, were in terminal decline, the USA was one new boy on the block. Britain had their jewel in the crown and other bits in the sunshine. The French and Dutch were dividing the Far East, while Japan looked on enviously. Little Belgium interfered in Africa, and even littler New Zealand under King Dick Seddon had visions of grandeur. It was a good time to have shares in Krupp or Vickers or their mates in the arms trade.

It was a war driven by greed and gullibility. For New Zealand, it meant the loss of the best part of a generation of young men in the shell holes and mud of Flanders fields and the stony beaches and hillsides of Gallipoli. If we’re looking for a scapegoat for the whole plan try Winston Churchill, the First Lord of the Admiralty.

Bravery, heroism, and camaraderie are remembered yearly. We forget the idiocy, the needlessness of it all.

We could quote Army Chaplain Stoddart Kennedy’s verdict:

Waste of blood and waste of tears,  
Waste of youth’s most precious years,  
Waste of ways the saints have trod,  
Waste of glory, waste of God – war.

As a believer in non-violent action to prevent war, I remind readers that if the working men of Britain, France, Belgium, Germany and Austria had held fast to their common decision to strike in opposition to war in 1914 there probably wouldn’t have been any war. But their charismatic leader Jean Jaures was assassinated. The propaganda mill churned out its believable lies and worker solidarity was replaced with flag waving and the scene was set for an even greater conflict. (Sanders, 2010)<sup>10</sup>

## 5 An Avoidable War 1939-45

Some have called it “the good war” because they thought it was fought to save the Jews.<sup>11</sup> Well it wasn’t and it didn’t. In his book “The Hidden History of the Good War”, American writer Michael Zezima (2000; p.7) writes, “World War II was not inevitable and its legacy is far from good. The US did not join in the global fray to liberate the death camps, to end Fascism or to make the world safe for democracy. Until one of its colonies was attacked the USA did nothing more than provide aid to Britain while simultaneously trading with Germany, Italy and Japan.” Zezima’s (2000; p.2) conclusion - “World War II was about territory, power, control, money, and imperialism.”

Journalist Paul Mattick is quoted by Zezima (2000; p. 3), “If all the other issues of the War are still clouded, it is perfectly clear that this War is a struggle between the great imperial contestants for the biggest share of the yield of the world’s production, and thus for control over the greatest number of workers, the richest sources of raw materials and the most important industries.”

Well-known US writer Noam Chomsky’s (2007; p. 105) verdict was “If the US and Britain had wanted to stop Hitler in 1938, they probably could have done it. There wouldn’t have been any war, but they didn’t particularly want to.” It would have been even more certain if the USSR had been invited to join them but there were too many other issues involved.

Soviet attitudes to the West were coloured by memories of the post-World War I invasion by Allied troops. British and American attitudes to the USSR were coloured by their fear of the spread of Communist doctrine. A common front could well have deterred Hitler and his advisers from further armed incursions.

The support given to the Nazi party and Hitler was a direct result of World War I peace settlements. Germany lost territory on the French border, it was branded with guilt from the War and it had to pay crippling reparations. Blockades of ports and the effects of war led to widespread hunger. Pets suddenly became a most valuable food source. In these circumstances, it was easy for a charismatic leader to lay blame on the Allies, on Socialists and Communists, on Jews and Gypsies, and to paint visions of German glory to come.

It seems to me that if, after World War I, the victorious Allies – and possibly neutral countries – had made a concerted aid programme to help starving Germans, that and a less punitive peace settlement could well have altered the attitudes that led to support of the Nazi doctrine.

During the 1930’s it should have been made clear to Germany and Italy that the US and Britain disapproved of their expansionist and racist policies. According to Noam Chomsky in “Hegemony and Survival” (2003; p.67) this was not the case. “The rise of Fascism was generally regarded rather favourably and US and British support for Mussolini was effusive. Germany

retained substantial Anglo-American support until Hitler launched overt aggression that infringed too seriously on US and UK interests.”

The very existence of armaments often leads to war. When there is serious disagreement between countries, powerful political and industrial groups demand armed resistance. Listen to Chomsky again: “The basic principles of the imperial grand strategy of September 2002 go back to the early days of World War I. Even before the US entered the War, high level planners and analysts concluded that in the post-War world the US would seek to hold unquestioned power, acting to ensure the limitation of any exercise of sovereignty by states that might interfere with its global design. They recognised further that the first requirement to secure these ends was the rapid fulfilment of a program of complete rearmament.” (2003; p.15)

One of the greatest crimes in history, the attempted elimination of a whole race, took place during the War but not because of it. Jews had long been a persecuted race. They were not Christians, they had strange customs, they kept together and didn't mix, they were too successful in business, they were Shylocks, they looked different, they were socialists and communists and a threat to social order etc, etc. It was easy for Hitler and his associates in Nazi Germany to make scapegoats of them; they offended the Aryan philosophy, they were associated with Versailles and Germany's humiliation. Such views were widely held in other countries. According to Ralph Summy in “Legacy and Future of Non-violence”,<sup>12</sup> one can argue that it was not the ruthlessness of the Nazis that led to the attempted elimination of the Jews, usually known as “the holocaust”, but “the ubiquity of the Jews' marginalisation.” Where the Jews were not marginalised, as in Denmark and Bulgaria, most survived the “final solution”.

Before and even during the War there were non-violent ways of saving the Jews. In the 1930s, Jews were allowed to emigrate; many, particularly the wealthy did, but few countries welcomed them. Australia did not want to import a racial problem. New Zealand would not lift immigration restrictions. In 1939 a vessel filled with Jewish migrants was turned back from US ports. The Jews disembarked in France and some ended up in the hands of the Germans. Resettlement plans, for instance in Madagascar, could not be agreed on. The British wouldn't allow the Jews into Palestine because they wanted to keep on side with the Arabs. Denmark and Holland were two countries which did open their doors.

The success of non-violent action in Denmark and Norway (for more detail, see Chapter 15) makes one wonder whether similar action in France and Britain would have averted open warfare, in 1939 or after Dunkirk. Given British history, it would have been politically unacceptable except under actual invasion. As far as the fate of the Jews was concerned, mass migration could well have been financed, with possible return when the Nazi regime eventually ran its course. In a similar situation involving much smaller numbers, a persecuted Russian pacifist religious sect, the Dukhobors, financed by Tolstoy, successfully moved to Canada.<sup>13</sup>

The real solution to war will come when, as Herman Wouk says, in the Preface to 'War and Remembrance', "the human spirit will prove equal to the long heavy task of ending war" or, as I would say, when enough people simply refuse to participate.

So war continued, the US entered it, it moved through North Africa, Italy, Greece, Russia, France and finally in Germany itself. From the air Berlin, Hamburg, Dresden, London and Coventry were bombed, flattened, and burnt in the ensuing conflagrations. For this, responsibility must be shared. Noam Chomsky, in 'Failed States' (2006; p.84) quotes War Crimes Prosecutor Telford Taylor "Since both sides had played the terrible game of urban destruction, there was no basis for criminal charges against Germans or Japanese." Millions died and the resultant animosities led to the Cold War.

## 6 Living in the shadow of Hiroshima and Nagasaki

The Pacific War was another imperialist war with racial and industrial overtones. British, French, Dutch, American and Chinese commercial interests, with the help of their military forces and subservient local collaborators had effective control of the basic ingredients of modern industry in South East Asia. This conflicted with the industrial revolution in an emergent Japan. In a similar situation today, the burgeoning industries of India and China have been able to tap the massive raw material output of, in particular, Australia, by existing trade systems. In the world of 1940, it meant war and it wasn't hard to find an excuse. Japan was the new boy on the block facing the retired burglars. Strife had already started with China, but the trigger for major war was the destruction of the US fleet at Pearl Harbour by Japanese planes. It was a brutal war on both sides; it involved prison camps, slave camps and torture. It was war on land, air and sea. It involved most of South East Asia, nearly all Pacific Island groups, and Australian, New Zealand American, and Japanese troops. There was a considerable element of racism in the actions of some troops on both sides. It ended with the fire-bombing of Tokyo and the dropping of atomic bombs on Hiroshima and Nagasaki. The world has lived in the shadow of the bomb ever since.

Arguments persist as to whether the bombs were necessary to end the war. Most historians now acknowledge that the real purpose was to stall any Russian advance to the east. As Harry Truman said, "to have a hammer on those boys." (Wilson, p.56)

In a book review by Bob Rigg in the *New Zealand Listener* (26 November 2011, p.38) it was stated, "the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki was, among other things, a cold-blooded experiment in the use of nuclear weapons involving hundreds of thousands of live subjects."

