RISING UP AND RISING DOWN
WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME MC

ANNOTATED CONTENTS

THE MORAL CALCULUS

INDEX OF MORAL ACTORS

ANNEXES

SOURCES CITED

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

SOME THOUGHTS ON VIOLENCE, FREEDOM AND URGENT MEANS

VOLUME MC

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

UNIVERSITÄTS BIBLIOTHEK KONSTANZ

g 40/1324



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright © 2003 William T. Vollmann

PREVIOUS PUBLICATION INFORMATION

"The Skulls on the Shelves" was originally commissioned by *Esquire,* but they ran my piece about Cambodian whores instead. *Common Knowledge* wanted it, but they wouldn't pay anything. Parts of it later appeared in *Spin.* "Where Are All the Pretty Girls?" first appeared as a series of four BBC Radio 4 broadcasts (somewhat cut to fit) and as a *Los Angeles Times* magazine essay, severely abridged, entitled "Welcome to Hell," both in the fall of 1992. "Let Me Know If You're Scared" first appeared in 1993 in *Esquire,* mildly abridged, as "Letter from Somalia." "I'm Especially Interested in *Young* Girls" first appeared in an amputated form in *Spin* magazine in 1993. "But What Can We Do?," "The War Never Came Here," and "Nightmares, Prayers and Ecstasies" also appeared in *Spin,* in that order, in 1994-95, as "The Opium King," "It's Not a War," and something else, respectively. "Yakuza Lives," "The Avengers of Kosovo," "The Wet Man Is Not Afraid of Rain," "Guns in the USA" and "You Never Know Who Is Who" appeared in *Gear* under other titles, and fairly drastically abridged. "With Their Hands On Their Hearts" appeared in *The New Yorker* in 2000 with only about 50 percent cut—fairly decent for a magazine. Each of these has been restored to its original glory and sometimes further polished.

"The Old Man" first appeared in *McSweeney's* in 2002, unabridged.

The description of the Rajasthani daggers in the chapter "On the Aesthetics of Weapons" was published in a cut form in *Esquire* (1996) under the rubric of "My Favorite Weapon." I like the daggers very much. They are not, however, my most favorite weapons. I cashed the check.

The chapter on moral yellowness first appeared in *Conjunctions* in 1998. An abridgement of the chapter on "Defense of Ground" was published in the same journal in 2001.

My visit to the San Francisco County Medical Examiner's office was arranged by the *San Francisco Examiner* in 1997, which published an abridgement of the relevant pages that same year. *McSweeney's* later published the "Three Meditations on Death" (one of which the *Examiner* abridged).

The following case studies were commissioned and killed by magazines ranging from *The New York Times* to *The New Yorker* to *Men's Journal* to *Gear*: "Kickin' It," "Snakehead Fear," "Special Tax," "Murder for Sale" and "Papa's Children."

Some excerpts from "On the Morality of Weapons" and "Means and Ends" first appeared in *Grand Street* in 2000.

I am grateful to the magazines who gave me the money and press accreditation which made most of the journeys for this book possible.

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

In memory of Francis William Tomasic (1958–1994) and Will Brinton (d. 1994).
They chose danger in the service of charity and truth. R.I.P.

WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?

... these subjects will certainly have to be discussed to some extent. But if they were to be covered in any sort of detail the book would be so long that only a dedicated student of insurgency would read it, and he would probably be an insurgent.

BRIGADIER FRANK KITSON,
Low Intensity Operations[1]

This essay is intended as a companion piece to my memoir *An Afghanistan Picture Show* and to my novel *You Bright and Risen Angels.* In those books, much reference is made to do-it-yourself politics of an extreme character. *Rising Up and Rising Down* is a critique of terrorist, defensive, military and police activity, combined with some more general thoughts on when violence may be appropriate. I offer it to you, my unknown reader, in the hope that it may someday save a life or comfort a seeking mind.

WTV
SAN FRANCISCO
NEW YORK
SACRAMENTO
1982–1998

No doubt I have Osama bin Laden to thank for the fact that this work is getting published in my lifetime. People have advised me to "bring it up to date" by inserting references to the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001. I feel no interest in doing that, although a footnote here and there pays note to those grisly events. Nor did I alter any case studies, some of which are set in Muslim countries. (If you read them with that knowledge, you will see that even to a superficial observer such as myself some sort of attack was predictable and perhaps preventable. I can assure you that it will get worse.) What has been done (for fear that the book wasn't long enough) was to add a few more case studies, including one from Yemen, datelined on and after September 11, 2002. (It was commissioned by *The New Yorker* and then rejected for not being "political enough.")

The text throughout has benefited from several new sources, and the various arguments are further puffed up and ossified.

It was said of Napeolon that "he held our imagination in his hand, sometimes a hand of steel, sometimes a hand of velvet; one never knew how it was going to be from day to day, so that there was no means of escaping."[2] That is how this book has gripped me, year after year. I am very relieved to be free of it; I hate it. At the same time I am proud of it, and I hope that it can benefit someone.

WTV
SACRAMENTO
2003

Although this volume is stored against the left-hand edge of the slipcase, it is not necessarily intended to be read first. Instead, it should serve as a "resource volume," to be referred to whenever useful, as noted in the Annotated Contents (this volume, p. 20).

VOLUME MC

CONTENTS

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN: ANNOTATED CONTENTS 15

Continua 24
Moral and Expedient Calculi 25
Chart, Maps, and Figures 28
Photographic Portfolios 29

THE MORAL CALCULUS 33

INDEX 147

ANNEXES 151

A. PHASES OF REVOLUTION 153
B. A SUMMARY HISTORY OF THE KHMER ROUGE TO 1997 165
C. A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF BURMA'S INSURGENCIES 1954-1996 169
D. PROPOSAL FOR THE TERMINATION OF OPIUM PRODUCTION IN THE SHAN STATE (OCTOBER, 1993) 177
E. LETTER FROM THE INMATES OF THE STUDENSKI DOM IN SARAJEVO (SEPTEMBER, 1992) 181
F. ETHNIC RELATIONS IN YUGOSLAVIA DURING WORLD WAR II 187
G. BILJANA PLAVSIC'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (APRIL, 1994) 203
H. A BOSNIAN MUSLIM REFUGEE'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (SEPTEMBER, 1992) 207

SOURCES CITED 209

IMAGE CREDITS 255

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 261

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

ANNOTATED CONTENTS

THREE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH 9

Visits to the Paris catacombs, a coroner's facility, and a war zone.

PART I

CATEGORIES AND JUSTIFICATIONS

INTRODUCTION: THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS 29

Why I believe the world is not getting better; procedural difficulties of investigating violence; structure and limitations of this book.

DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

The rights and responsibilities of the individual self

1. ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS 77

Weapons as objects; beauty and functionality; a look at weapons with consideration of their violent purpose excluded.

2. ON THE MORALITY OF WEAPONS 109

Why we need weapons; the amorality of such empowerment; violence vs. nonviolence; recollections of defeat at a nonviolent nuclear protest; how my gun comforted me when someone I cared for was out late on a dark night; Gandhi, and where his beautiful ideas failed; my childhood experience in turning the other cheek; why sullied joy in self-defense may be preferable to impotent fear.

Volume I

3. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END? 197
Justified choices of the individual self; Bukharin's trial; even at the point of death we retain some moral freedom; the conditional nature of social allegiance; Plato's moral calculus; the Ik tribe: existence without a social contract; parable of the social contract; a Gulf War victory parade; from law to bureaucraticism to repression.

4. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS BEGIN? 229
Why Joan of Arc rejects the social contract she's offered; solutions to violent violation of the social contract; the ethics of suicide and euthanasia; Bernhard Goetz on the New York subway.

5. WHERE DO YOUR RIGHTS BEGIN? 263
Binding voluntary attachments; our obligations to others; the Golden Rule.

6. MEANS AND ENDS 267
The point of this book; ethical justifications comprise the link between means and violent ends—which is why we should examine them at length; the anarchist Severino Di Giovanni and his bombs; murder for the sake of "utopia"; Martin Luther's moral calculus; the dangers of judging ethical correctness by results alone.

Volume II

JUSTIFICATIONS

7. IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR 7
In each of the following chapters, we examine a specific claimed justification for committing violence, and we ask ourselves: Was the justification accurately used in this case? By induction, when should and can it be used? Each chapter then concludes with a continuum of opinions as to when the justification in question is in fact justified.

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION ONE:
SELF-DEFENSE

8. DEFENSE OF HONOR 13
The Charge of the Light Brigade; rape as dishonor; infanticide to avoid dishonor; careers of Joan of Arc and Napoleon; D. E. Abbot's honor-battles in an American reform school; King Olaf's forced conversions in medieval Norway; Sun-tzu executes a concubine who embarrasses him; Soviet infantry urged onward at gunpoint; Chairman Mao's doctor confesses his own dishonor.

Volume II

9. DEFENSE OF CLASS 117
Jose Rizal; Lenin against the landlords and rich peasants; Stalin against all peasants; class relations in an ant nest; class as caste, status, property, origin, and rank; a survey-history of property from nomadic times to the Russian Revolution; Manjok's rebellion; Karl Marx, kulaks and collective farms; Lycurgus and Sparta.

10. DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY 241
Trotsky as commander; Trotsky vs. Stalin; definitions of legitimate authority (including Hitler's); Jefferson as self-undermining advocate of states' rights; Lincoln as narrow constitutionalist; Lincoln as commander; Lincoln as emancipator of the slave; Trotsky and Lincoln as martyr-icons.

11. DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE 345
John Brown as liberator and murderer; racial right to be included vs right to exclude; Marcus Garvey; the KKK; theories of black inferiority and white self-defense; lynchings; Booker T. Washington; Martin Luther King vs. James Earl Ray; Muslim-Hindu violence in Pakistan.

12. DEFENSE OF CREED 441
Cortes vs. Montezuma; Christ and the Canaanite woman; the Golden Rule and its perversions.

Volume III

13. DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS 5
Missing limbs, and the right of a commander to kill and maim his own men through battle-attrition; Antoine Saint-Exupéry romanticizes subordination to a common cause; Clausewitz; definitions of just wars; a Napoleonic commander murders a sleeping child-soldier; massacre at Srebrenica; how to dispose of POWs; Lt. Calley at My Lai 4; Julius Caesar as demagogue, rebel, murderer of barbarians—and merciful preserver of Roman lives, even those of his enemies.

14. DEFENSE OF HOMELAND 109
Homeland as the center of the world; Zulus vs. British; Hannibal; the Soviet-Afghan war; conquering other homelands as defense against one's own homeland's futurity; Hitler and Lebensraum; Stalingrad changes hands; Leonidas's inexpedient nobility at Thermopylae.

15. DEFENSE OF GROUND 169
Ethical perimeters; the trenches of WWI; Cortes's defense of ground seized from the Aztecs; the FBI's defense of ground at Waco; defense of gold.

16. DEFENSE OF THE EARTH 207
John Muir; ecoterrorism; the ethics of Korean bear gall medicine; defense against wilderness; the tragedy of the commons; experts; defense of aesthetic values.

17. DEFENSE OF ANIMALS 251
Whales; my kamiks; seal-killing; Inuit livelihood; diving dogs; Valerie and the Animal Liberation Front.

18. DEFENSE OF GENDER 309
The rape of the Amazons; the serial rapist-murderer Danny Rolling; witch-burning and Amazon-taming; the tale of Lady Hyegyong, wife and widow of a mass-murdering crown prince; spousal homicide as self-defense; infanticide and gender; the pros and cons of gender-based infanticides; female circumcision in Somalia; the women's war in Nigeria; anlu in Camaroon; saving Thalia Massie.

19. DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS 357
Why the Viet Cong decapitated the fiancee of a U.S. soldier; desperation as justification; "horizontal collaborators"; Jewish law and the murder of Nazi collaborators; traitordom as relatedness.

20. DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION 399
Robespierre, and why this democrat-pacifist became a warmonger, regicide and juridicial mass murderer.

Volume III

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION TWO:
POLICY AND CHOICE

21. FROM *RAISON D'ETAT* TO REASONS OF SPLEEN 7
Introduction to violence as policy.

22. DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE 11
Pancho Villas's exemplary assassinations compared with Stalin's; Molotov and the trial of the trade unionist Rudzuta; separability of deterrence and retribution; Lawrence of Arabia's massacre of Turks at Tafas, and his translation of Odysseus's massacre of the suitors in the Odyssey; retaliation in Egil's Saga; Peloponnesian expediencies; the Cuban missle crisis; required degree of retaliation; the Aztec flower wars; nuclear deterrence: mutually assured destruction; symmetry, ending the cycle.

Volume IV

23. PUNISHMENT 73
Legal retaliation as moral expression; concentration camp punishments; Cicero vs. Robespierre; the necesity of degradation; a witch-burner's casebook; the FBI's rules of engagement at Ruby Ridge; why crimes became unmatched with punishments over the centuries; Plato's punishment of rocks; John Brown's celestial account-book of domestic punishment; the transferability of punishment to the innocent; the question of moral agreement between executioner and condemned; Sade's prison revelations; Alexander Berkman's prison education.

24. LOYALTY, COMPULSION AND FEAR 149
The good Nazis: Ohlendorff and Keitel; the Japanese feudal code; law and ethical commonality; the Jewish calculus at Kalish and the Warsaw Ghetto: sacrificing the innocent for the whole.

25. SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY 191
Sadistic aesthetics; sadism as expediency's tool; sadistic spectacle as propaganda; torture as truth-seeking, deterrence, retribution, revenge, and pleasure; Sade's fantasies; pleasure in one's work.

26. SADISM, MASOCHISM AND PLEASURE 215
Consensual S & M sex.

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION THREE:

FATE

27. MORAL YELLOWNESS 227
Precategorizing and stereotyping the objects of violence; the visibility of evil souls; the injustice of physically stereotyping the Nuremberg defendants; August Sander's photographs of persecuted Jews.

28. INEVITABILITY 237
Inevitability as a ubiquitous (and ever unjustified) excuse for violence.

EVALUATIONS

29. FOUR SAFEGUARDS 243
Increase the likelihood of ultimate legitimacy of your violence by: (1) making sure you are justified in as many of the above categories as possible; (2) rendering your cause attractive to as many diverse participants as possible; (3) combining experience and theory; (4) acknowledging context carefully.

Volume IV

30. REMEMBER THE VICTIM! 253
Since this book has dealt so extensively with violent moral actors and their justifications, this chapter pays brief homage to the objects of their violence

* * *

{From a strictly logical point of view the Moral Calculus should go here. It is comprised of extractions from the various "theoretical" chapters in volumes 1-4. On the other hand, to save the budget of both publisher and reader, it has been found necessary to bundle the calculus itself with the annexes and other end-matter. My editor proposes that you consider it a "resource volume," which can go anywhere or nowhere. —WTV}

* * *

Volume V

PART II

STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES (1991-2003)

SOUTHEAST ASIA (1991-2001)

1. INTRODUCTION 5

2. THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES (CAMBODIA) 47
Genocide in Cambodia.

3. THE LAST GENERATION (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 141
Gangster-style ethnic self-defense.

4. KICKIN' IT (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 167
Asian gang against Asian gang, with black role models.

5. I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN *YOUNG* GIRLS (THAILAND) 183
An account of the rescue of a Thai child-prostitute.

6. BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO? (BURMA) 245
Ethnic self-defense and insurgency in Burma. Interview with Khun Sa, the Opium King.

7. YAKUZA LIVES (JAPAN) 299
The "Japanese Mafia."

Volume V

EUROPE (1992, 1994, 1998)

8. INTRODUCTION 325

9. WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS? (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 365
The Yugoslav civil war, 1992.

10. THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 397
The same, in 1994.

11. THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO (YUGOSLAVIA) 467
The civil war continues in Kosovo, 1998.

AFRICA (1993, 2001)

12. INTRODUCTION 501

13. THE JEALOUS ONES (MADAGASCAR) 521
Class conflict, zebu rustling, and street crime.

14. SPECIAL TAX (REPUBLIC OF CONGO, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO) 551
Extortion and terror.

Volume VI

THE MUSLIM WORLD (1994, 1998, 2000, 2002)

15. INTRODUCTION 5

16. LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED (SOMALIA) 11
The failure of American peace-keeping.

17. THE OLD MAN (MALAYSIA) 27
Muslim insurgency and terror.

18. THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN (IRAQ) 81
A snapshot between Gulf Wars.

19. WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS (AFGHANISTAN) 103
A portrait of the Taliban.

20. EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS (YEMEN) 143
A celebration of the first anniversary of September 11.

NORTH AMERICA (1988-2000)

21. INTRODUCTION 209

22. LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES (USA) 215
Apache suicides.

23. YOU GOTTA BE A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT (USA) 223
The Guardian Angels.

24. WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM! (USA) 271
Ted Nugent.

25. DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE (JAMAICA) 281
Defense of neighborhood in Jamaica's ghettos.

26. MURDER FOR SALE (USA) 337
The Columbine massacre.

27. GUNS IN THE USA 353
What the title says.

SOUTH AMERICA (1999, 2000)

28. INTRODUCTION 373

29. YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO (COLOMBIA) 379
Atomization and paranoia.

30. PAPA'S CHILDREN (COLOMBIA) 397
Right-wing paramilitaries.

PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

31. INTRODUCTION 417

32. NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS AND ECSTASIES (USA) 425
Voodoo, hoodoo, santería, and other magical strategies for protection against violence.

Volume VI

33. OFF THE GRID (USA) 487
Self-reliance and extremism.

34. THICK BLOOD (JAPAN) 595
When class becomes race.

Volume MC

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN: ANNOTATED CONTENTS 15

Continua 24
Moral and Expedient Calculi 25
Chart, Maps, and Figures 28
Photographic Portfolios 29

THE MORAL CALCULUS 33

INDEX 147

ANNEXES 151

A. PHASES OF REVOLUTION 153
B. A SUMMARY HISTORY OF THE KHMER ROUGE TO 1997 165
C. A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF BURMA'S INSURGENCIES 1954-1996 169
D. PROPOSAL FOR THE TERMINATION OF OPIUM PRODUCTION IN THE SHAN STATE (OCTOBER, 1993) 177
E. LETTER FROM THE INMATES OF THE STUDENSKI DOM IN SARAJEVO (SEPTEMBER, 1992) 181
F. ETHNIC RELATIONS IN YUGOSLAVIA DURING WORLD WAR II 187
G. BILJANA PLAVSIC'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (APRIL, 1994) 203
H. A BOSNIAN MUSLIM REFUGEE'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (SEPTEMBER, 1992) 207

SOURCES CITED 209

IMAGE CREDITS 255

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 261

LIST OF CONTINUA

CONTINUUM OF THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS I.138
CONTINUUM OF SUICIDE AND EUTHANASIA I.246
CONTINUUM OF VIOLENT INDIVIDUAL SELF-DEFENSE I.258
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF HONOR II.81
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF CLASS II.220
I. When is class stratification justified?
II. When is forcible redistribution in the service of equality justified?
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY II.333
I. When is obedience to authority required?
II. When is violent defense of authority justified?
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF RACE II.434
I. When are racial territorialism and separatism justified?
II. When is racial enslavement justified?
III. How forcefully should homogenity be implemented?
IV. When is interracial violence justified?
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF CREED II.465
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS III.103
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF HOMELAND III.148
I. When is violent defense against foreign aggression justified?
II. How proactive should national self-defense be?
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF THE EARTH III.248
I. When is violent biocentrism justified?
II. How imminent is ecological self-defense?
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF ANIMALS II.293
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF GENDER III.353
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS III.372
I. What is a traitor?
II. What measures are justified against traitors?
CONTINUUM OF REVOLUTION AND ITS DEFENSE III.416
CONTINUUM OF DETERRENCE IV.67
CONTINUUM OF RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE IV.70
CONTINUUM OF PUNISHMENT (JUDICIAL RETALIATION) IV.145
CONTINUUM OF COMPULSION, LOYALTY AND FEAR IV.184
I. Violence by command: When is self-preservation justified?
II. Violence by command: When is communal preservation justified?
CONTINUUM OF EXPEDIENCY IV.213
CONTINUUM OF NONCONSENSUAL SADISM IV.214
CONTINUUM OF CONSENSUAL SADISM IV.222
GENERAL CONTINUUM: WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED? IV.258

LIST OF MORAL AND EXPEDIENT CALCULI

Gandhi's Moral Calculus (1920-46): *The superiority of nonviolence* I.132
The Moral Calculus of Trinh Duc, Vietnamese Revolutionary (1954-64): *Becoming steel* I.134
Aquinas's Moral Calculus (before A.D. 1256): *What is a man's virtue?* I.202
The Moral Calculus of the CDU/CSU Group (1977): *The classical freedoms* I.202
Plato's Moral Calculus (*ca.* 350 B.C.): *How sovereign is the individual?* I.204
The Moral Calculus of a Suicidal Chemist (no date given) I.236
Lenin's Moral Calculus (1913): *Ethical subjectivity* I.278
Eichmann's Moral Calculus (1946?-1962?): *Honor as genocide* II.24
Sun-tzu's Calculus of Honor, Imagined (5th-2nd cent. B.C.) II.68
Plato's Moral Calculus (*ca.* 350 B.C.): *The three classes of citizens* II.139
The Moral Calculus of Roman Law, 533 A.D.: *When unlawfulness is committed upon my slave, who has been harmed?* II.149
The Expedient Calculus of Nguyen Tan Thanh (1961): *Joining the Viet Cong* II.172
The Moral Calculus of Stalin (1929-32): *Solving the agrarian question* II.182
The Moral Calculus of Lenin (*ca.* 1918): *When is repression justified?* II.288
The Moral-Expedient Calculus of Cicero (66 B.C.): *Why decimation?* II.275
The Moral Calculus of Trotsky (1930): *When is violent revolution justified?* II.293
The Moral Calculus of Tolstoy (*ca.* 1890): *When is political assassination justified?* II.394
The Moral Calculus of Alexander Berkman (1901): *When is political assassination justified?* II.314
The Moral Calculus of Che Guevara (*ca.* 1960): *When is political assassination justified?* II.315
The Moral Calculus of Brutus (44 B.C.): *When is political assassination justified?* II.315
The Moral Calculus of Ramón Mercader, Trotsky's assassin (1940): *When is political assassination justified?* II.315
The Moral Calculus of John Brown (1856-59) II.355
A North Carolina Moral Calculus of Homicide and the Color Line (1930-40) II.390
The Moral Calculus of Martin Luther King (1955-68) II.421
The Moral Calculus of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam (1965-75) III.24
The Chosen People's Calculus of Conquest: God's Instructions (*ca.* 1300 B.C.) III.41

The Moral Calculus of Julius Caesar in the Civil War (58-49 B.C.):
What shall I do with you vanquished ones? III.66
Cicero's Moral Calculus (49 B.C.): *What does the citizen owe his homeland?* III.82
The Moral Calculus of Marc Antony, Octavian and Lepidus (43 B.C.):
How well-requited is mercy? III.101
The Patriotic Calculus of Sir Walter Ralegh (1614): *Who is bravest?* III.111
The Expedient Calculus of the Soviet Union:
Invading Afghanistan (1979-89) III.116
The Expedient Calculus of Adolf Hitler (*ca.* 1918-1945):
How far can the victor go? III.125
The Expedient Calculus of the Brahmin Kautilya (*ca.* 4th cent. B.C.):
When should I wage war? III.129
The Moral Calculus of Heinz Guderian, Chief of the Army General Staff (as remembered by him after 1945):
Why did I continue fighting for Hitler? III.131
The Moral Calculus of Earth First! (*ca.* 1980-present) III.213
The Moral Calculus of Bill Meyers, former Earth First! activist (1998):
Is nonviolent defense of earth sufficient? III.215
The Herdsman's Expedient Calculus: *What is my utility in adding one more animal to my herd on a common pasture?* III.218
The Moral Calculus of the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook (1980) III.236
The Moral Calculus of Kate Danaher, animal rights activist (1998):
When is violent defense of animals justified? III.253
The Moral Calculus of "Virginia," Animal Liberation Front member (2003):
"No reason to hunt" III.271
The Moral Calculus of Mark Rowlands, animal rights activist (2002):
When is violent defense of animals justified? III.273
The Moral Calculus of "Virginia", Animal Liberation Front member (2003):
When is violent defense of animals justified? III.289
Moral Calculus of an unnamed animal rights activist (1998):
When should I submit my ends and means to experts? III.289
The Moral Calculus of Rousseau (1755): *How does society serve our interest?* III.387
The Moral Calculus of Robespierre (*ca.* 1792-94): *When is pity justified?* III.395
The Moral Calculus of Robespierre (1794): *What is justice?* III.407
The Moral Calculus of Montesquieu (1748): *What is treason?* III.410
The Moral Calculus of Diana E. H. Russell, Professor of Sociology (1993):
Why is pornography unjustified? III.320
The Moral Calculus of Abdur R., (Sana'a, Yemen 2002):
Why is pornography unjustified? III.321
The Moral Calculus of Edmund Burke (1790): *Justice as tradition* IV.19
The Moral Calculus of Pavel Postyschev, (1932): *Justice as terror* IV.19

The Moral Calculus of Herman Kahn (1959-60):
What casualty rate will deter us? IV.57
The Moral Calculus of the Chinese Cultural Revolution (1966):
Who is guilty? IV.77
The Moral Calculus of Cicero (66 B.C.):
Law as social cohesion and salvation IV.77
The Moral Calculus of Robespierre (1794):
Law as propaganda and pedagogy IV.78
The Moral Calculus of the FBI (1992):
Rules of Engagement at Ruby Ridge IV.87
The Aesthetic Calculus of Sade (1783):
Punishment as illicit joy, catharsis and contrapasso IV.132
The Moral Calculus of Alexander Berkman (1892): *Who deserves to live?* IV.140
The Moral Calculus of Wilhelm Keitel (1933-46):
Why did I follow evil orders? IV.164
The Moral Calculus of Rabbi Joel Sirkes (the Bach) [1620]:
When shall I give up my neighbor to murderers? IV.174
The Expedient Calculus of Emmanuel Ringeblum (1939-44):
How can I avoid giving up everything? IV.178
The Moral-Expedient Calculus of Emmanuel Ringeblum (1942):
Should we have obeyed compulsion? IV.182
The Moral Calculus of Hadrian (Emperor A.D. 117-38):
When is torture justified? IV.202
The Moral Calculus of my friend B. (1997): *When is torture justified?* IV.205
The Moral Calculus of a dominatrix (1998): *When is S & M justified?* IV.219

LIST OF CHARTS, MAPS AND FIGURES

DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

Risk of Being Murdered, 1995 (U.S. and Japan)	I.34
Methodological Weaknesses of Part I	I.52
Justifications for Part I	I.53
Self-Defense Homicides, 1995 (U.S. and Japan)	I.111
Weapons Used in Homicides and Robberies, 1995 (U.S. and Japan)	I.114
Justified Choices of the Self	I.197
Excerpts from the Twelve Tables: Table IV (Rome, 451-49 B.C.)	I.206
Traditional Reasons to Commit *Seppuku* (Medieval Japan)	I.238
Reasons to Do Harm	I.282
The Two Kinds of Righteousness *vs.* The Two Kinds of Sin (*ca.* 1519)	I.286
The Two Kinds of Justice *vs.* The Two Kinds of Injustice	I.287
A Calculus of Righteousness: Hypothetical Examples for Historical Judges	I.288

JUSTIFICATIONS: SELF-DEFENSE

Justifications Invoked in the Case Studies	II.8
Individual and Group Honor	II.16
Mechanism for Defending Honor	II.21
Social Vectors of Honor	II.24
The Honor of Adolf Eichmann (1933-45)	II.25
Outer Honor: Determinants and Effects	II.28
Presumed Motivations Associated with Violent Defense of Honor	II.30
A Roman Phalanx	II.36
The Honor of Joan of Arc (1425-31)	II.41
Ends for Which Honor is Invoked	II.44
The Honor of Napoleon (1801-1812)	II.54
The Class System in Dorm Nine, California Youth Authority (1956)	II.58
The Honor of Dwight Edgar Abbot (1950s)	II.63
The Honor of Sun-tzu (5th-2nd cent. B.C.)	II.69
The Honor of Nien Cheng (1966-78)	II.78
The Honor of Dr. Li Zhisui (1954-76)	II.79
Violent Defense of Honor is Justified [When...]	II.72
Simplified Class Relations in an Ant Nest	II.123
Class Divisions in Wendaké ("Huronia"), 17th cent.	II.131
Class Divisions Among the Gauls (1st cent. B.C.)	II.134
The Five Class Divisions of North Vietnamese Villages (*ca.* 1960)	II.135
Class Divisions in Athens (mid-5th cent. B.C.)	II.146

Class-Divided Modes of Production: A Marxist View	II.130
The Six Class Divisions of the United States of America (1948)	II.153
Class Divisions in Russia, 1914	II.165
Class Composition of the Peasantry Before the Russian Civil War	II.175
Defenses Against Class Enemies Compared	II.177
Causes of Peasant Rebellions, 1930 (GPU statistics)	II.186
The Triumph of Soviet Agriculture: Statistics of the Ruling Class	II.192
Collective Farmers in Soviet Agriculture 1917-79	II.193
Class Composition of the USSR 1939-79	II.194
Class Egalitarianism in the Soviet Union After Stalin: The Official View	II.195
The Triumph of the Bureaucrats: Chances of Joining the Party in 1960	II.222
The Two Faces of Authority	II.247
Evaluating a Government's Legitimacy: Relations with the Masses	II.249
Government in Wendaké, 17th cent.	II.250
Hypothetical Identity Distinctions of a Huron Indian, 17th cent.	II.381
Possible Interpretations of Martin Luther King	II.413
A Utilitarian Summation of the Conquest of Mexico (1519-40)	II.444
Moral Transparency and Opacity in the Creed of Cortes	II.458
Application of the Golden Rule by an Enlightened One to a Wretched Ignoramus	II.459
Definitions of Just Wars 432 B.C.-1837 A.D.	III.14
War-Deaths in World War II (Military and Cvilian)	III.23
Categories of War Immunity from Lycurgus to Che Guevara	III.33
Justifications for Prisoner-of-War Deaths	III.82
The Severity Scale	III.65
The Deeds of Julius Caesar, 58-49 B.C.	III.66
The Deeds of Julius Caesar, 49-44 B.C.	III.85
The Deeds of Caesar's Enemies, 49-44 B.C.	III.89
Caesar's Mercy to the Vanquished 58-44 B.C.	III.90
Thermopylae: A Balance-Sheet (480 B.C.)	III.146
Topographic Vectors of Force	III.176
World Catches of Blue Whales: 1930s-1959	III.252
World Catches of Blue Whale Units: 1957-70	III.252
What Distinguishes Us From Animals?: The Inductions of Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1755)	III.278
Bird-Hunting: A Utilitarian Balance-Sheet	III.286
Homicides in Which Gender of Murderer is Known (1995)	III.315
Probabilities of an American Woman's Being Raped (late 20th cent.)	III.322
Sex Ratios Among Canadian Athapascan Indians (1827)	III.328
Sex Ratios in India and Korea (1901, 1981, 1991, 2015)	III.328
Some Opinions About Gender Differences (467 B.C. – 1995 A.D.)	III.330

Circumcising Aman: A Moral Balance-Sheet (*ca.* 1970) III.335
Gender-Driven Violence and Gender-Coincidental Violence
in Indian Marital Quarrels (late 20th cent.) III.343

JUSTIFICATIONS: POLICY AND CHOICE

Calculus of Retaliation: Historical Examples (Genesis to the 1990s): IV.32
Retaliation as Automatism in *Egil's Saga* (*ca.* 1230) IV.40
Retaliation: A Continuum of Severity IV.54
Punishment for Failure to Make Bed Properly (Ravenbrück
Concentration Camp for Women, 1940) IV.75
Ancient Tort Statutes IV.79
Retaliation for Violent Crimes (15th cent.B.C. – 20th cent. A.D.) IV.96
Possibly Valid Justifications for Punishment IV.116
Justified Responses to Wrong (Martin Luther, *ca.* 1519) IV.118
John Brown's Hierarchy of Punitive Authority (1844-59) IV.123
Some Soviet Political Prisoners and Their Crimes (1982) IV.139
Possible Responses to Evil Orders (in increasing order of heroism) IV.166
Compulsion in Eastern Europe: 1620 and 1939-45 IV.179
Traditional Priority of Jewish Lives to be Saved IV.180
Nazi Priority of Jewish Lives to be Saved (1939-45) IV.181
Orthodox Psychological Explanations of Sadism (1964) IV.216

PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTFOLIOS

Weapons on Parade (1982-2000)	I.59
Violence vs. Non-Violence: (Seabrook, New Hampshire, 1980)	I.103
Guns in the USA (2000)	I.143
Weapons and Grief, Weapons and Fear (Colombia, 1999-2000)	I.169
Defense of Monuments: Saddam Hussein and America's Victims (1998)	II.87
Beggars: Suppliants and Intimidators (1994,1999)	II.227
The Bailiff's Toll: Child-Soldiers (1994-2001)	III.105
Defense of Homeland: Afghan Mujahideen and Taliban (1982-2000)	III.155
Violence Against Animals (1995-2000)	III.297
Remember the Victim!	IV.249
Columbine Massacre (1999)	IV.267
Is This Violence? A Sanctioned Hospital in Iraq (1998)	MC.121
Land Mine Victims (1994-2000)	MC.131
Cambodia and Cambodian America (1996-2000)	V.19
Opium and Insurgency (Shan State and Karenni State, Burma, 1994)	V.235
Yakuza (Tokyo, 1998)	V.293
The Ultra-Balkanization of Yugoslavia (1994-98)	V.331
The Jealous Ones (Madagascar, 1994)	V.507
Extortion in the Congo (2001)	V.573
America-Haters in Yemen (2002)	VI.203
The Guardian Angels (New York City, 1995)	VI.263
Esprit de Corps in Jamaica (Kingston, 1997)	VI.321
Voodoo, Hoodoo, and Santería (American South, 1994)	VI.471
Off the Grid (American Northwest, 1994)	VI.589
Untouchables (Japan, 1995)	VI.623

THE MORAL CALCULUS

The dull empiricism, the unashamed, cringing worship of the fact which is so often imaginary, and falsely interpreted at that, were odious to me. Beyond the facts, I looked for laws.

TROTSKY, *MY LIFE*[1]

But if ye will need have the law, I also have my law.

MARTIN LUTHER, "COMMENTARY ON GALATIANS"[2]

Robespierre was not above using what Marat called "a very simple calculus."

MONA OZOUF, ESSAY ON MARAT[3]

... Genius ... raises itself above all rules.... but when we reach those ranks where we can look for no other notions but those which the regulations of the service and experience afford, we must help them with the methodic forms bordering on those regulations. This will serve both as a support to their judgment and a barrier against those extravagant and erroneous views which are so especially to be dreaded in a sphere where experience is so costly.

CLAUSEWITZ, *ON WAR* [4]

The greater part of what my neighbors call good, I believe in my soul to be bad, and if I repent of anything, it is likely to be of my good behavior.

THOREAU, *WALDEN* [5]

An excuse is as good as gold.

A SERB ON THE TRAIN[6]

To conjure up a conscience in others is tempting to anyone who wishes to extend his control beyond the legal limits.

GARETT HARDIN[7]

You refuse to understand that since vices exist, it is as unjust for you to punish them as it would be to jeer at a one-eyed man.

MARQUIS DE SADE[8]

Blessed are those who hunger and thirst for righteousness, for they shall be satisfied.

JESUS CHRIST, THE SERMON ON THE MOUNT[9]

Being noble isn't important. Saving lives is important.

"VIRGINIA", ANIMAL LIBERATION FRONT MEMBER[10]

If I were at the place of execution, and I saw the fire lighted, and the faggots catching and the executioner ready to build up the fire, even so I would say nothing else, and I would maintain what I have said at this trial until death. I have nothing more to say.

JOAN OF ARC[11]

CONTENTS

Apology and disclaimer

[1.0] What is the best way to seek the truth? [1-6]
[1.1] How to form a moral code [1-4]
[1.2] Variations of the Golden Rule [1-5]
[1.3] Maxims for Murderers [1-12]
[1.4] Maxims for Tyrants [1-2]
[1.5] Maxims for Others [1-2]

[2.0] Means and ends [1-6]

[3.0] What factors need to be considered in judging any violent act? [1-16]
After 3.3: Reasons to harm a specified person
The two kinds of justice *vs.* the two kinds of injustice
After 3.16: General violence scale
Severity scale for violence inflicted upon the vanquished
Retaliation: A continuum of severity

[4.0] When is nonviolence unjustified or insufficient to achieve its aims? [1-3]

[5.0] When is violence justified? [1-4]
Debatable justifications listed here in subsections appended to each relevant category.
[5.0] The Machiavellian Caveat
[5.1] Definitions for lonely atoms [1-8]
The fundamental violent rights of the self [1-3]
Some fundamental collective rights [4-5]
Guides to individual and collective justifiability [6-7]
The right to individual and collective freedom of expression [8]
[5.2] Justifications: Defense of [a-m]
a. Honor [1-3]
b. Class [1-5]
1. Justifications which may or may not be justifiable [a-d]
c. Authority [1-2]
1. Preexisting ("legitimate")[1-4]
a. When may it enlarge itself?[1-2]
2. Revolutionary[1-4]
d. Race and Culture[1-5]
e. Creed [4]

f. War Aims [1]
g. Homeland [1-2]
h. Ground [1]
i. Earth [1-3]
j. Animals [1-3]
k. Gender [1-5]
l. [against] Traitors [1-2]
m. Revolution [1-2]

[5.3] Justifications: Policy and choice
a. Deterrence, retribution and revenge [1-3]
1. Deterrence [1-4]
2. Retribution [1]
3. Revenge [1]
b. Punishment [1-6]
1. Justifications which may or may not be justifiable [a-j]
c. Loyalty, compulsion and fear [1-2]
1. Compulsion and fear [1]
2. Loyalty [1-2]
d. Sadism and expediency [1]
e. Consensual sadism (S/M) [1]

[5.4] Justifications: Fate [a-b]
a. Moral yellowness [1]
b. Inevitability [1]

[6.0] When is violence unjustified? [0-4]
[6.0] General rules [1-12]
[6.1] Definitions for lonely atoms: [1]
When is violent defense of self-justified?
[When is violent defense of others justified? See 1.2.2.a.]
[6.2] Justifications: Defense of [a-m]:
a. Honor [1-5]
b. Class [1-9]
c. Authority [2]
1. Preexisting ("legitimate") [1-9]
2. Revolutionary [1-5]
d. Race and Culture [1-4]
e. Creed [2]
f. War Aims [1-4]
g. Homeland [1-3]
h. Ground [1]
i. Earth [1]

j. Animals [1-2]
k. Gender [1]
l. [against] Traitors [1]
m. Revolution [1]

[6.3] Justifications: Policy and choice
a. Deterrence, retribution and revenge [1-3]
1. Deterrence [1-9]
2. Retribution [1-3]
3. Revenge [1-2]
b. Punishment [1-7]
c. Loyalty, compulsion and fear [1-2]
1. Compulsion and fear [1-3]
2. Loyalty [1-3]
d. Sadism and expediency [1]
e. Consensual sadism (S/M) [1]

[6.4] Justifications: Fate [a-b]
a. Moral yellowness [1]
b. Inevitability [1]

[7.0] When is violence unjustified but excusable?

[8.0] A Checklist for Revolutionaries

DEFINITIONS

Aloofness, of a race, culture, bloodline or organization: 5.2.D.2
Animals, dismissal of (absolute and relative; Mary Midgley's def.): 6.2.J.1
Animals, defense of, legitimate: 5.2.J.3
Animals, identity of: 5.2.J.4
Animals, imminent physical harm to: 5.2.J.3
Authority, preexisting, legitimate: 5.2.C.1
Authority, illegitimate (descriptive defs.): 6.2.C.1.9
Authority, revolutionary, legitimate: 5.2.C.2
Authority, rights of: 5.2.C.1.4
Carrying capacity of the environment: 5.2.I.1
Class (function, status by function or merit, property, rank, origin): 5.2.B
Creed, and defense of creed: 5.2.E
Creed, morally opaque: 5.2.E.1
Creed, morally transparent: 5.2.E.1
Defense, legitimate, indications of: 5.0
Deterrence: 5.3.A.1
Deterrence threshold (Herman Kahn's def.): 6.3.A.1.9
Dismissal of animals (absolute and relative; Mary Midgley's def.): 6.2.J.1
Discrimination: 5.2.F.1
    and *tu quoque* defense: 6.3.A.3
Earth: 5.2.I
Ecological threat: 5.2.I.1
End: 2.0
Ethos: 5.2.G.2
First Law of Violent Action: 5.1.2.A.2
Futurity [of homeland]: 6.2.G.2
The Galapagos Maxim: 5.2.D
Gender (inner, outer): 5.2.K
Gender, aggression against aspects of: 5.2.K
General Will [vs. particular will & will of all; Rousseau's def.]: 5.2.M.2
Golden Rule and variants: 1.2.1-1.2.6
Ground and defense of ground: 5.2.H
The Herdsman's Calculus: 5.2.I.2
Homeland: 5.2.G
Homeland, futurity of: 6.2.G.2
Honor (inner, outer, individual, collective): 5.2.A
Honor, illegitimate: 6.2.A.4
Identity of an animal: 5.2.J.4

Identity of a place: 5.2.I.3
Imminence, "ordinary": 5.1.1
Imminence, proactive: 6.3.A.1.6
Imminence, scientific [applicable only to defense of earth]: 5.2.I.1
Imminent physical harm to animals: 5.2.J.3
Unjustified: 5.1.1a
Interest: 6.2.G.1
Justifications: 2.0
Limitation of war: 5.2.F.1
Machiavellian Caveat: 5.0
Martin Luther King's Maxim (on unjustified law): 5.2.D.3
Maxims for Murderers: 1.3.1-1.3.13
Maxims for Tyrants: 1.4.1-1.4.2
Maxims for Self-defenders: 1.5.1-1.5.2
Means: 2.0
Moral yellowness: 5.4.A
Morally opaque creed: 5.2.E.1
Morally transparent creed: 5.2.E.1
The Pelasgian Dilemma: 5.2.D.5
Place, identity of: 5.2.I.3
Proportionality: 5.1.7
Race and culture, defense of: 5.2.D
Retribution (includes both revenge and revengeless retribution): 5.3.A.2
Revengeless retribution: 5.3.A.2
Revenge: 5.3.A.3
Revolution, defense of: 5.2.M
Revolutionary authority: 5.2.C.2
Rising up: 2.0
Rising down: 2.0
Self, rights of: 5.1.1-3, 5.1.18
Self-defense, legitimate, indications of: 5.0
Seneca's Maxim: 6.3.A.1
The Shepherd's Maxim: 1.5.1
Solon's Maxim: 5.3.B.1
Symmetry of unjustified acts, undiscriminating: 6.3.A.3
Traitor: 5.2.L.2
Traitor, Jewish subtypes (rodef, moser): 5.2.L.2
Tu quoque defense: 6.3.A.3
Turnbull's Maxim: 5.2.D.5
Unjustified imminent harm to animals: 5.1.1a
Undiscriminating symmetry of unjustified acts: 6.3.A.3

Victim's Corollaries: 1.3.1.12a-b
Michael Walzer's Axiom: 5.2.F.1
War aim, legitimate: 5.2.F.1
War, limitation of : 5.2.F.1
"We" in wartime: 5.2.G
The Weapon Owner's Maxim: 1.5.2
The Whale-Hunter's Maxim: 5.2.D.4

APOLOGY AND DISCLAIMER

The following principles of conduct were all extracted (verbatim whenever possible) from the first four ("theoretical") volumes of the text. Ethics not yet being a circumstantially exact science (should it ever become so, free will and cultural variability might be compromised),[12] we shouldn't expect that this or any moral calculus will of itself permit every rational user to arrive at the same judgment of a given case. Benjamin Franklin used to divide a sheet of paper into two columns, one in favor of a decision, the other against. "And tho' the Weight of Reasons cannot be taken with the Precision of Algebraic Quantities, ... I have found great Advantage from this kind of Equation, in what may be called *Moral* or *Prudential Algebra.*"[13] Much of this procedure indeed makes common sense, but its sums, variables and formulas necessarily or unnecessarily rests upon vaguely defined terms. Plato's moral calculus differs from Cortes's, not least because their definitions of piety are different. Moses's ten commandments leave Lenin cold, in part on account of disagreements over the defined range and domain of that variable called Man: Does it include or dominate Woman? May it be substituted for God? Do its characteristics alter with its productive class?

Should you find fault with the calculus, as you ought to (I do my best to find fault with everybody else's; and my chapter on defense of animals remains especially unsatisfactory), I respectfully ask you not to leave a vacuum, but to construct your own. The translator of two old collections of Zen koans has noted that there is no "correct" answer to a koan, and, indeed, one student's right answer may be wrong if uttered by another.[14] Which does one put first, defense of gender, which might repudiate female circumcision, or defense of culture, which might demand it?[15] When does defense of race (one's own family) supersede defense of homeland?[16] My moral calculus cannot tell you that. However, what it can do is to remind you that if you consider only one of those two categories of defense, your judgment will remain superficial, unfair, and therefore unrealistic. Can defense of gender meet defense of culture somewhere? I hope and believe so, provided that both sides respect each other by applying some approximation of the Golden Rule.

More generally, I believe that along the continuum of answers to moral-political koans we can hope to find a broad and sometimes generous but not excessive width of reasonable consensus. Yes, the divergence may at times widen far enough to allow for more than one specific "right" choice—for example, in the case of Caesar *versus* Pompey—for people and situations less frequently dazzle us with the pinpoint light of self-evident truth than with the diffuse glare of ambiguity. Still and all, the question of when violence is justified need not be left entirely unanswered.

On the subject of consensus, please note that this quality, on which I've tried to found my definition of the legitimate authority [5.2.C.1] to carry out many acts of

violence, simply does not exist for the following categories: ethos of homeland [5.2.G.2], identity of race [5.2.D.2], place [5.2.I.3] and animals [5.2.J.4], ecological threat [5.2.I.1], inalienable qualities of creed [5.2.E.]. More traditional categories such as class inevitably provoke irreconcilable differences of opinion, but it remains possible to argue out those differences based on common presuppositions about fundamental human rights [5.1.1-3, 5.1.18]. Such presuppositions have scarcely begun to evolve for the categories mentioned here. I would be very proud if *Rising Up and Rising Down* encouraged anyone to add a mite to the long process of establishing some broad or minimal agreement on such questions as: What right do we grant an ancient redwood grove to remain as it is? Which alien ethos of creed, homeland or race can we tolerate; and when do customs which some people consider abhorrent, such as hunting, justify violent intervention? Does a white separatist have the same rights as a black separatist? I have done my own poor best to wrestle with these questions; if the results are half-baked, please heap your own most inflammatory prejudices onto the fire, and help with the cooking.

The best way to apply this calculus to a particular act is to examine the rules for every sort of justification which might possibly be applicable to it. What claim to righteousness might a Palestinian suicide bomber possess? To evaluate that claim, one could apply the calculus to him—and to his enemies—regarding (1) the *justifications* concerning (a) homeland, (b) creed, (c) war aims (not neglecting proportionality and discrimination), (d) ground, (e) honor and (f) authority; (2) the *policies* of (a) deterrence, (b) retaliation and (c) punishment, and (3) the *fate-invocation* of inevitability. Then, and only then, can one begin to employ Franklin's moral algebra.

When one commits violence, it is more likely that it will be unjustified than justified. Therefore, I would advise that if an act seems by the rules of section 6 to be classified as evil, it should be treated as suspect at best. On the other hand, if the act seems to obey all the rules for justification listed in section 5, it should be treated as—somewhat less suspect. At its most noble, an act which passes all the tests of section five can only be said to *tend* toward being justified. Since these rules necessarily remain vague, and their interpretation open to opinion, no one test is sure; and 5.1.6 should be kept in mind.

Calculus-lessness reliably produces amoral brutality; but, as Clausewitz reminds us, methodicism easily becomes stupidity. We must seek out the truth of each particular case.

[1.0] WHAT IS THE BEST WAY TO SEEK THE TRUTH?

1. In solitude. A member of any organization can hardly without visiting the darkly mysterious world of non-organization comprehend the truth about his organization—that is, the truth of what *he* has done and caused. I have seen and applauded Julius Caesar's clemency to my fellow Romans, but have I taken counsel with myself to see whether the purpose in whose service he so leniently fights is equally applaudable?

2. ...And in diverse company. A hermit may come to know himself, but unless he listens to others, and sees the happiness and suffering of others, he cannot know if what seems right for him will also be right for others. Moreover, a witness *knows* (even if he misunderstands what he knows). How could a Spaniard fairly judge the Mexican Conquest, without first inquiring of remnant Aztecs?

3. ...And through history. The world was different once. Learn what today's truth has in common with yesterday's. Hitler invokes defense of homeland. So does Lycurgus the Spartan. My President invokes it today. Which of those two predecessors, if either, does he more faithfully resemble?

4. ...And through service. He who helps not, cares not. He who cares not, possesses no right to guide other lives.

5. ...And through the commission of error, and through patient revision. "No organic law can ever be framed with a provision specifically applicable to every question which may occur in practical administration."[17] This moral calculus is the best I could do. I hope that studying its successes and failures may help you to do better than I have done.

6. ...And by eliminating the redundant terms and categories which make it difficult to distinguish a locally valid axiom from a universal one—or from a tautology. "A war of the Soviet Union against an imperialist aggressor would be a just war" really means "a war against an aggressor would be a just war."[18]

Experience alone, and theoretical grounding alone, falter. Hence the two parts of this book. Context must inform the act that we judge, but it cannot predetermine the judgment.

[1.1] HOW TO FORM A MORAL CODE

1. Follow your own inner logic and feeling in order to postulate laws of conduct which seem to you good;
2. Follow those laws if they correspond to local norms, and reconsider them if they violate those norms; but
3. Above all, choose the right regardless of local authority or custom, and then act accordingly, with due regard to:

The First Law of Violent Action: *The inertia of the situation into which we inject ourselves must always be given the benefit of the doubt. Look before you leap.*

which can be restated:

Assume any potential victim of your violence to be as worthy of self-preservation as yourself,[19] *until that assumption has been disproven by the remainder of your moral calculus.*

4. Follow the Golden Rule where possible. And give it the most generous possible interpretation. In other words, follow the Empath's Golden Rule **[1.2.b.]**.

a. The Golden Rule becomes more valid than ever in reference to one's dependents.

b. We bear an obligation is to study and intuit the identity of the other, his rights and needs, his appropriate mode of self-expression, his ethos. That is the only way to know how he wishes to be done by.[20]

[1.2] VARIATIONS OF THE GOLDEN RULE

1. **The Golden Rule**: *Do as you would be done by.* But in the event that I would wish others to do unto me something which others would not wish for themselves, then the Golden Rule would not be justified. In fact, it would become the Zealot's Golden Rule. [Mostly justified.]

COROLLARY: Personalizing a situation may help prevent violence: the Golden Rule warns and guards. However, personalizing an already violent situation could make it worse because witnessing outrages committed on the Golden Rule inclines us to bitterness.

EXAMPLE: In the Yugoslavian civil war I may resist the temptation to cut throats if I realize: It will be my neighbor's throat that I must cut! But once I've cut my neighbor's throat, my violence has surpassed the limit; I've done worse than cut a stranger's throat; my neighbor's children may never forgive me.

CAVEAT: The Golden Rule is justified only when applied to acts which all parties affected agree will contribute to their conception of goodness, or when the dissenting party is a bona fide dependent of the moral actor. Otherwise it easily becomes the Zealot's Golden Rule.[21]

[Throughout *Rising Up and Rising Down,* this caveat will be assumed.]

2. **The Empath's Golden Rule:** *Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing.* [Justified.]

3. **The Zealot's Golden Rule:** *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself.* Cortes exemplifies this fallacy: I am a Christian, so I'll force everyone else to be Christians. "Do unto others" can be justified only when applied to acts which *all* affected parties agree will contribute to goodness as they define it, or when the dissenting party is a dependent of the moral actor. [Unjustified.] [Compare with 1.3.2.]

(VARIANT A) **The Missionary's Golden Rule:** *Do unto others as you convince yourself they would be done by.* [Unjustified.]

EXAMPLE: Cortes again: "Truth to tell, it is war and warriors that really persuade the Indians to give up their idols... and it is thus that of their own free will and consent they more quickly... accept the Gospel."[22]

(VARIANT B) **The Marxist's Golden Rule:** *Do unto some others as you convince yourself they would be done by, and do to the rest whatever your end requires.* [Unjustified.]

EXAMPLE: The Bolsheviks "give" land to "the people" by forcibly enrolling them in collective farms while expelling and repressing rich peasants.

4. **The Soldier's Golden Rule:** *Do unto others as you are done by.* He shoots at me, so I'll shoot at him. This reduces moral actors to moral reactors. [Always justified in situations of imminent self-defense. Unjustified as a general moral code.]

5. **The Terrorist's Golden Rule:**[23] *Do as your end requires.* This places the moral actor beyond anyone else's judgment. [Unjustified.]

6. **The Golden Rule of Greek City-States:** *Let others do unto others whatever doesn't affect me.* [Unjustified or not? Certainly very callous.]

[1.3] MAXIMS FOR MURDERERS

The following propositions are of a rough and ready character; a murderer needs no others. Other murderers can add to them, and ought to, to help them feel righteous afterwards. The rest of us may consider them as beacons warning us away from evil shoals.

1. **The Antichrist's Maxim:** *If you were once an enemy, then you will always be.* By making reconciliation impossible, this perpetuates violence.

2. **John Brown's Maxim:** *If you refuse to follow the Golden Rule, then I have the right to use terror to impel you to follow it.* Very similar to the Zealot's Golden Rule [1.2.3].

3. **Caesar's Maxim:** *Should I extend mercy beyond expediency, then I have right to commit whatever aggression I please.*

4. **Cleon the Athenian's Maxim:** *"It is a general rule of human nature that people despise those who treat them well and look up to those who make no concessions."*[24] This too makes reconciliation impossible. It approaches the viciously literalist Marxist-Leninist interpretation of the class struggle.

5. **Cortes's Maxim:** *In order to secure and defend my ground, I have every right to conquer yours.*

6. **The Crocodile's Maxim:** *If we lost the last war, it's a grievance. If we won the last war, it's the status quo.*

7. **Hitler's Maxim:** *Your homeland ought to belong to me, so I have the right to defend it against you.*

8. **Field-Marshal Keitel's Maxim:** *"For a soldier, orders are orders!"*[25]

9. **The Klansman's Maxim:** *If I believe your race or culture threatens mine, I have the right first to threaten you back, then to remove your threat by violence.* In its readiness to give sole discretion for judging means and ends to the perpetrator of violene ("If I believe ... I have the right"), this maxim recalls Trotsky's [1.3.12].

10. **Napoleon's Maxim:** *Once I reify collective honor into standards and monuments, you must bleed for them. {The short form: "All honor is honorable."}* This translates into **The Terrorist's Golden Rule.**

11. **Shaka's Maxim:** *"If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all."*[26]

12. **Trotsky's Maxim:** *No one who disagrees with me is allowed to judge me.* Again, this is a variant of the Terrorist's Golden Rule [1.2.5].

13. **The Victim's Maxim:** *If any members of your side harmed any members of my side, then your side is completely in the wrong.*
    a. **The Victim's Corollary:** *Any moderate on my own side is an enemy.*
    b. **The Second Victim's Corollary:** *If you are not "one of us," I need neither trust you nor recognize your service.*

[1.4] MAXIMS FOR TYRANTS

These may not necessarily be as lethal as the Maxims for Murderers, but they still promote violence, injustice and death.

1. **Plato's Maxim Made Politic:** *No man will prove a creditable servant—unless we can keep him a servant for all time!*[27]

2. **The Slavemaster's Maxim:** *If I was born better than you, I have the right to rule you.*[28] Practically speaking, this is indistinguishable from Cleon the Athenian's Maxim.

[1.5] MAXIMS FOR SELF-DEFENDERS

In my opinion, these can be trusted, provided that each word is employed with honest literalness.

1. **The Shepherd's Maxim:** *As authority enlarges itself, its obligation to protect from violence the individuals it controls increases, and the ability of those individuals to defend themselves from violence correspondingly decreases.*[29]

    COROLLARY: Because the right to self-defense remains inalienable, each of us can and should maintain a self-reliant distrust of authority.

2. **The Weapons Owner's Maxim:** *When authority cannot protect me, I must protect myself.*[30]

[2.0] MEANS AND ENDS

• **An end** is the goal of, or reason for, one's violence. It may be very simple and practical (for instance, the right of the self to defend itself from violence, or not), or it may hovers in the sky like the dreams of most religions: close or distant prospects of improvement, revolution, salvation, security, etc.

EXAMPLE: When John Brown's son Watson lay captured and dying, a pro-slavery South Carolinian asked him why he had participated in the raid on Harpers Ferry. —"Duty, sir," said Watson.

Ends are just or unjust, but they are only ends; they harm no one until their disciples lift the cudgels of means.

EXAMPLE: Hitler's end can be judged (and found wanting) according to all the rights of the self [5.1.1-3, 5.1.18]. Simply stated, it is: "The people I define as Aryans will conquer as much of the world as possible and use it as their living-space." Hitler begins to put this unjust goal into unjust execution, and the Allies declare war. On the other hand, when neo-Nazis march through the streets of Skokie, Illinois, the American Civil Liberties Union rightly assists them; a march is only a march; suppressing speech is *always* less justifiable than permitting it. (Jefferson: "The opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction." No matter that civil government protects those opinions by applying Turnbull's Maxim [5.2.D.5.])

• **A means** no one can be sure of in advance, because it belongs to praxis, to implementation, to the interaction between strategy and an unpredictable world. After its enaction, the means becomes the act we've judged: the dead body, the revolution or burned city.

• **Justifications** are the links between ends and means. "I committed this act for that reason." A justification may be justified, unjustified or debatable.

EXAMPLES

1. Imminent self-defense, if true, is always justified by the rights of the self [5.1.1-3].
2. Defense of homeland is Leonidas's justification at Thermopylae, and also Hitler's in Russia; in the first case it is justified, in the second, unjustified.
3. Advancing society is one justification for class warfare which is justified or not depending on one's presuppositions.

• **Rising up**: A just act of violence. Both means and ends are legitimate.

• **Rising down:** An unjust act of violence. Means, ends or both fail to meet legitimacy's standard.

1. An unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enactions.

2. A just end may be served by a just or by an unjust means. Either way, the end itself has not been compromised in and of itself.

EXAMPLE: The fact that Trotsky might have shot innocent people for the noblest reasons cannot degrade those reasons from their nobility.

But an unjust end possesses no just means. And an unjust means, deliberately carried out [See 5.2.A.2], decreases the relevance of any end to the justifiability of the act which invokes it, and may nullify even the best end.

EXAMPLE: No end, noble or base, could justify the Holocaust.

3. The effects of any revolution, crime, rescue, or war cannot be anything but temporary and local. Therefore, every end remains (in its immediate expression) temporary and local. All the more reason for its means to be finite and limited.

a. An inconstant end is a warning: *Danger of deceitful or outright evil expediency.*

b. Precisely because these effects are local (finite), they may well be delayed. They may also cause temporary ill effects in the service of the greater good. Patience is required to determine their success and ultimate justifiability. At the same time, the moral actors who've caused those ill effects must stand accountable, and offer us proof that the good will indeed outweigh the bad.

EXAMPLE: Churchill writes about the 16.5 million people murdered in Stalin's collectivization drive: "A generation would no doubt come to whom their miseries were unknown, but it would be sure of having more to eat and bless Stalin's name."[31] That generation never arrived. Peter L. Berger wrote: "I see no possible moral calculus that would retroactively justify the nightmares of the 1920s and 1930s in terms of the Soviet gross national product of the 1960s..."[32]

c. Collective justice (or not) sometimes disburses unavoidable individual injustice. (The same goes for attempts at individual justice.) Imminence [5.1.1], ignorance of actual circumstances, and miscellaneous collective necessities, especially in war and revolution, bring about this result.

EXAMPLE: Applying deterrence and retribution to a Turkish atrocity, Lawrence of Arabia refuses to take prisoners at Tafas.[33] Whether or not his massacre was in any sense justified, some of the individuals he cut down might have been innocent of the crime he was punishing.

4. "One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results," says Gandhi, referring to *nonviolence.* [*Very limited case.*]

CAVEAT: This is *only* true (for both violence and nonviolence) if:

a. one's attachment to the end is absolute [in which case lack of results is only a disappointment, not a deterrent],

EXAMPLE: One side fights on in a lost war. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry: "War is not the acceptance of danger. It is not the acceptance of combat. For the combatant, it is at certain moments the pure and simple acceptance of death."[34]

and if possible

b. the means harms only those people who stand ready to be harmed.[35]

CAVEAT: Authority usually compels its subjects to sacrifice themselves, ready or not. In short, in daily life (b) gets violated.

Far more often, achieving results, or holding the reasonable expectation of achieving them, is essential to justify violence.

GENERAL RULE: Violence cannot be justified, even by the noblest end, should the means be ineffective.

EXAMPLE: The nuclear bomb dropped on Hiroshima, morally dubious though it was, might have been at least arguably justifiable (by imminent self-defense), but not without reason to believe that its use would save lives by shortening the war.

Possible motivations for dropping the bomb:

a. To save American and Japanese lives. [*Justifiable.*]
b. To prevent the USSR from entering the war and claiming too great a share of the spoils. [*Unjustifiable.*]
c. To field-test the weapon. [*Unjustifiable.*]
d. To overawe the USSR. [*Unjustifiable.*]

5. The most illuminating way to perceive the shoddiness of your own ideals is to witness someone else practicing them.

6. Insofar as a cause is just, it ought to be open to all. To the extent that a cause is exclusive, it loses worthiness. (I repeat these words in the specific sections on defense of race and gender [**5.2.D.2 and 5.2.K.2**], because adherents of those causes in particular, which have to do with biological specificity and exclusion, sometimes forget that *every* just end includes all of us.)

[3.0] WHAT FACTORS NEED TO BE CONSIDERED IN JUDGING ANY VIOLENT ACT?

1. What is the relationship between the aggressor and the victim?

The same physical act will have very different meanings if committed in wartime or in peacetime, by authority upon a criminal or by a criminal upon a householder, etc. How many victims are involved, and how were they selected?

CAVEAT: In evaluating the aggressor and victim's judgments of one another, remember that there is almost never any "moral yellowness," any physiognomy of good or evil. [See **5.4.A** and **6.4.A.**]

2. Is the aggressor acting on his own behalf or is he an agent?

Is he acting under compulsion, loyalty or fear [**5.3.C.1-2, 6.3.C.1-2**], or is he acting of his own free will? Does he understand the end? Does he control the means, or is he merely someone else's means?

CAVEAT: When a deed is committed under the aegis of a hierarchy of authority, we who judge must superimpose a corresponding hierarchy of moral responsibility. Scared and ignorant triggermen are not as culpable as their commanders. This supplements rather than contradicts the principle that we ought to judge each other as individuals, not as members of various categories.

3. Has the victim been attacked for no reason at all, for no personal reason, for reasons connected intimately with who he is, or what he does, or in his capacity as an agent?

Is he simply, like so many casualties of gangland shootings, in the wrong place at the wrong time? Does the attack occur simply because he appears elderly enough to rob, because she is alone enough to rape, because they are of the wrong color or class? Or is the motive one of hatred for this particular individual? Does the victim fly the colors of an enemy state?

REASONS TO HARM[36] A SPECIFIED PERSON

[*1-6: Possibly justified, but progressively less likely to be so.*]

1. What you've done. (You physically attacked me.)
2. What you are: allegiance. (You wear the uniform of the enemy army.)
3. What you haven't done. (You evince neutrality toward my behavior when I need your help.)
4. Whom you associate with. (Your best friend is in category 1.)
5. What you might do. (You could conceivably end up in categories 1, 2, 3 or 4.)

6. What you have. (You are rich and I am not, so I'll rob and kill you.) [See 5.2.B and 6.2.B.]

[*7-8: Never justified.*]

7. What you are: biological, religious or ideological identity. (You are a Jew, and I hate Jews.) [Hence this formation of Trotsky's, while not proven to be equivalent to Rule 7, is very suspect: "It is not only a question of what is being done, but also of who does it."][37]
8. The fact that you are. (You exist, and any victim will do.)

These reasons would be located thus on the Lutheran diagram of justice:[38]

THE TWO KINDS OF JUSTICE VS. THE TWO KINDS OF INJUSTICE

1. RECEIVED GOODNESS You are what I consider good.	vs.	1. RECEIVED EVIL You are what I consider evil.
	[nos. 7, 8] [nos. 2, 4, 5, 6]	
2. ACTIVE GOODNESS You do what I consider good.	vs. [nos. 1,3]	2. ACTIVE EVIL You do what I consider evil.

4. What is the victim's judgment of the act?

A victim's consent or even fervid participation (for instance, that of a minor upon whom statutory rape is committed) may not necessarily render the act justifiable. Contrariwise, a victim's extreme anguish and condemnation of the act (as in the case of a robber who dies in a lawful homicide) may not make the act unjustifiable. However, the victim's circumstances and feelings remain relevant. Cutting off the hand of a thief will be more acceptable in a Muslim country which follows the Qur'-An's law, the shariat, then in a western country which follows the Geneva Conventions. [See 5.3b and 6.3b.].

5. What is the victim's judgment of the aggressor's judgment of the victim's judgment and probable response?

The necessity of admitting this seemingly arcane point is borne out by requoting that extract from the Babylonian Talmud: "What is the reason for the [permission to kill the] burglar? No man controls himself when his money is at stake, and since he [the burglar] knows that he [the owner] will oppose him, he thinks: If he resists me I shall kill

him, therefore the Torah says: If a man has come to kill you, anticipate him by killing him!"[39] This projection by each antagonist of the other's intentions may be extended as relevant.

6. *What is the victim's response?*
   Has the aggressor correctly anticipated it? If so, then certain types of violence, such as proactive self-defense, may perhaps be justified in this case.

7. *What is the aggressor's end?*
   Is it moral? Is it good? Is it justified? If not, or if there be no end, the act is unjustified. If so, the act may or may not be justified.

8. *What is the aggressor's means?*
   In actual fact this will be the first question answered, for it translates as: What is the violent act itself? Does it cause death or harm? Does it involve torture? How imminent is the victim's right to violent self-defense?

9. *What is the aggressor's judgment of his own means?*
   Does he extenuate or justify himself? If not, what does that say about the act?

10. *What is the victim's judgment of the aggressor's means?*
    Do the answers to this question and the previous one correspond with my own judgment? If not, why do they differ, and whose assessments ought to be followed?

11. *Is the aggressor's end justified?*
    If not, then acting against it is probably justified.

12. *Is the aggressor's means justified in relation to the act?*
    Homicide, for instance, may be justified in the defense of one's life. It is not justified merely out of loyalty to some authority (although some circumstances, e.g.; a war, may render the loyalty defense more justified).

13. *Could the means be unjustified but excusable?* [See 7.0.]

14. *What is the aggressor's judgment of the act?*
    If the act is punishable by the victim's standards, is it punishable by the aggressor's standards also? [See question 7, this sec., above.] The answer to this may possibly determine the quality of retribution, judicial or otherwise, which will be called for.

15. What is the context of the act?

Whether or not it is immediately justified, does it comprise a part of larger act, and if so, is that justified or not? To what extent does this war comprise a continuation of the last war? Is imminent self-defense acceptable in the context of an aggressive act?

16. How violent is the act?

How may violence be quantified? What is violence? Does it include, as householders and corporations insist, and eco-defenders deny, destruction against property? How severe is it? See the three scales immediately following.

Scales Used in Plotting Continua and Charts

GENERAL VIOLENCE SCALE

1 Never acceptable. (Gandhi.)
2 Wrong as a rule, but not necessarily blameworthy if caused by intolerable provocation. (late M.L. King.)
3 An acceptable last resort. (Lincoln.)
4 Acceptable against aliens, but against one's own kind. (Caesar, Leonidas?)
5 An acceptable way of achieving one's end. (John Brown, Cortes, Robespierre, Trotsky?)
6 Generally the most appropriate means. (Hitler, Stalin.)
7 An end. (Sade.)

SEVERITY SCALE (for violence inflicted upon the vanquished)

0 Full liberty to the surrendered.
1 Hostages / fines required.
2 Exemplary executions of "ringleaders."
3 Mass enslavement, mutilation, or pillage.
4 Mass executions.
5 Extermination.

CAVEATS:

1. This scale represents only acts of physical violence. It cannot represent acts of territorial or political violence, such as Caesar's installation of Cleopatra on the Egyptian throne, or the intimidation tactics of the Animal Liberation Front.

2. Atrocities committed in combat, even on probable noncombatants, are not represented.

3. Proportionality forces us to give to the massacre of 30 out of 30 prisoners a higher severity score than the massacre of 500 out of 1000.

[4.0] WHEN IS NONVIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED, DEFICIENT OR INSUFFICIENT TO ACHIEVE ITS AIMS?

When it is directed against violence *and*:

1. When the sacrifice entailed by the practitioner of nonviolence does not have sufficient intellectual or emotional justification.

   EXAMPLE OF SUCH A JUSTIFICATION (from an American anti-nuclear pamphlet): "It is important to remember that we have made a positive choice to act in the way that we see as best, and to maintain faith in ourselves, each other and our non-violent actions."[40]

   EXAMPLE OF THE LACK OF SUCH A JUSTIFICATION: A child tries to "be good" and passively suffers an adult's unjust violence.

   or

2. When the sacrifice is unlikely to limit the violence of the aggressor.

   EXAMPLE: Gandhi's absurd advice to the victims of the impending Holocaust: "But if the Jewish mind could be prepared for voluntary suffering, even the massacre I have imagined could be turned into a day of thanksgiving and joy that Jehovah had wrought deliverance of the race even at the hands of the tyrant."[41]

   or

3. When nonviolence will sacrifice people who do not want to be sacrificed, while violence will save them.[42]

   EXAMPLE: In the Peloponnesian War, the Melians surrender at discretion to the Athenians, who then slaughter all adult males and sell the rest as slaves.[43]

[5.0] WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?

Begin by respecting the Machiavellian Caveat: "How one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done, sooner effects his ruin than his preservation."[44]

If we describe rather than prescribe human behavior, justice appears largely irrelevant. Most violence will always be unjustified, and we need not expect to "improve" it. Worse yet, *rights are often unenforceable.* If our means remain insufficient to accomplish our just ends, then what's the use? [But see 2.4 above.] Still and all, violence is justified in legitimate defense and self-defense.

INDICATIONS OF LEGITIMATE DEFENSE AND SELF-DEFENSE

- The violence is more reactive than proactive.

  CAVEAT: Proactive violence can be justified as self-defense against an imminent threat of aggression so massive or dangerous that a "second strike" would be futile.

  EXAMPLES:

  1. A man aims a gun at me. I shoot first, and so I live.
  2. A nuclear regime menaces my country. I launch a massive nuclear strike. This second example is obviously very problematic, and one hopes that the menace has been assessed fairly.

  [See 6.1.1. See also 5.3 and 6.3 for various types of justified and unjustified proactive violence.]

- Nonviolence in this or similar cases already proved ineffective or even provocative.

  EXAMPLE: "How in the name of common sense do Christians propose to do away with this enormous sin [of slavery] if not with John Brown's method?"—Sarah Everett.[45] She was right, at least from the point of view of a solitary Abolitionist in that violently deadlocked epoch of the slavery debate.

- The violence is limited; it will cease if a given concrete result is reached; it shows mercy.

  EXAMPLE: Lincoln ends the Civil War when Lee surrenders.

- Whatever advantage the violence gains is limited to the restoration of a safe status quo, plus conservatively reasonable compensation for injuries suffered.

  EXAMPLE: At the end of the Gulf War, the U.S. leaves Saddam Hussein in power, but makes Iraq pay reparations to Kuwait for having invaded that country.[46]

[5.1] DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

{The fundamental violent rights of the self are listed in 5.1.1-3}:

More generally,
VIOLENCE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. In legitimate self-defense or the defense of other human beings against imminent physical harm.[47]

• **Legitimate self-defense** means that the provocation and thus the initial threat lie largely on the other side.

• **Imminence** will often be asserted by someone who wants to justify violence. It applies to a threat of violence so immediate and so dangerous that a reasonable person would agree that violent defense, resistance, or even proactive action would be justified. Imminence extenuates many errors of perception and judgment.

EXAMPLE: A police officer is justified in shooting a teenager who brandishes a realistic toy gun, because if the officer waits to verify the weapon's actual capability, he may well be dead.

Imminence is the rule on the battlefield, and excuses conscripts from killing enemy combatants even if the war aim for which they fight is evil. Imminence is often confused with, or pretended to be, other quantities which may be debatable or outright wrong, for instance, the consolidation of legitimate or illegitimate revolutionary authority, the despairing zeal of John Brown, the urgent expedient need for Cortes to complete his wicked conquest.

NOTE: This "ordinary" imminence applies to all cases in this book except for defense of earth, where **scientific imminence [5.2.I.1]** may apply. The overlapping, contingent category of **proactive imminence** [6.3.A.1.6] may be either ordinary or scientific. Obviously imminent defense of individual or collective rights will always be justified. Strictly speaking, therefore, the justification of imminence as applied to any of the categories in this calculus is redundant. However, I have included imminence occasionally and advisedly, when it might not necessary occur to us in connection with certain categories **[e.g.; 5.2.A.1]**, or when it is the essence of an ostensibly category **[as in 5.2.H.1]**.

[1a. In legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent and unjustified physical harm.][48]

• "**Unjustified**" has **NO** consensualized definition beyond the human context.

2. In defense of individual rights;[49]

RIGHTS OF THE SELF:

- To violently defend itself, or not.
- To violently defend another, or not. [See 5.1.7.]
- To destroy itself or preserve itself.[50]

  Suicide is permissible whenever uncoerced (that is, whenever it is actually suicide), but most noble as an act of assertion in defense of a right.

  EXAMPLE: "Caesar's troops beset the city gates, yet Cato has a way of escape; with one single hand he will open a wide path to freedom."—Seneca.[51]

- To violently destroy another who would be better off dead.[52]

  If suicide is not wrong, then consensual euthanasia cannot be wrong, either. In extreme circumstances, people may legitimately coerce the deaths of dependents or incapacitated strangers, in order to spare them from suffering (physical torture, a miserable death, abandonment which would lead to the same, mental torture such as permanent dishonor-grief or defilement-stigma, etc.).

  EXAMPLE: Lawrence of Arabia shoots his wounded servant Farraj. "We could not leave him where he was, to the Turks, because we had seen them burn alive our hapless wounded."[53]

  Such actions ought never to facilitate the advantage of the euthanizer, but can be justified even should he not wish them applied to himself in a similar case.

- To violently defend its property, or not,[54]

  CAVEATS:

  1. By proportionality itself [see 5.2.F.], the right to life supersedes the right to property.

     EXAMPLES:

     1. Others may exercise their right to self-preservation by confiscating excess property if they are in dire need. [See 5.2.B and 6.2.B.]

     2. A householder is not entitled to shoot a fleeing burglar in the back.]

  2. Legitimate authority [see 5.2.C.1] may confiscate excess property in the interest of the social contract [taxes, the Muslim *zakat* tithe, etc.].

A. Circumstantial Conditions for 5.1.1 and 5.1.2 to be valid[55]

1. Full self-sovereignty.

EXAMPLE: We wouldn't allow a small child to destroy himself by drinking household poisons, or to carry a loaded pistol for self-defense.

2. Proportionality must be maintained [5.2.F.]. The violent response must be of equal or lesser force than the injury—making due allowance for the ambiguities, mistakes and passions of urgency.[56]

EXAMPLE OF AN ALLOWABLE MISTAKE: A man shoots and kills the stranger whom he discovers in the process of assaulting someone; he doesn't first inquire what lethal force the stranger plans to employ. [See 5.1.7., 6.0.7., and 7.0.2.]

3. Discrimination must be respected [5.2.F.1]. The violent response must be directed against the immediate aggressor—again, making allowance for imminence.

EXAMPLE OF MISTAKE ALLOWED BY IMMINENCE: A soldier's bullet inadvertently kills a civilian in the field of fire.

CAVEAT: Discrimination is obeyed according to one's presuppositions.[See 5.2.F.1]. In one early sixteenth century campaign, the Aztecs liquidate everybody more than nine years old.[57] Two years previous, when they'd attacked another kingdom, the criterion for execution was an age of more than fifty, "because they were the ones responsible for this rebellion," as an anthropologist explains.[58] (To us they'd be civilians in their declining years; to their contemporaries they were respected elders, war leaders.)

B. Ideological Conditions for 5.1.1 and 5.1.2 to be valid:[59]

1. No attachment to non-violent creeds. *(No nonviolence condition.)* Adherence to nonviolence would prohibit us from exercising many of the above rights.

EXAMPLE: Tolstoy on a pact of mutual defense between Russian and France: "From the Christian point of view one can never admit the justice of war."[60]

2. No allegiance to collectivity or authority which might prohibit the self from removing itself from "the line of fire." *(No allegiance condition.)* Interpreted by some to include allegiance to an implicit social contract. Allegiance might prevent us from exercising the rights of self-preservation, ethuanasia, etc.

EXAMPLE: Robespierre refuses to save the Girondin deputies from the guillotine: "There are periods in revolution when to live is a crime

and when men must know how to yield their heads if demanded."][61]

CAVEAT TO (1) AND (2): *So called involuntary attachments* (among which revolutionaries include prior social contracts) *are not binding. Voluntary attachments may likewise be withdrawn at any time.* In short, both conditions may be overridden—at which point one returns almost to the state of nature, with one exception: *The Golden Rule should always be respected.* Because the Goldren Rule is always in force, except during emergencies, even if an entire regime should be smashed, an *implicit* social contract resumes at the cessation of violence.[62]

EXAMPLES: By the rights of the self one may justifiably refuse to fight a war, or one may renounce nonviolence in order to defend oneself, or one may violently rebel against authority provided that one's cause is just [5.2.C.2], etc., etc. Of course there may well be dire consequences to the decider.

3. In defense of self-respect **[See 5.2.A.]**;[63]

RIGHTS OF THE SELF:

- To violently preserve its honor, or not. **[See 5.2.A.]**
- To violently defend its personal authority, or not. **[See 5.2.B-C, F, K.]**
- To violently defend its expression of creed, or not. **[See 5.2.E.]**

  EXAMPLE: *Joan of Arc*: "My victory or my standard's, it was all in our Lord."[64] **[See 5.1.8.]**
- To violently defend its own particular choices of:

  nonviolent behavior *or*

  mutually uncoerced (consensual) violent behavior: sado-masochistic sexual, ritual or medical practices. **[See 5.3.D.]**

[The fundamental violent rights of the self end here. As a member of a society, the self may also take its part in exercising the following collective rights (5.1.4-5):]

4. In the *construction* or *maintenance* of legitimate institutional authority.[65] **[See 5.2.C.]** This relates to the right to enter into or withdraw from any social contract **[5.1.2.B caveat]**.

5. In *obedience* to legitimate authority;[66] provided only that there is ethical commonality between the giver of the orders and the one who is ordered,[67] and that the indications in (1) and (2) apply. [See 5.2.C, 5.3.C.1-2.]

{The next two fundamental "rights" {5.1.6-7} are not really rights at all, but recapitulations of other principles in this calculus (I apologize for the redundancy, which seems advisable here). They are in essence beacons of justifiability for both individual and collective action.}

6. When a number of categories of self-defense can be legitimately invoked (e.g.; self-defense of race is more likely to be justified if it also comprises individual or national self-defense). The more conditions in this section satisfied, the better.

a. When a variety of groups or individuals participate in that defense.

7. In defense of proportionality: that is,

• **Proportionality** means to save from harm a number of people greater than (or equal to?) the number of people who will be harmed by one's violence. [See **5.1.2:** Right of the self to violently defend another, or not. See also **5.2.F.**: Proportionality in war aims.]

a. PROCEDURAL COROLLARY [particularly but not exclusively applicable to individuals]: Where practical, the amount of force employed for justified self-defense should not exceed the amount required for that end, although it may exceed the amount employed by the original aggressor.

EXAMPLE: When Bernhard Goetz fires a fifth shot at his assailants after they have stopped being a serious threat, he is unjustified in doing so because he is violating this corollary.[68]

CAVEAT TO 7 AND 7A: A disproportionate response may be extenuated when imminent self-defense prevents methodological calculation.

EXAMPLES:

1. Goetz was justified in beginning to shoot when he is threatened with sharpened screwdrivers.[69]

2. Babylonian Talmud: "If a man has come to kill you, anticipate him by killing him!"[70] But true knowledge of his intention is impossible; we have to guess. **[See 5.1.1.A.2.]**

{The last fundamental violent right I posit produces some rather controversial corollaries, so I have invoked it as little as possible in this book. I personally believe in it strongly. This right may be exercised either individually or collectively.}

8. In imminent defense of freedom of speech. **[See 5.2.E.2.]** The self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it choos-

es, the right to empathize with friend or foe (shall we call that treason?), to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times.

> Artistic expression, political expression, pornography, hate speech, blasphemy, etc. should all be protected.
>
> > CAVEAT: Direct incitement to violence is action, not speech, and may be considered illegitimate to the extent that the violence it incites is illegitimate.[71]

[5.2] JUSTIFICATIONS: SELF-DEFENSE

[5.2.A] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR JUSTIFIED?[72]

For our purposes, honor is *the extent to which the self approaches its own particular moral standard of replying to or initiating violence.* Honor is neither good nor bad without a context. It has four categories. Every type of honor falls into one of the first two *and* one of the last two:

- **Inner honor**: the degree of harmony between (a) an individual's aspirations, deeds and experiences, and (b) his conscience. As such, it remains unknowable to others.

or

- **Outer honor**: the degree of esteem in which someone is held. It derives either from his status **[5.2.B def]**, or from the amount of consonance between (a) his *professed* aspirations and *known* deeds and (b) the values of his judges.
  EXAMPLE: Cortes, in a *pro forma* reference to Montezuma, whom he has not yet met, speaks of "the honor and authority of such a great prince".

and

- **Individual honor**: one's honor as a person.

or

- **Collective honor**: one's honor as a citizen or member of a group.
  EXAMPLE: Jung Haegu: "Korea's modern history is stained with dishonor and disgrace, and the people have been forced to accept frustration and shame" because of President Park's abuse of power.

Outer collective honor comprises the group's official face; inner collective honor is its *esprit de corps* as well as its degree of actual adherence to the ideals it professes.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When honor is altruistic—that is, when honor demands the deliverance of a third party from imminent violence.[73] [See 5.1.2.]

2. When defense of honor perfectly corresponds with other justified defense.[74]

NOTE: This rule is weak almost to uselessness because defense of honor is so often unjustified. Best to limit this excuse for violence as much as possible!

COROLLARY: When defense of honor is in accordance with the fundamental rights of the self.

EXAMPLE: During the Cultural Revolution, Nien Cheng refuses to bow to Mao's portrait or to confess to imaginary crimes. Imminent self-defense would have justified her had she taken the course of acknowledging authority's outer honor. This is Dwight Edgar Abbot's course [see 5.2.A.3]. Instead, she defends her own inner honor, a course which is allowed by the fundamental rights of the self to defend itself or not [5.1.2, 5.2.D.5].

3. When the defender's peers would agree that dishonor is equivalent to, or worse than, physical harm, and when the dishonorer willfully disregards that standard.[75]

EXAMPLES:

1. A raped woman in Afghanistan may very possibly be killed by her male relatives.[76] The rapist becomes therefore her proximate murderer, and can be treated as such. Killing him before he dishonors her, or killing him later to keep the dishonor secret, may save her life.

2. Julius Caesar: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself."[77] In fact, his prestige, his outer honor, is his power, without which he'd become anyone's prey. Regardless of the injustice of his war aims [6.2.F.4], to this simple extent Caesar's defense of honor is justified as imminent self-defense.

3. Dwight Edgar Abbot in juvenile hall: There was never a doubt I had to retaliate. I had to save face. "My honor and ability had been questioned. A punk had made an unusual attempt to hurt a straight. No mild retaliation would save face for me or my clique. I had to cut Blinky."[78] Otherwise Abbot will be despised and treated with violence indefinitely after.

[5.2.B] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS JUSTIFIED?[80]

Class may be any one or combination of the following attributes:

- Function.
  EXAMPLE: An ant caste is a group which carries out a specified type of behavior.
- Status by reason of function.
  EXAMPLE: In some hunter-gatherer societies, successful hunters have the status of "the best men," while "old and infirm people are treated with severity, and when dependent upon others for their food they are summarily disposed of by strangulation or left to perish when the camp is moved."
- Status by reason of merit.
  EXAMPLE: A seventeenth-century Iroquoian enjoys high status because he is proficient and amassing wealth and is generous with it.
- Property.
  EXAMPLE: In pre-constitutional Athens, one of the main qualifications for an official appointment is wealth.
- Rank.
  EXAMPLE: "The noneconomic character of the institution of 'slavery' is revealed," says Leslie White, "when a Kwakiutl chief, for example, will kill a slave merely to demonstrate his high status."
  EXAMPLE: Burke insists that The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person."[81]
- Origin.
  EXAMPLE: A Japanese Burakumin belongs to the Untouchable class because his ancestors half a millennium earlier performed labor which was considered defiling.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is truly defense against the exactions, impoverishments, oppressions and humiliations imposed by other classes—not proactive self-defense.[82]

   EXAMPLE: "By 1908 the seventeen owners of the thirty-six major haciendas in the state" of Morelos "owned over 25 percent of its total surface, most of its cultivable land, and almost all of its good land."[83] Violent efforts to equalize this situation might well be justified.

2. When it is directed against class structures and their active or official representatives, not against individuals who happen to be members of opposed classes only passively, through biological or social accidents.[84]

EXAMPLE: The Korean insurgent Manjok cries: "Why then should we only work ourselves to the bone and suffer under the whip? ... If each one kills his master and burns the record of his slave status, thus bringing slavery to an end in our country, then each of us will be able to become a minister or a general."[85] Justified as far as it goes, but don't then, as Bolsheviks would, liquidate the master's family without imminent cause.

3. When class equals function or status by function, and when that function is essential as the society is currently consituted.

EXAMPLE: In a pre-contact Amerindian band, violent discrimination against old or otherwise unfit people by the hunter class, the "best men," may be justifiable during a famine in the interests of saving as many people as possible.

4. When class equals status by consensually defined merit.

EXAMPLE: People may choose to give a priest or shaman a disproportionate share of their resources, and they may violently defend his right to receive this.

5. When the defense promotes classlessness.

[5.2.B.1] VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS MAY OR MAY NOT BE JUSTIFIED:

a. When it aims at "advancing society" **[see 5.2.C.2., 5.2.M., 6.2.C.1., 6.2.M]**.

b. When its purpose is to benefit the most emiserated class.

c. When its aim is to end relative as opposed to absolute poverty.

d. When it increases equality at the expense of liberty, or vice versa.

Justifying these ends and effects would require adding to or modifying our axioms about the fundamental violent rights of the self **[see 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8]**.

[5.2.C.1] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF PREEXISTING LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY JUSTIFIED?[86]

Legitimate authority means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available *and* that "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.

{One of the "principles of 1789": The state does not exist for its own benefit, but for its sovereign citizens.}

INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE:

- The violence seems to promote nonviolent stability (and therefore probably proceeds at a moderate tempo).[87]

  COROLLARY: Consensual authority ordinarily needs to employ violent deterrence **[5.3.A.1, 6.3.A.1]** on a smaller scale than illegitimate or revolutionary **[5.2.C.2]** authority.
- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.[88]
- It is in conformance with law.[89]
- It enjoys a consensus untainted by
  a. false consciousness, or
  b. the exploitation of third parties.[90]

  EXAMPLE OF CONSENSUS: "The word of the Chief [of the Mangeroma cannibals was law and no one dared appeal from the decisions of this man ... the natives believed him invested with mysterious power which made him the ruler of men ... The Chief took no active part in the fight whatever, but added to the excitement by bellowing with all his might an encouraging 'AA-OO-AA.' ... this had a highly beneficial effect upon the tribesmen, for they never for an instant ceased their furious fighting until the last Peruvian was killed."[91]

  [On the problematic nature of consensus, see Turnbull's Maxim, **5.2.D.5.**]
- It respects the rights of the self. **[See 5.1.]**
- Its necessity is accepted by some members of the group against whom it is directed.

RIGHTS OF AUTHORITY

- Self-defense
  a. Defense of sovereignty and command

i. Defense against opposition
ii. Defense against factionalism,
CAVEAT: If and only if opposition and factionalism are imminently dangerous to authority's LEGITIMATE operation.
b. Defense of homeland
c. Defense of ground

- Enlargement [A conditional right, **per 5.2.C.1.A.**]
- Deterrence **[See 5.3.A.1.]**
- Retaliation **[See 5.3.A.2-3.]**
- Punishment **[See 5.3.B.]**

1. When the authority has not been proven unjust, and when failure to defend it will injure or destroy it.[92] [Incumbency has a lower standard to meet than revolutionary authority. **See 1.1.3.**]

2. When mutual affection exists between authority and its subjects, and when the defense is motivated by that affection.[93]

3. When the leaders' authority is peacefully revocable on the part of the led.[94]

4. When authority directs its defense so as to commit the least possible harm.[95] [In other words, when it obeys proportionality and discrimination. **See 5.1.2.1, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.**]

[5.2.C.1.A] WHEN MAY PREEXISTING LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY ENLARGE ITSELF?[96]

1. As *imminent* self-defense requires.
EXAMPLE: Lincoln's defense of the U.S. during the Civil War leads him to temporarily violate such U.S. legal limitations as habeas corpus. The justice of the federal government's enlargement since then remains debatable.

2. As consensuality permits.
[In my opinion, most of the time, authority's self-aggrandizement is unjustified.]

[5.2.C.2] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY JUSTIFIED?[97]

Legitimate revolutionary authority may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy, either obviously or behind the screen of false consciousness. Given the initial dominance of preexisting authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will NOT legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority. Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring out its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination.[98] [See **5.2.F. def.**, **5.2.F.1.**] Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.

INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE:

- The violence aims at a nonviolent future. It may proceed at any tempo required to bring that future closer.

  [Possibly justified rephrasing of the above, **per 5.2.B.1.A.**: The violence will "advance society."]
- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.
- It will someday bring about a decent rule of law.
- It enjoys a consensus *on the part of its adherents.*
- It acts in the ultimate name of, but may indefinitely disregard, the rights of the self.
- It will destroy false consciousness.
- It will rescue oppressed people from prior emiseration.

of which only the following need not be taken on faith by third parties:

MEASURABLE INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE:

- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.
- It will rescue oppressed people from prior emiseration.

RIGHTS OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY:

The same as for preexisting authority. **[See 5.2.C.1.4.]**

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When the goal and the means to attain that goal are consensual on the part of (a) the revolutionaries who constitute that authority, and (b) the people on whom the revolution is being imposed. When the revolutionaries who constitute that authority and the people on whom the revolution is being imposed agree on the goal and the means to attain that goal.

2. To consolidate the authority's power, and stabilize the area under its control. (What may be moral in seizing power may not be in exercising it.)

EXAMPLE OF JUSTIFICATION BY IMMINENCE: *Trotsky, on his actions during the Russian Civil War*: "Exceptional measures were necessary; the enemy was at the very gates."[99]

3. To bring the revolution into conformance with the norms and limits appropriate to incumbency.

EXAMPLE: A purge of violent extremists.

4. To carry out the revolution.

CAVEAT: So long as the revolution continues, either authority must remain incompletely consolidated, or else **5.2.C.3** applies.

EXAMPLE: It may conceivably be appropriate to kill kulaks in 1917, if they are resisting the Russian Revolution. It would be inappropriate to kill them in 1977, when revolutionary authority is supreme and has been institutionalized for decades.

[For a justification of the rising up which creates revolutionary authority, **see 6.2.C.**]

[5.2.D] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE JUSTIFIED?[100]

Defense of race and culture is highly problematic. "Does the concept of human rights mean that" minority groups "should be treated equally under given laws, or that they should have a communitarian right to sustain their own identity and way of life separate from the dominant culture to which they remain subject?" wonders a South Korean sociologist. I myself would answer that question with—

- **The Galapagos Maxim:** *Diversity is best served by local homogeneity and global heterogeneity.*
- One working definition of race and culture: Expression of identity. Hence justified by the rights of the self **[5.1.1-3,5.1.8]**.

1. When it is simple imminent physical defense of self or others in response to an attack based primarily or solely on affiliation.

EXAMPLE: A black slave uprising against white slaveholders in the nineteenth-century American South would have been justified by defense of race, defense of class **[5.2.B.2]**, etc.

2. When it is (a) directed by a minority against a majority whose actions are causing imminent danger to the minority's justified identity and expression; moreover, (b) nonviolence has already failed and (c) the violence offers a very convincing probability of effectively achieving its stated result while obeying proportionality, discrimination and limit; finally, (d) individuals within the group toward which the violence is directed are implicitly and explicitly considered to have the same fundamental rights as those who carry out the violence.

EXAMPLE: The seventeenth-century Powhatan Indians ("Pocahontas's people") rose up against the English colonists in Virginia who had been stealing their land and sovereignty bit by bit. The rebellion was cruel—it targeted all whites, even children—and it failed, thereby bringing immense punishment upon itself. It was still at least somewhat justified by near-imminent self-defense. This imminence, and the fact that the English had themselves disobeyed proportionality and discrimination in their massacres, makes me reluctant to condemn the uprising on the grounds of clauses (c) and (d).]

3. When its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of race and culture. *Race itself need not be relevant to defense of race.* To the extent that a cause is exclusive, it loses worthiness. **[See 2.6.]** Self-defense of race (or gender, or culture) is most frequently the simpler self-defense of human beings whom the *aggressors* have perse-

cuted on the grounds of race. [**See 5.2.D.1.**] This rule permits violence against authorities and organizations which are unjust by Martin Luther King's Maxim.

Martin Luther King's Maxim: *A law is unjust which requires from the governed acts or allegiances not required from the legislators.*

4. Absent imminent defense, when its end does not go beyond defending the minimal aloofness which is the right of every culture or bloodline.

The Whale-Hunter's Maxim: *What is forbidden, allowable, or compulsory in one group need not be in another.* [The fact that Inuit kill whales, or that Muslims abstain from pork and endorse polygamy, in no way entitles, compels or forbids other people to do likewise.]

CAVEAT: The Whale-Hunter's Maxim is justified in inverse proportion to the proportion and influence of those who practice it in a given instance.

NOTE: A bloodline, organization, race or a culture can best maintain itself through some minimal degree of **aloofness**.

• **Aloofness** is the preservation and expression of individual, collective, inborn or acquired difference. Aloofness is the acts and manifestations which will keep difference distinct. Aloofness is a subsidiary end, not a means. It may be defended by justified violence, but it may not employ proactive violence.

EXAMPLES:

1. Traditional Inuit culture has been predicated on low population density in an unpolluted setting. If enough people settle in the North, that will be the end. Immigration quotas are probably justified. Would violence against new arrivals be justified? Maybe, if the threat to Inuit life were extreme enough.

2. A small professional organization might justifiably exclude members of the majority group, although such exclusion would hardly be noble. The majority group might perhaps exclude members of the minority, but only should there be no significant class or social cost to the latter. Any organization, popular, obscure or loathsome, has the right to bear its emblems and make its presence known in any nonviolent way. [**See 5.1.8.**]

Too much aloofness, and xenophobia will incite violence; not enough, and it will get swallowed.

CAVEAT: A minority group may jusifiably maintain a greater degree of aloofness than an majority group.

Defense of bloodline must come second to defense of individual choice. Individual choice is partly determined by structural considerations. A job or a spouse may be chosen in the absence of another choice. Hence defense of bloodline is best accomplished in the structural arena, that is by regulating and predisposing choices.

5. When the defender exercise the rights of the self to express who he is. Should violence ensue, he is not culpable, provided he adheres to his justified ends and means. In effect, the defender has chosen the left horn of—

The Pelasgian Dilemma: *Do I express who I am, and thereby cause harm to myself or others, or do I protect myself by becoming one of* them*?*

NOTES:

1. By the rights of the self **[5.1.1-3,5.1.8]**, either choice is correct.

   EXAMPLE: Greek women kidnapped and impregated by the Pelasgians "had numerous children, whom they brought up to behave like Athenians and to speak Attic Greek. The boys as they grew older would not mix with the children of the Pelasgian women, and all supported one another when it came to blows ... The situation gave the Pelasgians something to think about ...They decided in consequence to kill the Attic women's children; then, having done so, they murdered the mothers as well."[101] The Greek women would have been justified either in raising their children as Greeks, which they did, or in assimilating with the Pelasgians in the interest of imminent self-preservation. What the Pelasgians did was therefore utterly unjustified.

2. Potent and legitimate authority **[5.2.C.1]** renders the Pelasgian Dilemma unnecessary by following—

Turnbull's Maxim: *"In larger-scale societies we are accustomed to diversity of belief, we even applaud ourselves for our tolerance, not recognizing that a society not bound together by a single powerful belief is not a society at all, but a political association of individuals held together only by the presence of law and force, the very existence of which is a violence."*[102]

[5.2.E] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CREED JUSTIFIED?[103]

Again, problematic.

Creed is part choice, part identity. As identity, it partakes of a nature similar to race and culture **[5.2.D]**. and has all the same justified and unjustified defenses. (Its invocation is often a specious mask for intolerance. This category is very dangerous because such faith, by way of proving itself, so often refuses to descend to the level of logical proof. This leaves the end itself unsusceptible to our judgment.) Creed defines itself by including its present members and enrolling new ones, by enticement, compulsion or both. Creed also defines itself by excluding others, again by enticement, compulsion or both.

A creed is not an end. The means-end combination is a verb; a creed is a noun or even an adjective. The end is the goal; the creed is the standard in whose name the goal is chosen.

COROLLARY: The content of a creed is irrelevant to defense of creed.

1. When it does not violate the Golden Rule **[1.2.1-2]**.[104] From this I derive:

2. More generally, when it is morally transparent. Defense of a "transparent" creed may or may not be justified, depending on the means and ends employed by that creed. Transparent axia are always justified in and of themselves, by virtue of their innocuousness. The Golden Rule is morally transparent.

- By **transparent** I mean that the creed does not in and of itself call for any act which supposedly defends that creed.

  EXAMPLES:

  1. "The Kingdom of Heaven is a mustard seed" says nothing about violence at all. It is irrelevant to violence, hence transparent.
  2. The Golden Rule **[1.2.1]** includes all of us, so it likewise refrains of singling any of us out for violence. It is almost tautologically transparent.]

- An **opaque** creed demands something of other creeds. It is not satisfied with accepting all differences of outlook. Its end is menacingly violence-specific. It disobeys the Golden Rule.

  EXAMPLE: "The Qur'-An is the word of God" is transparent, but it becomes opaque when explicated as follows: "The Muslims need to hear from the Christians that there is no God but Allah and Muhammed is His Prophet, and then we will be friends."[105]

3. When it is directed against the aggressive enactions of an opaque creed.

4. When creed is simply speech, transparent or not [2.0., 5.1.18], and the freedom to utter that speech is under imminent attack.

CAVEAT: Direct incitement to violence is action, not freedom of speech.

GENERAL NOTE: As is the case for legitimate, consensualized preexisting authority [5.2.C.1], the less rigorous the creed, or the more widely it is embraced, the less cruel the violence of its defense needs to be, and ought to be.

EXAMPLE: "For I am gentle and lowly in heart, and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light." –*Christ.*

[5.2.F] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS JUSTIFIED?[106]

A **war aim** is any end whose defense, achievement or active prosecution is the justification invoked for a given military conflict. General considerations of means and ends [2.1-3, 2.5] are highly relevant here.

1. *When the war aims themselves are legitimate...*

A legitimate war aim may be derived from analogy with the rights of the self [5.1.1, 5.1.2,[107] 5.1.8. All indications of justice in 5.1.1 apply]. A homeland or a command authority may violently:

a. Defend itself, or not [this requires its own sub-calculus; see 5.2.G].

b. Defend an ally, or not [5.2.G also applies].

c. Destroy itself or preserve itself [although this option is very susceptible to coercion's abuse].

EXAMPLES:

1. The mass suicide of the Jews at Masada was probably justified since the defenders were zealots and had nothing good to look forward to at the hands of their Roman besiegers. (I say "probably" because it is difficult to judge the means of killing one's children for their own good.)

2. When the Athenians besieged the Persian-installed governor of Eion, the governor's disposition of the people over whom his authority exercised coercive control was this: "He made a huge pile of timber, set it on fire, and then, cutting the throats of his children, wife, concubines, and servants, flung their bodies into the flames."[108] This seems a bit unjustified, to say the least.

3. On Takashiki Island in 1945, the "crushing of jewels" decreed by the defeated Japanese army against Japanese civilians was similarly gruesome, coercive, unjustified.

d. Defend its right to nonviolently express its identity, in accordance with the rules for defense of race and culture [5.2.D.1, 2, 4, 5].[109]

EXAMPLES:

1. The seventeenth-century Powhatan Indians "seldome make warrs for landes or goodes, but for women and Children, and principally for revendge, so vindictiue and ielous they be, to be made a derision of, and to be insulted upon by an enemy."[110] Depending on its context, this war aim might be justified.

2. Oath of the Athenian defenders before the battle of Plataea: "I shall fight as long as I live, and I shall not consider it more important to be alive than to be free ..."[111]

A legitimate war aim may also be derived from analogy with the rights of the collective [5.1.4, 5.1.5]. A homeland or a command authority may violently ...

e. Construct or maintain legitimate preexisting or revolutionary authority [5.2.C.1-2].

EXAMPLE: The war aim of Wu Tzu: "Suppressing the violently perverse and rescuing the people from chaos."[112]

f. Obey a higher legitimate authority

CAVEAT: Loyalty, compulsion and fear frequently do not extenuate war's violence and require their own sub-calculus [5.3.C.1-2, 6.3.C.1-2].

...and their enacted violence is limited.

No one agrees as to how a limitation of war should be defined.

EXAMPLE: Moltke the Elder prefers to limit the war's *duration.* "Rapid conclusion of a war undoubtedly constitutes the greatest kindness. All means not absolutely reprehensible must be used to accomplish this end."[113] This brings him into potential conflict with all other limitations, and would seem to justify a Blitzkrieg or nuclear attack, since he never defines reprehensibility. And the Aztec "flower wars," which could drag on indefinitely, don't seem to have been necessarily very cruel. Therefore I reject Moltke's definition, and define limitation in terms of the intensity of the violence itself.

Michael Walzer's Axiom: *It is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list of limitations than that there* be *a list.*[114]

In spite of Walzer's Axiom, I propose that *all* the following limitations be respected:

• FIRST LIMITATION: The violence of war should be employed only by and toward combatants.[115] [Respect the Discrimination Principle.]

Discrimination Principle: *The greater the percentage of war victims who are combatants, political leaders, or otherwise directly associated with the war's aggression, the more moral, or less immoral, the war.*

EXAMPLES:

1. A suicide bomber is more justified in killing soldiers than children.

2. Geneva Conventions: "It is prohibited to attack, destroy, remove or render useless objects indispensable to the survival of

the civilian population, such as foodstuffs, agricultural areas..., crops, livestock, drinking water installations...][116]

COMBATANT: What makes him one we all know: He fights. But what emblematizes his status varies almost infinitely.

[Local examples of noncombatant status: sex, age, ill health, absence of a uniform, tokens of a herald, etc.][117]

• In Vigny's tale "The Russian Guard-Post," a French captain justifiably stabs a Russian boy in his sleep; the Russians employed children as officers in those times.[118]

• FIRST COROLLARY: A just war must aim toward a just peace.[119] We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants.

• SECOND COROLLARY: The violence must be employed only in war zones, and only during wartime.[120]

EXAMPLE: "Once our soldiers had broken the enemy's ranks and put them to flight they would not stab another Indian: it seemed to them mere cruelty."—A 16th cent. conquistador, who of course goes on: "What chiefly concerned them was to look for a pretty woman or find some spoil."[121]

• THIRD COROLLARY: The unpersuaded are noncombatants.[122]

• FOURTH COROLLARY: The uncategorized are combatants, if they occupy an active war zone.[123] Justification: Imminence.

EXAMPLE: A British history of the Zulu War reports: "Dense masses of the enemy were seen about a mile off, and against these masses shells and rockets were directed with good effect." Some of those people a mile off might conceivably have been Zulu women and children. But since they were in the belligerent column of march, shelling them was not unjustified.

CAVEAT TO FOURTH COROLLARY: We must give the uncategorized the opportunity to categorize themselves, whenever we are not overruled by imminent self-defense. [See 5.1.1-2.]

EXAMPLE: A person who seems to be a civilian approaches me. If imminence allows me, I should search him to make sure he's no threat, rather than killing him.

EXAMPLE OF OVERRULING BY IMMINENCE: A Soviet

lieutenant in Afghanistan machine-guns civilians after an uncategorized person killed his predecessor. "What was I supposed to do when all these *kishlak* [village] women started coming down toward our sentry post? How was I supposed to know who was hiding underneath the yashmaks? ...They could have come right up to the post and shot all of us ...]"[124]

• FIFTH COROLLARY: Prisoners of war who seek to fight on after capture are combatants.[125]

EXAMPLES:

1. Julius Caesar's justified moral calculus: Kill all prisoners captured twice, unless they can convince you of prior compulsion. This is because he mostly released his prisoners, having no facilities to imprison them.

2. World War II: "Going through a group of dead Japanese required caution, because one might be feigning death and try to kill you. We were quick to make sure they stayed dead.[126]

Otherwise, once disarmed and in our power, they are noncombatants.

EXAMPLE: The Plataeans to the Spartans: "To grant us our lives would be ... a righteous judgment; if you consider also that we are prisoners who surrendered of our own accord, stretching out our hands for quarter, whose slaughter Hellenic law forbids ..."[127] Unfortunately and unjustifiably, the Spartans put them to death just the same.

SECOND LIMITATION: The violence of war should be employed against no more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, and the number of people harmed by the violence should be lower than the number of people helped by it. [Respect the Proportionality Principle, 5.1.7.]

EXAMPLE: Huong Van Ba, North Vietnamese Army: "To save fifteen million people was the highest moral obligation. To kill a few dozen people in the fighting was nothing important. Of course sometimes we were deeply touched by certain situations."[128] In real life this is probably as close as a combatant can get to following the Second Limitation.

THIRD LIMITATION: When it is employed only by legitimate command.[129]

Aquinas: "It is not the business of a private person to declare war, because he can seek for redress of his rights from the tribunal of his

superior."[130] [See the definitions of legitimate authority, 5.2.C.1-2. Imminence may in fact justify ad hoc military command systems unacceptable to Aquinas, for instance, guerrilla insurgency or secret organizational "cells," as in World War II Yugoslavia. These would be ethically analogous to legitimate revolutionary authority.]

[5.2.G] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND JUSTIFIED?[131]

Homeland is the ground on which "we" dwell. Homeland is also an ethos, whose actions justified and unjustified are *our* actions.

"We" is highly problematic.

(1) If we are Xerxes' Persians, does "we" include the Greeks who have not yet sworn allegiance to us? (2) Does "we" include the unwilling conscripts who happen to be dwelling in the heartland of the homeland? War will determine such questions from a practical if not an ethical point of view.

1. When the aliens [people from outside the homeland] are the imminent violent aggressors.[132]

EXAMPLE: Leonidas, when asked whether he has any plan other than to hold Thermopylae against the Persian invaders: "In theory, no. But in fact I plan to die for the Greeks."[133]

2. When the aliens seriously threaten homeland's fundamental rights [based on the rights of the self, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8; the resulting rights of homeland are racial and cultural rights, 5.2.D.1-5] to express its own ethos and follow its own lifeway, and when all nonviolent means for neutralizing the threat have failed.

EXAMPLE: Ho Chi Minh justly invokes defense of homeland against the French and the Americans: "Nothing is more precious than independence and liberty."[134]

Ethos: Unknowable to third parties except through material standards. Wherever our common rights of the self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve their well-being. The attempt on the part of third parties to redirect or redefine a group's ethos is usually unwarranted. In the political arena it is frequently associated with, or leads to, aggression. Nonetheless, an ethos may cause or countenance unjustified violence. The ethos of another should be approached with the utmost caution.

EXAMPLES OF ETHOS-DRIVEN INSTITUTION: Pederasty among the ancient Greeks, hunting among Inuit, patriarchialism in the Muslim world, female circumcision in parts of Africa.

NOTE: As stated, this rule is very dangerous and subject to abuse. Hitler invoked it to murder Jews. But he did so falsely. The Jews did not threaten the "Aryans," but in fact contributed to the German economy. No "negotiations" had taken place. But I believe that this rule is valid when its preconditions are literally true. The Aztec uprising against Cortes's Spaniards in 1520 was justified defense of homeland

because the Spaniards meant to enslave them, had massacred Aztec nobles in the marketplace, kidnapped their Emperor, and refused to negotiate.

COROLLARY: A local injustice *of which the locals do not complain* never invalidates local defense of homeland.

EXAMPLE: Afghan patriarchialism did not justify the "progressive" Soviet invasion of Afghanistan.

[5.2.H] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND JUSTIFIED?[135]

Ground is the territory on which we find ourselves, rightly or wrongly. Because invoking defense of ground as an excuse for violence so frequently avoids the larger question of how the moral actor came to occupy the ground that he did, this justification tends to be suspect.

1. By imminent self-defense, even during unjust aggression—but *only* by imminent self-defense.[136]

> EXAMPLE: Besieged by the Aztecs he's come to conquer, Cortes instructs his men, and so far imminence justifies him: "The Mexicans and their allies are now determined to kill us all. Let us then, with all our Indian allies, defend ourselves." Now for the unjustified part: "Indeed we can do no less in our defense than kill them, take from them their kingdom, and make them our slaves ..."[137]

[5.2.I] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF EARTH JUSTIFIED?[138]

Earth is the ecosystem which sustains us and whose other members have no less a right to life than we do.

1. When needed to avert a scientifically imminent ecological threat. Proportionality especially applies. [See 5.1.7.] Be your own scientific expert, but be right—or follow one you can trust.

Scientific imminence is a term which applies to defense of earth only. For every other chapter of *Rising Up and Rising Down*, the only kind of imminence considered is "ordinary" imminence [5.1.1]. Scientific imminence refers to a threat to health, well-being or even existence, a threat which may affect one person [EXAMPLE: a rural well poisoned by PCBs] or every person [EXAMPLE: global warming]; a threat which may or may not be perceptible by the ordinary senses, as "ordinary" imminence is, a threat which may affect only human beings or other organisms as well [**see the calculus for defense of animals; 5.2.J.1-3**]; above all, a threat which meets reasonable scientific standards of proof for its harmfulness and its certain to highly probably onset, unless certain specific measures for defense of earth are undertaken. These measures must in turn meet their own scientific standards for effectiveness and relative harmlessness; if not, they are unjustified.

EXAMPLE: "The emission of greenhouse gases in distant lands is warming the Earth and causing the sea level to rise. The coastal fringe where my people live is but two meters above the sea surface. We are trapped ..." Thus Kinza Clodumar, president of the Republic of Naura."[139] If what he says can be proven to be true, the Naurans would arguably be justified in using violence as a last resort against the greenhouse gas producers. But its proof must meet the standards of scientific imminence.

GENERAL NOTE: Both pro- and anti-environmentalists are habitually guilty of making assertions which do not meet scientific standards.

An ecological threat can only be defined according to the presuppositions of the definer. For this reason, it is vital that each moral actor who cares to address this daunting issue articulate these presuppositions and attempt to give them some legitimate authority [5.2.C.1] by consensualizing them. Otherwise, one runs the risk of following our Maxims for Murderers [1.3.1-1.3.13], which selfishly reserve to the moral actor all evaluation of ends and/or means. At this point in time (2003), ecotage has little mainstream support and therefore resembles revolutionary authority [5.2.C.2] in its extreme character and the

resulting very high burden of moral proof required.

EXAMPLE: A society which ignores or refuses to admit the obvious truism that our environment does have a carrying capacity has no business asserting that ecotage is always unjustified. If our demands on the environment grow without limit, then sooner or later we must reach a point of scientific imminence; that is a simple fact. But where does the emergency begin?[140] When there is no longer enough food for all human beings? When there is no longer enough red meat for all human beings? (Was there ever?) When scarcity of ecological resources is directly responsible for pulling the per capita income below a certain number? Carrying capacity must be honestly and explicitly defined by all parties who invoke it.

2. As an agent of mutually agreed upon compulsion [in other words, legitimate authority; **5.2.C.1**] to interrupt the self-destructive loop of the Herdsman's Calculus.

EXAMPLE: A government uses force to neutralize a polluter.

The Herdsman's Calculus: Problem: *What is my utility in adding one more animal to my herd on a common pasture?* Solution: Buy another animal, let it overgraze, and be damned to everybody else.

3. As a last-ditch defense of a place's justified identity **[5.2.D.2,4,5]**; by analogy with defense of the minimal aloofness permissible to a race, culture or creed **[5.2.D.4]**; again, by analogy with the ethos of a homeland **[5.2.G.2]**.

EXAMPLE: Earth First! saves a redwood grove through ecotage. The justifiability of this is arguable and context-dependent.

Identity of a place: [modeled after def. of ethos] Undefinable to human beings except by consensus. Wherever our common rights of the self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of a place. This refers both to what is now called "aesthetic values" and also to whatever agreed-on right to existence and health an specific ecological niche may possess. For the foreseeable future, most attempts to establish a consensus on this matter will fail. Therefore, two opposing risks face us: Allowing the identity of a place to be destroyed forever (for example, by a developer); or else becoming judge, jury and executioner in carrying out ecotage according to one's own private calculus. In short, this category remains an ethical danger zone.

{5.2.J} WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS JUSTIFIED?[141]

This category remains largely undefined and unexamined in the common mind.

1. When demanded by imminent defense of earth. Scientific imminence applies {5.2.I.1.}

HYPOTHETICAL EXAMPLE: Violence committed to preserve against human greed an animal species which is vital to the ecosystem.

Justifications {2} and {3} derive from the debatable **5.1.1a.**

2. To save a species against extinction. Scientific imminence applies. {5.2.I.1.}

3.To save an organism from the unjustifiable violence of another organism (most probably a human being). This is nothing but a restatement of **5.1.1a**: Violence is justified *in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent physical harm.*

EXAMPLE: Someone kills an elephant poacher to save the life of the elephant. More extreme example: Someone kills a slaughterhouse employee to save the lives of a feedlot's beef steers. Justified, or not, by one's presuppositions.

- **Legitimate defense**: Remains undefined.
- **Imminent physical harm**: In this context, there exist various disputed and undefined exceptions.

EXAMPLES:

1. Experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefiting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question. Otherwise, it may well be justified by human imminence, no matter what the animal suffers.

CRUCIAL AND UNRESOLVED QUESTION: Must scientific imminence apply to justify human use of animals, or is human convenience sufficient? The answer depends on one's presuppositions.

2. It would seem entirely justified by imminence for hunter-gatherer societies to eat animals and wear their skins.

4. To protect the identity of an animal against imminent and unjustifiable harm.

- **Identity of an animal**: Unknowable to human beings except by analogy with ourselves. Wherever the rights of the human self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of their identity. By extension, animals are entitled

to our respect and consideration in whatever physical, behavioral, cognitive, psychological or other aspect of them in our good faith judgment defines and preserves the well-being of their identity. Identity carries with it the inherent right of any organism, barring necessity, for it to express its organism-ness. This right must at a minimum include the same basic rights of self-defense and defense of others which we allow ourselves; it should also take into account the differing identities of species and individuals: the right of an otter to express otter-ness.

HYPOTHETICAL EXAMPLE: The Animal Liberation Front violently frees a monkey from a laboratory cage.

Other justifications may develop as the newly expressed cause of animal rights and the ancient axia of human ethics continue to shape each other.

[5.2.K] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GENDER JUSTIFIED[142]?

Points ***5.2.K.1*** *and* ***5.2.K.2*** *are modeled after those for defense of race and culture,* ***5.2.D.1*** *and* ***5.2.D.3.***

Gender in this context refers not only to the physical, sexually differentiated body and its rights, which are the rights of the self, but also to cultural, personal and spiritual expressions of that body. In short, gender is an inalienable aspect of the self. I assert, as many people in my society would, and many people outside my society would not, that one's gender and its manifestations of all kinds need no justification.

• **Outer gender** is the gendered characteristics of otherness which attract us, and our own characteristics which complement them.

• **Inner gender** is the gendered incarnation of the other with whom we're intimate, and our own incarnation which complements him or her.

• Aggression against gender consists of any or all of the following, which overlap:

a. Attack against gender's embodiments.

EXAMPLE: The serial killer Danny Rolling rapes and murders someone because she is a "once-a-month bleeding bitch."

NOTE: The best longterm, nonviolent defense against attacks on gender is insure that each gender has not only its embodiments, but its perogatives.[143]

b. Attack against gender's traditional perogatives.

EXAMPLE: Igbo tribeswomen in S.E. Nigeria own their husbands' fields, and all domestic animals. When colonial authorities promise not to tax them, yet levy a tax on these categories of property, the 1929 Women's War breaks out.[144]

c. Aggression against inner gender. Namely, nonconsensual violence within a consensual or nonconsensual intimate relationship.

CAVEAT: We must take to differentiate violent aggression against gender from consensual sadomasochistic practices **[see 5.3.D-E.]**

d. Aggression against outer gender. Namely, a violent attempt to establish a nonconsensual intimate relationship.

EXAMPLE: Sexual predation.

e. Sex-selective infanticide.

EXAMPLE: *Slavey Indians, 1807*: "It is a great deal of trouble to bring up girls, and ... women are only an encumbrance, useless in time of war and exceedingly voracious in time of want."[145]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GENDER IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is committed (most likely by a minority against a majority) in the face of imminent agression against gender (which it need not prevent), *and* the violence is directed exclusively against members of the other gender whose actions constitute physical aggression.

EXAMPLE: During the Babylonian uprising described by Herodotus,[146] in which the men planned to put to death most of the women to save food, any woman, including one of those spared, would have been justified in killing any man to save herself or other women.

HYPOTHETICAL EXCEPTION: The destruction of all embryos, or perhaps of female embryos (which some social activists refer to as femicide) *may* someday be justified, a least arguably, by imminent ecological self-defense (defense of earth).[147]

2. When its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.[148] **[See 2.6; 5.2.D.2]**

EXAMPLE: Imminent self-defense of a woman against her rapist.

3. When directed against a gender-class system whose unjustified categories place the subservient gender at imminent risk of harm, when the defensive violence would clearly diminish that risk, and when proportionality applies.

EXAMPLE: A Thai brothel-keeper who illegally imprisons Burmese girls for his own profit in conditions of sexual slavery could, I believe, be violently attacked were that necessary to help the girls escape. Were that brothel system legal and hence protected against nonviolent redress, I believe that any weak link in the exploitative chain—for instance, the man who drove truckloads of these prisoners from a collection point to a brothel—might be attacked with equal justification.

4. When it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class.

5. When it is directed against gender-class structures and their official representatives, not against individuals who happen to be members of the gender-oppressing class only passively, through biological or social accidents.

EXAMPLE: An influential cleric or educator who called for cruel measures aiming at the domination of women, or for female infanticide, *might* arguably be a legitimate target for violence, if and only if the attack on him would provably neutralize his influence. **[see 5.3.A.]**

6. To the extent that the gender it protects is legitimate authority. [This is a response to (b): Attack against gender's traditional perogatives.]

[5.2.L] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS JUSTIFIED?[149]

A **traitor** is:

• Someone who threatens or embarrasses *personified* authority (a common ancient and totalitarian definition).

• Someone who threatens or embarrasses *generalized* authority, "the people" (a modern definition employed by totalitarianism and mass democracy).

• Someone actively or passively in league with the enemies of authority (a definition to be met with in wars and revolutions).

VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. Against a deliberate or accidental agent of danger—in other words, as imminent defense.

EXAMPLES

1. "Whosoever seeks to put law in chains and the state under control of faction by subjecting them to the domination of persons, and further serves these ends and foments civil strife by revolutionary violence, must be counted the deadliest foe of the whole state." —*Plato*[150]

2. A "horizontal collaborator" has a boyfriend who wears the uniform of the enemy occupation. His visits endanger a local resistance cell. **[See 5.1.2.A.2.]**

CAVEAT: Imminence implies responsibility on the part of the traitor-liquidators. Did they try to prevent the hideous necessity, by warning the dangerous person to stop being dangerous, before the potential danger became active? Less imminence is needed to justify the elimination of a deliberate traitor than an accidental one. A girl seen in a bar with an enemy boyfriend may not be culpable. When she begins to inform on her neighbors to him, she's become deliberately dangerous. Any defense against traitors which fails to distinguish between such cases is unacceptable, doctrinaire, murderous.

2. Against a deliberate agent of danger, as a personal, punitive, or didactic act.

EXAMPLE: an extortionist or informer. The caveat "deliberate" rules out such abuses as deterrent executions of hostages.

"But suddenly, as we glimpse strand after strand in the web of support, we begin to sense the whole, and apprehend the truism that *nobody whatsoever should help the enemy."*

Against a *rodef*, violence may justify itself as impersonal imminent self-defense. Against a *moser*, violence may be additionally legitimized as personal and punitive.

- **Rodef**: A community endangerer.
  EXAMPLE: A man who overburdens a ferry, putting other passengers at risk of drowning.
- **Moser**: An informer.

[5.2.M] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION JUSTIFIED?[151]

{Per def. of revolutionary authority; see **5.2.C.2.***}*

Defense of the revolution means protection of the revolution's right, perceived or real, to develop from an initial recognition of grievance all the way into the maintenance of incumbency's power. Defense of the revolution allows means and ends to alter, provided that "justice" will ultimately be done in the name of some legitimate super-end.

NOTE: Our moral calculus already contains rules for defense of revolutionary authority. Why do we need this section? Because in a revolution, rival authorities fight for the legitimacy which alone makes defense of authority worth anything. What happens when the revolution does not yet possess any authority? When is violent defense of a weak revolution justified?

1. When the ends of the revolution are explicit and legitimate. Whenever those ends change, the legitimacy of defense of the revolution must be reevaluated.

Insurgent Subcommander Marcos, Zapatista Army of National Liberation: "The principal characteristic of this rebellion is that it seeks a voice. Having exhausted all legal means of enabling that voice, indigenous Mexicans had to use the voice of guns in order to be heard."[152] Once it has been heard, what next?

2. When it is defense of the General Will.

DEFINITION (BY ROUSSEAU): "There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the General Will; the latter regards only the common interest, while the former ... is merely a sum of particular wills ..." And again, "the particular will naturally tends to preferences, and the General Will to equality."

COROLLARY TO DEFINITION: The General Will is best served by equally maximizing liberty and equality in accordance with the Golden Rule.

CAVEAT: Unfortunately, in a revolution the General Will is often knowable only after the fact. Therefore, the moral actor must continually attempt in good faith to define each local manifestation of the General Will as he sees it.

[5.3] JUSTIFICATIONS: POLICY AND CHOICE

Revenge, deterrence, retaliation and punishment can only be justified by the meaning they express. Otherwise they become unmeaning *violence.*[153]

[5.3.A.1] WHEN IS VIOLENT DETERRENCE JUSTIFIED?[154]

Deterrence is "do unto others to discourage them from doing unto you." More precisely, deterrence is the infliction of terror for the purpose of disheartening the victim or his people from acting in a way which the deterrers have proscribed. Deterrence is expedient, although it may act in the service of ethical ends.

1. As proactive defense against imminent harm.

   EXAMPLE: Our enemies, who enjoy quantitative superiority, mobilize their armies against us, disregarding all warnings. We may launch our missiles first if second-strikers will be losers. For an analogy with individual self-defense, **see 5.1.1.**

   CAVEAT: Too much of the time, the politicians who employ this justification pretend that a merely strategic loss constitutes imminent harm. In such a case, the sacrifice of noncombatant populations in the name of deterrence cannot be expiated, let alone justified.

2. Against the narrowly defined imminent threat of a specified foe, especially when the deterrence is itself specific and limited. **[See 6.3.A.5.]**

   EXAMPLE: John F. Kennedy, 1962: "It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliatory response upon the Soviet Union."[155]

3. When it prevents unjustified violence; when it seeks to prevent violence generally. (Julius Caesar's calculus: *Retribution is useful as deterrence's last resort.*[156]) When it allows various retributive possibilities to be modulated, escalating itself only as needed.

   EXAMPLE: the Aztec "flower wars."

4. When it enforces a legitimate social contract. When it is an instrument of legitimate authority **[5.2.C.1, 5.2.C.2.]**.

   [CAVEAT: **See 6.3.A.5.**]

Deterrence approaches justification (or at least mercifulness)[157] *when it forbears to execute retribution.*

[5.3.A.2] WHEN IS VIOLENT MILITARY[158] RETRIBUTION JUSTIFIED?

Retribution is "do unto others as they have done unto you—or else do worse." Retribution may have expedient deterrent effects, or not, but it is moral or bureaucratic; it operates within a larger system of means and ends. Revengeless retribution is not personal.

1. To deter new atrocities by punishing old ones.

[The retribution must not itself be an atrocity except under imminent conditions; it must stay well within the limits of proportionality **[5.1.7]** and discrimination **[5.2.F.1]**, and it ought to follow judicial forms as well as battle conditions allow.]

EXAMPLE, ARGUABLY BUT NOT CERTAINLY JUSTIFIABLE: Lawrence of Arabia enters Tafas, where the Turks had murdered every inhabitant, including "some twenty small children (killed with lances and rifles), and about forty women. I noticed particularly one pregnant woman, who had been forced down on a saw-bayonet." When he gets this group of Turks into his power, "We ordered 'no prisoners'"[159]

[5.3.A.3] WHEN IS VIOLENT REVENGE JUSTIFIED?[160]

Revenge is retaliation or retribution carried out for the satisfaction of the revenger; or for the benefit of a victim or offended party. Revenge is highly personal.

1. When it follows judicial forms, or when no judicial forms are available; and when it respects proportionality, discrimination and the Soldier's Golden Rule.

EXAMPLE: In medieval Iceland, there was no centralized authority to check infringements of the social contract themselves. Hence measured, discriminating revenge carried out by the injuried party after legal judgment had been obtained could be justifiable as it would not be in twenty-first-century America.

[5.3.B] WHEN IS VIOLENT JUDICIAL RETRIBUTION (PUNISHMENT) JUSTIFIED?[161]

1. When the transgressor agrees to, or belongs to a culture which subscribes to, the rule by which he has been judged, and when he can be proven to have violated that rule.

EXAMPLE: A murderer in Singapore "hoped the judge would sentence him to death. He wanted to say sorry to his parents whom he could not serve until their old age."[162]

Alternatively,

When the transgressor and punisher accept the same moral values which apply in the given case; and when the transgressor has in fact breached those values such that the law calls for the stipulated punishment.[163] When Solon's Maxim applies.

Solon's Maxim: *The best possible city-state is "that where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as those that are."*[164]

John Brown's unauthorized version of this runs: "If I am hard with myself, then by a sly subversion of the Golden Rule I have the right to be hard with you."[165] **[See 1.3.2.]**

[What are those moral values which all concerned parties must accept? Must they be universal? No. Montesquieu: "If the people observe the laws, what signifies it whether these laws are the same?"[166]

EXAMPLE: When a Muslim citizen of a Muslim country which follows strict Islamic law, *shariat*, commits theft, it is justifiable to cut off his hand. On the other hand, a fine or a prison term is appropriate to punish a Swedish thief in Sweden.[167]

2. When its purpose is to prove that a legitimate social contract will be honored and obeyed by authority. This is especially important when a member of the ruling class does wrong.

EXAMPLES:

1. The government sniper who killed the white supremacist woman Vicki Weaver at Ruby Ridge ought to be tried and punished in a fashion commensurate with due process for other murderers. Not doing so serves extremist assertions that the government acts arrogantly and evilly above the law. That is why Robespierre advises: "In order for the government to keep in the closest harmony with the law it is over its own head that it must wield the heaviest stick."[168]

2. *Al-Bukhari:* The Prophet Muhammad assures the people: "By Allah, if Fatima, the daughter of Muhammad, committed theft, Muhammad will cut off her hand!"[169]

3. When its penalties are codified into limit and consistency, and respect the rights of the self. **[See 5.1.1-3.]**[170]

EXAMPLE: *Qur'-An:* "O you believe! Retaliation is prescibed for you in the matter of the slain: the free for the free, and the slave for the slave, and the female for the female." But compensation may be offered and accepted. "This is an alleviation from your Lord, and a mercy."[171]

4. When it is proportionate to the original injury.

EXAMPLES:

1. *Code of Hammurabi:* "If a seignior has destroyed the eye of a member of the aristocracy, they shall destroy his eye."[172]

2. *Plato:* "We shall neither inflame the culprit by brutal punishments nor spoil a servant by leaving him uncorrected; so we should adopt the same course with the freeborn."[173]

CAVEAT: Predetermined equations between crimes and penalties have always been dissimilar in different times and places.

5. When it helps heal the victim, those who care for him, the criminal, or society generally.

EXAMPLES:

1. Robespierre and Cicero, among many others, assert the balmlike power of justified revenge. Hobbes suggests that punishment should forbear to dwell upon the evil already committed, but to approach the good we hope for in the future.[174]

2. *Al-Bukhari:* "The Prophet added: "And whoever among you fulfills his pledge, his reward is with Allah; and whoever commits something of such sins and receives the legal punishment for it, that will be considered as the expiation for that sin; and whoever commits something of such sins and Allah screens him, it is up to Allah whether to excuse or punish him."[175]

6. When it is the most practical means of isolating an unregenerate violent offender. [The Romans had no jails. Thus their penalties were limited to banishment, rapidly inflicted measures such as torture, or death.]

[5.3.B.1] VIOLENT PUNISHMENT MAY OR MAY NOT BE JUSTIFIED

a. To isolate (render harmless) an offender.
b. To improve him.
c. To make him accept, or at least charge him with, responsibility for his crime.
d. To restore a social balance.
e. To restore a spiritual balance or purify evil.
f. To restore a balance of honor.
g. To assert a social norm or moral calculus.
h. To make him pay the price of readmission to the social contract.
i. To make him pay, period.
j. To compensate, gratify or soothe the victim.

Justifying some of these ends and effects would require adding to or modifying our axioms about the fundamental violent rights of the self **[see 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8]**. Others are probably already justified in practice; their formulations here are based on the ethos **[5.2.G.2]** of a particular society.

[5.3.C.1] WHEN IS LOYALTY-VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?[176]

1. As such, never. It must be otherwise justified.

[5.3.C.2] WHEN IS COMPULSION-VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?[177]

1. By true necessity, individual or group salvation, and practicality.

   Violence by command and without explanation is justified only by imminence **[see 5.1.1]**. In the case of an order which seems to be evil and cruel [EXAMPLE: kill all civilians at My Lai], whoever carries out such orders ought to use his reason and his conscience to see whether imminence can possibly apply. If not, he must refuse to carry out the orders. If so, he may carry them out, and the command which issued the orders without explanation becomes morally liable for the acts consequently committed.

   EXAMPLE: The Persian navy were warned: "If they did not get command of the sea, they might fail to take Miletus and be punished by [King] Darius for their failure."[178] What would their punishment consist of? And how would the people of Miletus be treated upon capture? These are the two things we need to know to determine how justified the excuse of compulsion would be in this case.

2. When only the sacrifice of the part will save the whole.

   In 1620, upon consent of a learned Rabbi, the Jews of the Polish ghetto of Kalish give up one of their number in order to save themselves from a pogrom.[179] **[See 7.0.2.]**

[5.3.D] WHEN ARE NONCONSENSUAL SADISTIC VIOLENCE AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?[180]

1. Never.

[But even here, as with all other motivations for violence, imminent defense or self-defense could conceivably in some rare or extreme case overrule unjustifiability.]

[5.3.E] WHEN IS CONSENSUAL SADISTIC (S/M) VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?[181]

1. Always, assuming that prior negotiations were detailed enough to make it truly consensual.

EXAMPLE: "Will you play with me?" –*"Beatrice Black"*

[5.4] JUSTIFICATIONS: FATE

[5.4.A] WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED BY MORAL YELLOWNESS?[182]

Moral yellowness is the outward appearance of evil or violence in the atttitude or expression of a human being.

1. Never.

[5.4.B] WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED BY INEVITABILITY?[183]

1. Never, except when inevitability comprises a shorthand for some other justification [such as imminent self-defense].

[6.0] WHEN IS VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it is directed against someone based solely on who he is without reference to what he has done.

2. When it is directed against someone based solely on what he has done without reference to who he is.

3. When it has no limit.

4. When the Golden Rule has not first been applied.

5. When it is in the service of no end.

6. When it is called for solely on the basis of obedience to orders.

7. When (absent extenuating circumstances) it is based on insufficient data. Any sort of self-defense, proactive or otherwise, attempted without information of the target of our defensive efforts, is both inexpedient and immoral. *The inertia of the situation into which we inject ourselves must always be given the benefit of the doubt.* [See 5.1.2.A.2.]

COROLLARY: The practitioner of proactive violence remains morally responsible for both the intended and the unintended result.

8. When it is based on deliberate misstatements of fact.

9. When its justifications cannot be verified in the present generation.

10. When its definitions are obscure or illogical. When it is judged according to an inconsistent standard.

EXAMPLE: What is class? Lenin says one thing and a rich peasant says another. Unless both definitions are available, how can we evaluate each side's violence in defense of class?

11. When the cause does not lie open to all. When it is defined according to an inconsistent standard.[184] Violent defense of any group is unjustified as such if the group defended has been privileged over other groups which could face comparable aggression.

12. When any one kind of violence insists on morally superseding all other kinds; and specifically when the violence insists on superseding the victim's right to violent self-defense.

[6.1] DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

[6.1.1] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF SELF UNJUSTIFIED?[185]

• When any one or more of the following fails to be met: The two circumstantial conditions (full self-sovereignty and proportionate response) **[See 5.1.2.A.1-2]** and the two ideological conditions (the allegiance condition and the nonviolence condition) **[See 5.1.2.B.1-2.]**

• Proactive defense is unjustified in every case when the likelihood of serious danger to ourselves from the source we intend to strike has not been absolutely verified. **[See 5.1.1, caveat.]**

[6.2] JUSTIFICATIONS: SELF-DEFENSE

[6.2.A] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it is defense of collective honor alone, and when that collective honor is its own justification.

EXAMPLE: "Can one American watch another die in his cause, by his side, without realizing that that cause must be worth while, and, therefore, must be pursued to a victorious end, whatever the cause?"

2. When it is defense of collective honor, from whose collectivity perpetrators of unjustified acts have not been excluded.

EXAMPLE: Somebody feels called upon to defend the "honor" of the S.S.

3. When it is expressed as aggression against a nonviolent victim.

4. When it is derived from a standard which we cannot control [although this can become justified by imminent defense of self or others even in an arbitrary cause].

INDICATION OF INJUSTICE:

Dishonor to another dishonors oneself.

EXAMPLE: In Afghanistan, my raped daughter must be put to death to save *me* from shame.

CAVEAT: Although we must always be vigilant regarding this trap, the truth is that we usually do fall into it—or rather that we were born

ensnared in it. If you and I are agreed that our honor lies at least in part in each other's keeping, then there is not much we can do about it. By no. 5.1.2 above, I possess the right to violently defend you, or not. If I care for you, I will do it, and I will be justified in so doing. [EXAMPLE: in Afghanistan, I kill my daughter's rapist, and thereby restore both her and myself to honor.]. What can we say then? Defense of another's honor must be consensual and must respect the other's rights in nos. 5.1.1-3 above. Above all, I must refuse to accept a demagogue's or murderer's honor into my keeping.

5. When it is linked to another end (e.g., defense of homeland) so as to render dishonorable any questioning of that end.

EXAMPLE: Soviet patriotism gets expressed against dissidents.

[6.2.B] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it fails to distinguish between unequal human capacity, unequal luck, and unequal goodness. Due to those three inequities, equality of circumstances can only be created and maintained through unending repression, which requires a class of repressers.

EXAMPLE: Stalin represses "kulak" peasants whose only sin was getting richer than their neighbors.

2. When it defines class solely in terms of origin.

EXAMPLE: Twentieth-century Japanese discriminate against Burakumin "Untouchables", sometimes driving them to suicide, solely on account of the occupation of their ancestors.

3. *{Similar to #2.}* When class is merely status without functionality. [*Alternate formulation:* When class expresses itself as worth instead of function.]

EXAMPLE: Masters defend themselves against emancipating their slaves.

4. *{Similar to #3.}* When the thing defended is merely class privilege.

5. When class equals nothing but strength.

6. When class equals property, and another's right to life supersedes the defender's right to property.

7. When its end or means violates the fundamental rights of the self [5.2.].

8. When it is predicated on any one definition of class. [Having said that, let me give you one definition which covers many "bad" cases of class, excluding pure functionality: *Class is the local determinator of social inequality.*]

9. When it does not steer fairly between liberty and equality.

[6.2.C.1] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF PREEXISTING AUTHORITY UNJUSTIFIED?

That is, when is it justified to rise up against it?

1. When that defense in and of itself permanently aggrandizes the authority, as opposed to merely maintaining it.
   EXAMPLE: Lincoln's victory in the American Civil War was justified certainly by the abolition of slavery it brought about, and arguably by the sact that the South attacked first. But one result of his victory, and the main point for which he fought—federal control—was not justified.

2. When the dispute does not physically endanger authority *and* when authority nonetheless refuses to entertain the idea of reconciliation.

3. When authority has no "empathetic bridge" to the masses or the opposition.

4. When that defense aims at permanently excluding or debasing a portion of the governed.

5. When authority offers no release from obedience in the event of disagreement with it.

6. When self-defense comprises mere defense of unity.
   EXAMPLE: The Bolsheviks vote to make "factionalism" illegal.

7. When it does not generally take place at a steady and moderate tempo (revolutionary and emergency authority *briefly* excepted).

8. When authority invokes more violent power than it needs to in a given case.

9. When authority is not legitimate in the first place. **[See 5.2.C.1.4.]**

   INDICATIONS OF ILLEGITIMATE AUTHORITY:
   When authority can unilaterally abrogate the social contract.
   [NOTE: Authority's subjects may, however, do just that. **See 5.2.B caveat.**]

   DESCRIPTIONS OF ILLEGITIMATE AUTHORITY:
   - When the officials are not assistants of the people, but constitute a ruling class. [In 5.2.D.2 we quoted Martin Luther King's Maxim: A law is unjust which requires from the governed acts or allegiances not required from the legislators.]

- When the government performs its duties by force, not by love.
- When the state does not enrich its citizens, but makes them poorer.
- When the state does not enhance liberties, but restricts them.
- When people do not feel safer under the government, but more threatened.
- When we cannot peacefully revoke the social contract.

REMINDER: Authority cannot legitimize itself merely by refraining from violence, or even by rewarding its dependents.

EXAMPLE: *Julius Caesar:* "I myself am never happier than when pardoning suppliants."[186]

[6.2.C.2] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When by virtue of its own assumption of infallibility through future justification, revolutionary authority cuts itself off from any check or correction, and so operates increasingly in a moral and logical vacuum.

2. When its ends rather then mere military cut off subjects and bystanders cut themselves off from their ordinary attachments.

EXAMPLE: the Khmer Rouge.

3. When it revolutionizes the masses against their will for a prolonged period of time.

4. When it sunders prior civic allegiances without creating new ones.

5. Above all, when it assigns its violence no limit.

[6.2.D] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF RACE, GENDER AND CULTURE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it is based solely on the defense of a prohibition, privilege or compulsion in one's own group.

2. When it precludes defense of individual choice. [This rule derives from the priority which my own culture and epoch places upon the rights of the self **[5.1.1-3, 5.1.18]**. Other groups continue to emphasize bloodline over choice.]

3.When it is retroactive. Once the aliens move in, the land quickly becomes theirs, too.

EXAMPLE: The KKK's defense of race was doubly unjust, first because it was directed against people who had never invaded, but had been dragged there as slaves; second, because those ex-slaves had become no longer black Africans but black Americans.

4. When it considers alien habits and characteristics to be proof of inferiority or evil, and acts accordingly; when it forgets the rights of the self and the Golden Rule.

EXAMPLE: *Catechism of the Knights of the White Camelia:* "Are you opposed to allowing the control of the political affairs of this country to go in whole or in part into the hands of the African race, and will you do everything in your power to prevent it?"[187]

Proactive defense of race is highly suspect.

[6.2.E] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CREED UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When the essence of the creed is nonviolence. Imminence may still justify a limited emergency self-defense.

2. When creed is a mask for another means or end.

EXAMPLE: Joan of Arc's judges burn her alive in the name of Christianity. In fact they've condemned her because she was a threat to their authority.

3. When the creed defended against is nonviolent or morally transparent.

EXAMPLE: Giordano Bruno is burned at the stake for asserting that "infinite worlds ... exist beside this earth."[188]

[6.2.F] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When the war aims are not legitimate.

Nos. 2-4: When the violent means and ends are not limited:

2. When the violence of war is directed by or against noncombatants. *(Violation of First Limitation to 5.2.1.)* When discrimination is not respected **[5.2.F.1, 1st Lim.]**.

FIRST COROLLARY: When we could persuade our enemies not to be combatants, and use violence against them instead.

EXAMPLE: *Deuteronomy 7.1-2:* "When the Lord your God brings you into the land which you are entering to take possession of it, and clears away

many nations before you ... and you defeat them; then you must utterly destroy them; you shall make no covenant with them and show no mercy to them."

SECOND COROLLARY: When the violence gets employed outside of war zones, and outside of wartime.

THIRD COROLLARY: When the violence gets employed against the unpersuaded.

CAVEAT: Practically speaking, this is impossible to live up to.

FOURTH COROLLARY: When the violence gets employed against prisoners-of-war who are in our power.

3. When the violence of war is directed against more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, or the number of people harmed by the violence is greater than the number of people helped by it *(Violation of Second Limitation to 5.2.1.)* When proportionality is not respected [5.1.7].

EXAMPLE: King Shaka orders his army of Zulus to kill the entire Kumalo tribe. Women "can propagate and bring forth children, who may become my enemies."[189]

4. When the leader's authority is not justified; when the violence is employed by illegitimate command. [5.2.C.1-2; 6.2.C.1.9.] *(Violation of Third Limitation to 5.2.1.)*

EXAMPLE: *William Pultney, speech to the House of Commons, 1732:* "Where was a braver army than that under Julius Caesar? Where was ever an army that had served country more faithfully? ... yet that army enslaved their country."[190]

[6.2.G] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it is mere prosecution of homeland's interest.

Interest is advantage, not right. It may be unjustified or merely value-neutral, but when advanced by violent means it becomes aggression.

EXAMPLE: Regarding the partition of Poland, Napoleon remarks that "Vienna ... felt great satisfaction ... at acquiring several million souls and enriching its treasury by many millions."[191]

2. When it is nothing but defense against futurity.

BY **futurity** I mean the inevitable obliteration that awaits every homeland, given enough time.

EXAMPLE: In 1939, Germany holds a four to one advantage in materiel. "In order to maintain it," Hitler reasons, "we would have to go on producing four times as much. We are in no position to do so."[192] The solution: Attack Poland while we can.

3. In any civil war, unless this defense can be shown to uphold legitimate authority. Otherwise, both sides can claim to represent the homeland.

EXAMPLE: Pompey says to his legions: "Surely we may trust in the gods and in the righteousness of the war, which has for its noble and just object the defence of our country's constitution."[193] But when his rival Julius Caesar begins to march, the Senate "in its panic repented that it had not accepted Caesar's proposals, which it at last considered fair, after fear had turned it from the rage of party to the counsels of prudence."[194]

[6.2.H] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When that ground may be shifted at will for the sake of expedient or aggressive advantage.

[6.2.I] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF THE EARTH UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When scientific imminence remains unestablished:

a. Because the presuppositions of imminent danger on which it is based remain open to good faith scientific disagreement.

CAVEAT: Dissenting perspectives always exist. Still, from a practical point of view we can speak of a "general scientific consensus" on a question.

EXAMPLE: The Darwinian theory of evolution continues to be more plausible than both Creationism and the Lamarck-Lysenko notion of acquired characeristics.

and/or

b. Because the defender is neither a scientific expert on the issue in question, nor capable of showing why the experts on his side are more correct than those of the opposition.

In short, when there exists a danger that what is called scientific fact may simply be a murderous assumption.

2. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to—

- Weigh benefits to an ecosystem against benefit to the human economy which harms it. [For comparison **see 6.2.J.1.**]
- Define an imminent or scientifically imminent threat [5.2.I.1] to a place in terms of which losses are acceptable [examples: the extermination of a species, the destruction of "scenic values"; the justifiability of a specific risk to human health]
- Publicly judge and be judged on the criterion of *results* [2.4].

[6.2.J] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS UNJUSTIFIED?[195]

1. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans. [By analogy with **6.2.I.2.**, all three of whose sub-clauses apply.] Miscellaneous exploitation, extermination and cruelty [EXAMPLE: the boiling alive of lobsters] has not yet become unjustified by most human norms. Moreover, if humans and animals are ethical equals, those who would prohibit human violence against animals must fit the violence of animals against each other into their moral framework. This calculus should include:

- A detailed categorization of the spectrum of animal use, from food to research to entertainment to maintenance of ethos.
- Descriptions of the human and animal identities involved, with estimates as to the likely suffering or positive effects to all parties for each moral choice being considered.

  COROLLARY: Animal defenders rightly accuse others of advocating absolute or relative dismissal of animal rights without justifying the basis of that dismissal. They must be careful not to be guilty of the same sin in regard to human ethos [**5.2.G.2**].

  DEFINITIONS (after Mary Midgley):[196]

  - **Absolute dismissal** means that animals have no rights at all.
  - **Relative dismissal** means that they have some, but not as many as we do.
- Definitions of all undefined or badly defined terms:

  Animal identity
  Human ethos and identity
  Imminent and unjustifiable harm

[6.2.K] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GENDER UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When it is merely the violence committed by one gender on another for reasons which have nothing to do with gender.

EXAMPLE: A woman who murders her abusive husband does not thereby automatically defend her gender, only herself. Her self-defense may be entirely justifiable as such, without being so as defense of gender.

2. To the extent that it violates freedom of expression. **[See 5.1.8.]**

3.Against infanticide which furthers scientifically imminent defense of earth **[5.2.I.1]**.[197] Fortunately, scientific imminence does not now exist.

4. When gender becomes a mask for the violent maintenance of a class system.

EXAMPLE: In Honolulu in 1932, two Asian men are assaulted, one fatally, in after-the-fact "defense" of a white woman named Thalia Massie who falsely claimed rape.[198]

[6.2.L] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When the acts defined as treason are the same as the acts committed by the supposed anti-traitors. [A rule violated no less for its obviousness.]

[6.2.M] WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When the acts defined the revolutionaries as treason are the same as the acts committed by them before they came to power.

2. When the revolution's immediate ends change but legitimacy fails to be reevaluated.

EXAMPLE: Robespierre begins by calling for freedom of speech, then muzzles the press. Why? For him to be justified, he must offer satisfactory reasons.

3. To the extent that it fails to explicitly and consensually define the grievances which it seeks to address.

EXAMPLE: "That the price of bread on July 14, 1789 would have been of less significance to Robespierre than his belief that men, on that day, set out to

destroy tyranny ..."[199] Do we have a consensus as to whether we are correcting the price or bread or overthrowing a tyrannical government?

[6.3] JUSTIFICATIONS: POLICY AND CHOICE

[6.3.A.1] WHEN IS VIOLENT DETERRENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. Absent imminence, insofar as its effects are not foreseeable and controllable.

EXAMPLES:

1. Nuclear "deterrence," which may destroy the entire world.
2. When Seneca's Maxim operates.

> **Seneca's Maxim:** *Violent deterrence becomes inexpedient, although not necessarily unjustifiable, when its severity corrodes loyalty and fear into desperation.*[200]
>
> Thus, harsh deterrence often defeats its own object, in which case it was unjustified by the crucial test of *result* **[2.5]**.

2. When directed against persons who have broken no code and are actively or passively loyal to the deterrer's authority. When its violence does not fall entirely upon those who made the choice to undertake the proscribed behavior.

> CAVEAT: This case may be justified nonethless by very rare situations of military imminence, or the imminent proactive defense of a legitimate revolutionary authority **[5.2.C.2]**. Still, it is not excusable as a routine transaction of authority **[6.3.A.1.5]**.

3. By mere symmetry without discrimination. *Tu quoque* is not a justified defense for unethical acts of violence unless those acts have been consensualized into an ethos of acceptability.

> **Undiscriminating symmetry of unjustified acts [= *tu quoque*]**: If I commit an illegitimate act of violence upon A, it is no excuse that you who judge me have committed the same illegitimate act upon B. (However, if you commit that act upon B, then I may deter or punish you by committing that act upon you **[5.3.A.2]**.)
>
> EXAMPLE: Nazi war criminals ask for acquittal on the grounds that their Soviet judges also committed war crimes.

4. When it harms more people than those harmed by the deterred act. That is, when proportionality has been violated. **[See 5.1.7.]**

5. When its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with authority (i.e.; when it has not been crafted to deter the specific and limited violence of a narrowly specified group). [See 5.3.A.2.]

CAVEAT: Deterrence is, however, justified when its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with the *laws* established by legitimate authority [5.2.C.1-2].

NOTE TO CAVEAT: Since legitimate authority is consensual, legitimate authority's laws, to be just, must be revocable at the will of the governed.

5. When it is not didactic.

EXAMPLE: A biological warfare attack which its victims believe to be a natural epidemic will not deter them from carrying out their own violence against the aggressor; therefore, although the biological warfare attack may be justifiable by other categories, it cannot be justified as deterrence.

6. When it is justified by proactive imminence alone, and the justifiability of the violence which invoked proactive imminence is debatable.

Proactive imminence: The more people I kill, the more I need to kill, in order to deter or prevent others from killing me. Frequently invoked in defense of ground, war aims, revolution and revolutionary authority, proactive imminence need not be unjustified if the original violence which brought it into being was justified; still, it is obviously of a lower, more contingent order of justifiability than ordinary imminence alone. Proactive imminence may be either **ordinary** [5.1.1] or **scientific** [5.2.I.1].

7. When it is executed proactively as both deterrence and retribution.

EXAMPLE: Napoleon kidnaps and slays the Duc d'Enghien to deter assassination attempts. He could have simply imprisoned him as a hostage, and issued a deterrent warning of his liquidation in the event of another assassination attempt.

8. When the act deterred remains undefined, when there has been no deterrent warning, or when the deterrer's retribution proves to be more severe than was indicated in the deterrent warning.

9. When the deterrent violence knowingly exceeds the deterrence threshold.

Deterrence threshold: Herman Kahn invented this term, which refers to the minimum level of severity whose threat or execution will be required to deter.

[6.3.A.2] WHEN IS VIOLENT MILITARY RETRIBUTION UNJUSTIFIED?

1. By *tu quoque* alone. [See 6.3.A.1.2.]

2. When it is not didactic. [See 6.3.A.1.5.]

3. When the degree of imminence is low enough to allow judicial retribution (punishment).

[6.3.A.3] WHEN IS VIOLENT REVENGE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. By *tu quoque* alone. [See 6.3.A.1.2.]

2. When it creates a new wrong equal to or worse than the wrong it has revenged.

[6.3.B] WHEN IS VIOLENT JUDICIAL RETRIBUTION (PUNISHMENT) UNJUSTIFIED?

1. By *tu quoque* alone. [See 6.3.A.1.2.]
   EXAMPLE: Because A punishes B does not give C the right to punish D.

2. When the person suffering the punishment does not understand why he is being punished.
   EXAMPLE: "Correction must always be meted to the bad—to make a better man of him—not to the unfortunate; on him it is wasted." *–Plato*[201]

3. When the punishment is inconsistently applied to penalize similar acts committed under similar circumstances. (When it comprises the expedient or slapdash employment of arbitrary means.)

4. When there is no separation of powers among judges, executioners and sovereigns.

5. When proof of guilt is logically faulty, or when the judicial process is dishonest.
   EXAMPLES:
   1. "In each organization about 3 to 5 percent of the total must be declared 'the enemy' because that is the percentage mentioned by Chairman Mao in one of his speeches."[202]
   2. *Malleus Maleficarum* on plea bargains with witches: "After she has been con-

signed to prison in this way, the promise to spare her life [if she confesses] should be kept for a time, but after a certain period she should be burned."[203]

CAVEAT: Punishment of objectively innocent persons, such as witches, might conceivably be extenuated, although not justified, were a fair judicial process applied to their case, and were there a widespread presupposition of the imminent danger they represented.

EXAMPLE: The Huron Indians believed in witches and sometimes put one of their number to death on this basis. Huron witches were, in effect, selfish or antisocial people who often might have saved themselves by following tribal norms of generous sociability. Witches investigated under the *Malleus Maleficarum*, on the other hand, had little hope of escape from condemnation.

6. To the extent that the punishment, which may be just or unjust in and of itself, furthers authority's power beyond the minimum necessary for enforcing the social contract.

EXAMPLE: "Governments need police to produce criminals; because the mass of people are so frightened of criminals they willingly give away their rights and freedoms to obtain protection." –John Myhill[204]

EXAMPLE: The imprisoned Marquis de Sade writes his wife that people will say of him: *"He must have been guilty since he has been punished."* [205]

NOTE: Both of these accusations may be in their own context disingenuous and even untrue. That is not the point. The point is that the fears they raise must be addressed in each case.

7. When deterrence remains possible but has not yet been tried. A statutory penalty is its own deterrent. However, in more fluid cases, a warning or less severe penalty should be tried first. This is why the law treats juveniles more leniently than adults. And this is why Stalin's application of the death penalty to 12-year-olds was wrong.

[6.3.C.1] WHEN IS LOYALTY-VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When its justification is loyalty alone. [In such a case, obedience needs no compulsion, and the fact of superior orders becomes irrelevant to the order-follower's role as a self-determining moral agent.]

EXAMPLE: The Nazi war criminal Otto Ohlendorff, explaining why he murdered 90,000 people: "To me it is inconceivable that a subordinate leader should not carry out orders given by the leaders of the state ..."[206]

2. When the loyalty derives its only justification from commonality between leader and led. [Ethical identity between leader and led is necessary for justice, but not sufficient.]

Immminence may create commonality. Commonality alone, however, can never create imminence.

3. When the loyalty is defined only as a synonym for achieving the political end.

[6.3.C.2] WHEN IS COMPULSION-VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. When one cannot demonstrate that one would have been severely punished for not committing it.

2. When what gets defined as compulsion is in fact only a requirement for achieving an end.

EXAMPLE: The Japanese vivisect Chinese POWs without even an anesthetic "because in a war, you have to win."[207]

3. When the compulsion derives from the moral agent himself.

[See 6.3.C.1.]

[6.3.D] WHEN ARE NONCONSENSUAL SADISTIC AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. Always.

EXAMPLE: Life among the Ik of Africa: "... men would watch a child with eager anticipation as it crawled toward the fire, then burst into gay and happy laughter as it plunged a skinny hand into the coals. Such times were the few times

when parental affection showed itself; a mother would glow with pleasure to hear such joy occasioned by her offspring, and pull it tenderly out of the fire.[208]

[But as noted in 5.3.D, even here, as with all other motivations for violence, imminent defense or self-defense could conceivably in some rare or extreme case overrule unjustifiability.]

[6.3.E] WHEN IS CONSENSUAL SADISTIC (S/M) VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED?

1. Never.

[6.4] JUSTIFICATIONS: FATE

[6.4.A] WHEN IS VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED BY MORAL YELLOWNESS?

1. Always.

EXAMPLE: "The first time I saw dead Germans they looked just like Americans, except for the uniform. And then you started to think of them as animals."[209]

[6.4.B] WHEN IS VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED BY INEVITABILITY?

1. Always, except when inevitability comprises a shorthand for some other justification [such as imminent self-defense].

[7.0] WHEN IS VIOLENCE UNJUSTIFIED BUT EXCUSABLE?

1. When it is based on sincere misperceptions of fact which, had they been correct, would have justified the violence. **[See 5.1.2.A.2. and 6.0.7.]**

2. When it is carried out under the direct threat of extreme violence. **[See 5.3.C.3.]**

[8.0] A CHECKLIST FOR REVOLUTIONARIES

1. Do postrevolutionary conditions resemble the pre-revolutionary conditions which we objected to?

2. How accurately does revolutionary theory predict events?

3. How reductionist is the theory? Does it permit most people and things to exist for their own sake?

4. How gigantic a task ought the revolution set for itself?

5. Does the revolution allow non-revolutionaries to inform it of its errors?

Moral Questions for a Cycle of Revolution

1. Sense of grievance
Should I be angry? Should I hope for a different future?

2. Polarization
Should I join?

3. Escalation of violence
Should I fight? Should I kill?

4. Triumph and consolidation
Now that I can see the future, does it justify me?

5. Maintenance of power
Should I continue? Am I satisfied? Am I justified?

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT FROM PROF. BRUCE TRIGGER[210]

Department of Anthropology, McGill University (14 September 2002)

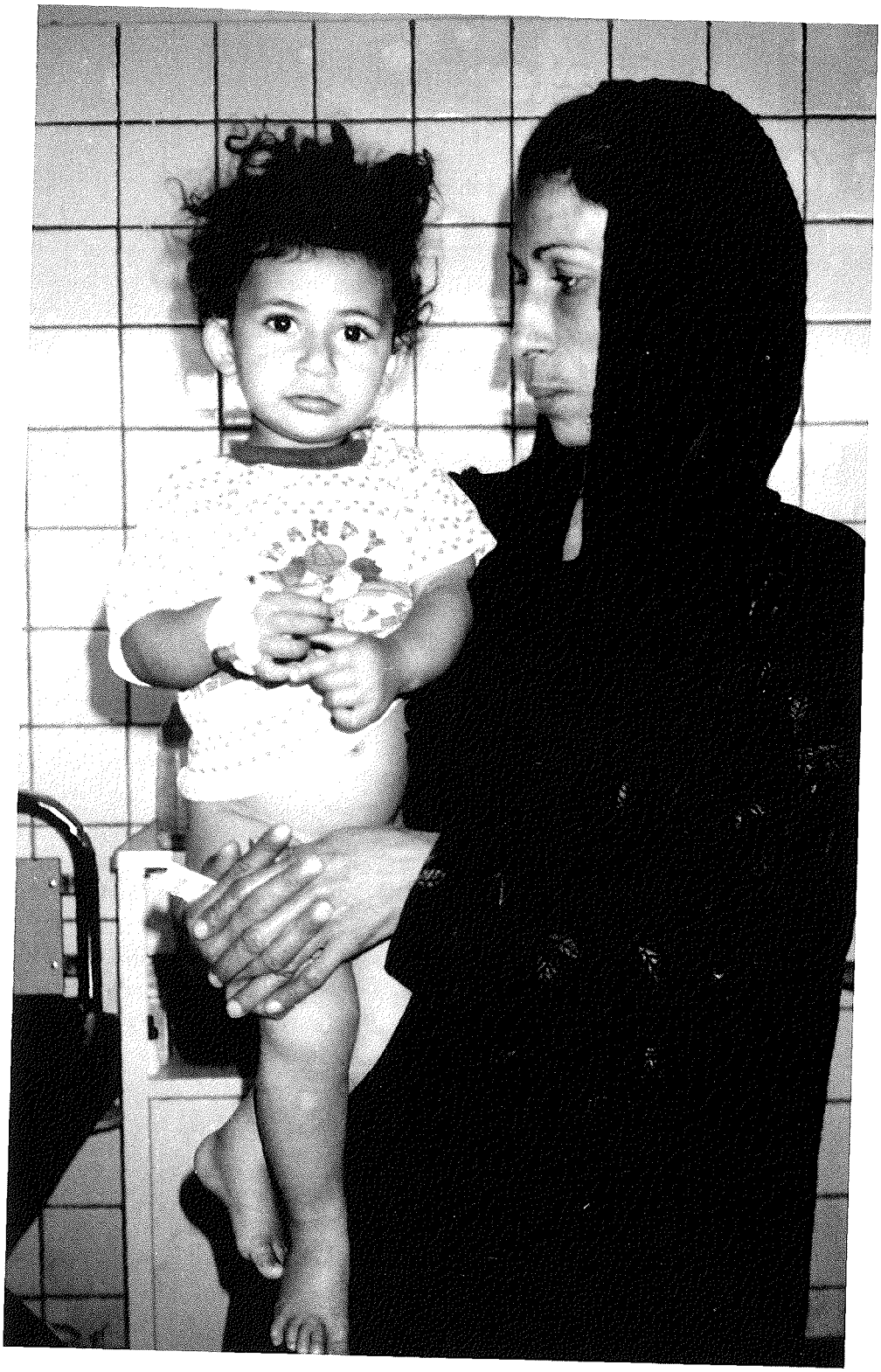
There is, however, something missing which you may wish to deal with in another book or not at all. When I was younger I thought there was little to be said for the superiority of the Golden Rule in its Christian form (Do unto others ...) over the far more widespread negative version (Don't do unto others ...) Indeed Shaw's observation that tastes differ made me think the negative version was probably the better one. It seems to me now, however, that one can formulate lega-style rules about what people can and can't do about defending their rights but self-interest will go on construing those rights to mean whatever the construer wants. What is needed is an underlying consensus about how modern societies should be run ... Curiously we already have this standard in that most ignored and reviled document *The Universal Declaration of Human Rights* (1948), which set out minimum standards for the legal, political, economic, social, and cultural treatment of human beings everywhere. No country has ever lived up to the standards of this declaration but I find it a most remarkable statement of ideals we should be living up to. I also believe that if there are still people around a millennium hence who can read and write they will honour this declaration as the supreme accomplishment of the 20th century and the one that made the survival and growth of civilized life in the third millennium possible. John Humphrey and the other people who drafted it will be remembered by the general public when Hitler, Churchill and others are known only to specialists who study the Pre-Really-Civilized era. I believe in cultural diversity but I also believe that this diversity must be grounded in respect for each human being and each human being's right to develop and flourish—the first aspiration of the Enlightenment and the first to be abandoned by those people whose political power grew from the Enlightenment. I don't believe such universal values undermine cultural pluralism; on the contrary they can enhance it by counteracting the hegemonic forces that are economically and socially corroding the basis on which cultural pluralism flourishes and hence are limiting freedom of choice. What I think I am trying to say is that it will only be when people can be brought to agree about issued such as these that your calculus will really take hold and provide a basis for judging human conduct. How to get issues of this sort even discussed is of course a bit of a question. But until this happens my terrorist is going to be someone else's freedom fighter.

Is This Violence?

A Sanctioned Hospital in Iraq 1998

I took the these ten photographs at Saddam Hussein Hospital, Baghdad, years after the Gulf War. Our sanctions against Iraq were supposed to last six months; eight years later they were still in place. The children in these images were all dangerously ill from diarrhea and cancer—in short, from natural causes. What does their suffering have to do with violence? The Iraqis alleged to me that the incidence of pediatric cancers had rushed upwards since the war, thanks to the depleted uranium armor-piercing shells which the U.S. had dropped. My government denied that these items were unsafe, although European soldiers soon began reporting health problems as a result of encountering the same armor-piercing shells left by the U.S. in Kosovo. I am not enough of a scientist to know who is right. As for the diarrhea, I was told that during the Gulf War the U.S. had deliberately destroyed water filtration plants. Replacement parts remained embargoed, they said. Most of the Iraqis I met knew somebody personally whose child had died of diarrhea since the sanctions began. They accordingly blamed us. Whether or not we bear responsibility for either of these epidemics, it remains horribly incontrovertible that thanks to us these children could not obtain any medicine. According to the doctors who took me to this ward, many or most of them would die. I brought a bag of medicine to Iraq, and that accomplished as much as if I'd dropped a sugar cube into the ocean. When I asked the parents how I could best help their children, they gazed into my face and bitterly replied: "End the sanctions."

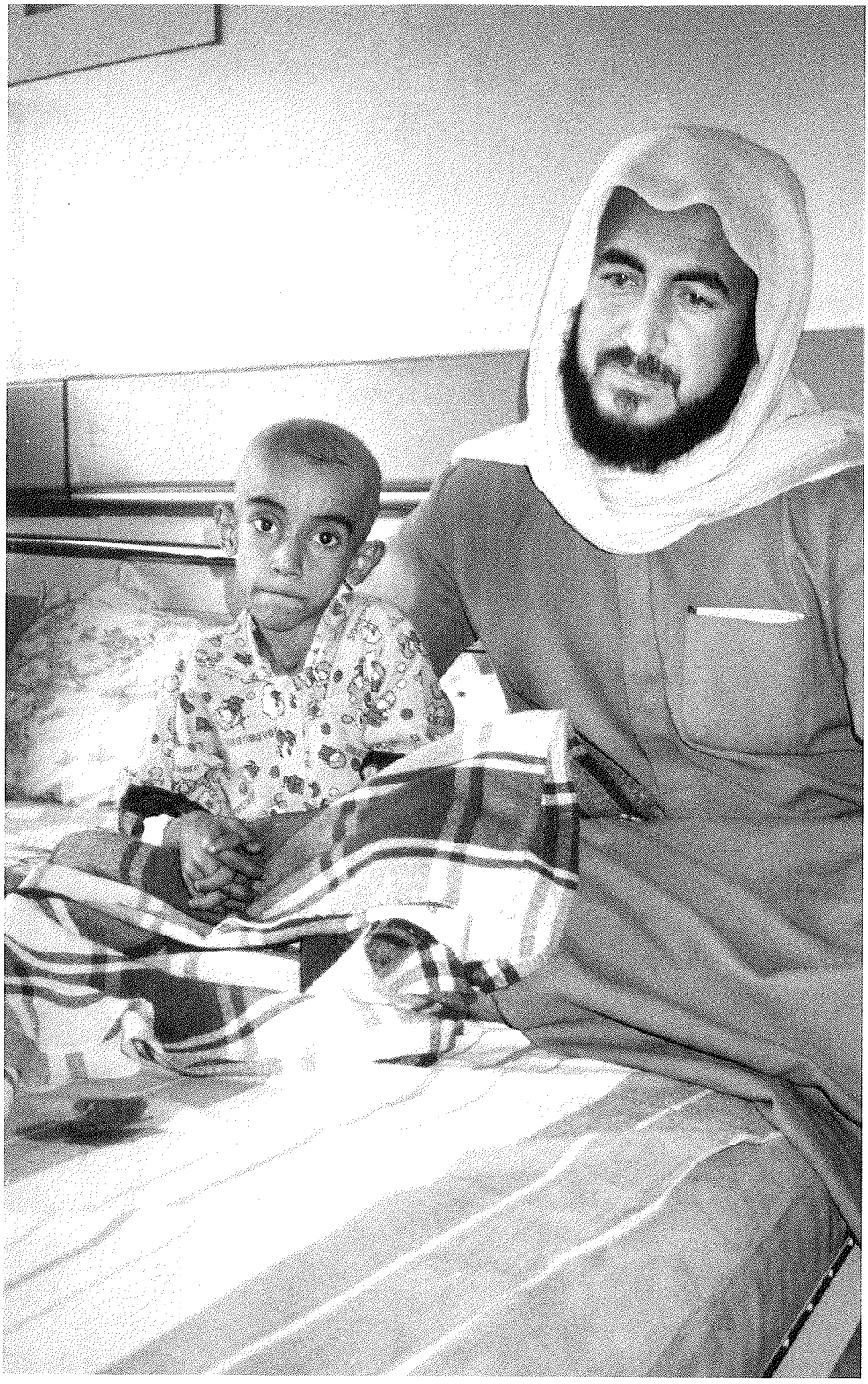
122-129. Children suffering from diarrhea or cancer. Medicines unavailable except on the black market.




Quality

















LAND MINE VICTIMS

1994-2000

These photographs were taken in Cambodia, Burma, Thailand and Afghanistan. Some of the people you will see here were maimed while they were engaging in war as soldiers and insurgents. Others were peasants who had the bad luck to step on a boobytrap after a conflict had ended. I personally believe that land mines should be banned. However, they probably never will be, because they are the poor man's best defense. A number of gloomy thoughts come to mind in the study of these photographs. For instance, consider the beggar-amputee in Afghanistan (p. 136). A Soviet mine did this to him. The Soviets have departed Afghanistan, and anyhow there are no Soviets anymore. So, does this man's suffering serve any purpose? It is possible that a post-Soviet policymaker thinks so. By increasing the emiseration of the Afghan people, the Russians may conceivably delay their day of reckoning with the Islamic extremism which they helped to cause. This would be a very logical if evil war aim. Similarly, the jungle warlords who were once Khmer Rouge may feel that every time a woman harvesting grass accidentally steps on a Chinese or American land mine, the restoration government's infrastructure is further weakened, which decreases the resources available to that government to come and hunt them down. In the case of the blinded Karenni insurgent (p. 138), he was engaged in attacking Burmese soldiers. The war between the Burmese and the Karenni began in 1947, if not before, and continues to this day. By this guerrilla's own moral calculus, and also by that of the government which wounded him, he was and is a combatant, which probably makes him a legitimate target. The Burmese might furthermore argue that since they

cannot afford to station soldiers on every jungle trail, mine traps are the only practical solution. All this is devil's advocacy. But it may help you understand the popularity of land mines, not to mention the vexedness of trying to determine what sort of pivot they might be between ends and means.

134. Afghan beggar, Sorabi Gorge (between Jalalabad and Kabul), Afghanistan, 2000. Victim of a Soviet mine. (See the case study "With Hands on Their Hearts.")

135. "Opium Soldier" at Khun Sa's hospital in Shan State, Burma, 1994. He had been injured by a Burmese mine while carrying out an insurgent action. (See the case study "But What Are We To Do?")

136. Karenni insurgent, northwest Thailand, near Burmese border, 1994. A mine blinded him and robbed him of one leg while he was preparing an ambush against Burmese troops.

137. Beggar in front of Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum, Phnom Penh, 1996. The mine which maimed him could have been planted by the Khmer Rouge, the Vietnamese or the Americans.

138-41. Cambodian beggars, Aranyaprathet, Thailand, 1996.

142. Cambodian bride, Aranyaprathet Hospital, 1996. She and two other girls had been scything grass in Cambodia. Her companions were both killed. If she proved unable to work, her husband might choose to leave her for the sake of his own survival.

143. Two beggars in front of Tuol Sleng, 1996. They said they were former soldiers injured in battle against the Khmer Rouge.

144. Two of Khun Sa's "Opium Soldiers" walking to a dance, Ho Mong, Shan State, Burma, 1994. Each of these Shan warriors had lost a leg to a Burmese mine trap. Each one had been a combatant at the time.

145a. Memorial portrait of Mr. Yu Kon, a Thai national who was engaged in illegal logging business with Khmer Rouge partners, 1996. He had crossed the border to ransom four of his laborers. Afterward, one member of the party stepped on a mine. Mr. Yu Kon's employees

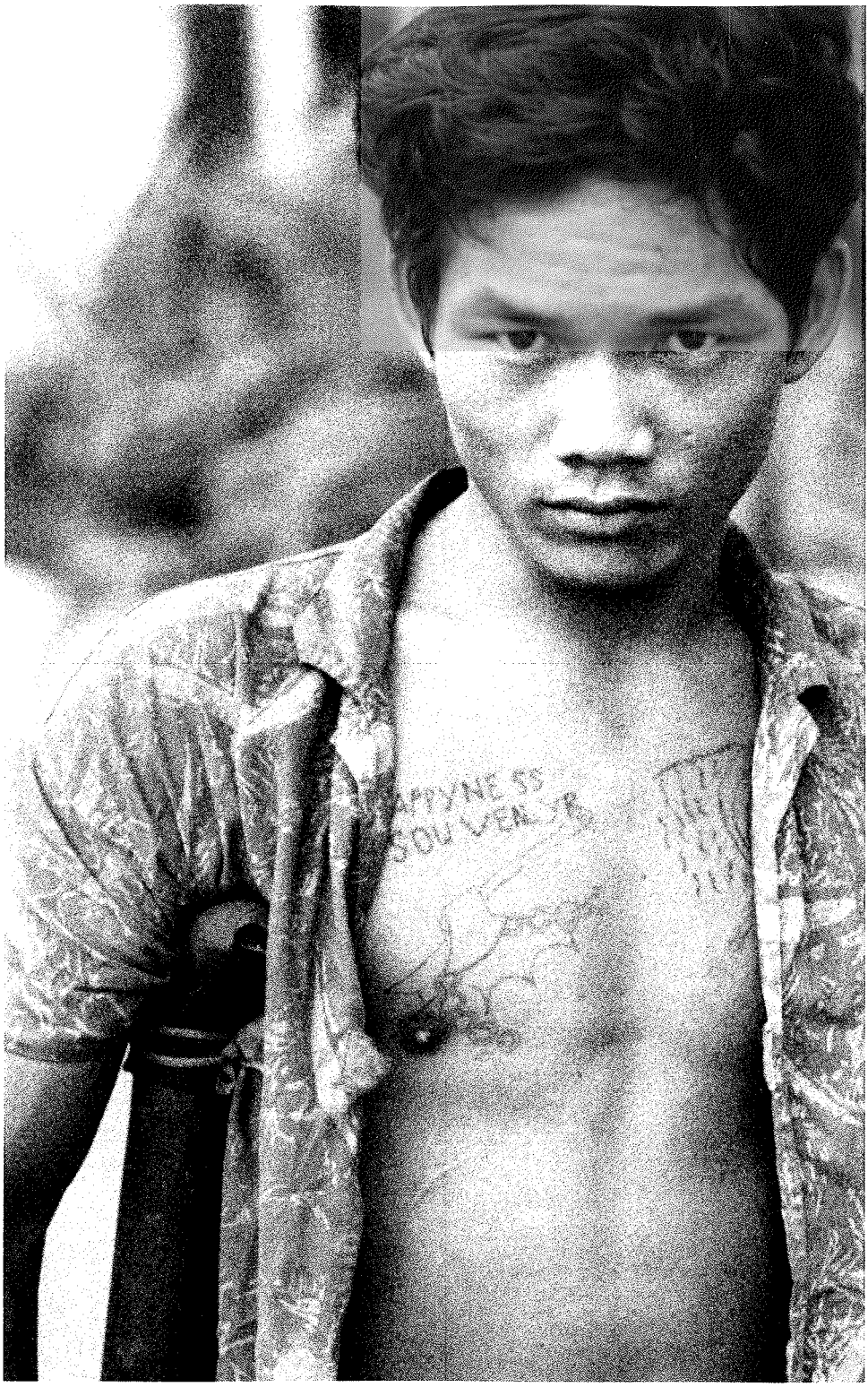
all died in the blast. He himself lost a leg, which the Khmer Rouge tied off for him with a tourniquet. He died of exposure after two or three days. After six days, he was found and carried back to Thailand to be cremated. (See the case study "The Skulls on the Shelves.")

145b. Shan guides and land mine warning sign, illegal trail from Burma to Thailand, 1994.
















CUBS










DANGE

INDEX OF MORAL ACTORS

This smattering of names may help you locate protagonists of the first four "theoretical" volumes. Moral actors who are mentioned only in one specific case study will not be found in this index.

Achilles vol. III, p. 310-314, III.323
Aeschylus III.330
Alcibiades III.373
Alexander the Great III.180-182
Antony, Marc I.233-234, II.77, III.99-102
Aquinas, Saint Thomas I.201-202, I.274, III.75
Arc, Joan of I.227-228, I.268-269, II.40-43, II.454, III.334, IV.202
Arendt, Hannah I.29, I.43, I.45-46, IV.161
Aurelius, Marcus IV.258
Bari, Judi III.211-215
Berkman, Alexander IV.68, IV.78, IV.140-144
Billie III.257-265, III.270
Bonaparte, Napoleon I.9, II.45-63, III.52, IV.50-51, IV.259
Brown, John I.247, II.14, II.58, II.242-299, II.313-408, III.9-11, IV.32, IV.106-123, IV.238-239
Brown, Watson I.281-285
Brutus, Marcus III.97-99
Buddha I.258, IV.70, IV.259

Bukharin, Nikolai I.200-201, I.206, I.210-214, I.227
Burke, Edmund II.10
Caesar, Augustus III.101, III.364
Caesar, Julius I.35, I.230-243, III.13, III.20, III.32, III.47-102, III.363, III.366, IV.19-20, IV.32, IV.49-50, IV.116, IV.239, IV.247, IV.259
Calley, Lt. William III.40-48
Cataline I.231, III.55-57, III.62, III.67
Cato I.242-243, 249, III.50-98
Christ, Jesus I.205, I.216, I.228, I.258, II.383, II.445-50, IV.70
Cicero I.206-232, II.144-145, II.251, II.267-268, II.291-293, II.299-301, II.319, III.53-96, IV.71, IV.247
Clausewitz, Carl von III.11-19, III.23-24, III.28, III.356-357, IV.54-55
Cortes, Hernando II.442-445, III.23, 26-27, III.185-187, III.189-205, IV.260
Di Giovanni, Severino I.122, I.270-271, IV.197
Díaz, Bernal III.187-205
Domitian III.364, III.375
Du Bois, W. E. B. II.350-351, II.391
Egil IV.41-47
Eichmann, Adolf I. 45-48, I.50, IV.161, IV.166
Fanon, Frantz IV.260
Foreman, Dave III.211
Freud III.332, IV.253
Gandhi, Mahatma I.230-255, I.289, I.130-133, I.197-214, II.410-416, II.429, IV.135
Garvey, Marcus II.374
Goetz, Bernhard I.250-257
Gray, Lizzy III.254-256
Guardian Angels I.256-259, VI.223-261
Guatemoc III.202
Guevara, Che III.36
Hadrian IV.201-202
Hakon IV.44-47
Hallie, Philip I.128-130
Herodotus I.80, II.365, III.307-308, III.316, III.347, III.351, III.357
Hess, Rudolf I.47
Hitler, Adolf I.120-133, I.206, I.217-218, II.36, II.162, II.170, II.181-190, II.207, II.216, II.252-262, II.279-280, II.293, II.299, II.341, II.352-353, II.404, III.52, III.126-30, III.180, III.312-317, IV.37-39, IV.159, IV.229-230, IV.262
Ho Chi Minh III.358 , IV.230
Hobbes, Thomas I.201, I.208, I.211-212, I.220, IV.15-16
Hoffman, Abbie IV.258
Howe, Julia Ward IV.258
Hughes, Kenny I.148
Hussein, Saddam II.87-100, IV.81-102
Hyegyong, Lady III.342-348
Jefferson, Thomas I.233, III.372, III.375, IV.74

Johnson, Lyndon Baines II.376, III.358-360
Kahn, Herman IV.57-60, IV.68
Kant, Immanuel I.47, I.219-220, III.331
Keitel, Wilhelm II.276, IV.156-171, IV.193, IV.211, IV.230
Kennedy, John Fitzgerald IV.51
Khabarov, Erofei IV.196
Khrushchev, Nikita IV.51
King, Martin Luther Jr. II.155, II.225, II.346-348, II.364-376, II.358, II.396-432, III.212, III.357
Klebold, Dylan IV.280
Koresh, David III.186-188
Lancaster, Jane Beckman III.332
Lash, Lilith III.332
Lawrence of Arabia (T.E.) I.244, IV.24-35, IV.67
Lenin, Vladimir Ilyich I.209, I.240, I.278, I.288-289, II.123, II.141, II.150-218, II.242, II.254-301, II.316, III.352, III.374, IV.227
Leonidas III.134-46, III.352, IV.199
Levi, Primo IV.255
Li, Dr. Zhisui II.72-80
Lincoln, Abraham II.19, II.242-266, II.276-277, II.299, II.301, II.313-339, II.357, II.373, II.376, IV.32, IV.70
Louis XIV I.234
Louis XVI III.170, III.397
Lucretius III.331
Luther, Martin I.274, I.288, IV.117-118
Lycidas III.363
Machiavelli, Niccolo I.209-216, I.234, IV.259
Malcolm X I.259, II.415
Mao Zedong II.28, III.373-374, IV.262
Marx, Karl II.123-125, II.130-184, II.210-214, IV.260
Massie, Thalia III.351
Maxentius III.31-32
McNamara, Robert IV.67
Meyers, Bill III.215
Midgley, Mary III.265, III.272-285
Minnie III.257-265
Mishima IV.129
Molotov, Vyacheslav II.275-298, IV.17-24, IV.262
Moltke the Elder I.203, I.208, I.213, II.340, II.434, IV.67
Montesquieu I.247, III.317, III.373, IV.74, IV.94-95
Montezuma II.142, II.286, II.444, III.189-205
Muir, John III.208-209, III.246
Mussolini, Benito IV.199
Nechaev I.269-270
Nero IV.19-20
Newkirk, Ingrid III.273-278
Nietzsche, Friedrich IV.259

Nolan, Captain II.13-15, II.39-40, II.70-73
Nugent, Ted I.61, VI.271-280
Periander IV.208-210
Plato I.200-258, III.372-375
Plutarch I.212, III.309
Pol Pot II.127-129, II.142, II.161-162, II.201, II.207, II.296, II.332, II.335, IV.201, V.51-144
Pompey III.54-55, III.74-81, IV.200
Ray, James Earl II.424-430
Ringelblum, Emmanuel IV.178-183, III.368
Rizal, Jose II.118-121, II.152-155, II.269, IV.258
Robespierre, Maximilien I.200-220, I.234, III.366, III.375-414
Rousseau, Jean-Jacques III.278, III.331, III.387-88
Rowlands, Mark III.273, III.288
Rudzutak, Yan Ernestovich IV.17-24
Russell, Diana E. H. III.320-321
Sade, Marquis de IV.108, IV.123-143, IV.206-209, IV.214, IV.265
Saint-Exupéry, Antoine de III.8-11
Sander, August IV.233-236
Saung, Aye IV.244, IV.246
Selassie, Haile IV.199
Seneca I.249, IV.19-20, IV.71
Shalamaneser III IV.195
Sherfey, Mary Jane III.332
Singer, Peter III.286
Sirkes, (Rabbi) Joel IV.171-182
Socrates I.247, IV.70
Solzhenitsyn, Aleksandr I.42, IV.258, 11.263-264,
Stalin, Joseph I.200-289, II.118-240, II.246-332, II.341
Sun-tzu II.23, 11.65-70
Thich Quang Duc I.238-240, 248
Thoreau, Henry David I.197-198, IV.239
Thucydides I.48, IV.192, IV.260
Tolstoy, Leo I.201, I.220, II.154, II.212, II.246-277, II.317
Trotsky, Leon I.35, I.208-227, I.264, II.10, II.151-188, II.242-299, II.313-341, IV.227, IV.245
Tukhachevsky, Mikhail IV.68
Unabomber, The I.262, I.292, IV.262
Valerie III.273-288
Villa, Pancho IV.11-14, IV24-29, 35
Weaver, Randall and Vicki IV.84-88
Wu-tzu III.5
Xerxes III.128-30, III.140-44, IV.199

ANNEXES

Annex A: Phases of Revolution

Annex B: A Summary History of the Khmer Rouge to 1997

Annex C: A Brief Chronology of Burma's Insurgencies 1954-1996

Annex D: Proposal for the Termination of Opium Production in the Shan State (October, 1993)

Annex E: Letter from the Inmates of the Studenski Dom in Sarajevo (September, 1992)

Annex F: Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II

Annex G: Biljana Plavsic's Version of How the Bosnian War Began (April, 1994)

Annex H: A Bosnian Muslim Refugee's Version of How the Bosnian War Began (September, 1992)

ANNEX A

PHASES OF REVOLUTION

What is a revolution exactly?[1] To Thucydides it meant merely factional conspiracy, or the violent machinations by which a colony or tributary ally left one master for another. To Robespierre or Trotsky, it meant the violent replacement of one ruling class or system by another.

If we schematize the steps which occur in a typical revolution, the result, with reference to any historical actuality, may be Procrustean; still, our naive generalities may serve as a foundation for other abstractions, and without those where would any revolution be?[2]

Any reduction will be more convenient than accurate. Castro's simple schema of revolutionary process runs thus:

1. Economic reforms create a counterrevolution.
2. To defend the revolution, the people are given arms.
3. The armed people now put pressure on the revolution to radicalize the reforms.[3]

My own reductions are colored by the fact that I love to list, and above all to personify. But I am not the only one. Here, for instance, runs the version an Afghan

refugee gave me of one event which occurred in his country during the Soviet occupation of 1979-89: "It was one of those literacy courses which triggered the first Herat Uprising. One malik refused to send his wife and daughter to the class. They [the Soviets] came and asked him why. He said, 'They're needed to cook and wash.' They said, 'No, they have to come.' He said, 'OK, I'll get them.' He went and got his guns and shot those Soviets dead. Then the uprising began."[4]

This informant followed no historian's cross-checking process in arriving at his causative theory. A cautious, parochial man, he himself would, I believe, have stayed at home and relied on the testimony of his neighbors to learn what was happening. Perhaps one malik did set off the Herat Uprising. Our descriptive overview of *polarization* below would scarcely preclude it. Perhaps, on the other hand, no one person began the rebellion at all. The way this man told it, I sensed the beginning of a legend. While the truth of, say, Joan of Arc's case forms a legend which is actually true, the neatness of any claim which has not been carefully investigated ought to excite our skepticism. Life is not simple. And when we seek to reduce the descriptive analysis of processes to causes and effects—in short, to analyze—we must simplify.[5]

FIRST PHASE: RECOGNITION OF GRIEVANCE

A revolution begins with a widespread and unified *recognition of grievance.*

Aristotle postulates that "those who are bent on equality start a revolution if they believe that they, having less, are yet the equals of those who have more. And so too do those who aim at inequality and superiority, if they think that they, being unequal, are not getting more, but equal or less." He adds in a footnote: "The aims are sometimes justifiable, sometimes not."[6] He is right enough there.[7] But why must stating a position clearly mean stating it coldly? I prefer Orwell's formulation, which, if not as precise as Aristotle's, seems more decent. As a schoolboy Orwell had been hurt by a physically more powerful bully, whom he finally caught unawares and punched. For a time Orwell was ashamed[8] of his cowardice:

> The fact I hardly noticed was that although Hall formally challenged me to fight [after being punched], he did not actually attack me. Indeed, after receiving that one blow he never oppressed me again. It was perhaps twenty years before I saw the significance of this. At the time I could not see beyond the moral dilemma that is presented to the weak in a world governed by the strong: Break the rules, or perish. I did not see that in that case the weak have the right to make a different set of rules for themselves...[9]

In Machiavelli's equally passion-driven model, the prince has become hated and despised by his subjects.[10] An unjust law, or the sight of authority-murdered corpses, an unhappy war,[11] or some other tinder just or unjust becomes the *causus belli.* The elite has failed to do what we wanted it to, or else it is doing what we never invited it to do.

The famous Burmese dissident Aung San Su Kyi once wrote: "It is not enough merely to provide the poor with material assistance; they have to be sufficiently empowered to change their perception of themselves as helpless and ineffectual in an uncaring world."[12] If the government helps them do it, well and good. If not, then hatred may bring it about. Hatred is the gunpowder of revolution. Meanwhile, they continue to feel helpless in that uncaring world. When I visited northwestern Thailand in 1994 in search of Khun Sa the Opium King.[13] I found various tribal ethnicities, whose leaders might be at cross-purposes, but whose rank and file were all united by one thing: desperation. Over and over again I heard from opium growers and sellers: "But what are we to do?" They believed that to survive they had no recourse but to break the law, at no matter what risk to themselves. They hoarded a longstanding sense of grievance. Many had been Thai Communist Party insurgents during the 1960s and 70s, probably for the same reasons that they supported the Khun Sa now. Granted, they were not an undifferentiated "mass"—Trotsky's occult repository of revolutionary wisdom—but members of an organization. In this case a business organization devoted to the sale of opium. I believe that if a plausible revolutionary leader appears in this zone, he will easily get followers.

Many objective circumstances can bring about a revolution. One scholar examines the zone called "Monsoon Asia" to find that the high proportion of tenant farmers and correspondingly parasitic landowners there make the region especially subject to visibly unequal class relations, and hence to the possibility of revolution.[14] The rain patterns of Monsoon Asia are but one of the natural causes which assist in transforming any mass action into a statistical event; thus the American government's Report of the National Advisory Committee on Civil Disorders, which dealt with the 1967 race riots, noted that heat waves helped precipitate the violence by bringing large crowds of people into the streets[15]—and, no doubt, by putting them in an ugly mood.

Then again, there may be a cultural predisposition to violence, as in the USA, or a swaggering ethos of honor that may be easily invoked into shedding blood. One resident of the Philippines told me in 1995 that his land was "a country where firearms equate to power, to being somebody." The Maoist insurgent group called New People's Army was, he thought, almost dead as a result of the obsolescence of its socialist program, but some people continued to join, thanks to the aesthetics of weapons. "The NPA just uses us," another man said bitterly. "They talk a good talk, but in the end it's just about flashing guns."[16] Would you like to flash a gun? Then join the NPA!

In other words, don't forget to assign *accident* and *perception* their privileged places.

Now for *causation.* Jefferson lists a great many reasons for the French Revolution, under the rubric of "the monstrous abuses of power under which the people were ground to powder"—taxes, corruption, judicial arbitrariness and cruelty.[17] A Marxist might explain that the productive surplus was being siphoned off by an

elite, instead of being poured back into the economic lives of the producers; hence necessity compelled the robbed, emiserated masses to reclaim what was theirs.[18]

Here is the Unabomber's equally dogged schematization of revolution:

Because of the constant pressure that the system exerts to modify human behavior, there is a gradual increase in the number of people who cannot or will not adjust to society's requirements: welfare leeches, youth-gang members, cultists, anti-government rebels, radical environmentalist saboteurs, dropouts and resisters of various kinds.[19]

Still, a revolution is an act of will, and the most mechanistic of theorists must still refer to "class consciousness" or its equivalent. It is not the stimulus, the grievance itself, which alone holds responsibility for commencing the insurrection; but the extent to which it is *seen* as a grievance at a particular time, the degree to which it "mobilizes" people, as insurgents would say. Mobilization, which one academic defines as the creation of autonomy and solidarity,[20] can occur at any phase of a revolution. A homogeneous population whose members are in good communication with one another (for example, urban dwellers, or a literate peasantry) will already act somewhat mobilized, allowing the "widespread and unified recognition of grievance" to occur. If that sense is less widespread, or less unified, then mobilization may be required to bring about the subsequent polarization phase, or the escalation phase.

For instance, that one of the triggers of the French Revolution was the high price of bread; yet the "flour wars" of 1775 had been caused by the same trigger. The French Revolution began in 1789, not in 1775, for reasons unconnected to the grievance itself: the bourgeoisie and the lower classes had not yet allied themselves around this issue.[21] The sense of grievance might have been widespread enough in 1775, but it was not yet sufficiently unified. The Marxist and the Unabomber are both correct—but only if there are many other Marxists or Unabombers who agree with them at that moment and are willing to act.

Tocqueville insists that "the most perilous moment for a bad government is one when it seeks to mend its ways,"[22] because it is then, when one oppression is lifted, that people sense lessened resistance to their will, so that kindred oppressions come to mind, along with the immediate desire to destroy them.[23] Primo Levi at Auschwitz[24] and John Steinbeck in California visiting the Hoovervilles of the Great Depression[25] both came to the same conclusion: people newly emiserated were more likely to act human, to consider rising up, than people whom necessity had broken into resignation.

In the latter case, the acts of the oppressors, however, hateful, are as acts of God. When the King is God, when only the SS man has the gun, then revolt is sacrilege.[26] Arthur Koestler, imprisoned and condemned to death by the Spanish Falangists, learns from this experience as he never had from his Communism and his researches into the Roman slaveholding period "how quickly one comes to regard a privi-

leged stratum of men as beings of a higher biological species and to take their privileges for granted as though they were natural endowments. Don Ramón has the key and I am in the cage; Don Ramón, as well as I, looks upon this state of things as entirely natural..."[27] It is only once he is released that, in accordance with Tocqueville's maxim on a regime's most perilous moment, fear, resignation, apathy and denial give way to active hatred.

There do exist rare natures who maintain their grievances at white heat even when inside Don Ramón's cage, where they have no chance of immolating their torturers; these are the activists, the Lenins and Spartacuses of this world, or even the Epictetuses.[28] They will figure prominently in the next step; however, one ought to consider the slave's attitude of acquiescence to be as providentially merciful as the physical reflex of traumatic shock, which prevents us from feeling pain when the injury is so great that pain loses its adaptive function as a goad to escape the trauma; better then to feel no pain. It is only when Tocqueville's moment arrives, which is to say when some weakness of the masters supervenes, or when conspiracy stands a decent chance on its own merits, that moral lassitude becomes a hindrance; now the sting ought to be felt, in order to bring back rage, feel it, disseminate it, and build upon it all the calculations of a revolutionary's cunning realism.

The moral question here is: *Should I feel angry? Should I hope for a different future? Is the order of things both unjust and alterable?*

SECOND PHASE: ACTIVE POLARIZATION

The next step is *active polarization*, spontaneous[29] or planned.[30]

Polarization without empowerment or at least solidarity can express itself only through helpless atomization, as with Americans at the close of the twentieth century who were angry about race and afraid about crime but, unmobilized, could not do more than commit random individualistic acts. Still, a polarized mass can form institutions and organizations of action, just as it can be formed by them. Let us be careful, then, to give due respect to polarization as a force in and of itself.[31]

But now polarization becomes active. The gauntlet falls. Mobilization replicates the gauntlet a thousandfold. Robespierre, fomenting his plot to remove the Girondinist faction, announces that "it is when all the laws are violated, when despotism is at its height, when good faith and honor are trampled underfoot that the people must rise. That moment has come."[32] But it is most often the polarizers on both sides who define good faith and honor, and who inform the people that these have been trampled underfoot—in other words, who politicize or more deeply emotionalize that sense of grievance to the point of eruption.[33]

Sometimes the transition from grievance to polarization may be launched through the mechanistic agency (the deism, if you will) of an *a priori* ideology seeking a host organism. Thus Ho Chi Minh read Lenin's "Thesis on the National and

Colonial Question," and was, in his own words, "overjoyed to tears." Robespierre sees the light when he reads Rousseau. This moment might have been unduly privileged in retrospect; no matter; it is emblematic.

The following case seems more likely to represent the norm: Father Nilo Valerio, SVD, the Filipino priest who took up arms for the insurgent New People's Army, did not simply read Mao one day, put down his Bible, get a gun, go to the jungle, and start telling others what to do. The NPA eulogy written after his violent death partakes, no doubt, of the sentimentality and unreliability of most such documents, but the description of his radicalization convinces me:

> This constant contact and eventual intimacy with the poor was maintained and strengthened throughout his seminary life in Tagatay. As a priest in Abra, his deep religious conviction and his social commitment would further interact and intensify as he got into closer contact with marginalized Filipinos.

In other words, a feedback spiral between the man and the people he lived and worked among finally influenced his passionate and disciplined mind into a decision. Asserting what in his view was wrong with society, he now felt called upon to mobilize his brothers and sisters.

The young journalist Camille Desmoulins, himself doubtless affected by Voltaire and other scribblers of bitter sincerity, was one who ignited "insurrectionary momentum," as he fittingly called it. On 12 July, 1789, he, who later claimed to be the originator of the green cockade (not that this would save him from the guillotine a few years later), was carried by the like-minded to a table from whose height he called the crowd to arms. "I had tears in my eyes, and spoke with a feeling that I have never been able to recapture, no less describe. My proposal was received with wild applause."[34] Desmoulins, no mere agent of spontaneous combustion, was a member of the mass, whose grievances he felt within himself, then articulated. The rising up began.

One way or another, the thinker has his road pointed out for him and becomes the man of action. He in turn incites the other slaves.[35] Or, as a sociologist has put it, "insurgent movements are actually constructed from the top down."[36]

The inciter may even be a particularly hated master. "I have ever believed," wrote Jefferson in his *Autobiography*, "that had there been no queen" in France, "there would have been no revolution."

This angel, as gaudily painted in the rhapsodies of the Rhetor Burke, with some smartness of fancy, but no sound sense was proud, disdainful of restraint, indignant at all obstacles to her will, eager in the pursuit of pleasure, and firm enough to hold to her desires, or perish in their wreck.[37]

Remove the prime irritant, then, and you remove the personalized core of the grievance—a prudent measure, which may or may not forestall revolution. "I should

have shut up the Queen in a Convent," continues Jefferson, "putting harm out of her power, and placed the king in his station, investing him with limited powers, which I verily believe he would have honestly exercised, according to the measure of his understanding."[38]

Polarization by definition involves irritants on both sides. Here is the Viceroy of India on Gandhi, a man lately bemedaled by that Viceroy's government:

> Dear me, what a d————d nuisance these saintly fanatics are! Gandhi is incapable of hurting a fly and is honest as the day, but he enters quite lightheartedly on a course of action which is the negation of all government and may lead to much hardship to people who are ignorant and easily led astray.[39]

In his analysis of Christian extremists in Idaho, the sociologist James Aho writes: "...if Idaho's radical patriots did not necessarily start out socially isolated, they have certainly ended up that way. And my impression is that once labeled 'Nazi,' "criminal' or "crazy' by authorities, they will be forcibly expelled from the larger community and its consensual restraints."[40]

If only Gandhi would disappear! If only we can lock up those Nazis! Thus hopes incumbency, and sometimes its hopes are reason-founded, its antagonists mere egotists straining in a vacuum, like the Unabomber, who was bent on improving the world in his image whether the world wanted to be improved or not:

> ...even if most people in industrial-technological society were well satisfied, we (FC) would still be opposed to that form of society, because ...we consider it demeaning to fulfill one's need for the power process through surrogate activities ...rather than through pursuit of real goals.[41]

FC is an excellent demonstration of the reason that police will always go after the activist—or, I should say, a suspect in his likeness. Catch him before he infects the masses, if he can[42], and then his particular strain of murder-terror must end. His "real goals" have not yet caught on.

Should the grievance be widespread enough, removing such individuals as Gandhi remains as fruitless as skimming out the first crystals in a truly supersaturated solution; others will form. That is why Trotsky insists that the Russian Revolution would have occurred without Lenin. A man joins the Vietnamese liberation movement after he'd been arrested and beaten in prison over a few critical remarks. "I started thinking that with this kind of government nobody in the country was safe."[43] How many others must be getting mobilized by those same flagellators? Take this man out to the wall and shoot him; that won't stop revolution. The hanging of John Brown was an effort on the part of Southern authority to end—and punish—terrorism. Like Desmoulins, Brown proved himself to be a true crystal of

revolution, for after he was gone, other crystals sprang into lethal being.[44] (As for Father Nilo, the verdict as to how crystalline he was isn't yet in; although it has killed many people, the NPA has yet to control a major sector of the Philippines.)

The moral question at this stage is: *Should I join? Which side should I take?*

THIRD PHASE: OVERT CONFLICT

Are we going to make a revolution or merely a riot?[45] The question is answered in favor of the former outcome when between the two sides violence escalates in *overt conflict*. In 1519, Cortes, following a policy of divide and conquer in what is now Mexico, encourages his native allies to arrest Montezuma's tax-collectors. In the dark of night he secretly releases two of these officials, assuring them with zealous mendacity that he had had nothing to do with their imprisonment. The Indians are terrified in the morning to discover that they had "escaped." Cortes replies that there is nothing for it; they must rise up against Montezuma now, to proactively defend themselves against his anger, and of course he will be there to help them. So far he's merely fulfilled the function of Camille Desmoulins: polarization grows active. But overt conflict is still not yet a certainty. Cortes feels much encouraged once he had persuaded his allies to send out messengers calling upon neighboring cities to join in the general revolt. Now the third phase can begin.[46] "He left them in rebellion so that they should have need of him."[47]

Here once again, mobilization, that satellite ripple or almost-synonym of polarization, performs an important role, as in 1861 when the American Civil War breaks out, and U.S. Grant, not yet the famous general, gets summoned by what he called "the President's call" to crush the South's rising down! In a turn of phrase of which ostentatiously honor-hued Napoleon would have approved, he writes his father: "We are now in the midst of trying times when evry [sic] one must be for or against his country, and show his colors, too."[48]

Yes, indeed, polarization has been sharpened until it is a knife-blade. Time to use it! "Nehru said of Gandhi: he looked for the weak point in the system, and once he had discovered it, he struck at it without resting, and the entire system toppled."[49] Gandhi attacks caste by focusing on the pariah; Castro for his part attacks semi-colonialism where the army is most vulnerable: in the rural areas. "To attack Batista's army in the country and to promote Agrarian Reform were at bottom one and the same thing."[50]

Now what? Malcolm X fondly looks toward a state of all-out race war: "We want to get out of control. We want to smash everything that gets in our way that doesn't belong there."[51]

At this stage, mobilization partakes of compulsion as much as persuasion, since the stakes now increase for the prospective winners and losers: those who do not answer the President's call become traitors. In his study of Thai Communist insur-

gency, the sociologist Tom Marks, who believes that revolutions tend to occur only when instigated by a vanguard, writes that

> the lower classes worldwide are notoriously suspicious of elite causes. Some catalyst must push them into membership. Selective terror frequently serves this purpose. It may be brutal but it is rarely indiscriminate. What makes it so effective is the absence of anywhere to turn for help.[52]

The moral question here is: *Should I fight? Should I follow the vanguard, run away or turn them in?*

FOURTH PHASE: RESOLUTION OF CONFLICT

In the fourth step, the battle gets won, lost, or negotiated into a truce. Milovan Djilas movingly describes the suffering masses of Yugoslavia "with their own fears, yet fearless, surging inevitably toward a national and social ideal."[53]

Sartre makes the almost undisputable case that the revolution *cannot* know where it is going, because the consequences of radicalization and the need for a still weak command and mobilization structure to react to unpredictable blows of counterrevolutionaries will create a future which cannot be anticipated.[54] But moral decision must be founded on knowledge; and if the end merely shimmers vaguely in the sky, it's not a worthwhile end—certainly not worthwhile enough to kill people for. As this book's moral calculus has stated in its definition of revolutionary authority: "Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means."[55]

The moral question here is: *Now that I can see the future, does it justify me?*

FIFTH PHASE: CONSOLIDATION OF POWER

The fifth step is the *consolidation of power*, which must often also take a violent form[56]—especially if it follows the Khmer Rouge prescription that "the Party as a vanguard factor sets the achievement."[57] At this point the revolutionary authority is now in sight of becoming the "legitimate" government—legitimized at least in its own mind by might and its own history. Forceful executive authority remains the order of the day.

It is here that a conflict within the revolutionary ranks appears between firebrands and lawgivers. To every social and political system, revolutionary or not, must come the time when the fire burns low. The founders are old or dead; the new generation faces novel problems, and changes approaches. In the case of a violent revolution, this stage may be reached in months instead of decades, with many of original moral actors still present. Should the revolution be extended or is it time

to constitute a state? Should more logs (each of which, of course, is composed not of wood but of human flesh) be thrown upon the embers of principle, or should authority allow itself to become routinized, like Harriet Beecher Stowe's composite minister of "Oldtown, Massachusetts"? He "was one of those cold, clear-cut, polished crystals that are formed in the cooling-down of society, after it has been melted and purified by a great enthusiasm." The great enthusiasm is gone. The first-generation ministers of New England possessed "souls in a state of fusion," but Parson Lothdrop is one of the third generation, "in whom this insensible change had been wrought from the sharply defined and pronounced Calvinism of the early fathers."[58]

Opposing exemplars: Marabou, who in one commentator's words sought to "stop the revolution"[59] at 1789 with the abolition of feudalism, the monarchy still intact, and Trotsky, who once wrote: "A permanent revolution versus a permanent slaughter: that is the struggle, in which the stake is the future of man."[60] Djilas confides: "For Tito, what counted was to preserve the state, to maintain power, whereas for me it was the purity of the idea."[61] The Storm Trooper leader Ernst Röhm asserts the same antagonism between himself and Hitler; so does Trotsky against Stalin. Hence the fate of Röhm and Trotsky: liquidation. (Djilas went to prison.)

Consider Machiavelli's dichotomy between the nobles and the people, two mutually opposed groups (for the nobles seek to oppress the people and the people seek not to be oppressed): the new sovereign must choose one or the other to be his base of support.[62] In a modern context, revolutionary egalitarians dispute with the burgeoning privileged class which has begun to benefit from their revolution[63] and which is indispensable to it, or against which the revolution cannot or will not fight.

So it was that the exhausted French Revolution gave way to the Directory, and then the Emperor Napoleon; and the earnest exemplars of the American Revolution became retrospectively quaint.

Robespierre, Stalin and the Burmese Communist Party took the other path, the way of Cultural Revolutions, endless incitements and purges, authority stirring up the lukewarm pot. ("Give to the French people this new gage of your zeal to protect patriotism, of your inflexible justice..." was Robespierre's counterpart utterance.[64])

In our chapter on defense of class we've watched the incendiary strategy at work. Repress the kulaks. Repress the children of kulaks. Repress internal enemies. Sleeplessly await external enemies. Purge the army. Purge the Party. Purge the Social Revolutionaries. Tear down incumbency and freshen it with new and obedient cadres.

Plato's solution will be the snowman's: Design an ideally equitable world, and ordain that it be governed by Parson Lothdrops.

His utopia is that of a tired old man who dares not be challenged or exposed to possibility. Not even children's games can be permitted to change, because "frequent modifications of moral approbation and disapprobation are of all changes the gravest"[65]—a plausible maxim, but now he is making the totalitarian and very un-

Platonic mistake of confusing form with substance. The man who once said that the unexamined life is not worth living wants every poet and songster to be cleared by censors before citizens can hear him, for he must be "fit and edifying." After all, innovation might creep in. Aliens can remain a maximum of twenty years without special dispensation. He builds a Chinese wall around his cherished state. No citizen under the age of forty is allowed to leave it, and then only on official business. On his return, he is to "explain to [his] juniors how inferior are the ways of other nations,"[66] which is either a sadly cynical prescription from the erstwhile truth-seeker, or, more likely and more sadly, proof that the truth-seeker, having now in his opinion found truth, is himself as complacent and smug as his snowmen-citizens.[67] As long as the initial enthusiasm lasts, this republic might be tolerable; afterward, I envisage only smug bigotry at war with disaffection, or else obedience by compulsion, like the waiting, submissive, still living head protruding from the lunette of the guillotine, beneath the looming blade.

Well, we must at least give Plato the credit for regulating and routinizing his ideal polis in such detail that we can locate exactly where we disagree with him—hardly the same as Mao's incendiary Great Leap Forward, ostensibly called for to bring industrialization to China, but in actuality a desperate blind continuation of Mao's rising-up, rushing and burning onward: turn every plot of land into a blast furnace! Melt down all the metal in the house, all the pots and pans, and turn them into ingots! What will we do with the ingots? We'll worry about that later. How will people cook and boil water for tea? Never mind. Who will harvest the crops if everybody's making ingots? It will work out somehow. The result, according to Mao's doctor, is "the worst famine in human history." Somewhere between twenty-five and forty-three million people starved.[68] Hardened revolutionaries might insist that these deaths are justified and necessary effects of revolutionary consolidation.[69] Others might not.

The moral question here is: *Should the revolution continue or should it enact itself into law?*

SIXTH PHASE: MAINTENANCE OF POWER

The sixth and continuing step is the *maintenance of power*, or domination, which may well likewise involve violence, directed either against counterrevolutionaries, rebellious citizens with grievances of their own, or foreign powers.[70]

The seventeenth century Dutch essayist Pieter De la Court advised his ideal monarch, second only to promoting the welfare of his subjects, to keep them "so tame and manageable, as not to refuse the bit and bridle, I mean taxes and obedience. For which end it is highly necessary to prevent the greatness and power of their cities, that they may not out of their own wealth be able to raise and maintain an army in the field..."[71]—that is, start a counterrevolution. "To sum up the gener-

al causes of riots, we would have to say that the white power structure is still seeking to keep the walls of segregation and inequality substantially intact while Negro domination to break through them has intensified."[72] Hence the Three-County Thought Purification Committee in North Hamgyong, Korea in 1936, devoted to wiping out Red peasant unions.[73] Herodotus utters the same theme in one of his historical fables. King Croesus, having been defeated by the Persian King Cyrus, fears for the safety of his beloved city, Sardis, which has unsuccessfully tried to rise up against the Persians. Cyrus's intention is to level the city. So Croesus gives him this advice, which he follows:

> If you want to keep them loyal and prevent any danger from them in future, I suggest you put a veto upon their possession of arms. Make them wear tunics under their cloaks, and high books, and tell them to teach their sons to play the zither and harp, and to start shopkeeping. If you do this, my lord, you will soon see them turn into women instead of men, and there will not be any danger of their rebelling against you.[74]

The moral question here is: *Am I satisfied with what the revolution has done?*

SOME THOUGHTS ON THE CYCLE

At this point the cycle can begin again—and of course it is a cycle. (In ancient times, one widely understood definition of the word "revolution" was the astronomical one, denoting a circular path.[75]) No revolutionary cares to dwell upon the ultimate ephemerality of his effort—and no ethicist should forget it, for unless one faces up to the fact that history will continue after the revolution, be it successful or not, then one's ends cannot be realistically defined.[76] To "create a new man" is possible; most mass revolutions succeed in that. But a hundred years hence, someone will make a newer. The reason that this blind spot is so dangerous is because if we believe that our victory will truly be a victory for all time, then it will justify practically any means. The weary sober skepticism of history waits upon such claims; a generation or two, perhaps a century, perhaps longer, and whatever it was we fought for will be undone. Has slaughtering heaps of human beings ever resulted in a better future?—Yes, in a just war, a just revolution; in this book many cases of justified mass violence have flashed by; but I propose this rule: *Only justifications which can be verified in the present generation ought to be trusted.*

ANNEX B

A SUMMARY HISTORY OF THE KHMER ROUGE TO 1997

The Khmer Rouge is one of the most extreme organizations of modern times. After World War II, when Cambodia's King Sihanouk successfully negotiated independence from France, a variety of voices surfaced on the Cambodian political scene, each with its own view of the road that Cambodia ought to follow. Sihanouk did the kingly thing and stifled some of those voices, thereby reducing his authority's consensual legitimacy.[77] For those leftists who escaped, the result was further radicalization. A concretion of militant Maoist[78] guerrillas gradually began to form in the Cambodian jungle. (The name "Khmer Rouge" means "Red Khmer" or "Red Cambodian" faction.) The man who eventually became their leader was named Saloth Sar, but, like Stalin and Lenin, he operated under a pseudonym, Pol Pot ("politique potentiel").

Sihanouk had always felt that the only way to preserve the sovereignty he'd won for his small country was to follow a policy of strict non-alignment. The Vietnam War threatened to make Cambodia a satellite of either the United States or North Vietnam's Chinese backers. Sihanouk continued to insist on neutrality, which infu-

riated the American government. The Viet Cong soon began establishing "sanctuaries" inside Cambodia to escape from American bombs, which further alienated U.S. policymakers. The CIA therefore engineered a coup in Cambodia, and replaced Sihanouk by General Lon Nol. This compliant individual allowed the Americans to begin a secret, illegal bombing campaign within Cambodia. Thousands of rural Cambodians died in this operation, and unexploded munitions continue killing them to this very day. The American bombing, in combination with Lon Nol's corruption and repression and the impending victory of North Vietnam, drove vast numbers of peasants to join the Khmer Rouge. In 1975, Pol Pot took over the country.

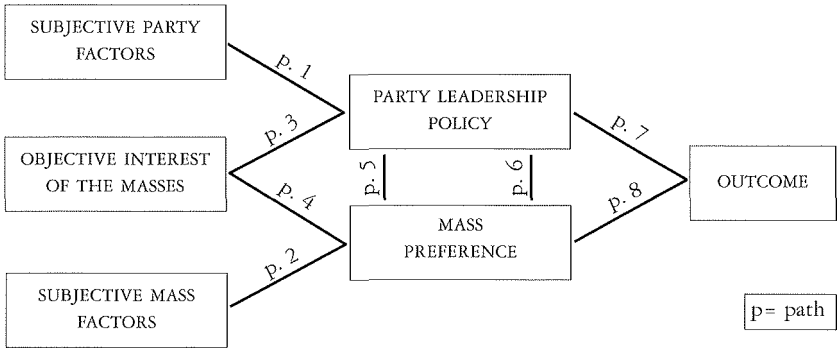
His program was simple: No one will live in cities anymore because we will all grow rice ("when there is rice, there is everything"). Accordingly, only the tillers of the soil have the right to survive. Old people, invalids and others who cannot work hard cannot expect much tolerance. The old regime must be liquidated. That is why Lon Nol's soldiers must be put to death, even if they were ignorant conscripts. Cosmopolitans might infect us with their alien outlook; therefore, people with education, or people with glasses, or people who speak a foreign language, or, or urbanites, will continue to exist only on probation.

So he emptied the cities. Hospital patients who couldn't get out of their beds were simply murdered. Pol Pot's agricultural planning, which was founded on the same vulgarly literalist interpretation of class theory as Stalin's collectivization drive,[79] created first a nutritional deficit, then outright starvation. Mass liquidations accounted for other victims. (Sihanouk, who had been invited back as a figurehead, almost instantly found himself a prisoner, and several members of his family were killed.) By 1979, when the Vietnamese invaded Cambodia in reprisal for murderous Cambodian raids, the Khmer Rouge had killed between three hundred thousand and three million people, depending on whom you ask.[80]

The Vietnamese entered Phnom Penh. Pol Pot and his cadres fled to the jungle by the Thai border and resumed doing what they knew best: career guerrilla insurgency. To consolidate what power they exercised over their various zones of control, they began to do business first with Thailand, where Vietnam was hated, and China, whose Maoists had backed Pol Pot in the first place, and eventually even with corrupt royalist Cambodians. Incredibly, an embittered faction within the American government still supported Pol Pot simply out of spite against Sihanouk, who now became king again.

In the spring of 1996, Pol Pot was said to have died, but my Khmer Rouge contacts assured me that he was still alive. He seems to have genuinely died several years later. By then, those K.R. leaders who still controlled the Cambodian jungle had largely outlived their own ideology and became warlords.

The algebraically inclined political theorist Jack Nagel has diagrammatically described the power relationships of a textbook Marxist regime, in which the "objective interest of the masses" affects both the party leadership and the preferences of the masses themselves; toward the party leadership and the masses Nagel has also drawn in each case another causative arrow representing other (and by Marxist standards irrelevant or baleful) influences: the power of feudal elites, for instance, or the desire of somebody within the Politboro for personal domination, etc. Next, between the proclivities of party leadership and the masses run arrows going both ways, like those in a chemical equilibrium equation, for these two entities are supposed to learn from and refine each other. Finally, from both of these groups spring arrows which converge at the actual political result, thus:[81]



Path 1 = Effect of subjective factors on the Party leadership's policy
Path 2 = Effect of subjective factors on mass preference
Path 3 = Effect of the people's objective interest on Party policy
Path 4 = Effect of the people's objective interest on mass preference
Path 5 = Effect of the Party leadership on the masses
Path 6 = Effect of the masses on the Party leadership
Path 7 = Effect of Party leadership policy on the political outcome
Path 8 = Effect of mass preference on the political outcome

This schematic approach is extraordinarily useful for describing power ideals and strategies. In a glance, one can see what Pol Pot was doing:

1. His *declared* policy, like that of his counterparts, might be described as following paths 3 through 8.

2. His *actual* policy, in his own terms, would be defense of the revolution, requiring the emergency measures of strict centralism; hence paths 3, 5 and 7. He repeatedly claimed the existence of two sets of enemies, one within the party, one within the masses.

3. The enemies within the party would have followed paths 1, 5 and 7.

4. The enemies within the masses would have followed paths 2, 6 and 8; and to the extent that they were able to corrupt his cadres, 7.

Now, of course in real life there would have been some paths in common, however attenuated, between "us" and "them"; all four of the strategies described thus far would have utilized all of Nagel's paths to a greater or a lesser extent. But when we read Pol Pot's speeches we never find acknowledgment of this: people are either comrades or else traitors to be smashed. We thus see, as Pol Pot's biographer David Chandler has noted, a basic lack of reality, a failure to acknowledge the complexities of political life.

Were I myself to diagram Pol Pot's policy, it would not greatly resemble (1) or (2). I would propose that the Khmer Rouge traced paths 1 (strongly), 2 (very weakly), 3 (somewhat strongly at first, and then increasingly weakly), 4 (very weakly, by means of 6, which was also weak), 5 (strongly), 6 (very weakly, through 5) and 7 (very strongly). I have to rate Pol Pot's influence from objective mass interests as very low, because I take it as a given that more important than developing mass and class consciousness is avoiding enslavement, starvation, sickness, intimidation and murder.

ANNEX C

A BRIEF CHRONOLOGY OF BURMA'S INSURGENCIES (1824-1996)

SOURCES: ANDRÉ AND LOUIS BOUCAUD, BERTIL LINTNER, KHUN SA, MARTIN SMITH.
Information supplied by Khun Sa alone is asterisked.

The data below makes it possible to see Khun Sa in either of two ways: (1) as a ruthless, unprincipled drug trafficker, interested only in power and profit; or (2) a non-aligned nationalist who fought his various enemies (the Burmese, the KMT, the Wa, the Thais and his Shan rivals) whenever the situation required.

1824-6	British annexation of Burma begins.
1886	Burma becomes a province of British India.
1930-32	Saya San rebellion against British rule flares up and is crushed.
1934	Khun Sa born Chang Si Fu.
1937	Khun Sa's father Lhun Ai dies.*
1939	Khun Sa's mother dies. Khun Sa raised by stepfather and later by grandfather, Khun Yi Sai.*

1940	Burmese Communist Party (BCP; in some accounts written CPB) is formed.
1941-45	World War II interrupts British rule.
1941	Burmese Independence Army (BIA) formed in collusion with Japanese agents. The BIA (predominantly Burman) will murder many Karen civilians during the war.
1944	BCP, BIA and the People's Revolutionary Party combine to form the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League (AFPFL).
1945	The BIA (now called the Burmese National Army) turns against Japan.
1945	British rule is restored, with Aung San of the AFPFL administering domestic order. The Karen ask the British for their own homeland.
1946	Militant Red Flag faction breaks away from the majority White Flag BCP and goes underground. White Flag BCP breaks away from the AFPFL.
1946	United Karenni Independent States proclaimed by U Bee Tu Re.
1947	Col. Ne Win launches counterinsurgency Operation Flush.
1947	Famous nationalist Aung San (Aung San Su Kyii's father) assassinated. U Nu becomes Prime Minister.
1947	Panglong Agreement establishes some cooperation between the AFPFL and the hill tribes.
1947	Karen National Union (KNU) formed from 5 parties.
1948	White Flag BCP (henceforth referred to simply as BCP), facing imminent arrest, also goes underground.
1948	Burma achieves independence. The AFPFL government is still headed by U Nu.
1948	Red Flags, White Flags and others begin fighting against AFPFL.
1948	Karenni village attacked by Burmese, who murder the leader U Bee Tu Re.
1948	Karen attack the government-held cities of Thaton and Moulmein.
1949	Counter-insurgency officially begins, commanded by Ne Win.
1949	The Karen rebellion officially begins.
1949	Anticommunist Chinese Kuomintang forces (KMT), forced out of their own country due to Mao's victory, enter Shan State and Karen State.
1949+?	KMT confiscate Khun Sa's grandfather's horses and mules.*
1950s	Shan nationalists begin to organize.
1950+?	Khun Sa organizes "an anti-KMT force from his boyhood friends" and raids a KMT outpost. The KMT traces him, and he is forced to run away to the Burmese-controlled cities.*
1952	Shan local princes (Sawbwas) sign over their hereditary privileges, after which Ne Win attempts to get Shan State to renounce its constitutional right of secession.

1956-8	Gon Jerng leaves the BCP to create the Shan State Communist Party.
1957	Karenni National Progress Party (KNPP) formed.
1957	Conference of Shan militants determines on secession from Burma.[82]
1958	Ne Win's first coup instigates a "caretaker government."
1958	Predominately ethnic Burman *Tatmadaw* (Burmese Army) formed by Ne Win.
1958	Government amnesties encourage many BCP cadres to surrender.
1958	Gon Jerng surrenders to the Burmese.
1958	Shan nationalists form the Young Warriors insurgent group. A draft history by Khun Sa's Shan State National Congress dates the "popular uprising" from this year.[83]
1959	Insurrections begin in Shan State.
1959	Gon Jerng forms the Shan National United Front (SNUF).
1960	U Nu's AFPFL government is overwhelmingly voted back in.
1960	Insurrections spread in Shan State. Largest guerrilla group is the Shan State Independence Army (SSIA).
1960	"...the Burmese betrayal of their promise to respect the right of Shan State to manage her own destiny after a ten-year period led [Khun Sa] to form a clandestine underground movement on New Year's Day..."*
1960	Deciding that he cannot fight the Burmese and the KMT simultaneously, Khun Sa becomes a volunteer chief of an anti-KMT, anti-BCP militia under the Burmese.* (These militias are called KKYs, or Ka Kwe Yes. Smith dates the founding of the KKYs at 1963; see below).
1960s	KMT begins building opium refineries in Shan State to finance their anti-Communist Chinese campaign.
1961	Kachin Independence Organization formed. Many Kachin uprisings begin.
1962	Ne Win seizes power from U Nu in a coup. The Ne Win government soon fires on a demonstration of unarmed students, killing and injuring several hundred.
1963	Most other political parties are made illegal.
1963	Government defense militias, or KKYs, are formed out of insurgent groups who voluntarily come into the government fold. KKY leaders often become local warlords.
1963	Khun Sa's "strength, supported by the local merchants who were by nature averse to socialism, gradually grew, and by 1963 spread to Kengtung, which borders Laos."*
1964	All independent newspapers are shut down.
1964	Shan State Army (SSA) formed from SSIA, SNUF, Kokang Resistance Force. Bo Deving is chosen leader of the insurgents. Khun

Sa (exasperated by Ne Win's demonetization measures, says Smith) leaves the KKY, and joins the SSA, which soon extends its influence into Thailand.

1966-67 Khun Sa falls out with Bo Deving and returns to the KKY. Khun Sa later accuses Bo Deving of having been bribed by the KMT.

1966-67 The Cultural Revolution occurs in China.

1966-67 Caught up in the Cultural Revolution, the BCP turns upon itself with the line "purge, dismiss, eliminate."

Late 1960s-early 1970s Khun Sa's Shan United Army (SUA) enlisted in Thailand's anticommunism crusade. According to Lintner (p. 194), Khun Sa's KKY organization works with the KMT at this time for business reasons.

1967 SUA fights an opium war with the KMT.

1967 Anti-Chinese riots drive a wedge between the Burmese and Chinese governments, causing the Chinese to begin massive support of the BCP.

1968-78 Chinese support for BCP at its peak.

1968 KMT attacks Khun Sa again at Ban Nakha, Mong Kao Ward, Mong Lurn Township, Lashio Province. Failing to destroy him, they proceed instead by informing the Burmese government of his anti-Burmese Shan nationalism.* ("What? Government hasn't figured this out?" —J. Dickinson.)

1968 Gorn Jerng's Shan United Revolutionary Army (SURA) breaks away from the SSA, says Smith. (But according to Lintner, SURA not established until 1969.)

1969 The SURA joins up with the KMT (probably backed by the CIA).

1969 Khun Sa, preparing to leave the KKY in order to become an insurgent (or, according to Lintner, to do opium business with CIA-backed Thai anticommunists; p. 211), is arrested by the Burmese.

1969-74 Khun Sa is imprisoned in a solitary confinement cell for 5 years.*

1970 U Nu forms the Parliamentary Democracy Party (PDP).

1970 Red Flag leader Thakin Soe either surrenders or is captured by the Tatmadaw.

1970 U Nu's PDP, probably CIA-funded, begins to attack Ne Win's cities.

1970-72 The SSA fights with the Burmese, the Kachins and the KMT.

1971 The SSA forms a political arm, the Shan State Progress Party (SSPP).

1972 The SSA fights with the SURA.

1973 International protest over the KKYs' involvement in the opium trade compels Ne Win to abolish them.

1973 U.S. Narcotics Bureau signs an agreement with Lo Hsing-han, the biggest opium kingpin now that Khun Sa is out of commission, and with the SSA, to buy and destroy as much opium as possible. The deal

collapses when Lo Hsing-han is arrested by the Thais hours later.

1973 Khun Sa's SUA kidnaps two Russian doctors and barters their release for Khun Sa's. Khun Sa pretends to live an apolitical existence in Rangoon.

1974 The SSPP splits into pro- and anti-BCP factions.

1974 Karenni Army established from the old military wing of the KNPP.

1974 The Tatmadaw open fire on strikers, inflicting almost 100 casualties. Many more casualties occur following riots over the unostentatious burial of UN Secretary General U Thant.

1975 Tatmadaw kill BCP leaders Thakins Cit and Zin, crushing the BCP in the Irawaddy Delta.

1975 Karen National United Party insurgency almost completely destroyed by Burmese "Four Cuts" campaign.

1975 The Tatmadaw complete their last major offensive against the Red Flags, almost completely wiping them out.

1976 Khun Sa escapes from Rangoon and reforms the SUA. Estimated strength: 1500.

1977 Joseph Nellis, the emissary of U.S. Rep. Lester Wolff, meets with Khun Sa and passes on to the U.S. Khun Sa's offer to sell all his opium direct to the DEA. This proposal is rejected.

1978 KNPP splits into pro- and anti-BCP factions.

1978 The SSA's chief of staff and deputy disappear in Thailand; rumor has it that they have been assassinated by the SUA at Khun Sa's orders.

1978-83 Abel Tweed President of the Karenni Army.

1980s The Burmese Air Force sprays U.S.-supplied defoliants upon Shan villages in a supposed attempt to cut opium production; but some observers see this as just another application of the Four Cuts. Opium production rises. Khun Sa's SUA controls 2/3 of the opium trade with Thailand.

1980s BCP is rumored to be selling opium to warlords such as Khun Sa. (In one of his speeches, Khun Sa says: "Money knows no enemies or national boundaries."[84])

1980 Khun Sa moves the SUA inside Thailand.

1981 The KMT attacks the SUA in an opium disagreement. Some KMT break away to join the SUA.

1982 On the insistence of the DEA (and because there are rumors that Khun Sa has been doing business with the BCP), the SUA is expelled from its base inside Thailand. Some SUA attack the Thai border city of Mae Sai for revenge.

1982 Wa National Army (WNA) formed.

1982-3 WNA embroiled (possibly by KMT) in fighting with SUA.

1983 After negotiations fail, the SUA attacks and routs the SSA in Ho

	Mong. The SSA's president surrenders to the Burmese.
1984-85	Thailand orders that the KMT disband and live as civilians within Thailand. In Burma, the pro-KMT "warlord" Gon Jerng's Shan United Revolutionary Army amalgamates with Khun Sa's SUA. The new organization is called the Tailand Revolutionary Council (TRC). ["Tailand" = "Shan-Land," not "Thailand."]
1985	Khun Sa accepts "the three conditions of the ...T.R.C.: —Anti-BSPP [Ne Win's government]; Anti-CPB [BCP]; and Anti-Narcotics..."*
1985	Khun Sa controls almost all the Thai-Shan border; his troops number 3-4,000.
mid 1980s	The SSPP is "the only ethnic Shan force actually fighting the *Tatmadaw*" (Smith, p. 344).
1987	The Boucaud brothers estimate Khun Sa's forces at 6-7,000 soldiers. Bo Mya of the KNU visits Khun Sa for a round of Karen-Shan negotiations.
1987	Khun Sa adopts the name "Mong Tai Army" (MTA) for his forces.
1988	Khun Sa proposes to terminate opium production in exchange for U.S. aid. The State Department estimates that Burmese opium production has risen to 1200 tons.
1988	Spontaneous uprisings in the cities against Ne Win's rule. These are brutally crushed by the Tatmadaw, with heavy casualties. The U.S. suspends aid to Burma in result. Many students flee to the insurgent areas, but few join Khun Sa's TRC. Ne Win resigns, replaced by SLORC (the State Law and Order Restoration Council); most observers believe that Ne Win still pulls the strings. Khun Sa states that he welcomes SLORC's coup, having feared that U.S. imperialists might have been lured into Burma by the protesters.
1989	Aung San Suu Kyii placed under house arrest.
1989	"Ethnic mutinies" bring about the BCP's virtual collapse.
1989	Pro-Communist Wa attack the MTA.
1989	Most of SSA surrender to Burmese.
1990	In an election rigged by SLORC, Aung San Suu Kyi's National League for Democracy nonetheless wins the mandate, which SLORC ignores. Ne Win continues to hold power.
1990	The U.S. indicts Khun Sa for heroin trafficking.
1990	Ex-BCP Wa begin to increase heroin production. Chinese also establish more heroin factories. Khun Sa's market share begins to decline.
1991	Khun Sa becomes chairman of the TRC/MTA upon the death of Moh Heng.
1992	Bo Dewing becomes chairman of the MTA.

1992 Saw Maw Reh becomes President of the Karenni government-in-exile.

1993 Khun Sa becomes chairman of the MTA and of the Shan State Revolutionary Council.

1993 SLORC offensive against Khun Sa fails.

1993 "Khun Sa's influence was dwindling fast. In a desperate—and exceedingly brutal—attempt to reassert control over the [opium] trade, MTA troops butchered several hundred villagers in southern Shan State" who'd traded with the KMT (Lintner, p. 326). I have not seen this accusation repeated elsewhere.

1994 Burmese offensive against MTA is repelled.

1995 Thai, U.S. and Burmese forces launch a major offensive against the MTA. (When I read about it in the *Bangkok Post*, I thought that Khun Sa was surely done for.) The offensive fails.

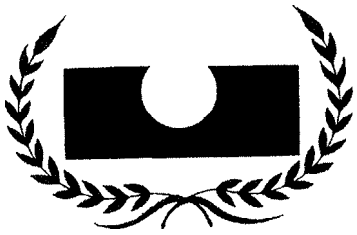
1995 Khun Sa retires as head of the MTA, some say as a result of policy disagreements.

1995 Saw Maw Reh dies and is succeeded in the Presidency by Abel Tweed.

1996 Khun Sa surrenders to SLORC. (One of Khun Sa's speeches runs in part: "I have no doubt that you'll be able to find another scapegoat after I'm gone.")[85]

ANNEX D

PROPOSAL FOR THE TERMINATION OF OPIUM PRODUCTION IN THE SHAN STATE



Shan State People's Representatives Assembly

PROPOSAL FOR THE TERMINATION OF OPIUM PRODUCTION IN THE SHAN STATE

Before 1948, except for a seventieth part, the whole length and breadth of the Shan State was free from poppy cultivation. For most of the people, poppy cultivation came only with two alien invasions; we refer to that of the Kuomintang (Chinese Nationalists) in 1949, and the Burmese Army in 1952. The former finally left Shan soil in 1985, but the latter is still around, and with it, the opium problem.

THE ROOT CAUSE

The Shan State historically and legally belongs to its people. But, since 1962, when the Burmese military declared the 1947 Union Constitution null and void, we have become a nation under foreign occupation. All problems that one associates with Burma, including the flow of Shan narcotics into world markets, have their roots in this fact.

Since 1952, the Shan people's life under the Burmese rule is a living hell, day in and day out. Their country has been forcibly and illegally taken, and their natural resources plundered. Most of their time is spent working for the occupiers, and what little they earn from working for themselves is also being stolen.

The Burmese logic, by their own contemptuous admission, is that the sooner the Shan countryside is depleted, the quicker the assimilation process will be. Shans living in Burmese controlled towns, cut off from their rural brethren, subsequently would have no alternative except to succumb to the occupiers' will. All excesses perpetrated in the Shan State thus follow the dictates of this reasoning. Faced with this situation, the Shans are left with only a few unpleasant choices: One of them obviously was to take up arms in order to defend their homes and loved ones. Despite their love of peace and outrageous tolerance, the Shans are no mean fighters, a fact supported by the successful expulsion of the Kuomintang from Shan territory in 1985 following their entry 36 years earlier.

The other choice, equally obvious, was to grow poppies in order to prevent their loved ones and themselves from starving and being exposed to the elements. We doubt people other than the Shans, placed in the same circumstances, would have done otherwise. Nevertheless, this was where the Shans' troubles started to become the world's problem.

THE SHAN PEOPLE'S STAND

It should be understood that we are not against the War on Drugs, which was merely declared but never fought, but we are decisively against the War on People, which was *undeclared* but viciously waged for twenty-two long years. We sincerely think that had it been **HELP THE PEOPLE AND MAKE WAR ONLY ON DRUGS** from the start, it would have been won a long time ago. Unfortunately, the policy pursued so far has always been the other way around - a fact which brings to our minds the Vietnam War which was also fought NOT TO WIN - and for this, both the world and the Shan people have suffered.

To help solve the problem, Shan leaders have, since 1971, offered their services. Our goodwill, however, has only met with continued rejections, and the name of our Resistance leader, Zao Khunsa, to our total disappointment, has become a magic word, the utterance of which spells large appropriations of funds in one quarter and large profits in others. Sadly, those responsible for drug eradication have been endowed only with insatiable greed, but not the desire to do their job. Not surprisingly, each year has witnessed the worsening of the situation with no hope of solving the problem in sight. This, despite huge seizures of drugs, arrests and bonfires.

The present Burmese regime, financially backed by foreign and international agencies, has, for four years been on the so-called **BORDER AREAS DEVELOPMENT (BAD)** campaign. While trumpeting to the world their 'achievements' with pride, tens of thousands of people are fleeing into neighboring countries, including, of all places, Laos, which used to be economically worse off than the Shan State. Evidently BAD has not benefited them. And, indisputably, BAD has been *bad* for them from the very beginning. Conclusively, BAD does not work.

We also wish to make it clear that we are not for legalization of drugs, which to us is the opposite extreme of the present policy of suppression and should be the last resort, after every possible peaceful way has been tried . The only way, as we see, that will work is: **TO HELP THE SHAN PEOPLE STOP GROWING POPPIES**. The simple logic is that when there are no poppies, there can be no opium. Consequently, when there is no opium, no more can the traffickers and the addicts buy it. And, both the world and the Shan people will be winners.

OUR PROPOSAL

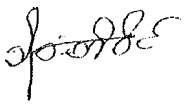
In the so-called Union of Myanmar, the Shan State is the biggest producer of opium. In contrast, the aggregate amount produced in other states is of little or no account. Therefore, the Assembly would like to present the following proposal for consideration:

1. The Shan drug problem can only be resolved by tackling it at its roots. It means the Burmese occupation forces, together with their administrative apparatus, should withdraw from the Shan State. In return, we offer our solemn pledge we will not demand any reparations. On the contrary, they would be allowed to retain and leave with their moveable properties. However, if the Burmese stubbornly refuse to leave Shanland and continue to treat it as their colonial possession, the Shan people shall be forced to resort to the bloody struggle until victory is won. How much longer then the cause of the drug crusade will be postponed is any body's guess, but one thing is clear - as long as hostilities continue, both the people's suffering and drug production - strange but inseparable bedfellows - will go on.
2. Once the Burmese withdraw from Shan soil, the people shall voluntarily destroy their poppy fields. Their only request to the world is that for the **immediate term**, to give assistance in the form of food and medical care. As for the **medium term**, to help them build roads and other means of communications, and to give necessary assistance in their substitution programs. A period of **five years** would be adequate for this purpose.
3. As for their **long term** development programs, the Shan people are confident that, on the strength of their natural and human resources, they can manage by themselves.
4. We also request that the United Nations, the Association of Southeast Asian Nations, Japan, China and other interested nations, send their representatives to monitor and assist in the process. The Shan authorities concerned shall be responsible for any default and place themselves under the jurisdiction of the international community for judgment.

We believe the international community's intervention, as outlined above, shall not only end Burmese rule and drug production in the Shan State, but also restore peace and democracy in Burma itself, because, with the aggression in the Shan State thus being checked, it would be pointless for the Burmese military to continue holding power in their mother country.

CONCLUSION

The Shan drug problem has its roots in the Shan political problem. The latter itself is indivisibly intertwined with the former. Any attempt to deal with them separately is bound to fail. But, with leadership and justice from the world community, the menace of Shan drugs shall be overcome once and for all.



Deving
President
People's Representatives Assembly
Shan State
1 October 1993

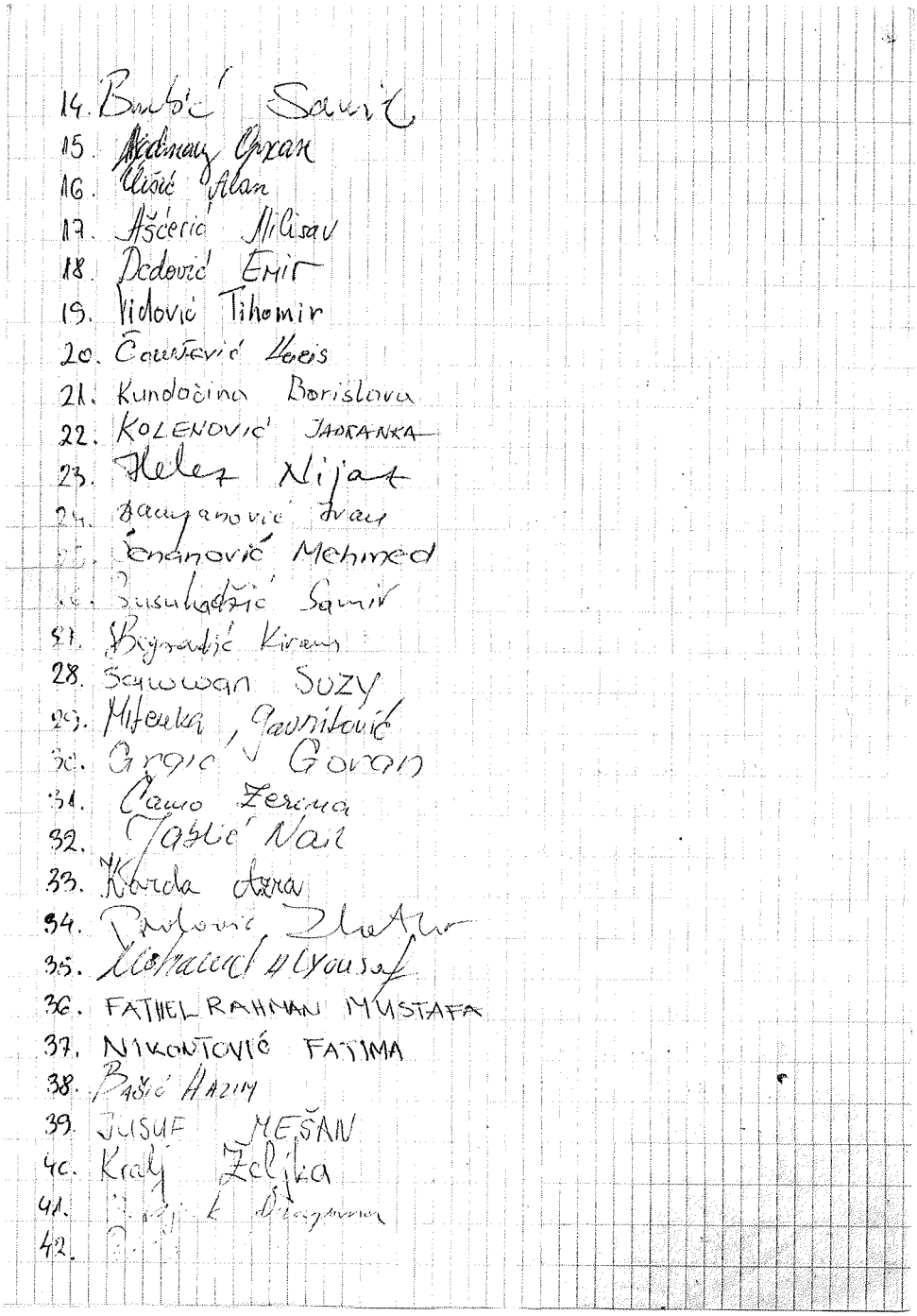
ANNEX E

LETTER FROM THE INMATES OF THE STUDENSKI DOM IN SARAJEVO (SEPTEMBER, 1992)

[illegible]

[illegible]S FROM DIFFERENT P[illegible]
[illegible]AVIA. WE WERE STUDING
[illegible] SPENT HERE ALL THE TIME OF
IS APPROXIMATELY EIGHTY OF US, AND WE
RATHER DESPERATE POSITION. THERE
~~[illegible]~~ FOOD AND NO ELECTRICITY. WIN
COMING AND IT'S USUALLY VERY COL
HAVEN'T ANY MONEY AND TELEPHONE
WORKING. WE HAVEN'T ANY NEWS F
HOMES FOR MONTHS. WE ARE UNDE
SHELLING AND MOST OF OUR TIME A
IN SHELTER IN DARKNESS, WETNESS,
ALL THAT WE WANT IS TO LEAVE S
GO TO OUR HOMES. PLEASE, HELP US
BEFORE WINTER, OR, AT LEAST, SEN

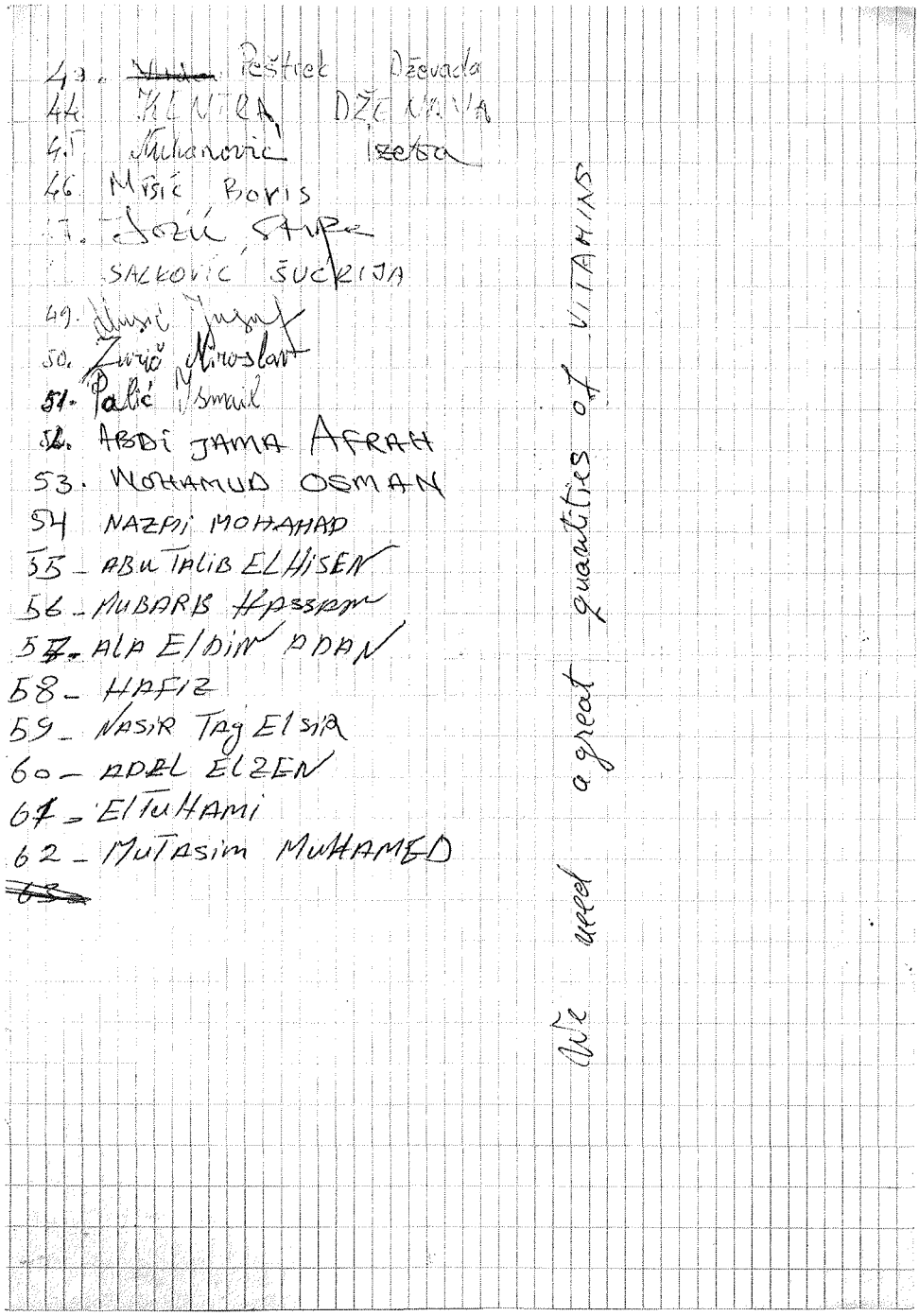
1/ S'ami HASSAN
2/ Tritunović Srđan
3/ Slavica Semiz
4. Ivica Dasović
5/ Čovčić Nedim
6/ Dedović Emir



14. Bubić Samir
15. [illegible] Orxan
16. Ušić Alan
17. Ašćerić Milisav
18. Dedović Emir
19. Vidović Tihomir
20. Čaušević Karis
21. Kundačina Borislava
22. KOLENOVIĆ JADRANKA
23. Helez Nijaz
24. Zaupanović Ivan
25. Šenanović Mehmed
26. Susuhadžić Samir
27. Bogatić Kiram
28. Šawwan SUZY
29. Miteuka, Gavritović
30. Grgić Goran
31. Čamo Zerina
32. Jablić Nail
33. Korda Azra
34. Pavlović Zhetko
35. Mohamed Alyousef
36. FATHEL RAHMAN MUSTAFA
37. NIKONTOVIĆ FATIMA
38. Bašić Hazim
39. JUSUF MEŠAN
40. Kralj Željka
41. [illegible] Dragomir
42. [illegible]

43. ~~[illegible]~~ Peštrek Dževada
44. KENTRA DŽENANA
45. Muhanović Izeta
46. Mršić Boris
47. Jozić Stipe
SALKOVIĆ ŠUCKIJA
49. [illegible]
50. Zurić Miroslav
51. Palić Ismail
52. ABDI JAMA AFRAH
53. MOHAMUD OSMAN
54 NAZMI MOHAMAD
55 – ABU TALIB EL HISEN
56 – MUBARIS HASSAN
57 – ALA ELDIN ADAN
58 – HAFIZ
59 – NASIR TAG ELSIR
60 – ADEL ELZEN
61 – ELTUHAMI
62 – MUTASIM MUHAMED
~~63~~

We need a great quantities of VITAMINS



Rosić Željko
Pajtić ADIS
Handrapa Dragiša
Sugenić Safet
Emijić Boban
Hasečić Nermin
Todorović Dragan
Paluku Malowa
Manjak Ronko
Petrović Dragomir
Kazazić Fahrudin
Erlagić Safet

ANNEX F

SUMMARY OF ETHNIC RELATIONS IN YUGOSLAVIA DURING WORLD WAR II

The inland parts have assumed the Sclavonian names of Croatia and Bosnia; the former obeys an Austrian governor, the latter a Turkish pasha; but the whole country is still infested by tribes of barbarians, whose savage independence irregularly marks the doubtful limit of the Christian and Mahometan power.

EDWARD GIBBON (1776)[86]

The following meager pages cannot hope to be more than an inexpertly reductionist relation of a few bare facts. And yet since, generally speaking, the previous war always determines the present war,[87] and since in ex-Yugoslavia in particular people are always raking up the past, some knowledge of what went on during World War II is not just relevant to the Yugoslav case studies, but *essential.*

A Croatian taxi driver from Krajina assured me that the Serbs had been preparing this war for fifty years, and that Milosevic was a new Hitler. Meanwhile, a

Bosnian Muslim pamphlet published in the evil year 1991 states:

> In the communist regime, which in everyday experience, was often reduced to a primitive Serbian and Montenegrin hegemonism and aggression, the tragic fate of Bosnian Muslims was silently ignored ...Perhaps that is one of the reasons why the Bosnian Muslims today face once more the revival of ideologies and the brandishing of flags and insignia in the same way as at the beginning of World War II, on the eve of the horrible persecutions and slaughters of that old and tolerant European nation.[88]

A Serbian pamphlet offers the counterpart of that argument:

> ...in the mid Sixties the institutionalized strategy reached its zenith; this strategy was introduced in order to forget Ustasha crimes of genocide, including crimes perpetuated in Jansenovac [concentration camp]. It is clear that the influence and instruments of the state and the institutions of the Catholic Church intertwined in the 'conspiracy of silence'...[89] From the time of the first multiparty elections in Croatia, which were won by Dr. Tudjman's party (CDU), what ensued was a shaping of a new dimension of the 'conspiracy of silence'...[90]

Another Serbian pamphlet details mass resettlements of Croatians into former Serbian areas of the Fascist Croatian state in 1944-45 (movements, by the way, which I have neither the primary sources nor the personal knowledge to verify). "From the above data an expansionist trend may be observed of Croatian population towards territories, which had remained deserted ...it may be inferred that this was a deliberate policy ...that the deserted areas in Vojvodina be resettled with Croatian populations, even with ustasha families."[91] The significance of this to the present shortly becomes patent:

> Administrative borders between federal units in Yugoslavia have no juridicial legitimacy, but they do have tacit approval which was achieved within the framework of the concept of Yugoslav unity ...The breaking away of Slovenia and Croatia by a unilateral cancellation of the accepted agreement ...reopens the issue of territorial demarcation.[92]

In short, what occurred in Yugoslavia during World War II exacerbated preexisting conflicts, and inflamed new ones, regarding defense of race and culture, of homeland, of ground, of creed, authority, raised questions which some people a half-century later believed to be worth killing and dying for.[93]

Wherever possible I have relied upon sources which originated *prior* to 1991, when the civil war began. In this way I have sought to decrease revisionist bias. A number of works about the civil war have foolishly claimed that its ethnic hatreds

were more or less manufactured. This point of view proves itself: A tract written in 1993 which denounces Muslims for killing Serbs in 1943 may be discounted as a propagandistic phantasm, while a tract from 1993 which claims that Serbs and Muslims used to live happily together is evidence to be cited. That is why the date of a source is so important to me.[94]

QUESTION I

What was the ethnic composition of Yugoslavia during World War II?

According to the 1948 census, which I presume to be at least representative of the period under consideration, out of a population of fourteen million souls[95] the Serbs numbered six and a half million, or 42%, the Croats three million eight hundred thousand, or 24%, and "Moslems, undecided," made up eight hundred thousand, or 5%.[96] The historian Jozo Tomasevich explains the latter figure: "The Moslems of South Slav origin, i.e. the Moslems of Bosnia and Herzegovina, were at liberty in the 1948 census to declare themselves as Serbs, Croats, or undecided. In round numbers, *89 percent declared themselves as undecided*, 8 percent as Serbs, and 3 percent as Croats. In the 1960's [they] ...officially acquired a status equal to that of a separate nation."[97]

In other words, the Muslims were not only a minority much smaller in numbers than the other two groups (in the census table they come in sixth, after Slovenes, Macedonians and Montenegrins)—but also an *unassimilated* minority. Almost all of them refused to state that they were anything but "undecided," since that remained the only choice open to them other than claiming membership in one of the two dominant groups.[98, 99]

I should add that another group listed separately in the census was Albanians (4.76%), many or most of whom were Muslim.[100] Thus one could say that the Muslim population numbered around 10%.

As with so many racial and ethnic questions, basic definitions vex the definer. "Most of the inhabitants of Bosnia-Herzegovina are Serbs and Croats, mixed together in such a way that the area cannot be reasonably divided between Serbia and Croatia," writes E. Garrison Walters.[101] (He published those words in 1988; soon enough, that division would be attempted.) As Misha Glenny puts it, "the Slav Moslems of Bosnia are the only nation, certainly in Europe and possibly in the world, who are nominally identified by their religion and not their language or ethnicity."[102] I am not certain that Glenny's point is relevant. Here, for instance, is a 1910 census breakdown for Bosnia-Hercegovina by religious affiliation: Greek Orthodox 43.2%, Mohammedans 32.2%, Roman Catholics 23.0%, Jews 0.6%. And here is the same breakdown by nationality (by which they mean ethnicity): Serbs 42%, Mohammedans 34%, Croats 21%.[103] These two different modes of measurement are consistent to within 2% (which, unfortunately, is a margin suffi-

ciently wide to round the Jewish presence down to zero; see below).

These proportions, it might be noted, vary only narrowly from the ones recorded at the beginning of the civil war in 1991. I assume that they were approximately accurate for 1941 as well.

It is certainly a very odd experience to read accounts of ethnicity in Yugoslavia written between 1945 and the last years of Tito's rule. Muslims receive small notice by *anyone*, even outsiders. Molotov's otherwise prescient remark (1977) is typical: Tito "is a nationalist; that is, he is infected with the bourgeois spirit. He is now cursing and criticizing his own people for nationalism. That means that the Yugoslav multinational state is breaking up along national lines. It is composed of Serbs, Croatians, Slovenes, and so forth."[104] The Muslims are much of the "and so forth"[105]—a fact bitterly to be remarked on by Muslims later. Safet Bandzovic, president of a human rights organization in Sanzak, told me bitterly in 1994: "In the former Yugoslavia we [Sanzak] were a nation—Serbs and Montenegrins—and we had ethnic groups. Nobody mentioned Muslims."

Pointing out that much of the history of Serbs and Croats has consisted of common struggle against the Muslim Turks, Walters asks: "Why then did Serbs and Croats disagree so violently? The answer seems to lie primarily in cultural differences which...were a reflection of whether an area had or had not suffered long-term occupation by the Turks."[106] He argues that since Serbia had been more affected by Turkish domination, it suffered from a lower educational level than Croatia, which meant that Croats frowned on being governed by Serbs, as was certainly the case in inter-war Yugoslavia. However, he also cites the fact that Serbs and Croats were geographically intermixed, which certainly discomfits the ethnic cleansers of today and which I interpret as a sign of concord; the authors who claim that the ethnic grievances of 1991 were manufactured are far from entirely wrong.

Out of the fourteen million Yugoslavs, seventy-five thousand, or 5.36%, were Jews.[107,108] We may safely assume that few of these would have registered themselves as Muslims, but many would have been enrolled as Serbs, Croats, Slovenes, etc., depending upon where they resided. Out of these seventy-five thousand, fifty-five thousand (73.33%) perished in the Holocaust.[109] Some must have been killed on the basis of territorial nationality, but the prime mover was Nazi anti-Semitism. Their murders cannot be laid at the door of domestic ethnic hatred.

The Germans executed one hundred civilians for every German soldier killed by the Resistance, and fifty for each German wounded.[110] Since most of the fighting took place in Serbia at first (because the Partisans took up arms there and the Chetniks, given their pro-Serbian ideology, remained there), Serbs seem to have suffered the most from those reprisals. Twelve thousand Serbian Jews remained in the truncated Serbia, and they went first. Almost all of them had been exterminated by mid-1942.[111] Dr. Harald Turner, the military administrator, writes in the manner of a fussy mathematician:

> Actually, it is false if one has to be accurate about it, that for murdered Germans—

> on whose account the ratio 1:100 should really be borne by Serbs—100 Jews are shot instead; but the Jews we already had in the camps—after all, they too are Serb nationals—and besides, they have to disappear. At any rate, I don't have to accuse myself that on my part there has been any lack of necessary ruthless action for the preservation of German prestige...[112]

So whether these victims get categorized as Serbs or as Jews depends on the categorizer. The point is that the arithmetic of death for this period remains as complex as it is sickening—best to qualify with humbleness and uncertainty our generalizations as to which faction did what.[113]

At any rate, of that population of fourteen million,[114] 1,700,000, or twelve percent, died between 1941 and 1944.[115]

QUESTION II
What is the basis for the Serbian claim that Serbs were oppressed by a Croatian Fascist state during World War II?

The pro-German orientation of Croatia and the anti-German stance of Serbia went back to before the First World War. I have already cited Trotsky's observation in Vienna in 1914 of signs on hoardings reading: *"Alle Serben müssen sterben,"* all Serbs must die. Austrians are not quite Germans but in outlook at the beginning of World War I they were very close. These polarizations had not altered when Churchill wrote in his memoirs:

> The decay of internal stability, the antagonism between Serb and Croat, sapped the strength of this great Southern Slav State. Under the regency of Prince Paul, an amiable, artistic personage, the prestige of the monarchy waned. Dr. Macheck, the leader of the Peasant Party of Croatia, pursued obstinately a government of non-cooperation with the Government of Belgrade. Extremist Croats, protected by Italy and Hungary, worked from bases abroad for the detachment of Croatia from Yugoslavia. The Belgrade government turned away from cooperation with the Little Entente of Balkan Powers to follow a "realist" line of understanding with the Axis.[116]

The resulting tension was almost elegant: "To join the Axis might infuriate Serbia. To fight Germany might cause conflict of loyalty in Croatia."[117]

It is significant that on 12 April 1941, Hitler launched his "Operation Punishment" against Beograd specifically. Of course Beograd was the capital of Yugoslavia; where the anti-German coup which precipitated the invasion took place, so for that reason alone it was a logical place for Hitler to direct his cruelty. Beograd was also the most important city in *Serbia.* Most of the victims, therefore, were probably Serbs.[118] As Hitler prepared his attack on 27 March 1941, thrilling to the thought of "destroying Yugoslavia militarily and as a political unity," he

remarked to his henchmen: "It can be assumed that the Croats will come to our side when we attack. A correct political treatment (autonomy later on) will be assured to them."[119]

This "correct political treatment" seems to have been applied as soon as possible. "The German policy was to take as prisoners of war only Serbs and some Slovenes," says Tomasevich, "and of the other nationalities only those known to be of strong pro-Yugoslav orientation. Thus, practically all Croats ...were not taken as prisoners of war, or if taken were soon released."[120] An obvious exception to this last were the thirty thousand Croatian Jews, some of whom were derived from Serbian territory incorporated into Croatia by the Axis.[121] Ten thousand were Bosnian.[122] By the fall of 1941 almost all thirty thousand had been interned. Their fate you can guess.

Yugoslavia was now divided by the Axis into nine parts, of which only two need concern us at the moment. Serbia itself, which had comprised a fifth of the territory and a quarter of the population of the dismembered nation, became an occupied German territory.

Next we find the Independent State of Croatia, or NDH, whose territory and population each made up another two-fifths. About a third of the people in this latter area were Serbs,[123] including twelve thousand Serbian Jews.[124] The NDH included Bosnia and Herzegovina; and about twelve percent of its people were Muslims.[125] It became subdivided into one German and several Italian zones. Its puppet head of state was Dr. Ante Pavelic, who figures in my Yugoslav case studies, because he founded the infamous Croatian Party of Rights (HSP), whose current leader, Dobroslav Paraga, was active in the civil war; I interviewed him for *Rising Up and Rising Down.*[126] It was his photograph which I would see in a family house in Split in 1994.

Walters writes: "Unwisely, as time proved, the Ustasha regime chose not to recognize the legitimacy of existence of [the] large Serbian population, putting it outside the law, and in its actions toward it during the course of the Second World War it achieved a most inhuman and horrible record."[127] Dr. Mladen Larković, a minister of the NDH, is quoted as saying: "The Croatian nation must be purged of all elements which are a misfortune for our nation. These are alien and foreign elements, which are weakening the healthy forces of the nation; these elements have been pushing for decades and centuries this nation from evil to evil. These are our Serbs and Jews."[128]

Nonetheless—and this seems very important to state—Pavelic's regime was neither representative of, nor popular with, most Croats.[129] "The Ustasha militia ...stood in the same relationship to the regular forces, Domobrani (Defenders of the Homeland), as did the SS to the Wehrmacht."[130] (For that matter, even in the interwar period the leaders of the Croats [and Slovenes], according to one scholar, "lacked a clear mandate from their own people."[131]) "I have received a report from Croatia," complained Goebbels in 1942. "Sentiment toward us there is getting worse all the

time...[Pavelic] has by no means firmly established himself. His pro-Italian policy, especially, finds no echo among the Croatian people."[132]

By any measure, Croatia must have been an unpleasant place in those years. "That country is certainly to be pitied," Goebbels was writing again in 1943. "The Italians are putting the Croatians under such pressure that there is no semblance whatever left of a free state." (As if he could believe in free states!) "The reign of terror which the Italians have established in some sections of Croatia baffles description."[133] Imagine how horrible it must have been, if Goebbels disliked it! Three weeks later he noted: "The situation in Croatia can by no means be regarded as having been settled by the last purge; it continues to be strained. More than 13,000 rebels were killed, among them a great many intellectuals."[134] Goebbels never said who these people were.

"Organized mass murder was particularly ferocious in Croatia and Bosnia, where hundreds of thousands of Serbs had been exterminated by the Ustashi," writes the Resistance fighter Manès Sperber in a well-researched documentary novel.[135]

The Oxford Companion to World War II: "In the NDH ... Ustasha anti-Serbian terror fanned guerrilla warfare."[136]

Tomasevitch asserts: "In terms of the number of victims and the cruelty of dispatching them, the Croatian Ustashas were, of course, far more guilty of crimes against humanity than were the Chetniks, although the Chetnik massacres of Moslem poeple in Sandjak and southeastern Bosnia were in essence of the same kind. It should also be pointed out that Ustasha atrocities were undertaken first, and that at least to some extent the Chetnik terrorist activities against the Croatian and Moslem populations were in the nature of a reaction."[137]

Here are some figures on the doings of the Ustasha government:

- 120,000+ Serbs expelled to Serbia, 250,000 Serbs converted to Catholicism and "several hundred thousand" liquidated. (Tomasevitch.)[138]
- 330,000+ Serbs liquidated in the NDH alone (based on a figure of 1/6 of a population of 1 million). (Stevan Pavlowitch.)[139]
- 350,000 Serbs liquidated "by the pro-Italian Croats." (Keegan.)[140]
- 350,000 Serbs liquidated. ("German estimate.")[141]
- 350,000+ Serbs liquidated. (Walters.)[142]
- 487,000 Serbs liquidated or exiled—but this seems to include "population losses during and immediately after World War II" from all sources, not just Ustasha murders; this Serbian study was based on a comparison of population registers before and after the war. Since many of these losses did not occur in NDH territory, this figure is useful mainly as an upper limit: Serbian deaths attributable to the Ustasha would have had to be less than this. (Bogoljub Kočović.)[143]
- 530,000 Serbs liquidated or exiled—subject to exactly the same qualifica-

tions as Koĉović's estimate. The author of this figure was Croatian. (Vladimir Žerjavić.)[144]

- "More than half a million" Serbs liquidated, "a quarter million" exiled, and 200,000 forcibly converted.[145]
- 600,000 to 800,000 Serbs liquidated. (Chetnik estimates, hence very possibly inflated.)[146]
- 750,000 Serbs liquidated. ("Serbian estimate.")147 ..."It has been estimated that over 300,000 [Serbs] had settled in Serbia by 1943."[148]
- [No figure given.] (Malcolm.)

QUESTION III

How did the Serbs in turn treat the Croatians during World War II?

Needless to say, we generally hate those who hate us. Yugoslavia had been a Serb-dominated state from 1918 until the commencement of Operation Punishment.

In defense of their power the Serbian ruling circles used a combination of sham legality and intimidation ... One June 20, 1928, in the midst of a parliamentary debate, one of the deputies of the Radical party (a former president of one of the extremist Chetnik associations) ... pulled out a revolver and shot five members of the Croatian Peasant Party, killing two on the spot, because they dared to denounce corruption in the government.[149]

The coup against Prince Paul, which angered Hitler into launching Operation Punishment, had been possible partly because so many Serbs felt that Paul was too pro-Croat.[150] All army commands above divisional rank were held by Serbs. The coup itself may be considered almost exclusively Serb affair, although some Croatians, Muslims and others were included in the short-lived new government.

After Operation Punishment, the shoe was on the other foot.

"Only the resistance of the Partisans, and, to a much lesser extent, of the Chetniks, saved the Serbs in the Territory of the Independent State of Croatia from total disaster."[151] Thus writes Singleton in 1985.

Chetnik irregulars had operated in various conflicts since before the beginning of the nineteenth century, and they fulfilled various functions, including "pacification which sometimes involved terrorist actions against civilians."[152]

"The Chetnik leadership was headed by Draza Mihailovic, a Serbian officer who had gone underground after Yugoslavia's defeat by the Germans. By June, 1941, Chetnik leaders had drafted a formal policy document calling for a 'Homogenous Serbia' ...Recognizing that the Serbs would be in the minority in most of these areas, the planners proposed 'cleansing the lands of all non-Serb elements'"[153]—which may or may not have been a euphemism for mass extermination. One memorandum refers to "transfers and exchanges of population, especially of Croats from the Serbian and of Serbs from the Croatian areas."[154]

The Chetniks' aims seem to have been evenhandedly racist. One of Mihailovic's operation orders contained the following goal: "To create a direct, continuous border between Serbia and Montenegro, and between Serbia and Slovenia, by cleansing the Sandzak of the Muslim inhabitants and Bosnia of the Muslim and Croatian inhabitants."[155] By and large, the Chetniks planned to delay their ethnic cleansing until the day of victory. Mihailovic himself sent a telegram to his commanders in 1943: "Call into our ranks all Moslems and all Croats of correct behavior."[156] What would have happened to them later? Anyhow, local commanders frequently ignored that directive.[157]

Regarding atrocities committed by the Serbs against Croatians, Tomasevitch opines: "These people had strong religious differences as well as national and ideological differences, and the terror and counterterror were indeed only an aspect of the newest phase in the thousand-year-old feud between the Serbian Orthodox and Catholic churches."[158] As I have said, analyses of the 1990s civil war in ex-Yugoslavia usually go out of their way to reject such formulations, insisting that dwelling on historical antagonisms between Serbs and other ethnic groups trivializes and almost legitimizes atrocities committed by a core group of Serbian gangsters. Such works often even suggest that relations between the various groups have been relatively smooth and hence play no part in the present conflict. The pre-civil war sources quoted here would suggest otherwise.

During the 1990s civil war, the term "Chetnik" was used by many Muslims and some Croatians as an opprobrious label for Serbs.[159] Meanwhile, some Serbs proudly wore that same emblem. Here is how a self-styled Chetnik in Beograd described his World War II antecedents to me in 1994: "They say also, Croatian army fought in the eastern front. They were very bad soldiers in the battlefield, but they were good at killing and slaughtering. Chetniks did the same, but there is a difference. In the first war the Chetniks were the Green Berets, let us say. And there were many irregular units. Most of the slaughter they did was revenge. Draza Mihailovic himself wasn't a Chetnik. This name was mostly used by Partisans after the war to create a picture of bad people. Because Partisans had a very hard communism. Anyone who fought against them was mercilessly killed. So the Partisans were good and the Chetniks were bad.[160] After that, in this war, Milosevic created groups to go to the front to make robbery, according to the Partisans' model of Chetniks, with big beards, with knives in their teeth, while Draza Mihailovic and his so-called Chetniks were all smooth-shaven; you can see by the photos."

(In the World War II photographs I have seen, many Chetniks were in fact bearded. Mihailovic had a beard, and was denied permission to shave it off during his trial, on the grounds that with it "he would project a more menacing image."[161])

Unfortunately, casualty figures for groups other than Serbs are not widely available, a problem which will bedevil citations for the remainder of this Annex, making quantitative comparisons difficult. Here are some figures on *total* Croatian loss-

es during World War II, which can at least serve as a ceiling; Croatian deaths attributable to Serbs, and Croatian deaths attributable to Muslims must add up to less than this:

- 207,000 killed. (Koĉović.)[162]
- 197,000 killed. (Žerjavić.)[163]

The number of these deaths specifically attributable to Serbs is relatively small. Tomasevitch, for instance, lists one of the worst atrocities committed by Chetniks against Croatians in Dalmatia as claiming about a hundred victims. In Prozor the Chetniks "burned many villages and massacred over five hundred Croats and Moslems..."[164]

I should reiterate that while the Chetniks did enjoy considerable support in Serbia and Montenegro, and occasional support elsewhere, by no means all the Serbs who took up arms in this period were Chetniks; many were Partisans whose hatreds were ideological, not ethnic; many more were simply patriots[165] And, as Tomasevitch reminds us, "the Chetniks were by no means the only offenders in Yugoslavia: the use of terror on a large scale and in innumerable forms was practiced by all parties engaged in war in Yugoslvia..."[166] All the same, they bear responsibility for widespread and hideous crimes of violence.

QUESTION IV

How did the Serbs treat the Muslims during World War II?

"Serbia was the first of the states to be defeated by the Ottoman Turks and [in 1372] and probably suffered more than any of the other lands."[167]

"The Moslems, still known to the Christians as 'Turks' no matter what language they spoke, were yet the objects of a fierce hatred, particularly from Serbs."[168] My Serbian friend Vineta, as the reader may recall, called Muslims "Turks" in 1994.[169]

Trotsky, who happened to be in Beograd in 1912, as a war correspondent, observed the following: "In a stationer's shop a huge, symbolic battle picture is displayed. Having thrown down a frontier fence of sharp-pointed palings, the Serbs, picturesque and elegant, are bursting in, mounted on powerful horses, to the realm of the Turk, crushing and smashing everything in their way."[170] In his view, declassed semi-intellectuals were in control of the Serbian press; what they clamored for, as they would again after 1991, was Greater Serbia.[171]

"The Moslem population in Bosnia and Herzegovina and Sandjak ... was one of the primary victims of Chetnik terror. Here, the centuries-old religious and political Christian-Moslem antagonism had been aggravated during the First World War when many Bosnian Moslems joined the Austro-Hungarian *Schutzkorps*, which

engaged in anti-Serb activities, and then again after April 1941 when a great many Moslems joined the Ustashas and participated in atrocities against Serbs."[172]

"The acts of violence committed by Serb villagers against Muslims, especially in Hercegovina, made it impossible for Muslims to join them in their resistance to the Ustasha. On the contrary, some Muslims were motivated to join the ranks of the Ustasha militia instead."[173] (At the same time, up to 8% of the Chetniks were Muslims.[174])

"The Muslims, given their pivotal position in Bosnia-Herzegovina, became a primary target of mass killings by the Serbian Chetniks as the latter sought to execute their plan for a Greater Serbia. Retaliation soon followed, with many Muslims joining the Ustase to protect themselves or to exact revenge."[175]

- "During the Neretva campaign alone [the Chetniks] massacred over a thousand defenseless Moslems in the Plevlja region."[176]

- The Bosnian Muslim pamphlet cited earlier quotes a confidential report to Mihailovic of 13 February, 1943, which reads in part: "The campaign in the Plevlje, Cajnice and Foca district against the Muslims has been completed ... During the operations the complete Muslim population was exterminated regardless of sex and age ...Around 1200 Muslim fighters and up to 8000 other victims—women, old men and children—were killed."[177]

- "Altogether 75,000 Bosnian Muslims are thought to have died in the war; at 8.1 per cent of their total population, this was a higher proportion than that suffered by the Serbs (7.3 per cent), or by any other people except the Jews and Gypsies. Muslims had fought on all sides—Ustasha, German, Cetnik, Partisan—and had been killed by all sides."[178]

  But Glenny says: "During my visits to Bosnia, I would always visit the monument to see the relative number of Moslems and Serbs who died—in most regions four Serbs died for every Moslem."[179]

- Kočović also claims that 75,000 Muslims died in Bosnia, and 11,000 more in the rest of Yugoslavia. Žerjavić's figures are 78,000 and 25,000, respectively.[180] Again, the ethnic identity of the killers is not given.

- The Bosnian Muslim pamphlet cites higher figures, not surprisingly, given the year of its publication. It refers first to "brutal murders and slaughters of over 120,000 Bosnian Muslims from 1941 to 1945,"[181] then on a later page to "the 100,000 murdered Muslims,"[182] and finally to losses "estimate somewhere between 86,000 and 120,000."[183]

- Tomasevitch gives the figures of 2,000 + killed in Foca in 1942, "additional terror" later that year (no numbers given), and 10,000 killed in 1943 in a punitive "March on Bosnia" in retribution for some Muslim attacks on Serbs, which brings us up to 12,000 + murdered, surely an incomplete tabulation.[184]

An AP journalist who had worked extensively in ex-Yugoslavia wrote me in 1995 referring to the Muslims in the current war thus: They were "universally acknowledged as being the greatest victims in a war with nothing but victims."[185] But for World War II I can find no consensus as to whether the Muslims or the Serbs suffered most. The statistics cited here would suggest the latter.

QUESTION V

How did the Muslims treat the Serbs during World War II?

As early as June-July 1941, scarcely two months after the Axis occupation had begun, the Ustasha regime, having been given license to do so by the Italians, began establishing itself in eastern Herzegovina.

Since the Croatian (Catholic) population [there] ...was only ...around 1.1 percent of the total, nearly all the appointed local officials and organized Ustashas [in Herzegovina?] were Moslems, who made up about 23.7 percent of the population[186] ...The new authorities at once began to consolidate their rule by mounting a hate campaign against the Serbian population which made up about three-fourths of the total. On June 1, in several towns and villages there occurred shootings of Serbs ...Two days later there were several instances of armed retaliation by villagers; those villages were then burned by Ustasha units, and there were mass shootings, and thus the scale of violence mounted.[187]

Noel Malcolm, whose book was published in 1994, at the height of the civil war, and who sees the Serbs as the chief villains in it, tells this tale much differently, using the passive voice, so that it is not clear which group comprised the Ustasha. Only at the end does he say of the avenging Serbs that they "turned against local Croat and Muslim villagers, whose acquiescence in NDH rule they regarded as collaboration; more than 600 Muslims were killed in the district of Bilecá ...and roughly 500 were killed in the area around Visegrad."[188]

And yet Malcolm cannot sweep away the fact of a Muslim Thirteenth SS Division, the Handzar, twelve thousand strong. In 1943 "it committed indiscriminate reprisals—murders and other crimes—against the local Serb population. The exact number of victims ...was certainly many hundred, perhaps several thousand."[189]

Glenny says baldly: "The majority of Moslems co-operated with the Croat Fascists, the Ustashas, against the Serb-dominated Partizans."[190]

The Bishop of Mostar "cited the case of a Muslim sub-prefect who boasted that

seven hundred 'schismatics' [Serbs] were killed in one day in Ljubinje in south-eastern Hercegovina and that, on another occasion, a train collected six carloads of mothers, young girls and children from Mostar and Ĉapljina and took them to a place in the mountains where mothers and children were thrown alive from the cliff tops."[191]

Milovan Djilas, whose anti-ethnic idealism can probably be expected to inhibit his Montenegrin nationalism from making unfair accusations, speaks repeatedly of Muslims "who rose up, unprovoked, against their Orthodox neighbors," even at the beginning of the Occupation. "The hatred between the Orthodox and the Moslems in these parts is primeval, attested by rebellions and invasions, epics and visions."[192] Djilas describes "how difficult and unconvincing it was to preach brotherhood with the Moslems to a peasant who had heard his son's cries as he was being flayed alive in the traditional Turkish torture."[193]

- Koĉović and Žerjavić offer the following respective figures for Serbian casualties in Bosnia, where there were more Muslims than elsewhere in Yugoslavia: 209,000 and 170,000. As usual with these two sources, we cannot determine how many were killed by Muslims, how many by Croats, and how many by fellow Serbs.

QUESTION VI

How did the Croatians treat the Muslims during World War II?

As mentioned, the Independent State of Croatia included within its borders the territory of Bosnia-Herzegovina, just as some of Dobroslav Paraga's men told me they longed to do in 1994.

In order to substantiate their claim..., the Ustashas proclaimed the Moslems of that province to be the purest of all Croats. In this way nearly 60 percent of the population of the province was considered as Croatian (about 23 percent Catholic Croats and close to 37 percent Moslem Croats) ...This was a gross exaggeration. The overwhelming majority of Moslems considered themselves neither Croat nor Serb but simply Moslem. And although a certain number of Moslems openly sided with the Ustashas, the majority was either directly opposed to them or neutral. Some of them sided with the Chetniks, some with the Partisans, and others were trying to achieve a special autonomous position for a somewhat truncated Bosnia and Herzegovina directly under the Third Reich.[194]

As Malcolm remarks, "Disillusionment set in quickly among many of the Muslims. Although there was no general pogrom against them, the promise that their rights would be respected was not kept; the rule of law simply did not operate in the Ustasha NDH."[195]

Stevan Pavlowitch tells the story slightly differently, saying: "Muslims were accepted as being Croats of Islamic faith."[196]

QUESTION VII

How did the Muslims treat the Croatians during World War II?

I have not been able to find out much about this. Glenny's final statement in Section VI above is certainly strongly worded.

- Kocôvić and Ẑerjavić propose the following respective figures for Croatian casualties in Bosnia: 79,000 and 66,000. As usual with these two sources, we cannot determine how many were killed by each of the various groups.

QUESTION VIII

Who was most to blame for atrocities committed?

Obviously the two worst criminals were the Hitler and Mussolini regimes. Within Yugoslavia itself the Croatian NDH (Ustasha) regime probably caused the most casualties, since based on the statistics cited above it would seem that Serbian deaths comprised a plurality or majority of the total, and we know that the Muslims were (from a standpoint both of numbers and of materiel) too weak to have committed many of them. Nonetheless, a third of the murders did occur in Bosnia; the Muslims must have borne some responsibility. Most likely the Chetniks far out-murdered the Muslims. Since Tito's partisans were an ideological rather than an ethnic bloc—in short, they killed without reference to ethnicity—I have not spent much space on them here,[197] but it should be repeated that they made up a significant proportion of the killers during this period. The military historian Keegan has written a depressing summation of character for Tito's deputy, Milovan Djilas:

> The brutality that Djilas learned in the mountains of Yugoslavia was taught to tens of millions wherever 'people's war' was practised. Its cost in lives scarcely bears contemplating...those who survived [Mao's Long March] were to become, like Djilas, pitiless executives of a social revolution which measured its thoroughness in the number of 'class enemies' it did to death.[198]

This insightful remark applies equally well to the "people's war," that is, the war against people, which began with the breakup of Yugoslavia in 1991. In short, there is certainly enough blame to go around. (Djilas himself estimated that in March 1944, when the killing still had some distance to run, "of some ten thousand prewar Party members, hardly two thousand were still alive, while I estimated our current losses of troops and population at around one million two hundred thousand."[199])

As Manès Sperber has one of his desperate guerrilla characters say, "The further question is whether those who do survive are to let themselves be destroyed in detail while they wander between the Ustashi, the Germans, the Italians, the Communist Partisans and those of Draza Mihajlovic..."[200]

ROUGH TABLE OF CASUALTIES

TOTAL KILLED:	1,700,000[201] out of 14,000,000
LESS Serbs killed by Ustashas:	350,000[202] out of 6,500,000
Serbs killed by non-Ustasha Yugoslavs:	*???*
LESS Croats killed by all sides:	200,000 out of 3,800,000
LESS Muslims killed by all sides:	86,000 out of 1,400,000[203]
LESS victims of Partisans:	100,000[204]
LESS Jews killed by Nazis:	55,000 out of 75,000
SUBTOTAL =	**909,000** out of 11,775,000[205]
LESS victims of the Axis:	700,000[206]

Total killed LESS subtotal LESS casualties of the Germans and their allies leaves 209,000 deaths unaccounted for. Given the wide variance in individual figures (the two estimates for Axis casualties varied by 100,000, or almost half of our residue), it is remarkable that we come so close to a perfect cross-check of zero left over. (I have, by the way, used the more conservative estimates in figuring the subtotal. Had I done the same with the Axis casualty figure, the result would have been even closer.) This table would thus seem to be a decent working approximation. The table also makes it clear, however, how much easier it is to list victims than murderers.

About 12 % of the Yugoslav population died in World War II. Based on the estimates in the table, this works out to 5.4% war deaths for the Serbs, 5.3% for the Croats, and 6.1% to 10.8% for the Muslims, depending on which of the two population estimates is used.

Conclude with an extract from the ominously unattributed Serbian pamphlet entitled *Kamenica: Dossier on the Massacre of Serbs in the Drinjaca Valley.* I was given this bit of reading material at a Republika Srpska government office in 1994. The writer begins by asserting that "the village of Kemanica ...will be remembered in history as the largest grave of the Serb people in the third war with Moslems on the Drina river."[207]—The *third* war! Long, long memories ...A Serbian father approaches one of the newly discovered mass grave. He's searching for the corpse of his son. He remarks: "It was a black day for me when he was captured on 6 November. I knew what was in store for him, since I had fought the fathers and grandfathers of those Ustashe in the last war ...All bodies are massacred beyond recognition, but I recognized my son immediately."[208]

ANNEX G

BILJANA PLAVSIC'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (APRIL, 1994)

Thanks to Vineta, as I've mentioned,[209] I was able to interview Miss Biljana Plavsic, then Vice-President of the Bosnian Serbs. (As of this writing, she is now at the Hague, facing a conviction of genocide.) She said to me:

"They prepared this war really in advance, and it is not now any secret. I informed everyone that they celebrated the organization of the army—from March '91 they already had an army! In that time we had no idea that that was happening in BiH.[210] You see, nobody has an army to do nothing with it! On the 7th of April they made a general mobilization. After that I went into my room and resigned. Because if you are preparing a general mobilization, you are preparing a war.

"I was a member of the Presidency, and there were seven of us. Two of us were representatives of Serbs, two from Croats and two from Muslims. One was on the Yugo side—that was Garnic." —(Both Vineta and Miss Plavsic smiled bitterly.)

"He was the worst, worse even than Izetbegovic. When it was necessary he was a Serb; when it was necessary to be Yugo he was Yugo. And now he is Muslim. You see, he was on the high level of the Communist party. But probably he was prepared on the high level from the fundamentalists.

"You need to know just now that even before the seventh of April they killed some people, but in March, near Bosanski Brod—no, not March, maybe on first of April; they burned a village called Sjekovci and killed Serbs there, and on the first of March they attacked a wedding party and threw away our flag. I entered in Sjekovci a few hours after that crime. So one of those Muslims, he told me: *What we need to do for Serbs, to make clear our intention, is kill Serbs.* I can say that really I was foolish. Still I answered that I believed in human beings, human minds, because I hoped that through President Izetbegovic I should be able to control them and stop that. But he refused my information. He didn't hide his fundamentalist belief, but I couldn't understand how a man with his beliefs could organize a crime. I thought, this man cannot organize a lie."

"Was he polite with you?"

"Yes. He was really polite. A man with a lot of patience, and sometimes especially at the beginning of the war I thought he needed to understand the situation. And I tried—because I was in all these places, and immediately when I was back I informed him—and I thought that he as President would be able to stop that."

"What did he say?"

"It is very difficult to say this, but he is ordinary liar. He never said that he cannot trust me, and always I went with TV crew, and he said: *We must study, we must try to prevent that.* He's so unbelievable."

"Do you think he had secret contacts with Tudjman?" I asked. (The Croatian extremist Dobroslav Paraga had claimed that Tudjman had secret contacts with Milosevic.)

"Of course, of course. This information is very important. Maybe three months before the war, a lady who cleaned the rooms, she mentioned to me that in the nights, they're taking a lot of boxes down into the basement. She warned me that it is interesting to see that basement with deep freeze and so on. And she said that in one box she saw bullets. On the second of April I asked her to check that, and she confirmed. So they prepared this Presidency building for the war."

"What did he and Tudjman plan to do in the beginning?"

"First of all, they had a plan for the war in BiH. They thought it would be very quickly finished because their side was prepared and our people were not prepared. (In five days of April, after the killing in front of the Orthodox church, can you believe me that I have no gun—still I have no gun!—I cannot face myself with the reality.) They wanted all territory in BiH. They planned to do it very quickly because the Serbs would not be prepared."

"How did things break down between Serbs and Croats?"

"How I cannot tell exactly. It was in the Muslim side. They had these people from Libya, Saudi Arabia, those fundamentalists, each day more and more those Mujahideen. And those Mujahideen in Bosnia, they could not make a difference between Catholic and Orthodox. All they found, they killed."

"Which side is a bigger threat to you?"

"When this coalition broke, I would say there was more cruelty on the Muslim side. They are killing people in the ritual way. When we capture their soldiers we find in their pockets a recommendation according to the Qur'-An what to do with them. I was able to see in village Kravice, in east Bosnia, on 7 January '93, how they killed all people in the special way. They chopped heads and feet and that was according to these instructions."[211]

ANNEX H

A BOSNIAN MUSLIM REFUGEE'S VERSION OF HOW THE BOSNIAN WAR BEGAN (SEPTEMBER, 1992)

The sand-dune-skinned old woman without any documents said: "It started going bad during the elections in Bosnia. The Serbs started kicking us out of our jobs. Then they started kicking us out of our homes. They didn't like things both Islamic and Serbian. They wanted things just one way."

"They came by in cars, with arms, automatic weapons. Then they started to shoot."

SOURCES CITED

Sources quoted in other works are not listed. Disregarding what has always struck me as an unfair academic custom, I have listed primary source compilations of a given author's words under the author, not the compiler. Thus Bakunin's thought is credited to him rather than to his editor. In the two or three cases in which complete works of multiple authors appear in a single volume, as in Lucretius/Epictetus/Marcus Aurelius, I have supplied cross-references. Volumes of essays by multiple contributors have, however, been listed under the editor's name. The same goes for reprintings of multiple volumes by different authors under the aegis of a single editor (thus the diary of the Salzburg executioner Franz Joseph Wohlmuth is cited under the name of the man who brought him a new season of fame, Dr. Peter Putzer, because this is but the first volume of Putzer's *Schriften des Instituts für Historische Kriminologie*). Again, I have cross-referenced such cases. Authors' names are entered according to the orthographies of their respective title pages (thus: "Trotski" and "Trotsky," "Mao Tsetung" and "Mao Zedong," "W.E.B. Dubois" and "W.E. Burghardt Du Bois," etc.) This makes brief sourcing of specific volumes in the textual notes more simple.

PERIODICALS

American Demographics
The Animals' Voice Magazine
Aryan Nations Newsletter [Church of Jesus Christ Christian, Hayden Lake, Idaho]
Burma Research Journal
The Bangkok Post
The Cambodia Daily
Cambodia Today
Center for Action Monthly Newsletter [Sandy Velley, Nevada]
The Christian Science Monitor
The Clearwater Progress [Kamiah, Idaho]
Combat Handguns
Congressional Record [U.S.]
The Daily Yomiuri [Japan]
The Denver Post
Earth First! The Radical Environmental Journal
EIDOS Magazine: Sexual Freedom and Erotic Entertainment for Women, Men & Couples
El Espectador [Colombia]
Far Eastern Economic Review
Foster's Daily Democrat [Seabrook, New Hampshire]
Financial Times [U.K.]
Foreign Affairs
Le Genre Humain [Paris]
The Gleaner [Kingston, Jamaica]
The Globe and Mail [Toronto, Canada]
Grand Street [New York]
The Guardian [U.K.]
Guns and Weapons for Law Enforcement
Handguns
Hansard's Parliamentary Debates (Also listed in "Books and Pamphlets.")
Harper's Magazine
The Honolulu Advertiser
Icon Thoughtstyle Magazine
The Independent [U.K.]
Index on Censorship [U.K.]
The International Herald-Tribune
The Japan Times [Tokyo]
Korea Focus [Seoul]
London Daily Mirror
The Long Beach Press-Telegram [California]

The Los Angeles Times
Naples {Florida} Daily News
The Nation [Thailand]
The Nation [USA]
National Post [Toronto]
Navigator [Ford Michigan Truck Plant]
Newsweek
The New York Post
The New York Times
OF the People, BY the People & FOR the People [Marysville, California]
The Paris Review
Phnom Penh Post
The Plain Dealer [Cleveland]
The Raven Anarchist Quarterly
The Reuter Library Report
The River Journal: News and Stories from Along the Lower Clark Fork River — Trout Creek, Montana to Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho
The Sacramento Bee
The San Francisco Chronicle
The San Francisco Bay Guardian
The Seattle Times
SF Eye [North Carolina]
Shutterbug
The South Carolina Peacemaker
South China Morning Post.
The Star: The People's Paper [Sarawak, Malaysia]
The Stars and Stripes
The Straits Times [Singapore]
Svet [Serbia]
The Thailand Times
El Tiempo [Colombia]
The Truth At Last: News Suppressed by the Daily Press [Marietta, Georgia]
Tumivut: The Cultural Magazine of the Nunavik Inuit [Inukjuak, Nunavik, Québec]
The Union Leader [Manchester, New Hampshire]
UNPROFOR Division of Information Press Briefing, HQ Zagreb
U.S. News & World Report.
Vietnam Courier [Hanoi]
Voces Zapatistas [Sacramento]
The Wall Street Journal
The Washington Post Magazine

The Weekend Observer [Kingston, Jamaica]

The Woman Citizen [New York]

ARCHIVES, DOCUMENTS, EPHEMERA AND UNPUBLISHED SOURCES

_____, *Breakfast at Seabrook* (unpublished holographic ms., 1979).

_____, *Chronology of the Crisis in the Former SFRY and the Moves Taken by the International Community* (unattested pamphlet given to me by an official of the Republika Srpska, dated Belgrade, October 1993, stapled, 20 pp.).

_____, *Kamenica: Dossier on the Massacre of Serbs in the Drinjaca Valley* (unattested pamphlet given to me by an official of the Republika Srpska, 1994, stapled, 5 pp.).

Abalone Alliance, *Diablo Canyon Blockade/Encampment Handbook* (Santa Cruz, California: Northern California Preparers/Trainers Collective, 1981).

Antonin Artaud, "Opium Traffic," draft trans. by Richard Grossman (1994).

John Brown, letters, West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook [CDAS], *It Won't Be Built! Seabrook May 24, 1980 Occupation/Blockade Handbook* (Boston: Clamshell Alliance, 1980).

"Deputy Prime Minister," Republic of Serbia, letter to Helsinki Watch (March 18, 1992; 25-pp. stapled pamphlet available at the Serbian government press office in Belgrade in 1994; no signature; no name).

Catalogue for DreamHaven Books (Minneapolis, Minnesota), n.d.; *ca.* 1995.

Foreign Affairs Sub-Committee, Shan State National Congress, *Historical Facts About the Shan State*, condensed and rev. draft ed. (unpublished typescript, with holographic revisions in English and Shan, 1994).

David M. Golden, "Guns, Violence, Self Defense and Militias: A Jewish Perspective" (unpublished ms., *ca.* 1996).

Klanwatch ("a project of the Southern Poverty Law Center") press release: "Racist Extremists Exploit Nationwide Militia Movement: White Supremacists Linked to Brigades in Nine States" (15 stapled pp., *ca.* 1995).

Livermore Action Group, *The Vandenberg Action: A Handbook for Nonviolent Direct Action* (Berkeley, California: Livermore Action Group, 1982).

Montana Human Rights Network, *A Season of Discontent: Militias, Constitutionalists and the Far Right in Montana* (May, 1994).

Ministry of Information of Serbia press releases, 1994.

Shan State National Congress, interim constitution of Shan State (1993).

Detective Norm Sørenson, Gang Enforcement Section, "Street Gangs: Urban Terrorism" (Long Beach, California police dept., *ca.* 1995).

Detective Norm Sørenson et al, Gang Enforcement Section, "Long Beach Street Gang Index,"

rev. 11-08-95 (Long Beach, California police dept.).

United Nations Security Council, text of resolution 913 (1994) (S/RES/913 [1994], 22 April 1994) [leaflet].

William T. Vollmann, *The Song of Heaven: Grammar and Rhetoric in Literature and Political Action* (unpublished typescript: memoir/Cornell University undergraduate thesis, April 1981).

BOOKS AND PAMPHLETS

_____, *Amiriya Shelter: US most Savage Crime of the Century* (Baghdad: Dar Al-Ma'mun for Translation and Publishing, Ministry of Information and Culture, 1996).

_____, *Ancient Roman Statutes: A Translation*, comp. and trans. Allan Chester Johnson, Paul Robinson Coleman-Norton and Frank Card Bourne (Austin, University of Texas Press, 1961; orig. Latin texts quoted here 5th cent. B.C.-4th cent. A.D.).

_____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, trans. P.J. Rhodes (New York: Penguin, 1984; orig. Greek ms. 332-22 B.C.).

_____, *The New Oxford Annotated Bible with the Apocrypha*, expanded edition (rev. standard), ed. Herbert G. May and Bruce M. Metzger (New York: Oxford University Press, 1973).

_____, [British government], *Accounts and Papers: Fifty-Five {sic} Volumes: Judicial Statistics (England and Wales, etc.*, vol. 62 (session of 29 January 1908 — 21 December 1908))

_____, *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse (Du 29 mai 1874), Etat au 1er avril 1979* (Berne: Chancellerie féderale, 1979).

_____ [Robespierre?] , *Dénonciation présentée au Comité de Législation de la Convention Nationale, contre le Représentant du Peuple DUPIN; Par les Veuves et Enfans des ci-devant Fermiers Généraux* (Paris: Imprineur chez du Pont, rue de la Loi, L'An III de la République [1795]).

_____, *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, trans. N.K. Sandars (New York: Penguin, 1972; Akkadian Semitic text based on Sumerian from early 2nd. millennium B.C.).

_____, *The Exeter Book Riddles*, trans. Kevin Crossley-Holland (New York: Penguin Books, 1993 of 1978 ed.; orig. Anglo-Saxon ed. late 10th cent.).

_____, *Eyrbyggja Saga*, trans. Hermann Pálsson and Paul Edwards (New York: Penguin Books, 1972; orig. Icelandic ed. *ca.* 1250).

_____, *Executive Summary Report: Investment Opportunity/Plan Of Yala Province* (undated; probably issued late 1994).

_____, *The King's Mirror {Speculum Regale}/Konungs Skuggsjá*, trans. Laurence Marcellus Larson (New York: The American-Scandinavian Foundation, 1917; orig. text *ca.* 1261).

_____, *The Hittite Laws*, trans. into English and Hebrew with commentary by E. Neufeld, Ph.D., D. Litt. (London: Luzac and Co., 1951; orig. text *ca.* 15th or 14th cent. B.C.).

_____, *The Holy Qur'-An: Arabic Text, English Translation and Commentary*, trans. Maulana Muhammad Ali, rev. ed. (6th) (Chicago: Specialty Promotions Co., Inc., in arr. with Ahmadiyyah Anjuman Isha'at Islam in Lahore, Pakistan, 1973).

_____, *Lenin in Profile: World Writers and Artists on Lenin* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1975).

_____, *Des lettres de cachet et des prisons d'état*, ouvrage posthume, composé en 1778 (Hambourg,

M.DCC.LXXXII).

_____, *Njal's Saga*, trans. Magnus Magnusson and Hermann Pálsson (New York: Penguin Books, 1960; orig. text *ca.* 1280.).

_____, *The Saga of Viga Glum*, trans. Alan Boucher (Reykjavík, Iceland: Iceland Review Saga Ser., 1986).

_____, *The Song of Roland*, trans. Dorothy L. Sayers (New York: Penguin, 1976 repr. of 1937 ed.).

_____, *The Soviet Way of Life* (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1974).

_____ [the courtier Yukinga?], *The Tale of the Heike (Heike Monogatari)*, trans. Hiroshi Kitagawa and Bruce T. Tsuchida, 2 vols. (Tokyo: University of Tokyo Press, 1975; orig. Japanese text *ca.* 1330).

_____, *You Can't Blow Up A Social Relationship: The Anarchist Case Against Terrorism* [pamphlet], 2nd. U.S. ed. (San Francisco: See Sharp Press, 1990).

"A group of Cambodian jurists," *People's Revolutionary Tribunal Held in Phnom Penh for the Trial of the Genocide Crime of the Pol Pot - Ieng Sary Clique: Documents (August 1979)* (Phnom Penh: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1990).

Edward Abbey, *The Monkey Wrench Gang* (New York: Avon, 1976 repr. of 1975 ed.).

Dwight Edgar Abbot with Jack Carter, *I Cried, You Didn't Listen: A Survivor's Exposé of the California Youth Authority* (Los Angeles: Feral House, 1991).

The Duchess d'Abrantes (Madame Junot, née Laure Permon), *Memoirs of Napoleon, His Court and Family* (2 vols.) (New York; D. Appleton & Co., 1895).

'Abd al-Rahman al-Jabarti, *Napoleon in Egypt: Al-Jabarti's Chronicle of the French Occupation, 1798*, trans. Shmuel Moreh (New York: Markus Wiener Publishing, 1993).

Les Soins de l'Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, *Recueil des Historiens des Croisades, Documents Arménien*s, vol. 1 (Paris: Imprimerie Impériale, 1869).

The Translation of the Meanings of Sahih Al-Bukhari, Arabic-English, tr. Dr. Muhammad Muhsin Khan (Al-Medina Al-munauwara: Islamic University, n.d.).

Amnesty International, International secretariat, pamphlet: "Children devastated by war: Afghanistan's lost generations", November 1999 (AI index: ASA 11/13/99).

Selected Writings of Saint Thomas Acquinas, trans. Robert P. Goodwin (Indianapolis: Bobbs-Merill, The Library of Liberal Arts, 1965; orig. texts 1250-75).

The Summa Theologica of Saint Thomas Acquinas, trans. Fathers of the English Dominican province, rev. Daniel J. Sullivan (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 20, 1952).

Henry Adams, *History of the United States during the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson* (New York: Library of America, 1986 repr. of 1903 rev. ed.).

Henry Adams, *History of the United States during the Administrations of James Madison* (New York: Library of America, 1986 repr. of 1904 rev. ed.).

Lester Adelson, M.D., *The Pathology of Homicide: A Vade Mecum for Pathologist, Prosecutor and Defense Counsel* (Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, 1974).

Mortimer Adler et al, ed., *The Negro in American History* (3 vols.) (Chicago: Encyclopeaedia Britannica Educational Corporation, 1972).

Aeschylus, Sophocles, Euripides, Aristophanes, *Plays*, various trans. (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 5, 1952).

James A. Aho, *The Politics of Righteousness: Idaho Christian Patriotism* (Seattle: University of Washington Press, 1995 paperback repr. of 1990 ed.).

Al-Bukhari: See *Bukhari.*

Svetlana Alliluyeva, *Twenty Letters to a Friend*, trans. Priscilla Johnson McMillan (New York: Avon Books (Discus), 1967).

"Aman" [pseud.], *Aman: The Story of a Somali Girl*, as told to Virginia Lee Barnes and Janice Boddy (London: Bloomsbury, 1995 repr. of 1994 ed.).

Samir Amin, *Unequal Development: An Essay on the Social Formations of Peripheral Capitalism*, trans. Brian Pearce (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1976; orig. French ed. 1973).

Leonid Andreyev, *The Seven That Were Hanged And Other Stories* (New York: Random House, Vintage Russian Library, 1958).

Appian, *Roman History*, with an English trans. by Horace White (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Library, 1913; orig. Latin ed. 2nd cent. A.D.).

Hannah Arendt, *On Revolution* (New York: Viking Compass, 1965).

Hannah Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem: A Report on the Banality of Evil*, rev. ed. (New York: Penguin, 1965).

Aristotle, *The Politics*, trans. T. A. Sinclair (New York: Penguin, 1962).

Isaac N. Arnold, late member of Congress from Illinois, *The History of Abraham Lincoln, and of the Overthrow of Slavery* (Chicago: Clarke & Co., Publishers, 1866).

[Artaud.] Margit Rowell, ed. *Antonin Artaud: Works on Paper* (New York: Museum of Modern Art / Harry N. Abrams, Inc., 1996).

Lonnie H. Athens, *The Creation of Dangerous Violent Criminals* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, 1992).

Prof. Dr. Smilija Avramov, *International Criminal Law and the U.N. Charter* (Belgrade: no publisher; available in the Serbian government press office in 1994, November 1993) [pamphlet].

Aye Saung, *Burman in the Back Row: Autobiography of a Burmese Rebel* (Hong Kong: Asia 2000 Ltd., 1989).

Isaac Babel, *Collected Stories*, trans. David McDuff (New York: Penguin, 1994).

Bernard Bailyn, ed., *The Debate on the Constitution*, vols. 1-2 (New York: Library of America, 1993; orig. texts 1787-88).

Michael [Mikhail] Bakunin, *God and the State*, trans. by Emma Goldman's Mother Earth Press (New York: Dover Books, 1970 repr. of 1916 ed.).

The Political Philosophy of Bakunin: Scientific Anarchism, comp. & ed. G. P. Maximoff (London: Collier-Macmillan Ltd., The Free Press of Glencoe, 1953).

J. Baldwin, ed., *Whole Earth Ecolog: The Best of Environmental Tools and Ideas* (New York: Crown Publishers / Harmony Books, Point Foundation, 1990).

Arthur Banks, *A World Atlas of Military History 1861-1945* (New York: Da Capo, 1978).

Bannerman Catalogue of Military Goods 1927, repr. (Northfield, Illinois: DBI Books, 1980).

Philip L. Barbour, ed., *The Jamestown Voyages Under the First Charter: 1606-1609*, vol. 1 (Cambridge: Cambridge University Press, for the Hakluyt Society, second ser., no. CXXXVI, 1969).

Philip L. Barbour, *Pocahontas and Her World* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1969).

Frederick C. Barghoom, *Politics in the USSR: A Country Study*, 2nd ed. (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1972).

Salo W. Baron and George S. Wise, ed., *Violence and Defense in the Jewish Experience* (Philadelphia: The Jewish Publication Society of America, 1977).

Georges Bataille, *The Tears of Eros*, trans. Peter Connor (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1989 trans of 1961 French ed.).

Osvaldo Bayer, *Anarchism and Violence: Severino Di Giovanni in Argentina 1923-1931*, trans. Paul Sharkey (Cantania, Scicily: Elephant Editions, Anarchist Pocketbook 3, 1985).

Daniel C. Beard, *The American Boy's Handy Book* (Rutland, Vermont: Charles E. Tuttle & Co., 1966).

Ernest Becker, *The Structure of Evil: An Essay on the Unification of the Science of Man* (New York: Macmillan, Free Press, 1976 repr. of 1968 ed.).

Martin "Red" Beckman, Montana's Fighting Redhead, *The Church Deceived* (Billings, Montana: Common Sense Press, 1984).

M.J. "Red" Beckman (who's the same person as Martin "Red" Beckman), *Walls in Our Minds* (Billings, Montana: Common Sense Press, 1990).

Charles Beitz and Michael Washburn, *Creating the Future: A Guide to Living and Working for Social Change* (New York: Bantam Books, "resources contributed by Vocations for Social Change Collective", 1974).

Jean Benedetti, *Gilles de Rais* (New York: Stein and Day, 1972).

Ruth Benedict, *Patterns of Culture* (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, Sentry ed., 1959 repr. of 1934 ed.).

Wayne W. Bennett and Kären M. Hess, *Criminal Investigation Handbook*, 3rd. ed. (San Francisco: West Publishing Co., 1991).

Elizabeth P. Benson and Beatriz de la Fuente, ed., *Olmec Art of Ancient Mexico* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., catalogue for the National Gallery of Art, Washington, 1996).

Jackson L. Benson, *The True Adventures of John Steinbeck, Writer: A Biography* (New York: Penguin, 1984).

Ragnar Benson, *Breath of the Dragon: Homebuilt Flamethrowers* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, 1990).

John Berger, *Into Their Labours: A Trilogy*, comprising *Pig Earth*, *Once in Europa*, *Lilac and Flag* (New York: Pantheon, 1979-90).

Peter L. Berger and Richard J. Neuhaus, *Movement and Revolution* (Garden City, New York: Doubleday Anchor Books, 1970).

Eric Bergerud, *Touched with Fire: The Land War in the South Pacific* (New York: Viking, 1996).

Alexander Berkman, *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* (Pittsburgh: Frontier Press, 1970 repr.; n.d. given for orig. ed [after 1906]).

Ira Berlin et al, *Freedom: A Documentary History of Emancipation 1861-1867, Selected from the Holdings of the National Archives of the United States*, series I vol. 1: *The Destruction of Slavery* (New York: Cambridge University Press 1985).

Janet Catherine Berlo, ed., *Plains Indian Drawings 1865-1935: Pages from a Visual History* (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Inc., in assoc. with The American Federation of Arts and The Drawing Center, 1996).

Ambrose Bierce, *The Devil's Dictionary* (New York: Dover Publications, 1958 repr. of 1911 ed.).

John Bierhorst, ed. and trans., *Four Masterworks of American Indian Literature: Quetzalcoatl, The Ritual of Condolence, Cuceb, The Night Chant* (Tucscon: The University of Arizona Press, 1974).

John Bierhorst, ed., *In the Trail of the Wind: American Indian Poems and Ritual Orations* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux / Sunburst / Michael di Capua Books, 1987 repr. of 1971 ed.).

Marc Bloch, *Strange Defeat: A Statement of Evidence Written in 1940*, trans. Gerard Hopkins (New York: Norton, 1968; orig. clandestine French ed. written 1940).

Léon Bing, *Do or Die* (New York: HarperCollins, 1992).

Joani Blank, ed., *Femalia* (San Francisco: Down There Press, 1993).

Josine H. Blok, *The Early Amazons: Modern and Ancient Perspectives on a Persistent Myth*, trans. Peter Mason (New York: E.J. Brill, Religions in the Graeco-Roman World, vol. 120, 1995).

Catharina Blomberg, *The Heart of the Warrior: Origins and Religious Background of the Samurai System in Feudal Japan* (Sandgate, U.K.: Japan Library [an imprint of Curzon Press Ltd.], 1994).

William Blum, *Killing Hope: U.S. Military and CIA Interventions Since World War II* (Monroe, Maine: Common Courage Press, 1995).

Franz Boas, *The Central Eskimo* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press / Bison Books, 1964 repr. of 1888 ed.).

Ron Bodin, *Voodoo, Past and Present* (Lafayette, Louisiana: The Center for Louisiana Studies, University of Southwestern Louisiana, Louisiana Life Series, No. 5, 1990).

Hans Bohrmann, comp., *Politische Plakate*, with essays by Ruth Malhotra and Manfred Hagen (Dortmund, Germany: Harenberg Kommunikation; Die bibliophilien Taschenbücher, no. 435, 1984).

Jean Boisselier, *The Wisdom of the Buddha*, trans. Carey Lovelace (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Discoveries ser., 1994).

Murray Bookchin, *To Remember Spain: The Anarchist and Syndicalist Revolution of 1936* (San Francisco: AK Press, 1994).

Chris Boot, ed., *Great Photographers of World War II* (New York: Crescent Books, 1993).

James Borchert, *Alley Life in Washington: Family, Community, Religion, and Folklife in the City 1850-1970* (Chicago: University of Illinois Press, Blacks in the New World ser., 1980).

Artyom Borovik, *The Hidden War: A Russian Journalist's Account of the Soviet War Inside Afghanistan* (New York: The Atlantic Monthly Press / A Morgan Entrekin Book, 1990).

Tadeusz Borowksi, *This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen*, sel. and trans. Barbara Vedder (New York: Penguin, "Writers from the Other Europe" ser., 1976 repr. of 1967 trans.).

T.B. Bottomore, *Elites and Society* (New York: Penguin, 1964).

André and Louis Boucaud, *Burma's Golden Triangle: On the Trail of the Opium Warlords* (Bangkok: Asia Books, 1994).

Taylor Branch, *Parting the Waters: America in the King Years 1954-63* (New York: Simon & Schuster, 1988).

Stewart Brand, *Space Colonies* (New York: Penguin, 1977).

Horace Bristol, An American View, comp. and ed. Ken Conner and Debra Heimerdinger (San Francisco: Chronicle Books, 1996).

David J. Brown and Robert Merrill, ed., *Violent Persuasions: The Politics and Imagery of Terrorism* (Seattle: Bay Press, 1993).

Judith M. Brown, *Gandhi: Prisoner of Hope* (New Haven: Yale, 1989).

M.L. Brown, *Firearms in Colonial America: The Impact on History and Technology 1492-1792* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1980).

Susan Brownmiller, *Against Our Will: Men, Women and Rape* (New York: Bantam, 1976).

Rick Bruce (ed. Joe Carey), *Peace Officers' Guide to California's Dangerous Weapons Laws: 101 Concepts Dealing with the Possession, Display and Use of Dangerous Weapons and Firearms* (San Bruno, California: Barbary Coast Publishing, 1996).

Margarete Buber, *Under Two Dictators*, trans. Edward Fitzgerald (London: Victor Gollancz, 1949).

W.W. Buckland and A.D. McNair, *Roman Law and Common Law: A Comparison in Outline* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1936).

Buddha: *See* Paul Carus, Sakyamuni Buddha.

Yves Buffetaut, *Verdun: Images de l'enfer* (Paris: Editions Tallandier, 1995).

The Translation of the Meanings of Sahih Al-Bukhari, Arabic-English, tr. Dr. Muhammad Muhsin Khan, 9 vols. (Al-Medina Al-munauwara: Islamic University, n.d.).

Alan Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, rev. ed. (San Francisco: Harper & Row, Harper Colophon Books, 1964).

Alan Bullock, *Hitler and Stalin: Parallel Lives* (Vintage, 1993).

Buraku Kaiho Kenkyusho (Baraku Liberation Research Institute), *The Reality of Buraku Discrimination in Japan: An Appeal for Support toward the Enactment of a Fundamental Law for Buraku Liberation* [pamphlet] (Osaka, Japan, 1991).

Lili Burana, *Strip City: A Stripper's Farewell Journey Across America* (New York: Hyperion / Talk Miramax Books, 2001).

Edmund Burke, *Reflections on the Revolution in France and on the Proceedings of Certain Societies in London Relative to That Event*, ed. Conor Cruise O'Brien (New York: Penguin, 1968 repr. of 1790 ed.).

Kathryn Watterson Burkhart, *Women in Prison* (New York: Popular Library, 1976).

Michael Burlingame, ed., *An Oral History of Abraham Lincoln: John G. Nicolay's Interviews and Essays* (Carbondale, Illinois: Southern Illinois Uiversity Press, 1996).

Jesse L. Byock, *Medieval Iceland: Society, Sagas and Power* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1988).

[Gaius Julius] Caesar, *The Civil War*, together with *The Alexandrian War*, *The African War* and *The Spanish War* by other hands, trans. Jane F. Gardner (New York: Penguin, 1967; orig. Latin text *ca.* 45 B.C.).

[Gaius Julius] Caesar, *The Gallic War*, with trans. by H.J. Edwards (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, Loeb Library, 1917; orig. Latin text *ca.* 51 B.C.).

Ann J. Cahill, *Rethinking Rape* (Ithaca: Cornell University Press, 2001).

Pat Califia, *Sensuous Magic: A Guide for Adventurous Couples* (New York: Masquerade Books, Inc., Richard Kasak Books, 1993).

Ernest Callenbach, *Ecotopia: The Notebooks and Reports of William Weston* (Berkeley: Banyan Tree Books, 1975).

Colonel C.E. [Charles Edward] Callwell, *Small Wars: Their Principles and Practice*, 3rd. ed. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1996 Bison Books repr. of 1906 ed.).

Brian Campbell, comp., *The Roman Army 31 B.C. — A.D. 337: A Sourcebook* (New York: Routledge, 1994).

Robert Capa, *Photographs* (Aperture, 1996).

Walter Capps, ed., *The Vietnam Reader* (New York: Routledge, 1991).

Jérôme Carcopino, *Daily Life in Ancient Rome*, ed. Henry T. Rowell, trans. E.O. Lorimer (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1968; orig. French ed. before 1940).

Thomas Carlyle, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship* (New York: Oxford University Press, The World's Classics ser., no. 62, 1904 repr. of 1841 ed.).

Thomas Carlyle, *The French Revolution: A History* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1989 repr. of 1857 ed.).

T.H. Carpenter, *Art and Myth in Ancient Greece A Handbook* (London: Thames and Hudson, "World of Art" ser., 1991).

Emily Carr, *Hundreds and Thousands: The Journals of an Artist* (Toronto: Irwin Publishing, 1966).

Paul Carus, comp., *The Gospel of Buddha, Compiled from Ancient Records* (London: Studio Editions / Senate, 1995 repr. of 1915 illus. ed.)

Fidel Castro Speaks, ed. Martin Kenner and James Petras (New York: Grove Press, 1969).

CDU/CSU Group in the German Bundestag, *White Paper on the Human Rights Situation in Germany and of the Germans in Eastern Europe* (Bonn, 1977).

Center for International and Strategic Affairs, *The Soviet Invasion of Afghanistan: Three Perspectives: Essays by Vernon Aspaturian, Alexander Dallin, Jiri Valenta*, ACIS Working paper no. 27 (Los Angeles: University of California, September 1980).

Central Intelligence Agency [attributed by Associated Press], *The Freedom Fighter's Manual: Practical Guide to Liberating Nicaragua from Oppression and Misery by Paralyzing the Military-Industrial Complex of the Traitorous Marxist State Without Having to Use Special Tools and with Minimal Risk for the Combatant* [pamphlet] (New York: Grove Press, n.d.; *ca.* 1985).

Centro de Referencia Nacional sobre Violencia, *Comportamiento de Lesiones de Causa Externa* (Bogotá: Colombia 1997).

Gérard Chaliand, ed., *The Art of War in World History from Antiquity to the Nuclear Age* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1994).

David P. Chandler, *Brother Number One: A Political Biography of Pol Pot* (Chiang Mai, Thailand: Silkworm Books, 1993).

David P. Chandler, *The Tragedy of Cambodian History: Politics, War, and Revolution since 1945* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1991).

David P. Chandler, Ben Kiernan and Chanthou Boua, *Pol Pot Plans the Future: Confidential Leadership Documents from Democratic Kampuchea, 1976-1977* (New Haven, Connecticut: Yale University Southeast Studies Monograph Series, no. 33, 1988).

David Chanoff and Doan Van Toai, comp., *"Vietnam": A Portrait of its People at War* (New York: I.B. Tauris, 1996 repr. of 1986 ed.).

John Channon with Rob Hudson, *The Penguin Historical Atlas of Russia* (New York: Penguin, 1995).

Peter Chasseaud, *Topography of Armageddon: A British Trench Map Atlas of the Western Front 1914-1918* (Lewes, East Sussex, U.K.: Mapbooks, 1991).

Anton Chekhov, *The Tales of Chekhov*, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: The Ecco Press, 13 vols. + 2 supplementary vols. trans by S.S. Koteliansky and Leonard Woolf, 1987; orig. Russian texts 1883-1903).

Chen Jo-hsi, *The Execution of Mayor Yin and Other Stories from the Great Proletarian Cultural Revoltion*, trans. Nancy Ing and Howard Goldblatt (Bloomington: Indiana University Press, 1978).

Nien Cheng, *Life and Death in Shanghai* (London: Grafton/HarperCollins, 1984).

A Fur Trader's Photographs: A.A. Chesterfield in the District of Ungava, 1901-4, ed. William C. James (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1985).

Paul Chevigny, *Edge of the Knife: Police Violence in the Americas* (New York: The New Press, 1995).

Karen Christensen, *Home Ecology: Making Your World a Better Place* (London: Arlington Books, 1989).

Felix Chuev, comp., *Molotov Remembers: Inside Kremlin Politics: Conversations with Felix Chuev*, ed. Albert Resis (Chicago: Ivan R. Dee, 1993).

Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, vol. 1, *The Gathering Storm* (New York: Houghton-Mifflin, 1948), p. 93.

Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, vol. 2, *Their Finest Hour* (New York: Houghton-Mifflin, 1949).

Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, vol. 3, *The Grand Alliance* (New York: Houghton-Mifflin, 1950).

Winston S. Churchill, *The Second World War*, vol. 4, *The Hinge of Fate* (New York: Houghton-Mifflin, 1950).

Marcus Tullius Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, trans. E.O. Winstedt (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Classical Library, complete Cicero ser., vols. XXII-XXIV, 1912; orig. texts 1st cent. B.C.).

Marcus Tullius Cicero, *Murder Trials*, trans. Michael Grant (New York: Penguin, 1990 rev. ed.; orig. speeches 1st cent. B.C.).

Marcus Tullius Cicero, *Selected Political Speeches*, trans. Michael Grant (New York: Penguin, 1989 rev. ed.; orig. speeches 1st cent. B.C.).

Norman Cigar, *Genocide in Bosnia: The Policy of "Ethnic Cleansing"* (College Station: Texas A&M University Press, Eastern European Studies ser., no. 1, 1995).

Clamshell Alliance: *See* Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook.

Alan Clark, *Barbarossa: The Russian-German Conflict 1941-45* (New York: Quill, 1985 repr. of 1965 ed., with new intro.).

Hugo Claus, *The Sorrow of Belgium*, trans. Arnold P. Pomerans (New York: Penguin, 1991 repr. of 1990 trans.; orig. ed. pub. 1983).

Carl von Clausewitz, *On War*, ed. Anatol Rapoport, trans. Col. J.J. Graham (1908) (New York: Penguin, 1968 abr. of 1832 ed.).

Catherine Clinton, *The Plantation Mistress: Woman's World in the Old South* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1982).

Cobbett's Parliamentary History of England, vol. X, A.D. 1737-1739 (London: printed by T.C. Hansard for Longman et al, 1812).

Gary Cohen and John O'Connor, ed., National Toxics Campaign, *Fighting Toxics: A Manual for Protecting Your Family, Community, and Workplace* (Washington, D.C.: Island Press, 1990).

Joel E. Cohen, *How Many People Can the Earth Support?* (New York: Norton, 1996 pbk. repr. of 1995 ed.).

Stephen F. Cohen, *Bukharin and the Bolshevik Revolution: A Political Biography 1888-1938* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1980 corr. repr. of 1971 ed.).

Forrest D. Colburn, *The Vogue of Revolution in Poor Countries* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1994).

James C. Coleman, *Abnormal Psychology and Modern Life*, 3rd. ed. (Scott, Foresman and Co., 1964).

P.A. Comeau, Fisheries and Oceans "Underwater World" series pamphlet: "Sealing — A Canadian Perspective", n.d. [approx. 1994].

Alex Comfort, Ph.D., *The Joy of Sex: A Gourmet Guide to Love Making* (New York: Simon and Schuster /A Fireside Book, 1972).

The Commandery of the State of Maine, *War Papers, Military Order of the Loyal Legion of the United States*, vol. 1 (Portland, Maine: The Thurston Print, 1898).

Commissioners of Prisons, U.K., *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons and the Directors of Convict Prisons with Appendices, for the Year ended 31st March 1902, Presented to both Houses of Parliament by Command of His Majesty* (London: printed for His Majesty's Stationery Office by Darling & Son, 1902).

Robert Conquest, *The Great Terror: A Reassessment* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991 repr. of 1990 ed.).

Robert Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow: Soviet Collectivization and the Terror-Famine* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1986).

Haruko Taya Cook and Theodore E. Cook, *Japan at War: An Oral History* (New York: The New Press / Norton, 1992).

Letters of Cortes: The Five Letters of Relation from Fernando Cortes to the Emperor Charles V, trans. Francis August MacNutt (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons / The Knickerbocker Press, 1908; orig. texts 16th cent.).

Stéphane Courtois et al, *The Black Book of Communism: Crimes, Terror, Repression*, trans. Jonathan Murphy and Mark Kramer (Cambridge: Harvard University Press, 1999 trans. of 1997 French ed.).

Gordon A. Craig, *The Politics of the Prussian Army 1640-1945* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1964).

William Craig, *Enemy at the Gates: The Battle for Stalingrad* (New York: Reader's Digest Press / E.P. Dutton, 1973).

Robert Crawford, Steven Gardiner and Jonathan Mozzochi, *Almost Heaven? Bo Gritz, SPIKE and the Christian Covenant Communities* (Portland, Oregon: Coalition for Human Dignity, 1994).

Robert Crawford, Steven Gardiner and Jonathan Mozzochi, *The Northwest Imperative; Documenting a Decade of Hate* (Portland, 1994; published in association with the Coalition Against Malicious Harassment).

Robert Crawford, S.L. Gardiner and Jonathan Mozzochi, *Patriot Games: Jack McLamb and Citizen Militias* (Portland, Oregon: Coalition for Human Dignity Special Report, 1994).

Martha Crenshaw, ed., *Terrorism, Legitimacy and Power: The Consequences of Political Violence* (Middletown, Connecticut: Wesleyan University Press, 1983).

Nancy A. Crowell and Ann W. Burgess, ed., *Understanding Violence Agains Women* (Washington, D.C.: National Academy Press, Panel on Research on Violence Against Women, National Research Council, 1996).

Julie Cruikshank, in collaboration with Angela Sidney, Kitty Smith, and Annie Ned, *Life Lived Like a Story: Life Stories of Three Yukon Native Elders* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1990).

Bruce Cumings, *War and Television* (New York: Verso Books, 1992).

Joe Cummings, *Thailand: A Travel Survival Kit*, 4th ed. (Berkeley, California: Lonely Planet Publications, 1990).

Charles U. Daly, ed. et al, *Urban Violence* (Chicago: University of Chicago Center for Policy Study, 1969).

Robert V. Daniels, ed., *A Documentary History of Communism in Russia from Lenin to Gorbachev* (Hanover, New Hampshire: University of Vermont, University Press of New England, 1993).

Clarence S. Darrow, *Resist Not Evil* (Port Townsend, Washington: Loompanics 1994 repr. of 1902 ed.).

Charles Darwin, *The Origin of Species by Means of Natural Selection* and *The Descent of Man and Selection in Relation to Sex* (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 49, 1952).

Paul Davies and Nic Dunlop, *War of the Mines: Cambodia, Landmines and the Impoverishment of a Nation* (London: Pluto Press, 1994).

Murray S. Davis, *Intimate Relations* (New York: Free Press, 1975 repr. of 1973 ed.).

John Davis, ed., *The Earth First! Reader* (Salt Lake City: Gibbs M. Smith, Peregrine Smith Books, 1991).

Lucy S. Dawidowicz, *The War Against the Jews 1933-45* (New York: Holt, Rinehart & Winston, 1985).

I.C.B. Dear and M.R.D. Foot, ed., *The Oxford Companion to World War II* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1995).

Frédérique Delacoste and Prscilla Alexander, *Sex Work: Writings by Women in the Sex Industry* (San Francisco: Cleis Press, 1987).

Hans Delbrück, *History of the Art of War*, vol. 1: *Warfare in Antiquity*, trans. Walter J. Renfroe, Jr. (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press, 1990 repr. of 1975 trans.; orig. German 3rd ed. 1920).

Department of Agriculture [U.S.], "Handbook No. 3: Poultry Grading Manual" (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 1952).

Department of Agriculture [U.S.], National Agricultural Statistics Service, *Agricultural Statistics 2001* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, 2001).

Department of the Army [U.S.], *Field Manual FM 21-76: Survival, Evasion and Escape* (Washington, D.C., 14 March 1969).

Department of Justice [U.S.], *Report of the Department of Justice Task Force to Review the FBI Martin Luther King, Jr., Security and Assassination Investigations* (Washington, D.C.: January, 1977).

Isaac Deutscher, *Stalin, A Political Biography*, rev. ed. (Middlesex, England: Pelican, 1966).

M. J. Diamond, ed., *Women and Revolution: Global Expressions* (Netherlands: Kluwer Academic Publishers, 1998).

Bernal Díaz, *The Conquest of New Spain*, trans. J.M. Cohen (New York: Penguin, 1963).

David Dickson, *The Politics of Alternative Technology* (New York: Universe Books, 1975 repr. of 1974 ed.).

Milovan Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, trans. Michael B. Petrovich (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. / Harvest, 1962).

Milovan Djilas, *Wartime*, trans. Michael B. Petrovich (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. / Harvest, 1980 repr. of 1977 ed.).

Milovan Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, trans. John Fiske Loud (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich / Harvest, 1985).

Basil Dmytrtryshyn, E.A.P. Crownhart-Vaughan and Thomas Vaughan, ed. and trans, *To Siberia and Russian America: Three Centuries of Russian Eastward Expansion, 1558-1867*, vol. 1: *Russia's Conquest of Siberia: A Documentary Record 1558-1700* (Portland: Oregon Historical Society Press, 1985).

Robert J. Donia and John V.A. Fine, Jr., *Bosnia and Hercegovina: A Tradition Betrayed* (New York: Columbia University Press, 1994).

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Modern Library, n.d..; orig. Russian ed. 1879-1880).

Fyodor Dostoyevsky, *The Idiot*, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Bantam, 1981 repr. of 1958 ed.; orig. Russian ed. 1869).

W.E.B. DuBois, *Writings* (New York: Library of America, 1986).

W.E. Burghardt Du Bois, *John Brown* (New York: International Publishers, 1972 rev. of 1909 ed.).

John Duffett, ed., *Against the Crime of Silence: Proceedings of the International War Crimes Tribunal* (New York: Simon and Schuster: Clarion, 1970).

Mark S. Dunston, *Street Signs: An Identification Guide of Symbols of Crime and Violence* (San Clemente, California: Qwik-Code Publications, Inc / Powers Lake, Wisconsin: Performance Dimensions Publishing, 1992).

Duong Thu Huong, *Novel Without a Name*, trans. Phan Huy Duong and Nina McPherson (New York: Penguin, 1995).

Louis Dupree, *Afghanistan* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1980 repr. of 1973 ed., with new preface).

Robert R. Dykstra, *Bright Radical Star: Black Freedom and White Supremacy on the Hawkeye Frontier* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1993).

J.H. Easterby, ed., *The Colonial Records of South Carolina: The Journal of the Commons House of Assembly, September 14, 142 —January 27, 1744* (Columbia, South Carolina: South Carolina Archives Department, 1954).

May M. Ebihara, Carol A. Mortland and Judy Ledgerwood, ed., *Cambodian Culture since 1975: Homeland and Exile* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, 1994).

The Economist in association with Profile Books Ltd., *Pocket World in Figures*, 1999 ed. (London: Profile Books Ltd, 1998).

Paul Edwards and Arthur Pap, ed., *A Modern Introduction to Philosophy: Readings from Classical and Contemporary Sources*, 3rd. ed. (New York: Free Press, 1973; orig. ed. 1957).

Einhard and Notker the Stammerer, *Two Lives of Charlemagne*, trans. Lewis Thorpe (New York: Penguin, 1969).

John Ellis, *The Social History of the Machine Gun* (Baltimore: The Johns Hopkins University Press, 1986 rev. repr. of 1976 ed.).

Gloria Emerson, *Winners and Losers: Battles, Retreats, Gains, Losses and Ruins from the Vietnam War* (New York: Harvest / Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1978).

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Essays and Lectures* (New York: Library of America, 1983).

Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Collected Poems and Translations* (New York: Library of America, 1994).

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., *The Annals of America*, vol. 9, *1858-1865: The Crisis of the Union* (Chicago, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1968).

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., vol. 19, "Whaling" (Chicago, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1968).

Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., *The Annals of America*, vol. 18, *1961-1968: The Burdens of World Power* (Chicago, Encyclopaedia Britannica, 1968).

Donald W. Engels, *Alexander the Great and the Logistics of the Macedonian Army* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978).

Epictetus: *See* Lucretius.

Rabbi Dr. I. Epstein, ed., *The Babylonian Talmud: Seder Mo'ed* (London: The Soncino Press, 1938).

Marc Etkind, . . . *Or Not to Be: A Collection of Suicide Notes* (New York: Riverhead Books, 1997).

Richard J. Evans, *Rituals of Retribution: Capital Punishment in Germany 1600-1987* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996).

Erich Eyck, *Bismarck and the German Empire* (New York: Norton, 1964 repr. of 1950 ed.).

Edward Clinton Ezell, *Small Arms of the World: A Basic Manual of Small Arms*, 12th ed. (New York: Stackpole Books, 1983).

Edward Clinton Ezell, *Small Arms Today: Latest Reports on the World's Weapons and Ammunition*, 1st ed. (Harrisburg, Pennsylvania: Stackpole Books, 1984).

Brian M. Fagan, *Kingdoms of Gold, Kingdoms of Jade: The Americas Before Columbus* (New York: Thames and Hudson, 1991).

Frantz Fanon, *The Wretched of the Earth* (New York: Grove Press/Evergreen Black Cat Edition, 1968; orig. French ed. 1961). [Fanon is also cited by me in Kaplan and Kaplan.]

"This Infernal War": The Confederate Letters of Sgt. Edwin H. Fay, ed. Bell Irvin Wiley, with Lucy E. Fay (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1958; orig. texts mid-19th cent.).

"FC," *The Unabomber Manifesto: Industrial Society and its Future* (Berkeley, California: Jolly Roger Press, 1995).

Federal Bureau of Investigation, *Uniform Crime Reports for the United States, 1995* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, October 13, 1996). [Cited as "FBI."]

Kirby Ferris, *A Mountain of Lies: The Apprehension and Arrest of Idaho's Randy Weaver* (Stinson Beach, California Republic: Rapid Lightning Press, 1993).

Joachim C. Fest, *The Face of the Third Reich: Portraits of the Nazi Leadership*, trans. Michael Bullock (New York: Ace Books, 1970).

Paul Finkelman, ed., *His Soul Goes Marching On: Responses to John Brown and the Harpers Ferry Raid* (Charlottesville: University Press of Virginia, 1995).

L.F. Fitzhardinge, *The Spartans* (London: Thames and Hudson, Ancient Peoples and Places ser., 1985).

Sheila Fitzpatrick, *Stalin's Peasants: Resistance and Survival in the Russian Village After Collectivization* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1994).

Elizabeth Gurley Flynn, *Sabotage: The Conscious Withdrawal of the Workers' Industrial Efficiency* [pamphlet] (Cleveland, Ohio: W.W. Publishing Bureau, October 1961; since withdrawn as official literature; repr. by Pirate Press, Sheffield, n.d.; title no. 19).

Dave Foreman and Bill Haywood, ed., *Ecodefense: A Field Guide to Monkeywrenching*, 2nd. ed. (Tucson, Arizona: Ned Ludd Books, 1987).

Charles W. Fornara, ed. and trans., *Translated Documents of Greece and Rome*, vol. 1, *Archaic Times to the End of the Peloponnesian War* (Baltimore: Johns Hopkins [ser. ed. E. Badian and Robert K. Sherk], 1977).

Nicholas G. Fotion, *Military Ethics: Looking Toward the Future* (Stanford, California: Hoover Institution Press, 1990).

Benjamin Franklin, *Essays, Articles, Bagatelles, and Letters, Poor Richard's Almanack, Autobiography* (New York: Library of America, 1987).

Douglas Southall Freeman, *Lee's Lieutenants*, vol. 1: *Manassas to Malvern Hill* (New York: Scribner's 1970 repr. of 1940 ed.).

Kathleeen Freeman, *The Murder of Herodes and Other Trials from the Athenian Law Courts* (New York: Norton, 1963).

The Major Works of Sigmund Freud (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 54, 1952).

Sigmund Freud, *Dora: An Analysis of a Case of Hysteria* (New York: Collier Books, 1963; original papers 1905-09).

Christof Friedrich and Eric Thomson, *The Hitler We Loved and Why* (Reedy, West Virginia: White Power Publications, 1977).

Karl F. Friday, *Hired Swords: The Rise of Private Warrior Power in Early Japan* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1992).

François Furet and Mona Ozouf, ed., *A Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution*, trans. Arthur Goldhammer (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1989).

Galen: *See* Hippocrates & Galen.

M.K. Gandhi, *Non-Violent Resistance (Satyagraha)* (New York: Schocken Books, 1961 repr. of 1951 Navajivan Trust ed.).

David J. Garrow, *Bearing the Cross: Martin Luther King and the Southern Christian Leadership Conference* (New York: William Morrow & Co., Inc., 1986).

David Garrow, ed., *Martin Luther King, Jr.: Civil Rights Leader, Theologian, Orator* (3 vols.) (Brooklyn, New York: Carlson Publishing, Inc., 1989).

The Marcus Garvey and Universal Negro Improvement Association Papers, ed. Robert A. Hill, vol. VI: September 1924-December 1927 (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1989).

Daniel Gerould, *Guillotine: Its Legend and Lore* (New York: Blast Books, 1992).

Véronique Garros, Natalia Korenevskaya and Thomas Lahusen, ed., *Intimacy and Terror: Soviet Diaries of the 1930s*, trans. Carol A. Plath (New York: The New Press,1995).

Michael P. Ghiglieri, *The Dark Side of Man: Tracing the Origins of Male Violence* (Reading, Massachusetts: Perseus Books, Helix Books, a Cornelia and Michael Bessie Book, 1999).

Edward Gibbon, *The Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire*, 2 vols. (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, nos. 40-41, 1952, repr. of Everyman version; orig. ed. 1787).

G.M. Gilbert, Ph.D., *Nuremberg Diary* (New York: Da Capo repr. of 1947 ed., 1995).

Lidiya Ginzburg, *Blockade Diary*, trans Alan Myers (London: The Harvill Press, 1995).

Misha Glenny, *The Fall of Yugoslavia: The Third Balkan War* (New York: Penguin, 1993).

Count Arthur de Gobineau, *The Inequality of the Races*, trans. Adrain Collins. M.A. (Los Angeles: The Noontide Press, 1966 trans. of first vol. of 1854 ed.).

Joseph Goebbels, *The Goebbels Diaries*, ed. and trans. Louis P. Lochner (New York; Award Books, 1971).

Michael Gold, *Life of John Brown, Centennial of His Execution* (New York: Roving Eye Press, 1960).

A.B. Goldenweizer, *Talks with Tolstoy*, trans S.S. Koteliansky and Virginia Woolf (New York: Horizon Press, 1969).

Emma Goldman, *On the Shooting of Henry Clay Frick* [pamphlet] (Sheffield, U.K.: Pirate Presss, no. 15, n.d.; repr. sels. from *Living My Life*).

Francisco López de Gómara, *Cortés: The Life of the Conqueror by his Secretary*, trans. and ed. Lesley Byrd Simpson from 1552 ed. (Berkeley: University of California, 1964).

Migene Gonzalez-Wippler, *Santería: African Magic in Latin America*, rev. ed. (New York: Original Publications, 1992).

George H. Gordon, *A War Diary of Events in the War of the Great Rebellion, 1863-1865* (Boston: James R. Osgood and Co., 1882).

Michael Grant, *Cleopatra* (New York: Routledge, 1995).

Michael Grant, *Greek and Roman Historians: Information and Misinformation* (New York: Routledge, 1995).

Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars* (New York: Barnes and Noble Books, 1996 repr. of 1975 ed.).

Ulysses S. Grant, *Personal Memoirs & Selected Letters* (New York: Library of America, 1990 repr. of 1885-86 ed. and 1967-85 ed., respectively).

War Letters of John Chipman Gray, Major, Judge Advocate, and John Codman Ropes, Historian of the War (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co. 1927; orig. letters mid-19th cent.).

Andrea Graziosi, *The Great Soviet Peasant War: Bolsheviks and Peasants, 1917-33* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: distrib. by Harvard University Press for the Ukrainian Research Institute, Harvard University, Harvard Papers in Ukrainian Studies ser., 1996).

Great Soviet Encyclopedia — Bol'shaia Sovetskaia Entisklopediia, ed. A. M. Prokhorov, 3rd. ed. (Moscow: Sovetskaia Entisklopediia Publishing House, 1979), ed. and trans. Jean Paradise et al (New York: Macmillan, Inc., 1976).

Peter Green, *The Greco-Persian Wars* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996 rev. repr. of 1969 ed., then called *The Year of Salamis*).

Susan Griffin, *Woman and Nature: The Roaring Inside Her* (New York: Harper Colophon, 1980 repr. of 1978 ed.).

James "Bo" Gritz, *Called to Serve: Profiles in Conspiracy from John F. Kennedy to George Bush* (Sandy Valley, Nevada: Lazarus Publishing Co., 1991).

Bo Gritz S.P.I.K.E. Training: Defense Against Restricted Entry (1995?).

Bo Gritz S.P.I.K.E. Training: Gun Control (1995?).

Arno Gruen, *The Insanity of Normality: Realism as Sickness: Toward Understanding Human Destructiveness*, trans. Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum (New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1992).

Erich S. Gruen, *The Last Generation of the Roman Republic* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1995 rev. ed. of 1974 ed.).

Heinz Guderian, *Panzer Leader*, trans. Constantine Fitzgibbon, abr. (New York: Ballantine Books, n.d.).

[Ernesto] Che Guevara, *Guerrilla Warfare* (Lincoln: University of Nebraska Press / Bison Books, 1985 repr. of 1961 trans.; orig. Spanish ed. 1960).

Subash C. Gupta, *Capital Punishment in India* (New Delhi: Deep and Deep Publications, 1986).

J.R. Hale, *Artists and Warfare in the Renaissance* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1990).

Philip Hallie, *Lest Innocent Blood Be Shed: The Story of the Village of Le Chambon and How Goodness Happened There* (New York: Harper Perennial, 1994).

Maria Morris Hambourg et al, *The Waking Dream: Photography's First Century (Selections from the Gilman Paper Company Collection)* (New York: Abrams / Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1993).

Pertti Hämäläinen, *Yemen*, 4th ed. (Oakland: Lonely Planet Publications, 1999 rev. of 1988 ed.).

Theodor Hampl, *Crime and Punishment in Germany as Illustrated by the Nuremburg Malefactors' Book*, trans. Malcolm Letts (New York: E.P. Dutton & co., 1929).

Henry Hampton and Steve Fayer, with Sarah Flynn, *Voices of Freedom: An Oral History of the Civil Rights Movement from the 1950s through the 1980s* (New York: Bantam Books, 1990).

Hansard's Parliamentary Debates, 3rd. ser., 37° Victoriae, 1874, vol. CCXVIII (5 March — 8 May 1874) (London: Cornelius Buck, 1877).

Victor Davis Hanson, ed., *Hoplites: The Classical Greek Battle Experience* (New York: Routledge, 1991).

David Harber, *Improvised Land Mines: Their Employment and Destructive Capabilities* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, 1992).

Garrett Hardin, *Exploring New Ethics for Survival: The Voyage of the Spaceship* Beagle (Baltimore: Penguin Books Inc., Pelican, 1973 repr. of 1972 ed.).

Richard Harwood, *Did Six Million Really Die? The Truth at Last* (no publisher, n.d.; available at the Aryan Nations compound in 1995; pamphlet; 28-pp.).

Ross Hassig, *Aztec Warfare: Imperial Expansion and Political Control* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, The Civilization of the American Indian ser., no. 188, 1988).

Murray Clark Havens, Carl Leiden and Karl M. Schmitt, *The Politics of Assassination* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, 1970).

Martin Heidegger, *Being and Time*, trans. John Macquarrie and Edward Robinson (New York: Harper and Row, 1962).

Robert Held, *Inquisition/Inquisicíon: A Bilingual Guide to the Exhibition of Torture Instruments from the Middle Ages to the Industrial Era, Presented in Various European Cities* (Florence: Qua d'Arno, 1985).

Arthur Helps, *The Life of Hernando Cortez* (New York: G.P. Putnam's Sons, 1871).

Ernest Hemingway, *A Farewell to Arms* (New York: Scribner's / Macmillan Hudson River Editions, 1988).

Herodotus, *The Histories*, trans. Aubrey de Sélincourt, rev. A.R. Burn (New York: Penguin, 1972 rev. of 1954 ed.).

Stephen Herrero, *Bear Attacks, Their Causes and Avoidance* (Toronto: McClelland and Stewart, Hurtig, 1985).

Hesiod, *The Works and Days, Theogony, The Shield of Herakles*, trans. Richard Lattimore (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1959).

Hippocrates, Hippocratic writings, trans. Francis Adams, and Galen, *On the Natural Faculties*, trans. Arthur John Brock, M.D. (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 10, 1952).

Herbert Hirsch and David C. Perry, ed., *Violence as Politics: A Series of Original Essays* (New York: Harper and Row, 1973).

Adolf Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, trans. Ralph Mannheim (Boston: Houghton Mifflin, 1971; orig. German ed. 1925-26).

Ho Chi Minh, *Selected Works*, vols. I-IV (Hanoi: Foreign Languages Publishing House, 1960).

Thomas Hobbes, *Leviathan* (New York: Penguin, 1968).

Abbie Hoffman [Free], *Revolution for the Hell of It* (New York: Simon & Schuster / Pocket Books, 1970 repr. of 1968 ed.).

Bert Hölldobler and Edward O. Wilson, *The Ants* (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The Belknap Press of Harvard University Press, 1990).

Harold Holzer, ed., *Dear Mr. Lincoln: Letters to the President* (New York: Addison-Wesley, 1993).

Homer, *The Iliad*, trans. Robert Fagles (New York: Viking, 1990).

Homer, *The Odyssey*, trans. Robert Fagles (New York: Viking, 1996).

The Odyssey of Homer, trans. Richard Lattimore (New York: Harper Perennial, 1965).

The Odyssey of Homer, trans. T.E. Lawrence (New York: Oxford University Press, 1991 repr. of 1932 ed.).

Simon Hornblower and Antony Spawforth, ed., *The Oxford Classical Dictionary*, 3rd. ed. (New York: Oxford University Press, 1996).

U.S. House of Representatives, Thirty-Ninth Congress First Session, *Memphis Riots and Massacres* (report no. 101), July 25, 1866.

U.S. House of Representatives, Ninetieth Congress, First Session, Committee on Un-American Activities [HUAC], *The Present-Day Ku Klux Klan Movement* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, December 11, 1967).

[U.S.] House of Representatives, One Hundred Fourth Congress, Second Session, Committee on Government Reform and Oversight, in conjunction with the Committee on the Judiciary, *Investigation into the Activities of Federal Law Enforcement Agencies Toward the Branch Davidians (Union Calendar No. 395, Thirteenth Report, 104-749)* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office [DOCID: f:hr749.104]; from the House Reports Online via GPO Access, August 2, 1996.). [Cited as "U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform."]

Henry Howe, *Historical Collections of Ohio in Two Volumes: An Encyclopedia of the State...*, vol. 2 (Cincinnati: C.J. Krehbiel & Co., 1907 repr.? of 1888 ed.).

Julia Ward Howe and the Woman Suffrage Movement: A Selection from Her Speeches and Essays, ed. Florence Howe Hall (Boston: Dana Estes & Co., 1913).

Joe Hudson and Burt Galaway, ed., *Considering the Victim: Readings in Restitution and Victim Compensation* (Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, 1975).

Rezak Hukanovic, *The Tenth Circle of Hell: A Memoir of Life in the Death Camps of Bosnia*, trans. Colleen London and Midhat Ridjanovíc (New York: HarperCollins, A New Republic Book, Basic Books, 1996 trans. of 1993 ed.).

Ivor Nöel Hume, *The Virginia Adventure: Roanoke to James Towne, An Archaeological and Historical Odyssey* (New York: Alfred A. Knopf, 1994).

Derek Humphry, *Let Me Die Before I Wake: Hemlock's Book of Self-Deliverance for the Dying* (Los

Angeles: The Hemlock Society, 1982 rev.[?] repr. of 1981 member's draft).

Derek Humphry with Ann Wickett, *Jean's Way* (Glendale, California: Great Western Publishing Co., 1981 rev. repr. of 1978 British ed.).

Saddam Hussein interviewed by Kuwaiti press, *On Gulf War* (Dar Al'Ma'mun, Ministry of Information and Culture, 1988).

Aldous Huxley, *The Perennial Philosophy* (San Francisco: Harper Colophon Books, 1970 repr. of 1944 ed.).

Hu`ynh Sanh Thông, ed. and trans., *To Be Made Over: Tales of Socialist Reeducation in Vietnam* (New Haven: Yale Center for International and Area Studies, Lac-Viêt Series, no. 5; co-published with the William Joiner Center, Boston, 1988).

The Memoirs of Lady Hyegyong: The Autobiographical Writings of a Crown Princess of Eighteenth-Century Korea, trans. JaHyun Kim Haboush (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1996).

Samuel Hynes, *A War Imagined: The First World War and English Culture* (New York: Atheneum, 1991).

Samuel Hynes et al, *Reporting World War II: Part One: American Journalism 1938-1944* (New York: Library of America, 1995).

Samuel Hynes et al, *Reporting World War II: Part Two: American Journalism 1944-1946* (New York: Library of America, 1995).

Igor Ilyinsky, *What is the Konsomol?* (Moscow: Novosti Press Agency Publishing House, 1978).

M. Imamovic and R. Mahmutcehajic, *Bosnia and the Bosnian Muslims vol. 4: The Genocide Against the Bosnian Muslims* [pamphlet] (Sarajevo, 1991).

The Infantry School, Fort Benning, Georgia, *Hits Count! Special Text 23-5-1: How to Fire the M14E2 and M14M2 Effectively in Combat!* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, n.d.; repr. of 1954 ed.).

IRSM/First of May Group, *Towards a Citizens' Militia: Anarchist Alternatives to NATO and the Warsaw Pact* [pamphlet] (Sanday, Orkney, U.K.: Cienfuegos Press, Over the Water, n.d.; *ca.* 1985).

David C. Isby, *War in a Distant Country: Afghanistan: Invasion and Resistance* (London: Arms and Armour, 1989).

S.D. Islahi, *Islam at a Glance*, trans. M. Zafar Iqbal, 6th ed. (Lahore: Islamic Publications (Pvt) Ltd., 1994; orig. ed. 1977).

Academician Pavle Ivic, Serbian Council President, et al, *Report of the Serbian Council Information Center on Harassment and Ethnic Cleansins in Western Salvonia by the Authorities of the Republic of Croatia* (Belgrade: Srpski Sabor Informacioni Centar, October 31, 1992) [pamphlet].

Japan Institute of Labour, *Japanese Working Life Profile: Labour Statistics* [pamphlet] (Tokyo: Yoshida Printing Inc., 1992).

Thomas Jefferson, *Writings* (New York: Library of America, 1984).

Jean-Pierre Jessenne, Gilles Deregnaucourt, Jean-Pierre Hirsch, Hervé Leuwers, ed., *Robespierre: De la Nation artésienne à la République et aux Nations (Actes du colloque, Arras, 1-2-3 avril 1993)* (Villeneuve: Centre d'Historie de la R´gion du Nord et de l'Europe du Nord-Ouest, Collection "Historie et Littérature Régionales", no. 11, 1993).

Joan of Arc in Her Own Words, comp. & trans. Willard Trask (New York: Books and Company / Tuttle, 1996).

Robert W. Johannsen, *Lincoln, the South, and Slavery: The Political Dimension* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State University Press, 1991).

The Papers of Andrew Johnson, vol. 8, May-August 1865, ed. Paul H. Bergeron (Knoxville: University of Texas Press, 1989).

President Lyndon B. Johnson, public papers: *Weekly Compilation of Presidential Documents, 1967* (Washington D.C.: Office of the Federal Register, National Archives and Records Service, 1967).

Thomas L. Johnson, *Twenty-Eight Years a Slave, or, the Story of My Life on Three Continents* (Bournemouth: W. Mate and Sons Ltd., 1909).

James Jones, *The Thin Red Line* (New York: Scribner's / Macmillan Hudson River Editions, 1962).

Proctor Patterson Jones, ed., *Napoleon: An Intimate Account of the Years of Supremacy 1800-1814* (San Francisco: Proctor Jones Publishing Company, distrib. Random House, 1992).

David P. Jordan, *The Revolutionary Career of Maximilien Robespierre* (New York: Macmillan / Free Press, 1985).

Judicial Affairs General Research Institute [Japan], *White Paper on Crime: Actual Status and Measure of Atrocity Crime* (Tokyo, 1996). [In Japanese.]

Julian the Apostate [Flavius Claudius Iulianus], *Works*, with an English trans. by Wilmer Cave Wright (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Library, 1913; orig. Latin ed. of "The Caesars" written A.D. 361.).

Madame Junot: *See* Duchess d'Abrantes.

Justinian [Flavius Petrus Sabbatius Iustinianus], comp., *The Digest of Roman Law: Theft, Rapine, Damage and Insult*, trans. Colin Kolbert (New York: Penguin, 1979).

Ka-Tzetnik, *Star of Ashes*, with lithographs by Gershon Knispel and "Hamemora" (Tel Aviv, "Hamenonra" Publishing House, n.d., triple parallel texts).

Sudhir Kakar, *The Colours of Violence* (New Delhi: Viking Penguin Books India, 1995).

Herman Kahn, Physics Division, *The Nature and Feasibility of War and Deterrence* [pamphlet] (Santa Monica, California: The Rand Corporation, P-1888-RC, January 20, 1960).

Robert A. Kann, *A History of the Habsburg Empire 1526-1918* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1977 corr. repr.).

Immanuel Kant, *The Critique of Pure Reason, The Critique of Practical Reason and Other Ethical Treatises, The Critique of Judgement* (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 42, 1952).

Lawrence and Carol Kaplan, ed., *Revolutions: A Comparative Study from Cromwell to Castro* (New York: Random House, 1973).

Vladimir Karpov [with text by Georgii Drozdov and Evgenii Ryabko, trans. Lydia Kmetyuk], *Russia at War: 1941-45* (London: Stanley Paul, 1987).

John Keegan, *The Battle for History: Re-Fighting World War II* (New York: Vintage, 1995).

John Keegan, *A History of Warfare* (New York: Vintage, 1993).

John Keegan, *The Mask of Command* (New York: Penguin, 1988).

The Memoirs of Field-Marshal {Wilhelm} Keitel, ed. Walter Gorlitz, trans. David Irving (New York: Stein & Day, 1966).

Ian Kershaw, *Hitler 1936-1945: Nemesis* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., 2000).

KGB: *See* USSR Committee for State Security.

(Khun Sa and the Mong Tai Army,) *Khun Sa: His Own Story and His Thoughts* [Mae Hong Song?: pamphlet, *ca.* 1995].

Claudia Brush Kidwell and Valerie Steele, *Men and Women: Dressing the Part* (Washington: Smithsonian Institution Press, 1989).

David King, *The Commissar Vanishes: The Falsification of Photographs and Art in Stalin's Russia* (New York: Henry Holt & Co., Metropolitan Books, 1997).

The Papers of Martin Luther King, Jr., vol. 1, "Called to Serve: January 1929-June 1951" (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1992).

A Testament of Hope: The Essential Writings and Speeches of Martin Luther King, Jr., ed. James Melvin Washington (HarperSanFrancisco, 1986).

Martin Luther King, Jr., *The Trumpet of Conscience* (New York: Harper & Row, 1967).

Danilo Kis, *A Tomb for Boris Davidovich*, trans. Duska Mikic-Mitchell (New York: Penguin, 1980; orig. Serbo-Croatian ed. 1976).

Frank Kitson, *Low Intensity Operations: Subversion, Insurgency, Peace-Keeping* (Harrisburg, PA: Stackpole Books, 1971).

Lily Klasner, *My Girlhood Among Outlaws*, ed. Eve Ball (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1972).

Heinrich von Kleist, *The Prince of Homburg: A Play in Five Acts*, trans. Charles Passage (Indianapolis: Liberal Arts Press, Bobbs-Merrill, 1965).

Slobodan Kljakic, *A Conspiracy of Silence: Genocide in the Independent State of Croatia and Concentration Camp Jasenovac* [pamphlet] (Beograd, The Ministry of Information of the Republic of Serbia, 1991).

Ken Knabb, *The Realization and Suppression of Religion* [pamphlet] (Berkeley, California: Bureau of Public Secrets, 1977).

Lenka von Koerber, *Soviet Russia Fights Crime*, trans. Mary Fowler (New York: E.P. Dutton and Co., 1935; orig. German ed. 1934).

Arthur Koestler, *The Act of Creation* (New York: Dell Publishing Co., Laurel ed., 1967; orig. ed. 1964; first part pub. 1949).

Arthur Koestler, *Dialogue with Death*, trans. Trevor and Phyllis Blewitt (London: Hutchinson of London, Uniform Danube Edition, 1966).

Arthur Koestler, *The Invisible Writing* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1955).

Eugen Kogon, *The Theory and Practice of Hell: The German Concentration Camps and the System Behind Them*, trans. Heinz Norden (New York: Berkley Publishing: Berkley Windhover, 1975 repr. of 1950 ed.).

Gyorgi Konrád, *The Loser* (New York: Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, 1982).

George Konrád, *The Melancholy of Rebirth: Essays from Post-Communist Central Europe*, ed. and trans. Michael Henry Heim (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. / Harvest, 1995).

Jerzy Kosinski, *Notes of the Author on "The Painted Bird"* (New York: Scientia-Factum, Inc., 1967).

Heinrich Kramer and James Sprenger, *The Malleus Maleficarum*, trans. Rev. Montague R. Summers (New York: Dover Publications, Inc., 1971 repr. of 1948 rev. ed; orig. Latin ed. *ca.* 1484).

The Infancy of Nazism: The Memoirs of Ex-Gauleiter Albert Krebs 1923-1933, ed. and trans. William Sheridan Allen (New York: New Viewpoints, a div. of Franklin Watts, 1976; orig. German texts pub. 1959).

Peter Kropotkin, *Ethics: Origin and Development*, trans. Louis S. Friedland and Joseph R. Piroshnikoff (Montréal: Black Rose Books, 1992 repr. of 1924 posthumous ed.).

Peter Kropotkin, *On Order* [pamphlet] (Sheffield, U.K.: Pirate Presss, no. 16, n.d.).

[Nikita S. Kruschev], *Conquest Without War*, comp. and ed. N.H. Mager and Jacques Katel (New York: Pocket Books, Cardinal ed., June 1961).

W.S. Kuniczak, *The Thousand Hour Day* (New York: The Dial Press, 1966).

Dan Kurzman, *The Bravest Battle: The 28 Days of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1993).

Anatoli [Kuznetsov], *Babi Yar: A Document in the Form of a Novel*, trans. David Floyd (New York: Pocket Books, 1971).

Alice M. Laborde, Ph.D., *Correspondances du Marquis de Sade et de ses proches enrichies se documents notes et commentaires*, vol. IV: 1767-1771: L'affaire Kailir (Paris: Champion-Slatkine, 1991).

Jean Lacouture, *André Malraux*, trans. and abr. Alan Sheridan (New York: Pantheon, 1975 trans. of 1973 ed.).

Jean Lacouture, *Historie de France en 100 tableaux* (Paris: Éditions Hazon, 1996).

R.D. Laing, *Knots* (New York: Vintage, 1970).

David Lane, *Under This Sign You Shall Conquer: Identity* (Hayden Lake, Idaho: Church of Jesus Christ Christian, n.d.).

Barbara Miller Lane and Leila J. Rupp, ed. and trans., *Nazi Ideology before 1933: A Documentation* (Austin: University of Texas Press, 1978).

Jochen von Lang and Claus Sibyll, ed., *Eichmann Interrogated: Transcripts from the Archives of the Israeli Police*, trans. Ralph Mannheim (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1983).

Algot Lange, *In the Amazon Jungle: Adventures in Remote Parts of the Upper Amazon River, Including A Sojourn Among Cannibal Indians* (New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons / The Knickerbocker Press, 1912).

A.J. Langguth, *Hidden Terrors: The Truth About U.S. Police Operations in Latin America* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1978).

A.J. Langguth, *A Noise of War: Caesar, Pompey, Octavian and the Struggle for Rome* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994).

Walter Laqueur, ed., *The Terrorism Reader: A Historical Anthology* (New York: Meridian / New American Library, 1978).

John Lawson, *A New Voyage to Carolina* (1709), ed. Hugh Talmage Lefler (Chapel Hill: The University of North Carolina Press, 1967).

T.E. Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom: A Triumph* (New York: Penguin Books, 1962 repr. of 1926 ed.).

Annie Le Brun, *Sade: A Sudden Abyss*, trans. Camille Naish (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1990 trans. of 1986 French ed.).

Seymour Lecker, *Deadly Brew: Advanced Improvised Explosives* (Boulder: Paladin, 1987).

Seymour Lecker, *Shock Sensitive Industrial Materials: Advanced Improvised Explosives vol. 2* (Boulder: Paladin, 1988).

Ki-baik Lee, *A New History of Korea*, trans. Edward W. Wagner with Edward J. Schultz (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, 1984 trans. of 1967 Korean ed.).

Georges Lefebvre, *The French Revolution from its Origins to 1793*, trans. Elizabeth Moss Evanson (New York: Columbia University Press, 1962).

Georges Lefebvre, *Napoleon from 18 Brumaire to Tilsit 1799-1807*, trans. Henry F. Stockhold (New York: Columbia University Press, 1969).

V.I. Lenin, *Selected Works in Three Volumes*, rev. ed. (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1977).

Lenin: From the Secret Archive, ed. Richard Pipes (New Haven: Yale University Press, Annals of Communism ser., 1996).

Maurice Lever, *Sade: A Biography*, trans. and abr. Arthur Goldhammer (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. / Harvest, 1993).

Primo Levi, *Survival in Auschwitz: The Nazi Assault on Humanity*, trans. Stuart Woolf (New York: Collier / Macmillian, 1961).

Nora Levin, *The Holocaust: The Destruction of European Jewry 1933-45* (New York: Schocken, 1973).

Claude Lévi-Strauss, *The Elementary Structures of Kinship*, rev. ed., trans. James Harle Bell, John Richard von Sturmer and Rodney Needham, ed. (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969 trans. of 1967 rev. French ed.).

George Henry Lewes, *Life of Maximilien Robespierre* (London: Chapman and Hall, 1849).

John Wilson Lewis, ed., *Peasant Rebellion and Communist Revolution in Asia* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1974).

Dr. Li Zhisui, *The Private Life of Chairman Mao: The Memoirs of Mao's Personal Physician*, trans. Prof. Tai Hung-chao (New York: Random House, 1994).

B.H. Liddell Hart, *The German Generals Talk* (New York: Quill repr. of 1948 ed., 1979).

B.H. Liddell Hart, *Strategy*, 2nd. rev. ed. (New York: Meridian repr. of 1954 ed., 1991).

Robert Jay Lifton and Eric Markusen, *The Genocidal Mentality: Nazi Holocaust and Nuclear Threat* (New York: Basic Books, Inc., 1990).

Abraham Lincoln, vol. 1, *Speeches, Letters, Miscellaneous Writings, The Lincoln-Douglas Debates* (New York: Library of America, 1989).

Abraham Lincoln, vol. 2, *Speeches, Letters, Miscellaneous Writings, Presidential Messages and Proclamations* (New York: Library of America,1989).

Franklin Lindsay, *Beacons in the Night: With the OSS and Tito's Partisans in Wartime Yugoslavia* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1993).

Bertil Lintner, *Burma in Revolt: Opium and Insurgency Since 1948* (Bangkok: White Lotus, 1994).

Hugh Lloyd-Jones, *The Justice of Zeus* (Berkeley: The University of California Press, Sather Classical Lectures, vol. 41, 1971).

Jack London, *Novels and Social Writings* (New York: The Library of America, 1982).

Duncan Long, *The Survival Armory*, ed. Larry Combs (El Dorado, Arizona: Desert Publications, 1994).

City of Long Beach, California, Police Department, Gang Violence Suppression Detail, "Index of Long Beach Street Gangs" (rev. 11-08-95) [loose sheets].

Phillip Lopate, ed., *The Art of the Personal Essay: An Anthology from the Classical Era to the Present* (New York: Anchor/Doubleday, 1994).

Andrew Lossky, ed., *The Seventeenth Century: 1600-1715* (New York: The Free Press, Sources in Western Civilization ser. [primary source anthologies]), 1967).

[Louis XIV], *A King's Lessons in Statecraft: Louis XIV: Letters to his Heirs*, comp. Jean Longnon, trans. Herbert Wilson (Port Washington, New York: Kennikat Press, 1970 repr. of 1924 ed.; orig. letters 17th cent.).

Ignatius de Loyola, *Powers of Imagining: A Philosphical Hermeneutic of Imagining through the Collected Works of Ignatius de Loyola, With a Translation of Those Works*, ed. Antonio T. de Nicolas (Albany: State University of New York Press, 1986).

Cronid Lubarsky, *List of Political Prisoners in the USSR as on 1 May 1982* (Munich: USSR News Brief: Human Rights, 1982).

Lucan [Marcus Annaeus Lucanus], *Civil War*, trans. Susan M. Braund (New York: Oxford, 1992; orig. unfinished Latin version A.D. 66).

James Lucas, *War on the Eastern Front: The German Soldier in Russia 1941-1945* (Novato, California: Presidio Press, 1979).

Don Luce and John Sommer, *Viet Nam — The Unheard Voices* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1969).

Lucretius, *On the Nature of Things*, trans. H.A.J. Munro; *The Discourses of Epictetus*, trans. George Long; *The Meditations of Marcus Aurelius*, trans. George Long (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 12, 1952; orig. texts *ca.* 55 B.C., *ca.* 135 A.D., *ca.* 175 A.D.).

Martin Luther: Selections from His Writings, ed. John Dillenberger (New York: Anchor Books, 1961).

Lorenz Otto Lutherer and Margaret Sheffield Simon, *Targeted: The Anatomy of an Animal Rights Attack* (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1992).

Rosa Luxemburg, *The Russian Revolution* and *Leninism or Marxism* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1961).

Rosa Luxemburg, *Selected Political Writings*, ed. Dick Howard (New York: Monthly Review Press, 1971).

Staughton Lynd and Thomas Hayden, *The Other Side* (New York: The New American Library, 1966).

Andrew Macdonald [aka William L. Pierce], *The Turner Diaries*, 2nd ed. (New York: Barricade Books, Inc., 1996 intro. & repr. of 1980 ed.).

Douglas M. McDowell, *The Law in Classical Athens* (Ithaca, NY: Cornell University Press, Aspects of Greek and Roman Life ser., 1978).

Nicolò Machiavelli, *The Prince*, trans. W.K. Marrioti (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica / University of Chicago, 1952 repr. of Everyman ed.; orig. ed. 1513).

Dale Maharidge (with photographs by Michael Williamson), *Journey to Nowhere: The Saga of the New Underclass* (New York: Hyperion, 1996 repr. of 1985 ed.).

Sir Henry Sumner Maine, *Ancient Law: Its Connection with the Early History of Society and its Relation to Modern Ideas* (New York: Dorset Press, 1986 repr. of 1861 ed.).

Noel Malcolm, *Bosnia: A Short History* (London: Macmillan, 1994).

André Malraux, *Anti-Memoirs*, trans. Terence Kilmartin (New York: Bantam, 1970).

André Malraux, *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg*, trans. A.W. Fielding (Chicago: The University of Chicago Press, 1992 repr. of 1952 trans.; orig. French ed. 1948).

Peter Mancall, *Deadly Medicine: Indians and Alcohol in Early America* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1995).

Ernest Mandel, *Trotsky as Alternative*, trans. Gus Fagan (New York: Verso Books, 1995).

Christopher Manes, *Green Rage: Radical Environmentalism and the Unmaking of Civilization* (Boston: Little, Brown & Co., 1990).

Tom Mangold and John Penycate, *The Tunnels of Cu Chi: The Untold Story of Vietnam* (New York: Random House, 1985).

Coramae Richey Mann, *When Women Kill* (Albany: State University of New York Press, SUNY Series in Violence, 1996).

Mary C. Mansfield, *The Humiliation of Sinners: Public Penance in Thirteenth-Century France* (Ithaca, New York: Cornell University Press, 1995).

Field-Marshal Erich von Manstein, *Lost Victories: The War Memoirs of Hitler's Most Brilliant General*, ed. and trans. Anthony C. Powell (Novato, California: Presidio Press, 1994 repr. of 1958 abridged trans.; original German ed. 1955), p. 22.

Mao Tse-Tung, *On Guerrilla Warfare {Yu Chi Chan}*, trans. Brigadier Samuel B. Griffith, USMC (ret.) (New York: Frederick A. Praeger, 1961).

Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1967). [The "Little Red Book."]

Selected Readings from the Works of Mao Tsetung [the "Little Red Book"], (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1971).

Manning Marable, *On Malcolm X, His Message and Meaning* (Westfield, New Jersey: Open Magazine Pamphlet Series, no. 22, 1992).

Ed Maranan, ed., *Bakun: Three Martyrs for the People* (Manila: Bakun Martyrs' Committee, 1987).

Hon. Vito Marantonio, Member of Congress from New York, *Security with FDR* (pamphlet) (New York: American People's Mobilization, n.d.; *ca.* 1941).

Marcus Aurelius: *See* Lucretius.

Michael Maren, *The Road to Hell: The Ravaging Effects of Foreign Aid and International Charity* (New York: The Free Press, 1997).

Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche, *Madame ma chère fille*, ed. Chantal Thomas (Paris: Mercure de France, 1996).

Mirko Markovich, *The Yugoslavian Front Against Fascism: The Truth About the Partisan Army and the Legend of Drazha Mikhailovich* (Pittsburgh, Pennsylvania: Slobodna Rech, Serbian Language Newspaper, November 1942).

Tom Marks, *Making Revolution: The Insurgency of the Communist Party of Thailand in Structural Perspective* (Bangkok: White Lotus, Studies in Contemporary Thailand ser. no. 3, 1994).

Peter Marsden, *The Taliban: War, Religion and the New Order in Afghanisan* (Karachi: Oxford University Press, 1998).

Victor E. Marsden, trans., *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion, Translated from the Russian of {Sergius A.} NILUS* (anonymously published, 1934; purchased at the Aryan Nations compound in Idaho, 1995; orig. Russian ed. 1905).

Emily Martin, *The Woman in the Body: A Cultural Analysis of Reproduction* (Boston: Beacon Press, 1987).

Len Martin, *Black vs. White Equals Slavery: The Color Bomb* (Boring, Oregon: CPA Book Publisher, 1994).

Len Martin, *Feds Lose Big: The Weaver Trial* (Boring, Oregon: CPA Book Publisher, 1993).

Karl Marx, *Capital: A Critique of Political Economy*, vol. 1, trans. Ben Fowkes (New York: Vintage, 1977).

Karl Marx, *A Contribution to the Critique of Political Economy* (Chicago: Charles H. Kerr & Co., 1904).

Karl Marx, *Selected Writings*, ed. David McLellan (New York: Oxford University Press, 1977 (orig. texts 1837-62).

Karl Marx on Revolution, ed. and trans. Saul K. Padover (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1971).

Karl Marx and Frerick Engels, *The German Ideology* (New York: International Publishers, 1970).

Louis P. Masur, *Rites of Execution: Capital Punishment and the Transformation of American Culture 1776-1865* (New York: Oxford, 1989).

Charles Leopold Mayer, *Man Faces His Destiny*, trans. Heloise Norwell, J.S. Norwell, and D.C. Fox (London: Johnson, 1968).

Don McCullin, *Sleeping with Ghosts: A Life's Work in Photography* (New York: Aperture, 1996).

Annjenette Sophie McFarlin, *Black Congressional Reconstruction Orators and Their Orations 1869-1879* (Meuchen, New Jersey: The Scarecrow Press, Inc. 1967).

Robert H. McNeal, *Bride of the Revolution: Krupskaya and Lenin* (Ann Arbor: The University of Michigan Press, 1972).

Media Center Belgrade, *Political Guide to Yugoslavia and Address List* (Belgrade: Press documents, no. 6, 1997).

Medical Examiner's Office, City and County of San Francisco, annual report, July 1, 1994—June 30, 1995.

Medical Examiner's Office, City and County of San Francisco, *Digest of Rules and Regulations*

[pamphlet], June 1996.

Christian Meier, *Caesar: A Biography*, trans. David McLintock (HarperCollins: BasicBooks, 1995; orig. German ed. 1982).

Bernadine Melchior-Bonnet, *Les guerres de Religion 1547-1610* (Paris: Librairie Larousse, Historie de France illustrée, 1986).

Maurice Merleau-Ponty, *Humanism and Terror: An Essay on the Communist Problem*, trans. John O'Neill (Boston: Beacon Press, 1969).

The Metropolitan Museum of Art, *Greece and Rome* [catalogue] (New York: Metropolitan Museum of Art at Home ser., no. 1, 1978).

Mary Midgley, *Animals and Why They Matter* (Athens: The University of Georgia Press, 1983).

Czeslaw Milosz, *The History of Polish Literature*, 2nd. ed. (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1983; orig. ed. 1969).

Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], Statistics and Information Department, *Population Trends Statistics Special Report: Suicide Death Statistics* (Tokyo, 1988). [In Japanese.]

Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], Minister's Secretariat, Statistics and Information Department, *Vital Statistics of Japan 1994*, vol. 1 (Tokyo, 1996). [Partly in Japanese.]

Jeannie Mippigaq, *Memories from Kuujuarapik* , ed. and trans. Sarah Naluktuk et al (Inukjuak, Nunavik, Quebec: Avataq Cultural Institute, 1990).

Yukio Mishima, *Death in Midsummer and Other Stories*, various trans. (New York: New Directions Publishing Co., 1966).

Yukio Mishima, *Madame de Sade*, trans. Donald Keene (New York: Grove Press, 1967).

Yukio Mishima, *Runaway Horses* (vol. 2 of the "Sea of Fertility" tetralogy), trans. Michael Gallagher (New York: Vintage, 1990 repr. of 1973 ed.).

Yukio Mishima, *Sun and Steel*, trans. John Bester (New York: Grove Press, 1970; orig. Japanese text before 1970).

Claude Moatti, *In Search of Ancient Rome*, trans. Anthony Zielonka (New York: Harry N. Abrams, Discoveries ser., 1993; orig. French ed. 1989).

Lt. Col. Gordon "Jack" Mohr, AUS Ret., *Race Mixing: A Social and Spiritual Disaster!* (no publisher or date; possibly printed by Christian Patriot Association Books, *ca.* 1990).

"MOJAHED," the Organ of the People's Mojahedin Organization of Iran, *How to Study the Qoran* [pamphlet] (U.S.A.: Moselem Students Society, August 1981).

Count Helmuth von Moltke, *Moltke on the Art of War: Selected Writings*, ed. Daniel J. Hughes, trans. Harry Bell and Daniel J. Hughes (San Francisco: Presidio Press, 1993).

Theodor Mommsen, *The Provinces of the Roman Empire from Caesar to Diocletian* (2 vols.), trans. William P. Dickson, corr. F. Haverfield (New York: Barnes and Noble Books, 1996 repr. of 1909 ed.; orig. German ed. 1885).

Major Frank Monaghan, *World War II: An Illustrated History* (Chicago: J.G. Ferguson and Associates and Geographical Publishing Co., 1943).

The Essays of Michel Eyquem de Montaigne, trans. Charles Cotton, ed. W. Carew Hazlitt (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 25, 1952).

Charles de Secondat, Baron de Montesquieu, *The Spirit of Laws*, trans. Thomas Nugent, rev. J.V.

Prichard (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books ser. [bound with Rousseau], no. 38, 1952; orig. French ed. 1748).

Sir Thomas More, *Utopia* (New York: Washington Square Press, 1965; orig. ed. 1516).

Lewis Henry Morgan, *League of the Iroquois* (Secaucus, New Jersey: Citadel Press / Lyle Suart, 1962 repr. of 1851 1st ed.).

William Morris, *The Story of Sigurd the Volsung and the Fall of the Niblungs* (London: Longmans, Green & Co., 1904).

George L. Mosse, comp., *Nazi Culture: Intellectual, Cultural and Social Life in the Third Reich* (New York: Grosset & Dunlap, The Universal Library, 1968).

Brian Moynahan, *The Russian Century: A Photographic History of Russia's 100 Years* (New York: Random House, 1994).

John Muir, *Nature Writings* (New York: Library of America, 1997; orig. texts late 19th — early 20th cent.).

Mumon Ekai, *Mumonkan (The Gateless Gate)*, in *Two Zen Classics*, trans. with commentaries by Katsuki Sekida (New York: Weatherhill, 1996 repr. of 1977 ed., trans. from 1228 ed.).

Brian Murdoch, ed. and trans., *The Dedalus Book of Medieval Literature: The Grin of the Gargoyle* (Cambs, U.K.: Dedalus, 1995).

Robert Musil, *The Man Without Qualities*, trans. Sophie Wilkins (New York: Knopf, 1995).

Dr. Norman Myers, ge. ed., *Gaia: An Atlas of Planetary Management* (New York: Doubleday Anchor Books / Gaia Books Ltd., 1984).

Peter Nabokov, ed., *Native American Testimony: A Chronicle of Indian-White Relations from Prophecy to the Present, 1492-1992* (New York: Viking Penguin, 1991).

Jack H. Nagel, *The Descriptive Analysis of Power* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1975).

The Military Maxims of Napoleon, trans. Lt.-Gen. Sir George C. D'Aguilar, C.B., ed. William E. Cairnes, intro. & comment. David G. Chandler (New York: Da Capo, 1995 repr. of 1831 trans.).

Napoleon on Napoleon: An Autobiography of the Emperor, ed. Somserset de Chair (London: Cassell Publishers Ltd., 1992).

Napoleon Self-Revealed in Three Hundred Selected Letters, ed. and trans. J. M. Thompson (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1934).

Richard K. Nelson, *Hunters of the Northern Ice* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1969).

Ingrid Newkirk, *Free the Animals: The Amazing True Story of the Animal Liberation Front* (New York: lantern Books, A Division of Booklight Inc., 2000).

Helmut Nickel, *Arms and Armor from the Permanent Collection* (New York: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, 1991).

Friedrich Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil: Prelude to a Philosophy of the Future*, trans. Walter Kaufmann (New York: Vintage, 1966; orig. German ed. 1886).

Bao Ninh, *The Sorrow of War: A Novel of North Vietnam*, trans. Phan Thanh Hao (New York: Pantheon, 1993).

Solomon Northrup [with David Wilson], *Twelve Years a Slave. Narrative of Solomon Northrup, A Citizen of New-York, Kidnapped in Washington City in 1841, and Rescued in 1853, from a Cotton Plantation Near the Red River in Louisiana*, ed. Sue Eakin and Joseph Logsdon (Baton Rouge:

Louisiana University State Press, 1968; orig. ed. 1853).

"Noted specialists," *Nature's Secrets Revealed: Scientific Knowledge of the Laws of Sex Life and Heredity, or, EUGENICS....*(Marietta, Ohio: The S.A. Mullikin Co., 1920).

Edward J. Nowicki and Dennis A. Ramsey, *Street Weapons* (Powers Lake, WI: Performance Dimensions Publishing, 1991).

Stephen B. Oates, *To Purge This Land with Blood: A Biography of John Brown*, 2nd ed. (Amherst: The University of Massachusetts Press, 1984).

Cleo Odzer, *Patpong Sisters: An American Woman's View of the Bangkok Sex World* (New York: Blue Moon Books, Arcade Publishing, 1994).

Kenzaburo Oe, *Hiroshima Notes*, trans. David L. Swain and Toshi Yonezawa (New York: Grove Press: 1996 repr. of 1981 trans.; orig. Japanese ed. 1965).

Emmanuel Ortìz, *Ex-Yugoslavie 1991-1996: "Le temps de comprendre"* (Paris: Éditions Florent-Massot, 1996).

Milton Osborne, *Sihanouk: Prince of Light, Prince of Darkness* (Chiang Mai: Silkworm Books, 1994).

Nikolai Ostrovsky, *How the Steel was Tempered: A Novel in Two Parts*, trans. R. Prokofieva (Moscow: Progress Publishers, 1979[?] repr. of 1934[?] ed.).