One result of World War II was the ANZUS Pact with Australia, New Zealand and the United States promising to act together to prevent any resurgence of power in the Pacific by Japan or any other single country. It was obvious who called the shots. Visits by US nuclear-powered and armed vessels formed a major focus for the New Zealand peace movement. This led to a countrywide anti-nuclear campaign, which ended with the passing of the New Zealand Nuclear-free legislation in 1987 – contrary to the wishes of the US abetted by a subservient Australia.

Under US pressure, a more formal organisation was also later set up, mainly to counter real and supposed Chinese and Communist influence. This was SEATO – South East Asia Treaty Organisation – combining Britain, France, Australia, New Zealand, Thailand, the Philippines and Pakistan.

The document signed by the Japanese at the end of World War II is worth repeating.

"Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right

of the nation and the threat or use of force as a method of settling international disputes.

In order to achieve the aim of the preceding paragraph, land, sea, and air forces as well as all other war potential will never be maintained.

The right of belligerency of the state will not be recognised."<sup>14</sup>

Well said! How about passing it around for signature at the next UN meeting?  
Hope springs eternal, pigs might fly ...

Sadly, subsequent Japanese governments increasingly reneged on the declaration to the point where the Japanese Defence Force is militarily second only to the US in North East Asia.

## 7 The Cold War

The peace treaties that ended World War II, despite all the fine words and promises, did not bring peace. They led to a nuclear and conventional arms race between the two main ideologies as represented by the Communist Soviet Union and Capitalist USA and their respective sidekicks. They led to mini-wars sparked by wartime animosities, to millions more dying in Greece, Africa, the Balkans, Central America, and the Far East. They led to homeless uprooted people living in squalid refugee camps in Malaya, Korea and Vietnam; they led to wars like that in Iraq and Afghanistan which persist to this day. Today's headlines featuring Iran and Israel show that the shadow of nuclear war still hangs over humanity.

I'm not going to try to cover the Cold War. It's too complicated. Read Derek Wilson's massive tome "Five Holocausts" (2001). If you believe in prayer, pray for peace otherwise, just spread love around you. Derek quotes USA diplomat George Kennan's words in 1981. They are still relevant. He was addressing the decision-makers of the two super powers at the time but it is equally relevant to whoever is in that situation now.

"For the love of God, of your children and of the civilisation to which you belong, cease this madness. You have a duty not just to the generation of the present – you have a duty to civilisations past, which you threaten to render meaningless, and to its future, which you threaten to render non-existent. You are mortal men – you are capable of error, you have no right to hold in your hands – there is no one strong enough to hold in his hands – destructive power sufficient to put an end to civilised life on a great portion of our planet. No one should wish to hold such power. Thrust it from you. The risks you might assume are not greater – could not be greater – than those you are now incurring for all of us." (2001; p. 59)

## 8 Listening to a different drum

Along with some 800 other men of military age, I spent nearly all the wartime years behind barbed wire in two of what were correctly called Military Defaulters Detention Camps. If you don't want to know how this came about, skip the next few pages.

Start with a loving home, an iconoclastic father and a mother who abhorred violence. Add an unfortunate experience with Cadets at Waimate High School, which, I hasten to add, was an excellent school in every other aspect and gave me a lifelong love of literature, history, geography and cricket. Add the context of the 1930's, living with headlines of wars in Spain, Abyssinia and China. Add going to Teachers' Training College and University part-time where, apart from basic classes, there was a plethora of special interest groups.

First, some young Christians approached me. They were out of luck but there were some interesting discussions and I learnt that there was a Christian Pacifist Society though they weren't part of it. The Left Book Club meetings told me of the horror of the Spanish Civil War but while they seemed to be on the correct left side, they thought we should add to the mayhem. More to my taste was the No More War movement, a well-established anti-war group led by the elderly Charles Mackie and the charismatic Lincoln Efford, a WEA (Workers' Educational Association) lecturer. Also at that time, inspired by Kathleen and Thurlow Thompson, a branch of the British Peace Pledge Union (PPU) was formed. The simplicity of the pledge rang bells with me and, disregarding Dad's advice never to sign commitments, I put my name to "I renounce war and I will never support or sanction another." It was simple, it was exactly what I believed, and it met the needs of all pacifist groups whether they based their stand on religious or humanistic beliefs. The PPU gained a strong following in Christchurch, in the business community, among churchmen and women, in education and in the arts. They held public meetings and were well reported in the papers.

However, when war was declared, and later conscription introduced, it was the young people under the banner of the No More War movement led by Lincoln Efford, who provided the grass roots action. 'Activists' is what we would call them now. Names I recall are Bob Gormack, Colin Curtis, Ron Scarlet, John Morrison, John Summers, Connie Jones and Muriel Ockenden. Michael Young, a very active campaigner, joined this group after I had moved to Southland.

We held stalls at public events like the annual Canterbury A&P Show, arranged to speak to groups prepared to listen and took turns speaking from a soapbox every Friday evening in Victoria Square. Some operated a printing press known as the Co-operative Press in the No More War rooms in Chancery Lane while others delivered the results to letterboxes in the suburbs every Saturday night. This made for fairly busy weekends for me as, by then, I had a temporary teaching position at Oxford District High School. When school ended on Friday I set off for Christchurch on my bicycle, speed

depending on the vagaries of the nor' wester. The procedure was repeated in reverse on Sunday evening. Only the direction changed when I got another temporary posting, to Awaroa sole charge school in the Rakaia area. In November, success at last, my first permanent position, sole teacher, Kapuka South, Southland.

When conscription was introduced, provision was made for exemption on grounds of undue hardship, public interest, and conscientious objection (CO). Tribunals were set up to judge appellants. Some peace people didn't appeal arguing that conscience couldn't be judged. Most of us felt that it was a chance to air our views and if successful, to continue useful work.

Few on the tribunals had any background that would help them understand the views of conscientious objectors. It was noticeable that nearly all who had objected publicly had appeals disallowed. Some tribunal members showed their bias by insulting distinguished witnesses. The usually conservative paper *The Press* wrote of appeal boards "Occasionally their attitude is hectoring, not to say insulting. This is not the impartial attitude expected by the law of appeal board members and is therefore incompatible with their functions." (Grant, 1986; p.132)

Some 30 per cent of CO appeals were allowed in Canterbury compared to an average 10 per cent elsewhere. The higher number of appeals allowed in Canterbury can be taken as a reflection of the respect for the peace movement in Canterbury and the help given to appellants by peace group leaders. The figures also show that according to the Appeal Boards the great majority of appellants did not have a genuine objection to war but were simply trying to avoid military service. To those who knew those concerned, this was arrant nonsense. My own appeal had not been heard when I left Canterbury and it hit the headlines in a much less understanding atmosphere in Southland.

## 9 Cold comfort country

First impressions of Southland were good. I was able to board at the home of the Chairman of the School Committee. He was a retired railway man whose retirement project was running, with the help of his wife and a daughter, a small dairy farm on the edge of a huge swamp known as 'The Moss'. The small school was well equipped and my efforts in educating the eight pupils seemed reasonably successful. Furthermore, I was welcomed into the ranks of the Railway-Appleby Cricket Club in Invercargill. Cycling there and playing filled in my Saturdays, and Sundays were devoted to lesson plans for the following week.

A few months later I received notice that my appeal had been transferred to the Southland Appeal Board and a date set for its hearing. On that day the pupils got an unexpected holiday. I got on my bicycle, rode the 20 miles to Invercargill, found the Magistrate's Court and listened to some argument between neighbours. Then the Magistrate left the seat of power and the two-man Appeal Board and a Crown representative took over. I was called up, proved I was myself, and faced a barrage of questions. They seemed very concerned as to how I would save my pupils when the Japanese came through The Moss. They were also concerned about the welfare of my grandmother and accused me of being a Communist – this because I suggested that some rational way of dividing the world's wealth would be a good idea to stop war. It took them about two minutes to decide that my appeal was cooked up to save my cowardly skin and they gave me the thumbs down. I remounted my trusty cycle; another 20 miles and life went on. The case was well reported in the Southland Times.

Reaction was swift and unfavourable. The Education Board asked me to show reasons why I should not be dismissed and regretted that they did not yet have the power to do it. A spokesman for the Returned Servicemen's Association (RSA)<sup>15</sup> was concerned that the education system, particularly in Southland, was riddled with pacifists and communists. Actually, there was one other teaching at nearby Progress Valley. He became a good friend later. One pupil came with a note asking me to give him his books and he would be home educated to save him from contamination. Other parents decided to take the risk. My old great aunt in Invercargill said not to darken her door. The next Saturday when I cycled in to play cricket I was met by a very embarrassed Club Secretary who said he was sorry but I was 'surplus to requirements'. It appeared that the Club management, not the players, made the decision. The players' representative on the committee had opposed the motion. "What would happen if everyone was like that bloody coward?" queried the Chair. "There wouldn't be any bloody war," was the excellent reply.

As the usual cup of tea wasn't available at great aunt's, it was an early ride back to the swamp, where at least my landlord, a veteran of union strikes, was sympathetic.

Next item in my saga was a letter from the New Zealand Army requesting me to undergo a medical examination. I replied that as I wasn't joining their army, it was pointless. A week or so later, a 'bluey' came asking me to appear at the Magistrate's Court in a fortnight's time.<sup>16</sup>

So, another unscheduled holiday, and a much briefer appearance at court. I agreed that I was guilty. Mr Abernethy, the magistrate, said that he regarded me as a "sincere but misguided young man" and by passed his chance to give me a preliminary three months in gaol. He also neglected to mention the other option which some magistrates gave – to join the Medical Corps. While I respect the sincerity of the few who took that option, I certainly would not have taken it. It meant swearing allegiance to an organisation which, to a large extent, depended on the taking of human life for its success.

I was sentenced to a Defaulters' Detention Camp "probably for the duration of the War".

"Take him away!" Actually, they didn't say that then. A week later I delivered myself to the Invercargill lock-up and Kapuka South Academy closed for 1941 a week early.

## 10 Guest of the Government

In spite of the projected crime wave of Communist teachers, I was the only guest and got the royal treatment. The Senior Sergeant was absent for unknown reasons and the three young Constables consulted my wishes when ordering meals from the nearest chippery and took turns beating me at table tennis. Apparently, the delay was because I was their first CO and the correct rules of procedure hadn't arrived. Anyway, on the third day a spare Constable was found to escort me to Strathmore Military Defaulters' Detention Camp near Reparoa on the volcanic plateau in the North Island.

The highlight of my trip north was a day spent at the Wellington Police Station cells waiting for the overnight express train, accompanied by a very drunk Wellingtonian who objected strongly to having to share his accommodation with a "yellow bastard". Then a sleepless train journey, a move to the Rotorua train at Frankton Junction. My escort wished me luck, which he thought I might need, as he handed me over to the Rotorua Constabulary, who put me in a cell with a fellow CO, one Frank Mills, to await the Detention Camp truck. This arrived a couple of hours later, the uncommunicative driver told us to get in the back, with sacks of potatoes and a very sick dog. With that and a coating of pumice dust we finally arrived at the barbed wire festooned main gate, were inducted as inmates and had our civvies removed and replaced. Contrary to expectations, there were no broad arrows on the camp gear.

Frank and I were assigned to hut 78. We tossed a coin for the privilege of the top bunk, and were hut-mates for nearly two years until I was moved to another camp. It was a fortunate pairing, both of equable temperament and similar tastes. The difference between Frank's Methodist beliefs and my agnosticism caused no problems. The Christian Pacifist movement was particularly strong in the North Island; they had a strong common bond fostered by frequent meetings - Frank benefited from this. An old 'conch' mate was in charge of a dairy herd and persuaded the farm manager that another cowman was required and Frank, who didn't know one end of a cow from the other - was the man. The job was much sought after for the relative freedom involved. This nepotism worked and Frank got a crash course in cow-spanking.

My new career as a scrub cutter started next morning at eight after wake-up call at six, compulsory cold shower and porridge.

The inmates could be categorised on the basis of religious belief - or lack thereof. The first and largest group was the religious fundamentalists, the main ones being Christian Assembly (CA's) and Jehovah's Witnesses (Jaydubs) with a few Apostolic and Brethren. I don't know if Catholics should go here. They were, to my view, more like the second large group, the Christian Pacifists who were mainly Methodists, with some Presbyterians, Anglicans, Baptists, Church of Christ, one Quaker and a few who had various home-made options, and finally, the 'Hoons', those who did not profess any particular religious beliefs and had ethical and humanitarian objections to war.

While religion-based differences of opinion were frequently argued, the various groups worked together in harmony. The main work was generally useless – cutting scrub which had already had a once-over at Strathmore and Hautu, weeding around flax at Paiaka and Whitanui which killed more flax than it helped. It was arduous work but it wasn't difficult to set one's own pace. A few refused to work, arguing that we were co-operating with our own unjust punishment. Such men were sent to Hautu Camp, which became 'the bad boys' camp' and had a special punishment facility. At one stage a quite unenforceable rule was brought in; the camp rules and our general situation were not to be discussed. The Methodist group openly defied this and most were sent to Hautu.

There were several main issues which concerned the inmates and their supporters on the outer. First, the camps themselves, a form of concentration camp beyond the law which could be used to remove any dissident groups; second, the indeterminate sentence; third, the lack of any appellant tribunal; fourth, the lack of any help for wives and children (they could get 10 pence a day of the inmates one and threepence); fifth, the useless work. As far as the useless work is concerned, at a later stage, a few trusted inmates with the necessary skills worked on the development of dairying land and buildings in the central North Island and there was useful forestry work at Balmoral Camp in North Canterbury.

Persistent non-co-operators were sent to prisons such as Rangipo, Waikune and Mt Eden where their treatment verged on the sadistic. See my book 'Bread and Water' for details. Long periods on bread and water were common, bedding was quite inadequate and reading matter was confined to the Bible and the Journal of Agriculture.

The general treatment of the main body of inmates was often thoughtless but seldom inhuman. Occasionally a 'screw' would show his feelings – like the fellow on night check who would open the hut door and slam it hard and waken the sleeping inmates.<sup>18</sup> On the other hand, there was the one who brought back real coffee when he went on leave and gave it to his work gang at lunchtime.

The best part of it all was the special friendships, the camaraderie, the getting to know and understand different points of view and ways of life. The worst part – well there were some who could not bear incarceration, just being behind the wire, the worry about loved ones, the break-ups of marital life and the end of careers, the break with family. Some in these circumstances would become 'wire-happy', just go through the motions, lose any *joie de vivre*, no matter what the rest of us could do to help.

I've long held a fairly negative view of religious fundamentalists, the rigidity of their views, the way they turn up to discuss the state of one's soul at morning tea time and, for American fundamentalists, their emphasis on patriotism and military might and their influence on US foreign policy. However, the ones in

camp were there because they wouldn't fight, and I learnt a new appreciation of their humanity.

For instance, there was Hughie, a 'Jaydub' with a broad smile and an appalling stutter. He had the end hut at Paiaka. He was the first up in the morning, draped a towel around himself and walked down the row calling everyone by name and saying "Top of the morning", but with his stutter he was well past before it came out. It just made the day!

In the hut next to me at Paiaka was John, a CA older than most with a slow smile and deliberate speech. Every week or so, he would receive from his wife or mother a parcel of homemade cookies. Most chaps, including myself, in these circumstances would invite one or two special mates into the hut after work and eat the lot. John would put his largesse on a box outside his hut and say, "Help yourselves". And I lived next door!

It's my belief that this sort of behaviour does not necessarily come from religious belief – it comes from common humanity.

I'll now try to show this with brief pen portraits of some Hoons.

Take Beau for example. He professed no religion, he happily confessed to being a bit of a con man, a wheeler-dealer, in civvy life. His job in camp was as a sort of odd job man, doing minor repairs, keeping the campus tidy. Unmasked, he made little gardens around the huts. One day when the whitebait were running, he made a net out of an old singlet and some willow sticks, sneaked over the stop bank to the Manawatu and caught enough whitebait to feed the camp.

Johnnie was another older chap with a well-worn visage and the scars of an adventurous life. He'd been a sort of modern beachcomber, a Somerset Maugham sort of character who persuaded a rickety old boat around the Islands with "general cargo". At some stage he formed a liaison with a Kiwi lass and they tried the domestic life in Auckland. He said she was a Sunday School teacher but that may have been for the benefit of his audience. Then the constabulary arrived and told him that he was eligible for military service. He told them where to go, which wasn't polite or possible. There were tricky citizenship issues, they didn't know what to do with him, and in desperation sent him to join us.

I'm getting to the point. One day a couple of 'conch' saw red carp swimming in a pool left by the latest flood. They put a couple in the tea billy, took them to camp and put them in an old tank, thinking that we'd enjoy watching them swimming around.

Well Johnnie was furious, pointed out, using unrepeatable Polynesian expletives, that they deserved to be locked up if they thought it was OK for others, and tenderly returned the carp to their watery home.

Two more Hoons. Most days at Strathmore after the evening meal, at least half a dozen inmates, not always the same ones, would gather at John and Harry's hut. Somehow these two had gathered a collection of the best of modern literature – such as Steinbeck's 'Grapes of Wrath', which I still regard as a really great book for the beauty of the language and the underlying message. Inevitably, discussions would ensue not only on literature but would lead to philosophy, economics, and of course our situation and war. I think these discussions did much for the sanity of those involved. It was no surprise in later years to find that John was Professor of Sociology at Victoria University of Wellington. Harry also started an academic career but I was saddened to hear that he died in a mountaineering accident.