Laura L. O'Toole and Jessica R. Schiffman, ed., *Gender Violence: Interdisciplinary Perspectives* (New York: New York University Press, 1997).

Emmanuel Ortiz [with texts by seven international journalists], *Ex-Yougoslavie 1991-1996: "Le temps de compredre" (Photographies)* (Paris: Éditions Florent-Massot, 1996).

Richard Overy, *Interrogations: The Nazi Elite in Allied Hands, 1945* (New York: Viking, 2001).

Ovid [Publius Ovidius Naso], *The Art of Love and Other Poems*, trans. J. H. Mozely, 2nd ed., rev. G. P. Goold (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Classical Library, 1929, corr. 1985.; orig. Latin text *ca.* A.D. 1).

Ovid, *Metamorphoses*, trans. Frank Justus Miller (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Classical Library, 2 vols, 1916, corr. 1971.; orig. Latin text A.D. 7).

Stephen Owen, ed. and trans., *An Anthology of Chinese Literature: Beginnings to 1911* (New York: Norton, 1996).

The Collected Poems of Wilfred Owen, ed. C. Day Lewis (New York: New Directions, 1965 repr. of 1963 corr. ed.).

James O. Pace, *Amendment to the Constitution: Averting the Decline and Fall of America* (Los Angeles: Johnson, Pace, Simmons and Fennell Publishers, 1985).

Vance Packard, *The Hidden Persuaders* (New York: Pocket Books, 1961 repr. of 1957 ed.).

Boris Pahor, *Pilgrim Among the Shadows: A Memoir*, trans. Michael Biggins (New York: Harcourt Brace & Co, 1995; orig. Slovene ed. 1967).

Pan Pantziarka, *House of Pain* (London: Creation Books, Velvet ser., no. 6, 1995).

H.W. Parke, *The Oracles of Zeus: Dodonda, Olympia, Ammon* (Oxford: Basil Blackwell, 1967).

C. Parker, *The Constitution of the Five Nations, or, The Iroquois Book of the Great Law* (Albany, New York: New York State Museum Bulletin no. 184, April 1, 1916; repr. by Iroqrafts Ltd., Ontario, Canada, 1967).

Geoffrey Parker [et al], *The Thirty Years' War* (New York: Routledge, 1987 pbk. repr. of 1984 ed.).

Allen Paul, *Katyn: The Untold Story of Stalin's Polish Massacre* (New York: Scribner's, 1991).

Abel Paz, *The Spanish Civil War*, trans. David Britt, with photos from the Internationaal Instituut voor Sociale Geschiedenis in Amsterdam (Editions Hazan, Pocket Archive, 1997).

William T. Pecora, "Nature: An Environmental Yardstick", U.S.D.I. pamphlet (1972).

Robert Penn Warren, *John Brown: The Making of a Martyr* (New York: Payson & Clarke, Ltd., 1929).

Theda Perdue, *The Cherokee* (New York: Chelsea House, Indians of North America ser., p. 1989).

Régine Pernoud, *Joan of Arc by Herself and Her Witnesses*, trans. Edward Hyams (New York: Scarborough House, 1994 repr. of 1964 trans.).

Noel Perrin, *Giving Up the Gun: Japan's Reversion to the Sword, 1549-1879* (Boulder, Colorado: Shambhala, 1980).

Edward Peters, *Torture*, expanded ed. (Philadelphia: University of Pennsylvania Press, 1996 repr. of 1985 ed. with new preface, exp. bibl., append.).

Pastor Pete Peters, *The Real Hate Group* (LaPorte, Colorado: Scriptures for America, n.d.).

[Pastor Pete Peters or his organization], *Special Report on the Meeting of Christian Men Held in Estes Park, Colorado, October 23, 24, 25, 1992, Concerning the Killing of Vickie and Samuel Weaver by the United States Government* (LaPorte, Colorado: Scriptures for America Ministries).

Penny Petrone, ed. *First People, First Voices* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1983).

Penny Petrone, ed. *Northern Voices: Inuit Writing in English* (Toronto: University of Toronto Press, 1988).

Maria W. Piers, Ph.D., *Infanticide* (New York: Norton, 1978).

Chapman Pincher, *Traitors* (New York: Penguin, 1988).

Maurice Pinguet, *Voluntary Death in Japan*, trans. Rosemary Morris (Cambridge, England: Polity Press, 1993).

Richard I. Pipes, *The Russian Revolution* (New York: Vintage, 1991).

Richard I. Pipes, *Russia Under the Bolshevik Regime* (New York: Vintage, 1995).

Benn Pitman, recorder to the Commission, comp., *The Assassination of President Lincoln and the Trial of the Conspirators...*(New York: Moore, Wilstach & Baldwin, 1865).

Plato: The Collected Dialogues, ed. Edith Hamilton and Huntington Cairns (Princeton: Princeton University, Press, Bollingen Ser. LXXI, 1978 repr. of 1963 corr. ed; orig. Greek texts). All refs. to dialogues other than the *Republic* are to this vol.

The Republic of Plato, trans. Francis MacDonald Cornford (New York: Oxford University Press, 1945).

Plotinus, *The Six Enneads*, trans. Stephen MacKenna and B.S. Page (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica, Inc., Great Books of the Western World, no. 17, 1952).

Plutarch [of Chaeronea], *Essays*, trans. Robin Waterfield (New York: Penguin, 1992; orig. Latin text prob. late 1st. cent. A.D.).

Plutarch's Lives of Illustrious Men, trans. John Dryden and others, "the whole carefully revised and corrected" (New York: John B. Alden, n.d. [*ca.* 1900], repr. of selected lives from 1859

Little, Brown ed.; orig. Latin text 1st-2nd. cent. A.D.). Cited as "Plutarch."

The Lives of the Noble Grecians and Romans by Plutarch of Chaeronea, trans. Sir Thomas North (New York: The Heritage Press, 1941; orig. North ed. 1579). Cited as "Plutarch (North)."

Plutarch on Sparta, trans. and ed. Richard J.A. Talbert (New York: Penguin, 1988).

Poetic Edda: See Snorri Sturluson.

Pol Pot: *See* David P. Chandler, Ben Kiernan and Chanthou Boua.

Major Dennis J. Popp, *Night Fighter's Handbook* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, 1986).

Augustin M. Prentiss, Ph.D., Brigadier General, *Chemical Warfare Service, U.S. Army, Chemicals in War: A Treatise on Chemical Warfare* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1937).

William H. Prescott, *History of the Conquest of Mexico, with a Preliminary View of te Ancient Mexican Civilization, and the Life of the Conqueror, Hernando Cortez*, 3 vols. (Philadelphia: J.B. Lippincott & Co., 1868).

James B. Pritchard, *The Ancient Near East, vol. 1: An Anthology of Texts and Pictures* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1958).

James B. Pritchard, *The Ancient Near East, vol. 2: A New Anthology of Texts and Pictures* (Princeton, New Jersey: Princeton University Press, 1975).

Procopius, *The Anecdota or Secret History*, with an English trans. by H.B. Dewing (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Library, 1935; orig. Greek ed. written *ca.* 550 A.D.).

Provincial Council of Philadelphia, *Minutes of the Provincial Council of Pennsylvania from the Organization to the Termination of the Proprietary Government, Published by the State*, vol. 1: March 10, 1683— November 27, 1700 (Philadelphia: Jo. Severns & Co., 1852).

Graham Purchase, *Anarchism and Environmental Survival* (Tucon, Arizona: See Sharp Press, 1994).

John S. Pustay, Major, USAF, *Counter-insurgency Warfare* (New York: The Free Press, 1965).

Hg. Univ.-Prof. Dr. Peter Putzer, *Schriften des Instituts für Historische Kriminologie*, vol. 1, *Das Salzburger Scharfrichtertagebuch* [of Franz Joseph Wohlmuth] (Wien, Austria: Österrreicher Kunst- und Kulturverlag, 1985; orig. Latinate German diary 1757-1917).

Max Radin, LL.B, Ph.D., *Handbook of Roman Law* (Saint Paul, Minnesota: West Publishing Co., 1927).

Rev. Paul Ragueneau, S.F., *Shadows Over Huronia*, rev. ed., trans. Rev. J. Fallon, S.J. (Midland, Ontarior: The Martyrs' Shrine, 1972 trans. of 1650 ed.).

Sir Walter Ralegh, *Selected Writings* (New York: Penguin Classics, 1986).

G. Ramachandran and T.K. Mahadevan, ed. *Nonviolence After Gandhi: A Study of Martin Luther King,, Jr.* (New Delhi: Gandhi Peace Foundation, 1968).

J.G. Randall, *Lincoln the Liberal Statesman* (New York: Dodd, Mead & Co., 1947).

Burt Rapp, *Sex Crimes Investigation: A Practical Manual* (Port Townsend, Washington: Loompanics Unlimited, 1988).

J. Saunders Redding, *On Being Negro in America* (Indianapolis: The Bobbs-Merill Co., Inc., 1951).

The Collected Works of John Reed (New York: Modern Library, 1995).

Mary Stewart Relfe, *The New Money System: 666* (Montgomery, Alabama: Ministries, Inc., 1982).

W. Michael Reisman and Chris T. Antoniou, ed., *The Laws of War: A Comprehensive Collection of Primary Documents on International Laws Governing Armed Conflict* (New York: Vintage, 1994).

Joachim Remak, ed., *The Nazi Years: A Documentary History* (Englewood Cliffs, N.J.: Prentice-Hall, Inc., 1969).

Erich Maria Remarque, *All Quiet on the Western Front*, no trans. listed, (Greenwich, Connecticut: Fawcett Publications, Inc. / CrestBooks, 1965 repr.).

Milo Rigaud, *Secrets of Voodoo*, trans. Robert B. Cross (San Francisco: City Lights Books, 1985).

Notes from the Warsaw Ghetto: The Journal of Emmanuel Ringelblum, ed. and trans. Jacob Sloan (New York: Schocken, 1974 repr. of 1958 ed.).

Jose Rizal, *The Revolution*, trans. (of *El Filibustero*) Jovita Ventura Castro (Manila: Nalandangan, Inc. (Anthology of Asean Literatures, vol. III), 1992; orig. Spanish-language Belgian ed. 1891).

Wilmot Robertson, *The Dispossessed Majority*, 2nd. rev. ed. (Cape Canaveral, Florida: Howard Allen, 1976).

Maximilien Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, recuellies et annotées par A. Vermorel, 2nd. ed. (Paris: Achille Faure, Librairie-Éditeur, 1867).

James M. Robinson, gen. ed., *The Nag Hammadi Library in English*, 3rd. rev. ed., trans. and introduced by the members of the Coptic Gnostic Library Project of the Institute for Antiquity and Christianity, Claremont, California (San Francisco: HarperSanFrancisco, 1990).

Jean Robiquet, *Daily Life in France Under Napoleon*, trans. Violet M. Macdonald (New York: Macmillan, 1963).

Marta Rojas and Mirta Rodríguez Calderón, *Tania: The Unforgettable Guerrilla* (New York: Random House, 1971).

Madame [Manon] Roland, *Lettres à une amie d'enfance*, ed. Chantal Thomas (Paris: Mercure de France, 1996).

Danny Roland and Sondra London, *The Making of a Serial Killer: The Real Story of the Gainesville Murders in the Killer's Own Words* (Portland, Oregon: Feral House Books, True Crime ser., no. 2, 1996).

Tamara Roleff, ed., *The Rights of Animals* (New York: Greenhaven Press, 1999).

Barbara Rosen, ed., *Witchcraft in England 1558-1618* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1991 repr. of 1969 ed., with new intro.; orig. texts dated as in title).

Antonio Rosmini, *Anthropology as an Aid to Moral Science*, trans. Denis Cleary and Terence Watson (Durham, U.K.: Rosmini House, 1991).

Simha Rotem (Kazik), *Memoirs of a Warsaw Ghetto Fighter: The Past Within Me* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1994; orig. ed. 1981, loosely based on his Polish memoir of 1944).

Captain J.S. Rothwell, R.A., *Narrative of the Field Operations Connected with the Zulu War of 1879, Prepared in the Intelligence Branch of the War Office* (Novato, California: Presidio Press, 1989 repr. of 1881 ed.).

Helen C. Rountree, *The Powhatan Indians of Virginia: Their Traditional Culture* (Norman: The University of Oklahoma Press, The Civilization of the American Indian Series, 1989).

Jean-Jacques Rousseau, *The Social Contract* and *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality*, respectively trans. Henry J. Tozer (19th cent.) and anonymous (1767, rev. by ed.), ed. Leslie G. Crocker (New York: Washington Square Press, 1967; orig. French texts 1762, 1755).

Georges Roux, *Ancient Iraq* (New York: Penguin Books / Pelican, 1976 repr. of 1966 ed.).

Mark Rowlands, *Animals Like Us* (New York: Verso Books, 2002).

Royal Commission on Capital Punishment 1949-53 Report (London: Her Majesty's Stationery Office, 1953).

Jerry Rubin, *Do It! Scenarios of the Revolution* (New York; Social Education Foundation, Simon and Schuster, 1970).

Deborah Rudacille, *The Scalpel and the Butterfly: The War Between Animal Research and Animal Protection* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 2000).

George Rudé, *The French Revolution: Its Causes, its History, and its Legacy After 200 Years* (New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1988).

George Rudé, *Robespierre: Portrait of a Revolutionary Democrat* (New York: Viking, 1975).

Diana E .H. Russell, Ph.D., *Against Pornography: The Evidence of Harm* (Berkeley: Russell Publications, 1993).

Ramon Eduardo Ruiz, *Cuba: the Making of a Revolution* (New York: W. W. Norton & Co., Inc., 1970 repr. of 1968 ed.).

The Marquis [Donatien-Alphonse-François] de Sade, *Selected Letters*, ed. Margaret Crosland, trans. W.J. Strachan (London: Peter Owen Ltd., 1965 trans. of 1963 ed.).

The Marquis de Sade, *Selections*, ed. Paul Dinnage, with an essay by Simone de Beauvoir, "Must We Burn Sade?" (New York: Grove Press, 1953).

The Marquis de Sade, *The One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom and Other Writings*, comp. and trans. Austryn Wainhouse and Richard Seaver (New York: Grove Press, 1987 repr. of 1966 ed.).

The Marquis de Sade, *Juliette*, trans. Austryn Wainhouse (New York: Grove Press, 1968; orig. French ed. 1797).

Michael M. Sage, comp. and ed., *Warfare in Ancient Greece: A Sourcebook* (New York: Routledge, 1996).

Fray Bernadino de Sahagún, *Conquest of New Spain*, 1585 revision, repro. of Boston Public Library ms., trans. Howard F. Cline, ed. S.L. Cline (Salt Lake City: University of Utah Press, 1989).

Sahih Al-Bukhari: See *Bukhari.*

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, trans. Lewis Galantière (New York: Harcourt, Brace & Co. / Harvest, 1942).

Antoine de Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, trans. Lewis Galantière (New York: Time Reading Program, 1965 trans. of 1940 French ed.).

[Sakyamuni Buddha, recorded by others, before A.D. 286-406], *The Threefold Lotus Sutra: Innumerable Meanings, The Flower of the Wonderful Law, and Meditation on Bodhisattva*

Universal Virtue, trans. Bunno Kato et al, rev. (Tokyo: Kosei Publishing Co., 1975).

SAMOIS, *Coming to Power: Writings and Graphics on Lesbian S/M* (Boston: Alyson Publications, 1982).

August Sander, *Citizens of the Twentieth Century: Portrait Photographs 1892-1952*, ed. Gunther Sander, text by Ulrich Keller, trans. Linda Keller (Cambridge, Massachusetts: The MIT Press, 1986; orig. German ed. 1980).

Jean-Paul Sartre, *Anti-Semite and Jew*, trans. George F. Becker (New York: Schocken Books, 1965 repr. of 1948 ed.; orig. French ed. 1946).

Jean-Paul Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba* (New York: Ballantine Books, 1961).

Ralph D. Sawyer, with Mei-Chün Sawyer, comp. and trans., *The Seven Military Classics of Ancient China* (San Francisco: Westview, 1993).

See also Sun-tzu.

Kurt Saxon, comp., *The Poor Man's James Bond*, vol. 1 (Harrison, Arizona: Atlan Formularies, 1972, rev. repr. of orig. 1988 ed.)

Kurt Saxon, comp., *The Poor Man's James Bond*, vol. 2 (El Dorado, Arizona: Desert Publications, 1991, rev. repr. of orig. 1988 ed.).

[Hartmann Schedel,] *Die Schedelsche Weltchronik: Nachdruck der deutschen Ausgabe von 1493*, with commentary by Rudolf Pörtner (Dortmund, Germany: Harenberg Kommunikation, Die bibliophilen Taschenbücher, no. 64, 1993 repr. of 1978 ed.).

Hal Schell's Guide to Cruising California's Delta (Stockton: Schell Books, 1995).

Lucien Schneider, O.M.I. *Ulirnaisigutiit: An Inuktitut-English Dictionary of Northern Quebec, Labrador and Eastern Arctic Dialects*, trans. from the French by Dermot Ronan F. Collis, Ph.D. (Québec: Les Presses de l'Université Laval, 1985).

André Schwarz-Bart, *The Last of the Just*, trans. Stephen Becker (New York: Atheneum, 1960; orig. French ed. 1959).

Elijah Judah Schochet: *See* Rabbi Joel Sirkes.

George Ryley Scott, *The History of Corporal Punishment* (London: Senate / Random House, 1996 repr. of 1968 ed.).

Joni Seager, *The State of Women in the World Atlas*, rev. 2nd. ed. (New York: Penguin Reference, 1997).

General Count Philip de Segur, *History of the Expedition to Russia Undertaken by the Emperor Napoleon in the Year 1812*, 6th ed., rev., 2 vols. (London: Treuttel and Wurtz, Treuttel, Jun. and Richter, 182).

Katsuki Sekida: *See* Mumon Ekai *and* Setcho and Engo.

George Seldes, *The Great Quotations* (New York: Pocket Books, 1960).

Kurt Seligmann, *Magic, Supernaturalism and Religion* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1948).

Luicus Annaeus Seneca, *Moral Essays* (3 vols.), trans. John W. Basore (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Classical Library, 1928; orig. Latin texts before A.D. 54).

Setcho and Engo, *Hekiganroku (The Blue Cliff Records)* in *Two Zen Classics*, trans. with commentaries by Katsuki Sekida (New York: Weatherhill, 1996 repr. of 1977 ed., trans. from 1135 Japanese ed.).

Desmond Seward, *Napoleon and Hitler: A Comparative Biography* (New York: Simon and Schuster/Touchstone, 1988).

Varlam Shalamov, *Kolyma Tales*, combined two-vol. ed., trans. John Glad (New York: Penguin, 1994).

Shan State National Congress (SSNC), *The Interim Constitution of Shan State* (offset document, with Shan State flag logos in color, 12 December 1993).

William Shawcross, *Cambodia's New Deal* (Washington, D.C.: Carnegie Endowment for International Peace, Contemporary Issues Paper No. 1, distributed by the Brookings Institution, 1994).

Mary Jane Sherfey, M.D., *The Nature and Evolution of Female Sexuality* (New York: Vintage Books, 1972 repr. of 1966 ed.).

William Tecumseh Sherman, *Memoirs of General W.T. Sherman* (New York: Library of America, 1990 repr. of 1886 ed.).

A.N. Sherwin-White, *The Roman Citizenship*, 2nd. ed. (New York: Oxford at the Clarendon Press, 1987 repr. of 1973 ed.; orig. ed. 1939).

William Shirer, *Love and Hatred: The Troubled Marriage of Leo and Sonya Tolstoy* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1994). [In an all too typical example of publishing slovenliness, the title on the jacket is "The Stormy Marriage of. . ."]

William Shirer, *The Rise and Fall of the Third Reich* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1960).

Mikhail Sholokov, *Quiet Flows the Don*, trans. Robert Daglish, rev. and ed. Brian Murphy (London: J.M. Dent, 1996; original Russian ed. 1940).

Prince Norodom Sihanouk, with Bernard Krisher, *Sihanouk Reminisces: World Leaders I Have Known* (Bangkok: Editions Duang Kamol, 1990).

Upton Sinclair, *The Jungle* (Bantam: New York, 1981 repr.).

Peter Singer, *Animal Liberation* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1976).

Khushwant Singh, *Train to Pakistan* (New York: Grove Press,1981 rev. repr. of 1956 ed.).

Fred Singleton, *A Short History of the Yugoslav Peoples* (New York: Cambridge University Press, 1985).

[Rabbi Joel Sirkes, "The Bach," with commentary by] Elijah Judah Schochet, Associated Professor of Codes, University of Juadaism, *A Responsum of Surrender: Translation and Analysis* (Los Angeles: University of Judaism Press, 1973; orig. Hebrew responsum text 1620).

Eric Sloane, *I Remember America* (New York: W.H. Smith & Co., Gallery Books, 1987).

Ninian Smart, *The Religious Experience of Mankind* (New York: Collins, The Fontana Library, 1971 repr. of 1969 ed.).

Dan Smith, with the International Peace Research Institute, Oslo *The State of War and Peace Atlas*, 3rd ed. (New York: Penguin, 1997).

Ervin Smith, *The Ethics of Martin Luther King, Jr.* (Lewiston, New York: The Edwin Mellen Press, Studies in American Religion, vol. 2, 1981).

John David Smith, ed., *Anti-Black Thought 1863-1925: An Eleven-Volume Anthology of Racist Writings* , vol. 2, *Religion and "The Negro Problem"* (New York: Garland Publishing, Inc., 1993).

Martin Smith, *Burma: Insurgency and the Politics of Ethnicity* (New Jersey: Zed Books Ltd., 1991).

Richard Snell, "P.O.W. from the Tombs" *The Sermon on the Mount: A Fresh Look at Matthew 5:3-12* (Hayden lake, Idaho: The Church of Jesus Christ Christian, 1990).

Frank Snepp, *Decent Interval: An Insider Account of Saigon's Indecent End Told by the CIA's Chief Strategic Analyst in Vietnam* (New York: Vintage Books, 1978).

Louis L. Snyder and Richard B. Morris, ed., *A Treasury of Great Reporting: "Literature Under Pressure" from the Sixteenth Century to Our Own Time* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1949).

Solon: *See* Stanton.

Alexandr I. Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipalego 1918-1956: An Experiment in Literary Investigation*, trans. Thomas P. Whitney, vols. 1-3 (San Francisco: Harper and Row, 1973, 1975, 1978; orig. Russian *samizdat* mss. 1960s).

Alexandr I. Solzhenitsyn, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, trans. Max Hayward and Ronald Hingley (New York: Bantam Books, 1963).

Sushma Sood, ed., *Violence Against Women* (Jaipur: Arihant Publishers, 1990).

Sophocles: *See* Aeschylus et al.

Villy Sørensen, *Tutelary Tales*, trans. Paula Hostrup-Jessen (Lincoln, Nebraska: University of Nebraska Press, 1988).

Southeast Centre for Geopolitical Studies, *Bosnia-Herzegovina: Chronicle of an Annotated Death* (Belgrade, 1993?).

Robert K. Spear, *Close Quarters Combat for Police and Security Forces* (Leavenworth, Kansas: Universal Force Dynamics, 1990).

Manès Sperber, *Like a Tear in the Ocean: A Trilogy*, vol. 3, *Journey Without End*, trans. Constantine Fitzgibbon (New York: Holmes and Meier, 1988).

Werner U. Spitz, M.D. and Russell S. Fisher, M.D., *Medicolegal Investigation of Death: Guidelines for the Application of Pathology to Crime Investigation*, 2nd. ed. (Springfield, Illinois: Charles C. Thomas, 1980).

J.V. Stalin, *On the Opposition (1927-27)* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1974).

Elizabeth Cady Stanton As Revealed in Her Letters, Diary and Reminiscences, ed. Theodore Stanton and Harriot Stanton Blanch, vol. 2 (New York: Harper & Brothers, 1922).

G.R. Stanton, *Athenian Politics c. 800-500 BC: A Sourcebook* (New York: Routledge, 1990).

Vitaly Startsev, *How the Soviets Were Formed: The True Story of the Russian Revolution and the Building of Socialism*, trans. Gulhammid Sobratee (Moscow: Novosti Press Agency Publishing House, Progress Publishers, 1982).

John Steinbeck, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, (New York: Penguin, 1995 repr. of 1941 ed., with additions).

John Steinbeck, *The Harvest Gypsies: On the Road to the Grapes of Wrath* (Berkeley, Heyday Books, 1988 repr. of 1936 *San Francisco News* articles).

Frederick William Baron von Steuben, *Baron von Steuben's Revolutionary War Drill Manual: A Facsimile Reprint of the 1794 Edition* (New York: 1985 repr. of *Regulations for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*).

George R. Stewart, *Earth Abides* (Greenwich, CT: Fawcett, 1949).

George R. Stewart, *Ordeal by Hunger: The Story of the Donner Party*, with a supplement and three accounts by survivors (New York: Houghton Mifflin Co., 1960 suppl, repr. of 1936 ed.).

Henry Scott Stokes, *The Life and Death of Yukio Mishima*, rev. ed. (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux / Noonday, 1995).

Eric Stover and Gilles Peress, *The Graves: Srebrenica and Vukovar* (New York: Scalo, 1998).

Harriet Beecher Stowe, *Three Novels* (New York: Library of America, 1982; orig. text of *Oldtown Folks* 1869).

William C. Sturtevant, gen. ed., *Handbook of North American Indians*, vol. 6: Subarctic, ed. June Helm (Washington: Smithsonian Institution, 1981).

Snorri Sturluson, *Edda* [the Prose or Younger Edda], trans. Anthony Faulkes (London: Everyman's Library, 1987; orig. text 1220-1230).

Snorri Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, trans. Hermann Pálsson and Paul Edwards (New York: Penguin Books, 1976; orig. text *ca.* 1230).

Snorri Sturulson, *Heimskringla*, Part One: *The Olaf Sagas* (2 vols.), trans. Samuel Laing, rev. Jacqueline Simpson, M.A. (New York: Dutton: Everyman's Library, 1964 rev. of 1914 trans.; orig. text 1220-1235).

Snorri Sturulson, *Heimskringla*, Part Two: *Sags of the Norse Kings*, trans. Samuel Laing, rev. Peter Foote, M.A. (New York: Dutton: Everyman's Library, 1961 rev. of 1844 trans.; orig. text 1220-1235).

Snorri Sturluson(?), comp., *The Poetic Edda*, trans. Lee M. Hollander, 2nd. ed., rev. (Austin: University of Texas Pres, 1962).

Subcommittee on Terrorism, Technology, and Government Information of the Committee on the Judiciary, United States Senate, One Hundred Fourth Congress, First Session, *Hearings, Examining Certain Federal Law Enforcement Actions with Regard to the 1992 Incident at Ruby Ridge, ID* (Washington, D.C.: U.S. Government Printing Office, serial no. J-104-41; 1997).

Suetonius [Tranquillus], *Lives of the Caesars*, with an English trans. by J.C. Rolfe (Cambridge, Massachusetts: Harvard University Press, Loeb Library, 1951 rev. repr. of 1913 trans.; orig. Latin ed. 120 A.D.).

Montague Summers, *The Vampire in Europe* (New York: University Books, 1968; orig. ed. 1929).

Sun-tzu, *The Art of War*, trans. Ralph D. Sawyer (New York: Barnes and Noble / Westview, 1994; orig. Chinese text 5th-2nd. cent. B.C.).

Geoffrey Swain, *The Origins of the Russian Civil War* (New York: Longman, Origins of Modern Wars ser. 1996).

Stuart Swezey, ed., *Amok Journal: Sensurround Edition: A Compendium of Psycho-Physiological Investigations* (Los Angeles: Amok, 1995).

William H. Taft, President of the United States, et al, comp., *The Photographic History of the Civil War: Two Volumes in One* (Secaucus, New Jersey: The Blue & Grey Press, 1987 repr. of 1911 ed.).

Robert Tallant, *Voodoo in New Orleans* (1946), (Gretna, Louisiana: Pelican Publishing Company, Inc., 1994).

Prakash Tandon, *Punjabi Century, 1857-1947* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1968).

P. Cornelius Tacitus, *The Annals* and *The Histories*, trans. Alfred John Church and William Jackson Brodribb (Chicago: Encyclopaedia Britannica Great Books of the Western World ser., 1952).

Leonid Tarassuk and Claude Blair, ed., trans. Sylvia Mulcahy, Simon Pleasance and Hugh Young, *The Complete Encyclopedia of Arms and Weapons* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1982; orig. Italian ed. 1970).

Chris Taylor, *Tokyo: A Lonely Planet City Guide*, 2nd. ed (Hawthorn, Australia: Lonely Planet Publications, 1995).

Chuck Taylor, *The Complete Book of Combat Handgunning* (Cornville, Arizona: Desert Publications, 1982).

Telford Taylor, *The Anatomy of the Nuremberg Trials: A Personal Memoir* (New York: Little, Brown, Back Bay Books, 1992).

Michael S. Teitelbaum, ed., *Sex Differences: Social and Biological Perspectives* (New York: Anchor Books, 1976).

Dr. Slavenko Terzic, The Historical Institute of the Serbian Academy of Sciences and Arts, Belgrade, *The Right to Self-Determination and the Serbian Question* (Beograd: Republic of Serbia Ministry of Information, "News Comments Documents Facts Analysis" ser. [pamphlet], n.d.; *ca.* 1993).

Richard Thibaut, *What is the National Assembly?* [pamphlet] (Québec: Assemblée nationale, Direction des communications, 1985).

Arthur Thibert, O.M.I., *English-Eskimo Eskimo-English Dictionary*, rev. ed. (Ottawa: Centre Canadien de Recherches en Anthropologie, 1970).

Serge Thion, *Watching Cambodia: Ten Paths to Enter the Cambodian Tangle* (Bangkok: White Lotus, 1993).

William Irwin Thompson, *Passages About Earth: An Exploration of the New Planetary Culture* (New York: Harper and Row / Perennial / A Lindisfarne Book, 1973).

Henry Thoreau, *A Week, Walden, Maine Woods, Cape Cod* (New York: Library of America, 1985).

Thucydides, *The Peloponnesian War*, trans. Rex Warner (New York: Penguin, 1972 rev. ed.; orig. Greek text *ca.* 400 B.C.). [Sourced as "Thucydides."]

The Landmark Thucydides: A Comprehensive Guide to The Peloponnesian War, ed. Robert B. Strassler, rev. ed. of Richard Crawley 1874 trans., with apparatus (New York: Simon and Schuster, The Free Press, 1996). [Sourced as "Thucydides (Strassler)."]

Patrick Tierney, *The Highest Altar: Unveiling the Mystery of Human Sacrifice* (New York: Penguin, 1989).

Germaine Tillion, *Ravensbrück: An Eyewitness Account of a Women's Concentration Camp*, trans. by Gerald Satterwhite (Garden City, New York: Anchor Books, 1975).

The Prof. Haji Sulong Abdulqadir Tohmeena Foundation, untitled pamphlet, 2537 B.E. (A.D. 1994).

Alexis de Tocqueville, *The Old Regime and the French Revolution*, trans. Stuart Gilbert (New York: Anchor Books [Doubleday], 1955).

Alexis de Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vols. 1-2, trans. Henry Reeve (New York: Schocken Books, 1961).

Leo Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, trans. Constance Garnett (New York: Modern Library, n.d.).

Leo Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience and Nonviolence* (Santa Cruz: New Society Publishers, 1987).

Josip Tomasevitch, *The Chetniks: War and Revolution in Yugoslavia, 1941-1945* (Stanford, California: Stanford University Press, 1975).

William R. Tonso, ed., *The Gun Culture and Its Enemies* (Bellevue, Washington: Second Amendment Foundation / Merril Press, 1990).

Joshua Trachtenberg, *Jewish Magic and Superstition: A Study in Folk Religion* (New York: Atheneum; a Temple Book, n.d., repr. of 1939 ed.).

Bruce G. Trigger, *The Children of Aataentsic: A History of the Huron People to 1660* (Montreal: McGill-Queen's University Press, 1987 repr.).

Bruce G. Trigger and Wilcomb E. Washburn, ed., *The Cambridge History of the Native Peoples of the Americas*, vol. I: North America (2 parts) (Cambridge, England: Cambridge University Press, 1996).

Leon Trotski, *Stalin: An Appraisal of the Man and His Influence*, ed. and trans. Charles Malamuth (London: Hollis and Carter, Ltd., 1947).

Leon Trotsky, *The Balkan Wars 1912-13: The War Correspondence of Leon Trotsky* (New York: Pathfinder Press repr., 1981).

Leon Trotsky, *The History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1-3 (New York: Pathfinder Press repr., 1980).

Leon Trotsky, *My Life: An Attempt at An Autobiography* (New York: Pathfinder Press repr., 1970).

Leon Trotsky, *The Revolution Betrayed: What is the Soviet Union and Where is It Going?*, (New York: Pathfinder Press repr., 1937).

Leon Trotsky, *1905*, trans. Anya Bostock (New York: Random House, Vintage Books, 1972 repr. of 1971 trans.; orig. ed. 1922).

Truong-Chinh, *Selected Writings*, new impression (Hanoi: The Gioi Publishers, 1994).

Truong Nhu Tang, *Journal of a Vietcong* (London: Jonathan Cape, 1985).

Ossip Tsebry, *Memoirs of a Makhnovist Partisan* [pamphlet], retrans. and repr. of 1949-50 Russian text (London: BM Hurricane, The Kate Sharpley Library, 1993).

Jim Tuck, *Pancho Villa and John Reed: Two Faces of Romantic Revolution* (Tucson: The University of Arizona Press, 1984).

Colin M. Turnbull, *The Mountain People* (New York: Simon and Schuster / Touchstone, 1972).

Lucien M. Turner, *Indians and Eskimos in the Quebec-Labrador Peninsula* Québec: Inuksiutiit Association, 1979 repr. of 1894 ed.).

Shimon Tzabar, *The White Flag Principle: How to Lose a War and Why* (New York: Simon and Schuster, 1972).

Ruth M. Underhill, *Red Man's Religion: Beliefs and Practices of the Indians North of Mexico* (Chicago: University of Chicago Press, 1965).

UN Food and Agriculture Organization, Ramsey Clark, World Leaders, *The Children Are Dying: The Effect of Sanctions on Iraq* (New York: International Action Center, 2nd ed., 1998).

United Nations, Blue Book Series, vol. IX, *The United Nations and the Iraq-Kuwait Conflict 1990-1996* (New York: Department of Public Information, United Nations, 1996).

United Nations, *Report of the Secretary-General Pursuant to Resolution 871 (1993)* (distr. GENERAL, S/1994/300; 16 March 1994; original: English).

United Nations Development Program [UNDP], *Human Development Report 1997* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1997).

United Nations Interregional Crime and Justice Research Institute [UNICRI], *Understanding Crime: Experiences of Crime and Crime Control: Acts of the International Conference, Rome 18-20 November 1992*, ed. Anna Alvazzi del Frate, Uglijesa Zveckic, Jan J.M. van Dijk (Rome: U.N. Publication No. 49, 1993).

United States government: *See* relevant departments (e.g.; DOJ, HUAC).

Roland G. Usher, Ph.D., *Pan-Germanism* (New York: Houghton Mifflin, 1913).

USSR Committee for State Security [KGB], *Essential Handbook for KGB Agents*, English trans. with commentary (London: Industrial Information Index, n.d.; comp. *ca.* 1995).

J. H. Van Evrie, M.D., *White Supremacy and Negro Subordination, or, Negroes a Subordinate Race, and (so-called) Slavery Its Normal Condition* (New York: Van Evrie, Horton & Co., 1868).

Ger P. Van den Berg, *The Soviet System of Justice* (Boston: Martinus Nijhoff Publishers, 1985).

Henrik Willem Van Loon, *Van Loon's Geography: The Story of the World* (New York: Garden City Publishing Co., Inc., 1937).

Paul Varley, *Warriors of Japan as Portrayed in the War Tales* (Honolulu: University of Hawaii Press, 1994).

R. Venkatachalam, Community Services Guild, and Viji Srinivasab, Adithi, *Female Infanticide* (New Delhi: Har-Anan Publishers, 1993).

Jean-Pierre Vernant, *Myth and Society in Ancient Greece*, trans. Janet Lloyd (New York: Zone Books, 1990; orig. French ed. 1974).

Alfred de Vigny, *Servitude and Grandeur of Arms*, trans. Roger Gard (New York: Penguin, 1996 trans.; orig. French ed. 1835).

William T. Vollmann, *An Afghanistan Picture Show* (New York: Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 1992).

William T. Vollmann, *The Atlas* (New York: Viking, 1996).

William T. Vollmann, *Seven Dreams VI: The Rifles.* (New York: Viking, 1994).

Malham M. Wakin, ed., *War, Morality and the Military Profession* (Boulder, Colorado: Westview Press, 1979).

Eugene Victor Walter, *Terror and Resistance: A Study of Political Violence, with Case Studies of Some Primitive African Communities* (New York: Oxford University Press, 1969).

E. Garrison Walters, *The Other Europe: Eastern Europe to 1945* (Syracuse, New York: Syracuse University Press, 1988).

Michael Walzer, *Just and Unjust Wars: A Moral Argument with Historical Illustrations*, 2nd. ed. (New York: HarperCollins, BasicBooks, 1992).

General Walter Warlimont, *Inside Hitler's Headquarters 1939-45*, trans. R. H. Barry (Novato, California: Presidio Press repr. of 1964 ed.; original German ed. 1962).

Booker T. Washington, *The Story of the Negro: The Rise of the Race from Slavery*, vol. 1 (New York: Doubleday Page & Co., 1909).

Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, *Knowledge That Leads to Everlasting Life* (Brooklyn, New York: Watchtower Bible and Tract Society of New York, Inc., 1995).

Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, *You Can Live Forever in Paradise on Earth* (Brooklyn, New York: Watchtower Bible and Tract Society of New York, Inc., 1982, 1989).

Ian Watt, "The Humanities on the River Kwai: The Grace A. Tanner Lecture in Human Values 1981" (Cedar City, Utah: Grace A. Tanner Center for Human Values, Southern Utah State College, 1982).

Donald Cameron Watt, *How War Came: The Immediate Origins of the Second World War 1938-1939* (New York: Pantheon Books, 1989).

H.G. Wells, *The Outline of History, Being a Plain History of Life and Mankind* (2 vols.) (Garden City, New York: Doubleday & Co., Inc. (1971 repr. of 1969 rev. ed.).

Franz. Welzl, *The Quest for Polar Treasures*, trans. M & R. Weatherall (New York: Macmillan, 1933 trans. of 1930 Czech original).

Alexander Werth, *Russia at War 1941-45* (New York; E.P. Dutton & Co., 1964).

George R. Wesley, Ph.D., *A Primer of Misbehavior: An Introduction to Abnormal Pyschology* (Totowa, New Jersey: Littlefield, Adams & Co., 1973).

Robert G. Wesson, *Lenin's Legacy: The Story of the CPSU* (Stanford, CA: Hoover Institute Press; Histories of Ruling Communist Parties series, Hoover Institution Publication 192, 1978).

Rebecca West, *Black Lamb and Grey Falcon: A Journey Through Yugoslavia* (New York: Penguin Books, 1982 repr. of 1940 ed.).

Richard West, *Tito and the Rise and Fall of Yugoslavia* (New York: Carroll and Graff, 1994).

Leslie A. White, *The Evolution of Culture: The Development of Civilization to the Fall of Rome* (New York: McGraw-Hill, 1959).

Walt Whitman, *Complete Poetry and Collected Prose* (New York: Library of America, 1982).

Thomas Wiedemann, *Emperors and Gladiators* (New York: Routledge, 1995 rev. of 1992 ed.).

Simon Wiesenthal, *The Sunflower* (New York: Schocken, 1976).

Alan Williams, *The Police of Paris 1718-1789* (Baton Rouge: Louisiana State Press, 1979).

Antoinette Wills, *Crime and Punishment in Revolutionary Paris* (Westport, Connecticut: Greenwood Press, Contributions in Legal Studies ser., no. 15, 1981).

Jeremy Wilson, *Lawrence of Arabia: The Authorized Biography of T.E. Lawrence* (New York: Atheneum, 1990).

J. W. Winkley, M.D., *John Brown the Hero: Personal Reminiscences* (Boston: Jaes H. West Co., 1905).

Ernst F. Winter, trans. and ed., *Erasmus-Luther Discourse on Free Will* (New York: Frederick Ungar, 1961; orig. texts 16th cent.).

Tom Wintringham and J.N. Blashford-Snell, *Weapons and Tactics* (New York: Penguin, 1973).

Robert L. Winzeler, *Ethnic Relations in Kelantan: A Study of the Chinese and Thai as Ethnic Minorities in a Malay State* (New York: Oxford University Press, East Asian Social Science Monographs, 1985).

Jay Wiseman, *SM 101: A Realistic Introduction*, 2nd ed. (San Francisco: Greenery Press, 1996).

Franz Joseph Wohlmuth: *See* Dr. Peter Putzer.

Thomas Wolfe, *The Complete Short Stories*, ed. Francis E. Skipp (New York: Scribner's, 1987; orig. texts 1930-38).

Marvin Wolfgang, ed., *Studies in Homicide* (New York: Harper and Row, 1967).

John Womack, Jr., *Zapata and the Mexican Revolution* (New York: Random House, Vintage Books, 1970; orig. ed. 1969).

David K. Wyatt, *Thailand: A Short History* (New Haven: Yale University Press, 1984).

Zvi Yavetz, comp. *Slaves and Slavery in Ancient Rome* (New Brunswick: Transaction Books, 1988).

J.C. Yerbury, *The Subarctic Indians and the Fur Trade 1680-1860* (Vancouver: University of British Columbia Press, 1986).

Miodrag Zecevic and Bogdan Lekic, *Frontiers and Internal Territorial Division in Yugoslavia* (Beograd: The Ministry of Information of the Republic of Serbia, n.d., *ca.* 1990?) [pamphlet].

Paul G. Zolbrod, trans. and comp. *Diné Bahane': The Navajo Creation Story* (Albuquerque: University of New Mexico Press, 1985).

Alonso de Zorita, *Life and Labor in Ancient Mexico: The Brief and Summary Relation of the Lords of New Spain*, trans. Benjamin Keen (Norman: University of Oklahoma Press, 1994 repr. of 1963 ed; orig. Spanish ed. 1585).

IMAGE CREDITS

We have attempted to obtain permission for all images reprinted within. We are grateful to all those who helped us with this project, and apologize to any rights-holders we were unable to locate.

INTRODUCTION: THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS

Bruised and beaten men: These color prints were furnished to me in 1994 by Dr. Rasim Ljajic, Prime Minister of the Muslim National Council of Sanzak and General Secretary of the SDA (Democratic Action Party). I know the identity neither of the photographer nor victims.

ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS

Vaginal pear credit: Marcello Bertoni.

MORALITY OF WEAPONS

1984 poster credit: Oleg Volk; Thompson gun ad credit: Auto-Ordnance Corporation; Obituaries credit: the Sacramento Bee; Anti-Nuclear pamphlet cover credit: Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook; Gun rights ad credit: Oleg Volk; Reward/wanted poster credit: Jay Robert Nash; Gandhi credit: Weidenfeld and Nicolson; Nuclear fallout poster credit: Civil Defense Agency.

WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END?

Machiavelli credit: Rosso Fiorentino; Japanese soldiers credit: USMC photo; Nazi suicide credit: Margaret Bourke-White; sepukku credit: Oscar Ratti and Adele Wesbrook; police credit: Archives Historique et Musee de la Prefecture de Police, Paris; assassination of Mme. Langlois

credit: Archives Historique et Musee de la Prefecture de Police, Paris.

MEANS AND ENDS

Executed Paris Commune insurgents credit: Harry Ransom Humanities Research Center, the University of Texas-Austin; pro-gun poster credit: Oleg Volk.

DEFENSE OF HONOR

Charge of the Light Brigade credit: Staff College, Camberly; Eichmann credit: Israel State Archive; Joan of Arc credit: J. Ingres, the Louvre; Bonaparte credit: "Courtesy of the Lilly Library, Indiana University, Bloomington, Indiana; Napoleon at Eylau by Mauzaine Gros credit: Getty Museum; Stalin poster credit: Russian and Soviet Poster Collection, Hoover Institute Archives, Stanford, CA; Napoleon credit: Thomas Rowlandson; King Olaf credit: Studio 28, courtesy the Manuscript Institute, Reykjavik; Soviet attack credit: U.S. Army Command and General Staff College, Fort Leavenworth, Kansas; Cultural Revolution parade credit: Harvard-Yenching Library.

DEFENSE OF CLASS

Jose Rizal credit Felix Resurreccion; Stalin credit: Isaak Brodskey (from the David King Collection); Russian peasant cannibals credit: private collections within the Soviet Union; queen ant with workers credit: T.C. Schneirla; Inuit women and children at Great Whale River credit: Queen's University Archives; Russian peasants during 1891 famine credit: R. Garnett; Karl Marx credit: Soyuzfoto; Eagle knight credit: Museo de Anthropologia Cultura Mexica; Slum street credit: Temple University Press; Three generations of spinners, 1900; Lenin and the Red Guards credit: Central Lenin Museum; Lenin (in a pillbox hat) credit: Central Lenin Museum; Lenin poster credit: Central Lenin Museum; Russian peasants credit: Musée de l'Homme, Paris; Mir credit: Netta Peacock, Victoria and Albert Museum; *1917* V. Fakorsky (USSR), "October 1917 (1928) credit: Central Lenin Museum; Lenin's Land credit: "Izestiya Tsik", No. 209, October 28, 1917; tractor credit: V.V. Grishaev; Stalin and Lenin credit: Suyozfoto; Anti-kulak poster credit: Russian and Soviet Poster Collection, Hoover Institution Archives, Stanford, CA.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

Trotsky at his desk credit: Brown Brothers; engraving credit: Lenin in Profile, Central Lenin Museum, Moscow; Trotsky and Red Guards credit The New York Public Library; Stalinist elections credit: Novosti; Marat credit: Royal Museum of Fine Arts of Belgium, Brussels; Trotsky assassinated credit. Archives of the Leon Trotsky Institute; Lincoln credit: The Metropolitan Museum of Art, New York; Jefferson credit: Library of Congress, portrait by Rembrandt Peale; Juice Bar article by Joe Strawmier credit: People Newspaper, vol. 2 issue #20, June 22, 1995; Union troops at Rhode Island convalescent hospital 1864 credit: Rhode Island Historical Society; Confederate troops credit: Valentine Museum, Richmond VA; Battle at Gettysburg credit: Harper's Weekly; Booth credit: Taper Collection; Hanging Lincoln's assassins credit: Library of Congress.

DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE

John Brown credit: Library of Congress; Price Birch and Co. slave dealers credit: Library of Congress; John Brown credit: Library of Congress; Shan military credit: Bertil Lintner and Institute of Southeast Asian Studies, Singapore; "The Saddest Story," credit: Aryan Nations pamphlet; Warsaw ghetto credit: Stroop report; Marcus Garvey credit: University of California

Press, Berkeley; map credit: Terra Nova Press; "Wallace Murdered Chicago Girl," credit: *The Truth at Last: News Suppressed by the Daily Press* issue #375; Watson Brown credit: Library of Congress; W.E.B Dubois credit: Library of Congress; Dark Town Fire Brigade cartoon credit: Harry T. Peters Collection, Museum of New York City; KKK March on Washington credit: Library of Congress; Montgomery bus boycott credit: Don Cravens; King march credit: Daddy King, Atlanta Journal-Constitution; Martin Luther King credit: Library of Congress; Malcolm X credit: Rizzoi Press; Ray wanted poster credit: FBI; King's funeral procession credit Atlanta Journal-Constitution (Charles Jackson); Black Panthers at funeral credit: Charles Brittin.

DEFENSE OF CREED

Spanish destroying idols credit: Artephoto Oronoz; sacrifice to the sun credit: Scala, Florence.

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

Hittites credit: Foto Marburg; United States Army manuals credit: Paladin Press; United States troops in My Lai credit: United States Army.

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

French poster credit: Emprunt de la defense; Hitler and Reichstag credit: Imperial War Museum; Nazi poster credit: Imperial War Museum; Spartan statue credit: N. Georgiadkas, Sparta Museum; Thermopylae credit: The Sparta Museum.

DEFENSE OF GROUND

GDR sketch credit: CDU/CSU Group in the German Bundestag; Cortes meets Montezuma credit: British Museum; Cortes and Marina credit: Institut Amatller d'Art Hispanic-Arixu Mas; Massacre of Montezuma's retainers credit: George G. Harrap & Co. Ltd.

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

John Muir credit: Library of Congress; Earth First! Pamphlet cover credit: Earth First!

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

Warning about buffalo attacks credit: Yellowstone, National Park Service; modern Inuit children playing traditional games credit: Department of Resources, Wildlife and Economic Development; ad for Pony Bar credit: Ron Marr ("Trout Wrapper" vol. 6 1999); Our Daily Bread credit: Department of Resources, Wildlife and Economic Development; rhino credit: www.animalsvoice.com.

DEFENSE OF GENDER

Penthesilea credit: Detail from an Athenian black-figure clay vase, about 530 BC. London, British Museum 1836.2-24.127. © *British Museum, License Plate 11 UK 1007 184*; Thalia Massie credit: Honolulu Star-Bulletin; Lumbwa girls credit: Felix Bryk, Fredonia Books; rape babies credit: Southeast Centre for Geopolitical Studies; infanticide by M.E credit: Westcountry Studies Library ME 1866 (by permission of Devon Library and Information Services); infanticide by Marjory M credit: National Archives of Scotland, NAS HH21/48/1; Indian woman with photo of murdered daughter credit: Radha Kumar; Lady Hygeyong and King in procession credit: courtesy of the National Museum of Korea; Woman killed for committing adultery credit: Radha Kumar.

DEFENSE OF TRAITORS

Map of tunnels credit: The Tunnels of Cu Chi; Ho Chi credit: Nua Xuat Lao Dong, Hanoi 2000; inside tunnel credit: Duong Thanh Phong, Ho chi Minh City; Viet Cong victim credit: US Army; Viet Cong Guerillas credit: Duong Thanh Phong; Horizontal Collaborators credit: Robert Capa; Ringelblum credit: Jewish Historical Institute; Jewish partisans from the Vilna Ghetto credit: Yad Vashem.

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

Arnould, MM. A credit: Administration de Librairie; Louis XVI credit: M.A Thiers; Robespierre credit: Thiers, M.A.

FROM RAISON D'ETAT TO REASONS OF SPLEEN

Memory drawing by Vietnamese punk of beating up a racist skinhead, collection of William Vollmann.

DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE

Pancho Villa credit: University of New Mexico Press; Villista firing squad credit: Southwest Collection of El Paso Public Library; Rudzutak credit: Hoover Institution Press, Stanford University, Stanford; Molotov credit: The Pacific War Research Society; Armitage credit: courtesy of the Imperial War Museum; Odysseus and suitors credit: Skyphos dei Proci; Lawrence with Feisal credit: Imperial War Museum; Port of Marial, Cuba credit: US Navy; Flower War credit: Diego Duran, Codice Duran. Mexico City; Charred corpses, Nagasaki credit: Yosuke Yamahata; Atom bomb explosion, Nagasaki credit: United States Army; Burned woman, Nagasaki credit: Masao Shiotsuki.

PUNISHMENT

Medieval torture etching credit: Bibliotheque Nationale; gladiators credit: Mansell-Alinari, Florence; Chinese torture victim credit: Dumas and Carpeaux; witch burning credit: Library of Congress; Randy and Vicki Weaver credit: David and Jeanne Jordison; Aryan Nations brochure; British judicial hanging credit: A. Knapp and W. Baldwin, New Newgate calendar, 1828; John Brown letters credit: John Brown Archive; De Sade credit: Weidenfeld and Nicolson; Political prisoners credit: Kronid Lubarsky, *List of Political Prisoners in USSR* UUSR News Brief, May 1982.

LOYALTY, COMPULSION AND FEAR

Keitel at Nuremberg credit: Musterschmidt-Verlag Berlin; Keitel surrenders credit: edition q, Berlin 1998; Keitel on trial credit: Staarsverlag, Berlin; Nazi execution of Jewish Women in Yugoslavia credit: Museum of the People's Revolution, reproduced by Franklin Lindsay; Anti-Semitic altar painting credit: Derrick Baegert, Westfalisches Landesmuseum.

SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY

Khmer Rouge prison credit: Vann Nath; shooting instructions credit: United States Army; Serbian heads credit: Vreme; Ustashi from Stara Gradiska credit: Ministry of Information of the Republic of Serbia; Ustashi credit: The American Institute for Balkan Affairs, Serbian children from Ustashi camp; Nazis humiliate a Jew credit: Bartoszewski.

MORAL YELLOWNESS

Hitler as a baby credit: Heinrich Hoffman; Stalin poster credit: Poster Collection, Russian State Library, Moscow; Ho Chi Minh credit: Nua Xuat Lao Dong, Hanoi 2000; Hitler and child credit: Heinrich Hoffman; a member of the Hitler Youth and Frau Michel credit: " Die Photographische Sammlung/SK Stiflung Kultur – August Sander Archiv, Cologne; ARS, New York, 2003.

FOUR SAFEGUARDS

Aye Saung credit: Asia 2000 Ltd.

All photographs, drawings, and maps not deriving from other sources or from the public domain are copyright © 2003 William T. Vollmann.

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS

So many people have done so many things for me and this book that if I detailed all the services, favors, jobs, etc., another volume might be required. As it is, I hope my gratitude comes through in the preceding text.

I would like to thank all my unnamed drivers, defectors, guides, pimps, prostitutes, psychics and translators—although I certainly did pay them. I also wish to thank the following: My friend and interpreter Mr. Abdi of Mogadishu, Somalia, Mr. Abdoolcarim in Sana'a, Yemen, Major John Abrant in Nome, Alaska, and his children Hallie and Dean; Ms. Kate Addiego of *McSweeney's*; the man in Abyan City, Yemen, who said to me: "Allah help you!", Ahmed in Yemen, Mr. Akbar in Afghanistan, Monsignor Richard Albert of Saint Patrick's Foundation in Kingston, Jamaica; Alex, who was the queen of the Queer Street Patrol; Mr. Mohammed Nagi Allawo, chairman of the HOOD human rights organization in Sana'a, Yemen; Arguriana in Kosovo, Mr. Anwar in Yemen, Imam Abdullah al-Aqa in Sana'a, Yemen; Mr. Rabih Aridi of Amnesty International in the U.S.A., various unnamed members of the Autodefense Union of Colombia, Mr. Awad in Aden, Yemen; Mr. Don Baldwin in Seattle, Ms. Haley Ball of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Safet Bandzovic, President of the Sanjak Committee for Protection of Human Rights and Freedoms (Novi Pazar, Yugoslavia); Mr. Jay Barmann of *McSweeney's*; Dr. Basri in Yemen, Mr. Red Beckman from Montana, Sister Beverly in Hanna Town, Kingston, Jamaica; Mr. and Mrs. John and Ann V. Bible, Group Leader Tim Bishop of the Aryan Nations, the dominatrix

Beatrice Black, Mr. Will Blythe of *Esquire* magazine; Ms. Carla Bolte, my designer at Viking, who was sweet enough to give this project some help on her own time; Mr. Bonwut of the Ministry of Foreign Affairs in Phnom Penh, Ms. Amel Boussoualim, Branka in Beograd, Ms. Susan Brenneman, Executive Editor of the *Los Angeles Times Magazine*; the late Will Brinton, Ms. Moira Brown, Mr. Ewen Buchanan, then in New York, of the United Nations Special Committee on Iraq (UNSCOM), several anonymous members of the Buraku Liberation League in Osaka, Mr. Ben Bush of *McSweeney's*, who made a number of long, hot scanning trips to my house; Richard Butler, then Chairman of UNSCOM, Pastor Richard Butler of the Church of Jesus Christ Christian (Aryan Nations), Mr. Ernesto Calderon, self-styled King of the Cartucho in Bogotá Colombia (he deserves to be stuffed and mounted as the epitome of a menacing, disgusting individual); the villagers of Campo Dos, Colombia; Ms. Martha Carvajal and Mr. Pedro Betoncourt in Bogotá, Colombia, Major General Nils Carlström, who was then UNSCOM's director of monitoring and verification in Baghdad; Mr. Ralph Carter in Houston (who by the way was the happiest concealed carry instructor I ever met); Mr. Ray Carter, founder of the gays-with-guns Seattle organization Cease Fear, Mr. Mike Casados in Houston, Prof. Agim Çavardasha of Pristina, Kosovo; "Mr. China" in south Thailand, Mr. Sei Chong of *McSweeney's*, Chris in Seattle, the *U.S.S. Cole* detainees in Sana'a, Yemen; Colin in Rema, Kingston, Jamaica; the people who shared with me their painful memories of the Columbine Massacre, the "Special Services" cadres of Convivir in Currulao, Colombia; the Cost of Freedom anti-nuclear affinity group in Ithaca, New York and Seabrook, New Hampshire; the Crazy Ruthless Kings tagger gang in Long Beach, several officials of the Criminal Justice Unit of the FBI, Ms. Madeleine Crowley in Seattle; Mr. Jim Cuff in Houston, Ms. Chheng Cuoch, who was my Khmer interpreter in Long Beach; D. (immeasurably); Ms. Kate Danaher, my vegetarian shooting partner; Diana in Colombia, Mr. Jacob Dickinson of Long Beach, Dina in Zagreb, Mr. Matt Dorville of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Dave Eggers of *McSweeney's*, who was kind enough to approach me after one of my readings and express interest in publishing a book which otherwise never might have gotten published; Mr. Brad Edmondson of *American Demographics*, Deacon Peter Espeut in Kingston, Jamaica; Pastor Joe Esposito at the Cambodian Baptist Church in Long Beach, California, Mr. Eric Falt, spokesman for the Office of the Humanitarian Coordinator for Iraq, Mr. Farras in Iraq, Mr. Feisal in Aden, Yemen, Mr. Max Fenton of *McSweeney's*, Ms. LeighAnne Fitzpatrick of SPIN magazine, Mr. Nathan Bedford Forrest in New Orleans, Mr. Bob Fletcher of the Milita of Montana, my bitter, brave, lecherous, belligerent, thieving, cocaine-addicted Congolese interpreter and friend Mr. Franck, Mr. Jonathan Franzen, friend and debater; Mr. Matthew Frassica of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Joel Freeman, who told me about Norbert Elias; Ms. Mieko Fujioka, secretary at IMADR in Tokyo, Mrs. Fatana Isaq Gailani in Peshawar, Mr. Steve Gardiner of the Coalition for Human Dignity in Portland, Oregon; Gladys in the slumtown of Ciudad Bolívar near Bogotá, Colombia; Mr. David "Militia" Golden, networker extraordinaire; his wife, Mrs. Keiko Golden,

who translated a number of Japanese documents for this book; the courageous individuals in Goma, Democratic Republic of Congo, who told me certain truths at great risk to themselves; my agent, Ms. Susan Golomb; Mr. Craig Graham, who gave me Artyom Borovik's book, has gone shooting with me many times, and appears in the photo portfolios; the passionately sincere Ms. Lizzy Gray, animal rights activist; Gremlin in Stockton, California, Col. James "Bo" Gritz of Sandy Valley, Nevada, and of Almost Heaven in Kamiah, Idaho; his then-wife Claudia, who was always very fair and gracious with me; Mr. Richard Grossman, who introduced me to *The Blue Cliff Record*, the Guardian Angels, Mr. Bob Guccione, Jr., first of SPIN magazine, then of *Gear* (he owes me money, but was always generous with it when he had it; furthermore, he sent me to any number of interesting places—this book's case studies owe more to him than to anybody else—and he even published my views, with which he frequently utterly disagreed); Mr. Carvilio Guzman, who was displaced from Brisas, Colombia; Ms. Vesna Hadzivukovic at the Southeast Centre for Geopolitical Studies in Beograd; Mr. William Haines, who was then a philosophy student at Cornell; Mrs. Naur Salem al-Hakemi in Sana'a, Yemen; Mr. Rashid ul Haq of Darul Uloom Haqqania *madrassa* in Akora Khattak Pakistan; Prof. Robert Harbison in London, for his friendship, constructive disagreement, whiskey and crisps (he will hate this book); Mr. Ben Hedstrom of *McSweeney's,* for especially persistent fact-checking in a number of areas; Mr. High Tech in Pony, Montana; Ms. Marlene Hines of the Montana Human Rights Network, Ms. Vahida Hodic in Sarajevo, Italy of the Guardian Angels, Mr. Eli Horowitz of *McSweeney's*, who worked intelligently and sincerely to improve this book, especially the moral calculus—he lost some arguments with good grace and he won some arguments with good grace; Mr. Andro Hsu of *McSweeney's*; Sergeant Jim Hughes of the Stockton Police Gang Violence Suppression Unit; the Hughes family in Teller, Alaska; Mr. Sarwar Hussaini, Executive Director of the Peshawar-based Co-operation Centre for Afghanistan, Mr. Hussein in Yemen, various doctors, nurses and patients in Saddam Hussein Hospital in Baghdad; Mr. Takahiko Inoue of the Inagawa Yakuza, the sinister Monsieur J. in Kinshasha, who taught me even more than I was hoping to know about police corruption, Mr. Sura Jirampaikal, Thai ruby deaker; Mr. Mark Johnson, who sent me (a piece of) *The Plain Dealer*'s article on baseball bats as Polish murder weapons; certain anonymous people in Kabul who trusted me with their anti-Taliban stories, and especially "the brave girl", Mr. Ken-ichi Kadooka of the Buraku Liberation League in Osaka, Ms. Sarah Kakaruk in Teller, Alaska, Detective Jim Kang of the Sacramento Gang Violence Unit, various unnamed members of the Karenni Liberation Army; my dear friend and interperter Mrs. Takako Kawai in Tokyo; the Kentfield Crips and affiliates in Stockton, California, Khunying Khanitta, founder and proprietress of We Train Guest House in Thailand; Khun Sa, the "Opium King"; Ms. Robin Kirk of Human Rights Watch in the U.S.A., Ms. Suzanne Kleid of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Dave Kneebone of *McSweeney's*; Ms. Mayumi Kobana, interpreter, explicator and friend, Mr. Marinko Koscecs in Croatia (he was intelligent and brave), various unnamed members of the Kosovo Liberation

Army; Ms. Cindy Kumano of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Kent Lacin in Sacramento, whose perspective as a commercial photographer contributed to my chapter on Columbine; Laura in Colombia, Ms. Devorah Lauter of *McSweeney's,* who worked worked dilligently and effectively to gather a number of images from various sources, and who also headed the scanning team; Mr. Andrew Leland of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Gideon Lewis-Kraus of *McSweeney's*, Father Michael Linden, S.J., in Rema, Kingston, Jamaica; Miss Lara Lorson, who was then with NPR's "Talk of the Nation" and who remains a friend and guide; Mr. Jia Zhen Li of Sunnyvale, California, Ms. Rose Lichter-Marck of *McSweeney's*, Miss Christine Lim, Mr. William Linne, who worked hard for not especially good wages to make so many of the beautiful prints which have been reproduced in this book; the Croatian healer Lirija and her husband; Dr. Rasim Ljajic, who was Prime Minister of the Muslim National Council of Sanzak, Yugoslavia, and General Secretary of the SDA; Mr. James M. Lombino, shooting partner, devotee of airguns, mechanical engineer and free spirit; Mr. Loth Suong in Phnom Penh, who talked more freely than I would have expected about his infamous brother; Marcos in Bogotá, Colombia, the late "parent" of the Machiya Yakuza family in Tokyo, who was very hospitable and kind (he has since been murdered by a rival gang); the Manchester Blood gang affiliates—Moonlight Strangers, Tiny Rascal Gang and Crazy Brother Clan—in Stockton, California; the men I interviewed in Maifa'a, Yemen; Ms. Madeline Martell in San Francisco and New York, Masha in Beograd, Larry and Sinda McCafferey in California, Mr. Jack McEnany, Mr. Casey McKinney of *McSweeney's*, Ms. Emily McManus of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Brian McMullen of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Hazbo Medovic, who was Vice-President of the Serbian Socialist Party (SPS) in Novi Pazar, Yugoslavia; Ms. Heidi Meredith of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Sebastian Metz of the Guardian Angels, Father Joseph Michael in Apartadó, Colombia, Mr. Ken Miller, for various tips photographic and otherwise (for instance: don't bet on the horses); certain unnamed cadres of the Taliban's Ministry for the Propagation of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice in Kabul, Ms. Elizabeth Mitchell, formerly of *Spin*, then of *George* magazine, Misha in Beograd, Mr. Taylor Morris of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Bradford Morrow, eminence of *Conjunctions*; my Pakistani foster-father Major-General N., Mr. Brian Neff of *McSweeney's*, whose fact-checking caught several of my most embarrassing errors, especially in the realm of Norse sagas; Ms. Kellie Nelson in Montana, Nives in Zagreb, Mr. Khaled A. Wahed Noman, who represented Canon Products in Yemen, Mr. Ethan Nowosocki of Farrar, Straus & Giroux, Mr. Mark Novak of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Ted Nugent at World Tedquarters, not to mention his family and his assistant Linda; O. in Madagascar, Miss Vanny O., Sheikh Bin Ali al-Okaimi in Sana'a, Yemen; Mr. Bengt Oldenburg in Barcelona, Mr. Walt Opie of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Owen Otto of *McSweeney's*; Paddy Boy in Hanna Town, Kingston, Jamaica; Deacon Patterson in Hanna Town, Kingston, Jamaica; Mr. Dobroslav Paraga of HOS and HSP in Zagreb, Mr. Adam Parfrey of Feral House Books, Juan and Kathleen Park in New Orleans, Mr. Richard Parks of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Ben Pax, who was the manuscript's first reader and who supplied illustrations of Cu Chi; Pearline in Jamaica, Mr.

Robby Peckerar of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Warren Pederson of *McSweeney's*, Philip in Rema, Kingston, Jamaica, Mr. Seth Pilsk of Oracle, Arizona, Miss Biljana Plavsic, then Vice-President and later Acting President of the Bosnian Serbs, now serving a prison sentence at The Hague; Ms. Kara Platoni of *McSweeney's* (her contacts and information for "Defense of Animals" and "Defense of Gender" greatly improved those chapters); Mr. Chunchart Poonsiri, Governor of Yala Province, Thailand; the people of Priluzje and Glavotina in Kosovo; and especially the brave doctor in Priluzje, Ms. Miriam Posner of *McSweeney's*; Mr. Garth Pritchard, then a resident of New York, with whom I frequently discussed the concept of Same Day Liberations; Mr. Michael Pulley of the *Sacramento News and Review*, various unnamed members of the Pattani Unification Liberation Organization in Thailand and Malaysia, El Raton of Medellin, Colombia; Mullah Abdul Razzaq, then the Taliban's Minister of the Interior, Ms. Vanessa Renwick, who runs the Oregon Department of Kick Ass and has kicked ass in various unseen parts of this book; Reptile in Stockton, California, Mr. Noah Richler of BBC Radio, Junior Rowe in Riverton, Jamaica, Mr. David Roberts of Resolute Bay, Northwest Territories, and his wife, Ms. Elizabeth Allakriallak, Prof. Michael Ryan, for a Marxism class a long time ago, and for a suggestion about Thoreau; Ms. Dawn Ritch, newspaper columnist in in Kingston, Jamaica; Ron in Montana; Mr. Gabe Roth of *McSweeney's*, for a superbly careful job of copy-editing; the Russian Special Forces man in Beograd, Dr. Janice K. Ryu, for a great number of helpful offices, Mr. Carlos Salinas of the Latin American affairs department of Amnesty International in Washington, D.C.; Mr. Brenden Salmon of *McSweeney's*, San, Sara and Scarface in Stockton, California; a few kind people on the San Carlos Apache Reservation in Arizona, Monsieur Roger Samba in Kinshasha, Democratic Republic of Congo (the "special tax" he extorted from me for not quite arresting me was reasonable, the subsequent interview and photos a bargain for the money); Mr. Paul Slovak at Viking-Penguin, who has done what he could to help this book; Mr. Don Smith in Nome, Alaksa; Ms. Soeun K., my Khmer interpreter in Long Beach; Mr. Nabeel A. Al-Sofe of the Central Committee of Yemen's Islah opposition party, "someone of the people" in the late Serbian Republic of Krajina; Detective Norm Sørenson of the Gang Violence Suppression Unit in Long Beach, the Spanish UNPROFOR soldiers in Drasevo, Bosnia; Ms. Srey S. of Phnom Penh, the S.F. Skinz, Mr. Curtis Sliwa of the Guardian Angels, Ms. Pamela Jean Smith of *McSweeney's*; Snake of the Guardian Angels, Mr. Speed of eastern Thailand, Ms. June Spencer in Nome, Alaska; Miss Lorna Stanley, a schoolmarm in the Rema ghetto of Kingston, Jamaica; the Reverend John Steigerwald, in Rema, Kingston, Jamaica; Ms. Jean Stein, who gave me many wonderful books on Sade, the Soviet Union, Plains Indians & c, and to whom I could always talk and worry about violence; Ms. Ayoka Stewart of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Jeff Stoffer of the *Townsend Star* in Montana; the inmates of the Studentski Dom in Sarajevo, Sukanja in Thailand, Dr. Gloria Suarez and her husband Carlos, both of Bogotá, Colombia; Mr. Greg Sullivan, the Deputy Director for Press Affairs at the U.S. State Department's Near Eastern Affairs Bureau, Mr. Surat Suravich in Thailand,

Ms. Susan Squire in New York, Mr. Ryuma Suzuki, second-in-command of the Sumiyoshi Yakuza (he was one of the most unpleasant people I have ever met), Prof. Scott Swanson in Indianaopolis, Indiana, Sylvana in Zagreb, Mr. Adnan T. in Zagreb, Mr. Ahmed T. in Zagreb, Mr. Sharif T. in Zagreb, Teo in Split, Croatia; Mr. Tommy Thornhill of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Alan Thuma of *McSweeney's*; the late Hadji Amin Tohmeena in Thailand and Malaysia (I will always be grateful for the interview he granted me), the late Mr. Francis Tomasic, Mr. Ken Toole of the Montana Human Rights Network, Ms. Deborah Treisman, once of *Grand Street*, now of *The New Yorker*, for her intelligence and gentleness, Prof. Bruce Trigger, both for continuing to inspire my work through his own, and for kindly answering a few more queries on seventeenth-century Huron Indians; Ms. Jenni Ulrich of *McSweeney's*; a certain U.S. State Department official in the Department of South Asian Affairs; the unnnamed man from Noxon, Montana; Vineta in Serbia, Ms. Sarah Vollmann, Mr. and Mrs. T. Vollmann, Ms. Vicky Walker of *McSweeney's*, Mr. Ben Westhoff of *McSweeney's* (he was very helpful with information I haven't seen before on animal liberation and environmentalism); Ms. Nitsa Whitney in New York, Ms. Esther Whitby in England, who never liked any of my longer books but who always tried to make me work harder and better, the Widowmaker Squad (motto: "Let me know if you're scared!") of the Peace Frog platoon of Charlie Company of the U.S. Marines, then in Somalia, Prof. Susan Williamson in England, Mr. Paul Wilner, then editor of the *San Francisco Examiner* magazine; Ms. Alison Willmore of *McSweeney's*; Prof. Robert Winzeler in Reno, Nevada; the woman who was formerly in charge of the literary programs of Radio Kabul; the Freeman Mr. John Wright in the Montana Mountains, General X. in Cambodia, Doctor Adolphe Onosomba Yemba, Ms. Jayme Yen of *McSweeney's*, President of the Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie, Yhon Yhone in Thailand, Yuki in Japan and Zhalko in Beograd. I thank these people with all my gratitude, and in some cases my friendship and love.

Appreciative acknowledgement is made to the United Nations Department of Public Information (Cartographic Section) for permision to reproduce the following maps herein: "UNPROFOR Deployment as of July 1992" (map no. 3684), "UNPROFOR Deployment as of February 1993" (map. no. 3684, rev. 2), "UNPROFOR Deployment as of March 1994" (map. no. 3684, rev. 5), "UNISOM II Deployment as of September 1993" (map no. 3805). I would especially like to thank Mr. Miklos Pinther, Chief of the Cartographic Section.

I am very grateful to the West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection for permission to study and quote from facsimiles of John Brown's letters—and to Prof. William Plumley, University of Charleston, who very kindly obtained specified John Brown letters for me from that source.

Anybody browsing through the footnotes to the first "theoretical" part of this book will find a preponderance of references to secondary rather than primary sources. I am very grateful to the various scholars I have cited. No matter what they may think of my use of their material, this book is often more theirs than mine.

NOTES

MORAL CALCULUS

[1] Trotsky, p. 88.
[2] Luther, p. 116.
[3] Furet and Ozouf, p. 249.
[4] Clausewitz, p. 184, p. 207.
[5] Thoreau, p. 331.
[6] See below, "The War Never Came Here," 1994.
[7] Hardin, p. 259.
[8] Ibid p. 101 (letter no. X, to Mlle. de Rousset, 26 January 1782].
[9] Matthew 5:6.
[10] Above, "Defense of Race and Culture."
[11] *Joan of Arc in Her Own Words*, p. 132 (Wednesday, May 23, 1431).
[12] Jacob Dickinson, dissenting, writes that "were ethics an exact science in the sense that one could manipulate discrete, symbolic entities (like the stones that gave calculus its name—I picture something like go pieces) to arrive at pronouncements of right and wrong, ... free will and cultural variability would not be compromised. The actions that we freely will and the variations between cultures would be susceptible to another sort of labelling, that's all ... I see no reason not to imagine a moral calculus that operates as smoothly and definitively as ... cams driving oiled blocks of metal back and forth in polished channels" (note to author, 1996).
[13] Franklin, p. 878 (to Joseph Priestley, London, Sept. 19. 1772).
[14] Katsuki Sekida, in Mumon Ekai / Setcho and Engo, p. 14.
[15] See above, "Defense of Gender."
[16] Milovan Djilas tells the story of a Partisan battalion commander whose uncle was a Chetnik. The young Partisan, feeling the tie of family, warned his uncle of his impending arrest. Uncle, nephew and another kinsman were executed together (*Wartime*, p. 164).
[17] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 220 (first inaugaral address, 4 March 1861).
[18] See above, "Defense of Ground."
[19] That is, strange as it might seem, your violence ought wherever possible to be motivated by sincere and selfless love.
[20] See above, "Defense of Animals."
[21] See above, "Defense of Creed."
[22] Gómara, p. 33.
[23] Trigger comments: "It could equally be the Capitalist's Golden Rule."
[24] Thucydides (Warner), p. 215. Everybody who punishes to improve the transgressor is acting on this premise, although it will usually be stated more mildly than Cleon did. Thus many a seventeenth-century Frenchman, like the family friend just quoted, would doubtless insist that he was treating his child well when he flogged her for some offense, because proactive deterrence socializes the young into self-disciplined (self-punishing) respecters of authority.
[25] Reaction to Nuremberg indictment; quoted in GIlbert, p. 7.
[26] A.T. Bryant, quoted in Walter, p. 139.
[27] Plato's original maxim: "No man whatsoever will prove a creditable master until he has first been a servant." See above, "Defense of Class."
[28] This assertion of the "natural slave" must have required belligerency as a way of hiding its absurdity from its adherents. For all slaves come from somewhere. There has to be a first generation which began free. Greek slaves, like their Roman counterparts (Erich S. Gruen, p. 360) were convicts, foreign prisoners, persons unable to repay their ransomers, or simply the children of slaves (MacDowell, pp. 79-80). The same went for Babylonian slaves, who could also derive from individuals who sold themselves to pay off a debt (Roux, p. 185).
[29] See "Defense of Honor."
[30] See "On the Morality of Weapons."
[31] Churchill, *The Hinge of Fate*, pp. 498-99. See above, "Defense of Class."
[32] Berger and Neuhaus, p. 56
[33] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."
[34] Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 89. In the mid-tenth century, Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander had written about battle: "At a time like this reconcile your heart with death" (*A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 429).
[35] See "Means and Ends."
[36] True euthanasia, not being considered harm, is not included here.
[37] See above, "Defense of Class."

[38] See "Means and Ends" above.
[39] Epstein, p. 422 (Yoma, 85b).
[40] Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook, 1980. See above, "Defense of Earth."
[41] Gandhi, pp. 348-49 ("The Jews," *Harijan*, 26-11-38).
[42] The exact opposite of Hitler's system. That monster declared: "I spoke only of peace for so many years because I had to. It has now become necessary to bring about a gradual psychological change in the German people's course and make it realize slowly that there are some things that must, if they cannot be carried through by peaceful means, be carried through by force and violence ..." (speech to newspaper editors, 10 November 1935). Nonviolence was insufficient, then. His violence, rather than sparing, *preyed* upon the unwilling.
[43] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 357 (5.116).
[44] Machiavelli, p. 22.
[45] Quoted in Oates, p. 317.
[46] Unfortunately, this example is not true to life. Whether or not the reparations are excessive, about which I don't know enough to judge, the continuing sanctions definitely are. See the case study "Survival and Defiance in the Land of Oil," below.]
[47] Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[48] Above, "Defense of Animals?"
[49] Ibid.
[50] Above, "Suicide and Euthanasia."
[51] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 13 ("On Providence, II.10).
[52] Ibid.
[53] Lawrence, *Seven Pillars*, p. 496.
[54] Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[55] Ibid.
[56] Above, "Defense Against Traitors."
[57] Hassig, p. 227. This was the campaign against Tototepec in 1506.
[58] Ibid, p. 223. Campaign against Tlachquiauco, 1504.
[59] Ibid.
[60] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 82 ("On Patriotism").
[61] Lewes, p. 312.
[62] Above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[63] Above, "Defense of Honor." This right is inserted here for completeness because it overlaps with the right of any self to express and define itself. Its ramifications will be laid out in detail in 5.2.A.
[64] Pernoud, p. 176.
[65] Above, "Defense of Authority."
[66] See above, "Defense of Authority;" "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[67] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[68] See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[69] See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[70] Epstein, p. 422 (Yoma, 85b).
[71] Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[72] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[73] Ibid.
[74] Ibid.
[75] Ibid. This chapter also includes the following rule, which derives both from 5.2.A.2 and 5.2.A.3: When unchecked dishonor will cause death or other serious harm. In other words, when defense of honor equals imminent defense of self or others.
[76] Ibid.
[77] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 40.
[78] Abbot and Carter, p. 74.
[79] Ibid.
[80] See above, "Defense of Class."
[81] Burke, p. 138.
[82] Ibid.
[83] Womack, p. 49.
[84] Ibid.
[85] Quoted in Lee, p. 144.
[86] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[87] After Plato. See above, "Defense of Authority."
[88] Ibid.
[89] Ibid.
[90] Ibid.
[91] Lange, pp. 331, 384.
[92] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[93] Ibid.
[94] Ibid.
[95] Ibid.
[96] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[97] Ibid.
[98] Defined in "Defense of War Aims," below.
[99] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 427.
[100] See above, "Defense of Race and Culture."
[101] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 438. My *Oxford Classical Dictionary* calls the Pelasgians "a mythic population-group" (Hornblower and

Spawforth, p. 1131; entry on Pesgians).
[102] Turnbull, p. 209.
[103] See above, "Defense of Creed."
[104] Ibid.
[105] See below, "Everybody Likes Americans."
[106] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[107] 5.1.3 is omitted here since is group counterpart has already been addressed as defense of honor [5.2.A].
[108] Herodotus, Book Seven, pp. 477-78.
[109] 5.2.D.3 does not apply; the cause cannot necessarily be open to all when belligerents are enrolled under opposing commands.
[110] Quoted in Rountree, p. 11.
[111] Fornara, p. 56, item no. 57.
[112] Wu-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 208.
[113] Moltke, p. 24.
[114] Walzer, p. 42.
[115] Ibid.
[116] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 90.
[117] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[118] Vigny, pp. 147-48.
[119] Ibid.
[120] Ibid.
[121] Díaz, p. 330.
[122] Ibid.
[123] Ibid.
[124] Borovik, p. 267.
[125] Ibid.
[126] Bergerud, p. 265.
[127] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 188.
[128] Chanoff and Doan, p. 156.
[129] Ibid.
[130] Acquinas, p. 578. Of course this limitation is necessary but not sufficient. The leader who holds his power by the most legitimate means may nonetheless uphold illegitimate war aims, as did Kaiser Wilhelm in World War I. Likewise, Lieutenant Calley was Private Meadlo's legitimate commander. I accordingly reserve my right to desert, to fight for neither Caesar nor Pompey.
[131] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[132] Ibid.
[133] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
[134] Truong, p. 15.
[135] See above, "Defense of Ground."
[136] Ibid.
[137] Sahagún, p. 84.
[138] See above, "Defense of Earth."
[139] *Earth First!*, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 12 (Rhys Roth, "Driving Fossil Fuels to Extinction").
[140] For the best treatment I have seen on this subject, see Joel E. Cohen.
[141] See above, "Defense of Earth."
[142] See above, "Defense of Gender."
[143] Ibid.
[144] Ibid.
[145] Yerbury, p. 157.
[146] Ibid.
[147] Garrett Hardin's "lifeboat ethics": One of the practical conclusions of the analysis given in this book is this: population control and freedom to breed are irreconcilable ... If perfect sex determination is achieved, women can then be freed of *all* restrictions on the *number* of children they produce, PROVIDED: they submit to the restriction of having *only one girl child* per woman (op. cit., p. 206).
[148] Ibid.
[149] See above, "Defense Against Traitors."
[150] Plato, p. 1417 (*Laws*, IX.856b-d).
[151] See above, "Defense Against Traitors."
[152] Open letter entitled "Words from the Underground to the People of the United States of America," *Sacramento News and Review*, November 22, 1995, p. 13.
[153] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."
[154] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."
[155] *Annals of America*, vol. 18, pp. 140-42 ("John F. Kennedy: Soviet Missiles in Cuba.")
[156] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."
[157] Which may or might take place in the service of an unjustifiable end; see the long portrait of Julius Caesar in "Defense of War Aims."
[158] So defined because after the categories of revenge and judicial punishment have been dissected away, military retribution seems to be all that's left.
[159] Wilson, pp. 556-57.
[160] Ibid.
[161] See above, "Punishment."
[162] Elena Chong, "Ex-SAF sergeant accused of

murdering housewife testifies: 'I had sex with her at 18,' in *The Straits Times*, Friday, March 21, 1997, "Home" section.
[163] Ibid.
[164] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 146.
[165] "Punishment," above.
[166] Montesquieu, p. 268 (XXX.18).
[167] This rule cannot address the following case: What penalty does a Swedish thief in Saudi Arabia deserve? While I think shariat would be appropriate, since the crime occurs under its jurisdiction, I don't presume to insist.
[168] Quoted in Rudé, p. 105.
[169] *Al-Bukhari*, vol. 9, p. 513 (LXXXI.14).
[170] Ibid.
[171] Qur'-An, p. 73 (2.178, "Retaliation and Bequests').
[172] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 161, no. 196.
[173] *Laws*, VII.794a, p. 1366.
[174] Hobbes, p. 210 (I.15).
[175] *Al-Bukhari*, vol. 9, p. 510 (LXXXI.10).
[176] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[177] Ibid.
[178] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 391.
[179] Sirkes, pp. 4, 6-11, 20-23, 30-31, 34, 36, 37.
[180] Ibid.
[181] Ibid.
[182] See above, "Moral Yellowness."
[183] See above, "Inevitability."
[184] See above, "Defense of Class," p. 00.
[185] For text references, see footnotes to justified categories of violence above.
[186] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 205 (AW.70).
[187] Constitution and Rituals of the Order of the White Camelia 1868; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 258.
[188] Thompson, p. 2.
[189] Walter, p. 141. Hence in the moral calculus's "Maxims for Murderers" we adorn the following evil principle with Shaka's name: "If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all" (1.3.11; Walter, p. 139).
[190] Reproduced in "Brutus," VII, *New York Journal*, January 10, 1788; in Bailyn, vol. 1, p. 735.
[191] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, pp. 20-21.
[192] Quoted in Speer, p. 225.
[193] Appian, vol. III, p. 323 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VIII.51).
[194] Ibid, II.V.36.
[195] See above, "Defense of Earth."
[196] Midgley, pp. 12-13, 45-52.
[197] See above, "Defense of Gender."
[198] Ibid.
[199] Jordan, p. 102.
[200] Seneca, vol. 1, pp. 395-97, "On Mercy," I.XII.4-sqq.
[201] Plato, *Laws*, pp. 1490-91 (XII.944d).
[202] Cheng, p. 62.
[203] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 226.
[204] "Children Abusing Adults—Rule 43," in *The Raven*, no. 22, p. 152.
[205] Sade, *Letters*, p. 37 (letter no. II, to Mme de Sade, 6 March 1777).
[206] Quoted in Taylor, p. 248.
[207] Above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[208] Turnbull, p. 112.
[209] Steve Johnson, "Survival in the Bulge: Fifty Year Ago, Houk Earned Silver Star in World War II Battle," *Los Angeles Times*, Monday, December 19, 1994, p. C19.
[210] Author of *The Children of Aataentsic*, to which I've frequently referred in this book.

ANNEXES

[1] This Annex mostly need not consider when revolution is justified. Aquinas, for example, leaves no room whatsoever for legitimate rebellion, insisting that "sedition" is mortal sin, being opposed to unity and the common good, those latter terms being based on Augustine's definition of the people as "the assembly of those united together in fellowship recognized by law and for the common good." (Aquinas, p. 584). In other words, the people constitute the existing order, which must be left alone. The "common good which it assails surpasses the private good which is assailed by strife." (loc. cit.). For Aquinas, legitimacy is the rule for preexisting authority [see the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1]. Corollary: Don't rock the boat, ever.
[2] I am well aware that at the time of writing (1996), such an approach is considered but the stale effluvium of the "second generation" of revolutionary scholarship (the first genera-

tion being "merely" descriptive, the second concerning itself, as I am doing, with process, the third with structuralist factors). Aside from making the rather obvious observation that all three approaches are and will ever continue to be valid, I would like to say that the "second generation" approach is most germane here, since neither descriptive nor structural analyses conveniently lend themselves to the consideration of *choice* at any given moment, without which it is difficult to form ethical conceptions.

[3] Castro; note added by Kenner and Petras.

[4] Interview with Mr. Muhammed S., Afghan refugee, in Berkeley, California, 1986. See above ("Defense of Homeland"), for more testimony by this man.

[5] Any phase of this cycle may occur within another phase. Thus, for instance, in 1966-67 the Burmese Communist Party, while engaged in a struggle with the Burmese government (overt conflict phase) also struggled internally (consolidation of power phase) when it sought to apply to itself the grim maxim "Purge, dismiss, eliminate."

[6] Aristotle, *The Politics*, p. 192.

[7] Even if we accepted equality, for instance, as an unambiguous good, a Marxist-Leninist vanguardist could still argue in favor of tactical inequality as a necessary temporary evil that would bring about equality later. What this so often seems to mean in practice is killing off everybody who disagrees with the vanguardist, in hopes of establishing a future consensus with the vanguardist's toadies and friends.

[8] More and more, I believe in the respect of the human mind for accomplished fact. Deep down, no matter what the courage of our conscious ideology, many of us believe that when we fight on the weaker side, might is right, because might was there before us, and established its own universe, with its own natural laws of authority and sadism. Who are we to defy them? That is why Orwell was ashamed, why even Lawrence of Arabia was capable of saying: "...anyone who pushed through to success a rebellion of the weak against their masters must come out of it so stained in estimation that afterward nothing in the world would make him feel clean" (*Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, p. 682). Lawrence, it should be added, had additional reason for such feelings. "In our two years' partnership under fire, they grew accustomed to believing me and to think my Government, like myself, sincere. In this hope they performed some fine things, but, of course, instead of being proud of what we did together, I was continually and bitterly ashamed" [p. 24]). Might it be that those who do not feel shame and disgust are already lost, because their aggressions will not be in any way bound? I cannot say for certain, any more than I can say that those who are overwhelmed by their shame and disgust will always be ineffective.

[9] George Orwell, "Such, Such Were the Joys," in Lopate, p. 297

[10] Machiavelli, op. cit., p. 26.

[11] In this connection Herodotus summarizes the fate of Apries, an ancient king of Egypt, who sent troops against the city of Cyrene. "He was held personally responsible for the defeat; the Egyptians believed that he had deliberately sent them to certain destruction, in order to strengthen his grip on those of his subjects who were left alive" (Book Two, p. 194).

[12] "Empowerment for a Culture of Peace and Development," in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, p. 50.

[13] See "But What Are We to Do?" below.

[14] Donald S. Zagoria, "Asian Tenancy Systems and Communist Mobilization of the Peasantry," in Lewis, pp. 33-54. Huntington (ibid, p. 6) proposes that revolution be defined as the result of the inability of a political system to accommodate new or increased participation in the system. Lewis himself (loc. cit.) calls determinism in the analysis of revolution a "dead end." This may or may not be true but hardly advances our ethical perspective.

[15] Excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 110.

[16] This phenomenon explains why the Hungarian writer George Konrád, having been through the violent revolution of 1956 and the peaceful one of 1989, writes sourly that "revolution is a game of symbols and gestures in which armed intimidators succeed

only if people let themselves be intimidated, and if for some unknown reason they do not, then the intimidators themselves feel intimidated and their weapons turn into so much scrap metal." (Konrád, *The Melancholy of Rebirth*, p. 26; "A New Year's Prediction for 1990"). He would seem to be describing a vanguardist revolution.

[17] Jefferson, p. 78 ("The Autobiography"). Shall we pay lip service to the scholarly wisdom that revolutions actually begin with dissension among the elite? The French Revolution, for example, commenced not in the streets but in the mirrored halls of Versailles. If this axiom is true, what it really implies is that the ruling class's policies become inconsistent in proportion to the power struggle—which again means that they become unfair.

[18] Those who support this point of view often insist, à la Marx himself, that such revolutions can only occur in precapitalist societies, since after that the surplus becomes mystified as capital and one can no longer see what is surplus and hence how it is being stolen from the workers. Amin insists, rather arrogantly in my view, that this analysis of precapitalist revolutions is the only correct one: "Empirical observers of this history who imagine that what they see is the outcome of ideological or political struggles are falling victim to the same alienation as the society that they are studying" (p. 25).

[19] "FC," p. 37, para. 116 ("Restriction of Freedom is Unavoidable in Industrial Society").

[20] Marks, p. 89. Charles Tilly insists that collective violence is the "by-product of an interaction," rather than a "direct expression of...propensities" ("Town and Country in Revolution," in Lewis, p. 283), as would be the case with a sex-murderer. Marxists might agree with this as a general statement about class relations. However, I am not quite convinced. Reactive violence, from the spontaneous mayhem of riots to counterattacks on the battlefield, may well "just happen" at times. But when a decision is made on the part of an insurgency or an entrenched elite to launch an act of proactive or preemptive violence, describing the result as a byproduct may be adequate to a value-neutral investigation of how revolutions happen, but it cannot serve as a sufficient ethical explicator. An assassination, say, or a mass execution certainly has its structural explanation. It also has its moral side. A leader or a group has *chosen* to do this, and while the "objective circumstances" must be taken into consideration, so must the motive, the effect, the utility, the necessity, the justice.

[21] Rudé, *The French Revolution*: p. 28.

[22] Tocqueville, *The Old Regime*, p. 177.

[23] One might also, of course, describe the listing of oppression as a structuralist effect rather than a volunteerist cause: in other words, for whatever reason, the state mechanism of coercion has been damaged; the state endeavors to hide this weakness by insisting that it is "mending its ways" of its own accord; but for our purposes the whys and wherefores matter only slightly: the important thing is that some hand has removed the lid from the boiling revolutionary kettle, so that the steam is now free to rise up.

[24] Levi, *Survival in Auschwitz*. This is the theme of the entire book, and Levi was stunned when one Sonderkommando had actually bombed a crematorium at Birkenau in 1944. A conspirator was led to the gallows. "I wish I could say that from the mist of us... a voice rose...But nothing happened" (p. 135).

[25] Steinbeck in *The Harvest Gypsies*, writes of one man in a camp who still tries to cover his family's excrement: "He is a newcomer and his spirit and decency and his sense of his own dignity have not been quite wiped out. Next year he will be like his next door neighbor" (p. 27). Levi would have annotated that: "No. Next month."

[26] Another scholar of the French Revolution has written that during the *Ancien Regime*, "the peasant was regarded by bourgeois, townsman and noble as an ignorant and uncouth being, destined by nature and by tradition to support the upper classes, to contribute the greater share of revenue to the royal treasury, and to feed the urban population" (Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, p. 47).

As the lower classes are regarded, so, sadly, they often come to regard themselves. Then institutionalized cruelty can edure for generations. The sense of grievance may be deeply felt, but (to invoke the old rising-up-as-fire metaphor) it is but a spark smoldering under heavy logs of helplessness.

[27] Koestler, *Dialogue with Death*, p. 136.

[28] "But I can cut off your head," Epictetus claims that a tyrant threatened him. "You say right," replies the ex-slave sarcastically. "I had forgotten that I must have regard to you, as I would to the fever and the bile, and raise an altar to you, as there is at Rome an altar to fever" (*Discourses*, Book I, in Lucretius/Epictetus/Marcus Aurelius, p. 125).

[29] Which may in this case seem to work against its own interest. Polarization often gives birth to factionalism within the revolutionary organization. The rash militants split off from the cowardly reformers. Lenin obligingly explains to a young Menshevik why the Bolsheviks and the Mensheviks are dividing: "Your comrades want to sit in parliament, while we are sure the working class ought to prepare for battle" (Gorky, "V.I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 23). In the short term, the revolution was weakened.

[30] As an example of the latter we may quote an address to the Central Committee of J. Sverdlov, most famous, perhaps, in his capacity of overseer of the execution of the Romanov family. "We must place before ourselves most seriously the problem of dividing the village by classes," says Sverdlov, "of creating in it two opposite hostile camps, setting the poorest layers of the population against the kulak elements...to arouse there the same class war as in the cities..." (*Znamya truda*, 16 May 1918; quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 46). Here we have a revolution from above instead of from below — that is, the political elite is the group expressing the grievance. There is another name for such revolutions: pogroms.

[31] It is for this reason that social theorists of the so-called "Third Generation" of revolutionary study like the structuralist approach. One advocate of a very interesting and persuasive "exchange theory of revolution" sees the mobilization which accompanies polarization as resulting from the fact that a burgeoning revolutionary group can offer the possibility of future rewards through the sharing of power and resources, should it succeed in obtaining them, as a *quid pro quo* for cooperation with the movement (Jeffrey Race, "Toward an Exchange Theory of Revolution," in Lewis, pp. 169-206.) Thus, for instance, the Khmer Rouge "General X." whom I interviewed joined the revolution out of a forward-looking (and accurate) belief that "Khmer Rouge can come winner." (see "The Skulls on the Shelves," above) He had not subscribed to Communist doctrine at that time, and twenty years later he still didn't.

[32] Speech of 26 May 1793; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 172.

[33] The case has been made that in the twentieth-century U.S.A., authority was no longer capable of recognizing mass violent risings-up (such as the black ghetto riots of 1967-68) as "expressive of political demands" rather than as simple lawlessness (Michael Lipsky and David J. Olson, "Civil Disorders and the American Political Process: The Meaning of Recent Urban Riots," in Hirsch and Perry, p. 165). I am unconvinced. Authority *never* acknowledges risings up against it as anything but lawlessness. Why should it? To do so would be to concede something in advance. Louis XVI refused to do it; Tsar Nicholas allowed or commanded his gendarmes to fire into the crowd of protestors on "Bloody Sunday." Robespierre defended himself against the traitors who disagreed with him...

[34] "Let all citizens follow my example!" in *Le Vieux Cordelier* (Paris, No. V, December 25, 1793); quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 35.

[35] This does not seem to happen among ants. Slaveholding ants are sometimes attacked by their worker slaves after they have taken over a colony, but only one-on-one; a wounded mistress would usually be nursed by other slaves (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 462).

[36] Marks, p. 97.

[37] Jefferson, p. 92 ("The Autobiography"). In his *History of the Russian Revolution* (vol. 1, p. 65), Trotsky makes much the same case

regarding the Russian royal family: "the disgusting character of 'Alix' [Empress Alexandra], ... the treacherous weakness of the tzar, ... and ... the Siberian Christ with a scar in his skull [Rasputin]."

38 Ibid, p. 93.

[39] Brown, p. 134 (Lord Chelmsford to E.S. Montagu, 9 April, 1919).

[40] Aho, p. 162.

[41] "FC," p. 28, para. 86 ("How Some People Adjust").

[42] Industrial-technological society, perhaps unfortunately, has little to fear from FC.

[43] Chanoff and Doan, p. 84 (testimony of Nguyen Cong Hoan).

[44] Brown's plan for guerrilla warfare, which he related to Frederick Douglass, was essentially to spread the chemical reaction: to "begin on a small scale" with squads of abolitions "the most persuasive and judicious of whom shall go down to the fields from time to time, as opportunity offers, and induce the slaves to join them, selecting the most restless and daring" (Oates, pp. 62-63). Here are his cloak-and-dagger instructions to his son John, Jr,: "...I would like to have you make a trip to Bedford, Chambersburg, Gettysburg, & Uniontown in Pennsylvania...giving some lectures perhaps on Phrenology or some other subject; taking down the names and residences of Friends all along as you could find them out" (Brown to John Brown, Jr., from Rochester, 4th Feb., 1858; p. 1; Boyd B. Suttler collection). A century and a half later, John Brown's enemies followed the same strategy on the electronic spiderwebs of an uneasily integrated nation: "Remember, our overall USENET strategy must be to repeat powerful themes OVER AND OVER AND OVER. We cannot compete with the Jewsmedia, of course, as our propaganda dissemination is but a very small fraction of the everywhere pervasive leftist propaganda. However, our ideas possess an energy that truth alone contains. Our ideas, when matched one to one with the chimera of the Jews, overwhelm theirs with ease, because OURS ARE IN SYNC WITH REALITY" (Milton John Kleim, Jr., "On Tactics and Strategy for Usenet"; Internet path: rhein!news.rhz.unibonn.de!RRZ.UniKoeln.DE!news.dfn.de!Germany.EU.net!howland.reston.ans.net!spool.mu.edu!.usenet.eel.ufl.edu!.news.gmi.edu!.msunews!netnews.upenn.edu!ts7-28.upenn.edu!user. From: 73323.603@compuserve.com. Newsgroups: soc.culture.german.soc.culture.jewish. Organization: The National Alliance. Date: 30 September, 1995. Blanket distribution permission granted only to "Aryan activists").

[45] Riots, like revolutions, also have what Kakar (p. 52, italics in original) "a period of *immediate tension*" (which we can call a recognition of grievance) "and a *precipitating incident*," like Desmoulins leaping up upon his improvised stage to launch the day of the green cockades. The 1978 riot in Hyderabad, India, began when a Muslim woman was raped in a police station (p. 60), following an indefinite period of inter-communal animosity. Ché Guevara calls for his guerrillas to "paralyze" economic life and put "the entire population in a situation of unrest, of anguish, almost of impatience for the development of violent events that will relieve the period of suspense" (p. 77).

[46] Gómara, pp. 75-80.

[47] Ibid, p. 80.

[48] Grant, p. 956 (letter to Jesse Root Grant, April 21st 1861).

[49] Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba*, p. 157.

[50] Ibid, p. 158.

[51] December 20, 1964; quoted in Marable, p. 12. It is possible, by the way, for nonviolent action to follow our entire cycle of phases. But in this third phase, the difference between violence and nonviolence will be most marked. "Silent suffering undergone with dignity and humility speaks with an unrivalled eloquence," wrote Gandhi about his detention in prison (quoted in Brown, p. 179; *Young India*, 17 April, 1924). The role of violent revolutionaries, on the other hand, would be to inflict suffering and death upon the ruling class.

[52] Marks, p. 90. A scholar of the French Revolution writes that terror is "a characteristic feature of the mentality of revolutionary activism" (Furet, "Terror," in Furet and

Ozouf, p. 137.) In the case of the Civil War, selective terror would have taken the form of peer intimidation and then conscription. "Each man," writes Carlyle, "enveloped in his ambient-atmosphere of revolutionary fanatic Madness, rushes on, impelled and impelling; and has become a blind brute Force; no rest for him but in the grave!" (*The French Rvolution*, vol. 2, p. 378). Or, as Gibbon puts it, somewhat more analytically, "the body of the people has more to fear from oppression than from resistance" (vol. 1, p. 73)—or, at least, the mobilizers convince it that it does.

[53] *Wartime*, p. 340.

[54] Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba*, p. 150.

[55] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.

[56] "History teaches us that no oppressed class ever did, or could, achieve power without going through a period of dictatorship, i.e., the conquest of political power and forcible suppression of the resistance always offered by the exploiters—a resistance that is most desperate, most furious, and that stops at nothing." Lenin, "Theses and Report on Bourgeois Democracy and the Dictatorship of the Proletariat" (4 March, 1919), in *Selected Works*, vol. 3, p. 98. This concept is really rather strange. The Bolsheviks defined revolutions exclusively as mass risings (Trotsky, for instance, in his *Russian Revolution*, repeatedly refers to the "direct interference of the masses" [p. xvii]). A mass dictatorship would seem to be an oxymoron. At any event, for my purposes revolutions can include not only planned and spontaneous uprisings of "the people" such as Lenin and Trotsky longed to surf-ride, and coups such as Lenin and Trotsky actually participated in.

[57] Chandler et al, p. 116 ("The Party's Four-Year Plan to Build Socialism in All Fields, 1977-1980," Party Center, July-August, 1976).

[58] Stowe, pp. 887-89 (*Oldtown Folks*, 1869).

[59] François Furet, article on Mirabeau, in Furet and Ozouf, p. 271.

[60] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 332. As we saw, the revolution which he helped instigate, and which his ex-colleague Stalin did indeed make permanent, slaughtered millions.

[61] Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, pp. 182-83.

[62] Machiavelli encourages his prince always to select the people, because nobles, being more astute and powerful, can always unmake him; while he for his part can always make or break nobles, but "the prince is compelled to live always with the same people," and if he offends them they have less chance of rising up against him than offended nobles (op. cit., pp. 13-14). At the same time, he must not drive the nobles to despair. And if, as did the Roman emperors, he has a praetorian guard to contend with, he must please them, since they have the power, even if doing so will make the people hate him.

[63] Speaking with approval of the privileges of the nobility, Burke insisted (p. 245): "The strong struggle in every individual to preserve possession of what he has found to belong to him and to distinguish him, is one of the securities against injustice and despotism implanted in our nature." Since what "distinguishes" the individual is what by definition sets him above his fellows, hence makes him unequal, and since perceived inequality is the basis of revolution, then it follows that distinction itself must sooner or later give rise to strife. For lengthier discussion of this point, see above, "Defense of Class."

[64] Robespierre, pp. 303-304.

[65] *Laws*, XVII.798d, p. 1370. But such explications as this always require a context. Ché Guevara, an incendiary rather than a snowman, with typical austerity bans "games that hurt the morale of the troops" (p. 98).

[66] *Laws*, XII.951a, p. 1496.

[67] Plato does allow male observers of fifty years of age to go discourse with sages of other nations for up to ten years, and report back to his own judiciary. But if he returns "corrupted from his travels" and proposes reforms which the judiciary doesn't care for, he will be put to death (XII.951b-952d, pp. 1496-98).

[68] Li, p. 507.

[69] Merleau-Ponty insists (p. xv) that when we evaluate a regime's goodness we bear in mind, à la Marx, not the principle for which that regime stands, but the prevailing state of human relations.70 He seems more than will-

ing to except a revolution from this very stricture, in that "a revolution does not define crimes according to the established law but in accordance with the law of the society which it wishes to create" (p. xxxii; see also above, "Defense of Authority"). To the extent that this is true, *it holds only so long as the revolution is not consolidated.* After all such reasonable allowances have made we have the right and duty to interpret a political order as it is, not as it ought to be. Has the revolution helped people or harmed them? If a revolution forbids us to ask this question, I'd vote against that revolution.

[71] "The actual experience of revolution is essentially a corrective to lagging social and political adjustments and a painful learning process of trial and (mostly) error." —Colburn, p. 10. This statement is also true of political and nonpolitical life in general.

[72] Lossky, p. 200 (Pieter De la Court, "The Interest of Holland" [1662, rev. 1666-67], sels.).

[73] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 9 ("Impasse in Race Relations").

[74] Cf. Se Hee Yoo, "The Communist Movement and the Peasants: The Case of Korea," in Lewis, p. 73.

[75] Herodotus, Book One, p. 104.

[76] For this observation I am indebted to Mona Ozouf's article on revolution in Furet and Ozouf, pp. 806-817.

[77] Moral calculus, 2.3.

[78] For a definition of legitimate preexisting authority, see the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[79] In a nutshell, orthodox Marxist-Leninists are oriented toward the "proletariat" of empowered industrial workers. Maoists don't have many factories in their countries, so they give place to peasants instead.

[80] See above, "Defense of Class."

[81] For discussion of the varying death figures see above, preface.

[82] Nagel, p. 111. I have "spelled out" the identities of political actors and path coefficients, rather than retaining Nagel's variables and subscripts.

[83] Shan State National Congress, p. 20.

[84] Ibid, p. 21.

[85] Khun Sa, p. 63 ("Economy").

[86] Khun Sa, p. 60 ("U.S. Drug Policy").

[87] Gibbon, vol. 1, pp. 9-10. The date in the epigraph refers to that of publication of the first volume.

[88] "[In] Yugoslavia ... the war represented the legitimizing spirit of the post-war regime."—Dear and Foot, p. 533.

[89] Imamovic and Mahmutcehajic, unnumbered page, eight pp. from the end (section "The Genocide After World War II"). For brevity and clarity I have reversed the order of the two sentences separated by the ellipsis.

[90] Kljakic, p. 36.

[91] Ibid, p. 45.

[92] Zecevic and Lekic, p. 27. Communism never entirely suppressed the nationalities question. Thus Djilas quotes the Croatian Communist Andrija Hebrang as insisting that the border of Croatia extended "right across the Sava from Belgrade!" (*Rise and Fall*, p. 99).

[93] Ibid, p. 45.

[94] One former OSS officer with considerable experience of wartime Yugoslavia wrote half a century later that in his view most of the inter-ethnic conflict during his tenure had been egged on by a few extremists or the Axis occupiers (cf. Lindsay, pp. 346-52). This view accords neatly with that of the Serb who talked with me on the train from Hungary in 1994. From a demagogue's point of view, as I hope to have shown in several chapters of this book, none of that matters.

[95] Sometimes the only sources I could find were current ones. The reader need only check the publication dates in the bibliography to know which is which.

[96] Obviously since a significant number of Yugoslavs were killed between 1941 and 1945, the number in 1945 would have been lower than that in 1941. By 1948 the population would have begun to recover. The historian Fred Singleton quotes the standard figure of 1,700,000 war deaths, which he assesses as equaling 11% of the 1941 population (p. 206). This would give us a number for 1941 of 14,166,666 instead of 14,000,000. I have chosen to keep the even fourteen million figure because it includes in it a breakdown of the various ethnicities, quoted immediate-

ly above, whereas Singleton quotes none. When I divide 1,7000,000 into 14,000,000, I come up with 12% instead of 11%, which seems well within the large measure of error in all the other estimates.

[97] According to another scholar the figures were 43% Serb, 23 Croat, 6 % "Bosniak," translating into 49% Orthodox, 38% Catholic, and 11% Muslim (Walters, pp. 240-41).

[98] Tomasevich, pp. 6 fn. 7. Italics mine.

[99] Addressing the issue of the Muslims who did declare themselves as Serbs or Croatians, Noel Malcolm, states most emphatically: "The main basis of all such declarations was political. Just as the trend in the first decade of the century had been to side with the Serbs as natural allies against Vienna, so the trend now was to side with the Croats as natural allies against Belgrade. In the Yugoslav parliament of 1924, all the Bosnian Muslim deputies identified themselves as Croats, except for [Mehmed] Spaho himself, who insisted on being called a Yugoslav. Of Spaho's two brothers, however, one called himself a Croat and the other a Serb" (*Bosnia: A Short History*, pp. 165-66).

[100] Again, it is worth reminding ourselves that the issues are being grossly simplified. For instance, non-Slav minorities, including Albanians, Gypsies and Germans, among others, made up more than 11% of the total (here I am following Tomasevitch's figures). The Serbs, Croats and "undecided" Muslims made up between them only 70.73%. Based on the sentiments I heard them express during the civil war, I assume that the Montenegrins (2.70%) would have supported the Serbian bloc, and many of the Macedonians also (5.13%). Even if we add these people in, that still leaves almost a quarter of the population of Yugoslavia unallied. The Slovenes (8.98%) were the largest separate unit. They, of course, were lucky enough to gain independence in 1991 without having to endure more than a momentary threat of involvement in the civil war.

[101] Albanians have always had their own battles to fight. My Croatian friend Adnan's father, dead since before the war, had been in a Serbian prison in Kosovo for one year. Adnan said that Serbian police in Zagreb had killed his father's brother during the Communist time. They pushed him out of a third-storey window. The reason for this treatment of the two men was that they were Albanian. "So my father hate Serbians so much!" said Adnan. "He says: You can never trust a Serb. Turn your back, and he goes in with a knife like this! But I never believe him." A little later Adnan said that he had to be careful in Zagreb. "Because I have a Muslim name. Here it is OK, because they know I am not Muslim. But maybe they say: Your father is Muslim. They can send me to Bosnia to fight in the army. They can say: You must fight."

[102] Walters, p. 11. Even some very anti-Chetnik writers during World War II did not make use of the ethnic category of Muslims in order to make propaganda points against the Chetniks who were murdering them. One pamphlet, for instance, mentioned that Croatians and Slovenes were afraid of Serbian chauvinism, but didn't include the Muslims along with them, even though it later boasted of the multiculturalism of Tito's army, which included "Mohamedans." —Markovich, p. 19. Clearly the grouping "Muslims" means something different in this region now than in the past.

[103] Glenny, p. 139. Similarly, a nineteenth-century archaeologist writing about the Krajina region wrote that "by Serbian nationality is meant rather a difference in political tendencies and religion rather than in blood and language" (Arthur Evans, quoted in West, p. 22.) According to the right-wing American tax protestor Red Beckman and others of his extremist ilk (contradistinction to Hitler, this also pertains to Jews.)

[104] Kann, pp. 606-07 (Habsburg statistics).

[105] Chuev, p. 83 ("Tito").

[106] Of course it is largely fortuitous that no one is talking and worrying about the Slovenes today. They broke away from Yugoslavia almost scot-free.

[107] Walters, p. 241.

[108] Estimates of Jewish losses by Jacob Lestchinsky, American Jewish Congress,

1946, rev. 1955, quoted in Levin, p. 718.

[109] Another source lists seventy-six thousand Jews, or 0.4%. (I think for her percentage figure she must have slipped a decimal point.) —Dawidowicz, p. 391.

[110] Lestchinsky, in Levin, loc. cit. Dawidowicz's number is sixty thousand.

[111] See the "Calculus of Retaliation" table above, in "Punishment."

[112] Dawidowicz, pp. 391-92.

[113] Quoted in Levin, p. 512.

[114] Here is another typical example of the difficulty of categorizing the victims: "During [June 1942], Germans, Ustashi and Chetnik troops conducted an offensive against the Partisans in the Kozara Mountains in Bosnia. Successfully repelling the attacks, the Partisans wounded and killed 4,000 of the enemy and destroyed seven tanks" (Markovich, p. 16).

[115] John Keegan writes sixteen million (*The Battle for History*, p. 110).

[116] Singleton, p. 206. Keegan's slightly lower estimate is 1,600,000 (*A History of Warfare*, p. 53; repeated in *The Battle for History*, p. 110). No specific sources are given for either of these figures. I have followed Singleton over Keegan here simply because his book is about Yugoslavia proper, whereas for Keegan Yugoslavia is but one case among many.

[117] Churchill, vol. 3, p. 157.

[118] Ibid, p. 159. This prefigures Cambodia's dilemma of nonalignment during the Vietnam War; see Annex A.

[119] Churchill states the number of dead in the three days of low-level aerial bombing as 17,000 (ibid, p. 175). Tomasevich, however, writes: "The losses in the bombing of Belgrade were at first estimated at over 10,000 people, but the figure has been much reduced after careful postwar investigation" (op. cit., p. 74).

[120] Churchill, pp. 163-64. Tomasevich's translation excludes the word "correct" (op. cit., p. 54).

[121] Op. cit., pp. 73-74.

[122] Levin, p. 510.

[123] Dawidowicz, p. 392.

[124] "According to various statistical sources, in the area of ISC [=NDH], the Serbian population varied from 1,885,943 to 1,966,000. Ustasha sources indicate 1,848,400 Serbs (and 4,817,100 Croats)." —Kljakic, p. 10. Given its date of publication, this source must be suspected of bias. Nonetheless, the figures quoted are in approximate agreement with others. "Overall, it is estimated that only half of Pavelic's subjects were actually Croats (i.e., Serbo-Croatian speaking Roman Catholics)."—Walters, p. 291.

[125] Levin, loc. cit.

[126] Based on Singleton's figure of 750,000 Muslims out of a total population of 6.3 million (p. 175).

[127] See above, "The War Never Came Here."

[128] Walters, p. 93.

[129] Kljakic, p. 11.

[130] Ibid, pp. 101,108.

[131] Singleton, p. 181. Re: Domobrani, recall that the motto of of Dobroslav Paraga's HOS militia during the 1990s civil war was: "Za Dom Spremni"—Ready For the Homeland.

[132] Walters, p. 237.

[133] Goebbels, p. 62 (entry for January 27, 1942).

[134] Ibid, p. 378 (entry for April 20, 1943).

[135] Ibid, p. 423 (entry for May 13, 1943).

[136] Sperber, vol. 3, p. 39. This book first appeared in 1953 and thus can hardly be considered an apology for the present exponents of Greater Serbia.

[137] Dear and Foot, p. 1110 ("Tito and the Partisans," article by Stevan Pavlowitch).

[138] Tomasevitch, p. 259.

[139] Tomasevitch, p. 106. Kljakic suprisingly gives a lower figure for the conversions: 200,000 (p. 22). One of the prime figures behind the forced conversions was Archbishop Alojz Stepinac, who collaborated with Pavelic rather closely. Under Tito he was sentenced to sixteen years in prison, although he was released early. Djilas says that Stepinac "contributed to the failure of the trial by his firm and dignified bearing" (*Rise and Fall*, p. 43). In 1992 and 1994 I saw a likeness of him in the cathedral at Zagreb. My friend Lirija, who prayed over me and brought me some peace after Francis Tomasic and Will Brinton were killed, admired Stepinac highly and considered him almost a martyr.

[140] Dear and Foot, p. 869 ("Pavelic and the Ustasas," article by Stevan Pavlowitch).
[141] Keegan, loc. cit. No source given.
[142] Singleton, p. 177.
[143] Op. cit., p. 292.
[144] *Zrtve drugog svetskog rata u Jugoslavji / The Victims of World War II in Yugoslavia*, quoted in Cigar, p. 9. It is worth pointing out that Kocovic's book was published in 1985 and hence is safely prewar.
[145] Vladimir Zerjavic, *Gubici stanovnistva Jugoslavije u drugom svjetsom ratu / Yugoslavia's Population Losses during World War II*; quoted in Cigar, loc. cit. Zerjavic's study appeared in 1989, making it also prewar.
[146] Vad Yashem (Jerusalem) and the Simon Wiesenthal Center (Los Angeles), *Encyclopedia of the Holocaust*, vol. 1, p. 323, Croatia sec., as quoted in a letter to the New York Times by Michael Mennard, Ph.D., of Reston, Virgina (1 May, 1994). I have not been able to find a copy of this encyclopedia.
[147] Tomasevitch, p. 261.
[148] Singleton, p. 177.
[149] Loc. cit.
[150] Ibid, p. 9.
[151] Ibid, p. 41.
[152] Ibid, p. 106.
[153] Ibid, p. 117.
[154] Cigar, p. 18. Note that this book appeared in 1995, long after the current war had begun.
[155] Dr. Stevan Moljevic, memorandum on "Homogenous Serbia," para. 3, quoted in Tomasevitch. p. 167.
[156] Operational order of 20 December, 1941, in *Dokumenti o izdajstvu Draze Mihailovica / Documents on the Treason of Draza Mihailovic*, Beograd, 1945, quoted in Cigar, pp. 18-19. Imamovic and Mahmutcehajic also quote this order (23rd page before end; unnumbered).
[157] Tomasevich, p. 191.
[158] Djilas writes: "From all I heard and later read, Draza Mihailovic was a brave man, but extraordinarily unstable in his views and in decision-making.... Although his units—sometimes at his direct orders—carried out mass crimes against the non-Serbian population, wantonly executing Communists and their sympathizers, Draza himself was not considered harsh or fanatic" (*Rise and Fall*, pp. 36-37). Mihailovic was executed by the Titoist government after the war.
[159] Ibid, p. 257.
[160] See Glossary.
[161] And, like the other factions, they *were* bad. In his memoirs, Milovan Djilas is always recounting episodes such as the Chetnik murder of "some thirty Partisan followers, mostly girls and wounded" *(Wartime*, p. 99).
[162] *Rise and Fall*, p. 37.
[163] Cigar, p. 9.
[164] Loc. cit.
[165] Tomasevitch, p. 259.
[166] As will be discussed further at the end of this Annex.
[167] Tomasevitch, p. 256.
[168] Walters, p. 26.
[169] Ibid, p. 243.
[170] See above, "The War Never Came Here."
[171] Trotsky, *The Balkan Wars*, p. 62.
[172] Ibid, p. 78.
[173] Tomasevitch, p. 257.
[174] Malcolm, p. 187.
[175] Ibid, p. 188.
[176] Cigar, p. 19.
[177] Djilas, *Wartime*, p. 226.
[178] Imamovic and Mahmutcehajic, 16th page after beginning (unnumbered). Despite the 1991 date of this pamphlet I am inclined to credit the quoted report as genuine because their version of Mihailovic's operational directive cited earlier cross-checks with Cigar's.
[179] Malcolm, p. 192.
[180] Glenny, p. 140.
[181] Cigar, p. 9.
[182] Imamovic and Mahmutcehajic, 5th page (unnumbered).
[183] Ibid, 12th page before end (unnumbered).
[184] Ibid, 8th page before end (unnumbered).
[185] Tomasevitch, p. 259. See also"The War Never Came Here," above.
[186] Mr. Roger Richards to author, n.d. (January 1995).
[187] Remarks Walters in another context: "It is an interesting reflection of history that the Ustasa were willing to cooperate with Moslem groups, but the Serbian fascists were not" (p. 249).

[188] Tomasevitch, pp. 132-33.
[189] Malcolm, p. 176.
[190] Ibid, p. 191. According to a letter from William Dorich of the Serbian Coalition Against Rape and Extermination (no date available), the Muslim Waffen-SS Division "Handjar" "killed 300,000 Bosnian Serbs." This letter was written during the present civil war, and as such must be taken with a grain of salt. In one passage, the recipient is exhorted: ".... when it comes to Serbia, you seem obsessed at rapes of a few thousand women in a process which you claim is 'older than the bow and arrow.' However, I am more outraged at the rape of Serbia." The Serbian American Voters Alliance (March 17, 1994) also gives the figure of 300,000 Bosnian Serbs liquidated by this division, and adds the figure of 60,000 Jews.
[191] Glenny, p. 140.
[192] Singleton, pp. 180-81.
[193] *Wartime*, p. 40.
[194] Ibid, p. 41.
[195] Tomasevitch, p. 105 and fn.
[196] Malcolm, p. 186.
[197] Dear and Foot, p. 869 ("Pavelic and the Ustasas," article by Stevan Pavlowitch).
[198] One comment in Dear and Foot should, however, be quoted: "Tito's proletarian nucleus.... were Serbian fighters, but they were also making themselves acceptable to other communities.... By taking them out of their Orthodox, Muslim and Catholic milieux, the KPJ turned the adolescents of the territory it had come to control into members of supranational units, the only ones in the mixed area whose recruitment was not on an ethnic basis...." (Dear and Foot, p. 1111 ["Tito and the Partisans," article by Stevan Pavlowitch]). According to Keegan (loc. cit.; no source given) "at least 100,000 of those who had chosen the wrong side were.... killed by the Partisans..."
[199] Keegan, pp. 54-55. Keegan estimates that 100,000+ were killed at the war's end by the Partisans.
[200] *Rise and Fall*, p. 35.
[201] Sperber, p. 41.
[202] Keegan gives the figure of 1,600,000 (*History of Warfare*, p. 53). Dear and Foot

("demography of the war," p. 290) give 1,700,000, of which 1,400,000 were civilian deaths.

[203] This would presumably include many of the 170,000 + Serbs killed by Muslims, since those murders occurred under NDH jurisdiction.

[204] Based on my remark that despite the official 1948 figure of 800,000, up to 10% of the population might have been Muslim. See Question 1.

[205] Including these may be incorrect; this number is possibly subsumed in the first three categories above. As for Partisans who were themselves victims, Djilas (*Wartime*, p. 443) estimates that 305,000 died. These were probably largely Serbian, with Croats coming in second (ibid, p. 326).

[206] This leaves 2,225,000 from other ethnic groups unaccounted for, as is proper, since we are only considering those groups listed above.

[207] Taken from the following sentence in Singleton: "It is thought that, of the 1.7 million dead, 1 million were killed in fratricidal struggle between the various groups of Yugoslavs rather than by the foreign enemies" (p. 206).

[208] _____, *Kamenica*, p. 1.

[209] Ibid, p. 5.

[210] Above, "The War Never Came Here."

[211] Bosnia i Herzegovina.

[212] The American national security scholar Norman Cigar tells the story rather differently, saying: "The difficult choice that Serb representatives made to remain in a multi-confessional Bosnian government was a particular source of recriminations for the Bosnian Serb hard-liners. Those politicians who had tried to reject ethnic cleansing became the target of threats by extremists, such as Biljana Plavsic, a leading SDS figure, who warned that the 'Serbs know what they will do to them [those Serbs remaining in the Sarajevo government] if they ever get their hands on them'" (p. 85).

RISING UP

AND

RISING DOWN

VOLUME ONE

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

VOLUME ONE

CONTENTS

COMPLETE CONTENTS 5

THREE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH 9
Visits to the Paris catacombs, a coroner's facility, and a war zone.

INTRODUCTION: THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS 29
Why I believe the world is not getting better; procedural difficulties of investigating violence; structure and limitations of this book.

PART I

CATEGORIES AND JUSTIFICATIONS

DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS
The rights and responsibilities of the individual self

1. ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS 77
Weapons as objects; beauty and functionality; a look at weapons with consideration of their violent purpose excluded.

2. ON THE MORALITY OF WEAPONS 109
Why we need weapons; the amorality of such empowerment; violence vs. nonviolence; recollections of defeat at a nonviolent nuclear protest; how my gun comforted me when someone I cared for was out late on a dark night; Gandhi, and where his beautiful ideas failed; my childhood experience in turning the other cheek; why sullied joy in self-defense may be preferable to impotent fear.

3. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END? 197
Justified choices of the individual self; Bukharin's trial; even at the point of death we retain some moral freedom; the conditional nature of social allegiance; Plato's moral calculus; the Ik tribe: existence without a social contract; parable of the social contract; a Gulf War victory parade; from law to bureaucraticism to repression.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

4. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS BEGIN? 229
Why Joan of Arc rejects the social contract she's offered; solutions to violent violation of the social contract; the ethics of suicide and euthanasia; Bernhard Goetz on the New York subway.

5. WHERE DO YOUR RIGHTS BEGIN? 263
Binding voluntary attachments; our obligations to others; the Golden Rule.

6. MEANS AND ENDS 267
The point of this book; ethical justifications comprise the link between means and violent ends—which is why we should examine them at length; the anarchist Severino Di Giovanni and his bombs; murder for the sake of "utopia"; Martin Luther's moral calculus; the dangers of judging ethical correctness by results alone.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

COMPLETE CONTENTS

Volume I

THREE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH 9
INTRODUCTION: THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS 29

PART I

CATEGORIES AND JUSTIFICATIONS

DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

1. ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS 77
2. ON THE MORALITY OF WEAPONS 109
3. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END? 197
4. WHERE DO MY RIGHTS BEGIN? 229
5. WHERE DO YOUR RIGHTS BEGIN? 263
6. MEANS AND ENDS 267

Volume II

JUSTIFICATIONS

7. IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR 7

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION ONE:

SELF-DEFENSE

8. DEFENSE OF HONOR 13
9. DEFENSE OF CLASS 117
10. DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY 241
11. DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE 345
12. DEFENSE OF CREED 441

Volume III

13. DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS 5
14. DEFENSE OF HOMELAND 109
15. DEFENSE OF GROUND 169
16. DEFENSE OF THE EARTH 207
17. DEFENSE OF ANIMALS 251
18. DEFENSE OF GENDER 309
19. DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS 357
20. DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION 399

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION TWO:

POLICY AND CHOICE

21. FROM *RAISON D'ETAT* TO REASONS OF SPLEEN 7
22. DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION, AND REVENGE 11
23. PUNISHMENT 73
24. LOYALTY, COMPULSION, AND FEAR 149
25. SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY 191
26. SADISM, MASOCHISM, AND PLEASURE 215

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION THREE:

FATE

27. MORAL YELLOWNESS 227
28. INEVITABILITY 237

EVALUATIONS

29. FOUR SAFEGUARDS 243
30. REMEMBER THE VICTIM! 253

Volume IV

PART II

STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES (1991-2003)

SOUTHEAST ASIA (1991-2001)

1. INTRODUCTION 5
2. THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES (CAMBODIA) 47
3. THE LAST GENERATION (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 141
4. KICKIN' IT (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 167
5. I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN *YOUNG* GIRLS (THAILAND) 183
6. BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO? (BURMA) 245
7. YAKUZA LIVES (JAPAN) 299

EUROPE (1992, 1994, 1998)

8. INTRODUCTION 325
9. WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS? (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 365
10. THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 397
11. THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO (YUGOSLAVIA) 467

Volume V

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Volume V

AFRICA (1993, 2001)

12. INTRODUCTION 501
13. THE JEALOUS ONES (MADAGASCAR) 521
14. SPECIAL TAX (REPUBLIC OF CONGO, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO) 551

THE MUSLIM WORLD (1994, 1998, 2000, 2002)

15. INTRODUCTION 5
16. LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED (SOMALIA) 11
17. THE OLD MAN (MALAYSIA) 27
18. THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN (IRAQ) 81
19. WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS (AFGHANISTAN) 103
20. EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS (YEMEN) 143

NORTH AMERICA (1988-2000)

21. INTRODUCTION 209
22. LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES (USA) 215
23. YOU GOTTA BE A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT (USA) 223
24. WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM! (USA) 271
25. DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE (JAMAICA) 281
26. MURDER FOR SALE (USA) 337
27. GUNS IN THE USA 353

Volume VI

SOUTH AMERICA (1999, 2000)

28. INTRODUCTION 373
29. YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO (COLOMBIA) 379
30. PAPA'S CHILDREN (COLOMBIA) 397

PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

31. INTRODUCTION 417
32. NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS, AND ECSTASIES (USA) 425
33. OFF THE GRID (USA) 487
34. THICK BLOOD (JAPAN) 595

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Volume No. 1 in the series Harvard Studies in World Religions Published for the Center for the Study of World Religions, Harvard Divinity School

ANNOTATED CONTENTS 5

THE MORAL CALCULUS 33

INDEX 147

ANNEXES 151

A. Phases of Revolution 153
B. A Summary History of the Khmer Rouge to 1997 165
C. A Brief Chronology of Burma's Insurgencies 1954-1996 169
D. Proposal for the Termination of Opium Production in the Shan State (October, 1993) 177
E. Letter from the Inmates of the Studenski Dom in Sarajevo (September, 1992) 181
F. Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II 187
G. Biljana Plavsic's Version of How the Bosnian War Began (April, 1994) 203
H. A Bosnian Muslim Refugee's Version of How the Bosnian War Began (September, 1992) 207

SOURCES CITED 209

IMAGE CREDITS 255

ACKNOWLEDGEMENTS 261

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THREE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH

I.
CATACOMB THOUGHTS

Death is ordinary. Behold it, subtract its patterns and lessons from those of the death that weapons bring, and maybe the residue will show what violence is. With this in mind, I walked the long tunnels of the Paris catacombs. Walls of earth and stone encompassed walls of mortality a femur's-length thick: long yellow and brown bones all stacked in parallels, their sockets pointing outward like melted bricks whose ends dragged down, like downturned bony smiles, like stale yellow snails of macaroni—joints of bones, heads of bones, promiscuously touching, darkness in the center of each, between those twin knucklespurs which had once helped another bone to pivot, thereby guiding and supporting flesh in its passionate and sometimes intelligent motion toward the death it inevitably found—femurs in rows, then, and humeri, bones upon bones, and every few rows there'd be a shelf of bone to shore death up, a line of humeri and femurs laid down laterally to achieve an almost pleasing masonry effect, indeed, done by masonry's maxims, as interpreted by Napoleon's engineers and brickmen of death, who at the nouveau-royal command had elaborated and organized death's jetsam according to a sanitary aesthetic.

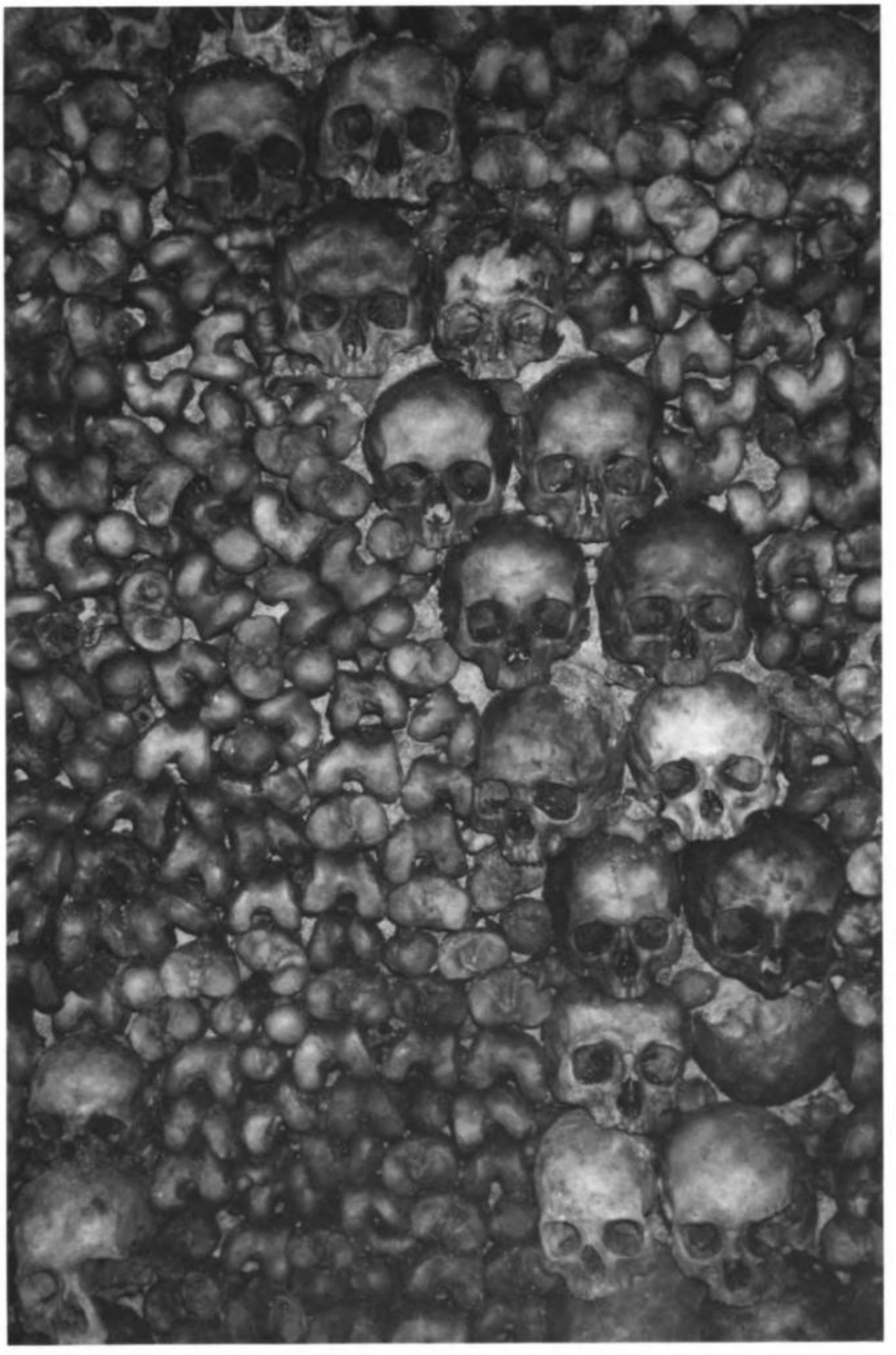
Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

(Did the Emperor ever visit that place? He was not afraid of death—not even of causing it.) Then there were side-chambers walled with bones likewise crossed upon bone-beams; from these the occasional skull looked uselessly out; and every now and then some spiritual types had ornamented the facade with a cross made of femurs. There had been laid down in that place, I was told, the remains of about six million persons—our conventional total for the number of Jews who died in the Holocaust. The crime which the Nazis accomplished with immense effort in half a dozen years, nature had done here without effort or recourse, and was doing.

I had paid my money aboveground; I had come to look upon my future. But when after walking the long arid angles of prior underground alleys I first encountered my brothers and sisters, calcified appurtenances of human beings now otherwise gone to be dirt, and rat-flesh, and root-flesh, and green leaves soon to die again, I felt nothing but a mildly melancholy curiosity. One expects to die; one has seen skeletons and death's heads on Halloween masks, in anatomy halls, cartoons, warning signs, forensic photographs, photographs of old S.S. insignia, and meanwhile the skulls bulged and gleamed from walls like wet river-boulders, until curiosity became, as usual, numbness. But one did not come out of the ground then. Bone-walls curled around wells, drainage sockets in those tunnels; sometimes water dripped from the ceiling and struck the tourists' foreheads—water which had probably leached out of corpses. A choking, sickening dust irritated our eyes and throats, for in no way except in the abstract, and perhaps not even then, is the presence of the dead salutary to the living. Some skulls dated to 1792. Darkened, but still not decayed, they oppressed me with their continued existence. The engineers would have done better to let them transubstantiate. They might have been part of majestic trees by now, or delicious vegetables made over into young children's blood and growing bones. Instead they were as stale and stubborn as old arguments, molds for long dissolved souls, churlish hoardings of useless matter. Thus, I believed, the reason for my resentment. The real sore point was that, in Eliot's phrase, "I had not thought death had undone so many"; numbness was giving way to qualmishness, to a nauseated, claustrophobic realization of my biological entrapment. Yes, of course I'd known that I must die, and a number of times had had my nose rubbed in the fact; this was one of them, and in between those episodes my tongue glibly admitted what my heart secretly denied; for why should life ought to bear in its flesh the dissolving, poisonous faith of its own unescapable defeat? Atop bony driftwood, skulls slept, eyeholes downwards, like the shells of dead hermit-crabs amidst those wracked corpse-timbers. This was the necrophile's beach, but there was no ocean except the ocean of earth overhead from which those clammy drops oozed and dripped. Another cross of bone, and then the inscription—SILENCE, MORTAL BEINGS—VAIN GRANDEURS, SILENCE—words even more imperious in French than I have given them here, but no more necessary, for the calcified myriads said that better than all poets or commanders. In superstition the carcass is something to be feared, dreaded

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



A wall of the Paris catacombs (1996)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and hated; in fact it deserves no emotion whatsoever in and of itself, unless it happens to comprise a souvenir of somebody other than a stranger; but time spent in the company of death is time wasted. Life trickles away, like the water falling down into the catacombs, and in the end we will be silent as our ancestors are silent, so better to indulge our vain grandeurs while we can. Moment by moment, our time bleeds away. Shout, scream or run, it makes no difference, so why not forget what can't be avoided? On and on twisted death's alleys. Sometimes there was a smell, a cheesey, vinegary smell which I knew from having visited a field-morgue or two; there was no getting away from it, and the dust of death dried out my throat. I came to a sort of cavern piled up to my neck with heaps of bones not used in construction: pelvic bones and ribs (the vertebrae and other small bones must have all gone to discard or decay). These relics were almost translucent, like seashells, so thin had death nibbled them. That smell, that vinegar-vomit smell, burned my throat, but perhaps I was more sensitive to it than I should have been, for the other tourists did not appear to be disgusted; indeed, some were laughing, either out of bravado or because to them it was as unreal as a horror movie; they didn't believe that they'd feature in the next act, which must have been why one nasty fellow seemed to be considering whether or not to steal a bone—didn't he have bones enough inside his living meat? He must not have been the only one, for when we came to the end and ascended to street level we met a gainfully employed man behind a table which already had two skulls on it, seized from thieves that say; he checked our backpacks. I was happy when I got past him and saw sunlight—almost overjoyed, in fact, for since becoming a part-time journalist of armed politics I am not titillated by death. I try to understand it, to make friends with it, and I never learn anything except the lesson of my own powerlessness. Death stinks in my nostrils as it did that chilly sunny autumn afternoon in Paris when I wanted to be happy.

In the bakeries, the baguettes and pale, starchy *mini-ficelles,* the croissants and *pains-aux-chocolats* all reminded me of bones. Bone-colored cheese stank from other shops. All around me, the steel worms of the Metro bored through other catacombs, rushing still living bones from hole to hole. In one of the bookshops on the Rue de Seine I found a demonically bound volume of Poe whose endpapers were marbled like flames; the plates, of course, hand-colored by the artist, depicted gruesomely menacing skeletons whose finger-bones snatched and clawed. I spied a wedding at the Place Saint-Germain, whose church was tanned and smoked by time to the color of cheesey bones; I saw the white-clad bride—soon to become yellow bones. The pale narrow concrete sleepers of railroads, metallic or wooden fence-rails, the model of the spinal column in the window of an anatomical bookshop, then even sticks, tree-trunks, all lines inscribed or implied, the world itself in all its segments, rays and dismembered categories became hideously cadaverous. I saw and inhaled death. I tasted death on my teeth. I exhaled, and the feeble puffs of breath could not push my nausea away. Only time did that—a night and a day, to be exact—after which I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Paris catacombs (1861)

forgot again until I was writing these very words that *I must die.* I believed but for a moment. Thus I became one with those skulls which no longer knew their death. Even writing this, picking my letters from the alphabet's boneyard, my *o*'s like death's-heads, my *i*'s and *l*'s like ribs, my *b*'s, *q*'s, *p*'s and *d*'s like ball-ended humeri broken in half, I believed only by fits. The smell came back into my nose, but I was in Vienna by then—whose catacombs, by the way, I decided not to visit—so I went out and smelled espresso heaped with fresh cream. The writing became, as writing ought to be, informed by choreographies and paradigms which mediated that smell into something more than its revolting emptiness. I take my meaning where I can find it; when I can't find it, I invent it. And when I do that, I deny meaninglessness, and when I do *that* I am lying to myself. Experience does not necessarily lie, but that smell is not an experience to the matter which emits it. Death cannot be experienced either by the dead or the living. The project of the Parisian workmen, to aestheticize, to arrange and thus somehow to transform the objects of which they themselves were composed, was a bizarre success, but it could have been done with stale loaves of bread. It affected bones; it could not affect death. It meant as little, it said as little, as this little story of mine. It spoke of them as I must speak of me. I can read their meaning. Death's meaning I cannot read. To me death is above all things a smell, a very bad smell, and that, like the skeletons which terrify children, is not death at all. If I had to smell it more often, if I had to work in the catacombs, I would think nothing of it. And a few years or decades from now, I will think nothing about everything.

II.
AUTOPSY THOUGHTS

It shall be the duty of the coroner to inquire into and determine the circumstances, manner, and cause of all violent, sudden or unusual deaths.

CALIFORNIA STATE CODE, SEC. 274911

Aldous Huxley once wrote that "if most of us remain ignorant of ourselves, it is because self-knowledge is painful and we prefer the pleasures of illusion."[2] That is why one brushes off the unpleasantly personal lesson of the catacombs. But we can extend the principle: Not only self-knowledge hurts. Consider the black girl whom an investigator pulled from a dumpster one night. Her mouth was bloody,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which wasn't so strange; she could have been a homeless alcoholic with variceal bleeding. But, shining the flashlight into that buccal darkness, the investigator caught sight of a glint—neither blood nor spittle sparkling like metal, but metal itself—a broken-off blade. In her mouth, which could no longer speak, lay the truth of her death. The investigator couldn't give her her life back, but by this double unearthing—the knife from the corpse, the corpse from the stinking bin—he'd resurrected something else, an imperishable quantity which the murderer in his fear or fury or cold selfishness meant to entomb—namely, the fact of murder, the reality which would have been no less real had it never become known, but which, until it was known and proved, remained powerless to do good. —What good? Quite simply, determining the cause of death is the prerequisite for some kind of justice, although justice, like other sonorous concepts, can produce anything from healing to acceptance to compensation to revenge to hypocritical clichés. At the chief medical examiner's office they knew this good—knowing also that the job of turning evidence into justice lay not with them but with the twelve citizens in the jury box—what coroners and medical examiners do is necessary but not sufficient. Probably the black woman's family had figured that out, if there *were* any family, if they cared, if they weren't too stupefied with grief. The morgue would be but the first of their Stations of the Cross. (Afterward: the funeral parlor, the graveyard, perhaps the courtroom, and always the empty house.) Dealing with them was both the saddest and the most important part of the truth-seeker's job: as I said, knowledge hurts. Dr. Boyd Stephens, the chief medical examiner of San Francisco, would later say to me: "One of the things I hoped you'd see was a family coming in here grieving. And when it is a crime of violence, when someone has her son shot during a holdup, that makes it very hard; that's a tremendous emotional blow." I myself am very glad that I didn't see this. I have seen it enough. In the catacombs death felt senseless, and for the investigator who found the black woman, the moral of death remained equally empty, as it must whether the case is suicide, homicide, accident or what we resignedly call "natural causes." Twenty-six years after the event, a kind woman who had been there wrote me about the death of my little sister. I was nine years old, and my sister was six. The woman wrote: "I remember you, very thin, very pale, your shoulders hunched together, your hair all wet and streaming sideways. You said, 'I can't find Julie.'" She wrote to me many other things that she remembered. When I read her letter, I cried. Then she went on: "I am tempted to say that Julie's drowning was a 'senseless death' but that's not true. I learned the day she died that there are realms of life in which the measure of sense and nonsense don't apply. Julie's death exists on a plane where there is no crime and no punishment, no cause and effect, no action and reaction. It just happened." Fair enough. Call it morally or ethically senseless, at least. (I don't think I ever wrote back; I felt too sad.) Only when *justice itself* condemns someone to death, as when a murderer gets hanged or we bombard Hitler's Berlin or an attacker meets his victim's lethal self-defense, can

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

we even admit the possibility that the perishing had a point. Principled suicides also mean something: Cato's self-disembowelment indicts the conquering Caesar who would have granted clemency, and whose patronizing power now falls helpless before a mere corpse. But most people (including many suicides, and most who die the deaths of malicious judicial *in*justice) die the death of accident, meaninglessly and ultimately anonymously discorporating like unknown skulls in catacombs—and likewise the black woman in the dumpster. No matter that her murderer had a reason—she died for nothing; and all the toxicology and blood-spatter analyses in the world, even if they lead to his conviction, cannot change that. The murderer's execution might mean something; his victim's killing almost certainly will not.

FROM THE WHITE HEARSE TO THE VIEWING ROOM

In fiscal year 1994-95, slightly more than eight thousand people died in San Francisco County. Half of these deaths could be considered in some sense questionable, and reports on them accordingly traveled to Dr. Stephens's office, but in three thousand cases the doubts, being merely pro forma, were eventually cleared, signed off by physicians—that is, explained circumstantially if not ontologically. The remaining 1549 deaths became Dr. Stephens's problem. His findings for that year were: 919 natural deaths, 296 non-vehicular accidents, 124 suicides, 94 homicides, 30 mysterious cases, 6 sudden infant death syndromes and 80 vehicular fatalities, most of which involved pedestrians, and most of which were accidents (there were six homicides and one suicide).[3] And now I'm going to tell you what his people did to reach those findings. In San Francisco they had a white ambulance, or hearse as I might better say, which was partitioned between the driver's seat and the cargo hold, and the cargo hold could quickly be loaded or unloaded by means of the white double doors, the inside of which bore an inevitable reddish-brown stain: anything that touches flesh for years must get corrupted. It smelled like death in there, of course, which in my experience is sometimes similar to the smell of sour milk, or vomit and vinegar, or of garbage, which is to say of the dumpster in which the murdered girl had been clumsily secreted. A horizontal partition subdivided battered old stainless steel stretchers into two and two. Because San Francisco is hilly, the stretchers, custom-welded years before by a shop just down the street, were made to be stood upright, the bodies strapped in, and rolled along on two wheels. "Kind of like a wheelbarrow in a way," one stretcher man said. This might be the last time that the dead would ever again be vertical, as they serenely travelled, strapped and sheeted, down steep stairs and sidewalks. The ambulance pulled up behind Dr. Stephens's office, in a parking lot that said AMBULANCES ONLY. Out came each stretcher. Each stretcher went through the door marked NO ADMITTANCE, the door which for those of us whose hearts still beat might better read NO ADMITTANCE YET. Inside, the body was weighed upon a freight-sized scale, then wheeled into the cen-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ter of that bleak back room for a preliminary examination, and fingerprinted three times (if it still had fingers and skin), with special black ink almost as thick as taffy. Finally it was zipped into a white plastic bag to go into the fridge overnight.[4] If the death might be homicide, the investigators waited longer—at least twenty-four hours, in case any new bruises showed up like last-minute images on a pale sheet of photographic paper floating in the developer, as might happen when deep blood vessels had been ruptured. Bruises were very important. If the body of a man who seemed to have hanged himself showed contusions on the face or hands, the investigators would have to consider homicide.[5]

By now perhaps the family had been told. In the big front room that said ABSOLUTELY NO ADMITTANCE. I heard a man say, "Yes, we have Dave. I'm so sorry about what happened to Dave." If the family came, they would be led down a narrow corridor to a door that said VIEWING ROOM. The viewing room was private and secret, like the projectionist's booth in a movie theater. It had a long window that looked out onto another very bright and narrow room where the movie would take place, the real movie whose story had already ended before the attendant wheeled in the former actor. The movie was over; Dr. Stephens needed the family to verify the screen credits. They only saw the face. There was a door between the viewing room and the bright and narrow room, but someone made sure to lock it before the family came, because they might have tried to embrace this thing which had once been someone they loved, and because the thing might not be fresh anymore or because it might have been slammed out of personhood in some hideous way whose sight or smell or touch would have made the family scream, it was better to respect the love they probably still felt for this thing which could no longer love them, to respect that love by respecting its clothes of ignorance. The people who worked in Dr. Stephens's office had lost their ignorance a long time ago. They blunted themselves with habit, science and grim jokes—above all, with necessity: if the death had been strange or suspicious, they had to cut the thing open and look inside, no matter how much it stank.

A Solomonic parable: Dr. Stephens told me that once three different mothers were led into the viewing room one by one to identify a dead girl, and each mother claimed the girl as hers, with a desperate relief, as I would suppose. I know someone whose sister was kidnapped. It's been years now and they've never found her. They found her car at the side of the road. My friend used to live with her sister. Now she lives with her sister's clothes. From time to time the family's private detective will show her photographs of still another female body partially skeletonized or not, raped or not, and she'll say, "That's not my sister." I know it would give her peace to be able to go into a viewing room and say (and *believe*), "Yes, that's Shirley." Those three mothers must all have given up hoping that their daughters would ever speak to them or smile at them again. They wanted to stop dreading and start grieving. They didn't want to go into viewing rooms any more. And maybe the glass

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

window was dirty, and maybe their eyes were old or full of tears. It was a natural mistake. But one mother was lucky. The dead girl was really her daughter.

THE INNOCENT METER MAID

To confirm that identification, someone at Dr. Stephens's office had already looked inside the dead woman's mouth, incidentally discovering or not discovering the gleam of a knife-blade, observed her dental work and matched it to a dentist's files. Somebody had fingerprinted her and found a match; somebody had sorted through her death-stained clothes and come up with a match. Starting with flesh and cloth, they had to learn what the mothers didn't know. The meter maid didn't know, either, and I am sure she didn't want to know. A young man eased some heroin into his arm—maybe too much, or maybe it was too pure (heroin just keeps getting better and better these days). He died and fell forward, his face swelling and purpling with lividity. The meter maid didn't know, I said. Even after he began to decompose, she kept putting parking tickets on his windshield.

"I'M A HAPPY CUSTOMER"

A stinking corpse, pink and green and yellow, lay naked on one of many parallel downsloping porcelain tables each of which drained into a porcelain sink. The man's back had hurt. Surgery didn't help, so he took painkillers until he became addicted. The painkillers proving insufficiently kind, he started mixing them with alcohol. When the white ambulance came, there were bottles of other people's pills beside his head. He was not quite forty.

"Everything's possible," said one morgue attendant to another, leaning against a gurney, while the doctor in mask and scrubs began to cut the dead man open. "You're limited only by your imagination." I think he was talking about special effects photography. He had loaned his colleague a mail-order camera catalogue.

Meanwhile the dagger tattooed on the dead man's bicep trembled and shimmered as the doctor's scalpel made the standard Y-shaped incision, left shoulder to chest, right shoulder to chest, then straight down the belly to the pubis. The doctor was very good at what he did, like an old Eskimo whom I once saw cutting up a dying walrus. The scalpel made crisp sucking sounds. He peeled back the chest-flesh like a shirt, then crackled the racks of ribs, which could almost have been pork. His yellow-gloved hands grubbed in the scarlet hole, hauling out fistfuls of sausage-links—that is, loops of intestine. Then he stuck a hose in and left it there until the outflow faded to pinkish clear. Beset by brilliant lavender, scarlet and yellow, the twin red walls of rib-meat stood high and fragile, now protecting nothing, neatly split into halves.

The dead man still had a face.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The doctor syringed out a blood sample from the cavity, sponged blood off the table, and then it was time to weigh the dead man's organs on a hanging balance, the doctor calling out the numbers and the pretty young pathology resident chalking them onto the blackboard. The lungs, already somewhat decomposed, were indistinct masses which kept oozing away from the doctor's scalpel. "Just like Jell-O," he said sourly.

The right lung was larger than the left, as is often the case with right-handed people. Another possible cause: the dead man had been found lying on his right side, a position which could have increased congestion in that lung. Either way, his death was meaningless.

His heart weighed 290 grams. The doctor began to cut it into slices.

"This vessel was almost entirely occluded with atherosclerosis," explained the resident. "He used a lot of drugs. Cocaine hastens the onset of atherosclerosis. We get lots of young people with old people's diseases."

That was interesting to know and it meant something, I thought. In a sense, the investigators understood the dead man. I wondered how well he'd been understood before he died.

"God, his pancreas!" exclaimed the doctor suddenly. "That's why he died." He lifted out a purple pudding which spattered blood onto the table.

"What happened?" I asked.

"Basically, all these enzymes there digest blood. This guy was hemorrhagic. The chemicals washed into his blood vessels and he bled. Very common with alcoholics."

Out came the liver now, yellow with fatty infiltrations from too much alcohol. "See the blood inside?" said the doctor. "But the pancreas is a sweetbread. The pancreas is a bloody pulp. Blood in his belly. Sudden death. We got lucky with him—he's an easy one. This is a sure winner."

Quickly he diced sections of the man's organs and let them ooze off his bloody yellow-gloved fingers into amber jars. The pathology and toxicology people would freeze them, slice them thinner, stain them and drop them onto microscope slides, just to make sure that he hadn't overdosed on something while he bled. Meanwhile the doctor's knowledge-seeking scalpel dissected the neck, to rule out any possibility of secret strangulation. Many subtle homicides are misdiagnosed as accidents by untrained people, and some accidents look like murders. The doctor didn't want that to happen. Even though he'd seen the pancreas, he wanted to be as thorough as he could to verify that there was no knifeblade in the mouth, that all the meaning had come out. —"Okay, very good," he grunted. Then the attendant, whom I should really call a forensic technician, sewed the dead man up, with the garbage bag of guts already stuck back inside his belly. His brain, putrefying, liquescent, had already been removed; his face had hidden beneath its crimson blanket of scalp. The attendant sewed that up, too, and the man had a face again.

"I'm a happy customer," said the doctor.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

OF JOKES AND OTHER SHIELDS

If the doctor's wisecracks seem callous to you, ask yourself whether you wouldn't want to be armored against year after year of such sights and smells. Early the next morning I watched another doctor open up an old Filipino man who, sick and despondent, had hanged himself with an electric cord. I have seen a few autopsies and battlefields before, but the man's stern, stubborn stare, his eyes glistening like black glass while the doctor, puffing, dictated case notes and slashed his guts (the yellow twist of strangle-cord lying on an adjacent table) gave me a nightmare that evening. This doctor, like his colleague, the happy customer, was doing a good thing. Both were *proving* that neither one of these dead men had been murdered, and that neither one had carried some contagious disease. Like soldiers, they worked amidst death. Green-stained buttocks and swollen faces comprised their routine. They had every right to joke, to dull themselves. Those who can't do that don't last.

Strangely enough, even their job could be for some souls a shelter from sadder things. Dr. Stephens himself used to be a pediatric oncologist before he became coroner in 1968. "At that time, we lost seventy-five percent of the children," he said. "Emotionally, that was an extremely hard thing to do. I'd be dead if I stayed in that profession."

The thought of Dr. Stephens ending up on one of his own steel tables bemused me. As it happens, I am married to an oncologist. She goes to the funerals of her child patients. Meanwhile she rushes about her life. Embracing her, I cherish her body's softness which I know comprises crimson guts.

EVIDENCE

The little cubes of meat in the amber jars went across the hall to pathology and to toxicology: underbudgeted realms making do with old instruments and machines which printed out cocaine-spikes or heroin-spikes on the slowly moving graph paper which had been state-of-the-art in the 1960s. But after all, how much does death change? Ladies in blue gowns tested the urine samples of motorists suspected of driving while intoxicated, and with equal equanimity checked the urine of the dead. Had they or had they not died drunk? The drunken motorist who died in a crash, the drunken suicide who'd finally overcome his fear of guns (in seventeenth-century Germany, the authorities encouraged condemned criminals to drink beer or wine before the execution), the drunken homicide victim who'd felt sufficiently invincible to provoke his murder—such descriptors helped attach reason to the death. Meanwhile, the blue-gowned ladies inspected the tissue samples that the doctors across the hall had sent them. I saw a woman bent over a cutting board, probing a granular mass of somebody's tumor, remarking casually on the stench. If the stomach was cancerous, if the liver was full of Tylenol or secobarb, that comprised a story, and Dr. Stephens's people were all the closer to signing off that particular death certificate.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

In her gloved hands, a lady twirled a long, black-bulbed tube of somebody's crimson blood. On a table stood a stack of floppy disks marked POLICE CASES. Here was evidence, information, which might someday give birth to meaning. Kidneys floated in large translucent white plastic jars. They too had their secret knives-in-the-mouth—or not. They might explain a sudden collapse—or rationalize the toxic white concentration of barbiturates in the duodenum, if the decedent's last words did not. In San Francisco one out of four suicides left a note. Some of the laconic ones might leave unwitting messages in their vital organs. "I would say that about twenty-five percent of the suicides we have here are justified by real physical illness," Dr. Stephens told me. "We had one gentleman recently who flew in from another state, took a taxi to the Golden Gate Bridge and jumped off. Well, he had inoperable liver cancer. Those are *logical* decisions. As for the others, they have transient emotional causes. A girl tells a boy she doesn't want to see him anymore, so he goes and hangs himself. No one talked to him and got him over to the realization that there are other women in the world."

Look in the liver then. Find the cancer—or not. That tells us something.

"And homicide?" I asked. "Does that ever show good reason?"

"Well, I've seen only a few justified homicides," Dr. Stephens replied. "We handle a hundred homicides a year, and very few are justified. They're saving their family or their own lives. But the vast majority of homicides are just a waste, just senseless violent crimes to effect punishment."

And accident? And heart attack, and renal failure? No reason even to ask. From the perspective of the viewing room, it is all senseless.

DEATH CAN NEVER HURT YOU UNTIL YOU DIE

On that Saturday morning while the doctor was running the hanged man's intestines through his fingers like a fisherman unkinking line, and the forensic tech, a Ukrainian blonde who told me about her native Odessa, was busily taking the top of his head off with a power saw, I asked: "When bodies decompose, are you at more or less of a risk for infection?"

"Oh, the T.B. bacillus and the AIDS virus degrade pretty quickly," said the doctor. "They have a hard time in dead bodies. Not enough oxygen. But staph and fungus grow... The dead you have nothing to fear from. It's the living. It's when you ask a dead man's roommate what happened, and the dead man wakes up and coughs on you."

He finished his job and went out. After thanking the tech and changing out of my scrubs, so did I. I went back into the bright hot world where my death awaited me. If I died in San Francisco, there was one chance in four that they would wheel me into Dr. Stephens's office. Although my surroundings did not seem to loom and reek with death as they had when I came out of the catacombs—I think because the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

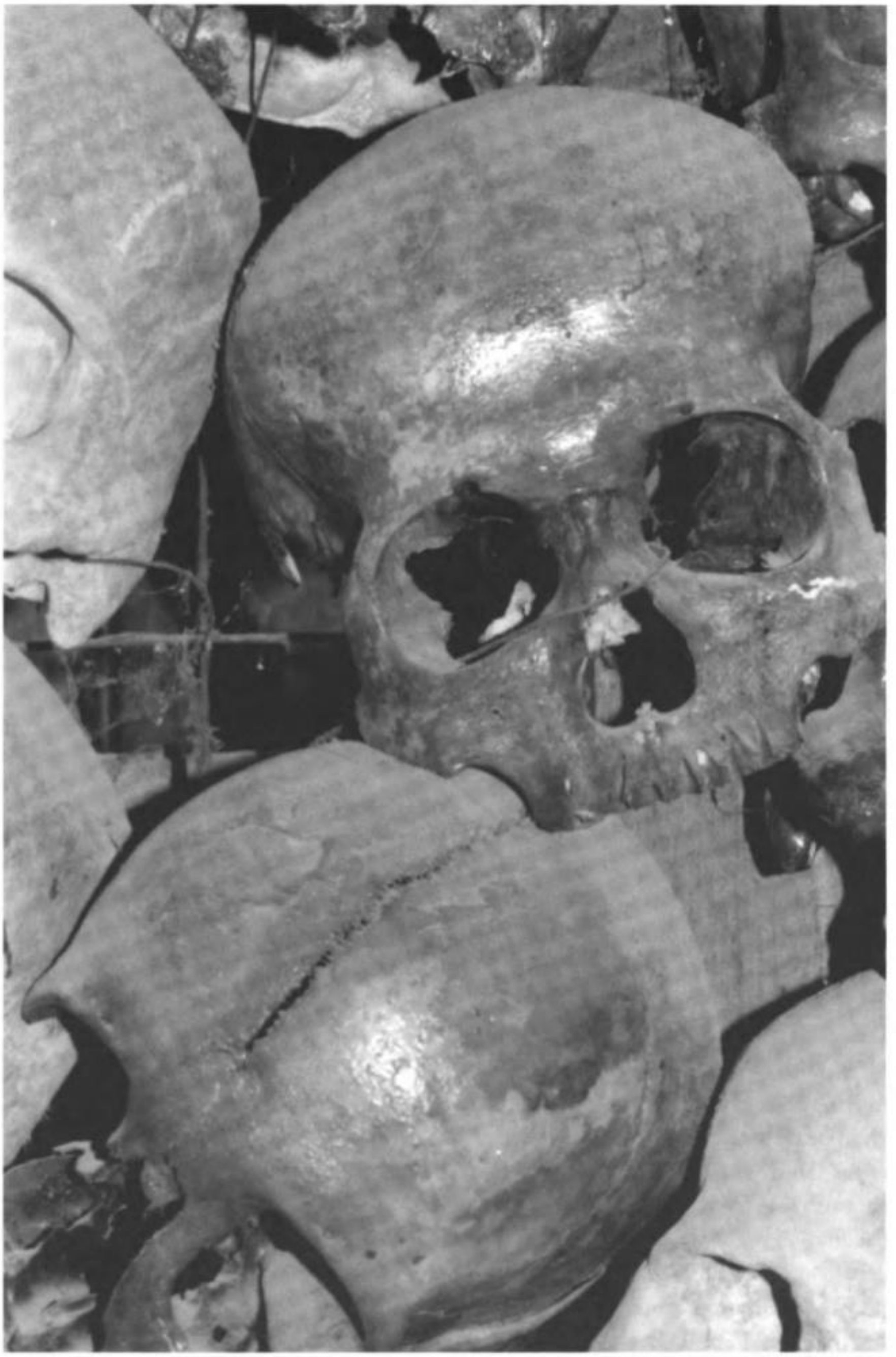
deaths I saw on the autopsy slabs were so grotesquely singular that I could refuse to see myself in them[6], whereas the sheer mass and *multiplicity* of the catacomb skulls had worn down my unbelief—still I wondered who would cough on me, or what car would hit me, or which cancer might already be subdividing and stinking inside my belly. The doctor was right: I would not be able to hurt him then, because he'd be ready for me. Nor would his scalpel cause me pain. And I walked down Bryant Street wondering at the strange absurdity of my soul, which had felt most menaced by death when I was probably safest—how could those corpses rise up against me?—and which gloried in removing my disposable mask and inhaling the fresh air, letting myself dissolve into the city with its deadly automobiles and pathogen-breathers, its sailboats and bookstores; above all, its remorseless *futurity.*

III.
SIEGE THOUGHTS

And now, closing my eyes, I reglimpse tangents of atrocities and of wars. I see a wall of skulls in the Paris catacombs. Likewise I see the skulls on the glass shelves at Choeung Ek Killing Field.[7] In place of the tight wall of catacomb skulls gazing straight on at me, sometimes arranged in beautiful arches, I see skulls stacked loosely, laid out on the glass display shelves in heaps, not patterns—although it would give a deficient impression to omit the famous "genocide map" a few kilometers away in Phnom Penh; this is a cartographic representation of all Cambodia, comprised of murdered skulls. At Choeung Ek, they lie canted upon each other, peering and grinning, gaping and screaming, categorized by age, sex and even by race (for a few Europeans also died at the hands of the Khmer Rouge). Some bear cracks where the Khmer Rouge smashed those once-living heads with iron bars. But to my uneducated eye there is nothing else to differentiate them from the skulls of Paris. The Angel of Death flies overhead, descends and kills, and then he goes. The relics of his work become indistinguishable, except to specialists such as Dr. Stephens, and to those who were there. (I remember once seeing a movie on the Holocaust. When the lights came on, I felt bitter and depressed. It seemed that the movie had "reached" me. And then I saw a man I knew, and his face was very pale and he was sweating. He was a Jew. He was really there. The Nazis had killed most of his family.) *Before* the Angel strikes, of course, the doomed remain equally indistinguishable from the lucky or unlucky ones who will survive a little longer. Death becomes apprehensible, perhaps, only at the moment of dying.

To apprehend it, then, let's approach the present moment, the fearful time when they're shooting at you and, forgetting that your life is not perfect, you crave only to live, sweat and thirst a little longer; you promise that you'll cherish your life always, if you can only keep it. Thus near-death, whose violence or not makes no

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



"Genocide map" made of human skulls (Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum, Phnom Penh, 1996)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

difference. A woman I loved who died of cancer once wrote me: "You will not be aware of this but it is the anniversary of my mastectomy and I am supposed to be happy that I survived and all that. Actually it has been a terrible day." She'd forgotten, like me; she'd shrugged death off again, not being godlike enough to treasure every minute after all. The first time I survived being shot at (maybe they weren't shooting at me; maybe they didn't even see me), I pledged to be happier, to be grateful for my life, and in this I have succeeded, but I still have days when the catacombs and Dr. Stephens's autopsy slabs sink too far below my memory, and I despise and despair at life. Another fright, another horror, and I return to gratitude. The slabs rise up and stink to remind me of my happiness. A year before her terrible day, the one I'd loved had written: "They had to use four needles, four veins last time. I cried as they put the fourth needle in. My veins are not holding up. I vomited even before leaving the doctor's office and then spent four days semi-conscious, vomiting. I thought very seriously about immediate death. Could I overdose on the sleeping pills, I wondered... My choices aren't that many and I would like to be there to hate my daughter's boyfriends." I remember the letter before that on pink paper that began, "I know I said I wouldn't write. I lied. I've just been told this weekend that I have invasive breast cancer and will have a mastectomy and removal of the lymph nodes within the week. I am scared to death. I have three small kids... I am not vain. I do not care about my chest but I do want to live... So, tell me. This fear—I can smell it—is it like being in a war?" —Yes, darling. I have never been terminally ill, but I am sure that it is the same.

In one of her last letters she wrote me: "There was definitely a time when I thought I might die sooner rather than later—it took me awhile to believe that I would probably be okay. It still doesn't feel truly believable but more and more I want it to be the case—mostly because I want to raise my interesting and beautiful children and because I want to enjoy myself... My hair grew back to the point that I no longer use the wig."

In another letter she wrote me: "Here are the recent events in my life. I am not unhappy with them but they do not compare with being shot at and losing a friend and perhaps they will amuse you. I set up a fish tank in my study... I got the kids four fish. They named only one. I told them once they had learned to clean and change the tank and feed the fish and explain how gills work, then they could get a guinea pig. I am not into pets, preferring children. The one catfish in the tank is in great distress and swims around madly looking for a way to die."

When I close my eyes, I can see her as she looked at seventeen, and I can see her the way she was when she was thirty-four, much older, thanks in part to the cancer—bonier-faced, with sparse hair, perhaps a wig, sitting on the steps beside her children. I never had to see her in Dr. Stephens's viewing room. I never saw her body rotting. I'll never see her depersonalized skull mortared into a catacomb's wall. Does that mean I cannot envision death, her death? The six million death's-heads under

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Flowers left at the house of a victim of the Kobe earthquake (1995)

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Flowers left at the execution courtyard of Auschwitz (2000)

Paris weigh on me much less than her face, which you might call too gaunt to be beautiful, but which was still beautiful to me, which only in a photograph will I ever see again.

But—again I return to this—her death was meaningless, an accident of genetics or environment. No evil soul murdered her. I am sad when I think about her. I am not bitter.

I am sad when I think about my two colleagues in Bosnia who drove into a land mine trap. Their names were Will and Francis. I will write about them later. At the time, because there were two distinct reports and holes appeared in the windshield and in the two dying men, I believed that they were shot, and when armed men approached I believed that I was looking at their killers. Will I had known only for two days, but I liked what I knew of him. Francis was my friend, off and on, for nineteen years. I loved Francis. But I was never angry, even when the supposed snipers came, for their actions could not have been personally intended. We were crossing from the Croatian to the Muslim side; the Muslims were sorry, and such incidents are common enough in war.

But now I open a letter from my Serbian friend Vineta, who often had expressed to me her dislike of Francis (whom she never met) on the grounds of his Croatian blood, and who, after commenting in considerable helpful and businesslike detail

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on my journalistic objectives in Serbia, then responded to my plans for the Muslim and Croatian sides of the story (my items seven and eight) as follows: "You see, dear Billy, it's very nice of you to let me know about your plans. But, I DON'T GIVE A SHIT FOR BOTH CROATS AND MUSLIMS!" At the end of her long note she added this postscript: "The last 'personal letter' I got was two years ago, from my late boy-friend. The Croats cut his body into pieces in the town of B—— near Vukovar. His name was M——." Then she wrote one more postscript: "No one has a chance to open my heart ever again."

This is what violence does. This is what violence is. It is not enough that death reeks and stinks in the world, but now it takes on inimical human forms, prompting the self-defending survivors to strike and to hate, rightly or wrongly. Too simple to argue that nonviolent death is always preferable from the survivors' point of view! I've heard plenty of doctors' stories about the families of dying cancer patients who rage against "fate." Like Hitler, they'd rather have someone to blame. "Everybody's angry when a loved one dies," one doctor insisted. "The only distinction is between directed and undirected anger." Maybe so. But it *is* a distinction. Leaving behind Dr. Stephens's tables, on which, for the most part, lie only the "naturally" dead with their bleeding pancreases, the accidentally dead, and the occasional suicide, let us fly to besieged Sarajevo and look in on the morgue at Kosevo Hospital, a place I'll never forget, whose stench stayed on my clothes for two days afterwards. Here lay the homicides. I saw children with their bellies blown open, women shot in the head while they crossed the street, men hit by some well-heeled sniper's anti-tank round.[8] Death joked and drank and vulgarly farted in the mountains all around us, aiming its weapons out of hateful fun, making the besieged counter-hateful. Every morning I woke up to chittering bullets and crashing mortar rounds. I hated the snipers I couldn't see because they might kill me and because they were killing the people of this city, ruining the city in every terrible physical and psychic way that it could be ruined, smashing it, murdering wantonly, frightening and crushing. But their wickedness too had become normal: this was Sarajevo in the fourteenth month of the siege. Needs lived on; people did business amidst their terror, a terror which could not be sustained, rising up only when it was needed, when one had to run. As for the forensic doctor at Kosevo Hospital, he went home stinking of death, and, like me, sometimes slept in his clothes; he was used to the smell, and his wife must have gotten used to it, too, when she embraced him. (Meanwhile, of course, some people had insomnia, got ulcers or menstrual disturbances, went prematurely grey.[9] Here, too, undirected anger might surface.)[10] Political death, cancer-death, it's all the same. The night after Will and Francis were killed, a U.N. interpreter from Sarajevo told me how she lost friends almost every week. "You become a little cold," she said very quietly. "You have to." This woman was sympathetic, immensely kind; in saying this she meant neither to dismiss my grief nor to tell me how I ought to be. She merely did the best thing that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

can be done for any bereaved person, which was to show me her own sadness, so that my sadness would feel less lonely; but hers had wearied and congealed; thus she told me what she had become. Like Dr. Stephens and his crew, or the backpack inspector at the catacombs, like my friend Thion who ferries tourists to Choeung Ek on his motorcycle, I had already begun to become that way. Sarajevo wasn't the first war zone I'd been to, nor the first where I'd seen death, but I'll never forget it. The morgue at Kosevo Hospital, like the rest of Sarajevo, had had to make do without electricity, which was why, as I keep saying, it stank. I remember the cheesey smell of the Paris catacombs, the sour-milk smell of Dr. Stephens's white hearse; after that visit to Kosevo Hospital my clothes smelled like vomit, vinegar and rotting bowels. I returned to the place where I was staying, which got its share of machine gun and missile attacks, and gathered together my concerns, which did not consist of sadness for the dead, but only of being scared and wondering if I would eat anymore that day because they'd shot down the U.N. flight and so the airport was closed and I'd already given my food away. Death was on my skin and on the other side of the wall—maybe my death, maybe not; trying to live wisely and carefully, I granted no time to my death, although it sometimes snarled at me. Ascending from the catacombs I'd had all day, so I'd given death all day; no one wanted to hurt me. But in Sarajevo I simply ran; it was all death, death and death, so meaningless and accidental to me.

I wore a bulletproof vest in Mostar, which did get struck with a splinter of something which rang on its ceramic trauma plate, so to an extent I had made my own luck, but Will, who was driving, discovered that his allotted death was one which entered the face *now*, diagonally from the chin. His dying took forever (I think about five minutes). Vineta said that I had been cowardly or stupid not to end his misery. I told her that journalists don't carry guns. Anyhow, had I been in his seat, my bulletproof vest would have done me no good.

The woman I loved simply had the wrong cells in her breast; Vineta's boyfriend had fought in the wrong place at the wrong time, and perhaps he'd fought against the Croats too ferociously or even just too well.[11] For the woman I loved, and for me in Sarajevo, the Angel of Death was faceless, but Vineta's tormenting Angel of Death had a Croatian face; she hated "those Croatian bastards." Vineta, if I could send the Angel of Death away from you, I would. Maybe someone who knows you and loves you better than I can at least persuade your Angel to veil his face again so that he becomes mere darkness like the Faceless One of Iroquois legends, mere evil chance, "an act of war," like my drowned sister's Angel; and then your anger can die down to sadness. Vineta, if you ever see this book of mine, don't think me presumptuous; don't think I would ever stand between you and your right to mourn and rage against the Angel. But he is not Francis. Francis was good. I don't like to see him stealing Francis's face when he comes to hurt you.

The Angel is in the white hearse. Can't we please proceed like Dr. Stephens's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

employees, weighing, fingerprinting, cutting open all this sad and stinking dross of violence, trying to learn what causes what? And when the malignity or the sadness or the unpleasantness of the thing on the table threatens to craze us, can't we tell a callous joke or two? If I can contribute to understanding how and why the Angel kills, then I'll be, in the words of that doctor who swilled coffee out of one bloody-gloved hand while he sliced a dead body with the other, "a happy customer." Hence this book. For its many failures I ask forgiveness from all.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

INTRODUCTION

THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS

The hatefulness and hard-heartedness of humans are simply without limit. Calling upon Heaven and weeping in pain, I lament my fate.

LADY HYEGYONG (KOREAN CROWN PRINCESS), MEMOIR OF 1805[1]

We've become too accustomed to making overall judgments. Isn't that, after all, the root of our superficial intolerance and dogmatism?

SVETLANA ALLILUYEVA (STALIN'S DAUGHTER),
TWENTY LETTERS TO A FRIEND[2]

In 1962, with the texture of any post-Cold War world unforeseeable, and atomic mushroom clouds further darkening her crystal ball, Hannah Arendt nonetheless bravely asked:

> Is it too much to read into the current rather hopeless confusion of issues and arguments a hopeful indication that a profound change in international relations may be about to occur, namely, the disappearance of war from the scene of politics even without a radical transformation of international relations and without an inner change of men's hearts and minds?[3]

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I would have to say, yes, it is too much.

THE IMMUTABILITY OF VIOLENCE

Putting aside any notion that the world is becoming a better place was neither easy nor pleasant for me; and I've not yet given up believing both that the world *ought* to be better and that we have a duty to construct methods of improvement.[4] But since yesterday's hopes are today's wishful thinking, how could anyone be entitled to suppose today's hopes to be any more plausible? Consider, for instance, poor Peter Kropotkin, Russian philosopher, whose well-meaning attempt to establish a scientific basis for ethics now seems as far-fetched as those of his Marxist-Leninist rivals. Convinced as he was that mutual aid is more prevalent and significant among members of most animal species than competition, that antediluvian anarchist spent his final years upon an essay rancid with senile optimism:

> But if we consider each of these lines [of human social development] separately, we certainly find in each of them, and especially in the development of Europe since the fall of the Roman Empire, a continual widening of the conception of mutual support and mutual protection, from the clan to the tribe, the nation, and finally the international union of nations ... notwithstanding the temporary regressive movements which occasionally take place, there is—at least among the representatives of advanced thought in the civilized world and in the progressive popular movements—the tendency of always widening the current conception of human solidarity and justice, and of constantly improving the character of our mutual relations. We also mark the appearance, in the form of an ideal, of the conceptions of what is desirable in further development.[5]

The United Nations notwithstanding, the unpersuasive impotence of these words is as good a gauge of evil on earth as the front page of any newspaper. Isolationism, greed, anger, fear, ethnic nationalism, racial and class hatred, murderous coldheartedness and native human viciousness, once called original sin, now more politely known as the aggressive propensity, continue to narrow justice even as the few seek and struggle to widen it elsewhere. None of the triumphal events which Kropotkin, Arendt, Thoreau,[6] Tolstoy and so many others longed for and awarded themselves faith in have ever come to pass; or, if they have, they've been corroded and perverted from *ideals* fondly held into mere *reality* with its leaking faucets. Yes, we now have "laws of war"—but we inhabit a planet continually poxed and plagued by wars in which the commission of atrocities remains normal.[7] In the eighteenth century, Edward Gibbon ventured to claim that institutionalized violence against witchcraft no longer stains our planet, but just last week I read of the massacre in Africa of some alleged penis-shrinkers. And isn't the violent suppression

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

of magic merely a subcategory of proactive defense of creed, which slew multitudes under Stalin as it did under the Inquisition? Which outrages upon freedom, safety and peace have vanished? Rape, murder, torture, slavery and compulsion, censorship, war and institutionalized tyranny—the marks of all these I've seen with my own eyes. To be sure, the *forms* of them do vary, and so do their relative proportions and frequencies. Human sacrifice, for instance, is at present much less common than assassination and genocide as expressions of religious praxis.[8] Violence no longer hovers over the ballot box in American cities; it's in other lands. Institutionalized slavery is neither as widespread nor as overt as it was two hundred years ago, although it can still be found in the Sudan, Thailand, Cambodia, the Philippines and doubtless a hundred other habitats for sweatshops, forced prostitution and indentured servitude. "Whatever is universal is natural," argues a Confederate churchman, and I think he is right. "We are willing that slavery should be tried by this standard." If humankind throughout history has condemned it, then our clergyman is prepared to abandon it forever. "But what if the overwhelming majority of mankind have approved it?" he says.[9] And, if we take the long view, they have. "What is more ancient and more universal than slavery?" cries that desperate anti-slaver, that anarchist Bakunin. "Cannibalism perhaps."[10] There you have it.

Bakunin, however, possesses sufficient nobility to argue that ubiquity need not prove either inherency nor (as the Confederate clergymen was claiming) necessity; and Bakunin is not only good but correct. We must never allow ourselves to believe that progress is impossible. At the same time, we need not delude ourselves that "history" has accomplished much in the way of human improvement.[11] This is why Bakunin begs us, "Let us, then, never look back, let us look ever forward; for forward is our sunlight, forward our salvation."[12] Fair enough; maybe the improvements will occur someday. It is with the hopeful backward-gazers that I take issue—with the rosy present-assessors, once their printed documents get backward-swirled by time.

Robespierre's nineteenth-century biographer, Lewes, may be considered a member of that deludedly hopeful crew, for he points out the fact that torture used to be legal before the French Revolution as "sufficient to indicate the immensity of the progress that has since been made."[13] But a century later, Frenchmen were torturing Algerians.[14] Indeed, torture, now in its renaissance, is committed by a third of all the governments on this earth.[15] While such statistics may provide nourishments to certain of those scholarly rodents who infest archives, the telling fact is the sameness of the calamities we inflict upon one another. (Yes, the forms change; the shapes of the wounds change.)

Gandhi's biographer was forced to conclude that "his troughs of depression and his ceaseless activity were the repercussions of unacceptable and inexpressible anger."[16] Christ violently turns the money-changers out of the temple. A shocked mother wrote me that when her son was two years old, "he put on a suit of plastic

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

armor and wouldn't take it off for weeks (a gift from a relative that we decided not to give him because of the sword and we'd hidden it ineffectually in a closet). He played war, planned battles. Weaponry wasn't part of my kids' vocabulary. His elder brother's idea of war was to play chess. But he made both offensive and defensive weapons out of duplos and the duplo giraffe became a fire gun. I couldn't imagine where Mikey the tactical warrior came from."

Induction leads to the conclusion that human behavior winds on morally unaltered, and probably unalterable.[17] "Now the earth was corrupt in God's sight," says the Book of Genesis, "and the earth was filled with violence. And God saw the earth, and behold, it was corrupt; for all flesh had corrupted their way upon the earth."[18] If violence is a kind of dust that lies inside the house of the soul, there does not seem to be any way to sweep it out the door. We can only sweep it into one corner or another. Go back fifty thousand years to the Neanderthal man whom archaeologists would find "frontally stabbed in the chest by a right-handed antagonist."[19] To murder is not only human, but proto-human. A millennium and a half before Homer, the men of Uruk were complaining in their houses of clay: "No son is left to his father, for Gilgamesh takes them all, even the children; yet the king should be a shepherd to his people. His lust leaves no virgin to her lover, neither the warrior's daughter nor the wife of the noble; yet this is the shepherd of the city, wise, comely, and resolute."[20] The gods listened, and what did they do? They created a companion warrior for Gilgamesh so that he'd leave his own city in peace and go with his new friend to slay the guardian of the Land of Cedars!

CAUSATION AND JUSTIFICATION

We can, if we wish, invoke a dialectical explanation. Thesis gives birth to antithesis. Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation, combined with victory over the Confederacy, brings into being the Ku Klux Klan. Violent expressions of French and U.S. imperialism in Cochin China create the Viet Cong. Nehru's secular modernization in India nourishes vicious Hindu and Muslim fundamentalism.[21] And what is the resulting synthesis which dialecticians demand? It is *change by means of blood.* Administrations, bureaucracies, leaders, governments, nations, even whole peoples come and go; nobody, however, can change human nature. Some, like Prussian general Moltke the Elder, wouldn't want to. To them, eternal peace is a bad dream.[22]

> So blossom the days of the Niblungs, and great is their hope's increase
> 'Twixt the merry days of the battle and the tide of their guarded peace [23]

Nor, for that matter, can the fact of *change* be changed. The dream of a Hitler or a Robespierre to create a New Man, the project of a Roger Williams to create a New Commonwealth, must be doomed *a priori* to supersession by somebody newer—in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

whom, we must grant, much of the old will remain. (Trotsky, having complained about Taine's parochial view of the French Revolution, went on to say: "A still greater perspective is needed to view the October Revolution. Only hopeless dullards can quote as evidence against it the fact that in twelve years it has not yet created general peace and prosperity."[24] In 1929 this was a fair statement. In 1979 it would not have been.) History suggests, therefore, that whatever a revolution may achieve, its effects upon *morality* (unlike, say, its effects upon *culture*) will be temporary and local. Likewise, "the result in war is never absolute"[25]—the same goes for the result of any act except perfect genocide.

THE MUTABILITY OF VIOLENT FORMS

Someone will certainly invent new institutions for the mediation of human behavior. The Christian religion, the automobile, Communist praxis, Lincoln's Emancipation Proclamation and repeating rifles, for instance, have all altered their respective milieus considerably, and the number of such inventions is potentially inexhaustible. But, as that Neanderthal homicide proved, human violence itself cannot be altered without altering human nature. "Vice and virtue form the destinies of the earth," said Robespierre;[26] and on the day that that is no longer true, there will be no more human beings as we understand them.

My premise may be quarreled with on the grounds that certain movements have in fact permanently and drastically altered the moral condition of entire societies. This is true and not true. In the Muslim countries which I have visited, for example, I generally feel safer from robbery and violent attack than I do in my own. This ambiance of safety—no, of outright helpfulness, of deeply felt hospitality and kindness (as long as a *jihad* has not been declared against me)—is in some measure due to the teachings of the Qur'-An. So many times I've heard: "No, no, I'm a Muslim; I *must* help you; you are a stranger in my country!" —Truthfulness, temperance and chastity, too (for some reason there are those who respect it), are more frequently met there than in non-Muslim countries such as Thailand and Madagascar. And yet, while I'll always prize my memories of the multitudinous undeserved favors which I've received in the nations of the Crescent, can I honestly claim that Muslims are more free or more moral ("better") than non-Muslims?

To a Muslim, one is either inside or outside the law. Certain generous souls may grant outsiders honorary status; thus to some Pakistanis, Afghans and Somalis, the fact that I had been born in a Christian country was sufficient to elect me; I was one of the "People of the Book."[27] But what about Buddhists? They seem no less decent than anyone else. And yet most of the friends I made in Islamic countries regarded them almost as animals. (One old Afghan brigadier kept telling me: "They are *wild*, my dear son. Wild like horse, like donkey; they are not people.") There was a narrowness, an exclusiveness and sometimes a simple excluding-ness. And again, my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

friends were all men. We were excluded from the world of women. It would have been *shameful* (a common term of judgment) to have women friends.[28] Because I had lived under other conditions, I knew what we and the women were missing in not being allowed to talk to one another. Perhaps the loss was justified; perhaps not. One could say, though, that a mind to whom some categories are prescribed and other categories are proscribed must be a mind prone to categorize, at least as far as those "others" are concerned, on the basis of insufficient information. I remember how in Egypt I was talking with some men about Salman Rushdie. They all said that the author of *The Satanic Verses* deserved to die for mocking Islam. None of them had read the book, and none planned to: a fine illustration of the vice of the committed mind—the revolutionary mind, if you will. After all, the more used one is to acting, the less time one has for thinking. As Solzhenitsyn writes disgustedly of the Soviet regime:

> Should we wrap it all up and simply say they arrested the *innocent*? But we omitted saying that the very concept of *guilt* had been repealed by the proletarian revolution and, at the beginning of the thirties, was defined as *rightist opportunism*! So we can't even discuss those out-of-date concepts, guilt and innocence.[29]

The Muslims I met, in short, were in my opinion less likely than Americans to be violent thieves, and more likely to be violent ideologues. Doubtless homicide, assault, rape and burglary rates varied: by such measures, one group would probably come out as more violent than another at any given time, or perhaps even (who knows?) for all time.

RISK OF BEING MURDERED (1995)

In Japan:[30]	0.6 per 100,000
In the USA:[31]	8.2 per 100,000

But that hardly proves that we won't find murder anywhere and everywhere...

IS VIOLENCE DISPLACEABLE, ELIMINABLE, SUBLIMATIBLE, OR STIMULABLE?

"Somehow or other, order, once it reaches a certain stage, calls for bloodshed."[32] So does disorder. To deny that is to deny yourself. In Merleau-Ponty's words, "A regime which is nominally liberal can be oppressive in reality. A regime which acknowledges its violence *might* have in it more genuine humanity."[33] Our society devours itself with violence because we are not completely homogenous (which means, according to the definitions of social insects, that we fail to entirely compose a society) and because we cannot devour others. The two go together: To devour others is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to become homogenous, and to become homogenous is to devour others (or at least otherness).[34] But that solution, the way of pogroms and invasions, doesn't appeal to our tastes sufficiently for us to more than kill a thousand in Panama, let's say a hundred thousand in Iraq (plus or minus uncounted thousands) and suchlike very occasional orgasms. —Good. —Another way might be the way of the Roman circuses. Were our future mass murderers given the chance to kill one another on television, the whole being government-taxed and glamorized, it is conceivable that the level of *uncontrolled* violence would sink.[35] When Julius Caesar, pretended man of the people, furnished for the people's pleasure[36] 320 pairs of gladiators whose armor was made of pure silver,[37] did he therewith not only honor his dead father and buy goodwill for his tyrannical projects, after the fashion of the period, but also sustain civic tranquility through the sympathetic magic? —An affirmative answer presupposes (which might not be true) that the amount of death-lust is finite at any one time, so that by opening a legitimate channel for it we leave less to flow into illegitimate channels. (In a carnelian intaglio from the first century, we see a man in a fish-crested helmet holding in front of him a long slender shield which resembles a beetle's wing. He himself is buglike, the only remotely expressive part of him being his stance: resigned, bracing himself, one knee forward, his sword lost behind the shield. Like a friendly dog, a lion is jumping up into his face.)[38] However, I have before me a monograph on gladiators which posits a negative answer. Dismissing what he calls "the dubious 'hydraulic' theory of violence," our scholar, Robert Wiedemann, cites evidence that (I) the Romans believed that gladiatorial spectacles hardened citizens to fighting and wounds, so that they'd be better soldiers;[39] that (II) the trainers of gladiators sometimes drilled recruits;[40] and that (III) Roman legions deployed in the distant provinces constructed their own arenas and sometimes actually owned troupes of gladiators, which apparently "reassured Roman soldiers far from home that they were part of the Roman community"[41]—in short, that gladiatorial violence *stimulated, emblematized or facilitated* military violence. And did military violence diminish civilian violence? (Send our soldiers marching as far as their legs will carry them, an aristocrat advised shortly before the French Revolution. That way they can't return to cut our throats.) The case is almost impossible to prove. Meanwhile the games go on (Romans attended them for six hundred years). A Vestal Virgin sits in the front row, and the fourth-century poet Prudentius is watching her. "What a sweet and gentle spirit she has! She leaps up at each stroke, and every time the victorious gladiator plunges his sword into his opponent's neck, she calls him her sweetheart."[42] Do her thrills make her more violent, or do they actually waft away her desire to pinch her fellow Vestals when they annoy her? The latter would seem to be Trotsky's assumption: he claims that in Russia after the failed 1905 revolution, terrorist acts (assassinations) increased as the ability of the masses to strike weakened: one way or another, the revolutionary impetus must come out.[43] All we have to do is decide how we want to express it.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The prevalence of infanticide in the U.S. has considerably decreased as a result of increased availability of abortion.[44] And yet we read of a dead baby; the list of her bone fractures and dislocations, some old, some new, takes up almost an entire page. The mother explains that "two days prior to the child's death she had twisted its arms and legs because her crying had been so annoying."[45] One gets the sense that her offspring had annoyed her often. Violence had become a habit. Could it have been directed against punching-bags instead of human flesh? We don't know.

A woman gets raped in an elevator by a man she's never met. The police spokesman states the obvious: "It appears to be a crime of opportunity."[46] Had a different woman ridden that elevator with that man, the chances are that she would have been the victim instead. It was not any particular victim, but the rapist's *uncontrolled need* which provoked the crime. How could he have controlled it, then? Perhaps he could not.

A woman hires a contract killer to murder her husband. But by the time the killer (actually an undercover cop) comes to her home to discuss the details, she's decided to kill her boyfriend's wife instead.[47] Had she not been arrested, who knows whom her wandering impulses might have chosen to murder next?

In all three of these newspaper cases, the victims seem to be mere placeholders, almost accidental outlets. Violence rises up and takes the sacrifices it finds. It employs the means that it finds.[48] It even takes whatever motives it finds. How could some benevolent hyperrationalist cabal ever eliminate murder by eliminating the reasons for murder, when in different countries we find such different reasons—and varied objects?[49] We read that "when Soga [tribespeople] and Philadelphia Negroes kill kinsmen, they kill spouses; when Danes kill kinsmen they kill their children."[50] If we could ever stop Danes from killing their children, would they more or less stop all killing, or would they switch to killing their spouses, or their parents? The obvious (if presently unverifiable) answer is that they would switch. Homicide rates do vary over time and between populations, but they never reach zero.

Out of almost thirteen hundred murderers arrested in Japan in 1995, the two leading causes out of twelve (which were mostly quite specific) comprised, in this order, "grudge" and "other." There went two-thirds of the cases![51] In the United States during the same year, the most common murder circumstance was "unknown." Next came homicides committed in the course of a felony (robbery and drug offenses being the most common of these). Then came non-felony homicides, of which the following two highly illuminating categories ranked first and second: "other arguments" and "other—not specified."[52]

One American criminologist vaguely speaks of "defective ethical standards" as the causative agent in non-sociopathic homicides.[53] But there have always been murders, no matter what the general ethical tone. If the general tone is defective, then we know only what we knew before.

In cases of strictly expedient violence, action is readily susceptible to expedient

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

change. If only there were a good war... Do homicides in fact go down in wartime? The imprisoned anarchist Alexander Berkman describes how during the Spanish-American War "the patriotic Warden daily read to the diners the latest news, and such cheering and wild yelling you have never heard... The Warden admits that the war has decreased crime;" the prison population is lower than it has been in over a decade.[34] In fact, the data is wildly at variance on this matter also. In England, Wales and Scotland, for instance, per capita murder rates actually increased in 1943-45.[35] Hence some people argue that violence stimulates itself, so that digging any legitimate channel only increases the scarlet flow through all the other creekbeds that raddle our rock. (I have often noticed as I read the morning paper that certain kinds of homicide [drive-by-shootings, parental killing of children, etcetera] seem to occur in spates, as if the perpetrators had been reading the newspaper, too.) This question can only be resolved by experimentation (which we possess neither the courage nor the intelligence nor the malignant coldbloodedness to permit).

Even more optimistic than this is our would-be wise and gentle guardian, the United Nations, which essentially follows the theory of placeholders, advising us to work against handgun possession, make cars more theft-proof, teach urban planners to design crime-unfriendly cities and generally to save ourselves through social engineering, my favorite being this:

> Further analysis of the relationship between violence and levels and types of alcohol consumption seems worthwhile to assess whether some governments should reassess fiscal policy with a view to discouraging the consumption of beer.[36]

In other words, let's all become more hardened targets. This is the principle of arms races, but its practicality is not undisputed. If all cars become more theft-proof, then I believe all burglars will merely become better thieves.

I happen to own a wonderful volume called *The American Boy's Handy Book* (1882), whose purpose is as follows:

> Let boys make their own kites and bows and arrows; they will find a double pleasure in them, and value them accordingly, to say nothing of the education involved in the successful construction of their home-made playthings.
>
> The development of a love of harmless fun is itself no valueless consideration. The baneful and destroying pleasures that offer themselves with almost irresistible fascination to idle and unoccupied minds find no place with healthy activity and hearty interest in boyhood sports.[37]

This is a laudable approach. Times have changed, of course. Of the various activities that the book suggests, most are out of fashion, either because Baneful & Destroying Pleasures & Co. can make and sell better items for less than we would

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

pay if we made them ourselves, as with kites and water-telescopes; or because our abuse of the environment has rendered them unethical, as with owl-stuffing, egg-collecting, mole-trapping, jug-fishing; or because we consider them too dangerous, as with blowing soap-bubbles from gas pipes, making lethal boomerangs, blowguns and spring shotguns. Up until very recently, most societies would have considered these activities innocent and rewarding. What do we teach our children to do instead? —I remember the boy who cried and screamed and punched his playmates because he couldn't put his robots together; his parents had to do it for him. He was not a rich little boy, and he wasn't poor; he had a pretty average toy-chest, all things of someone else's invention, most requiring four batteries before they'd greet him, all doing things by themselves, leaving him only to sit and watch. He couldn't murder moles or build his own kite for the summer kite-wars, so he punched his playmates instead. I knew him for several years, and I never saw him happy until the day his mother took him to the fort where every day at noon the soldiers "volunteer" people to load the cannon. The little boy loved guns.[58] Seeing how rapt he was, the soldiers picked him among others, and gave him a job which one would have thought to be beyond his strength: to take the cannonball from another volunteer and insert it into the barrel of the great weapon. The boy, who almost never did anything his parents told him, obeyed the soldiers' loud curt orders in ecstasy. He tried to march like them; he listened and watched; he was a part of something at last. —*"Now, son,"* one of the soldiers shouted, *"If these other men are killed, your job is to DO YOUR JOB and KILL THE ENEMY. Understand?"* —And the little boy nodded and took the cannonball and staggered with it to the cannon, while the drums sounded and all the Americans clapped...

TOWARD A MORAL CALCULUS

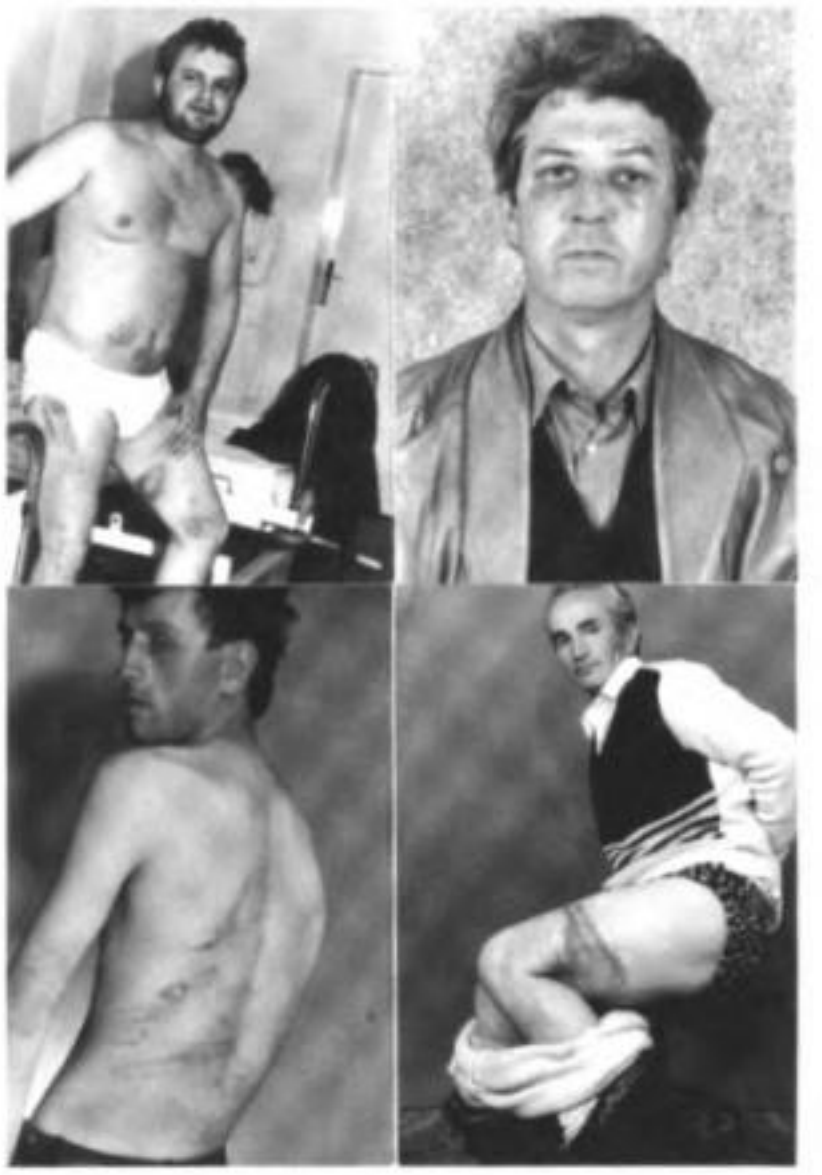
No credo will eliminate murder. But if we think about a sufficient number of cases we may be able to plant the seeds of a tentative ethics which others could consider, pick and choose from and hopefully even benefit from even if they cannot improve. That is my hope for this book. I know that other people's advice has rarely made me better than I was. When it has, it was less often the advice itself than the spirit in which it was given which helped me, requiring me out of sheer respectful reciprocity to listen, search and consider, like Saint Ignatius being guided by an old woman to seek his own God as if he were a hunter employing all craft in a dark and wild forest. As it is, I wish that I were a more worthy person to embark upon this project called *Rising Up and Rising Down*. I am not a theoretician. Nor have I seen enough, suffered enough or thought enough about violence. I have never been tortured; I haven't *lived* in the mouth of violence; I've only paid a few visits. In a hopeful rather than confident spirit I close my research, and offer this book to you. My own life is also of value to me (this is an explanation, not an excuse), and I do not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

really want to see or suffer or think about violence any more than I have to—not that I can get away from it, either. In other words, the suffering of others shames me and awes me, but does not invite my emulation. This essay will therefore be more broad than deep.

WHAT IS TRUTH?

How does one begin an inquiry such as this? To describe universal forces, one must by definition take many excursions into alienness, where the pattern may be tested, but also where one's own ignorance makes it very easy to be deceived. A handbook for intelligence officers offers the following metaphor: "A cow can turn grass into milk, but a further process is required in order to turn the milk into butter."[59] In other words, gathering data is hardly the same as interpreting it. If it were, how could Robespierre be described by Carlyle as a "sea-green tyrant" when Lenin depicts the very same man as progressive within the limits of his class and even historically necessary?



Regard the four photographs of bruised and beaten men. A man from a human rights organization in Sanzak, Serbia, took them.[60] He told me that they were Muslims who had been beaten by Serbs. I personally believe that these Muslims probably *were* beaten by Serbs (it is well known that Serbs did and do beat Muslims; my Muslim friends told me that the men in the pictures looked Muslim, and, Serbian violence against Muslims was widespread in 1994). But the photographs are inadmissible—or, I should say, incompletely admissible. I was not given permission to interview the victims, on the very rational grounds that since I was being watched by Serbian police this might subject them to further abuse. An observer is free, of course, to make his suppositions. But it would be irresponsible on my part to claim anything definitive in this case, to claim even that these insufficiently identified men had been in fact beaten; the marks could be makeup. What would *you* do in such a case? Would you suspect, allege or accuse?

And what constitutes a large enough experiential sample to validate induction? My impression in 1991 of the Khmer Rouge cadres as scared, uneducated boys came from a single interview with captives in the presence of the prison's deputy director.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Photojournalist documenting anti-nuclear action at Seabrook, New Hampshire (1980)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Of course they would be scared. Only if I put myself into their power would I know for certain exactly how they tortured and swaggered. That is why I went back years later and sought to give myself into their hands (not that they would meet me except one or two on one, scared and uneducated again, lurking). My impressions hadn't changed. But I knew perfectly well that whatever I might find to substantiate or undermine my previous opinions of the "Khmer Rouge personality" would not be enough, would merely obligate me to return again and again, until I chose either to abandon the uncompleted work (for in this world no inquiry can ever be completed), or else to press on and pay the ultimate price, which I was unwilling to do. Subsequent interviews continued to confirm my perception of their scared ignorance. But how much did I fail to see? At border points, I was frequently advised by the Khmer Rouge themselves or their sympathizers that I was likely to lose my life if I proceeded in this direction or that direction, and I always heeded that advice.[61] What do I know, then? Not what a Khmer Rouge cadre knows.

And Khun Sa, the Opium King—did he truly lead a Shan liberation movement? I saw only the tiniest piece of Shan State; I could not say for sure how many Shan supported and revered him. The fact that almost everybody I met praised him before he could possibly have known that I was coming suggests that he truly was well regarded. But again, he himself I met only once. Had I limited myself to writing about Khun Sa over the past decade, I would no doubt have known more about him than I do. But then I would have known less about the Khmer Rouge. As I said, I chose broad knowledge, not deep. Even had I chosen depth, my conviction that Khun Sa was a good man could never be demonstrated to anyone's satisfaction in the way that the fact of whether or not the men in the photograph were Muslims beaten by Serbs could have been discovered once and for all. For we human beings scarcely know ourselves, let alone others.

ON THE PLEASURES OF MAKING AUTHORITATIVE STATEMENTS

Many traps have been prepared for the amusement of the gargoyles who overwatch the generalist's path. The common snare is that of casting inductions based on mere personal experience (as might be the case with my opinion of Khun Sa). I do not deny that experience is essential in this work. In fact, one cannot have enough of it. Sooner or later the intriguing things, the colorful things, the logical things pile up; one begins to feel informed, longs to fit them into a theory that will show them off to best advantage. Eventually the "big thing" happens. One gets permission at last to pass the secret way into Opium City, or one's friends are killed before one's eyes, or one witnesses something special on a walrus hunt. Certainly such occurrences impart knowledge of a sort, but only within a more or less local context. Yet to those even less well informed, one has become an "authority." An authority is by nature

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

noxious, a windbag, a parasite, a professional vulture. One such bird of prey crowed: "The greatest moment of my professional life was standing in the Piazza Loretto, Milan, on April 29, 1945, literally amid the bodies of Mussolini, [his mistress Clara] Petacci, and the others."[62] This is not only despicable, but dangerous.[63] This journalist standing over Mussolini's corpse (did he trail his toes in the blood?) might be inclined to pontificate on the nature and destiny of Italian fascism; and doubtless the experience would impart the sort of cachet accepted by sensationalists. But what would he necessarily know about Italian fascism, even were he Italian and a fascist? —More than I, but more is not enough. —They say that Soviet frontline officers in action against the Nazis thought that they had seen it all, but death in Stalin's prison camps was entirely a different sort of death. Solzhenitsyn was for eleven years a prisoner in those camps. He suffered, bore witness, had, one would think, the necessary experience. His account of the day-to-day struggle there, *One Day in the Life of Ivan Denisovich*, deserves our appalled respect. Yes, he can be called an authority, an expert. But Solzhenitsyn himself says that "the Kolyma was the greatest and most famous island, the pole of ferocity of that amazing country of *Gulag*."[64] The man with the unhappy fortune to be an expert on Kolyma was Varlam Shalamov, and Solzhenitsyn asked him to collaborate with him on his grimly impressive three-volume history of the camps. Shalamov, old, sick and tired, declined. Solzhenitsyn writes of him in reverent terms, as if he, not Solzhenitsyn, had had the privilege of staring into evil's face. What did Shalamov pay for this opportunity? Seventeen years of his life, the ruin of his life, the destruction of his health, the wounding of his capacity for interest in life, trust and other human beings, of his very integrity. When the brilliant *Kolyma Tales* was published abroad, Shalamov was pressured into denouncing the people who'd sought thus to do homage to his genius. He possessed the authority; he had won it; keeping it was not worth his further suffering. His own translator wrote that this shocked "his former admirers so deeply that some literally removed his portrait from their homes. [Shalamov had] betrayed his own major achievement."[65] If this is the price required for the sad knowledge that swarms between the lines of *Kolyma Tales* like lice, better to forego it. Books like mine suffer as a result of just that decision to forego, the attendant flaws being speculation in the place of certainty, ignorant misstatements, dilettantism and mere adventurism.



Mussolini and his mistress, Claretta Petacci (Milan, 1945)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

STATISTICAL NICETIES

There is a natural tendency on the part of any investigator to believe that "doing one's homework" will solve all these conundrums; but more often than we would like to believe, research will prove merely necessary, not sufficient. For example, a quick browse through one or two reference books ought to yield a reasonably consistent figure as to the number of Pol Pot's victims. One source gives the figure of "300,000+."[66] Another proposes a number from 800,000 to one million.[67] A third insists on "more than three million."[68] Thus the first estimate differs from the last by an entire order of magnitude. Doubtless in ten or a hundred years the whole thing will be settled.[69] (In 1995, when I first wrote this paragraph, not even the present population of Cambodia was certain.) In the meantime, if one wishes to interview living, breathing revolutionaries and then characterize them while one is still oneself living and breathing, the only way is to rely on contemporary data—a difficulty which would afflict even the Shalamovs, unless they somehow gained access to secret archives—and even then we may be dealing with the statements of those who, as Roosevelt remarked to Churchill, "do not use speech for the same purposes that we do."[70] In the Kolyma, Shalamov saw corpses by the thousand. How many more didn't he see? "I realized that I knew only a small bit of that world, that twenty kilometers away there might be a shack for geological explorers looking for uranium or a gold-mine with thirty thousand prisoners. Much can be hidden in the folds of the mountain."[71] In fact, in the Kolyma alone several *million* prisoners died.

WHAT "REALLY" HAPPENED?

As for old and "settled" data, the dust has indeed settled on it, to the point of blurring its truth. Can we trust Herodotus?[72] —As a teller of moral fables, certainly (and in an ethical treatise such as this one, the presentation of exemplary choices will occasionally suffice). —As a historian, only with qualifications. —We are free, as we are in considering the Bible, to ask: If somebody did in fact commit the stated act, is it right or wrong? We cannot, however, say with certainty: The named person committed the stated act.

NO CONTEXT, NO JUDGMENT

And this is but the beginning of the problem. Not only can we not be certain whether violence has occurred, and to what extent, but *sometimes we do not even know what violence is.* Most often, of course, it is all too clear.

Arendt might well reject this argument entirely, insisting that Shalamov's uncertainty as to exact numbers, even orders of magnitude, remains irrelevant. She witnessed the Eichmann trial, and described the audience as "filled with 'survivors,'

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

with middle-aged and elderly people, immigrants from Europe like myself, who knew by heart all there was to know."[73] In her sense, Shalamov, Solzhenitsyn, those frontline officers and perhaps even that vulture of a journalist were also in the know, and would have had little trouble in understanding the workings of, say, Buchenwald, although there were stylistic differences between Buchenwald and Kolyma: the former place employed a "factory" for mass shootings rather than the Arctic cold; and its punishments often took the character of sadistic public displays accompanied by music, instead of solitary starvation in some ice-house. The fundamental purpose of both institutions remained the same: to convert human beings into objects living and nonliving, extracting ideological, psychological and commercial profits along the way.[74] —But differences deeper than stylistic remained. In the Kolyma camps, escape was quixotic, given the location: a prisoner wandering around in the Arctic vastness hadn't much of a chance.[75] Still, it was a choice; it empowered, and it affected only the individual involved. At Buchenwald, collective reprisal was the policy. Hence an escape would bring punishment to the inmates remaining behind. In short, escape from Kolyma was suicide; escape from Buchenwald was homicide. One cannot simply be told that somebody escaped "from a concentration camp" and be ethically in the know.

One more example of the need to everlastingly expand one's knowledge, to seek, listen, qualify: What constitutes rape? We think we have it figured out. It is sexual knowledge without consent, or sexual knowledge of a person deemed unable to comprehendingly consent, such as a minor or a mental incompetent. And, like violence generally, its lineaments are frequently unambiguous. Here, for instance, we find both of these kinds of rape rolled into one:

> FISHERMAN RAPED HIS OWN DAUGHTER
>
> SINGAPORE: A fisherman and part-time medium, who raped his 15-year-old daughter on 3 occasions 2 years ago, was sentenced to 20 years' jail and 18 strokes of the cane by the High Court yesterday [which] rejected the accused's defence that the rape report against him was a conspiracy by the victim and her elder sister because he had been harsh with them and had often beaten them very badly.[76]

No matter how one looks at this, it would seem that either the fisherman beat his daughter (by his own testimony), or else he beat her and raped her. In any case, he abused her. Regardless of what the circumstances might have been, I think that the High Court was correct in judging that the man had done wrong.

But many such determinations are not so facile, as even the FBI has concluded.[77] I once had the dismal opportunity of hearing both sides of a rape story. To the woman, at least, it was rape. She told me that the man had cornered her and tried to kiss her while she kept pleading, "I can't, I can't." Her remembered terror, helplessness, humiliation and disgust crawled across her face as she told it. He had

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

grabbed her breasts. He had started to do other things, but her entreaties finally stopped him. She said that she had never been capable of mentioning this to a soul before, and she was speaking of it now only two years after the fact, because I knew the man (he was my friend) and because she trusted me and needed to tell somebody. —To the man it had been no big deal. A rough fellow from a rough town, he was accustomed to casually aggressive methods of courtship. She had a boyfriend? So what? They were alone, after all. He gave it a whirl, but she wasn't in the mood, so that was that. Had he been told that what he had done was attempted rape, he would have shrugged incredulously. Hadn't he stopped when she said, "I can't"? Had he hurt her? Had he left marks? Call it an exploratory grope. Such divergence is to be expected, for when did victim and violator ever agree?

I think that given the norms of the area this was *not* attempted rape—merely insensitivity carried almost to brutality.[78] To equate it with actual forcible penetration is to remove our ability to graduate in comprehension, judgment and penalty between these two very unhomogenous wrongs. But now reflect upon still another case, seemingly quite similar, for it, too, involves kissing and breast-grabbing:

> COPS LOOKING FOR MOLEST CASE SUSPECT
>
> PENANG: Police are looking for a factory bus driver who allegedly fondled the breasts of a 23-year-old woman in Air Itam here recently... It is learnt that the suspect also kissed the woman.[79]

Malaysia being a Muslim country, what the bus driver did was very likely a terrible assault upon the woman's pride and sacred secretness. She must have been veiled, in which case his kissing her would have been as much an act of exposure, of humiliation, as his snatching her breasts into his hands. Call it rape. When I asked my Thai companion, D., how she would have responded had he done this to her, she said, "Me? Maybe I laugh. Don't like so much. Maybe little bit angry, but I try to talk to him, I think he need some girlfriend. Maybe I say to him, you very silly boy."[80]

The conclusion I come to (one abhorrent to any local law, but agreeable to the contradictions of international customs) is that a major defining ethical constituent of violence is *the unique relationship between each victim and perpetrator at a given time.*[81] That is why even the sternly consistent Martin Luther warns the sixteenth-century German princes that they must be guided by their own minds and consciences in any given case of legal judgment[82]—and why it is permissible, for instance, for somebody to kill one person in wartime but not another, and neither one in peacetime. And if the motive and the context are so crucial,[83] then we must ask whether one can with equal justification kill out of hatred, out of fear, out of rational self-defense or out of mercy?

Arendt, musing upon the "pale" and "ghostlike" figure of the accused Eichmann in his glass booth, insisted: "If he suffers, he must suffer for what he has done, not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for what he has caused others to suffer."[84] As a general rule this principle is demonstrably untrue. D., a live-and-let-live Buddhist from a sexually more easy country than Malaysia (the rural markets usually have on the walls colored advertising posters with photos of naked women), would not have suffered what the twenty-three-year-old Muslim woman presumably did. I know this because I know D. This is not to say that she would have suffered nothing; for in public life Thais are sufficiently modest that the public kissing of European lovers inspires them with disgust. Nor would that brute of a bus driver be any more justified in fondling her than he would have in the case of a Muslim girl. But D. never wore a veil. She would have been kissed without being uncovered. In short, she would have been humiliated, not raped. She would have shrugged it off and tried not to be shamed; the Muslim girl might well have been hurt to the core. And had, let's say, a man in Mexico City done this to D., and not a bus driver whom she could not get away from but a seat-mate whose escalating flirting she had ignored; had the bus also, let's say, been filled with drunken soccer players who were groping giggling cheerleaders at least some of whom desired an orgy, I would, again, not excuse the brute, but I would be slightly less angry, thinking of him (as I do of my friend from the rough town) as someone who didn't know where to stop as opposed to someone who coolly initiated something. And I would think even worse of the Malaysian bus driver had he forced his attentions on the woman if no other passengers were on the bus than if the bus were crowded; for if the bus were empty the woman would feel more alone and helpless, the act hence more the vicious one of intimidation, domination and humiliation. If the same action can cause significantly different degrees of injury to different victims, then the deed itself cannot be adequately described without context.

Arendt gets around this by substituting the social fabric as a whole for the personal vagaries of any victim—a Kantian strategy which

> may be rendered by saying that the undeserved evil which anyone commits on another is to be regarded as perpetrated on himself... This is the right of retaliation (jus talionis); and ... is the only principle which in regulating a public court, as distinguished from mere private judgement, can definitely assign both the quality and the quantity of a just penalty.[85]

Thus Eichmann's genocide was in Nuremberg parlance a crime against humanity because it attacked human diversity, without which the whole concept of humanity becomes reduced to ethnicity or nationality. This argument is valid in Eichmann's case, and would remain so if his expertise had killed only one person instead of millions; who except the suicidally inclined (whose case will be taken up later in this book)[86] would be at variance over the ultimate negativity of death? Had the Malaysian molester done his deed not with a kiss but with a dagger, then D. and the woman on the bus would have been more equally harmed.[87] If not, then the merely normative approach fails to hold.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

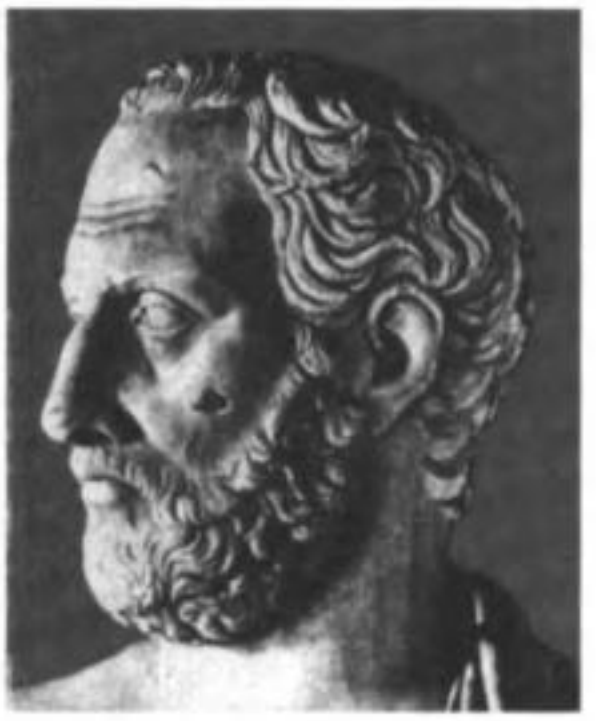
Interestingly enough, the importance of context from the other point of view—the aggressor's—was recognized up to a point even at Nuremberg. Just as the military court which tried and sentenced the assassins of President Lincoln endured (and probably instigated) experts' haggles on whether they were mentally or morally insane—in the end, they decided that the law didn't care—so too the Nuremberg tribunal ground through the motions of debate as to whether Rudolf Hess was sane enough to stand trial. In Churchill's memoirs he's implied to be mad; and the prosecutor Telford Taylor portrays a defendant rarely able to concentrate, listen or remember.[88] The remarkable point is that the issue was raised at all. In the end, expediency, justice or perhaps vindictiveness won out, and Hess was tried. A decade and a half later, so was Eichmann, who displayed a different sort of madness. I wish that Kant had been there, for vis-à-vis the "I just followed orders" defense the philosopher expresses agreement: "The good or bad consequences arising from the performance of an obligated action—as also the consequences arising from failing to perform a meritorious action—cannot be imputed to the agent (*modus imputationis poneus*)."[89] The implication is that the social medium in which one swims (or, as Kant probably would have preferred to put it, the institutional uniform in which one clothes oneself) automatically justifies the actions which it condones and commands. By conforming and obeying, the Eichmanns are exculpated.[90] I would have loved to see the look on the chief prosecutor's face. —Well, if I'd been there when Eichmann was speaking, I guess I would have seen it; for this was precisely the argument which that monster used. Whether one agrees with his line or not (and I don't), it surely makes a difference to our moral or metaphysical understanding of his crimes ("I committed mass murder")—as opposed to our juridical comprehension ("I upheld my obligation to authority," or perhaps the very different "I violated the international laws against war crimes")—whether Eichmann donned the livery of the state in 1939 or simply flew the colors of a nonrepresentative cabal whose "agent" he was.[91] In one case (the most likely one), the regime made him what he was. In the other, he would have done it regardless, like the opportunistic rapist in the elevator. Either way, let's hang him, but if the first cause is the dominant one, then we've learned that there's something very useful we can do with our lives: study Nazism in detail, in order to discover how to prevent it from coming to life again. If the second case gets privileged, it's more utilitarian to study the various Eichmanns.

IS JUSTICE OBJECTIVE OR PASSIONATE?

Hence perpetrator, deed and victim must all be considered—taking care, by all means, never to *underweigh* the deed, either, which might for an apologist (e.g. a Holocaust revisionist) be all too convenient in any case where the identity and circumstances of violence are clear,[92] as they were for, say, Shalamov, no apologist in spite of his other sins, who looked silently on from within his scorched and frozen

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

rags while the bulldozer transferred bodies to another mass grave. Here the individuality of victims and perpetrators remains immaterial to our judgment: by their very numbers, the dead in that pit constitute a silent scream of crime. We know all we need to know (except, of course, how to stop it next time). Understanding, even empathy, must not lure us into active sympathy. (I "understand" Eichmann—how pitiable he is!) Should I fail to come out and say that what happened there in Kolyma or Buchenwald was wrong, then I'll stand available for the friendship of all the killers I meet, in which case I can be worthy of Luther's sarcastic question to the easygoing Erasmus: "Perhaps you have in mind to teach the truth so that the Pope does not object, Caesar is not enraged, bishops and princes are not upset, and furthermore no uproar and turmoil are caused in the wide world, lest many be offended and grow worse?"[93] The Soviet battle correspondent Ilya Ehrenburg remarked more bluntly still that all journalists who report a war objectively ought to be shot.[94] Such a position is not only foul (presumably, it saves Soviet murderers from uproar and turmoil),[95] it is also fifty percent likely to be wrong—a demonstration of which was left us by the bilious genius of Thucydides. Over and over in his pages we meet a city-state on the eve of decision. Two delegations come before the assembly, representing arch-foes. The web of their war has widened. Now it's reached this city previously neutral and exempt, and the grim drama begins. Soon, one of the two rivals will be the city's friend, and the other will be the enemy. There'll be as little room for neutrality as in Ignatius's spiritual exercises, in which the meditator must choose between the army of Christ and the army of Satan. "In critical moments," a revolutionary warns, "to declare oneself neutral is to expose oneself to the anger of both contending parties."[96] This is not a moral judgment, nor a paraphrase of Ehrenburg, but a very practical and realistic social law. For expedient reasons alone the choice must be made. Ah, but who is Christ and who is Satan? In 1632, a Protestant landgrave, about to dragged into the Thirty Years' War, asks the wise men: "If his princely Grace is forced to choose between one of the two warring parties in the Empire, ... with which side must he unite himself?"[97] The assembly listens anxiously, trying to decide that very question. In turn the competitors address them in all sweet reasonableness, justifying their actions, offering civil affection, threatening the reverse and, of course, denying each other's goodness and very legitimacy. Much in these speeches comprises the merest rhetorical garnish of expediency, and it is most likely on expedient considerations that this assembly will shortly decide which of the two city-states, spurned, its representatives stalking back to their waiting ship, will shortly send bronze-armored infantry to lay waste the houses, fields and vineyards it so



Thucydides

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lately visited in a state of suppliant or commanding neutrality; and which city-state will send relief and protection (or, if the assembly guessed wrongly, send nothing) —Which side is stronger? Make *them* our ally!

And yet for those who listen, worry and debate, whether or not we can be menaced or advantaged by either side, the issue of right and wrong remains. —If those issues were irrelevant, the Spartans, say (renowned for their practicality), would hardly bother to mention liberating the Hellenes from Athenian tyranny; they'd speak merely with arrow, javelin and sword. —But no, I forgot: An appeal to *justice* is most *expedient!* It can't hurt, and it may trick a couple of archons into voting for my side (if only the other side doesn't do the same!)[98] Anyone who's still trying to make up his mind where justice lies ought to be shot!

Now the speeches of the first city-state are over. As the opposing delegates rise, the assemblymen of the host city, one can be sure, sit tense, because they *must* choose and this is their sole remaining chance to know both sides before it comes to a vote. Ehrenburg's sin is not that he has already chosen, but that he would deny us our right to choose, without which we bear no responsibility, without which we join the guiltless inhuman legions in whose ranks Eichmann enrolled himself.

Indeed the Ehrenburgian stance proves empirically as well as morally unsound, there being data which it absolutely cannot explain. Tito's former deputy, Milovan Djilas, admits that when he and other committed Yugoslav Communists were entertained by a British major in Iraq,

> in our doctrinaire way we could not understand how it was possible, much less rational, to sacrifice oneself 'for imperialism'—for so we regarded the West's struggle [against Hitler]—but to ourselves we marveled at the heroism and boldness of the British.[99]

Ehrenburg's position does have its place in a desperate war, for propaganda can help people to fight, and counter-propaganda, if effective, becomes treason; but there must be a clear understanding that at a specific moment the blinders will be pulled off—say, at the instant of the enemy surrender (or one's own). No doubt Ehrenburg approved of the procedure followed by the Nuremberg Trials, which years after the German defeat refused to admit evidence of Soviet atrocities comparable to those of the Nazis who were being hanged.

When I first got called for jury duty in California—and every other time, too—the judge, sitting high between flags, insisted again and again that we retain the presumption of innocence unless convinced otherwise by the evidence, and that we be persuaded by any reasonable doubt to refrain from conviction—a noble principle not in accordance with any instinct of human or social self-preservation; for even the lady who ushered us into the courtroom had said: "There's a defendant in there, so be careful." I believed and still believe that the twelve silent ones in the jury box

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

were prepared to be fair. By Ehrenburg's maxim, they should have been shot. (I quote my Serbian friend Vineta: "That's so disgusting, the way you Americans presume those criminals to be innocent.") The court reporter, aloof and distinguished-looking, played the keyboard with long slender fingers, his words white upon the blue screen. He would not lie, and the jury, while they might be wrong, would do their best not to be biased. —"I'd like you to remember that there are always two sides to every question," the judge said, so Ehrenburg would have had to shoot him, too. In other words, as we already knew, expediency rules. Djilas's anecdote about his own failure, thanks to his moral system, even to *comprehend* British loyalty to the imperialist cause is a classic, showing how solipsistic subjectivity prohibits the very perceptions on which induction and analysis must be based. If we deny any moral basis whatsoever to the Other Side—the capitalist exploiter British, the horrific Eichmann—then each of them stands before our gaze merely silhouetted, creature of the same featureless moral velvet—*are* they the same? If we good Stalinists truly act and speak as though they are, we are liable to make some serious mistakes. This is the trouble with Ehrenburg's way of transacting ethical business.

Yes, the mass graves of Shalamov's world *remain wrong.* Justice can and ought to be passionate about that. But what else is wrong, and is it as wrong as they are?

JUDGMENT VERSUS RESPECT

Back to "understanding" Eichmann again: For the author of this book, as for any reporter of living, uncoerced human words, passionate justice offers an additional practical difficulty: If I am not allowed to be objective, to point out that every evildoer has a good side and may even mean well, then there is no reason on earth why the Other Side which I am writing about should sit down to be attacked by me. The fact that I invade its privacy is bad enough.

This leads to one of the central ethical questions of biography, portraiture and journalism: Do I betray and humiliate those who have trusted me, or do I soften my conclusions?[100] My policy will always be to treat with empathy and respect anyone agreeing to be studied, interviewed, exposed. I would have been courteous to Eichmann. My obligation, however, is to the truth. But again, what is truth? My study of literature and life has taught me that sometimes there isn't any—or that it has so many sides that one is permitted only rarely to condemn it. And what if there is more than one perpetrator of even the most clearly evident crime; what if one man orders, another signs, a third conveys and a fourth shoots?[101] If there is any doubt, isn't it better not to condemn? If, on the other hand, doubt has nowhere to hide, as in Eichmann's case, then one *must* condemn, but never without respecting the human being inside the evildoer. I hope that it is possible to follow this muted course, and still answer, however gingerly, the question of when violence is and is not justified. Sometimes, as the reader will see, my condemnations are passionate in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

spite of everything; other times, you may conclude (although I hope you won't) that I have tried so hard to be respectful and fair that I have become an accomplice. I am not and never will be one of those journalists who actively does wicked things for the sake of deeper understanding. In Madagascar I twice paid bandits to stage their lethal activities for me rather than agreeing to observe the real thing; in Sarajevo I refused to involve myself in the execution of a Serbian sniper. But in Malaysia, when I met the chuckling old terrorist Hadji Amin, a man whose bombs have killed many innocent people, I tried to tell his side of the story,[102] and I promised never to reveal where he is—a promise I have kept. (Anyhow, he is dead now.) I was always polite to him on the telephone; I asked after his health (it was heart disease that he died of), his wife, his family. It is my hope that you will encounter that politeness in what I have written about him, no matter that he horrifies me. In short, I would rather be a coward, and write a work of ornately descriptive ethics, than to be Ilya Ehrenburg.

THE STRUCTURE OF THIS BOOK

Rising Up and Rising Down, then, is divided into two parts.[103] The first, being more theoretical and general, attempts through induction, common sense and consideration of the deeds of certain contemporary, historical and even mythic people who have behaved violently, or not—among others, Trotsky, Napoleon, Cortes, Christ, Lincoln, Jefferson, Stalin, Tolstoy, "Virginia" of the Animal Liberation Front, the Amazons, the Marquis de Sade, Martin Luther, Martin Luther King, Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, Lawrence of Arabia, Robespierre, Gandhi and the Heike prince Taira Shigemori—to arrive at a way of ethically categorizing violence. It is possibly the more valuable half of the book (assuming, despite all the caveats above, that my ship has not been entirely wrecked on the shoals of hagiography), and certainly the less likely to be read. It concludes with a "moral calculus" extracted from the foregoing. "Explanatory power theories for interpersonal and systemic levels will probably differ,"[104] and this goes for explanatory ethical theories also; thus you will find the "equations" in my calculus to be blurred and sometimes ambiguous approximations rather than strict identities, because some degree of mistiness is required when one endeavors to be personal, inclusive and systematic.[105]

With the dubious exception of my discussion of John Brown's letters, this part of the book does not qualify as archival or even scholarly research. My intention was neither to uncover new facts about the doings of historical figures, nor to formulate new interpretations of them. What I tried instead to do was to lay out the received wisdom concerning Caesar's mercy, Joan of Arc's honor, Hitler's territorialism, etcetera, and then judge that. No doubt my reading of classical sources in particular betrays a sort of credulity. But who knows what Leonidas the Spartan really said at Thermopylae, or to what extent Thucydides, who was an actual eyewitness of the Peloponesian War, might have subordinated literal accuracy to elegant pathos? No

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

matter. The reader is invited to consider each of the moral decisions undertaken by our historical protagonists as the centerpiece of a parable. For our purposes it matters less whether Leonidas existed at all (although I've done my best to rely on scholars who can tell me that he did) than whether *we can imagine ourselves into the circumstances described.*

Hence this "theoretical" portion of the book comprises a set of what Wittgenstein would have called "thought-experiments." Future scholarship may prove that Stalin's drive against the kulaks enjoyed more or less popular support than my reading (largely of secondary and translated sources) has led me to believe. It may also very likely come out that Stalin never for a moment believed his own justifications. No matter. When is violent defense of class justified? We'll inspect the ogre's justifications as if they meant something, for he placed them on public record and his cadres invoked them in the process of starving peasants to death. We'll try to determine their context and their implications. Then we'll judge their merits.

In deference to the examples which inform it, each theoretical chapter is organized somewhat differently from the others, but the basic scheme consists of arriving at a definition (or sometimes a more open-ended understanding) of the category which is being defended, then (or simultaneously) considering the fairness of invoking violence for the sake of that category. Imagine that you are the judge in a courtroom. The violent act has already occurred. Napoleon stands in the dock. The witnesses have finished explaining to you how and why he defended his honor. You must decide: Is defense of honor a legitimate category at all? In due course you will judge Cortes and you may well decide, as I do, that his offered justification of defense of ground is specious. You have already judged Joan of Arc, and you have determined that Napoleon's honor is different from hers. Well, is it worth defending, and do you accept his means?

I invite you to read each "theoretical" chapter with the moral calculus volume in hand, because it is there that the chapter in question has been boiled down to its own verbatim skeleton. Were you to read only the moral calculus, you might find the assertions to be more tendentious and peculiar than they are. There is almost nothing in the moral calculus which does not come directly from the theoretical chapters.

Methodological Weaknesses of Part I

1. A broad approach necessarily results in superficial and inaccurate treatment of many topics.[106]
2. Therefore, a broadly comparative approach may well produce misleading overgeneralizations, or else reproduce the stereotyped conclusions of that mediocrity miscalled posterity.[107]
3. In particular, a focus upon moral actors in positions of political leadership is bound to overpersonalize and falsely render monolithic their respective causes.[108]

Although I have done my best to overcome these failings. I must sometimes have succumbed to them.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

JUSTIFICATIONS FOR PART I

1. My aim is, where possible, to let the reader briefly peep through each moral actor's eyes, and to exemplify universally human decisions. Their universality can only be shown through comparison.
2. If we cannot situate ourselves in history, if we cannot match ourselves against our moral peers now dead and gone, what good is history?

The second part of this book owes more to my own experience, and comprises a series of case studies in violence and the perception of violence: Inuit seal-hunting and animal rights, the Khmer Rouge in Cambodia, and Cambodian gangs in the United States; the civil war in Bosnia, U.N. peacekeeping in Somalia, cattle rustlers and street robbers in Madagascar, child prostitution in Thailand (and how and why I kidnapped one girl engaged in that trade) teenage suicide on an Apache reservation in the U.S., opium politics and ethnic guerrilla movements in Burma, the Libyan-funded PULO terrorist organization in Thailand and Malaysia, the Guardian Angel movement in the U.S., the Christian Patriot movement in the U.S. (with some references to neo-Nazis and the Militia) the Baraku ("Untouchable") class in Japan, and voodoo and folk religion in the American South as a means of "dealing with" violence. This section ends with applications of the moral calculus to strike at a brief ethical evaluation of each of the situations described.

A NOTE ON THE CASE STUDIES, AND ON LITERARY AESTHETICS

Finally, it may be worth explaining why a work organized on a theoretical basis indulges so much in description (indeed, as I already said, ornate description). The colors of the Burmese jungle at twilight, or the scorched smell of a shelled city, do not of themselves further analytical understanding. In fact, it might be argued (as I have done in my remarks on authorities and experts)[109] that their very particularity gets in the way of it.[110] That don of military strategy, Liddell Hart, whose paean to Sun-tzu's indirect methods of warfare was studied religiously by both Patton and Guderian, put at the very beginning of his opus the following statement: "Direct experience is inherently too limited to form an adequate foundation either for theory or for application. At the best it produces an atmosphere that is of value in drying and hardening the structure of thought."[111] And in his detailed recounting of the feints, swoops, ambuscades, tricks and deceptions which made various contingents, from the ancient Greeks to the Allies of World War II, kings of the hill for their own instants, he almost never employs the adjectives of verisimilitude. His task, however, is quite different from mine. Who won this battle, who lost and why? The answer may well have something to do with a certain general's digestion, but the *objective* cause of a result on the battlefield will be pegged by less than introspective

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

men, hence will derive from that lengthy category of causes available to those who are not mind-readers: mobility, communications, trenches and counterstrokes.

Meanwhile, even Liddell Hart approvingly quotes Napoleon's dictum that "the moral is to the physical as three to one." Morale is a subjective factor, which might as well be considered subjectively. Ethics, especially as I have presented above, comes even more from within—so much so that Liddell Hart's disparagement of direct experience does not hold: While we may not expect a parochial intellect to produce broad strategy, we would not fail to keep the person to whom that intellect belongs accountable for the good or evil that he does. The reason is that this keeping accountable is in large measure also local, parochial. That is why a Somali man can have four wives and be respected, while an American man cannot.[112] What does all this have to do with the color of jungles? It is precisely because local conditions have such an effect upon a person's outlook that they ought to be described. (The first chapter of this book goes deeper into the subject.) I admit that I've behaved this way partly because it is my bent, and partly because I figured that if my theorizing were wrong or unpalatable, the reader might at least have some moments of pleasure (this especially goes for the case studies). There is another reason. Even the pious materialist Trotsky, to whom people and places were but the local expressions of collective force, went out of his way to praise

> the ability to visualize people, objects, and events as they really are, even if one has never seen them. To combine separate little strokes caught on the wing, to supplement them by means of unformulated laws of correspondence and likelihood, and in this way to recreate a certain sphere of human life in all its concrete reality, basing everything upon experience in life and upon theory—that is the imagination that a legislator, an administrator, a leader must have, especially in a period of revolution. Lenin's strength was chiefly this power of realistic imagination.[113]

Trotsky and Lenin might not value my own visualizations, since collective force interests me only insofar as it relates to personalized ethical decisions about violence. Nonethless, I too in my way seek to recreate various "spheres of human life" in order to make identification with each moral actor more feasible. Descriptions of personalities, appearances and the settings in which people act and react will hopefully provide further means for the reader to make that re-creation himself, and thereby to evaluate my judgments.

In the theoretical half of this book I will attempt to define as vividly as I can the ethos of a homeland,[114] the identity of a place[115] and of an animal,[116] etcetera. "A homeland is a language, the way that the streets curve and the color of the sky in winter, the fashion in which coffee is served, the tempo of traffic."[117] It is this that people commit justified violence to save, and unjustified violence to aggrandize. I truly believe in the utility of such a conception of motivation—people kill for what

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

they cry for—and I want you to believe it. How else can I convey the feeling of a specific place except through description?

Above all, the blossoming days of the Niblungs deserve vivid records.[118] "Despite confusion and uncertainty," writes the military historian John Keegan, "it seems just possible to glimpse the emerging outlines of a world without war."[119] Maybe so—if thermonuclear war exterminates all of us Niblungs.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

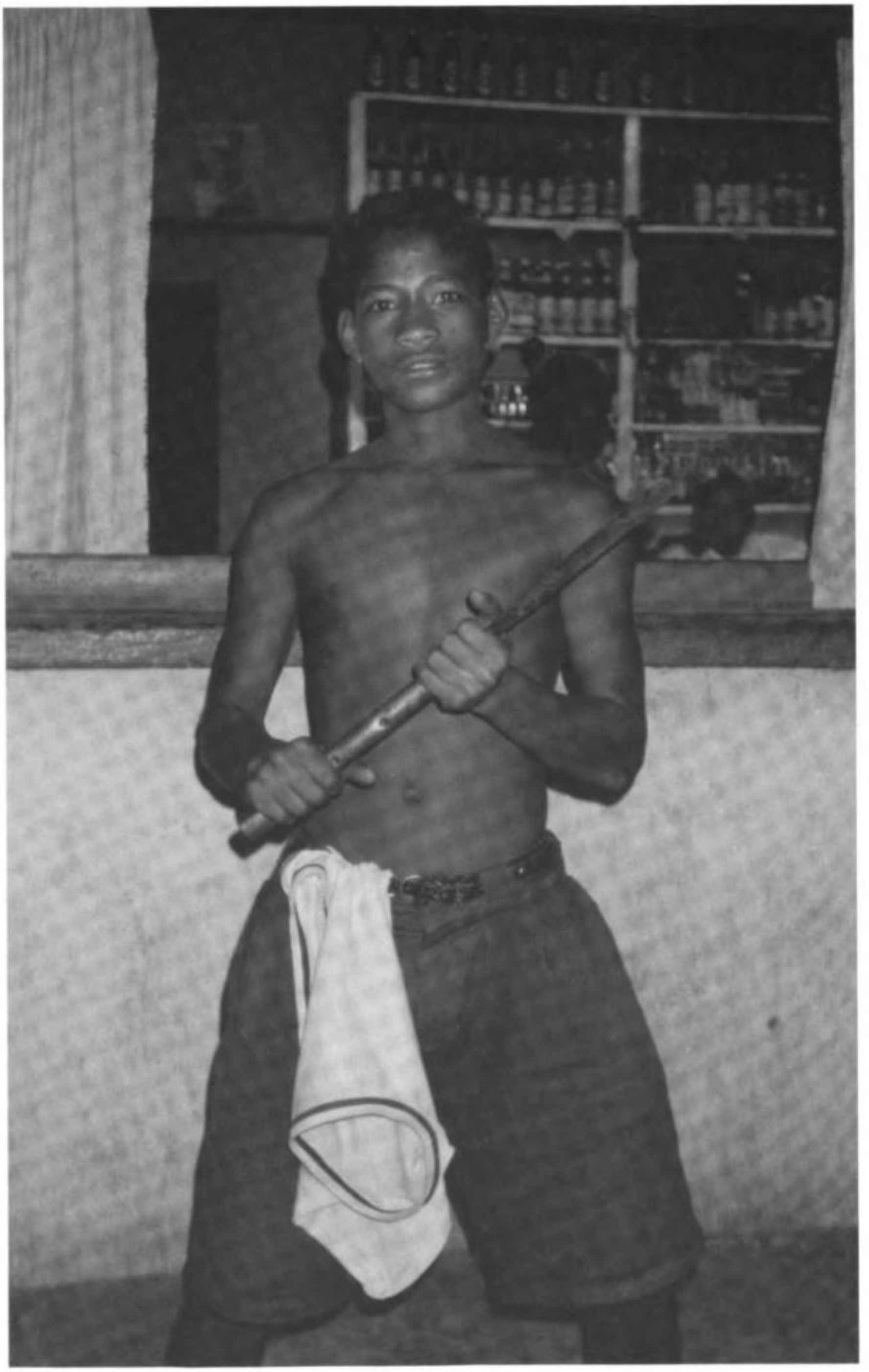
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Weapons on Parade

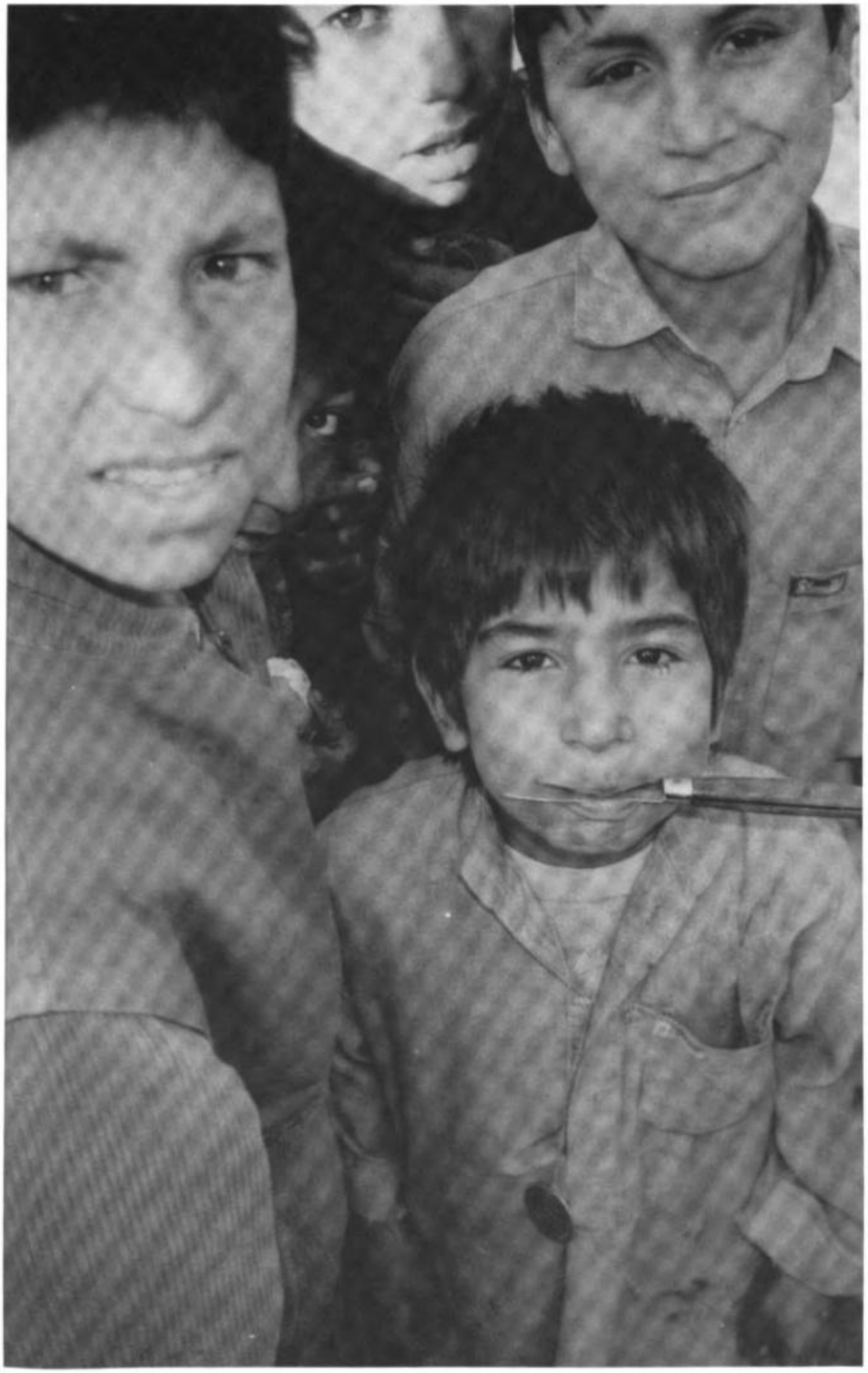
Everyone deplores violence. So why do so many of these people seem so happy?

58. Boy with knife "for defense," central Madagascar, 1994.
59. Boys and knife, Peshawar, Pakistan, 2000.
60. Boys with toy gun, southeast Thailand, 1996.
61. Rock and roll star Ted Nugent with his son and a hunting rifle, Michigan, USA, 1997.
62. Afghan Mujahid's son, with toy rifle carved for him by his father, near Parachinar, Pakistani-Afghan border, 1982.
63. Afghan Mujahid with Kalashnikov, near Jalalabad, Afghanistan, 1982.
64. Boys with toy gun by bulletpocked wall, East Mostar, Bosnia, 1994.
65. Basque volunteer who fought with Muslim side, East Mostar, Bosnia, 1994.
66. Policewoman in women's prison, Bogotá, Colombia, 1999. She loved guns.
67. My government-appointed Iraqi interpreter with his pistol, Baghdad, 1998.
68. Iraqi soldiers raising their Kalshnikovs on Saddam Hussein's birthday, Tikrit, 1998.
69. Karenni insurgents, Karen State, Burma, 1994.
70a. Boy with toy machine pistol, Japan, 1995.
70b. Boy with squirt gun, Louisiana, USA, 1994.
71a. Boys with toy gun, southeast Thailand, 1996.
71b. My friend Craig, with my Desert Eagle .50 caliber, California, U.S.A., 1995.
72a. Young Mujahideen with guns and rocket launcher, near Jalalabad, Afghanistan, 1982.
72b. Military parade, Vienna, Austria, 1996.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



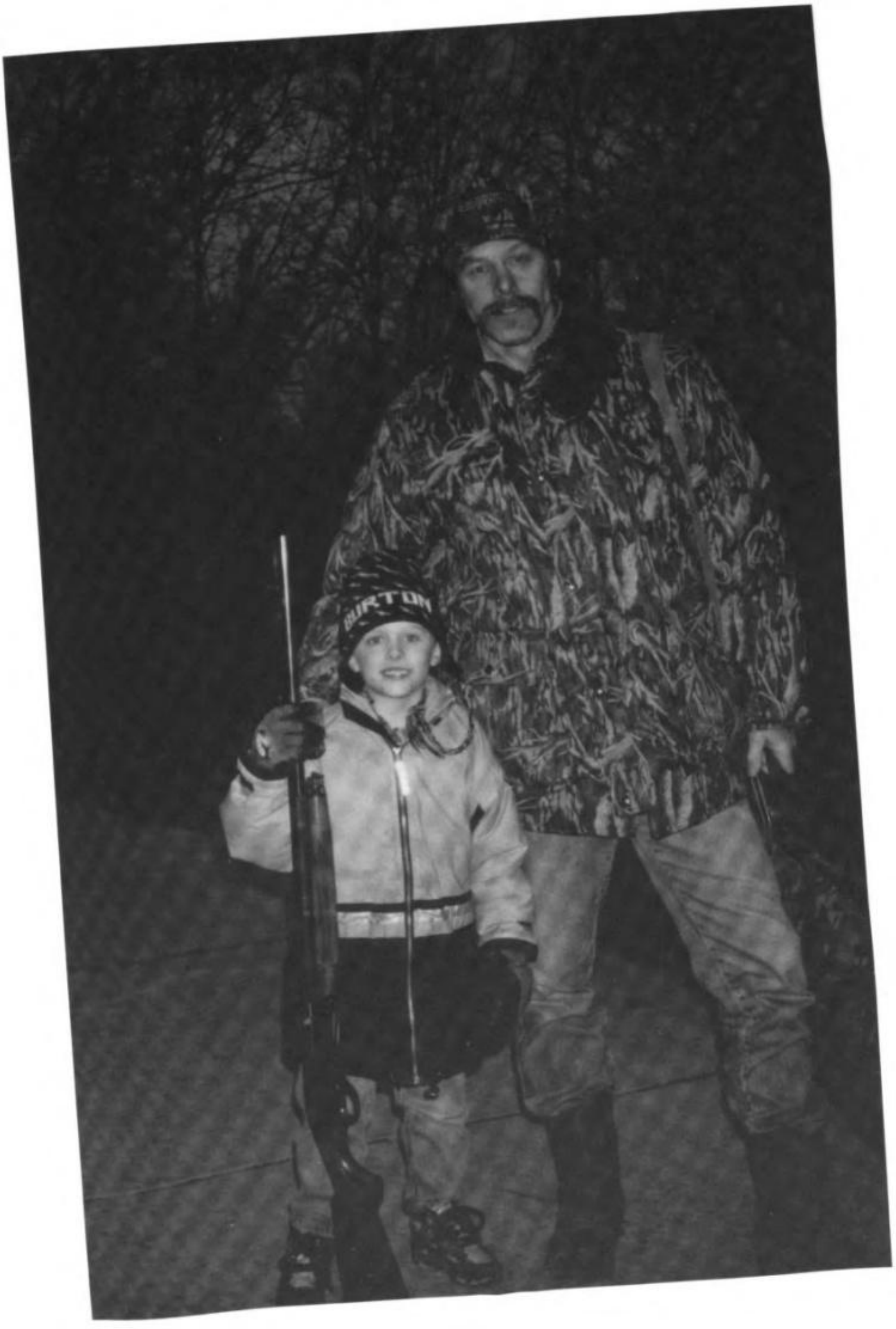
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

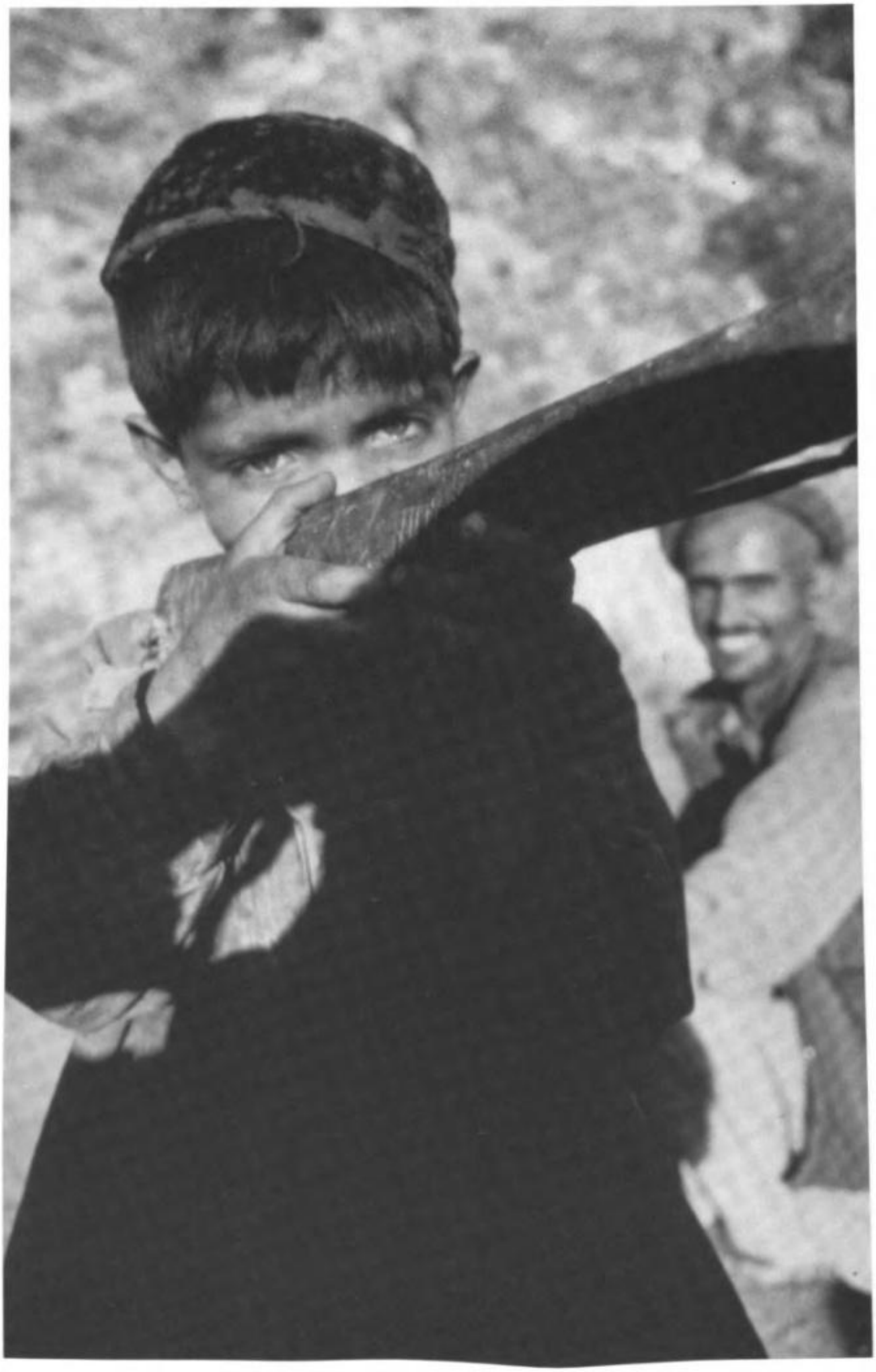


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



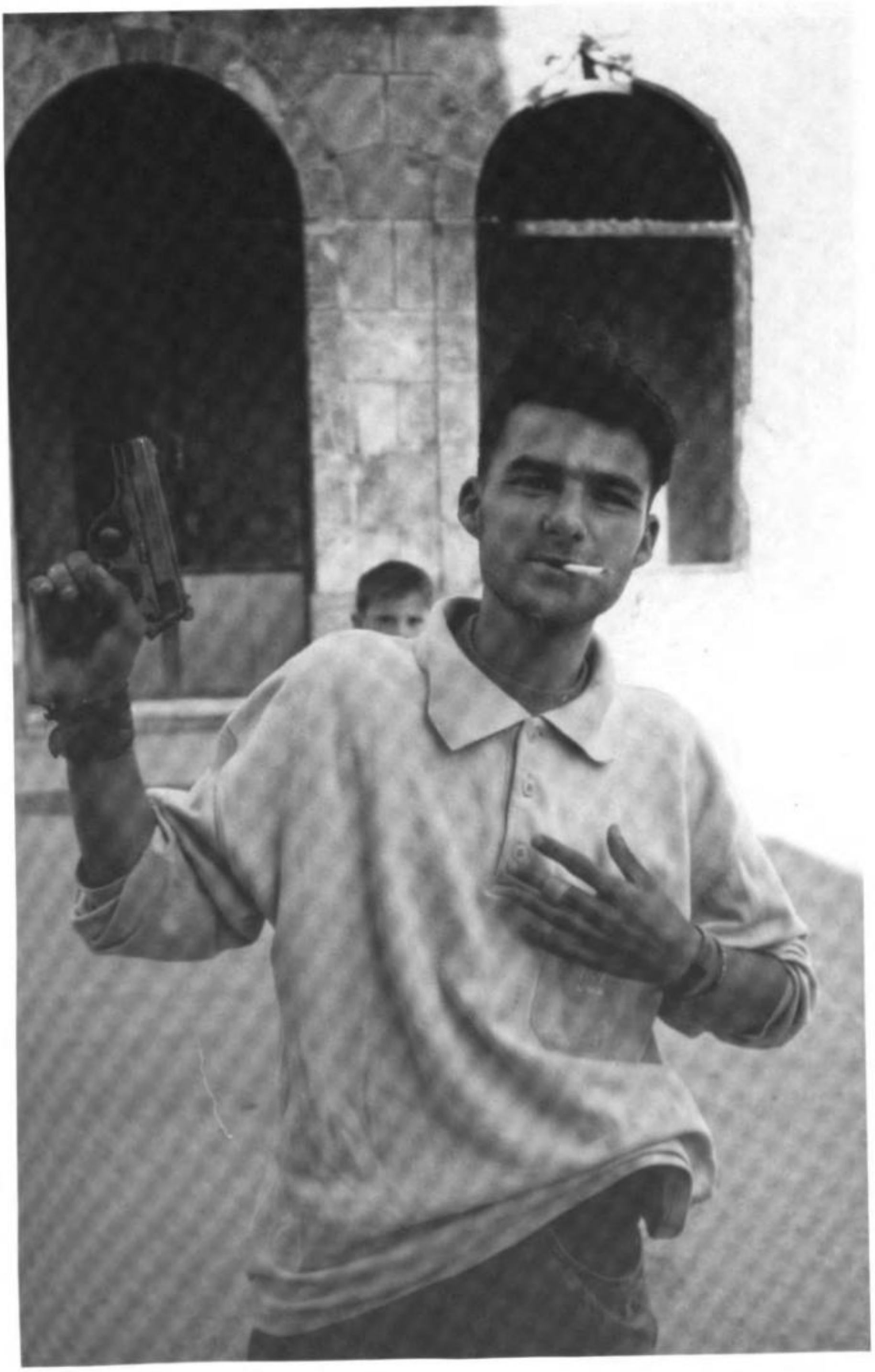
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

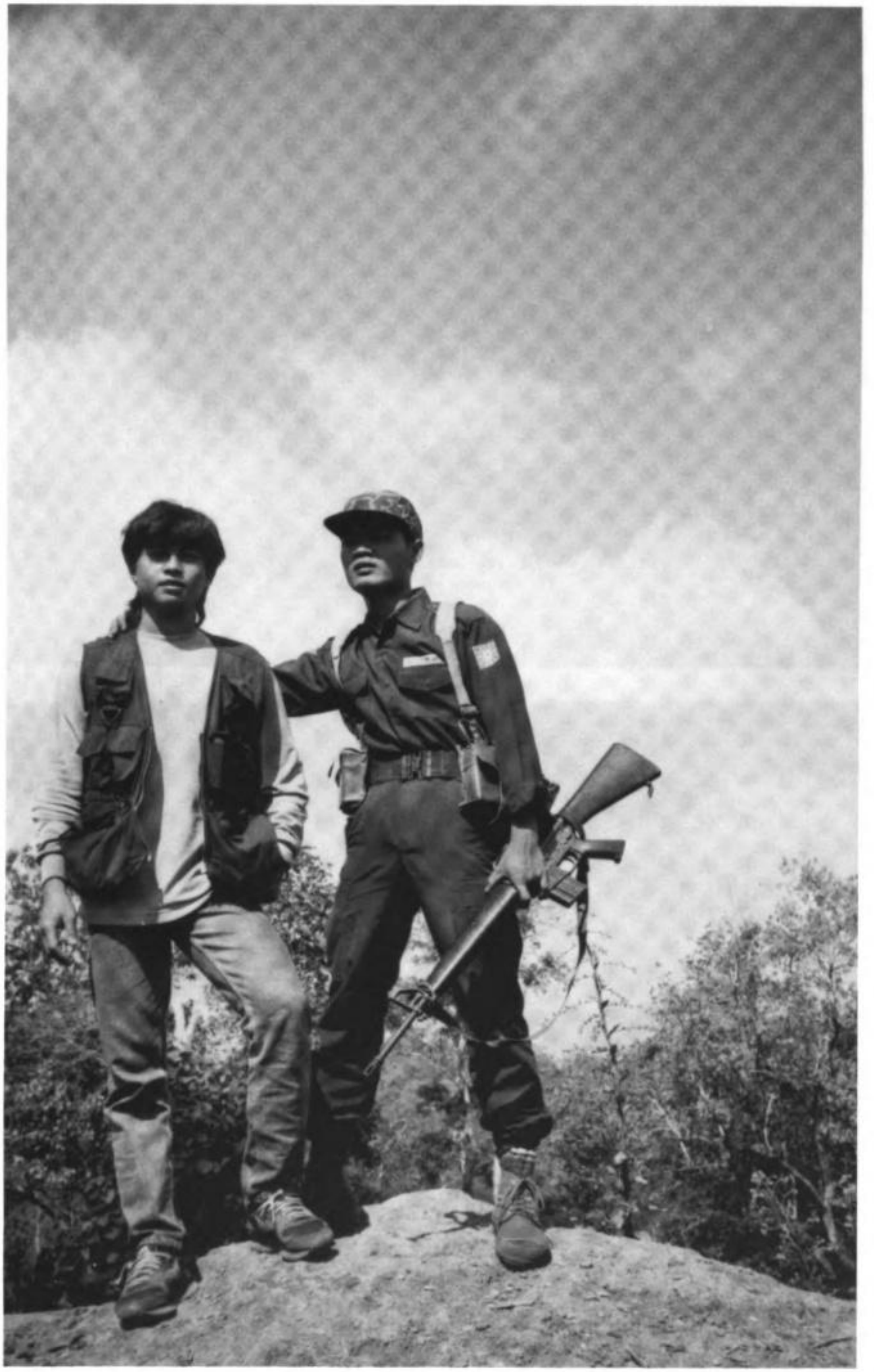


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

PART I

CATEGORIES AND JUSTIFICATIONS

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

DEFINITIONS FOR LONELY ATOMS

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 1

ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS

In our salesroom, we have on view upwards of 1,000 Different Kinds of Guns, from the early matchlock, up to the present day automatic. What a story some of these old arms could tell, of victories and reverses, of heroism and valor, but they lie silent now.

BANNERMAN CATALOGUE, 1927[1]

Guns are an interesting prop.

ABBIE HOFFMAN, 1968[2]

People who dislike weapons do so on the basis of their *function.* Those who like them do so on the basis of either *function* or *form.* I myself admire well-made weapons. I am no sadist, and therefore do not cherish the purpose for which weapons are crafted—namely, to harm[3]—but it would be hypocritical to deny that the death and pain reified in a weapon, the power of it, invests it with glamor.[4] Use can swiftly transform glamor into loathsomeness, which is why the planners of air shows and military parades usually content themselves with moving their machines

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

about instead of publicly employing them upon prisoners of war. Not all human beings, however, have felt this restraining sensibility: Over the ages, numerous sources, some moldering, some yet unmottled by decay, give evidence of bloody conflations between exhibiting weapons and putting them into service. The ritual torture of the Iroquoians, for instance, required that every hair be in place, not only on the part of the executioners, but even of their bravely smiling, joking victims.[5] One can be sure that whether the murderers used hatchets or burning brands, they swooped them down with many an aesthetic flourish. Nor were they alone; we stand with them. Otherwise, why would suffering, terror, torture, danger be so widespread in "news" and in art? The hoary dictum that a pistol displayed in the first act of a play had better go off by the last is testimony not only to aesthetic economy, which demands the elimination of the superfluous, but also to that power which even in the most nebulous and potential existence seeks an outlet,[6] which is why some child-soldier or gangster with a new automatic may not be able to refrain from using it. It is for this reason that weapons (which are reified potential) may prove literally emblematic of motives and future behavior. Here, in the fourteenth-century Japanese *Heike Monogatari* (Tale of the Heike), is a description of a very angry man:



Brochure for Desert Eagle pistol (1995)

> The Priest-Premier had had many people arrested, but still he was not satisfied. Now he arrayed himself in a red and gold brocade battle robe laced with black silk cords. The breastplate was ornamented with silver and fitted him snugly. Under his arm he balanced a short halberd, the shaft of which was thickly studded with silver twisted into shapes that resembled creeping leeches... He seemed the incarnation of wrath.[7]

The Priest-Premier's battle robe obviously does not in the least render him *physically* more thanato-potent. For that matter, the halberd itself will not take lives. Being a high official, he has but to order; retainers can do the bloody work. Robe, breastplate and halberd, then, are tools directed toward an aesthetic of intimidation. As such, they announce his ends, and perhaps also his feelings, in exactly the same way as the "evidentiary escort" of a love-murderer's gun (did he buy it immediately after the victim jilted him, or had he owned it all along? Had he carved her name

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

on each bullet in the magazine?) will assist the jury in determining the severity of the penalty. For this reason alone, an understanding of the aesthetics of weapons is worthwhile. But an even more important reason is that—to a lesser or greater extent—so many people feel that aesthetic. If one truly wants to comprehend human beings, one must comprehend what touches them. I myself freely admit that when I was boy, lacking sufficient experience of guns for the novelty to tarnish (my father kept in the basement a disassembled Swedish Mauser that I never knew about until I was grown and he gave it to me; neglect had rusted the bore, and the barrel had warped), the cool greasy black grooves of an M-16 magazine used to slide me into the same reverie as some thriller stuffed with sweetmeats of piracy on the high seas. We tranquilize our own lives with episodes real and unreal to sweep us aloft like Skorzeny rescuing Mussolini from the castle in his amazing glider.[8] Science fiction with its fearful methane worlds, romance with its medley of ingenious coitus interrupt uses up to the second-to-last page, biography with its trudging travails, headlines with their horrors—all these have but one object: to inform life with easy triumph, by drawing us into these plot complications which, perhaps, have laid others low—but not us! real or not, they were never real *for us*! (here as usual I'm pretending that those yellow bones in the Paris catacombs don't exist)[9]—and so, returning to the reality of the armchair, having dreamed away another afternoon, we can believe for a second or two that we've earned our ease.

WHAT DOES A VAGINAL PEAR PROVE?

Dislike sometimes enters when the obstacles are or have been actually experienced. I once met someone who hated my guns because her brother had been murdered with a gun. And yet she herself enjoyed movies of aquatic terror, which sometimes make me queasy because my sister drowned. Both dislikes are legitimate; neither ought to be imposed. To object to weapons because you have seen what they can do is on a par with rejecting history because it is largely a record of unhappiness. That is one reason why when I go to the shooting range I so often see old soldiers enjoying their target practice, undaunted by their knowledge that death surrounds and is enveloped by life. The same steadiness burns in a doctor I know who enjoys the beauty of the giardia parasite. Beauty has nothing to do with morality. (Weapons, of course, have everything to do with morality.)

From a failure to comprehend precisely that leaps a kindred objection: namely, that to aestheticize weapons is to glorify them. Examples of this point of view are everywhere. In a description of a torture device called the "vaginal pear," whose lobes expand by means of a screw ("the inside of the cavity in question is irremediably mutilated, nearly always fatally so"), the essayist writes:

> Mutilation of breasts and female genitalia has been an omnipresent and constant

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> usage throughout history... Since the soul of torture is male, and in the tenebrosity of his unilluminable nature the male is terrified by the mysteries of the female's cycles and fecundity, but above all by her inherent intellectual, emotional and sexual superiority, those organs that define her essence have forever been subjected to his most savage ferocity, he being superior only in physical strength. Hence centuries of witch hunts, with unspeakable methods.[10]

Having read this, one imagines how damnable it would be to aestheticize vaginal pears, or, by extension, any torture implement, perhaps even any weapon. But it depends on how they are aestheticized. Our essayist deploys at its highest degree of transparency the strategy of elevating the victim to that kind of expedient sainthood which it would be heresy to challenge: the mere existence of the vaginal pear proves that men are criminals and women the angelic objects of their criminality. Have most torturers down the ages been male? Almost certainly. (Most of the witches burned in medieval Europe, for instance, were women; their executioners were men). Well, then, is *violence* something ontologically male, inflicted almost exclusively by men upon women? I feel embarrassed that I have to devote a single line to this notion.[11] And yet seemingly intelligent people express it so frequently that it must be dealt with. A single case would not demolish it; several, however, might at least call it into question. Why not that of Dorothea Binz, assistant to the *Oberaufseherrinen* at Ravensbrück concentration camp? "One literally felt touched by the breath of evil," writes a survivor. "She would walk slowly among the ranks, her crop behind her back, searching with menacing little eyes for the weakest or most frightened woman, simply to beat her black and blue."[12] Why not that of the all-female Asian gang in Little Saigon (near Los Angeles), reputedly formed because the members' boyfriends would not allow them to participate in torture?[13] We ought not to leave out the Libyan queen Pheretima, who, says Herodotus, had her husband's murderers impaled on stakes; then, turning her attentions to "those organs that define her essence," "she also cut off their wives' breasts, and stuck those up, too, in the same position."[14] Bring back to mind those seventeenth-century Iroquoians: Their doomed captives comprised generally, although not without exception, male warriors. In tones of horrified loathing, European observers, who preferred their public burnings done by male functionaries, commented on the fury, the ferocity and sometimes the preeminence of the women in torturing them.[15] Moreover, the cruel rites of the Iroquoian longhouses frequently did have sexual undertones[16] whose intensity equaled that of the vaginal pear—all the more reason, then, to see the female category participating in sadism to an extent morally comparable to the male. (And why not? Sexuality goes both ways.) "Women are no less cruel than men." This cannot be upheld. In the United States, five males for every female are arrested on the charge of murder. (For that matter, three males are murdered for every female[17]—and here, if we wish to meet the vaginal pear's essayist on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

his own ground, we might symmetrically cite the anal pear, which was employed upon male homosexuals. Men harm women—and men harm men—and sometimes women harm men. End of story, sort of.) "Killings in the family unit constituted twenty-five percent of all homicides in 1970. In over half of these incidents the principals were husband and wife, with wives making up more than half the victims."[18] But women, even if men may outdo them generally, can be said to be *cruel enough.* This book will be about them, too.



Vaginal pear

Hence I would describe the vaginal pear[19] thus: We see a pale bronze thing shaped actually less like a pear than a bulb or tuber, whose nether end tapers into an unobtrusive, innocuous-looking point. From the tuber grows a stalk—a sturdy iron screw with many threads—and atop the stalk we even find a blossom: two cut-out bronze faces (the lower one perhaps a horned fanged devil's) connected to one another by the proud, outward-facing profiles of a pair of seahorses: in effect, this bloom is an embellished keyhead of rather uninspired workmanship. Insert the seed into mouth, vagina or anus, turn the key, and the tuber begins to take root by opening, splitting into three so that the innocuous point becomes three points now swiveling into an increasingly perpendicular relation with the soft tissues they're now about to rip.

What does it emblematize, then? Hideous cruelty to women—but, if we remember the anal and oral pears, hideous cruelty to men, too.

And what is the "point" of aestheticizing it? For me, in this case, none. The thing sickens me. And yet, in its crude way, the vaginal pear is not entirely without beauty. Taking its cue from the womb it was meant to destroy, it has been constructed as a kind of mold or cast of the womb. The womb's shape is beautiful. So then is the vaginal pear's.

To aestheticize is to distance, hence to reclaim. The child reaches for the parent's neglected gun because it is a fascinating object. "All things are pure to the pure." He pulls the trigger; his playmate dies. But we ourselves may combine the child's appreciation of color, mass and shape with the adult's knowledge. We can make visual and emotional associations removed from murderousness. We can touch the vaginal pear without employing it.

"FOR INFORMATION ONLY"

Is this a cynically shallow formulation? Sometimes it can be. Consider the disclaimer at the end of the following blurb:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

When you want to know how to construct a big bang, don't theorize—get the facts! Making an advanced improvised explosive can be as deadly to the manufacturer as to the target, so learn how to do it right!

Author of *Improvised Explosives: How to Make Your Own*, Seymour Lecker details how to make explosives which, upon detonation, combine a strong industrial acid with a common industrial chemical. Fifty common industrial chemicals are described, as are two detonating acids, five explosive device designs, and a reference of other books.

For information only.[20]

And yet it may be that even this is acceptable. I bought that book for information only. Who am I to say that everyone else didn't?

This essay, too, is for information only. —What kind of information? —Well, there's the amoral fascination of engineering for any purpose, and the shuddersome fascination of evil and death—in other words, the beguilement of afternoons. I remember, for instance, the pleasant spring afternoon I spent at Yorktown Battlefield, over which the lookout signs directed me to redoubts and batteries, every earthwork clothed in grass and all the grass well-mown, each cannon painted and picturesque—not a single bloodstained bandage to be found! It was all beauty, honor and strategy. Since much of this book will concern itself with the bloodstained bandages, can we not be permitted to enjoy the view? After all, over the past two centuries Yorktown has gathered to itself a certain sweetness. The purpose of the monument overlooking the York River is, as the chiseling reads, "to commemorate the victory by which the independence of the United States of America was achieved." I am grateful for this independence, and proud of it. The bloodstained bandages were not for nothing. Here is where a cause was won. I admire the cause; the implements and entrenchments by which it was won fascinate me, and, yes, today the battlefield is green and lovely—why not present it as such? *Any* sort of presentation ought to be legitimate which does not increase the number of victims! Hopefully the following will be maintain its own interest; you are welcome to be offended, also, if that pleases you.

CATALOGUE

The examples which I will discuss are personal and arbitrary, as is appropriate in any aesthetic endeavor. Not all are lethal or even harmful in and of themselves. The deficiencies I most lament are the lack of any discussion of: voodoo dolls,[21] seppuku swords, poison rings, death-warrants, ornamental and presentation guns,[22] mechanical suicide devices, automatic shooting devices, as on the former Berlin Wall, assault rifles, grenade launchers, atomic bombs,[23] homemade street and prison

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

weapons,[24] shotguns and blowguns. Here, at all events, is the list, whose order follows (with certain exceptions) the continuum from ornamentality to functionality:

1. Two ornamental Rajasthani daggers.
2. A Ghurka knife.
3. The Buck Pathfinder.
4. The Feinwerkbau 65 air pistol (Mark II).
5. The Sig Sauer P226 nine-millimeter pistol.
6. A handmade Pakistani pen pistol.

You may fancy this assemblage to be too eclectically varied, showing an almost narcissistic didacticism. The thirteenth-century *Speculum Regale*, however, states the case: "But take good care to collect as many types of weapons as possible, while you still have no need of them; for it is always a distinction to have good weapons, and, furthermore, they are a good possession in times of necessity when one has to use them."[25]

TWO ORNAMENTAL RAJASTHANI DAGGERS

The most significant characteristic of these lovely pieces is that their edges are blunt. Their purpose, in short, is to symbolize the power and authority of weapons, much like an officer's pistol, or even a policeman's uniform, which is a weapon in the sense that it enables him to commit otherwise forbidden acts of violence. They are talismanic, like crucifixes or Platonic forms. Evidently beauty was an absolute requirement in their crafting, since any such dagger was metonymous with the official function of the Maharajah, whose life had to symbolize perfection to the rest of society. —What purpose now? The Maharajahs are impoverished, and even such new-fashioned distant cousins of these S-shaped daggers[26] as straight-and-narrow bayonets find infrequent use. For acts of war we have our bombs, flying machines, crawling machines, swimming machines; for acts of legislation, the truncheon and the gun; for acts of atrocity, again the gun, among other things. The knife has become a poor man's weapon. Thus these daggers are doubly removed from sharpness. It is emblematic (to use that word again) that the little store in Udaipur that sold them (they were lubricated well with coconut oil, wrapped in bundles of old newspaper) was equally forward in displaying jointed silver fishes made up of many small pieces more complex than bones—which made the daggers seem even more beautifully useless, metonymic still of the Maharajah, but only the Maharajah of Astonishment—for instance, Sawai Madho Singh I, who was reputedly seven feet tall and four feet wide. In Jaipur, I saw his Maharani's eighteen-pound dress—"That must have been heavy," I said. —The guide smiled. "The Indian women don't feel the weight when it is real gold," he said. —The real gold of these daggers is, of

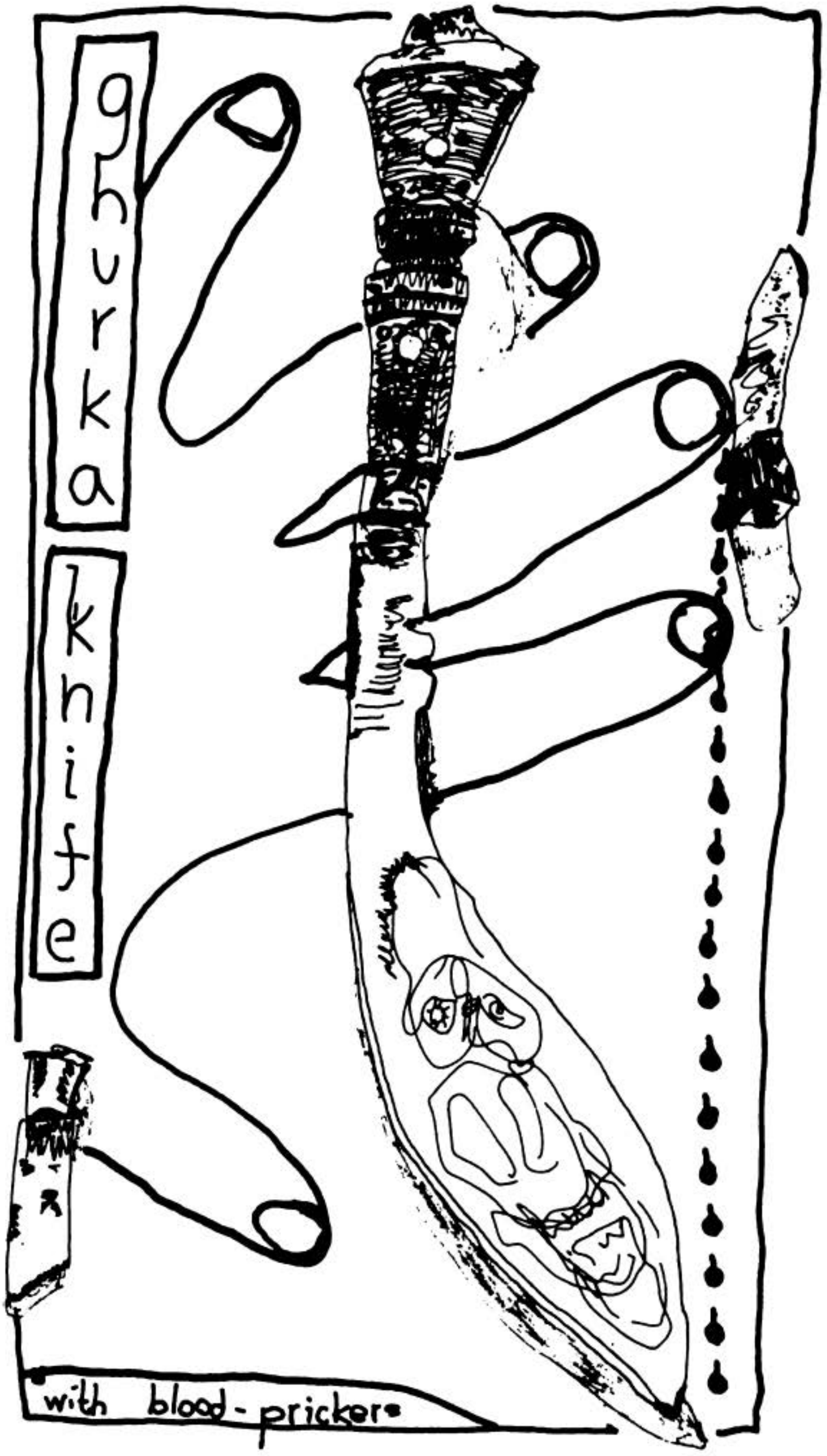
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

course, their craftsmanship. The longer I handle the smooth yellow ivory of that camel's head, or peer into the checkered gape of that flower-inlaid tiger, the more I perceive this, and the more fairylike the pieces become. (No need to meditate on catacomb-bones at all!) I have seen the Maharajah's sun-emblem: it was composed of muskets raying outward from sacredness. Surely these muskets were never fired. How blasphemous it would have been to wrench off a ray from the sun!—I went to another palace whose wooden gates were forty feet high. I saw the high window where the Maharani used to welcome her husband with rose-flowers. I passed through green-bordered receding arches which resembled the leaves of artichokes. —Now: the Hall of Glory, whose ceiling was inlaid with silvered glass in tiny complex pieces, to shimmer a million reflected flames of a single candle. Skeletons dazzled me in the perforated marble screens. —But the guide said: "Before, the Maharajah had elephants. Now, not a single!" —So little utility in these old blades! Consider the so-called "tiger knife," which is shaped like a letter A with two horizontals. The hand grips one of them; the legs of the A curve inward into parallels to enclose the wrist and lock it. The tiger comes; the point of the A stabs him; he falls dead. —Functional, no doubt. But many of these tiger knives—old ones, gilded, Damascened, tawny-striped like tigers—are for sale. A good one goes for three thousand dollars[27] (less, of course, if you bargain, cash in hand). A Maharajah had placed it on consignment. The Maharajahs sell things incognito, I heard; the Maharajahs are ashamed. Sometimes, to decrease the likelihood that the knives will be recognized as theirs, they sell to distant provinces, even though there's less money that way. (Recently an art connoisseur came to buy Moghul miniatures. He asked a Maharajah if anything was for sale. The Maharajah said no, but if the man was serious, he knew another noble who might sell. It had to be understood, however, that the connoisseur would never meet him or learn his name...) —What is a tiger knife without its Maharajah? And indeed the matter is worse, much worse, for in Udaipur I saw towers alone and incongruous upon the desert hills. Sentries used to watch there for tigers, but that was when there were still forests. The trees are all burned now. —What use, then, a tiger knife without tigers? —No matter whether any blade is sharp.

A GHURKA KNIFE

Like the samurai sword, the Ghurka knife must taste blood whenever it is drawn. For this reason it comes furnished with two small daggers for the owner to prick his finger with if he does not use the knife to kill somebody. Is this knife a living being? If so, my own must be suffering, because its sheath was riddled with mites and I had to throw it away, leaving the knife itself perpetually drawn and unblooded. The two little daggers rattle around loosely in the drawer of my desk, useless as any tiger knife now; they're no longer any part of the Ghurka knife itself with its boomerang-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



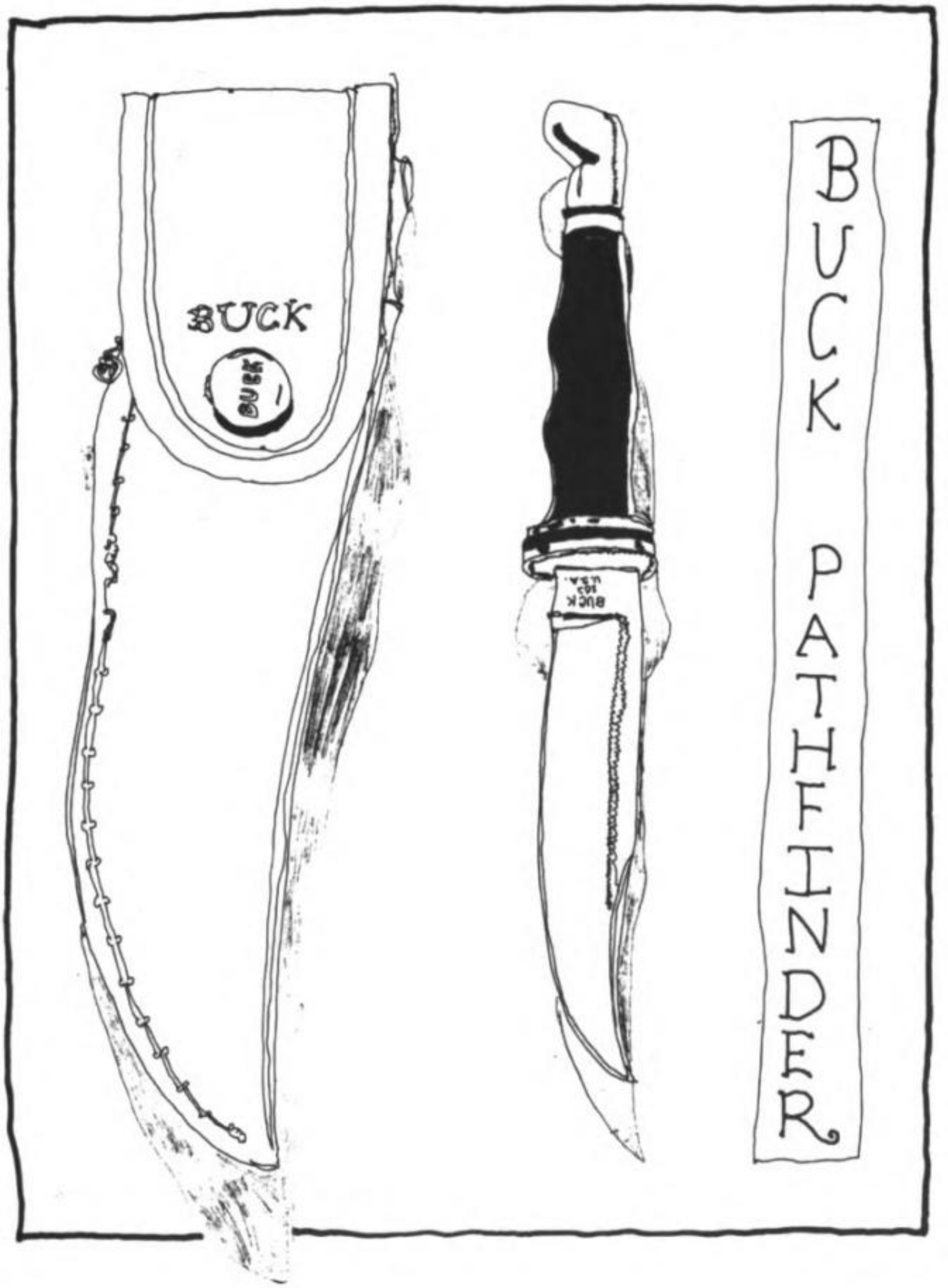
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

shaped blade, its black-on-silver handle with four iterations of the pattern: three lesser dots, then two, then one, in a pyramid; a great dot between the two in the middle row. As an object it seems poorly made. But the life of it becomes apparent in hand, when practically any motion is utilized by the curve of that weighted blade to pull the hand down in a curve, curving the wrist, slicing down with violent grace; in enemy flesh you would cleave and draw as well as stab. This knife was made for vicious purposes. One can imagine how easily it would slit someone's throat. But does it perhaps lose power month by month, like an old battery—unsheathed, I said, unblooded? In Calcutta they said to me that the sacrificial knife in the temple of Kali was alive, and it may be that the knife needs blood more than the goddess (or that the faithful believe that it does, which is the same thing). Medieval Japanese swords were said to take on the benevolence or malice of the smiths who made them.[28] Do you want to objectify violence? Supposing that cruelty and malice could be reified, I believe that it is a knife with a shape like this that would coagulate from screams and blood and humid breath, a knife whose blade overpowers the handle like this, sweeping it and the hand around it down in that fatal curve which it craves to draw.

THE BUCK PATHFINDER

In the case of the Buck Pathfinder, beauty becomes subjective. In shape and use this weapon, or tool as most of its owners would call it, is ordinary. The blade has no unusual curve like that of the Ghurka knife; it is not at all ornamented, although it does possess that essential quality of a nineteenth-century heroine, "a certain slender grace." What does a decent general-purpose knife mean to you? My own, being stratified with scratches, and nicked slightly here and there from my negligence, work and abuse, could be easily and cheaply replaced, and yet the truth is that I like what it's taken on. The sweat-corroded handle is a souvenir of the various times I've blistered and cut my fingers using it, and so it makes me feel like a survivor in a minor way. —What have I actually used it for? Whittling, slicing meat, severing water-vines in Belize, skinning cows, cutting rope and cleaning fish; I've used it many times to divide apples and open shipping cartons. This Buck knife has acquired an aesthetic of random disfigurations, which would be rewarding only to me and to those who care for me. It is a simple utilitarian blade which I have kept for a long time. If someone were to secretly switch it with another Buck Pathfinder which had been used comparably, I probably wouldn't notice. Therefore it is not the scratch-patterns themselves which provide meaning, but only the associations arising from the fact that it bears scratches which my life has made. I like the knife as an artifact because it fits well in my hand and is reliable. In shape, in heft, in overall appearance it is perfectly pleasant rather than outstanding. I have never used it as a weapon, although several times I carried it with me into unpleasant neighbor-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hoods and was happy to feel it under my coat—does that mean that I did use it so? The fact that nothing evil happened on those occasions requiring me to pull out the knife and defend myself has, if anything, made my knife somewhat of a talisman. It comforts me. When a soldier goes into combat, he's less anxious if he knows and trusts his weapon. If he's less anxious, he'll be a more effective soldier: calmer and bolder. Native Americans say that living things have Power, and that fashioned things have a different sort of Power available to the maker or the user. Hence the shaman's pouch, which was often disposed of with the dead shaman, being of use to no one but him.[29] Like the samurai's sword by whose ringing blow its owner sealed a sworn oath,[30] my knife is one of the externalizations of my life—not the only one, to be sure, since like many of us I wallow in possessions; nor even the most important one, but I am proud to own it and would miss it if I mislaid it.

In George R. Stewart's novel *Earth Abides* (1949), an ordinary hammer serves the same purpose. At the beginning of the book the hero has just been bitten by a snake. He sees that he has left the hammer behind. "For a moment he thought that he would go on and leave it there. That seemed like panic; so he stooped and picked it up with his left hand, and went on down the rough trail."[31] By the end of the tale the hammer has become a ritual object, and the hero hands it to his successor. "Jack picked up the hammer, and stood with it dangling from his right hand. The other three then drew off a little, and Ish felt within himself a strange pang of sorrow to the young man to whom the hammer had descended."[32] In this story it is the fact of the hammer's prior importance to another which makes it important to the successor. The difference between the hammer and the shaman's bag is that the hammer was openly used, whereas the contents of the shaman's bag were a secret. The hammer therefore has a public character and may be publicly handed on.

Let us now suppose that the successor continues to use the hammer as a ritual object, and passes it on to his successor, and so on, until one day the last Hammermeister falls into a tar pit, and so he and the hammer are preserved for future archaeologists. Seeing the hammer in its quillworked pouch, the archaeologists will at once experience the aesthetic of the hammer as something more than a hammer, because it has obviously been well-used, adorned, cared for, thought about. I once had occasion to feel a sense of awe much like this, when an Inuk friend of mine in the Canadian Subarctic showed me a knife, a true gallery piece (but the gallery was her apartment), and she let me handle it and study it. Here is what I wrote:

> Reepah showed him the old knife she'd found once when she was ten years old walking across the tundra and spied it, picked it up and said: Ohhh!—a blade of some kind of pitted iron, pitted almost to shimmering, an L-shaped handle of caribou bone, which was discolored to an off-sheen of the greenish-white lichen, and it was fastened to the blade by means of four iron nails in a Y pattern. The blade itself was not sharp, except at the very tip. He ran his finger along it and it was no thinner or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

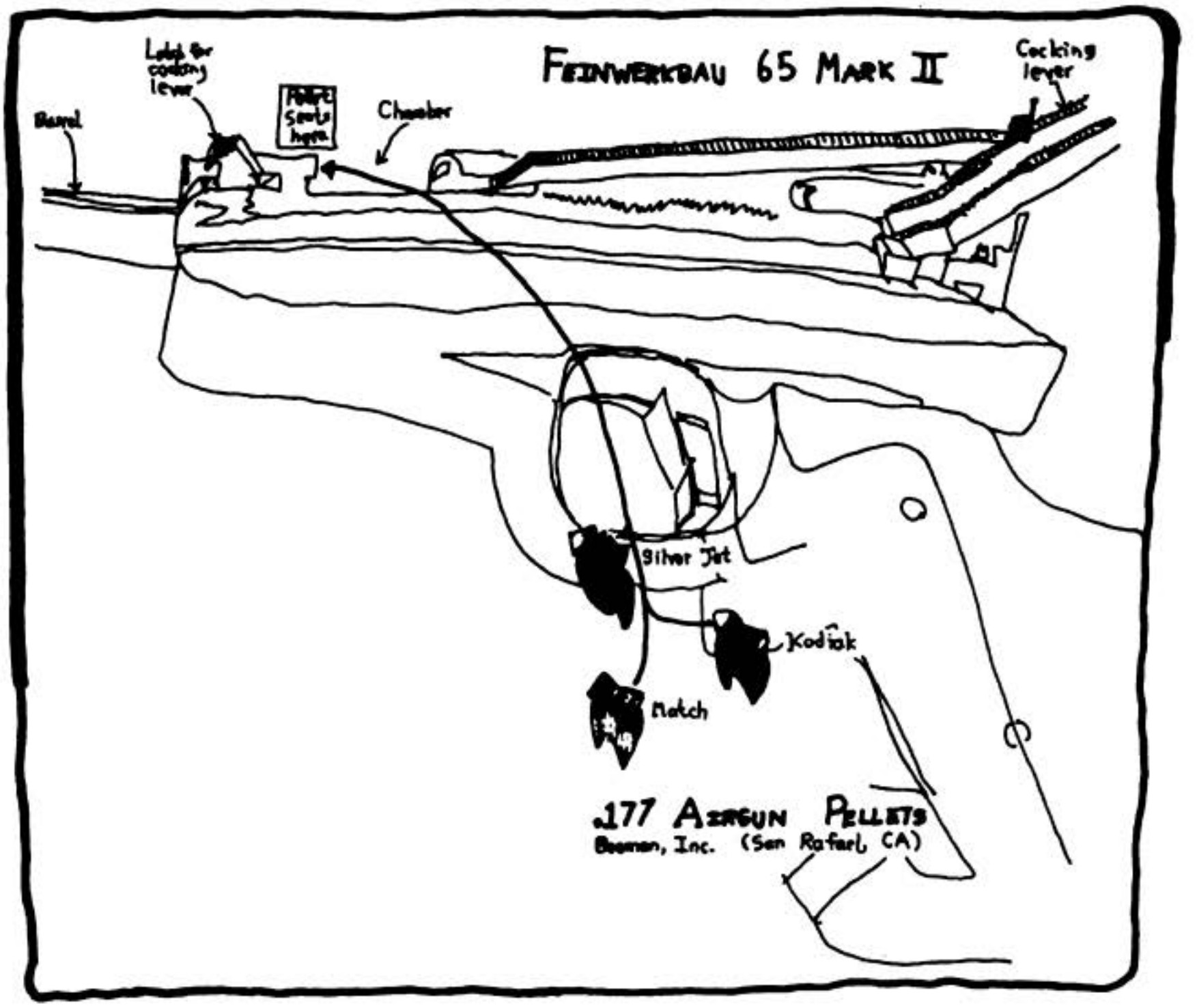
sharper than the topmost edge. The entire blade, in other words, was of exactly the same thickness, as if it had perhaps been fashioned from some sheet of metal left by a European. Were the nails obtained from the same source? They were the same red-brown color; they were pitted the same way. The split in the handle into which the blade had been fitted was still well closed at the top, but on the bottom it had worn and widened so that the blade could be pivoted squeaking from one of the topmost nails. This gave the knife a strange "intentionality," as they used to say in literary criticism, for the blade and handle were of almost equal weight, and that balanced movement seemed what the tool might have been made for. Certainly it was hard to imagine cutting with it—it was so old and eerie and strange! The handle was smooth; the blade was pitted-smooth, and there it was, a survival like a coelacanth, in Reepah's house—[33]

It was what this knife had endured which made me respect it. And, as a matter of fact, for one of my bookends I do have a hammer, an ordinary hammer which someone once lost on an Arctic island and which I discovered after God alone knows how many winters had rusted and loosened the head and scoured the handle to the bleached unevenness of driftwood. It is the Power of winter rather than of hammer-ingness which throbs in this hammer! If I resided in the Arctic permanently, I would not be impressed by the novelty of winter, whose Power would find me every year, and I would throw the hammer away. The ancient knife, on the other hand, is a one-of-a-kind piece (no matter that others very similar may exist), and to a much lesser extent, so is my scratched Buck Pathfinder. Twenty years from now I will be even fonder of it than I am now; if it is a weapon, it is a weapon against forgetful-ness; it reassures me that it is still the same although I am no longer the same; which may be why so many men used to be buried with their weapons in the old days.

THE FEINWERKBAU 65 AIR PISTOL (MARK II)

An ordinary knife that cuts is better armament than an ivory-handled knife that doesn't; and a gun is more effective than a knife—sometimes. In this marriage of metal and wood called the Feinwerkbau 65, more functionally ambitious but far less time-tested than the one in Reepah's knife, function gets once again divested of lethality almost entirely—but not in the fashion of the Rajasthani daggers, whose function was symbolic. Like the Buck Pathfinder, this weapon signifies nothing in and of itself. One might call it a rich man's toy, a target trainer or rodent-killer; it simply does what it does, and the user can invest it with any meaning or none. The Feinwerkbau 65 has been engineered to fire .177 caliber pellets. The minimal mass of these, and their leisurely velocity (about four hundred feet per second) forbids them to do the harm usually demanded by self-defense or aggression against humans. A mouse or gopher would be ended by one well-placed pellet, and if a per-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



son were shot in the eye at close range, he might be blinded or killed. But someone shot in the chest with a twenty-two, directly into the heart, will almost certainly die. Someone shot in this same spot with the Feinwerkbau 65 will receive a very painful bruise. Shoot this gun into a windowpane, and the glass will present a hole the size of a quarter, from which cracks extend most impressively, but there will be no shattering out from the pane. —In short, this is a weapon which does what larger-caliber weapons do, but it does so without *power.* —Why then would someone want to use the Feinwerkbau? —Because it possesses *accuracy* to an astounding degree. —"I love German things," gushed the woman from whom I bought the squat lockbox in which I store certain pistols. —"Why?" I said. —"Well, take that box there," she said. "It's like everything else the Germans make. It's so *beautiful.*" —If beauty is function alone, then she did have a point, because the box has always done its job perfectly. —The same for the Feinwerkbau 65, which genuinely is beautiful, and which proved itself in the Olympics. —The same, too, no doubt, for the vaginal pear.

The harmony of this pistol is airy, like Finnish furniture, and quite futuristic. I used the Feinwerkbau as a model for a sketch I did for my first novel *You Bright and Risen Angels.* The grip flares in strange angles and curves, yet proudly flaunts its

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

wood-grain; the metal part, the chassis of the gun, eerily approaches featurelessness, but only asymptotically; it is apparent that much lurks beneath that pretty skin (is beauty skin-deep? Not in this case.). —Open the long latch (cocking the gun in the process) and you've drawn back a silver cylinder, exposing a recess the size and shape of a small roll of quarters. At the front of this a hollow cone juts toward you, awaiting its bullet; at the back, a blue counter-cone waits to cup itself around it in an orgasm of moving air.

Most air pistols are powered either by a cartridge of carbon dioxide or by a handle which pumps air into the chamber, thereby compressing gases around the little bullet. The result of both systems: wild variation in velocity. The Feinwerkbau 65, therefore, utilizes a spring-piston. Before inserting the pellet into the bore, you cock that long lever on the side of the gun, as I've mentioned, to force a piston back against a spring for a nicely constant distance. Cocking takes some effort, as well it should, the potential energy of the piston being so high that when it is converted to kinetic energy at the moment of firing, the temperature inside the chamber rises far beyond that of combustion. Having brought the cocking lever back as far as it goes, then, you return it to its original position and latch it shut. The pistol is now ready to fire. When the trigger is pulled, the piston will slam forward, creating a shockwave of air which thrusts the pellet down the bore at exactly the same rate as it did the previous pellet: hence accuracy.

The precision of the Feinwerkbau 65 has been increased by several other features, including a click sight adjustable for windage, a grip specially contoured for the left or right hand, and a mechanism to reduce recoil almost to nothing (the gun come accompanied by a small plate which may be attached to create recoil, if one wishes it for firearms training purposes). On a windless day I have often made bull's-eyes at the firing range at twenty-five yards, and I am a terrible shot. (Wind affects the light pellets more than it would heavier high-velocity bullets whirring in rifled twists.) How satisfying it is to stand between two shooters whose thirty-eights or forty-fours boom with smoke and fire on either side of me, their ejected shells pattering against my cheek, while the air pistol discharges with only the faint twang of a tweaked rubber band! Some people shoot because they're afraid of others, and want to defend their lives; some because they're fixing to kill; some because it's their job; and some because their goal is perfect praxis—that is, constructing a moment when the dot aimed at is identical with the dot penetrated, when the will accomplishes no more and no less than its end in this imperfect world. —How many of us can say that our loves, travels or other great deeds turned out exactly as we planned? Can you say that your life has been what you made it? But if you want to enough and your union of hand, arm, shoulder and eye has been refined to a sufficient closeness, then you will be able to make the bull's-eye three times in a row, or maybe even a dozen. (I have never yet accomplished more than two perfect shots in a row.) Then, at the end of a sunny day at the range, having murdered nothing but paper,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

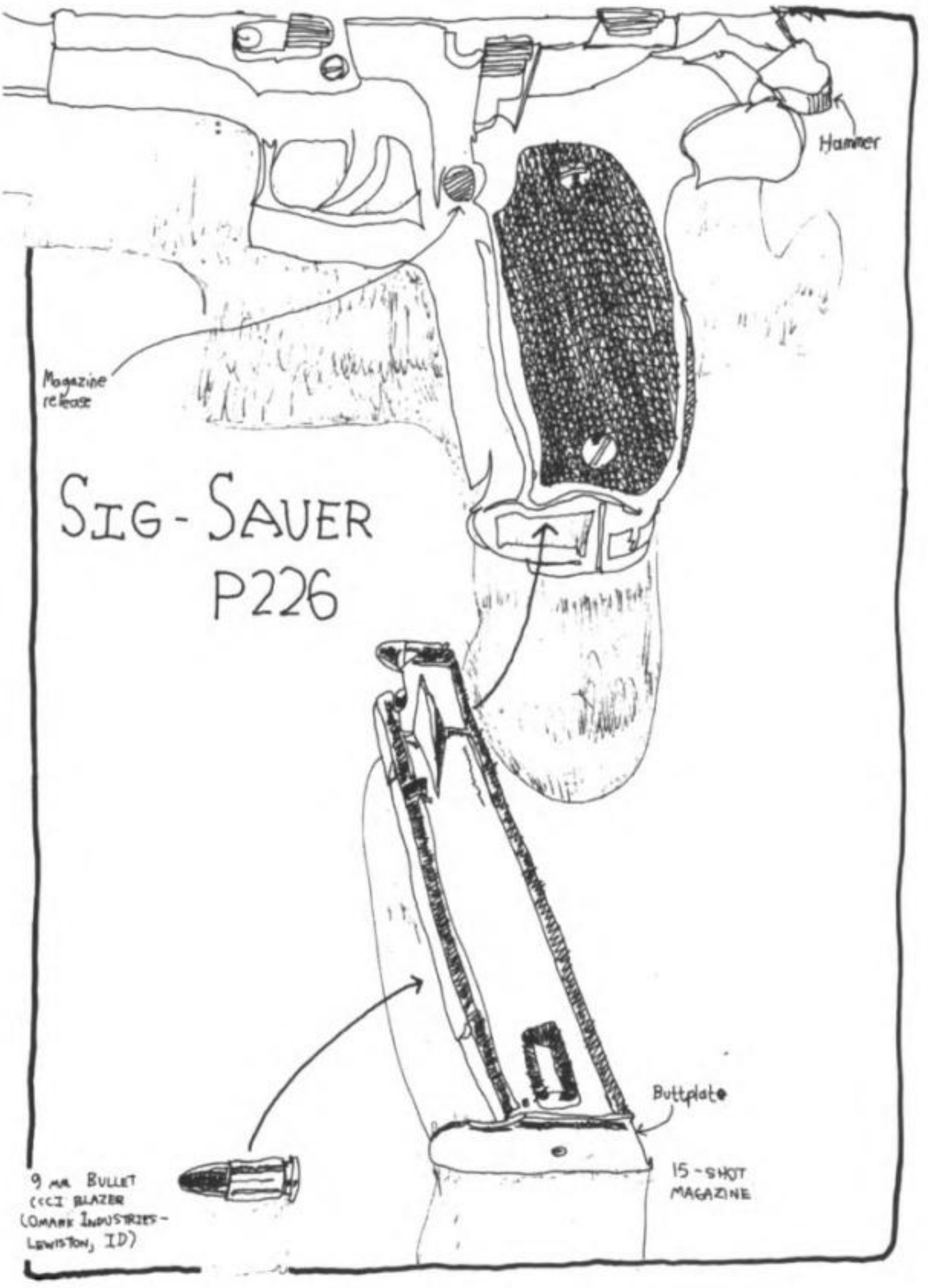
having spent nothing but pennies (five hundred pellets cost five dollars), you'll take your last target down, zip the Feinwerkbau into its case and descend the tree-lined road, accompanied by butterflies; the sounds of shots grow fainter; you admire your close-focused groups once more, throw the targets into the ash can and walk on carefree, with nothing material to show for the day anymore but leadstained fingers, and you can fool yourself that maybe you're a little closer to that ideal state when ten pellets make one single hole in the center dot (on this day there will be no more bones in the catacombs), and you're refreshed and happy. —Or maybe the weather is bad, or the range feels too far away. Out with the "Experiment Lab"—once a 1950s chemistry set, whose cover shows a crewcut boy and his father admiring a smoking test tube, while atoms spin like spiders in an innocent paean to the nuclear age. Of the poor Experiment Lab I possess only the box, whose aluminum walls will halt an air-gun pellet in its tracks. The interior has been lined with ballistic putty, courtesy of James the Engineer (modeling clay would have done in a pinch), speckled with dead pellets as a pudding is with raisins. I lock my door so that no one can intrude upon the sacred rites, which might be literally injurious. The Experiment Lab, now open on a chair, awaits. I slap a tiny airgun target against the sticky clay. —Twenty-five paces backward along the bookshelf, where in the shadow of perfectionist Proust and action-packed Malraux I unzip my air gun, unlatch the cocking lever and prepare the first lead sperm to be ejaculated as my tastefully chosen loud music crescendos in delighted cries.

THE SIG SAUER P226 PISTOL

But there comes a time when dalliance is not enough, and I long like a three-year-old to express my power in a series of bangs and smashes. I want my ears to ring. I want to smell burned gunpowder and see glass bottles burst apart and rise like a flock of cutting birds. Having suffered some slight or reverse, I desire to take my revenge on washing machines or junked cars and all the other dragons who menace the innocent at this desert dump and must be stopped. Here I am at one with those who watch gangster movies,[34] hoping for blood and excitement that hurts no one. —Time for the Sig Sauer.

Fifteen bullets click down into the magazine as I thumb them. (A sixteenth in the chamber if I wish, but I never do.)[35] The slide is already retracted in "combat-ready" position from the previous shots. I shove the magazine in with the heel of my hand and pull the lever on the grip. The slide slams viciously forward, chambering the first round. The hammer is cocked for double-action fire. I don my black Silencio Magnum hearing protectors, whose insignia are guns, one over each ear. —What's that in my field of fire? —A piece of thin-gauge sheet metal. —What's the world coming to these days? That thing had better be DESTROYED. —I take aim, lining up the white dot. My finger tightens on the trigger and slowly draws it back...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Window display in military surplus store (St. Petersburg, Russia, 2000)

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I strive to keep the front sight from dancing ... back and back ... BOOM! The piece of sheet metal pings and a hole appears in it and then it smashes down on top of an old rusty plough. Dust rises with the echo. —What next? Well, look at that—a tin can! What an imposition! BOOM! The can flies backward and wire screeches. —Why, I'm saving the world out here! —Two bullets gone, and thirteen left. —That old Chevy truck still has the windshield left in! What an oversight! But I can fix that. How fast can I pump five rounds into it? —This fast: BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM-BOOM! —But half a dozen bullets are still weighing me down. I set the pistol down on top of my bandanna and venture into that nest of potential pings and bangs to scrounge for I know not what—well, this old-style Coca-Cola bottle will do. How about if I stand it up on top of that dryer?—Now, let's see. My sights are in alignment; I've let my breath half-out; I keep the white dot in focus; surely I'll hit it... BOOM! —Missed. —BOOM! —Missed. —BOOM! —Missed. —I really am a bungler. —Fortunately no one's here to witness my shame, so I'll just take a few steps closer... BOOM! —Ah, that did it—KER-SMASH! —And one bullet left! Suppose we get the towbar of that superobsolescent tractor? —BOOM! *Gonnnnnnnnnnnnnnggggggggggg!*[36]

The Sig Sauer has a very serious look. Unlike many other handguns, whose silvery skins provide them with an easy beauty,[37] the Sig Sauer is black on the outside, with the exception of the hatches and sphincters of its three orifices: the muzzle (a silver ring filled with blackness), the extractor (a silver trapezoid halfway between the sights, which flicks open just after firing to eject the casing) and the buttplate of the magazine (a half-ellipsoid slightly less black than its surroundings). High on the grip, just opposite the trigger, squats the magazine release button, scored with parallel grooves and ridges like all the levers of this gun. Push it, and an inch or more of magazine will be ejected with surprising force. You can now draw the rest of the magazine out, and it will stand up by itself on that wide buttplate, a canted tower of bullets gripped tight, up-aiming with gold noses and silver casings;[38] and there is a true beauty in the way that it stands. Now guide it back into its dark well; shove with the heel of your hand and it clicks eternal, the weight of its contents enhancing the serious character of the gun. My target-play may please me, but this is a machine (now there can be no doubt) whose end, whose Platonic virtue, is killing. Its loveliness derives from heft and grooves and moving parts, clicking or sliding or pivoting in miniature arcs of almost perfect replicability; it does not possess the beauty of the Rajasthani daggers whose remaining purpose is but to be. —Pick it up and use it, and it comes to life. In a sense, my Sig Sauer has never *fully* come to life, since I've never killed anyone with it. But it has offered me self-defense insurance over the years; and on past occasions, when in the pinchclaws of morbid depression, it seemed to me that I could *feel* the doom-rays of my guns even through the shielding of their massive box, chilling me in other rooms, behind thick walls; and at moments of particular sensitivity I thought to distinguish the Sig Sauer's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Movie theater in Peshawar, Pakistan (2000)

own coldness and malignancy from the chills of the others. It is at such times that I almost did believe that everything is alive, in the sense that the Ghurka knife is supposed to be, and that the Sig Sauer sought to fulfill itself by luring me into self-destruction. I have not felt this way for years, and am glad of it. But the memory of that feeling adds to the mystique of the gun. Perhaps killers become attached to their weapons in this way; the person and the instrument need each other to do what they've been fashioned to do. That explains the pride of a fifteen- or sixteen-year-old boy I saw once in Harlem, showing off his illegal automatic, the grip already painted with two red stripes to memorialize the two kids he claimed he'd sent to hell because they owed him money. Who cares if he was lying? To my way of thinking, the boy and his gun have become evil, but my Sig Sauer is only a thing of potential evil—and potential good, too, which we tend to leave alone; but we all love potential evil, as I have been saying, in order to prove ourselves good by surmounting it—especially when the evil is imaginary, when the vampire is only a fruit bat, when the gun is only a gun. "We cannot but pity the boy who has never fired a gun," writes Thoreau; "he is no more humane, while his education is sadly neglected."[39] Those who believe that this sentiment justifies the deeds of the Harlem boy are poor readers and worse judges; those who would stop up the bleeding chinks in that boy's education by taking away his firearm would succeed as well as if they sought to end

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the homicidal riots between Hindus and Muslims in India by banning the possession of knives and stones. "No humane being, past the thoughtless age of boyhood," Thoreau goes on, "will wantonly murder any creature, which holds its life by the same tenure that he does. The hare in its extremity cries like a child."[40]

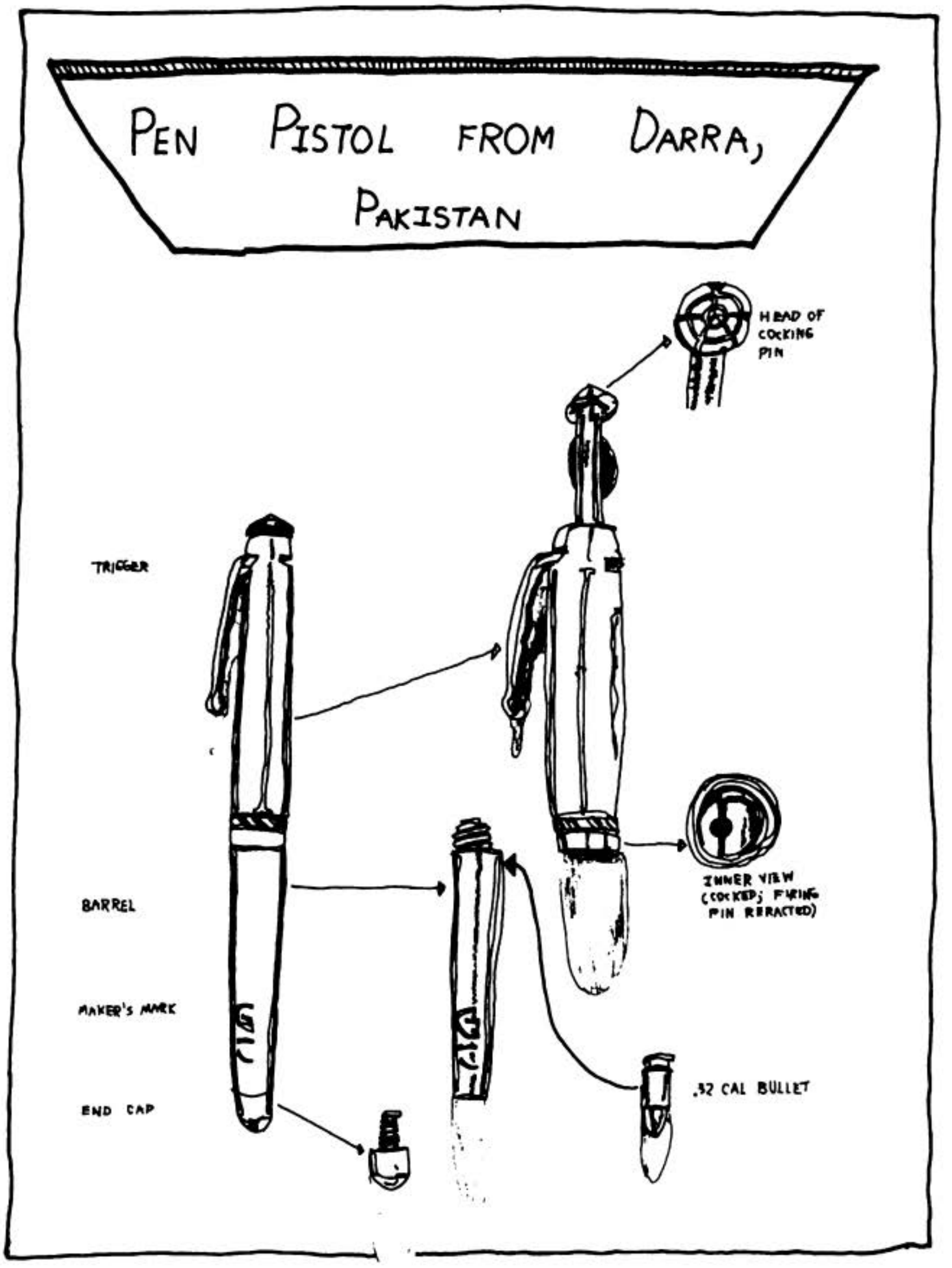
In 1990, I think it was, I had the honor of being questioned by the F.B.I. My interrogators reminded me of American street prostitutes in that they strove to get as much as possible while giving as little as possible. In this case the commodity was neither sex nor money, but simply information. Because they hoped to indict on spurious child molestation charges a photographer friend of mine who takes beautiful nudes of young girls, they'd unhesitatingly ask me how I felt about the idea of having intercourse with thirteen-year-old females, but then they'd bristle when I asked them what kind of guns they used! Nonetheless, I did get it out of them at last, and can happily report to you that my questioners carried Sig Sauer P226es, just as I do. However, they revel in copper-jacketed hollowpoints, which are not available to the public. ("Or at least we hope that they aren't," said my interrogatress modestly.)

The P226 comprises one of the most superb examples of functionality I know. Unlike most mass-produced pistols, it sports a fully machined slide, which adds smoothness and reliability to its blowback operation. I have fired at least eighteen thousand rounds through it, and probably considerably more; it never jammed until well beyond the fourteen thousandth. The recoil spring being replaced, it shot beautifully again.

A HANDMADE PAKISTANI PEN-PISTOL

The charm of this last piece has very little to do with functionality at all.[41] Unsafe and awkward to operate, its capacity a single round, this gun does possess the quality which also gives luster to sexual encounters:—namely, novelty. (Should I have mentioned this to the FBI?) Disguise may be beauty, as we know from the James Bond films. And at first glance the gun does resemble a pen, a blocky heavy Stalinist pen with a crude gleam of light down its length. What kind of pen it is you hesitate to say, because the integral screw-on cap prevents you from seeing the tip—perhaps a fountain pen; it's certainly fat and stubby enough to be one. But usually fountain pens show more styling these days, and observation finds only two decorations on this pen: firstly (and this may not even be a decoration at all), a sort of collar halfway up the pen's length, composed of a break where the pen comes apart, a lip on either side; the top lip bears a series of slanted grooves, not unlike those on the levers of the Sig Sauer, and perhaps they are ornamental, or perhaps they simply imitate the knurling and checkering on the grips of other guns. The other decoration is the maker's mark, yellow on the black steel: a sort of G, but what would be the small arc just below and adjoining the horizontal bar of that Roman letter becomes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

here (since none of this has anything to do with G's at all, the alphabet in these parts being Pushtu) not an arc at all, but a straight line at right angles to the G-bar; then beneath the G runs an underline; beneath which we discover our arc after all; a double of the lower half of the letter G's lefthand semicircle. The maker's mark, they told me, has been furnished as a guarantee; some of these pen-pistols blow up in your hand, so it's best to buy one from a reputable maker. —Unscrew that end-cap and notice the wobble: it was hand-turned on a lathe. Look in, and you see only what lies in any gunbarrel: darkness. But unscrew the pen at the middle, beneath the knurling, and you begin to learn things. The lower half, now resting in your right hand, is but a hollow tube banded with darkness; the bullet[42] goes there. Inside the screwthreaded well of the upper portion lies a slotted plate, from the middle of which the firing pin projects. Cock the weapon by gripping between your fingernails a flattish star-incised cone at the top of the pen; work your nails down into the groove between it and the pen body and then pull outward. You may have to do this three or four times before the hammer fully extends and is securely caught. Now the flattish cone has come a nailhead, the body of the spike separating it from its groove by almost two inches, drawn against the power of a temperamental spring. If you look inside the pen at this stage, you will see that the firing pin is retracted: nothing but darkness as usual in that center hole. —Insert the bullet into the lower half of the pen, and screw the halves together. Remove the end-cap and aim. You fire by squeezing the penclip. If you push too close to the bottom of the clip, nothing will happen. Too close to the top, where it joins the pen's body, and when the nailhead comes slamming down it will pinch the skin of your finger until blood runs. —Just right, a fifth of the way down. —The firing pin then stabs into the primer of the bullet. The gun jerks back into your hand (I hope that you were holding it tight!) and gives you a blister. The bullet explodes and goes its way...

Would that all creation were as mysterious and two-faced as this pen-gun, which was manufactured in a place where they also build anti-aircraft guns by hand... —How interesting it would be if every pen or pencil laughed with secret death, if women were really men, as they are in transvestite bars, and men were women; if humans were aliens and spies; if flowers were microphones; if water were fire; and kisses were pacts of unknowable transcendence, which they sometimes are; if trolls and treasure lived inside every mountain; if wishes were horses; if guns could really solve anything—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

VIOLENCE AGAINST NONVIOLENCE

SEABROOK, NEW HAMPSHIRE, 1980

Who "won" this standoff between violent defense of authority and nonviolent defense of earth? The answer depends on whether the answerer is a Gandhian or a Clausewitzian.

102. Protesters and National Guardsmen at the north gate of the Seabrook nuclear plant. Several hours after I took this picture, the demonstrators were hosed down and maced.

103. Attempt to enter the grounds of the plant from the ocean side. The man in the river was stymied by the authorities waiting on the other side.

104. Attempt to cross the river with a homemade bridge. All such actions led to polarized concentrations of the antagonistic sides.

105. Attempt to blockade the road near the north gate. Not effective.

106. An activist couple in the street.

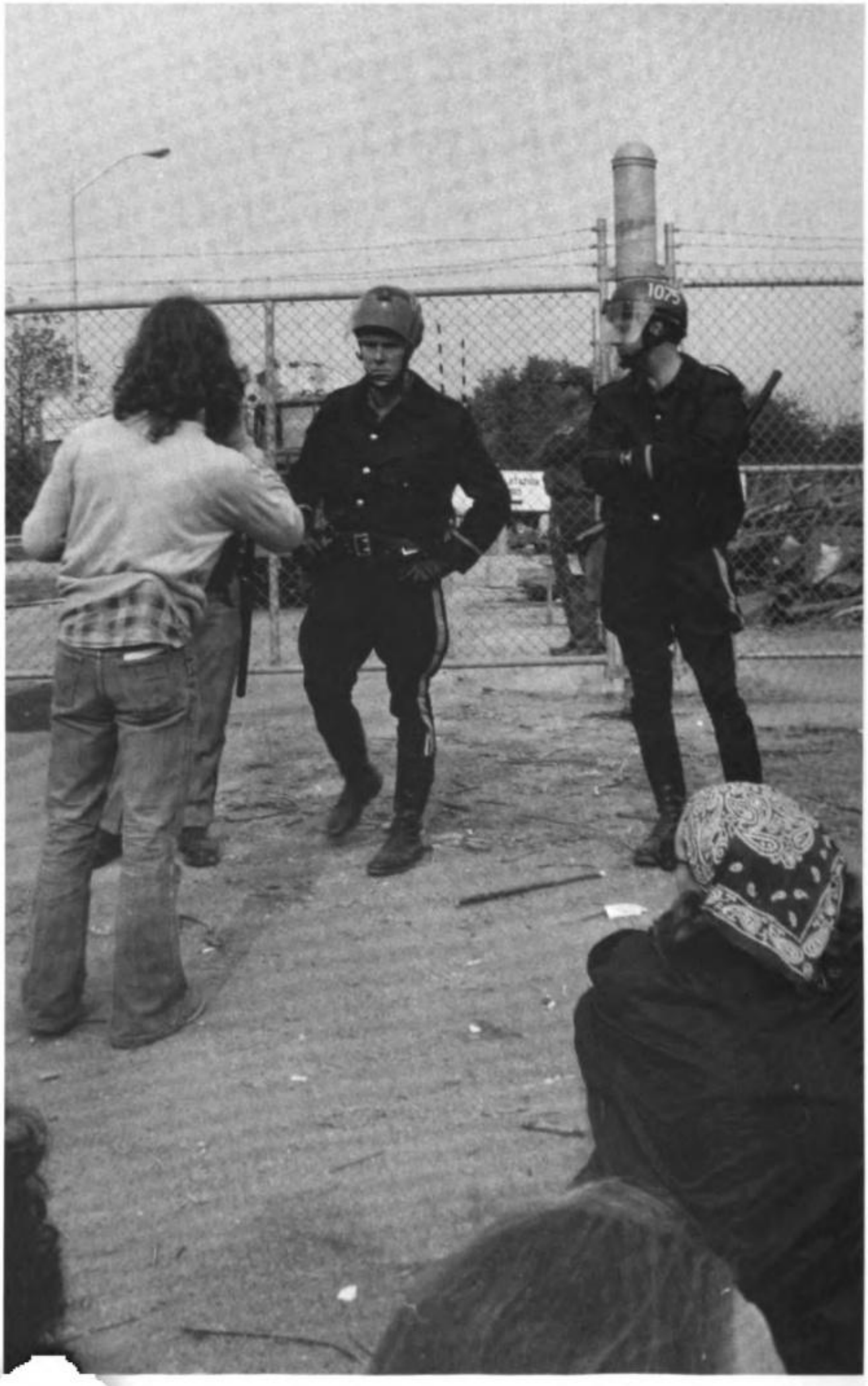
107a. Affinity group linking arms.

107b. Row of National Guardsmen preparing to disperse an affinity group.

108. A solitary protester with his flag. What was his end? If it was, as some of us said, to "dramatize" the situation, he might have achieved it. If it was, as the Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook's handbook asserted, to shut down the nuke, he most certainly did not. (Karl Marx: "Between equal rights, force decides.")

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

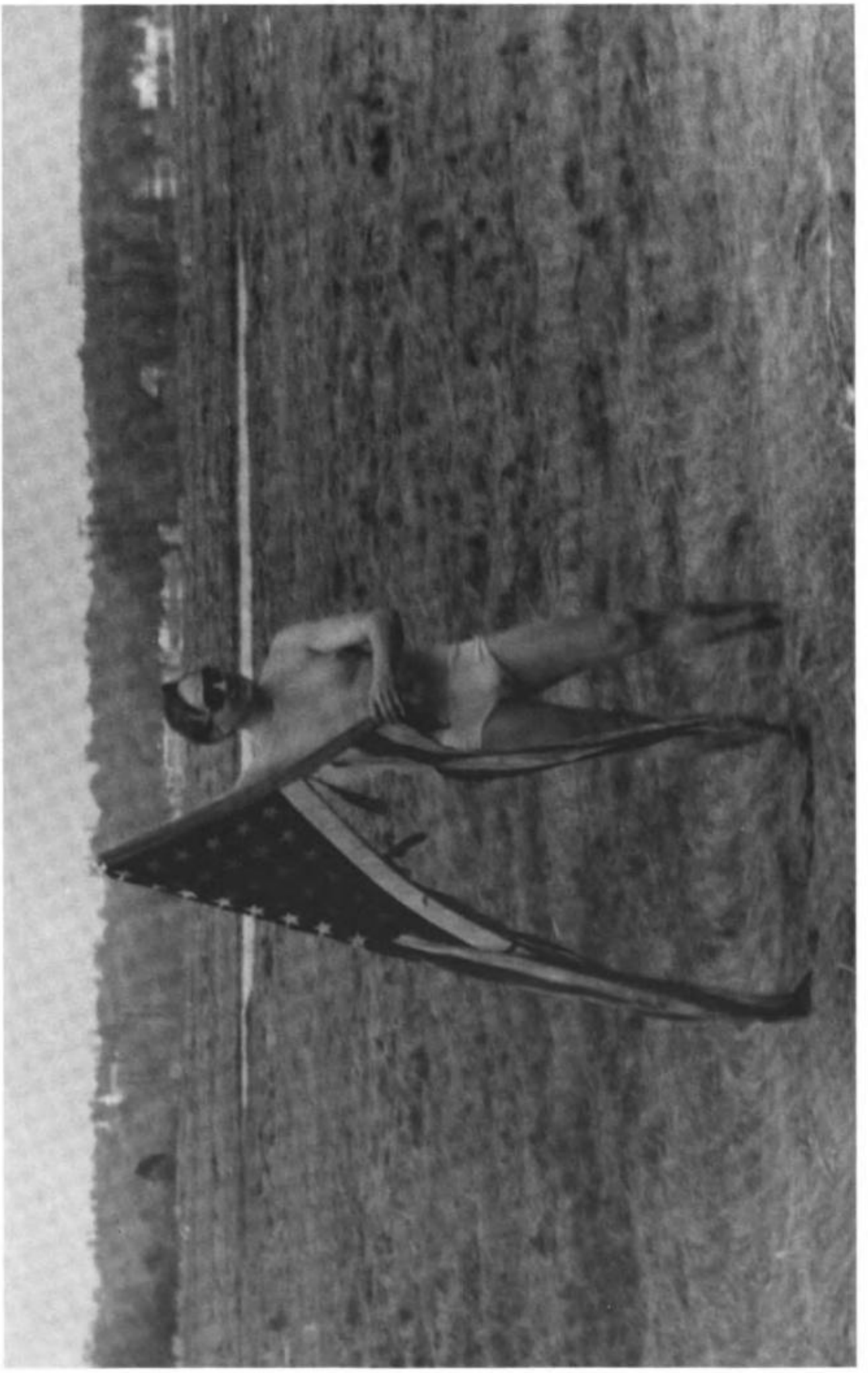


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 2

ON THE MORALITY OF WEAPONS

Sedentary people have become used to laziness and ease... They are carefree and trusting, and have ceased to carry weapons... They have become like women and children, who depend upon the master of the house.

IBN KHALDUN, 14TH CENTURY[1]

When I enter a house, I want to be the only one with a gun.

POLICE OFFICER MICKI BASHFORD, 1997[2]

The handgun's primary purpose is to save lives, not take them.

CHUCK TAYLOR, 1982[3]

I sometimes laugh when people get emotional about our weapons. I'll tell you something really emotional ... the day we finally convinced the people in the villages about the importance of boiling the water they drink and cook with.

MAJOR ANA MARIA, INSURGENT IN CHIAPAS, 1996[4]

Knife and gun provide three things: security, autonomy (which is almost the same thing, but active rather than passive) and power (which is most active of all).[5] Calling upon the Communist Party to arm the Chinese proletariat against the invading Japanese (who ironically had a tradition of denying weapons to their own lower classes),[6] Trotsky wrote: "A people that today, with weapon in hand,

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

knows how to deal with one robber, will tomorrow know how to deal with the other one."[7] By "the other one," of course, he meant the class enemy, but his logic would apply to *any* "other one." In Pancho Villa's Mexican utopia, citizens would have spent three days a week working and three days a week in military training. "When the Patria is invaded, we will just have to telephone from the palace in Mexico City, and in half a day all the Mexican people will rise from their fields and factories, fully armed, equipped and organized to defend their children and their homes."[8] A gun in my hand prepares me, transforms me. If I can accurately shoot paper targets from a distance today, I have a better chance of being able to shoot my enemies tomorrow.

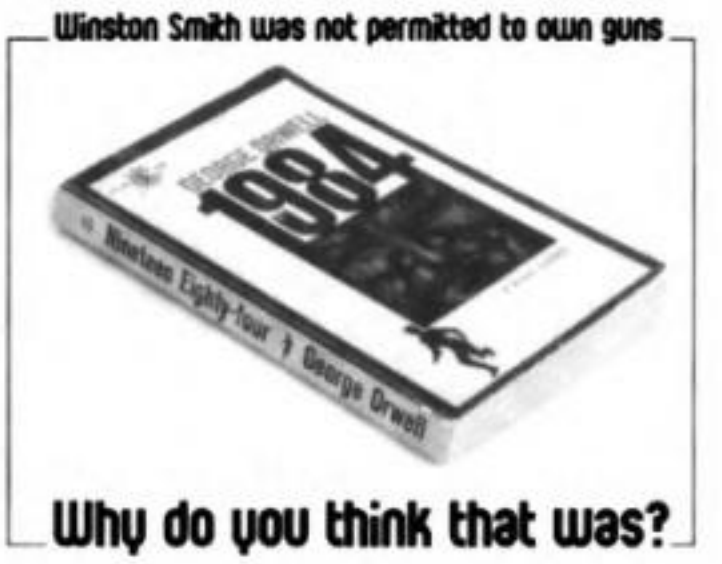
The simple law of might accords respect to an armed individual, who may well come to respect himself accordingly—another way of saying that security is the precondition for autonomy. One longstanding labor unionist and civil rights activist had to contend with the active hostility of American police. In a certain town, Ku Klux Klan recruiting posters adorned the police station. The activist recalls: "I am convinced that I'm alive today because I travelled with firearms—and that this fact was generally known."[9] Whether self-respect will nourish bravery and honor, as it seems to have done in his case, or whether it will subsidize egotistical cruelty, must remain dark to our knowledge until deeds are done, or at least until we can invent an X-ray machine for souls. But self-respect in and of itself can never be a bad thing, because timorousness and incapacity in and of themselves can never be good. Incapacity to do evil is of course a *relative* good, a least-bad, a good-by-default; but when we reduce the evildoer to that state we are doing the right and necessary thing *for us*, and only incidentally for him (by, say, preserving his existence at the price of rendering him helpless). We read that in ancient Athens the franchise was bestowed only upon those men who had or could get the implements of war.[10] We do not read that it was granted to trussed and defanged men whose virtue was that they could not harm the polity.

THE AMORALITY OF EMPOWERMENT

Thus the capacity to do violence extends the self: it does not only arm it, it also "hands" it, awarding it extra fingers of choice. The weapon becomes a limb, a friend. American frontiersmen so greatly valued their rifles' ability to feed and protect them that some bestowed affectionate pet names on them: "Ol' Ticklicker," "Deer Killer," "Indian Lament."[11] A Soviet lieutenant en route to ambush Afghan Mujahideen "pats the cannon of his APC as if it were a faithful dog."[12] In other words, no matter what an appalled examiner of the Pakistani pen pistol might believe, they solve some difficulties.[13] "The intended victim is the only one in a good position to stop a criminal act," insists a gun writer.[14] And, indeed, a U.N. study of fourteen nations decided that the greater the number of times somebody had been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

victimized by crime, disarmed and unhanded, the more likely he was to be or become a gun owner, which is to say, of course, either a blood avenger or a self-defender; but I would be inclined to give such people the benefit of the doubt (since they were aggressed against), and assume self-defense until proven otherwise. The gun possession figure for three-time victims attained almost twenty-five percent.[15] (The weapons owner's maxim: *If authority cannot protect me, I must protect myself.*) Did these guns ever help their owners? An FBI report I opened for the random year 1995 acknowledged that most justifiable homicides were committed with handguns.[16] Can we agree that justifiable homicides are another relative good? In 1995, in the U.S.A. and Japan, twenty-two thousand people seemed to have lethally saved themselves:



Pro-gun poster

SELF-DEFENSE HOMICIDES (1995)

	BY MEN	BY WOMEN	TOTAL	TOTAL HOMICIDES
Japan[17]	36 (3.4 percent of male total)	5 (2.0 percent of female total)	77 (5.9 percent of homicide total)	1,295
	BY POLICE	**BY CITIZENS**	**TOTAL**	**TOTAL HOMICIDES**
USA[18]	383	268	651 (3.1 percent of homicide total)	20,694[19]

COMPARISON CAVEATS: U.S. figures are for justified homicides and do not include felony homicides whose perpetrators claimed self-defense. Japanese figures are for homicides which may or may not be justifiable. In any case, the legal criteria for justifiability may not be the same in the two countries.

We need not set out to increase the number of justified homicides; a more worthy end would be to decrease the need for them.[20] But if homicides must be committed, better that they be justifiable.

And what comprises justifiability? Would it be broadminded of us, or prudent, or merely evasive to assert the crucial relevance of the psychological context of any moral act? Those daredevils who reduce their purview to facts alone, like the Roman stonemasons who chiseled terse recitations into marble, excluding case and punctuation, will surely stride forward impatiently to brush away like cobwebs all the complex nuances revealed in the case of Bernhard Goetz, which we'll examine shortly.

Reread that gun writer's aphorism: "The intended victim is the only one in a good position to stop a criminal act." Shall we bring his axiom to imaginary life—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

which is to say, to death? In a 1922 advertisement attempting to bring Thompson submachine guns into the American home market, we see a cowboy type crouching against one of the pillars of his long, shaded porch, firmly grasping a Thompson in both hands while shooting down a rifle-waving bandit whose arms outstretch as—inevitably in this secular liturgy—he begins to fly off his rearing horse. Other rustlers gallop in toward the herd, two of them taking direct aim at the defender of self and property, whom we can only hope will triumph—no, we'll hope with good reason, for only he has a Thompson. "The ideal weapon for the protection of large estates, ranches, plantations, etc.," begins the ad, which offers two versions of this life-saver: a semi-automatic capable of discharging a mere fifty shots per minute (given four or five already loaded magazines, a Sig Sauer could better this), and a full automatic, "fired from the hip, 1,500 shots per minute."[21] Who wouldn't prefer full auto? Certainly the rustlers would; in fact, they'd very likely consider a Thompson "the ideal weapon for attacks upon large estates, ranches, plantations, etc."



Advertisement (1922)

CRIMINALS PREFER HANDGUNS

WASHINGTON: About 1.3 million U.S. residents faced an assailant armed with a gun during 1993, and the use of semiautomatic weapons by juveniles is rising fast, particularly in murders, the Justice Department said Sunday. Of the victims of rape, sexual assault, robbery and aggravated assault by offenders carrying a firearm that year, 86 percent, or 1.1 million, said the weapon was a handgun, the department said.[22]

OF CRIMSON STORMS AND THEIR WEATHERMEN

There lies the obvious difficulty with violence's tools, which seem to have been distributed on this earth with the utmost carelessness: should we happen to be Indians, how "ideal" a weapon will we consider "Indian Lament?" Go back to Julius Caesar's day, when an officer in the African campaign warns that one side's war-elephants comprise "a menace to both sides."[23] Consider the old cliché: "a double-edged sword."[24] Were it possible to create a weapon which would function only in self-defense, most of us would be all for it. *But what is self-defense? When is violence justified?*

When only an elite possesses weapons, the masses will be subject to active or potential tyranny. But when everyone owns weapons, then the climate becomes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more prone to storms of undirected violence. Which is worse? It depends on the times. The American myth of the Minutemen, those self-reliant, decent fathers and brothers ready at a moment's notice to repel a common enemy with "Ol' Ticklicker," is out of favor,[25] because nobody agrees on who our common enemy is; indeed, we are too often each other's enemies—and always have been, as a pioneer woman recognized when she wrote of thirsty cowboys who bought whiskey at her father's store in the 1870s: "they could not refrain from partaking too freely, with the result that generally they felt an irresistible impulse to draw their pistols and shoot in a frolicsome way at whatever might be around."[26] Was it merely that the legislative and executive branches exerted insufficient control? The sixth-century historian Procopius describes the Constantinople of his day as a disorderly tyranny, weighed down by the fear not only of the ruthless emperor and his favorites, but also by an ambiance of street violence, originally politically motivated by the Blue and Green factions, now transformed into simple extortion. "At first practically all of them carried weapons openly at night, but in the day-time they concealed small two-edged swords along the thigh under their mantle, and they gathered in groups as soon as it became dark and would waylay men of the better classes."[27] I live in an atmosphere of inconceivably greater government control; and yet as I write, Procopius's words could be applied to almost any large American city. How many single women do I know who are afraid to leave their windows open even on the hottest nights? How many people have told me, "Oh, I don't go to that area. That's a bad area; that's a gang area ..."? How many people have said, "I wouldn't advise you to go out after dark"? Instead of double-edged swords, our Blues and Greens carry double-edged guns with which they kill their enemies, their friends, strangers, lost souls, lost children. Take their guns away, and at least some of them will go back to swords.[28]

In Hindu-Muslim riots in India, people kill each other, as Cain killed Abel, with stones. In the U.S.A., back in the middle of the twentieth century, where guns were more widely available than in India—indeed, there were far fewer controls on them than at the time of this writing—a sociologist noted: "If Negro, the slaying is commonly with a knife, if white, it is a beating with fists and feet on a public street."[31] In Poland we find that as American baseball enters against the protests of a dying communism, the baseball bat becomes the murder weapon of fashion.[32]

A NOTE FROM THE AMBASSADOR

How then can we take shelter from these inevitable crimson storms, much less predict them? They *will* come, whether my neighbors and I wait weaponed or weaponless. The common enemy will regularly be recategorized, and the power of the Minuteman remains now and forever also the power of the rapist-murderer.[33]

The power of the murderer is now and forever also the power of the watchful householder. Let us then consider not the weapon, however much it may have been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Weapons Used in Homicides and Robberies (1995)

Japan[29]		USA[30]	
MURDER	ROBBERY	MURDER	ROBBERY
Edged tool (52.7%)	None (42.6%)	Gun (68.2%)	Gun (41.0%)
Misc. (27.4%)	Edged tool (30.2%)	Edged tool (12.7%)	Strong-arm (40.7%)
None (13.7%)	Misc. (25.6%)	Fists, feet, etc. (5.9%)	Edged tool (9.1%)
Sword (6.3%)	Sword (4.4%)	Blunt tool (4.5%)	Misc. (9.2%)
Gun (3.7%)	Gun (2.4%)	Unknown (4.8%)	
Poison (1.7%)	Poison (0.8%)	Strangulation (1.2%)	
		Explosives (.095%)	
		Fire (0.82%)	
		Asphyxiation (0.67%)	
		Drowning (0.14%)	
		Narcotics (0.11%)	
		Poison (0.06%)	
PERCENTAGE TOTALS (*which make one wonder*)			
105.50%	106.00%	100.05%	100.00%

reified into "Indian Lament," but the degree of necessity. Because *they* have guns, I want a gun. Once acquired, my gun then perhaps becomes myself, as in Plato's maxim "the actor's mask becomes his face," but to consider only the psychology of weapons ownership belittles ineluctable self-preservation: they will not disarm, so I will not disarm, either. Give place to Winston Churchill's eloquence:

> We may ourselves, in the lifetime of those who are here, if we are not in a proper state of security, be confronted on some occasion with a visit from an Ambassador, and may have to give an answer, and if that answer is not satisfactory, within the next few hours the crash of bombs exploding in London and the cataracts of masonry and fire and smoke will warn us of any inadequacy which has been permitted in our aerial defences.[54]

I myself was confronted by some of those ambassadors once in San Francisco's Tenderloin district. They had knives. They informed me that they were going to use them. I happened to be carrying a Browning, in regretful defiance of local law, so my answer was satisfactory—to me, at least, hence perforce to them. They apologized and went away.[55]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

MANTRAS AND BLOOD-STAINED SNOW

The three goods of violence—security, autonomy and power—can also be provided (on occasion) by nonviolence. Having been a member of an anti-nuclear affinity group in the face of police violence[36] (which, depending on how one weighs corporate business and property rights versus the dangers of nuclear power, might or might not be justified), I remember the security that came from the loving trust we felt, or at least sincerely tried to feel (or perhaps pretended to feel) toward one another in our AG, which was called Cost of Freedom. I remember the autonomy that came from making our own decisions and acting as we thought was right; and the power which our security and autonomy gave us. We did not feel invulnerable by any means (and we weren't).[37] After all, our adversaries owned far more security and power than we: they were armed and in authority. From a personal point of view they might have had less autonomy, but they didn't seem to miss it. We were at Seabrook, New Hampshire. Our rhetoric: "Shut the nuke down!" Among the throng who blockaded the street gate, our AG was not hurt when authority made its move. It was May, 1980. In the middle, not the forefront, I saw the National Guardsmen suddenly file out of the gate very rapidly; then as light made vertical gleams upon their face-shields they stabbed nightsticks down upon the nonviolent ones who tried to protect their heads; I remember so many raised hands and scared, grimacing faces of people (mainly young and white) who were trying to be brave; on the Guardsmen's faces (also young and white) I saw mainly wary concentration, with the occasional rare tight-lipped smile. (On one weapon I saw the words RHYTHM STICK.) They dragged a limp, bespectacled, denim-shirted girl away by her long red hair; she screwed up her face in silent pain. Everywhere they were bending over to grab people, their motions not unlike those of snow-shovelers. A stocky green-clad cop, his handcuffs riding high and gleaming in the small of his back, grabbed somebody by her shirt-collar and wrists, dragging her along between his legs, her bottom all dirty from having sat on the pavement; she resembled the quarter of some cow-carcass being hauled out of the slaughterhouse. But, while I've used the word "violence" in reference to authority's activities, I'm referring only to the smashings-down of nightsticks on wrists and

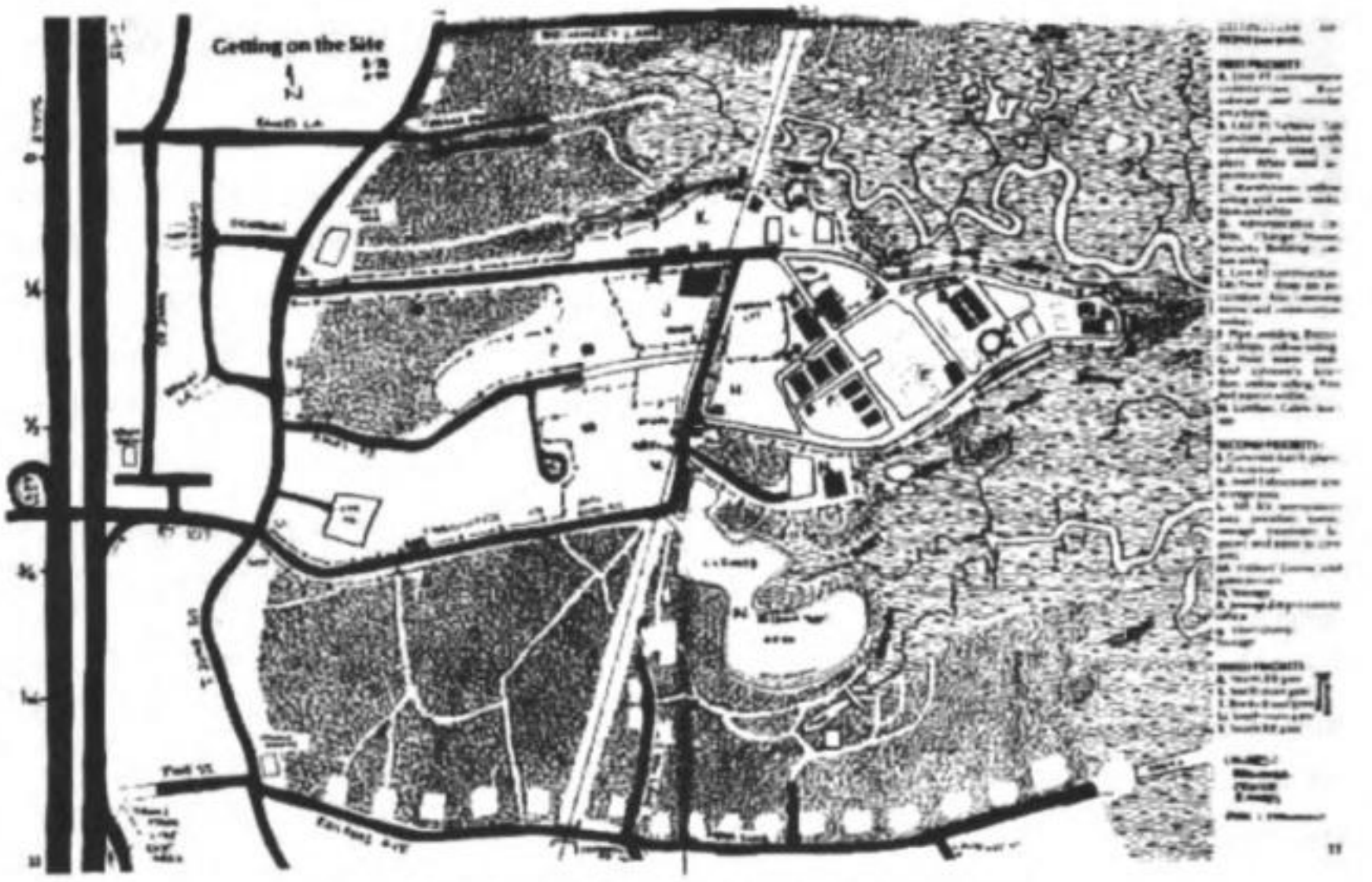


Pamphlet promoting the Seabrook nuclear power plant



Anti-nuclear handbook for Seabrook

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Access map from the Seabrook anti-nuclear handbook

heads: the dragging-off, arresting and citing of the limp is not violence. Authority intimidated and occasionally employed pain; it could have done worse. Should I mention that the protesters, frustrated in their objective of occupying the plant, had begun jeering abuse at the police, or that one policeman had been seriously wounded by a protester's grappling hook?[38] Mainly what they did was to meet us *outside* the fence rather than behind it, as before, the result being that activists succeeded in cutting only about two hundred feet of fence.[39] Those of us who crossed the marsh river on a makeshift bridge, approaching authority's cadres on the other side, those (they didn't include me) who in ponchos huddled under plastic groundsheets, waiting for the riot hoses mixed with mace, even those who felt the nightsticks on their heads, were free to assume they wouldn't be summarily liquidated. All the more security, autonomy and power! Still, there is something about practicing what one preaches, and living it, that makes for serenity. Of course, who knows for sure that what one preaches is right? That is why, in my opinion, only a saint can practice nonviolence in isolation; the rest of us have to do it in gangs.[40]

MY GUN WAS MY ROSARY

Anybody in possession of a weapon and the ability and will to use it immediately gains some security, autonomy and power, even if he is alone—as most people are in American cities; Thucydides remarks that "internal strife is the main reason for the decline of cities,"[41] and by cities he means city-states, nations. Internal strife is one reason (in "democratic" countries the only reason) that city-dwellers are afraid—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

afraid of violence. Such fear, like Churchill's, is based on *a perceived probability of harm.*[42] One morning in early 1995 I was preparing to go on a long trip, and remembered that my pistols needed cleaning. As it happened, two nights previously a couple of people had been shot in a park very near my house. (Years later, I opened the newspaper to find the executioners finally arraigned in court. One of their victims had died. The other, although shot in the face, had kept some grip on life, no matter that his security, autonomy and power left much to be desired. While testifying in the courtroom, he had a seizure and began to vomit.) In my memory I also saw an elderly couple who lived a mile away in another direction; they'd been shot in the back while they were walking their dog. My friend Linda, who's lived in this neighborhood for almost thirty years now, often walks to the supermarket late at night. She has never yet been bothered. She describes her deportment on those strolls as cautious, but not afraid. She knows the couple who were shot in the back. The husband told her that he saw the car come circling round the block the first time, and then it went on because the gang kids inside it had to get up their nerve. Perhaps it was an initiation mandate. When he saw the car coming the second time and then it stopped and the kids stuck their pistol out the window, he said to himself, "It's all over." —"They're doing fine," Linda said to me the other day. "As soon as they were out of the hospital they went out to walk their dog, and they've been doing it ever since." But someone else I used to know, a woman who is dead now, lived in Queens and wrote me a letter: "I'm a walking target, literally, since I like to walk late at night. No one out here walks at night. The police know me, think I'm insomniac or something." She walked, but was always afraid. (Actually she died from something else.)



Pro-gun poster

The woman whom I would eventually marry was usually as fearless as Linda, but every now and then she asks me to keep her company when she must walk her dog late at night in that same park. The double shooting terrified her. She said that she would be getting home from work long after dark tonight, and it was going to be foggy; would I please, please go with her? I promised that I would. Then I made myself a bowl of cereal and opened the newspaper. More murders—maybe they'd happened a hundred miles away, but they made an impression. I had just finished breakfast when somebody else I knew well telephoned. Her car had broken down late at night; while waiting at a pay phone for more than an hour for the towing company to come (they never showed, and at last she called the police), she'd been harassed and terrorized. She had no answer ready for her ambassadors. She said to me: "There was this one young boy who kept circling the parking lot and honking

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

at me. I'm pretty sure he was a gang member. I had the feeling he was going to hurt me, and if he did he wouldn't really have given a shit. I called my best friend and she said she couldn't come get me because she was naked right then. I saw this one couple pull out and I ran after them and begged them to help me but they just rolled up the windows and looked at me like I was crazy and got out of there. Finally the cops came." She was one of the people whom Cicero had in mind when he remarked that "when weapons reduce them to silence, the laws no longer expect one to await their pronouncements."[43] The laws had been reduced to silence, all right, and she would have ignored their limitations on her right to stab and shoot if she could, but she didn't know how and owned no weapon. Since the cops did come, she ended up lucky, unlike the best friend of a woman I once sat beside on a plane. "I loved her so much," my seat-mate said. "They came in through her window. She was raped and tortured and then they strangled her." But I never knew the strangled one. I thought of her, though, as I was cleaning my .45. I thought of my fiancee who was afraid to walk her dog (once, then twice, then again, because she is Asian, some black men yelled epithets at her and threw bottles onto the sidewalk where they loudly smashed and almost cut the dog's eye). —Was I overreacting? Almost certainly.[44] That year it seemed that every morning when I took the rubber band off the newspaper and found the Metro section I'd met another murder! Yet when I actually looked up my home city in the FBI's *Uniform Crime Reports* I was amazed to find a total of only fifty-seven homicides for Sacramento itself, and exactly twice that for the three counties included in Sacramento's greater "metropolitan statistical area."[45] In short, I had exaggerated the murder rate by a factor of three. To be sure, taking into consideration *all* violent crimes in greater Sacramento—rape, arson, aggravated assault and the like—the FBI counted almost twelve thousand "incidents,"[46] or over thirty-two a day. Undoubtedly these were sometimes reported in the Metro section, and then there was the occasional murder from Redding or Stockton, which I'd most likely conflated with Sacramento. Sacramento was dangerous, but not nearly as dangerous as I thought. After the episode of the thrown bottles, which would not even have been an "incident," for nobody reported it, and nothing had "really" happened, violence didn't visit her there in the park for over a year. But when she went out at night I remained afraid. It is only now, when I hope I've more or less finished going to wars (this book being long enough) that I realize how crazy-anxious I was all that time. The sound of the dog getting up in the night for a drink of water would awaken me, and my heart would pound with fear; I'd be certain that somebody was trying to break in. An hour later, a floorboard would squeak, and I'd be awake again, afraid but ready—ready for nothing. When you get to some of the case studies in this book, the accounts of the war places, it may be more clear why I returned from some of my trips full of fright; and compared to a real soldier or a professional war correspondent—or a civilian trapped in a war zone—I've seen nothing. In real danger, fear is a friend; afterward he may not be, but once he first makes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



CUMMINGS, GARY DEAN
A 46 year old, innocent victim of senseless violence, in Sacramento, on October 25, 1997. A native and lifelong resident of Sacramento, he was passionate about his pursuit of culinary arts and music. Preceded by his father Howard A. Cummings, he is survived by mother Mary I. Cummings of Sacramento, Daughter Tera

LEON M. PEOPLES III
July 30, 1969-Oct 10, 1994
In life we are dealt the cards in God's Hands. He dealt myself and our children a King in you. Three years ago our King was so violently taken from us. We think and will talk of you always. And you will remain in our hearts forever. 'See you when we get there'.
Keele, Leon IV, Kalaeha

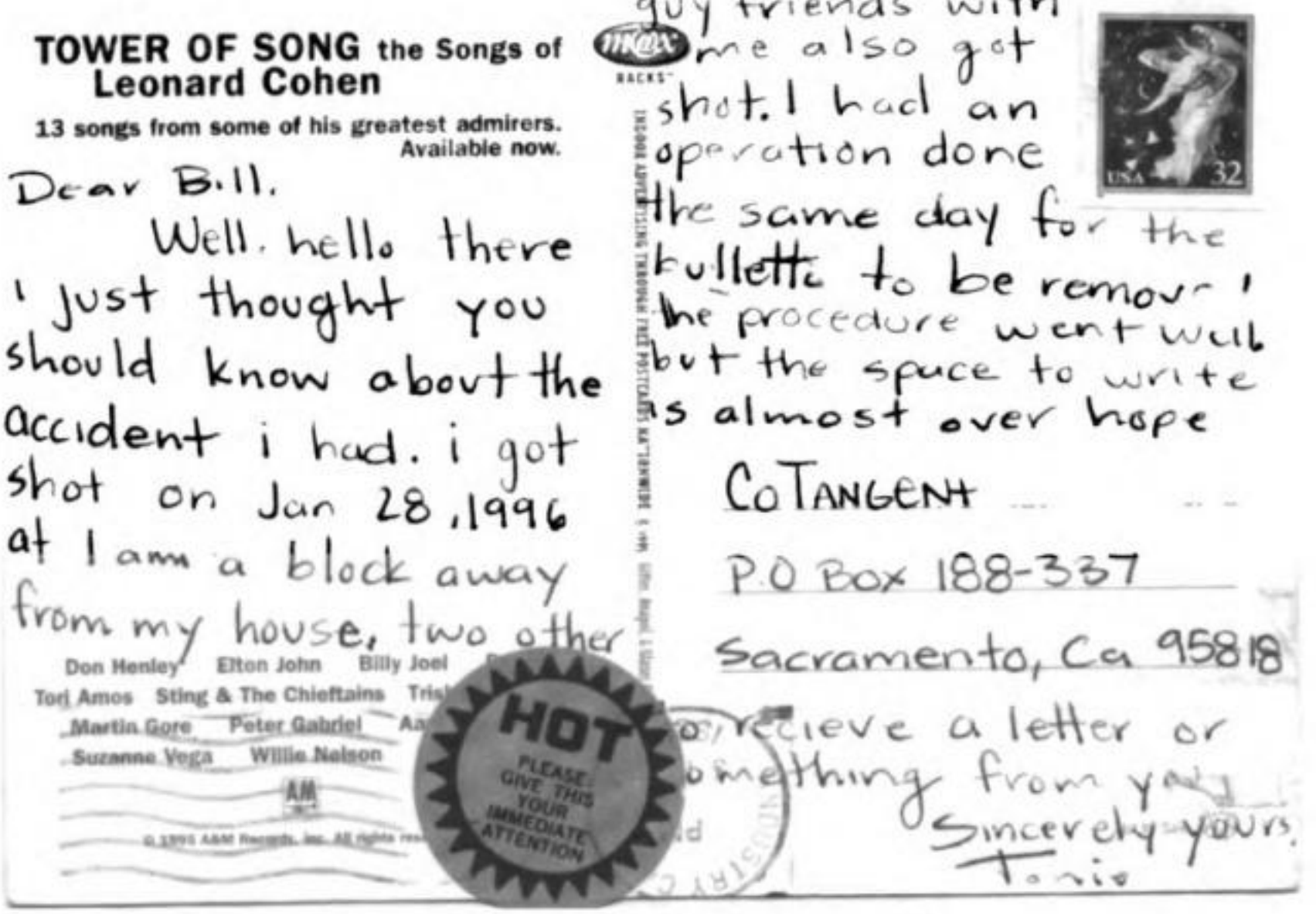
MATTHEW DIMOS
12-7-75 to 11-6-96
A year has passed since the day you left, leaving cherished memories for us all. You were loved by everybody who knew you, except the one who took you from us. Sadly missed by Mom, Great Grandma, your Nana, Vince, Lisa, Dave, all your nephews, and of course your true homies. Lived hard, fast

Obituaries from the Sacramento Bee

your acquaintance, then, like violence, he visits as he pleases. —That was how it was with me. I thought of myself, of how my house stood exposed on a corner by a high school, of all the average little scares I'd had there, none of which would have scared Linda at all (but she was among those who closed her windows even on the hottest nights; she didn't live in a two-storey house), and I thumbed the magazine release, swung back the slide to unchamber the last round, rotated the barrel bushing an eighth of a turn or so and took my gun apart. (My next-door neighbors shook their heads. —"Don't shoot us by mistake!" they said. They liked me, but I was a nut.) The heaviness, the substantiality of those strange dark pieces, some cylindrical, some angular, some both—complex polygonal solids which fit inside one another in marvelous and obscure ways—and the smell of the nitro powder solvent, the rich blackness of dissolved lead on my fingers, the slickness of the six pieces after I'd oiled them; all these were overpowering sensory proofs, however delusional, that I could act; and the sureness with which I could disassemble my guns and then put them back together by memory (the Sig Sauer was the easiest; the DC Tec-9 Mini, whose fifty-shot capacity was offset by poor-quality cast and stamped parts, remained the hardest), the knowledge that when I'd finished, each barrel would be clean and every part, as far I could tell by inspection, in working order (of course there must always be a "so far as I can tell" because certainty does not go down to the molecular level)—these facts lulled and relieved me. All in all, call it easy, useful work whose commission always afforded me pleasure; and when I was through I felt slightly surer that my guns could keep me safe[47]—a minor renewal of my faith in myself.

That night when I went out with the Asian woman to walk her dog (a lonely,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Postcard received from Los Angeles (1996)

foggy night when anything could happen), I did not feel afraid when two men sauntered toward us. I nodded at them, my hand on the loaded .45 most feloniously concealed in my coat pocket.[48] They sneered back. They were ugly, intimidating men. But I didn't feel intimidated. They walked on, and the fog ate them.

BUT THE ROSARY CONFERS NO ETERNAL LIFE

The self-confidence provided by weapons may be as fallacious as any other form of complacent puffery. How could I tell the anxious citizens of sixth-century Constantinople that if they only bought enough swords, they'd be home free? Violence, being a manifestation of misfortune and of death, can fall upon us in any number of forms. In March 1995, two or three days before my arrival in Tokyo, an organization with a high opinion of its own righteousness, called Aum Supreme Truth, released the nerve gas sarin into several subway junctions. Poor planning on the terrorists' part produced a less than spectacular number of casualties, but that was only the first of their attacks. What could the victims have done? Their government didn't allow them to carry guns; if it had, the result would have been identical, for the terrorists accomplished their purpose and escaped before anyone suspected violence. A newspaper blared: NERVE GAS NOT EVEN HITLER WOULD USE! Echoing that headline, every Japanese subway rider I talked to remarked on the cruelty of using gas, which Hitler, himself a trench-gas victim back in World War I,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

certainly gave a bad name to, and which had been banned as a means of officially legitimized mass homicide (which terrorism is not) by the Geneva Protocol on Gas Warfare back in 1925. But what I suspect the subway passengers were actually objecting to was the cruelty of attacking *them* rather than subway riders in some other country. Would machine guns have been any nicer?



Subway "wanted" poster for Aum Supreme Truth terrorists (Tokyo, 1995)

The most terrifying description of chemical warfare I have ever read is Malraux's fictionalized account of his father's experiences during World War I, when gas was first tested upon some Russian trenches. (When Hitler became blinded by gas near the war's end, it was all more routine.) Malraux describes the spiders dead in their webs, the birds falling out of the sky, the monstrous putrescence, physical and moral, of everything in sight, the Russians horribly, bloodlessly dead.[49] But he did not see it. How accurately did the father tell the tale to the son, and how much did the son embellish? His embellishment certainly deserves the accolades of great literature.[50] Great literature could be composed about any battlefield. It is as if we had descended back into the catacombs of Paris[51] and, overwhelmed by those galleries of six million skulls, let our feelings trick us into going beyond the only real lesson of death, the stale, useless principle that *Dead is dead,* to call for a ban upon catacombs. Gassed or shot, dead is dead. And the spiders and birds? And the old man whose hovel just happened to lie downwind? There might not have been one, because World War I comprised a stationary murder-process in a zone long since cleared of noncombatants, so poison gas hurt almost exclusively the belligerents alone—which would not be the case now that battlefronts tend to be so mobile.[52] Still, who knows for sure which way the poisoned wind blows? Such considerations led to the Geneva Protocol of 1925. And yet as late as 1937 a brigadier general in our own army wrote an essay from which some extracts may be of interest:

> The measure of humaneness of any form of warfare is the comparison of (1) degree of suffering caused at the time of injury by the different weapons; [(2)] the percentage of deaths to the total number of casualties produced by each weapon; and [(3)] the permanent aftereffects resulting from the injuries inflicted by each particular method of warfare.
>
> In general, gas causes less suffering than wounds from other weapons. It is unquestionably true that chlorine, the first gas used in the late war, did at first cause strangulation with considerable pain and a high mortality. But this was due mainly to the fact that the troops against whom these first gas attacks were launched were totally unprotected. Later when supplied with gas masks, chlorine became the most

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

innocuous of the toxic gases and was least feared by both sides.

(That particular paragraph, I admit, was amusingly disingenuous—for our good brigadier would hardly recommend the deployment of a humane gas which causes no casualties—but read on.)

> Among those gassed the sufferings are less severe and of shorter duration than among those wounded by other war weapons... As to the ratio of deaths to total casualties, we have already shown that the mortality among those wounded by nongas weapons was over twelve times the mortality from gas... Gas ... produces practically no permanent injuries, so that if a man who is gassed survives the war, he comes out body whole, as God made him, and not the legless, armless, or deformed cripple produced by the mangling and rending effects of high explosives, gunshot wounds, and bayonet thrusts.

(I think of my grandfather's friend, a World War I survivor, who went through life coughing, getting drunk to shut out the pain.)

> Chemical warfare is the latest contribution to the science of war... [It] is the most humane method of war yet devised by man.[33]

In future wars gas projectiles might be less controllable with respect to their intended targets than in World War I, unless battle-fronts once again become stationary. Surely a weapon's controllability enhances its humaneness, and gas can never be fully controlled except in an enclosed space. We condemn Severino Di Giovanni's anarchist bombings in Buenos Aires because (among other things); their destruction-power failed to be controlled: he killed innocent people, and did not thereby further his political ends.[34] (Controllability *ensures* nothing: at Auschwitz, gas was completely controlled, but no one would say that it was employed humanely there. Uncontrollability, however, uncouples the means from any end, justified or not.) The Japanese terrorists of Aum Supreme Truth did not much care about controllability. In their calculus, the strategy of the means was simply to diffuse death as widely as possible. Controllability only mattered insofar as it contributed to the terrorists' own safety.

Is poison gas reprehensible, then? Our brigadier-general didn't think so; and decades later another military ethicist argued that gas could morally be used if doing so would win the war and if the enemy had used it first and continued to use it; or even if the enemy had not used it at all but was known to be genocidal.[35]

Thus once again we see, as so often in this study of violence, that principles can't be easily nailed down, that merely knowing the tool of violence employed is insufficient; we must also be apprised of the relation between victim and perpetrator. It is true that some weapons are more passive in nature, hence more likely to be morally validated for the purposes of self-defense (one example would be anti-aircraft guns

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Landscapes of violence 1: Mostar, Bosnia (1994)



Landscapes of violence 2: Mostar, Bosnia (1994)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Landscapes of violence 3: Brazzaville, Republic of Congo (2001)

entrenched around a capital).[56] But those same guns could be used, say, to shoot down harmless commercial jets overflying that city. There is also the fact that a nation relying on purely defensive weaponry forgoes quite a bit in a war—and thereby potentially victimizes that nation's own citizenry. As they say on the playing field and the battlefield, the best defense is a good offense.

In my opinion, the method chosen often hardly matters, because the victims of a given terroristic act are not only those who experience it directly—that is, those upon whose flesh it falls—but also those who hear about it when rumors or the media do their dirty work.[57] That was why the newspapers called Tokyo a "city of fear." Here is the relevant part of a letter which a near-suicidal woman wrote me about another Aum Supreme Truth gas attack in April 1995:

> There was a rumor that there might have been another nervous gas [sic] incident this weekend, yesterday or today, so all crowded areas such as Ikebukuro, Shinjuku, Shibuya have been guarded tightly by the police force. I didn't believe that rumor. I didn't care if I die or not by the incident if it happened because I have less hope in my future. If I did, I would be satisfied with my short life. I think I survived it anyway because Sunday is almost over.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



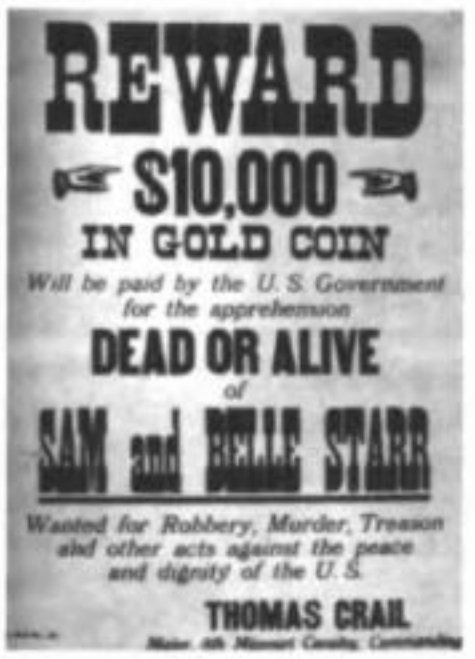
Landscapes of violence 4: Mujahid holding up an unexploded Soviet bomb, near Jalabad, Afghanistan (1982)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Obviously this attack didn't even happen. And the woman was so sad to begin with that it could scarcely depress her much further. But it did make her world a shade greyer; she was one of the many, many victims. (That is why a sociologist has proposed the notion that there are direct and indirect sufferers from every crime. If I assault you, your children get nightmares and your sister has to pay your hospital bills.)[58] Call her one of the birds who fell from the sky, especially susceptible to violence's effects by reason of her sensitive, delicate spirit, poisoned already by sadness. Other victims, lucky enough to be born stronger, or to stand farther away, get but a whiff of the gas, whose toxic effect thus attenuates into the subtle contaminations of dissociation and masked anxiety. After the Oklahoma City bombing of April 1995, a girl wrote me:

> It's really very strange. I live about 5 minutes away from where it occurred, & I still haven't really grasped the whole thing. It's really a sad thing. I know of someone they haven't yet found, and a lot of my friends have been to funerals and stuff. The whole thing is just really bizarre. When you see it on the national news it's like looking at pictures of people you don't remember even though they know exactly who you are. And then there are the ribbons. People who are wearing them look at me as if I'm the one who set off the bomb just because I choose not to wear one. Did I say ONE? Most have about 30 on... I don't get it.

And of course there is nothing to "get," nothing to "really grasp." Atrocities leave only wounds, and a wound is a cavity, an emptiness. Am I belaboring the obvious in claiming that one reason for that emptiness is *helplessness*—that neither the Japanese woman nor the American woman could have done anything more to guard themselves against these storms of violence, which left them unkilled only by luck, than they could have done to deliver themselves from death in a traffic accident at the hands of some careless, rapid driver? The lesson of the catacombs: *No matter what you say or do, we skulls will see you underground.*

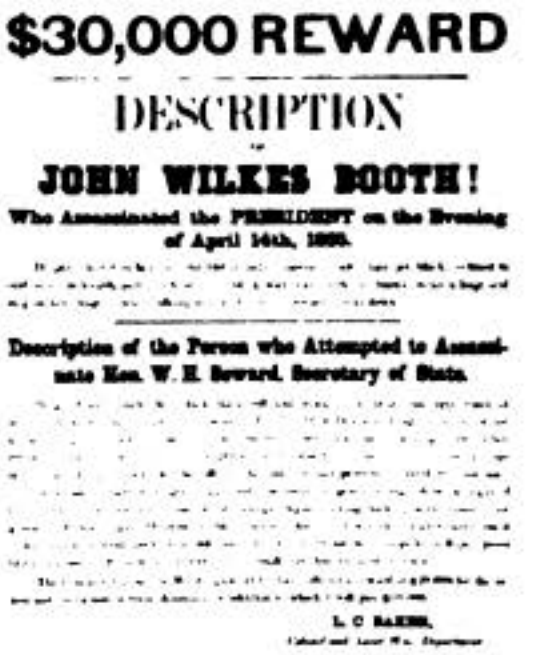


Wanted poster for American outlaws

In short, violent self-defense, like the nonviolent kind, offers no guarantees. Well, speak of the obvious! —But let's suppose that my attacker will use only a gun and that I own a gun, along with the knowledge and the will to employ it. I may be safer—or I may not be. One black market "organizer" in Zagreb told me in 1992 when we got on the subject of his side-business, guns, that "last year the market for those was better because the government incited people to go to war. They constantly showed chopped-up bodies on TV, over and over. So they stimulated demand. People wanted arms in their homes. They didn't know if there was going to be a military attack on Zagreb."[59]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Many, though certainly not all, of the Croatians who responded to the fear and anger implanted in them by the television's footage of dismembered corpses—responded, that is, by buying guns—might have arguably been worse off, because the Serbs were also getting guns at the behest of Serbian television. If I have reason to believe that my enemies stand both armed and implacable, then I must shoot first. (If they are merely armed, on the other hand, I need only concern myself with Churchillian preparedness.) This reasoning applies to both Serbs and Croatians, obviously. And yet, as in so many other situations, even when a factor increases the risk for a group, that same factor may well increase the safety of an individual within that group.[60] Had I been a Croatian in Zagreb in 1991 and had many of my neighbors started buying guns, I would have wanted a gun, also. My not having a gun would not stop other people from arming themselves and hence becoming dangerous to me. Serbs would not know that I didn't have a gun,[61] so the law of the preemptive strike would continue to work against me. Because I know how to use, maintain and store guns and over the years am even becoming a tolerable shot, my personal firearm would be more likely to help than to hurt me. But guns, or any weapons, by the very fact of what Plato would call their "virtue"—their function, their raison d-être, the thing they do best—increase the likelihood of killing even without intent. "Everybody carried guns and pistols constantly," recalls the pioneer woman, Lily Klasner, whom I've already quoted (did I mention that her father was gunned down?), "and as there was always more or less handling of them, often in a very careless way, it was natural that these should be frequently discharged accidentally."[62] We see a photograph of French soldiers in a muddy trench, cleaning their Saint-Étienne machine gun, stripping it down to its complex parts, employing their box of *petits utensiles* with all due diligence to make certain that it gleams more than they do[63]—because these mechanics need their lethal tool. For the sake of self-defense they'd better keep it ready to spray death across the horizon. Their enemies do the same. And so the Saint-Étiennes await events in trenches and shell-holes from Switzerland all the way to the Atlantic. Accordingly, "it was natural that these should frequently be discharged accidentally," or at least discharged without a great deal of personal knowledge of the men from the opposing trench who approached at a run. The intent is to survive *their* guns. That means cutting them down. The more guns, the more deaths. We see a mass grave in a ravine of naked earth stubbled by scorched tree-stumps. They lie in sort of pavement, those war-slain men, with their boots against the wall of dirt soon to cover them. This is the Eparges front, 1915, where to be missing usually meant to be dead, "prisoners being much more rare than in Argonne."[64] If we replace guns



Wanted poster for Lincoln's assassins

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

by nuclear bombs, the danger of this reactive conception looms fierce and naked; one psycho-political text insists that *"the American preoccupation with national security began with our own atomic bomb,"*[65] which came into being out of fear of Hitler's prospective atomic bomb, just as my desire to buy and retain guns is (partly) based on the guns of others.[66] The consequences of misusing atom bombs are even more tremendous than those of abusing Saint-Étiennes, but for just that reason (thinks the statesman-strategist), how can I give up mine first?

THE RAINBOW OF LE CHAMBON

My carrying the .45 when I went to the park with the Asian woman was the result of an easier calculus than that of Yugoslavia, there being no war civil or uncivil in my neighborhood. (A) Insofar as it increased my self-respect and self-confidence, insofar as it allowed me to protect the Asian woman, what I was doing that night was moral. (Indeed, as one medieval writer insisted, "if you should see your most dear mother or your wife misused in your presence, and not aid if you were able, you would be cruel and incur the opprobrium of worthlessness and impiety."[67] Recently I had in fact seen her misused by a double carload of teenagers of another color who yelled profanities about her gook eyes and her gook language; I leaped out of the car and yelled back at them to stop, but definitely lost that argument; the medieval scribbler was correct: I found it inexpressibly painful to stand helpless when she was being insulted.) (B) Insofar as I was breaking the law, on the other hand, my carrying the .45 was immoral.[68]

But these descriptors ignore the fundamental one. Writing about the French village of Le Chambon, whose people saved thousands of Jews from the Nazis, Philip Hallie addresses the distinction between being one of many soldiers and being one of many nonviolent civilians:

> I had been a combat artilleryman in the European theater and I knew that decent killers like me had done more to prevent the mass murders from continuing than this pacifist mountain village had done. And so I found myself wavering between praising military valor above all and praising moral valor above all. I could easily make these two points of view consistent with each other (one was a "public" perspective and the other was a "personal" perspective, etc., but the questions that kept gnawing at me were: Where does your heart lie? ... Who, in short, or what, are you?[69]

This was the question which some anti-nuclear activists kept asking themselves at Seabrook. I quote from the unpublished account which I wrote a couple of weeks later:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> As everyone helped assemble the wire-cutters, ropes, goggles, gas masks, helmets and other [items] which, it was hoped, would allow entry onto the site in the face of police resistance, there seemed to be a tension in the group born as much from the ambiguity of what was happening as from the fear of arrest or injury. The arranging and packing up of equipment, the businesslike preparations of the medics, seemed like activities preceding some commando mission, something different—and yet this action was to be non-violent. We felt this oddness everywhere: in the decorated helmets, the fingers inserted behind a friend's gas mask to see if it was properly adjusted, and the nervous faces exchanging looks, breaking into laughter as they met each other's gaze and then resuming their seriousness.[70]

Hallie learns where his heart lies when a lady whose children were saved at Le Chambon tells him that Holocaust was a storm and Le Chambon the rainbow.

> Ever since the woman from Minneapolis witnessed to that hope, I realized that for me too the little story of Le Chambon is grander and more beautiful than the bloody war which stopped Hitler. I do not regret fighting in that war—Hitler had to be stopped, and he had to be stopped by killing many people. The war was necessary. But my memories of it give me only a sullied joy because in the course of the three major battles I participated in, I saw the detached arms and legs and heads of young men lying on blood-stained snow.[71]

The story of Le Chambon gives me an unsullied joy. Why?