## 11 Beyond the wire

Eventually the arguments of our supporters changed enough minds, a more open-minded tribunal was set up, most inmates re-appealed successfully and were released about the end of 1945. The last few still in camps and gaols for various reasons were freed some six months later. It wasn't absolute freedom; we were under Manpower office direction for work which, in my case, led to shovelling super-phosphate at Kempthorne Prosser's chemical factory in Hornby, near Christchurch. This job I swapped for one in an orchard at Horatane, a valley on the fringe of the Port Hills. A year or so later, for a position in a private school in Hamilton as CO teachers were still banned from public schools. After a couple of years there, I discovered that the ban had been lifted.

Several applications were simply ignored; then I got a letter of appointment from the Wanganui Education Board as sole secondary teacher at a small central North Island District High School. This letter was closely followed by one from the Board saying that they had been informed by the School Committee that if I turned up in their village my exit would be faster than my arrival. It was the darkest hour before the dawn. Another letter, from that pillar of conservatism, Nelson College, gave me a six-month relieving position. From there, without boring you with details, it was onwards and sometimes upwards.

While working in Christchurch, I was able to board with the Thompsons and get re-involved with the peace groups there. Lincoln Efford was organising a post-War conference of "peace people" and I was able to help contact the ex camp inmates. The conference, which attracted virtually all the leaders of the peace movement, was regarded as a great success but, sadly, the enthusiasm generated didn't last, much to Lincoln's disappointment. The ex-inmates and outside activists' main aim, like that of soldiers, was to get back to normal life. I felt the same way, obtained a permanent position at Martinborough District High School, staying there for nine years. I became immersed in local sport, got married, involved in village life and chased after the growing family. Apart from financial support, I forgot the peace movement, and climbed the appointment ladder.

## 12 Deadly dominoes

My dormant conscience was rudely awakened in 1970. We were returning through Auckland with car and caravan from a Northland holiday and stopped at a park to have a cup of tea and let the children run around. Suddenly we were surrounded by police, questioned about our reasons for being there and told, no reasons given, to move on. We found later that we were on the projected route of a cavalcade celebrating the arrival of a particularly uninspiring US Vice President, one Spiro Agnew, and that was all to do with our country's support, or otherwise, of the Vietnam War.

The US administration and their right-wing supporters in New Zealand and elsewhere feared that the Communist forces moving south would take over North and South Vietnam, Laos, Cambodia and Malaysia all falling one after another like dominoes. Actually, the native forces in these countries were nationalist rather than Communist. The actions of some US forces, such as those in the village of My Lai led to widespread condemnation, as did the use of pesticides.<sup>19</sup>

According to Derek Wilson in 'Five Holocausts' (2001), it has been estimated that some 620,000 Vietnamese were killed or injured by toxic chemicals, mainly Agent Orange, and that it contributed to birth defects in 500,000 children. Post-traumatic stress disorder (PTSD) was common among all who experienced combat, and physical and mental defects were common among all who had contact with Agent Orange, the main toxic chemical used.

Psychiatric disorders were not peculiar to just Vietnam. It has been estimated that more than 10,000 New Zealand World War II veterans experienced such disorders. (Parr, 1975)

This excerpt from Wilfred Owen's poem 'Mental Cases' gives the picture from World War I.

### *Mental Cases*

Therefore still their eyeballs shrink tormented  
Back into their brains, because on their sense  
Sunlight seems a blood-smear; night comes blood-black,  
Dawn breaks open like a wound that bleeds afresh –  
Thus their heads wear this hilarious, hideous,  
Awful falseness of set-smiling corpses.  
- Thus their hands are plucking at each other;

Picking at the rope-knouts of their scourging;  
Snatching after us who smote them, brother,  
Pawing us who dealt them war and madness.

The trigger for the Vietnam War was the false claim that US gunboats were attacked in the Gulf of Tonkin. The war ended with the last US troops being

helicoptered out of Saigon. Although a small contingent of New Zealand troops was sent by the Holyoake administration, the war was strongly opposed in New Zealand and led to protracted campaigns against visits by US navy vessels and the wider nuclear-free campaign. The period is well covered in Elsie Locke's 'Peace People'. She quotes the American Friends Service Committee: "Every day sees the armed forces of the world's most powerful nation raining bombs and chemicals and napalm on the rice fields and bamboo huts of one of the poorest and most defenceless countries. As long as this continues, millions must wonder whether the Americans have indeed become the new barbarians." (1992; p. 222)

James K Baxter, in his poem 'A Death Song for Mr. Muldybroke' (2001) put the issue succinctly:

"Frying 50 kids a day to keep the Reds away  
Is a bloody sight worse than being Red."

While this war, and later conflicts like the Gulf Wars and the so-called 'War on Terror' and subsequent invasions in Iraq and Afghanistan were consistently opposed by minor churches like the Quakers and Mennonites, most US Christians in major churches and the followers of popular evangelists, were strong supporters of their country's military action. An outsider could well wonder whether their God was Mars or Mammon or both.

### 13 Nuclear-free and guilt-free

When I retired to a peaceful valley near Nelson in 1978, activated by guilt and the example of old comrades like Bernard Wells, I tried to make up for lost peace time, became Secretary of the Nelson Peace Group and the Nelson/Motueka/Golden Bay/Marlborough representative on the new co-ordinating group Peace Movement Aotearoa (PMA). The latter involved four national meetings a year at different venues and reporting back to the constituent groups. This set-up was similar to what Lincoln Efford had hoped for after World War II. Our local group became heavily involved in the nuclear-free campaign brought to Nelson and elsewhere by Larry Ross. This meant fronting up to councils, door-to-door canvassing, writing and distributing pamphlets, publicity campaigns, concerts, talks to schools, and to any groups that would listen. It also involved 'Peace Squadron' protests against American vessels in Nelson Harbour.<sup>20</sup> The campaign was remarkably successful. A survey conducted by the local Nelson peace group in 1983 showed over 70 per cent of Nelson City people wished to be nuclear-free. In conjunction with similar groups and, of course, the parliamentarians, this led to New Zealand's 1987 nuclear-free legislation. I think the atmosphere generated also led to the massive protests against the Iraq war. I don't know if anyone counted heads but it could well have been the most protested war in history. Thanks to Labour Prime Minister Helen Clark, our forces didn't participate; for the peace movement, a sort of victory.

Regardless of our absence, the war went on, the US forces and their allies "won", a statue of Saddam was toppled, his supposed weapons of mass destruction proved illusory. The West still got its oil, the infrastructure of a modern city was ruined, and thousands of children died from malnutrition and disease, the disruption of normal life exacerbated internal and religious differences that persist to this day. Under the new name of 'War on Terror' the American forces and their allies move to Afghanistan to continue their lethal activity.

As a sad postscript to this chapter, I note that New Zealand's nuclear-free status is endangered by the resumption of "exercises" by our navy in conjunction with US warships.

## 14 A Rose by Any Other Name

It's the 'war on terror', it's 'Operation Enduring Freedom', it's war in Afghanistan, it's good against evil. John Berger, who wrote the Foreword to Arundhati Roy's 'The Algebra of Infinite Justice', considered these titles. I quote "Today the Operation, by which the most powerful country in the world is bombing the rubble of one of the poorest into even smaller dust, was first named 'infinite justice', a meaningless term which has nothing to do with legal procedures. Somebody in the Pentagon must have had doubts, since the name was changed. The same blind operation of vengeance is now called 'Enduring Freedom'. Enduring refers to the capacity to last, but equally it means suffering, perhaps surviving, an ordeal...In a monstrous manner, enduring freedom describes exactly what the Afghan population are now suffering. They (who are in the Last World) are now 'enduring', what the White House and the Pentagon call 'freedom'."

It all began when terrorists hijacked four planes and flew two of them and their passengers into the World Trade Centre with terrific loss of life. The whole plan was linked to an obscure terrorist organisation called al-Qaeda and its leader Osama bin Laden who was supposedly living in Afghanistan with considerable local support. This led to attacks on that country by the US and its allies.

American writer Noam Chomsky has no doubt about who was masterminding the so-called 'war'. Here's what he wrote in 'Hegemony or Survival' (2003; p. 201), quoting the former Director of Human Rights Watch Africa addressing the International Council on human rights policy in Geneva in January 2002. "I am unable to appreciate any moral, political or legal difference between the jihad by the United States against those it deems to be its enemies and the jihad by Islamic groups against those they deem to be their enemies."<sup>21</sup>

A relatively new feature of the Afghan war was the American use of drones, pilot-less aircraft with lethal cargo directed from bases far from the strife. Read Nicky Hagar's book 'Other People's Wars' and you will get some idea of the use of these unmanned weapons of war. Here is one example: "After a Predator drone strike, a damage assessment patrol reported 'Blood trail and part of a head found..., several bodies, one enemy wounded...based on blood trails moving north, 15-20 Turkish fighters believed to be killed or injured. ... Predator missions were directed from a base in the Nevada desert.'" (2011; p.311) Does this sort of military action come cheap? Hagar reports that by March 2011 the US military had spent an astronomical US\$993.5 billion directly on Afghan and Iraq wars, with the over-all cost of the 'War on Terror' estimated at over US\$3,000 billion.