Anybody who does not feel a sullied joy in committing violence for even the most righteous reason is probably a sadist or an inhuman aesthetician.[72] Unsullied joy cannot but be the rainbow, the end, the Good, which is why when I first began to read Gandhi's *Satyagraha,* a feeling of intense excitement struck me, and a giddy sense of hope. Here at last, I thought, was a revolutionary without hatred, a man of Christlike integrity who had not only the will to change his society for the better but also a practical program for doing so. The idea of explicitly taking upon oneself the suffering inflicted by an oppressive order, or performing a sort of aikido through which all the damage would be inflicted by the opponent upon oneself, in order that that damage be *used* to touch that opponent's humanity, thrilled me. How bold, loving, rational and good! And yet, as Hallie is honest enough to admit, violence may sometimes be necessary. The limitation (which the anti-nuclear activists at Seabrook had tacitly banked on) is this: there does have to be that humanity in the opponent to start with.[73] Otherwise, he'll merely laugh and redouble his slaughter. Consider the message that Gandhi had for the Jews in Nazi Germany after *Kristallnacht:*

> If I were a Jew and were born in Germany and earned my livelihood there, I would claim Germany as my home even as the tallest gentile German may, and challenge

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> him to shoot me or cast me into the dungeon... If one Jew or all the Jews were to accept the prescription here offered, he or they cannot be worse off than now. And suffering voluntarily undergone will bring them an inner strength and joy which no number of resolutions of sympathy ... can... The calculated violence of Hitler may even result in a general massacre of the Jews... But if the Jewish mind could be prepared for voluntary suffering, even the massacre I have imagined could be turned into a day of thanksgiving and joy that Jehovah had wrought deliverance of the race even at the hands of the tyrant.[74]

What might Hitler's reply have been? "They're ready to suffer voluntarily? Good! Send more boxcars to the Umschlagplatz!"[75]

"THE STABILITY WHICH CAN ONLY REST IN A FANATICAL OUTLOOK"

No doubt Gandhi would have been the first to report to the boxcars if he could (he wrote two letters to Hitler offering to serve him in the cause of peace, neither of which India's British government permitted to be sent). Frail and joyous on the path to the gas chambers he would have gone, that strange, round-headed, toothless little man with full-moon spectacles and full-moon ears, so willing to admit error, so excellent in his aspirations, so removed from his or any other time. He would have offered up his life as a sacrifice for *all* people, including the Jews; and that would have infuriated many of the Warsaw Ghetto fighters who wanted to die with violent dignity. It was for equivalent reasons that he would never be able to get on with Mr. Jinnah, the head of the Muslim League and eventual founder of Pakistan. Gandhi longed to represent everyone in India, and claimed to; Jinnah's cold reply was that Gandhi represented only Hindus. Partition would go ahead. —Gandhi, weary and almost desperate, cried that this was poison, not Islam.[76] Nonviolence being usually as much (or more) a performance for others as it is a form of discipline for oneself,[77] what can the moral actor do if the audience cries out, "No, we reject your drama and your gift; you do *not* stand for us!"?[78] Christ's well-known solution was, firstly, to move on to another town and preach anew, and secondly, to suffer crucifixion. Gandhi suffered various crucifixions, too, including spells of imprisonment and finally assassination, but as a politician, a nationalist and a reasonably sincere self-improver he could not walk away from the rejecters: India was his only town; he had nowhere else to go. With Jinnah he ultimately failed, but his other opponent, the British Empire, he bested. Here is a photograph of him representing the Indian National Congress in London in 1931.[79] Beneath the chandelier is a long rectangular perimeter of table, upon which folded



Gandhi (1931)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

name-cards and carafes of water have been strategically placed. The great men gaze at the camera. The ones nearest have half turned themselves around in their chairs (a bit out of focus; what we mainly see of them is their uncomfortably positioned shoulders; they endeavor to appear serious, bland and pleasant. The rest have much the same expression. They are being very patient.) Here's a man caught in mid-applause, as it seems—unless he's just clasping his hands and looking wise: Come on, men, let's put on a good show! And in the midst of all these dark-suited ones rests Gandhi, wrapped in a blanket, gazing down and away. His formula of challenge, self-sacrifice and deliverance exasperates and blocks them. He is winning—not here, not right away, but their morals and their policies forbid them to liquidate him; and ultimately India will be freed. —Will the credit be all his? Of course not, but at times he will be pivotal. —He is the man of the mantra; they are the men of the blood-stained snow. We cannot necessarily call them bad men, although some were, and although their India policy humiliated and exploited India; they were simply the practical men of English power politics. Hitler stripped away the wealth of conquered territories; the British did that, to a degree, but they also built, and a free India inherited that infrastructure. On one of the occasions when they jailed Gandhi in India, and needed to negotiate, they actually commissioned a special train to bring Nehru and his father out of their prison cell to met him. Gandhi's biographer writes:

> It was an amazing demonstration of the nature of the raj that it was prepared to co-operate with its own prisoners in this way for the sake of political co-operation with their self-professed opponents... As is so often and rightly pointed out, Gandhi's role and achievements would have been very different had he confronted a different type of imperialism.[80]

This is putting it kindly. When one reads about Gandhi busily calling upon the Czechs to meet Hitler with satyagraha, and upon the English to do the same, one is forced to say that here non-violence (which Hitler, ever charitable to his opponents, would have called "spineless submission")[81] has met its match.

What precisely *was* the difference between the imperialism of the raj and of the Reich? According to that expert in the employment of extreme violence, Hitler again, the former type could be characterized by vacillation:

> The very first requirement for a mode of struggle with the weapons of naked force is and remains persistence... as soon as force wavers and alternates with forbearance, not only will the doctrine to be repressed recover again and again, but it will also be in a position to draw new benefit from every persecution, since, after such a wave of pressure has ebbed away, indignation over the suffering induced leads new supporters to the old doctrine, while the old ones will cling to it with even greater defiance and deeper hatred than before.[82]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

This was the secret of Gandhi's success, as it would be of Martin Luther King's[83]—although what Hitler insisted was defiance and hatred was sometimes noble steadfastness. Those British negotiators with their carafes, name-cards and special trains, like the television-conscious American presidency of the 1960s, were mere alternators, hence ultimately forbearers: non-violence counted on that. Hitler's solution: unremitting mercilessness, armored by rigid plates of ideology to guard it against any counter-ideology of the Other: "Any violence which does not spring from a firm, spiritual base, will be wavering and uncertain. It lacks the stability which can only rest in a fanatical outlook."[84] And the result? Well, cities burned, of course, and whole armies exterminated. That we know. And we also know the toll paid by people who either foreswore violence or else were incapable of it: children gassed, hostages shot, women burned alive in trenches, Jehovah's Witnesses sent to concentration camps...



Gandhi with Lord and Lady Montbatten

But Gandhi would never agree that this meant that nonviolence had failed. Nor would he approve of my conflation of the foreswearers and the incapables. In Jehovah's Witnesses publications written after the Third Reich, the experiences of that sect in the camps now prove their unswerving glory. Maybe for some of them those times became indeed, at least in retrospect, "a day of thanksgiving and joy." They were potent. "I have become disconsolate," Gandhi had admitted at the beginning of the Second World War. "In the secret of my heart I am in perpetual quarrel with God that He should allow such things to go on... But the answer comes at the end of the daily quarrel that neither God nor non-violence is impotent. Impotence is in men."[85]

The Superiority of Nonviolence

Gandhi's moral calculus (1920-46)

1. "It is better to die helpless and unarmed and as victims rather than as tyrants."
2. "The purer the suffering, the greater is the progress."
3. "It may be that in the transition state we may make mistakes; there may be avoidable suffering. These things are preferable to national emasculation."
4. "We must refuse to wait for the wrong to be righted till the wrong-doer has been roused to a sense of his iniquity."
5. "One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results."

Source: Young India, May 12, 1920; Harijan, March 17, 1946.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

"Impotence is in men." This is precisely my objection, at least in regard to myself. What about the gassed children? Gandhi's "suffering voluntarily undergone" surely ought be read as "suffering for the sake of something." The famed Golden Rule, *Do unto others as you would be done by,* which is the rule of satyagraha, is practical in extreme situations only for martyrs. What if someone does not have the aptitude to be a martyr? I first got an inkling of my own deficiency in this regard when, as a child thoroughly propagandized by Sunday school, I met with my usual committee of bullies and was punched in the face. I decided to literally turn the other cheek.[87] Now, nowhere did Christ ever promise that so doing would spare one from further violence;[88] and my memory is not clear enough for me to say after so many years whether I expected such an outcome; I think my motives were evenly divided between those of a scientist testing a hypothesis and those of a young boy who wanted to believe in adults and goodness. The Sunday school teacher had assured us, perhaps too upliftingly, that turning the other cheek was the way. I, of course, immediately got punched again, this time in the nose, which began to bleed. I turned the other cheek. Another punch. I forget how many punches there were after that. "Spineless submission," Hitler had said. And Sade: *"My neighbor is nothing to me: there is not the slightest connection between him and me."*[89] I wanted to be noble and loving, and maybe I was; maybe I should have continued as I began that day, instead of growing up to buy guns. Finally, satiated, the bullies let me go. The reason why as I trudged along home I felt a certain dissatisfaction with the Golden Rule was that the blows I'd received had not really been for any cause or reason. The martyrs one reads about are always turning the other cheek to prove their faith. I did not have enough faith, nor was I being punished for any faith. The bullies went to the same church that I did. Their punches afforded them a certain joy. By making it easier for them to punch me I had become an unwitting accomplice in their sadism. In fact, I am convinced that I made it easier for them to do what they did. It never occurred to me to hit them back, but I did start avoiding the bullies (which is the coward's method of nonviolence).[90] That veteran of snowball fights, that murderer and Golden Rule invoker, Captain John Brown, would surely have defended himself with fists and stones, without regarding himself as being in the least unchristian. A Gandhian, on the other hand, would have let them do their worst until other likeminded souls had become inspired and lined up to be punched in their turn. I know my home town, and I don't believe that anyone else would have come. Well, no matter; "one must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results." I am not saying that Gandhi was wrong; I honestly don't know. Probably it would not have been good for me, at least at that time of my life (maybe it would be a good thing now), to offer myself as their punching-bag every Sunday. It would not have developed in me any strength or self-respect. It only would have made me feel even more foolish and worthless than I already did.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Becoming Steel

The moral calculus of Trinh Duc, Vietnamese Revolutionary, (1954-64)[91]

> "When I was young I witnessed a great deal of injustice ... but that hatred wasn't ingrained in me. Later I saw how people I loved were brutally tortured, and I had more hatred. Since I had been in prison that kind of thing had been happening to me personally for many, many years... I felt as if I had become like hardened steel... I was more than capable of doing the same things to my enemies that they were doing to me ... and worse."

Judged by Gandhi's moral calculus, I had two failings: my suffering was not pure, and I wanted results. *Do unto others as you would that others do unto you* is not at all equivalent with what we might as well call the Fool's Gold Maxim: *Do unto others as you hope and expect that others will do unto you.* The famous muckraker and do-gooder Lincoln Steffens learned that distinction in 1911 when as part of his experiment in applying the Golden Rule to labor mediation he persuaded two union bombers to plead guilty. Steffens had fondly believed that there would be a quid pro quo: lenient sentences for the bombers. One got life, and the other got fifteen years at hard labor. After that, he was scornfully known as "Golden Rule" Steffens.[92] As Machiavelli wrote with his customary bluntness, "From among other evils which being unarmed brings you, it causes you to be despised... there is nothing proportionate between the armed and the unarmed."[93] I myself followed not the Fool's Gold Maxim, but the Golden Rule, but I did so without understanding the implications. I was a child, vulnerable to others' impressions of me, and I had almost no friends. If the violence is purely opportunistic, has no intellectual expedient or ideological basis, then, it seems to me, non-resistance is meaningless, unless the moral commitment of the non-resister makes up for the lack of moral commitment of the assailant.[94]

In short, satyagraha is correct only if the sacrifice is *for* something, and only if the oppressor will eventually be moved to cease his aggression should the sacrifice become of sufficient magnitude. If one or both of these conditions remains unmet, then counter-violence is justified.[95]

EMOTIONAL ATTACHMENTS, OR THE PURSUIT OF SULLIED JOY

A few months after that foggy night in the park with the Asian woman, her dog and my .45, there was an article in the paper about a lady who barely escaped being raped in broad daylight in the parking lot of a nearby restaurant which the Asian woman and I often went to, and I didn't say anything about it but the Asian woman saw it and was a little shaken up. That evening she went out with the dog. It was a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hot bright evening. She had been feeling unwell for the past day or two, and as I watched her go she seemed slow, tiny, awkward, weak—a victim. The excited golden retriever snapped up the leash, pulled her around the corner, and then she was gone. I sat working upstairs and a long time passed and it grew dark. I thought of satyagraha and I asked myself whether her rape or murder would serve any purpose, and I was not able to see that it would—because *she* quite reasonably did not want to be raped or murdered! I asked myself whether there would be any fewer rapes and murders in Sacramento if somebody preyed upon her, and failed to be convinced that there would. If anything, there might be more. Satyagraha is the best means of self-defense, insisted Gandhi, who was sometimes more radical than Buddha himself;[96] but it now became clear to me that satyagraha ought to be undertaken and followed to the end only by somebody who has renounced all attachments. (How strange, that extreme nonviolence agrees with extreme violence in this! "The revolutionary is a doomed man," writes the infamous terrorist Sergey Nechaev, and we can imagine Gandhi nodding in agreement. "He has no interests of his own, no affairs, no feelings, no attachments, no belongings, not even a name."[97] The difference, of course, is this: Gandhi would be proud of the Asian woman, and joyous, if she chose willingly to sacrifice herself to the thugs; if not, he'd happily sacrifice himself for her. Nechaev would indifferently kill her himself, should that advance his ends.) As for me, I had no right to ask her not to defend herself, nor any right not to defend her—nor any desire for either such negation.

There was the .45 on my desk. I seemed to have it near me more and more these days. In one out of every two households in America there lay at least one gun like mine, maybe a smaller one like my 9 millimeter Sig Sauer, maybe a larger one like my .50 caliber Desert Eagle, but still a gun.[98] I had a gun, I was not alone in having a gun, and right then I did not feel comforted. (Gandhi commented on that phenomenon, too.) The ugliest thing about daily anxieties is that they keep recurring. Rosary beads break. One can be brave one time, and the next, and maybe the next, but sooner or later, I suppose, something will happen for which one is simply not ready. As I said, she was not well. The black boys with bottles had unnerved me; the white woman in San Francisco who called her "fish-breath" when she wanted to use the pay phone merely made me angry; the blocked intersection (not far from our neighborhood) with the police cars and the yellow crime scene tape made me nervous, but my rosary beads had not broken yet. After all, if you break what can you do? What right had I to even think about breaking? These were the ordinary annoyances and hazards of life.[99] The books that I read and the things that I saw while writing this book affected me more than I wanted them to. I wanted to become deader inside, so that the smell of skulls in Cambodia or the hungry woman with the long knife who crouched in the stairwell in Madagascar (she was merely posing for my camera that time, but her pose demonstrated what she did for a living) would not return together as kinesthetic echoes. Near the end of the twenty years that I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



U.S. government message promoting fallout shelters (1959)

spent writing this book, I began to suffer frequent nightmares of violence. I saw an evil ape with a pistol ascending to a judge's bench. (This was ridiculous, but it terrified me. I had that dream while writing about Stalin.) I was trapped in a burning plummeting airplane which had just been hit by a missile. Someone had tortured the Asian woman to death. People had moved into the house, stolen my guns and unmasked themselves as my ideological judges and executioners. I was hiding in a mass grave, the sole survivor, waiting for the murderers to discover me. I was released on bail, but would have to return for my execution in thirty days. I was lured into my basement (I have not lived in a house with a basement for years), but found only darkness and fear down there. Ascending the stairs, I saw a man with a knife in his hand, plotting to kill me. I shot him and threw him into the basement. Then I fled, knowing that I'd soon be arrested for murder. In those dreams I was always running.[100] They were not normal sights that I'd seen—or were they all too normal?—and these were not normal thoughts, and I knew this and sought to dampen the vibrations of my paranoia, but it had been dark a long time now and the Asian woman was not home. Well, of course, such thoughts might have seemed quite normal to Bernal Díaz, one of Cortes's sixteenth-century *conquistadors,* who until the end of his life could not sleep securely unless he was in his clothes, and even then he but catnapped. "I am so used to it that, thank God, it does me no harm. I have said all this so that my readers shall know ... how accustomed we became to our arms and to keeping watch."[101] It was seeing his comrades get captured and sacrificed by the Aztecs that had taught him how to fear; after that, he was always a little strange. A woman I know well, who barely survived an arson fire, slept in her clothes for years after the event. She said to me that even when she lay down to make love she couldn't forget how she'd almost died in her bed, so she couldn't relax, couldn't have an orgasm. A decade or so went by, and she finally overcame this problem, but continued to be rootless, moving from house to house, not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

finishing projects, restlessly packing and unpacking. The Asian woman had not returned. It was dark outside. Ilya Ehrenburg's vicious aphorism boomeranged back to me: Any journalist who reports a war objectively should be shot.[102] I did not feel in the least objective. If anyone tried to hurt her, I would gladly kill that person if necessary to help her. Many times I'd discussed such imaginings with my friend Ben in San Francisco, who also had them, and considered them baneful; they alighted in his mind like dark moths; he believed (as I occasionally do) that to prepare for evil overmuch invites evil—and yet in Bosnia my two colleagues had chuckled at me goodhumoredly for wearing my bulletproof vest on that hot quite warless day; they died and I lived. A Gandhian, perhaps, would have died smiling gratefully, confident that his unprovoked murder would somehow do its mite to reduce violence. My colleagues died anguished, terrified. Epictetus scorned to fear for his body, and declaimed:

> If, then, a man has the same opinion about his property as the man whom I have instanced has about his body; and also about his children and his wife, and in a word is so affected by some madness or despair that he cares not whether he possesses them or not, but like children who are playing with shells care about the play, but do not trouble themselves about the shells, so he too has set no value on the materials, but values the pleasure that he has with them and the occupation, what tyrant is then formidable to him or what guards or what swords?[103]

I had once been that way; I'd been alone. But the freedom of which he speaks carries a high price: not only loneliness, but also a certain egotism, carelessness about others, an ideological indifference bordering on disrespect toward others who love one and who trust themselves to one's care. Because the Asian woman would never read or agree with Epictetus, I did not feel that I had the right to treat her as a seashell. I did not want her to be dying in some dark place screaming uncomprehendingly for me (or just screaming). And she was late. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the .45 lying heavy and black upon the work table, shining, on safe but loaded and chambered with Golden Sabre cartridges, whose jackets are slit so that when lead strikes flesh those scorings will tear into flanges destabilizing outward into claws which twist and grab and maim as the bullet shears whirling through the growing wound—after all, self-defense is not a sporting matter—Golden Sabre, they said, was even more effective than Black Talon, whose sale was now banned to civilians since a murderous idiot had misused them on the Long Island subway; my gun was well loaded, but it lay here with me, not with her, so it was useless. If it had been in her purse it would still have done her no good, because she feared guns and was ignorant of their use. On the other hand, I knew the general route she took with the dog. If she hadn't returned in another hour, say, I'd slip the gun in the pocket of my light windbreaker and go out looking for her. If somebody was hurting her, I'd hurt him to stop him. What else could I do? I preferred sullied joy to impotent fear.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

1.
CONTINUUM OF THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS

A. Ragnar Benson, survivalist (1990)

> "Imagine a small army of police, armed to the teeth, pulling up in bulletproof cruisers. Confidently and arrogantly ... they deliver their ultimatum: surrender or be blasted to oblivion. Using his homemade dragon, the survivor silently proceeds to slime his attackers ... with unlit napalm... This use of the flamethrower is strictly defensive."[104]

B. *Handguns* magazine (1994)

> "You have every right to take the life of a violent and armed criminal who is bent on your murder and once you believe this is so, act! Use the absolute extreme of force, and continue to attack mercilessly until you are certain that the criminal is utterly incapable of carrying out his heinous plan."[105]

C. Shan State National Congress (1994)

> "The owning and bearing of arms is a tradition in the Shan State with which the British never interfered."[106]

D. United States constitution (1787)

> "A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed."[107]

E. Swiss constitution (1874)

> "This authorization will only be accorded to persons and enterprises which offer the necessary guarantees from the perspective of the national interest."[108]

F. United Nations study (1993)

> "The crucial policy question is, then, how much time may we allow ourselves to wait for more convincing research before we take any steps to curb gun ownership rates."[109]

G. Philadelphia police officer John Przepiorka (1995)

> "I don't believe citizens should be armed... These guns may

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be purchased by good law abiding citizens but all too often fall into the hands of criminals."[110]

H. Monsignor Richard Alpert, gang peacemaker in Jamaica (1997)

"I don't believe any man has the right to have a gun. Garrison communities have been armed by politicians. This is modern day slavery."[111]

I. Adin Ballou, "The Catechism of Non-Resistance" (late nineteenth century)

A Christian "cannot make use of weapons. He cannot resist one transgression by another."[112]

GENERAL WARNING ON THE CONTINUA IN THIS BOOK

The obvious caution comes to mind that one must never forget the distinctions between goal, means and result. The Khmer Rouge government, for instance, expressed a reasonable and even admirable goal: "The aim of our revolutionary struggle is to establish state power within the grasp of the worker-peasants, and to abolish all oppressive state power."[113] The means used to achieve that goal were horrible, resulting in the precise opposite of that goal, namely, an oppressive state power (or, perhaps more accurately, a constellation of oppressive local fiefdoms) brought to bear against the worker-peasants.

This is why the political scholar and anthologist Walter Laqueur remarks somewhat wearily that "one learns more about a terroristic group by looking at its victims than at its manifestoes."[114] However practical this point of view may be to a political strategist or even to a social historian, it is obviously less admissible to would-be ethicists such as ourselves. Hence the several continua in the first half of this book.

A good rule of thumb is that moderate statements may or may not be uttered by moderate people, depending on their honesty and accuracy, but extreme statements are almost certainly the property of extremists. In any event, the real-event contexts of the statements in this first continuum are less relevant for our purposes than the immediate meaning of the statements themselves. When we consider, for instance, the morality of the Ten Commandments to life, the ideas which they express far supersede in importance the history of their application, or (I should say) the customary lack thereof.

It is also important to remember that most good thinking is nuanced, and that by wrenching these excerpts out of context we simplify and distort. "No compromise in defense of Mother Earth," runs the motto of the radical ecodefense group Earth First!, but the slogan fails to inform us that Earth First!ers, ready to destroy property though they are, do compromise in that they avoid deliberate violence against human beings. Any pithy thesis (including any statement in my moral calculus) is suspect. From the principle that "heat rises" we might assume that Mount Everest is warmer than the steaming rice paddies of Thailand.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

GUNS IN THE USA

2000

Half the story about weapons is that they empower. These images portray guns as they were employed in America when this book was written: to put meat on the table, for sport hunting, for home security, recreation and ideology. (The Colombia portfolio, which immediately follows, will tell the other half of the story.) In my opinion, every use of guns in this American photo-essay, even including Mr. Wright's (p. 165), is arguably positive. Most of the people who read this book will be educated, "cosmopolitan" and probably urban. In the USA, there is a tremendous ideological split between city and country. Many of the crimes for which the American gun culture can be legitimately blamed take place in the metropolis. So it is no wonder that the majority of the people and organizations who would defang the Second Amendment of the U.S. Constitution dwell in cities. Rural voices rarely get heard. Accordingly, this portfolio begins with the frontier, and then moves to the metropolis, the common thread being protection. For a decidedly less celebratory view of guns in the USA, see the Columbine and Cambodian-American portfolios.

144. Berry picker in the tundra outside of Nome, Alaska. His pistol was insurance against grizzly attacks.

145. Sarah Kakaruk, with the gun which saved her life from a grizzly bear recently. It was her father's. The gun's case in her other hand is fashioned from sealskin. Teller, Alaska.

146. June Spencer, a woman of Eskimo-Irish mix, proudly standing by the trophy head of a ram she killed with a difficult shot. Nome, Alaska.

147. June and skinned beaver carcasses in her back yard. Her

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

white boyfriend Tom, who encouraged and guided her in her hunting, killed nine of them; she killed three.

148. June's refrigerator.

149. The Hughes family's back yard in Teller. The rifles were laid out at my request.

150. Mr. Kenny Hughes in his front yard with the pelt of a muskox he shot. Teller, Alaska.

151. The three Hughes children: Dora Mae the biathlon champion, with her brothers Gerald and Frosty.

152. Major John Abrant, retired, and his children, Hallie and Dean. The rifles which the children hold are their own. He had a large gun collection and very strong pro-gun views. After our meeting, he gave me a bag of delicious homemade caribou jerky. Nome.

153. Mr. Don Smith, hunter, standing in front of his house in Nome, Alaska. He left the National Rifle Association because it's "too strident."

154. Kellie Nelson: wife, mother and provider. Her rifle feeds her children. Townsend, Montana.

155. Young hunter, near Townsend, Montana.

156. Mr. High Tech, columnist for *The Trout Wrapper*, practicing the Second Amendment in Pony, Montana.

157. Mr. D.L. Erdmann, on duty at Rebel Arms, Houston, Texas.

158. Ian Shein, clerk at Red Star Collectors' Armoury (which is also called Red Star Military Museum and Sales), Los Angeles, California.

159. Mr. William Linne buys himself an air pistol at Rebel Arms, Houston, Texas.

160. Rangemaster Richard, Seattle, Washington.

161. Mr. Kwame Moore with his girl, LAX Firing Range, Los Angeles, California. He keeps a gun for self-defense.

162. Ms. Joretta Hernandez and friend at the LAX Firing Range, Los Angeles, California. Joretta told me, "I shoot since I'm in law enforcement."

163a. Craig and Patricia Graham, booksellers, in their house in Los Angeles, California. Craig's Christmas present from his family year after year is 500 rounds of ammunition.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

163b. Randi Michelle Lee introduces her girlfriend Bree to guns. Sacramento, California.

164a. Employees of the Los Angeles Gun Club: Mr. John Yato and Mr. Katsuya Tanabe.

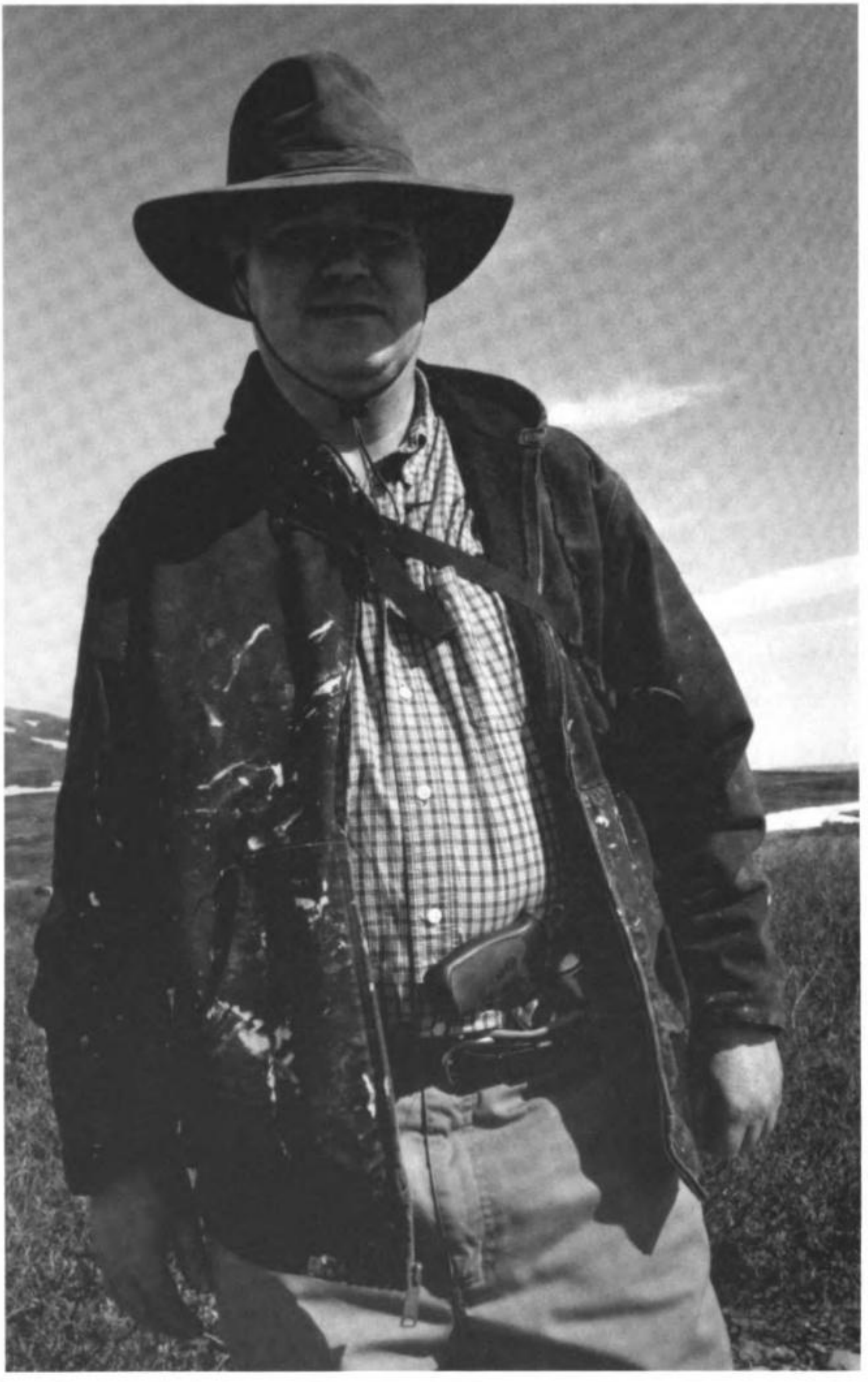
164b. Mr. Ralph E. Carter, concealed handgun instructor, in front of his home in Houston, Texas. Mr. Carter was an ardent constitutionalist and a very sweet man.

165a. Mr. John Wright in front of his property line in the hills near Townsend, Montana. Mr. Wright is a Freeman. He rejects many aspects of American government, including its Federal Reserve system and its power to tax the citizenry. He advocates white separatism with a Germanic flavor. Like Ralph Carter (p. 164), he sometimes (as in this photograph) practices concealed carry. He told me, "I am always armed." As far as I could tell, he was hurting no one, and he has as much of a right as anyone to protect his person and property.

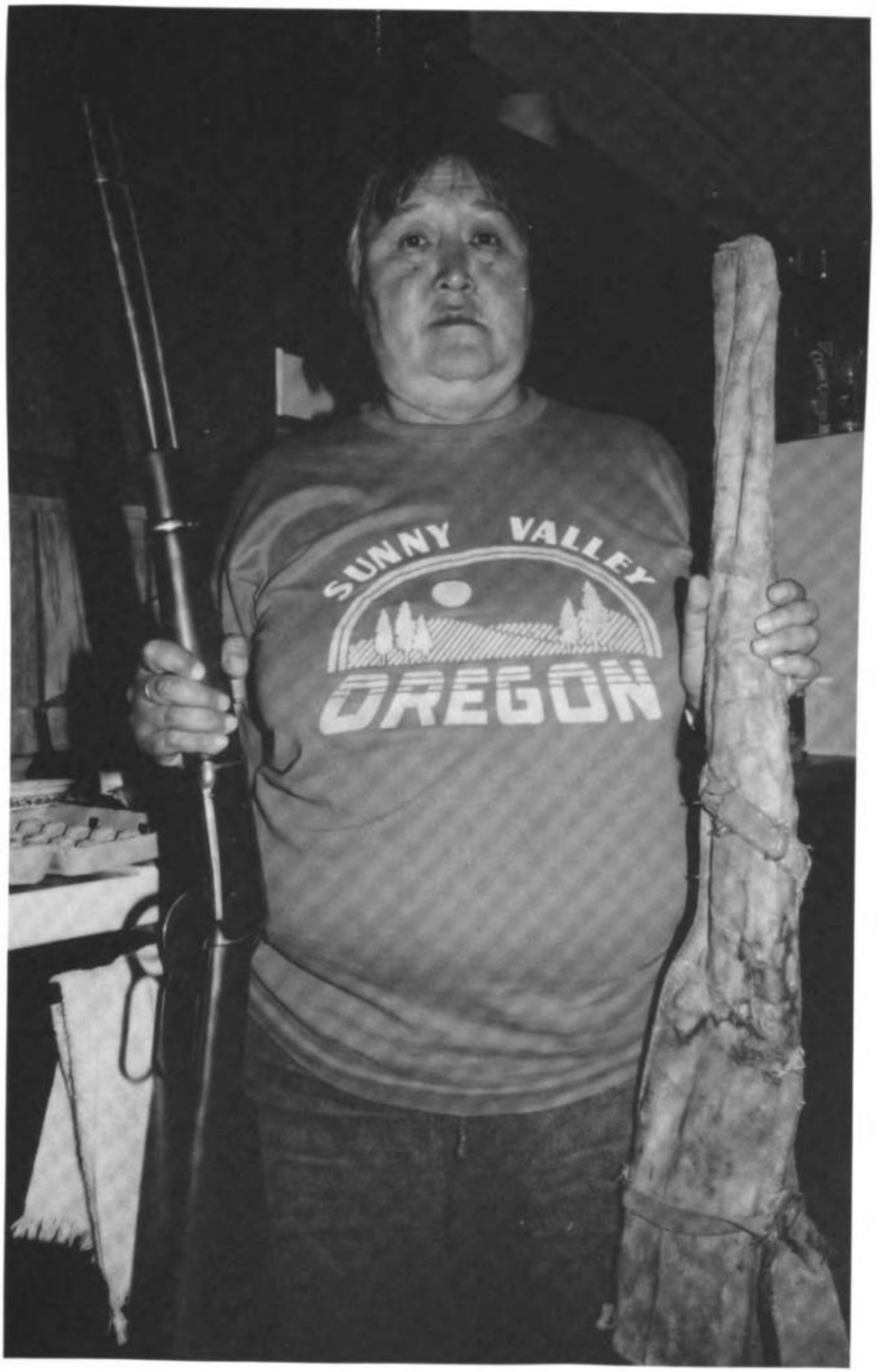
165b. Jews with guns. Mr. Dave Golden and other Jews with their Japanese wives (not all of whom have converted to Judaism) and their guns, in Dave's back yard, standing before the banner NEVER AGAIN, which refers to the Holocaust. In the kitchen was a poster reading ALL IN FAVOR OF GUN CONTROL RAISE YOUR RIGHT HAND beneath a depiction of Hitler extending his right arm in the Nazi salute. Dave is an enthusiastic NRA member.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



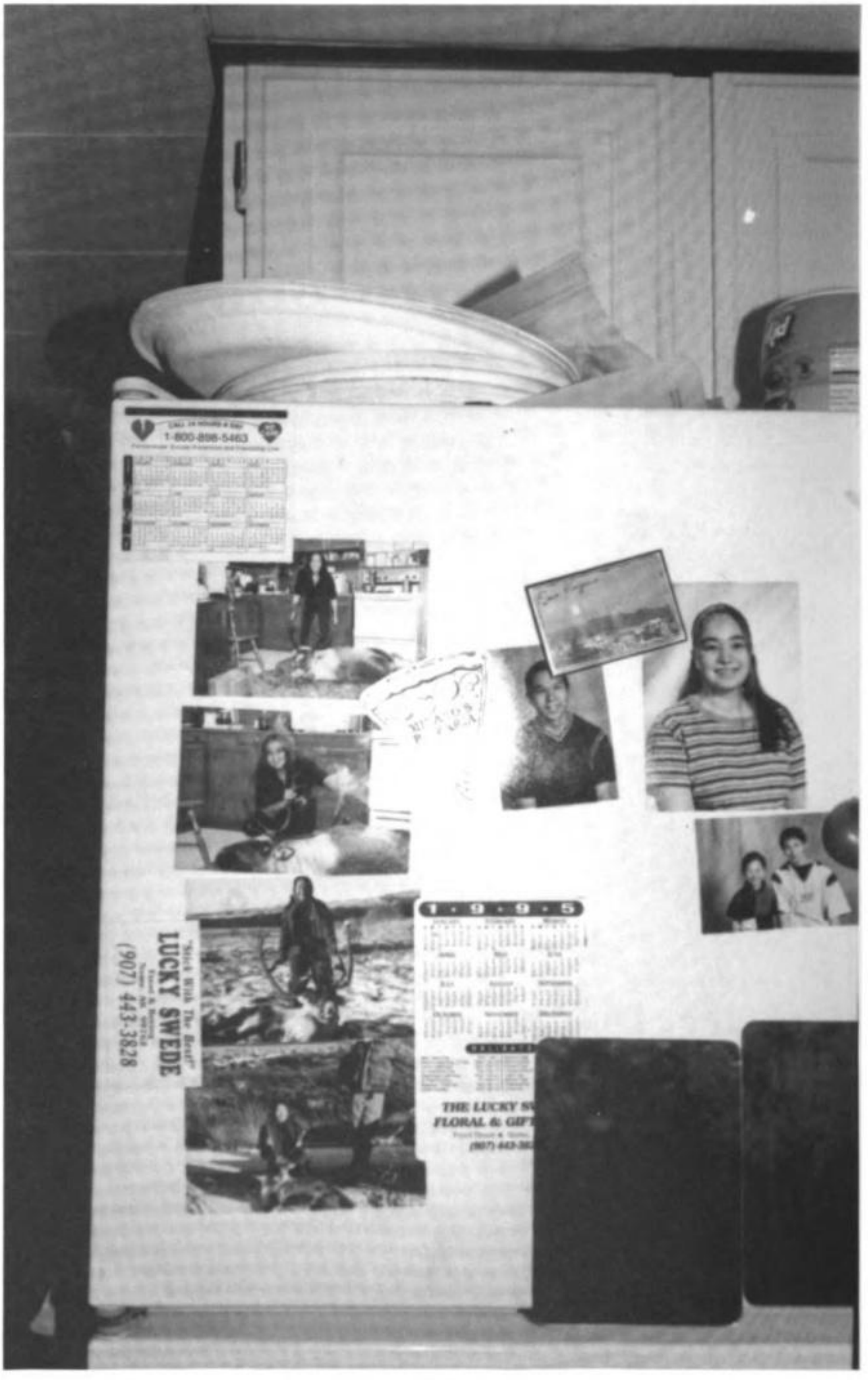
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

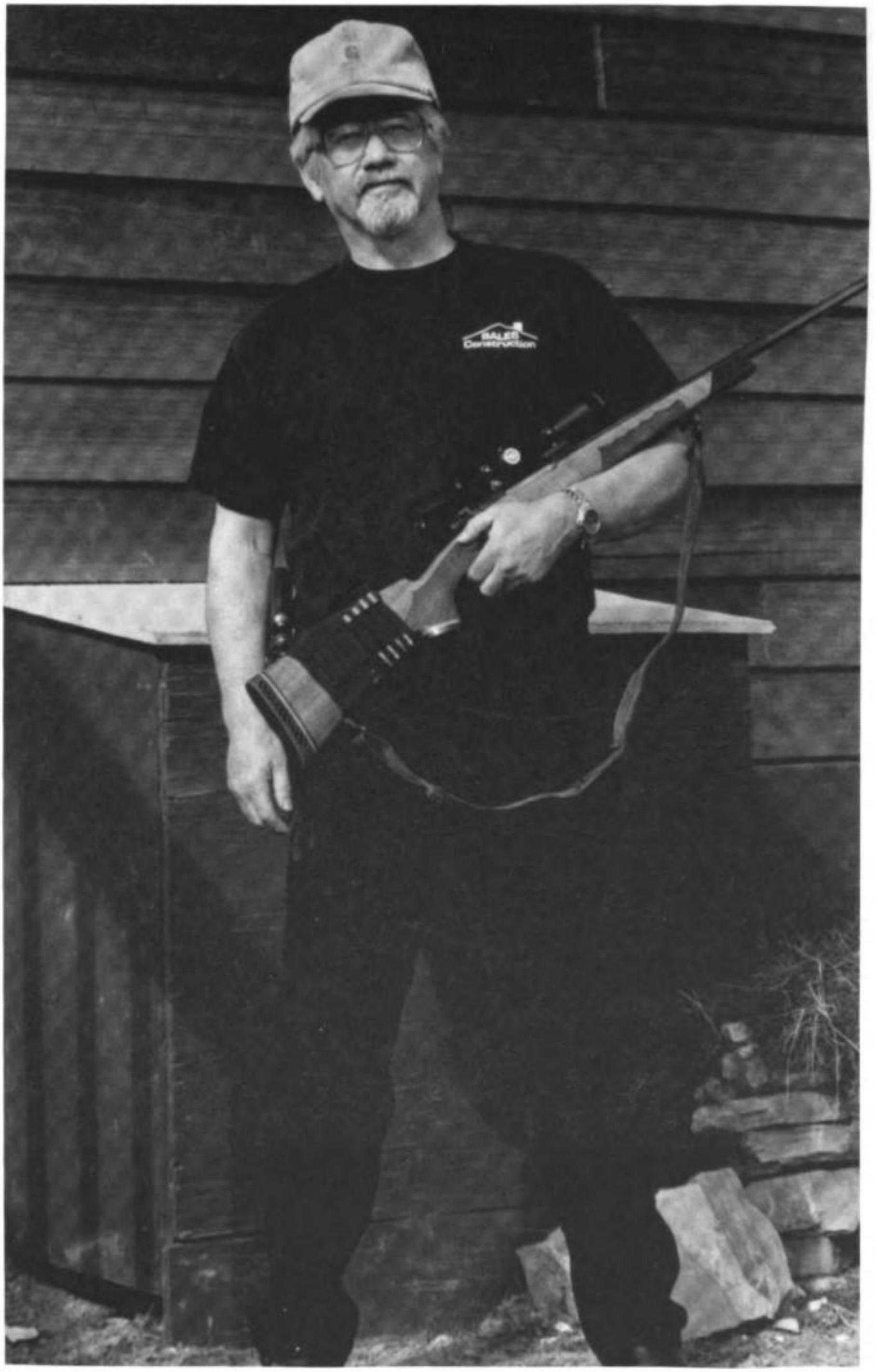
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



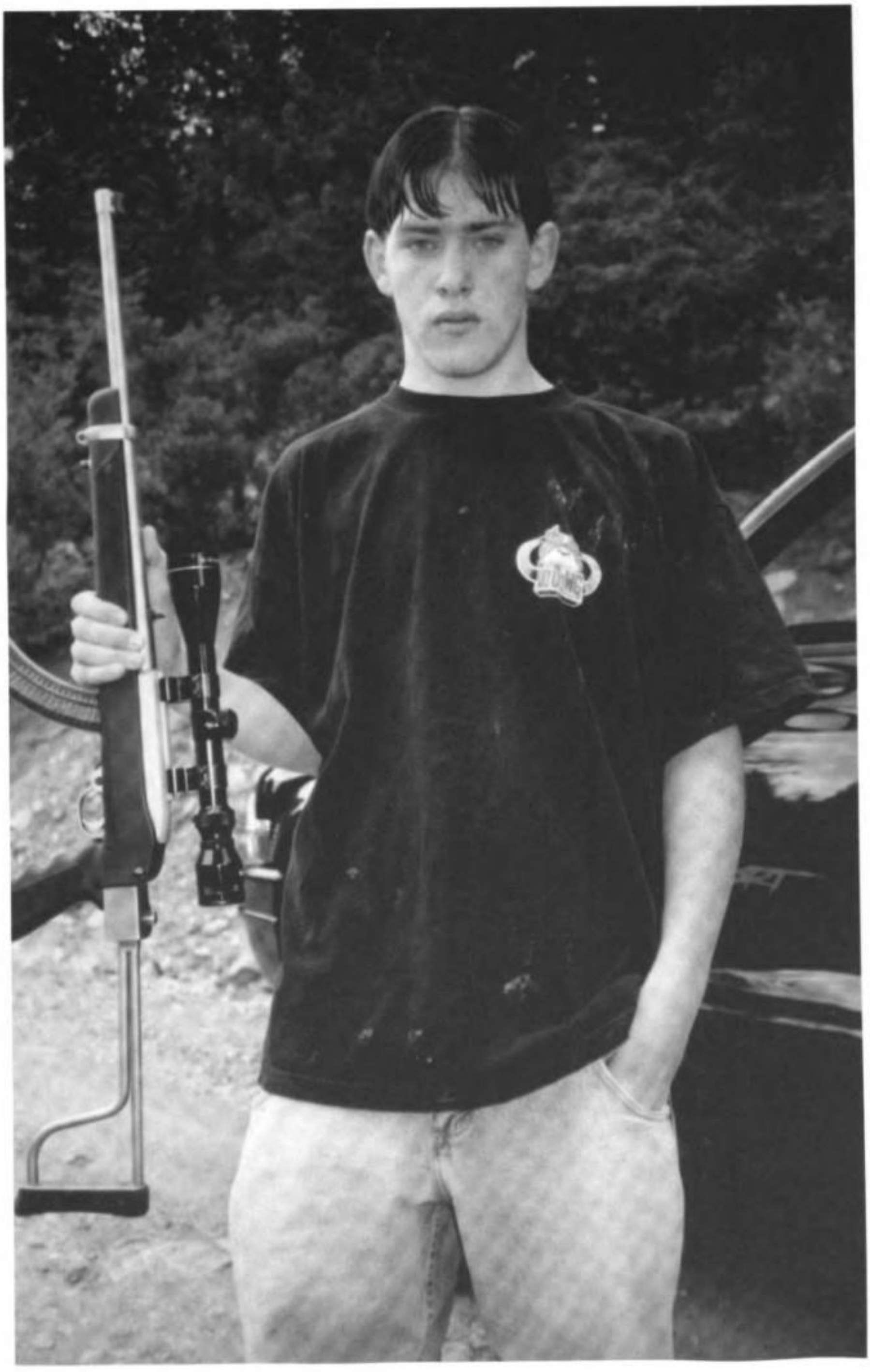
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



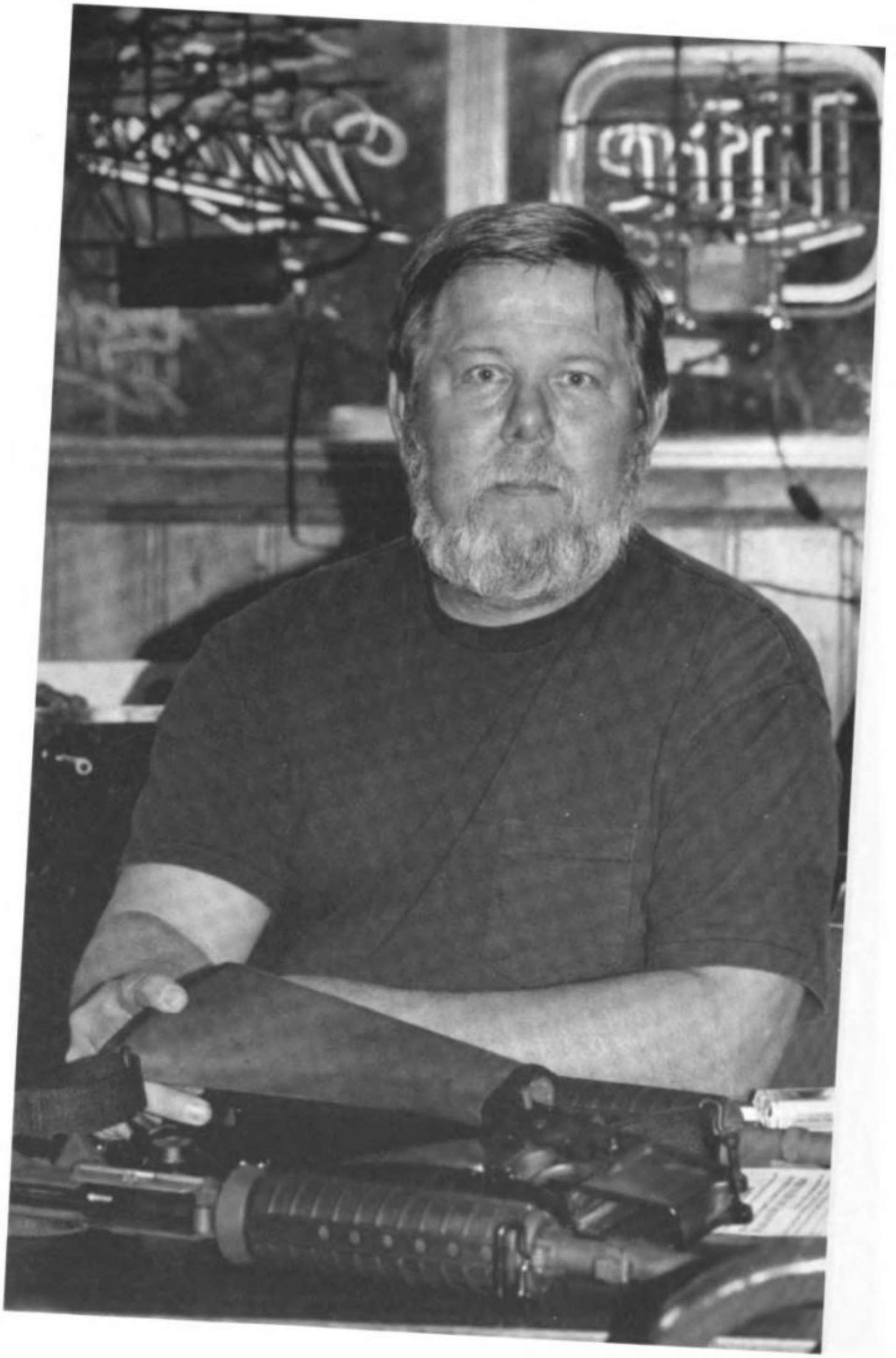
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

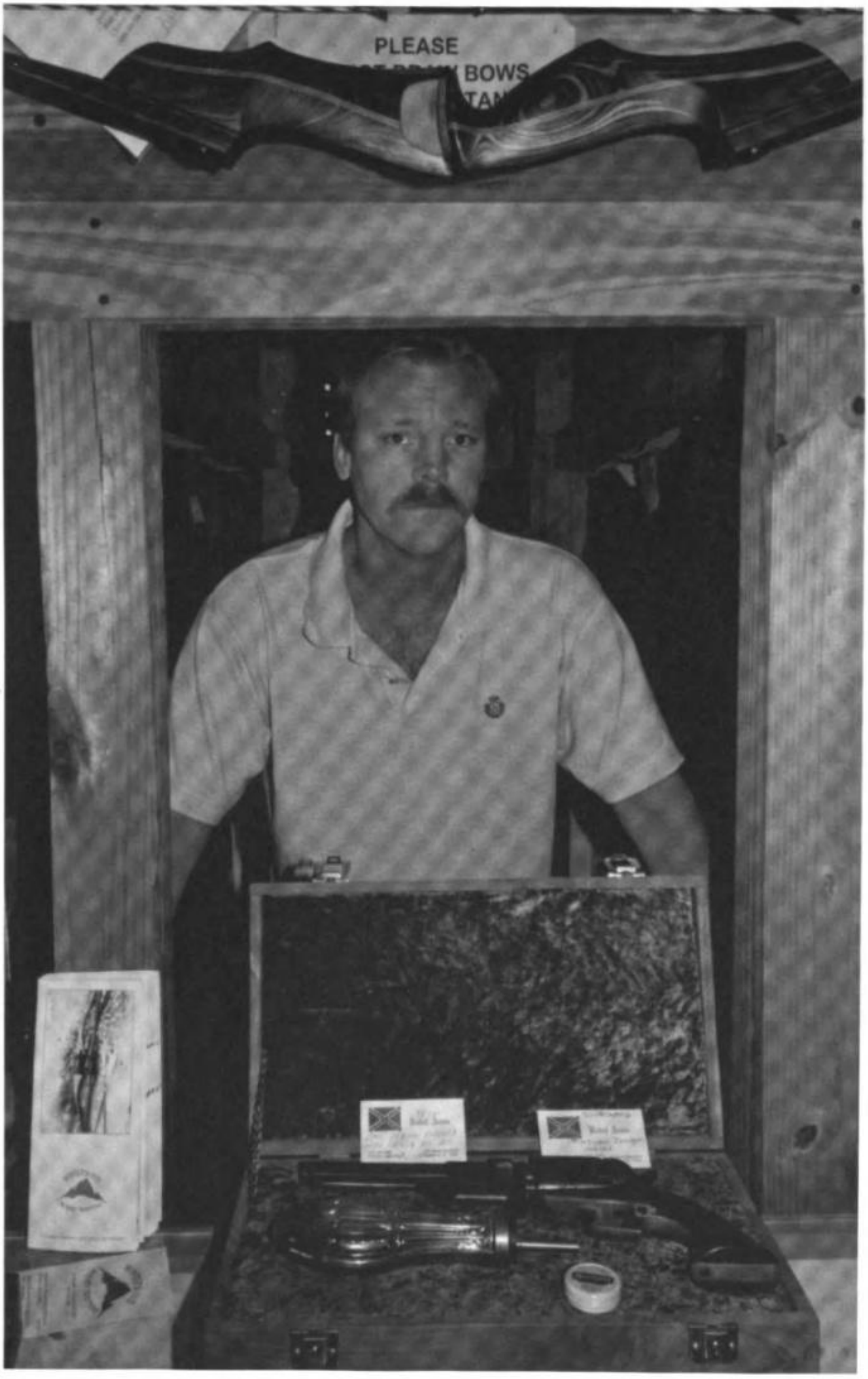


Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



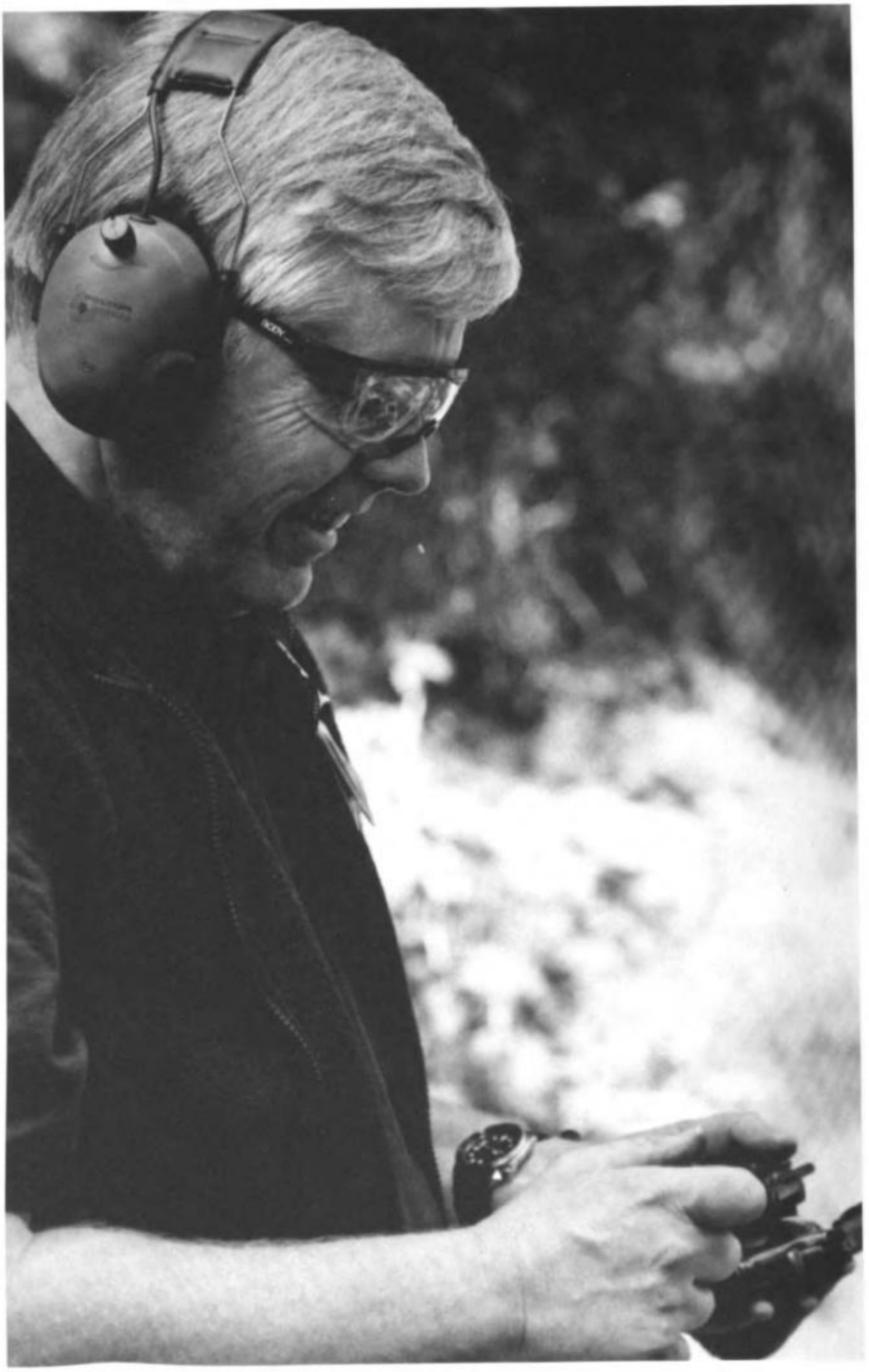
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



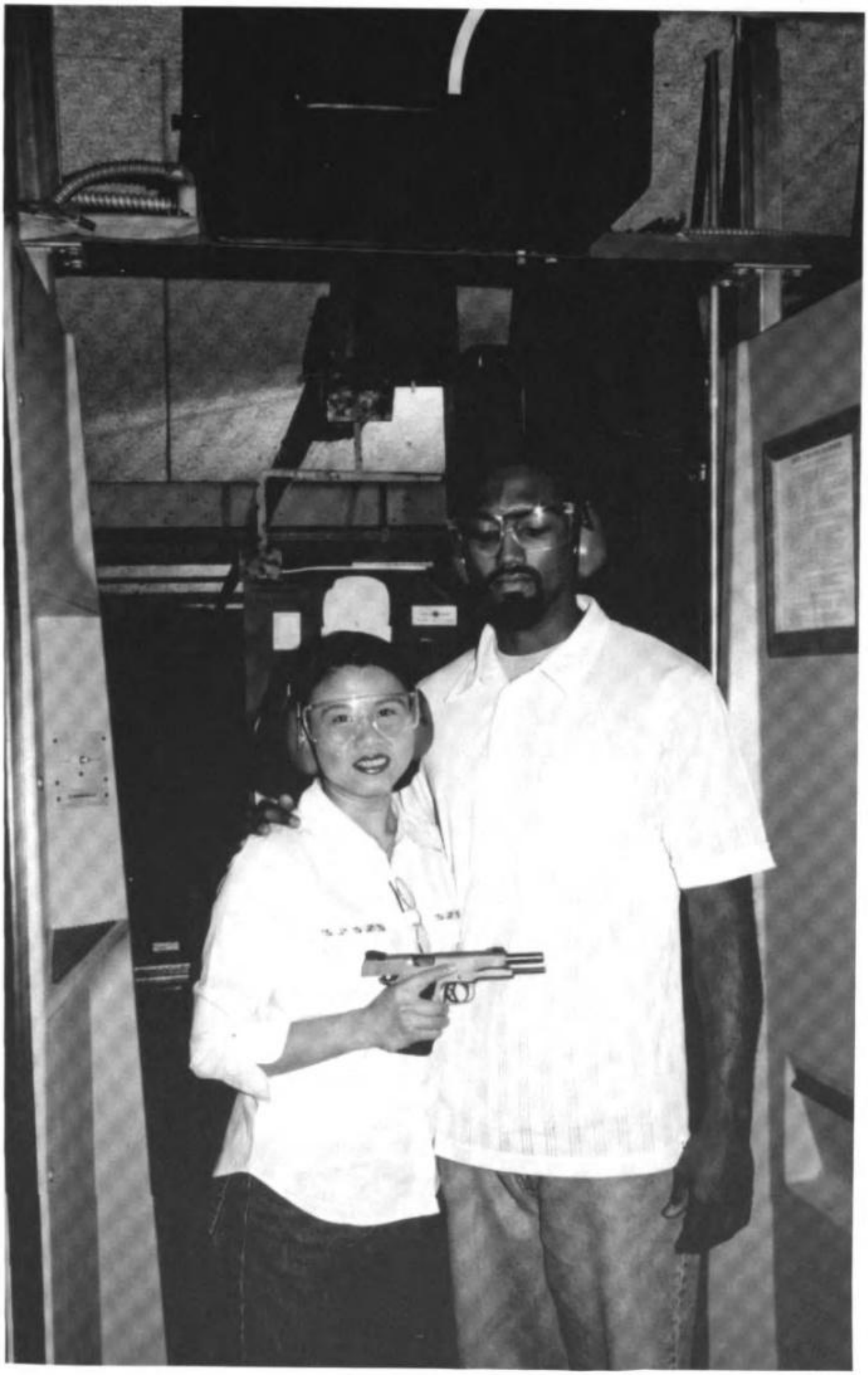
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WEAPONS AND GRIEF, WEAPONS AND FEAR

VIOLENCE IN COLUMBIA, 1999-2000

Weapons empower, to be sure—but at the cost of disempowering the weaponless. That is the other half of the story. Starry-eyed Americans sometimes refer to guns as "equalizers," but we can be equal in this regard only if we are all equally armed, ready and competent.

For half a century, Colombia has been corrupt with violence from the right and from the left, violence from conviction and from the cocaine trade's expediencies, violence from authority and from street thugs. Colombia is the country of the quintuple-locked door. Everybody I've met there knows someone who'd been kidnapped, usually by leftist organizations (FARC, ELN, EPL); the rightists, whose most infamous strike group is Carlos Castaño's AUC, prefer to murder. Colombians are so very warm; they have done a great deal for me; they make friends almost instantly; it is almost as if, in sheer self-defense against the menace which besieges them, they've build their homes into havens of kindness and affection. They're in this together; no one is safe.

171. Twice bereaved: A woman of Ciudad del Tunal, Bogotá, 1999. A few steps from her home, her husband was beaten and strangled. The police never even came to view his body. Six months and a few more steps later, her-ten-year-old daughter was killed by a random bullet during a strike. Every day when she goes out, this mother has to pass the bloodstain on the sidewalk. Here we see her holding up a photo of the girl in her coffin.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

172. A mother and daughter in the illegal shantytown of Nueva Esperanza, near Bogotá, 1999. That very day, the daughter had been chased home from school by neighborhood boys with knives, one of whom was only eight years old. The mother asked me: "What can I do when she goes to school tomorrow?" I had no answer.

173. A shoe factory owner and his wife in their home in Bogotá, 1999. Thieves cut a hole through the roof at night and took all machines and stock. The factory was under armed guard at that time.

174. Poster for a missing boy of eleven years, Candelaria district of Bogotá, 1999.

175. The latest two posters for missing people at the airport, Bogotá, 1999.

176. Four posters for missing people, poor people's clinic in Ciudad Bolívar, Bogotá, 1999.

177. Flowers and a banner for "Chucho" Bejarano, gunned down in his own classroom by a person who wore no mask. Nobody saw anything, of course. About this murder, my driver said, "My wife, she cry. He was a really good guy. Everybody cry. He was working hard for peace..." When I asked him if he remembered the dead man's name he replied, "Oh, I forget. What the hell. Too many people getting assassinated all the time..." Bogotá, 1999.

178-83. Rally to protest the assassination of "Chucho" Bejarano, Bogotá, 1999. The "UN" signs refer to the National University where he taught, not to the United Nations.

184. Paramilitary of the AUC, the Autodefense Union of Colombia. Displaying the trademark machete with which the AUC likes to dismember its victims alive, he hides his face in his shirt since this photo-interview was conducted without the permission of his leader, Carlos Castaño. Antioquia Province, 2000.

185. One of the paramilitary's colleagues (same time and place).

186. Boy entrepreneur in front of a funeral parlor on the edge of the extremely dangerous Cartucho district of Bogotá, 1999. There are many funeral parlors in the Cartucho. The police dared not enter this place without the permission of its drug lord "king," Ernesto Calderon. I saw them fawning on him in the police sta-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tion. The career of the boy in this photo was to "protect" cars parked at the city morgue. Refuse to pay him, and something was likely to happen to one's car.

187. Two villagers pointing to a death site in a meadow overlooking the high town of Gutierres (several hours east of Bogotá). It was here that just last month (this was in 1999) FARC guerrillas had incinerated an encampment of government troops; only two soldiers survived. On an earlier occasion FARC had destroyed the town's post office. This field was a very dangerous place since the guerrillas could see us here from the mountains and the timorous men in the police station were far away. We ran a high risk of getting kidnapped when we came here. For a long time I did not think that taking this photo had been worth the peril into which I'd placed my interpreter, the two guides and myself. But look at the grief in the old man's face. This is the face of Colombia. If we gaze at it long enough and try to feel what that man feels, maybe one of us will find the courage to save a life.

188. A billboard in Cúcuta, 1999: Policeman as angel. Unfortunately, the police are as afraid as everybody else. In the district office across the street from this billboard I passed on the wishes of the inhabitants of a nearby town called Campo Dos: Please rebuild our destroyed police station and send police to protect us from the violence. The acting commander refused, explaining that too many police had already been killed there.

189. Policeman at demonstration, Bogotá, 1999.

190. Two policemen, one machine-pistol and Jesus in an isolated substation in the shantytown Ciudad Bolívar above central Bogotá, 1999. These saving angels were actually quite timorous, and I pitied them.

191. Line of policemen and riots shields—a very common sight in Bogotá. 1999.

192. This call to denounce perpetrators of violence will not be obeyed very often, since naming names is so dangerous in Colombia. The sign was erected by the paramilitary group Special Services (Convivir). Antioquia Province, 2000.

193. A solitary policeman guards the perimeter of a Red

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Cross encampment for rural refugees displayed by factional violence. Bogotá, 1999.

194a. In Gutierres (see p.187), an out-of-uniform police recruit obligingly takes me to the cemetery and points out where the latest crop of FARC guerrillas has been planted in unmarked graves—a special horror in a Catholic country.

194b. Ruins of the police station at Campo Dos, 1999. (See p. 188.) When this structure got blown up, two policemen lost their lives and thirteen others were kidnapped. Note the AUC grafiti.

195a. More grafiti in Campo Dos. Here we see evidence of the factional violence which kept bleeding that unfortunate village: "Get out, FARC, ELN, EPL! ACCU is here!" The ACCU was closely affiliated with the AUC.

195b. Carrying a burden past bulletpocked wall in Campo Dos, 1999.

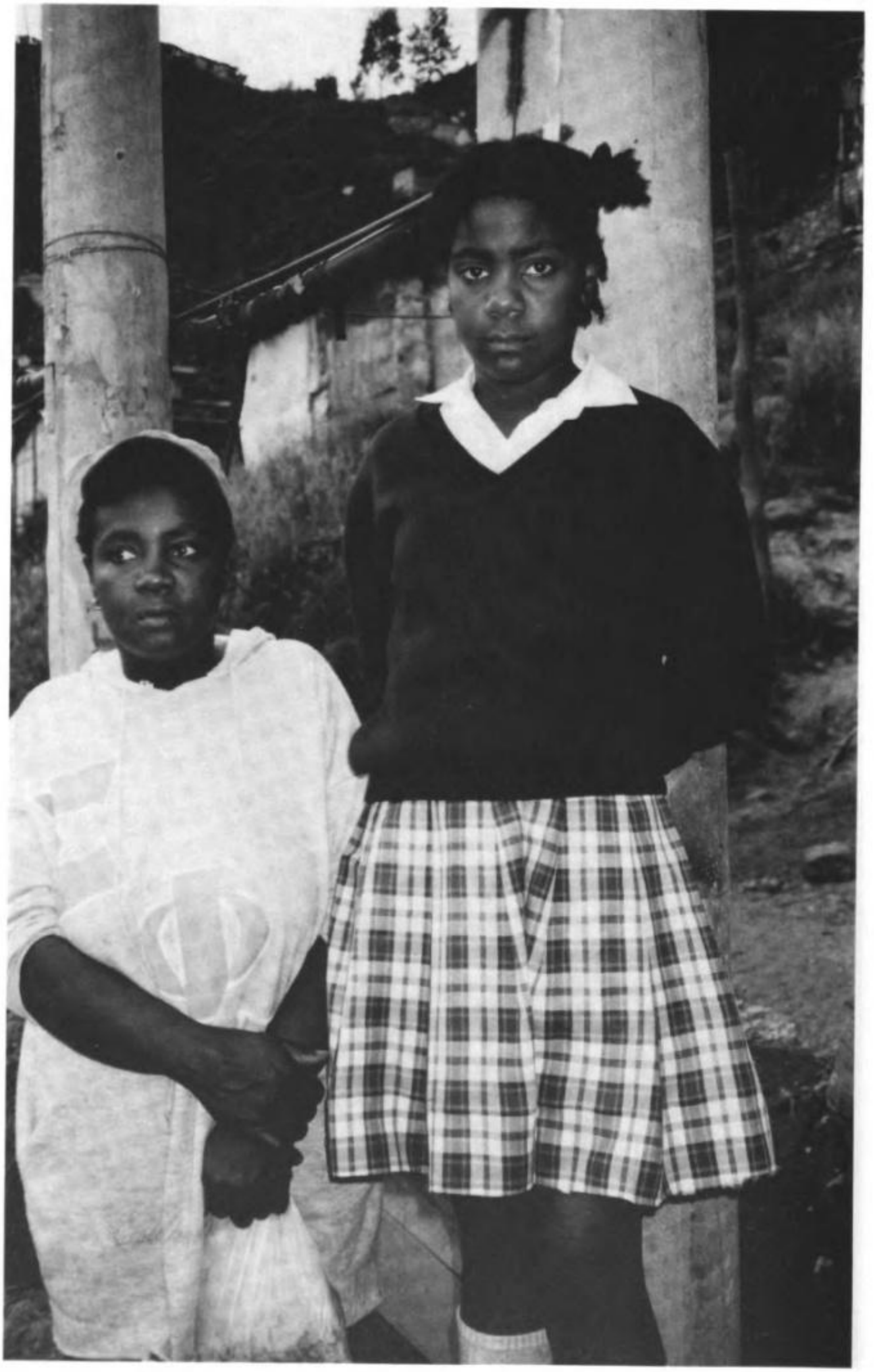
196. The mother in Ciudad del Tunal (p. 171) stands before the bloodstain where her daughter died (lower right). Trying to say something nice to her (what can one say?), I told her that the girl looked pretty in the open casket, and the mother replied, "When the bullet left her mouth, it knocked all her teeth out."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google

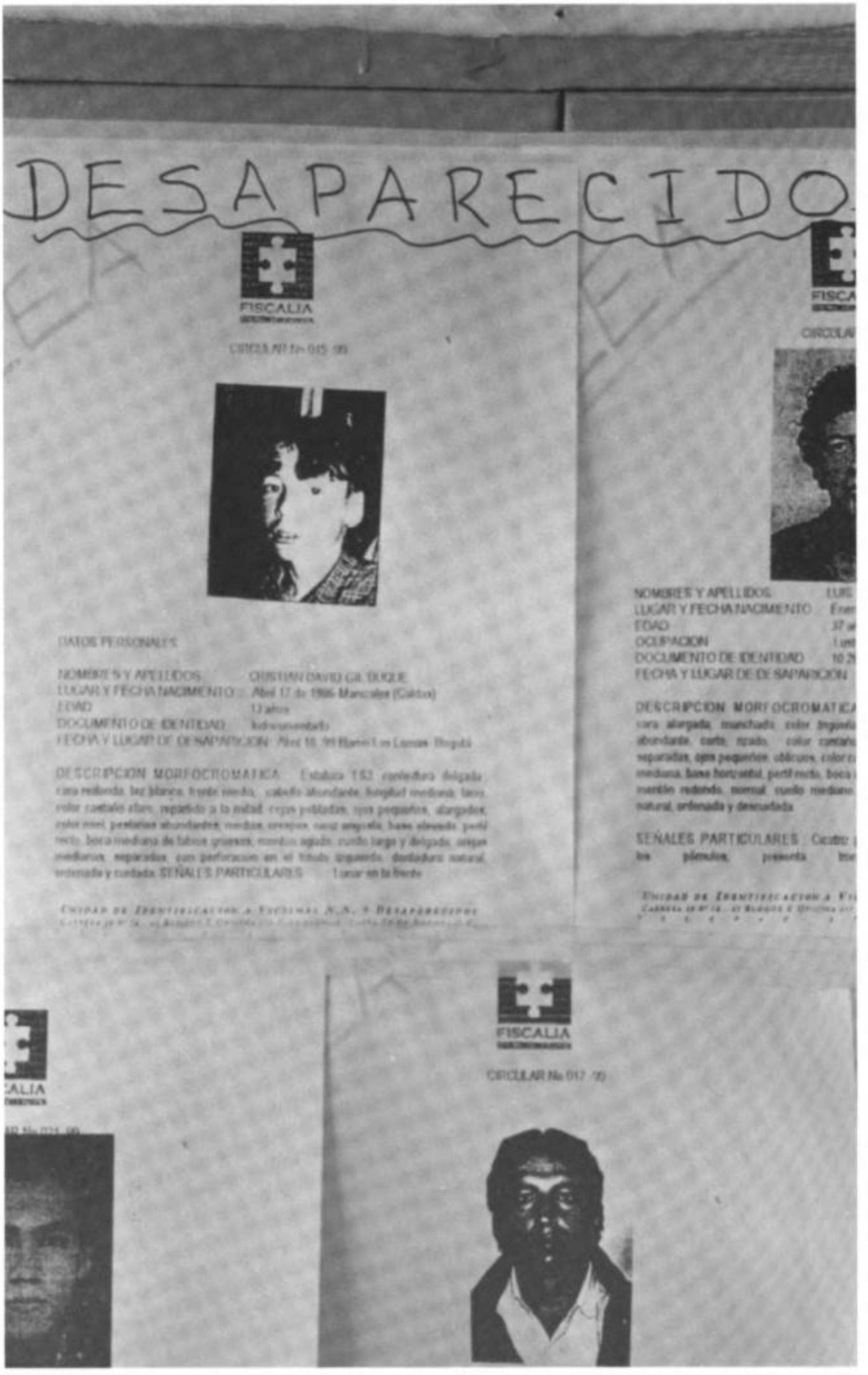
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



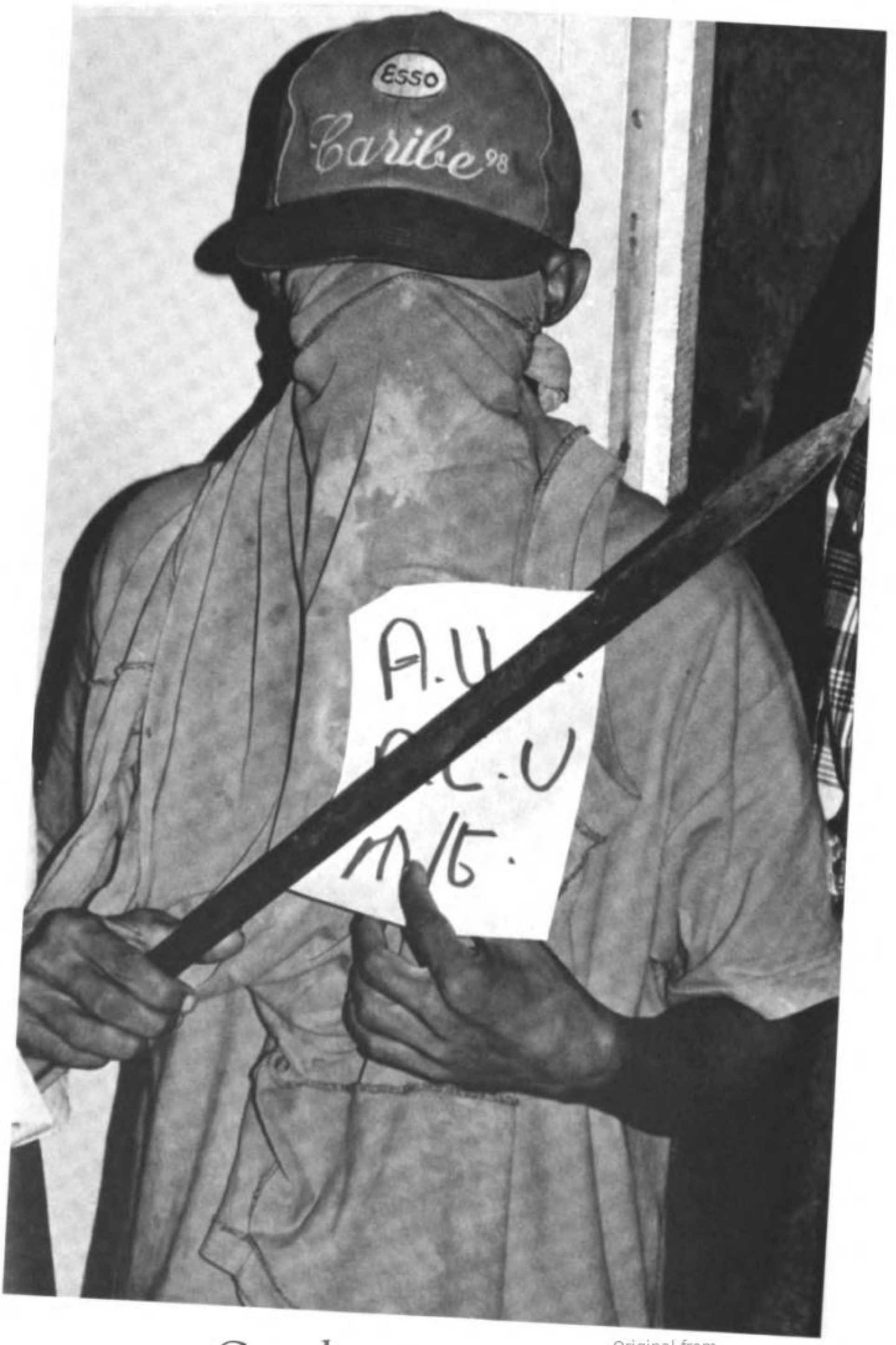
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



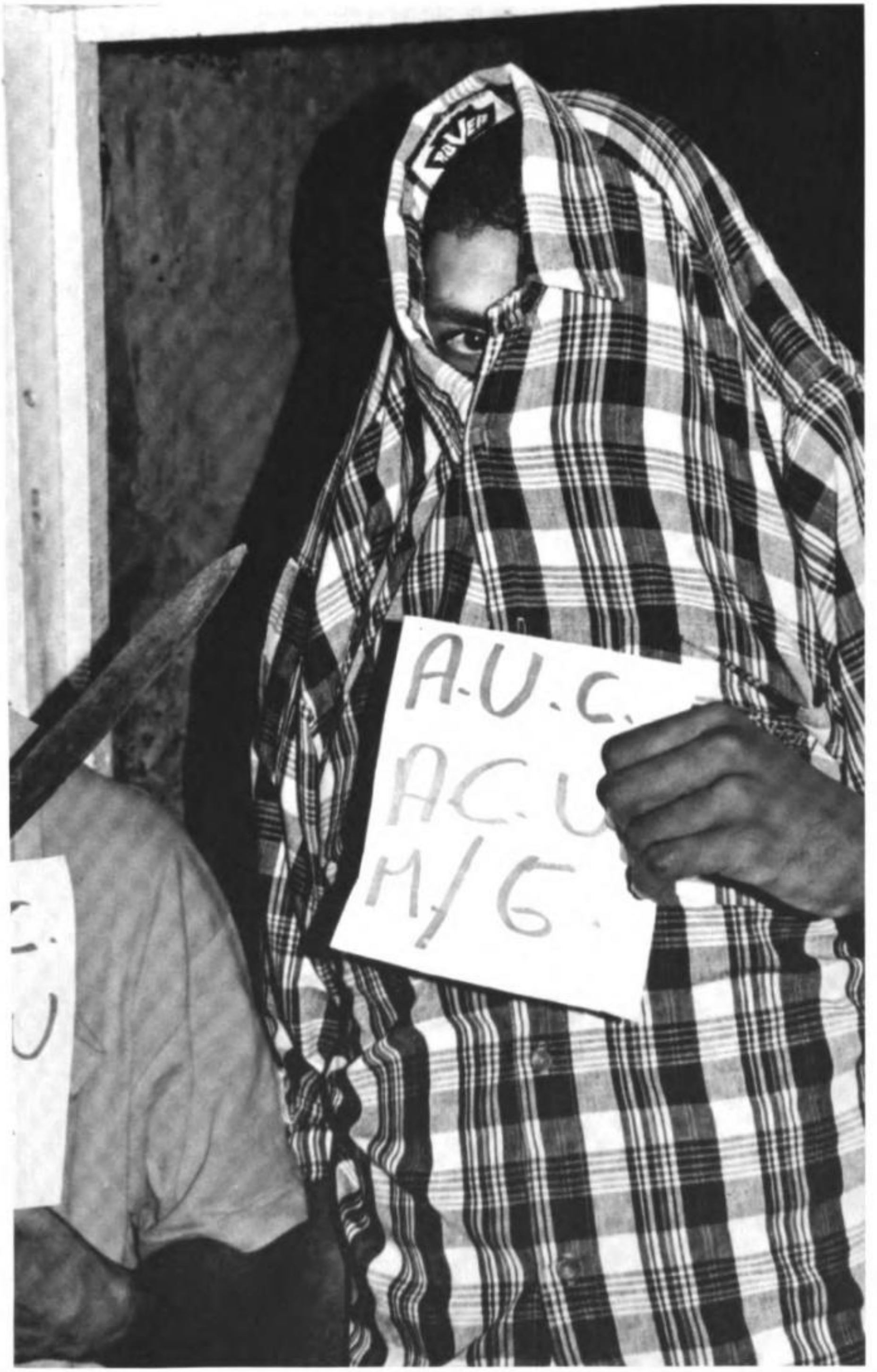
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



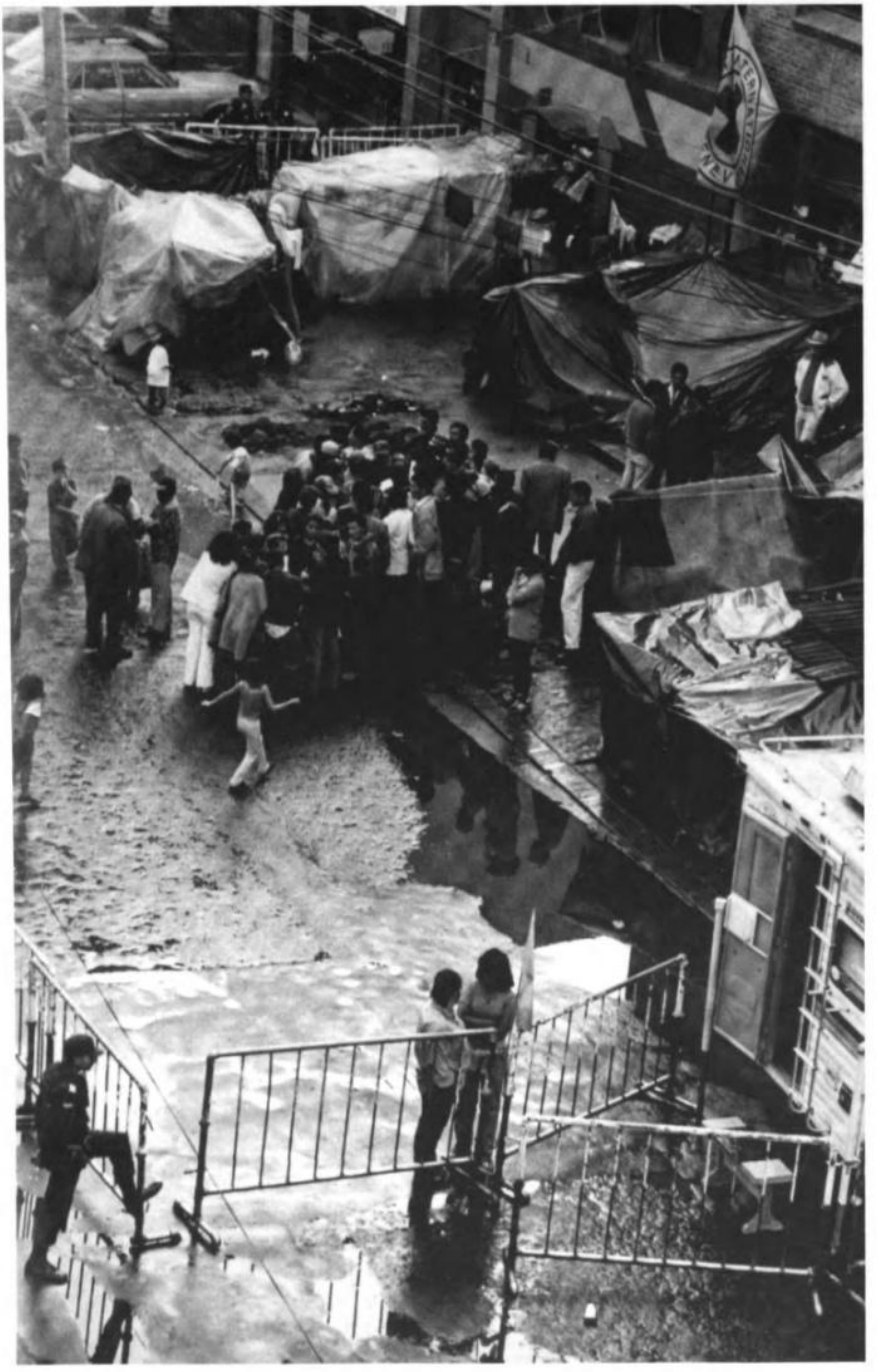
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

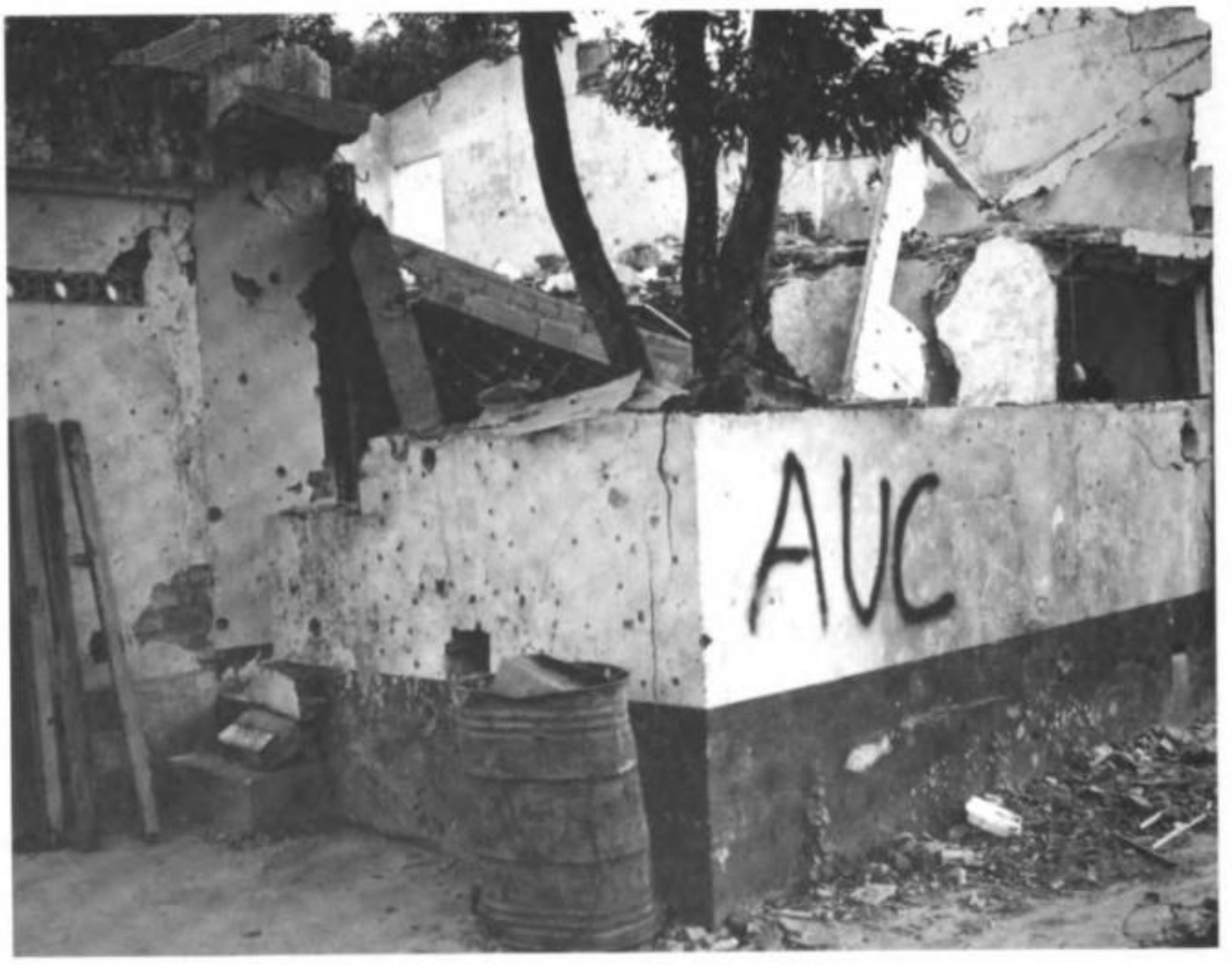


Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 3

WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END?

The urgent consideration of the public safety may undoubtedly authorise the violation of every possible law. How far that or any other consideration may operate to dissolve the natural obligations of humanity and justice, is a doctrine of which I still desire to remain ignorant.

EDWARD GIBBON, CA. 1776[1]

FOUR MURDERED CHILDREN

What else could I do? —There's the bedrock justification for violent self-defense, and occasionally it even rings true. But Gandhi didn't think so. (Of course, Indian custom protected his wife from random violation by prohibiting her from going out alone.) I made a choice; Gandhi made a choice. And there are four choices[2] that the self *in extremis*, regardless of its actual *capability*, retains the conditional right to make:

JUSTIFIED CHOICES OF THE SELF[3]

1. Whether or not to violently defend itself against violence;

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

2. Whether or not to violently defend someone else from violence.[4,5]
3. Whether or not to destroy itself.
4. Whether or not to help a weaker self destroy itself, to save it from a worse fate.

CONDITIONS:

1. No attachment to non-violent creeds. (Nonviolence condition.)
2. No allegiance to collectivity or authority which might prohibit the self from removing itself from "the line of fire." (Allegiance condition.)

   CAVEAT TO (1) AND (2): *So-called involuntary attachments are not binding. Voluntary attachments may likewise be withdrawn at any time.* In short, both conditions may be overridden—at which point one returns to the state of nature. [First draft. This caveat will be modified somewhat in another chapter.][6]

   EXAMPLES: By the rights of the self one may justifiably refuse to fight a war, or one may renounce nonviolence in order to defend oneself, or one may violently rebel against authority provided that one's cause is just, etc., etc. Of course there may well be dire consequences to the decider.

3. An accurate understanding of circumstances and consequences. This is why we wouldn't allow a small child to destroy himself by drinking household poisons, or to carry a loaded pistol for self-defense.[7]

These are my axioms, my starting-points, and as such cannot and will not be proved. Agree with them, or not. Evaluate what follows accordingly. I make no claim that they are the self's only rights.[8] I do assert that they are the rights most germane to this study of violence.

Of the four conditions, the second is the heaviest, applying—or made to apply (in violation of the caveat)—to army deserters, arrest-resisters, plotters of palace coups, and so many more state-of-nature types that although we'll rarely refer to this condition in such a simple form from now on, we'll not be done with it for the rest of this book: —If I deserted, then my allegiance to authority wasn't voluntary. — Oh, yes it was, replies authority; haven't you enjoyed all the benefits of citizenship until now? You used my roads and bridges, didn't you? That means you signed on my dotted line, which now gives me license to execute you for treason.

The allegiance condition thus hovers like a winter fog over this entire inquiry. I see no way to begin, however, without imagining, as do classical physicists with their inventions of perfect vacuums, frictionless planes and the like, a self "in isolation"—like Thoreau in his ramblings around Walden Pond—or the Asian woman in the park at night, calling her dog, wandering into ever lonelier places beneath the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

winter fog. The dog does not hear. A car glares yellowly upon her. The car follows her, passes, makes a sudden U-turn, stops. The door opens, and three men get out. Nobody will help her.

A MOTHER'S SOVEREIGNTY

FIRST MURDER: I read recently about an activist who was tortured in a political prison by being forced to watch her child being tortured in front of her. Authority explained, no doubt in tones of odious rationality, that even in this secret empire of glaring lights and capricious but inescapable physical agony, predestination did not entirely apply—for look! Behind a pane of glass she saw a struggling little figure. Perhaps they opened a vent, so that she'd hear its cries; almost certainly they arranged for it to see *her* there (ashen-faced, supported in two policemens' arms), in order to confirm that mutual attachment which can be so ingeniously utilized in games whose object receives that bitter gift called free will: If she did not betray her comrades (authority said), on her child would now fall the torments she knew so well. Which loyalty would the desperate woman then betray? She kept silent, and watched her child die screaming.[9]

No one will ever know how she actually chose. We know only that she did *not* choose to save her child—a choice, indeed, which might well have been spurious; after she'd talked, mother and child might both have been dispatched. Here were her possible courses of action:

1. Speak, and hopefully preserve her child.[10]
2. Refuse to speak, and thereby protect others.
3. Refuse to participate in authority's scheme (asserting, in effect, that if they murdered her child it was all their doing).[11]
4. Vacillate; make no decision.

(A fervent Gandhian might have made a fifth choice, adhering to the master's almost inhuman standard, whose slogan reads: "Truth, which requires utter selflessness, can have no time for the selfish purpose of begetting children and running a household... If a man gives his love to one woman, or a woman to one man, what is there left for all the world besides?... The larger their family, the farther they are from Universal Love."[12] A mother's Gandhian act: Lovingly invite them to do their worst to oneself and one's child.)

Only the first act would have revealed the woman's true moral calculus—a valuable lesson for moral medal-pinners and stone-casters. All three other non-Gandhian possibilities must produce the same primary result—silence—and the same secondary result—a dead child. But to the protagonist herself, the exact reason she closed her lips might have mattered a good deal. Did she allow her child to die for some

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

arguably good reason, or did she simply allow it to die? If she did have a reason, then she, like the Warsaw ghetto mother who suffocated her crying baby so that the Nazis would not discover the people in her bunker (in which case the baby would have died in any case), was a true heroine.[13] Had she chosen to save her child at the expense of her comrades, she would also be a heroine to me. Either way, I'd bow down to her because she made a choice in an intolerable situation. (By extension, this license to choose either alternative may also apply to certain issues of animal rights.)[14] Necessity gave her two alternatives each of which might have destroyed her. Plato describes the greatest folly of all as being "that of a man who hates, not loves, what his judgment pronounces to be noble or good, while he loves and enjoys what he judges vile and wicked."[15] The mother's torturers sought to force that folly on her, to transform what she loved and enjoyed, her child, into a vile implement of traitorousness. They sought to make evil and dishonor inevitable. Let's hope that the mother did not turn away, that she did not make her decision by default.

ANOTHER MOTHER'S SOVEREIGNTY

SECOND MURDER: In wartime in ancient China, a poet met a woman in a meadow heaped with human bones. The woman was starving. She'd left her baby to die, and was walking away weeping. She said to the poet: "I know not where I myself will die. I cannot keep us both alive." The poet, who probably also could do nothing for either of them, galloped away. "Such words I could not bear to hear."[16] He was no hero, she no heroine; they took their natural rights (which Robespierre calls "the sacred duty imposed by nature on all living beings").[17] I can brand neither one of them wrong.

THE CONFESSION OF BUKHARIN

However forlorn and bitter the soul, however hellish the violence of material reality, such moments, by presenting alternatives—even if both horns of the dilemma are unspeakable—command us to be ethically human in the highest, extremist sense. Who would not willingly forego such hideous "opportunities"? But it matters not what we will. Choice, like all of life, comprises not only action but reaction. No one escapes it. The absolute monarch and the criminal innocent or guilty en route to the electric chair must each decide who and how he'll be in his remaining moments of life—struggling or serene; righteous, forgiving or even penitent; selfish or other-ish. Thus Nikolai Bukharin, a vacillating, less than admirable fellow-traveller along the Stalinist road, and now one of the chief defendants in Stalin's show trials,[18] compelled, like the first mother we read about, by threats against his child,[19] and probably by torture,[20] to denounce himself, transforms his plea to the court into defiance no less noble for its heartbreaking obliqueness:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> I admit that I am responsible both politically and legally for the defeatist orientation, ... although I affirm that personally I did not hold this position... I further consider myself responsible both politically and legally for wrecking activities, though I personally do not remember having given directions about wrecking activities.[21]

He will be shot—and so will all his fellow defendants, whether they groveled, recanted, or not. He possesses no power over his fate. But (within the stiflingly narrow limits of terror, and the partially overlapping boundaries of the allegiance condition)[22] he can still act.

But when? If your existence is as justified as mine, then mine must be as justified as yours—but no more.[23] Do I injure my own goodness (commonly called my "humanity") in refusing to sacrifice myself for you? —Possibly, but the only practical remedy in some cases—namely, forcing me to sacrifice myself for you—is equally unjust. Hence the first right of the self, self-defense (of whatever kind: in Bukharin's case only moral self-defense offers any practical hope, the biological kind having been ruled out, despite authority's lying oath: "Conduct yourself well in the trial—I promise you they will not shoot you"),[24] becomes almost tautologically unarguable. Bukharin will not conduct himself well, and we admire him for it.



Bukharin (1936)

Even if, like Bukharin, our faith, careers, experiences, habits compel us to grant some legitimacy to the authority now bent on pulverizing us, self-defense takes moral precedence over civic obediences, other factors being equal. (Authority shouts: They never are!) Just as in the American constitution all rights not explicitly ceded to federal power remain claimed by the states, so even under the allegiance condition any right of authority to demand my destruction for its good must be understood as explicitly localized, and elsewhere voided by my own superior right.

Consider again the right of a government to draft someone for military service. We have seen how an immediate tug-of-war develops between the right of the officer to order him into almost certain death in a battle and the enlisted man's right to survive. Which side is correct depends on whether the judge is Hobbes or Tolstoy. But only the extremist authoritarian would assert that the same officer could in peacetime order the man to march over the edge of a precipice.[25] And, in fact, since authority desires to harness our rationality to its ends, it must accordingly reason us into obedience, which in turn implies that we can reason ourselves out of it. Saint Thomas Aquinas's view is representative. [*See next page.*]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

AQUINAS'S MORAL CALCULUS (*before* A.D. 1256)
What is a Man's Virtue?

The good of a man...

1. As a man: "Consists in the perfection of his reason in the cognition of truth and in the regulation of his inferior appetites according to the rule of reason, for a man is man by his rationality."
2. As a citizen of earth: "Lies in his being ordered to the good of all within a commonwealth."
3. As a citizen of heaven: "Cannot be acquired by his by his own natural powers" and hence must come from grace. (Plato would claim that it could come from sincere meditation, discourse and study.)

These three types of virtue do not necessarily agree.

SOURCE: AQUINAS, PP. 96-97 "ON THE VIRTUES IN GENERAL."

A rational person will be an obedient citizen—but only if authority is itself rational and does not infringe his heavenly citizenship. Hence Gandhi: "A Satyagrahi obeys the laws of society intelligently and of his own free will, because he considers it to be his sacred duty to do so. Only then does the right accrue to him of civil disobedience of certain laws in well-defined circumstances."[26] Hence also the Basic Law for the Federal Republic of Germany: "The dignity of man shall be inviolable. To respect and protect it shall be the duty of all state authority."[27] In both of these cases, a strong residue of self-sovereignty thus remains irreducible even by government's most violent acids of coercion.

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF THE CHRISTIAN DEMOCRATIC UNION/CHRISTIAN SOCIAL UNION GROUP IN THE GERMAN BUNDESTAG (1977):
"The Classical Freedoms"

1. Life, freedom and safety of the person.
2. Effective legal protection against arbitrary measures by the State.
3. Freedom of opinion.
4. Freedom of conscience and religion.
5. The right to marriage, family life and the education of one's children.
6. Equal treatment and protection from national discrimination.
7. Freedom of movement and emigration.

"Violations of these rights are unlawful encroachments upon the individual's innermost freedom and strike deeply at human dignity."

SOURCE: CDU/CSU, P. 24.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Even that worshipper of discipline Moltke the Elder relaxes the allegiance condition far enough to grant the right of a soldier to live off the country—that is, to pillage—if he is not properly fed by his own army: "He not only *can but must* take from the resources of the land what is necessary for his existence."[28] —No matter that Moltke, who, gaunt, rigid and piercing-eyed, wears authority's eight-pointed star below his collar, indulges this necessity only because it accords with his war aims—an ill-fed soldier cannot fight as well as a nourished one, no matter what compulsion presses upon him. On the other hand, the necessity of self-preservation which the deserter pleads will never be allowed. —The fact remains that under extreme circumstances Moltke will tolerate deviation[29] from "behavior appropriate for parade." "Willful deviations from the established arrangement may in no case be tolerated, for the disintegration of discipline spreads like a virus."[30] The commanding officer lets them off the leash; they break down the peasants' doors. In such a case, responsibility will be laid not at the hungry soldiers' doors, but at the threshold of the Supreme Command itself, where quite possibly the generals have just sat down to a sumptuous roast.



Moltke the Elder

As for Gandhi, his nonviolent soldiers follow him not by compulsion, but by faith.[31] Each satyagrahi "must carry out with a willing heart all the rules of discipline as may be laid down from time to time,"[32] it is true; but should his heart be unwilling, he may depart the cause in peace.

THE REPUBLIC, OR SYSTEMATIZED JUSTICE

In Plato's time, the time of the Peloponnesian War,[33] the hoplite soldiers formed shield-walls whose every member needed to keep his place for the good of all. Discipline ostensibly maintained itself as much by faith and solidarity as by compulsion; but the goal was not the Gandhian one of benefiting all by dying smiling deaths of violence, but the more customary Moltkeian one, rather, of self-preservation and civic enlargement by means of victory. Gandhi believed that everyone possesses a moral faculty; he fervently prayed that wrongdoers might improve theirs, but he'd force nothing. Plato legislated differently, because, assuming that most souls are ignorant of the Good, he preferred to apply the allegiance condition *unconditionally* wherever possible. In his ideal army, "no man, and no woman" (for he allowed female soldiers) should

> be ever suffered to live without an officer set over them, and no soul of man to learn the trick of doing one single thing of its own sole motion, in play or in earnest, but, in peace as in war, to live ever with the commander in sight... in a word, to teach

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> one's soul the habit of never so much as thinking to do one single act apart from one's fellows... Anarchy—the absence of the commander—is what we should expel root and branch from the lives of all mankind.[34]

What if the officers fail to look after the soldiers? Plato's answer seems to be: That will never happen. —And indeed, were it somehow feasible to bring his republic into being all at once, most everyone would fulfill the tasks of his assigned position, either out of obedience, loyalty and compulsion (among the lower orders), reverence to the showy dictates of honor[35] (in the middle orders) or knowledge, which is virtue (in the master class). —As for me, I think that Plato refutes himself; because the system which he demands to oversee human goodness can only operate if its pawns already possess that goodness.[36] But however flawed it is, Plato's conception of the self in society remains well worth musing on, because while his proposals may sometimes offer only limited plausibility, his darkly skeptical evaluation of the self in isolation is based on all too realistic premises.

Plato requests that we look into the justice of the self by examining first the justice of the commonwealth, thus calling on us to assume that the state is composed of the same elements, in the same proportion, as the individual, the only difference being that in the former all is magnified (hence, he says, easier to see and to begin his inquiry with). From this premise, he neatly proves that since any just state must demonstrate order, restraint and the separation of powers, a just individual should do the same—and, ideally, in the same way. Indeed, who could deny that a perfectly just individual and a perfectly just community of whatever kind must either have the same goals, or else be able to harmoniously marry their differences? The allegiance condition would either be as voluntary as love or as innate as breathing. Between the self and the group we'd see no war. Plato, architect and worshiper of consonance, visualizes glowing Forms: perfect essences of everything, whose divine light—if we could only see it always—would bathe each moral act in the pleasures of unchanging logic: What's good for one is good for all.

PLATO'S MORAL CALCULUS (*ca.* 350 B.C.)

How sovereign is the individual?

> All things in proportion. In practical life, where no Philosopher King can be found, authority must be shared between the ruler and his magistrates. Autocracy destroys "national feeling," but "an unqualified and absolute freedom from all authority is far worse thing than submission to a magistrate with limited powers." The moral decisions of a Gandhi—or of any other soul untrained in his particular school—would in Plato's estimation be very hit-or-miss—although he would still want one to make those decisions, provided that they were not in conflict with the laws of his repub-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

lic. Were his system ever to come into being, the self-doubting contemplation of which he is so fond would certainly be illegal.

1. "The wellborn have a title to rule the worse-born," parents to rule their children, elders to rule the younger, masters to rule slaves, the stronger to rule the weaker, the lucky to rule the unlucky, and "the supreme claim": the wise to rule the ignorant.

   However,

2. "A community should be at once free, sane, and at amity with itself."

   How can these two things be justly accomplished?

3 By requiring both rulers and ruled to obey the laws.

SOURCE: LAWS, III.690A-C, 691C-692C, 693B, 697C-698B, IV.715D-E.

Rarely self-interested and never mendacious, Plato becomes incontrovertible when he argues that there is such a thing as justice, that some people are juster than others and most people feel little inclination to seek out what justice is, that some form of authority is inevitable (hence the allegiance condition; and even if allegiance is conditional, from a practical point of view the self can only transfer it to another sovereign object, not withdraw and then withhold it forever), and that the individuals most qualified to exercise authority are the justest. Alas, not everyone agrees that justice is what Plato says it is; nor can any of Plato's regulations (or any others I can imagine) prevent individuals from violently oppressing one another.

The early Platonic dialogues offer us the gently subversive inspiration of Socrates, whose life ends with a nobly challenging act of satyagraha: he submits himself (in a spirit of witty defiance, it would seem) to the law, provoking a death-sentence which he might have expected and which even at the end he could have escaped through exile. (He will not: he prefers to honor the law.) But Plato, though he continues to employ to the end the so-called Socratic method, gradually transforms his Socrates (now that the original is dead) from an ironic and passionate arguer, almost a nihilist, a freewheeling apostle of selfhood's freedom, into a lecturer, nay, a hectorer of his inquirers, the mouthpiece of a system. (Christians made the same thing out of their Christ.) Plato feels that moral actors *may* be correct in what they do, but since morality is such a tricky business it is better to have it legislated. The Platonic conception, in its reliance upon equal proportionality between the leaders and the led, becomes troubled by those who don't know their place—and that place is determined by philosophic laws at which the majority who are not lawmakers would be ill-advised to carp. Hence the rights of any self to express itself, educate itself, reproduce and even hear music of its choosing—much less to launch a revolution[37]—have been carefully circumscribed by class and, again, by constituted law. (Plato was a man of his times. H. G. Wells writes that any modern sci-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

entist in ancient Greece "would have been in constant danger of a prosecution for impiety. The democracy of Athens would have tolerated Darwin as little as the democracy of Tennessee.")[38]

In his *Laws* (whose Socrates is now simply called "an Athenian"), we look in vain for acknowledgment of the predicament of this world's Bukharins and necessity-trapped mothers. The magistrates will lead everyone toward apprehending the unity of courage, purity, rectitude and wisdom.[39] They being wiser than the rest, Gandhi's opposition politics won't be needed. How could there arise any benign or utilitarian issue from granting the self permission to create justice and virtue in its own proportions, when those proportions follow unvarying rational-mystical principles? "Fear," Plato explains, "was cast out by confidence in supposed knowledge, and the loss of it gave birth to impudence. For to be unconcerned for the judgment of one's betters in the assurance which comes of a reckless excess of liberty is nothing in the world but reprehensible impudence."[40] ("The present era is liquidating itself," wrote his half-brother Adolf Hitler. "It introduces universal suffrage, shoots off its mouth about equal rights, but finds no basis for them.")[41] Gandhi and Bukharin, if they are wise enough, will join the ruling class in its benignity, and guard the constitution.

ANOTHER MOTHER'S SOVEREIGNTY

Hence in Plato's ideal city-state, the right to physical self-defense, as with other rights, may formally apply to any full citizen, but the right to determine when and how to employ it will be limited to the privileged Guardian class and the Philosopher-King at their head. Masters and parents being natural leaders, the slave may not kill the master, nor the child the parent, *even in self-defense.* "The law's command will be that he must endure the worst rather than commit such a crime."[42] In effect, Plato is asserting (as enfranchised Greeks and Romans[43] generally would) that there exist prohibited persons, upon whom laying violent hands must in every case result in impiety. In the classical world, such assertions might literally be graven in stone:

EXCERPTS FROM THE TWELVE TABLES: TABLE IV
(Rome, 451-49 B.C.)[44]

1. "A notably deformed child shall be killed immediately."
2a. "To a father ... shall be given over a son the power of life and death."

In Cicero's day, Roman schoolchildren were set to memorizing the Twelve Tables.

Plato, then, was not reasoning in some abhorrent moral vacuum—a fact that increases our obligation to consider his proposals fairly. —Well, what can be said? —I respect his end—the consecration of ties of social obligation[45]—while rejecting his means, which fetters the self unjustly.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THIRD MURDER: In a photograph, we see the naked corpse of a four-year-old girl whose legs kink outwards to the knee and then in again, forming a diamond shape like a frog's. Legs and arms resemble bird-bones. The face has been turned sideways on the coroner's sheet; or maybe she died that way. The eyes are closed, the mouth slightly open. She weighed fourteen pounds at death. "Fatal starvation at this age is rare," notes the forensic pathologist, "and can be explained only by a combination of failure to feed the child at home and forcibly restraining her to get food *outside her home* from neighbors."[46] If there be such a phenomenon as social impiety, the parents committed it; and had this child been lucky enough to be succored by a brother or sister old enough to resist them, by violence if need be, I fail to see the wrongness of any such action. Was her case simply unimaginable to Plato? —Not at all. —Because for him not all selves are *a priori* equally worthy, unless proven otherwise by their deeds, he sees infanticide quite differently than we do:

> The offspring of the good, I suppose, they will take to the pen or crêche ... but the offspring of the inferior, and any of those of the other sort who are born defective, they will properly dispose of in secret, so that no one will know what has become of them. That is the condition, he said, of preserving the purity of the guardians' breed.[47]

We would condemn the slow murder of that four-year-old girl not only because it was cruel, but because it was infanticide. Presumably Plato would also condemn its cruelty; he might then go on to condemn it (depending on the class of her parents) for being infanticide *for no good reason.*

If we overlook the radical divide between Plato and ourselves regarding what percentage of the population ought to be ethically enfranchised (for Plato, only a few; for us, all who have not transgressed against our relatively mild social contract), a serious difference still remains: for us, the enfranchised self may do whatever it likes, so long as it does not directly hurt the state, or another member of it;[48] for Plato, the self is, in addition, positively enjoined to do only what will benefit and improve the state. I am past the maximum age for sanctioned baby-making in the state, and I wish to form a liaison? The state allows it—but I must destroy any offspring without a fuss. If I refuse to give my child over to be strangled, I'll become guilty of treason—not against the huddle of my Jewish neighbors in our deep cellar already filled with smoke from German flamethrowers, but against some infinitely broader conception of collectivity: the abstraction of my republic, to which I am obligated to present only perfect offspring (perfection's precondition, a youthful parent, having been legally codified). —Do you feel for the bereaved? Plato feels for the state.[49]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SELF-SOVEREIGNTY AND CHOICE

My argument against Plato so far has been one of restless self-assertion: I declare that I am sovereign over myself because I want to be; I refuse to be otherwise. There were times when I would rather die than be told I must do one thing and not the other. And if I feel so strongly about my own autonomy, how can I trample down the choices of others, except in the extreme cases (described in this book) when those cause unjustified suffering? It is, perhaps, the latent narcissism of my attitude which most deeply offends Hobbes when he runs shoutingly to Plato and Moltke's side:

> I observe the Diseases of a Common-wealth, that proceed from the poyson of seditious doctrines; whereof one is, That every private man is judge of Good and Evill actions.[50]

For this moral philosopher, we enter into an irrevocable covenant with authority in our beginnings (or else our ancestors have done it for us); having done so, we lose our right to determine what is just. This doctrine, so appealing to tyrants, leaves us with no means of evaluating the behavior of the Sovereign (be that a king or a state).[51] Perhaps it is only because I was raised in easy circumstances (the United States of America; twentieth century; white; middle-class) that I have the luxury of rejecting Hobbes's position and deciding for myself, thus: *That every private man is judge of Good and Evill actions, not already and otherwise judged by the state which I have chosen by my citizenship to support.* But there is already a very simple justification for refusing to be bound by received philosophies: They do not agree.[52]

More and more it seems to me that out of all the possible actions in the world, only a few are categorically evil. The majority we must permit others to perform if they wish, looking on in not unsympathetic silence. I propose, therefore, that a worthwhile ethical procedure for a citizen is:

1. To follow his own inner logic in order to postulate laws of conduct which seem to him good;
2. To follow those laws if they correspond to local norms, and reconsider them if they violate those norms; but
3. Above all, to choose the right regardless of local authority or custom, and then act accordingly.[53]

This comes close to Trotsky's definition of revolutionary superiority (which is also a good modus operandi for journalists): "a complete and ingrained independence of official public opinion at all times and under all circumstances."[54] Joan of Arc had that, too. She could say: "I would rather die than do what I know to be sin."[55] She did die for her opinions, and so did Trotsky.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE MACHIAVELLIAN CAVEAT

My position is based on the optimistic postulate that the self, if left to its own devices, will usually choose the good. And Plato from his crystalline heights of elitism agrees—only, he adds that what we *think* to be the good (such as present pleasure) may not be so. Hence, crime and evil are the result of misapprehension. —What about that starved four-year-old child, whose corpse resembled that of a little quail or sparrow? —Well, her mother evidently mistook sadism or convenience for the Good, that's all—it happens all the time!... Machiavelli insists that precisely because it happens all the time, the self cannot simultaneously protect its interests and be good, for (call this the Machiavellian Caveat):

> how one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live, that he who neglects what is done for what ought to be done, sooner effects his ruin than his preservation; for a man who wishes to act entirely up to his professions of virtue soon meets with what destroys him among so much that is evil.[36]



Machiavelli

In other words, never turn the other cheek or they'll take your head off: the ascription of any significant amount of moral sovereignty to the self becomes as poisonous a gift as the tortured mother's ostensible freedom to save her child. Machiavelli was himself tortured when his city lay under the rule of the Medici. He confessed to no spurious treason, but, like a certain friend of mine who was also tortured, his release failed to prevent him from turning bitter. Unlike Plato, Machiavelli never seeks in his writings to tell us how to live, only how to achieve. (The tortured mother, too, whether she betrayed her child or her comrades, must have felt that "how one lives is so far distant from how one ought to live.") Bird-faced, with a tight, narrow mouth, he sought to save his city by pragmatic means against powerful, ruthless enemies. Plato began with what ought to be, but never told us how to get there; Machiavelli begins and almost always remains with what is; although in certain lines of his infamous essay *The Prince* one senses a wistful craving to dwell amidst the luxuries of goodness. Like Lenin, however, he had to be a pragmatist, a military politician in wartime, a cautious preparer and insurer in peacetime; and, like the Marquis de Sade, he received a destiny of disappointment and disenfranchisement, and accordingly hammered out aphorisms of monstrous anger. If the Machiavellian Caveat is true, then authoritarian coercion—or any kind of violence—becomes just another natural law, like gravity—nothing to rail at, no matter how one may be feeling deep in his scarred heart. By all means, treasure your noble end, but keep it secret. Just means to that end you'll often find irrelevant; certainly others won't use them on you! By the Machiavellian Caveat,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Bukharin should have conducted himself more obsequiously at his trial; he might have lived (although we know he wouldn't); his wife and child could have fared better, and—who knows?—such cunning might have rewarded him with a new opportunity to strike for his political aims. (And the mother who starved her four-year-old to death? We have no reason to think that Machiavelli was ever writing any advice to her. He wouldn't have instructed her to hide the body. She would have figured in his thinking only as an illustration of the weary, selfish, foolish wickedness of humankind.)

By contrast, remember that crucial axiom in Gandhi's moral calculus: "One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results." (We don't know whether Plato would have agreed, or simply sidestepped the entire issue of praxis.) We already know that practically speaking the application of Gandhian satyagraha is quite limited. This in no way discredits satyagraha as an ethical choice. Gandhi's reply to Machiavelli, then, would be that there is nothing wrong—and a great deal right—about being destroyed by one's evil fellow beings, that voluntary self-sacrifice[57] will benefit the self morally; and, if sufficient fortitude, intelligence, compassion and integrity are marshaled, then many other selves may be improved both materially and morally. —Which view is correct, then? —Why, both Gandhi's and Machiavelli's—but not to the same person at the same time. —Returning to the example of the mother forced to watch her child being tortured, we can fault her neither for following Machiavelli by making lying declarations to the torturer, in order to save both her child and her comrades, nor for being a Gandhian and prayerfully offering herself for torture, too. What is her end? If it is purity, or martyrdom, then the means is obvious. If it is the preservation of the one she loves above all—a goal which, like self-preservation, is not at all ignoble; indeed, it's at least minimally righteous—then the means of Machiavelli looms. As long as the danger to her child (or her Party) stands imminent, she has kept within bounds. It is when violent deeds become proactive or wanton that the limits of the rights of the self are reached.[58]

THE IK, OR UNSYSTEMATIZED INJUSTICE

Behold such a case: The anthropologist Colin Turnbull spent two years—unhappy ones, by the sound of them—among a tribe called the Ik, who lived (I use the past tense, for I am not sure whether they still exist) in the mountains where Kenya and Uganda meet the Sudan. The government considered his report on them "extreme," and I must concur, for in one of the concluding chapters he writes, "I am hopeful that their isolation will remain as complete as in the past, until they die out completely."[59] Rather strong words for an objective social scientist! But Turnbull insists:

> The surface looked bad enough, the hunger could be seen and the trickery perceived, and the political games were well enough known, but one had to live among the Ik

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> and see them day in and day out and watch them defecating on each other's doorsteps, and taking food out of each other's mouths, and vomiting so as to finish what belonged to the starving, to begin to know what had happened to them.[60]

Which is the state of nature—precolonial Tahiti, whose naked easy grace gave Rousseau his stereotype of the noble savage, or the land of the Ik? Or could it be both? Do these antipodes represent merely the old dichotomy of heaven and earth, theory and practice, Plato and Machiavelli? Unless we can employ some minimal degree of precision in discussing people's actual capacity for good, it will scarcely be practical to draw up any moral calculus. We'll therefore want to give at least passing attention to the state of nature and the social contract. To Hobbes, the state of nature equals the state of war; and such comprised the state of the Ik. During his sojourn in their steep, dry land,[61] Turnbull met a people who, having lost both love and conscience, existed only as social atoms. Shocked, repulsed, beleaguered, at first he did what little he could to help the weakest victims of malice and indifference. His efforts inevitably proved futile, and the Ik got a good laugh, for they scrupulously obeyed the Machiavellian Caveat in almost everything. Husbands stole from wives, and vice versa. Mothers laughed when their babies crawled into hearth-flames. They more or less discarded their children when the latter became three years old—high time by then to make their own way, or die. (By comparison, the American parents who starved their daughter to death seem almost merciful; she was four; she got an extra year.)

FOURTH MURDER: Perhaps the saddest tale Turnbull tells is of a weak little girl named Adupa, whom other children loved to torment by literally snatching the food from her mouth. Weakened by hunger, she dared to return to her parents' house, but they owned neither the ability nor the inclination to feed her, so they walled her up until she starved to death, then dumped her rotten carcass.[62]

What can we say, aside from exclaiming in horror, or, like Machiavelli, half-cynically theorizing and describing in order to get distance, or once again attacking Plato's absurd laws of self-defense, or indulging in the game of searching for a cause—as if any cause could justify such cruelty?[63] —First of all, Adupa's death reminds us once more, like Bukharin's trial and the tortured mother's nightmarish, half-involuntary voyeurism, that while every self, such as Adupa, has the right to live—in other words, the child would not have been immoral had she gained her subsistence by whatever means necessary—one has no guarantee that the exercise of a right will be successful or uncontested. In short, the word "right" is but an exemplary fiction. —Secondly, while Adupa's story might seem to prove the Hobbesian thesis that any social contract, even the most despotic, is better than this state of "natural right," later on in this book we'll meet an eerie parallel, to it but of the most anti-Hobbesian nature: namely, Stalin's collectivization of the Ukraine, which starved millions. Parents ate their children, and children were trained to spy on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

their parents from watchtowers in the cornfields, the picking of a single ear of corn being punishable by imprisonment or worse.[64] (Did this constitute a social contract? —By Stalin's, Hobbes's and almost everybody else's definition, yes. By the same gap in logic which always takes my breath away, law and government of any kind—even if the dispossessed are self-professedly conspiring to overthrow it—implies consent!) Nature and despotism, anarchy and absolutism, are thus capable of accomplishing the same evil result. Gazing into these twin abysses, who wouldn't second Plato's plea for civic temperance? For me to exercise my four justified choices of the self as I see fit, and for you, Bukharin and my other neighbors simultaneously to employ theirs, we must have a just social contract.

HUDDLING AGAINST MONSTERS

Very well. Enact the contract. Well, then, what is our taste? What is the highest political good? What is a good government?

Let us imagine our collective beginnings as Locke, Hobbes and even Gibbon[65] did: scared, murderous brutes hunching somewhere out of the rain, afraid of the brutes across the river, afraid most of all of one another. Probably history never began that way,[66] probably we dwelled already in ape-bands before we were men, but let it be. What does their fear teach them? I suppose they've lived hiding from the archetypally monstrous bandits in the legend of Theseus, the untrammeled ones who wrenched their victims' limbs apart by tying them to upswinging pine-tops, or kicked them over cliffs as they were washing their murderers' feet, or cut them to fit spiked bedsteads. "That age produced a sort of men in force of hand ... excelling the ordinary rate," says Plutarch, "making use, however, of these gifts of nature to no good or profitable purpose for mankind," since justice "in no way concerned those who were strong enough to win for themselves."[67] (Machiavelli knows about that; he remembers how Florence's conquerors endungeoned him and racked him.) Well, do we have a quorum? Not everyone is here, but I suppose that not everyone will be coming. Some prefer to rob and rape; others merely want to be Ik; a few, too weak and terrorized to come above ground, continue on in the safe course of dying alone. But most of us are here. Among today's delegates I even see some who yesterday were bandits. They've realized that when they get old, other bandits will get them. I see also the bandits' neighbors, weary of tolerating rapes.[68] I see many a lonely, gregarious human being, hoping to get a friend or a spouse.[69] I see the holders of credos, each with his own message: to the medieval Christians, for instance, the state of nature is a state of wounded imperfection; only by gathering together in communities of doctrinal purity may they hope to stop being or serving Plutarch's bandits. I see sly fence-jumpers and crowd-followers, to say nothing of slyer crowd-pleasers, hoping to legalize their banditry: I see the ancient Athenian

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tyrant, Peristratus, who will wound himself and claim that enemies did it; the people grant him a bodyguard of club-bearers, which seizes the Acropolis.[70] Against his son the procedure of formal ostracism will be invented.[71] Here gather the right-wing and left-wing murderers of present-day Colombia.[72] I see Stalin, who figures prominently in this book; he's going to order that his rival, Kirov, be secretly murdered; then he'll blame "wreckers" for it and set the most murderous species of martial law to work. Moltke is there, ready to secure the enemy side of the river for us, provided that we render him due obedience during the course of the campaign. His aphorism: "Our diplomats plunge us forever into misfortune; our generals always save us."[73] Machiavelli longs to ford the river beside him. I see the apathetic, the mercurial, the evil and the weak; maybe there are some good people, too—isn't everyone good by his own lights? I see Lincoln, who will try sincerely to keep all his promises, even if he shouldn't have made them. Gandhi's telling everyone that society ought to be organized on the basis of love, not fear; were I a Gandhian, this allegory would be very different. I see Robespierre, whose credo of a utopian state of nature, catalyzed by violence, will contribute to "bring about the grosser disappointments of which the first French Revolution was fertile."[74] I see Julius Caesar, who, more ambitiously urgent than Moltke or Machiavelli, raging at being shut out of supremacy, will try to win favor by conquering the people across the river, and then, that purpose accomplished, cross back again, his army now directed at our capital. (Of his like, Robespierre speaks in a draft of a clause to the new French constitution: "Kings, aristocrats and tyrants, whoever they be, are slaves in rebellion against the sovereign of the earth, which is the human race, and against the legislator of the universe which is nature.")[75] Most of all I see families. Homer says: "They dwell in hollow caves on the crests of the high hills, and each one utters the law to his children and his wives, and they reck not of one another."[76] Plato says that each such clan comprises "one flock, like so many birds," and that each flock is "under patriarchal control, the most justifiable of all types of royalty."[77] Robespierre's "sovereign of the earth" is unknown to them, and no threat to them—yet. In their private hollows, one must assume, most have come to some necessary accommodation with authority, personified in the father or the elder brother;[78] now they must widen it, to block the bandits out. Leaders, followers, and in-betweeners, there they squat, about to join together now—fearing, hating, coveting and lusting—and hoping. Lincoln hopes; so do Gandhi and Trotsky; even Stalin hopes—if only for himself. Whether fear or hope saved them, in either case, what they've learned is this presupposition of the Golden Rule: Just as each is, so others are. We all bleed; we all avoid pain. "Respect for man is the supreme law of Humanity," says Bakunin;[79] that maxim follows, indeed, from the acknowledgment of otherness, but it has not been voted on yet, much less ratified. Still, these people have set out toward it; maybe they will get there someday. That is why although their hands twitch and sometimes clench when they gaze upon the objects of their ugly passions, they close upon

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

air, since by agreement spears were left outside the commons. That was the first step. They do not yet concern themselves with inheritance, river-traffic and the care of orphans. They understand only this much: *Since I myself cannot dominate all, nor can anyone else, better for me to be a part of that all, so that no one can dominate me.* Robespierre means just this when he so earnestly insists that "the interest of the weak is justice. It is for them that humane and impartial laws are a necessary safeguard."[80] The dictum is nonetheless true, for all that Robespierre himself forgot it. We can all be numbered among the weak. Indeed, we have our interest. This is government. This is pragmatic humankind. Time to forge the allegiance condition—and, if possible, to consecrate it, which is why the Swiss constitution begins: "In the Name of All-Powerful God!"[81]

The latecomers have finished creeping out of the bushes now, having hidden their treasures in cavelike canyons thickly ferned and glistening with snakes and newts where others can't see; they pretend to possess nothing more than what they show to one another on this open field of trust, kin greeting new kin with handclasps and shy smiles, women sharing food, children playing together. They're afraid. Rousseau tries to reassure them by saying: "Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the General Will; and in return we receive every member as an individual part of the whole."[82] They don't quite believe him, because behind him walks Robespierre, insisting that he embodies the General Will and knows who the traitors are. They fear that the General Will may impose sudden taxes, confiscating their most precious things, prowling ever in those canyons until it's found every last cache. Spreading their hands wide, gazing into everyone's eyes, they swear most solemnly that they have nothing. The General Will gesticulates ingratiatingly and swears with equal mendacity that that isn't a problem. Plato insists that "a society in which neither riches nor poverty is a member," by which he means the Flood's surviving remnant, or a group living essentially in the state we now imagine, "regularly produces sterling characters, as it has no place for violence and wrong, nor yet for rivalry and envy."[83]

That was the beginning, their pact to be one family. Gandhi prayed and fasted to keep it so. He failed; mass lovingkindness perishes; but maybe violence, wrong, rivalry and envy can be sublimated into emulation. Hence this Spartan definition of the best government: "The one in which the largest number of citizens are willing to compete with each other in excellence and without civil discord."[84] But a child stole another child's pretty rock, as he would have done before people came together. A woman liked somebody's else's husband. I ask you, Plato: Who is too rich or too poor for that to happen? And you, Spartans: Tell me how she can leave one man for another without civil discord? —A family feared, hence hated, another family's God. A man kept pretty cattle, and he knew that other men wanted him to die so that they could get them. Meanwhile, Julius Caesar's bodyguard was growing ominously large. It was time for government. Unfortunately, it is always time for government.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ON THE PAROCHIALISM OF CONSTITUTIONS

That being so, what kind of government would I choose? "The good is what pleases the good," runs patrician Cicero's convenient tautology, which means simply: My tastes define good; my power imposes it. Not being one of the good, I reject this. — Dismayed by that contest between two anti-statesmen the Roman Civil War, he tried again: "The ideal statesman will *aim at happiness* for the citizens of the state to give them material security, copious wealth, wide-reaching distinction and unvarnished honour."[85] A not unappealing presentation, even if liberty remains distinctly absent, and the sources and distribution channels for Cicero's subsidiary goods are not spelled out. (Security, wealth, distinction and honor! Presumably, they derive from military force, employed as needed against unfortunate non-citizens.) Aiming at collective happiness I like. For it cannot be the task of a government to make its people happy, that being impossible[86]—how could it make the Marquis de Sade happy, save by making his prostitute-victims unhappy? Furthermore, were such a task practical, I'd prefer to unhappily remain myself, rather than becoming a happy addict of whatever opiates of the masses my Viceroy has selected. We may, however, legitimately ask our government to provide us with the preconditions without which happiness would be difficult. President Lincoln put the case with brilliant succinctness:

> The legitimate object of government, is to do for a community of people, whatever they need to have done, but can not do, at all, or can not, so well do, for themselves—in their separate, and individual capacities.
>
> In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere.[87]

Hence, for instance, no harmfully arbitrary restrictions on a child's right to self-defense against infanticide. (No matter that the slaveholding states believed that they could do as well for themselves, and that Lincoln should not have interfered! Lincoln dealt a near-mortal blow to states' rights in the USA[88] —In this book we shall be examining both doctrines and actions: rarely are they consistent.) No gratuitous curtailment of the sovereign self's four violent rights: self-defense, other-defense, self-destruction and euthanasia.

The foremost good which a government can offer along Lincoln's lines is security from physical harm—a self-evident prerequisite for most freedom,[89] although we saw how Bukharin's fettered doom but brightened his magnificence. What is security? What is harm? As government grows, its definitions of both of these multiply. The ancient Athenians had their constitutionally appointed magistrates who made sure that *heterae* didn't overcharge for extramarital delights and that dung-collectors dumped their loads more than ten stadia from the city wall[90]—equally worthy precautions, to be sure. My own authorities have passed a law likewise intended for my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

good, requiring that I wear a seatbelt whenever I ride in the front seat of an automobile—a fact once seized upon by a certain militant, pistol-packing Serb in Beograd during the Yugoslavian Civil War, who chuckled that it proved my unfreedom. He was right, if irrelevantly so.

To the extent compatible with security, whose actual or supposed exigencies will doubtless be resented, a good government must guarantee whatever freedoms remain. Which ones will those be? —As usual, no one agrees; it depends as much on accident as on local norms. One classicist, for instance, the estimable Vernant (who in the healthily Machiavellian fashion of most scholars expresses detached interest rather than disillusionment), wrote that the ideal of authority in a "gardener" society such as ancient China's was informed by analogy with nature to create a series of laws and precepts requiring little civic intervention, laws and directives coming down from heaven like rain; while a "herdsman" society such as ancient Greece's embodied guidance, direction, coercion.[91] And what was Vernant's *own* ideal? No matter: government's expression is arbitrary.

Presented in this way, government does not sound especially attractive. It is not. How could it be, when it led to the Napoleonic Wars, the tyranny of Nero, the Ukrainian famine? But without it, we have the famine of the Ik.

FROM THE FIRST EMBRACE TO THE FIRST LAWS

Our first assembly draws to an end. Soon we must hunt again, sleep again. Some of us live far from here; we may not come back. What shall we do? Why, *enact* the peace[92]—for, as Robespierre insisted, one fine safeguard against both tyranny-famine and anarchy-famine is a just code of laws. (He himself, anxiously rushing to establish perpetual justice, developed a habit of altering laws, and so became a tyrant.) While law may be arbitrary, no law *must be* still more so. By all means, then, weave a common law.

BEYOND LAW LIES DARKNESS

The first advantage of the social contract, then, is security. The second is coordination.[93] The legitimate object of government is to do for me what I cannot as well do for myself. The object of my living will be to do for *you* what you cannot do so well for yourself—and likewise yours for me. I thus relinquish a measure not only of my self-sovereignty, but also of my self-sufficiency. Once I stop feeding myself, I will need you to feed me.

Some revolutionaries might say that a government ought to change people, to mold them into higher, better souls. There is, alas, little indication that a government can do this—indeed, the fates of Joan of Arc, Socrates, Trotsky and Christ are but a few examples of government's great success in cherishing higher souls. But

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

there is no reason why we cannot aim for Bakunin's goal, namely *"to organize society in such a manner that every individual, man or woman, should, at birth, find (1) almost equal means for the development of his or her various faculties and (2) the full utilization of his or her work."*[94] This is, in effect, the best combination of the state of nature and the state of society. The rights of the self balance the rights of the group; individuals are protected from the arbitrary forces which might prevent them from "developing their faculties," and their labor will not be wasted. Bakunin's first clause is quite in the spirit of Lincoln's formulation, if possibly more proactive; the second is more utopian.[95] I endorse the ideal most enthusiastically. But how will it happen? Who will plan it out and then persuade us or else force it through? In the weary words of a concentration camp survivor:

> Anne Frank wrote that in spite of everything she never lost her faith in fundamental human kindness. That's fine, but the question is: When will the human race be organized—and who will organize it?—so that kindness and not cruelty can be realized?

He has no answer to that, and neither do I. Therefore, I fear to go beyond Lincoln's definition. The best government is that which does only what I need done and can't do.

APPREHENSIONS, NOSTALGIAS, REGRETS

Some of us, already fearing the erosion of sovereign powers, press to retain arbitrariness each in his own image. They agree, perhaps, on my four sovereign rights: self-defense, defense of another, self-destruction, loving destruction of others—but it might well be that some cunning patriarchs prefer to reduce sovereignty only to the molecular level of the family, not condescending all the way to the lonely atoms that comprise it: Doesn't the father have the inalienable right to slay his children? *And Abraham took the wood of the burnt offering, and laid it on Isaac his son; and he took in his hand the fire and the knife... Then Abraham put forth his hand, and took the knife to slay his son.*[97]—Abraham did what he did unwillingly, in the service of an arbitrary God; and what if that arbitrariness hadn't provided for a happy ending? If God hadn't revoked Himself, Isaac would have been slain after all; Plato and the Twelve Tablets of Rome wouldn't have exclaimed against that. Or what if we decide, as Hitler did, that we're all good comrades, to be sure, but Jews aren't human? No one can be trusted completely; therefore, no matter how much law we have, it's never enough. Thus for the sake of a common peace, the spearman proposes to ban arrows at the next gathering, while the archer moves to prohibit spears. The weaponless ones, who bear mere knives, see the evil of both courses. Who can please all of them? Certain families, hating the new laws, go away, like that anonymous forerunner of the French revolutionists, who in an essay both secret and posthumous (for, the law

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

grown now tall and swift, he fears he could never run fast and far enough) denounces the king's arbitrary punishments, and crosses out his signature on the social contract by insisting that *a man can never really judge another man,* "because there are not and never can be any rights of jurisdiction over him."[98] King-lovers deny this, asserting with dreadful plausibility that "kings will be tyrants from policy when their subjects are rebels from principle."[99] They call for "the old Feudal and chivalrous spirit of *Fealty*,"[100] whose personalized love renders treason unnecessary, hence repression unthinkable. But kings get assassinated just the same, and oppress their subjects just the same! One lesson of Julius Caesar's rule is that the utmost loving clemency will not chivalrize treason away![101] And authority's eternal slaughter of the innocent is as certain as the rising and setting of the sun. —No rights of jurisdiction, then! None! Don't give an inch! Defend the state of nature! But if this is truly so, then we had better all rush back to our burrows in the bushes; because those words are the maxim not only of anarchists, rioters, saints and noble hermits, but also of *those* bandits we met before, colleagues of Procrustes with his terrible spiked bedstead.

Law itself must necessarily be Procrustian. That is why Hitler hates it. At the end of 1927, extolling the "law of arbitrariness," he tells his Party comrades that "life must not be bogged down in ink; organic evolution must not be rendered impossible."[102] That miscellaneous freedoms must be subordinate, at a minimum, to public and private safety is shown by the fact that few would consider it reasonable to allow the sovereign self to send bombs through the mail in order to murder people. The Unabomber disagrees, writing in his sensational and anonymous manifesto this paen to the state of nature: "in order to avoid serious psychological problems, a human being needs goals whose attainment requires effort, and he must have a reasonable rate of success in attaining these goals."[103] I believe him to be correct, up to a point. The social contract's main justification, however, is that in the state of nature, no success can be guaranteed. I quote from Patrick Breen's diary entry for March 26, 1847, which carries us back among the Ik:

> Hungry times in camp, plenty hides but the folks will not eat them we eat with a tolerable good appetite... Mrs. Murphy said here yesterday that [she] thought she would Commence on Milt. and eat him... The Donnos [Donners] told the California folks that they [would] commence to eat the dead people 4 days ago, if they did not succeed that day or next in finding their cattle then under ten or twelve feet of snow.[104]

That winter, Patrick Breen, Mrs. Murphy and the Donners had learned that some people interpreted the self's right to defense against hunger as justifying murder-cannibalism. The weak lay starving at the unstable mercies of the strong.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CODIFICATION

So they make laws, to measure and limit their violence: "Whoever strikes a man so that he dies shall be put to death. But if he did not lie in wait for him, ... then I will appoint for you a place to which he may flee."[105] At first, common law is simple custom. Law multiplies, develops teeth and claws; then the magistrates write it down. In the old Icelandic records we read that at the commencement of one twelfth-century lawspeaker's tenure, "a new law was passed that the laws should be written out in a book at Halfithi Másson's farm during the following winter... They were to put into the laws all the new provisions that seemed to them better than the old laws."[106] Now custom has been reified on vellum, as in the temples of classical Greece it was carven into wood, and upon Mount Sinai during the exodus of the Israelites it was embodied in "tables of stone, written with the finger of God."[107] Millennia later, the West German government will employ in its argument against East German human rights violations the "usual sense" of "a rule of law adopted by the supreme body representative of the people and published in an official gazette which is accessible to the public."[108]

This development can only be called progressive. We find a nineteenth-century scholar of jurisprudence praising the Twelve Tablets of Rome,[109] because even though they constituted "merely an enunciation in words of the existing customs of the Roman people," their formal codification now offered some degree of protection against abuses perpetrated by the elite.[110] That is why the schoolchildren of Ciceronian times were set to memorizing them, a law undiffused among the people being no law, as is a law unenforced.

The reason that law-codes help safeguard the people from "abuses" is twofold: not only limitation, but consistency. Kant's argument for the death penalty, which concerns itself with fairness (and which is punctuated by bailiffs and under-sheriffs instead of commas) thus takes codification as its starting point:

> In the last Scottish rebellion there were various participators in it—such as Balmerino and others—who believed that in taking part in the rebellion they were only discharging their duty to the house of Stuart; but there were also others who were animated only by private motives and interests. Now, suppose that the judgement of the supreme court regarding them had been this: that every man should have the liberty to choose between the punishment of death or penal servitude for life. In view of such an alternative, I say that the man of honour would choose death, and the knave would choose servitude... The former is, without gainsaying, less guilty than the other; and they can only be proportionately punished by death being inflicted equally upon them both; yet to the one it is a mild punishment when his nobler temperament is taken into account, whereas it is a hard punishment to the other in view of his baser temperament. But, on the other hand, were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> they all equally condemned to penal servitude for life, the honourable man would be too severely punished, while the other, on account of his baseness of nature, would be too mildly punished... the best equalizer of punishment and crime in the form of public justice is death.[111]

For Kant, as for so many others, the victim of a crime is the social balance itself—a not unreasonable position as far as it goes (especially in reference to the subject of deliberate terror, whose ongoing victims are not the people it kills—corpses cannot be terrified anymore—but the ones who learn of their repression). The allegiance condition is inescapable for this philosopher. Kant's prescription to restore the symmetry upset by the crime is "an eye for an eye." This is logical and elegant, if perhaps deficient in charity.[112]

"Where the law is overruled or obsolete, I see destruction hanging over the community; where it is sovereign over the authorities and they its humble servants, I discern the presence of salvation." —Thus Plato.[113] Centuries later, as the Roman empire began to decay, the laws became dead letters easily erased by expediency, and failing civic bonds began to resemble the Hobbesian state of nature—or Robespierre's Paris. Here is how Procopius describes sixth-century Constantinople:

> And in no law or contract was there left any effective power resting on the security of the existing order, but everything was turned to a reign of increasing violence and confusion, and the Government resembled a tyranny, yet not a tyranny that had become established, but one rather that was changing every day and constantly beginning again. And the decisions of the magistrates seemed like those of terrified men whose minds were enslaved through fear of a single man.[114]

The Twelve Tables, and the myriad statutes which flowed from and superseded them, had least marked for the Romans a point of reference: they *were* the social contract. Herein consisted our duties to each other, and our rights against each other. Moreover, into one of the tablets was explicitly carved the rule that *all penalties could be appealed.*[115] Law need not be merciless.

WHY PLATO WAS RIGHT

Those who chafe at law, longing like Rousseau for the state of nature, need not be so miserable: The state of nature, like Tolstoy's kingdom of heaven, still lies within us. Procrustes and his fellow bandits live among us, craving to subdue and to hurt. What restrains them? —Law. —I remember Operation Welcome Home, that worthily patriotic successor to Operation Desert Storm, which was our first war against Iraq. No need to make the point that our victory over that country partook not of the moral code of sovereign peers, but of authority's obfuscations: Americans

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

didn't even know where Iraq was or why we were fighting, and they didn't care because the war was easy. The social contract created that war, and the festival of self-congratulation which I was now seeing on that afternoon in Manhattan. Procrustes wore a uniform; he'd been himself Procrusteanized. Never mind. I will not describe the Patriot missiles in their chariots that made the streets rumble; let me begin instead with the first people I saw when I emerged from the subway hole: three lean young men, striding through the crowd in black T-shirts that said FUCK IRAQ. At an intersection, surrounded by police barricades, half a dozen protesters had come to offer themselves in defense of honor, class and creed, and I cannot say I liked them at first, because they were led in their chant by a man who raised and lowered his arms like a conductor, beating time to make them cry: "What's to *cel*-ebrate? Two *hun*-dred *thou*-sand dead!" because I have always distrusted tricky vanguardist organizers and sloganeers, even though in this essay I am trying to be one. —"At least it's not *us* dead," a bystander said. An earnest lady among the protesters burned to reply, but one of the men in black T-shirts yelled: "Aw, shut up!" The street was covered with beer bottles and rainbow disks of confetti because our soldiers had come home with (as the bystander had truly pointed out) hardly any of *them* dead, so it had been a victory. But the social contract of this time and place allowed for a moderate amount of disagreement. Armed with signs, the protesters therefore raised a plastic machine gun on a pole. They lifted a skeleton to their shoulders with the sign NO MONEY FOR DEATH. But the men in black T-shirts had now been joined by dozens wearing Operation Desert Storm T-shirts who began to shout: *"USA! USA! USA! USA!"* and women of the leggy cheerleader type sipped beers and Cokes and waved flags with their men, crying passionately: *"USA! USA! USA! USA!"* and then the crowd started pounding things rhythmically against the pavement and there were so many of them that I could scarcely see the protesters anymore. Now Procrustes had begun to feel his old urge to torture the weak. How many protesters were there? Hardly a handful. The crowd was shouting at them: *"Scumbags! Scumbags! Scumbags! Scumbags!"* and some children, waving flags with their parents, giggled, "Blow 'em away!"

I remember the girl who in self-defense of bloodline rushed up to the police barricades, slammed her hands onto her hips, threw her head back and yelled: "Don't tell me you're protesting! Just go home!" I suppose she'd been worried about her father, brother or boyfriend over in the Gulf. The protesters had refused to respect his peril.

The mob swarmed closer, yelling: *"USA! USA! USA! USA! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you! Fuck you!"* I saw one of the protesters, a grey-haired woman, begin once again most wearily to resurrect her skeleton, and the lines of resignation and perhaps of fear deepened on her forehead. (I would have been afraid, had I been she.) *"USA! USA! USA! USA!"* the thugs shouted, shooting fists at her, snapping flags in a whirlwind, not quite reaching her with the poles. A fat man in business suit smiled and clapped.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Now the crowd began shouting in two cadences like an auto horn: *"Assholes! Assholes! Assholes! Assholes!"* through which police whistles sounded faintly. The state of nature was breaking out. My fellow citizens swarmed with flags and plastic bags; now again the stabbing fingers and righteously shaking flags illuminated their chant: *"USA! USA! USA! USA!"* A girl in a flag shirt waved a flag, smiling vaguely; the crowd seethed through the confetti. Two girls were screaming at the protesters in an almost slavering rage; one of them cried: "My grandfather's a pilot! What the fuck are you doing over here?" to a woman who had nothing to do with the protesters and had not said anything to anyone but who looked Middle Eastern; the two girls were so furious at her that they clapped hands over each other's mouths so that each could denounce her in more splendid isolation. Behind the barricades, a protester, tall, pale, liquid-eyed, tried to say something, but they shouted him down.

"This is what I call stupid," a lady said to me. "It's over. All those protesters want is commotion." She had a point, but who was causing the commotion?

"Open it up," a policeman boomed. "We have an injured person." —Behind the barricades, a greyhaired hippie held a sign high, unafraid, IMPEACH WAR CRIMINALS, and I agreed with the lady who said it was useless but I admired him even as the crowd began shouting: *"GO HOME! GO HOME! GO HOME! GO HOME!"* and someone smashed a bottle on the sidewalk. Young men, crewcut, tattooed, stripped to the waist, were shoving at the barricades when an old black soldier became my hero by saying to them: "I fought, too. I'm a Vietnam vet. I fought for them that has a right to speak! I don't give a fuck what they think, they got a right to say it! And those police, they just stood there and watched them throw that bottle. That's how come that man was hurt. He was just tryin' to speak. He just wanted to speak, that's all."[116]

I wish I could say that the crowd desisted from its threats, but by then there was a new chant underway to mock the protesters: *"MORE BLOOD FOR OIL! MORE BLOOD FOR OIL!"* and everyone was laughing toothily and three men in snow-white uniforms slipped by, aloof, and they were yelling: *"USA! USA! USA! USA!"* and the way they yelled it was like an obscenity. Behind the police barricades, a protester woman tried to say something. "Fuck you, slut!" they shouted. The expressionless policemen in that tunnel of sound, standing between the protesters and the rest of the world, they were now enrolled among the ones I felt sorry for. It could not have been easy. They were law. They preserved the social contract against the mob. They prevented the riot.

I saw an old lady in the crowd who tried to rouse her brothers' and sisters' shame; at once the flag-wavers turned on her: —"Go home, lady! Shut up!" —She opened her mouth, and a boy hit her over the head with his flag: "You're on the wrong side, you slime!" She had a flag, too; she started to raise it; the other flags clashed upon it, and it was lost... On the corner, two men in suits and ties watched, and one said to the other: "Lookit that queer over there! Someone oughtta smash his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

face!" —Flags snapped in the wind of toothy smiles. The victors were having fun. Rather than being outraged by the protesters, they seemed happy that they were there, to give them something to hate. (That might have been the secondary cause of riotlessness.) The bold ones rushed against the barricades again, and the police warned them mildly. White-faced but resolute, the protesters now set fire to their effigy in what had clearly been intended to be the climax of their ceremony, then inconspicuously departed. I heard them say: "Let's stick together..."

The police put out the fire and everyone cheered. The barricades went down. The crowd rushed in. They grabbed the plastic machine gun and raised it aloft, shouting: "We won!" —The charred effigy lay, half choked by confetti, and some people stomped on it. A man shouted: "Yeah, they burned the bastards!" Thanks to law, and excluding one injured man, it had only been in fun. And the men in suits and ties chuckled to each other: "I wouldn't have missed this for the world!"[117]

FREEDOM OF SPEECH

I myself happen to agree with the old black soldier. No one can convince me of my obligation to perpetually obey a social contract to which I never explicitly consented. Authority is ever ingenious in coming up with legalistic definitions of voluntarism: When we first left our caves and huddled together against monsters, we unanimously agreed to chain ourselves together and throw away the key! And then, many epochs later, I was born into this situation, benefitted from it and by receiving benefit gave my consent even though I wasn't of an age to understand what consent meant. This logic is precisely what is denied in prosecutions of statutory rape. Never mind. Let's say I agree—for now. I'm resigned to my government's attack on Iraq in my name; I'm resigned because I can't do anything about it. But I will never give up my right to speak out against it. If I'm not allowed even that much, then I've not signed a social contract, I've become a moral slave. By all means, weave a common law; but that law must never rise above debate. To the rights of the self in extremis, its rights when directly confronted with violence, I assert, as many better people have done before me, that *the self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it chooses, the right to empathize with friend or foe* (shall we call that treason?), *to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times, with the sole caveat that direct incitement to violence is action, not speech, and may be considered illegitimate to the extent that the violence it incites is illegitimate.*[118] I say it again: If we don't grant the self this paltry right, then our social contract is nothing more than hypocritical or naked coercion. The logical consequences: We must allow hate speech and pornography, including violent pornography; we must allow dupes, thugs, pimps and traitors to have their say.

Freedom of speech will rarely be mentioned explicitly in *Rising Up and Rising*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Down, the two exceptions being in the chapters on defense of creed[119] and defense of gender.[120] But it very obviously underlies this book.

INTERNATIONAL LAW

On the international plane, social contracts resemble those of the old Icelandic "Thing," for they possess, with occasional paltry United Nations exceptions, no overarching means of enforcement. But even so, no matter how deeply and widely rent by war they may be, they flow back into a sort of smoothness, like lake-water which dampens its ripples after swallowing up a stone. If you break the Geneva Convention, then I may break it, too, if I need to do so to restore you to obedience, after which I am bound by it again.[121] Good *Realpolitikers* would accuse me of wishful thinking in this: here, for instance, is why Louis XIV, who, having complained to his ambassador of Spanish treachery, goes on most threateningly:

> in all justice, my word should bind me no more than theirs did them, but with this difference in my favor, that they had been the first to fail in their obligations, for which they were to blame, while I on the other hand should be fully justified, both before God and in my own conscience, which would not reproach me on that score, should I do no more than follow the example set me by the Spaniards.[122]

But sooner or later, relations between France and Spain must become normalized: after all, enmities elsewhere will sooner or later require it, if nothing else. This is why Louis's contemporary, the justly famed Dutch diplomat Grotius, insisted that war is the breaking of *a* contract, but not a full rupture of the social contract of deny and righteousness whose laws "are of perpetual validity and suited to all times."[123]

BUREAUCRATIZATION

Plato equates law and justice. But the Machiavellian Caveat asserts that unjust men will make unjust laws. Sometimes just men do the same. And of course one's own time always remains stubbornly imperfect. Tacitus, who lived five hundred years before Procopius, was already disenchanted with Rome. He wrote that soon after the introduction of the Twelve Tables (on which he gazed back fondly), most legislative acts had already become "forcible creations of class-warfare, designed to grant unconstitutional powers, or banish other leading citizens, or fulfill some other deplorable purpose."[124] (The class war between the patrician citizens and the plebs might have been more worthy of his notice, but never mind.) How far away we've fallen from Plato's ideal! And yet we need not believe, as Tacitus does, that every evil or unfortunate enactment was conceived by the busy malice of men. After the legislators of the first social contract returned home to their caves, a new class of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

enforcers remained in the open field, drafting and executing statutes concerning cattle-rustlers and husband-stealers. If you like, suppose, as Plato does, that they were the justest of citizens. Even so, to the very extent that they fulfilled their function, law lost its popular character. They became a clique, a class representing their own interests, which frequently won out, relations between governors and governed being inherently unequal. This why Bakunin and his ilk almost utterly reject authority,[125] crying: "Collective liberty and prosperity exist, only so far as they represent the sum of individual liberties and prosperities."[126]

Doubtless the patriarchal despotism of society's constituent families has afforded many strongmen an ingenious justification for a social contract of compulsion; doubtless might makes right in some cases—but the law of entropy, expressed in human terms as fortune, might alone suffice to exalt some, lower others—to say nothing of the laws of sociology. Doubtless, too, many citizens want to break the law. If they didn't, what need for laws? Tocqueville demands to know: "If ... you do not succeed in connecting the notion of rights with that of personal interest, which is the only immutable point in the human heart, what means will you have of governing the world except by fear?"[127] Law needs fear. Law needs many grinning teeth. Who wants to eat the lawbreaker? Some folks are born to it.

We find the anarchist Murray Bookchin—the veriest foe of authority and hierarchialism, hence our limiting case (unless we go to the extremist end of individualism's continuum, to state-of-nature Sade)—admitting that even during egalitarianism's heyday in Spain on the eve of the civil war there, "charismatic leaders at all levels of the organization came very close to acting in a bureaucratic manner." "Bureaucratic" is the adjective which Trotsky and the Spartacists[128] used to describe what was wrong about Stalinism (and it was Stalin, of course, who sabotaged the anarchist loyalists whenever he could during the Spanish Civil War). Bookchin evidently uses it in the same ominous sense. He continues wryly: "Nor is the syndicalist structure itself immune to bureaucratic deformations. It was not very difficult for an elaborate network of committees," which urgent expediencies called into being, to by very subtle, seemingly inevitable, decent and logical steps, "assume all the features of a centralized organization and circumvent the wishes of the workers' assemblies at the base."[129] (Another parable: During the reign of the Aztec king Itzcoatl, the commoners fear those menacing neighbors, the Tepanecs. The Aztecs have scarcely begun their drive toward empire; the lower classes, always worst-armed in battle, calculate that a victory over the Tepanecs would hardly benefit them, while a defeat might decimate them. But King Itzcoatl wants his war. His version of the social contract approaches that of the Spartan king Archidamus, who tells us that "the man who wants to rule many men must fight many."[130] And Itzcoatl drives a bargain: Should the cause be lost, then the masses can slay the nobility and eat them. Should it be won, the masses must be drudges.[131] Such seemingly voluntary origins of servitude easily bedazzle the believers with their mythicality, while exploitation continues.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Is there a solution? Bookchin can advise only vigilance, and the avoidance of "violence, competitive daring, and mindless aggressiveness, not to speak of an equally mindless worship of activism and 'strong characters.'"[132] Once again, it sounds to me as if he is reacting against Stalinism, which, like ancient Sparta,[133] fostered a culture of "socialist emulation," of extremism, of directed struggle, of cadres, shockworkers, militarism, compliance. And, to be sure, it also describes most revolutionary or even merely political organizations—indeed, most organizations.

Fortunately, the group's degree of egalitarianism will be "intuitively determinable by the behavior patterns that develop between comrades."[134] Why don't I feel any wiser?

"The existence of justice is thus absolutely incompatible with arbitrary mandates and illegal imprisonment," runs that anonymous eighteenth-century essay against *lettres de cachet.* "If one were to negate this principle, it would be necessary ... to prove that all laws ... are a useless nonsense of senseless, unreal words, that everything can and should be ordered by a despot's will, on the ground that this method is most just, being most simple and rapid."[135] This is exactly what Ivan Karamazov argues in Dostoyevsky's most famous novel, and what the Marquis de Sade, endungeoned year after year, proves after his own fashion.[136] One of Sade's bitterest maxims, which we find in the infamous *Juliette,* is that "it's the multitude of laws that is responsible for this multitude of crimes." Quite true—before law, crime was but chaos. The anonymous essay continues: "No one doubts that an arbitrary power which would be equitable and beneficent after its fashion, which could order all and move all by itself alone, would be the most convenient and salutary of governments, but God alone could exercise such powers."[137] Certainly Sade's mother-in-law could not (it was her word which imprisoned him); nor yet Robespierre when his authority dawned; nor the Thermidorians who guillotined him, nor Napoleon afterward—under all of whom Sade continued to be locked away...

REPRESSION

Government is now in force. My intuition of comradely behavior patterns didn't save me from it. As all risers-up and risers-down will agree, *government is repression.* Hence Mao Zedong's recital of the twin purposes of that oxymoron, a "people's democratic dictatorship:"[138]

(a) to keep down and suppress the reactionaries, which is not so different from punishing rock-stealers and worshipers of the wrong god; and

(b) to guard the collectivity against external aggression, which is no different at all from posting sentries to watch our enemies across the river.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

These are the unpleasant details gently alluded to by Lincoln ("to do for a community whatever they need to have done, but can not do for themselves"). What we thus delegate to government, to lesser or greater degrees, is the power to shed blood, which implies the power to monitor and restrict. And so many victims have bled over the ages that horrified reformers, crusaders and revolutionaries frequently oppose to the one-sided myth of government's consensual origins the equally biased counter-myth of original despotism. Clarence Darrow, for instance, writes that "the beginnings of the state[139] can be traced back to the early history of the human race when the strongest savage seized the largest club and with this weapon enforced his rule upon the other members of the tribe."[140] The notion of Marx and Engels is similar: for them, those handshakes on the open plain of trust were but a trick played by the man with the most cattle—and spears—to subordinate the rest.[141]

That paradigm has certainly been followed on occasion. But to say that it has always been is to ruthlessly overgeneralize. In the ancient Korean kingdom of Puyo, for instance, a king might be executed if his subjects suffered a poor harvest—proof that divine right is sometimes accompanied by celestial accountability. The fact remains: government sheds the blood of the governed. This is what Cicero means when he writes these tortured words to Atticus: "I am conquered. For the rest I cannot bear to look at Caesar's doings. I never expected to see them, nor the man himself who robs me not only of my friends, but of myself."[142]

DUE PROCESS FOR JOAN OF ARC

And so government has insidiously developed from the free association of equals to the despotism of Procrustes and his fellow bandits, who've now amalgamated themselves into an irresistible army offering to each trembling atom of self-sovereignty no terms other than unconditional surrender. (Montesquieu's summation: "As soon as man enters into a state of society he loses the sense of his weakness; equality ceases, and then commences the state of war.")[143] To the self remains only the quixotic powers of Bukharin in his extremity. We've returned to our starting point. Joan of Arc, far more eloquent, ardent and uncompromised than Bukharin, now finds herself before the bar. Her show trial will be as much a show trial—and certainly as much of a political necessity to authority—as any of Stalin's inventions. Innocent of the indictments preferred against her, she publicly signs a confession which she cannot read, and for which another confession will be substituted. The actual charge for which she will be burned to death—wearing a man's clothing—breaks no law. Magnificently, almost superhumanly defiant, the virgin (for she's not yet been molested by her guards) answers one of her interrogators thus:

> On that which is asked of me, I will abide by the Church Militant provided it does not command anything impossible to do, and what I call impossible is that I should

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> revoke the deeds I have done and said and what I have declared concerning the visions and apparitions sent to me by God; I shall not revoke them for anything whatsoever.[144]

This affirmation of the rights of the self her judges absolutely reject. They would reduce her to another lonely atom, which through intimidation and collaboration can be brought within their orbit, combined with other atoms and made into a stable, useful molecule. *She will not.* State authority stands the enemy of self-sovereignty, and we who meditate on her case must accept that the anarchist Bakunin's gloomy formulation, however hasty and overgeneralized, cannot (like the flames which will burn the Maid to death before an interested crowd; her last words will be anguished screams of "Jesus, Jesus!") forever be avoided:

> It is evident that all the so-called general interests of society supposedly represented by the State, which in reality are only the general and permanent negation of the positive interests of the regions, communes, associations, and a vast number of individuals subordinated to the State, constitute an abstraction, a fiction, a falsehood, and that the State is like a vast slaughterhouse and an enormous cemetery, where under the shadow and the pretext of this abstraction all the best aspirations, all the living forces of a country, are sanctimoniously *immolated and interred*.[145]

MY SERVANT, MY EXECUTIONER

No doubt Plato, Trotsky, and all authority's other moral mathematicians will require that throats be cut only with the best possible motives—that is, they'll shed the blood only of the ungovernable, who've been threatening their fellow governed or menacing the governors. And good motives grow still better. In the Book of Matthew we read that Christ said: "You know that the rulers of the Gentiles lord it over them, and their great men exercise authority among them. It shall not be so among you; but whoever would be great among you must be your servant."[146] After the French Revolution, many a mass leader presented himself as the people's servant: the chief executive was but the loyalest drudge and slave. (King Itzcoatl would never have said so.) Yes, here's the highest good of government—if government's conception of good deeds corresponds with mine. My slave taxes me for my own good. He protects my soul from bad books, sends my father to the guillotine for crimes against me of which I was unaware.[147]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 4

WHERE DO MY RIGHTS BEGIN?

Your good and my good, perhaps they are different, and either forced good or forced evil will make a people cry with pain. Does the ore admire the flame which transforms it?

PRINCE FEISAL, 1917[1]

HOW TO ERASE SIGNATURES

What can I do about it? —We heard Hobbes insisting that since my great-grandfather once agreed to form a commonwealth, I thereby agreed and will always agree to every new act of government; hence "no Law can be Unjust;"[2] but I cannot remember giving my consent to anything so sweeping, and if Hobbes did it, I beg him to bind only himself, not me, nor my comrades who are likewise discontented; like Ivan Karamazov, who found himself dissatisfied with an order of divine providence under which any child on this earth might be tortured, we must be able to announce that we reject our entrance ticket;[3] like the pseudonymous commanders of an insurgent group in Mexico, we must be able to say whenever and to whomever we will: "Our objectives are for the people, *with the people, and against*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the government. We are ready for anything."[4] By the Machiavellian Caveat, mostly we are not. "No government can exist for a single moment without the cooperation of the people," says Gandhi, but he then adds the bitterly necessary qualification, "voluntary or forced."[5] Force may partake of outright violence, craft or mutual obfuscation. Possessing all little power in their popular assemblies,[6] the Roman plebians, for instance, knew not how to reject the whole ticket, although by means of riots an ill-omened corner of it might be torn away, and they could shout demands at gladiatorial shows. When were they the sovereign people, whose demands comprised sacred commands, and when were they but a mob? Well, of course, authority decided that...[7]

OSTRACISM, OUTLAWRY, EXPULSION

To the extent that the oppression of government is personalized (as was most power[8] in classical times), we may choose, rather than tearing up the contract, to delete from it our oppressor's name. Replacing one Nazi with another accomplishes little for anti-Nazis; but Julius Caesar cannot be replaced. (Thus his assassins' moral calculus. They were correct. But, rather than replace him, his successor tyrants emulated him.) In ancient Athens, the enfranchised could expel a citizen from the social contract, send him back into the bushes and across the river for a period of ten years[9]—if and only if more than six thousand of the like-minded inscribed his name into a pottery shard.[10] In almost every case, they applied ostracism to men suspected of tyrannical ambitions, which is to say men who wanted to take government into their own hands—not to say that tyranny had the invariably evil and ignoble connotation it does now,[11] for some Greek tyrants remitted debts in an effort to win over the masses; and the oligarchs who ruled in between tyrannies stood not much closer to mass democracy than did the anti-people's government of those Mexican insurgents who were "ready for anything"; practically speaking, the oligarchies approached a weak sort of tyranny; but every now and then there appeared some citizen who outshone the others: was he Lincoln, Gandhi, Caesar or Procrustes? One can almost see the archons tallying the broken pieces in that fenced and barricaded agora, the crowd waiting to see who would be exiled—and, of course, the schemers and demagogues passing out shards on which their proposed victim's name was already conveniently painted. We read: "Themistokles, son of Neokles, out with him!" "Of all the cursed leaders, this ostrakon says that Xanthippos the son of Arriphron does the most evil." "Kallixenos the traitor."[12] Was it fair? In the words of one ancient commentator, "Virtually all of the most accomplished men were ostracized: Aristeides, Kimon, Themistokles, Thoukydides, Alkibiades."[13]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

LONELINESS

Fifteen centuries later, the Old Norse could impose at their law-assembly the sentence of greater or lesser outlawry upon a deviant, which stripped him of any right to protection in his homeland for a specified time,[14] but it was up to aggrieved individuals, not any "government," to enforce that sentence with hatchet-edge were he caught creeping prematurely back from his exile. (In old Rome, we find Caesar's uncle Gaius Marius, himself bloody, outlawed by a bloody dictator, hiding in a darkened house, into which the magistrates send an assassin; Marius scares the man off; runs, pursued by horsemen; lurks near the sea, "covering himself up in leaves."[15] This is now his life.) Hence one bitter verse runs: "The unwise man weens that all who laugh with him, like him, too; but then he finds, when to the Thing he comes, few spokesmen to speed his cause."[16] He finds, in other words, that both the obligations and the benefits of being governed have been stripped from him. Furthermore, he finds himself consequently arrayed against an immeasurably more potent superorganism—his former companions, coordinated by government. He and government now stand on the same equal footing on which he once stood in relation to every other atom in those days when all lived separately among the bushes: *Anything that I want to do to you, I am free to do—if I can.* He retains his four rights of self-defense, other-defense, self-destruction and euthanasia; he's free to kill government—and government is free to kill him. Government being the stronger, that mutual freedom will in all likelihood prove not only useless to the fugitive, but lethal. To the sheep still in the fold he's now an alien predator, a wolf's-head (the Norse term for an outlaw). Who will feel for him? Not the Romans, who pitied only the free men who chose to fight as gladiators, not the criminals and prisoners of war who were forced to. "Not to be able to see the blood of a criminal being shed was moral weakness."[17]

THE OUTLAW OWNS NO CITIZENSHIP

Looking in upon the Roman Senate in 63 B.C., we find Cicero declaiming against the intriguer Catiline, who will prove but a mercurial pawn of blind fate, his uprising causeless, selfish, doomed. About Cicero himself, however, this book finds much more to say.[18] For now, call him a rustic parvenu, whose brilliance and growing political experience can never make amends for his lack of pure blue blood. Now that he's been elevated by fortune, good works and pretty streams of words to the exalted position of consul, and accordingly grown as silly with vanity as he is desperate to use his one year's grant of power to polish his reputation, he wants quite simply to be great. All his life, I fear, he'll feel the need to prove himself—which at the moment he can best do by crushing Catiline—an ideal now more alluring than ever, for the following reason: just the other day, some of Catiline's henchmen

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

approached Cicero's gate in an attempt—less successful than cautious—to assassinate him. (Doubtless the grudge cuts both ways: Catiline had lost the consular election to Cicero.) The Catalinarians stand ready to murder other key citizens, set fire to Rome (there being no communications in the modern sense to be paralyzed) and then seize power—an unjust design, indeed a positively evil one. Cicero can thus throw upon himself the fine causes of defense of authority, defense of homeland and his own self-defense. So far, so good. I ask him this: Did Catiline commit a crime? So it seems. Then why not assess him the legal penalty, following all due process? The *Lex Sempronia* prohibits the slaying of Roman citizens except under special circumstances authorized by the Assembly. But Cicero, supported by most of the other anxious senators, asserts that "a man who is a public enemy cannot possibly be regarded as a citizen at all."[19]

(Hobbes again: "All Punishments of Innocent subjects, be they great or little, are against the Law of Nature... But the Infliction of what evill soever, on an Innocent man, that is not a Subject, if it be for the benefit of the Common-wealth, and without violation of any former Covenant, is not breach of the Law of Nature. For all men that are not Subjects, are either Enemies, or else they have ceased from being so, by some precedent convenience."[20] —Does it even matter, then, that Catiline isn't innocent?)

The Senate declares a state of emergency, gratifying Cicero by placing into his hands all the powers of martial law. Catiline has fled to Fiesole and launched his uprising at the head of ten thousand men; but in Rome, five of his lieutenants have been arrested. On this December day, the weather perhaps smoky and grey as it often is in that city in winter, the Senate meets (ironically, in Concordia's temple) to consider what to do. Around them stands a guard of knights. Julius Caesar in his customary unnerving mildness argues against the Ciceronian position, which has almost already prevailed. Give them life imprisonment, he says, not death. If you fear their resurgence, decree that sentence in full irreversibility. Now the Senate wavers, afraid to appear as tyrants, executioners, violators of the social contact: Caesar carries not just conviction (his kindness impresses even Cicero), but expediency. The sullen crowds outside might sympathize with the Catalinarians, hoping that a new regime will mean more free grain. But the half-brother of Caesar's mistress, Marcus Cato, who will be known all his life for marvelous, bitter, sometimes ludicrous inflexibility, denounces the Senate's cowardice, Caesar's suspect refusal to clean house. Insisting that tradition and firmness demand the deterrent penalty, he swings the vote back around to death. "Exemplary punishment..." writes Christian Meier, "was customary at times of internal emergency and always had the desired effect."[21] The Ciceronian view was thus never one of isolated extremism; we cannot fault him alone for now employing his martial powers to rush the five men directly to the strangler. In a sense, they've *had* due process. But why does Cicero do the deed so hastily? That same year, defending a murder case, he'd proclaimed: "The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

person of every Roman citizen must remain inviolate."[22] Prone to panic, impulsiveness and vacillation, he dares not to outwait the law-courts, for, being a lawyer himself, he knows that what triumphs there may not be justice but a superiority of money, friends and thugs. After two millennia the facts of the Catalinarian conspiracy have blurred; maybe Cicero was right, but pronouncements of outlawry cannot but be dangerous to order itself. *That social contract is unjust which can be unilaterally abrogated by the more powerful party.*

(Example of such an abrogation: a 1944 Nazi document begins its long, almost all-embracing definition of the excluded thus: "A community alien is ... anyone who by his personality and way of life, and in particular through unusual deficiencies in understanding and character, shows himself unable to satisfy the minimal demands of the racial community.")[23]

This is why Plato makes a special point of forbidding outlawry for any reason.[24]—When Jefferson drew up his "Bill for Proportioning Crimes and Punishments," he followed Plato in drawing upon the notion (now well embedded in common law) that the contract-breaker be accorded a specific penalty in keeping with the gravity of the offense. Thus for the acts of rape, polygamy and sodomy, at that time widely considered equally injurious both to society and to God, Jefferson proposed not death (as he did for the more serious crimes of treason and murder), but castration for the man and nose-piercing for the woman,[25] after which the felons would be "entitled to [their fellow citizens'] protection from all greater pain"[26]—in other words, they would reenter the social commonwealth, being once again responsible to and cared for by it.

But here stands Cicero the lawyer, approving the Roman punishment for parricide—namely, to be drowned in a sack containing a monkey, a cock, a dog and a viper—because it

> cut the culprit off and shut him out of the entire sphere of nature... They die without the earth coming into contact with their bones. They are tossed about by the sea without its cleansing waters ever reaching them. And, at the end, when they are cast up on the shore, even the rocks do not support their dead bodies to give them rest.[27]

So it fits that Cicero himself died a sort of outlaw, liquidated by Mark Antony,[28] with the treacherous connivance of Cicero's supposed ally Octavian. (It's good to know that he met his murderers without cowardice.) In those last years, Cicero considered himself a conservator of the Republic which he saw destroyed by Caesar.[29] In his last hour, that is what he was. Against Antony he'd eloquently defended "freedom" in the end, mourning the death of the old oligarchy. He'd saved the Republic from Catiline, he'd always insisted. Tirelessly he proclaimed his own importance. His orations were strained and one-sided, but no more so than those of any number of other advocates in his time and ours. Trying to gain his point, he'd bring in any

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

number of postulates, principles and precedents—and the next time he spoke, he might introduce opposing ones in another cause. Caesar himself enjoyed Cicero the rhetorician—no matter that Cicero the politician opposed him. So we ought not to deduce that Cicero had a fixed position on the expediency of outlawry. But, like most of us, he proved expedient in his personal and political acts. He failed to think himself into the shoes of those citizens whose destruction he so fluently urged. After all, he'd never end up a traitor like them! —His biography suffices to remind us why the social contract ought not to be too quickly or unilaterally abrogated.

From the executioners Antony received the old man's head and hands, which he caused to be nailed up on the wall of the Senate.

Robespierre got similarly expelled from the common right. Sentence of outlawry having already been pronounced, they took no pains to filter him through any judicial slaughter-chute, but merely identified him, detained him (or, as the Nazis would have said, "kept him on ice"), mocked him and then carted him off to the guillotine. "The criminal is always the man we do not know or the man we hate—the man we see through the bitterness of our hearts."[30] What could be a better definition of an outlaw? Society will not know him; society hates him. In Cicero's case, the procedure took scant moments (the soldiers approached; he waited to receive them; they decapitated him); in Robespierre's, a night and half a day. Cast out of the polity, thrust back into the state of nature in the midst of a great nation of *citoyens*, he who'd robbed so many of recourse had no more recourse than an animal when the executioner Sanson cut his head off. So easy, this solution—as frictionless as the down-slide of that great axehead in its greased tracks! It befitted, for Robespierre's notion of the social contract ran thus: "The function of government is to direct the moral and physical forces of the nation."[31] Scarce indication here of any sovereign rights for the governed—nor does he let us know exactly towards what end they ought to be "directed." Do they have any say, or are they all outlaws, too? "Society affords protection only to peaceful citizens," he'd trumpeted; "*in the Republic there are no citizens other than Republicans.*" His conclusion: "To good citizens revolutionary government owes the full protection of the State; to the enemies of the people it owes only death."[32]

In short, the prospect of being blotted out of the social contract is terrifying, whether the government be good or bad, because even a bad government offers more protection than none—unless, of course, it constitutes utter despotism, and one finds oneself in the situation of a Jew in the Nazi-occupied Ukraine, which is to say an outlaw, struggling by night to crawl away from the bloody pit.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

SUICIDE

An acquaintance of mine who was very high-strung and often talked about his enemies suffered politico-academic reverses and blew his head off.[33] I remember visiting him one hot summer night when everything smelled like fresh trees and it was too humid to sleep, so we sat drinking mineral water at the kitchen table and he was telling me about some Greek and Sanskrit texts which he was reading in the original. He hadn't been forced to withdraw from the university yet. He went and got the books, and as soon as I saw the Sanskrit characters so mysterious to me I began to feel that he knew some secret that I didn't, and if I only paid enough attention I would learn it, something maybe as important as eternal life or the philosopher's stone—a feeling that I often get alone on a summer night reading and thinking in one of those insomniac times when the silence and sleep of others brings answers closer; I drink iced tea and work things out until dawn. That night J.G. seemed to me to be already arrived at apodictic understanding, probably less on account of his own being—although he was very intelligent, possibly even brilliant—than as a result of the night itself, that time of omens, and although I can't remember much he told me (it happened more than a decade ago now), I do remember how our concentration increased by the moment, as in those evenings before a New York thunderstorm when the air is so heavy that your face is covered with oily sweat no matter how often you bathe or mop it, a wind finally comes, wet and cool, and flashes as you begin to surrender to something. I later understood that all the while, J.G. was negotiating his surrender, preparing to give himself to something which at that night hovered yet faint and directionless; but I didn't see him for a year after that. Although the first roll of thunder was audible to me then, when at the party, newly severed from the university, he kept talking about those enemies of his—although, in other words, rain had begun to fall on his mind so heavily as to sound like wind, I didn't do anything because we were not close and anyhow you never know and he was proud and what would or could I have done? Now I think I would have invited him to come stay with me for awhile, and I would have stayed up late with him and talked about Sanskrit—but probably I wouldn't have; I owned troubles, too. So the lightning went off inside his skull, charging that darkness with slate-blue light for an instant until everything became dark again; then again that surge, shocking and horrible light between darknesses, like the gaze of the Gorgon's head—what color was it really? Not slate-blue, not dead white, not blinding grey; it was always the same color but it was indescribable ... and so one of those flashes, the last one, was the flash when the bullet breached the cranial vault and for that one quarter-second his dying brain lay exposed to the light of the world as it had never done from womb-time to skull-time to now, and never would after now from tomb-time to dust-time; that was the light of the terrible answer he'd learned, or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

taught himself. I am sorry that he is dead. But I believe that he had the right to do what he did. One's self is one's own.[34] The enemy of an unhappy self is that self. The self is within its rights to destroy itself, whether to flee itself or (as perhaps in J.G.'s case) to escape an unbearable social contract. He'd been falsely accused of sexual harassment.

The Moral Calculus of a Suicidal Chemist

> "The question of suicide and selfishness to close friends and relatives is one that I can't answer or even give an opinion on. It is obvious, however, that I have pondered it and decided I would hurt them less dead than alive."
>
> Source: Etkind, p. 81.

ASSERTION AND CONTROL

Plotinus, whose philosophy lay strangely close to Buddhism at times, rejected suicide on the ground that it was an action of the passions. "If everyone is to hold in the other world a standing determined by the state in which he quitted this, there must be no withdrawal as long as there is any hope of progress."[35] And yet we can admire someone who offers himself up to certain or almost certain extinction for the sake of a cause, as did that earnest gadfly Jose Rizal when he returned to the Philippines, a nation then emiserated by the abuses of Spanish rule which he had satirized in *No Me Tangere.* He was executed, as he perhaps expected. In 1892, four years before facing the firing squad, he'd written in a letter "to the Filipinos" that "I prefer to face death and give my life joyfully in order to free so many innocents [from] such unjust persecution."[36] This decision was thus also an act of the passions—or at least of the affections. If one can consider noble what Rizal did, and not what J.G. did, it must not be the passions themselves which we condemn, but their particular object or attachment. Why should we call a bankrupt who blows his brains out a coward, and a conscript who exposes himself on the battlefield to overwhelming enemy fire a hero? Because the first death is chosen and the second compelled? One might equally well say that he who bowed to compulsion was the coward—a thought highly offensive to patriotism and soldierdom; better not to think the word "coward" about either, since only J.G. himself, and the soldier *his* separate self, saw their own respective flashes of skull-lightning. From his sufferings in the Kolyma labor camps, Varlam Shalamov concluded that "a person could consider himself a human being as long as he felt totally prepared to kill himself, to interfere in his own biography. It was this awareness that gave me the will to live. I checked myself—frequently—and felt I had the strength to die, and thus remained alive."[37] Later he decided that such comfort was illusory, since when the threshold was crossed his resolve might well fail. Fortunately, this is an unfounded objection.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

The virtue of suicide is control. No one knows the future. If one feels control over one's life in the present, why, then—one has control in the present, no matter what happens later. I reiterate: If the self has any rights at all, those must include the basic right to continue, to constitute itself over time, to will itself—hence the corresponding right to unwill itself, or, as in the case of a soldier-volunteer or a Gandhian martyr, to offer itself to be unwilled. The point is that to be justified, suicide must be an act of assertion. In medieval Japan, "the grand style, rather archaic and exaggerated, was to take one's entrails in both hands and give them a vigorous throw in the enemy's direction."[38] What could be a more emphatic statement of will than that? No right has any meaning if it be to make but one choice—precisely the situation which one finds both laughable and pitiful in totalitarian countries, when the forcibly assembled people are assigned the right to vote for a single candidate on a single ticket.[39] Another non-voter is the woman whose photo shows her hanging with her swollen face canted backward, a patterned housecoat belt wound tightly over her eyes and mouth, a towel around her head mimicking the turban of an Oriental harem girl (she was white), then a window-sash cord wrapped tightly around her waist and up in what the forensic write-up described as "a figure-eight pattern" around her engorged breasts, then down to press through her underpants between the lips of her vulva. This is a "sex hanging," an autoerotic accident.[40] We can say that her death was no more meaningless than it would have been from the breast cancer which murdered the woman I loved. Indeed, at least in a sense the hanged woman participated in her own death, and it is quite possible that she died enviably, that is, feeling extreme pleasure. —Unfortunate, to be sure, if it was an accident. Whether her act should be defined as carelessness or suicide, call it, like the declaration of some new African nation's independence, sovereign self-determination.

But it was all chance, you might object—mere stupidity, like a traffic accident! Well, where does chance end and will begin? Let's call sister to her the young woman who, gamepiece of a sister fate, happened to be born in Hiroshima at the wrong time—that is to say, after the atom-bomb, and so played, perceived, learned, loved and was loved, grew up and one day fell ill, and discovered despite her doctor's well-intentioned efforts that she had leukemia—in those days almost invariably fatal. Did she use the sash of her *obi* or did she find a rope?[41] (Another example of cultural relativism: the largely Anglo-American Hemlock Society in its suicide manual remarks that "people who have hanged themselves have often done so as an act of revenge against someone else, for the shock of finding a garroted person is one of the worse experiences that could be inflicted by one human being upon another.")[42] There she hangs, black in the face. "Whenever I hear such stories," writes the novelist Kenzburo Oe, "I feel we are fortunate that ours is not a Christian country. I feel an almost complete relief that a dogmatic Christian sense of guilt did not prevent the girl from taking her own life."[43] Had she been an eighteenth-century Prussian, the town executioner would have buried her dishonorably beneath the gallows.[44]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

BELLY-ENDS, DAGGER-MEANS

Because it does not directly or necessarily harm anyone other than its perpetrator, the suicide's blood runs into a boundless sea of messages, signs, themes and motives: cowardice, hatred, vengeance, release, coercion, kindness, reconciliation, even self-expression. This act of violence truly cannot be comprehended without a context. Even if we limit ourselves to but a single incarnation (if such be not too frivolous a word to be applied to death) of suicide—namely, the famous self-disembowelments of the Japanese historical chronicles and legends—we can gather an almost inexhaustible harvest of causes from the melancholy vineyards of others' scholarship:

Traditional Reasons to Commit Seppuku
(Medieval Japan)[45]

hara o warra hanasu [literally "to open one's stomach and speak"]: to speak sincerely

1. To prevent being captured in battle.
2. To make amends or express apology.
3. To assume responsibility.
4. To add emphasis to advice to a superior.
5. To correct a disciple.
6. To criticize a superior or an enemy; to express hatred. By the legal code of 1536, the person thus criticized in a suicide note would be punished.
7. To follow one's lord in death.[46] Prohibited in 645 and again in 1633, but still followed as late as 1912. Arguably followed by Mishima in 1970.
8. To follow one's husband in death. Usually a wife would not cut her belly open, but rather slit her jugular vein or drowned herself. Never legally prohibited.
9. To become a guardian spirit by dying inside the foundation of one's lord's new building.
10. To receive a warrior's capital punishment. The property of such a one would not be lost to his family.
11. To retain one's honor when accused—guilty or not.

THE UTILITY OF SUICIDE

Thus one code; thus some of honor's fashions. As for suicide which has an explicitly political motivation (which, of course, might include many of the species of self-evisceration listed above), we may fairly appraise through the lens of a moral calcu-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Japanese who committed suicide at Tarawa

lus not just its context but (turning away from the Gandhian code)[47] its effects. *Does it accomplish results?* Did Thich Quang Duc, the South Vietnamese monk who in 1963, following an ancient tradition permitted to the enlightened, poured gasoline on himself and struck fire, thereby decrease the persecution of the Buddhist clergy? We read that on that very day, his government remitted the siege of a celebrated pagoda, allowed Buddhist flags to be flown and even promised punishment for those good Catholics who (probably on its orders) had massacred Buddhists in Hue. Perhaps the corrupt president felt, as Caesar surely did upon learning of Cato's suicide, an angry, bitter awe at the dead man's resolution, at his now unpunishable withdrawal from and denunciation of a rotten social contract. The monk's superior, the Venerable Giac Duc, "believed then and I believe now that Thich Quang Duc was a Boddhisatva [enlightened one]."[48] As might have been expected, the government reneged on its guarantees, so after Thich Quang Duc's funeral (attended by a million), a Buddhist nun burned herself.[49] However temporary the relief which these suicides purchased for the persecuted, they surely succeeded in mobilizing and radicalizing people by laying bare the government's policy of deceit and atrocity. The Iroquois, who carefully studied and practiced the art of torture, concluded that a death by burning may well be unsurpassed in physical pain—although of course they stretched it out on their victims much longer. By voluntarily taking upon themselves such agony, the Vietnamese fire-suicides in effect accused the regime of laying torments upon others. Their moral and political effect was incalculable. As strategy and as moral choice, they were brilliantly justifiable.

Seven decades earlier, when the Russian inmate M. F. Vetrova preceded Thich Quang Duc along the same fiery path in order to protest the conditions of her imprisonment, a direct result was an improvement in the lives of other female prisoners. Indeed, several unwell women obtained the supreme blessing of an early

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

release—among them Nadezhda Krupskaya, Lenin's wife-to-be;[50] for authority, under Tsardom both more "chivalrous" and more susceptible to public opinion than it would be under Lenindom, now felt compelled to preclude the potential embarrassment of having a second woman die in custody during the interval (doubtless calculated by political bureaucrats) in which Vetrova remained in everyone's memory. Her goal must therefore be counted as accomplished; and her means harmed only the proud and desperate militant whose life belonged to herself to destroy. As is usual in such cases, the dry opacity and brevity of our source documents prevent us from following Vetrova down the long dark corridor of her moral calculus; at best we can see her indistinct silhouette through the cell window before, as in J.G.'s case, a flash of light illuminates her only in order to draw her once and for all into that darkness unknowable to any of us until we go there. Thus we'll never be able to determine to what extent Vetrova's suicide comprised, like Thich Quang Duc's, an ascetic, perhaps even devotional act of public protest, and to what extent it was simply a personal escape. Arguably, most self-violence directs itself toward precisely this end. A beautifully multivariate graph of twentieth-century Japanese suicides (represented as a ratio between self-homicides and other sorts of deaths) resembles a kinked and fraying bundle of cords. Each strand of cord indicates a year. The axes plot age versus frequency of suicide. Between ages ten and twenty-five all the cords rise to peaks. In the year 1950, and even more so in 1960, those peaks were stunningly steep and high for persons in their mid-twenties, with an equally sharp decline for those survivors who rejoined the main body of the cords in the early thirties.[51] What could have made all those young people kill themselves? —For both men and women of all ages, out of the various possible states of marital relationship, marriage was by far the safest. For men, divorce and widowhood were the most dangerous, whereas for women everything seemed less clear-cut. For people of both sexes aged twenty to twenty-nine, however, a single pillar of suicidal risk loomed immensely over the others: continued singleness.[52] Surely suicide comprised in many cases an escape from the despair of that lonely state. —In 1975-80, the Japanese men most likely to kill themselves were jobless.[53] For many of them, suicide was surely an escape. —In the 1970s and 80s, youth's suicide peak practically amounted to a low plateau which stretched on and on through self-killers' low-and mid-thirties, bottoming out at around age forty, where life's halfway mark perhaps projects an aura of absurdity upon suicidal calculations—better to die early, or late. (But in the year 1975, suicide's rise commenced shortly before the thirty-fifth birthday—who knows why?) After one's fortieth birthday, the general trend was upward; 1987 produced a strange spike in people's early fifties; suicides for that year then declined until past age sixty, whereupon they began to reascend and suddenly steepened to catch up with all the aging Japanese of other times who'd rushed pell-mell to do themselves to death—very probably, I'd say, a reflection of the loneliness and decline that curses most people's final years. By and large (which is to say, leaving

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Suicide of Nazi official and his family (April 1945)

out 1975 and 1987), one finds no valley of life-satisfaction after age forty; the suicide ratios shoot up at an inexorable fifty or sixty-degree angle, overtowered by the immense rise of 1950; and so it goes until the population reaches its eighties and dies, their fraying, upsloping strands of life then breaking off in mid-air.[54]

DEFIANCE, LOYALTY AND ESCAPE

Undeniably there are times when (again, as perhaps for J.G.) suicide offers the only way to freedom.[55] The grimly inspirational tale of Masada tells of one of those times. After a long siege, the Romans now stood on the verge of capturing that desert fortress, whose Jewish defenders, knowing full well that their destiny on the morrow would be slavery at best, ended their lives. "Judge not, lest ye be judged." At Masada, three souls chose not to die; and we ought not judge them, either.[56]

The end of World War II was another such time. In a hideous photograph by Margaret Bourke-White, we see a desk table with its black telephone, a calendar open to the thirteenth, stamps, pens, an ashtray, papers, all in disarray; and then we see like a dark shadow the track where an elbow has swept the dust away. We see the elbow, and the man attached to it, or the back of him, at any rate. His almost bald skull lies at an angle at the edge of the desk—a wonder he hasn't fallen off. His

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

slumped and folded body clings; perhaps the elbow helps—that and rigor mortis. Across the room, in a corner of a leather armchair, lies a young girl, her pale face oriented ceiling ward, her eyes and mouth not quite closed, arms folded across her chest, the long, pale fingers of the left hand open and dangling; she is wearing some kind of official armband, and her slip is showing. In a chair lies another body, perhaps her mother or sister; the face dangles backward over the arm of the chair, so that one can't make out much of it. The caption reads: "The suicide of a minor Nazi official and his family in Leipzig, April 1945."[57] (Around the same time, Magda Goebbels, preparing to poison her six children, writes in a last letter from Hitler's bunker: "The world to come after the Fuehrer and National Socialism will not be worth living in, and that is why I have taken the children along with me. They are too good for the sort of life to come after us."[58] In atom-bombed, surrendered Japan, numbers of officials were preparing to follow the same path; occasionally their wives adhered to the old code, and followed them in death, but it was hardly the rule for them to kill their children. The Goebbels family chose to flee; the Japanese, to die responsibly, as it were, at their posts. But before the armistice, as we'll soon see, all too many followed the Goebbelsian paradigm.) What ought we say? Seneca already said it: "Caesar's troops beset the city gates, yet Cato has a way of escape; with one single hand he will open a wide path to freedom."[59] I am sure that this is what J.G. thought. A Caesarian officer will claim that although the local people "hated [Cato] for the side he took," they still gave him a funeral in recognition of his immense courage[60]—for Caesar would have saved him, not tortured him; and after he first cut his belly open, the doctor would have saved him, too; but he ripped the stitches open with his fingernails, and died as stubbornly as he had lived.[61]



Seppuku

Cato had ever so many brothers and sisters. Vetrova might have been one—or not. Here's another, a twenty-two-year-old kamikaze who left behind this haiku too unsubtle for us to worry that the meaning vanished in translation:

> Like cherry blossoms
> in the spring
> let us fall
> so pure and radiant.[62]

We would be foolish to believe unreservedly in the sincerity of his sentiment; for the failing empire of which he was a subject had in 1944, broken by Allied air and naval power, set out deliberately to fabricate for utilitarian ends the Catonian suicides of human air-bombs and human torpedoes. (Cato had fabricated himself.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

And yet the testimonies of surviving kamikazes asserts that on the chosen day they were proud to die—no matter that Vice-Admiral Onishi had asked them; Onishi would also kill himself, and by the prestigiously agonizing method of disembowelment. They died honored by the military social structures which had formed them, and some of them expected to become minor gods. "Was it really necessary to go so far?" wondered the Emperor after he was told of the first kamikazes. "Well, it was a noble deed."[63] *Suicide is right whenever it is not coerced.* To the extent that we can peel away from their self-sovereign purposes the velvety fabric of odious persuasion (their squadron leader called upon them to die or not, one by one—how many of them were brave enough *not* to volunteer?),[64] likewise the evil political ends which suffused them but which they'd never created, we can, I think, honor these men. Five thousand of them died thus.[65]

As for the Nazi functionary, he probably did evil with both pathbreaking hands; certainly he participated in it. Cato, we said, died in order to proclaim and defy. The kamikaze died likewise to proclaim, and also to strike a war-blow. The Nazi family, like the families at Masada, might also have died to proclaim, but one assumes that the father died in order to flee. He must have known that he faced arrest and internment, possibly worse.

Based on my presuppositions about the rights of the self, my moral calculus advocates that *suicide is permissible whenever uncoerced.*[66]

EUTHANASIA

And the two female corpses beside him? Did *he* coerce them or, like Magda Goebbels, did they volunteer? What did they believe the Allies would do to them? We don't know. In Japan we do know. "Japanese soldiers gave us women hand grenades and told us to die with them if the time came," recalls a survivor. "They also gave us cyanide ... with the admonition, 'It would not be good for a Japanese woman to get raped.'"[67] —In Gibbon's voluminous pages we can find mention of a Roman matron who violently saved her chastity from the Emperor Maxentius;[68] somehow this act of self-will, or perhaps even self-help, fails to repulse me as does authority's "helping" its subjects to do the same. A few months before Hiroshima and Nagasaki ended the war, the American enemy formed a beachhead on Takashiki Island. Self-defense of creed, homeland, honor and, above all, of itself impelled authority to gather together the Japanese civilian population for mass suicide. The euphemism: "crushing of jewels." One searches in vain for any remnant of whatever justification the kamikazes possessed. Such meaningless, useless, coerced public death inspires only pity and horror. Might it be that if we'd seen Masada's final night, we would have felt the same?[69] Did everybody sign the social contract? If so, what were its clauses? Did I kill my mother because she and I both preferred

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

death to tomorrow's changes, or because authority compelled me to? "When we raised our hands against the mother who bore us, we wailed in our grief. I remember that. In the end we must have used stones. To the head. We took care of Mother that way. Then my brother and I turned against our younger brother and younger sister. Hell engulfed us there."[70] In the battle of Tarawa, only a hundred prisoners were captured out of 4,700 Japanese defenders.[71]

Yes, we might compare Tarawa with Masada. But here's a more apt equation: The Athenians besiege the Persian-installed governor of Eion. The governor will defend his honor to the death—fair enough, but why can't he stop at his own death? "When all supplies were consumed," reports Herodotus, "he made a huge pile of timber, set it on fire, and then, cutting the throats of his children, wife, concubines, and servants, flung their bodies into the flames," then threw his treasures into the river and burned himself up. "For this behavior his name is still mentioned in Persia with respect, and it is right that it should be,"[72] but I wonder how his doomed dependents felt about it. Did he wonder? Well, they were his property, as Isaac was Abraham's; the governor could do as he liked.

A woman decides to leave an abusive marriage. According to the later testimony of a homicide detective, he responds by loading his gun, "telling his wife she had ruined his life 'and he was going to kill himself and the two boys, and she was going to have to watch'"—which indeed she did, helplessly, uselessly screaming.[73] The husband's assertion thus never even pretends to be euthanasia; it's only revenge-killing.[74] Unlike a Masadan father, or even a propaganda-deluded Nazi or Japanese father, the husband will not by killing his six-year-old and his four-year-old save them from any situation which might arguably be worse for them than death. "She was going to have to watch." That declaration of triumphant malice could have come right out of one of Sade's novels. Alongside his case, set that of the young mother who prepared a birthday party for her seven-year-old twins, wrapped presents, invited other children, then drowned the boys in the bathtub, canceled the invitations due to "illness," unwrapped the presents and turned herself in.[75] What was she thinking? Had the entire course of events been planned, or did an invincible dybbuk-impulse seize her after she'd issued the invitations? Here talk of justice or injustice would not be extraordinarily relevant; the only judgment we should pronounce is: "acute psychosis."

LOVING KINDNESS

Sometimes, however, the justice of euthanasia becomes not just possible or probable, but shiningly certain—an act of kindness. Lawrence of Arabia, later to figure in this book in a far worse light,[76] tells the tale of his servant Farraj.[77] It is 1918. Mortally wounded by a Turkish bullet, Farraj lies helpless. To lift him causes him to scream with agony. Lawrence's band is but sixteen, and fifty Turks are approaching.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> We could not leave him where he was, to the Turks, because we had seen them burn alive our hapless wounded. For this reason we were all agreed, before action, to finish off one another, if badly hurt: but I had never realized it might fall to me to kill Farraj.
>
> I knelt down beside him, holding my pistol near the ground by his head, so that he should not see my purpose; but he must have guessed it, for he opened his eyes and clutched me with his harsh, scaly hand...[78]

Anyone who believes that what Lawrence did to help this man he cared for was wrong is a hypocrite, a dogmatist or just plain unrealistic. *Families or comrades may legitimately coerce the deaths of dependents to spare them from loneliness, death by torture, or dishonor sufficient to compel future suicide.*[79]

Likewise, when the Yugoslav Partisans were desperately seeking to break out of German encirclement in the Sutjetska in 1943, they could not take the seriously injured with them. The enemy killed everyone they found. They were, for the most part, too busy to torture; but that doesn't imply that to die at their hands wouldn't have been worse than perishing, as did Farraj, at the hands of those who loved them. (In the same war, a Japanese army doctor volunteered to shoot any of his comrades who considered themselves too weak to retreat from the Allies. "This I consider 'sacred murder,'" recalled an eyewitness.)[80] And so one badly injured Partisan woman begged her husband to kill her; he did, in her sleep. "It was then also that a father fulfilled the same request by his daughter," Milovan Djilas tells us. "I knew that father, too. He survived the war, withered and somber, and his friends regarded him as a living saint."[81] So do I.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

2.
CONTINUUM OF SUICIDE AND EUTHANASIA

A. Plato

> "The man whose violence frustrates the decree of destiny by self-slaughter ... thus gives unrighteous sentence against himself from mere poltroonery and unmanly cowardice... the graves of such ... must be solitary; they must have no companions whatsoever in the tomb. Further, they must be buried ignominiously in waste and nameless spots on the boundaries between the twelve districts, and the tomb shall be marked by neither headstone nor name."[82]

B. Taika era edict, Japan (A.D. 645)

> "Normally, when a man dies, certain people follow him into death by hanging themselves; or else people are forced to follow him by being strangled... These old customs must now, without exception, come to an end. Whoever shall violate this present decree by engaging in forbidden practices, the punishment shall fall upon his whole house."[83]

C. Criminal code of New York State [Sec. 125.25b] (late twentieth century)

> "A person is guilty of murder in the second degree when: ... the defendant's conduct consisted of causing or aiding, without the use of duress or deception, another person to commit suicide."[84]

D. My late grandmother's doctor

> "That's the coward's way out." (She suffered from Parkinson's disease for thirty years, and died of cancer.)

E. Gnostic Scriptures (The Sentences of Sextus)

> Sentence 321: "Do not become guilty of your own death. Do not be angry at him who will take you out of the body and kill you."[85]

F. Gandhi

> "In the place where we stand there are millions of micro-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

organisms ... who are hurt by our presence there... Should we commit suicide? Even that is no solution... as long as the spirit is attached to the flesh, on every destruction of the body it weaves for itself another. The body will cease to be only when we give up all attachment to it."[86]

G. Montesquieu (1748)

"It is evident that the civil laws of some countries may have reasons for branding suicide with infamy; but in England it cannot be punished without punishing the effects of madness."[87]

H. Socrates (quoted by Plato), in his condemned cell

"We must not put an end to ourselves until God sends some compulsion like the one which we are facing now,"[88] because "the gods are our keepers."

I. Socrates (quoted by Plato), refusing to escape his execution

"You did not have equality of rights with your father ... to enable you to retaliate... Do you not realize that you are even more bound to respect and placate the anger of your country than your father's anger? That if you cannot persuade your country you must do whatever it orders, and patiently submit to any punishment that it imposes...?"[89]

J. John Brown, refusing to try to escape his execution

"I think I cannot now better serve the cause I love so much than to die for it; and in my death I may do more than in my life."[90]

K. The Argentine anarchist Paulino Scarfó, refusing to try to escape his execution

"An anarchist never asks for clemency."[91]

L. Cleomenes the Spartan, who later killed himself

"The man who despairs ... is defeated by his own feebleness. For a death that is self-inflicted ought not to be an escape from action, but an action in its own right, since it is despicable that men should live, and die, just for themselves."[92]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

M. General Henning von Tresckow, anti-Nazi, before killing himself (1944)

> "The moral worth of a man only begins at the point where he is willing to sacrifice his life for his convictions."[93]

N. The Japanese Imperial Parliament, voting almost unanimously to retain the custom of *seppuku* (1869)

> "We ought to maintain a custom which fosters a sense of shame in the military caste and in the existence of which doubtless consists the superiority of Japan over other countries."[94]

O. Kato Kiyomasa, fifteenth-century Japanese warrior

> "Those who are born into warrior houses must devote themselves to the way of handling swords and meeting death."[95]

P. John Steinbeck, to his doctor

> "Then there is the signal for the curtain. I think, since the end is the same, that the chief protagonist should have the right to judge his exit, if he can, taking into consideration his survivors who are, after all, the only ones who matter."[96]

Q. Jean Humphry, terminal breast cancer patient, to her husband, the future founder of the Hemlock Society (1975)

> "You won't question my right and you will give me the means to do it... It can't be otherwise, darling. I've got this bloody cancer and I simply can't fight it any longer."[97]

R. General principles of the Hemlock Society (1980)

> "HEMLOCK ... is tolerant of the right of people who are terminally ill to end their own lives in a planned manner. HEMLOCK does not encourage suicide for any primary emotional, traumatic, or financial reasons in the absence of terminal illness."[98]

S. Thich Quang Duc, monk, to his disciples, before burning himself alive to protest the mistreatment of Buddhists in Vietnam (1963)

> "Nothing lasts forever except compassion. The physical body is temporary; the spirit is eternal. There should be no tears."[99]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

T. General Anami, Japanese Minister of War (1945)

"Our country, protected by its gods,
Will not perish. Let my death be offered
To the emperor to expiate our great crime."[100]

U. Artur Zygielbojm, member of the Polish National Council (1943)

"My friends in the Warsaw Ghetto died with weapons in their hands in the last heroic battle. It was not my destiny to die together with them but I belong with them, and in their mass graves. By my death I wish to make my final protest against the passivity with which the world is looking on and permitting the extermination of the Jewish people."[101]

V. Eleazar son of Ananias, to his fellow defenders at Masada

"It will be easier to bear that our wives die unabused, our children without knowledge of slavery; after that let us do to each other an ungrudging kindness, preserving our freedom as a glorious windingsheet."[102]

W. Yukio Mishima, who in 1970 committed *seppuku* after becoming a bodybuilder

"Specifically, I cherished a romantic impulse toward death, yet at the same time I required a strictly classical body as its vehicle... A powerful, tragic frame and sculpturesque muscles were indispensable in a romantically noble death."[103]

X. Seneca, meditating on Cato, who had to pierce himself twice in order to die

"To seek death needs not so great a soul as to reseek it."[104]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

HOMICIDE, OR THE CASE OF BERNHARD GOETZ

If I am riding the subway and people attack me, do I have the right to defend myself by attacking them? In the case of the celebrated Mr. Goetz, the enemy attacked with a sharpened screwdriver (or perhaps with more than one). The enemy's legal representation contended that they did not attack at all. We may suppose that at the least they threatened, first by outnumbering, secondly by being black when Goetz was white (it's blind to deny that in our country if you are a lone person of one color, and several males of the other color approach you, anxiousness is understandable),[105] thirdly by showing him the sharpened screwdriver.

But let's play devil's advocate. In mass society the individual is outnumbered by strangers all the time; in and of itself, that's no cause for alarm. As for the legitimacy of fear of the other race, statistics insist that it possesses hardly any basis. In 1950, by and large, American blacks were murdered by blacks, and American whites by whites; at century's end that still held true.[106] Generally speaking, blacks were more likely than whites to be violently victimized.[107] And a screwdriver, of course, is only a screwdriver. Goetz (who will later admit to having made "racially offensive comments" back in 1980—his pathetic explanation: he was high on angel dust) may be too prone to believe in his looming victimization.

So much for the advocate. Returning to my notion of a Goetzian perspective, however, one could point out that at this time, arrests for aggravated assault made up seven out of every ten violent crime arrests,[108] and that the racial crossover rate of aggravated assailants was neither well-known nor to the point, because these four men now accosting Goetz were menacing and so were their screwdrivers. How can we be certain of this? Because if we know that they had screwdrivers, they must have been showing them—that is, brandishing them—an inherently menacing activity, which renders all statistics irrelevant. Of "the rather typical young slayer," one researcher concluded that such murderers "kill as easily as children in their play, and they are not more concerned about their own death than most children are."[109] It is a pity that FBI crime statistics do not, like their Japanese counterparts, break down robbery motives into "life appropriation" and "play appropriation"[110]—that is, into gaining money for necessity or for pleasure. To the victim, I suppose, it scarcely matters: the criminal who seeks a life appropriation may be more desperately determined, while the play appropriationist is probably more callous, thrill-seeking, sadistic. Someone in Goetz's place could very logically say that inability or refusal to reason renders such holdup men far more dangerous than the idealized criminals in some logician's exercise, with whom one can argue questions of utility. In other words, strategies of negotiation offer less prospect of ending the encounter than the three choices of Gandhianism, surrender or outright violence. Moreover, he who sur-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

renders becomes by no means immune to a parting stab or bullet, *especially* when irrationality is posited. As for Gandhianism, praiseworthy as it is, that way remains no one's obligation. Hence—perhaps—violence.

To these circumstances, which combine to form a reasonable calculus of threat and response, we must add two more, the first subjective, as it were, the second neutral. The subjective circumstance is that Goetz had been attacked before, which increased his *sense* of danger. Some people might argue that his prior victimization gave Goetz *experience,* and taught him that it was legitimate (justified) as well as wise to carry the concealed gun which now waited for the screwdriver boys. Perhaps it even gives him entitlement. Doesn't the social contract owe him protection from imminent harm? Others might say with equal justice that it biased his judgment, increasing his sense of menace to an unwarranted degree by it—in other words, that (as for my friend J.G., who killed himself) it may explain what he did, but not excuse it. Newspaper accounts, which of course quote Goetz's extremist statements and take them out of context, portray him as sarcastic, bitter, tactless, cynical and self-righteous. All of these characterizations may well be completely accurate. Of course they have debatable bearing on what happened to him, and what he actually did, in the subway.

Pose the analogous issue of self-defense against witchcraft, which in mid-twentieth century Africa "was sometimes considered not only non-culpable but justifiable."[111] Do you believe it possible to murder people by witchcraft? Suppose that you don't. But grant that some self-defenders sincerely do. If, say, a Nyoro person comports himself as a witch, knowing perfectly well the social norms against witches, and comporting himself thus for purposes of intimidation and extortion, and if another Nyoro, feeling thus intimidated to peril of death, kills him, one must, as we are told that the British judges did, consider the matter leniently, if indeed we do not entirely exonerate the self-defender. This does not imply that we ought to honor the witch-slayer's justification under any circumstances, but it does mean that, as in Goetz's case, an individual might be justified in reacting violently to a sincere expectation of imminent harm, provided that at least some other people who were sane and shared his cultural assumptions might have done the same.[112] Frankly, since I do it myself, I cannot fault someone for carrying a weapon solely in the interest of self-protection, particularly if that person has had reason to lament the absence of self-protection in a previous instance.[113] In any event, at the moment Goetz is still only carrying the gun; he has not yet used it. Let us wait for a moment. —The neutral circumstance is that, just as with nuclear missiles, the response time available to act against an armed enemy is much less than needful. Most people prove unprepared for defense against a punch or a kick. A knife (or sharpened screwdriver) is somewhat more lethal than either of those; worse still is a hidden gun such as so many street criminals routinely wear; your death may come instantaneously through your enemy's coat pocket, or his car window, or your open doorway once you've

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

answered his knock. Many American police undergo a simulation course in which they are confronted with the need to speedily shoot or not shoot in various situations. Is the young boy holding a plastic squirt gun Uzi look-alike or is he about to kill me with a real Uzi? I tell a man to put up his hands and he puts a hand in his pocket. Does he have a gun in there or is he deaf and scratching his balls? Is the robbery suspect who refuses to raise both hands on command concealing a shotgun? At the very last minute, he obeys. "If I had seen the glint of metal from the can of beer he was concealing, I would have been convinced he had a gun," the officer recalls. "He will probably never know how close I came to pulling the trigger."[114] The point is that there is no way to know in time. Police sometimes guess wrong; how much more so a person without training! —I call this a neutral circumstance because just as Goetz must decide in a split second whether the young men surrounding him have anything else hidden to shoot or stab him with, so they must make the same gamble when they approach him—a gamble which I am happy to say that they lost.

They expected Goetz to obey the law. Goetz says that if he had obeyed the law he would now be dead. As old Grotius had to admit before hedging in military violence with his well-meaning eternal laws of decency, "Judgments are efficacious against those who feel that they are too weak to resist; against those who are equally strong, or think that they are, wars are undertaken."[115] The screwdriver boys felt strong and cocky, we assume. It would be war, then. Should we in fact assume that? Self-defensive violence may thus by the requirements of the social contract involve a strange guessing-game regarding an assailant's plans, which may in their own right reflect the assailant's best assumptions about the defender's behavior.[116] One passage in the Babylonian Talmud transports us through this hall of mirrors into the chamber of judgment:

> What is the reason for the [permission to kill the] burglar? No man controls himself when his money is at stake, and since he [the burglar] knows that he [the owner] will oppose him, he thinks: If he resists me I shall kill him, therefore the Torah says: If a man has come to kill you, anticipate him by killing him![117]

If we were on a jury, we'd be instructed to consign the following datum to irrelevance, but it may in fact help us judge Goetz's degree of justification in feeling menaced by the four screwdriver boys: Two of them, Troy Canty and James Ramseur, will later go to prison for other violent crimes—Canty for robbery, Ramseur for rape.

Now, what did Goetz actually do? No one will ever know. Probably Goetz himself doesn't know anymore; it's been talked over too much. —Permit me to describe the subway. Call it 1987, my first year in Manhattan (in 1997 the subway seemed much cleaner and safer.) Goetz's day was December 22, 1984, but let's choose a bright summer afternoon—surely one of the safer if not necessarily more agreeable

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

times to ride the subway. I stand waiting to cross the street to the subway entrance because a cab has just bumped into a cyclist who happens to be a skinhead, and the skinhead stops very calmly and gets off his bike and peers through the windshield to make sure what he undoubtedly suspected all along, that the cab driver is black, and then he shouts: "We're going to *fry* you, you nigger dickhead!" and begins pounding on the trunk lid until it pops open and then he snaps the windshield wiper off and gets on his bicycle and rides away. Does it even matter after awhile who hates whom for what reason? My Serbian friend Vineta once told me: "I read a psychological study of your killers. Did you know that most of them originate in England? Maybe it started with Jack the Ripper. I'm not surprised at all. The rest of them are either Poles or Arabs. And of course you have a lot of that Mexican stuff. Otherwise it would be a really OK country. The problem with your country is, Bill Clinton originates in England. Roosevelt was Dutch." That was how she was, an intelligent girl, sincere, but sometimes even when she meant well by telling me that my country could be OK, it didn't come out right. I remember the time that she and I were breathing in fresh air in Beograd,[118] and we passed a gypsy boy who couldn't have been more than four, sitting in a doorway, clasping an accordion bigger than he was; and Vineta said: "Look, how sweet! You know, actually, our gypsies are kind of a national treasure. They're like your Negroes. They can sing and dance, although they're dirty and stinky, and we love them." And in Kenya, blacks told me I stank because I was white; and in one Japanese hot springs the men didn't want me to enter the water until they'd finished; in Somalia the members of Mr. Aidid's subclan hated the members of Mr. Mahdi's subclan, and so it goes. Maybe that is why this New York taxi driver, old and tired, sits vacant in the face of the skinhead's abuse. The skinhead moves on and then the driver moves on as other cars permit, his trunk lid still open, caught just behind the skinhead: they screen each other out. That is up above in the sunny world, on that same street where a friend of mine, a young mother, was walking by not long ago when someone from a car threw a bottle between her and her little daughter for no reason and it was only by a miracle that the baby wasn't injured by shattering glass. Yes, the sunny world. I admit that this sketch necessarily exaggerates the violence of New York. I lived there for three years and never got mugged, although once the doorman caught someone coming in with a gun. My friend James got stabbed for no reason in Hell's Kitchen, a block from where one of my sisters lived (she got burglarized); and my editor's boyfriend got stabbed, and her assistant got threatened with a knife in the lobby of her apartment building where the mail-



Homicide victim: Mme. Langlois, France

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

boxes were; but Manhattan is very crowded; and most of my friends there have not been hurt by other people. Should we enter that fact for or against Mr. Goetz? Did lightning strike him twice, or did he just claim that it had? Now it is time to pass the panhandling mother rattling her change-cup while the child sits dully on her lap, drenched with sweat, time to go down into the stink and the swelter, past a pair of lounging cops pointing over the barrier, nightsticks poking out from their hips, guns hot and ready. Everyone in line for tokens is sweating and looking down at the stained floor whose hardness makes the soles of the feet ache, and once I go through the turnstile at Grand Central it is hotter than ever. I hear the wail of the trains below. Here it is quite dark among the people who are waiting. Mainly they are blacks and Hispanics and Asians, because race and economic class coincide often enough to satisfy racists. I see another mother and child trying to get quarters, a pretty black schoolgirl shouting as she struts hand on hip, an old man without shoes asleep in a blanket. For no reason, a tall black youth who wears his cap backwards shoves the schoolgirl silently, brutally, with ice in his eyes, and she does not scream but runs away. A guitarist strums on, hoping for money to fall into his upturned hat; the girl's humiliation does not concern him. Anyhow, humiliation is not violence. A white man is coming home from work, and the youth says: "*Fuck* you, whitey! I'm gonna beat your ass!" —And the man, afraid, feeble, humiliated, rushes down another turning of darkness, having no recourse save in pretending not to hear.[119] That is in the limbo before the platforms. How often do I witness disturbing things when I take the subway? In truth, only once a week or so. But I *think* now of the man I met coming out of a hotel near Times Square with bloody bandages oozing around his ears; I want to tell you about him. He'd lived in New York for ten years and fate had hardly scratched him. In the middle of the afternoon, he went to Madison Square Garden, and two men with knives robbed him. He never argued. He didn't try to negotiate. Following instructions, he gave them his wallet, and then they slashed his ears. I hate these two men. I can see myself too clearly in the bloody-bandaged man's place. I am not Gandhi. I am violent, vindictive; I *want* them to be terrorized and hurt in their turn, by someone like Goetz. But seeing that actually happen to them, I'd stop it if I could.

At any rate, the proposition that on the subway a person is usually safe, like the axiom that women commit relatively few acts of aggression, can be shown to be irrelevant by what logicians call "an existence proof." The tale of the bloody-bandaged man proves it. Goetz need not dispute the statistical fact that on any given day the probability of his needing to pack a loaded gun is low. He can simply point *out* that the probability exists.

Now I'll go down where it is lit brightly again, brightly enough for every smear of grime on the cement to start out at me like a bruise, and I see a rat moving in the black trackbed, and against the pillars men are waiting. Nothing sinister in that—I am waiting, too. It is dreary and dark here, but not dangerous—not statis-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

tically. The people who turned into statistics I've rarely met. I watch for my train, read, or talk with a friend, and every once in awhile somebody yells or somebody intimidates someone, and I ignore it because one never knows the whole story and what am I supposed to do and, besides, it didn't happen to me.[120] At night the crowds thin out, but waiting men are still there. Night is the time for guns.[121] A Roman jurist claimed that "the very word for theft is itself derived from a Latin word meaning 'black,' because it is committed secretly, in the dark and most often in the night,"[122] but even now someone has been known to get stabbed in a subway car for no reason, and it was only a few months before I wrote this that the young Utah tourist got stabbed so that his murderers would have enough money to go to a dance. (Shall we call them play appropriationists?) —The train comes down the tunnel, steady and massive, rupturing the darkness into ugly shards. I can see people clinging to poles within. It stops; the doors open; I get in. A man in bug-eyed sunglasses sits facing me, maybe staring into my eyes, maybe not, and on either side of me are sweaty bodies which I must not turn to look at, because I might irritate someone who will be enraged at me, so I gaze at the posters with skulls and heroin addicts and crack and AIDS and death, and my ride is uneventful. Night is when I sometimes take a loaded gun in my pack. Can you blame me? Consider the following advice in a magazine:

> When you rent a car, get one with air conditioning. Keep all the windows closed and all the doors locked. Do not pick up hitchhikers and do not stop to help someone who appears to be in distress. The worst thing you can do is get out of your car. If you are approached, step on the gas pedal and flee.[123]

This is the message that American citizens get, over and over. We're helpless; we'd better isolate ourselves and avoid each other. At least sometimes, Mr. Goetz's solution must be preferable. They say that when the screwdriver boys came closer and closer, he pulled out the gun, shot them, shot them again as they were down. He went beyond immediate self-defense, the boys' attorney charged—but did Goetz know that? At a "Kid Town Hall Meeting" in Sacramento, one of the panel members, the father of little Polly Klaas, who was abducted from her home and murdered, advised other children: "Unfortunately, you pretty much can't trust adults you don't know. I wish I didn't have to say that, but that's the way the world is."[124] —"If you are approached, step on the gas pedal and flee." —And in the subway, do what? Was Goetz obliged to be Gandhi—or to give the screwdriver boys his money, and then maybe suffer the fate of the bloody-bandaged man—or worse?

So he fires four times. One of his four assailants, Darrell Cabey, is wounded. Goetz approaches Cabey. Cabey's lawyer will claim that he now says: "You don't look too bad, here's another." Now for the fifth shot, paralyzing Cabey, who will also be brain-impaired for the rest of his life.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Goetz does not ride the subway much after that. Legal fees nearly bankrupt him; and he serves prison time for carrying an unlicensed firearm.

What does the law say? The grand jury dismisses any charge of attempted murder, but indicts him for unlicensed weapons possession. Cabey's attorneys sue Goetz for fifty million dollars in civil court. Meanwhile the next grand jury, retaining the illegal weapons charge, restores the old accusation of attempted murder and adds a count of reckless endangerment. The judge quashes the murder charge, which the state Supreme Court revives once again. The jury finds him not guilty of murder, guilty of the unlicensed pistol indictment. The first sentence: six months in jail, five years' probation. The appeals court says that six months wasn't enough; illegal weapons possession requires a one-year sentence. Back to the state Supreme Court, which gives him the full year behind bars, plus a five thousand dollar fine. Justice has been so slow that the imprisoned Goetz will now become eligible for parole in fifty-one days—denied. He spends two hundred and fifty days in prison and gets released. Is he free? No, now it's time for his civil suit. The trial lasts twelve days. Ronald Kuby, lawyer for the paralyzed Cabey, describes Goetz as "a racist who overreacted." The press with its usual sensationalism and hypocrisy rushes to tell us that "Goetz did not show much remorse when he testified for the first time about the shooting. He acknowledged he had thought about using his keys to gouge out the eyes of one of the wounded youths." Is this sadism, or is this prudent preparation for further self-defense, should he be out of bullets? Moreover, since he thought about it and didn't do it, how relevant to the facts is it? "And he was asked about his remark that Cabey's mother should have had an abortion, and that the shooting 'could be looked on' as a public service. 'I was trying to get as many of them as I could,' he also said."[125] The jury finds Goetz guilty. He must pay $43 million to Cabey—which is to say, ten percent of his wages will be garnished for ten years, and then that will be that. Preferring to file for bankruptcy rather than to appeal, Goetz remarks, not without a certain excusable bitterness in his grandiosity, that to continue to fight would make New York "the laughingstock of the world."[126]



Homicide victim: Madame Daly, France

Even the Guardian Angels, those messiahs of feeling good about our streets,[127] offer these "safety tips":

> 2. Be suspicious of anyone approaching you.
> 10. Avoid large groups hanging out together. Duck into a store.[128]

No decent person would say that what Goetz did was desirable. And, depend-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ing on the facts (which we don't really know, for one jury released him and another condemned him), he might even have been culpable, evil, criminal. I'd judge him thus: first four shots justifiable, fifth shot unjustifiable.[129] (What if he'd fired only the justifiable shots, then gone to jail on a gun charge? I'd be inclined to denounce that particular social contract.) By all means, let authority do what it can to prevent such confrontations in the first place—and in the year that I now revise this chapter (1997), authority has: crime has plummeted throughout New York City. The New York solution was to set its police to citing people for any and all offenses: graffiti-ing, loitering, panhandling, vandalism and the like, which the mayor claimed were the thin end of a wedge of crime and violence. Certainly other solutions offer themselves. One U.N. study, whose conclusions I do not find incredible, decided that a single dollar spent to prevent crime by educating "children in need" would save five dollars later in welfare and policing costs.[130] Should this in fact be true, why not hand our social engineers the keys to the city? Undeniably it is valuable for anybody who implements public policy or shapes the social landscape to bear in mind the power of his particular discipline to control violence.

But such admonitions as the U.N.'s alone display two inadequacies, the first being the moral one that nowhere are the perpetrators of bad deeds given the opportunity and responsibility to become conscious of their actions; rather, the invisible hand most graciously regulates them down the proper corridors of their rat-maze. Not good enough. Like the advice of the Guardian Angels or of the magazine, the U.N. dicta are an attempt to manipulate circumstances and groups to produce a utilitarian result, as if the soul of the aggressor were an indecent and unreachable irrelevance. I myself want to look into the evildoer's eyes, and I want to compel him to gaze into his own eyes, to see his image and judge it; he owes his victims that. —Goetz did this when he fired his gun. As I keep saying, what if the strategies of the beneficent curtailers of guns and beer don't work, and then I meet that evildoer?[131] —I often don't fear for myself. Sometimes, like Goetz, I do; while sometimes the thought of seeing the idiotic thugs of death terrorizing, hurting, raping, killing someone helpless and innocent, while I have to watch and do nothing, that's the thought that makes me sometimes carry my gun.[132] I remember a retarded girl who visited me; she'd never been to New York, and it was New Year's Eve. She wanted to ride the subway and go to a party. She was drunk, she'd pissed in her pants, and she wandered up to strangers and kissed their babies. It was night. Some passengers were drunk and unpredictable. I sat anxious and alert and miserable, unable to control my friend, unwilling to desert her. Nobody hurt her; nobody even shouted. If they'd shoved her away or punched her, I would have hugged her and led her back to the seat in silence. If they'd come at her with sharpened screwdrivers or worse, I'd have showed them my gun and pulled her off at the next stop. If they'd followed, I'd have tried to bring her safely to the light. That being impossible, I know I wouldn't have stood by in silence.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

3.
CONTINUUM OF VIOLENT INDIVIDUAL SELF-DEFENSE

A. Buddha

> "If a man foolishly does me wrong, I will return to him the protection of my ungrudging love... the more evil comes from him, the more good shall go from me; the fragrance of goodness always comes to me, and the harmful air of evil goes to him."[133]

B. Shigehira the Heike

> "I have done nothing but fight here and there, my mind devoted to the evil desire of killing others only to save my own life. I have been utterly blind to Buddhahood." [134]

C. Jesus Christ

> "You have heard that it was said to the men of old, 'You shall not kill; and whoever kills shall be liable to judgment.' But I say to you that every one who is angry with his brother shall be liable to judgment... Love your enemies and pray for those who persecute you."[135]

D. Tom Mauser, father of a high school student killed in the Columbine High School massacre of 1999

> "We believe that if Jesus were here on earth physically at this moment, He could care less about the 'right' to own an assault weapon. He wouldn't be packing heat and He wouldn't be carrying an NRA card."[136]

E. Plato

> "In this sole case, when a man's life is in danger from his parents, no law will permit slaying, not even in self-defense—the slaying of the father or mother to whom his very being is due."[137]
>
> "He that slays a thief entering the house by night with intent of robbery shall be guiltless; he that in his own defense slays a footpad shall be guiltless. He that offers hurtful violence to a free woman or boy may be slain without fear of the law by the object of his violent rape, or by father, brother, or son of such party."[138]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

F. Code of Justinian (533 A.D.)

"Those who do damage because they cannot otherwise defend themselves are blameless; for all laws and all legal systems allow one to use force to defend oneself against violence."[139]

G. The Qur'-An

"And fight in the way of Allah against those who fight against you, but be not aggressive. Surely Allah loves not the aggressors. And kill them wherever you find them... But if they desist, then surely Allah is Forgiving, Merciful."[140]

H. Curtis Sliwa, founder of the Guardian Angels.

"We have no weapons, no bulletproof vests, nothing but a beret and what the average person has. But if a Guardian Angels patrol has been involved into a high crime, and we are being confronted physically, ... most likely [the criminals] will get violent; they will carry out a show of force. Then you use pain compliance to the person, with the armlocks, the leglocks. They think they're knocking on the Pearly Gates. They think they're dying. And all the Angels are organized to get that person down."[141]

I. Malcolm X

"I am not against using violence in self-defense. I don't even call it violence when it's self-defense; I call it intelligence."[142]

J. Agesilaus, Spartan king (400-360 B.C.)

"Another time he watched a mouse being pulled from its hole by a small boy. When the mouse turned round, bit the hand of its captor and escaped, he pointed this out to those present and said: 'When the tiniest creature defends itself like this against aggressors, what ought men to do, do you reckon?'"[143]

K. Li'l Monster [Kody], L.A. gang member

"If you slap me, I'm gonna hit you with my closed fist. If you stab me, I'm gonna shoot you. An eye for an eye doesn't exist—it's one-up."[144]

L. Unnamed violent criminal (twentieth century).

"If something is worth fighting about, then it's worth killing somebody over. If you get into a fight with anybody, try to kill

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them. I don't care who it is—a man or a woman—pick up a stick, board, rock, brick or anything, and hit them in the head with it."[145]

M. Decal for sale at a California gun show (1996)

"BURGLARS & THIEVES: If You Insist On Robbing This House You Will Welcome Death During Torture."

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

REVOLUTION

Others may, for good or bad reason, expel me from the social contract. I myself may, for equally good or bad reason, withdraw myself—temporarily, like Goetz, who after using his gun submitted to judgment, or permanently, like the suicidal chemist. Or I may choose to remake the social contract. A king or a committee, it matters not: those judges, legislators and executors which my neighbors and I once set over us remain in some fundamental moral sense, however absolute their power may be, our mere representatives; if there is any justice in this world, we ought to be able to remove them, violently if need be, should they ill use us beyond our endurance.[146] *They,* it too often seems, deny it. (The Romans, for instance, justified slavery on the grounds of a mythic social contract between the warring groups which later became master and slave: the victors gave life to the vanquished; the vanquished gave their freedom into the hands of the victors—forever.[147] Long after they were gone, Louis XV's preceptor said baldly that "men are all born subjects: and paternal authority, which accustoms them to obedience, at the same time teaches them to have but one head."[148] He was the one whose definition of the purpose of government was: "the welfare and preservation of the state."[149] This formula chills me. There is nothing of Lincoln's benignity in it. There is no place for me.) That is why that fiery and tragical anarchist Bakunin calls the social contract

> an unworthy hoax! For it assumes that while I was in a state of not being able to will, to think, to speak, I bound myself and all my descendants—only by virtue of having let myself be victimized without raising any protest—into perpetual slavery.[150]

This is just my point. For a social contract to be just, the people who are bound by it ought to be able to feel themselves, if not its executors, at least its originators and beneficiaries. Hence Gibbon's aphorism that freedom fades "when the legislative power is nominated by the executive"[151] rather than by the subjects (and objects) of the laws. But the other horn of the dilemma is that executive power is needed to enforce equality upon the legislature's members.[152] While the social contract is no fair agreement if we will never be permitted to revoke it,[153] on the other hand, should it be too easily revocable, it scarcely differs from Hobbes's natural "State of Warre"—that is, no contract at all. In 1790 we find Edmund Burke writing with vehement eloquence and alarm that the state ought to be *consecrated, sanctified,* because the social contract "ought not to be considered as nothing better than a partnership agreement in a trade of pepper and coffee," but rather a "partnership in all perfection. As the ends of such a partnership cannot be obtained in many generations," it becomes a contract between the living,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

the dead and the unborn, which we, mere links in the chain, have no *right* to break![154] An ironclad contract, and we cannot rebel against Stalin; no contract, and we cannot protect Adupa.[155]

If such is the case, let the revolution begin.[156]

When the contract must be broken, however, we should insist that the voiding of some provisions does not allow the whole thing to be scrapped. Even if an entire regime and its associated priesthood, legal system, school curricula and the like are to be (in Pol Pot's lovely word) "smashed," an *implicit* social contract resumes at the cessation of violence.[157] I propose that this contract be based on the recognition of the four rights of the self listed above. My right to violent self-defense remains inalienable in any case of need, and during the revolution I may *justly* (if I feel the necessity) throttle your corresponding right—and you—but once my clique or mass movement has achieved its object, and I my safety, I am obliged to restore you to your rights. If I do not, this simply means that our violent struggle is not and cannot yet be concluded, since neither you nor anyone else will alienate your *right* to fight for life.

All this is merely another way of saying that having once entered *into* a social contract of any kind, we return to the state of nature only temporarily. —Why ought we to assume this? —For the same reason that we entered into a social contract in the first place. The Unabomber is wrong: the state of nature is not invariably preferable. If I deny to you the rights I expect for myself, how can I have any hope of getting those rights for myself?—"In reality," writes another moral philosopher, "right is no more than a covenant established or accepted by men to avoid mutual harm."[158] True enough. That right comprises the social contract.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 5

WHERE DO YOUR RIGHTS BEGIN?

Do as you would be done by.

THE GOLDEN RULE[1]

In a letter of commentary on my moral calculus, the anthropologist Bruce Trigger, a kind and intelligent man who has helped me very much with my projects over the years, objects to the caveat to the allegiance condition,[2] which as you may remember runs: *Involuntary attachments are not binding. Voluntary attachments may be withdrawn at any time.* In short, both conditions may be overridden—at which point one returns to the state of nature. "If you tacitly agree to how society works," writes Trigger, "I don't think you have a moral right to change your position at will. If a Dane or Dutch person accepted Jews as fellow citizens before the Nazis arrived he/she didn't have a moral right to decide that what happened to Jews was none of his business after. In this sense I regard some voluntary attachments as binding."[3]

I guess what I would say to this is that the Jewish Danes who suddenly found themselves excluded from the social order would be totally justified in rising up against an authority which the Nazis had rendered illegitimate. I am fairly certain that I would do the little I could to aid their just struggle. Perhaps I would sacri-

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

fice my life. However, I would not condemn someone who refused to take part on the basis of a prior moral obligation: for instance, one of the mothers we have been discussing, one of the good ones who cared about the child who needed her, and refrained from taking undue risks for fear that the child would be left orphaned. When we were talking about the four murdered children I quoted this maxim of Gandhi's: "Truth, which requires utter selflessness, can have no time for the selfish purpose of begetting children and running a household..."[4] I agree and I disagree. A child is an attachment, but we do not always set out to form attachments; just as often, they come to us. *The Golden Rule becomes more valid than ever in reference to one's dependents.*[5]

Five variations of the Golden Rule, some justified, some not, are given in the moral calculus.[6] These will be discussed in the next chapter, "Means and Ends."[7] In the meantime, let me briefly answer the question *What is my social contract with others?* or more fundamentally *What are my obligations to others?*

To anticipate a little, here are some of the principles which this book will seek to establish:

Violent defense of honor is justified *when honor is altruistic*—that is, when honor demands the deliverance of a third party from imminent violence.[8] Violent defense of class is justified *when it is truly defense against the exactions, impoverishments, oppressions and humiliations imposed by other classes*—not proactive self-defense.[9] Violent defense of earth is justified *when needed to avert a provably imminent ecological catastrophe.*[10] In all of these cases, the violent severance of one's attachment to the given social order may be necessary, for the sake of others *or* for one's own sake—in other words, for the sake of a common cause. In many chapters of this book I will be raising the question: Does the cause lie open to all?

The foundation of this book is the Golden Rule. Anything which furthers that principle—for instance, empathy—will usually be treated as a good (in the chapter on defense of authority I will find myself forced to criticize Trotsky for rejecting "empathetic bridges").[11] In fact, the Golden Rule remains so fundamental that it may be easy to lose sight of it.

I reiterate that *involuntary attachments are not binding. Voluntary attachments may be withdrawn at any time.* Authority may be legitimate—that is, it may operate with the consent of the governed[12]—or it may not be. Either way, authority must respect the Golden Rule to the same extent as any other moral entity, perhaps even more since authority enjoys the supreme power to inflict violence. Should it fail to do so, why then, *involuntary attachments are not binding*, and the more involuntary they are, the more likely it is that the authority which insists on them approaches illegitimacy. *Voluntary attachments may be withdrawn at any time.*

Nonetheless, our caveat to the allegiance condition requires an addition. Here is the wording in full:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CAVEAT: Involuntary attachments are not binding. Voluntary attachments may likewise be withdrawn at any time. In short, both conditions may be overridden—at which point one returns almost to the state of nature, with one exception: The Golden Rule should always be respected.

And to this I think it best to add a reiteration of one of the final sentences in the last chapter: Even if an entire regime should be smashed, an *implicit* social contract resumes at the cessation of violence.[13]

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

CHAPTER 6

MEANS AND ENDS

I do not deny that among an infinite number of acts of violence and folly, some good may have been done. They who destroy every thing certainly will remove some grievance. They who make everything new, have a chance that they may establish some thing beneficial.

BURKE, 1790[1]

Here you have the morality of the rightists: they say, let us find an explanation for needless cruelty; we must be humanists, and laws must be obeyed. But this morality is not revolutionary; it does not advance the cause.

MOLOTOV, 1976[2]

The previous chapters might be entitled "Weapons and the Citizen." In that case, much of the remainder of this book ought to be called "Weapons and the Revolutionary." We shall not, however, neglect the soldier, the prosecutor or the armed racist, all of whom justify whatever violence they commit by going beyond the rights of the self to invoke the rights of the group to which they actually or hypothetically belong. Identity is always sweet, and likewise the smoke of

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

identity's sacrifices: every Moloch owns graciously accepting nostrils. For any cause in the name of which you wish to slaughter me, you can find your happy justification—although straightforward souls forego such trash to save time. One might say that the more highly regulated a society (or a person), the more possibilities of breaking laws, hence the more guilt, hence the more need for justifications. But never mind. They lie like pebbles upon the beaches of cunning, ready to be scooped up by the fistful. First comes your justification. Afterwards you may remand me to the secular arm.

COLLECTIVE VIOLENCE

My argument so far is the less than original one (most often disputed on religious or legalistic grounds—disputed, in short, according to stone-carved moral codes) that it is the right of the self to defend itself, or not defend itself, or even end itself, as it sees fit; that the self is, in short, the basic indissoluble element of autonomy; that whoever attacks another unprovoked imperils those rights, and, therefore, in the course of being repelled, may forfeit them on his own account, should circumstances require it.[3] —"Good thing this won't be read by social insects," responds one reader. "Even so, it's possible to think, 'How American!' or whatever."[4] And most likely my formulations, if they are ever seen, will bring smiles now and a century from now, such being the lot of universalist pretences. Well, our sketch of the individual's rights is completed. And now let us go to that beach of pretty pebbles, and ask: What else constitutes self-defense? —The immensity of this inquiry is so daunting that I can only begin to hint at it by raising various cases. For instance, is self-defense for me the same as self-defense for my nation or clan? Evidently not. Suppose that as a revolutionary I act violently or non-violently to break laws with which I disagree (Trotsky once wrote that disobeying a law should be considered no more and no less important than missing a train). The consequence may well be that the nation of which I was once a part will invoke self-defense to hunt me down and kill me. And the government which pays my killers, is it a "legitimate" government or a mere "regime"? Who decides that? Even if it is but the latter, isn't a regime a collection of selves each with the right of self-defense? Does my breaking "their" law harm them individually? If not, how could I be harming them collectively? Are Marxists and anarchists reasonable in calling for self-defense based on class? ("All means are justified in the war of humanity against its enemies. Indeed, the more repugnant the means, the stronger the test of one's nobility and devotion. All great revolutionists have proved that.")' How justified is violent defense of honor? What about "ecodefense"? We can bedazzle ourselves with such questions as long as we like (and in this half of the book we shall look at all of them). Naturally, we shall not answer any one of them as well as we should: each issue deserves a life's work. The tale of Joan of Arc, for instance, by partaking of so many categories at once—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

national self-defense, self-defense of authority, of creed, of honor, proactive self-defense—reminds us how problematic it is to fit real life into even one's best constructed pigeonholes: "You, Englishmen, who have no right in this Kingdom of France," she writes on a sheet tied to an arrow and shot out of besieged Orleans, "the King of Heaven orders and commands you through me, Joan the Maid, that you quit your fortresses and return into your own country, or if not I shall make you such *babay* that the memory of it will be perpetual."[6] How would you categorize that? And when we turn from the historical illustrations of this book's first half to our actual case studies, our dipperfuls of water from the murky well of experience, we'll rediscover the same difficulty, that within any given Joan (who's already distorted by our vision) lie dissolved and commingled her Kingdom of France, her King of Heaven, and all the other multitudinous treasures which she, in defending her own being, must also defend. This is one of the main reasons that great literature possesses the power to fascinate: it presents a whole person, offering him up on an introspective platter like a sort of omelette of mixed motives. This I hope to do in the case studies, whenever portraiture is appropriate. But first we must begin by defining the questions themselves. Answering them requires sincere induction, which must in turn be preceded by description. Let us then construct a pretty little natural history of mass violence, of rising up and burning and purifying in the name of the greatest good.

AN ANARCHIST COMEDY

And now we have arrived at the central matter of this book, the metaphor which revolutionaries, conquerors, patriots and other violent movers so often use. Ethics is the evaluation of justifications. Justifications are the links between ends and means.[7] "Everything is moral which assists the triumph of revolution," wrote Sergey Nechaev in his infamous "Catechism of the Revolutionist"[8] (that cold intellectual mask over an enraged face); if this assertion is true, then no justifications are required for any action, and we cannot judge any other person except on the basis of his stated ends (will this murder assist the triumph of my revolution or not?)—which actually leaves Nechaev in a bind, because if incumbency, calmly oppressing and massacring, states that it does so, like Nechaev, to "benefit the people," then how can revolutionary activism denounce it? Let us therefore grant our authority as human beings, as citizens, to judge each others' means, even when those means do not directly affect the rights of our sovereign private selves.

A means no one can be sure of in advance, because it belongs to praxis, to implementation, to the interaction between strategy and an unpredictable world. Maybe that nonviolent rally which you wish to lead will turn violent when the police start shooting your picketers down. Weaponless yourself, you must acknowledge the responsibility. (Gandhi had to do this; so did Martin Luther King.) "Behold, I shall

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

raise up evil against you out of your own house."[9] Or perhaps your assassination attempt will fail, and you'll be treated as a nonviolent lunatic with a toy gun instead of as a murderer-martyr. Say it succeeds, and your victim's successor carries on the old policies. (After all, not so many assassinations achieve their ultimate political object.)[10] Then it has *not* succeeded. Perhaps, worst of all, you'll kill the wrong people, as did the anarchist Severino Di Giovanni—repeatedly. Two of his apologists shruggingly explain:

> when the violent act, decided by a militant or group of militants, is carried out with opportune analysis and guarantee; when its political opportunity has been considered and is carried out with the maximum possibility of comprehension by the mass and the militant or group are really part of the armed minority of the exploited; then if the action causes an "accident" and someone dies during the course of it, we cannot condemn the action and the comrades who carried it out.[11]

The three conditions proposed by the apologists are thus, translated into our terms: careful consideration of ends, determination of the practicality of means and membership in the revolutionary elite (this last ad hominem postulate let us bury without a funeral).[12] Now it becomes apparent that this formula is really a genteel form of Nechaev's, its cruel arrogance dressed up in pseudo-utilitarian rationalism. like some army's murderous pikes whose poles have been segmented with repeated crosshatched or floral designs: rather than asserting we have the right to commit premeditated murder in pursuit of a perfect end, it claims that we may commit any number of manslaughters. In 1920, the fanatical Communist John Reed tells Emma Goldman that shooting five hundred people was nothing, just a "stupid blunder on the part of overzealous Chekists."[13] Di Giovanni's actions can equally be well classified as mere escapades, errors, not wickedness. In 1927 he commits his first known homicide, a double one, by means of his trademark suitcase bomb activated by a marriage of acids. What could be the most worthy target for an anarchist at the time? Why, of course—an American bank! But neither the nineteen-year-old clerk who had just finished planning her honeymoon nor the itinerant vendor have ever exploited anyone. Better to deny these globs of flesh—into the grave with them! Twenty-three other souls are wounded. Inspired (so it would seem) rather than remorseful, Di Giovanni proceeds to the Bank of Boston, planting another suitcase which fortunately fails to explode; if it had, it might have done the same sort of work.

A year later, impelled by his justified hatred of Mussolini, he and his accomplice Romano enter the Italian consulate. In this case I might have been willing to accept the label of "opportune analysis and guarantee," but because the two anarchists cannot bring their suitcase within range of Consul Campini, they resort to incompetence's cowardly expediency, opportunism, and set it down by the service desk. Nine dead, thirty-four injured. Fire, blood, rubble, broken glass.[14] Once again, Di

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Giovanni accomplished nothing, except the writing of his murky message in other people's blood. Mussolini, whose evil of course incomparably surpasses Di Giovanni's (his moral calculus: "I need several thousand dead to be able to take my place at the peace table"),[15] will not be stopped from giving Italy two decades of fascism. Di Giovanni will have been long dead by then—strapped to a prison chair by the government and executed. As for Argentina, that nation will avoid declaring war on the Axis until March 27, 1945, a mere five weeks before Germany's surrender. Forty-odd top Nazis will find hospitable refuge in Argentina after the war.[16] With regard to Italian fascism, then, Di Giovanni's ends are as germane and justified as his means are vain and atrocious. His own conclusion: Time for more fire and blood. But when he leaves a suitcase at the pharmacy owned by the chairman of the Fascist subcommittee of Boca, a curious child disarms the mechanism, so that only frightening flames burst out. Di Giovanni, one begins to see, is organizationally as well as ethically deficient. Another child, chasing a pet rabbit, inadvertently discovers his headquarters, which the killer, of course, has booby-trapped. But—now the tale begins to seem almost a comedy—we now find proof not only of poor organization, but also of slovenly craftsmanship: the boy opens the door, the bomb goes off—but, once again, without accomplishing more than attracting the police. I would like to believe that were it not for the meager documentation available to me on Di Giovanni I'd find at the least a statement of sorrow, confusion, regret—but if, as the cliché runs, actions speak louder than words, then we need not admit despair in trying to reconstruct his state of mind; for later that same year he plants a bomb on a merchant vessel in support of a dockworkers' strike... A traitor calls the police, who flood the bilge area, so that one more time his mechanized mayhem fails. That bomb would have killed many people. Di Giovanni writes to his fifteen-year-old mistress, with a sort of intoxicated incoherence: "Do I perhaps do evil? But is that my guide? In evil lies the highest affirmation of life."[17] This is aesthetics, not politics. Aesthetics may easily justify suicide, even double suicide—but never murder. Not long after that letter, amidst public demands for the release from detention of the anarchist Radowitsky, a young Argentine finds on the sidewalk a suitcase which feels strangely warm. His last words to an onrushing policeman: "Look what I have here!" Then flames, thunder and broken windows. The policeman is lucky enough to survive, though seriously wounded; he was not as close to the suitcase as its discoverer.[18] In this instance Di Giovanni had planned to blow up the cathedral, but, as usual, accomplished something entirely different (if random murder be an accomplishment).

"A MEAN BETWEEN EXCESS AND DEFECT"

The means, then, one reads about *afterwards,* in history books and newspapers.[19] We call it a result, and no one can ever apodictically know a result beforehand. But the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

end, one would hope, remains constant, whether or not it is ever achieved.[20] Indeed, an inconstant end is a sure sign of deceitful or outright evil expediency, as when D. Giovanni switches from Italian fascists to dock workers, or Julius Caesar leaves a Roman garrison in Egypt to prop up his new puppets, Cleopatra and her cipher of a brother, with this alleged justification: "He thought it important for the prestige of our empire and for the common good, if the rulers were to remain loyal, that they should have the protection of our forces, while if they proved ungrateful, these same forces could constrain them."[21] Caesar's end, then, *cannot* have been "the common good." Call it what it really is: the good of Rome. We can see it then; we can judge it. —"In evil lies the highest affirmation of life." —Not for me. —Fix the end; lock it; raise it; present it; preserve it. If it is truly good, be faithful to it. It hovers in the sky like the dreams of most religions. It offers itself, seeing and seen: the prospect of improvement, of amelioration or of complete remaking (depending on one's temperament)—of reform, of revolution, of salvation, of security, of coming out of the cave and into the light, of rising up into the empyrean to marry the ideal forever (or at least until the next ideal comes along), of merging with the Good.[22] One guerrilla poet in a Catholic country even wrote of *resurrecting* the peasant masses from their grave of poverty.[23] This was the same as their "rising up as one."[24] The stone is rolled from the tomb! We who look in upon the inspired ones gather courage at last, enter the grave and, like Christ's disciples, "saw and believed; for as yet they did not know the scripture, that He must *rise* from the dead."[25] Verily now, the revolutionary does arise, stands on tiptoe, reaches toward the end; he longs to embrace it. He craves to fly up into that oneness. The fact that he may not be able to do so does not defile his longing. If he is revolutionary enough, he will never give up. "To life one should give the exquisite elevation of the rebellion of arms and the mind," Di Giovanni had written in his typically turgid style.[26] Elevation, now—what's that but a rising up?

Go back to the commencement of his career, when after the Americans execute his fellow anarchists Sacco and Vanzetti he begins to set off his bombs in Buenos Aires. The first, directed against that city's Washington monument, sends up what is later described as a pillar of flame. The second does considerable damage within a four-block radius of a Ford dealership. Di Giovanni has not killed anyone yet, but, as we know, he will—oh, he will. We have not the space to list all the man's victims. In his underground magazine *Culmine* he offers—my God, what could be more literal than this?—a drawing of a man carrying on his back and shoulders, Atlas-style, an immense bomb whose fuse burns ominously. The hero is ascending a mountain at whose summit Di Giovanni has printed the word UTOPIA.[27] Our ends fly overhead like the red banners of Marxist-Leninist clichés. Speaking of "those great and beautiful things," Bakunin, the power of whose yearning must be respected, since on account of it he spent years of his life in detention, fiercely declaims:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN



Executed Paris Commune insurgents (1871)

> Let it be known to you that our love for them is so strong that we are heartily sick and tired of seeing them everlastingly suspended in your Heaven—which ravished them from earth—as symbols and never-realized promises. We are not content any more with the fiction of those beautiful things; we want them in reality. [28]

This courageous, angry, impractical man, in his person an embodiment of the anarchist stereotype with his wild beard and moustache, his fluffy sideburns and his wide sad eyes, could have had beautiful things as his class defined them, but he burned his bridges to the nobility, rejected God for being a slave-master, praised Satan for being "the first rebel, the first freethinker, and the emancipator of worlds."[29] Bakunin rose up in Dresden in 1849 (Richard Wagner knew him and rebelled beside him), joined the First International and was expelled by Marx's faction of authoritarians. He called them "impotent, ridiculous, cruel, oppressive, exploiting, maleficent."[30] Maybe they were some of these, but not impotent; for they won and Bakunin lost. What did he accomplish? He fought; he suffered. He kept the beautiful things before his eyes. "When the people *rise*," demanded Robespierre of his Jacobins, "should they not have an object worthy of themselves?"[31]

And Di Giovanni? In spite of his vacillations, he perceived a worthy object, too. Perhaps that fact was the very source of his wicked errors. The great bomb, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

mountain called "utopia," the targets and objectives of his bombings themselves. all bespeak a farsighted (in the opthalmologist's sense), almost poetic vision. He saw the mountain, but not the people who unknowingly blocked his way.

A woman in Stalinist times wrote in her diary:

> The nausea rises to my throat when I hear how calmly people can say it: He was shot, someone else was shot, shot, shot. The word is always in the air, it resonates through the air. People pronounce the words perfectly calmly, as though they were saying, "He went to the theater." I think that the real meaning of the word doesn't reach our consciousness—all we hear is the sound. We don't have a mental image of those people actually dying under the bullets.[32]

Di Giovanni's mental image was only of the mountaintop.

Martin Luther in the Heidelberg Theses of 1518 had warned that too vivid an apprehension of the beautiful things would give a moral actor confidence—which by Lutheran definition must be unwarranted—in his own moral capacity. "The works of men are all the more deadly when they are done without fear," he wrote, "and with pure and evil assurance." (A modern restatement: "When it comes to revolutionaries, trust only the sad ones. The enthusiastic ones are the oppressors of tomorrow.")[33] —From this proposition, which was already pessimistic enough, Luther, frowning and pale in his black Augustinian habit, derived one still gloomier: "It is certain that a man must completely despair of himself to become fit to obtain the grace of Christ."[34] —Then how can that man be a revolutionary? Luther's answer: He can't. And I suppose that it was for just this reason that Luther turned upon the peasant rebels who invoked his name as justification. His views are accurately summed up by the title of his broadsheet of 1525, *Against the Murdering and Thieving Hordes of Peasants.* The murdering peasants lost, and were murdered by state authority. No beautiful things for them—at least not in this life! After all, said Luther, how could there be a Christian rebellion when hardly any of us were decent Christians? This is the opposite pole from Di Giovanni's freewheeling ruthlessness, and to me it is just as unsatisfactory.

I'll take the middle road, then. In the thirteenth century, Saint Thomas Aquinas said:

> evil ... in human operations[35] lies in someone exceeding the measure of reason, or falling short of it ... moral virtue consists in a mean between excess and defect—excess, defect, and mean being understood in relationship to the rule of reason.[36]

A little manual I own which rather sketchily describes how to attack airfields, blow up trains, kill sentries and occupy cities says: "Our example must be of a nature that leaves no person unconvinced of the sincerity of our goal. That goal is a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

society of freedom and a world of true liberty."[37] Fair enough—not to Luther, but to us. Di Giovanni could have said that, and so could Gandhi. Violence with the noblest end may or may not be wrong; violence without an end can never be justified. Of Di Giovanni's ends we have said that they waver. Strike at the Americans, strike at the Italians—well, in his system both nations are oppressors, and he is arguably right.[38] He shotguns the face of a police inspector who employs torture, and I might be persuaded to applaud him.[39] But now he gets embroiled in factional fights with other leftists who call him a Fascist agent. Defense of the oppressed gives way to defense of honor. The director of the periodical *La Protesta,* under whose auspices the charge had been published, receives three lead pills in the heart—good medicine for that organ's disease of counterrevolutionary obsctructionism. Di Giovanni has become a Nechaevian: he kills as he pleases, and since only he is allowed to define righteousness, why, then, he must always be right.[40]

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

Rising up, rising down! History shambles on! What are we left with? A few half-shattered Greek stelae; Trotsky's eyeglasses; Gandhi's native-spun cloth; Cortes's gamepieces of solid gold (extorted from their original owner, Montezuma); a little heap of orange peels left on the table by the late Robespierre; John Brown's lengthily underlined letters; Lenin's bottles of invisible ink;[41] one of Di Giovanni's suitcases, with an iron cylinder of gelignite and two glass tubes of acid inside; the Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan; a bruised ear (Napoleon pinched it with loving condescension)... And dead bodies, of course. (They sing about John Brown's body.) Memoirs, manifestoes, civil codes, trial proceedings, photographs, statues, weapons now aestheticized by that selfsame history—the sword of Frederick the Great, and God knows what else. Then dust blows out of fresh open graves, and the orange peels go grey, sink, wither, rot away. Sooner or later, every murder becomes quaint. Charlemagne hanged four and a half thousand "rebels" in a single day, but he has achieved a storybook benevolence. And that's only natural: historiography begins before the orange has even been sucked; the peeler believes in the "great and beautiful things," or wants to believe; easy for us to believe likewise, since dust reduces truth and counterfeit to the same greyness—*caveat emptor.* But ends remain fresh, and means remain explicable. Rising up and rising down! And whom shall I save, and who is my enemy, and who is my neighbor?



Lenin

"We *rose up* in arms," wrote the leader of the Zapatista Army of National

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Liberation in 1995. "This is how we pulled away the veil of falsehood and hypocr which covered our soil."[42] If the metaphor is not merely mixed, then we must see the guerrilla poet in the Catholic country did) earth-encrusted wretches, buri alive, panting, digging themselves out, throwing aside—what? the oppress flags, draped over their tortured graves?—leaping to their feet; they can breat again! They gaze upwards at Bakunin's "great and beautiful things," raise their machine-guns to heaven; then, like the People's Uprising Committees hopefu imagined by the North Vietnamese,[43] they begin to march, trampling underfoo that veil, that untrue flag of misbegotten authority. The revolutionary whom the Zapatistas drew on—namely, Emilio Zapata himself—had written back in 191[5] that "if I *rose up* in arms, it was not to protect bandits or cover abuses, but to giv full guarantees to the pueblos, protecting them against any chief or armed force that violates their rights."[44] He saw the beautiful things, but showed his peasant origins by being mistrustful of speech, especially flowery speech. Why rise up into the sky like Bakunin? For him, it was sufficient to help his friends and neighbors clamber out of the dirty pit of debt to stand on firm ground and be farmers.

"The waves of the folkish movement will continue to flow through the German land," wrote Alfred Rosenberg, not yet suspecting that the atrocities for which folkishness will be partially responsible would get him hanged. "And if we turn our attention to other countries we see that everywhere organic forces are *rising up* against the same deceit which surrounds us."[45] Deep underground, the grave of freedom is not just veiled but roofed with rock, but the magma of violent praxis will overboil, erupt, dissolve everything. There is perhaps a sexual connotation as well in Rosenberg's description; let it be; rising up is ecstasy. It is also contagious. In Moscow in 1905, the munitions workers say to the soldiers, "As soon as you *rise,* we'll *rise,* too; we'll open up the arsenal for you."[46]

The Zapatistas and the Nazis both had ends and means. Possibly both experienced the same feelings in the course of their risings. Power entered them; they acted. Later on there would be time enough for the world in its dusty superciliousness to weigh upon their orange peels. All uprisers sink back into the grave at last. "The Torah holds, 'If someone comes to kill you, *rise up* and kill him first.'"[47] Here peace is slumber; homicide, the means, is wakefulness, and the end is to resume one's sleep.

Explaining how the law that kills, the secular arm, the executioner's law, can only grate to bits our flesh, not our spirits, Martin Luther utters these words of stern comfort: "As the grave in which Christ lay after that he was *risen again* was void and empty ...; so when I believe in Christ, I *rise again* with him, and die to my grave, that is to say, to the law which held me captive: so that now the law is void, and I am escaped out of my prison and grave, that is to say, the law. Wherefore the law hath no right to accuse me, or to hold me any longer, for *I am risen again.*"[48] This stirring, almost heartbreaking echo of Christ[49] could almost be the credo of any rev-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

olutionary or titanic actor, like one of the "extraordinary men" to whom after solitary confinement and a mock execution Dostoyevsky was finally compelled to renounce his allegiance. "The law hath no right to accuse me." Luther means this only in the sense that no matter what crimes I have committed, after I have rendered satisfaction, my mangled, tortured corpse thrown down into the grave, I am, if in life I believed in the Good, no longer accursed; nobody can hurt me anymore. It was Luther's misfortune during the peasant rebellions to see these words taken literally, instead of as the arcana he meant them to be. He turned upon the desperate uprisers who had believed, and he would not stand with them or solace them; they were rebels who dared to rob authority. But what if *I* still believed? What if I believed that the law had no right to accuse me even in this life, that not only my soul, but my very body, like Christ's, was exempt? What if to my way of thinking I had committed no crime? —"Our nation shall *rise* against the enslavement of Europe by National Socialism in a new, true burst of freedom and honor," wrote Hans Scholl of the White Rose group.[50] He was saying to Hitler, "Your law hath no right to accuse me." He and his sister got executed for their pains, the latter hobbling up to the guillotine in crutches, her leg broken by torture. Those who condemned the Scholls doubtless used the term as Cortes did when, leading his wavering *conquistadores* onward, he'd warned: "It would clearly be wrong to take a single step backwards, for if these people we leave behind in peace were to see us retreat, the very stones would *rise up* against us."[51] He knew whereof he spoke. Everybody knew. Against the Spartans, their slaves "the helots *rose up*—until Kimon heard their supplication and saved them," slaughtering the helots' leaders and returning the survivors to their miserable bondage.[52] One summary of the old Athenian constitution explains that "when ... the many were enslaved to the few, the people *rose {up}* against the notables."[53] It was in this same sense that we must interpret a much older homicide: We read in the Book of Genesis how Cain said to Abel, whose offering to God had been accepted, "Let us go out to the field." "And when they were in the field, Cain *rose up* against his brother Abel and slew him."[54] Cain's revolution was one of envy and bitterness; but for his pains he did not succeed to his brother's honors; he got only fugitive-hood, and a mark upon his forehead. As for Cortes, he succeeded in crushing the Aztec empire. When a Spaniard named Alonso de Zorita came to Mexico a few decades later, he found the native hierarchy in a shambles, and wrote: "No harmony remains among the Indians of New Spain because the commoners have lost all feeling of shame as concerns their lords and principales, because they have *risen up* against their lords and lost the respect they once had for them."[55] Risers-up and lords alike, what did they win from the Spaniards? Poverty at best; otherwise, a mark similar to Cain's—the mark of slavery, literally branded on their foreheads.

Cicero cries to the judges of a man on trial for parricide: "Bid this man who is your suppliant ... to *rise up*, at long last, from the ground where he is lying."[56] This rising up has not the slightest revolutionary tinge, being predicated merely on the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

judges' compassion (which is to say their supposed justice), but it is kin to other risings-up in this important respect: We are upright animals. When we rise up, when we stand up, we come into our own; we come into our rightful and natural inheritance—which is exactly the sense in which both the Zapatistas and "the Cambodian people *rose up.* They themselves toppled the Pol Pot-Ieng Sary executioners totally, established a government truly of the people, their sole legitimate representative."[57] This is almost untrue. The Pol Pot regime was destroyed by Vietnamese military intervention—granted, with some Cambodian assistance.[58] The government then established was not representative at all, but a hated foreign imposition. As described, however, the process certainly sounds majestic. It almost always does. That is why thousands and hundreds of thousands more have risen up over the millennia. When are they right?

JUDGING "CORRECTNESS" AD HOMINEM

This is the militant's way, the extremist's and the sadist's. It was, at times, Di Giovanni's. It was Nechaev's. The formulation is: *The fact that you say X makes it wrong. The fact that I say it makes it right.* Put this way, of course, it sounds absurd. But it was a founding principle of the Third Reich—and of the Soviet Union, too, as we see from:

LENIN'S MORAL CALCULUS (1913)

> "People have always been the foolish victims of deception and self-deception in politics, and they always will be until they have learnt to seek out the *interest* of some class or other behind all moral, religious, political and social phrases, declarations and promises."
>
> SOURCE: LENIN, VOL. 1, P. 48 [ARTICLE ON K. MARX].

In other words, your promise remains irrelevant to me—and likewise mine to you, but if my uprising triumphs, you'll be uprooted anyway from the earth your class sought to bury me in.

Setting Lenin aside, let us agree here and now that while the interest of a class or another group may determine the utterance of some ethical formulation, the formulation itself is not glorified or tarnished thereby. Whether Christ or Hitler says it, it is what it is.

JUDGING "CORRECTNESS" BY RESULT

Begin anew, then, with the almost as expedient gauge of *success,* which we heard Gandhi categorically reject.[59] Vengeance is mine, says the patriot whom we rise up

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

against, and too often he has the means to obtain it seamlessly. It behooves us, then, in planning actions intended to increase our control over our lives, to determine whether in the long run we'll be rising up, and gaining self-sovereignty, or whether in fact what goes up will only come down the harder.[60] The American Revolution was a rising up (to some—certainly not to Indians, who abstained or participated on either side); the abortive head-rollings in central Europe in 1848 were risings down, since after they failed, authority tightened the screws. The concept, in short, is vulgarly simple, which means that it might be useful. A patient revolutionary might well disagree with given applications of the concept, arguing, for instance, that 1848 led to better things such as 1870 and 1905, which led to 1917, whereas I would tend to think about the crushed and ruined lives of 1849, but who could deny that some strategies build a movement while others destroy it? When the Burmese Communist Party followed the line of the Chinese Cultural Revolution in 1966-68, their ends might or might not have been praiseworthy but they severely damaged their power base: most if not all of the leaders and cadres put to death by their own comrades died quite simply for nothing—which constitutes a rising down if anything does.

I remember that May night in 1980 when, after the police had rushed out of the Seabrook nuclear plant's gates and beaten people, a long tense hush ensued, broken finally by the bullhorns of police calling on the committed to "DISPERSE. LET'S GO. CLEAR THE GATE." There was a silence, and so the police bullhorn said: "CLEAR THE GATE. LET'S GO. CLEAR THE GATE PROPERTY OR YOU'LL BE ARRESTED." Then the protesters began to get up, and the bullhorn said: "C'MON, EVERYBODY DISPERSE." The two leaders of my supposedly leaderless affinity group, Tom and Rob, now rose. Tom returned a poncho which he had borrowed against MACE-infused firehoses and helped fold up the plastic sheeting which other protesters had placed over their heads. Rob just stood there. Tom said: "Man, I really want to stay here. I want to—" to which Rob wearily replied, "Yeah, but like the thing to do is to hit this place tomorrow with a..." and Tom dully asked himself: "How did they just get rid of us like this? How did they, how did they just tell us to go and just swatted us away like that?" —Rob answered: "We didn't have enough people to do anything. This whole action is just like fucking doomed. America is saying we can all die in a meltdown, in a fireball and that's it. Right now they have us where they want us. There's nothing we can do."[61]

Rob was right. A violent or nonviolent rush upon the gate would have been literally beaten back; and the only other method of staying in the game, the Gandhian one of staying put, might have clogged New Hampshire's courts somewhat, at a price of inconvenience, intimidation, a financial burden and perhaps further physical harm, but...

"There may be avoidable suffering," runs Gandhi's moral calculus. "These things are preferable to national emasculation." And I agree. But even if, as Rob and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Tom believed, and as I myself tend to believe even now, nuclear power was a wrong and dangerous course which the American plutocracy had no right to impose upon its citizens, national emasculation would have been achieved in any case. How can I be certain of this? Of course I can't; would-have-beens remain eternally unverifiable, but the antinuclear protesters at Seabrook possessed neither the will nor the popular support to rise up; and when they locked eyes with the National Guardsmen, they knew it. —"One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results," says Gandhi. Yes, but what if the end is laudable, but not essential? The ambiguously harmful "incident" at Three Mile Island (many of the frogs downwind of there are mutants now, I've read) and the unambiguous disaster at Chernobyl, which might in the end claim twenty thousand casualties, still lay in the future, and it is to Tom and Rob's credit that they could imagine them, and imagine worse. They will not figure much in this book about violence; and in the unlikely event that they ever see it, I would like them to know that my admiration for them has grown over the years. At the time I thought them needlessly abrasive and defiant, which they were; more actuated by ego than they pretended, which they also were, but that now seems to me forgivable, even harmless in this context. Like Gandhi, they could have chosen to be "comfortable." Instead, they took risks in the interests of a higher good. And they harmed nobody (except financially) in the service of that good. The industrial apocalypse from which they sought to save their country still hadn't occurred when I wrote this book, but maybe it would someday; still and all, on the rare occasions when I meet people now who were antinuclear activists then, I always ask them why they're not still antinuclear activists, and their answers come down either to being busy and tired or else to the call of another cause. Back in 1980, would these people have been willing to bring America to, say, economic ruin in order to end nuclear power? Would they have been willing to remain in prison forever? I don't believe so. Their attachment (I use this word deliberately) to the end wasn't as fanatical as Gandhi's. Therefore, results were essential to justify the anticipated sacrifices. Those results looking ever more unlikely, it was time to cut one's losses, avoid a rising down, fold up the tarpaulins and go back to our tents, case closed.

From this pragmatic standpoint, a guaranteed rising up requires merely sublime dedication, a perfect cause, ideal weapons, a complete organization and omnipotence. Since I have been unable to find any of those things today, there come to me only the following second-rate considerations:—To start with, we ought never to expect to see our purpose accomplished generally, and should be gratified with the success of small tactics in limited areas. Radical environmentalists, for instance, will not stop the mass extinctions of species by themselves. (It is precisely because this is so obvious that I've rarely met an activist who understood it.) Therefore, as in fascist and communist groups, we must have a division of labor in our organization between the propagandists, to keep the main goal in mind (for instance, "a safe nat-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ural environment"), and tacticians, who compromise the integrity of that goal sufficiently to accomplish snippets of it. This analysis may rouse antipathy because of resonances with the above-named parties, which ruthlessly sacrificed people to strategies because historical preconditions X, Y and Z for the goal had not yet been filled; and so those groups corrupted the goal entirely, becoming secular successes and spiritual failures, which must also be considered risings down. I can see no way to guard against this entirely, but one thing occurs to me: that such groups as lose (or never begin with) decency seem to have what American conservatives call an "ideology"—that is, a model into which the entire social order can be stuffed and stolen away.[62] I propose to steal a mere few dinner plates, for my aims are modest; I'm a mere reformist. You who want to clean out the patriots' entire banquet set, with all the food in the refrigerator besides, should take care. You'll cook the rhubarb wrong, as meanwhile the bare-stripped patriots come after you. Your gorge will rise, and you'll be risen down.

Carry out your program, please, not your ideology. People have improved conditions in sweatshops, temporarily and in finite localities, but no one has ever "reorganized the means of production" with happy results, because it is difficult to know when to declare victory. It is precisely this difficulty which leads Trotsky to try to scuttle away from moral judgment altogether:

> Do the consequences of a revolution justify in general the sacrifice it involves? The question is teleological and therefore fruitless. It would be as well to ask in the face of the difficulties and griefs of personal existence: Is it worth while to be born?[63]

It is "as well" to ask both questions.

Kill people if you have to, but do it practically, for practical reasons. That approach has worked for your oppressors, and it can work for you. Above all, kill only in self-defense. (Ah, but what is self-defense?)

Rising up requires saintlike extremism in one direction, and neutrality or prostitution in others. It might be necessary to betray the goal in small ways—in which case betrayal is the greater decency, as long as the war is limited:—limited war has limited liability, the price for which is limited reward.

JUDGING "CORRECTNESS" BY GOODNESS

But ends must come before means, so before concerning yourself with expediency, with practical success, read the gauge of *justice.* The killer customarily has his reasons, as I've said. So does the victim. When John Brown's son Watson lay captured and dying, a pro-slavery South Carolinian asked him why he had participated in the raid on Harpers Ferry. —"Duty, sir," said Watson. The South Carolinian turned upon him and cried: "Is it then your idea of duty to shoot men down upon their own

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

hearth-stones for defending their rights?"[64] Both men would doubtless have justified their respective positions, if they'd been pushed, on the basis of self-defense. Watson could invoke self-defense of race through the Golden Rule (in other words, though he was not black, he was giving assistance to blacks in the defense of their human rights). The South Carolinian could invoke the basic right of any self to defend person and property (which latter category to his mind included the slaves he'd paid for).

Were you and I to dwell within the same social-moral order (the South Carolinian probably thought that he and Watson did; they shared the same nation, president and constitution; Watson thought they didn't, given their disagreement about slavery), and were I to choose to engage in violence against you,[65] my justifications would be, in decreasing order of fairness:

REASONS TO DO HARM

1. What you've done. (You physically attacked me.)
2. What you are: allegiance. (You wear the uniform of the enemy army.)
3. What you haven't done. (You evince neutrality toward my behavior when I need your help.)
4. Whom you associate with. (Your best friend is in category 1.)
5. What you might do. (You could conceivably end up in categories 1, 2, 3 or 4.)
6. What you are: biological, religious or ideological identity. (You are a Jew, and I hate Jews.) What you have. (You are rich and I am not, so I'll rob and kill you.)
7. The fact that you are. (You exist, and any victim will do.)

By these criteria, whatever acts of self-defense the South Carolinian might have committed would have been more justifiable than Watson Brown's actions, because the former's excuse for violence was of the first rank: Watson had attacked him and his. As for Watson himself, had he injured the South Carolinian in any way he could only have appealed to a justification of the second rank: the South Carolinian had not threatened him personally, but he was a slaveholder, a member of the oppressor class. Again, through the Golden Rule Watson could have, should have and did put himself in the place of one of the South Carolinian's slaves, but now we approach a moral paradox akin to Zeno's of the hare and the tortoise: the South Carolinian's slaves were not likely *at that moment* in any great physical danger; the injury which had been done them must now have been a customary ache, so by this way of looking at things there was in the matter of their liberation no immediacy comparable to the urgency felt by the South Carolinian regarding this unprecedented threat. A government of constitutional law which has delegated to itself the right to use force will temporarily relinquish that right, as we have seen, only to a citizen in extremity. Harpers Ferry was being raided; it would not have done for the householders to wait for the matter to be taken up in the law courts. John Brown's party was clear-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

ly the aggressor. But Watson could have replied (had he not been weak and probably delirious with septic shock) that it would never have done for him to go to the law courts, either. No judge in Harpers Ferry was going to free the South Carolinian's slaves on Watson Brown's say-so.

Thus, comparing the means and ends of these two principals invokes the cliché about apples and oranges. The South Carolinian, like most citizens, was defending ordinary self-interest justified by civil custom and state law, with the blessing of the Constitution of the United States as then written and interpreted. Recently, being called again for jury service, I was instructed by the judge that whether or not I liked the law (and there were many laws which he personally disliked) I was required as a citizen to follow the law. Could I do that? I could; but at Harper's Ferry, slavery was the law. —It was Watson's conviction that such a law, legally and even democratically arrived at (according to the standards of the time) by the white adult males of the United States, was wrong. I admire Watson, who acted bravely and unselfishly. To him, the South Carolinian's ends were unjustified, which automatically contaminated the means (since we have agreed that violent means without ends are unethical, it certainly follows that means, even nonviolent ones, in the service of unethical ends cannot be approved). Or, to put it more concretely, Watson saw nothing defensible about slavery; and so the South Carolinian's self-defense hardly impressed him. To the South Carolinian, Watson's ends were, at the very least, offensive, although it is possible that if the raid on Harper's Ferry had never happened and the two men had struck up a friendly tavern debate somewhere on neutral ground, the South Carolinian, whose views we know only superficially, might even have allowed that slavery was, in the abstract, a bad thing—who knows?—but certainly Watson's means for expressing his difference were unlawful, despicable, wolfish, murderous.

The gloomy conclusion begins to appear that whenever violence defines my relationship to you, I must be an apple and you an orange, and only dust upon our peeled carcasses can make us one; that because the stakes can be so high (literally, life and death), violent confrontations tend to be predicated on *insoluble disagreement.* In the Socratic dialogues, a brash soul utters some proposition; the other, gently and sadistically wise, by cunning stages gets him to disavow it because (as suddenly becomes clear when the brash one's illogic has been completely dissected away) it contradicts a presupposition which both parties share. But beyond and before logic stands the vessel in which logic is contained—the *living identity* of one's intelligence. Socrates can win over Euthyphro because the only consequences to the latter will be a slight humiliation, a change of philosophical position and perhaps (but only perhaps, human nature being what it is) a change of behavior derived from that position. But Watson Brown and the South Carolinian were armed not only with mutually exclusive righteousness, but also with guns. To lose the argument, as Watson did, was a serious matter: Watson died. (As Carlyle would have said, the rights of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

man were vanquished by the mights of man.) Violence and counter-violence allow (though, as Gandhi and Joan of Arc proved, they do not require) both sides to invoke our first principle of the rights of the self, the preservation of the living vessel; and even if these rights are identically expressed—especially then!—they remain irreconcilable.

Imagine that Socrates and Euthyphro have both agreed on the truth of an axiom—say, Euthyphro's "piety is what is pleasing to the gods." Fair enough; concord is restored. But imagine two soldiers in hand-to-hand combat, each acting upon the selfsame credo:

1. My motherland must be defended.[66] [*Moral*]
2. If I refuse to follow orders, I will be executed.[67] [*Expedient*]
3. I have the right and the duty to defend my own life.[68] [*Moral and expedient*]

These propositions, none of them anything but passive, which is to say unaggressive, bring the two enemies, through circumstances not of either's making, into a horrible *de facto* agreement: Each must try to kill the other.

This is why ethics, however universal it may be in principle, so often becomes subjective in practical application, because the very same means, in the service of the very same end, may well produce different and even opposing results. One of these soldiers will live; one will die. One regime gains the victory, one the bondage. We agreed to measure moral "correctness" by two yardsticks, the first of which was Hitler's favorite, namely, results. From the point of view of the South Carolinian, and states' rights advocates generally, the War Between the States was a definite rising-down, because through it not only was the South bled and impoverished, but it lost the very right which it had seceded to defend, and had defended against the Browns: the right to own slaves. For President Lincoln, as we shall see in a subsequent chapter, the war was hardly a rising up, either, since he didn't want it, had acquiesced in the maintenance (though not the extension) of slavery and aimed only at restoring the status quo where military and political necessity permitted. For federalists it was a definite rising-up: these days, what Washington says, more often than not, goes. To the Browns, of course, the result of the Civil War, had they lived to see it, would have occasioned hosannahs—and it would have made them proud to know that their Harpers Ferry raid, by exacerbating the friction between North and South, helped bring about secession and hence war. Yes, a rising up it was indeed, whose effects are still with us even after the crumbling of everybody's orange peels...

And by the second yardstick, that of goodness? The historian who called it "the fanatical and meaningless John Brown raid"[69] was wrong. Fanatical, yes; meaningless, no. It simply had different meanings to the various participants. Morally it was *perhaps* a rising up, although we could not really decide that without researching who was harmed on which side at Harpers Ferry, and how and why they were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

harmed, and how the whole thing began. (We will do just that in a later chapter.) Beginning is often the hardest part. The South Carolinian would probably begin with the cold night moment when old John Brown said to his twenty-one commandos: "Men, get on your arms; we will proceed to the ferry." Watson might choose to begin with the year 1619, when a Dutch ship landed the first black slave in America. This choice might affect the final judgment just a hair. —Some commonplaces which could be offered are: the South Carolinian was right to defend himself, and wrong to defend slavery. Watson Brown was right (and brave) to attack slavery, and not necessarily right to attack anybody in particular. The problem with formulations like this, and books like this, is that after reading them we are not any better off *practically* than we were before. But it is better—far better!—to fail to act or judge, than, overstimulated by dogmatism, to behave irredeemably. Hence the First Law of Violent Action: *The inertia of the situation into which we inject ourselves must always be given the benefit of the doubt*—a fancy way of saying, "Look before you leap." (A corollary to this law is that no moral calculus should be too readily applicable.) We should not deduce from this that Watson was wrong—or that he wasn't. It does mean that if we ever find ourselves in Watson's place, we had better be awfully certain that we are right, and that we can forsee the likely consequences, both of our success and of our failure. Here is one of the places where I part company with the Unabomber, who, driven by passionate despair, utters this Hitler-echoing cry: "It would be better to dump the whole stinking system and take the consequences."[70]

THE CALCULUS OF FANATICISM

The reason that the Unabomber is wrong, and that John and Watson Brown *might* have been wrong, is that sweeping, unilateral violent action fails to respect the attachments of others. Gandhi and Buddha, as we have seen, warned their seekers that the life-and-death road could not be followed very far by anybody who held onto family, wealth or anything but the goal. Curtis Sliwa of the Guardian Angels[71] and the terrorist Nechaev, whom I've already quoted, said much the same thing. The Browns had gone through with it; they were ready to die. But it does not follow that because for my own convictions I have put my right to defense in the keeping of providence, I may do the same with your right. Here the Golden Rule requires amendment.[72] *Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing*. (Call this the Empath's Golden Rule.) Needless to say, this maxim is even more impractical than the Golden Rule itself. When the prosecutor asks for the death penalty, he may say to himself: "If I had murdered all these people, I would deserve to die," but, unless he is masochistic, arrogant or self-deceiving, he will not say, "If I had done that, I would *want* to die." Nor do we expect otherwise from him (Gandhians and their like excepted), because by himself violating the Golden Rule the convicted criminal has

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

prevented us from trusting him not to violate it again. And (it is important to state) the criminal has *deliberately* violated it. The fanatical revolutionary, on the other hand, does not pretend that all the people whom he wishes to harm have in fact knowingly and maliciously broken what he considers to be a universal law of justice and decency. Disregarding my ranking of reasons to do harm, the revolutionary gazes upon me without empathy, and shoots me, because what I am is to him no feebler grounds for condemning me than what I've done.

The terrorist's Golden Rule: *Do as you need to.*[73] Who cares about the rest? In his brilliant novel *Runaway Horses*, Yukio Mishima, whose description of the fanatical sensibility deserves credence on account of the terrorist theater of Mishima's own end, paints an assassin's portrait of the victim, the brush-strokes simultaneously delineating defense of race, homeland, creed:

> The evil of Kurahara was that of an intellect that had no ties with blood nor with native soil. In any case, *though Isao knew nothing of Kurahara the man*, Kurahara's evil was vividly clear to him...[74] And one clouded stream that never ran dry was that choked with the scum of humanism, the poison spewed out by ... the factory of Western European ideals. The pollution from that factory degraded the exalted fervor to kill.[75]

We cannot say on such evidence alone that Kurahara's killer is wrong, because a passage like this, ominous though it may be, does not give us sufficient information to decide whether Kurahara has in fact committed deeds deserving death. But if no further ascriptions appear, if no further logic is developed, then the assassin is as fanatical as Di Giovanni ascending Mount Utopia. Why? Because the murderer does not have enough information, either, and still he goes ahead.[76]

A LUTHERAN TYPOLOGY

What information ought he to possess? What data do most moral agents go by? Here we would do well to adopt an approximation of the schema laid out by Martin Luther in one of his sermons, *circa* 1519:[77]

THE TWO KINDS OF RIGHTEOUSNESS VS. THE TWO KINDS OF SIN

PASSIVE

1. Alien righteousness *Bestowed by God through grace, baptism and perhaps faith.* *"THE BRIDEGROOM."*	vs.	1. Original sin *Transmitted from Adam and Eve. We are born with this.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

+		+
	ACTIVE	
2. Proper righteousness Achieved by us through self-hate, neighbor-love, fear of God and perhaps faith. "THE BRIDE."	vs.	2. Personal sin Committed by us through desire, self-indulgence, etc.

As I have implied by the lefthand "plus" sign, Luther employs the metaphor of marriage to describe the union of the two kinds of righteousness. Alien righteousness, being received from the Divine, is, according to the epoch's usage, the bridegroom, Christ generally being portrayed as the potent active principle, and the soul being receptive, subordinate, feminine. The soul's acquired or active righteousness, then, what the soul actually *does* to be good, receives the bride's label. The "marriage," in effect, is the union of the soul with God, or absolute goodness.

If we turn to the two right-hand quantities, we may draw a similar equation, although Luther does not. Received sin may be equivalently joined to the sins which the soul commits. The "marriage" of the two represents the sum evil of an individual, or, if we like, the extent of one's divorce from God and righteousness.

One need not be a religious believer to appreciate the simple utility of these two dichotomies and two marriages as a general representation of moral judgment. In effect, in calculating another human being's rightness or worthiness, we rightly or wrongly take into account both what he does and what he is, thusly:[78]

THE TWO KINDS OF JUSTICE
VS.
THE TWO KINDS OF INJUSTICE

1. Received goodness *You are what I consider good.*	vs.	1. Received evil *You are what I consider evil.*
+		+
2. Active goodness *You do what I consider good.*	vs.	2. Active evil *You do what I consider evil.*

This simple form of analysis has the advantage of clarifying the interpretations and motives of moral agents, of dispassionately laying them out for us to judge and compare. Here are ten hypothetical uncoverings of the moral calculi of actors who play a role in this book. [*See following pages.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Calculus of Righteousness: Hypothetical Examples for Historical Judges

How should this person before me be treated? Why do I think so?

Moral Agent[A]	Person Judged	Received Goodness	Received Evil	Active Goodness	Active Evil	Judgement
1. Martin Luther	A Christian.	God's grace.	Original sin.	Follows the law, helps the poor, etc. All irrelevant.	None known.	Be his friend and servant; refrain from judging him.
2. Martin Luther	A Jew.	Little or none.	Original sin.	Follows the law, helps the poor, etc. All irrelevant.	Denies Christ's divinity.	Needs conversion through nonviolent persuasion.
3. Adolf Eichmann	A German Jew.	None.	Jewish origin.	World War I veteran.	None proven, but must be assumed based on received evil.	Extermination delayed, due to past services to state.
4. V.I. Lenin (pre-1917)	A Russian Jewish Communist, former landowner.	None.	None.	Is now a militant comrade.	Until recently, believed in a different "line" for the achievement of Communism, the common goal.	Work with him enthusiastically.
5. V.I. Lenin (pre-1917)	A Russian Jewish Communist, former landowner.	None.	None.	Has been a militant comrade.	Now believes in a different strategic "line."	Energetically denounce him, and if necessary break political and personal relations.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Moral Agent	Person Judged	Received Goodness	Received Evil	Active Goodness	Active Evil	Judgement
6. V.I. Lenin (post-1917)	A Russian Jewish Communist, former landowner.	None.	None.	Has been a militant comrade.	Now believes in a different strategic "line."	Imprison or shoot him.
7. J.V. Stalin (1930)	A Russian Jewish worker, former landowner.	None.	Aristocratic origin.	None possible.	Must be assumed.	"Repress" through punitive labor, imprisonment or shooting.
8. J.V. Stalin (1950)	A Russian Jewish Communist, former landowner.	None.	Aristocratic and Jewish origin.[B]	None possible.	Must be assumed.	"Repress" through punitive labor, imprisonment or shooting.
9. M. Gandhi	A member of the Untouchable caste.	A fellow creature.	None.	None known.	Committed murder and theft.	Bring him home, let him steal, forgive him, offer him love and, if he desires it, instruction.
10. John Brown	A black American slave.	A fellow creature; one of the meek and downtrodden who "shall inherit the earth."	Original sin.	None known.	None known.	Liberate him, if necessary by doing violence to his master.

[A] Of course this table does not mean to imply that a given moral agent would necessarily act as shown in every instance of a given case; only that it would have been in character for him to act in that way.

[B] Mandel quotes data to indicate that by 1939, when the first of the two waves of Stalinist anti-Semitism was about to strike (the second involved the so-called "doctors' plot" of 1950-52), "40 percent of the heads of Jewish families were [Soviet] functionaries, against only 17.2 percent of the average Soviet heads of families. These facts made Soviet Jews, in Stalin's eyes, an easy scapegoat for the masses' hatred of the buracracy" (p. 155, n.22).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THE CALCULUS OF FANATICISM (CONTINUED)

If we were to subject the decision-making of Mishima's protagonist to the same procedure, we would uncover something like this:

MORAL AGENT:	Isao the terrorist.
PERSON JUDGED:	Kurahara, financier.
RECEIVED GOODNESS:	Unknown.
RECEIVED EVIL:	Soullessness, cosmopolitanism. (We could, if we chose, put this under "active evil," but Isao is the metaphysical sort.)
ACTIVE GOODNESS:	Unknown; irrelevant.
ACTIVE EVIL:	Degradation of Japan's traditional soul.
JUDGMENT:	Put Kurahara to death.

THE CALCULUS OF SELFISHNESS

Most of us expediently rig our own moral calculuses in such a way that our actions become automatically justified in accordance with our own urgencies.[79] I remember a man I once met who robbed warehouses. He explained that no violence was used, that the companies who took the loss were rich—no, he didn't hurt anybody! The fanatic merely increases the momentum of this tendency. A cab driver I hired in Manila assured me that the New People's Army, a violent insurgent group with both Maoist and Islamic branches, "never hurt anyone"—yes, he used the same phrase! —"They only abuse the manipulators," he said. In a slum near Intramuros I'd just met a woman named Rosana, who lived without electricity on the second floor of a filthy tenement; she was so uneducated that although she loved the memory of the great martyr-patriot Rizal she didn't recognize *No Me Tangere,* his most famous book, an explication of which is compulsory for graduation in many if not most Filipino high schools. The NPA had killed two of her uncles, who came from like circumstances. I think once again of Di Giovanni's bank-clerk victims: How could they be "manipulators" in any structural sense? An "abuser," then, is anyone whose moral calculus I disagree with—and so (I admit) is a fanatic. The Vietnamese author Duong Thu Huong, one of three survivors of a forty-member Communist Youth Brigade which fought for North Vietnam, has a character cry out in one of her anguished novels that that great end of mass revolution, "the people," is but a flickering abstraction:

> You see, the people, they do exist from time to time, but they're only a shadow. When they [the regime's vanguardists] need rice, the people are the buffalo that pulls the plough. When they need soldiers, they ... put guns in the people's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

> hands... when it comes time for the banquets, they put the people on an altar, and feed them incense and ashes. But the real food, that's always for them.[80]

When the "they" who claim to exercise power for "the people" become distinctly materially or politically superior to them, then something is wrong with end or means, and we can speak of a rising down. When we begin to discuss the justifications of defense of authority, defense of the revolution, defense of the homeland and judicial retribution, we'll see over and over again that one of the central aspects of each case is the legitimacy of the authority which issues the order of violence—that is to say, the commonality of purpose and feeling between the leaders and the led. It is by no means the only factor (or this book would be much shorter), but it stands perpetually relevant. For whom are we rising up? Do they agree with us?[81]

"Hoping that a feeling of the magnitude of the interests at stake; & of your own obligation to make personal sacrifice for the good of mankind & the glory of the Most High God, whose guidance in this matter we hope you will earnestly seek," wrote John Brown in an insurgency recruitment letter, "we subscribe ourselves Your friends; & co-labourers in the cause of humanity."[82] But who is humanity here—the slaves or the slave-owners? It cannot be both. In this book we'll see many such definitional ambiguities.

"It would be better to dump the whole stinking system and take the consequences." Remember the First Law of Violent Action: *The inertia of the situation into which we inject ourselves must always be given the benefit of the doubt.* Accordingly, incumbency is innocent until proven guilty. Show us the proof first. Show us how and why the system cannot be saved.

"THE FIRST DUTY OF A REVOLUTIONARY"

My own aim in beginning this book was to create a simple and practical moral calculus which would make it clear when it was acceptable to kill, how many could be killed and so forth—coldblooded enough, you will say, but life cannot evade death. Have you ever shot a cow in the head, slit her throat, cut her hooves off, skinned her, gutted her and quartered her so that you and others can eat? Have you ever been the doctor who must decide which one of ten patients gets the life-support machine? Surely it is better to have a rational and consistent means of doing these things than to do them trying not to think of what one is doing. —Suppose, then, that the calculus can prove that one ought never to kill. —Well and good. We are surely better off for seeing it proved.

So I began to write some notes to myself, called "Rising Up and Rising Down." Textbooks of insurgency and counter-insurgency presented ever so many of the beloved "scenarios" for various general cases, which in my grim state of mind seemed as if written on water in letters of ominous phosphorescence.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

I wanted to find a base point below which we couldn't go—the "floor"of evil. I could then note that at least the fall could not be bottomless. I might hit it and die from the distance but at least I wouldn't fall forever. It was a way of seeking control. It was like seeing those two men come sauntering closer on that foggy dark night when I was with the Asian woman walking her dog, and the men came closer and because my gun was in my pocket I had the power to draw lines. (To quote Trotsky again: "To understand the causal sequence of events and to find somewhere in the sequence one's own place—that is the first duty of a revolutionary.")[83] If they began to threaten her (or me) I could remain calm. If they began to inflict injury or if they menaced us with death, then I could shoot, so that I'd have at least a chance. But I did not have control over the political atmosphere I had to breathe, and neither did most people. I wanted to be able to say: *No, this is wrong, and I will not put up with it. If you force me to the wall I will defend myself.* I had not yet gazed left and right along the dizzyingly strange and unhappy continua of this book: What is self-defense? Ask whom you like, and you'll get the answer you like.



Pro-gun poster

The more fundamental flaw in my thinking when I began, which I was too inexperienced to see, but which I'm sad to say I've seen in many another soul's moral calculus since, was a lack of decency and compassion. The Unabomber's treatise exemplifies this perfectly. When I first began to read it, I experienced what the cliché calls "the shock of recognition," because his obsessions were mine: the poisonous nature of uncontrolled technology and the shrinking freedom of the individual. But I am not accordingly inclined to go out and kill somebody. The Unabomber was. "One has to balance the struggle and death against the loss of freedom and dignity," he said, which was true; it was his way of resolving the balance that I didn't care for: "To many of us, freedom and dignity are more important than a long life or the avoidance of pain. Besides, we all have to die some time, and it may be better to die fighting for survival, or for a cause, than to live a long but empty and purposeless life."[84] Good, as far as it went, but it did not go far enough because he'd left out the one kind of suffering that was highly relevant since most under his control—namely, that of his victims and their families. All he thought about were himself and his hypothetical fellow-travellers. He was as selfish as Hitler. He'd lost himself. I respect life much more now—the lives of others and of myself. I try not to be deluded by the calculus of fanaticism, by ad hominem irrelevances, by uncontrolled means or by ends capricious or all-devouring. There are so many ways to go wrong! As Carlyle put it so well in his history of the French Revolution:

> What a man kens he cans. But the beginning of a man's doom is, that vision be withdrawn from him; that he see not the reality, but a false spectrum on the reality;

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and following that, step darkly, with more or less velocity, downwards to the utter Dark; to Ruin, which is the great Sea of Darkness, wither all falsehoods, winding or direct, continually flow![85]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

NOTES

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

THREE MEDITATIONS ON DEATH

[1] Medical Examiner's Office, City and County of San Francisco, *Digest of Rules and Regulations* [pamphlet], June 1996.

[2] Huxley.

[3] Medical Examiner's Office, City and County of San Francisco, annual report, July 1, 1994—June 30, 1995, pp. 9, 36.

[4] Stylists frown upon the passive construction. But I fail to see what could be more appropriate for dead bodies.

[5] For this information on ante- and postmortem contusions I have, as so often, relied on Adelson, this time on pp. 382-86.

[6] Fresh death or old death, it was not my death, and I shrugged it off. In the catacombs they were so anonymous, with such clean carapaces, that it seemed they'd all died "naturally." At the medical examiner's office, some had died accidentally or strangely, a few had ended themselves, like that old man who'd hanged himself with the electric cord, and every now and then the odd murder case was wheeled in. Looking into the hanged man's stare, I'd felt a little creepy. But to protect me from it, Dr. Stephens had established the doors marked NO ADMITTANCE and POSITIVELY NO ADMITTANCE. As I sit here now, trying to refine these sentences, the only dead thing I can see is a spider glued to my windowpane by its withered web. For the most part I see cars in motion on the wide road, glorious trees, people walking down the sidewalk. The doughnut stand where a juvenile homicide occurred a couple of years ago now glows with sugar and life. I remain as yet in the land of the living, and will not believe in my death.

[7] I went there twice, and the second was more horrifying than the first. (See "The Skulls on the Shelves," below)

[8] For a description of this place, see "The Back of My Head," in my book *The Atlas* (p. 5).

[9] Fanon found these psychosomatic symptoms in Algeria, and mentions that they were very common "in the Soviet Union among the besieged populations of towns, notably in Stalingrad" (pp. 290-93).

[10] For one of Fanon's patients, an Algerian who survived a mass execution conducted by the French because "there's been too much talk about this village; destroy it," the Angel of Death wore everyone's face: "You all want to kill me but you should set about it differently. I'll kill you all as soon as look at you, big ones and little ones, women, children, dogs, donkeys" (op. cit., pp. 259-61).

[11] Martin Luther King insisted in his funeral oration for victims of the Birmingham bombing that "history has proven over and over again that unmerited suffering is redemptive. The innocent blood of these little girls may well serve as the redemptive force that will bring new light to this dark city" (King, *Testament of Hope,* p. 221; "Eulogy for the Martyred Children," September 1963). As for me, I don't believe that such redemption occurs very often. For the context of this quotation, see below, where it is repeated, "Defense of Race."

INTRODUCTION: THE DAYS OF THE NIBLUNGS

[1] Lady Hyegyong, p. 336.

[2] Alliluyeva, p. 30.

[3] Arendt, *On Revolution*, p. 4.

[4] H. G. Wells writes in his *Outline of History* (vol. 1, p. 286) that "the last twenty-three centuries of history are like the efforts of some impulsive, hasty immortal to think clearly and live rightly. Blunder follows blunder; promising beginnings end in grotesque disappointments; streams of living water are poisoned by the cup that conveys them to the thirsty lips of mankind. But the hope of men rises again after every disaster..."

[5] Kropotkin, *Ethics,* pp. 17-18.

[6] "Whatever my own practice may be," he writes in *Walden,* "I have no doubt that it is a part of the destiny of the human race, in its gradual improvement, to leave off eating animals, as surely as the savage tribes have left off eating each other when they came in contact with the more civilized" (pp. 494-95, "Higher Laws"). I myself believe that we have stopped eating one another only under tem-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

porary compulsion.

[7] In the last half-century alone, consider German atrocities in Europe, Japanese atrocities in China, Korea and the Philippines, U.S. atrocities in Vietnam, and North Vietnamese counter-atrocities, genocide in East Timor, Pol Pot's war against his countrymen in Cambodia, taken later to Vietnam, Soviet atrocities in Afghanistan, then the civil wars of Bosnia and Rawanda. "Is there more justice in the world today?" asks a Ukrainian survivor of World War II. "There is only more *cynicism* and more *sacrifices*. It is like a bottomless pit: stupid politicians keep on demanding them, and they are ready even to turn the whole world into a Babi Yar, so long as they can remain in power" (Kuznetsov, p. 217).

[8] There are still reports of human sacrifice in the Andes. Tierney has written a recent book on the subject (op. cit.).

[9] James Henley Thornwell, address to the Presbyterian Church of the Confederate States of America, 1861; in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 378.

[10] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 20.

[11] Bataille argues unconvincingly that violence has "declined" since the days of Sade and the Gilles de Rais. "True, the wars of the twentieth century gave the impression of an increase of unleashed fury. But however immense the horror may have been, this furious violence was measured: it was an ignominy perfected through discipline!" (pp. 142-43). I am more inclined to the view of George Ryley Scott: "Cruelty is inherent in mankind. Some of us believe in moral progress because at the moment a small section of society is succeeding in preventing, to a considerable extent, overt cruel acts on the part of the majority" (op. cit., p. 11).

[12] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 22.

[13] Lewes, p. 65.

[14] "You have no idea how terrible it is to hear screaming all day like that," a young Frenchwoman told Fanon (p. 276). Her father interrogated Algerians. "Sometimes I used to wonder how it was that a human being was able to bear hearing those screams of pain—quite apart from the actual torture." At the end of the previous century, Tolstoy wrote: "There has not been a time when terrible things of this kind have not taken place, which we in reading about them cannot understand" (*Writings on Civil Disobedience*, pp. 262-65; "Nikolai Palkin").

[15] Edward Peters, p. 5.

[16] Judith M. Brown, p. 194.

[17] The inductive approach is often quarreled with. George Henry Lewes (p. 29) believed that Rousseau's error was to examine society abstractly as he saw it in his own mind, not to study and categorize what existed in front of him, as a botanist does a plant. Heidegger, on the other hand, argued that the whole mystery of Being with all its ontological categories could be "uncovered" only from within. Who was right? Both, of course. Some of Lewes's own categories seem brittle after the lapse of a mere century and a half; but without them there would truly be, as he implies, only a monstrous subjectivity. Heidegger's project is so grandly abstract that the labor required on the part of the reader to decipher its patterns prevents one from easily "uncovering" flaws; but from a psychological point of view it can certainly be said that Heidegger's idea of the self as "thrown" and existentially guilt-wracked is as non-universal as the confidently place-centered self of the medieval Catholic. In *Rising Up and Rising Down*, the inductive approach from subjectivity and the inductive approach from data-collecting will both be employed.

[18] Gen. 6: 11-12. God's solution, the Great Flood, like the activities of an insect exterminator, might have removed any number of vermin, but this morning's newspaper reminds me that the achievement was temporary.

[19] Daly and Wilson, *Homicide;* quoted in Mann, p. 37.

[20] *The Epic of Gilgamesh*, p. 62.

[21] "Let us again remember that 'fundamental' does not mean 'traditional,'" writes the Indian psychoanalyst Sudhir Kakar in a study of communal riots in his homeland. "As in other parts of the non-Western world, revivalism or fundamentalism in India, be it Hindu or Muslim, is an attempt to reformulate the project of modernity" (p. 184).

[22] Moltke, p. 22 ("War and Peace," *ca.* 1880).

[23] Morris, p. 149.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[24] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 581.
[25] Clausewitz, p. 108.
[26] Robespierre, p. 312.
[27] This category includes Muslims of course, Christians, and also Jews—as is not only kind but fair and correct, given the family relations between the Qur'an, the Bible and the Torah.
[28] In Somalia during the civil war there I won the trust of my two (male) interpreters by refusing to visit the maternity ward of a hospital. "Correct!" my new friends said to me glowingly. "To see that place would have been shameful!"
[29] Solzhenitsyn, *The Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 1, p. 76. Italics in original.
[30] Ministry of Health and Welfare (*Japan*), *Vital Statistics,* pp. 226-27 (table 5.16, rubric no. E115), trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden.
[31] FBI, p. 13.
[32] Musil, p. 505.
[33] Merleau-Ponty, p. xv.
[34] An example of such a successful society might be the Puritans, who shared origins and beliefs, and who had the Indians to hate.
[35] And I had better add (for every underpinning of this book is an application or misapplication of the obvious) that even if we could somehow eliminate physical violence, we would not have begun to address the psychic violence which even people who love each other employ to isolate and humiliate, to cause lonely crying nights.
[36] One historian, for whom the case is perhaps too simple, writes in respect to Caesar and his gladiatorial extravaganza that "the Roman people—or certain elements in it—took pleasure in this atrocious spectacle, just as other peoples, at other periods, have taken pleasure in public executions or sex and crime" (Meier, p. 148).
[37] The Senate, fearing him, prohibited the use of so great a number (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 15; "The Deified Julius," I.X).
[38] Metropolitan Museum, p. 122 (plate 92).
[39] *Historia Augusta,* quoted in Wiedemann, p. 39.
[40] Wiedemann, loc. cit.; no citation given.
[41] Ibid, pp. 45-46.
[42] Prudentius, quoted in Wiedemann, p. 152.
[43] Trotsky, pp. 95-96.
[44] Spitz and Fisher, p. 470.
[45] Adelson, p. 661.
[46] The *Sacramento Bee,* final edition, November 8, 1996, "Metro" section, p. B1, "Woman assaulted in downtown parking garage elevator."
[47] Ibid, p. B6 ("Twist, arrests in murder-for-hire plot").
[48] In 1960, Philadelphia blacks used edged weapons such as knives in 39 percent of the homicides they committed. Striking accounted for 22 percent, and firearms for 33 percent. Meanwhile, the Nyoro tribe in Africa employed edged weapons (spears and axes in addition to knives) 62 percent of the time, striking weapons (in their case, sticks), 12 percent of the time, arson and strangling each 9 percent of the time and firearms only 3percent of the time, at least in part because firearms were only rarely available in Africa to nonwhites (Paul Bohannan, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 227, table 9).
[49] For example, one mid-twentieth-century study comparing executed English murderers with murderers in Africa found that the English murder-objects were frequently mistresses or girlfriends, and that English murderers often committed homicide in the course of other crime. In Africa this was simply not true (Paul Bohannan, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 236).
[50] Op. cit. (Bohannan in Wolfgang), p. 223.
[51] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute (Japan), p. 247, chart, trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden. Who then is the murderer? It's almost as if this most violent of crimes becomes most uncategorizable.
[52] FBI, p. 19 (Table 2.12: "Murder Circumstance by Relationship, 1995"). And the total number of homicides considered in this tabulation was only twenty thousand: data was lacking on the other ten percent of homicides committed that year.
[53] Manfred Guttmacher, "The Normal and the Sociopathic Murderer," in Wolfgang, p. 126.
[54] Berkman, p. 368. A smattering of French data suggests a similar phenomenon: collective violence (or, if you prefer, risings-up, riots

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

or whatever) were at rock-bottom during World Wars I and II—although not, of course, during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870, thanks to the Paris Commune (Charles Tilly, "The Chaos of the Living City," in Hirsch and Perry, p. 120; figure 14: "Number of Disturbances Per Year in France, 1832-1958").

[55] Royal Commission, p. 319.

[56] UNICRI, p. 48 (Van Dijk and Mayhew).

[57] Beard, p. xvii. Plato goes farther, and argues that growing citizens should participate in military games dangerous enough to kill a few of them off every now and then, in order to develop courage (*Laws,* VIII.830e-831b, pp. 1396-97).

[58] Watching him I was reminded that to aestheticize weapons is natural, if by natural we mean that it "comes naturally" to children. I gave him a World War II gas mask, and his pleasure in it was of the same kind as mine in my Rajasthani daggers. Several years afterward, while in Bangkok's National Museum I saw on display a gun from King Mongkut's reign, dark-wooded throughout, the stock beautifully checkered, a lovely floral inlay of gold on its "serpent," and I envied the King's open pride in his weapons (why shouldn't everything be aestheticized?); it seemed a shame to me to live in an age in which weapons must so often be unornamented and locked away.

[59] Kitson, p. 96.

[60] A fuller account of these photographs is given in the second of my chapters on ex-Yugoslavia, below.

[61] See "The Skulls on the Shelves," below.

[62] Milton Bracker, "A finish to tyranny as horrible as ever visited on a tyrant", in *The New York Times,* April 30, 1945; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 687.

[63] Easy to say. And yet even after forming this harsh judgment, I myself, having succeeded in obtaining from a Thai police general the photograph of a slain Khmer Rouge guerrilla (image taken January 20, 1996, purchased by me slightly over a month later), was ecstatic. The photo was graphic, but it was true. Although I had not personally laid eyes on the dead body, I had no doubt that he was really K.R., because I knew what a K.R. uniform looked like and because when other Thais in that city saw the photo, they exclaimed in instant knowing horror: "Khmer Rouge!" (There were no such cross-checks available with the photographs of beaten men.) So I felt that I had scored a coup. After two months of difficulty, boredom and frustration, I was getting somewhere. And for an hour or more, the boy's bright blood and agonized face did not sadden me; it only turned my stomach. It was easy, too easy, for my convenience to disbar from consideration the fact that here was a human being who had died in pain.

[64] Solzhenitsyn, *Gulag,* vol. 1, p. x. Italics in original.

[65] John Glad, foreword to Shalamov's *Kolyma Tales,* p. xv.

[66] Amnesty International, *Political Killings by Governments* (Amnesty International, 1983), p. 24; quoted in Brown and Merrill, p. 54.

[67] David P. Chandler, *Brother Number One,* p. 168. Chandler, a respected historian and a former U.S. Foreign Service officer, notes that his figures exclude deaths from Democratic Kampuchea's war with Vietnam, and that most of the deaths in his tally occurred from "malnutrition, overwork, and untreated or wrongly diagnosed diseases," deaths by execution comprising 100,000+, or 10 percent of the total.

[68] "A group of Cambodian jurists," p. 12. This is the figure cited without qualification in the histrionic *State of War and Peace Atlas* (Dan Smith, p. 78).

[69] Nor is this an isolated instance of our inability to be decent census-keepers of death. Estimates on the number of people put to death during the French Revolution range from 16,600 to over 100,000, depending on whether not the slaughter of the Vendéeans is counted. For another example, see the table of casualty figures in the "Summary of Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II" (Annex F).

[70] Churchill, *The Second World War,* vol. 4, *The Hinge of Fate,* p. 582. Roosevelt was speaking of the Soviets.

[71] Shalamov, p. 282 ("Lend-Lease").

[72] Or, for that matter, did North Korea suffer

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

more per capita casualties in the Korean War than the USSR did in World War II? One scholar of the former conflict concludes only that they might well have (Cumings, p. 214).

[73] Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* p. 8.

[74] Buchenwald, like Kolyma, crawled before it could walk, being hampered by immature procedures of economic exploitation. In fact at Buchenwald not every labor category had an individually measurable quota, and much of the labor was make-work sadism (e.g.; having Jews build walls which they were required to knock down the following day). But progress must be credited. The S.S. eventually succeeded in garnering an average profit of 1630 marks per inmate, based on a lifespan of nine months, and including such death bonuses as extraction of the inmate's dental gold. Cf. Kogon, p. 282. Kogon was a survivor of Buchenwald, and his account naturally focuses upon that camp, although he makes generalizations about the entire Nazi camp system. If what he says is correct, then it was less "efficient" than the Gulag " in most of the camps the nature of the work made [a fixed output quota] impossible, and output remained at an irreducible minimum" (p. 97).

[75] Solzhenitsyn's assessment: "One chance in 100,000 of success" (*Gulag,* vol. 3, p. 96).

[76] From *the Straits Times* (Singapore), March 1, 1995, page 22.

[77] "The 'unfounded' rate, or percentage of complaints determined through investigation to be false, is higher for forcible rape than for any other Index crime. In 1995, 8 percent of forcible rape complaints were 'unfounded,' while the average for all Index crimes was 2 percent" (FBI, p. 24).

[78] And I never asked him what the woman herself had done in the beginning. "Research has demonstrated that many so called 'victims' [of rape] are, in fact, seducers and aggressors," one study concludes (LeRoy G. Schultz, "The Violated: A Proposal to Compensate Victims of Violent Crime" [1965], in Hudson and Galaway, p. 139).

[79] From *The Star: The People's Paper* (Sarawak, Malaysia), March 3, 1995 (no. 9054), page 13.

[80] This conclusion corresponds with that of a U.N. study: "...in countries which might be seen as more permissive in their attitudes toward sexuality, women are sensitive to offensive sexual behavior but seem less inclined to label it as criminal." —United Nations Interregional Crime and Justice Research Institute (UNICRI), p. 23 (Jan J.M. van Dijk and Patricia Mayhew, "Criminal Victimisation in the Industrialised World..."). In other words, more permissive societies are—well, more permissive. (Cf. also UNICRI, p. 64 [Ugljesa Zvekic and Anna Alvazzi del Frate, "Victimisation in the Developing World... "].

[81] "When a weak France finds herself face to face with a powerful Russia, I no longer believe a word of what I used to believe when a powerful France faced a weak Soviet Union." —Malraux, *Anti-Memoirs,* p. 103.

[82] Luther, p. 393 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").

[83] The terror-theorist Karl Heinzen reasoned from exactly this starting point, although some of his conclusions are rather different from mine: "It seems that what is decisive in the way history judges a murder is the motive. History does not appear to condemn murder itself." —Laqueur, p. 57 ("Murder," 1849).

[84] *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* pp. 8-9.

[85] *The Science of Right,* trans. W. Hastie, in Kant, p. 446. See the chapters on retaliation and punishment, below.

[86] See below, "Suicide."

[87] I say "more equally," not "equally," because if, for instance, the molester knew one of these women, and knew that she wanted to be sensationally killed, the case would take on a different character: context always applies.

[88] For a descriptive portrait of Hess on trial, see below, "Moral Yellowness."

[89] *General Introduction to the Metaphysics of Morals,* trans. W. Hastie, in Kant, p. 394.

[90] Assuming that they are truly obligated. Kant does qualify himself to the verge of outright self-contradiction, for he denounces certain "forbidden means" whose employment in war would render their users unfit to be citizens; among these he lists the appointment of poisoners, assassins and snipers (p. 454). In fact, he states emphatically: "But whoever has committed murder, must *die*" (p. 447, italics in original). The implication,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

for Eichmann, is not clear. We're left wondering who actually committed the murders—Eichmann, his superiors, his subordinate gasmen and triggermen or all of the above? Moreover, if the follower of orders is in fact divorced from the consequences of those orders, as we have just heard Kant claim, then the state as embodied in its sovereign command must be liable for them (by the concept of the *modus imputationis ponens*) which surely is no good, either, for how can someone justly follow orders from an entity unfit to give them? For that matter, it is a mystery to me how anyone can rightfully follow *any* orders which destroy his aptitude to be a member of the state—i.e. a citizen, or someone who can be ordered. Such contradictions come about, in my opinion, because Kant wants to make us believe that there is only one right, best way to establish certain contracts (such as states). Thus, he seeks to demonstrate logically that only monogamous marriage is right, since people can only give up rights to their own selves on a reciprocal basis, and a polygamous husband is giving up but a part of himself while each of his wives has offered all of herself to him (p. 419). Muslims do not happen to reason this way, and their logic follows just as naturally from their own premise as Kant's does from his. We must allow into our analysis a considerable degree of moral relativism (Jacob Dickinson recommends that I use the phrase "context-sensitive moral absolutism"—personal communication, 1996) if we are to be at all realistic. Hence my statement about social mediums and institutional uniforms.

[91] See my portrait of Wilhelm Keitel in the chapter "Compulsion, Loyalty and Fear."

[92] And not just for the apologist, but for the perpetrator himself. "The trick used by Himmler...consisted in turning those instincts [of pity] around, [s]o that instead of saying: What horrible things I did to people! the murderers would be able to say: What horrible things I had to watch in the pursuance of my duties, how heavily the task weighed upon my shoulders!" (*Eichmann,* p. 106).

[93] Winter, p. 109.

[94] He is also known for his statement: "German towns are burning; I am happy" (quoted in Werth, p. 965). Trotsky similarly equated objectivity with hypocrisy. See below, "On the Aesthetics of Weapons."

[95] In addition, since it leaves no room for moral argument, it can be invoked equally well by their opponents. Here is one of Ehrenburg's arch-enemies, Goering, shouting that the Jews had better not have the nerve to request police protection: "I thank my Maker that I do not know what objective is. I am subjective" (quoted in Fest, p. 117).

[96] Rizal, *The Revolution,* p. 238. The English of this translation leaves somewhat to be desired, and I have occasionally altered the wording in my citations from it. The person speaking is Rizal's the-ends-justify-the-means protagonist, Simoun.

[97] Goeffrey Parker, p. 128.

[98] "Don't you find it easier to lend assent or even support to an ultimatum that is well put even if backed by force? (Remember Dad.)"—Jacob Dickinson, personal communication (1996).

[99] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin,* p. 19.

[100] I said that gathering the data is not the same as interpreting it; but, as we see, even the gathering is hardly without logical and ethical difficulties. When I wrote the chapter on Apache suicides, for instance, I found that the Apache tribe had recently adopted a new and stringent set of guidelines for outside research, which they'd made over from the Hopi. These rules were fair and reasonable from the Apache point of view, but I did not like them. They required me either to censor myself or to be a sneak. I refused to follow them. So I did most of my work off the reservation. The data inevitably suffered, but at least it was mine, to do with what I thought best. As for ideological self-censorship, this is usually the disease of familiarity, of authorized biographies, of socialist realists everywhere. If we allow ourselves to become constrained by it, the choice becomes: Narrow, shallow or narrow and shallow?

[101] "In general *the degree of responsibility increases as we draw further away from the man who uses the fatal instrument with his own hands.*" —Judgment against Eichmann, quoted in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem,* p. 247 (her italics). But I read in the newspaper this morning about a mother who, raped and beaten by her husband, persuaded her son to kill him. The mother got twenty-six years to life; the son got eighty years.

[102] See below, "The Old Man."

[103] Why not? As Samir Amin sneeringly remarked, "Political science wavers between journalism and formalism" (op. cit., p. 10).

[104] Nagel, p. 13 fn.

[105] Perhaps my calculus is not much fuzzier than anyone else's. Consider the infinite malleability of the Biblical "Thou shalt not kill."

[106] For example, not knowing Japanese, I have been forced in my occasional discussions of the *Tale of the Heike* to rely on an English translation of the text, and for context on some English-language secondary sources. I thus remain not only at an immense cultural remove from the milieu of the *Tale,* but also at a semantic remove. It would be all too easy for me to swallow some interpretative fad whose bias might not be as transparent to me as, say, Prescott's in his nineteenth-century English-language history of the Mexican Conquest.

[107] Which is a more dangerous sign—when secondary sources all disagree, or when they all agree?

[108] Again Prescott's leaning in this regard comes to mind (see below, "Defense of Ground"). One could equally well cite Tacitus, Plutarch, Suetonius, Carlyle. This is the reason why Trigger in his brilliant *Children of Ataentsic* presents the weirdly unfolding relations between Europeans and natives in seventeenth-century Canada as a chess game to whose sometimes contradictory political, economic and cultural rules all individuals of all sides were to varying degrees subject. With Trigger one might lump the Marxist historians such as Trotsky, the sociologists such as William Sheridan Allen, etcetera.

[109] See below, this chapter, p. 41.

[110] Eli Horowitz writes about the Caesar section of my "Defense of War Aims" chapter: "The length of the story (98 pages) is out of proportion to the rest... The true narrative of this chapter is the search for valid ethical boundaries in war. Essentially, I do not feel that the final hundred pages are primarily directed toward this, and as a result, the Caesar section, in its present form, distracts from the chapter and the book." You may well agree, in which case it may please you to know that an abridgement of *Rising Up and Rising Down* will be available.

[111] Liddell Hart, *Strategy,* pp. 3-4.

[112] See below, "Defense of Race and Culture"; see also the moral calculus, 5.2.D.4 ("The Whale-Hunter's Maxim").

[113] *My Life,* p. 344.

[114] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

[115] Moral calculus, 5.2.I.3.

[116] Moral calculus, 5.2.J.4

[117] See below, "Defense of Homeland."

[118] In particular, I wish that the cerebral eloquence of Thucydides had been enriched by more descriptions.

[119] Keegan, *A History of Warfare*, p. 58.

ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS

[1] *Bannerman Catalogue,* p. 3 ("Blowing Our Own Horn").

[2] Hoffman, p. 189.

[3] As I read over *Rising Up and Rising Down,* I think I understand how some intellectuals can become terrorists. I am not one myself. I do not believe in their moral calculus and never really did: one suffering human being is one too many for me. But this is the danger of all weapons, whether their edges are as thick as Iroquois war-clubs or as thin as political ideas: that the beauty and rightness of their form makes one want to employ them whether it is proper or not. I remember my friend "Greenglass," who for years has photographed nude pubescent and prepubsecent girls on French beaches. (He's mentioned in this chapter a little farther on.) After the Cold War, the F.B.I., unable to be idle, decided to destroy people like him. Greenglass had done nothing wrong. But the weapon had to be used.

[4] As for the anti-patriots, as dangerous as patriots, who think only of firepower and bombsmanship, how nice it would be for

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

them and for us if their next assassination could be committed, say, with that ivory-handled Thai knife whose blade is a black sine-wave, or, better still among all the swords and knives like reaping-hooks that I've seen, that magnificent claw with a handle like an antler; one jaw is an ebony hook, the other a sharp scythe incised with floral designs ...

[5] Trigger, pp. 70-75, 95, 145-46. The Iroquoian tribes of Canada included in the seventeenth century the Five Nations of the Iroquois (Seneca, Cayuga, Onondaga, Mohawk and Oneida), the Huron Confederacy they warred with (the Attigneenongnahac, Arendarhonon, Attignawantan and Tahaontaenrat), the Susquehannock, Neutrals, Eries and others who shared common language-roots and agricultural and settlement practices. The torture methods of the Iroquioans particularly included cutting, beating and burning.

[6] A Swiss criminologist found that more than ninety-five percent of all crime novels deal with that most violent crime, murder (Reiwald, cited by Manfred Guttmacher, in Wolfgang, p. 114). An arresting explanation why was given in 1957 when Pierre Boulle's novel *Bridge Over the River Kwai* was made into a movie. The producer insisted that the ending be changed, that instead of merely being damaged, as in the book, the famous bridge had to be dramatically exploded, because the audience would have waited "for more than two hours ... in the hope and expectation" of the blast, as they explained to the unhappy novelist. Otherwise "they would feel frustrated" (Ian Watt, p. 27). In 1997, a mass market magazine reviews the latest computer game: "Even without a 3D accelerator card, ... the effect of shooting through translucent glass is beautiful. But don't worry, there's still plenty of violence (the game has been banned in Germany). Your arsenal of weapons includes a chain-gun with spinning Gatling barrels... Slay bells ring..." (*Newsweek*, December 22, 1997, p. 10; "Cyberscope" sec., "Games: Quake II Rocks On"). This is American; this is sickening; this is human nature.

[7] *The Tale of the Heike*, vol. 1, p. 107 (book 2, ch. VI, "The Admonition"). Although this text embellishes real events, it follows known history closely enough for me to treat it as a work of history in this book.

[8] And those unfortunate enough to live in war zones, while they might be even more prone to admire weapons, as some do, will also of course tranquilize themselves with peace. I remember one Sarajevo bar "protected" by irregulars, where bad music still played and they still had booze, the girls were laughing and it was packed. The waitress rushed about, the tray of empty glasses held tight against her tits. In the midafternoon that bar seemed only fashionably dark because it was crowded and because the neon sign still worked (perhaps there was a generator for that) although the toilet didn't. Cognac in glasses caught the neon. A fighter from America who had already gotten two bullets in the leg and shrapnel in the nose sat making eyes at the girls. The other soldiers were doing the same. Their dark baseball caps and dark bulletproof vests seemed almost fashionable; they matched the women's shoes and the borders of their jackets. The guns were there, just there; they weren't interesting to anybody. We sat drinking cognac, not wanting to finish our business because just outside the high courtyard some people had no water to drink and because it was necessary to run across the street on account of snipers. We all heard machine-gun fire and pretended that we didn't.

[9] Hence this dedication in Jerry Rubin's *Do It!* (1970): "To Nancy, Dope, Color TV and Violent Revolution!... READ THIS BOOK STONED!" (Rubin, p. 4).

[10] Held, p. 132.

[11] It will be discussed further below, in "Defense of Gender."

[12] Tillion, p. 68. She goes on to describe this person in more revolting detail on p. 69.

[13] Personal communication from several gang members. The city of Long Beach's police department, gang violence suppression detail, lists the following all-female gangs in its "Index of Long Beach Street Gangs" (rev. 11-08-95): the Insane Angel clique of the black Insane Crip gang, which has been responsible for thirty-one homicides since 1990, the black

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

New Yorkettes O/G, the Hispanic gang Duke Girls, the Hispanic gang Primas and the Chicas clique of the Westside Longos, which is the second largest Latino gang in Long Beach. All of these organizations are, however, listed as inactive or defunct. But two of the Cambodian gangs I encountered when I was in Long Beach (see "The Last Generation") were not on this gang index at all. It is safe to say that there are probably some new all-female gangs as yet unknown to the Long Beach authorities. A "Gang Fact Sheet" provided by the same source lists 140,000 males and 10,000 females in Los Angeles County as of April 1995. The F.B.I. (op. cit., p. 215) reports that between 1991 and 1995, total number of juvenile males arrested increased by 16.4percent; the increase for juvenile females was 32.7percent.

[14] Herodotus, Book Four, p. 338.

[15] Underhill (p. 136) calls it "a dramatic entertainment for the women who were the chief actors... The Creek and Iroquois women, reputed to be the fiercest torturers, acted simply out of vindictive fury against the slayers of their menfolk." She believes that there was "nothing religious about it," but Trigger, who is an expert on the subject, writes otherwise. Nor does he give the women the primary role; they did, however, participate very actively (op. cit., p. 74). Iroquoian and Creek women were not unique. Rountree (p. 84) describes how the Powhatan Indians of Virginia flayed, dismembered and disembowelled their captives with sharp mussel-shells. The executioners were "the town's women or ... a man appointed for the job."

[16] Trigger, p. 73.

[17] Adelson, pp. 4-5.

[18] Ibid, p. 5.

[19] Held actually displays a photograph of the oral or rectal pear, remarking that the vaginal device is larger.

[20] Back cover of Lecker's *Deadly Brew.* The real motive-driver of such books is given by Kurt Saxon in vol. two of his *Poor Man's James Bond:* "As world civilizations decline and the presently powerful and affluent are reduced to beggery [sic] and helplessness, the owners of these volumes holding a veritable storehouse of both industrial and military power will survive to form dynasties" (p. 2).

[21] Which I never met with when writing the chapter on voodoo.

[22] These are rarely meant to be fired. In function, therefore, they are similar to the ornamental daggers described below—particularly in the case of an officer's sidearm, which its owner carries mainly to invest himself with authority. The other kind of such guns is the limited edition sort which collectors prize. The weapon-ness of these guns thus gets cancelled out, as it were; presentation guns might as well be commemorative stamps or rare silver dollars.

[23] The explosion over Nagasaki was artfully aestheticized by the journalist William L. Laurence as "a thousand Old Faithful geysers rolled into one," in the *New York Times,* August 9, 1945 ("A Giant Pillar of Purple Fire: Atomic Bombing of Nagasaki Told by Flight Member, quoted in Samuel Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 771). The bomb itself Laurence also aestheticized, neither artfully nor subtly: "It is a thing of beauty to behold, this 'gadget.' In its design went millions of man-hours of what is without doubt the most concentrated intellectual effort in history" (p. 763). This sentence might as well be socialist realism.

[24] See Nowicki and Ramsey.

[25] Anonymous, *The King's Mirror,* part XXXVII, p. 216. Jacob Dickinson remarks: "I'm sure this artful statement is echoed in many contemporary publications" (note to author, 1996).

[26] I have seen a specimen of a seventeenth-century jade-handled Khanjar reproduced in my *Encyclopedia of Arms and Weapons* (Tarassuk and Blair, p. 274); the shape and style is the same.

[27] Written in 1991.

[28] Blomberg, p. 58.

[29] If this principle applied to the Ghurka knife then only I would be required to cut myself with one of the lesser vampire-blades; a guest would be under no such obligation; indeed, I would probably never show the knife to any guest, or write this essay, but keep the knife secret in my house, feeding on me.

[30] Blomberg, p. 61.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[31] Stewart, *Earth Abides*, p. 8.
[32] Ibid, p. 315.
[33] Vollmann, *Seven Dreams VI: The Rifles*, pp. 321-22.
[34] One study of machine guns describes how, even though those weapons depersonalized and rendered meaningless any attempts at individual courage during World War I (see below, "Defense of Honor"), still, as a result of the media glamorization of gangsterism in the 1920s and '30s, "the machine gun has now become personalised, itself the means by which men desperately try to make their mark on a world in which they feel increasingly powerless. In the fantasy world at least technology is turned against itself" (Ellis, p. 164).
[35] Thanks to the "assault weapons" bill of 1996, were I to lose this magazine I could replace it only with a ten-shot substitute. This is ludicrous. Even a one-shot magazine could be used for murder. It is not the magazine capacity of my fellow citizens which worries me, but their moral and cranial capacity.
[36] It would be delightful to have an orchestra made up of guns and selected target objects. The percussion instruments would be the guns themselves, graduated from the lively handclap of a twenty-two to the majestic three-fifty-seven. Heavy-gauge metal at various angles would be the ricocheting cymbals. Shattering bottles of selected depths and thicknesses could form arpeggios—a possibility by no means to be dismissed, for one of my mentors, Dr. John E. Mawby, once chose lumps of basalt whose sizes and masses permitted them to be tapped to play "How Dry I Am." It might be feasible also to set up wide-mouthed jars just beneath the muzzles of guns, so that the wave of air passing across them at the moment of firing would make them sing like wind instruments. This leaves only the strings. My proposal here is to have a loom erected, closely and tightly strung with piano wire. As the speeding bullets parted these strings, they would twang with the best.
[37] And, perhaps, less intimidation value. One of the reasons that Japanese samurai rejected firearms for two centuries was that swords were more charged as symbols of authority, like the Rajasthani daggers earlier described; they were more "aesthetic." (There were other more important and less savory reasons, including unhappiness that a gun could make a farmer the equal of a nobleman in war.) Cf. Perrin; cf. also Keegan, *History of Warfare*, pp. 44-45. Perrin's conclusion is that "progress ... is something that we can guide, and direct, and even stop" (p. 92). Unfortunately, I cannot agree. The Japanese had to take up guns again once Commodore Perry showed up pointing his artillery-barrels at them.
[38] CCI Blazer non-reloadable bullets have been what I generally use for 9 millimeter, although now (1996) some ranges have begun to forbid them. The shells are made of aluminum; the lead projectiles wear colored coatings.
[39] Thoreau, p. 492 (*Walden*, "Higher Laws").
[40] Loc. cit.
[41] A man who served in the U.S. Special Forces in Vietnam told me that "we" used similar devices, though more finished in construction, their manufacturer being supposedly located in Florida.
[42] That is, the cartridge. Technically speaking, the bullet is merely the piece of lead which will explode *out of* the cartridge.

ON THE MORALITY OF WEAPONS

[1] Ibn Khaldun, *The Muqaddimah: An Introduction to History*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 415.
[2] *The Sacramento Bee Final*, Saturday, April 12, 1997, p. B1, "Metro" section (Emily Bazar, "Cops find arsenal in home: More than 60 guns, bomb-making items").
[3] Chuck Taylor, p. 9.
[4] *Voces Zapatistas*, September 1996, p. 4 (Peter Brown, "Encuentro Report").
[5] "Widespread gun ownership has not been found to reduce the likelihood of fatal events committed with other means," the United Nations reminds us. "Thus, people do not turn to knives and other potentially lethal instruments less often when more guns are available, but more guns usually means more victims of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

suicide and homicide" (UNICRI, p. 301 [Martin Killias, "Gun Ownership, Suicide and Homicide: An International Perspective"]).

[6] The imperial edict of 1588 required all commoners to turn in their swords, ostensibly to be melted down for a Buddha's statue (Blomberg, p. 144). The prohibition endured, with declining effectiveness, to be sure—into the twentieth century.

[7] Quoted in Mandel, p. 101.

[8] Quoted in Tuck, p. 215.

[9] John R. Salter, Jr., "Social Justice Community Organizing and the Necessity for Protective Firearms," in Tonso, p. 20.

[10] *Athenaion Politeia,* 4; in G.R. Stanton, pp. 30-31. Indeed, it has been said about ancient Greece that the army was the popular assembly armed, and the city was a dwelling-place of warriors (Vernant, p. 37). Sparta of course went even farther than her sisters in this direction (Sage, p. xvii).

[11] M.L. Brown, p. 274.

[12] Borovik, p. 57.

[13] For a detailed discussion of which weapons are best for which "difficulties" (according to a thoroughly survivalist point of view), see Duncan Long's *The Survival Armory.*

[14] Rick Miller, "Tactics: Beware—Of A Slasher! Expect the worst—train for it—be prepared!" in *Combat Handguns,* vol. 16, no. 5, February 1995, p. 83. The same source claims that between 600,000 and 1 million crimes are prevented every year (presumably in the U.S. alone), "simply because the intended victim was armed!" (loc. cit.).

[15] UNICRI, p. 260 (Wesley G. Skogan, "Reactions to Crime in Cross-National Perspective").

[16] FBI, p. 22. In that year there were 383 justifiable homicides by police and 268 by private citizens. The total number of murders for that year was 21,597 (FBI, pp. 22, 13). Total justifiable homicides expressed as a proportion of all homicides justifiable or not were thus only 3%—but that makes them no less significant to the 651 persons whose lives or legal authority were thus protected.

[17] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute [Japan], p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden.

[18] FBI, p. 22 (Tables 2.16, 2.17).

[19] The FBI does not class justifiable homicides together with other homicides, so for the sake of better comparison with the Japanese data I have done this (20,043 reported homicides + 383 justifiable police homicides + 268 justifiable citizen homicides = 20,694)

[20] This is why the data in the table above could be read in either of two very different ways: 1. Private possession of weapons ought to be prohibited because they are so rarely used in justified killings. *or* 2. Private possession of weapons saved 22,000 lives in these two countries in 1995, and self-defenders' mere display of weapons might have prevented any number of other homicides justified and unjustified.

[21] From the Auto-Ordnance Corporation; reproduced in Ellis, p. 151.

[22] From *The Sacramento Bee Final,* Monday, July 10, 1995, page A8. A 1970 FBI statistic stated that 65% of all homicides were committed with handguns, and 13% more with rifles and shotguns (Adelson, p. 5). Homicides in Cuyahoga County, Ohio from 1951 to 1971 (3052 cases) displayed the following pattern: firearms 67%, blunt violence 11%, edged and pointed weapons 18%, strangulation 2%, other 2% (Adelson, p. 189). This is a representative breakdown, for in 1995, of all the homicides committed in the U.S., 63.2% were committed with firearms, 10.4% by blunt violence (which the FBI subdivides between body weapons, such as fists and feet, and non-body weapons such as hammers), edged and pointed weapons 12.7%, strangulation and asphyxiation 1.9%, other 6.8% (FBI, p. 18). The proportionate role of firearms in slayings is thus fairly constant—and high. This having been said, however, it is worth reminding ourselves that homicides comprise a fairly low percentage of all violent crime—only 1%, for instance, in the high-crime year of 1995 (FBI, p. 11). "The proportion of violent crimes committed with firearms has remained relatively constant in recent years," says the same source, giving a figure of 30-31% from 1991 to 1995 (loc. cit.), which, despite the FBI's insistence that frearms use in violent crimes

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

is now at its highest level ever in the twenty-year period studied (p. 274), is actually quite comparable to 1950s figures.

[23] Caesar, *The Civil War,* p. 226 (Afr. War, 27).

[24] The United Nations's International Crime Victim Survey concluded—surprise!—that "the extent of victimisation by crime in many countries has reached a level which the public finds unacceptable" (UNICRI, van Dijk and Zvekic, "General Report," p. 379). It has always been unacceptable, and always will be.

[25] That is one reason why the Militia of Montana, described in "Off the Grid," below, are looked upon as extremists—and one reason why they *are* extremists.

[26] Klasner, p. 111.

[27] Procopius, pp. 81-83 (vi.15).

[28] A U.N. study concluded that "a high presence of guns does not go along with less [sic] non-gun events. Thus, there is no indication that people will, in the absence of guns, turn to knives or other lethal instruments" (UNICRI, pp. 300-301; Martin Killias, "Gun Ownership, Suicide and Homicide: An International Perspective"). The study, however, proves no such thing. Higher gun ownership rates may indeed be correlated with higher homicide rates on a country-by-country basis, as was found here; what would be necessary to prove anything, however, would be to measure homicide rates in each country before and after "gun Prohibition."

[29] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute [Japan], p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden.

[30] FBI, p. 18 (Table 2.10: "Murder Victims, Types of Weapons Used, 1991-1995"), real numbers converted to percentages by me.

[31] Wolfgang, p. 15 ("A Sociological Analysis of Criminal Homicides").

[32] Dean E. Murphy, "Bat is weapon of choice in Poland," from *The Los Angeles Times,* repr. in *The Plain Dealer* [Cleveland], Sunday, June 15, 1997, "International" sec., p. 4-A.

[33] There is no magic answer. Suppose, for instance, that our military-industrial complex invented a consumer self-defense device which would do the following when activated: (a) sound an alarm and/or notify police; (b) instantaneously paralyze its target for a period of, say, half an hour *while keeping him conscious* (c) generously spray the user with indelible ink. —This toy would undoubtedly be used for violence by brutes who did not care if they were caught.

[34] Churchill, vol. 1, p. 93.

[35] One study found that 70% of the blacks who carried concealed weapons in St. Louis in 1962 "stated that they did so because they anticipated an attack on themselves from others in their neighborhood" (LeRoy G. Schultz, "The Violated: A Proposal to Compensate Victims of Violent Crime" (1965), in Hudson and Galaway, p. 132, fn. 173).

[36] For the moral calculus of this group, and an assessment of how well it accomplished its ends through its chosen means, see below, "Defense of Earth."

[37] One woman from the A.G. called LUNA (Lesbians United for Non-Nuclear Action) received injuries to her vertebrae requiring hospitalization. And, of course, the fact remains that we did not accomplish much. The plant did become increasingly expensive, and we delayed the day it went on line, but it did go on line. Practically speaking, as far as our end was concerned, we had little security, marginal autonomy, and no power.

[38] Vollmann, *The Song of Heaven* (unpublished), pp. 7, 9. One is reminded of the "non-violent rocks" thrown by people in the fringes of Martin Luther King's movement. See below, "Defense of Race."

[39] Ibid, p. 3.

[40] "Feare of oppression, disposeth a man to anticipate, or to seek ayd by society: for there is no other way by which a man can secure his life and liberty."—Hobbes, p. 163.

[41] Thucydides, p. 300.

[42] According to the F.B.I.'s Uniform Crime Reports, which were based on police records, violent crime was on the rise in my country (a 64.3% increase from 1974 to 1992). According to the Justice Department's polls of households, the National Crime Victimization Surveys, most crime was actually declining (a 2.7% decrease in the same period). —Cheryl Russell, "True Crime," in *American Demographics,* August 1995, p. 24. —Whether it was getting better or worse, I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

didn't feel safe. A soldier can still get killed on the very last day of a war—no matter to *him* that the statistics are against that. "Moreover," admits the article, "the worst crime does appear to be on the rise."

[43] Cicero, p. 222; speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 B.C.

[44] I was, in effect, being attacked through my love for her and my sense of honor; it was much more painful not to have protected this person I cared for than to be personally threatened with bottles. English propaganda-scribblers called upon such feelings when, seeking to arose the country against Napoleon's projected invasion, they sounded the tocsin of mass rapine: "To gratify their furious passions is not however their chief object in these atrocities. Their principal delight is to shock the feelings of fathers and brothers, and husbands! Will you, my Countrymen, while you can draw a trigger, or handle a pike, suffer your daughters, your sisters, and wives, to fall into the power of such monsters?" —Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 84 (English broadside, *ca.* 1804).

[45] FBI, p. 99 (Table 6: "Index of Crime, Metropolitan Statistical Area"). What I call "homicides" are listed under "murder and non-negligent manslaughter."

[46] Loc. cit.

[47] To those who despise guns, such an assertion may well sound as "creepy" as it did to my next-door neighbors. A study of murderers in Sain Elizabeths Hospital between July 1, 1925 and July 1, 1951 concluded: "Shooting was the most popular method of causing death, possibly for a number of deeply buried psychological reasons, but more likely because it is simple, easy, and frequently accomplished by a weapon purchased in advance, often for protection in response to insane delusions" (Bernard A. Cruvant and Francis N. Waldrop, "The Murderer in the Mental Institution," in Wolfgang, p. 158).

[48] The Old Norse *Poetic Edda* advises: "From his weapons away no one should ever stir one step on the field; for no one knows when need might have on a sudden a man of his sword" ("Havamal: The Sayings of Hár," p. 20, no. 38).

[49] Malraux, *The Walnut Trees of Altenburg,* pp. 153-186.

[50] "There is something of Tolstoy about these pages," remarks his biographer, Lacouture (*André Malraux,* p. 301).

[51] See above, "Catacomb-Thoughts."

[52] Fotion, p. 28.

[53] Prentiss, pp. 679-680. The numbers (2) and (3) were left out in the original text, there being only empty space into which some printer evidently forgot to slot them.

[54] See below, "Means and Ends."

[55] Fotion, pp. 75-79.

[56] Fotion, pp. 44-47.

[57] Naturally this is more true for isolated cases of murder than for genocide campaigns.

[58] LeRoy L. Lamborn, "Toward a Victim Orientation in Criminal Theory" (1968), in Hudson and Galaway, pp. 169-71.

[59] Interview with author.

[60] An analogous case would be that of overfishing. If everybody overfishes, we are all hurting ourselves and each other, but unless I can be certain that everyone else will stop *and* that I can support myself otherwise, it is in my interest to keep overfishing. See "Defense of Earth," below.

[61] And might not care.

[62] Klasner, pp. 207-08.

[63] Buffetaut, p. 43 ("Une mitrailleuse Saint-Etienne en position aux Epargnes").

[64] Ibid, p. 45 ("Une fosse commune aux Eparges").

[65] Lifton and Markusen, p. 63 (italics in original).

[66] For the other part, see "On the Aesthetics of Weapons," above.

[67] Laqueur, p. 31 (*Juan de Mariana, The King and the Education of the King,* n.d.).

[68] With a little stretching, Hobbes might be taken to read that it was not in the least immoral; for he notes that "when the Soveraign Power ceaseth, Crime also ceaseth: for where there is no such Power, there is no protection to be had from the Law; and therefore every one may protect himself by his own power: for no man... can be supposed to give away the Right of preserving his own body; for the safety whereof all Soveraignty was ordained" (op. cit., p. 337).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[69] Hallie, p. 6.
[70] Vollmann, *The Song of Heaven*, p. 4.
[71] Hallie, p. 8.
[72] It was in opposition to this latter class, and against the general mode of thinking of my first chapter, that Trotsky was quick to place his master: "'The Soviet of People's Commisaries?' Lenin picks it up. 'That's splendid, smells terribly of revolution!' Lenin was not much inclined toward the aesthetics of revolution, or toward relishing its 'romantic quality.' But all the more deeply did he feel the revolution as a whole, and all the more unmistakeably did he define its 'smell.'" —*My Life*, p. 338. —Nor, by all accounts, was Lenin a sadist, although his work is stained by bloodthirsty expressions. The fact that he did not fall into either group failed to prevent him from ordering atrocities such as the murder of the Romanoff family without trial. What would he have made of Gandhi? The third edition of the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, which is shot through with a more mellow appreciation of the world than its predecessor, concludes that "Gandhi's position corresponded to the interests of the Indian bourgeoisie" and that Gandhi "idealized patriarchal relations" (vol. 6, p. 82). Gandhism itself (p. 83) is denounced for its ethos of placing means ahead of ends.
[73] What do I mean by humanity? The willingness to limit violence. See the rules of thumb at the end of this book.
[74] Gandhi, pp. 348-49 ("The Jews," *Harijan*, 26-11-38).
[75] "The events of 1939-45 suggest that such [nonviolent] resistance can indeed have an effect, but that it often operates best in conjunction with armed resistance movements."—Dear and Foot, p. 946, "Resistance" [article by Adam Roberts]. Even Gandhi was at times willing to admit this in private.
[76] Quoted in Brown, p. 348. (*Harjan*, 4 May 1940).
[77] See the analysis of Martin Luther King's "dramatization," in "Self-Defense of Race and Culture," below.
[78] One Punjabi eyewitness who devotes his memoir's heartbreaking final pages to the expulsions, panic-flights and massacres accompanying the partition wastes hardly any space on Gandhi himself, although his liking for "the simple, small man from Kathiawar" comes through. "Gandhi rechristened India Bharat Mata [Mother India], a name that evoked nostalgic memories, and associated with Gao Mata, the mother cow. If this struck a chord in the Hindu mind, the Muslims soon responded to the Khilafat call, in support of the deposed Khalifa of Turkey, and the name of Madar-i-Hind, mother India" (Tandon, p. 121). It was all so hopeless. Even when they called their country exactly the same thing, Muslims and Hindus had to use different words once they became politicized. After partition, Tandon's relatives, who were Hindu, lost their homes in the Punjab forever. No wonder that in after years the memory of Gandhi did not make a larger impression.
[79] Reproduced in Brown, p. 258
[80] Brown, p. 246.
[81] One of his standard phrases for the "vanquished." Cf., e.g., *Mein Kampf*, p. 669.
[82] Ibid, p. 171.
[83] One critic of Martin Luther King's strategy, who believed that in the end King was not able to go far enough, wrote in relation to the status of black Americans that "non-violent appeals to conscience are futile because in all probability the society has no conscience" (Berger and Neuhaus, p. 125).
[84] Brown, loc. cit.
[85] Quoted in Brown, pp. 316-17 (press statement, 5 September 1939).
[86] Gandhi, pp. 111, 113, 115, 381.
[87] "You have heard that it was said, 'An eye for an eye and a tooth for a tooth.' But I say to you, Do not resist one who is evil. But if any one strikes you on the right cheek, turn to him the other also ..." (Matthew 5:38-39). Clarence Darrow, in his well-meaning essay whose title, *Resist Not Evil*, is derived from just these words, insists that "when casual violence results it is not the weakest or the most defenceless who are the victims of the casual violence of individuals. Even the boy at school scorns to war upon a weaker mate" (p. 173). This was never my experience; nor does it seem to have been the experience of the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

raped, the robbed, or (though some homicides are victim-precipitated) the murdered. The predator seeks out his prey not for sport, but for the efficient consummation of his sadistic or expedient object.

[88] In other words, he subscribed to point # 5 of Gandhi's moral calculus.

[89] Quoted in Lever, p. 396.

[90] "It's endorsed by many, including [my son's] karate teacher." —Jacob Dickinson, letter to author, 1996.

[91] Chanoff and Doan, p. 100 (testimony of Trinh Duc, village chief).

[92] Tuck, pp. 15-16.

[93] Machiavelli, p. 21. This is very consistent with our position thus far. If weapons offer security, autonomy and power, then weaponlessness must produce imperilment, humiliation and impotence.

[94] "It worries me that 'turn the other cheek' is so easily dismissed... Didn't Jesus know his neighborhood? Was it more benign than yours?... But I think you're right. Still, I wonder if it's because of some weakness on my part."—Dickinson to author, 1996.

[95] "It is only necessary to remember," said Tolstoy to his admirer and friend, "that the Government, however strong and cruel it may be, can never prevent the real, spiritual life of man, which alone is of importance" (Goldenweizer, p. 131). —But if one's spiritual life is stunted, as mine was and is, as so many people's is, then cruelty can at the very least weaken and damage it.

[96] Buddha would pity my attachment to the Asian woman, and advise me to remove the cause of my anxiety and possible grief by severing all attachments; at the same time, he would hold me blameless for violently defending her should I choose to, arguing that the aggressor had brought all consequences upon himself. See Carus, pp. 208, 148.

[97] Laqueur, p. 68 ("Catechism of the Revolutionist," 1869).

[98] Cheryl Russell, *American Demographics* article, p. 24.

[99] For the record, I'd like to live in an America in which I could leave my door unlocked all the time; in which I could walk wherever I wanted at night; in which we all took each other on faith; in which there were fewer people and more trees, a wild America like Canada; an America in which I could believe what the President said; in which women's bodies were their own business; in which electrical power consumption diminished every year, in which automobiles were banned from our cities and televisions and chain stores were banned everywhere; in which knowingly failing to help a stranger in an emergency would be punished by death, in which people collected experiences instead of things; in which everyone died at home, not in a hospital, in which everything was sexual and nothing was pornographic, in which beautiful words were second in importance only to beautiful deeds and beautiful souls, in which we all made use of what we already had.

[100] Freud recounts the tale of a man whose obsessional neurosis required him to spend "his days in contriving evidence of an alibi, in case he should be accused of any murder that might have been committed in the city" (*The Interpretation of Dreams*, p. 245). This man was afraid of murdering, and I was afraid of being murdered, and yet there was a strangely intimate relationship between us. We were both in thrall to violence.

[101] Díaz, p. 280. The incarcerated Dwight Abbot (op. cit., p. 81), tells a similar tale.

[102] See Introduction, above.

[103] *Discourses,* Book IV, in Lucretius/Epictetus, p. 232.

[104] Ragnar Benson, pp. ix-x.

[105] Bradley J. Steiner, "Defensive Combat: Myths and Misconceptions About Self-Defense: Part IV," in *Handguns,* vol. 8, no. 8 (August 1994), p. 88.

[106] Foreign Affairs Sub-Committee, Shan State National Congress, p. 16. See below, "But What Are We to Do?"

[107] Second Amendment (Bailyn, vol. 2, p. 954; Appendix).

[108] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse* , p. 27 (Chapter I, Article 41, no. 2; my trans.).

[109] UNICRI, p. 302 (Martin Killias, "Gun Ownership, Suicide and Homicide: An International Perspective").

[110] Letter to author, 14 August 1994, p. 1, answer no. 4.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[111] Interviewed by author. Monsignor Albert is profiled in "Dey Bring Dem Bloodstain Up Here," where the above quotation appears in context.

[112] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience,* p. 299 (from "The Kingdom of God").

[113] Chandler, Kiernan and Boua.

[114] Laqueur, p. 262 ("Terrorism—A Balance Sheet").

WHERE DO MY RIGHTS END?

[1] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 429.

[2] Listed in increasing order of controversiality.

[3] Moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.18 generally, and specifically 5.1.2, where the caveat to the allegiance condition appears in its final, modified form. In the chapter on defense of animals, below, we will provisionally add the following to our moral calculus (5.1.a): *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against unjustified imminent physical harm.* "Unjustified" possesses no consensualized definition in the nonhuman context.

[4] Hobbes disagrees, insisting that the second liberty I list has been alienated by the social contract: "In the making of a Commonwealth, every man giveth away the right of defending another; but not of defending himselfe" (p. 353; II.28).

[5] A subsidiary case with which we need not detain ourselves very long is the right to defend one's property or not. This also appears in the moral calculus, 5.1.2, with the following caveats, which are self-evident, I hope: 1. Proportionality must be maintained (see M.C. 5.2.F.). The right to life supersedes the right to property. (Examples: Others may exercise their right to self-preservation by confiscating excess property if they are in dire need. [See M.C. 5.2.B and 6.2.B.] A householder is not entitled to shoot a fleeing burglar in the back.) Legitimate authority (see M.C. 5.2.C.1) may confiscate excess property in the interest of the social contract (taxes, the Muslim *zakat* tithe, etc.).

[6] See the brief chapter below, "Where Do Your Rights Begin?"

[7] In practice, this condition resolves into self-sovereignty, respect for proportionality and respect for discrimination. See the moral calculus, 5.1.2.A-B.

[8] For instance, in the chapters on defense of creed and gender, we will be forced to give passing mention to the right of freedom of speech. See below, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[9] "As for torture," says Malraux, "I never underwent it, but I witnessed it. But there was something more—the attempt to force human beings to despise themselves. That is what I call hell." —*Anti-Memoirs*, p. 503. Torturing the child in front of the mother was even worse—an attempt not only to make two human beings despise themselves, but also each other: the desperate child, uncomprehending in his agony why his mother didn't save him, the mother perhaps enraged by her terrible guilt at the child's screams.

[10] Danilo Kis's brilliant short story, "A Tomb for Boris Davidovich," which places an imprisoned Old Bolshevik in a similar situation—every day he doesn't confess to imaginary crimes, the Cheka will shoot another innocent victim in his sight—impresses on our attention, in addition to the obvious moral aspects of the choice which I have attempted to summarize, the psycho-political point that for the Old Bolshevik, whose career and reputation had been absolutely sterling, "the perfection of his biography would be destroyed, his life work (his life) destroyed by these final pages" (op. cit., p. 94). The same principle must operate on most non-revolutionaries. No one is perfect; to the extent that we do good and are good, we must derive some egocentric satisfaction (how else could we have been socialized to do good?). When such unspeakable pressure is placed upon the moral actor, some of his impulsion toward giving in must derive from his defense of inner honor (see below, "Defense of Honor"), masked as guilt.

[11] An analogy: the U.S. government's refusal to negotiate with terrorists over hostages. Sartre's protagonist in the short story "The Wall" defies participation in a different way: by giving authority what he believes to be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

false information. Or suppose that the mother threw herself at the torturers, shouting and clawing. Most likely she'd soon be dead. I'd feel pity for her; I might express disrespect for the practicality of her act (as Plato would for her rationality); but since I myself demand the opportunity to do as I think best when my existence and dearest interests face obliteration, then surely I ought to stand back and let her do as she thinks best in her own crisis—especially since I wasn't there. For more discussion of this issue, which sometimes gets cast as "victim-perpetrated homicides," see below, "Defense of Race and Culture."

[12] Gandhi, p. 43 ("Brachmacharya or Chastity," from *Yeravda Mandir).*

[13] For the Jewish calculus as to when an innocent individual can be sacrificed to violent compulsion for the sake of the group, see below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[14] See the moral calculus of the Animal Liberation Front activist "Virginia," below, "Defense of Animals."

[15] Plato, *Laws*, p. 1284 (III.689a).

[16] Stephen Owen, p. 252 (Wang Can [177-217 A.D.], "Seven Sorrows," I).

[17] Article in Robespierre's newspaper *La Défenseur de la Constitution,* quoted in Jordan, p. 113.

[18] Merleau-Ponty offers as a trope for understanding these trials the situation of France after the defeat of 1940, which "laid bare the contingency of the foundations of legality and showed how one constructs a new legality" (p. 37). The legalists who stayed on in the French administration were now Nazi collaborators. They might well have believed that this was the end, that Hitler had won the war and hence their only duty was to serve France as best they could under the circumstances. Members of the Resistance thought otherwise, and in 1945 they executed many of the collaborators. Merleau-Ponty argues that even though the collaborators simply showed a difference of opinion, their execution was justified because their opinions had consequences *and because they chose the wrong side.* The correctness of the Resistance's position had never been in doubt; its actual wisdom was proven by its victory. "Are we saying that the German occupation should have been met with an heroic refusal beyond all hope? Such a refusal, the decision not only to risk death but to die rather than live under foreign domination or fascism is, like suicide, an absolutely gratuitous act, which is beyond existence. [But] it loses its meaning when imposed externally and by government decision. What is meant by the condemnation of the collaborators' choice is that no actual situation in history is absolutely compelling ... and that every existential judgment is a value judgement" (ibid, p. 39).

[19] And his wife.

[20] In the revision of his authoritative account, Conquest somewhat hesitatingly retracts his earlier statement that Bukharin was not tortured (*The Great Terror,* p. 363).

[21] Ibid, pp. 393-94.

[22] As Hobbes points out, in a pure state of nature all acts are just. As authority repeatedly reminds us, any individual self-defense which imperils collective self-defense will be regarded as treason. Hence a Warsaw Ghetto mother who refused to accede to the destruction of her baby might be condemned by her comrades—but never by me, even were I one of them; even did I myself take the baby from her and put a pillow over its head—I would in that case merely constitute an immediate compulsion, for whose effects she could by no means be blamed. But the decision of the poet, and of the mothers tortured and starving, did not directly affect anyone but atomized individuals; nor did any of those choices bring upon the choosers the responsibility for having done harm.

[23] A point often made in good or bad faith by those who live in times of universal conscription (e.g. Bloch, p. 133). Authority puts it thus: If your neighbor must fight, then fairness demands that you fight also. Counter-authority argues: If authority is entitled to employ the violence of its citizens in battle for self-preservation, then I am likewise entitled to preserve myself by not battling.

[24] Conquest, op. cit., p. 343.

[25] Which Hassan the Assassin once actually commanded one of his fanatics to do, simply

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to demonstrate to a visitor the powers of absolute command which he enjoyed.

[26] Gandhi, p. 75 ("A Himalayan Miscalculation," in *The Story of My Experiments with Truth*).

[27] Art. I; quoted in CDU/CSU, p. 9.

[28] Moltke, p. 24 ("War and Peace").

[29] Minimal deviation. Moltke will take punitive action, should the pillagers, overstepping necessity, begin to steal souvenirs, to kill the farmers for pleasure, to rape.

[30] Moltke, p. 177 ("Instructions for Large Unit Commanders"). In this man's epoch, little credence was given to the *expedient* benefits of initiative in battle; hence they got no moral window dressing. Resistance manuals written during World War II emphasize the strategic possibilities of the small group, usually armed with a light machine gun. In Moltke's time those strategic possibilities remained overshadowed by centuries of set-piece battles, formations and fixed positions. Guerrilla warfare itself has enjoyed varying degrees of popularity throughout history. In Spain, Wellington employed it successfully against Napoleon. Moltke had little faith in its possibilities, because the terrain he was used to fighting in was cow-fields. As a matter of fact, his troops spread out into skirmish-lines during the successful invasion of France in 1870; but we can point out the decentralized, multiple commands or sub-commands of guerrilladom only in the remotest metaphorical sense, for Moltke's army neither lurked, nor retreated from strength, nor attacked by surprise; above all, it was not a defending force, but an army of occupation; hence it hardly enjoyed the support of the local population! Moltke relied not on insurgency but on conquest. He quoted George Washington on the incompetence of the militia during the American Revolutionary War, omitting to note that the Americans, after all, *won*, thanks to what has been described as a *combination* of "a Regular striking force of well-trained troops and the efforts of a militia little more than an armed population in quality ... whose fire [the militia's] largely destroyed British power in America" (Wintringham and Blashford-Snell, p. 128). But Moltke found little reason to take note. He'd succeeded against an insurgent population where the British failed. It is always a temptation to universalize the lessons of one's own experience; hence Moltke's remarks on the French volunteers of 1870 expressed an appropriately patrician attitude: "From a broad humanitarian viewpoint, one might desire only to see proof that the firm decision of an entire people makes its subjugation impossible, that a "people's" army suffices to protect the country. Of course our point of view is different" (op. cit., p. 31; "War and Peace"). Were the ouija board a more reliable means of communication, I would love to ask him if Cu Chi had changed his doctrine. See below, "Defense Against Traitors."

[31] Gandhi, pp. 98-99 ("Discipline—Satyagrahi and Military," *Harijan*, 10-6-39).

[32] Ibid, p. 88 ("Requisite Qualifications," *Harijan*, 25-3-39).

[33] As for laying waste the enemy, the most superficial browse through the pages of Thucydides will show that widespread practice not to have been, as in Moltke's time, a necessary sop to undisciplined expediency. Rather, it comprised institutionalized policy. There being no commissaries and poor roads, armies accomplished their war aims just as Sherman's troops would in the American Civil War more than twelve centuries later, simultaneously sustaining themselves and weakening their enemies. The notion of a prolonged occupation of enemy territory, or of "winning the hearts and minds" of the enemy's civilians, would have been alien and irrelevant to the atomized landscape of inward-looking and mutually suspicious *poleis* that was ancient Greece. Hence the soldiers would always be free to feed themselves at the enemy's expense, as they saw fit and as they could. See also Sage, pp. 55-58.

[34] *Laws*, p. 1489 (XII.942a-c).

[35] To speak more precisely, I have in mind inner and outer collective honor, and outer individual honor; perhaps also inner individual honor, by indoctrination. These terms are all defined in the chapter on defense of honor, below.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[36] Edward Gibbon's *Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire* tells exactly this tale. Between Domitian and Commodus, says he, the citizen's lot was happy, because "the vast extent of the Roman Empire was governed by absolute power, under the guidance of virtue and wisdom" (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 32). Then came absolute rulers who lacked wisdom, virtue or both. Decay began. I can certainly believe the ending of the tale, although I feel more skepticism about the beginning.

[37] Here he is only neglectfully disapproving, I would say, rather than categorically prohibitive, like Hobbes, who refuses to allow a revolution against the most despotic tyranny, on the grounds that this would legitimize revolution as a political strategy. We may profitably contrast him with Jefferson, who advises us to launch a revolution every ten years.

[38] Wells, vol. 1, p. 286.

[39] Plato, *Laws,* p. 1510 (XII.965d).

[40] Ibid, pp. 1294-95 (III.701a-b).

[41] Hitler, p. 435.

[42] *Laws,* p. 1429 (IX.869c). Hobbes (p. 352; II.28) also wants to convince us that parricide is more horrible than other kinds of murder, for a Platonic reason—"the Parent ought to have the honour of a Soveraign"—but then goes on to argue, in direct contradistinction to Plato's axiom on slaves and masters, that "to Robbe a poore man, is a greater Crime, than to robbe a rich man; because 'tis to the poore a more sensible dammage." His case is equally as plausible as Plato's—and, for just that reason, I would prefer to create my continuum of crime-horror myself, instead of letting the state do it.

[43] Infanticide retained its legality in Rome up through the first century B.C., provided, of course, that it was committed by the father, the *pater familias* (Carcopino, p. 77). As for parricide, "a single drop of that blood creates a stain which can never be washed out," insists Cicero. This lawyer-orator, however, more supple than doctrinaire, did at one point admit that while "people are under an obligation to pass over in silence the wrongs they have suffered from their parents," their forbearance is mandated "only up to ... the point at which [it] can still remain humanly feasible" (*Murder Trials,* p. 130, defense of Aulus Cluentius Habitus). For the similarly ascribed Spartan view of infanticide, see the discussion of Lycurgus the lawgiver, below.

[44] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes,* p. 10.

[45] Not (I hasten to say) that I respect the particular tie of "obligation" of a slave to his master.

[46] Adelson, p. 657 (Figure X-26A). Italics in original.

[47] *Republic,* p. 699 (V.460c). To maintain society in its equal divisions, Plato more or less demands procreation on command. A woman is to marry between the ages of sixteen and twenty, a man between thirty and thirty-five. (There would have been a lot of lonely widows in Plato's utopia, although he did permit their relatives to marry them off again if they were young enough.) A man who remains unmarried after thirty-five will be punitively fined every year he remains single. A couple who have produced no children after ten years are to separate and try again with different spouses. In order to direct fertility to its needed end—children, not too many, not too few, with homogenous lines of descent, for the sake of those all-important inheritances—Plato bans homosexuality, promiscuity and concubinage—all of which measures of social engineering strangely parallel the intrusiveness of the "Behemoth State." —"The woman belongs deeply to the total life of the state," wrote the Nazi theoretician Rosenberg (Mosse, p. 40; "Emancipation from the Emancipation Movement," 1938). Fecund German mothers were awarded an honor cross equivalent to a combat decoration. A childless wife was considered inferior by strict Nazis. —For Plato, sexual control will be furthered by inducing a sense of shame about intercourse, and by keeping every citizen busy. On this latter point, the philospher commits the same errors as his totalitarian successors. He expects his citizens to be first up and last to bed; housewives should wake their servant-maids, not the other way around; and magistrates should be in their offices long after dark, for the instructive terror of evildoers. "The purpose of rest is to release energies for a new struggle

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

and for the further march forward." (Mosse, p. 33; Hans Anderlahn, S.A. member, "National Socialism Has Restored the Family,"1937). And Castro mobilizes the people; he wants to "incorporate the entire working population into the working class" (*Fidel Castro Speaks*, p. 193; May Day speech, 1966). But there will be small material reward for this industry.

[48] Defined transgressions against subjects of foreign states would be violations of the protagonist state's law (as in international statutes against child pornography, for example).

[49] He would approve of the first two of our choices which the self is entitled to make: namely, self-defense and defense of others; but in place of the self, the only moral actor he'd allow would be the state. (After all, like any totalitarian, hasn't he proven them to be one and the same?) As for the third right, suicide, he would quite rightly consider it absurd and unnatural on a state's part. States are the most materialistic beings imaginable; they long to live.

[50] Hobbes, p. 365.

[51] Except insofar as his authority accords with mainstream Christian doctrine, in which Hobbes expresses much interest.

[52] Or, rather, most agree on certain tenets (such as the Golden Rule, which even Hobbes, who genially allows the commission of atrocities upon foreign nationals in time of war, accepts as universal) and not on others. We will point out these commonalities where possible.

[53] Moral calculus, 1.1.

[54] *My Life*, p. 210. Needless to say, Trotsky did not allow "the masses" to express that independence once he got into power. We will discuss him at length below.

[55] Joan of Arc, p. 37 (words of May 7, 1429).

[56] Machiavelli, p. 22.

[57] That is, in acceptance of the nonviolence condition.

[58] In other words, it is one thing to be Machiavellian to save myself or someone I love from imminent violence. It is quite another to be Machiavellian on general principles, and lure others to their destruction just because they might have wanted to do the same to me. It is only fair to note that these limits must somewhat vary socially and culturally. In Madagascar I frequently encountered a self-protective politeness carried to the point of deceit. (See "The Jealous Ones," below.) People rarely expressed anger to one another's faces, which meant that the person smiling at me might well be hating me and wishing me harm. I learned for my own protection to lie as I was lied to. In Denmark, on the other hand, preemptive lying was unnecessary as a general rule. So I continued to operate according to my debased version of the Golden Rule: *Do as you are done by*, with the proviso that I would act better than that when it seemed safe to do so.

[59] Turnbull, p. 285. This disquieting book has been quoted by everybody from neoconservatives to radical environmentalists (e.g. Manes, pp. 39-40).

[60] Ibid, p. 283. In her photograph (facing p. 129), we see the swollen-bellied child squinting at the anthropologist, her ribs all too visible as she stands in the place where her parents will kill her. Poorly composed, badly reproduced and further obscured by alienness, this image unfortunately tells us nothing.

[61] His perceptions were only deepened by a brief followup study. When he returned, in a year of good crops, the Ik were no more helpful to one another than they had been before.

[62] Ibid, p. 132. One is ironically reminded of the anecdote in Matthew 13:46-50. Christ is preaching, and someone tells him that his mother and brothers hope to speak with him. "But he replied to the man who told him, 'Who is my mother and who are my brothers?'"

[63] For instance, one might note that the Ik had been resettled out of their old nomadic life onto poor-quality land, and the forest they used to hunt in declared off limits as a nature preserve. The results: famine and social collapse.

[64] For extended discussion, see below, "Defense of Class."

[65] All civil governments are at first, the latter writes, "voluntary associations for mutual defense" (op. cit., vol. 1, p. 91). Plato, on the other hand, aphorizes that "the first stage in the creation of any society is surely conjugal conjunction and association" (*Laws*, p. 1311;

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

IV.721a). I would have liked to hear more about this. For me the most disappointing part of his *Republic* is when Glaucon and Socrates are first beginning to discuss what the ideal state will be, and Socrates says mildly that he's sure that the kind of people Glaucon would care about would be delighted to dwell in the forest living on rusks and whatnot, at which Glaucon humbly begs him to consider social animals instead. —If only they had come back to the forest people later! But they never did.

[66] After all, instead of presupposing a civilizing ascent out of miserable beastliness, we could trace an equally plausible scenario of degeneration from either from the demigodlike golden generation of Hesiod and Plato, or the noble savagery of Rousseau. Tacitus writes that "primitive man ... was naturally good. But when men ceased to be equal, egotism replaced fellow-feeling and decency succumbed to violence. The result was despotism" (p. 132). Nonetheless, as Maine has pointed out (p. 73), the Romans saw evidence of the state of nature in their own institutions.

Mahayana Buddhism posits an analogous but more extreme schematic: "an age of the flourishing of the Law, an age of the decline of the Law, and, finally, an age of the end of the Law, when the world would descend into darkness" (Varley, pp. 85-86, which sets a fitting context for Japan's gloomy warrior tales). In a sense, the point is moot—for after the degeneration, what next but the Hobbesian state of nature? Ultimately, the original cause of government matters not, except to illuminate the myth-maker's predisposition: what concerns us is how we interpret the actual and potential benefits of government as it stands. For some slighting remarks on the plausibility of the original social contract, directed equally to Locke and his enemy Hobbes, see Maine, pp. 94-95.

[67] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 40.

[68] Tacitus again, loc. cit.: "Some communities, ... either immediately or when autocratic government palled, preferred the rule of law."

[69] Montesquieu comes out against Hobbes on just this point, pointing out that mutual fear most be balanced by "the very pleasure one animal feels at the approach of another of the same species," as well as by sexual inclinations (p. 2; I.2).

[70] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 56.

[71] Harpocration, s.v. "Hipparchos"; in Fornara, p. 41, item no. 41a.

[72] See below, the two Colombian case studies in the "South America" section.

[73] Quoted in Craig, p. 180.

[74] Maine, p. 75.

[75] Proposed Clause 4 to the constitution of 1793; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 108.

[76] *Odyysey*, 9.112; quoted in Plato, *Laws*, p. 1275 (III.680b). This prior distance between clans, so essential to our allegory, reminds me of the ecologist Garret Hardin's point that "the commons, if justifiable at all, is justifiable only under conditions of low-population density" (op. cit., p. 262). See below, "Defense of the Earth."

[77] Loc. cit. (680e). Thus too Rousseau, p. 8 ("The Social Contract"), for whom the justifiability of that royalty lies in the father's love for his children.

[78] Maine, pp. 104-ff. For a summation of the father's powers, which in Roman times included life and death over the other members of his family, see pp. 114-15.

[79] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 57.

[80] Lewes, p. 239.

[81] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 7 (preliminary. declamation; my trans.).

[82] Rousseau, pp. 18-19 ("The Social Contract").

[83] *Laws*, III.679c, p. 1274. Rousseau agrees on the grounds that "laws are always useful to those who possess and injurious to those who have nothing" (op. cit., p. 26).

[84] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 157 (Charillus).

[85] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 131 (VIII.11). Italics mine.

[86] While it may be possible for you, reader, and for me myself to improve ourselves a little (most likely through introspection rather than through each other's help, although one never knows), no theory or plan which we can come up with is likely to improve anyone else. To do that, our measure would have to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

be wise, and either irresistible or compulsory.

[87] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 301 ("Fragments on Government," *ca.* 1854). The U.N.'s version is: "A social and political order must be established in which the individual is the means and the end; in other words, a society which does not base its values on its level of well-being but also on its capacity to create justice and human growth" (UNICRI, p. vii, address by Nicola Mancino, Minister of the Interior, Italy).

[88] See below, "Defense of Authority."

[89] Hobbes argues much the same, saying that we promulgate and agree to social contracts partly out of fear for what would happen if we didn't have them, and partly out of hope as to what we might gain by them. This is why the Randy Weaver case, discussed below in my case study of Bo Gritz ("Off the Grid," 1994), so deeply sickened and appalled me. The government had itself become an instrument of harm. This vast subject of legitimate and illegitimate power is touched upon in the chapter on self-defense of authority, below. For further discussion of the Ruby Ridge affair, see the chapter on punishment.

[90] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 96.

[91] Vernant, p. 94.

[92] Later on we will be considering law as it relates to the penalization and deterrence of violence. See "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," below, and "Punishment."

[93] Rousseau again: "What man loses by the social contract is his natural liberty and an unlimited right to anything which tempts him and he is able to attain; what he gains is civil liberty and property in all that he possesses" (op. cit., p. 23; "The Social Contract").

[94] Bakunin (Maximoff), p. 156 (italics in original). Parenthetical numbering added by me.

[95] What does Bakunin mean, however, by full utilization? If we take him out of his anarchist context, it's not at all clear. Does the individual decide, in which case society may not be particularly productive, or does the government decide, in which case we may have concentration camps? Better, in my mind, to drop that part.

[96] Pahor, p. 152.

[97] Genesis 22.6, 10.

[98] _____, *Des lettres de cachet*, p. 80 (my trans.).

[99] Burke, p. 160.

[100] Loc. cit (italics in original).

[101] For a portrait of Caesar, see below, "Defense of War Aims."

[102] Krebs, p. 154.

[103] "FC," p. 33, para. 37 ("The Power Process"). He rejects the technological apparatus of the United States, which is certainly inimical to his kind of freedom: "By 'freedom' we mean the opportunity to go through the power process, with real goals, not the artificial goals of surrogate activities, and without interference, manipulation or supervision from anyone, especially from any large organization." ("FC," p. 30, para. 94; "The Nature of Freedom"). I don't deny that almost every day I lament all the things I had to give up in addition to my weapon-freedom: My privacy, the clean water which I once could drink directly from streams, the treasure I've earned, my ability to roam where I please, and, increasingly, my own safety. As for the Unabomber's main point, that the citizens of the developed countries have become dull, swaddled slaves of consumerism, it is absolutely right. The life of the average office worker, for instance, afflicts me with pity and horror. Unfortunately, the Unabomber leaves his definition of worthwhile goals unclear. As an artist, I consider the effort which I employ to write and paint as the most rewarding action of my life. When I contemplate the achievements of great teachers, doctors, activists and lawgivers, I feel grateful to government, without which the leisure and safety to perform them would never have occurred. Are these accomplishments based on "real goals" or not? And, yes, most of the people I know are sad and desperate; their surrogate activities have few charms for me; but I would have to say that the system which exploits them, deceives them and above all stupefies them is much, much better than no system at all.

[104] Stewart, *Ordeal by Hunger*, p. 334 (diary of Patrick Breen).

[105] Exodus 21.12-13.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[106] *Islendingabók*, ch. 10, quoted in Byock, p. 22.
[107] Exodus 31.18.
[108] CDU/CSU, p. 16.
[109] 451-49 B.C.
[110] Maine, p. 15.
[111] *The Science of Right*, in Kant, p. 447.
[112] Although not always. The son of the sanguinary insurrectionist John Brown was required to write an accounting of all his misdeeds, so that his father would be sure to punish him. On one occasion, after a third or so of his debt had been whipped away, his father stripped to the waist, knelt and commanded that his son whip him to pay off the rest. The son later recalled: "I was then too obtuse to perceive how Justice could be satisfied by inflicting penalty upon the back of the innocent instead of the guilty" (Oates, p. 24). We will examine this incident in more detail below, in the chapter on punishment.
[113] *Laws*, IV.715d, pp. 1306-07.
[114] Procopius, p. 87 (vii.31-32).
[115] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 15 (fragment 5).
[116] Moral calculus, 6.2.C.1: "When is violent defense of preexisting ("legitimate") authority unjustified? That is, when is it justified to rise up against it? ... Case 3: When authority has no "empathetic bridge" to the masses or the opposition." It is fortunate that this crowd of my peers was the governed, not the government.
[117] "From infancy," writes Tolstoy, "by every possible means—class-books, church-services, sermons, speeches, books, papers, songs, poetry, monuments—the people is stupefied in one direction; and then either by force or by bribe, several thousands of the people are assembled, and when these, joined by the idlers always present at every sight, to the sound of cannon and music, and inflamed by the glitters and brilliance about them, will commence to shout out what others are shouting in front of them, we are told that this is the expression of the sentiment of the entire nation" (*Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 95, "On Patriotism").
[118] Moral calculus, 5.1.8.
[119] Below, "Defense of Creed."
[120] Below, "Defense of Gender."
[121] If we care to be good Platonists and assume proportionality in lesser as in greater relationships, then we can draw a parallel for domestic authority: The breaking of the social contract by one party—say, a robber—does not in and of itself release another party, the citizen next door, from his obligations—but self-defense does, until the robber is subdued.
[122] Lossky, p. 221 (Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet, *Politics drawn from the very Words of the Holy Scriptures* [wr. 1679-1704, pub. 1709], sels).
[123] Ibid, p. 164 (Grotius, *On the Law of War and Peace*, 1625, sels.).
[124] Tacitus, p. 132.
[125] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 35.
[126] Ibid, p. 58. Strangely enough, Bakunin goes even farther than Plato (whom, ironically, he despises precisely on the basis of his ideal state), insisting that any ethics founded upon the individual in isolation is egotistical and exploitationist. His objection to individual-centered ethics is partly religious; an atheist in the Russian revolutionary mold, he believes that the relationship between a person and his God (for which, however, one could easily substitute "a person and his Good") is so much harmful hocus-pocus. To him, the individual considered in no larger framework—that is, without reference to the allegiance condition—"is personified egoism, a being that is pre-eminently anti-social" (Bakunin [Maximoff], p. 122. Bakunin's assertion contains a drop of fairness—indeed, there would be little interest in any ethics that did not deal preeminently with human relations—but I insist on my right to the mastery of my own person. Ethics becomes merely the codified prescriptions of social technocrats if we fail to root it in freedom of choice, which is to say within the anguished and exalted windings of the solitary mind—and what mind is not solitary? No matter how adept we might be at belonging, or how adept society is at controlling, nourishing or even enslaving us, our perceptions remain different from those of the prisoner in the adjacent cell; our opinions and experiences vary, no matter how slightly; above all, when

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

he dies, we go on. Whatever I feel, I feel personally and inescapably; this is happening to me and none other. Again I remember from my childhood how the laughing boys used to hit me in the face. (In Plato's republic, I suppose, they would not have existed, although by the time he got around to writing the *Laws* he had to face up to assault and homicide.) The boys went on laughing, but I did not want to laugh. I was alone. When there is no help, then I alone have the opportunity (and the duty) of ameliorating my fate. I may or may not have physical capability, but I have freedom—moral freedom, at least, subject to the limits of my courage. —Oh, yes, I agree with Bakunin and all the others who remind us that we are only relatively free; we rebel against the law of gravity, for instance, at our peril. (He actually repudiates free will—a strange position which leads him into theoretical difficulties.)

[127] Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 287.

[128] My favorite Spartacist slogan, referring to such nations as the Communist-so-just-barely-better-than-nothing USSR, was this one: "Defend bureaucratically deformed workers' states!" How could such stirring words fail to thrill any class patriot?

[129] Bookchin, p. 20.

[130] *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 124 (Archidamus, no. 4).

[131] Hassig, pp. 146-47.

[132] Bookchin, p. 35.

[133] For a comparison between Stalinist Russia and Sparta, see below, "Defense of Class."

[134] Hassig, loc. cit.

[135] _____, *Des lettres de cachet*, p. 83 (my trans.).

[136] For a portrait of Sade, see below, "Punishment."

[137] _____, *Des lettres de cachet*, p. 84 (my trans.).

[138] Mao, *Selected Readings*, pp. 37-38.

[139] What is a state? One of Caesar's biographers argues, for instance, that the ancient Greeks and Romans lived in "free communities" rather than states (Meier, p. 197). In a widely comparative meditation such as this, a state simply refers to the prevailing social, hence inevitably political, association. Such definitions fail to have what my old teacher Terry Eagleton used to call "cutting edge," but the operations in this book involve moral splitting, so in order to have anything to split we must employ conceptual lumping.

[140] Darrow, p. 16.

[141] "The state arose from the need to hold class antagonisms in check" for the benefit of the most powerful class. —Friedrich Engels, "The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" (extract), in Toole and Schiffman, p. 25.

[142] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 123 (VIII.8).

[143] Montesquieu, p. 2 (I.3).

[144] Pernoud, pp. 194-5.

[145] Bakunin (Maximoff), p. 107. Italics mine.

[146] Matt. 21:26-28.

[147] For further discussion of the social contract, see the Lincoln section of "Defense of Authority," below.

WHERE DO MY RIGHTS BEGIN?

[1] Lawrence, p. 102.

[2] Hobbes, p. 388 (II.30).

[3] Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*, p. 254. The ticket which Ivan rejects, of course, is that of the ultimate sovereign, God.

[4] EPR (People's Revolutionary Army) commanders "Oscar" and "Vicente," quoted in *Voces Zapatistas*, September 1996, p. 2 (editorial). Italics mine.

[5] Gandhi, p. 157 ("Non-Co-operation Explained," *Young India*, 18-8-20).

[6] Although they could elect tribunes. The infamous patrician P. Clodius used Caesar and Pompey's favor to be adopted by a plebian in order to stand for tribune.

[7] For this point I am indebted to Wiedemann, pp. 166-67.

[8] One exception being the state's slaves and eunuchs who acted ostensibly in their masters' names, but in fact in their own faceless interest.

[9] Later this was altered to five. In addition to ostracism, there were other Greek penalties at various times: selective disenfranchisement from civic functions and privileges, or out-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

right outlawry, whose pronouncement formula ran: "Let him die with impunity" to whomever slew him (MacDowell, p. 74).

[10] The six-thousand-vote minimum (raised from a minimum of two hundred) was one of the conditions for ostracism; the other was that the unfortunate one had to receive more votes than anyone else. In other words, only one person at a time could be ostracized (*Philikhoros,* [F. Jacoby] FGrH *328 F 30,* in G.R. Stanton, p. 177). One description of the practice relates that the Athenians "took to removing anyone... who seemed too powerful: the first man unonnected with the tyranny to be ostracized was Xanthippus son of Aripihon" (_____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution,* p. 65). For an account of how Themistocles, the hero of the great battle at Salamis, reinstated and manipulated the (by then half-forgotten) device of ostracism, see Plutarch, *Lives,* p. 161, and Green, pp. 48, 56-7.

[11] In *ca.* 700 BC, Hippias of Elis, who enlarges on this somewhat (in Fornara, p. 11, item no. 8) claims that "the tyrant derived his name from the Tyrrhenians. For they became troublesome as pirates." Twenty-two centuries later, Zorita, that melancholy student of post-Conquest Mexico, offers a more contemporary definition of tyrants: ". . . they have usurped what is not theirs through inheritance. And because they fear that some day others will revolt against them and lay them low as they did their natural lords, they steal all they can as long as they remain in power; for when they fall, they will return to what they were at first" (op. cit., p. 121).

[12] Various ostraka; in Fornara, p. 42, item no. 41d.

[13] Scholiast to Aristophanes, Knights 855 [425/4]; in Fornara, p. 42, item no. 41b.

[14] The ostracized Greek comes back after ten years. The imprisoned American serves out his time, and then (theoretically, at least) gets restored to most of the privileges of citizenship. A Roman criminal, condemned to fight in the arena, may well, if he overcomes the other gladiator, or fights skillfully and gracefully, or merely survives for three to five years, be restored to his full civic existence by the acclamation of the citizen-spectators (Wiedemann, pp. 92-3. 105, 120).

[15] Appian, vol. III, p. 115 (*The Civil Wars,* I.VII.62). However, Sherwin-White tells us that "down to the age of Cicero *exilium* remained a voluntary act, and was only incidentally associated with the removal of political offenders from the state" (p. 35). No doubt Marius would have been surprised to learn this.

[16] *Poetic Edda,* "Havamal: The Sayings of Hár," p. 18, no. 25. The same poem (no. 50) compares a friendless man to a fir tree alone in a field, which must soon die.

[17] Wiedemann, p. 139. He wrote these words about the Romans. He could equally have been speaking about the Japanese, the Spartans, and many other warlike peoples. The early eighteenth-century *Hagakure,* which exemplifies the "way of the warrior," *bushido,* described how samurai sometimes practiced their art by training as executioners. "It gave me an extraordinary feeling," recalled one warrior. "To be disgusted at it is a sign of cowardice" (quoted in Pinguet, p. 132).

[18] For further discussion of Cicero (and, among other things, of his role in the debate on Cataline), see the portrait of Julius Caesar below in "Defense of War Aims." The mistreatment of his murdered remains by Fulvia is mentioned in "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," below.

[19] Cicero, *Selected Political Speeches,* p. 136, fourth speech against Lucius Sergius Catalina, 63 BC.

[20] Hobbes, pp. 359-60 (pt. II, ch. 28: "Of Punishments, and Rewards").

[21] Meier, p. 170.

[22] Cicero, *Murder Trials,* p. 273 (defense of Gaius Rabirius).

[23] Quoted in Evans, p. 709.

[24] Anyone flogged, imprisoned or put to death will be so treated as a *citizen,* a member of the polity (if that is any comfort.) In practical terms, this means that he can be assessed no more than a stipulated penalty, and that only after the law's slow, careful procedures of assessment and apportionment have been followed (*Laws,* IX.855c, p. 1416). While self-defense against an aggressor (whose aggression violated the social contract) might allow

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

justifiable homicide on the part either of a threatened individual or of the social contract itself as personified in its police agents, once the aggressor is rendered harmless, like the wounded Robespierre in captivity, standard social obligations toward him resume. No matter what atrocities he might have committed, he cannot be killed out of hand; nor will the laws kill him atrociously. (In Louis XIV's time, the punishment for a hideous crime comprised not merely death, but a hideous death.)

[25] Jefferson, p. 356, Sect. XIV.

[26] Ibid, p. 349.

[27] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, pp. 65-66 (defense of Sextius Roscius).

[28] Who rightly blamed Cicero for the execution of his father in the crushing of the Catiline conspiracy.

[29] See below, "Defense of Homeland."

[30] Darrow, p. 151.

[31] Lewes, p. 318.

[32] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 166.

[33] I don't know, by the way, whose gun he used. A brief essay on the etiquette of gun suicides deserves to be written. In 1994 one gun club in Beverly Hills suffered the inconvenience of two suicides—and, worse yet—one homicide, all committed on the premises with rented guns. These cases deserve a letter of reprimand from Miss Manners.

[34] One can also make a utilitarian argument in favor of suicide, from the standpoint of the survivors. Suicide frequently varies inversely with homicide (Wolfgang, p. 5; "Criminal Homicide and the Subculture of Violence"). If the "hydraulic theory" that violence must come out in a new place if we block the old has any validity, then it may be that by allowing suicide we are actually preventing homicide. I have in fact met several people who after failed suicide attempts turned on others.

[35] Plotinus, p. 34.

[36] Quoted in the introduction to Rizal, p. 21.

[37] Shalamov, p. 456 ("The Life of Engineer Kipreev").

[38] Pinguet, p. 88.

[39] People who want to ban handguns because they give the possessor a passport to Heaven are just as mistaken as those who give a certain brand of ice cream poor marks for social responsibility because of its high fat content. I am sometimes criticized because I give winos bottles of Thunderbird or Night Train for Christmas. My indignant interlocutors tell me that I'm helping the winos to kill themselves. I may be, or I may not be. What is important for me is that I am giving the winos what they want and making them happy, rather than giving them what in my superior wisdom I claim they should want. I know a few so-called feminists who despise me for supporting prositution. If those poor exploited women could meet these kind big sisters of theirs, they would scratch their eyes out. —There is no denying that handguns are sometimes misused, and that many, many suicides are the result of misjudgments. But in such cases we ought to say that X. was wrong to kill himself, not that society was wrong to let X. get a handgun.

[40] Abdullah Fatteh, M.D., etc., "Sex Hanging in a Female," from *The Handbook of Forensic Pathology*, 1973, repr. in Swezey, pp. 58-59.

[41] Throughout the latter twentieth century, a plurality of suiciders of both sexes strangled themselves, with the use of poison gaining considerable ground between 1950 and 1960, then withering into the same proportional insignificance as gas (the Nobel prize winner Kawabata's method—he left a saucepan on the stove, so that his family could keep "face" by pretending that it had been an accident), drowning, jumping out of buildings, jumping in front of a train, or "other" (Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], *Population Trends*, p. 20, male and female facing bar graphs for 1950-87. Translation by Mrs. Keiko Golden). An age breakdown for the year 1987 is strangely similar, with strangulation increasing proportionately at every other means's expense. from 20.5% for females aged five to nineteen. to 70% for females seventy and older; for males the figures are 51,4% and 76.2% respectively. (Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], *Vital Statistics*, p. 213 (trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden) gives data from different years, broken down differently. Interpolation gives results consistent with those of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Population Trends, I am happy to say.) In this picture, however, the disappearing act is conducted not by poisoning, which we know occupied the tiniest niche in 1987, but jumping out of buildings, which I presume was the easiest for young people under parental restraint to manage, and then perhaps its convenience continued to be recommended proportionate to people's age-linked decline in mobility, until in people's seventies it was significantly under 5% (*Population Trends,* p. 21, male and female facing bar graphs for 1987; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden).

[42] Humphry, *Let Me Die Before I Wake,* p. 59.

[43] Oe, p. 84. This author also recounts the story of a girl who poisoned herself after her fiance succumbed to radiation sickness (pp. 151-153). He concludes: "She honored his death with the dignity of her own." One may argue that if justice can be defined in terms of limiting violence, then a permissive attitude to suicide may foster casual self-destruction, which would be unjust. This is arguable, but I'd prefer to privilege self-sovereignty over self-preservation. In any event, with the exception of a massive spike on the graph in the 1950s, Japanese suicide statistics do not consistently reflect a disproportionately high rate. In the mid-1960s, for instance, Japanese suicides per capita showed rough equivalence with French data (Pinguet, p. 15). The approximate equality with western suicide rates goes all the way back to 1882, when Japan first began recording such figures (ibid, p. 17). In 1994, a Japanese was (as I calculate) thirteen times more likely to kill himself than to die from a gastrointestinal infection, which is to say twenty-eight times more likely than getting murdered, four times more likely than falling victim to what my translator sweetly called "unexpected automatic suffocation," and four times *less* likely than dying of penumonia or bronchitis.(Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], *Vital Statistics,* p. 213, pp. 226-27 (Table 5.16: "Death rates (per 100,000 population) by sex, age and causes of death (the 117 rubrics list: Japan, 1994, con."), with Japanese captions trans. by Mrs. Keiko Golden).

[44] Evans, p. 601. For brief a discussion of Buddhist views on suicide, cf. Blomberg, p. 204. Maruice Pinguet expresses truth and anger in equal measure when he writes: "It is a poor kind of justice which imagines that those who have had their reasons - or unreasons - for despairing of life will be damned for ever. If we must have a faith, let us have the faith of consolation in preference to the faith of terror" (op. cit., p. p. 115).

[45] Varley, pp. 65-66; Blomberg, pp. 72-78, 95, 141.

[46] This motivation, made so famous by Japanese drama, had its roots in what Pinguet calls "the age of the ancient tombs," when "clan chieftans did not like to lie alone in the cold ground; their pride demanded company. When a great man died his household was strangled . . ." (p. 61).

[47] See above, "Gandhi's Moral Calculus," item no. 5.

[48] Chanoff and Doan, p. 142 (testimony of the Venerable Giac Duc).

[49] Ibid, pp. 143-44 (the Venerable Giac Duc).

[50] Vetrova, who'd lived and died in another prison entirely, could hardly have held Krupskaya's benefit in her mind when she immolated herself; but that doesn't matter; in direct if accidental consequence of her act, Krupskaya, who was always extremely useful to Lenin, found herself in a better position to assist the revolution than she had been in her cell.

[51] Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], *Population Trends* , p. 17, facing graphs of suicide ratios by age, compared by sex. Translation by Mrs. Keiko Golden. The people whose self-endings became data points on this graph were all men. On the same page, the Japanese Ministry of Health and Welfare has given us a corresponding display for women. Here we see the same peaks for those two desperate years 1950 and 1960, and the same overall arrangement of strands, but the cohesion is tighter; the cords remain closer together, and—this is hardly insignificant—closer to zero. In 1987, for instance, the suicide ratio for men in their eighties was 88.6; for women of the same age, 64.1. In 1950, the two respective figures were 136.7 and 105.7 (loc. cit., the same data in tabular form. Translation by Mrs. Keiko Golden).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

[52] Ibid, p. 23, twin graphs labeled 6. Translation by Mrs. Keiko Golden.
[53] Ministry of Health and Welfare [Japan], *Population Trends*, p. 22 (graphs 6 and 7). Translation by Mrs. Keiko Golden.
[54] Ibid, 17, loc. cit.
[55] Suicide should be legalized, and assisted in certain circumstances: terminal illness, terminal unhappiness. Why should the world hinder people from leaving it? Maybe a lower age limit should be imposed on this assistance—say, age twenty or thirty, beyond which point most people act less impulsively. Maybe not. I can certainly imagine an eight-year-old suffering agonies from terminal cancer; why not end? I would recommend that counselors be made available for those who want them, in case some problems might have a less drastic solution than suicide—but the counselors should be *only* for those who want them. By and large, we are better off when others don't tell us what to do.
[56] Emanuel Rackman, an Israeli scholar, while he concedes that the mass self-murder at Masada was "heroic," reminds us that Talmudic law generally grants only three injunctions to suicide: escaping the commission of murder, of an unlawful sexual act, or of idolatry. Thus "it would be very difficult in halakhic terms to say that" the Jews at Masada "performed the *mitzvah* of dying... for the sanctity of God's name. It is a misreading of Jewish law to give primacy to martyrdom" ("Violence and the Value of Life," in Baron and Wise, p. 118). Noted, but it does not lessen my admiration for the defenders of Masada. One doomed rabbi in a Nazi concentration camp explained to his fellow inmates that it was now *mitzvah* for the Jews to preserve their lives, since the Nazis wanted to physically destroy them, whereas in the Middle Ages it had sometimes been *mitzvah* to commit suicide, since their enemies then sought to exterminate spiritually through baptism (p. 124). Masada is arguably kin to the latter case.
[57] Boot, p. 95.
[58] Letter to her son by another marriage, Harald Quandt, 28 April 1945; in Goebbels, p. 634. A trade-unionist who knew Goebbels himself remarked that the suicide "lacked true tragic characterisics. The revolver shot from his gloved hand only ended a heroic role, not a heroic life" (Krebs, p. 205).
[59] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 13 ("On Providence, II.10).
[60] Caesar, *The Civil War,* p. 258 (Afr. War, 88).
[61] "Except that the freedom to die had replaced the freedom to act," Pinguet reminds us (p. 7). After the first Caesar triumphed, and the Republic lay as dead as Cato, his successors became autocrats. "Already the death of the Stoic had ceased to be the glorious end of the master refusing to accept defeat, and had become the obscure suicide of a servant overcome by the unfairness of his lot..." (loc. cit.). But suicide is still acting, and if other freedoms vanish, the freedom to be or not to be must grow all the more valuable, as we noted in our discussion of Bukharin's forced confession (above, "Where Do My Rights End?").
[62] Quoted in Etkind, p. 27.
[63] Quoted in Pinguet, p. 227.
[64] Loc. cit. Pinguet, a touch too admiring, calls their decision "entirely free" (p. 228).
[65] Ibid, p. 229.
[66] Moral calculus, 5.1.2.
[67] Cook and Cook, p. 409 (testimony of Fukushima Yoshie, 2). There tended to be considerable preparation—i.e.; pressure—for these suicides. Japanese suicide torpedo pilot-candidates would get beaten up repeatedly until they were prepared to die just to prove their own toughness.
[68] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 167.
[69] The more one meditates on Masada's end, the more the question of infanticide comes up. Did the parents do right or wrong, when they decided for their children? I have no certain answer to this, and I doubt that you do, either; but there seems extremely little likelihood that these orphans would have fared well after the fortress's fall.
[70] Cook and Cook, p. 365 (testimony of Kinjo Shigeaki).
[71] Ibid, p. 264.
[72] Herodotus, Book Seven, pp. 477-78. When the Caesarians won the Civil War in 46 B.C. the African King Juba attempted to do the same thing (Caesar, *The Civiil War*, p. 259;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Afr. War, 91).
[73] *The Sacramento Bee,* October 18, 1996, p. A20 ("Dad calmly kills his sons, then self").
[74] Whose ethics will be discussed below in "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge." When the suicider uses himself as an instrument to kill others, then we can fairly divide our judgment between the degree of his right to die and the degree of his right to kill. "Holy war is our path," wrote the terrorist Ayman R., who injured thirteen Jewish soldiers. "My death will be martyrdom. I will knock on the gates of paradise with the skulls of the sons of Zion" (quoted in Etkind, p. 30).
[75] Spitz and Fisher, p. 496.
[76] See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," below.
[77] Whose real name was Othman.
[78] Lawrence, *Seven Pillars,* p. 496.
[79] Moral calculus, 5.1.2. Suicide coerced for reasons of creed will be considered below.
[80] Cook and Cook, p. 272 (testimony of Ogawa Masatsugu).
[81] Djilas, *Wartime,* p. 283.
[82] *Laws,* IX.873c-e, p. 1432.
[83] Quoted in Pinguet, p. 66.
[84] Quoted in Humphry, *Let Me Die Before I Wake,* p. 97 (list of state codes).
[85] Robinson, p. 505 (The Sentences of Sextus).
[86] Gandhi, p. 42 ("Ahimsa or Love," from *Yeravda madir*).
[87] Montesquieu, p. 106 (XIV.12).
[88] *Phaedo,* 62c, in Plato, p. 45.
[89] *Crito,* 50e-51b, in Plato, p. 36.
[90] Quoted in Du Bois, p. 268.
[91] Bayer, p. 235.
[92] Life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 98.
[93] Remak, p. 161 (July 21, 1944).
[94] Quoted in Blomberg, p. 76.
[95] Quoted in Varley, p. 101.
[96] Quoted in Benson, p. 1030. The biographer adds (p. 1032): "He was serious enough to squirrel away pills, which he collected in a little box shaped like a pig." Steinbeck, however, died naturally.
[97] Humphry, *Jean's Way,* pp. 62, 109-110.
[98] Humphry, *Let Me Die Before I Wake,* p. v. (unnumbered).
[99] Chanoff and Doan, p. 143 (testimony of the Venerable Giac Duc).
[100] Quoted in Pinguet, p. 237.
[101] Quoted in Kurzman, p. 333.
[102] From Josephus; quoted in Baron and Wise, p. 339. For a brief fictionalized account of the event of Masada, see my story "The Hill of Gold" in *The Atlas.*
[103] Mishima, *Sun and Steel,* pp. 27-28.
[104] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 13 (II.12).
[105] A study in 1948-52 concluded that "Negroes and males involved in homicide far exceed their proportions in the general population... Negro males in their early sixties kill as frequently as do white males in their early twenties" (Wolfgang, pp. 18-19). The finding at that was that 41.7 out of 10,000 black males committed criminal homicide, *vs.* 3.4 out of 10,000 white males.
[106] Wolfgang, p. 23 (94% racial correlation between murderer and murdered); FBI, p. 17. In 1995, 83% of white homicide victims were killed by whites and 14% by blacks. 93% of black victims were murdered by their own race, and 6% by whites (based on FBI, p. 17). The FBI preferred to round upward, and so their calculations sometimes differed from mine by one percentage point; p. 14).
[107] In 1991 the per capita robbery rate was 1.35% for black Americans and 0.44% for white (UNICRI, p. 680).
[108] FBI, p. 34.
[109] Paul Schilder, quoted in Wolfgang, p. 120. This assessment was written decades ago; but the many current newspaper accounts of senseless crimes convince me of its continued truth.
[110] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute [Japan], p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden.
[111] Paul Bohannan, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 214.
[112] After all, the most important element in optimizing and legtimizing policework, says an Italian associate professor of forensic psychiatry, is "the *feeling* of security experienced by the citizens" (UNICRI, p. 389, italics mine). How much more subjective could we get?—And how well has that goal been achieved? 35% of all Italians surveyed in 1992 *felt* unsafe

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

after dark; almost 40% of them avoided certain places. The figures for the surveyed countries of Europe as a whole were 30.6% and 30.1%, respectively (ibid, p. 401). A General Commissioner of the Spanish Judicial Police writes: "There is no doubt that in most societies citizens feel... that they are unprotected or helpless" (ibid, p. 421). Such attitudes have an immense effect upon behavior. The Croatian gun-running "organizer" I quoted above in his story of how TV footage of "chopped-up bodies" stimulated demand for guns went on: "Then there was a truce between the Yugo [Serbo-Montenegrin] and the Croatian armies. And right then UNPROFOR [the United Nations Protection Force in ex-Yugoslavia] appeared. So people started to feel more safe"—meaning that demand fell. The organizer continued: "We Croats hadn't succeeded in taking over all the Yugo Army barracks, but the agreement stipulated that the Yugoslavs could leave. So the Yugo soldiers went back to Bosnia and left the barracks anyway. So that source of arms dried up, but some immigrants on all sides created funds for guns and smuggled guns in. Croatians in particular have a lot of money overseas" (interview with author, Zagreb, 1992).

[113] In his essay on Jewish law, David M. Golden argues that the Goetz case "can be construed as a radical interpretation of Sanhedrin 72a," which reads: "If someone comes to kill you, rise up and kill him first." The issue is complicated, says Golden, by the fact that Goetz was carrying a pistol, which makes defense premeditated, a forbidden category under Jewish law. I disagree. Carrying a gun in such circumstances is a precaution, not a proof of intent to kill anyone. It is unclear that the screwdriver boys definitely meant to kill him; therefore "he would have been given Talmudic license to disable or injure them, not to kill them," but "perhaps Goetz did indeed fear that his life was in danger and exercised a right born of... self preservation that no legislation, Talmudic or otherwise, can effectively restrict" (Golden, p. 2).

[114] Philip Campbell, "Police Stories: It Happened to Me," in *Guns and Weapons for Law Enforcement*, vol. 6, no. 6, November 1994, p. 78.

[115] Lossky, p. 164.

[116] It is unfair to hold the average individual to the same standard regarding the employment of force as a policeman or soldier. "If that young crook had come around the corner with the rifle in his hands he would probably be dead now, and I would be fighting guilt feelings for having killed a kid holding what would have turned out to be an empty gun," writes one citizen. "That I would have been legally justified in doing so, would be small consolation" (SWC, Florence, Oregon, "When Violence Comes: It Happened to Me!", in *Combat Handguns*, vol. 16, no. 5, February 1995, p. 64). A terrified civilian has no idea of the maximum force needed to subdue the boys with the sharpened screwdrivers. If he shoots them all dead, it is nothing more than they asked for. —There does come to mind the recent case of the Japanese student who approached a man's house by mistake; I think it was on Halloween. The man told him to stop, but the boy didn't understand English. The man shot him dead. Is this justified? I don't know. Clearly the student was not morally at fault—and yet he made a mistake. I think the answer must lie in how threatening the shooter's environment was. If a person in that neighborhood had legitimate reason to believe that a stranger who approached his door and refused to halt on command might in fact harm him, then the shooter would have been justified. If not, not. Who decides what was "legitimate reason?" A jury of the shooter's peers. And, indeed, the man's peers held him harmless.

[117] Epstein, p. 422 (Yoma, 85b). I am grateful to Golden for finding me this reference.

[118] It is interesting to consider that both the Khmer Rouge and the UN helped solve the smog problem, the former by destroying, the latter simply by starving the internal combustion engine.

[119] The convicted robber, rapist and murderer Dwight Abbot writes in an account of his childhood: "If a boy gave any sign of being in fear, he was tested immediately. Survival depended solely on how well he hid his normal feelings, his need to reach out, to feel

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

loved and cared for. At Paso [El Paso de Robles School of Boys], the worst mistake a kid could make was to show a sign of being normal. It remains the same to this day" (Abbot and Carter, p. 66).

[120] Perhaps (this is very tricky) it should be a crime for a group of able-bodied people not to come to the assistance of someone who is being physically assaulted. Solon is said to have "perceived that, although the city [of Athens] was often torn by internal strife, some of the citizens were content through sheer indifference to accept whatever result eventuated. He therefore enacted a law, directed at these people, that whoever in time of civil disturbance did not place his arms at the disposal of either faction should lose his civil rights and be deprived of any share in the state" (*Athenaion Politeia* 7-8, in G.R. Stanton, p. 70).

[121] One study in Philadelphia during the 1950s found that criminal homicides and justifiable homicides by police were most likely to occur between 9:00 p.m. and 2:59 a.m. (Gerald D. Robin, "Justifiable Homicide by Police Officers," in Wolfgang, p. 92). A 1996 monograph on American murderesses concluded that "the mean time of the murder was 1:39 a.m." (Mann, p. 50). Night is the time to cloak violence generally. Herodotus tells us that the Spartans used to execute people then (Book Four, p. 319), and that practice is still followed in the U.S.A. The code of Solon excused homicide committed by a householder against a night robber (Kathleen Freeman, p. 20). So did the Twelve Tables of ancient Roman law (_____, *Ancient Roman Statutes,* p. 11; Table VIII, statute 12). See also Justinian, p. 72; "Concerning the Lex Aquilia," Book 9, Title 2, clause 3 [Ulpian]); Exodus 22.2

[122] Justinian, p. 103 ("Concerning Theft," Book 46, Title 2, clause 1 [Paul]).

[123] Art Evans, "Safety Tips for Photographers," in *Shutterbug,* June 1995 (vol. 24 no. 8, issue 297), p. 124.

[124] *The Sacramento Bee,* Friday, October 11, 1996, "Metro" sec., p. B3 (Judy Tachibana, "Forum explores ways to prevent kid abductions").

[125] Internet: <HTML> Court TV Casefiles, Cabey v. Goetz (4/96)"Was Bernhard Goetz a racist or a helpless victim when he shot four teenagers on a New York City subway in December 1984?" Copyright 1996 by American Lawyer Media, L.P. All Rights Reserved."

[126] Internet: <HTML>The News-Times, National News, Dan Wheeler, "Hit With $43 Million Verdict, Goetz To File For Bankruptcy," AP-DS-04-29-96 0538EDT, Copyright 1996 Associated Press. To the *New York Post* he remarks: "It's the perfect thing to follow the O.J. verdict. It's a dumb-and-dumber legal system that this country has now." (loc. cit.).

[127] They are profiled in the case study "You Gotta Be A Hundred Percent Right."

[128] *The New York Post,* January 23, 1990.

[129] According to the moral calculus, 5.1.7-7a.

[130] UNICRI, p. 195 (Irvin Walter, "Policy Implications: Related to National and International Surveys.) Walter finds that less than 1% of current crime expenditures in the U.S., England and Canada go toward crime prevention (p. 211).

[131] For statistics linking gun ownership with homicide and suicide, cf. UNICRI, pp. 289-302 (Killias).

[132] I propose that anyone who hasn't been convicted of a violent crime ought to be allowed to have a handgun (after passing a safety course and completing a mandatory waiting period during which the gun should be registered with state and federal authorities). A concealed carry permit ought to be granted to any citizen after ten years of gun ownership with no felonies or misdemeanors except for traffic convictions. Guns ought to be stored in locked containers whose reasonable theft-proofness has been certified by the state. The use of a gun in any crime whatsoever should be punished by death.

[133] Paul Carus, comp., *The Gospel of Buddha, Compiled from Ancient Records* (London: Studio Editions / Senate, 1995 repr. of 1915 illus. ed.), p. 167 (the Sermon on Abuse).

[134] *Tale of the Heike,* vol. 2, p. 594 (Book 10, ch. 3).

[135] Matthew 5:21-22, 44.

[136] Leaflet, "Reflections on the Columbine

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

killings—by a grieving father," distributed at anti-NRA rally, 1999.

[137] *Laws,* IX.869c, p. 1429.

[138] Ibid, IX.874c, p. 1433.

[139] Justinian, p. 96 ("Concerning the Lex Aquilia," Book 9, Title 2, clause 45 [Paul]).

[140] II.2.190-192 ("The Cow," pp. 80-82).

[141] This statement of Sliwa's is quoted in full and in context in the chapter profiling the Guardian Angels, below ("You Gotta Be a Hundred Percent Right").

[142] Malcolm X, speech of December 12, 1964; quoted in Marable, p. 13.

[143] *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 110 (Agesilaus, no. 9).

[144] Léon Bing, *Do or Die* (New York: HarperCollins, 1992), p. 257.

[145] Athens, p. 50 (case 2).

[146] I am indebted to "Junius Brutus" (Duplessis Mornay) for this point. In his apologia for tyrannicide (*Vindiciae contra Tryannos,* 1579) he states that "seeing that the people choose and establish their kings, it follows that the whole body of the people is above the king" (Laqueur, p. 29).

[147] Maine, p. 135. Recall the Aztec parable of King Itzcoatl; its sense runs much the same.

[148] Lossky, pp. 342-43 (letter to Comte d'Estrades, French Ambassador in London, Fontainebleau, 16 September 1661

[149] Ibid, p. 242.

[150] Bakunin (Maximoff), p. 136. See Rousseau, p. 12 ("The Social Contract"), for an identical claim about *arbitrary* government.

[151] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 25.

[152] Ibid, p. 195.

[153] Another way of putting this is: "Social life is a mutual social guarantee (otherwise it is merely brute force and oppression)" (Lidiya Ginzburg). What does authority, representative or not, guarantee us, if we in turn guarantee our subjection? Again, Lincoln's answer seems to me the best one. Only an extreme anarchist position (technically speaking, the stance of an anarchocommunist, who is prepared to use mass terror, as opposed to the more conciliatory anarchosyndicalist who makes alliances as needed) would hold that the social contract is revocable by anybody at any time. If today I decided to return to a moral state of nature, and began robbing, raping, and cannibalizing as my lusts pleased, the rights of my victims, who had not chosen to leave society, would have been violated; hence in protecting them, authority could in perfect conscience send out its armed detachments to invade my state of nature, destroy her troops and vanquish her capital, if necessary by means of a pike-thrust through my wicked heart.

[154] Burke, pp. 194-95.

[155] Turnbull, weary and bitter, would call this a hopeless, hence misguided goal.

[156] While it certainly is comforting that government, which has the might to "smash" me at any time, considers itself bound by its own rules, and that my nation's Declaration of Independence confesses that governments derive "their just powers from the consent of the governed," the fact nonetheless remains that should I not wish to be bound by those rules, I have no principled recourse. I could leave my own government's dominions if I chose, or become the citizen of another nation; but what if no government suited me? There remain no unclaimed continents, not even Antarctica, and I have not the means to live upon the moon. This obstacle was less than insuperable to past groups such as the Puritans, who could make themselves as homogenous as they pleased by creating their own social contracts and excluding non-signatories, or signatories who didn't suit them. Today's separatists are viewed with equal suspicion and dislike, and they have fewer places to go. (See the profile of Bo Gritz's "Christian covenant community," Almost Heaven, in "Off the Grid," below.) This is why I regretfully conclude that revolution, including violent revolution, may be a more necessary means for creating new social contracts than in the past. If I can no longer found my own ideal city in the New World, then I must conquer part of the New World and make it newer.

[157] Moral calculus, 5.1.2.

[158] Mayer, p. 123 ("Natural Rights: A Useful and Necessary Fiction").

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

WHERE DO YOUR RIGHTS BEGIN?

[1] For variations on this, see the moral calculus, 1.2 [1-5].
[2] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[3] Trigger to author, 14 September 2002.
[4] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[5] Moral calculus, 1.1.4.
[6] Moral calculus, 1.2.1-5.
[7] Below, p. 000.
[8] Moral calculus, 5.2.A.1; "Defense of Honor."
[9] Moral calculus, 5.2.B.1; "Defense of Class."
[10] Moral calculus, 5.2.I.1; "Defense of Earth."
[11] Below, 'Defense of Authority."
[12] For a more exact definition, see the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
[13] Above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

MEANS AND ENDS

[1] Burke, pp. 374-75.
[2] Chuev, p. 376 ("What is Socialism?").
[3] I should correct myself a little, and note that while natural rights philosophers would not have disputed this argument in past ages, they would have made very different assumptions about selves than we do. There were inferiors; there were natural slaves; it was only the highest class who had selves worth considering. These fat cats often, à la Marx, would have felt much more allegiance toward one another, and hence aggressed against each other much less, than we with our huge amorphous equalities.
[4] Jacob Dickinson to author, 1996.
[5] Berkman, pp. 58-59.
[6] Pernoud, p. 87 (letter of May 5, 1429).
[7] Moral calculus, 2.0. A counterpart formulation: In the dichotomy proposed by the People's Mojahedin Organization of Iran, after Imam Hosein, "life (existence) is idea (or ideology) and striving (jehaad...)" ("MOJAHED," p. 4).
[8] Laqueur, p. 68.
[9] 2 Samuel 12:11.
[10] Havens et al find that the efficacy of assassination as an engine of social change tends to be low, especially when the assassin acts alone, or when there exists efficient succession machinery (pp. 148-49).
[11] Bayer, pp. 16-17 (introduction).
[12] A hereditary noble might not scruple to invoke it: "This rape is justified because I, Baron X, have committed it, and a baron's acts may not be submitted for common judgment." A Stalinist collectivizer could say the same. Here we have the equivalent of a received good in the Lutheran schema.
[13] Quoted in Tuck, p. 197.
[14] Bayer, pp. 94-95.
[15] Dear and Foot, p. 769 (article on Mussolini as war leader).
[16] Ibid, p. 54 (article on Argentina).
[17] Bayer, p. 123.
[18] Ibid, p. 131.
[19] I am in good company here; the Unabomber agrees with me. "When revolutionaries or utopians set up a new kind of society, it never works out as planned."—"FC," p. 34, para. 108 ("Some Principles of History").
[20] Jacob Dickinson begs to disagree, writing (note to author, 1996): "Means are ends. Ends as static systems are illusory. The most we can aspire to is improved means ... that have fewer unnecessary or unintended side effects, for instance ... needless cruelty."
[21] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 185 ("The Alexondrian War," 33).
[22] Moral calculus, 2.0.
[23] Maranan, p. 129 ("A Memory of Nilo Valerio," by Luz Roja de Mayo).
[24] Ibid, p. 88.
[25] John 20:8-9.
[26] Bayer, p. 31.
[27] Ibid, p. 62.
[28] Bakunin (Maximoff), p. 66. This eloquent phrase is of itself a partial refutation of Bakunin's materialist stance (cf. *God and the State*, p. 48).
[29] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 10.
[30] Ibid, p. 55.
[31] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 185.
[32] Garros et al, p. 352 (diary of Lyubov Vasilievna Shaporina, entry for October 10, 1937).
[33] Berger and Neuhaus, p. 19.
[34] Luther, pp. 501-02 ("Theses for the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

Heidelberg Disputation," nos. 8, 18).

[35] Excluding the theological virtues of faith, hope and charity, which come from grace, not from any rational means (op. cit., p. 113).

[36] Acquinas, p. 111 ("On the Virtues in General," Art. XIII; before 1256 A.D.).

[37] IRSM, p. 1.

[38] Di Giovanni, quick to conflate, would probably have insisted that both nations were *equally* the oppressors, and this I do not accept. The executions of Sacco and Vanzetti, however evil, weigh far less lightly in the scale than the myriad lethal "repressions" of Mussolini.

[39] Bayer believes that the attackers did not include Di Giovanni himself, but his accomplices. The police inspector, however, positively identified Di Giovanni (p. 157).

[40] The discussion of private versus public (normative) moral calculi is continued in the chapter on self-defense of creed, below.

[41] His wife recalled: "He knew no handicrafts or skills, unless you count writing in invisible ink" (Nadezhda Krupskaya answers to questions put by the Institute of Brain in 1935," in *Lenin in Profile,* p. 409).

[42] Insurgent Subcommander Marcos, Zapatista Army of National Liberation, open letter: "Words from the Underground to the People of the United States of America," printed in the *Sacramento News and Review,* November 22, 1995, p. 13 (italics mine).

[43] Chanoff and Doan, p. 178 (testimony of Xuan Vu).

[44] Quoted in Womack, p. 275 (letter to Soto y Gama).

[45] Alfred Rosenberg, *The Folkish Idea of State* (selections), in Lane and Rupp, p. 73 (italics mine).

[46] Trotsky, *1905,* p. 236.

[47] Sanhedrin 72a and Maimonides, Law of Thefts 9:7-10.

[48] Luther, p. 119 (commentary on St. Paul's epistle to the Galatians, 1531).

[49] "I tell you, my friends, do not fear those who kill the body, and after that have no more that they can do."—Luke 12:4.

[50] Remak, p. 172.

[51] Díaz, p. 159.

[52] Pausanias 3.11.8; in Fornara, p. 66, item no. 67b.

[53] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution,* p. 46.

[54] Genesis 4:8.

[55] Zorita, p. 117.

[56] Cicero, *Murder Trials,* p. 252 (defense of Aulus Cluentius Habitus).

[57] "A group of Cambodian jurists," p. 214.

[58] Here is a typical account, based on this claim of an indigenous uprising. After the Khmer Rouge victory in 1975, the Cambodian Colonel Wan So Phath (see "The Skulls on the Shelves," below) became a prisoner, so he told me. In late 1977 he escaped into the forest. He rebuilt his forces. Then he fought his way to Vietnam. He begged aid of the government there. So, as he saw it, the overthrow of the Khmer Rouge represented not an invasion from Vietnam, but a liberation requested by the Cambodians, who had to defend themselves and also rehabilitate the country. (I would call this about as accurate as the Soviet Union's claim that Afghanistan requested her help in rising up against the evil imperialists.) In 1989, Colonel Wan So Phath begged the Vietnamese to withdraw, "since Cambodia was strong enough." I suspect that international pressure exercised more effect than Wan So Phath's request.

[59] See above, "On the Morality of Weapons," Gandhi's moral calculus, item 5.

[60] Of course "the long run" can be defined in any expedient way. A North American patriot might say that the Russian Revolution was a rising down of the masses, that from its origins onward it has only increased emiseration; whereas a Trotskyite patriot might say that it was a rising up, at least until the derailment of 1924. Some Soviet patriots maintain that that the sky is still the limit—just wait and see until we wither away! Let us define the long run, then, as the remainder of our lives, give or take a couple of decades; at the expiration of that time, will the people with whom we're concerned be better or worse off than if we had never acted? The timespan and the interpretation are still vague, but the yardstick, at least, is the most appropriate: our own. After we are gone, even if our successors carry out our policies (and how many really do?), their actions will have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to be different. The long run, then, is the amount of time we are given to build our pyramid—over a succession of long runs, after all, it will end up being as imposing as a carbuncle.

[61] Vollmann, *The Song of Heaven,* p. 48.

[62] "For you to associate any aspect of your proposal, good or bad, with 'human decency', is an absolute outrage on the notion of human decency." Thus one patriot who read this in 1982.

[63] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution,* vol. 3, p. 348. Quoted again in "Defense of Authority," below.

[64] Oates, p. 302. The Harpers Ferry raid is discussed in "Defense of Race," below.

[65] I say "choose to" in order to exclude the several cases of violence by command, which will be considered later.

[66] This proposition is considered at length below, "Defense of Homeland."

[67] See the portraits of the Nazi automata Keitel and Ohlendorff, below, "Loyalty, Compulsion, and Fear."

[68] There may be a touch of egotism here.

[69] Randall, p. 89.

[70] "FC," p. 62, para. 179 ("The Future"). The trade unionist and Gauleiter Albert Krebs, who left a fairly objective account of the Nazi Party's years of doctrine-formation 1923-33, several times refers to Hitler's "basic rejection of all actions by the 'system' no matter how pure their objectives" (op. cit., p. 145).

[71] See below, "You Gotta Be A Hundred Percent Right," vol. 6.

[72] Five variations on the Golden Rule, some justified, some not, appear in the moral calculus, 1.2.

[73] Moral calculus, 1.2.5.

[74] Mishima, *Runaway Horses,* p. 228. Italics mine.

[75] Ibid, pp. 292-93.

[76] About a Muslim incarnation of this type a Hindu psychoanalyst writes: "The temptation to rip open the mullah's facade of a just man gripped by religious passion to reveal the workings of other, baser motives was overwhelming. Indeed, the speeches of most mullahs ... seem to be verily designed for a psychoanalytically inspired hatchet job" (Kakar, p. 220).

[77] Luther, pp. 86-96 ("Two Kinds of Righteousness").

[78] We are, of course, seriously distorting Luther's conceptualization, not only by secularizing it, but also by emphasizing one's good works for the second kind of righteousness. Luther repeatedly insisted that active charity was unimportant, and only faith mattered. Nonetheless, he was a fervent believer in the importance of *effort,* be that only the effort of praying, of trying to reach toward God. One could, in the Lutheran schema, do something wrong, and be forgiven if the wrong were mistaken—and good done with evil intent cannot be good; this is why Luther did not assign more weight to a person's acts. My intent here is to broaden the calculus so that it can be used by those who do value good works (and Luther, one must note, was inconsistent to the extent that he was quick to attack the soul's bad works!). I suppose that a Lutheran could still make use of this way of looking at things by seeing faith as an active quantity, a good work in and of itself.

[79] For example, when I first began to think through this little matter of rising up and rising down, about a decade and a half ago, I was preoccupied with environmentalism. It seemed to me that if a self has the right to defend itself against someone with a gun, it ought to be able to defend itself against a corporation's toxins. This argument seemed to me just as direct and cogent as any which Locke, Marx and their ilk ever advanced in favor of tyrannicide; for he who deprives his entire people of health and life is brother to other oppressors. Of course things aren't that simple. We have no enthroned vampire, poisoning us out of malice; half the time we poison ourselves, and the rest of the time we're poisoned by the companies which our sluggish ignorance supports. They themselves poison us out of ignorance, indifference or cupidity—in short, as a means, not as an end. How does one defend oneself against them? "Peasant individualism is helpless before the new juggernaut of corporate power... isolation and self-reliance are formulas for weakness and self destruction" (Morris Dickstein, introduction

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

to Upton Sinclair's *The Jungle*, p. ix). —What to do, then? Form your own juggernaut...

[80] Duong, p. 275.

[81] "It would be better to dump the whole stinking system and take the consequences." It is all very well and good that the revolutionary is willing to take the consequences. But what about all the ordinary people who aren't?

[82] Undated later from "the committee," addressed to "Dear Sir," in the West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[83] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. xxxv.

[84] "FC," p. 57, para. 168 ("Human Suffering"). As Dostoyevsky remarked in *The Idiot*, "the friend of humanity with shaky principles is the devourer of humanity, to say nothing of his conceit, for, wound the vanity of any one of these numerous friends of humanity, and he's ready to set fire to the world out of petty revenge" (p. 364).

[85] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, pp. 263-64.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF MICHIGAN

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ
3 2106 01729 2654

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME II

JUSTIFICATIONS

DEFENSE OF HONOR

DEFENSE OF CLASS

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE

DEFENSE OF CREED

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME TWO

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

Univ. Library, UC Santa Cruz 2004



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HM
1116
V644
2003
V.2

VOLUME TWO

CONTENTS

JUSTIFICATIONS

7. IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR 7
In each of the following chapters, we examine a specific claimed justification for committing violence, and we ask ourselves: Was the justification accurately used in this case? By induction, when should and can it be used? Each chapter then concludes with a continuum of opinions as to when the justification in question is in fact justified.

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION ONE:

SELF-DEFENSE

8. DEFENSE OF HONOR 13
The Charge of the Light Brigade; rape as dishonor; infanticide to avoid dishonor; careers of Joan of Arc and Napoleon; D. E. Abbot's honor-battles in an American reform school; King Olaf's forced conversions in medieval Norway; Sun-tzu executes a concubine who embarrasses him; Soviet infantry urged onward at gunpoint; Chairman Mao's doctor confesses his own dishonor.

9. DEFENSE OF CLASS 117
Jose Rizal; Lenin against the landlords and rich peasants; Stalin against all peasants; class relations in an ant nest; class as caste, status, property, origin, and rank; a survey-history of property from nomadic times to the Russian Revolution; Manjok's rebellion; Karl Marx, kulaks and collective farms; Lycurgus and Sparta.

10. DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY 241
Trotsky as commander; Trotsky vs. Stalin; definitions of legitimate authority (including Hitler's); Jefferson as self-undermining advocate of states' rights; Lincoln as narrow constitutionalist; Lincoln as commander; Lincoln as emancipator of the slave; Trotsky and Lincoln as martyr-icons.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

11. DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE 345
John Brown as liberator and murderer; racial right to be included vs right to exclude; Marcus Garvey; the KKK; theories of black inferiority and white self-defense; lynchings; Booker T. Washington; Martin Luther King vs. James Earl Ray; Muslim-Hindu violence in Pakistan.

12. DEFENSE OF CREED 441
Cortes vs. Montezuma; Christ and the Canaanite woman; the Golden Rule and its perversions.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTIFICATIONS

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 7

IN THE JUDGE'S CHAIR

O you who believe, keep your duty to Allah and be with the truthful.

QUR'-AN, IX.9.119

Please now imagine yourself in the judge's seat. Each of the remaining chapters in this first half of *Rising Up and Rising Down*, up until we reach the "Evaluations" section and the moral calculus, constitutes an excuse for violence—a defense, an invocation, a plea to be let off, held harmless, considered innocent.

These justifications necessarily overlap. Cortes's conquest of Mexico gets told twice, once as defense of creed, another time as defense of ground. Is defense of ground a separate defense at all, or merely a subcategory of imminent self-defense? What I have tried to do is what an ornithologist would: to prepare a key of what I've observed in the world. Two differently-colored birds may actually belong to the same species, but let's begin by giving difference the benefit of the doubt.

In my work as a journalist, the most common justification I've heard is the one we've already examined in "Definitions for Lonely Atoms," namely, imminence. By and large, imminence gets misused; the emergency is neither so stark or so immediate as is claimed. As we will see in "Defense of Homeland," imminence is a con-

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

venient mask for an ominous *futurity;* aggression likes to justify itself with the flag of prevention. "I must reject an indictment for 'conspiracy,'" insists a Nazi defendant. "The anti-Semitic movement was only protective."

Behind imminence and futurity lives the onion's next layer, which can be any or all of the justifications which follow. For instance, the case studies in the second half of this book could be categorized thus (and since they come from the "real world," where everything is snarled up beyond mere complication, these are only the *major* excuses for violence invoked in each case):

JUSTIFICATIONS INVOKED IN THE CASE STUDIES

SOUTHEAST ASIA (1991-2001)

THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES (CAMBODIA)
• Defense of revolution, class, authority, homeland; policy of deterrence, punishment, sadism.

THE LAST GENERATION (CAMBODIAN AMERICA)
• Defense of race, honor; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge.

KICKIN' IT (CAMBODIAN AMERICA)
• Defense of honor; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge.

I'M PARTICULARLY INTERESTED IN YOUNG GIRLS (THAILAND)
• No claimed justification. Imminent defense of others by right [Definitions for Lonely Atoms].

BUT WHAT CAN WE DO? (BURMA)
• Defense of race, homeland, ground; policy of deterrence.

YAKUZA LIVES (JAPAN)
• Defense of honor, policy of loyalty, deterrence, retaliation, revenge.

EUROPE (1992, 1994, 1998)

WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS? (EX-YUGOSLAVIA)
• Defense of homeland, race, ground, war aims, authority; policy of loyalty, deterrence, retaliation, revenge, sadism, punishment; extenuation of compulsion, fear.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE (EX-YUGOSLAVIA)
• Ditto.

THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO (YUGOSLAVIA)
• Ditto.

AFRICA (1993, 2001)

THE JEALOUS ONES (MADAGASCAR)
• Defense of class, race; policy of deterrence, revenge.

SPECIAL TAX (REPUBLIC OF CONGO, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO)
• Defense of class, race, homeland.

THE MUSLIM WORLD (1994, 1998, 2000, 2002)

LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED (SOMALIA)
• Defense of race [clan], ground, authority; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge.

THE OLD MAN (MALAYSIA)
• Defense of creed, homeland, authority, war aims; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge, sadism, punishment.

THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN (IRAQ)
• Defense of homeland, authority, creed, war aims.

WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS (AFGHANISTAN)
• Defense of homeland, authority, creed, race.

EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS (YEMEN)
• Defense of homeland, authority, creed.

NORTH AMERICA (1988-2000)

LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES (USA)
• No claimed justification. Suicide by right [definitions of lonely atoms].

YOU GOTTA BE A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT (USA)
• Defense of ground, authority, creed.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM! (USA)
• Defense of creed, authority [of the self].

DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE (JAMAICA)
• Defense of ground; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge.

MURDER FOR SALE (USA)
• Policy of retaliation, revenge, punishment, sadism.

GUNS IN THE USA
• No claimed justification. Self-reliance and self-defense by right [definitions of lonely atoms].

SOUTH AMERICA (1999, 2000)

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO (COLOMBIA)
• Defense of creed, authority, ground; policy of deterrence, retaliation, revenge, sadism.

PAPA'S CHILDREN (COLOMBIA)
• Ditto.

PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS, AND ECSTASIES (USA)
• No claimed justification. Imminent self-defense by right [definitions of lonely atoms].

OFF THE GRID (USA)
• Defense of creed, race, authority.

THICK BLOOD (JAPAN)
• Defense of race, class.

Take the last of these as an example: When a Japanese bride's parents hire private detectives to make sure that her fiance is not of Burakumin ("Untouchable") ancestry, they do so to protect their race against "thick blood." The occasional result: suicide. Well, is defense of race ever justified? You'll find the evidence for and against in this section of *Rising Up and Rising Down.*

For another instance, in "The Jealous Ones," when poor people rob or harm people who are less poor, does the class-based aggression for which jealousy is a shorthand possess any legitimacy whatsoever? Trotsky would say yes; Burke would say no. What about you? It is your perogative and duty to apply a moral calculus, mine or yours, as you see fit.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTIFICATIONS

SELF-DEFENSE

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 8

DEFENSE OF HONOR

"Now listen to me," Nakayori said to the servant. "Get out of this fight. Go home and tell my wife and children how I have met my end."

Nakayori then dashed alone into battle and roared: "I am Shinano no Jiro Kurando Nakayori, the second son of the governor of Shinano Province, Nakashige, and the ninth-generation descendant of Prince Atsumi, twenty-seven years old. Is there anyone among you who thinks himself a great warrior? Let him stand forward."

THE TALE OF THE HEIKE[1]

Young love, if you do not fall in the battle of Maiwand,
By God, someone is saving you as a token of shame.

MALALAI, PUSHTUN HEROINE,
TO AFGHANS FIGHTING THE BRITISH[2]

The Charge of the Light Brigade is remembered for its "gallantry"—in other words, for its tactical idiocy. Six hundred and seven British hussars, dragoons and lancers rode against Muscovite guns. One hundred and ninety-eight returned. A London *Times* reporter wrote this obituary of Captain Nolan, Fifteenth Hussars:

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Charge of the Light Brigade

"I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier... He thought they had not the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced." Disgraced! The word appalls me, just as King Xerxes was appalled by the Spartan defenders at Thermopylae; "the truth," writes Herodotus, "namely that the Spartans were preparing themselves to die and deal death with all their strength, was beyond his comprehension, and what they were doing seemed to him merely absurd."[3] Captain Nolan would likewise be appalled by me: I ride a horse without elegance, and should anyone order me to my death I would hesitate. I have no honor.[4] (In 1856, said a witness who idolized him, old John Brown, leading a charge against the pro-slavers of Kansas in 1856, "sprang his horse in front of the ranks, waving his long broadsword, and on they came."[5] In 1996, President Bill Clinton upraised the receiver of a telephone, spoke into it and turned, perhaps, to his wife, or to the concerns of his reelection campaign, while at his command missiles came shooting down upon Iraq. The next day the military told him that there were still some targets left. He ordered another strike, just as any American might order a pepperoni pizza.) Captain Nolan, however, had projected himself into the old paintings of battles, where cavalry and infantry stand in squares and rectangles, bayonets aloft so that they resemble neatly sliced portions of spiny millipedes. Such clumps make ideal provender for cannons, let alone rifled firearms, which is why we rarely see them outside of paintings anymore.[6] The reporter goes on: "A matchless rider and a first-rate swordsman, he held in contempt, I am afraid, even grape and canister. He rode off with his orders to Lord Lucan. He is now dead and gone."[7] Why was Captain Nolan prepared to sacrifice himself and others to overcome some perceived ignominy?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PURITY'S STRANGE DEFENSE

Bound in with the selfhood of the physical body, most of us believe, there lives a moral, mental, spiritual and emotional being. That is one reason why it feels so odd to me to gaze upon a corpse. Here is something with my form and shape. I understand the hinges of its bony joints; I know what parts of it ought to move (if rigor mortis does not interfere), and in which directions. This is my likeness. And yet if my duty requires me to lift the thing's wrist or head to inspect some wound, it's only that heaviness that I encounter, there being no volition to give it buoyancy. A sleeper will stir very slightly towards me if I raise her head to slip a pillow underneath; death leaves dead weight. Violence *toward* the actual pulp and mineral and water of such an organism is rare,[8] although, like terrorism directed *at* a group *through* various unfortunate victims, violence quite frequently expresses itself by means of the destruction of flesh. The real aim of violence is to conquer, direct, instruct, mark, warn, punish, injure, suppress, reduce, destroy or obliterate the consciousness within the body. The anatomy of that self I've never seen in any atlas of medical cutaways of sliced yellow bone and pink stuff in the curvy channels between; charts of the nervous system perhaps come closest to what I imagine, with their slender, multiple branchings of sensation extending to the tip of every limb. But the self lies beyond them,[9] or around them, or lives through them; it is the thing which experiences the pain the aggressor transmits through those nerves, and which bears it—or not. It is the *moral* anatomy of the self which determines (when choice is permitted) what the self chooses to bear, and how it bears it—to say nothing of what it actively inflicts upon itself and others.

Honor in our context will therefore be defined as the extent to which the self approaches its own particular standard of replying to or initiating violence. A saint might regard the highest honor as allowing himself to be bound, led away and (by worldly standards, ignominiously) executed by torture. A revolutionary might think it most glorious to assassinate as many of the executioners as he can, or, like the anarchist Nechaev, to employ any device and subterfuge, conventionally honorable or not, murdering to protect from murder his program of hopes. "You can't murder murder," Martin Luther King said—a sentiment which Nechaev shrugs disgustedly off. For Captain Nolan of the Light Brigade, honor meant subjecting oneself to violence as an act of faith: he and his men could overcome it through martial means[10]—and if they couldn't, it would be better to die.[11] To many if not most people, honor is simply and practically identified with the "right" of local norms:[12] Catch as many of the enemy as you can and torture them to death.[13] Never molest a fallen enemy.[14] Kill as many of the enemy as possible, but use no gratuitous cruelty.[15] Offer yourself to the enemy for slaughter.[16] Refuse to engage the enemy.[17]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

These conflicting approximations having merely hindered our inquiry, I propose that we strip them away and try again, thus:

FOUR TYPES OF HONOR

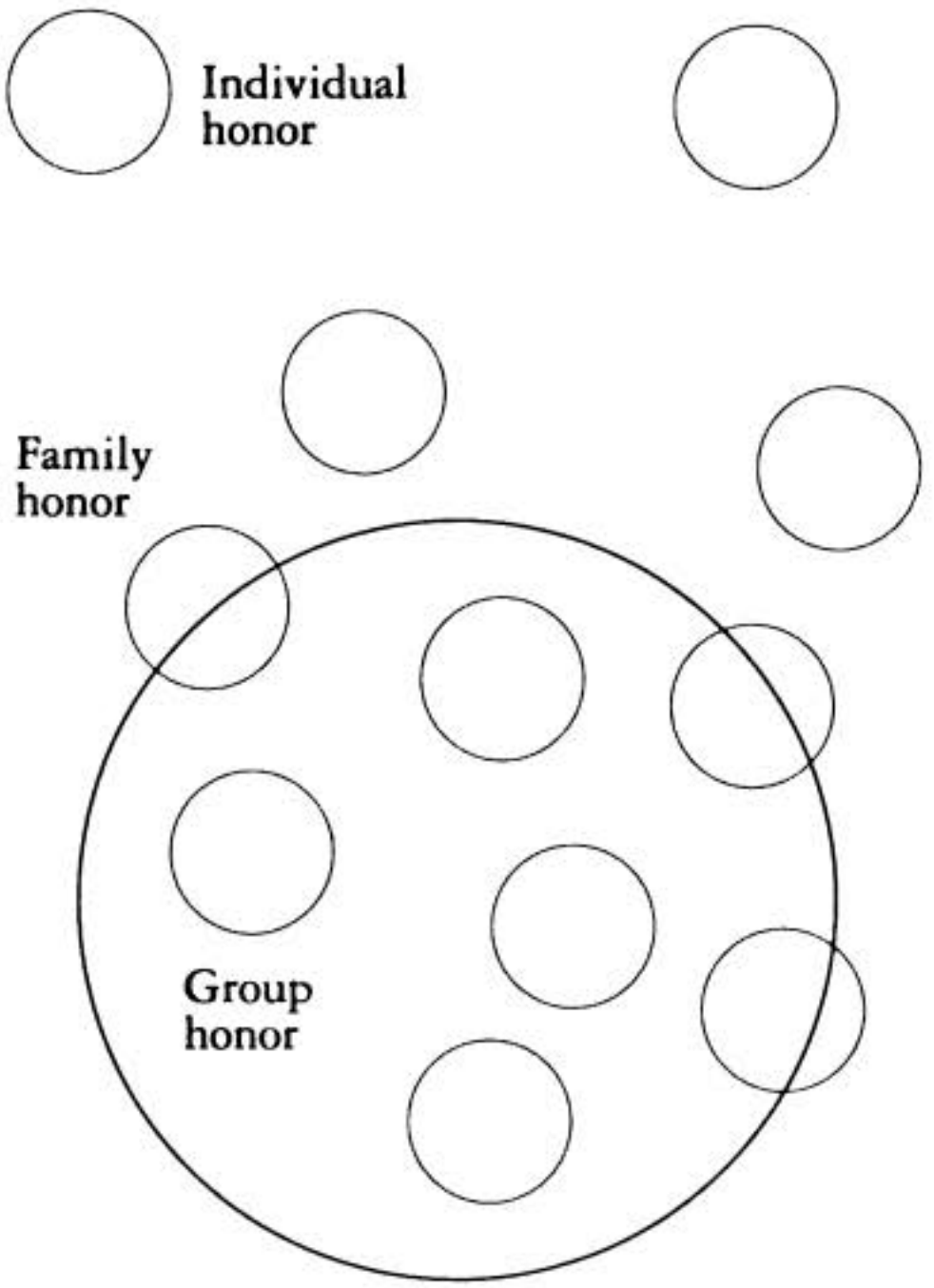
Inner honor may be simply defined as the degree of harmony between an individual's aspirations, deeds and voluntary or involuntary experiences,[18] and his conscience. As such, it remains unknowable to others. *Outer honor* is the degree of esteem in which someone is held. It derives either from his status,[19] or from the amount of consonance between his *professed* aspirations and *known* deeds[20] and the values of his judges. As Christ said, "A prophet is not without honor except in his own country and in his own house;"[21] this is why outer honor begins at home, and why people strive so hard to attain it: without deeds, creeds and uniforms, how can they impress the neighbors?

Honor may be cross-divided into *individual* and *collective*—my honor as a person versus my honor as a citizen of the Roman Empire, or the honor of that empire itself.[22]

Outer collective honor comprises the group's official face; inner collective honor

---

INDIVIDUAL AND GROUP HONOR



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

is its *esprit de corps* as well as its degree of actual adherence to the ideals it professes.[23] The inner honor of a group, unlike that of an individual, approaches knowability, because the ideals are knowable, so that the members can accordingly evaluate those ideals in conference with one another. The inner individual honor of the members themselves, of course, remains a mystery. But outer honor demands and is determined by publicity—which is why Caesar's general Curio (himself, like Captain Nolan, soon to be a grand self-sacrifice to honor on the battlefield) sarcastically noted that shame, which ordinarily acts to preclude the commission of faults, loses power in the dark.[24] Given that phenomenon of ethical luminescence, we ought not to be surprised by the fact that outer honor of both sorts becomes expediently valuable, transformable into power, favors, goods and the like. Providential in every sense (Hesiod almost asserts its divinity),[25] it is therefore what leaders and politicians strive for—and what the people they control kill and die for. Marx's bitter judgment that labor has grown "alienated" in consequence of undergoing objectification into a monetary value irrespective of its content[26] could be equally well applied to the alienation of outer honor into the well-worn specie Shakespeare called "mouth honor." It was in recognition of the immense symbolic value of this commodity that Gandhi instructed his non-cooperators to relinquish titles, medals and honorary posts.[27] For the same reason, actresses with bedroom eyes sue for libel.

Thanks to that alienation, we cannot label outer honor good or bad without a context. It simply *is,* being as inevitably an aspect of persona as one's face. Nor can inner honor in isolation be judged *a priori.* Hitler's inner honor might well have been exemplary—which is to say, he probably acted in complete accord with his conscience. It is the radical disjunction between his outer honor (based on his actions) and posterity's conceptions of honorable behavior which causes him to be execrated.

EMERSONIANS, RAPISTS AND DAUGHTER-KILLERS

One of the many pronounced differences between urban and rural culture, or between welfare states and "less developed countries" (the current euphemism for "primitive nations") is that in the former, the social contract becomes more formalized, more systematized and hence more "objectified" in the Marxist sense. Inner honor declines to illegitimacy as an explanation for any public act. Outer honor accordingly slips part way out of individual keeping. In short, tradition—which already may well be hidebound enough—ossifies into jurisprudence. Thus in ancient Korea, property divisions harden into inherited class distinctions, under the astoundingly appropriate rubric of "bone-rank"—that is, bloodline. "Hallowed-bone," "true-bone" and six grades of "head-rank" make one's degree of outer honor inborn, biological.[28] And increasingly the citizens (especially those without sufficient bone-rank to be police chiefs and magistrates) are expected to rely on those white blood corpuscles, the gendarmes, for protection of their rights—which

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

include the redress of honor. If, months after the fact, I, a citizen of a developed zone, happen to encounter my daughter's rapist, the number of things which authority will permit me to do to him is quite limited. Were I, say, a Montenegrin or an Afghan mountain man, I might be no more "free," but my choices would be very different. We shall consider this very case shortly; in the meantime, suffice it to say that the prevalence of honor's violent defense varies in direct proportion to the prevalence of vigilantism.

Who is better off, the mountain man or the urbanite? From a utilitarian point of view, we might begin to reply by asking two corollary questions: (i) Does development or its antithesis produce more rapists? and (ii) Which system of honor-defense better restores moral and emotional equilibrium to the wronged? —I cannot satisfactorily answer either of these, especially because for the record I propose the following empirical principle, which we'll call the Shepherd's Maxim: *As authority enlarges itself, its obligation to protect from violence the individuals it controls increases, and the ability of those individuals to defend themselves from violence correspondingly decreases.* [Corollary: *Because the right to self-defense remains inalienable, each of us can and should maintain a self-reliant distrust of authority.*][29] Thoreau was willing to be jailed in token of his disobedience to authority, precisely because he'd loosened (though not entirely slipped) the strands of the social contract back at Walden Pond. Was he right or wrong? His fellows—the few he had—didn't trouble to ask that question, I suspect, when they failed to follow him behind bars. Authority owned them. My hypothetical daughter's hypothetical rapist would be another sort of Thoreau—and there are far too many like him, free demons, unconstrained ghouls, human beings who've given their honor into the keeping of their desire or arrogance or Argus-eyed anger, like the most isolated bandit in protohistorical Scythia, or the man on the New York subway steps who punched me in the face because, pushed from behind by rush hour bodies, I had "crowded" him (so he explained). I would not have lost sleep, had social specialization compelled him to divorce that species of honor. By virtue of the Shepherd's Maxim, I felt less confidence in my immediate right to recourse than I would have had I been a Scythian; for where defense technicians are unavailable, citizens must defend themselves, making their own judgments of right and wrong[30]—which can inculcate exceptionality, wholeness, even wisdom in the hearts of those blessed with equal mixtures of self-reliance and consideration. Some of the most impressive men I've met have been Inuk or white Canadian old-timers, Montana sure-shots, grim, bearded Afghan headmen whose bandoliers shine with copper bullets, alert-eyed souls who've protected whom and what they love from predators, polar bears or gunship helicopters. They stand proudly alone, like Thoreau on his fern-shadowed pages, like old Spanish towns each on its hilltop, each with its castle tower looking watchfully down upon the world all around. These men, often eccentric and even strange, own a sense of themselves, which in combination with their readiness and ability to stand up for themselves renders them easily my moral supe-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

riors. When a gang of armed thugs insults, threatens or harasses someone in my sight, far too often I've slunk away in helplessness; nor can my sin be considered an uncommon one (if anything, I'm braver than my peers). The police advise me to do nothing except to telephone. I think: If I have no weapon, I have no means of persuasion. If I have a weapon, I'll either lose and be killed, or win and be jailed. —I am not what I ought to be.[31]

And yet the equation of honor and right must never be romanticized. "In Lincoln County it was necessary for every man to protect himself and assert his rights," notes the pioneer woman Lily Klasner. But perhaps they gave themselves too many rights, rendering their honor a monster. When they drank rotgut, they "became quarrelsome, and were for settling their differences with some sort of fight, using fists, knives, or shooting irons. Today, people probably fight as much as in former times but in a different way—they take their quarrels to court."[32]

Kindness proposes the following maxim: *Honor ought not to be derived from a standard which we cannot control.* While we should hold ourselves responsible for our reactions to a situation, we need not condemn or praise ourselves for the situation itself. Unfortunately, not everyone believes this. Not even I quite believe it—for, as I've said, I have looked on more than once from a distance when somebody was assaulted by superior numbers. One night in San Francisco I saw on the opposite side of Eddy Street a woman punching another woman, socking her with dull hard sounds until she fell, then kicking her in the stomach while men stood around feasting their eyes. They were the men who were always there. It was the drug dealers' corner. It was a threatening corner even by day, and I was alone. I walked on, relieved to see a police car coming. I felt dishonored then. My powerlessness made little difference. I am not sure which I would less rather have adjusted: the rule of kindness, thus making me responsible for what I couldn't help; or my feelings, thereby rendering me callous. (The seeming middle course, a passive pity, achieves all too little distance from the second.)

Here we have to do with taboos, acts and states which affect a person's perceived cleanliness or uncleanliness. Commonly (especially but not uniquely in cultures in which virginity is a prerequisite for marriage)[33] rape becomes "dishonor." "Was it my clothes I was wearing or my walk?" an American rape victim agonized later. "It *had* to be my fault; you see? I was only a child—an innocent child, but I was ashamed for a long time."[34] The rule of kindness did not prevail. A Somali rape victim said: "I was ashamed to go out with my friends that I knew, because I wasn't a virgin any more... It was as though I was dead."[35] Another American woman recalled: "They came all over me, every which way. This may sound odd to you, but for two years afterward, no matter how much I washed, I couldn't get the smell of come out of my hair."[36] In her own perception she had become literally unclean. Lawrence of Arabia never got over being captured and raped by soldiers of the Turkish governor Hajim Bey. "While I live," he wrote seven years after it happened,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"the force of that night will lie in the agony which broke me, and made me surrender... There's not a clean human being into whose shape I would not willingly creep."[37]

When I visited Afghanistan during Brezhnev's war, I heard of families whose daughters had been raped by Soviet soldiers or their proxies. These unfortunate girls were never the same, either to themselves or to others.[38] Some were encouraged by their families to commit suicide. A few even had their throats cut by their own fathers or brothers.

"They had a list by then," said a girl I interviewed, an Afghan refugee named Anjillah. "My sister was on the list of people to be taken away. One of the people in the Khalqi Army[39] knew her [and warned her]. She didn't go out for a week. They [the ones with the list] called her. They said why didn't she come. Sometimes the Mujahadeen let her know [when she was in danger]. Behind the door a woman said: 'Don't go to school tomorrow.' My father got a letter saying: 'You have to pay ten thousand afghanis cash.' We weren't sure if it was the Mujahadeen or the government who said that. 'If you don't pay,' they said, 'we will take your daughter.' My father said to my sister: 'When you go to school, hide your face. If they see a pretty girl they will come in the night and take her away. Next day you find them dead.' The girl would kill herself or else the family would kill her."[40]

The family would kill her! This cruel and seemingly incomprehensible act can be explained, if not excused, by once again bringing to mind the fact that violence does not victimize merely the person whose body is affected. Each rapist in Afghanistan, as in classical Rome,[41] raped not only a woman but an entire family. — A white woman once told me, "If you and I get married, it's up to us how we do it. It's us getting married, not our families." But an Asian woman told me on a different occasion: "We have to do it right. 'Cause it's many people involved—your family joining with my family." The relationship between the individual and the group obviously does vary between societies. I cannot believe that the white woman wouldn't have been hurt deep in her heart to learn that her mother or sister or daughter had been raped. Nor can I believe that she would have wanted her dead.

The Afghan family, at any rate, was dishonored by rape, dishonored beyond bearing. Its moral body had been injured. Its men would not be considered men anymore if they took no revenge. (We read of an Algerian insurgent whose wife was raped by French soldiers with the words, "If you ever see your filthy husband again don't forget to tell him what we did to you." He became impotent and sleepless, and tore up his little daughter's photograph because "everything that had to do with my wife was rotten.")[42] Very often the men were unable to find and kill the rapist. So they cleansed their honor in the best way they could. Perhaps they killed the first enemy soldier or adviser they met. Perhaps they killed the victim—whether they loved her or not—or turned her out of doors, made the separation between themselves and the polluted one, just as a Japanese man might defend the luster of his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MECHANISM FOR DEFENDING HONOR

UNCLEANLINESS		CLEANLINESS
UNHOLINESS	⟶	HOLINESS
HUMILIATION	PURIFICATION	EXALTATION
FEAR		COURAGE
Perceived or actual state	*Act of Violence*	*New perceived or actual state*

Perceived state = prestige = public or collective honor.
Actual state = self-evaluated or inner (individual) honor.

family by divorcing his wife if her brother married somebody from an Untouchable family.[43] I look into the eyes of the Afghan insurgents in my old photographs and see resolution, heroic outer honor tranquil or happy or ruthless, guns pointed at the sky; I remember the individual sounds of their voices and of their footsteps on the trail, and the steadiness of their purpose, the enviable sense they radiated that they were completely in the right—and they were. Were any of these men, whose photographed features I have stared at now for far, far longer than their living faces, ever implicated in an honor murder? Would I be better off if I didn't think so? Such generous valor as they had, such readiness to spend themselves for Allah and honor, was it the same thing that might have led some of them to spend others?

In a small survey conducted among Indian Muslims in the early 1990s, the hypothetical question was asked: Where lay honor and justice if a Muslim girl were caught going to the movies with a Hindu boy? "Almost a third of the respondents would have the girl killed, expecting the parents to quietly poison her, bury her alive, or themselves commit suicide." (In actual fact, the interviewer remarks, they would probably confine themselves to beating the girl instead of slaughtering her. In violence as in charity, we often fall short of our own expectations.)[44] —Oh, those barbaric Asians! —We see an American photograph of a pale, grimacing little corpse, multiply grinning with now bloodless stab wounds, from one of which the herniated intestine protrudes like a roasted chestnut. The panicked young mother had done execution with her Boy Scout knife and hid the baby in the clothes hamper. She later received probation for manslaughter.[45] The forensic pathologist explains that "the social stigma attached to pregnancy out of wedlock is probably the single most common motivating force for killing a neonate. However, the crime is not limited to the unmarried."[46] Because inner honor is unknowable to the sharpest-sighted seer of souls, the same objective circumstances may impel the same act of violence, with the same objective result—but for different reasons, and with varying *inner* results. Thus an unwed mother who commits infanticide may do so in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

order to defend her outer honor by destroying the evidence which would cause her to lose prestige,[47] or to purify her inner honor by ending an unclean attachment (for example, if the baby were a rape-child). Does the latter sound far-fetched? Only if you have forgotten all but instrumentality. "Man flows at once to God when the channel of purity is open," writes Thoreau. "By turns our purity inspires, and our impurity casts us down."[48] Many consider the act of defecation to be unclean; we prefer not to witness it, or be witnessed at it; we ease ourselves and send away the matter and stench, then return to cleanliness. The act had no consequence; it is as if it didn't happen. But if it really had no consequence, why were we ashamed to be seen? So, perhaps, with infanticide. The act by which the baby was conceived was pleasant—or not—and then it was over—only not over, because the belly swelled. Make the matter within the belly disappear, and both inner and outer honor may be satisfied. An unmarried Yemenite girl gives birth. Presenting her with a knife, her mother says, "You brought this on; you will get rid of it."[49] A Spartan woman, "when she saw her son approaching, asked how their country was doing. When he said: 'all the men are dead,' she picked up a tile, threw it at him and killed him, saying: 'Then did they send you to bring us the bad news?'"[50]

Outer honor proclaims that I am pure if others think me so. Inner honor, weak and uneasy, would gladly be persuaded by outer honor.[51] —And what if the evidence has already been seen? Chairman Mao's doctor describes a cuckolded husband who tried to commit suicide by swallowing mercury from a thermometer: "His most serious injury was his loss of face."[52] —Why was his "face" so important? Well, outer honor, in proportion to its value, may itself become a defense, a suit of gilded armor whose dazzling skin protects the self from certain kinds of violence. If I am a cuckold and do nothing about it, people may say, "he's a pushover; we can do whatever we want to this one"—a reason for honor's defense which we'll see time and time again. How can I un-cuckold myself? Kill the seducer or my wife (the Afghan solution), or kill myself; or divorce my wife. —The best, of course, would have been if my outer honor had never been questioned. That's why so many cuckolds bite their lip and endure. *Outer honor gives security.* The citizen of the ancient Greek polis—and, until the middle centuries of the Empire, this went for Romans, too—lived legally immune from being put to the question on any suspicion of crime, and, indeed, could demand the torture of almost any slave to exonerate himself from such suspicion. While there were boundaries beyond which it grew unwise to test this immunity—high treason against the king or emperor, for instance—still, as a rule, one's oath as a citizen was acceptable as testimony because the status of citizenship was *honorable.* (By the same token, one did not want to live without honor; one would be literally disenfranchised, exiled at best. The suit of armor would then be stripped away, replaced by a mere golden standard waving high above the despised one who, weaponless or not, must lay about him in the various battles of politics and life.) In practice, this supposition of integrity meant not that a citizen's oath-sworn words

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

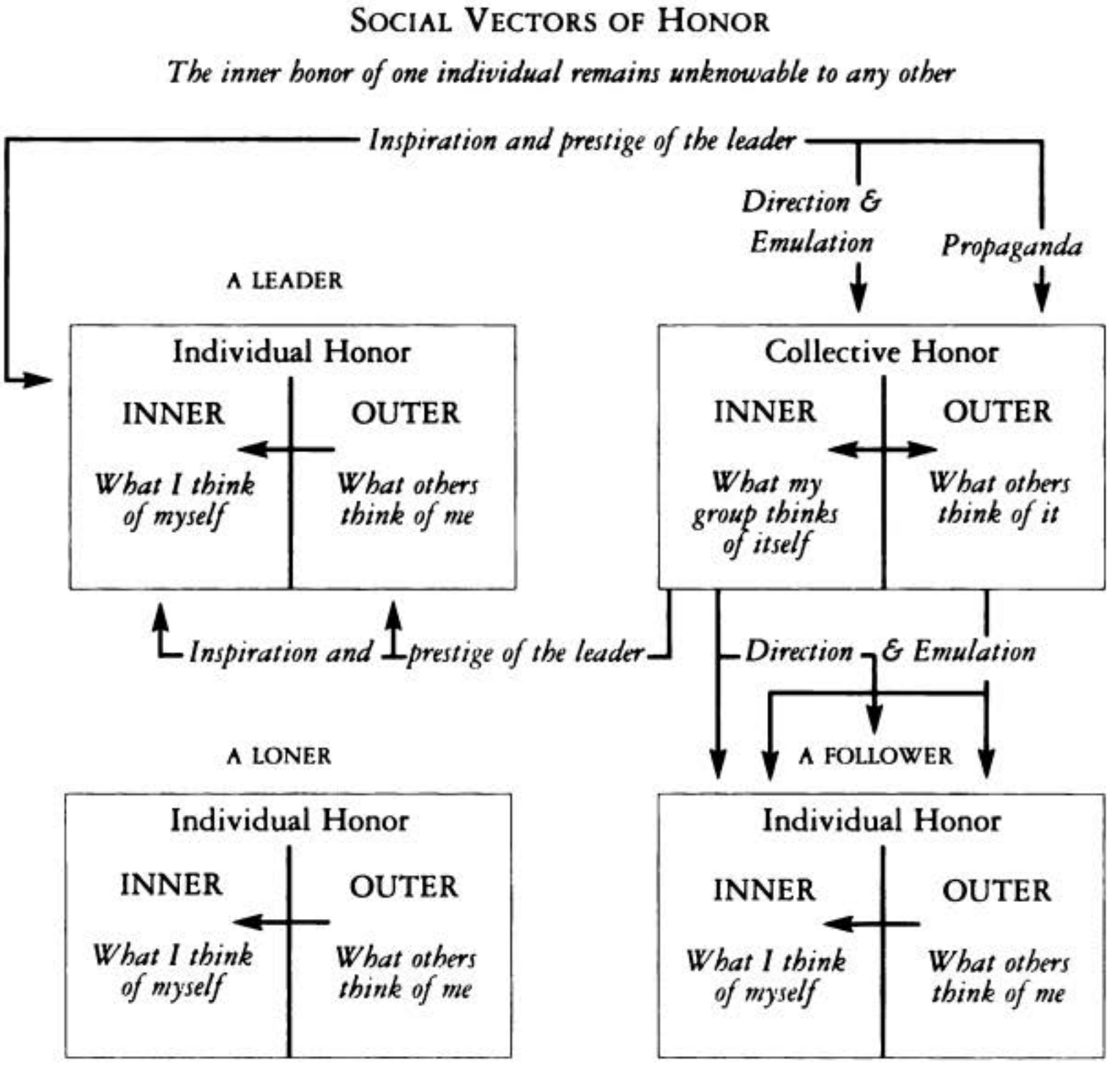
were infallibly true—the ancients were not stupid—but rather, that there was no point in asking a citizen for forensic proof: go stretch my slave instead, and break *his* bones! (He's not honorable.) —The cuckolded member of Mao's entourage and the American mother who stabbed her baby resembled ostracized Greeks desperate to return to the fold. As for the Afghan families of raped women, they were wounded and soiled, unable to cleanse the festering gashes in their inner and outer collective honor except by blood.

DEFENSE OF MONUMENTS

Such needs for redress may well atomize a soul torn by rage, shame, love and desperate grief—or a society, as exemplified by the gang warfare which corroded so many American cities in the late twentieth century, the stakes being defense of race, ground, money and honor. The prestige contests which permeated Powhatan Indian society three hundred years prior[53] must have likewise disseminated anxiety and vindictiveness—as was certainly the case eight centuries before that when Julius Caesar launched a civil war against Pompey on the explicit grounds of outer honor.[54] "Vanity of vanities," says the Preacher."[55] Vanity can be poison! Nonetheless, vanity's proven convenient in politics, as this diagram suggests. *(See next page.)*

Well-meaning Plato, like the "hidden persuaders" of consumer society,[56] advises his autocrat to control the ideal city by using the twin reins of public credit and discredit"[57]—in other words, outer honor and dishonor. These then will be the reins, but toward what should society be steered? Will it be "honorable"? Of course wealth alone ought not to be renowned, or even goodness without temperance; so Plato insists, but, like other technicians, he offers a means, but cannot control how that means is used. In the case of those mass practitioners of violence called armies, the means becomes more potent, the end conveniently blank. Clausewitz, for instance, that famous or infamous military theorist, sees courage (Captain Nolan's honor)[58] as a kind of job description for a soldier.[59] The great Sun-tzu, leader of soldiers, is more bald about it. After all, his end has already been defined: victory pure and simple. How could his Chinese warlord clients not approve of that? "Eliminate doubt," he instructs, "so that they will die without other thought."[60] —Die, yes—and kill. That constitutes bravery, I presume. Twenty-two centuries after Sun-tzu has issued that advice, a Japanese candidate officer is given a "trial of courage"—to behead a starved Chinese POW with his sword. "I didn't want to disgrace myself," he recalls. "I bowed to the regimental commander and stepped forward." Soon enough he is ordering his conscripts to bayonet Chinese prisoners as a training exercise. "We kicked them and made them do it. After that, a man could do anything easily."[61] —Eliminate doubt. Honorableness wipes away doubt, as well as the need to think.[62] Blow yourself up before you surrender. Shoot your comrades if they try to surrender.[63] Become a kamikaze, and take off at dawn, while the schoolgirls below you

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



most worshipfully "cut their fingers and filled in the red sun with their own blood."[64] Sacrifice all to honor. Here is Eichmann's moral calculus, written on the flyleaf of a book in his personal library:

1. Every man is entitled to live as he pleases.
2. But then he has no right to call himself an officer, because
3. Officer = fulfillment of duty as specified in the soldier's oath.[65]

For this murderer, being able to "call himself an officer" was obviously something grand, something honorable. In two photographs we see the old Eichmann, the condemned man, sharp-eyed and alert behind his heavy dark-framed glasses, the eager explainer who said: "Whatever I may have done, I had no responsibility whatever, because the oath I had to take obligated me to loyalty and obedience";[66] and the young Eichmann, harshly jaunty, smiling with squinted eyes beneath that death's-head cap—the man who put matters thus: "Get me straight. I've got to clean this Jewish shit out of the provinces. No arguments or tears will help."[67] Both

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

faces are equally joyless but for different reasons. Who knows? Perhaps without the death's-head cap and the fearful esteem to which he felt it entitled him, his job might have brought him less satisfaction, and a few more Jews might have lived...? As it was, pity would have been dishonorable.

THE HONOR OF ADOLF EICHMANN (1933-45)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL[68]

High. Fulfilled his duty of obedience as specified in the officer's oath, instead of doing and thinking as he pleased.

COLLECTIVE

High. Threw himself into his duties with gusto. Longed to distinguish himself in the Third Reich and be noticed by his superiors.

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

High. Valued by his superiors for compliance and efficiency.

COLLECTIVE

High. Reinforced and was reinforced by the extermination-honor of his fellow Nazis.

"ONLY A FEW BIG SOLDIER... THEY MAKE ALL THE TROUBLE"



Adolf Eichmann on trial

Such abuses always have existed, and always will, leaving the most bitterly disgraced souls to reject honor in its every manifestation. The Marquis de Sade in his dungeon, imprisoned for repeatedly slapping propriety in the face (his orgies were not discreet; he tortured and molested servant-girls, then couldn't shut them up; he seduced his own sister-in-law—unhushable!), has one of his virginal heroines indignantly cry, "One does not recover from the loss of one's honor"—meaning, like several of the rape victims we've quoted, her virginity. But her seducer-rapist calls that sort of honor "an illusory asset."[69] Ironically, many contemporary Europeans and Americans would agree with him. For Sade, any pious utterance connected with honor is either as stupidly oppressive as a sincere Eichmann, or as hypocritically

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cruel as a mendacious one. And how can we say that Sade doesn't have a point? Patriots and ideologues link honor with national self-defense (or with national aggression, which is also called national self-defense) because it would be more difficult for them to persuade citizens to die for their policies did they not promise that the survivors would recognize and admire the fallen. One Thai schoolteacher with Khmer Rouge ties told me in 1996: "Thai and Cambodian same, both want easy happy life. Only a few big soldier like Pol Pot or Hanouk [King Sihanouk], they make all the trouble and killing for their ego." There is not just a grain, but a bushel-load of truth in this analysis, which is why we ought to recognize two kinds of honor: *pride*, or at least the absence of shame, before one's self—the quality which I have been discussing thus far—and *fame*, a "name" which impresses others. Inner and outer honor—this pair can be unraveled only with difficulty. A raped Afghan girl might be less likely to die an honor-death at her family's hands, were none of the neighbors to learn what had happened to her: if they didn't witness it, if nobody told them, how could they know that a dishonored one breathed behind the veil?[70] Because we know only our own innerness, when we subscribe to notions of collective honor we must judge as best we can from others' outerness.

The Afghan girl who out of rage tells everybody in sight that she was raped and adds that her father failed to catch the rapist will certainly make her family's dishonor more visible than the one who from shame in that dishonor keeps silent or denies it (as women have frequently done in the Yugoslavian civil war). One favorite narrative device in the old Icelandic sagas is to have an angry wife or mother, usually offended not on her own account but rather by some slight directed against the male members of her family, bitterly jeering and railing until she's provoked her men into honor-redemptive violence.

Here we come up again before the rights of the self. The wounded self continues to have the right to be itself, to express its hurt—or not. We who are not that self may not judge—until that expression sets out to achieve a purpose. And the family, what about their rights? What about their honor? A fearful subject this. But we can say assuredly that since a collectivity's eyes cannot penetrate all the veils of its members, then collective honor, like collective dishonor, must rely largely upon the material: the bloody body rather than the memory,[71] the marching song rather than the thought, the uniform, not the unseen contents of a private letter. Nor can I show my own private honor to anybody else except in a material way. Perhaps I have esprit de corps. But you, my brother officer whom I don't know well, how can I be sure that you possess it, too? Better just to see that the buttons of both of our uniforms are shined. Mishima expressed this idea four years before his own *seppuku* when he stated, in a perfect reverse of an infanticidal mother's vision of belly-purity: "I cannot believe in Western sincerity because it is invisible, but in feudal times we believed that sincerity resided in our entrails, and if we needed to show our sincerity, we had to cut our bellies and take out our *visible* sincerity."[72]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



An anti-nuclear activist's wirecutters, used on corporate fences, reify honor on the wall over his bed. (Ithaca, New York, 1980)

THE SOUVENIRS OF POLITICS

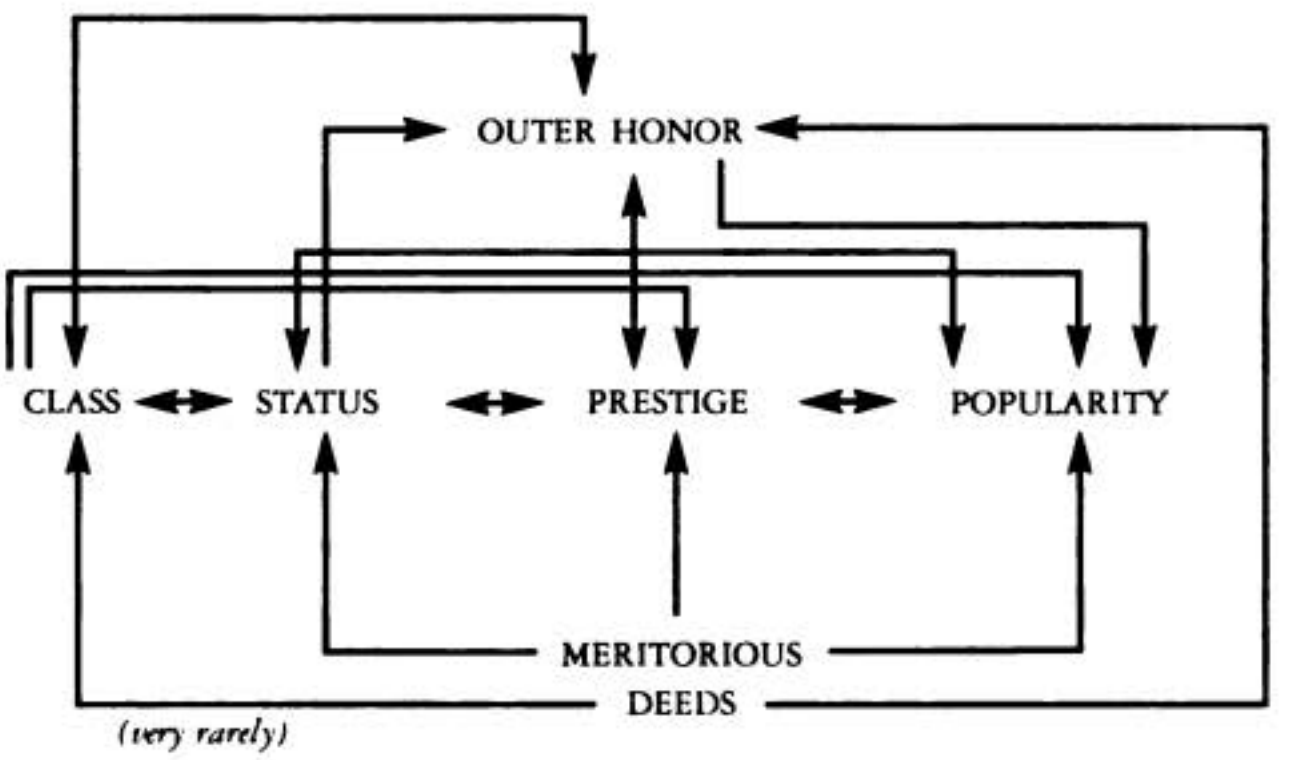
Hence monuments: the song "Remember the Alamo," the war-cry of the Heike clan, Lenin's corpse on display in the mausoleum, Napoleon's eighty-pound coronation mantle of red velvet, white satin and squiggles of pure gold; hence the medals and ribbons of old soldiers; hence the "heart and Madre" tattoo between thumb and forefinger of a certain Cuban gang's hit men,[73] hence the torn, bloodstained Komsomol membership card of Alexander Smirnov, killed in battle by the Germans.[74] Of the Cuban Revolution's guerrilla-martyr "Tania," a friend recalled: "The only thing which in any way might have hinted at the great responsibility she was to shoulder was her fondness for wearing uniforms."[75] After she was slain, her murder, her uniform and her cause became her memorial, her outer honor pinned to the display-board of hagiography, like the gorgeous husk of some dead butterfly, or the flayed skin, tattooed head to toe, of a Japanese *yakuza*.[76]

An Aztec warrior likewise literally donned his public honor. His face-paint, insignia and ornaments recorded his deeds.[77] The cut of his hair told whether he had taken captives or not.[78] The more prisoners he took, the finer his clothes.

Hence monuments indeed; hence also weapons as emblems. Tania's friend again:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OUTER HONOR: DETERMINANTS AND EFFECTS



"I believe that one of the greatest moments for her must have been when Che [Guevara] gave her the honor of being considered as one more fighter—when he gave her an M-1 rifle."[79] (The police action that liquidated Che also killed Tania.) The ultimate reification: Mao Zedong's concubines were thrilled to be chosen as such, proud even to receive his sexual diseases, which were, in his personal doctor's words, "a badge of honor, testimony to their close relationship with the Chairman."[80] This shows that the equation between outward honor and perceived goodness works both ways: a soldier is decorated because he (presumably) deserves it, and the decoration is a sign of that deservingness; but the honor-token of a woman who slept with Mao was precisely what made her deserving; the decorations (*trichomanas vaginalis* and genital herpes) created the deservingness, not the other way around. In fact, it is so close a relationship that in most cases, far too many, outer honor is considered the same as goodness.

Indeed, in politics, ethical conflation will always be the order of the day. How many leaders really want to open their bellies to display the entrails of stinking expediency? Although outer honor, like the other kinds, can best be imagined not as an atom, but a molecule, for it's susceptible to further subdivision into its ethical electrons—prestige, status, merit, etc.—yet the monument, the reification, will rarely be shaped or colored in accordance with such subtleties. Monuments are opaque, arbitrary; usually they obfuscate. For instance, when power has been personalized, as in Julius Caesar's day, then defense of prestige commingles with defense of authority.[81] Caesar justifies his Civil War thus: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself."[82] What does prestige mean in this context? Ask one of his soldiers, the unknown soul who wrote *The African War.* He'll tell you how one of the Pompeian commanders, Labenius, owned such great personal prestige as to lure Gauls and Germans to follow him all the way from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

their native lands. For Caesar, then, as for Labenius, Napoleon, Mao, prestige is power in equal measure as it is honor; prestige constitutes the wherewithal to command, and spend lives. (Yet Caesar also has a code of mercy; to pardon comprises his reputation, his outer honor—and thereby enhances his prestige, especially among the ranks of those who have been or might need to be pardoned.)[83]

CLASS: An objective measure of one's *position* in society (which may or may not be equivalent to one's rank). Determined by heredity, occupation, property ownership, status, etcetera. In a society rigidly stratified by class, class is one measure of outer honor.

STATUS: An objective measure of one's relative allocation of power and resources. Allied to *rank*, but rank is by definition relative; status is absolute. In a class-stratified society, status is linked to class and hence to outer honor. In a more egalitarian society, it is worthy not so much of admiration as of envy.

PRESTIGE: A less quantifiable measure of how much one is esteemed. Related to popularity, but a person may be prestigious without being popular, and vice versa. Prestige is the union of status and outer honor. In a class-stratified society, prestige is in part derived from class and hence is linked to outer honor. In a more egalitarian society, it is similar to status. Prestige, however, tends to be more ephemeral than status, because it is a sort of immediate reward or mark of favor. It allows people of lower status to bolster their outer honor. (Example: A Roman legionnaire gets decorated by the Emperor.)

POPULARITY: A moderately quantifiable measure of how much one is liked. A person of low status may be liked without being respected (as in the case of a slave-girl whose master shows a preference for her); a person of high status may be liked for who he is and respected for *what* he is without being admired (such as a patrician whose friendliness makes people consider him vulgar). What rulers dismissive of "mob democracy" may denigrate as mere popularity on the part of dangerous well-accoladed generals may, of course, actually be mass prestige, on the shoulders of which those generals can launch coups and uprisings.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

INDUCTION TABLE:

PRESUMED MOTIVATIONS ASSOCIATED WITH VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR

(1519-1540)

HONOR ABBREVIATIONS

II = inner individual honor
OI = outer individual honor
IC = inner collective honor
OC = outer collective honor

NOTE: Since the hearts of others are closed to us, the various motivations listed here for the stated acts are possible ones meant to help us categorize by induction, not necessarily the true ones. Hopefully, however, if two or three different conceivable motivations are listed for an act, at least one was the correct one, and the others at least plausible; I have stayed as close to the facts as is possible in an enterprise of this kind.

MOTIVATION	VIOLENT ACT	MEANS OR END?	TYPE OF HONOR
1. Exercise of courage	Capt. Nolan's charge Joan of Arc's campaigns Gilles de Rais's charge Napoleon's campaigns	Both	II, IC
2. Display of Courage	Same as above	Means	OI, OC
3. Strengthening of prestige	Infanticide by unwed Suicide attempt by cuckold Decapitation of Chinese POW Napoleon's executions of critics Sun-tzu's exec. of concubines	Means	OI, OC?
	Dr. Li's obedience Eichmann's obedience		Same (and anti-II)
	Abbot's stabbing of Blinky Joan of Arc's suicidal refusal to recant King Olaf's torture of recalcitrant pagans		
4. Strengthening of prestige; vindication against personal insult	Napoleon's executions of critics Sun-tzu's ex. of concubines Abbot's stabbing of Blinky Joan of Arc's suicidal refusal to recant King Olaf's torture of recalcitrant pagans	Means	II, IC

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MOTIVATION	VIOLENT ACT	MEANS OR END?	TYPE OF HONOR
5. Despair over loss of prestige	Suicide attempt by cuckold	End	OI, II
6. Purification (destruction of evil)	Infanticide of unwed	Means	II, IC
7. Exercise of loyalty	Decap. of Chinese POW Dr. Li's obedience Eichmann's obedience	Both	II, IC
8. Display of loyalty	Same as (7)	Neither	[Not an honor motive]
9. Aggrandizement	Napoleon's campaigns Infanticide by unwed Decap. of Chinese POW Dr. Li's obedience Eichmann's obedience	Neither	[Indiv. nec. or self- preservation neither honorable or dishonorable]
10. Addressing probability of individual necessity	Decap of Chinese POW (?) Dr. Li's obedience (?) Outlawed Tito fighting the Germans	Both	[Coll. nec. is hon. because indiv. is helping endangered group] II
11. Addressing problem of collective necessity	Outlawed Tito fighting the Germans	Means	OI, OC
12. The same	Same as (11)	Means	II, OC
13. Consolation	Japanese kamikazes	Both, knowing they'll be deified	II, IC
14. Same as (13)	Same as (13)	Means	OI, OC

INDUCTIVE CONCLUSION: *No act can ever in and of itself be an end of outer honor, only a means.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Like so many other qualities considered to be virtues, prestige frequently tends to be accidental, imposed by "fate" (I have a low Party card number), or by the action of another's will (Mao happened to like the shape of my breasts). Of course, the decorated soldier did something impressive (if not, his comrades may revenge themselves on him),[84] and the fact that doubtless many equally deserving soldiers fail to get decorated does not in any way render invalid Cicero's explanation of the intentionality of outer honor: "If we must take rewards into account, the noblest recompense a great deed can have is renown."[85]

LOCI

I have said that collective honor never gives birth to deeds which are ends in and of themselves. The exception to this is *aestheticism.* Just as a deed of my inner honor may be the natural exoskeleton of my own identity, so our collective outer honor may work almost by instinct to create its own skin. I remember the Arc de Triomphe by night, with its tricoleur hanging down like a bleeding wing inside that groin lit yellow like old ivory, stone flowers inset into stone squares, names: ARMÉE DU DAUBE • D'HELVETIE • DES GRISONS • DES ALPES... (In his design specifications, Napoleon wrote: "Generally speaking, no opportunity should be missed to humiliate the Russians and the English.")[86] Now it is but the Arc of Vainglory, like one of those "trophies" which the ancient Greeks used to erect after a successful battle. Who reads those names now, except for idlers and schoolchildren? It is still beautiful, of course, even now long after it served its purpose... Needless to say, with my aesthetic bent I'm not against monuments as such; they're an aid to memory, without which we can scarcely consider well what to do in the present; and it is very fitting and pleasant when they become part of daily life, like the pale and lovely cathedral of Segovia, whose tapering towers with their lateral spine like projections convey the impression of ladders reaching toward heaven. Within this great Gothic bubble one can find on Saturday afternoons Spanish couples and families promenading hand in hand around the glittering altars, little children often clutching toys as they go; and outside, people sit in the cafés of the plaza, drinking mineral water or beer or *cortado,* which is espresso-style coffee "cut" with milk; men yawn and treasure their paunches with big hands; boys flash packets of sugar in the air in rapid gestures; girls nod quickly and stir their *cortados*; the waiters in dark suits pass from table to table, silent and large-eyed like bees pollinating flowers; and behind and above them all stretches their cathedral, their horizon, their mountain with tiers of shuttered arched windows; it is one of the loci of Segovia, and so they rarely gaze at it from their cafés but I think they would miss it if it were gone. —Likewise, I admire the democratically inspired benignity of Napoleon's project to create that scarlet-ribboned star of oak leaves and double teeth called the Order of the Legion of Honor, to which, as his secretary pointed out, "the soldier equally with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



An angel of praxis (Paris, 1996)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Revenge against the old regime's monuments (Bucharest, 1996)

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the field-marshal, the simple citizen equally with the prince or the highest dignitary" were eligible.[87] To believe in honor is good in and of itself. —But, as I keep saying, monuments are reifications, and so we must always see if we agree with what they stand for. Even the most private kind of honor, the inner honor of the self, may easily lend itself (or, I should say, its name) to the production of moral cenotaphs when a canny politician or military commander makes of it a group object, "whence to sharp wars sweet honor did thee call."[88] Thus Koestler writes the following epitaph for his generation of committed European Communists: "Why did those frustrated, dedicated millions fail to shake off the grip of the Kremlin Borgias?... It was the true believer's insurmountable horror of excommunication."[89] If a soldier can be persuaded that the perimeter of his ego lies not within him, but around his entire unit, then suddenly he is all the more vulnerable to slights, like the Afghan whose daughter's virginity, or lack of it, reflects upon him. If the commander has done a good job of molding him, the soldier will be inclined to avenge and defend his honor, or by bellicose means nip attacks upon it in the bud. Needless to say, such attacks are likely to occur, not only because it is the business of generals to put their soldiers' honor in harm's way, but also and more generally because as soon as honor becomes reified then it becomes "honorable" for the cause's enemies to try to destroy that thing. Hence the Charge of the Light Brigade—and hence the swastika I saw scrawled on the street wall just outside the old synagogue of Toledo (naturally it had to be *there;* I didn't see any other swastikas in the entire city). Hence Hitler's decision in 1940 to make the French sign the surrender documents at Compiègne, the site where in 1918 the French had compelled the Germans to sign *their* surrender, following which those temporary victors marked honor's banquet with a granite slab glorying in the collapse of "the criminal pride of the German Empire." An American newsman watched Hitler as he read this inscription; his face grew "afire" with "revengeful, triumphant hate."[90] (It was very strange when I myself visited Compiègne forty years later to find the inscription still there. Somehow it did not seem in character for Hitler to have left that slab undynamited. Perhaps he liked the irony of it; humiliation had been transformed into domination.) —Hence likewise the gleeful impulse of a Muslim battalion in Sarajevo who hung out on the front line a banner reading FUCK THE SERBS—and hence the Serbs' furious reply with machine-guns.[91] Ideally (for the commander) each member of the group, however unwillingly he might have joined it, grows addicted to group honor, like one of Koestler's Communists, or the Confederate soldier who wrote home after the battle of Gettysburg: "Well, it is all over now. The battle is lost, and many of us are prisoners, many are dead, many wounded, bleeding, and dying. Your Soldier lives and mourns and, but for you, my darling, he would rather, a million times rather, be back there with his dead, to sleep for all time in an unknown grave."[92]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

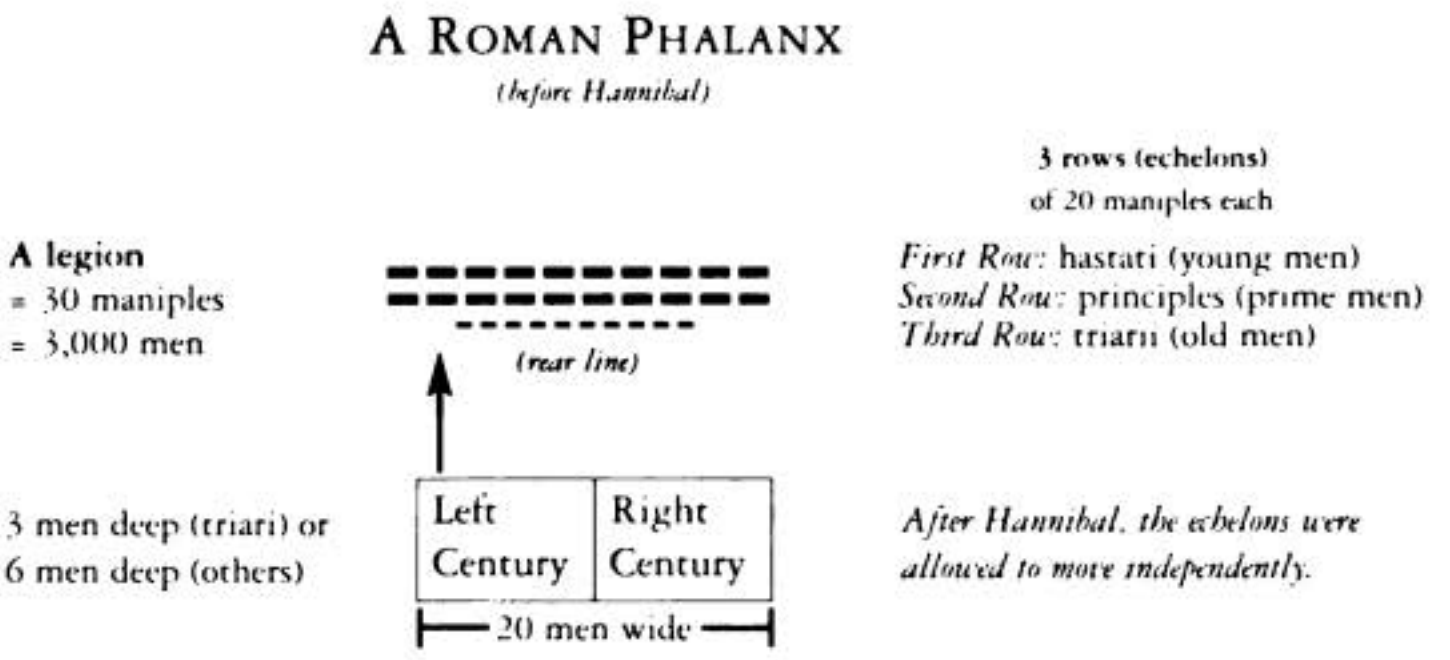
HONOR AS ORGANIZATION

Defense of collective honor, then, is, a tool of practical, predictable utility for social engineers. In Roman times, soldiers who stayed with their standards kept formation, rendering the maniples[93] they comprised controlled instruments of violence.[94] If the right century's standard disappeared in battle, the men in that maniple might be lost.

The Aztecs recognized similar exigencies: their standard-bearers actually had the banners lashed to their backs.[95] Even now a fighter who keeps his uniform on maintains recognizability, which protects him from his own even as it increases his risk from the enemy. Ultimately, as I keep saying, it controls his mentality, for the benefit of his leaders. The same goes for his position in the maniple, his marching-song, his decorations, above all his inner and outer honor both individual and collective. Knowing this, authority draws up its plans, plays its tricks. To solidify *esprit de corps*, the Prussian drillmaster for George Washington's American Revolutionary Army warned officers that "there is no fatigue the soldiers go through that officers should not share; and on occasions they should set them examples of patience and perseverance."[96] This genus of collective honor encourages deeper identification with the army one serves in, and by allowing officers to demand more from their men, strengthens the social organism. —Yes, yes, of course it's *expedient.* During World War I the Imperial Russian Army invoked only the crudest simulacrum of collective honor as a justification for extracting service, without correspondingly paying into the system by offering patience and affection. Neglecting and even maltreating the soldiers in their keeping, all too many officers undermined health and morale, thereby encouraging unauthorized retreats, desertions and strikes, and greatly assisting the propaganda work of Lenin, Trotsky, et al. In a dispatch from the army

---

A ROMAN PHALANX
(before Hannibal)



SOURCE: DELBRUCK, PP. 370-376.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

chief of staff in June, 1917, we read: "The northern front is still in a ferment, fraternization continues, the infantry is opposed to the offensive... On the western front the situation is indefinite... On the Rumanian no special improvement is observable; the infantry does not want to advance."[97] There was no *esprit de corps*.

HONOR'S MENDACIOUS LOGIC

Here is what it all boils down to, the real message of both inner and outer collective honor, as plain as can be, in the words of an American journalist during the 1943 Pacific campaign: "Can one American watch another die in his cause, by his side, without realizing that that cause must be worth while, and, therefore, must be pursued to a victorious end, whatever the cause?"[98] If we take this proposition apart, we quickly see that it makes absolutely no logical sense. Substitute, for instance, the word "Japanese" for "American." Most of us agree that the Japanese cause in World War II was not a good one, no matter how many Japanese might have died for it: one is sorry for all the victims of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, but their sufferings, even their incomprehensible numbers, fail to retroactively justify the Japanese aggression and atrocities of the preceding years. Anyway, what does being Japanese, or American, have to do with anything? Most chilling of all is the newsman's assertion that once one's compatriots die for it, a cause must be justified *no matter what it is.* The American cause was in fact justified, because the Japanese were doing an evil thing. Why couldn't he simply say that? ("When you saw the airplanes dropping their bombs you really got aroused," recalls a North Vietnamese sergeant simply and honestly. "Everyone felt a deep anger against the Americans.")[99] Instead (understandably but in hindsight not excusably) our newsman pretended to dress up as a high moral truth the mere psychological observation that collective honor requires that any attack upon one's group be vigorously revenged. Illogical though it is, this attitude is so deeply human that it would be foolhardy to ignore it.[100] One acquaintance of mine, a good and gentle daughter of a policeman, lost her father to a thug with a gun. A year later, his fellow officers were preparing to dedicate a marble plaque in his memory, and the prospect eased her, the honor done to him justifying his life and career. I never met him; I'll never know whether he was a good policeman or not, and it doesn't matter; the plaque was justified no matter who he was, for the sake of those who knew and loved him. But the reason that his moral qualities don't matter to me is because his memorial (unlike the Stalinist Kirov's and the Nazi Heydrich's—both assassinated, both multiply avenged) does not direct us into counter-violence.[101] The means and ends of honor must be defined and agreed on. What if the plaque were to command me to slay a random victim of the same religion as the policeman's murderer? *Violent defense of collective honor cannot be justified when the dishonor defended against cannot cause physical harm—that is to say, when collective honor is its own justification.* That is the problem with the words of the American

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

journalist, and so, too, with this Khmer Rouge song:

> Our red flag is born from the blood of workers, peasants,
> intellectuals, monks, youth, and women who
> have sacrificed themselves to free our people.
> There it is waving! Gloriously!
> Comrades, ahead, smash the enemy![102]

And that they certainly did.

The questions that any of us who feel impelled by collective honor ought to ask himself are these: *Who else belongs to my collectivity? Are all of them worthy of my honor or not?*[103] *And what are the group's ideals? Do I share them? Are they worthy of my inner honor?*

"TAKE UP THE STANDARD IN THE NAME OF THE KING OF HEAVEN"

No, I don't want to give the impression that collective honor is solely an artifact instilled by some manipulator. Hobbes argues that only two forces, both expedient, bind us to keep our promises—fear of the consequences of breaking them, and "a Glory, or Pride in appearing not to need"[104] to break them—that is, collective honor, or outer honor of both sorts. To the extent that we can be lured into making promises against our own immediate interest, collective honor certainly manipulates us. To the extent that it inclines us to obey the Golden Rule, however, honor will (hopefully) work toward our common long-term interest. Then, of course there are times when people need to fight (this is what the American journalist in 1943 was trying to get at)—when defense of honor perfectly corresponds with other justified defense; it then becomes both moral and practical to establish esprit de corps. Who knows when it is one of those times? *A good soldier's job is not to know*—to follow loyalty and compulsion.[105] Now the obituary of Captain Nolan of the Light Brigade begins to swim into comprehensibility. Shall we read it again? "*He entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier.*" In other words, he was loyal. He was a well socialized English horse soldier. "He thought they had not the opportunity of doing all that was in their power"—that is, of vindicating their outer collective honor, hence his—"and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced."

(Xerxes to his Persian generals, on the eve of their invasion of Greece: "You must not disgrace our countrymen, who in former days did so much that was great and admirable.")[106]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Captain Nolan felt that his victory must be theirs; their defeat would be his.[107] He might have felt affection for them, like many officers of his ilk.[108] This affection did not hinder him in the least from dispatching them to their deaths. As we have seen, it was not so much his honor which doomed him as his technological underestimation. Was he a manipulator? If so, he failed to benefit, unless it matters that the cross on his grave was fancier than that of an enlisted man.[109]

"AND THERE WAS THE WORLD FIGURED"

Anyone who desires to see the employment of honor at its best need only consider Joan of Arc with her battle-flag, rallying the besieged foot soldiers at Orleans. They certainly wanted and needed to be rallied. The English occupiers had almost strangled the town. France tilted toward the enemy. As she later described it to her judges, "I had a standard whose field was sewn with fleurs-de-lys, and there was the world figured and two angels at the sides and its color was white... And there, it seems to me, were written the names of Jesus and Mary, and they were embroidered in silk."[110] How elaborate, how almost voluptuous! I imagine her much as did the artist of the illuminated manuscript *Le Champion des Dames*: armored, rushing ahead on her dark horse, her head thrown back as she grips the standard-pole at midpoint, with the ensign itself raised high and behind, luring the army on.[111] Here is collective honor reified and rich in demands for sacrifice: the emblem of an embattled nation, the tokens of religion, the color of purity, carried by a virgin who had been medically examined and attested as such—how could she not be followed when she rushed so confidently into peril?[112] Her honor was, in effect, altruistic. Her creed and her homeland had been invaded.[113] Inner and outer honor demanded in chorus the deliverance of a third party—her sovereign, the reification of justified authority—from imminent violence. And so her standard became her moral skin.



Joan of Arc

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE HONOR OF JOAN OF ARC (1425-31)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

High. Obeyed her spirit voices and defended their legitimacy at the cost of danger, disgrace, and, in the end, an agonizing death. Faltered once, by abjuring her voices at the demand of her judges, possibly not understanding what they demanded of her.[114] Being declared a lapsed heretic and burned at the stake, she died in renewed faith to her beliefs.

COLLECTIVE

High. Created and personified it for her side's soldiers.

OUTER HONOR (FRENCH)

INDIVIDUAL

High. Probably did more than anybody else to break the English siege of Orleans. Owned high prestige thereafter until her capture.

COLLECTIVE

High. Practically indistinguishable from her inner collective honor.

OUTER HONOR (ENGLISH)

INDIVIDUAL

Negative. Seen as a diabolical, unfeminine rebel.

COLLECTIVE

Negative. Not only refused to be a member of the puppet France, but fought it.

No one ever asked Che Guevara's fellow martyr Tania whether she preferred her gun or her uniform, but when one of her judges asked, "Which did you like the better, your standard or your sword?", Joan's answer was written into the record: "I liked much better, even forty times, my sword than my standard."[115] Honor didn't just wave; it compelled and it pierced, just as it had in the bygone times when Alexander the Great charged at the forefront and even scaled city walls ahead of his army; it compelled, just as it would again in the Charge of the Light Brigade.

Contemporary accounts always describe Joan as the one in the vanguard (although, to be sure, she might have been manipulated and managed by the French captains). So when the judges asked her, "Why was your standard more carried in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

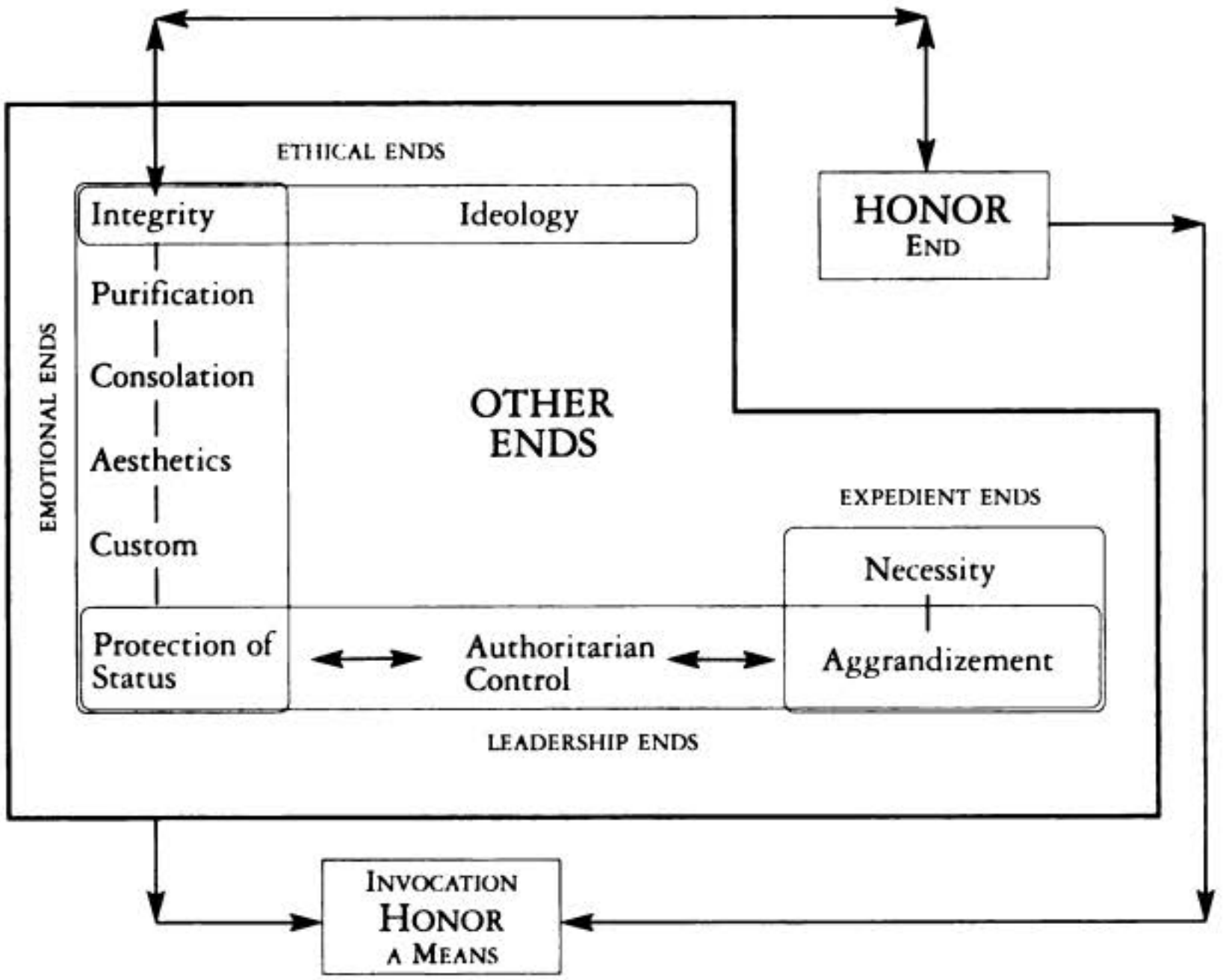
the church at Rheims at the consecration of the King, than those of the other captains?", she replied proudly, "It had borne the burden; it was quite right that it receive the honor."[116] For honor of all four kinds, like authority, or nationhood, or selfhood, grows as a result of successful defense, that action being the strongest possible kind of affirmation. By being carried, followed and fought for, Joan's standard became charged with a self-reinforcing numinous energy which made people want to gaze upon and do homage to it; those gazes and that homage further increased its power, just as (rather less gloriously) Mao's concubines' vaginitis protected them from disesteem. The standard comprised her outer honor, her men's outer honor, their mutual monument.[117] Joan used this power for no mean or selfish end, but rather, like Mishima, to show her sincerity of regard for what she believed in—in her case, a sluggish king who squandered her achievement and a God who saw fit to let her be burned alive.[118]

"Certainly," writes the biographer of that pedophiliac sex-murderer Gilles de Rais, a fellow who was himself rich in martial honor—when he attacked the English at the battle of Lude (1427), he scaled the castle walls ahead of almost everybody else and personally dispatched the English captain—Joan's "failure to understand the changed political situation finally cost her her life. This complete blindness to anything except her own desires and schemes she shared with Gilles,"[119] who helped her on the battlefield, and indeed rescued her once from capture. —This assessment, I feel, is cruelly unfair. Politically naive she certainly was, as well as impatient, and probably arrogant, but her "desires and schemes" she treasured not for herself. That is why her honor has grown in the centuries after her execution. We remember and admire her, not the king whose all too loyal subject she was, and certainly not the English Machiavellians (and their French collaborators) who by force and trickery obtained their shortlived, ugly little victory over her. —Strange, how defense of honor can succeed, and yet be fatal! Is it really a moral thing at all, or but the expression of the species's aggressive drive? Bakunin with his usual extravagance extends patriotism even into the vegetable realm:[120] to his mind, it all comes down to the territorial expression of the self-preservation instinct, and a tree which crowds out a new sapling from its shaded dominions is as patriotic as a band of village dogs repelling another canine, or for that matter a gaggle of senators who sign the latest anti-immigration bill.[121] To Joan, it was much more simple. She heard the voices of Saint Margaret and Saint Catherine, and the voices said to her, "Take up the standard in the name of the King of Heaven."[122] One of her judges, Master La Fontaine, evil murderer though he was, did at least ask the question I would have longed to ask: "Is it you who helped the standard or the standard which helped you, or the contrary?"

"My victory or my standard's," replied Joan, "it was all in our Lord."[123]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ENDS FOR WHICH HONOR IS INVOKED



A. Leadership ends invoke honor for the sake of control.
B. Emotional ends invoke honor in order to guard or increase satisfaction.
C. Ethical ends preserve honor in order to preserve or achieve justice.
D. Expedient ends invoke honor in order to gain or protect something.

NOTES:

1. Any end can be a means to any other end. For example, purification of self is both an end in and of itself, as shown, and also a means to the protection of status. An Afghan who kills his daughter's rapist not only purifies his family's private honor through revenge, but also impresses the neighbors (gains collective honor).
2. The relationships shown are the same for acts of individual and of collective honor.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PAINTINGS OF NAPOLEON

Napoleon well understood that soldiers' honor is a kind of empathy or identification. His method was to act the part of one of them—which he was; he'd risen from the ranks—sharing their privations, speaking directly to the enlisted men, even letting them approach him directly with grievances (this last must have been a carry-over from the Revolution). As Madame Junot, who knew him well, has written, "But when the soldiers learnt that their chief had eaten of their bread, and found it good, who among them would have dared to complain?"[124] (Thus the trick, as we have seen, of George Washington's Prussian drillmaster.) Napoleon can fairly be called a man given to familiar warmness, who embraced the Emperor of Austria whom he'd just defeated, who clasped his arms around Tsar Alexander on their first meeting, who was known for pulling the ears of his valets, sentries and generals in direct proportion to his happiness and his fondness for them; who sometimes playfully sat upon the knees of his faithful secretary, Baron de Méneval, the man whose requests to join him in the final exile on Saint Helena would be refused by the English. (No doubt the Russian and Austrian sovereigns found such gestures less to their liking than the French, but isn't familiarity, however coarse, superior to coldness?) At the beginning of one of his eastern campaigns, he set out at such a rapid pace that his personal staff fell far behind, and so he had to sleep in Augsburg without any baggage; in the morning he greeted the laggards with a cheery laugh. That was the hero's way, the Roman Emperor's way.[125] And the portrait grows more engaging by far. Like Joan, he bravely showed himself among the troops during many a battle, as if he himself were the standard; and at Regensburg in 1809, when he was struck in the foot by a spent musket-ball, his first concern was to be rehorsed, galloping back into the view of as many soldiers as possible so that he could prevent any rumors of his death from disheartening those who killed and died for him. "The enthusiasm of the soldiers cannot be expressed when they learned that their Chief, though wounded, was not in dangerous condition. 'The Emperor is exposed like us,' they said. 'He is not a coward, not he.'"[126] In the aftermath of an engagement, he'd generally be found picking his way among the fallen, holding up his hand for silence, so that the wounded could be located by their groans—again, something which one could imagine Joan doing. At Borodino, when one of the horsemen in his entourage carelessly permitted his mount to step on a man who cried out in pain, Napoleon was ready with a harsh reproof. Never mind, they said, it was only a Russian. But Napoleon replied that that didn't matter, and had the injured man carried out of the way.[127] When his generals were mortally wounded, Napoleon would sit beside them and comfort them, often shedding tears. One biographer has particularly characterized the *Grand Armée*'s openness, easygoingness, even insubordination: "Napoleon thundered, but always proved more indulgent than the government... his great concern was that his men be eager for battle."[128] (The Emperor used a democratic "peo-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ple's army" to support extreme authoritarianism, while in the United States, strange to say, General William T. Sherman employed what he called "an animated machine" to defend a government of popular sovereignty.) Bonaparte was himself always eager, it seemed; he personified martial ardor. The military strategist Carl von Clausewitz, who in spite of his worship of cruel practicalities possessed a mystical streak, wrote rhapsodically of "the Will of the Commander ... the spark in his breast."[129] This describes Napoleon. Clausewitz might even have had Napoleon in mind: he knew the Frenchman's armies; he'd fought against him. Perhaps in some distant future, he writes, Bonaparte's battles "will be looked upon as mere acts of barbarism and stupidity, and we shall once more turn with satisfaction and confidence to the dress-sword of obsolete and musty institutions,"[130] a fate evidently worse to Clausewitz than death. Nothing musty about Napoleon, though! At Strasbourg in 1805 he rode alone to the bridgehead at five in the morning, an hour before the time he'd given as the rendezvous for his general officers, and awaited them calmly in a heavy rain. When they came, he gave them one of the most tranquilly confident greetings I can imagine: "All goes well, messieurs; this is a new step taken in the direction of our enemies."[131]



Bonaparte at the Council of Five Hundred (1799)

His bestowal of the outward tokens of honor makes instructive reading:

> The Emperor would pull up in front of a regiment and calling the officers around him would address each by his name. He would ask them to mention whom amongst them they considered most worthy of promotion or such a decoration, and then passed on to the soldiers. Such testimony delivered by the peers bound the various regiments together with the bonds of confidence and esteem, and these promotions, granted by the soldiers themselves, had all the more value in their eyes.[132]

Authority could hardly have condescended more graciously to mix the mortar of its own defense, but the decorations remained artificial. General Junot, who idolized Napoleon and hence, one would think, might have valued above all things the fruits of his esteem, once confided in his wife that "in the whole course of his career of honours, nothing ever threw him into such a delirium of joy as that which he experienced when his comrades, all of them as brave as himself, appointed him their sergeant, when their commander confirmed their appointment, and he was lifted on a tremulous platform still supported by bayonets dripping with the blood of the enemy."[133] This had happened before Napoleon was anything but a high-strung

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

youth with muck on his shoes. That youth himself got lifted into power on the trembling bayonets of popularity, which still dripped with the last blood of the French Revolution. Instigating this lifting was his own system of promotion (with, of course, a little nepotism thrown in). It flattered the masses; it soothed. In the first blush of *liberté, egalité, fraternité*, it was even democratic and representative, like the soviets (workers councils) which sprang up during the First Russian Revolution of 1917, the mass revolution which overthrew the Tsar. The Soviets likewise elected their representatives by acclamation—precisely why the Bolsheviks suppressed them. Napoleon, however, kept the velvet gloves on: By all means let them pick their own officers. Let them control their representation. *I* shall control the aims and means! —One of his military maxims runs: *The first consideration with a general who offers battle should be the glory and honour of his arms; the safety and preservation of his men is only the second.* In other words, you men are the currency I'll spend to enhance the stars upon my shoulders. In fairness to Napoleon, however, we must quote the rest of the sentence: "But it is in the enterprise and courage resulting from the former"—which is to say, the men's collective honor—"that the latter will most assuredly be found."[134] This is the same advice that the ancient Greeks so frequently give one another in the pages of Thucydides: Stand fast, even against superior numbers, and our courage, ferocity and discipline will prevail. Retreat, and they'll pick us off one by one. Collective honor is *expedient.*[135] Collective honor is comprised of packets of individual honor all oriented in the same direction like magnetic vectors; therefore, your outer honor is also expedient; it will increase your chances of coming home. Cicero, that neo-Thucydidean to whom (as we have seen) collective honor was identified with prestige, and who always remained himself a desperate prestige-monger, went farther: Courage, ferocity and discipline must duly establish their own reputation. Slaves and pirates would then lay down their arms at the mere approach of the Light Brigade! Hence Cicero offered the expedient maxim that "there is no denying the extent to which the success of a campaign depends on what our enemies and our allies think of the commanders we appoint."[136] (Napoleon could not have agreed more.) —In other words, when men grow sufficiently broken in to collective honor, the latter then becomes a kind of shorthand for collective preservation, and even collective aggrandizement. That the shorthand may well be false writing, that honor of any kind is no substitute for strategy or decency, was proved long before the Charge of the Light Brigade.

We pause for a moment to gaze upon real life. The honor-infused Junot refused to obey his own traffic ordinances, which he'd signed in his capacity of Mayor of Paris.[137] And the glorious legionnaires broke shopwindows, invaded homes, gang-raped prostitutes—they were thugs, many of them; in Hitler's Germany they might have become Brownshirts. That's why after the Moscow debacle, approaching Vilna on his long retreat, Napoleon writes despairingly: "Food, food, food! Without it, there is no limit to the horrors this undisciplined mass of men may bring upon the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

town."[138] —Meanwhile, in the hagiographical paintings of his career, tokens of honor figure strongly.

We'll peer in upon him first in the gallery of the Château de Saint-Cloud, whose walls are clustered with tall, narrow paintings as night-gloomed as the waistcoats of the senators approaching in a respectfully bowing crowd to present him with his mandate to be Emperor. (I wonder how similar are all such affairs? Does the mood of the French partake of the same ecstasy of worship and kissing that went on when Tito was elected Marshal of Yugoslavia by the Communist faithful?)[139] He alone is dressed in forceful red. He stands out like a scarlet flame, or like that medieval emblem of French royalty, the salamander. Yes, one courtier's breeches are comprised of that hue, and another's vest, but softened and darkened by the painter to an imitative lavender, these men being but embers to Napoleon's fire. A pale orange butterfly-like affair covers Josephine's breasts and marble shoulders, sweeping down behind her in a long tail, but the main impression she gives is one of whiteness like a bride. Her ladies-in-waiting embody woman-honor, appareled in pastels—in other words, almost midway in darkness between her colors and those of the senators. And Napoleon himself, charismatic as Caesar, dwells at the center, as in almost all portraits:—the brightest, the flag, the emblem. (In his memoirs he is always right, except when he exercises undeserved compassion or honor to others; this righteous infallibility of his becomes first absurd, then repellent.)[140] He is honor itself.[141] As such, he must safeguard the collective honor of these others; for while each of them may, as Adam and Eve did, choose of his own free will to do something disgraceful—grounds for expulsion from the community of honor—none can save the honor of all should their Emperor destroy it, as he indirectly acknowledges in his speech at the distribution of the army's colors in 1804:

> Soldiers, behold your standards! These eagles will serve you always as a rallying-point. They will go *wherever your Emperor may judge their presence necessary* for the defense of his throne and of his people. Will you swear to sacrifice even your lives in their defense, and to keep them always by your valor in the path to victory? Do you swear it?[142]

In other words, "Give yourself to me. I shall decide how to dispose of you." (He is already writing to Fouché: "The attention of the papers ought to be directed towards attacking England—English fashions, English customs, English literature, the English constitution.")[143] That is why he passes out imperial communion: honor is not something merely to possess, but an item of equipment for a cause. He who aims for the highest honor must be prepared to be the ultimate tool. Hence another of our toolmaker's military maxims: "All generals, officers, and soldiers who capitulate in battle to save their own lives, should be decimated."[144] (The Roman emperor Julian the Apostate had imposed the death penalty upon soldiers who lost their standards.)[145]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In the painting of the fateful ceremony, whose significance people as alien as the Aztecs would have understood,[146] we see gilded eagles above the red awnings at the Champ de Mars (need we mention that the old Roman legions adored their golden eagles, too?), while the standard-bearers lean forward, bracing their musket-butts on the steps and raising aloft the eagle-headed poles upon which the regimental flags swim, each flag a square within which is inscribed a white diamond, the resulting border being two red triangles and two blue; thus the Tricolor is memorialized; and within the white diamond is embroidered in letters of gold the words L'EMPEREUR DES FRANÇAIS and the number of the regiment. Higher up the steps (but not as high as the Emperor, of course), and facing their standards, the regimental colonels raise decorated swords in Roman-style salutes. Honor has now come alive in these heavy, ungainly objects, whose vital force and destination, per oath, may be in the regiments' keeping, but not in their control.[147] This, I think, is what Emerson means when he says: "Every sentence spoken by Napoleon, and every line of his writing, deserves reading, as it is the sense of France. Bonaparte was the idol of common men, because he had in transcendent degree the qualities and powers of common men."[148] (A century before Napoleon became Emperor, one French nobleman wrote that "our nation is so warlike that we can hardly conceive of any other kind of glory or of honor than those won in the profession of arms.")[149] In those standards, then, the troops see themselves magnified. They need to be. Most people are sickened and exhausted by the French Revolution's necessary defense of the nation and half-unnecessary defense of itself against the nation—the public squares still stink of blood. Why not don honor's new clothes? Why not enlarge, exalt, express their souls according to honor? For sooner or later politics must command them once again to dabble in blood. This ceremony cannot therefore be dismissed as procrastination—call it (as Napoleon pompously would) the commencement of national transformation. Indeed, Napoleonic honor marks the halfway point between ethics and pure aesthetics. Ho Chi Minh describes the process when he writes about the foundation of the Ku Klux Klan at the end of the American Civil War: "After big social upheavals, the public mind is naturally unsettled. It becomes avid for new stimuli and inclined to mysticism."[150] And when is such sorcery well-advised? The question is worth considering, for sixty battles lie ahead! If I am certain of anything, it is, I repeat, that *collective honor ought never to be its own justification.* True honor, the only kind whose defense is justifiable, is that which allows one to evaluate the goodness of an end, and to make a judgment as to the ethical suitability of a means to an end. This is the honor that keeps one from becoming a rapist or executing unarmed prisoners of war, that tells when the time has come to kill and die in defense of one's country. It is this conception alone which allows me to comprehend and accept the statement of Milovan Djilas, who during the Partisan time of World War II lost his father, two brothers and a pregnant sister to war, murder and torture-murder, that "to lose one's life was necessary, as it always has been."[151] Napoleon's conception was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

different, even if for a front-rank fighter it produced the same results: "I live only for posterity. Death is nothing, but to live defeated and without glory is to die every day."[152] Djilas's honor partook of heroic collective defense and of struggle for a juster society; Napoleon's, merely of renown as the icing upon the cake of aggrandizement. When honor becomes, as it did for Djilas and for Joan of Arc, a bezel for the jewel of altruism—that is, when it impels us to recognize the rights of another self even at the expense of our own—we must respect and admire it, the rule of self-preservation being overfrequently extended to the point of abuse for anyone to withhold glory from the rule of self-abnegation—provided, as I hope I have made clear, that the sacrifice is made voluntarily, not coerced or manipulated, as it increasingly was with Napoleon's soldiers. Now, in plain fact most of us don't know where our opinions come from: I suspect that ninety percent of the thoughts I consider mine were insinuated there by the whispers of the newspaper, the postal clerk or the next-door neighbor; so the distinction I have been trying to make between my own inner honor and the inner honor of the collective I find myself belonging to is impossible to make in many cases.[153] Authority knows this, and not only takes advantage of it but causes it wherever it can.

As we have seen, Napoleon was to a considerable degree gallant. He was also ruthless. To Tolstoy, who strove more or less honestly to bring him alive as an ethical actor, he was simply a fat, oafish, ear-pinching cad, a self-important little monster, who cast "now and then a glance of displeasure at the drowning Uhlans who had interrupted his thoughts."[154] Emerson again: "He would steal, slander, assassinate, drown, and poison, as his interest dictated. He had no generosity, but mere vulgar hatred."[155] —This is an exaggeration. Napoleon, as it happened, did possess a measure of intrinsic honor, especially in his younger years. When, for instance, he learned that the future Madame Junot's mother was hiding in her house a condemned man to whom she'd become obligated, but who was his personal enemy, Napoleon did not betray him, although the letter he wrote to the fugitive crows and gloats over his own rectitude: "Which of us stands in the preferable point of view at this moment? I might have taken my revenge, but did not."[156] He could seduce the wives of his subordinates, or establish police spies to monitor his lieutenants, or massacre the entire male population of a tribe which had ambushed some French soldiers,[157] or shoot howitzers at the ice on which Russian soldiers were retreating, drowning them by the hundreds.[158] Meanwhile, one finds him painted upon the field of Eylau, in a portrait made according to his direction, saying, "If all the kings could see this horrible sight, they would stop making war." (One cannot imagine these words coming from the lips of Hitler, to whom he has so often been compared.)[159] Smoke rises from burning villages in the background. In the foreground, snow-dressed corpses embrace one another, head upon breast.[160] —"I imagine that you have arrested the Augsburg and Nuremberg booksellers," he writes to Berthier. "My intention is to bring them before a court-martial, and to have them shot with-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in 24 hours. It is no ordinary crime to spread defamatory writings in places occupied by the French armies."[161]

Perhaps none of his slaughters and trickeries were so far beneath the ethos of his time, or any time. And, again unlike Hitler, he did not have his citizens tortured.[162] At any rate, here are the standards raised up, the representatives, the reifications, the idols of honor. They are believed in; they are invoked. "Soldiers, I am not satisfied with you," says Napoleon to Vaubois's division at Rivoli (1796). "You suffered yourselves to be driven from positions in which a handful of brave men might have stopped an army. Soldiers of the 39th and 85th, you are not French soldiers. Quarter-master-general, let it be inscribed on their colors, 'They no longer form part of the Army of Italy!'"[163] As Bonaparte tells it, the veterans wept, cried out for a second chance and shortly thereafter "covered themselves with glory."[164] Inner collective honor preserves the outer; both of them enlarge. Remember the mechanism when you regard that painting of him distributing honor's lineaments at the Champ de Mars. These are the same standards which the Emperor will command to be burned less than a decade later, during the retreat from Moscow,

> since he thought that fugitives had no need of them. It was a sad sight to see these men advancing from the ranks one by one, and casting in the flames what they valued more than their lives, and I have never seen dejection more profound, or shame more keenly felt; for this seemed much like a general degradation to the brave soldiers of the battle of La Moskva. The Emperor had made these eagles talismans, and this showed only too plainly he had lost faith in them.[165]

Did it also demonstrate a streak of at least half-selfless humanity on Napoleon's part, being the destruction of his own honor-magic, done to lighten his men's burdens? —I suspect not. More likely he thought to prevent the Russians from seizing them, and humiliating his own prestige any further.[166] In Japan at the end of World War II, General Tanaka, commanding the Army of the East, orders all regimental flags burned so that the victorious Allies can't get them, then shoots himself in the heart "to expiate this holocaust of the standards."[167] Suicide is honor's last resort, when it is not the first. It will never be Napoleon's. We see him shortly before his abdication, fat, pale, sluggish and dejected, sitting in the firelight at Champaubert with his arms folded across his breast, resting on his heels.[168] Shortly after signing the abdication document, he tries half-heartedly to poison himself, murmuring: "I cannot endure the agony I suffer, above all the humiliation of seeing myself surrounded by foreign emissaries! My eagles have been trailed in the dust! I have not been understood!"[169] I cannot believe that this man who'd succeeded so brilliantly in his enterprises could not have ended his life if he'd really wanted to.

So much for the beginning; so much for the end, foreshadowed, perhaps, at burning Moscow, when we see the Guard supporting their scarlet-cloaked Emperor

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Horace Vernet: The Battle at Jena



Antoine-Jean Gros: Napoleon at Eylau

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

beneath the arms as, covering his face with his white-gloved hands, he strides into the flames. One helper gazes tenderly down to watch Bonaparte's footing, while the other stares ahead at the fire.[170] Their master has become frail. The magic of the standards no longer strengthens and impels its adherents anymore; therefore it must be protected. Approaching those ancient gates, recalls one of his officers, he'd trusted in his men's "habit and thirst of glory"[171]—which is to say, their outer honor, and their collective *esprit.* But their thirst cannot be slaked now; they'll drink only vinegar.

As for the narrative's middle, his portraits will show us that in profusion. Riding toward Berlin in 1805, he sits upon a white horse. The painter, with the usual determination or desperation to represent the Emperor's singularity, has rendered almost all the other mounts, and the very ground, by means of obsequiously inconspicuous ochers and browns. —Well, perhaps it was actually like that. —There he is, center stage, his horse a dazzling, luminous negation of muck, clouds and darkness, his face so resolute...[172] —Next portrait: Astride his horse again, he pauses on a knoll, the Grand Armée facing round, at his back a strange old belfry with a cannon-shot through it. He stretches out his arm parallel to the earth to cry: "The honor of the French infantry is at stake."[173] He wins at Austerlitz. (By this time Madame Junot is belatedly using the word "despotism" to describe his regime,[174] but the soldiers, we're plausibly told, continue to shout his name.[175] After all, he personifies all four kinds of honor.) It is here that, in that scene made hideously memorable by Tolstoy, Napoleon's cannonballs break the ice upon which the panicked Russians are retreating; hundreds drown. Well, well, isn't war always like that? In the painting, folded corpses and the suppliant benedictions of the dying dog the horses' hooves, while a patch of golden sky opens above the waving standards, nature thus conniving with history after the fashion of the era. And along the walls of history's long gallery hang many other paintings. At Jena, for instance (1806), we see Napoleon, Murat and Berthier reviewing troops whose bayonets resemble the pickets of a dark fence, the Emperor's face here pale, almost eerie in intensity beneath the dark sky so autumnal and stormy. The abnormal rigidity of his soldiers at attention with their upraised muskets gives an impression of straining potential energy like the clouds overhead: fate is about to let loose. Bonaparte, of course, comprises the most dynamic figure. His chestnut horse shines, sweeping across the mucky earth.[176] Afterwards comes that painting of the battle of Friedland that same year, in which honor forms around itself a cool wet spring evening, the sky already bleakly yellow as Napoleon on his pawing white charger points onward; his liegemen lean toward him, staring into his face—sinewy, alert officers, ready and determined. A wounded man lies covered up beside a wagon-tongue; and by a gleaming cannon standard-bearers hold the colors which offer sad and resolute bands of rust and orange to that sad yellow sky, that sky almost as lurid as at Smolensk, which the retreating Russian army will set on fire (Tolstoy claims that the French did it). We see a man standing, blood streaming from his temple—emblematic, that casualty, for from Friedland on, as one com-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

mentator has put it, Napoleon will consider himself in "possession of a blank cheque on the bank of man-power."[177] Isn't that honor's right? He says to Fouché, who entreats him not attack Russia, "Nowadays Europe is only a rotten old whore who has to do just what I want when I have 800,000 men."[178] Far away at Monticello, Jefferson, who'd once thought him decent, hears this or like remarks and calls the Emperor a *dishonorable* man, a ridiculer of honor, "the first and chiefest apostle of the desolation of men and morals."[179] Had he penned these words on French territory, Napoleon might have had him shot... In the background, a forest of men back-point their rifles upon their shoulders, waiting for the next command. Napoleon has expelled the Russians from Friedland; they've fled across the Niemen River, 25,000 of them conveniently drowned or otherwise dispatched. Here lies eternal honor as Napoleon would define it, or Julius Caesar, or Cicero—the honor of the goddess Victory, the spectacular end achieved which the bloodiness of the means can scarcely tarnish: "Ours are the trophies, ours the monuments, ours the triumphs."[180] Napoleon sits upon his horse, a little older and stouter than he used to be, but everything within this painting's world waits upon him to whom the viewer's eye returns willy-nilly; he constitutes the sign and the guarantor of esteem's fire.[181] (But after that comes Moscow.)

THE HONOR OF NAPOLEON (1801-1812)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Always followed his destiny, his "star," no mater what the cost.

COLLECTIVE

High initially, then low. Created and personified it to his soldiers and citizens.

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

High at first. He was the Emperor, after all. But eventually his prestige and success declined.

COLLECTIVE

High, until his armies were defeated.

His version of collective honor proved both expedient and rewarding for most participants as long as there were victories—for Cicero and Caesar spoke well-grounded in worldly reason: as Machiavelli notes, "nothing makes a prince so much esteemed as great enterprise and setting a fine example."[182] In other words, in those spectacular years before Moscow, collective honor remained undifferentiable from profitable aggression. Ah, to relive the extortions of the Italian campaign! "Every

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

public treasure was confiscated," said William Pitt later, invoking offended English collective honor in the cause of counter-aggression. "The country was made the scene of every species of disorder and rapine"[183]—surely one reason why biographers so often speak of the enthusiastic cries of Napoleon's army, as at the fateful battle of Borodino when he was "standing with folded arms, the sun shining full in his eyes, reflected from the French and Russian bayonets."[184] Of course, that was not the only reason. In spite of Robespierre's theorem that "one can encourage freedom, never create it by an invading force,"[185] it seems to have been the case that egalitarian principles were carried beyond France's borders upon those selfsame bayonets. The destruction of a decomposing feudalism's unjust and unreasonable exactions had been an affair of which the Revolution, for all its own corruption afterward, could remain proud. The war against the counterrevolutionary coalition of nations had originally been self-defensive in nature: should Austria, England, Spain, Russia and Prussia triumph against France, the restoration of the Bourbons would become almost inevitable, and with it the extinguishment of all that the new mass armies had fought for. Their victories against the coalition, therefore, were intoxicatingly honorable. When Bonaparte came to the scene, he accordingly offered, with perhaps more fervor than sincerity or reason, a noble cause to fight for: the international extension of that revolution which he actually labored increasingly to undo, bringing back class hierarchy, Catholicism, paternalistic family laws. But above all, he offered victory. The historian Lefebvre, who calls him a terrorist, admits that "the overpowering vigour of the campaigns, and the faultless dexterity with which they were brought to a swift finish, evoke our romantic admiration to this day,"[186] which means that Napoleon did after all achieve some of that posthumous glory by which he defined honor. And to many of his contemporaries, up to 1812 and in some cases even after, he offered living fame. His equation: *All honor is honorable.*[187] It was only after Moscow, when serving the Emperor could no longer be construed as an affair of evident self and group interest, that the test came. At the commencement of the withdrawal from the burning city, Napoleonic honor still passed that test—no matter about domestic terrorism, spies everywhere, *lettres de cachet.* (The Marquis de Sade, whom we will profile elsewhere,[188] was one of Napoleon's victims. Locked up by his mother-in-law under the Ancien Régime, reimprisoned by Robespierrists during the Terror, Sade now found himself, like a Soviet dissident a century and a half later, locked into an asylum for the rest of his days.) Bonaparte was as solicitous of his soldiers as ever during the retreat, perhaps even more so now that they were suffering so much. He and his staff gave up their mattresses to the wounded, and at least one injured man rode in every carriage.

But it was at Malodechno that dilemma struck. A coup had been attempted in Paris. The plotters announced that Bonaparte was dead, that he'd been slain in Russia. Napoleon was commander-in-chief, and the ethical system he'd created demanded that he continue to ride at the head of that shivering, snow-epauletted

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

procession of hungry men, sharing their agony if he could not mitigate it, like the proverbial captain who goes down with the ship; for, as Napoleon's predecessors in nobility had been taught all too well by the Revolution, mere privilege and compulsion cannot create an ethos of collective honor; there must be kinship; the leader must be, or seem to be, loyal to the led. But Napoleon was also head of state, and the same requirements of visible leadership applied in Paris, which was far, far away. (As it was, even as commander-in-chief, he'd become fatally overextended, for the Spanish campaign, that famous "running ulcer," had turned against him, too.) The communications of his day could not make him ubiquitous like Orwell's Big Brother. If he wished to preserve the legitimacy and administrative authority of his self-awarded imperial mandate, as well as the instruments of it, namely, those staggering prisoners of "General Winter" now marching in his wagon-tracks, he must return to the capital posthaste. After breaking the news to his marshals, however, "he felt the need of withdrawing; for he had been oppressed by the constraint of this interview, as could easily be seen by the extreme agitation his countenance manifested at its close."[189] *"The presence of a general is indispensable,"* Bonaparte wrote in his own italics, *"he is the head, the whole of an army."*[190] He departed early, secretly and rapidly. As for the line soldiers, they reviled him with unspeakable bitterness. The standards were ashes, and the captain had abandoned ship.



Rowlandson:
Napoleon in Dialogue with Death

Now the lost battles began. To Metternich he said: "Someone like me doesn't care if he loses a million men!"[191] He lost more.[192] Having abdicated, he left Paris to the execrations of the widows and orphans created by the Napoleonic Wars.[193] (People had begun to murmur against him ever since Austerlitz. Not at all irrelevant here is the hideous gore of Malo-Yaroslawetz, where the corpses' heads had been squashed by his cannon-wheels. "In this scene, the Emperor, it was said, beheld nothing but glory.")[194] His ex-Minister for the Marine said: "That terrible man enslaved us all. He held our imagination in his hand, sometimes a hand of steel, sometimes a hand of velvet; one never knew how it was going to be from day to day, so that there was no means of escaping."[195] (We ought not to blame his aggressive imperialism for this entirely, however, for it has been truly said that "heroism ... requires contradiction, a 'reality,' an 'is,' or an 'actuality' counterpoised to the ideal... Without it there would be nothing against which to struggle.")[196]

During his last gamble, the escape from the island prison-kingdom of Elba and then the ensuing Hundred Days, his subjects saw little to choose between him and the restored Bourbons—perhaps because the eagle-talismans of both had been destroyed. If we were to make a list of "maxims for murderers," I would construct

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Napoleon's Maxim thus: *Reify collective honor into standards and monuments as needed. Then your pawns will have something to bleed for.* But his standards had burned. He tried to evoke in his tropes of honor the French Revolution which he had sprung from and partially dismantled. When the CIA published a sabotage manual for the *contras* of Nicaragua nearly two centuries later, it used the same ploy: "Take a decisive action toward the freedom of Nicaragua by incorporating with your arms, if possible, in[to] the ranks of your brothers, worthy heirs of Sandino."[197] The real "heirs of Sandino" were the Sandinistas whose government the CIA sought to overthrow, but logic was not the point. Sandino was admired even by the *contras;* hence standards of collective honor could be manipulated for the good of the CIA's rather shoddy cause by urging thugs and mercenaries to join with him. Talk about honor among thieves! In Napoleon's case, the standards, once burned, could not be made to play phoenix. Possibly he himself no longer believed in them, if he ever had—surely he had! Exiled to Saint Helena, he dictated: "A good general, good officers, judicious organization, able instructions, good and severe discipline—these make good troops, independently of the cause for which they fight. It is, however, true that fanaticism, love of their country, and national glory are useful to animate young troops."[198] These words might have been composed by the carefully professional Wellington who beat him, or by a tired bureaucrat, or by a cynic. Let Jefferson award the epitaph: "What a sample of the Bathos will his history present! He should have perished on the swords of his enemies, under the walls of Paris."[199]



"Stalin is Leading Us to Victory" (1943 poster)

Needless to say, that isn't the epitaph he actually got. His tomb rises from a white well of pillars and figures, at the center of a gloomy sunburst inscribed with laurels. (Appalled, Tolstoy wrote in his diary: "Deification of a villain. It's terrible.")[200] A sarcophagus of burgundy-colored porphyry, massive and strange, rises from darkness now interruption-riddled by the calls and popping photo-flashes of tourists—but then, that is the fate of all monuments which linger unsmashed: to be appropriated by the present and by life with all its extraneous concerns. Napoleon's spell, such as it was, has been attenuated: it will continue to dwindle until his name becomes as remote as Tamurlane's. But, although the present generation does not attend him well, he lies attended by others who served France more or less well in life. Here in a private niche lies the hero of World War I, Marshal Foch, whose monument portrays in sculpture a man being carried on a litter or bier by dark soldiers. The sky backlights this place through myriad window-scales, silhouetting those mournfully toiling figures even in the afternoon into pallbearers upon some ridge of evening. —But we slight the Emperor by lingering too long with Foch. Behind the glaring gold crucifix and its assemblages, we descend white marble stairs into the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

well, and arrive at the black crypt-arch flanked by two night-colored statues bearing crowns. Upon the wall we read *honneur et patrie*.[201]

CONVICT, KING AND GENERAL

One feels the temptation to interpret these long, tragic and ultimately vain vicissitudes of the Grand Armée as the ensnarement of individual honor (both inner and outer) into collective honor's expedient designs. Mass politicians or would-be politicians (I have in mind here Stalin versus John Brown) offer asceticism's counter-snares: Stalin shows off his ostentatious simplicity; John Brown writes home after massacring pro-slave men in Kansas that "if I should never return; it is my *particular request* that *no other* monument be used to keep me in remembrance, than the *same plain old one*, that records the death of my Grand-Father, + Son,"[202] in order that posterity know in equal measure his ancestry and his cause. Two years later, when death by execution is actually upon him, thanks to his infamous Harpers Ferry raid, he elaborates the conception into a martyr's ecstasy of pathetic pauperdom:

> I have asked to be spared from having any muck: or hypocritical prayers made over me, when I am publicly murdered: & that my only religious attendants be poor little dirty, ragged, bareheaded & bare footed Black Boys & Girls; led by some old grey headed Slave Mother. Farewell. Farewell.[203]

Outer or inner honor? Who can say? And who are we to say that Napoleon's gorgeous shell, in which unregarded bones and bone-dust lie, does not represent some inner conception of the Emperor's soul, as well as the outer, as well as the politic? Was his honor entirely bankrupt? Napoleon was not merely a despot; he was a *popular* despot—and, at the beginning, more popular and less despotical. That popularity, as my description of his tomb implies, continues to be fostered today, and to foster itself. How could Napoleonic honor attract, if individual honor were not attracted? The memoirs of Hitler's veterans sound the tune of resentment (I was betrayed), whereas Napoleon's warriors in their autobiographies frequently succeed in preserving their loving emulation after his fall. As our diagram of the social vectors of honor demonstrated,[204] the self and the group influence and manipulate one another. From the standpoint of an individual Frenchman who wanted to get ahead in Napoleon's empire, the particular structure of collective honor which the standards symbolized was no more than an arbitrary precondition, like the law of gravity or the law of bribery: our Frenchman would have used whatever levers of prestige and reward were available to get ahead in any case. When outer honor consists, as it usually does, of status and prestige, then it must grow, like parasitic ivy, up the mortared walls of collective honor. The ceremony of the standards was not only a rit-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ual of *hypnosis* and *bedazzlement.* It was also the proclamation of a *contract*: Join with me (or, I should say, with us), and be protected by the common wall. —When Thoreau writes that "all health and success does me good, however far off and withdrawn it may appear; all disease and failure helps to make me sad and does me evil,"[205] he is referring to a very different phenomenon. Thoreau's inner honor, we presume, made him seek to be an empathetic bridge.[206] He was tied to the world by sympathy, not self-interest. Once collective honor and individual outer honor have become identified with each other, however, self-defense of honor grows increasingly reflective of physical self-defense (or, as Bakunin would say, inseparable from vegetable patriotism). This was somewhat the case for the Afghan men whose womenfolk had been raped by Russians. To do nothing was to announce one's weakness, like a bourgeois householder who leaves the front door open after the burglary, or the superpower which first "blinks" in a confrontation with its international opponent. But even these instances involve a merely contingent threat of new violence, which is addressed proactively. Behind bars we can find many a sharper example.

HONOR AMONG STRAIGHTS

The murderer Abbot, already quoted, tells a striking anecdote of his life as a juvenile criminal.[207] In the detention center he has, thanks to meritoriously brutal scuffle-victories achieved through superior physical strength, become one of the "straights," the highest status group, known for their toughness, stoicism and ruthlessness—in short, for their self-respect. (Remember Napoleon standing calmly in the rain, waiting for his officers.) They form a bloc, like a neighborhood gang. —"That's my family," one gang kid says in another book. "Other kids, as long as they ain't my enemies, I can be cool with 'em." But if he didn't have an enemy, he says, he'd find one. "Cause you got enough heart to kill somebody, then, like you got the heart to destroy. Make you tall."[208] In other words, it boosts his outer and inner honor. Abbot's sketch of the straights, set in the 1950s, makes that "family" sound similar—if less dangerously violent than the gang kid's, for the twofold reason that they are young and they are watchfully incarcerated. Certainly they are vicious enough, Abbot's insistence that all are victims being highly disingenuous. At any rate, the straights are the standard-bearers, while other cliques progressively descend outer honor's pecking order.[209] *{See next page.}*

Perhaps you will recall the Kindness Maxim: *Honor ought not to be derived from a standard which we cannot control.* Clearly the class-honor system in Dorm Nine violates that. A weak boy who gets raped immediately becomes, like an Afghan girl with a similar experience, unclean. In effect, predators are honorable, victims dishonorable. The code of silence thus becomes convenient, since the predator will have no need or desire to snitch upon himself or his clique, while a victim's snitching will merely

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CLASS SYSTEM IN DORM NINE, CALIFORNIA YOUTH AUTHORITY (1956)

CLIQUE	DESCRIPTION	RANKING
Straights	"The toughest. They lived by the honor code of silence." In other words, "Thou shalt not snitch." They also sodomize punks, with or without pleasure, to prove and enforce their status. They must never get caught sleeping with each other.	1
Semi-straights	Less tough, but fighters, non-snitches.	2
Semi-punks	Weaker, afraid to fight, non-snitches.	3
Punks	Snitches, fellators, weepers, rape victims. Permanently dishonored. May have to seek protective custody to avoid repeated rapes.	4

SOURCE: ABBOT AND CARTER, PP. 65, 69, 72, 103.

---

lower him further—a perfect system, a perpetual motion machine! Abbot, upon being introduced to it, finds himself immediately attacked by a semi-straight, whom he successfully defends himself against with well-placed punches. Then a straight approaches. Abbot proactively (and successfully) defends himself, so the straight invites him to come sit with his clique in a special chair of his own. "It's how boys prove they're men," says Abbot.[210] —Surely it was easier to join Napoleon's Armée than it is to join the straights. Hence violent revolution must be a goal, even if only a fantasy, of the three subordinate cliques. And, *for just that reason*, should a straight be insulted or attacked, he must immediately take measures of retaliation and deterrence.[211] If he fails to do so, then his peers will expel him for their own sakes, to avoid this stain on their collective honor whose consequences might be a general loss of respect for them, and perhaps a revolt. (Tocqueville noted that it is precisely when the regime begins to ease up that revolutionaries become emboldened—a phenomenon known also to those conservatives who cry "No concessions!") So the deficient straight must be purged, to avoid giving any hint that undefended-against attacks can be tolerated—purged, and savagely purged: The status distinctions which purification insists on are not mere severances, but wounds. For how could a soul with no "heart" be one of them? It's as if a fellow soldier in my trench failed to shoot back when the enemy attacked me! A straight with no "heart" or "balls" cannot remain one of them.[212] His honor is declared hollow forever—unless, of course, he decides to fight back. So they exile him, say, to the semi-straights. Perhaps the semi-straights, who'd envied him before, and into whose

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

power he has now tumbled, will challenge him, too. Failure to defend his honor among them will precipitate him into the semi-punks.[213]

Abbot knows all this very well—as, I suspect, did Napoleon at seven or eight years of age in Corsica; he was the leader of a street gang then (is that where he got his imperiousness?). When Abbot was nine years old, on his very first night in juvenile hall, he was beaten by a black boy. In Napoleon's parlance, he suffered his eagles to be dragged in the dust. That same evening, he saw three Mexican boys sodomize a white boy in the shower. On his third night, a counselor sodomized him.[214] In the morning, the black boy who had first beaten him saw the blood on his underwear and gloated: "I'm gonna get some of that."[215] That was when Abbot learned that submission to aggression simply invited more aggression. Hence when Abbot enters the shower, a boy named Blinky approaches, with a fork in his hand:

> The butterflies fluttered in my stomach. I had almost been stabbed, possibly killed. It was the first time I had actually been attacked with a weapon. At Nelles, when the black boy held a knife against my throat, it was a threat, not a sincere effort to cause me physical harm.
>
> There was never a doubt I had to retaliate. I had to save face. My honor and ability had been questioned. A punk had made an unusual attempt to hurt a straight. No mild retaliation would save face for me or my clique. I had to cut Blinky.[216]

This same Blinky has already made trouble for him once, when he revealed that in another institution Abbot had agreed under duress to masturbate three other boys. The duress didn't extenuate him any more than it would have a raped Afghan girl; the situation defiled him. When the straights heard that tale, they forced Abbot to fight the biggest and strongest of them, a boy who himself would soon die in a gang fight. Abbot did not win the fight but he did not lose, either. He retained his place. As outer honor, not volition, demanded, he then kicked Blinky in the face. For crying, Blinky "was instantly demoted to punk status. From that day on, wherever he might have gone within the juvenile or adult penal system, he would have to seek protective custody."[217]

And now Blinky has disturbed his prestige again, like the Roman Prince Maxentius throwing down the statues of the Roman Emperor Constantine.[218] Abbot had better show some "heart." ("When a brave man faces death," says Socrates, "he does so for fear of something worse.")[219]

One common excuse for violence, as we shall see throughout this book, is *inevitability.* Stalin had to go after the kulaks, because it was class warfare, kill or be killed. His logic appears (to say the least) unconvincing. And yet, when one tests this extenuation in Abbot's case, by asking ourselves what else he could have done, it is hard to come up with an answer. Most of all we ought to keep in mind the terrible *aloneness* that this boy must have felt in his barbed wire world—and the worst

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

kind, too: public aloneness. One reason that defense of honor is less of an issue for American murderesses than for their male colleagues is that the murderesses are generally alone with the ones they kill.[220] Abbot was not. Harsh judges surrounded him, longed to gloatingly condemn him. Official authority had neither the resources nor the inclination to protect him; the fact of his confinement meant that he could not avoid Blinky, and the outer honor which gave him provisional protection from violence as a straight, like the protection that an ancient Athenian had against judicial torture, simultaneously compelled him to be circumspect—if, indeed, he could broach the matter at all—in asking a fellow straight for help. Within a clique there might be temporary equality, but little solidarity. A couple of years later, Abbot, emerging from solitary confinement, holds out his hand for the dorm captain's bars. The dorm captain quickly gives them up, and Abbot despises him for it; that shows he has no "heart." The captain is immediately demoted to the semi-straight clique.[221] Thus, when his fellow straights sodomize a thirteen-year-old "sissy," he pities the boy, but says nothing. "You never said or did anything that could jeopardize your position. Incarcerated life is like walking on eggs."[222] Later, he rapes the sissy, too. What could he do about Blinky, then? Nothing but defend his honor. Relinquish that, and he'd plummet to the slave-caste, the punk class, becoming a receptacle for every sort of degradation, abuse and violence which the rest of his world cared to inflict. Preserve it, and he'd be safer and better esteemed than now. And, expediency aside, perhaps his inner honor forbade him to be disrespected. Lily Klasner recounts the analogous tale of one cowboy who killed another over some words. He "simply did what any other man would have done under like abuse and insult... he proceeded to the defense of his own self-respect. He was a gentleman and not in the least a truculent man."[223] Hard men for hard times—and if his times had been different, what might Abbot's inner honor have been like? It certainly must have undergone a profound change. When individual honor is not tied to collective honor at all, its defense may be of the Wild West kind, or it may, on the contrary, violate all the laws of expediency and self-preservation. This is the honor of the idealist (or fanatic, if you will) who refuses to be bound *a priori* by any social code. This is individual inner honor. Tolstoy beautifully articulates the beliefs which inspire such a person:

> The most powerful and untrammeled force of freedom is that which asserts itself in the soul of man when he is alone, and in the sole presence of himself reflects upon the facts of the universe, and then naturally communicates his thoughts to wife, brother, friend, with all those with whom he comes in contact, and from whom he would regard it as sinful to conceal the truth.[224]

Or, as another ideologue put it: "Begin with yourself, comrade, but don't end there."[225] —But if other people begin with you before you can begin within your-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

self, chances are that you won't end there, either. Tolstoy was never thrown in childhood among people who repeatedly raped and brutalized him until he was literally forced to adopt a form of inner honor in entire accordance with local collective honor. I assert that had he undergone that experience, he would have died young, committed suicide, or else written very different books. This does not make his nonviolence conceptually deficient. But it does explain why Abbot's inner honor might not be Tolstoy's.[226] In Abbot's case as in Napoleon's, honor nicely overlaps with authority to confer legitimacy. As the turn-of-the-century manual *Small Wars: Their Principle and Practice* advises us, "fanatics prize their standards highly and look on them as sacred, their loss is regarded as a disaster and as prophetic of ultimate overthrow. There is of course no material benefit to be gained by capturing them, but the moral effect of securing them is great."[227]

And so Abbot grabs Blinky by the hair and slashes his throat.[228]

"All the kids were standing against the walls. I searched for Robert," the big, tall straight whom he'd had to fight before on Blinky's account. "In his face I saw respect, an awe for me that had not been there before. Behind that, I saw fear. I realized I had entered another level of violence and brutality"[229]—which is to say that one fourteen-year-old's outer honor has swelled as magnificently as a rapist's penis, and the collective honor of the straights has been saved.

THE HONOR OF DWIGHT EDGAR ABBOT (1950s)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Moderate at first, then high. Began by feeling afraid, and by pitying the other boys' victims. Became aggressive, and learned to associate aggressiveness with honor.

COLLECTIVE

Ditto. Learned to uphold the honor of his class, the straights.

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Ditto. He was a straight.

COLLECTIVE

Ditto. Also a successfully intimidating dorm captain.

Now, as a matter of fact, Abbot did have a choice. Blinky's attack upon him had occurred two days before his scheduled release date. Had he refrained from retaliation, and somehow survived those two days, he might have avoided his next spell of incarceration. But on every previous occasion he achieved freedom, he immediately committed another crime. He argues, plausibly and persuasively, that repeated

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

abuse had damaged his ability to act without sullenness, hatred and violence. But as a child becomes an adult, he ought to accept some responsibility for his actions, no matter how badly he might have been treated. Abbot's defense of honor certainly served his survival and status in the California Youth Authority. But Abbot was also literally a prisoner of his honor. Moved to the Preston School of Industry in consequence of what he had done to Blinky, he found himself, like a punk, already marked: "The reputation I had built at Paso was similar to that of a Western gunfighter. A man considered fast with the draw was sought out by others who wanted to prove they were even faster."[230] The rule of honor was: *When they move you to a new dorm, punch as soon as you're approached.* Thus fear becomes pride and hate.

Dwight Abbot, one of honor's most militant "gunfighters," was not to sit on his laurels. When his memoir was published, he had spent thirty-eight years in incarceration.

KING OLAF'S MAD DOGS

This convict cowboy, we may assume, embodied his own honor, but was not a collective representative, or a leader of any permanent clique. That latter type of person, to whom honor is equally crucial, appears in every history book, as Mussolini, Caesar, the rival queens in the *Niebelunglied*. Here is a fair summation of such a one's traits, sketched with the accustomed impersonal bluntness of old Norse literature:

> King Olaf was a very merry frolicsome man; gay and social; was most eager in everything; was very generous; stood out clearly among other men; in battle he exceeded all in bravery. He was distinguished for cruelty when he was enraged, and tortured many of his enemies. Some he burnt in fire; some he had torn in pieces by mad dogs; some he had mutilated, or cast down from high precipices. On this account his friends were attached to him warmly, and his enemies feared him greatly; and thus he made such a fortunate advance in his undertakings, for some obeyed his will out of the friendliest zeal, and others out of dread.[231]

Abbot was no different, except that his ends were more personally expedient (Olaf took pride in being a great Christianizer—by force, if necessary); and that he used, intimidated and retaliated instead of torturing.[232] Abbot and Olaf both fought continual defensive battles for the sake of their status. The leader of the ruling class *must* be "most eager," "very generous." It is for reasons of defense that Olaf "stood out among other men," that in war he "exceeded all," that he "was distinguished for cruelty." A leader, like a monument, is the ultimate reification of collective honor, expedient or not.[233] That is why Ho Chi Minh explicitly referred to his "new army heroes" as "emulation fighters."[234] Having been singled out for their bravery or competence, the task they were now called upon to do (for which their honor was a tool) was representation and above all replication of their esteemed deeds. Originals can-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

not be permitted to get stained, for fear that their aspiring copies might also get blotted. When the Emperor's standards are burned, so is he. Hence any minor injury which a private person would be free to tolerate cannot be brooked. When the swastika is chalked just outside the synagogue itself, it becomes more of a threat than a swastika spray-painted three blocks away. Unobliterated, it will generate more swastikas, more enemies of Olaf, more attacks upon the straights. Some defenders will wipe it away in silence; others call out the mad dogs. Either way, they *must* seek to obliterate.[235]

There is another very practical reason for outer honor's ferocious self-defense. A leader, to be a leader, must have adherents. Anyone joined to a stained leader must think: If he cannot protect himself, how can he protect me?[236]



King Olaf attacking an ogress

HOW TO STOP CONCUBINES FROM LAUGHING

In this connection I am reminded of an episode in the life of Sun-tzu, author of the famous *Art of War* (which, by the way, was one of Napoleon's inspirations). To the King of Wu, who's hatching a military campaign, Sun-tzu's name gets recommended no less than seven times in a single morning—justifiably, one might add, for the quickest glance through the pages of that treatise will establish its author as the tactical forerunner of Mao: "Warfare is the Tao of deception."[237] Mao certainly succeeded brilliantly, and so have many other practitioners of what Lidell Hart has called "the indirect approach," Sun-tzu's specialty. At any rate, the seven advertisements eventually take effect, and so the King invites Sun-tzu to the palace to give him a demonstration of strategy. Sun-tzu agrees to put on the show. I imagine him, like one of the American advertisers by whose propaganda I'm almost inescapably surrounded, as someone who relies on novelty, glamour, sensuality and strangeness as the four draught-animals best suited to pull his "message." He begins by equipping the King's three hundred "women of the inner palace" with swords, shields, helmets and leather armor—for even female toys can be imbued with martial honor![238] I can almost see the men's indulgent smiles. Over these harem-girls he sets the King's two "beloved concubines" as company commanders. Now what? Sun-tzu can drill illiterate peasants; he's confident that he can teach these lesser female beings, too. He surveys his actresses and his audience; the King, we'll suppose, sits attentive, amused; all is well. Sun-Tzu makes a signal; the two chief concubines approach him; into their hands he entrusts the jade drumsticks, directing the women to poise them above a pair of immense drums which, like Napoleon's standards, can call to soldiers at a distance, leading them to march, to retreat or to pierce

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the enemy with long-swords.[239] The King smiles; the harem-ladies clap their hands over their mouths and laugh. Sun-Tzu, I am sure, does not smile now; from here on out, it will all be business. He orders the harem to assemble, advance and deploy to the drum-beats, but none of them can stop laughing.

> Sun-tzu then personally took up the sticks and beat the drums, giving the orders three times, and explaining them five times. They laughed as before... Sun-tzu was enraged, his eyes suddenly opened wide, his sound was like a terrifying tiger, his hair stood on end under his cap, and his neck broke the tassels at the side. He said to the Master of Laws, "get the executioner's axes."[240]

Sun-tzu as commanding general must be obeyed, or else any army he commands will be useless. "Majesty is the reflection of the greatness of God in a prince," writes Bossuet on the other side of the world, rightfully insisting that the prince "is a public personage; all the state is comprised in him; the will of all the people is included in his own... What greatness this is, for one man to contain so much!"[241] Or, as the Union soldiers sang during the American Civil War:

> And the stars of our banner shone brighter
> When Sherman marched down to the sea![242]

Yes, what greatness—what honor, necessitating what defense of honor! In spite of the King of Wu's politely worded remonstrance that "it would be appropriate not to behead them," he has the two favorite concubines executed. If the others could not keep from laughing before, I suppose that now they must not be able to refrain from screaming. Severed heads, disgraced and twitching corpses, blood and stench—like Napoleon gazing on those cannon-squashed heads, does Sun-tzu feel that it's all glory? And what expression now is painted on the King of Wu's face? Not having available to us here the documentation which litter's Napoleon's path, we'll simply announce the results: Sun-tzu drills the palace women again, and they march in perfect accordance with his orders "without daring to blink an eye. The two companies were silent, not daring to look around." (I quote his kindred strategist, the T'ai Kung: "The general creates awesomeness by executing the great, and becomes enlightened by rewarding the small."[243] Only the reader can decide whether Sun-tzu followed that procedure.)

The *expediency* of Sun-tzu's response is clear: it worked. But why had he taken the frivolous laughter of the two beloved concubines so personally? No doubt vanity can be implicated, to a degree. And yet he states in his treatise that "the ruler cannot mobilize the army out of personal anger. The general cannot engage in battle because of personal frustration."[244] Let us then give Sun-tzu the credit of possessing a feeling which, though it may be perilously *similar* to vanity, or to other ugly emotions, as in the case of the man in the subway who punched me, is *not* quite

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the same. And if it is the same, does that matter to the world? Before Gilles de Rais began sodomizing and butchering children in his castles, he killed enemies of the Dauphin, and was rewarded. His biographer insists that "killing and violence, coupled with theatrical display, had been the conditions for his existence. He needed to kill."[245] And perhaps Sun-tzu does in fact enjoy watching the uprush of blood from those concubines' severed throats. That is irrelevant, however, to his professional capacity. He warns that a general "[easily] angered and hasty [to act] can be insulted."[246] Has he been insulted? No. Sun-tzu's identity, his Platonic virtue, lies in generalship; and there he has just been attacked, *almost* insulted, like Tito has been when Sreten Zujovic rises to address the plenum of the Central Committee, advocating that everybody let Stalin instead of Tito pull the strings; and Tito hisses accusations of treason, enraged because he is a "patriot," as the eyewitness puts it. "This feeling sprang from a trait of his personality that internalized events so that he felt them personally, and externalized his personal situation so as to view it as a problem for the party and the state."[247] Sun-tzu, like Tito, like Olaf, must defend his honor more vigorously than others do, or else it becomes plain that he cannot *represent* that honor better than others, in which case he will lose his place to a more fanatical champion.[248] "Anyone that dares to talk in a loud voice will be executed," runs a kindred Chinese military text.[249] Awesomeness must be preserved. Thus the concubines' heads fall; Zujovic gets accused; the insult is averted.[250]

Sun-Tzu's Calculus of Honor, Imagined
(Fifth to Second Centuries, B.C.)

After repeated attempts at instruction and persuasion, still the concubines do not obey me.

1. If I do nothing, my demonstration will fail. Then my prestige with the King of Wu will be wounded. My prestige is a large part of both my outer and my inner honor. If I "lose face," I will be humiliated. Consequently my status will decline, which will further harm the esteem of others for me, and accordingly mine for myself.

2. If I employ the method of terror ("awesomeness"), my demonstration may or may not succeed. If the King of Wu is angered by my use of terror, I may lose my status, my prestige and even my life. If the demonstration succeeds, I can probably avoid that fate, because it would undermine the King's prestige for him to make a fuss over a dead concubine or two.

(3. Ethical aside. Disrespect for me, who am superior both in my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gender and in my authority, constitutes disrespect for divinely ordained order. That must be punished.)

CONCLUSION: I am better off using violence and risking damage to my honor, than refraining from violence and inevitably damaging my honor.

This is why one commentator writes about Napoleon: "No one carried out his orders with sufficient haste; no one ever obeyed fully enough. In a country where fawning was a national pastime, flattery wreaked havoc on a character that constantly elicited it and was soon intoxicated by it."[251] In Napoleon vanity perhaps became a stronger element than in Sun-tzu, but the commentator ignores the fact that had the Emperor of the French been satisfied with the speed at which his orders were executed, they would have assuredly been executed more slowly. Once again, honor becomes an organizational device. (Arguably, Napoleon's empire was less efficient as a direct consequence of his speed-mania, but there we have a procedural disagreement, not a question as to what his institutional impulsion actually was.) One way in which a leader's honor expresses itself is in setting hoops for others to jump through.[252] Such honor propagates itself initially in the outer collective form, often by using intimidation, as did Sun-tzu. Collective honor, as we know, becomes transmuted into "moral force," that weapon in the Clausewitzian arsenal.[253]

Honor comprises means as well as end. I believe that had Sun-tzu gone on after his ruthless little comedy to make of the palace women a true army, he would eventually have succeeded in inculcating them with collective honor, so that the laughter of their two company commanders would have offended and horrified them as much, or almost as much, as it did Sun-tzu himself. At that point, the King of Wu could have sent them out against the enemy.

THE HONOR OF SUN-TZU (FIFTH-SECOND CENT. B.C.)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Unknown.

COLLECTIVE

Unknown.

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

High. He overruled the King of Wu in putting the two chief concubines to death, and made the others carry out his wishes.

COLLECTIVE

Unknown. Fair to assume it was high.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A memorial statuette of S. Kirov, the Communist Party boss of Leningrad (2000). When he was murdered in 1936, almost certainly at Stalin's order, Stalin posed sadly at his funeral, then launched a huge wave of purges and executions in Kirov's name.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Soviet troops attacking a German strongpoint (March 1942)

BANNERS IN THE FRONT, MACHINE GUNS IN THE REAR

This little matter of concubine-beheading shows again (as if we needed showing) how collective honor can easily establish its grip on us by coercion, when persuasion alone misses the bull's-eye. Fouché and Napoleon's other spies, Abbot's rapist-mentors, Captain Nolan's ready apparatus of court-martial for any deserter who did not fancy a suicide charge, can all be glossed over when persuasion at least hits the eight- or nine-ring of the target. Napoleon's golden eagle-standards undoubtedly inspired many of his troops. Abbot internalized the ethos of brutality until he was one with it and needed no more persuasion. Perhaps the Light Brigade did not require encouragement, either. Shall we call them all Tolstoyans, then—free men?[254] (Tolstoyans, those were the ones Lenin called "insects" and sought to punish with his own mad dogs.[255] The straights likewise squashed any bugs who buzzed too loudly.) The Charge of the Light Brigade had its honor—doubtless, doubtless!—and surely the devout will discover revolutionary honor in the charges of the heavily outgunned Soviet infantry during the first years of Hitler's Operation Barbarossa:

> It was rumored [wrote a German] that the commissars worked out the number of machine guns which we had, multiplied that number by the number of rounds per minute that we could fire, calculated how many minutes it would take a body of soldiers to cross the area and added to the final total a couple of thousand men. Thus some men would get through our line; the others could expect to be killed or wounded... At 600 meters we opened fire and whole sections of the first wave just vanished, leaving here and there an odd survivor still walking stolidly forward. It was uncanny, unbelievable, inhuman. No soldier of ours would have continued to advance alone.[256]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Does it make a difference that very likely NKVD detachments were bringing up the rear, with machine guns pointing at their own soldiers? It is said that the Tsar's army in World War I had been subject to the same guidance.[257] During the Terror-days of the French Revolution, they guillotined generals who lost battles.[258] That would have incensed Olaf's warriors, Napoleon's troops or the British infantrymen of World War I, some of whom complimented the bravery and professionalism of the German machine gunners who killed them. ("They are wonderful men ... and work their machines until they are bombed to death... it would not be sporting of us if we did not say so.")[259] —It incenses me, too. But compulsion in battle has always been the rule rather than the exception.[260] Whether one urges men forward with machine guns at the very beginning, or executes deserters afterward, is largely a matter of style.[261] —In the sixteenth century, Cortes burns his own ships at the commencement of the Mexican campaign, so that the troops have nowhere to go but forward. Heroic perseverance!—which is to say, outer honor branded upon the unwilling... "Removing all means of escape," writes his personal secretary, was "a deed clearly necessary in the circumstances, carried out with the wisdom of a courageous captain, very secretly, to be sure."[262] —Herodotus tells us that at the battle of Thermopylae, the invading Persians were driven on by their commanders with whips,[263] while the defending Spartans were so thoroughly tattooed by group honor that the two survivors of that suicide-defense were disgraced by public fiat; one made up for it in a subsequent battle, and the other hanged himself;[264] there might as well have been an armed commissar behind him. *But there was not*, and that comprises his honor, good or bad. The case of the Soviet infantry had nothing to do with honor at all, but only sheer cruel compulsion. Those men excite our pity, not our admiration.

TOWARD A CALCULUS OF HONOR

The ethical question may be stated thusly: When do Napoleon's "bonds of confidence and esteem" serve to leash King Olaf's mad dogs, and when are those bonds not restraining ropes at all, but rope-ends used to whip the dogs toward their innocent prey? When (as we keep asking) is honor a worthy end, and when but a base means? Summing up,[265]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When honor is altruistic—that is, when honor demands the deliverance of a third party from imminent violence.
2. When defense of honor perfectly corresponds with other justified defense.
3. When the defender's peers would agree that dishonor is equivalent to, or worse than, physical death, and the dishonorer, the attacker of honor, willfully disregards that standard.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

4. When unchecked dishonor will cause death or other serious harm. In other words, when defense of honor equals imminent defense of self or others.[266]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HONOR IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When it is defense of collective honor alone, and when that collective honor makes its own justification.
2. When it is defense of collective honor, and perpetrators of unjustified acts have not been excluded from that collectivity.
3. When it is expressed as aggression against a nonviolent victim.
4. When it is derived from a standard which we cannot control [although this can become justified by imminent defense of self or others even in an arbitrary cause].
5. When it is linked to another end (e.g. defense of homeland) so as to render dishonorable any questioning of that end.

Whether the honor defended is outer or inner, collective or personal, remains immaterial to the validity of its defense.

We can only add that the morality of honor cannot be determined in isolation, that honor must be contextually lashed to a soul's ethical system.[267] One ought not lead a Charge of the Light Brigade without agreeing with the Light Brigade's politics. —Naively useless, of course, for most people get *drafted* into their ethical Light Brigades, in which case honor comprises merely an amalgam of ignorance and compulsion. Still, they must defend it where they can find it, for the sake of self-preservation.[268] Look behind you; see the machine guns.

DR. LI ZHISUI BOWS TO THE GREAT LEADER

On one or two occasions, Dwight Edgar Abbot confesses in his memoir to feelings of shame when his code drives him willy-nilly to perpetrate brutalities, but fundamentally this murderer feels "thrown"[269] into a zone whose morality will devour him should he not participate in it; initially the guilt was not his, he argues; therefore, very little subsequent guilt can be his. (Very convenient, those ethical machine guns which drive him on!) On the other hand, Dr. Li Zhisui, who was Chairman Mao's personal physician for almost a quarter-century, admits dishonor with sufficient candor and plausibly asserted powerlessness to entitle him to some sympathy:

> Even before I began my work for Mao, I had violated my conscience. I could not say what was really in my heart. Ordinarily, when faced with a situation that ran contrary to my own beliefs, I tried to remain silent. But during the campaign against the physicians, I was forced to join in the attacks—for my own survival and for the survival of my family. I had to lie. It was the only way to save my job and be promoted. I wanted, above all, to survive.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> But I did not accuse the doctors of opposing the party. I could not do that. Instead, I said [that] they had been wrong to complain, that they had not done their jobs well, that they should learn to work better in the future.[270]

Dr. Li was weak, although not evil. He instigated nothing. His behavior was what yours or mine would likely be—bad, but not terrible. He betrayed his peers out of compulsion.[271] He blamed the machine guns.

Although the doctor rarely had to live and work in a setting whose imminent violence compared with a prison's, still, Mao's rules of outer individual and collective honor (translated into civic duty, Party-mindedness) gripped his soul more cruelly than the code of pitiless endurance did Abbot's. For one thing, straights did not turn upon one of their own number, unless he betrayed them or unless they wanted to sodomize his personal "punk." In Communist China, however, one's prestige and security lay in the keeping of subordinates and superiors, subject to any number of accidents. Yes, I grant that Abbot learned to sleep lightly, to have a knife or fist ready at any new man's approach, to back against walls so that he couldn't get jumped; but while superior numbers could always overpower him, he had the chance to man his own defenses: once a straight, always a straight, if you could defend yourself. Honor equals physical strength plus ruthless courage. —Dr. Li was lucky enough to become a straight, too, but in China, the straights perpetually conspired against each other. As in Abbot's barred world, if your colleague became a semi-straight, he was probably headed for punkdom—but in China, by token of your collegiality (however tenuous or even former that state), so were you. (All Abbot would have been called upon to do was to disown the fallen.) Mao's court can thus be best understood as a nightmare hall of mirrors, multiply reflecting pairs of malicious and sometimes multiply-seeing eyes, in whose sight expert work, obedience and that customary mainstay of the prudent oppressed, non-involvement in politics, remained insufficient to insure survival. (In Abbot's world, too, of course, all these can be labeled mere punk qualities.)

We read in the pages of Thucydides how the Spartans, having lost the first half of the Peloponnesian War to Athens, deprived of citizenship those troops of theirs who'd been surrounded and captured by the Athenians, reasoning that these soldiers, being disgraced, might out of fear of future ill treatment launch a revolution.[272] —Machiavellian worries, worthy of Mao! Mao and Thucydides both teach the lessons of fear and expedient prudence, of anticipating the violence of others, and defending against it by striking first.[273] In their world, how can there be room for any honor but the collective kind? Their streets have filled themselves with red banners, enforcements of collective honor—Napoleon's standards were never so ubiquitous" —Only collective honor left? Well, let's put it another way: By now, the management had every right to expect that inner and outer collective honor were perfectly mirrored by individual outer honor, too—even Dr. Li's inner honor

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had better be the same; if he made any cadres doubt it, then he just might have to tear open his breast in a self-criticism session, to prove the purity within...

About Mao one scholar wrote me: "I consider him an outstanding strategist within his own context, a politician whose time coincided with a need for his kind of energy. This does not mean that he was not also seriously flawed, lacking ... common decency."[274]

My friend Jia Zhen Li, who lived through the Chinese Revolution from the beginning until after Mao's death, told me more simply, "He was the same as Stalin and Hitler. I don't know how many people he killed. But he killed a generation. He killed a country. He made us live like dogs."[275]

Dr. Li lived like a lapdog. Privileged, well fed, he came running day or night to his master's summons. At times the master treacherously hurt him, but his archenemy was Mao's wife, the infamously hysterical and vindictive Jiang Qing, who charged that he sought to poison her. If Mao complained of pain after an injection, she seized upon that as proof that the doctor was a torturer, a murderer—in other words, a candidate for the death penalty. The dictator and his wife being frequently at cross-purposes, loyalty to Jiang Qing gave no guarantee of protection from Mao—quite the contrary, in fact: at one point, when Jiang Qing wanted him to become her personal physician, Dr. Li began to learn of rumors that he was her lover—a very dangerous situation in which to be. Refuse the job, and she'd hate him even more; take it, and one of his enemies might fabricate reports of suicidal intimacies. (He refused the job.) If, as for the S.S., one's honor comprised one's loyalty, then how could one be honorable? The doctor could not win; he could not please everybody. Although Jiang Qing's accusations were each time refuted, over the years they had their effect, and Mao withdrew his trust. (Abbot for his part could have "settled" a denunciation through single combat, and, victorious, lived like a lord.)

Worse yet for the doctor, collective honor of the merely acquiescent kind found little favor with Mao, who like Napoleon demanded zealousness. All well and good (if one could be reconciled to destroying the innocent), but there remained the *expedient* problem that the correct ideological line continued to change. During the Cultural Revolution, for instance, Mao began by attacking his own Party, which had cooled toward him thanks to the disastrous famine resulting from his Great Leap Forward (Dr. Li uses the vocabulary of collective honor, saying that Mao was "losing face").[276] Hence he encouraged the destructive anti-Party militancy of the students. Next, with his usual sudden treachery, he turned on them, backing the workers in their places, shipping student leaders off to backbreaking exile in distant collective farms. In due time, the workers found themselves displaced in his affections by the army... "Mao never really had a plan for the Cultural Revolution," concludes the doctor,[277] who was ordered regardless by the Great Helmsman to take a sides. But which side? Should he ape Party, students, soldiers or workers? How did his colleagues choose? How were they treated? Who was watching? Inner honor lay

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

untrusted and untrustworthy within him, as vestigial and potentially lethal as an appendix; while outer honor, to be honorable, knew that it must follow collective honor's maneuvers, staying in constant anxious communication with them lest the current "line" suddenly became poison, too—at least Abbot only had to destroy his soul once![278]

Dr. Li's strategy, the most practical one under these circumstances, became to agree to almost everything, following which he'd drag his feet, committing himself as little and as late as possible. This was even more necessary as the chemistry of personalities around Mao was as volatile as the reagents in some bomb-maker's lab. People rose in favor and fell abruptly, sometimes, like the one-time heir presumptive, Lin Bao, for what they had done, but more often for their relations with others. People who played their cards right, like Mao's nephew, who abased himself before Jiang Qing, the doctor called astute politicians[279]—but, of course, they could never feel as safe as Abbot.



"Long Live the Thought of Mao!"

One of Mao's hundreds of concubines gets caught flirting with another man. Dr. Li's superior insists that the doctor himself summon her to a self-criticism session. Our anxious game-player pleads, as usual, not to get involved, but unavailingly this time. What next? The infuriated woman complains to Mao, and Dr. Li finds himself sent to the countryside for hard labor.

That tale typifies his career. Hence his isolation and decline, until he'd finally became a mere semi-straight tiptoeing among straights. But he achieved his end: He lived to be a very old man, and even emigrated to America after Mao's death.

"Only a certain willingness to look away from evil can make a man the ideal guardian of a dictator's life," says Professor Andrew Nathan in the otherwise insightful introduction to Dr. Li's account.[280] Dr. Li did not look away from Mao's evil at all. He came to know very well the man he was dealing with. But he was trapped. Yes, he had a moral choice; he could perhaps have assassinated Mao, in the days before the dictator's paranoia grew so overwhelming that he would not even see his doctors except through the mediation of a female favorite. Assassination, whose political effect must have been chaos, would have sounded doom's bell not only for Dr. Li, but also for his family, who lay perpetually under suspicion for their "bourgeois" background. His wife, whom he sometimes was not permitted to see for months at a time, made him promise never to commit suicide if he were arrested and violently "struggled against," because that affirmation of guilt would redound on her and their children. Here is Jiang Qing's advice to him in a rare moment of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

friendship: "You have to be sensitive about political matters. Don't let other people fool you. While you are here, try not to make contact with others."[281] Talk about aloneness!

In the photographs, he is so often smiling. Mao stands, sometimes grinning broadly, sometimes putting on a mere benign grimace, flanked by his pretty young women or not. Long live the General Line! Long live the Great Leap Forward! Dr. Li, attentive and alert, smiles even for Jiang Qing, although it is an uneasy kind of smile and his eyes dare not look into her camera.[282] Shoulder to shoulder with Mao, who appears weary, he shows his white teeth, as does Mao's head nurse and occasional plaything Wu Xujun.[283] Two years later the doctor's smile has weakened, but still clings to his face; at Mao's seventieth birthday the Great Leader stands clenching stern fists at his sides, but Dr. Li beside him wears a gentle, winning look, the corners of his mouth delicately upturned. Now everyone has donned Mao suits; the Helmsman raises his hand to greet Red Guards; Dr. Li beams behind him.[284] "A thousand people will die this time, I think," says the Chairman. "Everything is turning upside down. I love great upheavals."[285]

The screams that rose from those epochal events reached Dr. Li's ears only in the dullest, most muffled form. Millions of Chinese heard them quite well. I will never forget Chen Jo-Hsi's heartbreaking short story about old Mayor Yin, who like Dr. Li suffers from a "bourgeois" background and who while being executed by Red Guards shouts: "Long live the Communist Party! Long live Chairman Mao!"[286]—Is it honor, or not, to shout that? I don't know, and I scarcely want to know. But Dr. Li is smiling. How could I condemn him? (Call it defense of his outer honor, obedient defense of collective honor, expedient defense of prestige, defense of bloodline.) I've never been in his shoes, and moralists condemn too many people as it is—not least the Mayor Yins. The doctor fought for his family and for his life; we've granted the right to defense of the self; he claims that he fought to retain "his integrity as a physician," which means that he refused, for instance, to give Mao glucose injections when he thought that those might be harmful—but I'd argue that this tack, too, comprised but self-defense; had he kowtowed to the demands of an ill-educated concubine, he'd be held responsible for the consequences—to say nothing of getting demoted to semipunk status.

Defense of professional honor? Well, that's defense of prestige, which in Dr. Li's case proclaims (with that careful smile of his) protection from and by authority. It's his monument, his Party card; it's the reason why Mao's concubines were so pleased to get his venereal diseases: such tokens indicated that the man who controlled all China recognized their presence. Like ancient Greek citizens, they'd become immune to judicial torture—no one dared hurt them; some got high positions—although they remained responsible for any accident with which their honor might be even peripherally associated. Hence Dr. Li's worries about the health of his illustrious patient, whom he now feared no less than he despised...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Long live Chairman Mao! Dr. Li learned that lesson well. Here he is at Mao's sixty-sixth birthday party, eating bird's nest soup garnished with baby doves while literally millions starve. He agrees that it's "shameful." "But I felt that I had no choice. Had I refused to participate, I would have risked bringing political trouble to myself."[287] He is almost certainly correct.

NIEN CHENG WILL NOT BOW

But here is an extract from the memoirs of one who did risk it:

> "What! You have the audacity to refuse to bow to our Great Leader! How dare you! Everybody in China bows to the portrait of our Great Leader morning and night. You dare to refuse?" the interrogator shouted sternly, half rising from his chair. The others glared at me with astonishment and disapproval. For the first time that morning I felt really good.[288]

The woman who felt really good had been considered an enemy of the people, not a straight, almost from the start. (But she didn't know that her dearly loved daughter had already been murdered by Red Guards, so with respect to her family she was almost in Dr. Li's situation.) Dr. Li might have been purged, whereas she might have been liquidated. I admire her bravery, her courage, her honor. Her memoir brings tears. Beaten, shouted at, intimidated and imprisoned for years, tortured by being left in handcuffs for days (the old lady calls the scars on her half-ruined wrists "a legacy of Mao Tze-tung and his Revolutionaries")[289] she was willing to submit her physical body to continued violence for the sake of her moral body, and, as it happily turned out, the worst having already happened to her daughter, by so doing she harmed no one but herself. In her steadfast defiance she could almost be called a Chinese Joan of Arc.[290] In the end, at her official rehabilitation, we find the public weeping and bowing before the black-bordered portrait of her murdered daughter.[291]

THE HONOR OF NIEN CHENG (1966-78)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

High. Dedicated to truth, vindication and justice, she preferred being tortured to confessing to imaginary crimes.

COLLECTIVE

Low. Her refusal to be a self-accusing victim, and her insistence on bringing her daughter's murderers to justice, embarrassed and infuriated the Party. (Her corresponding honor as a family member was obviously very high.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Low. The tenacity of this brave and honest woman (to say nothing of her bourgeois background) made her almost an outcast.

COLLECTIVE

Low. In Maoist China, individual and collective outer honor were almost identical.

"I KNOW I WOULD BEHAVE THAT WAY AGAIN"

Meanwhile, here is Dr. Li again:

> I know I would behave that way again. I felt I had no choice. Too many family members were depending on me. There was no escape. If I were to return today and be asked to support the atrocities committed by the Chinese army on June 4, 1989 [at Tiannamen Square], I would have to do so. Even today, the Communist Party continues to demand that people attack the innocent.[292]

Would Dr. Li have had any honor at all left to defend on June 4, 1989? —His share of amoral collective honor, yes, of course; he'd always been a herd animal, like Eichmann, like one of Napoleon's soldiers, his righteousness only a matter of chance, not being in his own keeping. (Likewise, the Japanese in World War II treasured the jewel-like conviction that they were following the most honorable possible course, the *loyal* course, in refusing to give or take quarter, while their baffled and angry Anglo-Saxon enemies muttered, "We thought the war would be fought by gentlemen. When a guy had enough, he'd give up and that was it. That's not how it was.")[293] And self-honor, inner honor, altruistic honor? Yes again; Dr. Li would have that, in however dormant a form. (If actions do shout louder than murmurous words, then the mere fact that Dr. Li became an agnostic Maoist is almost irrelevant: he paraded and denounced.) As long as one retains a conscience to violate, or a standard to follow, then one has some degree of honor—which, granted, one might or might not have defended very well.[294] Honor dies only when the conscience is killed.[295] Dr. Li, unlike Dwight Edgar Abbot, admits his guilt.

THE HONOR OF DR. ZHISUI LI (1954-76)

INNER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Low. Declined as enthusiasm gave way to knowledge. Participated in denouncing the innocent, but later frankly admitted his cowardice.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

COLLECTIVE

Moderate. Also declined with time. Dr. Li voluntarily returned to China to help build a better order, then became discouraged. But he never forgot to protect his family.

OUTER HONOR

INDIVIDUAL

Moderate. Assiduously obeyed all directives; carried out his duties to Mao scrupulously.

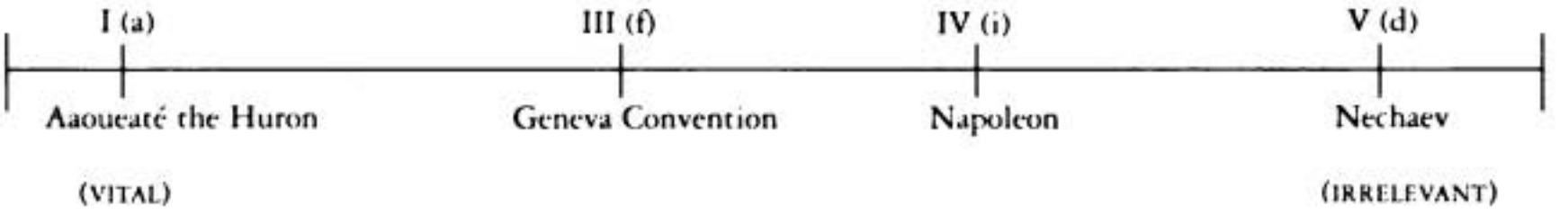
COLLECTIVE

Moderate. Became a militant as required, but remained as inconspicuous as he safely could.

What if, following Eichmann's honorable course, the Japanese soldiers' course, the course of the Cultural Revolution, he had in fact denounced his fellow doctors not qualmishly, but *without* a qualm, knowing that they were innocent but still believing that denunciation was proper? A butcher, whom cows, chickens and pigs have never harmed, kills them just the same, to further the utility of their deaths to his customers who eat meat and wear shoes. Had Dr. Li been a better, more enthusiastic totalitarian, perhaps he could have rationalized that innocent lives and careers ought to be destroyed in the service of state power—or simply, like Molotov, presumed them guilty because they might have been so.[296] In such a case, denunciation would be entirely honorable, just as Abbot's cutting of Blinky was—which only goes to show one more time that to be honorable is not necessarily to be good. The lesson would seem to be to choose one's inner idols carefully, lest in the process of defending them one gets destroyed, or destroys others for no good reason, or lest (sadder still, although the initial impulse may be more noble) one finds too late that one is too weak to defend them.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

4.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF HONOR



I. HONOR IS AN END MORE IMPORTANT THAN SELF-PRESERVATION

A. Aaoueaté the Huron, to his Iroquois captors

> "Burn me... do not spare your tortures—all the more, as I am a dead man. My body has already become insensible; and neither your fires nor your cruelties will shake my courage. I would rather die today than be indebted to you for a life which you give me only with the intention of depriving me of it by some dire treachery."[297]

B. Tecumseh (1813)

> "Our lives are in the hands of the Great Spirit. We are determined to defend our lands, and if it is his will, we wish to leave our bones upon them."[298]

C. Emperor Meiji, Imperial Rescript to Soldiers and Sailors (1882 [carried by every Japanese soldier in World War II])

> "Duty is weightier than a mountain, while death is lighter than a feather."[299]

D. Si-ma Qian (*ca.* 145-85 B.C.)

> "Human beings truly have but one death. There are deaths which seem heavier than Mount Tai, but to some death seems lighter than a piece of swansdown. The difference lies in what is done by dying. Uppermost is not to bring dishonor on one's forbears; next is not to bring dishonor upon oneself; next is not to dishonor the right or appearances; next is not to dishonor one's own words."[300]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

E. Japanese Field Service Code (January 15, 1941)

"If alive, do not suffer the disgrace of becoming a prisoner; in death, do not leave behind a name soiled by misdeeds."[501]

F. Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander, Prince of Gurgan (11th century)

"It is far better to die [in battle] in good odour than to spend one's life in disrepute."[502]

G. The advisers of Montezuma's successor, Guatemoc, on Cortes's appeal for surrender (1520)

"Think of the benefits and presents that your uncle the great Montezuma bestowed on them [the Spaniards] and of his death... All are dead. All the gold and riches of this city have been destroyed, and they have enslaved and branded the faces of all your subjects and vassals... Do not trust Malinche and his flattering words. It is better that we should all die fighting in this city than see ourselves in the power of those who would enslave us and torture us for gold."[503]

H. Jewish underground newspaper (1942)

"Be on guard! Don't let yourselves be gassed like sheep! Better to die with honor than to be gassed at Treblinka!"[504]

I. Alfred de Vigny (1835)

"The thought of being the guardian of that pure tabernacle [called Honour]—which resides in his breast like a second heart, inhabited by a god—stirs an invincible resolution to defend it against others, and even against himself."[505]

J. John Brown in his last letter to his family, expressing pleasure that his capital sentence did not shame them (1859)

"I was afraid that ... the honor that comes from men might lead you *in some measure* to undervalue that which 'cometh from God.'"[506]

K. Seneca (*ca.* A.D. 42)

"Those who return from the battle unhurt may have fought as well, but the man who returns with a wound wins the greater regard."[507]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

L. Egil Skallagrimsson (*ca.* 930; imputed)

"This is a poor sort of expedition. It's not warriorlike. We've stolen the farmer's property and he doesn't know it. We mustn't let a shameful thing like that happen. We'll go back to the farmstead and tell people what's been going on."
(*His way of doing this is to kill everyone at the farmstead.*)"[508]

II. HONOR IS AN END, WHICH MAY SUPERSEDE OTHER ENDS

A. Dwight Edgar Abbot (incarcerated, 20th century)

"Losing a fight to a snitch would place the loser on the same level as the snitch. The fear of losing one's status was a greater fear than physical pain. The fear of losing face and status is the kind that creates the most violent confrontations."[509]

B. The Duke of Song, whose scruples lost him a battle (638 B.C.)

"A nobleman does not wound someone twice, nor does he take captive someone with gray hair."[510]

C. Caesar near the end of the Civil War (46 B.C.; alleged)

"After so many achievements, the defeat of enormous armies, the winning of brilliant victories, he thought it would be a stain on his reputation if he should be thought to have caused a lot of bloodshed merely in winning a victory over the remnants of his enemies."[511]

D. Clausewitz

"Of all the noble feelings which fill the human heart in the exacting tumult of battle, none, we must admit, are so powerful and constant as the soul's thirst for honour and renown... No doubt it is just in War that the abuse of these proud aspirations of the soul must bring upon the human race the most shocking outrages, but by their origin they are certainly to be counted amongst the noblest feelings which belong to human nature, and in War they are the vivifying principle."[512]

E. Tritantaechmes the Persian, on the Greek enemy (alleged)

"Good heavens, Mardonius, what kind of men are these that you have brought us to fight against—men who compete with one another for no material reward, but only for honour!"[513]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Plutarch

"The finest, most glorious contest of all—to fight for their country, their ancestors' tombs and their temples."[514]

G. Thord Kolbeinsson, Norse bard

"And gallant Hyrning honour gained,
Clearing all round with sword deep stained."[515]

H. Ah-mose, ship captain in ancient Egypt

"The reputation of a valiant man is from what he has done, not being destroyed in this land forever."[516]

I. Gobryas, conspiring against an impostor king (alleged)

"Friends, will there ever be a better moment than now to save the throne—or, if we fail, to die in the attempt? Are Persians to be ruled by a Mede—a Magus—a fellow who has had his ears chopped off?"[517]

III. HONOR IS A JUSTIFICATION, A CUSTOM OR A NEUTRAL CHARACTERISTIC

A. Archidamus, King of Sparta (432 B.C.)

"We are warlike, because self-control contains honor as a chief constituent, and honor bravery."[518]

B. Clausewitz

"War is the province of danger, and therefore courage above all things is the first quality of a warrior."[519]

C. Krishna, to Arjuna

"Nought better can betide the martial soul
Than lawful war."[520]

D. Montezuma, to Cortes, who is about to kidnap him from his throne (1519)

"Lord Malinche, I see what is in your mind. But I have a son and two legitimate daughters. Take them as hostages and spare me this disgrace. What will my chieftains say if they see me carried off a prisoner?"[521]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

E. Ku Klux Klan

"We must fight and destroy our enemies in order to save our Lives, our Nation, and our Christian Civilization, and we must conduct ourselves with Honor, as did our forbears of old. This is not going to be easy to do. We are all of us in a highly irritated and excited State of Mind at this time."[322]

F. Hague Convention (IV)

"Capitulations agreed upon between the contracting parties must take into account the rules of military honour."[323]

G. Joseph Brant, Mohawk, to Indian Commissioner Thomas Eddy (*ca.* 1786)

"Perhaps it is eligible that incorrigible [criminal] offenders should sometimes be cut off. Let it be done in a way that is not degrading to human nature. Let such unhappy men have an opportunity, by their fortitude, of making an atonement in some measure for the crimes they have committed during their lives."[324]

IV. HONOR IS A MEANS TO BE EXPEDIENTLY INVOKED.

A. The anarchist bomber Severino di Giovanni (1930)

"One word only can do honour to the fallen, to the martyrs, heroes and our ideal ... that word is: ACTION!"[325]

B. Edward Saxby

"To us particularly it belongs to bring this monster [Cromwell] to justice, whom he hath made the instruments of his villainy... Others only have their liberty to vindicate, we our liberty and our honor."[326]

C. Cortes, to his *conquistadors* (1519)

"We did not come here to take our ease, however, but to fight when the opportunity offered. Therefore I pray you, gentlemen, kindly to behave like gentlemen, I mean those whose habit is to encourage others whom they see displaying weakness." [He adds that it is "better to die in a good cause than to live dishonoured."][327]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

D. Cicero

"If the human spirit felt no anticipations of posterity, ... we should never be prepared to tire ourselves out with all these exertions."[328]

E. Unsigned North Vietnamese editorial against the U.S.

"Where does the honor of a country lie, in invading a small one and sowing death and ruin by the most barbarous means, or in being wise enough to put an end to a dangerous and inhuman adventure?"[329]

F. Louis XIV

"If you are compelled to go to war, place yourself at the head of your armies."[330]

G. Gibbon

"It was the opinion of [the Roman emperor] Marcian, that war should be avoided as long as possible to preserve a secure and honourable peace; but it was likewise his opinion that peace cannot be honourable or secure, if the sovereign betrays a pusillanimous aversion to war."[331]

H. Nguyen Minh Vy, North Vietnam Peace Committee

"He who can resist foreign aggression can have prestige among the people, and prestige will be greater if he wins."[332]

I. Standing Committee of the Communist Party of Kampuchea (Khmer Rouge)

"*Five Items of the Vanguard Standpoint...*

2. ...Revolutionary patriotism and revolutionary pride in one's nation, revolution, people and Party."[333]

J. Wei Liao-tzu (Chinese, fourth century?)

"When the officers will not die for honor, then the masses will not do battle."[334]

K. Napoleon

"Honor is the best currency."[335]

L. Majid Khan, Indian Muslim orchestrator of riot violence against Hindus

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Riots are like one-day cricket matches where the killings are the runs. You have to score at least one more than the opposing team. The whole honour of your nation depends on not scoring less than the opponent."[336]

M. Karl Rudolf Werner Braun, *Einsatzkommando* head

Killing Jews by shooting is "more honorable for both parties than killing by means of a gas truck."[337]

V. HONOR IS IRRELEVANT OR ODIOUS

A. Robespierre

"The Court and its adherents doubtless have their reasons to adopt this plan. What could be ours? —The honor of the French name, you'll say. —Heavens! The French nation, dishonored by that herd of fugitives, who are as ridiculous as they are impotent, who would glorify the nation by their commendations, and mark it in the eyes of the universe by the seal of crime and of treason! Ah! the shame consists in being deceived by the clumsy artifices of the enemies of our liberty. Magnanimity, wisdom, liberty, happiness, virtue will be our honor. That which you wish to revive is the friend, the underling of despotism; it's the honor of the heroes of the aristocracy, of all tyrants; it's the honor of crime."[338]

B. The Jehovah's Witnesses

"True Christians do not venerate icons, crosses, and images. They also avoid more subtle forms of idolatry, such as acts of devotion to flags and the singing of songs that glorify nations. [They are] neutral in political affairs."[339] *(Obviously this reflects this group's views only on secular honor, not on the honor due their God.)*

C. Gibbon

"As long as mankind shall continue to bestow more liberal applause on their destroyers than on their benefactors, the thirst of military glory will ever be the vice of the most exalted characters."[340]

D. Roland Leighton, doomed soldier in a World War I trench

"Let him who thinks that War is a glorious golden thing, who loves to roll forth stirring words of exhortation, invoking

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Honour and Praise and Valour and Love of Country with as thoughtless and fervid a faith as inspired the priests of Baal to call on their own slumbering deity, let him look at a little pile of sodden grey rags that cover half a skull and a shin bone and what might have been its ribs."[341]

E. Sergey Nechaev

"Hard toward himself, he [the revolutionary] must be hard toward others also. All the tender and effeminate notions of kinship, friendship, love, gratitude, and even honor must be stifled in him by a cold and singleminded passion for the revolutionary cause."[342]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF MONUMENTS

SADDAM HUSSEIN AND AMERICA'S VICTIMS, 1998

When I visited Iraq, Saddam Hussein's image was everywhere. My father happens to share a birthday with Saddam, but his celebration lasts only one day, while Saddam's (pp. 101-3) gets celebrated for three. (As this book goes to press, Americans have smashed Saddam's regime in "Gulf War 2," but they haven't yet found him, so why not speak of him and his doings in the present tense?) If you look at these photographs of people posing in front of their leader's portrait, selling it, and wearing it, you will find extremely variable expressions. Some fear and hate him; many love him. He stands in every field of view; he almost becomes the air one breathes.

But this is not all. Halfway through this photo-essay (pp. 102-4) you will see the wreckage of Amiriya Shelter, where two American smart bombs incinerated 403 civilians (Iraqi count), including a large number of children. Page 104 shows the patches of human skin which remain on the ceiling. Probably they're children's, since their lighter bodies were more likely to be flung upward by the concussive force. Amiriya became an anti-American shrine, insisting on itself in books, radio and other public discourse. The demonic mosaic-caricature of President George Bush, Sr., with the legend BUSH IS CRIMINAL (p. 105b), was the next step: a monument to grief and hatred. I saw people walk on it and spit on it. On the walls and on the sidewalk, people wrote: DOWN, DOWN USA. Just as a land mine is the poor man's anti-personnel weapon, grafitti is the poor man's monument. It uttered a mood and kept it uttered for all to see.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Then there were the walking monuments: the woman whose children were burned to death at Amiriya, the maimed veterans of the Gulf War. The regime brought all this together in the statue of Saddam Hussein towering over the fragments of American Gulf War munitions. Iraqis said to me, "We love him because when America and all the other countries say yes, he says no." So here he was, comfortingly ubiquitous, a negation of the deaths at Amiriya. He personified Iraq; Iraq was his monument.

And what if he had won Gulf War 1? Regard the hands of Saddam Hussein crossing swords across a wide, wide boulevard, forming an arch of terrifying triumphalism (p. 113). This was Saddam's victory monument to the Iraq-Iran war. No matter that the Iranians likewise claimed victory. A closeup (p. 114) reveals the spoils appropriate to an ancient Assyrian despot: Iranian helmets cemented into the base of the arch, each one with a bullet-hole.

89-100. Images of Saddam in Baghdad and Saddam City. On page 89, note the empty highway—the result of sanctions.

101-3a. Saddam's birthday celebration in Tikrit.

103b. Photographs of victims on the wall of Amiriya Shelter.

104a. The center of the shelter, which resembles a shrine.

104b. Burned human skin in the ceiling.

105a-6. Anti-American messages in Baghdad.

107. Guide at Amiriya Shelter. She'd lost her sister and children there. Baghdad.

108. This man lost his arm in an Anglo-American aerial attack during the first Gulf War. Baghdad.

109-10. More maimed veterans of "Gulf War 1." Baghdad.

111. DOWN USA. Baghdad.

112. A superhumanly tall statue of Saddam in Baghdad, presiding over the fragments of American bomb-casings.

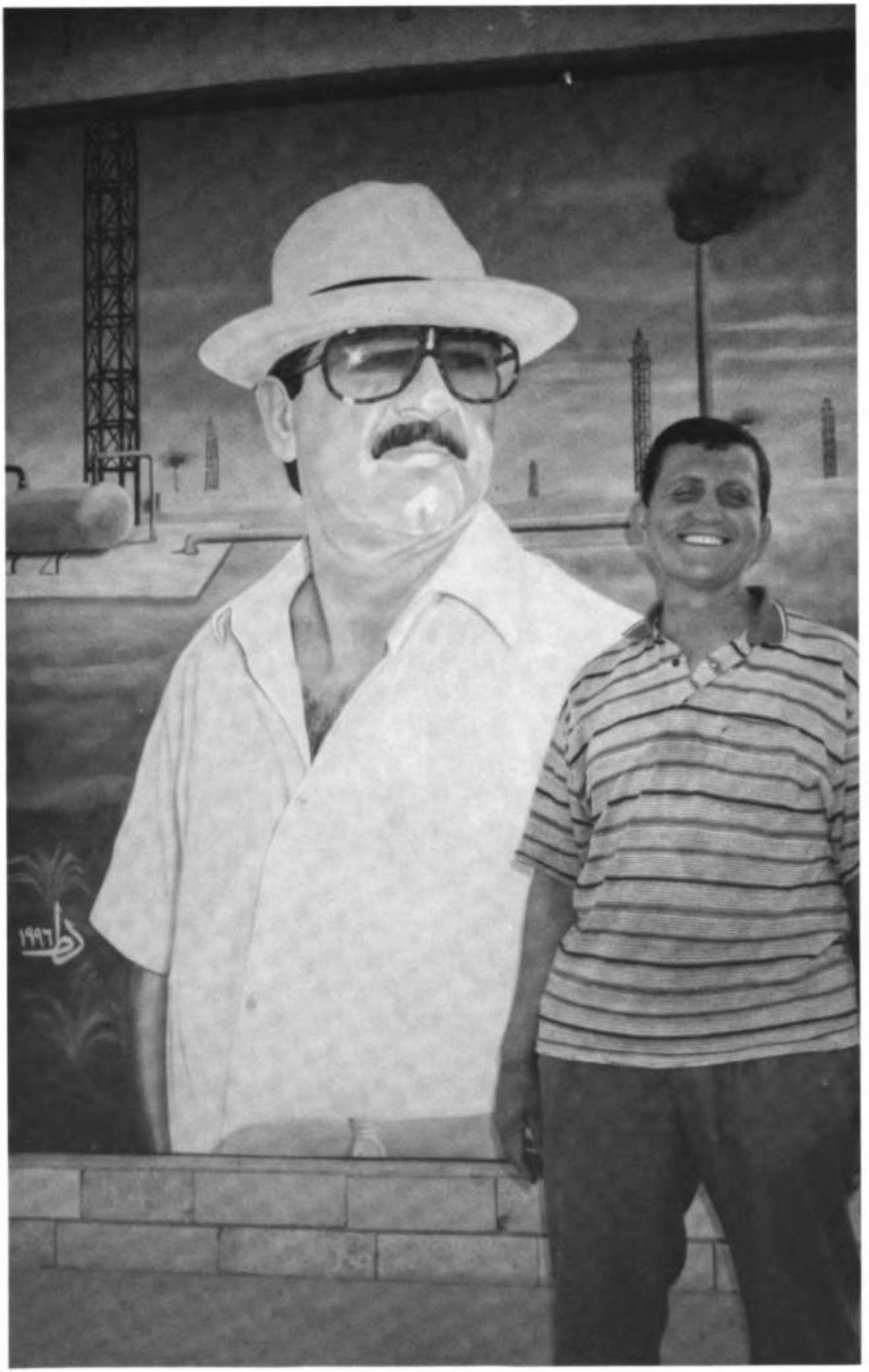
113-14. Arch to commemorate Saddam's disputed victory in the Iraq-Iran war. Baghdad.

115. Father and daughters gazing at an American (me). The girl on the right is wearing a Saddam Hussein T-shirt. Saddam City.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



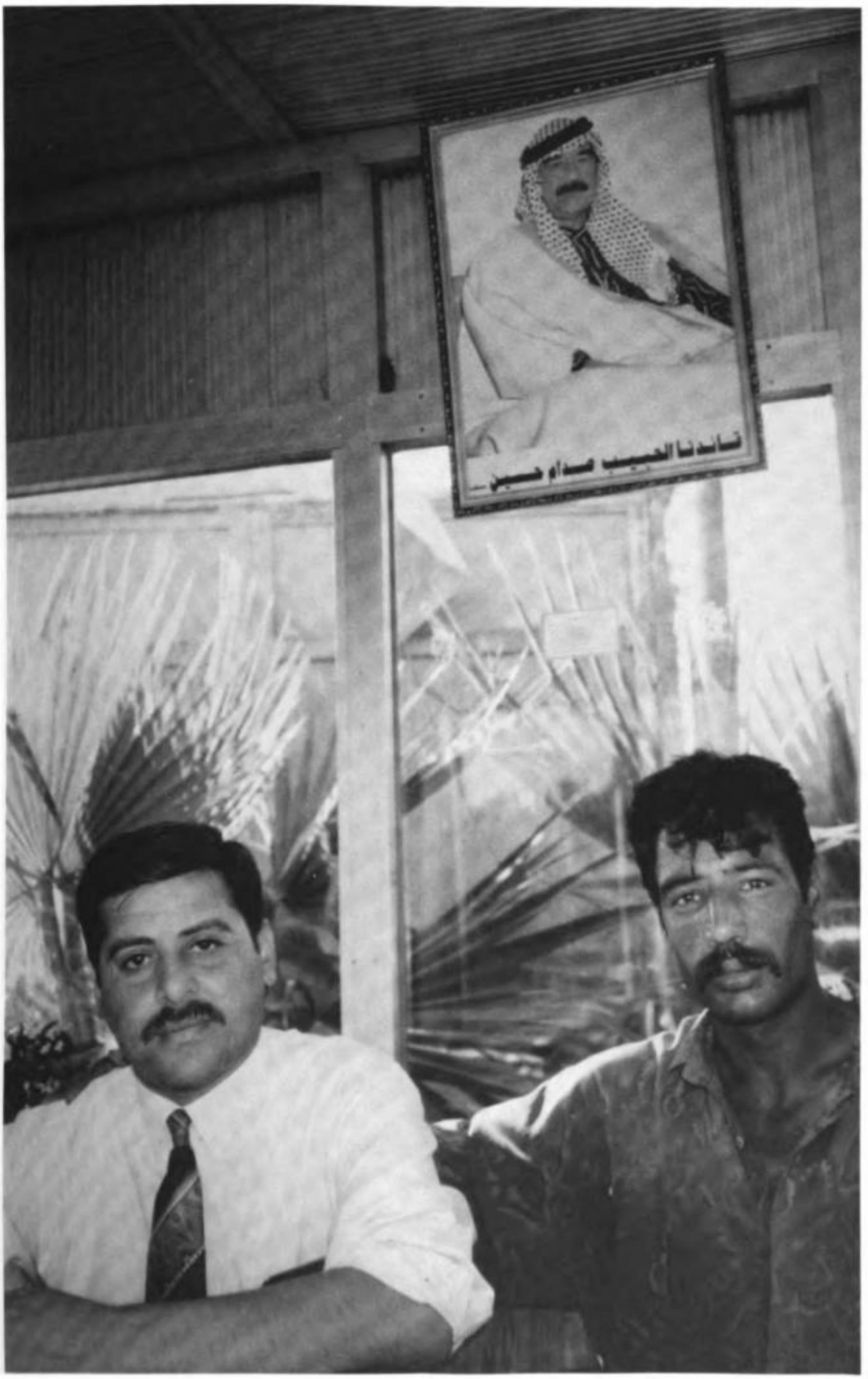
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



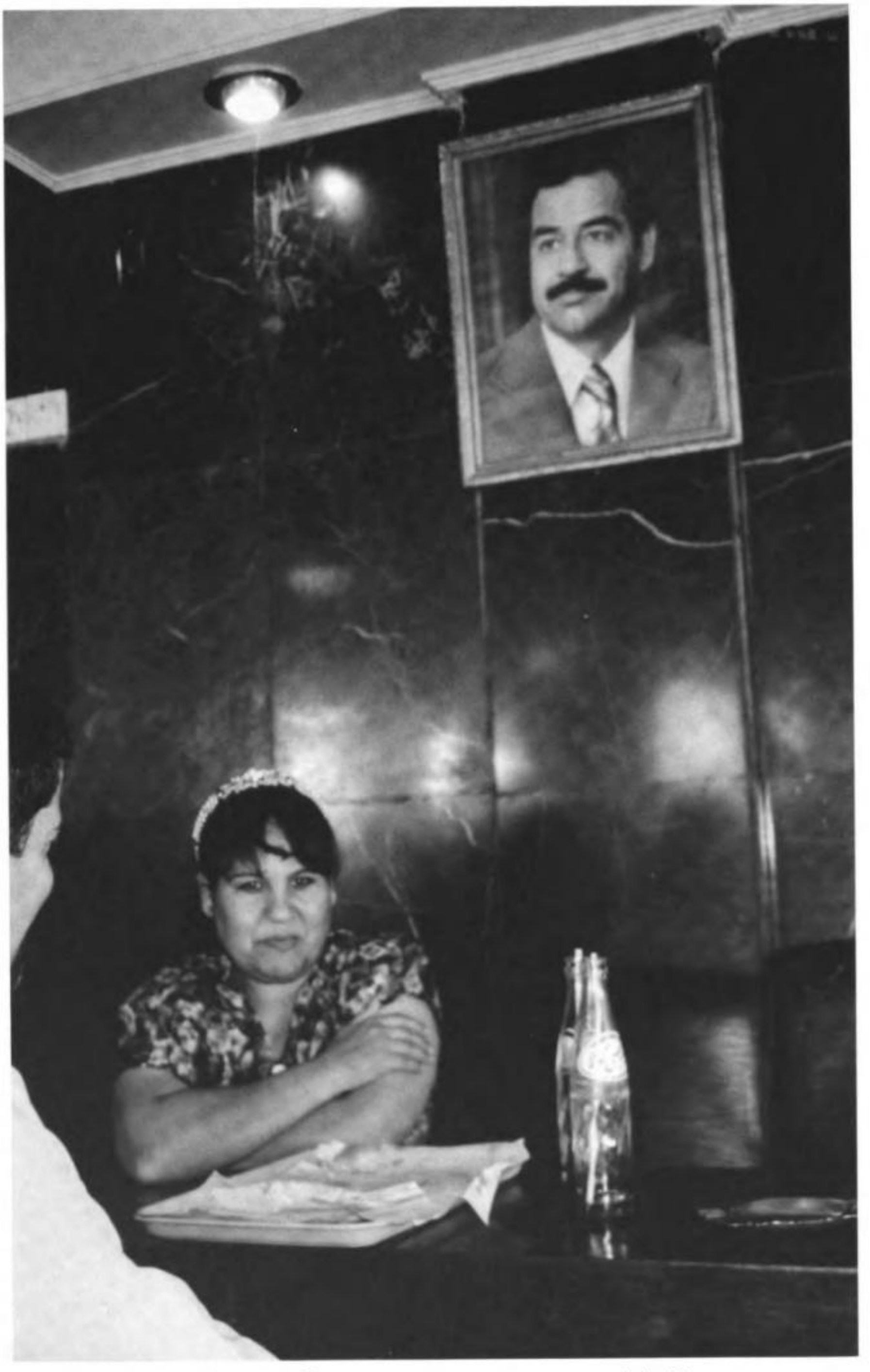
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



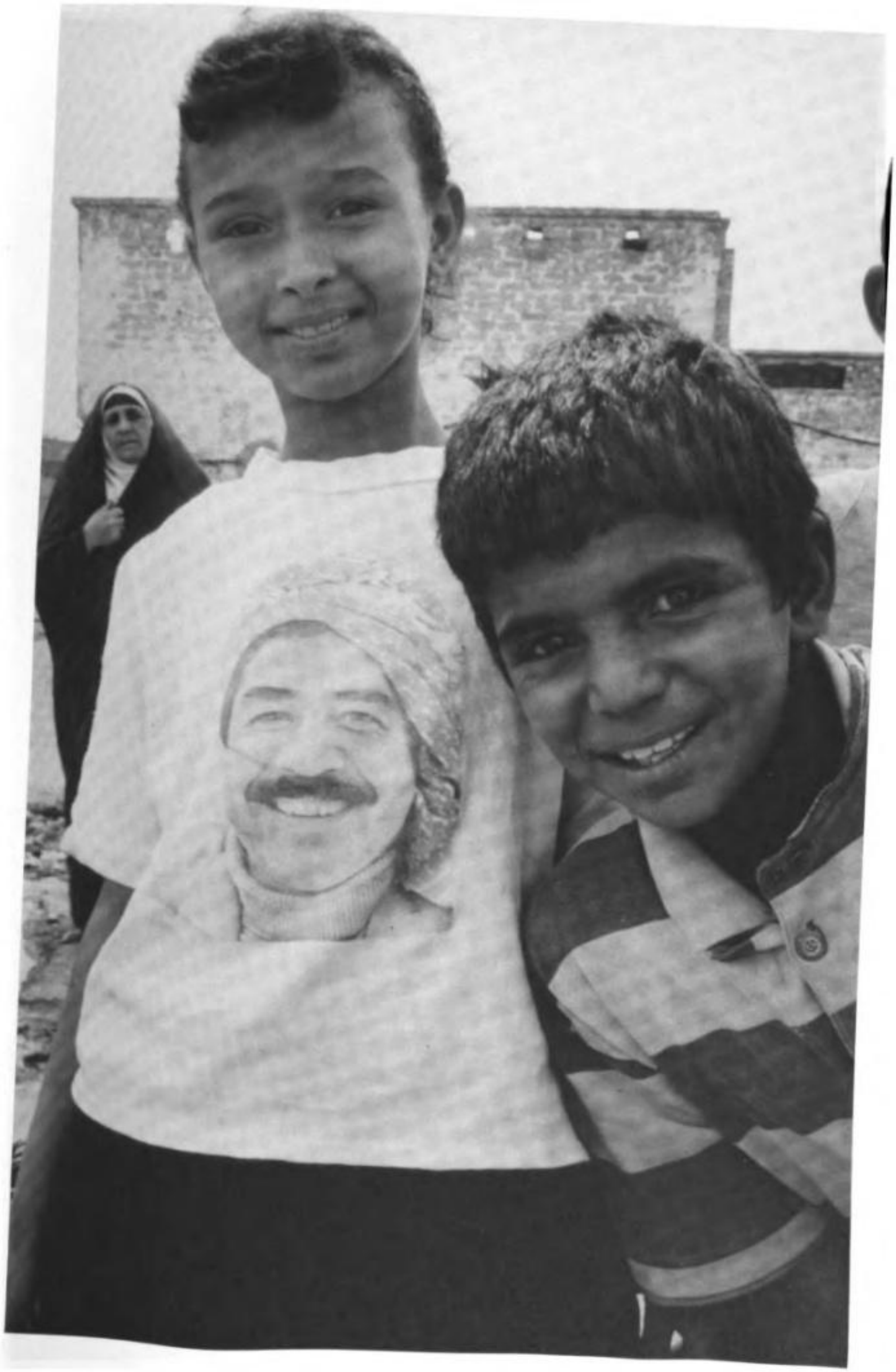
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





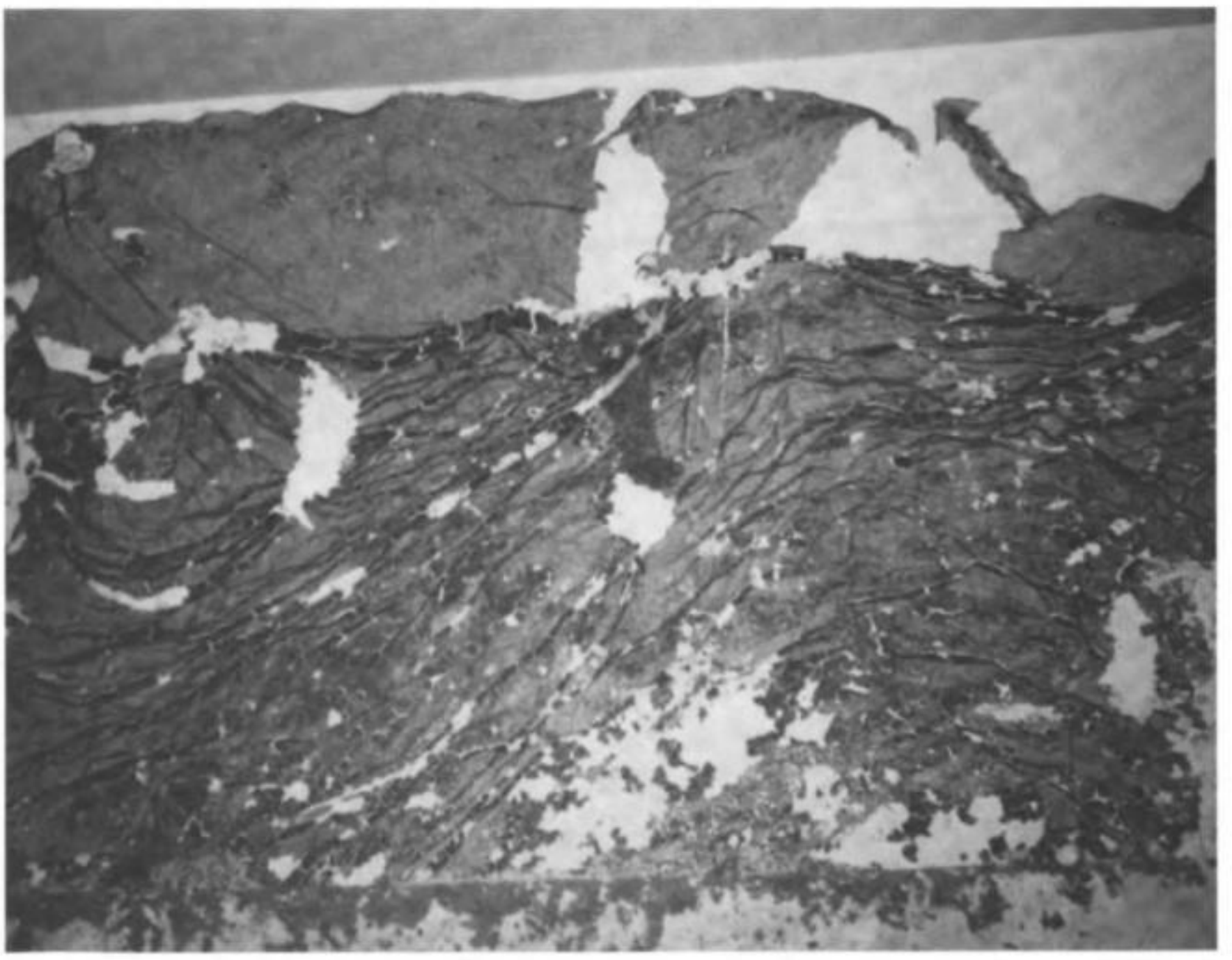
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



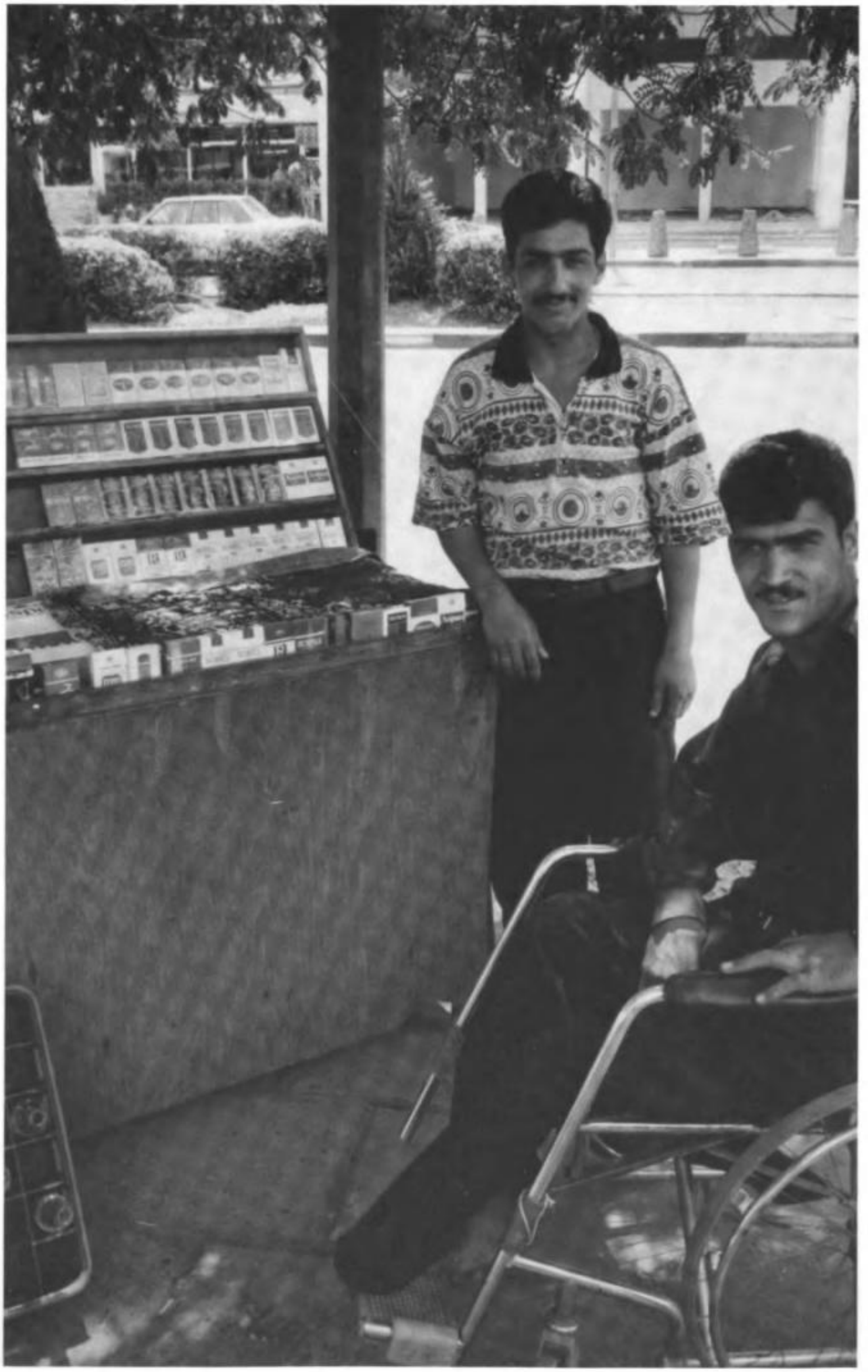
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



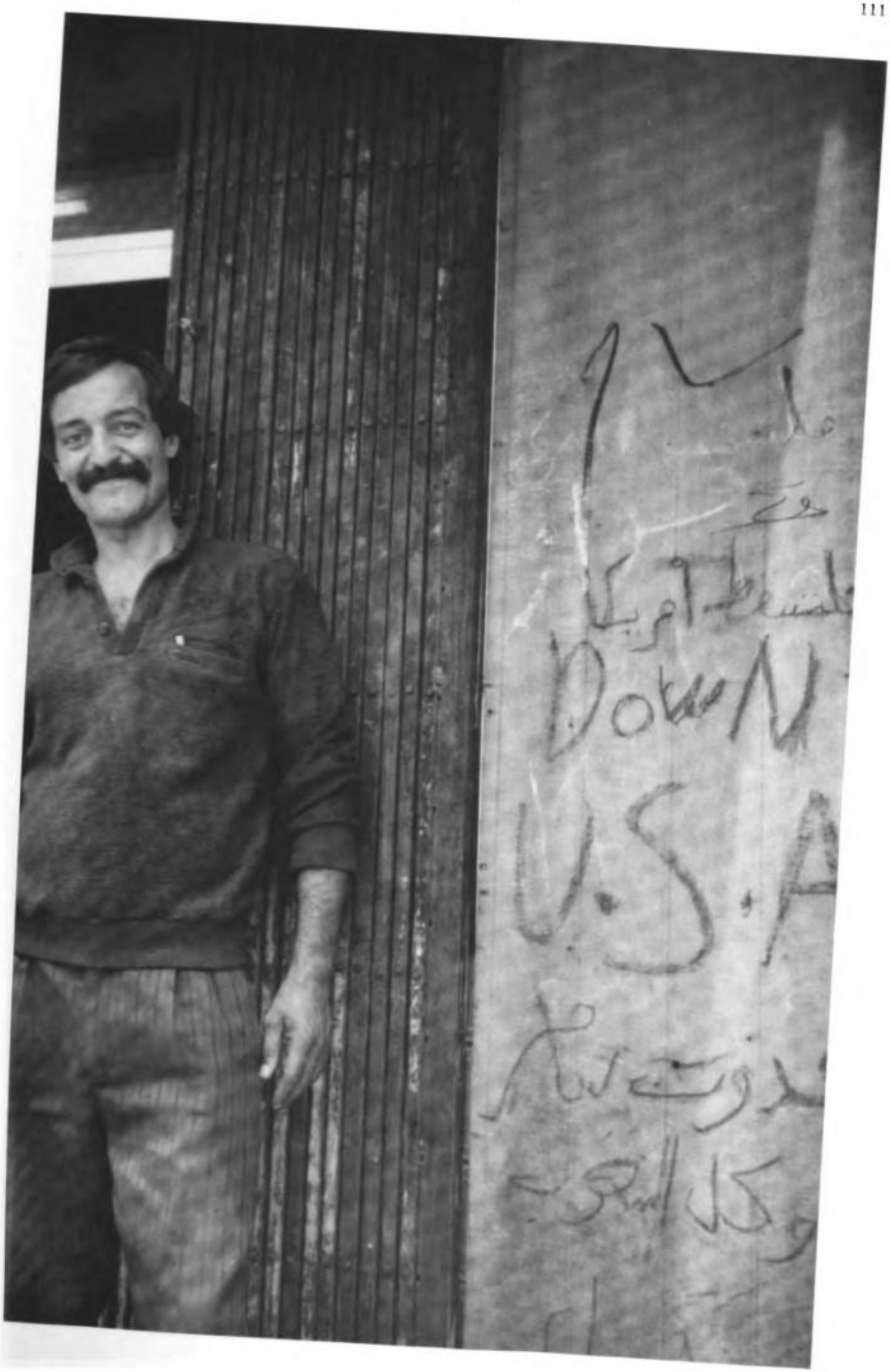
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



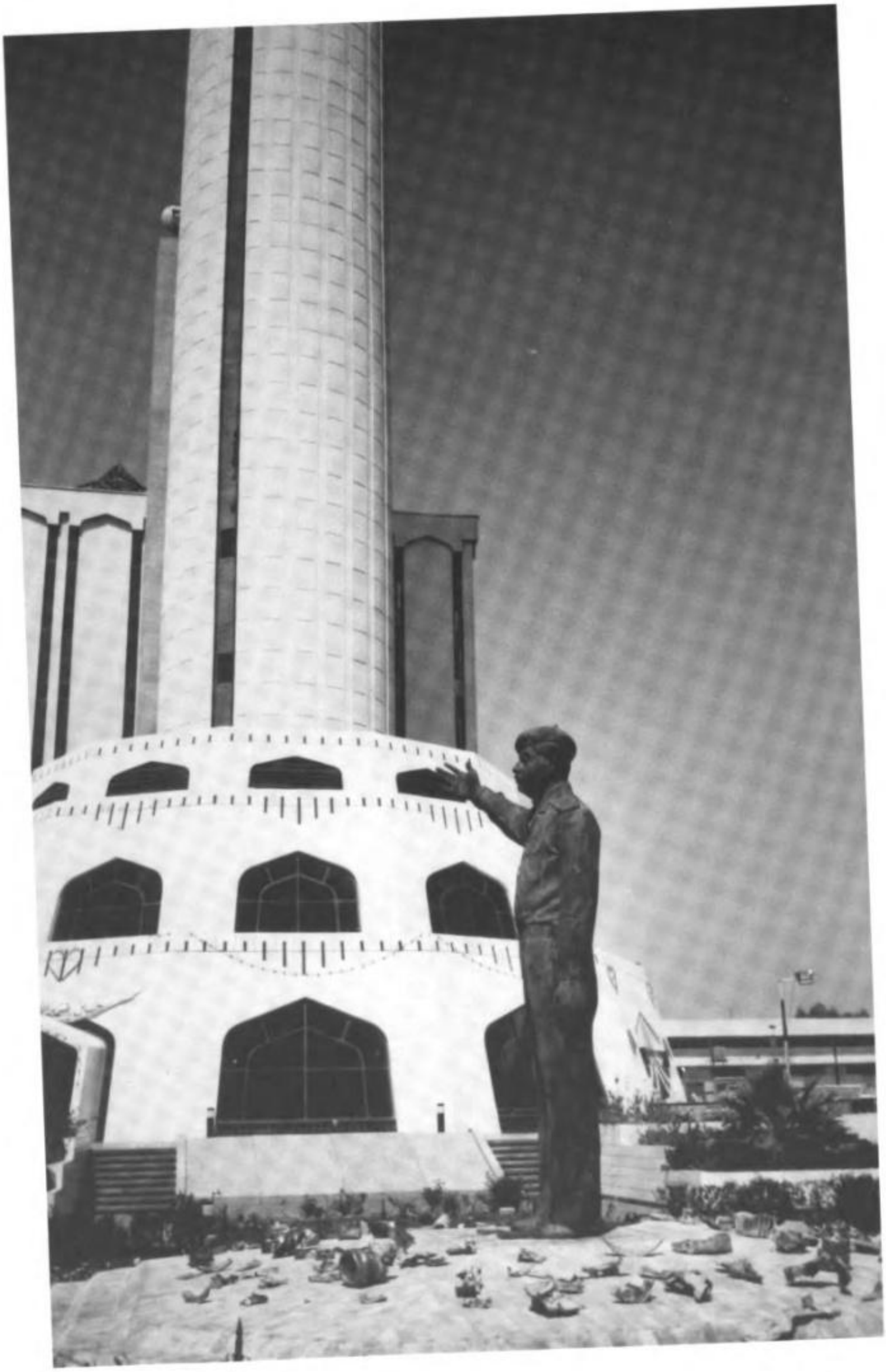
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



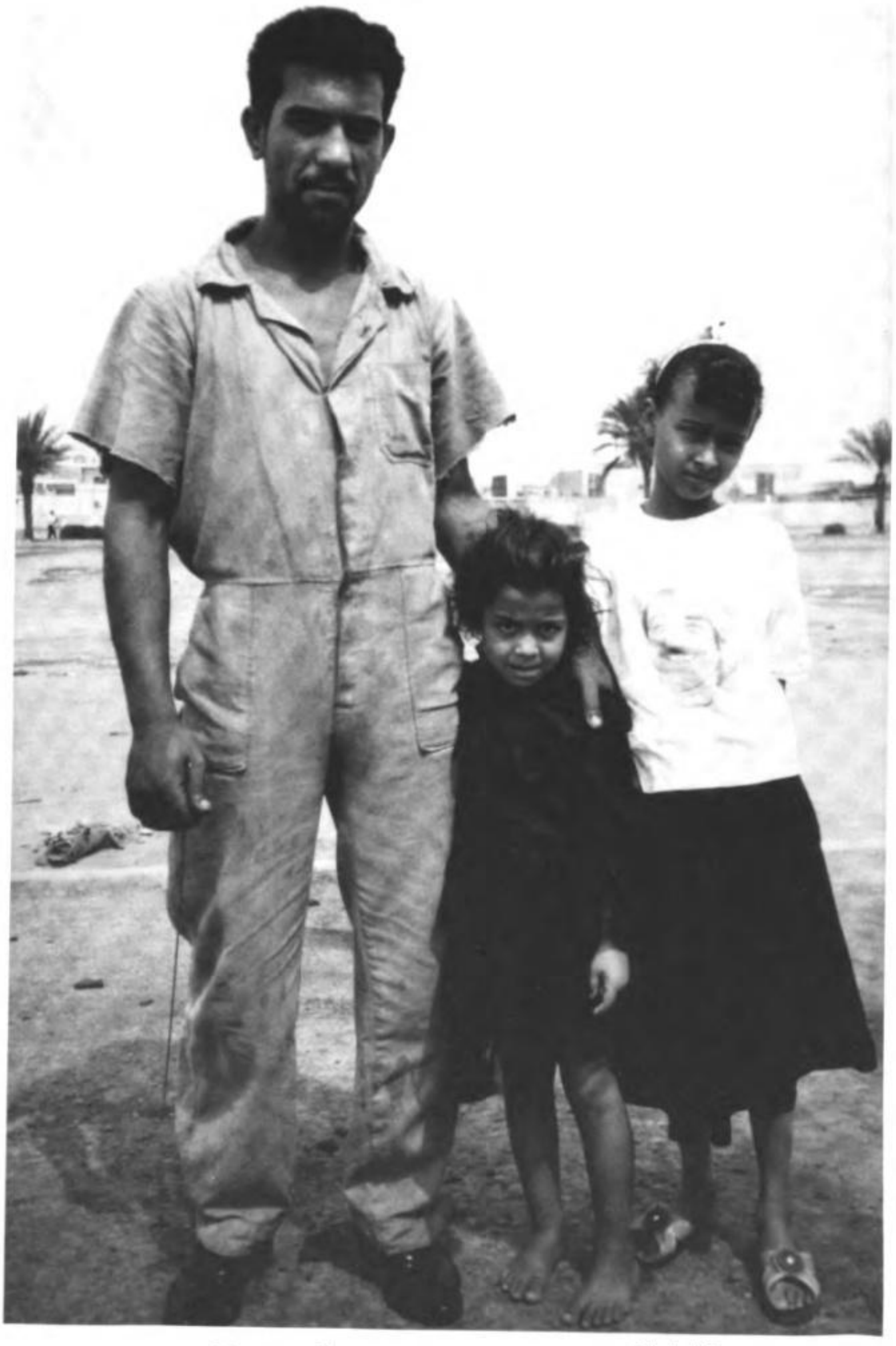
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 9

DEFENSE OF CLASS

Soft, capacious, easy chairs, thick carpets, wide and long draperies, down pillows, all the refinements of the culinary art, which no other nation in Europe but ourselves know any thing about, were good for nothing but to send us to prison; and, because we lived in a fine hotel, situated at the bottom of a court yard, in order to escape the odious noise and stench of the street, we had our throats cut. This method of treating good manners somewhat disgusted people with them. For some time, therefore, they were abandoned.

THE DUCHESS D'ABRANTES[1]

The wicked plebs take
slumber on patrician turf and inhuman soldiers
lie on couches spread for kings.

LUCAN[2]

Nine out of ten of those of you who think yourselves the elite are traitors to your country.

RIZAL'S PROTAGONIST SIMOUN[3]

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

To Dr. Jose Rizal, honest, passionate and goodhearted, the matter of class was simple. Social conditions had to be ameliorated by legitimate authority, not by revolution: "reforms in order to be fruitful, must come from *above*... those that come from *below*, [are] irregular and uncertain."[4] The naiveté of this dictum is founded on its assumption that legitimate authority will always retain a modicum of civic decency, which, in combination with that natural efficiency of organization which is a virtue of incumbency, will insure that its behavior is superior to that of a mob. (The authority which executed him was, as he and I would agree, illegitimate authority.) In the museum dedicated to his memory in Manila, one sees the implements of his profession: tarnished scalpels, then glass syringes, ampules and bottles of an antique shape, brittle and obsolete. Too easy, after this twentieth century which Stalin emblematized, to call his principles antiquated, too! And yet his mind was flexible, complex, clever. Like Tolstoy, he continually stated that the slaves of tyrants would, given power, become tyrants in their own right. Hence the gentle Rizalian prescription, not unlike Gandhi's: educate everybody; offer oneself in sacrifice; strive to make the tyrant become good; render the masses worthy of power—all the while proceeding steadily and without fear. That is why he never insisted that the Philippines get full independence from Spain. Practically speaking, his program called for redress from the abuses of the Spanish friars, full equality for Filipinos under the laws of Spain, proportional representation in the Spanish parliament. But what if, following Plutarch's line, authority believes that the masses, if too much relieved from oppression, will become dangerously unquiet? In 1896, the masses not being at all quiet, authority stood the doctor up against a wall, thus instantaneously elevating him in the public honor from gadfly to martyr; when I visited the Philippines a hundred years later, certain tribal cultists were still calling him God. His execution solved nothing for the elite of Spanish friars and generals, who (hindsight now shows) comprehended neither the practicalities nor the ethics of class self-defense. Nor, perhaps, did the native revolutionaries, who for their pains merely exchanged for Spanish masters American ones. Continued peonage showed once again the insufficiency of Plato's dictum that "no man whatsoever will prove a creditable master until he has first been a servant"[5]—a conveniently quietist slogan, which class tyranny expresses thus: *No man will prove a creditable servant—unless we can keep him a servant for all time!* Thus is defense of class—the upper class. To the lower class there looms but one means of self-defense: rising up.



Jose Rizal (1883)

But the long century of Stalin (now finally at its end) opens its mass graves to us; within them we see literally millions of skeletons and corpses murdered in the name of class. Rizal never asked for this. Stalin did. When the slaves of tyrants become the masters, what then? We know Rizal's answer, and yet if slaves cannot

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

become masters, what hope is there? Could true equality be possible or even desirable?[6] *What is defense of class?*

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM RUSSIA



Stalin

I have before me one ghastly photograph of a trial of "wreckers and hoarders" in Central Asia. In this outdoor scene, three good proletarians sit behind the table—party workers, I presume. Two men sit on a bench before them with bowed heads. It must be cold, because they, and their trio of judges, and the standing crowd which rings them round (whose faces are grim and sad), have on caps and thick quilted jackets. Some wear scarves. Complexions seem pale and chilled. Each of the two accused has brought his sleeves together on his lap, in order to keep his hands warm during what has probably been a long harangue. The bystanders likewise keep their hands in their pockets. At the right-hand side of the table stands a fellow with a prosecutorial air, his accusing arm outstretched into one of the defendants' faces—stiff and ruthless, that arm, which could almost be said to form a Roman salute. Mussolini might have been proud of it, and likewise anybody whose calling consists of pushing people into abysses. One cannot see the outstretcher's face, nor the faces of the judges, because the photographer was standing behind them on that cold day in 1931, but the hunched submission and sorrow of everyone else cannot *but* be seen.[7] If the two men are found guilty, as Stalinist norms press them to be, they'll get stripped of their belongings and sent north, perhaps to labor and perish in building another settlement, perhaps to be sent to Kolyma along with Varlam Shalamov. Maybe they'll be lucky and end up five or ten years hence as low-paid industrial workers more or less forgotten by the class authority. Regardless, this year they will be hungry, for this is the year of universal collectivization, class victory. "Officially the famine did not exist," says Koestler, who glimpsed it from his train windows.[8]

In another photograph we see roll call at a collective farm: a long line of women, wrinkled and dirty, leaning on their hoes, hooded in the old peasant style.[9] We see propaganda photos of flying dirt. We see Party activists in sheepskin coats and aviator-style caps dipping up peasants' grain from holes in the ground and pouring it into sacks to be taken away. We see a little lean-to hut with a red flag, and above it a crude, tripodal tower, two of whose legs form the sides of a ladder atop which a pair of Young Pioneers stand shading their eyes with their hand-edges, watching vigilantly for grain-thieves.[10] (How hungry are *they?*) We see wrinkled, gnomish children whose flesh has imploded from starvation; one stretches out his hands. We see a peasant couple turned cannibal and caught at it, standing rigidly erect against what is probably the wall of their house, a severed head (eyes closed, mouth wry)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and various joints of meat on the table before them. We see a child standing behind that table, his hands clasped upon a hunk of flesh, about to cry.[11]

Preceded by red-flag-wavers, pulling cargos of smiling children, the first tractors approach the new *kolkhozes*. Stalin says that we have never been happier. Defense of class has become war upon class. Had Rizal been one of these peasants, would he have salvaged his hope?

"BREAK DOWN ALL BARRIERS WITH AN IRON HAND"



Russian peasant cannibals

But if Rizal was naive, does that mean that we must follow the exactly contrary logic of the Unabomber, who insisted that "permanent changes in favor of freedom could be brought about only by persons prepared to accept radical, dangerous and unpredictable alteration of the entire system ... in other words, by revolutionaries, not reformers"?[12] —That fellow's murderous shallowness is proved by the fact that for all his hatred of authority, these words of his characterize Stalinist procedures all too well. —And yet (an upriser might plausibly reply), by what other means could those Stalinist procedures be overthrown?

Well, what actually accomplished the event was a triad of events: first, Stalin's death; second, politic postmortem denunciations of the tyrant by the new regime, beginning with Krushchev, and third, what were meant to be safe and predictable reforms nigh on four decades later; those quickly became a revolution, yes, a "dangerous and unpredictable alteration of the entire system." Once again, Plutarch was vindicated: Give the people an inch and they'll take a mile! And the Soviet Union died. Now what? Certainly something better—or not. A new underclass seethes, and gangsterism rides where the secret police once led their cattle-drives. In Kazakhstan I've met tired women snow-shovelers who used to be college teachers; once communism fell, they had to literally take to the streets. And all the old women there whose shantys were now getting bulldozed for the sake of capitalism, when I asked them who their heroes were, they shouted: *"Za Stalina!"* For Stalin! Of course it's better now; people aren't getting shot by the millions; but why did this new badness have to come? Are we then to believe that change from below and change from above both partake of perilousness? —As one of the confused, exasperated and defeated interlocutors in a Platonic dialogue would finally mutter, "So it would seem." —No means is infallible.

And how murky, how fallible might the end be? As with those nested pseudo-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

infinities of hand-painted Russian dolls, we open one question only to find another. The onion has no core.[13] But if it did, it might be: *What is class?*

Four answers: Function, status, property, rank.

FUNCTION

For the ants such ideological matters must be as simple as for Rizal—or, I should say, they are immensely complicated, but (we are repeatedly assured by myrmecologists) the ants hardly possess the consciousness to know how complicated they are. Their astounding symbioses and specializations, and their random yet eminently purposeful movements, almost persuade me that they know what virtue is. But theirs constitutes the virtue not even of the bigot, but of the sleepwalker.

LESSONS OF THE AUTOMATA

Evolution leads gracefully (one scientist proposes thirteen stages) from the solitary female of some wasp-like species who stings her prey, lays the egg whose hatchling will feed upon the paralyzed victim and then departs; to the Methuselah-foundress who outlives nest-generations growing up around her;[14] to the queen-caste within the meaningful turmoil of the ant colony which itself continues to fission into subclasses.[15] Or perhaps it began, they say, when sister-ants shared a nest and laid eggs together, until one became dominant,[16] literally standing above the others, those losers like Stalin's kulaks and Tolstoyans whom the workers dragged outside the nest forever.[17] However the ant societies developed, they remain inspirationally troubling models for any human student of class to consider. Like the good proletarians in Henry Ford's Model T factories, they break tasks into sub-tasks each of which can be addressed by temporary or permanent specialists:[18] food-regurgitators, digestors (the larval "metabolic caste"), larva-nurses, queen-lickers, foragers, leaf-cutters, soldier and reserve battalions.[19] I wonder if Ford was consciously indebted to the ants? The treatise I referred to here cannot refrain from repeating the simile of a factory within a fortress to describe their colonies; but perhaps an even better analogy is with Plato's ideal republic, whose every division offers its own "virtue" or functional perfection—this is why I say that ants might know what virtue is—but whereas his is a republic of knowledge, of self-investigation and spiritual striving (at least among the higher orders; for we learned already that the lower classes will be lied to and tricked for the sake of smooth governance),[20] the myriad republics of the ants are blind—not literally, for most ants do have compound eyes[21]—but within the dark, moist nest, which practically oozes with antibiotic secretions exuded from their metapleural glands just as Stalin's republics oozed propaganda, one finds a system of ontogenetic rather than planned or voluntaristic specialization. Thus the best

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

analogy of all is with imperial Rome. Patrician households might keep as many as four thousand slaves; the emperor probably had twenty thousand: cupbearers, dwarves, buffoons, dancing-girls, masseurs, barbers, silver-polishers, gold-polishers, rock crystal-polishers, ushers, wardrobesmen of his undress military uniforms, of his parade uniforms, of his theater-clothes...[22] "Reading these [obituary inscriptions] without prejudice," remarks the historian from whom I borrow these details, "the student is dumbfounded by the extraordinary degree of specialisation they reveal, the insensate luxury and the meticulous etiquette which made this specialisation necessary."[23] Are ants luxurious? Perhaps not, but insensate and meticulous they seem to be. Entering some burrow, perhaps we'll find ourselves among the honey-pot ants, where from the ceiling hang like golden balloons the swollen bodies of the "repletes," into whom the returning foragers vomit up nectar and termite-bits for storage. (Among other species, larval secretions help ones' neighbors to digest their food and can even be a reserve food source.[24] All ants employ the transformation of body tissues into eggs and food for their siblings.) Or perhaps we'll be guested by slaveholding ants, or fungus growers. In some species, giant soldier-guardians use their heads for gates. No one can enter the sanctum, until they draw aside. Tiny workers ride upon larger ones. Seed-millers, built like tanks, do their job with what science insists to be calm mindlessness. And so throughout life. We cannot imagine Joan of Arc as an ant. Why, for instance, will one particular egg become a queen instead of a seed-miller? (For the genes are the same in either case.)[25] The answer, of course, cannot be choice, nor even command authority.

How can we know this? Somebody who could not understand human communication might be less impressed than we by the jaw-waggings of strategic and philosophical symposia. But myrmecologists have tabulated ant behaviors and found them to be limited, stereotyped[26] (although again I reflect on the limited character of jaw-wagging). Experiments indicate so far that while ants can memorize the patterns of overhead foliage, or recognize extremely minute angles,[27] they "cannot duplicate the mammalian feat of reorganizing their memories to construct a new system in the face of a novel problem."[28]

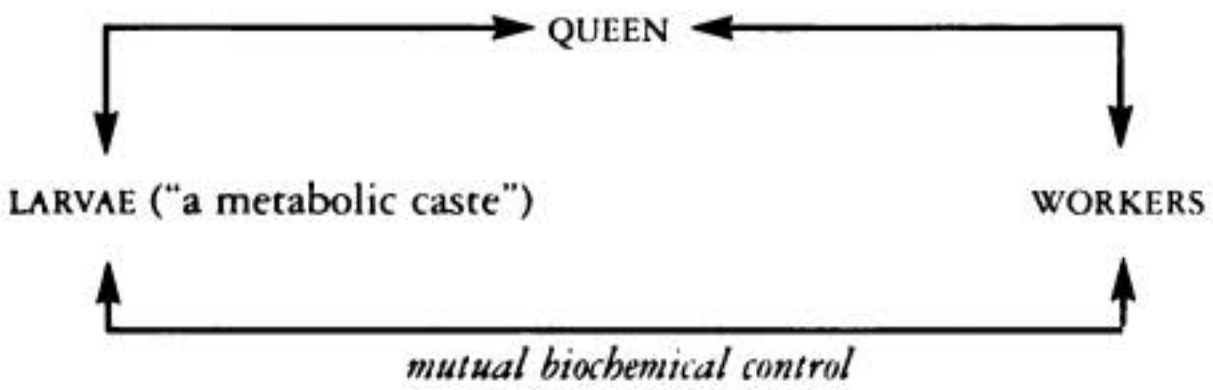
SEED-MILLERS, KULAKS AND JEWS

Among the ants, then, caste results from "feedback." The size of the egg, the temperature of the egg-chamber, the varying chemical signals transmitted by the queen at preprogrammed benchmarks in her life and suchlike agents determine one's destiny.[29]

In case all this appears too far removed from human considerations, we might cite that valiant defense of race, Nazi eugenics, which sought to find biological Jewishness evinced in the shape of a nose—or Stalin's defense of class, which merely needed to know one's parents' occupations to grind out justice. For the moment,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SIMPLIFIED CLASS RELATIONS IN AN ANT NEST



however, we'll do well to pursue the fact that in spite of all insects' evident facility for physical specialization (based, I suppose, on their brief lifespans, which permit rapid mutation rates), anatomically divergent castes prove much rarer among the ants than what Hölldobler and Wilson have named "temporal castes." That is, if we define a caste functionally, as a group which carries out a specified type of behavior (here once again we find ourselves strangely close to Marxism), we find that as an individual ant ages she[30] will substitute one set of activities for another. A young ant might begin by attending the queen and caring for her eggs, then proceed to groom the royal larvae when she is a few days older, and finally move to the necessary but suicidal rewards of obsolescence: foraging and defense.[31] What induces the ageing ant to change her occupation? Can we speak here of the merest shadow of choice? —Not at all. Whether she was physically fitted for her specialty as a result of nurture, or whether she simply carries out the sequence of tasks associated with her temporal caste, the mechanism remains biochemical.

Thus the class system of the ants. Lenin wrote truly in his *Granat Encyclopedia* article on Marx: "In any given society, the strivings of some of its members conflict with the strivings of others."[32] Among the ants, genetic competition smolders on, as it does everywhere. But within the nest (until senescence, at least) the castes need each other and help each other. We may not want to be ants, but this has to be said: Unlike Lenin, unlike Stalin, ant queens are not known to kill vast numbers of their own nestmates.

STATUS

Caste among the ants, then, embodies the most unequivocally rigid utilitarianism. In achieving the ideal which Plato hopes and pretends that human beings can approach, it reflects division of labor, not status. And how, after all, could status ever operate in the ant world? Within the hive, as in the novels of the Marquis de Sade,[33] nestmates associate with each other only on an ad hoc basis. If there be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

any class hierarchy here, it must have to do with the queen. Indeed, they literally crave her (or, in the more alienated language of science, they demonstrate an attraction to her)—but a paper disk impregnated with her scent serves almost as well. No choice, then, no consciousness, so no status—but the case has not been closed, for can't we postulate a hierarchy of genetic determinism, or (more broadly) of outright necessity?

THE ODORS OF ROYALTY

First and foremost, "the entire activity of the colony can be said to pivot on the welfare of the queen."[34] When the queen dies, among most species the colony begins to die, too. For the queenless, all is lost. Statesmanship, Plato insists, stands "in charge of the rearing of a particular kind of herd"[35]—precisely the queen's function. Continuously enveloped, fed and licked by her "courtiers" within the nest, or guarded by long columns of alert workers when on the move, she is supreme.

Alongside this basic principle stands a second: Altruism. Workers do compete with one another to maximize their reproductive privileges, and so, as we've seen, do queens against queens,[36] but in comparison to human societies the volume and proportion of what anthropocentric nineteenth-century researchers used to term acts of love is astounding. Returning foragers regurgitate food from their crops for their nestmates to share. Ageing workers engage in perilous forage-missions to save wear and tear on their younger nestmates. Most members of the worker caste offer up even the ability to reproduce.[37] Late twentieth-century scientists began to see this self-sacrifice as having genetic causes. If a worker's suicidal defense of a colony saves her biological sister[38] so that the latter can reproduce, the allele which triggered that behavior may well be saved, since by Mendel's laws three-fourths of those two siblings' genetic characteristics will be common. Does chemically controlled behavior fall within the defining reaches of the Golden Rule? Be that as it may, the readiness of the various castes to aid one another to the ultimate extreme strikes a human being as, shall we say, Christlike, Communistic—and, again, blind.

FUNCTION OR EXPLOITATION?

Who benefits the most from all this? Is the ant-mother enslaving her children and forcing some of them to sacrifice themselves to permit her to produce many others, or is it somehow in the childrens' interest—or rather, in the interests of their genes—to behave thus?[39] The case is not clear. Those mothers of all mothers certainly exercise despotic chemical control, but only to create more life, subdividing it into the appropriate numbers of soldiers, minims or major workers for each stage of the colony's growth.[40] In some species they pheromonally influence workers to bite the larvae which would otherwise become queens; in one case, as if in some clas-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

sic Marxist parable, they subsist upon larval "blood" (hemolymph), though apparently without killing the larvae.[41] *The queen is tempo, atmosphere, everything.* But her "virtue" cannot not be, as for Plato's statesman, any form of knowledge.[42] Plato's philosopher-king lives and rules as an apprehender, being one of those highest-classmen with a "vivid pattern in their souls" who can "fix their eyes on the absolute truth."[43] The ruler must study philosophy; the philosopher must rule.[44] Can a queen-ant be said to be a philosopher? Not she, but intra-nest chemistry, produces the optimal number of eggs for a given moment of the colony's life cycle, thus: Foraging workers feed the larvae as much food of a specific kind as they can gather and the larvae will accept; the larvae then passively transfer secretions metabolized from that food to the nurse workers who lick them; the nurse workers in turn cluster about the queen and her eggs, giving off a chemical stimulated by the larval secretion, and thereby helping to determine egg production.[45] The queen regulates and is regulated. Except possibly over weaker rival queens, she possesses no "authority." That is why we are cautioned: "it is a mistake to interpret individual forms of interaction in terms of vertebrate behavior, where dominant individuals are able to raise their genetic fitness."[46] When she becomes senescent, her workers may reject her,[47] and even seal her off to die.[48] But this exemplifies no defense of class in any meaningful sense: the workers remove her from her position not in order to emancipate themselves from her but in order to gain a new queen who will regulate and be regulated by them exactly as the old one did before her functions failed. Among those species for which it occurs at all, the liquidation of the senile queen must be called normal, predictable, a stage in the cycle. Class remains function. The functionless will be discarded.



A queen ant with workers

"BEST MEN" AND STRANGLED MOTHERS

And the class system of our own kind? Let us briefly return to the state of nature, where in place of ant-nests we'll find family bands living out (according to Marxist thinking) a quasi-communistic prehistoric idyll, not necessarily nasy and brutish à la Hobbes, but definitely short-lived, since susceptible to the dictation of more advanced means of production: farms whose steady produce can out-stockpile any occasional hunt-harvests of nomads, factories which can turn out machine-guns to exterminate aborigines, etcetera. In short, historical determinism claims that agriculturalists (say nothing yet of proletarians) form a productively superior class who can, hence will, supplant the nomadic class. So far, historical determinism has not been proven wrong. In the meantime, how idyllic is nomadism really?

It is almost as difficult for a modern urban observer to imagine the life of, say,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Inuit women and children at Great Whale River

an Inuit family circa 1900 as it is to envision the consciousness of a social insect superorganism. In one fur trader's photographs we see streaked and smeared parkas, children sitting amidst snow-drifts, standing and seated groups at the Hudson's Bay posts, eyes happy or not but somehow always faraway, dark faces, snow-clumped hooded skin parkas trimmed with lead and animal teeth, not uniform like machine-made clothes, but nonetheless of a piece, like the numberless mudbanks and gravel-banks of the Arctic. We see motionless, intense children (who probably look that way because they are curious and because they have been instructed to keep still), tousleheaded whiskered hunters guarded by the hairy parka-collars their wives have sewn for them; above all we find eyes gazing into our eyes with recognition rather than familiarity.[49] To almost anyone sufficiently sedentary to read (or write) this book, the freedom and the hardship of nomadic life will be equally unimaginable. "We used to wear just caribou skin clothing and boots," says a ninety-nine-year-old Inuk lady. "They were so comfortable and very light. I could easily move about in them."[50] How different this must have been from, say, French court dresses of the seventeenth century, from whose confines great ladies could not even escape to relieve their bladders unassisted! Mobility and self-sufficiency make liberty.[51] If a nomad doesn't like the company in which he finds himself, he simply moves. No wonder that the Stalinists with their craving to enforce uniformity would find the lifestyle of nomads so irritating. They had to "eradicate the economic and cultural

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Russian peasants during the 1891 famine

anachronisms of the nationalities."[52] In the 1930s they killed about a million and a half Kazakhs out of a population of some four million[53]—some by the usual "repressions," and the rest through Pol Pot's hallmark: inadvertent starvation.[54] Of course, nomads left to their own devices have sometimes encountered the very same fate. Here is how the old Inuk lady introduces herself: "I am Jeannie Mippigaq. I was born in 1885. I have lived a long life. I have seen people die, I have seen people starve, but I am still alive to tell their story."[55] But the people whose starving she witnessed died because they could not find anything to eat, not because the policy of another class killed them.

Well, are we to infer that nomadic society is classless? —By no means. —Every band, every family must surely display not only the functional specialization of the ants (women, for instance, bear babies and nurse them; men with their superior strength go seal-killing to feed the family) but also those internal divisions based on the inherently unequal capacities of human beings to meet any given goal or standard.[56] Some, for instance, will prove better hunters than others. (Thoreau relates that the Algonquin Indians he knew referred to hunters as "the best men."[57] Call this *status by function.*) Within the family some form of communism will prevail, as it generally does, always excepting the case of the Ik tribe:[58] babies get fed although they cannot work, and the same might even be true of enfeebled grandparents, at least when seals and caribou are easy to catch. And, since reality is rarely simple, we

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

have to remind ourselves that the grandparents might be, say, shamans, whose dreams about the locations of animals are given high productive value. For many a nomad family, I am sure, the Golden Rule guides and gilds life: as Martin Luther dreamed for his ideal Christian polity, each becomes the servant of the others—or, to use (as Luther does) an ancient and beautiful allegory, all live as members of the same body; when one member gets weak physically or even morally, the rest of the body helps it all the more.[59] Once at the North Magnetic Pole I had to sacrifice my fingertips to frostbite, to save the rest, because it was impossible for me to light matches with my gloves on. My fingers quickly became white and numb. I felt a strange sense of love and compassion for them, as if they were beings in their own right, friends who loved me as I loved them; and now, when my fingertips lose feeling on chilly days or in a swimming pool, I baby them; I feel sorry for them; I try not to get impatient.

But I ask Luther, as a Stalinist might: What happens when one's fingers are gangrened? In our hunter-gatherer society, "the best men" will bring back meat; while others, the gangrened, will not. The "best men" give what they can.[60] What can the gangrened give? Think back upon the ant-nest, whose senescent members go out on dangerous foraging missions to aid their less expendable sisters. A Tagish-Tlingit woman tells the story of her ancestors who hesitated to negotiate a difficult glacier crossing: "Finally, two old men decided to go—to try it. Two little old men, ready to die, I guess. 'Send us through. We're old now. We're no good to you people. If we die, you won't miss us much anyhow.'"[61] —Self-deprecation, I suppose—but also a portion of bitter truth. One turn-of-the-century ethnologist found that Inuit of the Ungava District (where Jeanie Mippigaq came from) acted in accordance with the ant ethos concerning senile queens: "Old and infirm people are treated with severity, and when dependent upon others for their food they are summarily disposed of by strangulation or left to perish when the camp is moved."[62]

Strong and weak, then, is one division to be found in every family. What about male and female? The same source reports that regardless of their functional necessity, "women are held in little respect,"[63] and that around Fort Chimo "a woman is married as soon after puberty as a male comes along who has the requisite physical strength to force her to become his wife."[64] This undoubtedly puts the case far worse than it was. Jeannie Mippigaq, for instance, lets us know that although she got married without her knowledge she loved her husband dearly. In my own experience, nomads more often than not heed Christ's parable of the vineyard: pay the laborers the same day-wage no matter how late in the day they are summoned to work.[65] But even if senecide or bridenapping occurred in only a single family, that's enough: that family is a society; and here germinate the rudiments of class.[66] (Here also begins feminist theory.)[67] Obviously, *defense of class prerogative is unjustified when class equals nothing but strength.* I have been told by my

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Inuit friends that the continuum from most expendable to indispensable used to run thus: children and old people, because the former could be replaced and the latter had already lived, while neither could contribute much; next, barren women; then fertile women, because "they could make new people," as several individuals remarked; then finally men in their prime, the hunters, because without them all the rest would starve.[68] Among *Lasus niger* ants the ranking of ascending value goes: eggs, into whose maintenance the least amount of energy has been expended; small larvae; and in the highest ranking of all, the large larvae and pupae, which are almost ready to become functioning adults. As for the hunters, these, as we have seen, consist of superannuated workers, who literally expend themselves.[69] All this is class.[70]

PROPERTY

And now, while the nomads wander across the tundra, moving on whenever the animals move, why not go southward to meet the agricultural revolution, where, in Gibbon's mellifluous words, "the possession and the enjoyment of property are the pledges which bind a civilised people to an improved country?"[71] In China, the First Mother steps in a god's toeprint and gives birth to Lord Millet, who covers the land with red- and white-leaved grains. He "reaped it and counted the acres."[72] Hence boundaries, quantification, tabulation, written history, law. The alien gazes of the Inuit and Cree in that fur-trader's photographs testify to a divide from all that makes photography possible. Bride-rape, senecide, hunger, granted—but such a life also glows with such liberty, integrity and beauty that I used to long for it almost to the point of heartbreak, until I learned that I was not fitted for it, and that thanks to encroaching boundaries, quantification, written law, not many other people were fitted for it anymore, either—precisely the point (if we deduct my bitter regrets) of Marxist-Leninists, who claim that a farming society ranks not merely more technologically, hence politically, potent than a hunter-gatherering one, but also more advanced *historically*, since its more concentrated labor forms the womb of capital, whose divisions and emiserations will create the proletarian class which has the mission of rising up and creating an industrial classless society. (In 1976, speeding up his murderous class revolution in Cambodia, Pol Pot will explain: "We have said that in order to gain capital the important thing is rice.")[73] But at the so-called "dawn of history," which to say the beginning to inscribed memories, that womb still lies within the womb of feudalism, itself yet an embryo.[74]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CLASS-DIVIDED MODES OF PRODUCTION
A Marxist View

MODE OF PRODUCTION	OPPOSED CLASSES
[Communal]	[???]
Tribute-paying	State-class vs. peasants
Slaveowning	Masters vs. slaves
Feudal	Lords vs. serfs
Capitalist	Bourgeois vs. proletarians

SOURCE: AMIN, P. 23. *(Bracketed items not in original.)*

Begin with this truism: Within the community of farmers, the same family and social forces operate as for the hunters. People are people. But these empirical and open-ended "facts of life"[75]—a man carries off his bride by force, *when he can;* a woman resists, *when she can*; man and woman, joined by sweet persuasion or not, achieve equilibrium (each choosing or being compelled to obey, respect, kill, cherish or contemptuously use the other)—now put down roots, and flower into codes.[76] The ideology of Lord Millet demands harmonized propinquity. Thus the flavor of the crowd infects individual accomodation. Hence, for instance, the gender-class system: "In every age and country," writes Gibbon, not without exaggeration, "the wiser, or at least the stronger, of the two sexes, has usurped the powers of the state, and confined the other to the cares and pleasures of domestic life."[77] The early Romans,[78] like the Gauls whom Caesar conquered,[79] assigned to the patriarch the power of life and death over his wives and children. Only male plebeians were eligible for free grain.[80] I propose another obvious rule: *Defense of class is unjustified when class is merely status without functionality.* We might by analogy with our "best men" grant the right of an ancient Chinese husband to preference or even dominance over his wife were the conditions of existence so difficult that his gender's superior physical strength was essential for all parties' sustenance or defense. If not, then not.

In China, Japan, Korea we find ourselves guided (or imprisoned) by the "Five Relations" of Confucianism: lord and vassal, elder brother and younger brother, husband and wife, father and son, friend and friend: Where one person stands higher in status than the other, he'll receive service even unto death, but must give his kindness and protection in return.[81] "All things had a moral basis," says Mishima in one of his short stories, "and were in accordance with the Education Rescript's injunction that 'husband and wife should be harmonious.' Not once did Reiko contradict her husband, nor did the lieutenant find occasion to scold his wife."[82] Between both parties, as in Gandhi's utopian India, love maintains homeostasis as does chemical regulation among the ants. —And if there's no love? Better not to ask. H. G. Wells in his *Outline of History* writes that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> a certain freedom and a certain equality passed out of human life when men ceased to wander. Men paid in liberty and they paid in toil, for safety, shelter, and regular meals... There was a process of enslavement as civilization grew; the headmen and leaderly men grew in power and authority, and the common man did not keep pace with them.[83]

For better or worse, the struggle between peers has (officially) ended. This is class.

CORNFIELDS AND CLASS SHADOWS

And yet, although sedentary peoples more easily accumulate possessions than nomads, the mere circumstance of agriculturalism need not unduly privilege the property relation.[84] (Again, remember the ants: their fungus-growing species share and share alike.) We read that in ancient German society, chieftans redistributed the land every year[85]—a neat trick which Stalin failed to pull off in the Ukraine. Were those cases the only ones? By no means. Bypassing Canada's shallow lakes blue, brown and ruffled, we arrive at the Sweetwater Sea (as Lake Ontario used to be called), to find the Huron Indians with their longhouses, enemy-tortures and immense cornfields. *{See below.}*

In place of the Five Relations, one lives here according to clan ties, matriarchal courtesies (we call the old woman in our longhouse "mother"), givingness, acquiesence. To make others follow my will, I must persuade them. Like Julius Caesar, I seek through generosity and good deeds to gain prestige.[86] Unlike him, I can't collect clients; I can only make my neighbors love and respect me. Moreover, the means

---

CLASS DIVISIONS IN WENDAKE ("HURONIA," 17TH CENT.)

INSIDERS		OUTSIDERS
MEN	WOMEN	
1. Headmen	1. Clan mothers	1. Guests (envoys, trading partners, friends, Jesuits)
2. Proven old men (chiefs,traders, shamans)	2. Good hostesses, generous providers and preparers of food; good mothers	2. Enemies; captives to be tortured and killed
3. Generous men, good hunters, prestigious warriors	3. Stingy and incompetent providers	
4. Untried young men	4. Murderesses	
5. Stingy and incompetent providers	5. Witches and traitors	
6. Murderers		
7. Witches and traitors		

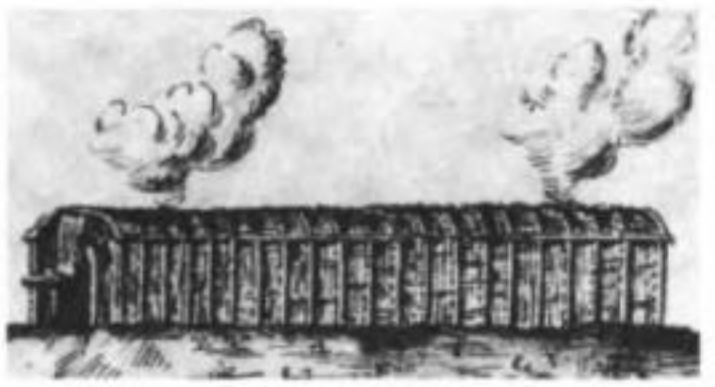
SOURCE: TRIGGER, *THE CHILDREN OF AATAENTSIC*, PP. 49-59, 66-68, 79-80.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of production being so unspecialized, whatever I have to give—corn, beans, tobacco, deer-meat, an enemy captive—my clan brothers and sisters can also give. It's not at all like trading money for shoes. With the exception of trading routes, curing-songs and the like, my property remains entirely fungible, a sort of capital whose produce is goodwill. Hence, whatever I can give, I *will* give. Who but outsiders or revolutionaries with long-range goals could be against this sort of class?

COMPETENCE, TACT, MERRINESS, GENEROSITY

Referring to the brilliant group portrait of Trigger (whose integrity and trained precision steers him safely between the two perils of fictive individualism and inhuman "sociologism"), we learn that Huron labor differentiated itself along the usual lines of gender, experience and capacity—none particularly conducive to permanent class formation, except in the strictly functional sense of the ants. The salient fact that men and women never did each other's work need not imply (except perhaps to Marxists) that one sex exploited the other. Female labor sewed nets, made clothes, prepared food, sowed and reaped the corn,[87] while male labor defended and aggressed, hunted, cut down trees and built new villages when the soil and the houses of the old became decrepit—this last task being a useful reminder of the Huron's semi-nomadism; little wonder that in their success in avoiding differentiation they resemble the Inuit. Almost all men (during their prime, at least) could do all men's work; the same went for women. Within a given gender, then, occupation could not determine class. —What did? As the chart above shows, the answer remained *individual capacity.* That is why not everyone could be a headman or a clan mother. Nevertheless, class privilege in the sense of status remained accesible to most Huron: A woman who fed people well, and a man who brought back enemy prisoners to be tortured or adopted, were loved and respected. Generosity enhanced status. In the old *Jesuit Relations* we read that even those possessions which their owners most valued—a favorite dog, say—would be given away to importuners. Why? Because kinship solidarity encouraged it, because the giver was admired as a result; and because jealousy acted as a leveling force.[88]



Huron longhouse

I propose that *defense of class as status is justified when status is based on consensually defined merit.* Admittedly, in this Huron example prestige comprises class in and of itself only in the most flexible and transitory way. —Nor could the seasonal nature of most tasks have encouraged specialization: Now might be the customary time when Huron women made new belts of deerskin which they'd use to to carry home firewood the following spring; next came the time for weaving fishing-nets to be traded to the Montagnais that summer. No more net-weaving this year, so no guild

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of net-makers. —Against this, contrast the complex webs of specialization to be found, for instance, in ancient Rome, whose elite might employ slaves in capacities as abstruse as, for instance, commercial agents without personal rights or liabilities.[89] These narrow life-roles, so sadly akin to our own, would have been considered pitiably unwholesome in Wendaké.

THE PRIVILEGES OF LONELY ATOMS

To be sure, we can find among the Huron a few individuals who practiced exclusive or even solitary callings, such as Tonneraouanont the Hunchback—but his shamanic profession informed individualism with the most ominous character. ("I am a demon," he explained to those who needed curing ceremonies; they'd pay him in presents. "Therefore I have never been sick.")[90] He would have been feared and respected by most, emulated by few.

Self-assertion surfaced in any number of other places, as it must in all societies. Lonely atoms form molecules, but not always of their own volition; sometimes an elemental impulse wrenches someone out of bounds. A warrior might follow the dictates of a powerful dream rather than a consensus of his peers; and in spite of powerful modesty taboos, a sexually deprived old woman might successfully demand to have intercourse with a young man in order to be cured of her supernatural illness.[91] Thus, desire or need could breach custom under certain circumstances, while custom prevented the assertion of desire and need from reaching antisocial extremes. This is the anthesis of class. Regarding property, class structures remained incipient (or basic), and the countervailing mechanisms of respect for givers and jealousy of non-givers continued intact.

ATOMIZATION AND HIERARCHY



Karl Marx

Although some of his cousins might well express a certain nostalgia for such "precapitalist communalism,"[92] Marx would be unmoved by the Huron example. How can it be stable? Even if the process begins as communalism, he writes, it will sooner or later be privatized through forcible usurpation.[93] In the Huron case this is sadly true. For where is Wendaké now? The Iroquois, the French and then the Anglophone Canadians appropriated every acre of that nation, which presently, with some nature-preserve exceptions, exists as a nexus of farms, motels and other reificiations of the private property ethic. *The level of development of the productive forces, by determining the relative size of the surplus, conditions the level of civilization*, runs the Marxist axiom.[94] What grimly neutral words! Is a greater surplus really of no benefit to the masses?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Alas, one need not be a Marxist to make the case[95] that the swelling populations and burgeoning heterogenization characteristic of human sedentrism permit the accumulation of private wealth even as they weaken kinship solidarity, thereby fostering inequality. "The first man, who, after enclosing a piece of ground, took it into his head to say, *this is mine,* and found people simple enough to believe him, was the real founder of civil society," says Rousseau—going on to deplore the crimes, wars and murders which resulted.[96] Aristotle lists four types of oligarchy, and they all derive directly or indirectly from property.[97] The lonely atom no longer careers through space with happy or desperate freedom, but finds itself now encased in an immense adamantine stratum, isolated among and even by its fellows, weighed down, locked away. —Lord Millet's priests say: You shall not go here. You cannot go there. You must do this. We rule you.

My neighbor's field is better than mine. He follows Lord Millet, respects the sacredness of borderlines. Therefore, he feels under no obligation to share with me.

The stage is set; history's curtain rises. Weather, war, debt, disease, science, anti-Semitism, nepotism, lucky or expedient marriages, primogeniture (or even inheritance generally, which Bakunin saw as the principle perpetrator of inequality),[98] career specialization,[99] topography, stupidity, arbitrary force and individual ability now interrelate to make some accumulators more successful than others. A few of us can be druids; some will be knights; the rest must be commoners:

Well-meaning Plato, envisioning utopia, depends on command mechanisms to achieve what fraternity and jealousy did among the Huron. A productive surplus nourishes his ease. He sits writing while slaves and metics flash to and fro. This is class. Millennia later, a capitalist archaeologist writes with odious but justified

---

CLASS DIVISIONS AMONG THE GAULS (1ST CENT. B.C.)

THE OFFICIAL VIEW



Caesar implies that simliar distinctions exist among nomadic and sedentary tribes. The proportions shown are assumed; in particular, the number of Druids might be much smaller relative to the Knights.

SOURCE: CAESAR, GALLIC WAR, PP. 335-41 (VI.13-15).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

smugness that "this societal division into 'haves' and 'have-nots' is the quintessential characteristic of civilization."[100]

WHEN THE LAND IS GONE

Was he wrong? Was Plato? As soon as we've founded our own ideal republic we'll discover farmers staking out the best land they can, in the greatest quantities they can, until every arable inch lies in the possession of somebody.[101] In the preambles of the medieval Icelandic sagas, one always reads such relations as: "Skallagrim took possession of everything between the mountains and the sea."[102] This is utopia; this is Genesis. And what about the latecomers? This is the story not just of old Iceland, but of many other places besides—the Mekong Delta, for instance, which began to be developed in the 1860s under French overlordship. By the 1930s, population pressure (and, of course, inequality) was forcing many Vietnamese into land tenancy and outright landlessness.

THE FIVE CLASS DIVISIONS OF NORTH VIETNAMESE VILLAGES (*ca.* 1960)

EXPLOITERS

1. Landlord (maintained entirely by hired labor; large field).
2. Rich peasant (works land, but also hires labor).
3. Middle-upper peasant (rents land, but owns cattle, etc.; produces surplus).

PROLETARIAT

4. Middle-lower peasant (rents land, but owns cattle, etc.; barely sustains life).
5. Poor peasant (children must work and are sometimes sold).

> "When all of the denouncing was over, the cadres evaluated who were the worst landlords and they sentenced them to death. They had a quota they had to fill...The [poor peasant] woman I was living with appeared to be quite pleased with it all."

SOURCE: CHANOFF AND DOAN, PP. 115-16 (TESTIMONY OF HAN VI, CULTURAL CADRE).

This is likewise the story of Elizabethan England,[103] Easter Island[104] and dust bowl Oklahoma.[105] An unprosperous farm just might dwindle to nothing. Some Athenian *thetes* owned such farms, and, like lower-class Romans, struggled on the edge of that abyss of disenfranchisement. One summary of the Athenian constitution recalls the bad old days when

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> all the land was in the hands of a few, and if the poor failed to pay their rents both they and their children were liable to seizure... officials were appointed on the basis of good birth and wealth; at first men held office for life.[106]

The ruling class always claims that if there were no lower class, the labor couldn't get done, and the surplus would remain a mere potentiality. But whenever a so-called "labor-saving device" gets invented, no labor is ever saved! (We'll see why in a moment.) A Korean historian writes in a monograph about his country that the introduction of the iron sickle into rice-harvesting greatly improved productivity; but "doubtless," he says, the ruling class got most of the benefit. "Accordingly, the gap between the rich and the poor must have been further widened."[107] Lord Millet does not care. In the seventh century an official record notes that "emoluments flow unceasingly into the houses of the highest officials, who possess as many as three thousand slaves"[108]—the old Roman story. By the tenth century, we find the free-born peasantry of Korea being tithed a quarter of all their produce whenever they harvest state land; when they work the lands of the nobility they are obliged to give up half. The conditions of baseborn peasants, of course, are worse.[109] In the eighteenth century, Robespierre will insist that all resources *less than* the surplus ought to be common property; necessity decrees it.[110] "History" will not listen.

In early twentieth-century Mexico, the ancient pueblos watch their fields falling to the sugar-cane haciendas. They have title, in documents dating back to the Conquest, but no matter; productive forces have no time for such niceties. When the peasants resist, money's power dams their springs and drinks their rivers, leaving them literally high and dry. No kinship ties here! We read that "by 1908 the seventeen owners of the thirty-six major haciendas in the state" of Morelos "owned over 25 percent of its total surface, most of its cultivable land, and almost all of its good land."[111] Once again, Marxist theory has been proven right: more efficient means of production supplant communalism—and always with increasing rapidity. To quote that malevolent deity Comrade Stalin, it took two centuries for feudalism to replace the slave system, and only one century for the bourgeois organization of production to crowd out feudalism. "Already in the depths of feudal society the bourgeois system of economy revealed that it was superior, far superior."[112] (The devil knows what time and place he was talking about; it didn't matter; he was always right...)

"THE STRONGER SHALL NOW PREVAIL"

Recall this fundamental right of the self, which we've already entered in the moral calculus:[113]

- To violently defend its property, or not, although:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1. Proportionality must be maintained (see 5.2.F) The right to life supersedes the right to property. (Examples: Others may exercise their right to self-preservation by confiscating excess property if they are in dire need. [See 5.2.B and 6.2.B.] A householder is not entitled to shoot a fleeing burglar in the back.)
2. Legitimate authority (see 5.2.C.1) may confiscate excess property in the interest of the social contract (taxes, the Muslim zakat tithe, etc.).

In other words, *defense of class as defense of property is unjustified when another's right to life supersedes the defender's right to property.* One thinks of Marie Antoinette's apocryphal remark to the starving: "Let them eat cake!" If only life were as black-and-white as this!

In fact, the consequences of property occur in increments, and often with seeming voluntarism. In medieval Japan, writes Maurice Pinguet in his elegantly phrased history of suicide, "isolation was death; safety lay under the dominion of an important clan."[114] No doubt obedience shines as brightly there as moonlight, compulsion being the sun—but in Iceland, where all men not thralls or slaves theoretically enjoy equal rights, class despotism will flourish equivalently, sending out its bloodsucking roots according to the following laws: (i) Each district gains its priest-chieftan to represent it at the Althing law assembly; (ii) no one has to render perpetual allegiance to the priest-chieftan nearest him, but (iii) if he doesn't, who will help with armed men when his neighbor lusts for his richest meadow? The strong man challenges the weak, takes his land and wife.[115] Better to shake hands with the chieftan, gain his protection at the Althing (where, as anywhere, the most powerful lawyer wins)—and cede him that meadow for his pains.[116]

Is this class? Yes, but even now, lines have not yet become barriers. Marry your chieftan's sister; foster his son. Then you'll gain family rights. (Plato's class of Silver Guardians would never allow that.) If he's too hard, too greedy, then depart from him—but search out another advocate then, because nobody can survive friendless—that is, without *powerful* friends, *political* friends—and for a powerful friend one must pay.[117]

As it's said in *The Saga of Viga Glum*, "Whatever the law may be, the stronger shall now prevail."[118] That applies not least to those insidious agglomerations of individuals known as *class.* By the twelfth century, Icelandic chieftans gain increasing concentrations of wealth—which is to say, most importantly, land. A prosperous farm becomes both the token of a higher status and the means for obtaining it, since more or better acreage means greater likelihood of reaping a surplus, which comprises power, whether it is bartered, hoarded or even paid up in taxes—consider the poll tax or the wartime levy upon a feudal lord, who's not oppressed because he *must* pay but potent because he *can* pay.[119] To pay signifies to vote,[120] perhaps to command in battle—in short, to be the emblem, incarnation and instrument of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

upper class. —Slaves didn't think so, but that was because they paid everything, got nothing. —Plato rephrases *Viga Glum*'s axiom thus: "Can you imagine," asks he, "that when the populace, or some other political party, or an autocrat, if you like, has got the upper hand, the victorious side will, of its own accord, enact laws with any principal aim but its own interest in the permanence of its authority?"[121]

PROPERTY AND MISERY

The lawyer Clarence Darrow believed that "the jails and penitentiaries of every nation in the world are filled to overflowing with men and women who have been charged with committing crimes against property." He estimated that the proportion of persons arraigned in court who were there on suspicion of property crimes was as high as ninety percent.[122] I think that he was right. Almost a century later, the FBI imputed the property motive to 91.2 percent of all index crimes (statistics for eighteenth-century Paris were almost identical),[123] which figure almost certainly underreports the fact.[124] Darrow continued: "Every time that the trust raises the price of coal some poor victims are sent to jail, and at every raise in the price of oil some girls are sent out upon the streets to get their bread by a life of wretchedness and shame."[125] —What then could be more natural in any decent heart than the desire to nationalize the coal and oil trusts?

One may, indeed, be confounded by the fact that in my country rising crime rates have occured simultaneously with a rising standard of living—now the street-girls I meet engage in a life of wretchedness and shame not for bread but for crack cocaine.[126] Or does that rising standard of living simply translate into more property, which produces more greed, desperation, control? More fundamentally, *is poverty absolute or relative?* —I would argue the latter. A statistician informs me that technology has now put the labor power-equivalent of nineteen slaves, or nineteen megawatt-hours per year, at the average human being's disposal—whatever an "average" person may be. In 1860, the comparable figure was less than one megawatt-hour per year.[127] A sweatshop laborer in Los Angeles has access to food, clothing and entertainment that ancient kings could never have hoped for. So why's she bitter?

In England in 1910, ten percent of the population owned almost fifty percent of the wealth; in the 1950s, in spite of reforms, the same was still true. The researcher concluded that "capitalism has in fact an innate tendency to extreme and ever-growing inequality."[128]

Well, shall we take away all capital property from individual owners and live like Huron, then? One central question of this chapter will be: *When is class defense against* relative *inequality justified?* Maybe Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver (about whom more later on), was not far wrong when he proposed to limit and homogenize the number of goods available. That strangely radical moderate, or moderate radical, Jefferson, observing the last gasp of the *Ancien Regime* in France, was galva-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

nized by sadness into concluding that while an equal division of property was "impracticable," nonetheless, since "this enormous inequality" made "so much misery to the bulk of mankind, legislators cannot invent too many devices for subdividing property."[129]

But any attempt to impose a "device," "solution" or even a "system" upon property restricts *liberty.* Edmund Burke, one of property's fiercest champions, wrote against the Jeffersons and Robespierres of this world that "it is to the property of the citizen ... that the first and original faith of civil society is pledged. The claim of the citizen is prior in time, paramount in title, superior in equity."[130]

WHY POTTERS SHOULD NOT BE RICH

Shall we simply restrict the *preeminence* of property? This was Plato's notion—and Robespierre's, too: "The right of property is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation to respect the rights of others."[131] But since wealth is power, we'll require at least one class above the wealthy in order to control *them.* For this office, Plato, like Thoreau's Indians, remembers "the best men." Who constitutes this class? Not hunters anymore. (Robespierre, striving ever to control them, quarrelling with them, insisting that he embodies them, will go to the guillotine.) For Plato, of course, they're the stringent, honorable philosophers, the men like himself:

PLATO'S MORAL CALCULUS
The Laws, 350 B.C.

THE THREE CLASSES OF CITIZENS

Most honorable rank: "Good qualities of the soul," especially temperance.
Second rank: "Good qualities of the body."
Third rank: Wealth.

> "Should any legislator ... transgress these limits by promoting wealth to honor, or giving anything of a lower class the distinctions of a higher, the act is an offense alike against religion and statesmanship."

SOURCE: LAWS, III. 697 B-C.

In short, his equality operates less between classes than within them. Plato would make benevolently sure that all potters remained moderately unwealthy, because too great a surplus (of gold, grain or olive oil nicely sealed up in a potter's painted jars) might overcome the most wholesome upbringing: rich potters might be lazy potters, shaping fewer and worse pots. Likewise, defense of a wise class hierarchy demands that their poverty keep within bounds. Utterly propertyless potters, bereft of tools, could not do a good job, either.[132] (Ants and Huron never had such

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

problems: whatever a forager finds, she immediately delivers to the common storehouse.) Thus every Platonic potter finds himself the material equal of his brothers in the art—but how might he stand, I wonder, in comparison to the guardian class, or the still more honorable rank of temperate leaders? Temperance by choice defines a class of superior privilege to enforced temperance. Thus Marx, who readily admits that division of labor "improves" both product and producer,[133] condemns *The Republic*—and I believe rightly so—as "merely an Athenian idealization of the Egyptian caste system."[134]

Such idealizations are all too widespread. We find Plato's forbear, the lawmaker Solon, establishing a similar prescription for political power: the masses ought not to be too enslaved, or they'll suffer—nor too free, or they'll become proud and greedy.[135] In 1790, Burke raises his pen to attack the French Revolution. The levellers have claimed that all occupations are honorable. Burke replies:

> The occupation of a hair-dresser, or of a working tallow-chandler, cannot be a matter of honour to any person—to say nothing of a number of more servile employments. Such descriptions of men ought not to suffer oppression from the state; but the state suffers oppression, if such as they, either individually or collectively, are permitted to rule. In this you think you are combatting prejudice, but you are at war with nature.[136]

Kindred formulations abound in ancient China and (as we shall see) twentieth-century Russia.

And what if the potters, strangely dissatisfied with such systems, want to be paid more, not to mention honored? Marx's answer will echo down the ages forever: "Between equal rights, force decides."[137]

RANK

We've learned that the ant-queen attracts her nestmates chemically; she is not "above" them, but controls and is controlled by them. The ants' gloss on Marx is: "Our equal rights can never be in conflict, because altruism makes us one." The Inuk hunter of prior times who strangled his feeble old mother did so not because he was "above" her but because she was useless; he might even have done it out of kindness. But in Assyria, the new classes—priests, soldiers, administrators—did grow above the undifferentiated souls who fed them. Call them tall stalks in Lord Millet's field. Just now we saw the germination and flowering of property. Simultaneously it happens with status. The Icelandic chieftan whose lawsuit-help I crave may not be better than I, but at the moment I need him more than he needs me. I'm on the way to falling below him, to being *valued* as less than he, not for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

what I don't have, but for what I *am* not. We've just read what Burke thinks of tallow-chandlers. I'm sure this too occurs by increments. Pay a fellow Hebrew after seven years' service, says the Bible, and let him go. So far, at least the fiction of class equality persists: vassalage is revocable. "But if he says to you, 'I will not go out from you,' because he loves you and your household, since he fares well with you, then you shall take an awl, and thrust it through his ear into the door, and he shall be your bondman forever. And to your bondwoman you shall do likewise."[138]

A Marxist could say that the bondman accepted enslavement less out of love than out of the bitter fact that he couldn't get work elsewhere; but what we may be misreading here as someone's alienation of himself, his new family read differently. And he himself, when the awl went into his ear, perhaps felt that he had achieved safe harbor at last—who's to say?

Regardless of what *he* thinks, we know what Burke's class thinks of him.

Regardless of what he *thinks,* adds the Marxist, "it is not the consciousness of men which determines their existence, but, on the contrary, their social existence determines their consciousness"[139]—an argument which, however well meant, leads by mental and moral superiority's easy paths to a utopia whose citizens are not equals, but sick patients. Unchecked (and who can check it? For everybody who disagrees with it suffers from false consciousness!), it will dangerously undermine the relevance of the bondman's own thoughts and desires—the central error in Lenin and Stalin's policy of collectivization. But we shouldn't write off this quick, clever aphorism so easily: Haven't we have all seen degraded, broken individuals, some of whom *accept* their degradation, and in their dullness or crushedness cannot imagine being better off? Perhaps they fear the process of improvement, like a blind child struggling against the operation which will bring him sight.[140] The ones I know are mostly just tired. Social existence does more or less determine consciousness. Whether or not we condemn that fact, dependence—on the awl-wielding master, or on the Marxist—lies a very long way from the egalitarianism of hunter-gatherer nomadism...

CLASS-BRANDED THINKING

Or does it? If hunters are "the best men," then class has already been defined as status. And what is rank but status made inborn and perpetual? As for the idea which we seek to define, and others to defend, let us put it crudely thus: *Class is either what you control or how other people treat you.* And here I want to reintroduce the standard human approximation of the Golden Rule: *Do unto others as they do unto you.* Letting this axiom operate upon our practical definition of class, we should not be surprised to learn the result, that *people who live in a class hierarchy create and extend those divisions in their own minds.* Burke's an obvious case, but I also remember one very poor motorcycle driver I knew in Phnom Penh, a man who incidentally supported the Khmer Rouge. His story will figure larger in the second part of this book.[141] At the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

time about which I'm writing, motorcycle drivers represented an intermediate development upon the transportation scene—a new functional subclass (in the ant sense) doomed to live out all too rapidly what Marx would call its "historical mission." In 1991, with the whole country still deathly poor and broken from that spell of revolutionary delirium which had ended a dozen years since, I had seen only cyclo drivers—skinny men who pedaled their passengers in awninged vehicles which resembled baby carriages. Commuters who didn't want to ride in cyclos propelled themselves through the streets in their sky-blue Russian-made bicycles. Toward the end of 1992, reified by motorcycles, the internal combustion engine made its formal reappearance. By 1995 actual air-conditioned taxis had begun to show up—ubiquitous enough the following year that most foreign tourists elected for that comfortable isolation. From the standpoint of class as property, taxi drivers obviously stood highest, and cyclo drivers the lowest. My motorcycle driver believed taxi drivers to be as a rule obnoxiously lordly, while cyclo drivers were oafs. Only motorcycle drivers such as himself could judge the individual merits of such folk. As the years went by, he eventually succeeded in buying a car—wonderful to see how his thinking then changed! Mao Zedong flatly states: "In class society everyone lives as a member of a particular class, and every kind of thinking, without exception, is stamped with the brand of a class."[142]

If one believes in fighting the class struggle, then class-branded thinking writes its own license for Pol Pot's children to kill anybody with glasses, which brand their owners' eyes (at least to those who cannot afford glasses) with richness—no wonder Mao supported Pol Pot!

EMBLEMS

By all means, condemn the killers of the bespectacled—for them there can be neither justification nor mitigation. But we might note that in Pol Pot's generation, in parts of China, the USSR and southeast Asia, officials sometimes wore glasses simply in order to resemble officials. The "best men" of the Amerindians could be their own emblems. Rank, however, requires props. The Spaniards under Cortes would often encounter Montezuma's envoys strutting by "with cocksure pride," leaning on special crooked staffs as they went, and tranquilly sniffing the roses they bore in their hands.[143] In the Three Kingdoms of fifth-century Korea, officials of infinitesmally graded ranks wore robes of purple, scarlet, blue or yellow to indicate their status,[144] facilitating the expedient social equation between defense of class and defense of honor. If one had no robe, it was best to keep quiet and bow.[145]

Because the "best men" are born with their muscles and keen eyes, the enfranchised may argue, in glib defense of class, that the name or skin he was born with likewise makes *him* best. One day in South Africa, Gandhi, dressed in full professional style, clasped his first class ticket in one hand, his self-respect in the other,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and entered a first class carriage. The beleaguered white man within demanded that he leave. When Gandhi refused, a constable threw him off the train.

WHEN PEOPLE BECOME OBJECTS

And so functional specialization grows into subordination, then official vileness, an instance being the bigotry which even now afflicts the "Untouchable" castes of India and Japan.[146] We've told the tale in the language of creeping gradualism, but class domination also makes headway by that especially notorious means: the sword. Eight centuries before Christ, Ashurnasirpal II boasts of the people he's just annexed: "They embraced my feet."[147] Few "best men" would demand that. Shalmaneser III crushes the Arameans, and crows: "They became afraid of the terror emanating from my position as overlord, as well as of the splendor of my fierce weapons, and killed their master"[148] A hundred years later, Sargon II smashes the Samarians. "The town I rebuilt better than it was before... I placed an officer of mine as governor over them and imposed upon them tribute as is customary for Assyrian citizens."[149] There goes some of their productive surplus![150] Sargon's defense of honor against the Samarians can now become defense of property.



An Aztec elite Eagle Knight soldier.

In old Korea, where victorious commanders own prisoners of war outright, "the social compulsion to relegate large segments of the populace to unfree status constitutes a special characteristic of the aristocratic states of the Three Kingdoms period."[151] —And of the Greek period, and the Roman period, too.[152] Hence the Slavemaster's Maxim: *If I was born better than you, I have the right to your labor, to your very person.*[153] The seed-miller has become her ant-queen's inferior.[154]

CHARMING FELLOWS, LIVING TOOLS

About these antique societies Marx wants us to believe (since his theory of increasing socioeconomic pressure requires it) that the seed-miller's life is better than it will become—if we overlook such ghastly exceptions as gold-mining—because the exploiting classes have not yet become less concerned with the products of a worker's labor than with the worker as a product.[155] I consider Marx's argument to be expedient to the brink of outright wickedness. Moreover, it is wrong. As Leslie White pointed out, slaves may be divided into European feudalism's "property-making machines"—the kind most familiar to Marxists—and their antithesis, Polynesian, Mesoamerican and Northwest American Indian expressions of rank's outward honor—which is precisely to say, products. "The noneconomic character of the institution of 'slavery' is revealed," says White, "when a Kwakiutl chief, for example,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

will kill a slave merely to demonstrate his high status."[156] No matter what Marx writes, I am not sure that the slave is thereby better off. The Aztecs likewise expend their slaves on religious sacrifices when they see fit, or when authority calls upon them to do so;[157] the Koreans of the old kingdom of Koguryo use up to a hundred at once to accompany their masters in death;[158] the Roman householders torture them whenever they need to learn the facts about some insolence or insurrection.

As with the law of the bondsman's ear, any generalization on the evils of a slave's life requires severe qualification. For some people, at some times, slavery may be preferable to freedom. One archaeologist claims that in and after the time of Juvenal, a rich man's slave was better off than a poor citizen, because to the former might be delegated the most lucrative and commanding tasks of administration, including the whipping of free citizens.[159] What is mainly proved by such data is the fatuousness of *any* one definition of class:[160] class as rank, class as wealth, class as prestige, etcetera.[161] The obvious fact remains that, other things being equal, a slave is worse off than a free man. The slaves of the rich were sheltered and pampered for what we ought to call structural rather than personal reasons—no matter if their owners called them members of the family. In 61 B.C., Cicero writes his dear friend Atticus that "my reader Sositheus, a charming fellow, has died, and I am more upset about it than anyone would suppose I should be about a slave's death."[162] —How nice—or is it?

When Unlawfulness is Commited Upon My Slave, Who Has Been Harmed?

The moral calculus of Roman law (533 A.D.)[163]

1. "If anyone unlawfully kills a slave or servant-girl belonging to someone else, or a four-footed beast of the class of cattle, let him be condemned to pay the owner the highest value that the property had attained in the preceding year."
2. "If someone castrates your slave boy and thus increases his value, Vivanus writes that the *lex Aquilia* should not apply, but that you should instead bring the action for insult or sue under the edict of the Aediles for four times his value."
3. "A man who kills another's slave caught in the act of adultery will not be liable under this lex."
4. "If a slave is wounded, but not mortally, and he dies of neglect, the action will be for wounding, not for killing."
5. "If a slave-girl is pregnant when stolen, or becomes pregnant while stolen, the child, when born, is stolen property"
6. "A runaway slave-girl is deemed to commit theft of herself and she makes her child stolen property by handling it."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

7. "If a runaway slave of mine buys some things for his own use and they are taken from him by force, I can bring an action for robbery because those things are my property."
8. "If anyone is alleged to have beaten the slave of another improperly, or to have had him tortured without his master's order, I will give an action against him."


Roman slave holder

Cicero also tells us how one patrician lady puts a slave of hers to the question in hopes of making him bear false witness. He refuses; the torture continues until the appalled and disgusted spectators halt it. A couple of years later, she tortures him again, then cuts his tongue out and crucifies him, evidently because she fears he might recant. "Such treatment of slaves seems to have been common in Rome," says a twentieth-century scholar.[164] Another account reports that during Nero's regime, the Roman city prefect was murdered by one of his four hundred slaves. *The assassin was known.* But the Senate followed ancient law, and liquidated every last one of them, without distinction of age or sex.[165] After all, two-legged chattels weren't rare (consider that appellation "the common people"); they made up a full third of the population.[166] Wealthy patrician families might own so many slaves that they had to be grouped in tens to keep track of them.[167] Caesar's friend Crassus calls them "lively cattle," "living tools."[168] Tacitus speaks of "the slaves and those other inhabitants who need threats of force to keep them in order."[169] He also calls them "articles for use."[170]

The master of course lives immune to torture (at least until the decline of the Empire).[171] He commissions statues of himself in marble, and plates them with gold.[172] He soweth not, neither doth he reap. Doubtless Cicero, Crassus, Caesar, Pompey don't see it that way; they plan, struggle, risk all, aid Rome, aid their clients, so let's rephrase the cliché: *With his own hands* he soweth not, his contribution being to set the tone, to establish, govern and coordinate—from the slave's point of view, to consume. —"Among slaveholding ants the worker caste degenerates and frequently disappears. Often slaveholding ants can scarcely feed themselves."[173] Krushchev with his good class outlook insists that it was the institution of slavery which sapped the Roman Empire.[174] Perhaps he's right: slavery under his predecessor, Stalin, certainly undermined the Soviet Union and her founding revolution.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LYSIAS'S DEFENSE

And when official class relations stand thus, when the formal code of society refuses to regard the slave as a human being, then the most intimate social relations are poisoned. An Athenian defendant stands before the bar. The prosecutor has just finished. Now the water-clock is dripping away the moments allotted for defense.[175] How can he put his best foot forward? What argument will make the jurors drop their mussel-shell votes into the urn of acquittal? He'd owned a slave-girl in common with another man, with whom he subsequently quarrelled. "She pretends to prefer me at one time, him at another, because she wants to be loved by both of us," he cries. —Is she then expedient, calculating, untrue? —Probably. Given her situation, who could blame her? —The defendant does. What are his feelings for her? Disgruntlement, it would seem, or rage, for she'd favored his rival, who freed her (if I'd been she, I would have preferred him, too). And so this very ordinary monster asks that she be tortured to confirm his statements. "She has been the cause of all our actions," he declaims. "Everything can be made clear by reference to her..."—and we know what that means. "I feel indignation, gentlemen, if on account of a mere prostitute slave-woman I find myself faced with the danger of losing all that is most dear."[176]

How many kindred monsters must the Athenian system have created? Just look at the class basis of that "cradle of democracy,"[177] whose constitution specifically excluded laborers from office-holding:[178]

Meditate on this[179] sincerely, and you must admit that the Marxist goal of total classlessness, however impractical, unwise or evil it might be in execution, is nonetheless noble. If living Justice ever succeeds in taking off her blindfold and enforcing her conscience, then no one will ever be "a mere prostitute slave-woman" again. But that hasn't happened yet, and maybe it never will.[180] On the eve of World War I, we find the socialists of the First International desperately arguing that class war ought to be a far more fundamental concern to the masses than conflicts over

---

CLASS EGALITARIANISM IN ATHENS (MID 5TH CENT. B.C.)

CITIZENS: 10%

FREE NON-CITIZENS: 40%
(*Resident aliens, Athenian women and children*)

UNFREE NON-CITIZENS: 50%
(Slaves)

CLASSES OF CITIZENS

1. Pentacosiomedimnoi = 500 measures of produce/year
2. Knights = 300 measures
3. Zeugitai = 200 measures
4. Thetes = Lower-class citizens

SOURCE: THUCYDIDES (STRASSLER), APPENDIX A, PP. 577-78 (ALAN L. BOEGHOLD).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

national sovereignty. No one listens. Twenty-three centuries before, Thucydides ascribes to the brutally frank Athenian surrender commissioners in his famous Melian Dialogue the adage that "a rival empire like Sparta, even if Sparta was our real antagonist" (they are at war with Sparta at the time), "is not so terrible to the vanquished as subjects who by themselves attack and overpower their rulers."[181]

"SCOURGE HIM TO MAKE US EVEN"

Once the notion of class expresses itself as worth instead of function,[182] and once urgent self-defense commands ruthlessness, then the unworthy may be broken or destroyed on mere suspicion, or out of caprice, or for any reason. Under Charles V, a soldier who "regularly tarried and ate and drank in inns" without what we would now call "visible means of support" could be put to the torture on suspicion of robbery.[183] As an expedient policy, this was probably logical, for how could a fellow in soldier's livery (as opposed to a man in a fine lord's cloak) indeed have funds or leisure without being a bandit? God knows, his pay was low enough! (The ants, I suppose, would reason the same, did they reason: idlers do not last long in their company.)

What then must Charles V's lackey-torturers, magistrates, constables and rich citizens have thought of their own country's soldiers, whose role was to defend their privileged lives? What must any soul feel toward its natural inferiors? We know Burke's sentiments. For more of the same, just read Plutarch's endless anxious sneers against "the people"; or consider how Mark Antony scourged Caesar's freedman and wrote to him: "If it offends you, you have got my freedman, Hipparchus, with you: hang him up and scourge him to make us even."[184] Yes, this is class.

As a result of his noble birth, recollected the Marquis de Sade, "I believed, from the time I could reason, that nature and fortune had joined together to heap their gifts upon me."[185] When his father died, he required of his mayors, consuls and deputies the ancient kiss of homage.[186] That was his due; his honor; forgoing it would have constituted failure to defend his class. His sad and ferocious experiments with prostitutes remind us of the tale of the Athenian slave-girl. In Marseilles he surreptitiously administered Spanish fly in candies to several women, who suffered great pain as a result and almost died. In lines which could have been taken from any of his novels, he referred to his exploit as one of

> these amusements, whose only drawback was at worst the death of a whore... Putting these vile creatures in their true place, people are beginning to feel that, since they are made solely to serve as victims to our passions, it is only their disobedience that must be punished, and not our caprices.[187]

Sade was no sport of nature. When he was a child, his playmate's father, the Comte de Charloais, liked to shoot workmen on roofs, just for the pleasure of hit-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Slum street, Whitechapel

ting his mark. (One is reminded of the Japanese warrior-class, which at about the same time liked to test out new swords by chopping in two the first commoner who came to a crossroads.)[188] All that Charloais had to do afterward was beg the king's pardon, which, the king had to admit, was "due your rank and quality as prince of the blood."[189] In every age one can find such beasts, whose impunity is brought up short by neither obligation nor compassion. That is why Bakunin shouts: "It is the characteristic of privilege and of every privileged position to kill the mind and heart of men."[190]

WHY VILE CREATURES MUST BE VILE

What is class? we ask again. Is it rank, or wealth, or caste, or status? The local definition matters not. Class is, quite simply, the particular arrangement by which power and resources get unequally distributed within a society—no matter whether its divisions are attenuated over long gradations, as in the many-tiered hierarchies of ancient China,[191] or sharply marked as in Greece, where (so the scholar Vernant has noted) the democracy enjoyed by the citizen classes defined exactly and was exactly defined by the slave class with its paucity of civil rights.[192] *Class is the local determinator of social inequality.*

BURKE'S REPLY

"All this violent cry against the nobility I take to be a mere work of art... Nobility is a graceful ornament to the civil order. It is the Corinthian capital of polished society."[193]

FROM FEUDALISM TO CAPITALISM

Now even the Greek *demos* with its noble rhetoric and its brutal foundations is long gone. Gone, too, the Huron warriors who followed dream-visions whenever they chose, paying as much or as little heed as they liked to the remonstrances of their Old Men. (In point of fact, medieval class hierarchies and what might be called "longhouse individualism" coexist in the seventeenth-century world, but that doesn't at all discomfit Marx's pretty schema of productive development: as soon as they meet, the former will gobble the latter.) With his nineteenth-century predilection for literary lights and shadows, Marx describes "feudal Europe, shrouded in darkness":

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> Here, instead of the independent man, we find everyone dependent—serfs and lords, vassals and suzerains, laymen and clerics... But precisely because relations of personal independence form the given social foundation, there is no need for labour and its products to assume a fantastic form different from their reality [that is to say, the objectification of labor under industrial capitalism]. They take the shape, in the transactions of society, of services in kind and payments in kind.[194]



Beggar in 19th-cent. London

Briefly, what he means by the objectification of labor, now creeping upon the scene, is as follows: In tribal, classical and feudal times, work possessed only a "use-value," but in capitalist times it acquires through the "cash nexus" an "exchange value" calculated in *money*. In Wendaké I brought a cake of tobacco for your curing ceremony when you were sick; you gave me a captive Iroquois for me to torture as I pleased. These were free gifts between equals, not exchange at all. In the Middle Ages, I dug a ditch for my lord when he commanded me, while you delivered to him the statutory proportion of your lambs and apples; no one thought of equating the two in absolute terms. But in Marx's nineteenth-century England, I dig ditches for a fixed wage, while you sell apples for a fixed price.[195] We can thus calculate the prices of ditches dug in relation to the prices of apples, or (as do class-pigeonholers) my hourly worth in relation to yours. By thus quantifying the value of our labor, we become susceptible to making money for someone else whose claim is merely that he owns the means of production. Again, I'm not sure I see the practical difference, to a slave dying in the gold mines of ancient Rome. Nonetheless, here lies the true meaning of the revolutionary adage that "property is theft."

As a factory worker, my productive power becomes potentially unlimited. New machines decrease the amount of time it takes me to make something, thereby allowing—that is, requiring—me to make more such items than before, for the same fixed wage. It is as if I suddenly found myself digging not one ditch for my lord, but ten. I may expend no more effort than I did in completing a single ditch, and so in a certain sense opaque to Marxism am not exploited at all (or at least I'm not more exploited than I was), but thanks to capital, embodied in the new machine, the gap between my wage and my lord's profit has increased by an order of magnitude. The distinction between absolute and relative poverty suddenly becomes much more important. It is no longer what I make, but I myself who am for sale.

And when the only work I can find is factory work, then the "cash nexus," the objectification of my labor-value, is determined by the factory owner. I don't like it?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Well, I'm "free" to refuse, unlike the Roman slave. How progressive this nineteenth century is! Another factory owner just might hire me—for even less! And soon new machinery will compell him to increase his productivity, in order to keep up with his business rivals, so that, so that, desperate to lower his overhead (it's really not his fault), and needing fewer workers to operate the efficient apparatus, he can fire me. When it takes eight workers to accomplish what it used to take twenty, then my factory town holds too many souls: down goes every worker's labor-value, and the capitalist, seeing another way to shave costs, pays accordingly. Hence Marx's shoe-banging descendant, Krushchev, vehemently states that "the invincible law of capitalism is the law of the impoverishment of the proletariat and the ruin of the peasants."[196] Robespierre says it with less cant: "Nature tells us that man was born for liberty, and the experience of centuries shows us man enslaved; these rights are written in his heart, and his humiliations written in history."[197]

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

And what can we do about it? The underclass's answer has always been: "Revolution." The new middle class says: "Reform"—ever the bitterest joke to revolutionaries. Or perhaps it too whispers "revolution" if it thinks (as it did in 1789) that it can gain more than it will lose. The upper class in its turn may sigh: "Concessions." (One Marxist jeers that a feudal lord's "freeing" his serfs—the Marxist's quotation marks—is the same as proletarianizing them, turning them out of the land he owns, the land they've lived on for generations.)[198] Or it cries: "Repression!" —"If a slave rises [up] against his master," runs a Hittite law from the fourteenth century before Christ, "he shall go in a pot" to be buried alive.[199]

PRELUDE TO DEKULAKIZATION

Like the tablets of Hittite moralists, Marx's pages crackle with hatred and menace. Anyone who reads *Capital*'s careful statistics of woe, to say nothing of the appalling accounts incorporated from periodicals and parliamentary "Blue Books" of mistreatment of the workers—starvation, disease and cold, weary forced idleness, death, death, death—cannot but feel his anger to be justified. "The hour of the machine had struck."[200] It was the hour for surplus value to be extracted from the workers—and the hour for the workers to rise up. Marx himself was living on charity then (he had to borrow money for his daughter Franziska's coffin). I'm sure he would have reduced the members of the oppressor class to slaves if he could![201] In the *Manifesto* he told them to go ahead and tremble: the Communists were coming!

And in Russia, they came. "The government is already running big estates with workers instead of peasants, where conditions are favourable," said Lenin to H. G.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Wells. "That can spread... The peasants in the other provinces, selfish and illiterate, will not know what is happening until their turn comes"[202] —When their turn comes, they'll know it, those lousy kulak bastards! Those Party activists in their sheepskin coats and aviator-style caps will dip up their grain, and they'll begin starving.

DEVILS OR ANGELS?

But leave that story for later; we haven't quite come to Stalin's century yet. Spartacus rises up and dies. So does Robespierre. Who exemplifies legitimate defense of class? —It depends on whom you ask, of course. —To Trotsky, for example, Robespierre must be called a magnificent bourgeois forerunner of Communist revolution; to Carlyle, he's a wicked sea-green mediocrity, the eighteenth-century manifestation of Hannah Arendt's banality of evil. But risings-up occur no matter what you think of them—likewise risings down. After all, says Stalin to H. G. Wells, who's come back for more, "the rich experience of history teaches that up to now not a single class has voluntarily made way for another class."[203]

FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS AGAIN

Precisely because the upper class won't make way, the underclass always rises up, or seeks to. —So, at any rate, runs the paradigm. And yet most scholars agree on the irrelevance of "class consciousness" as a descriptor of, say, the Roman plebeians, who might riot when grain prices rose, but whose aim was not to take the mechanisms of distribution into their own hands, merely to get cheaper grain. About this stratum, whose hemmed-in lives in Rome's firetrap tenements now lie beyond our vision (if we except the patricians' brief, distorted notice, or the coarsely pixellated gaze of modern statistics), Erich S. Gruen writes bluntly, in a passage which might equally apply to the atomized family dependence of many women throughout history:[204] "For most, their welfare was tied more closely to relations with powerful patrons than to members of their own class. The result was an enduring fragmentation"[205]—which the rulers surely encouraged in self-defense. Here is how Cato the Censor ruled his slaves: "He would ever craftily make one of them fall out with another, for he could not abide they should be friends, being ever jealous of that."[206] For similar reasons, owners of slave-gladiators preferred a hodgepodge of Celts, Thracians, Germans and the like, to hinder mutual communication, let alone class solidarity.[207] After-proof of the prudence of their intentions: Spartacus the gladiator rises up (even if no plebeians join him). Marx calls him a noble proletarian; the historian Christian Meier calls him "a robber chief on a grand scale."[208] He dies in battle; his slave army gives and gets no quarter; the ruling class crucifies all the survivors.

And yet what twentieth-century agitators would term the failure of "mobilization" and "class consciousness" among the plebs was never the result of any cun-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ningly farsighted patrician defense of class. Appian, historian of the ruling elite, tells how the plebeians arrive at one civic assembly bearing daggers.[209] —Ominous, to be sure, but he cannot see beyond the supposition that they've been murderously misled. How could they possibly embody, let alone offer, a self-contained purpose, a righteousness, a noble striving? And they probably don't. Some patrician or his tool will be trying to bribe them. For that matter, it never occurs to Appian that his class as such needs defending: *Rome* is imperiled by plebeian violence. Likewise, when the dictator Sulla gives fortuitous birth to himself, saving Rome from *her*self, by means of easy bloodshed, his tools demand "that the voting should be controlled by the well-to-do and sober-minded rather than by the pauper and reckless classes—there would no longer be left any starting-point for civil discord."[210] Sulla and Appian do not conceive of mass revolution, only of mass disorder. That's why Sulla's victims (at least the ones we read about) tend to be senators, rich men, patricians who might prepare a credible opposition to him on the narrow power-stage of Roman politics. For, after all, the plebeians are *needed.* Moreover, as the Roman centuries succeed each other, they gain a modest measure of civic power—all to the good; here's another way for a politician who flatters "the people" to manipulate the system, in defense of his own income and prestige, his dynamic private class! Under the ancient law of the Twelve Tables, commoners could not intermarry with the patricians,[211] but this was no longer followed; and we read that in the last generation of the Republic the patrician demagogue P. Clodius succeeded (with Caesar's connivance) in getting himself adopted into a plebeian family so that he could stand for the plebeian office of tribune—evidence both of the practical fluidity of class lines and of the not insignificant civic powers of plebeian representation (however easily Clodius might have corrupted those to his ends). All to the good! Dole out grain, control the vote, prevent civil discord.



Three generations of spinners, Bank Top Spinning Co. (1900)

To Marx, this sentiment merely brings a bitter smile. Marx knows that civil discord in this context means simply "danger to one's class interest." Rank hath its privileges; and the more of them it hath, the more certain rank becomes that its existence is not exploitative at all, but as vitally functional as any ant-queen.[212] Call Marx correct. We see his logic now, when we see the Sullan formula for reconciliation repeated down the ages. For Edward Gibbon as he sat musing over the history of old Rome, the solution was as simple in its own way as the ants', or Rizal's: Let the rich have luxuries; they'll have to pay poor craftsmen to make them.[213] This begs the question:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

What about the unskilled poor? —And here is the ruling class's answer, attributed to that moderately cruel emperor Tiberius: "If we are decent, we shall behave well—the rich when they are surfeited, the poor because they have to."[214]

PARETO'S SHELL GAME

Wait! Marx was wrong! insist those clever twentieth-century theorists, Pareto and Mosca. There *is* no ruling class in mass democracy—that went out with hereditary absolutism! What we have instead is a *circulation of elites.*[215] (It sounds a little like the ants. The queen dies; a new queen takes over; nobody complains; the larvae grow on time.) The *most qualified* can rise to the top for awhile. Wasn't capitalism—and feudalism, too, for that matter—the result of ideology as well as economics? And aren't elites often a collection of individuals at cross-purposes, not blocs and cabals?[216] Gaze, for instance, at the following chart:

THE SIX CLASS DIVISIONS OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA (1948)

"He defined his classes not only in terms of wealth and power, but in terms of people's consumption and sociability habits. [A fellow traveller] used the tossed salad as a more reliable indicator of a person's status than the size of his bank account."

1. Upper-upper ("old-line aristocrats").
2. Lower-upper ("the nouveaux riches").
3. Upper-middle (professionals, executives, etc.).
4. Lower-middle (white-collar workers, tradesmen, etc.).
5. Upper-low (skilled and semiskilled).
6. Lower-lower (laborers and first-generation immigrants).

SOURCE: PACKARD (PP. 97-98); AFTER LLOYD WARNER, SOCIAL CLASS IN AMERICA.

The case could certainly be made that from the point of view of the last three classes, the first three constitute an elite. Among them they control a disproportionate amount of national income and power. But do, say, the aristocrats and the managerial professionals always agree? —Of course they don't, Marx would say. And, if anything, that fact only exacerbates their stranglehold over the fifth and sixth classes (the fourth one, white-collar workers and tradesmen, will be guilty of petty-bourgeois leanings until proven otherwise). As we've learned, competition forces individuals among the elite to squeeze their employees harder; otherwise they might lose their market share. Anyhow, some Marxists reason, to typify class divisions on the basis of occupational or income brackets misleads. "Taking this method

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to extremes, one arrives at one category per individual, thus conforming to the individualistic requirement of the ideology that takes the place of social science. The dynamic of society then becomes incomprehensible."

For me, the most important point is this: Whether or not subgroups circulate in and out of the ruling class, the ruling class remains. People die, history devours nations, centuries blow away like dust and still our class divisions allow us to treat one another as ants would never do...

THE ASPIRATIONS OF MANJOK

And now we're almost ready to return to Stalin and the kulaks. We understand the complexity and urgent *endlessness* of the class struggle. Ninth-century Korean rebels grow so numerous and anonymous that government records refer to them as "grass bandits."[217] They rise again in the twelfth century, slaves and peasants both—thousands of them. In 1198, Manjok, leader of the Kaesong insurrection, cries out these words in defense of class:

> Why then should we only work ourselves to the bone and suffer under the whip? ... If each one kills his master and burns the record of his slave status, thus bringing slavery to an end in our country, then each of us will be able to become a minister or a general.[218]

Rizal, Tolstoy, Gandhi would have smilingly shaken their heads. I continue to think, for all that I admire those three, that their call for nonviolence patronizes the people who have to suffer the most. Why *should* Manjok's people endure the whip? Why shouldn't they kill their masters? The Kaesong uprising gets crushed, of course. —Anyhow, explain the Marxists, any slave rebellion in those times could not have advanced history by creating a new society, because the opposition between classes (that is, between masters and slaves) did not yet correspond with the "fundamental contradiction" of that mode of production.[219] When the proletariat takes over a capitalist's factories, their joint ownership creates socialism. But when the Spartan helots rose up against their masters two dozen centuries earlier, all they could have hoped to do would be to seize and possess the farms which they'd been working for their masters' benefit. The lack of mechanical aids to farm production—tractors, milking machines, etcetera—would prevent them from giganticizing, concentrating and collectivizing that production. Thus the classical Marxist argument.[220] (Thanks to Mao Zedong, however, the "peasantization" of classical Marxism has been a sort of acid bath, dissolving much of that half-dead body's theoretical skeleton.)[221]

I remain less than convinced that "advancing society" is a necessary goal of class struggle. Spartacus and Manjok didn't give a fig about capital. They just wanted the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

whip-cracks to stop. —Nor, Rizal might add, did they want justice. They wanted only reverse injustice. True or not? They didn't triumph, so we might as well ask the dusty wind.

THE ASPIRATIONS OF MANJOK (CONTINUED)

In the nineteenth century, the Korean peasants rise up again, first in small bands, as "fire brigands" and "water brigands," then coalescing into larger rebellions—all crushed.[222] Official government slavery has been abolished by then, but property slavery continues to starve the farmers.

Halfway around the world, equivalent forces operate: first comes the French Revolution ("the common people have become bored with morality," explains one of Mishima's Sadean characters, "and they'd like to enjoy for themselves the immorality that hitherto has been the exclusive prerogative of the nobility");[223] then the Paris Communards try to liquidate all property, and cobblestones glisten with their murdered blood. Marx and Engels shrill out, "Workers of the world, unite! You have nothing to lose but your chains!"

And finally comes the October Revolution. Oh, yes, the hour of the machine has struck! The productive forces stand ready. "There were bayonets at the edges of the room," writes John Reed, "bayonets pricking up among the delegates; the Military Revolutionary Committee was arming everybody"[224] —In a woodcut made decades after Lenin's death, we see that leader standing in a long row among his Red Guards.[225] Lenin himself has a hand in his pocket, perhaps preparing to whip out some gun or decree. Left to right, they gaze unflinchingly into our faces, capped or shawled (for on the far right there is one woman in long skirts, gripping a bayonet), high-headed, steady and still, with their holstered pistols, their rifles and bandoliers, their determination: formidable class fighters.[226] We see them coming closer and closer.

THE LAST GASP OF FUNCTIONALISM

Must it be revolution, then? Must we destroy the ruling class instead of bringing it into some lovingly *conscious* ant feedback system?

Gandhi, of course, replies that we need not. As uncompromisingly, nobly impractical as his violent brother Bakunin, he offers a magic remedy which Bakunin (and Stalin) would despise, proposing to divide Indian society into four kinds of occupations, none superior to the others. The cruel ostracism of the untouchable caste will have to be repealed, but Gandhi, unlike his disciple, Martin Luther King, hesitates to demand caste intermarriage or even inter-dining. Why? Because that's not necessary; it's not important. As for class relations mediated by the cash nexus, "why should not the mill-owners feel happy paying a little more to the workers?" he wrote in a letter to a mill-owner friend. "There is only one royal road to remove

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Lenin and the Red Guards

their discontent: entering their lives and binding them with the silken thread of love."[227] This could be considered almost a Platonic view (although Plato's *Republic* with its example of the potters had put it rather more mean-spiritedly):[228] in the anthill we all dwell in, the classes need one another.[229]

FUNCTIONALISM DENIED

No, they do not, says Marx (for whom the Gandhian view would have been just another of Sulla's tricks of elite self-defense). We must *crush* the ruling class. And we'll accomplish that by temporarily installing a ruling class of liquidators. After they complete their job, then their power, too, can "wither away."

Who will the liquidators be? The dispossessed, the wretched of the earth, the factory workers, the proletariat. They constitute the revolutionary class, because factory technology has sharpened and simplified the class struggle, rendering history a contest between the bourgeoisie, which has marshalled capital to reproduce itself and give off money, and the proletarians, whose exploited labor actually created that capital. The increasing power of the machines means that fewer and fewer oppressors control more and more resources, and therefore that the bourgeoise are becoming outnumbered, and that competition to keep up with newer technology will weaken them, throw more proletarians out of work and bring all the contradictions to a head. So the proletarians are the liberating class.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF CLASS

As an official Soviet monograph explains, even though "the organs of proletarian dictatorship" ought to be, in Lenin's words, "open to all,"

> in the first post-revolutionary years the soviets [workers' councils][230] were not and indeed could not be open to all, because representatives of the ousted exploiter classes, who had unleashed a civil war, were deprived of suffrage. It was not until after the construction of a socialist society in the USSR that it became possible to remould the soviets from class organisations into organisations of all working people. The Constitution of 1936 introduced universal suffrage.[231]

This is the famous "Stalin Constitution," as empty as it was beautiful, issued during the year of the worst show trials, when the organs of proletarian dictatorship remain open to none but the new elite.

THE GLOW OF INSPIRATION

But then, under capitalism itself, how many people enjoy the benefits of the now immense productive surplus? For all the historical missions completed by the various classes, has there been any "progress"? Has life gotten "better"? "The cleanly weeded land and the unclean human weeds of Lincolnshire," says Marx, "are pole and counterpole of capitalist production."[232] —This is class—oh, this is most certainly class! —In 1892, the anarchist Alexander Berkman goes to Pittsburgh in hopes of avenging by assassination the ruling class's murders of the Homestead strikers. Here is what he sees:

> In the distance, giant pillars vomit pillars of fire, the lurid flashes accentuating a line of frame structures, dilapidated and miserable. They are the homes of the workers who have created the industrial glory of Pittsburgh, reared its millionaires, its Carnegies and Fricks. The sight fills me with hatred of the perverse social justice that turns the needs of mankind into an Inferno of brutalizing toil.[233]

FROGS IN A POOL

And so we find ourselves back again in Stalin's Russia, the October Revolution won, the Civil War won, but socialism still not quite built, kulaks unconquered,[234] true communism unachieved. It is 1931. Peasants starve. In the 1920s we had reason to hope that western Europe would join us, but the ruling classes saved themselves: we're ringed round with enemies! (Don't forget the enemies at home.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How can we be secure, let alone supreme? Berkman's assessment continues to hang in the air: The smokestacks of Pittsburgh choke us with hatred—because they're not our own socialist smokestacks.

Well, in Lenin's words, *What Is to Be Done?*

First, and as a means to an end, we need an agricultural surplus—food for our cities—so we can build those smokestacks. Heavy industry established, capital now producing *for us*, we'll mass-produce weapons to defend us against the international exploiting classes, which will buy us that leisurely safety so conducive to paving and electrifying our rural areas. —Oh, and we'll produce more goods for the people, of course. (Chekov: "Those who are more stupid and more dirty than we are called the people.")[235] But as a precondition we must consolidate the revolution. Trotsky impatiently explains:

> The gendarmerie of Tsarism throttled the workers who were fighting for the Socialist order. Our Extraordinary Commissions shoot landlords, capitalists, and generals who are striving to restore the the capitalist order. Do you grasp this—distinction? Yes? For us Communists it is quite sufficient.[236]

He's still powerful and popular then. Stalin remains the half-obscure paper-pusher, friend of mediocrities, lackey of Lenin. Trotsky slights him, fatally dazzled by his own magnificence. When the Red Terror begins in 1917, Trotsky says: "There is nothing immoral in the proletariat finishing off the dying class. That is its right."[237]

Twenty-two years later, finishing off a dying Trotsky, Stalin will agree.

THE MISSION OF A DOOMED CLASS

But why must the peasants disappear? From our sketch of communist class theory, one might more readily imagine a small herd of fat, cigar-smoking capitalists in top hats being shoved against a wall by the myriad workers. —Ah, but class science isn't for tyros like us! It takes an expert to know that the enemy might wear a farmer's face!

In 1914 Lenin writes that of course we must follow Engels's prescription: the small peasants will never be expropriated, only led by example.[238] But this is merely Lenin the politician speaking, not Lenin the ideologist. During the 1905 attempt at revolution, he'd drawn the real line:

> In this struggle the peasantry, as a landowning class, will play the same treacherous, unstable part as is now being played by the bourgeoisie in the struggle for democracy. To forget this is to forget socialism, to deceive oneself and others regarding the real interests and tasks of the proletariat.[239]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

That dictum, which nowhere appears in Marx's *Capital*,[240] informed Stalin's procedures and Soviet dogma everywhere.[241] (A related class defense parable: in classical Rome, the dictator Cinna, needing manpower for his coup, frees those slaves who agree to join; but when a few employ that liberty to attack their masters, he liquidates them all.)[242]



Lenin

Why must the peasant be "unstable"? Because he loves the land he works, the land that sustains him. He owns it (or would if he could). We see a father and son standing on a boardwalk of logs and planks, so it must be autumn or spring—spring, most likely, for the trees behind them are in leaf. The street is but a long wide zone of mud. They wear fringed boots wrapped round with ankle-cloths. Baggily, heavily dressed, cap-brims just above eye level, they gaze patiently into the lens, the boy holding what might be a horse-halter, his father with a cowbell and a crude harness slung over his shoulder.[243] This evidence of livestock ownership brands them as kulaks. Of course their gear may serve an entirely different purpose, but I, an activist from Lenin and Stalin's Moscow, know whose side they're on merely by looking into their eyes... "Peasant life is a life committed completely to survival," concludes the author of a "peasant trilogy." —How natural, and to revolutionaries how selfish! —"'Don't run away from anything,' says the Russian peasant proverb, 'but don't do anything.' The peasant's universal reputation for cunning is a recognition of this secretive and subversive tendency."[244] In one of Chekhov's stories he's emblematized as Ignat Ryabov, "a sturdy, broad-shouldered peasant who never does anything and is everlastingly silent."[245] This silence, as the anxious ruling class tries to forget, betokens not idiocy, but stubbornness. Make of Ignat Ryabov a serf, a conscript soldier, or a laborer—no matter what, he thinks his own thoughts and will not tell class enemies what they are. But when at last he speaks, his voice booms.

Throughout the Tsar's domains (soon to become "the country of the revolution")[246] he makes war on the gentry whenever he can. In the first five years of Stalin's century[247] we find six hundred and seventy peasant uprisings in European Russia alone.[248] There lies the peasant's historical mission: In his own class interest, he's doing what that bourgeois lawyer Robespierre did against the French aristocrats. When the gentry have all been liquidated as a class, his task will have ended. He'll be progressive no more.

THE THOUSAND YEARS' WAR

Although he doesn't personalize the issue as Lenin will, nonetheless, in obedience to his bloodshot calculus of necessarily intractable oppositions, Marx asserts that *by*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

their very nature, city and countryside must be at war. (Here we might also quote the ominously relevant aphorism of one scholar that "the enmity between peasants and the state" is "one of the distinctive features of Russian history.")[249] On the one hand, labor power and feeding-power reside in the country, but, thanks to property, and property's new offspring, fathered upon industrialization—namely, capital—coercive administrative power (capital's political shadow) now builds up in the city with every new technological and bureaucratic advance. The country feeds us; but the city organizes us.

It is almost as if those two poles were rival ant-nests to Marx, each with its own functional system of class—almost, but not quite, because that analogy would be too neutral; the urban hive actually contains the progressive class, with its various functional subclasses.

One of Lenin and Trotsky's favorite parlor games was to compare the history of the Russian Revolution they were making with events of the French Revolution a hundred and twenty-eight years before. French radicals had dealt ruthlessly with the *chouannerie,* or sporadic peasant rebellion which occurred in western France from 1793 onward. The Chouans resented new taxes and the loyalty oath required of priests. Many of them allied themselves with monarchists. They were accordingly slaughtered. The *chouannerie* of the Russian and Ukrainian peasants was about forced grain requisitions, and it began almost immediately after Lenin seized power. The people whom he called "profiteers" were, by and large, petty-bourgeois storekeepers and rich peasants. How could they be anything else? If they had grain, if they were thus of interest to the hungry new regime, then they were by definition rich. Most likely they had gathered together their hoards by their own efforts; no doubt, people being people, some had employed foul means; almost certainly none of them wanted to yield anything up. (Gibbon repeated: "The possession and the enjoyment of property are the pledges which bind a civilised people to an improved country.") *That* morality was hardly revolutionary. Lenin believed that he had no choice but to take their food at gunpoint, and from the standpoint of his revolutionary aims he may well have been right. Anyhow, who are we to question him? For, as the Soviets assure us, he was "the most gifted organiser and leader history has ever seen."[250] (I prefer an aphorism out of Tacitus: "The more distinguished men were, the greater their urgency and insincerity.")[251]

There runs a socialist slogan (or cliché, if you prefer) which I have heard on the lips of Russians, Ethiopians, Burmese and ever so many others: *Land to the tiller.* The Leninists utter it (mendaciously) during the revolution and the civil war; but the Stalinists proclaim it a retrogressive irrelevance, for the city, not the country, has won Marx's war.[252] The countryside must accordingly be broken and citified, so that in future there might be no city or country anymore.

Stalin's 1930s will offer the ironic spectacle of peasants who, hoping for such amenities as the eight-hour day which proletarians are much closer than they to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

receiving, ask the Party: "When will the boundary between town and countryside be wiped away?"[253] But that can't happen all at once when a revolution is city-headed! The city must first extend tendrils of control into every haystack, in order to create its future superorganism of coordinated egalitarianism.

DRAINING A STAGNANT POOL

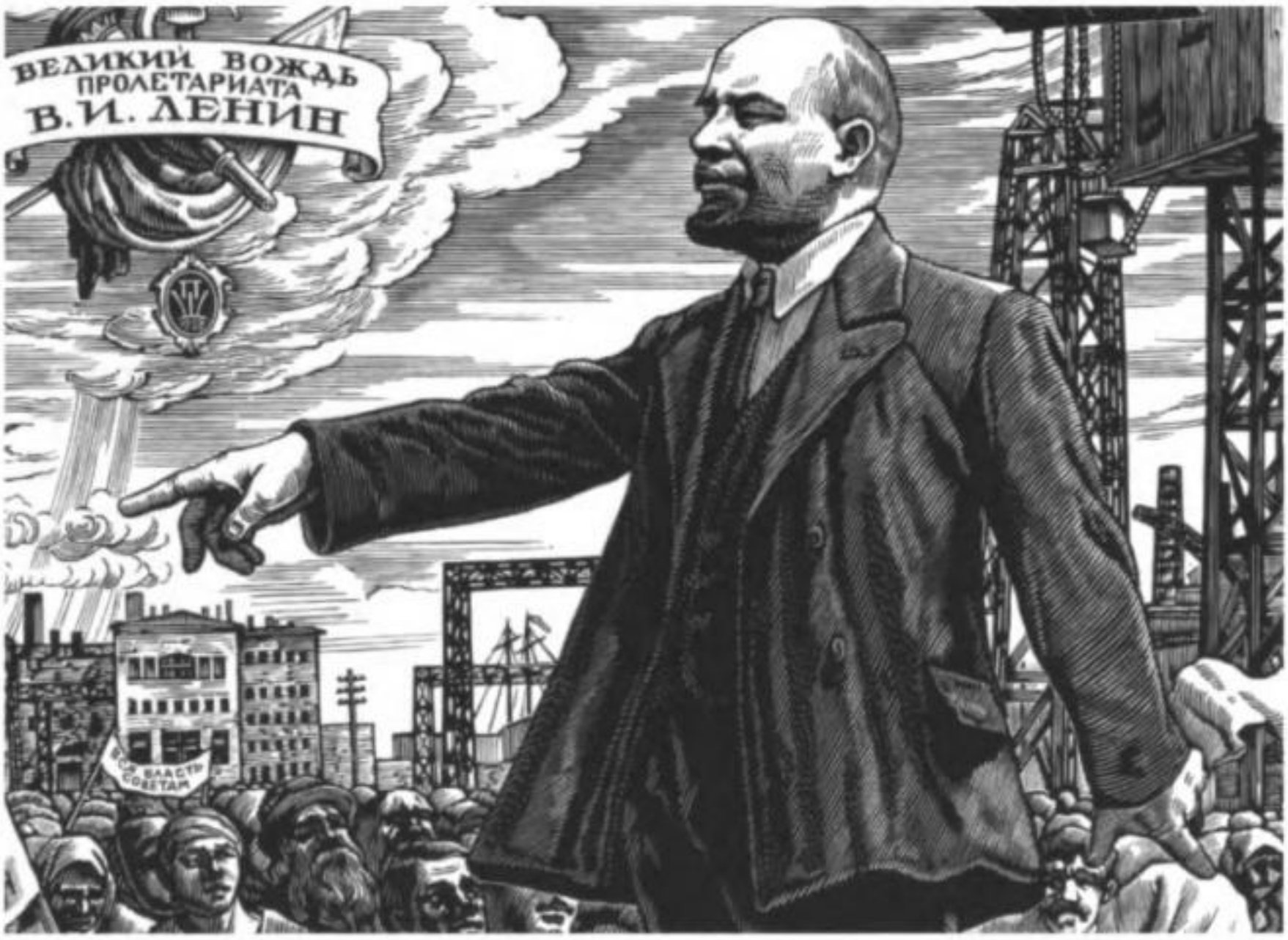
For the moment, take Marx's stated aim of abolishing urban-rural distinctions at face value. Is it a good one? We already saw how those marvelously adapted survivors, the social insects, took the exact opposite course, subdividing into specialized labor-castes, and adapting themselves with even more dramatic morphological variations from species to species, according to terrain and way of life: I repeat, city ants differ from country ants! Was it perhaps an error on the part of Stalinists, and Marxist-Leninists generally, not to have gone in the ants' direction?[254] Of course they too had their specialists, their welders, war-pilots, female shock-workers, NKVD interrogator-torturers, tractor-drivers, commissars; but the same system was to be everywhere imposed, local conditions being, in the long run, irritations. When they collectivized agriculture, some cadres imposed identical farm-grids upon the terrain, be it pastureland or swampland. Well, they retreated from that; and in ant-terms, survival-terms, we cannot say they failed, not right away, for their USSR survived Hitler's worst—and Stalin's, too.[255] But their colleagues in China a few decades later would prove that for the furtherance of class war one could equally well impose the country on the city as force the city on the country. Never mind. We all have our likes and dislikes. Burke despised tallow-chandlers, and Gorki contemptuously referred to "the flat, stagnant pool of the rural world."[256]

Summing up, the proletariat makes up the vanguard class, while the peasantry's but the fat and lazy ally of inertia, hence of prevailing exploitation.[257] It is our mission to level the world-horizon and to prevent any further eruptions of inequality. Besides, we need their grain. Hence the peasants must submit to us.

OF THE FRATERNITY OF WORKERS AND PEASANTS

If the Marxian paradigm of the eternal war between town and countryside was obviously self-fulfilling, still, at the beginning of the Bolshevik regime the peasants did have a weapon: without the products of their labor, everyone would starve. Pol Pot paid reverence to this very material necessity when in 1975 he launched his slogan: *When there is rice, there is everything.* His strategy, foiled by his own murderousness and incompetence, would be to make almost everyone into a rice-producer, a peasant, until Cambodia had built up enough rice-capital to begin industrializing, while murderous cadres urged the toilers on. Stalin's strategy, on the other hand, was to keep and empower his proletarians from the very first moment, not emptying the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Lenin poster (1928)

cities at all, since that would have lost the urban-rural war, but building new ones, fed by the peasants, who would be enrolled willingly or not into collectives. (More equality, less liberty! At least, that was how it had to be for now.)[258] Objective: A city-controlled surplus. Any future threat of withheld production could then be dealt with by zealots who enjoyed full granaries.

It was an article of faith for Stalin, as it would be for Pol Pot, that the greater efficiency and comradely motivation of socialist agriculture would create that surplus. Poor peasants would benefit from joining the collectives. Rich peasants would lose—all to the good. Were they allowed to retain their cows and bushels of grain, they might not be so vulnerable to the state which employed fear to complete its revolution—the state, moreover, which required those cows and that grain.[259]

Yes, the peasants must submit. But start with the landlords; that's good revolutionary strategy. Use the rich peasants to help tear down those plutocrats. Later we can use the poor peasants to crush the rich peasants...

A JEWISH ASIDE

Trotsky, always as suspect as he is illuminating for his didactic literariness, assures us that as soon as the Tsar abdicated, the peasants commenced looting and sometimes burning the estates of the rural nobility, announcing to history's spectators:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"He was our lord and all his goods are ours."[260] Did Trotsky, whose enthusiasm avoided the fact that the peasants' first victims were often Jews like himself, experience any twinge of premonitory terror, like those Party cadres of the 1930s, loyal or not, who, hearing the telephone's scream late at night, expected a summons from the political police? Did he, a country boy, consider the peasants to be his personal enemies? During the Civil War, their counterrevolutionary manipulators seized on his Jewishness with gleeful ferocity.[261] He tells us that he declined Lenin's offer to make him Commissar of the Interior, because "was it worthwhile to put into our enemies' hands such an additional weapon as my Jewish origin?"[262] When we meet Trotsky in exile years after 1917, and find him shrugging off that genocide called collectivization, we may well suppose that his revulsion for the peasants does not follow solely class lines. In 1917, when he colored with obliging redness his account of the peasant expropriators, could he have predicted the anti-Semitism that Stalin would bring to official politics? Did he, in short, ever reflect upon the possibility that vís-à-vís the revolution, he himself, like the peasants, like Shakespeare's Moor who has done his duty and can now go, might constitute a member of a doomed class with a very brief historical mission?



Pre-revolution Russian peasants, Oryol

A CLEVER MOVE ON THE CLASS CHESSBOARD

Strangely enough, the peasants wanted their historical mission to continue! (Do you remember what Stalin said to H. G. Wells? "Up to now not a single class has voluntarily made way for another class.") The Ukrainian scholar A. Graziosi, writing eight decades after the revolution, admits to the baleful survival in the countryside of what she calls an "archaic nucleus," which attacked not only Jewish property, but also that of "widows and lonely women, priests of 'alien' religions and owners with foreign names."[263] Her phrase, if perhaps so delicately abstract as to approach euphemism, remains accurate as a delineation not only of age-old rural cruelty, but also of rural class bitterness. "He was our lord and all his goods are ours." Whether or not the burners' utterance is verbatim, it deserves our attention here as a Marxist parable. It is just what any underclass uprisers believe. It is the revenge of the exploited, a fantasy of equalization come true. Lenin preaches it. As soon as the Soviet government is formed, he abolishes landed proprietorship "without any compensation," and the peasants receive millions of hectares of land—temporarily. Their delegates, writes that infatuated witness, John Reed, "went wild with joy."[264]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"THEY MUST BE ANNIHILATED"

In terror, the monarchist landlords now pretend to be liberals; the kulaks, or rich peasants, who stand just below them in the class hierarchy, go a step further and pretend to be leftists. But they can't fool us! They're the same fat frogs in that repulsive bourgeois pool!

With his usual wearisome vindictiveness, Trotsky conjures up a vision of one of these fellows making up his mind to come along on a peasant raid: "The kulak maneuvered while he could, but, at the last moment, scratching the back of his head once more, hitched the well-fed horses to the iron-rimmed wagon and went out for his share. It was often the lion's share."[265]



Peasants (Estonia, 1900)

Right, then, comarades—drain the pool! First we'll skim the scum off; then we'll go deeper. We can't do it all at once—for look how vast its murky depths.

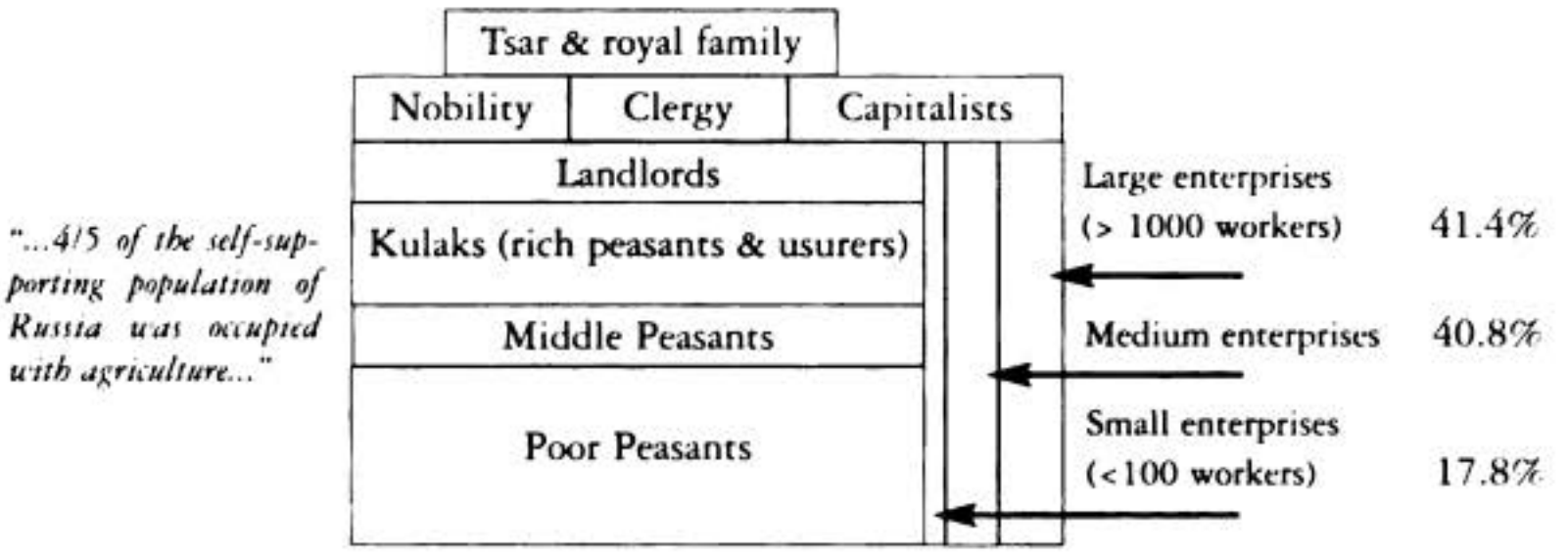
Now that we understand that even the poor peasants won't be on our side, why, it's eighty percent[266] of the population that we have to conquer! —Maybe more, for in 1905, out of a hundred and fifty million people, the Russian working class "in all branches of labor" numbers a mere ten million,[267] of whom only between one and three million can be sanctified by the label *proletarian.*[268] We good risers-up, then, comprise less than one percent of the masses whom Marxism has delivered into our power, and for whose sake we've supposedly risen up. Arise, ye wretched of the earth! Out with it, comrade—do these figures strike you as undemocratic? Well, no one said that the dictatorship of the proletariat would be gentle—how could it be? Comrade Zinoviev, himself to be liquidated by Stalin, announces to the fellow converted his own premonitory calculations: "We must carry along with us 90 million out of the 100 million[269] of Soviet Russia's inhabitants. As for the rest, we have nothing to say to them. They must be annihilated."[270] We mathematicians of hindsight now know this to have been an underestimate.

MERCILESSNESS

The use of novels to illustrate a political or historical point must be conducted with extreme caution—for although any novel "represents" its own period, still, unless its intent is overtly political, like Thomas More's *Utopia*, George Orwell's *1984* or that racist tract poorly disguised as art, *The Turner Diaries*, how can we be certain that its paper world follows any laws in preference to the aesthetic ones of its creator? That self-styled "document in the form of a novel," *Babi Yar*, was, like

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CLASS DIVISIONS IN RUSSIA (1914)



"...4/5 of the self-supporting population of Russia was occupied with agriculture..."

SOURCE: TROTSKY, HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION, PP. 7-15, 33.

Norman Mailer's brilliant *The Naked and the Dead*, written by an eyewitness to violence, and we might as well assume (as in this book I do) that when the authors of those two works describe jungle battles or the machine-gunning of Jews, they do so from knowledge. There is a certain faith one tends to keep with extreme events. Precisely because they are extreme, those who have suffered in them tend to try to describe them accurately. —Still, while novels of this kind may assist us in visualizing history, they make no oath before the bar. Were *Babi Yar* the only evidence of Stalin's famine and Hitler's Holocaust, how could I believe?

We now turn, however, to a novel of an altogether different sort. Nikolai Ostrovsky's *How the Steel was Tempered*, written while the blind author, like his blind protagonist, lay slowly dying of injuries sustained in the Civil War, can only be described as a Bolshevik Bildungsroman. Ostrovsky was laid in black Russian earth in 1936, the year of the Kirov affair[271] and its subsequent show-trials. His book had been composed, not without editorial help, in 1930-34, while collectivization and famine were performing their esteemed services to Soviet power. Collectivization thus receives a few glowing if elliptical tributes in its pages. The text of the 1979 Progress Publishers edition I own must have been tampered with according to the usual Soviet practice, for in it I find not a single mention of Comrade Stalin. But what remains is brutally partisan enough. This novel, written as an act of solidarity with the regime, and proudly distributed by it in a hundred and ten languages (it was, the paralyzed soldier explained, his last "offensive," his "victory," his "battle")[272] comprises a hymnal, an official doctrinal parable. Its purpose is to tell us what to think. As such, we can rely on it far more than we could a work by an author for whom art comes first (I will not say a more honest writer, for who am I to call Ostrovsky cynical rather than devout?). Marx and Engels say in their *German Ideology*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that "the ruling ideas are nothing more than the ideal expression of the dominant material relationships."[273] Ostrovsky and his publishers offer us those ruling ideas, in a form crudely concrete enough to be apprehended by the uneducated people in whose name Stalin reigned, hence also by us.

How the Steel Was Tempered opens in Tsarist times. "We work like horses," cries young Pavel, "and instead of thanks we get blows—anyone can beat you and there's no one to stick up for you."[274] —His words read not unlike those of the petition to Tsar Nicholas II in 1905, the words of desperate people who believed in their "Great Father" until brutal incompetence shot them down in cold blood.[275] Unlike them, Pavel fights with his fists for the right, beats down bullies. "You shouldn't be so merciless," says Tonya, the forester's daughter, who's sweet on him.[276] (From her origins alone we know that her advice can't be good! She doesn't want to rise up. If this book were a Nazi parable, Tonya would probably be a Jew.) After she dares to show up well-dressed at a Konsomol meeting, thereby revealing her essential elitism, Pavel realizes that he had better expel her from his life. After all, he's surrounded by so many other alien elements! For Ostrovsky's blind vision now gazes upon that bitter year in a string of bitter years, 1919, when Trotsky held the line in that famous armored train and the Civil War approached resolution. (As a fighter, Ostrovsky must remember Trotsky's achievements. But he listens obediently to authority's themes. Trotsky will not fare well in *How the Steel Was Tempered.*) "A fierce and merciless class struggle gripped the Ukraine," our author explains, just in case we hadn't noticed. "More and more people took to arms and each clash brought forth new fighters"[277]—in perfect fulfillment of Marxist-Leninist principles.

Ostrovsky knows better than to paint the peasantry with his inky class stereotypes. After all, redeemed peasants, calloused comrades willing to be led, may read his book. Who then shall be the frogs in his stagnant pond? "Ex-officers of the tsarist army, Right and Left Ukrainian Socialist-Revolutionaries—any desperado who could muster a band of cutthroats"—and, needless to say, "kulak rabble."[278] —Keeping this worldwide class conspiracy straight is all quite confusing, to be sure. But thanks to the mentorship of a certain grim, stern old sailor, "Pavel came to see that all this tangle of political parties with high-sounding names—Social-Revolutionaries, Social-Democrats, Polish Socialists—was a collection of vicious enemies of the workers, and that the only revolutionary party which steadfastly fought against the rich was the Bolshevik Party."[279] It is the old sailor who, as he stands beside Pavel, watching through the window for enemies, most clearly articulates the book's credo:

> I can't stand the quiet, smug sort. The whole world's afire now. The slaves have risen and the old life's got to be scuttled. But to do that we need stout fellows, not sissies, who'll go crawling into the cracks like so many cockroaches when the fighting starts, but men with guts who'll hit out without mercy.[280]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And in due course, his Party, the Party of Lenin and Stalin, liberates Pavel's town. A mechanic's helper at the sugar refinery promptly rises at a town meeting to shout that now self-defense of the working class can finally be instituted; now the gentry can be crushed: "This is the end of those vermin."[281]

We find Pavel among the stout fellows, who confiscate the lawyer's house for their deliberations. A real soldier, like one of John Brown's sons raiding in pro-slave territory, he slays bourgeois counterrevolutionaries, acting in concert with "thousands of other fighting men as ragged and ill-clad as himself but afire with the indomitable determination to fight for the power of his class."[282] (Years later, in a scene of almost endearing absurdity, he'll encounter the lawyer's daughter on a train, and instantly see from her ravaged nostrils that she, in obedience to the destiny of her class, has addicted herself to cocaine.)[283] Where must the lawyer's family go now? Never mind. Inside their home, the Revcom (Revolutionary Committee), decisive and dynamic, utters Lenin's dictum:

> The front must have supplies. The workers have to eat... We know very well that none of the profiteers are going to sell their goods at the fixed prices [because those prices, of course, are wretched: the Bolsheviks don't care about giving fair value to the bourgeoisie]. They'll hide whatever they've got. In that case we'll make searches and confiscate the bloodsuckers' goods. This is no time for niceties."[284]

We know what this means.

The Civil War ends with Soviet power conclusively established—but, alas, new enemies have risen up or down against the revolution. The kulaks still try to hide their wealth—doubtless under the inspiration of what Trotsky refers to as the "traitorous leadership of the aggressive Social Revolutionary type of *muzhik*."[285] —Excuse me, comrades! Did I commit the error of mentioning Trotsky? Pretty young Comrade Talya steps to the rostrum and says, "Today we are very glad to note that in our organisation Trotsky's followers have been defeated."[286] Ostrovsky's parable, ever consistent and coherent, obligingly presents us with a piggish Trotskyite character, whose every act confirms the wisdom which underlies Comrade Talya's spontaneous gladness. The last we see of this fellow, he's drunk, his breath smells of onions, and a fat whore lies in his bed. Pavel wants to give him an ideological lecture, but the Trotskyite will not rise up against pleasure's toils, so our hero, who reminds me of Wagner's Siegfried, stalks away forever, muttering: "The swine!"[287]

Thus far, Ostrovsky has withheld his concern from "the agrarian question," which even as he writes is murdering millions. He knows who the loathsome frogs are, but won't say. Presently, however, his narrative reaches Lenin's death—a deliciously solemn moment for any Bolshevik propagandist to employ for promises and covenants. Throngs of previously half-committed workers now decide to join the Party. Among these we find Pavel's brother Artem, a perfect worker and militant in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

every respect but one: he's married a peasant wife, a frog if there ever was one, when he could have allied himself with the more proletarian stonemason's daughter. (Just in case we might not have understood the distastefulness of that choice, Ostrovsky makes the stonemason's girl pretty and the peasant wife ugly.) Pavel visits him once, but, sickened by the spectacle of the peasant mother-in-law praying to her cobwebbed old God, performs his usual malediction-by-walking-away, without even saying goodbye to his brother.[288] Since Pavel is perfect, we now know, in case we missed it before, that poor Artem has attainted himself. Ostrovsky cannot forbear to dig his readers in the ribs.



Traditional peasant collective (late 19th century)

On the floor of the railroad shop, when Artem applies for Party membership, the issue inevitably comes up:

"Let Comrade Korchagin explain why he has settled on the land and how he reconciles his peasant status with his proletarian psychology."

But Artem was already replying:

"That's all right, Comrade. The lad is right about my having settled on the land. That's true, but I haven't betrayed my working-class conscience. Anyhow, that's over and done with from today. I'm moving my family closer to the sheds. It's better here. That cursed bit of land has been sticking in my throat for a long time."

Once again Artem's heart trembled when he saw the forest of hands raised in his favour, and with head held high he walked back to his seat. Behind him he heard Sirotenko announce:

"Unanimous."[289]

In my opinion, their jubilee bodes badly for Artem's wife.

LENIN AND THE KULAKS

Lenin, as we have seen, hoped simply to keep the middle peasants neutral during the revolution; afterwards, the revolution would help them overcome their "vacillations."[290] (But, as Ostrovsky's novel hints, they all too often stood on the wrong side of neutral.) Here he is, in the piously painterly 1950 re-imagining of V. Serov,[291] leaning forward, a pencil in his hand, frowning in utter concentration as he gazes into the face of an uncouth and gesticulating peasant deputy; they're conferring at a tiny round table which seems to be of mahogany, nationalized from the exe-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cuted Romanoffs, no doubt; Lenin (who has assured the Scandinavian press that their liquidation was a capitalist hoax) rests his wrist on the table's edge, up close with his darling peasants. This conclave is as intimate as it is immediate. Next to the gesticulator sits another muzhik deputy, a young moustache-stroker who peers into Lenin's face, mesmerized (decades later, Ho Chi Minh, reading Lenin, will describe himself as "overjoyed to tears"),[292] while behind them the third deputy stands, his fingers splayed across the back of the Romanoff chair in which the gesticulator is sitting; this chair, by the way, is still shrouded in white cloth, emblem of the royalist mothballers, whereas the cover of Lenin's chair has slipped down to the arm, on which our most gifted organizer of all time leans his left elbow. The standing deputy, who like his two colleagues wears a sheepskin coat, collar slightly undone in concession to the indoors (perhaps there is no heat in the former palace, or the peasants just like their jackets), muses soulfully upon Lenin. Like Ostrovsky's characters, Lenin has no time for bourgeois niceties. He has gone to the heart of things. On the table, between his wrist and the moustache-stroking deputy's hand, lies a little pad. In a second or two, once all has been clarified, Lenin's pencil will rise, then stab down upon the pad, issuing concise and masterful commands which will improve the peasants' lot by instilling classlessness.



Lenin with peasant deputies

Shall we call them kulaks? In the Ukraine, from April to July 1919 alone (a period over which Trotsky's memoirs glide with vague mention of anarchism, disorganization and other difficulties),[293] there were three hundred more peasant revolts.[294] Hence this pleasant document of Lenin's, never to be released from the secret Party archive until the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991:

> Comrades! The uprising of the five kulak districts should be mercilessly suppressed...
>
> 1. Hang (hang without fail) so the people will see, no fewer than one hundred known kulaks, rich men, bloodsuckers.
> 2. Publish their names.
> 3. Take from them all the grain.
> 4. Designate hostages...
>
> Do it in such a way that for hundreds of versts around, the people will see, tremble, know, shout: they are strangling and will strangle to death the bloodsucker kulaks.[295]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HOW TO CREATE BLOODSUCKERS

And what was a kulak? —A rich peasant, we said. More technically put, a usurer; semantically, a "fist"—but never mind technicalities; didn't we learn from Ostrovsky that all rich people are exploiters?

A definition from the *Great Soviet Encyclopedia:* Kulaks aim to reinstate "a serf-like method of exploitation." They are "the basic social force of petit bourgeois counterrevolution."[296]

In Soviet historiography, the kulak was, like Hitler's idea of the Jew, something *other,* uniquely evil and unclean. Let us quote again from Vitaly Startsev's monograph on the formation of the soviets.[297] Remember that Startsev was a professor at the USSR Academy of Sciences, and, by virtue of his participation in the "True Socialism" series which translated him for your and my benefit, a spokesman for the regime. Remember also that his book was published a full fifty years *after* the liquidation of the kulaks. Imagine for purposes of comparison some respected German historian publishing a half-century after the Holocaust a tract on the wicked subhumanness of Jews! (The difference: The Nazis lost the war and the Soviets won.)

Following Marx's general line,[298] Startsev writes that the abolition of serfdom in 1861 actually lost Russian peasants their land-tenure. If they wanted to own their farms, they had to overpay the landlord class. (The result was not dissimilar to what happened after the American Civil War, when blacks who thought they'd been freed from slavery now found themselves trapped by the economics of share-cropping.[299] So far, Startsev is plausible.) Thus on Russian soil, which Marx calls "so fruitful of all infamies,"[300]

> the process of class differentiation was accelerating. There appeared in the countryside a new and far more sinister figure than the landlord, namely, the kulak, who was from the well-to-do strata of the peasantry. The kulaks were properly called "blood-suckers"[301] because of their ruthless exploitation of their fellow villagers and their unquenchable thirst for profit. By 1905 the kulaks had taken over three-quarters of all peasant holdings and more than half of the draught animals.[302]

Here is how a Ukrainian scholar writing after the death of the Soviet Union interpreted the same data: "the vigor and impetus of the liberated peasantry...the massive purchase of noble land...The land belonging to peasants almost doubled between 1877 and 1905."[303]

What were they, then—rich bloodsuckers or liberated peasants? —It depends on how you draw your class lines. Again and again the conclusion bursts out on us: For Stalinists, a kulak could be *any* peasant. He might be poor or even landless, owning no draught animal whatsoever; maybe his uncle had kept a horse once... Former Tsarist policemen, children of prerevolutionary officials or the servants and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

relatives of kulaks could all wind up on the kulak list. So could artisans of any kind: millers, blacksmiths, lacemakers and other small entrepreneurs. People in bad repute for other reasons, such as thieves,[304] might be put on it by their peers. Village leaders were selected by the government.[305] Lenin's answer, then, to the question, "What is class?" is: "Whatever I want it to be."[306]

MARXISM VERSUS ANT-LOGIC

But can't exploitation be quantified? Marx conceived of the notion of *surplus value*, which is to say the profit taken by the capitalist from the labor of workers. We can simplify the concept thus: If your work produces for me the dollar-value V, measured by the income I make from the product you've made for me; and if I pay you the wage W, and if my other overhead costs are O, then the amount of surplus value I make from you is V minus W minus O. This is value I am not entitled to, says Marx, for I did nothing but own the means of production.[307] Justice demands that my workers share the surplus-value, and own the means of production jointly, dispossessing me.[308] If I am a kulak, if I have a cow and you don't, then it is expediently plausible (and maybe true) for you to claim that that cow reifies surplus-value, extracted by me from you over time. The fact that I myself also work does not exculpate me; it merely makes me a hybrid, a man between capitalist and worker, a "small master."[309] It stands to reason that I wouldn't pay you to dig potatoes for me if it weren't worth my while—which means, if I didn't gain more from the arrangement than I paid you. Thus for Marxists (and certainly for these Soviet vanguardists whom Marx would have called vulgar Marxists) the "cash nexus" is *by definition* a relationship of exploitation. And it becomes *coercive exploitation* if six or seven hours of your labor would feed or shelter you, were you working your own field, whereas I demand that you work ten hours on my field before I pay you enough for you to obtain that same food and shelter. I am a vampire.[310] I have stolen at least three hours from you. And I have done so six days a week for ten years. I am a hardened expropriator.

The doctrinaire stupidity of this argument can be shown by any number of examples. Instance: If you have a horse and I don't, then circumstances compel me to hire you to plough for me. You are the rich one—you have the horse—but because I am your employer, a Stalinist will accuse me of being the little capitalist, the exploiter, the kulak.[311] I in turn could denounce you for owning the horse, which, since class equals property, proves your wickedness to whichever Stalinists I bribe with vodka. What if neither of us exploited the other? That simply cannot be admitted. In Lenin's words:

> General talk about freedom, equality and democracy is in fact but a blind repetition of concepts shaped by the relations of commodity production... From the point of view of the proletariat, the question can be put only in the following way: freedom

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> from oppression by which class? equality of which class with which? democracy based on private property, or on a struggle for the abolition of private property?—and so forth.[312]

To the ants it wouldn't matter who owned the cow: we'd both own it; we all would. This is precisely the logic of the collective farm.

"FROM EACH ACCORDING TO HIS ABILITY..."

The Marxist-Leninist penchant for collective farms is predicated on the following reasoning: Concentration of capital has been shown by capitalism itself to increase productivity, and hence surplus value. It is in the interest of any owner, be he a member of the "exploiting classes" or of "the people," to increase productivity as much as possible, and hence gain the highest possible surplus value. So far, so true, as attested by any number of examples in history:

JOINING THE VIET CONG
The expedient calculus of Nguyen Tan Thanh (1961)[313]

Size of ricefield leased: 1 hectare.
Quality: "Very poor, almost sterile. That was why the owner rented it out to us."
Yield: "Despite working hard all year round, we got only 100 gia of rice out of it."
Landlord's cut from that yield: 40 gia.
History of surplus value: "We lived a very hard life. But I cultivated the land carefully, and in time it became fertile. When it did, the owner took it back; my livelihood was gone."

A capitalist will keep that value for himself, whereas any member of a worker-owned (socialistic) enterprise may expect to enjoy his share of it, either by working less or by deriving more sustenance or material income from it. If, invoking self-defense of class, we confiscate the lands, cattle and equipment of kulaks, and share them all among us, they will create the most value if they are managed jointly, not scattered. Their farms in effect become an immense agricultural factory. This is what happened in the United States in the 1930s. The small farmers in Steinbeck's *Grapes of Wrath* are always talking about being "tractored out." They simply cannot compete against the combines. —Never mind, say the Marxists; we'll give the people combines!

But where will we get them in the first place? Russia was never capital-rich to begin with, and revolution, civil war and kulak "sabotage" (many slaughtered their own cattle rather than hand them over) has impoverished us further. Since we can-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

not at present increase surplus-value by improving your means of production, you collective farmers will have to work harder instead.[314] The state will extract surplus-value from you *as it sees fit. When it sees fit*, it will reinvest that surplus value *where it sees fit.*

A collectivized peasant complains that "the government now has all the rights that kulaks, landlords, and speculators used to have. For example, bread. The state takes grain at 6 kopeks a kilogram and sells cookies and so on at 75 kopeks. Isn't that pure speculation; isn't it exploitation?"[315] Or, as an official historiography put it fifty years later: "The Great October Revolution in Russia opened up to the peasants the road to a free and happy life... Having gained the land, the peasantry took the road to socialism by uniting voluntarily in cooperatives."[316]

Right around the time of the revolution, Russia had been suffering from an epidemic of lice. Karl Radek, the journalist, the climber, the counterrevolutionary (so he must have been, for Stalin would shoot him, too) was also a jester. His solution to the nuisance: Collectivize it! Half the lice would die; the rest would run away...[317]

"THE LIQUIDATION OF THE KULAKS AS A CLASS": FIRST ROUND

By late 1918, while Trotsky rides around the circular front in his armored train, Lenin has already sent out a secret note recommending that all private property deeds be seized and pulped.[318] But in 1919 he advises that "extraction of the [grain] surpluses from the Ukraine to Russia" be "delayed,"[319] no doubt for expedient reasons only, or he would have said "prevented." He goes on: "Use *any* extraction of surpluses to feed the local poor peasants" in the Ukraine "no matter what, giving them without fail a share taken from the kulaks."[320] It is not yet time to drain the entire stagnant pool, and perhaps Lenin truly hopes (why not give him credit?) that some of them may be won over—which explains why in the Ukraine, the most activist villages, which all too soon will lead the doomed struggle against the collectivization of their zone, now furnish "an abnormally high proportion of socialist cadres."[321] Lenin must be proud.

In a woodcut commemorating the October Revolution we see him, pale and schematized, gripping the lectern, gazing resolutely across the crowded world of agitators, arm-wavers, shoulders and gestures, to say nothing of the cylindrical-capped listeners who face him in attentive silence with their arms in the pockets of their greatcoats, while between their heads hover in thick darkly wide-spaced Cyrillic the words WAR FOR THE HOMELAND and, cynically enough, LAND. Lenin's famous words ascend over all: WE WILL NOW PROCEED TO CONSTRUCT THE SOCIALIST ORDER. The inner world passes the lectern and receives rifles from a boy who holds them in his arms like marsh reeds (we won't slow down the narrative here by describing the shadowy man in the dark hat). Then the empowered ones become shadowed themselves as, preparing to defend their

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



V. Favorsky: October 1917 *(1928)*

class, the righteous class, they pass to the edge of the revolutionary world to face outward in the direction of Lenin's gaze, ready with fixed bayonets. Their shade-imperiled flag waves as they aim at the counterrevolutionaries who shoot at them, who fall back dying, who lie still, guns in hand, beneath their wavering skull-and-crossbones flag. One revolutionary already lies dead, too. But the counterrevolutionaries are outnumbered. Lenin knows that. His gaze holds stern fearlessness. In an inset we see his peasants, armed and waiting on a haystack, guns poking up through the straw.[322] Lenin wins the victory.

WHAT REALLY HAPPENED

Richard Pipes estimates that "thousands" of peasants were shot down while fighting to keep their grain from being taken away.[323] Graziosi evidently lumps together Civil War victims along with the directly repressed, for her summation works out to "hundreds of thousands."[324]

THE PUPPETS' CRUSADE

The Bolsheviks set out to pit the poor and middle peasants against the rich in every village. They said so explicitly.[325] After all, that was a necessity of class warfare.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(Trotsky crows, without elaborating on the substance of the lecture, that at this historic moment "I explained the importance of the question of the middle peasant" to "none other than Stalin.")[326] They always followed that "line" as consistently as they expediently could. In 1919, when the Cheka worried that its twelve thousand hostages might fall into counterrevolutionary hands, it was instructed to shoot the richest ones first.[327] This, my friends, is most definitely class.

THREE STATISTICAL PORTRAITS

By the way, what is class?

I would call myself an open-minded non-academic. When I began writing this chapter, I had no preconceptions about the class composition of the Russian peasantry during this period. Having read the work of people far more enlightened than myself—scholars, experts, theorists, class revolutionaries—I conclude that nobody knows it very well.

Judge for yourself. Herewith, Lenin's assessment, which pays due reverence to the classic pyramidal notion of class:

CLASS COMPOSITION OF THE PEASANTRY BEFORE THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR (approximate figures)

Rich peasants (kulaks): 13%
Middle peasants: 20%
Poor peasants: 67%

SOURCE: COMPUTED FROM LENIN'S FIGURES OF AUGUST 1918; QUOTED IN PIPES, *THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION*, P. 730.

Next consider this homage to the bell curve, a picture not without intuitive plausibility (which could also be said for Lenin's). Of the three, I find it most trustworthy simply on account of the number of its adherents, who include that middle-of-the-road leftist Deutscher, whose biography of Stalin some constituencies find too harsh, others, too sympathetic; the restrained and scholarly Fitzpatrick, who in her focus on strategies of peasant survival emphasizes their tenacity and strength; then both Conquest and Bullock, whose topic is the tyrant himself, leaving the peasants to appear as more passive victims:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CLASS COMPOSITION OF THE PEASANTRY BEFORE THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR (approximate figures)

Rich peasants (kulaks): 4%
Middle peasants: 66%
Poor peasants: 30%

SOURCES: BULLOCK, P. 260, WHO AGREES MORE OR LESS WITH DEUTSCHER, P. 323, CONQUEST (*THE HARVEST OF SORROW*), PP. 74-75; AND FITZPATRICK, P. 30.

Finally, gaze through the eyes of the Harvard historian Pipes, whose long opus presents Lenin as a misguided monster, and whose statistics not very surprisingly show that "Lenin's notion that three-quarters of the peasants were 'poor' was pure fantasy":

CLASS COMPOSITION OF THE PEASANTRY BEFORE THE RUSSIAN CIVIL WAR (approximate figures)

Rich peasants (kulaks): negligible
Middle peasants: <= 96%
Poor peasants: <= 4%

SOURCES: PIPES, *THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION*, P. 738.

When the supposed reality of class division shows such divergences, one cannot help but feel violent defense of class to be unjustified by insufficient analysis, especially when considering only a few of its gruesome applications in Stalin's century.

But enough. Return to 1918, as Lenin's cadres murder their mere thousands. We'll proceed by degrees to the logical outcome of dekulakization.