If you want to be really up-to-date with what our military are doing in Afghanistan and who is pulling their strings, read the rest of Nicky Hagar's 'Other People's Wars' (2011). Don't be put off by Prime Minister Key's dismissive remarks. Nicky is one of the world's foremost investigative journalists in spite of, or perhaps because of, his guileless appearance.

Author Roy writing in 'The Algebra of Infinite Justice' (2002; p. 210) also has no doubt about where the blame lies. I quote, "What is Osama bin Laden? He has been sculpted from the spare rib of a world laid to waste by American's foreign policy, its gunboat diplomacy, its nuclear arsenal, its vulgarly stated policy of 'full spectrum dominance', its chilling disregard for non-American lives, its inhuman military interventions. Its support for despotic and dictatorial regimes, its merciless economic agenda that has munched through the economies of poor countries like a cloud of locusts. Its marauding internationals are taking over the air we breathe, the ground we stand on, the water we drink, the thoughts we think."

## 15 Parihaka and paper clips

For the world's dispossessed, those living in slums and ghettos, the world's cellar dwellers, the militarily and economically weak, there's only one way out. If they take up arms against a sea of troubles, they will get trouble. The way out is themselves, their own unified voice and action, the power of people, civil disobedience, non-violent resistance, social defence.

Progress. It can start from the power of one. It can be like the action of Rosa Parks. The African American woman who, in 1955, refused to give up her seat on a bus for a white woman in Montgomery, Alabama.<sup>22</sup> It can be like the humble German shipping clerk Georg Duckwitz who saw the deportation order for Danish Jews, passed the message on, the fishing fleet was organised and most Danish Jews escaped to neutral Sweden. The story of Duckwitz may be read in detail in the Google series 'Stories to bear witness to go' and is called 'One of the great untold stories of World War II'. It can be one speech that lights the flame to the tip of the candle. "I have a dream," were the first words of a speech by Martin Luther King Jr at the Lincoln Memorial in 1968, the dream being that his four children would be judged not by the colour of their skin but by the force of their character.<sup>23</sup> It's love in action. It's as old as history. It can be just a word like "ahimsa" (avoidance of violence) or "satyagraha" (force of truth) that encapsulates life-giving beliefs. It can be just a symbol that means more than a thousand words, like the one adopted by Campaign for Nuclear Disarmament (CND) to warn of nuclear radiation and now universally accepted as a peace sign.<sup>24</sup>

Non-violent action has seldom come from a long-term plan. It has usually been unscheduled reaction borne of love of humanity. "Make love, not war," was one of the hippies' catch cries. They may have had long hair and a shortage of soap, but they were right.

To be successful, non-violent action demands discipline, not the enforced military type but the sort that comes from personal commitment. Once its devotees hit or shoot back, they are playing the opponents' game; they give a long-sought excuse for violence. When rockets are fired at Israel from Gaza, the Palestinian cause loses a little of the World's sympathy and gives the powerful Israeli military another excuse. A similar on-going situation is playing out now in Syria.

In the wider Arab world, men and women demanding greater freedom are filling the streets and town squares. It is, and should remain, a non-violent revolution.

One of the world's great stories of non-violent resistance has only recently become widely known. It was at the time of the main incursions by pakeha settlers into Maori land in the 1870's and 1880's. In Taranaki was the prosperous co-operative village and surrounding land of Parihaka. Surveyors mapped the land for pakeha settlement. Survey pegs were quietly removed. Tensions rose, local pakeha joined with British soldiers decided to take over and attacked. They were met by singing, laughing children and unarmed

adults.<sup>25</sup> New Zealand poet Jessie MacKay (2005) described the scene in his poem 'The Charge at Parihaka':

Gleamed all their muskets bare,  
Frightening the children there,  
Heroes to do and dare,  
Charging a village, while  
Maoridom wondered.  
Plunged into potato fields,  
Honour to hunger yields.  
Te Whiti and Tohu  
Bearing not swords or shields, questioned nor wondered,  
Calmly before them sat,  
Faced the Twelve Hundred.

The Parihaka gardens were ruined. Male Maori adults were gaoled, sentenced to hard labour and served their time far from home in Lyttelton, Dunedin and Hokitika.

What was particularly notable was the overall discipline, the dignified behaviour of the Maori compared to the actions of militia and soldiery and the leadership of the chiefs Te Whiti and Tohu Kakahi.

Te Whiti is recorded as saying to his people, "Cease strife, he who would live by the sword will die by the sword." He also said, "Glory to God in the highest; on earth, peace, good will towards men." (Locke, 1992; pp. 20-21)

At public celebrations Maori are often commended for their prowess in war. The above story gives a more pacifist view and it's not the only one. In World War I Waikato Maori resisted conscription. "Their leader Te Puea Herangi had attained friendly relations with Government members and officials and she simply told the young men to decide for themselves whether to volunteer." (Locke, 1992; p. 116).

The power of non-violent action has been amply demonstrated in recent history. India is self-governing. The racist Boer-dominated regime no longer rules South Africa. The old Soviet satellite states govern themselves. African Americans have equal rights in the USA.

Scandinavian countries survived relatively unscathed by the Nazis in World War II. Sweden remained neutral. Denmark and Norway were invaded and reacted non-violently. They ignored petty rules instituted by the Nazis. A 27 July 2011 article in 'The Press' by Ben McIntyre reminded us how they did it in Norway. They acted as though the Nazis weren't there, they crossed roads, left shops to avoid them, didn't sit by them in buses, ostracised collaborators. A state-sponsored church service had a congregation of one. Most teachers signed a refusal to teach the Nazi-sponsored curriculum. Many were sent to special work camps in the far north. They still refused to collaborate. Most church ministers resigned. When national insignia were banned, students in

Oslo started wearing paper clips, a gesture of defiance that swept the country. The changes that the Nazis wished to institute were virtually nullified.

The Nazis understood violence and knew how to counter that. They didn't know how to react to non-violent action.

## 16 Dancing with daffodils

The poet Wordsworth was suffering from writer's block so took a well-earned holiday in the Lake District. While there, he couldn't resist knocking off a few lines; he was a bit of a 'Greenie' and watching daffodils in bloom dancing in the breeze really pushed his buttons.

For oft when on my couch I lie  
In vacant or in pensive mood,  
They flash upon the inward eye  
Which is the bliss of solitude,  
And then my heart with pleasure fills  
And dances with the daffodils.

Now that I spend my days lying on my couch and considering how my life has been spent, it's not daffodils that raise my spirits, it's hearing, and more often reading, about life-affirming words and actions, the sort of thing that might change the view of that little green man on the undiscovered planet. It might just be the smile of a baby in a pushchair seeing a balding old man with half a left ear in the mall at Papanui; it might be Mr Assad of Syria belatedly calling a cease-fire.

Instead of collecting stamps or beer can labels, I collect these heart-warming stories. It's cheaper than going to the doctor and publicising them might counter the doom and gloom stories. The following are some of my favourites:

### *Abou ben Adhem*<sup>26</sup>

After a hard day with the camels, Abou was asleep in his mud hut alongside the corral when he was awakened by a peculiar noise. "Must put out more of that rat poison", was his first thought. As his vision cleared, he saw an angel sitting on an up-turned camel-nut basket and writing in a book of Gold.

"Hi there mate," he said, being well acquainted with the supernatural. "What are you up to?"

"I'm making a list of those who love the Lord," was the reply.

"Am I on it?" queried Abou.

The angel took a quick look down the A's and said, "Sorry old chap, looks like you missed out."

Abou thought for a minute or so, then said, "Well, just write me as one who loves his fellow man."

There was a flash, a whiff of smoke tinged with garlic, and the angel was gone. Going to put the basket right way up, Abou saw that the angel had left a copy of the list and lo! Abou's name led all the rest.

### *And God created cricket*

Well at least author Simon Hughes said so, in some 450 pages. I have an open mind on the matter but have shared a fascination for the game ever since when, in 1933, I was promoted from baggage boy and bat-oiler to

number 10 batsman and occasional change bowler in the Waimate High School 1<sup>st</sup> (and only) XI.

While politically, using the present Christchurch post-earthquake jargon, I might be described as green, in matters of cricket I'm true blue. I froth at the mouth when a batsman who knows he's out refuses to walk and I absolutely detest sledging, not the use of the horse-drawn farm vehicle of my boyhood, but the now common custom of trying to upset the opposition by making rude and offensive remarks about their legitimacy, race, physical defects and their general hopelessness as cricketers. My sporting obsession is shared by many in all classes of society. Royalty don't play it, but it was well entrenched in the aristocracy. New Zealand Governor General Lord Cobham was a cricket fanatic. Lord Hawke presented New Zealand cricket with a trophy for minor provinces.

When W G Grace – though hardly a gentleman – died, World War I ceased for a day. C B Fry, England's pre-War captain, was one of the aristocracy in Hitler's pre-War social circle. A story, which might be apocryphal, claimed that Fry tried to explain to the Fuhrer the lbw law.<sup>27</sup> Hitler just couldn't get it, and in frustration ordered his troops into Poland, and thus cricket caused World War II.

### *The nothing people*

Some 30 years ago at Bhopal in India, in a factory owned by Union Carbide (now merged with Dow Chemicals) there was a leak of poisonous gas that killed some 25,000 people. The story was recalled recently in *The Sunday Star Times* which copied it from *The Guardian News of 2 March 2012*. It is a sad but inspiring story. I quote part of it.

"The 'nothing people' literally have nothing. Their efforts to obtain medical help and justice have been opposed and obstructed in every possible way. It's David against an army of Goliaths. The Bhopal survivors thrown back on their own resources, made the pleasant discovery that the slums were full of talent. Out of the poorest of communities came a flowering of science, art and political intelligence. They taught themselves medicine, environmental science, law and politics. They learned the art of forensic investigation and some of their detective work has the dramatic edge of a Le Carre thriller. Neglected by every authority that had a duty of care, they have practised kindness and compassion, opened two free award-winning clinics and brought healing to thousands.

This matter has come to the public arena because in spite of protests by the Indian government and others, Dow Chemicals have been made a sponsor to the 'greenest ever' London Olympics."

### *Desert music*

Another heart-warmer, this time from the pages of the *New Zealand Listener*, 25 February 2012. We have had in New Zealand for the Arts Festival, a band from Mali. They are Touaregs, a much-feared tribe from the fringes of the Sahara. Most of them have had military experience. They have all made the decision to lay down their arms, "in order to evoke our people's experience

through the peaceful method of music. We believe that sound and atmosphere are more powerful weapons than guns.”

### *The bamboo band*

I can't resist sharing this item from *The New Internationalist* from May 2012. “A Solomon Island band Nasirato have sent their debut album ‘Warato’o’ to the wider music world. It’s a vivacious polyrhythm-driven album with ensemble vocals led by William Aitakara. Their instruments are all made of bamboo. And what does ‘warato’o’ mean? – the little seed of goodness in everything!”

### *Music and porridge*

Being locked up is a very emotional experience. At Strathmore Detention Camp we had an inmate-organised concert about every six weeks. Practically everyone went, even the screws, and those inmates who thought that concerts were the devil’s work. When Noel, who had a fine tenor voice, sang ‘I’ll Walk Beside You’ there was hardly a dry eye in the hall. The concert wasn’t all serious. Two chaps are walking along a street. They see a notice “Chamber music”. One says to the other, “They get music out of anything nowadays, Bill.”

Anyway, the reason for this story coming into the dancing with daffodils category is that in the *Saturday* magazine from 17 March 2012, there was an article called ‘Unlocking the lyrics’. This tells how four Maori musicians, Warren Maxwell, Maisey Rika, Anika Moa and Rua Apherhama are going into gaols to monitor a group of inmates, teaching them how to write their own songs with often surprising results. This will be televised in the programme ‘Songs from the Inside’.

This programme should have all sorts of side effects – the self confidence of the inmates, the feeling of worth-whileness, the realisation by the outside world that the prisoners are not necessarily no-hopers, that there are people locked up who can make a contribution, a reminder that “there, but for the grace of God, go I”.

### *Words of wisdom*

Letters to the Editor usually cover small gripes about the Council, the Government, the behaviour of adolescents and the price of beer. Occasionally, one finds a letter in line with one’s deepest convictions, the things you haven’t been able to formulate yourself. One such is the following letter found in *The New Internationalist* (September 2011).

“We are against fascism, racism, homophobia, exploitation of the environment. What are we for? I believe such a vision exists. It is One-ness. One-ness means that our first loyalty is to our humanity, above any particular country, religion or ideology. One-ness recognises that we are part of nature and treat our environment with reverence and respect. One-ness operates too on a personal level so that we resolve our own issues into a healing wholeness. One-ness means we get the connections with the universe and

whatever may be beyond. Then we can consciously work for an ideal rather than just saying no to what we oppose.”

### *A temple of inspiration*

The idea of “one-ness” as outlined in the previous story is a key factor in a proposal I found in *The Press* supplement from 31 May 2012. The writer, Mark Henderson, a member of the Bahai community, outlines a possible new Bahai house of worship, the construction of which would be of interest in the post-quake situation in Christchurch. However, it is the thinking it’s based on that interests me and shows a way forward for humanity.

“The purpose of a Bahai house of worship is to bring people of differing religions and races together without distinction; to provide a spiritual centre of convergence and reverence where people can come together in unity and harmony; a place where sacred writings from the different religions of the world can be found; and a sacred place where the one-ness of mankind, the one-ness of religion and the one-ness of God are celebrated.”

### *Swimming against the tide*

For most of my life I’ve been involved in the peace movement. For most of that time there has been the feeling of swimming against the tide, kicking against the pricks, telling myself “Say not the struggle naught availeth”.<sup>28</sup>

There was one moment above all when my heart with gladness filled. The Nelson Peace Group, originally known as the Nelson Action Committee for International Affairs, had beavered away delivering a peace message for years, facing public criticism. Numbers fluctuated, there was a time when for two consecutive meetings only three turned up and motions were passed improperly, without a quorum. There was a time we couldn’t pay the rent of a room and the kite shop owners let us meet there.

That’s where we met the night before a public meeting was called at the Cathedral steps to discuss our attitude to the 2003 war in Iraq. Some 37 people turned up and the kites were endangered. Next morning we met as planned in a space by the Post Office to march up Trafalgar Street to the Cathedral steps. We exchanged greetings and moved out onto the street. And lo! As Abou would have said, there was barely standing room and the air was filled, not with the sound of music, but with anti-war banners and placards. Nelson had spoken, on the side of the angels.

How did it happen? Well obviously, it wasn’t just the work of the Nelson peace Group, though for the long-term members who had borne the heat and burden, a sort of vindication. When a major issue, like the war in Iraq, arose it was not just the on-the-spot for and against arguments that mattered, there were also echoes from the past.

In Nelson, there were many who remembered the messages of the Christian Pacifist Society, the No More War Movement, Greenpeace, the Peace Pledge Union (PPU), the Women’s International League of Peace and Freedom (WILPF), the Foundation for Peace Studies, Peace Movement Aotearoa (PMA) and the public announcements of the doctors’ anti-nuclear organisation (IPPNW). The citywide anti-nuclear campaign was still fresh in people’s minds. Many church officials made strong anti-war statements. Three

ministers of different Protestant denominations were active peace people and there was no doubt of the attitude of Bahais and Quakers. Most Nelsonians know of the example of the economically viable peace-loving Riverside Community in Lower Moutere. It was originally set up by pacifists and was home to several men who had been in wartime detention. It now offers a home to any who subscribe to its peace philosophy. To complete the picture of nuclear-free Nelson, just over the Takaka Hill is what could well be the most active peace group in the country, the Golden Bay Peace Group. Let's not forget the printed word. Nelson newspapers gave good space to peace matters. Edited by Jim Consedine, the Catholic Worker magazine *The Common Good* got passed around. The Christian Pacifist magazine, *The Peacemaker* reached many homes. From Christchurch also came *Peace Researcher* edited by peace and justice veterans Murray Horton and Bob Leonard, assisted by the Young Turks Doug Craig and Warren Thompson. Older peace people remember *Peace News* and the PMA sponsored *Peacelink*. And for the faithful, there's always the Bible. Blessed are the peacemakers. And in case you're wondering, the score at the Cathedral steps was Peace 1; War nil.

#### *When the earth shook*

If there was a Richter scale of love and humanity, the actions of the great majority of Christchurch citizens, and of those who came here during and after the 2011 earthquakes would be a 10. The rescue efforts, the sharing of facilities, the commonality of care, the simple "one-ness", the practical expression of love, it was all here. Some of us may smoke cannabis, drink too much beer, enjoy a flutter at the Casino, curse the government, back the Crusaders, but when the earth shook violently common morality, a basic love of humanity came to the fore.

While I believe that we could well join Costa Rica and abolish all armed forces, the quake has shown the value of trained, disciplined teams of men and women. The dedicated work of Search and Rescue teams, police, soldiers and sailors, ambulance and hospital services, and Council workers in the immediate aftermath of the 22 February 2011 quake was remarkable. I believe there is a group of greenies going around making gardens in cleared areas of the city. Just another act of love.