THE PUPPETS' CRUSADE (CONTINUED)

The first trick was to sidestep each village's traditional peasant commune by creating a Committee of Unwealthy Peasants, who, if they failed to be good puppets, could always be infused with mercilessness by the central authority. In Graziosi's words, they shattered "the unity of the rural world by exploiting inner divisions which, though not of class origin, were certainly present."[332] Think of fifteenth- and sixteenth-century witch-burners coming into a new town to spread judicial terror, nailing on the door of the parish church a general citation that all enemies of the faith must be reported within twelve days, upon pain of excommunication and that state's necessarily fiery consequences.[333] In the Soviet Union, enemies of the faith were either arrested or robbed. —Whom do I envy? Whom do I hate? I'll denounce them. —And yet, in defense of Lenin and in spite of Pipes, some of those divisions must have truly reflected class: If I am jealous of your horse, because I have none, then

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE AGAINST CLASS ENEMIES COMPARED

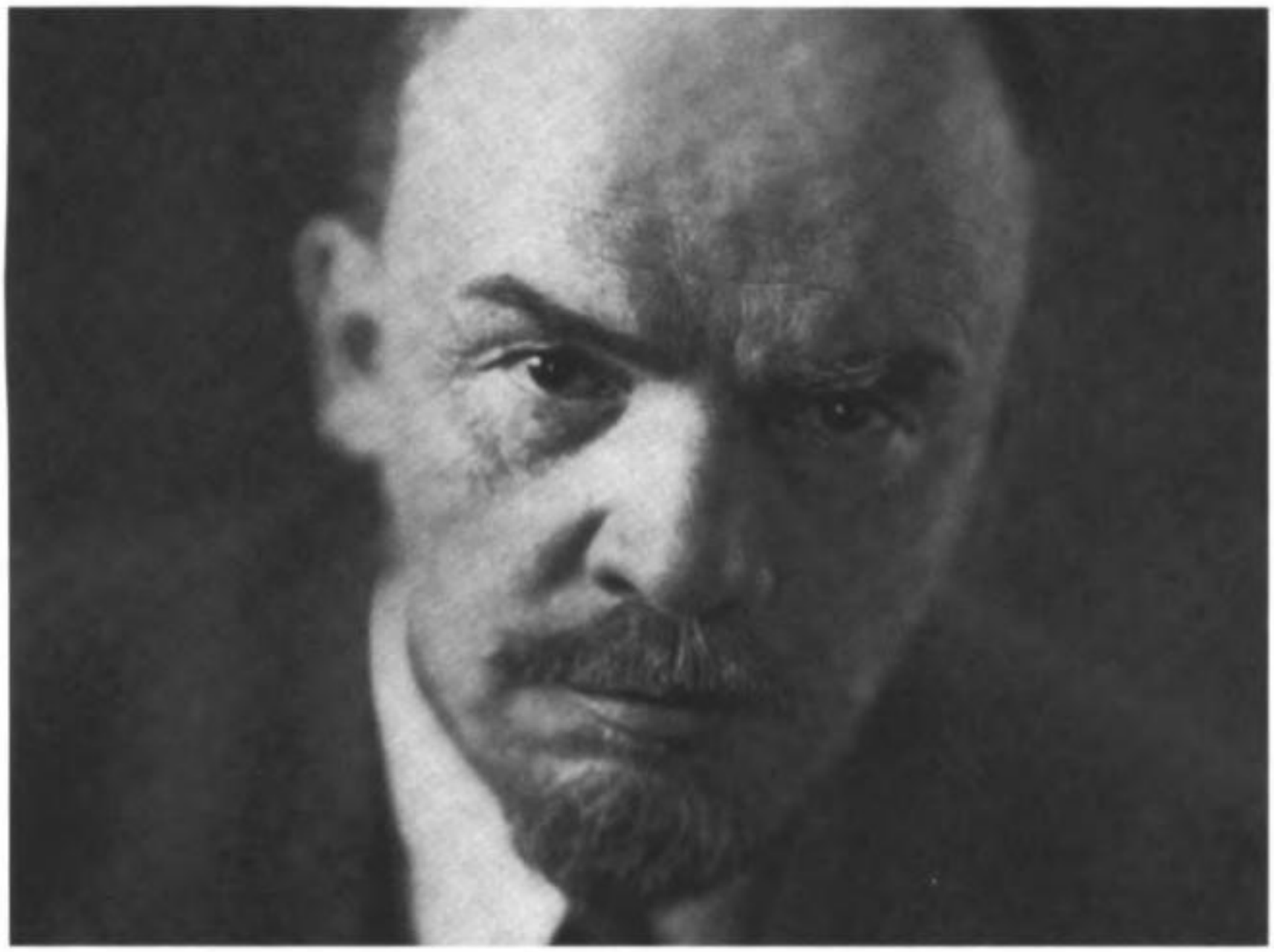
COUNTRY	CONTEXT	VICTIMS
USSR[328]	Dekulakization, 1929-23.	6.5 million
	Deliberate famine accompanying dekulakization, 1932-33.	4.5-6.5 million
	Peasants sent to labor camps, 1929-36, dying later	3.5 million
		TOTAL = 14.5-16.5 million
Vietnam[329]	Executions of "rich landlords," 1955-56	40,000?
China[330]	Great Leap Forward, 1958-60	25-43 million
Cambodia[331]	Pol Pot's class revolution, 1975-79	300,000-3 million

---

my committee can arguably raise class issues: Why shouldn't I have a horse, too? Moreover, there *were* kulaks, as we see from the tables above—a good four percent, if Deutscher and his colleagues are right!—and some of them might have deservingly possessed enemies among the poor.[334] Maybe Deutscher understates the situation. Let's say they comprised five percent, or even Lenin's thirteen. An anarchist fighter (hence a foe of the Leninists) states in his memoirs that when the revolution first came to his part of the Ukraine, "whoever was strongest and had the most sons to help him" seized the best parts of the landowners' estates. He continues in Trotsky's vein: "Plainly these were mostly kulaks, whilst the ... poor peasants got only the crumbs."[335] Why shouldn't this be true? It certainly sounds like human nature.

Having now ourselves thrown Lenin a crumb, we need not lose sight of the fact that Lenin's primary aim in the villages was not classlessness, at least not then, but forced grain requisitions. The result was therefore, in Graziosi's blunt words: "the biggest peasant insurrection since Pugachev's time."[336] *Only one percent of the harvest was surrendered.*[337] (There would seem to be considerable truth to Montesquieu's remark that "the soil is productive less by reason of its natural fertility than because the people tilling it are free.") The cadres countermoved proportionately. In 1919, in the space of several weeks, one group is said to have liquidated eight thousand Cossacks.[338] Meanwhile, Lenin called for the execution of more rich hostages, and, presaging Stalin's measures, the confiscation of both surplus and seed grain.[339] The peasants continued to resist. History records Lenin as an ironical intelligence. It speaks of the coldly mirthful sparkling of his eyes, of his secret notes and quick,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Lenin

pricking retorts. Maybe because the soul of the man swam in a sea of theory, shapeless, weightless and self-insinuating like an octopus, he seems to have been as insulated from his own failures as from the screams of his victims. (In the previous century, when he'd quarrelled with Stalin and Lenin's forbear Marx—and lost—old Bakunin had accused "men of science" of calmly vivisecting human rabbits "in honor of some pitiless abstraction."[340] Bakunin was right.) I imagine Lenin, therefore, as grinning ironically when, the Civil War won, he shelved the agrarian question for the moment, letting the peasants continue to indulge themselves in their doomed historical mission while he declared victory.

"INFINITELY MORE SLOWLY THAN WE EXPECTED"

Thus he persevered in his stance of public moderation. Even before war's end, at the Eighth Congress of the Russian Communist Party (Bolsheviks) he'd warned of the dangers of haste and ruthlessness. (Could it be that he honestly didn't know what his own cadres were up to? That question is answered by that document from the secret archive: "Hang (hang without fail)..." Of course the kulaks had to go, he said. But the middle peasants were only vacillators, nothing worse—most of them. The murderer shook a finger: *"We shall not tolerate any use of force in respect of the middle peasants."*[341] (Stalin agreed; how could Stalin go against his dear Ilyich?) As for the poor

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

peasants, well, they were on our side; they were emiserated, hence progressive. With them there couldn't even be any question.


ИЗВѢСТІЯ
Центральнаго Исполнительнаго Комитета
и Петроградскаго совѣта
РАБОЧИХЪ и СОЛДАТСКИХЪ ДЕПУТАТОВЪ.
ДЕКРЕТЪ О ЗЕМЛѢ

The land decree

When Lenin addressed the Tenth Party Congress in 1921, he was admirably blunt. The interests of the working class and the peasant class "differed." Since the Soviet Union had to go it alone until worldwide revolution broke out, in defense of order—which was to say, in eventual defense of class—the peasantry must be conciliated—for now. (Easy enough, since, as he'd claimed in secret session, they'd already been "conquered.")[342] Now beginning to grasp the true worth of his land decree, they were "dissatisfied and disgruntled, and legitimately so," he admitted, because the Party had been simply expropriating their grain. The Party had already shut down the Committees of Unwealthy Peasants (soon to be resurrected by Stalin), but that wasn't enough. The peasants must be offered some freedom of exchange. "What is free exchange?" Lenin asked, and one can almost hear the delegates drawing stunned breaths. "It is unrestricted trade, and that means turning back towards capitalism."[343]

Stalin was there; Stalin was listening. Soon enough, in the second campaign against the peasants, he'd pull the same trick, attacking his own cadres in his "Dizzy with Success" speech (they'd only been following his orders).

So the Party turned back. —That it receded only out of expediency is shown by the fact that four months after this tolerant Tenth Congress, when past confiscation measures (interpreted by Lenin, hypocritically or not, as crop failures) had already brought about famine, Lenin and Molotov sent out a telegram to all provincial and regional party committees, ordering them to take steps "to provide the food agencies with the necessary authority and the total power of the state apparatus of coercion."[344] Here our sources differ. We've already related that the grain procurement brigades secured only one percent of the harvest. Yet now we're told that there was no grain left to be seized, unless the regime wanted to fight a second civil war. Perhaps the best inference to draw is that the Bolsheviks and the peasants had fought one another to a standstill. At any rate, for seven years the vanguard left well enough alone.[345] They replaced requisitions by a fixed tax in kind, and, in the end, by a monetary tax. Peasant landholdings were guaranteed. One thing must be said for Lenin: He was a master, not only of forcing others to swallow, but also himself of swallowing, bitter pills.[346]

The New Economic Policy, as it came to be called, permitted the resurgence of bazaars, prostitution and other "capitalist vestiges" of which the elite disapproved, but it did raise agricultural productivity. The pill didn't taste so bitter anymore. In 1922, at the Eleventh Congress, Lenin offered a ruefully moderate formula: "Link up

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

with the peasant masses, with the rank-and-file working peasants, and begin to move forward immeasurably, infinitely more slowly than we expected, but in such a way that the entire mass will actually move forward with us."[347] The peasants were satisfied now, he told the Fourth Congress of the Comintern that same year. Last year they hated us, but now their uprisings had ceased—a vote of confidence for us and the NEP.[348] Hopefully in future they wouldn't be able to stand against Soviet Russia...

One scholar believes that by the end of the NEP, both peasants and workers in the USSR were better off than they had been before the Revolution—and better off than they would be "for years to come."[349] Had defense of class been justified thus far, then? Not to Trotsky, who with breathtaking callousness and mendacity could write a decade after the terror-famine that Stalin, that bourgeois centralist, was actually a friend of the kulak, who "was allowed to rent his land from the poor peasant and to hire the poor peasant as his laborer. Stalin was getting ready to lease the land to private owners for a period of forty years."[350] In truth, it seems, Stalin was simply busy during those years consolidating his personal power. Meanwhile, the peasants, even if they were not expropriated, continued to be taxed.[351]

In 1928, partly as a result of new crop shortfalls, partly as a means of destroying the power of his most serious remaining rival, Bukharin, formerly one of his best friends (Stalin's daughter lovingly remembers him as the man who always visited accompanied by hedgehogs and garter snakes, the man who taught her how to ride a bicycle and shoot an air gun),[352] Stalin took matters in hand.

STALIN AND THE KULAKS

He was just then coming into his powers. Not yet the drunken old bully by whose crudities his Yugoslav apostles would be shocked at the end of World War II,[353] no longer the self-effacingly indispensable assistant to Lenin,[354] he now argued openly for his views in executive sessions, forced for the last time in his life to seriously address the opinions of his own countrymen,[355] and for the first time, even if only a little, to reveal himself.

His way of dealing with a contrary opinion was to remove the opiner.

The frontispiece of Trotsky's unfinished *Stalin* reproduces the photoportraits of the thirty-one members and alternates of the October Central Committee of 1917-18. By the end of World War II only Stalin himself and the marginalized Alexandra Kollontai remained in life.[356] (And why didn't Trotsky finish *Stalin*? Because Stalin finished Trotsky.)

The long, careful rise of this man, of this stodgy, brutal, turgid, vain yet personally unpretentious, terrifying and sometimes companionable evildoer, can occupy us in this book only peripherally, because that rise grew out of expediencies rather than moral decisions. Like Sejanus, commander of the Roman Guard, he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"concealed behind a carefully modest exterior an unbounded lust for power,"[357] which he now no longer needed to conceal. Thus Stalin in the Lenin years. His gloomy prime reminds me even more of the ascendancy of Nero,[358] whose loyal or passive citizens were condemned solely for being the friends of the previously condemned;[359] they obediently committed suicide when that most concrete of hints, a dagger, arrived through some discreet intermediary. In Stalin's time they killed themselves by accepting imaginary guilt at their show trials.[360] (If they refused, they got tortured again.) "Line after line of chained men were dragged to their destination at the gates of Nero's Gardens. When they were brought to be interrogated, guilt was deduced from affability to a conspirator, or a chance conversation or meeting or entrance to a party or show together."[361] At least Nero never pretended to be the great class-smasher, the altruistic egalitarian.

Less brilliant than Lenin and less quick-witted, Stalin liked to prepare everything in advance. He never debated as well as he sprang traps. Under his government, between forty and fifty million human beings were put to death. He is said to have been suspicious almost to the point of insanity. Unlike Lenin, who treated people with Olympian skepticism, Stalin listened eagerly, a credulous believer—if the assertion was *guilt*. Protestations of innocence didn't convince him, but any soul he'd cast into the waters could always pull others down to doom. At the end, in a senile rage against death and Jews, he turned against his own doctors, had them hideously tortured. His instructions: "If you do not obtain confessions from the doctors, we will shorten you by a head."[362] There is, indeed, a lurking irrationality to many of his doings. That strain shows itself more obviously in Hitler's foaming charisma than in Stalin's dull, secretive busyness, but that's only natural, given the two men's differing political beginnings: Hitler created his movement from almost nothing and swept himself into power by acclamation as much as by trickery, while Stalin, forced to take as his starting point the dead Lenin's genius, had to creep into a spider's preeminence.[363]

Having acknowledged the immense motivating force of what historians almost without exception refer to as Stalin's paranoia, it behooves us now to set it in the background. In this investigation we are interested in when defense of class is justified. Let us assume as best we can that Stalin's solution to the agrarian question was motivated by a logical and moral calculus, so that it remains susceptible to discussion and analysis. And, indeed, by so proceeding we'll be far closer to some kind of truth than we would be if we summed it all up under the sterile rubric of "aberration."

We see him at his dacha, probably at Kuntsevo, sitting next to his pale, glum son Vasili, who wears a dark uniform. The picture is undated, but his second wife Nadezhda is not there, so perhaps it was taken after she shot herself in 1932. The public story will be that she always tasted her husband's meals to protect him, and one day ate some counterrevolutionary poison.[364] Collectivization is going on. It is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

over collectivization that this husband and wife had their last quarrel. Stalin wears his trademark cap and tunic. His face is a little fleshy. He clasps his fingers in his lap, squinting into the camera. Between him and Vasili stands his little daughter, Svetlana, the future memoirist, whose arms rest on each of their shoulders as she almost smiles, her head cocked, on her face an expression of luminous curiosity. Stalin and Vasili, on the other hand, seem merely resigned to the business of being portrayed. How many thousands of photographs has the General Secretary submitted to by now? As for Vasili, his blue mood might have another cause. He's always getting rebuked for indolence by his father, who treats him as strictly as his own father treated him. But Stalin adores his daughter. "Whenever I asked him for anything," she later remembered, "he liked to answer: 'Why are you only asking? Give an order, and I'll see to it right away.'"[365] He never once visited Nadezhda's grave, because her suicide letter (which he destroyed at once) had attacked him both personally and politically.[366] "People were a lot more honest and emotional in those days," thought the daughter. "If they didn't like life the way it was, they shot themselves."[367] When the Nazis invaded in 1941, he withdrew from Svetlana, too; he had no time then for anything but defense of homeland. But now it is still high summer; tall trees are in leaf behind the family grouping.[368] In light of Stalin's obsession with collectivization it is interesting to read in Svetlana's memoirs that his feeling for nature partook of "a profoundly peasant interest. He was unable merely to contemplate nature; he had to work it and be forever transforming it. He had fruit trees planted over large tracts"[369]

In our next chapter, the one on Lincoln and Trotsky,[370] we will consider this man's methods of repressing his erstwhile peers, the Bolshevik elite. Many of those victims deserve our pity. But at least they chose to be revolutionaries; they chose the life of struggle. The peasants wanted only to be left alone. With the vacillating exceptions of Bukharin and a few half-hearted fellow travellers, how many in the leadership turned away from Leninism so far as to pity *them*?

"THE LIQUIDATION OF THE KULAKS AS A CLASS": SECOND ROUND

Admitting that attacks on the kulaks and the confiscation of landed estates had lowered grain production levels, the dictator proposed the solution in his breezy, genial way: Don't encourage the kulaks, but instead establish collective farms on socialist principles. In three or four years, the USSR will be grain-rich! The alliance between workers and peasants will then be consolidated.[371]

Bukharin whispered to Kamenev (also soon to be shot) what Stalin's real policy was: "We have no colonies, we can get no loans, therefore our basis is tribute from the peasantry."

Centuries earlier, we find quoted in Gibbon's pages the maxim of the ancient

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Persian monarch, Artaxerxes: "The authority of the prince must be defended by military force; that force can only be maintained by taxes; all taxes must, at last, fall upon agriculture; and agriculture can never flourish except under the protection of justice and moderation."[372] Why did Stalin follow all but the last clause of this prescription? —Because of defense of class, of course. —Tribute from the peasantry, yes; and that tribute must be extracted *mercilessly* (the favorite word): "The more socialism grows, the greater will be the resistance to it," which the intellectually patrician Bukharin went on to label "idiotic illiteracy."[373] Maybe so, but illiteracy was now the law of the land—and the sentiment seems in tune with Marx's symphony of class oppositions. Stalin, we are told, never visited a single village after 1928 (perhaps for security reasons), but that didn't stop him from going forward.[374] After all, he'd been born in the country; who knew more about rural problems than Comrade Stalin? And for rigorous laws of the land, call Comrade Trotsky back to the podium: "As long as class society, founded on the most deep-rooted antagonisms, continues to exist, repression remains a necessary means of breaking the will of the opposing side."[375] Call Rosa Luxemburg back from the dead. In the words of that famous and in many ways appealing revolutionary, who if she hadn't been murdered by the German secret police would surely have been murdered by Stalin two decades later (her defining sin: she hated centralism):

> the basic lesson of every great revolution ... decrees: either the revolution must advance at a rapid, stormy and resolute tempo, break down all barriers with an iron hand and place its goal ever farther ahead, or it is quite soon thrown backward behind its feeble point of departure and suppressed by counter-revolution. To stand still, to mark time on one spot, to be contented with the first goal it happens to reach, is never possible in revolution.[376]

I have to believe her. A revolution is by definition an overthrow, an imposition of the new upon the unwilling old. Her prescription is common sense. Therefore, it would seem, class revolutionaries must *themselves* heighten class struggle, in order to win it and end it forever.

Thus, at the end of 1929, a year distinguished by over a thousand peasant "disturbances,"[377] Stalin spoke to "students of the agrarian question," explaining with his leaden, brutal trademark catechisms that now the Party was strong enough to proceed to a new phase:

> we have passed from the policy of restricting the exploiting proclivities of the kulaks to a policy of eliminating the kulaks as a class... Now, the expropriation of the kulaks is an integral part of the formation and development of the collective farms. Consequently it is now ridiculous and foolish to discourse on the expropriation of the kulaks. You do not lament the loss of the hair of one who has been beheaded.[378]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Poster for V. V. Grishaev collective farm (1929)

Naturally, he said, those bloodsuckers, expropriated or not, could never be allowed to join the collective farms, for they were class enemies.[379]

The so-called "second revolution" was about to begin. The stagnant pool would be drained at last.

Molotov, never one to lament over beheaded individuals, announced the arithmetic to those who needed to know: Between three and five percent of all peasant households were to be dekulakized. What a precise-sounding, impersonal verb! That worked out to 150,000 families. In addition, 60,000 would have to go to what he baldly called "concentration camps."[380] (In 1938, one prisoner asked another, a German woman: "Does Hitler take the land away from the peasants like they do here?")[381] —How were they chosen? —By the "troika" system, apparently: one Party secretary, one local Soviet member, and one member of the secret police[382]—a procedure which had been established and validated by Lenin's "de-Cossackization" of 1920.[383] No doubt there remained some decent violence-minimizers, but they were outweighed by half-trained, ruthless enthusiasts, by careerists who knew that exceeding their quotas of victims would make them look good and by moderate professionals such as Belousov, drunken district party committee chairman, who jumped upon a collective farm chairman, shook his revolver in his face and screamed obscenities at him.[384] Thus the alliance with the peasantry. Belousov's treatment of *confirmed* class enemies can easily be imagined. And there were hundreds of thousands of Belousovs, who interpreted Stalin and Molotov's target figures as mere minimums: More than 381,000 households underwent the stripping process in 1930-31; by 1932, at least 1.4 million people had been deported.[385]

Robert Conquest calculates that from 1929 through 1933, *ten to twelve million* kulaks were deported. About a third of them died in the process—usually the children.[386] Refer back to the table above if you wish, the table of comparative defenses against class enemies.[387] The total dead (as opposed to the merely imprisoned, exiled, expropriated) from dekulakization itself he sets at 6.5 million,[388] and the total dead from Stalin's collectivization policies of 1930-37 at 14.5 million.[389] —This was all but an episode, of course. As I've said, Stalin must have killed at least forty million people between 1929 and his death in 1953.[390] When he passed on, Ukrainian peasants were still being rendered harmless in the Arctic. A Polish prisoner wonders: "But why had Soviet officers, interrogating seventeen year old girls, broken the girls' collarbones and kicked in their ribs with heavy military boots...? They died with the medallions of the Virgin on their shattered chests, and with hatred in their eyes"[391]—class hatred, no doubt; we never escape the thinking of our class, so they must have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had it coming to them! And these crimes went on decade after decade. Solzhenitsyn describes how the wave of arrested kulaks "bypassed the prisons, going directly to the transit prisons and camps, onto prisoner transports, into the Gulag country... In sheer size ... there was nothing to be compared with it in all Russian history."[392]

WHAT IS A KULAK AGAIN?

"By 'kulak' we mean the carrier of certain political tendencies which are most frequently discernible in the subkulak, male and female."[393]

"PHILANTHROPY IS EVIL"

And so we come once more to those photographs of roll call at the collective farm; of grain procurement brigades, grain spies, starving peasant children, cannibals. Faithfully, the activists followed Stalin's line. "Don't think of the kulak's hungry children," went one local directive; "in the class struggle, philanthropy is evil."[394] Oh, yes, they were following

> THE MARXIST'S GOLDEN RULE: Do unto some others as you convince yourself they would be done by, and do to the rest whatever your end requires.[395]



Collective farm (1929)

One easy, profitable trick was to assess huge taxes, and, if by some miracle the victims scraped together the cash to pay, to tax them again, right down to their clothes and samovars.[396] When they couldn't pay anymore, the activists dekulakized them. That meant taking their houses, their last pot of porridge on the stove, everything, and then expelling them from the village, so that they became vagrants, exiles, factory workers without papers, prisoners or corpses. After all, how else could fledgling collectives compete with the bloodsuckers? Expropriate them! (Much of the spoils, of course, got kept by the spoilers.) "The women were sobbing—but were afraid to scream. The Party activists didn't give a damn about them. We drove them off like geese."[397]

A certain district leader in the Urals would gather peasants together and say: "Those who are joining the *kolkhoz*, sign up with me; those who do not want to join, sign up with the police chief." And the police chief did his duty.[398] (A peasant in Novgorod writes a relative: "They disenfranchised my brother Kolia, and on the night of March 28 somebody from the brigades drove up and took him from his house with his whole family to an unknown destination.")[399] Another vanguardist

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

burned the undecided with cigarettes, struck them, froze them.[400] Others cut off men's beards and women's hair. Still others went in for revolver-waving. Presumably they had the same vision as Ostrovsky: the earnest mass meeting, the hands all shooting up, the Bolshevik voice announcing: "Unanimous."

By 1930 the aptly named "terror-famine" was in full swing. Agricultural production fell by fifty percent.[401] Stalin himself drafted a law that anyone caught stealing grain from the collective farms would be shot.[402] (Meanwhile, a woman submits a poster of "Stalin amongst the children," which gets rejected two times: "Not sufficiently benevolent." Finally she makes Stalin grin from ear to ear.)[403]

"A SORT OF SENSELESS, CRAZY PEASANT STRIKE"

As Bullock, Deutcher and others (including Stalin himself) have made clear, the purpose of this cruelty was not genocide in Hitler's sense, but ruthless sovereignty,[404] unbridled defense of class. Call it the dictatorship of the proletariat. No matter how obedient the Jews might have been, Hitler would have killed as many as he could. Stalin might not have been quite quite vindictive, had the peasants become his good sheep.[405] (In other words, he might have only killed thousands instead of millions. Poor peasants, at least, didn't have to be class enemies.) But sheep they were not. "Class-alien elements," defending their own alien class, refused to sow, especially in 1930-32. (Stalin's response: Take the seed grain, too, then. So what if those bloodsuckers have nothing to eat?) Bandits rose up in Siberia and the Don Cossack zone. One grain procurer concluded with reason that "everyone was a counterrevolutionary, and ... the whole countryside was in full revolt against Moscow and Stalin."[406] The great novelist A. Anatoli Kuznetsov recalls his father, a Party organizer, telling him that the peasants kept insisting: "Lenin promised us land; that was what the revolution was for." (Remember that land decree, the peasant-delegates "wild with joy"?) Kuznetsov's father went on: "They would keep repeating the same thing over and over again and wouldn't give in. It was a sort of senseless, crazy peasant strike, and there was nothing left to eat..."[407] His father, of course, did his duty to Comrade Stalin. Starving, half-crazy peasants continued their struggle. In 1930, secret police statistics gave the figure of 13,754 "peasant disturbances" (not including four thousand acts of "terrorism")—an increase of ten times over the total for 1929.[408]

CAUSES OF PEASANT REBELLIONS, 1930: OGPU STATISTICS

Collectivization	7,380	(54%)
Arrest/deportation	2,339	(17%)
Church closings	1,487	(11%)
Lack of food	1,220	(9%)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Confiscation of seed grain	544	(4%)
Requisitions of food	456	(3%)
Other	328	(2%)

SOURCE: GRAZIOSI, P. 52, CITING DANILOV AND BEREL'OWITCH'S COMPILATION OF SECRET POLICE REPORTS ON PEASANT "MOODS."

The following year, the year of starvation, a full forty percent of all collective farms in the USSR were attacked by bandits.[409]

"The fact that the sabotage was quiet and overtly innocent," Stalin told Mikhail Sholokov, in one of his typical inversions, "does not change the position that the respected tillers of the soil in essence conducted a 'quiet' war against Soviet power. A war to starve us out, Comrade Sholokov."[410] Defense of class demanded, then, that he starve *them* out.[411] It was said that the peasant "wants the ... grain to die in order to choke the Soviet government with the bony hand of famine. But the enemy miscalculates. We will show him what famine is."[412] And they did. An official told his collective farmers: "If five people croak, that will teach you how to work, you idle bastards."[413] That was in the Ukraine, where not five, but five million peasants starved to death.[414] (Ten years later, thanks to the Nazi occupation of the Ukraine, the Soviet Union would produce only a third of the grain it had in 1940[415]—yet hunger was incomparably less severe than during the terror-famine of 1932.) Soldiers at the border stopped Ukrainians from going through to other republics where food might be found. A new law for that was already conveniently on the books: Just as in tsarist days, travel was prohibited without an internal passport.[416] Stalin and Trotsky's unauthorized biographer, Isaac Deutscher, happened to be travelling through the the Ukraine at the time. One of his train-mates was a GPU colonel who cried out: "I am an old Bolshevik... Did I do all that in order that I should now surround villages with machine-guns and order my men to fire indiscrimately into crowds of peasants? Oh, no, no!"[417] Oh, yes; this is class; this is not class; this is class.

In her study of collectivization, Sheila Fitzpatrick has written that in the 1930s

> Decisiveness and a firm hand were highly valued ... in many circumstances cadres in the countryside carried guns. Theirs was a harsh, frontier world where bandits—often dekulakized peasants hiding in the forests—were likely to take potshots at officials while sullen peasants looked the other way.[418]

This was all straight out of Ostrovsky's novel.

Marx's slogan runs: *From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs.* Stalin[419] rewrote it thus: *From each according to our requirements, to each according to how much we need them.* That is why the weak, the old, the sick got less than the strong, and died, and why the innocent who worked hard and produced well frequently also died.[420] Who were the "best men"? The ones who were in Stalin's favor that day.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CALCULATIONS OF TWO MORAL SCIENTISTS

As for Trotsky, that excellent schoolboy found the whole subject a bit awkward. Exiled now, hating, fearing and envying Stalin, he could argue that the dictator had handled matters badly, but not that he himself hadn't followed a similar line. Enough of his class-arrogant, class-vicious remarks about the peasantry have already been quoted. His magnum opus, *The History of the Russian Revolution*, published just as Stalin was decisively solving the agrarian question, maintained the same level of lethal abstraction against which Bakunin had once protested:

> In order to realize the Soviet state, there was required a drawing together and mutual penetration of two factors belonging to completely different historic species: a peasant war—that is, a movement characteristic of the dawn of bourgeois development—and a proletarian insurrection, the movement signalizing its decline. That is the essence of 1917.[421]

His analysis of Stalin's famine follows logically from this premise. He couched his attack less in an ethical than an ad hominem form:

> To guard the nationalization of the means of production and of the land, is the bureaucracy's law of life and death, for those are the sources of its dominant position. That was the reason for its struggle against the kulak... The fight against the kulak ... seemed to the workers ... like the renaissance of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat. We warned them at the time: it is not only a question of what is being done, but also of who does it. Under conditions of Soviet democracy, i.e., self-rule of the toilers, the struggle against the kulaks might not have assumed such a convulsive, panicky and bestial form and might have led to a general rise of the economic and cultural level of the masses on the basis of industrialization.[422]

In other words, under Trotsky it would have been good repression instead of bad repression. It would have happened more slowly. But Trotsky himself was never one for half measures, as we'll see in the next chapter.

And what did Stalin himself think about his famine? Given his secretiveness, we'll never know for certain,[423] but, in Bullock's view, "economically it might be rated a disaster ... but politically he saw it as representing a major victory," because the peasants could no longer thwart him.[424] Publicly, he insisted that they were faking it: those kulak bastards were staging a hunger strike for propaganda purposes...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOLVING THE AGRARIAN QUESTION
The moral calculus of Stalin, 1929-32

END: Eliminate all classes; build socialism.

MEANS: Govern the USSR through dictatorship of the proletariat.

(a) Eliminate the power of the former possessing classes.
(b) Ruthlessly control all economic and political activity.
(c) Fill the power vacuum with Party cadres and proletarians.
(d) Then let the dictatorship wither away.

JUSTIFICATION: Classes are inherently opposed. This opposition creates exploitation and violence. Defense of the emiserated classes demands the destruction of class.

END: Consolidate and expand my personal power without limit.

MEANS: Any and all.

JUSTIFICATION: None needed. My self-preservation is a factor.

COLLECTIVIZATION AND DEKULAKIZATION

IMMEDIATE ENDS:

(a) Increase grain procurements.
(b) Punish prior peasant resistance and prevent its recurrence.
(c) Win the class war in the villages.
(d) Socialize agriculture and discourage private property generally.

MEANS:

(a) Increase procurements.
(b) Exile, terrorize, monitor, liquidate.
(c) Destroy the kulaks as a class.
(d) Enroll the remaining peasants in collectives.

RESULTS:

1. Peasant uprisings, leading directly to
2. Decreased procurements and
3. Threats to my authority.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

COUNTERMEASURES:

1. Increase the terror.
2. Increase procurements.
3. Take the seed grain. Starve them out.

JUSTIFICATION: None needed. Anybody who demands one is a class enemy.

EPITAPH FOR ALEXANDER ARKHIPENKOV

The injustice of the campaign against the kulaks lay in the failure to distinguish between unequal human capacity,[425] unequal luck and unequal goodness. The seeming paradox of concentration camps, in which some prisoners get ground down and others elevated, despite the reduction of their personal effects to the equality of *almost*-nothingness, is explained by that "almost," by the very fact that because of proximity to absolute zero, inequalities almost indetectible to unreduced persons become decisive. An extra slice of bread or a way with words might save a prisoner. This is class. At Auschwitz, Primo Levi witnessed one strong man of crazed enthusiasms who on account of his muscle was promoted into a position of inaction, while other muscle-less creatures worked themselves to death. Levi was forced to conclude that "to he that has, will be given; to he that has not, will be taken away."[426] Difference cannot be eliminated. The "best men" are the born hunters. Moreover, among human beings the class relation can never be eradicated because *the power relation is indissoluble.*[427] The presence or absence of that extra slice of bread defines us at certain moments. At other moments it doesn't. *Defense of class is unjustified when class is defined according to an inconsistent standard.* (This goes, of course, for defense of anything.)[428] But that scarcely hindered the Party activists, who were assigned their quotas of kulaks to uncover and repress. Should they fail, they themselves might be considered class enemies. On with the show!

"The young people on the collective farm in the village of Guta can barely remember the wealthy kulak Alexander Arkhipenkov," laughs an article in *Izvestiya.* "Arkhipenkov and his kulak brood are long gone from Guta; the waves of collectivization swept him up and bore him away from the village, never to return—he wouldn't dare!"[429] Almost fifty years later, one reads in a tract called *The Soviet Way of Life*: "Such conceptions as 'poor peasant,' 'middle peasant,' and 'kulak,' which reflected the inevitable results of the isolated and individual life of peasants, have long been forgotten and lost in history."[430] Arkhipenkov's "brood," then, is doomed to get "lost." No matter what they do, they will always be kulaks, just as in Hitler's Germany someone with a Jewish parent will always be a Jew.[431] And *Izvestiya*'s gloating about that recalls Nietzsche's bitter epigram that "terrible experiences pose the riddle whether the person who has them is not terrible."[432] Apparently *Izvestiya*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

thought so. No matter that Stalin himself had insisted that the son was not responsible for the father's sins! Stalin never let himself be hindered from punishing his enemies' sons ...[433] To have been born from the womb of a class enemy was to have been stained by original sin. (Perhaps every ideology requires a heaven and a hell.) Proof that Lenin and Stalin pulled us back into the Aristotelean age of natural slaves, the Roman age of Tacitus's "articles for use," is given by the case (one among many) of a man who, after waiting for days in "a small cramped and dirty hall smelling of fresh human sweat,"[434] finally learned that his mother, who'd been invited downtown by the NKVD for ten minutes, got an eight-year sentence for "concealing her social origins," about which she'd made no secret, and about which the NKVD has known for years. Tears streamed down from her aged, wrinkled eyes," he wrote in his diary, "she had trouble getting the words out."[435]



Stalin and Lenin at the helm

As for Citizen Arkhipenkov, he's sufficiently renowned to be punished not only for his origins but also for his last desperate achievement. Expelled to the forest, he manages over time to establish a new farm with six cows, three calves and a dozen pigs. To me this is a mark of enterprise. Here is somebody I would like to be in the forest with! To *Izvestiya* it just goes to show that he is an unregenerate exploiter. After all they've done to him, once again he owns more than the collective farmers![436] "These are not isolated cases," *Izvestiya* warns. Indeed they are not. Ask any prisoner who comes before a judge to petition for release and is told: "Refused, as a class alien."[437]

BLESSING STALIN'S NAME

"We did a pretty thorough job of carrying through collectivization," said Molotov in his twilight years. "I believe our success ... was more significant than our victory in World War II... I personally designated districts where kulaks were to be removed... We exiled 400,000 kulaks. My commission did its job."[438]

Stalin also used the Second World War as a basis for comparison, insisting that the struggle for collectivization had been even fiercer than the struggle against the Nazis (but this he said at the height of the battle for Stalingrad—which makes me

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

think he said it to downplay current difficulties; why tell the truth when you can lie?)[439] "It was all very bad and difficult—but necessary," he told Winston Churchill, who piously reflected for a moment upon the victims, but then concluded with amazing naiveté: "A generation would no doubt come to whom their miseries were unknown, but it would be sure of having more to eat and bless Stalin's name."[440]

THE TRIUMPH OF SOVIET AGRICULTURE:
STATISTICS OF THE RULING CLASS

"The farmers' general income has increased by twelve times" since tsarism.[443]

DATE	TYPE	COLLECTIVE FARM OUTPUT	HOME FARM OUTPUT
1937[441] (Capitalist figures)	Meat and dairy	<30%	70%+
	Produce	<50%	50%+
1970[442] (Communist figures)	Meat and dairy	60%	40%
	Produce	70%+	"nearly 30%"
	Commodities	86%	14%

That generation never arrived.[444] As late as 1954, cattle and per capita grain production totals remained below what they had been before the revolution; and at the very end of the Soviet regime the situation improved to only the slightest extent.[445] Why? Because politics got in the way of production.

COLLECTIVIZATION: THE EXPERIENCE[446]

With their obligation of six days' unpaid labor every year, their other labor being miserably compensated as it was,[447] and their liability to be abused verbally and physically by their overseers, who could arrest them, confiscate their property, fine them, etcetera, many peasants compared their situation to the bad old days of serfdom in the nineteenth century.[448] (Molotov: "The fundamental principle of socialism (in contrast to capitalism) is fulfillment of norms of labor established by society.")[449] Throughout the 1930s, what little grain was available in the villages might never be ground, because it was difficult to find any millers, most of whom had been dekulakized.[450] A full decade after Stalin's collectivization drive, by which time one might have expected conditions to be better, we find a Ukrainian describing his acquaintance thus: "Like all people who worked on the collective farms in the neighborhood, he had always turned up covered in mud and dressed in rags and tatters."[451]

After it became clear that the *kolkhozny* were there to stay, however, resistance

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gave way to business. Hardheaded kolkhozniks realized that they might be able to keep themselves on the books of the collective farm by fulfilling the absolute minium of labor-days, then spend the rest of their time at legal or black market wage labor. For a substantial minority, the minimum meant meant no labor-days at all.[452]

Collective Farmers in Soviet Agriculture

Date	Collective Farmers	Private Farmers
1917[453]	0%	100%
1918[454]	"a few hundred"	near 100%
1928[455]	< 2%	98%
1929[456]	20%	80%
1930 (March)[457]	50%	50%
1930 (May)[458]	28%	72%
1930 (August)[459]	21%	79%
1932[460]	59%	39%
1933[461]	55%	45%
1934[462]	90%	10%
1937[463]	>90%	7%
1950[464]	(78 m = 39%))	61%
1970[465]	99.86%	0.14%
1979[466]	<40% (39 m)	>60%

NOTE: Some of these statistics lump collective farms in with the *sovkhozes*, or state farms, whose employees were often salaried and which produced directly for the government. Some do not. In her statistics for 1979, for instance, Fitzpatrick pegs collective farm membership at under forty percent because a number of members had joined state farms instead. Between 1950 and 1980, the number of state farm workers increased by a factor of three and the number of collector farmers decreased by a factor of two (op. cit., p. 384, n. 22).

What was more, smart peasants began to realize how to work the institutional levers of coercion to their own benefit. Difficult individuals could always be gotten rid of by means of denunications. "It is hard not to feel that the Party, through its obsessive concern about kulaks, had become the peasants' patsy, being jerked and manipulated at will."[467] Even some of the dekulakized got themselves back in the authorities' good graces to a sufficient extent to join the collectives.[468] Many of the others (if they survived a round of mass murder in 1937) became good proletarians, in line with the growing urbanization of Russia, a trend entirely in the spirit of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

admittedism.

From the end of World War II until Stalin's death in 1953, new grain procurements and taxes made the peasants' existence more miserable than at any time since the 1930s.[479] (Meanwhile, as far away as Vietnam, a young recruit to the People's Army listened to his teachers tell "about Russia and the happy lives people led there and the social justice... Everyone wanted to become a Communist.")[480] But in 1966 the kokholzniks were finally guaranteed a minimum wage.[481] Literacy also increased dramatically in the rural areas.[482] Collective farmers might occasionally get token consumer goods.[483] Incompetence combined with sudden policy lurches created this official assessment from the late 1970s: "The fluctuation of manpower, which haunts some enterprises, means that there are people with no roots in the collective, no inward desire to work in the given collective, and not attached to it by creative or moral ties."[484]

COLLECTIVIZATION: THE RESULTS

In 1961, Krushchev's admittedly hostile English-langage editors noted that nine percent of the American population produced agricultural surpluses, while forty percent of the Soviet population produced too few crops.[485] No doubt Krushchev would have contested such figures, but I never remember hearing about the USSR selling grain to America. In 1974, Soviet statisticians admitted that uncollectivized agriculture still generated almost a third of the nation's produce and two-fifths of its meat and dairy output, but the official line still went: "As soon as the economic situation is ripe, home-farming will die out gradually without any need of compulsory or restrictive measures."[486] This statement is a monument to stub-

---

CLASS COMPOSITION OF THE USSR (1939-79)

DATE	POPULATION	URBAN	RURAL	AGRICULTURE[469]	INDUSTRY[470]
[1905[471]	150 m			80%	20%]
1939[472]	170.5 m	33%	66%		
1959[473]	209 m	48%	52%	38.8%	60.3%
1966[474]				24.6%	75.4%
1969[475]				23.6%	76.4%
1970[476]	241.7 m	56%	44%	21.6%[477]	78.4%
1979[478]	261 m	62%	38%		

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

born blindness.[487]

Following Lenin's tactic, Stalin had declared victory long before. There were no opposed classes anymore, the bureaucacy announced, merely functional castes as among the ants:[488]

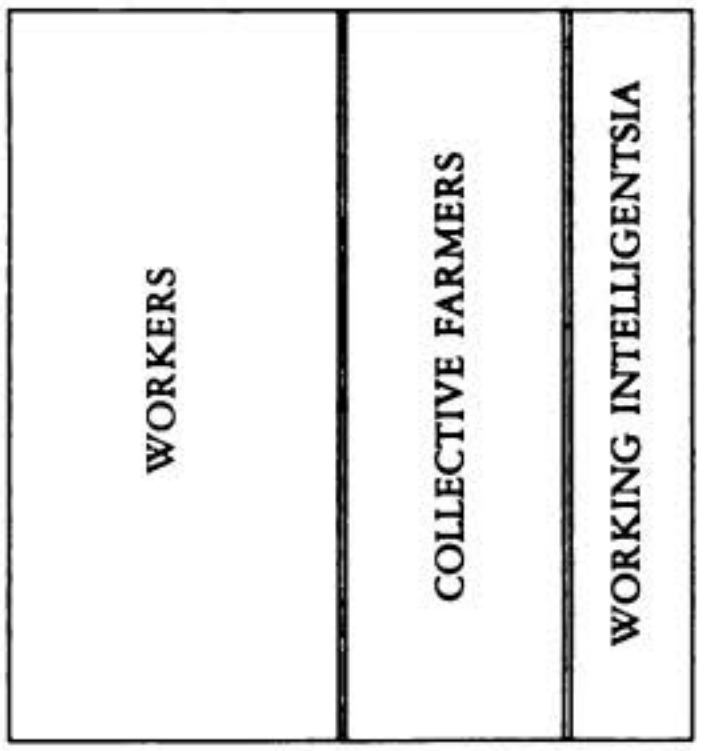
Everybody was equal. Chemoregulation, or at least Five Year Plans, did the rest. Citizen Arkhipenkov could no longer siphon off the surplus value.

"ACT LIKE BOLSHEVIKS WORTHY OF COMRADE STALIN"

Were they just cynical loyalists? Maybe not. Arkhipenkov's persecutors must have been quite sure of themselves, one would think. So they were. As the secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, a fellow who is known to have worked in a grain confiscation brigade, noted about new people "raised up" by the Party: "It's hard to find the right words to express this confidence, but I'll try. It's a feeling of power, might, and serenity that comes from the realization that the mighty Soviet people, a hundred seventy million strong, is behind you."[489] Joan of Arc, and those who burned her, could have said the same thing, substituting God for the Soviet people. They too were sure that they were right. And perhaps the secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers was right, too. Fourteen and a half million dead was less than ten percent of the population...[490] He could invoke the principle of proportionality: our violence is justified because it helps more people than it hurts.[491] Besides, if one defines "people" properly—that is, as the group of human beings of one's own class origin, who share one's own doctrines, then confidence rises even more. When Milovan Djilas asked Stalin what the difference was between a people and a nation, the latter replied: "'Nation?' You already know what it is: the product of capitalism with

---

CLASS EGALITARIANISM IN THE SOVIET UNION AFTER STALIN:
THE OFFICIAL VIEW



SOURCE: BARGHOOM, P. 48.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

given characteristics. And 'people'—these are the workingmen of a given nation, that is, workingmen of the same language, culture, customs."[492] Evidently, those who were not workingmen were not people. (A Roman slave at least stood a chance of being freed on the basis of loyal service.[493] He stood a chance of being reclassified as a person.) Yes, confidence undoubtedly helped, especially when it was developed to the point of unflinching righteousness. The well-fed activists received directives on the spirit with which they were to expropriate the starving:

> Throw your bourgeois humanitarianism out the window and act like Bolsheviks worthy of Comrade Stalin. Beat down the kulak agent wherever he raises his head... Your job is to get the grain at any price. Pump it out of them, wherever it is hidden... *Don't be afraid of taking extreme measures*. The Party stands four-square behind you. Comrade Stalin expects it of you.[494]

Did Ostrovsky, lying blind and paralyzed on his deathbed, have any conception of what this rhetoric, which was his own, meant when applied to civilians? Quote his novel again: "They'll hide whatever they've got. In that case we'll make searches and confiscate the bloodsuckers' goods. This is no time for niceties." Did he know? For him as for Stalin, was it all worth it?

ORIGIN

Assume for the moment that we are Bolsheviks whose hearts are steel as well tempered as those of Ostrovsky's heroes, that with our guns, grain-bags, directives and Party cards we stand fully encouraged and empowered to liquidate the enemies of our class. Assume further that we feel justified in doing so. The question arises: Who are our enemies? Or, to reopen a sour can of worms, what exactly is class?

Bring that Athenian defendant back to the bar. Remember him? He was the one who'd whined: "I feel indignation, gentlemen, if on account of a mere prostitute slave-woman I find myself faced with the danger of losing all that is most dear." But the revolution broke out, and we won. We unshackle his slave-girl and tell her: "Don't worry. No one's going to torture you. No one will ever be able to own you again."

Now for the master himself. What is his origin? He must be a *thete* or a *zeugatai*—a member of one of the poorer propertied classes—because he had to go halves with another man in order to own her, but he *could* own her. In other words, he's a kulak. Very good. Eliminate the *thetes*, the *zeugatais* and every class above them. Take their farms away; assign everybody to collective farms—masters and slave-girls alike. (The slaves will probably do a better job, hence gain prestige like the Algonquin Indian "best men"; after all, they have lifelong experience.) Strip the fine clothes from the rich; make everyone wear the same factory-issue clothes. Aren't

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

we finished? There are no classes anymore, right?

But what about the habits of thought (to say nothing of the superior entrepreneurial expertise) of the "former possessing classes"? They have experience, too—managerial experience. They'll find some way of getting their farms back if we don't watch them. Soon they'll be owning slave-girls again. Worse yet, won't they pass those bloodsucking characteristics on to their children, through exhortation and example? —Well, take their children away! We'll bring them up ourselves... — But what if their characters were already formed? Then we'll just have to *settle accounts* with them, too (Nazis and Soviets both used that phrase). That's why the Leninists killed not only the abdicated tsar, but his wife, children, servants and even his pets. In North Vietnam, the son of a deputy village chief (who'd died when the boy was four) finds himself ominously classed as a "middle farmer element."[495] A young girl from the same country tells us: "Like most children I wanted to go to the university so that I could have a good profession. But I belonged to a petit bourgeois family, so I knew I didn't have a chance."[496] And because she didn't have a chance, all the more reason to spy on her, in case her resentment transformed her into an enemy of the people! (As Lucan so wisely remarked, "the poverty of slaves is dangerous not to themselves but to their master.")[497] A Chinese factory executive, caught in the Culutral Revolution, prudently resigns and becomes a coolie, explaining to the Party Secretary that "my class status as a former capitalist rendered me unsuitable for a responsible executive position."[498] *Defense of class is unjustified when it defines class solely in terms of origin.*

When some people are permitted what others are prohibited, solely on the basis of their possessions or social profile, then the class lines might have been drawn unjustly—not always, mind you, for we have no business meddling with, say, a closed, hereditary shaman class if the society which supports its existence is satisfied. Defenders of class privilege argue, by spurious reference to the ant model, that their kind performs functions for which privilege is merely a tool. And in a shaman's case (let's say that he needs to eat taboo foods in order to perform his rituals), or a general's, a policeman's, a Philosopher King's, that argument might be justified. Hence Gibbon's notion, not far removed from that of the pimp or Mafia salesman of "protection," that armed and politically organized nobles form the best check against monarchical despotism.[499] Indeed, he goes further:

> The superior prerogative of birth, when it has obtained the sanction of time and popular opinion, is the plainest and least invidious of all distinctions among mankind. The acknowledged right extinguishes the hopes of faction, and the conscious security disarms the cruelty of monarchs.[500]

Recast hopes and opinions in biochemical terms, and those lines will certainly apply to the ants. But Gibbon's own tale, with its emphasis on the horrific accidents

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of royal personalities, condemns his claim of non-invidiousness. So too the tale of Lenin and Stalin. The ant-queen's nestmates become her captives; whether she nourishes them tenderly or devours them, they have no say. In consequence, what she may consider a social contract may be renounced by slaves maddened to exasperation. Then come faction's hopes, and insecurity's counter-cruelty.

ZAPATISTAS AND BUREAUCRATS

Another way of framing the same accusation is to say that the crime of Stalinist mercilessness was directed not only against individuals, but against the civic bond itself. It need not have been. In the Mexican state of Morelos, for instance, we find the dour, beloved, provincial revolutionary Emiliano Zapata. It is one year before the Russian Revolution. Zapata had insisted with crazy or admirable fanaticism on his *Plan de Ayala*, which expropriated a third of the monopoly landlords' holdings with compensation. Now he leads a guerrilla war against the federal forces, the so-called Constitutionalists, who, even if they don't want to bring back the era of untrammeled haciendas which choked off pueblos' water and grazing-rights, still crave accomodation with capital. Zapata will have none of it. He's out there defending class. But in spite of Zapatista rhetoric that the landlords deserve "war to the death,"[501] he does not stand them up against the wall. The people of Morelos idolize him; he'll die for them soon. He insists that "municipal liberty is the first and most important of democratic institutions."[502] The pueblos of Mexico, like the *mir* of old Russia, are both sovereign and approximately fair. Chosen by those pueblos' elders, Zapata seeks to respect them. Like Stalin, he takes origins into his calculations. But what kind of revolutionary is this? He leaves it to them to decide whether their land will be parcelled out among individual farmers or held in common.[503] To him, origin is not a stain but a reality, a working arrangement. If the elders are satisfied, then so are the people; so is he. His surveyors try to solve border disputes between villages; his guerrilla militias include local elders in their chain of command. He comes from the pueblos, owes his power to them and governs in their name.

WHOM WAS IT FOR?

The Stalinists, on the other hand, might have come from the people, but they remained decidedly not *of* them. My Spartacist-Trotskyist acquaintances always used to refer to the Soviet Union as a "bureaucratically deformed worker's state," which is putting it charitably. Seven years after Stalin, strangling from a cerebral hemmorrhage, black in the face, raised his left hand with what seemed to his daughter to be "a curse upon us all,"[504] fell back in his bed and died, the composition of the "party of the working class" represented his priorities all too well:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE TRIUMPH OF THE BUREAUCRATS

CHANCES OF JOINING THE PARTY IN 1960:

Collective farmer: 1 (index value)
Blue-collar worker: 2
White-collar worker: 6-7[505]

By the time the Soviet Union fell apart, the Party would have hardly passed the test of origin which it had imposed on others for so many decades. —"But we're not *capitalist* officials, we're *people's* officials, ant-functionalist bureaucrats!" —All right, but ants keep nothing. How much did you take? How much did you share?

LYCURGUS THE LEVELER

Consider now a parable. My *Oxford Classical Dictionary* informs me that our protagonist, Lycurgus, may have been either "purely legendary" or else "a historical person subsequently invoked as a charter for the [Spartan] regime."[506] He has no face anymore, and his voice, his character, his very doings were carefully given an antique luster by the commentators who (socialist-realists of another order) appropriated him in order to score moral points and titillate patrician collectors of curiosities. In short, he bears a distant kinship to the hero of Ostrovsky's novel. Never mind: After so many centuries, his existence has become far less important than his example.

Imagine a moral actor who unlike Stalin actually had a mandate to change society. (More likely, Lycurgus simply happened to be on the winning side of the class war between traditional elitism and helot egalitarianism.)[507] Imagine further that he followed the ideals of justice, as Stalin professed to do, and that he desired no power for himself. Rousseau supposes him to have abdicated his royalty, in order to preserve the division between legislative and executive powers.[508] His soul was so generous that the sacred oracle at Delphi called him godlike.[509] (Eleventh in descent after Hercules,[510] hence literally deserving of Delphi's appellation, he is said to have established the Olympic Games[511]—twin tokens of his worthiness. Thus his class basis consisted of *origin* and *prestige.*) Harmed in an assassination plot, he took his would-be murderer in and made him a friend, a supporter, above all, a *citizen.* Imagine Lycurgus as a revolutionary of sorts, a lover of liberty. Herodotus tells us how he helped expel the tyrant Pistratus from Athens.[512] In short, he was sufficiently noble, powerful and respected to address the issue of class warfare *without coercion.* Unlike Lenin and Stalin, he enjoyed the luxury of justified methods.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE ORCHARD-KEEPER AND THE ANT-QUEEN

How could he proceed? Well, I can think of two fair ways to nurture equality (which is the goal of the class struggle—well, isn't it?): (1) to redistribute wealth and status *periodically*, but leniently, perhaps rewarding the surplus-producers with a little something; or (2) to *continually* monitor and prevent any unauthorized accruals on anyone's part, hopefully acting in a mechanistic rather than a punitive way.

In the former case, recommended by Plato,[513] a kulak who'd gained ten cows when everyone else had one would be entitled to keep between two and nine, depending upon authority's moral and expedient calculus. Thus the procedure of the mixed-capitalist welfare state, which taxes the rich heavily enough to gain good harvest, but lightly enough (ideally) to encourage them to continue to produce surplus value. Accordingly, this procedure will not abolish class divisions but mitigate them.

In the other case, the rich kulak's entire surplus would be confiscated, leaving him with a single cow like everyone else (not, as under Stalin, with no cow at all).[514] But perhaps some ephor or district party chairman would present him with a laurel wreath or a Statkanovite medal stamped out of tin...[515]

Call these two choices the strategy of the orchard-keeper, who plucks ripe fruits from time to time, but leaves enough for seed; and the strategy of the ant-queen, who brings production and consumption into equilibrium. The former would merely *constrain* inequality within certain limits hopefully humane both to the expropriated and to the poor; the latter would approach perfect equality, presumably at the expense of productivity. As a worst case of that, remember the collective farmers' laziness and despair. As a better case, consider:

THE UTOPIA OF SPARTA

Now for the constitutional solution of Lycurgus,[516] who, having sifted among the laws of Cretans,[517] Ionians and Egyptians in his exile, returned home to enforce the most rigorous equality, first by creating a senate to help the king "resist democracy"[518]—that is, mob tyranny[519]—while simultaneously resisting despotism. "The commons have the final voice and decision."[520] To this system, which embodies some notion of separation of powers, he added this clause worthy of Stalin: "That if the people decide crookedly, it should be lawful for the elders and leaders to dismiss" their assembly.[521]



Spartan revellers

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

EQUALITY OF PROPERTY

Next Lycurgus subdivided the country into thirty-nine thousand equal lots of just sufficient size to maintain each family[522] in grain, oil and wine. The first Soviet collectivizers literally sowed disaster when they too imposed upon the countryside that grid of equal squares in revolutionary disregard for topography; but let us for the sake of argument[523] suppose that the Spartan lands were homogenously rich—rich they certainly were.[524] Plutarch tells us that at harvest time, "seeing the stacks standing equal and alike, he smiled and said to those about him, 'Methinks all Laconia looks like one family estate just divided among a number of brothers.'"[525] —And of sisters, too, we might add; misogynistic Aristotle writes sourly that even as late as historical times, Lycurgus being long vanished into moonbeams, Spartan women still owned two-fifths of the land.[526]



A Spartan statuette of Apollo

Lycurgus now bans spoilation in war, so that no one might become rich.[527] He obliterates dowries, for the admirable reason "that none should be left unmarried because of poverty nor any pursued for their wealth, but that each man should study the girl's character and make his choice on the basis of her good qualities."[528] As for dress, "the rich [shall] do their best to assimilate their way of life to that of the poor."[529]

Like the Bolsheviks, he realized that kulaks and hoarders had not yet been defeated; so he replaced the gold and silver currency by iron, of so little worth that an oxenload of it would hardly suffice to buy anything. (Lenin, we're told, vented a cynical laugh when during the Civil War he forced his hated peasants to exchange grain for worthless government scrip. Meanwhile, in the Weimar Republic to his west, Germans trundled wheelbarrow-loads of inflated currency to purchase their necessities. Savings and pensions were destroyed. Thousands starved, robbed, committed suicide.)[530] The Lycurgian argument runs: "Who would rob another of such a coin? Who would unjustly detain or take by force, or accept as a bribe, a thing which it was not easy to hide...?"[531] The answer, of course, is: No one. They'll steal your jewelry instead!

Forseeing such eventualities, omniscient Lycurgus proceeded logically to the next step: "an outlawry of all needless and superfluous arts."[532] For class, as we must keep reminding ourselves, is *relative*, at least once everyone has enough to eat. So away with all the silversmiths, fortune-tellers and harlot-mongers! Moreover, to the extent that class constitutes itself along ant-functional lines, what need had the Spartans for functionlessness? (Pol Pot agreed.) So there'd be no more monkey-shaped scent bottles, no ivory combs and reliefs of sterotyped mythic scenes, no bronze mirrors whose frames incorporated naked girls. (All these our archaeologists

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

have found in the dust of dead Sparta—but from before or after Lycurgus who's to say?)[533] Who could pay craftsmen now anyway? Why would they trade bronze mirrors for iron? Why steal when your neighbor had exactly what you did? We are back in the longhouses of the Huron Indians.

And in direct consequence of this new law, as if to prove the doctrine of socialism in one country by means of a wavy parallel, Sparta developed her own handicrafts of sober excellence:

> Their cup, particularly, was very much in fashion, and eagerly bought up by soldiers, for its color was such as to prevent water, drunk upon necessity and disagreeable to look at, from being noticed; and the shape of it was such that the mud stuck to the sides, so that only the purer part came to the drinker's mouth. For this, also, they had to thank their lawgiver, who, by relieving the artisans of the trouble of making useless things, set them to show their skill in giving beauty to those of daily and indispensable use.[534]

EQUALITY OF AUSTERITY AND PROWESS

After presiding over the birth of that mud-colored cup, which would constitute a fitting metonym for any regime of workers' and peasants' austerity, Lycurgus next required his citizens to eat in common, in associations of about fifteen, so that those spiritual kulaks known as sumptuous diners would be seen and scorned for their effeminacy. "This would reduce to a minimum disobedience of orders."[535] Every citizen contributed his share to the meal. Thus they supported and entertained one another. Their evening repast finished, they'd go home without torches, "that they might accustom themselves to march boldly in the dark,"[536] and visit their wives—who, of course, did not qualify to be full citizens.

EQUALITY OF GENDER

Indeed, like servants, horses and hunting-dogs,[537] women might be loaned out—not habitually, as in Plato's utopia,[538] but rather as occasion dictated, to worthy men who needed sons and might bluntly ask the husband's connivance.[539] And yet we ought not to conclude from this that Spartan women lacked spirit and influence. Other Greeks were appalled by them because they, like the males, competed naked in public athletic contests. (In fact, virtually the only archaic Greek artistic representations of unclothed females come from Sparta.)[540] We see a bronze figure, popularly called "the runner," but believed to represent a dancer: lithe and slender, she crouches on the balls of her feet, gripping the hem of her short tunic, her braided head facing backward, her elbows at the ready like weapons. She personifies elegant alertness, combining femininity with pride.[541] Several Spartan women are reputed to have won

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the Olympics in horse-racing. Gorgo, wife of Thermopylae's doomed defender King Leonidas,[542] watches a foreigner loll at ease while being shod by slaves. She makes a class-conscious quip worthy of Lycurgus: "Father, the stranger has no hands."[543] An Attic woman asks her why Spartan women are the only ones who can rule men, and she replies proudly: "Because we are also the only ones who give birth to men."[544] They also destroy them. We're always reading that some Spartan woman or other has killed her son or disowned him for being a coward in war.[545]

EQUALITY OF ORIGIN

What followed from the Spartan birthing process? Children became the property of the state to a far greater degree than of their mothers. Unpromising babies simply got hurled over a cliff.[546] The survivors enrolled into bands where, unwashed and underfed, they slept outdoors, encouraged to steal nourishment to develop their mettle, on the understanding that they'd be whipped if they were caught—a procedure perhaps more ethically worthy of the Ik tribe[547] than of a nation of sincere and honest men; but, like the custom of walking home at night without torches, it certainly contributed to the military virtues of initiative, craft and stoicism.[548] (A subsequent Spartan king put some prisoners of war on the slave-block stripped naked, with the desired result that their white and flaccid bodies were despised.[549] Contempt for pleasure,[550] and for its effect on the body, became a Spartan virtue.) In hoplite warfare, he who downs his shield and runs imperils the entire line; the best security in battle is unbrokenness.[551] Accordingly, the ability to hold fast and endure punishment is privileged among the Spartan virtues. "I myself," glowingly remarks our author, "have seen several of the youths endure whipping to death."[552] Any man could discipline any child; and, should a boy complain to his father that another adult had beaten him, "then it is a disgrace if the father does not give his son a further beating."[553] Such was the life of the youths. Aristotle thought that their elders treated them like animals.[554]

Those who did well must surely have been strong and proud, like Huron warriors. I can well believe Thucydides's report that when Athenian troops first set out against the Spartans in the Peloponnesian War, they suffered "slavish dismay at the idea of attacking Spartans."[555] It may be worth remarking that of the many, many lead-cast votive figurines which archaeologists have picked out of Sparta's soil, the most frequent human representation, the mass market ideal, is of the hoplite soldier.[556]

We see a crude, squat bronze figure, his legs braced, his shield held almost at a horizontal against his breast, as if the edge were a weapon; his right hand is raised, clenched possibly around a stone or the haft of a spear broken off the statuette; and beneath his helmet he scowls: unhandsome, ungraceful, formidable—the hoplite ranksman, the common soldier.[557]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

INEQUALITY OF RANK

And his commander? The Spartans have left us a representation of him, too. In his parade dress, narrow-hipped, slender-waisted, corseleted and greaved, he stands beneath a tall plume which hangs over his forehead, runs over his skull-styled helmet in a fringed ridgetop, then crawls down between the shoulderblades while the man gazes straight ahead, confident, invincible."[558] He's certainly of another class. If one of equality's defining virtues is equal obedience, how can it be otherwise?

Shall we add that the Spartans (as Stalin essentially did) set up a shrine to Fear, because by it more than anything a state was held together?"[559]

EQUALITY OF VIRTUE

All these laws Lycurgus refused to write down (another Stalinist touch)—in order, says Plutarch, to better engrave them in the citizens' hearts.[560]

His work was now finished; and, "being consulted how they might best oppose an invasion of their enemies, he returned this answer, 'By continuing poor, and not coveting each man to be greater than his fellow.'"[561]

LYCURGUS AND THE KULAKS

I see him as realistically benign—or, one might say, a hard man for hard times, but not unnecessarily hard. Spartan kings enjoyed the power of life and death only in combat; even there, disobedience was not unheard of.[562] The Spartans generally had two kings at once, whose natural rivalry offered a sort of checks-and-balances system. Beyond that, unanimity of opinion was the polity's best safeguard. To Lycurgus, even functional specialization, no matter how useful it might be to the ants, remained suspect, a menace to equality. (The Delphic oracle had warned him that "greed for money and nothing else will destroy Sparta.")[563] Therefore, all citizens had to do the same things, live the same sort of life—which implied that anything not everybody could do shouldn't be done at all, with the extremely important exception of kingship. Here is Lycurgus's haunting answer to those who wanted to establish democracy: "Begin, friend, and set it up in your family."[564] The implication is that within the civic or national family there exists at all times a mass of individuals at different stages of capacity and development; and this we know to be true. (We see the five-year-old Spartan children beginning to learn the Pyrrhic dances, employing fennel-stalks as they soon will be employing spears—drilling for war, in short.[565] They must submit to the authority which drills them.)

The solution of Lycurgus to the human problem is to impose a superconsistent grid of law, authority and *esprit de corps*, leaving every citizen's political self within an equal cell of powers and constraints. Defense of authority, ground, homeland

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and honor will all be the same. It is, in many respects, an attractive and admirable vision, rigid only in order to be fair, productive of discipline, bravery and hardihood. When asked how much wine to serve, a Spartan king replies: "If plenty of wine has been provided, then as much as each requests; but if there is only a little, then give everyone an equal amount."[566] This is the textbook Communist solution. It would be my solution.

"YOU GET NOTHING FOR YOUR WORK"

Equal levels in the wine-cups are one thing, but Sparta begins to sound stultifying, like an eternal army barracks in which the majority of the things I love to do would be forbidden. Moreover, Lycurgus's equality and refinement of soldierliness becomes possible only through the sullen labor of helot slaves. (In Stalin's USSR, most people were helots, but the majority, who didn't constitute class enemies, were supposed to like it, because they were somehow working for themselves.) "It is confessed, on all hands, that the Spartans dealt with them very harshly," says Plutarch, who ventures to hope that this was not Lycurgus's doing, but somebody's later strategem of counter-insurgency, following the helots' massive, doomed Messenian Revolt. Until then, it seems, the helots were not full serfs, but merely conquered tenant farmers,[567] which seems quite bad enough.

A Spartan king, come to sacrifice to the gods in Messenia, meets assassination at the hands of helot revolutionaries. Time for defense of class! "They shall fall back shattered before the destruction while struck by great boulders," exhorts an orator on the masters' side. "Their bronze helmets will ring."[568] It will take two decades, however, before he can be vindicated by the rout of the Messenians. (The ferocity of the struggle may be imagined: Strabo remarks that Spartans who failed to fight were themselves reduced to helotry; and from the sons born during that time citizenship was withheld, they being called "sons of concubines.")[569] But it was all worthwhile, for the Messenian farmland was now in Spartan hands.

Toward the helots themselves, who were forced even to mourn for the Spartan dead,[570] punitive expediency grew into established usage and even ritual: Each new ephor, or magistrate, upon entering his office would renew a solemn declaration of war against the helots—what a parable for Marxists!—and "the ablest of the young men," by which I suppose is meant the most brilliantly aggressive, were sent every now and then to randomly assassinate helots by night, or cut them down in the fields as they went about their day-work.[571]

Observing his own class sympathies, Aristotle deplores the frequency with which "helots attack the Spartans, always on the look-out for any mischance that may befall their masters."[572] "One should also be very clear," says Xenophon, "that the practices of always walking about with spear in hand and of keeping the slaves away from weapons both have an identical purpose."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"They went to war several times because of the Messenian revolts," writes Strabo.[573] That statement alone crushingly indicts the Lycurgan paradigm. [574]

We are left with the melancholy question: Can true equality exist without declaring war against helots and kulaks?[575] Or would the final victory of the industrial revolution in Russia have removed the necessity for serfdom; will future Spartans command robots instead of helots? —Necessity may or may not disappear, depending on techno-economics; but what will dispel the fear and retributive lust of the masters? "Oh, it's not easy on the collective farm," sighs an old peasant woman in a black shawl. "You get nothing for your work, there's nothing to wear, nothing to eat, everyone is just crushed."[576] Beside her testimony I place this line out of Tyrtaeus, who describes the helots as "like asses worn down by great burdens, / bringing to their masters out of grievous necessity / the half of all the crop the tilled land bears."[577]

The parable becomes more pointed. They made them wear dogskin caps in order to humiliate them, says Athenaeus. (This is relative poverty.) They awarded them "a stipulated number of blows every year apart from any wrongdoing so that they would never forget that they were slaves. In addition, if any exceeded the vigor proper to a slave's condition, they made death the penalty; and they assigned a punishment to their owners if they did not rebuke those who were growing fat."[578] These words afflict me with eeriness, because they describe so well what Stalin did to the kulaks.

SPECIALIZATION VERSUS INTERDEPENDENCE

Very well. Imagine Lycurgus's republic modified. We'll *all* be citizens—men and women, Spartans and helots. As in Pancho Villa's ideal Mexico, let's make everyone a collective farmer, a soldier and a voter. In our dinner groups of fifteen, we'll decide whether to invest our surplus value in newer tractors, save it, expend it on leisure time or trade it for the products of the tailors' and dressmakers' collective across the river. The efficiency of petrochemicals allows us to work less without helotizing anyone—and to hold more great debates, more martial athletic contests.

Every now and then a tractor will break, and most of us won't know how to fix it. How could we, given our many other duties? —Two choices: train some of us to be mechanics, or else pay surplus value to the mechanics' collective. The same principle applies to doctors, entertainers, cobblers.

To the extent that we depend on others, we wound self-sufficiency. Cosmopolitanism of any sort holds our autarky hostage. But to the extent that we depend on ourselves, we introduce creeping functionalism, which even Lycurgus couldn't get away from; he merely defined it away by decreeing that certain specialists (farmers and child-bearers) weren't citizens, and others (generals and kings) were mega-citizens. The result, despite his best efforts: three classes.

Not liking this dilemma, we may choose to renounce all unneeded, post-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lycurgan specialization. The women will spin flax for our clothes. (Even this concession to enfranchised egalitarianism is radical: "But then how should girls brought up like this be expected to bear any strapping babies?" demands an admirer of the Spartan ideal. "In Lycurgus's view ... clothes could be produced quite adequately by slave women.")[579] The men will bring in grain and herd the cattle. Folk medicine will make us all doctors, as in Pol Pot's Cambodia (where medicine was administered by illiterate teenaged cadres, and the patients needlessly died).

Electricity, internal combustion engines, gunpowder and steel? Banned. No tractors after all! We'll retain our self-sufficient equality. Of course, when Hitler arrives with his tanks and dive-bombers, we'll become slaves.

How now, defense of class?

FEELER-TAPS AND GENDARMES

To guard local equality (which is to say, to guard ourselves), we'll need to achieve a parity of force with the worldwide[580] level, or else do better. One means to that subsidiary end would be to transform ourselves into a fierce, adept and dedicated weaponsmakers' collective, then take over the world to gain our oil, grain, land—in other words, to become Hitler. (In a sense, Sparta followed this path by winning the Peloponnesian War.[581] Then better weaponsmakers came.) Such a course immediately introduces class differentiation all over again: us, and the conquered.

The only other possible solution is to accept specialization.

Who made those mud-colored cups, anyway? Surely not the citizen-soldiers, who were busy marching in the dark. And, in fact, we find in Sparta a group called the *perioeci,* who enjoyed some autonomy as long as they fought on command—and, more relevantly, as long as they did artisans' work.[582] —Another class!

Well, then, shall we all become perioeci? Assume that economies of scale and technological efficiency empower everyone to work half-weeks; assume also, as Stalinists refused to do on the collective farms,[583] that the half-week of a nurse, a farmer, a nursing mother, a general, a prostitute, a gunsmith and a garbage collector shall be counted as equal. Assume further that the other half-week can be devoted to civic duties and functions, duly subcommitteed by our associations of fifteen. We can still return home without torches, and loan each other our horses and hunting-dogs. But our athletic contests must dwindle in inclusiveness, because the gunsmith won't have the physique of the garbage collector. —No matter what Plutarch says, I don't believe that it was entirely otherwise even in the days of Lycurgus. Consider that bronze Dodona figure found by those representatives of futurity, those antitheses of gravediggers, known as archaeologists. We see a man—a hoplite. His face is weathered, perhaps from centuries of interment, perhaps because war and austerity grizzled him in life. Old and grave, his face constrained as usual to skullishness by the helmet, his hair in six braided tresses, he grips pieces of shield and spear,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

but time's vandals have broken the rest off.[584] The reason that he expresses and personifies hoplite-ness instead of mere humanness is because the majority resembles him neither in training nor in inborn physique. Recall the anatomically divergent castes of the ants. How could it be otherwise? Drill your doctor day and night, and where will he find time to learn his science? Some people will never be good soldiers anyway. (This is class.)

The more we specialize, the more indebted we'll become to oversight and coordination. When Socrates suggested that the happiest souls include those who will become social insects in the next life,[585] he meant that the anthill's members *by nature* regulated *themselves,* just as his ideal of a virtuous citizen or polity would do. Lenin (whom we now know, ironically enough, to have been a hereditary noble)[586] hoped likewise that the day of ants and bees would come, that classless day when police are no longer needed, and the citizens take turns spying on and punishing one another.[587] Ants accomplish exactly this with their feeler-taps and their constant sniffing of each other other's odors; strange ants, alien and unsocial elements, get expelled from the nest or liquidated. Suppose we try to regulate ourselves. My farming collective needs twenty new hoes. Someone will have to inform the blacksmiths, who in turn must contact the miners. Enter the bureaucrats, since I don't sit next to any miners at dinner. And how can I know whether the miners are working as hard and well at refining ore as I am at planting cabbages? The bureaucrats know. Knowledge is power, runs the proverb. Watch them become the master class. After all, when they uncover deficiencies and transgressions, won't they need a secular arm to enforce equality's laws? Don't we need roving secret police to ensure that nobody has started hoarding surplus value for personal enrichment? Unless they are thwarted, intelligent, industrious peasants tend to become kulaks, just like Citizen Arkhipenkov. Lenin knew that, and said it in so many words.[588] Thus too with everyone else—including Lenin. "The communists will never be able to eliminate classes and achieve perfect equality as they have proclaimed," wrote a disgruntled Vietnamese in the 1980s. "The one endeavor left for everybody is to hustle and eke out a livelihood less wretched than that of his or her neighbor."[589] Even if "everybody" doesn't act that way, the secret police will. That is why in the Soviet Union high Party officials and their like "went around in official cars, pampered their bodies at Caucasian health resorts, and regularly received secret supplements to their pay... For his frightful job of crawling around inside the drains my grandfather received a monthly salary which was only half the price of a cheap suit of clothes."[590]

THE ORACLE'S CURSE

Hence Aristotle: "And so a state of affairs has come about which is just the opposite of the happy conditions envisaged by Lycurgus: he has produced a city which has no money but is full of citizens eager to make money for themselves."[591]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The application of unequal ability to equal *or* unequal spheres of production *must* in long run make for unequal results. Corporations, governments and religions seek monopolies, large estates have a tendency to get larger, and as each of these entities grows, it gains increasing power to preserve and enlarge itself—maybe not forever, since all things do pass (in medieval France, noble families kept their power for half a dozen generations or less),[592] but certainly long enough to effect good and evil before the next wave of power rises up in an irresistible typhoon. —Again, make an analogy with ant society: Large eggs are most likely to become queens. And the others? Consider the lactating women in medieval and modern Europe who were "literally owned by wealthy families," who rented them out either as whores or wet nurses.[593] People are selfish, or at least self-interested. The Delphic oracle meant just that when it warned Lycurgus that greed for gold would destroy Sparta; and, indeed, we read that when in due course the Arcadians, with whom the Spartans had deposited their silver and gold to keep it from corrupting their own city-state, became foes, that treasure had to be imported into Sparta—whereupon it immediately became subject to embezzlement.[594] Aristotle informs us that the Sparta of his day was as full of bribery, illegality and hypocrisy as any other place, in part because Lycurgus's standard had simply been set too high, "so high indeed that they really cannot live up to it but secretly get round the law and enjoy the more sensual pleasures."[595] The Spartan poet Alcman, though he prefers lentil soup, sustenance of commoners, bears witness to "seven couches and as many tables crowned with poppy-seed loaves and linseed and sesame, and among the cups dishes of honeycake."[596] Meanwhile, a new Spartan elite swallows up most of the land; Lycurgus's equal plots have vanished with Lycurgus.[597]



"There is No Room in Our Collective Farm for Priests and Kulaks" (1930)

Well, then, in the interest of equality, which do we prefer—secret police, or blind chemoregulation? Or shall we simply say that complete and utter equality is poison?[598]

We don't want to say that. Then we'll have to keep the kulaks down. There's no other way.

STALIN'S VINDICATION

"Since today the Spartan domination is no more," says Aristotle, "it is clear that they are not a happy and prosperous people, and their lawgiver was wrong."[599] And, indeed, Plutarch himself, in another one of his *Lives*, tells how an idealistic young Spartan king who sought to bring back the constitution of Lycurgus was tricked and strangled by the rich.[600]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE COUNTESS AND THE CLAY-EATER

If total equality is impractical and perhaps evil, then don't the upper classes (or, as mass revolutionaries might say, the exploiting classes) have the right to defend themselves, too? Surely most kulaks possessed that right. If what defines a class as such—the underpinnings of its culture, if you like—are its privileges, and if these privileges are not innocuous ones (such as the exclusive right of the priestly class to say Mass), but measurable material and social benefits (property, rank, prestige, above all *power*) whose bestowal correspondingly impoverishes the unprivileged, then may that master class justly use violence nonetheless to ward off threats to its interest?

Marx addressed precisely this issue in the *Communist Manifesto*. His answer, of course, was no. (With reservations, I agree.) Turning then to the property of kulaks, he remarked:

> We Communists have been reproached with the desire of abolishing the right of personally acquiring property as the fruit of a man's own labor, which property is alleged to be the groundwork of all personal freedom, activity, and independence.
>
> Hard-won, self-acquired, self-earned property! Do you mean the property of the petty artisan and of the small peasant, a form of property that preceded the bourgeois form? There is no need to abolish that; the development of industry has to a great extent already destroyed it, and it is still destroying it daily.[601]

That was how he answered—not with any justification, but with that chilling jeer. We search the manifesto's pages in vain for any discussion as to whether or why peasant property *should* be destroyed. To him, the matter was obvious.[602] In his essay "On the Jewish Question" (1843) he explains that the so-called "rights of man" aren't the rights of citizens in civil society, but the selfish, egotistical rights of atoms, "namely, that each man shall without discrimination be treated as a self-sufficient monad."[603] This is a breathtakingly revolutionary conception—breathtaking not only in its fearless reenvisioning of the social contract, but also necessarily in its cruelty. He does not prove his case, because it cannot be proved. The fundamental ethical issue of defense of class remains this: When am I justified in guarding and preserving what I have, and when are you, who have less, justified in acting (violently, if necessary) to assure yourself an equal chance to possess, preserve, command, enjoy and guard?

TOWARD A CALCULUS OF CLASS

The ethical question of this chapter is enormously complicated by the fact that there are more kinds of class than there are of, say, honor, and that these create grossly dif-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ferent entitlements, necessities and imminences, both real and spurious. Here is the best that I can do:[604]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is truly defense against the exactions, impoverishments, oppressions and humiliations imposed by other classes—not proactive self-defense.
2. When it is directed against class structures and their active or official representatives, not against individuals who happen to be members of opposed classes only passively, through biological or social accidents.
3. When class equals function or status by function, and when that function is essential as the society is currently constituted. For example, in a pre-contact indigenous band, violent discrimination against old or otherwise unfit people by the hunters, the "best men," may be justifiable if doing otherwise would harm the hunter class which feeds everyone else.
4. When class equals status by consensually defined merit.
5. When the result will increase both liberty and equality.
6. When the defense tends toward classlessness.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When it fails to distinguish between unequal human capacity, unequal luck and unequal goodness.
2. When it defines class solely in terms of origin. Due to those three inequities, equality of circumstances can only be created and maintained through unending repression, which requires a class of repressers.
3. (Similar to 2) When class is merely status without functionality.
4. (Similar to 2) When the thing defended is merely class privilege.
5. When class equals nothing but strength.
6. When class equals property, and another's right to life supersedes the defender's right to property.
7. When its end or means violates the fundamental rights of the self.[605]
8. When it is predicated on any one definition of class.
9. When it does not steer fairly between liberty and equality.[606]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CLASS MAY OR MAY NOT BE JUSTIFIED:

1. When it aims at "advancing society" (see the moral calculus on rules for revolution, 5.2.C.2., 5.2.M., 6.2.C.1., 6.2.M).
2. When its purpose is to benefit the most emisterated class.
3. When its aim is to end relative as opposed to absolute poverty.
4. When it increases equality at the expense of liberty, or vice versa.

Justifying these ends and effects would require adding to or modifying our axioms about the fundamental violent rights of the self (Moral Calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8).

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A NEST OF THE GENTRY

Personalize the issue one last time. Consider the case of a hypothetical Russian countess, a cultured woman, talented on the piano, who dabbles in watercolors. See her in her white dress at boarding school. Let's suppose that her parents raised her to love the peasants on the family estates and even to pity their poverty. Maybe she's read Tolstoy, and, inspired, endows a little school for the peasant children. Blossoming in the cool shadow of gentility, she remembers well-rounded Levin in *Anna Karenina*, who gladdens and strengthens his noble blood by laboring alongside his nominally emancipated serfs. She reads that some student or agitator named Ulyanov tried to kill the tsar and will be hanged. She feels horror, disgust, more pity—never connecting, as most certainly does the condemned man's brother, one V. I. Lenin, the terrorist act with the pauperdom around her.[607] A drunken vagrant freezes to death in a pit, and she weeps. When a laborer gets sick, she brings him hot broth with her own hands. On the roadside she encounters a child chewing bluish clay—how frail he is! She gives him two kopeks. The child looks into her eyes. We'll see him again.

Let's say that she marries a decent member of the provincial nobility, and that for whatever reason the newlyweds settle on one of her estates, given as her dowry. The countess is proud and happy to abide with her peasants. They doff their caps to her husband as he rides through his forests and fields. He is one of the kindest lords they've ever had. During the typhus epidemic of 1892 he brings in a doctor to treat the sick. The Countess helps them develop cottage industries, teaches them about sanitation. They bow to her, call her "little mother." Hasn't she been as good to them as she could practically be? —I say "practically" when I remember Kropotkin, who went from prince to jailed anarchist: he sacrificed *all* his class privileges in order to work for revolution. Have we the right to accuse the Countess of insufficient goodness? Isn't "practically" enough?

Or is it too convenient for her to believe herself loved by them, like Cortes five centuries before, who, conquering tribe after tribe in Mexico, always insisted that to become his vassal remained the best and only way to become his friend?

See the countess and the count at the Ball of the Colored Wigs in Saint Petersburg. To maintain one's *bon ton* at such events (as well as to express one's soul, and to advance her husband in his quest for new connections) she must dress properly, which costs money. Meanwhile, the boy at the roadside stuffs another wad of cold blue mud into his mouth.[608]

And now it is 1905, now 1914, now 1917; and the countess, middle-aged at last, with her husband and their brood of children whom she has raised to be good and kind like her (a boy, let's say, and two little girls in matching feathered hats), must face the revolution.[609]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A NEST OF VIPERS

She finds that—with inevitable exceptions—the peasants are neither so friendly now, nor so respectful. She'd never dreamed that Nicholas would abdicate, then that Kerensky could possibly lose out to those bloodthirsty Bolsheviks. Her priest assured her that it couldn't happen. (Her priest has been shot.) Nor could she have imagined that when the people rose up, all her acts of service, around which she organized her routine, would be so quickly forgotten. Thus the practical realities of class division. (De Sade had had a similarly unpleasant experience with "his" peasants after the French Revolution.)[610] Oh, some weep for her, a few pity her and fewer still even want to help her, but what can they do? In the 1920s, one of Lenin's Committees of Unwealthy Peasants will dekulakize the local miller. Whether he deserves it "personally" is irrelevant to the representative of the victorious class who pulls his daughter's shirt off, crowing: "You've worn it long enough; now it's my turn."[611] I imagine that the miller probably had friends, and that they stood quietly by, intimidated and ashamed, loathing themselves. Let's suppose he didn't deserve it. Nor does any given soldier deserve to die in battle. That fact leaves his killer no less justified. And the citizens stand by.

For now, the countess and her family will be allowed to keep the parlor to live in. Soon enough the local soviet will "spontaneously" take over their entire home.

See her on the streets of an unfriendly city, standing in her shabby coat, offering for sale her silver thimble, her dancing shoes (once worn at the Ball of the Colored Wigs) and the medal which her husband received at a reception for the tsar. She needs to eat. See the count leaning over his shovel, removing Civil War rubble from a street while Cheka men stand grinning and looking on, hands tucked in the pockets of their long warm coats, pistols at their sides.[612] "We are exterminating the bourgeoisie as a class," their commander has explained to them. "Do not look for evidence that the accused acted in word or deed against Soviet power. The first questions you ought to put are: To what class does he belong? What is his origin?"[613]

"Yes, it was hard on those people," says Lenin to Gorki. "History is a stern mother, and it will freely use any means when it comes to retribution. What is there to say? ... The more clever of them naturally realise that they have been pulled up by the roots and will not grow into the soil again."[614]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE CRUX

No one denies that the Countess accomplished good while she still possessed the power and the resources pertaining to any ruling class. The fact that "society" never compelled her to do so makes her, in my eyes, a worthy person. (Spartacus's slave-rebels would have agreed. In that long perished era of personalized relations, many a Roman was spared massacre for having previously shown kindness to his human cattle.) She wasn't obligated to help. That selfsame fact, from the standpoint of the boy who had to eat blue clay, justifies revolution.

THE CLAY-EATER

Who is he? I am thinking of one youth straight out of Ostrovsky, but a real youth (unlike the countess, who merely signifies a type), a member of the new class for whose benefit the dictatorship of the proletariat was intended.[615] Under Lenin and Stalin he'd transform himself (not without a little direction) into a domineering *shock worker*, as exemplary producers were called in the militaristic parlance of the day.[616] Later he'd become a mining engineer. He traveled, made discoveries, lived out his old age. But in the days before Lenin's "stern mother" weeded out the count and countess, he'd been a desperate boy. Two decades after the revolution, he recalled in his diary, in tones as passionate as Marx's, that bitter, bitter childhood of his, which indicts the countess's class and goes far to explain the Bolsheviks' success:

> The primary source of my internal life was my experience of poverty in childhood. By the time spring came around every year we would run out of bread. We would go around the cupboards gathering up "mouse crumbs." During the "hungry year" we ate goose-foot plants, crows, and some kind of bluish clay. I went to see a rich peasant on the pretext of wanting to play with his son. When I hear that the son isn't home I just stand there until they give me a piece of bread. But then they stopped giving it to me.[617]

But the countess gave him two kopeks! Maybe she gave him bread also... With his customary fury, Marx quotes the following line from an English public health report: "Except in so far as they whom his labour enriches, see fit to treat him with a kind of pitiful indulgence, he is quite peculiarly helpless in the matter."[618] So much for the countess and her do-gooding. She wasn't obligated. That isn't right, that one person must eat clay and his well-fed neighbor isn't obligated to do anything about it. And the clay-eater goes on in his diary:

> The material violence committed against mental and moral freedom from generation to generation inculcated spiritual enslavement, feeble-mindedness, and weak-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ness of will in people doomed to material poverty. An inherited loss of the sense of one's own human virtues and of the faith in one's own virtues and their free development. This is what troubled my consciousness, and stirred my will to indignation and protest.[619]

THE CRUX (CONTINUED)

And so once again we find ourselves brought up short by the fundamental undeniability of Marx's doctrine of the *opposition of classes.*

Here we might want to recall Gandhi's remark about the "royal road" of generosity, through which the rich mill owners might bind their employees to them by paying decent wages. Had such informal institutions of trust been sufficiently widespread in prerevolutionary Russia—had our countess, in short, been a ubiquitous type, a swollen "replete" ready to disgorge on command to any and all other honeyants (and how can she be blamed that others weren't like her?)—then expropriating her might not have been necessary. But this is no more than to propose for the Russian nobility the saintly course of class suicide. We've overheard Stalin remark to H. G. Wells that that would never happen, and he was right. Likewise, Gandhian utopianism, or the magical affection of the Platonic guardians who care for the potters because they care for their pottery, has been proven by history—thus far, at any rate—to be akin to a delicate inhabitant of some tidal pool, which cannot survive either on land or in the open sea. Perhaps this is my practical objection to Lycurgus's utopia also. Communes, small rural enclaves, families, lovers and dear friends, charitable foundations, church groups, monasteries, blocs of political prisoners, insurrectionists at white (or red) heat, soldiers in battle together, strangers in common extremity—all these may on certain occasions form into antlike altruism, their privileged being not parasites, but leaders, teachers, healers, saviors. But the quotidian quality of social relations has always been and always will remain *selfishness*, however mediated by religion or other ideology it may be.

Of course, no revolution ought to be blamed for trying; both privileges and resources can be approximately "leveled." Again and above all, no clay-eater can be blamed for wanting to do something about his hunger.

Unequal luck and unequal goodness, yes; with shock troops everywhere and an efficient judicial system those difficulties might be controlled. Speaking of knowledge and understanding, and of the reward to come, Christ had said, as Primo Levi said about Auschwitz, and as the ant-god says to the inmates of big and little eggs: "To him who has will more be given, and he will have abundance; but from him who has not, even what he has will be taken away."[620] But Christ did not have shock troops—at least, not until the Inquisition and the Crusades. The Stalinists did.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"UNQUENCHABLE HATRED"

Our clay-eater, as I said, would become a shock worker, a quota-overfulfiller, a leader, an inspiration, a bully. His kind was found everywhere, from the steel mills to the collective farms to the prison camps. Needless to say, they made many enemies among the under-fulfillers,[621] but Comrade Stalin held his protective hand over them. Why, they might even be invited to the Kremlin! "Thank you, comrade Stalin, our leader, our father, for a happy, merry kolkhoz life! He, our Stalin, put the steering-wheel of the tractor in our hand."[622]

No need to follow the clay-eater's banal career of petty overlordship, just as we need not compliment the countess's watercolor landscapes. But let's look in on him in mining school, not a real shock worker yet but soon to be, lonely and trying not to admit it, struggling on as we all must struggle in life. Now he's recording in a diary his impressions of the film *Kirov*:

> It convinces you that the oratorical art of the school of Lenin and Stalin is the most paramount, mighty, and delightful of all the arts. In this film, together with our dear, beloved government, you reexperience the enormous loss that inflames the columns of intrepid workers, millions strong, and their unquenchable hatred toward class enemies.[623]

He was referring to party boss Kirov's murder (and doubtless feeling that loss; why not call him sincere?). Kirov had been an enthusiastic class liquidator, who suffered from that dangerous disease called popularity. At the end of 1934, while Hitler was putting his own country's sufferers out of their misery,[624] Kirov's ailment took a fatal turn. Delicacy being called for in cases of untimely death, shall we merely say that the shooting was an inside job?[625] The dictator's daughter, Svetlana, who remembered Kirov crying after her mother's suicide, refused to believe what I am telling you. In her *Twenty Letters* she sometimes struggles to hide her love for her father, but it comes out in the denials that he committed this or that crime, at least of his own sole accord. In the case of Kirov, she preferred to blame Beria.[626]

We see Stalin at the funeral, arms folded inside his long coat, steadfast and stern, the military cap pulled down to his eyebrows. He's one of the pallbearers. Is he thinking whom to kill next? For in the name of security, authority, creed and justice—that is, of self-defense of class—he'll now began to hunt down Kirov's supposed murderers. The more people his secret police arrest, the wider the conspiracy will grow. Thus begin the show trials, the Party and military purges, the Great Terror of 1936-38. (They had shock workers on the legal front, too. One of their victims remembered: "The prosecutor just gave me a nasty grin, leered and said, 'Don't worry, you'll survive till the trial.'")[627] The most infamous year, perhaps, is 1937, when the clay-eater was at mining school. Stalin's daughter remembers the old ser-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

vants gradually disappearing around then. "Finally our housekeeper, Carolina Till, left too. It was 1937, and her German ancestry probably had something to do with it."[628] This period of repressions will be far more urban in character than that of the early 1930s. Now that the peasantry lies dekulakized and broken, Stalin can afford to arrest engineers, activists, Party delegates and the like. In 1937-38 there will be seven million arrests, as a result of which a million people will be executed and two million more will die in labor camps.[629] Collectivization and dekulakization now comprise little more than a sideline for the murderer in the Kremlin.[630] —At Kirov's funeral, all is dark. The photographer has placed Stalin at the center, of course; the flash illuminates him above all. Immense, out of focus wreaths and flowers shine like the patches of light on the shoulders of the cordon around him. He stands between a hooded, dark-garbed security man, whose face has been washed out by the flash, and somebody's sly face which hangs suspended in blackness, gazing sidelong and shadowy at the camera.[631] Was this image arranged before or after he kissed Kirov's corpse?

"The funeral procession floods the streets with a sea of people," wrote the clay-eater in his diary. "I'm studying the personality of Kirov as a revolutionary, a leader, and a speaker. An image that I consider my ideal."[632] As for Stalin's speeches, they impressed him; they "mobilized" him.[633]

"Those years have left an oppressive, permanent mark on the family—the mark of injury, poverty, oppression."[634] The shock worker might have written that about tsarism, or Marx about his own circumstances. But neither of them did. Those are the words of a dekulakized peasant, written in 1937. *Defense of class is unjustified when it supersedes defense of other rights.*[635] Indeed, we can add to our moral calculus the general and fundamental maxim that *violence is unjustified when defense of a given right or issue supersedes all other kinds of self-defense.*

RISING THROUGH THE RANKS

He entered military training and increased his physical exercise. He became the brigade leader of a ballroom dancing class. "Only people who had passes or my permission were allowed into the hall."[636] At geodesic fieldwork he did not get on with his brigade leader, so he took the Stalinist way: "I presented an accusation with which the triangle agreed. They voted. To exclude the brigade leader from the union. To strip him of his status as a shock worker. To remove him as brigade leader." The clay-eater was then promoted to assistant brigade leader.[637] He became "a middle-rank commander of the revolutionary, proletarian Army."[638] The Party sent in his candidacy as a political agitator. In 1936 he met his aunt, whom he hadn't seen in a decade; she cried out in joy that she never would have imagined "back then" that he could have studied in the institute.[639] For all the institutionalized unpleasantness of this young man's character, there remains something good and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

just about his success. Before the revolution, he had to steal flour from the mill to feed his starving mother. As a child, he once had to walk forty kilometers without even a taste of bread.[640] I do believe this: Lenin and Stalin saved him.

SELF-DEFENSE OF CLASS

Back to 1917, or maybe even 1918. No matter. At some point, the countess and the clay eater would have had to meet. Liberty meets equality.

Suppose that in the threatening days after tsardom dies, the clay eater, still skinny and shy, enrolls in a Committee of Unwealthy Peasants. The taunting crowd smashes down the gate. They insult the countess and steal her cloak, her fur coat, her wedding ring. She weeps. Later on, at school, the clay eater will come to appreciate culture—not just Party culture, but Beethoven, for instance, who "made of me a victorious warrior on the battlefield of life" with "his optimistic revolutionary overture."[641] But when a lecturer on Heine tells the audience that the German's poems moved her to tears in her very sleep, the clay eater thinks, "This is indeed the sobbing of a sick soul, one that is familiar to me. Her crying is tender, dainty and high-pitched, but that made me dislike it even more."[642] Wouldn't that be how the countess's sobbing made him feel?

I said that Ostrovsky would have loved this young man, who told his diary:

> It is my fate to take cruel action against those who stand in my way. There is no opposing force of personality that would not be mercilessly destroyed by me. No sooner do I sense the presence of an oppressive force than it is doomed to perish. My view of the world is triumphant. I gain universal respect through both my modesty and my fairness even to those cast down by me.[643]

What could "fairness" possibly consist of in this encounter between classes? What does fairness imply? Self-criticism sessions and show trials exemplified it: the cast-down ones had to denounce themselves in order to validate the acts of their new oppressors. Our shock worker, our clay-eater, wanted to have it both ways. He wanted to impose his will on the masses. But he also wanted them to agree that he was right—and more, incredibly enough. Here he is as brigade leader of a ballroom dancing class: "And with that powerful force of respect of the group I can confidently, boldly force those guilty parties to love me."[644] Would our countess have been able to love him? Moreover, would that have saved her?

Her moral dilemma was obvious. Her expedient dilemma was this: Denounce oneself in the hope of mercy from the self-styled merciless, and risk liquidation on account of open guilt. Plead innocent, and risk liquidation as a secret class enemy.

Imagine, if you care to, the countess and her children huddled in the sitting room behind boarded up windows, praying, frantically kissing their silver icons,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

while the count strides out with loaded rifle to die defending their home from the mob. Imagine our future shockworker, the hungry boy, whose teeth are still bluish-grey with clay, running in the vanguard of these radicalized peasants, the tines of his pitchfork aimed at the count's chest. A demobilized soldier[64] shouts out: "If you destroy the wolves' nests, you must strangle the wolves, too." Everybody shouts approval. Now the clay-eater is almost upon the count. Two pairs of eyes gaze upon each other, shining with hatred and resolution. Does the count now fire, or does he hesitate, afraid to inflame them against his family once he is gone? Does the clay-eater feel pity? Do the two kopeks which the countess once put into his hand soften him a little, or inflame him? Who is to blame? There can be but one definition of this confrontation: Tragedy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

5.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF CLASS

I. IS CLASS STRATIFICATION JUSTIFIED?

A. Funeral address for Landgrave George of Hesse-Darmstadt (1661)

> "Just as the sun in the heavens above is made and fashioned by God, ... so are kings, princes and lords placed and ordered by God in the secular estate. For that reason they may themselves be called gods."[646]

B. Nietzsche

> "Every enhancement of the type 'man' has so far been the work of an aristocratic society—and it will be so again and again—a society that believes in the long ladder of an order of rank and differences in value between man and man, and that needs slavery in some sense or other."[647]

C. Hitler

> "Give this earth to the best people..."[648]

D. Aristotle

> "The lower-class element has no part in the state[,] nor [does] any other class that is not productive of virtue."[649]

E. Pol Pot

> "We have seen that a good class composition within the Party and within the Zone is the basis."[650]

F. Pseudo-Xenophon (fifth century B.C.)

> "It is inevitable that the ruler be hated by the ruled."[651]

G. Cicero

> "For when a slave, a possession of our own, our own private property, has gained the freedom to break out with absolute impunity and attack us as if we were his enemy, then the slaves are now the masters and the masters have become slaves."[652]

H. Plato

> "It is for slaves to submit and for their owners to rule them."[653]
> "The man who slays a slave in his passion shall, if the slave be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his own, purify himself, if another man's, pay his owner twice what he has lost ... If a slave slay his owner in his passion, the kinsmen of the deceased shall deal with the slayer as they please and be clean of guilt—only in no case shall they spare his life."[654]

I. Leviticus 25:44-46

"You may buy male and female slaves from among the nations that are around you... You may bequeath them to your sons after you, to inherit as a possession forever; you may make slaves of them, but over your brethren the people of Israel you shall not rule."

J. Code of Hammurabi

"If a seignior has helped either a male slave of the state or a female slave of the state or the male slave of a private citizen or the female slave of a private citizen to escape through the city-gate, he shall be put to death."[655]

K. Laws of Ur-Nammu

"If a man's slave-woman, comparing herself to her mistress, speaks insolently to her, her mouth shall be scoured with 1 quart of salt."[656]

L. Emperors Diocletian and Maximian "to our beloved governor of Syria" (A.D. 290)

"In the investigation of the question of free birth, every form of interrogation and torture should be resorted to in order that persons of low and debased origin may not venture to claim for themselves a position among those who are distinguished and freeborn."[657]

M. Plato

"But when, I fancy, one who is by nature an artisan or some kind of money-maker tempted or incited by wealth or command of votes or bodily strength or some other similar advantage tries to enter into the class of the soldiers or one of the soldiers into the class of counselors and guardians, for which he is not fitted, and these interchange their tools and their honors, or when the same man undertakes all these functions at once, then, I take it, you too believe that this kind of substitution

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and meddlesomeness is the ruin of the state."[658]

N. Empress Maria-Theresa of Austria, to her daughter, Marie Antoinette (1770)

"Avoid any sort of familiarity with the little people."[659]

O. Napoleon

"The institution of a national nobility is not contrary to equality, and is necessary to the maintenance of social order."[660]

"There can be no society without material inequality, and there can be no material inequality without religion."[661]

P. Solon the Lawgiver

"There is no set limit of wealth for men."[662] [But I think he means rich men.]

Q. Wernher de Gartenaere (thirteenth century)

"I know that I would rather honour still / someone who knew his place within God's scheme, / and stayed there, sticking to this way of things / Even if he were born in lowly state, / among the people he'd more highly rate / than someone of royal birth, who'd use / his power and privilege to abuse."[663]

R. Diodorus of Sicily

"Not only in the exercise of political power should men of prominence be considerate toward those of low estate, but also in private life they should—if they are sensible—treat their slaves gently... The more power is perverted to cruelty and lawlessness, the more the character of those subject to that power is brutalized to the point of desperation."[664]

S. Slavemaster Ford to Slavemaster Tibeats, Louisiana (1843)

"A litle kindness would be far more effectual in restraining them, and rendering them obedient, than the use of such deadly weapons. Every planter on the bayou should frown upon such inhumanity. It is for the interest of all to do so."[665]

T. Seneca

"It is praiseworthy to use authority over slaves with moderation."[666]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

U. High priest, to a new ruler of ancient Mexico

"My Lord: Consider the honor your vassals have done you. Now that you are confirmed as ruler you must take great care of them and regard them as your sons; you must see to it that they be not offended and that the greater do not mistreat the lesser."[667]

V. Plato

"Excess [of wealth and property] breeds public and private feuds and factions, defect, subjection."[668]

W. Gandhi

"[Caste] unapproachability and untouchability have to be tackled wherever they exist."[669]

X. Robespierre

"The interest of the people is the general interest; that of the rich but a particular interest."[670]

Y. John Brown, letter written in his death cell to his family

"May God Almighty comfort all your hearts, and soon wipe away all tears from your eyes. To him be endless praise. Think too of the crushed millions 'who have no comforter.' I charge you all—never (in your trials) to forget the griefs 'of the poor that cry and of those that have none to help them.'"[671]

Z. Agrarian Law, Article 4 (revolutionary Zapatistas, Mexico, 1915)

"The Nation recognizes the unquestionable right which belongs to every Mexican of possessing and cultivating an extension of land."[672]

AA. Hobbes

"The safety of the People, requireth further, ... that Justice be equally administered to all degrees of the People; ... as well the rich and mighty, as poor and obscure persons."[673]

BB. Jack London

"The capitalist class has been tried and found wanting. Remains the working-class to see what it can do with the opportunity."[674]

CC. Marx.

"The history of all hitherto existing society is the history of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

class struggles. Freeman and slave, patrician and plebeian, lord and serf, guild master and journeyman—in a word, oppressor and oppressed—stood in constant opposition to one another, carried on an uninterrupted, now hidden, now open fight, a fight that each time ended either in a revolutionary reconstitution of society at large, or in the common ruin of the contending classes."[675]

DD. Leonid Alekseyevich Potyomkin, Stalinist shock worker

"It is our mission, we children of poverty, to change society, for only we can change it and be equal masters in a classless society. Our will is triumphant."[676]

EE. Gnostic Scriptures (The Sentences of Sextus, no. 338)

"Not only do not hold an opinion which does not benefit the needy, but also do not listen to it."[677]

FF. Krushchev

"For us reconciliation between classes is impossible!"[678]

GG. Jesus Christ

"Blessed are you that hunger now, for you shall be satisfied... But woe to you that are rich, for you have received your consolation."[679]

II. IS FORCIBLE REDISTRIBUTION IN THE SERVICE OF EQUALITY JUSTIFIED?

A. Swiss constitution (1874)

"Property is guaranteed."[680]

B. Edmund Burke (1790)

"Believe me, Sir, those who attempt to level, never equalize."[681]

C. Solon

"Riches I desire to have, but I wish not to possess them unjustly."[682]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

D. Monsignor Richard Alpert, founder of the Saint Patrick's Foundation, Jamaica

> "Justice is the essential ingredient in a successful society. Only when the goods of the earth are fairly distributed can we have peace. Radical socialism and radical capitalism are not the answer."[683]

E. Benjamin Franklin (1783)

> "All the Property that is necessary to a man, for the Conservation of the Individual and the Propagation of the Species, is his natural Right, which none can justly deprive him of: But all Property superfluous to such purposes is the Property of the Publick, who, by their Laws, have created it, and who may therefore by other Laws dispose of it, whenever the Welfare of the Publick shall demand such Disposition."[684]

F. Plan de Ayala (revolutionary Zapatistas, Mexico, 1911)

> "In virtue of the fact that the immense majority of Mexican pueblos and citizens are owners of no more land than they walk on ... there will be expropriated the third part of those monopolies [on land, timber and water] from the powerful proprietors of them, with prior indemnization." Landlords opposing expropriation will be expropriated in full.[685]

G. Martin Luther King, Jr.

> "Let us be dissatisfied until the tragic walls that separate the outer city of wealth and comfort and the inner city of poverty and despair shall be crushed by the battering rams of the forces of justice."[686]

H. Jack London

> "When a striker kills with a brick a man who has taken his place ... he has an ethical sanction."[687]

I. Marx

> "The transformation of scattered private property resting on the personal labour of the individuals themselves into capitalist private property is naturally an incomparably more protracted, violent and difficult process than the transformation of capitalist private property, which in fact already rests on the carrying on of production by society, into social property. In

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the former case, it was a matter of the expropriation of the people by a few usurpers; but in this case, we have the expropriation of a few usurpers by the masses of the people."[688]

J. Directive to Stalin's cadres during the famine

"It's better to do too much than not enough... This is no time for squeamishness or rotten sentimentality."[689]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BEGGARS

SUPPLIANTS: BEGGARS IN MADAGASCAR, 1994

INTIMIDATORS: BEGGARS IN COLUMBIA, 1999

When is defense of class justified? When does class violence become inevitable? Tocqueville wrote that revolution is more likely to occur when a regime begins to make concessions. Whether or not this is true, the difference between these two groups of beggars, one in Madagascar, the other in Colombia, is shockingly instructive. And the Colombian regime has a far weaker hold than its Malagasy counterpart. If you read the case study "The Jealous Ones" you will see how prevalent it is for street people in Madagascar to turn violent if their demands for alms are not met. In parts of Colombia it is even worse. Page 234 shows a beggar-boy who entered a restaurant where I was eating some chicken. He snatched bits of food from the other terrified diners' plates, and no one said anything, including the terrified proprietress, who later told me that she didn't dare stop his invasions because she saw him every day. And the waitress told me that if she tried to prevent the beggars from coming in, they would snatch off her bracelets. When the boy reached me, I shared my dinner with him and then photographed him standing in the doorway. What strikes me now in the picture is how harmless, even frail, he appears. All the other Colombian beggars in this portfolio have more belligerent expressions. The Malagasy beggars, on the other hand, simply look pathetic and imploring. Could it be that the former are mainly men and the latter are all women and children? But note

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the snarl on the face of the feral girl in the Cartucho (p. 239). She was a pretty tough individual.

229. Beggar woman, Tulear, Madagascar. This old lady told me that she could not ever remember having enough to eat.

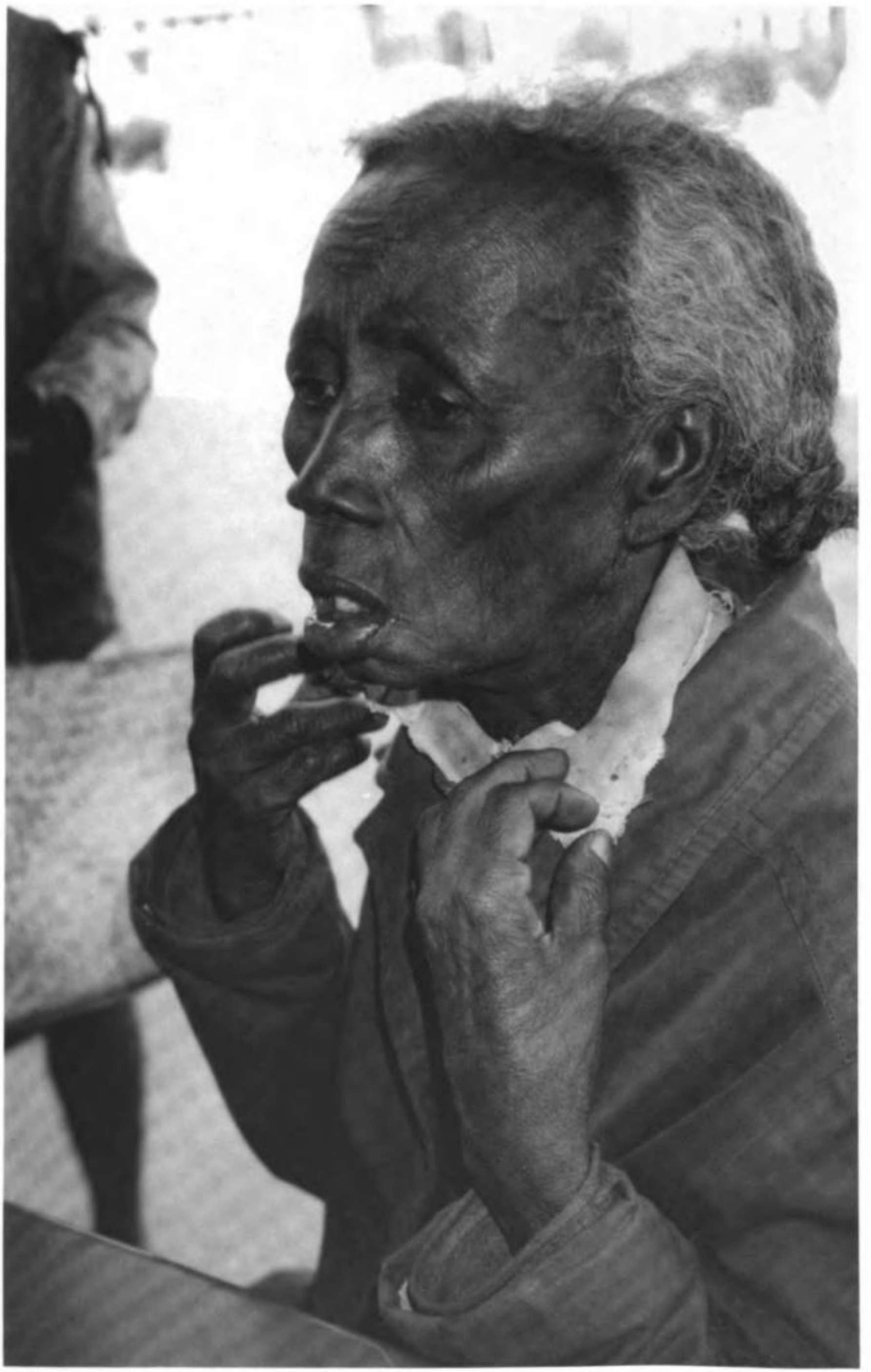
230-33. Beggar women and children, Antananarivo, Madagascar.

234. Beggar in doorway of restaurant, Bogotá, Colombia.

235-38. Beggars in Bogotá. The last three of these were so threatening that in each case my interpreter refused to get out of the car and the driver kept the motor running.

239. Beggar girl in Cartucho, Bogotá.

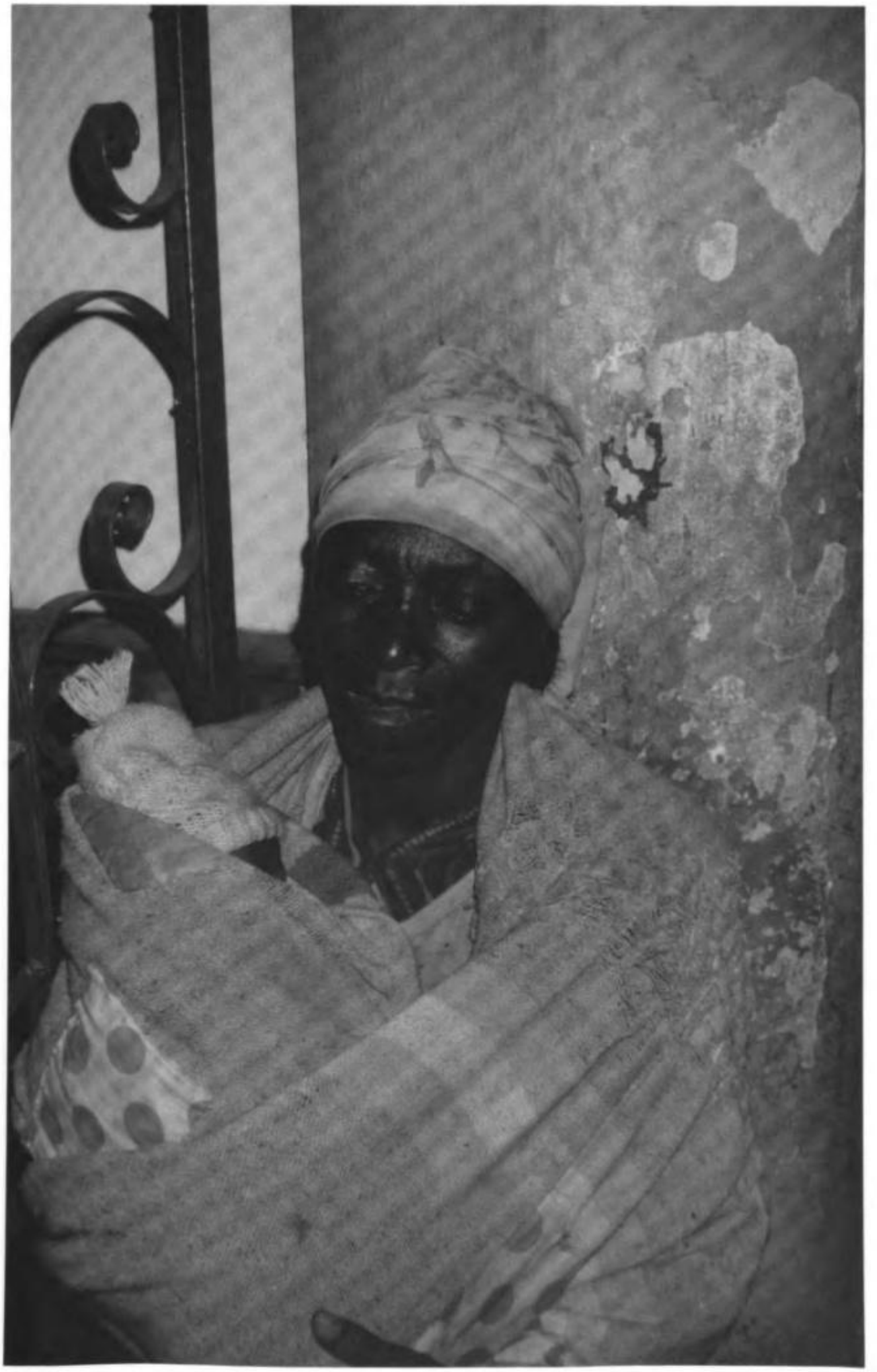
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



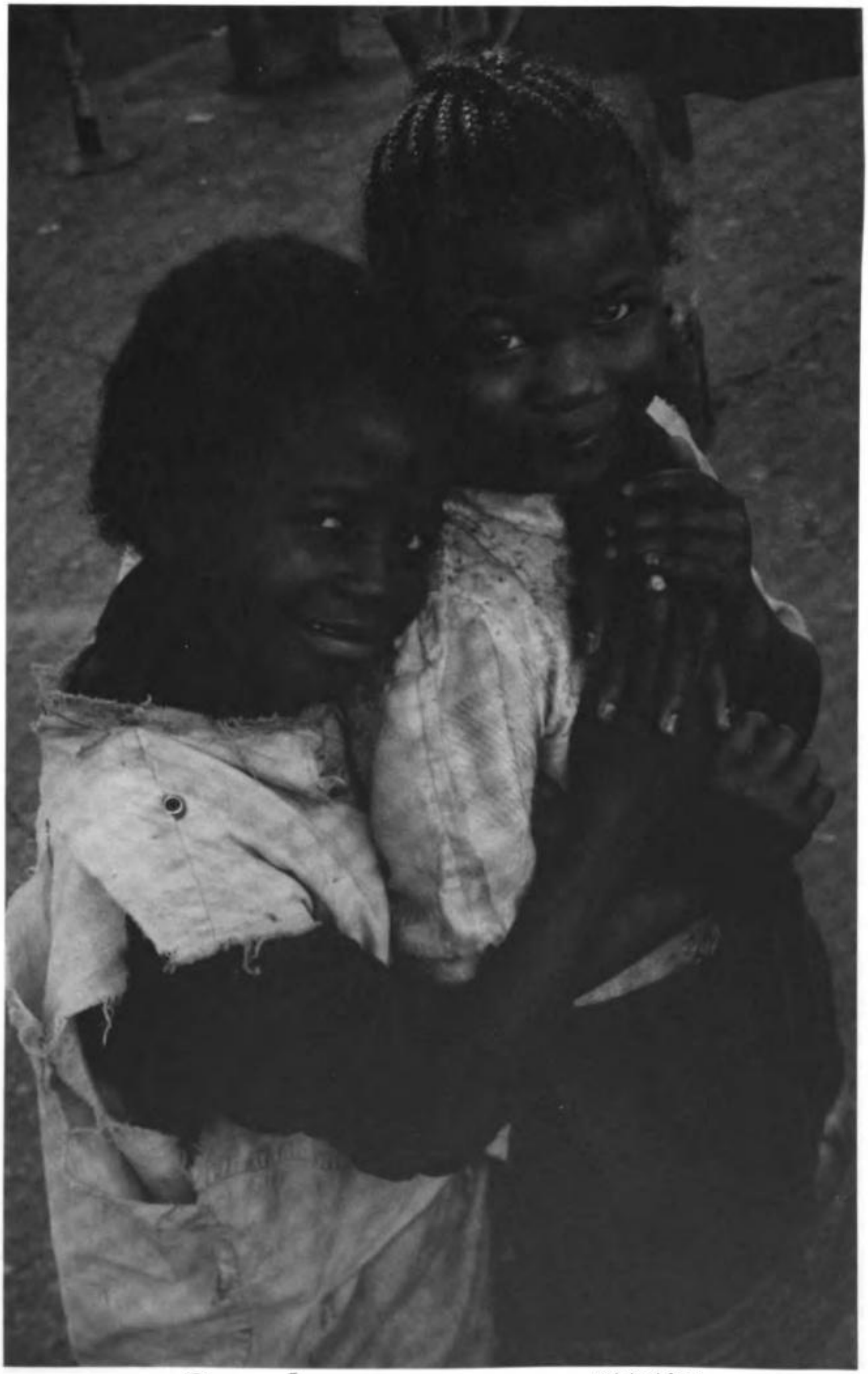
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



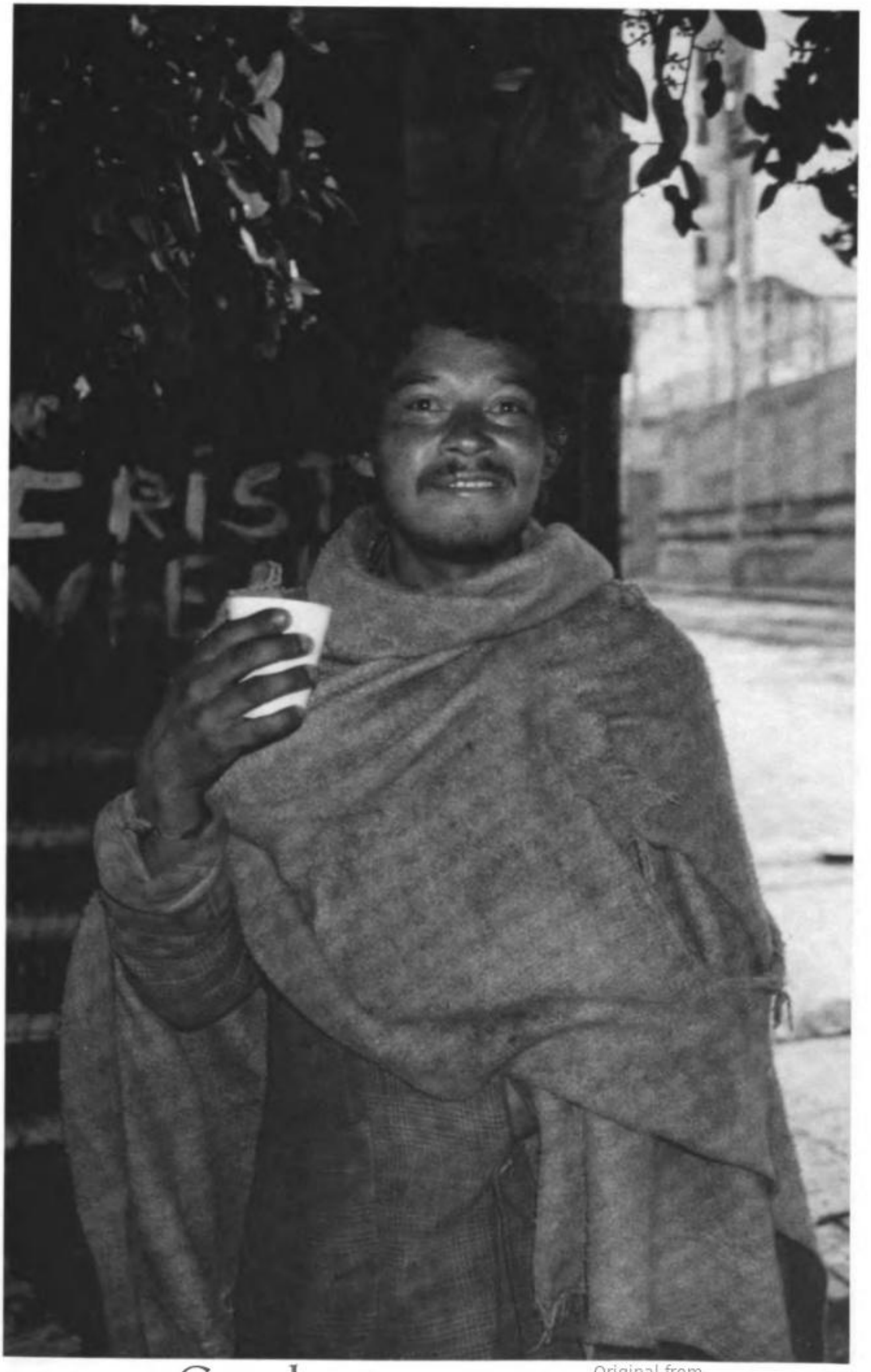
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



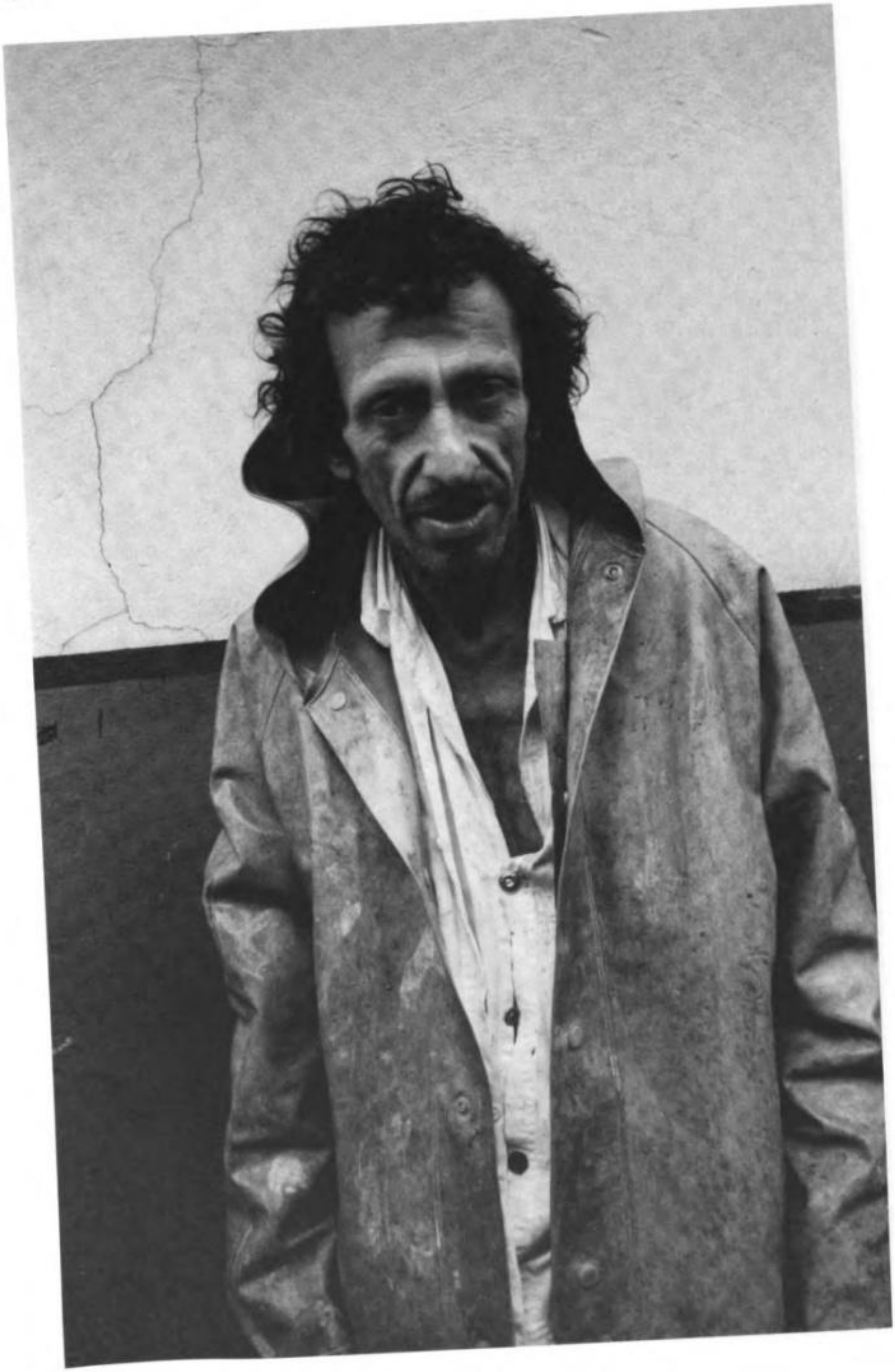
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



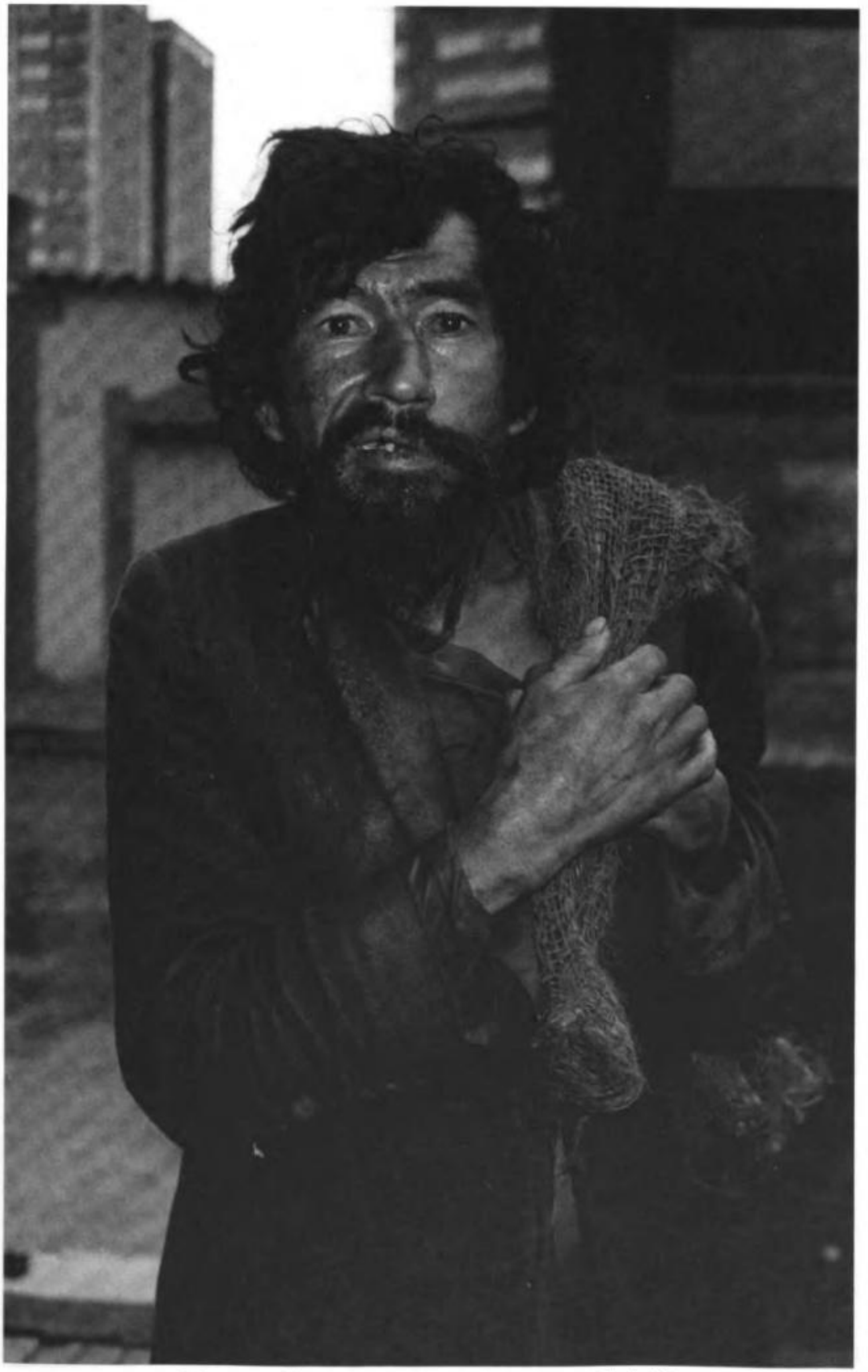
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



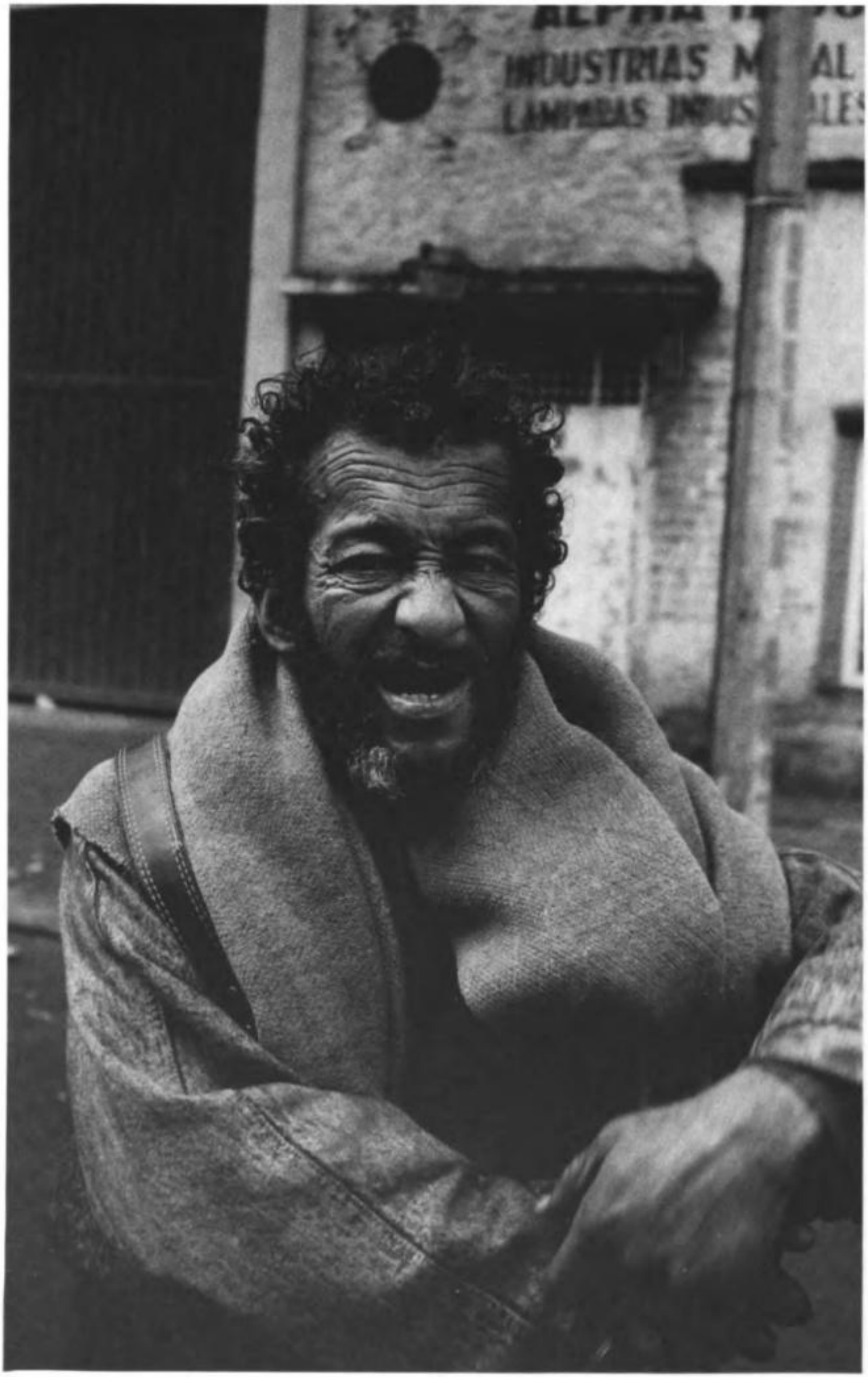
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 10

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

Anyone who shares profit with all the people under Heaven will gain the world ...Sparing the people from death, eliminating the hardships of the people, relieving the misfortunes of the people, and sustaining the people in their extremities is Virtue.

T'AI KUNG, *SIX SECRET TEACHINGS*
(ELEVENTH CENTURY B.C.?)[1]

What are you doing there? Die. Are you passing through the street? It is a crime. Why do you oppose the government? Government is a cutthroat. It has stated that it will do a certain thing; it has begun it; it must be carried out. If society is to be saved, the people must be destroyed.

VICTOR HUGO, *HISTOIRE D'UN CRIME* (NINETEENTH CENTURY)[2]

We must have faith in the masses and we must have faith in the Party.

MAO ZEDONG, *THE LITTLE RED BOOK* (TWENTIETH CENTURY)[3]

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

TROTSKY AND LINCOLN

Unlike Lincoln, who sought and prayed for reconciliation wherever possible, sometimes at the expense of justice, unlike even John Brown, who was capable of kindness to enemy prisoners, and might spare the son when he executed the father, Leon Trotsky refused to distinguish between political and personal categories. Oh, we can't say he was unkind; he'd present some Red machine-gunner-hero with cigars, or encourage another emulation fighter with a lump of sugar... In Lincoln one sees, particularly during his Civil War, steadfastness; in Brown, grim determination. Trotsky by contrast presents us with *energy* above all: the mercurial turnings of a mind as intellectually ambitious—and capable—as it was eloquent and sarcastic—humorous, too, unlike John Brown; nor was Trotsky's the wooden, folksy humor of Lincoln which now sounds so heavy in our ears; rather, his wit was clever and sharp, lawyer-fashion, vanguardist-fashion, raking and slashing spontaneously like a cat's claw—and this is just the mind; we have as yet said nothing of the rushing hands that produced decrees and theoretical tomes by the score, or of that second body of his, the famous armored train, which traveled all over the front during a Civil War far more fearsome than Lincoln's, when both sides hanged, raped, flayed and shot with abandon:[4] Trotsky's train would come, and issue tobacco to the brave, death to the deserters and traitors, speeches to the wavering—yes, above all, speeches; he was a sort of winged Mercury of the revolution (who was, for a very short time, also her winged Victory). Then off he'd rush to the next desperate place. Through our standard-issue historiographical spectacles we see him almost as we do the journalist Camille Desmoulins, who claimed to spark off the French Revolution with one passionate oration: Here is Trotsky, ever standing at improvised podiums, at clench-fisted attention in his shiny knee-high boots, chin straight, little round glasses glittering as he gazes out upon the crowd and begins to speak. In the full-face photographs, his eyes are strangely round, the pince-nez sometimes a little askew. With the moustache, goatee, and briskly controlled sideburn-tufts, he resembles an owl. We see him at a snowy rally, saluting October's coup, snow on the visor of his military cap, snow on his collar buttoned up to the chin, snow on his wool-covered shoulders.[5] He beams, points, smashes his fist down on the lectern, turns from side to side, making sure that he's gazed into all directions; he gestures, laughs...[6] Generally, fittingly, we see him in crowds. In his great *History of the Russian Revolution* he writes that individuals are nothing except receptacles for history (just as both Lincoln and John Brown thought themselves to be instruments of God), while the masses are everything, omnipotent statistical particles whose movement will, in the end, fulfill the equations of revolutionary enlightenment. He knew those equations by heart, so he never hesitated. Sometimes he changed sides: first he was a Menshevik, then a Bolshevik; he was with Lenin,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

against him, then with him again—but always he remained certain he was right—as a revolutionary had better be! For him, tactics directed the quivering needle of the historical scale, whose oscillations this way and that, arbitrary though they seemed, were the necessary expressions of the zeroing process. Cross him politically, and he was dead to you personally; Trotsky must be considered an expert at severing relations. Run away from the certain death he ordered you to, and he'd shoot you. In his voluminous pages one meets an ironic coldness coupled with perfect lucidity of exposition—or, sometimes, with self-important pedanticism: this man with a provincial schoolteacher's heart has become Commissar of War!—but be not deceived; beneath the stylized Trotsky lurks a soul of passionate sincerity, raging against the established order of things, against hereditary hierarchies, serfdom, idiotic absolutism, illiteracy and all the evils of class society—he is, of course, the defender of class par excellence. But, because we have already peered into that topic a little[7] we shall only incidentally consider him as the revolutionary he mostly was. Rather, because he was so sure of himself, so ruthlessly sure, and because for a time he had the apparatus to exercise that sureness, we ought to ask of him: When is it justified to make our fellow human beings obey us unto death?—or rather, more specifically and personally: For what end, and by what means, do you yourself exercise your authority?[8]



Trotsky

For comparison's sake, we will then ask President Lincoln the same thing.

WHAT IS LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY?

How much right have the leaders to defend themselves from the led? —None, an anarchist might deduce from our simple (some might say puerile) Jeffersonian starting-point: the sovereignty of the self.[9] Set class issues aside—we've considered those. Ignore prior social contracts—we've told their tale, from spontaneous mutual aid through repression to outlawry and uprisings.[10] *No social contract is valid without an ongoing consensus.* Self-defense of lonely atoms being justified at times, self-defense of a nation in wartime, or of a class in a time of class struggle, can also be upheld by extension, "other issues being equal." But while class motivations vary in direct proportion to the motives of the definer (is that kulak a rich peasant because he works hard, or because he sucks the workers' blood?), the function of authority remains indisputably to dominate. Self-defense of authority thus comprises, as defense of class need not, the conscious, deliberate struggle on the part of an elite to maintain its power of domination, which is to say its capacity to overrule the sovereignty of any and all selves within the zone of subordination. We use "zone" both in the hierarchical and the territorial sense, authority being the glue which constitutes states.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Legitimate authority? An anti-nuclear affinity group at Seabrook, New Hampshire (1980)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OPPRESSION AND DEFENSE

Whether in the end the king's dragoons exterminate my rebel army on the battlefield, or whether first the magistrate pronounces sentence and then the hangman burns us all in the public square, violence is usually considered to be a legitimate means in carrying out authority's judgments—provided that authority is itself legitimate (in other words, legitimized by that ongoing consensus). Thus the working position of most regimes, the normative position. It was, for instance, Lincoln's stance against the Southern secessionists. As it happened, Lincoln was inconsistent.

> This country, with its institutions, belongs to the people who inhabit it. Whenever they shall grow weary of the existing government, they can exercise their constitutional right of amending it, or their revolutionary right to dismember, or overthrow it.[11]

Reading Lincoln, I am always struck by a feeling of resolute yet humane sincerity. (Trotsky, as I said, was sincere, too: equally resolute, more ready to create than to maintain, less humane.) This American president had the loving approval of many (though hardly of all); crowds serenaded him, laughed in the right places, applauded, shouted out admiring interjections: as an orator he was Trotsky's full equal. He always wrote and spoke as though he, who personified Government, were the servant of the people. But when some of those people claimed a constitutional right to amend the Union by withdrawing from it, he refused to let them go, arguing with logic as self-serving as Trotsky's that to let some secede now would be to set a precedent allowing any and all to secede later, which would wreck the Union—undeniably true, but irrelevant to justice. At this stage, however, he refused to dominate them by imposing the formulae of his own conscience. His earnest desire remained to offer them whatever he constitutionally could, including the right to retain human property, as long as they but stayed in the United States. When they then claimed their revolutionary rights, and attacked Fort Sumter, Lincoln drafted orders to quell the insurrection. The Civil War had begun. He felt justified from then on in telling his soldiers to worry the South to death like bulldogs, in order to "perpetuate for our children's children this great and free government, which we have enjoyed all our lives."[12]

A revolutionary government such Trotsky's must go farther than mere perpetuation, seeing ahead of it that death-struggle through all the phases from polarization through overt conflict and its resolution, all the way to consolidation.[13] Exercising his revolutionary right of overthrow, Trotsky declares the old social contract void, thereupon using all requisite force to quell anyone who fails to become signatory to the new. What should such defense of embryonic authority entail?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOME THOUGHTS ON ARMIES AND WHOREHOUSES

"Propaganda, organization, revolutionary example and repression produced the necessary change in a few weeks," he says baldly. (No wonder he and Stalin could be colleagues for so long!) "A vacillating, unreliable and crumbling mass was transformed into a real army."[14]



Tolstoy

Repression is of course the key word, and, whatever one might think of Trotsky, one has to admire him at least for his straightforwardness.

Tolstoy, on the other hand, compares the existence of a society predicated on force (such as Trotsky's new Red Army, or for that matter any army—or any state imaginable,[15] with its generals, magistrates and bishops) to that of a hospital or school—no matter how benevolent—whose income is derived from whorehouses, which to his mind are loathsomely unjustified institutions. His argument now parallels that of the Southern secessionists: he asserts that the prostitutes have the right to abandon their work, even though the direct result may be the collapse of the institution which their labor supports.

Trotsky would agree—were we speaking of a pre-revolutionary whorehouse. In fact, he'd call upon the prostitutes to form a military detachment to depose the madam and her pimps. At that point, however, a revolutionary order having been established, the new madam (if we wanted to push the analogy far enough)[16] would be justified in forcing her girls to earn money for the state.

Lincoln would bar the girls from leaving the whorehouse but grant them every privilege he reasonably could. (The difference between Lincoln and the secessionists was that the former denied the existence of the whorehouse while the latter asserted it, which merely goes to show once again how unreliable metaphors can be in politics.)

As for the extreme anarcho-individualist, the robber-rapist, he wouldn't hesitate to take over the whorehouse and run it for his own personal gain.

Back to Tolstoy, who, increasingly monkish (a tendency rendered easy by his privileged class position, and desirable by his unhappy home life), advocates withdrawal from the social contract, yes—but only so far. He stands *for an implicit contract of restraint*, of nonviolence. There's the reason why we find more Trotskyists and Leninists than Tolstoyans making revolutions. From the standpoint of whichever authority happens to be privileged at the moment, Tolstoy's call for a boycott remains devastating—sufficiently so that Trotsky's successors will feel obliged to put the Tolstoyans in Gulag camps.[17] For Tolstoy—strange, white-bearded old sage!—goes so far in his insolent nobility as to call the social order a swindle! If he'd written that after 1917, Trotsky might have shot him... As it was, Trotsky con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

curred with his denunciation: "Kings and Emperors are surprised and horrified when one of themselves is murdered, and yet the whole of their activity consists in managing murder and preparing for murder."[18] So let's all walk out of the whorehouse and commend ourselves to God!

In "Notes for Officers," Tolstoy advises his specified readers to call into ranks those men they command, beg pardon for having deceived them and then resign the army.

> But if you cannot do even this, then the solution for you of the question whether you will continue to serve or not will be postponed to that time—and this will soon appear for each one of you—when you will stand face to face with an unarmed crowd of peasants or factory workers, and be ordered to shoot at them. And then, if anything human remains in you, you will have to refuse to obey, and, as a result, to leave the service.[19]

For Trotsky as for Stalin, this passage, if applied to revolutionary rather than prerevolutionary authority, would be a mere moral creampuff, sickly sweet, swollen with luxurious naïveté. Refuse to obey under Trotsky, and you die.

FROM WARFARE OR FROM HARMONY?

But what *is* legitimate authority? How can we differentiate between good and bad repression?

The Two Faces of Authority

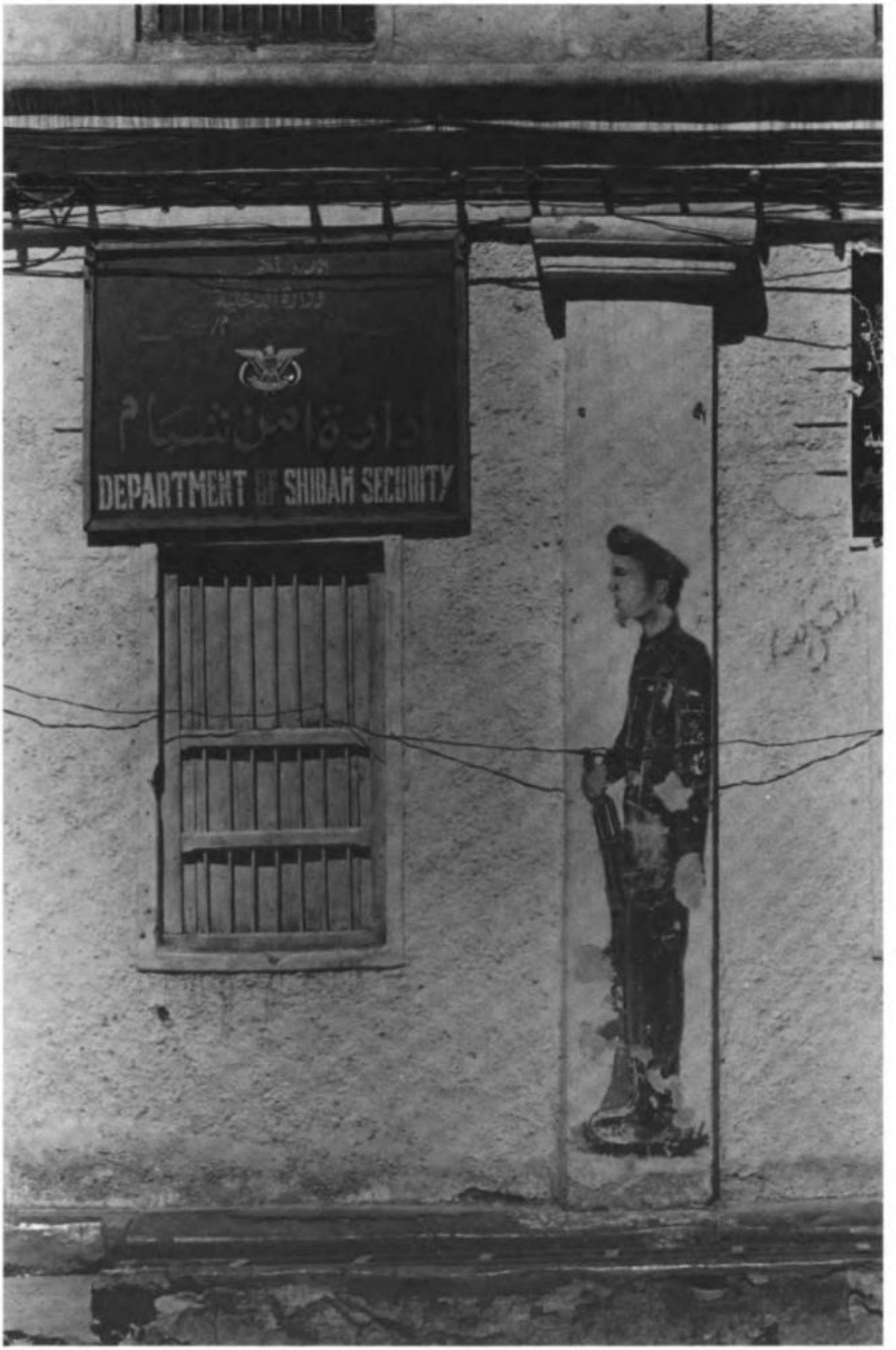
> "The main qualities of command are gentleness without weakness, severity without harshness. Authority comes from a wise admiration."
>
> Ibn Hudhayl al-Anadalusi
> (Arab, fourteenth century)[20]

> "Authority comes from warfare, not from harmony among men. For this reason, if one must kill men to give peace to the people, then killing is permissible."
>
> *The Methods of the Ssu-ma*
> (Chinese, fourth century)[21]

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF A CERTAIN GIRL IN CAMOUFLAGE PANTS

Making that distinction may often be easier practically than theoretically, at least individually and experientially. I remember a Karen insurgent I met in Thailand.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Police station (Hadramawt, Yemen, 2002)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

He was from Burma originally. He'd joined the guerrillas when Burmese soldiers arrived in his village, then promptly raped and murdered his sister.[22] How could his own choice not shine clear? Authority had transgressed on the innermost rights of the self. His friend and co-insurgent told a similar story. The friend's mother, who had fled from the Burmese a year ago and now lived in an acquaintance's house, sat barefooted on a mat on the teakwood floor, watching television. She was forty-seven and looked fifty-seven. She had too hideous tales to tell. How many such accounts did I need to hear before concluding that the Burmese government was committing crimes against the Karen? In the restaurant Karen soldiers sat eating fried rice and drinking Tiger beer, one of them in uniform, the soldiers leaning all together. From the point of view of Burmese authority they were all outlaws. Was that a legitimate point of view? Across the street, a girl swayed her hips slowly, carrying a sack of rice clasped behind her head. She wore camouflage pants. She said that the Burmese had taken her father away to be their unpaid porter. He'd never returned. She was a guerrilla now; she didn't need to read my moral calculus.

SEVEN QUESTIONS

We quoted Lincoln's "fragment on government" once before.[23] Let's quote it again:

> The legitimate object of government, is to do for a community of people, whatever they need to have done, but can not do, at all, or can not, so well do, for themselves—in their separate, and individual capacities.
>
> In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere.[24]

Were we to recast this in more specific terms, and move a trifle beyond benevolent neutralism into personalism (an idealist will like this; a realist won't), we could derive half a dozen queries about a given kind of authority. No matter that they ring catechistic, like the rhetoric of Stalin and Mao:[25]

EVALUATING A GOVERNMENT'S LEGITIMACY: RELATIONS WITH THE MASSES

1. Are the officials assistants of the people, or do they constitute a ruling class?
2. Does the government perform its duties by love or by force?
3. Does it enrich its citizens or make them poorer?
4. Does it enhance liberties or restrict them?
5. Does it treat the governed equally?
6. Do people do feel safer under the government or more threatened?[26]
7. Does the regime's prescriptive definition of justice match the working definitions of its citizens or clash with them?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

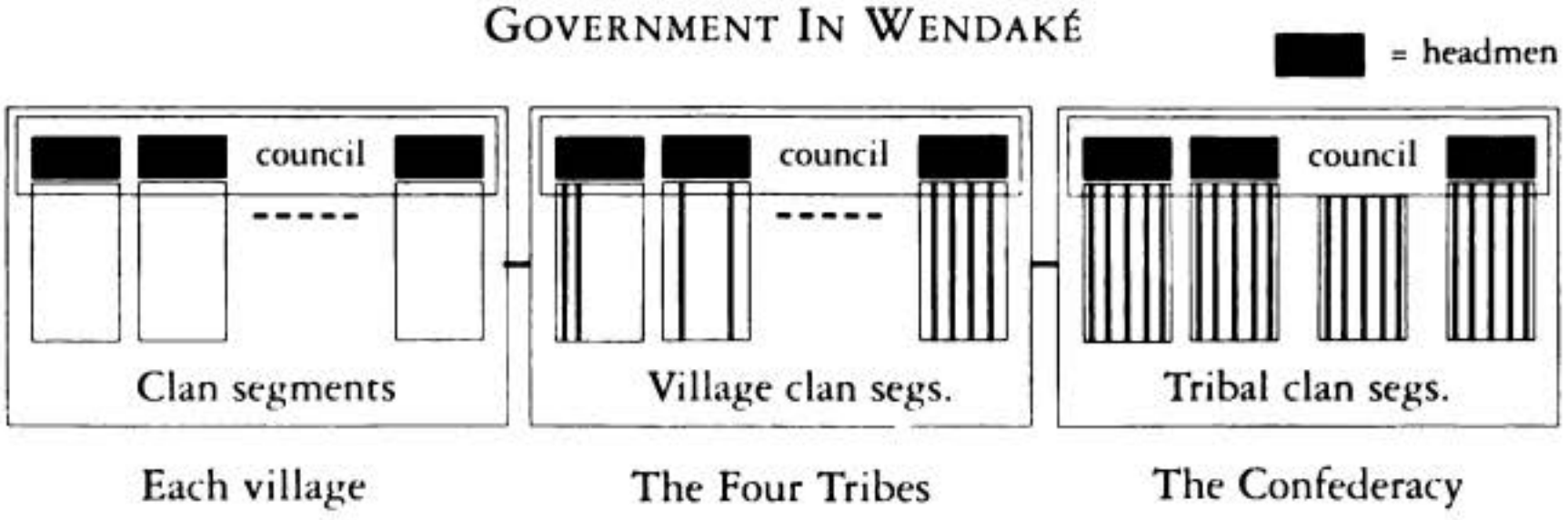
WHEN LYNCHING WAS NECESSARY

Summing up the Lincolnian moral calculus (which here parallels the Gandhian),[27] *authority and its violence are justified when "most people" legitimize that authority by uncoerced and willing participation in its politics*[28]—as opposed to, say, the cliquish usurpers of ninth-century Korea, about whom it has been said that "each new king became the target of revenge of the factions he had defeated."[29] An example of a good consensual regime might be the seventeenth-century Huron system, which we briefly considered in our sketch of class.[30]

As we see in the diagram below, all councils in "Huronia: (Wendaké) are made of up clan segment representatives, though not all clan segments are necessarily represented at meta-levels, representation being not an institutional precondition but rather an effect of an admired clan member's power. "If a similar system prevailed in modern Canadian politics," writes Trigger, "a single man would simultaneously serve as mayor of Toronto, prime minister of Ontario, and a senior ranking member of the federal cabinet."[31] It thus effectively prevents the despotic centralism of the Roman Empire, Napoleonic France, Leninist-Stalinist Russia. But it does nothing to prevent what might be called "people's crimes," acts of injustice which stain the leaders and the led with bloody popularity—for instance, the slow torturing to death of Iroquois captives, in which the whole village would participate. When we turn a closer gaze upon Lincoln's career, we'll readily see the result of his too populist "fragment on government": toleration of slavery. —Or is he simply not populist enough? "Do for a community of people, whatever they need to have done." Just consider slaves to be people (in other words, enfranchise them), and there's no problem.

Meanwhile, consensus *within the armed class* is precisely what "legitimizes" a lynching—although when legitimate authority remains weak or absent, justice will and *must* be served by vigilantes, who may be a necessary evil, or even necessary and not evil at all.[32] At the beginning of the French Revolution, Robespierre approves the lynching of Foullon because "the people had sentenced him."[33] Thomas Wolfe

GOVERNMENT IN WENDAKÉ



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

describes the aftermath of an American episode of summary justice as "a poisonous blackness filled with bewildered loathing," directed both at the lynchers and at their victim—who had, after all, murdered: he'd been "a friend, a brother, and a mortal enemy ... a tiger and a child."[34] Even slow justice can only rarely dissever the child from the tiger, and treat the accused accordingly; lynch-justice has already made up its mind. —But if he *did* murder, and if there's no slow justice to be had, what then? The pioneer Lily Klasner, who grew up in Texas and New Mexico under what her editor calls "the reign of the six-shooter," tells how a cowboy accused of murder found himself arraigned before an impromptu court of his peers, who swiftly hanged him from a wagon tongue.[35] In another incident, two men who shot a third between the eyes faced that supposed instrument of popular sovereignty, a grand jury—and were cleared of all charges, thanks to a corrupt judiciary. And so they got rearrested. "Without friends to protect them, they were bound over to the grand jury," writes Klasner, and she goes on to add with restrained approval: "As it turned out, local people saw to it that both were killed before the next grand jury met."[36]

At the end of the twentieth century, a judge on the High Court of Tanzania wrote:

> Tanzanians have reached the conclusion that it is time for the population itself to become involved in combating crime; thus, Sungusngu vigilante groups have been formed. A Tanzanian judge describes Sungusngu as "a spontaneous self-defence impulse in villagers..." They have been given the power to arrest suspects and refer them immediately to police. It is believed that these groups have solved many problems. Nonetheless, experience has shown that if these groups are not supervised they are likely to abuse their powers.[37]

"Likely to abuse their powers." So it had been in the closing years of the Roman Republic, when rival gangs of hired toughs dealt in violence not for any ideological end, but rather to further their temporary, expeditious and profitable cults of personality, in the meantime intimidating citizens, murdering their enemies, and burning the houses of exiles such as Cicero himself. This was consensus (or rather, these were the opposing consensuses); the strongmen followed Lincoln's formula, doing for their patrons whatever they needed to have done for them, things no one else would do. "As I was going down the Sacred Way, he followed me with his gang," Cicero writes his friend Atticus. "There were shouts, stones, clubs, swords, all without a moment's warning."[38] Those citizens who could, possibly including Cicero,[39] employed their own toughs to murder and burn in return.[40] In thirteenth-century Korea, private armies sporting pretty names—the Night Patrol of the Left and of the Right, the Army of Transcendent Righteousness—afforded their own vicious consensus and support to the cruel Ch'oe dictatorship, which no uprising could quell: it took a Mongol invasion to do that.[41]

Let us then amend our definition as follows: *Authority's violence is justified when*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the authority to commit it has been delegated by the highest political power available, when "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced and willing (or, more realistically, acquiescent) participation in its politics, and when that violence is not otherwise unjustified.[42] In other words, should there be an active court system, lynching is wrong, no matter how much the vigilantes may try to legitimize it (in riots in India, "the Hindu or Muslim mob perceives itself as doing what the state should have done in the first place"),[43] because it is better that the delegated hangman do the honors after a trial according to established rule than that anyone kill according to ad hoc rules. Should the court system be useless, then the calculus of that judge on the High Court of Tanzania may prove practical and necessary beyond its sadness. Crowd-authority is more legitimate than no authority.

LEGITIMACY AS LEGAL TEMPO

The National Assembly of Canada at Québec, like most legislative bodies, has created for itself a ritualistic procedure, not far removed from transubstantiation in the Catholic church. A public bill must be introduced through a first reading, and sometimes pass through public hearings, then achieve "passage in principle" in a second reading, followed by committee study which culminates in a report leading to passage after a third reading. After all this, the bill is still not law, until the lieutenant-governor, who "in our constitutional monarchy ... represents the Queen,"[44] presides over the ceremony of assent, thereby transforming a sheaf of papers into a law which must be obeyed. At any prior stage, the measure could theoretically have been aborted. While such slow and conditional gestations by no means guarantee authority's legitimacy, it would seem a wise maxim that law (and particularly law concerned with a government's power to kill people) should be difficult to make, difficult to unmake. Legitimate authority need not rush its day-to-day business through. Should authority be illegitimate, we had better slow it down in any event. The legislative process ought not to be too fast, nor too slow. Another way of saying this is that authority's enactments ought to promote stability while reacting to change. This limits the rate and amount of change, curbing violence's tendency to rashness or simple vacillation, like that inefficient monster of social tautology, like the National Assembly of France in 1789, which, in the historian Lefebvre's ironic words, "enjoyed boundless respect. It alone was obeyed, but on condition that it agreed with public opinion."[45] What that Assembly resultantly became was worse than inefficient: a headless, rudderless ship of state with changing figureheads, subject to every vagary of faction and popular eruption.

A dozen decades after its flounderings, when Hitler, at that time an unknown and desperate youth, went to visit the Austrian Parliament (this sanctum with its classical statuettes and its indebtedness to the Acropolis, is, like its democratic politics, either referential or derivative), his feelings recalled Lefebvre's characteriza-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Private security guard (Cebu, Phillipines, 1995)

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tion. Here is how he remembered it in *Mein Kampf*: "A wildly gesticulating mass screaming all at once in every different key, presided over by a good-natured old uncle who was striving in the sweat of his brow to revive the dignity of the House by violently ringing his bell and alternating gentle reproofs with grave admonitions." Hitler burst into scornful laughter,[46] as he might also have done had he seen Lincoln trying to persuade the South not to secede. Was the Austrian system inefficient? —Doubtless. —Pathetic? —Possibly. It enjoyed but weak consensus; its authority was weak; it failed to react very well to change.

Trotsky, Lenin and Stalin shared Hitler's contempt for parliamentarianism. Like all revolutionaries, they wanted speedy unilateralism. Hence Lenin's formula: "the conversion of the representative institutions from talking shops into working bodies"[47]—bodies which would accomplish *his* work. He got what he wanted. So did Hitler. So did the Robespierrists in France: Soon after they executed their king, laws became so exceedingly easy to pass in the new National Assembly that they could terrorize anyone with a few pen-strokes.[48]

Plato said it first and he was right: *A steady and moderate tempo is crucial for authority.*[49] There have been no Hitlers in Canada so far, thank God. But let's close down the talking shop for a moment so that we can hear (and thereby guard ourselves against) Hitler's moral calculus. Out with the good-natured old uncle! Kick him down into the cellar and shoot him; melt down his bell for bullets! "Extraordinary geniuses permit of no consideration for normal mankind... There must be no majority decisions, but only responsible persons."[50] In other words, the Leader was, in one historian's words, "a man to whom all authority and external direction was basically intolerable."[51] In place of the poisonous or irrelevant nattering of talking shops one hears "instantly, unforgettably, the liquid smack of ten thousand leather boots as they came together, the sound of war."[52] Thus Thomas Wolfe, who died the year before Hitler's war began, but heard the future with ease: the terrified talking shops had fallen silent, or been silenced, and in that silence no longer hidden behind the self-ish, ridiculous and occasionally glorious babel of wills at cross-purposes, only one steely voice boomed and rang and raged and echoed. *The sound of war was the sound of authority.* "And Hitler came by slowly in a shining car, erect and standing, moveless and unsmiling, with his hand upraised, palm outward, not in Nazi-wise salute, but straight up, with such blessing and such gestures that the Buddha or Messiahs use."[53]

THE FOUNDATION OF AUTHORITY

But who's going to do the shooting? Must Hitler execute every parliamentarian, gas every Jew, all by himself? By no means; even the most dictatorial authority requires consensus, even if only of fear. Tolstoy repeatedly declares in *War and Peace* that it wasn't Napoleon who defeated and was defeated by Russia, but Napoleon's *army*, that Napoleon was nothing but a single will, a bark-chip which egotistically con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

fused itself with the immense ocean wave it rode. "Power," he says, and he might as well be saying authority, "is the relation of a certain person to other persons, in which that person takes the less direct share in an act, the more he expresses opinions, theories, and justifications of the combined action." Therefore, it follows that "the movement of all peoples is not produced by the exercise of power, ... but by the activity of *all the men taking part in the event.*"[54] And this can scarcely be denied; even Trotsky seconds it: authority may be the piston-box, but the energy of the masses is the steam within it, and "what moves things is not the piston or the box, but the steam."[55] We have no need here to consider, as Tolstoy does, the metaphysical implications of such a position. The moral and political implications seem obvious. Suddenly the advice in his "Notes for Officers" seems less visionary than it probably is, more practical and necessary. If it is not your leader who gives the order, but you yourself who in obedience to that order pulls the trigger on unarmed peasants, you who has actually caused the deed of murder to be done, then "if anything human remains in you, you will have to refuse to obey, and, as a result, to leave the service," or else you'll have legitimized that bark-chip's authority. We've agreed that even the tortured, condemned defendant in a Stalinist show trial retains freedom of choice,[56] that a dying paralytic can will good or evil; this is our consolation; this is our humanity; this is our right which no one but ourselves can take away from us; this is why *Rising Up and Rising Down* has asserted that if the social contract theory is any more than a hypocritical fiction, then

> *Involuntary attachments* (among which revolutionaries include prior social contracts) *are not binding. Voluntary attachments may be withdrawn at any time.* In short, both conditions may be overridden—at which point one returns almost to the state of nature, with one exception: The Golden Rule should always be respected.[57]

So by all means leave the service if you don't want to shoot peasants in cold blood. By all means leave the Union and form the Confederate States of America. The consequences may be defeat and death, but you have that right. The foundation of authority is *you.* And the most obtusely self-glorifying dictator knows this. Listen to Napoleon in 1802, insisting to his captive Tribunate that "there must not be any opposition"—a typically despotic sentiment which alone goes far to discredit his regime. But he then continues, in words which strangely approximate Lincoln's: "What is government? Nothing, if it does not have public opinion on its side."[58] And when it has public opinion on its side, it may still be nothing.

HITLER'S THREE PILLARS OF AUTHORITY

Let us ask Hitler (whimsically assuming that he'd allow us to ask): If we are forbidden to pass judgment on your decisions in and of themselves, on what basis do

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

you exercise your powers, aside from that no doubt extraordinary genius of yours? In answer he points to the three "pillars" of authority: *popularity, force and tradition.*[59]

Force alone we've already discredited and will continue to discredit throughout this book. Popularity, the will of the governed, sounds a little better, but I repeat: How popular is the lyncher with the lynched? Hitler insisted that he was pillaging, murdering and enslaving not for himself (as a bad Roman emperor might have done) but for the benefit of all Germans, who were entitled to that living space. In *Mein Kampf* he wept for the German farmers, who only needed land to plough—his fatherly kindness would gain land for them by means of the sword. —How popular can Hitler be with the German Jews? Never mind; they're not Germans anymore! On the walls of his Reich's cities, a poster gives the "Word of the Week." Here's the yellow star, which all Jews must now wear, together with this teaching: *Who wears this symbol is an enemy of our people.*[60] *He* abrogates the social contract of their citizenship; his authority is illegitimate. Once we begin to tell the stories of Lincoln and Trotsky, please keep asking yourself: Within the consensus of this authority, who actually gets included?

To the extent that popularity approaches true consensus, it does of course gain legitimacy. In earlier times, when social contracts were easier to make and break, popularity might even have been enough. After the assassination of Julius Caesar, Octavian conquers Africa, the Syrian domains and even Egypt. Appian informs us that "all the world was filled with astonishment at these wonderful displays of power...In immediate consequence of these exploits he was ... the first to be regarded by the Romans as 'august.'" Hence he becomes the Emperor Augustus, "no longer needing any form of election, or authorization, or even the pretence of it. His government proved both last and masterful," and he himself, "successful in all things and dreaded by all."[61] This is Hitlerian popularity, no doubt. We can't say that it's wrong to be dreaded; unless authority remains as tied to every trick and turn of popularity as the French National Assembly was, it *must* maintain the means of coercion, and be dreaded. Appian implies that Augustus was popular because his military triumphs proved his preeminence, because his successes proved him lucky and therefore favored by the gods, and because he was a good administrator; administration is, in effect, the science of continuously, minutely expressing and applying consensus between ruler and ruled.

What about tradition?

Those to whom innovation appears of literally the same order as murder[62] assert (however tautologically) that tradition inevitably, by virtue of being longstanding and accepted, legitimizes itself—a stance of many classical historians. Tradition transubstantiates authority into creed, as in ancient China, when the sovereign was God, to whom obedience guided subjects along their sacred Way. Can we say that pogroms are right because they are traditional? Nonetheless, it is tradition which makes an Islamic government legitimate in Yemen, whereas tradition would make

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the same regime illegitimate in my own country. Tradition would seem to be the local manifestation of a given social contract. Like authority itself, it can be made or unmade; but Hitler's not wrong; to a greater or lesser degree, tradition associates itself with consensus.

> LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available and that "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics.

Thus runs our definition thus far. It would seem to legitimize Hitler's authority. In one words of one biographer, "in the years of 1938 to 1941, at the height of his success" (note the parallel with Augustus) "he had succeeded in persuading a great part of the German nation that in him they had found a ruler of more than human qualities, a man of genius raised up by Providence to lead them into the Promised Land."[63]

Of course his authority was in fact illegitimate. Why? Because he trampled on the fundamental rights of the self.[64] Moreover, Hitler's working principle, as he himself professed, was this: Tradition and popularity make good window dressings for force. His consensus with the people consisted solely of the mandate he felt within himself. Such traditions as the Decalogue, such popular sentiments as the desire to avoid another war, didn't count for anything. Herewith, his puppet Reichstag, far more pathetic than the Austrian parliament he'd gibed at: "the Senate sat as in a picture, having no control over its vote and no influence for good, but only assembled as a matter of form and in obedience to an ancient law, since it was quite impossible for anyone ... even to raise a voice."[65] That description was written by Procopius, desperately unhappy subject of the Roman Empire, six centuries after Christ.

Might not the consequences of Hitler's authority (to say nothing of its ephemerality) be due to the fact that there stood not one moral "pillar" in the edifice? His terrible example must make us forever wary of any politician who promises solely to lead us to gain our "rights." Hence to our definition we had better add:

> LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus.[66]

LEGITIMACY AS LAW

Jefferson and Lincoln were wise enough to build with the pillar of *law*, which, unlike tradition, cannot be whatever authority says it is. A law carefully written and conservatively administered guards against arbitrariness. Unjust authority can of course promulgate unjust laws, but deference to consensus, consideration for the rights of the self and Plato's moderate tempo of decision-making can defeat, delay, mitigate or at least extenuate the execution of such measures.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Policeman and demonstrator (Bogotá, Colombia, 1999)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As we'll see, Lincoln strove to follow the law, no matter how expedient his interpretation sometimes seems to us; he abandoned it reluctantly and even waveringly.

Trotsky for his part followed a law supposedly as universal and inflexible as the law of gravity, which takes no account of popular will; thus he became law's merest, modestest executor-transcriber.

"But if ye will needs have the law, I also have my law." Thus Martin Luther,[67] and these words explain why law alone is as insufficient as Hitler's three pillars alone. Trotsky's law was the law of socialist revolution, predicated on the principles of Marx, Engels and Lenin. Lincoln's law was the unity of the United States of America. These men's adversaries followed other laws; hence law alone gave Lincoln and Trotsky's authority no legitimacy-by-consensus. To our definition, we had better add:

LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.[68]

LEGITIMACY AS THE DESTRUCTION OF FALSE CONSCIOUSNESS

Ultimately there exists no one protective formula, not even that brightest of the "principles of 1789"—namely, that the state does not exist for its own benefit, but for its sovereign citizens,[69] which is but consensus in disguise, and can prevent neither those lynchings and pogroms which are popular (this goes far to explain why Plato and Aristotle feared mob democracy), nor any unpopular violence in the people's name.

In the people's name! What an aspiration, what a trust, what nobility, what expediency! Many who control the machinery of domination are subtler than Hitler. Hence the tragic frequency with which the oppressed can be led to love, thereby to crown with the laurel wreath of consensus, their own oppressors—who themselves perhaps exemplify false consciousness.[70] Tolstoy's word for all of them is "stupefied." They offer and *believe in* the easy legitimacy aimed at by the Roman Emperor Titus, whose credo was: "None should ever go away sad at heart from an interview with his emperor."[71] At dinner one night, remembering that he had granted no favor since morning, he said, "Friends, I have lost a day."[72] "Not to omit any act of condescension, he sometimes bathed in the baths that he had built, in company with the common people."[73] Kindly man! Suetonius calls him "the delight and darling of the human race."[74] But what would he have replied to the petitioner who begged him to abolish slavery and distinctions of birth? And did it matter that until he took the oath of *pontifex maximum*, he didn't mind liquidating all suspects? "Among these was Aulus Caecina, an ex-consul, whom he invited to dinner and then ordered to be stabbed almost before he left the dining-room."[75] Granted, the oath taken, he exercised Caesarian clemency toward any and all rebels, assassins, etcetera—but his case

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

begs comparison with that of our hypothetical Russian countess in the previous chapter, who did good because she wished to, not because she had to. How secure lie the citizens under such lawless authority?

Consider the Louisiana slavemaster who "sought to inculcate in our minds feelings of kindness towards each other, of dependence upon God—setting forth the rewards promised unto those who lead an upright and prayerful life." His slaves called him a good man—all the more so because the neighbors complained that "a man like Ford, who allowed his slaves to have Bibles, was 'not fit to own a nigger.'"[76] Ford preserves them from such neighbors as well as he can. Does that justify his authority?

Consider a second slavemaster, more typically hardheaded in outlook, who among the other subjects of his fetid empire owns a strong young black girl—what a money-maker!—who can pick cotton faster than everyone else. One can almost see her as a forerunner of the Stalinist shock workers who overfulfill their production norms. Her skill in the work gives her joy, and she actually sings in her servitude. Does that justify it? Her example allows the master to punish laggards—and once she gets sick, he'll turn on her, too.[77]

Hence our support of authority, even the wholehearted approval of crowds, even when it moves at a suitably stately tempo and its institutions enjoy full legality (as slavery did), even when no one we know is getting hurt by it, constitutes no sufficient validation. *Consensus means nothing when tainted by false consciousness.* Tolstoy's analogy of the whorehouse springs once more to mind. If I, a prostitute, love my occupation, adore my madam, have fun with my customers and feel friendly toward the other girls, my happiness doesn't guarantee that the madam or the men aren't taking advantage of me. This is why Frantz Fanon wrote in desperate anger that

> the structure of moral reflexes handed from father to son, the exemplary honesty of workers who are given a medal after fifty years of good and loyal service,[78] and the affection which springs from harmonious relations and good behavior—all these aesthetic expressions of respect for the established order serve to create around the exploited person an atmosphere of submission and of inhibition which lightens the task of policing considerably[79]

As far as I can tell, he is writing not only in reference to the "good natives" who obey their colonizers, but also in reference to the "good Germans" who follow orders.[80] To someone who argues in this fashion, the authority against which he reacts could never do anything to satisfy him. It is not what it does to him and his, *it is what it is*—or, more accurately, what it seems to him to be. As it did for class ideologues, false consciousness becomes an unanswerable argument, because it can never be disproven. My happy, voluntary legitimation of my government is sinister; it means that I am stupid or complicit. (Fanon, as it happens, witnessed terrible

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

things in Algeria. For him denunciation of colonialism was more than justified.) The only way I can think of to evaluate the charge of false consciousness is to remember and continually repeat that line item in our definition: Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus.

THE LEGITIMACY OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY

In Fanon's argument we have the implacable inversion of the classic despotic position that "all means of force become necessary to the government in a large state when no gradation of rank disposes minds toward respect and subordination,"[81] and equally the negation of the Lincolnian argument (ignored by Lincoln) that should the social contract satisfy the signatories, it must be justified. And so we enter the lecture-hall where Trotsky shakes his fist and takes the Marxist stance that society as we know it is founded on violence which "respect and subordination" only hide, that history thus far is but the grim and tragic record of the class struggle.

Merleau-Ponty writes that "for the moment"—that is, until a juster order can be established, at which time the real history of humanity can begin, "the question is not to know whether one accepts or rejects violence, but whether the violence with which one is allied is 'progressive' and tends toward its own suspension or toward self-perpetuation."[82] This is an interesting definition of justified authority, which Napoleon could have used as his justification for allowing French fathers to have their children imprisoned for up to six months on any cause: paternal coercion must be progressive, since it supported his wonderfully progressive state, which antifilial sentiments must disrupt! Most despots probably believe that after a sufficient number of ruthless improvisations, authority will run in easier channels. But Lincoln could have said, and probably did believe, the same thing when he allied himself with "progressive" violence to conduct the Civil War; it was also the position of the men who tried to assassinate Hitler; it is certainly the position of proportionality in war.[83]



Merleau-Ponty

Merleau-Ponty, of course, is insisting that justified authority, the celebrated dictatorship of the proletariat, must wither away,[84] and that when it does no counter-terror can appear. The officers will call into ranks those who have served them, but, instead of apologizing to them, à la Tolstoy, they'll thank them for their years of devoted suppression of internal and external enemies. (And of course they won't be officers, but commissars.) They'll commend them and hand out medals and muster them out. The army will be dissolved. No enemies left! The anarcho-individualists, traitors, oppressors, foreign imperialists, compradores, deviationists of the left and right have all been reeducated or exterminated—the Tolstoyans, too. But now it

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

becomes permissible, even admirable to be a Tolstoyan again. The revolution has completed itself, and so nonviolence marks the correct line. False consciousness can no longer apply; we're all happy for good and objective reasons. There is no authority left to defy because everyone is truly and equally sovereign. We should do Trotsky the kindness of believing that he also believed sincerely that this day would come.

In the service of its coming, Merleau-Ponty, Trotsky and their kindred can mercilessly insist that "bourgeois justice adopts the past as its precedent; revolutionary justice adopts the future."[85] Here we see almost the Hitlerian argument. Instead of insisting that popular will must bow to a responsible leader, Merleau-Ponty is claiming that popular will now must bow to popular will later. In seeking to construct that paradise of authoritylessness when Tolstoyans and Trotskyites shall be equal, this revolutionary point of view accepts the use of dictatorial means rejected not only by Tolstoyans, but even by the very oppressors and exploiters who until yesterday sat in these very ministerial chairs, and carried out measures of less extreme cruelty! —Why? —Because they insist that *their violence is directed toward its own diminution.* They are much less to be blamed than was prerevolutionary authority for shooting Tolstoyans—even though prerevolutionary authority did *not* shoot Tolstoyans. The old oppressors existed only for themselves, for the continuation of the unjust privileges of their own class, which necessarily harmed others, while *they*, the revolutionaries, follow the principles of 1789. They exist to serve everyone, even though this "everyone" must temporarily include almost no one. It is all the fault of the old order.[86]

And it may even be true.

In brief, there exist two kinds of authority: preexisting and revolutionary, respectively exemplified by Lincoln and Trotsky. The definition we've built above applies to legitimate preexisting authority. What about the other kind?

> LEGITIMATE REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy, either obviously or behind the screen of false consciousness. Given the initial dominance of preexisting authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will NOT legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority.[87] Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring about its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination.[88] Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.[89]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

That burden of proof, alas, is practically almost impossible to meet. As Lenin rightly said: "Who ever made a great revolution knowing beforehand how to carry it through to the end? Where could you get such knowledge? It is not to be found in books."[90]

And now for Lincoln and Trotsky.

TROTSKY'S DIRTY RAZOR OF TERROR

Did Trotsky do wrong with his self-proclaimed repression? Were his actions any different from Stalin's? Legitimate or not, "an army cannot be built without reprisals," he insists. "Masses of men cannot be led to death unless the army command has the death-penalty in its arsenal."[91] From a practical point of view he is certainly correct. Tolstoy would reply that in that case it would be better not to have an army at all—a proposition amusing and disgusting to our protagonist, who during the Russian Civil War efficiently solved the problem posed by a regiment retreating without orders: he shot the commissar, the regimental commander and every tenth man.[92] Hence Solzhenitsyn's bitter summation of his personality:

> There is no basis for assuming that [Trotsky] would have conducted himself with any less self-abasement [than the victims of the show trials], or that his resistance would have proved stronger than theirs. He had had no occasion to prove it. He, too, had known only easy imprisonment, no serious interrogations, and a mere two years of exile in Ust-Kut. The terror Trotsky inspired as Chairman of the Revolutionary Military Council was something he acquired very cheaply, and does not at all demonstrate any true strength of character or courage. Those who have condemned many others to be shot often wilt at the prospect of their own death. The two kinds of toughness are not connected.[93]

But Trotsky was fighting a war. Lincoln, who faced a similar threat, saw the dilemma: "Must a government, of necessity, be too *strong* for the liberties of its own people, or too *weak* to maintain its own existence?"[94] Lincoln agonized, prayed and commuted death sentences when there was any trace of reasonable doubt. Trotsky did not. But his position was more desperate, his government enjoying neither consensus nor incumbency. Defense of revolutionary authority was welded to his own self-defense, and to defense of class, creed, ground and homeland; only the most ruthlessly able zealousness would ensure survival in the political snakepit in which he dwelled.[95] His material forces had already been devastated by an international war. The great powers were almost entirely on the side of his enemies. Probably he had to be ruthless. His enemies certainly were.[96]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"EXCESSIVE SELF-CONFIDENCE"

Here he is in another photograph,[97] sporting insignia, moustache and a pointed goatee. His tiny round pince-nez, which so often blankly glitter in other photographs, are askew, and the right side of his mouth twitches up in a kind of frown, but he gazes wide- and righteous-eyed at the camera, his shirt buttoned up to the neck, and both breast-pockets buttoned, which savors of the pedanticism of one who in his memoirs admits pride in having been an excellent schoolboy. Indeed, the vapors of trophy intellectualism rise from his myriad books and articles. Lenin (in the secret testament) complained about the "excessive self-confidence" of this revolutionary. But then, he complained about almost everyone. Granted, revolutionaries have to believe in the rightness of what they are doing in order to do it, ego being their only certain reward. That quality certainly had a hand in Trotsky's political and biological death. Those memoirs of his make it insistently clear that Trotsky knew right from wrong, while the "epigones" didn't. He admits to snubbing Stalin out of repulsion for the man's personal qualities.[98]



Trotsky

ALEXANDRA LVOVNA

One seemingly irrelevant fact, more sure to be cited by the sensationalist titillators who sell life-histories than by arcane theorists of authority, has to do with the end of Trotsky's first marriage. When he escaped from Tsarist exile in Siberia, after the "mere two years" belittled by his indirect victim, Solzhenitsyn (who served eleven without hope of escape), he left behind his wife and two daughters. The wife proved herself to be an excellent Communist. "Duty to the revolution overshadowed everything else for her, personal considerations especially. She was the first to broach the idea of my escape when we realized the great new tasks [of creating a Central Committee]."[99] Their union had been a mere convenience, in order to allow the two of them to remain together in exile. But then why beget children with her? Or were they accidents? Just as I would not condemn Gauguin for putting his art ahead of his family, however miserable the immediate consequences for the latter, I do not blame this equivalent action of Trotsky's, it being a personal matter between two people who may both for all I know have been entirely satisfied with the result. Maybe Alexandra Lvovna had already met someone else.

Blameable it may not have been; characteristic it certainly was—not only of him, but of his movement and his times. The man whom in spite of occasional quarrels Trotsky most revered, Lenin, married Nadezhda Krupskaya to fulfill the bureaucratic requirements of the Tsarist police. He needed her as a secretary, a clothes-mender and above all a revolutionary partner. Perhaps with some compla-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cency, she remarked on Lenin's inability to love any woman who did not walk the same ideological path as he.[100] (Is this a compliment to her, a deprecation of Lenin's empathetic capacities or both?) Her biographer informs us that Lenin scarcely mentioned her in his honeymoon letters, and that "Lenin's enormous confidence in his own powers and importance (really beyond modesty and vanity) led him to accept Krupskaya's devotion with the greatest of ease."[101] It would, however, be unfair not to report what Krupskaya herself is reported to have said, on being told of the marriage formality: "Well, so what—if as a wife, then as a wife."[102] She was not somebody that her husband "exploited," but his willing instrument—or, rather, the willing instrument of personified Revolution, as was he himself.

No, it cannot be wrong to use another person as a means to an end if she knows it and accepts the relationship, the means and the end. Lenin, who denounced free love, took a mistress, Inessa Armand, whom Krupskaya, it's said, came to accept and, like a true comrade, even to embrace. It was all for the cause. Trotsky found his Alexandra Lvovna even more accepting—evidently because they were not compatible. Gauguin ceased writing his Danish wife only after years of pleading with her, however disingenuously, to join him in the South Seas. As for Alexandra Lvovna, however, "from abroad, I could hardly keep up a correspondence with her. Then she was exiled for a second time; after this we met only occasionally. Life separated us, but nothing could destroy our friendship and our intellectual kinship."[103] So much for Alexandra Lvovna, whom he never mentions again. How does the ex-husband sum her up? "Her utter loyalty to socialism *and her complete lack of any personal ambition* gave her an unquestioned moral authority."[104] And Trotsky continued on with his revolutionary career, making sweeping judgments of people and groups, as a revolutionary must, all the while occupying the vantage point of righteousness.



Trotsky in his Siberian exile

"In the end everyone agrees that political acts"—and personal ones, too—"are to be judged not only according to their meaning for the moral agent but also according to the sense they acquire in the historical context and dialectical phase in which such acts originate."[105] Thus our favorite terror-apologist, Merleau-Ponty. In other words, his separation from Alexandra Lvovna and their children should be seen not as any sort of failure, but as a revolutionary necessity, like his shooting of every tenth man in the regiment which tried to run; or perhaps, less grandiosely, as something which didn't really matter, since personal relations must be subordinate to politics.

EVERY TENTH MAN

He knew the future, you see. He know that the authorityless day would come. It was his duty to make it happen. Like Lenin and the others, he could not always be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

sure how best to advance the day, the ideals which hung above them in the red sky being only partially communicable. As theorists, as men of experience, and as creatures of feeling, the revolutionaries inevitably differed deeply. Because their ideals were not yet earthly, the means to achieve them remained correspondingly misty and disputable. Which of their dreams for uprisings had been tainted by false consciousness into risings down? Time and time again, the vanguardists formed into factions: Trotsky against Zinoviev, Lenin against Trotsky and Bukharin, Lenin and Bukharin against Trotsky, Bukharin and Trotsky against Stalin, Stalin and Lenin against Trotsky, Stalin against Trotsky (always Stalin against Trotsky), Stalin against Bukharin... Meanwhile, as Trotsky relates, revolutionary authority gained no sense of completion:

> The October revolution advanced with a physical necessity... Then came the years of civil war. The Red Army is created, the hungry country is put under the regime of military communism and converted into a Spartan war camp. The October revolution step by step lays down its road, beats back all enemies, passes over to the solution of its industrial problems, heals the heaviest wounds of the imperialist and civil war, and achieves new successes in the sphere of the development of industry. There arise before it, however, new difficulties.[106]

In comparison, Abraham Lincoln, who'd presided over a civil war a half-century previously, had two highly specific, familiar and traditional sets of ends, the first graven in stone (the Ten Commandments), the second in parchment (the Constitution of the United States). Although, like any sincere politician, he struggled within himself between principle and expediency, his ends never got obscured by distance, never suffered from the frail implausibility of a novel conception. He simply wanted to restore the territory and the form of law which had been mandated to him. The Bolsheviks' far more creative—and ultimately more ruthless—self-imposed task was to enact their own mandate. The mere winning of a civil war could not fulfill their end. It merely empowered authority with sufficient invincibility for the next stage, building socialism, to begin.[107]

Perhaps some of those "tenth men" had argued against retreat. No matter. The Whites were coming; the troops must be made to fight; no time to learn the merits of each soldier's case; what in peacetime would be simple murder was now required by history.

"No one contests that Trotsky was the creator of the Red Army," writes his worshipful biographer Mandel.

> He succeeded in uniting and disciplining this army in such a way that it was able to maintain its cohesion and morale without any large measure of repression, certainly less than is normal in bourgeois armies in time of war.[108]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

On this subject, one more point of comparison. Tolstoy (who had the good fortune to die before 1917) speaks of the cruelties of the Tsars. "I remembered the last days of Alexander, when twenty men out of every hundred were beaten to death." An old soldier boasts to him that under Nicholas "never a week went by that they did not beat one or two men to death from each regiment."[109] What if Trotsky were, comparatively speaking, a moderate?

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS MILITARY COMMAND

Trotsky informs us that he began by fighting the Civil War with a volunteer army, because that was all he could get. Like so many unpleasant arrangements, including revolutionary authority itself, this was supposed to be temporary.[110] In August 1918, specifically under Trotsky's aegis, "unjustified" retreat became punishable by the death first of the regimental commissar, and secondly of the military commanding officer.[111] The following month, when Lenin launched a secret commission to enforce "emergency measures" of Red Terror,[112] Trotsky issued an edict to the effect that each soldier's bravery stood guarantee—or not—for the lives of his family members. (In his memoirs, however, he paints a picture—perhaps also true, although it reeks of egotism—of the "unbridled, undisciplined, but not at all hostile" peasant conscription-evaders whom he takes in hand, standing on a table and speaking for an hour and a half. "The new ideas infected them before my very eyes ... they followed me to the automobile, devoured me with their eyes, not fearfully, as before, but rapturously." Thus infused with revolutionary spirit, they become useful, and Trotsky grants them this compliment: "Later on, regiments of Ryazan 'deserters' fought well at the fronts.")[113]

A BRIEF HISTORY OF DECIMATION

Transforming a conscript's family into hostages was not original with the Bolsheviks. Richard Pipes has pointed out,[114] and we have just now heard from Tolstoy, that all Trotsky really did was to revive a measure already on the books of the old regime. As for the execution of deserters and slackers, that went back far beyond Tolstoy's most indignant recollections. Roman generals had done it—with marvelous effect, patrician commentators noted—when their legionnaires became over-cautious during the so-called Servile Insurrection of the slave Spartacus.[115] That mordant first-century courtier under a cloud, Suetonius, tells us that units who deserted were literally "decimated," and the survivors fed only on barley.[116] Two and three hundred years after him, respectively, Menander and Modestinus both state that Roman soldiers who deserted were tortured and then executed.[117] Officers and enlisted men met death for desertion during the Thirty Years' War,[118] and the list continues.[119]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lenin himself reinstituted the death penalty in the army as early as 1917;[120] but the achievement of Trotsky's commissariat was to render decimation routine on the front line while the Cheka made it equally automatic against civilian hostages. In 1919, one member of the Southern Front's Revolutionary-Military Soviet called for "the percentage shooting of adult males."[121] "The shooting of dozens, even hundreds of peasants for every dead communist was often threatened and sometimes practiced."[122] No wonder, then, if such methods recommended themselves likewise to army commanders whose troop-power continuously bled away those ragged corpuscles called deserters—maybe decimation would cauterize the wound.

Why Decimation?

The moral-expedient calculus of Cicero, 66 B.C.

"For, after all, a soldier, even if he has on one occasion deserted his post, or displayed cowardice in the face of a ferocious enemy attack, may nevertheless, at some future time, prove himself a better soldier, and a good man, and a useful citizen. That is why our forefathers felt that this was the right way to treat soldiers who had failed their duty in the field. The fear of punishment and death must be instilled into every one of them; yet in order that executions should not take the toll of too many lives it was decided that lots should be drawn."

"To suggest that a type of punishment devised by our ancestors in time of war should be applied to dishonest senators in time of peace is by no means a sensible proposition. However, let us assume for a moment that this was what really had to be done ... then ... lots should have been drawn, as in the army."

SOURCE: CICERO, *MURDER TRIALS*, PP. 203-04 ("IN DEFENSE OF AULUS CLUENTIUS HABITUS").

Pipes notes that the total number of Red soldiers thus executed during the Civil War is unknown, but in 1921, at the fratricide's victorious end, when the Bolsheviks could have afforded to be generous, 4,337 soldiers were shot to death under the terms of the order.[123] How many must have been put to death during the darker times of authority's all-out defense?[124] Can Trotsky be to any extent exculpated by the staggering statistic of one and half *million* deserters in 1919 alone?[125] (One in ten equals a hundred and fifty thousand decimated.) In short, did *legitimate* revolutionary authority's self-preservation absolutely require this measure?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM A WAR ALBUM

We see Trotsky pulling into disaffected Sviyahsk, whose very soil, he says, seems to reek of fear. Among the peasants, the worst has happened: "Priests and tradesmen lifted their heads."[126] Trotsky will take care of all that. He leaps down, flanked by his crew of highly mobile cadres, every one of whom, he lets us know, "could handle arms. They all wore leather uniforms, which always make men look heavily imposing. On the left arm, just below the shoulder, each wore a large metal badge, carefully cast at the mint, which had acquired a great popularity in the army."[127] The engine continues to smoke behind him, should he be forced to make a quick getaway. Now for defense of authority! We don't need to know the details. Comrade Gusev, already an old Bolshevik, later permitted to be a good Stalinist, reports that "an abrupt change" occurs almost at once. "It was first apparent in the matter of discipline. Comrade Trotsky's harsh methods ... were most expedient and necessary ...Persuasion counted for nothing, and there was no time for it."[128] Trotsky aphorises: *The more hopeless the military situation of the revolution, the more active the treason.*[129]

On his train Trotsky keeps that other tool of his trade, a printing press. It replicates and magnifies his order of the day: I GIVE WARNING THAT IF ANY UNIT RETREATS WITHOUT ORDERS, THE FIRST TO BE SHOT DOWN WILL BE THE COMMISSAR OF THE UNIT, AND NEXT THE COMMANDER.[130]

We see Trotsky sending one of his most loyal and determined cadres, Markin, to sail up the Volga in a makeshift gunboat crammed with those metal-badged leather-uniformed agents of revolutionary authority, to demand the surrender of a regiment which had commandeered a steamer in preparation for escape. "I appointed a field-tribunal which passed death-sentences on the commander, the commissar, and several privates—to a gangrenous wound a red-hot iron was applied."[131] (Thus the simile of the sterilized razor of terror, transformed in shape but not in function.)

We see him in hungry Petrograd. "Exceptional measures were necessary; the enemy was at the very gates. As usual in such straits, I turned to my train force—men who could be depended on under any circumstances. They checked up, put on pressure, established connections, removed those who were unfit, and filled in the gaps."[132] What kind of pressure, I wonder? How many human beings up against the wall?

A regiment tries to run. Trotsky horses himself, blocks their way, forces them back (how?), then leads them; they regain the abandoned position.

That embodiment of collective will, Trotsky's train, receives the Order of the Red Flag... Later, Stalin will blot it out of history.

TROTSKY'S MAXIM, AND WHAT MIGHT CIRCUMVENT IT

Trotsky's ethos accepts as a given the right to sacrifice the interests of others for the sake of one's own presumably noble ideals. (Gandhi, Tolstoy, Rizal reject precisely

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

this. Violent revolutionaries demand it.) Who constructs those ideals and verifies their nobility? Why, Trotsky does—in consultation with Lenin and the others, to be sure... Revolutionary authority, unlike any other kind, reserves the right to make its own rules and change them, to judge others and itself only according to its own principles, which may not necessarily be held by those others—and, that, in fact, is exactly the point: If anyone holds other principles, he must be an enemy. (Eavesdrop on the secretary of the Union of Soviet Writers, a militant comrade who's already denounced the poet Osip Mandelstam among many others. Mandelstam will die in the Gulag, of hunger and typhus. The secretary is now recalling a conversation he'd had with another Communist in a tractor brigade: "And, you know what, Lev? I knew he wasn't one of us. I could sense the enemy in him even then. And sure enough, a couple of years later, it turned out I was right!"[133] —Next, here is Gorki, Stalin's pet, soon to die mysteriously, telling us what Lenin supposedly said about Trotsky: "He did manage to organise our military specialists... But still he does not belong. He's with us but he is not one of us. He's ambitious and there's something in him... something bad, of Lasalle's.")[134] Against such mercuriality, mercurial Trotsky owns no defense.

Revolutionary authority legitimizes its subjects only insofar as they obey it unconditionally, and even then, as we saw in our chapter on the kulaks, "objective circumstances," such as someone's father's profession back in Tsarist days, deserve the requital of terror. Hence Trotsky's Maxim runs: No one who disagrees with Trotsky is allowed to judge Trotsky.[135] (Very convenient for Trotsky.) That will be Stalin's Maxim, too, with the substitution of a single proper name throughout.

Based on our definitions of legitimate authority, here follow some immediate[136] ends of authority, both revolutionary and preexisting:[137]

RIGHTS OF AUTHORITY:

- Self-defense
  - (a) Defense of sovereignty and command
    - i. Defense against opposition
    - ii. Defense against factionalism, if and only if opposition and factionalism are imminently dangerous to authority's *legitimate* operation.

These must be justified simply because if authority has a right to govern at all, it has the right to carry out its functions. Clearly the right of, say, a long established parliamentary democracy to defend itself against factionalism or opposition is far more limited than that of an unconsolidated revolutionary regime which remains in a state of emergency.

  - (b) Defense of homeland
  - (c) Defense of ground

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

- Enlargement [A conditional right, to be discussed in the Lincoln section.]
- Deterrence
- Retaliation
- Punishment[138]

Authority may marshal violence (the means) in defense of these ends. What sort of violence?

INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE:[139]

- The violence seems to promote nonviolent stability (and therefore probably proceeds at a moderate tempo).[140]
- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.[141]
- It is in conformance with law.
- It enjoys a consensus untainted by
  (a) false consciousness, or
  (b) the exploitation of third parties.
- It respects the rights of the self.

But most of these strictures can only be obeyed when authority enjoys the luxury of incumbency. This list, therefore, applies only to preexisting authority. We have seen that the far-off futurity of revolution's vision allows it to circumvent law, to ignore any current consensus, etcetera. For example, one aim of Trotsky's party is to "give land to the people." In the last chapter we saw what that meant; the peasants think they are the people, and that the land will be deeded to them, when what the Bolsheviks ultimately intend is to give the land to collective farms of which peasants acceptable to the regime will be members. The fact that the aim proved murderously unjustified in this instance must not close our minds to the possibility, however distant, that something like collectivization could someday be instituted with beneficial results, in spite of immediate resistance. Revolutionary authority may thus leave even the rights of the self unrecognized—again, always providing that it lives up to the immense moral responsibility which it has thereby taken on. For revolutionary authority, in short, the list of guideposts and limitations shrinks almost to nothing:

INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE: REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY[142]

- The violence aims at a nonviolent future. It may proceed at any tempo required to bring that future closer.
- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.[143]
- It will someday bring about a decent rule of law.
- It enjoys a consensus *on the part of its adherents.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

This very minimal condition seems absolutely necessary if extreme measures are being shoved down other people's throats. Do all the revolutionaries more or less agree on their means and ends? Their adversaries certainly don't accept them. Without an explicit, consistent program, violence runs the risk of existing only for its own sake. But the perilous consequence of this is that the suppression of faction and opposition may become so necessary in the revolutionaries' minds that the result is despotism. (Appian: "It is astonishing to me that they never thought of appointing a dictator in this emergency, although they had often been protected by the government of a single ruler in times of peril.")[144]

Next item:

- It acts in the ultimate name of, but may indefinitely disregard, the rights of the self.

How indefinitely? Ask a revolutionary, and he'll tell you: A bit longer. Ask his victim, who's guaranteed to reply: No more!

If we deduct the "somedays" and the lip service, we're left with:

INDICATIONS OF JUSTICE: REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY

- It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.
- It enjoys a consensus on the part of its adherents.

This allows everything from a benign theocracy to the buchery of the Huguenots.

I can think of one more condition, à la Trotsky, which can't hurt, may help, but ultimately remains wispy to the point of unverifiability:

- The violence will destroy false consciousness.

For how often *isn't* false consciousness simply whatever sentiment I disagree with? And that black slave-girl who loves to labor for her master with all her strength, if I destroy her joy in her work, am I prepared to take responsibility for the consequences? Yes, I guess I am. There *is* such a thing as false consciousness. Still, the fact remains that everything in this list so far remains more or less closed to the interpretation of everyone but the revolutionaries themselves, which is why I demand this last and most important safeguard:

- The violence will rescue oppressed people from prior emiseration.

Without this, no revolution is worthwhile. And exactly this is what we must give Trotsky the credit of struggling for with all his heart. He believes in defense of class; the authority he defends is class authority He's allied himself with the downtrodden,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"the toilers" he calls them. He's their champion. Now the counterrevolutionaries have forced civil war on us. No matter, Trotsky will do his duty as *military* champion.

THE MAP

In 1919, Lenin (whose words always remind Gorki of "the cold glitter of metal shavings")[145] writes in a private letter that "*history has shown* ... that you cannot get by anywhere without civil war."[146] (Tolstoy: "And if there were no army, there would be none of those cruelties and injustices which it entails.")[147] Lenin will die in 1924, to be replaced by various changing and narrowing coalitions of which Stalin will always be a member. After 1928, when Stalin becomes sole dictator, he will wage a civil war first against the peasantry, then against the Party and the army: self-defense of authority with a vengeance.[148]

Well, who can see that now? In a military map, we discover the encircled Bolshevik state, less globular than tenderloin-shaped. From Petrograd (soon to be Leningrad) southeast through Moscow, Kozlov and Saratov runs the unbroken railroad line, all the way down to Astrakhan on the Caspian Sea. This is the lifeline, as cliché-mongering supply-masters put it; Trotsky often traverses it in his armored car. (One of his colleagues will later calculate that that train, bulging with underwear, matches, machine-gunners and propaganda, traveled a distance equal to five and a half circuits of the globe.)[149] But up from the Caspian, parallel to the railroad and only a hundred and fifty miles from it, come the counterrevolutionaries Krasnov and Dutov; north of them, the dreaded Kolchak aims his forces west toward Moscow; then continuing counterclockwise to Archangel we find British, French and Americans heading south, also bound for Moscow, determined to expel the Reds and put Whites or Greens in so that Russia will resume World War I (abandoned by Trotsky, under Lenin's orders, at Brest-Litovsk); slightly southwest of those imperialists, the Finns are attacking; British ships are sailing in from the Baltic sea; just south of them, Estonians approach Petrograd, while Lithuanians drive east toward Moscow, and between Estonians and Lithuanians come the Letts; south of them we see oncoming Poles and Romanians; from the Black Sea, Denikin and Wrangel come north; Drozdovsky crawls east, and below him so do more British...[150] All this happens over the course of five years; it is not all simultaneous, but that fact alone does not make the Commissariat of War a piece of cake. Nor was the October Revolution itself, shortly after which Trotsky announced that imprisoned cadets of the old regime would be used as hostages: "If our men fall into the hands of the enemy ... for every worker and for every soldier we shall demand five cadets."[151] (In 1920, a certain Comrade Evdokimov receives the Order of the Red Banner for a number of services to the people, not least of them being the liquidation of "close to twelve thousand people in a few days"—all Whites.)[152] Trotsky and Lenin were desperate then. Does desperation justify such a policy? Perhaps, depend-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



V. Favorsky: The Civil War

ing on the results. *The violence will rescue oppressed people from prior emiseration.* Will it, or won't it?

YEARS IN THE SKY

In one of the retrospective engravings of Favorsky[153] we see our fighters marching or charging outwards in all directions against that encirclement. A silhouetted, huddled file of soldiers wrapped in greatcoats dwindles into the trees, taking long marching-steps, with their riflepoints uppermost upon their backs. Cavalry gripping immense lances leap into air! A great file of men on horseback race across electric cross-hatchings; galloping beasts, elongated as in American Plains Indian drawings, rush toward the dark edge of the world, with their riders' sabers aloft. A camel lies dead and gnawed by dogs. So does a horse's skeleton, over which a desperate human figure hunches. Two oxen are pulling a soldier's coffin home. All hooves, lances, snouts, feet and faces are directed outward from the center where, just leftward of the last zealot who is leaping onto his mount, stand three men together. One of them holds an immense map, and with his forefinger he is pointing to its most revolutionary strategic point, where counterrevolutionary vectors can and must be reversed. He squints, wears a beard and a soldier's hat: he must be Lenin. Then there is a man in a tall narrow knit cap similar to the type I have seen Afghans wear in their later fight against Soviet power: he perhaps is some Kirghiz tribesman, leading revolutionaries on camelback. Finally, I spy a shadowed figure, in a cap like Lenin's; he is slightly shorter than Lenin; perhaps he is Stalin, given the expediencies of the moment when Favorsky's block was carved (1928); but let's call him Trotsky; he's out defending Lenin's authority... In the sky hang numbers: *1919, 1920, 1921...*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Trotsky training the Red Army

REPRESSION AND INSPIRATION

Trotsky tells us that during this period he labored at two sorts of military work: repressing, and inspiring. Could those have been the same? "This whole petty bourgeois scum ... is looking for a force to which to submit," he told the Central Committee in the revolution's first days.[154] How could defense of authority over scum not be justified? (Indication of justice: *It is in accord with authority's stated conscience.*) As for the army, we already know his views on obedience there. In one rare nod to a hated rival, he writes: "The ability to 'exert pressure' was what Lenin prized so highly in Stalin."[155] (Remember what he said about himself? "As usual in such straits, I turned to my train force... They checked up, put on pressure...") In a photograph taken in 1920, we see him in profile, the skirts of his field-coat flaring out, his right arm raised as he exhorts the troops with something akin to Cicero's arrogant and vainglorious eloquence. They stand around him in a rigid crowd, at attention.[156] In comparison to the Soviet war photographs of World War II this is a strangely static composition. What did these soldiers think? And yet I believe that Trotsky could and did inspire; even his enemy Molotov gave him credit for charisma. Isn't he creating consensus, destroying false consciousness? How can you prove otherwise? And if the audience in this photograph does not exactly look inspired, well, that state must have been relative, given the circumstances under which he worked:

> My journeys did not have a holiday character. I went only to the sectors in distress after the enemy had broken through the front. *My job was to turn fleeing regiments into an attacking force.* I retreated with the troops, but never advanced with them. *As soon*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> *as the routed divisions were restored to order* and the command gave the signal to advance, I bade farewell to the Army and went to another unfavorable sector.[157]

Given his decrees of August and September 1918, we can well imagine how Trotsky restored the divisions to order. I will not presume to say that it did not have to be done, but Trotsky's occupation still makes me shudder. (To Trotsky I'd be scum.)

In another historical atlas we find the page for the Russian Civil War studded with broad red flags. These are cities taken by the Bolsheviks. Kiev was captured on February 8, 1918. To that city speeds a blood-red arrow with the legend: "Trotsky-Antonov 1917-18."[158]

In his special train he visits the Southern Front on November 8, 1918, then sends this report to the Sixth Congress:

> Not all Soviet workers have understood that our administration has been centralized and that all orders issued from above must be final... We should be pitiless with these Soviet workers who have not yet understood; we will remove them, cast them out of our ranks, pull them up with repressions.[159]

Later he explains that those words had in fact been directed against his enemies Stalin and Voroshilov, who refused to carry out his orders at Tsaritsyn. But they are of a piece with his other rhetoric. "I agree to Stalin's journey with powers ... for restoring order, purging the staff of Commissars, and severely punishing the guilty."[160] "*I call the attention of the Central Committee to Left-Communistic demagogic agitation in the Third Army...* It is necessary to send strong Partymen, centralists."[161] "Propaganda, organization, revolutionary example and repression produced the necessary change in a few weeks." "The punishments at the front were very stringent."[162]

LIMITATIONS OF TROTSKY'S POWER

Again, we ought to mitigate the picture. It is not fair to hold Trotsky to the same standards of mercy as, say, Lincoln—not only for the reason already given, that Lincoln's aim was not only visible, but concrete, while Trotsky's was a prophetic dream; not only because Lincoln's Union enjoyed the moral luxuries of a militarily powerful incumbency while Trotsky's Red Republic was outlawed and surrounded by hunter-killers, but also because Lincoln, for all his frequent political weakness, remained head of state, while Trotsky for all his brilliance never became more than an inspired functionary—Lenin's General Sherman, if you will, Commissar of Dirty Work. Lenin's policy was cruel—crueler than we thought, as we've learned from the opening of the secret archive. ("Introduce *at once* mass terror, *execute* and *deport hundreds* of prostitutes, drunken soldiers, ex-officers, etc.")[163] Trotsky's perforce became

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cruel, too. Revolutionary cruelty becomes a habit; thus the theme of the Trotsky tragedy. So do all the other kinds. (Tolstoy: "How can a man feel any respect for power and submit himself to it, not out of fear, but in accordance with his conscience, when he knows that this power is nothing existent apart from himself, but is the outcome of the intrigue, the chicanery of men, and is constantly passing from one person to another?")[164]

Trotsky was never a simple murderer and inspirer of murders. Isaac Babel, who served with the Red Cossacks during the Civil War, gives him several passing mentions in his short stories, where he is always described as wanting to keep violence within the channels of his own predefined legitimacy; thus prisoners were not supposed to be taken out and shot without orders. (Of course, there were plenty of mini- and quasi-Trotskys who did just that, and others who ruthlessly expropriated and collectivized in his name.)[165]

None of this mitigates Trotsky's actions and acquiescences sufficiently for us to call him good. We know that the authority for which he fought ultimately did more oppressing than liberating. But there is a vast difference between him and that loyal Nazi, Field-Marshal Keitel, whose unblinking compliance with evil we'll consider in another chapter.[166] Open one of the books which Trotsky had the leisure to write well, such as *1905,* or *The History of the Russian Revolution*, and you'll meet with a mind searching for pattern and beauty, a heart which, as I keep reminding myself, believed in the cause for which it suffered, toiled, fought and died, a soul capable of admiration and love—for I am certain that even if he used Lenin's mantle to justify himself, Trotsky loved Lenin. Every tenth man; that haunts me; but Trotsky was a being of noble purpose, someone who unlike Lincoln would never have "compromised" with slavery, a man who wanted to end all the misery inflicted by human society upon human beings in this sad and evil world. This man, now decades dead, still reaches out to us. His nimble aphorisms and droll sarcasms, his rapid, plausible character-sketches, his organ-chords of complex ideas played in a symphony of history, his sincere efforts to explain cause and effect and above all his unbending rage at the exploitation of toiling people, these offer us a warmly human example. That rage too easily becomes shrill ferocity; his anger is greater than his compassion. John Reed, who respected him, whose *Ten Days that Shook the World* indeed always noted the cheers and applauses after Trotsky's speeches, nonetheless described him as "calm and venomous, conscious of power."[167] "And now Trotsky stood upon the raised tribune, confident and dominating, with that sarcastic expression about his mouth which was almost a sneer."[168] "And Trotsky, standing up with a pale, cruel face, letting out his rich voice in cool contempt, 'All those so-called Socialist compromisers ... they are just so much refuse which will be swept away into the garbage-heap of history!'"[169] But his cause is *honorable.* We must remember that.

As for his chief, his ends likewise must be called noble. Listen to his indignation when at the outbreak of World War I, still in exile, he tells Gorki: "Just think

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of it! Think of what the satiated are driving the hungry to slaughter one another for! Can you think of a crime more idiotic, more revolting? The workers will pay a terrible price, but will win out in the end; that is the will of history."[170] (Tolstoy too could have said this.) Lenin's hope proved less justified than his anger. Those conscripted millions who were about to die in trenches or upon bare muddy mounds, whom did they benefit? But World War I sickens me; Lenin was right. If only there were a way to shatter the command structure of the classes which had done this, to crush once and for all the preexisting authority of wicked stupidity! (Indications of justice: *The violence aims at a nonviolent future. It will rescue oppressed people from prior emiseration.*) How can we say that Lenin's ideals were not noble?

And his means? Well, he was used to thinking violently. By the end of World War I, many Russians were used to thinking that way, too; and in the Civil War they got to act upon their thoughts. Maybe this is what inspired Gorki to make his chilling aphorism: "Life is arranged in such a devilishly artful manner that one must be able to hate in order to sincerely love."[171] This eerily recalls our definition of justified revolutionary authority. Gorki goes on: "I have never met anyone who felt such a deep-rooted and powerful hatred, aversion and contempt for misfortunes, grief and suffering as Lenin did."[172] Lenin's personality almost invariably struck those who knew him as ironic, passionate, argumentative, logical, brilliant... "Is humanness possible in a fight as ferocious as this?" he cried. "Mustn't we, don't we have the right to fight, to put up a resistance?"[173]

When Is Repression Justified?

The moral calculus of Lenin, *ca.* 1918

> "Do you mean to tell me that those men who have just generaled the slaughter of seventeen millions of men in a purposeless war are concerned over the few thousands who have been killed in a revolution with a conscious aim—to get out of the necessity of war—and armed peace? But never mind. Don't deny the terror."[174]

Even Gandhi, though he surely would have turned in horror from Lenin's means, accepted the sentiment.[175] "Don't deny the terror." But was the terror never purposeless, the end itself never impure? "Treat the Jews and urban inhabitants in the Ukraine with an iron hand,"[176] he suggests; and later, when he is warned that the Red Army is committing pogroms against the Jews during their retreat from Poland, he chooses not to act, but merely writes on the message: "Into the Archive."[177] (Is this a sign that he has already turned against Trotsky? Between 1919 and 1922, he seems to have held Stalin in especially high regard.)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"SOMETHING SNAPPED IN THE HEART OF THE REVOLUTION"

When did the terror from above actually begin? Was it always implicit in the vanguardist structure of the Bolshevik organization, as many allege?[178] Was it aggressive, defensive or both? Trotsky, of course, tells the tale of self-defense:

> Yet we did not interfere with public expression of dissident views, although the Mensheviks deliberately sabotaged vital defense activity through their hold on the railway unions, and others elsewhere—until the assassination of Volodarsky and Uritsky and the murderous attempt on the life of Lenin, August 30th, 1918. It was in those tragic days that something snapped in the heart of the revolution. It began to lose its "kindness" and forbearance. The sword of the Party received its final tempering. Resolution increased, and, where necessary, ruthlessness, too. At the front the Army's political departments, hand in hand with the shock troops and the revolutionary tribunals, put a backbone into the immature body of the Army.[179]

The means of instilling backbone we already know. Thus self-defense of authority.

This tale leaves something unsaid. For as soon as the October Revolution had been ratified by the Council of People's Commissars—which is to say, *before* the murders of Volodarsky and Uritsky—*Pravda* had announced that "we will deal with the enemies of revolution and its saboteurs with an iron hand."[180]

And how much consensus had there been even at the beginning? It is Red October, 1917. Trotsky informs us: "The new government had to show these people a firm hand before they began to believe in it... The socialist press for the time being was spared."[181]

A BLOOD-RED SUNRISE AT BREST-LITOVSK

The tale of Alexandra Lvovna leads me to believe that, like Napoleon, Trotsky believed in his lucky star. His anecdotes about instilling backbone, applying pressure, show him to have been anything but complacent: he'd purify the night sky without hesitation, leaving his star to shine unmolested until the red dawn came at last. Or (to change metaphors) he drew his battle-lines and stuck to them. During the 1918 peace negotiations at Brest-Litovsk he demanded that his contingent receive separate dinners from the German delegation in order to discourage "familiarity."[182] Of course he hated the Germans, whose demands went beyond mere greed to outright domination. What they got is comparable to what Hitler would get at the height of his conquests in 1941-42.[183] They wanted a third of Russia's population and the farmland, half of her industry, four-fifths of her mines, etcetera. Pipes calls it "the most humiliating treaty in Russian history... The Germans, in effect,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

became co-proprietors of Russia."[184] To Trotsky, who'd traveled throughout Central Europe, they represented the evil system of capitalist militarism which had begun the Great War. Moreover, he believed that what his cause had just achieved in Russia at the end of 1917 would soon spread to Germany, Hungary, Italy, France... (As a matter of fact, many German workers did rise up—and that fact proved so terrifying to the German bourgeoisie that many became supporters of Hitler.) A worldwide Communist victory was forseeable. Thus Trotsky's theory of permanent revolution, which Stalinist Russia's encircled survival would eventually disprove, but which no true Communist could ever entirely reject.[185] Miroslav Krleza writes, in phrases indicative of the vast gulf between the new Soviet Union and the other powers: "The sun is ascending on the fetid, moss-covered barracks of a barbed-wire-girded military camp... Two dying empires are parleying in Brest with a new world that is emerging like a blood-red sunrise."[186]

When the front collapsed, and Bolsheviks seized power, Trotsky's position had been "No war, no peace." His was by no means the most militant opinion. Bukharin, for instance, proposed to continue the world war—on a *class* basis. —Lenin strongly differed. He knew that Russia was exhausted—for now. Only his threat to resign[187] compelled the Party to accept the German terms. (Stalin was carefully silent until the chips fell. After other chips fell, and Germany was beaten by the allies, Lenin cheerfully abrogated the treaty. He'd been proven to be the wise one. Then Stalin came out on his side.)

We may thus assume that Trotsky arrived in Brest-Litovsk without enthusiasm. "I confess I felt as if I were being led to the torture chamber. Being with strange and alien people has always aroused my fears."[188] His stance was simple. He did not want to be accused of collaboration, nor give away more of Russia than he had to, nor give the time of day to these Junkers whom he confidently expected to sweep off the earth within another four or five years. (We see him standing upon a pyramid of park benches in Red Square, arms at his sides, fists clenched, his narrow, wrinkled shiny boots coming up to his knees, his coarse military tunic buttoned to the top as far as we can see in this side view, his chin high as he gazes across the crowd.)[189] I understand his defiance; I admire it; it's not wrong; maybe it improved Russian morale a trifle, when *Pravda* described how well he stood up to those militarists, those exploiters, those murderous landowning scum! Even Gandhi said that making mistakes was preferable to national emasculation.[190] Moreover, who are we to say that the snub was all on Trotsky's side? He says that before he arrived the Germans were "ingratiating," but what if the commissioners turned up their noses at him because he was Russian, and a Communist, and a Jew?

And yet—how should I put it?—one begins to have a certain feeling about Trotsky. There was Alexandra Lvovna; there is this; we might say that bitter hatred, and coldness to other human feelings, is a necessary or at least a common attribute of revolutionaries (do you remember Gorki? "One must be able to hate in order to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

sincerely love.") Revolutionary authority takes unto itself an extraordinary liberty to commit violence. That is why in our definition of it we insist that it live up to an extraordinarily high standard.

> Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination. Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.

When imminent defense of the revolution forbids even the Golden Rule, we're left with only one way to recognize our victims and adversaries: through empathy. Why do we need to recognize them at all? Because if we agree that violence in and of itself is bad, and should therefore "tend toward its own diminution," if the foundation of *any* legitimate authority is consensuality, then, unless it actually imperils them, revolutionaries ought to make repeated efforts to reach out to the other world, the world beyond their frontier. General Hoffmann went out of his way to compliment Trotsky; Count Czerzin offered to send him his library, which he'd had to abandon in Vienna years before. But Trotsky, chairman of the new contingent, had no use for civility, especially to these "titled gentlemen."[191] "Through our military representatives, I made it known that I had no desire to be presented to the Prince of Bavaria."[192] Etcetera, etcetera. He was a revolutionary, not a politician. (The same went for his colleagues—Stalin, for instance, who remarked of Lenin's wife: "Just because she uses the same bathroom as Lenin, does that mean I have to appreciate and respect her as if she were Lenin?")[193]

Perhaps we can read defense of authority here: since Trotsky found himself compelled (by the Germans, by Lenin) to sign away a third of Russia, couldn't he at least show enough spine not to break bread with the adversary? Only human! And yet the German friendliness whose insincerity so revolted him might have been a lubricant for doing business; and had ties of cordiality, however spurious, been established, some minor aspect of the terms might have been improved. Trotsky informs us, "I absolutely cannot understand revolutionaries who willingly accept posts as ambassadors and feel like fish in water in their new surroundings."[194] His stance was irresponsible, incompetent.[195] In America, it was being said that "the failure of Trotsky and the Russians to believe in the sincerity of President Wilson"[196] might re-inflame the war. No doubt Trotsky would have proudly refrained from shaking Wilson's hand. Who knows what the Germans were saying about him at their separate mess; and how could such impressions possibly help the Bolshevik cause? As has been remarked about Robespierre, "Such stern adherence to abstract right is a suspicious virtue, and may sometimes turn out to be a kind of vice."[197]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

KAMENEV, THE EMPATHETIC BRIDGE

His attack upon Stalin's erstwhile ally Kamenev (later executed at Stalin's orders) likewise speaks volumes—we cannot say bloody volumes, or can we? Does this attitude not lead to blood? He writes:

> Kamenev grasped better than most Bolsheviks the general ideas of Lenin, but he grasped them only in order to give them the mildest possible interpretation in practice. You could not expect from him either independence of judgment or initiative in action. A distinguished propagandist, orator, journalist, not brilliant but thoughtful, Kamenev was especially valuable for negotiations with other parties and reconnoiters in other social circles—although from such excursions he always brought back with him a bit of some mood alien to the party... Stankevich writes [that] Kamenev's attitude to his enemies "was so gentle that it seemed as though he himself were ashamed of the irreconcilableness of his position; in the committee he certainly was not an enemy but merely an opposition." There is little to add to that.[198]

Yes, little to add to that—little mitigating, in Trotsky's case. Kamenev was his own brother-in-law. (Alexandra Lvovna comes into my mind.) I am not a supporter of nepotism, but on the other hand, was such harshness to the reconnoiterer necessary? Shouldn't people who demand a revolution in order to establish fair and decent relations between human beings on this earth begin by themselves being fair and decent? Can't we be opposers without being enemies?

Is the concept of a civil uprising accompanied by civility totally absurd? Gandhi did not think so. Granted that, like consensus government, it may not be the most efficient way to run a railroad; yet how "efficient" was the Russian Revolution in the end? How much did it accomplish its stated task of improving a people's life? How can it be measured?

A true Bolshevik would call this question of mine naive. He'd sing in chorus with Mao, with Robespierre, who, admitting illegal acts, shrilled out: "Citizens, do you desire a revolution without a revolution?"[199] That true Bolshevik would remind me once again that since the purpose of Communism is to overthrow imperialism and capitalism, one cannot live and let live: coexistence means not doing our job!

As for Trotsky, he offers us this gem:

TROTSKY'S MORAL CALCULUS (1932)

When is violent revolution justified?

> "But the misfortunes which have overwhelmed living people? The fire and bloodshed of the civil war? Do the consequences of a revolution justify in general the sacrifices it involves? The question is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> teleological and therefore fruitless. It would be as well to ask ... Is it worth while to be born?"
>
> SOURCE: *HISTORY OF THE RUSSIAN REVOLUTION*, VOL. 3, P. 348.

For Trotsky, revolution is something organic, titanic, which happens on its own. How eerily he resembles Tolstoy, and how sharply those two diverge at the end!

Now what about Kamenev? Go back to 1917. The Tsar had just abdicated; the Provisional Government took uncertain control, looking fearfully over its shoulder at the monarchists in order to avoid gazing straight ahead at the future. Submerged in this motley sea, the Bolsheviks yearned to rise up and establish the dictatorship of the proletariat—but not right away; Marxist stage theory ordained that Russia must pass through a period of bourgeois ascendancy first. Then capital's contradictions could intensify, producing the next revolution—and socialism. Kamenev belonged to the crew which advised resting on their laurels: Share power with the Social Revolutionaries, Mensheviks and bourgeoisie, for now.[200] —Lenin preferred the extremist gamble. Eventually, he carried the Party along. They won the October Revolution. —Thus Kamenev was proved wrong; his words do show timidity unbecoming in a revolutionary; Trotsky had reason—but whenever I reread his cutting phrase about the opposer versus the enemy I feel nauseated. Within limits, why cannot an alien mood become an empathetic bridge?[201]

These things are trifles, a novelist's trifles. *Rising Up and Rising Down* ought to concern itself with Trotsky's decimations, not his social graces. But I, a novelist, believe, no doubt mistakenly, that violence without empathy cannot hope to construct authority with consensuality. Is this too glib? Well, should Kamenev have been *shot*? I see no reason to think so. Would Trotsky have stood in the way of his being shot? I don't know. But had Trotsky seen the utility, no, the *necessity*, of the empathetic bridge, I'd be more inclined to call him morally justified. Kamenev, perhaps, began to doubt, although he didn't exactly disobey. "You could not expect from him either independence of judgment or initiative in action." Trotsky possessed no such failing. "Trotsky's ordinary remedy for difficulties was to shoot a few people."[202]

Back in the seventeenth century, the Dutch essayist Pieter De la Court had argued, like many before and after him, that an enlightened government must advance the interest both of the leaders and the led; one certainly cannot do that without empathetic bridges. "A good government," De la Court went on, "is not that where the well or ill-being of the subjects depends on the virtues and vices of the rulers, but ... where the well or ill-being of the rulers necessarily follows or depends on the well or ill-being of the subjects."[203] "And practically speaking, while Lenin, Trotsky and Stalin paid lip service to this axiom—unctuous lip service!—the masses guided everything!—yet the result became the contrary one of dependent "subjects." Without empathetic bridges, what can one expect? If I listen to no voice but my own, then how can the masses influence me? When authority, which by def-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

inition holds most of violence's cards, prohibits its subjects from evaluating it, then consensus is suspended. How then can authority or its ongoing self-defense be justified? How long must the revolution remain at war with the world before doubters may disobey, ground weapons, reject the vanguardists' authority?[204]

"A revolution is not a dinner party," sneers Mao,[205] and I admit that the sneer is justified. Likewise Robespierre: "Who can determine, after the event, the precise point at which the flood of popular insurrection should have stopped?"[206] When insurgency seeks to overthrow incumbency, of course the struggle grows desperate, hence formless and ruthless, on both sides. But so is a war; so is any violent self-defense; if we privilege the desperation without limit, then there can never be any rules.

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

What did the preexisting authority stand for? What does Trotsky's revolutionary authority stand for? How has each party shaped its means in accordance with its ends? If I truly wanted to learn whether Tsarism or Leninism was more justified, I'd need to ask these questions and many more. The French historian L. Madelin advises us to stand on the wall between besiegers and besieged, to achieve a "conciliatory justice." This approximates what I'd accomplish if I could; I'd like to give each side its due. It's always possible that they were both justified. "However," comments Trotsky, "the words of Madelin himself testify that if he climbs out on the wall dividing the two camps, it is only in the character of a reconnoiterer for the reaction."[207]

One starts to understand how it could be that after the October Revolution this man and his clique opposed any sort of coalition, even with other socialist groups. (Lenin: "We don't need any parliamentary republic. We don't need any bourgeois democracy. We don't need any government except a Soviet of workers', soldiers', and farmhands' deputies.")[208]

UNRESERVED ENDORSEMENTS

Thus the Party line: Not only must the tenth man be shot, but any opposer, even "one of us," must be considered an enemy. No empathetic bridges, absolutely none: "Your aim is to live without having any enemies," Babel makes one of his Civil War characters, a squadron commander, say to the narrator in sarcastic disgust. "Do you know what the end of this is? The end of it is boredom ... go away to the ragged mother."[209] (Babel himself had the following destiny to look forward to: arrest, torture, shooting.)

Herewith, the implacable Trotsky, writing about opposers within his own regime: "With amazing clarity I saw that these 'disciples' were true to their master [Lenin] in the little things and not in the big. As I breathed the sea air in, I assimilated with my whole being the assurance of my historical rightness in opposition

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to the epigones."[210] Granted, these words were written by a man lately denied the fruits of his life's work by those selfsame epigones, so he might have had some interest in self-justification, in verbal defense of his former authority. Lenin "wholeheartedly supported my military policy," he tells us,[211] but Trotsky was never quite as close to Lenin, or as popular, as he pretended.[212] During the Civil War, when several decisions of the executive went against him, he sent an angry letter of resignation which shows up his anxious self-conceit: he proposed to quit as People's Commissar of War but remain on the Revolutionary-Military Council because he considered, "like the majority of the Central Committee, that my further work at the front is indispensable."[213] Perhaps it was. But then wouldn't the Central Committee know that without being reminded? (He writes a long, alarmist dispatch from the Southern front. "Nothing but bad nerves," notes Lenin, burying it in the archive.[214] "Trotsky wants to resign," he writes on another document. "But Trotsky is a temperamental man with military experience. He is in love with the organization, but as for politics, he hasn't got a clue.")[215] At any rate, Trotsky's vanity was appeased; the Central Committee forbade him to resign, and the chief vanguardist presented him with a blank form for orders signed and "unreservedly endorsed" by him. "'I will give you,' said Lenin, 'as many forms like this as you want.'"[216] Himmler did the same for his hatchet man Heydrich.[217] This is revolutionary authority at its apogee. (Molotov, of course, claims that at a Politboro meeting Lenin wrote *him* a note which read: "When you speak, speak as sharply as possible against Trotsky! Tear up this note."[218] Very likely both stories are true.) —An eerie sort of consensus this: I agree unreservedly with whatever authority decides; authority in turn gives me unreserved endorsements, blank checks for repression and violence.

What does Trotsky have to say about such conveniently merciless streamlining of justice? More or less what I already have:

> very different demands should be imposed on the political morals of a revolutionary dictatorship and on those of a parliamentarianism. The sharpness of the weapons and methods of dictatorship demands watchful antiseptics. A dirty slipper is nothing to fear, but an unclean razor is very dangerous.[219]

And there lies the problem with Lenin's unreserved endorsement forms. Trotsky would doubtless regard himself as the most watchful of antiseptics. His followers still do. The ever-justifying Mandel,[220] for instance, explodes "the myth of the authoritarian Trotsky as precursor to the repressive Stalin" by informing us that at the conclusion of the Civil War Trotsky wanted to decentralize the Red Army and make it a people's militia. But to me this shape-shifting can be seen as the centralist's distrust of the organization he's created. Why didn't he use the army to make a coup against Stalin? he was later asked. Because he would have had to pander to the officer class and thereby accelerate bureaucratism, he replied; because he would have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had to become a Bonapartist.[221] Democratic at first reading, but I infer a mere anxiety on Trotsky's part, regarding his degree of control over the Red Army. He would have had to cut deals, maybe even become an empathetic bridge—heaven forbid!

We know that at this very same time he fully intended to militarize labor throughout the country. "Complete militarization," insisted some of his colleagues, directly addressing him, "means that man is removed to a situation where they tell him: for the moment you are not a citizen, you are only a functionary."[222] Trotsky's response is not recorded.

Not an authoritarian? But he endorsed the secret murder of the Russian royal family, right down to the children. "The decision was not only expedient but necessary. The severity of this punishment showed everyone that we would continue to fight on mercilessly, stopping at nothing."[223] By Trotsky's Maxim, how can I disprove this?

Not an authoritarian? But he endorsed Dzerzhinsky, the head of the Cheka.[224] That was an endorsement of torture. The Tsarist police had tortured people, too,[225] but the Cheka went for not only the usual beatings but also scalpings, rides in nail-studded barrels, brandings, exposure to tormented rats)[226]—to say nothing of judicial and extrajudicial murder. "Dzerzhinsky wasn't in the Politboro," Molotov would later recall,

> but as a person capable of a certain kind of work for the party, he was necessary to Lenin. He took on the most difficult and unpleasant duties from which the party received all the gains, so to speak, and none of the losses. And Lenin recognized and appreciated him.[227]

Presumably that statement means that Lenin must have appreciated Dzherzhinsky's services in liquidating two hundred thousand people.[228] In befitting recognition of his merciless efforts for collectivization, the Soviets named a collective farm after him.[229] Lenin would later hypocritically write from his sickbed that "Comrade Dzerzhinsky is unforgivably guilty for approaching this resort to force light-mindedly" against non-Russian ethnic nationalists,[230] but not long before that, in his own handwriting, he'd acknowledged a telegram from Dzerzhinsky which, after complaining about others' laxity, sketches plans "to resolve the matter of the organization of the labor camps on the widest possible scale."[231] Authority would need them, you see, for its self-defense.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE AGAINST FACTION

Defense of unity, what a fine old ploy! On similar grounds, Cortes, preparing to march inland against Montezuma, burned his ships, saying: Rebellion and desertion are possible no more; we're in this together to the end![232] (The Spaniard was a master of entrapping his pawns in a sense of inevitability. We have no alternative, he'd

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

repeatedly explain. Any other course than mine is useless.)[233]

In a pluralist country one sees posters of this politician and that. In the Soviet Union we find Stalin's image multiply affixed to the bare boards of the schoolroom wall beneath which the pupils sit in pairs at their wooden desks; we see it in this school and that school and all the other schools; there *is* only Stalin; Stalin is authority. What about all those speeches Trotsky made to rapt crowds? The crowds have dispersed now, and Trotsky is gone; Trotsky is a neutralized factionalist.

UNRESERVED SUPPORT

Arguing that comparison between Lenin and Stalin is simply "indecent," Trotsky explains: "Lenin highly valued power as a tool of action. But pure love of power was utterly alien to him. Not so with Stalin."[234] This distinction is, as far as we'll ever know, truly drawn, for Lenin wanted no part of any "cult of personality," while Stalin demanded one. But did this matter to the people they both "repressed?" The Cheka and their successors would go on to murder between thirty and fifty million over the lifetime of the Soviet Union, two-thirds of them during the Stalin period.[235] That works out to one out of every five or six people, which renders the authority which Trotsky gave his all for *unjustified*.

He, of course, saw many of these latter "repressions" as aberrations. But for the first two hundred thousand, Trotsky must bear some responsibility. I wonder how many died by his order? Did he care? In time he'd denounce Dzerzhinsky, but only on the grounds that the latter had intrigued with Stalin against him.[236]

He referred to humanitarianism as "sterile."[237] As I've said, none of this was the sticking point for his fellow revolutionaries. (Molotov called humanitarianism "a beast which is now, of course, inflicting terrible harm on society.")[238] —In the year of his death, by which time he must have known something about the results of this policy, Trotsky referred knowingly and without much disapproval to "the extraordinary methods then in vogue for supplying the capitals ... and the industrial centers with provisions"[239]—that is, the forcible requisitions of grain directed against kulaks, which left those people starving and eating each other. He took part in the violent suppression of the churches. ("You have ordered the information about the number of 'cleansed' churches, I hope?" Lenin writes him cheerily.)[240]

Finally, and fatally for himself, in the days of the Tenth Congress, following Lenin's almost justified impatience with "factionalism," Trotsky himself had voted for a ban on opposition *within the ruling clique.*[241] And why not? If his own colleague Kamenev is dangerous for being an empathetic bridge, think how dangerous outright opposition would be! (Indication of revolutionary authority's justice: *It enjoys a consensus on the part of its adherents.*) Tell me, please, that this is not authoritarian... —Of course it's authoritarian; we mean to consolidate a dictatorship here!

It would have been interesting to divine Trotsky's thoughts as he cast his vote.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Did he believe that it might someday strengthen his own grip on the sterilized razor, or was he trying to express faith, solidarity, belief in the imminent danger to a disunited revolution? At that moment the Kronstadt Uprising of formerly loyal Red sailors was being put down. Weren't they downtrodden toilers? Trotsky's leaflets had warned that unless they surrendered he would shoot them "like partridges,"[242] and indeed they were either all shot or else sent to Dzherzhinksy's camps. Indications of revolutionary authority's justice: *It acts in the ultimate name of, but may indefinitely disregard, the rights of the self. It will destroy false consciousness.* Well, well, by rejecting democratic centralism, those sailors proved themselves to be tainted with, and were therefore infecting the revolution with, false consciousness; so they were enemies.

TOWARD A CALCULUS OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY

We have considered Trotsky's means, and in the previous chapter we thought about his ends. Set those aside; set class aside; dissect out revolution (which will be considered in another chapter)[243] from revolutionary authority. When is the latter justified?

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY IS JUSTIFIED:[244]

1. When the revolutionaries who constitute that authority and the people on whom the revolution is being imposed agree on the future goal and the means to attain that goal.
2. To consolidate the authority's power, and stabilize the area under its control.
3. To bring the revolution into conformance with the norms and limits appropriate to incumbency.
4. To carry out the revolution. CAVEAT: So long as the revolution continues, either authority must remain incompletely consolidated, or else Rule 3 applies. It may conceivably be appropriate to kill kulaks in 1917, if they are resisting the revolution. It would be inappropriate to kill them in 1977, when revolutionary authority is supreme and has been institutionalized for decades.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY IS UNJUSTIFIED:[245]

1. When by virtue of its own assumption of infallibility through future justification, revolutionary authority cuts itself off from any check or correction, and so operates increasingly in a moral and logical vacuum.
2. When its ends rather then mere military necessity force subjects and bystanders to cut themselves off from their ordinary attachments.
3. When it revolutionizes the masses against their will for a prolonged period.
4. When it sunders prior civic allegiances without creating new ones.
5. Above all, when it assigns its violence no limit.[246]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In opposition to our protagonist, I posit that rather than being as natural, inevitable, teleological as being born, revolution is very dangerous, needs to be subjected to checks and controls, and is more likely to be unjustified than justified.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS INTRIGUE AGAINST STALIN

Having banned opposition, Trotsky found himself in straits once he was labeled an opposer. How did that come about? First of all, as we've mentioned, he was never as close to Lenin for as long a period as he later pretended. Partly this was because Trotsky genuinely cared about ideas in and of themselves, as he showed in his provocative *Literature and Revolution.* Lenin cared about abstraction only as a means to strip away the maddening veil of uncertainty from the ideal. Hence it was logical that Lenin should turn not to Trotsky but to Stalin, who positively despised ideas which were not his own hard grey brain-bullets of pure instrumentality, for such nasty little jobs as this: "Ozerov, like the *entire* staff of *Ekonomist*, are the most ruthless enemies. The lot—out of Russia. This must be done at once. Before the end of the trial of the [Socialist Revolutionaries]—no later. Arrest several hundred and *without* stating the reasons—out with you, gentlemen!"[247]

And yet, Trotsky had exhibited similarly stellar reliability in the matter of repressions. What was the real cause of his fall? Academicians like to speak of differing theories, and that was some of it; but I think there was a more chemical reason: Trotsky by virtue of his very intellect made disagreements personal. Not only was he incapable of building empathetic bridges, but he went out of his way to explode them. The skirts of his greatcoat spread pyramidally as he orates to the Red Army during the Polish War of 1920, his right arm locked and extended at the level of his military cap; the soldiers stand at attention, with their fists clenched. Their faces show earnest concentration. In the background, heads strain to see.[248] He was a marvelous speaker, most agree; but after each speech he retired back into his aloofness. He had, perhaps, many admirers and followers, but not so many friends. Like Pancho Villa, he remained a better romantic than an administrator—and it is necessary for the career revolutionary to win bureaucratic battles as well as artillery duels. His arrogant personal style and his ambition to keep the razor for his exclusive use (excepting only Lenin) offended the other arrogances; his doctrine that socialism could not prevail in one country was seen as defeatist. He opposed Stalin; hence by both men's logic he was Stalin's enemy. (By 1944, the Yugoslav Partisans could believe along with ever so many others that "Stalin was something more than a leader in battle. He was the incarnation of an idea, transfigured in Communist minds into pure idea, and thereby into something infallible and sinless.")[249] And there is no evidence that Trotsky could ever have been in any relationship with Stalin other than enmity. In 1919 Lenin had asked him to let Stalin return to the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

front; the man of principle, defending his own authority, replied: "Compromise is of course necessary, but not a rotten one."[250] Doesn't this sound familiar?

In 1922, Trotsky sent the Politboro what seems to have been a naively sincere warning about the increasing bureaucratization of the economy and politics. —Lenin the Olympian, Kamenev the weak, Stalin the enemy, Zinoviev the fair-weather friend and Molotov, Stalin's dogsbody, these were the comrades to whose attention his memorandum was directed. "Into the Archive," wrote Lenin, and that was that.[251]



Stalinist elections

In 1923 Trotsky again pleaded, beneath the heading "Top Secret": "An end must be put to the bureaucratization of the secretaries."[252] Stalin of course was General Secretary. By then, while the slowly dying Lenin lay in incoherent isolation, Stalin was already counterattacking in *Pravda*, this time on the flimsy grounds that Trotsky seemed to be directing his energies against unreal dangers and ignoring real ones; hence (and this would become an ominously normal leap of logic), Trotsky must be holding in his heart "the object of undermining the prestige of the majority in the Central Committee... Is it not obvious that 'approaches' of this kind can only bring grist to the mill of the opposition?"[253] Surely it was. (This too was Napoleon's excuse for becoming dictator, in a nice invocation of the language of self-defense: "When lamentable weakness and endless vacillation are manifested in the councils of a government ..." he explained, "then a general uneasiness spreads through society and, driven by the instinct of self-preservation, it looks into its own resources to try to find someone able to save it from destruction"[254]—which is to say, of course, Napoleon.)

Vacillation, disagreement, whatever one wants to call it, it is all the same to the elevated one with places to go and underlings whose quibbles obstruct him. Trotsky would soon have nowhere to go. But he was charismatic, and they still remembered his Civil War victories (the tenth men were dead; they couldn't say anything; maybe the Whites would have killed them anyway). He was a brilliant and inspirational theoretician, a man of principle, a self-sacrificer who yearned to do good. Mandel says that he would have been fully "capable of establishing links with critical workers in the factories, with critical students, with critical officials in the administration... The bureaucracy saw this as the main danger which threatened them."[255] What to do? wondered Stalin and Molotov. "We tried every which way to shut him out of military affairs. It was impossible to do this all at once. He was well known among the people, and he was a fine orator. When he made speeches he received thunderous applause. He could not be pushed out easily. We had trouble with him for a long time. Several years..."[256]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS THE NEUTRALIZATION OF TROTSKY

By 1924 Stalin could assert the menacing absurdity that Trotsky's ideas proved that he did not understand Lenin's letters or know Lenin—equivalent to accusing a Catholic cardinal of misreading the Bible. Trotskyism had forced this "literary discussion" upon the Bolsheviks, he went on with a typically anti-intellectual sneer. "Well, we are ready, comrades."[257] Trotsky opposed him, so he would oppose Trotsky. Trotsky advocated permanent revolution everywhere until the world was Communist? Very well. Stalin advocated socialism in one country.

The following year he ousted Trotsky from the Commissariat of War. (Stalin's "repressions" were just getting started then. Between 1924 and 1933, he liquidated a million of his own Communist functionaries.) The year after that, by which time Trotsky was addressing mass rallies in an opposition rather than an incumbent character, Stalin said straight out that "these views of Trotsky and his followers on the basic question of the character and prospects of our revolution are totally at variance with the views of our Party, with Leninism."[258]

It is strange to read what some of those disagreements were about. Stalin berated Trotsky, for instance, for claiming that hostile relations must exist between the Party and the peasantry until the final victory of socialism throughout the world; yet within three years he'd act on precisely that basis when he began collectivizing farms and liquidating kulaks on a murderous scale. But of course the content of Trotsky's views were hardly at issue, only the fact of disagreement. No empathetic bridges, gentlemen!

It was at this time that Stalin finally succeeded in expelling Trotsky from the Politburo, having first made him utter a public statement of contrition for factional sins. (After all, as Krushchev would later say about Tito, "The whole platoon marches in step and only one soldier marches out of step... Who should be corrected, the platoon or the soldier?" It depends on where the platoon is marching.)[259] Still the man clung to and defended his failing authority! In 1927, when the Cheka had become the GPU, then the OGPU, Trotsky, reversing his vote against factionalism, announced that if the Soviet Union were attacked he would seek to alter the regime. For this attack on their authority they expelled him from the Central Committee. A month later, following one of his mass demonstrations, he was first expelled from the Party, next exiled to Alma Ata in Kazakhstan, and eventually deported from the country of the revolution he'd helped make. His name quickly became taboo throughout Orthodox Communist Europe. By 1932, Arthur Koestler, then a wide-eyed young Communist from Germany, discovered works by Trotsky on the personal bookshelf of the Minister of Education in Tiflis and exclaimed in horror: "But how can you permit yourself to do that?"[260]

Stalin, needless to say, had already begun planning Trotsky's physical liquida-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tion.[261] After all, as Trotsky himself entered onto the historical record: "The memory of mankind is magnanimous as regards the application of harsh measures in the service of great historical goals."[262] Death to the tenth man!

In 1935 a directive banned Trotsky and a growing list of others from all libraries and reading rooms. (There is nothing new under the sun. One recollects the moment when that undoubted factionalist rebel Cataline got attacked by Cicero in phrases of preposterously exaggerated abuse; suddenly no senator would sit beside Cataline.)[263] In 1937 we find the following announcements in *Izvestiya*: "TROTSKY Ivan Ivonovich, from the village of Peski, Kharkov region, announces the change of his surname to GRANOVSKY... TROTSKY Vladimir Aleksandrovich, originally from the village of Kolotovitsa, Leningrad Region, announces the change of his surname to KARPINSKY."[264] In the same year, a German Communist, soon to be arrested herself, watches her husband being led away by the NKVD. She will never see him again. The search commando's protocol reads: "Sixty books of Trotskyite, Zinovievite, Kamenevite and Bukharinite content confiscated."[265]

And here lies the utmost in public protest: a whispered remark that "I made a point of not going to the meeting where we were supposed to come out in favor of a death sentence for the Trotskyites."[266]

Now at last revolutionary authority had defended itself. Things were on the right track. "People shot themselves fairly often in those days," Stalin's daughter writes in her *Twenty Letters*. "Trotskyism had been defeated. Collectivization of the farms had just gotten underway. The Party was torn by opposition and factional strife."[267] Hence authority must defend itself more stringently than ever. Here came the show trials of the mid-1930s. "Among the men in the dock at those trials," writes Isaac Deutscher, "were all the members of Lenin's Politboro, except Stalin himself, and Trotsky, who, however, though absent, was the chief defendant."[268]

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS THE REVISION OF MEMORY

Now in official imagination we see Trotsky no longer atop the armored car, but Lenin alone (at this stage, Stalin pretends to be only Lenin's humble interpreter). Lenin stretches out his hand, crisscrossed by lights, while the wind blows his cloak. Fellow strugglers ascend the train's sides, lifting flags toward their bald captain. A gaggle of soldiers, silhouetted, prickling with guns and bayonets, gaze up at him. One rests a hand upon his comrade's back. The train glitters and gleams. Lenin's face is exaltedly white. Loved, strangely weaponless, he offers, like Christ and so many other orators, not a fist but an open hand. The print here described was made in 1934 or the year after, just before the show trials were about to explode upon the already terrorized nation; Trotsky was exiled, long gone...[269]

People always have been, and always will be, unjustly accused and executed by tyrants. But the show trials went beyond this, proving forever the naïveté of Cicero's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

maxim that mere facts are the torturer's business, "whereas questions of justification ... are a matter for courts of law."[270] Cicero, like any member of Stalin's Politburo, had seen a few intrigues in his time; he'd witnessed the destruction of the Republic under Caesar's dictatorship, and knew that to survive he must pander and toady, which he occasionally did until a fatal paroxysm of courage overcame him; but under Stalin, both facts and justifications were determined in advance; the torturers *were* the law courts, and vice versa. Authority was no longer content with defending itself by violence; it justified each defense *from the lips of the victim*, so that no distinction could be drawn anymore between expediency and justice. And Trotsky's razor is partly to blame.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS SELF-DEFENSE

For me, at least, written ideas mean so much more if I can visualize the thinker who had them. I've seen photographs of Trotsky shaking a finger, the white beard wagging; of Trotsky's hands wide apart as he leaned back; of Trotsky throwing mash to his chickens, Trotsky fishing; Natalia's face beginning to be freckled with age, Natalia sniffing flowers but looking away. That was at the house in Coyoacán where Trotsky was assassinated. I went there in 1992. Coyoacán means the Place of Coyotes. It was once its own town. Now Mexico City has rushed all around it. Within this Atlantis, Trotsky's fortress of a house, like some of his ideas, still holds on. In the walled garden, a red flag still flies over Trotsky's grave. There it is, his slab of concrete, heavy and solid like one of his books; and upon it is graven just his name and the hammer and sickle. Around the tomb runs more concrete, and then that heavy thick-walled block of a house, with its parquet floors and narrow skylight, its slits through which the blue clouds go rushing.

So this was the place where the razor of terror finally caught him, I remember thinking. What had it been like for him living in that place with Natalia, the second wife, the true wife? Did he know, or did he hope? Maybe Stalin would die, illegitimate authority (that is, authority from which he'd been excluded) would be ended, the assassination called off, although in 1940 Hitlerism was at the zenith, and Trotsky might have feared that Stalin's death might be even more detrimental to the revolution than Stalin's life. Was it worse living there and waiting than it had been on the occasion of his very first arrest back in the days of the Tsar? Trotsky had been a boy then; how could he not have been afraid? And now? When I stay in a dangerous place long enough, I get numb; I develop other worries. Was it like that for him? Lev Davidovich and Natalia Trotsky were human beings. They left behind them the desiderata of human beings, the skeletons of their small passions and routines—more moving, somehow, than any number of photographs of Trotsky's goatee and pince-nez, which were what I remembered more than his face, more than his eyes; Trotsky was not even his real name, unless real names are those we choose.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Artifacts, then: Natalia's bow, eyeglasses, a gilt-framed painting of a sailing ship at sunset, the bed with the Mexican quilt, Natalia's hatbox, Trotsky's boots, bathrobes in the closet, the bedroom with the bulletholes in it, steel casements, the small bed with red colors, grey irregular funnels of bulletholes in the yellow walls. Stalin's agents hadn't succeeded that time. ("We sent him into exile," recalls Molotov serenely. "And even then we had a lot of trouble with him. While living abroad he actually called for terror... As long as imperialism's alive, there will be many such swine.")[271] Every passage in the concrete was so narrow that one could barely squeeze through it. This is how it also felt to me when I read Trotsky's books. Everything is scientific, proven, perfect; the passage takes me this way because it is the only way to go; the razor of terror will never slip. But Stalin and Molotov had taken up the razor now, and so Trotsky had become the tenth man. The goal shines. The goal cannot be compromised. The goal is Trotsky's grave.



Trotsky's house in Mexico

This is the place where he wrote his brilliant exposés of Stalin's show trials, his arrogant cruelty transmuted into stubborn self-defense: no more repression now, only inspiration. Long ago, in one of his speeches during the October Revolution—a mendacious one, since it promised land to the peasants—he'd cried out (for an eyewitness reported that among his working class audience sat "not a few typical petty bourgeois figures, male and female"):

> The Soviet government will give everything the country has to the poor and to the soldiers at the front. You, bourgeois, own two coats? Give one to the soldier freezing in the trenches. You have warm boots? Stay at home. Your boots are needed by a worker...
>
> Because these things were requested, not yet demanded, the eyewitness reported that "the mood around me verged on ecstasy."[272]

In 1940 he could still affect people a little; he could still invoke justice when he described the hideous crimes of Stalin...

Look: here is the bathtub, the pitcher beside it, Natasha's hexagonal mirror, a red bottle of Colgate toothpaste (they didn't use tubes in 1940). Out the steel casemented double window there is a fine view of a high wall with vines on it. I didn't look to see if there were any other bulletholes. A hardbound book at the bedside where husband and wife once slept. And here was the study where the ice-pick caught him. The bookcases had been glassed. What reified thoughts did they contain? Lenin in Spanish, of course, red, XIX volumes, Trotzky himself, so-spelled, the *Obras* and a *Libertad y Revolucion*, a two-volume Kant in blue, a white two-volume Hermann Stegemann, *Der Krieg*, yes, an ocean-blue Lenin in Russian, a red Lenin in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Russian; he must have missed Lenin so much if his memoirs are true, felt so alone. (One biographer speculates that Stalin, on the other hand, was relieved when Lenin died, because the latter's antipathy to Stalin's illegitimate use of authority couldn't be found out anymore, and because now he could identify with Lenin more than ever.)[273] Here was the corner bed where he used to snooze, the work table, magnifying glass, inkwell, letter opener, pencils, candles, the tiny desk calendar, *Izvestiya* and *Pravda* spread out on the back table next to a map of Mexico; he always liked to study the local situation. I saw his old dictaphone, the octopus cord from the typewriter, his Ediphone, globe, then more books: Bernard Clare, Cather's *Death Comes for the Archbishop*, Jack London's *Martin Eden* (one of the saddest novels I've ever read), the collected works of London; and Dos Passos, naturally: *The Big Money*, parable of Trotsky's America. Then *Recent Social Trends*, not so recent in my day; Hailey's *An American Survey*, pale volumes of the *Novui Djurnal*...

Bakunin, who would have been no friend of Bolshevism had he lived into our century, wrote very acutely that in bourgeois society we are connected to one another by our material needs, not by our moral strivings. I need what your labor produces; I don't need your goodness to help me be good. Therefore, since your ethical condition does not affect mine, my relation to you must be one of exploitation.[274] Whether I buy my bread from you (and thereby infinitesimally help to save you from bankruptcy) or from someone else, my degree of goodness will remain the same. Therefore, I'll try to buy the cheapest bread I can, without worrying about any effect which that might have on you, especially since I don't know you. If the money I pay goes not to you, but to some master who enslaves you, and thereby seals your slavery, why then, in my ignorance and atomized indifference I'll go right on buying your bread. If you can make more money selling bread elsewhere, then that is what you'll do, even though that leaves me alone with useless money and no sustenance. This is the evil of the so-called "cash nexus."[275] This is one of the social ailments which revolutionaries, among them Trotsky, have sometimes risen up to prevent. (Trotsky with approving drollness quotes Herzen as accusing "his friend Bakunin of invariably in all his revolutionary enterprises taking the second month of pregnancy for the ninth. Herzen himself was rather inclined to deny even in the ninth that pregnancy existed." Trotsky of course never made mistakes).[276] What Trotsky's revolution created was a society which strove to be moral but which in so doing wrapped everybody in ruthless tendrils of exploitation which came from the top down: I need what your labor produces. I also need you to be good as I define goodness. And I need to shoot you, because you are the tenth man. Tell me, please, that this is not exploitation.

And here is Natalia's rolltop desk with shells and corals perched upon its headless shoulder. Here crouches the secretary's little typewriter.[277] It was her lover who killed Trotsky. He was made a Hero of the Soviet Union for it. And what did the secretary think then about the razor of terror? Did she understand that it cuts both ways?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Milovan Djilas, who was Tito's Trotsky, once wrote an article calling for more severity in the sentencing of some small-time crook. "From the standpoint of ideology and revolutionary morality, I was right," he recalled after being purged, "but the consequences for order and legality were catastrophic."[278] This dichotomy explains a great deal. Revolutionary authority is not the same as consolidated authority. Trotsky, Stalin, Lenin, Tito, Robespierre, Saint-Just, Pol Pot and all the others, having made a revolution, wanted to continue it. They did not see, or did not care, that what may be moral in seizing power may not be in exercising it. Or, as the Unabomber framed the issue: "it is in the interest of the system to bring human behavior under control to the greatest possible extent."[279]



David: Marat expliant

The concrete hall angles down to the courtyard. I recall the long prison hallway in Koestler's novel *Darkness at Noon*, down which the Old Bolshevik, Rubashov, will be led. The executioner will walk behind him. At some moment that only the executioner knows, the pistol will speak to the nape of Rubashov's neck. (Trotsky was not responsible for the show trials, as I've said. He was a decade out of power then. He'd only shot every tenth man. The head of state had not yet made police torture against class enemies "obligatory."[280] Well, come to think of it, in the twenties, when Trotsky was still a big man, there'd been show trials, too. "Denunciation is an elementary duty of every Party member, and a test of loyalty... Denunciation is a scientifically fostered epidemic.")[281] Trotsky has no power here, and only the authority of words; he's but a hyperintellectual jailbird in this vinegrown house of concrete and brick—gratings over the windows which reflect the trees like black ponds, a humid smell of ferns and flowers, vines over the doors, a window with diamonds shining.

If only there were a law that the terrorist must get to know his intended victim first! Maybe Trotsky's magnifying glass would speak to the assassin. Wasn't that part of Bakunin's point, that in bourgeois society we didn't know each other? —No good—Trotsky and Stalin knew each other quite well. They hated one another for both personal and categorical reasons. The bourgeois sex-murderer likewise often knows his victim and has all the opportunity he wants to hear her pleas; they only excite him. In medieval and post-medieval Europe, supposed witches and their accusers lived in the same small towns.[282] The revolutionary interrogator and torturer gets to know his victim, sometimes over a period of months or years.[283] An oppositionist is an *enemy,* Stalin's daughter learned: "And when 'the facts' convinced my father that someone he knew well had turned out 'badly' after all, a psychological metamorphosis came over him... Once he accepted the premise that X was his enemy, the premise became axiomatic, and no matter what the facts might be, they had to be made to fit."[284] This is the flaw in Merleau-Ponty's argument. *By virtue of its own assumption of infallibility through future justification, revolutionary authority cuts itself off from any check or correction, and so operates increasingly in a moral and logical vac-*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

uum. Stalin's daughter goes on: "He was accustomed by this time to having the [train] stations empty and cleared for his arrival and to the roads he traveled on being empty."[285] Who now would tell him he was wrong? Many people had the nerve to tell Trotsky just that, but remember his righteousness, his separate dining facilities at Brest-Litovsk. How could he ever separate the personal from the political? Nor did he ever express pity for the millions murdered for the sake of collectivization.[286]

Perhaps he mellowed in his exile. In the biography of Stalin that he was working on when he died (the editor tells us that some of the manuscript sheets were rendered illegible by his blood and brains), he dreamed his way back to the Civil War for two chapters, and in them admitted that all too many of the political commissars appointed to oversee the Tsarist officers failed treat the officers with simple decency. Then "friendship was out of the question, and the hesitating officer was finally inclined toward the enemy of the new régime."[287] Why had friendship been out of the question? — Perhaps on account of Trotsky's own prescriptions. In 1918 he had told the Central Executive Committee: "Next to every specialist there should stand a commissar, one on the right and another to the left, revolver in hand."[288] He never possessed many illusions about the ultimate loyalty of those officers to Communism, but by 1940 he had begun to recognize that compromise and empathy might actually be expedient in politics from time to time. Still he defended authority, clinging to his principles.



Trotsky assassinated

In the same unfinished work we find an allegorical fragment: Trotsky is trying to secularize Dostoyevsky's astounding parable of the Grand Inquisitor.[289] He particularly considers the end, when Christ listens well to the Inquisitor's evil expediencies, then gently kisses his lips. No good, no good, says Trotsky; Lenin would have spat in his eye! There's Trotsky for you. And on the facing page, with no sense of irony, Trotsky describes a meeting between Stalin and his crony Budu Mdivani from the Caucasus. Comrade Mdivani is trying to persuade Stalin that unless some common ground is found with the Opposition, the Party must suffer convulsions without end. Stalin, "after impressively stalking away to a far corner, ... turned, walked in silence toward Mdivani. His muscles tense, rising on tip toes and raising one arm, he stopped short. 'They must be crushed,' he cried in a dreadful voice. Mdivani said he was simply frightened."[290] Kissing enemies wasn't on Stalin's docket; that was for sure...

Stalin had already tortured and executed Trotsky's son Sergei Sedov by then.[291] His son Lev Sedov had just died in a Paris hospital, evidently with NKVD assistance.[292] —But still, what if Stalin and Trotsky could still somehow have reached a point of mutual toleration? Is that too much to ask? No good, no good; here's Molotov again, talking about the People's Commissar of Agriculture: "Iakovenko. I trained him. He was from western Siberia. Later he turned out to be a right-winger."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

—"Was he repressed?" asked the interviewer, meaning: Did he get Trotsky's reward? —"I don't remember," says Molotov. "Who cares? ... You can't remember everything."[293] —It's only to the rest of us that the artifacts matter: the red flag, the guardhouse, the kitchen's high windows—a prison, all right, but there's a leather lampshade in the doorway to Trotsky's study (step over the lintel, please)—the old gate, more brick behind it, more wall on top of the old wall... Clouds over the walls, the greenpainted henhouse, the walk lined with stones, trees and grass and wall, all around...

When Is Political Assassination Justified?

The moral calculus of Tolstoy, ca. 1890[294]

Never. "It is not necessary to kill [Tsars] Nicholases and Alexanders, ... but only to leave off supporting the social condition of which they are the product." Of course, he supported their murder in the end.

The moral calculus of Alexander Berkman, following President McKinley's assassination, 1901[295]

1. When directed "against a real and immediate enemy of the people," understood as such by the people—in which case it is a justified act of propaganda.
2. When directed "against a real and immediate enemy of the people," understood as such by the people, or not—in which case it is "exclusively an act of [expedient] terrorism."

"In Russia, where political oppression is popularly felt, such a deed would be of great value. But the scheme of political subjection is more subtle in America. And though McKinley was the chief representative of our modern slavery, ... the real despotism of republican institutions is far deeper and more insidious, because it rests on the popular delusion of self-government and independence... as such, it cannot be reached with a bullet. In modern capitalism, exploitation rather than oppression is the real enemy of the people... Hence the battle is to be waged in the economic rather than the political field. It is therefore that I regard my act [against the strikebreaker Henry Clay Frick] as far more significant and educational than Leon's [against McKinley]."

The moral calculus of Che Guevara, ca. 1960[296]

Rarely, but at the vanguard's discretion. "We sincerely believe that terrorism is of negative value... On the other hand, attempts to take

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the lives of particular persons are to be made, though only in very special circumstances; this tactic should be used where it will eliminate a leader of the opposition."

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF BRUTUS, 44 B.C.[297]

When authority is imposed rather than chosen. "Have we then, or has he, done violence to inviolable persons? Or shall Caesar indeed be sacred and inviolable, upon whom we conferred that distinction not of our own free will, but by compulsion, and not until he had invaded his country with arms and killed a great number of our noblest and best citizens...?"

Cicero concurs: "Though all the world conspire against us, the Ides of March console me."[298]

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF RAMÓN MERCADER, TROTSKY'S ASSASSIN [ASSUMED], 1940

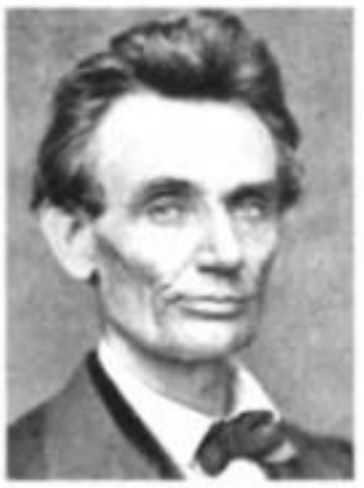
When it is ordered by Comrade Stalin.

THE RIGHTS OF STATES

Sallow in his portraits, after the necessary fashion of early photography with its high-contrast glass plates and long exposures, Lincoln stares out at us from the past not without grimness, his jaw clenched in a manner which affords his cheekbones prominence; this, too, might be an artifact of those long exposures, which required the subject to hold himself rigid. One needs but to compare a contemporary thirty-five millimeter portrait with one created by the large format camera to detect the latter's relative "seriousness"—in this case, the gravity of an authority whose defender believes it to be sacred. Lincoln, of course, was by circumstances as well as temperament a stern exemplar of federalism, which in the context of the Civil War meant executive centralism. The authority vested in him by the Constitution was not, like Trotsky's, a new and transcendent thing, to be enlarged and deployed without limit, for desperately limitless stakes; but the steady ordinary flame of a candle now almost a century old. Trotsky was a creator, Lincoln a preserver—although, as Lincoln would find, sometimes preservation demands engorgement. The formal authority which Lincoln's stump-orations gained him was legitimized not only through the acquiescence of time, but also by popular mandate (one of Hitler's "three pillars," you'll recall); for the Revolutionary War had been a people's war, whose victory established a republic of the people.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"... AND PECULIAR JURISDICTIONS WITHIN ITS OWN LIMITS..."



Abraham Lincoln

That popularity shines through in, for instance, Benjamin Franklin's proposed Articles of Confederation (1775), and in particular in Article III, which states "that each Colony shall enjoy and retain as much as it may think fit of its own present Laws, Customs, Rights, Privileges, and peculiar Jurisdictions within its own Limits."[299] Here we read the rights of the self writ large! Within this document there lurks much which now seems antique and strange: Article XI spells out a perpetual alliance with the Iroquois, who still possessed a measure of their ancient strength; Article XIII invited Ireland, Québec, Bermuda and any other English colonies to join. There is much, too, that we hunt for in vain—in particular, any discussion of a mechanism for withdrawal from the Confederation. The proposed Articles state only (a) that the "League of Friendship" here described will be binding on future generations—exactly the sort of social contract that some members of those future generations, such as Bakunin (and, come to think of it, myself) will object to—and (b) that this League will dissolve in the unlikely event of reconciliation with the mother country, Great Britain, on prewar terms. "But on Failure thereof this Confederation is to be perpetual."[300] Here, one feels, is a good-faith contract among equal principals. No reason to poison the atmosphere by tying off all eventualities, or even by considering the possibility that the marriage might someday be considered punitive entrapment. And why should it? Mutual advantage remains general advantage.

In personal deportment, the Founding Fathers acted the part: modest, accessible (the latter facilitating Lincoln's assassination). It is delightful to any republican soul to recall Jefferson's reception of the British minister, Anthony Merry, in 1803: the President wore faded corduroys, heel-less slippers, and a dirty shirt. His hair had not been combed, and he needed a shave. In his lengthy *History of the United States,* Henry Adams insists on Jefferson's patrician-ness, on his seeming lack of ease in mass democracy. "With manners apparently popular and informal," says Adams, "he led a life of his own, and allowed few persons to share it... His instincts were those of a liberal European nobleman, ... and he built for himself at Monticello a château above contact with man."[301] The reception of Merry thus could be described, if one chose, as eccentrically indifferent or even snobbish rather than egalitarian. Adams's nature, one must remember, was a half-compassionate belittler's, his immensely intelligent pen too often that of satirist;[302] after all, uneasy or not, Jefferson did choose to be a national leader; and if we grant that he was reclusive, such a quality gauges neither his effectiveness nor his legitimacy; Robespierre, like Jefferson an immensely popular leader while he lasted, never stumped or took to the streets,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

either. And from Jefferson's heart came words which it would be difficult to impute to a European nobleman, however liberal: "I consider the people who constitute a society or nation as the source of all authority in that nation, ... free to transact their common concerns by any agents they think proper."[303] Again Robespierre comes to mind—the early Robespierre, anyhow, who argued that the people were so sovereign that they should not even accept representatives, only agents ("commissares," the forerunners of Lenin's commissars—history so often inverts the meaning of a word!). Robespierre's spectacular failure had proved yet again that practically speaking, a people cannot exercise undivided power on its own behalf, that to collectivize and universalize participation leads to totalitarianism, whose grievous effects can scarcely be distinguished from those obtained when the people are systematically robbed of all their powers and presented with despotism. Jefferson and his predecessors therefore proposed that the people would *hold* power, but that in the course of political business power must be *delegated.* "The most powerful of all inducements to crime is the prospect of impunity," argued Cicero,[304] and to render that inducement as harmless as they possibly could, the American Founding Fathers (following, among others, the precedent of Cicero's system, old Roman constitutional law) carefully applied the formula: *separation of powers.* When I was in high school, my government teacher taught me that this meant the division of the government into a legislative, an executive and a judiciary. Separation of powers between federal and state authority was hardly spoken of. But, of course, I went to high school after the presidency of President Abraham Lincoln.



Thomas Jefferson

THE TENDRILS OF CENTRALISM

Jefferson for his part had continued to insist that the several United States, despite having joined in a federal system, retained "each to itself, the other rights of independent government," which was why he protested the federal government's usurpations of state power: building roads and digging canals upon state territory, etcetera. (There was no national income tax, of course.) It would be a shame if the states were to have a falling out, he wrote, a crying shame, but not the greatest misfortune of all: "There is yet one greater, submission to a government of unlimited powers."[305] Jefferson wrote this complaint as late as 1825, which is to say, almost at the end of his life. And if that were all of Jefferson recorded on the subject of states' rights, Adams's gently demeaning characterization would be entirely unjustified. Unfortunately, during Jefferson's administration, idealism, as it usually must, met with necessity.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

In spite of the embarrassing outcome of that late war with the American colonies, the British navy continued to engage in impressment of sailors from the new so-called United States. In 1807 they attacked the American frigate *Chesapeake* for harboring deserters, of whom they hanged one and imprisoned three. A few months later, responding to Napoleon's embargo of English goods, which had been passed the previous year, they invoked defense of homeland to issue an Order in Council requiring rigorous impressment of neutral shipping. On December 22, Jefferson, still convinced that economic coercion would prove in its effects practically equal and morally superior to war, himself signed an Act of Embargo against England, thereby usurping state power to an unprecedented degree. The irony of that assertion of authority is that he was seeking to *avoid* misusing the potency of his office; he meant to do what we might now call the Gandhian thing, the nonviolent thing, or at least the passive-aggressive thing of simply withholding, withdrawing from commerce instead of employing authority to take life. Jefferson had entertained this idea as early as 1793, when, noting the English blockade of revolutionary France, he wrote to Madison: "I think it will furnish us a happy opportunity of setting another example to the world, by shewing that nations may be brought to justice by appeals to their interests as well as by appeals to arms... It would relieve us too from the risks & the horrors of cutting throats."[306] An embargo being nothing more than the government-enforced counterpart of a boycott, this would seem purely Gandhian, yes? —No. —Commenting on a proposal to boycott British Empire goods, Gandhi wrote in *Young India*: "From the standpoint of non-violent non-co-operation it seems to me to be wholly indefensible. It is retaliation pure and simple and as such punitive."[307] (I'm ignoring his later campaign to use only Indian-spun cloth.) Gandhi's response to the English, were he in Jefferson's shoes, might have been to call upon as many sailors as possible to go to England, be impressed, smilingly refuse to work, and get hanged; because the true Gandhian, while he may show his disappointment with his oppressor by boycotting *social* relations with him, may do nothing which hurts anyone but himself. This point having been made, one must still credit Jefferson with a gentle idealism almost as extraordinary as Gandhi's—perhaps even more so, given the social ethic out of which Jefferson sprang. Context is a great deal when one judges somebody. It is easy for a late twentieth century American to fault Jefferson for extending suffrage only to free white males,[308] forgetting that before the American Revolution men without property could not vote, while even propertied men found themselves barred from deciding a number of political and religious questions which gravely pertained to them. Vís-à-vís the embargo, then, one must credit Jefferson as an experimenter in the realm of international kindness.[309] He refused to be violent without both cause and necessity. He would not make of the United States a sanguinary monster akin to other

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

nations. And by so acting, he broke states' rights asunder with a more insidious violence than he ever imagined; in an ugly twist of pseudo-Gandhianism, it was indeed the doer, the embargoist, the United States which suffered—England, too, of course, but also the American merchant seamen with nowhere to go (and no social welfare system to recompense them, either), the maltsters and timbermen forbidden to export their wares, the ship-owners, tanners, farmers. One Englishman wrote to the Governor of Lower Canada's secretary:

> The sensibility excited by this measure among the inhabitants in the northern part of Vermont is inconceivable... The clamor against the Government—and this measure particularly—is such that you may expect to hear of an engagement between the officers of government and the sovereign people.[310]

Thus matters also went in Massachusetts, Virginia, South Carolina.

Adams, before detailing the economic havoc which the embargo created throughout the United States, argues very convincingly that "no one could doubt that under the doctrine of States-rights and the rules of strict construction the embargo was unconstitutional."[311] But a Massachusetts district court judge, supporting the President, nailed down the doctrine that the federal government's power to regulate the commerce of the states could essentially be used to justify any encroachment desired.[312] Here we find (in an alloyed form to be sure) the iron pragmatism beloved by Bolsheviks—in the words of the Soviet academician Startsev, "a break with bourgeois parliamentarism which was based on the separation of legislative power from executive power."[313]

The Bolshevik ideal was the organization of all workers (who in their system would comprise all people) into collectives whose elected representatives would constitute super-collectives. "In the present Soviet system," Startsev continues (he is writing in 1982), "there is no opposition between local and higher bodies of authority," because class conflict has been eliminated, so all share the same interests. "The combining of general centralised supervision with local self-government ensures organisation of the entire political, economic and cultural life on uniform principles."[314] Jefferson, needless to say, neither demanded nor aspired to such uniformity. Certainly he did not achieve it. In 1809, resented, denounced, despised by some of his own former friends, he was forced to repeal the embargo. "Fifty millions of exports," he admitted, "are the treble of what war would cost us; besides, ... by war we should take something, and lose less than at present."[315] The substitute: a face-saving "Non-intercourse Bill" allowing the U.S. to trade with neutrals who in turn were sure to trade with England; this marked the collapse of Jefferson's attempt to assert federal authority over the states. In any event, the embargo had been conceived of as an emergency measure, not as a precedent.

The year 1823 finds him writing to Justice William Johnson: "Can any good be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

effected by taking from the States the moral rule of their citizens, and subordinating it to the general authority...?"[316] Congress (as would Trotsky) had begun to think that it could—only to be discomfited when in 1816 Jefferson's friend and successor, President Madison, in one of his final acts in office vetoed a national improvements bill with the familiar words: "The power to regulate commerce among the several States cannot include a power to construct roads and canals... Such a view of the Constitution would have the effect of giving to Congress a general power of legislation."[317] Thus states' rights continued in spurious health, fooling even the otherwise suspicious and prescient Tocqueville, who could report in his great *Democracy in America* that "the government of the States remained the rule, and that of the Confederation"—that is, the federal government—"became the exception."[318] But Henry Adams's *History*, wealthy-wise in hindsight, concluded more accurately that "the favorite States-rights dogma of [1798] had suffered irreparable injury," because Jefferson, as we saw, got his way for a moment—no matter that the consequences of his actions had forced him to reverse them. "For sixteen years the national government in all its branches had acted, without listening to remonstrance, on the rule that it was the rightful interpreter of its own powers."[319] As yet, little permanent change had been effected; but the possibility of justifying such change at any time now enveloped the White House in a golden glow of expediency.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE OF SLAVEHOLDING[320]

And so, back to Lincoln, who like Robespierre began as a mere lawyer seemingly uncalled to lead his nation in violence—but unlike Robespierre, he humbly, cheerfully rose through the established order: Abraham Lincoln, anti-Robespierre! To Walt Whitman, who blamed North and South equally for the approaching Civil War (but between the lines of this partisan I think I read the words "northern and southern Democrats"), the politics of the time was made by "crawling, serpentine men, the lousy combings and born freedom-sellers of the earth... The former Presidents and Congresses had been guilty... their hands were all stain'd."[321] It is 1854, and our lanky, ugly, middle-aged Congressman and aspiring President seems to retain the views of Jefferson and Madison when he insists in his speech on the topic of the Kansas-Nebraska Act: "I trust I understand, and truly estimate the right of self-government... Here, or at Washington, I would not trouble myself with the oyster laws of Virginia, or the cranberry laws of Indiana."[322] Indeed, Lincoln singles out Jefferson, "who was, is, and perhaps will continue to be, the most distinguished politician of our history; ... withal, a slave-holder, [who] conceived the idea ... to prevent slavery ever going into the north-western territory."[323] For it is with slavery that the Kansas-Nebraska Act deals.

The Missouri Compromise of 1820 allowed Missouri to enter the Union as a slave state, but all the rest of that territory once French and purchased from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Napoleon (who admitted laughingly in his memoirs that if he didn't sell it fast, then England or somebody else would grab it anyway) was barred forever from slave-holding. The unincorporated territory of Nebraska—a third the size of Lincoln's United States, hence now subdivided into the new regions of Nebraska and Kansas—lies north of the Missouri Compromise line, and so the pro-slavers propose to declare the Compromise "inoperative and void," in order to bring two new slave states into the Union—or, to be more precise, to let the two states themselves (proto-states, I should say; read on) choose whether to be slave or abolitionist. For don't states have rights? "The chandeliers flashed their brilliant lights again over the hall," recalls an eyewitness. "The clerks were hoarse with the continued roll call." Edmondson of Virginia, "inflamed by liquor," rushes toward Campbell of Ohio. "It was a fearful scene!" Edmondson has "his hand upon a bowie knife concealed in his vest."[324] Olds of Ohio reports a false quorum to the House.[325] And the measure passes by 113 to 100. The Missouri Compromise is dead.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFERENCE TO "UNIVERSAL FEELING"

Lincoln, we must begin by saying, hates slavery almost as much as John Brown, is sickened by the cruelty and sheer selfish unfairness of it. Among his papers a fragment from this period states that "if A. can prove, however conclusively, that he may, of right, enslave B.—why may not B. snatch the same argument, and prove equally, that he may enslave A.?"[326] Unlike John Brown, however, Lincoln stands at a miserable loss as to what to do. Seeking, as the saying goes, to do well by doing good, one sometimes finds oneself—like the whole nation—at cross-purposes. Returning the slaves to the African coast might be their murder, for they know not how to live there; keeping them in subservience is unjust; as for granting them full equality, "my own feelings will not admit of this," he says, parting company with John Brown, "and if mine would, we well know that those of the great mass of white people will not. A universal feeling, whether well or ill-founded, can not be safely disregarded."[327]

Regarding universal feelings I reiterate, as the Founding Fathers would have: *Consensus comprises no guarantee of authority's justice.* Anyhow, the feeling Lincoln refers to was never in fact universal, even among whites; during the Civil War he'll receive occasional letters requesting him to emancipate and even to enfranchise the slaves.—However, far more with the opposite drift will come in. "Now you God damned old Abolition son of a bitch God damn you," runs one such encomium, followed by more of the same.[328]

Shall we quantify that universal feeling a little? Consider Iowa, nominally a free state, which crawls with militias of both persuasions. In Dubuque in 1839 a few good citizens save one black man from being shipped back to his master under the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Fugitive Slave Law,[329] but on election day in 1856 a white businessman who dares to assert that blacks are as good as he gets knocked to the sidewalk and attacked.[330]—Confusion, contradiction, brawling superiorities and ideologies! In 1848 another slave brought to Iowa, evicted by his master for bad behavior, settles down there, refuses a demand by the master's family to return to Saint Louis for sale and withstands the detective sent to kidnap him: Iowa declares him legally free.[331] But just two years earlier, the black wife of a white man had been turned in by neighbors and arrested, told that she must show her free papers or be sold at auction.[332] Thus—what? What does it all add up to? Well, if we want to quantify a so-called universal feeling, the result of the Iowa referendum of August 3, 1857, will do. Should blacks be granted equal suffrage? 8,479 people vote yes; 49,267 vote no; and 21,751 of those who that day cast their ballots on another matter don't vote on this one at all.[333]

Lincoln is right, then? Well, after all, he'll soon get legitimately elected by people who (democracy presumes) know what he stands for—but then, what does he stand for? At any rate, disinclination for abolition is probably nearer universal than not in the circles he moves in: both Grant and Sherman admit as much about themselves in their respective memoirs; and the Supreme Court itself refuses to elevate the black man Dred Scott from the status of "an ordinary article of merchandise."[334] During the war years, hundreds of black people will be murdered in riots by Northerners—a sure sign of the limits of Lincoln's emancipationist authority.[335]

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE OF THE CONSTITUTION

Besides, even were Lincoln's "feeling" disregarded, well, the Constitution remains sacred; harmony is sacred; the rights of the states which entered the original Union must be respected.[336]

Nebraska, as it happens, is not yet a state, but a grassy, sandy *tabula rasa* now federally inscribed. Lincoln demands:

> Again, is not Nebraska, while a territory, a part of us? Do we not own the country? And if we surrender the control of it, do we not surrender the right of self-government? It is part of ourselves. If you say we shall not control it because it is ONLY part, the same is true of every other part; and when all the parts are gone, what has become of the whole?[337]

Thus there seem to be three distinct entities within the Union: free states, slave states and federal holdings—which last category has immensely complicated things, for when the old colonies unified, the federal government was given only the tiny District of Columbia in order to do its business without spawning the conflict of interest of operating within a particular state. The acquisition of Florida, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Louisiana Purchase and the annexation of Mexican territory have put the government into the canal-digging, road-clearing business with a vengeance. What would dead Jefferson say? No matter in our day that all three divisions of state will have achieved a hazy unity, thanks perhaps to the gunsmoke which would soon blot out the trees at Antietam. On this subject, the Constitution remains equally hazy.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE OF GROUND

The existence of these territories, vital to Lincoln's impending justification of violent force counter-committed against the South, will be similarly seized on by Ulysses S. Grant, then virtually unknown, soon to be Lincoln's supreme general, and later his successor. Grant began by admitting the original basis for the Jeffersonian conception of states' rights, agreeing that "each colony considered itself a separate government" and that when the federation was first formed it would have been permissible, if not exactly desirable, for any state to bow out. But in his view "if the right of any one State to withdraw continued to exist at all after the ratification of the Constitution, it certainly ceased on the formation of new States, at least so far as the new States themselves were concerned."[338] As for the old states, such as South Carolina and Virginia, which led the secession, Grant glossed those over. Federal power appeared to be supreme over one category out of three; therefore, it must be supreme over the others.

And in his speech on the Kansas-Nebraska Act, Lincoln adopts the same sophism: "Do we not own the country?" I take this to mean: "Do we not own the Territories, and therefore the free states and the slave states, too?"—Legerdemain!

"STAND WITH ANYBODY THAT STANDS RIGHT"

But what about states' rights? asks Lincoln derisively in his speech. Well, if the citizens of Nebraska can invoke those to keep slaves, then it is certainly within their rights to go to Africa to buy slaves, and we've already made doing that a capital crime! —Not that anybody's yet been hanged for it... —For Lincoln the struggle between state and federal authority can only be resolved in one way; we never hear him argue that the federal government ought not to have the power to regulate slave-trading. (Oddly enough, however, when the issue of granting statehood to Utah comes up, he says that there is nothing in the constitution which allows the government to prohibit polygamy there, which is precisely what the government ultimately does.) Trotsky and Tolstoy speak of natural law; and there does seem to be a natural law that authority enlarges itself indefinitely, whether by frenzied growth in revolution or by incumbency's subtler increase. Given the rights of the self,[339] it seems to me that authority possesses the right to self-aggrandizement only through *imminence* or *incumbency.*[340] Most of the time, it grows without right. What's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

done is done, continues the candidate, both on your side and on mine; and he proposes to calm the waters with what seems from my perspective here in the future to be oily expediency: "Stand with anybody that stands RIGHT. Stand with him when he is right and PART with him when he goes wrong. Stand WITH the abolitionist in restoring the Missouri Compromise; and stand AGAINST him when he attempts to repeal the fugitive slave law," which requires that free-state Northerners catch runaway slaves whenever they can, and return them to their Southern owners for re-enslavement and probable violent punishment.[341] "In the latter case you are with the southern disunionist. What of that? you are still right. In both cases you are right. In both cases you oppose the dangerous extremes."[342]

States' rights hang by a thread these days, as we've seen from Jefferson's embargo, from the compulsion put on Utah, from the anti-slaving laws. The misery of the slaves troubles Lincoln's soul, but he will not cut that thread. His fear of the disunion of the many (and, perhaps, of the disfavor of the electorate) is greater than his pity for the torture of the few. He believes that the United States of America, while imperfect, remains in actuality or potentiality the most righteous country in the world; the beautiful justice that it strives for ought not to be lost in a vain struggle for justice for black people. (For a parallel, listen to Trotsky loudly and zealously submitting to the necessity for "repressing" people whose personal innocence nobody doubts.) Lincoln's authority's consensual basis is merely constitutional; slavery, being a preexisting evil brought into the original compact of states, is therefore a *necessary* evil which like Trotsky's dictatorship of the proletariat must inevitably wither away.

We've agreed that for incumbency, *legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.* Slaveholding, while now limited and deprived of its basis in trafficking, remains the law. *The state does not exist for its own benefit, but for its sovereign citizens.* Some of those citizens are slaveholders. Slaves are not sovereign citizens.

Is slavery wrong? To go against it, we must flout both law and consensuality. In short, we must refashion ourselves into a revolutionary authority of sorts, expanding our dominance beyond tradition's limits.

Do we prefer to remain the faithful stewards of preexisting authority? Then we'll have to wait upon a utopian future as distant as Trotsky's, a day when slavery will be abolished legally and with consent.

Once again I quote from Lincoln's fragment on government:

> In all that the people can individually do as well for themselves, government ought not to interfere.[343]

Abolitionists cry out: "What hypocritical conveniency!" The suppression of the African slave trade increased the market value of "black diamonds" from $325 per head in 1840 to $360 in 1850; by 1860, when secession begins, an African will go for $500.[344] Slave-runners in Lincoln's time are like drug-runners in ours; the profit

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

looms too high for the states' rights thread to be cut.

Like Jefferson and unlike Trotsky, Lincoln longs not to be a man of violence. Jefferson did not want to murder Englishmen, so he stepped back and trod upon the states with his executive heel. Lincoln will not pervert the Constitution any farther by means of executive force; therefore he must abandon slaves to the lash. He will not create new slaves; he will not worsen the evil, but he will not pay, or make states' rights pay, the price to remedy it.

I cannot believe that he truly regards the Missouri Compromise and the fugitive slave law as "right." If slavery is wrong, then those two bills must also be wrong. But dissolving the Union is most definitely wrong.

A year goes by, and to William H. Henderson he writes: "the political atmosphere is such, just now, that I fear to do any thing, lest I do wrong."[345]

And as to withering away, he now admits to George Robertson that "there is no peaceful extinction of slavery in prospect for us."[346]

To Joshua F. Speed he writes: "I confess I hate to see the poor creatures hunted down, and caught, and carried back to their stripes, and unrewarded toils; but I bite my lip and keep quiet."[347]

He loses the congressional election to his rival Douglas.

MORE RIGHTEOUSNESS

Unlike Trotsky, he agonizes over principles. He writes a note on "sectionalism," which Stalin and Robespierre would have called "factionalism." He is referring to the national division over slavery, of course. Here he seems to be approaching the crisis. "*Who* can help it?" he asks. "Either side *can* help it; but how? Simply by *yielding* to the other side. There is no other way... Then, which side shall yield? To this again, there can be but one answer—the side which is in the *wrong*."[348] (Would the framers of the Constitution have spoken in this way?)

He knows which side is in the wrong and has always known it. So did Trotsky.

In the draft of his famous "House Divided" speech[349] he insists: "To give the victory to the right, not *bloody bullets*, but *peaceful ballots* only, are necessary."[350] The following year he talks of firmness,[351] but can he imagine how firm he will have to be?

We find him receiving the presidential nomination in 1860, his face strangely pale against the stained grey background of this salted paper print, his lips almost puckered, his cheek-creases sharper than ever—what a strange, gaunt, homely man! His eyes are sad and patient almost to glassiness; again, perhaps, it was the long exposure. He clasps his hands in his lap. He appears gentle and crazed.[352] To Mr. George T. M. Davis he writes privately, confidentially and beseechingly: "What is it I could say which would quiet alarm?"[353]

He does not yet possess the supreme authority to which a person can aspire under our system of government: executive power. Undoubtedly both he and his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

antithesis Napoleon would agree with Cicero's remark that "nothing in the world is so delicate and fragile and unstable and frail as the popular attitude and feeling towards men who are standing for an election."[354]

THE ELEVATION

William T. Sherman, the future ruthlessly successful Union general whose name Southerners would employ as an epithet more than a century later, was in Louisiana in the fall of 1860, teaching at a military academy he'd founded. John Brown had scarcely been cut down from authority's rope; the South certainly had not forgotten his menace and violence.[355] "The election of Mr. Lincoln fell upon us all like a clap of thunder," Sherman wrote in his memoirs.[356] (The slaves, of course, had been praying for it.)[357] Secessions followed—seven of them. By the following February, the Confederate States of America had their president, one Jefferson Davis, who, a lady told Sherman, was not *Sherman's* president, but *her* president. (W. E. B. DuBois had an even better description of him: "the peculiar champion of a people fighting to be free in order that another people should not be free.")[358]

Sherman's president writes confidentially to James T. Hale: "We have just carried an election on principles fairly stated to the people. Now we are told in advance, the government shall be broken up, unless we surrender to those we have beaten, before we take the offices."[359]

The outgoing president, Buchanan, a pro-slave man, menaces and reproaches him in the State of the Union address. Buchanan adds that in his view the federal government has no justification whatsoever for using force against a state.

Lincoln writes to Seward "I am inflexible."[360] But he is inflexible only in preserving the status quo. He does not want to aggrandize his authority, or emancipate slaves. He has already written off his forts in Charleston Harbor, now seized. He loathes the coming war. So do many Southerners, who hope and believe everything's all over. One Confederate lady writes in her diary: "We are divorced because we have hated each other so."[361] But others exult in the split. Robert Toombs, a Georgia state senator in the Union before the war, and then the Confederacy's secretary of state, utters a gloating expletive and goes on, "animated by an almost fiendish malignancy": *"If I were to die tomorrow, I should care to have but one epitaph cut in my tombstone: 'Here lies the man who destroyed the Republic of the U.S.'"*[362]

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY THROUGH LOGIC

Lincoln's propositions desperately multiply. Now he says that no state can secede because there were *never* any states, only dependent colonies—who became independent precisely by federating under the Constitution—and dependent territories. No state can secede because a government has never yet given the governed the means to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

destroy that government. (This goes against Jefferson's talk of all men's revolutionary right to overthrow their government. It also goes against the spirit of authority's legitimacy-through-consensus.) No state can secede because all states have benefited from federal moneys and services, which no state has ever repaid.[363] No state can secede because all states joined together, so all must leave together.[364] All these arguments of his are as the bent and jointed corpses soon to be wrapped around the boulders of Little Round Top, which is to say that they have no strength, no motive-power, particularly from a man who insists that sovereignty comes from the people. Where does he actually stand? A tired old diplomatic historian remarks in another context that "there must always be a fairly wide gap between the arguments that governments use behind closed doors and their public defence of them;"[365] the applicability of that aphorism to Southern secessionist discourse we shall shortly see, but it surely applies to Lincoln himself. I imagine that his personal impulse at this moment must simply be, as any other chief executive's would, to learn how to control this new machinery of power over which he's just now been temporarily set. He desires neither to mar it, nor reduce its scope of operation; he isn't certain which levers to pull, or, in general, whether to slow it down to prevent a catastrophe, or speed it up to show his mastery.

Do you remember what Trotsky said? "What moves things is not the piston or the box, but the steam," the energy of human beings en masse. To be sure, seccession is a vast and consensual mass movement. What ought Lincoln to do about it?

He pontificates on. "Physically speaking, we cannot separate," he says, and, "can aliens make treaties easier than friends can make laws?"[366] These are both worthy points. They prove the secessionists' hubris and stupidity. They do not, however, prove any absence of right. In her declaration of secession, South Carolina writes that "where no arbiter is provided" between a state and the federal union, "each party is remitted to his own judgment to determine the fact of failure, with all its consequences."[367] This, I am afraid, is fair, just and right. There is only one valid moral argument which I can see for prohibiting secession, and the president does not make it, save by implication: namely, that secession would injure, perhaps to death, those who stayed behind, who therefore are justified by imminent self-defense in vetoing the dissolution. And, frankly, I don't see any imminence here.

But the South for her part has excellent reason to feel injured. First of all, Lincoln's against them. His "House Divided" speech, however purely rhetorical it might have been, is a call to action against her institutions. His public attacks on Douglas have left a decidedly unpleasant taste. His opposition to the Supreme Court's decision that Dredd Scott was not a man but a unit of cattle does not go down well in South Carolina. In short, either Lincoln means slavery no good or else he is a hypocrite. In either case, the South does not want him.

Secondly, even though southerners never wanted Lincoln, it could not prevent him from being voted in.[368] He's been imposed on them; he doesn't dominate them by consent; his authority over them therefore *is not legitimate.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF PREEXISTING AUTHORITY IS JUSTIFIED:[369]

1. When the authority has not been proven unjust; and when failure to defend it will injure or destroy it. [Incumbency has a lower standard to meet than revolutionary authority, simply because overthrowing it would cause turmoil and violence. See moral calculus, 1.1.3.]
2. When mutual affection exists between authority and its subjects, and when the defense is motivated by that affection.
3. When the leaders' authority is peacefully revocable on the part of the led.
4. When authority directs its defense so as to commit the least possible harm. [In other words, when it obeys proportionality and discrimination. See 5.1.2.1, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.].

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF PREEXISTING AUTHORITY IS UNJUSTIFIED:[370]

(in other words, one may fairly rise up against it)

1. When that defense in and of itself permanently aggrandizes the authority, as opposed to merely maintaining it. [Example: Lincoln's victory in the American Civil War was justified certainly by the abolition of slavery it brought about, and arguably by the fact that the South attacked first. But one result of his victory, and the main point for which he fought—federal control—was not justified.]
2. When the dispute does not imminently endanger authority and when authority nonetheless refuses to entertain the idea of reconciliation.
3. When authority has no "empathetic bridge" to the masses or the opposition.
4. When that defense aims at permanently excluding or debasing a portion of the governed.
5. When authority offers no release from obedience in the event of disagreement with it.
6. When self-defense comprises mere defense of unity.
7. When it does not generally take place at a steady and moderate tempo [revolutionary authority, as we have seen, is briefly excepted from this].
8. When authority invokes more violent power than it needs to in a given case.
9. When authority is not legitimate in the first place. [See moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.4.]

INDICATIONS OF ILLEGITIMATE AUTHORITY

• When authority can unilaterally abrogate the social contract.

[Note: Authority's subjects may, however, do just that. See moral calculus, 5.2.B caveat.]

REMINDER: Authority cannot legitimize itself merely by refraining from violence, or even by rewarding its dependents. [Julius Caesar: "I myself am never happier than when pardoning suppliants."][371]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Descriptions of Illegitimate Authority

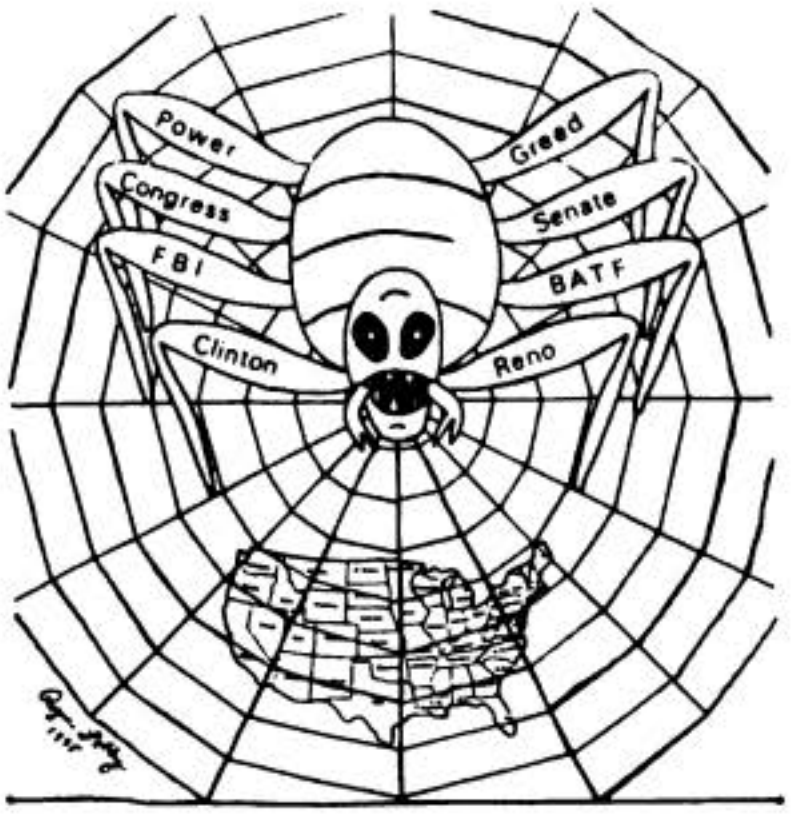
- When the officials are not assistants of the people, but constitute a ruling class.
- When the government performs its duties by force, not by affection.
- When the state does not enrich its citizens, but makes them poorer.
- When the state does not enhance liberties, but restricts them.
- When people do not feel safer under the government, but more threatened.
- When the people cannot peacefully revoke the social contract.

From the standpoint of the South,[372] Lincoln's administration failed conditions 2 and 3 of justified authority, and met conditions of 1, 5, 6 and 9 of unjustified authority. Moreover, from the descriptions of illegitimate authority immediately above (all of them derived either from our definitions of legitimate authority or else from Lincoln's fragment on government), it would seem that Lincoln's authority now partook of unjustifiability on every criterion: his officials constituted a ruling class, since they imposed on the South an unwanted social contract (this grievance gets recapitulated in the last item on the list); mutual affection was certainly gone; economic competition between slave and free states was in fact impoverishing the South; the South's right to secede was not upheld, and its right to hold slaves undermined; hence it followed that Southerners felt threatened. Considerable wrong lay on Lincoln's side.

"JUST LITTLE NIGGERS"

Slavery itself I would have preferred to consider separately from secession, but unfortunately it is impossible to do so in this chapter at least.[373] As Carlyle would say, ah, the rights of man versus the *mights* of man! All the grievances of the Confederate States, including their claims of Constitutional violations, ultimately have to do with actual and perceived interference with this institution. What is more, we can peer forward a century and *still*, sad to say, find the phrasing of states' rights being pressed into service to encode racism! In 1958 the National States Rights Party, a friend and sometimes a rival of the Ku Klux Klan (the two organizations have overlapping membership), will constitute itself as a "white racist party" dedicated to expelling blacks and Jews from the USA.[374] In September of 1963, a church in Birmingham, Alabama, will be dynamite-bombed, killing four black girls. The United Florida Ku Klux Klan will happen to have a rally that same month, and the featured speaker will be one Charles Conley "Connie" Lynch, minister of the gospel, and incidentally associated with that same National States Rights Party. The well-named Reverend Lynch, whose categorization process functions very much like that of a good Party cadre rounding up kulaks in the Ukraine, explains why the white race is now better off:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



NUDE JUICE BAR FORETOLD!

By Joe Strawmier

In September of 1994, We the People newspaper, told our readers, and the Board of Supervisors, what we had found out about the intentions of Earl Polhamous. How that he intended to open a Nude Juice Bar in Linda called Earl's Golden Foxes. Linda area's Supervisor at the time of our report was Joan Saunders, who during a Board meeting, told the 140+ citizens gathered to voice their complaints over the Nude Juice Bar, "If he has a juice bar, they will be able to sell juice, but those people will have clothes on. THERE WILL BE NO DANCING GIRLS." We told her and those present in our articles and at the podium, that it was not true. We told how Mr. Polhamous had told us himself of his intentions. We also informed Mr. Al Amaro, of the same and his response was, we needed to get our facts straight before we make comments in our paper. Mr. Amaro is now the Linda area Supervisor and working hard at it.

It was reported to use that 3 hours after opening, Mr. Polhamous told his girls (total being about 15) to take their tops off. He was soon closed down by the Sheriff's department. We were told Mr. Polhamous allegedly said he was going to file some papers so that he could have his girls totally nude.

When we voiced this last September, we were told it was going to affect our credibility

The aggression of federal authority as diagrammed in Of the People, By the People, and For the People *newspaper (1995)*

> They ain't children. They're just little niggers ... it wasn't no shame they was killed. Why? Because when I go out to kill rattlesnakes, I don't make no difference between little rattlesnakes and big rattlesnakes, because I know it is the nature of all rattlesnakes to be my enemies and poison me if they can.[175]

Can we blame the Confederacy for Reverend Lynch, or Reverend Lynch for the Confederacy? Of course not. But when a term first sullied by slavery continues to be sullied a hundred years later by murderous bigotry, we ought to consider very carefully when we join an organization concerned with "states' rights" that we are in fact using that phrase, as opposed to letting something else use us. —Noted. Now, if we can set connotation aside, and strictly consider denotation, we may, as stated, consider the concept of states' rights to be justified by social contract theory—but let's keep in mind what the Confederacy wants to do with those rights. They see the Missouri Compromise and its resulting legislation as their doom-knell, for if future states conceived from the territories will not be permitted to have slavery, then sooner or later a quorum of abolitionist states will amend the Constitution in prohibition of slavery. Abolitionist sentiment in general terrifies and enrages them, evasions of the Fugitive Slave Law the same; the capture and trial of John Brown have given their spleen the proof of conspiracy that it yearned for: Republicans were behind it! The South in 1860 has much the same feelings as it would have had in 1960 had a Trotskyite President been elected and had he announced that the United States cannot stand half privatized, half nationalized; all private property must go sooner or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

later. This dangerous President, Abraham Lincoln, has said exactly that about the South's property;[376] and they believe him to be far more energetic about the matter than he actually is. In Georgia, some are already crying for "resistance to the rule of Lincoln and his Abolitionist horde."[377] —He has not even been inaugurated yet! — "Be it resolved by the legislature of the state of Mississippi that, in the opinion of those who now constitute the said legislature, the secession of each aggrieved state is the proper remedy for these injuries."[378]

For this reason I am compelled to state: Lincoln was wrong to prohibit secession, but that secession was largely in the pursuit of an immoral end. The outcome, which neither Lincoln nor the South expected, was a good one: the formal destruction of slavery within the United States.

LINCOLN'S ECHO (SERBIA, 1993)

"It is logical to start with the fundamental crime—crime against peace, which is the origin of all other crimes. In the case of Yugoslavia this is a forcible secession of the republics and recognition of secessionist republics."[379] Thus the Serbian federalists' explanation for the Yugoslavian civil war which began in 1991. The Serbs committed many, many war crimes, "because they had more bullets," as one Croat told me.[380] They were widely condemned; they stood against the self-determination of Slovenia, Croatia, Bosnia. And yet their argument was Lincoln's. If they were wrong in their end (set their means aside), so was he.

IS THERE ANY ALTERNATIVE TO AUTHORITY?[381]

Here is a good place to pause, to step back and ask once again: *When is defense of authority justified?* We have already heard a number of answers. Now consider the most extreme position, the anarchist position. In 1894, less than halfway through his fourteen-year stretch in a Pennsylvania jail, Alexander Berkman decides that Robert Burns, once one of his favorite poets, "seems inadequate, powerfully as he moves my spirit with his deep sympathy for the poor, the oppressed." Why? Because Burns is blind to causes.

> "man's inhumanity to man" is not the last word. The truth lies deeper. It is economic slavery, the savage struggle for a crumb, that has converted mankind into wolves and sheep. In liberty and communism, none would have the will or the power "to make countless thousands mourn." Verily, it is the system, rather than individuals, that is the source of pollution and degradation.[382]

If the deep truth is economic slavery, then surely the literal enslavement of black people by white people in the antebellum South is the "system." (Here I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

recall again the Unabomber's desperate words—he would hate Berkman's "leftism," of course: "It would be better to dump the whole stinking system and take the consequences.")[383]

Ask yourself this: To what extent are the words of Reverend Lynch his own, and to what extent are they those of "the system"? If there were no system, would Reverend Lynch be any different? I think he would not. How, therefore, would he be restrained from encouraging and perhaps inciting the murder of children? If we liquidated Reverend Lynch, wouldn't another Reverend Lynch be born sooner or later? If we imprisoned him or monitored him, wouldn't we need "the system" to do it?

"In liberty and communism, none would have the will or the power 'to make countless thousands mourn.'" It would be easy to say that Stalin, Lenin and Trotsky proved the opposite. Of course they did not. An anarchist would argue (as Berkman later did—and so did Stalin, Lenin and Trotsky in their separate ways) that the Russian Revolution achieved only an impure sort of communism. Very well. What would?

Were Alexander Berkman presented with the means to suppress slavery—weapons factories, plus authority's machinery of conscription—what would he do with them? He once said—and here he sounds like his enemy Trotsky—that "the individual—or any number of them—cannot be weighed against the interests of humanity."[384] Presumably, that means that he would conscript the unwilling and defeat the slaveholders, which is just what Lincoln did. In short, he would be—for the short term, at least—a conventional head of state, the antithesis of an anarchist, indeed, the target of the anarchist (during Berkman's prison term, an anarchist killed President McKinley). If his anarchistic scruples were through some unlikely chance to prevent this very militant man of action from proceeding against the South, then he would be guilty of maintaining "the system" in its worst form.

If I were Berkman, I would probably denounce this choice as a false one. I would call it "everlasting pessimism."[385] There *must* be a way to render the Reverend Lynches harmless forever, without institutionalized coercion! Give me an army, I'd say, and I would use it to carry out class warfare throughout the United States. Destroy capitalism, and slavery-capitalism must perish. —But again I say to Berkman: To do this on any significant scale, you must employ authority.

THE RIGHTS OF STATES (CONTINUED)

The quantitative political scientist Jack Nagel has pointed out in a dryly excellent book reeking of equations the meaninglessness of referring to a person's "power"; the questions to be asked are: Power over *what?* At what time and in what place?[386] Let us then concentrate Lincoln's degree of control over two particular "dependent vari-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ables": states' rights,[387] and slavery. Nagel has coined another useful term: "autonomous preference,"[388] meaning one's personal disposition to influence an outcome. This may always be realigned, should other people or forces of power lean on one hard enough.

At Lincoln's inauguration, then, his official authority over states' rights was deeply debatable. His autonomous preference was a very strong inclination to subordinate them to federal power—in other words to prohibit secession. Secession having already occurred, we would have to say that his actual *power* over states' rights—his ability to affect them—must also be considered very small.[389] As far as slavery was concerned, his autonomous preference for abolition, for all his private feelings about "those poor creatures," was nonexistent: he would not permit slavery to spread above the line of the Missouri Compromise if he could help it; other than that (despite what some Southern demagogues claimed) he didn't mind sitting on his hands. For this reason, his power over slavery in 1861 was almost nil.

By 1865, like Trotsky, he had imposed his autonomous disposition by force (it helped that after his men were fired on and vanquished at Fort Sumter, he had collective honor in his war chest: defense of unity, defense against insult, defense of *esprit de corps*). His authority over states' rights was now very high; Lee's surrender at Appomatox, and therefore Lincoln's dominance over the former Confederate States of America, was almost unconditional. His authority over slavery had similarly and correspondingly grown, even though his autonomous disposition for abolition was not unambiguously zealous, thanks no doubt to his consciousness of the restraints of law and consensus upon his power. His advisers usually gave him military rather than moral arguments for emancipation,[390] and the Preliminary Emancipation Proclamation was just that—preliminary. (In 1861 one of his generals, John C. Frémont, had issued an edict of emancipation in Missouri; fearing that neighboring Kentucky's rebel sentiments would harden, Lincoln had forced him to eat his words.) The lag between this statement of intent and the actual emancipation decree the following year shows that his power here (perhaps, too, his intention) was less than robust.[391] The necessity to put pressure on the Confederacy, and the expectations of some but by no means all of the electorate, surely helped bring about this outcome, but it hardly occurred at a tempo which would have satisfied Trotsky.

There are two situations in which a politician's authority can exceed his actual power: weakness—as was the case at the beginning of Lincoln's first term, thanks both to popular discontent and to the manipulations of elites within his own party—and restraint, which marked the end of his government, and which, other moral considerations being equal, is always to be commended. Defense of authority is more likely to be justified when authority refrains from invoking all the power which it can invoke; because foregoing some power proves that power alone (i.e., despotism) is not its end.[392] If we wished to qualify further, we could say that Lincoln's influence over state sovereignty was marked by great authority and power

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and by considerable restraint; while his influence over slavery showed great authority, and considerable power, with perhaps almost as much weakness as restraint.

In practice, both the authority which Lincoln claimed over the South, and the power he exercised, were limited. Having achieved his primary object of reunification, and his corollary one of emancipation, he was satisfied; he'd achieved his war aims.[393]

The authority which Trotsky represented during the Russian Civil War, and the power which he expressed at the same time, were limited only by the forces opposing him. Moreover, his power, being arbitrary and lethal without appeal, was even greater than his authority, which had to pay lip service to proletarian consensualism. Thus in this respect the two men were opposites.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS MILITARY COMMAND

"If you don't Resign we are going to put a spider in your dumpling...," runs a letter to him from this period, "suck my prick and call my Bolics your uncle Dick god dam a fool and goddam Abe Lincoln who would like you goddam you excuse me for using such hard words with you but you need it you are nothing but a goddam Black nigger." Then comes the triumphant postscript: "Tennesse Missouri Kentucky Virginia N. Carolina and Arkansas is going to secede Glory be to god on high."[394]

He grants that marching his armies into South Carolina would be invasion and coercion—but not if South Carolina seizes the forts and imposts he's received in trust for the Union.[395] South Carolina insists that he surrender Fort Sumter. Secession has already been consummated; the Union retains no right to the property of this born-again sovereign state. (Old General Scott, commander of his armies, advises compliance for practical reasons. So do most of his cabinet.) He pleads in his inaugural address for all to think carefully and slowly upon the grave step they contemplate.[396] Virginia still tries to keep out of it. Jefferson Davis sends envoys to arrange an amicable divorce, but he refuses to receive them, because in his mind their government is but pretended and he will not encourage any to believe otherwise. Toward the seceded states he forbears, saying only that he will hold his forts and collect his imposts. (Is he too busy to read his foreign dispatches? That most reactionary of autocracies, Russia, has just now freed its serfs from slavery. Meanwhile, in the shining democracy of Washington and Jefferson, they're still lynching uppity niggers.)

When two people in a small room are on the verge of a quarrel, they can sometimes delay or even avoid it by pretending not to notice one another. Should the Confederates simply refrain from attacking his forts, he'll let them be. But Fort Sumter needs provisioning quite urgently now. The fulfillment of that task must involve federal movements, disembarkations of troops and porters who wear his hated federal livery, clatterings of wagons, draggings of bean-sacks, rollings of hogsheads filled with salt pork—how will they be able to maintain their pretense of his non-existence then?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

To avoid alarming them, he announces the operation. It is not and will not be an attack. He even offers to be discreet about it, in order to avoid provoking further lawlessness. But his defense of authority now encounters their defense of fresh-born homeland. Insurgents fire on his troops, and take Fort Sumter.

Naturally, Jefferson Davis tells this story differently. We must, however, grant that Davis is accurate in relating that the Union commander of Sumter, Anderson, was sent home with all honors. The Confederate States of America have no wish to torment or humiliate their former government; they too would keep peace if they could—well, some of them.

The Maryland legislature convokes. Lincoln knows that they may well call their rebels to arms, but he will not violate their constitutional right to assembly. And they call to arms.

Walt Whitman will later remember the fateful moments of the war, and of Lincoln's career, as *silences*, from the very first time he sees Lincoln in New York City, Lincoln then unpopular almost to friendlessness, and this crowd which has cheered so many other dignitaries looks upon him with soundless hostility: Lincoln returns their gaze with pleasant curiosity, not apprehension.[397] Is this mere hagiography? I think not. His writings breathe an eloquent calm. Comes the news from Fort Sumter. At midnight, a man reads out the telegram to a crowd of some thirty or forty people who listen beneath a hotel's streetlamps, stand wordlessly, then dissolve. Whitman is there. Perhaps he feels then what his president feels. Next the Union loses at Bull Run; and in the drizzle, exhausted, filthy soldiers march or straggle into fearful Washington almost in silence, "half our lookers-on secesh of the most venomous kind—they say nothing; but the devil snickers in their faces."[398] Halfway through the war, Whitman goes to "look at the President's house" by moonlight, at "the palace-like, tall, round columns, spotless as snow." The sentries in their blue overcoats again are silent, "stopping you not at all, but eyeing you with sharp eyes, whichever way you move."[399] Whitman remembers how for fear of assassination the President had to be smuggled into the capitol for his own inauguration, and guarded at that ceremony by sharpshooters; with his earnest belief in popular sovereignty he hopes that this first such defense of highest authority in the United States will be the last; but one of history's many tasks is to prove to new nations that they are no more virtuous than anyone else. In the twentieth century, McKinley will be democratically approachable, and die from an anarchist's bullet; Kennedy will be murdered at a greater distance by another of John Wilkes Booth's spawn, the righteous loner, sovereign of his own self and hence answerable to no authority but that which he chooses to recognize[400]—this is freedom and manliness? God knows the self is sovereign, and thus has the right to rise up against tyrants, but who exactly is tyrant here? —Silence, always silence precedes the fateful change; the *act* is not the change, but its consequence. Silence at Lincoln's murder, says the chronicler-poet; Whitman's mother cooks as usual, but

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Union recruits

that day she and he cannot eat. Silence in the hospital tents; he becomes a volunteer nurse, distributing money, stationery, tobacco and berry preserves, writing letters and comforting those who would have him do so; when a soldier hangs between life and death the attendant puts a finger to her lips, warning others not to disturb him in his struggle.

And now another struggle is decided. Sumter is not the forgivable end (could Lincoln have forgiven even that?). I say again: The Maryland legislature have called disunionists to arms.

We see a picket fence, and trees painted white around their bases so that they resemble tombstones. Then, almost at the white horizon of the octagonally cupola'd courthouse of Natchez, Mississippi, we see a dark line of new Confederate recruits.

He announces a state of insurrection. "It was with the deepest regret," he says in his message to Congress, and I believe him, "that the Executive found the duty of employing the war-power, in defence of the government, forced upon him. He could but perform this duty, or surrender the existence of the government."[401] Now the ethical reflexes of self-defense twitch Union authority's great limbs into forcefulness. Grant, soldier but not yet supreme commander, writes to his wife: "There is such a feeling aroused through the country now as has not been known since the Revolution."[402] Unlike Trotsky, Lincoln will never have to shoot every tenth man, defense of his authority being both popular and well understood. Elizabeth Cady Stanton scribbles: "The age of bullets has come again; and a rotten aristocracy must be subdued by the only weapons they can feel ...This war is music in my ears."[403] In the South, of course, mustached, star-collared General Beauregard uses the word "invasion," calling Lincoln "a restless and unprincipled tyrant ... regardless of all moral, legal, and constitutional restraints."[404]

The people who've elected him send their president fresh butter, salmon, Dr. E.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Cooper's Magnetic Balm, patented unfermented bread, countless poems, a dictionary, a sofa cushion, a specific against constipation, a pair of live eagles, an ox, an honorary degree...[405] He is of them; he comes from them. (I wonder what gifts Trotsky got? Hadn't he already requisitioned everything?) But defense of the authority they've loaned him must inevitably become authoritarian. Start with authority's fists, the armies. Do you remember Napoleon's egalitarian, honor-bound braves? Napoleon, unlike Lincoln, cares not a fig for constitutionality or even for his own promises. But Napoleon owns (at the beginning, at least) superior striking force, as well as his own undeniable strategic genius. Besides, he is attacking in those early years, not defending. He can move fast to objectives of his own choosing; call him, if not the father, at least the grandfather of *Blitzkrieg.* And within his dominions he has secret police to enforce his authority. He can afford to urge his high-spirited young men on, to drag them by the leash of emulation. Lincoln's armies for their part begin with enthusiasm, not confidence. The Mexican war gave them some combat experience, but that was awhile ago, and nothing compared to Napoleon's graduates of a decade of foreign and domestic struggle. Lincoln has no secret police; his recruits are unaccustomed to discipline. They had, therefore, better not be allowed to run wild. ("I had perhaps a dozen officers arrested for cowardice in the first day's fight at this place," writes Grant. "These men are necessarily my enemies.")[406] With his usual elegant sourness, Sherman warns us how the wheels will turn:



Confederate recruits

> In the United States the people are the "sovereign," all power originally proceeds from them, and therefore the election of officers by the men is the common rule. This is wrong, because an army is not a popular organization, but an animated machine, an instrument in the hands of the Executive for enforcing the law, and maintaining the honor and dignity of the nation.[407]

In the same spirit, Grant accepts buried Jefferson's point that the people have the natural right to rise up, but makes of this a mere tautological plaything: they have the right to rebel only if they succeed! In other words, might makes right.[408] Having formed this self-serving and mediocre argument, Grant abruptly bolts far to the assertive forefront of Lincoln to utter what, depending on one's perspective, is either a brave declaration of a statesman's free will or else a chilling justification of Napoleonic arbitrariness:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> The fact is the constitution did not apply to any such contingency as the one existing from 1861 to 1865. Its framers never dreamed of such a contingency occurring. *If they had foreseen it, the probabilities are they would have sanctioned the right of a State or States to withdraw rather than that there should be war between brothers.*
>
> The framers were wise in their generation... It is preposterous to suppose that the people of one generation can lay down the best and only rules of government for all who come after them... We could not and ought not to be rigidly bound by the rules laid down under circumstances so different for emergencies so utterly unanticipated.[409]

This surely had been Jefferson's frame of mind in proclaiming the Act of Embargo against England—and, oddly enough, it will be by means of a sort of violent embargo that Lincoln, Grant and Sherman win their suppressive war against states' rights. Whenever they come into Confederate territory, the Union troops will be instructed to pull up the steel rails and bend them so that they can no longer convey enemy trains; they demolish, destroy, expel and strip. (If Jefferson had been opposed to the federal government's digging a canal or two in Virginia, I don't suppose he would have been any more pleased to allow it to literally burn his state's bridges.) "Suppress the entire press of Memphis for giving aid and comfort to the enemy," instructs Grant. As for one probable source of what a late twentieth century general would call "leaks," "I feel a strong inclination to arrest him and trust to find evidence against him afterwards."[410] Meanwhile Sherman has "deemed it to the interest of the United States" to turn Atlanta into an unpeopled military depot, just as Pol Pot will do a hundred and eleven years later with Phnom Penh. Pol Pot, however, drives out the citizens at gunpoint, their fate being to become starving slaves. Sherman at least lets them go where they will, and provides transportation for them and their personal effects at the commencement of their journey. General Hood, commanding the Confederate Army of Tennessee, addresses him by letter: "Permit me to say that the unprecedented measure you propose transcends, in studied and ingenious cruelty, all acts ever before brought to my attention in the dark history of war."[411] Sherman stingingly begs to differ: "If we must be enemies, let us be men, and fight it out as we propose to do, and not deal in such hypocritical appeals to God and humanity."[412] Sherman's sheer righteous mercilessness almost terrifies one in the reading, and one begins to think General Hood in the right until his response comes back: "You say, 'Let us fight it out like men.' To this my reply is—for myself, and I believe for all the true men, ay, and the women and children, in my country—we will fight you to the death! Better die a thousand deaths than submit to live under you or your Government and your negro allies!"[413] ("I have sworn not to take a prisoner," writes a Confederate soldier to his wife, "and I want to go out and kill some of them, will probably go tomorrow if I can get off.")[414] And now it is impossible not to comprehend what Sherman has always known, that war must be hate

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and measured cruelty, that the intransigence of the one is locked against the scorn and defiant bigotry of the other; and we understand why Lincoln in all his patient forbearance and sad hopeless hopefulness once stooped to accept the Missouri Compromise and the Fugitive Slave Law and even to call them right, not that they were; because compromise, however evil, having failed, the fruit was disunion, and disunion has bled the fraternity between these once United States as white as those twin ruts of dirt road, the Hagerstown Pike, which lies like two rib-bones touching the low white horizon; alongside of those are the real bones, mostly but no longer unanimously within the flesh of the dead: a knee drawn up sharp and steep in rigor mortis (the other leg down), a headless man embracing earth, as if he strives to find a way under; no doubt a Samaritan will help him get there. A body in bloody grass lies on its back, one hand on its bloated bloody belly, the other half-open and away. Legs and backs and shoulders rest between the Pike and the rail fence, forming their own Pike of Murder to lead us again to the horizon.[415] Imagine the smell. They're Stonewall Jackson's men, butchered fair and square by General Hooker on September 17, 1862, that day of more than twenty thousand casualties. A quarter mile away are more Confederate dead from that battle, crowded together in the long ditch called Bloody Lane, while from above, two silhouettes, Union men I suppose, look on.[416]

This victory consolidates the President's moral authority. Four months previous he'd rescinded Major General Hunter's premature and narrow emancipation decree for the South just as he'd done with General Frémont's decree in Missouri. Hunter's decree, in other words, was conceived as punishment. But now that so many men have died by violence beside the Hagerstown Pike and in Bloody Lane, in that vast and ghastly battle called Antietam, Lincoln feels able to issue his preliminary *general* emancipation proclamation within the week.[417] It's been written that he was the led rather than the leader in this, that Union soldiers especially were sick of aiding the "secceshes" particularly once they began to meet the legions of hungry and mutilated runaway slaves.[418] This may or may not be so. It is incontrovertible that at Lincoln's level of command authority, the deed has to be forced through. Various delegations of law professors, ex-Supreme Court justices and the like pass resolutions of protest against emancipation, "both on the grounds of its UNCONSTITUTIONALITY and inexpediency."[419] After all, how long has it been since the Secretary of War was writing to the Commander of the Department of Virginia: "It is the desire of the President that all existing rights, in all States, be fully respected and maintained"?[420]

In 1861 states' rights were still an ideal to be striven for, or at least yearned for. In 1862 they must be offered up on the altar of federalism. By the autumn of 1863, Grant, who like Sherman began with no particular abolitionist principles, who indeed had referred contemptuously a few months before the Emancipation Proclamation to cowardly "negro stealing,"[421] will write that "slavery is already dead and cannot be resurrected."[422] One slave freed by the Proclamation calls it "the sub-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

limest and most important State paper that had ever been sent out ... to the American people."[423]

The president is gradually finding his strength. He visits the battlefield three weeks after Hooker's success, curiously wooden in his stovepipe hat and dark suit, in profile with his hands at his sides (remember the long exposure). Detective Pinkerton stands behind him, button-columned in clusters of three, shorter than the president, and in a lesser hat; facing them is General McClerand, shortly to be promoted. Tents, a guy-line and trees complete this banal image of the Union's highest authority.[424] Usually a scene is banal because it is typical; in Lincoln's case, it is typical because it is banal. In Washington, for instance, Walt Whitman, who sees the president go riding by almost every day, often with his little boy beside him, has to grant that authority, accompanied by its obligatory security detail of a quarter of a hundred cavalry, "makes no great show in uniform or horses. Mr. Lincoln on the saddle generally rides a good-sized, easy-going gray horse, is dress'd in plain black, somewhat rusty and dusty, wears a black stiff hat, and looks about as ordinary in attire, &c., as the commonest man."[425] Once again I see in my republican mind's eye old Jefferson receiving the English minister, Merry, in a dirty shirt and heelless slippers, and I feel proud. Lincoln, as we say, is no Napoleon. He wants no splendor about him; that is scarcely his way. He defends not his own power, except as needed to defend the power entrusted to him. Unostentatiously and steadily he does his duty as he sees it, making mistakes and apologizing for them as he recognizes them, eating his defeats, meditating his victories, laying waste. Untrimmed in luxury's mantle, and popular, and remorseless—this is Trotsky, too. But Lincoln remains the compromiser; Trotsky demands total victory. Does Trotsky meditate on the dead he's made? —"The question is teleological and therefore fruitless." Lincoln does meditate on them. He understands all too well that violence is forcing North and South even farther apart. And he has no itch to annihilate the South. At the commencement of hostilities he would have restored everything to the old arrangement—Missouri Compromise and Fugitive Slave Law—if he could. Now he has made this promise, partly out of morality, partly out of expediency (for why have blacks on the enemy side when they can be, as General Hood calls them, allies?), and he will never go back on it. In time the Confederacy will sue for the old terms, and Lincoln will refuse. Meanwhile he suspends the writ of habeas corpus,[426] and civil war continues.

Here lies the field of Fredericksburg, where six times the Union troops attacked, and six times they were slaughtered. "Men fell almost in battalions... Late in the day the dead bodies, which had become frozen from the extreme cold, were stood up in front of the soldiers as protection against the awful fire to shield the living, and at night were set up as dummy sentinels."[427] —A constellation of dead men displays war's astronomy on the meadows of Gettysburg, where fifty thousand fell. The Confederates approach the crimson, swollen-bellied Union dead to take their guns

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and shoes.[428] Here stands a wagon-wheel at a tilt, like the wagon itself, now lacking the other wheel; a shell landed there, killing the horse which lies dark and heavy on its side, its mouth a black gape.[429] A Confederate sniper lies stiff and pale in the Devil's Den.[430] Here flourish only corpse-vermin and disunion unbridgeable—the empathetic bridge that Trotsky sneered at is nowhere to be found; had it existed, General Sherman would have been forced to burn it, or General Hood would have ordered it shelled. It is in Lincoln's temperament ever to search for one, which is perhaps why Whitman remarks upon the sadness of his eyes.[431] And it is the task of Generals Sherman and Hood (those two being subordinates unempowered to negotiate) to be as Trotsky. "This is the conclusion of our correspondence," writes Sherman coldly to his enemy counterpart, "which I did not begin, and terminate with satisfaction. I am, with respect, your obedient servant."[432] There remains to be dealt with the Mayor of Atlanta, who implores Sherman to revoke his order of expulsion. "Many poor women are in an advanced state of pregnancy... And how can they live through the winter in the woods—no shelter, or subsistence...?"[433] His tone, unlike General Hood's, is respectful and decent. He does not seek to enter into political quarrels with Sherman; his voice is but human and humane. He speaks to Sherman as one reasonable, compassionate man to another. And Sherman, who after all once had many Southern friends, responds to him not, as he did to Hood, with the anger of a medieval knight who's just slammed down his visor, not, like Pol Pot, with utterly untouchable, insane lethality, but with an explanation: "I ... give full credit to your statements of the distress that will be occasioned, and yet shall not revoke my orders, because they were not designed to meet the humanities of the case, but to prepare for the future struggles in which millions of good people outside of Atlanta have a deep interest... The use of Atlanta for warlike purposes is inconsistent with its character as a home for families."[434] Rising up and rising down! Two months later, beginning his unstoppable march to the sea, he abandons Atlanta, having first smashed and burned it.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS REFUSAL TO COMPROMISE

Lincoln is equally unstoppable. Emissaries from the Confederacy offer to settle everything, as we've seen, if only he will allow them to keep their slaves. Some loyalists still expect the same. A blue-clad fighter-memoirist is shocked to learn that the brother of the famous abolitionist Henry Ward Beecher "even now, with the proclamation of freedom ringing in his ears, did not hesitate to declare that the negro girl in a log-house near my tent did not belong to the same human family with himself."[435] In 1864 we find a white lady riding home in her buggy with two black women, one beside her, the other walking at the rear with her hands tied behind her back; the Union commander has given her a pass to bring these escapees back to servitude because "Mrs. Baker is a good loyal lady."[436] We must always remember the existence of such people and their dragging weight before daring to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Battle of Gettysburg (1863)

sneer at this President, this would-be "Great Compromiser." Yes, he hesitates to use black soldiers. A hundred and seventy-eight thousand blacks will eventually fight for the Union—for lower pay at first—and forty thousand of them will die in that fight. We're told that during his own Civil War, Trotsky will be inspired in part by the example of these black regiments to appeal to the peasant soldiers of the counterrevolutionary side: Come to us, and we'll emancipate you! Leave the Whites, join the Reds, and we'll share our land with you! One of Trotsky's loyal biographers calls the formation of the black regiments "the decisive turn" in Lincoln's Civil War,[437] and in retrospect it certainly was. But one can imagine the hardening, the very fossilization of hatreds, when the pro-slavers grasp that the Great Compromiser will no longer compromise. —Oh, he continues to think about sending all the Negroes back to Africa. He has no ambition of allowing colored suffrage or racial intermarriage. But his promise to black people, however belatedly made, however insufficient by the standards of the twentieth century, remains immensely progressive by the yardstick of his own time, when white women couldn't vote, either; moreover, it's a covenant which he'll never breach. This is the reason that one Union man who for the sake of *Realpolitik* is willing to vote for Lincoln over McClellan in the 1864 election still wishes "heartily however we had a new man in the place of Lincoln, a man who was not bound personally, as it were, in honor by the emancipation proclamation."[438] In this voter we have the human average: not evil, not base, merely self-interestedly callous. He exemplifies one powerful motivation for the cause of states' rights.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AUTHORITY'S COMPULSION

What we can be sure of is that the soldiers Union and Confederate are not dying for "states' rights" or any such murderous abstraction, but rather for other abstractions equally out of their control. Defense of creed, ground, homeland, war aims, don't forget those! Defense of honor, naturally, takes its usual myriad positions: honor as renown, honor as careerist prestige, honor as "doing the right thing" for country and personal pride, and, above all, collective honor as expediently defined by mass politicians. And we mustn't leave out simple coercion—authority's surest defense.

Nor, as we've seen, does Sherman, more bleak and to the point than his president and his commanding general, save much time for highfalutin philosophizing about states' or revolutionaries' rights. "They were manifestly the aggressors, and we could only defend our own by assailing them."[439] (A countervailing opinion: "Abe must die, and now," runs a letter.)[440] But in the end Sherman's rationale for violent defense of authority is much the same as his superiors'. Rules and rights must be held over the fire of war and twisted ruinously like those steel rails—but only as an emergency expedient, not as a precedent for twisting rights in the peacetime to come. "No President has carried the power of presidential edict and executive order (independent of Congress) as far as he did," a historian writes.[441] It was nothing compared to what Trotsky dared.

In 1862 Lincoln receives a letter of bitter complaint because a reverend in Pennsylvania was arrested merely for complaining about the care of wounded Union soldiers; the president's response is no longer known to us.[442] In 1863 the *Chicago Times* is arbitrarily commanded to cease printing; upon receiving a petition signed by the Mayor of Chicago, Lincoln rescinds the suspension.[443] In the occupied portions of the South, other such rails do not get so easily untwisted. "Unfortunately," Sherman soothes the Mayor of Memphis, now fallen into his power, "at this time, civil war prevails in the land, and necessarily the military, for the time being, must be superior to the civil authority, but it does not therefore destroy it."[444]

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS REJECTION OF PUBLIC OPINION

Defense of authority, though? If authority is predicated on prestige, as Napoleon's partly was, then the President has little by now. In his own party, "Bluff Ben Wade," Zachariah Chandler and Thaddeus Stevens are out for his blood. The *New York Herald*, jeering at his stereotypical humor, calls him "a joke incarnate."[445] Here is a cartoon in *Harper's* from the year when he finally proclaims the general edict of emancipation. The war is still going badly. Desperate, white-robed Matron Columbia begs him: "Where are my 15,000 Sons—murdered at Frederickburg?"—Lincoln: "That reminds me of a little Joke."[446] For all her enthusiastic bellicosity, Elizabeth Cady Stanton writes to Susan B. Anthony about the incapacity and rot-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tenness of his administration, and says that all administrations are the same; every four years they ought to be swept out like pigsties.[447] New York, Ohio, Illinois, Pennsylvania and Indiana, who'd once given him their electoral votes, grant them to the Democrats instead. One historian sums up contemporary opinion about him during the worst war years as "a President who offended moderates without satisfying extremists."[448] Political historians, with all their interesting coefficients and ratios of power, could easily produce from public and private sources the portrait of an impotent do-gooder.[449]

But Grant and Sherman, never a praetorian guard, will stand by him; and they care not overmuch for public opinion. Although Sherman begins by warning his troops that straggling and pillaging are capital crimes,[450] he soon begins to send them on organized "foraging" expeditions to strip the South of whatever his remorselessly marching armies need.[451] This they enjoy hugely; we can almost see in the air above them the ghosts of the not at all organized robbing parties of Napoleon's troops, who'd been likewise compelled to live off the country. And the war continues, and Union prisoners-of-war starve to death in the Southern concentration camp called Andersonville, whose commandant will after the war be hanged, and emancipation continues. The president writes to a lieutenant-colonel suspected of impressing blacks into the army by torture: "You must not force negroes any more than white men. Answer me on this."[452] Against the wishes of "a large number of respectable citizens" in New York, he has already refused to commute a slave-dealer's sentence of hanging;[453] this will be the first time in the United States that the statute penalty has ever been enforced on one of these monsters. And Sherman triumphs, Grant triumphs and Lincoln triumphs.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS GROWTH OF AUTHORITY

Lincoln was a very consistent man, and I believe that I do him no injustice in simplifying his position as follows: The wrong of slavery must not be extended (which slaveholders took as a threat to starve them out); its abolition would delight him, but ending bondage must take second place to union and constitutionality. "Mr. Lincoln did not enter with reluctance upon the plan of emancipation," insists Congressman Arnold, "if he did not act more promptly, it was because he knew he must not go faster than the people."[454] Once the war had begun, it probably gave him gratification to be able to proclaim emancipation without violating the Missouri Compromise or the Fugitive Slave Act, which the secessionists, by seceding, had already annulled. I've said that other unconstitutional measures brought about by military necessity, such as the suspension of habeas corpus, were, like Jefferson's embargo, simply emergency measures, but their employment, and above all the victory of the Union side, brought about, through the simple logic of "spoils to the victor," an immense expansion of federal power; so that the right of a state to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

resist road-building and canal-digging became less and less heard of.[455] Arnold puts down as a "settled question" that "no State can by secession, nullification, nor by any act short of successful revolution, absolve any citizen from that allegiance and the obligation to obey the laws of the Nation."[456] After Reconstruction, John Roy Lynch, Representative from Mississippi, by his complexion and by his former employment (a slave) walking proof of his own thesis, courteously disdained "impractical State rights theorists" who seemed "to forget that the Constitution as it is is not in every respect the Constitution as it was."[457]

Should we be sorry? The federal government's murder of a woman who was doing nothing more threatening than holding her baby in her arms (Ruby Ridge, 1992) was simply a crime; the FBI sniper and his superiors should have been convicted of first-degree murder (or, at the least, negligent homicide) and sentenced like "ordinary" citizens. Of course, in 1862 a posse comitatus in one of the sovereign states might have proudly lynched any number of innocent black men, which federal authority now undoubtedly keeps some devotees of local right from doing. The new Constitution to which Representative Lynch was referring was something to be proud of when, in 1957, enforcing school desegregation in Little Rock over the violence of white racists, Arkansas paratroopers made "a show of federal power in a southern state."[458]

I certainly am glad that the Union won the Civil War. Were it possible to leave slavery out of the equation (which it isn't), I still wouldn't be sorry. But the natural process by which successful authority enlarges itself depresses me. *Defense of authority is unjustified when that defense in and of itself permanently aggrandizes the authority.* But *defense of authority is justified when the authority is not proven unjust and when failure to defend it will injure or destroy it*—in other words, here is our old friend, the right to self-defense. Certainly it would be even sadder to have to fight the Civil War a second time; there can be no question of state secession any more—as long as the federal government follows Constitution and custom, which is now an open question. State sovereignty was, as we've seen, never well defined in the Constitution; Lincoln's victory continued the process which Jefferson's embargo had begun of defining the usage.

Another way to say this is that from the point of view of the Founding Fathers, Lincoln's defense of authority was unjust. The consensus upon which authority justifies itself has, however, changed; and I suspect that nobody in Virginia really minds anymore when the federal government pays to improve their sector of an interstate highway.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY AS DEFENSE AGAINST AUTHORITY

There remains only one last hope for states' rights:[459] John Wilkes Booth. Call him the Confederacy's John Brown. (He was, in fact, one of the militiamen present at the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hanging of John Brown.) Did he take time to justify, he might go back to that sixteenth century justifier of tyrannicide, "Junius Brutus," whom we've already quoted: "Seeing that the people choose and establish their kings, it follows that the whole body of the people is above the king." The whole body of the people elected Lincoln to the presidency, and Booth has not been given any letters-patent by the whole body of the people; nonetheless, he might perhaps argue (were he given more to argumentation than declamation) that insulted sovereignty demands extreme measures for the removal of the federal stranglehold. Thus Booth and his fellow conspirators take upon themselves—arrogate to themselves!—the grand self-rights, and self-righteousness, of thousands. Booth crouches ready; how can he not see that his cruelty will be of vain effect, that neither ends nor means will serve? He stalks into Ford's Theatre, "his eyes like some mad animal's flashing with light and resolution,"[460] and shoots Lincoln in the back of the head. Silence for a moment, says Whitman, as always; then Mrs. Lincoln screams, and the President's security detail, authority's failed defense, come vainly charging and cursing.



John Wilkes Booth

Oh, a victory for states' rights indeed! A year later, one of the causes of the ferociously anti-black riot in Memphis is a confrontation between white policemen and drunken, demobilized colored soldiers who are cheering the memory of Abraham Lincoln. A policeman answers them with what Booth's shade must surely deem a witty punchline: "Your old father, Abe Lincoln, is dead and damned."[461]



Assassination at Ford's Theater

Grant, however, mourns his president, and gives him this elegy: "I knew his goodness of heart, his generosity, his yielding disposition, his desire to have everybody happy, and above all his desire to see all the people of the United States enter again upon the full privileges of citizenship with equality among all."[462] And here is Sherman, whose summations of character often range from testy to contemptuous: "Of all the men I ever met, he seemed to possess more of the elements of greatness, combined with goodness, than any other."[463] Scorned and despised though he often was in life, the dead Lincoln is sincerely mourned.[464] A century later, he will be equally admired and quoted by the Viet Cong and by the Viet Cong's arch-foe, President Johnson. Lincoln never was a despot, although war required him sometimes to act despotically.[465] Between himself and the people lay a degree of mutual regard, maybe even love. Perhaps it is just this which gives authority's self-defense its best guarantee of justifiability.

And now for authority's final retributive defense. In Alexander Gardner's photograph taken at the Old Arsenal Prison in Washington, one sees the line of troops

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Lincoln on his deathbed

upon the high brick wall, as many of them as teeth. Their shadows dangle downwards on the wall. Next one sees the huddled shine of some strange, ribbed polygonal convexity: They've given Mary Surratt, the first white American woman to receive the honor of a hanging,[466] a parasol against the hot sun. She sits gazing at the noose which limply waits in front of her. To her left waits Lewis Paine, the tall, grim youth who, yelling, "I'm mad, I'm mad!", stabbed the Secretary of State and injured his sons—he justifies violence "because it was my duty," and his defense attorney will call him "the legitimate moral offspring of slavery, State rights, chivalry, and delusion;"[467] David Herold, who surrendered to the 16th New York Cavalry (beside him, John Wilkes Booth had refused to surrender, and died of what was probably a self-inflicted gunshot wound) and then their obscurer accomplice George Atzerodt, who is equally memorable, witnesses have said, for his goodnatured disposition and for his cowardice. He admits his acquiescence in the conspiracy to kidnap, but says he rejected any notion of assassination.[468] The photographer's flash powder explodes.[469] (Their nooses sway in the breeze during the exposure, so we see but rope-ghosts in this print.) A cluster of clergy minister about the doomed; one is whispering into each of Mrs. Surratt's ears. Then slanting beams lead the eye down to the shaded under-story where soldiers await the order to break out the vertical beams without which the trap will spring. In the weedy grass, a knot of invited auditors stand ready to witness this first and final act, with many more soldiers behind them.[470]



The execution of Booth's collaborators

As for the South itself, Grant writes to his wife a few days after the president's assassination: "The suffering that must exist in the South the next year, even with the war ending now, will be beyond conception."[471]

TROTSKY AND LINCOLN

In his series of articles about California migrant laborers, John Steinbeck, using the word "dignity" not in any sense of individual aggrandizement but as "a register of a man's responsibility to the community," argued that "a man herded about, surrounded by armed guards, starved and forced to live in filth loses his dignity; that is, he loses his valid position in regard to society, and consequently his whole ethics toward society."[472] It was 1936. Halfway around the world from the pea fields and eucalyptus groves, from the lines at government water-taps and the shanties made of Kotex boxes, from the gaunt, tired Americans in their dusty overalls and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

faded print dresses, the Soviet show trials were growing their bumper crop of heads.[473] Steinbeck's words powerfully and simply explain why the measures employed by Trotsky, and to a far greater degree by Stalin, were wrong. Lincoln's defense of authority, as we have seen, was based on the very debatable premise that he had the right to prevent secession. Trotsky's aim was the infinitely nobler one of creating a better society. Lincoln got his hands dirty by compromising with slavery. Trotsky got his hands dirty by refusing to compromise with divergent opinion. Lincoln believed, as Trotsky did not, in a *preexisting and potentially universal* mutuality between the leaders and the governed,[474] which ought to be continued—hence his mild prescriptions for Reconstruction. Trotsky also understood that that authority, to be legitimate, must create and maintain that mutuality; but whereas Lincoln proposed to maintain that mutuality by force—he would not let the South go—Trotsky proposed to exclude from it by force all active and potential counterrevolutionaries. His writings give us no certainty that he would not have treated the kulaks as brutally as Stalin did.[475] Surely the Bolsheviks, having inherited a social contract of sorts with *all* the people in the USSR, including the peasants, who never overtly rose up on a mass scale (they didn't have the weapons to do so), but simply resisted forced requisitions and collectivization, should have respected that contract.

The destruction of Atlanta by Sherman can debatably be justified on the grounds of necessity. The destruction of millions of civilians over a period of decades by the Cheka and its successors cannot. Authority may or may not have the right to maintain itself by force. This right implies the right to temporary enlargement, just as a householder being threatened with death by an intruder has the right *at that moment*, and at that moment only, to kill the intruder if he can. Authority never has the right to unilaterally enlarge itself by force, maintaining that enlargement long beyond any reasonable definition of a crisis.[476] (Trotsky insisted that authority now embodied the will of the progressive class; Hitler and Robespierre, that they embodied the general will. The fact that all three so frequently employed violence against their people proved that they did not embody any general will except in some potential phantasm of form.) This is why Lincoln was ultimately more justified than Trotsky, not necessarily in his goals but certainly in his methods; and why, when the two men were each assassinated, Trotsky was mourned only by the converted, but Lincoln became almost a folk saint.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

6.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

WHEN IS OBEDIENCE TO AUTHORITY REQUIRED?

A. Bakunin

> "*Authority*—a word and a thing which we detest with all our hearts..."[477]

B. Alexander Berkman, anarchist and would-be assassin

> "The removal of a tyrant is not merely justifiable; it is the highest duty of every true revolutionist... the killing of a tyrant, of an enemy of the People, is in no way to be considered as the taking of a life."[478]

C. Ron Huber, ecodefender of trees

> "I'm saying, take the law into your own hands. That's all you have to do. If you just go by their laws, then down come the trees, up goes the slash in smoke. Instead of having this gorgeous jungle of vines and mushrooms, chipmunks and squirrels and birds and fungus and bacteria and old-growth trees holding the whole world up, you'll have crispy critters."[479]

D. Dostoyevsky

> "After all what am I worth, that another man, a fellow creature, made in the likeness and image of God, should serve me?"[480]

E. Jefferson

> "I am convinced that those societies (as the Indians) which live without government enjoy in their general mass an infinitely greater degree of happiness than those who live under the European governments... Among the latter, under pretence of governing they have divided their nations into two classes, wolves & sheep."[481]

F. Robespierre (early)

> "The instant a people gives itself representatives, it is no longer free: it no longer exists."[482]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

G. Gandhi

"A few hundred, maybe a few thousand, such spotless deaths will once for all put an end to the riots. Surely a few hundred young men and women giving themselves deliberately to mob fury will be any day a cheap and braver method of dealing with such madness than the display and use of the police and the military."[483]

"Co-operation with a just Government is a duty; non-co-operation with an unjust Government is equally a duty."[484]

H. Antoine de Saint-Exupéry

"It is easy to establish a society upon the foundation of rigid rules. It is easy to shape the kind of man who submits blindly and without protest to a master, to the precepts of the Koran. The real task is to succeed in setting man free by making him master of himself."[485]

I. Jean-Paul Sartre, to Charles de Gaulle

"Real justice must derive its strength equally from the State and from the masses."[486]

J. Xenophon [attributed], *Spartan Society*

"The king's oath is to rule according to the city's established laws, while that of the city is to keep the king's position unshaken so long as he abides by his oath."[487]

K. The Qur-'An

"O David, surely We have made thee a ruler in the land; so judge between men justly and follow not desire, lest it lead thee astray from the path of Allah."[488]

L. W. E. B. Du Bois

"Democracy does not and cannot mean freedom. On the contrary it means coercion. It means submission of the individual will to the general will and it is justified in this compulsion only if the will is general and not the will of special privilege."[489]

M. Constitution of the Iroquois

"It shall, therefore, be against the Great Binding Law to pass measures in the Confederate Council after the Mohawk Lords have protested against them."[490]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Whenever a specially important matter or a great emergency is presented ..., the decision of the people shall affect the decision of the Confederate Council. This decision shall be a confirmation of the voice of the people."[491]

N. The Jehovah's Witnesses

"A true Christian does not love the wicked things the people do. He does not adopt their attitudes, actions or goals in life. He takes no part in their corrupt religion and politics... The Bible tells us that three young Hebrews, Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego, refused to do what the king commanded. Why? Because it involved worship, and their worship belonged only to Jehovah. God approved."[492]

"At times, the superior authorities misuse their authority. Does this absolve us of our responsibility to remain in subjection to them? No, it does not. Jehovah sees the misdeeds of these authorities... We should thus remain in subjection ..., while we give priority to God's law and authority."[493]

O. Snorri Sturluson

"Earl Hakon [Olaf Trygvesson's predecessor] was in many respects fitted to be a chief: first, because he was descended from a high race; then because he had understanding and knowledge to direct a government; also manly courage in battle, and good luck in victories and in killing his enemies."[494]

P. Governor John Winthrop

"There is a liberty of a corrupt nature, which is effected both by men and beasts to do what they list... But there is a civil, a moral, a federal liberty... for that only which is just and good: for this liberty you are to stand with the hazard of your very lives, and whatsoever crosses it is not authority, but a distemper thereof. This liberty is maintained in a way of subjection to authority; and the authority set over you will, in all administrations for your good, be quietly submitted onto, by all but such as have a disposition to shake off the yoke and lose their true liberty, by their murmuring at the honour and power of authority."[495]

Q. Charles de Gaulle, to Jean-Paul Sartre

"Justice of any sort, in principle as in execution, emanates from the State."[496]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

R. Hobbes

"In Subjects, who deliberately deny the Authority of the Commonwealth established, the vengeance is lawfully extended, not onely to the Fathers, but also to the third and fourth generation not yet in being."[497]

S. Plato

"[It is] for the stronger to rule, and for the weaker to submit."[498]

T. Aramaic proverb

"Why should wood strive with fire, flesh with a knife, a man with a king?"[499]

U. Lin Bao

"The thoughts of the Chairman are always correct."[500]

V. Mpande, Zulu king, sentencing a soldier to death because his hair was too long

"It was perfectly right: what were the people for, unless to be killed when the King chose?"[501]

W. The *Prose Edda* (*ca.* 1230)

"The strong ruler reddens lords' iron-grey battle-shirts."[502]

IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY JUSTIFIED?

NOTE: It would be a serious error to be seduced by historical determinism into equating typologies of government with assessments of authority. Louis XIV, for instance, wrote a deathbed letter to his son exhorting him to love his subjects as his own children and to "make them happy if you would be so yourself."[503] Lenin, on the other hand, was not an absolute monarch, but a radical leveler; yet that very radicality—combined, of course, with more advanced technologies of terror and centralization—made him much less mild than Louis. And Louis XIV was a man, not just a placeholder; to judge his kingship it is not sufficient to judge his father's: this point is as essential as it is obvious. Thus in the continuum below we can find mild conservatives, give-and-take absolutists and brutally expedient risers-up. Authority, and authoritarianism, then, are based not only on structure but also on policy. Absolute kings can be arbitrary kings (tyrants), or not.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A. Gandhi

"I believe that a State can be administered on a non-violent basis if the vast majority of the people are non-violent. So far as I know, India is the only country which has the possibility of being such a State."[504]

B. Bakunin

"If there should be established tomorrow a government or a legislative council, a Parliament made up exclusively of workers, those very workers who are now staunch democrats and Socialists, will become determined aristocrats, bold or timid worshipers of the principle of authority, and will also become oppressors and exploiters."[505]

C. Tolstoy

"Patriotism is slavery."[506]

D. Code of Hammurabi

"If either a sergeant or a captain ... has wronged a soldier, ... that sergeant or captain shall be put to death."[507]

E. Buddha

"O ye [rulers] who commit murders and robberies! ... If ye could see things as they are, not as they appear, ye would no longer inflict injuries and pain upon your own selves. Ye see not that ye will have to atone for your evil deeds, for what ye sow that will ye reap."[508]

F. Jose Rizal

"He who makes himself a tyrant, breeds slaves."[509]

"Governments are made for the good of the people, and in order to accomplish this purpose properly, it has to follow the suggestions of the citizens[,] who are the ones who best know their needs."[510]

G. Dr. Arno Gruen

"'Moral' feelings and arguments [in favor of capital punishment] are an expression of murderous desires on the part of those who have surrendered their self to authority."[511]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

H. George Konrád

"The ideal of national sovereignty does not justify a nation-state's infringing on the rights of the individuals or minorities living in it."[512]

I. The Bible

"Keep far from a false charge, and do not slay the innocent and righteous, for I will not acquit the wicked."[513]

J. Mao Zedong (spoken treacherously, in order to "flush the snakes from their holes")

"Let one hundred schools contend, one hundred flowers bloom."[514]

K. Milovan Djilas

"No science, no scientific view can possibly anticipate, let alone regulate, human existence. Science and scientific views that pretend to do so at best only mask violence and privilege."[515]

L. Heike nobles, in answer to the cloistered emperor

"A subject takes for a mind the emperor, and the emperor takes for a body his subjects. A sound body is assured by a sound mind."[516]

M. Machiavelli

"For it is in the nature of men to be bound by the benefits they confer as much as by those they receive. Therefore ... it will not be difficult for a wise prince to keep the minds of his citizens steadfast from first to last, when he does not fail to support and defend them."[517]

N. Cicero

"Let him by all means employ an armed guard if this is needed, as he claims, for self-defence; but do not let their weapons be used on people who are expressing their views on public affairs."[518]

O. Robert K. Spear, martial arts theorist

"Tactics for police and security officer combat situations are a little different than for the average street fight or hand-to-hand fight on the battlefield. Because you have a certain amount of trust placed upon you by the nature of your job, you

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

have to be concerned about excessive force and appropriate levels of force."[519]

P. Abraham Lincoln

"The Government will not use force unless force is used against it."[520]

"And, in every event, I shall, to the extent of my ability, repel force by force."[521]

Q. Jefferson

"If a man do levy war against the Commonwealth in the same ... the person so convicted shall suffer death, by hanging, and shall forfeit his lands and goods to the Commonwealth."[522]

R. James "Bo" Gritz

"AUTHORITY is legit in America when it is Constitutional. The law says, for example, that a person has the right to use deadly force when being falsely arrested by an officer threatening deadly force... Major diff between Trotsky and our Republic (theoretically) is the government's subjection to law. The Commies apply law only to the people. All, including USG, are under equal law in USA. The majority of people didn't want blacks attending Little Rock High School, but the law said otherwise. All the various forms of government in the world boil down to either tyranny, or a Republic."[523]

S. Alfred de Vigny

"In the face of an enemy regulations cannot be too draconian... Even so, when [the army] turns home again ..., it should meet with enlightened laws allowing it to show filial tenderness."[524]

T. Grant

"Yet the right to resist or suppress rebellion is as inherent as the right of self-defense, and as natural as the right of an individual to preserve his life when in jeopardy. The Constitution was therefore in abeyance for the time being."[525]

U. Sir Walter Raleigh

"The moderate use of sovereign power being so effectual, in assuring the people unto their Lords..."[526]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

V. T'ai Kung (Chinese, eleventh century. B.C.?)

"Now the Tao of the king is like that of a dragon's head... Thus if he should get angry, but does not, evil subordinates will arise. If he should execute, but does not, great thieves will appear."[527]

W. Madame de Staël

"The patriotism of nations ought to be selfish."

X. Moltke

"Our earnest wish is that in the future all governments may be strong enough to curb the warlike passions of their populations... A weak government is a misfortune for the country and a danger to its neighbors."[528]

Y. Wellington

"I therefore urge you, wherever you go, to trust nothing to the enthusiasm of the people. Give them a strong, and just and, if possible, a good government; but, above all, a strong one, which shall enforce them to do their duty by themselves and their country."[529]

Z. Machiavelli

"Men will always prove untrue to you unless they are kept honest by constraint."[530]

AA. Sun-tzu

" If you impose punishments on the troops before they have become attached, they will not be submissive... If you do not impose punishments after the troops have become attached, they cannot be used."[531]

BB. Napoleon's secretary Meneval

"But conspiracies arose. The slow steps of justice no longer sufficed under the circumstances. A return had to be made to police measures."[532]

CC. Napoleon

"Every day brings the necessity to violate constitutional laws; it is the only way; otherwise progress would be impossible."[533]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DD. Robespierre, defending the law of 22 Priarial 1794

"This severity is redoubtable only to conspirators, only to enemies of liberty."[534]

EE. Danton (1793)

"Let us be terrible in order to dispense the people from being so."[535]

FF. Editorial in *Foster's Daily Democrat*, on a mainly nonviolent anti-nuclear "action" at Seabrook, N.H. (1980)

"Do not be confused when a demonstrator is injured by a policeman. The protester has chosen to force the issue. He has chosen to break the law, to invade and try to destroy private property."[536]

GG. Grand Duke Vladimir, to his nephew, Tsar Nicholas II

"The best way to treat a rebellion is to hang a hundred rebels."[537]

HH. Lenin

"The court must not exclude terror... In order to provide it with a foundation and to legalize it in a principled way, clearly and without hypocrisy and without embellishment, it is necessary to formulate it as broadly as possible, for only revolutionary righteousness and a revolutionary conscience will provide the conditions for applying it more or less broadly in practice."[538]

II. Ka-Mose the Strong, King of Egypt

"I sailed south in strength of heart, joyful, destroying every rebel who was on the way. Oh what a happy journey south for the Ruler—life, prosperity, health!—having his army before him!"[539]

JJ. Cicero

"As for those rogues whom every patriot hates, the enemies of our country and ravishers of Italy, united in their infamous alliance by a compact of abomination, you will immolate them, dead or alive, in retribution without end."[540]

KK. Gallienus, Roman emperor, quelling an uprising

"It is not enough that you exterminate such as have appeared in arms: the chance of battle might have served me as effectually. The male sex of every age must be extirpated; provided that, in the execution of the children and old men, you can contrive means to save our reputation. Let every one die who

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

has dropped an expression, who has entertained a thought against me, against *me,* the son of Valerian, the father and brother of so many princes... Tear, kill, hew in pieces."[541]

LL. The Khmer Rouge "Party Center"

"1. The Authority to Smash (People) Inside and Outside the Ranks *Requests:* 1. Let there be a framework of procedures for implementing our revolutionary authority. 2. Strengthen our socialist democracy. All this is to strengthen our state power."[542]

MM. Hans Frank, Nazi governor of Poland (1940)

"We are not interested in the prosperity of the country... What we are interested in is establishing Germany authority in this area. We cannot judge this work by how much individual happiness, as defined by governments of previous centuries, we have secured for the Poles. We will judge it instead by how impossible it will become for Poland ever to rise again."[543]

NN. Protocols of the Elders of Zion (anti-Semitic forgery)

"It must be noted that men with bad instincts are more in number than the good, and therefore the best results in governing them are attained by violence and terrorization, and not by academic discussions."[544]

OO. Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet

"*Proposition I:* That the prince is accountable to none for his actions."[545]

"Whoever disobeys public authority is judged worthy of death."[546]

"*Proposition V*: That open impiety, and even persecution do not free subjects from the obligation of obedience to their rulers."[547]

"*Proposition VI*: That subjects must oppose the violence of their princes only with respectful remonstrances, without defiance or murmuring, and with prayers for their conversion."[548]

PP. Hobbes

"Because the Right of bearing the Person of them all, is given to him they make Soveraigne, by Covenant onely of one to another, and not of him to any of them; there can happen no breach of Covenant on the part of the Soveraigne; and conse-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

quently none of his Subjects, by any pretence of forfeiture, can be freed from his Subjection."[349]

QQ. Trotsky

"The question of the form of repression, or of its degree, of course, is not one of 'principle.' It is a question of expediency."[350]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 11

DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE

I John Brown am now quite certain that the crimes of this guilty, land: will never be purged away; but with Blood.

JOHN BROWN, LAST STATEMENT[1]

This ain't no peaceful organization. We aim to do whatever is necessary to put the nigger back in his place, preferably in his grave.

CHARLES CONLEY "CONNIE" LYNCH,
UNITED FEDERATION OF THE KU KLUX KLAN[2]

JOHN BROWN

In an engraving in *Leslie's Illustrated News* we see him, weak and wounded, stabbed and beaten, lying covered upon a pallet at Harpers Ferry,[3] where he was captured. On another mattress, his deputy Aaron Stevens awaits the end. (Stevens bears his own injuries.) A satchel, an overturned chair, and a little book, almost certainly a Bible, are scattered behind Brown's bandaged head. Ranged along the wall stand an

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

inquiring army of men in shiny top hats, some with their hands clasped at their waists, exuding the utmost lordly sternness, others busily writing in notebooks their impressions of this satanic conspiracy, this breach of law, of property, of safety, tranquility, states' rights. A solemn young guard looks in from the doorway. There comes the moment when one of the inquisitors, Senator Mason, raises the question upon which this book which you now reads is based: "How do you justify your acts?"



John Brown (1846)

John Brown replies: "I think, my friend, you are guilty of a great wrong against God and humanity—I say it without wishing to be offensive—and it would be perfectly right for anyone to interfere with you so far as to free those you willfully and wickedly hold in bondage. I do not say this insultingly. I think I did right and that others will do right who interfere with you at any time and all times. I hold that the golden rule, 'Do unto others as you would that others should do unto you,' applies to all who would help others to gain their liberty."[4]

John Brown was a true revolutionary—a Christian who actually heeded the words of Christ. He believed that black people were human beings, and never hesitated to show it. Sometimes too poor to feed himself or his own family, he somehow managed to "assist our colored friends" with money,[5] land or simple helpful intervention against the concretions of northern white racism. In the Congregationalist church to which he belonged in Franklin Mills, Ohio, blacks had to sit by the back door. Brown led some of them to his family pew, insisting that God was no respecter of persons. That this act now seems almost trivial is a tribute not only to the successful struggles of heroes like John Brown and Martin Luther King, but also to the oft-remarked anonymity of mass society, which shields the actor by enshrouding the deed. Imagine Franklin Mills as it must have been in the middle of the nineteenth century—a tiny place, a village, really; soon the Ohio-Pennsylvania canal would come and make everybody rich, maybe, but in the meantime one was left with a general store, post office, blacksmith's shop, hypothetically a saloon or two; a few churches (in a nineteenth-century descriptive geography of the state, I find no Franklin Mills, but I find a Franklin, which might well be the same place, and which has in 1840 a good 770 inhabitants; it holds three houses of worship, a high school, four dry goods stores, two forwarding and commission houses);[6] and we mustn't forget the real Franklin Mills: the means of production; namely, fields, farms, those not-quite guarantors of self-sufficiency, those assurances of stasis—oh, people moved, John Brown among them; but when you sold out, you started over. As long as you stayed in Franklin Mills, you were, if you had any standing at all, pretty much tied there by whatever profession you had, which meant that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Any caption would be superfluous

everyone knew you and would censure you for any infraction of decorum. Nineteenth-century America was the frontier, yes, but it was also small town America, small in ever so many ways. But John Brown could not be bound by what other people thought. He had read his Bible and meditated on it: regardless of the consequences, he'd do what he thought was right. Inequality based on color incensed him, just as inequality based on feudal divisions had incensed Robespierre. In the region which was to become the Confederate States of America (by then John Brown would of course be, in the words of the famous song, "moldering in the grave"), inequality sharpened into a slavery established by a Captain Argall way back in 1619[7] and justified ever since by a continuum of inflexible voices, from the gently, sadly "realistic" tone of "a minister"—"This is written by one who has no prejudice against the negro—one who wishes no harm but all good to the negro... Sixty centuries have demonstrated, and sixty more will demonstrate that the negro is incapable of a distinct civilization..."[8]—to the more overt hatred of a writer who discovered in his boyhood, upon his father's purchase of a slave, "the striking facial resemblance between the little negro and the Italian's monkey. His skull was as degraded and animal-like as that of the Neanderthal; while the expression of his face, his movements and gestures must have been as fantastical and ape-like as those of the Hottentot Venus."[9] Booker T. Washington estimates that out of the twenty-four million slaves brought to the Americas, half perished during "processing."[10] Those who survived the institution might be literally marked by it. Read this identifying physical description of a recaptured slave, published in the *Mississippi Gazette*:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> A negro man who says ... that he belongs to Mr. John Martin, living in Louisiana ... his back very much scarred with the whip, and branded on the thigh and hips in three or four places thus: "j.M." or "J.M."... The rim of his right ear has been bitten or cut off.[11]

"It is the literal, unvarnished truth," runs a kidnapped Negro's memoir, printed shortly before John Brown's first raid, "that the crack of the lash, and the shrieking of the slaves, can be heard from dark till bed time, on Epps's plantation, any day almost during the entire period of the cotton-picking season."[12] Slaves were sometimes literally flogged to death.[13]

But Ohio was not Mississippi or Louisiana;[14] Ohio was a free state. That meant—well, it meant that blacks had better not sit with the white folks at church. John Brown acted. The deacons admonished him, and he acted again. The deacons talked; the neighbors talked. Defending class, honor and race, they expelled him from their church.[15]

Yes, John Brown was a hero—he was also a murderer. One night in 1856, at Pottawatomie Creek at the edge of Kansas, his band hauled five unarmed pro-slavery men out of their cabins and butchered them.[16] In words which remind me of those of the tax protester Red Beckman, whom I interviewed in 1994,[17] Brown had already sworn an oath that he would kill any territorial or U.S. lawman who attempted to enforce pro-slavery laws upon him.[18] Defense of fairness and reason was, as so tragically often, to be pushed beyond fairness and reason. After the Harpers Ferry raid, when he lay in prison waiting to be hanged, the wife of one of the Pottawatomie men he'd slain later wrote him this letter:

> Altho' vengeance is not mine, I confess that I do feel gratified to hear that you were stopped in your fiendish career at Harpers Ferry, with the loss of your two sons, you can now appreciate my distress in Kansas when you then and there entered my house at midnight and arrested my husband and two boys, and took them out of the yard and in cold blood shot them dead in my hearing. You can't say you done it to free slaves. We had none and never expected to own one.[19]

"THE CYCLONIC FORCE"

A red flag with the slogan "Southern Rights" flies high over Lawrence, Kansas, now captured and pillaged in this year of democracy 1856.[20] Sheriff Jones, one of the leaders for the cause of those rights, has already sung out, invoking defenses of ground, authority and, above all, honor: "Your duty I know you will do. If one man or woman dare stand before you, blow them to hell with a chunk of cold lead."[21] The pro-slavers do their duty indeed; Lawrence falls. When he hears the tale, John Brown, calling those who surrendered to Sheriff Jones cowards, becomes inspired to enact his night

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of counter-terror. In a terrifying vision he sees the consequences of inaction: Sheriff Jones will come to stay; the Missourians can then enforce their slaveholders' ethos on Kansas! Brown trusts himself not to glow with any aggressor's aura of unrighteousness; for thanks to Sheriff Jones, six free state[22] men already lie in murder-graves. (Let's ignore the fact that a pro-slaver or two also died violently.)



Pro-slavery riot in Alton, Illinois (November 7, 1837)

Like Pancho Villa, John Brown finds fittest memorial in that eerie, metallic, poisonous adjective "mercurial." A year before the raid on Lawrence, he'd written hopefully home to his wife that the free staters would gain a "great victory" before long.[23] God can do anything. Of course, He acts through His instruments—and Brown, finding little other solace on this earth, now determines to be one of them. Always seeking to find, nay, to create a better future, that's John Brown. "I feel considerable regret by turns that I have lived so many years, & have in reality done so verry [sic] little to increase the amount of human happiness," he'd addressed his wife back in 1844.[24] In 1850 he'd explained: "I of course keep exhorting my colored friends to 'trust in God, & keep their Powder dry.' I did so today at Thanksgiving meeting publicly."[25] Now he'll begin to use his powder. He'll rise up; he'll participate in the great enterprise.

But where's the victory? High-shouldered, usually in dark clothes, he gazes wearily upon Satan's works, frowning, sourly downturning his mouth, as vertical creases of desperation deepen in his forehead. His squarish chin gives him an air of resolution.[26] He has looked into the fiery furnace, and what does he spy? In pro-slave Missouri he sees "large numbers" swarming into Kansas to cast corrupt votes in favor of slavery;[27] they have defiantly appointed a Missouri postmaster as a Kansas sheriff (let's call this "states' rights"); anyone who dares speak out against slavery in Kansas is subject to legal penalties. Next comes the Lawrence debacle. "I with Four of my Sons were called out & travelled mostly on foot & during the Night to help defend Lawrence a distance of 35 Miles where we were detained with some 500 others or thereabouts from 5 to 15 days," he writes in a document which attempts to quantify his outraged feelings into lost dollars and cents. "Wages alone would amount to $7500. Loss & suffering cannot be estimated," he concludes with typical exaggeration.[28] Southern rights? That creased, glum, broad-nosed face, deep-eyed and watchful, surely doesn't deign to smile at the baleful jest; John Brown is too busy sorting his sad Biblical knowledge into strategies. Numbers and Deuteronomy, I assume, are the chapters most disposed to come to his assistance. His moral calculus neatly solves an equation: "Better that a score of bad men should die than that one man who came here to make Kansas a Free state should be driven

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

out."[29] He leads his band into the night.

They are carrying guns and broadswords engraved with eagles. Like the still unborn Ku Klux Klan, John Brown has his organization of night riders; vigilante-style is how justice must be done in Pottawatomie. Rising up and rising down: First he stops at the Doyles' house. Mrs. Doyle is about to become a widow, and knows it when she hears the knock upon the door. Brown personally shoots Old Doyle point-blank in the head, which he'll later mendaciously deny—well, Doyle's already cut to pieces by the other raiders; I suppose that Brown can fairly claim not to be the murderer, even if the body was still twitching when he pulled the trigger. Two sons then get chopped to pieces, as their mother reminds Brown in her pleasant epistle; but the third is spared on account of youth. (In a postscript, Mrs. Doyle adds that that boy is very desirous of attending Brown's execution. Should that be construed as ingratitude?)

The night wears on. They ride to the Wilkinson place. Wilkinson's wife pleads for mercy. "It matters not," says John Brown. Wilkinson is dragged outside. So also is Dutch Bill Sherman.[30]

These victims of Brown's principles W. E. B. Du Bois defines as "among the worst of their kind."[31] The pro-slave men are known to their enemies, not without justice, as "Border Ruffians"; one eyewitness describes the fruits of their labor as "whole cornfields stripped or trodden into the dust, and the blackened sites or yet smoking remains of burned houses, corn-bins, and wheat-stacks, the property of the Northern settlers."[32] Shortly before Brown massacres their exemplars, the Ruffians post a notice directing all Free Staters to depart within thirty days or get their throats cut. According to an anti-slavery girl named Mary Grant,

> Dutch Bill arrived at our house, horribly drunk, with a whisky bottle with a corn-cob stopper, and an immense butcher knife in his belt... "Old woman," said the ruffian to my mother, "you and I are pretty good friends, but damn your daughter; I'll drink her heart's blood." My little brother Charley succeeded in cajoling the drunken man away.[33]

Very well; no pressing need to mourn Dutch Bill. "The world had justified the murderer," says Robert Penn Warren; "the Browns knew that it is a little more difficult to justify a horse thief."[34] And indeed the murder party had stolen their victims' horses. Elsewhere Brown confesses that he "began very early in life to discover a great liking to fine Cattle, Horses, Sheep & Swine..."[35] —Leave that detail alone for now. We've noted that Sheriff Jones pillaged also.

Well, does it matter what these five Border Ruffians might have done had they been left unkilled? It does. Brown had no facilities for imprisoning them; nor did the state of Kansas. (Two millennia before, Rome was in a similar fix; Caesar, who proposed jailing the Catalinarian conspirators, was overruled for security reasons.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Cicero went to make sure each one was safely strangled.) By all means, consider that variable. How shall we consider it? It gives Brown and his murderers, at least potentially and arguably, the additional justification of imminent defense. But imminence must be provable for vigilantism to be justified.[36] To be specific, does it matter that those five dead men are not themselves known to have killed anyone? It unquestionably does. We know from people such as Mary Grant that they *threatened* violence. We also know that each was a member of the pro-slave judiciary, and that some of them had destroyed farms, which act constitutes aggression and robbery and could easily have caused someone's death. How dangerous were they?[37] "You can't say you done it to free slaves. We had none and never expected to own one." Brown might have known more about their plans to drink blood than we do. Then again, he might have simply *believed* more, or cared less.

"Was he wrong?" asks Du Bois, to whom his heroism rates higher than Lincoln's[38] because *uncompelled* he warred on men of his own race for the sake of righteousness. "No. The forcible staying of human uplift by barriers of law and might, and tradition is the most wicked thing on earth."[39] And so for the Pottawatomie massacres the moral calculus of Du Bois computes a net gain: "The carnival of crime and rapine that ensued was a disgrace to civilization but it was the cost of freedom, and it was less than the price of repression."[40] How a disgrace to civilization can be a legitimate cost of freedom I can't fathom, but I get the drift: Better to kill some to save the rest. This is the utilitarian argument, one of the most common and powerful arguments for violence, and when its arithmetic adds up, it is generally more than plausible. But, as we have just seen, its proactive arithmetic is founded on uncertainties. Yes, pro-slavers killed their six before John Brown killed his five, but was his retaliation directed against the actual murderers? We're not told.


Watson Brown

Well, does it affect the moral equation that *other* pro-slavers will commit similar atrocities, and worse? —Setting specific moral justifications aside, one could invoke *deterrence* and *retaliation.*[41] At the Marais de Cygnes River they stand eleven free staters in a row and shoot at them. Five die; almost all the others are wounded. Dutch Bill couldn't have done that; he's lying dead and in pieces at the side of the creek. But what if the general *climate* of violence between pro- and anti-slavers is overcast enough to be considered war? Four years later the war will be official, at which point pro- and anti-slavers will be shooting one another on sight. (The Soldier's Golden Rule: *Do unto others as you are done by.*)[42] In 1856, have Americans already reached that pass? John Brown's son Frederick, unarmed at the time, will be gunned down in Osawattomie by a pro-slaver later in that same year—shot in the heart by a man he greets. Three years later, in the famous raid at Harpers Ferry, Virginia, Brown's son Watson will approach the citizens with a white flag of truce and likewise get shot. Writing to a supporter from his death cell in Virginia,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Brown says truly: "I have no Son or Son in law living; who did not suffer terribly in Kansas."[43] This is not relevant? —No. (Ah, I forgot. Not long after Pottawatomie, John Brown seized and imprisoned a pro-slave man who approached *him* under flag of truce. At least he didn't kill them.) That everyone was trigger-happy and vindictive might extenuate the taking of life in the mistaken belief of immediate danger, but not the killing of other unarmed men, especially when, as at Pottawatomie, they have surrendered and still get dragged from their beds.

To what extent can John Brown be said to have followed that Golden Rule of his?[44] Not long after Marais de Cygnes, he crosses the border into Missouri and becomes a liberator of slaves—and also, of course, again a housebreaker and a pillager. In that raid, Aaron Stevens, who will also serve under his command at Harpers Ferry, shoots a slaveowner dead. We don't know whether the slaveowner had resisted him.

Does it matter that John Brown refuses to revenge Frederick when he has a perfect sniper's chance? Very much. He follows the Golden Rule to that extent. The fact that he lets Frederick's murderer live while killing other men shows that he is at least far enough beyond selfishness to be motivated by retaliation, not by personal revenge.[45]

Does it matter that he expresses no shame to his own family about the Pottawatomie murders? "I am *through Infinite grace*, once more in a Free State," he writes his "Wife and Children every one," having fled the posses of Kansas. He adds coyly: "Having left partly on business expecting to return if the troubles continue in Kansas..."[46] The following year, he is less restrained in a letter to John, Jr.:

> I am much gratified to learn of Mr. Eiddings full redemption from Slavery. I am also very glad at the kind feelings expressed by your 'Bail' towards you; & have no doubt of the correctness of your ideas about not going back to stand trial. That would never do. If any of us are hereafter to be tried in Kansas, I would much rather it should be with Irons in rather than uppon our hands.[47]

This figure of crucifixion, however accurate, reveals yet again the mentality of the executioner who sees himself as a martyr. Such justifications fail to convince anyone but the executioner.

How much does it matter that John Brown seems to have thought himself justified by necessity? In a letter of commentary upon my moral calculus, Prof. Bruce Trigger reminds me: "The British successfully abolished slavery by offering planters monetary compensation for slaves who were freed (by legal fiat). Was this alternative seriously pursued in the U.S.? If it had worked it would have cost a lot less than the Civil War."[48] Of course this would have been preferable, and it could have worked. But neither Lincoln nor his predecessors proposed it. The nation remains violently deadlocked; John Brown is aging fast, which fact incites him, as it will

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hitler, to strike now rather than later; after all, lacking a fortune-teller's crystal sphere, he envisions no reason to believe that inaction, no matter how much he might infuse with hope, might see an end to slavery. Like so many risers-up and risers-down, he conflates his own desperation with imminence.[49] He can argue quite plausibly that the nonviolent speechifying of his fellow abolitionists has failed. Meanwhile, the suffering of the slaves goes on and on; he *is* justified by imminence. Even Gandhi agrees that "We must refuse to wait for the wrong to be righted till the wrong-doer has been roused to a sense of his iniquity."[50]

How much does it matter that John Brown inspires loyalty and love, and that *his cause is just*? At Harpers Ferry, in the captured arsenal set between craggy forest-hills, a train slowly smoking across the steep-roofed town, Mr. Shields Green, one of the five black men who's fought with John Brown, hears that all is lost—time to escape.

> "And de ole captain can't get away?" says Green.
> "No."
> "Well, I guess I'll go back to de ole man."[51]

For that loyalty he will get hanged.

No good—as we shall see in our chapter on loyalty, compulsion and fear,[52] some of the major Nazi war criminals will stay loyal to Hitler all the way to the end. The ability to inspire loyalty is no guarantee of justifiability.

Should we simply say that one ought never to violate the Golden Rule? Perhaps John Brown, lying upon his prison cot, wonders about this. Perhaps when he reads the widow Doyle's letter, he hears again the groans of the men he's murdered, the sobbing pleas of Wilkinson's wife. So far as is known, he never replies to Mrs. Doyle. After all, what could he say? What reply wouldn't mar his legend? —For his first concern now is stage-managing oncoming death. His biographers all agree: Brown had a remarkable facility for believing in himself, for sealing shut the gates of his inner and outer honor[53] so that nothing he might do stained him. This is a truly enviable state of heart. I have never to my knowledge killed anyone (though I have shot a gun at people who were shooting at me in wartime), but I did see innocent men die, and sometimes in the night their screams swoop helplessly inside the passages of my ears, lost and terrified and anguished, with nowhere to go but deeper inside my skull. A lady I know who inadvertently struck a pedestrian with her car has the same affliction; she keeps his photograph over her desk but cannot always appease him. I see no reason not to suppose that a murderer hears screams, too, especially a first-time murderer—Eichmann and Himmler both almost fainted, remember, the first time they saw what they were actually doing.[54] —But John Brown was a very hard man. At any rate, for reasons of pity, remorse or expediency—lawmen and Border Ruffians want his blood—after that night at Pottawatomie, he pretends

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to maintain a more modest demeanor of self-defense. "We wish no harm to your or your companions," he says to a captured Ruffian. "Stay at home, or let us alone, and we shall be friends. I wish you well."[55] —"Go in peace," he tells other prisoners. "Go home and tell your neighbors and friends of your mistake... We let you go free of punishment this time; but, do we catch you over the border again committing depredations, you must not expect, nor will you receive, any mercy."[56] —This is not quite the Golden Rule, but as close to it as a practical politician can get.

John Brown, we have to admit, remains less than practical. He's always failed in business—but that is not what I mean. He is the boy who played with the despised Indians when he was little; one gave him a yellow marble, which he prized. He is the youth who declared "Eternal war, with Slavery." Let him tell the tale, since it is central to this chapter and to our understanding of his ends:

> He was staying for a short time with a very gentlemanly landlord since a United States Marshall who held a slave boy near his own age very active, intelligent + good feeling; + to whom John was under considerable obligation for numerous little acts of Kindness. His Master made a great lot of John: brought him to table with his finest company; & friends; called their attention to every little smart thing he said, or did: & to the fact of his being more than a hundred Miles from home with a company of cattle alone; while his negro boy (who was fully if not more than his equal) was badly clothed, poorly fed, & lodged in cold weather: & beaten before his eyes with Iron Shovels or anything other thing that came first to hand. This brought John to reflection on the wretched, helpless condition of Fatherless & Motherless slave children..."[57]

What could be less practical than such thoughts? After all, a slave was a slave. —"Never forget the poor," he admonishes his family at the very end, "nor think anything you may bestow upon them to be lost to you, even though they may be black as Ebedmelech, the Ethiopian eunuch."[58] (The money which was meant to furnish a new family parlor he spent, with his wife's approval, on clothing for destitute freedmen.) And then the rope embraces his neck. He is the murderer and the martyr. Probably no one would know his name today had he not been hanged.

"Brown was the cyclonic force, the lightning's flash in the darkness," said one who knew him.[59] He is the stern old man, the brave commander, inflexible hero, reverent auditor of black preachers, the meek Christian, the revolutionary, night rider, self-consecrator, unmoved and merciless murderer. Mrs. Doyle remembers him as staring at her doomed husband with wicked snake-eyes. Demon-restless, pacing before her, he is personified Terror. In a final speech to that Virginia court which he knows will pronounce sentence of execution, he says, bitterly or not, "I see a book kissed here which I suppose to be the Bible, or at least the New Testament, which teaches me that all things whatsoever I would that men should do to me, I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

should even do so to them."[60] That is his rationale for not enslaving people, and a good rationale it is. But does he think at that moment about what he did at Pottawatomie? Because here runs John Brown's Maxim: *If you refuse to follow the Golden Rule, then I have the right to use terror to impel you to follow it.*[61]

He would surely have agreed with this statement by the Ku Klux Klan: "RESPECT FOR CHRISTIAN IDEALS CANNOT YIELD TO RESPECT FOR PERSONS NOR STATUTES AND PROCEDURE WHICH HAVE BEEN TWISTED BY MAN AWAY FROM ITS ORIGINAL DIVINE ORIGIN."[62]

Personified terror, I said. Like all terrorists, John Brown cherishes for his main objective the furtherance of mass fear. Listen to him explaining his guerrilla strategy to Frederick Douglass: "The true objective to be sought is first of all to destroy the money value of slave property, and that can only be done by rendering such property insecure."[63] At the end of the twentieth century, this will be precisely the strategy of the Animal Liberation Front.[64] And slave property becomes insecure. Hence the slave-owners of Virginia cannot pardon him or treat him simply as a lunatic; they even go to the bother of making of jingles about him such as "Old John Brown, A Song for Every Southern Man," whose chorus runs, or rather unrhythmically staggers:

> Old Osswattomie Brown! old Osswattomie Brown!
> That will never pay,
> Trying to come down South and run the niggers away.[65]

In other words, it will pay. John Brown has succeeded in terrifying them.

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF JOHN BROWN (1856-1859)

END: Eliminate slavery in the United States as soon as possible.

MEANS:

(a) Petition and prayer—*has failed.*

(b) Violence—*remains to be tried.*

JUSTIFICATION: Slavery is itself an act of violence. Therefore, counter-violence is legitimate.

"How in the name of common sense do Christians propose to do away with this enormous sin if not with John Brown's method?" —Sarah Everett.[66]

1. THE POTTAWATOMIE MASSACRE

IMMEDIATE END: Prevent Kansas from becoming a slave state.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NECESSARY SUBORDINATE END: Neutralize the Border Ruffians who are intimidating the anti-slavers. Cause "a restraining fear."

MEANS:

(a) Petition and prayer—*has failed so far and cannot be trusted at this crucial moment. (Anyhow, abolitionists continue to try it, so leave it to them.)*

(b) Warning to the Border Ruffians—*has also failed. They are violent.*

(c) Counter-intimidation—*not credible to thugs unless backed by violence.*

(d) Counter-terror—*required to accomplish (c) and probably necessary for its own sake.*

RESULTS:

1. Five pro-slave men killed by Brown and his night riders.
2. The pro-slavers retaliate. In spite of a meeting of conciliation between the two factions, which denounces Brown, terror and counter-terror continue on both sides
3. Warrant issued for John Brown's arrest, but he is never arrested. Later he leaves Kansas.

CONSEQUENCES:

1. Immediate end is achieved, but probably without Brown's agency
2. Rather than deterring the Border Ruffians, Brown's brutal deed incites them.

2. THE HARPERS FERRY RAID

IMMEDIATE END: Start a slave insurrection.

RELATED END: Set an example for other insurrectionists.

SUBORDINATE END: Make slaveholding more costly and difficult.

MEANS:

(a) Petition, prayer, "moral suasion" and other nonviolent means—*useless without action.*

(b) Insurgency, murder, hostage-taking, seizure of property—*the only possible course.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RESULTS:

1. 4 Southerners killed by insurgents (1 Marine, 1 slaveowner, 2 nonbelligerents killed by mistake).
2. 10 insurgents killed by Southerners during the raid (3 under flag of truce).
3. 7 insurgents hanged afterward, including John Brown. (Total raiders killed: 17 out of 22.)
4. 2 liberated blacks die (1 in prison of illness, 1 of drowning while trying to escape).
5. Several liberated blacks escape.
6. No blacks join Brown's uprising.

CONSEQUENCES:

1. Failure of immediate end. Virginia exercises state's rights, defense of property and defense of homeland to execute the raiders. No slave rebellion begins.
2. Success of related end. Hanging of insurgents provides a propaganda triumph for them; contributes to North-South polarization and thereby to the Civil War, which will emancipate the slaves.
3. Partial success of subordinate end. Terror felt by Southerners makes slaveholding less easy and pleasant.

SOURCES: DU BOIS, GOLD, OATES, PENN WARREN, WINKLEY, BROWN'S LETTERS.

HOW A DRAMA CRITIC MIGHT SEE IT

I have met more than one black bigot who presumes to demean Brown's sacrifice at Harpers Ferry on the grounds that it was uninvited—perhaps the least of several reasons why the slaves at Harpers Ferry did not rush to support him.[67] White Pontius Pilates said the same thing. "John Brown's effort was peculiar," began Abraham Lincoln sardonically, playing to the pro-slave galleries he still hoped to appease, war and emancipation having not yet been forced upon him; he remained politically, which is to say practically, though not morally, willing to see black people treated like animals until doomsday. No, in 1859 Lincoln's effort failed to be redeemed by much peculiarity at all. John Brown's effort was indeed peculiar. "It was not a slave insurrection," continued our lanky politician. "It was an attempt by white men to get up a revolt among slaves, in which the slaves refused to participate. In fact, it was so absurd that the slaves, with all their ignorance, saw plainly enough that it could not succeed."[68] Lincoln made a plausible case, but the fact is that old Brown put on a thrilling performance. He knew that; he was watching and waiting for his curtain call. In a letter to a pitying cousin, he expressed his conviction that the raid was the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

best act he had ever accomplished in his life, adding: "And now when I think how easily I might be left to spoil all I have done, or suffered in the course of freedom: I hardly dare risk another voyage; if I even had the opportunity."[69] As I said, perhaps that's one reason he didn't write back to Mrs. Doyle.

Let us consider the expediency of his raid yet a little further. What I have argued in this book, what many have argued before me and many will argue after me, is that nonviolence works only within very narrow limits. Martin Luther King, Jr., expediently (not morally) turned this objection on its head when he insisted that advocates of violence

> fail to see that no internal revolution has ever succeeded in overthrowing a government by violence unless the government has already lost the allegiance and effective control of its armed forces... a violent revolution on the part of American blacks would find no sympathy and support from the white population and very little from the majority of the Negroes themselves.[70]



John Brown

John Brown disagreed, and, as Lincoln said, John Brown was wrong—or was he? Granted, hardly anyone joined his uprising: From a short-term expedient view, the Harpers Ferry raid was a failure. From a longer term expedient view, it (as perhaps the Unabomber murders of the 1980s and 1990s could in some science-fiction novel have turned out to be) might as well be called a brilliant piece of theater whose climax was Brown's hanging. Albany, New York, fired a hundred-gun salute while he was strangling in Virginia; Thoreau, Emerson, Frederick Douglass and many others eulogized him; and, not long after, that clash between states' rights defenders and avenging federal liberators (we call it the Civil War) began—"the very thing," writes a biographer, "Brown had hoped and prayed would be the ultimate consequence of his Harpers Ferry attack."[71] As we have seen, it would be naive to believe that most whites on the Northern side were fighting for the cause of black self-defense. Like the free-staters of Kansas, they realized that the slaveholders were against them, and so they fought; about blacks themselves they couldn't care less. But blacks did get emancipated in the end, and many of the Abolitionists who fought in the Civil War were inspired by Brown's example. Nonviolence at Harpers Ferry just might have "dramatized the essential meaning of the conflict and in magnified strokes made clear who was the evildoer and who was the undeserving victim,"[72] as King put it in describing the mechanism of his own triumphs a century later. But it was not tried; and the doomed raid (no matter that it hadn't been intended to be doomed) transformed Brown into a victim rather nicely. He prepared in prison, and made his star performance on the gallows.[73]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SEPARATE BUT EQUAL—OR NOT?

When we table considerations of expediency and turn to a moral evaluation of Brown's means, a harsher case can be made: The raid was an agitator's cynical attempt to make martyrs; it was new murder piled upon old; had John Brown been alive today, and had he killed as many people, no matter for how laudable a goal, some federal prosecutor or other would seek the supreme penalty. It is hard not to give this point of view at least some credit. But the black youth who told me, "Fuck John Brown! I don't need help from no white man!" exasperates me with his small-minded, ego-driven, insufferably, arrogantly bitter ingratitude (explicable, not excusable, on the grounds of unhappiness)—ingratitude toward John Brown. This critic's axiom was, in effect, "You are not one of us; therefore, I will not trust you or recognize your service."[74]

THE NECESSITY OF INCLUSIVENESS

A radical Burman who'd paid his dues in prison found the same axiom applied to him by the Shan guerrillas he'd sought to help.[75] Black soldiers encountered it among the white ranks in World War II. "A fairly typical attitude is that of the Negro soldier who said, 'Sometimes I feel very proud of being a member of this big, huge army, until I pick up a paper and see where a Negro soldier was lynched and it makes me feel like, 'What am I doin' here!'"[76] Japanese-American soldiers wondered just what sort of democracy they were fighting for while their property-stripped families lay in internment camps.



Shan military commanders

This "not-one-of-us" disease need not be transmitted only along racial lines. I have met with it, for instance, in some abortion clinics whose female staff, denouncing my gender, refused to let me be of use to their cause. It can be an inter- as well as an intranational phenomenon: During the French Revolution, Italian Jacobins who'd volunteered for the revolutionary army got hounded because they were not French. We find it very frequently in ideological and religious cases. How dare a Jew take it upon himself to help Christians, or a Communist to save a royalist's skin?

In homage to John Brown I propose the following rule (how sad I feel that it's necessary to state it at all!): *Insofar as a cause of self-defense is just, it ought to be open to all. To the extent that a cause is exclusive, it loses worthiness.*[77]

Let me put this another way. If a black man needs defense, I ought to defend him not because he is black, but because he is a man. This is what John Brown meant when he wrote to his family from his death-cell: "Never forget the poor nor

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

think anything you bestow on them to be lost to you even though they may be as black as ... the one to whom Phillip preached Christ."[78] While innate differences in people and groups need not and cannot be ignored, there never need arise any resulting political difference, save the acknowledgement of varying *individual* (as opposed to categorical) capacities.[79] Self-defense of race (or gender, or culture) is then but self-defense of human beings whom the *aggressors* have persecuted on the grounds of race. *Therefore, proactive defense of race becomes highly suspect.*[80] Race itself need not be relevant to defense of race.[81]

THE NECESSITY OF EXCLUSIVITY

I also once again restate the following obvious rule, here called the Whale-Hunter's Maxim:[82] What is forbidden, allowable, or compulsory in one group[83] need not be in another. The fact that Inuit kill whales, that Orthodox Jews prohibit Sabbath work, that the Vestal Virgins of Rome were supposed to stay virgins, that in Joan of Arc's epoch the sexes had to wear gender-specific clothing, that lesbians choose female partners, heterosexual women choose men and bisexual women choose either or both, that Jains refrain from hurting any living thing larger than a microbe, that some people consider suicide brave and others call it cowardly, that Muslims abstain from pork, pronounce the capital sentence on adultery and endorse polygamy, in no way entitles, compels or forbids other people to do likewise.

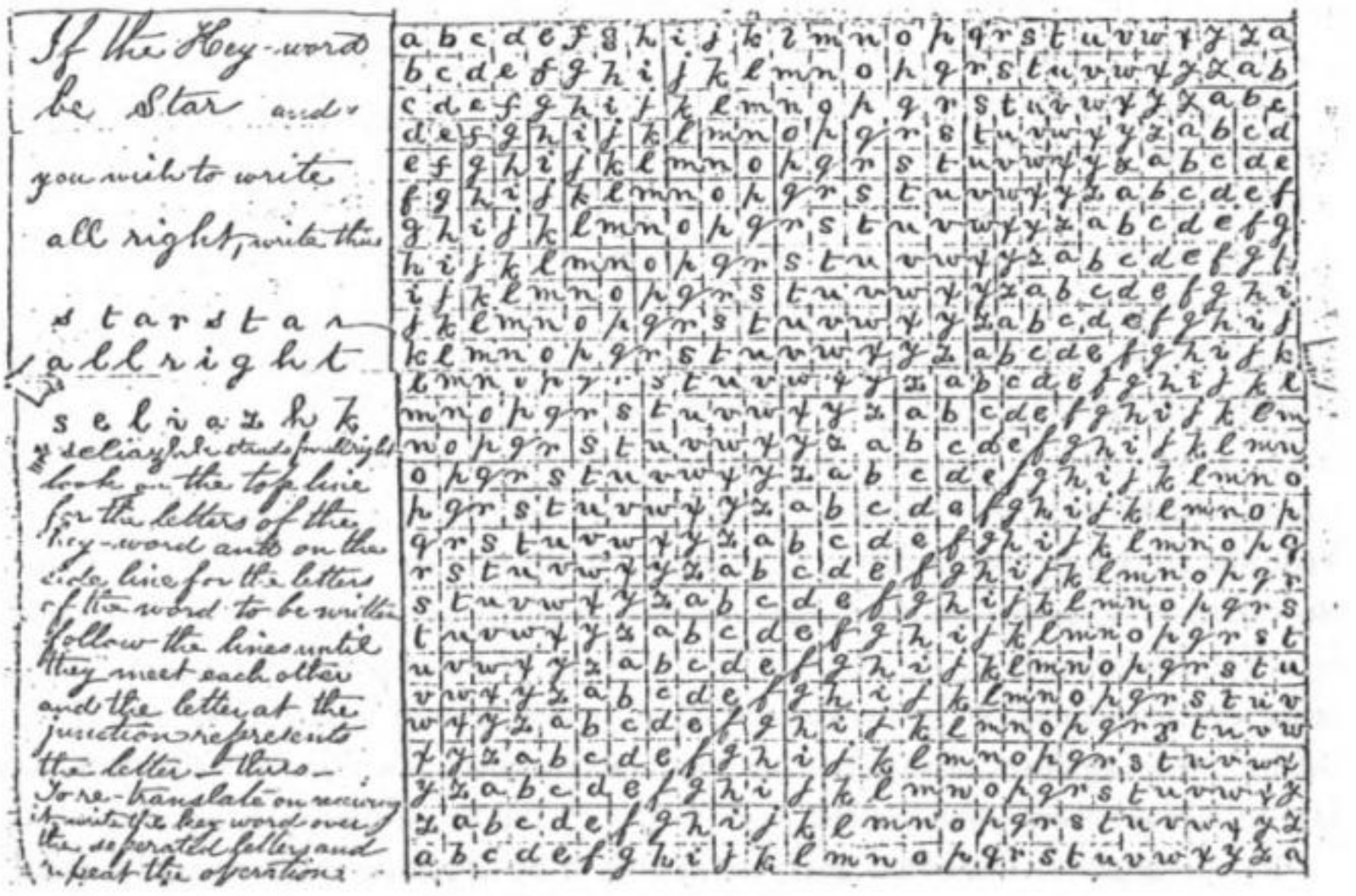
Identity is always sweet, I've said,[84] so here's my identity's confession: I have always appreciated the special physical beauty of each racial exemplar: the unequalled richness of black skin tones, from coffee to chocolate to charcoal, the extraordinary proudness of shape awarded an Amerindian face by high cheekbones, the blazing darkness of Asian eyes within their Mongolian folds, or for that matter the sapphire eyeballs which some Caucasians are fortunate enough to possess. Now that I have begun to learn how to make platinum prints, the peculiar characteristics of that photographic process, which cannot approach the darkest blacks of silver printing[85] but which offers an unrivaled subtlety and range in the whites, have drawn my eye to subjects best calculated to enrich my paper with platinum's beautiful unearthly pallor. More than ever I admire Harry Callahan's silver gelatin prints, where everything is white upon white. I enjoy the tint of my own skin. I like my sisters' fair, pinkish-pale features. I am proud of the people I come from. Any human being has the right to take joy in his lineage, or, better yet, be proud of it.[86] "Deliver me from a city built on the site of a more ancient city, whose materials are ruins, whose gardens cemeteries."[87] Thus writes Thoreau, but *his* organization is the peculiarly nineteenth-century American one of transcendental solitude. So often I've heard parents tell their children a heroic tale, doubtless gloriously exaggerated, about what some dead great-grandfather once did; or they'll impart some ancient origin-legend by which they define themselves. In 1389 Prince Lazar, the Serbian

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

leader, died at the hands of the Turks; and in 1998 I met Serbs who literally still wept over it.[88] While such historial grievances encourage the manufacture of dangerous moral ends, such rich and various significances of group identification as this never-ending commemoration of Prince Lazar imparts an ethos, a clan personality, a specialness which raises individuals up from the lonely atomic level. (Albanian Kosovars have painted a less flattering portrait of Lazar, and by the Whale-Hunter's Maxim they own every right to do so.)

The eighteenth-century Korean crown princess Lady Hyegyong[89] justifies her final memoir thus: "I could not die without telling my grandson what I know of his ancestors; it would have been outside normal human sentiment. And so, resisting death and weeping blood, I wrote this record."[90]

Yes, yes, again I grant the susceptibility of race, caste, organization, lineage, to pompous and at times poisonous illusions; all the same, should a not particularly powerful individual pass through life believing, as the very powerful Caesar also did, that in him pulses the blood of a goddess, where's the harm? Solidarity, optimism, a sense of kinship, a hope for greater freedom (in brief, for "rising up"), when these qualities are unchecked, they do tend naturally to manufacture goals of domination, but as long as they *are* checked, which mostly proves to be the case, since most hopes get disappointed on this earth, then aren't hope's adherents better off? If a Pole can recognize from appearance and mannerism other Poles, and if his sense of familiarity brings him reassurance, on what basis should we deny him this comfort? This is why I used to sympathize with my Korean mother-in-law's disapproval of my color,



Cipher used by John Brown

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

language and creed,[91] at the same time that I resented her for it. She would have preferred that her daughter marry somebody who was "one of us." How could I blame her? She could not speak much English; I couldn't speak Korean; she was a churchgoer and I wasn't; I was one of *them.*

When group identity becomes an island in hostility's sea, imminence justifies clannishness all the more: "The Jew is to another Jew the only man with whom he can say 'we.'"[92]

Identity is continuity; identity is an immortality whose precariousness poignantly appears in the medieval *Egil's Saga*, when the eponymous hero composes a poem after the death of his most-loved son. The young man had been at least in part a placeholder, loved because his existence continued the father's bloodline. (Where on earth don't we find this sentiment? In 431 B.C., Euripides gives one of his characters "the wish to ask how I should raise up seed unto myself."[93] In 1995, some careful Japanese parents still hire detective agencies to ascertain that their childrens' potential spouses don't belong to the "untouchable" Burakumin caste. "They don't want any strange blood," my interpreter explains.)[94] And now the lineage has been broken.[95] Egil utters this stylized cry:

> No purse can pay
> The fair price
> Due him who endures
> The death of a son,
> Till a boy is born
> In his brother's place
> To be fostered and fill
> The family void.[96]

I myself am part Norwegian and part Swedish, with a few platelets of German blood swirled in. —"Oh, so you are mixed!" a Serb exclaimed in knowing disgust. —Really, of course, I am a white American; it's not easy for me to tell Swedes and Norwegians apart by sight or habit; to myself, therefore, as to many a "person of color," I am simply Caucasian—a monolithic enough designation, by all means, but one to which I have no objection. —Do I have a "preference" for my own race? — That sincerest gauge of racial and interracial aesthetics, sexual attraction, suggests the contrary. Long ago I realized that my own children would probably be of mixed race. My friends and associates come in all colors. If I did have such a preference, however, that would be my business alone. I pity racial and sexual separatists of all colors, who imprison themselves as they fence others out; but by the Whale-Hunter's Maxim everyone has the right to live in the house that suits him.[97]

To the extent that a community defines itself by anything other than bloodline (customary formulations: (a) all of *us* partake in quality X because our founders did,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and (b) outsiders tend to be deficient in X), it must direct its members' behavior. Did every collectivity prohibit or allow the same things, the distinctions between them would become almost meaningless. Nor ought any group be compelled in every instance to allow to another what it permits its own members. If I am a self-declared atheist, denied communion at a Catholic mass, I am a fool for complaining.

We've agreed that defense of class lacks justice when it fails to distinguish between unequal human capacity, unequal luck and unequal goodness.[98] Similarly, defense of race must be deficient *when it sees inferior human capacity in alien habits and characteristics.*[99] Just as Trotsky should have done,[100] and for the same reason, we need to extend ourselves, to be empathetic bridges. When we forget that the identity of the other is as sweet to him as ours to us, we break the Golden Rule, the spirit of the social contract.

THE PELASGIAN DILEMMA

But the Whale-Hunter's Maxim has disquieting implications. Let's suppose for the time being (as we might not necessarily do in the chapter on defense of animals)[101] that eating pork is fundamentally legitimate. Nonetheless, you and I have never tasted pig-meat, since in our locality doing so is forbidden by creed. By the Whale-Hunter's Maxim, such a prohibition is also legitimate. One day I join a certain persecuted minority cult called the Pig Eaters. In obedience to the rules of my new organization, I decide to taste pork, knowing full well (this is the point) that you in your horror and fear of ritual pollution will feel obliged to enforce the communal prohibition upon me, by violence if necessary.

This is not at all the same as knowing full well that you will violently enforce defense of race upon me because I was born black. In the second case, simple imminence would define my self-defense: I am a human being with all the rights of the self, and you dislike something about me which I am powerless to change, so any harm you inflict on me constitutes unjust aggression. In the first case, however, I am a separatist: I disturb the peace; I *choose* to do something which will bring your violence down upon me. Had I refrained from becoming unlike you, I would have remained safe.

No matter that the Whale-Hunter's Maxim justifies me! I am therefore, in a sense, complicit in whatever violence occurs. Should you attack me, with or without warning, menace, cruelty, imminence; and should I kill you in self-defense, I am your premeditated murderer.

In the moral calculus we state that it is never justified to harm someone based on whom he is.[102] This is why it was wrong for the Bolsheviks to repress people for reasons based solely on their class origin. This is why it remains wrong for the Ku Klux Klan to kill or intimidate blacks. But if I put myself in harm's way to be intimidated, if I make that intimidation possible, if I am Gandhi, if I am Martin

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Luther King (forget John Brown), if I provoke my own victimization, am I responsible? "I can clearly see the time coming to me when I *must* refuse obedience to every single State-made law, even though there may be a certainty of bloodshed."[103] This man sees bloodshed coming and he goes ahead and hunts his whale! What does that make him?

I made the example of the pig-meat blandly absurd, in order that the place-holder not distract us from the principle. Here are other place-holders: I'm the "uppity nigger." I'm the woman whose short skirt gave somebody license to rape me. In America in this year 2003 (and in my own mind), both of these people stand blameless for any violent encounter based on their respective points of difference from the white racist, the self-righteous rapist. Next case: I'm the old Bengali who took his legal child-bride to America and got arrested for statutory rape. Innocent again? I'm the Indian brave who got punished for hunting on private property (that land was once mine). I'm the revolutionary fallen into the hands of counterrevolutionaries; I'm Christ; I'm Satan; I'm John Brown; I'm justified or unjustified.

I leap out a window hoping that I can fly. Am I responsible for my death?

"No one is morally infallible," warns H. D. Lewis in 1961. The lone moral actor may be a riser-up, a riser-down or just an idiot. "Moral worth will not turn on the soundness of our judgment ... but on our integrity and firmness." Again, "we are sorry when people are stupid or inept, but we do not ... blame them provided they try their best."[104]

Stupidity caused my lethal leap. People are sorry for me, but they don't blame me. I caused my death; I'm not responsible for it.

Thinking him to be more mature than he actually is, I leave a child alone with a loaded gun. It wasn't I who pulled the trigger! Am I responsible? By California law, I am. They take me to jail; they blame me—but not as much as if I'd deliberately shot him. Roman law made similar distinctions.[105]

Indirect causality for harm to another is fairly clear. But does causality for harm to oneself constitute responsibility?

"In Dade County, Florida, ... 46.8 percent of the victims in female-perpetrated homicides had 'participated' in the killing; that is, provoked it."[106] The men whom these women slew had, I presume, threatened them, insulted them or physically harmed them. The women killed them; the women were responsible for their deaths. Were the men responsible, too?

The chief deputy coroner of Cuyahoga County, Ohio, tabulates the results of his fourteen-year study: fifty-eight percent of his homicide victims whose blood could be tested (he's sure the actual figure would be higher) tested positive for alcohol. Less than ten percent of people who died from natural causes during that period had any alcohol in their blood.[107] Therefore, "Table XXVIII indicates indisputably that such essential and critical faculties as ... 'common sense' deteriorate or disappear in the presence of alcohol." All right, I see that. But what does it prove? "The recipient of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

homicidal violence may have provoked his own destruction because his pugnacity, bravado or foolhardiness were dangerously inflated by recent intake of whiskey..."[108]

Having learned this fact, I now drink eight shots of whiskey, speed over to the most dangerous street in town and set out to have an "adventure." Am I responsible for what will happen to me?

I've never seen whiskey before; no one has told me what alcohol is. I drink eight shots and find myself on the most dangerous street in town. Am I less responsible than in the other case?

In 1931, Moritz Schlick addresses precisely this question in his *Problems of Ethics*. The influence of alcohol temporarily imprisons or damages someone's moral capacity, this philosopher concludes, because "it prevents him from making decisions in the manner peculiar to his nature." However, "if he takes the narcotic of his own will, we make him completely responsible for this act and transfer a part of the responsibility to the consequences, making, as it were, an average or mean condemnation of the whole."[109]

Herodotus tells of the Pelasgians, who out of revenge for their expulsion from Athens[110] seized some Athenian women at the festival of Artemis and used them as concubines.

> In time these women had numerous children, whom they brought up to behave like Athenians and to speak Attic Greek. The boys as they grew older would not mix with the children of the Pelasgian women, and all supported one another when it came to blows, and a Pelasgian boy hit a Greek one. Indeed the children of the Greek mothers fancied themselves lords and masters of the rest and completely dominated them. The situation gave the Pelasgians something to think about: if these bastard children were already determined to support one another and to lord it over their legitimate children, what would they do when they grew up? They decided in consequence to kill the Attic women's children; then, having done so, they murdered the mothers as well.[111]

In brief, fearing futurity, they preferred the best security their swords could cut—namely, proactive self-defense. From their point of view, the Whale-Hunter's Maxim didn't apply, because the Greek women's children, by refusing to assimilate, became not merely future citizens with a different "view," but outright enemies. Even though the Pelasgians must have been the majority in their own homeland, there existed no concept of an overarching authority which could balance and protect the interests of the heterogenous subgroups that it served. Race, city, clan and nation were all the same. The Pelasgians were the *only* authority, legitimized (for *them)* by race, language, tradition, consensuality, etcetera. Martin Luther King claims that a government which allows its legislators what it prohibits to the governed is unjust; but for all we know, the Pelasgians stood ready to accept those aliens into their community if they'd only become Pelasgians. They did not.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Why couldn't the Pelasgians have sent them away? Consider the Muslim in Serbia who in 1994 said to me (as a Serb with equal reason could have done): "In this war there are no innocents. There is something bad and mean and evil in all of us. This evil is interpreted by each side in a different way. If we cannot live together in Bosnia, how is it possible here?" He wanted to go. The Serbs wanted him to go. Better that than the Pelasgians' solution. But where would the Athenians have gone but to Athens, and what would they do but incite the Greeks to avenge their wrongs? From a purely expedient point of view the decision to liquidate them was therefore the best one.

In honor of the people who like to reason thus, I hereby enshrine this "solution" in the moral calculus as the Klansman's Maxim: *If I believe your race or culture threatens mine, I have the right first to threaten you back, then to remove your threat by violence.*[112] Herodotus tells us that for these infamous murders the gods punished the Pelasgians with a blight on their crops, cattle and children.

As for the Greek women, in view of the presumably unrectifiable wrong of their original abduction it is only too easy to understand why they should have brought up their sons in a separatist spirit. Nonetheless, by so doing they made the Pelasgians feel threatened, and thereby brought about their own doom. Should they have assimilated? Is the Klansman's Maxim at all justified? No one has the right to say that they should have killed their own Greekness. If anything, they were noble; by raising their children as Athenians they defended the honor of their Athenian bloodline. And perhaps they were less rash than they seem to me; maybe they sincerely hoped and incorrectly calculated that their sons could someday avenge them; still and all, as Schlick remarks,[113] we know our fellow humans well enough to be able to predict their future behavior with some degree of success. The abused wife knows from the look on her husband's face that she is in trouble again. Martin Luther King knows exactly what to do to provoke the police of Selma, Alabama, to attack his marchers on television. So didn't any of these women, given the presumably intimate relationship they had with the men who owned them, feel the increase of suspicion, tension, dread and peril once their sons began clashing with the neighbor boys? "We do not blame them provided they try their best," but wasn't this another victim-perpetrated homicide?

The Pelasgian Dilemma is this: Do I express who I am, and thereby cause harm to myself (or to those I love), or do I protect myself by becoming one of *them?*[114]

When we see the question laid out like this, the answer becomes one which we already know:

RIGHTS OF THE SELF

- To violently defend itself, or not.
- To violently defend another, or not.
- To destroy itself or preserve itself.[115]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Expressing my identity, my self, race, culture or affiliation, however I define myself, remains my inalienable right. If that expression is nonviolent, and it provokes authority, race, culture or any other entity against me, it remains my right. If that expression is violent, it must follow the means and ends laid out in this calculus. To the extent that I know what I do, I must, like the Athenian concubines, bear responsibility for what I do, and for the violence caused. But so long as my means and ends remain pure my responsibility is not of the blameable kind, but of the proud kind. *I remain not culpable.* Again I quote from Gandhi, aggrieved although I know he would be to find his words appropriated for any violent purpose. Lord Hunter questions him: "According to the Satyahgraha doctrine, is it right that people who have committed crimes should be punished by the civil authorities?" Gandhi replies: "A Satyagrahi cannot possibly quarrel with any punishment which might be meted out to an offender."[116]

Following the Golden Rule, Deuteronomy and my own sense of imminence or outrage, I resolve the Pelasgian Dilemma in favor of defense of race. I draw up my war aims. I am black or white; it matters not; defense of race remains open to all. I set out to incite a slave uprising at Harpers Ferry, Virginia. I get caught. Am I responsible? Of course! I cannot possibly quarrel with any punishment which might be meted out...

When is violent defense of race justifiable? When I follow the left horn of the Pelasgian Dilemma; which is to say: *When I exercise the rights of the self to express who I am. Should violence ensue, I am not culpable, provided I adhere to my justified ends and means.*[117] Specifically, *absent imminent defense, the goal of that violence must not go beyond defending the minimal aloofness which is the right of every culture or bloodline.*[118]

> ALOOFNESS is the preservation and expression of individual, collective, inborn or acquired difference. Aloofness is the acts and manifestations which will keep difference distinct. Aloofness is a subsidiary end, not a means. It may be defended by justified violence, but it may not employ proactive violence.[119]

ALOOFNESS IN THE FLOWERS

Why does aloofness "matter"? On my very first visit to the Canadian Arctic, I met people who were still very close to a spectacularly exotic and self-reliant way of life, although, half in spite of themselves, they were leaving it. Traditional Inuit culture can be admired, even appropriated, but not transplanted into the "developed" world, for it happens to be predicated above all on the use of wild plants and animals, hence on low population density in an unpolluted setting.[120] The beauty of the flowery moss and of the running caribou, the self-confident marksmanship of my new friends, the taste of the still quivering meat, roasted over an open fire on thin slabs of rock, made me long to have been born one of them. That is why I felt sorry

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to see them becoming "diluted" among the non-native arrivals.[121] Year by year I met more children who preferred watching cartoons on television to hunting, who would rather eat frozen chicken steaks and mashed potatoes from "down south" than fresh "country food" such as seal. That was their right; it's often been said that no culture ought to be put in a museum. But why weren't more of them happy? So many teenagers were getting drunk and then knife-fighting or sniffing gasoline; everyone had been touched by suicide; family after family survived on welfare, the antithesis of self-reliance.[122] It wasn't that the Athenians didn't want to become Pelasgians; the Pelasgians wished them well and wanted to give them what they had—what Athenian shouldn't want to become a Pelasgian?[123] In other words, I wished that Inuit life could become less the object of the well-meaning Canadian government and the commercial-meaning telecasters, and more its own subject.

Why shouldn't most, instead of some, of the television programs be in Inuktitut, if there had to be television at all? Inuit culture is truly a culture of *place,* and its native-language place names reveal knowledge about animal migrations, mythic histories, etcetera; by describing local promises and hazards, they orient the speaker, help him compare the present with the past, and act as mnemonics for such other aspects of Inuit culture as traveling, hunting, berry-gathering. For a very undramatic example, one lake on the southeast side of the Ungava Peninsula is called Aajuralik, meaning "it has an ice crack."[124] We're told that this crack appears in the same location each winter, where it can be very dangerous to its crossers. Thus the name may save a life. Should global warming continue, the presence of this name in what might be a mere swamp a hundred years hence will help posterity understand what has been lost. Most importantly, it will remind the Inuit: this is *their* land. Once such places have been un-named by language atrophy, which is progressing rapidly, once they're un-signified, it will patently be more convenient to condemn them into Pelasgian apartment blocks and uranium mines. Aloofness, then, might require that education, public meetings and media broadcasts give primacy to Inuktitut.

For that matter, why couldn't people go back to being nomadic hunters if they chose to be? Given the costs—cold, hunger, infant mortality, infanticide, senecide, isolation, parochialism—most of them didn't choose to be. In the 1990s, many of the hunters I interviewed were supplying more than half of their family's food requirements with meat they'd killed themselves. But with pity and regret in their voices the old ones would say, "My grandchildren couldn't go back. They're not strong enough; they need to stay warm inside..." Their grandchildren were already half Pelasgianized, and, as is usually the case, nobody had asked them. But if the consensus in a certain Arctic region was that if they did want to shrug off "civilization," why shouldn't they be allowed to? If the urban bureaucrats tried to withhold that right from them, and they took up arms to claim it, I'd call them justified.[125]

All I wished for the Inuit was that they could control their remaining aloof-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE SADDEST STORY EVER TOLD

by Hon. Oliver Allstrom

When a white girl marries a negro,
her sun of life goes down,
And glaring spots of sin appear
on her white wedding gown,
And white and black men stand aghast,
while viewing this strange role;
And mutter, "they will wreck themselves,
and damn each other's soul."
We know a carnivorous bug
has crept into her brain
And gnawed away her self-respect,
which left her half insane.
Now all her racial pride has flown
beyond redemption's fold
And she begins life's saddest tale
that ever yet was told.
Three days and nights she felt black lips
press smug against her own,
And on the fourth, her troubled soul,
let out a frightful groan.
And so the weeks and months flew by,
and a baby came;
She looked at it with tear-filled eyes,
and hung her head in shame.
And then she dreamed of other days,
sweet, girlhood days gone by,
And of white friends left behind,
and so we hear her cry;
"O, could I turn life's pendulum
backwards a few short years
I would not bear this cross today,
nor shed these bitter tears."
"My baby would be white as snow,
and sleep upon my breast
Like a little fledgling robin
that slumbers in its nest.
While now, O God, my mongrel child
just whimpers through the night
Till in my sleepless dreams I scream,
not white, O God, not white!"
And so I stagger through my days
far from God's love and grace,
Till now I know, no black man lives,
can take a white man's place.
My offsprings shall be mongrel bred,
their hue-skin shall remain,
For even God with all His power,
will not remove the stain.
I sold my birthright for a mess,
I mixed my white born blood
With black blood,
so I languish here
like one bogged down in mud.
Though God may grant a pardon,
I never can retrace
My footsteps down life's narrow road,
back to the white man's race.

So now I groan, "it might have been,"
had racial pride been mine.
Today I'd hug a pure white child,
and call him half divine.
I'd lift him up before the world,
and praise his father's name,
While now, my baby's mongrel face
reminds me of my shame.
All other crimes may be forgiven
when prayer, its power fultills;
The scheming crook may find new hope
and even the man that kills,
But all my prayers can never clear
my baby's mongrel skin,
Nor make him white as driven snow,
nor cleanse my soul of sin.
I was my father's future hope,
my mother's joy and pride,
But I got lost on life's dark road,
and there my spirit died.
I smeared my all-white heritage
and left the white man's track,
Now my descendants for all time
shall be forever black.
I try to hide from all the stars,
the moon and setting sun;
For all mankind, of my white race,
condemn what I have done;
I tremble and my teardrops flow,
I pray, but pray in vain;
For nevermore shall I be one
with my white race again.
And so dark clouds above me roll,
deep waters crash below,
I sink and reap what I have sown,
and drink my cup of woe.
My mother sleeps deep within her grave,
my dead lies at her side,
For both were crushed when I became
a negro's common bride.
Now should I decide to leave him,
where could I choose to go?
My misspent life will follow me
like footprints in the snow.
Before me lie dark jungles
where paramours seek a prey;
Behind me death keeps whispering,
"I am the only way."
The black and white, prenuptial mess,
this racial suicide;
Must be forbidden by the law,
men must find racial pride!
Then, never again, forever,
shall tales like mine unfold,
With all its shame,
the saddest tale that ever yet was told.

Right? or Wrong?



Poem from an Aryan Nations pamphlet

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ness—and, fortunately, that is now happening to some small degree; since 1999 there has actually existed a legally enacted Canadian Inuit homeland now: Nunavut, which proudly signifies "our land."

Should the natives of Nunavut set immigration quotas for people from "down south"? I remain uncertain that this solution would be either possible or expedient, but it sounds morally legitimate. Every additional outsider with his southern expectations of easy transportation, petrochemical-based comfort, frozen food and French- and English-language culture brings Nunavut closer into Pelasgia.[126] Maintaining aloofness would justify slowing or halting these alterations. This is why I have always believed that as much as I've yearned to do it, it would be wrong for *me*—I speak for myself alone—to move to one of these Arctic towns and import my own behavior.[127] *Diversity is best served by local homogeneity and global heterogeneity*,[128] which explains why biologists don't advocate seeding rain forests with polar bear cubs, or introducing European fauna into the Galapagos Islands.[129]

Once outsiders have established themselves in Nunavut, however, they begin to become insiders. Few people would propose returning the entire United States to the Indians—not that our conquests were just, but the centuries have had their effect: I was born in California, and so was my daughter; California is our homeland as much as anyone's. *Violent defense of race and culture is unjustified when it is retroactive. Once the aliens move in, what's ours quickly becomes theirs, too.*[130] What can the Inuit fairly do to hold onto their own way of life? What could they tell *me* to do? Had I in fact settled in the Canadian North, I probably would have wanted to marry one of the women I saw around me, which is to say an Inuk woman. Perhaps some local defender of race and culture would accuse me of miscegenation. I think I would take the rights of the self[131] into my hands and reply that deciding who can mingle with whom is bigotry,[132] because by the very same right to self-expression which justifies defense of bloodline to begin with, *defense of bloodline must come second to defense of individual choice.*[133]

CHURCH AND STATE

I've said that everyone has the right to live in the house that suits him, and arrange it to his taste.[134] This is just what the congregationalists of Franklin Mills thought they were doing when they seated blacks near the door—but the error they made was in conflating social and institutional separation. I do not have to allow any blacks inside my house if they offend me, in which case my racism takes the form of a nasty but fundamentally innocuous personal preference. But my church is not my house alone; it is also John Brown's house. John Brown wants blacks to sit beside him. Very well; I am offended; I expel John Brown. Now you can call me a racist.

What if the church professes, as an article of its creed, that all its members must be white, or black? By the Whale-Hunter's Maxim, depending on how determina-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tive it was of status and authority in Franklin Mills, the church might be within its rights to do so—not that I would want to belong to any such church.

And what if the *state* professed the same? The state is the house of all who dwell within it.[135] Should you seek to expel me from the place where I was born, because you object to my color, then my self-defense is justified.[136] Give palms and laurels to John Brown at Harpers Ferry.

So there would seem to be this limit upon the Whale-Hunter's Maxim: If the aloof, excluding organization gets large enough, or powerful enough, the people whom it excludes will have a hard time finding any place to go. Paradoxically, *the Whale-Hunter's Maxim is justified in inverse proportion to the proportion and influence of those who practice it in a given instance.*[137] (The last four words are important, since if a nation of a hundred million divided itself into a hundred million mutually aloof groups, no harm would be done.) The slogan "WHITE PRIDE" remains perfectly justified in and of itself; what's upsetting is the connotation that white pride must be expressed through violent defense against, say, blackness, because since blackness is a minority attribute, the majority's "defense" against it really equals oppression and suppression. *A minority group can justifiably maintain a greater degree of aloofness than a majority group.*[138]

And in Franklin Mills, in John Brown's time, the church was, in spite of constitutional pieties, difficult to separate from the state. Expel me from the church, and you hurt my outer honor, my status. I will suffer economically, and maybe worse. That is why I admire the utility as well as the sentiment of John Brown's action in that church.

THE RIGHT TO DIVORCE

Defense of race, then, can wear any or all of three forms. The first is simple imminent self-defense against the violent aggression of racists. It can also comprise a rising up toward equality, a struggle, justified by simple fairness, against social and institution oppression, which is really indirect violence and creates what Du Bois condemns as "the calloused conscience of caste, the peonage of black labor hands, the insulting of black women, and the stealing of black votes"[139]—in short, the tragic identification of race with class. Violent self-defense of race and culture is justified when it is simple imminent physical defense of self or others in response to an attack based primarily or solely on affiliation.[140] This justified the Warsaw Ghetto uprisers against Nazi troops.[141] We've now discussed this category under the inclusiveness rule, which subsumes protection of race along with other categories of self-defense (individual, national, etc.). It will play a prominent part in the narrative shortly to follow.

The second kind, proactive self-defense, which is to say aggression, we've seen abused by Stalin in defense of class and by John Brown at Pottawatomie. More often

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

than not what's called racial self-defense is racism.

The third and last sort of defense is separatism[142]—racialism, as it's sometimes labeled, to differentiate it from its more unpleasant cousin of the second category. Separatism invokes the rights of the self to express who I am, subject to the minimal aloofness which is the right of every culture or bloodline. Separation and separatism are not necessarily the worst solutions—especially when interracial or interethnic hatreds appear insoluble. Think of the Biblical tale of Moses and Pharaoh: "Let my people go," cried the slave-race's orator, and in the twentieth century, some black American militants will echo those words. Slaves and masters cannot separate and still be slaves and masters. These categories exist only in relation to each other, and most of us would acknowledge that they must have mutually exclusive interests—that is, to be at war. Racial self-defense is much less likely to be justifiable under less than physically imminent conditions, but we can posit a case, namely, *when it is directed by a minority against a majority whose actions are now causing imminent danger to the minority's justified identity and expression; moreover, when nonviolence has already failed and the violence offers a very convincing probability of effectively achieving its stated result while obeying proportionality, discrimination and limit; finally, when individuals within the group toward which the violence is directed are implicitly and explicitly considered to have the same fundamental rights as those who carry out the violence.*[143]



Warsaw Jewish militants (1943)

Separatism often equals divorce. Divorce may not be unjustifiable,[144] but I would swallow hard before I proposed it. As the famous suffragist Julia Ward Howe said in a speech in 1906, femininity is beautiful and special; its own qualities ought to be cherished and protected—which is why she was originally against female suffrage—but in fact, "true womanliness must grow and not diminish, in its larger and freer exercise" *among men.*[145] Unlike the Athenian concubine, she enjoyed the luxury of an overarching government which professed democratic representation, so she saw no reason for women to withdraw to their own country.[146] Blackness, whiteness, redness, yellowness, brownness can each likewise be exercised among all colors.

Moreover, the actual *practice* of separatism, for all its conceivable correctness, tends towards vileness, à la Yugoslavia, because most individuals are apolitical, which is to say that they rightly privilege and cherish their own personal relations over the ambitions of megalomaniacs (another way to say this is that they define their identity primarily according to some quality other than race or culture); therefore, force must be employed upon those uncommitted pests, in order to accomplish the glorious aims of Greater Blackness and Whiteness. In other words, the ends of aloofness are such, if rigorously pursued, as to demand unclean means: To uproot the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



White workers in San Francisco murder an Asian immigrant worker

population with whom we cannot get along (or our "own" population, whether its members like it or not) and deposit them somewhere else, thereby refashioning society into a homogenous organism, is not so very friendly. Shortly before his assassination, President Lincoln proposed this very solution, saying bluntly to a delegation of colored freemen,

> We have between us a broader difference than exists between almost any other two races. Whether it is right or wrong I need not discuss, but this physical difference is a great disadvantage to us both, as I think your race suffer very greatly, many of them by living among us, while ours suffer from your presence.[147]

He offered to send the blacks to make a colony of their own in South America. The Nazis likewise toyed with the idea of sending European Jews to Madagascar. Had they decided to act upon this, we can be sure that they would not, as Lincoln did, have troubled to negotiate about it. In any case, the war which they began, and its resulting blockades, made Madagascar impossible and determined them on a far more horrible alternative. In Bosnia no care was taken to specify any particular destination for those considered to be of the wrong ethnicity; they were simply "encouraged" (through the liberal application of terror) to leave their former places of residence.

"NOT A CRIME BUT A COMMENDABLE DESIRE"

To be sure, separatism need not always be accompanied by force. After Martin Luther King's murder, a black academic insisted that black organizations were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

needed on campus for students "to insulate themselves from the subtle expressions of racism which they experience in their daily encounters with whites."[148] I wonder what he would have made of a whites-only student group? Would he have cried racism? —Not necessarily, for we can often find what at first sight appears to be the strange paradox of racialists and outright racists of mutually exclusive colors cooperating with each other. Thus Marcus Garvey, leader of that blacks-back-to-Africa movement of which Lincoln would have approved, writes from prison to a white counterpart regarding their shared concerns over the mongrelization of America:

> I appreciate your efforts on behalf of your race and I am glad to co-operate in every way possible to help put the program over. The poor blacks who suffered for 300 years must be saved and the white race must be kept pure. The mulattoes are only fooling and using the blacks toward an end.[149]

Garvey, by the way, emperor of an imaginary portion of Africa, with his medals and his feathered cap, offers for our edification the spectacle, far more frequent than one might suppose, of the racist who does not quite practice what he preaches. Having filled up the sheet of paper, and not being permitted by jailhouse regulations to use another that day, he continues on the morrow, and then the admission comes out: "My only motive is to see a pure Negro Africa as far as a Negro nation is concerned and a pure white America... My wife is also of slightly mixed blood, but she understands thoroughly the question."[150] As Booker T. Washington pointed out, the racist stance is often the posture of an easy generalism which ignores the racist's own sometime decency in personal relations with the other race.[151] "A Southern white man may tell you, with the utmost positiveness, that he never knew a single Negro who would not steal—except one."[152] Hitler commented acidly on the same phenomenon in his fellow anti-Semites; they all had their "good Jew."



Marcus Garvey

For all his unwarranted leniency toward Mrs. Garvey, Marcus continues to show the flag of principle by meeting with his equally principled allies. In 1922 he visits the Imperial Wizard[153] of the Ku Klux Klan, "because I had no positive proof except exaggerated newspaper reports, that the Ku Klux Klan had any other desire than to preserve their race from suicide through miscegenation and to keep it pure, which to me is not a crime but a commendable desire."[154] (I wish I could have been there. I wonder if Garvey, whether or not he admitted it, felt what Primo Levi would feel a couple of decades later when, struggling not to die at Auschwitz, he gazed into the Nazi doctor's eyes and imagined the other's thought processes as follows: "This something in front of me belongs to a species which it is obviously opportune to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A Klan float in the Johnson County Centennial Parade, Indiana (1923)

suppress. In this particular case, one has to first make sure that it does not contain some utilizable element.")[155] And so Garvey and the Wizard come to an understanding. Really, it makes sense. Garvey wants to be gone; the Klan wants him to be gone...

It is to the Klan that we now turn, for its long history makes visible both of the two "interesting" (non-imminent) categories of self-defense of race. Let its Grand Dragons accompany us as we follow the long, black-and-white colored thread of racial self-defense through the century succeeding John Brown's hanging, from Reconstruction to the assassination of Martin Luther King, Jr.

TRUE MEN IN AN ALIEN WORLD

Begin with the end of the Civil War, with Lincoln dead, indeed, but dead for a glorious cause—the freedom of all men, white and black, within the domains of the United States. The framers of the Constitution had written that all men are created equal, but then through timorousness and expediency maintained the right to traffic in human beings![156] This right gets now abolished by the Emancipation Proclamation. (Again and again, Martin Luther King will hark back to Lincoln. Every Negro must sign his own Emancipation Proclamation,[157] he'll say.) —Yes, all men being created equal, all men are hereby emancipated! —No matter that the phrase "all men" does not yet embrace the female category. Elizabeth Cady Stanton

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

writes pointedly to abolitionist Wendell Phillips: "May I ask in reply to your fallacious letter just one question based on the apparent opposition in which you place the negro and woman. My question is this: Do you believe the African race is composed entirely of males?"[158] —In 1866 she prints a thousand petitions in favor of female suffrage. In 1875, the Supreme Court declines to interpret the new Fourteenth and Fifteenth Amendments in favor of a woman's right to vote. In 1884 Oxford allows female students in, and she complains that the American Ivy Leagues have not followed that precedent. In 1902, one day before her death, she is writing President Roosevelt to urge the vote for American women. Long after Emancipation, the Constitution of the United States continues to exclude half the human beings within the nation from the right to political praxis. Yes, the lapse is infamous, but it appears to be too much to ask of any generation of human beings (Trotsky would disagree) that more than one problem at a time—if that—be solved. At least in 1865 this can now be said: No woman, white or black—and no man, either—can be sold, or forced to work without pay. All races within the United States are free for all time, right? The abolitionists' work is done.

White racism, naturally, whispers that freedom need not equal equality—a formula for undoing what freedom it can, and forestalling the rest if possible. The successor of the assassinated Lincoln, Andrew Johnson, gets a warning letter from "a Southern man": if the Southern people are not conciliated, they must take *"revenge revenge revenge."* As for the war, "it was the infernal Abolitions that brough[t] it on & they alone are responsible, therefore Sir *beware*... if any of our *Great Captains* are made to suffer any severe penalty, ... *I will be one of a host* that will neither rest day or night until your life pays the penalty of such a monstrous crime."[159] Of course, Presidents get letters like that all the time; one need not believe in conspiracy—it's quite openly done!—to understand why in 1866, the year after the South's surrender, President Johnson vetoes the Civil Rights Act, which would grant citizenship to blacks—he's concerned that they may not be competent to exercise it—and, yes, he worries about states' rights; he wants to put the federal Pandora back in her box; but, as Lincoln had found before him, it's too late for that.[160] In his 1963 letter from Birmingham Jail, Martin Luther King will propose that a law is unjust which requires from the governed acts or allegiances not required from the legislators.[161] This is exactly why emancipation without citizenship becomes an absurdity. Are black Americans to be allowed their freedom but not guaranteed life, liberty and the pursuit of happiness? Is it fair for a white senator who refuses to sign an anti-lynching bill to be able to sleep at night, while his black neighbor has to sit at the window watching for the Klan? Should a white man be able to vote in every state of the Union, while a black man must endure what the American Revolution reacted against—taxation without representation? For blacks, defense of race now remains nothing more or less than imminent collective defense. Well, never mind; Congress overrides Johnson's veto. But the President's attempt to defeat this just (if inade-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

quate) measure cannot but encourage the racists, whose defenses of both class and authority require them to maintain the master-slave relation unofficially if they can no longer do so openly. (In 1873, a northern journalist travels to Louisiana. "Do the Negroes on this plantation vote?" he asks the white planter. —"I reckon not," the other chuckles. "I don't want my niggers to have anything to do with politics. They can't vote as long as they stay with us, and those Alabama boys don't take no interest in the elections here.")[162] —Self-defense of race especially requires those same whites to resist what aroused Lincoln's repulsion and what they can now see coming: intermarriage.[163]

"THAT WILL SHOW YOU HOW TO LEAVE YOUR OLD MISTRESS AND MASTER"

Easy enough to make the point that strictures against uncontrolled sexual behavior are defined and enforced at the whim of the controllers:—we all know that in the Old South there were plenty of white men who enjoyed a visit to the slave quarters; the mulatto fruits of their labors, after all, would also be slaves. "I wish I could collect my money and buy a negro girl," writes a Confederate sergeant to his wife, because he is afraid that the price will go up after the war. His mind having thus directed itself to the subject of colored females, he continues:

> tell Cynthia that if she does not begin to show some signs that way when I come home that I'll whip her most to death or sell her to the meanest man I can find on Red River. Be sure you tell her so for I am not going to be fooled with by her any longer. I bought her to breed and I know no good reason why she should not do it and she shall or I won't own her long. Don't raise the objections I fear you will but be governed by me in this thing, for as Phoebe says "niggers will be niggers."... I have no objection to her having a husband but she has got to have children.[164]

It is possible that had Cynthia given birth to a half-white child, this sergeant would have been satisfied, for that would have meant money to him. But he was aghast when he heard about a white woman who had produced a "black bastard." I suppose this double standard exists simply because a father's part can take five minutes or less, after which it's easy enough to walk away forever, whereas the association between mother and infant cannot be so conveniently denied. The year of that first Civil Rights Act, a race riot explodes in Memphis, where Sherman's Union troops had lately ridden hard. The resulting congressional report will dabble in various ironies, among them this "singular fact, that while this mob was breathing vengeance against the negroes and shooting them down like dogs, yet when they found unprotected colored women they at once 'conquered their prejudices' and proceeded to violate them under circumstances of the most licentious brutality."[165]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

But even though the post-bellum loathing of impending racial defilement has a strongly expedient "sour grapes" component, considering expediency alone would imbue this discussion with an easy cynicism which failed to take into account the sincerity of true racists. Decades before the Civil War, clever Tocqueville had warned that were slavery ever abolished, whites would draw a line between themselves and blacks with ever more ruthless sharpness;[166] and the story we are about to hear proves him right. One phenomenon which deeply impressed me when I began to research the subject was the absolute consistency over time of Biblical arguments of racial inequality in this country.[167] The Identity Christians of 1995 proclaim the same doctrine as the ministerial authors and pamphleteers of 1865: namely, that the black race is in fact "the beast of the fields" employed by Old Testament patriarchs—cattle with hands, in short, the two-legged property of Esau, and the "servants" of Abraham.[168] (One is reminded of a Greek term for slaves: *andrapoda*, or "human-footed stock.")[169] Repeatedly the black is classified as an ape, "a tool-making, tool-handling animal. These characteristics pre-eminently fit him for the position of servant while the low order of his mentality disqualifies him for a higher sphere."[170] —"The history of the negro proves that he does not, never did possess a self-directing independent mind—the white man regards—always did regard him as a natural, a lawful slave—the negro admits the fact, and instinctively seeks the condition of slavery to man."[171] —Natural slaves, yes! It's right out of Aristotle. The benignity of slavery! After the third or fourth generation of freedom, the descendant of a slave in old Rome, if he were talented enough, might find his way into public office—might even become Emperor. But until emancipation, black Americans in the South had no hope of eventual manumission. It was all for the best. After all, Plato's Socrates had explained that "one should not escape from a good master."[172] During the Memphis riot, a pregnant black woman gets raped in front of her children while her brother is shot dead, after which she's made to witness the murder of her next door neighbor, accompanied by these words: "Damn you, that will show you how to leave your old mistress and master."[173]



"Under this sign you shall conquer": Aryan Nations booklet (1990s)

Yes, indeed, masters and slaves used to love one another, the patriots explain. They worked side by side—for a common end (the master's).[174] That's why we treated the niggers so well before John Brown and his kind stirred things up. (Love's proof: One Tennessee freedman testifies that he was castrated for trying to escape from a whipping.)[175] Black boys—such was their love—carried their wounded masters all the way home from the battlefield. ("My master used to ask: 'Won't you fight for me, Tom?' And in fear I would reply: 'Oh yes, Massa.' And then I would feel how wrong it was to say what I did, as it was contrary to my intention, and I would ask

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the Lord to forgive me.")[176] And the dear white mistress treated the black children as if they were her own (after all, maybe they were; everybody said that coffee-colored little Sally had Massa's eyes). Hence this encomium from an old black woman, once a slave: "'Sometimes I feel as if I'd like to go back and see my old massa and missus'—she hesitated a moment and added, 'but they sold my baby down South.'"[177]

That was the natural order. But you abolitionists poisoned all that, say the patriots. Now we'll have to watch out for the nigras; we can't trust them. You've taught them to hate us, and so we hate them. We'll form Organizations to keep them away.[178] (An Organization, can best maintain itself through some minimal degree of aloofness, remember?) Self-defense demands now segregation on railroad cars, in restaurants, in public conveniences, everywhere.[179] You destroyed the traditional institutions of separation, so we'll just have to maintain our separateness in other ways. —A few years after Lincoln's murder, a black Representative from Mississippi, the unfortunately named John Roy Lynch, speaks out against what are now the usual Jim Crow institutions:



Rep. John Roy Lynch

> Mr. Speaker, if this unjust discrimination is to be longer tolerated by the American people, which I do not, cannot, and will not believe until I am forced to do so, I can only say with sorrow and regret that our boasted civilization is a fraud; our republican institutions a failure; our social system a disgrace; and our religion a complete hypocrisy.[180]

Needless to say, the discrimination will be tolerated. Black congressmen such as Representative Lynch pass across the southern stage for slightly more than a decade after the Civil War, then they vanish for almost a century. They're simply outlawed...

DOGS, NEGROES AND SPIDER-PEOPLE

Back to the Good Book. The vexing problem of how Cain, who belonged to the only human family on earth, got his wives after fleeing to the land of Nod is elegantly solved by the racists: These females were mere bipedal animals like the Confederate sergeant's Cynthia, not human beings. Such claims may be correct readings of the Bible:—parts of the Old Testament are, after all, incitements to genocide.[181] As logic, however, they might be more convincing did we not find counterclaims of exclusive peoplehood from each of the other races, and sometimes even from subgroups, like the Heike clan of old Japan, who in its ascendancy, taking defense of bloodline to fanatical heights, supposedly made the epigram that "if you are not a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



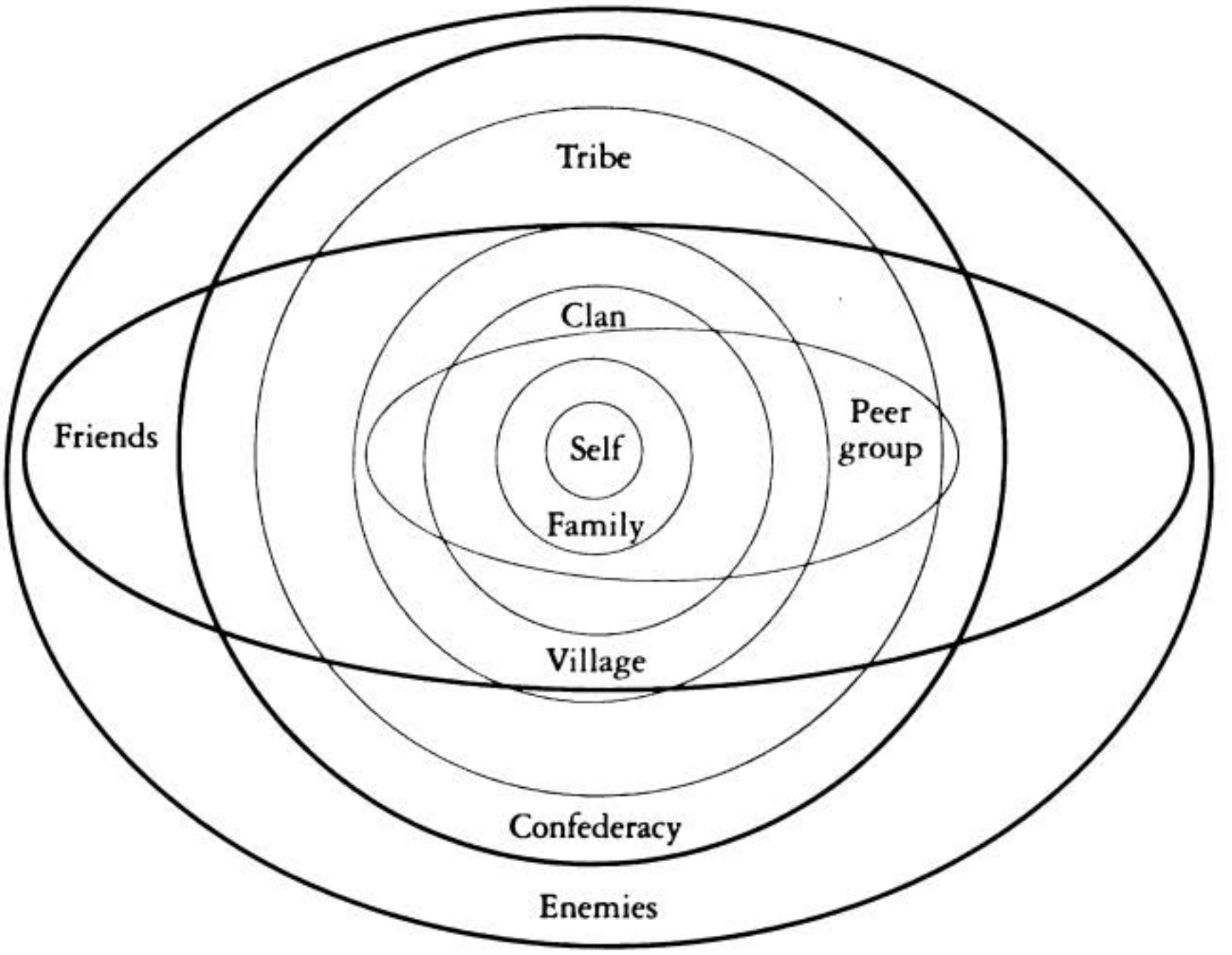
Schroedel world map showing monstrous outer-dwellers (1492)

Heike, you are not even a human being." This attitude is the human norm. Hence the medieval world-maps whose borders are decorated with portraits of outer-dwellers: spider-people, bird-headed, snake-necked people, centaurs, tailed men, furry women;[182] hence the many American Indian tribes whose names for themselves means "the people," or "the human beings."[183] Hence the loud and gruff claim of a Thai elementary school teacher that "the culture of Cambodia is like a dog. You never know when he'll bite you."[184] We so often put ourselves at the center of the world,[185] surrounded by neighbors who are dubious or worse.[186]

So we compare our neighbors to animals, as in the simile of the Thai elementary school teacher;[187] otherwise they might be barbarians, demons, strangers—above all, *aliens.* Hence the aphorism of Lévi-Strauss, supported by anthropological examples, that "every family relationship defines a certain group of rights and duties, while the lack of a family relationship does not define anything; it defines enmity."[188] How justified, how minimal is such aloofness? Lévi-Straus adds that "there is no barbarism or ... even archaism" in this share-all-or-else-kill orientation, which "merely represents the systemization, pushed to the limit, of characteristics inherent in social relationships."[189] The French racial theorist Gobineau, whose opus, published shortly before the American Civil War, would later influence the proto-Nazis in England and Germany, lists even more examples to justify his conclusion, with which so many people agree, that "the human race in all its branches has a secret

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HYPOTHETICAL IDENTITY DISTINCTIONS OF A HURON INDIAN (17TH CENT.)



Dark lines represent especially important boundaries.

---

repulsion from the crossing of blood."[190] One can hardly be surprised that Gobineau, who was white, should have argued that "those who are most akin to us come nearest in beauty; such are the degenerate Aryan stocks of India and Persia... As these races recede from the white type, their features and limbs become incorrect in form."[191] Where we must take issue with Gobineau is with his disinclination to allow colored people their own counter-standards. From relativistic aesthetics he stealthily moves to pseudo-objective moral and intellectual judgments: "The negroid variety is the lowest... The animal character, that appears in the shape of his pelvis, is stamped on the negro from birth, and foreshadows his destiny."[192] Hence the related notion—related, at least, in its conclusion about the subhumans' badness, though quite illogical given their supposed inferiority of intellect, is that the being who so cunningly tempted Eve in the Garden of Eden, that original center of the world which we lost, was not a literal serpent, but a Negro—in some versions a woman who appeals to Eve as a friend, in others a man who literally or metaphorically seduces her.[193] Long and tedious exegesis of the original Hebrew phrase proves the racist's contention to his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

own satisfaction.[194] "This reveals the startling fact that it was man's social equality with the negro that brought sin into the world."[195]

Next come quantitative arguments. In 1995 they tend to rely on genetic jargon; in 1865, they contain a metaphysical component. Here is one such: The Caucasian possesses three elements in his nature: matter, mind and soul. The negro possesses only the first two. Because the soul is as a noble gas, a pure element which does not combine with other elements, miscegenation can produce only half-breeds with admixtures of the first two elements. "Hence, *no mixed-blood has a soul.*"[196] Biological and spiritual self-defense of race thus militate against any impulse to hybridism. Superiority, it would appear to these anti-Darwinians, is a sort of recessive gene, precious but fragile, easily endangered or destroyed.

In short, as the racists clinically put it, "the negro is an animal with which man may associate himself carnally,"[197] but such an association is highly inadvisable, especially now when it can no longer make slaves.

BLOODLINES AND PRESTIDIGITATION

Throughout history, nonetheless, others have advised it, or at least benignly hoodwinked themselves into tolerating it. In his learned treatise on ancient law, the nineteenth-century British jurist Sir Henry Sumner Maine wrote that "the history of political ideas begins, in fact, with the assumption that kinship in blood is the sole possible ground of community in political functions." But everywhere he finds evidence of aliens being adopted into the clan through marriage, testamentary succession, the expediencies of trade and the like. He thus continues: "The earliest and most extensively employed of legal fictions was that which permitted family relations to be created artificially, and there is none to which I conceive mankind to be more deeply indebted."[198]

If only the defenders of Southern rights had agreed!

"THAT'S WHAT THIS WAR'S ABOUT DOWN HERE NOW"

But they did not. Nor should any student of human nature have expected them to: abolition had been shoved down their gagging throats. They waited for the northern armies of occupation to leave, so that they could wash the bad taste from their mouths. Here's another opus, which sums up their point of view in due Christian gentleness and a most enviable certainty:

> Such, then, is the negro—the lowest in the scale as the Caucasian is the most elevated in the human creation—a creature not degraded—for none of God's creatures are degraded—but that is widely different and vastly subordinate to the elaborately organized and highly endowed white man.[199]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

IF YOU ARE FOR A PURELY WHITE AMERICA - IF YOU ARE AGAINST COMMUNIST-INSPIRED RACE MIXING - IF YOU ARE A TRUE PATRIOT - JOIN TODAY! Use application below.

-FIGHT COMMUNISM-

MAIL TO: SOUTH CAROLINA
STATE OFFICE
P. O. BOX 3637
WEST COLUMBIA, SC
29171

If you are a native-born loyal United States Citizen 18 years old, a White Gentile person of temporate habits, of Protestant Faith, and believe in White Supremacy and Americanism - - Please fill in below.

Place an X at one of the following:

____ I would like to join THE Christian Knights of the Ku Klux Klan

____ I am a former member and would like to be reinstated.

My Name is:_____ Age_____ Sex_____

Address:_____ Phone:_____

City:_____ State:_____ Zip:_____

I am employed by:_____ State:_____

ESTABLISH OR JOIN A LOCAL UNIT now in our efforts to maintain segregation of the races and fight Communism that exists in America today. . . .
THE CHRISTIAN KNIGHTS INVISIBLE EMPIRE, KNIGHTS OF THE KU KLUX KLAN is a legally recognized national Organization and is absolutely Non-Subversive with no criminal accusations against it.

Klan registration card from the Fiery Cross

That book appears a mere three years after the Civil War, which, one would have thought, had settled that question of subordination differently. The writer does not think so. Losing his measuredness in the end, he thrusts upon us the admonition that the "monstrous delusion" of racial equality will have to be scotched, either by persuasion or by violence.[200] Given the times in which he must have lived, we cannot excuse him by supposing him incapable of picturing what such words lead to. He's seen slaves whipped, no doubt of that; he's seen them sold, branded, hanged. He saw the Union troops come marching ruinously through his piece of country; and he may well suspect that if his neighbors resume these practices, the troops will come back. But, as I've heard said even in my own time, "the South shall rise again!"[201] The literal meaning of this phrase, like that of states' rights, is benign. What decent heart could fail to wish the South well? The white supremacist South, however, is another matter.

Invoking the name of Jesus, friend of underdogs, hence surely star-guide of risers-up, the nascent Organization announces that only through militant defense of culture can redress be gained for the late defeat.[202] By persuasion or by violence, the tract writer said. Perhaps he has in mind that Memphis riot, about which the congressional report remarks: "It was called in derision the 'nigger riot,' while in fact, in the language of General Stoneman, the negroes had nothing to do with it after the first day, except to be killed and abused."[203] And their violence on the first day was arguably justifiable. After long enduring almost daily beatings by the Irish police, some recently demobilized colored soldiers finally fired upon their tormen-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



SOUTH CAROLINA
STATE OFFICE
P. O. BOX 3637
WEST COLUMBIA, SC
29171

WE, THE KLAN, BELIEVE . . .

"WE BELIEVE in God and the tenets of the Christian religion, and that a God-less nation cannot long prosper.

"WE BELIEVE that a church that is not grounded on the principles of morality and justice is a mockery to God and to man."

"WE BELIEVE in the eternal separation of Church and State."

"WE HOLD no allegiance to any foreign government, emperor, king, pope or any other foreign political or religious power."

"WE BELIEVE in just laws and liberty."

"WE BELIEVE in the upholding of the Constitution of these United States."

"WE BELIEVE in freedom of speech."

"WE BELIEVE in a free press uncontrolled by political parties or religious sects."

"WE BELIEVE in law and order."

"WE BELIEVE in white supremacy."

"WE DO NOT BELIEVE in mob violence, but we do believe that laws should be enacted to prevent the cause of mob violence."



FOR MORE INFORMATION WRITE:

SOUTH CAROLINA
STATE OFFICE
P. O. BOX 3637
WEST COLUMBIA, SC
29171



KKK newsletter

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tors. One policemen died, either at the hands of the blacks, or else accidentally, from a discharge of his own or another officer's weapon. The proximate cause scarcely matters,[204] neither to our moral analysis nor to the parties concerned: it will be like John Brown in Potawattomie all over again. The Declaration of Independence of John Brown's insurgents at Harpers Ferry contains these eminently justified lines: "that as free and independent citizens of these states, they [colored persons] have a perfect right, a sufficient and just cause, to defend themselves against the tyranny of their oppressors."[205] The Irishmen, it seems, are equally committed to their cause. Inspired by self-defense of authority, honor, class and race—not to mention simple self-righteous anger—they form a *posse comitatus* to "deal with" all the blacks they can reach. (The police officer's silver star is of course, like Napoleon's self-proclaimed "star" of destiny, a license to many acts of self-defense: an emblem of honor, of righteousness and above all of authority's power. It compels its subjects to follow it. Napoleon's boys must go all the way to Moscow to die; but sometimes the police station or the wooded copse near the road will be far enough. This is why the Ku Klux Klan will flash their toy sheriffs' badges in 1964 when they pick up the black boys Henry Dee and Charles Moore, in order to beat them, murder them, then cut their carcasses in half.)[206] In self-defense, then, the white police of Memphis shoot a girl dead for trying to escape from a burning house. People convinced that blacks are natural slaves must, they think, stand up for their convictions. At least forty-eight persons are murdered, only two of them white (counting the policeman mentioned earlier), the rest black; seventy-five have been wounded, five raped, and probably many more who were too ashamed to report the fact, a hundred robbed, ninety-one houses and cabins burned, four churches and twelve school-houses destroyed.[207] —Strange though it might seem to a mongrelized liberal such as myself, these acts are neither murder nor unprovoked aggression—not sickening, idiotic cruelty, but—I repeat—racial self-defense! A dozen years after the Memphis riot, the *Atlanta News* publishes an editorial which shows how much that publication, at least, has learned from the Civil War:

> Radicalism has declared a war of extermination against the whites of the South... Our only hope is in a stern, resolute resistance—a resistance to the death, if necessary, with arms in our hands. Let there be White Leagues formed in every town... The radicalism of the Republican Party must be met by the radicalism of white men.[208]

John Brown couldn't have said it better.

Does "human rights" imply that minority groups "should be treated equally under given laws, or that they should have a communitarian right to sustain their own identity and way of life separate from the dominant culture to which they remain subject?" wonders a South Korean sociologist.[209] There can never be any answers to this question except for vague or doctrinaire ones; but I repeat that *a*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

bloodline, organization, race or culture can best maintain itself through some minimal degree of aloofness.[210] Too much, and xenophobia will incite violence;[211] not enough, and the group will get swallowed. Why are the White Leagues unjustified? Because they're not directed strictly against federalism itself, in which case they might actually raise some valid issue about states' rights; instead, they're directed against a minority far more powerless than they, the black minority; furthermore, their definition of racial aloofness requires them to suppress that minority's fundamental rights. Their ends and means are evil; they subject blacks to imminent terror.



Klan founder N. B. Forrest

The Pelasgian Dilemma was this: Do I express who I am, and thereby harm myself or others, or do I protect myself by becoming one of *them?* Black Americans have neither choice. Expressing their dreams will be rewarded with a visit from night riders. What if they tried to assimilate, to become one of *them?* Emancipation was supposed make that possible, but if a former slave were to dare to act like anyone other than a slave, once again the night riders will come. Defense of race? Blacks can hardly aspire to that. Defense of life and family, carried out by means of softvoiced obedience, resignation to poverty, acceptance of random white rage which calls itself *"stern, resolute resistance,"* what else is there? Defense against the White Leagues? No hope.

As a matter of fact, racial self-defense has begun even before the *Atlanta News*'s call. In 1868 the Knights of the White Camelia were formed. "Do you promise never to marry any woman but one who belongs to the white race?" the recruits are asked. Perhaps some of them have read the opus of that gentle Christian who meant the Negro so well. "Are you opposed to allowing the control of the political affairs of this country to go in whole or in part into the hands of the African race, and will you do everything in your power to prevent it?"[212] This pretty little catechism comes furnished with the correct answers.

In the same year, the Knights' more famous cousins, the Ku Klux Klan, the night riders, are founded by one of Lee's best generals, Nathan Bedford Forrest. In their white robes, their strangely pointed white hats, they sear their monstrous aesthetic into the soul of the South. "Speaking only when spoken to, the costumed figures are a silent and threatening reminder of the Klan's presence in the community," the U.S. government will write a full century later.[213] In the darkness, blazing crosses announce and illuminate the victims. First engravings, then photographs show those strange hoods of racial whiteness, which sometimes incongruously resemble the veils of Muslim women, and sometimes appear to be upended flour sacks, whose corners curl upward in miniature teddy-bear ears; we see two of the latter such racial warriors lurking in the doorway of a black family's cabin, their hoods very white against the dark night; a black child is eating a bowl of supper by candle light, gazing happily into the flame (à la Harriet Beecher Stowe, this print exag-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gerates the bucolic family goodness of the victims, in order through contrast to paint the evil as even more wicked than it is), and the boy's elders are turned toward the fire; so none of them yet have noticed that Klansmen's mask-face at the bottom of the steps, peering in goggle-eyed at floor level; nor the other Klansman who is actually leaning against the door-jamb to steady the rifle which he levels over the soup-eating child's head, aiming perhaps at the mother bending over the fire, perhaps at her husband; but soon the shot must come.[214] —"We will never night ride again," proclaims the Imperial Wizard a century later, "UNLESS we are forced to defend our homes." A government report on the KKK comments: "Printed words cannot adequately describe the effect of such remarks at a klan rally, where racial slurs by a rabble-rousing orator have been sufficient to evoke an audience response of 'Kill the niggers!'"[215]

Nor is that the first government report on the Organization. In 1871, a federal grand jury tells the U.S. Circuit Court that it has been "shocked beyond measure" at the "atrocities committed" by that defender of whiteness, "producing a state of terror and a sense of utter insecurity among a large portion of the people, especially the colored population."[216] The Klan is only three years old, and the grand jury finds evidence of its stalwartness: eleven murders and more than six hundred whippings committed in York County alone. That year, a group of Kentucky blacks petition Congress for protection of life and property. With ingenuous or ironic Southern courtesy, they suggest that perhaps the government is "not familiar" with "the Ku Klux Klan's nightly riding over the country, ... spreading terror wherever they go by robbing, whipping, ravishing, and killing our people without provocation." Why do the deponents need to write all the way to Washington? Because "the legislature has adjourned; they refused to enact any laws to suppress Ku Klux disorder."[217]

In fairness to the Organization, one ought to point out that not every crime of violence committed by whites against blacks can be added to its honor roll—for the Organization keeps its secrets. When a black boy gets beaten, eye-gouged, skull-crushed and shot in 1955 for saying, "'Bye, baby," to a white woman, the murder is not planned, and the Organization might not even have been involved. But self-defense certainly is. One of the two killers explains after the acquittal that he merely meant to scare the kid into respectfulness, but the kid had bragged about his white girlfriend in Chicago.[218] "Well, when he told me about this white girl he had, my friend, that's what this war's about down here now. That's what we got to fight to protect. And I just looked at him and I said 'Boy, you ain't never going to see the sun come up again.'"[219]

In 1877, President Rutherford Hayes pulls out the last Union troops from the South,[220] leaving states' rights to come back from the dead like angry ghosts to menace blacks once again. In 1896, the Supreme Court decision *Plessy v. Ferguson* (which history will consider nearly as infamous as the verdict in the Dredd Scott case) upholds segregated railroad accomodations in Louisiana. In 1898, the chairman of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the Democratic Party of North Carolina writes in the Raleigh newspaper: "North Carolina is a WHITE MAN'S state, and WHITE MEN will rule it, and they will crush the party of Negro domination."[221]

HARVEST OF THE LIBERTY TREE

So. The Ku Klux Klan? Well, it's southern white America's only salvation. Up north they're getting mongrelized, just as Marcus Garvey will later insist (learning of his meeting with the Klan and his conviction for fraud, Du Bois will call him "the most dangerous enemy of the Negro race in America and in the world," "either a lunatic or a traitor").[222] The northerners who aren't race-mixers are political prostitutes who've ruined our ideals. But we're not going to give up, even if our own founder, Forrest, has gone lily-livered—black-livered, we should say—and repudiated us. We're going to defend our color. We're going to organize. What we can't do openly anymore we'll do by other means.


EVANSVILLE
HOMECOMING
CELEBRATION
and PICNIC
MESKER PARK
Saturday JULY 14 All Day
Given under auspices of Knights of the Ku Klux Klan
Evansville Klan No. 1
Speakers, Food, Bands, and Entertainment for All
The White Gentile Protestant People of
Indiana and the Tri-State Territory
Are Cordially Invited
"Let's Go, Boy—Down by the Ohio"

Poster for a Klan picnic (1923)

We see a crowd of whites beneath a tree. A young man in a white shirt and tie, his hair slicked back, grins coolly at the camera, clasping the hand of his debutante who glares at us in still unspent rage. Another man's gaze is more neutral, but with an undertone of righteous readiness. Many people do look straight into the lens, their faces sometimes over-whitened by the exploding flashbulb; but far more are staring up into that tree, following the upward incline of one triumphant bigot's tattooed arm, his lean, grim, pop-eyed face a sort of banner which bears the message: "This is how it is. This is how it must be. This is how it always will be." Beneath his moustache we find no smile, only a stern widening of the lips to indicate that justice has been done. More faces; more onlookers—gawkers, head-craners. Perhaps on account of that arm-raising moral juryman, the first dead black man is the more conspicuous of the two. His arms press so rigidly against his sides that they must have been tied; indeed, we can see two strands of rope dangling from his left wrist, short and smart, like the wires that hold a label to a parcel or package. He wears rags, which, like his forehead, might or might not be stained with blood. His head sags almost to his shoulder. His mouth has opened, filled with the swollen tongue; his eyes are closed. On his face, the sleepy sad expression of death. His toes gleam in the air. The taut rope rises from his neck to the tree-branch, crosses it and then goes down pulley-fashion into the darkness. The photograph does not show us to what it is secured. The other victim shares his tree, but a different branch. He and his clothes too are stained and spattered. His head bows forward rather than sideways. His death-face is less anguished than his brother's; perhaps, at the end, he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

was glad to be going out.[223]

There hang the two black men, guilty of murder, or arson, or rape, or attempted rape, which means looking a white woman in the eye, or attempted voting, or shooting at squirrels, or unpopularity, or maybe nothing. There have been other condemned, and there will be more—how many exactly nobody knows, because the statistics shout at one another with different numbers' voices. Between 1882 and 1900, whites will lynch four thousand blacks and kill ten thousand more by mob violence.[224] That's what one source says. Between 1885 and 1910, two thousand blacks will be lynched, says another. From 1918 to 1921, twenty-eight people will be burned alive. From 1889 to 1922, 3,436 people will be lynched, most of them black.[225] It doesn't add up. But from the close of Civil War in 1865 to the civil unrest of 1965, it's fair to say that thousands of Americans will violently die in race warfare, and that the majority of the victims will be black. How could Memphis have ever been the end? Race riots crackle in 1898, 1904, 1906, and 1908—most often accompanied by a lynching or two. It's all self-defense, of course. (One begins to see why race has been called the most ubiquitous cause of civil unrest in American cities.)[226] A delegation of the colored writes an open letter to President McKinley, this time not begging but *demanding* that he do something about the fact that innocent blacks are being "butchered like dogs in the streets."[227] But President McKinley is busy. —A black journalist shouts out the calculus of John Brown:

> Let the Negro require at the hands of every white murderer in the South or elsewhere a life for a life. If they burn our houses, burn theirs; if they kill our wives and children, kill theirs; pursue them relentlessly; meet force with force everywhere it is offered.[228]

SELF-DEFENSE AVOIDS RETALIATION

Yes, once again we've met the Soldier's Golden Rule: Do unto others as you are done by.[229] But, like all desperate voices, this journalist's meets with the best that John Brown could have hoped for (unless the rope was best):—silence. Ghetto violence then, as in the 1990s, is mainly black-on-black. Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael will ridicule that fact—why can't you idiots hurt white people instead?—but those leaders fail to accomplish more in that regard than to turn up the electric flame that already flickers beneath the skillet of black hate. Why? One history of black alley life in Washington D.C. argues about Saturday night fighting that

> alley dwellers could not afford the more refined violence found in the "refined pleasures" of the upper classes. Drinking alley liquor, gambling with neighbors, and perhaps even fighting all provided entertainment and helped relieve frustrations, as well as keeping within the community what little resources there were. To survive,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

it was better to fight with one's neighbor than to attack outside oppressors, especially when those oppressors had all the power.[230]

In 1940, two sociologists who believe that homicide rate is inversely proportional to social status are pleased to find that the data support their assumption: blacks are killing blacks at ten times the white rate.[231] White juries remain bemused. "No Guilford County jury would give a nigger the chair for killing another nigger. It just doesn't seem worth it."[232] A study of value-laden key-words in the court documents for North Carolina murder cases concludes:

A North Carolina Moral Calculus of Homicide and the Color Line (1930-40)

1. BLACK MURDERS BLACK
   (552 indicted, 332 charged, 223 convicted, 15 executed.)
   "Secular ritual marks the trial... The distinction between punishment and dismissal is based on a utilitarian regard for the consequences of either alternative."
   Summary reaction: "Murder? Another one?"

2. WHITE MURDERS WHITE
   (144 indicted, 85 charged, 59 convicted, 11 executed.)
   "There is a compulsion to allocate responsibility... The ritual of the trial is secular as well as sacred... The distinction between punishment and dismissal is based on the deep-lying sentiment of what Justice requires."
   Summary reaction: "This man must be tried."

3. WHITE MURDERS BLACK
   (19 indicted, 11 charged, 7 convicted, 0 executed.)
   "No particular persuasion of the criminality of the act... lack of moral compulsions makes possible pronouncement of degrees of guilt..."
   Summary reaction: "Murder? Why did he kill him?"

4. BLACK MURDERS WHITE
   (48 indicted, 38 charged, 35 convicted, 15 executed.)
   "Acceptance of the act as objectively criminal, the objectivity stemming from a deeply sentimental persuasion... The procedure is marked by its sacred ritual character."
   Summary reaction: "Get the nigger who is responsible for this."

SOURCE: HAROLD GARFINKEL, "INTER- AND INTRA-RACIAL HOMICIDES" (1949), IN WOLFGANG, PP. 51-53, 56-57.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SELF-DEFENSE APOLOGIZES AND WORKS HARD

Meanwhile, Booker T. Washington, who grew up with the idea that one's degree of ignorance was directly proportional to the darkness of one's skin, and that "God was white and the Devil was black,"[233] tells his fellow blacks to work hard, be responsible, prepare themselves for future citizenship (this advice, perhaps, being a fruit of the anxiety, in coming years to be transmuted into anger, which derives from the phenomenon explained to a small black boy thus: "A Negro's just as good as anybody else," my father said, "but he's always got to prove it.").[234] Washington's rival, W. E. B. Du Bois, is far more radical—he will found the NAACP, and in his nineties join the Communist Party; he belittles Washington for expediently relieving whites of their responsibility, their guilt for Negro peonage[235]—but even Du Bois, more practical than the John Brown he admires, dares not call on his race to rise up at this stage—rise up for what? For equal pay, for suffrage, fine—but even he is not sure about the ethics of interrracial marriage. He offers a soothing blend of Marxist-Leninism (which he most preposterously hints that John Brown would have endorsed)[236] and of eugenics: "Not the methods of the jungle, nor even the careless choices of the drawing-room, but the thoughtful selection of the schools and laboratory is the ideal of future marriage."[237] (How could any thoughtful white racist disagree?) Women—white women, that is—come within sight of getting the vote; the automobile gets invented; World War I gives American boys (some of whom are black) a chance to see Paris and die. What must they have seen? Almost fifty thousand American soldiers fell in action in one twelve-week period in 1918.[238] After a week like that, not to mention years like that, fear falls into irrelevance—certainly for the dead, and probably for the survivors, too. And what sort of men will those survivors be? To feed wartime expediency, they've been drilled into confidence and maybe even pride, taught how to fight, how to kill. This is what John Brown always craved—and therefore what the white Organization eternally feared. In 1744, a bill to impress slaves for work on the fortifications of South Carolina had failed to pass, for reasons less connected to humanity than to the fear of the combustion that might occur when too many oppressed people were concentrated. During the Civil War, when a similar proposal was being considered, the former governor of Virginia wrote to the Confederate secretary of war urging him not to draft slaves for army labor because



W. E. B. Du Bois

> the negro was a timid animal not used to being with large bodies of white men... if they were carried into our camps they would become used to these things and being thus changed they would with less fear try to get to the Yankee army.[239]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"NEGRO BRUTALLY MURDERS PROMINENT CITIZEN"

The military situation, however, ultimately required those timid animals to be drafted for the construction of Rebel batteries along the James, along the York, etcetera. No doubt they became "used to these things." Isn't it very likely that the same could be said of the black American soldiers of 1918? Could there now be growing nucleus of black men who fear white violence to a lesser degree? Maybe they suffer more rage than fear; they've been used against the Germans when they were needed, and at war's end dropped back down the sewer; they can't eat at nice restaurants, can't sleep in nice hotels, and their women are called nigger whores; maybe some of them, like that black journalist who required a life for a life, are getting tired of respectful appeals.[240] Black self-defense, in short, can be found at home if one goes looking for it. In 1919, whites go looking for it. The media are partially responsible with their headlines (many of which seem to me to be outright lies) of NEGRO BRUTALLY MURDERS PROMINENT CITIZEN, etc. The police chief of Washington testifies before a Senate subcommittee that "it is more like an alleyway than it is a street in there. Those houses are made up of the lowest character of negroes. If one has ever visited the South and seen them in their animal state, he will find in some of these alleys that same condition."[241] The long and the short of it is that when in 1919 vigilantes attack colored people at will—it's Memphis all over again, but Memphis writ large: twenty-five race riots—this time black self-defense doesn't peter out after the first day. "One of the greatest surprises to many of those who came down to 'clean out the niggers' is that these same 'niggers' fought back."[242] In Chicago, twenty-five blacks die—and thirteen whites. John Brown would have cried: "To His Name be the praise!"

A LOVELY DREAM AND A CALL TO ARMS

Self-defense compels counter-defense—that's the old story. In 1915, the year of Booker T. Washington's death, the South defeats an anti-lynching bill, and the Ku Klux Klan revitalizes itself with a new declaration of the old principles: Self-defense truly does begin at home. In 1926 the new Imperial Wizard explains:

> When the Klan first appeared, the nation was in the confusion of sudden awakening from the lovely dream of the melting pot, disorganized and helpless before the invasion of aliens and alien ideas. After ten years of the Klan it is in arms for defense... Except for a few lonesome voices, almost drowned by the clamor of the alien and the alien-minded "Liberal," the Klan alone faces the invader.[243]

The constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, like most constitutions, reads nobly. My favorite part is the section about helping widows and orphans. Why, the Klan loves

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Jesse Wallace. Study his facial features, the thick lips, wide nose, small ears close to the head - an alien race! Racial differences were once taught in White schools.

"Carrie really couldn't see any bad in anybody," Hamm said.

Sports was another favorite activity for Carrie. She had been a member of local girls softball

"She was a pretty typical kid and loved to play ball," said Sherry Tiemann of Normal, Carrie's softball coach several years ago.

Wallace Murdered Chicago Girl

Wallace's Second Murder

Wallace was arrested for the murder of Devie Starks, 16, in Chicago in 1987. Wallace and an accomplice signed a confession that they grabbed the little girl while she rode her bike in a park. They took her to a vacant apartment to rape her. She fought back and they stabbed her. Thinking she was dead, the police, *"They will kill again."*

Mr. Starks was very proud of his daughter who was mildly mentally disabled. However, her father said that she was, *"a sweet girl who wanted to be a nurse. She would gather children from the neighborhood, take them to a nearby park and teach them how to read. She had just*

From The Truth at Last: News Suppressed by the Daily Press, *published by the Aryan Nations*

widows and orphans so much, they even make them! But we'd do better to deepen our study of this Magna Carta of the white race, to dive into its mysteries—for the Klan loves those just as much as its Asian counterpart, the Viet Cong; their self-defense requires the concealment of the trapdoor spider:

> Section 1. THE INVISIBLE EMPIRE. The phrase "Invisible Empire" in a material sense denotes the universal geographic jurisdiction of this Order and ... in a spiritual sense applies to all the secrets and secret knowledge and information, secret work and working and things of this Order, and to all that has been, to all that now is and to all that is to be...
>
> Section 5. All things and matters which do not exist within this Order or are not authorized by or do not come under its jurisdiction shall be designated as the "Alien World." All persons who are not members of this Order shall be designated as "Aliens."[244]

The white hoods and the many front organizations prove more than effective. It is just as well, for as the decades pass, the Alien World grows ever more threatening and powerful in its rage against the guerrilla faithful. In 1856, as we saw, the Organization's forebears could overrun Lawrence waving a flag that said "WHITE SUPREMACY" and raise the red flag of southern rights.[245] But by 1964 the Organization is warning that all telephones are probably tapped, that the only safeguard against brainwashing, drugs and hypnotism is the defense they've always had, ignorance; that weapons and ammunition ought to be cached for the coming day of gun confiscation (here the Organization is most likely correct); that one's public demeanor ought to be a little bit left-wing, for disguise—but not left-wing enough to convert the neighbors into pinkos...[246] "When the Veil of Secrecy is closed, each

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

member should immediately change his personality back to [that of] the person he was before he became a member, and reenter the Alien World as an Alien, with the knowledge of the Organization buried deep in his consciousness."[247] (One thinks of American GIs creeping through the jungles of the South Pacific, that lethally Alien World whose enemy neither took prisoners nor surrendered; neither side was human to the other. I remember a photograph of the Allied jeep in Guadacanal, with trophies mounted just above its gaping headlights: the skulls of Japanese soldiers.[248] Trophies of racial self-defense these, like the snapshots taken at lynchings, or the shishkabobbed intestine-pieces handed out by seventeenth-century Iroquoians after a tribal enemy had been tortured to death—emblems of triumph, celebrations of self-preservation, they help violence to memorialize itself, in order to incite violence anew. Their brazenness affords the guerrillas relief; they have shown themselves, even if only *to* themselves; afterward they must become chameleons again, returning to their stations of ambush in the Alien World.)

The Alien World can be found everywhere. It is likewise true that at other times and places, the Organization might vary its skin or its name, but not its form. In the Sanjak region of Serbia in the 1990s, Muslims disappear from time to time; sometimes they're taken right off trains. People say that the kidnappers wear black masks and uniforms, which means that they are worried about being identified, which in turn means, I suspect, that they are the slain ones' neighbors. The Serbian Radical Party (S.R.S.) gets accused of these murders. My friend Vineta, who belongs to the S.R.S., denies it. A man insists. By then, Vineta can tell from his teeth that he's a Muslim; they have a special kind of grimace, she tells me. Translation: They're aliens.[249]

WHEN IS VIOLENT RACIAL DEFENSE JUSTIFIED?

In a sense, I can't fault the Organization. The rule of exclusiveness confers some small degree of license. It is easy and natural to maintain that were I constructing my ideal from nothing, I'd people it with souls like mine, habits like mine, colors like mine, because they'd be less likely to quarrel. But the South has already been constructed, and the blacks were hardly willing visitors. And Muslims have lived in Serbia as long as Serbs. The Whale-Hunter's Maxim cuts both ways: What is forbidden, allowable, or compulsory in one group need not be in another. We may exclude them; they may exclude us—if matters stop there. But when anyone applies the Klansman's Maxim, it seems unwarranted to expect any tolerance of mutual aloofness.

"WE MUST NEVER GIVE THE ENEMY AN EVEN BREAK"

Doubtless a Klansman would argue that his Organization's actions fall into the category of justified separatism.[250] They do not. The Klansmen are of the majority race. They have no right to menace a group whose existence hurts only their unjustly held

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Currier and Ives illustration (1887)

privileges. In 1926, however, the Klan may already begin to feel that it is in the minority. Federal law will eventually prohibit whites from discriminating against blacks in business, housing, education or any other public service or transaction. Even then, if a white man refuses to be any black man's friend, or vice versa, there will not be anything that the law can or should do about it. But the Klan insists on more than this sop to personal racism. It calls for John Brown's methods. Therefore, it is hated. It brings into literal being the Alien World on which it always harps (this being just a fancy way of saying that violence calls forth violence). So it continues to require camouflage. Conflating security and honor, it advises that the return addresses on propaganda mailings should use the names of long dead patriots such as Robert E. Lee.[251] Every unit is commanded to study guerrilla warfare. In July 1964 the *Klan Ledger*, that beacon of light in our Alien World, explains: "We employ physical force only in defense of our Christian civilization; and even then, without malice or vengeance."[252] One need not consider that statement to be Machiavellian; the Constitution of the Klan likewise insists upon the one thing the presence of which no other person or entity, not even the Organization, can ever determine: inner honor, or a pure heart.[253] But the Organization must be Christian and Constitutional, therefore must presume such goodness in its members—we're all innocent until proven guilty, right, fellow white men?—hence allows them to employ any means for the splendid end: "We must never give the enemy an even

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The burning of William Brown (Omaha, Nebraska, Sept. 28, 1919)

break," explains a secret lecture. "This is a Life and Death struggle."[254] The Reverend Charles Conley "Connie" Lynch of the National States Rights Party addresses a Klan rally in Florida: "The niggers started the war, and when you start a war, you expect some to die. More will die, and you'd better be ready to see to it that they do. I'm speaking for God, and you'd better listen."[255] Immediately after one of Lynch's speeches in Anniston, Alabama, a black gets ambushed and murdered. The murderer had been present at the speech.[256]

Thus the goal. But—for security reasons, we can't say this too many times—everything has to be kept secret. In 1964, bracing for the civil rights movement's assault upon the great white state of Mississippi, the Organization advises its members to get deputized as law enforcement volunteers for daytime work against black nonviolence. There shall be no mention of the Klan. "We must avoid any appearance of a mob going into the streets to fight the Blacks." Meanwhile, a hidden group will await the night. "It must be understood that the Secondary group is an extremely swift and extremely violent Hit and Run group."[257] This strategy[258] will be carried into operation against Martin Luther King's demonstrators in St. Augustine, Florida (the local sheriff, warns the FBI, is "quite close" to the Exalted Cyclops of the Klan),[259] but their arson will strike King's quarters when King is not there. Still, the Organization will achieve this small victory: After repeated violence inspired by it, Dr. Martin Luther King, Jr., the American apostle of *satyagraha*, will unwillingly find himself protected in St. Augustine by armed bodyguards.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SELF-DEFENSE AS THEATER

King, by the way, more often than not will use the word "dramatize" to explain what he seeks to do with his nonviolence.[260] The Klan has the same aim; for power, too thinly stretched to employ force in every case, prefers to operate by making examples, selecting force from time to time to maintain terror; then respectful obedience should come of itself. (That was the notion that the killers had when they gave the black boy with the white girlfriend a talking-to. It wasn't their fault that he was so defiant! They'd given him his chance, but he smarted back to them. By the Klansman's Maxim, his skull had to be crushed.) And this is also one reason why in 1964, the same year that the FBI begins employing blackmail to defend our national authority against Martin Luther King, the Klan will murder a civil rights worker named Michael Schwerner, along with two colleagues unfortunate enough to be in his car. —Schwerner, you see, comprised a very dangerous threat to the white race. The Klan's self-defense against him, as a House Unamerican Affairs Committee investigation will establish, has been approved from the top—namely, by the Imperial Wizard.[261] Three deaths, sentences to be executed immediately, without appeal. In Mississisippi, one Billie Buckles, Grand Giant of the Organization, boasts: "Now they know what we will do. We have shown them what we will do, and we will do it again if necessary." —And they do it again. In 1965 they pull up to a traffic light and fire into an out-of-town vehicle containing a white woman and a black youth who are returning from a civil rights march. The white woman, Viola Liuzzo, dies—another victory against the race-mixers. ("We invite all men who can qualify, to become citizens of the Invisible Empire, ... to share with us the glory of performing the sacred duty of protecting womanhood; to maintain forever the God-given supremacy of the White race...")[262] And again they show what they will do, again, again.

JUSTICE "WITH ALL DELIBERATE SPEED"

In 1946, perhaps knowing that Red Russia and Red China are watching and will jeer at America if they reenact *Plessy v. Ferguson*, the Supreme Court declares segregated seating on interstate buses to be unconstitutional. In 1948, President Truman establishes a commission to finish integrating the military. In 1954, *Brown v. Board of Education* admits at long last that separate but equal facilities for learning usually entail separate inequality; hence integration is demanded, in that famous phrase, "with all deliberate speed." —Now, how long is that, exactly? —About three years. In 1957 we see a file of National Guardsmen in shining helmets, ascending a long, shallow staircase which doubles against the brick wall of Central High School, Little Rock, Arkansas. Fixed bayonets adorn upraised rifles. Interspersed with these federally deputized men are a few black students, clutching books, most gazing straight

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ahead, one or two gazing at the camera in anxious bewilderment.[263] It has taken direct presidential intervention to get this far; for the governor of Arkansas (perhaps following the Imperial Wizard's genial hint that "'prejudice' against foreign ideas is really a protective device of nature against mental food that may be indigestible")[264] had promised to stand right in that schoolhouse doorway to keep the black kids out.

And what comes of it? The forcible integration at Little Rock comprises a mere symbol, not a rule. "With all deliberate speed" applies to *all* integration, it would seem, signifying (as always) continued segregation.

But now, after all that it has suffered, black self-defense tries the splendid method of non-violence.

KING AND RAY

In his junior year of high school, dressed in suit and tie, the boy peers out of a newspaper column beneath the heading "Contest Winner." The photographer's flash has bleached him from his forehead to his cheekbones. He looks wide-eyed and a little shy. His winning essay reads in part: "Black America still wears chains. The finest Negro is at the mercy of the meanest white man."[265] He thrice invokes Lincoln, whose soul he admires; he hopes that someday the work of Emancipation will be finished. His words are unusually eloquent for a person of his age; perhaps he had help; a few years later, we'll find his seminary school essays speckled with plagiarisms.[266] If we compare him to that leader and genius, W. E. B. Du Bois, we must give the latter credit for his greater, even if sometimes doctrinaire, intelligence; for his deeper honesty ("I did not know my students as human beings; they were to me apt to be intellects and not souls");[267] for his horror, which approaches Plato's, of schmoozing with the great even for the good of the cause (while for much of his career, King, like John Brown, will meet with anybody who might give him money); for his continued attempts to be fair; most of all, for his *ideas*, which are often original and always incisively and elegantly expressed. From a theoretical point of view, King's mind is second-rate. But we must admit that he has the rarer soul. King is the man of action. Du Bois presents; King accomplishes. He can justly be called one of the great moral actors of the twentieth century. He is, for most of his career at least, the politician of love. To him must go the palms and laurels.

"Dear Mother Dear," he writes a month after his high school triumph, "Yesterday we didn's [sic] work so we went to Hardford [sic] we really had a nice time there. I never thought that a person of my race could eat anywhere but we ate in one of the finest restaurants in Hardford."[268] Decade upon decade now has fallen since Lincoln, Grant and Sherman shattered slavery. Women have possessed the vote for a long time now—or at least white women do—while blacks still must worry about which restaurants will serve them, which toilets and bus seats they can use,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Ku Klux Klan March on Washington (1925)

not to mention voting. Little has changed since Representative John Roy Lynch's time, except that unfairness, augmented by the bitterness of the vanquished slaveholders, now adamantine beyond its longstanding hardness, has fossilized into a pavement upon which most white people walk, unthinking and uncaring. That is why young Martin Luther King "never thought that a person of my race could eat anywhere." He is, it would seem, as the Klan would have him be—an alien in an otherwise ordered world. As many a sociologist has pointed out, other minority groups were and are ghettoized in America, but blacks *stay* in the ghettos. What could be more perfect proof (the Organization probably thinks) of black inferiority?

But now Martin Luther King, Jr., aged twenty-six, leans on the pulpit, on which his left arm is outstretched. His right hand is raised; his fingers are opening. His head, close-cropped, in this photograph appears round like Gandhi's. His lips are parted, and he gazes ahead with sincerity, earnestness and determination. He might be a popular teacher making a point, or a preacher sermonizing, a community leader addressing a neighborhood problem. In fact, he is all of those things at once—a political organizer. Rosa Parks, serious and pretty, gazes toward the camera as she listens to him. It is the time of the Montgomery bus boycott.[269]

On December 1, 1955, ninety years after the end of the Civil War, ten years after the end of World War II, which momentarily defeated the violence of German and Japanese racism, four years after W. E. B. Du Bois got indicted by the Department

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of Justice for being a Communist peacenik (his racially mixed defense team suffered great difficulty in meeting together in segregated Washington), Rosa Parks, member of a race emancipated by presidential proclamation, finds herself arrested for refusing to give her seat on the bus to a white man. On December 5, the boycott begins with forty thousand participants—a number which suggests not only the degree of preparation shown by the organizers, but also the resentment of blacks toward segregation. At this stage King is less a leader than a hesitant fellow traveler. But surely he remembers the example of his father, who took the "Whites Only" elevator at City Hall. He remembers himself laying charges against a tavern proprietor in New Jersey for refusing to serve him and his friends (although the proprietor clearly violated state law, King's case had to be dropped). He may recall the white sweetheart whom all his friends persuaded him to give up for the sake of his future career in the South; one witness called him "a man of a broken heart—he never recovered."[270] He perhaps remembers his seminary essays, which, less than admirably original though they are, still reveal his vision and his interests: Mahayana Buddhism as superior to Hinayana Buddhism because it is more accessible to the masses; Jesus as biologically human, as an activist, one might say, which Martin Luther King will soon become. But mainly (I say this again) he *acts*, reflecting not—no time to remember or plan; for that very night the organizer E. D. Nixon has asked him to give the keynote address. No time to consult or to plagiarize; whatever he will say must come from within his own self. Du Bois once wrote that Lincoln for all his coarseness, politicking and petty bigotry proved himself to be a moral giant when circumstances stripped away the value of refinement; King has come to a similar stand. Is he a man, an ethical human being, or but an Organization husk? Time to speak. What will he say? The boycott has been very successful on its first day, and the church fills with an ecstatic crowd. He approaches the pulpit. Rising up or rising down? The moment cannot be put off any longer.



Montgomery bus boycott (1955)

His widow recollects that what he said "really did determine which direction the movement would go, as well as the tone. It was to be a nonviolent movement. He called for Christian love, and to not retaliate with violence."[271] As King later recalls, "Christ furnished the spirit and motivation while Gandhi furnished the method."[272] But his biographer, David J. Garrow, gives plenteous evidence that King's familiarity with Gandhi is but a nodding acquaintance at this point, and his acceptance of Gandhian doctrine even more scant.[273] When racists begin to threaten

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and exercise violence against his family, he applies for a gun permit; at one point, a colleague finds a pistol lying on his chair. Here is worldly prudence. I would have done the same.

The careers of John Brown, Malcolm X, Huey Newton, *et al* prove that this man's racial self-defense could easily have taken another route. Indeed, one academic writes bitterly, but probably truly, that "it is significant that the civil rights movement had to adopt passive-resistance and non-violence in order to win acceptance by white America," because assertive behavior on the part of blacks was never allowed.[274] Be that as it may (the sentiment is ugly; why should authority allow violent assertion on *anyone's* part? and wasn't King incredibly, admirably assertive?), *black* acceptance is the first issue, and regarding that we need only say that the almost entirely black crowd in the church mobs Martin Luther King in its enthusiasm. The white reporter Joe Azbell writes that "this was the beginning of a flame that would go across America."[275]



Pro-gun poster

On January 30, 1956, another flame begins to flare when somebody bombs King's house. This will happen again. (Often in those days, it seems, racism incarnates itself in fire. Myriad black coils and twists of smoke soar out of the now blank windows of the first Freedom Bus.) For the first time King gets fingerprinted and jailed by the segregationists, this time on a trumped-up speeding charge. The city indicts him by means of an anti-boycotting statute, and temporarily succeeds in closing down the movement's makeshift jitney service. Six more bombs will strike black activist ministers; the bombers all get caught and acquitted. King begins to receive the obscene and terrifying threats which will follow him for the remainder of his life, foreshadowing violence's eventual victory. One of his organizers, Jo Ann Robinson, gets a brick hurled through her window, and at night the police come into her garage and destroy her car with acid. But—at this point in time, at least—violence merely mobilizes (as a Communist organizer would say), rather than menaces. Montgomery 1956 will not be Memphis 1866. Terrorism frequently has the unintended virtue of sponsoring solidarity among its victims. At the beginning of the boycott, King is murmuring to the public, "We are not asking for an end to segregation... All we are seeking is justice and fair treatment in riding the buses."[276] Two months later he claims that he's been misheard; he wants full desegregation. Old Du Bois telegraphs his admiration and support. On December 20, 1956, the Supreme Court's verdict against segregation becomes law. "We had won self-respect," says Robinson.[277]

While Du Bois, now a full-fledged Communist, visits Krushchev and Mao, Martin Luther King continues as he has begun—sometimes brilliantly, sometimes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

waveringly. Knowing now how it is to be thrown against a counter by police, to have his hands twisted behind his back,[278] he helps form his own Organization just as it has called and formed him. Snipers attack the freshly integrated buses of Montgomery, but King and his associates are already speaking of bringing about desegregation *everywhere.* After some worrying and praying, in 1960 he agrees to join the sit-ins in Atlanta. Immediately arrested, he says to the judge, "I cannot accept bond. I will stay in jail one year, or ten years."[279] Reviewing his case, the court finds a suspended traffic violation—enough to have him sentenced to a chain gang for four months. From his cell he writes his wife asking for, among other things, a Bible, a vocabulary-building book, and a study of Gandhi. After eight days, thanks to pressure from the Kennedy brothers (who have their eye on the black vote), authority lets him out...

The Freedom Rides of 1961, in which King plays a major leadership role, fill jails with nonviolent men and women. Some, perhaps, take more personal risks than King, like Bob Moses in McComb, Mississippi, who works entirely *alone* to encourage blacks to register to vote. One day, bringing two volunteers to the registrar's office, Moses gets beaten by a white racist to the point of concussion, is helped to his feet by friends and dares to press charges; the white man of course will be acquitted. Moses's driver gets shot dead by a Mississippi representative of the Klan. At the funeral, the murdered man's widow screams at Moses, "You killed my husband!"[280] And by the Klansman's Maxim she is right. That is one of violence's favorite tricks, to pose and posture as a natural force invoked by the victim. Jump out of a tenth-story window? Persuade a black man to register? In either case, what happens will be your fault.[281]

But he who takes the most risks does not necessarily accomplish the most. King proves to be good at fundraising. He continues to get his death threats. He does not spare himself. He gets jailed again; racists smash more bus windows, hurl firebombs and beat the integrationists bloody, sometimes with the connivance of the police, often by prearrangement with the Organization. In Montgomery, the church where King is speaking gets surrounded by whites who threaten to burn everyone inside. King insists: "We will present our physical bodies as instruments to defeat the unjust system."[282] But when the Freedom Riders continue into Mississippi, King waves goodbye and stays behind. Is he afraid? Did he promise his wife not to go? Does he have more important things to do? Be that as it may, in the end he participates in the victory: Attorney General Robert Kennedy tells the Interstate Commerce Commission that the time has come to desegregate all bus stations, restaurants and other such accomodations of interstate travel.

Quick! Invoke the rights of states against those negroid Jewish Bolsheviks in Washington! (Or, better yet, just keep quiet and ignore that ICC ruling.) In Albany, Georgia, for one, white officials refuse to comply. And in other cities, polling places, library facilities and the like, which have not been affected by the ruling, remain

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

determinedly segregated. And so, what people soon will be calling "the movement" presses the attack—nonviolently, of course. Five students get arrested in two separate sit-ins. (This may sound like nothing. How much bravery is required to participate in a sit-in? We see a black girl in Jackson, Mississippi, gazing with unearthly sadness down at the lunch counter while whites crowd all around her, grinning, lighting cigarettes, swarming and crowding—this is how the people in the lynching photograph must have appeared to their victims when they began their work. We cannot hear their taunts, but one gleeful young man leans forward to pour a can of beer or soda over her head.)[283] Defenders of whiteness continue to counterattack. Are *they* violent or not? Well, what do you think? As black and white crowds watch, intimidated Freedom Riders agree to vacate a whites-only waiting room at the railroad station, step out—and get arrested just the same. Two hundred and sixty-seven black students who march to their trial get arrested, too.

A movement leader sends a telegram to Martin Luther King, Jr.: It's time now, time for more canny nonviolence in Albany, for self-defense-through-dramatization. (King's pistol's long gone; we never hear about it again. He's risen far beyond my level.)

He arrives, wildly cheered. As hoped and expected, the foot-in-mouth mayor spurns his attempt to negotiate, and soon enough King is marching towards those who call him enemy, at the head of two hundred and fifty souls. There it goes, that long, slow file, down the main street, otherwise empty of traffic; on the sidewalk, people lounge and stare—how can one have a parade without an audience? Steady and slow it goes, all the way down that long, hot street.[284] Police Chief Pritchett is waiting. Back to jail for King, without violence. He promises to remain until Christmas, but gets released after two nights. He demands to serve out his term, but the prisonmasters laugh in his face. Here begins his failure in Albany. Leaders divide and quarrel, confusing themselves and their targets with all-embracing, vague demands. The movement owns scant political or economic leverage. It should have marched on local merchants, not on City Hall.[285] The real difficulty is that tactical non-violence is a thirsty vampire, which must feed on violence; and Albany is too smart to offer what the movement and the media want: maimings, murders, beatings, crucifixions. (We see throngs of arrested blacks sitting or kneeling on the sidewalk, while the cops stand with their hands on their hips.) "I did state that racial violence against peaceful demonstrators was an essential prerequisite to securing racial justice," Martin Luther King will later agree. "We learned this in Albany, Georgia, where we marched but were never met with violence."[286] He needs his enemy, and his enemy disappoints. Does the enemy remember the hanging of John Brown, whose propaganda-image, with or without his soul, went marching triumphantly on? (Brown, as we know, was never a peaceful demonstrator of his own volition—no lamb at all until he'd been disarmed, arrested, beaten, tried, sentenced, asphyxiated, rendered harmless as the enemy thought.) The mayor of Albany agrees to obey the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ICC ruling, but nothing more. No niggers in our library! They might leave black fingerprints on our books... In the end, not even the ICC ruling will be honored: Albany wins! More sit-ins, a boycott, many acts of protest done with and mainly without King; another march... This time, when police arrest the protesters, other blacks begin throwing rocks and bottles.



Kings with portrait of Gandhi (1967)

These bottle-throwers pose one of the central problems of nonviolence in a violent society. If everybody but one person is nonviolent, it is not nonviolence. I myself learned this bitter maxim in 1981, during that nonviolent anti-nuclear blockade at Seabrook, New Hampshire,[287] where most of us were sincere if ineffectual singers and interposers. It took only a cop-puncher or two for the local mouthpiece, *Foster's Daily Democrat*, to denounce us all as minions of force.

Anyhow, Albany's violence was inevitable. Why must we expect to find rock-throwing sooner or later? Well, in 1829 a North Carolina Supreme Court justice who acquitted a white man for beating his slave had spoken of the necessary profit of the master and the equally necessary doom of the slave. "As a principle of right," he admitted, "every person in his retirement must repudiate" the beating. "But in the actual condition of things it must be so; there is no remedy."[288] —There was no remedy for too long, for far too long. And when the child of the slave has risen up, and wants to throw rocks at white policemen who mistreat him, there will be no remedy for that, either. —The police chief of Albany, delighted to be on the moral high ground, chuckles an indulgent reproof about those "nonviolent rocks." King, checkmated into a humiliating apology, holds a twenty-four hour moratorium on any protests. Then back to jail—for nothing, the blacks of Albany left discouraged and alone.

Does the man mislabeled violent now act the expedient part? No. In Birmingham, Alabama, the interiors of whose paddy wagons will soon become as monks' cells in which the nonviolent arrestees sit hunched in darkness, meditating upon fear, authority and justice,[289] Martin Luther King, Jr., is making a speech when a Nazi rises up in self-defense against niggerdom and punches his face. Again and again, until shocked and enraged onlookers pull the man away, King receives the fists unflinchingly but unresistingly, gazing into the Nazi's eyes. (The Nazi will later receive a letter of commendation, ending with "Heil Hitler!") King retires to talk with the Nazi, refuses to press charges. An aide leads the audience in song.

Nonviolence will try again. Birmingham being renowned in equal measure for police brutality and for a devoutly pro-segregation attitude, King and his Southern Christian Leadership Conference decide to march there. It is the spring of 1963. W. E. B. Du Bois has just died in Ghana. Nonviolence seeks violence,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and this time finds it. When police clubs and dogs begin to enforce order, certain moral actors world-wise enough to eye the audience as much as the stage let it be known that they are thrilled: Where would Easter be without a cross? A sickened observer writes:

> They said over and over again, 'We've got a movement... We had some police brutality...' It seemed very cold, cruel and calculating to be happy about police brutality coming down on innocent people, bystanders, no matter what purpose it served.[290]

They know the Klansman's Maxim, you see. They need it, to "dramatize."

Without telling King, King's executive director, Wyatt Walker, who is one of the thrilled ones, turns in false fire alarms in order to keep the police off balance. "I had to do what had to be done," he later explains. "At times I would accomodate or alter my morality for the sake of getting a job done."[291] (Every morality play requires stage machinery.)

Again, King allows himself to be impelled by fortuitous events, and then somehow transforms the moment into symbolic gold. He disapproves at first of allowing high school students to march and be arrested, but the students insist; he meditates, decides that if they are old enough to pray in church they are old enough to face evil in this world. See them marching, then, the young black kids, marching off to jail—five hundred of them, looking straight ahead as they pass between white police. At the next march, black bystanders greet the police with more of those nonviolent rocks, to which the police respond with dogs and fire-hoses. Some of the newspapers say that the Negroes are rioting.[292] —"But, lawyer Vann!" cries a black businessman, set against King until now. "They've turned the fire hoses on a little black girl. And they're rolling that girl right down the middle of the street."[293] The businessman is radicalized now, and maybe lawyer Vann is, too. Nonviolence nourishes itself on its own blood. See three drenched black people clinging in a doorway. The man spreads his arms, hugs the store window like a fly, while into his back like rocket-exhaust shoots that horizontal white trail of needle-sharp water, exploding into the small of his back, boring and tearing through his clothes.[294] President Kennedy is literally sickened by the police's cruelty. So are thousands more Americans. White racism is finally earning the hatred of the Alien World. The next day, more rocks, more hoses, and this time more clubs. Another march, and another; now the jails are packed. Twenty-five blacks get arrested at City Hall for unfurling a banner which reads merely LOVE GOD AND THY NEIGHBOR. For Martin Luther King, white authority inclines slightly forward beneath its police cap, unlocks the paddy wagon's narrow door, into which the arrested man gazes with his head held high. His shadow and authority's shadow stretch and mingle in the hot street.[295] He gets solitary confinement the first time, and writes his famous Letter from Birmingham Jail. The second time, he gets an ordinary cell. Local authority

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and whiteness contend with him, struggle to defend themselves, but dark arms arise in crowds from the Baptist Church.

And here we must remember the rising white arms also. We've agreed that *defense of race is justified when its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of race and culture.* Just as when describing John Brown's raid we ought never to forget his black helpers, here we should remember the white helpers of Martin Luther King, some of them unsolicited, such as William Moore, a white postman whom civil rights organizations refuse to sponsor; he dons two signboards denouncing discrimination and segregation, and begins to walk from the White House toward the Mississippi statehouse. In Alabama he takes his bullets in the head. Blacks died for John Brown's cause, and whites died for Martin Luther King's. —But why were there *fewer* white egalitarians than there should have been? —Because, so the lukewarm say (and are encouraged by black and white militants to say), it is just a "black thing." As I revise this chapter today, it is Martin Luther King's birthday, and the parade marches past my house. I lift my little girl up on my shoulders and lead her to the window. She is happy; she wants to go outside; so we stand on the edge of the lawn watching them pass as they sing "Happy Birthday," and most of them are black. I see a man a know, a white man, and he calls out my name and waves; I'm happy. —Of course when defense of race is violently prosecuted in the context of a racially heterogenous society, the result must be—at least in the short run—atomizing. The scholar Michael Stenson argues convincingly[296] that the main reason why the Malayan Communist Party failed to stage a successful revolution in the 1930s and 40s was because it was linked in everyone's eyes—and rightfully so—to an almost exclusively Chinese constituency.[297] And, of course, once Communism in Malaysia took on a Chinese flavor, Malays, who didn't like or trust Chinese, wanted nothing to do with it. King became likewise known not as a leader, but as a *black* leader. His Poor People's Campaign at the very end of his life was an attempt to represent persons of every hue, and it failed.

Dark arms rise, then—and a few white ones. Nonviolence will not be cowed. King and his allies march on and on. He openly defies the Alien World of whiteness by presenting it with this conundrum: "If they let us march, they admitted their lie that the black man was content. If they shot us down, they told the world they were inhuman brutes."[298] This is how the Organization interprets his strategy:

> 1. Massive street demonstrations and agitation by Blacks in many areas at once, designed to provoke White militants into counter-demonstrations and open, pitched street battles, resulting in civil chaos and anarchy to provide an "EXCUSE" for:
>
> 2. A decree from the Communist authorities in charge of the National Government, ... declaring Martial Law, followed by a massive occupation of the State by Federal Troops, with all known Patriotic Whites placed under Military Arrest.[299]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



End of the march from Selma to Montgomery (March 1965)

And the Organization for all its exaggeration is almost right, for the President will send a civil rights bill to Congress that year, pretty close to a century after that first civil rights bill passed against Andrew Johnson's veto. Invoking self-protection of race, one hitherto marginally committed white man who will later become a Grand Dragon in South Carolina signs up with the Organization, and begins working his way upward through the ranks. A quarter-century after the assassination of Martin Luther King, he still won't be able to stop talking about the menace posed by that particular man of color. He joined the Klan, he'll explain, because Martin Luther King *terrified* him. Defense of race! His Klan friends say the same.[300]

DEFENSE OF RACE AS DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

In any cycle of violent revolution, the step from initial grievances to outright violence is polarization,[301] which may be catalyzed either by anger or by fear. Booker T. Washington believed that anxieties over the prospect of a massive slave rebellion helped to poison whatever natural kindness the masters possessed. This is probably true, just as it had been in Roman times.[302] Because John Brown deliberately increased that anxiety,[303] he might well have helped make the slaves' lives worse (more unfree) for the remaining six years before Emancipation. A threat to property ownership (of real estate, or of human beings) constitutes a threat to authority. How does authority defend itself? Remember Trotsky's answer:[304] Repress—show

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

them the glitter of your razor of terror! Increase surveillance; prohibit slave gatherings, punish "sass" and keep them isolated; arm yourselves and stop trusting them. But doing that enchains the master's life, too, as was John Brown's intention...

A century and a half prior to John Brown's raid, in the *Commons Journal for the State of South Carolina*, we find discussion of a measure now about to expire, called, ringingly enough, *An Act for the better Security of the Inhabitants of this Province against the Insurrections and other wicked Attempts of Negroes and other Slaves.* The committee appointed to deal with expiring laws proposes to renew this act for as long as the House considers necessary, with the following amendment:

> viz., that the carrying [of] Arms to Church which by the Act is confined to such Persons only as are possessed of ten Slaves be extended to all Persons in general going to Church or other Places of divine Worship.
>
> It was then moved that all Persons going to Church or other Places of divine Worship, except Travelers should be obliged to carry Guns.[305]

The bill passes as amended. Meanwhile they are also busy deciding that "the most effectual Measures to bring white Persons to settle in this Province to increase our Strength and Security be revived."[306] The end result of that is the *Bill for the Better Securing this Province from Negro Insurrections and for the Encouragement of Poor Protestants to come over and Settle in this Province.* Thus fear necessitates further overt coercion—and, probably, brutality, whose galvanizing effect upon the slaves must further destabilize master-slave relations, which in turn deepens the masters' fear—all grist for the Marxist mill of inevitable class warfare. John Brown's raid is thus a sort of hatchet-blow, which severs a few more of the last strands of custom and civility which hold slavery's body politic together. Like "Jap-lovers" in California during World War II, "multicultural" Serbs after the breakup of Yugoslavia in 1991,[307] or "moderate" segregationists in Martin Luther King's time, "good" masters and northern-tolerant southerners must now withdrew into their citadels of suspicion, leaving slaves outside. John Brown has done his work so very well. The South arms, curses, cracks down, invokes the martial law of racial self-defense—which of course can be justified only if slavery is justified—for eliminate slavery and you'll eliminate the peril of a slave uprising. (So it is supposed to work, and yet, twenty-seven-odd decades after the *Bill for the Better Securing this Province from Negro Insurrections*, which is to say exactly ten decades after Emancipation, race riots cloud the ghettoes of Detroit, Chicago, Omaha, Harlem, Watts—black uprisings of sorts. Does this mean that the elimination of slavery wasn't sufficient, or that America had still not eliminated slavery?)[308] And in 1859, southerners refuse to be Christian and just? Very good. John Brown will come to give them nightmares. Lincoln is forced to issue a Republican disavowal, which will be believed no more than any other politic denials; the South awaits the conflict, braces for it and finally out of panic incites it...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"THE MOST DANGEROUS NEGRO OF THE FUTURE"

In 1963, a similar panic, born of that menace to Christian civilization called "civil rights," bears its accustomed fruit: The black activist Medgar Evers gets murdered, probably by the Klan, and lies in state beneath an American flag. And King, perhaps recollecting the knives and bottles of Birmingham, perhaps looking ahead, says, "The Negro is shedding himself of his fear, and my real worry is how we will keep this fearlessness from rising to violent proportions."[309] —But let us finish the tale of Birmingham first: In the end, after what has been called "the largest single day of nonviolent arrests in American history,"[310] and after the imprisonment of almost three thousand people, the whites negotiate, and agree to desegregate drinking fountains, fitting rooms and similar amenities, and even to increase local black employment.

Then, of course, the Organization acts in racial self-defense, and bombs King's motel and his brother's house.

As they'll explain a year later in their updated Constitution: "The government of this Order shall ever be military in character ... and no legislative enactment of [sic] Constitutional amendment hereafter shall encroach upon ... this fundamental principle of the Invisible Empire."[311] Military governments employ military measures.

Although neither of the King brothers is hurt in those bombings, angry blacks launch a riot of counter-defense, throwing more nonviolent rocks and back-stabbing one policeman whose colleagues respond appropriately with billy-clubs, smashing heads, breaking arms, accepting no surrender. Almost seventy people will be hospitalized. King goes from pool hall to pool hall, pleading for nonviolence, insisting that white people as such not be hated; the police for their own reasons command him to desist, but Birmingham finally calms itself; the desegregation agreement holds.

Now a media star, he calls on President Kennedy to desegregate everything everywhere, but the president is too busy. The civil rights bill sits in Congress. So Martin Luther King, Jr., marches on Washington...

"Personally," runs one FBI memo, "I believe in the light of King's powerful demagogic speech yesterday he stands head and shoulders over all other Negro leaders put together when it comes to influencing great masses of Negroes. We must mark him now, if we have not done so before, as the most dangerous Negro of the future in this Nation from the standpoint of communism, the Negro and national security."[312]

The FBI is sure that he must be a Communist because one of his advisers[313] is or was a Communist. King occasionally speaks against Communism in his speeches, but sometimes argues that "Communism is a judgment against our failure to make democracy real and follow through on the revolutions that we initiated."[314] He refers to God in the same vein as Lenin referring to Marx; in short, there exists no evidence whatsoever that he is a Communist; but because the Communist party has so many fellow travelers, the FBI bureaucrats explain,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> it may be unrealistic to limit ourselves as we have been doing to legalistic proof or definitively conclusive evidence that would stand up in ... court ... that the Communist Party, USA, does wield substantial influence over Negroes which one day could become decisive.[315]

In other words, we know what we know, and we need no evidence whatsoever; we are steadfast—the credo of Trotsky and Stalin, of the Ku Klux Klan, of the Inquisition, of any Organization at the heart of its own perfect reality, weaving its secret spiderwebs of self-defense in the Alien World.

Martin Luther King, on the other hand, possesses considerable openness as a politician. In other words, he says what he is going to do, and why, then he does it. This more than admirable quality scarcely appeals to hidden Organizations. Gandhi had it, which is why the English elite considered him first to be a diabolically clever violence-monger, and then, when his sincerity became impossible to suspect anymore, a tool. As a matter of fact, King is not Gandhi, and, as the attorney general's office concludes, the FBI cannot be blamed for *initiating* an investigation, although that sometimes egregious organization deserves condemnation and disgust for continuing it, and for its subsequent COINTELPRO tactics meant to blackmail and discredit him.[316]

What specifically differentiates King from Gandhi? In his concise and thoughtful *Ethics of Martin Luther King, Jr.*, Ervin Smith points out that, unlike Gandhi, King at one point in his career justified violent action against Napoleon and Hitler, just as I would; that after the bombing of his house he applied for that gun permit, that when the government got physical in its defense of James Meredith's right to attend the University of Mississippi, he called its actions "necessary and justifiable."[317] Martin Luther King is an apostle of racial self-defense. Gandhi can afford the public persona of sainthood, because he represents a vast majority against an increasingly insecure minority elite. King represents a minority brutally mistreated by a majority of incomparably greater power. As we shall see, he does his best to tolerate intolerable provocation, and, being human, cannot always succeed. That is one way to look at it. Another way is that since minority groups face more imminent perils than majorities, nonviolence may not always suffice for their needs.

In our moral calculus we have listed three cases in which nonviolence may fail the test of adequacy against violence:[318] (1) when the sacrifice entailed by the practitioner of nonviolence does not have sufficient intellectual or emotional justification—which clearly cannot be the case here; (2) when the sacrifice is unlikely to limit the violence of the aggressor, which some blacks will argue *is* the case, as it would have been with nonviolent Jews in Nazi Germany;[319] and (3) when nonviolence will sacrifice people who do not want to be sacrificed, while violence will save them.

By the rights of the self, nonviolence against violence is nobody's obligation. Against policemen who turn powerful fire-hoses on children, rocks may be justifiable. Regarding Case (3), we can't really say that anybody got unwillingly sacrificed

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

on the altar of nonviolence. When William Moore was murdered by an Alabama racist, he might not have wanted to die, but he'd offered himself; he'd bravely accepted nonviolence and then, like John Brown, put himself in harm's way. Case (2) truly does apply. Black nonviolence solved specific inequities, and may in the long run have assisted black defense of race to begin moving beyond mere imminent physical defense into the expression and outright construction of group aloofness. It also, by in King's word "dramatizing," focused attention, and hence aggression, on the conflict between black and white, and deliberately drew violence upon itself, violence which ultimately killed its protagonist. Nothing in the moral calculus of this book could possibly require Martin Luther King to give up his life for his politics. (Nor, of course, does it prohibit that act.)



King at the March on Washington (1963)

The point is that King did have a legitimate out. More realistic than Gandhi, he admitted the Nazi case, recognized nonviolence's limits. Seeing his out, he didn't take it. He might have hesitated occasionally, but in the end he didn't avail himself of that gun permit; nor did his Organization attempt to assassinate Klan leaders, which I think they would have been wholly justified in doing. He set himself a far higher standard than he needed to, and for that alone he's one of my heroes.

The more I think about it, the more it horrifies me that to the FBI he was "the most dangerous Negro of the future." They worried about his "influencing great masses of Negroes." They didn't seem to worry about why great masses of Negroes might stand ready to be influenced. They cared about outbreaks, not about causes.

After King's assassination, the U.S. attorney general's belated Task Force, having reviewed the FBI's jocularly named Murkin (Murder of King) File, his Cominfil-SLC (Communist infiltration of the Southern Christian Leadership Conference) File, and other such document-troves, will conclude that "the FBI undertook a systematic program of harassment of Martin Luther King, by means both legal and illegal, in order to discredit him and harm both him and the movement he led." The FBI sends Coretta King a tape of her husband having sex with someone else ("fucking's a form of anxiety reduction," he'd once explained),[320] plus a threatening letter suggesting that he commit suicide: "You are done. There is but one way out for you. You better take it before your filthy, abnormal fraudulent self is bared to the nation."[321] When agents uncover plots against his life, they refuse to warn him as they would other civil rights figures. This is appalling. This is a crime. In his review of the matter, the attorney general will note that the five-year statute of limitations for the prosecution of such deeds is past, conveniently enough.[322] Authority, having defended unjust ends by unjust means, gets off scot-free, as usual.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Eschewing the FBI's one way out, King marches on Washington. Authority in FBI headquarters will stop him no more than authority in Albany. In his famous "I Have a Dream" speech of August 1963, gazing out upon a universe of people with their hope, praise and rhymed picket-signs, he warns the white establishment against returning to "business as usual," but equally warns his own marchers against violence. He says as Gandhi would: "Again and again we must rise to the majestic heights of meeting physical force with soul force."[323] For him as for Gandhi, the mystic, the divine can give meaning to victimization. Nonviolence is not just a tactic, not just a way to "dramatize" but a way of life—of life eternal. That is why at the funeral for three of the four young black girls killed in church by the Birmingham bomber (the parents of the fourth had refused his politic plea to enroll her bloody flesh), he denounces racists, quietist ministers, fence-sitting blacks and the government, then says (some of the mourners have literally collapsed with anguish, falling into the arms of other weeping people): "History has proven over and over again that unmerited suffering is redemptive. The innocent blood of these little girls may well serve as the redemptive force that will bring new light to this dark city."[324]

These words are sickeningly accomodationist to some. A historian of the period writes that "a crime so heinous pushed even nonviolent zealots like themselves ... to the edge of murder."[325] The grandfather of the murdered Denise Grier shouts: "I'd like to blow the whole town up!"[326]

Time to "dramatize" some more. King marches on Detroit. Between tall buildings, the avenue goes on block after block to the horizon, filled with people...[327]

HOW A DRAMA CRITIC MIGHT SEE IT (PART II)

What does "dramatization" mean? Well, different things to different people. We saw what it meant to John Brown: becoming a combination of Christ and Spartacus. Martin Luther King will leave Spartacus out; that role is now for the Klan to play against the Alien World. To me, the Klan is a sponsor of satanic risings-down; to the FBI, it must be superior to that dangerous Negro, Martin Luther King. What do other critics say?

Consider the parable of the founding of Hyderabad, India. It is the sixteenth century. The Muslim prince loves a beautiful Hindu dancer and swims across the river to save her from a storm. His father the Sultan builds a bridge across the river in recognition and acceptance of their love; the prince marries the dancer, names the city after her. An edifying legend of inter-communal unity? —A Hindu ideologue interprets it thus: "All the story tells us is that the Mussulman has always fucked our women whenever he has wanted to, as he has fucked us over the centuries."[328] What you call reaching out, I call appropriation. Martin Luther King, then, I suppose, must get the following very different reviews from his drama critics:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

POSSIBLE INTERPRETATIONS OF MARTIN LUTHER KING

1. As a well-meaning but misguided accomodationist, or a cowardly "Uncle Tom" (so considered by some black militants, esp. in 1965-68).
2. As a champion of equal rights and fairness for all races (so considered by some civil rights workers).
3. As a champion of black rights (so considered by some civil rights workers and some uncommitted whites).
4. As a thief of white rights (so considered by some whites, including the KKK).

The year goes by; our president gets assassinated, but his civil rights bill continues to bore its way through Congress, just like the stream from a Birmingham fire-hose. In a panicked Imperial Executive Order of 1964, the race-defending Organization warns that "this summer, within a very few days, the enemy will launch his final push for victory here in Mississippi."[329] They presumably mean the civil rights movement's Summer of Freedom, which takes place in that state, where Michael Schwerner and his two fellow civil rights workers get murdered. (As we've remarked, no doubt that was self-defense.)

Once again the Organization has seen the future. For in that great year 1964, the Civil Rights Act passes unfilibustered so that King does not have to engage in his planned Gandhi-like fast. Later that year, he wins the Nobel Peace Prize. For a moment, the Golden Rule begins to look politically plausible. After a pilgrimage to Mecca, even the vitriolic Malcolm X, whom King has avoided like poison, begins to advocate some sort of dialogue between blacks and whites. But in 1965, Malcolm X is gunned down in front of his speaking audience, possibly by agents of Elijah Muhammad, who'd elevated and then rejected him. Elijah Muhammad wants no peace with whites. Elijah Muhammad believes in *active* racial defense.

THE NEW RIOTS

When is violence justified?

In Selma, Alabama, says King, through the use of nonviolence in 1965, "we created a crisis that the nation couldn't ignore. Without violence, we totally disrupted the system."[330] This is not quite true, for bystanders do once again launch those nonviolent rocks, but, as usual, most aggression (accompanied by the cheers of white onlookers) is on the police's side: a massed charge, with nightsticks and tear gas. President Johnson "deplores the brutality with which a number of Negro citizens of Alabama were treated when they sought to dramatize their deep and sincere interest in attaining the precious right to vote,"[331] and recites the movement's slogan:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"We shall overcome." King weeps with emotion: the president is with him. More nightsticks smash heads.

Hearing other movement leaders[332] talk about violence, King seeks to distance himself. Others distance themselves from him, because when his nonviolent wave encounters a breakwater of state troopers, he stops, prays, turns back! Again he's called coward by the ultramilitants, just as he had been when he didn't join his fellows on the Freedom Ride bus. Is he truly finished, as the FBI taunts him? Will violence win this round, not as it won in Albany by cloaking itself in nonviolence, but by snarling out naked menace like a police dog?



Malcolm X (1965)

The year 1965 marks the first year of the new cycle of race riots. At the time of the Watts and Detroit debacles, "though 68 per cent of the poor people in this country are white, the disorders stem almost wholly from black ghettoes."[333] We see the intestine-shaped coils of pale smoke rising side by side from Detroit, widening as they blow across the sky.[334] We see a white Guardsman's bayonet up-pointed at a black man's heart; the black man is shouting, his arm is raised and his thumb is pointing down.[335] What has happened? It's beyond imminence now; it's rage! Did King's "dramatizations" help let it out of its cage of fear? No doubt the Klan would say so. We see three blacks in a storefront watching as a nightstick comes down on a grimacing black man's head; the man, propped up on one elbow on the stained pavement, seeks to raise a black-power fist but a second nightstick is coming down.[336] In 1966 there are more riots. In 1967, when King, breaking with the president once and for all, begins to speak out against the Vietnam War, Tom Hayden observes the Newark riot, which begins when white cops beat a black cab driver almost fatally for driving around their double-parked patrol car; after breaking his ribs, they arrest him and shove his head into a toilet bowl. Other black cab drivers spread the word on their radios. The riot begins. Blacks destroy white-owned businesses. Hayden insists: "Nearly all the dead were killed by police, troopers and Guardsmen."[337] Newark is not the only riot of 1967. The report of the National Advisory Committee on Civil Disorders (published the following year, a few days before King's murder) concludes that "the background of disorder in the riot cities was typically characterized by severely disadvantaged conditions for Negroes, especially as compared with those for whites."[338] Stokely Carmichael's explanation a year earlier had edged nearer to the rhetoric of self-defense: "Each time the people in those cities saw Martin Luther King get slapped, they became angry; when they saw four little black girls bombed to death, they were angrier, and when nothing happened, they were steaming."[339] By this logic, King's nonviolence justifies Carmichael's call to violence. And it is literally steaming that summer, hot and steaming in the stinking ghettoes, warmed further by Molotov cocktails. From 1965 to mid-1968, 147 people will be killed in race riots—a hundred and three

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

riots, if you care to count them.[340] On a casualty-per-riot basis this is not so much—violence is more usually directed against property, whose damage runs, bureaucrats tell us, to the hundreds of millions—but it is enough to remind us that the fraternal spirit of Memphis, 1866, lives on.

In 1966 King marches on Chicago, where he accomplishes little more than he did in Albany. The star of nonviolence continues to decline. But he will not give it up. It must be his religious faith which allows him to endure as much as he does—another point of correspondence with old John Brown. Death threats from white racists keep arriving, of course. From 1964 right up to his assassination in1968, the FBI harassment continues, under the felonious auspices of COINTELPRO, which the attorney general's office will later describe as "the illicit dissemination of raw investigative data to discredit Dr. King, the efforts to intimidate him, to break up his marriage, and the explicit and implicit efforts to blackmail him."[341] But the attacks that he suffers do not come only at the hands of the white race. Before his own murder, Malcolm X had called him an Uncle Tom for being nonviolent.[342] One commentator paraphrases that black militant's philosophy thusly: "If the mainstream is oppressively and inherently racist, sexist, and exploitational, why would those who are most oppressed by it want to join?"[343] Malcolm X, as often, has missed the point. One need not join in an oppressive structure to join *with* it, to establish conventions of behavior. (Consider, for instance, the Geneva Accords. Few would deny that it is a good idea to get mutually belligerent nations, no matter how much they might wish to oppress each other, to make consensus as to what war crimes are, and then work sincerely to expunge those from their repertoires.) And, after all, nonviolence may well be the only way to achieve reconciliation. Mercy sometimes softens the militants to whom it is extended. John Brown's son Jason, who was not involved in the Pottawatomie massacres, narrowly escaped being lynched for them just the same. His gratitude for being delivered from his father's fate changed his feeling toward pro-slavers. "I can't see a Southerner or a Southern soldier now, whatever he thinks of *me*, without wanting to grasp his two hands."[344] That attitude is by no means an endorsement of slavery. Indeed, it is the opposite, for Jason would grasp a black slave's hands, too; and his father's eloquent denunciation of color-vassalage is predicated, as we have seen, on the Golden Rule of love: "love knows no servitude for it guilds [sic] with liberty whatever it touches."[345] But Martin Luther King's critics rarely perceive this subtlety. In Harlem in 1958, a black woman stabs King with a letter opener. In 1963, blacks throw eggs at his car as he drives through Harlem. The following year, after the Harlem riots, he comes to meet with local black leaders, and they boo him.[346]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE VICTIM'S COROLLARY

Why? I suppose it is for the same reason that a number of Hindus reviled Gandhi after the Muslim-Hindu violence of Partition, which killed almost a million. An elder brother and a younger, terrified and in hiding, watch five Muslims with butcher knives rape the younger brother's wife beside the decapitated corpse of another brother. Afterwards, they cut her belly open. The younger brother throws himself beneath a train. Meanwhile, Hindus come to a Muslim silversmith's house and roast him, his wife and children one by one on a pyre of their household furniture,[347] because "a Muslim who is burnt and not buried after death is automatically consigned to hell fire."[348] —Who is to blame? The rapists, the burners? Why, Gandhi, of course! —He negotiated with the Muslims; he "betrayed" the Hindus.[349] Call this the Victim's Corollary. The Victim's Maxim runs thus: If any members of the Other Side harmed any members of my side, then the Other Side is completely in the wrong. From this the Victim's Corollary follows with divine unassailability: If my own kind have been harmed, then any moderate of my own kind is an enemy.[350] So the victims watch their television sets, and think again and again of the Birmingham bombing; and here on the screen are more blacks burning stores, which is righteous violence, and more blacks getting clubbed, which is victimization; whether or not they know it, these people have begun to constitute a nebulous Organization of their own. "There is little doubt that rumours are the fuel and riots the fire in which a heightened sense of community is also forged."[351]

In Florida in 1996, a black man steals a car. Two white cops stop him, nonviolently as far as I know. With the stolen car, the thief bumps one of the cops once, twice, three times. This is menace; this is intimidation. Each time, the cop, whose honor, whose dignity, safety and authority are thus being challenged, orders him to get out. The fourth time, he bumps the cop so sharply that the cop ends up on the hood of the car. This is no longer mere menace, but violence. The cop justifiably shoots at him through the windshield and he dies. Militant blacks riot, shouting that the police have no right to shoot them down like dogs. The Victim's Maxim is their banner.

And in the 1960s, while the Viet Cong are hiding behind their front organization, the Movement for Self-Determination, and changing into black pajamas whenever they transact serious business,[352] another Organization halfway around the world from them, nourished by its own puppet groups—the Clayton Civic Club Inc., the Alabama Rescue Service, the Adams County Civic and Betterment Association, and ever so many more[353]—continues putting on white bedsheets, preparing to actualize complementary dreams of violent praxis, of guerrilla liberation of the homeland from powerful enemies. Each of them follows the course described of Robespierre by his biographer, Lewes: "His life was so obscure, until it became glaring."[354] And what permits the lives of those terrorists to be glaring is

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

their very obscurity, their hiddenness within the uniform. —There's a difference, of course, at least according to Ho Chi Minh, who explained that the KKK "has the mysticism of Freemasonry, the mummeries of Catholicism, the brutality of fascism, the illegality of its 568 various associations, but it has neither doctrine, nor programme, nor vitality, nor discipline."[355] The Klan begs to differ. Steadfastly they defend the white race. The Victim's Maxim is their banner, too.[356]

THE DECAY OF LOVE

For the time being, Martin Luther King at least holds fast. At a *Meet the Press* television interview, Floyd McKissick of CORE gives an absurd and self-serving definition of nonviolence: "We say that we can march down the street if nobody hits us, okay, you've got nonviolence. But if somebody hits us, well then you better have an ambulance on the side to pick up whoever hits somebody." —The interviewer asks him if that means—as it surely does—that he is in disagreement with Mr. King. McKissick waffles. The interviewer turns to King, who says: "I think that the moment you have programmatic action around defensive violence and pronouncements about it, the line of demarcation between defense [sic] violence and aggressive violence becomes very thin."[357]

"No one knows what it cost God to refrain from intervention when wicked men put his beloved Son to death," he'd written back in 1951. "But the restraint was not weakness. The Cross became the power of God unto salvation."[358] —In an article for *Ebony* magazine in 1959, he had written about his visit to India, arguing that Gandhi's legacy was one of complete reconciliation as opposed to the "moral and spiritual suicide" of acquiescence to the Organization, or the "bitterness" and "brutality" of participants in violence.[359] —But now at long last—I'm so sorry to write this—he begins to harden, to indulge (as most of us would have done long before) in despair and grandiosity. He recognizes all too well that many, perhaps most, white people want amelioration for blacks, not equality. He realizes that not so much as been accomplished as it seemed at first. "In this decade of change, the Negro stood up and confronted his oppressor," he claims in his final report to the Southern Christian Leadership Conference. "He faced the bullies and the guns, the dogs and the tear gas," King continues and it is all true. "He put himself squarely before the vicious mobs and moved with strength and dignity toward them and decisively defeated them."[360] But surely he must know that those vicious mobs have not been defeated, that more than one Organization continues to mark him and his cause as threatening pseudopods of the Alien World.

He foresees the breakup of the civil rights movement into feuding extremist factions.[361] And, as in the case of Lincoln before him, it may well be that he sometimes puts his constituency (which is really to say his popularity) before his principles. "When it comes to a showdown," a black journalist had written in 1962, "Malcolm

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

can muster more people than Adam Powell, A. Philip Randolph, Martin Luther King and Roy Wilkins all put together."[362] King is surely aware of this assessment. His aims are good. His aims cannot be accomplished except by mustering people. Maybe some spice in his rhetoric would help him muster as many as Malcolm did in his militant glory. ("If they make the Ku Klux Klan nonviolent, I'll be nonviolent," Malcolm had said with heavy sarcasm.)[363] I've granted that King has the right to trim his means to his ends; I've admired him for not doing it before; after all, in that phrase of his, "he faced the bullies and the guns, the dogs and the tear gas," he was talking about himself. Under his belt he has Montgomery and Chicago; he's successfully braved Birmingham's cops with their leaping, snarling police dogs, lunging from taut choker chains, showing their fangs;[364] in '63 he could still smile at the triumph of "I Have a Dream," waving his arm over the crowd almost Popishly, but, locked away in Birmingham Jail that same year, he'd already begun to wonder whether the white moderate might be more of a threat to racial equality than the Klan.[365]

Is this the Victim's Corollary? It is certainly the beginning of extremist and schismatic thinking. White moderates may be selfish, lazy and cold, but they're not bombing churches!

He's getting angry. Before, he had presidents on his side. But he's demanding negotiation with the Viet Cong; he opposes the draft. Other black leaders label his preoccupation with Southeast Asia a dangerous irrelevance; why doesn't he pay more attention to racial grievances at home? Some of the cadres are still calling him a sell-out—well, we know that Gandhi got called names, too. But King feels that something new must be tried. Perhaps the FBI's fears of his leftism are justified at last, for at the inception of his Poor People's Campaign he declaims as radically as that dangerous Communist, Thomas Jefferson:

> The dispossessed ... must organize a revolution against ... injustice, not against the lives of the persons who are their fellow citizens, but against the structures through which society is refusing ... to lift the load of poverty.[366]

He demands full employment for everybody, black or white, red, yellow or brown, a minimum no-strings annual income, and half a million units of low-cost housing a year. And he calls for mass disobedience. As Ervin Smith remarks:

> Gandhi tended to address his nonviolent resistance to specific injustices. King was here proposing mass civil disobedience to bring about change in a more general and indirect way. This amounted to coercion and force, rather than persuasion as Gandhi had advocated.[367]

(But a fellow organizer who after King's murder went on to appeal for violent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

revolution wrote that the Poor People's Campaign "would have been the most important test of revolutionary non-violence in the American experience.")[368]

As viciousness increases, as anger and bitterness combust everywhere in the final season of his life, King writes in an article which will appear posthumously: "I think we have come to the point where there is no longer a choice now between nonviolence and riots. It must be militant, massive nonviolence, or riots."[369] And the Army, having observed the havoc in Watts, Detroit, Harlem (where black violence against Jews is called "in every respect equivalent to pogroms"),[370] Omaha, Cleveland and Chicago, issues a report warning that "during the next few years organized urban insurrection could explode to the extent that portions of large American cities could become scenes of destruction approaching those of Stalingrad."[371] The Army exaggerates, but it, and Martin Luther King, can smell the anger out there. And King, perhaps he *feels* it. He shouts at an aide who accepts the lukewarm support of less than Gandhian rivals: "Violence begets violence, that's what it's all about, and they're wrong and you're wrong."[372] So far, so good. He picks up his pen to finish his article, hesitates, or not, then goes on to utter what I can only consider a threat. He says that he will stand by nonviolence no matter what. "But I'm frank enough to admit that if our nonviolent campaign doesn't generate some progress, people are just going to engage in more violent activity, and the discussion of guerrilla warfare will be more extensive." So far, this is just a dire prediction, but Gandhi would never have said what comes next: "In any event, we will not have been the ones who will have failed."[373]

Coming from such a good and great soul, such words are horrifying. One ought whenever possible to add to the face denotation of a person's words the context of his actions. Thus Eichmann's bureaucratic phrases "deportation to the East" and "special treatment" mean something much worse than they seem to; and King, who never himself committed violence or explicitly encouraged it, must contrarily be given every benefit of the doubt if we can make his words better than we believe they are. (Or, as the attorney general's office admitted, "King himself never varied publicly or privately from his commitment to non-violence and did not advocate the overthrow of the government of the United States by violence or subversion... We concluded that Dr. King was no threat to domestic security.")[374] With all due deductions for context, however, King's remarks remain in a pure sense more or less the counterpart of this sentence in the *Klan Ledger* (July 1965): "Occasionally, some of our more spirited good Christian Brothers may become so enraged over the work of the revolutionary atheists in our midst that they are goaded into taking retaliatory action against them; but no honest or serious person blames anyone but the atheists themselves for this."[375] Is that a racist comparison? Well, here's Stokely Carmichael, 1966: "Responsibility for the use of violence by black men, whether in self-defense or initiated by them, lies with the white community."[376] This is *identical* with the Klansman's Maxim. Exactly thirty years later, a white acquaintance of mine who

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

attended a funeral of a black gangbanger killed by another black boy said to me in anger, "Look. Maybe I was unduly sensitive because I was the only white person there. But this was a textbook case of black-on-black violence, and here's the preacher preaching this sermon saying, 'Here's what happens when Whitey comes into our hood.' Not an ounce of responsibility, nothing." *Violence cannot be justified if it gives itself carte blanche.*

Martin Luther King, Jr., writes:

> In using the term "white man" I am seeking to describe in general terms the Negro's adversary. It is not meant to encompass all white people. There are millions who have morally risen above prevailing prejudices by sharing power and privilege.[377]

If the term does not mean what it appears to mean, then King is guilty of a dangerous carelessness at the least, and perhaps of inciting violent vulgarians of his message, who stop not to qualify. Why not "white racist" or "white bigot"? Either phrase would have been equally convenient. What about the martyred William Moore?[378] Recall that he embarked on his private, fatal freedom march when other people didn't want him. Was he comprised within the derogatory term "white man"? What about me? Martin Luther King is closer to the merciless rigidity of John Brown than he ought to be. And so, at this moment in time, is the entire civil rights movement. Maybe it has to be so. After King's murder, a radical Lutheran pastor, who places such tools of nonviolence as "the appeal to public conscience" and "the power of rational discourse in resolving conflict" among other "discarded baggage,"[379] looks condescendingly back (although he hastens to reject condescension) at the "beautifully innocent aggregate of activities that built a context for Martin Luther King's argument for the force of righteousness in social change. This is the Movement of liberal nostalgia, which reached the apex of its first phase in Selma, 1965... If the confident 'I have a dream' of the 1963 March on Washington has not been vindicated by subsequent events, the dream is no less touched by nobility."[380]

BETWEEN WAVES OF RAGE

The riots burn on, like Pottawatomie over and over again. Why? Listen once more to Tocqueville; listen to this sad wise foreign voice from 1835:

> I am obliged to admit that I do not regard the abolition of slavery as a means of warding off the struggle of the two races in the United States. The negroes may long remain slaves without complaining; but if they are once raised to the level of free men, they will soon revolt of being deprived of all their civil rights; and as they cannot become the equals of the whites, they will speedily declare themselves as enemies.[381]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In 1968, the year of King's murder, two black psychiatrists publicize case histories of well-meaning, professional blacks who are suffering from waves of almost literally insane rage when they see their white co-workers, or, indeed, any whites. The psychiatrists, who seem nearly as addled as their patients, underscore their conclusions with italics: *"The white man has crushed all but the life from blacks from the time they came to these shores to this very day."*[382] This implies that John Brown's sacrifice, the Civil War, Emancipation and desegregation have accomplished absolutely nothing. The white man! Again I ask you, what does "white man" mean? What white people does it not include?

Meanwhile, the white Nobel Prize winner William Shockley addresses the National Academy of Sciences, explaining that "the major deficit in Negro intellectual performance must be primarily of hereditary origin and thus irremediable by practical improvements in environment."[383] In the middle shallows between those two positions, but beginning to drift into extremist depths, swims Martin Luther King.

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF MARTIN LUTHER KING (1955-68)

PRIMARY END: Gain for black Americans the same rights, privileges and conveniences that white Americans have.

SECONDARY ENDS (sporadically pursued):

(a) Apply the primary end to all poor Americans irrespective of color.

(b) End American aggression in Vietnam.

MEANS:

(a) Petition and prayer—*has failed.*

(b) Violence—*is never acceptable.*

(i) pre-1967: *ever.*

(ii) 1967-68: *but is excusable on the part of the frustrated and victimized blacks.*

(c) Non-violence—*is the only and best solution.*

JUSTIFICATION: No justification for non-violence is needed, since it hurts no one. (1967-68: As for violence, if it is in response to white provocation then it is on the whites' heads.)

RESULTS:

1. Many specific gains for blacks.
2. White racists such as the KKK are incited into retaliation.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

3. When non-violence fails to be a panacea, black militants also resort to violence.
4. King is assassinated.

CONSEQUENCES:

1. Considerable gains toward the primary end, for which King and his sector of the civil rights movement can take much credit.
2. Few if any gains toward the secondary ends. (U.S. pullout from Vietnam hardly due to King. Little empathy gained between poor people of different ethnicities.)
3. Successful propaganda for equality, probably superior to John Brown's.
4. Astounding demonstration of the practicality of injecting love into American politics.

SOURCES: KING, FBI, GARROW, BRANCH, ETC.

THE TRIUMPH OF HATRED

Now for the crushing of Martin Luther King. A sanitation laborers' strike in that millennial abode of interracial tranquility, Memphis, attracts Du Bois's old organization, the NAACP, because almost all of the workers are black. An organization of black ministers called COME also gets involved, and invites King, who accepts, possibly because he thinks he can accomplish something, and possibly because his Poor People's Campaign is stalled. As the Department of Justice puts it, "The intervention of those various black community organizations caused the city of Memphis to be concerned about the racial overtones of the strike and the possibility of violence."[384] In other words, one Organization may defend itself against another.

Long ago, Du Bois had described the effects of enslavement: "The old African warrior spirit died away of violence and a broken heart." But, as we've seen, the violence to which blacks were subjected before and after Emancipation has created new warriors of color, some of them as bitter and cruel as King's assassin, James Earl Ray: gangsters, pimps, bullies, thugs, murderers—black on black, or not. And the protest march which King organizes, involving five or six thousand persons, does sink to vandalism and even looting of businesses. "Mass confusion developed and the police moved in to quell the disturbance," says the Department of Justice,[385] meaning that the police respond with force, striking violent and nonviolent marchers alike. King is losing his touch. Or is the times? As usual, blacks get shot, four of them, one fatally; 150 fires are set, and three hundred people are arrested. The government estimates that about one percent of the marchers caused the trouble.[386] The city orders an early curfew and calls out the Tennessee National Guard. King says to Ralph Abernathy what he always seems to be saying now:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Maybe we just have to admit that the day of violence is here, and maybe we have to just give up and let violence take its course."[387] (All this talk will soon be whitewashed by his hagiographers. But Hosea Williams will reply that "there is a definite effort on the part of America to ... make him the Uncle Tom of the century. In my mind, he was the militant of the century.")[388] Exhausted and bewildered, he retreats to Atlanta, finds no support among his own aides for his Poor People's Campaign, returns to Memphis on April 3 to plan another march. But federal marshals serve him with a restraining order against any other marches in that city. Meanwhile, conveniently enough for history, the Memphis police department places him under constant surveillance from now until his assassination.[389] They also assign him a security detail, which does not seem to have been welcomed and which accordingly gets disbanded on the evening of the third.

He meets with the militant Black Organizing Power organization, whose members are known to employ force, and agrees to raise funds to help these John Browns establish a liberation school and a black co-op. "It is believed that these concessions were made to BOP in order to keep them in line and prevent them from following a violent pattern," comments the attorney general's office.[390] In any event, he is now compromising a little more deeply with violence.

He speaks to three thousand people at the Mason Temple, announcing and insisting on his march, then, as he so often does these days, foretells his own death, comparing himself to Moses on the mountain, who was allowed to see the Promised Land but never got there. He visits his brother, his friends and his associates in the motel at odd hours of the night, sleeps in and on April 4 sees Mrs. Georgia Davis at her room at 1:30 p.m (he'd last dropped by at 5:30 a.m.).

A half hour earlier, Detective Redditt and Patrolman Richmond, both black, had been spying on King's motel with binoculars when their telephone rang. "Redditt received a threatening phone call from a female who stated that he was doing the black people wrong, and they were going to do him wrong."[391] (Was this part of an Organization plan to distract Detective Reddit from his watch, or just another meaninglessly nasty incident in a cop's life?) Two black firemen, both partisans of the strike, find themselves detailed on that day to stations at some remove from the motel—the Department of Justice insists not as part of any government assassination plot, but "because they supported the sanitation workers and were considered to be a threat to the security of the surveillance of Dr. King conducted from the fire station by Patrolman Richmond and Detective Redditt."[392] We can, if we choose, see this as a prudent or a misguidedly suspicious move by bureaucratic chessmasters trying to avoid the possibility that the tension will infect and paralyze municipal operations. After all, there may soon be conflagrations as in Newark and Watts.[393] What if the fire engines didn't come then? Better to install them somewhere else. As far as I can see, they and their displacement had nothing to do with anything. By all means call it conspiracy. The Victim's Corollary will encourage us to.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

At 4:00 p.m., Redditt finds himself called off the case by headquarters on account of the death threat. His superiors advise him to bring his family to a motel and check in under an alias, but he refuses, which suggests that the telephone caller's admonition didn't much impress him. Being black, he is perhaps accustomed to working in an atmosphere of intimidation. Would he have stayed on the case if he could? The Department of Justice does not tell us. Again, one has the luxury of constructing those conclusions most in tune with one's proclivities: The Organization peeled Redditt away to more easily get at King, or else Reddit's bosses thought that he might be partisan, or else (conspiracy theorists may now smile incredulously) they genuinely cared about Reddit's safety. Facts are facts; interpretations are smoke. —Patrolman Richmond remains on duty, watching Martin Luther King whenever he can.

King's hour approaches. Patrolman Richmond, no doubt, has a stomach and a bladder; surely he too gets thirsty; from time to time every worker deserves a rest. Still, the next coincidence is bizarrely suspicious. (Is there always such a moment in every assassination?) At 6:00 p.m., Police Tactical Unit Ten, stationed at Richmond and Redditt's vantage point, and therefore (I presume) comprised now only of Richmond, just happens to be on break when King appears on the balcony, calls down to Solomon Jones, talks about the weather and receives a high powered rifle bullet in the chin and neck. His spinal cord breaks like a dream; his vertebral artery, right subclavian artery and jugular vein are lacerated. I have been told that a civilian under sudden attack can take as long as a full minute to apprehend what is happening, whereas a trained soldier generally reacts within two or three seconds. If this is true, Martin Luther King, having lived and worked in an ambiance of menace for years now, probably possesses a perception of danger more quickly than that of most civilians. In other words, I think he has time to understand that he has been hurt. Patrolman Richmond, we're now confusingly told, witnesses everything (perhaps he hasn't gone on his break yet), hears the gunshot, sees King's hand go to his head, sees King fall away from the balcony's handrail and die, aged thirty-nine years old. Was the Organization involved? We don't know. "After a couple of days, Redditt did not hear any more about the threat on his life."[394]

Defender of the white race: Mr. James Earl Ray, that strangely cosmopolitan racist and assassin, whom after his escape in a bread box from a prison where he was serving a long stretch for armed robbery we find in Los Angeles taking dance lessons and going to bartending school, changing his face with plastic surgery and consulting a psychologist about his shyness (after an argument about civil rights, he tries to drag a woman out of a bar, crying "I'll drop you off in Watts and we'll see how you like it there!").[395] One has to grant that Ray knows how to comport himself in the Alien World. We find him in Canada under an assumed name, getting a false passport; we find him in Acapulco, then Puerto Vallarta with a girlfriend who has two names, hence she's perhaps (the Department of Justice implies) a professional girl-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

friend (she will later tell investigators that one night when four blacks came into a bar, Ray insulted them, rushed to his car, returned, asked her to feel his pocket, where a steel erection, I suppose loaded with bullets, protruded);[396] next we find him at Heathrow airport (where he is arrested for carrying a false passport and an unlicensed Japanese pistol—was it the same as the one in Puerto Vallarta?). He seems to have been en route to be a mercenary, perhaps in South Africa. This would-be high roller out of a bad novel, thin, bespectacled and stern, has no known source of income except for a brief stint as a dishwasher and a cook's helper—scarcely enough even for drinks in Acapulco, let alone a flight to London. How did he do it? The FBI posits weakly that he must have committed some burglaries, but no fingerprints match. "Accordingly, the sources for Ray's funds still remain a mystery today."[397] Any member of a secret Organization would take these words as a compliment.


WANTED BY THE FBI

CIVIL RIGHTS - CONSPIRACY
INTERSTATE FLIGHT - ROBBERY

JAMES EARL RAY

DESCRIPTION

CRIMINAL RECORD

CAUTION

James Earl Ray wanted poster

In 1997 those Americans who still absorb news will be titillated by the public meeting between King's son Dexter and the frail old racist, who is now dying in a "special needs" prison. Ray appears like a bewildered bird in the photograph as he shakes Dexter King's hand. "I ain't had nothing to do with shooting your father," he says, and Dexter King, who claims to believe him, gives out that this *tête-à-tête* is to him "a spiritual experience."[398] What does this disgusting phrase mean? Are we to believe that the United States government comprised the Organization which murdered Dexter's father? Or is the true murderer simply another, more successfully inconspicuous defender of whiteness? Meanwhile, Ray's fingerprints remain on the rifle he dropped across the street from Martin Luther King's motel. He pled guilty at his trial. His recantation thus strikes me as no more convincing than a love letter written in disappearing ink.

"THEY HATE US, DON'T THEY?"

Very well. Is James Earl Ray in fact an Organization man, or a loner? I repeat: We'll never be sure.[399] (The Department of Justice tells us that he "was never known to have had a serious relationship with a man or woman during his adult life."[400] This evidently includes the Puerto Vallarta lady. Perhaps for Ray every other human being is a member of the Alien World.) Let's just say, as the Organization does, that self-defense of race in the hostile climate of Emancipation and desegregation—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

worse yet, of love and conscience—must take guerrilla forms, whether one is part of an Organization or not. And regardless of his affiliations, one must give Mr. Ray his due: His means and his ends both succeed.

Consider the means first: Martin Luther King lies dead, and no tears, prayers or Murkin files can change that. Or, as the victim himself once put it, "through violence you may murder a murderer but you can't murder murder."[401]

As for ends, even though civil rights shock troops speak of King's "legacy," even though integration has theoretically been won in the 1968 Civil Rights Act (which after the assassination was enacted at almost panic speed),[402] nobody claims to be perfectly satisfied—certainly not the Klan; nor Elijah Muhammad, who for his part continues to call for complete black separatism, demanding a territory to be settled by blacks, and, going beyond Marcus Garvey, insists that it be done at white expense.[403] Part of his credo: "WE BELIEVE that the offer of integration is hypocritical."[404]

Ray wants the race war to simmer on, and it does.[405] Black and white militancies continue to eat away at society like complementary acids.

One monograph on the politics of assassinations concludes quite bluntly that "the immediate consequence of Martin Luther King's assassination was large-scale violence." In the new spate of riots, twenty-six hundred people get hurt and forty-six die (all but five of those are black). Property damage reaches $45 million. The government finally calls in the Eighty-Second Airborne Division to restore order.[406]

In 1970, George Jackson, imprisoned for robbery, his sentence extended for murder inside the joint, writes to Angela Davis: "They hate us, don't they? I like it that way, that is the way it's supposed to be." He is right to this extent: they hate him. (In 1892, Alexander Berkman, awaiting his court date for the *Attentat* upon Henry Clay Frick, was warned by another white prisoner to keep his distance from black inmates, because "I must be very careful of appearances before the trial."[407] In 1997, a third of all black American males under age twenty-five will be in prison.)[408] That is why Jackson calls himself a subhuman. "They're killing niggers again down the tier, all day, every day," he says, his precision drowned out by his hatred. "Dialectics, understanding, love, passive resistance, they won't work on an activistic, maniacal, gory pig."[409] (Invoking him and his, a white cab driver in Sydney, Australia, told me in 1994: "They are like Mexicans. They are not democratic. They need a dictator, those blacks.") A white racist writes in his "galvanic recall to greatness,"[410] *The Dispossessed Majority*, that "the Negro minority, the largest and most violent minority[,] ... confronts the United States with a problem which seems beyond solution."[411] Horace King, Grand Dragon of the South Carolina Ku Klux Klan, tells a journalist almost three decades after Martin Luther King's assassination that Washington politicians have awarded America to the niggers:

> It was give to 'em. But I will say this: Is a day a-comin', dey gone, dey may take it, but dey gone walk in blood to get it. Because the white people is not gone keep on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



King's funeral procession (1968)

> standing back, standing back and be ripped off by the government and by the blacks in dis country.[412]

One can imagine some farmer at Harpers Ferry uttering just these words about John Brown's raiders and the abolitionist conspiracy which nourished them.

In 1970, Pastor Richard Neuhaus, the Lutheran radical previously quoted, lays out three possible courses that the black movement in America can follow: the separatism of Marcus Garvey, Elijah Muhammed and of course the Klan;[413] "a black-led redemption of the social experiment for all Americans," which approximates the goal of King's Poor People's Project; and "revolutionary alliance."[414] The seventies, as it happens, will be a decade of weariness in America; few risers-up can be found to join movements anymore. Hence no revolutionary alliance. As for the notion of black-led redemption, that quickly becomes (for both blacks and whites) something antique, embarrassing and quaint. How could whites possibly listen to blacks? For that matter, how could any redemption possibly come into being? "They hate us, don't they?" Separatism remains an ideal for some; but mostly there are no ideals left. Only anger endures, like the precipitate of a long and ugly chemical reaction. Pastor Neuhaus himself tells the following story:

> In North Carolina a black speaker was holding forth with impassioned eloquence. Sitting beside me at the rally was a white man who had worked hard for racial justice over the years but had recently been excluded from a previously interracial organization. The speaker reached his climax, as it were, with a vehement "Listen, white man! Like we said to Pharaoh, we say to you, 'Let my people go!'" With a tired smile the white man mumbled, barely audible over the applause, "Okay, man, go. Just go away and leave us alone."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Funeral for a Black Panther who died in a gun battle with police

It is hard to see how the white man, who never owned any slaves, can be blamed for feeling this way—unless, of course, like Nazis and Bible-thumpers, one believes in collective inherited guilt. Neuhaus evidently does, for he continues:

> Black men, with good reason, often express the suspicion that even the most trustworthy white allies keep the word "nigger" in reserve and will some day let it slip. A yet more serious worry is the white man's suppressed wish, "Just go away." In this century of technologically efficient genocide nobody should have to be reminded that such wishes can be realized.[415]

Neuhaus thus equates the resentment of a would-be ally who has been excluded through no fault of his own with the exhortations of Pastor Lynch to kill the niggers. It is reasonable enough to concede that blacks ought to lead their own movement if they so wish.[416] But when defense of race ignores the necessity of inclusiveness, it takes on a Stalinist cast. In 1969, James Forman explains: "All parties on the left who consider themselves revolutionary will say that blacks are the Vanguard... we must assume leadership, total control... We are the most humane people within the U.S."[417] This is defense of race elevated to transcendent stupidity.

Another decade goes by. More blacks join the middle class, but poor blacks are worse off than ever. White fear and black hate, black fear and white hate, cross-burnings and swastikas—let's not exaggerate it; interracial violence remains rarer than the other kind, but let's not pretend it into oblivion, either: it stains our daily lives. Martin Luther King's namesake, the hopped-up wife-beater Rodney King, himself gets beaten by white police, which event inspires a riot straight out of 1968:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

flames, looting, murder. Blacks pull a white truck driver out of his vehicle in an intersection and beat him almost lifeless. Louis Farrakhan recapitulates Martin Luther King's march on Washington, but this time only black men are invited. In the Aryan Nations compound in Idaho I see a sign: WHITES ONLY. O. J. Simpson, triumphant assimilationist and race-mixer, slaughters or does not slaughter his white ex-wife, and is acquitted; blacks are certain of his innocence, and cheer, while whites, equally convinced of his guilt, stand by in horror, momentarily reawakened by the cheering to the terrifying reality that to blacks they, their police, judges and courtrooms are all the Alien World, wicked realm of soft rottenness toward which night riders—black night riders—may soon be coming. This is James Earl Ray's paranoid vision (his diagnosis is: "sociopathic personality, antisocial type with anxiety and depressive features")[418]—and what if paranoia were truth? Arguably, it is also John Brown's vision.

Back to 1968, when the murdered man's friend and colleague, Bayard Rustin, insists: "Dr. King's assassination is only the latest example of our society's determination to teach young Negroes that violence pays."[419] Some people certainly believe it. A hate-charged black commentator offers this graveside eulogy to King and integration:

> What they were really afraid of was the vengeance which, deep in their psyche, white Americans knew they deserved. They came to appreciate Martin Luther King for "cooling it," for sparing them from "the fire next time."[420]

That eulogist postulates in black militancy, as did McKissick, as does the white Organization, "a will to take nonviolence as far as it will go before resorting to other measures... The next move now is Whitey's."[421] The whites who murdered Medgar Edgars when they found him unsusceptible to being "taught a lesson" had been similarly nonviolent.

KING AND GANDHI, KING AND RAY

One Englishwoman of longstanding residency in India "found that holding a British passport was a passport to kindness" because Gandhi's "victory left only loving kindness behind it." Indians continually call her "mother" and do her favors; her government no longer controls them but she is not afraid of them. This is testimonial, as she sees it, to Gandhi's triumph. But she lays down an essay by Martin Luther King unfinished because it "inculcated nonviolence but it did not make for friendliness as Gandhi's articles did... [Gandhi] insisted on the confession of his countrymen's riots before he turned to condemn the far worse [British] atrocity of Amritsar."[422] And her words are true.

King speaks of justice and equality, and I listen; I agree. He's made my country

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a fairer place; I feel grateful to him for that. He's tough; he endures; he's noble. He remains a hero of mine. He shows me his bravery, and I admire that; but then I admire Napoleon's bravery, too. His cause, as they say, is glorious, where Napoleon's is not; I want to meet with him, perhaps to march with him and risk all; but by the end I begin to wonder whether he and his colleagues will welcome me. "In using the term 'white man' I am seeking to describe in general terms the Negro's adversary. It is not meant to encompass all white people," but I ask again: What exactly does it encompass? I don't *know* that he would not welcome me, just as I do know that Malcolm X would not, but I begin ever so slightly to doubt our mutual interest. What if I don't happen to be encompassed within the definition of the enemy, but my father, who never exploited anyone that I know of, is encompassed because he achieved success in business? What if O. J. Simpson's prosecutor is encompassed by simple virtue of her office, not by her case? King's spiritual armor had been corroded in spots by the racism of the Alien World—as was the case with the pupils in Booker T. Washington's mixed class for blacks and Indians back at the turn of the century: they could easily be brought to say favorable things about each other's bloodlines, but none cared to compliment the white race, "because they had been made to feel that the white race did not need, and perhaps did not deserve, their sympathy."[423] —So doff the ruined armor of love, whisper the eternal Organization men; don the bulletproof armor of hate, after the example of that white knight, James Earl Ray.

During his previous stint in prison, the stretch he escaped at the beginning of his transformation into a murderer, Ray was given a chance for placement in the honor farm at Leavenworth, but refused because he would have to live with blacks. (Here we have a true man of principle!) When President Kennedy got assassinated, he crowed: "That is one nigger-loving S.O.B. that got shot."[424] A prison riot broke out. Witnesses later said that Ray either killed three blacks in that riot, or else knew who killed them. —He did his part; he rose down; now he's been forcibly retired from the racial wars. Whites and blacks continue them. Says a memoirist: "The experience of my Negroness ... canceled out humanness. How many times have I heard Negroes mutter, when witness to some misfortune befallen a white person, "What the hell! He's white, isn't he?"[425]

JOHN BROWN AGAIN

And now, I think, we can return to our question, knowing what we know: Did John Brown have the right to kill people of his own race (some of whom posed no immediate physical threat to him) in order to help defend the black race? And what about the black man at Harpers Ferry whom his raiders killed by mistake? That anarchist-bomber in Argentina would, as we have seen,[426] dismiss such an acci-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

dent with a cheery shrug; we will not.

We have laid out the moral calculus of John Brown as it operated in two instances: the Pottawatomie massacre and the Harpers Ferry raid.[427] In these cases, the immediate ends were both derivative of the greater end: the Golden Rule. Brown himself wrote that his violence was "in order to sustain a cause, which *every Citizen* of this *'Glorious Republic'* is under Moral obligation to do: *and for the neglect of which he will be held accountable to God.*"[428]

At the beginning of the twenty-first century, it seems that while Emancipation and the civil rights movement have greatly furthered the cause of justice, white racists still employ violence, and white-dominated institutions operate by inertia or worse, to forbid blacks their full share at the common table. *Defense of race is unjustified when it is based solely on the defense of a prohibition, privilege or compulsion in one's own group.*[429] Meanwhile, black racists do the same to other people of color. I think of black attacks upon Korean businesses during the 1992 Los Angeles riot.

Not having any tool of prophecy less ambiguous than the Bible, John Brown cannot know for a fact that matters will go thus, but he also cannot fail to remember where blacks are seated—and where they aren't—in his own church. He knows that the crime is continuing and ancient (a century earlier, Gibbon had noted the statistic of sixty thousand slaves a year kidnapped from the Guinea coast,[430] and a century before Gibbon the first America-destined slaves were landed in Virginia.) John Brown knows too well that abolitionists have been murdered and their presses, schools and meeting-houses destroyed. He knows that his president, Buchanan, is a pawn of slavery; after Brown's execution, Buchanan's successor, whom we now name the Great Emancipator, will hastily sing out that

> John Brown was no Republican; and you [southern people] have failed to implicate a single Republican in his Harpers Ferry enterprise... Republican doctrines and declarations are accompanied with a continual protest against any interference whatever with your slaves... Surely this does not encourage them to revolt. True, we do ... declare our belief that slavery is wrong; but the slaves do not hear us declare even this.[431]

John Brown's actions at Harpers Ferry I therefore consider largely admirable, if not immediately effective (although Martin Luther King at Selma was nobler and more effective; and Gandhi after Amritsar was noblest of all). His actions at Pottawatomie sicken me; I cannot condone them, but I refuse to completely denounce them, either, any more than I can completely condemn the likewise sickening utterances of Malcolm X and Stokely Carmichael. John Brown dragged men from their beds and butchered them. These are unsound, evil means for peacetime. But it was not quite peacetime. Lawrence had just been sacked, and free staters were being slain. Brown was a true guerrilla employing military retaliation in a diffuse

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

but bitter border skirmish; pro-slavers—though not necessarily his victims—might well done the same to him. He was literally threatened with death when he declared himself for abolition; the Organization was stronger and more open back then than now (although it can still firebomb, stab and shoot). Yes, it was war, and like an Allied pilot in World War II, John Brown did bad things to bad men. At Pottawatomie he failed expediently; I would have to say that he failed morally as well. At Harpers Ferry he blundered expediently, but recovered somewhat during the trial to create for himself the eerily compelling persona of a violent satyagrahan, a Gandhi of wrath. All his hostages at Harpers Ferry report that he treated them with kindness and consideration. Like Socrates, he thanked the jailer of his death-cell. Perhaps he had learned something by then; we can hardly say that he treated the Doyle family very well at Pottawatomie. There, he was wrong—*evil* and wrong. He dared to presume, as Martin Luther King came dangerously near doing, that the ends justify the means. For Pottawatomie alone I think he deserved to hang.

But let us leave him with this question: What did his victims endorse? A slave auction in Savannah, not long before the Civil War: "The expression on the faces of all who stepped on the block was always the same and told of more anguish than it is in the power of words to express. Blighted homes, crushed hopes, and broken hearts was the sad story to be read in all the anxious faces."[432]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is simple imminent physical defense of self or others in response to an attack based primarily or solely on affiliation.
2. When it is directed by a minority against a majority whose actions are causing imminent danger to the minority's justified identity and expression; moreover, when nonviolence has already failed and the violence offers a very convincing probability of effectively achieving its stated result while obeying proportionality, discrimination and limit; finally, when individuals within the group toward which the violence is directed are implicitly and explicitly considered to have the same fundamental rights as those who carry out the violence.
3. When its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of race and culture. Race itself need not be relevant to defense of race.
4. Absent imminent defense, when its end does not go beyond defending the minimal aloofness which is the right of every culture or bloodline.
5. When the defender exercises the rights of the self to express who he is. Should violence ensue, he is not culpable, provided he adheres to his justified ends and means.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When it is based solely on the defense of a prohibition, privilege or compulsion in one's own group.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

2. When it precludes defense of individual choice.
3. When it is retroactive. Once the aliens move in, what's ours quickly becomes theirs, too.
4. When it considers alien habits and characteristics to be proof of inferiority or evil, and acts accordingly; when it forgets the rights of the self and the Golden Rule.

Proactive defense of race and culture is highly suspect.

Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

7.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF RACE

WHEN ARE RACIAL TERRITORIALISM AND SEPARATISM JUSTIFIED?

A. Nicolae Ceausescu, secretary-general of the Romanian Communist Party (1974)

> "The [ethnic] Germans [within Romania] will have to integrate more with the uniform working people of the communist society. In the foreseeable future there will no longer be any nationalities in Romania, only one socialist nation."[433]

B. Muslim leader in Serbia (1994)

> "To be straight, nobody here wants any kind of Muslim state. The only thing we want is equality."[434]

C. Gaius Gracchus (123 B.C.)

> "He also called on the Latin allies to demand the full rights of Roman citizenship, since the Senate could not with decency refuse this privilege to men of the same race."[435]

D. Moltke (late 19th century)

> "I really do not know what we would do with a piece of land wrested from Russia or France. Germany's principal strength rests in the homogeneity of its population."[436]

E. Peau de Chat, chief of Fort William Indians, to T. G. Anderson, vice-superintendent of Indian affairs (1848)

> "The Indians are uneasy seeing their lands occupied by Whites, taking away the mineral and they wish that our Great Father would at once settle the matter."[437]

F. Deskaheh, Cayuga chief (Iroquois), last speech (by radio) (1925)

> "If you are bound to treat us as though we were citizens under your government then those of your people who are land hungry will get our farms away from us by hooks and crooks under your property laws and in your courts that we do not understand and do not wish to learn... We would then be scattered and lost to each other and lost among so many of you. Our boys and girls would then have to intermarry with you or not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

at all. If consumption took us off or if we brought no children into the world or our children mixed with the ocean of your blood then there would be no Iroquois left."[438]

G. Constitution of the Iroquois

"By birthright the Original Beings [Iroquois] are the owners of the soil which they own and occupy and none other may hold it... When any alien nation or individual is admitted into the Five Nations the admission shall be understood only to be a temporary one."[439]

H. Lothrop Stoddard (1920)

"Within the white world, migration of lower human types like those which have worked such havoc in the United States must be rigorously curtailed."[440]

I. Wilmot Robertson (1976)

"The Pax Americana, its primary task the consolidation, security and advancement of the Northern European peoples, would be the first world order whose geographical frontiers corresponded to its racial frontiers, once the minority elements were separated out and either sent back to their old homelands or established in new ones."[441]

J. Japanese prison guards, beating a slave laborer (World War II)

"It's all right if a bastard like you dies. A Korean? Two Koreans? Worth less than a dog!"[442]

WHEN IS RACIAL ENSLAVEMENT JUSTIFIED?

A. Governor Wise of Virginia

"The best way to meet abolitionists is with powder and cold steel."[443]

B. Constitution of the Confederate States of America

"The Confederate States may acquire new territory ... In all such territory, the institution of negro slavery, as it now exists in the Confederate States, shall be recognized and protected by the Congress and by the territorial government."[444]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

C. Montesquieu (1748)

"Were I to vindicate our right to make slaves of the negroes, these should be my arguments: ... These creatures are all over black, and with such a flat nose that they can scarcely be pitied. It is hardly to believe that God, who is a wise Being, should place a soul, especially a good soul, in such a black ugly body... It is impossible for us to suppose these creatures to be men, because allowing them to be men, a suspicion would follow that we ourselves are not Christians."[445]

D. Abraham Lincoln (pre-Civil War)

"I have no purpose, directly or indirectly, to interfere with the insitution of slavery in the States where it exists. I believe I have no right to do so, and I have no inclination to do so"[446]

E. Emerson

"Pay ransom to the owner,
And fill the bag to the brim.
Who is the owner? The slave is owner,
And ever was. Pay him."[447]

F. John Brown

"Slavery is a state of war. The slave has a right to anything he needs for freedom."[448]

HOW FORCEFULLY SHOULD HOMOGENEITY BE IMPLEMENTED?

A. Swiss constitution (1874)

"If military considerations do not oppose it, each [army] corps shall be composed of troops from the same canton."[449]

B. Hesiod (8th century B.C.)

"Do not put some friend on equal terms with your brother; but if you do, never be the first to do him an injury."[450]

C. Waub-ojeeg, Ojibwa chief, to his prospective son-in-law (*ca.* 1747-93)

"White Man, I have noticed your behaviour; it has been correct; but, White Man, *your colour is deceitful.* Of you, may I expect better things? You say you are going to Montreal; go,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and if you return I shall be satisfied of your sincerity and will give you my daughter."[451]

D. Shan State National Congress (1994)

"Most outrageous for the Shan people are the overwhelming number of rape cases in the east. One of the blackest events in the Union's history must be news of the death of a holy nun being gang-raped. And on top of this, instances of Shan girls being sold in the cities by Burmese soldiers are being witnessed. One of the most distasteful acts is the enticement of Burmese soldiers with monetary rewards to marry Shan girls. This is certainly an act of deliberate racial degradation."[452]

E. Father of a Japanese woman who wanted to wed a Barakumin ("Untouchable") boy

"If you marry that guy, I'll rip my belly open!"[453]

F. Mishnah (Sanhedrin 9:6)

"If a [Jewish] man stole a sacred vessel or ... made an Aramean woman his mistress, the Zealots may fall upon him."

G. Bible (Numbers 25:6-9)

"And behold, one of the people of Israel came and brought a Midianite woman to his family... When Phinehas ... saw it, he ... took a spear in his hand and ... pierced both of them, the man of Israel and the woman, through her body. Thus the plague was stayed from the people of Israel. Nevertheless those that died by the plague were twenty-four thousand."

WHEN IS INTERRACIAL VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?

A. Jean-Paul Sartre

"Anti-Semitism does not fall within the category of ideas protected by the right of free opinion."[454]

B. Khun Sa

"It is unwise to discriminate against one another on the basis of racial, class, cultural and religious differences. If one fulfills the basic requirement, to uphold the same MOTHERLAND, FLAG and SEAL, that should be enough... Whoever creates racial conflicts must pay with his own life."[455]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

C. George Konrád

"The rightists promised racial, that is, ethnic homogeneity, the leftists homogeneity on the basis of class origin. The experiments of both proved unsuccessful except in causing untold suffering."[456]

D. John Amagoalik, Canadian Inuit leader

"I have become more and more concerned about the angry words which some of our people are starting to use... It is very easy to blame the white man for the predicament we find ourselves in today. But anger and hate are not the answers. We need the patience and understanding of our white brothers. If we are to expect that from them, we must offer the same in return. The Inuit, by nature, are not a violent people."[457]

E. Alain Locke (1927)

"Both as an American and as a Negro, I would so much prefer to see the black masses going gradually forward under the leadership of a ... responsible elite than see a frustrated group of malcontents hurl these masses at society in doubtful but desperate strife."[458]

F. W. E. B. Du Bois

"I could not conceive myself killing a human being. But in 1906 I rushed back from Alabama to Atlanta where my wife and six-year-old child were living. A mob had raged for days killing Negroes. I bought a Winchester double-barreled shotgun and two dozen rounds of shells filled with buckshot. If a white mob had stepped on the campus where I lived I would without hesitation have sprayed their guts over the grass. They did not kill. They went to south Atlanta where the police let them steal and kill."[459]

G. The Bible (Leviticus 19:16)

"Neither shalt thou stand idly by the blood of they neighbor" (i.e. not come to his defense).

H. Mordechai Anielwicz, commander-in-chief of the Jewish Fighting Organization

"My life's dream has now been realized: Jewish self-defense in the [Warsaw] ghetto is now an accomplished fact."[460]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I. Warsaw Ghetto leaflet

"Jews! The enemy has moved on to the second phase of your extermination! Do not resign yourselves to death! Defend yourselves! Grab an axe, an iron bar, a knife!"[461]

J. Alfred Rosenberg, soon to be condemned to death at Nuremberg

"I must reject an indictment for 'conspiracy.' The anti-Semitic movement was only protective."[462]

K. Hitler

"By defending myself against the Jew, I am fighting for the work of the Lord. [463]

L. Ku Klux Klan

"This is a CHRISTIAN MILITANT Organization... As Christians, we are disposed to kindness, generosity, affection and humility in our dealings with others. As MILITANTS, we are disposed to the use of physical force against our enemies. How can we reconcile these two...? The answer, of course, is to purge malice, bitterness and vengeance from our hearts."[464]

M. H. Rap Brown, black American militant

"We must move from resistance to aggression, from revolt to revolution. For every Huey Newton, there must be ten dead racist cops, and for every Black Death there must be a Dien Bien Phu. May the deaths of '68 signal the beginning of the end of this country."[465]

N. Himmler

"True wars, wars between races, are merciless and fought to the last man, until one side or the other is eliminated without a trace."[466]

O. Prof. Ernst Krieck, Nazi theoretician

"National-Socialism requires no justification from any ideological system at all. Might and honor, race and blood, these are total facts; that is a kind of reality whose authority derives from itself."[467]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 12

DEFENSE OF CREED

The law and the prophets were until John; since then the good news of the kingdom of God is preached, and every one enters it violently.

JESUS CHRIST[1]

Swords are the keys of Paradise.

AL-MUTTAQ'-AL-HINDI[2]

Anyone who has ever been to Lourdes cannot but be impressed by the hopeful faith in which so many battalions of invalids sit in their wheelchairs while the loudspeaker sings hosannahs and queues move slowly toward the grotto. Pilgrims who've bought or brought bottles stand at taps under signs admonishing them to take no more than three liters of the miraculous water. On the hard concrete I see a middle-aged African woman prostrated on her knees, gazing toward the grotto, her back perfectly straight. I watch her for a long time. I know that the concrete must hurt. She breathes and blinks ever so faintly; otherwise she's entirely still. And so she stays for the duration of my time there. Beside her, an elderly nun who has been mortifying herself in the same way for a long time struggles wearily to her feet and

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hobbles away. The plaza is thronged. In the queue I see many people wiping tears from their eyes. They enter the grotto at last, caress the wet overhangings of the rock, then bring their fingers to their faces. Beside me, a man kisses wet cracks in the stone.

This is the faith of the two blind men who replied, "Yes, Lord," when Jesus asked, "Do you believe that I am able to do this?" and were healed,[3] the faith of the father who believed that Jesus could bring his dead daughter back to life, and so she was resurrected;[4] above all, the faith of the Roman centurion who expressed utter confidence that his paralyzed servant could be healed long-distance, without Jesus's ever meeting him. Christ responded: "Truly, I say to you, not even in Israel have I found such faith." And the servant was healed.[5]



Spaniards destroying Mexican idols

One is equally impressed—though after a different fashion—when that most Christian of all overlords, Hernando Cortes (the legend on whose white and blue flag reads: "Friends, let us follow the Cross, and with faith in this symbol we shall conquer"),[6] rages because his native so-called allies refuse to relinquish their wooden gods. It is the Year of Our Lord 1519. He says to his troops: "If we do not pay God so much honor as to stop them from making sacrifices to their idols, how can we ever accomplish anything worth doing?"[7] Down with the idols at once! With threats and shouts, the Spaniards shove opposing creed-defenders aside, and smash the sacred things. God, one must presume, has been honored, His creed protected—for Cortes will now be able to accomplish *everything* worth doing. As for the losers, the *caciques*, they weep, but can do nothing, for Cortes has already ensnared them into doing violence to Montezuma's envoys, anointing them with the stink of rebellion against the Aztec empire. How can they rise up against the Spaniards now? Cortes will be their master, their enemy—or both. There's no fourth choice.

A LEX TALIONIS OF UTILITY

So the Spaniards rise up in Christ's name to burn the broken idols. Tolerance, peacefulness, the Golden Rule all pronounce this act to be wrong, of course. But until it was committed, "every day they sacrificed before our eyes three, four, or five Indians, whose hearts were offered to those idols and whose blood was plastered on the walls."[8] For the sun must daily be offered its special food, the blood from human

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hearts, in order to delay the end of the world.[9] Afterwards, the victims' limbs were eaten.[10] Every fifty-two years all fires must be put out, and a new one kindled in a victim's chest (his heart first ripped out and upraised like so many others). Runners dip their torches in the hole, and carry the new flame home.[11] Thus creed has been honored; likewise authority, homeland, class, culture, imminent life itself. We see a stone statue of the goddess Coatlicue, her goggling head divided into twin serpents. She wears a necklace of alternating human hands and hearts, with a wide-eyed skull for a pendant.[12] Creed, like honor, insists on monuments[13]—in stone, and in dead flesh. (Bakunin furiously aphorises that "all religions are cruel; all founded on blood; for all rest principally upon the idea of sacrifice.")[14] Montezuma's uncle, Ahuitzotl, reportedly sacrificed twenty thousand people when the Great Temple was finished.[15] Montezuma himself is said to have done away with twenty thousand *each year,* though this figure may be overstated.[16] If not, then it corresponds almost exactly with the proportion of the Soviet population annually "sacrificed" by Stalin during the Great Terror of 1930-37: about 1.1 percent.[17] Did they all give their consent? It seems, to say the least, unlikely.[18]



Cortes

Lincoln insists that "God cannot be *for,* and *against* the same thing at the same time,"[19] but, unfortunately, "God," or ethics, could all too easily be invoked by two soldiers (a Spaniard and an Aztec, say) each of whom is trying to kill the other in self-defense, as a result of battle orders issued by other parties. Which is worse—human sacrifice, or the use of compulsion to destroy idols? Expect no good resolution.[20] The praxis of creed is usually dissension. Christ himself warned: "I have not come to bring peace, but a sword. For I have come to set a man against his father, and a daughter against her mother."[21] Christ meant this in a radically individualistic, almost nihilistic spirit: Seek inside yourself; reject love, duty, habit, authority. Follow the Good at all costs. Seek loneliness; break all ties. Cortes's works of faith were grounded in the presumption that what needed to be sought had already been found; the priests could tell you what that was, and you could likewise tell others. The metaphor of the sword had been elevated into the working principle of a justified means:

> Truth to tell, it is war and warriors that really persuade the Indians to give up their idols, their bestial rites, and their abominable bloody sacrifices and the eating of men (which is directly contrary to the law of God and nature), and it is thus that of their own free will and consent they more quickly receive, listen to, and believe our preachers, and accept the Gospel and baptism, which is what Christianity and faith consist of.[22]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In other words, it is through pressure that their free will may be best activated—a slogan worthy of Trotsky, or Big Brother.[23]

For the sake of argument, let us do Cortes the utterly unwarranted favor of assuming him to be actuated *only* by these twin and noble ends: soul-salvation for all, and physical salvation for the sacrificial victims. (We'll consider him in his light of conqueror and gold-seeker in another chapter.[24] For now, suffice it to say that by all accounts he was sincere in these two altruistic aims—when they didn't conflict with expediency.) Let us also assume that had Montezuma been left undisturbed, he

---

DEFENSE OF LIFE:
A UTILITARIAN SUMMATION OF THE CONQUEST OF MEXICO (1519-1540)

CORTES

END: Salvation of souls, abolition of human sacrifice.

MEANS: Conquest and overlordship.

RESULT (actual case):

1. 50 Spainiards killed (Gómora), *or* 63+ killed (Díaz).

2. 100,000 Aztecs killed outright.

3. "An infinite number" killed by pestilence and starvation (Gómora), *or* 67,000-240,000 killed (commentator to Cortes).

4. Depopulation after the Conquest due to enslavement, robbery and disease: 4.5 million (Fagan).

5. Souls given eternal life: ???

MONTEZUMA

END: Preservation of sovereignty, authority and creed.

MEANS: Armed self-defense and overlordship.

RESULT (if Cortes had never come):

1. 20,000 people sacrificed/year. Over 19 years between the Conquest and 1540. This would have worked out to 380,000.

2.Continuing wars of conquest against other Mesoamerican nations, with and without mass executions of defeated populations.

3. Enduring caste slavery (milder in effect than the peonage the Spainiards imposed).

4. No or minimal depopulation.

5. Better care and honor shown to the solar divinity. Human benefit of this: ???

SOURCES: GÓMARA P. 293, FAGAN P. 220, DÍAZ P. 407.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would have continued to sacrifice the same number of people every year. Then we can draw up the following balance sheet:

Is it unfair to enter depopulation onto the Spanish side of the ledger? Without it, Montezuma sheds the most blood. Disease was surely not a deliberate means of genocide; even had the Spaniards aimed at a more than nominally Christian coexistence, imported microbes might have disobeyed the Sixth Commandment.[25] But the Conquest remained all too deliberate, and so did enslavement.[26] *The practitioner of proactive violence remains morally responsible for both the intended and the unintended result.*[27] Montezuma likely would have made a few more victims than I credit him for: his "flower wars" against other city-states took their toll, and the Aztec punishment against rebel vassals was anything up to and including extermination. Still, it is hard to imagine that he could or would have killed anything like four and a half million people.



Sacrifice to the sun

Our balance-sheet bears the title "utilitarian." As defense of creed, Cortes's acts fail to be justified by utility. By that sole criterion, of course, Montezuma was not justified, either—for when the sacrifices ended, the world did not.

THE FATUOUSNESS OF BALANCE-SHEETS

What would Christ himself say about this? And what are we to say? Surely the righteous side does not render itself unrighteous merely by killing more people than the unrighteous.[28] Just ask Cortes! —Oh, you don't accept him as your authority? Well, President Lincoln's assassination killed only one person; the resulting judicial retaliation killed five.[29] That fact fails to invalidate their execution. But ...

A. kills five people who've sworn allegiance to B. B. kills seven people who've sworn allegiance to A. If this is all we know, then we'll tend to think that B. has done worse (is less justified) than A. Fine. What else do we need to know?[30]

THE CANAANITE MOTHER

The character of Christ as mediated through his[31] varying interpreters becomes, as might be expected, increasingly and vexingly contradictory, blurred as it is by different accounts around a common core of unknowability. Oh, some facts and traits we do possess. Where Gandhi was meek and self-mortifying, Christ was impe-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rious, a flashing-eyed commander who proclaimed confusion and strife. Not peace, but a sword! He was (like Gandhi) a quick debater, a denouncer, faith-healer, impolitic seeker of sinners, a teacher and (unlike him) a flogger of money-changers. —We need not enter into all the haunting ambiguities and obscurities of his doctrine here. But we do need to ask: How inclusive is it?

ARE YOU WITH ME OR AGAINST ME?

The disciples complain that a rival Rabbi is casting out demons. Jesus tells them to permit it: "He that is not against you is for you."[32] —But he also says the opposite: "He who is not with me is against me, and he who does not gather with me scatters."[33]

The Gospel of Luke portrays him as a universal savior, but in Matthew we see him as a Jew on a mission to Jews. One must wonder, as one does in perusing Martin Luther King's final speeches,[34] whether sympathy, goodwill, good works and longing will suffice to bring anyone and everyone into his heaven. For Cortes, the answer was resoundingly affirmative, as it was nearly six centuries later for Monsignor Richard Alpert, whom I met in the ghettos of Kingston, Jamaica; he'd just returned from a meeting with the Pope, finding time while in the Vatican to order a representation of a black-skinned Jesus.[35] Jesus is, or is willing to be, Everyman! But in the Gospels themselves, the tale of the Canaanite woman proves so all-embracing an outcome to have been by no means assured.

BREAD AND DOGS

In his progress, Jesus one day comes across a member of the lowly—a Canaanite female, heathen, idol-worshiper[36] whose ancestors his ancestors had invaded, seeking to conquer, enslave and put to the sword. The Jews' success in so doing came to be regarded after the fact as proof of genocide's righteousness[37]—and yet it remained but a mediocre and ephemeral accomplishment, because there were still Canaanites left! Indeed, as is written in the Book of Judges, the Canaanites in turn conquered the Jews. Then, after four hundred years, came the Babylonian Captivity of the Jews, who, upon their return to Judea, subsisted uneasily in the shadow of rival superpowers for another four hundred. So much for the context of this encounter on the road between opposite genders, races, creeds. Between the Jews and the Canaanites, one must well assume suspicion, hatred and strident counterclaims. Surely, at any rate, mutual violence lies unforgotten between the two peoples, a literal *corpus delicti*, a human jawbone or thigh-bone lying in the hot sand. Your uncle put my grandmother to the sword! And now this Canaanite female accosts Christ, grips his sleeve, perhaps, and even prays him to expel a demon from her daughter...

What does she look like? Dirty and wretched is how I imagine her—how else would she be, squatting by the roadside, grieving, terrified, importuning anyone

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

who might be a healer to save her crazed offspring, who is perhaps the only person who loves her and whom she truly loves? For if this mother hadn't been alone in the world, wouldn't she have hid in her tent or hut like other women of her epoch, and sent her husband out to plead for a sick girl? Or was he occupied in supporting the family? Did he advise her to employ the unthreatening persuasion of her femaleness upon this foreign magician? But even if she had a husband, she must have been alone. Above all, if she'd possessed even the hope of other connections, wouldn't she have refrained from pleading with her hereditary enemy, a Jew?

And Christ? Impatient, travel-stained. His immense mission pulls him on to the next mass meeting. How many souls can he save from Satan's violence, so that they'll rise up safely into Heaven? As a reward for his solicitude, the Pharisees have already begun speaking against him. His rivals hate him. Should he continue agitating the people, somebody will denounce him to the Roman overlords. Then what? He's a carpenter, so doubtless he's learned from his father how to make those immense crosses on which malefactors are crucified. He travels widely, so he must have heard them screaming from the public places, with nails hammered through their hands and feet. Whether or not he foresees his own execution, he dreads the thought of it.[38] He'd better hasten on to complete his work, sowing and enlarging his creed, moving from town to town before the High Priests can conspire against him; and the road is long and the disciples look thirsty.

It's hot, and there's no well. No one will draw water for him. He's a stranger, a troublemaker, a Jew.

I imagine more desperation than courage in this suppliant mother who blocks his way. Perhaps he would have avoided her as she knelt there in the dust, but I like to think not; I'd prefer my Christ to be the Christ whom Cortes and Monsignor Albert believe in, the one to whom all of us may turn. In the future he'll become the celestial goal of millions, the meaning of their lives, their happiness. —No doubt his disciples also halt, glaring at her, wishing her away, locking their hands on their hips. Ignoring them (people have sworn at her before, and spat on her), she falls before Christ; she reaches up, defiling his knees with her touch. All she knows is that this man has followers who respectfully listen when he speaks; maybe he's a teacher, a physician, an important man. If he won't draw water for her, she'll ask the next magician, and the next.

So. In imminent defense of that child-life which she loves, she begins to beseech her daughter's case, and very likely, being distraught, draws the story out; she repeats herself and sobbingly loses the thread; the disciples mutter against her, because—why not confess it?—the misfortunes of strangers are tedious.

Scornfully, Christ replies to her pleading: "It is not fair to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs."

("He was *challenging* her," Monsignor Albert told me. I am not persuaded. Ought one to challenge the desperate in this humiliating fashion?)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The woman grovelingly answers, "Yes, Lord, but even the dogs eat the crumbs that fall from their masters' table."

Then Jesus takes pity on her and heals the daughter.[39]

WHAT IF SHE HADN'T BEEN A DOG?

Creed is part choice, part identity. Christ began by being stern with the mother on both counts: To the extent that she followed her own religion by choice, she'd excluded herself from his mission, like the man who promised to join our Nazarene's disciples just as soon as he'd buried someone he loved. Christ with his usual militant urgency commanded him to leave the dead to care for the dead. To the extent that she followed her creed because her father and mother had been born into it, or to the extent that she simply exemplified it because she was a Canaanite, she likewise excluded herself.[40] Leave the dead for the dead—and *she* was dead for not following YHWH[41] the one God—no matter what the cause. She was an idolator, scion of a race of idolators.

In this chapter we need consider only the first of these two reasons for exclusion; the preceding chapter on race and culture dealt with the other one. The point is that creed, like any incarnation of collectivity, or for that matter any conceptual category at all, includes its "within" by excluding a "without."

Note that Cortes's aim that the Indians "give up their idols, their bestial rites, and their abominable bloody sacrifices" comes straight from the oldest books of the Bible, which defend the straight and narrow path of creed with a ruthless unilateralism. We could almost be back in the Stalin period. "Bourgeois democrats call you 'inhuman,'" says the interviewer. "You have people shot because of the views they hold. In a bourgeois parliamentary system, senators are never placed before a firing squad." —"That's because in bourgeois democracies they don't do what needs to be done," replies Molotov.[42] The injunctions of Deuteronomy and Numbers are equally severe: Slaughter, raze, enslave. That's why they attract John Brown.[43] One must therefore commend the prudence of the Canaanite woman, who petitioned Christ in obsequious acceptance of her bitchhood; she'll be bestial and abominable if that will save her child. What did she truly believe? Well, she was a Canaanite, so let's suppose that she kept faith in the rock gods of Canaan; but she needed a favor and believed that the favor could in fact be conferred; thus her supplication cannot be called creed against creed, as was the war between Cortes and Montezuma; she'd already surrendered; she'd become Christ's good dog.

Unlike many of the moral actors in this book,[44] Christ allowed deviationists the opportunity of repentance. The Canaanite woman's brightly acquiescent assertions of self-loathing expressed this repentance. Like Socrates, Christ was a subverter, an underminer of fixed and wooden rules (such as the ones in my moral calculus). Deuteronomy is the Book of the Law. Christ taught that following the Law may not

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be sufficient for salvation; indeed, doing so may hinder one's pursuit of goodness. Hence he healed on the Sabbath, ignoring the denunciations of the Pharisees. He might well have enjoyed going against tradition in this person's case, and scandalizing his disciples. But what if she had in fact stood in his path as a representative of the Canaanite creed? Consider one of those fixed laws he preached against—an old Jewish law, which corroded and polarized the polytheistic tolerance of the classical world:

> If your brother, the son of your mother, or your son, or your daughter, or the wife of your bosom, or your friend who is as your own soul, entices you secretly, saying, "Let us go and serve other gods," ... you shall not yield to him or listen to him, nor shall your eye pity him ... your hand shall be first against him to put him to death, and afterwards the hand of all the people. You shall stone him to death.[45]

The New Testament breathes a kinder spirit, to be sure; but even if she refrains from actively espousing it, even though Christ has begun chipping away at these old laws, a Canaanite nonetheless embodies forbidden alienness. Whoever speaks against the Holy Ghost, he says, meaning *his* Holy Ghost, "will not be forgiven, either in this age or in the age to come."[46] His own mother and brothers he disowns for not being of his creed; "and stretching out his hand toward his disciples, he said, 'Here are my mother and my brothers!'"[47] How then should he entertain any feelings other than enmity to this anti-Christian? Creed, like race and of homeland, operates according to a schema of sometimes overlapping, sometimes concentric circles,[48] with us in the innermost, and our progressively less acceptable neighbors radiating outward, to the final circle of enemies, where they're all dogs of such stinking viciousness as to deserve *no* crumb from our table.[49] Herodotus claims with justice that "everyone without exception believes his own native customs, and the religion he was brought up in, to be the best."[50] This explains why, executing their equivalent of the Deuteronomic Code, the Scythians killed their own prince, Scylas, because he was discovered participating in Dionysian rites.[51] "A new faith is like a plague," wrote Antoine Saint-Exupéry of the Spanish Civil War. "Walking in the streets, whoever belongs to a Party," which means a creed or faction, "feels himself surrounded by secretly infected men."[52] Thus the moral standard that all but the apathetic (and the Gandhians) live by. And here's one of the vectors of an opposing disease! Her grip on his sleeve alerts and alarms, even if it does not yet endanger, his creed.

Oh, yes. She was wise not to invite Christ to come and worship her clan-family's stone pillars... And I can imagine what his response might have been had she replied to him: "No, I am not a dog. My daughter is not a dog, either. Our idols are good enough for us, and we pray to them every morning. My daughter felt a little better today after we prayed. But the demon is still inside her. Will you please help us?" As it is, the terms on which she obtained Christ's intercession against the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

demons do Christianity little credit. Absent actual violence, they are the same terms on which Cortes saved the Mexicans from their wooden idols.

FEEDING STRANGE DOGS

All this but makes Christ's action in healing her daughter the more sublime. By his own lights (which are not mine), he'd have been justified in casting the first stone, or at least in turning away from her in silence. The harshness of his address to her proves this. He applied the Golden Rule instead, for which I love and revere him. And who knows? Perhaps their meeting was as much of a turning-point for him as for her: It's afterward, nor before, that he tells the parable of the good Samaritan, in which a robbed and beaten Jew gets cared for by an alien, a foreign stranger: "*Go thou and do likewise.*"[53] This assertion nearly equals the Golden Rule: *Do unto others as you would that others do unto you.*[54] Any other earthly law I shall respect only insofar as it does not intrude upon my personal and private relationship with the goal, the end, the Good.

And on his way to Jerusalem he heals ten lepers, one of whom is a Samaritan. Only the Samaritan gives witness. Christ says: "Was no one found to return and give praise to God except this foreigner? —Rise and go your way; your faith has made you well."[55]

But what if the Samaritan had professed no faith? What if the man refused to be a dog? Would my moral end, my God, empower me to heal an atheist?

THE GOLDEN RULE

After Christ, in Gandhi's words, "died on the cross with a crown of thorns on his head defying the might of a whole empire,"[56] there followed a few more decades of grace for the Jewish state, now annexed; then the Romans destroyed Jerusalem and the Temple together in reprisal for a Zealot uprising. Meanwhile, the codification—I should say abstraction—of Christ's teachings began under Paul, whom a woodcut in the medieval *Schedelsche Weltchronik* presents as already headless, his neck-stump preposterously regular, like a collar; while his jaunty, turbaned executioner struts sleek-legged beside a large stream, bringing the axe away from the kneeling carcass. The enemy's creed has scored what it thinks to be a victory. As for Paul's bearded head, that object, haloed and benign, stands perfectly upright, gazing at us through half-closed eyes."

In his satire against Jesus, Julian the Apostate reifies an inevitable counter-abstraction: Christ as the consort of Pleasure, who "cried aloud to all comers: '... he that is sacrilegious and infamous, let him approach without fear! For with this water will I wash him and will straightaway make him clean. And though he should be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

guilty of those same sins a second time, let him but smite his breast and beat his head and I will make him clean again.'"[58]

Would the Canaanite woman have recognized that Jesus? —I hope so. To me he's no parody at all, but an ideal of forgiveness, acceptance without limit. Like Monsignor Albert's black Jamaican Jesus, Julian's jeer stands testament to the final inclusiveness of the Christian creed.

TURNBULL'S MAXIM AND ITS LIMITATION

"In larger-scale societies," the anthropologist Colin Turnbull astutely wrote, "we are accustomed to diversity of belief, we even applaud ourselves for our tolerance, not recognizing that a society not bound together by a single powerful belief is not a society at all, but a political association of individuals held together only by the presence of law and force, the very existence of which is a violence."[59] Under such circumstances, all we can hope for is that authority's violence will prove legitimate.[60]

Jewish law and Canaanite custom, each of which rejected the other, had comprised the self-defending creeds which defined and informed their respective societies. Now Christianity meant to be that saving belief for all. Law and force came to the rescue; hence the Crusades, with their Christian and countervailing anti-Christian (in this case Islamic) law and force; as I write, the place where Jesus met the Canaanite woman continues to be a battlefield in a war defined partly by creed,[61] with Israeli tanks opposing Palestinian suicide bombers. If someday Islam temporarily wins, or Judaism, or Christianity, why then, for the duration of its dominance we'll see a steady, stable law and force, the very existence of which remains nonetheless a violence. Precisely this was what Cortes brought into being when he conquered Mexico. To be sure, the less rigorous the creed, or the more widely it is embraced, the less cruel the violence needs to be, but here we gain the consolation of a qualification, not a solution.

After all, what solution could there possibly be? In a pamphlet of Qur'-Anic interpretation, the People's Mojahedin Organization of Iran has frequent reference to the principle of *Towhid* ("the transcendental integration of all things").[62] I myself heard this phrase among Mujahideen in Pakistan and Afghanistan. Just as Einstein dreamed of a "universal field theory" for physics, so ethicists and creed-mongers have always hoped to create, possess and offer to others a belief-system of *total applicability.* I'd do it myself in this book if I could.[63] That the term "totalitarian" is no compliment highlights the peril of such an approach.

Turnbull's Maxim, while true, is jaundiced; and we musn't forget to admit that while tolerant heterogeneity must indeed constitute itself on the basis of force, still, intolerance must even more necessarily produce its own violence. As that "single powerful belief" becomes more single and more powerful, how can it refrain from defending itself? In other words: "You shall stone him to death." Expel the kulaks!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Down with the idols!

Meanwhile, Jerusalem and Christ himself, now both dust, easily became universalized symbols. Christians began killing Jews (and Christians) in the name of Christ.

WHY CREED REJECTS CALCULUS

Any end in which all other ends can be subsumed obviously has immense power for good or for evil. In, fact a creed is not an end at all. This book asserts that an unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enaction.[64] But the doctrine of the Trinity cannot be said to be just or unjust; one either accepts it or not. Unlike an end ("eliminate class oppression"), a creed's achievement is not necessarily measurable. An end is a verb; a creed is a noun or even an adjective.[65] Perhaps this is why Christ spoke in parables, refusing to systematize. I admire him for this. *The Kingdom of Heaven is a mustard seed*, and we are *prodigal sons, laborers in vineyards,* rootless, homeless searchers to whom the Good, the end, remains unclearly glimpsed. If we could see it, if the parable became an easy and evident moral calculus, if we always knew where defense of creed lay, then how could we show our faith? (Gibbon writes somewhere that the more absurd the premise, the greater the demonstration of faith on the part of whoever believes it.)

Faith does not move mountains by implanting the dynamite first. Logic does that. Faith requires that we rise up toward the unknown all the more strenuously, rising up or maybe rising down, because faith knows only itself, mistrusting external standards, and thereby abandoning what others define to be duty and love. Leave the dead to bury the dead! How exemplary, but also how terrible! I believe, and that suffices to justify me. Now that I believe, whom do I actually abandon to bury his dead alone? Christ isn't here; he can't tell me; I have to interpret the creed into my own end and means.

In 1520, while Cortes is busy putting Montezuma's capital to the sack, Luther writes defiantly: "My great concern and primary fear are that my case may remain uncondemned; that would show me that it was not yet pleasing to God."[66] This sentiment bears out Gibbon's melancholy observation. My creed *wants* to be rejected by authority! Defense of creed is such a very dangerous justification for violence because faith, by way of proving itself, so often refuses to descend to the level of logical proof. This leaves faith's end and means unsusceptible to outside judgment. If you come determined to kill me to prove the point that the Kingdom of Heaven is a mustard seed, how can I even argue with you? Faith equals extremism. Hence Christ—Gandhi—Joan[67]—Napoleon—Cortes—Lenin—Hitler.[68]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE ZEALOT'S GOLDEN RULE

Is Christ's body composed of the same substance as God's, or not? Your answer will save or destroy you. In Christian Thessalonica, the usurper Macedonius force-feeds the Host to dissenting co-religionists, his henchmen prying open their mouths by means of "a wooden engine."[69] —Is socialism in one country possible? Say yes, and you stand with Comrade Stalin. Say no, and you must suffer the fate of Trotskyites: our wooden engines are ready. Are you a Canaanite, or not? Either way, under some creed or other you'll be condemned; you can't change your being, which exudes loathsomeness against all true believers.

Marxism, like Cortes's Christianity, like any "true" creed, offers globalized righteousness. We defend our faith by extending it everywhere, pulling down idols and bayoneting capitalists as we go. The creed of the true believer not merely fills a vacuum, but declares all other creeds to be vacuums. Lenin arguably believes that he is following the Golden Rule when he invades Poland in hopes of infecting her with revolution.[70] He wants socialism, which is a Good, or at least his Good; therefore he will bring "the people" socialism whether they want it or not, because the result will be good—although, granted, among "the people" lurks a pack of dogs who don't deserve the crumbs from our table; starve them to death!

Lenin's formulation of *Do unto others as you would that they do unto you* thus actually reads (call it the Zealot's Golden Rule): *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself* —a seemingly trivial, but, as we begin to learn, a crucial distinction.

This interesting perversion boasts two sub-manifestations:[71]

> Variant A—*Unjustified*
> THE MISSIONARY'S GOLDEN RULE: Do unto others as you convince yourself they would be done by. Cortes again: "Truth to tell, it is war and warriors that really persuade the Indians to give up their idols ... and it is thus that of their own free will and consent they more quickly ... accept the Gospel."
>
> Variant B—*Unjustified*
> THE MARXIST'S GOLDEN RULE: Do unto some others as you convince yourself they would be done by, and do to the rest whatever your end requires. (Example: The Bolsheviks give land to the people by forcibly enrolling them in collective farms while expelling and repressing rich peasants.)

The danger of the self-sovereign, separatist way mirrors that of the universalist way: denying the right of the other. Either way, the Zealot's Golden Rule springs conveniently to use.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF CREED AS A MASK

At least self-sovereignty, however loud its obnoxious cries, owns fewer spears than authority's creeds, which love to be so thin-skinned because they *can* be; they're so quick to assume the right to violent self-defense of their injured, bleeding creed, when often they themselves, and hence their creed, are too huge and fearsome to be much injured at all! Authority can outshout any lonely atom with a single monstrous breath. The injury done to Cortes's God by the Mexicans' wooden idols may be, perhaps, less than what gets done to the Mexicans (not to mention their idols) in retaliation by Cortes's superior force. (Not that judgments of relative strength are as simple as might appear. Wasn't Cortes astoundingly weak and brave in comparison to Montezuma? He began with hundreds against the Aztec millions!) Can we not then assert violent defense of creed to be unjust and invalid when committed by authority upon the atom?

Consider two cases. (1) Christ enters the Temple and scourges the money-lenders. (2) The soldiers scourge Christ before crucifying him. Which is worse?

I believe that we should answer: The second. Why? Because in the first case, the money-lenders could have gotten away, or overpowered Christ and returned his creed-driven violence. In the second, which might have been a ritualized preliminary to the execution of the capital penalty in that epoch, the violence accomplishes no result, cannot be justified by imminent defense and, in short, seems merely sadistic.[72] For the scourging of Christ, as for his cruxifixion itself, defense of creed, if invoked at all, would remain a mask for defense of authority, class, expediency, or for some other aim. In general, to the extent that authority imposes its creed upon us by violence, it injures the consensus which legitimized it in the first place.

> Question: If the Church militant tells you that your revelations are illusions or things diabolical, will you abide by the Church?
>
> Joan of Arc: In that I will always abide by God whose commandments I have always done... And in the case of the Church militant commanding me to do the contrary, I should not abide by any man in the world but only by our Sire whose good commandment I have always done.[73]

In such exchanges, the more furiously Joan's judges rail at her, in supposed defense of their creed, the more sympathy we have for the true defender of creed—Joan:

"Do you mean that you have no judge on earth? Our Holy Father the pope, is he not your judge?" —Replies Joan of Arc: "I shall say nothing else to you about this; I have a good master, God to wit, in whom I trust in all things and not in another."[74]

The most cursory study of her case proves that she was condemned by puppets of an occupying power, for reasons of pure expediency. The stated reason: defense of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

creed (they call her a lapsed heretic). After burning her, the very executioner weeps, fearing that God might not forgive him for having cruelly put to death a saint.

As for Christ, like Joan he defies and even mocks received creed with his tales of mustard-seeds; which is why the priests hate him and demand his death from Pilate—their doctrines might suffer otherwise!—and so authority nails him to a cross, pours vinegar into his mouth, murders him and laughs! No doubt he was a sarcastic rebel and subverter, but their cure goes far beyond defense of creed. In Tolstoy's oft-repeated phrase, authority insures *stupefaction*, crushes independent seeking, quells another creed in the name of self-defense, or in the name of creed itself.

When is outraged creed *not* a mask for honor, war aims, domination, racism or sadism? Only when it is not can its defense possibly be justified.

ETHICAL TRANSPARENCY

In answering the question *When is defense of creed justified?* We had best assume (strange as it may appear in this ethical essay) that the content of the creed doesn't matter.[75] In other words, *Let creed be transparent to us*.

I've said that an end is a verb (the means links that verb more or less forcibly to subjects and objects); a creed is a noun or even an adjective.[76] The stated creed of Cortes is Christianity. The end: Implement the creed. The means: Conquer Mexico. One can judge the goodness or evilness of both means and ends; it is the purpose of *Rising Up and Rising Down* to help us do so.[77] The end is the goal; the creed is the standard in whose name the goal is chosen.

There are principles which we tend to associate with a creed. In the case of Christianity, we'd probably call to mind the Decalogue and the Golden Rule. These are essential expressions of it, to be sure. But a good Muslim could practice all these rules, too. In hotel Bibles around the Christian-speaking world, one is invited to accept this creed by believing that Christ is a manifestation of God, and that he died to save us from our sins.

If we were asked to define Hitler's creed, we might confuse it with his end, which can be judged (and found wanting) according to all the rights of the self.[78] Simply stated, it is: "The people I define as Aryans will conquer as much of the world as possible and use it as their living-space." But this is the verb; this informs, defines, prepares action. Creed lies behind and above this. In Hitler's case, it would be something like this: The Aryan is superior, all-deserving.

Thus stated, neither creed tells us explicitly what we ought to do in life, what end follows from it. But we can reason it out. The main consequence of the Christian creed as I have stated it is that we ought to be grateful to Christ for his sacrifice, worship him and try not to sin anymore, since he paid such a terrible price to save us. The main consequence of the Hitlerian creed is that we ought to give Aryans everything, no matter where that leaves everybody else.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In deference to the Golden Rule, I define transparency in this context as a quality in a creed, means or end which refrains from blocking other creeds, means and ends from the sunlight which belongs to all of us. Gratitude to Christ, a prohibition on sinning (which is really a mere tautology, meaning that we shouldn't do what we shouldn't do), etcetera, do not interfere with any non-Christian's right to be grateful or not to whomever he wishes, and all his other rights of aspiration, expression and being (unless they've been fettered by an unrelated social contract). So the Christian doctrine, in principle, at least, is morally transparent. A transparent creed resembles an unrealized end. It's a phantom or else, like a gun with the safety on, it's not imminent aggression; it's innocuous. But transparency is not mere irrelevance. More fundamentally, by "transparent" I mean that the creed does not in and of itself call for any act which supposedly defends that creed. That is the real reason why we need to take creed into consideration when judging its defense. A transparent creed excludes itself from committing unjust offense. From the point of view of this book, no matter whether it's illogical or absurd, a transparent creed is always justified.

The Golden Rule is the one creed I can think of which like an end is cast in the form of a verb, which tells us to do something, but which gives us as the object of its doing the granting of sunlight to all other creeds and selves on this earth. It neither hinders nor interferes; it blesses, assists, gives what is wanted. Therefore, like all its kindred nouns which remain neutral concerning the rights and behaviors of others, the Golden Rule is also transparent.

The Hitlerian doctrine, on the other hand, explicitly respects no other doctrine but itself. It reserves the right to block any and all entities away from the light at will. Call it opaque. An opaque creed is not satisfied with accepting all differences of outlook. Its ends often become menacingly violence-specific.[79]

What creates transparency? Sometimes inclusiveness or obscurity; usually context. "The Qur'-An is the word of God." "The Bible is the word of God." I have been told both of these things under varying circumstances. And both remain transparent as they stand.

"The Qur'-An is the word of God," an Afghan Mujahid once said, then added, "But you are a Christian; we are both People of the Book; we are brothers." His creed did not exclude me, even though as a Christian I didn't share all of it.[80] It was transparent—for me. On the other hand, had I been a Hindu, or had he been, as some of his comrades were, the sort of literalist who sees all non-Muslims, godloving or godless, as enemies of Islam, then "the Qur'-An is the word of God" would have comprised a wall whose opacity separated me from him; I wouldn't have been his brother at all, but the merest dog like the Canaanite woman, and therefore subject to his creed's ordinances against dogs.

After the terrorist attacks of September 11, 2001, I asked a Yemeni woman: "Are Christians and Muslims friends now?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

She replied that we weren't.

"How can that be changed?"

"The Muslims need to hear from the Christians that there is no God but Allah and Muhammed is His Prophet, and then we will be friends."[81]

In other words, the Christians must become Muslims. "The Qur'-An is the word of God," but here it is not transparent.

"We aim to do whatever is necessary to put the nigger back in his place, preferably in his grave." This article of Klansman "Connie" Lynch's creed[82] possesses all the attributes of moral opacity: specificity, menace, unequal application (not any and all, but *colored* people are to be put into the grave). Comment on its lack of justifiability would seem superfluous.

The Kingdom of Heaven is a mustard seed. Whatever that means, it's transparent.

SIMPLIFYING CREED'S EQUATIONS

These cases are simple. That means that I have simplified them, so that they've become less than true to life.

One of the most frequent complications of creed is its tendency to mask itself in spuriously nobler or more abstract ends. I have already stated that to the extent that it disguises itself in this way, its defense becomes unjustified, at best as a result of irrelevance, at worst as a result of mendacity. Therefore, our first business in judging defense of creed must be to strip away this matter. Then, and only then, should we proceed. For example, those who invoked the creed of Marxist-Leninist-Stalinist class theory to justify murdering the kulaks failed in their justification to the extent that the real motivations for their violence were in part, as we have seen,

(a) defense of authority (the peasants resisted Soviet rule),
(b) consolidation of despotism (by thus proceeding, Stalin could discredit his enemy Bukharin),
(c) expediency (the peasant leaders liquidated, the Party could more easily collect its grain requisitions).

Creed was a mask. But after all these creed-irrelevant factors have been deducted, we're still left with a creed-based supposition, namely, that peasants are unprogressive, that they stand for private ownership of land at a time when our creed demands common ownership in the interest of the revolutionary end of "advancing society." That being the case, liquidating the kulaks as a class, violently or nonviolently, is called for by *execution of creed* irrespective of whether defense of creed ever needed to be *imminently* invoked (that is, irrespective of whether the peasants ever resisted). It is this kernel which cries out for judgment. And without undue effort we discern that this article of faith is not transparent, and certainly unjustified.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MORAL TRANSPARENCY AND OPACITY IN THE CREED OF CORTES

TRANSPARENT AXIOMS	OPAQUE AXIOMS
1. Jesus died for our sins.	1. All human beings must accept Jesus as Lord.
2. Jesus is divine.	2. Jesus, his father and perhaps the Christian angels or saints are the only gods whose worship can be permitted.
3. All Christians should accept the gospel and baptism.	3. All human beings must become Christians.
4. The Catholic Mass is sacred.	4. Mexicans must renounce idolatry and cannibalism, celebrating only those rites approved by the Catholic Church.
5. The Golden Rule.	5. The Zealot's Golden Rule.
FOUNDING PARADIGM	
1. I, Jesus, offer the bread of knowledge and virtue.	2. You, the Canaanite woman, are a bitch barely fit to eat the crumbs from my table.[83]

Sometimes the "kernel" can be broken down further into its justified or unjustified atoms. (*See above.*)

Again, *the content of a creed is irrelevant to defense of creed.*[84] But the transparency or opacity of that content is highly relevant to our likely need for defense against it. Moral transparency is always justified by reason of its innocuousness. (Defense of a "transparent" creed may or may not be justified, depending on the means and ends employed by that creed.) Moral opacity, however, requires quarantine and investigation.

Had Cortes asserted and enacted only the transparent maxims in the figure above, he would never have conquered Mexico.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BURNED CHILD

The Golden Rule, *rightly interpreted,* is as all-embracing, as transparent, as practically invisible as any principle can be and still be anything. But we now turn to what linguists would refer to as "false friends," formulations which seem to be something we know but which actually conceal a dangerously different meaning within their spurious familiarity. Herewith, variations of the Golden Rule.

We've already encountered the Zealot's Golden Rule: *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself.* It fails, even though it does seem to logically follow from the Golden Rule, because the Golden Rule is vaguely worded. When we say *Do unto others as you would that they would do unto you*, we might mean just that, if what would make you happy is the same as what would make me happy (for instance, feeding you if you were hungry), or, on the other hand, we might really mean what Plato did when he said that each person's goal is happiness, and that the duration and intensity of the happiness achieved will depend on the *knowledge* which guides the effort. What if my knowledge were different from yours? And what if what I called my knowledge you admitted only to be my creed?

As an example, here is how Cortes in his more Christian moments might reason:

Application of the Golden Rule by an Enlightened One to a Wretched Ignoramus

1. What I want is to glorify God and prove my faith in Him. Should I fail at that, I'd be eternally damned, which would cause me not a little unhappiness.

2. By the Golden Rule, I want also to protect my freshly conquered Mexicans from eternal unhappiness.

3. On the basis of my superior knowledge, therefore, I will force them to become Christians. They'll thank me for it after they're dead. After all, if our positions were reversed, I would want them to do as much for me.

Arguably, transparency is respected here—because I know what sunlight is and they don't. I know they're in darkness.[85]

This principle could be uncontroversially applied by an adult to a child: You, not knowing any better, want to put your fingers into the fire—it's so pretty!—but I apply the Golden Rule, knowing that your passing tantrum will cause you less sorrow than a severe burn. Applied by one mature individual to another, it becomes problematic—especially when the result of the *application* is also a severe burn. After

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the conquest of Mexico, Cortes, exploring and intimidating the town of Ixtapa, learns that a Mexican has just eaten a murdered Indian's leg. Cortes "ordered the Mexican forthwith to be burned in the presence of the lord ... He even preached the lord a long sermon, to the effect that he had come ... to punish those wicked men who, like this Mexican, ate human flesh"—and, of course, that he had come "to teach the law of Christ, which commands us to believe in and worship a single God, not numerous idols."[86] Thus (once again) the Zealot's Golden Rule. The lord, no doubt, is terrified into edification.

Hence this caveat: *The Golden Rule is justified only when applied to acts which all parties affected agree will contribute to their conception of goodness, or when the dissenting party is a bona fide dependent of the moral actor.*[87] This allows us to protect children against burning in spite of themselves, but forbids us to burn the man in Ixtapa.

Christ applied this caveat to the Canaanite woman. Specifically, he applied the Golden Rule where he and she agreed (healing her daughter was a mutually accepted good) and left her alone where they didn't (although he insulted her, but at least he didn't force her to become one of his followers).

Had Cortes followed this model, he would have given Montezuma the Spanish material goods which the latter wanted, and withheld the spiritual goods until requested. If he had, he would have been following the version of the Golden Rule which I advocate,[88] namely the Empath's Golden Rule: *Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing.*

AN ASIDE: DO UNTO WHOM?

But Cortes would then have faced another difficulty—the same one, in fact, which trapped John Brown when he invoked the Golden Rule in his doomed attempt to free the slaves at Harpers Ferry: Do I apply the Rule to the oppressor or to his oppressed? —*My* oppressor is unproblematic. Love your enemies, says Christ, as does Buddha. But if I see a master whipping his slave, or (to get right down to it) Aztecs sacrificing twenty thousand other human beings, whose side should I be on? If I am to treat my oppressor as a fellow creature, shouldn't I do the same for someone else's oppressor? Gandhi would say: Go to the rescue of the oppressed, with love in your heart for the oppressor. (This is exactly what Cortes did, or pretended to do. By so doing, he insulted and crushed the sovereignty of the Aztec empire.[89] His actual degree of love for the Aztecs is, of course, debatable.) This was never inherent in the Golden Rule; and it is entirely possible that someday a strange and saintly genius will found a career upon sacrificing himself to the oppressor instead of the oppressed.[90] As for John Brown, he went to the rescue of the oppressed, with violence in his heart—or at least in his actions—toward the oppressor. In the interests of proportionality and imminence, that is what I would do also. One cannot apply

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the Golden Rule to all parties at Harpers Ferry. If one did, one could not try to rescue slaves. One could only state one's principles, get arrested, fill the jails. Would the slaves be better off? Maybe.

What can I say about this? I can suggest only the steady, unimaginative solution: First respect the inertia of an alien situation. Don't inject yourself into it for your own gain, or for any other reason unaffiliated with true goodness. Study the victim and the oppressor, and judge them both. Then, if your creed so moves you, intervene on the side of the righteous, respecting the most justified version of the Golden Rule you can—and, by the way, here are the versions in my collection:

VARIATIONS OF THE GOLDEN RULE[91]

1. [*Mostly justified.*] The Golden Rule: Do as you would be done by. (But in the event that I would wish others to do unto me something which others would not wish for themselves, then the Golden Rule would not be justified. In fact, it would become the Zealot's Golden Rule.)

> CAVEAT: The Golden Rule is justified only when applied to acts which all parties affected agree will contribute to their conception of goodness, or when the dissenting party is a bona fide dependent of the moral actor. Otherwise it easily becomes the Zealot's Golden Rule. *Throughout* Rising Up and Rising Down, *this caveat will be assumed.*

2. [*Justified.*] The Empath's Golden Rule: Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing.

3. [*Sometimes unjustified.*] The Zealot's Golden Rule: Do unto others as you are doing for yourself. Cortes exemplifies this fallacy: I am a Christian, so I'll force everyone else to be Christians. "Do unto others" can be justified only when applied to acts which all affected parties agree will contribute to goodness as they define it, or when the dissenting party is a dependent of the moral actor.

> (VARIANT A) [Sometimes unjustified.] The Missionary's Golden Rule: Do unto others as you convince yourself they would be done by. Cortes again: "Truth to tell, it is war and warriors that really persuade the Indians to give up their idols ... and it is thus that of their own free will and consent they more quickly ... accept the Gospel."[92]

> (VARIANT B) [Sometimes unjustified.] The Marxist's Golden Rule: Do unto some others as you convince yourself they would be done by, and do to the rest whatever your end requires. (Example: The Bolsheviks give land to the people

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

by forcibly enrolling them in collective farms while expelling and repressing rich peasants.)

4. [*Always justified in situations of imminent self-defense. Unjustified as a general moral code.*] The Soldier's Golden Rule: Do unto others as you are done by. He shoots at me, so I'll shoot at him. This reduces moral actors to moral reactors.

5. [*Unjustified.*] The Terrorist's Golden Rule: Do as your end requires. This places the moral actor beyond anyone else's judgment.

The Terrorist's Golden Rule expresses opaque creed par excellence. Opacity screens a creed's presuppositions, ends and means from any criticism. Transparency allows the light of day to shine upon a creed. Secret creeds are suspect for this reason, although not provably unjust.

TOWARD A CALCULUS OF CREED

Violence is unjustified when it has no limit, when the Golden Rule has not first been applied, when its justifications cannot be verified, when its definitions are obscure or illogical, when the cause does not lie open to all.[93] All of these principles from the moral calculus apply to opaque creed. In this list induction sees unaccountability, inequality, undefinability, silence, aloofness,[94] separation, indifference to the other—above all, a failure of empathy.

One of the first moral actors I researched for this book—so many years ago now!—was Trotsky. Trying to assess the man, I found myself haunted by his condemning dismissal of his brother-in-law, who as you may recall was put to death by Stalin just as Trotsky was. Trosky was directly or indirectly responsible for myriad violent acts, and yet when I wrote "Defense of Authority" his decimations and repressions were mostly less imaginable to me, perhaps on account of their scope, than his words. My work is with words. In *Rising Up and Rising Down* I have strayed far from my element. Words I understand more than deeds. And it was words such as these that really made me *feel* that Trotsky, whom I wished to admire, had been in some respects a very bad man: "Kamenev was especially valuable for negotiations with other parties and reconnoiters in other social circles—although from such excursions he always brought back with him a bit of some mood alien to the party."[95] He'd rejected empathy. His creed was unapologetically opaque to his enemies; and *defense of creed is warranted against the violent enactions of an opaque creed.* I can't help but wish for the moment when victim and perpetrator look into each other's eyes and at least understand each other—all very impractical, of course; and unfortunately most of the moral actors who make a mark upon this world prefer practicality before almost anything. Until that moment comes, creeds which deny transparency's obli-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gation run the risk of incurring the wages of unjustified aggression.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CREED IS JUSTIFIED:[96]

1. When it does not violate the Golden Rule.
2. More generally, when it is morally transparent.
3. When it is directed against the aggressive enactions of an opaque creed.
4. When creed is simply speech, transparent or not, and the freedom to utter that speech is under imminent attack.

   CAVEAT: Direct incitement to violence is action, not freedom of speech.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF CREED IS UNJUSTIFIED:[97]

1. When the essence of the creed is nonviolence. Imminence may still justify a limited emergency self-defense.
2. When creed is a mask for another means or end.
3. When the creed defended against is nonviolent or morally transparent.

THE ROBE AND THE BOWL

There is a koan entitled "Think Neither Good Nor Evil" in the ancient Chinese Zen text *Mumonkan.* Desperately thirsty for creed (and perhaps for creed's reifications, honor and authority), the monk Myo chases the Sixth Patriarch to a mountaintop. Did the Sixth Patriarch choose to flee in order to defend his creed, to assert a point, or to assert that there was no point? Koans rarely lie down tamely to offer up any "theme." Consider the moment when, aided by snowy abysses, Myo corners the patriarch, who lays down the sacred robe and bowl, saying: "This robe represents the faith; it should not be fought over. If you want to take it away, take it now." These words exemplify moral transparency. Wouldn't they have been more transparent had the patriarch not run away, had Christ not called the Canaanite woman a bitch?

But suppose that in both cases the implication is not that Canaanites are dogs, that Myo is unenlightened, but that *we are all unworthy before the Good?* That is why a show has to be made of not turning over one's spiritual treasures without a show of resistance.

In other words, it's always possible that Monsignor Albert's interpretation of Jesus's scornful words is correct. "He was *challenging* her," he'd said. *The Kingdom of Heaven is a mustard seed.* That is a koan. If I think of the story of Jesus and the Canaanite woman as a koan, if I refrain from literalism, then it becomes another gnomic parable.

When Myo tries to pick up the objects of his desire, he finds himself, like the unworthy knights in the legend of King Arthur's sword in the stone, unable to move them. Would you and I have been in the same predicament? I have often felt that sort of powerlessness while writing this book, whose goal is to hoard up knowledge concerning what creeds and their enactions may or may not legitimately do.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Often, as in this chapter, I really don't know what I can say. I respect the rights of the self to expression, so how can I tell anyone what creed to follow?

Myo begs for a teaching. The Sixth Patriarch replies, "Think neither good nor evil," and he is enlightened.[98]

Am I supposed to think neither good nor evil of the words "it is not fair to take the children's bread and throw it to the dogs"? But if they are a koan, then why isn't the Mexican Conquest a koan, too? And while I am busy thinking neither good nor evil, evil people continue to do evil things.

"Think neither good nor evil." I can understand these words only in the sense of moral transparency, and only excluding the Golden Rule. Otherwise, this book can never stop thinking both good and evil.

A justified creed refrains from taking the robe and bowl of others. A still more justified creed offers its own bowl.

The Patriarch did give up the robe and bowl. This was Christ's way, too. I repeat: He did heal the Canaanite woman's daughter. "For I am gentle and lowly in heart," he said, "and you will find rest for your souls. For my yoke is easy, and my burden is light."[99] These words could never have been Cortes's or Lenin's.

ADDENDUM ON FREEDOM OF SPEECH

In the "Definitions for Lonely Atoms" part of this book, I asserted, for reasons made clear there, that *the self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it chooses, the right to empathize with friend or foe, to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times,* with the sole caveat that *direct incitement to violence is action, not speech, and may be considered illegitimate to the extent that the violence it incites is illegitimate.*[100]

Accordingly, violent defense of creed is also justified *when creed is simply speech, and the freedom to utter that speech is under imminent attack.* (Caveat: *Direct incitement to violence is action, not freedom of speech.*)[101]

In 1999, when my country attacked Yugoslavia in support of the insurgency of Albanian Kosovars,[102] we targeted a television station in Beograd, because we didn't like what its broadcasts said about us. If I remember correctly, our missile killed one young woman who was working late. As far as I am concerned, this act is as unjustified as any one of Cortes's murders for the sake of creed. Regardless of whether or not the Serbian regime in Kosovo was genocidal, Yugoslavia would have been justified by imminent defense of creed in violently preventing our war crime.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

8.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF CREED

A. Janet Campos, Jehovah's Witness (1995)

"How can we possibly judge others and take up violence? We can't defend ourselves. We have to leave that to Jehovah."[103]

B. Swiss constitution (1874)

"Liberty of conscience and of belief is inviolable."[104]

"The free exercise of worship is guaranteed within the limits compatible with public order and good morals."[105]

C. Interim constitution of Shan State (1993)

Art. 23 "No action shall be brought against any member of the National Congress for his speeches or arguments during the meetings."

Art. 79 "Every person enjoys the freedom of expression, propagation and publication."[106]

D. Herodotus (fifth century B.C.)

"Well, it is an ancient custom, so let them keep it."[107]

E. Gibbon (1787)

"If the diseases of the body may sometimes be cured by salutary violence, neither steel nor fire can eradicate the erroneous opinions of the mind."[108]

F. The Qur'-An

"There is no compulsion in religion—the right way is indeed clearly distinct from error."[109]

G. Gandhi (1925)

"For self-defence, I would restore the spiritual culture. The best and most lasting self-defence is self-purification. I refuse to be lifted off my feet because of the scares that haunt us today. If Hindus would but believe in themselves and work in accordance with their traditions, they will have no reason to fear bullying."[110]

"Religion is a matter of life and death. A man does not change

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

religion as he changes his garments. He takes it with him beyond the grave."[111]

H. Ba Thein Tin, Burmese Communist Party

"A comrade who has political and ideological differences must not be punished physically."[112]

I. Li Wenming, Chinese dissident, statement to the court (1997)

"I also believe that history itself will make the final judgment—namely that to speak out is not a crime."[113]

J. Jefferson

"Our civil rights have no dependence on our religious opinions, any more than our opinions in physics or geometry ... the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction."[114]

K. James Cavanaugh, deputy tactical coordinator of the ATF siege at Waco, Texas (1993)

"I fully respected their religious beliefs. I think all the other negotiators did, also. I do not mean to be sarcastic, but my feeling was they can worship a golden chicken if they want to, but they cannot have submachine guns and hand grenades and shoot Federal agents."[115] *(Through what was probably incompetence rather than malice, most of the people Cavanaugh besieged got burned alive.)*[116]

L. Montesquieu (1748)

"The religious code supplies the civil and fixes the extent of arbitrary sway. It is not at all amiss that in dubious cases the judge should consult the ministers of religion."[117]

M. Bahjat M. Sharif, letter to the editor (1997)

"It is an atrocity to claim that Christians (or any other religious group) have been persecuted by Muslims anywhere or at any time."[118]

N. Empress Maria-Theresa of Austria, to her daughter, Marie Antoinette (1770)

"Don't read any book, no matter how banal, without having first received permission from your confessor... I demand of you, my dear daughter, this most genuine evidence of your

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

affection and obedience to the advice of your good mother, who considers only your health and happiness."[119]

O. Martin Luther (1523)

"No Christian shall wield or invoke the sword for himself and for his cause; but for another he can and ought to wield and invoke it, so that wickedness may be hindered and godliness defended."[120]

P. Akbar, Indian Muslim orchestrator of riot violence against Hindus (1980s)

"The Qur'-An says very clearly that it is a sin to oppress others but an even greater sin to bear oppression."[121]

Q. Lenin, advocating Communist expansion (1920)

"Without civil war you will not get Soviet rule in Germany."[122]

R. Snorri Sturluson, Norse chronicler (thirteenth century)

"When Harald Gormson, king of Denmark, had adopted Christianity, he sent a message over all his kingdom that all people should be baptized, and converted to the true faith. He himself followed his message, and used power and violence where nothing else would do."[123]

S. Than Tun, Burmese Communist Party (twentieth century)

"Just as ancient Moslem preachers did missionary work with the Koran held in one hand and a sword in the other, we will work with a good doctrine in one hand and a gun in the other."[124]

T. Robert M. Shelton, Imperial Wizard, Ku Klux Klan

"We are one klan in our unchangeable determination that these United States will be saved from destruction under this foul combination of Negro-Jewish communism."[125]

U. Procopius, writing about Emperor Justinian (550 A.D.)

"For he thought that justice consisted of the priests' prevailing over their antagonists... For it did not seem to him murder if the victims chanced not to be of his own creed."[126]

V. Al-Muttaqi'-al-Hindi (sixteenth century)

"If anyone shoots an arrow at the enemy on the path of God

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and his arrow reaches his enemy, whether it hits him or misses, it is accounted equal in merit to liberating a slave."[127]

W. Ubedullah Khan Azmi, north India (1985)

"The Muslim will not come to the court to prove the truth of the Qur'-An... We will cut off tongues that speak against the Qur'-An. We will tear off the skin of those who look askance at the Qur'-An."[128]

X. Shinran (Japanese, 1173-1262)

"The mercy of Buddha should be recompensed even by pounding flesh to pieces. One's obligation to the Teacher should be recompensed even by smashing bones to bits!"[129]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NOTES

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF HONOR

[1] Vol. 2, p. 499 (Book 8, ch. XI).

[2] Dupree, p. 411.

[3] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 514. As I reread this chapter in 2003, I cannot help but be reminded of the highjackers of September 11, 2001.

[4] "Civilization refines the human being, makes him more sensitive, and in doing so it decreases his military worth, not only his bodily strength but his physical courage" (Delbrück, p. 509). That historian's very Germanic solution: *discipline.*

[5] Winkler, pp. 69-70.

[6] Before the epoch of the ancient Greeks, writes Keegan, combatants preferred self-preservation to standing their ground. The Greek contribution to warfare was the pitched battle. Ranked hoplites clashed in a body. The Greek phalanx varied from eight to twenty-five rows deep. The deeper it went, the more "moral pressure" it could exert, which is why Delbrück asserts that "the deeper phalanx will defeat the more shallow one, even if on both sides exactly the same number of combatants manage to use their weapons. On the other hand, a wide phalanx might be able to envelop a narrow one" (p. 53). But no matter what the dimensions of a phalanx might have been, its principle characteristic was *density,* which supplied what writers from antiquity all the way up to Napoleon and beyond were always terming "moral force." It was the phalanx's close ranks which permitted disciplined armies to defeat war-elephants (ibid, p. 562). The bond which held the hoplites together was collective honor. When the Spartans were about to join battle with a race of barbarians called the Illyrians, the Spartan general Brasidas stoked the flames of scornful self-endangerment in his outnumbered men (who actually won through in the end) by saying of the enemy: "As they fight in no sort of order, they have no sense of shame about giving up a position under pressure. To run forwards and to run backwards are equally honourable in their eyes, and so their courage can never really be tested..." (Thucydides, pp. 341-42). If one thinks about it, Brasidas's argument is really quite specious—or, one should say, true only under local circumstances. The implied proposition is that courageous (hence honorable) men will win out over cowards. The Charge of the Light Brigade taught us who wins when naked honor strives against artillery; but we are told that even in Spartan times, Archidamus son of Agesilaus, upon witnessing the innovation of catapult-launched arrows, remarked: "By Heracles, man's valor is done for!" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 132). — One of Napoleon's veterans remarks with great amazement (Segur, vol. 1, p. 225) on a freak act of murder during the Russian campaign, when a single enemy bullet passed through an entire rank of one of the French platoons, killing all twenty-two men. A contemporary reader is bemused by that amazement. After World War I at the latest, no platoon would have entered battle in a Napoleonic row, since twenty-two or two hundred and twenty-two bullets could have met them in a twinkling. Keegan in his *History of Warfare* and his *Mask of Command* has described the effect which this change had on perceptions of courage: a general simply could not lead his troops into battle anymore. The front rank, the most honorable one, would not survive. "The essential tragedy of the First World War is that the British commanders did not grasp this basic fact for over three years" (Ellis, p. 123). As late as June 1918 a British machine gunner, surveying a field of dead men, told his diary that "it is impossible to understand the reason for throwing ... cavalry against machine guns skillfully emplaced behind a screen of barbed wire" (quoted ibid, p. 130).

[7] "William Howard Russell reports the charge of the Light Brigade, 'that thin red streak topped with a line of steel,' in the *Times* (London), November 13, 1854; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 89. Hitler, it seems, wanted such a death. Field Marshal Keitel writes in his gallows-interrupted memoirs (p. 201) that he attempted to persuade his chief not to stay in Berlin to the end. "As so often in my life, Hitler cut me off after my very

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

first few words," because he sought a glorious battle-doom. But in the end the Führer chose to kill himself instead.

[8] One exception being necrophilia.

[9] Benjamin Franklin alludes to this in his witty Revolutionary War sneer at the British enemy's lack of battle-honor:

> At Prestonpans we met with some Rebels one day,
> We marshall'd ourselves all in comely array;
> Our hearts were all stout, and bid our legs stay,
> But our feet were wrong-headed, and took us away.

Franklin, p. 740 ("The KING'S own REGULARS, and their TRIUMPH over the IRREGULARS. A new SONG," November 27, 1775).

[10] Perhaps he also accepted the line of reasoning of the British colonel who wrote in 1905 that "the chances of victory turn entirely on the spirit of self-sacrifice of those who have to be offered up to gain opportunity for the remainder." (quoted in Keegan, *The Mask of Command*, p. 247).

[11] In a similar spirit, Plato proposes that a soldier convicted of cowardice be disbarred for life from all honor-competitions such as athletic contests (*Laws*, p. 1,489; XII.943b). The deserter should also be fined and prohibited from engaging in future military service. "Were ... transformation from man to woman ... possible, that, in a way, would be of all penalties the properest for a man who has flung his shield away" (ibid, p. 1,491, 944e).

[12] Aristotle, for instance, unreflectingly proposed that honor was the reward of excellence, assigned to the good; as we shall see, there are many species of honor utterly divorced from goodness; but unscrupulous definers of honor will always pretend to be Aristoteleans insofar that whoever does not live up to their own kind of honor is declared not to be good.

[13] The Iroquoian code.

[14] The European chivalric code.

[15] The code of a liberal democracy fighting total war.

[16] The code of a martyr-fanatic.

[17] The conscientious objector's code.

[18] As is the case with many raped people. See below.

[19] It is in this sense that Cortes, in a pro forma reference to Montezuma, whom he had not yet even met, spoke of "the honor and authority of such a great prince" (Gómara, p. 78).

[20] The more difficult the deed, the greater the honor. Hence the common scorn of inner and outer honor to enter the battlefield with easy odds. When the Tlalascalans lined up against Cortes's Spaniards in 1519, they were at first "reluctant to attack, saying that they would gain little honor if so many engaged so few" (Gómara, p. 104). They quickly learned that firearms could be almost as dangerous to massed ranks as in the epoch of the Light Brigade.

[21] Matthew 14:57.

[22] An example of the latter case: "Korea's modern history is stained with dishonor and disgrace, and the people have been forced to accept frustration and shame" because of President Park's abuse of power (Jung Haegu, "History on Trial: Convictions Set Record Straight," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 53).

[23] Collective honor, outer and inner, is exemplified by the ethos of the Heike warrior (see the first epigraph to this chapter; cf. Blomberg, pp. 111-112), and as succeeded by the World War II Japanese military "stress on spirit, on the 'will which knows no defeat,' which bordered on a cult of death" (Bergerud, p. 126).

[24] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 97.

[25] "Men are renowned or remain unsung / as great Zeus wills it" (Hesiod, p. 19, "Works and Days," ll. 3-4).

[26] This is discussed more fully below, in the chapter on self-defense of class.

[27] Gandhi, pp. 119-123.

[28] Lee, p. 49. Elsewhere (p. 111) this historian writes: "The more influential in society the family with which one formed marriage ties, the greater the honor to one's house and the more quickly one might enhance its standing and bring it into greater political prominence." Thus the acquisition of honor masquerading as moral becomes an amoral game.

[29] Moral calculus, 1.5.1.

[30] For further discussion of vigilantism, see

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

below, "Defense of Authority," p. 244.

[31] Reading this over after the events of September 11, 2001, I stand by it all the more strongly. If a few Americans with box-cutters had tried to hijack a planeload of Afghans, they never would have succeeded; the Afghans would have gladly and fiercely sacrificed themselves to prevent it, The extent to which we have abrogated self-reliance is not merely disheartening; it's despicable.

[32] Klasner, p. 216.

[33] "Dear Abby," begins a heartbreaking letter in the advice column, "I am a 21-year-old Mormon girl who attended church every week until last March. I did not curse, drink or smoke, and I was a virgin. I was respected for what I believed in and had many good friends... I feel so used, so bad. I feel completely worthless, and I'm sure no one will ever want me. Because I couldn't face the church members, I quit going, and I don't know if I'll ever be able to attend worship services again... Abby, I had always planned on being a virgin when I walked down the aisle" (The *Sacramento Bee,* September 8, 1997, "Scene" section, p. C2, "Rape victim needs help with the pain").

[34] Quoted in Brownmiller, p. 404.

[35] "Aman," p. 179.

[36] Quoted in Brownmiller, p. 407.

[37] Quoted in Wilson, p. 739 (letter to Charlotte Shaw, March 26, 1924).

[38] Testimony of Cynthia Townsend, colored, from the Memphis riot of 1866: "There is a [colored] woman who lives near me. There were as many as three or four [white] men at a time had connection with her; she was lying there by herself... They all had connexion with her in turn around and then one of them tried to use her mouth [sic]... she has sometimes been a little deranged since then, her husband left her for it. When he came out of the fort, and found what had been done, he said he would not have anything to do with her any more. They drew their pistols before her and made her submit." —House of Representatives (1866), p. 163.

[39] One of the two Communist factions. The Khalq group had been in power until shortly before the Soviet takeover. At this point it was the minority group. The Khalqis might have warned Anjillah's sister to spite the dominant Parcham group, or simply because they knew her.

[40] Interview with Anjillah S., San Francisco, California, 1986. For the main part of Anjillah's testimony, see below.

[41] A Roman jurist explains that "a person may suffer an insult either on his own account or through others ... as when it is directed against my children, my slaves, my wife or my daughter-in-law." —Justinian, p. 159 ("Concerning Insulting Behaviour and Scandalous Libels," Book 47, title 10, clause 1 [Ulpian]).

[42] Fanon, pp. 254-59.

[43] On Untouchability, see the chapter entitled "Thick Blood," below.

[44] Kakar, p. 173. A Muslim boy says: "The other day we beat up one such pair. We watched them for three days and followed them to the cinema. I slapped the girl and informed the girl's brother. He was ready to poison himself and die as he could not bear the dishonour of his sister being caught with one of their boys" (loc. cit.).

[45] Adelson, pp. 637-40.

[46] Ibid, p. 624. Spitz, on the other hand, says that infanticide is usually "attributable to a disturbed state of mind following delivery and sometimes during the period of breast feeding (post partum depression)" (Spitz and Fisher, p. 470). The inverse correlation between the prevalence of infanticide and of abortion would indicate a strong expedient component to the act; the mother does not particularly want to kill her baby, only to make it disappear forever.

[47] This was the case, for instance, in medieval Germany, where unwed mothers were despised to a point which might be life-threatening. See, e.g., Evans, pp. 45-46.

[48] Thoreau, p. 497 (*Walden,* "Higher Laws").

[49] Anecdote told in Piers, p. 19. In Somalia a rape-child is sometimes described as "dirt" (ibid, p. 20).

[50] "Sayings of Spartan Women," in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 160 (unnamed Spartan women, no. 5).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[51] Heidegger envisages the self (*Dasein*, "being there") as something fundamentally "thrown," unmoored, largely disempowered and certainly fated to death as meanwhile various possibilities for constituting itself speed by. These possibilities tend to be mutually exclusive; hence the self can never really be itself in every possible way: "In the structure of thrownness ... there lies essentially a nullity. This nullity is the basis for the possibility of *in*authentic Dasein in its falling... *Care itself, in its very essence, is permeated with nullity through and through*... This means that *Dasein as such is guilty*, if our formally existential definition of 'guilt' as 'Being-the-basis-of-a-nullity' is correct" (p. 331, H 285; italics in original). "The primordial 'Being-guilty' cannot be defined by morality, since morality already presupposes it for itself" (p. 332, H 286). This ontological state might well provide a common foundation for the moral-psychological states of Thoreau and the infanticidal mother. The former longs for chastity in the highest sense but admits that he won't recognize it when he sees it. His prescription for authenticity is austerity, reflection and self-respect. He is "thrown" by his own animal nature; he can make no truce with vice; the nullity that threatens to drag him down is passivity, sloth, as if he were to content himself with his thrown trajectory, and not struggle for the sake of his inner honor. The infanticidal mother, on the other hand, has been "thrown" into a situation of unwanted pregnancy. The life within her is thus already a nullity irrespective of what it represents in and of itself. Her "guilt" at this stage, in Heideggerian terms, is a very realistic sense of entrapment. If she can make the infant disappear, she gains her freedom. Heidegger would say, I suppose, that this is inauthentic behavior because it is based on covering truth rather than on disclosing it. Heidegger's notion corresponds rather closely with that of inner honor: namely, that the task of the self is to bravely face its thrownness, its necessity and its fundamental "guilt."

[52] Li, p. 335.

[53] Rountree, p. 85.

[54] See my portrait of Julius Caesar, below, in the second half of "Defense of War Aims."

[55] Ecclesiastes 1.1.

[56] "An ad executive from Milwaukee related ... that America was growing great by the systematic creation of dissatisfaction. He talked specifically of the success of the cosmetics industry in reaching the billion-dollar class by the sale of hope and by making women more anxious and critical about their appearance" (Packard, p. 219).

[57] *Laws*, IV.711b-c, pp. 1,302-03. Elsewhere, however, he lists his "three supreme sanctions—fear, law, true discourse" (ibid, VI.783a, p. 1,358).

[58] Or, to be more precise, the *possession* of courage maintains one's inner honor; the *demonstration* of it defends one's outer honor.

[59] Clausewitz, pp. 139-40. Our author admits (p. 187) that it cannot be "used as a lifeless instrument," but this seems to be less a mater of ethics than of an insufficient science of control. "Boldness is ... only like a spring held down until its action is required" (p. 259).

[60] Sun-tzu p. 221.

[61] Cook and Cook, pp. 41-42 (interview with Tominaga Shozo).

[62] "All officers try to convince soldiers that the most dangerous thing to do under fire is to flee," writes Bergerud (p. 121). "On most occasions this is correct. A unit that breaks and flees disintegrates and loses its ability to defend itself effectively." (This is precisely Thucydides's point.) "However, sometimes the safest thing for an individual to do is run. A good military will create the atmosphere that such an act is almost unthinkable."

[63] Cook and Cook, p. 361, describes an example of the latter (Miyagi Kikuko).

[64] Ibid, p. 323 (testimony of Arak Shigeko).

[65] Lang and Sibyll, p. 288.

[66] Ibid, p. 173.

[67] Ibid, p. 209.

[68] Assumed, since unknowable.

[69] *Sodom*, pp. 693 ("Oxtiern") and 773 ("Ernestine"). One of these tales is a drama, and the other a prose narrative, but both deal (in slightly different ways) with the same cast of characters.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[70] In a bittersweet memoir of his own personal Charge of the Light Brigade, the doomed airman Antoine de Sainte-Exupéry, profiled below ("Defense of War Aims"), asks: "Does a husband go from house to house crying out to his neighbors that his wife is a strumpet? Is it thus that he can preserve his honor? No, for his wife is one with his home. No, for he cannot establish his dignity against her. Let him go home to her, and there unburden himself of his anger" (op. cit., p. 132). This is exactly what the Afghan avengers of honor did. Sainte-Exupéry never meant to suggest that the unburdening should be carried to those lengths; nor most likely would he have held that a wife raped by occupiers became polluted like a strumpet—all of which makes the consonance more eerie. Honor and defense of honor in widely dissimilar places and cases are controlled by the same mechanism; it is only the values that pass through the mechanism, and the physical results, which differ.

[71] In the case of the violated Afghan woman, a dead body—either of her rapist or his surrogate, or else her own—will simultaneously repair the inward or individual honor of the family who committed the murder, by virtue of the deed itself; and the outward or collective honor of the family before its neighbors, and by virtue of the corpus delicti displayed before them. Unfortunately, such reifications of collective honor are as subject to abuse in private life as in politics. When the dead body becomes emblematic of ritual purification, then a murderer of expediency can be easily explained away as the cleansing of an imaginary crime. In one case in Afghanistan, a man killed another out of greed. His mother advised him to accuse his sister-in-law of sleeping with the man, then dispatch her in an honor killing to seal her mouth. "It is always possible for your brother to get another wife," his mother said, "but we can't replace you"—Jennifer Griffin, "Perverting a barbaric tradition to suit one's ends," *Thailand Times,* January 31, 1996, p. C-5, "Today" section).

[72] Post-speech Q & A with Sam Jameson, *Chicago Tribune.* 1966; quoted in Stokes, p. 6. For the medieval Japanese calculus of *seppuku,* see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

[73] The Marielitos. See Dunston, p. 97.

[74] Photograph in Ilyinsky, before p. 33.

[75] Rojas and Calderón, p. 71.

[76] The photographer Horace Bristol photographed one of these specimens in 1946. It hangs from a wire on a wall, spread-eagled, with its fingers groping and stretching like bear-claws. Almost every inch of it shouts with faces, dragons and designs. In the foreground, a doctor examines another skin through a magnifying glass. On the facing page we see these skins come to life upon men in a public bath, all snaky and whorly from shoulder to thigh, like gorgeous reptile-scales (op. cit., pp. 126-27). I have photographed a few of these gangsters; see below, "Yakuza Lives," and accompanying portraits.

[77] Zorita, p. 93.

[78] Hassig, p. 36.

[79] Rojas and Calderón, p. 200.

[80] Li, p. 363.

[81] Furthermore, someone may be honored (respected) on the basis of status alone (see below, "Defense of Class"), as opposed to receiving recognition for meritorious deeds, but in point of fact it is almost impossible to disentangle defense of status from defense of prestige when we speak of motivations for violent defense of honor.

[82] Caesar, *The Civil War,* p. 40.

[83] His highly expedient leniency will be taken up in "Defense of War Aims," below.

[84] During the Vietnam War, American officers who relied solely on their ensconced prestige to issue bad or absurd orders might get themselves "fragged" by an angry infantryman's hand grenade. The same thing happened during World War II (cf. Bergerud, p. 438). It is thus a vast oversimplification to insist that honor creates robots.

[85] Cicero, *Murder Trials,* p. 274, speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 B.C. And here it is worth pointing out another significant difference between actions associated with inner and with outer honor, as shown in the accompanying Induction Table: A deed of inner honor (such as the expression of courage in the Charge of the Light Brigade) may be either a means to achieve or defend that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

honor (I will brave death to make myself worthy) or else an end, a goal of that honor (I am a valorous man; I am honorable; therefore, it is a matter of course for me to brave death). A deed of outer honor, however (the *display* of courage in the Charge of the Light Brigade) serves only as the means to aggrandize that honor. —Of course one can readily imagine a situation in which outer honor serves as the starting-point for a deed; in the case of Captain Nolan's charge, the motivating logic might be: *I have a reputation for bravery. Therefore, I will have to brave death again.* — But the distinction between outer and inner honor here is that in the former case, cause and effect make a sort of circle, or spiral: honor requires the deed, which enhances honor. But in the case of inner honor, whether or not this same mechanism operates, whether or not the deed will benefit my esteem for myself, the deed, like a fait accompli, simply is. As an honorable person, my character is formed, my choices inevitable. I react sometimes to the disadvantage of my own expediency. Outer honor on the other hand must always play to the galleries. Hence Cicero's legionnaires hoping for renown. Of course the deed dies, and so must its renown; this is why Thoreauvians, Platonists, Heideggerians would say that inner honor is superior in longevity, being not an entity but a relationship like the Pythagorean Theorem. Most practical persons disagree. Yes, the earth will someday fall into the sun, but in the meantime we have our monuments.

[86] Thompson, p. 146 (letter no. 116, general note, May 14, 1806).

[87] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 61 (extract from Méneval: "The Political Struggle to Establish the Legion of Honor").

[88] Sir Walter Raleigh, "An Epitaph Upon the Honourable Sir Philip Sydney" (1593), in the *Selected Writings*, p. 26.

[89] *The Invisible Writing*, p. 245.

[90] William L. Shirer, "French Humiliation at Compiegne: June 21, 1940: 'Revengeful, Triumphant Hate,'" in Hynes et al, vol. 1, p. 74.

[91] Bergerud (p. 400) describes an analogous encounter during the Pacific campaign of World War II. One American soldier on reconnaissance was killed by Japanese, who displayed and sexually mutilated his body. His comrade responded by putting on the hat and glasses of a dead Japanese officer, waving his Japanese flag and shouting: 'Tojo eats shit!" The Japanese would then start shooting. Collective honor enhances itself (raises its own prestige) by lowering that of the enemy. Hence Cortes was filled with pleasure when the Tlascalans submitted to him, in part due to "the honor of having such a great captain come to his tent and humble himself" (Gómara, p. 116).

[92] George Edward Pickett's letter to his sweetheart, 1863; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 149.

[93] A maniple was a subgroup of the Roman phalanx, designed to avoid clumps or gaps in the main formation. A maniple's members were trained to move forward to maintain regular intervals—a useful tactic which stiffened the line, but, like so many other things, made obsolete by gunpowder. Numerically speaking, a maniple was comprised of two centuries of sixty men each, plus forty unarmed helpers, bringing the total to 160 men. At around the time of the battle of Cannae, one Roman legion was originally thirty maniples. Later a maniple became 200 men, and all the other numbers changed.

[94] See Delbrück, p. 275.

[95] Hassig, p. 96. This author goes on to say that loss of the standard-bearer "disrupted control and blinded the troops."

[96] Von Steuben, p. 128.

[97] Quoted in Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 377.

[98] Robert Sherrod, "Tarawa: The Story of a Battle," in Hynes et al, vol. 1, p. 685.

[99] Chanoff and Doan, p. 44 (testimony of Phan Thanh Long, Sergeant, NVA).

[100] Jerzy Kosinski eloquently puts it (p. 28): "The victors are convinced of the effectiveness and justice of this hate by the fact that they succeeded in vanquishing the hated enemy. The vanquished see their hate confirmed by having suffered defeat at the hands of a hated victor. Both refer to those who 'gave their life

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

for the cause.'"

[101] Nor is a monument necessarily directed *by* something. An interesting example of this, which says as much about people's willingness to subscribe to monuments for anything as it does about Russian polarization, is that when a magazine dispatched two donation-collectors to Moscow's town hall, one soliciting for a monument to Stalin, the other for a monument to Stalin's victims, they received almost equal amounts (Victoria Clark, London Observer Service, "Stalin still a hero for many Russians," in the *Naples (Florida) Daily News,* March 6, 1996).

[102] Quoted in Khing Hoc Dy, "Khmer Literature since 1975," in Ebihara et al, p. 28.

[103] This was the issue which so vexed Koreans when in 1996 Ryutaro Hashimoto, the Prime Minister of Japan, paid an official visit to the Yasukini Shrine, which honors war dead, "including executed war criminals such as former Prime Minister General Hideki Tojo. Therefore, Hashimoto's official tribute at the shrine may be interpreted as an attempt to justify and legitimize the history of Japan's militaristic imperialism"—editorial in the *Chosun Ibo,* July 31, 1996, repr. in *Korea Focus,* vol. 4, no. 4, p. 133.

[104] Hobbes, p. 200 (I.14).

[105] Both of which will be discussed later on in this chapter.

[106] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 463.

[107] With his usual admirable clarity, Plato explains that a soul can feel two kinds of fear: fear of evil, which can be fought by preserving the self, and fear of shame, which is what the Charge of the Light Brigade called upon (*Laws,* I.646e-647a, p. 1246).

[108] For the other side of that esteem, the contempt felt by the Commander-in-chief for his unsuccessful troops, see my portrait of Clausewitz, below, "Defense of Ground."

[109] And it does matter. In 1940 a French historian, soon to be tortured and executed for joining the Resistance, meditated with analytical rage upon the conquest of his country by the Nazis and concluded that by the second-rate commonplaces of authority's received wisdom "any general is, by definition, a *great* general. If he leads his men to disaster, he is duly rewarded with a high class of the Legion of Honor," a decoration which we shall be discussing shortly in our portrait of Napoleon. The historian continues: "No doubt the argument runs that only by drawing a decent veil over the more glaring indiscretions of our public men can the morale of the country be kept at a high level" (Bloch, p 26). This explication of authority's vested interest in outer honor goes far toward explaining the posthumous glorification of Captain Nolan and his Light Brigade.

[110] Pernoud, p. 62.

[111] Ibid, illustration 3b.

[112] Jean Benedetti stresses the ritualistic aspects of all this in his *Gilles de Rais.* It is certainly true that Joan's tokens of collective honor were religious. Benedetti goes farther and called her a witch, a devotee of the old folk-pagan religion since "merged with orthodox Christian beliefs," citing among his proofs the point that during her trial she "always spoke of God or My Lord, never of Jesus, or Christ" (p. 70). He forgets that Joan's last words in the fire were screams to Jesus. But the point about ritualism is certainly valid, almost tautologically so: honor demands the existence of the standard, just as in religion God must be served by prayer; the standard in turn reifies honor. The attraction of the standard, and its employment, must be ritualistic, ritual being an attempt to express by material means the immaterial.

[113] And we could have profitably considered Joan's action under wither of these two headings.

[114] For extracts from original documents on this confusing episode, see Pernoud, pp. 210-17.

[115] Pernoud, p. 185.

[116] Ibid, p. 125. One of her biographers considers this answer "sublime." It becomes less sublime, however, coming from the pen of Louis XIV (op. cit., p. 170; "Reflections on the Rôle of King," 1679): "When the State is happy, eminent and powerful, he who is the cause thereof is covered in glory, and as a consequence has a right to enjoy all that is most agreeable in life, in a greater degree than his subjects, in proportion to his position and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

theirs." It is very difficult to dissect away from honor egotism, which easily becomes further corrupted into opportunism.

[117] It is such energy that regular armies seek to invoke when they fossilize their rules for doing reverence to rank, for example to eighteenth-century American major-generals; the guards are required to "turn out with presented arms, and beat two ruffles" (von Steuben, p. 112). Such ceremonialism, although it can never compete with spontaneity, does have its comfortingly hypnotic effect, making the forms of honor as involuntary and seemingly as necessary as breathing.

[118] Comparable in desperation and doomed results lies the case of the Warsaw Ghetto uprising of 1944. True hopeless honor had been expressed by one crippled fighter back in September 1942, when the deportations to the gas chambers began in earnest: "We should do well to hold out ... but not for our future's sake, nor in hope of a new life. Others who come after us will probably build the future and a new kind of life. We are no longer a creative vanguard. Our creation must now be the destruction and the end of the enemy—it must be revenge... Our fate is quite clear" (Kurzman, p. 304; speech of Arie Wilner). This author, who interviewed a number of survivors for his book, claimed (p.140) that "shooting [at the Germans] was, in the eyes of the world, the clearest assertion of honor and heroism." Here the moral body has become entirely divorced from the physical one, which soon will be destroyed. What can we say? They gave up a miserable death for what might or might not have been physically a harder one; they died well; they were sublime.

[119] Benedetti, pp. 94-95.

[120] Bakunin, p. 225.

[121] As I have already argued in the section on defense of nations, to my thinking mere territorial patriotism is justified only if the aliens are the aggressors, and deliberate violent aggressors, or—to a much lesser extent—if their presence seriously threatens the material well-being of the original settlers (say, for instance, if a crowd of refugees were to enter a pastoral society and overgraze their fields). In the first case, violent self-defense would be immediately justifiable; in the second, it would be only when negotiation had failed.

[122] Pernoud, p. 176.

[123] Loc. cit.

[124] Duchesse d'Abtrantes, vol. 2, p. 233.

[125] As we shall see in (below, "Defense of War Aims"), Julius Caesar was strikingly faithful to that procedure. Hadrian, Septimius Severus and Caracalla were all described by Roman writers as living on the same scale of austerity as their legionnaires. See the respective extracts in Campbell, pp. 70-71. Gibbon (vol. 1, p. 287) expresses his admiration for Julian the Apostate for the selfsame reason. We can also go back to the Spartans to see this rule (see, e.g., the anecdotes told about King Agesilaus in "Sayings of Spartans," *Plutarch on Sparta*, pp. 112-13). This course was also recommended by ancient Chinese military sages such as T'ai Kung and Wei Liao-Tzu (Sawyer and Sawyer, pp. 65-66, 249, respectively).

[126] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 267 (extract from Constant's account, "Napoleon Wounded," April 23, 1809).

[127] In comparisons between Napoleon and Hitler, the former's far more cosmopolitan kindness is sometimes overlooked. The following summing-up of Napoleon's fine qualities could apply in almost equal measure to Hitler (or to Caesar): ambition ("grandeur"), celerity of execution, firmness of command, pride given to citizens and troops (Vigny, p. 138). Two other traits listed by Vigny, greatness in battle and calm in danger, apply to Napoleon and Caesar considerably more than to Hitler, who, while a brave dispatch runner in World War I, never commanded a large force in battle, and who was subject to attacks of agitation during a crisis. But the crucial divide is that while all three men were in some measure self-serving and cold, Napeoleon and Caesar could at least show mercy at times; whereas Hitler remained fundamentally merciless. For a more extended comparison of the trio, see "Defense of War Aims," vol. 3, p. 52.

[128] Georges Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, p. 218.

[129] Clausewitz, p. 145. Anatol Rapaport reminds us (p. 424, note 66) that this kind of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

honor is a casualty of modern warfare, in which the troops can no longer see their commander personally.

[130] Ibid, p. 344.

[131] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 181 (extract from Constant's account, "Strasbourg, September, 1805"). One method of inculcating collective honor, used by all armies, is to foster a feeling of unique invincibility and purity through the surmounting of common discomfort. Hence the rain was ideal for Napoleon's purposes. Cortes, not unlike Napoleon in certain respects, sets out in secret at night with a couple of hundred Spaniards and takes an Indian town while the rest of his army sleeps (Gómara, p. 109). Here is Ho Chi Minh writing to his "beloved fighters" in 1946: "While our compatriots are burning incense to worship their ancestors, you burn gunpowder to defend the Fatherland... you are eating and sleeping in the wind and rain, suffering cold on the battlefield" (vol. II, p. 55; "Message to Fighters and Compatriots on the Occasion of the Binh Tuat Tet Festival"). —"Is the soul, also, proud of her deep and numerous wounds?" rhetorically queries a veteran of Napoleon's Moscow campaign (Segur, vol. 1, xxxi). "Does she delight in displaying them?" —And the glorification of long-endured discomfort as a prerequisite to collective honor explains why old soldiers so often look down on new ones. "Thanks to Vietnam, they've become mama's boys," said one World War II veteran in disgust. "Don't shave my little boy's head, don't slap my little boy. That attitude in World War II would get you slapped right on your butt. When that sergeant spoke, you listened" (Bergerud, p. 207).

[132] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 276 (extract from Méneval's account, "Napoleon's Troop Contact").

[133] Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, pp. 164-65.

[134] *The Military Maxims of Napoleon,* p. 60 (maxim XV).

[135] Cortes likewise mixes expediency with inner honor when he tells his wavering troops: "One must never turn one's back on the enemy, lest it appear to be a retreat. There is no retreat, or, to put it more mildly, retirement, which does not bring an infinity of woes to those who make it, to wit: shame, hunger, loss of friends, goods and arms, which is the worst of them but not the last, for infamy endures forever" (Gómara, p. 113).

[136] Cicero, *Selected Political Speeches,* p. 42, speech on the command of Cnaeus Pompeius, 66 B.C.

[137] Robiquet, p. 183.

[138] *Napoleon Self-Revealed,* p. 319 (letter no. 25, to M. Maret, November 29, 1812).

[139] *Wartime,* pp. 361-62.

[140] C.f., e.g., *Napoleon on Napoleon,* p. 149.

[141] Ibid, p. 99 (Rouget, Versailles).

[142] Ibid, p. 138 (Constant, "Distribution of Colors"). Italics mine.

[143] Thompson, pp. 118-119 (letter no. 91, June 1, 1805).

[144] *Military Maxims,* pp. 77-78 (maxim LXVIII). Napoleon goes so far as to extend the death penalty for self-preserving surrender to soldiers who merely obey their superior officer's command. The commentator Chandler writes that "to claim that those who obey a legal order to lay down their arms are as guilty and punishable as the issuer of the actual indefensible instructions is unacceptable" (p. 221).

[145] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 370.

[146] They had four types of battle standards: "reticulated crown device," "obsidian butterfly," "double" and "crest." They were lashed to the standard-bearer's back, so that he usually had to be slain before they could be stripped from him. For discussion and illustrations, see Hassig, pp. 56-58.

[147] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 137 (David, Versailles).

[148] Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Essays and Lectures,* p. 729 ("Napoleon, or, the Man of the World").

[149] Lossky, p. 302 (François de Callières, "On International Diplomacy," *ca.* 1698, selections).

[150] Ho Chi Minh, vol. 1, p. 127 ("The Ku-Klux-Klan," 1924).

[151] *Wartime,* p. 418.

[152] Lefebre, *Napoleon,* p. 66.

[153] Thus Madame Junot, looking back upon the Napoleonic era, could write: "I am proud

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to say that the blood which flows in the veins of my sons was not spared by their father in the service of his country" (vol. 1, p. 7). Depending on one's point of view, one could consider her a fine human being proud of the exertions made by Junot, an unpleasant national aggrandizer or a patsy. Perhaps the best way to judge her would be to evaluate the sincerity of her sentiments as best we can, and then to study the consequences of her husband's actions.

[154] Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, p. 568.

[155] Ibid, p. 743.

[156] Ibid, p. 85.

[157] Memoir by Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne, included in Al-jabarti, p. 160.

[158] By today's military standards, this last is not an atrocity at all. The enemy has not surrendered; therfore, they remain combatants who will attack again some other time unless they are neutralized.

[159] But in contradistinction to that, we might as well draw another parallel. One of Hitler's (estranged) associates remarks of the Führer that "rewarding others with honors ... mostly enhanced and honored him himself in his own self-consciousness" (Krebs, p. 156).

[160] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 215 (Gros, Louvre).

[161] Thompson, p. 154 (letter no. 122, August 5, 1806).

[162] Edward Peters, p. 112.

[163] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 97. Compare that tale with the anecdote out of Julius Caesar: An expiring standard-bearer says to the cavalry: "I have faithfully guarded this eagle for many years in my lifetime and now, dying, I restore it with equal faithfulness to Caesar. I beg you, do not allow our military honour to be disgraced." (Caesar, p. 138).

[164] This is probably a universal manifestation of collective honor. Compare the reminiscences of an Australian infantryman during World War II: "A man could be driven to weeping frustration knowing that he could not keep going. Knowing that his comrades ... would be looking at him in disgust and abject pity" (Bergerud, p. 240). Now the Charge of the Light Brigade begins to become less of a mystery.

[165] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 373 (Constant, "Crossing the Berezina"). Again, one ought to draw a parallel with Caesar and his contemporaries, who during the Civil War dwell equally on the standards they capture (e.g. Caesar, p. 282; *The Spanish War*, written by another hand).

[166] It is perhaps to effect such a humiliation upon Prussia that Napoleon had confiscated Frederick the Great's sword when he got hold of it after Jena.

[167] Pinguet, p. 239.

[168] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 404 (Charlet, Legion of Honor).

[169] Ibid, p. 416 (Constant, "Napoleon's Suicide Attempt").

[170] Ibid, p. 364 (uncredited painting).

[171] Segur, vol. 1, p. 311.

[172] Ibid, p. 184 (Meisonnier).

[173] Ibid, p. 197 (uncredited illustration).

[174] Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. 2, p. 383.

[175] Ibid, pp. 144-45.

[176] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 206 (H. Vernet, Versailles).

[177] Liddell Hart, p. 108.

[178] Seward, p. 179.

[179] Jefferson, op. cit., p. 1,217 (letter to Caesar A. Rodney, February 10, 1810).

[180] Cicero, p. 159, speech in defense of the poet Aulus Licinius Archias, 62 B.C.

[181] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 218 (H. Vernet, Versailles).

[182] Machiavelli, p. 31.

[183] Speech to the House of Commons in 1800, quoted in Seward, p. 51.

[184] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 357 (Constant, "The Battle Joined").

[185] Quoted in Jordan, p. 86. Denied in principle, of course, by Stalin.

[186] Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, p. 231.

[187] One sees this maxim operating also in the ancient Korea of the Three Kingdoms, when six new divisions under generals of the exalted "true-bone" rank were formed. "These soldiers, accordingly, looked upon their military service as an honor and a privilege, rather than as a burdensome duty" (Lee, p. 54).

[188] Cf. "Judicial Retaliation," below, and "Sadism and Expediency," below.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[189] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 378 (Constant, "The Emperor Leaves the Army").
[190] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 217.
[191] Seward, p. 261.
[192] According to Seward (p. 302), perhaps two million Frenchmen died for Napoleon, and two million vassals and enemies were killed by him. The casualty figures, and their uncertainty, compare with those inflicted on Cambodia by Pol Pot and his Khmer Rouge. "Even if the Führer did infinitely greater evil," he adds, "the difference in guilt is one of scale." Lefebvre's figure is about 1,200,000 French dead and 200,000 allies and vassals; he does not list enemy casualties. Lefebvre goes on to point out that most of these died from disease, wounds or exposure, with only 2 to 8.5 percent being killed in action (*Napoleon*, p. 227). Jefferson (op. cit., p. 1339), pegs him with florid inaccuracy at ten million victims.
[193] Cf. Duchesse d'Abrantes, pp. 505-509.
[194] Segur, vol. 2, pp. 105-06.
[195] Seward, p. 220.
[196] Aho, p. 79.
[197] Central Intelligence Agency, last p.
[198] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 207 ("Ways of War").
[199] Jefferson, op. cit. (letter to John Adams, July 5, 1814).
[200] Shirer, p. 43.
[201] "Honor and country."
[202] Brown to his family, from Hudson, Ohio, May 27, 1857 (p. 2), West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[203] Brown to Mrs. George L. Stearns, from Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., November 29, 1859, Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[204] This chapter, p. 26.
[205] Thoreau, p. 384 (*Walden*, "Philanthropy").
[206] For more discussion of this very important concept of empathetic bridges, see the portrait of Trotsky, in "Defense of Authority," p. 276.
[207] One measure of a society's failure is the percentage of minors who have become criminals. In this connection, Solzhenitsyn remarks (vol. 2, p. 448) that in 1927 forty-eight percent of the prisoners in the Gulag were "youths whom the October Revolution had caught between the ages of *six* and *fourteen*. Ten years after the victorious Revolution these same girls and boys turned up in prison and constituted half the prison population!" (Italics in original.)
[208] Bíng, p. 49 (interview with "Sidewinder").
[209] In an afterword to Abbot's account, the journalist Jack Carter writes that fifty years later, "the wards separate themselves first by race, then by his [sic] level of expertise at physical intimidation" (ibid, p. 164).
[210] Abbot and Carter, pp. 66-67.
[211] Which are discussed in the chapter "Deterrence, Retaliation and Revenge."
[212] Schematically put, the axiom is that uncontested disgrace to a follower is disgrace to a leader. The contrapositive is equally true: namely, that honor, like love, is enhanced the more it is conferred. That is why Napoleon, dressed in white, presented one of the Russian Emperor's soldiers with the Order of the Legion of Honor—a strange gesture, one meant to spread goodwill but above all to impress upon the Russians the magnanimity of the giver, not the meritoriousness of the recipient; how could Napoleon have known of this man's qualities?
[213] Contrariwise, "when a boy from either of the lower cliques tries to discredit a member of the two top cliques, he is dealt with in a severe manner, and is made an example of for all the others" (p. 72).
[214] Abbot and Carter, p. 1. After his first beating, a counselor told him: "You better fight next time. I'm not here to babysit you" (p. 8).
[215] Ibid, p. 11. One of my novels, *You Bright and Risen Angels*, describes how ethical and political struggles are often foreshadowed in childhood. Trotsky described just that, beautifully and accurately, in the first part of his autobiography: "This is a book of polemics. It reflects the dynamics of that social life which is built entirely on contradictions. The impertinence of the schoolboy toward his master; the pin-pricks of envy in the drawing-room, veiled by courtesies; the constant competition of commerce; the frenzied rivalry in all branches of pure and applied science, of art, and sport; the parliamentary clashes that reveal the deep opposition of interests;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the furious struggle that goes on every day in the newspapers; the strikes of the workers; the shooting down of participants in demonstrations; the packages of explosives that civilized neighbors send each other through the air; the fiery tongues of civil war, almost never extinguished on our planet—all these are the forms of social 'polemics,' ranging from those that are usual, constant and normal, almost unnoticed despite their intensity, to those of war and revolution that are extraordinary, explosive and volcanic. Such is our epoch" (p. xxxi).

[216] Abbot and Carter, p. 74.

[217] Ibid, p. 72. "Once a child has confined himself to protective custody and then requests a return to his dorm, he is almost certainly beaten" (p. 92).

[218] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 168.

[219] *Phaedo,* 68d, in Plato, p. 51.

[220] Mann, p. 62. This author cites a study on male perpetrators of homicide which finds defense of honor as a major component (insulting remark by victim, forty percent of cases; failure to abide by murder's demand, thirty-four percent; offensive gesture by victim, twenty-five percent). Mann goes on to say that there are three reasons why defense of honor (or, as she puts it, "saving face") is less important for women. The first, as mentioned, is that murderesses usually commit the act in private. The second is that when a female-perpetrated homicide does occur in public, "the bystanders did not instigate [or] escalate ... the female homicide offender." Thirdly, Mann blames defense of honor as a *victim*-precipitating event in many of the male-killing homicides. This last explanation I find quite fishy, however. To exemplify it Mann quotes the case of a woman who stabbed her boyfriend in the neck because he slapped her at a party for being saucy with him. Mann seems to imply that only the boyfriend's defense of honor was operative here, but one could equally well make the argument that the murderess was protecting *her* outer or inner honor by returning serrated steel for a mere slap. Of course, honor might have had nothing to do with it; maybe she was only enraged. The same can be said for the murdered man. This being so, I propose that Mann's first reason of solitariness is the obvious best for supposing that public defense of honor is less important as a motive in women. But even this does not rule out the honor motive. The privately slapped murderess may think: "What if he tells his friends that he can hit me whenever he wants?" or even "What if he treats me differently now because I let him get away with it this time?"

[221] Ibid, p. 131.

[222] Abbot and Carter, p. 68.

[223] Klasner, p. 306.

[224] Tolstoy, p. 117 ("On Patriotism").

[225] Knabb, p. 15.

[226] Suppose that Abbot had been such an unworthy insect as a Tolstoyan, a Thoreauvian, a Gandhian among the straights. Then, quite simply, he would have been a punk, but the lowest of the low—alone, reviled, beaten and brutalized. If Blinky had in fact cut him with that fork, there would have been no one to feel dishonored by any lack of retaliation; for Abbot would have been no one, had no one. Would this really be untrammeled freedom? Yes, quite definitely, for a few souls—martyrs, we call them—but one must not blame the vast majority who could not endure it, and joined one of the cliques. (I am thinking of my pathetic experiment in turning the other cheek.) Again, Solzhenitsyn confronts the matter at the root. He asks: Should an unjustly arrested person shout out to the crowd? The reply: "only a revolutionary has slogans on his lips that are crying to be uttered aloud; and where would the uninvolved, peaceable average man come by such slogans? He simply *does not know what* to shout" (vol. 1, p. 17; italics in original). This is the voice of realism. If one has no preconceived ideal about shouting, one cannot be blamed for failing to defend one's honor if one does not shout. Abbot did not shout.

[227] Callwell, p. 158.

[228] Blinky evidently survived the attack.

[229] Abbot and Carter, p. 75.

[230] Ibid, p. 79.

[231] Sturluson, *Heimskringla: The Olaf Sagas,* vol. I, ch. XCII (p. 75). In the introduction to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his monograph on medieval Iceland, Byock remarks (p. 9) that "loss of honor was a public matter signaling that the individual was capable of defending neither himself nor his property."

[232] "It is baffling to reflect," wrote Churchill on the subject of the appeasement at Munich, "that what men call honour does not correspond always to Christian ethics" (vol. 1, p. 320).

[233] This is why honor required the retainers of the rebel Prince Mochihito to commit suicide in battle once the Prince had been killed. They "realized that is was pointless for them to live any longer" (*Tale of the Heike,* p. 272; Book 4, ch.XII, "Death of the Prince").

[234] Ho Chi Minh, vol. III, p. 104 ("Talk with the new Army Heroes," 1955). Practically speaking, emulation is the result of what the advertising executives call "penetration": "I think of a man in a voting booth who hesitates between two levers as if he were pausing between competing tubes of tooth paste in a drugstore. The brand that has made the highest penetration in his brain will win his choice" (Rosser Reeves, quoted in Packard, p. 166). Hence Napoleon's incessant circulation among his army in rain or shine.

[235] It was for this reason that when the Soviets began their withdrawal from Afghanistan, they destroyed the monuments and gravemarkers for their dead, so that the victorious Afghans "wouldn't be able to mock or befoul their memory" (Borovik, p. 168).

[236] A good example of this calculus occurs in the *Eyrbyggja Saga* when on a voyage Thorleif Kimbi gets struck on the neck by another Icelander's burning ladle. Thorleif is unable to avenge the insult at the time. Later, when he asks Steinthor Thorlaksson for the hand of his sister Helga, Steinthor replies: "I'll tell you this to your face, Thorleif. I'll never see my sister married to you until the scars are healed that you got on your neck from that porridge in Norway three years ago" (p. 108). Steinthor's reasoning probably runs thus: I need all the help I can get. Any brother-in-law of mine had better be willing to accompany me against my enemies. How can I trust this milksop to stand up for me? I'd rather give my sister to a more honor-strong man. (For a similar episode, which ends better for the protagonist, see *The Saga of Viga Glum,* p. 30, when a boy is not honored by his high-born relatives until he kicks and beats a berserker to death.)

[237] Sun-tzu, p. 168.

[238] The fourth century Roman commentator Flavius Vegetius writes: "Few men are born brave; many may become so through training and force of discipline" (*The Military Institutions of the Romans,* excerpted in Chaliand, p. 216).

[239] I am visualizing the leather jerkins, the jade drumsticks, the large drums, with the aid of one of the "Lyrics of Chou" (*ca.* 340-278 B.C.). Sun-Tzu lived somewhere between the fifth and the second century B.C. Cf. Stephen Owen, p. 161 ("The Kingdom's Dead").

[240] The *Spring and Autumn Annals of Wu and Yüeh,* as quoted in Sawyer's introduction to Sun-tzu, pp. 80-82.

[241] Lossky, p. 232.

[242] Sherman, p. 793.

[243] *T'ai Kung's Six Secret Teachings,* in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 65.

[244] Sun-tzu, p. 228.

[245] Benedetti, p. 110.

[246] Sun-tzu, p. 204.

[247] Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* p. 185.

[248] One could go on and on giving examples of this phenomenon, but one more will suffice. Darius, the newly crowned king of Persia, gets an unannounced visit from Intaphrenes, one of his former peers. The king is in bed with a woman; the guards refuse to admit the man, who, invoking defense of his own honor, cuts off their noses and ears. Darius is compelled to execute Intaphrenes "for failure to show proper respect to the king's authority" (Herodotus, Book Three, p. 251). Indeed, Darius feels compelled to put all the male members of Intaphrenes's family to death, but, in this jocularly told version of the scenario in the popular Holocaust novel *Sophie's Choice,* allows the wife to choose one male to save. She chooses her brother, because "'God willing, I may get another husband, and other children

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

when these are gone. But as my father and my mother are both dead, I can never possibly have another brother.'... Darius appreciated the lady's good sense, and, to mark his pleasure, granted her not only the life she asked, but also that of her eldest son. The rest of the family were all put to death" (p. 252). No doubt it was her humble submission to playing this cruel game which encouraged the monarch's capricious leniency; her participation helped validate his authority.

[249] Wei Liao-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 268.

[250] To do the Gandhian thing may or may not be to obtain the honor of love; it will certainly lose the honor of institutionalized authority. (And, given his profession, how could Sun-tzu be Gandhian, anyway?) This was true in Sun-tzu's case even though by commanding what he did he violated the first half of his own rule that "If you impose punishments on the troops before they have become attached, they will not be submissive... If you do not impose punishments after the troops have become attached, they cannot be used" (p. 210).

[251] Furet and Ozouf, p. 281 (François Furet, "Napoleon Bonaparte").

[252] Until there are no more leaders, how can it be any different?

[253] That is why Clausewitz would have nodded earnestly if he ever (as I suspect he did, given his education and his times) read that leaf in Thucydides (Strassler, Book One, p. 23) where the Corcyrean delegation, nicely joining honor with maintenance of possessions, make this maxim: "Concessions to adversaries only end in self-reproach, and the more strictly they are avoided the greater will be the chance of security."

[254] Indeed, many straights, and King Olaf certainly, could have applied Tolstoy's definition to their own cases; for the peculiar honor of leadership, as we've seen, lies in expressing and asserting itself, sometimes to extremity, like Alexander the Great, for instance, who charged at the head of his army, and about whom it's been written that "to be good but also prudent in battle was an oxymoron" (Keegan, *The Mask of Command*, p. 123).

[255] Solzhenitsyn mentions the Tolstoyans who refused to take oaths to defend the Soviet government "with gun in hand." They were arrested (*Gulag Archipelago,* vol. 1, p. 28).

[256] Eyewitness, infantry division of the German sixth army in 1941, quoted in Lucas, p. 32.

[257] The extremism of this measure is hinted at by comparative reference. In 1920 the German military historian Delbrück, who had all prior wars and battles to look back upon, could, evidently in good faith, insert into his remarks on Xenophon an objection to the "realistically conceived ... regulation that military police should be placed in the rearmost positions to ... in extreme cases, strike down deserters... [T]his advice, too, shows up as theoretical and we see that it has never yet been carried out in practice by any field commander; for who guarantees the courage of the military police?" (op. cit., p. 161).

[258] See below, "Defense Against Traitors."

[259] Young officer of the Northumberland Fusiliers, interviewed by Philip Gibbs; quoted in Ellis, p. 138.

[260] See the chapter "Self-Defense of Ground," below.

[261] Consider the case of the Roman legionnaires, whose system could affix to a man's memory the formal taint of eternal infamy, or the reverse. Yet every now and then they ran away, and had to be literally "decimated." For examples of this, see "Self-Defense of Authority," below.

[262] Gómara, p. 91.

[263] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 518.

[264] Ibid, p. 521.

[265] Moral calculus, 5.2.A.1-3, 6.2.A.1-5.

[266] This rule is not given in the moral calculus because it is probably redundant, being nearly a restatement of Rule 2. Defense of *any* category is justified by imminence. I have explicitly stated this here only because some people may not consider that defense of honor may in fact be an imminent defense.

[267] If inner honor is added to other motivations for violent and nonviolent action, there is an excellent chance that they will be enriched. But defense of honor *alone* runs the risk of being sterile and dangerous.

[268] If the Light Brigade follows the usages of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

war (about which more in another chapter), well, all right, then. —And if not? What are we to say about necessary but admittedly dishonorable defenses of self? From our study of individual rights it would seem that what is necessary is never dishonorable; the dishonorable is never necessary—unless I define unjust necessity as the advancement or protection of myself at your expense.

[269] In the Heideggerian sense.

[270] Li, p. 64.

[271] An issue which we'll need to address in its own right. See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[272] Thucydides, p. 369.

[273] So does Abbot. When a convict in an adult facility rapes his best friend and lover, he pulls a shiv. The rapist walks away. A well-wisher warns Abbot: "He has to make a move on you to save face... If he doesn't do anything to get Stubby away from you, he'll lose respect. You've got to kill him" (p. 144).

[274] She continued: "His ideas were conceived by him as fit for one country and people only [like Stalin's], and are within the millennial tradition of Chinese peasant uprisings. His 'continuing revolution' really was and is a natural extension of Chinese history, which brings up such rebellions and revolutions on a regular basis ... killing off landlords, scholars, peasants and merchants freely, depending on the targets of the rebels. It is a tragedy that his visionary writings and policies have been misappropriated by such thugs as Pol Pot; but in many ways it is a product of the history of Chinese foreign policy after Liberation in 1949, which was deliberately divorced from domestic policy, being based solely and defensively on the Great Power politics of the 50's to 80's and fired particularly by the break with the USSR in the 50's. Pol Pot's support by the Chinese, and his consequent espousal of so-called Maoism is one form of fallout from this policy" (Susan Williamson, letter to author, 1995).

[275] Interview by author, January 1997.

[276] Li, p. 330.

[277] Ibid, p. 460.

[278] King Olaf Trygvesson's henchmen had been prouder, and attached themselves to the king on specified conditions: a man would agree to join Olaf's murderous Christianization drive, for instance, in return for a fiefdom; another would be baptized only if Olaf agreed to be his godfather. Needless to say, Olaf was an intimidator; when his sister Astrid refused to marry the man he thought most politic, he took her pet falcon and plucked it alive, whereupon she changed her mind (Sturluson, *Olaf Sagas,* vol. 1, p. 56). Astrid, not being a warrior, was in no position to give or withheld; she was but a woman, a thing. But one difference between King Olaf and the Emperor Mao was that to the former an oath meant something; to the latter it did not. Astrid had but to marry the man, and her brother was all smiles—she'd done the loving thing after all, the obedient thing, the honorable thing (which is to say, the only thing). Mao would have remembered her previous hesitation, and never trusted her fully again.

[279] Li, p. 458. Nor as safe as Astrid.

[280] Ibid, p. xiii.

[281] Ibid, p. 318.

[282] Li, photo insert, summer 1961.

[283] Summer 1961.

[284] August 1966.

[285] Ibid, p. 463.

[286] Chen Jo-hsi, p. 35.

[287] Li, pp. 330-31.

[288] Cheng, p. 274.

[289] Ibid, pp. 405-06.

[290] Her ends, of course, were far more personal. And on occasion, she, like Dr. Li, pragmatically concluded that there was "no alternative" to marching in a political parade even though "I resented being herded and used in such a manner" (pp. 590-91).

[291] Ibid, p. 605.

[292] Li, loc. cit.

[293] Ernest Gerber; quoted in Bergerud, p. 218.

[294] Perhaps it is this which Thoreau assumes when he writes ambiguously in *Walden* that "our whole life is startlingly moral. There is never an instant's truce between virtue and vice" (p. 496, "Higher Laws"). Does he mean that Dr. Li, in thinking to have made a truce, lost the field to vice? Thoreau is a Platonist. I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

wish I could ask him how he explains the relativistic local incarnations of his universal ethical absolutes.

[295] For further discussion of this, see the section "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below, vol. 4, p. 151.

[296] See the Molotov section ("He Couldn't Be Acquitted") of the chapter "Deterrence and Retaliation," below.

[297] Petrone, *First People, First Voices*, p. 13.

[298] Ibid, p. 42.

[299] Quoted in Bergerud, p. 126.

[300] Stephen Owen, p. 139 (letter in reply to Ren An).

[301] Cook and Cook, p. 264.

[302] Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander, *A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 430.

[303] Díaz, p. 394.

[304] Quoted in Dawidowicz, p. 310.

[305] Vigny, p. 163.

[306] "Fac-simile of the last letter of John Brown...," Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., November 27, 1857, Sabbath (p. 1), from the West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[307] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 27 ("On Providence," IV.4).

[308] Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, pp. 107-108.

[309] Abbot and Carter, p. 103.

[310] Stephen Owen, p. 78 (*The Zhuo Tradition*, entry for 22nd year of Duke Xi).

[311] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 228 ("The African War," 31).

[312] Clausewitz, p. 146.

[313] Herodotus, Book Eight, p. 533.

[314] Plutarch, p. 162 ("On the Fame of Athens").

[315] Quoted in Sturluson, *Olaf Sagas*, vol. 1, p. 96.

[316] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 173 ("The Expulsion of the Hyksos," *ca.* 1495 B.C.).

[317] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 235.

[318] Thucydides (Strassler), Book One, p. 47.

[319] Clausewitz, p. 139.

[320] Quoted by Col. F. N. Maude in Clausewitz, p. 87.

[321] Díaz, p. 247.

[322] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 2.

[323] Reisman and Antonious, p. 130 ("Cessation of Hostilities," Annex to Hague Convention, 1907).

[324] Petrone, *First People, First Voices*, p. 37.

[325] Bayer, p. 201.

[326] Laqueur, p. 38 (pamphlet "Killing No Murder," 1657).

[327] Díaz, pp. 160-61.

[328] Cicero, p. 163; speech in defense of the poet Aulus Licinius Archias, 62 B.C.

[329] *Vietnam Courier*, June 1972, p. 7 ("Gangster's Logic").

[330] Louis XIV, p. 174; instructions to the Duc d'Anjou (1700), maxim 10.

[331] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 558.

[332] Lynd and Hayden, p. 174.

[333] Chandler et al, p. 119 (Four-Year Plan).

[334] Wei Liao-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 248.

[335] Thompson, p. 223 (letter no. 164; to Jérôme Napoléon, July 16, 1808).

[336] Kakar, p. 72.

[337] Quoted in Dawidowicz, p. 136. Strangely enough, this grotesque sentiment seems to have been sincerely held in some quarters. At Nuremberg, Keitel and Jodl both unsuccessfully petitioned the court for permission to be shot instead of hanged, which they considered more dishonorable.

[338] Robespierre, p. 227 ("Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins"); my translation.

[339] Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, *Knowledge That Leads to Everlasting Life*.

[340] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 3.

[341] Quoted in Hynes, p. 112 (letter to his fiancée, Vera Brittain, 1915).

[342] Laqueur, p. 69 ("Catechism of the Revolutionary," 1869).

DEFENSE OF CLASS

[1] Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 108.

[2] Lucan, p. 149 (VII.760-62).

[3] Rizal, p. 98.

[4] *Manifesto to Some Filipinos*, 1896 (two weeks before his exeuction); quoted in the introduction to *The Revolution*, p. 36. I assume that, given the circumstances, this is the

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

unadorned Rizal speaking. He does have *The Revolution*'s protagonist argue (as I would) that "the [fewer] rights they give you, the more you can shake off the yoke later and return evil for evil" (p. 99), but the views of this character rarely gain the approval of the authorial voice.

[5] *Laws*, VI.762e, p. 1341.

[6] For further discussion of this question, see below, "Defense of the Revolution."

[7] Moynahan, p. 138 (source: Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

[8] Koestler, *The Invisible Writing*, pp. 55-56.

[9] Moynahan, p. 141 (source: Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

[10] Ibid, p. 148 (source: Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

[11] Ibid, pp. 149-50 (source: private collection assumed). In the 1930s, infanticide comprised 7% of all homicides in the USSR, compared with 4% in 1964 (Van den Berg, p. 70). Very likely the desperate circumstances into which people were forced by collectivization accounted for some of this discrepancy. Who knows how much infanticide was due to cannibalism? Surely less than 7%, but how much less? At the end of the 1930s, 250 women and 75 men from the Ukraine were still serving life sentences in labor camps. Other cannibals had been shot (Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 257). One Party activist in the Ukraine explained to his son that "since there's nothing in Soviet law to deal with cannibalism," he and his colleagues would take the cannibals out of the village, "find a little gully, shoot 'em in the back of the neck and throw a bit of earth over 'em, so that the wolves would eat them up later" (Kuznetsov, p. 94).

[12] "FC," p. 36, para. 111 ("Industrial-Technological Society Cannot Be Reformed").

[13] Nonetheless, it's an unvarying, almost Platonic onion. Defense of class may mask itself as defense of honor or creed. But revolutionaries and counterrevolutionaries agree: Whatever epoch we study, the theme's the same. One crabbed defender of the Inquisition's witch-burnings—I never thought I'd find one in my own time, until I remembered that this is the century of Stalin—argued that the heretics of the fifteenth century followed purposes at no variance from Lenin and Trotsky's: "the abolition of monarchy, the abolition of private property and of inheritance, the abolition of marriage, the abolition of order, the total abolition of all religion." No wonder, he goes on, the Inquisition had to be so severe! The conspiracy it faced was everywhere! (Are we sure this isn't Stalin thundering against Trotskyites and wreckers?) "There can be no doubt that had this most excellent tribunal continued to enjoy its full prerogative..., the world at large would be in a far happier and a far more orderly position today" (Kramer and Sprenger, p. xviii; M.R. Summers, introduction to the 1928 ed.).

[14] Some queens have lived as long as twenty-nine years (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 170).

[15] Howard E. Evans (1958), as summarized ibid, p. 27.

[16] West-Eberhard (1978), summarized loc. cit. Certain species do, however, have multiple queens. The Japanese ant *Pristyrmex pungens* is actually queenless.

[17] Ibid, p. 28.

[18] Ibid, p. 29.

[19] Of course not all these classes are likely to be found within a single ant species.

[20] "It seems likely," says Plato (*Republic*, p. 699; VI.484d), "that our rulers will have to make considerable use of falsehood and deception for the benefit of their subjects. We said, I believe, that the use of that sort of thing was in the category of medicine." Procreation lotteries, for instance, will be rigged.

[21] As with almost every statement about ants, it seems, there is an exception: in this case, in the Ivory Coast, "an entire guild of blind, centipede-eating amblyoponine ants" (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 557).

[22] Carcopino, pp. 70-71.

[23] Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 70.

[24] Ibid, p. 167.

[25] With the exception of a certain European slavemaking ant (ibid, p. 348).

[26] See, for instance, ibid, p. 299, Table 8-1 ("A

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

behavioral repertory...").
[27] Ibid, pp. 368-69.
[28] Ibid, p. 370.
[29] Ibid, p. 353.
[30] Males play almost no role in caste life.
[31] Ibid, p. 316. We can amuse ourselves by comparing this with Marx's vision of unalienated labor in the distant socialist future: in the morning I'll turn the flywheels of the factory I partly own, in the afternoon I'll write a poem and at sunset I'll go fishing.
[32] Lenin, vol. 1, p. 25.
[33] One does find in this moral philosopher many scenes of likemindedness, as when the ferocious, atrocious Juliette shares orgasms with her companion, the equally evil Clairwil. But the extreme Sadean position is that individuals mean nothing to each other. Juliette and Clairwil feel kinship only because both are sadistically violent. They could turn upon one another at any time.
[34] Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 143. This is most true when she is of relatively small size and the colony is large (ibid, p. 194).
[35] Plato, *Statesman*, p. 1032 (267d).
[36] Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 222.
[37] Ibid, p. 179.
[38] This would not be the case for a brother, who thanks to haplodiploidy is related to his sister by only one quarter instead of three quarters (ibid, p. 183).
[39] Hölldobler and Wilson "cautiously" take the latter view (p. 184).
[40] This is not to say that a queen may not be opportunistic. In contradistinction to that little caution above, invading slaveholder queens of *Polyergus breviceps*, after killing the host queen, exude an "appeasement substance" to calm the aggression of the orphaned workers, then take over the colony (ibid, p. 458). But this is not class warfare but invasion and subversion.
[41] Ibid, p. 224.
[42] Plato, *Statesman*, p. 1061 (292b).
[43] Plato, *Republic*, p. 721 (VI.484d).
[44] Ibid, p. 712 (V.473d).
[45] Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 356.
[46] Ibid, p. 226.
[47] Ibid, p. 225.
[48] Ibid, p. 563. In *Eciton hamatum* the worker caste largely abandons the ageing queen for her new offspring of males and queens.
[49] See, for example, Chesterfield, plates 27, 39-44, 90.
[50] Mippigaq, p. 5.
[51] "Crude and limited as primitive cultures may have been technologically," writes White (p. 278), "their social systems based upon kinship and characterized by liberty, fraternity and equality were unquestionably more congenial to the human primate's nature ... than any others that have ever been realized in any of the cultures subsequent to the Agricultural Revolution, including our own society today." —Gibbon writes more succinctly: "Our desires and our possessions are the strongest fetters of despotism" (vol. 1, p. 91).
[52] Quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 191.
[53] Ibid, p. 190
[54] Ibid, p. 196. But the famine in the Ukraine, as we shall see, was deliberate.
[55] Mippigap, p. 35.
[56] Marx ignores this, saying merely: "Co-operation in the labour process, such as we find it at the beginning of human civilization, among hunting peoples ... is based on the one hand on the common ownership of the conditions of production, and on the other hand on the fact that in those cases the individual has as little torn himself free from the umbilical cord of his tribe or community as a bee has from his hive. Both of these characteristics distinguish this form of co-operation from capitalist co-operation" (*Capital*, vol. 1, p. 452). Marx's followers have generally gone along. The Marxist Samir Amin, for instance, sees the "embryonic distinction between classes" as occurring in "precapitalist formations" only when clans have unequal access to agricultural land (op. cit., p. 14). Of those subatomic particles called individuals one finds far too little mention.
[57] Thoreau, p. 492 (*Walden*, "Higher Laws").
[58] But Turnbull adds (p. 33): "The Ik, like the rest of us, are kind and generous and lighthearted and jolly when they can afford to be."
[59] Luther, p. 92 (The Two Kinds of Righteousness," ca. 1519).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[60] "The smaller the system," says Turnbull, "the less emphasis there is on the formal system, and the more there is on inter-personal and inter-group relations... Security is seen in terms of these relationships, and so is survival. The result ... is that hunters frequently display ... hospitality, compassion, charity, and so on. This sounds like a formidable list of virtues, as it would be if they *were* virtues, but for the hunter they are not... It is a far cry from our society in which anyone possessing even half these qualities would find it hard indeed to survive." (p. 31).

[61] Cruikshank et al, p. 40.

[62] Turner, p. 14.

[63] Loc. cit.

[64] Ibid, p. 24.

[65] Matthew 20:1-16.

[66] Engels, indeed, goes so far as to claim that "the first class antagonism which appears in history coincides with the development of the antagonism between man and woman in monogamian marriage, and the first class oppression with that of the female sex by the male" ("The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" [extract], in O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 15). For Engels the related and equally important issues of physical and mental strength, which I have discussed above, fall by the wayside, because for Marxists, as for ants, class derives from functionalism, and the first division of labor imaginable is that between men and women in the prehistoric family. Functionalism may also, of course, be employed to create a division between the parents and the grandparents—the workers and the eaters, or (in brutal Hitlerite or Stalinist terms) the producers and the exploiters.

[67] For an elaborated discussion of sex and class, and of sex as class, see Emily Martin, pp. 139-155, 181-203. See also "Defense of Gender," this volume, below.

[68] Compare this with the traditional priority of Jewish lives to be saved, below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," vol. 4, pp. 173-85.

[69] This is the reverse of the order in which workers of this species retrieve lost brood (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 195). Hence adults do not figure in.

[70] A common anthropological usage is the division of a society or a culture two ways: by segments, or functionally homologous groups such as families, dioceses, philately societies and the like, and by classes, so defined precisely because they are unalike. Hence, for instance, these remarks of Leslie A. White's on preagricultural human culture: "Male and female, mature and immature, mated and unmated, are distinguishable social classes. No special mechanisms are to be distinguished at all unless an outstanding individual, a leader, of the local group or band may be so distinguished and designated" (op. cit., p. 144).

[71] Gibbon, p. 90.

[72] Oates, p. 13 (*Classic of Poetry* CCXLV, "She Bore the Folk," tenth century B.C.?).

[73] Chandler et al, p. 147 ("Preliminary Explanation Before Reading the Plan, by the Party Secretary," Party Center, August 21, 1976).

[74] Thus runs Marxist stage theory. Why, for instance, did the police of eighteenth-century Paris, on the eve of the French Revolution, worry about the criminality not of the proletariat, but of the "lazy, do-nothing class" of domestic servants, and the terrifying class called prostitutes? —Because the proles weren't dangerous yet; first the bourgeoisie had to come and "fulfill its historic mission" of destroying feudalism and itself becoming the ruling class.

[75] The proverb that the old Inuk storytellers used to utter in Iglulik, that "women become dangerous when they have no husbands to lie with them," appears in a narrative context of unique, hence double-sided events—for what external "fact" doesn't have its own life and color, which nonetheless can be variously tinted by varying ethical lamps? For while the women indeed became murderesses, it turns out that their victims, suffocated under urine-streams, had repeatedly raped them after killing their husbands during a hunt. The dangerousness axiom thus presents itself less as a moral judgment than as an observation. Between these widows and the men a struggle is occurring; the winners will be those of superior capacity, not those of a given

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

class. (Tale collected by Rasmussen; told by Naukatijik, published 1929; repr. in Petrone, *Northern Voices*, pp. 10-12.)

[76] Codification, I suspect, is less the result of property per se than of simple proximity: utility, persuasion and intimidation must tend to homogenize the laws of neighboring families.

[77] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 61.

[78] Buckland and McNair, pp. 35-39.

[79] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 345 (VI.19).

[80] Erich S. Gruen, pp. 358-59.

[81] Blomberg, pp. 20-21. Montesquieu reminds us, however, that the sword of class honor is double-edged because "in China, fathers are punished for the crimes of their children" (p. 43, VI.20).

[82] Mishima, *Death in Midsummer*, p. 95 ("Patriotism").

[83] Wells, vol. 1, p. 193.

[84] In this broad sketch of ours it scarcely matters which type of property is privileged in a given instance. Thus in the heyday of the Greek city-states, landowners, sometimes even of the peasant type, were politically and religiously privileged as citizens; whereas the metics, or resident alien proprietors, might possess far more wealth, which might grant them certain powers of persuasion and corruption, but they remained shut out from the highest ranks (see Vernant, pp. 16-21). The idea of class must thus be represented not by a single ladder, but by a whole constellation of ladders, some with bridges at certain intervals of rungs, others ascending blindly into splendid isolation.

[85] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 91.

[86] When Trigger corrected and commented upon this schematic, he added: "I would suggest status rather than class. Class in the sociological (+ common) sense should not exist in non-state (classless) societies" (communication to author, January 1997). This is partially my point: structurally (or, I should say, institutionally), what Trigger states is absolutely true. And yet, class has already begun before institutions do. Psychologically speaking (i.e. as motivation for violence), we can find class in a barnyard of chickens or horses.

[87] "Although each woman appears to have tended her own fields, these were of small extent and there was probably a considerable amount of informal cooperation... All the food produced by women living in the same [long]house [of perhaps ten nuclear families] was either stored in the porches at either end or hung from the rafters, and while each woman may have intended to use her own, no one was permitted to go hungry as long as any food remained to the household" (Trigger, *The Children of Aataentsic*, p. 36).

[88] This ethic varies culturally. In Madagascar I have found jealousy to be "levelling" in discourse; people bend over backward to be polite to each other regardless of social distinctions, however much they may backbite later; but when it comes to property the greater individualism of Malagasy life dictates that the defense against jealousy is not generous distribution, but concealment. More than once I heard people in that country advising their friends not to spend whatever money they might have saved up, because then the object they spent it on would be taken from them—better to hide the money in a hole in the ground. (See below, "The Jealous Ones," vol. 5, p. 523.) In the Korean extended family of which I am nominally a part, if someone makes a rash investment decision and suffers for it—and even causes other relatives to suffer—those who have, give—repeatedly.

[89] Buckland and McNair, pp. 23-25.

[90] His self-promotion becomes still more fearsome: Formerly he lived underground in the House of the Demons, but he wanted to be born, so he crawled into a woman's womb. A sister was born with him, but he strangled her. The woman went and laid both babies, the living and the dead, in the crotch of a tree wrapped in a deerskin. A man brought Tonneraouanont back to his mother, who then raised him. (We might also list in the specialist category certain traders whose families owned the right to specified river-routes. Often they found it incumbent to give away most of their wealth, to avoid jealous accusations of witchcraft. Tonneraouanont capitalized on being a witch, but always ran the risk, should his cures achieve the opposite effect, of being murdered.)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[91] Trigger, op. cit., pp. 76-77, 83.

[92] The anarchist Bookchin, for instance, rushes to point out that "the most communistic collectives in the Spanish Revolution appeared in the countryside rather than in the cities, among villagers who were still influenced by archaic collectivistic traditions." (op. cit., p. 26).

[93] Marx, *Capital*, p. 885.

[94] Amin, pp. 24-25. White has very plausibly proposed (p. 291) that "it is the ratio between calories [derived from harvest] and labor time [expended to get those calories] as well as amount of food per acre that counts" in determining (as it does for the ants) how much specialization can exist in a human society. For the ants, apparently, one corresponding formula runs: "The number of castes in the optimal mix can be expected to increase as the logarithm of the number of tasks performed by the colony [but] the greater the [behavioral] flexibility, the fewer the castes" (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 363). Back to White's rule. The disadvantage of owning a slave is his consuming belly; the advantage is his producing hands. Can his hands feed my belly and his? Only if the calorie-to-labor ratio is high enough. No surplus means no slavery (although it may mean cannibalism): everybody struggles equally or unequally on his own. In twentieth century Africa, no Ik tribespeople proved sufficiently calorie-rich to own slaves at all. According to White's formula, the Huron certainly could have owned slaves: they usually possessed a productive surplus, which they employed in trade. In short, the calories produced per unit of labor-power expended were sufficiently high for some people (in effect, the women, who grew the corn—the Huron ate meat only rarely) to feed the rest. Some of the ways that this extra productivity could have been "spent" were, as in ancient Mesopotamia: supplying armies in wars of conquest or prestige, constructing temples and irrigation projects and creating new classes—artisans, priests, magistrates and slaves. Certainly there is no innate human *requirement* that it be spent in any of these ways; and of them, Huron culture "chose" only the path of warfare perpetual for honor's sake and lackadaisical for expediency's sake.

[95] As does White, pp. 298-300.

[96] Rousseau, pp. 211-12 ("Discourse on the Origin of Inequality").

[97] The four types are: (1) office open only to those with property; (2) office open only to those with a great deal of property; (3) hereditary, with the law having sovereign power; (4) hereditary, with officials having sovereign power. —Op. cit, p. 161 (Bk. 4, ch. 4, sec. 5). Hereditary oligarchs would surely be property possessors, since they would not otherwise have the leisure to hold office.

[98] Bakunin, p. 182.

[99] A very important determinant at times, and not only among the ants, either, given the ability of certain tools to preserve or destroy authority; hence Jean-Marie Roland's warning in the early days of the French Revolution that "we have to make the best men we have under arms march as far as their legs will carry them, or else they will return and cut our throats."[100] For similar reasons, Pol Pot simply liquidated all the soldiers of the old regime he could catch.

[100] Richard A. Diehl, "The Olmec World," in Benson and Fuente, p. 29.

[101] Sometimes this reality is disguised, as when the nostalgic and well-meaning Spaniard Zorita, eager to ameliorate the land abuses of Cortes's conquest, describes the communal land system of old Mexico (p. 106). This was true as far as it went; but at the same time, farmers who couldn't pay their hereditary landlords tribute in kind became slaves.

[102] Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, p. 73. According to Byock (p. 57), all the arable land in Iceland had been claimed within six decades of settlement. Because the original parcels were so huge—and also because nomadism or vagrancy would have been very difficult in preindustrial Iceland--one does not find here the rapid progression of landlessness one finds in the Mekong (see text, below). Instead, we find the land-parcels getting smaller and more diverse for a time, until deforestation (quickly accomplished in that ecosystem) and population increase began to engender competition and tenancy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[103] I have in mind here, of course, the infamous "Acts of Enclosure" through which yeomen were dispossessed of common land. Elizabeth I tried unavailingly to stop this.

[104] See Cohen, pp. 356-58, who quotes one plausible interpretation of Easter Island's history: "Unrestrained human population increase would later put pressure on availability of land, leading to disputes and eventually warfare" (p. 358, quoting Bahn and Flenley).

[105] See Steinbeck, *The Harvest Gypsies.*

[106] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution,* p. 43.

[107] Lee, p. 15.

[108] Ibid, p. 78.

[109] Ibid, pp. 123-24.

[110] Rudé, *Robespierre,* p. 132.

[111] Womack, p. 49.

[112] Stalin, pp. 642-43 (Seventh Enlarged Plenum of the E.C.C.I., November 22--December 16, 1926; "We Are Building and Can Completely Build the Economic Basis of Socialism in the U.S.S.R.")

[113] Moral calculus, 5.1.2; above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[114] Pinguet, p. 77.

[115] The berserker Ljot in *Egil's Saga* (Sturluson, p. 172) is one of these robbers. The berserker Asgaut in *The Saga of Viga Glum* (p. 24) is another—essentially, an extortionist and a rapist. Ospak and his gang in *Eyrbyggja Saga* (pp. 145 ff.) may be more typical of real-life bullies, who rely on numbers rather than on supernatural strength to intimidate, rob and kill.

[116] See Byock's fascinating analysis of this transaction in the *Vápnfirthinga Saga* (pp. 168-70). A chieftan isn't an "overlord," insists the same (p. 104), not a petty king; the boundaries of his authority wax and wane according to personal vicissitudes; and he's not immune from violent death at the hands of the outraged—as happened, for instance, at Heinaberg farm in 1185 (ibid, p. 180). But what's the practical difference? The bondsman still needs a friend. That friend arbitrates lawsuits at the Althing; he horse-trades present and future justice. Cf. the deal between Snorri the Priest and Styr Thorgrimsson (*Eyrbyggja Saga,* p. 67). Win or compromise, he takes his fee. If the wrong side loses, the chieftan and his retainers may suffer, but that's life.

[117] See Byock, ch. 6, "Consensual Governance," for a discussion of the differences between the Icelandic "advocacy" system and Europe's territorial peasant-lord dichotomy in the same era.

[118] *The Saga of Viga Glum,* p. 80.

[119] If I give my lord a tenth or a third, then I still have enough to pay my neighbors to rise up against him. My lord had better remember that, and treat me according to the Golden Rule—although silver will do.

[120] And sometimes explicitly so. In New York state at the beginning of the nineteenth century, a $100 property qualification was required for voting. (Of course we have seen that property is hardly the only criterion for class. In 1821, white voters were permitted to exercise their franchise without qualification, while the qualification for blacks was raised to $250). See Northrup, pp. 5 fn, 247.

[121] Plato, *Laws,* p. 1305 (IV.714d).

[122] Darrow, p. 132. Many similar claims have been made. One historian of the Russian Revolution attributes "hunger and lawlessness" to a crime wave in Petrograd in 1918; the Civil War had drastically interrupted food supplies (Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* p. 724).

[123] Williams, p. 190.

[124] FBI, p. 8, Chart 2.3: "Crime Index Offenses 1994 (Percent Distribution)." Larceny-theft comprised 57.7 percent of the index crimes, burglary 18.7 percent, motor vehicle theft 10.6 percent, and robbery 4.2 percent. Undoubtedly some of the murders and aggravated assaults committed had at least partial property causes, as in the case of, say, an armed robbery gone awry, which resulted in a dead convenience store clerk and an unopened safe. One study which deals in part with the steel plant closings in Youngstown, Ohio, concludes based on FBI figures that burglaries, robberies and assaults doubled in that county "in the few years following the plant closings," and child abuse rose by 21 percent (Maharidge, p. 35). While reporting techniques might have changed in this time period—and the incidence of reporting itself might have increased—these

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

statistics are certainly suggestive. Of course, such figures, like any other quantitative picture of violence, blur and change. In the U.S., property crimes fell from 1980 through 1997, the time of this writing, with burglaries declining by nearly 50 percent. Does this mean that soon there will be no more property crime? I think not.

[125] Darrow, p. 146. It is doubtless on this account that Evans informs us (op. cit., p. 30) that in mid-nineteenth-century Germany, if murderers argued poverty in their defense, they stood a fair chance of getting clemency.

[126] Another vexatious matter is that property crime does not necessarily vary in direct proportion to class authoritarianism. Evans describes a decrease in both violent and property crime in Germany from the late seventeenth century until the twentieth—always excepting intervals of war (pp. 118-19).

[127] Joel E. Cohen, p. 13.

[128] John Strachey, quoted in Bottomore, pp. 39-40.

[129] Jefferson, p. 841 (letter to James Madison, October 28, 1785).

[130] Burke, p. 207.

[131] Robespierre's draft of the constitution of 1793; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre,* p. 108. In April 1793 our revolutionary says: "I can hardly believe it took a revolution to teach the world that extreme disparities of wealth lie at the root of many ills and crimes, but we are not less conscious that the realization of an equality of possessions is a visionary's dream" (ibid, p. 151).

[132] Plato, p. 663 (*Republic*, trans. Paul Shorey, Bk. IV, 420.d). Plato's less than appealing utopia, which he created almost brick by brick in the *Laws,* remained at a fundamental remove, at least in theory, from the Marxist conception, because Plato undemurringly granted the existence of a slaveholding class *forever,* as was needful in his system whose citizens were essentially full-time soldiers and administrators: somebody had to make and fill the oil-jars. All artisans were to be aliens, and for the sake of efficiency no man would be allowed to practice more than one profession (Marx awarded just this situation the label of alienated labor). What unnerves me is that it is not so different from Marxist-Leninist *practice:* a vastly humanized version, to be sure, of the slave-labor and reeducation camps; for Plato's slaves were needed and valued for their labor, not punished by being made to labor; moreover, they lived with their owners, and so could benefit from the ties of humanity and affection, unlike the *zeks* of Stalin's gulag; and Plato specifically warned against harsh or unnecessary chastisement, saying that it would be disgraceful to tyrannize weaklings in one's power. —All this may be answered succinctly: Nonetheless, they were slaves! —That is enough to blight Plato's utopia, if we believe, as Plato did not, that justice is predicated on equality of rights. But even if we set this detail aside, say, by supposing the arrival of that chimera, a benignant industrial revolution, after which all the slave-labor could be done by machines; even then, if we consider only the lives of the privileged citizens for whom all this existed, we discern a blurry resemblance to the worst features of a totalitarian state.

[133] Marx, *Capital,* p. 487.

[134] Ibid, p. 489.

[135] Stanton, p. 44 (Solon, fragments).

[136] Burke, p. 138. Strange to say, Burke's antithesis, Robespierre, is not quite a leveller (Marat and Hébert, who are, will be respectively assassinated from below and liquidated from above). Robespierre's "social ideal of a republic of small and middling property-owners, uncorrupted by either wealth or property ... lay at the back of much of his talk of 'corruption' and 'virtue'" (Rudé, *The French Revolution,* p. 98). For a portrait of Robespierre, see below, "Defense Against Traitors."

[137] *Capital,* p. 344.

[138] Deuteronomy 15:7-17.

[139] Marx, *Critique of Political Economy,* p. 12. For further discussion of false consciousness, see "Defense of Authority," below.

[140] Plato's metaphor of the cave makes this point still better.

[141] See "The Skulls on the Shelves."

[142] *Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung,* p. 8 (from "On Practice," 1937).

[143] Díaz, p. 111.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[144] Lee, p. 52.

[145] When I lived in New York City I would sometimes go to the offices of a certain corporate publisher (now, I gloat to report, defunct) to meet an editor for lunch or to drop off a manuscript I'd written. I dressed as I usually do: in sneakers, blue jeans, and a flannel shirt. I did not bear the proper emblems. The doormen there never would believe that I was not a messenger instead of an author. I had nothing against messengers, and had never thought of myself as being better than they, but the doormen had made up their minds that I was inferior and ordered me to use the service elevator in the back. If they had directed me there nicely I wouldn't have minded, but they did it with such deliberate, determined rudeness, once actually shoving me, that I never failed to experience a surge of humiliation and rage. I did not complain. That would only have compelled me to admit to the grandees upstairs that my reception, of which they were doubtless unaware, but which had now occurred over the course of two and a half years, was getting to me. This small lesson in class relations had a simple point: Some people thought that they were better than I was, and they wanted me to know it. My response was to go to their parties dressed in my usual way, which meant that sometimes some executive coordinator or other in high heels and a burgundy blazer would inform me in martial tones, "Excuse me, sir, this is a *private* party." She herself might have been the one to send me my invitation; one of my books might be on display behind her next to the wine and cheese; at another publisher's party which she'd been to last week my name might be emblazoned (misspelled) on a souvenir coffee mug dedicated to their hundred current young authors of my general level of insignificance, but she looked me up and down and *assumed* that I did not belong. Sometimes I'd just leave. Sometimes I'd walk past her, eat some cheese and wait to be thrown out. I tried to laugh about it, and in truth the fault was mine, because if I'd only showed her my invitation—or, better yet, donned a suit and tie—I would have been one of them.

[146] See below, "Thick Blood."

[147] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 188.

[148] Ibid, p. 189.

[149] Ibid, p. 195.

[150] For a concise Marxist discussion of the role of the surplus in productive "formations," see Amin, pp. 18-22.

[151] Lee, p. 56.

[152] The military historian Delbrück characterized class formation in old Rome thus: "in the joining of warrior superiority and ruthlessly exploited financial power there developed a new aristocratic class stemming from the original group, a class that eventually also disdained marriage with their fellow citizens, the plebeians, and as a fraternity particularly favored by the gods, demanded and held the dominant position" (p. 258). In the Roman Republic in 125 B.C., during the debacle of the Gracchi, "the Senators were angry at the thought of making their subjects equal citizens with themselves" (Appian, p. 41, I.21).

[153] Greek slaves, like their Roman counterparts (Erich S. Gruen, p. 360) were convicts, foreign prisoners, persons unable to repay their ransomers, or simply the children of slaves (MacDowell, pp. 79-80). The same went for Bablyonian slaves, who could also derive from individuals who sold themselves to pay off a debt (Roux, p. 185).

[154] Against the functional classes of the ants set this human system: "The essential characteristic of a good and healthy aristocracy ... is that it experiences itself *not* as a function (whether of the monarchy or the commonwealth) but as their *meaning* and highest justification—that it therefore accepts with a good conscience the sacrifice of human beings who, *for its sake,* must be lowered and reduced to incomplete human beings, to slaves, to instruments" (Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil,* p. 202, sec. 258).

[155] *Capital,* p. 345. Lee argues (loc. cit.) that in old Korea the state was objectifying the peasantry.

[156] White, p. 202.

[157] In the great Aztec market at Tenochtitlan the slaves were sold with other precious things—gold, silver, feathers, embroidery and the like. They were available male and female,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

some unfettered, others "attached to long poles by means of collars around their necks" (Díaz, p. 232). Cortes, self-styled liberator of Mexico from such oppression, begins in appropriate style. Here he is in Cuba, years before his famous expedition, where he and his brother-in-law jointly receive as a gift from the hands of the Governor of the Indies all the Indians of Manicarao. "He extracted a great deal of gold with the labor of his Indians..." (Gómara, p. 11).

[158] Lee, pp. 30-31.

[159] Carcopino, p. 64. As for the slaves of the not-so-rich, they surely lived worse lives than poor citizens. And whatever protection even the luckiest slaves did enjoy remained the outgrowth of a precarious dependency.

[160] Moral calculus, 6.2.B.8.

[161] MacDowell implies something similar about Greek slaves, pp. 79-80.

[162] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 31 (I.12).

[163] Justinian, pp. 71 ("Concerning the Lex Aquilia," Book 9, Title 2, clause 2 [Gaius]), 86 (clause 27 [Ulpian]), 90 (clause 30 [Paul]), 91 (ditto), 127 ("Concerning Theft," Book 46, Title 2, clause 48 [Ulpian]), 136 (clause 61 [Africanus]), 154 ("Concerning Robbery with Violence and Riotous Assembly," Book 47, Title 8, clause 2 [Ulpian]), 173 ("Concerning Insulting Behaviour and Scandalous Libels," Book 47, Title 10, clause 15 [Ulpian]).

[164] Edward Peters, pp. 18-19. The case Peters mentions appears in Cicero's speech *Pro Cluentio*. Peters gets this story slightly wrong; cf. Cicero, *Murder Trials*, pp. 237-38, 243-44—the version I follow here. Wiedemann (p. 68) concurs with Peters on the prevalence of crucifixion as a penalty for the "lower orders." We find a casual reference to the torture of a "client" in Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 197 (*Alexandrian War*, written by another hand, p. 55). Local sentimentality—and utility—may at times leave the slave less subject to torture than somebody in Stalin's Soviet Union or Pol Pot's Cambodia, because "we are unwilling that they should be compelled to violate their fidelity to their mistress, even against your consent" (Edward Peters, p. 225; *Code* of Justinian, Book 9, Title 41, XLI.7, A.D. 286)—but in fact what that means (at least in important legal cases) is precisely that the slave *must* be tortured to substantiate his testimony, because he is loyal to his master, or, equally likely, because he fears him—Roman slaves were mainly prisoners of war and their descendants. (The American southern slaveholders took the opposite approach, and simply prohibited slaves from testifying at all; Northrup, p. 90).There are always loopholes for the interrogator: a husband's slaves can be tortured in a capital case which involves the wife; a condemned man's slaves can be tortured, too, since by virtue of his sentence they do not belong to him anymore (Edward Peters, p. 216; loc. cit., 1.11-12). With similar legerdemain, Tiberius engineers the forced sale to the Treasury Agent of one victim's slaves, so that they can be tortured into testifying against their former master (Tacitus, pp. 91, 151). During the Civil War, Julius Caesar's forces capture three enemy scouts in Africa. The native legionnaire is merely beheaded; the slaves, who might have been excused due to compulsion, are crucified (Caesar, p. 245; *The Spanish War*, written by another hand).

[165] Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p. 158.

[166] Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 1,416 (article on Roman slavery by Keith R. Bradley). Erich S. Gruen (p. 359) gives a figure of 100,000-300,000 slaves out of a population which might have exceeded a million, "but not by much." He then (p. 361) proposes the same ratio as H. & S.

[167] Carcopino, p. 69.

[168] Two translations of Plutarch, p. 480 (life of Crassus). The variant is from Plutarch (North), vol. 2, p. 1,002.

[169] Tacitus, pp. 205-06.

[170] Ibid, p. 93.

[171] Gibbon (vol. 1, p. 251) describes how Roman citizens gradually became judicially vulnerable to torture, "as the safety of the emperor was avowedly preferred to every consideration of justice or humanity." We should not forget, however, that class divisions were mutually permeable: the emperor Diocletian was the son of slaves.

[172] Ammianus Mercellinus, quoted in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 498.
[173] Höldobler and Wilson, p. 467.
[174] Krushchev, p. 339.
[175] Cf. MacDowell, pp. 248-49.
[176] Kathleen Freeman, pp. 109-111 (speech by Lysias: "Wounding with Intent to Kill: Quarrel Over a Slave-Girl," sometime between 400 and 380 B.C.).
[177] Although, as we see from the chart, Athens after Solon's reforms was actually a near-oligarchy, a callous or pedantic soul could indeed call it a democracy in that, with the exception of military generalship, political tasks could theoretically be carried out by any citizen. Some commentators (e.g. MacDowell, p. 84) believe that technically women and children were citizens, but remained practically disenfranchised, subject to their nearest adult male relative, who constituted their *kyrios* or "controller."
[178] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 49.
[179] In Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 1,415 (article on Greek slavery by Paul Anthony Cartledge), we find an Athenian slave hierarchy from police and coin-testers to privately owned skilled laborers and artisans, then house slaves, field slaves and, at the absolute bottom, mine slaves. The author of this article, by the way proposes a lower figure for the proportion of slaves than I cite: perhaps thirty to forty percent from 450 to 320 B.C. (loc. cit.). In 1920, the German historian Delbrück had estimated 100,000 "free souls" and 120,000 to 140,000 slaves (p. 38), which seems closer to the figure in our table.
[180] And why should we expect it to? The tale drags on and on. On an Athenian marble stele inscribed five centuries before Christ we read that from Kephisodoros the metic, convicted of sacrilege, sixteen human cattle were duly confiscated (extracts from the "Attic Stelai"; in Fornara, p. 167, item no. 147d). How had they been treated? How would they be treated? Their new master would not be legally entitled to kill them; nor could other citizens strike them; other than that, they had little recourse (MacDowell, p. 81).[18] How can we stop Kephisodoros and his kind from attacking the helpless? Only by taking his place away—not by demolishing him, but by destroying the platform on which he stands. That platform can be found almost everywhere in history. When (so we read in grim, dry Thucydides) the Athenians' new-found enemies, the Corinthians, went to stir up fear and anger among the Spartans, exhorting those soldier-citizens (for every full Spartan was also a military man) not to suffer Athens to become a tyrant-state (Thucydides [Strassler], Book One, pp. 67-68), they by no means had in mind any sort of United Nations police action against Athens's internal policies—for in Sparta, where there were fewer free non-citizens than in Athens, and a higher proportion of slaves, the citizen class ritualistically declared war on them each year, and then killed a few, like the Japanese officers who during World War II required their men to use Chinese prisoners for bayonet practice. Relations between the Spartans and their helots thus illustrate Marxist theory with a vengeance. Defense of class required the helots to rise up when they could; defense of class required the Spartans to put them down—and the Athenians accordingly decided to help them. The Spartans, however, sent them home, "apprehensive of the enterprising and revolutionary character of the Athenians" (Thucydides [Strassler], p. 55; I.102).
[181] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 353 (5.91).
[182] See moral calculus, 6.2.B.3.
[183] Edward Peters, p. 244 (*Constitutio Criminalis Carolina*, 35).
[184] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 829. In 1909 an Englishman of sixty-five years, convicted of begging and of "being an incorrigible rogue," was sentenced to twelve whipping-stripes. The sentence was, however, remitted (Scott, p. 59).
[185] Quoted in Lever, p. 51.
[186] Ibid, pp. 150-51. Lever notes that this rite had been "more or less obsolete in France for at least a century."
[187] Ibid, p. 204. "Clearly, he, like other libertines of his time, practiced flagellation only with prostitutes working in the lesser houses, those at the bottom of the sexual hierarchy, and he never would have tried it with an Opera girl" (ibid, p. 250).
[188] Blomberg, pp. 47, 100.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[189] Lever, p. 50.
[190] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 31.
[191] Vernant, p. 83.
[192] Ibid, pp. 90-91.
[193] Burke, p. 245.
[194] Marx, *Capital*, p. 170.
[195] Ibid, pp. 992-93.
[196] Krushchev, p. 337.
[197] Robespierre, p. 309 ("Sur les rapports des idées religieuses et morale...", 18 Floréal, Year II). Translation mine. These sentiments come straight from his idol, Rousseau. See the latter, pp. 225-26 ("Discourse on the Origin of Inequality").
[198] Amin, p. 15.
[199] _____, *Hittite Laws*, p. 47 (tablet 1, statute no. 173).
[200] Marx, *Capital*, p. 601.
[201] "We have seen the follies and cruelties which attended Stalin's 'great change,'" writes Deutscher (p. 339). "They inevitably recall those of England's industrial revolution, as Karl Marx has described them in *Das Kapital*."
[202] H. G. Wells, "The Dreamer in the Kremlin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 100.
[203] Stenogram of Stalin interview with H. G. Wells, July 23, 1934; quoted in Seldes, p. 180. Stalin echoes Plato here; see above, this chapter.
[204] See below, "Self-Defense of Gender."
[205] Erich S. Gruen, p. 365. Were the slave, trapped and bitter, to see the master's caste as having no function, we could excuse that lamentable error. But does he commit it? Probably not. A man who escaped from North Vietnam remembers that the dreams of his family were mainly of food. "Thoughts about individual freedom, rights, that kind of thing never entered into it. How could they?" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 57; testimony of Le Thanh).
[206] Plutarch (North), vol. 1, p. 662 (Marcus Cato).
[207] Wiedemann, p. 113.
[208] Meier, p. 119.
[209] Appian, p. 49 (*The Civil Wars*, I.III.24).
[210] Ibid, p. 111 (I.VII.59).
[211] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 12 (Table XI, statute no. 1).
[212] We have already granted (M.C. 5.2.B.3.) that defense of class is justified when class equals function or status by function, and that function is essential as the society is currently consituted. It is human nature to believe that one's privilege is actually a necessary function.
[213] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 22.
[214] Tacitus, p. 145.
[215] See Botomore, pp. 16-17, 48-68.
[216] Ibid, p. 29-30.
[217] Lee, p. 98.
[218] Quoted in Lee, p. 144.
[219] See above, this chapter, "Class-Divided Modes of Production: A Marxist View."
[220] Vernant, p. 13. Furthermore (pp. 22-23), since no industrial capital existed, any surplus, rather than being reinvested, was applied to the state, in either a secular or a religious capacity, to be expended for purposes of prestige.
[221] More specifically, as we'll shortly see, what Stalin set out to do, through disastrously cruel and incompetent measures, and what Mao partially succeeded in doing with his peasant collectives, was to control the means of production in areas of little or no capital.
[222] Lee, pp. 253-55.
[223] Mishima, *Madame de Sade*, p. 10.
[224] Reed, p. 709.
[225] Whom John Reed defined as "the armed factory workers of Russia" (p. 589).
[226] D. Bisti, "Lenin and Red Guards" (1967), in *Lenin in Profile*, no. 49.
[227] Gandhi to Ambalal Sarahai; quoted in Judith M. Brown, p. 121. Similarly, advising her daughter to continue giving generous gifts to the poor, Maria Theresa says: "We have no resources except for gratitude and goodwill" (Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche, p. 45; letter from Vienna, January 3, 1773; my trans.). It is a pity that the recipient, Marie Antoinette, was not able to follow this advice.
[228] See above, this chapter.
[229] That proto-Gandhian Clarence Darrow made much the same argument in 1902, but he dressed it up in the colors of spurious expediency: "The present unjust system is supported by violence and force. The unjust possessions of the rich are kept in their place by soldiers, guns and policemen's clubs. If

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

these were withdrawn would the weak at once take the earth and all its fullness from those who for ages ruled the world? No violent and forcible readjustment of this sort could come. Force is wrong both to commit and to redress evil. In the rule of force the weak must always fall. For the poor and oppressed to advocate the use of force means that they must still be the victims, for the strongest force must win. All that can help the weak is the rule of brotherhood, of love" (pp. 160-61). In a sense, the Russian Revolution proved him wrong. The poor were able by force to turn out the rich. On the other hand, as we shall see, most of the Russian poor were peasants, and they were to suffer terribly under the new order. Darrow may well be more right than at first he seems.

[230] Throughout this chapter I have tried to distinguish "Soviets," that is, nationals of the USSR, from "soviets," the autonomous (at least at first) councils of workers, especially of factory workers. Accordingly, I have decapitalized "Soviets" in this excerpt.

[231] Startsev, p. 120.

[232] Marx, *Capital,* p. 853.

[233] Berkman, pp. 25-26.

[234] Lenin expressed confidence that the Civil War would be "the last decisive battle" with the kulaks. Perhaps he was not wrong. The historian Robert Conquest believes that by the time Stalin's campaign against them began, there remained few if any real kulaks anyway (*The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 45). It was certainly a necessary battle, for we've agreed that property is theft. He knew that kulaks bought up all the lands of the good people, the poor people, then drove them out, ruined and lumpenized them... So did his successors, even in the years of de-Stalinization. See, for instance, Krushchev, p. 337 ("Under capitalism the landlords and kulaks ruin the small peasants..."). And Krushchev had the blinkered hubris, or hypocrisy, to say this decades after dekulakization! Had they failed to get rid of this parasitic class even after killing and exiling millions? Maybe something was wrong with their methods, or with their reasoning.

[235] Chekhov, vol. 15, *Notebook of Anton Chekhov,* p. 16. "Aristocrats? The same ugly bodies and physical uncleanliness, the same toothless old age and disgusting death, as with market-women" (p. 45).

[236] Trotsky, *Terrorism and Communism* (1920), quoted in Daniels, p. 96.

[237] Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* p. 791.

[238] Lenin, vol. 1, p. 39 (article on Karl Marx).

[239] Ibid, p. 524 ("Two Tactics of Social-Democracy in the Democratic Revolution," 1905).

[240] Marx does describe the formation of English kulak-equivalents, rich peasants whose produce and land became their capital. "No wonder, therefore, that England, at the end of the sixteenth century, had a class of capitalist farmers who were rich men in relation to the circumstances of the time" (*Capital,* vol. 1, p. 907).

[241] At the end of World War II, when Stalin swallowed up the Baltic countries, he remembered that watchword. An Afghan refugee told me that during the Soviet invasion of his country of 1979-89, when land redistribution had been introduced with the usual Marxist-Leninist "extraordinary measures," "the Russians wanted turmoil in the country. They took the land away from the landowners and they were cursing the maliks," or village and district leaders. (Interview with Mr. Muhammed S., Afghan refugee, in Berkeley, California, 1986. See vol. 3, p. 121, below, for more testimony by him.) These men had great local power and therefore a strong interest in maintaing the social order as it was before the Soviet invasion. In the refugee camps in Pakistan it was often the maliks who were given the charge of distributing food and other supplies. The Soviets therefore were firmly set against them. They often contented themselves with occupying the cities; the country they cruelly destroyed.

[242] Appian, vol. III, pp. 137-39 (I.VIII.74).

[243] Moyanhan, p. 40 (source: private collection).

[244] John Berger, pp. xiii, xiv.

[245] Chekhov, vol. 13, p. 161 ("Too Early!").

[246] In Koestler's *Darkness at Noon.*

[247] 1900 to 1904.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[248] Startsev, p. 23.

[249] Graziosi, remarking on the work of Michael Confino. Indeed, peasant uprisings had crackled through the region for centuries—a datum which, depending on one's beliefs about Marxism's claims to explain and control history, makes credible—or not—the Bolsheviks' acclaiming appropriations of these acts under their own rubric.

[250] Startsev, p. 22. If I may add a personal note, I remember that in 1970s my friends and I tended to think of Lenin as the "good" revolutionary and Stalin as the perverter of his dreams. What Solzhenitsyn wrote about Lenin in his *Gulag Archipelago* was a tremendous shock to me, and his words have been borne out by the revelations which have been emerging ever since about Lenin's atrocities. See in particular the horrific documents in Pipes, *The Unknown Lenin.*

[251] Tacitus, p. 35.

[252] In a chapter on collective farms, we read in *The Soviet Way of Life* (1974) that "nearly all the houses are made of brick, they are big and comfortable, built according to a general plan... All families have radio-gramophones with sets of favourite records, many of which are devoted to classical music... The difference between town and country, inherited from capitalism, has been bridged, the conditions of the farmers' lives are approaching those of the urban population" (p. 82).

[253] Fitzpatrick, p. 150.

[254] Especially since social insects do appear approvingly from time to time in Soviet metaphors such as Alexandra Kollantai's *Love of Worker Bees.* How telling it is that the hypothesis that ant eusociality as the result of *cooperation* (in the hunting of large prey such as beetle larvae) came from a Soviet scientist! (See Hölldobler and WIlson, p. 28.)

[255] "All in all," writes Robert Conquest (*The Great Terror,* p. 460), "the economy Stalin created was at least an operating reality. Its built-in wastages were not great enough to prevent achievement of its main aim—the continuing investment in industry of a high proportion of the national income. They were, however, great enough to hold the expansion bought at such sacrifice down to a level lower than that of various capitalist countries."

[256] Gorki, "V. I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile,* p. 31.

[257] Were the peasants truly a different class from the proletariat? Functionally (that is, by the ants' definition), yes. If we define class in terms of property accumulation, the answer is not so clear; but if rank or status is our yardstick, then (if the definer is a Marxist) yes and again yes! Although Marx himself, who insisted, for instance, that the history of the Roman republic is the history of landed property, would have paid little heed to non-property determinants of class. The revolutionary mind is of necessity bipolar. Even the dogooder Bakunin, whom Stalin would have shot if he'd lived into that era, wrote that "no reconciliation between these two worlds is possible. The workers want equality and the bourgeoisie wants to maintain inequality" (op. cit., p. 189). Did Bakunin ever meet a worker whose shit didn't smell like rosewater? To him, at any event, the peasantry were not at all lost souls, but progressively anarchistic by nature, which is why they could have been "led" to revolution under the direction of the proletariat. According to Trotsky, that is what happened. After the Russian Revolution came the Civil War, in which that guidance continued: "The Red Army was built by the worker who was mobilizing the peasant. The worker had an advantage over the peasant ... in his general level of culture." (Trotsky, p. 275). I like to think that Bakunin wouldn't have turned against the kulaks once the revolution had been accomplished, even though they comprised the rural bourgeoisie. "In this hatred for the peasant rebellion," he writes with sad sarcasm, "the Marxists join in touching unanimity all the layers and parties of the bourgeois society of Germany" (op. cit., p. 204). Such sentiments are no doubt one of the reasons why Lenin refers to anarchism's "absolute erroneousness, its unfitness to serve the revolutionary class as a guiding theory" (Lenin, vol. 3, p. 301; "Left-Wing Communism—An Infantile Disorder," ch. 4).

[258] Regarding the "for now," see the moral calculus, 2.3.B.

[259] Moreover, if they were rich then they must

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be exploiters. What then could be more natural than to tax them into poverty, and, if need be, unto death? It is easy after considering the intransigence of the Stalinists to come to the conclusion that moderation would have been kinder, and therefore more acceptable, hence more effective in the long run. But the case of the Communist Party of Indonesia (PKI) certainly upholds Rosa Luxemburg's counter-thesis that one must "break down all barriers with an iron hand." Granted legality by the dominant party, the PKI in turn had to agree to avoid raising the issue of class conflict—or, at least, they had to disguise that issue by traditionalizing it. The result was to vitiate their ideology. And they lost power in the end (Rex Mortimer, in Lewis, pp 113-123). Extremism as such may not be a vice among revolutionaries. Stalin's program, however, began with extremism, and continued with atrocity.

[260] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 13.

[261] In opportune revisions of that half-formed anti-Semitic forgery credited by Hitler and Henry Ford, *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion*, we sometimes find his name. Example: In "an interesting document in Hebrew" supposedly discovered during the Civil War "in the pocket of the dead Jew Zunder, the Bolshevic Commander of the 11th Sharp-shooter Battalion," the reader finds, after the absurd heading "SECRET," a propaganda-manifesto advising Jews to show no mercy to defeated Russia, with the clumsily suggestive aside that "Bronstein (Trotsky), Apfelbaum (Zinovieff), Rosenfeld (Kameneff), Steinberg—all of them are like unto thousands of other true sons of Israel" (Marsden, pp. 297-98; "A Protocol of 1919," repr. in the Russian newspaper *Prizyv*, February 5, 1920). (In this book we also find a murky photograph of "the cabbalistic inscription found on the wall of the room in which the Imperial Russian Family was murdered" (p. 230), an explanation of the connection between "the Collectivism of the immensely rich international finance" and "the international Collectivism of Karl Marx and Trotsky" (p. 54), etc., etc.)

[262] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 340. Cf. pp. 360-61. Is a Jew a member of a class? Hitler says so. If Hitler is correct, then that Jew's class is defined not by functionality, rank, status or anything other than *origin*. Violence against him can be justified not on the basis of what he does, but who he *is* (listed in the hierachy of unjustified reasons to harm a person; moral calculus, 3.3.7). Obviously such a justification would be evil. We can say here, and will say again later, that *class violence based against someone solely on account of his birth is wrong*. Violence against origin is wicked for precisely the same reason that anti-Semitism is wicked. See below, this chapter, "Origin."

[263] Graziosi, p. 12.

[264] Startsev, p. 113. In his *History of the Russian Revolution*, Trotsky snickers: "The dictatorship of the proletariat assumed an obligation to take an attentive attitude toward the interests of the land laborer, but also to be patient of his illusions as a petty proprietor," (vol. 3, p. 332).

[265] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 17. Ironically, one peasant concluded after the 1937 show trials that since Stalin despised Trotsky, Trotsky must have been anti-Stalin and hence anti-collectivization. (Fitzpatrick, p. 295).

[266] Startsev writes (p. 19) that over twelve million families (say, between fifty and a hundred million people) were peasants. According to Graziosi (pp. 1, 7), peasants and nomads comprised eighty-three percent of the population immediately prior to the Russian Revolution, and eighty-two percent in 1926. By the 1930s, Stalinism had succeeded in reducing this figure to around sixty to sixty-five percent.

[267] Trotsky, *History*, vol. 1, p. 12.

[268] The lower figure is from Trotsky, op. cit., vol. 1, p. 33. The upper is from Startsev, p. 17.

[269] Don't let this little matter of a 50 million variation in population estimates bother you. We play with numbers; we don't really care about them. So what if we need to liquidate twenty million instead of ten?

[270] September 19, 1918; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 820.

[271] See below, this chapter.

[272] Ostrovsky, p. 22 (Anna Karavayeva, from

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Recollections About Nikolai Ostrovsky").

[273] Marx and Engels, *The German Ideology*, p. 64.

[274] Ostrovsky, p. 39.

[275] The petition is quoted in part in Startsev, p. 7.

[276] Ibid, p. 76.

[277] Ibid, p. 85.

[278] Loc. cit. One must applaud the logic of this grouping. The Socialist Revolutionaries were in effect free soil populists. They had entered a coalition with the Bolsheviks to overthrow the tsar and then Kerensky. But they saw no compelling reason to put the proletariat first. Since both peasants and S.R.s, then, were struggling against Bolshevism, there might well have been tsarist army men who could find a use for them. It will be S.R.s who kill the German ambassador in 1918 and try to rise up. An S.R. woman, Fanya Kaplan, probably acting alone, although class paranoia must deny this, attempts to assassinate Lenin. (A secret policeman will shoot her in the back in a prison courtyard, with engines muffling her screams.) In *How the Steel Was Tempered* the S.R.s are always committing pogroms, raping, torturing, executing—and, of course, making alliances with the priest's daughters—for here at home, the discriminating entomologist can uncover subtler and more ubiquitous class enemies than the White Guards, who, being an actual threat, must be portrayed as eternally on the verge of succumbing to Soviet might. Behind everything looms the divide of class. "An incessant struggle went on between the proprieter" of the local print shop, for instance, "the smug, well-fed Mr. Blumstein," "and the printers. Blumstein did his best to grab more and pay his workers less" (p. 93). Ostrovsky never once portrays a boss or employer as a decent sort.

[279] Ostrovsky, p. 103.

[280] Ibid, p. 104.

[281] Ibid, p. 154. As it happens, "vermin" was one of Hitler's favorite words for Jews. *Any* group can demonized, verminized. It is now a commonplace, but nonetheless true, that Hitler's and Stalin's genocides were cousins. Although Mao and Pol Pot, lacking any infrastructure of factories and proletarians, took a course opposed to Stalin's and made peasant revolutions, the fact remains that the Maoist liquidation of the landlords was a kindred thought to the elimination of the kulaks, while Pol Pot's revolution simply developed the issue a little farther. The point is that they both practiced violent redistribution. Pol Pot's policies will be discussed below, in "The Skulls on the Shelves." Here I will note that only under his regime, Cambodian "kulaks," such as village headmen, did have a chance. Those who had been with the revolution a long time—the "original Khmers"—often kept their positions and even flourished, becoming petty lords of production, even of life and death. But this oft-noted "peasantization" of Marxist-Leninism, which had accelerated from Mao's time on, came too late to save the Soviet kulaks.

[282] Ibid, p. 175.

[283] Ibid, p. 298.

[284] Ibid, pp. 162-63.

[285] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 451. A muzhik is a Russian peasant.

[286] Ostrovsky, pp. 345-6.

[287] Ibid, p. 372.

[288] Ibid, pp. 268-70

[289] Ibid, p. 363.

[290] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 144 ("Eighth Congress of the R.C.P.(B.), Report on Work in the Countryside").

[291] "Lenin with some peasant deputies," in *Lenin in Profile*, portfolio, no. 34.

[292] Ho Chi Minh, vol. IV, p. 449 ("The Path which Led Me to Leninism," 1960).

[293] Trotsky, *My Life*, pp. 437-39.

[294] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 38.

[295] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 50 (document 24: letter to V. V. Kuraex, Ye. B. Bosh, A. E. Minkin, August 11, 1918).

[296] *Great Soviet Encyclopedia*, vol. 13, p. 553 (entry on kulaks).

[297] A reminder to the reader: when "Soviet" is capitalized, it refers to a person, organization or aspect of the Soviet Union. When it is written "soviet" it refers to the prerevolutionary and revolutionary autonomous workers' councils from which the Soviet Union took its name.

[298] *Capital*, pp. 875-76.

[299] In 1897, Chekhov writes of a grand dinner

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in commemoration of this "great reform": "To dine, drink champagne, make a racket and deliver speeches about national consciousness, the conscience of the people, freedom and such things, while slaves in tailcoats are running round your tables, veritable serfs, and your coachman waits outside in the street, in the bitter cold—that is lying to the Holy Ghost" (vol. 15, pp. 8-9).

[300] *Capital*, p. 703.

[301] In his letter to Vera Sassoulitch of 1881, Marx uses the same phrase: "a new capitalist vermin sucking the blood of the 'rural commune' that was already so impoverished" in Russia (Marx, *Selected Writings*, p. 579). Is the Russian commune doomed, then? Marx's editor (p. 575) rightly remarks on his "terse and ambivalent reply."

[302] Startsev, p. 18.

[303] Graziosi, p. 6.

[304] Fitzpatrick, p. 55.

[305] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 131.

[306] For more precise economic criteria of kulakdom, see Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, pp. 73-77.

[307] Marx, *Capital*, pp. 709-710 offer a good concise illustration. Marx embellishes the definition considerably, however; for instance (pp. 417-18), he takes account of economies of scale to explain how the greater the number of workers one controls, the greater will be the per capita labor-value, hence surplus-value. These are technicalities that need not detain us here.

[308] Krushchev's editors note ironically: "Under the Soviet system a worker gets 27 percent of what he produces, under the American system, 67 percent. And Americans produce twice as much" (op. cit., p. 340). This is pretty damnng, if it is true—I would like to see the sources and calculation methods used to arrive at this computation.

[309] Marx, p. 423.

[310] In its discussion of "the collective farm constitution," *The Soviet Way of Life* puts the notion of surplus value much more simply: "in whose interest does the property exist and who profits by it? It all boils down to the number of shares in one's possession" (p. 86).

[311] This case is given by Fitzpatrick, p. 30.

[312] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 238 ("Economics and Politics in the Era of the Dictatorship of the Proletariat," October 30, 1919).

[313] Chanoff and Doan, pp. 43-44 (testimony of Nguyen Tan Thanh, senior captain, deputy commander, South Long An, Viet Cong Main Force).

[314] Marx calls the surplus-value achieved through working longer absolute, and the surplus-value achieved through increasing productivity relative (*Capital*, pp. 430-33).

[315] Quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 149. Lenin had begun this crooked price system during the Civil War. For examples of it, see Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 723.

[316] *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 76.

[317] Tuck, p. 168.

[318] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 60 (document 31: correspondence with D.I. Kursky, November 26, 1918).

[319] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 76 (document 42: "Draft Theses of the Central Committee RKP9B Concerning Policy in the Ukraine," before November 21, 1919).

[320] Ibid.

[321] Graziosi, p. 8.

[322] V. Fakorsky (USSR), "October 1917" (1928), in *Lenin in Profile* portfolio, no. 46.

[323] Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 817.

[324] Graziosi, p. 32.

[325] See, for instance, Sverdlov's speech to the Central Executive Committee of May 1918, quote in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 46.

[326] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 436. This conversation occurred on March 22, 1919.

[327] Along with former Tsarist police. Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 823.

[328] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 301. On pp. 302-306 he breaks down these subtotals slightly differently, arriving, however, at the same final conservative figure of 14.5 million. Twenty percent of the Ukrainian population perished.

[329] Chanoff and Doan, p. 72.

[330] Li, p. 507. The Great Leap Forward (to which some other sources put a closing date of 1961 or 1962) was an attempt to combine collective agriculture and industrialism (through mini-blast furnaces) to rapidly sur-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

pass capitalist countries. The result was famine. The casualty figures quoted here reflect only the Great Leap Forward, not the likewise disastrous Cultural Revolution.

[331] See Introduction.

[332] Graziosi, p. 17.

[333] Kramer and Sprenger, pp. 206-07 ("The Method of Initiating a Process"). For the analogous case of North Vietnamese land reform, see Chanoff and Doan, pp. 78-79 (testimony of Xuan Vu), pp. 115-17 (testimony of Han Vi), pp. 122-23 (testimony of Hoang Huu Quynh).

[334] Fitzpatrick (p. 29) estimates that before the Civil War the proportion of kulaks was fifteen percent. The number of *exploiting* kulaks, of course, can never be known.

[335] Tsebry, p. 11. Compare with Trotsky's remarks on kulaks. Fitzpatrick informs us (p. 48) that under Stalin, a number of peasants (though hardly the majority) did not seem to pity their kulak neighbors who were sent away. For expressions of sympathy and solidarity with kulaks, see Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, pp. 133-34.

[336] Graziosi, p. 29.

[337] Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 742.

[338] Ibid, p. 20.

[339] Decree of August 6, 1918; quoted ibid, p. 737.

[340] Bakunin, *God and the State*, pp. 58-59.

[341] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 145 ("Report on Work in the Countryside," March 23, 1919). Italics in original. Lenin hoped to use the Ukraine as a staging area from which to export revolution to adjacent countries; moreover, he needed to retain some sympathy among the peasantry—and gain conscripts from them—during the Civil War.

[342] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 102 (document 59: political report of the Central Committee to the Ninth Congress, September 20, 1920).

[343] Lenin, vol. 3, pp. 508, 510 (Tenth Congress: Report on the Substitution of a Tax in Kind for the Surplus-Grain Appropriation System, March 15, 1921).

[344] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 131 (document 73, July 30, 1921).

[345] Perhaps they were sincere. In the following year, only two-thirds of all the people who were executed after trial came from the peasant class. The peasants, as we recall, comprised eighty percent of the population (Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 73).

[346] Such turnabouts lead Pipes to claim that "although they claimed to be a political party, the Bolsheviks were really nothing of the kind. They resembled rather an order or cohort gathered around a chosen leader... It was his intuition and his will that guided the Communists, not objective principles" (*The Russian Revolution*, p. 814). I myself see, for all these tactical shifts, a common thread: defense of class.

[347] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 614 (political report of the Central Committee, March 27, 1922).

[348] Ibid, pp. 663-65 ("Five Years of the Russian Revolution and the Prospects of the World Revolution, "November 13, 1922).

[349] Stephen F. Cohen, p. 275.

[350] Trotski, p. 397.

[351] Cf. Fitzpatrick, p. 27.

[352] Alliluyeva, pp. 42-43.

[353] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*.

[354] Bullock, Deutscher.

[355] I phrase it thus because once the Second World War started he did obviously have to take the views of the Allies into account.

[356] Trotski, frontis.

[357] Tacitus, p. 157.

[358] Milovan Djilas in his *Conversations with Stalin* chooses different avatars: "in him was joined the criminal senselessness of a Caligula with the refinement of a Borgia and the brutality of a Tsar Ivan the Terrible" (p. 187).

[359] Tacitus, pp. 190, 379-80. For any number of cases under Stalin, see Conquest, *The Great Terror*.

[360] For an account of one show trial and execution of an innocent defendant (Rudzutak), see below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[361] Ibid, p. 373. One historian got condemned for paying tribute to Caesar's now long dead assassin: Tiberius perhaps feared the metaphorical equation (pp. 173-74).

[362] Bullock, *Hitler and Stalin*, p. 962.

[363] This naturally brings us to a comparison of Lenin and Stalin. People with leftist sympathies often used to say that Lenin created,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Stalin deviated; Lenin somehow meant well, Stalin was the unalloyed monster. This view was challenged by Solzhenitsyn in his gargantuan, impassioned *Gulag Archipelago.* The collapse of the Soviet Union, and the consequent opening of Lenin's secret archive, from which Richard Pipes has assembled the horrible documents occasionally quoted from here, certainly confirms Solzhenitsyn's claim that Lenin and Stalin were two peas in a pod. I see no reason not to believe that Lenin, had he lived long enough, wouldn't himself have killed millions in pursuit of collectivization and terror-rule. But he probably wouldn't have turned on his own cadres to the extent that Stalin did. For discussion of Trotsky's suspect distinction between the means-to-an-end Lenin and the sadistic, psychotic Stalin, see the next chapter ("Unreserved Support").

[364] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin,* p. 187.

[365] Alliluyeva, pp. 108-110.

[366] Ibid, pp. 124-25.

[367] Ibid, p. 126.

[368] Moyanhan, p. 178 (source: Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

[369] Alliluyeva, pp. 39-40.

[370] See below, "Defense of Authority."

[371] Stalin, "On the Grain Front" (May 28, 1928), in Daniels, p. 161.

[372] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 86.

[373] Bukharin-Kamenev talk, July 11, 1928, notes by Kamenev, in Daniels, p. 164. Lenin had also subscribed to this notion at times—e.g., in his famous essay "Left-Wing Communism: An Infantile Disorder" (1920).

[374] Wesson, p. 141.

[375] Trotsky, *Terrorism and Communism* (1920), quoted in Daniels, p. 95.

[376] Rosa Luxemburg, "The Russian Revolution," in *The Russian Revolution* and *Leninism or Marxism,* p. 36.

[377] Graziosi gives the figure of 1,300 "in which, as the OGPU remarked ... the religious question played 'a colossal role'" (p. 47).

[378] Stalin, "Problems of Agrarian Policy in the USSR," in Daniels, p. 179.

[379] Loc. cit.

[380] Quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 54. See also Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* pp. 120-21. This strategy would indeed eliminate the kulaks as a class, if class composition statistics were correct. But better safe than sorry. Maybe not five but ten percent of all peasant households might be kulaks! If one took their sympathizers and fellow travellers into account, perhaps the figure was as high as fifteen percent—the proportion targeted by grain procurement brigades in 1929 (Conquest, op. cit., p. 98).

[381] Buber, 90.

[382] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 128.

[383] Graziosi, p. 31.

[384] Fitzpatrick, p. 184.

[385] Ibid, p. 83. Conquest (*The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 126) computes an "understated" figure of 2.5 million deported by October 1931.

[386] Conquest, op. cit., pp. 127, 142. Graziosi writes that in 1932-33 close to 250,000 deported peasants perished. "In 1930-31 things had perhaps been worse, as the fate of children witnesses" (p. 51). Solzhenitsyn (vol. 3, pp. 358-63) tells some horrifying anecdotes of these exilings.

[387] This chapter, p. 179.

[388] In his "document in the form of a novel," Kuznetsov quotes the figure of seven million "victims of collectivization" (pp. 94-95).

[389] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 301. In *The Great Terror,* however, which is only peripherally concerned with these events, Conquest gives a figure of "not lower than six or seven million. The death toll among the peasantry over the whole period 1930 to 1933 is given in the Soviet literature as around 10 million" (p. 20). The discrepancy presumably results because here Conquest is not considering the *inadvertent* deaths which occurred before 1930, and the deaths incidental to dekulakization. Eleven million of the liquidations were carried out between 1930 and 1937—2.5 million through dekulakization and collectivization directly, the rest through famine. Graziosi, who sums up these events as "possibly the greatest peasant war in European history," arrives at the figure of "close to 15 million ... if we limit our count to those who lost their lives fighting in the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

conflict and in the repressions and famines," her timespan being defined as 1917-33. Solzhenitsyn (*Gulag Archipelago*, vol. 3, p. 350) uses the round figure of 15 million.

[390] Conquest, *The Great Terror*, p. 486. Bullock gives a range of forty to fifty victims (*Hitler and Stalin*, p. 969).

[391] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 334.

[392] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 1, p. 54.

[393] Soviet periodical *On the Agronomic Front*, 1930, quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 119.

[394] Quoted in Wesson, p. 142.

[395] Moral calculus, 1.2.3b. A variant of the Zealot's Golden Rule (loc. cit.): *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself.*

[396] For one such case, see Fitzpatrick, p. 38. For several others, see Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, pp. 135-36.

[397] Quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 137.

[398] Fitzpatrick, pp. 51-52.

[399] Ibid, p. 54.

[400] Ibid, p. 52.

[401] Wesson, p. 144.

[402] Fitzpatrick, p. 73,

[403] Buber, p. 14.

[404] Bullock makes this point in *Hitler and Stalin*, p. 970. The regime's kulak policy—indeed, its entire peasant policy—was not actually as much steadfastly rigorous as merely, in the words of one historian, "incoherent and sometimes self-contradictory" (Fitzpatrick, p. 239).

[405] Stalin himself once went so far as to call out at a conference on the issue that "a son does not answer for his father," and relatives of the dekulakized might hope to be judged on their own merits; but there were times when Stalin's merciful axiom was true and times when it wasn't; meanwhile, such a relationship was always something that an official or a personal enemy could hold over their heads.

[406] Arvo Tuominen, quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 288.

[407] Kuznetsov, p. 93.

[408] Graziosi, p. 52.

[409] Fitzpatrick, p. 234. There are said to have been forty thousand rebels in the Ukraine in 1930 (Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 155).

[410] Quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 75. That chord was sounded everywhere. On November 27, 1932, for instance, the Politboro of the Ukranian CCCP, complaining that grain procurement continued to decline, blamed "poor organization" and kulak sabotage. The criminals must be found out, tried, sentenced, and the sentences publicized (Daniels, p. 189). The suicide of Stalin's wife, which occured at this time, was motivated in part by unhappiness in her marriage, in part by horror at the deliberate mass starvation.

[411] Here is sarcastic Carlyle a century before, discoursing on one of the many famines of the French Revolution: "If grains are defective, the fault is not of Nature or National Assembly, but of Art and Antinational Intriguers" (vol. 1, p. 344). In 1932, this statement was literally true.

[412] Quoted in Bullock, p. 267.

[413] Peasant testimony quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 309. Kuznetsov describes how collectivization reduced his grandfather, a former peasant, "to a state of utter horror" (op. cit., p. 23).

[414] Bullock, p. 269. The same figure (twenty to twenty-five percent of the rural population) is found in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 249. Graziosi (p. 63) claims that the proper figure is seven million. Almost half of the eleven million deaths associated directly or indirectly with collectivization, expropriation and dekulakization occurred in the Ukraine. Graziosi writes that "in relative terms Kazakhstan—a non-Russian area anyway—suffered the most" (p. 65).

[415] Karpov, p. 59.

[416] This law was introduced in December 1932.

[417] Deutscher, p. 325 fn.

[418] Fitzpatrick, p. 183. "My sons are dreaming about Stalin," a Soviet mother wrote in her diary. "Boris dreamed that he came to visit us and had a friendly conversation with us. And the same day Zhenya dreamed that he was defending Stalin from an attack by a bandit. I wonder what these dreams mean?" (Garos et al, pp. 208-209; diary of Galina Vladimirovna Shtange, entry for December

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

24, 1937).

[419] And later Pol Pot.

[420] About "From each ... to each ..." Molotov remarked that "Marx argued, and Lenin confirmed, that the rights of man cannot exceed his economic potential... Revolutionaries must destroy what is bad and sacrifice themselves if necessary. Workers scrape by and receive their crusts of bread—what more can we demand of them? ... God grant that everyone conscientiously fulfill his norm" (Chuev, p. 203; "About the Constitution").

[421] Trotsky, *History,* p. 51.

[422] Trotski, p. 408.

[423] Both Stalin and Pol Pot, for the sake of controlling and directing the production of food, starved whole populations to death. Stalin must have believed that the collectives would increase the food supply in the end; Pol Pot perhaps reasoned that if almost everyone produced food there would be more food.

[424] Bullock, p. 290. As one of Stalin's foreign dupes explained in her wide-eyed criminological travelogue of 1932: "Every means was tried to convince the peasantry, by practical demonstrations, of the expedience of co-operative farming. It is recognized that many mistakes were made in this transition. Agricultural policy in general has gradually changed in the last few years, tending towards the collective unity of the peasants" (Koerber, p. 3. She explicitly exempted herself from studying the treatment of political offenders.). A member of a prison shockworkers' brigade told her, doubtless with his jailers in earshot: "I too was a kulak and now I see that it is right to take part in constructive socialism" (ibid, p. 33).

[425] If political equality alone were sufficient to insure an equality of the benefits which fortune may or may not confer, then a poverty-stricken idiot would be coeval with a millionaire genius. Cf. Rousseau, p. 223 ("Discourse on the Origin of Inequality").

[426] Levi, pp. 88, 80. His fellow Auschwitz survivor Tadeusz Borowski stated the same theme: "The second helping is for those who work better... Food must not be wasted on people who are about to go to the gas chamber" (op. cit., "A Day At Harmenz," p. 70).

[427] A Vietnamese dissident writes in one of her novels: "They study their Marxism-Leninism, and then come and pillage our vegetable gardens and rice fields with Marx's blessing. In the name of the class struggle, they seduce other men's women" (Duong, p. 133).

[428] Moral calculus, 6.0.10.

[429] Garros et al, p. 38 (entry for August 11, 1937). Throughout my citations from this compiler, I have decapitalized her anomalous "Collective Farm" and "Collectivization."

[430] *The Soviet Way of Life,* p. 76.

[431] Mao Zedong's doctor saw the same thing in Communist China, whose class methods he described as "this system of labeling children for the alleged crimes of their fathers, of perpetuating the stigma generation after generation and treating the offspring like criminals" (Li, p. 428).

[432] Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil,* p. 82, sec. 89.

[433] For Stalin's policy on the families of class enemies, see "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," below.

[434] Garros et al, pp. 305-06 (diary of Stepan Filippovich Podlubny, entry for December 19, 1938).

[435] Ibid. For slave-nostalgia, linked with complaints of freedman "cutpurses," see Raleigh, p. 227; *History of the World,* Book V, *ca.* 1616.

[436] Even Bakunin might have propagated this fallacy. To him the proletariat, by virtue of being exploited and forced to labor, was automatically moral and good, whereas among the middle category of artisans, for instance, "there is comparatively more well-being and accordingly more bourgeois smugness" (pp. 200-201). This kind of glib equation between material wealth and character sickens me.

[437] Garros et al, p. 116 (diary of Andrei Stepanovich Arzhilovsky, entry for October 31, 1936). For a case similar to Arkhipenkov's, see Solzhenitsyn, vol. 3, p. 366. Here an entire village had done too well for itself. The NKVD stripped them of everything and made them move farther into the wilderness to start over.

[438] Chuev, p. 248 ("That's Not the Long Term," 1970, 1972, 1978). The 400,000 fig-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ure would seem to correspond to the 381,000 households targeted (see above, this vol., p. 180).

[439] The Red Army falls back. Stalin orders the collective farms in the Ukraine evacuated: "Hand their grain reserves to the State organs for evacuation to the rear." We see cattle scattered on either side of the road; a peasant woman is trying to drive them across a bridge. We see the naked rafters of a barn silhouetted in flames. Stalin has ordered that all non-moveable property be destroyed (Karpov, p. 26. No photo credits are given in this book.) One peasant woman remembers taking in the harvest at the last minute before the Germans arrive. "But we got all the wheat out and then it was time to drive the cattle eastwards. We walked for almost three months... Four of our cows had calved and two women had given birth... We tried to give most of the milk to the wounded in the hospitals we passed along the road" (Anastasia Yeremenko, *The Trains Go Off to the East;* quoted ibid, p. 65). Other Ukrainians wonder: "What were they supposed to be fighting for ... — for the collective farms, for the prison camps at Kolyma, to go on being poor?" (Kuznetsov, p. 66). But the occupation proves to be even worse (Kuznetsov, pp. 223-24, quotes a peasant woman on this subject).

[440] Churchill, *The Hinge of Fate,* pp. 498-99. *The Great Soviet Encyclopedia* (vol. 13, p. 554), tells an equally pleasant fairy tale: Since they fought loyally against the Nazis, "the majority of former kulaks were drawn into socialist construction, reeducated, and transformed into fully equal citizens of Soviet society."

[441] Bullock, p. 285.