#### *The spirit of the game*

As an ardent follower and ex-participant in the sport of cricket, I'm often saddened by the back-biting and denigration of others by a few of our top players. It was with pleasure that I read an article by Richard Boock in *The Sunday Star Times* (10 July 2011). His subject was Kumar Sangakara, Sri Lankan star batsman and Captain. Sangakara was chosen to give the annual Cowdrey lecture at Lords, the English cricket ground known as the home of cricket. It was more than just about the spirit of cricket; it was about the spirit of humanity. Sport, he said, overwhelmed terrorism and political strife, it had something that everyone felt dear in their hearts and helped normal people get through their lives.

In himself, Sangakara exemplified that spirit. "I am Tamil, Sri Lankan, Muslim and Burgher. I am Buddhist, a Hindu, a follower of Islam and Christianity. I am today and always proudly Sri Lankan." Well said that man!

### *Obama's creed*

"The only way my life makes sense is if regardless of culture, race, religion, tribe, there is this commonality, these essential human truths and passions and hopes and moral precepts that we can reach out beyond our differences. If that is not the case, then it is pretty hard for me to make sense of my life. So that is the core of who I am."

That was Barack Obama speaking in an interview with author David Marraniss and quoted in a *Time Magazine* article by Joe Klein (10 September 2012).

Is it too much to hope for the sake of world peace that Obama himself and the country over which he presides will put that philosophy into practice?

### *The voice of youth*

"Young people in England may not be facing the same struggle as Egyptians or children in the favelas<sup>29</sup>, but we do live in an unequal society that tells us that capitalism is the only way and fills our minds with dreams of material possessions we may never be in a position to acquire. Social protests by youth world-wide connect over unmet expectations and anger at exclusion or abuse from those in power. Let us educate ourselves, as young people with the weight of tomorrow, the joy of the future resting on our shoulders, about what is really happening in the world. Let us be inspired and motivated by the youth of the Global South. Let us open our eyes to a different vision that refuses to accept the economics of austerity and the politics of elitism."

This quote comes from an article by Jody McIntyre, p. 12 in *The New Internationalist* from October 2012.

In the same issue, an item about young rappers ends with the words, "Don't do it just to make money, you have to love what you do." (p. 38). Going by the remarks quoted in the first paragraph of Chapter 2, David Lange would have agreed.

### *Swing low, sweet chariot*

*Time Magazine* (16 April 2012) featured an article by John Meacham entitled 'Heaven Can't Wait – Why rethinking the hereafter could make the world a better place'.

I quote, "for me the scholarly redefinition of heaven as a manifestation of God's love on earth has been illuminating for it at once puts believers in closer proximity to the intent of the New Testament authors and should inspire the religious to open their arms more often than they point fingers. Heaven then becomes, for now, the reality one creates in the service of the poor, the sick the enslaved, the oppressed. It is not paradise in the sky but acts of selflessness and love that bring God's sacred space and grace to a broken world fused with tragedy until, in theological terms, the unknown hour when the world we struggle to piece together is made whole again. We can do worse than think in such terms."

Well I'm not sure I understand the theological bits, but it all seems to fit in with my belief that God is love and love will conquer all if we keep nudging it along. African Americans in the 19<sup>th</sup> century looked forward to a heavenly chariot sweeping them off from slavery to the glory of heaven. We must make Earth our heaven and, as an essential part of that, no more war.

### *Les Miserables*

I read *Time Magazine* for illumination of what's happening in the wider world of economics and politics. In the issue from 24 December 2012, I found inspiration – in the review of the movie based on Victor Hugo's 'Les Miserables'. It evokes the economic and social inequities of the 1860's – which has relevance today. For me, the inspirational part is the way Hugo and the reviewer have brought forward the beliefs and attitudes that can end the inequities and prejudices that lead to deprivation and war.

If, as I believe, God is a word for the greatest good, the message on the card that my mother put by my childhood bed, "God is Love", was right. Listen to the writers and the actors. Actress Kate Hathaway says, "Where I'm at now is that I love all religions that don't hurt anyone. The religion of this film is love." At the story's end, one of the main characters, Jean Valjean sings, "To love another person is to see the face of God." Musical Director Tom Hooper says, "What God means in practice is the act of compassion." Actor Hugh Jackman says, "What you say is immaterial. It's what you do that matters."

### *The Beloved Community*

As I have been copying these articles I have been looking for words to encapsulate the common ideal. I found "The Beloved Community", courtesy of 'Time' August – September 2013 and of John Lewis, a 1988 congressman from Atlanta. A philosophical ideal of a world that transcends racial, ethnic, economic and gender barriers and suffused by love."

### *The Way Ahead*

I thought that the previous vignette finished this book – then I found Arundhati Roy's 'Dream' in John Berger's Foreword to her book 'The Algebra of Infinite Justice' (2002; pp. xxiii). The dream encompasses and goes beyond the horrors of war; it's a way of life. Let it be ours!

"To love. To be loved. To never forget your own insignificance. To never get used to the unspeakable violence and vulgar display of life around you. To seek joy in the saddest places. To pursue beauty to its lair. To never simplify what is complicated or complicate what is simple. To respect strength, never power. To love all, to try and understand. To never look away. And never, never to forget."

## GLOSSARY

### Frontispiece

1 Quote from Martin Luther King Jr from his Nobel Prize winning acceptance speech in 1964. This quote is also inscribed on his memorial wall in Washington DC. *Time Magazine* 12 September 2011.

2 From the Foreword to 'War and Remembrance'.

### Chapter 1

3 Wartime deaths – Eldred-Grigg (2010) estimates 10 million service persons deaths on each side, not counting deaths in the following epidemic and 9 million civilian deaths, again not counting the epidemic. Zezima (2000) wrote "For me the difference between World War II and any other bloody conflict throughout history is scope, with a highest estimate of 50 million bodies scattered around the globe."

4 Nuclear weaponry - Wilson (2001), p. 59 gives the numbers of weapons deployed as 7,200 from the USA and 6,400 from the USSR. He also said that, "in 1995 the nuclear arsenals of the world held the equivalent of 10 billion tons of TNT or 1.8 tons of explosive force for every man, woman and child on earth."

Chomsky (2003), p. 233, after discussing the most recent developments in nuclear weaponry, decided that the danger had then reached the level of a threat to human survival

A recent article "Fission Impossible" in *Time* No. 14, 2013, is based on Eric Schlosser's book 'Command and Control'. I quote from it "Drawing on recently declassified documents, Schlosser shows us nuclear bombs being burnt, melted, sunk, blown apart, and smashed into the ground, often in populated areas. Sometimes people just plain drop them. These accidents weren't flukes, they were inevitable. In other words, we got lucky – so far!

5 'Dulce et decorum est' – poem by Wilfred Owen and also known as 'The Old Lie'.

6 'Tommies' – in World War I British Privates were collectively known as 'tommies'

7 Football over the parapet – see Fussell (1975), p. 27

### Chapter 2

8 Martin Luther King Jr was a leader of the struggle in the USA for civil rights for African Americans. The quotation here is part of the message carved on his memorial in Washington DC and was also quoted in *Time Magazine*, 12 September 2011.

### Chapter 3

9 SIPRI – the Stockholm International Peace Research Institute

10 Jean Jaures – assassinated French pacifist socialist and leader of the Socialist International organisation which was against World War I. See Sanders (2010), p. 134

#### Chapter 5

11 “Good war” – a term used by Zezima (2000) on page 7.

12 Ralph Summy – his book can be found in the publications of the Ghandi Peace Foundation, and was originally published by the University of Michigan.

13 The Dukhobors and Tolstoy – for more detail see Sanders (2010), page 96.

#### Chapter 6

14 The terms of the Peace Treaty that ended the war with Japan can be Googled under ‘Constitution and Government of Japan’, Article 9

#### Chapter 9

15 RSA – Returned Services Association – the primary organisation \* representing those who have served in the New Zealand military forces.

16 ‘Bluey’ – orders to attend a hearing of the Magistrate’s Court for some breach of the law were printed on blue paper.

#### Chapter 10

17 ‘Hoons’ – nowadays a term commonly used for young people who congregate to join in dangerous activities like driving fast cars at high speed down peaceful city streets. In detention camp the term was used to describe those who did not profess any particular religious beliefs and had ethical and humanitarian objections to war. Hoons could be a contraction of ‘humanitarian’.

18 ‘Screw’ – detention camp slang for a guard.

#### Chapter 12

19 My Lai – Locke (1992,) page 222, explains how US Army Lieutenant William Calley took his troop into the peaceful Vietnamese village of My Lai with orders to kill everyone including the old, infirm, women and children.

#### Chapter 13

20 The Peace Squadron – a flotilla of small boats first organised by the Rev George Armstrong in 1975 to take direct action against any nuclear armed or powered warships in New Zealand ports. The first actions were against the USS Long Beach and Truxtun. For further information read Newnham (1986).

#### Chapter 14

21 'Jihad' – a wide-spread crusade to promulgate or defend religious or political beliefs.

#### Chapter 15

22 Rosa Parkes – see Sanders (2010) pp. 215-216

23 Martin Luther King Jr – see Sanders (2010), pp. 212-229

24 The peace symbol – see Sanders (2010), p. 129. the symbol conceived by graphic artist Gerald Holtom was based on the semaphore signs for 'N' and 'D' (nuclear disarmament) simplified and placed in a circle.

25 The Story of Parihaka can be found in Scott, (2004), Chapter 18. Also in Sanders (2010), p. 81

#### Chapter 16

26 Abou ben Adhem – this story is based on a poem by Leigh Hunt found in Poetical works of Leigh Hunt, (1923)

27 The lbw (leg before wicket) law – in cricket, if a correctly bowled ball hits the batter or any part of their equipment, other than the bat, and in an Umpire's opinion would have gone on to hit the wicket, the batter is 'out lbw'.

28 From the poem by Arthur Clough.

30 Favelas – hillside areas in some South American cities with poor housing and living conditions.

## BIBLIOGRAPHY

Baxter, Archibald. *We Will Not Cease*. Christchurch: Caxton; 1968 (2<sup>nd</sup> ed.). (reprinted).

Baxter, James K. *New Selected Poems*. Auckland: Oxford University Press; 2001. \*\* Paul Millar Editor)

Barber, Laurie and Henshall, Ken. *the Last War of Empires: Japan and the Pacific war*. Auckland: David Bateman; 1999.

Boyes, John. *Best Loved Poems*. London: Arcturus Publishing Ltd; 2010.

Clough, Arthur. 'Say Not the Struggle Naught Availeth' in *Anthology of World Poetry*. Mark Van Doren (ed.). London, Castell and Company; 1929.

Corrigan, Gordon. *Blood, Sweat and Arrogance: and the myths of Churchill's war*. London: Weidenfeld & Nicolson; 2006.

Chomsky, Noam. *Failed States*. Crow's Nest, NSW: Allen & Unwin; 2006.

Chomsky, Noam. *Hegemony or Survival*. Crow's Nest, NSW: Allen & Unwin; 2003.

Chomsky, Noam. *What We Say Goes: conversations on US power in a changing world*. Crow's Nest, NSW: Allen & Unwin; 2007.

Eldred-Grigg, Stevan. *The Great Wrong War: New Zealand society in WWI*. Auckland: Random House; 2010.

Efford, Lincoln. *Penalties on Conscience*. Christchurch: Self-published; 1945

Foote, W. J. *The Decision*. Nelson: The Glen Press; 1983.

Foote, W. J. *Passing Bells: wars, non-violence & common morality*. Christchurch: The Glen Press; 2009.

Foote, W. J. *The Power of People: how Nelson province became nuclear free*. Nelson: Self-published; 1999.

Fussell, Paul. *The Great War and Modern Memory*. New York: Oxford University Press; 1975.

Grant, David. *Out in the Cold: pacifists and conscientious objectors in New Zealand during World War II*. Auckland: Reed Methuen; 1986.

Gregg, Richard. *The Power of Non-violence*. Wheaton & Co; 1960.

- Hager, Nicky. *Other People's Wars: New Zealand in Afghanistan, Iraq and the war on terror*. Nelson: Craig Potton Publishing; 2011.
- Hamilton, Jill. *Gallipoli to Gaza*. Australia: Simon & Schuster; 2003.
- Hedges, Christopher. *War Is A Force That Gives Us Meaning*. New York: Anchor Books; 2003.
- Hughes, Simon. *And God Created Cricket*. London: Doubleday; 2009.
- Hunt, Leigh. 'Abou ben Adhem' in *Poetical works of Leigh Hunt*. Oxford: Oxford University Press; 1923
- Keegan, John. *A History of Warfare*. London: Knopf Doubleday Publishing Group; 2012
- Kurlansky, Mark. *Non-violence: the History of a Dangerous Idea*. New York: Grossman; 2006
- Locke, Elsie. *Peace People: a history of peace activities in New Zealand*. Christchurch: Hazard Press; 1992.
- McGibbon, Ian. *New Zealand and the Second World War: the people, the battles and the legacy*. Auckland: Hodder, Moa Beckett; 2004.
- MacKay, Jessie. 'The Charge at Parihaka' in Bill Manhire (ed.) *121 New Zealand Poems*. Auckland: Godwit; 2005.
- Newbolt, Henry. 'Vitai Lampada' in *The Great War and Modern Memory*. New York: Oxford University Press; 1975.
- Newnham, Tom. *Peace Squadron: the sharp end of nuclear protest in New Zealand*. Auckland: Graphic Publications; 1986.
- Nicolaidi, Mike. *The Featherston Chronicles: a legacy of war*. Auckland: Harper Collins; 1999.
- Owen, Wilfred. 'Dulce et Decorum Est' in *Out in the Dark*. London: Chatto and Windus; 1994.
- Owen, Wilfred. 'Mental Cases' in *Out in the Dark*. London: Chatto and Windus; 1994.
- Parr, Alison. *Silent Casualties*. North Shore City: Tandem Press; 1975.
- Pugsley, Christopher. *Gallipoli: the New Zealand story*. Auckland: Hodder and Stoughton; 1984.
- Roy, Arundhati. *Power Politics*. Cambridge, Mass.: South End Press; 2001.

Roy, Arundhati. *The Algebra of Infinite Justice*. London: Flamingo/Harper Collins; 2002.

Sanders, Erin. *In the Name of Peace*. Millers Point, NSW: Pier 9, Murdoch Books Australia; 2010.

Scott, Dick. *A Radical Writer's Life*. Auckland: Reed Books; 2004.

Sharp, Gene. *The Politics of Non-violent Action*. Porter Sargent; 1973.

Summy, Ralph. *Legacy and Future of War*. New Delhi; The Gandhi Peace Foundation; 1992.

Taylor, AJP. *The Origins of the Second World War*. London: Hamish Hamilton; 1965

Thomas, Claude Anshin. *At Hell's Gate: a soldier's journey from war to peace*. Boston: Shambhala; 2004.

Whittier, J. G. 'Barbara Frietchie' in *Book of 1000 Poems*. New York: Wings Books; 1993.

Wilkie, Andrew. *Axis of Deceit*. Melbourne:Black Inc. Agenda; 2004.

Wilson, Derek. *Five Holocausts*. Wellington: Steele Roberts; 2001.

Wordsworth, William. 'Daffodils' in *The Oxford Book of English Verse 1250 – 1900*. (Arthur Quiller-Couch ed.). Oxford: Clarendon Press; 1919

Wouk, Herman. *War and Remembrance*. Sydney: Little Brown & Company: 1978.

Zeizima, Michael. *Saving Private Power: the hidden history of the good war*. New York: Soft Skull Press; 2000.

### Newspapers & Magazines

*Peace Researcher*. Anti-Bases Campaign, PO Box 2258, Christchurch

*New Zealand Listener*. Bauer Media Group NZ.

*The Christchurch Press*: Fairfax Media, Private Bag 4722, Christchurch .

*The Common Good*. Te Wairua Maranga Trust, PO Box 33 135, Christchurch 8244

*The New Internationalist*, New Internationalist Publications Limited, 55 Rectory Road, Oxford, England. (PO Box 35 038, Christchurch, New Zealand)

*The Sunday Star Times*: PO Box 1327, Auckland.

## ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

My thanks to all who have been involved in the production of this book:

- \* Dr Kate Dewes for the Foreword, initial oversight and continued encouragement
- \* Robert Green for his valued critique
- \* the late Susan Barnes for the typescript and editorial advice
- \* my wife Anne for creating the peaceful atmosphere in which I wrote the book
- \* the librarians of the Christchurch City Libraries
- \* The Christchurch Press for excerpts and useful research
- \* The NZ Listener for helpful research
- \* the New International for inspiration and information
- \* the Peace Foundation for finding the graphic artist to provide the cover design
- \* Jill Carter-Hansen for the graphic image which graces the cover
- \* Jaron Foote for advice on format and graphics
- \* the late Jack Rogers for access to his collection of detention camp photographs
- \* the late Richard Thompson for permission to copy illustrations from 'The Peacemaker'
- \* Keith Locke for permission to quote from Elsie Locke's book 'Peace People'
- \* Derek Wilson and Steele Roberts Publishers for permission to quote from 'Five Holocausts'
- \* Allen & Unwin for permission to quote from Noam Chomsky's 'Failed States' and 'Hegemony or Survival'
- \* Craig Potton Publishing for permission to quote from Nicky Hagar's 'Other People's Wars'
- \* Harper Collins for permission to quote Arundhati Roy's 'The Algebra of Infinite Justice'
- \* the Manager and staff of Copyland for the final version of the book