[442] *The Soviet Way of Life,* p. 31.

[443] Ibid, p. 78.

[444] But in 1990, with the Soviet Union on the rocks, Lithuanian peasants were quoted as saying, incredibly enough, that "we wept when they drove us into the kolkhoz in 1949, and now we will weep when they start driving us out of the kolkhoz" (Fitzpatrick, p. 320). People can get used to almost anything. Of course there had never been any doubt about Stalin's boundless humanitarianism; hence Prokofiev's ode, published on the General Secretary's sixtieth birthday: "On your lips the name of Stalin will protect from all harm" (quoted in Werth, p. 590).

[445] Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* pp. 340-42. It is only fair to grant that any revolution will most likely damage the means of production as a result of the violence through which it must get itself into power. In this respect also, the comparison between the Russian Revolution and its French predecessor holds (c.f. Tocqueville, *The Old Regime*, p. 174). But the excesses of the Jacobin Terror, awful though they were, were by no means as vicious or as long-lasting as their Soviet counterparts. In 1970 the conservative American sociologist Peter L. Berger offered this assessment: "the average Russian is better off economically and worse off in terms of political liberties than he was in, say, 1910 ...I see no possible moral calculus that would retroactively justify the nightmares of the 1920s and 1930s in terms of the Soviet gross national product of the 1960s..." (Berger and Neuhaus, p. 56).

[446] A history of Soviet collectivization would run far beyond our space and my powers. The reader is referred to the monographs of Conquest and Fitzpatrick, both frequently cited in this chapter.

[447] Eighty percent of the *kolkhozy* were reported as delaying payment for labor-days for one and a half to two years (Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 177). Kuznetsov writes that in the Ukraine a worker might receive nothing, or maybe one kopek, per labor-day (op. cit., pp. 25-26). The "Truth" kolkhoz allowed its carpenters to be paid wages—less a mere eighty percent commission (Fitzpatrick, p. 162).

[448] See Fitzpatrick, p. 129; Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* p. 152.

[449] Chuev, p. 418.

[450] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 3, p. 354; Fitzpatrick, p. 161.

[451] Kuznetsov, p. 65. As for the exiled kulaks, needless to add, Solzhenitsyn in his three-volume history of the Gulag concludes that life was not improving for them, either (vol. 3, p. 365).

[452] Fitzpatrick, p. 172. Throughout most of that decade, a peasant family could enroll one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of its members in a collective farm, and keep another independent. The kolkhozniks got the tax breaks and the larger home gardens; the independents got to keep their horses until they were squeezed out in 1937. Fitzpatrick informs us (p. 171) that in the late 1930s, a quarter of all the collective farmer households had one off-farm wage worker.

[453] Trotsky. See "Class Divisions in Russia, 1914."

[454] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 88 ("The Proletarian Revolution and the Renegade Kautsky," 1918).

[455] Fitzpatrick, p. 40.

[456] Stalin, quoted in Bullock, *Hitler and Stalin*, p. 258.

[457] Bullock, p. 263; Fitzpatrick, p. 53 (where this statistic is cited for late February; F. gives a fifty-seven percent figure for March 1; p. 63).

[458] Fitzpatrick, p. 63.

[459] Bullock, p. 263.

[460] Ibid, p. 267; Fitzpatrick, p. 153.

[461] Bullock, p. 263. Fitzpatrick, however, says that by the end of 1932 the figure was "more than 60 percent collectivized" (p. 62).

[462] Loc. cit.

[463] Fitzpatrick, pp. 110, 153.

[464] Fitzpatrick, p. 374, n. 22. I have calculated the percentages based on a population of 200 million.

[465] *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 31. The figures actually given were: non-agricultural jobs 78.4 percent, private farming jobs 0.03 percent, collective farming jobs 21.56 percent. I recalculated by excluding non-agricultural jobs and thereby setting the total for agricultural jobs at 100 percent rather than 21.6 percent.

[466] Fitzpatrick, p. 319.

[467] Ibid, p. 260. I have capitalized "party."

[468] Ibid, p. 239; pp. 83-84.

[469] "Collective farmers and individual farmers in cooperatives."

[470] In this category, non-industrial jobs (education, science, public health, trade, military, etc.) are sometimes separated out in the sources, sometimes not, so I have lumped them all together in this one broad category each time for consistency.

[471] See above, this chapter.

[472] Fitzpatrick, p. 319. Population figure from Dear and Foot, article on USSR.

[473] Barghoom, p. 49; Fitzpatrick, p. 319.

[474] Barghoom, p. 49.

[475] Ibid, p. 49.

[476] Ibid, p. 49; Fitzpatrick, p. 319.

[477] From here on, the rest of this line comes from *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 31.

[478] Fitzpatrick, p. 319.

[479] Ibid, p. 315. We cannot fairly lay all the blame for this at Stalin's door. When the Nazis retreated from the Ukraine, they stole or destroyed whatever they could. In a photograph, we see a line of kerchiefed women striding across a bare field which stretches all the way to the horizon. They are sowing from huge baskets; all the ploughs have been smashed by the enemy (Karpov, p. 74).

[480] Chanoff and Doan, p. 30 (testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

[481] Fitzpatrick, p. 218.

[482] Ibid, pp. 226-27.

[483] Ibid, p. 266.

[484] *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 33.

[485] Krushchev, p. 338.

[486] *The Soviet Way of Life*, pp. 94-95.

[487] Wilson proposed the following three optimal evolutionary goals for ants of the genus *Atta:* minimization of casualties during foraging (through the twin strategies of defense and evasion), minimization of foraging time, and "energetic efficiency" (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 335) Applied to collectivization we could state them thus: minimization of class-war and procurement casualties, optimization of agricultural productivity and optimization of distribution and consumption. By these criteria, the Stalinists did not do very well.

[488] Fitzpatrick (p. 111) compares the evolving class system under Stalin in the 1930s with feudal estates: collective farmers had different rights and responsibilities from the vanishing "independents," to say nothing of the proletariat or the official class.

[489] Garros et al, p. 228 (diary of Vladimir Petrovich Stavsky, entry for August 14, 1938).

[490] Recall again Comrade Zinoviev's prophecy:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"We must carry along with us 90 million out of the 100 million of Soviet Russia's inhabitants. As for the rest, we have nothing to say to them. They must be annihilated."

[491] Moral calculus, 5.1.2.1, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.

[492] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin,* pp. 156-57.

[493] Erich S. Gruen speaks of "a liberal policy of manumission" (p. 359). Other scholars agree. According to Sherwin-White (p. 322), "the freed slaves who on manumission regularly secured not only liberty but the status of citizens were a vastly more numerous group than the enfranchised externs of free birth," although the rules on manumission continually changed, especially after Caesar destroyed the Republic. "This enfranchisement of slaves was unique in the Graeco-Roman world."

[494] Viktor Kravchenko, *I Chose Freedom* (1946) pp. 91-92, as quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow,* pp. 147-48. Italics in original.

[495] Chanoff and Doan, p. 48 (testimony of Nguyen Van Hung, private, NVA).

[496] Ibid, p. 66 (testimony of Nguyen Ngoc Oanh).

[497] Lucan, p. 46 (III.152).

[498] Cheng, p. 64,

[499] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 24.

[500] Ibid, p. 69.

[501] Womack, p. 247.

[502] Quoted ibid, p. 265 (General Law on Municipal Liberties, September 15, 1916).

[503] Ibid, pp. 228-235.

[504] Alliluyeva, p. 22.

[505] After Rigby, quoted in Barghoom, p. 52.

[506] Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 892 (article on Lycurgus [2]). Richard J. A. Talbert describes his characterization as universal lawgiver as "fantastic" (*Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 3). For a similar stance, amplified, see Fitzhardinge, pp. 129, 150, 160.

[507] "From the second Messenian war to the end of the fifth century, there were two classes of Spartan citizens ..., tensions between which explain much Spartan history... On one side were the old landed gentry, established, competitive, and cosmospolitan; on the other the new rank-and-file hoplites, defensive, egalitarian and conformist" (Fitzhardinge, p. 157).

[508] Rousseau, p. 43 ("The Social Contract").

[509] Herodotus, p. 65 (Book One).

[510] Scholiast to Pindar, *Pythia* I 120 b; in Fornara, p. 4, item no. 2a.

[511] Athanaeus 14.36; in Fornara, p. 4, item no. 2c.

[512] Herodotus, p. 62.

[513] In the *Laws*. We've said that prestige alone becomes impotent to motivate people. What else, then, does Plato offer as a guarantee that his citizens will remain as mobilized as Castro's? —Fraternity, temperance and understanding of necessity, he replies, and there is something to this: No polity can endure without a widespread sense of civic duty, of mutual obligation and trust between the people and their representatives. This is Plato's own point—"a willing sovereign with willing subjects" (*Laws,* VIII.832c, p. 1398)—and Lidiya Ginzburg's, and Lincoln's. Certainly there have been states partaking of these qualities: Sparta, republican Rome (at least according to the nostaligic historiography of its imperial successor), revolutionary France in her first two or three years (until the Terror and the war and the hunger dragged down ecstatic improvisation), urban areas of the Soviet Union during the 1920s. Why? Because material wealth was either unavailable or else scorned; and the enthusiasm of the enfranchised for their great deeds in progress allowed—indeed, demanded—that temperance be deepened to the point of self-sacrifice. Sparta and Rome offered collective honor and prestige through martial action; conquest and international power loomed as the result. Revolutionary France and Russia gave their citizens the deliciousness of being nonpareils creating a new mode of social relations, fashioning something unheard of, susceptible to experiment and improvement, until heaven would be built. But what happened? All incendiaries get replaced by snowmen eventually. Sparta overreached herself militarily. Rome, France and the USSR decayed from within, developing class inequality through authority's praetorian self-defense while the privileged either

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lapsed into the very softness that Plato feared or else, evolving into repulsive extremists, as Robespierre did, met Thermidors and were compelled to give way to snowmen and chessmen—for instance, the Directory, soon to be undermined by that incendiary Napoleon; for instance likewise Kruschev (Stalin's Thermidor was his death by debatably natural causes, which came just in time to prevent a new purge). Enthusiasm cannot last. Order becomes habit; habit becomes corruption, which breeds factionalism, inequality and immiserization, which begets revolution. In the *Republic,* Plato himself admits this decay.

[514] Indeed, the Stalinist solution, which proved as impermanent as Lycurgus's, was to equalize society by assigning the kulaks to less than equal spheres of production—labor camps or empty taiga like Arkhipenkov's new home, where they stood a good chance of starving. Theoretically, compulsory labor could not last longer than one year (Koerber, p. 9). The maximum prison sentence was ten years. "Life sentences do not exist," she asserted (p. 10). Was she blind or was she cynical?

[515] Rightly comprehending greed and envy to be agents of inequality, Plato in his own utopia shuns gold, excludes luxuries and excessive comforts, on the grounds that these will weaken health, induce complacency and therefore undermine the capability for collective self-defense—again, all true, but where is the compensation? —In honor, for one thing, says he, being very fond of athletic contests and the like, those competitions which prepare the soldier for war, and which will in later ages encourage higher factory output and proudly be labeled as "socialist emulation." There is no doubt that prestige can be a valuable motivator, as we have seen in our survey of honor's lineaments. But prestige is, in essence, authority's promissory note, redeemable at some future time for some currency, be that the sexual favors granted to rock and roll stars, the bonus received by an employee of the month or the increased command authority, however precarious, of a Hero of the Soviet Union. Prestige alone is a signifier without a signified; it quickly goes stale.

[516] Strabo (8.5.5) also credits him with "arranging" the Spartan constitution; in Fornara, p. 5, item 2d.

[517] For a comparison between the governments of Crete and Sparta, see Aristotle, p. 91 (II.10).

[518] Plutarch, *Lives,* p. 90.

[519] What is meant here is the anarchic state of nature described by Hobbes, or perhaps certain acts of Old West lynching, Chinese and Cambodian Cultural Revolution violence, etcetera.

[520] Plutarch, *Lives,* p. 91.

[521] Loc. cit.

[522] According to Aristotle, there were at one time ten thousand Spartan citizens (p. 86; II.9)—a suspiciously convenient number, but never mind.

[523] Plutarch's English editor, Richard J. A. Talbert, is convinced that whatever redistribution occurred never reached such totalitarian levels (*Plutarch on Sparta,* pp. 184-5, note B).

[524] Fitzhardinge calls it "unusually well watered" and notes that the rainfall is twice as great as Athens's (p. 6). The soil is also good (p. 5).

[525] Plutarch, p. 93.

[526] Aristotle, p. 86 (II.9). He goes on to say that they refused to accept Lycurgus's constitution, and he finally gave up trying to make them do so.

[527] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 148 (Lycurgus).

[528] Loc. cit.

[529] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 6 (1.6).

[530] Indeed, a massive history of crime in Germany says straightforwardly: "In 1923, ... when the post-war inflation turned to hyperinflation, money lost its value, and theft of *goods* reached epidemic proportions" (Richard J. Evans, p. 524, italics mine).

[531] Plutarch, *Lives,* loc. cit.

[532] Plutarch, op. cit., p. 93.

[533] Fitzhardinge, p. 52, ch. 5, p. 101.

[534] Plutarch, pp. 93-94.

[535] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 172). Rousseau speaks of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"sublime" example of Lycurgus as expressing the general will (see below, "Defense Against Traitors") by preventing factions (op. cit., pp. 31-32; "The Social Contract"). In fact these mess associations would seem to me to be ideal hotbeds of factionalism,

[536] Plutarch, op. cit., p. 96.

[537] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 173).

[538] Plato, *Laws*, p. 1324 (V.739c); *Republic*, in same volume, p. 689 (V.449c).

[539] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 167). Plutarch tells a similar tale.

[540] Fitzhardinge, p. 100.

[541] Ibid, pp. 116-17, fig. 148 ("girl dancing; ornament from tripod").

[542] About whom see below, 'Defense of Homeland."

[543] "Sayings of Spartan Women," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 158 (Gorgo).

[544] Loc. cit.

[545] "Sayings of Spartan Women," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, pp 159-62 (Damatria; unnamed Spartan women no. 1, 3, 4, 5, 6, 19, 22).

[546] For more discussion of infanticide, see below, "Defense of Gender."

[547] Montesquieu concludes that Lycurgus, by blending theft with the spirit of justice ... gave stability to his city" (p. 16, IV.6).

[548] In one respect their position was not dissimilar to that of the women: pederasts might become boon companions by sharing and instructing the same boy (Blomberg, p. 98, who adds that in her view "homosexuality tends to be particularly prevalent in warrior communities"). It is unclear whether the young Spartan girls were raised according to a similar procedure.

[549] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 109 (Agesilaus). King Charillus, another Spartan, explained the case thus: "Because men of few words need only a few laws, too" (ibid, p. 157).

[550] Ibid, p. 113.

[551] Once the line broke, says Fitzhardinge (p. 125), "the men were exposed, hampered rather than helped by their heavy armour, and were an easy prey for the enemy—hence the great disparity in casualties between the two sides in most Greek battles." See above, "Defense of Honor."

[552] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 102. See also Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 169).

[553] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 173).

[554] Aristotle, p. 304 (VIII.4).

[555] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 241 (4.34).

[556] Fitzhardinge, p. 120.

[557] Ibid, p. 102, fig. 135 ("soldier in battle").

[558] Ibid, p. 104, fig. 136 ("soldier in parade dress, from Messenia").

[559] Life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 77.

[560] One of his successors, Zeuxidamus, explained that the laws remained unwritten "because it's better for them to get used to acts of bravery rather than to study written documents" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 137).

[561] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 103. This portrait bears some similarity to Caesar's description of the German barbarians in his *Gallic War*, p. 181 (IV.1). Always warlike, "they have no private or separate holding of land, nor are they allowed to abide longer than a year in one place for their habitation." See also p. 347 (VI.22).

[562] Delbrück, p. 287; Fitzhardinge, pp. 143, 147.

[563] Tyrtaeus F.4 West; in Fornara, p. 15, item no. 12c.

[564] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 103. This trope of family is frequently invoked among Spartan epigrams. Here, for instance, is King Agasicles, when asked how to rule citizens without a bodyguard: "By ruling them in the ways that fathers do their sons" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 109).

[565] Athaneus 4.631a, cited in Hanson, pp. 29-30.

[566] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 109 (Agesilaus).

[567] Fitzhardinge, p. 128.

[568] Tyrtaeus, Ff. 19 West; in Fornara, p. 15, item no. 12c.

[569] Strabo 6.3.2-3; in Fornara, p. 11, item no. 9a. However, just as Stalin pulled many of his fighters out of labor camps when he needed

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

them in World War II, the Spartans did on this occasion temporarily erase class distinctions out of self-preservation. We read in Theopompus that "after many Lacedaemonians had died in the Messenian War, those who remained were fearful that their lack of numbers would become evident to their enemies. They put some of the helots on each mattress of those who had died. Later they made them citizens but called them Epeunaktoi [bedfellows] because they had been set on the mattresses of the dead" (quoted in Athenaeus 6.101; in Fornara, p. 12, item 9b).

[570] Tyrtaeus Ff. 6-7, ll. 4 ff.; in Fornara, p. 15, item no. 12c.

[571] Plutarch, *Lives,* p. 110. Talbert, however, claims that the helots "are to be distinguished from slaves in that they continued to live in their own country, to have some family and community life (of which we know nothing), and to enjoy certain property rights" (*Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 7).

[572] Aristotle, p. 84 (II.9). When absolutely necessary, the Spartans do enfranchise them to fight, as was done under Brasidas in the Pelponnesian War. During the truce which followed the first ten years of strife, they freed their helot fighters entirely (Thucydides [Strassler], p. 321; 5.34). But, as a rule, how enfranchised can the helots really feel?

[573] Strabo 8.4.10; in Fornara, p. 14, item no. 12a.

[574] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 183).

[575] One commentator indeed argues that the reason Spartan society took on its particular form was precisely the fear of more Messenian revolts (Richard J. A. Talbert, in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 2).

[576] Garros et al, p. 375 (diary of Lyubov Vasilievna Shaporina, entry for October 24, 1939). North Vietnamese collective farms in the 1950s conveyed a similar feeling; cf. Chanoff and Doan, pp. 74-76 (testimony of Xuan Vu).

[577] Tyrtaeus Ff. 6-7, ll. 4 ff.; in Fornara, p. 15, item no. 12c.

[578] Athenaeus 14.17; in Fornara, p. 17, item no. 13. Talbert, citing the same passage, gives the source as Myron of Priene (*Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 186, note C).

[579] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 167). Plutarch tells another revealing story: Sparta's myriad allies are chafing under the leadership of a relatively few Spartans. King Agesilaus therefore gathers them all together, then tells the potters to stand up, the smiths, carpenters and the like. Finally almost none of the allies remain seated; but not a single Spartan has stood up, "since there was a ban on their practising or learning a manual craft. Then Agesilaus laughed and said: 'Do you see, gentlemen, how many more soldiers we send out than you?'" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta,* pp. 120-21: Agesilaus).

[580] The size of the world obviously being defined in terms of the technology available. Until the Greco-Persian wars, and then for some decades afterward, "worldwide" could have been defined as "throughout Hellas." It was only the rival city-states which threatened each other. Someday our "world" may include the entire solar system.

[581] Athens would have followed it if she could. Sparta's triumph, which reified her in popular imagination as military egalitarianism supreme, endured scarcely more than a century, from the victorious defeat at Thermopylae through the Peloponnesian War to the invasion of Laconia in 370 B.C. See Fitzhardinge, pp. 158-60.

[582] Richard J. A. Talbert, in *Plutarch on Sparta,* p. 6.

[583] On Stalin's collective farms, the kolkhozniks were not even allowed to share and share alike the little which they were allowed to keep. The Party deliberately eradicated the tendency in the early and mid 1930s for the collective farmers to engage in an equal division of income among all households, calling it "vulgar egalitarianism." Instead, they demanded that farmers be compensated on an individual basis for labor-days, which of course were computed at the rate most expedient for officialdom (Fitzpatrick, p. 139). Once again, the Communist slogan *From each according to his abilities, to each according to his needs* was being inverted to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

From each according to our quotas, to each according to his abilities—as defined by us. The people who actually did the fieldwork were usually credited with around twenty labor-days per month, whereas the kolkhoz chairman and his cronies always got the full thirty (ibid, p. 140). The chairman's day was valued at 1.75 to 2 labor-days, while the the rank and file's stood at 1.3 (ibid, p. 145).

[584] Fitzhardinge, p. 105.

[585] *Phaedo*, 82a, in Plato, p. 65.

[586] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 19 (document 1: excerpt from a transcript of the proceedings of the Assembly of Deputies of the Simbirsk Nobility, November 29 (Old Style), 1886.

[587] This grim image is taken from Talmon, *Origins of Totalitarian Democracy*, quoted in Edward Peters, pp. 126-27.

[588] "In his economic activity the muzhik [poor peasant] aims at becoming a kulak" (Lenin, vol. 1, p. 70; "The Heritage We Renounce," written in exile, 1897).

[589] Tuong Nang Tien, "Communism and Guigoz-Canism," in Huynh, p. 171.

[590] Kuznetsov, p. 25. One Soviet chauffeur said of his employer and his wife: "So what if they were originally workers? Shooting's too good for people like that... he crosses some dividing line, and he's like a pig with his whole mug covered in filth." —Garros, pp. 236 (diary of Vladimir Petrovich Stavsky, entry for September 14, 1938).

[591] Aristotle, p. 90 (II.9).

[592] The relationship between defense of class and defense of honor is, when both are succesful, a most excellent symbiosis: the more I spend to prove my prestige, the more prestige I will have; and if I use that prestige wisely and luckily I will get more to spend upon its maintenance. Just as often, however, the two quantities exist only as anatagonists in a death-struggle. About medieval France, Lever writes (p. 100): "In a society where social success depended largely on expenditure for prestige and show, bakruptcy was a constant danger. Generally it took two or three generations for a family to fall into ruin. In the case of the Sades it had taken only one, that of [the Marquis's father]."

[593] Piers, p. 48.

[594] Athenaeus 6.24; in Fornara, p. 193, item no. 167. Plutarch says much the same at the beginning of his life of Agis (*Plutarch on Sparta*, pp. 55-57).

[595] Aristotle, p. 88 (II.9). Xenophon paints a similar picture ("Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 183).

[596] Alcman; quoted in Fitzhardinge, p. 132.

[597] Aristotle, p. 86 (II.9).

[598] "With regard to equality, we must not understand by this word that the degrees of power and wealth should be absolutely the same; but that, as to power, it should fall short of all violence, and never be exercised except by virtue of station and the laws; while, as to wealth, no citizen should be rich enough to be able to buy another, and none poor enough to be forced to sell himself" (Rousseau, p. 55; "The Social Contract").

[599] Aristotle, p. 288 (VII.14).

[600] "Life of Agis," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, pp. 68-70.

[601] Marx, op. cit., p. 92 ("Manifesto of the Communist Party,"pt. II).

[602] The peasant class had to be reactionary because it fought against the bourgeoisie not to overthrow it but to save itself "as fractions of the middle class." —Marx, op. cit., p. 89 ("Manifesto of the Communist Party,"pt. I).

[603] Marx, *Selected Writings*, pp. 52-53.

[604] Moral calculus, 5.2.B.1-2, 6.2.B.1-3.

[605] Again, this is redundant. It would be true of any justification. It also overlaps with Rule No. 6. But it seems worth stating explicitly because the most widespread injustice of a class system is when it does just this.

[606] I thought that this rule would not be redundant, since it differs from being the exact negation of Rule No. 5 in the list of justifications.

[607] Bakunin once wrote that Christianity, "wholly consoling as it may have seemed to the unfortunate, was too revolting, too absurd from the standpoint of human reason, ever to have been accepted by enlightened men" (*God and the State*, p. 75). Our devout countess surely feels that way about Bolshevism. Bolsheviks regard her charity in a similar light.

[608] In his analysis of just and unjust wars (see

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

below, "Defense of War Aims"), Michael Walzer writes in an international context that "the mere augmentation of power ... cannot be a warrant for war or even the beginning of a war" (p. 79). By the same token, the mere augmentation—or even possession—of power, or resources, or anything more than one's neighbor has, is not in and of itself justification for class war—or is it? If not, then no revolution is ever justified—an argument, incidentally, which Walzer happens to make (p. 72), although he later qualifies it.

[609] Probably she felt what H. G. Wells imagines that rich Jews would have felt when they heard of Christ's doctrines: "a horror of strange things, a swimming of the world at his teaching" (vol. 1, p. 449).

[610] Lever, p. 491. Nineteen centuries before our countess, Sallust had written of "rebellious slaves whose nature had turned them into allies" (Yavetz, p. 88, Book 3, Fragment 98). He was referring to Spartacus's invading slave-army, which consisted of thieves, rapists, plunderers and executioners—in other words, revolutionaries; they all turned upon their Roman masters. Other forces operating equally, the have-nots will make friends with one another, form associations. Now the have-nots have risen up against the countess.

[611] Fitzpatrick, p. 56.

[612] Moynahan, pp. 107-08 (sources: Slava Katamidze Collection and State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, St. Petersburg).

[613] Loc. cit.

[614] Gorki, "V. I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile,* p. 41. Lashing out at Karl Heinzen, who'd wondered (as well one might) why "humanity" can't sometimes be determined by another criterion than "class," Karl Marx reminds us that "shortly after the July Revolution, the victorious bourgeoisie, in its September laws, made 'the incitement of class against class,' probably also out of 'humanity,' a criminal offense, to which imprisonment and fines were attached." Marx rests his case (*Selected Writings,* pp. 216-17; "Moralizing Criticism and Critical Morality," 1847).

[615] Nor was he the only beneficiary of the redistribution process. It is so easy to consider only the immense harm which Stalin and his cadres inflicted upon the Soviet people that one forgets the successes. Consider the case of Katya Sorokina, "an ignorant uneducated woman," as another laborer described her, who walked all the way from Saratov Province to Moscow during the years of famine. She threw her icon of Saint Nicholas into the river, joined the Party, "and then they sent this Katya to the Party School and after she graduated our Katya got appointed director of a big Factory in the Urals" (Garros et al, pp. 92-93; diary of Fyodor Efimovich Shirnov, entry for 1936).

[616] The ants too have their shock workers, who are "much more active than others in the pursuit of a multiplicity of tasks" (Hölldobler and Wilson, p. 341).

[617] Garros et al, pp. 276-77 (diary of Leonid Alkesyevich Potyomkin, entry for July 31, 1935).

[618] Marx, *Capital,* p. 836 (Dr. Hunter's report, in *Public Health, Seventh Report,* 1864). Five centuries before that friend of clay-eaters named Christ, the Pseudo-Xenophon (1.10; in Fornara, p. 115, item no. 107) explains the "local peculiarity," thanks to the difficulty of telling masters and slaves apart by appearance, which affords lower orders abnormal license. "There it is neither possible to strike them nor will they get out of the way," because one might be striking a master by mistake. The countess remains but a local peculiarity, however advantageous to clay-eaters, not a substitute for general equity.

[619] Garros et al, loc. cit.

[620] Matthew 13:12. See also Matthew 25:14-30, the parable of the master and his servants.

[621] One labor camp inmate recalls a woman who "was a danger to the rest of us; because she could do the quota so easily the inspector used her example to raise the quota for the rest" (Buber, p. 89). As for peasants on the collective farms in those first years of resistance, they worked slowly and carelessly; they celebrated pre- and post-revolutionary holidays, even at the height of the summer season; they set fires; they menaced or even murdered the shock workers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[622] Quoted in Fitzpatrick, p. 277.
[623] Garros et al, p. 260 (diary of Leonid Alekseyevich Potyomkin, entry for January 26, 1935).
[624] I'm thinking of the Röhm purge.
[625] See Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 187; Conquest, *the Great Terror*, pp. 36-43.
[626] Alliluyeva, p. 150.
[627] Ibid, p. 317 (diary of Stepan Filippovich Podlubny, entry for December 25, 1937).
[628] Alliluyeva, p. 135.
[629] Conquest, *The Great Terror*, p. 485.
[630] There did remain some dekulakized peasants whom back in 1935, when the clay eater was rhapsodizing over the movie *Kirov*, Stalin had tentatively permitted to return to their villages of origin and even to enter the collective farms. So, in the summer of 1937, when the last major bandit attacks against the collective farms wound down, Stalin issued one of his customary secret orders: the returned deviants were to be gathered in. In this comparatively minor affair, a mere seven percent of his million victims for that year, which is to say seventy thousand people, were shot without trial, and 186,500 more received deportation sentences (Fitzpatrick, p. 202). How many were kulaks? Certainly not all; for Stalin wouldn't have wanted to omit the churchmen, even though he chuckled when his ancient mother kept telling him, "What a pity you never became a priest" (Alliluyeva, pp. 164-65). Nor did he leave out the members of other political parties since disbanded by Soviet power, and perhaps even some recidivist common criminals. Kirov's liquidation did not set all this in motion, but it was certainly one of Stalin's main excuses. Hence the movie *Kirov*, which our new shock worker swallowed as he had once done blue clay.
[631] Moynahan, p. 170 (source: State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, St. Petersburg).
[632] Garros et al, pp. 256 (diary of Leonid Alkesyevich Potyomkin, entry for December 6, 1934).
[633] Ibid, p. 273 (Potyomkin, entry for March 24, 1935).
[634] Garros et al, p. 140 (diary of Andrei Stepanovich Arzhilovsky, entry for February 1, 1937).
[635] When I visited the domain of the Opium King in 1994 (see below, "But What Are We to DO?"), one of his lieutenants told me: "I used to be Mao's follower... I actually once tried to set up a Communist Party in Shan State. But China and Russia didn't recognize any separate Shan Communist Party. And even our people didn't like to have it. And the third thing was, more practically, the Burmese Communist Party's misguided policies. They forced us to accept that Shan State is part of Burma. And they wanted us to join the class struggle, which means separation of people against each other in the same society. But we have to deal with the foreign oppressors first, before we can deal with our own oppressors. As Mao said to Edgar Snow, our ultimate aim is socialism, but our country is in other hands, so we must take our country back first."
[636] Garros et al, p. 267 (Potyomkin entry for March 24, 1935).
[637] Ibid, pp. 269-70 (entry for March 25, 1935).
[638] Ibid, p. 274.
[639] Ibid, pp. 282-83 (entry for early 1936).
[640] Ibid, pp. 276-77 (entry for July 31, 1935).
[641] Ibid, p. 265 (entry for March 6, 1935).
[642] Ibid, p. 256 (entry for December 6, 1934).
[643] Ibid, p. 270 (entry for March 25, 1935).
[644] Ibid, p. 267 (diary of Leonid Alekseyevich Potyomkin, entry for March 24, 1935).
[645] Actually quoted by Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 13.
[646] Quoted in Geoffrey Parker, p. 222.
[647] Nietzsche, *Beyond Good and Evil*, p. 201, sec. 257.
[648] Hitler, p. 443.
[649] Aristotle, p. 274 (Bk. VII, ch. 10, sec. 9).
[650] Chandler, Kiernan and Boua, p. 14 ("Excerpted Report on the Leading Views of the Comrade Representing the Party Organization at a Zone Assembly," June 1976). According to Kiernan, this speaker was probably Pol Pot.
[651] Pseudo-Xenophon, 1.10; in Fornara, p. 115, item no. 107.
[652] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 321 (defense of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

King Deiotarus).
[633] *Laws*, III.690b, p. 1285.
[634] *Laws*, IX.868b-c, p. 1428
[635] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 141, no. 15.
[636] Pritchard, vol. 2, p. 34 ("Laws from Mesopotamia"). Ur-Nammu reigned 2112-2095 B.C
[637] Edward Peters, p. 226 (Code of Justinian, Book 9, Title 41).
[638] *Plato: The Collected Dialogues*, p. 676 ("Republic," Bk. IV, 434.b).
[639] Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche, p. 23 (letter of April 21, 1770; my trans.).
[640] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 196.
[641] N. to Roderer; quoted in Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, p. 135. Another version: "Society is impossible without inequality, inequality intolerable without a code of morality, and a code of morality unacceptable without religion" (quoted in Vigny, p. 181, trans. note. no. 29).
[642] Stanton, p. 46 (Solon, fragment 13).
[643] Murdoch, p. 99 ("Helmbrecht—Father and Son").
[644] Yavetz, p. 21 ("The Sicilian Slave Revolt of 136-132 B.C.,", para. 33).
[645] Northrup, p. 111.
[646] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 407 ("On Mercy," I.XVIII.1).
[647] Zorita, p. 93.
[648] *Laws*, V.729a, p. 1316.
[649] Gandhi, p. 184 ("Vykom Satyagraha," *Young India*, January 5, 1924).
[650] Lewes, p. 205.
[651] Brown to his family (copy), from Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., November 8, 1859 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[652] Womack, p. 406 (Appendix C, "The Agrarian Law," sec. 4).
[653] Hobbes, p. 385 (pt. II, ch. 30: "Of the Office of the Soveraign Representative").
[654] London, p. 1,160 ("Revolution").
[655] *Karl Marx on Revolution*, p. 81 ("Manifesto of the Communist Party," sec. 1).
[656] Garros, p. 283 (diary of Leonid Alekseyevich Potyomkin, entry for 1936).
[657] Robinson, p. 506 (The Sentences of Sextus).
[658] Krushchev, p. 309.
[659] Luke 6:21,24.
[660] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 11, Chap. I, Article 22*ter*, no. 1 (my trans.).
[661] Burke, p. 138.
[662] Stanton, p. 46 (Solon, fragment 13).
[663] Interview by author, May 1997. Monsignor Alpert and his aims and achievements are more fully described below in "Dey Bring Dem Bloodstain Up Here."
[664] Franklin, p. 1,082 (letter to Robert Morris, Passy, December 25, 1783).
[665] Womack, pp. 402-403 (Appendix B, "The Plan de Ayala," secs. 7-8).
[666] King, last report to SCLC, abr., 1967, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 20.
[667] London, p. 1,121 ("The Scab").
[668] Marx, *Capital*, vol. 1, pp. 929-930.
[669] Viktor Kravchenko, *I Chose Freedom* (1946) pp. 91-92, as quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, pp. 147-48.

DEFENSE OF AUTHORITY

[1] *T'ai Kung's Six Secret Teachings*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 41.
[2] *Histore d'un crime: déposition d'un témoin* (Paris, 1877); quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 90.
[3] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 3.
[4] Graziosi writes that "the Whites were second to none, and often led the game" (p. 26).
[5] See, for instance, Moynahan, pp. 91, 83.
[6] Photographs by Robert Capa (Trotsky lecturing to Danish students on the Russian Revolution, 1932); frontis to Capa book.
[7] See above, "Defense of Class."
[8] To anticipate a little, we will consider Lincoln's defense of preexisting authority and Trotsky's defense of revolutionary authority. For defense of revolution itself, see the chapter of that title, below, where we will study Robespierre.
[9] Moral calculus, 5.1.1-3.
[10] See above, vol 1, "Where Do My Rights End?" and "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[11] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 222 (first inaugaral address, March 4, 1861).
[12] Ibid, p. 624 (speech to the 166th Ohio Regiment, Washington, D.C., August 22, 1864).
[13] These phases are laid out in detail in "Self-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Defense of the Revolution," below.

[14] Trotsky, *My Life*, pp. 407-08.

[15] "The root of all evil is the State" (Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 331; from "The Kingdom of God").

[16] We can push the analogy all the way into the realm of truth. I remember reading a postrevolutionary Vietnamese short story, supposedly based on an actual case, about a prostitute who after the North Vietnamese victory was sent to a miserable reeducation camp for years, then rehabilitated and required to entertain a visiting Cuban diplomat.

[17] Most bitterly, Solzehnitsyn quotes Lenin on the need to purge the USSR of "harmful insects." That category was large. "And all those Tolstoyans who, when they undertook to serve the Soviet government on, for example, the railroads, refused to sign the required oath to defend the Soviet government with *gun* in hand thereby showed themselves to be insects too. (We will later see some of them on trial)" (*Gulag*, vol. 1, p. 28).

[18] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 208 ("Thou Shalt Not Kill: On the Death of King Humbert").

[19] Tolstoy, op. cit., p. 37 ("Notes for Officers").

[20] Ibn Hudhayl al-Anadalusi, *Kitab Tuhfat al-anfus wa shi'ar sukkan al-Andalus* (fourteenth century), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 410.

[21] *The Methods of the Ssu-ma*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 126.

[22] See below, "But What Are We to Do?"

[23] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[24] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 301 ("Fragments on Government," *ca.* 1854). The U.N.'s version is: "A social and political order must be established in which the individual is the means and the end; in other words, a society which does not base its values on its level of well-being but also on its capacity to create justice and human growth" (UNICRI, p. vii, address by Nicola Mancino, Minister of the Interior, Italy)

[25] The nineteenth-century French racist Gobineau offers the following list of bad governments (pp. 20-21), which I append here for comparison's sake:

1. Established by a foreign power. *Falls under the rubric of my {1}, {2}, and {5}.*

2. Based on conquest of or by others. *This is true, and we will consider it in another place, but of course an imperialist power, even a genocidal one, may be very just to its own citizens who benefit from its aggression (see my brief discussion of Frantz Fanon, below, "Self-Defense of Authority").*

3. Unfaithful to its founding principles. (The example that Gobineau gives here is the Spanish monarchy, "based on the military spirit and the idea of social freedom; towards the end of Philip II's reign it forgot its origin and began to degenerate.") Irrelevant, I would say. *After the American Revolution, the U.S.A. was unfaithful to its monarchical founding principles, but its citizens never complain about that.*

4. Allows or causes classs antagonism. *All my six points above apply; I will address this issue specifically in "Defense of Class," below.*

[26] This sixth question is particularly important, since, as we have seen, one raison d'être of the state is to provide security.

[27] "No State however despotic has the right to enact laws which are repugnant to the whole body of the people." (Gandhi, p. 7, statement to the Hunter Committee, 1920). "When the people have faith in the Government, when it represents the popular will, the judges and the executive officials *possibly* serve the country. But when that Government does not support the will of the people, when it supports dishonesty and terrorism, the judges and the executive officials by retaining office become instruments of dishonesty and terrorism" (p. 120, "At the Call of the Country," *Young India*, July 21, 1920).

[28] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[29] Lee, p. 93.

[30] Above, this vol., p. 128 ("Class Divisions in Wendaké").

[31] Trigger, op. cit., p. 58.

[32] As always, the Ik people take a path of their own, too hungry, listless and atomized to bother employing gang violence; it is sufficient for them to laugh while snatching food from a dying relative's mouth.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[33] Rudé, *Robespierre,* p. 102. For a portrait of Robespierre, see below, "Defense Against Traitors."

[34] Wolfe, pp. 345, 348 ("The Child by Tiger").

[35] Klasner, pp. 214-15.

[36] Ibid, p. 203. Decades after Klasner's girlhood, vigilantism was still alive in America, and often with excellent results, as in the case of the Guardian Angels organization (profiled below, "You Gotta Be a Hundred Percent Right"). The scholar of police abuse, Paul Chevigny, writes (op. cit., pp. 18-19) that "Americans have never quite ceded a monopoly of legitimate force to the government... Vigilantism was accepted as informal social control ... until almost yesterday," and American police have been thought of as "delegated vigilantes." Sometimes authority itself adopted vigilantes' rhetoric, as when the chief police detective of Chicago, gearing up to fight Al Capone's crime wave, explains that "we have got to show that society, and the Police Department, and not a bunch of dirt rats, are running this town. It is the wish of the people of Chicago that you hunt these criminals down and kill them without mercy" (William O'Connor to his police volunteers, 1926; quoted in Ellis, p. 156).

[37] UNICRI, p. 358 (Joseph Masanche, "Crime Prevention and Control in Tanzania").

[38] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus,* vol. 1, p 275 (IV.3).

[39] We read in Plutarch that Cicero kept a circle of thuggish guards, who on one occasion almost murdered the young Julius Caesar (*Lives,* p. 639). (This anecdote, however, our historian hesitates to fully credit.) In medieval Europe, people who lacked the means to hire such mercenary organizations banded together under leaders instead, to fulfill the same twin purposes of collective security and enforcement of self-defensive right. The eighth century in Europe, says Wells (vol. 1, pp. 533-34), "was a time of confusion, of brigandage, of crimes unpunished... In a modern breakdown there would probably be the formation of local vigilance societies, which would combine and restore a police administration and a roughly democratic rule. But in the broken-down Western Empire ... the lonely man chose the most powerful and active person in the district and became *his* man."

[40] Erich S. Gruen (p. 224) offers the hypothesis (from which he then slightly distances himself) that violence "lay deep in Roman character, traceable to the ealiest history of the Republic: the use of private force was based on a fundamental principle of self-help," like vigilantism. I would rather put it that violence, just and unjust, will *always* take its course; we can dig a legal channel for that bloody river, or we can let it flow where it will. If channeling it constitutes a social good, then defending the channel, if necessary with violence, is certainly justified against those who seek to dynamite it. (If, of course, the revolutionaries actually seek to dig a different channel, then the good or bad of each side's self-defense must be a matter of opinion.)

[41] Lee, p. 145.

[42] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[43] Kakar, p. 61.

[44] Thibault, p. 10.

[45] Lefebvre, *The French Revolution,* p. 134.

[46] Hitler, p. 77.

[47] Quoted in Startsev, p. 55. The revolutionary temperament demands unlimited authority. Hence even that rather attractive revolutionary, Rosa Luxemburg, who opined that "the ultra-centralism asked by Lenin is full of the sterile spirit of the overseer" (Luxemburg, "Leninism or Marxism?", p. 94), and hence opposed Lenin's suppression of the Constitutional Assembly, fortunately, and the assault upon universal suffrage, still opposed the right to national self-determination! The Bolsheviks had offered many of the subject peoples of the former Russian Empire the opportunity to join them or leave them as they wished (a gift which Stalin was in due time to rescind). Luxemburg's pen spat contemptuous ink on this giveaway: "Indeed, it can be taken as an unbreakable rule in these matters of plebescites on the national question that the ruling class will either know how to prevent them where it doesn't suit their purpose, or where they somehow occur, will know how to influence their results by

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

all sorts of means, big and little, the same means which make it impossible to introduce socialism by a popular vote" ("The Russian Revoluton," p. 51). This may well be true. In any event, it leaves no room for parliamentarism's consensus authority to prove itself.

[48] A more ancient example: Julian the Apostate reimposes paganism upon the Roman Empire, in part because the violent disputations of Christian divines have convinced him, like Lenin, of the folly of "talking shops" (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 344). Some people (the Christians) are unhappy, but Julian remains very certain that he is doing right—not least, because he is a pagan.

[49] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.4.

[50] Hitler, p. 449.

[51] Watt, p. 34.

[52] Wolfe, p. 620 ("The Spanish Letter").

[53] Ibid, p. 621.

[54] Tolstoy, *War and Peace*, p. 1,121.

[55] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, p. xix.

[56] Above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

[57] Ibid; moral calculus, caveat to 5.1.2.B.

[58] Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, p. 141. Lincoln for his part says: "Our government rests in public opinion. Whoever can change public opinion, can change the government, practically just so much" (Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 386, portion of speech at Republican banquet in Chicago, Illinois, December 10, 1856).

[59] Hitler, p. 518. It is unclear whether he believes that these three quantities, which bear no connection whatsoever with philosophical as opposed to received morality, actually legitimize authority or merely nourish it with the milk of expediency. Gibbon for his part merely proposes: "The favour of the sovereign may confer power, but ... the esteem of the people can alone bestow authority" (vol. 1, p. 100). He is speaking of *delegated* authority, and never addresses the structural means by which the sovereign himself may wield legitimate authority, or not. Elsewhere he admits, like Hitler, that "those who refuse the sword must renounce the sceptre" (p. 130).

[60] Bohrmann, p. 374, item no. 278 (my translation). The note on p. 643 identifies this item as "Parole der Woche 1942 Nr. 27 (1.-7.7.)," in other words, the "Word of the Week" for the first week of July.

[61] Appian, pp. 11, 13 (*The Civil Wars*, I.5).

[62] Procopius, for instance, complains in the same breath of the Emperor Justinian's extortions, liquidations, and innovations: "to put all in a word, this man was an arch-destroyer of well-established institutions" (p. 75; vi.21-22).

[63] Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 410.

[64] Moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 8.

[65] Ibid, p. 171 (xiv.8).

[66] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[67] Luther, p. 116 ("Commentary on Galatians").

[68] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[69] Inserted into the moral calculus (5.2.C.1, definition). Long before the revolution, the not yet celebrated Madame Roland (op. cit., p. 42) had expressed this sentiment charmingly to her childhood friend Sophie: "The best governments are those which attach the greatest recompense to actions performed for the public good" (letter of Wednesday, February 22, 1774, my translation).

[70] In the previous chapter I touched upon the easy abuses available to critics who employ the denunciation of false consciousness. Here we will consider the concept's validity.

[71] Suetonius, vol. III, p. 331 ("The Deified Titus," VIII.VIII). Cf. Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p 237.

[72] Loc. cit.

[73] Ibid, p. 333 (VIII.VIII).

[74] Ibid, p. 321 (VIII.I).

[75] Ibid, p. 329 (VIII.VI).

[76] Northup, p. 69.

[77] Also mentioned in Northrup.

[78] This particular clause disturbs me more than anything else that Fanon says, because it attacks not the abuses and atrocities committed by a bad authority, or the alienation experienced by those impelled to rise up against authority, but the very harmony which exists between a successfully functioning authority (good or bad) and those who are contented under it. It is the exact antithesis of the sentiment expressed by Wernher de Gartenaere in the first continuum of defense of class. Were Fanon able to produce a successful rev-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

olution in Algeria, and thereby build a good society, I am sure that he, too, would want to reward faithful companions, servants and agents. When General Junot, who'd devoted himself to Napoleon, chose a wife who was not to Napoleon's wishes, his master finally said good-humoredly, "You have, however, cut me off from the power of even remonstrating against this rash act, by the confidence you have just reposed in me... I give you 100,000 franc for your bride's portion, and 40,000 for her wedding clothes" (Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 247). Junot, and his bride, and Napoleon's admirers generally, and even those without strong feelings one way or the other, would say that Napoleon did a good thing. A Marxist (Fanon) might reply that Junot was by this act of generosity further compromised and locked into place as the tool of an imperialist system. Both of course are right; and yet without being in any sense a devotee of Napoleon I have to say that I fall into the former camp. Whether or not Napoleon's act advanced his evil hegemony, it was not evil in and of itself; nor does Fanon's denunciation make it so. Let us agree to call evil only what is directly evil, and be careful about the rest.

[79] Fanon, op. cit, p. 39. (For a concurring anarchist view, cf. Bookchin, pp. 30-31.) Fanon goes on in this passage to claim that capitalist societies are simply the soft version of colonial societies; in the latter, the underclass is "'persuaded' with napalm." There is a great deal of truth in Fanon's argument. One who receives a reward at the hands of authority will be inclined to believe not only that he deserves that reward but that the authority is benign, because it has proven itself so to him. But the possibility always exists that he is but a random recipient of authority's cynically predetermined quota of "gingerbread and whippings" (Hitler's characterization of the policy of his quisling Seyss-Inquart). Here is Napoleon's meditation on the situation of his predecessor, Louis XVI: "That unfortunate prince was good, wise and learned. At another period he would have been an excellent king, but he was worth nothing in a time of revolution... In his place I would have mounted my horse, and, with a few concessions on one side, and a few cracks of my whip on the other, I would have reduced things to order" (Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 278 [Méneval, "Napoleon Observed"]). Anyone who, having heard of this remark, then received either concessions or whipcracks might be less than impressed. This is the principle of operant conditioning, with occasional negative reinforcement added.

[80] See the chapter "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below.

[81] Louis XVI's unfortunate minister Necker, quoted in Marcel Gauchet, article on Necker, in Furet and Ozouf, p. 292.

[82] Merleau-Ponty, p. 1.

[83] For discussion of proportionality, see the moral calculus, 5.1.2.1, 5.1.7, 5.2.F, and below, "Defense of War Aims."

[84] Marx and Engels, of course, reiterated this. Engels wrote that it would take place when the existence of classes became a hindrance to production. Then class must disappear, which would leave the state no reason to exist—for to Engels the function of the state is to control and direct production in the light of class antagonisms ("The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" [extract], in O'toole and Schiffman, p. 26).

[85] Merleau-Ponty, p. 28. But Djilas, who saw far more of coercion that Merleau-Ponty, lost hope even of this final day: "human struggles would acquire the aspects of ultimate bitterness only when all men came to be subject to the same social system, for the system would be untenable as such and various sects would undertake the reckless destruction of the human race for the sake of its greater 'happiness'" (*Conversations with Stalin*, p. 50).

[86] According to Aristotle, "those who are responsible for the exercise of power ... it is they who cause the disturbance that leads to a revolution. They may do so indirectly, as when the rest, jealous of their power, begin a revolution, but also directly, when they themselves are so superior that they are no longer content to remain on terms of equality with the rest" (p. 199). This is certainly what happened in the Soviet Union, and if there is any way whatsoever to prove that the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Bolsheviks were wrong, one can point to the Soviet Union's collapse as evidence that the revolutionary project was misguided. But this does not prove anything. A good Bolshevik would say that this proves only that errors were made, or that the time wasn't yet ripe—which is what most of his colleagues told Lenin in 1917 when, not content with the fall of the Romanov dynasty, he sought to bypass a liberal-bourgeois stage and proceed directly to communism.

[87] In other words, revolutionaries need not always follow the Golden Rule, because incumbent authority with its presumably greater consensus (or at least superior organization) and its slower tempo may well be able to defend and maintain itself by means of less violence than revolutionary authority. The coolly amoral Sun-tzu confined himself to observing, without commenting on the right or the wrong of it, that an authority which handed out many rewards or many punishments must be in trouble. Revolutionary authority, of course, must face a great deal of trouble until it is fully consolidated. Be that as it may, it is a shame that Lenin's vanguard paid no attention to those remarks and especially to the one following: "One who is at first excessively brutal and then fears the masses is the pinnacle of stupidity" (p. 209).

[88] Defined in "Defense of War Aims," below. See also the moral calculus, 5.2.F. definition, 5.2.F.1.

[89] This definition of legitimate revolutionary authority appears in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.

[90] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 316.

[91] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 411. Robert V. Daniels (op. cit., p. 95) calls him "the earliest articulate exponent of the all-embracing totalitarian approach to economic development which Stalin made his own in 1929."

[92] Col. James "Bo" Gritz, ret., (the subject himself of a profile in this book) was asked his opinion of this and replied: "'T' probably lost good and innocent patriots by punishing every 10th man—officers have authority (to order a retreat); let them take responsibility—not their troops" (personal letter of January 23, 1995).

[93] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 1, p. 410. Throughout his long historical essay Solzhenitsyn contrasts the severity of the Soviet police apparatus, or Organs, with the relative leniency of its Tsarist counterpart; and he particularly likes to show how well off Lenin, Trotsky, Dzherzhinsky, et al were as prisoners of the old regime, in comparison to their own prisoners. This is quite simply damning.

[94] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 250 (message to Congress in special session, July 4, 1861).

[95] A common situation in regimes of religious or revolutionary zealotry, for instance North Korea in the 1990s: " ...as soon as a cabinet minister loses his job, his status plummets to that of the lowest class. Because he had no opportunity to gain wealth, his financial status plummets to the bottom also." —Do Heung-yul, "North Korea: Teetering on the Edge?", in *Monthly Saemulgyol*, July 1996, reprinted in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 4, p. 53.

[96] For a moving description of how the two sides treated each other, the reader is referred to Sholokov's masterpiece *Quiet Flows the Don* (1940). Sholokov was a Don Cossack who lived through many of the events about which he writes. Some of the battle scenes are superior to those in *War and Peace*.

[97] Moynahan, p. 91. The source of this photograph is evidently a private collection.

[98] *My Life*, p. 477.

[99] Ibid, p. 132.

[100] McNeil, p. 49.

[101] Ibid, p. 71.

[102] Ibid, p. 56.

[103] *My Life*, pp. 132-33.

[104] Ibid, p. 124. Italics mine.

[105] Merleau-Ponty, p. 33.

[106] Trotsky, *The Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, pp. 460-61.

[107] The first Congress after the October Revolution had "only three questions: end the war, give the land to the people, establish a socialist dictatorship" (ibid, vol. 3, p. 323). In the previous chapter ("Defense of Class"), we saw how complex and problematic the second goal was. The endlessness of the third is evident.

[108] Mandel, pp. 128-29.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[109] Tolstoy, op. cit., pp. 255-56 ("Nikolai Palkin").
[110] Trotski, p. 276.
[111] Pipes, p. 61.
[112] *The Unknown Lenin,* p. 56 (document 28: memorandum to N. N. Krestinsky, September 3 or 4, 1918 [dated provisionally by editor]). For the fate of Krestinsky, see below, "Moral Yellowness."
[113] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 412.
[114] Richard Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* p. 52.
[115] According to Delbrück, decimation was a fairly standard punishment in the Roman legions (p. 289). Plutarch tells in his life of Crassus how that general put to death one out of every ten of his legionnaires who'd fled the battle with Spartacus (op. cit., p. 486; cf. Appian, vol. III, pp. 219-223; *The Civil Wars,* I.XIV.118-120). We read that during the African campaign of Caesar's civil war with Pompey, King Juba crucified his deserters (Caesar, p. 246; *The African War,* written by another hand). At Placentia, Caesar decimated 120 ringleaders of a mutiny (that is, he executed twelve; Appian, op. cit., pp. 315-17; II.47).This was, however, not always the standard in the classical world. Among the laws of his otherwise authoritarian utopia, Plato merely proposes that deserters be fined and disbarred from participating in athletic contests or future military service, and that any officers who do employ them in future may be likewise fined (*Laws,* pp. 1,489-91, XII.943a-d, 944e-945a).
[116] Campbell, p. 107 (*Augustus* 24.2).
[117] Ibid, p. 108 (Modestinus, Book IV, *On Punishments;* Menander, Book III, *On Military Matters*). Cf. also Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 25; Tacitus, p. 129.
[118] Geoffrey Parker, pp. 200-201.
[119] We find this procedure recommended in the fourth-century Chinese *Methods of the Ssu-Ma* (Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 138). John of Plano tells us in 1246 that if one man in a Mongol group of ten runs away, the other nine are put to death; if one whole ten runs away, their fellow ninety are executed (Chaliand, p. 466). Wei Lia-tzu recommends a similar procedure (but not entirely consistently: Sawyer and Sawyer, pp. 263-64, cf. pp. 275-76), but collective punishment is to be remitted should the squad members report the offense. At Crécy a hundred years later, the French king orders that his Genoese crossbowmen be slaughtered for trying to run away (Chaliand, p. 503). In 1826, Shaka, King of the Zulus, inspects his victorious regiments, who have already chosen their cowards and killed them. "Many of these, no doubt, forfeited their lives only because their chiefs were in fear that, if they did not condemn some as being guilty, they would be suspected of seeking a pretext to save them and incur the resentment of Shaka" (ibid, p. 751). In the Babi Yar concentration camp in the Ukraine, Radomsky, the Nazi commandant, might shoot every fifth or tenth man of an escapee's brigade, or liquidate the brigade entirely (Kuznetsov, p. 254).
[120] Lenin, directive of May 26, 1918, point no. 4; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* p. 734.
[121] Graziosi, p. 26.
[122] Pipes, loc. cit.
[123] Pipes, *Russia Under the Bolshevik Regime,* p. 62.
[124] Swain (p. 252) lists the following figures for those executed by the fall of 1918, when the struggle between Reds and Greens became the "official" Civil War between Reds and Whites: 4,500 (official Bolshevik statistics), 50,000 ("hostile commentators"), 10,000 (Martov).
[125] Graziosi, pp. 22-23. Would Trotsky have flinched from that bloodbath?
[126] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 396.
[127] Ibid, p. 419.
[128] Ibid, p. 399.
[129] Ibid, p. 400.
[130] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 401 ("commissary" in the original, which I have rendered "commissar" for clarity).
[131] Ibid, pp. 401-02.
[132] Ibid, p. 427.
[133] Garros et al, p. 224 (diary of Vladimir Petrovich Stavsky, entry for August 13, 1938).
[134] Gorki, "V.I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile,* p. 47.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[135] Moral calculus, 1.3.11.
[136] By "immediate" I mean "concerned with day-to-day urgencies and administrations." Here we need not consider what the authority is ostensibly *for* (salvation of the homeland, establishment of the dictatorship of the proletariat, etc.).
[137] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.4.
[138] These last three rights of authority will receive discussion in their own chapters, below.
[139] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.4.
[140] After Plato. See above, "Defense of Authority."
[141] Ibid.
[142] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.2.
[143] Ibid.
[144] Appian, op. cit., p. 33 (I.16).
[145] Gorki, "V.I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 35.
[146] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 62 (document 33: letter to N.A. Rozhkov, January 29, 1919). Italics in original.
[147] Tolstoy, op. cit., p. 368 (postscript to "The Life and Death of Drozhin").
[148] I am indebted for this point about Stalin to Stephen F. Cohen, who writes: "What made Stalin's nascent program so radical was less his concrete proposals than the political and ideological themes of his advocacy. Martial in spirit, their central imagery was that of civil war" (p. 313).
[149] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 414.
[150] Banks, p. 104 ("The Russian Civil War 1917-1922"). Swain for his part insists that the Bolsheviks' real problem was "the difficult civil war with Russian patriotic socialists." They "could manage the easy civil war with the White generals without any assistance" (op. cit., p. 255).
[151] *Izvestiia*, November 12, 1917; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 818.
[152] Graziosi, p. 31.
[153] V. Favorski, "The Civil War" (1928), in *Lenin in Profile* portfolio, no. 47.
[154] Speech of October 29, 1917; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 519.
[155] Trotski, p. 270.
[156] Trotski, after p. 260, plate 19 ("Commissar of War Trotsky addressing Red Army soldiers during the War with Poland in 1920").
[157] Trotski, p. 322 (italics mine).
[158] Channon with Hudson, p. 103 ("The Russian Civil War, 1917-1921").
[159] Ibid, p. 291.
[160] Ibid, p. 293 (wire to Lenin, January 1, 1919).
[161] Ibid, p. 311 (wire to Lenin, April 10, 1919).
[162] Ibid, p. 277.
[163] Orders to the apparatus in Nizhnii Novgorod, August 1918; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 817.
[164] Tolstoy, op. cit., p. 363.
[165] Such as the hooligans who insisted on collectivizing a village within five days to "follow Trotsky's line"—which evidently meant helping themselves to others' property, threatening and grabbing as they pleased (Fitzpatrick, p. 56).
[166] Below.
[167] Reed, p. 705.
[168] Ibid, p. 711.
[169] Ibid, p. 671.
[170] Gorki, "V.I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 26.
[171] Ibid, p. 30.
[172] Loc. cit.
[173] Ibid, p. 39.
[174] Joseph Lincoln Steffens, "On Lenin and Revolution," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 83. Miroslav Krleza wrote in 1920: "Followers of Lenin are being hanged and shot all over Europe... The highly civilised European world, which has just exterminated over 10,000,000 human beings" (for atrocity statistics, as we have seen, rarely agree), "regards Lenin as a monster and a vampire, and only because he walked into Europe's shameful history with a white flag in his hand" (ibid, p. 163).
[175] See clause # 3 of his moral calculus, in "On the Morality of Weapons," above.
[176] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 76 (document 42: "Draft Theses of the Central Committee RKP9B) Concerning Policy in the Ukraine," before November 21, 1919).
[177] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 117 (document 61: "Report on Red Army Pogroms, with Lenin's Reaction." October 17-18, 1920).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[178] Swain in his *Origins of the Russian Civil War* finds Lenin and Trotsky engaged in "open defence of arbitrary rule" as early as November 1917. He sees Lenin as the aggressor in a "civil war within democracy, a Red versus Green civil war of Bolsheviks against SRs, at times even a civil war within the Bolshevik Party" (pp. 68-69).

[179] Trotski, p. 338.

[180] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution,* vol. 3, p. 343.

[181] Ibid, pp. 319-20.

[182] *My Life,* p. 365.

[183] To make that comparison, see below, "Defense of Homeland."

[184] Pipes, *The Russian Revolution,* pp. 593, 596.

[185] More than twenty years after Stalin's death, Molotov justifies the cruelties of the Soviet regime in Eastern Europe: the capitalists "certainly hardened their line against us, but we had to consolidate our conquests. We made our own socialist Germany out of our part of Germany; and restored order in Czechoslovakia, Poland, Hungary, and Yugoslavia, where the situations were fluid. To squeeze out the capitalist order. This was the cold war. Of course, you had to know when and where to stop. I believe in this respect Stalin kept well within the limits" (Chuev, p. 59; "The Cold War," 1974).

[186] Mrioslav Krleza, "Leniniana," in *Lenin in Profile,* p. 155.

[187] Ibid, p. 592. For a brief account (by no means to Trotsky's credit) of the disagreement between Lenin and Trotsky over the issue of continuing the war, see Swain, pp. 98-99.

[188] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 363.

[189] Moynahan, p. 101. (Source: evidently from a private collection.)

[190] See above, "On the Morality of Weapons," Gandhi's moral calculus.

[191] His successors maintained these fine revolutionary manners. After the rupture between the Soviets and the Yugoslavs, their respective U.N. delegations came into contact on the *Queen Elizabeth.* "The Soviets would not even let their eyes meet ours, and the way they moved about in a herd and dined in a special room prompted ironic comments on our part" (Djilas, *Rise and Fall,* p. 261). Naturally, the Yugoslavs did likewise to each other. As soon as the higher-ups had pronounced anathema upon some hapless Party member, his friends stopped speaking to him.

[192] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 365.

[193] Chuev, p. 133 ("Uneasy Relations with Krupskaya," 1972). Of course Stalin had his diplomatic side. He was abusive to his enemies only when he did not fear them. He had nothing to gain from Krupskaya's friendship.

[194] Trotsky, *My Life,* p. 363.

[195] Pipes accuses him of singlehandedly setting the Czechoslovaks against the Bolsheviks during the Civil War by demanding that all the Czechoslovaks within reach of local soviets be disarmed, merely because some Czechs had been drawn into a brawl with Hungarians which had escalated until the Cheliabinsk Soviet had gotten involved. "It was a singularly inept command," says Pipes (*The Russian Revolution,* pp. 626-27), and the Czechs refused to disarm. This is all of a piece with his behavior to the German delegation at Brest-Litovsk—likewise the basis of his failure to compromise or ally himself better with differing intelligences once he became a member of the victorious Soviet government.

[196] Lincoln Steffens to Wilson's adviser, Col. Edward House; quoted in Tuck, p. 18.

[197] Lewes, p. 56. Trotsky might have lied a little about his unbendingness. The Bolsheviks were quite capable of making secret deals with the Germans in 1918, as when they allowed them into Murmansk for the purpose of attacking the counterrevolutionaries at the beginning of the civil war. In a secret note, Lenin referred to this as "not an agreement but a coincidence of interests." (*The Unknown Lenin,* p. 54; document 26: exchange between Chicherin and Lenin, August 19, 1918). In 1921, Trotsky would prove entirely capable of making secret purchases from the Germans of military rifles (ibid, p. 137; document 80: exchange concerning weapons purchases in Germany, October 21, 1921).

[198] *History,* p. 288. Lenin didn't much honor Kamenev, either. Swain (pp. 63-65) sees Kamenev as a model of heroic patience, a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

moderate who sought by means of coalition government to prevent civil war between Bolsheviks and an uneasy grouping of moderate socialists and anarchists.

[199] Lewes, p. 266.

[200] Cf. Startsev, p. 78, for an official Soviet retrospective appraisal of Kamenev as part of the "petty-bourgeois wave."

[201] In a psychoanalyst's account of Hindu-Muslim violence in India I find these beautiful words: "Empathy is the bridge between the serene reserve of the clinician striving for objectivity and the vital, passionate and vulnerable person who inhabits the clinician's body. Empathy makes me, as an analyst or scholar, step out of the anonymity of an impersonal enterprise and constantly recognize myself in it as a human being of flesh and blood" (Kakar, p. 4). Trotsky no doubt would reply: "I am a revolutionary, not a clinician. I have no time for the false personalization, and falser healing, of *objective* schisms. My concern is with historic forces, and only incidentally with the human vehicles of those forces."

[202] Robert G. Wesson, *Lenin's Legacy: The Story of the CPSU* (Stanford, CA: Hoover Institute Press; Histories of Ruling Communist Parties series, Hoover Institution Publication 192, 1978), p. 94.

[203] Lossky, p. 199. This is essentially a variant of that previously stated "principle of 1789": the state does not exist for its own benefit, but for its sovereign citizens.

[204] A (capitalist) monograph on the Soviet Union published fifty-five years after the October Revolution could still say: "The leaders extol the 'Leninist path' as a blueprint of mankind's future. Its prescriptions are perceived as a seamless web of goals and commitments to be supported unreservedly. There is no place in the official creed for partial, selective, or qualified commitment. Truth is viewed as perpetually threatened by error, which must be ceaselessly combatted" (Barghoom, p. 21).

[205] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 11.

[206] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 170.

[207] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, p. xxi.

[208] Ibid, vol. 1, p. 299.

[209] Babel, p. 233 ("Argamak").

[210] *My Life*, p. 509.

[211] Trotski, p. 273. A moment later (p. 277) he admits that "Lenin's support was not unconditional."

[212] In a secret passage from the minutes of the Eighth Congress, March 23, 1919 (*The Unknown Lenin*, p. 63; document 34), we find that in a tally of votes for membership in the Central Committee, Lenin came in first, Stalin second, and Trotsky ninth out of the nineteen who were elected.

[213] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 67 (document 36: Trotsky's statement, July 5, 1919).

[214] Ibid, p. 73 (document 30: memorandum to the Central Committee from Trotsky, October 1, 1919).

[215] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 124 (document 66: summary of Lenin's remarks to the Tenth Congress, March 13, 1921). What politics didn't he have a clue about? Perhaps the politics deriving from his Jewishness. Thus the theory of Pipes who notes (*The Russian Revolution*, p. 439): "during the Revolution and Civil War he was Lenin's alter ego, an indispensable companion in arms: after victory had been won, he became an embarrassment."

[216] *My Life*, pp. 468-69.

[217] Heydrich's carte blanche was actually a red-bordered decree which, in the words of Himmler's deputy, "gave him as much power to use as he saw fit" (Overy, p. 360; interrogation of Dieter Wisliceny, November 15, 1945).

[218] Chuev, p. 123.

[219] Ibid, p. 491.

[220] When Mandel does criticize Trotsky, he attacks such early errors as "conciliationism" (p. 78). I think we have now seen enough of Trotsky to say that, on the whole, he hardly deserved the appellation of the Great Compromiser.

[221] Quoted in Mandel, p. 44.

[222] V. V. Osinksy, "Minority Report on Building the Economy" (1920), in Daniels, p. 99.

[223] Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 787.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[224] *My Life*, p. 448.
[225] Edward Peters, p. 113.
[226] Ibid, pp. 128-29.
[227] Chuev, p. 117.
[228] According to Bullock (*Hitler and Stalin*, pp. 59-60), "in the five years before Lenin's death at the beginning of 1924, the Cheka is estimated to have carried out at least 200,000 executions, a figure to be compared with the 14,000 executed under the tsars in their last half-century of rule up to 1917." Richard Pipes in his *Russian Revolution* writes (p. 838): "All one can say with any assurance is that if the victims of Jacobin terror numbered in the thousands, Lenin's terror claimed tens if not hundreds of thousands of lives. Victims of the next wave of terror, launched by Stalin and Hitler, would be counted in the millions."
[229] "In its Recommendations for the Young Farmer the [Dzerzhinsky Collective Farm] has inscribed the following: 'Hold sacred the honour of being a farmer'" (*The Soviet Way of Life*, pp. 83-84).
[230] Lenin, "On the Question of the Nationalities or of 'Autonomization'" (December 30-31, 1922), in Daniels, p. 119.
[231] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 120 (document 62: "Dzherzinsky's Report on the Treatment of White Prisoners of War, with Lenin's Annotations").
[232] Díaz, p. 130. Cortes is portrayed below, in "Defense of Ground."
[233] Ibid, p. 183.
[234] Trotski, p. 336.
[235] The figure of 40 million in two waves is given in Conquest, *The Great Terror*, p. 486. This ignores any "repressions" committed after Stalin's death in 1953.
[236] Ibid, pp. 294-95, and especially p. 316.
[237] *My Life*, p. 227.
[238] Chuev, p. 362 ("Krushchev and the XXth Congress," 1971). Gorki favorably contrasts Lenin's "realism" with "the hypocritical 'humanism' of the petty-bourgeois" ("V. I. Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 38).
[239] Trotski, p. 283.
[240] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 150 (document 93: note from Lenin, March 11, 1922).
[241] For a concise discussion of this episode, see Deutscher, *Stalin, A Political Biography*, pp. 226-31.
[242] Moynahan, p. 121.
[243] See below, "Defense of Revolution."
[244] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.
[245] Moral calculus, 6.2.C.2.
[246] This axiom is redundant, being stated several times in the moral calculus, but seems especially important here.
[247] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 169 (document 107: letter to Stalin, July 17, 1922).
[248] Trotski, plate 19 ("Commissioner of War Leon Trotsky addressing Red Army soldiers during the War with Poland in 1920").
[249] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 57.
[250] Trotski, p. 295.
[251] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 148 (document 92, March 10, 1922).
[252] Letter to the Members of the CC and the CCC of the RCP(B), October 8, 1923, in Daniel, p. 127.
[253] J. V. Stalin, *On the Opposition (1927-27)* (Peking: Foreign Languages Press, 1974), p. 43 ("The Discussion, Rafail, the Articles by Preobrazhensly and Sapronov, and Trotsky's Letter," December 15, 1923).
[254] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 135.
[255] Mandel, p. 42.
[256] Chuev, p. 128 ("Impossible to Work with Trotsky," 1980). Mandel believes that the "Thermidor" began in 1923, when the standard of living of a Central Committee member was already 30 times higher than that of a skilled worker (p. 52).
[257] Ibid, pp. 121, 128 ("Trotskyism or Leninism?", *Pravda*, November 26, 1924).
[258] Ibid, p. 367 ("The Opposition Bloc in the C.P.S.U. (B.)," *Pravda*, October 26, 1926).
[259] Krushchev, p. 175.
[260] Koestler, *The Invisible Writing*, p. 80.
[261] Mandel, p. 58, n. 54.
[262] Quote in Mandel, p. 53. The extract continues: "But history will not pardon a single drop of blood if it is shed in sacrifice to the new Moloch of arbitrary rule and privilege."
[263] Gibbon claims that factionalism was likewise the alarm-bell of the early Christian bishops who seized power from their congregations (vol. 1, p. 196). No coexistence, and no factionalism. This then was Stalin and Trotsky's credo. Strangely enough, it was also

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Plato's—at least the second half of it. When Plato discussed his ideal state in the *Laws*, he did hoard it in isolation, like a miser with his jewel; he situated it away from ports, exclude aliens from lifetime residency, prohibit anyone under forty from travelling abroad, etc. But he never insisted that the utopia was surrounded by enemies — only by inferiors. No, for Plato the worst danger of all was factionalism. It was this which poisoned perfect autocracies, dragging them down into timocracies and oligarchies, and even (horrors!) democracies. Guardians of the state whose souls possessed non-identical temperaments (and the further away from autocracy the state fell, the more extremely unbalanced their souls would become) were bound by their nature to clash. The men of fiery courage, for instance, must quarrel with the moderate men. Were courage alone to dominate, it would quickly become impatient, cruel, dictatorial (as indeed it did in the USSR) and perhaps even internationally overweening; in his *Statesman* Plato imagined that these warrior-hearts might continually challenge other states until finally they got in trouble, lost a war and were enslaved. The moderate men, on the other hand, if left alone, would tend toward cravenness, which it would be equally easy to enslave. For this reason Plato proposed that the statesman's art was most like the weaver's. He must combine courage and moderation together into a single resilient tapestry. In short, he must overcome natural antipathies to become the empathetic bridge. Plato's beautiful conception is, however, seriously flawed. Only "one, two, or a select few" in the whole world have the requisite qualities to be statesmen; the rest of us are unqualified to judge them. These demigods need be bound by no constitutions whatsoever. "They may purge the city for its better health by putting some of the citizens to death or banishing others. They may lessen the citizen body by sending off colonies like bees swarming off from a hive, or they may bring people in from other cities and naturalize them." (*Statesman*, 293d, pp. 1,062-63). They are, in effect, Stalins—omnipotent, untrammeled. Plato admitted that if people in such a position were crooked it would be better to be in a democracy. Because statesmen with integrity are so rare, he regretfully proposed that we be bound by the second best alternative of constitutional law (301e, p. 1,072).

[264] Garros et al, p. 20 ("Chronicle of the Year 1937 as Recorded by the Newspaper *Izvestiya* and Collective Farmer Ignat Danilovich Frolov," entry for April 3).

[265] Buber, p. 5.

[266] Garros et al, p. 350 (diary of Lyubov Vasilievna Shaporina, entry for January 30, 1937). For other typical examples of this trend, see Fitzpatrick, p. 261.

[267] Alliluyeva, p. 125.

[268] Deutscher, p. 368. I don't think that such heavy-handed, hypocritical stage managment would have been Trotsky's style. Shoot them, by all means, he would have said, but don't waste time on this farce—what's the difference how they plead? Moreover, we have no reason to think that he would have liquidated his own comrades by the trainload, no matter how unpleasant his invective.

[269] P. Staronosov, "Lenin making a speech from an armoured car on April 3, 1917" (1934-35), in *Lenin in Profile* portfolio, no. 50.

[270] Cicero, p. 251, speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 BC.

[271] Chuev, p. 136 ("Temporarily, at a Certain Stage," 1971).

[272] N. Sukhanov; quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, pp. 480-81.

[273] Bullock, pp. 132-33

[274] Bakunin, p. 129.

[275] See also "Defense of Class," above.

[276] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 172.

[277] Conquest, however, describes her as a Trotskyite social worker. For his account of Trotsky's assassination, see *The Great Terror*, pp. 412-418.

[278] Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, pp. 17-18. An example from the USSR during the NKVD era will show how easy it was to override order and legality. An agent (later sent to the GULAG) boasts that "on the 29th of May 1950 I submitted a statement to the USSR Ministry of State Security (via investigator Chumakov)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

concerning subversive activities of a number of people employed in the Soviet film industry. Judging from the newspapers, some of my information was confirmed and all of them were executed." —USSR Committee for State Security (KGB), *Essential Handbook for KGB Agents*, English translation with commentary (London: Industrial Information Index, n.d.; *ca.* 1995), pp. 80-81.

[279] "FC," p. 46, para. 139 ("Simpler Social Problems Have Proved Intractable").

[280] For the text of Stalin's 1939 telegram (backdated to 1937) which ordered this, see Daniel, pp. 216-17.

[281] Koestler, *The Invisible Writing*, p. 103.

[282] The most cursory reading of the witchcraft phenomenon serves to give the lie to the claim that the Cheka's notion of justice and evidentiary proof was anything new. A typical case: In 1591 a man in Scotland was strangled and burned because he persisted in avowing that his torture-induced confession of witchcraft "was only done and said for fear of pains which he had endured." — *Neues from Scotland. Declaring the Damnable life and death of Dr. Fian...*, in Barbara Rosen, ed., *Witchcraft in England 1558-1618* (Amherst: University of Massachusetts Press, 1991 reprint of 1969 edition, with new introduction), p. 202. —In other words, he had the choice of declaring himself guilty, or being declared as such precisely because he had not done so.

[283] But the victim himself did whatever he could not to know other victims, thus growing more and more isolated. When A. N. Tolstoi's friend Koltsov was arrested, Tolstoi was horrified, and his wife said, "We've been trying to avoid any contact with high-ranking officials. Either they turn out to be saboteurs, or they're just not interesting." — Garros et al, p. 369 (diary of Lyubov Vasilievna Shaporina, entry for April 9, 1939).

[284] Alliluyeva, p. 89.

[285] Ibid, pp. 210-211.

[286] Conquest, *The Great Terror*, p. 412. He did, however, speak of "the mistake of complete collectivization" (*History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 33). Cf. above, "Defense of Class."

[287] Trotski, p. 280.

[288] Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 629.

[289] Dostoyevsky, *The Brothers Karamazov*, pp. 255-272.

[290] Trotski, pp. 414-15.

[291] This occurred in 1937. See "M.B.," "Trotskyists at Vorkuta: An Eyewitness Report" (1961), in Daniels, pp. 210-211.

[292] This happened in 1938. See Conquest, *The Great Terror*, p. 415.

[293] Chuev, pp. 145-146 ("They Deviated from Lenin," 1979).

[294] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 213 ("'Thous Shalt Not Kill': On the Death of King Humbert").

[295] Extracted from Berkman, pp. 433-34 (letter to "the Girl," December 20, 1901).

[296] Guevara, pp. 139-40.

[297] Appian, vol. III, p. 483 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIX.138).

[298] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 223 (XIV.4).

[299] Franklin, p. 730 (Proposed Articles of Confederation, Philadelphia, May 10, 1775).

[300] Ibid, p. 733.

[301] Henry Adams, *History of the United States during the Administrations of Thomas Jefferson*, p. 99.

[302] He saw his task as "enlivening or dignifying the lack of motive, intelligence and morality, the helplessness characteristic of many long periods in the face of crushing problems, and the futility of human efforts to escape from difficulties religious, political, and social." —Henry Adams, *History of the United States during the Administrations of James Madison*, p. 1,333.

[303] Jefferson, pp. 422-23 ("Opinion on the French Treaties," April 28, 1793).

[304] Cicero, p. 243, speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 B.C.

[305] Jefferson, pp. 482-84 ("Draft Declaration and Protest of the Commonwealth of Virginia, on the Principles of the Constitution of the United States of America, and of the Violations of them," December 1825).

[306] Letter of March 24, 1793 (Jefferson, pp.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1,006-07).

[307] Gandhi, p. 145 ("Empire Goods Boycott," *Young India*, May 15, 1924).

[308] Although five of the original thirteen states in the Confederation allowed free blacks to vote.

[309] How kind, how nonviolent is an embargo really? For a description of the effects of the UN sanctions against Iraq, see below, "Survival and Defiance in the Land of Oil."

[310] Letter of March 2, 1808; quoted in Adams, *Jefferson*, p. 1,095.

[311] Ibid, p. 1,110.

[312] Ibid, p. 1,112.

[313] Startsev, p. 55.

[314] Ibid, p. 121.

[315] Letter to P. S. Dupont de Nemours (March 2, 1809) (Jefferson, p. 1,203).

[316] Letter of June 12, 1823 (Jefferson, p. 1,475).

[317] Adams, *Madison*, pp. 1,284-85.

[318] Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 120. And there is some small substance to his belief. In vol. 2, Appendix H (p. 417), Tocqueville cites the minimum qualifications required of voters in the various states in the 1830s. The disparity is bewildering. In Alabama, for instance, a man need not own any property. In Rhode Island he must own landed property to the amount of $133; in Maryland, he must own 50 acres, etc., etc.

[319] Adams, *Madison*, p. 1,313.

[320] Slavery in the U.S., and slavery's aftermath, comprise the main topic of the next chapter.

[321] Walt Whitman, pp. 994, 997 (*Collect*, "Origins of Attempted Secession").

[322] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 327. And who would? But would he have concerned himself with a treaty between Virginia and Indiana? Just as men lose their rights to treat with each other as they see fit once they come out of the state of nature and join the commonwealth, so states must sacrifice their rights to unrestricted, unmediated intercourse with one another if their covenant is to have any meaning: the alternative is the almost perpetual war which existed between the city-states of pre-Hellenistic Greece (see below, "Defense of Ground"). One of the very first articles in the Swiss constitution is that "every special alliance and political treaty between cantons is forbidden" (*Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 8 [Chapter I, Article 7]). This constitution goes so far as to limit each canton to a standing army of 300 without federal permission (p. 9, Chapter I, Article 13, no. 2). As a matter of fact, it does concern itself with the equivalent of cranberry laws, though often in a benignly vague manner. Many of its articles are strangely prosaic, even banal. We're told that the Confederation "safeguards equally the interests of consumers of flour and of bread" (p. 12, Art. 23*bis*, no. 3), and that it "encourages scientific research" (p. 16, Art. 27*sexies*, no. 1; all translations mine). At other times it is peculiarly specific, as when certain annual subsidies for alpine cantons are spelled out to the last franc (p. 26, Art. 36. no. 1e).

[323] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 309.

[324] Arnold, p. 59.

[325] Ibid, p. 63,

[326] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 303 ("Fragment on Slavery, 1854?).

[327] Ibid, p. 316 ("speech on the Kansas-Nebraska Act").

[328] Holzer, p. 340 (letter from Pete Muggins, Fillmore, Louisiana, 25 November 1860).

[329] Dykstra, pp. 7-9.

[330] Ibid, p. 13.

[331] Ibid, pp. 17-18.

[332] Ibid, pp. 45-46.

[333] Ibid, p. 178.

[334] Roger B. Taney, *Dred Scott v. Sanford*, 1857. Furthermore, "Congress has no power to abolish or prevent slavery in any of its territories."

[335] Richard C. Wade has claimed ("Violence in the Cities: An Historical View," in Daly, p. 9) that democratic and quasi-democratic societies which relatively permissively admit newcomers to power may well have more civil disorder, although perhaps less institutional violence.

[336] "The sword of justice in all klan meetings means justice under constitutional law as written by our forefathers and now * * * twisted by evil men who plot our country's downfall and whose sole purpose is monetary and political gain" (KKK document quoted

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in HUAC report, p. 81).
[337] Lincoln, vol. 1, pp. 330-331.
[338] Grant, pp. 146-47.
[339] Moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8.
[340] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.A.1-2.
[341] The cruelty of this law, which John Brown piously hoped would create new ranks of abolitionists, is illustrated by the recollection of one former slave whose fellow ran away to Boston on a forged pass and was forcibly returned to Richmond. He was in jail now; soon he'd be sold to Georgia, a place feared by the slaves above all others. "All this," said the master grimly, "he brought upon himself because he knew how to write" (T. Johnson, p. 12). Fairness compels me to admit that the amity of expediency, which John Brown and Lincoln shattered, did occasionally work against injustice. When the free Negro Solomon Northrup was kidnapped and sold into slavery in Louisiana, and that fact after a dozen years reached the notice of the senator of that state, the senator insisted "in forcible language, that it was the duty and interest of every planter in his State to aid in restoring me to freedom." (Northrup, p. 227). No doubt the senator would have been less helpfully inclined after John Brown's Harpers Ferry raid.
[342] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 337.
[343] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 301 ("Fragments on Government," *ca.* 1854). The U.N.'s version is: "A social and political order must be established in which the individual is the means and the end; in other words, a society which does not base its values on its level of well-being but also on its capacity to create justice and human growth" (UNICRI, p. vii, address by Nicola Mancino, Minister of the Interior, Italy).
[344] DuBois, *Writings*, p. 163 ("Suppression of the Slave-Trade," ch. 79).
[345] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 357 (August 11, 1855).
[346] Ibid, p. 359 (August 15, 1855).
[347] Ibid, p. 360 (August 24, 1855).
[348] Ibid, p. 374 (*ca.* July 1860).
[349] The original metaphor, of course, was Christ's (Matthew 12:25).
[350] Lincoln, vol. 1, p. 418 (draft of a speech, *ca.* late December 1857).
[351] Ibid, p. 434 ("House Divided" speech, June 16, 1858).
[352] Hambourg et al, p. 146, William Marsh, "Abraham Lincoln" (plate 104, cat. no. 129).
[353] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 183 (letter of October 27, 1860).
[354] Cicero, p. 243, speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 B.C.
[355] Detailed in the next chapter, "Defense of Race."
[356] Sherman, p. 170. The atmosphere described reminds me of that just after the breakup of Yugoslavia, when Serbs, Croats and Bosnians agreed no longer to speak Serbo-Croatian, but Serbian, Croatian and Bosnian, respectively. During the war I actually heard some of them deny that they could understand the others.
[357] Johnson, p. 27.
[358] Du Bois, p. 811 ("Jefferson Davis as a Representative of Civilization").
[359] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 198 (January 11, 1861).
[360] Ibid, p. 197 (letter of February 1, 1861).
[361] Diary of Mary Boykin Chesnut, "Tuesday," spring 1861, in the *Annals of America*, p. 310.
[362] Burlingame, p. 74 (conversation with Hon J. Holt, May 30, 1877).
[363] Lincoln, vol. 2, pp. 255-61.
[364] Ibid, p. 217 (first inaugaral address, 1861).
[365] Watt, pp. 78-79.
[366] Lincoln, vol. 2, pp. 221-22.
[367] South Carolina Declarations, December 24, 1860, in Encyclopaedia Britannica, *Annals of America*, vol. 9, p. 207, sec. 38.
[368] For most of the analysis in these two paragraphs, I am indebted to Johannsen, pp. 56-57, 101, 108.
[369] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
[370] Moral calculus, 6.2.C.1.
[371] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 205 (AW.70).
[372] And from the standpoint of the North? I guess I would have to say that if the South wanted to end its social contract with the Union, that remained only the South's business.
[373] See below, "Defense of Race and Culture."
[374] HUAC report, p. 13.
[375] Ibid, p. 87. Times have hardly changed since 1866, when in the bloody orgasm of the Memphis riots a crowd of white secessionists

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

beat down and shot a harmless black drayman who had been going to the grocery store. Among the murderers was a mounted policeman who cried: "Kill them altogether; the God d———d niggers ought to be all killed, no matter whether the small or big ones" (House of Representatives, 1866, p. 9).

[376] Although the odd fact is that fewer than six percent of the six million inhabitants of the southern states owned slaves.

[377] Ibid, p. 197 (speech of Robert Toombs, November 13, 1860).

[378] Ibid, p. 206 (Mississippi Resolutions, November, 1860).

[379] Avramov, p. 14.

[380] See below, "The War Never Came Here."

[381] For more on the social contract, see the "Huddling Against Monsters" section of "Where Do My Rights End?", above, vol. 1, p. 204.

[382] Berkman, pp. 236-237.

[383] See above.

[384] Berkman, p. 195.

[385] Ibid, p. 512.

[386] Nagel, p. 90.

[387] When I use this term in this section I mean state sovereignty, and in particular the right of a state to secede.

[388] Ibid, p. 103.

[389] Nagel's distinction between power and authority is complex and has not been spelled out in needless detail here.

[390] Which seem to have been widely shared by that amoral pragmatist, the man in the street. John C. Ropes writes to John C. Gray (January 19, 1863) that those who believe in abolition solely on the basis of a hatred of slavery are vastly outnumbered by those who want to weaken the enemy's power base by freeing his slaves, and by those who argue for emancipation on the basis of reunification. "Judicious and sensible men" ought to "settle the condition of the seceded states without reference to slavery, without striking any other than the unavoidable blows of war at the institution which has caused the rebellion" (Gray and Ropes, p. 73).

[391] As Nagel as pointed out, power is inversely proportional to the time lag between purported cause and measured effect (pp. 106-7).

[392] In the moral calculus, the contrary of this proposition appears in the category of unjustified defense of authority, because, as implied here, the mere absence of despotism is not a sufficient guarantee of justification.

[393] See below, "Defense of War Aims."

[394] Holzer, p. 341 (letter from Mr. A. G. Frick, February 14, 1861).

[395] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 201 (speech at Indianapolis, Indiana, February 11-12, 1861).

[396] Ibid, p. 223 (inaugural address).

[397] Whitman, p. 1,038-39 (*Collect*, "Death of Abraham Lincoln").

[398] Whitman, p. 709 (*Specimen Days*, "Battle of Bull Run, July, 1861").

[399] Ibid, p. 718 ("The White House by Moonlight").

[400] In 1997 I read that President Clinton was prepared to approve the closure of the Capitol Mall to traffic for reasons of security. Somebody shot an SKS at the White House; somebody else kept a gun in a safe deposit box right across the street; he was stalking the President's daughter... Julius Caesar, we are told, wanted no bodyguards, and even dismissed his private security detail. The night before he died, he told one of his assassins at a banquet that the best death was a sudden one. After he lay dead with twenty-three wounds, the people shouted to Mark Antony to be careful that the same did not happen to him. With his customary theatricality, the new dictator undid his tunic, showing off the coat-of-mail that he wore. He remarked that he wanted peace as much as anyone, "but it is hard to get security for it when so many oaths and solemnities were of no avail in the case of Caesar" (Appian, vol. III, p. 469; *The Civil Wars*, II.XVIII.130).

[401] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 261 (message to Congress in special session, July 4, 1861).

[402] Grant, p. 958 (letter to Julia Dent Grant, April 27, 1861).

[403] Stanton, p. 89 (to the Secretary of State, September 19, 1861).

[404] Douglas Southall Freeman, vol. 1, p. 8.

[405] All in Holzer, ch. 6 ("Gifts and Honors").

[406] Grant, p. 1,005 (letter to Jesse Root Grant, April 26, 1862).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[407] Sherman, p. 877.
[408] Grant, pp. 146-47.
[409] Ibid, p. 147. Italics mine.
[410] Grant, p. 1,021 (letter to Maj. Gen. Stephen A. Hurlbut, April 9, 1863).
[411] Sherman, p. 593.
[412] Ibid, pp. 594-595.
[413] Ibid, p. 598.
[414] Fay p. 298 (letter of July 23, 1863).
[415] Taft et al, vol. 2, p. 63 ("The First to Fall").
[416] Ibid, vol. 2, p. 69 ("The Harvest of 'Bloody Lane'").
[417] He had prepared two drafts of a "Bill for Compensated Emancipation in Delaware" as early as late November 1861, but had not submitted them. This next step is still provisional and mainly symbolic; not for another year will slavery be outlawed throughout the United States. Regarding the Emancipation Proclamation one can assume either of two things: that the President changed his mind about non-interference with slavery despite his personal convictions, or that he had it changed for him. If the former, the proclamation was simply an exercise of authority; if the latter, a bowing to pressure, in which case to that extent his authority had been proven limited, in the bargaining, give-and-take way necessary in our system of government. The riots and the widespread sympathy (or at least confusion) regarding secession, evinced by no less a personage than Lincoln's predecessor, is of itself sufficient evidence to show that public opinion in the Union continued to be divided throughout the war, although undoubtedly the need for unity so greatly emphasized by any coherent command in a time of crisis would have muted the division. Indeed, as we shall see, Lincoln had a great deal of trouble maintaining his authority as president.
[418] Cf., e.g., Berlin et al, pp. 13-14.
[419] Arnold, p. 699.
[420] Secretary of War to the Commander of the Department of Virginia, August 8, 1861; in Berlin et al, p. 73.
[421] Grant, p. 1,009 (letter to Julia Dent Grant, June 12, 1862).
[422] Grant, p. 1,033 (letter to Elihu B. Washburne, August 30, 1863).
[423] Johnson, p. 33.
[424] Taft et al, vol. 2, p. 77 ("The Mediator").
[425] Whitman, p. 733 (*Specimen Days*. "Abraham Lincoln").
[426] This suspension will be President Andrew Johnson's grounds for directing the military commission to proceed forthwith to carry out its sentence of hanging upon Mary Surratt, who was party to John Wilkes Booth's conspiracy of assassination against President Lincoln.
[427] Taft et al, vol. 2, p. 96.
[428] The defense lawyer for one of John Wilkes Booth's co-conspirators will later refer to "that army who made trinkets and cups out of the bones of Union soldiers ... [The accused] dresses himself in the clothes of Union dead." —Pitman, p. 310.
[429] Ibid, vol. 2, p. 245 ("Where a Shell Dropped").
[430] Ibid, vol. 2, p. 249 ("In the Devil's Den").
[431] Whitman, loc. cit.
[432] Sherman, p. 602.
[433] Ibid, p. 599.
[434] Ibid, p. 600.
[435] Gordon, p. 8. Gordon argued for emancipation on the basis of military expediency.
[436] Provost Marshal at Nashville to the Provost Marshall of the District of Nashville, February 27, 1864; in Berlin et al, pp. 318-19.
[437] Mandel, p. 130.
[438] Gray to Ropes, August 21, 1864, in Gray and Ropes, p. 376.
[439] Sherman, p. 180.
[440] Holzer, p. 348 (anonymous, November 1864).
[441] G. Randall, p. no. lost.
[442] Holzer, p. 163 (letter from G. D. Stroud, Philadelphia, October 29, 1862).
[443] Ibid, p. 168.
[444] Sherman, p. 292.
[445] Quoted in Randall; Friday, February 19, 1864.
[446] Ibid, reproduced following p. 64 in plate 13.
[447] Stanton, p. 101 (September 25, 1864).
[448] Randall, p. 65.
[449] Of course, by so doing, such people can easily present Lincoln's authority as at least

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

partially illegitimate, simply because it was not what everybody wanted. The obvious reply is that if everybody ever wanted something, there would be no need for any authority to bring them to it.

[430] Sherman, p. 299.

[431] Ibid, p. 658.

[432] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 672 (letter to Lt. Col. John Glenn, February 7, 1865).

[433] Ibid, p. 305 ("Stay of Execution for Nathaniel Gordon").

[434] Arnold, p. 686.

[435] "Like the woman," writes that expert on women, Adolf Hitler, "whose psychic state is determined less by grounds of abstract reason than by an indefinable emotional longing for a force which will complement her nature, and who, consequently, would rather bow to a strong man than dominate a weakling, likewise the masses love a commander more than a petitioner and feel inwardly more satisfied by a doctrine, tolerating no other beside itself, than by the granting of liberalistic freedom with which, as a rule, they can do little, and are prone to feel that they have been abandoned" (p. 42).

[436] Arnold, pp. 722-23.

[437] McFarlin, p. 140.

[438] Ibid, p. 35. The same year, in faraway Burma, a conference of Shan nationalists, who had been cruelly mistreated by the Burmese federation of which they were an increasingly unwilling part, called for secession. The Shan State National Congress's draft history continues the tale: "This call was supported by the majority, who were rightly displeased with the Burmese. To this, U Nu, the Burmese Prime Minister, responded with a speech which both the Burmese Army and the Shan people considered as a declaration of war: '...the reason that the United States today is the strongest and most influential nation in the world is due to the fact that Abraham Lincoln prevented the southeren states from seceding and thus consolidated the whole country" (Foreign Affairs Sub-Committee, Shan State National Congress, p. 20). For a portrait of Shan insurgency in Burma, see below, "But What Are We to Do?"

[439] One contemporary called what was about to occur "the last, malignant, expiring effort of slavery" (Arnold, p. 17).

[440] Whitman, p. 1,043 (*Collect,* "Death of Abraham Lincoln"). Brevet Brigadier-General Charles Hamlin, who was an eyewitness, also speaks of Booth's eyes as "glittering bright almost emitting fire" (Commandery of the State of Maine, p. 257).

[441] House of Representatives (1866), p. 7.

[442] Grant, pp. 750-51.

[443] Sherman, p. 813.

[444] "Strangers who had never seen the good President, women, and children, and strong men, wept," recalls Arnold (p. 666).

[445] Primo Levi argues that "a country is considered more civilized the more the wisdom and efficiency of its laws hinder a weak man from becoming too weak or a powerful one too powerful" (p. 80).

[446] Usually they write "the first American woman." While leafing through old books I happened to learn the fate of one slave woman, a companion of Nat Turner's in his murderous slave rebellion: hanging. How many more, black, Indian, Spanish (or even white) have there been?

[447] Pitman, p. 309.

[448] Statement to the court, in Pitman, p. 307.

[449] Cicero said: "No one can be said to have a happy life when its violent termination brings his slayers not merely impunity but the height of glory" (p. 316; first Philippic against Marcus Antonius, 44 B.C.). He could have been speaking of himself. By the laws of logic, when a statement is true, then so is its contrapositive. One can hardly claim that what is about to happen to John Wilkes Booth's associates is the height of glory. By Cicero's formulation, Lincoln's career had been indeed "happy." He defended his authority, enlarging it for the purpose, sometimes (inevitably) mistakenly, but never for his own benefit. Disproving the early Robespierre, he was a popular leader, the people's representative. In the case of the seceding states, of course, he represented many people who did not want to be represented, but this again was his mandate as he saw it, and I admire him morally, although I dis-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

agree with him. He was "happy," and the mourning at his death proved him so.

[470] Hambourg et al, plate 113 (cat. no. 140), "Execution of the Conspirators."

[471] Grant, p. 1,089 (letter to his wife, April 25, 1865). Randall writes that "carrying over into the days and years after Lincoln, the devices of opponents within his own party produced ... postwar abuse and confusion which is one of the crying tragedies of American history" (p. 84). However, one must also take into consideration the steady military devastation of the South, the lust of the Union to gain something for its pains, and above all, the desire for vengeance, which Lincoln might or might not have been able to moderate. The typically bitter account of one former prisoner of war, who almost died of thirst in Confederate holding pens slimed with excrement, concludes with the remark that his animus against the enemy is such an integral part of him that his sons will surely inherit it (Maj. Abner R. Small, in the Commandery of the State of Maine, p. 317). Old soldiers are very often thus: compare the judgment of an American Marine whose comrades had been entrapped and killed, as he believed, by a Japanese surrender ploy: "That settled it: we couldn't trust any Japanese. They were a cruel race actually. Bataan and Nanking and all of the other things they did showed it... There are a lot of things I admire about them, but some of the old feelings remain" (Clifford Fox, quoted in Bergerud, p. 410).

[472] *The Harvest Gypsies*, p. 39.

[473] Two decades after the Depression, justly attacking "the capitalist way of production," Krushchev says, "The United States ... is following this road. Countless thousands of farmers are being ruined in the United States every year. They sell their land and remain landless." That is the tale of Steinbeck's famous Joad family in *The Grapes of Wrath*. Needless to say, it is also the tale of a dekulakized Soviet peasant—except the Soviet Joads were not forced to sell, but simply expropriated without compensation.

[474] The eighteenth-century Egyptian chronicler Al-Jabarti describes this desirable relationship between a leader and people in his remarks about an Alexandrian jurist who was famous for "showing no interest in what they owned, refraining from committing any act which would raise suspicion, and avoiding what was forbidden, and their hearts united in love for him" (op. cit., p. 55).

[475] See above, "Defense of Class."

[476] Or, as the great science fiction writer Philip K. Dick put it in an interview, "Any government which assumes that the population is going to do something evil has already lost its franchise to govern." —Interview, 1980, repr. in *SF Eye* magazine, no. 14 (spring 1996), p. 39. See also the epigram by Sartre in Continuum I ("When is Obedience to Authority Required?"), below.

[477] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 28.

[478] Berkman, pp. 8-9.

[479] Quoted in Manes, p. 102.

[480] Dostoyevsky, *Brothers Karamazov*, p. 311.

[481] Jefferson, p. 880 (to Edward Carrington, January 16, 1787). In another letter (p. 882), Jefferson says that "it is a problem, not clear in my mind, that the Ist condition is not the best. But I believe it to be inconsistent with any great degree of population."

[482] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 99.

[483] Gandhi, p. 86 ("A Non-Violent Army," *Harijan*, March 26, 1938).

[484] Ibid, p. 159 ("Non-Co-operation Explained," *Young India*, August 18, 1920).

[485] Saint-Exupéry, p. 140.

[486] Duffett, p. 32.

[487] *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 183.

[488] XXIII.38.26 ("Sad," p. 870).

[489] Du Bois, *Writings*, p. 1,064 ("The Revelation of Saint Orgne the Damned," 1938).

[490] Parker, p. 32 (article 6).

[491] Ibid, p. 55 (article 93).

[492] Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, *You Can Live Forever...*, pp. 212, 214.

[493] Watch Tower Bible and Tract Society of Pennsylvania, *Knowledge*, pp. 134-35.

[494] Snorri, *Olaf Sagas*, vol. 1, p. 51.

[495] Quoted in Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 32.

[496] Duffett, p. 28.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[497] Hobbes, p. 360 (pt. II, ch. 28: "Of Punishments, and Rewards").
[498] *Laws*, III.690b, p. 1,285.
[499] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 246 ("Aramaic Proverbs and Precepts").
[500] Li, p. 387.
[501] Quoted in Walter, p. 217.
[502] Sturluson, *Edda*, p. 171 ("Hattatal").
[503] Lossky, p. 358 (letter from Louis XIV to Louis XV).
[504] Gandhi, p. 386 ("The Future," *Harijan*, April 13, 1940).
[505] Bakunin, p. 218.
[506] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 103 ("On Patriotism").
[507] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 143, no. 33.
[508] Carus, p. 200 (parable of the despot).
[509] Rizal, p. 268 (Isagani speaking).
[510] Ibid, p. 164 (Isagani speaking).
[511] Gruen, p. 81.
[512] Konrád, *The Melancholy of Rebirth*, p. 18 ("Being Hungarian in Europe").
[513] Exodus 23:7.
[514] Li, p. 448.
[515] Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, p. 312.
[516] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 592 (Book 10, ch. 4).
[517] Machiavelli, p. 16.
[518] Cicero, p. 312; first Philippic against Marcus Antonius, 44 B.C.
[519] Spear, p. 111.
[520] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 214 (speech at Independence Hall, Philadelphia, February 22, 1861).
[521] Ibid, p. 231 (reply to the Virginia Convention, April 13, 1861).
[522] Jefferson, pp. 350-51 ("A Bill for Proportioning Crimes and Punishments").
[523] Gritz to author (personal letter of January 23, 1995).
[524] Vigny, p. 46.
[525] Grant, p. 749.
[526] Raleigh, p. 224 (*History*, Book V).
[527] *T'ai Kung's Six Secret Teachings*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 50.
[528] Op. cit., p. 27 ("War and Peace").
[529] Letter to Bentinck (1811); quoted in Keegan, *The Mask of Command*, p. 144.
[530] Keegan, p. 34.
[531] Sun-tzu, p. 210.
[532] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 71.
[533] Speech before the Council of State in the Year X; quoted in Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, p. 130.
[534] Quoted in François Furet, article on terror, in Furet and Ozouf, p. 141.
[535] Ibid, p. 140.
[536] *Foster's Daily Democrat*, May 26, 1980, p. 6, "Violence and Free Speech."
[537] Quoted in Startsev, p. 10.
[538] Lenin to D. I. Kursky, People's Commissar of Justice; in Lenin, *Works*, fifth edition, vol. 45, p. 190; as quoted in Solzhenitsyn, vol. 1, p. 353.
[539] Pritchard, vol. 2, p. 92 ("The War Against the Hyksos").
[540] Cicero, p. 93, first speech against Lucius Sergius Catalina, 63 B.C.
[541] Quoted in Gibbon, pp. 112-13.
[542] Chandler, Kiernan and Boua, p. 3 (Document #1, "Decisions of the Central Committee on a Variety of Questions," (March 30, 1976).
[543] Remak, p. 124 (meeting of deparment heads, November 6, 1940).
[544] Marsden, pp. 142-43.
[545] Lossky, p. 226. It is important to qualify this apparent endorsement of extremism and despotism by remembering that Bossuet believed in a punitively just God, who in the afterlife would eternally torture any king who seriously abused his powers. But the implication is that subjects have no right to rebel. He does justify the rebellion of the Jews against Antiochus (pp. 239-41), on the rather convoluted grounds that since subjects do not owe allegiance to a sovereign who has abdicated, they can rise up against one who massacres them, since by so doing he is renouncing "his intention to hold them for his subjects." In short, this rather inconsistent writer would have sanctioned the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, but not the July 1944 assassination attempt on Hitler (as long as the concordat with the Vatican held)—and certainly not the French Revolution.
[546] Ibid, p. 235.
[547] Ibid, p. 236.
[548] Ibid, pp. 238-39.
[549] Hobbes, p. 230 (pt. II, ch. 18: "Of the Rights of Soveraignes by Institution").

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[550] Trotsky, *Terrorism and Communism* (1920), quoted in Daniels, p. 95.

DEFENSE OF RACE AND CULTURE

[1] Quoted in Oates, p. 351.

[2] HUAC report, p. 87.

[3] This place-name is most often spelled without an apostrophe.

[4] "The Harpers Ferry Outbreak: Verbatim Report of the Questioning of Old Brown by Senator Mason, Congressman Vallandigham, and Others," in the *New York Herald*, October 21, 1859; quoted in Snyder and Morris, pp. 122-23. The engraving is reproduced in an illustration section at the beginning of the book, plate 11.

[5] In a letter to one Gerrit Smith, dated from Troy, New York (June 20, 1849, Boyd B. Stutler collection), we find him enclosing a draft for $225 to help some blacks buy a lot. His drafts to his own family were usually on the order of $30 or $50. He was close to being a poor man. The year before his violent death, we find him writing his family expressing concern as to "how you are likely to get through the winter" (letter from Osawatomie, December 2, 1858, Boyd B. Stutler collection).

[6] Howe, p. 755.

[7] Not certain, but fairly probable. If it is in fact true, writes Hume (p. 359), "the dubious credit for the intent to introduce blacks to Virginia in the seventeenth century belongs to Argall," who happens to be the protagonist of one of my novels.

[8] A minister, in John David Smith, p. 30.

[9] Charles Carroll, *The Tempter of Eve or The Criminality of Man's Social, Political, and Religious Equality with the negro, and the Amalgamation to which these Crimes Invariably Lead* (Saint Louis: Adamic Library, Adamic Publishing Co., 1902), in John David Smith, p. 305.

[10] Washington, p. 106.

[11] *Mississippi Gazette*, July 23rd, 1836; quoted in Johnson, p. 22. Scott (p. 67) quotes two Union doctors who examined black recruits for service during the Civil War. The first of them said that one in five was scarred from whipping; the next opined that the figure was actually one in two.

[12] Northrup, p. 135. This man's servitude had been illegal even by the cruel laws of the slave states. Why were twelve years of his life stolen away; why couldn't he inform his friends? The answer is, if anything, even more heartbreaking: "I was in slavery nine years, and always watchful, and on the alert, before I met with the good fortune of obtaining a sheet of paper" (ibid, p. 175).

[13] Scott, loc. cit., quotes two such accounts.

[14] "There is a good deal of evidence that in those American States which have taken the highly Romanised code of Louisiana as the basis of their jurisprudence, the lot and prospects of the negro-population are better in many material respects than under institutions founded on the English Common law." (Maine, p. 138).

[15] Oates, pp. 42-43.

[16] Ibid, pp. 134-37.

[17] See below, "Off the Grid."

[18] Oates, p. 118.

[19] Ibid, p. 344.

[20] In 1964, the Ku Klux Klan will lay the cornerstone of its new Constitution: "This Order is an institution of chivalry, humanity, justice and patriotism... Its peculiar objects are: First, to protect the weak ... from the indignities, wrongs and outrages of the lawless, the violent and the brutal... Second, to protect and defend the Constitution of the United States .. . *and to protect the states and the people thereof from all invasion of their rights.*" (1964 Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, Article II, Section 2, appendix to HUAC report, pp. 5-6.; italics mine).

[21] Penn Warren, p. 153.

[22] That is, people opposed to making Kansas a slave state. By no stretch of the imagination were most of them abolitionists; President Lincoln's political sense was all too correct. "They wanted to make the territory free all right," says Brown's biographer, Oates (p. 100), "but free and white."

[24] Brown to his wife and children, from Brownsville, Kansas Territory, November 30,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1855 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[24] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 7, 1844 (pp. 1-2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[25] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., November 28, 1850 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[26] Photograph of Brown in 1856 (Massachusetts Historical Society), reproduced in Oates, "A Mosaic of Daguerrotypes, 1856-1858," betw. pp. 114-115.
[27] Undated draft (page 1) from Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[28] Loc. cit.
[29] Quoted in Oates, p. 133. My moral calculus (5.1.7., 5.2.F) would judge this assertion unjustified by failure to respect proportionality.
[30] The partisan Du Bois calls them "five of the worst border ruffians who were harrying the free state settlers" (*John Brown*, p 106).
[31] Du Bois, *John Brown*, p. 117.
[32] Winkler, p. 28.
[33] Gold, p. 32.
[34] Penn Warren, p. 166.
[35] Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 5), Boyd B. Stutler collection. Third person voice in original.
[36] For more on this subject, see above, "Defense of Authority."
[37] See moral calculus, 3.5-3.6.
[38] Du Bois, *John Brown*, p. 15.
[39] Ibid, pp. 255-56.
[40] Ibid, p. 106.
[41] Considered below ("Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge").
[42] Moral calculus, 1.2.4. Sometimes justified by imminent self-defense. Unjustified as a general moral code.
[43] Brown to Mrs. L. Maria Child, from Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., November 4, 1859 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[44] In fact he's obeying the unjustified Zealot's Golden Rule, *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself* (moral calculus, 1.2.3; discussed below, "Defense of Creed").
[45] See the chapter on this distinction; below ("Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge").
[46] Brown to his family, from [illegible], Iowa, October 11, 1856, Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[47] Brown to John, Jr., from West Newton, Mass., April 15, 1857 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[48] Trigger to author, September 14, 2002.
[49] Imminence is defined in the moral calculus, 5.1.1.
[50] See his moral calculus, above, in "On the Morality of Weapons," vol., p. 125.
[51] Quoted in Washington, p. 177.
[52] Below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear".
[53] For definitions, see above, "Defense of Honor"; moral calculus, 5.2.A.
[54] See "Moral Yellowness," below.
[55] Winkler, p. 60.
[56] Ibid, p. 81.
[57] Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 3), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[58] Du Bois, *John Brown*, p. 275. I have also quoted this very characteristic maxim in the continuum to "Defense of Class."
[59] Winkler, p. 46.
[60] November 2, 1859; in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 387.
[61] Moral calculus, 1.3.2.
[62] Imperial Executive Order, May 3, 1964 [Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966], appendix to HUAC report, third page. This is eerily close to 'God is no respecter of persons."
[63] Penn Warren, p. 53.
[64] See below, "Defense of Animals."
[65] Broadside sheet reproduced in Finkelman, p. 158.
[66] Quoted in Oates, p. 317.
[67] Another was that the slaves on their isolated plantations were no part of any communications network which could, in Communist parlance, "mobilize" them. The main reason, of course, is that the rising appeared so likely to fail. Du Bois, who is not a bigot at all, writes in his *John Brown* (p. 296): "They believed in John Brown but not in his plan. They knew he was right, but they knew that for any failure in his project they, the black men, would probably pay the cost." Du Bois, however, thinks it could have succeeded.
[68] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 125 (Address at Cooper Institute, New York City, February 27, 1860).
[69] Letter to Reverend Luther Humphrey, from

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Charlestown, Jeferson Co., Va., November 19, 1859 (p. 1), from the Boyd B. Stutler collection. Emphasis in original.

[70] King, last report to SCLC, abr., 1967, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 7.

[71] Oates, p. 361.

[72] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 5 ("Impasse in Race Relations").

[73] And, indeed, as much as Brown might pretend to be Christ, I suspect that at Harpers Ferry he identified more with a historical figure who had always fascinated him: the slave Spartacus, who, one of sixty-four or seventy-four, escaped from a school for gladiators in Capua (Sallust, Book 3, Fragment 90; in Yavetz, p. 86), organized for guerrilla warfare in the wilderness around Mount Vesuvius, and finally attacked Romans with an army of sixty thousand (Eutropius; in Yavetz, p. 107), or seventy thousand (Appian, *The Civil Wars*, 1.111; 116-17; in Yavetz, p. 103), or maybe ninety thousand. That particular Servile War was certainly dramatic; Sparatcus and his troops were both wily and brave—but the decisive fact was that they were defeated (by Marcus Crassus). Perhaps, old, tired, and no richer than he had ever been, Brown wanted nothing better than a glorious death.

[74] This is a corollary of the murderous "Victim's Maxim" (moral calculus, 1.3.13b).

[75] Aye Saung, op. cit..

[76] Roi Ottley, "Negroes Are Saying...: African-Americans and the War: Discrimination and Protest, 1942," in Hynes et al., vol. 1, p. 436. For an account of the feelings of loyal Japanese-Americans who were put behind barbed wire, cf. the editors of *Fortune*, "Issei, Nisei, Kibei: Japanese-American Internment: 1944," in Hynes et al., vol. 2, pp. 47-70.

[77] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.2, phrased slightly differently there for contextual reasons. Inserted analogously into defense of gender's calculus, 5.2.K.2; recapitulated more broadly in "Means and Ends" axioms, 2.6.

[78] Letter to "my dear Wife & Children every one," from Charlestown, Va., October 31, 1859 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[79] See "Defense of Class," above, this vol., p. 186; moral calculus, 6.2.B.1.

[80] Moral calculus, 6.2.D.4.

[81] John Brown's justification then changes from "I tried to defend black people from bondage" to "I tried to defend people from bondage."

[82] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.4.

[83] In this chapter, whatever moral rules apply to the concept of a "group" will, unless otherwise stated, apply equally to a "race," "culture" or "ethnicity."

[84] Above, "Means and Ends."

[85] An oversimplification. When I wrote this paragraph *ca.* 1995, I knew only the developing-out method. The Ware method for printing-out platinum gives crisp blacks. The aesthetic point remains valid. For models, traditional platinum devotees have often chosen Caucasian fairheads, posed either nude or in white, perferably against a white or whitish backdrop such as pale grass, cloud, snow, or foamy waterfalls.

[86] And this is precisely why it makes me feel so sad to read Booker T. Washington, whose time and circumstances required him to continually defend and justify to others the black man's innate capacity. Washington found himself in the position of striving for, not starting from, "that sort of race pride and race consciousness which, it seems to me, they need to bring out and develop the best that is in them" (pp. 13-4).

[87] Thoreau, *The Illustrated Walden*, p. 264.

[88] See below, "The Avengers of Kosovo."

[89] She is profiled in "Defense of Gender," below.

[90] Lady Hyegyong, p. 242 (memoir of 1805).

[91] In this context I recall the cleaning boy at my hotel in Lake Louise, Alberta (1997), who could have had a far more lucrative job teaching English in Korea but declined it because "we people from the Maritimes are pretty set in our ways. I guess I'm that way. All I want is to marry a good old Canadian girl." I asked him how he would have felt if he had gone to Korea, and he said: "Lost, I guess. Totally lost. I'd be afraid of offending them. I hear they're not very forgiving." Many of the guests whose rooms he cleaned (including my wife) were Korean—or Japanese or Chinese—so I asked him how he dealt with them. "I

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

don't really know what to do," he said. "I just bow and try to get out of there."

[92] Sartre, *Anti-Semite and Jew*, p. 101. This ethos of us-against-them has also proven adaptive when the "them" is simply a perilous environment. In the difficult conditions of the Alaskan Arctic, writes Nelson (pp. 374-75), "the Eskimo seldom doubts what he has been told by others, especially if they are his elders... He is confident that whatever he has been told is true, and, if he follows what he has learned" from his native companions, "he is almost always doing the correct thing," which means that he will be able to hunt more whales. "Emergency situations are always met with group effort" (p. 379).

[93] Aeschylus et al., p. 217 (the speaker is King Aegeus in "Medea").

[94] See below, "Thick Blood."

[95] In fact, the dead boy is survived by a brother—whom Egil simply doesn't care for as much. But the poet's sentiment interests us precisely on account of its conventionalism.

[96] Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, pp. 207-08. We can find the same kinship pieties, bizzare to us, in Plutarch's account of Mark Antony's death. Refused terms by Caesar Octavian, he cuts himself open and tells Cleopatra not to pity him, because he "had fallen not ignobly, a Roman by a Roman overcome." Octavian for his part mourns his enemy as a former ally and in-law (*Lives*, p. 831).

[97] In practice this conception of racial or cultural ethos cannot be separated from still another category, which I treat separately in the chapter "Defense of Homeland."

[98] Moral calculus, 6.2.B.1.

[99] Moral calculus, 6.2.D.4.

[100] Above, "Defense of Authority," this vol., p. 276.

[101] Below, "Defense of Animals."

[102] Moral calculus, 3.3., table.

[103] Gandhi, pp. 170-71.

[104] Edwards and Pap, pp. 48-49 (H.D. Lewis, "Responsibility and Absolute Choice," originally entitled "Legal and Moral Responsibility," 1961).

[105] See, e.g., Justian, pp. 74-76. A Roman who gave a sword to a madman was less culpable than someone "who kills directly." "Playing dangerous games is blameworthy conduct."

[106] Mann, p. 40, citing Wilbanks (1983 study).

[107] Adelson, p. 885.

[108] Ibid, p. 886,

[109] Edwards and Pap, p. 62 (Moritz Schlick, "When Is A Man Responsible," from the 1939 English translation of *Problems of Ethics*, 1931)

[110] Two versions of the cause of their expulsion are told. One blames the Pelasgians, the other, the Athenians. In view of the way the Pelasgians treated those Athenian women, it may be worth noting that the anti-Pelasgian version was that they got expelled for being rapists.

[111] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 438. My *Oxford Classical Dictionary* calls the Pelasgians "a mythic population-group" (Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 1131; entry on Pesgians).

[112] Moral calculus, 1.3.9. In its readiness to give sole discretion for judging means and ends to the perpetrator of violence ("If I believe ... I have the right"), this maxim recalls Trotsky's (1.3.12; see also above, "Defense of Authority").

[113] Edwards and Pap, p. 66 (Schlick).

[114] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.5.

[115] Moral calculus, 5.1.2. For more discussion of mothers and children threatened by violence, see above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[116] Gandhi, p. 28 ("Evidence Before the Hunter Committee," *Young India*, 4-2-20).

[117] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.5.

[118] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.4.

[119] Ibid.

[120] One immediate consequence used to be that, with historically ever-increasing exceptions due to trade, everything a person used the family had to find or make. The cultural result: a relative dearth of possessions, an immense mechanical ingenuity, a deep knowledge of the local landscape and of animal lore, and pragmatic self-sufficiency almost inconceivable to members of more specialized societies, who can easily enough transport *their* culture inside ships, cans, space suits and batteries.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[121] When Inuit settle into towns, which are a non-Inuit mode of habitation, we ought not be suprised to find that they frequently do not run those towns. Large mixed-race and mixed-culture towns such as Iqaluit on Baffin Island are the wave of the future, and I do not think that it will necessarily be a very good future. An Arctic accountant remarked to me that while the Inuit might well now be dependent on the towns, "how can we keep on subsidizing that?" See below, "Defense of Earth." For discussion of Inuit hunting culture, see below, "Defense of Animals."

[122] "We thus see," writes Darwin, "that many of the wilder races of man are apt to suffer much in health when subjected to changed conditions or habits of life, and not exclusively from being transported to a new climate. Mere alterations in habits, which do not appear injurious in themselves, seem to have this same effect; and in several cases the children are particularly liable to suffer" (Darwin, p. 354; *The Descent of Man*).

[123] My sarcasm is qualified by the free admission that the Canadian government is far more respectful of its native people than the American government is of ours.

[124] *Tumivut*, no. 4 ("Environment"), winter 1993; p. 53 (Ludger Müller-Wille, "Places and Names in Nunavik": "Environmental Conditions and Hazards Indicated by Place Names in Northeastern Nunavik"). Aajuralik is mapped on p. 52. By the way, Nunavik is the region of Ungava and eastern Hudson Bay which we misname "Arctic Québec." Despite separatist aspirations, it remains a part of Québec Province. Nunavut ("our land") is a larger autonomous province to the north.

[125] I hope it is clear that I don't wish for that. It is difficult not to sympathize with people who have and wish to maintain a unique mode of life. When they are passive victims of the encroachments of alien culture, one feels for them; one says: Oh, how terrible. But when they actually commit violence to defend their status, our judgment hardens, usually with good reason. Now they are bandits, murderers, vandals, fascists, elitists, reactionaries, terrorists, ethnic cleansers. And sometimes, indeed, they do terrible things. The Welsh do. Once in awhile they burn the summer houses of the invading English majority. I know several English people who consider these arsonists justified, but many more hate them, and based on what little I know about them, I consider them unjustified, because their violent means seems unlikely to achieve any significant result [moral calculus, 2.4]. In fact, this book's moral calculus, if carefully applied, leaves little room for proactive violence.

[126] The name of the Pelasgian homeland in the time of Herodotus's account was actually Lemnos, and in their honor any atrocious crime was called "a Lemnian deed."

[127] Hence this question, which will relate to the American South's defense of race: If Inuit might be justified in keeping me out, would I be justified in keeping them out? Not at all, because my race and culture currently predominate so successfully that I very much doubt that all the Inuit on earth could threaten the pattern of my life. Admit that antebellum culture in the South was wounded almost unto death by the Civil War. We therefore ought to address (as the Ku Klux Klan did) the South's entitlement to invoke cultural self-defense, and a few pages from now we will. That pattern, however, was based on injustice. Its forcible destruction must therefore have been at least partially justified. The rights of any black self deliver him from any ethical necessity to endure a white tyrant.

[128] Moral calculus, 5.2.D, the Galapagos Maxim.

[129] The notion that every neighborhood *ought* to have a white family, some Inuit with their sled-dogs, a gaggle of Thai Buddhists, and the odd Black Muslim or two, all linked to their worldwide cultural and racial kin by computer, is as absurd as it is well-meaning. Certainly it is as absurd as the notion that every neighborhood *ought not* to have them.

[130] Moral calculus, 6.2.D.3.

[131] Moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.18.

[132] I would also argue that defense of bloodline is *almost*, although not quite, needless in and of itself. The right of a group to survive

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

must be determined pragmatically by its memebers' assessment of the value of the benefits it gives them. Should an Inuk woman derive sufficient sustenance from the exclusivity of her Inuit identity, well, then, she will choose not to marry me. Bloodline will be preserved. I say "almost" because nothing is simple. Marx demolished the fatuous hypocrisy of robber-baron capitalism's apologists, who claimed that the system regulated itself into a kind of justice because no worker was forced to take any particular job. —Not true, replied Marx, or not relevant, if all the jobs were terrible and the workers were starving. I have sometimes received offers of marriage from beautiful, intelligent and very traditional (that is, bloodline-proud) women in Africa and Asia—less, I'm afraid, on account of my baby-blue eyes than because I have something and they have close to nothing. Hence the third rule: *Individual choice is partly determined by structural considerations.* A job or a husband may be chosen in the absence of another choice. Hence the fourth: *Defense of bloodline is best accomplished in the structural arena,* before it needs to get personal. Hence Marcus Garvey's solution—and Lincoln's: Ferry the blacks to a homeland of their own. While I would not stand in the way of this, it does sadden me. After all the common history shared by black and white Americans, I would prefer for us to live together.

[133] Expressed in slightly different form in the moral calculus, 6.2.D.2, with the note: "This rule derives from the priority which my own culture and epoch places upon the rights of the self [5.1.1-3, 5.1.18]."

[134] This ought to be true of class as well. But while one may speak of a culture, a genotype, a phenotype of class culture, only in the Platonic sense does each class have its own "virtue," its own place in the scheme of things—for mere economic specialization does not count as class differentiation. Plato's castes are all spiritually equal in the workings of politico-socioeconomic goodness. That's very nice, but class relations as we usually define them are inherently unequal. Few would want to preserve a slaveholding culture, no matter how beautiful and fascinating it might be. But no such problem presents itself with other sorts of culture.

[135] It is possible to imagine a state made up of *truly* (as opposed to that hypocritical Supreme Court decision) "separate but equal" authorities, one for blacks, one for whites. It is possible, although ugly, to imagine that even if the black authority expelled me, a person of white descent, from its jurisdiction, that authority could be justified, or at least not unjustified, in so doing had the state made provision for a white authority to take over the task of my protection. But it still doesn't sound very nice. And *Realpolitik* teaches us that this case is awfully unlikely, since separate is almost never equal.

[136] When I visited Yemen in 2002, I found myself excluded from all mosques, "because we can't be sure that Christians will wash themselves," they explained; in short, they were worried about ritual pollution. I was practically the *only* one who couldn't enter a mosque! And I gradually learned that in those mosques, every Friday this sermon was preached: Kill the Jews in Israel (all Jews, including children) and attack the Christian soldiers when they interfere in the Middle East. While I rarely felt myself to be in danger in Yemen, I did experience a strangely anxious, oppressive feeling at my exclusion. Had I been born there, with noplace else to go, that feeling would have worsened.

[137] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.4 caveat. This bears a strange similarity to the Herdsman's Calculus, 5.2.I.2.

[138] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.4 caveat. This can get more complicated than it seems. If I dwelled in Nunavut, I'd be, locally speaking, a member of a minority. But from a broader, North American standpoint, I'd be a member of a majority. While hopefully respecting my rights as an individual, the Inuit government could also inconvenience me in certain respects to further its own aloofness.

[139] Du Bois, *John Brown,* pp. 292-93.

[140] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.1.

[141] Unlike non-imminent defense, it need not achieve results to be justified. The Warsaw Ghetto fighters had little hope of actually stopping the Nazis from killing most of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

them. This does not in any way invalidate their self-defense. Being imminent, it also need not be defense in a just cause. Example: During Nat Turner's slave uprising, regardless of whether or not that was justified, any white who shot blacks attacking his family would obviously have been justified by imminent defense of self and others. Another example: "Presumably we face black troops," an S.S. sergeant was told by his superior during the Battle of the Bulge. "If this is true, naturally no prisoners of war will be taken" ("Orders Were—No Negro PWs, SS Man Says," in the *Stars and Stripes*, June 5, 1946). This being the case, black American soldiers would have been justified by imminence in refusing to take S.S. prisoners.

[142] If I may be permitted to split another hair, *separatism* seems less preferable than *separation*, that is, letting people of different races retain their differences by staying apart is better than moving them apart. That is the lesson of the Arctic: Leave those alone who want to stay alone. —And a fine theoretical rule it is—no matter that no group, once discovered, has ever been left alone.

[143] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.2.

[144] The rhetorical ploy of the inegalitarians that separatism best does justice to separate natures thus contains some truth, and it is repulsive to me to see people bending so far in the other direction, like the anti-sexists who with Orwellian zeal eliminate from their vocabularies such words as "mankind," "heroine," "girl," "actress," on the assumption that separate is not equal, that actresses are subordinately particular appendages of the actor-category to which everyone has the right to belong.

[145] Julia Ward Howe, p. 223 (speech on equal rights, 38th Annual Convention of the National American Woman's Suffrage Association, 12 February 1906).

[146] For the myth of the Amazons, who did just that, see below, "Defense of Gender."

[147] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 353 (Address on Colonization to a Committee of Colored Men, Washington, D.C., August 14, 1862).

[148] Alvin F. Poussaint, M.D., "The Psychology of a Minority Group with Implications for Social Action," in Daly et al, in Daly et al, p. 34.

[149] Garvey p. 167 (letter to Ernest S. Cox, June 10, 1925).

[150] Ibid, p. 168.

[151] Washington, p. 10.

[152] Ibid, p. 52.

[153] 1964 Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, Article I, Section 3: "The government of this Order shall be vested primarily in the Imperial Wizard, with official Board" (appendix to HUAC report, p. 5).

[154] Garvey, p. 18 (letter to President Calvin Coolidge; application for executive clemency; 13 June 1925).

[155] Levi, p. 96. A Japanese medical worker with the infamous Unit 731 said much the same thing about his Chinese victims: "I'd say, yes, hatred was there, but I simply had to ignore it. In other words, they were valuable experimental animals. We treated them with civility" (Cook and Cook, p. 165, testimony of Tamura Yoshio).

[156] In 1857, the *Dredd Scott* decision of the Supreme Court explained that blacks were not citizens, because the framers of the Declaration of Independence, in referring to the rights of all men, did not consider colored people to be men; rather, "by common consent," they "had been excluded from civilized governments and the family of nations and doomed to slavery ... and were never thought of or spoken of except as property." This is proven, the Court said, by the clause in our Constitution which permits the importation of slaves until 1808, and by that other clause which was the ancestor of the Fugitive Slave Law: The states must return escaped blacks to their place of living death. In other words, concluded the Court, had blacks been meant for inclusion in the Declaration of Independence, the framers would have beeb inconsistent—no, worse; they'd have been liars! Better (since they were in fact so honest and admirable) to choose the other alternative, and keep the niggers down (*Dredd Scott v. Sandford*, March 6, 1857; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, pp. 418-19).

[157] King, last report to SCLC, abr., 1967, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 4. King

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and his colleague Bayard Rustin will both appropriate Lincoln's metaphor of the "House Divided."

[158] Elizabeth Cady Stanton, pp. 104-05 (May 25, 1865).

[159] Andrew Johnson, p. 159 (letter to the president from "a Southern man," May 31, 1865).

[160] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[161] Excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 242.

[162] Edward King, *The Great South* (1875), excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 231.

[163] To briefly return to self-defense of gender, the racist's fear of miscegnation has its exact counterpart in the sexist's fear of free love. Toward the end of World War I, one man writes: "The application of the advanced feminist program in Socialist Russia takes on a new and hideous meaning when the fathers of Oklahoma realize that hidden beneath this pretty plea of 'Please give us the ballot' lurks the thing known as 'Feminism'" (quoted in the *Woman Citizen*, September 7, 1918, p. 286). Of course, he is right. It is very sad to watch how the equation between equal rights for blacks and equal rights for women, so clearly seen by many feminists during the Civil War, gradually becomes obscured and denied as women continue to make social and political gains while blacks do not. Intermarriage, open marriage—they're the same sin.

[164] Fay, p. 217 (letter of January 24, 1863).

[165] House of Representatives (1866), p. 13. W. E. B. Du Bois writes that he can forgive the antebellum South for everything except its treatment of slave women (*Writings*, p. 958; "The Damnation of Women," 1920).

[166] In Roman times, he says, slaves were the same race as their masters, and so after enfranchisement could not be told apart from them. But for America, "the tradition of slavery dishonours the race, and the peculiarity of the race perpetuates the condition of slavery" (Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 425). Hence "the abolition of slavery in the South will, in the common course of things, increase the repugnance of the white population for the men of color" (ibid, p. 447).

[167] Since writing these words I came across the following sentence in a Klanwatch press release (*ca.* 1995; p. 3): "The white supremacists and anti-Semites taking advantage of this new radical right constitutency are following a pattern of organized terrorism that dates back to the days of Reconstruction and the birth of the Ku Klux Klan."

[168] And throughout the Old Testament one can glean maxims such as the following (Lev. 19.19): "You shall not let your cattle breed with a different kind; you shall not sow your field with two kinds of seed; nor shall there come on you a garment of cloth made of two kinds of stuff."

[169] Edward Peters, p. 16.

[170] Carroll, in John David Smith, p. 287.

[171] A minister, *Nachash: What is it? or, An Answer to the Question "Who and What is the negro?", Drawn from Revelation* (August, Georgia: Jas. L. Gow, 1868); in John David Smith, p. 19.

[172] *Phaedo*, 62e, in Plato, p. 45.

[173] House of Representatives (1866), pp. 161-62 (testimony of Lucy Tibbs)

[174] One finds this very commonly said. Compare with Eichmann's tale of harmony: "I've never been an anti-Semite, and I've never made a secret of the fact. I'm not trying to praise myself. I just want to say that our collaboration at the Central Office [with the Jewish representatives] was decently businesslike" (Lang and Sibyll, p. 56).

[175] Affidavit of a Tennessee freedman, September 13, 1864; in Berlin et al, p. 323.

[176] Johnson, p. 30.

[177] Washington, p. 167.

[178] A white racist writes, with considerable correctness: "Race, the highest manifestation of the team spirit, may be nature's way of organizing men for the accomplishment of the unaccomplishable" (Robertson, p. 535).

[179] Unjustified by moral calculus, 5.2.D.1b: "A minority group can jusifiably maintain a greater degree of aloofness than an majority group."

[180] McFarlin.

[181] See "The Chosen People's Calculus of Conquest," in the chapter on defense of homeland, below.

[182] See, for insance, *Die Schedelsche Weltchronik* (Schedel, leaves XII-XIII). On the subject of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

outer-dwellers, Hesiod advises us in the "Works and Days" (p. 59, l. 341-3) to "invite your friend to dinner; have nothing to do with your enemy/Invite that man particularly who lives closest to you."

[183] The word "Inuk" (singular of "Inuit") means a person, a human being and also (as is the case wth the Iroquois "Original Being") an owner (Schneider, p. 85). Another dictionary gives "inumarik" as "real man, the Eskimo" (Thibert, p. 90). While "Inuk" may theoretically be employed to refer to non-Eskimo human beings, in my visits to the Canadian Arctic I have never heard it so used. The Cree call themselves "muskeg people," but also frequently use "people" (John J. Honigmann, article on West Main Cree, in Sturtevant, vol. 6, p. 227). The Iroquois called themselves the Ongyeoweh, or Original Men; their constitution permitted the admission into their confederacy of any foreign nation only on a temporary and subservient basis (Parker, pp. 50-51, articles 73-77).

[184] This is very similar to an old Wainwright Eskimo proverb about the ice. See the epigraph to my novel *The Ice-Shirt.*

[185] As was the case, for instance, with the Huron (Wendat). Although their name meant "Dwellers of the Peninsula," they followed the pattern enough to look down upon the French as inferior (Trigger, p. 430). Many Amerindian groups name themselves after places or topography (People of the Mucky Land, etc., etc.). And this is entirely natural. The farther away from us a place is, the more ready we are to believe the most fantastic things of it, having no experience to teach us otherwise. Thus Herodotus, that would-be ethnographer, with his stock of absurdities in space and time: the flying snakes, the field mice who devour the enemy's bowstrings, the gold-mining, man-eating ants who are larger than foxes, or—more to the point here—the Ethiopians, whose semen, we're assured, is as jet-black as their skins (Book Three, p. 247). We will pursue this further in our discussion of self-defense of homeland. (Hölldobler and Wilson, by the way, suggest that he may not be entirely off the mark about the ants; see p. 373).

[186] It is a chicken-and-egg sort of question to try to decide whether this was historically the result or the cause of the general disunity—indeed, active warfare—between so many American Indian populations. Here are a few summations from ethnographic works chosen almost at random: "The Indian peoples who lived outside the Powhatan area were often considered enemies, or, at best, neutral neighbors" (Rountree, p. 120). For the Chipewyan, "the Eskimo to the north are known as ... 'enemies of the flat area'; ... the Cree to the South are simply 'enemy'" (James O. Smith, article on Chipewyan, in Sturtevant, vol. 6, p. 270). The word "Apache" means "enemy."

[187] For a discussion of the perceived animality of Indian Muslims by Pardi Hindus—the stereotype, which I find strikingly similar to Hitler's of the Jew, involves aggressiveness, dirtiness and sexual brutality—see Kakar, pp. 137-42.

[188] Lévi-Strauss, p. 482. This seems borne out in the anthropological literature. Here, for instance, is Trigger (p. 45): "Every human being, or group of human beings, whose existence was known to the Huron was considered to be either their enemy or their friend." Any number of such examples can be plucked. If, as the historian Michael Sage has aphorized (op. cit., p. xi), "hostility was considered as the typical condition in Greek interstate relations," then it would seem that a stranger, armed or not, menacing or not, would have run a considerable risk of being regarded as a combatant. "We are true Greeks, pure, and so an unalloyed hate has sunk deeply into the city for foreigners" (Plato, *Menexenus,* 245C-D; in Sage, p. 88). One 1960 study on murder in various African tribes concluded that Alur tribesmen, for instance, killed each other less often and with less guilt than they killed non-Alur (Paul Bohannan, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 215). But, like any other proposition about violence, it is helpful but not fully explanatory. The same study found that black Philadelphia murderers killed spouses 19.5

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

percent of the time (a figure which would diminish somewhat in favor of stranger-homicides in the 1990s), sex partners 10 percent of the time, and enemies only 3 percent of the time, whereas for the Alur those figures were, respectively, 8.9 percent, nil to negligible and 15.5 percent (op. cit., p. 222). The concept of the other as enemy is thus not universally explicatory, *and we should be very glad that that is so.* For the real data that we have offer hope that racism and ethnocentrism is not so balefully powerful as to be an agent in all violence.

[189] Ibid, p. 483.

[190] Gobineau, p. 29.

[191] Ibid, p. 151. Here is Gibbon expounding in similar vein upon Attila the Hun: ". . . the portrait of Attila exhibits the genuine deformity of a modern Calmuck; a large head, a swarthy complexion, small deep-seated eyes, a flat nose, a few hairs in the place of a beard, broad shoulders, and a short square body, of nervous strength, though of a disproportioned form" (vol. 1, p. 546). In short, the other races, the inmates of the Alien World, are inherently "disproportioned."

[192] Ibid, p. 205.

[193] Cf., e.g. "A minister" in John David Smith, p. 35; and Carroll, also in Smith, p. 395.

[194] Gobineau, a good Catholic, swallows the unpalatable notion of Adam as a common ancestor, but darkly mutters that if it weren't sacrilege to attack the Bible, he'd quickly show where he really stood...!

[195] Carroll, in John David Smith, p. 406.

[196] Ibid, p. 717 (italics in original).

[197] Ibid, p. 287.

[198] Maine, pp. 106-07.

[199] Van Evrie, p. 141.

[200] Ibid, p. 335.

[201] In other words, maybe the Union troops, who are mostly also white, won't mind if they enforce their code discreetly.

[202] The Indian psychologist Kakar explains that "cultural groups are not only a shelter for those mourning lost attachments but also vehicles for redressing narcissistic injuries, for righting what are perceived as contemporary or historical wrongs" (p. 189).

[203] House of Representatives (1866), p. 5.

[204] "I think the negro soldiers have not acted properly several times," said one white resident, a doctor who saved a black man from being murdered, but "the citizen negroes acted very well" (ibid, p. 126)

[205] Quoted in Du Bois, *John Brown*, pp. 197-98.

[206] HUAC report, p. 123.

[207] House of Representatives (1866), p. 36. For purposes of comparison, please note that from 1964 through the first half of 1968, race riots in America killed 215 people and injured 8950 (*U.S. News & World Report*, July 15, 1968, p. 31).

[208] September 10, 1874; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 238.

[209] Han Sang-jin, professor of sociology, Seoul National University, "Human Rights and Growth in East Asia," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 5, no. 1 (January-February 1997), p. 11.

[210] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.1b.

[211] In *The State of War and Peace Atlas*, Dan Smith writes (p. 103): "Ethnic cleansing has a certain logic in maintaining the power of a narrow group, but there is something here that goes beyond rational politics and into psychotic fear."

[212] Constitution and Rituals of the Order of the White Camelia 1868; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 258.

[213] HUAC report, p. 91.

[214] Unattributed engravings; in Adler et al, vol. 2, insert section following p. 26.

[215] HUAC report, p. 82.

[216] Federal Grand Jury report to the U.S. Circuit Court in South Carolina, 1871; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 249.

[217] Petition to the Senate, April 11, 1871; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p.p. 247-248.

[218] Defense of bloodline is unjustified *when it precludes defense of individual choice* (moral calculus, 6.2.D.2).

[219] Hampton and Fayer, pp. 13-14 (testimony of William Bradford Huie, quoting J.W. Milam).

[220] As in the U.N. pullout from Somalia a century later (see "Let Me Know If You're Scared"), the strategy was to declare an implausible victory once the occupier was sufficiently exhausted.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[221] Excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 105.
[222] Du Bois, *Writings,* p. 990 ("A Lunatic or a Traitor," 1924).
[223] Uncredited photograph, n.d., in photo insert following p. 106 of Adler et al, vol. 2.
[224] Du Bois, *John Brown*, p. 300.
[225] Earl E. Thorpe, introduction to Adler et al, vol. 2, pp. xxiii-xxiv.
[226] Richard C. Wade, in Daly et al, p. 15. Furthermore, says this author (op. cit., p. 24), race riots have deeper *roots* than any other kind of disorder, and the violence they evince continues to erupt between the major outbreaks. Casualties are always highest among the blacks, as might be expected, since their numbers are fewer than those of the whites.)
[227] Quoted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 97.
[228] John E. Bruce, speech of October 5, 1889, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 173.
[229] Moral calculus, 1.2.4. [Sometimes justified by imminent self-defense. Unjustified as a general moral code.]
[230] Borchert, p. 193.
[231] Andrew F. Henry and James F. Short, Jr., "Status and the Relational System," in Wolfgang, p. 255. Possibly for political reasons, the FBI crime reports of recent years have not broken down the crime rate by race. But in 1995, there were 9,613 white victims and 9,694 black victims (FBI, p. 14).
[232] Harold Garfinkel, "Inter- and Intra-racial Homicides" (1949), in Wolfgang, p 63.
[233] Washington, p. 23.
[234] Redding, p. 44.
[235] Du Bois, *Writings,* pp. 403-04 ("Of Booker T. Washington and Others," in "The Souls of Black Folk").
[236] "One could wish that John Brown could see today the results of the great revolution in Russia," he sighs.
[237] Du Bois, *John Brown*, p. 288.
[238] Bergerud, p. 178.
[239] March 7, 1863; in Berlin, pp. 48-49.
[240] That their sensibilities have indeed changed can be shown, for instance, by reference to the writings of Booker T. Washington, who could say, in what the separate black and white mainstreams alike would in the course of time come to consider terms of Uncle Tomism: "To me it seems that the patience of the Negro, which enabled him to endure the hardships of slavery, and the natural human sympathy of the Negro, which taught him, finally, to love the white man and to gain his affection in return, was wiser, if you can speak of it in such terms, than the courage and independence of the Indian which prevented him from doing the same" (p. 136).
[241] Quoted in Borchert, p. 188.
[242] Walter White, article in *The Crisis* (1919), excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 44.
[243] Hiram W. Evans, article in *North American Review,* excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 12. In Europe, Adolf Hitler had sounded and almost parodically amplified the same note in *Mein Kampf,* which had been published one year earlier: "If, with the help of his Marxist creed, the Jew is victorious over the other peoples of this world, his crown will be the funeral wreath of humanity and this planet will, as it did thousands [*sic*] of years ago, move through the ether devoid of men" (p. 65).
[244] 1964 Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, Article III, Sections 1 and 4 (excerpts), in appendix to HUAC report, pp. 6-7.
[245] See above, this chapter.
[246] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 3.
[247] HUAC report, p. 70 (Harold Delk Exhibit no. 1—January 14, 1966: "Secrecy.")
[248] Photo insert in Bergerud, preceding p. 167. A more gruesome image of a similar subject (Ralph Morse, 1943) appears in Boot, p. 48.
[249] See below, "The War Never Came Here."
[250] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.1b: "Separatism is urgently necessary to preserve the minority's physical or cultural integrity against dissolution."
[251] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966]), appendix to HUAC report, p. 5.
[252] HUAC report, p. 84.
[253] See above, "Defense of Honor"; see also moral calculus, 5.2.A.
[254] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 5.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[255] HUAC report, p. 88.
[256] Ibid, p. 89.
[257] Imperial Executive Order, May 3, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, second and third pages.
[258] Which is analogous to, although obviously far more lethal than, that of the future Animal and Earth Liberation Fronts. See below, "Defense of Earth"; "Defense of Animals."
[259] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 328.
[260] Dramatization is not only a means, but an end which determines its own requires means. I once asked the anonymous Animal Liberation Front activist code-named "Virginia": "Which is more noble, to unobtrusively benefit large numbers of animals or to set a spectacularly dramatic example which others might follow?" "She replied, "It is more *noble* to do something good knowing you would not receive acknowledgement for it. It is much *better* to set examples or teach because the AR [animal rights] movement can grow geometrically... That's why I put educating others ahead of rescuing animals... Being noble isn't important. Saving lives is important."—"Virginia" is footnoted in "Defense of Earth," below, and she appears several times in "Defense of Animals," below.
[261] HUAC report, p. 122.
[262] 1964 Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, preliminary proclamation, appendix to HUAC report, p. 2.
[263] Photo by Burt Glinn, Magnum; in Adler et al, vol. 1, photo insert following p. 340.
[264] Evans; in Adler et al, loc. cit., p. 16.
[265] King, *Papers*, p. 110 ("The Negro and the Constitution," May 1944).
[266] Cf., e.g., p. 257 fn 1.
[267] Du Bois, *Writings*, p. 1,123 ("My Character," posthumously published 1968).
[268] King, *Papers*, p. 115 (letter to Alberta Williams King, June 18, 1944).
[269] Photograph in Hampton and Fayer, p. 17.
[270] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 41.
[271] Hampton and Fayer, p. 24 (Coretta King).
[272] King, *Testament of Hope*, p. 38 ("Pilgrimage to Nonviolence," April 27, 1960).
[273] I continually make these points not to damage King, whom I admire, but to remind us that he was human, with human failings; if he could do something noble, so can we.
[274] Poussaint, p. 32.
[275] Hampton and Fayer, p. 25 (Joe Azbell).
[276] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 24.
[277] Hampton and Fayer, p. 32.
[278] Charles Moore, Black Star, plates no. 21-2, in Branch, betw. pp. 336-37.
[279] Branch, p. 351.
[280] Ibid, p. 510.
[281] See "Siege-Thoughts," above.
[282] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 158.
[283] AP/Wide World Photos, plate no. 69, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.
[284] UPI/Bettmann Newsphotos, plate no. 48, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.
[285] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 226.
[286] Ibid, p. 692.
[287] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[288] Quoted in Washington, p. 148.
[289] Bruce Davidson, Magnum, plate no. 60, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.
[290] James Forman, SNCC, quoted in Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, pp. 239-40.
[291] Wyatt Walker, quoted in Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 248.
[292] Mulford Q. Sibley, citing the fact that King used lawbreaking to get desegregation laws enforced, then called in the troops to protect demonstrators, argues that "King never worked out the principles which might conceivably distinguish between morally legitimate coercion on the one hand, and illegitimate coercion—or violence" on the other" (Sibley, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 22). But in his "Letter from Birmingham Jail," King does make a distinction, already quoted, between just and unjust laws. The main ethical dilemma which King's career exemplified at this stage was simply this: To be effective, nonviolence must take the form of a mass movement. But in practice mass movements find it almost impossible to control their fringes, which can turn violent.
[293] Branch, p. 759.
[294] AP/Wide World Photos, plate no. 48, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.
[295] Charles Moore, Black Star, plate no. 66, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[296] Lewis, pp. 125-50, "The Ethnic and Urban Bases of Communist Revolt in Malaya."

[297] The Chinese comprised a new element, and hence one still alien, injected into Malaysian society as a result of colonial capitalist economics. Being thus isolated, they had nowhere to turn for aid but to their traditional secret societies, whose influence was on the wane. Thus many Chinese were ready to try Communism when it was offered to them—perhaps not least because an underground Marxist-Leninist organization is not so different from a secret society.

[298] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 5 ("Impasse in Race Relations").

[299] Imperial Executive Order, May 3, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, first page.

[300] Personal communication of Michael Pulley to author. Pulley interviewed the Grand Dragon and his associates in 1996, in the South Carolina town where the Grand Dragon and Pulley's parents lived.

[301] For a cyclical analysis of revolution, see "Self-Defense of Revolution," below.

[302] Gibbon writes: "Against such internal enemies [as angry slaves], whose desperate insurrections had more than once reduced the republic to the brink of destruction, the most severe regulations, and the most cruel treatment, seemed almost justified by the great law of self-preservation" (vol. 1, p. 16).

[303] Refer to the subordinate end of his Harpers Ferry raid in Brown's schematized moral calculus, above.

[304] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[305] Easterby, pp. 260-61 (March 2, 1743).

[306] Ibid, p. 544 (January 23-24, 1744).

[307] Safet Bandzovic, president of a human rights organization in Sanzak, which was a Serbian area with a large Muslim population, told me in 1994: "From the highest leadership on down, Muslims and Serbs cannot live together. That creates a lot of fear here in Sanzak. Also, there's a question of unsafety. You can permanently see long military lines going toward Bosnia, and the two districts of _____ and _____ were ethnically cleansed. There were many murders and kidnappings. In October '92 eighteen people were kidnapped and killed." ("That's the famous bus kidnapping," my radical Serbian translator, Vineta, said drily.) "On the Belgrade-Bar train in February `93, twenty-one persons were kidnapped and most likely killed. In this situation, the Muslims were called upon to protect themselves. However, the problem is that whenever police find a gun, they think it's an attempt by Muslims to form their own state. Police raid only Muslim houses and the weapons they find originate only from Serbian military factories. The authorities cannot explain how we got those weapons. There were about 330,000 Muslims in Yugoslavia in '91. So we cannot create a danger. But a picture in the media is created of danger. We are forced to leave. We are one nation, the Muslims in Bosnia and the Muslims in Sanzak. I can't see a reason for the authorities to prefer the Muslims in Sanzak to those in Bosnia, whom they hate." Bandzovic's argument, which unwittingly played upon the fears of people like Vineta, was that the Muslims *were* in fact their own state, "one nation" across borders, he'd put it, as indeed in sensibility, though not political fact, they'd been until the breakup of Yugoslavia. Now that was done with. Serbia and Montenegro comprised one country, the rump Yugoslavia, and Bosnia had striven to secede; Bosnia and Yugoslavia were at war now. "What will happen," he asked me, "if one morning we wake up and see two dead [Serbian] soldiers brought in Gorazde; and how can we prove that we didn't do that?"

[308] "Most recent authoritative riot commissions have concluded that black grievances were legitimate," says a study of the events of 1967-68 (Michael Lipsky and David J. Olson, "Civil Disorders and the American Political Process: The Meaning of Recent Urban Riots," in Hirsch and Perry, p. 164).

[309] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 273.

[310] Branch, p. 771.

[311] 1964 Constitution of the Ku Klux Klan, Article I, Section 2, appendix to HUAC report, p. 5.

[312] Department of Justice, p. 165 (Exhibit 6, memo to Mr. A.H. Belmont from Mr. W.C. Sullivan, August 30, 1963).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[313] Probably Stanley Levison.
[314] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 33 ("Conscience and the Vietnam War").
[315] Department of Justice, pp. 165-66.
[316] To be fair, we must remind ourselves that King did not face a monolithic government conspiracy, but an FBI conspiracy spearheaded by J. Edgar Hoover. These were the days when one of Hoover's flunkies could hang up the telephone on the attorney general himself (HUAC report, p. 111).
[317] Ervin Smith, pp. 98-121. James Meredith faced the Pelasgian Dilemma, but got to choose the self-expression without the harm, thanks to the intimidating intervention of legitimate authority (defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1). The Pelasgian Dilemma becomes thankfully moot when legitimate authority applies Turnbull's Maxim (5.2.D.5): "In larger-scale societies we are accustomed to diversity of belief, we even applaud ourselves for our tolerance, not recognizing that a society not bound together by a single powerful belief is not a society at all, but a political association of individuals held together only by the presence of law and force, the very existence of which is a violence." I say, bring on that violence!
[318] Moral calculus, 4.1-4.3.
[319] See above, "On the Morality of Weapons."
[320] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 375.
[321] Ibid, p. 373.
[322] Department of Justice, p. 5.
[323] King, *Testament of Hope*, p. 218 ("I Have A Dream," August 28, 1963).
[324] Ibid, p. 221 ("Eulogy for the Martyred Children," September 1963).
[325] Branch, p. 893.
[326] Ibid, p. 889.
[327] The *Detroit News*, plate no. 74, in Branch, btw. pp. 688-689.
[328] Kakar, pp. 29-30.
[329] Imperial Executive Order, May 3, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, first page.
[330] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 54 ("Nonviolence and Social Change").
[331] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 405
[332] Especially in the rival organization SNCC.
[333] Wade, in Daly et al, p. 24.
[334] Uncredited photograph, in Adler et al, vol. 1, photo insert following p. 420.
[335] "Wide World," loc. cit.
[336] 'World Telegram and Sun," loc cit.
[337] "The Occupation of Newark," August 24, 1967, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 148.
[338] Excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 98.
[339] "What We Want," September 22, 1966, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 154.
[340] Saunders Redding, introduction to Adler et al, vol. 1, p. xxxiv. A study of riot commission suggestions, and the degree to which those were implemented, calls the results "bleak" (Lipsky and Olson, in Hirsch and Perry, p. 173).
[341] King, *Testament of Hope*, p. 146.
[342] One pamphleteer sees King and his supposed opposite number, Malcolm X, as more similar than diffierent because they both became disenchanted with the political solutions they proposed—King with "reformist, petty bourgeois integrationism" and Malcolm X with "conservative black nationalism," and as a result, both became more leftist (Marable, p. 3). This seems true as far as it goes, although it sweeps under the rug the fact that King continued to avoid Malcolm X whenever he could; the two men met only briefly. It does seem evident that King was beginning to move toward some sort of radicalism as yet unknown even to himself; and it is even possible, though not likely, that had the two men both been spared, they might have met in the middle—Malcolm X becoming more tolerant and King more militant. Malcolm X himself always insisted on his identity with King: "We are both indicting. I would say to him: 'You indict and you give them hope. I'll indict and give them no hope'" (*Harpers Magazine*, June 1964, pp. 54-61; quoted in Garrow comp., vol. 1, p. 22; Lewis V. Badwin, "Malcolm X and Martin Luther King, Jr.: What They Thought About Each Other").
[343] Marable, p. 11.
[344] Penn Warren, p. 14 (italics in original).
[345] Letter H # 1088 (beginning "I a stranger...") (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[346] In the inimitable words of the former Opium King, Khun Sa: "When someone else

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

farts, you are all too willing to say it's got a pleasant smell. But you refuse to listen when one of your own people speaks. Just let me ask you who you are?" (Khun Sa, p. 56, "National Unity").

[347] Kakar, pp. 34-37.

[348] Ibid, p. 36. The most profound description of Hindu-Muslim communal violence which I have ever read is Khushwant Singh's novel *Train to Pakistan* (1956). Singh had the misfortune to be an eyewitness of Partition. This book seems to have been written out of equal parts love, anguish and pride. In his ability to empathize with the ethnic Other, Singh had an advantage rarely accorded to a portrait-painter of American white-black relations, because in pre-Partition India, Sikhs, Muslims and Hindus lived and intermixed with near equality.

[349] "Gandhi was the pet object of my grandmother's aversion, and many of my uncles and aunts shamelessly encouraged her as she held forth in her toothless, gummy voice, surprisingly similar to the Mahatma's own, on Gandhi's many affronts to Hindu sentiment and advanced salacious speculations on the reasons for his love of the 'Mussulman'" (ibid, p. 32).

[350] And if it didn't happen the way my fellow victims told me, so what? "Even as I retell the stories of my relatives from memory," says Kakar (p. 37), referring to the accounts of Hindu-Muslim violence just quoted, "I know I cannot trust that they adhere strictly to facts... My later, adult experience of riot accounts has taught me that *talk* of atrocities which one was told about (and then even personally witnessed) is much more than their actual occurrence. The importance of the rhetorics of violence ... is not necessarily that they illuminate actual action but that they substitute for it."

[351] Kakar, p. 44.

[352] Their concealment actually has a double layer; for while the Klan are a homegrown product,. many of the Viet Cong, even though they dress as southerners, really hail from the north. One artillery officer tells how at the border "we traded in our North Vietnamese army uniforms for black pajamas, to give us the appearance of Southern peasants" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 153; testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

[353] HUAC report, p. 71.

[354] Lewes, p. 9.

[355] Ho Chi Minh, vol. 1, p. 132 ("The Ku-Klux-Klan," 1924).

[356] Indeed, note the similarity between the Victim's Corollary and the Klansman's Maxim. In both cases, the practitioner controls means and ends, is jury, judge and executioner.

[357] King, *Testament of Hope*, pp. 389-90 (August 21, 1966).

[358] King, *Papers*, pp. 428-429 ("Religion's Answer to the Problem of Evil," April 27, 1951).

[359] King, *Testament of Hope*, p. 25 ("My Trip to the Land of Gandhi").

[360] King, last report to SCLC, abr., 1967, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 1.

[361] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 48 ("Youth and Social Action").

[362] Louis E. Lomax, *The Negro Revolt*, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 259.

[363] Speech to theiry-seven teenagers, December 31, 1964, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 217.

[364] Photo by Charles Moore, Black Star; in Adler et al, vol. 1, photo insert following p. 340.

[365] "Letter from Birmingham Jail," excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 217,

[366] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, pp. 59-60 ("Nonviolence and Social Change").

[367] Ervin Smith, pp. 111-112.

[368] Berger and Neuhaus, p. 140.

[369] King, *Testament of Hope*, p. 69 ("Showdown for Nonviolence," April 16, 1968).

[370] Ben Halpern, "Self-Denial and Self-Preservation," in Baron and Wise, p. 281. Harlem also uses the word "pogroms" to refer to the black riots in Harlem of the 1930s and 1940s.

[371] Robert B. Rigg, "Made in USA," excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 129.

[372] David J. Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 596.

[373] In fact, Gandhi wrote: "I do not deplore the massacre of [Indians by Englishmen at]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Jalianwala Bagh so much as I deplore the murders of Englishmen and destruction of property by ourselves" (op. cit., p. 113, "The Law of Suffering," *Young India*, 16-6-20).

[374] Department of Justice, p. 141.

[375] HUAC report, p. 84.

[376] "What We Want," September 22, 1966, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, p. 157. Let us invert Carmichael's case for an example of the murkiness of assigning responsibility along racial lines. Robin's study of justifiable police homicides in Philadelphia from 1950 to 1960 found that eighteen (87.5 percent) of the thirty-two suspects killed were black, while only 22 percent of the city's population was black. Is this racism? Robin points out that we don't know the racial composition of Philadelphia's criminals. "Moreover, a close examination of the 32 cases shows that, with few exceptions, the officers who took the criminals' lives acted as any 'reasonable man' in their position would have," and shooting "was rationally utilized as a last resort" (Wolfgang, pp. 90-91).

[377] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 8 ("Impasse in Race Relations").

[378] See above, this chapter.

[379] Berger and Neuhaus, p. 99.

[380] Ibid, p. 94.

[381] Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 451.

[382] William H. Grier and Price M. Cobbs, *Black Rage*, excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 1, pp. 60, 57. Italics in original.

[383] Quoted in Robertson, p. 17.

[384] Department of Justice, p. 16.

[385] Ibid, p. 1.

[386] Ibid, p. 18.

[387] David J. Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 611.

[388] Ibid, p.. 625.

[389] Department of Justice, p. 26.

[390] Ibid, p. 20.

[391] Ibid, p. 30.

[392] Ibid, p. 37.

[393] Havens et al believe that the Watts riots had the support of "possibly a majority ... of Northern urban Negroes" (p. 67).

[394] Department of Justice, p. 31.

[395] Ibid, p 97.

[396] Ibid, p. 96.

[397] Ibid, p. 100. Possibly Ray's silence on the matter was merely an attempt to shield family members who helped him financially. Havens et al propose (p. 68) that Ray might have gotten rich from drug trafficking while in jail.

[398] The *Sacramento Bee*, final edition, March 28, 1997, p. A4, continuation of front page story under the heading "King: Ray seeks new ballistics tests." The photograph I refer to also appears on this page.

[399] Havens et al conclude that "by a rather narrow margin the weight of the evidence appears to favor the conspiracy explanation in this case" (p. 68).

[400] Department of Justice, p. 92.

[401] King, last report to SCLC, abr., 1967, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 7.

[402] Havens et al believe that King's murder resulted in "the quick passage of the 1968 Civil Rights Act" in hopes of heading off further riots (p. 63).

[403] "Muhamad Speaks," August 16, 1968, in Adler et al, vol. 1, pp.78-9.

[404] Ibid, p. 81.

[405] I am of course making assumptions about Ray's motives, for, as we have seen, the assassin never publicly explained or justified his acts.

[406] Havens et al, p. 70.

[407] Berkman, p. 52.

[408] *Index on Censorship*, vol. 26, no. 4, issue 177 (July/August 1997), p. 22 (Bruce Shapiro, "Zero tolerance gospel").

[409] From *Soledad Brother*, quoted in Adler et al, vol. 1, pp. 35-37.

[410] Flap jacket copy for Robertson.

[411] Robertson, p. 205.

[412] Michael Pulley, "Carolina Burning," in *Sacramento News and Review*, September 12, 1996, p. 27.

[413] Whom Neuhaus does not mention here.

[414] Berger and Neuhaus, p. 102.

[415] Ibid, p. 105.

[416] Which Neuhaus does, ibid, p. 106, adding disingenuously: "It is a mistake for whites to think that 'tactical withdrawal' is only a sign of black disillusionment with black-white cooperation." In 1988 I met a black girl who was wearing a T-shirt that said: WOMEN

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OF COLOR TAKING THE LEAD. —"Why do you have to take the lead?" I asked. "Why can't we all walk along together?"—"Because it's our turn now! " she said passionately. —"Well," I said, "it kind of makes me feel bad. You're proud of who you are. Why can't I be proud of who I am? Suppose I wore a T-shirt that said: WHITE MEN TAKING THE LEAD. How would that strike you?"—"That would be very offensive," she said. "That would be *racist.*"

[417] Quoted ibid, p. 107. Neuhaus admits that this is chauvinistic.

[418] Department of Justice, p. 95.

[419] Bayard Rustin, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 40.

[420] William Robert Miller, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, p. 28.

[421] Ibid, pp. 31-32. There is nothing new under the sun. These race warriors speak straight out of Clausewitz (see "Defense of Ground," below, for a discussion of Clausewitzian strategies and war aims).

[422] Marie E. Byles, in Ramachandran and Mahadevan, pp. 82-83. In 1919, British soldiers fired on ten thousand unarmed protesters, killing 379 people by the government's count (a full thousand by Gandhi's).

[423] Washington, p. 128.

[424] Ibid, p. 93. I imagine he corresponds to the Hindu mob leader Mangal Singh, who, although he "enjoys recounting his violent exploits in the land business or in the political field ... is really proud of ... his clashes with the Muslims in defence of the Hindus. These allow him to identify with and place himself in a long line of heroes ..." (Kakar, p. 102).

[425] Redding, p. 15.

[426] Above, "Means and Ends."

[427] Above, this chapter.

[428] "Old Browns Farewell; to the Plymouth Rocks; Bunker Hill, Monuments, Charter Oaks; and Uncle Tom's Cabbins [sic]," Boston, Apri, 1857, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[429] Moral calculus, 6.2.D.1.

[430] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 402.

[431] Lincoln, p. 123 (Address at Cooper Institute, New York City, February 27, 1860).

[432] "American Civilization Illustrated: A Great Slave Auction: Human Feelings of No Account," *New York Tribune,* March 9, 1859; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 118.

[433] Quoted in CDU/CSU, p. 86,

[434] Interview with the author, 1994.

[435] Appian, p. 47 (I.23).

[436] Op. cit., p. 27 ("War and Peace").

[437] Petrone, *First People, First Voices,* p. 58.

[438] Ibid, p. 154.

[439] Parker, p. 50 (articles 73-74).

[440] *The Rising Tide of Color Against White Supremacy* (1920), excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 36.

[441] Robertson, p. 538.

[442] Cook and Cook, p. 196 (testimony of Ahn Juretsu).

[443] Arnold, p. 39.

[444] Art. VI, Sec. 3.

[445] Montesquieu, p. 110 (XV.5).

[446] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 214 (first inaugaral address, 4 March 1861).

[447] Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Collected Poems and Translations,* p. 165 ("Boston Hymn," 1867).

[448] Penn Warren, p 53.

[449] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse,* p. 11, Chapter I, Article 21, no. 1 (my trans.).

[450] Hesiod, p. 103 ("Works and Days," ll. 705-07).

[451] Petrone, *First People, First Voices,* p. 27.

[452] Foreign Affairs Sub-Committee, Shan State National Congress, p. 18. See below, "But What Are We to DO?"

[453] The *Daily Yomiuri* (Japan), December 6, 1987. For a portrait of Barakumin in Japan, see below, "Thick Blood."

[454] Sartre, p. 10.

[455] Khun Sa, loc. cit.

[456] Konrád, *The Melancholy of Rebirth,* p. 34 ("Revolution or Reform").

[457] Petrone, *Northern Voices,* p. 211.

[458] Alain Locke, in debate with Lothrop Stoddard, 1927; excerpted in Adler et al, vol. 2, p. 9.

[459] Du Bois, *Writings,* p. 1,125 ("My Character," 1968).

[460] Dan Kurzman, *The Bravest Battle: The 28 Days of the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising* (New York: Da Capo Press, 1993), p. 184.

[461] Levin, p. 343.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[62] Gilbert, p. 5.
[63] Hitler, p. 65 (emphasis in original).
[64] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 1.
[65] Quoted in Berger and Neuhaus, p. 109.
[66] Quoted in Dawidowicz, p. 166.
[67] Unpublished speech, "*Die Intellektuellen und das Dritte Reich*" (1938), excerpted by Uriel Tal, "Violence and the Jew in Nazi Ideology," in Baron and Wise, p. 213.

DEFENSE OF CREED

[1] Luke 16:16.
[2] Al-Muttaqi'-al-Hindi, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 389.
[3] Matthew 9:27-31.
[4] Matthew 9:18-19, 22-26.
[5] Matthew 8:5-13.
[6] Gómara, p. 23. What a hero was Cortes! I recollect Lewes's comment on Robespierre that "to go to the block for an opinion, is heroism; to send others to the block because they differ from you, is fanaticism" (p. 390). The career of Cortes will be treated at greater length in "Defense of Ground."
[7] Díaz, p. 122.
[8] Loc. cit.
[9] One anthropologist has called this less an outpouring of fear than the fulfilment of an obligation (Fagan, pp. 27-28).
[10] Gomara, loc. cit.
[11] Underhill, pp. 158-59.
[12] Fagan, p. 29 (plate: "Giant statue of the goddess Coatlicue ...").
[13] See above, "Defense of Honor." Creed's rational components—collective identification, motivation, survival—are the same as for honor and need not be considered again. Bring to mind now the non-rational (or, if you prefer, super- or sub-rational) components.
[14] Bakunin, *God and the State*, pp. 25-26.
[15] Fagan, p. 24.
[16] Gómara, pp. 95-96. Zorita's editor puts the figure somewhere between twenty-five and sixty thousand over Montezuma's entire reign (op. cit., p. 73).
[17] Estimates of the population of central Mexico range from 1 million to 2,650,000 (Hassig, p. 59). In default of a better method, I took the arithmetical average between these extremes: 1,825,000. Montezuma's 20,000 sacrifices a year comprise 1.1 percent of this assumed population. In the years 1930-37, Stalin killed 14.5 million people, or (if we "smooth out" the peaks of 1930-32 and 1936-37) 1,812,500 victims per year. The population of the Soviet Union in 1939 (the figure available to me) was 170.5 million. Thus again we find about 1.1 percent of this group being sacrificed.
[18] We know not what they thought about being sacrificed. In another chapter (below, "Defense of War Aims"), we'll grant war some justifiability when it is limited to combatants. Might it be that, ruled by some religious rapture or other, many did gladly offer up their hearts? If so, either of two responses may be chosen: the accepting empathy of the anthropologist, or the call to arms against false consciousness (this latter strategy being employed by the missionary, magistrate or vanguardist revolutionary). Analogous issues: consensual sexual intercourse with minors, female circumcision, illegal narcotics use, the non-manumission of slaves who love their masters, suicide, teaching of literature proscribed by Stalin or the Catholic church. (On the subject of implied consent [or, as Rousseau would put it, "the general will"], see our parable of the social contract in "Where Do My Rights End?", above. Parallel considerations of consensuality will apply in the chapter on punishment.)
[19] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 359 ("Meditation on the Divine Will").
[20] Certainly God could be against idolatry and also against the use of compulsion to destroy idols (or, for that matter, in favor of idolatry and compulsion, "God" being in this case the synonym for "what I believe").
[21] Matthew 10:34-35.
[22] Gómara, p. 33. This appears in the moral calculus (1.2.3) as a variant of the Zealot's Golden Rule (discussed later in this chapter). It is unjustified. I name it the Missionary's Golden Rule: *Do unto others as you convince*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

yourself they would be done by.

[23] This is indeed the earthly standard. Hence the typical conversion procedure of Olaf Trygvesson (who briefly figures in "Defense of Honor," above): first, use gentle, good-humored words of persuasion; next employ logical arguments, with or without the presence of bishops; then propose rewards, such as fiefdoms or gold; after which threaten torture; and finally begin torture. Consent, in other words, is desirable but unnecessary.

[24] "Defense of Ground."

[25] Thou shalt not kill.

[26] From 1550 to 1570, for instance, tax records show the native population to have shrunk by two to four percent a year (Zorita, p. 66; editor's introduction). The statistically uninitiated may not appreciate how staggering such a change is. Consider the example of Easter Island. If, as one hypothethis goes, the population in 1680 was ten thousand, a yearly decrease of 2.3 percent would have been sufficient to bring it down to the known figure of a hundred and eleven less than two centuries later (Joel E. Cohen, pp. 357-58). Zorita's editor concludes that "Spanish labor and tribute policies," not disease, "were primarily responsible" (op. cit., p. 67). Between 1520 and 1540 the rate of decline was even higher, population falling by almost 50 percent (Fagan, p. 220). For further discussion of the Conquest's broad social effects, see below, "Defense of Ground."

[27] Moral calculus, 6.07, corollary.

[28] I hold that it does, absent imminence and certain other extenuations. In our discussion of war we'll consider the proportionality principle ("Defense of Homeland," below; moral calculus, 5.1.7).

[29] If we count John Wilkes Booth, killed (or suicided) during capture. The other four were hanged. For a description of their execution, see "Defense of Authority," this vol., p. 324-25.

[30] The answer is laid out in the moral calculus, 3.1-3.15.

[31] I've chosen not to capitalize Christ's relative pronouns, since this book treats him as a human moral actor.

[32] Luke 9:50.

[33] Luke 11:23.

[34] See above, "Defense of Race."

[35] For a portrait of Monsignor Albert, see below, "Dey Bring Dem Bloodstain Up Here."

[36] Which is to say a venerator of stone pillars.

[37] See "The Chosen People's Calculus of Conquest," in "Defense of War Aims," below, vol. 3, p. 41.

[38] As shown by his agony in the Garden of Gethsemane.

[39] Matthew 15:22-28.

[40] As identity, creed partakes of a nature similar to race and culture. *To that extent, the moral calculus for defense of race and culture applies.* Christ's imputation of her doggishness probably reflected not only a moral judgment but also the usual Middle Eastern clan and tribal distinctions. Frequently he rejected those social categories, as when he healed the Roman centurion's servant, or when he shocked a Samaritan woman at a well by asking her to draw him a drink of water. But the centurion, as we have seen, appealed to Christ by reason of his immense faith. As for the Samarian woman, the Gospel of John (4:5-10) explicitly states that geography required Jesus to pass through Samaria on his way from one Jewish enclave to another. "Jacob's well was there, and so Jesus, wearied as he was with his journey, sat down beside the well." He thirsts. But the woman says to him: "How is it that you, a Jew, ask a drink of me, a woman of Samaria?" For her water, we read, he requited her with the water of knowledge. We have no indication that he sought her out. And so when the Canaanite woman approached him on his hot and dusty road, he might have thought, as his disciples almost certainly did: You are a Canaanite; I am a Jew. What have you to do with me? And he would have meant this in part because her geneaology was different from his. (Of course, as H. G. Wells remarks with his usual logic, "the insertion of these genea logies is the more peculiar and unreasonable, because, according to the legend, Jesus was not the son of Joseph at all, but miraculously conceived" [vol. 1, p. 444].)

[41] Conventionally approximated "Jehovah."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[42] Chuev, p. 272 ("We Were Diverse Individuals," 1972, 1974, 1977, 1986).
[43] See above, "Defense of Race."
[44] For instance, Keitel, Molotov, the Scythians and (with exceptions) the Deuteronomists.
[45] Deuteronomy 13:6-10.
[46] Matthew, 12:32.
[47] Matthew, 12:49.
[48] See above, "Defense of Race," this vol., p. 375 (the figure entitled "Hypothetical Identity Distinctions of a 17th Century Huron Indian").
[49] The cruel arbitrariness of this circle-drawing ethos becomes quickly apparent upon examining almost any statutes meant to defend creed by punishing either what we now call "victimless crimes" or acts contrary to "the laws of God and nature." Thus, under the Code of Hammurabi a full citizen who had intercourse with his daughter would be expelled from the city; but should he have relations with his mother after the death of his father, mother and son together were to be burned. (If his incestuous partner were his foster mother, he would merely be "cut off from the parental home.") (Pritchard, p. 155; Code of Hammurabi, nos. 154, 157-58).
[50] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 219. We might further say that we each erect a god in our own image, like the Spartans, whose gods all had weapons, in order that "our young men might not pray to unarmed gods" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 157: Charillus).
[51] Herodotus, Book Four, p. 297.
[52] Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 176.
[53] Luke 10:29-37.
[54] Moral calculus, 1.2.1.
[55] Luke 17:11-19.
[56] Gandhi, p. 111.
[57] Schedel, leaf CV.
[58] Julian, vol. ii, p. 413 ("The Caesars").
[59] Turnbull, p. 209.
[60] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, 5.2.D.5.
[61] And partly by defense of race and culture, partly by defense of homeland, partly by defense of ground and arguably by the defenses of class and authority.
[62] "MOJAHED," p. 34. See also my book *An Afghanistan Picture Show*.
[63] My intellectual shortcomings and the priority I place on empathy prevent me.
[64] Moral calculus, 2.1.
[65] Moral calculus, 5.2.E definition.
[66] Luther, p. 485 ("An Appeal to the Ruling Class of German Nationality as to the Amelioration of the State of Christendom"). Luther, like most of us, shows contradictions. The seventh of his famous Ninety-Five Theses, nailed on the church door just three years earlier, read: "God never remits guilt to anyone without, at the same time, making him humbly submissive to the priest, His representative" (ibid, p. 491).
[67] Joan's answer in the epigraph to this chapter, and her defiant deportment during her Trial of Condemnation, impresses and inspires me not on account of her celestial "voices," but rather because her enemies were so much stronger than she. She denied their right to judge her. *And they likewise denied her right to judge them.* Can we follow the Golden Rule without arraigning ourselves in judgment before the ones we ourselves judge? (Hence the many moral calculi in this book.) This need not mean we accept their sentence. For instance, history blames them, not Joan, because the violence Joan committed was patriotically defensive in the best sense, while theirs against her was cruel, deceitful, unilateral, vain.
[68] To say that Christ and Hitler both exemplify faith's extremism is not to equate Christ and Hitler. Christ practiced the Golden Rule. He healed the Canaanite woman's daughter. Hitler would have enslaved or exterminated her. And that's to be expected, for the Golden Rule is never easy: Christ's scornful addresses to the Canaanite woman showed that not even he always followed it; his impatient heart and intellect led him on, like Cortes who did not quail before the heathen, who burned his ships so that no one could retreat. And, in a way, this makes me trust Christ all the more.
[69] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 326.
[70] "Here stood the basic question of a defensive or an offensive war," he explains about his Trotskyist decision taken to enter Poland

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in 1920, "and we in the Central Committee knew ... that we stood at a turning point of the whole policy of Soviet power"—namely, to begin imperialist expansion by trying to "sovietize" Poland (*The Unknown Lenin*, p. 97; document 59: political report of the Central Committee to the Ninth All-Russian Conference of the Communist Party September 20, 1920).

[71] Moral calculus, 1.2.3a-b.

[72] See below, "Sadism and Expediency."

[73] Pernoud, p. 195.

[74] Ibid, p. 205. There are in fact indications that Joan might have submitted herself to the Pope's decision, had she been brought before him, but she knew better than to accept any judgment brought on the basis of the lying written testimony alone. "Ah," she said, "you take care to write down what is against me, and will not write down what is for me" (ibid, p. 206).

[75] Defense of creed is obviously invalid when the methods of defense fail to correspond to the creed itself (a Tolstoyan cannot use violence to defend the ideas of Tolstoy). (Moral calculus, 6.2.E.2.) But set this nitpicking point aside. The unjustness here consists of inconsistency, perhaps hypocrisy. We have worse evils to worry about.

[76] Moral calculus, 5.2.E definition.

[77] My fond hope is that in some library long after I'm dead, the latest pallid incarnation of Raskolnikov will browse through this book, reconsider murdering the old pawnbroker and either become nonviolent or else select a more legitimate target for his violence.

[78] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"; moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.18.

[79] Moral calculus, 5.2.E.1 def.

[80] For example, his Book mentions Christ but my Book omits Muhammed, yet both Books assert that there is only one God, which both Christians and Muslims consider supremely important to their creed.

[81] See below, "Everybody Likes Americans."

[82] See above, "Defense of Race."

[83] Jesus healed the Canaanite woman's daughter precisely because she failed to defend her creed. Cortes enslaved the Mexicans whether or not they defended their creed. Both actions, insofar as they lacked moral transparency, comprised executions rather than defenses of creed. Obviously the two actions were not equivalent.

[84] If this conclusion disappoints, please remember that defense of creed is in effect defense of anything.

[85] This is Plato's metaphor of the cave.

[86] Gómara, p. 348.

[87] Moral calculus, 1.2.1 caveat. I will not attempt to define a bona fide dependent. Obviously an eighteenth-century Virginia planter could claim that his black slave was his dependent. All I can hope and assume is that the other maxims in the moral calculus apply.

[88] See above, "Means and Ends."

[89] If we allow Montezuma the right to have his sovereignty respected, and hence his religion, then we must likewise allow the puppet-inquisitors the right to sacrifice Joan of Arc.

[90] In *The Brothers Karamazov,* Dostoyevsky proposes the haunting doctrine that we should take on the sins of, and actually feel guilty on account of, evildoers we don't even know. Only if we accept them, and their deeds of violence, as us and our deeds, can we hope to achieve a more loving human family. I sometimes wish that I were capable of this.

[91] Moral calculus, 1.2.

[92] Gómara, p. 33.

[93] Moral calculus, 6.03, 6.04, 6.0.9-6.0.11.

[94] This quality, like several of the others on the list, is not in and of itself unjustifiable at all; indeed it's quite necessary for racial, cultural or organizational identity. See the moral calculus, 5.2.D.4.

[95] See above, "Defense of Authority"; Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution,* vol. 1, p. 288.

[96] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[97] Moral calculus, 6.2.C.1.

[98] Mumon Ekai, p. 81.

[99] Matthew 12:29-30.

[100] See below, moral calculus, 5.1.8; see above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[101] Moral calculus, 5.2.E.2.

[102] See below, "The Avengers of Kosovo."

[103] Interview with author, December 1995.

[104] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse* .

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

p. 32 (Chapter I, Article 49, no. 1; my trans.).
[105] Ibid, p. 33 (I.Art. 50, no. 1, my trans.).
[106] Shan State National Congress, pp. 4, 8.
[107] Herodotus, Book One, p. 99.
[108] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 349.
[109] III.2.256 ("The Cow," p. 111).
[110] Gandhi, p. 50 ("Protecting Hinduism," *Young India*, chs. XIV-XV).
[111] Ibid, p. 197 ("Vykom," *Young India*, 4-6-25).
[112] Smith, p. 235.
[113] *Index on Censorship*, vol. 26, no. 4, issue 177 (July/August 1997), p. 108.
[114] Jefferson, pp. 346-47 ("A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom").
[115] U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, VI.C.1.e.
[116] For a retelling of that event, see below, "Defense of Ground."
[117] Montesquieu, p. 95 (XII.29).
[118] Bahjat M. Sharif, "Persecuted Muslims," in the *Sacramento Bee*, August 19, 1997, p. B6.
[119] Marie-Thérèse d'Autriche, p. 22 (letter of April 21, 1770; my trans.).
[120] Luther, pp. 381 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed," 1523).
[121] Kakar, p. 83.
[122] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 103 (document 59: political report of the Central Committee to the Ninth Congress, September 20, 1920).
[123] Sturulson, *Heimskringla*, Part One: *The Olaf Sagas*, vol. 1, p. 53.
[124] Smith, p. 161.
[125] HUAC report, p. 81 (Klan rally, 1961).
[126] Procopius, p. 159 (xiii.5-8).
[127] Al-Muttaqi'-al-Hindi, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 388.
[128] Quoted in Kakar, p. 231.
[129] Quoted in Blomberg, p. 99.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE UNIVERSITY LIBRARY
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ

This book is due on the last **DATE** stamped below.
To renew by phone, call **459-2756**
Books not returned or renewed within 14 days
after due date are subject to billing.

APR 16 2004 REC'D

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ
3 2106 01729 2662

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME III

JUSTIFICATIONS

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

DEFENSE OF GROUND

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

DEFENSE OF GENDER

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

DEFENSE OF REVOLUTION

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME THREE

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

Univ. Library, UC Santa Cruz 2004



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HM
1116
V644
2003
v.3

VOLUME THREE

CONTENTS

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION ONE: SELF-DEFENSE

13. DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS 5
Missing limbs, and the right of a commander to kill and maim his own men through battle-attrition; Antoine Saint-Exupéry romanticizes subordination to a common cause; Clausewitz; definitions of just wars; a Napoleonic commander murders a sleeping child-soldier; massacre at Srebrenica; how to dispose of POWs; Lt. Calley at My Lai 4; Julius Caesar as demagogue, rebel, murderer of barbarians—and merciful preserver of Roman lives, even those of his enemies.

14. DEFENSE OF HOMELAND 109
Homeland as the center of the world; Zulus vs. British; Hannibal; the Soviet-Afghan war; conquering other homelands as defense against one's own homeland's futurity; Hitler and Lebensraum; Stalingrad changes hands; Leonidas's inexpedient nobility at Thermopylae.

15. DEFENSE OF GROUND 169
Ethical perimeters; the trenches of WWI; Cortes's defense of ground seized from the Aztecs; the FBI's defense of ground at Waco; defense of gold.

16. DEFENSE OF THE EARTH 207
John Muir; ecoterrorism; the ethics of Korean bear gall medicine; defense against wilderness; the tragedy of the commons; experts; defense of aesthetic values.

17. DEFENSE OF ANIMALS 251
Whales; my kamiks; seal-killing; Inuit livelihood; diving dogs; Valerie and the Animal Liberation Front.

18. DEFENSE OF GENDER 307
The rape of the Amazons; the serial rapist-murderer Danny Rolling; witch-burning and Amazon-taming; the tale of Lady Hyegyong, wife and widow of a mass-murdering crown prince; spousal homicide as self-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

defense; infanticide and gende; the pros and cons of gender-based infanticides; female circumcision in Somalia; the women's war in Nigeria: anlu *in Camaroon; saving Thalia Massie.*

19. DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS 355
Why the Viet Cong decapitated the fiancee of a U.S. soldier; desperation as justification; "horizontal collaborators"; Jewish law and the murder of Nazi collaborators; traitordom as relatedness.

20. DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION 377
Robespierre, and why this democrat-pacifist became a warmonger, regicide and juridicial mass murderer.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 13

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

In general, to govern the state and order the army, you must instruct them with the forms of propriety, stimulate them with righteousness, and cause them to have a sense of shame. For when men have a sense of shame, in the greatest degree it will be sufficient to wage war, while in the least degree it will suffice to preserve the state.

WU-TZU[1]

We have become wild beasts. We do not fight; we defend ourselves against annihilation. It is not against men that we fling our bombs.

ERICH MARIA REMARQUE[2]

THE BAILIFF'S TOLL

Because war kills and maims by the wagonload—debatably more so even than defense of authority (which possesses the keys to the arsenal) and of creed (whose keys can lock hearts eternally against pity)—a moral calculus for battle-murder might inspire and protect all parties. Not surprisingly, we can find many such codes—patriotic ones, religious ones like Joan of Arc's standard, honor-bound

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ones—and, in military manuals, minor-key ones, whose ethics consist of survival, expediency and, above all, obedience far beyond the point of informed or voluntary supercession of the natural rights of the self. "The soldier's body becomes a stock of accessories that are no longer his property," notes Antoine de Saint-Exupéry with grim simplicity, and goes on to list the items that the metaphysical bailiff might at any time demand: one's legs, face, life...[3] In another chapter, we'll consider compulsion as an extenuation of otherwise unjustifiable violence.[4] For now, let compulsion, and the bailiff who embodies it, simply be Fate. In the picture-records of ancient Egypt, these taxes have been hieroglyphically reified: A robed scribe leans forward, holding a clay slab vertically in his outstretched hand as he pecks his stylus into that soft tabula rasa, counting for posterity and especially for his current bailiff the booty of severed hands of battle-slain Hittites, which a lesser profile is flinging two at a time onto a pile already waist high; beneath that duo of institutional accomplices, another robed pair performs an equivalent tally. The bailiff is Ramses II.[5] One hopes that the list will signify something (perhaps the rewards of disobedience?), or at least gratify the monarch. Meanwhile, whether we accept or deny, the scribes continue to incise their marks; people go on bleeding. In Saint-Exupéry's era, the list will with varying degrees of quantitative accuracy appear in newspapers, recording the names of soldiers killed or missing, estimating the numbers of civilians captured, forcibly relocated or obliterated; and these black strokes of ink upon now yellowing paper, like the organized indentations upon Ramses's tablets, certainly remain far from useless to truth-seekers. The inductions of this book began from the records of the bailiff's office. But the hideous plenitude of those records renders them incomprehensible to head and heart. From them, accepters and deniers gain little more than numbers to feed into their opposing moral calculi. Sometimes, I grant, when we find local lists chiseled into the walls of churches, disinterring the meaning proves less herculean than expected—those lists being shorter. At Saint-Michel's in Dijon, the names and death-dates of parishioners who fell in World War I remain legible, literally and even morally, thanks most conveniently to the aphorism attributed to one of the dead: "If I die, it will be as a Christian and as a Frenchman. Courage and confidence! We shall find each other again in the eternal bliss of heaven."[6] Supposing that this message isn't apocryphal, it shows how one soldier—and later his priest and his family, who transmitted the words to the stone—tried to make sense out of doom. But I would want at least one statement for every other name on that wall, in order to begin to grasp at—never to grasp—the unique tragedies whose eponymous titles I read. Their theme, of course, can be imagined: obedience to the bailiff. But the theme is not the story. For which of these dead was obedience justified? For none? For all? How can we ever know? Under



Engraving recording Hittite casualties

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

what circumstances did each man pay? Only the colleague, eyewitness, trench-mate, friend, relative or lover, only the mind and the heart which established some relation (even if merely one of observation) to the individual whom the bailiff taxed can speak to our minds and hearts about his case—and the dead heart of another, as does the living, remains a mystery.[7]

From each participant, the bailiff takes, conditionally or unconditionally, depending on his own pleasure. When he has no end but that taking, we must call his war unjustified. When his taking accomplishes some means, then means and end can be scrutinized—a luxury rarely guaranteed to combatants who are too busy practicing the expedient arts of avoiding strength and attacking weakness to have time for ethics. Upon the ramparts stands one among many—a defender of the castle. He watches dust swelling on the plain: the enemy is coming. He did not cause their summoning, his family will be empaupered if he gets killed and should he try to run away, the bailiff will hang him as an example. Victory's his best defense. The bailiff entices crowds of zealous volunteers to the most exposed places. They shout out anthems of fierce dedication: They will stand their ground, "longing to begin the clamor of battle, which to them is dearer than any festival."[8] Rousseau urges them on with insidious assertions of voluntarism: "Their lives ... which they have devoted to the State, are continually protected by it; and by exposing their lives for its defense, what do they do but restore what they have received by it?"[9] A Japanese schoolgirl petitions her principal so that she and her classmates can help the war effort (making balloon bombs, as it turns out, which will kill American civilians. Later in life she will try halfheartedly to apologize to her victims). For now, pay the toll! Her classmate "rushed home to get a razor so we could cut our fingers to write in blood, 'Please let us go and serve the nation.'"[10] The bailiff is gracious; he gives assent. As for those who are not so zealous, he menaces them, intimidates them forward.[11]

THE APPROACH OF THE ENEMY

Our defender gazes over the parapet. Perhaps, like the Massiliotes besieged by Julius Caesar, he prays.[12] The enemy is closer now. Yesterday his life belonged to him, at least to an extent; today the cause might well be alien to him—perhaps he doesn't know the enemy's name—but that cause must now be his, and his life lies in the bailiff's palms. We're thrown into the world, says the philosopher Heidegger; we shoot downward, twirling and spiraling on the bailiff's course, missiles from the cannon-mouth of his war aims. To surrender (were the bailiff to be so absurd as to permit it) would be to lose helmsmanship of his own destiny, while to fight is to risk everything. Where will our defender stand? What will the bailiff ask of him—mere sweat, or an eye? Maybe he'll be permitted to keep his legs, family, property, friends and gods all unsevered; maybe tomorrow his bones will feed dogs.

Here come the U.S. troops in three long blue columns. Flying an American flag,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

they are so close-packed as to resemble millipedes, with rifles pointing ahead. From the Cheyenne village, defenders shoot back, scattered higgledy-piggledy, some already lying spread-eagled in death beside their weapons. The troops march on.[13]

Here come the Mongols, with their bows and mirror-bright metal-clad horses. They excel in promises of spurious leniency, so that the city gates will open. The old chronicles are always saying: "None escaped save but a remnant." For the year 1235 we read this entry in an Armenian chronicle: "The Tartars arrived by the order of Tchinguiz-Khan"—that is to say, Genghis Khan—"and under the direction of Prince Tcharmagh'an. They ravaged numerous districts in Armenia, in Georgia and Agh'ouanie, and carried all the populations into captivity."[14]



Siege engines

When the Persians conquered the Roman city of Amida, they slaughtered everyone they found.[15] Will tomorrow be like that? It all depends on what rules will be followed. "It's senseless to make up rules in war," says a Soviet colonel in Afghanistan[16]—but of course there will always be rules: defense of honor and authority, for instance, which commands through a certain Emir that the corpse of the vanquished Husein, grandson of the Prophet, be trampled by horses,[17] defense of race, which makes Confederates slaughter all black Union soldiers at Fort Pillow; defense of creed, which sometimes requires Catholics and Protestants to roast each other's infants.

Which rules will this war enforce? Our defender's meditation upon futurity assumes darker tinges by the instant—for the besiegers come closer. Now they've pitched their clump of tents, wheeled their cannons into a row, up-angled them, loaded them with immense stone balls destined to fly up toward him who waits, pitting and wrecking the walled hill-city which is consubstantial with his existence.[18] Soon must clang the instant about which Saint-Exupéry writes that "war is not the acceptance of danger. It is not the acceptance of combat. For the combatant, it is at certain moments the pure and simple acceptance of death."[19] ("Acceptance" is exactly the word of summation, the single appalling, amazing word which described defense of honor in the Charge of the Light Brigade.)[20]

And if he refuses to accept it? The bailiff doesn't care. Lucan in his grisly epic on the Roman Civil War between Caesar and Pompey, having recounted (and probably embellished) multitudinous battle-deaths in their hideous individuality, remarks—far more realistically than Saint-Exupéry, I suspect: "Among a thousand ways of death the only one men fear is the way / they have begun to die."[21] A homicide pathologist writes in his gruesomely elegant vade mecum that "civilized society has always reacted with a mixture of horror and macabre fascination to the unlawful taking of a human life while paradoxically accepting with comparative equanimity the wholesale slaughter of the battlefield."[22] Is defense of ground and homeland an entirely separate category of violence, then, with its own rules? It

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would seem so. The bullet of war is as sacred as the bullet of secret murder is profane. Napoleon cries, "Forward!" Hitler shouts, "Don't give up an inch of ground!" The bailiff says, "Go stand over there and fight until they kill you. If you refuse, I'll kill you." He closes the question of justification in advance: Obey me, and you are on the side of the angels. "Stainless soldier on the walls," pens Emerson, "Whoever fights, whoever falls, justice conquers evermore,"[23] and goes on to treat justice and stainlessness as if they were self-evident; because for him the bailiff is God, or at least God's proxy.[24]

SHODDINESS

And aren't they? Well, neither more nor less than for any other end. Obviously, a war aim is any end whose defense, achievement or active prosecution is the justification invoked for a given war. General considerations of means and ends[25] are highly relevant here, and in particular: An unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enactions. A just end may be served by a just or by an unjust means. The effects of any war cannot be anything but temporary and local. Therefore, every war aim, every end relating to a war, remains (in its immediate expression) temporary and local. World War I was, among other things, "the war to end all wars." World War II teaches us that this war particular war aim was highly suspect. An inconstant war aim, like any inconstant end, is likewise suspect. Finally, it's worth repeating that the most illuminating way to perceive the shoddiness of your own ideals is to witness someone else practicing them. If our enemies express exactly the stated war aims that we do ("to save the world from tyranny," for instance), then we had better try to be more specific, to avoid raising questions of:

UNJUST ENACTIONS? USELESS SACRIFICES?

We have seen how Trotsky became the bailiff during the Russian Civil War when he shot every tenth man of his deserters.[26] The error which he subsequently shared in consisted of enforcing the severest rules of war after a state of war no longer existed except in the minds of the governing vanguardists. Saint-Exupéry and his unit were equally the slaves of their convictions. It was 1940, and France had lost her war with Hitler. Saint-Exupéry's commander had no illusions that in ordering air reconnaissance missions (from which two out of three planes never returned) he could in any practical way advance the national self-defense: capitulation showed in every hourglass, ministers were fleeing their posts, any intelligence gathered on the missions arrived at an impotent headquarters late or not at all. Perhaps that explains why the commander was not himself the bailiff. He might confront a deserter with threats of execution, but (at least as Saint-Exupéry tells it) in the end the pistol sank back into the holster, and by mere persuasion the doomed man

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would rejoin the Light Brigade.[27]

The commander's argument, we're told, was one of pride and decency. And why not? When the bailiff calls us, it's best to believe that it's for a just cause. Twenty-two years earlier, when Germany had herself been in similarly desperate straits at the hands of England, America and France, one of her political posters showed fire snaking from a soldier's dark tomb, accompanied by the slogan, "Glow, holy flame, glow!"—and then at the bottom, in gigantic letters, "OPFERTAG"—Day of Sacrifice.[28] What could be more prideful and decent than that? Honor, that strange child of hopeless causes, did indeed require defense through sacrifice. And so German soldiers continued to die in the trenches in World War I; while French airmen got shot down in World War II. (The Japanese airmen's case was eerily similar. "Everybody there had Yamato Spirit," recalls the journalist Hata Shoryu, "but with Yamato Spirit you couldn't create extra air speed." Crews did not return. "Yet they didn't look particularly sad. Maybe it was the education in those times.")[29] And the bailiff's scribes made new marks in the clay.

Concerning that holy flame, Saint-Exupéry several times invokes the metaphor of the hundred miners who risk their lives to save one miner trapped in a cave-in. The strictly utilitarian thing would be to leave him to die, but his fellows' duty—not to him, but to fraternity—demands this *Opfertag* to what Saint-Exupéry calls "Man," both verb and object deified by capital letters.[30] In a photograph, we see our author seated at the controls of his P-38. He is clothed in the heavy fabric of war with straps over his shoulders and a D-ring at his breast. Headphones embrace his temples; on his dark cap, a pale eagle soars above four bars. His ascetic, stubbled face gazes straight ahead as he grips what must be his reconnaissance camera. This is our mystic, appropriately serious, appropriately inward-looking. He gives the photographer, hence us, no mind. Nothing exists but the mission.[31] This mission means sacrifice. No hypocrite, he paid the bailiff in full in 1944, disappearing in flight.

His calculus is beautiful and even admirable. Call him war's sportsman. About one incident of the Spanish Civil War he wrote: "I do not care a curse for the rules of war and the law of reprisal. As for the military advantage of such a bombardment, I simply cannot grasp it. I have seen housewives disemboweled, children mutilated."[32] But I think he meant just the opposite of a rule-iconoclast: there *ought* to be a code of conduct for war; certainly any rules of engagement which *decree* the disemboweling of housewives deserve disrespect;[33] war deserves hatred; meanwhile, let's go of our own free will to fight all just wars, offering ourselves to be disemboweled. I like to hope that I could take a similar stand.

But the terms on which this dreamer consents to play the game, like John Brown's not dissimilar creed ("I may perhaps feel no more love for the business [of war] than they [my sons] do; still I think there may be possibly in their day that which is more to be dreaded"),[34] are deeply subversive to the bailiff.

Please recall to mind our example of the woman whose child was being tor-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tured." We agreed that she had the right to defend him to the death, and also the right to defend her creed, Party or pacifism, by permitting him to perish screaming. Saint-Exupéry argues something similar, for he wants us to pay the bailiff voluntarily (as he did, for his privileged position as a celebrated author could have bought him exemption), lovingly dying for what we live for. No need to cynically dismiss voluntarism! Saint-Exupéry's commander has his counterpart in Colonel General Tra Van Tra, Viet Cong, who remembers:

> We shared each spoonful of sugar or bit of salt, or offered each other the last quinine tablet to help each other get to the goal. Each human life was precious and the homeland needed each soldier... The love one had for one's comrades and fellow fighters, for the jungle and the streams was unlimited, immense. That was the love we learned from Uncle Ho, from his vast love for the nation and for the workers and fighters.[36]

Did his love come more easily because he was the commander, the bailiff (or at least the sub-bailiff)? Never mind. Many of his recruits had it, too[37]—as did Saint-Exupéry himself. The subversiveness of that poetic airman's message emerges in the corollary: for voluntarism to operate, we must allow people the right not to volunteer—which is to say, in Saint-Exupéry's own terms, the right to be wrong. What if the deserter remains unmoved both by the commander's arguments and by his gun? If voluntarism means anything, then he must be allowed to walk away, perhaps even to join the enemy. (John Brown during the War of 1812 became "disgusted ... with Military affairs... he would neither train nor drill; but paid fines; & got along like a Quaker."[38] Meanwhile he led his own private armies and murdered people as he saw fit.) This is why Trotsky, Sun-tzu, Napoleon[39] and, I suspect, any real-life commander (I don't vouch for Saint-Exupéry's idealized one) would have little use for a voluntaristic calculus. After all, the commander's job is to win battles if possible, and therefore, in the words of another Frenchman who served in Saint-Exupéry's war, to "be willing to accept for the men under him"—note the construction: to accept *for* those men, not *from* them—"no less than for himself, sacrifices which may be productive of good, rather than a shameful yielding which must remain for ever useless."[40] This is why he must become the bailiff, why obedience must be demanded.

OUR MORAL SAVIOR, THE COMMANDER-IN-CHIEF

Hence, by desperate ruthless custom, expediency becomes obedience's spouse. "In such dangerous things as war," admonishes Clausewitz, "the errors which proceed from a spirit of benevolence are the worst... he who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the bloodshed involved, must obtain a superiority if his adversary uses less vigour."[41] And this logic (which the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cannot justify)[42] applies as much to one's own conscripts as to the enemy—not to mention those civilians who bring the enemy comfort. The recipe calls for grilling over the holy flame. Men are very simply to be destroyed by force, if they are the enemy's, or to be consumed "until there remains nothing but cinders"[43] if they are one's own. The bailiff can be trusted to throw new fuel upon the coals. "Every combat," Clausewitz continues, "is therefore the bloody and destructive measuring of the strength of forces, physical and moral; whoever at the close has the greatest amount of both left is the conqueror."[44] It sounds like an athletic competition, and to an extent it is. A marathon race or a battle—the only difference is that in the former the bailiff rarely keeps what he requisitions. The tired runner might have lost, but he catches his breath; whereas the soldier tries to stuff his lacerated intestines back into his abdomen, groans and dies. And if our lines are the first rather than the last to be scorched down to nothingness, the bailiff, rather than feeling pity, will note "an evident proof of the moral superiority [morale] of the enemy ... which seldom fails to stir up in the soul of the Commander a certain bitterness of feeling, and a sort of contempt for his own troops."[45] One wonders whether this contempt was the main butterfly net which Saint-Exupéry's commander employed to regather and recrucify his apostates. As such, it may do more harm to the war aim than good. Do you remember the absurd tragedy of the Charge of the Light Brigade?[46] "I know he entertained the most exalted opinions respecting the capabilities of the English horse soldier... He thought they had not the opportunity of doing all that was in their power, and that they had missed even such chances as they had offered to them—that, in fact, they were in some measure disgraced." And so half a thousand British hussars died. Therefore, this "bitterness of feeling," which equates war aims with collective honor, is not necessarily expedient for the bailiff. But the certain result of it is to render useless any impulse toward Clausewitzian leniency from the enemy side! "'Capitulation'—a word that no true national leader would ever have brought himself to utter," writes a patriot after his country capitulated.[47] And so atrocity requites atrocity; the bailiff gets double toll.



Carl von Clausewitz

Clausewitz personally owns too good a soul to feel or at least to express in his book any such contempt for troops as the hypothetical commander does; he feels; he suffers; his eyewitness description of defeat cuts into the reader's heart like barbed wire, such is its pity and horror. I find no bitterness in it.[48] But he does not let his soul get in the way of his thesis. We for our part must not let his thesis get in the way of our souls.

Now, there does remain a niche for ethics to cling to in the argument of Clausewitz, who very simply and elegantly (or is it tautologically?) defines the object of war as the attainment of one's war aims in a given instance, from which it follows sure as death that the more lenient and benign (which *may* be to say the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

more limited, the more moral) those war aims, the easier the war will be.[49] This is common sense. After all, the less we demand of him, the more inclined our enemy must feel to make a proportionately tolerable peace. The Pompeian war aim of the Roman Civil War, "until Caesar's head is delivered to us, there can be no peace,"[50] was hardly calculated to make the Caesarians shorten the war. (And was it *legitimate?* That depends on whether or not Caesar's command authority was legitimate.)[51] The seventeenth-century Powhatan Indians "seldome make warrs for landes or goodes, but for women and Children, and principally for revendge, so vindictiue and ielous they be, to be made a derision of, and to be insulted upon by an enemy."[52] Needless to say, such revenge will provoke its own retaliation, but that doesn't necessarily invalidate this war aim. According to the fundamental rights of the self, a homeland or a command authority may violently defend itself, or not. The give and take of collective honor's tribal violence might perhaps consensualize this general type of war, which sometimes continued essentially forever, to allow each succeeding generation of warriors to win prestige.

But even in this kind of war, as in all others, *limitation is essential.* Should my war aim be simply to compel a neighboring country, which has been mistreating my citizens, to behave in a less aggressive manner, then, while I may judge it politic to inflict a momentary lightning-shock of terror, I'd be ill advised to immortalize the conquered foe's resentment, since my victory will then run a risk of undoing itself. Hence Julius Caesar's steadfast clemency to his fellow Romans, a pacific quality which will loom strangely large in this chapter on violence. During the French Revolution, Robespierre likewise claims to hope for and to expect "a war terminated by the fraternal embrace of all the peoples of Europe"[53]—a conception almost fantastical, like that of World War I, "the war to end all wars," which begat another war; but his intention is certainly admirable (never mind for now that his means and ends turned out to be bloody)[54] and encourages the most lenient possible prosecution of war. On the other hand, should my object be to crush the enemy's army into dust"—which again might conceivably be justified (for instance, by the opponent's fanatical refusal to surrender), then there will be smaller opportunity for leniency.

It is not at all morally impossible to apply Clausewitzian methods when prosecuting a mild war (which we'll call for the moment a *just* war). But, as we know, Clausewitz does not rule out *any* war aim. Nor is it fair to him to demand that he should. He was a professional soldier, a technician of the intellect (and a brilliant one who is still worshipped),[56] a bailiff's man, an instrument of the ruling class. He loved his vocation—an estimable thing in any worker, provided that the vocation is estimable—and had joined up at twelve. Even Erich Maria Remarque, author of that famous antiwar novel *All Quiet on the Western Front,* was too realistic not to admit that for some combatants, war is no worse than peace, and may even be better. A historian of the Thirty Years' War writes that when prices went up, or when authority and creed were shaken, recruitment went up, too. And "although the sol-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

diers' pay was low, it was often *safer* to be inside an army in wartime Germany!"[57] Probably the same applied to a few lucky civilians: profiteers, outfitters, camp followers, etcetera. Clausewitz was confessedly one of those whom war benefited. He adventured bravely across Europe, and fought Napoleon's tyranny at the Russians' side; he lived for battle; he longed for it.

The kind of war he loved, although it was ghastly, was nothing like Hitler's. Would he have known the difference?[58] Well, it is not a part of the training of any soldiers anywhere that I know of to analyze war aims and determine their justifiability. (It ought, of course, to be a required part of the training of *citizens.*) That surest self-defense against authority, obedience, excludes no means or end. Herewith, the calculus of the ancient Persian navy in an invasive war against the Greeks: "If they did not get command of the sea, they might fail to take Miletus and be punished by [King] Darius for their failure."[59] Fair enough, or at least excusable, as far as a powerless individual is concerned[60]—but the movements of the aggressive mass of which the individual is a part cannot be so justified. This is the bailiff's greatest crime against us. He sends us where he will, sets us to killing, takes his toll, all for the sake of *his* war aim. All our bravery and decency, that's part of his toll, too. "Glow, holy flame, glow!"

Definitions of Just Wars
432 B.C–1837 A.D.

NOTE: Each definition is followed by a bracketed letter or letters corresponding to each subcategory in the moral calculus (5.2.F.1, A-F), which might conceivably justify it if proper means and ends were followed. Where there is no letter, I can see no justification.

Pericles[61] (432 B.C.)

> "Go to war … without caring whether the ostensible cause be great or small, resolved against making concessions or consenting to a precarious tenure of our possessions. For all claims from an equal, urged upon a neighbor as commands, before any attempt at arbitration, be they great or be they small, have only one meaning, and that is slavery." [D]

Wu-tzu[62] (before 361 B.C)

> "Suppressing the violently perverse and rescuing the people from chaos." [E]

Mubarakshah[63] (before 1224)

> Holy war, war against rebels, bandits, tax cheats. [ADEF]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Nasir al-Din al-Tusi[64] (before 1274)

Self-defense, or "good and religion." [AD]

Ibn Khaldun[65] (before 1406)

Holy war, dynastic war against seceders and rebels. [ADEF]

Joan of Arc[66] (1429)

Holy war, defense of homeland and of authority ("she is here come by God's will to reclaim the blood royal" from the English invaders). [ADEF]

Peter the Great[67] (before 1725)

"Approach as close to Constantinople and India as possible. He who rules there will be the real ruler of the world. Consequently, provoke constant wars."

Montesquieu[68] (1748)

"The life of governments is like that of a man. The latter has a right to kill in case of natural defence: the former have a right to wage war for their own preservation... But, above all, let them not plead such an idle pretext as the glory of the prince." [A]

Henri Jomini[69] (1837)

"The most just war is one which is founded on undoubted rights, and which, in addition, promises to the state advantages commensurate with the sacrifices required and the hazards incurred." [all categories]

"It may be doubtful whether a nation has the right to intervene in the internal affairs of another people, but it certainly has the right to oppose it when it propagates disorder which may reach the adjoining states." [AE]

"A war of invasion without good reason—like that of Ghenghis Khan—is a crime against humanity; but it may be excused, if not approved, when induced by great interests or when conducted with good motives."

When is violence in defense of war aims justified? *When the war aims themselves are legitimate, and their enacted violence is limited.*

What constitutes a legitimate war aim? By extension from the rights of the self,[70] *a homeland or command authority may violently defend itself, or not. It may violently defend an ally, or not. Theoretically, it may violently destroy itself or preserve itself.* (In prac-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tice, this last option is susceptible to abuse.) The rights of identity's self-expression, which we've already laid out in our chapter on race and culture,[71] likewise find their analogue here. Thus Nasir al-Din al-Tusi's war aim quoted above, defense of "good and religion," might for all we know be the justified upholding of an imminently endangered right to practice certain nonviolent beliefs. (It might also be an unjustified conversion by the sword.) Finally, the rights of the collective may also be asserted in certain legitimate war aims: *A homeland or command authority may violently construct or maintain legitimate preexisting or revolutionary authority;* it may also *violently obey legitimate authority.*[72] Insofar as they affect homeland itself, these choices will be considered in detail in the next chapter.[73] The following calculus remains:

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS IS JUSTIFIED:
When the war aims themselves are legitimate, and their enacted violence is limited.

- FIRST LIMITATION: The violence of war should be employed only by and toward combatants. [Respect the Discrimination Principle.]
  - FIRST COROLLARY: We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants.
  - SECOND COROLLARY: The violence must be employed only in war zones, and only during wartime.
  - THIRD COROLLARY: The unpersuaded are noncombatants.
  - FOURTH COROLLARY: The uncategorized are combatants, if they occupy an active war zone.
  - FIFTH COROLLARY: Prisoners-of-war who seek to fight on after capture are combatants.

- SECOND LIMITATION: The violence of war should be employed against no more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, and the number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. [Respect the Proportionality Principle, 5.1.7.]

- THIRD LIMITATION: War-violence should employed only by legitimate command.[74]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS IS UNJUSTIFIED:
When any of the principles of just defense are violated.

What the war aim might be, much less its fairness, is rarely of great interest to its fighters, who serve because the bailiff compels them to. Justice or injustice, what's that? The nineteenth and twentieth century western solution to the danger of unjust war has been to professionalize the military even further, passing out cards with rules on them as to which actions are forbidden (atrocities), while awarding all responsibility for the casus belli to the civilian bailiffs to whom the soldiers have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

been subordinated.

Clausewitz's solution to the issue of an army's accountability for its own violence (although there is scant evidence that he considered it in ethical terms) was to grant the commander-in-chief (by whom he meant a super-general, not a civilian president) deep personal acquaintance with state policy: entrée to cabinet offices and the smoking-rooms of diplomats. We envision this eminence attending the stag-hunts of the Kaiser, whom he perhaps knows as a friend; maybe they've been intimate with the same actress; indeed, "the conduct of the War and the policy of the State here coincide, and the General becomes at the same time the Statesman"[75]—which is more or less how Plato puts it in his eponymous dialogue: his Statesman must be a weaver of man-threads into a social carpet of his patterning, must know everything and be above everything. (An example of such a system might be ancient Sparta; among the Spartan kings' prerogatives, in addition to double servings at meals, was "the power of declaring war on whom they please."[76] Another example, alas, might be Orwell's omniscient and pitiless Big Brother.)

I would trust Clausewitz more, did he but say straight out that policy was not the commander-in-chief's métier. The famous essay *On War* nowhere defines what policy ought to be, merely remarking that the commander-in-chief must have "intimate knowledge" of policy in its "higher relations." But let us assume that this was no sly loophole to permit the army to meddle amorally in politics; let us take the man at face value, and believe only that the commander-in-chief ought to be thoroughly versed in war aims. Regardless, we still don't know his competence to evaluate the *rightness* of war aims—and certainly not of war means; all we have done is to pass the power of final judgment to the commander-in-chief, and the ministers with whom he consorts. This is the reason why while we should continually keep before us as a sort of baseline General von Clausewitz with his shy, almost effeminate face, his long, collared neck, his immense epaulets like bristle-brushes, his decorations, among them the crosses white and dark, and above all his gentle but steadfast eyes and his delicate little half-smile—here, one wrongly believes, is an open mind—still, we must go beyond him in our search for help. Call him the status quo—steadily softened since his time, we grant, by subsequent Hague, Geneva and United Nations Conventions. Here is a typical rule of engagement from the Vietnam War: "The use of incendiary munitions in inhabited or urban areas will be avoided unless friendly survival is at stake *or it is necessary for the accomplishment of the commander's mission.*"[77] In other words, the commander's commander may order the use of incendiaries at will. Distilled *eau de Clausewitz* (which is to say, old soldier's piss): The mission comes first. The ends justify the means. As President Johnson explains to the press about certain explosions he's commanded in North and South Vietnam: "There will be civilian casualties in connection with the bombing of military targets... And I regret every single casualty in both areas."[78] —Very generous of him, but his bombing goes on—no mistaken benevolence there. —"We all have

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

only one will," says a Nazi propaganda poster from 1942. Soldiers and tanks lunge forward into a smoky sky. Below them, a hard old folk comrade raises his hammer, and an Aryan blonde, clutching at her breast, gazes anxiously upward. "Front and home front," the poster says, "the entire folk know only one goal: *Victory at any price.*"[79] Since limitation has been explicitly ruled out, we don't have to wonder about the justifiability of that war aim! Napoleon utters the same slogan more silkily: "How many seeming impossibilities have been accomplished by men whose only resource was death!"[80] These are the bailiff's words. Most of those men would have preferred other "resources." The Charge of the Light Brigade proves that seeming impossibilities may in fact be—impossibilities. "Glow, holy flame, glow!" But the strategic calculus of self-interest, partially defanged or not, remains normative in war. And if Clausewitz's oft-quoted equation between war and politics holds true (unlike liberal post-nuclear blinkers, Mao thought it did, and so do I), why, then, what right do we have to disapprove Napoleon's calm, cruel analysis of one of the many partitions of unfortunate Poland?

> Vienna feared the consequent aggrandisement of Russia [he writes], but felt great satisfaction, nonetheless, at acquiring several million souls and enriching its treasury by many millions. Austria would in the same manner feel averse, at the present day, to the partition of Turkey, but would nonetheless consent to it—it would increase her vast dominions by adding to them Serbia, Bosnia, and the ancient Illyrian provinces, of which Vienna was formerly the capital.[81]

No mention of the consequences to Poland itself, of the Poles who fought bravely for Napoleon in Russia, hoping and believing that he would liberate them, of that sister-soul to Saint-Exupéry, the beautiful Countess Walewska, who went against her dutiful if loveless marriage to become Napoleon's mistress in hopes of thereby doing something for her country ("Ah! come! come!" he'd begged her, "you shall have all you ask. Your country will be dearer to me, once you have had pity on my poor heart")[82]—betrayed she was, politically if perhaps not personally—well, at the end betrayed personally, too. Of course, if Napoleon, who was also betrayed, reviled after his fall, ever in his own right pretended anything other than the betrayal of Poland, he himself never believed in those pretenses, being entirely satisfied to follow the calculus of his "star," his destiny, which was simply his own aggrandizement and exaltation. He was the commander-in-chief; he set the war aims. As we have seen in the section on honor, he followed the strategy of Saint-Exupéry's commander; he inspired. The gun could usually remain in the holster; invocation of honor did the job. But if during the French Revolution poor Saint-Exupéry's "Man" with a capital *M* had really for a year or two waveringly come into being, at the ultimate cost of many men with a small *m* who got drowned in batches, guillotined, shot; if Napoleon's troops believed at first that they were fighting for "Man," any such

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

smoke-signal had long since dissipated by the time that Napoleon got around to deciding Poland's future. He surely subscribed to Machiavelli's bald conflation of ends and means: "With us there is great justice, because that war is just which is necessary."[83] (Machiavelli would have a point, if we all agreed what "necessary" meant.) Clausewitz's equivalent would have been: "With us there is no question of justice or injustice, because we have a war aim decided by our superiors." Unlike Clausewitz, Napoleon had no superior. He was Caesar.[84] His war aim ran simply: "Follow my star."

THE FIRST LIMITATION OF WAR

Still, as I said, a sketchy moral calculus does exist for war, mainly because of expediency. Call it what we've already coined it: "Clausewitzian leniency."[85] Should we win, the less force we use, the friendlier will be the people we conquer, and the more functional their factories, which will now be producing for us. Should we lose, the less force we employed, the better hope we'll have of their employing the Golden Rule upon us.[86]

Doubtless we can also credit, to some minor degree, *morality* for the creation of laws of war, although it must be fortunate for our self-conceit that we cannot ascertain the exact ratio between expediency and humanitarianism in this or any other political question.[87] Handbooks on defense of authority (how-to books on the application of violence by police and security personnel), as well as primers on defense of ground, do pay regular lip service to the notion that force beyond some arbitrary level is unjustified. In combat, naturally, self-preservation requires murder. "Just wars are limited wars," asserts the ethicist Michael Walzer,[88] to whom the Clausewitzians reply: "To introduce into the philosophy of War itself a principle of moderation would be an absurdity."[89]

FIRST LIMITATION: MILITARY VIOLENCE SHOULD BE EMPLOYED ONLY BY AND AGAINST PARTICIPANTS

A typical twentieth century American soldiers' manual expresses that moderation, even if only by implication: "Any live soldier you see within range is a legitimate target for your rifle."[90] As long as the target is legitimate, it would seem, the occupation of slaughtering can go methodically on. Hence our First Limitation.

Not every warrior has thought so. In a Cheyenne ledger drawing from the 1870s we see a brave on a lithe yellow horse, holding his round vision shield from which, decorated with bars and ciliated half-sliced hemispheres, flows an unearthly widening wake of streaming colored feathers. The Cheyenne's war aims comprehend *revenge and prestige.*[91] Now he's reached a Crow couple who try to flee on their own horse, which is transparently pale, the ledger-paper's color (the white man's writing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

showing beneath). The Crow man, sitting backwards, clutched by his wife, who faces him, shoots harmless arrows at the Cheyenne, who now extends a long lance of the same brilliant yellow as his horse and strikes them both, counting coup on them to prove his bravery and skill.[92] For him that may suffice, and he'll ride on, having proven his superiority, leaving the two enemies humiliated and possibly hurt, but no more.[93] —But in another drawing, we see a Cheyenne in what appears to be a captured U.S. military uniform, resolutely profiled on his rearing mount as he lances two Sioux women who vainly try to fend him off with upraised hatchets; we see the lance entering one woman just below the breast, blood already bursting out of her, and the second woman, still clutching her hatchet, falls bleeding and dying, struggling to rise while he counts coup on her...[94] About one of his Gallic campaigns Caesar writes complacently: "Thus without any danger our men slew as great a host of them as daytime allowed, and, ceasing at sunset, retired according to orders into camp."[95] For Caesar, as we shall see, the target might at times be any live human being, whereas the maxim in the American soldiers' manual implies that the target must be a live member of a certain *subset* of human beings—a soldier. The manual goes on: "Area fire with a hand or shoulder weapon is as inexcusable as it is ineffectual."[96] A few pages later, however, it shouts: *"THERE IS NO REASON FOR HAVING A SOLDIER BUT TO SHOOT AND KILL THE ENEMY."*[97]

Who is the enemy? Is he "any live soldier?" Do I decide who he is, or does my commander-in-chief? The "laws of war," based in modern times, as we've said, upon the Hague and Geneva Conventions,[98] offer an extremely specific way to pose the question, and thereby to delineate between justified and excessive force: *Is your stated enemy in fact a combatant?* This constitutes the same dividing line now found in authority's Bibles, including the American one just quoted: Is the rebel shooting back? Is our moral agent—that is to say, the licensed or commandeered agent of institutional praxis—at unacceptable personal risk should he fail to neutralize the enemy through the use of violent force? Such, for instance, was the tack taken by the rules of engagement for the U.S. invasion of Grenada in 1983: "When possible the enemy will be warned first and asked to surrender. Armed force is the last resort. Armed civilians will only be engaged [by our forces] in [our own] self-defense."[99] Or, as a seventeenth-century Hapsburg general more trenchantly put it, "Treat those who surrender well; treat those who resist harshly."[100] A corollary to the First Limitation: *Once disarmed and in our power, they are noncombatants.*

A colored woodcut from 1499 purveys a battle-view in keeping with the First Limitation's prescription: In a village of steep thatched roofs, men wearing the Cross of Saint George rush at men wearing the Cross of Saint Andrew, pursuing them wide-eyed, stabbing swords into their backs, breaking their heads with axes, holding them down almost tenderly the better to slam pikepoints between their shoulderblades; and in the midst of this official business we see a woman raising her hands in horror and helpless sadness, ignored, which is to say, unharmed.[101] She's a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

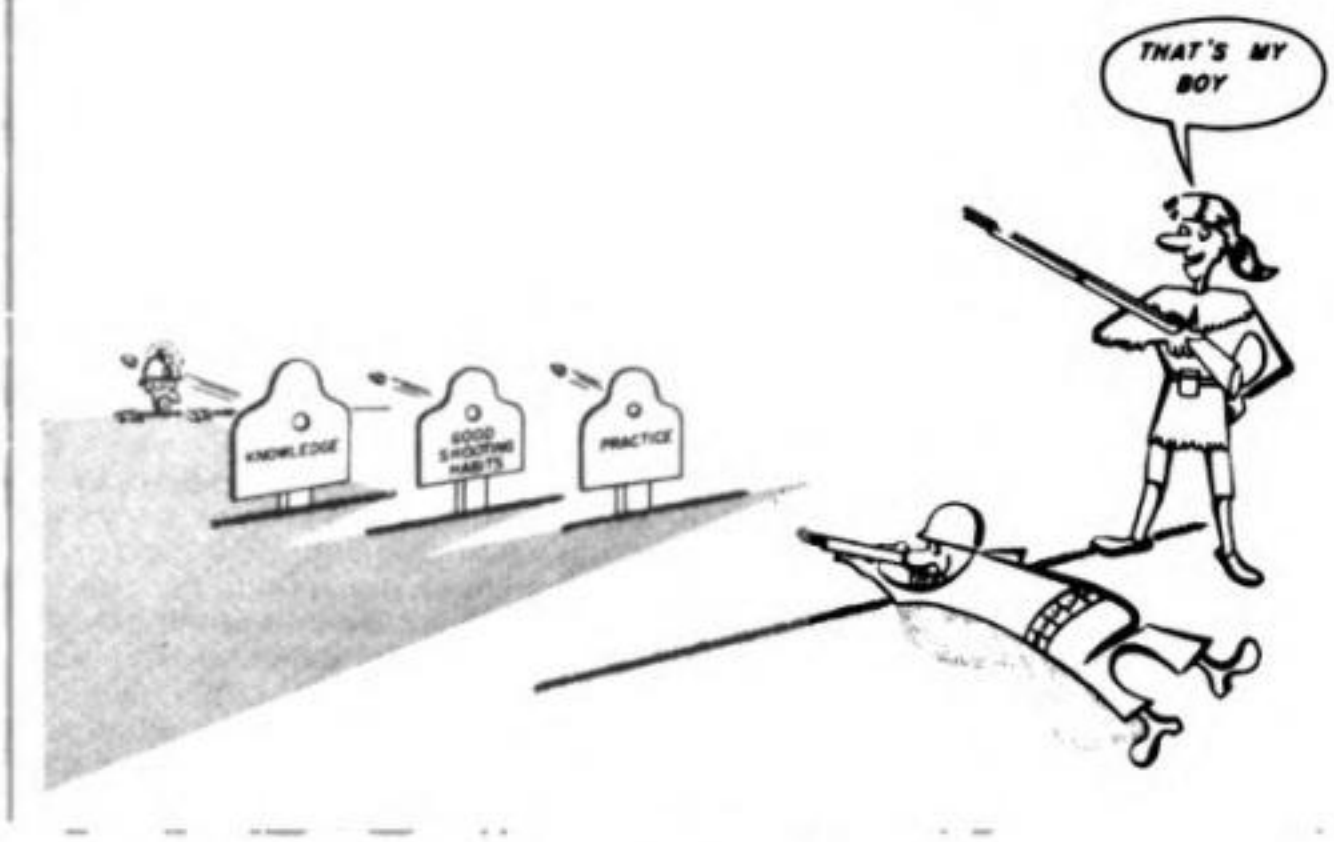
HITS ARE IMPORTANT

This text represents an effort to explain *why* certain things should be done to guarantee good shooting. We have tried to show the instructor and coach how to recognize the symptoms of certain bad habits and how to cure them. We have stressed that good shooting is obtained by forming good shooting habits. The soldier must act instinctively and correctly in combat if he is to stay alive and help keep his buddies alive.

THERE IS NO REASON FOR HAVING A SOLDIER BUT TO SHOOT AND KILL THE ENEMY. There is, or should be, no more important weapon to the soldier than his rifle. It is his mainstay in combat. If the soldier firing a shoulder weapon gets *hits that count*, he is the master of every living thing he sees within 500 yards in any direction.

THE ROAD TO COMBAT EFFECTIVENESS

There is no easy road to combat effectiveness



U.S. army manual (1954)

noncombatant. Of course, the scene might have been atypicial, idealized or even faked—or maybe they just hadn't gotten to her yet. *C'est la guerre:* in the days of Herodotus women were regarded as booty, as we read in this list of items captured from the enemy: "the Persians' women, pack-animals, gold, silver, and so on."[102] (But then, so were men.)[103] Julian the Apostate's Roman legions invaded Persia, and "massacred, without remorse and without punishment, some defenceless women."[104] In 1499, as we saw, the sea-change had not yet come, and five centuries later there were rape camps in Bosnia and Burma; maybe it would never come. Urs Graf has drawn for us a portrait of a lady—perhaps a camp prostitute rather than a *Hausfrau,* but still not an "enemy"—who sports a wooden leg, a suppurating breast and hacked-off arms; the legend reads: "A Casualty of War."[105] During the Thirty Years' War there ran a proverb that "Every soldier needs three peasants: one to give up his lodgings, one to provide his wife, and one to take his place in Hell."[106] (The peasants, of course, retaliated when they could.) In a seventeenth-century painting we spy a drunken soldier holding his goblet, with a woman on his knee; while another trooper shoves his hand down a lady's dress. On the ground, a woman begs for mercy for her baby. A little girl bends over a corpse. A bugler happily blares; an old prisoner is tied to a horse's tail. A file of prisoners stand and gaze with vacant craziness. A man in a cocked hat aims his musket, and red fire shoots from it; far away, a build-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing flowers with smoke and flames; a soldier sticks his sword into someone...[107]

Shall we denounce such practices? Absolutely. They violate the Discrimination Principle, namely: *The greater the percentage of war victims who are combatants, political leaders or otherwise directly associated with the war's aggression, the more moral, or less immoral, the war.*[108] Shall we say that the Russian Civil War was fought in an unjustified manner, because between 1918 and 1920 it killed "only" eight hundred thousand combatants, in proportion to eight million civilians?[109] We shall—for all the good it will do. The bailiff has always sneered at rules of engagement. In Thucydides's time he extirpates entire populations of vanquished cities; in the twentieth-century world, amidst a welter of well-meaning United Nations resolutions, he launches missile attacks against cities vanquished and unvanquished, ejaculates long machine-gun bursts into prisoners' backs, plants bombs in discos to make a military point. At the close of the nineteenth century, ten to fifteen percent of all war casualties were inflicted on civilians. At the close of the twentieth, that figure had risen to seventy-five percent.[110] Thus we repeat the acts emblazoned in Thucydides. But that

RESOLUTION 913 (1994)

Adopted by the Security Council at its 3367th meeting,
on 22 April 1994

The Security Council,

Recalling all its previous relevant resolutions on the conflict in the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina, and reaffirming in this context its resolution 908 (1994) of 31 March 1994,

Recalling also the statement by the President of the Security Council on 6 April 1994 (S/PRST/1994/14) relating to the situation in the safe area of Gorazde,

Reaffirming the sovereignty, territorial integrity and political independence of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina and the responsibility of the Security Council in this regard,

Deeply concerned by the ongoing hostilities in and around Gorazde, as well as by the consequences for the situation in other areas of the Republic of Bosnia and Herzegovina and on the negotiation process aimed at an overall political settlement,

Condemning in the strongest possible terms the Bosnian Serb forces for their continued offensive against the safe area of Gorazde, which has resulted in the death of numerous civilians and tremendous human suffering,

Condemning also all attacks against civilian populations and humanitarian relief workers and reiterating that any persons committing violations of international humanitarian law will be held individually responsible,

Condemning further the Bosnian Serb party for their failure to negotiate in good faith and to uphold their commitments made to the representatives of the United Nations and the Russian Federation in respect of cease-fire arrangements in and around Gorazde,

Resolution condemning the Serbian shelling of Gorazde safe area (1994)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

colored woodcut from 1499, is, at least, the ideal, the horrid best we can hope for in military murder: to spare harmless categories from our attentions.

War Deaths in World War II[111]

Military: 22 million
Civilian: 28 million
(*12 million in concentration camps*)

Raising high his quill of adulation, the personal secretary to Mexico's conqueror explains that

> Cortes endeavored to treat these barbarians with every civility, as is right and as is laid down in the instructions issued by the monarchs of Castile: that is, to offer them peace one, two, and many times before making war upon them or invading their lands and taking their towns.[112]

This is to say, Cortes invited himself where he wanted to go; if he was refused, he attacked. His terms of negotiation were, in effect: Submit to me or I'll kill you. Give up your creed and your gold. Become my vassal. Acknowledge my superiority, and I'll be your friend. —But, as the instructions from Castile show, Cortes was no Hitler. He followed the First Limitation's very ethical *and* Clausewitzian First Corollary: *We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants.* Once the various Mexican defenders of homeland had been cowed into suing for peace, hostilities stopped; and—with a few exceptions—he did not strike at people who were not striking at him. In the course of his war, he enslaved only the already conquered who'd rebelled. (Later he became worse.) Greedy to the point of cruelty, he cannot be called merciless.[113]

A JUST WAR MUST AIM TOWARD PEACE

Clausewitz, who defines the end of war (that is, the practical end, the achievement of the war aim) as a gradual wearing out of the resources and resolve of the enemy, agrees that this First Corollary can sometimes be achieved strictly through defensive action if, as in the case of Frederick the Great in the Seven Years' War, the aggressors' "actual expenditure of strength far exceeded what they had at first anticipated."[114] The North Vietnamese defeated French and then American troops without establishing a single beachhead in either nation. It may in theory, if not in fact, even be possible to perform the requisite demonstrations in place of violence. (Cortes tried to do exactly this by subjecting the sullen and angry Indians to intimidating military reviews, in which the terrifying sight of the rearing horses, the flashing sword-blades and the shouting of a cannon or two might and did have a deterrent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

effect.)[115] Or else limited violence may be employed, as the case with the Hiroshima and Nagasaki blasts. After the two atomic bombs were dropped, the Japanese's physical capability to resist was only partially destroyed. Their will to resist, however, had been broken; they'd been driven to "the Clausewitz Point." No doubt their decision to surrender was expedited by the consideration that the Americans, as far as anyone knew, could repeat the grisly lesson any number of times.[116] It seemed inconceivable to continue the war in the face of so powerful a weapon.[117]

Here one wants to bring back to mind that axiom "A just war is a limited war." Well, what about an unlimited war? A Jesuit priest in Japan during those A-bombings poses the question thus: "It seems logical that he who supports total wars in principle cannot complain of a war against civilians. The crux of the matter is whether total war in its present form is justifiable, even when it serves a just purpose."[118]

PROPORTIONALITY AND DISCRIMINATION

Two well-known sets of ethical calipers often invoked together in discussions of just and unjust wars are the discrimination principle, which we've already mentioned—namely, that the greater the percentage of war victims who are combatants or otherwise responsible for the war, the more moral, or less immoral, the war; and the proportionality principle, our Second Limitation on warfare, which supposes that the number of people who are helped by the war ought to be greater than the number who are hurt.[119] Both of these axia acknowledge by implication the impossibility of subjecting ethics to exact quantification. Statistics on war casualties being so unreliable, and statistics on the objects of war-benevolence being still harder to find, one can't hope to draw up more than the crudest balance sheet. Moreover, since war-violence in and of itself does not comprise precisely directed lethality as much as adrenaline-fueled reactions to the imminent unknown, such principles could never be applied with the finesse of, say, a judicially instigated hanging. Any old soldier recognizes this. Hence—

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF HUONG VAN BA, COLONEL, PEOPLE'S ARMY OF NORTH VIETNAM (1965-75)[120]

END: Liberate the fifteen million South Vietnamese from capitalist imperialism.

MEANS: Armed struggle, with unavoidable casualties.

"To save fifteen million people was the highest moral obligation. To kill a few dozen people in the fighting was nothing important. Of course sometimes we were deeply touched by certain situations."

As stated, this seems not unjustified.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The discrimination principle in effect restates our First Limitation (that is, that war-violence should be limited to combatants) and need not detain us further. About the proportionality principle there remains a little more to say. Correlation of forces alone does not determine who is the aggressor. Franco began his revolt with a relatively small force; that doesn't justify him. And if ten thousand aggressors attack eight thousand defenders, whose fortuitous victory liquidates, say, nine thousand of the aggressors *in battle,* one can't feel as sorry as one might had the aggressors won. Or again, as Che Guevara pointed out in his manual on insurgent tactics, if ten guerrillas attack a hundred soldiers in a regular army and one man falls on each side, the respective casualty *percentages* are far from equal[121]—an expedient matter which becomes moral if the two sides are not morally equal. For this reason I reject a literalist interpretation of the proportionality principle, unless we saddle it with the following condition, which renders it almost toothless: *Both sides in the war must be equally justified to start with.* This is not to say that proportionality is not a useful guide. If ten defenders of homeland kill a hundred of Ghengis Khan's Mongols, the many, many innocent people who would benefit from the destruction of Ghengis Khan's aggressive force outnumber the entire force itself; hence this killing takes place *in the direction of proportionality.*

A twentieth-century military ethicist illustrates proportionality by arguing that

> if army A thoroughly destroys army B in part because it has superior equipment, it is neither more nor less moral than B. To be sure, ... if A not only soundly defeats B but lays casualties upon its enemy by using its superior technology far beyond the point of defeating B, then A is acting immorally.[122]

From our point of view it doesn't matter whether superior weapons, superior strategy or superior luck is responsible for B's defeat. What matters is when A stops inflicting casualties on B, which in turn depends, as Fotion has made clear, on when B surrenders. The case really has nothing to do with proportionality at all. If B decides, like many Japanese armies in the Pacific campaign, to fight to the last man, then A will be eminently justified in exterminating B.

SECOND COROLLARY: MILITARY VIOLENCE SHOULD BE EMPLOYED ONLY IN WAR ZONES, AND ONLY IN WARTIME

In ancient and early medieval Japan, the two sides set a date for the battle, exchanged envoys, then launched humming arrows to mark the beginning of the strife.[123] The Aztec "flower wars" followed analogous conventions.[124] In Norse times duelists and rival armies picked their battlefields in advance and set up hazel rods to mark the boundaries. Then they waited for all the combatants to arrive. "It was the custom in those days," explains Egil's Saga, "that once a field of battle had been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

declared for a king, he could not honourably wage war until that battle had been fought."[125] Again, how limiting were such rules in practice? It depended. The battle starts, the Scots are routed and "Egil and his troops raced after them killing everyone within reach, so there wasn't much point in asking for mercy."[126] But in classical Greece, hoplite soldiers seldom hunted down their fleeing enemies.[127] As one classicist writes, the battle itself decided the war. "Permanent occupation of the defeated's prime lands, absolute destruction of his rural infrastructures, murder, rape, and the enslavement of his people—the whole repetitious nightmare of ... modern warfare—rarely followed"—at least not until the Peloponnesian War.[128] Outside the war zone, outside of wartime, everyone must be assumed to be a noncombatant.

Where does the war zone end? I can't tell you that; imminence will. If an occupied city submits peaceably to the invading force, it's no longer a war zone. Insurgency there creates danger for the occupiers, entitling them to violent self-defense.

The remaining three corollaries assume that this situational condition has been met, and that we are dealing with people and events within a defined setting of war.

THIRD COROLLARY: THE UNPERSUADED ARE NONCOMBATANTS

Clausewitz continues, in the spirit of Cortes's instructions from Castile, that should demonstrations violent or nonviolent fail, the defenders must then attack to effect physical destruction of the aggressors' war capability. In short, contradicting his other remarks that humane limitation in warfare constitutes a mistake, he allows for the possibility of phased escalation, corresponding to the twentieth century American notion of justifiable versus excessive force used in the defense of authority. The atrocities committed by Cortes's troops, and, on occasion, by him, stained his justifications through and through, but they were horrific and hypocritical exceptions to his professed rules, not routine actions. The conquistador Bernal Díaz, whose account strikes me as honest (making allowances for periodic jealous backbiting), insists that most brutalities originated not with the Spaniards, but with their allies from Calco and Tlasacala.

> Once our soldiers had broken the enemy's ranks and put them to flight they would not stab another Indian: it seemed to them mere cruelty. What chiefly concerned them was to look for a pretty woman [perhaps but not necessarily for rape][129] or find some spoil.[130]

Why not believe this? Díaz, remember, stands numbered among the victors. Unlike the captive Nazis at Nuremburg, he has no reason to plead that he wasn't cruel; his times do not arraign him. Had he considered the Mexicans to be deserv-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing of cruel treatment, he could have said so in all smugness. Instead, he tells how his countrymen intervened to save Aztec lives. Nor ought we to forget Cortes's standing order to break open all the latticework cages to be found in the towns of Mexico, in which captives were being fattened for sacrifice.[131] This is not a mere limitation on action, but active humanitarianism. Any calculus of judgment must remember to set such deeds of mercy against the killing that the Spaniards committed—and, of course, against the Aztecs' sacrifice of prisoners of war. In the chapter on defense of creed we did just this, and by our computation Cortes came out the moral loser.[132] But after the final campaign against Mexico City he writes to the King of Spain—with what sincerity we don't know, yet still he writes:

> Such were the shrieks and the weeping of the women and children that there was none whose heart did not break; and we had more trouble in preventing our allies from killing and inflicting tortures than we had in fighting with the Indians.[133]

By the standards of most anti-imperialists, Cortes employed excessive force. But he did have a calculus; more often than not (although not often enough) he forgave and forgot when his crushed enemies requested to become his vassals. As for the dependents, neutrals, civilians, even hostile civilians, in the course of his defense of war aims, if not his defense of creed (when after the Conquest he burned the odd heretic alive), he did what little lay within his power to leave them alone. *The unpersuaded are noncombatants.*

FOURTH COROLLARY: THE UNCATEGORIZED ARE COMBATANTS

Any logical strategy of violence-limitation must begin with a precise computation of correlation of forces—the more precise the computation, the more (potentially) logical the strategy. If the outlaw's gun holds six bullets, I know I'd better have at least as many should I hope to neutralize him. I also know that shooting a thousand bullets at him at close range would probably be literal overkill, hence unjustified. But such pre-vision always remains dubious. A chart of the relative strengths of North and South Korean military power circa 1995 indicates numerical advantage to lie almost entirely on the North's side: eighty bombers to zero, for instance; eighty-four surface-to-surface missiles to twelve, 1,280,000 active men to 633,000, etcetera.[134] This might seem to give North cause to be humane. But the Clausewitzian arithmetician must also factor in morale, alliances, communication and other variables far less susceptible to enumeration.[135] In 1960, the nuclear strategist Herman Kahn sneered at such "preattack inventories," calling them World War I and II approaches. "The really essential numbers ... are estimates of the damage that the retaliatory forces can inflict after being hit."[136] And what about grouping,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

timing, refueling and the state of the electromagnetic environment?[137] Our Clausewitzian's moral calculus suddenly requires second-order differential equations! Time to approximate and qualify. "On balance," he might conclude (and one equation-solver does), "if the North Koreans were to launch a conventional attack *without the threat of nuclear weapons and in a nonchemical environment*, South Korean and U.S. forces would be able to thwart a North Korean offensive, *but only after sustaining very high collateral damage.*"[138] By qualifying so stringently, the Clausewitzian may perhaps determine the minimum degree of violence which has to be allowed within any given "scenario"—and by imagining several of those, he will be ready to respond in more than one eventuality—but what's unquantifiable remains unquantifiable. In such cases, prudence advises against leniency. "When in doubt, go all out." The Clausewitzian calculus, like that of any moral actor, is grounded not only in science and experience, but also in more or less prescient intuition. When the border guard sees a figure approaching silently in the darkness, he knows not what uniform it wears, and that ignorance justifies him in shooting—assuming, that is, that the border and his presence were both justifiable in the first place. That is why the uncategorized may be considered combatants.

The Geneva Conventions define a civilian by exclusion, then go on to say: "In case of doubt whether a person is a civilian, that person shall be considered to be a civilian." Certainly the person should be given the chance to prove his civilian intentions. Should the soldiers who confront him have reason to fear violence, they may demand that he submit to search. Should he not freeze with his hands raised, but instead he comes toward them while reaching into his pocket, perhaps for an identification card, perhaps for a bomb, and if the soldiers then shoot him, that's war.

"Dense masses of the enemy were seen about a mile off," runs the official history of the Zulu War, "and against these masses shells and rockets were directed with good effect." Ten soldiers on the British side were killed, and about three hundred Zulus.[139] It is possible that some in that doomed cluster were noncombatants, but the artillerists, whose war might have been unjust, did not deepen the injustice simply because they refrained from asking the Zulus whether their approach might be belligerent: the answer was obvious. Had the enemy laid down their arms and approached the British with empty hands upraised, then that execution by means of shells and rockets would not have been war, but unjustifiable homicide. It is this rather obvious principle which commands us to condemn what John Brown did at "Bloody Pottawatomie" in 1856,[140] and what Lieutenant Calley did in My Lai in 1968.[141]

My conclusion: To avoid needless killing, categorize wherever possible. But all too often it is *not* possible. Among the Greek hoplite soldiers of Thucydides's day we find helpers who carried, foraged and doctored.[142] Lightly armed with spear and dagger, they might assist in destroying the enemy's orchards, or stone his flank. But they were not armored; hence, as the early twentieth historian military historian

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hans Delbrück expresses the matter in one of his typically slashing judgments, "they were as good as worthless for the battle itself."[143] Would an enemy hoplite whose head had been bashed in by one of their rocks think so?[144] So, too, with fifth columnists, guerrilla insurgents, munitions factory workers, etcetera. The self-defending soldier might treat them all as combatants.

"WASN'T I PERHAPS AN ASSASSIN?"

The great Romantic poet Alfred de Vigny was also a garrison officer, who, because he came of age after Napoleon's fall, never had Clausewitz's good or bad luck of serving in battle. In consequence, this restless, melancholy man found the leisure to write a book of parables, based in equal measure on the tales told him by the old veterans and on his own moral and narrative imagination. This work, *Servitude et grandeur militaires,* offers us an astonishingly alien ethos. Any wrestler against the justifications of honor and obedience ought to read it. The serenity of his grizzled old protagonists, who have offered themselves up to be commanded and destroyed, protects itself not only by courage, but also by a code of blissful moral uniformity. They may question, but good French answers always find them. In another chapter,[145] we will consider such codes' susceptibility to abuse in the name of a "unified command," but for now, let us simply readdress the question of who constitutes a combatant.

In a tale entitled "The Russian Guard-Post," one scarred captain, honorable far beyond Napoleon's expedient conceptions of honor,[146] tells how in the Empire's final days his colonel orders him to take an enemy-held barn in a silent night raid. Thus defense of authority, honor, homeland. Strangling or bayoneting the Russian sentries, in conformance with tactical requirements, they gain entrance to the place; and then the captain, in spite of feeling sullied by a sense of wrongness about falling upon sleeping men, gives the signal. "All their scarcely uttered cries of pain were stamped out under the boots of our soldiers, and no head was raised without receiving its death-stroke."[147] The captain himself stabs a shape who, dying, calls for his father in a child's voice—one of those boy officers who, Vigny explains, were very frequently to be found among the Russians in those times.

FROM VRANJEVICI TO SREBRINICA

The boy was a combatant, no question about it. Had he wanted to be there? Had he understood the risks he ran? From the standpoint of the French captain, who ran equal risks, such considerations find no relevance. Set aside Vigny's tales for the moment. A far more extreme case howls at our door.

Eighteen decades later, once the militant-politicians had begun to wrench apart the carcass of Yugoslavia into strange and desperate new countries each claiming

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that people from the others were evil aliens, civil war exploded across the wide, almost definitionless plain between Zagreb and Beograd. As representatives of the rump state, Serbian troops continued to wear the national uniform which arguably emblematized them, while their Croatian foes, optimistic and ill-prepared, thought to gain independence almost peacefully; they'd worry about uniforms later. Reality proving unimaginably worse than their expectations, they found that their homes had become battlefields, and so they formed into desperately under-equipped units of national defense, possessing as yet no Croatian Army uniforms—often, no uniforms whatsoever. "So it was so confusing and so frightening," a pro-Serb participant told me. He was a Russian Special Forces fighter who'd been at the battle of Vranjevici. Many of the things which he said and did on that long evening I spent with him will forever horrify me. And yet I cannot take exception with his position on this point. He went on: "Once our own side started shooting at me. I put my hands over my head. I practically pissed in my pants."[148]

Leaving aside the issue of whether or not the war aim of the Yugoslav unitarists was justified—how could any Serbian frontline fighter know or determine such a question any more than could Vigny's captain?—no armchair second-guesser should insist that at that phase of the war Serbs should have refrained from shooting the armed men in civilian clothes who faced them. What else could the Russian Special Forces man have done, once he was there? Too much to ask him to become a Tolstoyan...

When the Serbs overran Srebenica in 1995, that logic did not hold.[149] The men in civilian clothes were not shooting back. Begging for mercy, those Muslims ended up in a mass grave.[150]

"WASN'T I PERHAPS AN ASSASSIN?" (CONTINUED)

Back to Vigny. When his colonel arrives at the barn to congratulate him, the French captain asks, "What difference is there between a murderer and me?" —The colonel's reply is reflexive and probably consoling: "God dammit, old man, what d'you expect? It's our profession." (The Special Forces fighter who'd told me about the difficulty with uniforms had said much the same thing. Describing how he tricked some Croatians in a nearby trench into believing that he was on their side, he gazed into my eyes and said: "Then we were close enough to kill them. This is war. You have to do it like that if you want to live. And always there was such terror.") —"That is so," responds the French captain, "and I got up to resume my duties."[151] Vigny's admiration for this stance remains almost unalloyed.

In *Servitude et grandeur militaires*, whenever a protagonist finds himself compelled by duty to kill an innocent or quasi-innocent, he acts upon the soldier's version of the Golden Rule.[152] Otherwise, the Golden Rule conveniently comes to life and acts

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

upon him. Hence the sea-captain back in Robespierre's time who in the "Story of the Red Seal" obediently shoots a young political prisoner, then devotes his life to his victim's deranged widow.[153] As for our boy-stabbing captain, he meets his symmetrical death at the hands of a street urchin bribed to shoot him. Before the sheet goes over his face, he manages to say: "We were at war. He's no more of a murderer than I was myself... Wasn't I perhaps an assassin? ... How many murders are there in a big battle? —This is one of those questions in which reason loses herself and has nothing to say."[154] —Leave aside the plausibility of this morality play—for many a death in it is synchronous, even grimly humorous (by the way, on the night before my friend Francis was killed by an accident of war in Mostar, he confided to me that he did not want to die lonely and alone). Consider instead the implied paradigm. In effect, Vigny is saying, it is justified for me to kill children in their sleep in wartime, because they will kill me without warning if they can. Hence self-defense.

QUALIFICATIONS FOR IMMUNITY

The following might be indications of noncombatant status: sex and age (as Cortes's letter to the king implies), weakness or ill health, absence of a uniform (Spartan soldiers wore red cloaks because that color "presents the greatest contrast with any female dress"),[155] presence of a white flag, absence of a red flag, tokens of an interpreter or herald,[156] surrender on expectation of being ransomed,[157] upraised hands, lowered weapons. These specific badges of immunity are almost as arbitrarily dependent on time and place as any reifications of honor.[158] —We've just heard from the Russian Special Forces man at Vranjevici that fighting continues with or without uniforms—a fact undoubtedly shocking to those ethical theoreticians who believe in frictionless surfaces and ideal gases. As for age, Vigny's captain scotched that category. He was hardly the first. In one early sixteenth century campaign, the Aztecs liquidated everybody who was more than nine years old.[159] Two years previous, when they'd attacked another kingdom, the criterion for execution was an age of more than fifty, "because they were the ones responsible for this rebellion," as an anthropologist explains.[160] (To us they'd be civilians in their declining years; to their contemporaries they were respected elders, leaders.) In other wars, if the enemy submitted in good time, and had murdered no envoys, the Aztecs might spare everyone entirely.

As a rule, however, grants of immunity conform to that debased form of the Golden Rule, *Do unto others as they do unto you.* Thus we read that the Roman Emperor Constantine, after triumphing in battle over the Roman Emperor, Maxentius, "inflicted the same treatment to which a defeat would have exposed his own person and family, put to death the two sons of the tyrant and carefully extirpated his whole race."[161] (In a brownish marble likeness, his face is wide and devout. In a contradiction of the usual practice of Roman sculptors, his eyes have pupils and irises; piety plays softly on his mouth, and he gazes up at the heaven of the just.)[162]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Soldier's Golden Rule explains why, as Walzer writes, it is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list than that there *be* a list.[163] (The shorter the list, the less discriminating the conflict, which increases the risk of injustice: justice, as Plato reminds us, is based on the ability to make distinctions.) Hence the variability of the chart at right.

The old question lives in another guise: If Constantine does unto Maxentius as Maxentius would have done unto Constantine, is Constantine thus justified? Or, to put it another way, is the defeated Maxentius, by virtue of being Maxentius, an implacable combatant?[196] The answer is probably yes. In Constantine's epoch, the office of Caesar was subject to violent transience, and a former Caesar would be a logical pretender, possessing an arguable degree of capability and a demonstrable measure of resentment. (Hence likewise Lenin's sanguinary policy against the tsar and his whole family. We read in Herodotus that King Cyrus of Persia, finding the Lydians rising against him, ruefully remarks on his own prior lenient folly: "I seem to have acted like a man who kills the father and spares the sons."[197] In 1826, King Shaka orders his army of Zulus to kill the entire Kumalo tribe. Women "can propagate and bring forth children, who may become my enemies.")[198] When the nest expels a queen bee or queen ant, she dies, and the rule in Rome was the same, by virtue of self-defense of authority. Three centuries before, Julius Caesar had proudly disdained to take this course—and died at the hands of the men he spared. Constantine, who later liquidated one of his own sons, preferred to do otherwise. — And Maxentius's offspring? No matter what might have been normative, I, at least, cannot justify so vile a policy as Constantine's by the rights of imminent self-defense. Were the Romanov children combatants? The Nihilists, the Decembrists, the Terrorists, the Bolsheviks would say yes—and so the children were shot in 1918. I would have liked to ask Vigny's captain his personal opinion on this. "How many murders are there in a big battle? —This is one of those questions in which reason loses herself and has nothing to say."

Reason does in fact have two thoughts on this subject: First of all, a person incapable of taking up arms (such as Anastasia Romanov) might be capable of use as a placeholder for the legitimacy of the opposing side's authority. In other words, she wasn't a combatant, but a weapon. Secondly, the prudent violent moral actor always considers the dangers of futurity: "Children, who may become my enemies."

It is at least arguable that in epochs when authority customarily gets transmitted dynastically, and when there are no prisons in which to keep ex-combatants safely harmless, killing certain people in our power is at least slightly more justified by the prospect of imminence than it would be now (or than it would have been even for the Romanov dynasty). But even if this were true, discrimination would still apply: Kill the ones which the accepted calculus of your time proves that you must, but spare the others.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?

CATEGORIES OF WAR IMMUNITY FROM LYCURGUS TO CHE GUEVARA

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
The Spartans in the time of the half-mythic Lycurgus[164]	All who stop fighting	Stubborn combatants
King Darius of Persia, against the Babylonians *ca* 500 B.C.[165]	All others. The Babylonians strangled most of their women to save food during the siege. Darius levies nearby women to come marry the survivors and perpetuate the "race."	3,000 leading citizens (impaled)
Troops of the city of Croton against Sybaris, 511 B.C.[166]	Almost none	"All those who fell from power"
Darius, King of Prussia, putting down Ionian Greek revolt, 494 B.C.[167]	Women and children (sold into slavery)	Men
Aristeides the Athenian against the besieged Persian garrison, 479 B.C.[168]	Concubines (no other non-combatants mentioned)	All combatants, no surrender allowed (in practice, this meant death to 7,000 of 10,000 men)
Gelon, attacking Hamilcar's Carthaginians, 480 B.C.[169]	None (but only soldiers present)	None
The Athenians against the Spartan hoplites and their allies at Sphacteria, Peloponnesian War, 425 B.C.[170]	No non-combatants present. All 292 survivors taken to Athens as hostages. Released to Spartans 3 years later during truce. Spartans deprive them temporarily of civil rights for fear of rebellion.	None
The Athenians, against the Melians, who, having previously refused to become a tributary ally, are forced to surrender at discretion, Peloponnesian War, 415 B.C.[171]	Women and children (sold into slavery)	Men
Marcus Licinius Crassus, Caesar's future partner, against Spartacus's slave rebels, 71 B.C.[172]	None	No surrender permitted; fugitives (not already killed in battle) hunted down; 6,000 captured and crucified

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Al-Tabari (9th cent.)[175]	Women, children, old men	"People who shave the crown of their heads, leaving a band of hair around it"
Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander (11th cent.)[162]	Muslims except...	...Brigands, thieves, graverobbers
Yorimoto, Japanese commander-in-chief, and Genji warrior, against the defeated rival Heike clan (1185-98)[176]	Heike women and girls, some Heike retainers, some males with Heike blood (but some females probably executed)	All pureblooded male Heike: infants drowned or buried alive; older boys strangled or stabbed; men beheaded
Tamerlane (1398)[176]	Muslims	"Infidels"
Genghis Khan (13th cent.)[177]	Useful slaves	All others
Nasir al-Din al-Tusi (13th cent.)[178]	All	None
Saladin (13th cent.)[179]	Countess of Tripoli, with her followers	Captured Templars, Hospitallers ("the fiercest of all Frankish warriors")
Aztecs (late 14th-early 16th cent.)[180]	Most non-combatants, if they surrendered in time (if not, all might have been slaughtered)	Captured combatants (enslaved and sacrificed)
Cortes (16th cent.)	Women, children, friends, vassals (sometimes enslaved)	"Traitors" and "rebels" who submitted previously, then resumed fighting (or whose leaders did), cannibals, apostate idolators
Cortes' deputy, Alvarado in the great market of Tenochtitlan (1519)[181]	A few escaped	All possible, without provocation
Al-Muttaq al-Hindi (16th cent.)[182]	Women, children	Old polytheists, tithe collectors
Shaka, King of the Zulus (1819-1827)[183]	Warriors (joined the army), sometimes young girls (for his harem)	Mature women, old people, infants
Shaka, King of the Zulus (1827-28)[183]	None	All
Pancho Villa (20th cent.)[185]	??	*Federale* officers, followers of Gen. Orozco, Chinese, Americans (armed or not)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Pablo Gonzáles, against residents of Tialtizapán in the insurgent state of Morelos (1916)[186]	??	132 men, 112 women, 42 children executed
Col. Jésus Guajardo, against residents of Tlaltizapan in the insurgent state of Morelos (1916)[187]	??	180 men, 112 women, 42 children executed
German armed forces in Poland (Sept. 1-25, 1939)[188]	Total population of 35 million (280,000 in Polish army)	16,376 Poles executed (531 villages burned). Many civilians included. Total for this period: 0.47% of population. [Total Polish casualties from the German and soviet occupations were 6 million = 17% of population][189]
German armed forces against Soviet prisoners[190]	17% survived	83% of all Red Army men died from starvation, neglect, or execution. 5 million captured. (Waffen-SS took no prisoners.)
German armed forces, treatment of Anglo-American POW's, World War II[191]	96% survived	4% died
Japanese armed forces, treatment of Anglo-American POWs, World War II[191]	73% survived	27% died
Japanese armed forces, treatment of Australian, British, Dutch POWs working on Burma-Thailand Railway (1942-45)[193]	49,000 survived = 80% [180,000 native workers survived = 67%]	Out of 61,000 POWs, 12,000 died from starvation, neglect, overwork. [Out of 270,000 native workers, 90,000 died]
U.S.A. and her allies against indicted Japan and Korean POWs (1946-51)[194]	Class A war criminals: 1 exempted due to insanity, 2 died in prison during trial	Class A war criminals: Out of 28 indicted, 7 hanged, 18 imprisoned
	Class B/C war criminals: About 1,780 acquitted, etc.	Class B/C war criminals: Out of 5,700 indicted, 920 executed, about 3,000 imprisoned
Che Guevara (1961), stated policy in Cuban revolutionary war[195]	All prisoners (spared and released)	Attacking enemy soldiers, informers, assassins, "recalcitrant" enemy soldiers within the revolution's zone of control

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

STRANGE NECESSITIES, MURDEROUS FRAUDS

In fact, any member of our protected-species list could fatally mislead the would-be mogul of decency. At the beginning of 1997, there were two hundred thousand child-soldiers on this earth,[199] and the women of at least twenty nations served in their respective militaries.[200] In guerrilla movements, where female irregulars (most of whom never come to the attention of statisticians) accomplish varying lethal and sublethal objectives, they may well pretend to be *Hausfrauen* or harmless peasant lasses. "The unveiled Algerian woman moves like a fish in the Western waters," writes Frantz Fanon with righteous glee: for him, colonialism in Algeria is precisely rape, the occupiers having already violated any conceivable ethics of restraint. "The soldiers, the French patrols, smile to her as she passes, compliments on her looks are heard here and there, but no one suspects that her suitcases contain the automatic pistols which will presently mow down four or five members of one of the patrols."[201] Across the road, a veiled *Algerienne*, lumpy, shapeless, trudges dully along, the French likewise not guessing that those lumps are bombs.[202]

To a revolutionary vanguard, violent rising up may appear entirely justified as an act of self-defense against a real or supposed oppressor who controls the ground which the revolutionaries now claim as theirs. Some revolutionaries, such as Che Guevara, are kind enough to exempt regimes with "at least the appearance of constitutional legality" from their bombs, because "the possibilities of peaceful struggle have not yet been exhausted."[203] (In short, they follow the First Corollary to the First Limitation.) Others are less scrupulous. The children with whom you trade cartridges for opium might suddenly shoot you with your own machine gun.[204] As for those weak old wounded men over there, well, you never know; they might be fifth columnists, *francs-tireurs,* staff officers ordering the destruction of target objectives or decoys for their ambuscading comrades. Hence our First Limitation becomes problematic when it reads that *military violence should be imposed only by participants.* Who decides what makes for a participant? Remember the answer given to Vigny's boy-killing captain: "God dammit, old man, what d'you expect? It's our profession." Fortunately, that's not the last word. If I may treat you as a combatant only when you say that you are, and if you claim not to be, but then attack me, military ethics, coming to my self-defense, quite fairly serves on you the harshest penalties. A belligerent in civilian uniform stands an excellent chance of receiving his ration of lead if captured. Thus our:

FIFTH COROLLARY: PRISONERS-OF-WAR WHO SEEK TO FIGHT AGAIN ARE COMBATANTS

This explains and justifies the harsh measures so often applied by military occupiers—Aurelian, Montezuma, Sherman, Hitler, General Westmoreland—to insur-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gents and rebels.[205] During the conquest of Gaul, and perhaps during the Roman Civil War, Julius Caesar's moral calculus contained the following axiom, to be enforced at discretion: *Kill all prisoners captured twice, unless they can convince you of prior compulsion.*[206] An American military manual from the Vietnam War explains:

> As long as the national uniform is worn, soldiers are considered to be under orders to avoid capture, and not to surrender voluntarily.[207] The corollary to this is that soldiers in uniform may be killed even if they are not at that moment shooting back.[208] This entitles you to commit acts of violence against legitimate military targets without the risk of prosecution after capture for violation of the local criminal law. For example, it would be permissible to kill, in the line of duty, any of the enemy who may impede your effort to evade capture. Such entitlement does not extend to you as an escapee. Such a killing by you as an escapee would be considered murder and you would be liable for trial and punishment.[209]

The reason for this prohibition against violent flight is that a uniformed soldier acting under lawful command[210] becomes a noncombatant immediately upon his surrender to the enemy. A prisoner of war (at least, a docile one) is by institutional design helpless either to defend or aggress. His captors (by virtue of the Geneva Conventions, or for that matter any number of other codes)[211] therefore find it needless, hence unjustified, to apply harmful force to him.[212] Or, as Clausewitz restates the case in his own typical fashion, the only reason civilized nations do not murder prisoners of war is that they have discovered "more effectual means of applying force."[213]

Twenty-two centuries before Clausewitz, during the Peloponnesian War, the combatant city-states had not yet made such discoveries, or else their war aims disproved them. "To grant us our lives," plead the Plataeans to their five inflexible Spartan judges, "would be, therefore, a righteous judgment; if you consider also that we are prisoners who surrendered of our own accord, stretching out our hands for quarter, whose slaughter Hellenic law forbids..."[214] They *were* all slaughtered, though, just like sheep, and their wives and children sold as slaves.[215] And one reason for their merciless sentence is that at an earlier moment in the war, after surrendering to a treacherous attack of the Spartans' allies, the Thebans, the Plataeans had become apprised that the Theban force was weaker than they had supposed, and so rose up against it—in short, murdered and slaughtered it. They were truce-breakers. They'd violated the Fifth Corollary. Another reason for their liquidation, of course, is that the judges were following this murderers' maxim: *If you were once an enemy, then you will always be an enemy.*[216]

We thus return to our First Limitation: *Violent defense of war aims must be directed only by and toward combatants.* Since the POW is not a combatant, even though he may have the right to escape, he no longer has the right to use *violence* to escape—

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

unless (many a patrol leader bringing his men into hostile territory would winkingly explain) he gets away with it.

"WE GOT ANOTHER JOB TO DO, MEADLO" (MY LAI 4)

More often, if any violence is gotten away with in this all too natural struggle, it lies on the jailers' side.[217] For beside the jangling keys hangs a sword, while the captive owns no weapon but bound hands. In the tenth century, that most Christian king of Norway, Olaf Trygvesson, invites his enemies the warlocks to a feast, bolts the door and burns them alive. What could be more just? It's war, not to mention defense of authority, defense of creed! (Olaf was, in a sense, kinsman to Trotsky, who always insisted that serious revolutionary action could occur only through necessary disillusionment and disappointment; in the end there'd be no other way left, violence being the last and only practical resort. Like Cortes and Caesar, Olaf was well known for trying persuasion first.)[218] In the thirteenth century, with defense of creed again the watchword, Saladin's troops capture Prince Arnat of Karak, "Islam's most hated enemy." He orders this person brought to his tent, reviles him, "enumerating his sins," and cuts off his head, remarking: "Twice I have sworn to kill that man when I had him in my power."[219] Religious injunctions and revolutionary slogans work in parallel here, continuing war against the ostensibly disarmed because the latter can't actually surrender the dangerous weapons of their alien ideologies. It's all self-defense! So too is circumstantial necessity (if we fed them, *we* would have starved!) and imminent self-defense, which, when carefully considered, closely resembles retribution:

Justifications for Prisoner of War Deaths

1. Creed

   "Next day I gave orders that the Musulman prisoners should be separated and saved, but that the infidels should all be sent to hell with the proselytizing sword." —Tamerlane

2. Retribution

   "I noticed particularly one pregnant woman, who had been forced down on a saw-bayonet." In consequence, when we captured the Turks who had done this, "we ordered 'no prisoners.'" —Lawrence of Arabia[220]

3. Expediency, circumstantial necessity

   "Thirty-one hundred prisoners had died; nobody could deny

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that. Yet could they prove that the process which led to that fact was a willful one, or done maliciously, with purposeful cruelty? The judge at the trial was a British lieutenant colonel. He didn't seem to comprehend the severity of wartime conditions." —Abe Hiroshi, convicted World War II war criminal[221]

4. Imminent self-defense

"It got to the point where we took no prisoners. It wasn't a written order, but a way to survive. No one should take a chance to take a guy prisoner who might try to kill him." —Louis Maravelas, squad leader, 1st Marine Division (South Pacific, World War II)[222]

Every continuum possesses extremes. All but the first of those four excuses for homicide might with sufficient context be extenuated or even justified. And so, by the principle of extension from already fishy justifications, we arrive at My Lai 4.

PHOTOGRAPHS FROM VIETNAM

The war photographer Don McCullin, who fortunately beats no drum except his own ego's, depicts both good and evil on the American side. We see a G.I. with a cross on his cap rescuing a tiny old Vietnamese woman from the rubble of shattered wood and long beams, the housetop behind them undressed to the frame so that it resembles a waffle-iron; and the lady, her eyes closed, dangles rigidly in the soldier's grasp, her hands out in front of her in a dog-paddler's clasp, her long face immobile, the soldier's expression merely one of effort.[223] He is doing what he can for her, and it need not taint our approbation that his colleagues might have been the ones who destroyed her house. Then there are the other images, the two GIs hunched over the dead NVA soldier, whose gap-toothed mouth is mustachioed with blood; they gather from him their new treasures of long, golden bullets from a drawstring bag, not to mention that pretty North Vietnamese girl's photo which lies in the grass below his mottled, half-clenched hands; the two GIs gaze up at us with hostile eyes, like vultures disturbed from their kill.[224] We see a blindfolded little human being in a black gown whose hem touches the dirt and is lightened already by it; his hands are tied behind his back, and his mouth (which is all that we can discern of his features) gapes in smiling terror. Three GIs, literally twice as tall as he is, stand behind him. One, whose M-16 points up into the air, is kicking him in the back. Another, whose face expresses quiet concentration, yanks at the taut wrist-rope. The third, between and behind the others, appears almost dreamy. The butt of his weapon hovers over the civilian's head.[225] All this is war. It is horrible. It is not necessarily atrocity—although it certainly seems to be.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

If any significant part of the testimony delivered to Bertrand Russell's undeniably biased International War Crimes Tribunal is true (it downplayed North Vietnamese atrocities and even denied the existence of the Ho Chi Minh trail), Lieutenant Calley's main sin at My Lai was being unlucky enough to get caught.





U.S. troops burn My Lai

Americans and American-led teams were butchering Vietnamese and Khmer civilians everywhere. (And the Viet Cong were busy counter-butchering.)

"We were dropped by helicopters, we fired at everything and killed everyone," reports a Cambodian mercenary.[226] Here is one of the American rules of engagement for surface weapons in Vietnam in the case where suspected VC/NVA targets existed but hostile fire was not received: "Civilians will be given prior warning by leaflets, loudspeakers, or other appropriate means and given sufficient time to evacuate the area."[227] —Defense of war aims evidently decreed the impracticality of such instructions. Or perhaps the civilians got warned but had nowhere to go; suddenly, by the Fourth Corollary, they'd become combatants, by occupying what was now an active war zone.[228]

HOOTCH-BURNING THROUGH THE AGES

Not far past the midpoint of Stalin's century, Lieutenant William L. Calley, Jr., platoon leader of C Company, Task Force Barker, finds himself obliged as a result of unfortunate publicity to justify himself in court. (Many Americans will be disgusted that he was tried.)[229] He employs the Nazi defense—yes, imaginative Lieutenant Calley, I see, has alleged in extenuation of his actions on March 16, 1968, that he was *ordered* to kill every human being or animal encountered at the village called My Lai 4. (Well, it's possible—who are we to say what his orders really said?)[230] His commanding officer, of course, denies having expressed any such aim, insisting that he merely called for what would still have gotten Calley hanged had the latter been a Nazi in the dock at Nuremburg[231] (he actually got twenty years at hard labor)—and, I should add, what had gotten George Washington praised for doing to the Iroquois, who learned to nickname him "Town-Destroyer": namely, to destroy My Lai by "burning the hootches, to kill the livestock, to close the wells and to destroy the food crops."[232]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In 1968 such a procedure might be construed by prosecutorial civilian minds as "deliberately inflicting on the group conditions of life calculated to bring about its physical destruction in whole or in part," which is one of the United Nation's several definitions of genocide.[233] —But the U.N.'s finger-wagging comes late in the military game:

THE CHOSEN PEOPLE'S CALCULUS OF CONQUEST: GOD'S INSTRUCTIONS (CA. 1300 B.C.)

Is the city you besiege far away from here or does it lie in the territory that God has given you for your inheritance?

1. If the city is far from you, offer peace.
   (a) Should peace be accepted, enter their gates and enslave them all.
   (b) Should peace not be accepted, conquer the city, kill every male, and take the women, children, cattle and other goods as spoils for yourselves.

2. If the city lies within Palestine, "you shall save alive nothing that breathes" to avoid being polluted by their idolatry.

"When the Lord your God brings you into the land which you are entering to take possession of it, and clears away many nations before you ... and you defeat them; then you must utterly destroy them; you shall make no covenant with them and show no mercy to them."

SOURCE: DEUTERONOMY 20:18-19, 7:1-2.

After the invasion of Canaan (which, as we know from our Bibles, reaped only local and temporary success),[234] after the burning and wasting described by Thucydides and so many others, history crackles on, disdaining to make any hair-splitting distinctions between:

(I) The desperately legitimate scorched earth policy of self-defense, as exemplified by the Russians defending their homeland against Napoleon in 1812.[235] Of course, as the old saw goes, it may be always "necessary to destroy the town in order to save it," whether by employing personalized mayhem, as on the seething, crawling battle-plains of Renaissance war, whose bird's-eye paintings show us minute crowds prickling, like a porcupine's skin, with spears and pikes in various transactions of mutual wounding;[236] or by the replacing of church steeples with the unearthly barrenness of bomb craters in the modern era.

(II) Ruthless coercion applied by occupying forces to combatant and noncombatant locals together. We read in Polybius, for instance, that as Hannibal marched

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

toward Rome, "he burned and wasted the country with a view of rousing the wrath of the enemy and tempting him to come out."[237]

(III) Amoral, purely expedient acts, as when the warrior-chiefs in the Japanese *Tale of the Heike* set fire to peasant huts in order to provide illumination for night battles.[238]

(IV) Politic reprisals taken in civil war against the other side's village-burners.[239]

Hootch-burnings of the second category are, alas, the most common. In 491 B.C., the Persian army burns the crops around the Greek town of Carystus until the people surrender.[240] On their next attempt to conquer all Greece ten years later, they'll do the same to Phocis and Athens.[241] The ancient Indian sage Kautilya advises his princely reader to refrain from laying waste to captured territory—"unless the conqueror means to quit it."[242] Thus that politic First Corollary again: *A just war must aim toward a just peace.* We learn from Maurice de Saxe's *Reveries Upon the Art of War* (1757) that when occupying enemy country the best course is to send out "circular letters" to all villages within reach, demanding payment of a "moderate tax." One's own soldiers must be forbidden to pillage, the penalty being hanging. Should the villages not pay within the stipulated time, then, of course, they'll be put to the torch.[243] Other burners eschew such niceties. Sallust relates how the Roman general Metellus, putting down a "revolt" in Africa, not only wasted enemy lands but also murdered the adults of every town he captured.[244] Flavius Vegetius advises that "to distress the enemy more by famine than the sword is a mark of consummate skill;"[245] and a good century after Washington's acclaimed hootch-torchings,[246] which in due time will lead Indian activists to urinate on his likeness,[247] one Colonel Callwell, the author of a popular and candid British treatise entitled *Small Wars: Their Principle and Practice*, set forth his advice upon the subject.

Callwell, we ought to emphasize, was a well-traveled and respected military man destined for knighthood. He expressed few regrets on the subject of village-burning—indeed, fewer than Cortes, who laid claim to aesthetic sorrow when he laid waste the fairytale Aztec capital. The 1906 edition of *Small Wars* reasons thusly:

> But when there is no king to conquer, no capital to seize, no organized army to overthrow, and when there are no celebrated strongholds to capture, and no great centres of population to occupy, the objective is not so easy to select. It is then that the regular troops are forced to resort to cattle lifting and village burning and that the war assumes an aspect which may shock the humanitarian... If the enemy cannot be touched in his patriotism or his honour, he can be touched through his pocket... Still there is a limit to the amount of licence in destruction *which is expedient.*[248]

Small Wars explicitly rules out the limitation against non-combatants, so it would seem, when after describing the best way to destroy Pathan villages (when they are covered with earth, make sure you punch holes in the roofs or they will not burn),[249] Colonel Callwell continues: "In the Pathan country the presence of women

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and children in a village may be taken as a sure sign that the men belonging to it do not mean to fight. This fact need not of course influence the decision to destroy it."[250] Unless I knew much, much more, I'd call this unjustified by the First Limitation. Still, however much those noncombatants may suffer as a result of destroying their village, however cruel or even lethal the act of razing may be, what *Small Wars* endorses (even if we can hear in our mind's ear women screaming as their "hootches" burn, even if we can see their children die of hunger in the charred fields) lies at a considerable moral remove from what Lieutenant Calley did.

One year after the publication of *Small Wars,* the Fourth Hague Convention will forbid attacks upon such undefended towns;[251] and the U.N.'s strictures will grow more pointed after Vietnam: "Starvation of civilians as an act of warfare is prohibited," the one-world ethicists decide; and:

> It is prohibited to attack, destroy, remove or render useless objects indispensable to the survival of the civilian population, such as foodstuffs, agricultural areas ..., crops, livestock, drinking water installations ...[252]

Clausewitz would disdain to elevate such a restrictive doctrine into the category of universal truth. Lieutenant Calley feels the same.

SELF-DEFENSE IN PINKVILLE

Calley's colleagues remind us that My Lai lies in a zone called (by them) Pinkville, "a Viet Cong stronghold." (The Iroquois villages burned during the American Revolution occupied an equivalently ominous role.)[253] By the Fourth Corollary, the uncategorized are combatants, if they occupy an active war zone. Perfect! All's now justified. The Clausewitzian goal is to put pressure on a hostile area until it cracks. If we want to crack Pinkville, why shouldn't My Lai feel the squeeze?

Calley's army does not, however, proclaim its rights with as much boldness as Colonel Callwell's did. Rather than labeling noncombatants as legitimate targets, as do the Viet Cong,[254] it makes convenient mistakes. "Intelligence reports indicated that the unit would be opposed by a veteran enemy battalion, and that all civilians would be absent from the area." Does this mean that the Fourth Corollary won't even be applied? The chorus continues, in a strain so dully obvious that its words comprise a shell for lethal ambiguities: "The objective was to destroy the enemy."[255] Unfortunately for intelligence and morality, but very fortunately for expediency (one of the reasons why certain rapists prefer children), most of that epoch's indications of noncombativeness—absence of a uniform, absence of a weapon and the rest—will all be present, with the sole exception of white flags, none of which were uplifted by the victims at My Lai as far as I know. Any such indications, we've agreed, may be misleading, but they do give cause to believe in—at least to posit—civilianhood.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BAD CLAUSEWITZIAN

No, they weren't civilians, that mis-called "intelligence" decided: not the women, nor the old monk whom Calley hit in the face before he shot him, nor the babies—the objective was to destroy the enemy—nor the children. Even had he stretched the Fourth Corollary to the shattering-point, Calley couldn't have made it warrant their destruction. "Of course, children should not be massacred on the highways," Saint-Exupéry had said almost thirty years earlier. "Yet every soldier who pulled a trigger found a child in his line of fire."[256] This is not at all the situation in which Lieutenant Calley found himself—or, I should say, partly created (the people who guaranteed him a veteran enemy battalion on the premises did the rest).[257]

Were they "pinks"? —Not improbably. —What should Calley have "done with them," then? —Nothing. His assigned war aims were absurd, because so were the "larger" war aims of the joint chiefs of staff, who could not give the secretary of defense any indication of when the war might end or even what the plan for victory was[258]—thus Calley's ends were nebulous; his means was intolerable, except to Hobbes.[259] We cannot hold him accountable for the failure of American grand strategy, but he was nonetheless a war criminal. Clausewitz would have understood him. "He who uses force unsparingly, without reference to the bloodshed involved, must obtain a superiority." That may even be true—against combatants. Against non-combatants it only puts the attackers in the wrong and strengthens the hatred against them. In short, it's not only evil, but inexpedient! "At My Lai, those men who refused to fire never suffered for their refusal ... and that suggests that we must blame the others for their obedience."[260]

"WHAT ABOUT URASOV?"

Yield once more to the defense. Bring back to mind Frantz Fanon's description of the Algerian women terrorists gliding unveiled into the "progressive" French-controlled cities, with pistols in their suitcases, or donning veils for their missions on country roads, with bombs lashed secretly to their now faceless forms. What does self-defense propose in that case? Why, shoot every woman we meet! (Thus, I suppose, the moral calculus of Lieutenant Calley.)

What's an "atrocity"? If we mean an aggressive attack or counter-attack in which we give no quarter, it's no atrocity if we lack any means of getting quarter ourselves. Australian testimony from World War II:

> We found our blokes who had been captured early tied to trees where they had been used for bayonet practice. I personally saw a dead native girl who had been mutilated and obviously raped. Going through a group of dead Japanese required caution, because one might be feigning death and try to kill you. We were quick to make

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> sure they stayed dead. From that moment we had a hatred of Japs. For many of us that went through those major battles, that hatred persists.[261]

This is revenge; this is retaliation; it is also, alas, imminently justified prudence. —And the hatred? —What can one say about that? It's wrong; it's sad and vile, and as long as it's not acted on in peacetime, I would have to say that it's excusable. (We see a photograph of American civilians who had been imprisoned by the Japanese. It is 1945. They sit skinny-legged upon a low concrete wall. We can count their every rib; we can see their collarbones, straining beneath the skin. It is hard not to hate whoever did this to the two men.)[262] What people "learn" in extremely violent situations maims them; they become less responsible moral agents, closer to armed children and madmen.

Two decades after Calley's Vietnamese faux pas, one Major Urasov, chief of headquarters of the Soviet Second Airborne Battalion, surrounds an Afghan village and calls upon the Mujahideen to surrender. The enemy retreats, employing civilians as human shields. Are these civilians thereby "militarized?" We know the United Nations's answer. Urasov, trying to follow our First Limitation of warfare, likewise tries to separate combatants from noncombatants, but a machine-gun burst gives him the reward of all too many umpires.[263] Our source, a Soviet journalist, continues, "Karim's men [the insurgents] and the villagers behind whom they hid no longer were treated with kid gloves; all of them were shot point-blank."[264] On the scene now arrives one Colonel Antonenko, who at a briefing before the "operation" had been asked: "Comrade Colonel, what should we do about all the peaceful civilians?" —His answer goes far beyond killing combatants who play dead: "Kill them all." Antonenko's the one who on that snowy day, putting his principles into practice, braces his Kalashnikov at his hip and murders dozens of women, children and old men on the road, who I take it were coming to surrender. His remark: "What about Urasov? Did they spare Urasov? Why should I spare them now?"[265]

"CALLEY IS NO CRIMINAL!"

The parallel with Calley now becomes explicit; for Antonenko brings it up himself. Sitting himself comfortably down on the cot of a subordinate who'd tried to report him for atrocities, the mass murderer cuts up a smoked bream and presents his justification:

> You see, certain crazies, like this battalion commander, are trying to make me into a scapegoat—a kind of Soviet Lieutenant Calley. Calley is no criminal! In wartime you either kill or get killed. Those are the only alternatives... What was I supposed to do when all these kishlak [village] women started coming down toward our sentry post? How was I supposed to know who was hiding underneath the yashmaks?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> It might easily have been the dukhi [literally "ghosts"—the insurgents] in women's clothes. They could have come right up to the post and shot all of us... Incidentally, my orders were to open fire.[266] So I was following orders.[267]

Furthermore, says Antonenko, he'd fired one warning round over the civilians' heads, "but they kept coming down."

SELF-DEFENSE IN PINKVILLE (CONTINUED)

Calley's victims will number half a thousand.

We see a dirt road walled on either side by olive-colored rice stalks—I think that this reproduction makes the rice appear darker than it actually was. The dirt is tracked and scored by the convulsions of the dying, fingernails digging into the dirt, bare heels kicking and jerking. We see bloody yellow arms and legs. Hands on bellies, hands on breasts, hands outflung behind heads, hands drawn tight around dead faces who did not want to see, naked toes, the tan dirt and the colors of clothes—this is what we see before we see the faces. Do we have the will to look? A small child, naked from the waist down, lies on its belly, facedown, drinking death from the hard breast of mother earth. Somebody whose bloody face is cushioned by rice plants lies sideways, lower lip gaping down, with a dead baby froglegged on top. A grimacing face is striped crimson and yellow. Between the spread, naked and bloody legs of someone with updrawn knees who has given birth to death lies a child's plump little corpse. A stick-face has fallen away from the dead, and leans against rice-stalks. Somebody's red bag, filled and tied with things pertaining only to life, squats behind the heap, keeping company with what appears to be a dead pig. Everything is dead except the rice.[268]

In the first collection point stood one group of thirty or forty people, none of them males of military age, some holding babies in their arms. I'm sure they were a veteran enemy battalion. Calley and Private First Class Paul D. Meadlo "opened fire on the group, until all but a few children fell. Calley then personally shot those children. He expended 4 or 5 magazines from his M-16 rifle in the incident."[269] Another group of seventy-five to a hundred people waited, already conveniently "collected" alongside an irrigation ditch. Into the ditch. "We got another job to do, Meadlo."[270]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CAESAR'S MERCY

Such was the mercy of Lieutenant Calley. On the other hand, hail Caesar—the first one, "the deified Julius"—whose clemency during the Civil War of 49-45 B.C. opportune Cicero (who'd soon rejoice at his assassination) was quick to apostrophize: "You are the only victor we have known whose triumphs did not cost a single non-combatant life."[271] That assessment is exaggerated but not unfounded. Caesar certainly could have exercised Lieutenant Calley's choice had he wanted to—and during his prior nine years of hootch-burning in barbarian Gaul, he often had.[272] Plutarch admiringly tallies up the results: eight hundred towns and three hundred states conquered; and three million enemies engaged against Caesar, of whom a million were captured and a million killed.[273] —More exaggeration, perhaps (old historians loved to pad out the bailiff's toll), but it well expresses the crimson ambiance of that long middle act of Caesar's tragedy, when violence seemed to further itself. Among the many chickens it used to be my job to slaughter I remember one which, spouting blood from its opened neck, ran by some fluke right into the sack. Putting down the attempted rising-up of the Belgae (that is, their vain defense of homeland), Caesar likewise found himself at no inconvenience, such being the slaughter-power of his cohorts that "the marshes and deep rivers were made passable to the Roman foot by the vast quantity of dead bodies."[274] Thus Plutarch again; steady Caesar contents himself with saying that they drove the enemy "into the river, breathless as they were with running and weakened with wounds ... they slew a great part of them while in difficulties."[275] I imagine the Belgae as sprinting pell-mell, panicked and shrilling, to the furtherance of their doom.



Julius Caesar

A WINTER SCENE

When he besieged the rebel Prince Vercingetorix, pickets reported that all non-combatants in their thousands had been expelled from the city—more chickens scurrying hopeless and aimless. What to do with them? Lieutenant Calley knew all too well that some skinny little Vietnamese girl might be a walking bomb—better to shoot her on suspicion, for deterrence and revenge!—while Caesar for his part was learning, much against his professed better nature, that mercy against barbarians paid but provisionally, because vassal-friends remained friends only when Roman troops stayed in sight. If he let these sad birds through, they might become a nuisance, or even aid his eagle-enemies, their kinsmen. Moreover (and probably more to the point), he preferred that Vercingetorix's army sustain the burden of maintaining them. —Although the season was cold, he sent them back even after, in his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

own words, "they begged with tears and abject prayers to be received as slaves and helped with food."[276] "His decision was harsh," writes a twentieth-century biographer, Meier, "but we know too little to judge whether it was contemptible."[277] Indeed, we at our immense remove know not if Caesar ever judged himself at all. He might have touted his own leniency in not sword-spitting these pleading creatures. Nor should we forget to style Vercingetorix Caesar's co-executioner—eventually to be executed by Caesar, to be sure, but never mind. He bears more responsibility in this matter than Caesar; for he refused to permit the noncombatants to return into the shelter of Alesia's walls; he failed to succor his own. No doubt Vercingetorix could argue the case for his own clemency—for their combatant fathers, brothers and sons were entirely prepared to eat them should other forms of subsistence fail; they'd been cast out only in preference to being immediately devoured.[278] There they stayed, waiting in no man's land, until most of them perished. Plutarch paints us a picture of Caesar's victory at Alesia: men's shouts, women's weeping, bucklers gold and silver, breastplates tinctured with blood.[279] (Vercingetorix will be kept alive until the official triumph in Rome.) In the background, shall we not paint in a heap or two of children's corpses? At least hunger did it, not Calley and Meadlo.

THE TWO SURRENDERS OF MASSILIA

But when Caesar fought against his fellow Romans—and even against mere Roman subjects—he folded, where possible, his killing hands.

His forbearance shines all the more when we see it directed toward truce-breakers such as the Massiliotes, allies of Rome, hence clients of his antagonist, Pompey the Great. Caesar's troops therefore find themselves compelled to besiege the eponymous city[280] during the Civil War. They are steady engineers of destruction. Indeed, Caesar writes like a civil engineer, calmly recounting why "the work" proceeds so slowly.[281] Give the man monuments and temples to build, and he'll go at it in the same spirit. And so, week by week, protected by the cunning bastion they've built, his army loosens stones in Massilia's wall. Once their future can no longer be denied, the weeping inhabitants don the white headbands of suppliancy, outstretching their hands and begging for mercy, at least until Caesar himself should arrive and dictate terms (for he's off putting down a mutiny—one of every Roman general's frequent chores). The besiegers grant them the favor they request—encouraged in this decision, as we are explicitly told, by their commander's well-known policy of clemency. But the Massiliotes take sudden advantage of the truce to burn the siege-works and begin hurling missiles—isn't all fair in defense of homeland? In effect, they've violated the spirit of the Fifth Corollary: *Prisoners-of-war who seek to fight on after capture are combatants.* The Caesarians, now motivated not only by military discipline and plunder-lust, but also by rage, which approximates defense of honor ("they were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

stung by the thought that their courage would be held up to ridicule as a result of this criminal breach of truce"),[282] build a new wall of bricks and wickerwork. As the poet Lucan (who wasn't there) so vividly describes it: "The ramp is erected / with criss-cross planks and on it placed twin towers, level with / the city-walls, which spiked the earth with no timber beam / but crept on their long path with unseen cause"[283]—a metonym, perhaps, for Caesar's career. Massilia yields for the second time. When Caesar arrives, he continues to be politic, "sparing them rather because of the age and fame of the city than because of any services to himself."[284]

In Gaul, when the Aduatuci behaved likewise, he'd pillaged the town and sold them as slaves.[285]

"THERE IS NOTHING FURTHER FROM MY NATURE THAN CRUELTY"

Set aside the Aduatuci for the moment, and call him merciful. Grant him the majesty of war-goodness. Let his moral calculus be his epitaph:

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?

The moral calculus of Julius Caesar in the Civil War[286]

> "You are right to infer of me (for I am well known to you) that there is nothing further from my nature than cruelty... I am not moved because it is said that those, whom I let go, have departed to wage war on me again, for there is nothing I like better than that I should be true to myself and they to themselves."

Thus Massilia. Why not admire him?

Well, did this sometimes Clausewitzian, sometimes even anti-expedient leniency suffice to *justify* Caesar's war? What was the war aim? In his case, we can actually discover a geographical boundary between right and wrong, the Rubicon River, which he and his legions forded in order to commence the war against their own homeland. Lucan, enthusiastically hostile to his memory, puts in his mouth: "Here I abandon peace and desecrated law ... now war must be our referee."[287] Plutarch has him dreaming of committing incest on that night.[288] He himself, needless to say, never claims for his own any of these provocations.

AS AMBIGUOUS AS MONA LISA'S SMILE

Who is he really? (We could ask that about every great man—about Everyman.) Is he the sunny, charming monster we meet in the pages of Plutarch (whose life, like Lucan's, missed his by a century)? As a youth, captured by pirates, Caesar joins them in their games for a month while awaiting the arrival of his ransom. He composes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

poems, and when they fail to appreciate his verses, laughingly threatens to crucify them. The pirates laugh, too, amused by these freaks of boyish impudence. Ransomed, he immediately gets ships, possesses himself of the pirates, takes their loot and crucifies them.[289] (Suetonius cites mercy's proof: Caesar had their throats cut first, to make death speedy.)[290] He returns to Rome—*antique* Rome, neither ruined and time-bleached, nor yet glorious with all the Empire's intimidating monuments: that immense golden-tan exoskeleton of bread and circuses, the Colosseum, that sea-urchin's carapace of authority, rears not yet; but in Caesar's day the wide Forum already allows the masses to assemble for their better hoodwinking; the temples of Vesta, Saturnus, Concord and Castor infuse everyone with sacred monumentality, like Rome itself, center of the world, hence of Caesar's own political self, Rome where he entertains, bribes, subsidizes with money not all his—that's but politics. How to overtop his predecessors? For his father's funeral games he pays for 320 gladiatorial single combats to beguile the blood-lust of the masses; every man will wear silver armor: Caesar craves his name on everyone's lips!

His enemies, fearing that so many combatants might comprise a private army, enact a limit for the Republic's self-defense; Caesar will have to content himself with fewer fighters.[291] Does this prove that already they foresee and fear him, or are they merely wallowing in the stupidly personalized faction of rival patricians, whose accidents scar the classical period as random mass violence scars my own? "When I see his hair so carefully arranged, and observe him adjusting it with one finger," sneers Cicero, "I cannot believe it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state."[292] But Marcus Cato, the famous Stoic, talks the Senate into doling out corn to the poor, specifically in order to efface the memories of Caesar's silver-armored duelists.[293] *He* foresees; *he* fears. He's the principled fellow who will literally tear his own guts out rather than surrender to Caesar's clemency. Embracing prickly rectitude in life as in death, he nonetheless rises not above his colleagues' means. Hence his corn law: how better to negate a bribe than by a counter-bribe? —And "the people," what do they prefer, the taste of corn or the sheen of blood-speckled silver? Caesar longs to give them both.

"SULLA COULD DO IT, AND SHALL NOT I?"

Such tactics, and more importantly their motives, bring us to another point. Caesar's mild, we said. His Civil War will do comparatively little harm to Roman persons and property. The assault, then, rends the homeland as a formal or legal entity. What kind of homeland is it? Cato embodies it. By the laws of the Twelve Tables, which were graven four centuries before Caesar became dictator, patricians such as Cato are explicitly barred from intermarriage with the plebeians who eat state corn, which he scatters for the same reason that Neville Chamberlain will throw Czechoslovakia to Hitler—to keep his own peace. The historian Michael Grant once

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

wrote that "the trouble about withholding all sympathy from Caesar is that his 'Republican' opponents were for the most part so very unpleasant."[294] I admire Cato's stubborn courage in exactly the same proportion as I despise his unquestioningly self-centered class politics.

A further indictment of the homeland which both Caesar and his enemies will invoke: Precisely because the Republic enjoys no real separation between legislative and executive powers, dictatorship lies in every schemer's reach.[295] One man, Sulla, did it not long since. (Before Sulla came Sinna and Carbo.) Julius Caesar grew up with the shrieks of Sulla's victims ringing in his ears—perhaps literally; for that dictator once convoked the Senate while in the nearby Circus six thousand people were being liquidated, and the terrified Senators were directed to "listen to what he had to say; and not busy themselves with what was doing out of doors."[296] Like the young Napoleon, Caesar was himself for a time among the hunted. He'd refused to divorce his much-loved Cornelia to marry the one whom Sulla in defense of personal authority had decreed for him—an anecdote most typical of Caesar, who among many other good points emblematizes loyalty to friends, family, clients. Only the importunities of well-connected relatives had saved the youth from death for that disobedience, and he'd been compelled into a half-outlaw's life of transience, anxiety, shallow slumbers. He lost his property, even Cornelia's dowry being seized. (It may be from this epoch of his life that he'll derive the sad, raw maxim that "it is usually the case that friends become enemies in adversity.")[297]

But once Sulla had finished killing all impure citizens, adding lists to lists as he remembered more offenders, he stepped down from the dictatorship and offered himself in full accountability to a stunned Senate. It is, of course, as impossible to reconstruct the effect of this man upon Caesar as it would be to piece back to wholeness the shards of the Twelve Tables; but Sulla's steadfast insistence that all these executions had been for the good of Rome must have made the survivors' politics more cynical. And yet Sulla's renunciation of power suggests that he himself believed it, and he lived out an imperturbable old age, unmolested by the relatives of any of his victims. How could Caesar not remember him forever? Hence, indeed, why shouldn't he seize the position more sunnily?

But who is to know when he first decided on that course? —Well, someone does know, or claims to know: Suetonius, most maliciously insinuating and titillating of historians, who hastens to tell us, in another twist on Plutarch's story, that at the very outset of his career Caesar dreams of raping his mother! A fortune-teller assures him that this signifies he'll rule the world.[298]

All this proves only the ease with which history misconstrues Caesar. It will be not from Caesar's lips, but his arch-foe Pompey's, that these words hiss out during the Civil War: "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?"[299]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CAESAR, NAPOLEON, HITLER

Another pause, another placement of our man on the grid of moral actors: Julius Caesar resembles Hitler most of all in the fact that both of them can be profitably compared to Napoleon.[300] In all three we discern personal bravery,[301] a love of public show, masterful gamesmanship played with the tokens of loyalty and honor, an escalating impatience (in direct proportion to success) with legality—the consequence of an addiction to personal power, and perhaps also of fear of that mortality which threatens their projects; they'd better hasten—and, finally, a self-assured and ultimately self-destructive appetite for conquest. All three men, having set their thrones on the steepest peaks of pseudo-homegrown autocracy (I say pseudo-homegrown because all were outsiders: Hitler the Austrian, Napoleon the Corsican, Caesar the scion of a family purged by Sulla),[302] set out to win the world or die trying. For Napoleon, Russia was the vital wound and Spain the famous "running ulcer." For Hitler it was Russia again, aided, like the Russia that stopped Napoleon, by an international coalition. Caesar's final plans focused on kindred territory: he was murdered just before setting out to reduce the Parthian expanses and then Dacia; but his mortal wound lay at home, in the constitution he'd lacerated.

Of these three egotistical destroyers, all worthy of Alfred de Vigny's axiom, "Beware of your enthusiasm for men who rise quickly,"[303] Caesar comes off best. "The combination of brilliance—personal, not institutional brilliance—and power that we find in Caesar is probably almost unique in the whole of history."[304] In power he acted on what Michael Grant has called "a keen desire for social justice."[305] He mitigated the cruelest debt-laws, granted land not only to veterans, as had long been the expedient custom, but also to civilian paupers and bestowed citizenship upon a large number of non-Roman loyalists.[306] But what is most relevant here is his famous clemency. As we shall see, his very assassins were almost to a man the prior beneficiaries of it. Why then should he even figure in *Rising Up and Rising Down* at all? Consider the case of Cato, who never submits to him. Hitler or Napoleon would have silenced such a steadfast voice by means of a firing squad. It is greatly to Caesar's credit that he weeps upon learning of Cato's suicide, which was a direct response to his final victory in the Civil War. Gentle, self-denying dictator!

THE BAILIFF'S SELF-JUSTIFICATION

As the deified Julius himself will eventually explain,[307] it is Pompey's rigid defense of honor (he "was reluctant to let anyone stand on the same pinnacle of prestige as himself"), as well as the suasion of anti-Caesarians, which originally impelled the demand for Caesar's unilateral disarmament. This is true. By then, Caesar, self-styled descendant of the goddess Venus, has committed many illegal and dangerous acts. To surrender would mean exposing himself to the risk of prosecution.[308] (Cicero

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

wonders sarcastically how it can be honorable for Caesar to launch a civil war in defense of his honor.)[309] But even if we exclude narcissistic expediency, Caesar's civil war will be an intensely personal one.[310] To an extent, any war is. The testimony of Viet Minh and Viet Cong fighters may partake of the Party line, employing the grandiosely self-denying rhetoric of mass politics, but quite often such life stories begin with a murdered father or a raped sister.[311] I have found the same personal motivations among violent politicians in Burma,[312] Malaysia,[313] Bosnia.[314] One must try to visualize Caesar and Pompey with their immense private armies—client-soldiers—to begin to understand that epoch's factions, which crystallize not so much around causes as around men. When war aims are but proper names, who's to justify one over the next? The very structures of Roman politics are personal, the same men being magistrates, lawyers, generals, governors, senators. One must also remember the length, depth and complexity of Caesar and Pompey's association. In the Civil War, Pompeians such as Cicero will arm themselves with bitter imprecations against Caesar's treachery, venting "the old grievance, how Caesar was Pompey's man: Pompey raised him to place and military power."[315] But Caesar cannot be styled a mere parasite: he returns favors. It was he who'd moved that Pompey be granted absolute power in his campaign against the sea-pirates, he who'd given him his own daughter in marriage. How could their alliance not be personalized? How could their later fratricide not come likewise from the heart?

THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER (60 B.C.)

When we first look in on Caesar's politics, we find him in the name of concord reconciling the two most powerful men in Rome: Pompey and Crassus. The tyranny of personalization now requires us to sketch the characters of those two, who were consuls together once, but hardly accomplished anything, such was their mutual spite, an emotion based (it is said) on competition as to which of them deserved the glory for having crushed the gladiator Spartacus's slave uprising.[316] Under Stalin, who is paradoxically remembered for "the cult of personality," such accidental matters would have been irrelevant in comparison to one's origins and relationships, but in the Roman Republic, they're everything. Accordingly, Crassus (whom Cicero styles "Bald-Pate"),[317] who wants the loudest clapping and shouting to be for him, gives it out that Pompey's a nascent despot—as if we couldn't already infer that from his remark "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?"[318] This suspicion, or accusation, which must come naturally to every soul after the Sullan years, may be nonetheless unfounded in Pompey's case. Not long since, he marched upon anxious Rome at the head of his triumphant armies—which, invoking the Constitution outside the city gates, he then dismissed—then learned, politics being what it is, that thanks to this act of generous renunciation he went overnight from being feared to being *mocked.* "For men that rise by arms are easily despised when they come to live like private

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

citizens."[319] Plutarch tells us that the solution which Pompey adopted—that of the potentate, seclusion within an immense entourage—defended his suppurating self-confidence; but was defense as good as offense? They'd solemnly named him Magnus ("the Great"), and yet he dwelled always in the shadow of their caprices. I see him as a man easily wounded in his vanities and assertions, a man of the times. What could secure his honor, but authority? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" A diabolical war aim! And so he turned and turned about, honest but shrinking, vacillating in his anxieties, if not yet in his loyalty to the Republic.

And Bald-Pate? "The richest man, the eloquentest and greatest person of all them that at that time dealt in matters of state, and made more estimation of himself than of Pompey and all the rest."[320] (So writes Plutarch.) In short, he suffers from the same disease of inflamed honor as Pompey. When he's not decimating legionnaires or crucifying rebellious slaves, Crassus stands familiar friend to many: lender (even to Caesar himself), businessman who buys burning houses cheap, fixes them cheap and rents them out at market price; yes, he's an advocate for all; he owns his ways of getting ahead; he coins the epigram that every man is rich who can buy his own army! Doesn't *Crassus* self-signify *crass?* No wonder that this fire-befriended landlord endears himself less (for the moment) to the unstable masses than does Pompey's war-charisma. He does, however, enjoy great power in the Senate (thanks in part to his loans).[321]

The laws of antithetical forces here operating as blatantly as in some laboratory experiment, this foreshadowing of Caesar's story may now be told without perplexity. Speak of fortune-telling, of bad dreams of incest—Crassus now joins with Pompey's old arch-enemy Lucullus, and with Cato, too, in an alliance of mutually emboldened ferocity of the underhanded, political kind: Strike at honor's groin! Wound Pompey through his dependents! (Thus, too, power struggles under Stalin.) And so they indict Pompey's clients—for cause or not. Should Pompey stay enwrapped in his new aloofness,[322] the clients will suffer, and "the world" will sneer: "Pompey does nothing for his own!" Should he stand on the defensive, reacting instead of acting, he'll likewise appear half-impotent, ridiculous. —Crassus, Cato and the Lucullans press the attack, now through senatorial decree denying to foreign kings the enactments and privileges which Pompey bestowed upon them during the Mithridatic War[323]—outrageous insult to those kings, to be sure; but they don't count, not being Romans; our object is to humiliate Pompey. (During the Civil War one of Caesar's strategic aims will be likewise "to diminish the high degree of prestige which Pompey appeared to have among foreign peoples,"[324] because prestige translates into command-power.) Pompey replies with his own resources, but the blood in his heart runs deep-dyed with bitterness and futility. He struggles on, his greatness drowning.

But a tool of reconciliation lies at hand—a sunny tool of mildness. Indeed, throughout his life he'll evince more of a desire to seduce than to rape Mother

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Rome. Will he be a good lover? Does he resemble the part? "He is said to have been tall of stature, with a fair complexion, shapely limbs, a somewhat full face, and keen black eyes; sound of health, except that towards the end he was subject to sudden fainting fits and to nightmares as well."[325] His name: Gaius Julius Caesar. Pompey trusts him to vote his way.[326] Crassus owes him the affection of a patron: he's pledged bond for Caesar's debts.[327] Blessed are the peacemakers, for they save authority, honor, propriety, homeland. Who could object to this furthering of tranquillity? — Well, Cato, for one; likewise Plutarch, on the grounds that their former rivalry constituted separation of powers, hence safety for the republic. Revolutionaries—Trotsky, Stalin, Lenin, Robespierre—would argue just the opposite: factionalism must be liquidated, because it interferes with our program.[328] But a Roman politician has no program except firstly his own good and secondarily the status quo which keeps his good predictable. Hence Plutarch's simile: Rivals in government are as passengers on opposite sides of the storm-tossed ship of state; if both come to the same side, the unbalanced boat must pitch. In other words, Caesar's friendly-seeming device is actually pestilent and subtle.[329]

Does Caesar mean so? The author Varro, certain that he does, writes a book about Caesar, Crassus and Pompey. The title: *Tricararanus,* which signifies "the three-headed monster."[330]

Naturally, Caesar comprises the most inconspicuous of the heads, small in years and experience, muffled up in loyal moderation; but here is Appian's characterization of him even in youth: "powerful in speech and action, audacious in every way, sanguine in everything, and profuse beyond his means in the pursuit of honours."[331] What harmonious heads we see!—for doesn't that description also fit Pompey and Crassus?

CATILINE (63 B.C.)

Another anecdote illuminates yet a little more of the stony darkness inside Caesar's statues. Clemency, not yet haughtily exalted into majesty, might here be said to make its first foray into the man's politics—unless one cares to take it as he doubtless would want it to be taken, as evidence of Caesar's natural kindness. Not long before the three-headed monster gave birth to itself, one Lucius Catiline, former friend, kinsman and client of Sulla, gifted, passionate and now desperate, sought fame and concomitant fortune on the same gameboard as Caesar, Cato, Lucullus, Crassus, Pompey, Cicero, Curio, Clodius and the rest. Why not? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" Until Caesar wins the Civil War in 46 B.C., there *is* no first, hence no obstacle to trying to be first. Even the three-headed monster will fail to put a stop to such strivings.[332] This is the epoch when it has grown almost customary for the indicted men and their prosecutors, should both be sufficiently distinguished, to face off in the law-courts, each with his own band of armed followers, veterans,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

thugs, slaves, gladiators to strut the choreography of their hate.[333] The scent of violence rises ever from the crowded, fetid streets—and from the two-wide public space of the Forum, oceanic womb of riots, which directly abuts the Senate! (But then, doesn't the odor of violence meet us always?)

Catiline, then, campaigns to be tribune for the year 63. What does he want—to be acclaimed by "the people," to disburse favors to his grateful inferiors, or simply to become marvelously "better" than he is? He loses to Cicero. Rumor holds him a passion-pricked man, venomous to possess, dominate, avenge. They say he murdered his own son, solely to enjoy Aurelia Orestilla, "who was not willing to marry a man who had a son."[334] They say he did away with his brother and deflowered his daughter.[335] Lies? Rumors never lie. How then could Catiline be expected to tolerate this public defeat? Would Bald-Pate? Would Pompey? And can the gods truly have meant Catiline to head no processions? Invoking defense of honor and bloodline against mediocre-ancestored Cicero, invoking above all himself, he prepares to rise up, communicating secretly with—of course!—*Sulla's* veterans, some of whom will surely be ready for a new adventure. Gambler, trusting to his own ability to cage the bird called Love, he also intrigues with disaffected rich wives who would enjoy seeing their husbands dead. One of these women is Fulvia, the promiscuous spouse of Cicero's future enemy, Clodius.[336] Appian coyly calls her "a woman of quality."[337] Her role in the tale varies with the teller. Misogyny, or perhaps truth, asserts that it is she who will later bring the severed head of Cicero into her boudoir and prick its dead tongue full of hairpins, to gratify her bitterest hatred. But that is two decades hence, after Caesar's assassination. At the moment she still respects and admires Cicero—or, which is the same thing in politics, believes him to be a fitting tool for her designs. From time to time she's shared her favors with a certain Quintus Curius, whose ill reputation lost him his place in the Senate; he whispers in her ear that he'll soon be powerful again. Fulvia, one must assume, makes certain calculations. Whether the constant in her equations is wise self-interest, principle or sadistic malice only a Suetonius would venture to declare: at any rate, Quintus Curius comes out zero as Fulvia slips on her clothes and makes haste to Cicero, who, as she surely knows, can be inflamed and alarmed as easily as a child. She inflames him: The Catalinarians plan to stab him in his own house, set fire to Rome in twelve places, murder the leading citizens and seize personal sovereignty![338] Now for the Senate debate, in which Cicero can take pleasure in declaiming, denouncing, brandishing the conspirators' private papers and, above all, in being the man of the hour. He arrests some barbarians who testify on the Senate floor that Catiline recruited them for his bloody work. Proven! He arrests the conspirators—except for Catiline himself, who was already expelled from the Senate and now lurks outside the city at the head of his army of rebellion.

Cicero, emboldened by an up-flickering of the sacred flame[339] ("Glow, holy flame, glow!"), makes the Senate entertain a proposal to put the four chief conspir-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ators (in whose company we don't find Fulvia's lover) immediately to death as public enemies. The laws of the Twelve Tables prohibit the capital penalty for Roman citizens, but, as Cicero will argue with expedient Stalin-logic, these men through their treason have forfeited their right to be called citizens.[340] This opinion, propounded not only by Cicero but also by Syllanus and other senators, easily meets its expedient accolades—expediency in this case being *desperate quickness*, for just outside, in that wide Forum crowded now with idlers, plebeians, fools and tools, a mysterious murmuring can be heard, ugly breeze of rumor and riot, whose noise instills the panicked senators with faith in rapid righteous cruelty.

But a certain tall young man with black eyes, now praetor-elect, stands up from his marble bench, modestly proposing moderation's part: Keep them alive in separate prisons until Catiline is captured. Do nothing that cannot be undone. Try them in a court of law.[341]

This man continually disarms me! He's decent, dutiful to the laws, maybe even noble. He really means everybody's good! Unlike Trotsky, he's the empathetic bridge *par excellence.* His politics is all about moderating and improving Rome—duties which require his continual presence, to be sure, but why not? Who wouldn't prefer his morality to Cicero's?

In our chapter on Lincoln and Trotsky we made this definition:

> "LEGITIMATE PREEXISTING AUTHORITY" means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available and that "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.[342]

The authority with which our young man would associate himself is of precisely this kind. And yet who stands with Caesar there on the magistrates' dais? Almost the entire Senate, so mild, so persuasive ring his words. Who stands against? Cicero—who fears being murdered in the night—and Cato.

Meier in his elegantly denunciatory biography is sure that Caesar "must have enjoyed recommending to the Senate, in such statesmanly fashion, a course of action that ... ran counter to its interests"[343] in speaking for clemency. Meier's Caesar is as Machiavellian as Plutarch's, and wants to keep the conspirators alive in order to manipulate the continuing threat that they would thereby represent. Cato's Caesar is worse. "Gaius Caesar was not free from the suspicion of complicity with" the Catalinarians," says Appian, "but Cicero did not venture to bring into the controversy one so popular with the masses..." whereas "Cato openly manifested his suspicion of Caesar."[344]

What if Caesar had been genuinely driving for mercy and harmony, as I can well imagine? His later career as lawgiver will show his taste for just enactments. How

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

bitter he must have been, when everyone persisted in suspecting him of Stalinist unitarianism! (Cato's men even assault him there on the Senate floor, but his smooth luck helps him slither out of any repercussions.) As for the Catalinarians, the Senate agrees on execution, and Cicero obtains the pleasure of commanding and witnessing the strangulation of his would-be murderers.

THE LAND DECREE (59 B.C.)

In his Tusculum statue (the one most likely to offer a veritable likeness) Caesar cranes his balding head, long-necked, hollow-cheeked and intense.[345] But that's not yet; he's still only a stripling. Dispensing popularity, money and promises, he becomes praetor for Spain, conquers the Spanish tribes and receives a triumph from the Senate—or would have, had not Cato with typically mean-spirited inflexibility prevented it: Caesar must choose either the triumph or the possibility of consulship. He selects the latter, forms the three-headed monster, gets Pompey and Crassus's votes and in 59 B.C. becomes consul. (In return, says Suetonius, and I don't believe him, he seduces both their wives.[346] Caesar wouldn't do that; he's much too loyal.) With his new colleague, Bibulus, he pours purest wine upon mooing cattle and sacrifices them to Jupiter. Thus Rome renews her sacred compact with—herself.

Now he brings before the Senate's consideration, employing the most friendly language of deference and consultation, a measure which would grant land to Pompey's veteran legionnaires. Defense of honor and justice—give the surviving sentinels of our greatness their reward! How many perils haven't they conquered for us? In short, Caesar's proposal isn't merely decent, it's Clausewitzian. One scholar has drily observed that "it was a standard Pompeian practice to express his own ambitions in terms of the needs and desires of his soldiers,"[347] but they certainly deserve their reward; they'll be grateful if they get it—grateful enough, perhaps, to follow Pompey's lead in other matters—unless other masters render them more grateful. Even after Pompey's defeat twelve years later, his name will continue to "carried a great deal of weight" among his Spanish legions, who've inscribed it on their shields.[348] Should Caesar's bill pass, then, Pompey will be strengthened in his power and prestige—and, of course, indebted to Caesar.[349] As always, the Senate sees reason to fear their mutual aggrandizement. We can well imagine the invective of Cato, the panic-mongering tirades of Cicero. Smooth-talking Caesar (his oratory shrill-cadenced but graceful, they say,[350] like that of his fellow vanguardist Robespierre) accordingly casts the bill not as an entitlement specifically for Pompey's men, but as a benignly vague poor law, which will benefit a variety of distressed citizens of Rome. In short, it resembles his position on the Catalinarians, his marriage-brokering of Pompey with Crassus: How could anyone be against mercy, concord and generosity? Even Plutarch remarks that, in and of itself, his wording is not only unobjectionable, but admirable. (Can't we continue to believe that he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

means well? Let us remember of him that during this consulship he enacted the *Lex Julia de repetundis*, which curbed and penalized the venal abuses of contractors, recruiters, provincial governors and magistrates. One scholar concludes that "Caesar's law provided precision and detail that eclipsed its predecessors, and it endured.")[351] Despite himself, Cicero begins to spy out another advantage—namely, if the measure "were thoroughly carried out, the city might be emptied of the dregs of the populace, and the deserted parts of Italy peopled."[352] Moreover, he fears the anger of the landless, should the bill be voted down. But he still smells tyranny—not in Caesar, who scarcely engages his nearsighted contempt, but in Pompey.[353] So, like that entire pedigreed Senate,[354] he vacillates.

Cato denounces the bill. Caesar, who seems equally at home within the Senate-house or in that wide Forum of tumultuous crowds just outside it, confines himself to patient ingratiation. But Cato speaks on. Are the other senators with him? No doubt they've made their secret divisions and bargains, as politicians always do. They'll put a rope in Caesar's nose *and* his, if they can. From their marble benches, they watch Caesar's countenance still trying to keep smooth. But Cato will not step down. What says the other consul, Bibulus? Nothing, I suspect; he and Caesar got elected to be checks on each other—no love lost. On his face I think I see a cool smile—the rope has pierced our young Julius's nostrils! And do the other bargainers now commence grinning? In Caesar's anxious heart, desirous no less (I'm sure) of tranquillity than of achievement, the dark blood rushes faster. He flicks a glance, perhaps, to Bibulus, and sees dislike unmixed with strength. He can dare to lay hands on Cato's purpose. Courteously he interrupts his enemy, inviting him to yield the podium. But that heroic and insufferably rigid traditionalist, his evident purpose being what we would now call a filibuster, drones on—how sick of his voice even his partisans must be!—whereupon Caesar of the wise and supple means commands that he be arrested.[355]

It has been suggested that the resulting rupture between Caesar and the Senate (for many moral actors rise up in indignation to accompany Cato on his walk into prison) might not have been entirely unsought by our future dictator. Legal passage of the bill would have advanced his career, to be sure—but arbitrary measures offer more spectacular rewards, not least through luring Pompey, in whose name the measures have been launched, into his junior partner's extremism.[356] I am not so sure; reading Caesar's commentaries, I feel that the man always tries to gain his ends by smooth ways when he can (First Corollary: *We further the justice of war to the extent that we can persuade our enemies not to be combatants*)—he releases Cato immediately—but behold: Pompey is most easily lured.[357] —"If any man will by force let the passing of this law by voices of the people, wilt thou not then come to help them?" shrills Caesar, whom we still can't call *evil:* he's asking mere self-defense of law. "Yes, that I will indeed," replies Pompey. "Against them that threaten with the sword, I will bring both sword and target." (A target is a shield.) Plutarch, from whose

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

account we take this ominous exchange, underscores it with the words: "Pompey in all his life never did nor spake thing that men more misliked."[358] His military thugs lay violent hands on Caesar's opponents, preventing them from voting. (More than likely, they meet spontaneous assistance from the city's plebeians.) The law passes. Cato's son-in-law Bibulus, the other consul, shouts against it but wins only bruises, humiliation and horse manure on his head. He stays home for the remainder of his term of office. (Later he'll fight against Caesar in the Civil War.) Caesar denounces him to the people, perhaps hoping that they'll burn down his house, but no such luck.[359]

> "LEGITIMATE REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY" may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy... Given the initial dominance of preexisting authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will *not* legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority. Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring out its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination... Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.[360]

This is the authority which Caesar will now be engaged in building for the rest of his career. Insofar as they affect the public welfare, his goals truly are at least as justified as any other politician's. The urgency with which revolutionary authority seeks to transform itself into incumbency has to to with self-preservation: if it doesn't gain power soon, it will be unseated. Increasingly, this urgency will now dictate Caesar's actions.

Three senators (among them Cato, naturally) refuse to swear to uphold the law, but financial penalties, coupled with their all too public solitude, finally intimidate them into a species of compliance. Well done, Caesar! Twenty thousand poor men will benefit.[361] Cato's opposition to such a worthy measure disgusts me; I am glad that Caesar won his point. Campania lands and Stellas lands become farms for the veterans; Pompey and Crassus embrace; Caesar's daughter weds Pompey. Such will become Caesar's accustomed method: first entreaty and persuasion. Then clemency (remember, Cato got immediately released from prison). Finally, if impatient expediency dictates, violence. Many in the Senate will never forgive the way

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

he's treated them.[362]

Caesar enters the theater, and the people do not applaud him. Pompey is hissed. Curio, who follows Caesar, "was applauded as Pompey used to be when the constitution was still sound. Caesar was much annoyed," gloats Cicero.[363]

One more anecdote, of which not too much ought to made (can't we allow the most reliable statesman his moments of bad temper?): Shortly before his allies appoint him to conquer Gaul, under no mandate but his own (but couldn't the same be said of any other Roman politician?), the aged senator Considius explains that the Senate fears him and his soldiers, which is why so many of Considius's colleagues are now absent. Caesar sneeringly replies: "Then why don't you stay home, too?"[364]

WHY GAUL?

Why Gaul indeed? Because, answers the ever malicious Suetonius, its as yet unsubjugated people were

> the most likely to enrich him and furnish suitable material for triumphs. At first ... he received only Cisalpine Gaul with the addition of Illyricum; but presently he was assigned Gallie Comata as well by the Senate, whose members feared that even if they should refuse it, the people would give him this also.[365]

Defense of honor demands Gaul, then; defense of authority positively *craves* Gaul. Defense (or rather glorification) of homeland will lend the pretext. Thus his war aims.

Are they legitimate? The aim of any Roman conqueror would be one which our moral calculus ostensibly justifies as *to violently construct or maintain legitimate preexisting or revolutionary authority.*[366] We might ourselves define the same action as the unjustified enlargement of Roman imperialism. No matter, at least not to a Roman: for him, of *course* his city's authority not only *deserves* to extend over the world, but (and here we recapitulate Cortes and Trotsky) will actually do the world a favor. Choose what version you like once you have read the tale.

Again, why Gaul? Because his consulship has expired, and with it his immunity. Over the next decade, Considius's colleagues will intermittently strive to impeach him,[367] but he'll keep excusing himself on account of urgently bloody duties of state in Gaul—which is to say, duties to himself. Should the governorship pass tranquilly, with only the usual extortions and enrichments peculiar to that sinecure, he can only hope to become another Crassus—whose power ought by no means to be despised; but recall to mind his confession in his commentaries: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself."[368] In short, he'll emulate his good father-patron and son-in-law,[369] Pompey the Great, who'd received three military triumphs before age forty.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

On the summit of the Mons Capitolinus, he dedicates the finest animal victims to Jupiter. Then he sets out at the head of his legions.

CAESAR'S "NEW MEN"

In his fortified camp at night, with hostile Gauls all around him in the darkness, he surely picks over Pompey's deeds, rewards, failures and obstacles. His spies and couriers keep him in touch with Rome. Doubtless his new wife Calpurnia proves loyal, writing him of the latest schemes and plots against him. What conclusions does he draw? Perhaps that an intimidated Senate is of more utility than a grateful one—or, rather, that gratitude will accomplish wonders; but the faintest possibility of violence will serve to keep gratitude in memory. Perhaps that if he *ever* dismisses his armies, he'll be prosecuted. Cato can be neither suppressed nor appeased. To his credit, there's no evidence that he considers murdering Cato. His program, therefore, will be to gain new land and wealth for Rome while simultaneously keeping his armies beholden to him. Hence he takes a leaf out of Crassus's book and brings into his service "new men" (Catiline's sneering term for Cicero) from all over Italy, widening his power base.[370] (Trotsky sought to do likewise.) Suetonius writes that he advises desperate Romans everywhere that what they need is *civil war.*[371] I don't believe it. That wouldn't be in keeping with his smoothness—nor, most likely, with his objectives at the time. But to comprehend how his Senate rivals feel about "new men," we can do no better than to listen in at a debate of the similarly patrician British commons in the eighteenth century, when his name stands readily by as a metaphor for anything evil. Sir Robert Walpole has the floor. He refers to the commanders of Caesar's army as "mean families." He says:

> An army, Sir, of foreign mercenary troops, or an army composed of the scum of the people, and commanded by men of no familiesor fortunes in the country, may contribute towards enabling a government to oppress the people ... It was not, Sir, by an army entirely composed of Roman citizens that Julius Caesar overturned the liberties of Rome.[372]

I have two reactions to this: Firstly, I understand the fear of the patricians. Secondly, I root for Caesar—at least to an extent.

GALLIC EXPEDIENCIES

In his commentaries, he cheerfully confesses to allowing the legionnaires to loot and pillage. He also doubles their pay.[373] "The receipts from Gaul made it possible," says Gruen.[374] He battens down his cheekpieces, runs ahead of all into hard work and danger, gets the business done. In his nine years of governorship, he'll conquer a zone of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

perimeter more than three thousand miles (if we leave out Britain), and reduce it to paying an annual tribute of forty million sesterces.[375] Suetonius: In Gaul he "oftener sacked towns for the sake of plunder than for any fault."[376] Given his exigencies, this seems entirely plausible. (Even in Sicily during the Civil War, our commander-in-chief admits that "he confiscated and sold for the State the property of a few individuals.")[377] Although he sends bushels of loot back home, buying all the friends he can,[378] his enemies in the Senate continue bringing suit against his consular illegalities.[379] He attacks Britain "by the hope of getting pearls,"[380] but finds none.

What would he say about our First Limitation of warfare, that it ought to be limited to participants? I'm sure he'd agree, smiling, flashing his rich black eyes. — And plunder? In his book that didn't really constitute war-cruelty; it was a necessary stimulus to the troops; it was survival; it was how a commander made ends meet even back in Rome.

HOOTCH-BURNING (CONTINUED)

In Gaul he is all policy. Herewith, a typical passage out of Plutarch, describing one of his wars of self- and imperial aggrandizement: "When he had burnt all the enemy's country, and encouraged those who embraced the Roman interest, he went back into Gaul."[381] To his troops, as ever, he apostrophizes his own blamelessness.[382] His reputation continues to be his war aim. Here he is toward the end of that decade of conquest, longing to crush one more enemy whose flight baffles him:

> He himself moved off to devastate and plunder the country of Ambiorix; and, in despair of being able to bring the frightened fugitive into his power, he deemed it the best thing, *out of regard for his own prestige*, so completely strip his territory of citizens, buildings, and cattle as to make Ambiorix hated by any of his subjects who might chance to survive... [He] wrought general devastation by slaughter, fire, and pillage, killed or captured a large number of persons.[383]

Thus writes Caesar's admiring lieutenant Aulus Hirtius, who will perish in the Civil War. Suetonius, master of unfriendly generalizations, writes bluntly that "he did not let slip any pretext for war, however unjust and dangerous it might be,"[384] and it's true that his war aims hardly seem very decent. His enemies in the Senate thus collect new illegalities to reproach him for. Cato goes so far as to propose that he be delivered over to the barbarians for punishment. By attacking him, of course, Cato has attacked Pompey, whom self-defense of honor requires to counter-attack. Hence the result for Caesar: Days of thanksgiving, honors, official triumphs. Emblematizing his own grandeur at last, he enters Rome through the sacred Porta Triumphalis. Trumpets, banners and soldiers accompany him. His scarlet cloak befits him, memorializing the blood he's spilled. Above his head, a laurel wreath.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

There will be a triumphal arch chiseled GAVL. Behind him, Vercingetorix and other GAVLish notables lurch in chains, vanquished by his brilliance. They know what will happen. The plebeians shout ecstasies. Caesar's legionnaires for their part yell out coarse jests against their commander, appeasing the Republic and themselves. Caesar smiles, darting his deep black eyes; everyone says he's more tanned and hale than ever. His enemies lie low for the day—he's too popular. Wending his way through those admiring crowds, he arrives at last at the ascent of the Mons Capitolinus, where he sacrifices more perfect animals to Jupiter, god of justice, wine and oaths. Now for Vercingetorix: the hands of Romans strangle and break him. Thus the glory of Julius Caesar, holder of Capitoline triumphs! —But all parties, even the German barbarians he fights, know that a faction in Rome would see him dead. Shrugging off the taunt, "Caesar spoke at length for the purpose of showing why he could not give up the task in hand."[385] Hard, realistic, he knows exactly what he is about. His own words damn him most when, explaining why he cannot trust the subjugated Gauls not to rise up against him, he coolly grants "that all men are naturally bent on liberty, and hate the state of slavery," which he now imposes. "And therefore he deemed it proper to divide his army and disperse it at wider intervals before more states could join the conspiracy."[386]

"THE CLEMENCY OF CAESAR OPENED THE WAY FOR A RETURN TO HIS FRIENDSHIP..."[387]

When he finds it politic, he exercises his clemency upon the Gauls. From the Carnutes and the Senones, for instance, he contents himself with taking hostages; "for he held that summer was the time for the coming war" against more powerful tribes, "not for judicial inquiry."[388] These hostages will become his clients, ultra-new "new men" to help him in the Spanish campaign of his Civil War.[389]

JUDGMENTS OF GAUL

Does it matter that in Caesar's time there was little conception of international law, of the indivisible rights of sovereign nations?[390] —"Naturally one must beware of viewing Caesar's desire for conquest with modern eyes," writes Meier. "Thoroughly Roman and unused to being challenged, he was not plagued by doubts or the need to justify Roman expansion."[391] Does it matter that most other autocrats of that time do the same as he? Consider Pharnaces II, King of Bosphorus, who during the Civil War will conquer the city of Amisus castrate all the boys, and sell the populace as slaves.[392] (Caesar defeats him "four hours after getting sight of him.")[393]

For the moment, refrain from judging Caesar in relative terms. In absolute terms we may categorize his actions in battle according to the following hierarchy of violence:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE SEVERITY SCALE

for violence inflicted upon the vanquished

0	Full liberty to the surrendered
1	Hostages / fines required
2	Exemplary executions of "ringleaders"
3	Mass enslavement, mutilation or pillage
4	Mass executions
5	Extermination

CAVEATS:

1. This scale represents only acts of physical violence. It cannot represent acts of territorial or political violence, such as Caesar's installation of Cleopatra on the Egyptian throne.
2. Atrocities committed in combat, even on probable non-combatants, are not represented.
3. Proportionality forces us to give to the massacre of thirty out of thirty prisoners a higher severity score than the massacre of five hundred out of one thousand

With this yardstick, let's glance over his record in Gaul. [*See next page.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?
(THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR, 58-49 B.C.)

CAVEAT: *By focusing on Caesar's deeds alone (since the Romans never surrendered to the Gauls, Germans or Britons), we paint a one-sided picture. Although Caesar was always the aggressor, it is worth remembering that the native tribes also committed atrocities in this war.*

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
Caesar in Gaul, against Helveti, 58 B.C.[94]	All who surrendered and awaited his judgment (hostages taken)	6,000 terrified troops who ran away after the surrender. [Conclusion: They did not surrender.] Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the German army of King Ariovistus, 58 B.C.[95]	A few successful escapees; one of Ariovistus' daughters kept as a prisoner	"...all the rest our cavalry caught and slew," including one of Arivistus's daughters and both of his wives. Arivistus had refused to make peace. In other words, these enemies also did not surrender. Hence: Severity: n.a.
Caesar in Gaul, against the Suessiones and Ambiani (tribes of the Belgae), 57 B.C.[96]	All (600 hostages taken from the latter; "the leading men" from the former)	None. These tribes surrendered themselves to Caesar's discretion upon demand. Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Aduatuci (a tribe of the Belgae), 57 B.C.[97]	All, if they gave up their arms [assume hostages would have been taken; negotiations not completed; see next item]	None Severity: 1
The same, after the enemy broke the peace[98]	[??] Town pillaged; 350,000 Aduatuci (probably all the survivors) sold as slaves	[??] The Aduatuci, having accepted Caesar's terms, then broke the peace by launching a night attack. Many were killed. Severity: 3
Caesar in Gaul against the Veneti rebels, 56 B.C.[99]	All men not Senators (sold as slaves)	All members of the Senate for failing to respect the diplomatic immunity of Caesar's deputies Severity: 4
Caesar in Gaul against the German truce-breakers, 55 B.C.[100]	Tribal deputies (who'd been held hostage by Caesar)	Two tribes (including women and children), killed while fleeing the battle; no surrender mentioned Severity: n.a.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Caesar in Britain, against "the natives," 55 B.C.[401]	All (hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Britain, against the same, who had promptly broken truce, 55 B.C.[402]	All (double number of hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Morini who rose up against him, 55 B.C.[403]	All? (hostage-taking assumed)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Menapii who rose up against him, 55 B.C.[404]	[Caesar was evidently unable to capture the leaders.] Menapii fields and homes laid to waste in punitive expedition	No surrender reported Hence: Severity: n.a.
Caesar in Briton, against the Trinobantes, Cenimagni, Segontiaci, Ancalites, Bibroci and Cassi, 54 B.C.[405]	All (hostages taken)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul against the Senones and Carnutes who rose up against him, 53 B.C.[406]	?? [Assume hostages taken]	Their leader, Acco, the "arch-conspirator," flogged to death; escapees from Caesar's judgment outlawed. Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Senonish town of Vellaunodunum, which surrendered, 52 B.C.[407]	All (but 600 hostages taken, in addition to all arms, as usual)	None Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Carnutish town of Cenebum, taken by storm, 52 B.C.[408]	"He plundered and burnt the town, bestowed the booty on the troops..."	Unknown Severity: 3
Caesar against the town of Avaricum, 52 B.C.[409]	800 fugitives	39,000. "The troops, maddened by the massacre [of Romans and Gauls] at Cenebaum and the toil of the siege work, spared not the aged men, nor women, nor children." Severity: 5
Caesar in Gaul, against the Bituriges, who surrendered, then resumed arms, 52 B.C.[410]	Most non-combatants [?] (but hostages delivered)	Ringleaders of the uprising [execution assumed; Caesar does not say what he did to them] Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Aedui, who had risen up and killed Roman citizens, 52 B.C.[411]	All "by his own favor" (perhaps no hostages taken, the Aedui being supposed allies)	None, even ringleaders Severity: 0

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Caesar in Gaul, against Alesia, 52 B.C.[412]	All [?] captives, who were presumably all combatants since women and children had been expelled; all enslaved and delivered to the Roman troops as booty Severity: 3	Leaders [?]. Vercingetorix, their commander in chief, imprisoned and later executed. Severity: 2 Caesar refused to take in starving non-combatants who tried to surrender during the campaign. As a result, many died. Because the Gauls bore at least equal responsibility, I propose for Caesar: Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Bellovaci, 51 B.C.[413]	All who surrendered (hostages taken), since most combatants already slain in battle	Combatants Severity: 1
Caesar in Gaul, against the Pictones, 51 B.C.[414]		On the battlefield, all combatants and fugitives: "more than twelve thousand, armed men or men who had flung away their arms in panic..." Severity: n.a. (they were still combatants)
Caesar in Gaul, against the Carnutes, who had risen up and slain Roman citizens, 51 B.C.[415]	(Hostages taken)	Ringleader, Guntruatus, "scourged to death and then decapitated," supposedly against Caesar's desire, in order to appease the Roman troops Severity: 2
Caesar in Gaul, against the Cardurci in Uxellodunum, 51 B.C.[416]	All combatants (but their hands cut off); non-combatants unmolested	None Severity: 3

Between 51 and 49, when the Civil War began, Caesar, knowing that his governorship might come to an end at any time, acted with clement prudence. "By addressing the states in terms of honor, by bestowing ample presents upon the chiefs, by imposing no new burdens, he easily kept Gaul at peace after the exhaustion of so many defeats, under improved conditions of obedience."[417]

"ALL THINGS WERE NOW POSSIBLE FOR CAESAR"

Pompey is middle-aged now. Recipient (as we know) of three processional triumphs, conqueror of Armenia and Albania, Iberia and Arabia, Paphlagonia, Judea and ever so many other kingdoms, he knows not how to rest on his laurels—or does he perhaps rest too slumberously? Or does he know not the meaning and use of laurels? Far more "popular" than Stalin, because far less tyrannical in the despotic sense, like him he dares not let his authority go. Stalin craves *power*; Pompey and Caesar, *pres-*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tige. Well, prestige is power. In his life of Pompey, Plutarch shows us a man tarnished by short-sighted nepotism, seduced by acclamation, strewn flowers, granddaughterly brides whose relations he'll protect in the law-courts: "For that great authority which he had gained in the city by his merits he made use of only by patronizing the iniquities of others," such as Caesar himself, "so that by advancing their fortunes he detracted from his own glory, till at last he was overthrown even by the force and greatness of his own power."[418] His prior merits are debatable: Rome's politicians remember that he used to be called "the young butcher"; Cicero, who loves him, never leaves off suspecting him of tyrannical designs. And yet Pompey does not patronize his *own* iniquities. (Remember that old tale, as profound a parable as it is historically true, of the man who disbanded his immense army-power at the gates of Rome, and went from being feared to being despised? All the more credit to him: in the year 51, at the request of the Senate he'll become sole consul, calm the city with his troops, prosecute the men of violence—and once again duly step down. Pompey was not such a bad man.) What he really wants is to *ostensibly* steer and govern, wallowing in theatrical and uxorious preeminence. He's tired, maybe. He adores this young Julia of his so much that he follows her everywhere—her father, Julius Caesar, was a good pimp. "They themselves which blamed him (Pompey) most for his good will he bare unto Caesar, could not reprove the love he bore unto his wife."[419] He dedicates his new theater, slaughters elephants and lions for the happy stupefication of the masses. But how can he enjoy his glory, when Cato and the Lucullans keep prosecuting his clients? He still can't go it alone. Hence the continuation of the compact with Crassus, who himself, creator and support of new men, needs to be richer in order to widen his circle of dependents. The patricians denounce Crassus for entrepreneurial vulgarity, but fear his power. His politics, as abrasive as Pompey's and Caesar's, seems to consist of increasing that power and ignoring other considerations. He has enemies, too; he needs Pompey. Both of them find useful that sunny, black-eyed colleague of theirs who, swellingly athletic and self-confident after years of successful campaigns (no matter that he'll soon be as bald as Bald-Pate), keeps ready to hand the enthusiastic tools of violence, whose experience and hardihood, like their master's, continue to increase. Thus, in 56 B.C., the three monster-heads rendezvous in Lucca to divide up influence and territories. Pompey and Crassus will be consuls again. Helpful Caesar, halting his wars, sends his own troops to vote for those two. (Cato will denounce their candidacy, and get a beating at the hands of Crassus's thugs. Oh, but we can't call Caesar evil yet.) Three years later, when Caesar needs more soldiers, Pompey, as the former writes, "made the concession to public service and private friendship."[420] Attending Caesar we see "more than two hundred senators," says Appian,

> some returning thanks for what they had already received, others asking for money

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> or seeking some other advantage... All things were now possible to Caesar by reason of his large army, his great riches, and his readiness to oblige everybody.[421]

Most likely, Caesar has paid off his debts to Crassus, then. He doesn't need Bald-Pate as much as before. As for Pompey, could it be that Caesar, conqueror of Gauls and founder of cities now entertains the supposition that "the Great" is falling to seed? No matter. The historical sources offer no evidence that he was the first to stop burning incense on the altars of friendship.

DEATH OF THE THREE-HEADED MONSTER

But Julia, who seems to have loved Pompey as much as he did her, now dies in childbirth. (About her we know almost nothing.) The infant also dies. No blood-tie now between the two most important monster-heads! Caesar, who suddenly seems strangely remote from our understanding, almost to the point of feebleness—this is the one moment in his career when he appears to be merely reactive—vows to sponsor funeral games, complete with gladiators and a feast for the plebeians.[422] After all, who can do more against death than react to it—excepting the acts of murder and suicide?

Meanwhile, his spies having informed him of Pompey's theater, he commissions Cicero to watch over the building of a new Forum Caesaris in Rome: long, double-storeyed, colonnaded, arched, pedestaled and thoroughly monumented—all paid for with Gallic loot. Being necessarily absent from the center of the world, he must encase his prestige in monuments there, to store up in marble a thousand accolades until his return. Is this emulation of Pompey or rivalry against him? Neither, would be my guess. Julia's gone, Pompey is ageing and Julius Caesar would now build as many memorials to himself as he can. For the convenience and pleasure of promenaders, he adds shops; for the magistrates, even a new Senate—all, of course, in the shadow of the temple of his divine ancestress, Venus Genetrix.

Such bribes and self-advertisements, however necessary, may nonetheless fail to suffice. The cry goes out (anxious or gleeful) that Caesar and Pompey's alliance is ended. What can renew it? The man who once refused to divorce his wife upon Sulla's orders now proposes to divorce his wife and marry Pompey's daughter. No, it's not he who casts the first stone! But the latter declines, perhaps out of kindness—Caesar loves Calpurnia—perhaps out of cooling friendship. (Maybe Cato's attacks on Gaul's conqueror have finally begun to achieve their object.) And so Caesar dangles before Pompey another succulent young plum: his sister's granddaughter Octavia, whose present marriage would be no obstacle to politics; but her hand also Pompey declines.[423] This is beginning to look serious. —Whom does he marry instead? —Crassus's widow, a beautiful harp-player young enough to be his daughter-in-law—for now we'd better relate that the third head of our monster, bored and almost senile, had finally set out to do something with his money. He'd

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

emulate Caesar—nay, overshadow him—by conquering Parthia. But the Parthians rose up (pouring molten gold down Crassus's throat, as some say, in order to give his greed its due). *Tricararanus* is dead, and its two surviving heads no longer share the same political or matrimonial flesh.

THE INSCRUTABILITY OF POMPEY

Now what? Our anti-Pompeian sources inform us that the newlywed husband, perhaps fearing the hostility of Caesar whom he's now injured, claws for greater power in Rome, and fails to get it, which is why he countenances disorder. But this tells us nothing. Why would he have spurned Caesar's two marriage-offers in the first place, unless that Gaul-conqueror's honor had been so blackened in people's minds as to make of him a millstone in any alliance? In 51 B.C., we find Pompey still loyally supporting a law which exempts Caesar from having to stand for the consulship in person. That way, Caesar can remain in Gaul, out of reach of prosecution, until he steps into office, where he'll become immune from prosecution. Pompey's motives in marrying Cornelia, in short, remain opaque to our analysis—if we exclude youth, beauty, the usual well-connectedness. Be that as it may, the portentous vapors of chaos hang over Rome. The people's demagogue, Clodius, dies at a rival's hand; plebeians burn the Senate, march to Pompey's residence and shout entreatingly: "Consul! Dictator!" What must Pompey be thinking? Do the masses part before him when he approaches the Forum? "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" And for the sake of order, with even Cato accepting the necessity, the Senate makes Pompey sole consul. And what must Caesar be thinking?

"CAESAR WILL REFUSE TO DISBAND HIS ARMY"

Now the crisis. Caesar's enemies bring before the Senate, "in violation of a law of Pompeius and Crassus, a motion touching the provinces of Caesar." So writes a Caesarian.[424] In plain terms, fearing his army loyalists and his wealth, they want to relieve him of his command.

They ask Pompey to whom he is really loyal—Caesar, or the Republic. Not knowing what else to do, Pompey proposes postponement.

Expecting firmer support, more luminous tokens of prestige, Caesar grows suspicious and anxious. He continues, however, to warmly defend Pompey to those who slander the man.[425]

Pompey pretends to continue friendly to Caesar, but requires him to return two borrowed legions, supposedly for use against the Parthians. Caesar does not fail to note that those legions remain in Rome with Pompey.[426]

In self-defense of honor, riches, power and life, Caesar cannot now dismiss his remaining legions. He wants one more year in Gaul, to make sure that the locals

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

he's crushed can't rise up, and to further establish his machinery of client support. Seeking greater glory, he founds the town of Novum Comum, allowing the chief magistrates to become Roman citizens. What a cunning idea! A metropolis peopled entirely with one's own clients! Comprehending his intentions all too well, Marcus Claudius Marcellus, defender of authority, and now consul after Pompey, seizes one of these "new men" and orders him beaten with rods. "He told the man to carry his scars," "the brand of the alien," "and show them to Caesar." Continuing the attack, Marcellus announces his determination to take over Caesar's provinces.[427] (Yielding to self-indulgence, let's peer into the future. After the Civil War, at the unanimous request of the Senate, Caesar will exercise the mercy to which we are now accustomed, and recall this enemy from exile.[428] The ironic result: anti-Caesarians murder Marcellus.) Meanwhile, Cato keeps shouting for Caesar's impeachment.[429]

He sues to continue in his governorship of Gaul—which is to say, to postpone that impeachment. After all, many unknown kingdoms remain to be conquered! ("He was often heard to remark," says Suetonius, "that now he was the leading man of the state, it was harder to push him down from the first place to the second than it would be from the second to the lowest.")[430]

But the Senate, controlled for an instant by Cato, Marcellus, Lucullus, refuses—moreover demanding that his troops must *immediately* dissolve, thereby liquidating his dangerous and illegitimate authority.

But where does authority originate? Plutarch tells an anecdote which for obvious reasons does not appear in Caesar's memoir: One of the defiant governor's centurions, standing in the very Senate chamber, claps his sword-pommel, remarking, "Well, this shall give it to him."[431]

As for Caesar's loyalist, the doomed Hirtius who concludes the *Gallic War,* he insists that "Caesar determined to submit to anything so long as some hope was left to him of a constitutional settlement rather than an appeal to arms."[432] And indeed this rings true. The Caesar of moderation and persuasion, who brought Crassus and Pompey together, who sought to save Catiline (thereby making of him a client), who's willing to divorce his own wife for the sake of concord, who reasons before he threatens, would do no less.

"Everything hangs on what happens on the first of March," Cicero writes in a private letter, for he is not at all sure whether Caesar will give up his province.[433] Ten months later he is confiding that "news was simply awful about Caesar... it was certainly terrifying... Caesar will refuse to disband his army."[434]

"IT IS TOO LATE TO RESIST HIM"

With his typical mercuriality, Cicero counsels acceptance of Caesar's demands, since "it is too late to resist him, when for ten years we have nurtured this viper in our bosom," and since from civil war will spring tyranny no matter which side wins.[435]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And yet less than two weeks later he asks his friend Atticus to "imagine him in office again after your experience of his former tenure. You will reflect that, weak as he was, he was too strong for the constitution. What about him now?"[436]

In the Senate, the tribune Curio, perhaps seeking to split Pompey and Caesar for his own ends,[437] or perhaps simply bought by Caesar,[438] proposes that *both* Pompey and Caesar lay down their armies. Caesar's term is almost up; Pompey still has five years to go. Thus the proposal is intimidating, unfair, absurd.

Caesar's friend Hirtius arrives in Rome, straight from the Gallic front, and pays no call on Pompey. Like Stalin not inviting the Yugoslavs to dinner, this signifies estrangement. Pompey takes note.[439]

THE DEIFIED POMPEY

And now another unfounded rumor comes: Red-cloaked Caesar has crossed the Alps, like the resurrection of dreaded Hannibal! Claudius moves that he be declared a public enemy, and ritualistically places a sword in Pompey's hands, commanding him to defend law, authority, homeland.[440]

By law, Pompey as proconsul with *imperium* cannot be present in Rome, but he waits outside the city walls, directing his menacing mouthpieces and summoning the senators to him at the close of business. He explains to them that Caesar, having made more splendid vows to Rome than he can fulfill, prefers to distract the people with unrest.[441] But our black-eyed young whelp can be easily put down by Pompey the Great![442] What strikes hindsight as a bellicose drunkard's faith in his own honor and invincibility (Cicero will blame the first violence of the Civil War not on Caesar, but on Pompey)[443] can be, in part, explained by failed espionage. The commanders in charge of transferring Caesar's two borrowed legions home insist that the soldiers in Gaul are weak, disgruntled, homesick, perhaps even mutinous.[444] In their false reports I see the hand of Caesar himself, who so loves to be underestimated. In Gaul he was always keeping his legionnaires in camp, pretending to be afraid, until the enemy, coming closer and closer, allowed its judgment to be overridden by contempt, and doomed itself.[445] In the Civil War, defeated at Dyrrhachium, he'll employ that defeat to entice Pompey into battle at Pharsalos: this time Pompey loses utterly. Once again I recall his boyhood's sunny smiles, his gamboling with the pirates he was planning to execute, his many speeches of moderation in the Roman Senate—is it unfair to say these were all of a piece?

"DEFEND MY REPUTATION"

And so the Senate, which Caesar asserts to be but Pompey's puppet (a claim surely astonishing to Pompey), passes the "ultimate decree" of martial law. Caesar's tribunes flee to their master, who sits at Ravenna, "awaiting a reply to his very

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

moderate demands," as he puts it.[446] Convoking his legionnaires, he insists that his honor, like Pompey's, possesses the right of self-protection: "I ask you to defend my reputation and standing against the assaults of my enemies."[447] The men of the Thirteenth Legion cry that they will rise up for his sake. For Caesar, like Napoleon, never stints in spending himself, never spares praise for his own troops.[448] Such is his generosity that he freely admires enemy valor, too. In Gaul, when he'd practically exterminated the Nervii, "the enemy," he said, "even when their hope of safety was at an end, displayed a prodigious courage."[449] I cannot help but bring back to mind the anecdote of Napoleon chastising the cavalryman whose horse trod upon a wounded Russian.[450] These are not small graces. No doubt the centurions of the Thirteenth have seen them displayed many times; they know his character; they're indifferent to his politics—or think to gain by them. Caesar's been their generous patron for nine years now. Should he fall, how can they be sure of getting more gold? All Rome will be their next Gaul, a fatter, richer target. Incredibly, they vow to serve him with neither pay nor rations, "the richer assuming the care of the poorer."[451] This goes beyond mere calculation, and enters the zone called faith. In Greece, temporarily bested by Pompey, his legions will eat bread made out of roots. Shown this sign of their determination, Pompey shudderingly calls them wild beasts.[452] Caesar's ambition has brought them to this. "Yet even so," writes Appian, "nobody deserted him, but all, by a kind of divine fury, longed to come to close quarters with the enemy."[453] That fury, what is it really? Loyalty, defense of honor, bloodlust, love? No matter. The bailiff can count on it. —"Glow, holy flame, glow!"

Emboldened, he moves to Ariminium, sending tidings to propose mutual withdrawal and disbandment to Pompey, who agrees only to go to Spain (where most of his real powers, his legions, have already dug in), but, defending his own honor, not to disband.[454] Both sides now begin levies. Caesar establishes armed cohorts in Pisaurum, Fanum, Ancona. When Pompey's man, the praetor Thermus, does the same in Iguvium, Caesar sends Curio, whose many debts the master has paid, to march upon that town with three cohorts, or eighteen hundred men, and conquer it by force or threat. Thermus flees, and, writes Caesar blandly, "Curio took over Iguvium amid general good will."[455] This act of aggression commences the Civil War.

THE SECOND LIMITATION OF WAR

Was it a just war? That certainly depends on whom you ask.

Recall our Second Limitation, which runs: The violence of war should be employed against no more people than is needed to accomplish a specific justified result, and the number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. [In other words, respect the proportionality principle, 5.1.7.]

As for the first half of this rule, we merely need to remember Caesar's aphorism,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

which he truly followed, I am never happier than when pardoning suppliants, to grant him full justifiability. Unlike Hitler and Napoleon, he was almost perfect in this regard. What about the second half? The number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it. Well? The only way to determine this is to judge Caesar's postwar administration. For now, we'll set the Second Limitation aside.

THE THIRD LIMITATION OF WAR

Caesar's biography lacks certain details which would aid our visualization: What was the predominant color of any Roman town? Were the legionnaires ragged and wretched? Which expressions passed across Pompey's face on being told of the seizure of Iguvium and the crossing of the Rubicon? But what it misses in pictorialism, it makes up for in a plenitude of justifications sufficiently well-founded for Pompey himself, after losing everything at Pharsalos, to advise the Mitylenians to "obey the conqueror and not to fear anything, for Caesar was a just man, and of a courteous nature."[456] But before we turn to the Civil War, briefly consider the—

THIRD LIMITATION ON WAR (NON-BINDING): IT SHOULD BE FOUGHT ONLY BY LEGITIMATE COMMAND

Aquinas says in the *Summa Theologica* that for a war to be just, the fighting must be under the authority of the sovereign, since "it is not the business of a private person to declare war, because he can seek for redress of his rights from the tribunal of his superior."[457] (Here our churchman stands near to Clausewitz, who argued that the war aim is to be laid down by the supreme commander.)

CAESAR ARRAIGNED

I propose that we accept Aquinas's condition[458] on the understanding that the legitimate sovereign may be anyone from a monarch to a cabinet to a cabal of Sungusngu vigilantes in Tanzania.[459]

According to our definition of preexisting authority, Caesar's command was illegitimate in that it had not been delegated by the highest political power in Rome, the Senate; that "most people" did not accept his power (although what the plebeians thought of him we'll never know); that it did not proceed at a moderate tempo; and that it was quite definitely at variance with law. As such, his war was illegitimate. "Where was a braver army than that under Julius Caesar?" cried an eighteenth-century British M.P. "Where was ever an army that had served country

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

more faithfully? ...Yet that army enslaved their country."[460]

As revolutionary authority, it seems not particularly illegitimate.

And what was the war aim? The same as Napoleon's: *Follow my star;* further myself. Caesar's self, at least, was not ungenerous.

POMPEY ARRAIGNED

Pompey, plump-faced and bland,[461] might not have been in any modern sense the duly elected representative of the state (to which the mere notion of due representation would have been treason), but if we can put aside the question, so sterile in this context,[462] of whether Roman law and authority, which endured in some sense for centuries, was justified even though the masses had little say in their own governance, then we can grant that the Senate did grant him the "ultimate decree" of martial law with which to resist Caesar—no matter that it tried to backwater promptly thereafter. His triumphs and floral tributes give cause—certainly gave *him* cause—to suppose he enjoyed some popular consensus—but then, Caesar possessed the same.

WAR AIMS COMPARED

Pompey says to his legions: "Surely we may trust in the gods and in the righteousness of the war, which has for its noble and just object the defence of our country's constitution."[463]

Caesar says: "Unless we conquer nothing is our own ... It will be glorious for us to carry off the first honours of the coming conflict."[464]

Pompey's purpose has a nobler ring, to be sure. But Cicero, who cannot forget the Three-Headed Monster, renders bilious judgment: "It is for their own power men are fighting now to the danger of the country. For if the constitution is being defended, why was it not defended when Caesar himself was consul?"[465] —And, indeed, with Caesar and Crassus, Pompey had repeatedly violated the state, conscience, law. The opinion of my *Oxford Classical Dictionary,* that Pompey "was content if its rules were bent almost but not quite to breaking point to accommodate his extraordinary eminence,"[466] seems too kind. Even Caesar's posthumous enemy, Tacitus, admits that "the Great's" "cures were worse than the abuses, and he broke his own laws. Force was the means of his control."[467]

Still, at the moment that the Civil War actually broke out, Caesar's authority beyond the Rubicon remained quite simply less justified than Pompey's. His mind and will might have been more brilliant, but he and Pompey also stood respectively for turbulence and some measure of stability. Caesar certainly had no superior *right* on his side, and he was willing to overthrow the entire Roman system solely for himself. His authority could not justify its breaches of law and consensuality.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hence, by our Third Limitation, neither could his war.

CAESAR EXTENUATED

Having ruled against Caesar, we ought now to mention his actual methods of war-making, which so magnificently transcended our First Limitation as to partially extenuate his wicked, selfish war aims. When the tale of Caesar was all done, and the crowd demanded that his assassination be avenged, Marc Antony, who hoped to wear the dead man's dignity, gave what is by modern standards a very strange and curious answer:

> I myself would join you and would be the first to call for vengeance if I were not the consul, *who must care for what is said to be for the common good rather than for what is just.* So these people who are inside tell us. So Caesar himself perhaps thought, when *for the good of the country*, he spared those citizens whom he captured in war, and was slain by them.[468]

It is as if, in a far remove from Plato, goodness is one thing, and justice another. In our chapter on punishment,[469] we'll have opportunity to examine the classical view of justice as divine retribution, cruel and inescapable—to which Antony evidently subscribed. It is not so far from Hitler's definition of a just war: the slaughter of the unclean, inferior and unrighteous. History can be grateful that Caesar did not see war in that light.

CAESAR'S MERCY (CONTINUED)

Caesar's prose steals no time from its march to relate the anecdote, made famous by Plutarch, of the crossing of the Rubicon: how Caesar stood up in the middle of a convivial dinner party, told the company to await his quick return, slipped away with a few discreet followers until the darkness opened up before him upon the river's dull glimmer; how he then struggled between honor and loyalty, pride and law, anger and conscience, glory-lust and fear, self-preservation and submission; until action won out, and he forded the Rubicon. Borrowing the old cliché of mother-rape, Lucan has him defying a vision of sighing, white-haired, about-to-be-ravished Rome, insisting to the old matron:

> "The man who makes me your enemy, it is he will be the guilty one."
> Then he broke the barriers of war and through the swollen river
> quickly took his standards.[470]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The tale seems, in fact, uncharacteristic of Caesar, who recounts his achievements of steady engineering—blockades, bridges and siege-towers—with a fluidly remorseless lack of introspection. It is hard to imagine him vacillating. After all, he's been a general for nine years, and won victories at the very edges of the world: to him this work is not new. He explains all his procedures: "On every fourth raft he built a tower two storeys high, to help in defence against attacks by sea and against firebrands."[471] Methodically his legionnaires wrap long cloth bands around their legs, don their metal-banded leather tunics, helmet up, raise shield, raise javelin, raise sword, march. As the gods' statues sweat, and blood rains portentously from the sky, the Senate "in its panic repented that it had not accepted Caesar's proposals, which it at last considered fair, after fear had turned it from the rage of party to the counsels of prudence."[472]

Dividing his army into five parts, he follows the laws of war, and even adds new ones, constantly seeking to negotiate with Pompey until the final brush-off at Brundisium (Pompey blames the senator Lentulus—himself ambitious of tyranny[473]—for not patching up their personal quarrel),[474] sparing captives whenever he can, trying to gain his victories through demonstration rather than force.

"I SHALL GOVERN BY MYSELF"

The first great test of his war means: Before proceeding to Hither Spain—an urgent matter, because Pompey owns many clients there—he pays his first untrammeled visit to Rome, where he finds himself greeted with supplications, as if he were back in conquered Gaul. (Pompey has fled to regroup his half-cocked legions.)[475] I imagine the great Forum as being empty, Rome's great crowds gone slinkingly to earth, half expecting their own massacre. Everyone must remember his Gallish triumphs: the trumpets, the soldiers just as now, Vercingetorix and the other prisoners led through the streets to Jupiter's temple to be put to death... And Caesar? In his own words, "he summoned the Senate," as if it were a dog, "and detailed the wrongs done him by his enemies."[476] Does he take slaves, slaughter the Senate, lop off left hands? Never. Indeed, Appian says that "he cheered them with the prospect and promise of clemency."[477] Or, if you'd rather, he brandishes his mercy before their noses. "I think I showed extreme forbearance," he cries in his shrill voice, "in actually suggesting myself that the armies be disbanded, although this would have meant a loss of position and power for me."[478] They look up at him fearfully from their marble benches. This image of him is hardly attractive. Can he who publicly marvels at his own goodness be so very good? And yet Rome remembers Sulla, first to bring civil war to the capitol's streets.[479] Rome remembers Sulla's lists of proscribed[480] men—to be murdered and robbed where found, their putrefying heads then exposed to infect the others with viciousness and terror. Rome ought to be grateful that such memories will not take on new life. Still, the first speech of our anti-Sulla sets a less than pleas-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ant tone: "I earnestly ask you to join with me now in taking over the government of Rome; if timidity makes you shrink from the task, I shall not trouble you—I shall govern by myself."[481]

More memories: images of Pompey. We don't have the space here to draw him as anything more than foil and context to Caesar; but among the many vicissitudes of his career, of his many cruelties, triumphs, splendors, vanities and benefactions, envision one more time "the Great" returning to Rome at the head of his troops. Again and again it comes to mind: He dismissed the legionnaires before entering the city gates.

Now Caesar. He's no Sulla, it's true—and no Pompey.

About his homecoming the following year, he writes, as ever, in the third person, and with his accustomed lack of self-irony: "Caesar as dictator[482] held the elections, and the consuls elected were Publius Servilius"—what a perfect name!—"and Julius Caesar, this being the year in which Caesar could legally become consul."[483] (To the Mons Capitolinus. Sacrifice more cattle to Jupiter in the name of civic concord.) As if legality meant any more to him, at this stage, than a tender skin easily flayed from the carcass of justice!

"HE ARRIVED THERE UNEXPECTEDLY"

He strikes rapidly and resolutely. Here he is in Italy; there in Spain. A historian eulogizes his faithfulness to "the basic principle that the first and most important task was to seek out and destroy the enemy army, wherever it was."[484] In his *Gallic War* we find a sentence which sums up not only his modus operandi, but his entire life and death: "He arrived there unexpectedly, and with more speed than anyone had looked for"[485]—anyone, that is, except for Tacitus and Plutarch with their eagle-eyed hindsight. Certainly the Pompeians don't anticipate him even now—fate-blinded men!—they sleep on watch; and suddenly here come the legions, headed by Caesar in his scarlet cloak, "which it was his habit to wear in action as a distinguishing mark."[486] The Spanish troops, best hope, surrender to Caesar after a mere forty days. The sun goes down on them.

Caesar makes gains, busily restores every loss. He breaches the enemy not merely through force and deliberation, but also by employing, no, *expressing* his eternal daring, as when he leads his men across the Sicoris River, whose current rises to their chests—a feat immediately followed by a forced night march to catch and outflank the retreating Pompeians.[487] Defense of ground now spins many a trick. The enemies seek to entice each other from their ditch-perimetered camps, or to seize the highest spot, or to outflank and blockade. What strategy begins, clemency completes. Having cut off his enemies from the Ebro, Caesar edifies us by displaying more pity than his own soldiers! His words to the sullen, angry crew: "I am stirred with pity for the citizens whom I see must be killed; I would rather gain my ends without any

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

harm befalling them."[488] Surrounding the Pompeians, he encourages fraternization—simultaneously cutting them off from water. Not quite Gandhi's tactics,[489] we grant, but who wouldn't prefer embargo to massacre? The enemy, clinging to their now superseded war aims, briefly compel him to fight, but he merely tightens siege, and thirst does its work. Thus the sowing; now for the harvest: Lucius Afrianus, the Pompeian general, capitulates "in the most humble and abject manner possible," recalls the victor, who lectures him on the subject of combat morality—and insistently shares the lecture with us: "It was you who did not observe the conventions of a truce and a conference; you who brutally put to death guileless men, who had been deceived by the offer of a chance to talk"[490]—that is, during the fraternization which Caesar had instigated. But he refrains (as we almost knew he would) from taking Afrianus's life or liberty, commanding only "the disbanding of those armies which you have maintained against me these many years. I say 'against me,'" he continues,[491] giving a long list of his own grievances, to remind us—if we needed to be reminded—how personalized this war really is, how strange by the standards of the mass society in which I live and write that two antagonists can fight each other with only the most half-hearted attempts to cloak the fight in universalist terms.

He storms on. With steady entrenchments, conduits and fortifications, he achieves his glory piecemeal, in increments calibrated to his footsloggers. It has been said that he innovates nowhere, but coordinates "in the most perfected form"[492]—great praise for any aspiring dictator.

Somewhere in Emerson I remember reading that every human being who has ever lived stands in some potential or spiritual sense heir to humankind's highest capabilities, as exemplified by Plato's brain and Caesar's hands. This compliment to Caesar is well deserved.[493] His conquests in the Civil War, as in Gaul, remain astounding two millennia later. *Uncanny* this man, with his Clausewitzian leniency and almost unbounded war aims! Napoleon in his maxims twice advises the warrior to "peruse again and again" the campaigns of the "Great Captains" among whom Caesar occupies an exalted place. Their principles: union of forces, protection of weak spots and rapid seizures of strategic points.[494] (Napoleon himself, of course, nowhere in the maxims advises clemency.)

"ARMS AND LAWS HAVE EACH THEIR OWN TIME"

It is not my place to summarize his battles, truces, ultimatums. (He sums up his triumph over King Pharnaces: "I came, I saw, I conquered.")[495] He followed every limitation and corollary in our calculus of war, excepting that Third Limitation. As I've said, for a cinematic picture, read Lucan, who agrees with Tacitus that during the war "morality and law were non-existent"[496]—an assertion which his treatment of Lucius Afrianus, the Massiliotes and ever so many others proves to be entirely untrue. I do admit that, during that visit to Rome when he announced that he could

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

easily govern by himself, he'd found himself, as ever, to be short of cash with which to rent loyalty (did he lament his former partner Crassus?), and so by armed force he helped himself to the treasury, overcoming objections with the maxim: *Arms and laws have each their own time.*[497] Then he pressed on, more often than not disobeying that cruel doctrine, bestowing clemency and good luck instead. Slamming down the curvy cheekpieces or *bucculae* of their helmets, his troops rush behind him. The besieged Pompeians dwell in the smell of their dead,[498] but is it his fault? Following the axioms and corollaries of war, he treats as stubborn combatants only those who refuse to surrender and those who, having surrendered, return to the fray. When Pompey appears to be winning, the town of Gomphi, which had previously opened the gates, now turns with misplaced prudence against Caesar, who therefore "gave it to the troops to plunder."[499] We can imagine what this means. In Africa, one of Caesar's captains invests Cirta, famed for its wealth. The inhabitants having refused terms, they "were subsequently all captured and killed."[500] Were he here to speak before us, he'd doubtless cry out in his high and eloquent voice that such exceptions merely prove his generosity's rule; for at Gomphi and Cirta, arms and laws shared each other's justice—hadn't the besieged been offered terms?

As it happens, we possess a sample of the terms he made to none other than Cicero, who'd declined his gracious invitation to meet and collaborate with him in Rome, but who found that his trickiest devices could scarcely unfetter Caesar's friendship from around his neck. Most deliciously courteous runs the dictator's salutation:

> Caesar Imperator to Cicero Imperator, Greeting:
> ... you will have done a serious injury to our friendship and consulted your own interest very little, if you show that you are not following fortune (for everything that has happened seems most favourable to me and most unfavourable to Pompey), nor yet following the right cause (for the cause was the same then, when you thought fit to hold aloof from it), but that you have condemned some act of mine, the greatest harm you could do me. Do not take such a step, I pray you by the right of our friendship.[501]

This is nothing if not a threat. No wonder that Cicero always pinches himself when he begins to dream of Caesar's clemency. "I fear all his kindness is only a preparation for cruelty like Cinna's."[502] He fears wrongly, but doesn't that letter exude a silken evil? Caesar in his glittering armor will sway with affection and gold—failing which, Caesar will intimidate. After his Gallic decade, he knows how to take hostages, breathing his insidious friendship into the ears of once-sovereign tribesmen—doesn't the very word "clemency" become menacing when applied between supposed equals? And so he marches into Rome, then *summons* Cicero, who tremblingly overcomes his native cowardice. "We were mistaken in thinking he would be easy to manage," he later writes to Atticus. "I have never seen anyone less

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

easy." In a convulsion of bravery, he refuses to approve Caesar's uprising against the Republic. The tyrant replies: "That is not what I want," and urges him to reconsider, dismissing him with this warning: "If I may not use your advice, I shall use the advice I can and go to any length."[503]

What Does the Citizen Owe His Homeland?
The moral calculus of Cicero (49 B.C.)[504]

> "However, not to succumb entirely to low spirits, I have taken for myself certain theses... Here are some:
>
> [He switches into Greek.]
>
> "Whether one should remain in one's country, even under a tyranny. Whether any means are lawful to abolish a tyranny, even if they endanger the existence of the State... Whether one ought to invade the country and besiege one's native town, when it is under a tyranny ...
>
> [He returns to Latin.]
>
> "By employing myself with such questions and discussing the pros and cons in Greek and Latin, I divert my thoughts a little from my troubles ..."

In other words, even now Cicero can offer no firm maxim. He will never defy Caesar.

"BEING MYSELF THE WITNESS OF MY LIBERALITY"

But remember—I insist on it—that Caesar remains ever loyal and generous to his friends, even at the cost of his own comfort,[505] ever merciful to his enemies. Proof: Cicero will outlive him.

Pompey says that all who do not fight on his side will be considered enemies. Caesar promises his friendship to neutrals.[506] He even, in the words of an admitted opponent, "freely allowed all those whom he had made centurions on Pompey's recommendation to go over to his rival."[507]

As a commander he is said to have been mild by the standards of the time. He chuckles that his soldiers fight well even when they stink of perfume.[508] Only one infraction does he punish with any rigor: mutiny. At Placentia, one of his armies, crazed to fury by the endless warring, finally rises up against him. Calling them before him, Caesar announces: "Being myself the witness of my liberality to you heretofore I shall now execute the law of our country by decimating the Ninth

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Legion"—which is to say, killing one out of ten of those 4,800 men—the same procedure that Crassus had followed with his fearful troops against Spartacus; Trotsky would adopt it two millennia later.[509] The legion screams; officers throw themselves at his feet; he then "so far remitted the punishment as to designate 120 only (who seemed to have been leaders of the revolt), and chose twelve of these by lot to be put to death."[510] After the defeat at Dyrrhachium, the Civil War momentarily almost lost to Pompey, he pardons his troops, and his mildness works upon them until they themselves beg to be decimated! He refuses. They beg that he at least execute a few standard-bearers who'd run away, luring the rest after them. In his possibly mendacious words, "he reluctantly punished a few."[511] Later on, when the Tenth Legion demands discharge and donative, he grants their request and adds: "And I shall give you all that I have promised when I triumph with other soldiers." Then, shamed and greedy of booty, they plead to be taken back into his service, which he finally grants.[512]

As for the enemy, throughout the entire Civil War he proscribes for liquidation only the three hundred who comprise Pompey's "council of war," his "Senate."[513] (Suetonius denies even this.)[514] Mostly, he absorbs prisoners high and low into his machine, using hand-clasps and smiling pardons. More lenient even than the calculus of Gomphi would imply, he twice takes Lucius Vibullius Rufus prisoner in battle, and twice releases him.[515] In his red cloak of command he enters town after town, making mild speeches, harming no one, receiving applause.[516] "Upon my word," cries Cicero, "if he refrain from murder and rapine, he will be the darling of those who dreaded him most."[517] As Caesar himself will explain to the envoys of Pharnaces (who simply hadn't submitted quickly enough), "I myself am never happier than when pardoning suppliants."[518] And perhaps the conspirators who will eventually murder Caesar are compelled to the deed by their vision of a long future of having to be pardoned again and again and again.

POSTERITY'S SLIGHTS

Indeed, no commentator in after-times seems able to take his mercy at face value. Meier writes that his clemency was an expression of patronizing superiority; he wanted everyone to owe him everything.[519] Four centuries previous, Simon Goulart of Senlis had dilated on "the strange hatred that Caesar hid in his heart, against all those that hindered his doings, without regard of any man. And where he pardoned some before and after victory, it was but for his advancement, not for any good will he bare them."[520] —Simon's claim remains no better than speculation—who knows what anyone has in his heart, especially a dead man?—but if we turn once more to the Gallic War we can easily discern the politic nature of Caesar's mercy which so enraged his enemies (Cicero, for instance, who could not abide that Pompey betrayed his friends while Caesar in his "cunning kindness"[521] granted mercy to his enemies):[522]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

At the very beginning of the Gaulish conquests, he learns from informers that Dumnorix of the Aedui seeks "revolution"—that is, an anti-Roman alliance with the Helvetii. This transgression's cause burns bright even in Caesar's sight: Dumnorix very reasonably "did not doubt that, if the Romans overcame the Helvetii, they meant to deprive the Aedui of liberty, in common with the rest of Gaul."[523] —What to do? We know what most subduers would answer. But Dumnorix's brother Divicaiacus, already a good Roman puppet, most tearfully begs Caesar not to take that solution. The conqueror then, in a gesture worthy of Cortes,[524] "took him by the hand and consoled him, bidding him end his entreaty, and showing that his influence with Caesar was so great that he excused the injury to Rome and the vexation felt by himself, in consideration for the goodwill and the entreaties of Diviciacus."[525] By pardoning Dumnorix, he eases himself into the role of benevolent overlord—which is to say the role of overlord. (How can such absolution produce happy results? Four years later, Dumnorix will still be bent on revolution. Caesar gives orders that he be brought into custody, but the miscreant resists arrest! "The pursuers, as they were ordered, surrounded the man and despatched him.")[526]

And yet, no matter what impulses actuated Caesar, no matter how self-serving and hypocritical his soul, decriers of his mercifulness ought to take care, lest the *results* of it come to be despised. Lucan goes so far as to be insulted by his clemency. When the conqueror spares Corfinium's general, the poet cries with typical bad faith: "What dishonour! How much more could Fortune / have spared his Roman sense of shame, by even carrying out the murder! / The citizen's worst punishment for joining the army / of his fatherland ... is— / to be forgiven."[527] When he cannot deny, he defiles the motive, as when he remarks à propos of the battle of Pharsalos that Caesar "granted life to worthless souls, to columns / whose death would have had no point."[528] Against such absurdly rage-poisoned assessments, one merely has to reply by pointing to the deeds of Lieutenant William Calley.

HIS WAR RECORD

But if we can point to deeds, why not tabulate his? In this slender, balding commander's Civil War, as in his conquest of Gaul, one finds a steadily increasing level of violence after the arch-foe is broken (in the Civil War, Pompey; in the Gallic Wars, Vercingetorix) and he learns that resistance to his sweetness continues. (Intensifying bloodshed and cruelty may, of course, be the pattern in most fratricidal wars.) Suetonius with his usual malice insists that "he met the heavy expenses of the civil wars and of his triumphs and entertainments by the most bare-faced pillage and sacrilege,"[529] which might have been true, at times; it certainly was at Gomphi. Meanwhile, the Civil War becomes the Alexandrian War, then the African War, then the Spanish War. With rare exceptions, his legionnaires don't fail him, although their hobnailed shoes wear down; their winter cloaks have holes. Years

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

after Caesar's assassination, a few Pompeians will continue a feeble, futile insurgency. Meanwhile, his successors, fallen out amongst themselves, form and unform new lethal combinations. All told, the Civil War will last for another decade and a half—longer than all Caesar's campaigns in Gaul. Shall we blame him for that? Certainly he holds a great share of the responsibility. But while we may fairly speak of him as a causative force, it seems inhumanly strict to hold somebody morally accountable for what occurs after his death. Let's stick to the Civil War he actually fought.

Were we to tell this story in Caesar's own style, we'd be terse, confident, definitive. The ambiguity of real life obscuring our straight path, we can't proceed in such a way, even if we'd like to. (Both of Caesar's memoirs are to me monotonous: the action consists of the memoirist solving crisis after crisis, most of which are of his own making.) Tabular terseness, however, may suffice. Herewith, the Civil War:

WHAT SHALL I DO WITH YOU VANQUISHED ONES?
(THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR, 49-44 B.C.)

CAVEAT: *Again, many of these details come solely from Caesarian sources.*

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
Caesar, at Cornifum, 49 B.C.[530]	All (townsfolk open gates in spite of their own Pompeian garrison); Caesar releases the commander with all his property	None Severity: 0
Caesar, at Brundisum, 49 B.C.[531]	All (townsfolk help him pursue Pompeians)	None Severity: 0
Caesar, at Rome, 49 B.C.[532]	All (even plotters against him in the Senate)	None Severity: 0
Caesarians, at Massilia, 49 B.C.[533]	Truce granted upon request	None Severity: 0
Caesar, against Massiliote truce-breakers, 49 B.C.[534]	All (treasury taken; garrison of two legions imposed)	None Severity: 1 [*Compare with the treatment of Gomphi, below:*]
Caesar, against Pompeian troops in Ilerda, Hither Spain, 49 B.C.[535]	All (refuses to attack them even though his own men get angry)	None Severity: n.a., since the Pompeians have not yet surrendered
The same, when the enemy surrender.[536]	All (takes commander's son hostage, disbands Pompeian army, feeding them first, and pays for all property taken by his own troops)	None Severity: 1

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Caesar, against Pompeian legions under Marcos Varro in Corduba, Further Spain, 49 B.C.[337]	All (releases Varro, takes his legion into his service, restores confiscated property to Caesarians, thanks the Spanish townspeople for their help)	None Severity: 0
Caesar's lieutenant, Curio, against Varus in Africa Utica (Numidia), 49 B.C.[338]	??	Attacks civilians, "set cavalry on them, to despoil them and treat them as booty" Severity: n.a., since they had not surrendered
Caesar at Oricium, NW Greece, 48 B.C.[339]	All (Pompeian garrison commander released)	None. Severity: 1
Caesar at Apollonia, Byllis, Amantia, 48 B.C.[340]	Same as Oricium	Severity: 0 (x 3)
Casaer against the shipwrecked crews of 16 Rhodian ships, 48 B.C.[341]	All spared, sent home	None Severity: 0 *(Compare this with actions of Bibulus against Caesar's ships, below:)*
Caesar's lieutenant, Domitius Calvinus, against 2 captured Pompeian squadrons, 48 B.C.[342]	??	[??] "All the rest of those squadrons they either killed or brought as prisoners to Domitius." Severity: n.a.
Caesar against the Thessalian town of Gomphi, which had previously surrendered, but now closes her gates, 48 B.C.[343]	??	Town given over to pillage Severity: 3 [Caesar's troops were very hungry at the time.]
Caesar, in the Civil War, at the climactic battle of Pharsalos, 48 B.C.[344]	All ordinary combatants (24,000 surrendered). Allowed to keep property.	Combatants who had previously surrendered, been pardoned, and then returned to arms; each could be spared by one of C.'s soldiers. Severity (according to C.): 0 [Suetonius claims a massacre of Pompey's foreign allied troops; severity would be 4 if we knew that they surrendered, but we do not.]

THE ALEXANDRIAN WAR 48-47 B.C.)

Caesar in Alexandria, 48 B.C.[345]	Almost all; Caesar installs Cleopatra ("who had remained loyal") and her younger brother on the throne, banishes their sister, leaves a garrison.	Before final victory, C. allows plunder. Severity: 3. At outset, he kills the king's tutor, who attempted an anti-Roman uprising. Severity: 2

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Quintus Cornificius, C.'s quaestor in Illyricum, 48-47 B.C., against Pompeian garrisons[346]	??	?? Garrisons stormed and plundered Severity: 3
Aulus Gabinus, C's officer in Illyricum, 48-47 B.C.[347]	??	?? Towns stormed and plundered for supplies Severity: 3
Quintus Cassius Longinus, C.'s propaetor in Further Spain, 48-47 B.C.[348]	??	[Implied] Storms and pillages Spanish towns Severity: 3
Caesar to King Deiotarus, tetrarch of Gallograecia, 47 B.C.[349]	D. spared, pardoned, released	Severity: 0
Caesar to King Pharnaces of Bosphorus, 47 B.C.[350]	P. pardoned on condition of making restitution for Roman property seized; must also give C. a golden victor's crown. [He did not keep the agreement and was soon defeated in battle.]	Severity: 1

THE AFRICAN WAR (46 B.C.)

C.'s mercenary captain, P. Sittius, against Cirta, King Juba's richest town, 46 B.C.[351]	None	All; defenders had refused to evacuate the town Severity: 5
Caesar, against two Pompeian prisoners-of-war, 46 B.C.[352]	Publius Vestrus, "because his brother had paid over money on request to Caesar at Rome" and because he had been captured by the Pompeians and served them under compulsion	Publius Ligarius, whom C. had captured and pardoned once before already Severity: 2
Caesar's troops (in spite of C.) against the pleading Pompeians at Thapsus, 46 B.C.[353]		All, even "several refined and distinguished Romans on their own side," whom they called "agitators." Severity: 5
Caesar, to the town of Utica, which capitulated after Cato's suicide, 46 B.C.[354]	Lucius Caesar, the Pompeian quaestor, who groveled at C.'s feet; along with several other named notables; Roman businessmen and officials fined 200 million secterces	None Severity: 1
Caesar, to the town of Zama, 46 B.C.[355]	All [implied]; some property of Roman Pompeians sold.	Severity: 1

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Caesarian troops, to some surrendered Pompeian generals and notables, 46 B.C.[336]	Most	2 killed as a result of "some disturbance in the army" Severity: n.a., since circumstances unknown
Caesar, on the towns of Thapsus, Hadrumentum, Leptis, Thysdra and Caralis, 46 B.C.[337]	All? Fines imposed	

THE SPANISH WAR (45 B.C.)

Caesarian troops, to five Pompeian prisoners[338]	Two messengers released after hands cut off	2 native slave-soldiers, "given no chance of securing pardon"; 1 scout also put to death Severity: 3
Caesarians, to captured Corduban townsmen who'd sallied against them	None	
Caesar, to "some" of Pompeius' messengers[339]	Spared only if they could burn down an enemy-held tower (one man died trying)	All killed after one night Severity: 5 [Context here suggests that these men, having actively launched hostilities against their besiegers, were not eligible for surrender.]
Caesar, to the town of Corduba, which surrendered unconditionally[340]	All [implied]	Severity: 0
Caesar, to 4 captured scouts[341]	None	3 slaves crucified, 1 native legionnaire beheaded Severity: 5

As for Caesar's enemies, they were capable of infernal cruelty (the African king Juba being a horrific example). Herewith, their record, to the meager extent that we know it:

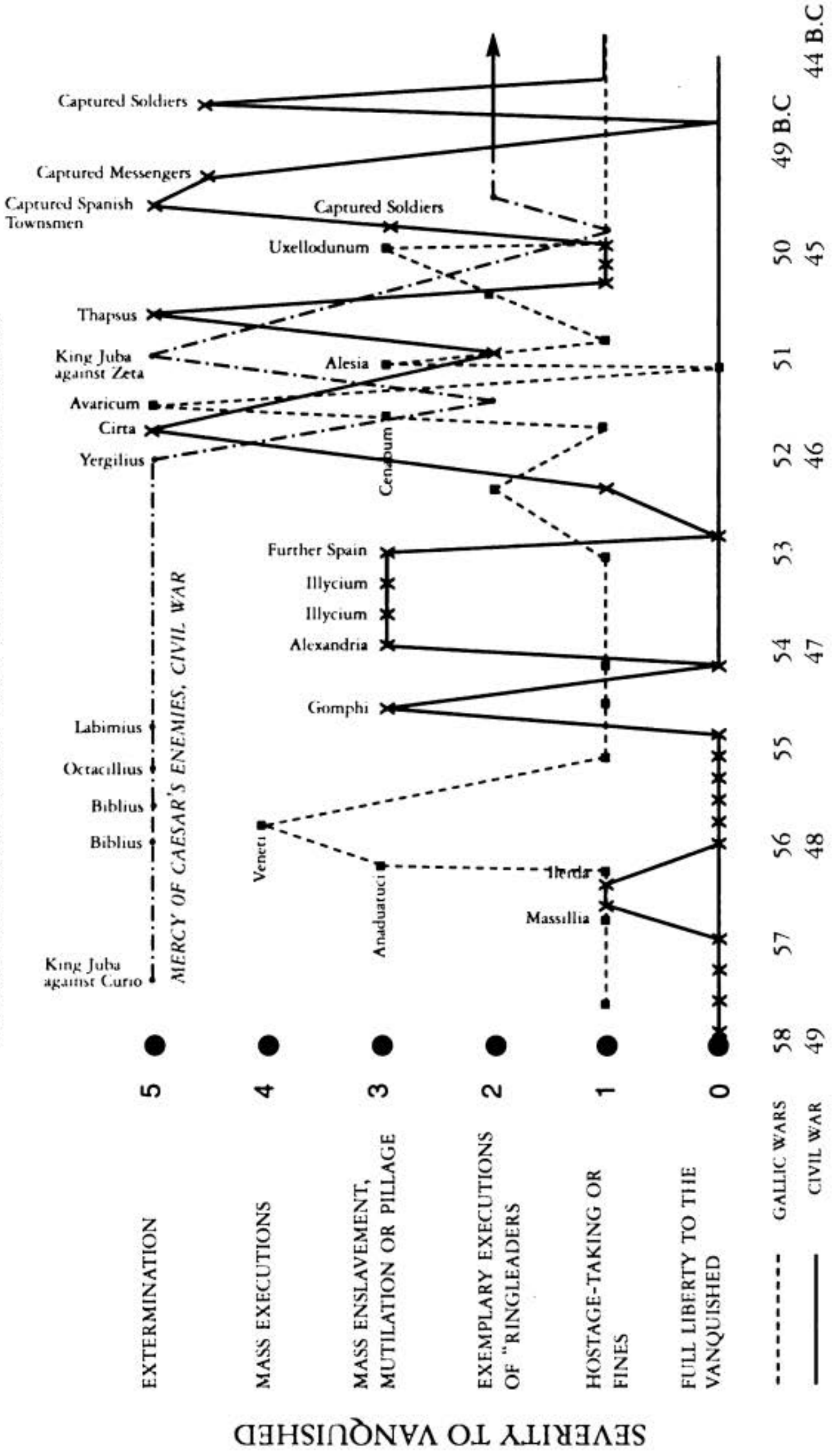
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE DEEDS OF JULIUS CAESAR'S ENEMIES DURING THE CIVIL WAR

CAVEAT: *Many of these details come solely from Caesarian sources.*

MORAL ACTOR	SPARED	DESTROYED
THE CIVIL WAR (UP TO POMPEY'S DEATH)		
King Juba in Numidia, to the captured Caesarian legionnaires of Curio, 49 B.C.[362]	"Only a few whom he sent back to his kingdom"	"The majority" Severity 5
Bibulus (Caesar's former co-consul) to 30 Caesarian sailors captured at Brundisium, 48 B.C.[363]	None	All on board burned alive Severity: 5
The same, at Oricum, to other captured sailors, 48 B.C.[364]	None	All Severity: 5
Otacilus Crassus, to sailors who surrendered by negotiation at Lissus, 48 B.C.	None	All (220 men) Severity: 5
Labienus, a deserter from Caesar's side, to captured Caesarian after the battle of Dyrachium, 48 B.C.[365]	None	All, put to death with taunts, in order to strengthen the Pompeians' trust in Labienus Severity: 5
THE AFRICAN WAR (46 B.C.)		
Gaius Vergilius, against 2 of C.'s Spanish tribunes of the 5th legion[366]	None	Both put to death after negotiated surrender Severity: 5
Scipio, against captured Caesarian centurions and recruits	Recruits (distributed among the Pompeian legions)	Centurians, one of whom had refused to fight for the Pompeians; all tortured to death Severity: 2
King Juba, against the town of Zeta, which had gone over to C.'s side[367]	None	All, and town pillaged Severity: 5
Sextus Pompeius, toward towns taken by force in Further Spain[368]	??	Property of rich townsmen confiscated Severity: 1
Pompeian troops at or near Corduba, to "hostages"[369]	??	"Some" hostages' throats cut Severity: 2

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



TIMELINE: GALLIC WARS AND CIVIL WAR

(THE CIVIL WAR CONTINUED FOR 13 YEARS AFTER CAESAR'S ASSASSINATION)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And so, combining our severity scale, Caesar's record in Gaul, his record in the Civil War and his enemies' deeds, let's draw a data-picture comparing Caesar's mercy with that of his opponents. [*See opposite page.*]

Given the source, it is no accident that Caesar comes off better—but that's probably equally true given the long lost *facts.* —O charitable conqueror!

PHARSALOS

And now, Pharsalos. I'm sure that Caesar hopes it will be the last battle. Pompey's advisers, punch-drunk after their victory at Dyrrhachium, *know* that it will be. They actually divide up Caesar's honors among themselves and lay out a victory supper on silver plates before setting out to self-destruction. Their confidence, we might mention, was not entirely baseless. Let us suppose that people are not animals, that (even though both Caesar and Clausewitz implied that it was none of their business) people have some conception of their commander's war aims—and maybe even an opinion on the justice (or not) of those ends. After all the Gallic campaigns, and now the new battles against Pompey (especially the one at Dyrrhachium), how do the troops judge their master, the man who "was born to do great things"?[570] Plutarch describes their condition on the eve of Pharsalos:[571]

> For the best part of his men, though they had great experience, and showed an irresistible courage in all engagements, yet by their frequent marches changing their camps, attacking fortifications, and keeping long night-watches, were getting worn out and broken, they now being old, their bodies less fit for labor, and their courage also beginning to give way with the failure of their strength.[572]

Like the veterans of Napoleon's *Grand Armée*, perhaps they begin to wonder what it will take to satisfy victorious Caesar, and whether their labors will ever end. Their iron helmets are dented and tarnished; the cheekpieces squeak when raised or lowered. Their segmented cuirasses no longer gleam. They have holes in their shoes. Even the commander-in-chief himself admits that "the forces embarked" for the big battle in Greece "were themselves rather depleted; many had been lost during all the campaigns in Gaul; the long march in Spain had removed a great many."[573]

Pompey's troops, on the other hand, are still fresh. Indeed, Caesar will instruct his veterans to strike directly at Pompey's horsemen, who remain youthful enough to fear for their unscarred faces.

About the battle itself we'll say little. Cicero, for once, offers the least myopic estimation: "Pompey has always won in a bad cause, but fails in the best of causes."[574] Were we more concerned with war-tactics, we might raid the sentences of old historians who describe far better than I ever could how Pompey, overconfident as usual, trusts too much in a certain stream to protect his right flank. Caesar's well-trained cohorts[575] and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

echelons[576] push him back. Then, "like someone whom some God had deprived of his senses,"[577] the Great abandons the battle and his army. Or, in Delbrück's colder words, "the interests of the army and of its leaders no longer coincided."[578]

Back to the *means and ends* of Pharsalos. On the battlefield that morning, Pompey one last time invokes defense of law, honor and homeland;[579] while Caesar, referring to defense of counter-honor, chiefly dwells upon the exigencies of the gamble: "This day will decide everything. Remember what you promised me at Dyrrhachium," where Pompey had won. "Remember how you swore to each other in my presence that you would never leave the field except as conquerors."[580]

Then he turns to the subject which concerns us: clemency. Pompey has gathered to him his barbarian auxiliaries: Syrians, Phrygians, Lydians. Of these, red-cloaked Caesar says, as did Sulla almost half a century earlier:[581] "When you have put the enemy to flight let us spare the Italians as being our own kindred, but slaughter the allies in order to strike terror into the others."[582] And this is what they do. Foreigners meaning nothing, the Romans don't even bother to count how many they kill. (Here, of course, we must indict not Caesar alone but Roman custom. We find Suetonius citing this episode as evidence of his "admirable self-restraint and mercy.")[583]

Thus victory. Entering Pompey's camp, Caesar finds letters, many of which must be incriminating—that is, expressive of anti-Caesarian sentiments from persons now in Caesar's power. He burns them unread. Seneca in his moral essays of the following century remarks in this context, most prettily, that the conqueror "thought that the most gracious form of pardon was not to know what the offence of each person had been."[584]

Pompey runs to Egypt, where he meets with expedient murder. Caesar weeps at the sight of his severed head.[585]

TRIUMPH

Personalized and politicized war pursues the fleeing Pompeians to Egypt. The boy-king Ptolemy, pawn of both sides, loses his life while his sister Cleopatra gains Caesar's bed. (Long years hence, her son by him, Caesarion, will be put to death by the new Caesar, Octavian, following a whispered word to the wise: Too many Caesars are a menace.) With his epilepsy, his soft pale skin and his slenderness, the soon-to-be-deified Julius makes an appealing figure of heroic self-overcoming, riding on, keeping neither ease nor booty for himself. Toward the end of the Civil War, besieged in Alexandria, he offers us the spectacle of himself swimming in full armor at age fifty-two, harried by Egyptian arrows but holding his manuscripts over his head to keep them dry.[586] "Courage has not value if justice is not in evidence too," the Spartan king Agesilaus had said long before, "but if everyone were to be just, then no one would need courage."[587]

Alexandria's great library with all its book-treasures burns—an accident.[588] He

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

conquers the Egyptians, installs Cleopatra, assigns a priesthood here and Lesser Armenia there to his new-made client-kings,[589] extends mercy to suppliant King Deiotarus, who'd taken up arms on Pompey's side, descends on Rome to give cash to soldiers and plebeians,[590] then stages parades to show off his silver talents and golden crowns, offers combat spectacles, dedicates his Gaul-financed Forum at last, erects a temple to his ancestress Venus—which is to say, to his own prestige. Back to war. Pharsalos won, as we saw, Alexandria, Bosphorus, Illyricum and any number of other battles with or without Caesar now read anticlimactically. Caesar's men find themselves fighting sometimes against Caesar's former lieutenant from the Gallic Wars, and always against other Romans, on other far-flung fronts. They'll win the battle of Thapsus, too—the last engagement of classical times to employ elephants.[591] After slaughtering the beasts, then the beseeching enemy, the Caesarians attack their own officers—perhaps, as one biographer supposes, because they dare not fall upon Caesar himself.[592] Delbrück with his usual glittering cold logic reminds us that the legionnaires were, after all, mercenaries, with all which that implies.[593] Caesar has left us no account (the assassins cut him down before he finished writing *The Civil War*), but one of his generals fills out the tale, telling how the Pompeians, having vainly tried to escape the battlefield, lowered arms, but "our veterans were in such a blaze of indignation that not only could they not be induced to spare their enemies, *but they even wounded or killed several refined and distinguished Romans on their own side, calling them agitators*... though all these soldiers of Scipio begged Caesar for protection, they were killed to a man, under Caesar's very eyes and despite his entreaties to the troops to spare them."[594] This sounds like mutiny, and the difficulties of even this most charismatic commander are attested by the fact that Caesar seems not to have punished them for it.



Caesar

He fights Pompey's sons at Munda, where he gains the day against his troops' war-weariness only by running against the enemy alone, stopping missiles with a borrowed shield until the shamed legionnaires follow him to victory.[595] And, as far as Caesar is concerned, there the Civil War ends.

Leaving a few Pompeians to the enjoyment of guerrilla warfare, which will soon burst into fierce flames again, he returns to Rome, reluctantly (he's spent far too much time in Cleopatra's arms to suit his supporters), celebrates another triumph, discharges his infantry with a farm and 264 gold coins apiece. Up parade visors—off parade helmets! Off with the fresh-polished *lorica segmentata*, whose silver plates and golden vertical belts gleam for the last time![596] The world is safe for Caesar—time for all to go to seed... And Caesar? Back to the Mons Capitolinus, where he solemnly anoints the braying victims with wine and salted flour and presides over their sacrifice. A seer pulls out the slaughtered hearts and livers: good omens for Rome, for Caesar, for Jupiter. Now his war aims are fulfilled at last.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE DEIFIED JULIUS

Helping the poor as always, he remits their rents for a year.[597] Appian says that he now stands "honoured and feared as no one had ever been before."[598] Of the temples they erect to him as a god, one most appropriately honors him jointly with the goddess of mercy. "Thus whilst they feared his power they besought his clemency."[599]

We ought not to make too much of his deification: Cicero seeks the same for a loved dead daughter.[600] But Caesar is quick to tell us with bland self-importance that before the victory at Pharsalos, one of his statues, already consecrated by his acolytes in some temple of Victory—perhaps for a price—witnessed a miracle: a palm tree grew up between the paving stones.[601]

And so I can't be too stupefied that they name the month of July after him.[602] His official correspondence now begins: *"Letter of the deified Caesar. Imperator Gaius Julius Caesar, dictator for the third time, dictator-designate for the fourth time."*[603] "It was decreed that he should transact business on a throne of ivory and gold." We have reason to believe that in his mouth it is all ashes. He surely realizes what his former peers and colleagues really think of him.[604] On the day of his assassination, hardly any senators will come to his aid.

CAESAR THE LAWGIVER

He rationalizes the calendar and conducts a census. He confers citizenship on all foreign doctors and teachers of liberal arts who reside in Rome. He increases the punishments for certain crimes, in order to make it more difficult for evil rich men to buy their way out with a luxurious exile. "He administered justice with the utmost conscientiousness and strictness," as hostile Suetonius freely admits. It's as if Lincoln had lost the American Civil War, and Jefferson Davis, striding into his place, had unexpectedly turned out to be not only rebel and destroyer, but also statesman.

He plans to create a public library.[605] On the eve of his death we find him codifying the grain distribution laws, a fact which, now that he need favor no authority save his own, suggests to me that his sponsorship of the poor relief bill to Pompey's veterans so many years ago, however illegal and menacing his means, might have been heartfelt—for, like many a Roman governor, he could easily have left things to work in their old corrupt way. (Is *he* corrupt? One history of the world decides: "Caesar's record of vulgar scheming for the tawdriest mockeries of personal worship is a silly and shameful record.")[606] He arranges to make property owners responsible for street repairs in their sections, regulates traffic, requires military service as a qualification of magistracy. Centuries later, these regulations will be found engraven on a bronze tablet in Heraclea.[607]

Modern historians often go out of their way to emphasize Caesar's traditionalism: upon the stump of the Republic whose destruction he accomplished in order

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to destroy Pompey, he engrafted rational statutes in organic harmony with precedent.[608] His charter for the municipality of Urso, in the words of a modern editor, "seems to be closely patterned after that of early republican Rome."[609]

He cares about his laws, I believe, not merely as manifestations of his omnipotence, but as vehicles of efficient good. As late as June of 45 B.C., he declares he'll stay, in order to keep them from being ignored.[610] Since he then resolves to depart, it would seem that he no longer cares for their enforcement, that he is to some extent anguished or weary or broken.

CAESAR THE KING

Appian tells it thus: His vulgar toady, Marc Antony, twice places the diadem of kingship on Caesar's head, but he, marking the displeasure of the crowd, two times throws it off.[611] The tale is certainly emblematic, and so is this: At the Ludi Circenses, Caesar's statue is carried beside the image of the goddess Victory. The people do not applaud.[612]

And so, despairing of acceptance, "or being tired out, and wishing by this time to avoid this plot and odium, or deliberately giving up the city to certain of his enemies,"[613] he reflexively forms new war aims and engineering plans, determining to conquer the world from Parthia all the way to Germany, to drain the Pontine marshes (a feat finally to be achieved only in Mussolini's day), to tunnel the isthmus of Corinth, etcetera.[614] Closing his eyes, can he see the splendid golden city that Imperial Rome will become, with winged and pedestaled Victories triumphing higher than ever? Does he not want the kingship? Did he never want it? Does he think to gain it by repeating in Parthia what he'd done in Gaul? "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself." Now he owns prestige. Pompey's gone, and Caesar's a god. What next? Is he simply at a loss?

DINNER WITH THE KING

He asks Cicero for advice. Cicero writes bitterly to Atticus: "What view ought I to have taken of the Parthian war except what I thought he wanted? Indeed what other purpose had my letter save to kowtow to him?"[615]

Indeed, Cicero's intimate correspondence now begins to take on a tone familiar to any student of the Stalinist period. Once so filled with himself, so publicly combative, delightfully sarcastic, so political, above all so *civic*, Cicero now withdraws into himself, discoursing on the safer subjects of his family, land, private affairs, books. Between Caesar and Stalin the choice is easy. Under the latter, a joke between friends or a remark in a personal letter was grounds for condemnation.[616] Cicero continues to jab at Caesar,[617] not overworried that his letters might be opened and used against him. ("Is that so? Does Brutus really say Caesar is going over to the right

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

party? That is good news. But where will he find them, unless, perhaps, he hangs himself?")[618] His nephew denounces him to Caesar, but Cicero continues to dwell in the warm palms of Caesar's clement hands. Is he grateful? Wearily raising his stylus, the old man writes to Atticus: "Nothing he says is so likely to be believed as that we are utterly irreconcilable to Caesar; that we are not to be trusted, and that I ought to be held in suspicion, which would have been terrifying, if were I not aware that the king knows I have no spirit left."[619]



Cicero

The "king" dines at Cicero's shortly before his assassination, arriving with a retinue of two thousand soldiers, in whose articulated cuirasses and upon whose sparkling silver helmets I have no doubt more than two thousand reflected suns can be seen—remember how Cicero used to characterize Caesar, when they were both young? "When I see his hair so carefully arranged, and observe him adjusting it with one finger, I cannot believe it should enter into such a man's thoughts to subvert the Roman state." Remember his gladiators in silver armor, his new Forum? Caesar surely keeps company with only the newest and the best. So here they come, their thick wavy cheekpieces down, their eyes steady behind the slits of their parade masks as they march on, their metal belts jingling, their weapons more than mere emblems. The host, trembling, pitches a camp for them, borrows guards for his villa and bids the dictator welcome. My mind goes inevitably to Milovan Djilas's late-night banquetings with Stalin and Molotov in 1944-48, Djilas struggling to deny his oncreeping apprehension and loathing as everyone laughs at Stalin's jokes. Stalin throws him an unsought bone: "We have no special interest in Albania. We agree to Yugoslavia swallowing Albania."[620] Djilas says he doesn't want to swallow Albania; Molotov cynically urges him to it. Now for shots of vodka. Stalin lures, solicits, recruits, intimidates, dominates. Cicero, of course, never suffered from the hero-worship from which Djilas slowly awakened; moreover, Caesar is refined, not vulgar, kind, not threatening. "He was anointed and sat down to dinner," the half-tamed orator says, and compliments himself on his own munificence. They discuss literature, Caesar continuing courteous and pleasant. "Still," the host writes Atticus, "he was not the sort of guest to whom one would say: 'Be sure to look me up on the way back.'"[621]

POMPEY'S STATUE

In modern times, Caesar would have been a popular leader, a mass politician. But in ancient Rome no one could be such a thing without also being a wrecker. Popular force (as embodied in the army) allowed him to become dictator, but this in no sense implies that he was a man of the people; rather, he was a patron of the people. Indeed, as we have said, his clemency ought to be seen in that context: it was a way of asserting his own superiority, of putting others under obligation to him. More

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

than three hundred years later, Julian the Apostate will declare that Caesar might have mastered his fellow citizens, but could not extort their love, "though you played the philanthropic rôle as though you were acting in a stage-play, and flattered them all shamefully."[622] —Never forget that; but never forget that he *was* forgiving and kind. Suetonius writes in amazement that "he actually set up the statues of Lucius Sulla and Pompey, which had been broken to pieces by the populace." "Sulla could do it, and shall not I?" But he didn't, at least not in Sulla's way. Never will he draw up proscription lists of citizens to be liquidated. He disdains to punish plots against himself, merely posting public warnings when his spies uncover their conspiracies.[623] "No man ever made a more generous use of victory, from which he claimed nothing for himself except the right to give away."[624] Thus Seneca—who admires Cato more.

THE ONE-HEADED MONSTER

Why should Cato come off best? Because in his dealings with the Senate, Caesar continues to adhere to the standard of his first consulship. He neither consults the Senators, nor does he restore the antebellum magistrates—more likely a sign of prudence than of bitterness, since he has learned so well to forgive his enemies.[625] Brutus, most famous of his assassins (and possibly his illegitimate son by Cato's sister), will later claim that the oaths sworn to Caesar did not signify (as Caesar surely thought they did) fidelity and allegiance, but rather granted amnesty *to Caesar himself* for his illegal civil war. Strange Brutus! Strange not only in logic, but also in motives—for Pompey had murdered his legal father! But he came from a line of patricians famed for their services to "liberty." Reminded of his "heritage," his *dignitas*, he had to live up to his reputation and kill Caesar. Let's quote again the words of his victim: "Prestige has always been of prime importance to me, even outweighing life itself." Thus too with Brutus.

A PAEAN TO MERCY

"By the law of conquest, we on the losing side could well have perished," rhapsodizes Cicero from his marble bench in the Senate. "But by your mercy you have deliberately saved us. You are therefore invincible in the most accurate sense of the word, since you have conquered the savage law of Victory itself."[626] Then he urges the dictator to restore the Republic's constitution.[627]

THE NEW HYDRA

Very good. Caesar's a tyrant, usurper and all the rest. Brutus will save the Republic. Oaths to Caesar signify only compulsion. And, continues his murderer,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"if he had required us to swear not only to condone the past, but to be willing slaves for the future, what would our present enemies have done?"[628] The logic is specious and self-serving; the throbbing outrage, however, remains comprehensible down the centuries. If I come into your house and rob you, then later pardon you for having tried to defend your goods from me, how grateful will you be?



Marcus Brutus

Why, Brutus must have thought, do we need "the king's" permission to live and flourish? Pompey, spurning the envoys of peace, had shouted: "What do I want with life or citizenship which I shall appear to possess by Caesar's good grace?"[629] Pompey was dead. Cato was dead by his own hand. Now Caesar must die. Inevitable then his fall in a circle of darting daggers...

A BRIEF COMMENTARY ON APPIAN

In one pathetic sentence of Appian's we find the man who'd made, fought and won his personal war, who'd run ahead of his own army time after time, or, seizing wavering standard-bearers by the throat or shoulder,[630] pulled them with him into danger, now *alone* at last, without help or hope of the mercy he'd so often given. Who are his assassins? The new monster owns many heads: Marcus Brutus, as we



Death of Caesar

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

know—during the Civil War Caesar had given particular instructions to spare him on the battlefield—then Cassius, Longinus, Caecilius, Bucolianus, Ligarius, Spurius, Servilius Galba, Sextius Naso, Pontius Aquila, Casca, Trebonius, Tillius Cimber, Minucius Basilus... [631] Fully sixty senators are said to have turned against our dictator. In the Senate he'd built and dedicated, the marble benches leer about him like teeth as he dies bleeding. We read that all of the actual stabbers save one were Pompeian prisoners of war to whom he'd granted clemency and honor. As for the exception, Decimus Brutus, Caesar had named *him* in his will for adoption in the second degree.[632]

Herewith, Appian's sentence: "With rage and outcries Caesar turned now upon one and now upon another like a wild animal, but, after receiving the wound from Brutus he at last despaired and, veiling himself with his robe, composed himself for death and fell at the foot of Pompey's statue."[633]

The worm will turn. Augustus will command that Marcus Brutus's head be thrown down at the foot of Julius Caesar's statue.

THE JUDGMENT OF ROME

"Superb and magnificent deed," is Cicero's characterization.[634] No surprise—even during the Civil War he'd said: "We can never enjoy a Republic while these two men live, or this one alone."[635] I understand the man's exigencies, but his rhetorical nimbleness still disgusts me. The mob applauds the assassin Cassius.[636]

A century later, Tacitus will look longingly back upon the day when "the nation's enslavement was still rudimentary," and without much outrage, to say the least, on "the ill-starred attempt to recover Republican freedom by murdering the dictator Caesar—a fearful crime? or a conspicuously glorious achievement?"[637] His answer to that bifurcated query is obvious.



Marc Antony addressing the people

But the usurper's generosity to the masses, living on in his will, stirs them up against his assassins. Marc Antony's funeral oration literally fans the flames: they cremate Caesar with immense lamentations, then burn the Senate chamber where he died. (Atticus had foreseen that once any funeral was allowed, "our cause" would be lost. "And slaves and paupers were incited to attack our houses with torches. And the end of it all is that they dare to say: "Are you going to oppose Caesar's will?")[638]

I know not quite how to judge him. The Second Limitation of War, as you

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

recall, ends as follows: *The number of people harmed by the violence should be fewer than the number of people helped by it.* Caesar did so many good things! To speak of "enslavement" as Tacitus did seems peculiar to our minds, because the masses lived unfree before Caesar as they did after him. The ones who trembled, the Ciceros, were the ruling elite. Arguably the majority were better off for Caesar's intelligent ordinances and laws; the question of whether or not he truly wanted to be king, and how much that might have offended them, is as much of a sham one as an opinion poll in my own time and place about whether I "support" the military action which my government will take against Iraq with or without my support. In short, I cannot say that the number of people he harmed was greater than those he helped, or than the number whom Pompey would have harmed if his less clement side had won. Perhaps the most telling thing is that we can't in fact judge this. What, in short, *was* Caesar's war aim? *Follow my star.*

The moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* states that an inconstant end is a warning of deceitful or outright evil expediency. Caesar's end was inconstant, and therefore dubious. But it is not necessarily condemnable.

"He died in the fifty-sixth year of his age," writes Suetonius, "and was numbered among the gods, not only by a formal decree, but also in the conviction of the common people."[639]

HYDRA UPON HYDRA

Indeed, whom should we call worse—Caesar or his successors? A new Three-Headed Monster now forms. Concluding that Caesar's clemency had caused his downfall,[640] the triumvirs draw up lists of slaughter: three hundred senators, two thousand rich men and Cicero himself, who'd spoken out against Marc Antony, desperately pleading with him to restore the Republic: "If the end that befell Gaius Caesar does not persuade you that it is better to inspire affection than terror, no words that anyone could utter will have the slightest effect or success."[641] Cicero dies bravely, after which his head and hands are displayed in the Senate. I repeat: Caesar never would have murdered him.

After Trebonius, first of Caesar's assassins to be captured, has met summary judgment, soldiers kick his severed head down the street "like a ball till it was completely crushed."[642] The Civil War roars on. Another captive pleads to be buried after his execution. The new Caesar, Octavian, replies: "The birds will soon settle that question."[643]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How Well-Requited is Mercy?

The "moral" calculus of Marc Antony, Octavian and Lepidus (43 B.C.)[644]

"If wicked men had not received mercy, when dishonestly seeking it, then neither would they have slain Gaius Caesar, who, after having captured them in war, preserved them by his clemency ... Gaius—who was both dictator and pontifex maximus and who both reduced and acquired for our dominion nations most formidable to the Romans and who was the firstof men to make trial of the unnavigated sea beyond the Pillars of Hercules and who discovered a land unknown to the Romans, in the midst of the Senate, which is called sacred, under the gods' eyes-they killed, insulting him with twenty-three wounds."[645]

Octavian, who gains control of the dictatorship and changes his name to Augustus, spies the Roman knight Pinarus taking notes at one of his speeches and commands that he be run through then and there. A praetor keeps some tablets under his toga; Augustus, imagining swords, has him "hustled from the tribunal by some centurions and soldiers, tortured him as if he were a slave, and though he made no confession, ordered his execution, first tearing out the man's eyes with his own hand."[646] (Meanwhile, here's banished Ovid's obsequious praise: In spite of all his conquests, "there is no work among all Caesar's achievements greater than this, that he became the father of this our Emperor."[647] Ovid was not recalled from exile.)

They say that Augustus's cruelty derived only from an insecurity in his position. Once his most dangerous enemies were dead, he becomes, like Julius Caesar, a clement builder and administrator. His minions complete the grand new Senate-house of marbled subservience, dreamed up by Caesar. He renovates the temple of Jupiter on the Mons Capitolinus. He doubles the Roman dominions. Whereas Caesar was merely god and perpetual dictator, Augustus will become Rome's first *emperor.* The eagle-adorned Fascists of Rome will celebrate his two thousandth birthday in 1938, and a statue of Mussolini himself will stretch a reaching hand from a high pedestal, barefoot, in a girded-up toga—the reincarnation of Augustus![648] Mussolini as Augustus, yes—not Mussolini as Caesar. This choice speaks in Caesar's favor. Augustus, of course, beloved by most commentators for his "flexibility" and administrative creativity, ought in no way to be compared to Nero, Caligula, Vespasian and that wicked crew of tyrants. (H. G. Wells: "He was perhaps the best thing that could have happened to Rome at that time.")[649] His long reign stretches on in monotonous and self-serving benevolence. We're told that Augustus two times considered restoring the Republic, but decided in the negative on each occasion, out of fear for his own safety.[650] This is contemptible.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

On history's sunny days, what bliss to rest in the cooling shadow of an emperor! But first, Caesar's war crackles meaninglessly on, until Marc Antony's dead, Cleopatra's dead, Lepidus is crushed and banished, Pompey's last son's broken, the Republic's dead in word and deed...

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

9.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

A. Buddha

> "Nor do ye think that ye can destroy wrong by retaliating evil for evil and thus increasing wrong. Leave the wicked to their fate and their evil deeds will sooner or later in one way or another bring on their own punishment."[651]

B. Julius Caesar, to Oppius and Cornelius (49 B.C.)

> "Let us see if by moderation we can win all hearts and secure a lasting victory, since by cruelty others have been unable to escape from hatred and to maintain their victory for any length of time except L. Sulla, whose example I do not intend to follow."[652]

C. Che Guevara

> "The norm to be followed should be an absolute inflexibility [toward the enemy] at the time of attack, an absolute inflexibility toward all the despicable elements that resort to informing and assassination, and clemency as absolute as possible toward the enemy soldiers who go into the fight performing or believing that they perform a military duty."[653] (But within a zone of control, "recalcitrant" enemy soldiers can be liquidated if they are "dangerous"[654]—a term Guevara nowhere defines.)

D. Eric Bergerud, military historian

> "When violence was separated from military purpose it became either murder or suicide."[655]

E. Rousseau (1755)

> "The aim of war being the destruction of a hostile State, we have a right to slay its defenders as long as they have arms in their hands; but as soon as they lay them down and surrender, ceasing to be enemies or instruments of the enemy, they become again simply men, and no one has any further right over their lives."[656]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Polybius

"For good men do not make war on wrongdoers to destroy and exterminate them, but to correct and reform those who err."[657]

G. *The Methods of the Ssu-Ma* (Chinese, fourth century B.C.)

"If one must stop war with war, although it is war it is permissible."[658]

H. Montesquieu (1748)

"There is no such thing as a right of reducing people to slavery, save when it becomes necessary for the preservation of the conquest."[659]

I. Major Dennis J. Popp

"Stab and slash only when close—within arm's reach. Do not hesitate (do something, even if it's wrong); try to close with and kill your enemy immediately, especially if he is larger or better armed. Aggression and speed are essential."[660]

J. General Count Philip de Segur

"They defended themselves as victors always do, by attacking."[661]

K. Clausewitz

"Let us not hear of Generals who conquer without bloodshed. If a bloody slaughter is a horrible sight, then that is a ground for paying more respect for War, but not for making the sword we wear blunter and blunter by degrees from feelings of humanity, until some one steps in with one that is sharp and lops off the arm from our body."[662]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BAILIFF'S TOLL

CHILD-SOLDIERS 1994-2001

"The soldier's body becomes a stock of accessories that are no longer his property," writes Antoine de Saint-Exupéry. War is the bailiff. What will be demanded in toll today? The portfolio of land mine victims fronting the moral calculus would serve perfectly well to make this very simple point. But I happen to be haunted by the child-soldiers I've seen around the world. (See also the young Afghan Mujahideen in the "Weapons on Parade" portfolio.) Youth is another accessory which the bailiff can confiscate. This portfolio is in remembrance of them.

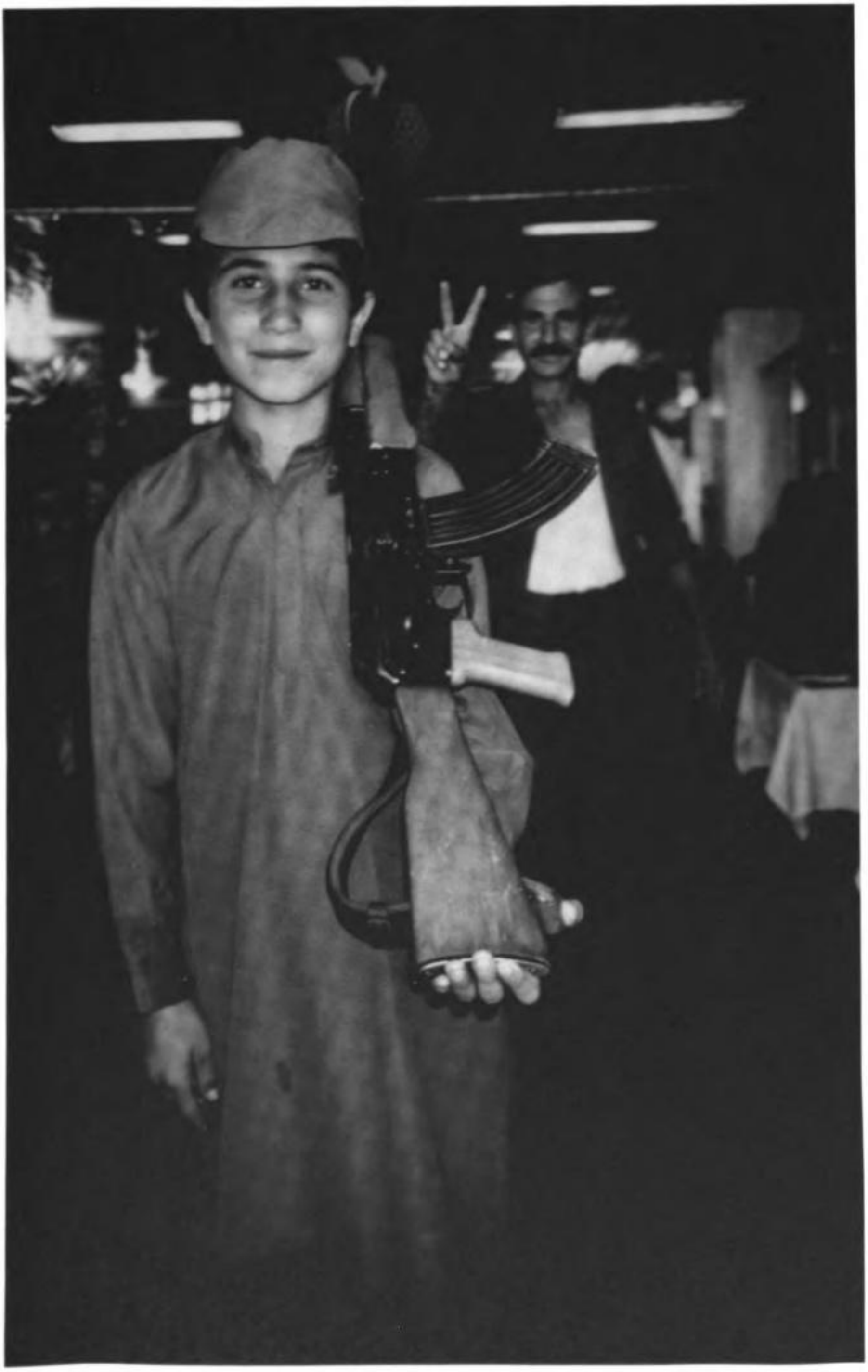
106. Karenni insurgent, Karenni State, Burma, 1994. He didn't know how old he was but guessed at ten or eleven.
107. Iraqi soldier, Baghdad, 1998.
108. Congolese insurgent (*Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie* faction), Goma, Democratic Republic of Congo, 2001.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 14

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

The supreme law of the State is self-preservation at any cost.

BAKUNIN[1]

You are a Member of Parliament, and one of that Majority which has doomed my Country to Destruction. You have begun to burn our Towns, and murder our People. Look upon your Hands! They are stained with the Blood of your Relations! You and I were long Friends: You are now my Enemy, and I am, Yours,

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN TO WILLIAM STRAHAN[2]

Serve the nation with one death.

JAPANESE WORLD WAR II SLOGAN[3]

"AND THE LANDSCAPE RADIATED FROM ME"

A homeland is a language: the way that the streets curve and the color of the sky in winter, the fashion in which coffee is served,[4] the tempo of traffic, the cadence of emotion and what is displayed in storefront windows;[5] homeland determines whether or not lovers hold hands in public, whether women veil their faces and how the news gets censored (it *will* get censored somehow); homeland defines

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

which races, creeds and nationalities claim citizenship or friendship with us, who goes to sleep hungry in our streets, which is to say how we define class; the names of the gods we pray to—to say nothing of the caliber of the national artillery. Antalcidas, a Spartan who lived four centuries before Christ, is supposed to have said that "Sparta's young men were her walls, and the points of their spears her frontiers."[6] A mullah I once met in Pakistan conveniently defined *his* homeland in terms of mosques and Qur'-Ans. Homeland is the taste of the fruit crop and what aliens think of us. Above all, homeland is an ethos,[7] whose actions justified and unjustified are *our* actions, making them (our patriots insist) impervious to the sacrilegious swipes of foreign evaluation.

PATRIOTISM EXCLUDED

And what is patriotism? Gibbon puts the case in narrowly benevolent political terms: "That public virtue which among the ancients was denominated patriotism, is derived from a strong sense of our own interest in the preservation and prosperity of the free government of which we are members."[8] "True patriotism," writes Bakunin, "is of course a very venerable but also a narrow, exclusive, anti-human, and at times a pure and simple bestial feeling."[9] At times, yes—think of Hitler. At other times, it may comprise a noble and loving protest (misguided or not), as it did for Gandhi against the British Empire; as it did for Mishima, who disemboweled himself in a vain effort to inspire the defense of Japan against demilitarization and de-imperialization. In his gruesome short story "Patriotism," which foreshadows that event, his protagonist on the eve of suicide feels himself "safe once more behind steel walls which none could destroy, encased in an impenetrable armor of Beauty and Truth."[10] Outside those walls, surrounding and embracing him, lies the homeland "for which he grieved... But would that great country, with which he was prepared to remonstrate to the extent of destroying himself, take the slightest heed of his death?"[11] —Not really. When Mishima addressed the army moments before his *seppuku,* they laughed and jeered him. —But although homeland may not always listen, when *she* speaks to us, she demands our atten-



Wartime poster in a police station in the Croatian border town of Karlovac (1992): Karlovac will never be Kordunovatz. *(See the case study "Where Are All the Pretty Girls?") Photo taken by Francis Tomasic.*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



From a Yugoslavian children's book (1980)

tive acquiescence. She has bailiffs to collect the toll.[12] Easy, then, to fashion of patriotic soul-ore some meretricious trinket of obedience or manipulated enthusiasm.[13] Admit to evidence Alexander Berkman's jailhouse statement that "the average prisoner corresponds to the average citizen—their patriotism is very passive, except when stimulated by personal interest, or artificially excited."[14] This rings true for all the so-called civic virtues. It is also true for the personal self-defense upon which so many of these categories are founded: We take our freedom and security for granted until imminence comes. Authority, or as it may be some lobby or cabal, artificially excites us against enemies whose names we can hardly pronounce; or it warns us of the approach of war aims which sincerely mean us harm; or sometimes, as in the Spanish Civil War, of our own accord we rise up against an imminent threat, seizing the armory, taking weapons from police; otherwise we are quiet—as we ought to be, since patriotism's exercise without a legitimate object becomes at best merely "aesthetic," at worst sadistic and cruel. And so I ask Gibbon (or the Romans to whom he was referring): Should the government not be free, or should it not allow us to partake of its propertied prosperity, how could patriotism remain a virtue? Is it truly *government* as such that the patriot invokes? Never—regardless of his acknowledged self-interest, it is *homeland.* Even Stalin, mobilizing the masses against Hitler's tanks and bombers, finally relieved ideology from its sentry-duty and called for defense of Mother Russia.

WHO IS BRAVEST?

The patriotic calculus of Sir Walter Raleigh (1614)

> "If therefore it be demanded, whether the Macedonian, or the Roman, were the best Warrior? I will answer, the Englishman."

SOURCE: RALEIGH, P. 209 (HISTORY OF THE WORLD).

CIRCLES OF EMERALD LIGHT

Homeland is sacred. Regarding the island-shrine of Delos, whose laws prohibited women from giving birth there, or corpses from being buried there, a Spartan said

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Banner raised up by militants who seized Stonehenge on VE Day (1995)

in disgust: "How could this be your fatherland, in which not one of you has either been born or will remain?"[15] But to the Delians the isle remained their homeland just the same. Our sacred ground may be constrained or even defined by the process of reaction to what *they* think of us—if they threaten, we must bristle; if they refrain from threatening, we fill the vacuum—but we'll always pretend that our national disposition, like our latest bushel of apples, is unique, deriving from our ancestry, atmosphere, native genius. "Thus," writes Hitler, "a performance of *Parsifal* in Bayreuth will always have a different effect than anywhere else in the world."[16] He was correct. Hence the votive character of this epitaph for the Corinthians who died in battle against the Persian invaders at Salamis: *Here we captured Phoenician ships and Persian, and we saved holy Greece from the Medes.*[17] A Vietnamese propaganda-fighter remembers the ambiance of 1945: "There was this great rush of patriotic feeling. To struggle for independence, to be proud of the nation—that was what everybody wanted. We had been slaves of the Chinese for a thousand years, slaves of the French for a hundred. Now we were going to be *free.*"[18]

A homeland may thus be defined as the intersection of geography, comradeship, privilege, power and habit; and we can readily see defense of homeland shading, like defense of self, defense of authority, defense of the revolution and indeed any other kind of self-defense, into defense of creed.[19] Saint-Exupéry insists: "My country and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I are one."[20] He readily paid the bailiff's toll.[21] A World War II song: "As one man, the whole Soviet people will rise to defend their land."[22] This is why defense of homeland comprehends not merely Bakunin's vegetable patriotism,[23] not simply the preservation of one's status upon whatever patch of dirt one happens to find oneself—or, if that's all it actually does comprise, patriots will never admit the fact. Defense of homeland borders on defense of race and culture, as one senses in this song addressed to the Aztec war-god: "Extended lies the city, lies Mexico, spreading circles of emerald light, radiating splendor like a quetzal plume."[24] In the Middle Ages, when Saladin takes Jerusalem from the Crusaders, the Armenian Patriarch Gregory Dgh'a remembers that city, homeland of his faith, in his elegy: "Metropolis of Palestine, center of the universe, principal point of the world."[25] The homeland must always define the center, the innermost of the circle of ripples, because that is where the self is. "Wherever I sat," says Thoreau, "there I might live, and the landscape radiated from me accordingly."[26]

As fundamental as any lonely atom's self-defense, self-defense of home ground has almost never been abrogated by any patch of dirt, the only exception I know of being the Japanese constitution of 1947, when the crushed and defeated nation, partially coerced, partially repelled by atrocities committed by and against itself, explicitly abdicated the right to international military solutions.

YOUR LAND IS MINE

"The landscape radiated from me." This conception all too easily accommodates annexation.[27] Our will plunges into the ocean of politics, and vibrations spread devouringly. How far do Sparta's boundaries stretch? someone asks the king. Shaking his spear, he replies: "As far as this can reach."[28]

DEFENSE AGAINST THE ZULUS

Over and over, the stale tragicomedy plays itself out. Hitler's Maxim: *Your homeland ought to belong to me, which is why I have the right to defend it against you.*[29] Prudence ought not to rest until it has built a bastion.[30] So the patriot believes, and I am inclined to agree—thus far. The official British history of the Zulu War of 1879 begins by expressing the surprisingly democratic view that one local chieftain's defense of ground against the (then Boer) Transvaal Republic was justified, since his territory was not included in it by any official act. "In April, 1877," the writer goes on blandly, "the annexation of the Transvaal took place, and Sekukuni's country appears to have been included without question in the territory which was thus added to the British possessions."[31] Did Sekukuni question it? How could he not have? Yet his defense of homeland remains justified no longer; he's a vassal of the British Empire! He disagrees, fails to ground arms? Very well. Let's fight him!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

That's defense of homeland, the Transvaal being *ours* now.

"By this time," the official history continues, "the aggressive bearing of the Zulus," who were Sekuni's overlords, "and the known power of their army, had produced a condition of affairs which their European neighbors found to be intolerable, and it was finally decided that certain demands should be made"[32]—demands, we might add, which the British knew would be unacceptable to the Zulu king.[33] One such requirement was the disbandment of the Zulu army. The Zulu representatives "considered that their nation had as much right to maintain an army as the English... They were informed, however, that no change could be made in the terms."[34]

Those ripples of homeland, those spreading circles of emerald light, shimmer outward with a vengeance. Observing that the wooded and mountainous terrain between the Buffalo and Tugela rivers would facilitate what we would now call guerrilla activity, "it was accordingly recognised that, in the event of war, the British troops would have to take the offensive promptly, and invade Zululand as the surest mode of guarding Natal."[35] The publicly stated British conception of the Zulus thus evolved as follows, *without the Zulus themselves ever changing in any fundamental respect*:

1. Allies against the Boers.
2. Aggressive neighbors.
3. Refusers of terms.
4. A hostile force.

The private conception, no doubt, was unvarying: *The British Empire shall extend as far as this spear can reach.* Therefore, one of these days we must subjugate the Zulus.

(The Zulu conception was similar—and in execution far worse. The arch-despot of the Zulu kings, Shaka, conquered three hundred chiefdoms by 1820,[36] sometimes by exterminating every man, woman and child who fell into his grasp. A nineteenth-century British observer coined what we'll name Shaka's Maxim: "If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all.")[37]

And the Zulus were subjugated. Here are the terms to which they had to put their marks:

> I recognise the victory of British arms over the Zulu nation, and the full right and title of Her Majesty Queen Victoria, Queen of England and Empress of India, to deal as she may think fit with the Zulu chiefs and people, and with the Zulu country.[38]

This is the very worst fate of war, short of the actual genocide which the Zulus had inflicted on others—the loss of homeland. The circles of emerald light dim down and dull. An ancient Chinese poet records in his weeping song of carnage

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

what war-stained homeland becomes: empty cities, weedy roads, smokeless hearths, thorn-choked city walls.[39] (The Zulus, as it happened, were allowed to have a puppet king, their conquerors considering it not politic to be too cruel, and, it would seem, not being exceptionally cruel by nature.)

"THE WEAK SUFFER WHAT THEY MUST"

And now the worst of the worst. We see a gaunt woman, shocked and grim, curling back her lips in the embrace of an older lady, perhaps her mother. They gaze at a man who has just taken a fistful of earth from his young wife, whose weeping distorts her face almost into a scream. She rubs her eyes with one hand, while with the other she grips her husband's wrist, trying to stop him from doing what he is about to do. It is August of 1991. Civil war has broken out in what used to be Yugoslavia. These people are refugees, just arrived in Sisak. The photographer's caption tells us that the wife had carried away this handful of soil from their home in Struga. Her husband clenches the dirt in his fingers, himself almost weeping. He says to her: "Throw it away. You'll never see it again!"[40]

Life—and death—without homeland! The worst of the worst! "Look, Bill," a Croat told me. "In this country, when you build a house you build for life. After you, your sons and daughters will live on in that house."[41] And then he showed me houses burned down by enemies. *Center of the universe, principal point of the world*—"Therefore I will make Samaria a heap in the open country, a place for planting vineyards; and I will pour down her stones into the valley, and uncover her foundations. All her images shall be beaten to pieces."[42] Thus the Book of Micah.

Consider Thucydides's grim tale of the Melians, all alone on their little isle in the Cretan Sea, who in the sixteenth year of the Peloponnesian War tell the envoys of the invading Athenians: "All we can reasonably expect from this negotiation is war, if we prove to have right on our side and refuse to submit, or in the contrary case, slavery." The envoys jocularly argue that "right, as the world goes, is only in question between equals in power, while the strong do what they can and the weak suffer what they must."[43] The Melians agree that they are the weak—for facing their city-state is a force of thirty-eight ships, 3,100 hoplite soldiers and 320 archers. They choose the entirely justified course of defending their homeland, and survive the siege until the winter, when "some treachery taking place inside [the walls], the Melians surrendered at discretion to the Athenians, who put to death all the grown men whom they took, and sold the women and children for slaves, and subsequently sent out five hundred colonists and settled the place themselves."[44]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE EXHORTATION OF AEMILIUS

Thus when Hannibal, victorious in other battles, threatens to inflict a still more crushing chastisement upon the Romans at Cannae, the Consul Paullus Lucius Aemilius, himself fresh from the urgent admonitions of the Senate, gathers the legions before him to invoke the cause: defense of homeland. They know that Hannibal has become literally a sworn enemy of Rome. Carthage, that humming African hive of alienness, gave birth to him—kill Hannibal, and the Carthaginian threat remains. First things first. Kill Hannibal! But how can they hope to do that? He's crossed the Alps with almost supernatural speed, bringing ferocious elephants and Gauls, emblems of his ominous strangeness. Wherever he appears, he wins, and now our towns have begun rising up against sacred Rome! More than two centuries later, the Romans will remember him as having gazed upon a trench overflowing with human blood—from his lips came: "O beauteous sight!"[45] (No matter that the Romans were just as cruel.) And so Aemilius, seeking to preserve the homeland by arousing angry resolve equal to the exigencies of the case, addresses his troops as follows on that mucky, ominous spring day in 216 B.C.:



Patriotic French poster (1916)

> To men serving others for pay, or to those who fight as allies on behalf of others, who have no greater danger to expect than meets them on a field, and for whom the issues at stake are of little importance—such men may need words of exhortation. But men who, like you, are fighting not for others, but themselves—for country, wives, and children; and for whom the issue is of far more momentous consequence than the mere danger of the hour, need only be reminded: require no exhortation. For who is there among you who would not wish to be victorious; and next, if that may not be possible, to die with arms in his hands, rather than to live and see the outrage and death of those dear objects which I have named?[46]

(Likewise runs the last letter of the mortally wounded soldier Olef Nechitovsky to his sweetheart, 1944: "I do not want to die, but my country's call is a law; it was my duty, and so I had to give my life."[47] As Ho Chi Minh said, "Nothing is more precious than independence and liberty."[48] In the sixteenth century, Martin Luther informs us that when the realm is in peril, and a lord is fighting to protect his dependents, "in such a war it is a Christian act and an act of love confidently to kill, rob, and pillage the enemy, and to do everything that can injure him until one has

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

conquered him according to the methods of war"—anything, that is, except to rape his women, for that would be a sin.)[49]

Hannibal's wings, comprised of skilled and murderous Africans, will surround the Romans and attack them from the rear. Aemilius's side[50] (and Aemilius himself) will be smashed, their cause nearly liquidated. The bloody trench brims. Fifty thousand Romans will die at Cannae. But in the end, Rome triumphs, and Hannibal, forced back all the way to Carthage, saves his freedom only by a draught of poison. Seventy years after Cannae, the next war having gone against her, too, Hannibal's homeland will be utterly razed in defense of homeland, her citizens slaughtered, her fields sown with salt, so that nothing will ever grow there again...

ANJILLAH'S STORY

"When they first came," Anjillah said to me, "the night they came the air was full of noises. Airplanes. We wondered what's going on and of course the night before was like that, too. The fighting started at nine o'clock. They attacked the palace and the fighting lasted three or four hours. I guess they took over the palace and killed almost everybody there. The next morning we woke up and the tanks were on our streets. But of course the Russians had this other Babrak [Babrak Karmal, the first Soviet puppet of the occupation]. He made a broadcast from Tashkent saying that he was in control.

"I came out of the house and I saw the tanks. They were cautious. They had dug their tanks in the ground. Their machine guns were pointed at the houses, so I stayed home. I got almost sick from what was happening. I didn't know what to do. For two days I stayed home, and I noticed that nothing was happening. Then I went back to my normal business. Of course the whole thing is that the Russians were carefully planning the invasion."

At this moment, Anjillah stopped. The next thing was the next thing, so it had to come now, but she did not want it to come.

"When I was in high school, they said: 'Don't go to school tomorrow,' but I went. 'Don't go out of classes at twelve o'clock,' they said. The big open door was waiting for me. Then the Afghan Army came in with clubs and guns."

Anjillah swallowed, and then the words came out of her, easy and flat and dead. She was not crying. People rarely cry when they have lived something over and over.

"They shot with guns into the air. Then they shot two boys. They brought helicopters over the school. A girl took her lipstick and put it on one soldier. She put her *chador*[51] around him. Another did the same thing. But they still shot two boys. The helicopters shot one of the girls too. Everyone was crying and screaming. I remembered that my father had told me in such situations to stay where I was. We hid under our desks. Then I took a bus; I hid myself in my chador.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"One of my friends was lost. The guns were shooting everywhere. There were jeeps everywhere."

EMPIRICAL VALIDATION, IMMINENT SELF-DEFENSE

I believe Anjillah. I believe that because when I went to her homeland during the war, I met ever so many civilians now elevated to lamenters for destroyed houses and murdered loved ones—people scarred and maimed, most of whom blamed Soviet occupation troops. A minority (which after the Soviet pullout would unfortunately become a majority) had suffered at the hands of other Afghan factions[52] but even those people (during the war, at least) presented the evils inflicted by Afghans upon Afghans as trivial compared to those inflicted by Soviets and pro-Soviets upon Afghans. Shall we agree that victims, if not terrorized or bribed, generally tend to name their oppressors accurately when they know them? (Forgive me if I state the obvious; when I first went to Afghanistan, such matters were not obvious to me at all.) Sometimes they don't know them. Anjillah's sister had been threatened with abduction, no one knew if by Soviets or by Mujahideen. All Anjillah could tell me years later was that her sister had been "on a list," and her family had to pay ten thousand afghanis for her not to be taken away.

Enough: the Soviets invaded Afghanistan, committed atrocities, waged an unjust war, which may be schematized as follows:

THE EXPEDIENT CALCULUS OF THE SOVIET UNION: INVADING AFGHANISTAN (1979-1989)

I. Soviet ends (*probable and possible*):

A. Defensive

i. Protection against encirclement. [*Probable.*][53]

China had been hostile since the split with Mao; Islamic Iran and Pakistan bristled with anti-atheism. Between Iran and Pakistan lay Afghanistan. Should the pro-Soviet regime there fall, a bloc of three anti-Soviet countries could form on the Soviet border, possibly reinforced by a U.S. military presence. "The invasion of Afghanistan, like the invasion of Czechoslovakia, was designed to regain control of what was slipping away."[54] This general anxiety guided the USSR from the very beginning. Lenin, we are told, "never tired of repeating:... 'Make ready to defend your country. Remember that we are surrounded by hostile states.'"[55]

ii. Protection against Muslim separatism within the USSR. [*Possible.*]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

By kindred logic to (i), the Soviets might have wanted to establish a cordon sanitaire between their own country and militant Islamic revolutions.[56]

iii. Protection against an image of weakness. [*Probable.*]

Should Afghanistan fall, other client regimes, as in eastern Europe, might get delusions of grandeur.

iv. Protection against a recalcitrant puppet. [*Probable.*][57]

Hafizullah Amin, that puppet, assassinated the Soviets' choice for president, Nur Mohammed Taraki, instead of being purged himself. A Soviet journalist reports that the Soviet leadership was said to have been "infuriated," and that Amin's subsequent repressions and international vacillations frightened the KGB.

B. Offensive

i. A "stepping stone toward world domination," as feared by the American "domino theory" which had led successive U.S. administrations to fight the USSR in proxy wars in Korea, Vietnam and Grenada. [*Possible, but not necessarily of great weight in the 1980s Soviet strategic calculus.*][58]

ii. Expansion of Soviet influence. [*Likely, as it would be for any nation.*][59]

iii. "Assisting movements of national liberation." [*Possible.*][60]

Soviet foreign policy toward other Communist states and parties indicates that (iii) may well be the same as (ii), cast in moral or pseudo-moral terms.

iv. A step toward the future annexation of strategic objectives, specifically the oil fields of Iran, threatened (from a Soviet point of view) since Khomenei's revolution; and the Strait of Hormuz, the warm water port that the USSR never had. Other hypothetical objectives: Pakistan,[61] China.[62] [*Possible.*][63]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> v. A useful training exercise for Soviet troops. [*Possible, if we assume vast Soviet overconfidence; the exercise did not end well.*][64]

II. Soviet means (verified by witnesses):

> Any and all necessary, including liquidation of the head of state, mass murder of civilians (sometimes by such methods as burning alive), destruction of crops, maiming of children by mines disguised as toys, etc.

Actually, the Soviet ends were muddy. The Politburo and the Supreme Soviet might not even have voted on the matter.[65] But however we might interpret or reconstruct them, they cannot be justified. At their absolute best, they paid no regard to the sovereignty of Afghan people such as Anjillah. As for the means, they were quite simply hideous. The Soviets killed over a million Afghans between 1980 and 1989.[66]

"THE LAST DROP OF BLOOD"

As for the Afghans, they killed Soviet soldiers, advisers and their families in 1979-89[67]—at least fifteen thousand of them.[68] This was because the Soviets had occupied their country, and they were doing whatever they could do to drive the Soviets out. It was very common for me to hear an Afghan say (with a quiet little smile): "We will fight to the last drop of blood."[69] Or he would tell me (just as people later would in Sarajevo, with a substitution only of enemies): "We don't need food. We don't need medicine. We need only guns—to fight with the Russians, you know." Was this justified? Absolutely—for the most nakedly perfect species of justification in war is self-defense of territory against invasion.[70] These brave, tough people will always remain my heroes.

"THEY GIVE YOU SHOTS TO MAKE YOU CHANGE YOUR MIND"

"After they shot those other students, I myself stayed home until on the TV *our friendly friend* Russia said that it was safe to go to school," Anjillah continued. "All night the night before, my father had said: 'Don't talk to strangers. Don't even talk to your best friend. They come and get you from classes,' my father said. 'They put you in their Party.'"

"Did you know any Party members at that time?" I asked her.

"My best friend had become a communist. They said to her: 'We're glad you found the right way. We've heard such good things about you!' When you became

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

really interested in communism, they made you change. They made you step on your Qur'-An and then they gave you shots to make you change your mind."

"THEY WERE TRYING TO ELIMINATE THE FAMILY OVER THERE" *or* "AT LEAST THEY'RE LEARNING TO READ"

The "shots" may have been a myth, but Anjillah believed in them. They are a very concrete symbol of her terror. Had the Soviets not been roasting people alive, drowning them in cesspools, etcetera, I might have found her notion laughable. She'd probably been told some garbled tale of sodium pentathol or other drugs being used in prison interrogations, and drawn the conclusion—so welcome to occupiers, had it been true—that an injection or two could alter a person's creed forever, and thereby remake the homeland. Here we get to the heart of the Soviet-Afghan War as so many Afghans saw it: It was a jihad, a Muslim religious war. We've already said that homeland is language, coffee, creed and all the rest. (For the young wife from Sisak, it's a handful of ex-Yugoslav dirt.) This evident fluidity of categories complicates the application of any moral calculus to real life. What if we hate the aggression, but also dislike some aspects of the victims' code?[71] Consider the testimony of Anjillah's father, a cautious, watchful man who wore his spectacles on a string around his neck, and who sat on a stool fixing typewriters in Berkeley. He was afraid, because he had relatives in Afghanistan. Had he given me his last name and had spies of the Afghan puppet government read it in my book,[72] they would have harmed his kin. His first name, the Islamic version of Everyman, was Muhammed. He said to me: "I was thinking that the Russians were going to stay here for a long time and they would eliminate everyone who would not agree with them. They were trying to eliminate the family over there. They were telling the children you did not have to obey your father. They ordered the various cities and counties to paint their windows red. Their literacy course was actually to teach women they would no longer have to obey their husbands, be married by force or wear the veil. They wanted them to stand against the government to make the government invite the Russians inside. This was my impression," he said. Anjillah's father's conviction, then, was that women ought to wear the veil, obey their fathers and husbands and be married by force if necessary. Associated with this attitude we find the sad, sordid phenomenon of "honor killings"—murders of women who might have been unfaithful, or blamed for a nonexistent infidelity; or unlucky enough to shame the family by getting raped.[73] Whether or not Anjillah's father condoned such extremes of patriarchal power, violence against gender, some of it unjustified, seemed unlikely to change unless Afghan society changed.

Did that give anybody (into which convenient placeholder, insert the name "the Soviets") the right to change Afghanistan? In other words: *Is the custom of female servi-*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tude as odious as the servitude which the Soviets sought to impose? Thus the question might often be put. To this I would have to return a strong negative. Female servitude was partially and locally legitimized by the quasi-consensuality of tradition and creed. In other words, the preexisting authority of men over women, with all its abuses (and with its permissiveness, too; people who tend to think of Afghanistan as a country in which women have always been shrouded beasts of burden might be surprised to know that shortly before the invasion of Afghanistan it was commonplace for the coeds at Kabul University to wear miniskirts) had long since been an almost value-neutral feature of homeland itself.[74] There is no comparison between the occasional honor killing and the rape, torture and murder of multitudes.[75] —"At least they're learning to read," more than one feminist told me over the years. A parallel might be made with the African custom of female circumcision, which is imposed locally, within the family, and which many activists in my own country seek to ban—there being no Soviet occupiers to stop it. How nice for such well-meaning souls if a foreign army marched in to do the dirty work! But I would argue, as before,[76] that the noblest ends (or the basest) ought never to be sullied by base means. Anjillah's father's position stands as rational, traditional, arguable. In every homeland, we'll find points of view far worse than his. Hence this corollary to the moral calculus: A local injustice *of which the locals do not complain* (and in my personal experience they didn't) never invalidates defense of homeland.[77] To assert otherwise is to play God.

DEFENSE OF THE OBVIOUS

Anjillah's story teaches simply this: Defense of homeland is justified against anybody who does what they did to Anjillah. (Years later, she was bitter, terrified, impoverished, a menial in her land of exile.) And Anjillah's father teaches: Defense of homeland is justified even for a homeland which third parties might not want to live in. —Too obvious? —I wish! —Unfortunately, the Golden Rule's necessary truism that other people's codes, until they tell us otherwise, must be presumed to be good enough for them, can never be too warmly or too frequently asserted.

In my mind's eye I see again the stern, old, white-bearded, turbaned malik whose broad belt of cartridges emerges from his collar and marches down his chest, signs and footprints of his glorious purpose: defense of homeland. From that narrow face, fearless eyes stare out at me. This face is proud and violent. This is a leader, a Muslim, an Afghan, a man, a grizzled defender of obvious causes. When I met him, I felt that he could do the impossible, and he did. The war was going on; in his village everyone lived mostly on tea, rice and onions, ready to fight to the last drop of blood.

I see a small boy, with brownish-green eyes, prayer cap askew on his head, holding aloft the toy rifle that his father (smiling in the background) lovingly carved for him out of wood, complete with checkering. The child holds the rifle firmly and properly against his shoulder, aiming; he'll be a warrior someday. He'll defend the obvious.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I see men cleaning their machine guns before going off to jihad. They are proudly exultant; they are utterly justified by imminence and ethos. They are laughing. They joke with me. I admire them more than I can tell you.

"A BITTER IRONY"

Once the invaders left, of course, the obvious changed. As a passionately partisan acquaintance who had been involved with Afghanistan for years wrote me in late 1996:

> Afghanistan won the long jihad but has lost the peace (that is, the peace has been lost—it was never really found) and what had once been a holy and honorable struggle against an awesome foe has degenerated into bloody bickering. It is a bitter irony that Afghanistan's struggle freed eastern Europe and the former USSR from communism and the world from fear of a nuclear holocaust yet Afghanistan's holocaust (2 million dead,[78] 2 million disabled, still 2 million refugees and entire districts ... laid waste) continues toward its 19th anniversary (4-27-97) with no end in sight.[79]

Sad though this is, it diminishes not by a whit the sublime justice of the Afghan defense of homeland in 1979-89.

DEFENSE AGAINST FUTURITY

No exhortation needed, cries Aemilius the exhorter; likewise, Thucydides refers to "the universal law which sanctions resistance to an invader,"[80] but there is another law more potent, if to our complacency less terrible: inevitable obliteration. Because nothing lasts, each and all of these circles of emerald light, these myriad sinews of placehood, must dissolve in any event, to be replaced by the tissues of some other territorial organism.

In 1642-49, the Iroquois Confederacy reduced its Huron rivals to a few starving and terrified refugees. French priests in their fortified mission a league away could see from the color of the smoke that the Iroquois were roasting human beings: "We all looked on ourselves as so many victims consecrated to Our Lord and as such obligated to await the hour of our immolation for His glory."[81] After a winter of horror and death, they managed to escape with three hundred Huron across what had once been the homeland of ten thousand. The party was compelled to be "always on our guard, as one traveling in an enemy country."[82] With an exaggeration which must have then seemed close to the truth, one of them wrote in his *Relation* that the Huron had become "a people blotted out from the face of the earth."[83] Their fate, far worse than that of the Zulus, or even of the couple from Struga (who half a decade later, with Greater Serbia's unjustified defense of homeland defeated, actually stood

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a chance of returning to their homes), nonetheless had this in common with them: All had lost their respective battles. At least for the moment (that's the context of any evaluation), their homeland was at their disposal no longer. It was up for auction at the bailiff's. Huron ground became de facto Iroquois territory, then in due time Anglophone churches, parks, motorways and subdivisions.

Had the Iroquois not defeated the Huron, Francophones or Anglophones would have taken their homeland just the same. And someday, my homeland, and yours, will belong to someone else. No matter what, the Huron of 1948 would have been very different from the Huron of 1648—less adept at traveling vast distances in the wilderness, probably; more adept with firearms; more Christianized; more pan-Canadian—which is to say, Huron in a newly defined way. Thus tragedy, but the drama of history never ends in any fifth act. The inevitability of the process for all of us fails to decrease the painfulness of being digested.

There will always exist a majority or subculture of patriots prepared to defend homeland as it is against homeland as it might be or will be. The more rapid or radical the change, the deeper the anguish, and the more militant our homeland's defenders. The Huron, for instance, divided themselves into "pagan" traditionalists and Christian converts. To the extent that such issues shade themselves off into defense of creed and authority, we've already considered them. To the extent that they concern themselves with defense of homeland against foreigners, we'd better continue with this exercise of stating the obvious: *Defense against palpable aggression is more justifiable than defense against futurity.*

COLONEL MAUDE'S EPIGRAM

Clausewitz insists "that a defensive without any positive principles is a contradiction in strategy as well as in tactics"; thus "every defensive, according to its strength, will seek to change to the attack as soon as it has exhausted the advantages of the defensive."[84] True self-defense of a nation, we've agreed, is justified morally, hence the strategy necessary for that self-defense must also be justified; but Clausewitz's remark shows how slippery-fudged it all is.

Consider the mass armies of the French Revolution, levied under desperate circumstances to fight the invasion of a counterrevolutionary coalition (no matter that their revolution provoked it). At long last, shortly before Robespierre "looks through the little window" of the guillotine, comes the turning point. The invaders get driven out. The French troops, thus having "exhausted the advantages of the defensive," switch to the offensive, for not to punish the aggressors on their own territory might mean their eventual return. Hence Napoleon in Italy, then Napoleon in Austria, and finally Napoleon in Russia, ceaselessly insisting, as Hitler will do at Stalingrad, that an offensive "must be sustained to the last extremity," in order to prevent the initiative from passing to the enemy.[85] On account of this sort of logic,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Anatol Rapaport has called Clausewitz both noble and sinister.[86] For when does defense of homeland's legitimacy end?

Shortly before the First World War, Clausewitz's editor, Colonel F. N. Maude, toed the line in a crisp epigram: "The ultimate consequences of defeat no man can foretell. The only way to avert them is to ensure victory."[87] Thus the rationale, not illegitimate in a limited just war, for proactive self-defense, for the preemptory first strike, which is so insanely dangerous a concept in this nuclear age.

The Powhatan Indians once exterminated the Chesapeakes in a preventive war; a prophecy had arisen that a nation from the Chesapeake Bay would destroy the Powhatan confederacy. That destruction was, indeed, imminent; unfortunately the nation from the bay was England.[88]

SELF-DEFENSE'S SEA OF FLAMES

In the 1990s we find the weakening North Korean regime invoking the necessity occasioned by that weakness to launch occasional fanatical pinprick-attacks (sometimes involving only one assassin-commando, sometimes a couple of dozen) against South Korea.[89] "We shall reply to war with war," cries a North Korean homeland-defender at a bilateral conference. "We shall turn Seoul into a sea of flames." The South Korean delegate responds by asking wearily whether that statement is itself a declaration of war, and, if so, why the bilateral conference is being held at all.[90] Obviously, neither man agrees as to just what defines aggression and defense. Wouldn't a mutually agreed-on calculus comfort them both, by defining and thereby partially controlling futurity? In its absence, here's the only solution—for both sides: alertness, readiness to further enflame self-defense against one another.

My own calculus would be this:

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND IS JUSTIFIED:[91]

1. When the aliens are the imminent violent aggressors.
2. When the aliens seriously threaten homeland's fundamental rights[92] to express its own ethos and follow its own lifeway, and when all nonviolent means for neutralizing the threat have failed.[93]

COROLLARY: A local injustice of which the locals do not complain never invalidates local defense of homeland.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF HOMELAND IS UNJUSTIFIED:[94]

1. When it is mere prosecution of homeland's interest.
2. When it is mere defense against futurity.
3. In any civil war, unless this defense can be shown to uphold legitimate authority. Otherwise, both sides can claim to represent the homeland.[95]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HITLER

Eight decades before that dismal stand-off between the two Koreas, we see the Austrian-born Hitler, rootless and literally homeless, struggling first for status, then merely for sustenance; and learning in the trenches of the First World War how to struggle with gun in hand. We have already learned how crudely and dangerously he justifies authority.[96] Stricken by English "yellow-cross gas," he becomes temporarily blinded; at that very moment of anxious darkness the war ends—so too the Austro-Hungarian Empire, and the Kaiser's Reich. Hitler weeps from his blistered eyes. Now he understands. His vision comes back. He blames it on the Jews, who'd artfully corrupted defense of homeland so that "in August, 1914, it was not a people resolved to attack which rushed to the battlefield; no, it was only the last flicker of the national instinct of self-preservation in the face of the progressing pacifist-Marxist paralysis of our national body."[97] How's that? German blood had been bastardized! "With satanic joy in his face, the black-haired Jewish youth lurks in wait for the unsuspecting girl whom he defiles with his blood, thus stealing her from her people."[98] For Hitler, then, defense of homeland *must* involve defense against futurity through eugenic separation and extermination. Then, too, there's the matter of *Lebensraum.* Germany needs living-space. Unless she gets it, her growing population will be dependent on aliens for food, or else starve. Better to extend the perimeters of homeland! Hitler said that in 1924. A decade and a half later, on the eve of World War II, the same necessity still haunts his mind, which is why we hear him explaining to his officers: "It is a question of expanding our living-space in the east, of securing our food-supplies, and of settling the Baltic problem."[99] And in case of victory, defense of futurity will come into play once again, and require that the aliens who previously dwelled on that soil be removed.



Hitler and his predecessor, the revered Hindenburg, whose appearance in this campaign poster gives the Führer an air of legitimacy (1933)

Hitler had drawn his own conclusions from Hannibal's lost war. Although Carthage did surrender to the Romans after the first war, Rome became thereby neither complacent (how could they forget Cannae?), nor appeased by submission.[100] Futurity gave them nightmares. Thus the next war, and its outcome: extermination, salt-sowing. In *Mein Kampf,* Hitler wrought these events into an explicit paradigm: Germany could expect no better, did she not rise up against "the shame of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Hitler receives Reichstag ovation after announcing Anschluss of Austria (March 1938)

Versailles." His subsequent brutalities as conqueror force the conclusion that by the anti-Carthaginian logic of the *implicit* paradigm, the various surrenders of the Eastern European peoples he vanquished wouldn't stop him from cutting them down, then sowing salt in their blasted homelands:

How Far Can the Victor Go?

The expedient calculus of Adolf Hitler (*ca.* 1918[101]-1945)

> "A shrewd victor will, if possible, always present his demands to the vanquished in installments. And then, with a nation that has lost its character—and this is the case of every one which voluntarily submits—he can be sure that it will not regard one more of those individual oppressions as an adequate reason for taking up arms again... The fall of Carthage is the most horrible picture of such a slow execution of a people through its own deserts."
>
> Source: Hitler, p. 668.

Through its own deserts! What a convenient rationale for sowing salt! Poland overrun at his command, Hitler will invoke his expedient calculus to prohibit the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rebuilding of Warsaw—"in order," says an intimate, "to deprive the Polish people of their political and cultural center."[102] —"Now we can strike at the heart of Poland," says Hitler in the summer of 1940. "I have ordered to the East my Death's Head units with the order to kill without pity or mercy all men, women, and children of Polish race or language."[103] In Poland and Russia, his *Einsatzgrüppen* will quickly disprove Gandhi's hopeful maxim that "an army that dares pass over the corpses of innocent men and women would not be able to repeat that experience."[104] Salt and more salt! More firing-squads, more trenches. "O beauteous sight!"

We see him with his squarish black blot of a moustache, glaring, chopping the air with his wrists, saluting the futurity he'll create by trying to avoid through violence, his right arm straight out in front of him, inclining upward only ever so slightly, in understated acknowledgement and causation of the saluting arms of his crowds, whose stiff wrists and knife-edged hands rise at forty-five-degree angles, like the muzzles of artillery pieces adjusted for maximum range. At conferences or in snapshots with Eva Braun he strikes third parties as strangely awkward, almost withdrawn; it's only out front, alone at the head of his movement, that he comes into his own. He believes he hears "the elemental cry of the German-Austrian people for union with the German mother country ... a longing to return to the never-forgotten ancestral home,"[105] and temporarily succeeds in bringing about just that, although the Austrian chancellor, Schussnigg, struggles to prevent him. His territorial ideal vaguely resembles that of the anti-secessionist Abraham Lincoln,[106] or that of the Serbian Ministry of Information pamphlet which mildly explains: "The Serbs are proud of their history and tradition and for this reason, just like the Poles once, they cannot accept imposed contemporary divisions which cut up the Serbian ethnic, geographic and historical entity."[107] —Yes—other homelands have their ideals, too! After Schussnig's forced resignation, the Austrian President tries to tell Hitler, equally vainly, that "Austria alone determines who is to be the head of government."[108] Hitler does not care what Austria presumes to determine. The homeland for which he fought during World War I comprises in equal measure expedient future and mythic past. Almost three decades after it's over, Albert Speer, who'd been mesmerized by him almost until the end of the Third Reich, will conclude from his prison cell that Hitler's "illusions and wish-dreams were a direct outgrowth of his unrealistic mode of working and thinking... he wanted to have the war at this supposedly most favorable moment, while at the same time he failed to adequately prepare for it."[109] Defending his dream-Germany precisely equaled bringing it into being—which could be done only by strangling the neighbors.[110]

With his spittle-spraying stridency he screams that defense against futurity must take place in the present. *"As long as the eternal conflict between Germany and France is carried on only in the form of a German defense against French aggression, it will never be decided, but from year to year, from century to century, Germany will lose one position after another."*[111] The solution, a thoroughly Clausewitzian one: attack France.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Over and over, defense against futurity. In 1939, Germany holds a four-to-one advantage in materiel. "In order to maintain it we would have to go on producing four times as much. We are in no position to do so."[112] The solution: attack Poland while we can.

Poland falls. So does France. England seems checkmated. Russia continues to faithfully fulfill her part of the Nazi-Soviet Pact, but Hitler, homeland's resolute protector, now explains at a secret conference: "There is no time to lose. War must come in my lifetime. My pact was meant only to stall for time, and, gentlemen, to Russia will happen just what I have practised with Poland—we will crush the Soviet Union."[113]

HITLER'S FOREBEARS

If age sanctifies principle, then Hitler's ought to be gilded, for we can hear it issuing from the mouths of aggressors down the ages; here it is on the lips of the Persian king, Xerxes, preparing to invade and burn Athens: "I know too well that if we make no move, the Athenians will—they will be sure to invade our country... Retreat is no longer possible for either of us: if we do not inflict the wound, we shall assuredly receive it."[114] A half-century after the Greeks have beaten Xerxes, they fall out amongst themselves, and Corinthian envoys harangue Sparta into declaring war on Athens, gibing: "You, Spartans, of all the Hellenes are alone inactive, and defend yourselves not by doing anything but by looking as if you would do something; you alone wait until the power of an enemy is becoming twice its original size, instead of crushing it in its infancy."[115] This was precisely Hitler's argument for proactive self-defense against Poland. His enemies' strength is growing, he reminds his staff over and over; he is aging. Right now he has a favorable correlation of forces, which may prevail through 1944, but if Germany fails to begin the war by then, or by 1945 at the absolute latest, the opportunity to secure living-space will have been lost.



"Victory at any price" (1942)

When Shall I Wage War?

The expedient calculus of the the Brahman Kautilya (4th century B.C.)

> "Whoever is inferior to another shall make peace with him; whoever is superior in power shall wage war; whoever thinks, 'No enemy can hurt me, nor am I strong enough to destroy my enemy,' shall observe neutrality."
>
> SOURCE: KAUTILYA, ARTHASHASTRA, EXCERPTED IN CHALIAND, P. 288.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

At the end of that hot, tense summer of 1939, when war waits upon his command to crush Poland, and the last futile heralds of diplomacy rush back and forth, he refers once more to self-defense: "Close your hearts to pity. Act brutally. Eighty million people must obtain what is their right. Their existence must be made secure." Then he continues, à la Thucydides: "The strongest man is right."[116] For Hitler, ambitions are homeland. The Sudetenland, Austria, Czechoslovakia are bloodless acquisitions all, so he hasn't yet spent any of his strength; why not try to acquire more? One engaging and thorough work of diplomatic scholarship concludes that nothing could have prevented Hitler's war except his death.[117] The same might have been said about Xerxes, or the Corinthians who sneer:

> And yet, Spartans, you still delay, and fail to see that peace stays longest with those who are not more careful to use their power justly than to show their determination not to submit to injustice. On the contrary, your idea of fair dealing is based on the principle that if you do not injure others, you need not risk your own fortunes in preventing others from injuring you.[118]

They have a point—Poland's point of view: her frantic non-aggression failed to save her from Hitler. But of course that point is being addressed not to any peaceful Poland, but to one of the two great rival city-states of the Peloponnese, as an incitement to *break* the peace.

THE CROCODILE'S MAXIM

The general rule of national self-interpretation is this: *If we lost the last war, it's a grievance. If we won the last war, it's the status quo.* Call this the Crocodile's Maxim.[119] We call upon the enemy to regurgitate his spoils, but it would be a crime against nature if we had to do the same. Territorialism rarely follows the Golden Rule. We will examine proactive self-defense as a category in another chapter.[120] For now, we need merely note its slaughterhouse cynicisms, as in this Imperial Rescript through which Japan announced her surrender in 1945: "We declared war on America and Britain out of Our sincere desire to assure Japan's self-preservation and the stabilization of East Asia, it being far from Our thought ... to infringe upon the sovereignty of other nations."[121] This is a lie; Japan began the war with America by bombing Pearl Harbor without a declaration of hostilities; that action in turn had been necessitated by Japan's refusal to disgorge conquered, bleeding China. Thus we see a double infringement of sovereignty. But *if* we grant a devoured China as a status quo; if like Xerxes we cannot consider ourselves worthy should we abandon our new territories, and if America then embargoes our oil, well, then by divine right of the Crocodile's Maxim we shall have to defend ourselves, that's all. The widow of a kamikaze recalls being ordered to thrust at the throats of imaginary American giants

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

with a bamboo spear. "I enjoyed it. It was for Japan ... We were sending our loved ones off to die to protect the country. It was the least we could do on the home front."[122]

World War II begins.

CANCELLATION

We see a Soviet soldier lying in a bathtub in Stalingrad, with his machine gun resting on the bathtub's lip. We see snow on his boots and uniform, snow in the bathtub, snow in the wreckage about him. Black war-smoke occludes his aiming point. He lurks and sights, dug in, fighting for a piece of homeland now fit only for corpse-rats.[123] Stalin commemorates the October Revolution as the Germans approach Moscow. Lean, alert, fatherly, he stands upon the rostrum, a star upon his cap.[124] In his speech, defense of class gives way to defense of homeland. Food rationing comes back. And the soldier fights on.

Three years later, we see *Hitlerjugend* boys—young, very young—trudging off in their doomed attempt to save the shrunken homeland from the Soviet invaders. Blankets embrace their backpacks. They carry canteens, guns and bombs. As they pass down the cobblestoned street, an old soldier beams upon them.[125] How many will live?



"Death to the Fascist snake!"
(Soviet Estonia, 1941)

WHY DID I CONTINUE FIGHTING FOR HITLER?

The moral calculus of Heinz Guderian, Chief of the Army General Staff (as remembered by him after 1945)

> "I should have regarded myself as a shabby coward if I had refused to attempt to save the eastern armies and my homeland, eastern Germany. That my attempt to do so was ultimately a failure will remain, until the day I die, the distress and grief of my life. There can be scarcely anyone who feels more painfully than I do for the fate of our eastern territories and for their innocent, valiant, true and brave inhabitants. After all, I myself am Prussian."
>
> SOURCE: GUDERIAN, P. 271.

Give Hitler this much credit: He freely acknowledges in *Mein Kampf* that were he a Frenchman, he would try to crush Germany for the sake of France. He admits,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in short, that *opposing defenses of homeland cancel each other out.*[126] And when war becomes desperate for both sides, then defense of homeland, however vital an end to any one fighter, can be canceled out by the third party, the historian or Red Cross observer, who wants to determine only whether the war as a whole is just for a given side.[127]



"One people, one Reich, one leader!"

Cancellation can be a useful procedural exercise. Consider one biographer's doctrinaire statement that "history confirmed" Trotsky's judgment "that a war of the Soviet Union against an imperialist aggressor would be a just war."[128] Why doctrinaire? Because "Soviet Union" and "imperialist" are excess baggage. A war against an aggressor is a just war. The statement is thus a postulate so commonly accepted as to be near tautology, masked as scientomessianic proof of the Soviet Union's specialness.

Weren't they all correct, those enlisted men who didn't make decisions? Certainly that is what their leaders would tell us, could we conjure them all up from Hades. And quite a lot of homeland-sacrificed shades there would be, too. Hence Clarence Darrow's dictum that "the history of the world is little else than the story of the carnage and destruction wrought on battlefields."[129] Certainly, for the *policies* of Stalin and Hitler, who were their legitimate commanders,[130] the *soldiers* of Stalin and Hitler bear no responsibility, unless *without dire compulsion*[131] they begin to kill noncombatants. As always, the justness of violence committed must be considered from the point of view of the individual actors involved. The justice of my shooting at you in no way countermands the justice of your simultaneously shooting at me.[132] This is why Eisenhower at his most extreme never called for the punishment of all German enlisted men. (Stalin, of course, proposed liquidating a million or so.)

"WAR IS HARD—WE ARE HARDER!"

Put the case still more firmly (Clausewitz would): *Whatever its cause, war instantly becomes self-defense for all participants.* Defense of homeland invokes self-defense; and by virtue of there being a war, there is imminence; there is, in fact, self-defense. This is why one Nazi war poster shows a soldier gripping his rifle as if it were the pole of a regimental standard. Behind and around stand crowds of his folk comrades. The old farmer at his side squints and holds a great sharp scythe. A brawny man raises a hammer. Men and women with grim faces fill the picture. They know the stakes, and so does their bailiff, the "little corporal" who did more than anyone to start the war, on the grounds that "only an adequately large space on this earth assures a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

nation of freedom of existence,"[133] and who is beginning to see that expansion of homeland may soon require defense of home ground—an exact inversion of the principle which he repeatedly proclaimed.

Fortunately, he has Bismarck to draw upon for his notions of self-enlarging German greatness. He can dip his snake-oil from the well of the Holy Roman Empire if he wishes. That was the first Reich; Bismarck's was the second; his is the third. He captures the zone in which the most industrialized forty percent of the prewar Soviet population had dwelled, destroys a third of Russia's wealth (which their toil will restore a mere six years after World War II),[134] burns, conquers, exterminates. But after Stalingrad, defeat in Africa, Normandy, loss of Italy, it's time to invoke Frederick the Great, whose achievement was to be tough, and to hang on despite his enemies. Bismarck-Hitler and Frederick-Hitler have one thing in common: stubbornness. Like those Afghans I saw aiming single-shot rifles against Soviet tanks, they defy reality itself. That way, sometimes they can forge their own.



"War is hard. We are harder!" (1943)

Warned that the Russians are now turning against him up to seven hundred tanks per month, Hitler violently objects: "The Russians are dead."[135] —But he cannot wish the wager away, and he knows it. "The idea of treating wars as anything other than the harshest means of settling questions of very existence is ridiculous," he says.[136] He has treated war as that by virtue of violating all of war's just limits.[137] Hence that poster of men and women with hard faces. The bailiff comes to demand an eye. The hard people see him walking up the street; in a moment he will ring the bell (or, I should say, the air raid siren), and demand a leg, a child, a conscience. Hitler is rereading Clausewitz in the bunker, and Clausewitz wrote: "The decision by arms is, for all operations in War, great and small, what cash payment is in bill transactions."[138] The bailiff's bill is due. And Hitler, like Montezuma four centuries before him, thinks: Only magic can save me now. —He dreams of secret V-weapons, but they come too late to do anything more than kill a few English civilians. His ground shrinks. Homeland shrinks.

Spartacus, we read, tied his soldiers' corpses to stakes, in order to trick the Roman besiegers into thinking he had sentries posted; meanwhile he slipped away.[139] Hitler cannot pretend; he has nowhere to slip to. Stand fast, he orders the Wehrmacht; guard my frontiers, and magically repel the Russian horde. The sentries become corpses, but the Russians are not tricked. What now? Already they're in Hungary! Spartacus escaped from a sheer slope of Vesuvius by sliding down a rope made of osiers, but soon the Russians will be in Austria. Yes, even Bailiff Hitler must pay. Will it be to Bailiff Stalin or to Bailiffs Churchill and Roosevelt? (None

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of these; he'll shoot himself in the mouth.)

The patriots in the poster, who are as much one with their country as Saint-Exupéry with his, must now be prepared for the worst. "War is hard," the poster warns. "We are harder!"[140] That is 1943. In 1944, times are worse, and the poster simply admonishes in graffiti-like chalk-strokes across a dark background: "Hard times, hard work, hard hearts!"[141] Then finally, in 1945, desperately: "Victory or Bolshevik chaos!"[142] Homeland or the abyss! Homeland is lost: occupation, Nuremberg trials, hangings, de-Nazification, partition, the Berlin blockade, the Berlin wall...

LEONIDAS

Would it be too much, then, to call defense against futurity one of the favorite devices of tyrants? One night as they were lying in bed, Atossa, who belonged to the King of Persia's inherited stable of wives,[143] is supposed to have advised her husband to begin an aggressive war against Greece, because thereby "not only will the Persians know their leader to be a man"—here lies authority's defense of honor, which we have seen before in our glances at Sun-tzu, Olaf Trygvesson, Tito and Dwight Abbot[144]—"but," she went on, "if you make war, you will waste their strength and leave them no leisure to plot against you"[145]—a very common expedient reason for waging wars. Authority protects itself by channeling hatred elsewhere. Hitler proved it: As a sole basis for violent defense of homeland, *defense against futurity is never justified.*

A HERO'S EPITAPH

About Leonidas, king of Sparta, the homeland-defender against whose energies Atossa's probably apocryphal advice will take lethal effect, surprisingly little appears in the classical sources. We read that his father-king, Anaxandrides, kept a childless wife, in defiance of the threats of the magistrates, but found himself so far compelled as to take a second spouse as well—"an unheard of thing in Sparta," says Herodotus.[146] From the womb of Anaxandrides's supposedly barren first wife, his sister's daughter, now came three children, the middle one of these being Leonidas. One naturally wonders whether the appearance of the second wife (who, like her rival, is never named) had produced redoubled efforts, in order to avoid the "unpleasant measures" of which the magistrates had warned. At any rate, the second wife had already produced unstable Cleomenes, who, being the firstborn son, accordingly became king after Anaxandrides. Cleomenes soon dying, perhaps by suicide, and likewise his elder brother Dorieus (killed in battle in Sicily), Leonidas succeeds to kingship—a position he'd never expected.

From our sketch of Spartan customs in another chapter,[147] we can well imagine

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the youth of Leonidas, who by all accounts never expected to be king: learning to compete, forage and obey in the shadow of Sparta's mountains, devoting himself to the soldierly virtues. Was he really like that? All we have of him is the image of an antique hero preserved by those who wanted to glorify their own traditions, or tradition in general. With far less hope than in Julius Caesar's case[148] of imagining the "real man," let's make do with the marble statue that we have, and call him perfect, at least from the standpoint which concerns us: defense of homeland. He marries Cleomenes's daughter, Gorgo, whose sayings are often quoted by the ancients for their ferociously exemplary rectitude. See him paying his devotions to the goddess at Orthia; see him at the communal table, abstemiously drinking watered wine, trading sharp epigrams with his companion athlete-politicians; see him at home with Gorgo, the two of them taciturn and (we hope) affectionate—but he's rarely at home; he has to harden himself. The mysticism of his archaic epoch, symbolized by sacrificed virgins and votive reliefs of young men offering pomegranates to snakes, obscures Leonidas from us even further. What he felt and believed can hardly be reconstructed, but the squat stone birth-goddesses that we've found in Spartan ruins, the Gorgon reliefs on house-gables, suggest to me as much as do Gorgo's proverbs that a necessary quality of is *vigilance against accident, malice, ritual pollution and sacred doom.* Surely the royal persona now donned by Leonidas would take on this coloring. Ruled by ominous forces which now, because we dismiss them as "natural," have no terrors for us, he learns to be brave, to face the worst. To pain and death he steels himself by a rigor for which my own homeland with its "smart bombs" now finds little use. Do helots toil and spin for his household? If not, does Leonidas carry the heavy water-jar for Gorgo,[149] or is she strong like him? (Seeing a foreigner's slaves helping him dress, she remarks: "Look—this man has no hands!") Gorgo and her husband would seem to be compatible spouses! No matter what labor they might justly or unjustly call upon, we may be sure of finding in this married pair the following virtues: piety, abstinence, stern uprightness, reverence to the gods, unbending watchfulness toward strangers—thus the Spartan way. (Consider the following anecdote out of Plutarch. When somebody asked how many Spartans there were, he was told, "Enough, Sir, to keep out wicked men.")[150]



Spartan 'Leonidas' statuette

Descended, like so many other heroes, from Herakles,[151] Leonidas trains and drills nearly every day—of that we can be sure—carrying spear and shield. He leads or oversees military parades. "Faith," writes Carlyle, "is loyalty to some inspired Teacher, some spiritual Hero. And what therefore is loyalty proper, the life-breath of all society, but an effluence of Hero-worship, submissive admiration for the truly great?"[152] I cannot imagine that Leonidas by his training constitutes a Teacher as much as a martial Hero. Obviously, definitions of manliness, "civicness" and good

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

citizenship vary over time. Plutarch again: "It was not said amiss by Antisthenes, when people told him that one Ismenias was an excellent piper. 'It may be so,' said he, 'but he is but a wretched human being, otherwise he would not have been an excellent piper.'"[153] How then to be a fine human being? Fight, kill and strip. In the moral calculus which this chapter proposes, I said that violent defense of homeland is justified *when aliens seriously threaten homeland's fundamental rights to express its own ethos and follow its own lifeway, and when all nonviolent means for neutralizing the threat have failed.* If I were an American-born woman I would not want to live in Afghanistan, and as a bookish, sometimes incautiously friendly man with bad eyesight, I would not want to live in Sparta—I'd fail; I'd disgrace myself—but homeland is, if a Spartan says so, military exercises, suspiciousness, and all the rest of it.

How tolerant, how morally relativist can we be? Odysseus casually relates how, when the wind happened to bring him to Ismarus, "There I sacked the city and slaughtered the men; we collected the women and booty from the city and distributed them."[154] Doubtless they all had or were their own Atossas. I don't care for such practices; I don't call them justified. But in the absence of the idealized conditions which make following the Golden Rule an easily practical endeavor, let's follow the least debased version we can—in this case, the Soldier's Golden Rule, which runs, as you may remember: *Do unto others as you are done by.*[155] If that was the operating principle in those days (as it is now in all too many respects), then it extenuates, although it does not excuse, some features of the Spartan ethos. Again, remember our corollary: *A local injustice of which the locals do not complain never invalidates local defense of homeland.* The local injustices which offend our sensitivities were the way of the ancient world. Homeland's defenders and homeland's invaders shared them. They cancel one another out.

The Athenian *ephebes* swore upon taking office to leave their descendants an aggrandized homeland if possible.[156] Spartans merely out-militarized the Athenians a trifle.

Thus the days of Leonidas. Spartans revere their kings. He surely finds it incumbent on himself to do justice to their reverence. "I say, Find me the true *Könning,* King, or Able-man, and he *has* a divine right over me."[157] Soon enough, Leonidas will show his right, by dying for Sparta. More drill—more marches—and always, I would hope, a sense of fittingness, and probably the camaraderie of military men enduring privation together. He presides over the contests of naked athletes male and female. Perhaps he himself crowns the victors with palm leaves. Perhaps he wins a race or wrestling-match, and others crown him—for a Spartan king must be fit, to march at the head of his army: by custom he takes the field first, and leaves it last. He entertains foreigners, when he has to, at banquets—I imagine that they find the food poor, conversation awkward and short, that they and he leave one another with relief. Afterward, he'll tell Gorgo what impressed him about them and what

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

didn't, and she'll regale him with some epigram. Do they come to his house to importune him? Then Gorgo will certainly be there, as she was when a foreigner tried to bribe her father. (She, who was then only eight or nine years old, advised Cleomenes to send the man away at once, before he became corrupted; he followed that advice.)

Again Leonidas drills with shield and spear. At this moment in his career, he defends homeland's sacredness by means of vigilance, preparation, coordination and, of course, religion. His royalty lays upon him a prominent role in divine festivals. Does he himself sacrifice the oxen? We know from Thermopylae that another man, a professional seer, will examine the slaughtered entrails for omens. Does Leonidas lead the people in prayer, or preside over sacred games? We don't know. Maybe his duty consists of mere presence. At any rate, one such festival will prevent him from leading the Spartan hoplites to the battle of Marathon in timely fashion. His rivals and occasional allies the Athenians defend Greece against the Persians without him.

PERSIA'S HUNGER

Atossa's advice, whether or not it was actually given (and unless Herodotus, who tells the tale, had put on the Gygean ring of invisibility, and crawled beneath their bed before he was even born, how would he know?), hardly constituted the sole cause of the Greco-Persian Wars.[158] Anyhow, why would Atossa, who'd never been there, even care about Greece? Our historian, with his usual love of the sordid, explains her warmongering as a quid pro quo to the scheming Greek physician who'd cured an abscess on her breast.[159] Nowadays most historians have become deists, for whom it's preferable to invoke impersonal international forces, "the normal dynamic of expansion."[160] Should we do the same, the demon we'll conjure up, in Persia's case, is defense against futurity, in the banal guise of hungry expediency.

Long before Atossa's whispers, we find another voracious sovereign on Persia's throne: namely Atossa's father, Cyrus the Great. This man, slated for liquidation but reared as a shepherd's changeling, constituted one benchmark of imperialist greatness. About his mother it had been dreamed that a vine grew from her womb "and spread over Asia."[161] (Thus Herodotus, who else? In his pages dreams must always be fulfilled with the same consistency as for the Stalinist novelist Ostrovsky characters from the wrong social class must turn out evil.)[162] Among his other territorial repasts, Cyrus devours Lydia, whose dependency, the Greek state of Ionia, he naturally absorbs likewise. Phrygia falls easily into his mouth—more Greeks there. And so begins the stale old history of aggression most politic, natural and unjustified, of gnawing, nibbling pressure on the Greeks.

Ionia being the outermost ripple of homeland, her loss occasions only vague anxiety to Athens and Sparta. After all, the Ionians "of all the Greek races had least power and influence."[163] But even though in their typically parochial fashion they

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

turn the Ionian suppliants away, the Spartans nonetheless, and this is equally typical, dispatch a man to warn Cyrus against attacking the Greeks. One can imagine this fellow at a Persian banquet, sitting by himself, gloomy and unimpressed with everything, ready to die at a moment's notice—for the concept of diplomatic immunity had not yet caught on. Probably more amused than annoyed, Cyrus asks somebody to tell him who these Spartans are. Then he advises the envoy to go home and tell his people to mind their own business.[164]

After Cyrus, who dies in the act of conquest, comes his son Cambyses,[165] brother-murderer, sister-murderer, tomb-desecrator, blasphemer against sacred cows, madman.[166] Thus Herodotus again. Or, as my *Oxford Classical Dictionary* puts it, "he completed his father's grand plan by conquering Egypt, where he was successful in promoting a policy of collaboration with the local élites."[167] Having gained for Persia the Phoenician fleet, which will be of considerable utility to any invasion design, he dies of an abscessed thigh. So Persian homeland has continued to grow a trifle, just as the Athenian variety has pledged itself to do; no harm done—except of course to irrelevant Egypt (an important granary for the Greeks, but never mind that, either). The Golden Rule of Greek City-States: *Let others do unto others whatever doesn't affect me.*[168]

Darius, the subsequent Persian king, is the one to whom Atossa says: "Never mind about the Scythians for the moment. They are yours for the asking... Look—what I want you to do is invade Greece... I should like to have Spartan girls, and girls from Argos and Attica and Corinth, to wait upon me."[169]

As Herodotus tells it, Darius replies with respectful acquiescence—perhaps because the idea fits in with his other schemes. Under him, the puppet satrap of Lydia invites Samos's tyrant to come and get liquidated; thus Samos becomes another Persian possession. All is going well. Byzantium falls and Chalcedon falls... The Greeks fold arms or backbite one another while Cyrus takes control of their other grain-supplier, southern Russia.

The historian Peter Green, on whose account (as well as Herodotus's) I am relying here,[170] continually draws parallels between Persian puppet-governments such as Samos's, and Vichy France; and, by implication, between Persian and Nazi aggression. The remorseless expansion of the Persian empire at this period can indeed be compared to Hitler's extortions and invasions during 1935-39; and Green compels us to see in the behavior of the threatened Greek city-states the same sorry, sordid disunity that prevailed in Europe right up until, and indeed after, that bloody day when Hitler made World War II inevitable by attacking Poland. For the Greek heartland, that day arrives after they halfheartedly participate in an Ionian uprising against Darius,[171] who puts it down with ease, killing, castrating, razing and enslaving.[172] He now takes Chios, Lesbos, Tenedos and the Thracian Chersonese. (Do you remember what Hitler said? *A shrewd victor will, if possible, always present his demands to the vanquished in installments.*)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In 491 B.C., plenipotentiaries arrive in the Greek heartland, demanding the most literal tokens of vassalage: earth and water from each homeland. We can imagine what this would mean to that Yugoslav woman from Struga, the one who weepingly clutches home dirt in her hand; it means the same both to the Greeks and to Darius.

Some city-states, expediently anxious to give up their dust and lick his, do as commanded, but not all. When the Persian envoys arrive in Athens and Sparta, earth and water is precisely what they get—the Athenians throw them into a pit; the Spartans drown them in a well.

Darius lays waste Carystus until she too surrenders, then conquers Eretria, burning all her temples. He gives the next command for augumentation of homeland. The Persians sail toward Athens. Hence Marathon.

FIGHT, KILL, STRIP

Until then, unity had never been the Greeks' aim. To them it was natural to go farther than that: Fight any polis with whom we're not explicitly allied; kill as many of their warriors as possible, and strip them of their armor.[173] (How could Darius and Atossa disagree?) Extermination in the sense of mass murder, genocide, rarely furthered expediency, as it might for Clausewitzians or Hitlerians.[174] Later, when the Peloponesian War seared its fratricidal cruelty throughout the homeland, war aims hardened, at times approaching Hitler's, but for now, driving the enemy from the battlefield would do, after which honor could be reified by erecting a trophy comprised of captured shields and arms. The next step was to collect the enemy dead so that the survivors would sue to regain possession of them—after all, as Plutarch logically puts it, "Those who have to make such a request show that they are not victors, since they cannot take what they want."[175] The principle was not so far removed from the Cheyenne one of counting coup.[176]

With such war aims, it is no surprise that the Greek hoplites, whom we usually find represented in profile, bronze-greaved, shielded, helmeted and cuirassed, but still showing more flesh, more individuality than we are used to seeing on our own soldiers, approached Saint-Exupéry's ideal of voluntarism[177]—another way of saying that they could be undisciplined. They might mutiny for lack of provisions, desert or sulk in their tents, like Achilles during the Trojan War; certainly they interlocked into no grand mechanism of Panhellenic self-defense. Among them there remained, in short, considerable scope for the sort of ethical freedom that we have been considering in this book. That is why two of the doomed Spartan defenders at Thermopylae, when ordered by Leonidas to deliver a message to Sparta, will disobey, replying that their duty lies with him. He suffers them to stay and die.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MARATHON

Leonidas and his hoplites, as we said, find their war-freedom fettered by the dictates of a sacred festival when the Athenians call for help against Darius. And so for days the Athenians, in desperate fear for their homeland, wait alone by a marsh at the edge of Marathon plain. When the Persians make the mistake of dividing their forces, leaving some troops to hem the Athenians in, sending the rest by water to take half-deserted Athens, the Athenians then sally out, envelop the Persian wings and slaughter 6,400 (their casualties being a mere 192.)[178] By a long hard march they beat the remaining Persians to their city.

The Spartans arrive on the day after victory. How must Leonidas feel, to have no share in the honor of common defense? Were they pleased to have spared their forces? For they could be as calculatingly expedient as anyone. Or did they feel wounded in their outer or inner honor?

"GOD'S GUIDANCE"

Now Darius suffers the fate of all flesh, and is succeeded by his son Xerxes, who in Persepolis's Treasury Frieze appears appropriately stately and stony (we see him from the side, grave and long-bearded, with the disproportionately huge eye which is one of the trademarks of ancient Middle Eastern representation). A moustache curls down his cheek like a misplaced pipe. A bun of curly hair supports a vast crown. He's officially inhuman in his magnificence.[179]

Like Hitler and Caesar Augustus,[180] he's heir to a homeland tradition of aggressive expansion. How can he be worthy to "sit beside" Cambyses and Darius unless he too conquers great territories for the Persian empire? Where but Greece? After all, lost Marathon was an insult! This is defense of honor, but not just that. The conceptual homeland of a Xerxes, Cortes, Montezuma is a vigorous, ever growing thing, akin to the conceptual economic homeland of twentieth-century America (gross domestic product must always increase; otherwise the economy cannot be "healthy"). The sinews of homeland are pride and mastery. Defend this invincible conception, or it will become vincible.[181] The cause of Hitler's aggression, says a biographer, "was at bottom nothing more or less than the desire to exercise sovereignty."[182] And Xerxes says: "Ever since ... we took over from the Medes the sovereign power we now possess, we have never yet remained inactive. This is God's guidance."[183]

"LIKE A FLASH OF LIGHTNING IN IMMENSE GLOOM"

In 484, his minions dig a great canal at Athos, the better to bring their ships to bear. In 481, the invasion begins, with perhaps 210,000 men and 650 ships.[184] Army and navy will work in tandem, unstoppable. (I would be opposed to war, were it not for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the rapidity and ease with which it kills patriots.) Once again, ambassadors march ahead, demanding earth and water from all Greece—but, like Hitler, who refuses to accept even the unconditional surrender of Yugoslavia, they disdain to approach Athens and Sparta (and, given the treatment of their predecessors, one can hardly blame them for the omission). In 480, they finish their immense bridge of boats across the Dardanelles—that is, as Herodotus dramatically puts it, "from Asia to Europe."[185] Then they march through Thrace and into Thessaly. Not without piquancy, that classicist and revolutionary torchbearer Robespierre will imagine the scene so many centuries later. "Sparta blazes like a flash of lightning in immense gloom."[186]

SALVATION THROUGH TERROR

The Athenians, whose hearts must now be as heavy as the bronze shields of hoplites, swear the following oath in defense of homeland: "I shall fight as long as I live, and I shall not consider it more important to be alive than to be free."[187] In these words we hear the same pathos as in the exhortation of Aemilius and the letter of Olef Nechitovsky.

Now at last for an assembly of Greek city-states. As Plato wrote much later: "Had they not been terrified at the time we are speaking of, they could never have rallied for the repulse of the invader and the defense of temples, tombs, country, and all that is nearest and dearest."[188] (Thus Greek defense of homeland. Soviet defense of homeland will be defense of factories.) At this convocation, the Thessalians announce: "Fellow countrymen, in order to save Thessaly and the whole of Greece, it is necessary to defend the passage past Mount Olympus. We are ready to assist you in the defence of this vital pass, and you, for your part, must send a strong force. If you fail to do so, we give you fair warning that we shall come to terms with Persia."[189]

Their allies march to Tempe, but, learning that Xerxes could take any number of other ways into Thessaly, they withdraw. The Thessalians then collaborate with the Persians.

And so the Greeks, falling back toward the heart of homeland, decide to defend Thermopylae, "on the grounds that it was narrower than the pass into Thessaly and at the same time nearer home."[190]

LEONIDAS

"We already know from the battle of Thermopylae how unpromising and how dangerous it is to try to block mountain passes."[191] Thus our old friend, the military historian Delbrück, to whom this battle will appear an exercise in tactical futility. The defenders knew that before the fact. Leonidas, when asked by one of his magistrates

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

whether he has any plan other than to hold the passes, replies: "In theory, no, but in fact I plan to die for the Greeks."[192]

In cool, clear-sighted self-sacrifice, these words are worthy to stand beside Joan of Arc's impassioned eloquence of self-immolation.

I suppose him willing to die for "the Greeks" because in no other way could he defend his own homeland, Sparta. Twenty-two centuries later we hear Robespierre, that exponent of self-defensive Terror, explaining that republican virtue, "which performed such miracles in Greece and Rome," "is nothing other than the love of one's country and its laws."[193]

In the famous "Leonidas" statue (carved, ironically, out of foreign marble), we see a nude man, wry, angular, determined beneath his swooping-crested helmet. Perhaps he is squinting into the sun. He looks old. The shadows are dark in his eye-sockets. He thrusts his chin forward, waiting. His shoulders tensely strain, but he stays still; he is stone.[194]

This time he abandons the sacred rites then in progress. Military defense of homeland must take precedence over defense through piety. With care he personally chooses the best three hundred hoplites in Sparta—"all fathers of living sons"[195]—in other words, men fit to die, their lineages having been perpetuated. With predictable class chauvinism, Herodotus ignores the nine hundred helots with them who most likely died without volition, and very probably Leonidas did not spare much thought on them, either. But can we condemn a man for having failed to live up to every one of our ideals? The enemy would crush his homeland into an all too easy slavery, and Leonidas is braver than most of us.

Looking upon him for the last time, we find Gorgo herself—wisest of all Spartan women, who discovered the warning of the Persian invasion, written secretly on waxed tablets![196] She asks whether Leonidas perchance has any command for her. "To marry good men and bear good children," he replies.[197]

What does she reply? Is her quick tongue, for once, silent? We can be sure that she rules herself well; she doesn't weep.

They set out for Thermopylae. Leonidas levies troops from allies as he goes, until he leads four thousand.[198] Perhaps he can delay the Persian advance until his allies sail into marble-pillared Artemisium. The enemy attacks by land and by sea: the Greeks must defend the same. Themistocles, the Athenian leader, must bring his defenders by the watery way. That is not Leonidas's affair.

"It was at once a magnificent and a terrible sight to see them march on to the tune of their flutes, without any disorder in their ranks ..., calmly and cheerfully moving with the music to the deadly fight."[199] Thus Plutarch. Why the flutes? A Spartan king explains: "So that, as they proceed in step to the music, both the cowards and the brave may be clearly distinguished."[200]

They bear their trademark: short swords. It is written that once a Spartan boy complained to his mother about the brevity of his blade. She replied: "Add one step

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

forward to it."

Somebody mutters that it seems very risky for so few to be deployed against so many. Napoleon would have lied, to keep up the fellow's courage. Trotsky would have waved a revolver in his face. Hitler would have assured him that one German could out-fight ten of the enemy. Julius Caesar would have smilingly or reproachfully charged ahead to teach him that fearlessness wins the day. As for Leonidas, he merely replies: "I'm certainly bringing plenty of men to meet their deaths."[201] They bivouac in the narrows of Thermopylae.

AUGUST 18-20, 480 B.C.

Xerxes gives them four days to flee, but they do not. He wants to outflank them by sea, but inclement winds blow back his designs. He sends word: "Deliver up your arms." Leonidas replies: "Come and take them."[202] (The Persians are far greater in number than he'd anticipated. He calls for reinforcements—which never arrive.)[203]

Somebody says that the Persians have so many arrows that the sun will disappear. "How pleasant, then, if we're going to" says Leonidas. "We'll fight them in the shade."[204]



Spartan bronze of a hoplite

Red-cloaked, bronze-shielded,[205] they comb their hair (for it was said of them that "a large head of hair added beauty to a good face, and terror to an ugly one").[206] They polish their weapons, then sacrifice a she-goat and command their pipers to play.[207]

On the first day, Xerxes wants his Medes and Cissians to take them alive. He seats himself to watch. The assault begins. Those terracotta Greek vases crowded with war-scenes will help us visualize this first battle: hoplites raise hatchets above their crested heads, or lean in to skewer enemies with their long spears; horses paw, and the dark background is all broken up with red rays and lines—spears, swords, arrows, all vicious confusion.[208] The Medean wave fails; likewise the Cissian. Xerxes sends in Sacae tribesmen, and then the Ten Thousand Immortals division. They scream, pierced by Spartan spears. Xerxes three times leaps to his feet, "in terror for his army."[209] The pass is only fifty feet wide.[210] The Persians cannot get through—murder and slaughter until darkness...

I suppose that the homeland-defenders erect a trophy on the battlefield that night: captured javelins and bloody helmets, smashed corselets and the like, all hung upon a tree. Then what? Quote a Spartan poet:

> Now sleep the mountain peaks and the ravines, ridges and torrent streams, all creeping things that black night nourishes, wild upland beasts and the race of bees

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and monsters in the gulfs of the dark-gleaming sea; now sleep the tribes of long-winged birds.[211]

That poet, Alcman, was not writing about Thermopylae. What of it? He speaks the accents of homeland. Creeping things do not yet creep. Leonidas and his hoplites have bought a little more life.

The next day, Xerxes sends in a brigade of men renowned for their courage. The men of Thermopylae repulse them, too.

The third day will be the last day. A "traitor" shows the Persians a secret path from the Asopian stream up to Black-Buttocks' Stone. (His name is Ephialtes. The Spartans will reward his murder.) They come marching up through the oaks before dawn, brushing aside a feeble contingent of Phocians. Now they'll be able to attack Leonidas's defenders both from the front and from the rear. (Hence the famous "dilemma of Thermopylae," which would become a figure of speech in after-days; we find Thucydides using it in his opus to describe an entrapment of Spartans by Messenians fifty-five years after the event.)[212] Doom announces itself in the entrails of sacrificial victims. Leonidas dismisses all who wish to go—or, more likely, given Greek discipline, the contingents who wish for life simply depart.[213] He remains; an oracle told him that either Sparta must perish, or a Spartan king be killed.[214] "Honour forbade that he himself should go," says Herodotus.[215] There now remain only Thespians, Thebans and Spartans.

First come the Persians from the front, whipping their men on (one thinks of the Soviets in World War II, with their machine guns in the rear).[216] The defenders fight with spears until their spears have broken. Then they fight with swords. Leonidas dies, and also many Persians, including two of Darius's sons. Then comes the rear assault. The defenders form up in the narrows now. "Here they resisted to the last, with their swords, if they had them, and if not, with their hands and teeth."[217]

They perish. Two Spartans survive by chance. One hangs himself; the other returns home to find that no one will speak to him or give him fire for his hearth until he makes atonement with his courage at the battle of Plataea.[218]

Some Thebans, it's said, surrender. Xerxes brands them "with the royal mark."[219]

Xerxes has Leonidas's head cut off and impaled on a pole.

A HERO'S EPITAPH

"But when news came from Thermopylae to Artemisium, informing them that King Leonidas was slain, and that Xerxes had made himself master of all the passages by land, they returned back to the interior of Greece."[220]

"Not all the glory of Leonidas's last stand could obliterate the fact that the Greek cause had suffered a major setback," writes Peter Green,[221] but Delbrück vaunts its "morale significance," concluding: "The defeat of the Spartiates represents

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

not just a sacrificial death and not simply a covering action, but both at the same time."[222] An anthropologist writes: "It was Thermopylae that finally imposed the hoplite image on Sparta... what had been the propaganda of a party became the ideology of the state, rigidly enforced and eventually universally believed."[223] And when, not many decades later, some captured Spartans surrender to the Athenians during the Peloponnesian War, other Greeks can hardly believe *that*. Thucydides, who was alive during that event, insists that "it was the general opinion that no force or famine could make the Spartans give up their arms, but that they would fight on as they could, and die with them in their hands."[224]



Girl pouring libation, part of a "hero relief"

Meanwhile, the Greeks will defeat the Persians at Salamis. Homeland will be saved.

We see on a shard of stone the profile-relief of a woman, her complexion now pockmarked by time, who with downcast eyes lifts in an indescribably graceful gesture her translucent veil, raising it as high as her forehead, while with her right hand she pours from a tiny jar a libation into a sacred bowl across which a hand gestures at her. The hand's wrist ends with the broken stone. This is, so we read, part of a "hero relief."[225] We can imagine that in such a way, for the sake of their homeland now long since shattered and gone, the grateful Spartans paid tribute to Leonidas.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THERMOPLYLAE: A BALANCE SHEET

"Four thousand from Pelop's land against three million[226] once did stand."

MEMORIAL INSCRIPTION, ACCORDING TO HERODOTUS

DEFENDERS	INVADERS

1. PRINCIPALS

PELOPONNESIANS	PERSIANS
300 Spartan hoplites	170,000 Persian infantry
500 Tegean hoplites	8,000 Persian cavalry
500 Mantinean hoplites	
1,120 Arcadian[227] hoplites	
[including 120 Orchomeneums]	
400 Corinthian hoplites	
200 Philiusian hoplites	
80 Mycenean hoplites	
BOETIANS	
700 Thespian hoplites	
1,000 Locrian hoplites[228]	
1000 Phocian hoplites	
SUBTOTAL: Greeks = 5,800	SUBTOTAL: Persians = 178,000

2. SUBJECTS, VASSALS, RELUCTANT ALLIES

PELOPONNESIANS	PERSIANS
900 Spartan helot slaves	2,000 Arabian and Libyan chariots and camels
BOETIANS	400 Theban hoplites
400 Theban hoplites	30,000 Greek infantry
(*"Strongly suspected of Persian sympathies"*—Herodotus)	[from Thrace and the conquered islands]
SUBTOTAL: Greeks = 1,300	SUBTOTAL: Persians = 32,000
TOTAL: Greeks = 7,100[229]	TOTAL: Persians = 210,000[230]
[If we combine all the Peloponnesians, including the helots, we arrive at the figure of 4,000 Greeks in Herodotus' inscription.]	[Here I have followed Green and his fellow scholars, who plausibly argue that Herodotus misplaced a decimal point to gain his figure of 2,614,610, which, I presume, was rounded up to obtain the 3 million of the inscription.]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FIRST ASSAULT (18 AUGUST, 480 B.C.)

DEFENDERS	INVADERS
As above	In turn: Medean division Cissians Sacae tribesmen Ten Thousand Immortal Guards division
CASUALTIES: Greeks = Few	CASUALTIES : Persians = Many

SECOND ASSAULT (18 AUGUST)

DEFENDERS	INVADERS
As above	Brigade of especially brave men
	CASUALTIES: Persians = Many

THIRD ASSAULT (20 AUGUST)

After a local "traitor" shows the Persians how to strike the defenders from the rear, which was guarded only by the Phocian contingent, Thermopylae becomes evidently indefensible. The Spartans accordingly dismiss, or are abandoned by, the Regenans, Locrians, Mantineans, Corinthians, Orchomenusians, and some or all of the Myceneans.

DEFENDERS	INVADERS
300 Spartans 900 helots 700 Thespians 400 Thebans 2,300 men [less deserters and prior casualties at 300?]	Ten Thousand Immortals division [from the rear] Unnamed troops [from the front]
TOTAL: Greeks = 2,000 men	TOTAL: Persians = Unknown
CASUALTIES: Greeks = 1650+ [Herodotus implies that most of the Thebans surrender.[232] But Green warns against his "anti-Theban bias."[233]]	CASUALTIES: Persians = Thousands ["No one could count the number of the dead."[234]]

SOURCES: GREEN, PP. 58-60, 111-13, 135, 137, 139, 140, 142; HORNBLOWER AND SPAWFORTH, PP. 138, 843-44, 1507-08; HERODOTUS, BOOK SEVEN, PP. 502-506, 511-12, 520.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

10.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST FOREIGN AGGRESSION JUSTIFIED?

A. Bakunin

> "Every State, whether it is of a federative or a non-federative character, must seek, under the penalty of utter ruin, to become the most powerful of States. It has to devour others in order not to be devoured in turn... *The State then is the most flagrant negation, the most cynical and complete negation of humanity.*"[235]

B. Tolstoy

> "But the various governments cannot leave the nations in peace, because the chief, if not the sole, justification for the existence of governments is the pacification of nations, and the settlement of their hostile relationships."[236]

C. Clarence Darrow

> "The nation that would to-day disarm its soldiers and turn its people to the paths of peace ... would exhibit to the world such an example of moral grandeur and true vitality and worth that no nation, however powerful, would dare to invite the odium and hostility of the world by sending arms and men to conquer a peaceful, productive, non-resistant land."[237]

D. Constitution of Japan, Article 9 (1947)

> "Aspiring sincerely to an international peace based on justice and order, the Japanese people forever renounce war as a sovereign right of the nation and the threat or use of force as a means of settling international disputes."[238]

E. Gandhi

> "A non-violent man or society does not anticipate or provide for attacks from without. On the contrary, such a person or society firmly believes that nobody is going to disturb them. If the worst happens, there are two ways open to non-violence. To yield possession but non-co-operate with the aggressor..."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"The second way would be non-violent resistance... The unexpected spectacle of endless rows upon of men and women simply dying rather than surrender to the will of an aggressor must ultimately melt him and his soldiery."[239]

F. Dr. Jose Rizal

"We want the happiness of Filipinas [the Philippines] but we want to obtain it through noble and just means; supposing that reason helps us, we should then not do anything evil. If, to make my country happy, I had to work vilely, I would refuse to do it because I am sure that what is built on sand will crumble sooner or later."[240]

G. Molotov

Q. Any form of nationalism is dangerous, isn't it?

A. "No, not any. If it is against imperialism and colonialism, then we support it. But sometimes when nationalists seize power, it acquires other forms."[241]

H. Milovan Djilas

"Nationalism does not and cannot exist in itself as ideology, but ... every political movement, every social group, draws upon national sources. Nationalism as an ideology can exist only in times of emergency."[242]

I. Churchill

"The Sermon on the Mount is the last word in Christian ethics. Everyone respects the Quakers. Still, it is not on these terms that Ministers assume their responsibilities of guiding states. Their duty is first to deal with other nations as to avoid strife and war and to eschew aggression in all its forms... But the safety of the State, the lives and freedom of their own fellow countrymen to whom they owe their position, make it right and imperative in the last resort ... that the use of force should not be excluded... And if this be so, it should be used under the conditions which are most favourable."[243]

J. The Qur'-An

"Permission [to fight] is given to those on whom war is made, because they are oppressed."[244]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

K. Draft manifesto of the Northern Frontier District [of Kenya] Liberation Army (NFDLA) (December 12, 1992)

> "The oppressed people of N.F.P. strives to have its own distinct homeland... The design and objectives are to spearhead a concerted struggle for the right of self determination of our deprived and subhumanised peoples peacefully if we can and forcefully if we must."[245]

L. Marx

> "It is a purely Hohenzollern idea that a nation commits a crime when it continues to defend itself after its standing army has been defeated."[246]

M. "Deputy Prime Minister," Republic of Serbia, letter to a human rights organization (1992)

> "There are no grounds for your allegations, because the military operations in Croatia were conducted by members of the regular Yugoslav People's Army and by the local Serbian population, who were compelled by the actions of Croatia's secessionist government to take up arms in self-defense."[247]

N. Moltke

> "As long as different nations lead separate existences, there will be disputes that can be settled only by force of arms. I consider war the last, but entirely justifiable, means to uphold the existence, the independence, and the honor of a state."[248]

O. Mesopotamian proverb

> "When [even] ants are smitten, they do not accept it [passively], but they bite the hand of the man who smites them. How could I hesitate this day when two of my towns are taken?"[249]

P. President Lyndon Baines Johnson

> "We are there [in Vietnam] because the Congress has pledged by solemn vote to take all necessary measures to prevent further aggression."[250]

Q. Interim constitution of Shan State (1993)

> *Art. 48:* "In order to dispel external aggression, the Shan State Restoration Council shall establish and organize the Shan

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

National Armed Forces to be strong and invincible."
Art. 86: "Every person has the duty to defend the nation."
Art. 87: "Every person has the duty to serve in the National Armed Forces as required by law."[251]

R. Viet Minh slogan (1945)

"For freedom you have to spend your blood!"[252]

S. Prince Tolga (Daur tribe), to his Russian conquerors (1652)

"We will all die now, we will die together for our land when you capture us."[253]

T. Slogan on the headbands of Japanese suicide torpedo pilots, World War II

"Given Seven Lives, I'll Serve the Nation with Each of Them."[254]

U. The Tlascalans, regarding Cortes's Spaniards (1519)

"What foolish and contemptible men are these, who threaten us without knowing us, who dare to enter our country without our permission and against our will? ... Let us send them food, for they are famished, lest they say we were able to take them only because they were hungry and tired."[255]

V. Mao Zedong

"If anyone attacks us and the conditions are favourable for battle, we will certainly act in self-defence to wipe him out resolutely, thoroughly, wholly and completely (we do not strike rashly, but when we do strike, we must win). We must never be cowed by the bluster of reactionaries."[256]

W. J. F. A. Le Mière de Corvey (1823)

"But if you really want to defend your country in the event of an invasion, then you must be decided to wage a war of extermination, and a dose of fanaticism is required, for the enemy armies use reprisals, and are all the more harsh in their judgments because they do not see a regular army facing them."[257]

X. Huron orator, requesting emergency military aid (seventeenth century)

"Courage, then, O Hariouagougui [the French bishop]; give life to thy poor children, who are at bay! On our life depends

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that of countless peoples; but our life depends on the death of the Iroquois."[258]

Y. Pharaoh Ramses III

"Those who reached my frontier, their seed is not, their heart and their soul are finished forever and ever."[259]

HOW PROACTIVE SHOULD NATIONAL SELF-DEFENSE BE?

A. Gandhi

"He or she who supports a State organized in the military way—whether directly or indirectly—participates in the sin."[260]

B. Aristotle

"Hence the Spartans prospered while at war but began to decline once they reached a position of supremacy; they did not understand what being at peace meant and never attached any importance to any other kind of training than training for war."[261]

C. Plato

"Members must train themselves for warfare, if not in actual time of war, but during the life of peace. The wise state will be under arms not less than one day in each month, and as many more as the magistrates may think good, without regard to stress of weather ... and the citizens should compose panegyrics and censures upon one another according to a man's performance in these contests."[262]

D. "Tania," Marxist guerrilla

"We are ready to protect peace and defend our GDR [East Germany], located on the western frontier of the socialist world, against any aggression. That is why we have rifles in our hands."[263]

E. Robespierre

"To be armed for self-defense is the right of all men without distinction; to be armed for the defense of the fatherland is the right of every citizen."[264]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Machiavelli

"The chief foundations of all states, new as well as old or composite, are good laws and good arms; and as there cannot be good laws where the state is not well armed, it follows that where they are well armed they have good laws."[265]

G. Grant

"To maintain peace in the future it is necessary to be prepared for war."[266]

H. Swiss constitution (1874)

"Every Swiss is liable for military service."[267]

I. Mao Zedong

"Without a people's army the people have nothing."[268]

J. Khun Sa, the Opium King

"To have a nation, you must have an armed force first."[269]

K. The Pan-Germanists of World War I

"Unless some outlet can be found for the surplus population, and a new and extensive market discovered for this enormous surplus production, prosperity will be inevitably succeeded by bankruptcy... To ask a German, therefore, whether the expansion of Germany is desirable, is merely to ask him whether he believes it desirable from any point of view for the German nation to survive."[270]

L. Clausewitz

"A Nation can hope to have a strong position in the political world only if its character and practice in actual War mutually support each other in constant reciprocal action."[271]

M. Constitution of the Iroquois

"When the Confederate Council of the Five Nations has for its object the establishment of the Great Peace among the people of an outside nation and that nation refuses to accept the Great Peace, then by such refusal they bring a declaration of war upon themselves from the Five Nations."[272]

"Whenever a foreign nation is conquered or has by their own will accepted the Great Peace their own system of internal

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

government may continue, but they must cease all warfare against other nations."[273]

N. Van der Goltz

"The Statesman who, knowing his instrument to be ready, and seeing War inevitable, hesitates to strike first is guilty of a crime against his country."[274]

O. Mao Zedong

"Revolutionary war is an antitoxin which not only eliminates the enemy's poison but also purges us of our own filth."[275]

P. Bismarck

"What is England to me? The importance of a state is measured by the number of soldiers it can put into the field of battle... *It is the destiny of the weak to be devoured by the strong.*"[276]

Q. Mussolini

"War is to man what maternity is to a woman. From a philosophical and doctrinal viewpoint, I do not believe in perpetual peace."[277]

R. Hitler

"Foreign policy is only a means to an end, and that end is solely the promotion of our own nationality... Partisan, religious, humanitarian, and all other criteria in general, are completely irrelevant."[278]

S. The "Banda-drapa," on Earl Eric Hakonsson (995 A.D.)

"*Ever in strife he doth rejoice.*
The gulls that love blood-welling gash
Tore at the slaughtered Vikings' flesh
After the bitter battle's end.
Earl of the land the gods defend."[279]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

AFGHAN MUJAHIDEEN AND TALIBAN 1982-2000

This portfolio is seemingly self-explanatory—but where does defense of homeland end? The Mujahideen on pp. 157-167 are from 1982, when the jihad against the Soviet invasion was in full force; the remainder are from 2000, when Afghanistan was still at war—but now with itself. The faces and weapons are the same.

157. Local *malik* (tribal elder) with gunbelt, near Jalalabad. A very noble, dignified old man. He had come to brief "my" Mujahideen band on current Soviet operations in an airfield near this valley.

158-59a. The cost of jihad. Both of these wounded Mujahideen had walked over a hundred miles, without anesthetic, across the mountains into Pakistan; they were being treated at the International Committee of the Red Cross Hospital in Peshawar. The first man was a napalm victim. The second bore a gunshot wound in the jaw.

159b-60a. Mujahideen waiting for nightfall near Jalalabad. The man in the foreground on page 159 was praying.

160b. Mujahideen watching Soviet tanks. In the mountains between Jalalabad and Parachinar.

161a-62a. Group portraits the Mujahideen asked me to take before setting out on raids.

162b. Commander and second-in-command at Mujahideen base.

163a. Pizzarda, the Secretary-General of the "liberal" organization Islamic Unity of Afghan Mujahideen, contentedly holding up a Soviet helmet with a bullethole in it.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Peshawar, 1982. For context (and a drawing made from this photograph), see my memoir *An Afghanistan Picture Show*.

163b. The ruins of Kabul in 2000. Much of the destruction was caused by the Soviets; the rest was caused by Afghan factional fighting after the foreigners withdrew.

164. Kabul. A shell lodged in a pole, with ruins in the background.

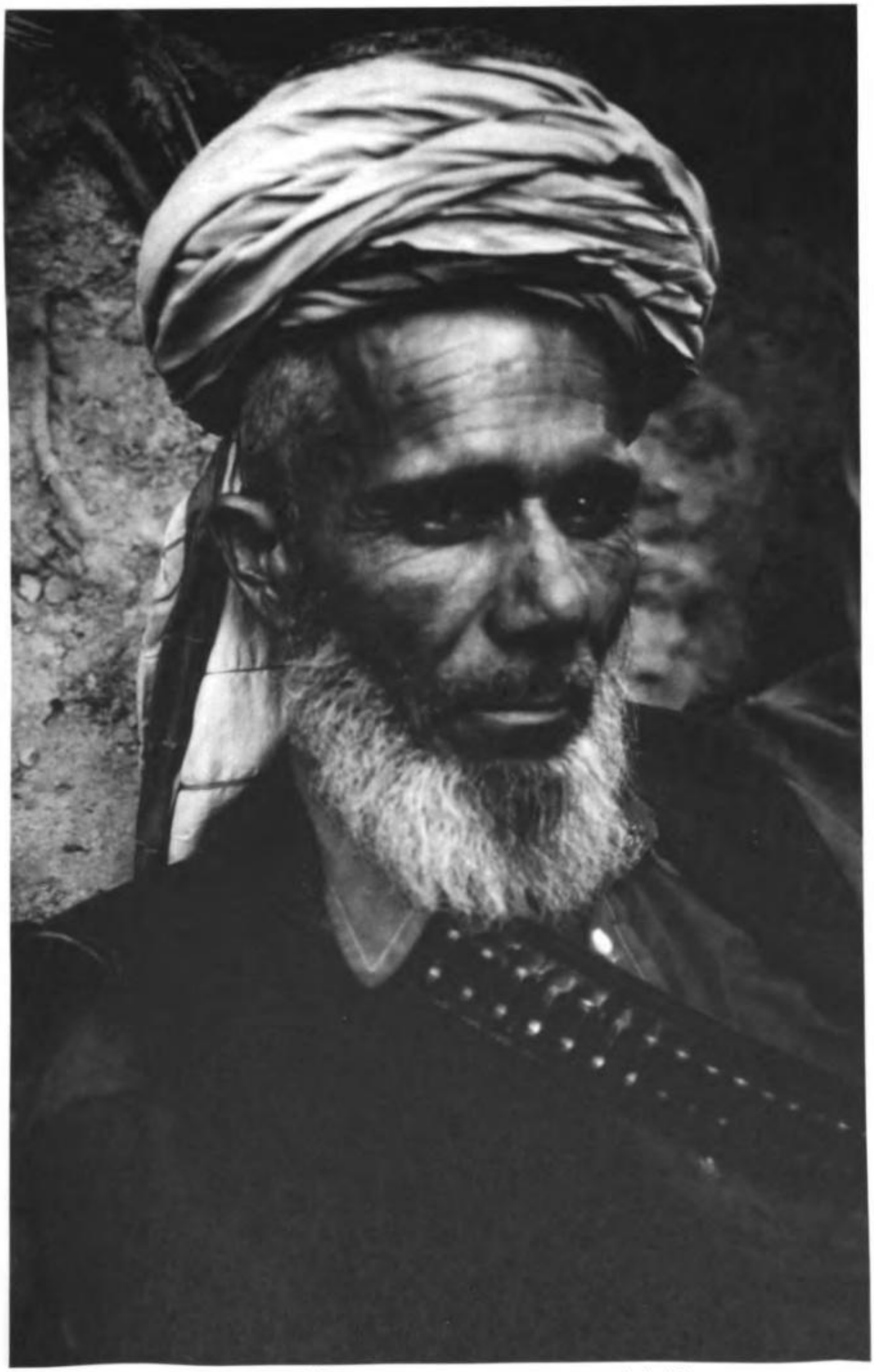
165. A Talib at an isolated mountain checkpoint on the road between Kabul and Jalalbad. In spite of his professed ideology, he was happy to pose for me, and reminded me a great deal of the Mujahideen in the same place twenty years earlier.

166. Talib sentry.

167. Talibs in Jalalabad. This picture was a more furtive exchange between the subjects and the photographer, which goes far to explain their clouded expressions. All parties concerned could have gotten into trouble had somebody reported this illicit act. These men were far stricter, less nominal in their creed than the fellows on pages 157 and 167. They looked the other way when I was stopped and questioned for having too short a beard. For the various complexities of their defense of homeland, you are referred to the case study "With Their Hands On Their Hearts."

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





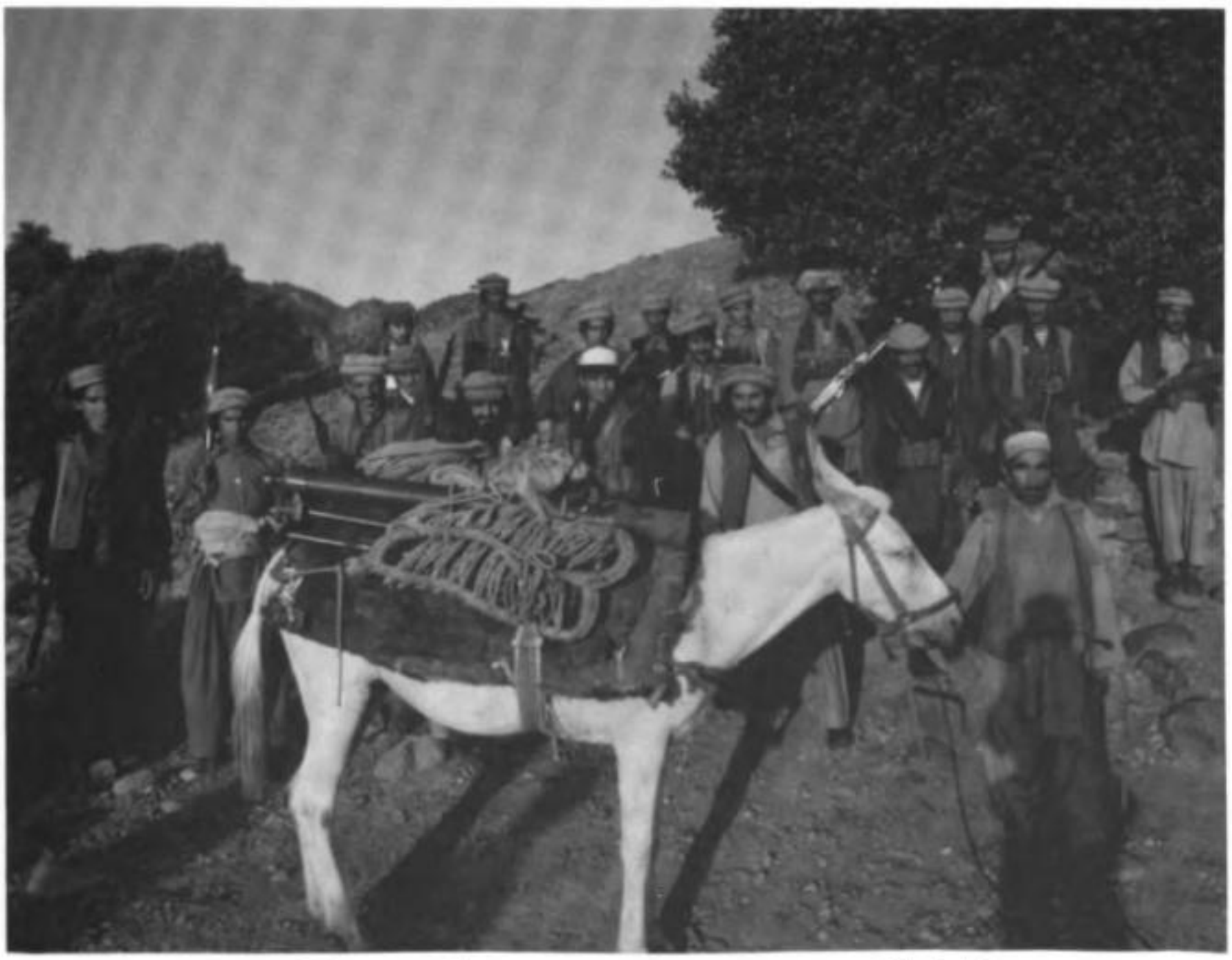
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



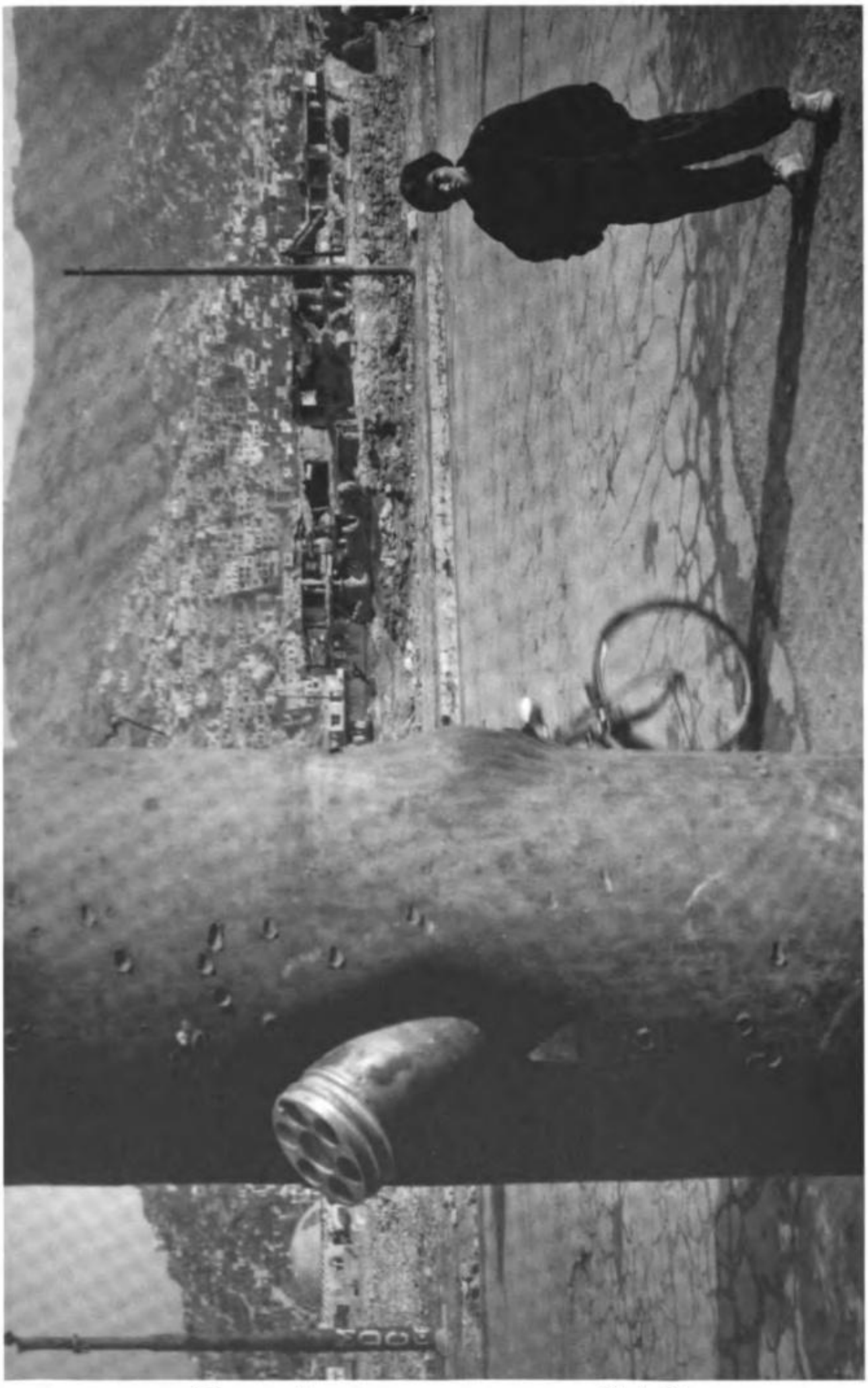


Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

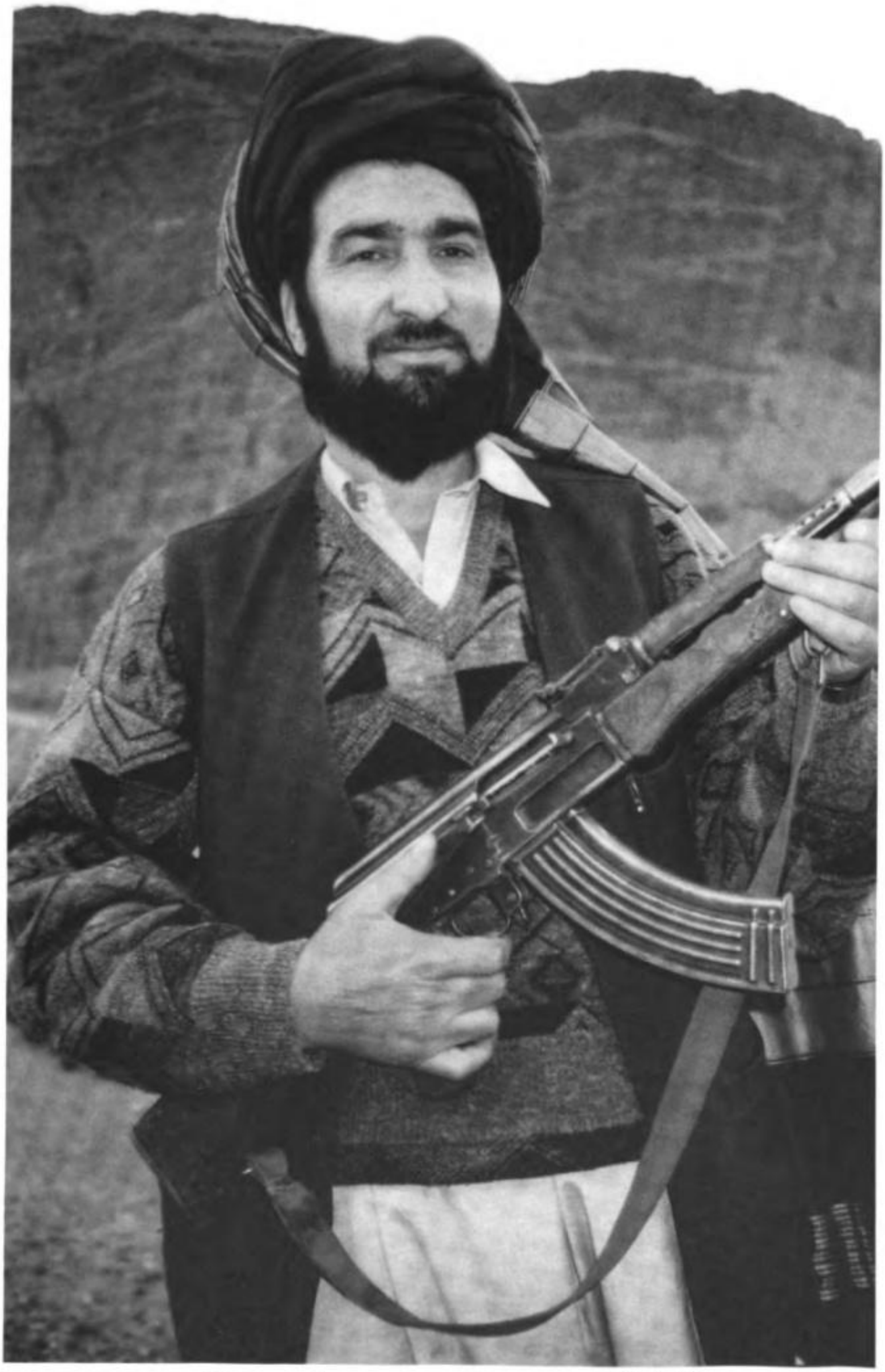




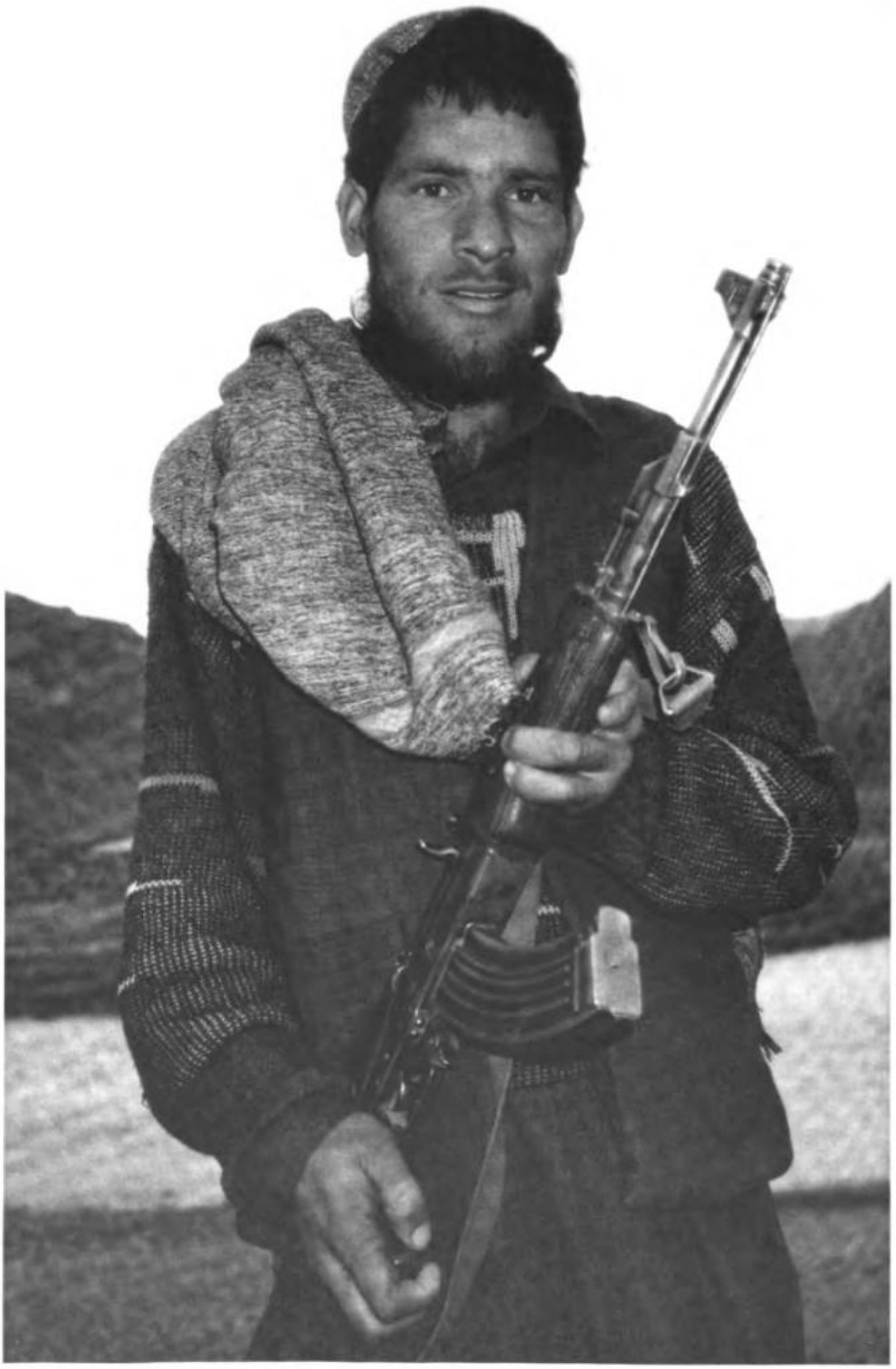
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



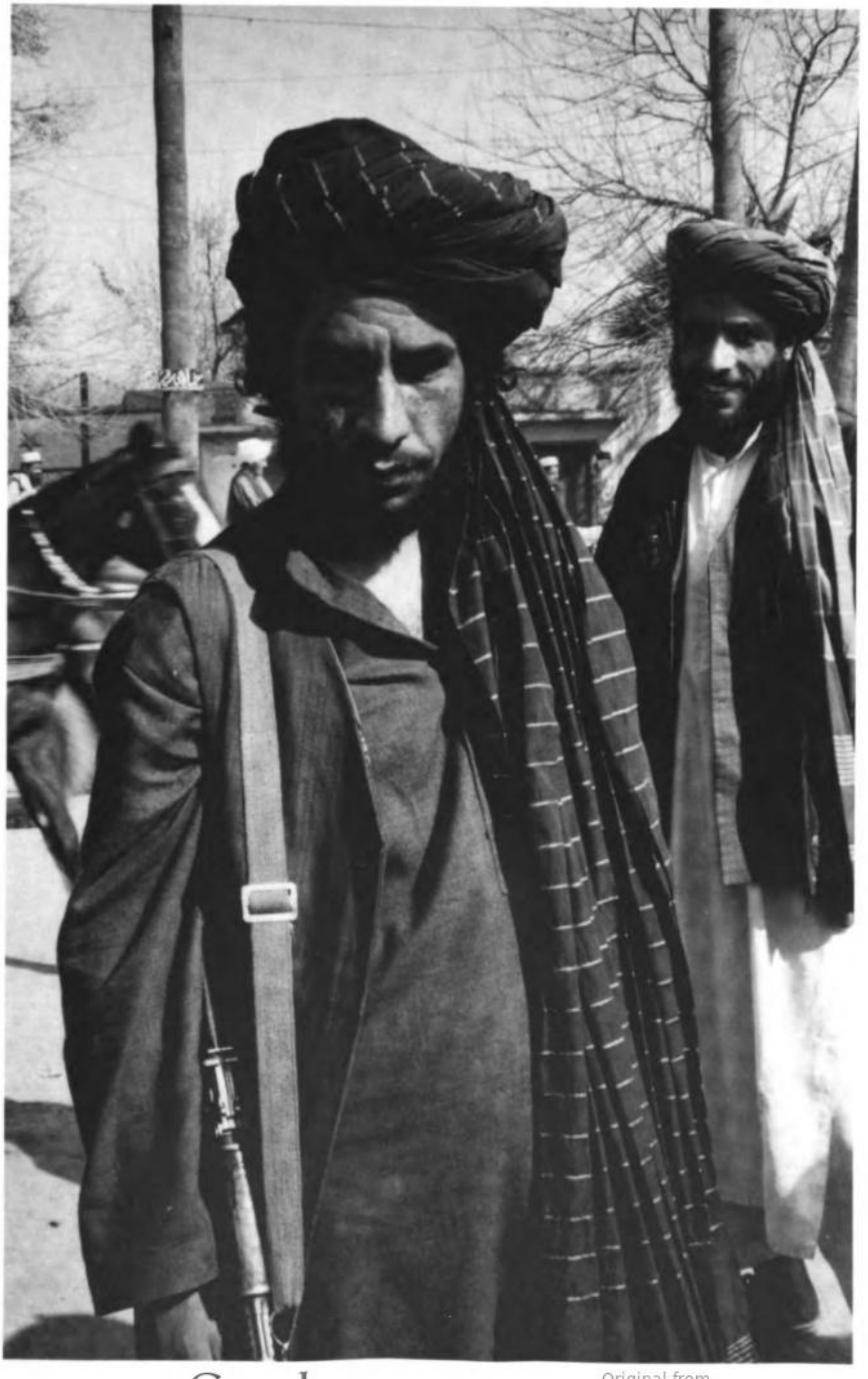
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 15

DEFENSE OF GROUND

So let each stand his ground firmly with his feet well set apart and bite his lip.

TYRTAEUS, FRAGMENT 10[1]

But what's needed to fight our foes is a man who stands his ground, not one who runs away.

THE SPARTAN ANDROCLEIDAS, WHO ENLISTED EVEN THOUGH HE WAS CRIPPLED[2]

Could it ever have been intended that our Government could tell a semi-dependent and semi-barbarous power that it might defend boundaries which we had fixed without by implication conveying to it that we would assist in the defence of those boundaries?

LORD ETTRICK, UK SECRETARY OF STATE FOR FOREIGN AFFAIRS, SPEAKING ON THE AFGHAN QUESTION (1874)[3]

ETHICAL PERIMETERS

Defense of authority typically takes place in sealed areas: the high-walled prison yard where the gallows gapes its trap, the closed borders of the Ukraine where authority introduces mass starvation in pursuit of perfect classlessness, the police barricades behind which the anti-terrorist team raises its sniperscopes, the dry riverbeds outside of town where the Genji execute their Heike prisoners. "The

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Protective Strip is marked off from the Restricted Area by a metal trellis fence only half the normal height but with electric contacts on top. If they are touched an optical signal is immediately flashed to the nearest command post of the guard company on duty. A siren may also be sounded. This enables the alarm groups to take action from two sides to stop the person trying to escape."[4] Help somebody cross the Restricted Area and surmount the wall, and you'll be convicted of Section 105 of the East German Penal Code, "anti-State trading in humans."[5] Authority may well, for the sake of intimidating, appeasing or proclaiming, offer its violence as a spectacle, like the French Revolution's *journées*, the condemned in their tumbrils riding past silent or jeering crowds to the guillotine. But at the spot where the deed is done, whether or not there are any inanimate walls, authority will have posted its minions. When Louis XVI, standing already at Sanson's elbow (within weeks, Sanson would also behead his wife), sought to address the people, authority walled him off with deafening drum-beats, and his counterrevolutionary pleas were sliced away.

WALLS OF AN ATOM

War, on the other hand, is not merely public, but almost wall-less—or, to be more accurate, its walls are unpredictable improvisations, which constitutes one measure of its fright. Where will the sniper's bullet come from? Who will die in this campaign, my brother, or myself, or no one whom I know? Are we safe here, or is this orchard an ambush? (Louis XVI knew very well where the guillotine was, and who would die that day.) "Grape rattles on the roofs of the houses and in the fields," writes Clausewitz;

> cannon balls howl over us, and plough the air in all directions.... The young soldier cannot reach any of these different strata of danger without feeling that the light of reason does not move here in the same medium, that it is not refracted in the same manner as in speculative contemplation.[6]

For confirmation, gaze into the far-seeing, helmet-shaded eyes of a shell-shocked soldier in Vietnam.[7]

These zones of concentration, which vary with time and place, and which are called battles, have their own concentric walls multiplied by the number of human beings. The threatened self lives within its fortress of flesh, which may be walled again with armor. In the medieval *Song of Roland* we are continually reading how that reified vector of force, the warrior's lance, passes first through the foeman's shield, next through the hauberk, that body-suit of chain mail, and then through the final redoubt, the breast-bone. "Through the man's back drives out the backbone bended / And soul and all forth on the spear-point fetches."[8] In Lidiya Ginzburg's "blockade diary" of the Nazi siege of Leningrad, "a hostile world was on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

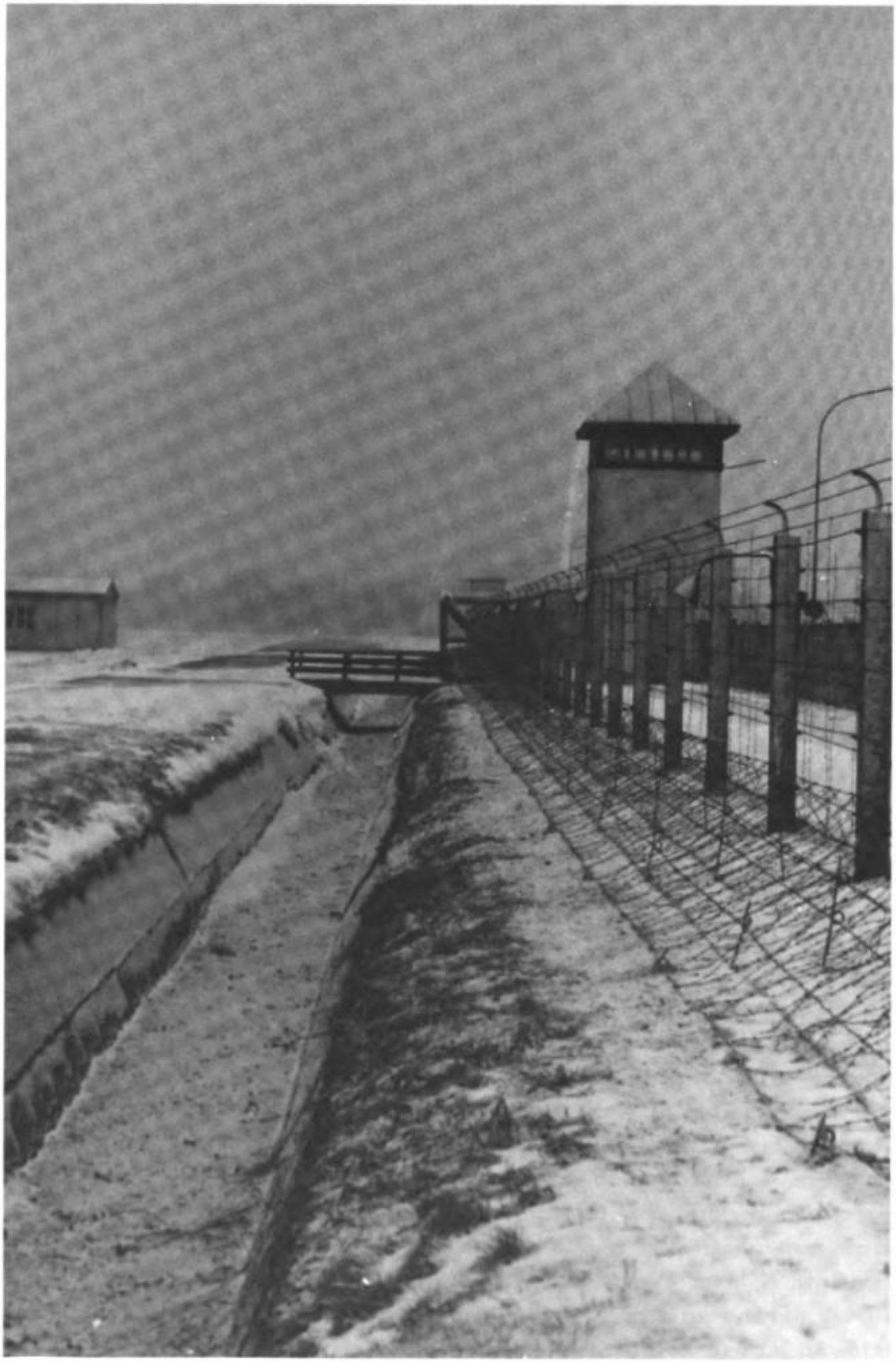
the offensive and pushing its outposts forward. The closest of these outposts had suddenly turned out to be one's own body ... with all its new ribs and angles,"[9] for everyone was starving to death. (Three hundred thousand Leningraders died.)[10] Beyond the body, and the bulletproof vest of the fortunate, loom brick walls and perimeters, within which it is the business of authority's self-defense to *confine and direct* violence, whereas it is the contrary business of military bellicosity to *smash* those walls. Should the army succeed, back to ribcages again for our protection—sometimes even the ribcages of our fellow creatures. During the final Spanish campaign of Julius Caesar's civil war, the Caesarians set up enemy "bodies in place of a turf rampart. On top were set severed heads on sword-points... they ... thus encircled the town with a wall of corpses."[11]



East German border (1977)

We are told that in 1941-45 "the ground war in the South Pacific was a war of perimeters instead of lines,"[12] but this has always been true for the individual. His body is his perimeter. In fear he huddles into himself, waiting for violence to strike his side or his back, his belly or his arm. He prepares, arms himself, strikes back, or not. He is a French sentry at Verdun, a man who wears a poncho, standing in a hole walled to his chin with snowy sandbags, and crazy circles of barbed wire above him.[13] Maybe a shell will come straight for him from Enemyville, or maybe it will overshoot him and earth will fall upon his back, crushing him. His flesh, his bones and bowels await.[14] He is a member of a British company encircled by Zulus. (Che Guevara has a name for the expression of a frightened person: "encirclement face.")[15] The living wall of the Native Contingent having collapsed, the Zulus in their red tunics come rushing in. The surrounded Englishmen "held their ground in compact bodies, till, their ammunition being expended, they were overpowered, and died where they stood."[16] One of the sixteenth-century Spanish *conquistadors,* receiving a charge of Indians, noted how "the stones sped like hail from their slings, and their barbed and fire-hardened darts fell like corn on the threshing-floor, each one capable of piercing any armour or penetrating the unprotected vitals."[17] A terrifying German poster from a year or so after Leningrad shows a large-skulled skeleton riding through stormy darkness upon a fighter plane; he bares his teeth in glee, and in his skinny arm raises high above his pale round head a dark round bomb, ready to hurl it down upon a single half-lit building in a blacked-out German city. "The enemy sees your light!" screams the poster (and to English speakers, the German word for enemy, *Feind,* transforms a mere opponent into a fiend, a ghoul, a monster). *"Verdunkeln!"* Turn that light out! For the careless householder in the poster, of course, it is already too late.[18] The scene is one of fear and helplessness. The good Germans below are not aggressors, or even violent defenders, only human beings to be pitied. Their only hope in the face of the fiend's oncoming is to hide in that ominous dark-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The perimeter of Dachau (1981)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ness. The remark of a French commentator that soldiers at Verdun were "orphans who fought in isolation"[19] is true of any human being alone or in company against whom violence is directed, for when we fear, we are always alone; this becomes incalculably more true when the enemy and his munitions are magnified from a group of subway muggers with sharpened screwdrivers[20] to an army with a thousand 155-millimeter cannons.[21] A hundred fifty-five millimeters? Old stuff! We see a soldier posing beside an unexploded 305-millimeter shell which comes almost up to his shoulders. I know the difference between a .22 caliber pistol cartridge and a 9 millimeter, between a 9 millimeter and a .45, between a .45 and a .50, which is almost the highest-caliber handgun I can legally own and shoot; from the barrel of my .50 comes a long fireball; the noise and the shock are unpleasant. I cannot imagine the sound of a 305 millimeter shell detonating. (What were they shooting at Sarajevo? It was loud; they never told me.) But here's a photograph to show me the 305: one struck a French battery—"literally crushed and buried," just as the caption says.[22] Here comes another, and another. "Soon it's not possible to count the shots," says a foot-soldier, "we're in the center of an uninterrupted roaring..."[23] No matter what, at some point the spear-point will ferret out that wretch's soul, and Lidiya Ginzburg's neighbors will begin to surrender as their fat and flesh get slowly breached by hunger, leagued with cold.[24] (For contrast, consider the leitmotif in so many of the old Norse sagas: enemies surrounding one's house and burning to death everyone inside.) "A fortified place can only protect the garrison and arrest the enemy for a certain time," admits even optimistic Napoleon.[25]



The enemy sees your light! Black it out! (1942)

WALLS OF A COHORT

War destroys; war takes. Saint-Exupéry's bailiff must be paid. Will he demand our old clothes today, for use in the war effort, or will he burn us alive? In the officially inspired Assyrian reliefs we discover the usual bearded, huge-eyed profiles of Assyrian victors leading a procession of prisoners of war. Captive women sit above a high cartwheel, their hands upraised in wisely submissive gestures.[26] War has won, the city wall overrun. Sennacherib's infantry files after siege engines up steep inclines, smashing the walls of Lachish; archers launch death from behind immensely wide shields (their own portable walls); two soldiers have impaled three naked men whose shoulders swell grotesquely like those of hunchbacks as they hang rabbit-limp—war takes; war does as it pleases; and as usual everyone is in profile, marching as seriously and as unaware of any observing eye as ants on their mission.[27]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The perimeter of Auschwitz (2001)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Homeland contracts, like Trotsky's USSR during the Russian Civil War of 1918-21: "Our fronts had a tendency to close into a ring of more than eight thousand kilometers in circumference." Trotsky can thus deploy his Red Army along entirely internal lines. "But this advantage was available to us on the sole condition of complete centralization in management and command."[28] His equation, we know, runs thus: Defense of homeland being *a priori* justified, repression being a logical necessity, then repression must be justified, too.

The selfsame Sennacherib, King of the World, King of Assyria, who seven hundred years before Christ uses "mines, breeches as well as sapper-work" to attack Hezekiah the Jew in forty-six of his strong cities, fortresses and the like, gleefully provides his scribes with still another reason why he ought to be deserving of our immortal reverence: "Himself I made a prisoner in Jerusalem, his royal residence, like a bird in a cage. I surrounded him with earthwork in order to molest those who were leaving his city's gate."[29] The walls need not even necessarily be breached, you see; war can make a defensive wall, designed to keep me out, into an offensive one, by means of which I'll keep you in.[30] Hezekiah is finally forced to surrender and remit great tribute, including his own daughters as concubines. He is luckier than Lidiya Ginzburg's fellow Leningraders. Sennacherib, unlike Hitler, does not demand to fetch out his soul on the sword-point. Lines of cavalry with drawn bows and extended lances ride toward the enemy in still another of the frozen reliefs[31] which a scholar has called "this series of pictorial war-records without equivalent in any country, ... this almost monotonous display of horrors."[32] Of course it was not only the Assyrians who thus pictorially recorded their sickening triumphs.

WALLS VERSUS VECTORS

Defense of authority is most often paradoxically directed against the unarmed, or the relatively weak, authority by definition being incumbency, which is strength, armed strength, the strength of the clan, of the state, of the organization; and rebellion, beginning from subjection, must start as feebleness. (This applies equally to acts other than rebellion which authority chooses to repress: robbery, murder, rape, arson, idolatry, expression of unpopular opinions, racial self-defense, etcetera. The state is the strongest; otherwise it could not be the state.) When insurgency grows sufficiently, it becomes civil war (unless it can follow that secret ladder to power called *coup d'état*—a case we won't consider here). At this point, authority's walls cannot contain what authority's survival demands must be contained. Capital punishment's bull-rings and ghettoes may and probably will continue to be walled, but the frontier, the city wall and above all the wall of troops now take on the decisive role of determining whether the other walls can exist. Authority cowers, or sallies, from behind its walls, knowing that to keep what it has, it must break the enemy's mobile bulwarks. "If the enemy opens the door," says the great strategist Sun-tzu,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"you must race in."[33] That is the way Ramses II will get his pile of severed hands. From time to time, as we've seen, authority's customary rings of repression are duplicated in war: from a pure standpoint, the siege of Leningrad, or the "kettle" encirclement of German troops at Stalingrad, or the two-pronged Persian attack upon the narrow pass of Thermopylae, were but counterparts of Louis XVI's besiegement on the scaffold by the soldiers of the Revolution, or Che Guevara's strategic policy of making the enemy feel at "every moment ... he is surrounded by a complete circle" of guerrillas.[34] Diagrammatically, we might represent some of these situations (simplified) as follows:

TOPOGRAPHIC VECTORS OF FORCE

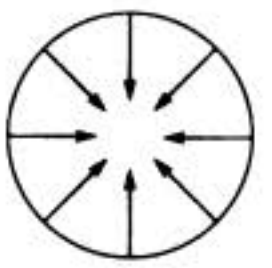


FIGURE 1: Defense of authority. The vectors of force are all focused inward, in a tightly controlled zone. Someone is being executed, or a rebellion is being put down. The circle represents either a permanent wall of some kind (say, the perimeter of the gymnasium at Nuremburg where the Nazi war criminals were hanged) or the easily replicable, and indefinitely holdable, perimeter of the zone of control (for instance, the series of roadblocks and other barriers established by the FBI and the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms around David Koresh's "compound" in Waco, Texas). Of course, this diagram could also indicate a lone victim being surrounded by attacking thugs.

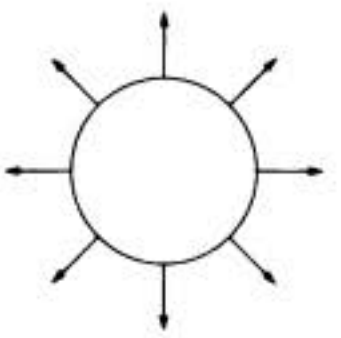


FIGURE 2: Defense of authority / potential defense of a nation. The vectors of force are all focused outward. The borders are sealed; perhaps mobilization has begun. Enemies are expected. Because the zone which these vectors are required to cover is infinite, this configuration is practical only if the zone within the arrows is relative-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ly small, as would be the case if, for instance, merely a prime minister were in it, being protected by his bodyguards; or if the zone were a medieval city. Even in the latter case, the position is not tenable for long. In the case of a large nation approaching war, a more realistic diagram would be Figure 3. This diagram could also represent terrorists guarding a hostage (although if we wished to indicate their intimidation of the hostage we would have to include some inward-pointing arrows, too), or sentries monitoring a secret post in enemy territory.

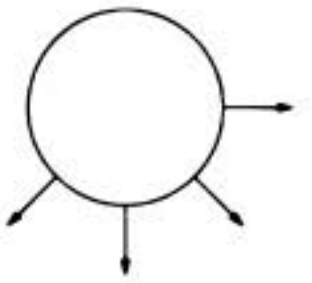


FIGURE 3: Defense of authority / potential defense of a nation. The vectors of force are all focused outward, but in one sector. The nation is defending itself, or attacking, along a limited front. Where there are no arrows, there is (hopefully) no threat.

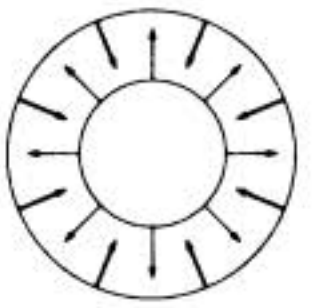


FIGURE 4: Defense of a nation. A city is under siege; or a nation has been drawn into a two-front war. (Bold arrows originating in the outer ring indicate the violence of the aggressors.) The defenders are fighting back. Of course, this diagram could also describe a rebellion, in which case the bold arrows would be the lineaments of authority in the zone of repression; the other arrows would express the force of the trapped rebels trying to hold the gendarmes at bay.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

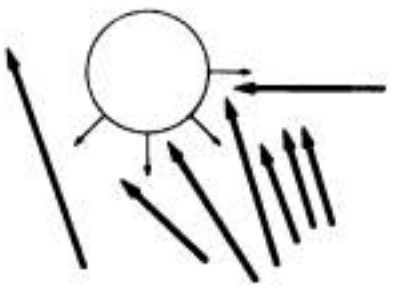


FIGURE 5: Defense of an individual in combat (Note the similarity to Figure 3.) The bold arrows pointing upwards represent the attacks of the enemy. There are (let's hope) also bold downward-pointing vectors originating from his own side, but this beleaguered soldier (or woman fighting a gang-rape, or rebel desperately seeking to avoid capture) cannot see them. Perhaps the approaching arrows have no personal intent, but the lonely self stands in their way.

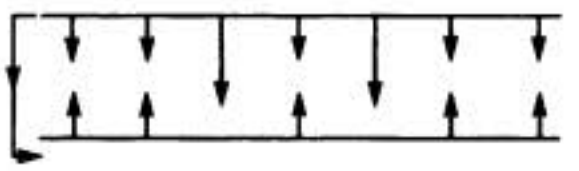


FIGURE 6: A pitched battle. This might represent one of the clashes of Greek hoplites described in Thucydides. The two lines of troops are facing each other, more or less evenly matched—but the uppermost army has slightly more force in the center, although it does not seem likely to break through, and it has initiated a well advanced flanking maneuver around the enemy's left. On a much larger scale, this could be a modern battle, too, in which case the facing lines might be fronts instead of troop lines.

Given the agreed-on right of the self to defense and preservation, it would seem clear that the legitimacy both actual and perceived of violent defense in the above situations would vary in proportion to the number and intensity of force-vectors in one's path. Regarding Figure 1, we could not blame the Nazi war criminals from exercising this right and using lethal force to escape, if they could; of course, it was the responsibility of the prison to make sure that they could not. They'd been outlawed and remanded to the executioner, like Robespierre; we had decided that they were not entitled to live, but the struggles of the body to live must be taken for granted just as much as the need to defecate; that is why there are soldiers, walls and manacles at executions.

Regarding Figure 2, an invading soldier, seeing that the city was on the offensive, would probably destroy its troops as much as he could; having breached the circle, however, he would be unjustified in slaughtering defenseless civilians. In 1582, Russian troops set out to conquer Siberia and encountered an "immense gath-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ering of the heathen." With no irony whatsoever, the Russians' leader, Ermak, addressed the men as follows: "Oh, friends and brothers! Let us pray to God and to His Virgin Mother, and to all the heavenly powers, and to His saints, that they will protect us against invasion by the vile and cursed enemy!"[35]

Figure 3 shows that the need for an attacker to shoot first and ask questions later would be higher in the southeast quadrant than in the north and northwest. Figure 4 portrays a life and death struggle, which looks absurdly tidy in this stylized diagram, but to somebody actually involved would resemble the writhing muddles of a Renaissance battlefield, with lances literally at cross-purposes, stabbing at shoulders and bellies; a man down grimaces; competing banners fly colorfully, high above it all.[36] The painting by the Korean Pyon Pak (1760) depicting the "Heroic Defense of Tongnae City" against the Japanese in 1592 is laid out in just this way, with defenders massed upon the high dark curves of the city wall, steep fairytale mountains in the background and the Japanese all around in a girding threatening rush.[37] In the zone of battle between the two rings, almost any violent means would be justified.

The same license must be granted to the individual in Figure 5, who might be one of the grandly honorable and egotistical warriors whom we read about so often in the *Tale of the Heike*, a proud, self-doomed fighter who throws himself where the enemy is thickest, and hacks until he's cut down. Or he might be somebody who wants to keep his life. In either case, he is one against many, and deserves to even the odds in any way that he can.

In Figure 6, the same goes for any of the fighters in the opposing lines; as for the flankers and the flanked, both of them are now at extreme personal risk, and can be legitimately expected to lash out all the more desperately: A grim Mesopotamian proverb runs: "You go and take the field of the enemy; the enemy comes and takes your field."[38]

Simply put, *defense of ground is justified by imminent self-defense, even during unjust aggression.* A shivering French soldier in his snowy bivouac outside of Moscow shoots down the Russian homeland-defenders who try to kill him by night. His army, Napoleon's army, is wrong. But he has every right to defend himself. So does Napoleon—correct?

"DID I WANT TO DESTROY THEM OR PROTECT MY OWN LIFE?"

When we meditate more seriously on the ethics of defense of ground, over us, like the fog from a chlorine gas shell, begins to steal a sense first of bemusement, then bewilderment, then uneasiness. Napoleon is a man like me. Napoleon has the right to defend himself. Yet Napoleon is also—Napoleon. A soldier loyal to his standards, I follow him to Russia and back, loyal but lost in a maze of walls of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

which I'm a single brick. I have no time to think. I march, I shoot or I run. Present arms! Forward march! About face! War breaches walls, yes; and to accomplish that, it builds temporary walls of its own—moving walls. "Do not attack well-regulated formations," warns Sun-tzu;[39] they cannot be breached without paying too highly in blood. Sometimes the walls contain and protect the blood: these are the supply arteries—increasingly weakly walled in proportion to their length, which is one reason to build garrisons. My mind wanders to movement and tactics, away from ethics. I think of fluid dynamics, not of ends, means and morally colored expediencies. An analyst of Alexander the Great's campaigns reminds us: "It must be stressed again that a military route is not a mere line drawn on a map but a narrow corridor with sufficient agricultural and water resources in the immediate vicinity with which large numbers of men and animals can be supported."[40] The corridor is life: the corridor is homeland. (All armies need to be mobile, or else require firm lines and bases of supply, in order to avoid exhausting the resources of a fixed area, be those of food or of ammunition.) In a wooden model we see Egyptian soldiers in a column four abreast, marching, barred and leopard-dotted shields at their left sides, lances vertical, the points above their heads, like cattails on the stalk, or that old simile applied to Charlemagne's invading army of iron cornfields; they are a narrow wall of death on the move; and by constituting themselves as such, they protect themselves and each other.[41] Thucydides compares the terrified, disheartened Athenians in retreat from the battle of Syracuse (A.D. 413) as "a starved-out city, and that no small one;"[42] and Nicias, their doomed general, seeks to encourage them by saying: "You are yourselves at once a city wherever you sit down, and ... there is no other in Sicily that could easily resist your attack."[43] They wall themselves with weakly wobbling spears and heavy bronze shields now almost unbearable to raise; only fear gives them strength; for a little longer, they constitute their own homeland, until their final scattering and defeat, dying in agony on Syracusans' javelin-tips, drinking desperately from river-water bloodied by their own dead.[44] Until then they are a wall. So are the Germans in France in May, 1940: a hollow square of tanks, with infantry inside. And in Russia in December, 1941, Hitler will command them to wall themselves against all odds—don't give up an inch! The Germans' Sixth Army, suddenly in the same situation as Nicias's hoplites, will now be supplied by building an "ice railway bridge" across the frozen Dneiper. No need for bronze shields—in the one month of its operation, the ice bridge delivers over 4,500 wagonloads of supplies: food so that the body can hold on, munitions to wall away the enemy with all-round threats of lead and explosive shells. Although frozen rivers elsewhere imperil the Germans, because the Russians can come at them over the ice, Sixth Army maintains its line—at least until that final day of javelins.[45] General Tippelskirch recalls:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> The Russians always failed to break our front, and though they pushed far round our flanks, they had not yet the skill nor sufficient supplies to drive home their advantage. We concentrated on holding the towns that were rail and road centres, rolling up round them like 'hedgehogs'—that was Hitler's idea—and succeeded in holding them firmly. The situation was saved.[46]

(The same general, however, admits that supplying those "hedgehogs" by air in the terrible winter weather was a major cause of the downfall of the Luftwaffe.[47] And Hitler's doctrine of holding fast, continued in the winter of 1942 with weakened, diminished troops, allowed those troops to be captured.)

This is war: Wall off oneself from the enemy, and surmount *their* walls. If they cannot be breached, perhaps they can be avoided.

When one reads the American Revolutionary Army's drill manual, written by Baron von Steuben in 1794, one gets an eerie sense of how the army liquefies as needed, creates its own temporary arteries of travel and flows around walls. Indeed, Steuben's contemporary Napoleon defines its strength as mass times rapidity.[48] "Break off!" the commanding officer cries, and then the files of troops swing right and left (or inward if the obstructions are on the army's wings), then flow through the gaps they've found, as Blitzkriegers will do a century and a half later, considerably more rapidly and aggressively; then the organism reconstitutes itself: "In proportion as the ground permits, the files will march up to their places in front, dress, and take step with the colours."[49] Much of military strategy consists in executing flanking movements, getting around and behind the enemy, as in Figure 6, in order to surround them as in Figure 4. *Take the offensive before you are surrounded*, Napoleon insists.[50] (This would seem justified by defense of ground—but what else justifies it?) Quick—preserve our access, and cut *them* off! Hence one's own walls and arteries lengthen sideways—the story told by the bewildering, sickening ugliness of World War I trench maps,[51] which begin by dividing up each landscape as usual into grid-squares already transected by winding village roads; upon these, murderous and accidentally suicidal engineers have overlaid their communication ditches, their trenches which curl across the land like strands of spaghetti: "3' 6" d[eep] mud & water," warns the legend for one; another: "wet ditch," another: "passable—water,"—another: "passable for infantry" (poor bastards); then come the telegraph wires, the long, twisting streams of barbed wire, *cheveaux de frises* ("many iron posts," the map warns, "iron spikes," "probably abatis"), and then they've raised brickworks and breastworks and embrasures for machine guns; and the artillery cartographers have superimposed their target circles, whose results we see in later maps as shell craters, some of whom even have names: "New Year Crater 2-1-16." Lines of craters overlap like a necklace of half-melted, fused beads. "Breastwork 4' to 5" high at Point 59; it is said to be 15' thick." Trenches intersect, spew off pseudopods, as likewise occurred with Alexander the Great's lines of supply, which Alexander extend-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ed as he went by receiving (such was his capacity to intimidate, or to invoke the chimera of "liberation") the surrender, often with hostages, of local authority *in advance of his arrival!* After reaching Babylon, Alexander was, of course, in Persia proper, and the people became more hostile to him.[52] No matter; what the Macedonians could not gain by threats, persuasion or market-dealing they received by force, dividing his army in proportion to the resources they could take from a given area, so that the expedient corridors multiplied. Thus the reduction of the Uxians in 330 B.C. Alexander himself labored alongside his men to smash a way through the ice of the Deh Bid Pass. And he went on and on, until the disasters in Afghanistan and southern Iran, where in 327 B.C. the failure of his supply fleet to appear resulted in the death of seventy-five percent of his army. And these trenches of World War I, they go on and on, also, but they get nowhere. Trenches parallel each other, for the enemy is close enough to hear. Can we flank him? No, we've already gone from Switzerland right across Europe to the sea! Napoleon proposes the following universal principles of victory: "to keep ... forces united; to leave no weak part unguarded; to seize with rapidity upon important points."[53] His commentator suggests that the first of these may be obsolete, that mobility may be more wise than concentration.[54] World War I is why he thinks so. Tanks and *Blitzkrieg* have not yet been born; they will save us from the trenches, so that we can commit new atrocities; meanwhile, trenches lengthen with the years, curving out new arms, connecting segments. They resemble nothing so much as crazy dark cracks in the landscape. "Hedge 4 1/2' high, not strong but wired." And then on some maps, after all this, we repeatedly find the letter A, meaning: "Defensive works being carried out." At the third battle for Ypres there will be one gun for every six yards of front! The maps say: "Lateral. Defensive traverse. Tunnel. Dugout. Shaft to machine gun emplacement. Mine. Incline blown in. Blown in water. Brickfield, sunken. Holed through at 3 feet. Blocked. Blocked. Blocked." Dead men everywhere, in the mud and in the snow, curled or spread-eagled,[55] headless or crushed, the only features of featureless craters, pounded into the dirt and dusted with dirt, dust to dust.[56] A headless corpse hangs skewered in a scorched tree[57]—sometimes the bailiff enjoys collecting his debt most freakishly. Here again comes death, in the form of chlorine. But self-defense is ready, and we find men lurking like crater-eyed ghosts in their pale gas masks.[58] Or is it self-defense? Why must this trench be my homeland? (In Roman times, we heard Aemilius Paullus tell his legionnaires before battle that their entrenched camp is "a resting-place for the victor, a refuge for the beset. This military residence is our second fatherland.")[59] In the 1980s, a Soviet journalist taking part in an ambush of Afghan guerrillas wonders afterward: "Was I shooting at the *dukhi* with an assault rife to attack or to defend? Did I want to destroy them or protect my own life?"[60] More trenches now. Their names speak of fantasy, despair, homesickness, and bureaucratic dullness: Madagascar Trench, Inverness Trench, Old Boots Trench, Harry's Cut, Lover's Lane, Tower Reserve Trench, French Central

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Trench, Incision Trench, Inch Trench, Incline Drive, Inadequate Trench, Created Trench, Ceylon Trench, Cesspool Trench, Covering Trench, Trenches Night, Novel and Necklace, Trench 38, Trench 39... See the files of helmeted ant-men toiling forward in their chin-high zig-zag grooves of earth.[61] See the miners and sappers in their long dark tunnels. The battlefield drawing of Urs Graf (Basle, 1521) is no less gruesomely bustling than any of these scenes, but in Graf's time the soldiers are, with exceptions, fighting upright, in massed ranks,[62] four centuries later, in the days of Cesspool Trench, the attacks will occur in "waves" of desperate scuttlers. Armies keep adding insets to their maps to keep up with new trenches, supports, dumps, redoubts and fosses. Dig in—armor yourself! Burrow into the ground and defend it! (Against what? Against the machine guns. The British, for instance, began the war with only two per battalion. By the end, they had one machine gun for every two platoons—to say nothing of the new Machine Gun Corps, and the cavalry, who now rode mechanical horses, armed with sixty-four machine guns per battalion.[63] Their allies and enemies did much the same. Machine guns caused almost eight out of every ten casualties in World War I.)[64] We see the dugouts, sometimes mere log-walled caves whose domed dirt roofs dimple the trampled forests, sometimes, as is the case with this Germanic marvel, real subterranean forts *"en maçonnerie,"* of masonry, complete with steps of brick or stone on which we see the German officers standing for a pose; beneath the smooth overhand of the earth-packed roof are shuttered windows similar to those one meets in bungalows, or (more to the point) shooting-blinds. War's jocularity, which attempts to laugh off horror, calls them "dugouts of the Crown Prince."[65] By August 1917, when the German tunnel under Dead Man is captured, we can find a machine room twenty-seven meters deep, with dully shining engine-wheels, a tiled ceiling with electric lights, a wall-panel studded with controls; the entire tunnel has electric power! That must be why it, too, is called "Crown Prince." Spoils to the victor; the German mechanics will be replaced by French ones, and the war continues.[66] "This warfare was often treated as siege warfare," writes a military historian. "But in fact it differed from a normal siege because new 'walls' could be created more easily and quickly than old 'walls' could be knocked down."[67] —What are they like, these easy solutions? Read the poems of Wilfred Owen, the paeans to boys being delivered to annihilation, storming fixed positions which become more rather than less impregnable during the attack, because so many attackers are killed by the machine-guns that their bodies form new obstacles. "The character of violence, of brutality and of rapidity must be maintained," ran the French instructions for the attack on Champagne;[68] but the refrain in Owen's poem "Exposure" is: "Nothing happens." Caterpillar files of troops scuttle in and out of shellholes. The repulsed attack of "Spring Offensive," and the stench of dugouts where men have lived "for years" ("The Sentry") are brought to us by a poet in hell.[69] Photographers tell us the same story as poets. Here is one image of sugarloaf-hatted Russian troops standing ankle-deep in water, in what appears to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

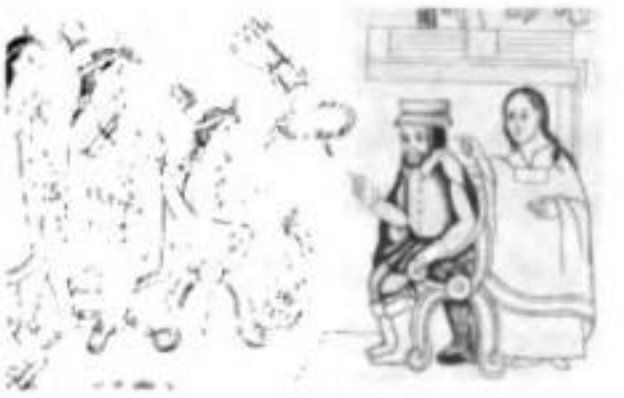
be a grave in the snow, a narrow, snaky grave with slanted sides; they stand there in their boots, and one soldier grips a corrugated hose which crawls out of that trench like a fat earthworm and meets a handpump at graveside where two other soldiers hold the long handle; this is a posed photograph, and so halfway down the side of the trench stands an officer (for whose benefit the image was probably taken), one hand on his hip, the other on a delicate little cane as he stares bluffly ahead, doing nothing; nobody else is really doing anything, either; after the photograph was taken they probably got to work in earnest, pumping out that sodden hole in which they would have to sleep, unless the officer commanded them to dig another one.[70] Gas, and machine guns, and barbed wire; mass murders beyond measure. "At that time," writes the German eyewitness Remarque, "even one's parents were ready with the word 'coward': no one had the vaguest idea what we were in for."[71] Those who still read Clausewitz could take spurious comfort, for that worthy explained through his "annihilation principle" that the object of a great battle was to destroy the enemy's forces.[72] The only problem was that in trench warfare vast numbers of one's own troops seemed to get destroyed as well. No matter—pay the bailiff; fight on! Kill or be killed. Hence the strange equivalence of war-posters: A World War I German, supported by his comrades, or fighting a heroic battle alone, is pushing Russian enemies off a cliff; failing to get their foothold in his country, they fall, dying and hating. A World War II Russian is pushing Germans off a cliff. It doesn't matter. The enemy's face is distorted, fiendlike; often we see him accompanied by monsters: hydras, snakes, octopi. From the standpoint of the powerless individual summoned by the bailiff, *the enemy is always the aggressor.* Attack in order to survive; survive in order to attack again—that's defense, as the generals and politicians define it, as homeland defines it; invoke, if you like, Jerzy Kosinski's dictum that "a community, threatened with destruction or with a break-up of its cultural forms, clings with renewed ferocity to the mythic; the stresses of war produce this group reaction, bringing added tension into both the communal and the individual consciousnesses"[73]—but when we inspect a photograph of "a gallery of Vaux Fortress at the heart of the battle" we see rubbled darkness beneath a heavy arch; a man lies sleeping, wounded or dead on the sharp stones, with his boot-toes turned up; a bearded man with a hospital armband sits with his helmet askew, gazing down into nothingness"[74]—this is homeland? Incline Trench is homeland? Gaze into his eyes. He is tired. Perhaps for him—certainly for more and more men like him—there is no homeland, ground or war aim worthy of this agony anymore.[75]

What ground is sacred? Ask its ultimate defender, invincible in creed and greed—the cruel rager, the sprightly gambler-conqueror, Cortes.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

GAMING FOR GOLD-PIECES

I can never read without pity and horror the account of the captive Montezuma, erstwhile king of the Aztec Empire, now shadow-king, puppet-king, soon to die, and his civilization with him—commencing a round of *totoloque,* "a game played with small, very smooth gold pellets specially made for it."[76] Opposite sits Don Hernando Cortes, citizen of Medellin, who has married well and intrigued in high places. With all the politeness of a cat undesirous of killing the mouse straightaway—in part because he knows that his military strength, in relation to that of his prisoner's as yet unsubdued warriors, stands not as cat to mouse, but rather the reverse—Cortes visits every day, after Mass. (What obscene blessings he receives from God I can only imagine.) It often happens that he stays for a round of *totoloque*—for he has a lot of time on his hands, being yet uncertain what to do next (more specifically, how to convert a perilously illegitimate defense of ground into an unvanquishable authority). They throw the pellets of gold, he and Montezuma, and on the fifth toss there is a winner and a loser. The stakes are gold and jewels. When Montezuma wins, he gives his prizes to Cortes's soldiers of the guard. When Cortes wins, he with symmetric graciousness distributes his stakes to Montezuma's attendants. Cortes, I am afraid, possesses neither gold nor jewels of his own; whatever he puts up must therefore be either his plunder from Montezuma's outer dominions, or else the treasure Montezuma has already given him. The games go on as do the days; Montezuma and Cortes assure one another of their mutually imperishable regard. (They're brother tacticians. They're both city-burners and book-burners.)[77] Montezuma wishes to go hunting on his private island. The courteous destroyer assures him that he is "very welcome to go, but that he must remember what had been said to him before, when he went to visit his idols, that if he raised any occurrence it would cost him his life."[78] On the occasion to which Cortes refers, the Emperor had indeed been allowed to climb the sacred pyramid—but surrounded by Cortes's men who stand prepared to stab him should he cry out. By now Montezuma knows the rules. So his jailers take him hunting, and he returns "very contented." "Finding him so frank and pleasant, we treated him with the respect habitually paid to kings in those parts, and he treated us in the same way."[79] And why not? For the Spaniards are now kings also. They play *totoloque* again, king to king. Montezuma winning, he presents a golden gift to the captain of Cortes's guard, one Juan Velazquez de Leon, "who in every way showed himself Montezuma's true friend and servant."[80] —No doubt, for this is the same Juan Velazquez de Leon who when they first seized the remonstrating Montezuma, cried out "in his usual



Cortes meets Montezuma

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

high and terrifying voice": "What is the use of all these words? Either we take him or we knife him. If we do not look after ourselves now we shall be dead men."[81]

"THIS IS NOT AN ASSAULT"

There lies the crux of all the *conquistadors'* expedient syllogisms: We have the right to defend our ground. Our several diagrams have shown to what extent defense *and* ground are both accidental, circumstantial. Defense of ground constitutes the defense of a revolutionary peasant's nascent right to own that ground and the livestock on it[82]—and defense of his landlord's established property rights to the same. Were I kidnapped, drugged, flown halfway around the world and deposited on one side or the other of some alien battlefield, I'd have every right to fight whatever enemy came charging toward me, whether I understood the cause or not. Thus the argument of Juan Velazquez de Leon. He is thousands of miles from home, his commander outnumbered; Montezuma will certainly kill them all if it can be done. — The rub, of course, is that the Spaniards brought their sacred ground with them as they pressed forward of their own will, that (I'm almost ashamed to mention it) they invaded. Or, as the Conquest's lapidary nineteenth-century historian, Prescott, puts the question: "The difficulty that meets us in the outset is, to find a justification of the right of conquest, at all."[83]

One of justification's props is defense of creed. In Cortes's time and place,[84] deviation from orthodox Catholicism constituted a sin punishable by death. And Montezuma, unfortunately for him, did not happen to be Catholic. Prescott reminds us: "This doctrine, monstrous as it is, was the creed of the Romish, in other words, of the Christian Church—the basis of the Inquisition."[85] From divine justification followed divine right: right of kings, right of the lieutenants of kings to impose correction in their name, right to proprietorship over heathen territory. In other words, defense of creed, finding itself successful, grew bold and simultaneously became defense of authority and defense of ground. Thus the tired old story: the tale of the French in Canada, which magically became New France; of the English in New England, and, yes, of the Spaniards in Mexico, which became New Spain. But, no matter how weary (and wearisome) the theme, it will not die, so let's call it innately human; one finds it, for instance, murkily coloring the actions of my government at Waco, Texas, in 1993, when, having refused the possibly disingenuous offer of that gun-loving cult Messiah David Koresh to openly inspect his so-called compound for violations of firearms laws, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms sent agents disguised as students to move in across the street. The home of Koresh and his Branch Davidians to them constituted alien territory, an insult to their sovereignty which had to be redressed in the most brutal fashion: Koresh went jogging regularly, and his murderers could have arrested him without any fuss, *but they feared that he might be released too quickly.* Better, then, by the logic of authority's too proud

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

self-defense, to violently retake this ground. To be sure, Koresh, following the "survivalist" fashion of that epoch, appears to have been equally too prepared to defend himself.[86] His imminent self-defense, like a foreign nation's nuclear missiles, did indeed constitute a threat. So when I used the word "murderers," it shouldn't be understood in as unequivocal a fashion as for Stalin's cadres or the worst of Cortes's *conquistadors*—let's call them "manslaughterers." Their actions showed arrogance, clumsiness, deceitfulness, stupidity and, I think, malice—but the murder was not in the first degree. Their commandos came in military vehicles; nobody knows anymore who fired the first shot; people were killed on both sides. Then it was time for the FBI.

But all this is mere context, whose diffuse light bathes equally anxious fools, ignored negotiators, fanatics on both sides and evilly arrogant men. Begin the real tale on the fifty-first day of siege, when authority, no longer able to bear being balked, obtains the go-ahead from the U.S. Attorney General and prepares the Cortesian stroke. Juan Velazquez de Leon had indeed cried out, "What is the use of all these words?" but words always remain important. Before launching his final battle against the Mexican capital, Cortes will offer his honeyed ultimatums; and on this last morning that most of the Branch Davidians will ever see, history repeats itself when the FBI's chief negotiator, Byron Sage, master of converting black into white, telephones the besieged and politely announces that "we're in the process of putting tear gas into the building. This is not an assault. We will not enter the building." The time is one minute before six in the morning; for many of the past fifty nights the FBI's tactical team has been broadcasting the squeals of rabbits being slaughtered; nor is the logic of Mr. Sage any less dreamlike than Caesar's at besieged Massilia (summoning the Massiliote Grand Committee of Fifteen, the aggressor "urged them not to let the Massiliotes be guilty of starting hostilities; they ought rather to follow the lead of the whole of Italy than bow to the will of one man," that is, Caesar's enemy.)[87] Understandably, then, Sage's groggy, doomed interlocutor repeats in astonishment, "You are going to spray tear gas into the building?" —Sage, as smooth as Cortes or Caesar ever were, answers: "In the building ... no, we are not entering the building." (Self-interest and self-preservation adore such inversions. When Bernal Díaz describes the siege of Tenochtitlan, he gives the impression that it is the *Spaniards* who are besieged; for the Aztecs rush their beachheads by day and by night. Under such circumstances, who wouldn't approve of Spanish self-defense?) Having thus (as he hopes) paralyzed and stupefied the Branch Davidians, our efficient Mr. Sage hangs up the telephone, switches on the loudspeakers and deafeningly broadcasts this incredible justification of the forthcoming defense of ground, whose logic is that since the government despite all appearances is not attacking, the Davidians had better not commit the aggressive sin of defending themselves:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"This is Not an Assault"
The FBI's ultimatum of 5:59 a.m., April 19, 1993[88]

> "We are in the process of placing tear gas into the building. This is not an assault. We are not entering the building. This is not an assault. Do not fire your weapons. If you fire, fire will be returned. Do not shoot. This is not an assault. The gas you smell is a nonlethal tear gas. This gas will temporarily render the building uninhabitable. Exit the residence now and follow instructions. You are not to have anyone in the tower. The tower is off limits. No one is to be in the tower. Anyone observed to be in the tower will be considered to be [sic] an act of aggression and will be dealt with accordingly. If you come out now, you will not be harmed. Follow all instructions. Come out with your hands up. Carry nothing. Come out of the building and walk up the driveway toward the Double-E Ranch Road. Walk toward the large Red Cross flag. Follow all instructions of the FBI agents in the Bradleys. Follow all instructions. You are under arrest. This standoff is over. We do not want to hurt anyone. Follow all instructions. This is not an assault. Do not fire any weapons. We do not want anyone hurt. Gas will continue to be delivered until everyone is out of the building."

Gas will indeed be delivered, by means of booms smashed assaultlessly through walls and windows, until suddenly, mysteriously—was it the gas or did Koresh do it on purpose?—the Branch Davidians' home bursts into flames and almost everyone dies, including seventeen children. In a report issued years later by a House of Representatives subcommittee, authority will decide that it was essentially David Koresh's fault.[89]

THE PURSUIT OF HAPPINESS

Is defense of forward-moving ground hypocritical, then, or merely blindly self-serving? Caesar moves deeper into Gaul. The Germans ask him to halt until they can return with envoys in three days. But Caesar, like the FBI, fears that the delay will allow them to reinforce themselves with cavalry. He commands his legions on. "When Caesar was no more than twelve miles away from the enemy, the deputies returned to him as agreed: they met him on the march, and besought him earnestly not to advance further... their request was not granted," writes the conqueror.[90] In the end, however, he agrees to advance only four miles, to camp near water. This is not an assault. The Germans fall suddenly on his vanguard. Caesar counterattacks, driving men, women and children into the river, "there to perish," as he says, "over-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

come by terror, by exhaustion, by the force of the stream." Exultantly he continues: "The Romans, with not a man lost and but few wounded, freed from the fear of a stupendous war—with an enemy whose numbers had been 430,000 souls—returned to camp."[91]

For a balder explication of the urge, turn to the Nazis—or the ancient Greeks. Nearly two thousand years before Cortes, the Athenians, weakly trying to evade or delay the Peloponnesian War, explain to the Spartans that "the nature of the case first compelled us to advance our empire to its present height; *fear being our principal motive*, though honor and interest afterwards came in."[92] Balder still: Xenophon in his *Memorabilia* makes Socrates toss off this chillingly casual aphorism: "Men fight in order to live as happy a life as possible ..."[93]—that is, to gain security, prestige and treasure. My own country's Declaration of Independence assures me that I have the preconditional right to the pursuit of happiness. If, as in ancient Greece, warfare is a routine way to obtain that happiness, then, as for the FBI, who said they were doing it for the laws they broke and the children they killed, aggression becomes self-defense, an easy doctrine which allows monsters to flourish like mushrooms after a rain.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND IS JUSTIFIED:[94]

> By imminent self-defense, even during unjust aggression—but only by imminent self-defense.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF GROUND IS UNJUSTIFIED:[95]

> When that ground may be shifted at will for the sake of expedient or aggressive advantage.

"WE HAD BEGGED THEM TO KEEP THE PEACE"

Back to Cortes. Invoking the rights of the self, Bernal Díaz, the conquistador whose chronicle I quote, repeatedly explains in his memoirs that they've only come to Mexico "to take a look at the great Montezuma—in fact to earn our livelihood and make our fortunes"[96]—that is, at Montezuma's expense. And that, indeed, is exactly what Cortes wrote to the Emperor. "As if they were monkeys they seized upon the gold," says the native account. "They starved for it; they lusted for it like pigs."[97] "Send me some of it," runs Cortes's first message to Montezuma from afar, "because I and my companions suffer from a disease of the heart which can be cured only with gold."[98] That disease is called greed. It differs but little from the malady which drove Caesar to conquer Gaul in the name of a less than enthusiastic Rome.[99] Time to earn their livelihood, by all means.

Setting out on this most innocuous of errands, they encounter the Tlascalans, to whom (after a skirmish) they make noises of peace, for their country merely lies along

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the way; it can be subjugated later. But next morning a thousand Tlascalans appear, launching darts.

Like Byron Sage, Cortes will have only just war.[100] Invoking all the proper rules of engagement, "Cortes made signs of peace and spoke to them through his interpreters, begging them to desist and warning them formally before a notary and witnesses (as if they could profit by it or understand what it was all about)"[101] but with wise mistrust, the Tlascalans refuse to be friends, invoking defense of homeland as they gather their forces in hopes of eating the invaders' flesh and sacrificing their hearts. The Spaniards continue marching and riding toward Montezuma, beating off the attack. Soon the Tlascalan armies return, led by nobles in flame-like headdresses, robed and sandalled, waving long wooden swords striped or herringboned, studded with flint or obsidian teeth. In the old painting, the effect is not only menacing but also alien, birdlike.[102] Cortes, who while not given to lyricism can express his purposes with considerable grace, commands the royal notary

> to watch what happened so that he could bear witness if it should be necessary, in order that we should not be made responsible at some future time for the deaths and destruction that might occur, for we had begged them to keep the peace.[103]

The Tlascalans charge. Invoking, as always at this stage, self-defense of creed[104] and self-preservation (New Spain not having been sufficiently conquered for self-defense of authority to apply), the Spaniards break the enemy line again and again. From the now brittle pages of Prescott's opus, as in the victors' memoirs, there arises a strange fragrance of glamour: However evil the means and ends, the actual *achievement* of Cortes and his troops compels my unwilling admiration. I know now that he'll press on, and on, and on, praying to his loving God, leading his men against vast hosts. "The steadfastness of our artillery, musketeers, and bowmen did much to save us," writes Díaz (which I can well believe), "and we inflicted great casualties on them."[105] Another Spaniard compares the victory to that of Joshua in the Promised Land.[106]

And so the Tlascalans perforce offer their friendship. —On to the city of Cholula, whose citizens, like so many others, are angry and fearful at the foreigners' coming. Dwelling in proximity to the Aztecs, they're already vassals: Montezuma and his predecessors fought many a flower war against them, intimidating them, killing off their noblest warriors in stylized combat: better, then, to be dependent Aztec allies—before the terms get harsher.[107] Now they must compute rapid sums according to the following expedient calculus:

(A) Break with Montezuma, and we'll be at the mercy of these unknown bearded men, who have just sworn friendship with their enemies the Tlascalans;

or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(B) Defy Cortes, and lose the war as the Tlascalans did.

Far better to invite them in to gain time (and, possibly, Aztec reinforcements). Meanwhile, one must presume, a messenger runs secretly to Tenochtitlan and back. What does Lord Montezuma command? —Murder by treachery, so that the Mexican homeland will be defended before they get any nearer. —But Cortes likewise has his observant satellites, not least his native mistress, Doña Marina, now perhaps already pregnant. (Years hence he'll marry her off to one of his drunken lieutenants.)[108] Learning of the plot from a Cholulan woman who'd made the mistake of trusting to racial commonality, she rushes to whisper in her master-lover's ear. And he? Self-defense advises exemplary slaughter, for were no punishment meted out, other tribes and cities might resist yet more ferociously.[109] Moreover, by his lights their device constitutes unscrupulous warfare. Therefore he may employ violence. (The Nazis will reason similarly about Partisans in eastern Europe.)[110]



Cortes and Marina

At his smiling invitation the Indians assemble; one must suppose that ignorance truly constitutes bliss. Away with ignorance now! They're surrounded! Cortes, righteousness's schoolmaster, now accuses, pronounces sentence, fires off the musket-signal, and justice begins. How can we begin to imagine the shouts and the screams, the desperate escape-seekers and crazy-eyed defiers all enclosed and doomed? "If we had not inflicted that punishment," pens the chronicler, defending Cortes's memory against allegations of gratuitous cruelty, "our lives would have been in great danger."[111] By the rights of the self, indeed, Cortes is justified in defending the ground he stands on; otherwise indeed his heart would have been upon the Cholulans' bloody altar. At fault is only his first premise, that he can move his ground where he lists.

His very restraint up until now, says Prescott (who, like so many, halfway admires him),[112] leads us to believe that the treason of the Cholulans partook of actuality,

> yet who can doubt that the punishment thus inflicted was excessive,—that the same end might have been attained by directing the blow [merely] against the guilty chiefs...? But when was it ever seen that fear, armed with power, was scrupulous in the exercise of it?[113]

The Aztec version of the story, needless to say, awards Cortes still less credit, being a tale of Spanish atrocity pure and simple, carried out upon all the Cholulan leaders, who assembled in good faith, never expecting to be harmed; there was no murder plot, no order from Montezuma.

We at our disadvantage of almost half a millennium's dust can never hope to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

know the facts. But I accept Prescott's logic: Cortes is unlikely in his first season of weakness-inspired amity to have slaughtered the Cholulans without cause; either they were truly preparing his sacrifice, with or without Montezuma's dominating complicity, or else the Tlasacalans, who hated the Cholulans—or Marina, prudently or desperately seeking to become indispensable—cleverly convinced him that they were. As it happened, the deed was politic. "When Moctezuma heard what had happened, and about the troops who were marching against him, he began to shake like a leaf," says the Aztec account.[114] Cortes leads his army on.

Montezuma (counseled, as I would suppose, by his most important adviser, Cihuacoatl or "Snake Woman.")[115] hastens to send word to the enemy that he had nothing to do with any conspiracy. This denial makes me suspect him, and perhaps it had the same effect upon Cortes. Prescott, confessing that all portraits of Montezuma are biased, goes on to say, that "one cannot contemplate this pusillanimous conduct of Montezuma without mingled feelings of pity and contempt."[116] He offers any tribute the Spanish Emperor would like, provided only that he is left alone. Cortes thanks him courteously and continues on.[117]

Moctezuma then blocks the roads, preferring not to resort to open violence yet, since all others who tried it against Cortes were beaten.[118] In Mesoamerican terms, this is, however, a declaration of hostility,[119] and Cortes's Tlascalan allies surely tell him so. (Bernal Díaz claims that Montezuma installed an ambush along an unblocked road; the Aztec account does not mention this.) Cortes's army marches around the barricades.

"I GO FORTH ABOUT TO DESTROY"

In simple, Montezuma versus Cortes equals defense of homeland versus defense of ground.

In a native codex we see Montezuma, as it happens the second ruler of that name (which signifies *He-frowned-like-a-lord*), standing on a mat with his legs braced apart, leaning on an ornate spear as tall as he is, with a wide, bordered, carpet-like cloak sweeping across his body, and feathers the size of palm-fronds blossoming from his left shoulder. A beard sharpens his spade-shaped face, whose outline is almost symmetrically doubled by his headgear. Left hand on his abdomen, he stares straight into space from under heavy eyelids.[120] His conqueror's private secretary portrays him as "a man of middling size, thin, and, like all Indians, of a very dark complexion. He wore his hair long and had no more than six bristles on his chin ...He was of an amiable though severe disposition, affable, well-spoken, and gracious, which made him respected and feared."[121]

When Cortes arrived, he'd held the throne for seventeen years. He'd reorganized and conquered. He'd upheld the sovereign reputation of Tenochtitlan. In his manuscript of 1585, Fray Sahagún castigates the fashion in which "the lords of Mexico, Texcoco, and Tlacopan, united with all their troops, should go conquer some

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

province, even though its rulers had never given any offense to these three lords or their domains. This indicates clearly that they were tyrants."[122]

Our indictment of Cortes (crueler than Caesar, kinder than Hitler) hardly exculpates Montezuma.[123] Whence came his empire? What justification had Montezuma for expanding it? One anthropologist concludes that "war *was* the empire. Halting war for too long diminished perceived Aztec power."[124] As in the ancient Greek city-states, war not only defined economy and authority, but also manhood. When an Aztec boy was born, his mother cut the umbilical cord, intoning: "You are a server and a warrior, you are the bird called *quechol,* you are the bird called *zacuan,* you are the bird and warrior of the One Who Dwells in All Places."[125] Later the boy received a bow and arrow from his parents, "because warfare was so frequent among them."[126] There was an excellent chance that he would use them—in wars of conquest.



Montezuma

Relying, therefore, on the deterrent power of his reputation, Montezuma probably never expected Cortes to march in to Tenochtitlan—his native enemies would hardly have dared.

An Aztec war-hymn runs in part: "I go forth, I go forth about to destroy, I, Yoatzin; my soul is in the cerulean water."[127]

Meanwhile Cortes addresses his men at the very beginning of the expedition to New Spain: "We are engaging in a just and good war which will bring us fame."[128] Doubtless he prays for his good success every day when he goes to Mass. "He was devout and given to praying," recalls his secretary; "he knew many prayers and psalms by heart."[129]

TRIBUTES, RUSES INCANTATIONS

Montezuma's first campaign in the war of defense had been a magical one. (We might compare him with Leonidas the Spartan. Both kings probably sought to propitiate, to avoid, preempt or cleanse any religious pollution and to invoke divine aid in defense of homeland.) But the incantations failed. He was compelled to contend not only with the material reality of the Spaniards as greedy and dangerous usurpers, but also with a religious prophecy which equated Cortes with one aspect of the old Toltec deity Topiltzin Quetzalcoatl.[130] (A certain chronicle based on Aztec sources insists that Montezuma, at the behest of his religious advisers, sent messengers to give tribute to Cortes upon his first arrival at the coast, and that Cortes dressed up in his finery and received them upon a makeshift throne.[131] Supposedly the Spaniards told these envoys that Montezuma's gifts were insufficient, "and that when they went to Mexico, they would rob them of all they had and take it for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

themselves."[132] This does not square with the polite Cortes of Díaz's chronicle, but offers what might be called truth-in-hindsight.) Montezuma, like Cortes, is a man of ruses. He'd sent a noble to impersonate him, but the Spaniards, having been told of the trick by their native allies, merely took the puppet's proffered gifts and reviled him.[133] His envoys had cut the throats of slaves to honor the Spaniards, who of course were merely disgusted by this literal sacrifice without transubstantiation.[134] They had a countervailing advantage: Nothing in *their* religious tradition disposed them toward making any particular accommodation with Montezuma.

His sorcerers tried new spells, only to be threatened by their god Tezcatlipoca. At that, Montezuma had said, "I pity the old men and women and the boys and girls who do not have feet or hands to defend themselves. As for the rest of us, we are now resolved to die in the defense of our homeland."[135]

Cortes's men tramp on. Further complicating the matter was the fact that, being ignorant of the Mesoamerican laws of battle, the Spaniards entered the city during harvest season, without declaring war. The Aztecs knew neither whether to strike nor how to strike. When Montezuma was crowned, the enemy sovereigns in Tlasacala and Cholula were invited, and secretly attended the ceremony.[136] Could Cortes's purpose be similarly diplomatic? Better to await developments—especially since one could not prevent them.

And so at last they arrive in lake-girded Tenochtitlan, where Montezuma loads them with gold and fine cloaks—in hopes of buying them off, as they cynically suppose, which might mean the same thing as making them allies. The Aztecs in their conquests have always been satisfied merely to exact tribute.[137] They find neither desire nor need to remake other city-states in their own image. We can be sure that to them Cortes's war aims remain incomprehensible.

FURTHER NECESSITIES

When the *conquistadors* first saw the Aztec capital, they were stunned. The place resembled "an enchanted vision," writes Díaz. "Indeed, some of our soldiers asked whether it was not all a dream."[138] "But today all that I then saw is overthrown and destroyed; nothing is left standing."[139] A song to the war-god runs: "O author of life, your house is here! ... Behold Mexico, palace of the white willows, palace of the white sedges!"[140] (This evocation of homeland perhaps achieved the same effect as the patriotic French posters at the beginning of World War I.) Awed and dazed at first by the magnificence of the place, the Spaniards visit the market, then compel Montezuma to take them to the main temple, where, ascending a steep pyramid stained with blood, they revile the Aztec gods, thereby forcing upon their shocked host an expiatory prayer.

It seems that Cortes, like his colleagues, rivals and successors,[141] cannot keep his troops in good order, and they immediately begin to loot Montezuma's palace,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

where they are being put up.[142] Most of the foot soldiers will, as usual in war, end up with a minuscule share of the plunder.

Says the native account: "The king, Moctezuma, came out to welcome them as strangers because he was not able to offer resistance at that time; nevertheless, the Mexicans always considered this arrival as an act of violence and tyranny."[143] So did the Cholulans; so did the Tlascalans. And the unwelcome guests know it. That is why they kidnap Montezuma.[144] Another historian writes simply: "This act of treachery seemed the safest thing to be done, and therefore, with Cortes, it was the best."[145] No doubt the logic is correct. Don't get the kidnappers wrong—it's nothing personal. Our chronicler calls him "a great and valiant prince," deserving of all respect.[146] They merely need to make a living, you see. Does this make the deed better or worse? Montezuma asks them to take his children hostage instead, so that he will not be disgraced. But Cortes makes his usual reply, the reply of Trotsky: There is no alternative.[147]

CORTES'S MAXIM

In order to secure and defend my ground, I have every right to conquer you.

THE HONORS DUE A SOVEREIGN

Thus Montezuma in captivity, throwing down the golden *totoloque* pellets. One of his guards calls him a dog in his hearing. Another audibly relieves himself. Montezuma, presenting him with a "gold jewel" to smooth the way, asks him to kindly refrain from showing such disrespect in the future. The next night, the guard relieves himself again, hoping for another gold jewel.[148] The recipient of this treatment wears the honor-pride of any powerful political leader[149]—he rules millions, and has presided over the sacrifice of thousands (when his "captains on the coast" arrived to tell him of the approach of the Spanish fleet, they'd thrown themselves on the ground and said, "Our lord, we merit death for having come without your permission")[150]—and the degradation is in proportion—in proportion also (as I assume) to his dwindling utility to the Spaniards. Well, they're all friends just the same. Cortes twice assures him that he is free to return to his palace. "The prince replied most courteously that he was grateful for this kindness. But he well knew that Cortes's speech was mere words, and that for the present it would be better for him to remain a prisoner."[151] How could he not know? The hypocrite has just thrown him in chains and publicly burned alive seventeen of his captains for trying to reconquer territory lost to the Spaniards. (Their defense: The uprisings were by Montezuma's orders.) When Cortes's ruffians had first laid hands on him, it's said, he couldn't quite believe it. How now, when they manhandle him and clap him in irons, and he hears his captains' screams? As irrelevant, in a certain sense, as their

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

executions might seem to one in whose halcyon days twenty thousand victims a year were sacrificed,[152] especially to a man who with his kindred ate roasted prisoner-flesh, and marked calendar-cycles by lighting fires in the chest cavities of the heart-ripped,[153] the shrieks must have nonetheless touched him in his fear and his dignity. What was being burned was his sovereignty, his authority, his godlike self.

In the Codex Mendoza, drawn by Aztec hands, we see a warrior, tall, disdainful and serene, holding his shield with one hand, while with the other he grips the top-knot of a captured warrior who louts before him, small proportioned in everything, even in shield and weapons; he barely comes up to the Aztec's armpit.[154] Such is his honor; such is his status. We see the conquest of Azcapotzalco. Dead bodies—commoners, from the look of them—lie on the ground, almost naked. Aztec jaguar soldiers clash with the Tepanec defenders, while others are already marching up the temple steps. They have won. It is 1428. Azcapotzalco will be razed.[155] If such be the status of warriors, imagine the status due to kings. Can we see now why for a few moments enchained Montezuma might have gone mad? We read that he roared like an animal—with terror, desperation and rage.

All things pass, of course. "After the burning, Cortes went to Montezuma's apartment with five of his captains, and himself removed the chains; and so affectionately did he speak to the prince that his anger quickly passed away."[156]

More captive days and nights. More rounds of *totoloque.* Montezuma offers Cortes one of his two legitimate daughters in marriage, as a token of his love.[157] No doubt he craves alliance on almost any terms by now.[158] (How can ever forget the burning and those chains?) Cortes takes off his helmet in respectful gratitude, but refuses, being already married. To Montezuma (who himself once had many wives, perhaps a thousand),[159] this reply must be still another insult. Some thirty years later a Spanish judge will be apprised that "a daughter of Moctezuma [sic], having contracted an illness of which she later died, was thrown out to lie on a mat on the ground. She was so poor that she would have had nothing to eat if the Franciscans had not sent her some food."[160] Why should we expect otherwise? The Aztecs' fortunes have fallen. Within a few weeks of being tendered the daughter's hand, Cortes, adopting his soldiers' usage, will refuse to visit Montezuma even when entreated. He keeps his helmet on now. (How many gold pellets does Montezuma have left?) He mutters: "Why should I be civil to a dog who was holding secret negotiations with Narvaez, and now, as you can see, does not even give us any food?"[161] —Indeed, Tenochtitlan's market is closed, because it recently happened that at a festival of their god Huitzilopochtli, Cortes's deputy, unprovoked, massacred great numbers of nobles, soldiers and commoners.[162] The Aztecs hate them now. Well, may they all be enchained! —True also that Montezuma did intrigue with Narvaez, Cortes's enemy; for factional strife among the Spaniards comprises the Aztecs' last hope for defense of homeland. But Narvaez loses to Cortes; Montezuma makes politic haste to congratulate the victor, who refuses to listen to him.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"LIKE WATER IN A HEAVY RAIN"

That slaughter in the market marks a watershed—or bloodshed, I should say—in Spanish-Aztec relations. Up until then, mental and moral paralysis encouraged the hope (or pretense) that the Spaniards were guests, among whom Montezuma claimed to dwell among them by choice. Cortes had sworn that he meant no harm. But now it's undeniable: the white men mean to tread them down into the mud. (Here is Pierre de Gand on the Mexican character nine years after the Conquest: "They do nothing they are not forced to do; you can obtain nothing from them by mildness or by persuasion."[163] That was in the sixteenth century. In a seventeenth-century engraving, we see a naked woman hanging in a doorway, her child likewise strangled by means of a cord tied round her waist. A broad, hearty Spaniard with a ruffled collar is dangling two naked little corpses before the jaws of interested dogs. Another dog is gnawing on the ankles of the hanged woman's baby. In the background, naked Indians are being hunted with dogs.)[164]

Why did they kill those people in the market? Evidently they'd seen human sacrifices there:—thus at least runs one justification for the atrocity. Or perhaps, like Stalin, they merely wished to make a cleaner sweep. "The greatest evil that one can do another is to take his life when [the victim] is in mortal sin," pens the chronicler Sahagún, who has access to Aztec sources but remains a Spaniard and a Catholic. Honest and true, he will not hide the fact that his countrymen, in defiance of their own professed moral calculus, "killed them, the greater part of whom were unarmed, without their knowing why."[165] "Some had their heads cut off, others were cut in half, and others had their bellies slit open, immediately to fall dead."[166] Blood ran "like water in a heavy rain."[167] Can this possibly be defense of ground?

Cortes, who was not present at the time, will later claim in his duly notarized declaration of war against the Aztecs that the plan at this festival was to murder Spaniards, as in the case of the Cholucolans.[168] It is written that when he returned to Tenochtitlan and learned what had happened, his aspect was "*mohino*, an adjective which is applied to one who plays in a game against many others."[169] By then he is not playing the game of *totoloque* with Montezuma anymore.

"THIS WHORE OF THE SPANIARDS"

After that day of bloody rain begins the Aztecs' violent self-defense of homeland.

Montezuma entreats them not to take up arms, because the occupiers are invincible. —"What is he saying, this whore of the Spaniards?" The stones begin to fly.[170]

The Spaniards say that he was killed by his own people, that a stone knocked his soul away. The Aztec source implies that the Spaniards garroted him.[171]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF GROUND

The Aztecs rise up. No doubt they've gashed their tongues and ears in the temples, offering their own blood to the gods in hope of victory.[172] They surround and besiege the usurpers.

Cortes cries: "The Mexicans and all their allies are now determined to kill us all. Let us then, with all our Indian allies, defend ourselves. Indeed we can do no less in our defense than kill them, take from them their kingdom, and make them our slaves."[173] Then, the Aztec relation claims, they strangle all the Aztec nobles they hold as prisoners, and throw them from the palace roofs.[174]

In a copy of a Tlascalan painting, we see jaguar soldiers with their shields crowding about the Spaniards' redoubt, launching copper-headed arrows, copper-headed lances, while the Spaniards huddle together on horseback, clenching weapons, their cannon blaring out fire. They put up a good fight, like old Spartans defending their ground and biting lips: "This is the good soldier; at once he turns to flight the rough ranks of the foe, and eagerly he stems the wave of battle."[175] (How strange, that Cortes, not Montezuma, should play Leonidas's role!) But the wave cannot be stemmed. Grizzled soldiers remark that they've never encountered "men so courageous as those Indians at charging with closed ranks."[176] The wave rises, and that smooth, oval stone, stone of destiny, comes hurtling over the wall toward Montezuma's head.[177] The Spaniards' frail pretext of legitimacy thus perishes.



Massacre of Montezuma's retainers

THE FIRST ENSLAVEMENTS

By night they flee the Aztec dominions, getting engaged in battle and picked off along the way. Three hundred Spaniards drown in Tolteca Acaloco canal, along with two thousand of their native allies.[178]

Cortes is desperate. Where can he defend his ground now? At the very beginning of the Mexican campaign, like the Roman general Asclepiodotus who invaded rebellious Britain, he'd burned his ships so that the men would have nowhere to go but forward. This deed is frequently styled heroic. But Cortes had lied to his men then, saying that the ships were worm-eaten.[179] Expediency dictated that he do this; otherwise the men would have risen up. Now he's irrevocably chosen his ground, and theirs. Why not? For Cortes, the die had been cast long before. As the historian Arthur Helps remarked, if he didn't capture Montezuma and return home, "he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would but have returned to a prison or a grave; for the ambassadorial capacity which he assumed was a mere pretext."[180] He must assert himself. Stumbling back and back through New Spain, he discovers that some of the conquered tribes have risen up against him. The penalty will be as expedient as it is (by his lights) just: Summoning his notary, he prepares a decree of enslavement, and begins to brand his captives. From this date, perhaps, begins his greed for serfs as well as for gold.

"CORTES OFFERED THEM PEACE"

He regroups. Unlike Caesar, who drove himself by will-force (which was in his case comprised of greed-force and honor-force) in order to attain his conquests, Cortes possesses the advantages of an athletic body. His personal secretary describes him as tall, great-shouldered, strong, although like Caesar he was pale.[181] He never loses heart. He gathers together his pet Tlascalans, who scarcely consider rising up against him. Why? Because fifteen years earlier the Aztecs had increased the pressure on them, adding force to their "flower war" of intimidation so that it began to resemble an all-out war. The Tlascalans had won one flower war and lost the next. They were getting worried.[182] Now Cortes, as they believe, will save them—if they help him. In their company he now approaches the capital. As always, he presents himself as the innocent self-defender. At Cuernavarca, "Cortes offered them peace; they answered with war."[183] A Tlascalan having shown his men the secret path, he fires the town...

His ultimatum to the defenders of Tenochtitlan: "Therefore we come to make war on you as bestial, unreasonable people, from which we will not cease until we avenge our grievances and overthrow the enemies of God... This will be carried out without fail."[184]

THE CONQUEST OF TENOCHTITLAN

"So they came on as bravely as tigers and fought us hand to hand,"[185] says that spirited trooper Bernal Díaz; and another Spaniard of equal gallantry wrote that "it is one of the most beautiful sights in the world to see them in their battle array because they keep formation wonderfully and are very handsome."[186]

"We killed more than a hundred splendid chiefs," Cortes gloats,[187] and the enemy counter-gloats.

In an old drawing, we see Spaniards, grimly unbending, riding forth with lowered lances, trampling the dismembered bodies of the dead. The Tlascalans accompany them, raising narrow clubs and skull-adorned shields.[188]

The chroniclers are pleased to inform us that when the troops encounter "women, children, old men, and other miserable creatures, overcome with hunger and sickness," Cortes usually "ordered his men not to harm the poor wretches."[189]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

From time to time, however, he "slaughtered many of them, mostly women and children and unarmed men."[190] Part of it is that he cannot always restrain his soldiers. (One thinks again of Caesar at Thapsis, powerlessly witnessing his soldiers murder all the enemy prisoners—and then their own officers.)[191] The other part—as we now know all too well—is that he will not stop at cruelty, when other expedients fail to stick. In his second assault on the great city, "seeing that they were so rebellious and showed such determination to defend themselves to the death, I inferred two things"—first, and perhaps most important to his heart, that it would be very difficult to get the treasure back again, and second, that "they gave occasion, and forced us to totally destroy them. This last reason caused me the greater grief, for it weighed on my soul and made me reflect on what means I might employ to frighten them..."[192] He burns the royal houses and aviaries. "Although it grieved me much, I determined, as it grieved them even more, to burn those edifices."[193]



Investiture of Mexico City

We see the Tlascalans crouching predatorially, gripping their shields like drums, some of them wearing jaguar-skins, as they approach the suppliant and pointing defenders, in whose keeping rests a skull rack from which glares a fresh Aztec head.[194]

Against these atrocities must be set Aztec counter-atrocities, such as the sacrifice of prisoners of war, which the Spaniards had to watch helplessly. It was this sight which almost destroyed the self-assured battle-courage of Bernal Díaz, who'd scarcely suffered fear until then. Out with the heart; smear its blood on the mouth of the god. Roll the opened man "down the steps, of which there were about fifty or sixty, his arms and legs breaking and his skull cracking, until he arrived at the bottom still twitching ... another high priest cut off his head and thrust through the temple a long stake, which was like a hook."[195] At first, fifteen or eighteen, and later fifty or fifty-three Spanish captives will be thus sacrificed.

The Aztec capital fights on, surrounded by battle but still surviving it. "Every day the Spaniards were cornering the Mexicans more," writes Fray Sahagún, but "the Mexicans returned at night to open the canals and ditches which the Spaniards had filled by day."[196] For their part, the Spaniards huddle in their armed camps, each of which resembles the hollow square in which blitzkrieg counters the web defense. At night, they must beat off rushes by the warriors with their device-adorned shields and their feather headdresses as lush as the tops of tropical trees.[197] And yet *defense of ground has no justice when that ground may be shifted at will for the sake of expedient or aggressive advantage.* In an Aztec codex, we see a line of *conquistadors* waving

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

long, stinger-like swords aloft, while shield-flaunting Aztecs (from their simplicity of costume, evidently commoners) hurl spherical stones at them. From behind approach the noble warriors in their striped costumes, leveling swords and long thrusting-spears at the Spaniards' backs.[198] Another *conquistador* wrote: "In warfare they are the most cruel people to be found, for they spare neither brothers, relatives, friends, nor women even if they are beautiful; they kill them all and eat them."[199] For both sides, the order of the day is defense of ground.



Assault on Mexico City

The siege deafens, mutilates, desolates all—Díaz writes that it lasts for ninety-three days.[200] Undeterred, however, by enemy ululations, or the thuddings of drums, the screams of trumpets, the whizzing of stones from maguey-fiber slings, Cortes continues self-defense. Specifically, he will starve the Aztecs out.

In the last campaign, he moves against Iztapalan. "More than six thousand souls, men, women, and children of the inhabitants, perished, for our Indian allies, seeing the victory which God gave us, had the sole idea to kill right and left."[201]

At the end, the defenders try magic one more time, but their sacred serpent and owl will not come alive to help them.[202]

Mexico falls. Falls a silence. When the fighting finally stops, many soldiers experience a ringing in the ears which drowns out all other sounds. Cortes gives thanks to God.

He finds corpses everywhere—by his estimate fifty thousand dead. As for the living, their condition excites pity. "Their excretions were the sort of filth that thin swine pass that have been fed on nothing but grass."[203] He tries to stop his allies from killing them, but, in his usual phrase, "it was not possible to prevent it that day, so more than fifteen thousand persons were massacred."[204]

DEFENSE OF GOLD

"The city was put to the sack," runs Gómara's account, "the Spaniards seizing the gold, silver, and featherwork; the Indians, the clothing and other spoils."[205] Cortes is said by one chronicler to have sought to disallow his troops from branding and enslaving the surrendered Aztecs,[206] and by another to have "branded with the King's iron many men and women as slaves."[207] Maybe he did both. Well, he's successfully defended his ground—or, as we should say, he's made the ground his. Defense of ground will hardly justify his violence anymore. Defense of authority must now be invoked; after centuries and traditions have bloomed, then defense of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

homeland will do. But first, we'll worship expediency.

"Ah, captain," says Montezuma's unhappy successor, Cuautémoc (or Guatemoc, or Guatemucin), "I have done everything within my power to defend my kingdom and deliver it from your hands. But as fortune has not favored me, take my life; it will be most fitting; and in so doing you will bring an end to the Mexican kingdom, for already you have ruined and destroyed my city and my people."[208]



Guatemoc

This is the man whose person the wily conqueror promises to honor and respect once he surrenders—comforting him after his usual honeyed fashion, insisting (as he did with Montezuma) that the sovereign will remained raised up—Guatemoc will rule Mexico just as before! Thus lulled and softened, and conveyed to a captured housetop from which he can be well heard, Guatemoc calls on the remaining seventy thousand defenders of homeland to lay down their arms.[209] He'll be a good puppet, it appears. He'll help Cortes lead the Aztecs to walk in the ways of God. The war is over.

But, half drowned by the clamor of peacetime, Cortes now finds himself accused of hiding Guatemoc's treasures for himself. He denies it, so the other Spaniards, in the spirit of scientific inquiry, torture Guatemoc by burning his feet with boiling oil[210] while "one of his gentlemen" gets roasted to death, his eyes on Guatemoc.[211] Perhaps Cortes deserves no blame for this, being less an absolute leader than a swimmer fitfully treading water in a sea of factions; his captains continually mutiny, run riot and attack each other[212]—but he ought not to have made absolute promises—not that Guatemoc believed them in any event; he never chose to surrender, but was captured.[213] As I meditate on this grisly scene, into my mind comes its double image, of Montezuma enchained while his seventeen loyalists die in the fire. A coincidence?[214] Montezuma's ordeal was undoubtedly choreographed by Cortes—why not Guatemoc's? And, in the end, he himself had the authority to halt the torture of Guatemoc "either because he thought it degrading and cruel," or because Guatemoc told him that he had thrown everything into the water where it could never be recovered.[215]

Guatemoc will live five years more, despised and feared, compelled to be always carried with the conqueror. In 1524, that glorious year when the tithes of Vera Cruz and Medellin reach a thousand gold pesos,[216] he'll conspire with other royal hostages in hopes of rising up. Cortes pronounces his guilt—and to justice devotes still another troublemaker, one Tetepangueçal. "These two, therefore, were hanged, and I set the others free because it appeared they were to blame for nothing more than having listened to it, although this alone was sufficient for them to deserve death."[217] Thus Cortesian generosity.

As always, the punishment has a salutary effect: the lord Apoxpaléon, whom

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

our hero is at that moment busily intimidating, forthwith burns "an infinite number of idols."[218]

A BRIEF HISTORY OF NEW SPAIN

Just as Aztecs once divided up the body of a war-prisoner, the captor getting the carcass and the right thigh, his helper the left thigh,[219] so the Spaniards now divide up the place they call New Spain.

Cortes gives land and Indian slaves to his soldiers; organized serfdom begins. "It is a question, however," says his admiring editor, "whether this treatment was worse than they had suffered from their Mexican owners."[220] —No question—it was worse. The Spanish judge Zorita, who spent ten years in Mexico in an official capacity, concluded "with certainty" that "one Indian pays more tribute today than did six Indians of that time."[221] After all, that was the raison d'être—and, speaking of games and gamepieces, we might mention that while some human beings suffered in order that Montezuma could have his *totoloque* pellets, gold mining became far more terrible under the Spaniards.

What did the Conquest bring to the Aztec homeland? We've tabulated its casualties in "Defense of Creed."[222] Less quantifiable in any table: Confusion, litigation over land,[223] social unrest,[224] forced labor on Spanish estates or in gold or silver mines, followed by fines for not working on the fields which they were simultaneously obliged to reap[225]—always fines and taxes.[226] Often the Indians found themselves required to pay in cash rather than in kind, which meant that *rurales* had to come to the cities to work for almost nothing, solely in order to fulfill this burden.

Return for a moment to the relation of the judge Zorita. As he tried (as benignly and altruistically as he could) to fulfill his function within the colonial machine, traveling to and fro on the roads, he often found Indians straggling down the roads, pushed and pulled by conflicting *corvee* obligations, tired and hungry. Sometimes he'd see them dead, men, women and "even their little ones, for they used them to carry food—something these people had never before done."[227] The conquerors seized them as porters, just as the Burmese government would do with insurgent hill tribes four centuries later.[228] When they collapsed, rather than unchain them the Spaniards might simply cut off their heads.

The population plummeting, the ingenious Spaniards added to the taxes of the living the taxes of the dead.

In 1521, eleven million Indians lived in the heart of Mexico. Twenty years later, less than six and a half million were left.[229]

A reddish-orange man I met in a Chinese-Mexican restaurant in Mexicali who told me that he was a hundred percent Aztec (actually, he was Tlascalan on his mother's side) said to me: "They brought horses. They brought many fine things. But they hurt our pride."[230]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HIS GOLDEN GAME-PIECES LOST

At the century's end, Spaniards will still be torturing Indians to death to try to get their gold.[231] But we can't blame Cortes for that, because he's not getting rich! Wondering just why it was that he defended this ground in the first place, he complains to the King of Spain that he has spent more than three hundred thousand gold pesos of his own money on the Conquest.[232] He asks for ten million, or for the interest on that amount.[233] The king is silent.

He proposes new projects—for instance, the conquest of the Chichimecas in the north. "By making slaves of these barbarians, who are almost savages, Your Majesty will be served, and the Spaniards greatly benefited, as they will dig for gold, and perhaps through contact with us, some of them may save their souls."[234]

Now his true war aims shine through—or is it simply that bitterness and unsatisfied greed etch away the last of his kindness? We read that he

> took Toluca for himself and asked the people for a tribute in maize ... The next year he ordered them to cultivate a field for him, and this they did for many years. In addition, he sent them to work in the houses that he built in Mexico. Still later, he demanded slaves for the mines of Tletiztlac; the lords and principales gave him all the slaves, men and women, that they themselves had. On two occasions he took all those slaves away and branded them on the face, and ordered that they carry maize from his tribute field to the mines.' When new mines were discovered, he required sixty slaves every year for fifteen years.[235]

Losing supreme authority over Mexico to a latecomer, he struggles to bribe the King of Spain with Mexican gold and a cannon made of melted down Mexican silver. Accused of intrigue, concealment of the spoils, poisoning, arrogance, he mildly bows to the new Lord Governor.

He gets exiled from Mexico, but replies to all: *Thou shalt give thy life for thy loyalty and thy King.*[236]

> He was a very stubborn man, as a result of which he had more lawsuits than was proper to his station. He spent liberally on war, women, friends, and fancies... In his dress he was elegant rather than sumptuous, and was extremely neat. He took delight in a large household and family, in silver service and dignity.[237]

After having undertaken an expedition to the Spice Islands in the King's service, he sails for Spain to obtain his rights, bringing with him, among other companions, one of Montezuma's sons, and "eight tumblers, several very white Indian men and women, and dwarfs and monsters. In short, he traveled as a great lord."[238] He brings more Mexican loot to be employed "for gifts." This tactic succeeds. The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

King—now the Emperor—ennobles him, converting him into Captain General of New Spain, with a right of keeping one-twelfth of everything for himself. And so for Cortes all the battles begin to approach a happy ending. He marries well, returns to the New World, survives other intrigue-driven reversals of fortune, explores the Sea of Cortez, quarrels and litigates, loses his favorite Aztec jewels in a shipwreck and expires of dysentery, aged sixty-three—like Napoleon and Stalin, one of the few moral actors in this book who dies not by another's hand.

In his will, he asks people to look into whether he did anything wrong in enslaving the Indians, and to make whatever restitution is required.[239] But "over his doors and on his coat of arms he caused to be inscribed ... *The judgment of the Lord overtook them; His might strengthened my arm.*"[240]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 16

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

Man, *n.... His chief occupation is extermination of other animals and his own species, which, however, multiplies with such insistent rapidity as to infest the whole habitable earth and Canada.*

AMBROSE BIERCE (1911)[1]

We are often told that the world is going from bad to worse, sacrificing everything to mammon. But this righteous uprising in defense of God's trees ... is telling a different story, and every Sequoia, I fancy, has heard the good news and is waving its branches for joy.

JOHN MUIR (1920)[2]

As good patriots, lovers of our wild land, it is our duty to resist invasion and defend our planet.

DAVE FOREMAN AND BILL HAYWOOD (1987)[3]

Leonidas defended his homeland, Lincoln his authority, Napoleon his honor, Cortes his ground and creed, and on a dim forest evening in Oregon, limber tree-spikers with their caps pulled low tapped long nails into trees, then snipped off the nailheads with their eighteen-inch bolt cutters which hung eternally at the ready from homemade slings. In defense of the planet itself (which is to say, of homeland,

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

authority, honor, ground and creed), they were fortifying a place they loved, a secret place not far from goldenclad hills blooming with thistles, almost in sight of the coast's many swellings bordered by birdprinted sand and domed grassy rocks which stretched out to sea. One more blow with the lanyarded singlejack, and the decapitated spike was gone in the tree-flesh it hoped to save from clearcutting—for could enough trees only be spiked, then sawmill blades would break into shrapnel and sparks. "No doubt these trees would make good lumber passing through a sawmill, as George Washington passing through the hands of a French cook would have made good food."[4] Thus John Muir, sixty years earlier. That tireless walker, that slender, white-bearded old nature sage had fought his tree-battles with the nonviolent artillery of letters, interviews, telegrams; he lobbied, testified, took President Roosevelt hiking. In a turn-of-the-century essay called "The American Forests" he'd written: "Any fool can destroy trees. They cannot run away... God has cared for these trees ... but he cannot save them from fools—only Uncle Sam"—that is, President Roosevelt—"can do that."[5] In photographs we often see him in a top hat, surrounded by his fine friends the ferns. He helped save Yosemite and Sequoia from fools. In his lifetime they named Muir Woods after him, preserving a smattering of virgin redwoods there. He'd done well, that frugal, self-reliant Scotsman—why not be satisfied with little? But John Muir, they say, died of a broken heart when the Hetch Hetchy was dammed by fools. Did the coroner write down as the agent of his demise, "natural causes"?



John Muir and President Roosevelt

We need not believe in the lethality of Muir's sadness and bitterness (after all, he was old) to remark on its staying power. We find it in his political descendants, now called "environmentalists." Some still believe in Uncle Sam, and quietly treat with him to save more scraps. Sometimes sick places even begin to recover—the Great Lakes, for instance. As I write this, the air in Los Angeles is better than it used to be. Many of Earth's defenders, and I thank them, have accomplished true good in partnership with Uncle Sam. In others, bitterness has swollen into militancy. Uncle Sam will never answer their prayers, they reason, so why pray? As for his minions, *federales,* ecoteurs contemptuously call them "freddies," mere agents of commercial interests. Sometimes they call them "jellyfish," "bandits," "quislings."[6] You see, the trees continue to disappear!

Three-quarters of the way through the twentieth century, on "one of those days when the sky was a sulphurous yellow and the roads cluttered with the wrecks of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cars," a philosopher gets into his vehicle. "As I drove south past the refineries of New Jersey that so expressed what industrial civilization was all about, I could see why some kind of violent apocalypse would come."[7]

An anarchist advises us to turn petty nationalism into eco-nationalism, defense of our local river or green belt.[8] Other moral activists—hunters, animal rights activists, eco-feminists, conservation clubs, civic leaders—propose other agendas. "A thing is right when it tends to preserve the integrity, stability and beauty of the biotic community. It is wrong when it tends otherwise." Thus one of the founders of the Wilderness Society.[9] (By that criterion, the extermination of those biocidal gangsters known as "the human race" would be right.)

Having marched from grievance through polarization to determination, some militants declare it high time to rise up—time, in other words, "for women and men, individually and in small groups, to act heroically and admittedly illegally in defense of the wild, to put a monkeywrench into the gears of the machine destroying natural diversity."[10]

UNCLE SAM AS OUTLAW

In 1980, five men sitting around a campfire launched the militant group Earth First!, whose slogan ran: *No compromise in defense of Mother Earth.* What would John Muir have thought of them? Beginning, like most fledgling organizations, with symbolic action, they ornamented a hated dam or two with ominous lines which resembled cracks—can you guess what they wished for? Next came confrontations overt and covert: blockades, tree-spiking, tree-sitting, bulldozer-smashing. Why waste any more telegrams or invite President Reagan hiking? *That* oaf had actually proclaimed the major cause of air pollution to be trees! Would he protect the foliage-crowned citizens of this great republic? "Only Uncle Sam can do that," Muir had written, and maybe the Sierra Club still believed it, but an Earth First! woman bluntly pronounced: "The Forest Service is an outlaw agency. If we don't stop them in the Kalmiopsis [wilderness], there won't be any old growth forest left on the Pacific Coast outside of currently designated wilderness and parks."[11]

In the foreword to their ecotage manual, an emeritus well-wisher advised us all to be good Americans and "spike a few trees now and then whenever you enter an area condemned to chainsaw massacre by Louisiana Pacific and its affiliated subsidiary the U.S. Forest Service."[12]

At the beginning of 2001, a Frank Ambrose, who from what the FBI tells us seems to have been a member of the Environmental Liberation Front, was arrested for spiking a hundred and fifty trees in Indiana.[13] He is the first person I know of who was caught committing this act. Tree-spiking had been carried out by Earth First! since 1984.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE LONG VIEW

In Oregon I once saw a bumper sticker: EARTH FIRST! WE'LL LOG THE OTHER PLANETS LATER! And we *could*—for, speaking broadly, nature isn't finite at all. We dwell in an interstellar ecosystem, our tides and fish-kills subject in some proportion to the radiations of Mars and Venus. Nonetheless, selfishness will kill Earth's fishes faster than could any Martian wave. Well, after Earth is done, why not strip-mine Venus? In the mid-1970s, a scientific enthusiast of space colonies reminds us that "the resources of space are so great that even nations which achieve only after a long delay the ability to use them will still find an abundance remaining."[14] "May they be driven out of the ruins they inhabit," run the Psalms, "may the creditor seize all that he has."[15] In a few million years, the sun will scorch away Earth, Mars and Venus anyhow.



Newsletter (1996)

Much consolation can be harvested from this fatalistic approach. I once knew a man who loved plants. Convinced that our species was doomed (his father for his part proclaimed: "The thought of suicide has *gladdened* many a cold winter's night!"), my friend suffered over that conclusion for years: We were destroying the world! But finally he understood that it was all right, because it wasn't the world we were destroying, merely *our* world.[16] Something would probably survive—the insects, say. And if they didn't, that was all right, too. He and I used to discuss John Brunner's horrifying science fiction novel *The Sheep Look Up,* which terrified me with plausible eco-catastrophes. (At its end, an Irishwoman wants to call the fire brigade—somebody's house must be burning. Never mind, they say; that's just the wind blowing from America.) —I believed and I worried. My friend tried to comfort me. Imagining the *whole world* as a burning toxic marsh, he suggested that even then algae and bacteria might continue in their simple delights. And if they didn't, if life perished down to the last half-living virus, that would be all right because *matter* at least remained conserved! And if it didn't, thanks to misuse of that infamous formula by Dr. Einstein (who'd once said that in the U.S.A. governing power should never be awarded the corporations, for they grip power without responsibility), well, that would be acceptable, too, because we wouldn't be there to know about it.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As for me, I would rather suffocate with the poisoned world than murder the poisoners. Needless to say, not everyone shares that point of view. What then? Rise up!

SALVATION OF TREES

"If you don't get out of the way, I'm going to kill you!" yells a bulldozer operator. But the five Earth First! blockaders stand fast. It is the Kalmiopsis wilderness campaign of 1983. They're here to defend trees. The dozer self-defendingly charges them, rolling forward and clawing like some predatory dinosaur. It buries them in earth. Dave Foreman, founder of Earth First!, soon to be investigated by private security firms, then wiretapped and arrested by the FBI,[17] impedes a construction worker's truck, so the driver steps on the gas, knocking him down and dragging him a good three hundred feet. The truck stops. Hardhatted laborers leap out and revile the fallen man: he's "a dirty Communist bastard." Then the sheriff's deputy, who'd been lazily watching the scene, handcuffs him and pulls him off to jail. In the end, Earth First! wins a legal victory for the trees, as it did the year before against Getty Oil's drilling at Gros Ventre, Wyoming.[18]

THE PLEASURES OF BOOKKEEPING

So they spiked trees and more trees. At the edge of the meadow was a wall of hemlocks. The lookout stood peering (a little anxiously, I thought) into the grey-green darkness of that forest dusk spuriously illuminated by the pallor of wide-lobed leaves. Were there guards in there, preparing to arrest them all? It was her job to find out. Tying rags around her boots to further soften her footsteps, she crept in and out of the darkness which faced her, vanishing for a quarter-hour at a time. Since this grove had been earmarked for sale (and immediately closed to the public by illegal fiat), the freddies might do well to keep an eye on it. No joke—they employed armed commandos and motion detectors now, funding their defense of logging interests through that convenient "war on drugs."[19] The lookout, who'd almost been caught last month, told me of searchlights, loudspeakers and men in camouflage here in what was supposed to be wilderness. She believed in the freddies' violence. Again and again she invoked the name of her sister activist Judi Bari, who'd been martyred and half-killed by a car bomb not many miles away. No one ever fingered the culprit, but the lookout was sure that the freddies had done it. Her voice was a bitter, angry whisper. Like so many others, she feared and hated her own government, which for its part had accused Judi Bari of transporting that bomb with intent to plant it.[20] *No compromise in defense of Mother Earth.* (Does no compromise mean violence without limit? I myself don't like such slogans.) The freddies had compromised and worse, but her comrades wouldn't; they had already pulled up every survey stake they could find. They hammered spikes into the hard wood with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

faint, musical blows. Under the rising moon I heard a curse as a man hit his finger, then a song, a murmured laugh. The lookout told them to shut up. Finished, they strewed pine needles over their footprints and jogged happily away. The stand of trees looked exactly the same as when they'd come. Now to the barroom, for a pitcher of beer and prudently gnomic toasts of mutual congratulation. One of them would send the warning note on Monday. When the lumber companies comprehended the cost which this night's work had inflicted (anywhere from fifteen hundred up to twenty thousand dollars for a head-rig repair),[21] then they just might leave these trees alone. As for the freddies, how they'd rage!

My heart was with the tree-spikers.[22] My head respected them, too, their plan constituting not after-the-fact vandalism, but deterrence and retribution.[23] In 1990, a monkeywrencher exultantly calculated the average cost of an episode of ecotage in the United States, figuring in investigative and insurance costs, to be more than a hundred thousand dollars.[24] Between 1991 and 2001, the still more radical Earth Liberation Front took credit for "dozens of actions resulting in over $30 million in damages"[25] in the United States. The FBI plausibly lumps together the Earth and Animal Liberation Fronts to arrive at a joint total of more than $43 million since 1996.[26]

NONVIOLENCE'S VICTIMS

It was all nonviolent, of course. In 1984, Piromasco Indians shot poisoned arrows at an oil crew in the Amazon.[27] The American tree-spikers didn't go in for that. ("I could've killed every one of them if I wanted to," says the hero of an eco-novel. "But—pass me that joint again—you know, bad PR.")[28] The Earth Liberation Front explicitly enjoins its members "to take all necessary precautions against harming any animal, human and non-human."[29] And yet I remember reading in the newspaper in 1988 that a certain Louisiana Pacific sawyer needed hospitalization after his blade struck a spike. Did somebody actually set out to hurt him? We'll never know. In large mills (such as those run by Louisiana Pacific, I presume), sawyers are supposed to be in control booths, and the blades ought to be shielded—so the tree-spikers' manual assures me.[30] Perhaps Louisiana Pacific did not feel bound to follow every procedure so freely described there. (As George Eliot once remarked, "ignorance gives one a large range of probabilities.") And thus it happened. Some Earth First!ers went so far as to insist, disingenuously, I believe, that there was "no evidence monkeywrenchers were involved."[31] Maybe no monkeywrenchers *they* knew...! They'd been trapped on the same sticky moral flypaper to which Martin Luther King had found himself stuck decades before, back in Albany, Georgia, when the white police began to arrest his demonstrators, infuriating other blacks who began throwing stones; the police chief gleefully denounced those "nonviolent rocks."[32] King had been compelled to apologize and desist for a day. We saw that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Gandhi suffered analogous embarrassments in anti-British riots. But those nocturnal vanguardists the tree-spikers, those *covert* moral actors, did not prove great-souled enough to take the responsibility upon themselves. No matter that they themselves hadn't caused the hurt. They disseminated the technique. They should at least have expressed regret and complicity for what certainly *would* have been an accident, had the spiker been obeying

EARTH FIRST!'S MORAL CALCULUS
(*ca.* 1980-present)

END: Wilderness preservation. "We are uncompromising advocates for the process of evolution and the non-human world ... We are biocentrists, not humanists."

MEANS: "Monkeywrenching is non-violent resistance to the destruction of natural diversity and wilderness. It is not directed toward harming human beings or other forms of life. It is aimed at inanimate machines and tools. Care is always taken to minimize any possible threat to other people (and to the monkeywrenchers themselves)."

RESULTS:

1. "If the sole purpose of ecotage is to make an adverse financial impact on government agencies and their resource industry clientele, it must be judged a success."
2. "In at least two cases the Forest Service has quietly withdrawn timber sales after learning they were spiked."
3. "The radical environmental message, whether concerning old-growth [forest] or dolphins, would not be receiving the widespread coverage it is today were it not for the publicity value of monkeywrenching."

SOURCES: FOREMAN AND HAYWOOD, P. 14; DAVIS, PP. 260-61, 264-65.

Hence sugar in the bulldozer's gas tank, erasure of eco-rapists' computer data, arson, stink bombs in offices (a "nonviolent" device also employed against abortion clinics), carefully hidden snipping of electrical wires in half-finished condominiums—a different order of business from the antinuclear nonviolence I remember from my affinity group,[33] which limited itself to blockading roads and cutting fences in order to gain access to the plant site.

Hence by the same logic we may someday witness the detonation of a tank car filled with any shock-sensitive industrial material: sodium chlorite, for instance, which is a pulp bleaching agent[34] and therefore an accomplice to the murder of trees in paper mills—what could be more appropriate than using the stuff against itself?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

No eco-saboteur's manual I've read has ever suggested so grandiose a fireball, but why draw the line before this? Climb up on top of that long, wheeled cylinder by night. Make sure that the tank is full. Employ a charge equivalent to at least one pound of TNT in this case, and center it. "It is not advisable to attempt detonation with improvised or low explosives," says my reference, which is not pro- or anti-environmental in any way and which simply offers its advice "for information only." In the diagram, we see a helpful arrow: "Blasting cap is pointed straight at tank."[35] Properly positioned, this tank car now turned into a bomb just might destroy the entire paper mill... —If no one dies, would this still constitute nonviolence?

In 1982, ecodefenders blew a $4.5 million hydropower substation on Vancouver Island to pieces.[36] Twenty years later they burned down a Forest Service research station in Pennsylvania; their communique boasts of "causing over $700,000 damage, and destroying part of 70 years of research. This lesson in 'prescribed fire' was a natural, necessary response to the threats posed to life in the Allegheny Forest by proposed timber sales, oil drilling, and greed driven manipulation of Nature."[37] And in between those two acts, how many more?

"We're nonviolent," said that Earth First!er of melancholy fame, Judi Bari, "but we're not going to go away and let the trees come down."[38] What does this mean? She spells it out: "I considered nonviolence to be the only appropriate tactic in our country at this time, but ... I considered it only a tactic."[39] (How many times have we met this same self-serving logic in *Rising Up and Rising Down?* A civil rights spokesman in 1966: "We say that we can march down the street if nobody hits us, okay, you've got nonviolence. But if somebody hits us, well then you better have an ambulance on the side to pick up whoever hits somebody.")[40] In 1990, a logging truck ran her car off the road, injuring her and her children; not long after, that car bomb crippled her. "If you gave me the same bomb," she said, "I don't have it in me to do it back to him."[41] What she proposed, then, was not a ban on violence, but a restriction of it to a certain level. The executive vice president of the Southern Oregon Timber Industries Association said: "I tell you, someone's going to die. That's what I fear most."[42] He was behind the times.

We see a team of French government frogmen swimming by stealth to a Greenpeace ship, in order to defend authority. They know their job. The vessel will explode, killing one eco-defender—a photographer.[43] An eco-anarchist warns that pacifism "may become only an ideal, and not a realistic option, in an ecological 'war.' This 'war' has already begun, and both sides are preparing for a battle between life and death on planet Earth."[44]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF BILL MEYERS, FORMER EARTH FIRST! ACTIVIST (1998)

Is nonviolent defense of Earth sufficient?

END: The same as Earth First!'s.

MEANS: "The slogan was 'No Compromise in Defense of Mother Earth,' not 'No Violence in Defense of Mother Earth.' After moving to Northern California I've limited my activity with Earth First! here because of ... this cult [of nonviolence].
"Nonviolence is violence, because it enables the forces of greed and destruction to continue working with only minor annoyances. It is also hypocritical, because what it really relies on is State-sponsored violence."

SOURCE: EARTH FIRST!, FEBRUARY-MARCH (BRIGID) 1998, P. 10; LETTER TO EDITOR.

INNOCENCE AND CALTROPS

From the eco-defenders' point of view, to the extent that violence comprises retribution, it would be nice to make of it a *contrapasso* or appropriate punishment. —Consider, for instance, the case of caltrops. These road-spikes have been used for thousands of years. They pierced the horse-hooves of invading armies in Persia. "Caltrops cast in lead and good halberds are also effective weapons on shipboard," said the thirteenth-century *Speculum Regale*.[45] More than seven hundred years later, that tree-spiker's Bible called *Ecodefense!* recommended them as a means of protecting the wilderness by rendering it inaccessible to vehicles. —We have all seen the tracks left by four-wheeled destroyers, generally marked for us by beer cans. How neat and elegant it seemed to me when a smiling gentle man constructed a caltrop for me by flattening a beer can and then piercing it with a nail, point upward! One could just walk along, turning littered beer cans into caltrops which would prevent littered beer cans.[46] —But the inventor was against his invention. He told me about one of his friends who drove around in his pickup truck at high speeds, often drunk. This fellow threw beer cans out the window as he drove. He had a baby girl whom he often placed in the front seat beside him, without any sort of seat belt. He had hurt her before with his carelessness. Were he to drive over a caltrop at high speed, puncturing a tire, his daughter might well be killed. Would this be right, if it saved trees? I don't think so, but some people do. (Perhaps Judi Bari and Bill Meyers did.) On Saturday November 28, 1987, persons unknown attempted to cause injury or death to some of the twelve hundred bikers racing through the desert from Barstow to Las Vegas. The saboteurs must have been stirred to hatred by the maiming of the landscape, and in particular by the destruction of fragile cacti, that these races

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

always cause. Just the previous month, bikers had bulldozed into smoothness certain inconvenient undulations in the East Mojave National Scenic Area (without a permit, of course); they were fined the absurdly small sum of $1,800.[47] Our cacti-defenders therefore deployed a lump of railroad ties and beams in a dark tunnel through which the bikers had to pass. Their moral calculus might have run thus: A tunnel-block would punish no one but the guilty, who'd meet with harm in direct proportion to their speed. (As it happened, their trap delayed the race by only thirteen minutes. It was winched out. No one got hurt.)

What do Earth-defenders really want? Imagine a fence around a city block, and a sign reading NO HUMANS ALLOWED.[48] Then would Paradise reassert itself? Rats, mold and ants, then weeds, then saplings and birds' nests, and after them what?[49] The decay would be unpleasant only at first. —No doubt some envision such a heaven. And others? "Imagine for a moment," writes an anarchist, "a rejuvenated metropolis, consisting of independent but federated suburban communities separated from one another by small groves of trees."[50] But for so many of the rest, heaven lies all around us—wherever the human enemy hasn't yet struck. In Thailand, for instance, I remember how the river was a long straight channel whose opposite bank was a wall of partially sunken palm trees curving up thick and dark green behind a glimpse of pale blue Cambodian mountains. I did not want the jungle around me ever to end. The next time I came back, it was already half gone.

THE HERDSMAN'S CALCULUS

As I grew out of my boyhood into what nineteenth-century memoirists liked to call "the age of reason," I began, however dimly, to sense that all around me, above and beneath me and in my home there ran bitter, ancient war between the law of natural finitude, and the assertion, usually brutal but sometimes almost magnificent, of untrammeled human selfishness.[51] Both sides claimed self-defense. A few years ago I saw an elderly Korean-American lady remove from her freezer the gall bladder of a brown bear—a panacea, because (thus Korean folk medicine) it was *rare.* An animal's two lungs and four legs mean nothing, but that greenish vortex of magical bitterness has no counterpart, so it must be especially powerful. —"With bear gall you can do anything!" a Korean greybeard recently enthused to me over dinner.[52] He told me how in medieval times a Chinese doctor would treat the Empress with the stuff. No one was allowed to see the Empress unclothed or touch her in any way, so from behind a curtain the Chinese doctor pulled on strings connected to the Empress's finger in order to diagnose the problem: She needed bear gall! —Other people need it, too. Bear-poachers charge accordingly—in this case, a thousand dollars (cash only, of course). The old lady's relatives in Alaska had lovingly posted to her this medicinal treasure, for the sake of her feeble mother's health.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I watched as she dropped it into a bottle of sake. Instantly, the gall rained out, staining the liquor green, then dark greenish-brown, until the bladder itself vanished in that opacity. Maybe *Halmony*[33] would recover from her stroke if she drank some of it. The old lady would do almost anything to make that happen. Love, Confucianist precepts[34] and the engrafted principles of the Bible founded her moral calculus. Had this medicine—love's weapon against sickness and death—required the death of the very last bear in Alaska—to say nothing of the violation of other federal laws—she would have unhesitatingly acted the same. Perhaps her mother would be able to walk downstairs again now, if she used her cane. The old lady prayed for Jesus to come into this medicine and help her mother...

If we could ask the bear—now dead and maybe wastefully rotting—how *his* calculus computed the matter, the answer wouldn't be hard to guess.

ON THE AESTHETICS OF WEAPONS[35]

Exclude from the equation all aesthetic considerations. We see a German crossbow from 1460, a tool to kill stags, wolves, foxes and bears—the tool appropriately composed of dead animal parts laminated together, whalebone alternating with horn. T-shaped, with its steel grasshopper-leg jutting out, it delights the eye with long pale knife-shaped plates decorated with mottoes, scrolls and the owner's coat of arms—the plates are ivory, of course. (Whale or walrus? I can't tell.) How many bears did it kill?[36] Two and a half centuries later, a German nobleman's luxury hunting rifle offers us an ivory inlay of the goddess Fortuna herself ("good luck being an essential part of hunting," as the museum cataloguer notes), mostly naked, cheerily raising white arms, with the catch button hidden in her navel. Around her runs the dark wooden stock (walnut, I'd guess from the photograph), and then the elegantly ominous serpent of the hammer. It's a beautiful weapon: killed wood and killed ivory look good together.[37] (Earth First!ers disapprove of both.) How many wild bears did it shoot down? How many wild bears remain in Germany?

DEFENSE AGAINST BEARS

Exclude from the equation also the fact that bears themselves kill people, in pure aggression and in self-defense. The mayor of Coral Harbour, a small Inuit hamlet on Southampton Island, told me a tale from his boyhood. His father was trying to kill a polar bear with a bow and arrow. The bear bit him in the thigh. The mayor said he'd never forget the sight of the bear bending over his father. He shot the bear, and saved his father.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF WILDNESS

The author of a gruesome study, seventeen years in the making, on the subject of bear attacks upon human beings, concludes: "We keep bears not because they are an essential part of nature, but because of what they do for the human mind, body, and soul."[58] In short, they contribute to the *ethos or identity of place.* Earth First!ers would restate his words: "We keep bears because humans have no more right to live than bears." In 1996 we see our planet's defenders on Vancouver Island, organized into Bear Watch squads which follow outfitters and their hunter-clients, honking air horns whenever the "bear-murderers" try for a shot. "We have followed them and frightened them... Our nonviolent activities have hurt them," sighs an activist, more in sorrow than in anger, "but not nearly as badly as they've hurt British Columbian bears and the ecosystems that require them."[59]

The bear attack study runs: "If we killed [all] bears there would be no ecosystem collapse."[60]

Remember what Marx said about this situation? *"Between equal rights, force decides."*[61]

"THE TRAGEDY OF THE COMMONS"

But in our allegory of the first government,[62] people laid aside their equal rights of committing violence, in order to protect themselves from violence. And here we mean only *human violence,* or *violence over one another.* Around the time of the first Earth Day, we find a microbiologist, geneticist and ecologist named Garrett Hardin working out the gloomily elegant algebra which governs those of us who refuse to renounce our rights over nonhumans. Hardin admits to feelings of uneasiness, perhaps almost terror, at the seeming cruelty of his conclusions. He calls his position "lifeboat ethics." What's the carrying capacity of a lifeboat? Too many passengers and it sinks, at which point we all drown. Isn't it wiser, then, to save some and abandon the rest? Or, to put it another way, can we afford the delusive enticements of pure self-aggrandizement? Herewith, Hardin's algebra:

THE HERDSMAN'S EXPEDIENT CALCULUS

What is my utility in adding one more animal to my herd on a common pasture?

SITUATION: The pasture is already at or above ecological carrying capacity. Overgrazing will degrade its usefulness to all.

VARIABLES: Let the total number of herdsman on the pasture = H. Let my own utility (private good) = U. Let the short-term good to me of each of my animals (in milk, meat, hides, sales, etc.) = S.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

END: Maximizing my personal utility U.

MEANS:

(a) Increase my immediate revenues by adding another animal.

or

(b) Sustain the pasture by refraining from adding another animal.

RESULTS of MEANS (a): U = S - S/H.

That is, I gain unilaterally from possessing my new animal, but lose only proportionately by the damage my animal causes to the common field. Since S must be greater than the negative value S/H, I gain.

RESULTS of MEANS (b): U = S/H - S.

According to the most rosy possible estimate I gain only the small proportionate value of the amount of prevented damage divided by the total number of herdsmen, and I lose the substantial integer S. In fact, arguably I don't gain by the quantity S/H at all. I merely prevent myself from suffering the disutility of -S/H.

Either way, by not pasturing another animal, I lose.

CONCLUSION: Buy another animal, let it overgraze, and be damned to everybody else.

SOURCE: HARDIN, PP. 254-55; AFTER WILLIAM FORSTER LLOYD, 1833.

Along with this expedient calculus, to be sure, there runs in tandem a moral one. If I forego my right to pasture another animal, I will be doing a good thing for my neighbors. But if one of my neighbors doesn't forego his similar right, then not only have I accomplished no good, but I've just been proportionately impaired by his selfishness. Hardin's conclusion, cynical or realistic: *Only mutually agreed compulsion will save the commons.*[63] "Freedom in a commons brings ruin to all."[64]

RICH MAN, POOR MAN

We need not imagine our herdsman to be (as Marx would have him) a robber baron, intent on luxurious self-aggrandizement or outright domination at the expense of all competitors.[65] Indeed, were he a successful monopolist who thought to make good income off his ecological capital, he might treat the former commons, now his estate, quite tenderly. A demographer concludes: "Land viewed as the shared property of a family that endures across generations will be conserved better than land viewed as a parcel to be bought and sold like a sack of potatoes."[66] The poet, essayist and farmer Wendell Berry laid down as the "moral law of the frontier" the maxim that "humans are destructive in proportion to their supposition of abundance,"[67]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

which undeniably sums up, say, the history of the whaling industry in that largely unpoliced commons, the sea. But did one man own the sea—and love his grandchildren—*maybe* the whales would be better off. (Maybe not.) Certainly Berry's axiom fails to depict the deforestation of Nepal, whose herders are poor men, struggling, hoping and dying, like the poor women gathering firewood so that they can cook for their families. Half of all trees cut down in the world will be burned for fuel.[68] Save a tree, and my husband goes hungry (or eats parasites in his uncooked food) while another family burns that tree. "And therefore," writes old Hobbes, "if any two men desire the same thing, which nevertheless they cannot both enjoy, they become enemies."[69]

Anarchist theory, which so often proclaims the commons to be the highest good, denounces "moneyed elites and transnational corporations" for having seized better land;[70] that's surely a part of the truth, but not the entirety of it. Berry's maxim remains quite limited in its application: we need not suppose abundance at all. The herdsman finds himself born into a commons whose grass is already half-withered. Desperation speeds and simplifies his calculus.

"THE PARTY'S OVER"

The evilest presupposition of the herdsman's calculus is the Crocodile's Maxim, which we saw applied in over-aggressive "defense" of homeland:[71] *If we lost the last war, it's a grievance. If we won the last war, it's the status quo.* The patriots who deploy unnecessary missiles may well be less of a menace than the patriots who deploy automobiles and hamburgers. Once the greediest herdsman accomplishes his end, and proximately degrades the commons, that degradation gets divided up equally, as if it were a natural limitation on all, like gravity, not a debt which the degrader ought to pay—and then the next round begins.

In the Canadian Arctic, outside a very small Inuit town, a beautiful town where long water-fingers made their prints across the stony green plain, and the summer ice crawled back in from the yellow and bluish-grey world of seals, I was visited in my tent one afternoon by an accountant out for a stroll. Her occupation, in other words, was to detail the condition of the money-commons, so that the next round could be played by well informed interests. This lady was Anglo, of course, born down south, I think in one of those swarming cities along the border belt. Not at all supercilious, she lived with her boyfriend (also an accountant) in Rankin Inlet, where the weather had been grey and blotchy that summer, with just a little ice along the shore. She told me that the per capita Canadian deficit now stood four times higher than my own country's.[72] Cutbacks in social services were inevitable. Out came the Crocodile's Maxim: "The party's over," she said.

We looked out at the ocean. I said as mildly as I could that her news made me worried about the people up here. More than a generation ago they'd been brought into towns, and now how could they go back?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Oh, yes," the woman calmly agreed. "They'll be paying in social problems. When they can't build new houses, there'll be fifteen to a house, with all that entails: disease, alcoholism, incest, suicide... But the money just isn't there. Everything's expensive up here, as you know. I myself pay fifteen hundred a month in utility bills in Rankin. How can we keep on subsidizing that?"

And she swept her parka'd arm around us at the tall-roofed and wide-roofed houses low in the fog, the muddy rocks, kelp, pools, mussels ...

"Do you see any solution?" I asked her.

"I think they'll have to develop the natural resources—coal and oil and gas. They don't want to do that now, because of the environment. But they'll just have to choose. I mean, if a uranium mine outside of Baker Lake can employ twenty people, then that's twenty jobs."

Ernest Callenbach in his famous novel-manifesto *Ecotopia* proposes this maxim: "We ... must acknowledge all costs. Otherwise we could not hope to achieve the stable-life systems which are our fundamental ecological and political goal."[73] Unassailably right! But the herdsman fears being worse off in a stable-life system; he'd rather have a larger herd than anyone else, no matter that the grass is thinning and dying, and eventually *all* the cattle will die—he'll sell them first! So he follows the Crocodile's Maxim.[74]

I did not say this. I merely said: "Those radioactive mine tailings probably won't be so good for the wildlife these people depend on."

The accountant was indifferent. "Well, as I said, they'll have to choose. They can live on prepackaged food as I do. What will it be—fifteen to a house, or a uranium mine?"

She was so cold and realistic that I believed every horrid word. The way she reasoned, the herdsman's calculus shone with malignant inevitability.[75]

THE HERDSMAN'S CALCULUS REVISITED

Change scene; follow the saguaro like a pointing hand. We see the casino, the Calvary church off to the right, a small peridot mine, more shrubs, row houses not unlike the "matchboxes" of the Arctic. This is the San Carlos Apache reservation in Arizona. My friend, the man who loved plants, had let me sit in on a meeting "brokered" by the Bureau of Land Management and its public relations firm—strange, wasn't it? The government needed a P.R. firm! What was this wisely sovereign adjudicator of herdsmens' disputes up to, that it needed to justify its actions? "God has cared for this desert, but he cannot save it from fools,—only Uncle Sam can do that." Maybe Uncle Sam didn't want to. The meeting had to do with a proposed land exchange between the B.L.M. and a mining company. From a legalistic point of view it hardly concerned the Apaches, but since they were neighbors, the government's P.R. firm had evidently thought it politic to "keep them informed"—that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

is, to announce, not to negotiate. Unfortunately for the poor P.R. firm, the Apaches were not acquiescent. First of all, according to tribal memory (and, said my friend, according to an old Executive Order) the land in question actually belonged to the reservation, which had been surveyed in 1871. Therefore, the B.L.M. could not dispose of the land. With cold anger, several Apaches pointed out that the map, whose area included reservation territory, nowhere indicated that fact. The spokeswoman for the P.R. company regretted this "oversight," which was exactly what it probably was, given the usual incompetence of such endeavors. I heard two of the mining company's representatives talking, and one said: "I'm glad this meeting took place. This issue is serious." —They seemed like honest decent men. But for some strange reason the Apache elders did not like mines! What I most remember is the tribal lawyer, shouting angry words over and over.

In analogy with the equally insoluble difficulties of categorizing racial identity[76] and homeland's ethos,[77] I propose the following definition of relevance to defense of Earth:

> "IDENTITY" OF A PLACE: Undefinable to human beings except by consensus. Wherever our common rights of the self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of a place. This refers both to what is now called "aesthetic values" and also to whatever agreed-on right to existence and health a specific ecological niche may possess. For the foreseeable future, most attempts to establish a consensus on this matter will fail. Therefore, two opposing risks face us: Allowing the identity of a place to be destroyed forever (for example, by a developer); or else becoming judge, jury and executioner in carrying out ecotage according to one's own private calculus. In short, this category remains an ethical danger zone.

High above the low, cheap houses, I saw a creep of violet-bottomed cloud shot through with golden-white, flowing over a ridge darker than emerald and darkening more moment by moment, chill dusk thickening upon its scrub oaks and manzanita trees, the sound of a creek behind the little rise I was following, black birdbreasts twinkling among wiry branches on the sandy and bouldery and quartz-speckled hillsides. It was beautiful. It was the commons. Somebody would surely ruin it. But the Apaches had not. It was their refuge, a place they'd been removed to by the whites because it had the least valuable land. Now the whites had figured out that it was valuable, too. They wanted to nibble it up. Maybe they would. But the Apaches had not. Garrett Hardin would probably ascribe that pleasant fact to low population density—Wendell Berry, to poverty. These may have something to do with it. But the Apaches—the older ones, at least—knew the plants by name, literally revered them. I can't believe that their knowledge and love had nothing to do with their lack of greed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The biologist and Nobel laureate George Wald rejected space colonies on the grounds that "one cannot live a full human life without living among animals and plants."[78] —Can't this opinion teach us something? And doesn't the P.R. firm's map teach us something, too—something we'd rather not learn?

And if the mining company rapes that land, to what extent am I in my ignorance of where my mineral-based staples and luxuries come from *morally accountable?* And when will I educate myself, and how, and what should my calculus be then?

"AS YE SOW, THUS SHALL YE REAP"

In 1982, 2,500 people died hideously in Union Carbide's toxic gas spill in Bhopal, India. *A hundred thousand more* were classified as "permanently injured."[79] Of course the corporate herdsmen had been warned of danger long before, but they bore out all of Hardin's dicta.[80] When I heard about Bhopal on the radio, I felt what I still feel in the Canadian Arctic—heartbreaking impotence in the face of irrevocable evil (all the worse that its actions are mostly undertaken by perfectly nice people),[81] evil which has gone on, is going on and will go on until the end when it is too late. How many Bhopals will it take before fury leavens a rising-up far more volcanic than John Muir's appeal to Uncle Sam or Dave Foreman's murder-avoiding ecotage? When will people hang the selfish herdsman from the nearest dying oak? Unless his calculus is canceled—and soon—retribution *must* come.[82]

EXPERTS

But how imminent looms the eco-ruin of the world? I'm less sure now than I was a decade and a half ago. Yes, it's probably happening, but to which aspect of the problem shall I give my minuscule energies? Or, as a friend of mine wrote me in 1981: "All of this loose talk is probably ancillary to the question of just how alive a threat the activities of our patriots pose to us. This is a question which tends to stump me or at least that I am unwilling to make my central concern. For the moment, I will continue to avoid it." (Anyhow, I feel tired.)

Granted, our caveat that non-imminent *military* defense of futurity is insufficient justification[83] ought to be reassessed here, because ecological damage may be slow, subtle, cumulative and difficult to reverse. "Dying seals in the North Sea, acid rain damage to European forests and lakes, and the algae blooms which kill fish in the sea are evidence of our interconnected health, since human activity is causing these disasters."[84] The more pointed eco-anarchist view prefers to blame the "state-capitalist order," for which chemical defoliation in Vietnam and day-and-night logging in Burma and Laos are two sides of the same Judas-coin.[85] But if a massive plague breaks out tomorrow, such rents in the commons will mend themselves. (Again, the most

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

effective way to defend the Earth would be to reduce the human population.)

Because the herdsman's calculus is guided far less by morality than by expediency, we ought not be surprised to see that the herdsmen lie to each other and us whenever possible. At La Tacqueria in La Jolla, California, they were sitting outside on the patio with electric heaters over each table to warm them on overcast days; and when they went away the heaters kept blasting for other herdsmen, while fiesta songs blared through the loudspeakers; and in New York the big air-conditioned department stores left their doors open to welcome the world. Forests died, perhaps, to pay for this. (Actually, I'd have to ask an expert.) And we didn't have enough energy; we were running out of oil; it was the Arabs' fault. The smog was getting worse, year by year. Did all this comprise mere waste, or imminent danger? —"You can help maintain the finish on your car by parking and driving wisely ... Try to park upwind from industrial areas."[86] —They all lied and hid their own faults.

When I began this book twenty years ago, no American in authority admitted the possibility of the Greenhouse Effect, now more popularly known as global warming. (It wasn't until the end of almost another decade, when the television began to show syringes washing up on East Coast beaches, rain forests got trendy, the Earth First! ecoteurs—to say nothing of the Unabomber—made the Sierra Club look mainstream and corporations found it good business to say that they were "green," that environmental conservation began to appeal to some herdsmen.) I still have a Department of the Interior pamphlet which says:

> I frankly doubt that man's effect on the atmosphere is significant enough to change or speed up the massive natural trends.[87]

and that Department of the Interior pamphlet goes on to say:

> about 95 percent of the estimated 9 billion tons of chemical compounds annually entering the Earth's atmosphere is derived from natural sources.[88]

and meanwhile in the newspapers I read about Times Beach and Love Canal and Three Mile Island—which had nothing to do with the Greenhouse Effect, to be sure, but such tales did make one wonder how well the commons was being managed. (Deploy more stink bombs in the corporate offices of the perpetrators, advises Earth First! On the home of a toxic waste dumper, spraypaint "I POISON YOUR CHILDREN.")[89] In 1986, the Environmental Protection Agency, having recorded more than thirty thousand "uncontrolled toxic waste sites," could not decide whether it had identified ninety percent of the total, or only ten percent.[90] To me, all this remained *unjudgable.* inaccessible not just morally but intellectually. I couldn't even take judgment's first step of identifying imminence.[91]

Then it came, or at least, something called "it" came, something which *must*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

eventually (how eventually?) constitute an emergency: "Airborne scientists probing the stratosphere high above the North Pole have detected alarming increases in manmade chemicals that threaten the Earth's protective layer of ozone, they reported yesterday."[92] The Environmental Protection Agency announced that over the next eight decades, ozone loss might cause *eighty million* new cases of skin cancer.[93] —And what would John Muir have said? Somebody ought to save the ozone layer. "Only Uncle Sam can do that." But he wasn't doing it, and if he did, other countries could still overgraze that atmospheric commons whenever they wanted.

PROPORTIONALITY AND IMMINENCE

One reason why I remain sympathetic to the subway gunman Bernhard Goetz[94] is that we have the right to violently defend ourselves based on *perceived* imminent harm, no matter that we can't know apodictically whether that perception is true. California's lawmakers wisely banned the sale of assault-weapon-look alike squirt guns because children were pointing them at police and getting shot, the shooters being correctly exonerated in such instances, for they had the right to assume a lethal threat to themselves.

> "ORDINARY" IMMINENCE will often be asserted by someone who wants to justify violence. It applies to a threat of violence so immediate and so dangerous that a reasonable person would agree that violent defense, resistance or even proactive action would be justified. Imminence extenuates many errors of perception and judgment. [Example: A police officer is justified in shooting a teenager who brandishes a realistic toy gun, because if the officer waits to verify the weapon's actual capability, he may well be dead.] Imminence is the rule on the battlefield, and excuses conscripts from killing enemy combatants even if the war aim for which they fight is evil. Imminence is often confused with, or pretended to be, other quantities which may be debatable or outright wrong, for instance, the consolidation of legitimate or illegitimate revolutionary authority, the despairing zeal of John Brown, the urgent expedient need for Cortes to complete his wicked conquest.

By this logic, and by the proportionality principle,[95] an eco-defender should be held harmless did he slaughter thousands of human beings in order to save everyone else from an otherwise inevitable catastrophe—and would still be guiltless had he misplaced a decimal point, *provided that any other person in that situation could easily have made the same mistake.* Is a loaded gun aimed at me an imminent threat? The experts say it is. How about a loaded paper mill?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF ORACLES: INTEREST

Ask the experts, I said. *They* won't avoid hard questions!

> SCIENTIFIC IMMINENCE is a term which applies to defense of Earth only. For every other chapter of *Rising Up and Rising Down,* the only kind of imminence considered is "ordinary" imminence. Scientific imminence refers to a threat to health, well-being or even existence; a threat which may affect one person [example: a rural well poisoned by PCBs] or every person [example: global warming]; a threat which may or may not be perceptible by the ordinary senses, as "ordinary" imminence is; a threat which may affect only human beings or other organisms as well; above all, a threat which meets reasonable scientific standards of proof for its harmfulness and its certain to highly probable onset, unless certain specific measures for defense of earth are undertaken. These measures must in turn meet their own scientific standards for effectiveness and relative harmlessness; if not, they are unjustified.

In Ernest Callenbach's *Ecotopia*, whose articulate radicals in patched clothes have cut away San Francisco's pavements in order to let underground creeks breathe again, "study groups from consumer co-ops" issue Bad Practice lists which encourage their members to boycott anti-environmental products. The visiting reporter from the United States expresses horror at this lack of government oversight. Amused, the Assistant Minister of Food assures him that "the study committees do operate with scientific advice, of the most sophisticated or independent type imaginable."[96] By law, that advice cannot be remunerated.

In real life, of course, such judges would find it difficult not to fall into the same vanguardist trap as, say, the Communist Party under Lenin and Stalin:[97] In defense of equality, one establishes inequality. If the inventors of toxic products couldn't remunerate the experts openly, they'd do it covertly.

Earth-defenders claim to stand not only for biospheric prudence and nature-aesthetics, but also for self-reliance of sorts. They propose this dichotomy: Individual freedom versus the technical determinism which compels us to leave our lives in the hands of experts.[98]

A social change manual I bought back in 1974, when I still thought I could somehow improve the world, warned that "the most threatening characteristic of the ecology field is the rapid rate at which it is being organized, specialized, institutionalized, and bureaucratized within establishment structures."[99] That organization is now more or less complete. A more recent community organizers' manual, published by the National Toxics Campaign, advises its heroes and heroines to inspect the factories of the polluters. A neighborhood inspection—how democratic! But will my neighbor and I be able to recognize whether that grey sludge which issues from the electroplater's pipes should be put on a Bad Practice list? How sci-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

entifically imminent is it? Having admitted that "as a society, we probably depend too much on the experts for advice and especially decision making," the manual goes on to give good practical advice: *Hire an industrial hygienist*—the opposite of the procedure followed in *Ecotopia*. "Remember that your experts are not your leaders. They are part of your strategy to win demands decided on by the collective organization"[100]—a rather sickening little maxim which suggests that the collective organization has already established its general and immediate ends no matter what the experts say. Hopefully in so doing it consulted other experts. As for the electroplater, he can hire his experts, too.

OF THE INFALLIBILITY OF ORACLES: SCIENCE

Even if we could somehow screen out conflicts of interest—that is, change human nature—good faith would fertilize rather than inhibit the reaping of contradictory conclusions, from the earth's flatness or roundness to its carrying capacity.[101] Back to proportionality and imminence: Just what degree of urgency justifies me? One tract warns me that I'd better face the end; another tells me to recycle my bottles. Both use the same rhetoric of self-defense: "The 'battle for the planet' is one which we can all fight," our home ecologist advises. (She herself is under legal attack for saying bad things about the McDonald's Corporation.)[102] "Every small contribution was welcome during the Second World War."[103] —Very well, I'm all ears. Let's hear her suggestions: "The use of washing up detergent has very serious environmental consequences."[104] "Switch from aerosols to pump-tops, as they are less hazardous and polluting."[105] "Dog faeces is not just unpleasant (and it is *exceptionally* unpleasant), but very dangerous, too ... up to 100 children in Britain suffer eye damage every year as a result of *Toxocara canis*, a roundworm which is transmitted in dog faeces."[106] Are such measures good enough? How scientific looms our imminence?

In 2001 I spent two thousand dollars to sample California's New River, which has been repeatedly called the most polluted waterway in the United States.[107] On the day that I measured it, at least, it seemed hardly polluted at all. What if I'd run off half-cocked and started sabotaging the New River's presumed polluters?

THE EXPERTS OF THE COMMONS

Once again, the answer to this crucial question—which will allow or disallow the immediate ends which if blocked might justify violence—depends on which expert one employs. Observation of the herdsman's calculus demands the following maxim of eco-self-preservationists: *Human settlements should not be permitted to grow beyond the carrying capacity of the environment.* So far, so good. Well, how will I know when carrying capacity has been reached? "The ecology of this planet ... cannot survive an India full of refrigerators," asserts a belligerently pro-Green tome, threatening that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

should such a thing happen, "life on this planet will soon become intolerable."[108] If these words read literally true, but my fellow herdsmen refuse to stop manufacturing refrigerators, then it becomes my right—no, my bounden duty—to bomb every refrigerator factory in India, no matter what the loss of life. Since humans can't regulate themselves (i.e. their population and behavior), then I will do it for them. It follows that I am not a human. (Am I doing this for humans, for "the environment" or both? No matter[109]—which is to say, my presuppositions probably differ from your presuppositions. This is the bind, the same bind as being on the subway witnessing other selves get terrorized: Either you're an accomplice in someone else's evil, or you're a villain for resisting it. I think it more noble to be a villain.

Meanwhile, who possesses the *mind* capacity to determine carrying capacity? Who proved for all time that the one hundred thousandth refrigerator in India would murder us all? An expert must have. Between 1679 and 1994, various reasoned estimates of global carrying capacity ranged from under a billion to more than a thousand billion human beings, with the discrepancies *widening* with the centuries.[110] Why? Because carrying capacity changes as the species being "carried" adapts. The author of a long book on this subject, after considering such phenomena as bacteria's ability to mutate within an antibiotic environment, thereby drastically increasing their little vial's carrying capacity, finally answers the question "how many people can the world support?" with the observation that this variable does have a *current* value for a given set of other variables, but not a *final* one.[111] "The central issue is surely this: At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?" Thus the organization Negative Population Growth, which defines my country's eco-economic carrying capacity "in the range of 125 to 150 million" people, "or about its size in the 1940s." Hence we must shrink the number of immigrants to 100,000 or fewer per year, and we must reduce fertility from 2.1 to 1.5 children per woman "and maintain it for several decades. We believe that non-coercive financial incentives will be necessary to reach that goal."[112] How did they arrive at their computation? At this moment, I don't even care; it must require so many assumptions and presuppositions that I'd be bound to disagree with some of them. Maybe I'd vote for two hundred million, or one hundred million.

Hence our next failed definition:

> An ECOLOGICAL THREAT can only be defined according to the presuppositions of the definer. For this reason, it is vital that each moral actor who cares to address this daunting issue articulate these presuppositions and attempt to give them some legitimate authority[113] by consensualizing them. Otherwise, one runs the risk of following our Maxims for Murderers,[114] which selfishly reserve to the moral actor all evaluation of ends and/or means. At this point in time (2003), ecotage has little mainstream support and therefore resembles revolutionary authority[115] in its extreme character and the resulting very high burden of moral proof required.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Moral actors who crave a stage, finding such a wobbly formulation scant encouragement to their experiments, would rather define carrying capacity as a line on an eco-ethical graph, a sharp black frontier *definite* like the line which divides France from Spain. Forthwith rush these eminences to seize their glittering new tools: Caesar's charismatic mercy, or Trotsky's razor of terror; Lincoln's authority-praxis, Cortes's defense of ground. Their motivations are simply *momentous.* Carrying capacity has been breached! (Why not say so? Experts agree with me!) Break out Trotsky's razor! From my bookshelf of homicidal wisdom I pluck *The Poor Man's James Bond*, a Senate-denounced instruction manual for booby-trapping, bombing, shooting, poisoning, electronic arson-ing and generally taking the lives of one's fellow herdsmen. Volume one commences by reprinting Hardin's essay on "Carrying Capacity as an Ethical Concept," the compiler's headnote to which runs:

> THE PURPOSE OF THIS BOOK
> Over 50% of the adult population in the U.S. cannot follow the simplest instructions in this book. Eighty per cent cannot grasp the concepts in the following article by Professor Garrett Hardin. Our species has outbred the carrying capacity of our planet's easily accessible arable land plus that of their respective socioeconomic systems. With overbreeding has come downbreeding. Our planet has become swamped with morons and psychotics which guarantees the collapse of civilizations worldwide. This book is for that intelligent and stable 20%.[116]

Following this convenient vulgarization (most likely unknown to Hardin), Hardin's essay is permitted to recapitulate the herdsman's calculus, and then come a few polemic stanzas on the necessity of accepting the universe. This gentle welcome gives way to *The Poor Man's James Bond* proper. Its compiler, who blew off the fingers of his left hand in a little accident with potassium chlorate powder, offers us this quasi-Hardinesque introduction to the activities of "Militants":

> On September 23, 1970, the State Street Bank and Trust Company in the Chicago suburb of Oak Park was robbed of $25,585 by five ecology minded Militants who shot and killed Patrolman Wallace (Population Bomb) Schiller, the father of nine children, with a burst of gunfire from a semiautomatic .45-caliber Thompson submachine gun. Unjustly charged with murder were William Dilday, 41, Stanley Bend, 25, Robert Valerd, 21, Susan Saxby and Katherine Bower, both 20. It is rumored that the group's anti-brood-sow committee is out to get Schiller's female.[117]

On to procedures. Mix hydrochloric acid with aluminum foil. "On damp nights, a bottle of the acid alone, broken in the midst of a crowd, will form noxious crowds of chlorine gas. Scream 'Poison gas!' and you will have a panic that will give you laughs for years."[118] Afterward: dynamite, match head bombs, soft drink can bombs,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

firebombs, firearm silencers made from juice cans, pipe guns, knockout drops, nicotine sulfate... What if these means were wrongly employed? Don't worry! Our compiler, having given his nod to the ecoterrorism of the day, doesn't care a fig about means and ends as far as I can tell.

Do *you* care? No time for that! An expert assures us that "the ecocatastrophe of biological meltdown is an undeniable scientific fact."[119]

What is a fact? After the Chernobyl disaster in the Soviet Union, nuclear power continues to be used in that plant. Wouldn't it be nice to end that threat? A preemptive explosion must surely be superior to a meltdown in ten years. But after we've done the deed, killing any given number of people in the process, if no other plant of similar design melts down in twenty years, what do we do then? Kill our wrongheaded experts? Hang ourselves?

I myself believe the Greenhouse Effect, at least, to be "an undeniable scientific fact." I believe it because an increasing number of experts assert that claim and because the industries and governments (such as my own) which deny it or ignore it have by the herdsman's calculus a vested interest in lying about it. But I have not done the experiments or cross-checked the mathematics. I believe in global warming, but I may be wrong. No expert can help me. How then can my violent defense of earth be justified?

HOW TO JUDGE THE MORALITY OF SODIUM CHLORITE

Only two solutions come to mind. The first is Hardin's: Adopt the maxim "guilty until proven innocent" for every new chemical or remedy introduced into the ecosphere.[120] This would end the industrial world as we know it—which may well de doomed anyhow.

The second: Become our own experts. This would require that we (or people we trust) study engineering, manufacturing, organic and inorganic chemistry, transportation, ecology and climatology. *Violent defense of the earth is unjustified if unproven by the latest scientific conclusions regarding imminent catastrophe.* Go to school. Study it out. Then act as study justifies.

The probable result: polarization and war, followed by the victory of the strong.

I have one more thing to say about this. In "Defense of War Aims" we made acquaintance with the axiom of the ethicist Michael Walzer that it is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list of limitations than that there *be* a list.[121] By analogy, I think it very reasonable to say, not quite that it is less important for there to be a *particular* estimate of carrying capacity than that there be an estimate (this formulation would lead us into utter vigilantism without accountability), but that *a society which ignores or refuses to admit the obvious truism that our environment does have a carrying capacity has no business asserting that ecotage is unjustified.*[122] It may be and it may not be, but at least the ecoteurs are trying, in good or

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

bad faith, to establish a calculus which can be debated.[123]

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF EARTH IS JUSTIFIED:[124]

1. When needed to avert a scientifically imminent ecological threat. Proportionality especially applies. Be your own scientific expert, but be right—or follow one you can trust.
2. As an agent of mutually agreed upon compulsion [in other words, legitimate authority] to interrupt the self-destructive loop of the Herdsman's Calculus. For example, a government uses force to neutralize a polluter.
3. As a last-ditch defense of a place's justified identity.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF EARTH IS UNJUSTIFIED:[125]

1. When scientific imminence remains unestablished: (a) because the presuppositions of imminent danger on which it is based remain open to good-faith scientific disagreement; and/or (b) because the defender is neither a scientific expert on the issue in question, nor capable of showing why the experts on his side are more correct than those of the opposition.
2. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to: weigh benefits to an ecosystem against benefit to the human economy which harms it; define an ordinary imminent or a scientifically imminent threat to a place in terms of which losses are acceptable; publicly judge and be judged on the criterion of results.

SAME DAY LIBERATIONS

Now for a thought-experiment: Let us create (if only in our minds) a private army, which we'll call here Same Day Liberations. The purpose of this fantasy is to discover where you and other people might differ about implementing the calculus for defense of Earth.

It would be a volunteer army, organized, like Earth First!, the Animal Liberation Front, the Viet Cong and the Ku Klux Klan, into relatively impermeable cells, some of which may be colorfully uniformed with a variety of merit badges. The idea is to make these latter detachments into local people's friends and places' friends by keeping the detachments themselves local (although they would be nationally trained and have access to more than local resources). In urban areas, of course, this wouldn't matter as much, since city people don't get to know each other much anyhow. Although environmental problems grow more severe month by month, I find myself increasingly less interested in violence. But probably I'm just getting lazy.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

So permit me, please, to spin the tale out "for information only," and create my private army in full:

DETACHMENT ONE: THE DETECTION SQUAD

I propose that we monitor the level of industrial abuse in various areas and establish benchmarks for action. Here are some cut-off points:

1. When water is unsafe to drink unboiled due to untreated sewage, etc. (Tribal society on up—or should I say down? This is "natural," so leave it alone.)
2. When water is unsafe to drink at all due to inorganic contaminants. (Heavy metal society. What does "unsafe" mean? Our Detection Squad would have to come up with a definition.)
3. When the air is unsafe to breathe. (Smokestack society.)
4. When cancer rates begin to rise, even after our statisticians have corrected for increased longevity. (Heavy metal or smokestack society.)
5. When extinction rates rise above zero.[126] (Tribal society on up.)

Which of these would constitute an ecological threat? What is imminence here? Have any of these points been reached? I don't know; neither do you or the President. Hence our Detection Squad. These people would be equipped with rugged, reliable and consistent portable instruments for monitoring pollution to standards of scientific imminence. They would be trained and credentialed, so they could present their findings in a verifiable and somewhat unassailable form. (Ignore the protestations of professional counter-experts.) Everywhere they worked, the Detection Squad would establish four sets of benchmarks for each pollutant tracked. The first would be the *ideal or natural* level of that pollutant. The second would be the *acceptable* level[127]—scientifically defined, of course, by our incorruptible experts; and I would hope more or less consensualized by the eco-attackers' experts, although of course they wouldn't be. The third benchmark would be the *actual known* level of the pollutant at a given point in time (the longer ago the better, but at worst the Detection Squad could enter this benchmark as the actual level at first measurement. Hopefully it would have access to prior scientific data.). The fourth would be the *danger* level, the point of scientific imminence—defined, once again, by our experts, who'd almost certainly disagree with the polluters' experts; but the resulting public arguments could only benefit everyone.

Measurements would be made, say, every month. The Detection Squad would thus be in a position to warn local people when specific pollutants reached the danger level.[128] (Ignore also the fact that few people care to be warned; it's not my concern what other herdsmen do to the commons, because my own corner gives me enough to worry about. Ignore the fact, which we must repeat and repeat, since it

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

scarcely applies to any other issue in this book, that were the Detection Squad at all useful—that is, did it actually uncover some danger—then the local businesses, whose advertisements help support newspapers, would quickly issue their overt and covert rebuttals.) It would be essential to make all data publicly available on a periodic and continuing basis, and to encourage scientists, corporations and authorities to cross-check results. Ignore the fact that very little would come of that—no, let's not ignore it.

Reading over this proposal, which I made in about 1980, I am astonished at its foolishness. *Of course* the Detection Squad will never be credited with accuracy, intelligence, fairness! *Of course* no one will give them access to anything! They would be trying to do what our Environmental Protection Agency is supposed to be accomplishing; since the EPA can't, neither could they. What will bring them credibility? *Scientific proof of imminence.* How will they get that? Ask them; ask the experts. (If they employ laboratory creatures in their tests of poisonousness, they'll soon run up against defense of animals.)[129]

In addition to local contaminants, the Detection Squad might keep track of the following, among others:

1. Acid rain (pH of rain, tap water and groundwater could be periodically measured).
2. Cadmium.
3. Chlorine.
4. Chlorinated fluorocarbons.
5. DDT.
6. Detergents in groundwater.
7. Dioxin.
8. Disease-causing organisms (e.g., the hepatitus viruses in airborne fecal particles in Mexico City).
9. Effluents from strip mines, landfills, tailings, etc.
10. Gasoline.
11. Heavy metals.
12. Lead.
13. Mercury.
14. Nuclear emissions (general).
15. Oil, crude and refined.
16. Ozone.
17. Pesticides.
18. Phosphates.
19. Photographic wastes.
20. Polychlorinated biphenyls.
21. Polyvinyl chloride.
22. Solvent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

23. Soot.
24. Strontium-90.
25. Sulphur dioxide and sulphur; smog.

Each of these is a *moral* issue.

We might see them conducting random checks in supermarkets, in groundwater around city dumps, in tomato patches and weather stations, on highways, in culverts and sewers, in drinking faucets, on lawns, etcetera—always with permission, or better yet by legal public right.

In addition to pollutants, the Detection Squad should keep statistics (following the same four-benchmark pattern) on health and resource problems which might be pollution-related. These might include:

1. Behavior problems in children.
2. Cancer rates.
3. Death rates.
4. Farming yields.
5. Hunting and fishing yields.
6. Miscarriages and cancers.
7. Rodent and pest-insect populations.
8. Soil fertility.
9. Statistically unexpected chronic illnesses.
10. Still births.
11. Topsoil depths.
12. Weather and climactic patterns.[130]

Ignore the fact that we still cannot definitively link cancer rates to cadmium levels. (Otherwise we'd be compelled to remove cadmium from our list.) Ignore the fact, which I repeat *again* (for my unrealistic moral calculus requires widespread consensuality), that if in some rare instance the Detection Squad gathers and presents compellingly alarming data proving that carrying capacity has been exceeded for this category, the polluters' response will be, at best: "Somebody ought to fund a study of this." In the case of the Seabrook nuclear plant, for instance, local residents voted against construction in two referenda, but utility patriots (backed up, no doubt, by experts) explained that since electricity demand was rising in that area, the plant would be needed in future. Defense of a certain kind of human freedom took precedence over defense of Earth. Construction proceeded.

Now, even given the utility's rate base structure, which in effect rewards capital investment, the corporate officers might actually have kept the townspeople's interests at heart. —Indeed, I would never presume to say that any polluter-patriot, anywhere, had selfish motives—Stalin did a number of things for his country, and his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

national security system helped him do it. —But motives are not the issue. Ought we to let the plant be built? To decide that, our Detection Squad needs to determine its real costs:

A. A substantial increase in rates now, to pay for construction;
B. Danger of meltdown or contamination during the operating period;
C. An abrupt end to any economic benefits (jobs) provided by the plant at the end of approximately thirty years (unless another is built before the end of its life);
D. More danger and expense in mothballing the carcass of the plant, which will be radioactive for decades;
E. Still further danger and expense in storing the wastes from the plant, which will be radioactive for inconceivable periods of time.

The reward for these costs boils down to an expansion of the numerical capacity of wall sockets and electric furnaces, which, when one considers New England winters, is by no means negligible. After all, forests are being depleted everywhere, their destination not only paper mills but wood stoves. Something does need to be done. The fact that the settlers at Plymouth Rock survived (some of them) without a single steam heater or plug-in blanket does not mean that anyone need do so again. Trusting the experts' *ex cathedra* projections of demand, then, until they've been shown wrong,[131] we might say that our uncertainty about which course of action is right is high enough for us to shrug and let the plant continue its operations.

DETACHMENT TWO: THE EDUCATION SQUAD

This group would make use of information furnished by the Detection Squad and disseminate it in a common-sense, non-adversarial manner. Their activities would include:

1. Informing polluters of any danger they might be causing, and helping them come up with decent alternative materials and procedures. Corporations should be rewarded with endorsements and thanks for any efforts made to improve. The onus must be on the Education Squad to prove its case. The Education Squad must always be ready to work with anyone, without any eco-bigotry or other preconceptions.

2. Calling town meetings to warn local people of any environmental danger. City councils and local branches of regulatory agencies would be briefed, too. At these meetings, the Education Squad must have a correct, detailed and easily understood list of causes for the problem, and explanation of the problem's effects, and a list of suggestions and remedies, if any. (Again, ignore the fact that the more readily explicable a cause, the more superficial and inaccurate the explication—especially in sci-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

entific cases.) If the meetings were not effective, the Education Squad would have to stage "media events."

3. Teaching local people how to monitor their own back yards for pollutants; arranging for the Detection Squad to assist in this upon request. (Ignore the fact that few would bother.)

4. Learning from the neighbors of any new potential environmental problems, this news to be passed on to the Detection Squad.

5. Fundraising.

6. Working with local people to establish "quality benchmarks," particular values in the area that ought to be preserved or enhanced (say, a stream where children play, or a rare butterfly, or an air visibility standard). (Ignore the fact that, democratic pretenses to the contrary, local people have little say over this.)

7. Working with local legislators.

8. Correcting polluter disinformation.

"It is sometimes said that insurgents start with nothing but a cause and grow to strength, while the counter-insurgents start with everything but a cause and gradually decline in strength."[132] How might the polluters avoid that withering-away? Firstly, by recognizing the world as it is. Smoke from a smokestack goes somewhere, even if you don't see it. Secondly, by giving up lying, cheating and bullying. Their actions vis-a-vis acid rain, nuclear emissions, offshore drilling, automobile fumes and ever so many other little matters speak for themselves. (How bad is it, really and scientifically? Ask the experts. Ask the Detection Squad.) There is no reason why we cannot all work as friends, despite our other disagreements. If the patriots only recognize their own true interests, then the private army can remain, as it should, a figment.

Still and all, remember that a majority of the townspeople of Seabrook did not want the nuclear plant they got. (Is that true? Ask the experts. Here we'll assume that it's true; I read it somewhere.) Now, how important is that? Undoubtedly, it depends on whom one asks. With typically militant urgency, the direct action handbook of the people who tried to nonviolently blockade and occupy the Seabrook plant in 1980[133] insists that the utility involved and the Nuclear Regulatory Commission "have effectively stolen a bit of New Hampshire and conspired to erect a machine that will likely kill those who live closest to it, indeed those upon whose land it now is."[134] Thus their Education Squad. The word "likely" betrays their

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

unscientific notion of imminence, since the last time I drove through Seabrook, a number of human beings seemed to be dwelling there. Our own Education Squad might reason similarly, or, following the hypothetical calculus of the Detection Squad summarized above, arrive at a different conclusion. What if there were no scientific imminence? Ignore that inconvenient reminder of our subjectivity.

DETACHMENT THREE: THE SYMBOLIC ACTION SQUAD

This group would make use of information and moral evaluations furnished by the Detection and Education Squads. I can see in my mind's eye a group such as the San Francisco Mime Troupe, whose public performances continue to express up-to-date counter-ideology year after year. I'm also thinking of the non-violent theatrical "occupations" of the antinuclear movement. (Ignore the fact that such Symbolic Action Squads preach largely to the converted.) When an urgent problem was documented by the other two squads (say, the clearcutting of the last stand of virgin redwoods—or wouldn't that be imminent on your list?) and—as must usually be the case—the Education Squad was unable to accomplish what needed to be done, the Symbolic Action Squad would perform its song and dance. (Ignore the fact that they might not accomplish much, either. See below.) The main goals would be:

1. Attracting media attention to an urgent problem for a space of time sufficient to give the Education Squad or someone else another chance.

2. Creating a "happening" which would galvanize (and probably polarize) local opinion. A Los Angeles or Mexico City example might be getting actors to clutch chests on hazardous-air days.

3. Nonviolently obstructing polluter activities.

4. Creating counterpropaganda to neutralize polluter propaganda (as on billboards, radio commercials, etc.). Since mere logic is a feeble weapon against lies, the Symbolic Action Squad might invert the Golden Rule, and lie as the polluters lie. (If the water department played dirty, for instance, one might retaliate by trick-wiring utility officials' home sprinklers to come on on water rationing days, then reporting them.)

How effective might we expect this detachment to be? Consider as an analogue:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF THE COALITION FOR DIRECT ACTION AT SEABROOK (1980)[135]

"After the [nuclear] accident at Three Mile Island, a direct action task force was formed within the Clamshell Alliance... Our name states our purpose."

FIRST PRIMARY END: "Acting ourselves to stop construction of the Seabrook plant."

MEANS:

(a) Petition and prayer—HAS FAILED. "We will not appeal to or recognize the legitimacy of state and corporate authority—currently a wealthy white male elite."
(b) Violence—"Dangerous and futile."
(c) Nonviolent direct action—"Empowers those participating while accomplishing a specific goal."

SECOND PRIMARY END: "Through the process of shutting down Seabrook we can learn about finding our collective strength and taking back control of many other aspects of our lives."

MEANS: The same.

THIRD PRIMARY END: Shut down all nuclear plants in the U.S.

MEANS: The same.

JUSTIFICATION: It is important to remember that we have made a positive choice to act in the way that we see as best, and to maintain faith in ourselves, each other and our non-violent actions."

SEABROOK OCCUPATION ATTEMPT OF MAY 24, 1980

IMMEDIATE END: Same as first primary end, above.

MEANS:

(a) "Large approach groups composed of regional groups containing numerous affinity groups" will approach the plant from all three land directions, beginning from staging areas established by CDAS's Logistical Task Force.
(b) "Mass fence takedown along whole sections of the perimeter."
(c) Consolidate occupation-blockade by "barricading gates and roads and building shelters."
(i) Priority 1: Core construction area.
(ii) Priority 2: Other areas on site.
(iii) Priority 3: "Off-site access blockade."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RESULTS:

1. Isolated violence on both sides. Most violence from police's side.
2. No occupation; blockade broken up by MACE, beatings, firehoses, arrests.

CONSEQUENCES:

1. Immediate end is not achieved.
2. Second primary end achieved to an extent—to what extent is unknown, since this criterion cannot be measured.

ASSESSMENT OF VARIOUS SEABROOK "ACTIONS" 1977-81

"When police swept down on clusters, often pouring out of holes cut in the fence by protesters, affinity groups who tried to stay their ground nonviolently didn't fare too well. Everything ... told the police that we were victims, not actors like themselves. The brightest spot in it all was the incredible bravery of the AGs who stayed their ground—and their occasional ability to shame police and disperse their violence." —Livermore Action Group (1982)

SOURCES: COALITION FOR DIRECT ACTION AT SEABROOK, PP. 4-7, 15-20; LIVERMORE ACTION GROUP, P. 42.

DETACHMENT FOUR: THE SAME DAY LIBERATION SQUAD

This squad, armed, with self-defense's violent tools—guns and explosives—would creep into action

1. Only as rarely as possible, to safeguard the leniency of the patriots toward the eco-defenders,
2. When "all the facts are in" on a given case, and
3. In conjunction with a much wider range of social persuasion, from which its murderous activities are seemingly dissociated.

It would be particularly proficient at nonlethal demolitions work (such as deploying thermite grenades to melt metal structures). Its objectives would be the removal of a "clear and present danger" by any means short of murder. Killing would, however, be permitted in self-defense. (What is self-defense? That depends on scientific experts, so ask the experts. Ask Uncle Sam—or the Unabomber.)[136]

The Same Day Liberation Squad would operate entirely secretly, since, as Brigadier Kitson notes in his handbook for patriots, "If the government builds up

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a really effective intelligence organization quickly, insurgents operating without the insulation provided by a closely linked system of secure cells will be eliminated before they can become dangerous."[137] The secret directive of the Same Day Liberation Squad might read:

> We shall behave as good criminals do, performing the tasks we have set ourselves but strenuously avoiding recognition for our achievements. If a power plant or a Secretary of Defense is menacing our health, then by all means away with the danger,[138] but, please, no manifestos.[139] The ideal should be the same as that of a regime concerned for its "image": all results are evidently sad accidents, with which the perpetrators have nothing to do. In fact, Same Day Liberations will go a step farther and try not to have an "image" at all (which should in turn help us to resist assuming a patriot's colors). If the accidents appear unrelated, so much the better.

But whom should our target be? From a secretarial perspective,[140] secretaries are innocent. That didn't stop the Unabomber from sending exploding parcels to secretaries. The secretary types up new documents whose instructions and deals, when executed, will wound our Earth. The documents do not blatantly advance the cause of evil; excluding issues of eco-imminence, no land-rape approaches the degree of injustice of the deportation of families in cattle-cars destined for gas chambers. —How about the logger who chops down the last stand of virgin redwoods? They may know more about the forest than many who strive to "save" it. In a war one must sometimes kill foot-soldiers, but this is not quite war. —Well, what about the corporation's president? —But he doesn't make decisions in a vacuum, either. Terrorists must consider every one of these matters, and more: Are they all equally guilty?

Assume that imminence has been *scientifically proved.* An example of such a threat might be a fleet of bulldozers busy destroying the Amazon rain forest, and thereby threatening plants and animals, not to mention our supply of oxygen. Pretend that the effects of this fleet have been measured; opposing scientists can't disprove them; the corporations involved have been warned—for all the good that that will do. I quote from a book entitled *Fighting Toxics:* Even under imminent conditions, "where a toxic source is presenting an immediate danger to people's health, for example—you might attempt to obtain an emergency court order ... however, it's tough to persuade a court that an issue is so significant that court action is necessary prior to litigation that will take months or years to complete."[141] And so, to arms! And while we're at it, a journalist finds that "everyone in Ecuador recognizes the red and white star of Texaco... Mention the current state of Ecuador's jungle and the response is always, 'Texaco's fault.'"[142] Shall we assume that the discrimination principle[143] allows their liquidation? New settlers (do the twin war limitations of proportionality[144] and discrimination permit *their* murder? Thanks to them, the rain forest continues to shrink. Or does the poverty which impels them there qual-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ify as imminence? Ask Trotsky. Then ask Texaco!) watch toxic crude bubble up from ill concealed pits into their farms, and there is nothing they can do when the oil kills their goats and fruit trees.[145] However, "the days of Texaco's bulldozing approach are over and the multinationals are negotiating their way into the jungle through subtler means."[146] No doubt it will all be worth it. According to the *Index on Censorship*, "twenty years of oil extraction in the Ecuadorian Amazon will keep the USA supplied at its present rate of consumption for 12.7 days."[147] Same Day Liberation's solution (which might not be mine): Violent terror, directed against Texaco officials.

Principles to follow would be:

1. Solve the particular problem.
2. Increase popular understanding of the need to solve that problem.
3. Punish only to accomplish (1) and/or (2), and then make the punishment fit the crime. EXAMPLES:
   (a) Nuclear
   (i) Blow up/contaminate: a plant/the offices of the utility/the bank financing the plant.
   (ii) Steal enough plutonium to make a bomb, and deploy it.
   (iii) Threaten to do either of the above.
   (b) Coal
   (i) Fill corporate offices/homes with processing debris.
   (ii) Throw corporate personnel down their own smokestacks.
   (c) Strip mines/chemical dumps
   (i) Little practical that can be done. Force corporate personnel to eat whatever comes to the surface of the ground. Strip mine their back yards.
   (d) Parasitic aqueducts
   (i) Blow them up (only a financial punishment, but it solves the problem until they're rebuilt).
   (ii) Drown utility officials in them.
   (e) Land "development"
   (i) Bulldoze "developers'" homes.
   (f) Unnecessary autos
   (i) Bend tailpipe into cabin so that occupants must breathe their own exhaust fumes.
   (g) Unethical whaling/fishing
   (i) Harpoon those responsible.
   (h) Noise
   (i) Deafen those responsible.
   (i) In general
   (i) Make the poisoners ingest what they produce.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The secret directive of the Same Day Liberation Squad might continue:

> Fortunately, we are still in the age of episodes (and perhaps of omens). Therefore, action now may forestall the age of crises. But maybe we want to cause crises, to blame on the polluting patriots. (As a friend of mine used to say, "I throw this out to be debated, not necessarily to be agreed to.") If the weatherman lied, and kept saying that the heat was breaking records, maybe we'd stop using chlorofluorocarbons sooner—as usual, it would be too little, too late; but since the weatherman had lied it wouldn't actually be too late. If we sabotaged a carefully selected nuclear plant, so that it had a meltdown and killed a few thousand people, maybe nuclear plants would be banned before they killed a hundred thousand people. In effect, being unable to show the public the truth, we'll give them a prophetic metaphor. Such catastrophes should create a maximum of panic with a minimum of damage.

MY RESIGNATION LETTER (1998)

I myself wouldn't want to be in any Same Day Liberation Squad.[148] (Am I wiser than I was, or merely older?) I *still* don't know what's imminent. Until the experts convince me otherwise, I hereby resign Same Day Liberations.

The *Wall Street Journal* (April 16, 1982) had the following item in the "World-Wide" column on its front page:

> A Michigan chemical spill in 1973 had contaminated about 97% of state residents by 1978, according to a report in the Journal of the American Medical Association. Polybriminated biphenyl, a flame retardant linked to cancer, was mixed with livestock feed. It will pose serious health concerns for years to come, the study said.

We might, in our frame of reference as eco-defenders, say that this is equivalent to the "acceptable damage" received in a limited nuclear engagement—that is to say, completely unacceptable. Could we have prevented this incident by killing several hundred people in the firm responsible (including, if necessary, innocent people),[149] it might have been worth it from a utilitarian point of view. But preventive murder never smells good except to moral actors such as Trotsky. People can always understand retaliation for damage done, but cold-bloodedness repulses (another good reason for our cause to be anonymous—there is no sense in prejudicing it). Considering the likelihood of birth defects and cancers for several generations as a result of the spill, and the dangers the rest of the country undergoes on consumption of the Michigan dairy products, meat and produce, the death of hundreds of people would have been a reasonable price to pay if we could have averted what happened.[150]

Or was it? Let's ask the experts:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

1. How badly were those Michigan residents contaminated?
2. Were all contaminated equally? Were the "health concerns" equal?
3. Of what exactly consist those health concerns—a higher mortality rate, or a greater likelihood of birth defects or something less measurable?
4. Is decontamination possible?
5. Did the livestock feed manufacturers know of the danger in 1973?
6. If not, would warning them have altered their practices?
7. If so, would exposing the threat have altered their practices?
8. Did the residents know of the danger they had sustained by 1978?
9. If not, would warning them have altered their eating practices?

Our Detection and Education Squads should have answered these questions before. And probably they did. But what if their experts didn't know quite enough to establish scientific imminence? What if they made murderous assumptions, as Lenin and Stalin did about the reactionary character of the Soviet peasantry?[151] People who act (as opposed to people like me, who merely theorize) so often do.

I'd rather act locally, revocably, nonviolently and alone, making intimately limited moral choices. I'd rather watch the world go to hell than trust somebody else's techno-moral calculus to sentence anybody to death and damnation.

A READER LIKEWISE DECLINES TO JOIN (1982)

"I am sorry to think that your argument may be a cogent one—certainly it is bleak. The one aspect of your anti-patriot campaign that you don't really address, however, and that needs to be inspected very carefully, is what happens to the good covert souls who take on the project. While you make a moral/political argument for vanguardism, you do not consider the psychological implications of that approach for the individual, and it seems to me that these implications are very significant morally and practically. In other words, it seems to me that a strict utilitarian analysis of this type of action may overlook important problems—problems that might compromise one's long-term effectiveness as an anti-patriot vanguardist and make the project so personally unsavory as to be infeasible.

"Let's look at literature. In many ways, *Crime and Punishment* is a story about the inadequacy of utilitarianism as a means of addressing issues of life and death. Raskolnikov's utilitarian argument for murdering the old woman is never contradicted on utilitarian grounds, and even after his breakdown and certainly after his tidy conversion it remains a strong argument. But it's an argument that doesn't work, and not only because Raskolnikov harbors a set of moral compunctions that he is not initially aware of. It fails to see him through, because the act of taking another person's life seems automatically to become the principal aspect of his identity. He is a killer before he is an extraordinary man, and consequently the murder

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

loses its safe and acceptable status as an instrumental act. He is paralyzed because he is suddenly just a murderer. The activities that the murder was to facilitate no longer are coherent or meaningful; they pale in comparison to the ostensibly neutral act of killing the old woman.

"Now clearly there are differences between this case and the course of action you propose. As you present the argument, violence is intended to facilitate life in the quite limited sense of breathing pure air and drinking unpoisoned water. The aim of this violence is to curtail prior and more grievous life-threatening activities, not to actualize one's extraordinary self. Nonetheless, it remains important to ask what happens to someone who kills other people. Inevitably, I think, it would be the most significant thing that one does, the baseline of one's identity. Increasingly one would be alienated from all other activities; it would be all-absorbing. Two questions arise relative to this effect. First, given the finite number of choices available to one in a lifetime, is this what one most wants to do, or to put it differently, is it absolutely necessary; and second, how would one conceive of oneself in pursuing this course of action, what would one become?

"To start with the second question: There is a large element of martyrdom in this project. One is assuming an extreme degree of suffering as well as all the obvious risks and hazards in the interest of other people. At the same time (and this is typical of the martyr's project), one assumes an extraordinary degree of power. As a sufferer one is radically impotent and as an agent of good and practitioner of violence one is radically effective. What to make of this conjunction? I'm not sure. It seems at once alluring and perverse, sensible and so thoroughly contradictory in so many ways as to imply madness. Finally, however, martyrdom makes sense either through its association with the divine or through its association with the imminent equivalent of the divine—a set of circumstances so extreme that one is forced to sacrifice everything in an effort to transform them. In other words, it makes sense in terms of thoroughly insensible and extraordinary constructs, and the martyr, in endorsing those constructs, effectively shuts himself off from the everyday world and all its everyday mundanity and goodness. As you recognize ..., this approach does not change anything in a 'general, ideological or Platonic sense.' Indeed, I'd go a bit further and say that for its adherents it excludes the possibility of such change and even of conceiving things in those terms.[152] It is based on the assumption that at the moment ideology is insufficient, that talk and all the typical moves of reformist change are inadequate and, in their ineffectiveness, unmeaningful. You look at the unideological character of this approach in terms of the question of whether one is obligated to have an ideological end or alternative in employing violent measures and conclude that the aim of preserving life precedes all ideological concern.[153] I am inclined to wonder whether in preserving life in the way you describe, you eliminate the possibility of doing anything with it except preserving it—just as Christ's concern for men finally can express itself only as concern for their dead souls."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A HISTORICAL NOTE (2002)

For me, Same Day Liberations remained a thought-experiment. But a few years after my resignation from that figment, the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front came into being. (As I make my final revisions to this book in the year 2003, I think of al-Qaeda, too, of course.) Both the ALF and ELF operate according to the principle of hermetic cells. Thus an ALF "party" announces itself through a communique, and often through associated documentary evidence of a laboratory's cruelty, stolen from that facility; the communique, sent by unknown hands, arrives at the office of a sympathetic nonviolent group such as the People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, and is promptly publicized; let's call them the Education Squad.

My plea to all violent defenders of Earth and animals is: Make your Detection Squads accurate, thorough, intelligent, rigorous, credentialed if possible. *Quantify everything.* "The central issue is surely this: At what size should we seek to stabilize U.S. population?" What number does the Detection Squad come up with? What is the opposers' number? (What does it mean if they refuse to come up with a number?) It is on the validity of the Detection Squad's findings that the rest depends.

EPILOGUE:
DEFENSE OF AESTHETIC VALUES

The long war against the herdsman's calculus has been fought under two banners: (i) defense of the biosphere against poisoned futurity; and (ii) defense of nature itself (biocentrism). The first of these, like defense of homeland, invokes imminent self-preservation; for when the planet dies, so must we. The second is both moral and aesthetic. Another cornfield becomes a housing subdivision. "Now my book is done," wrote the painter Eric Sloane in his last book, "and as I glance back through the manuscript, I realize its argument is not with America but with the whole world... I suppose that by having written and illustrated this book, I risk becoming unpopular. But it is really not bitterness I feel: it is anger and sadness."[154] He remembers an antique world whose skies were unsullied by jet trails. (When I read a newspaper headline in 1992 saying that strip mining would be allowed in our national parks, I was furious, but I didn't want to kill. Maybe you would want to.) An eco-theorist chimes in more urgently, shifting the ground from aesthetics to imminent utilitarianism: "From an ecological perspective—which in the long run is the only one that matters—industrial societies must be considered a fleeting, unpleasant mirage on the landscape rather than a vision of the future to be emulated."[155]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Either way, spike, smash, vandalize and burn! "Remember, though, to choose your targets well." They'd better be "egregious environmental rapists. There is no place for aimless vandalism in the monkeywrencher's arsenal."[156] In 2002, the Earth Liberation Front begins burning luxury homes in Long Island, to help defend the "picturesque landscape."[157]

Well, who's egregious? Who's nature's moral equivalent of Hitler? Edward Abbey, ecodefense's most famous curmudgeonly and literary-populist spiritual father, didn't mind naming names on page after page of his eco-agitprop novel *The Monkeywrench Gang.* Not far from the Grand Canyon, about which John Muir wrote in 1902, "As we go on and on, studying this old, old life in the light of the life beating warmly about us, we enrich and lengthen our own,"[158] a new landscape explodes onto the scene:

> These machine-made wastes grew up in tumbleweed and real-estate development, a squalid plague of future slums constructed of green two-by-fours, dry-wall fiberboard and prefab roofs that blew off in the first good wind. This in the home of free creatures: horned toads, desert rats, Gila monsters and coyotes. Even the sky, that dome of delirious blue which he had once thought was out of reach, was becoming a dump for the gaseous garbage of the copper smelters, the filth that Kennecott, Anaconda, Phelps-Doge and American Smelting and Refining Co. were pumping through stacks into the public sky. A smudge of poisoned air overlay his homeland.[159]

The solution: monkeywrench Kennecott. Torch the ugly billboards. Blow up the Colorado River's evil dam.

TOKYO (1995)

But gaze at Tokyo's pale blue skyscrapers and birds. What would Abbey and Sloane have said about them? From even from the tallest building, the skyline just jig-jags on and on, buildings dwindling into buildings, with long clean trains crawling between them. It is not ugly. Enter a coffee shop; embrace your choice of German Dog, I Kogen Lettuce Dog, Spicy Dog, or another such snack, the workers in pristine shorts and black ties—so many uniforms in Japan! Sometimes on the subway I'd see a mother and daughter in matching coats, only the size different. You can easily visit friends, drinking green tea as pale emerald as kiwi fruit and watching on the television a suspenseful show about people sitting on a hardwood floor, trying to stack coins on edge. Nature goes on above a love hotel's ceiling—listen to the running rats! But everything's clean and convenient here—look! A vending machine for snacks, another vending machine for sadomasochistic sex videos, another for condoms and tampons, another for lingerie; a mirror over the double bed; a toilet, clean razor, soap and toothbrush provided. The commons has been organized

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in this love hotel. Sexual intercourse with or without procreation awaits the moral actors. Isn't this population control? Between fifteen and forty thousand species a year are vanishing from this Earth;[160] trees are long gone; fish and rice must come from afar—but the commons isn't dead! For proof, I refer you to those lights, those rushing people, that traffic scuttling down and across the narrow alley between woodslat houses (an ugly apartment groping its antenna upwards behind). Doesn't all this yet comprise a hive of humans, hence nature? "If our selves belong to a larger self that encompasses the whole biological community in which we dwell, then an attack on the trees, the wolves, the rivers, is an attack upon all of us."[161] But what about the urban self, the self of greater night-Tokyo with its glowing subways and red paper lanterns? Doesn't that deserve its own life? *Violent defense of Earth is unjustified in the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to the ecosystem against benefit to the human culture which harms it.*[162] Now it is dawn. A light comes gently on behind frosted glass, from which faded prints of pairs of snow-white dogs and snow-white seals look out. A crow caws, and a train utters its pseudo-hoofbeats. A tree which I cannot identify, possibly some kind of gingko, grows close enough to my window to touch. Incandescent tubes glow in their niches in the concrete reef of another apartment. Peopled bicycles wait in single file along the edge of a secondary recess where an immaculate auto lives. Traffic sounds increase like a rising ocean. Is all this another "squalid plague of slums?" Night and day, Tokyo defies the calculus of tree-spikers, rushing and gushing with organized life.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

11.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

WHEN IS VIOLENT[163] BIOCENTRISM JUSTIFIED?

A. Genesis 1.26

> "And God said, "Let us make man in our image ... and let them have dominion over the fish of the sea, and over the birds of the air, and over the cattle, and over all the earth, and over every creeping thing that creeps upon the earth."

B. Harry Merlo, president of Louisiana-Pacific Corp. (1989)

> "It always annoys me to leave anything on the ground when we log our own land. We don't log to a twelve-inch top ... We log to infinity, because it's out there and it's ours and we want all of it now."[164]

C. John Muir (1876)

> "Nevertheless Nature in her grandly deliberate way keeps up a rotation of forest crops. Species develop and die like individuals, animals as well as plants. Man himself will as surely become extinct as sequoia or mastodon, and be at length known only as a fossil."[165]

D. National Toxics Campaign (1990)

> "Don't be afraid of conflict. It is an integral part of our open and democratic society... Since your campaign is ultimately concerned with rights and humanity, even in the heat of conflict you should never use tactics that deny your adversary's humanity. This means that you should never use violence."[166]

E. Captain Paul Watson, ecoteur for the Sea Shepherd Conservation Society (1986)

> "The killing of whales in 1986 is a crime. It is a violation of international law; but more importantly it is a crime against nature and against future generations of humanity. So, I don't want any crappy letters about tradition, livelihood or Icelandic rights."[167]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Earth Liberation Front communique (2001)

"We will no longer hesitate to pick up the gun to implement justice, and provide the needed protection for our planet that decades of legal battles, pleading, protest and exonomic sabotage have failed so drastically to achieve."[168]

G. The Unabomber (1995)

"First, we must work to heighten the social stresses within the system so as to increase the likelihood that it will break down or be weakened sufficiently so that a revolution against it becomes possible. Second, it is necessary to develop and propagate an ideology that opposes technology and the industrial society if and when the system becomes sufficiently weakened. And such an ideology will help to assure that, if and when industrial society breaks down, its remnants will be smashed beyond repair, so that the system cannot be reconstituted. The factories should be destroyed, technical books burned, etc."[169]

HOW IMMINENT IS ECOLOGICAL SELF-DEFENSE?

A. California biologist (1998)

"We've certainly affected the planet. But we haven't done anything as drastic as your Earth First!er friends say. Even the Greenhouse Effect isn't yet an open and shut case. The world will go on. If we keep doing stupid things, the worst sufferers may be ourselves."[170]

B. John Muir (1876)

"Strip off the woods with their underbrush from the mountain flanks, and the whole State [of California], the lowlands as well as the highlands, would gradually change into a desert."[171]

C. Kinza Clodumar, president of the Republic of Naura, at the Kyoto conference on climate change (1997)

"The emission of greenhouse gases in distant lands is warming the Earth and causing the sea level to rise. The coastal fringe where my people live is but two meters above the sea surface. We are trapped... No nation has the right to place its own, misconstrued national interest before the physical and cultural survival of whole countries. The crime is cultural genocide

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

... no less when it is perpetuated [sic] slow by emission of invisible gases."[172]

D. Abalone Alliance, "Declaration of Nuclear Resistance" (1978)

"No material gain, real or imagined, is worth the assault on life itself that nuclear energy represents."[173]

E. Livermore Action Group (1982)

"Are those who care about the future and the future of others really naive and simplistic by just wanting to live?"[174]

F. Earth Liberation Front member (1999)

"If we don't do this, a hundred years from now every higher primate will be dead."[175]

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 17

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

Any fool can look at what's past and say it's wrong! Visionaries have to look at what we'll outlaw in the future.

INGRID NEWKIRK (2000)[1]

SAVING WHALES (1986)

"I suppose we need not go mourning the buffaloes," wrote John Muir (mournfully). "In the nature of things they had to give place to better cattle, though the change might have been made without barbarous wickedness. Likewise many of nature's five hundred kinds of wild trees had to make way for orchards and cornfields. In the settlement and civilization of the country, bread more than timber or beauty was wanted...."[2]

He might have said the same about whales, but other earth-defenders were less passively "philosophical." The whale-fishery's results demonstrate to the narrowest intellect the lamentable results of abusing the commons; indeed, Hardin makes of them a textbook example in his book, presenting the following figures (which he's undoubtedly obtained from experts):

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WORLD CATCHES OF BLUE WHALES

1930s[3]	7,000/year
1950-51	7,000
1951-52	5,000
1955-56	<2,000
1958-59[4]	1,200

Opening my *Britannica,* I find a similar table beginning in the year Hardin leaves off, that is, 1957-58. Now the whalers are constrained, or more likely obfuscatingly constrain themselves, to list the catches not of blue whales, but "blue whale units." One BWU equals one blue whale, two fin whales, two and a half humpback whales, or six sei whales. Let's interpolate from the table above and suppose that in 1957-58 there were 1,500 blue whales caught. If we divide 1,500 into 14,851, which is the number of blue whale units caught during that same period (see the first line of the table immediately below), then it would seem that one blue whale actually equaled not one blue whale unit, but about ten! Very possibly, one or both of these tables relies on "garbage numbers." In any event, here come a few representative lines of *Britannica* data:

WORLD CATCHES OF BLUE WHALE UNITS

1957-58	14,851
1960-61	16,433
1961-62	11,306
1963-64	8,429
1964-65	6,986
1969-70'	2,477

If the one-to-ten ratio did in fact mean anything, and if the same ratio held in 1969-70 (thanks to the whalers' algebra, of course, we have no way of knowing whether it does—what clever experts!), only about 240 blue whales were caught at that latter time. We might wonder, as the blue whales sink down into extinction, what figures the whalers will employ next? "Whale units" to disguise blue whales' disappearance, perhaps, then "marine mammal units" when they can find no more whales at all—then, I suppose, "biotic units" once they've stripped the seas down to plankton and brine shrimp... Better to rise up before then! In 1986, two "whale warriors," Rod Coronado and David Howitt, having agreed to follow the militant Sea Shepherd Society's rules for "direct action in the field," set out to cripple Iceland's whaling industry if they can. The five rules: no explosives, no weapons, no injury to any living creature, no violent resistance of arrest, acceptance of full responsibility. Coronado and Howitt infiltrate Reykjavik, working as fish processors for two months. Now the season draws down into winter, and the ice takes on a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

bluish cast as clouds turn grey. On a blustery night in November, they burglarize the whale processing factory and smash the refrigeration units, six diesel engines, all the pumps, computers, the whale flensing knives, etcetera. They work all night. The founding Sea Shepherd who'd deputized them proudly reports: "After eight hours, the plant looked as if it suffered a bomb blast. Damage was later estimated at 1.8 million U.S. dollars."[6] Tell me that this is not violence. Perhaps upon their exultant exit, they spy a boomerang of yellow light to the east—that cold northern dawn. Now for the three whaling ships in harbor. As they draw level with these bobbing targets, the ice around them perhaps becomes a beautiful reddish violet. (I remember such colors from my own visits to Iceland; why not gild or stain this story with romanticism?) Leaving alone the vessel containing a sleeping watchman, they scuttle the other two, costing the whaling firm an additional $2.8 million.[7] The founder's account gleefully continues: "Iceland has entered warrants for their arrest through Interpol but extradition is not possible due to the illegality of Iceland's whaling operation. I am being investigated by Canadian authorities for possible conspiracy charges, but I'm not losing any sleep ... "[8] Four years later, he himself will go on to ram two Japanese drift-net fishing boats—or, as he calls it, to "Pearl Harbor" them. He tells the Japanese: "I did not come to Japan to save fishermen; I am here to save dolphins."[9] Against Coronado and Howitt, Iceland will never press charges: the whaling had occurred without an international permit anyway.

In 1996, Coronado, serving a fifty-seven-month sentence for abetting the Animal Liberation Front in laboratory arson, will write that "we need a healthy wild population of wolves before it's too late and the whole thing collapses ... We need camouflaged wolves, women wolves, dread-locked wolves, and maybe most importantly, red, brown, yellow, black and white wolves."[10]

And so the Sea Shepherd Society defies Tokyo's neon calculus of whale-meat-eaters. Defenders of animals rush and gush with their own *mobilized* life.

When Is Violent Defense Of Animals Justified?

The moral calculus of Kate Danaher, animal rights activist (1998)

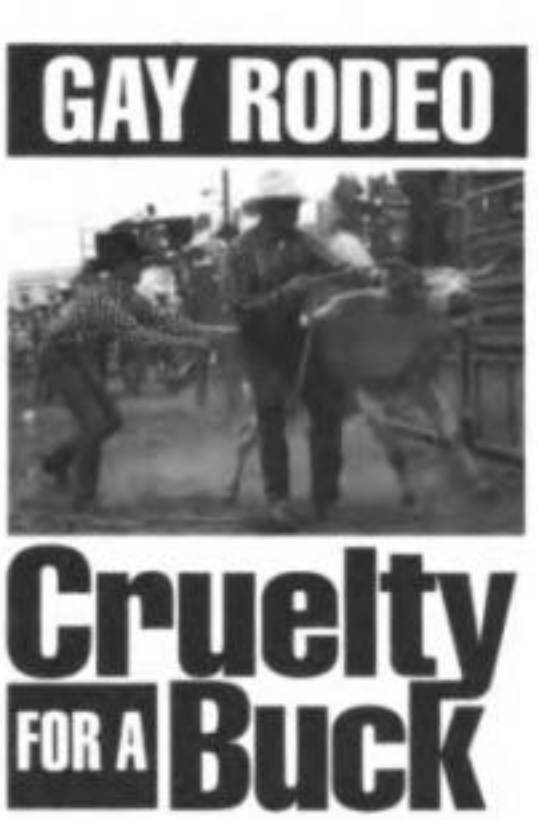
"You can't justify violence, period. But if you're defending an animal that's hurt in the way that society is used to hurting them, I would just do it verbally, and if not I would kill the animal to put it out of its misery. If they were about to eat the brains of a monkey alive in Singapore and I had to be there, I would kill the monkey. But you can't cut a person's brain out. You just can't do it. The other part is to just pray really really hard."

SOURCE: TELEPHONE CONVERSATION WITH AUTHOR, CONFIRMED BY K.D. (1998).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

LIZZY GRAY

This is the place to introduce you to my friend Lizzy, who wears no leather, eats no meat, drinks no milk because the cows in commercial dairy farms live an unfree life; feels guilty when she eats honey, because it's been stolen from bees; won't touch egg noodles, because their manufacture exploits chickens; refrains from butter—and sometimes still longs for the taste of steak. She's a vegan. I think that she would more or less agree with this credo: "Veganism is life-affirming. To be vegan is to live, to the best of one's abilities, free from exploitation of animals for any purpose. A leap beyond vegetarianism, it resists the cruelty and environmental footprint of dairy and egg production."[11]



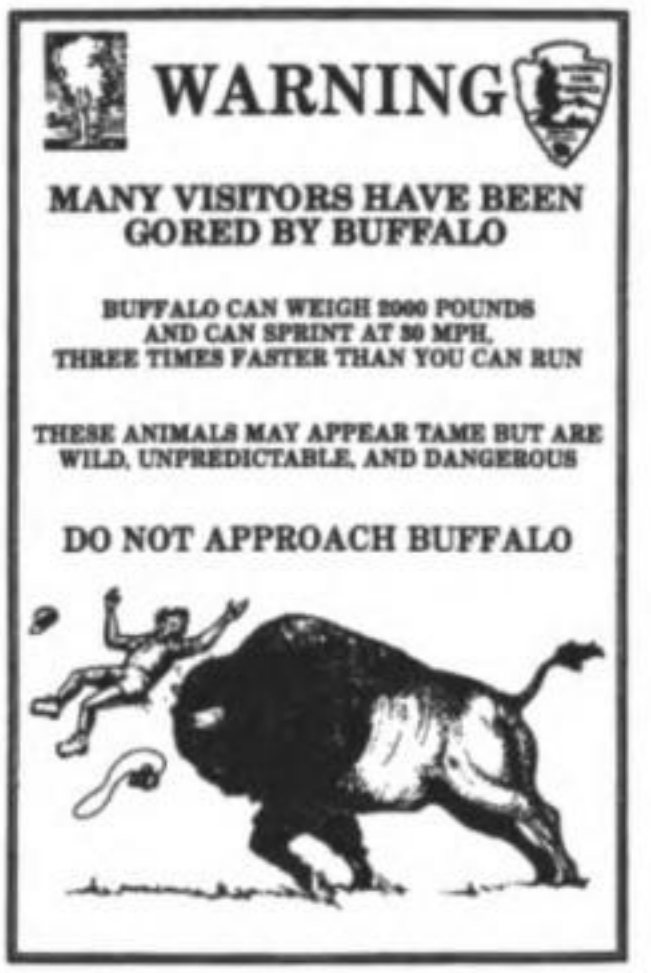
Animal rights pamphlet (1990s)

When I first met Lizzy, my feelings about her diet varied between resignation and irritation. Raising her beliefs high for all to see, she sometimes embarrassed people, or even antagonized them. And then one day the thought struck me: *What if she's right? What if she's noble?* Surely the nineteenth-century Abolitionists must have struck their slave-owning neighbors as meddlers, dissensionists, even seditionists. Should the animal rights movement gain power and organization equivalent to that of Abolitionism, life may well become unpleasant for me with my leather pistol case, my experiments with egg tempera and albumen-coated photographic paper, my various animal tissues, skulls and bones... I remember on one cold winter's day in Manhattan walking beside someone for whom I'd bought some beaver-skin earmuffs from a Canadian trapper (that deft and grouchy old Indian also sold me a wolverine pelt, which is highly prized for use in Arctic winter gear because it alone of all furs never freezes, no matter how much one's nose runs or how one one breathes through it); my companion was wearing the earmuffs on that day when a tall, angry man bolted up to us, shouted, and tried to wrench them off her head. He said that we were murderers. I was angry, offended, and intimidated; he was taller than I was, and he had just laid hands on this woman who I cared for and who was petite and couldn't fight. I told him to leave us alone, which he fortunately did. Then we went on, the woman beside me adjusting her earmuffs and shooting over her shoulder looks of anxious incomprehension. I hated that nasty, threatening man. I still hate him. And I wondered whether I had seen the future.

And what if Lizzy were the future instead? That future would still inevitably

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

make use of people like him, hard, self-righteous moral actors ready to force changes right through—people whom Lizzy herself doesn't care for. But if her future came, and we all wore plastic boots and drank soy milk, would the world be a better place? Would the cessation of cruelty to animals justify the Spartan-like narrow conformity we'd face? (Even in a health food store, Lizzy's prior moral decision leaves her unable to eat most of what's offered.) Or would our choices actually grow broader than I imagine; would techno-ingenuity, that bane of eco-defenders and animal rights defenders, transform soys and seaweeds into succulent luxuries, invent recyclable synthetic clothing, discover how to de-infest tenements of rats and cockroaches by some not yet known means of relocation rather than by poisoning, reduce human population so that the sleek, inbred dairy cows released into "the wild" would have something to graze on before the wolves ate them? Would moral ingenuity allow for violent self-defense against the resurgent grizzly bears?



Leaflet from Yellowstone National Park (1990s)

In effect, animal rights calls for an addition to the social contract. The prohibition on free violence will be extended beyond the human context. Hence in the moral calculus I have now inserted this tentative principle: *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent physical harm.*

- LEGITIMATE DEFENSE: Remains undefined in this context.
- IMMINENT PHYSICAL HARM: In this context, there exist various disputed and undefined exceptions. For example, I myself believe (which Lizzy certainly would not):

1. Experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefitting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question. [Most of the people I know would refuse to agree with Lizzy even that far.] Otherwise, animal experimentation can in many cases be justified by human imminence, no matter what the animal suffers.

   CRUCIAL AND UNRESOLVED QUESTION: Must scientific imminence apply to justify human use of animals, or is human convenience sufficient? [The answer depends on one's presuppositions.]

2. It would seem entirely justified by imminence for hunter-gatherer societies to eat animals and wear their skins.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The longer I stare at this, the less I like it. Finally, reluctantly, I add two words to the initial premise, and this renders the principle as vague, useless and laughable as the Supreme Court's decision that racial integration must proceed "with all deliberate speed": *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent and unjustified physical harm.*

Doesn't imminence or the approach of imminence legitimize a huge proportion of the excuses for violence in this book? Aren't I therefore now introducing a serious inconsistency into a project which needs coherence to be at all useful to you? How can imminent aggression ever *not* be justified?

All I can now do is examine my own position for fairness and consistency, then do the same with several animal rights positions.

A member of the Animal Liberation Front code-named "Virginia" read some of this chapter and pronounced me "somewhat unfeeling." She is correct in that it does not lie in my personal inclination to place an animal's needs and suffering on par with a human's. I will discuss the reasons for this below. Truth to tell, I would have avoided thinking about this issue if I could, and I could have had I never met Lizzy. She, I suspect, will not like this chapter. That is as it has to be. All the same, when I think of animal rights, I think not of animals but of *her.*

I admire Lizzy passionately. From the highest motives of compassion, she's renounced pleasure, convenience, custom with its associated courtesies, solidarity. She exemplifies good, alone.

KILLING SEALS (1991)

In the photographs, button-eyed seals as pure white as snowclouds await your judgment, their noses and whiskers forming delicate black suns against the whiteness: how can judgment bear to countenance death?[12] Opening an issue of *The Animals' Voice Magazine* (a gift subscription from my animal rights friend Kate), I learn the following straight from the experts:

> While the harp seal population originally numbered nine million, intense hunting has reduced the current population to three million.

Another expert assures me that harp seal populations are on the increase. Never mind—he works for the Canadian Department of Fisheries and Oceans.[13] How could animal rights activists ever trust *him*? But I interrupted *The Animals' Voice*:

> The Canadian government has prohibited large-vessel seal hunting and the killing of white-coated baby seals, but commercial hunting by 'landsmen' of molted pups (over 25 days old) continues... In the United States, the Aleut residents of the Alaskan Pribilof Islands kill approximately 1700 North Pacific fur seals annually in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

'subsistence' hunts. The Aleuts herd the seals into groups, beat them with clubs—which frequently only stuns them—and then slit the stunned seals' stomachs to prepare them for the team that will remove their skins.[14]

Were I a lawyer at this court, I would want to cross-examine the author of the article as follows:

1. How was the "original" harp seal population measured? Is this an estimate for pre-European contact times? If so, we'd expect there to be much less habitat for the seals now anyway, thanks to cities and fisheries. It might well be that nine million harp seals would starve in today's world. (Is the accuser then an Earth First!er? Does he require the abandonment of certain human habitats?) The data we've been given are so insufficient as to make the allegation meaningless.

2. "Commercial hunting of molted pups continues." Is this due to an oversight on the part of the Canadian government, or is the Canadian government quite satisfied? How well informed is the Canadian government? How much do the Canadian government's opinions matter? How well informed is the author of this article?

3. So Aleuts kill seventeen hundred fur seals a year. That doesn't sound like many to me. What do fur seals have to do with harp seals? Have their populations also declined by two-thirds? The quote marks around "subsistence" seem to me a dirty trick. Is the author implying that the Aleuts are hypocritical and only kill seals for the fun of it? I wouldn't be surprised if the author knows nothing about Aleuts and their subsistence needs.

4. The Aleuts beat the seals with clubs. Why is this a bad way to kill them? If they are stunned then they probably don't suffer much when they're killed.[15] Perhaps the author of the article would prefer to have them shot. The problem with shooting seals (as I've seen in the Canadian Arctic) is that wounded animals may get away and die later, which means that they've died for nothing.[16] Or they may be shot from a distance while swimming, and sink. Clubbing them must eliminate almost all such needless kills. It seems to me extremely humane and responsible. Would any way of killing them please the author of this article?[17]

MEAT AND WARMTH (RESOLUTE BAY)[18]

Whenever I stay at Minnie's house I like to eat meat—nice raw frozen caribou that I can whack with a hatchet and chew—scarlet animal ice cream. Raw ptarmigan tastes like yellowtail sashimi. Raw whaleskin is like peanut butter. It's taken me a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

long time to like raw seal, but I'm getting there.

Outside, violet cloud-mountains stain the sky's yellow backdrop, the wind shouting between drift-alleys and houses, everything on the grey plain being carried into blue. It's a cold day to go seal hunting. Billie doesn't catch anything in four hours, and turns back early. When I come into Minnie's house, I begin to realize how chilled I was, because my knees, thighs and rectum will not get warm and all I want to do is sleep. (Each house is a warm place into whose TV you can dive as into sleep, smoking cigarettes, laughing and visiting while the dreary purple sea-plain turns greyish-black beneath the last pink streak of a 3:30 twilight. I want to bring you inside, because while the material aspects of using seals are important to appreciate, it's even more important to understand that using seals is a happy steady part of other things.)

I fry up some caribou in butter with lots of salt and black pepper. The meat smells like wild mushrooms. I put it on toast; I bite into it; I pour some ketchup on top after the first two helpings; I enjoy the heat of the animal flesh, shearing its tenderness with my ravenous teeth, feeling warm and happy. Minnie laughs and eats a piece of seal...

MY KAMIKS

In the mudroom, sliding my legs into the orange duffel-socks of my kamiks, then fitting the orange duffel-slippers over them, then sinking knee-deep into the lovely sealskin shells striped dark and light from different seals for the sake of prettiness, then tying the braided yarn-strings snug and folding the duffel down over the sealskin to show the black and green crisscrossings of top-threads, I feel as if I've enveloped my feet in warmth and care. My twin foot-caves, shaven clean of fur, are each topped with a U-shaped band of red and green zigzags to cheer me just a little warmer.[19] Double-soled with leather, the kamiks still remain very light. A rule which I've read and believe is that every pound of foot-weight tires one out as much as five pounds of back-weight. That must be why I enjoy walking in my kamiks so much, dancing on the snow as if in stocking feet. Kamiks cannot support ankles or guard toes the way that rigid "white man's boots" can; I can feel the rocks I walk on, and the furry upper cylinders tend to slip down my legs; but every kind of footwear has its unique disadvantages. That is why I bring at least two pairs of boots when I travel in the Arctic in the cold season.

I remember walking in standard Vibram-soled leather one September on Ellesmere Island. Heavy boots those were, made for digging into scree. The uppers embraced my ankles almost tightly enough to chafe, because you do not want to turn an ankle if your foot slips between boulders. In colder weather, of course, the leather would contract into a more fervent grip. So I stood laced into my foot-armor, to the west a few snow-pillows, each a mile wide, to the east the cliffs like coral reefs, steep

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and wide; below them, on a flat ridge, a resting cloud—all very clear and beautiful, to be sure, but my toes were numb in their cramped and frozen boots, which had been an idiotic choice for snowdrifts. Foot-heat thawed the leather wet, so that snow stuck and froze.[20] At night I brought them into my sleeping bag, and still they were ice-hardened by morning. After breakfast it took twenty minutes or longer before my stockinged feet had thawed them sufficiently to squeeze all the way in. By then my toes were numb again. On the other hand, negotiating bare stone and mud they never slipped; fording unfrozen rivers they gripped slimy rocks more safely than anything else could. I never fell, even in waist-deep currents. Kamiks would have been useless then, bare ground proving too frequent; so for backup I brought sneakers. It might have been good season for my Sorels—tooth-soled rubber below, with a soft leather leg-guard—except that like the kamiks they couldn't have given me the ankle support required in carrying a hundred-pound backpack. But come October or November, there might have been enough snow for the kamiks to be the primary choice, with the Sorels my spares. I could drag that hundred pounds behind me on a sled then. Come July, and the "white man's boots" would be definitively best...

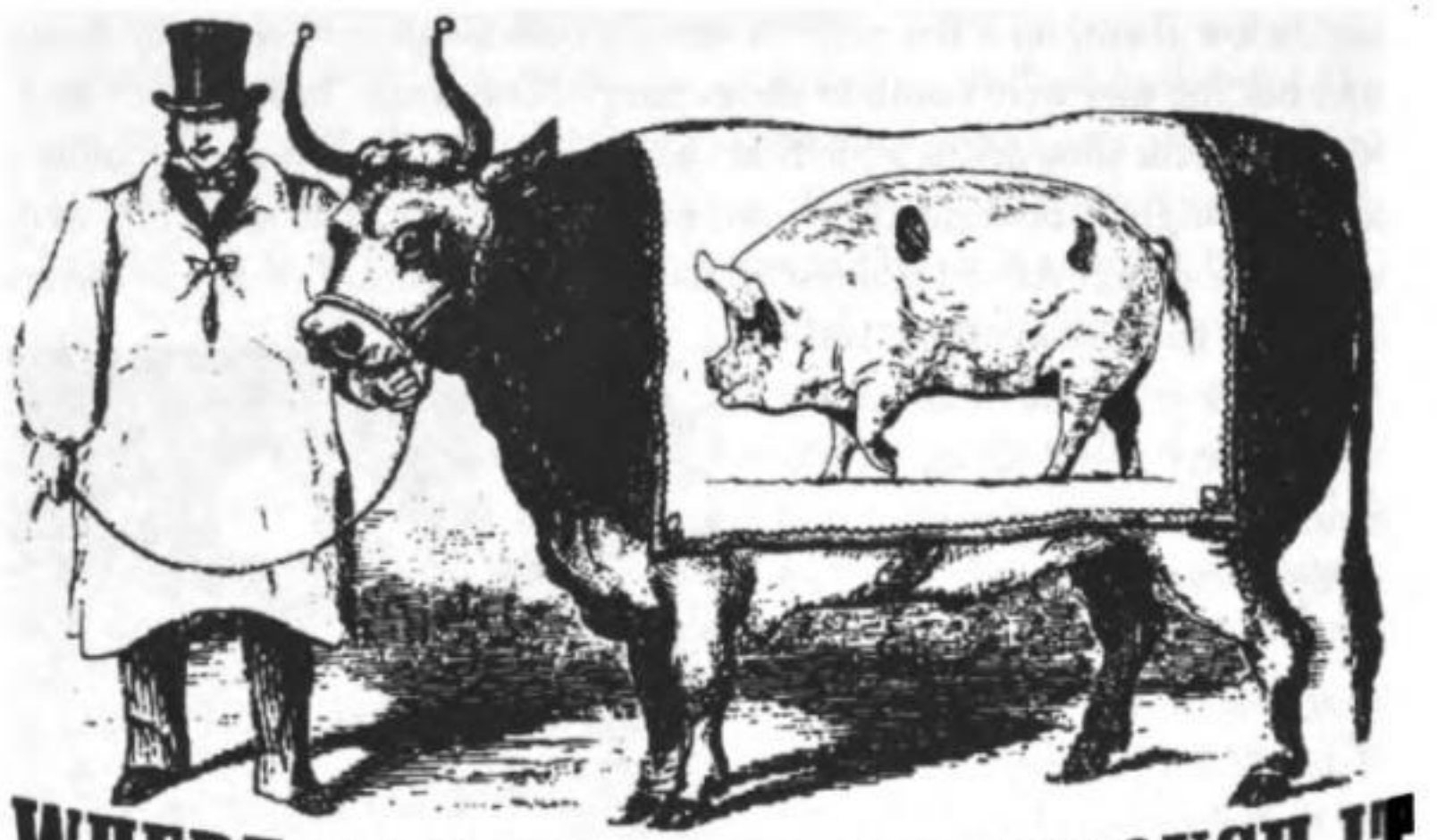


Children in kamiks playing with seal bones

My friend David, who married an Inuk and lives in Resolute, says that his shoe size has grown as a result of wearing kamiks for many winters. In his view, this proves that conventional footgear actually constrains and compresses the feet. He is probably right. For me, kamiks feel like freedom. I remember when I first put the kamiks on, and I was so elated that I was grinning because I felt that I was becoming what I had always wanted to be, and my kamiks were so warm and beautiful, and everyone smiled back to see me so happy.

I close my parka snugly around my throat, pull my sealskin mitts on, and go out into the darkness whose snow blows white vapor-stripes across the road. The airport beam sends black spider-shadows on the snow-skin round and round, and something hums with increasing volume from one of the sheds and a horizontal streamer of diesel smoke stretches like taffy across the sky. I am walking with the wind. The freezing zipper hurts my throat. Only my nose is cold so far, where the metal bridge of my glasses conducts all the heat away. When I turn, the wind strikes me full on, and my face goes instantly numb; globs of ice make my eyelashes into chandeliers. My feet stay warm. The soles of the kamiks do not grip the snow-crust well, but it is such a pleasure to *feel* the snow compacting under me, instead of just hearing its squeak. I stay still for a quarter-hour, and my face is long gone but my feet never get cold. Two or three hours of stillness on a windy *komatik*[21] or on the ice and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Barbecue advertisement (Montana, 2000)

my toes would have become a little numb, but why should life be a perpetual orgasm? Anyhow, for those times Minnie has made me a pair of *mungwaks* (overboots), which go over the kamiks like giant slippers.

I love my kamiks. Minnie has made a second pair which she offers to sell me, the duffels elegant white and green and blue, but mine are best with their warm orange. And I wonder what my lost pair looked like? Minnie sewed them to my measure with her usual pride and care, and David mailed them to me in the United States. My government, wanting to do the seals a favor, intercepted the kamiks, confiscated them and burned them. When I told my Inuit friends what had happened, they were sickened by the lack of respect for the animals.

MY BREAKFAST

I come out of the bedroom a little before 9:00 a.m., the wind shaking the house, and Minnie and Joanasie are praying long and earnestly, Minnie on the sofa bent over the syllabic Bible, the boy kneeling on the floor; over and over they say Amen. Then Joanasie turns the TV back up and stands before it, blocking it out with his back, drinking it as a cold person drinks a fire's warmth, while Minnie bends brown and patient over her Bible, her glasses high on her nose. Power wires bounce up and down, caressing the satellite dish. Minnie makes telephone calls and Joanasie wanders about in his parka and kamiks. The sun is an hourglass shape over the church. I get a piece of raw meat out of the freezer and start chopping it with the hatchet, eating the reddish-purple splinters.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MY MITTS

A visit to the Magnetic Pole cost me permanent frostbite damage in my fingers and toes. I had two sets of mitts and two sets of boots. If I'd had my kamiks along I might have still damaged my toes because, in spite of what David says, they are no warmer than my Sorels (whose liners did freeze after awhile). But my mitts could well have saved my fingers. Electric-soft and spangled black and white with fishy-smelling little hairs, these are no warmer than my leather mitts, either, but they're much lighter. The leather mitts froze. My second pair, some overpriced nylon-shell Chouinards, were much too thin. The sealskin mitts would have been good spares. (The more mitts, the better.)"If they freeze, just let 'em freeze real hard and then beat the snot out of 'em!" said David. "Sealskin's pretty tough. Not as tough as walrus, but on the other hand you're going to have to pay some old Inuk lady an awful lot of money to chew walrus hide soft enough to make clothing..."

Having tried them, I'm not sold on sealskin mitts for me personally. I have nothing against them. But the leather mitts work as well—no better, no worse—and where I live, sealskin mitts are illegal.[22] On the other hand, I think that sealskin mitts are the right choice for the people in Resolute Bay. There are no cows there. There do happen to be plenty of seals.

LIZZY'S COMMENTS

"I just wonder how that seal felt when he was killed so some guy could take his skin and go up to the Magnetic Pole to think."

CARIBOU FAT, SEAL MEAT, CARIBOU MEAT, SEALSKIN KAMIKS

Sunday afternoon is dreamy purple because the sun will go down for the last time of the year next week, so by three o'clock the village is gorgeously alight, a tiny brightness at the edge of the sea's swellings and cracks; and around this light darkness is puddled and jumbled below the long stacked red, magenta, purple and violet streaks of sunset. Down that lonely road of lavender snow and violet sky, North Camp crouches against the night, hiding in its long low tunnels, lurking behind its satellite dishes, turning away from the sea-ridge and the solid purples and lovely jelly-reds between cloud-bars. By four it's entirely dark, almost moonless, almost starless; at five it gets windy; at six people are watching TV as always; leaning back against the neckrest, Minnie stares at the TV, expressionless at the shootouts, gleeful at the commercials that show children. Her black eye-dots hardly blink. She watches without her glasses, putting them on only to sew. She gets me some caribou fat from the freezer, white and waxy, not really cold to the touch, but a knife

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

can only shave off parings of that candle-flavored chewing gum. The power wires outside juggle in the wind, trying to find an equilibrium that doesn't exist, just as they did at nine in the morning when it was just getting light and Minnie had lain on her elbows on the sofa, reading her Bible while Joanasie touched his mouth, watching Sesame Street, and clusters of silver-blue frost-flowers clung to the window, the same color as the sky. Now the sky is black; and Joanasie watches TV while Minnie and Elizabeth kneel over the cardboard on the floor, slicing raw frozen seal meat with their moon-shaped *ulu* knives and eating it; now Minnie and her other daughter are playing Chinese checkers on the sofa, the younger lady's plump thighs soft and warm in the sweatpants, her kamiks the color of fresh snow, lovely flowers embroidered around the duffels of them. Hands tap the round gameboard in turn, moving marbles from one hole to the next, stretching their fingers out faster and faster, the daughter leaning her head back on the sofa, the mother smiling alertly behind glasses. The TV expostulates on, the cardboard stained now where Minnie and Elizabeth chopped, one lump of meat still beside the hatchet, black and pink and glistening. Salted caribou chunks boil on the stove, a nice scum of marrow on the broth, and when I put some on my plate, the soft meat comes off the bones. Paul Amagoalik comes in with a blackish-red can lid he found when he was hunting on one of the islands: Edwards' Preserved Potato, by Royal Letters Patent, a lion and a unicorn rearing against the English motto, the metal thick and heavy, corroded hoar-frost-white in places, and I wonder which of the nineteenth-century Franklin rescue expeditions this is from; it must be that old. Paul says he found it in the ice beside a lump of nails, which he shows me. The nails have been rust-fused into a reddish-brown crystal. Here's a hammer whose tang looks forged by some blacksmith, rust-ed firm to the splintered shaft... I play ten or twenty games of tic-tac-toe with Joanasie; I play Chinese checkers with the kids; and then it's time for church. The wind is gusting with nasty and irregular ferocity as people crowd into the little white church in the snowdrift-island at the center of town, thirty or forty of them, no room for more. Babies scream throughout the service. Joanasie is the collection boy. They sing the hymns in Inuktitut very earnestly; they kneel in the pews for the Lord's Prayer; they pray for the Queen. Afterwards the priest shakes everyone's hand. They go out. Some are wearing white men's boots, and some wear sealskin kamiks.

THE RIGHT ANIMAL FOR THE RIGHT JOB

I am part Norwegian, and my ancestors lived in sod houses in Nebraska. But the pictures I've seen of those show a rectangularity of construction. The sod house in Pond Inlet is a low blister of black earth riddled with whiteness, part of the land-scape due to its roundness. A little more snow, and it would not be distinguishably artificial. It squats on the hill behind the mayor's office, looking across the sound's blue-grey mottling and dark leads. Above, a kayak built by one of the Elders lies on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a frame. Below, a frozen seal stretches rigidly on its side in the snow like a boulder. Were I to go further down toward the sea, dogs would leap from the snow, shake themselves, stretch their tethers to the limit, and whine for meat. But instead, I duck into the sod house's low doorway, sweep my snowprints out with a seagull's wing, and seat myself on the sleeping platform, which is covered with wet and fishy-smelling caribou skins.

Outside it's windy and cold. Inside it's above freezing. One of the Elders pumps a caribou stove. Two other Colemans are already hissing. An old woman tends the *kudluqs,* or traditional blubber lamps. Each kudluq is a low broad vessel open along one end, where flames are gathered in a quiet and smokeless row, kept in order by the old lady's hooklike tool which smooths out the cottongrass lumps that form the wick. It is very interesting to see the kudluqs and the Colemans together. The kudluqs require only local fuels and do not hiss, but the truth is that the Colemans are much warmer. Likewise, no one insists that seals are the answer. Seals are a part of the answer. Sometimes caribou is better. Sometimes a white man's way is better. I pass my hand over a kudluq's flames. The top of my hand stays cool. Two inches from the fire, the seal-blubber is white and lumpy like old gravy. The old lady neatens the jars of coffee and salt and plays string games.

Now the other Elders come in, shuffling and stamping and hawking and spitting; they are very old. I am honored to be here.

"What would you wear to keep your face from freezing at forty below?" I ask.

"A good hood, lined with dogskin," says the old lady.[23]

"What kind of parka is best?"

"Caribou skin is warmest. But in the summer you have to keep it in the freezer. Sealskin doesn't go bad. And it doesn't shed much hair. Sealskin is good for a spring parka."

"Which kamiks are best?"

"Sealskin is more waterproof. Caribou skin is warmer."

"What about white man's boots?"

"Ask our children. We see those white man's boots around, but we don't use them so much."

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

The reason why the word *Greenpeace* has become a curse up north is simple. In the old days, Inuit lived almost entirely on animals. Plants were useful as medicines and dietary supplements, but most of the diet was derived from hunting. When white people came, luxuries such as bullets, thimbles and cooking pots became necessities. The Inuit had only one thing to trade in exchange for those items: animal skins. The fur trade certainly had its booms and busts, but my friends insisted that the animal rights movement finished it off.[24] It's hard to make a living on the land these days

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

when your children are used to heated houses. So you live in towns, and now you have no way to pay for gasoline for your skidoo anymore; your furs are worth nothing. Several people I met blamed the ban on sealskin items for the suicides of people they know. The animal rights people are in the position of nineteenth-century missionaries who forced native people to change their behavior to accord to a new and alien standard. Haven't they been forced to change enough?

My recommendation: Leave the Inuit alone. Monitor seal populations if you want; talk to the Inuit if you see a problem; otherwise stay out of it. (As for the killing of seals by other groups, I can't speak for or against it, since I haven't seen it.) Reopen and widen the U.S. market to Inuit-made sealskin products.

MINNIE'S BREAKFAST



Pamphlet in support of Inuit hunting (ca. 1990)

8:00 a.m. on a Saturday, still dark (pale blue strips of twilight between the blinds), and the sleeping Joanasie breathes steadily on the couch; I sit listening to the refrigerator's humming heartbeat and the blinking of the clock. The furnace does not come on; my feet feel cold. Sky-strips begin to glow like neon. Minnie comes out and raises the blinds, looking out the frosted windows at the sunrise to the south. She spits into the wastebasket, turns on the TV, fills the kettle, puts it on the burner, trudges into the bathroom hawking again. Then she comes back and watches TV. Leaning her neck on her hand, she gazes at children's cartoons and yawns, then giggles. Below the angled roofs of other houses, peering through the fan of wires, a lovely bar of pinkish-orange slits the clouds. Minnie takes family photos out of her Bible, croons over them with me, and then begins to sing an Inuktitut hymn. After awhile, chewing on a piece of seal meat, she begins to sew another pair of kamiks.

SEAL HUNTING

The low ice-plain is textured with granules and shadow-splashes and occasional boulders of plastic-blue second-year ice, but the sky, which makes up almost everything, is a soft featureless lavender that seems to have snow-light behind it, muting it into something that not even the most fiercely clawing eye can wrench into definition; it is beautiful nothingness.

Billie stands at the seal hole, bent into a right angle, listening, ready to shoot. Not many steps away, the ice ends in grey water. The town is miles behind, miles expended at rash speed bumping over rock-points that protrude from the snow like nailheads; he has already rolled the skidoo once, which fortunately hurt no one; I in the komatik tied on behind didn't even know what happened, lying down low like

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a dog with my head between my sealskin paws, cheating the wind when I could, so I couldn't see much except open ocean a few feet away, thickening grey fog, ice-roughnesses blinking between the slats, and even these only occasionally, because I hid from the wind behind my wool and fur and other veils, knowing nothing about our progress except that the skidoo fumes continued to make me queasy and that whenever the skidoo slowed down there'd usually be a series of nasty bumps just after, so it was only after the skidoo had stopped that I saw that it was on its side on the hill, still whining; the next time we stopped was on a promontory of ice where there were many skidoos and Inuit were butchering three seals, the slippery ice-edge striped with blood and sealskins stretched wet and bloody away from dark seal insides, immense and complex vulvas of death;[25] and the next stop is the seal hole where Billie waits, but no seal comes there. Hunting isn't always the easy murder you read about in the animal rights magazines. It's hard cold work. When you do manage to kill an animal, it's all the more precious.

KILLING SEALS FURTHER CONSIDERED

"In America, and in general, we dislike hunters. We dislike them because they use tools of destruction. And we dislike them because they kill beings who more easily win our affections—mammals rather than fish."[26]

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

When then is defense of animals justified? Lizzy is right. Minnie and Billie are right. Would either side be right to force the other? Only if the issue was one on which most sets of moral actors had previously contracted to agree. I submit that the ethics of animal rights, like that of international law, has just begun to evolve. Just as we now no longer accept the right of a victorious army to rape and pillage,[27] or Aristotle's concept of the natural slave, we may someday deny our sisters and brothers the right to kill fellow creatures. Needless to say, that will be the end of traditional Inuit culture, which exemplifies near-freedom, self-sufficiency, prowess, near-wasteless use of local materials, knowledge of animals and admiration for animals. In other words, "we dislike them because they use tools of destruction." Fortunately for animal rights activists, traditional Inuit culture is already half gone.[28]

Could I even insist that violent defense of animals would be appropriate to save a species from extinction?[29] An affirmative would require us to return, as we have already provisionally done in this chapter, to our formulation of the rights of the self[30] and introduce other members of the animal kingdom as the equivalent of social

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

contract signatories in good standing. In point of fact, of course, since we couldn't communicate that social contract to them, animals would then have rights but not obligations. Or should we subject them to those obligations, too? Can we halt by violence the attack of a rabid dog upon a child?[31] What about the smallpox virus?[32] Should we cause that to go extinct?

You may recall that our new insertion into the moral calculus originally ran: *Violence is justified in legitimate defense of nonhuman beings against imminent physical harm.* But how can I accept the untrammeled ramifications of this statement? Once when we were arguing Lizzy said to me, "Just admit that you eat animals for your own convenience and you have no justification. Then I'll drop it." I refused to admit it, in part on account of the Inuit case. (She used to hate it, that I brought up the Inuit so much.) A seal eats a fish, an Inuk eats a seal, and both acts set fine with me. But there is more to it than that. When I was describing my kamiks to you, I was trying to convey their beauty of form and use, their Platonic virtue, if you will, which could not exist without the killing of a seal. To Lizzy they could never be justified; to me they are worthwhile. It may be worth quoting the definition of ethos from the chapter on defense of homeland:[33]

> ETHOS: Unknowable to third parties except through material standards. Wherever our common rights of the self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve their well-being. The attempt on the part of third parties to redirect or redefine a group's ethos is usually unwarranted. In the political arena it is frequently associated with, or leads to, aggression. Nonetheless, an ethos may cause or countenance unjustified violence. The ethos of another should be approached with the utmost caution.
>
> [Examples of ethos-driven institutions: Pederasty among the ancient Greeks, hunting among Inuit, patriarchialism in the Muslim world, female circumcision in parts of Africa.]

What the Spartans did with their young boys would now be prosecuted in most of the world as child molestation. We need not approve of the Spartan sexual code, or apply it in any way to our own norms, to grant that it was a fundamental aspect of their ethos and could not have been altered without significantly altering their culture itself. All other things being equal (in other words, all of its subcategories being jusified), ethos is a good, a collective expression entitled to its own existence and defense. All other things are rarely equal. Here as always, conflicting rights must be weighed: the rights of Germans to express the values of National Socialism were superseded by the more fundamental rights of the millions whom they murdered. Pederasty is probably not a good; female circumcision may well not be, either.[34] In the case of the Inuit, my heart inclines me to admire their ethos to such

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

an extent that I may be guilty of idealizing it. Why? I cannot add anything to what I have already told you: "Using seals is a happy steady part of other things." That happiness, that steadiness, validates the Canadian Arctic ethos for me. I feel accordingly reluctant to accept any prohibitions which might further damage the people whose way of life is already under assault; I respect them all the more for the liberty and responsibility which in the face of invasive bureaucracies and alien codes of behavior they still manage to retain. They live more or less beautifully in a landscape which makes me happy.[35] That is why my first impulse is to narrowly limit our new addition to the moral calculus thus (even an Inuk hunter would agree with this): *Violent defense of animals is justified when demanded by scientific imminent defense of earth.* The hunter's version of scientific imminence would differ from mine, but it would surely be more practical: If narwhals are scarce in the season when narwhals usually come, then it is best not to hunt narwhals.

Should that be as far as I can go, then violent defense of animals against miscellaneous exploitation, extermination and cruelty—the boiling alive of lobsters, the hooking of fishes, the harpooning of seals and whales, the force-feeding of veal calves, the poisoning of carpenter ants, the mass decapitation of diseased chickens—remains unjustified, or inactively justified by most human norms I know (and by the violence of animals against each other).



Rhinoceros killed by poachers

But I said that a certain kind of landscape, an Arctic landscape, makes me happy. So I'd better stand by it. It was by analogy with ethos that I proposed the following definition for defense of earth:

> IDENTITY OF A PLACE: Undefinable to human beings except by consensus. Wherever our common rights of the self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of a place. This refers both to what is now called "aesthetic values" and also to whatever agreed-on right to existence and health an specific ecological niche may possess. For the foreseeable future, most attempts to establish a consensus on this matter will fail. Therefore, two opposing risks face us: Allowing the identity of a place to be destroyed forever (for example, by a developer); or else becoming judge, jury and executioner in carrying out ecotage according to one's own private calculus. In short, this category remains an ethical danger zone.

But if the identity of a place is a justified category at all, then it would seem only right to create a similar category for animals—and isn't one of the things I love

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

so much about the Arctic its wildlife? Don't I remember even in my dreams the herds of wild musk-oxen I've seen, the sounds whales make, the sinister grace of polar bears (they're what I most fear when I camp alone)? Animal identity must, since the rights of animals and the rights of Inuit so obviously differ, somehow distinguish itself from ethos, indeed from human interests generally:

> IDENTITY OF AN ANIMAL: Unknowable to human beings except by analogy with ourselves. Wherever the rights of the human self permit, people have the right to determine what does and does not define, injure and preserve the well-being of their identity. By extension, animals are entitled to our respect and consideration in whatever physical, behavioral, cognitive, psychological or other aspect of them in our good-faith judgment defines and preserves the well-being of their identity. Identity carries with it the inherent right of any organism, barring necessity, for it to express its organism-ness. This right must at a minimum include the same basic rights of self-defense and defense of others which we allow ourselves; it should also take into account the differing identities of species and individuals: the right of an otter to express otter-ness.

A seal expresses seal-ness; an Inuk expresses Inuit-ness by killing the seal. Do you remember what Marx said? "Between equal rights, force decides."[36] Surely that's not the last word.

LOBSTERS AND MISSIONARIES

The boiling alive of lobsters? I wouldn't stop somebody else from doing it. But since I have to keep being as honest here as I can,[37] it's incumbent on me to tell you that one of my childhood memories is of a sack of blackish lobsters each of which wore rubber bands on its claws, so that it couldn't hurt us (that is, futilely attempt to defend itself); and my uncle refereed a lobster race right there on the kitchen floor; the other children and I thought that was very fun. By now the big pot was boiling. My uncle, or perhaps it was my father, who was there, too (strange how I recollect the lobsters more vividly than anyone else!), held the lid in one hand like a shield, took up a lobster in the other, brought it over the pot, and as it encountered the steam it began to struggle; he let go of it and slammed down the lid, one edge of which levitated almost an inch, due to the lobster's convulsions of agony, desperation, death-reflex or all three; what I remember most of all is that high-pitched noise which piped out as soon as the lobster entered the water, then ceased as abruptly; to me it sounded exactly like a scream. My uncle explained that it was merely the sound of air escaping from the creature's shell. Since then I have never ordered lobster at any restaurant; I've never bought a lobster. Once a friend of mine

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had bought live lobsters for a party and wanted to kill them, but didn't know how, so I told him what to do. Several times I've dined with people who'll say that I simply must try at least a taste of their lobster because it's so *good;* if I can't avoid compliance without hurting their feelings I'll put a morsel in my mouth, because why not? In the Arctic I'll eat seals! The funny thing is that I actually like the taste, but I can't help but feel a little sick.

"He says he's *sorry* for 'em," my grandfather used to explain to company, shaking his head in pitying contempt while all of them ate their lobster.

When I was seven or eight, my father took me fishing at the town bridge. Strange to say, I actually caught something—a middling-sized trout. I felt very proud and happy. We took it home and my father had it swim around inside the kitchen sink, to keep it fresh. We were going to eat it. Then I started feeling very sad and guilty and anxious. I wanted more than anything to let that fish go. The thought that it would soon be dead made me sick. My dear father, perceiving my misery, was good enough to take the fish back to the river. I asked him whether he thought it would survive, and he said, "I don't know," in a dubious way; the sink water had been chlorinated; we threw the fish back over the bridge, and I think I saw it swim away.

I have been with Inuit families who net-fish at a river's mouth; they'll catch half a hundred Arctic char at a go. As soon as they get hold of them, they start cutting open those living creatures; it is amazing how long a fish can keep writhing after all its guts are out. And then everyone starts eating raw and twitching flesh. I have eaten it, too, and it is very fresh and good. Do I feel sorry for the Arctic char? Slightly, but not nearly as much as consistency would require. In the case of the Inuit, I always felt that this is how they live; there are not enough plants up there to nourish them all year; vitamin C would be a particular problem if they didn't partake of raw flesh and blood. I don't find fishing "fun," and neither do they; the idea of standing on a bridge, casting with a float and a lure, and catching one trout at a time sounds absurd to them. I guess it does to me, too. I've never in my life said to anyone, "Let's go fishing!"

If an Inuk were to eat that trout which I didn't want to eat, that would be acceptable to me.

In her book *Animals and Why They Matter*, Mary Midgley talks about the ethical viewpoints of relative versus absolute dismissal.[38] Absolute dismissal means that animals have no rights at all. Relative dismissal means that they have some, but not as many as we do. Midgley believes that very few of us hold the day-to-day position of absolute dismissal, for if we did we wouldn't be bothered by gratuitous cruelty to animals. Nonetheless, we tend to feel that relative dismissal is an indulgence we grant, not a right, and should we be challenged or shown that there might be something contradictory or even unethical in the way that we regard our fellow organisms, then we'll quickly fall back upon absolute dismissal.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

She is correct in my case. When Lizzy and I would argue about animal rights, I would avoid and evade as much as I could, not out of cowardice, I hope and believe; I simply felt that we were so far apart on an ethical issue of immense importance to her that I dreaded making that difference any more explicit than it had to be. But I do remember that once after she shouted at me, I shouted back that *animals had no rights.*[39] Did I even believe this? I was so upset that I didn't know what I believed; but it was easy enough to perceive even at that moment that if I granted animals any rights I might be compelled by logic to grant them *more* rights than would be convenient for me. (That was the common phrasing of Lizzy's accusation, that I ate and wore animals unjustifiably, for my own selfish *convenience.* Nowadays I might reply, for my convenience, yes, and also for my ethos, but I know precisely how far that would go with her.)

Relative dismissal of lobsters: Eating them makes me uncomfortable because boiling something alive feels cruel, unnecessary, evil; yet I wouldn't stop other people from doing it or even voice my objections unless they asked me, because killing lobsters doesn't seem to me on the same par as killing human beings, and because I doubt that I could change other people's behavior in this matter anyhow. (Would I eat human flesh? I certainly would, but only to survive in an emergency, and I'd never kill a person to do it.)[40]

A committed exponent of animal rights would, I assume, rate this paragraph as evidence of laziness or worse; perhaps he'd respect me a little more than the majority of my fellow citizens who've never thrown a fish back out of pity; perhaps, as would a missionary, he'd respect me less, since I have actually thought about and felt about this matter some, so I've lost the excuse of ignorance. He'd condemn me for knowing that absolute dismissal was wrong, knowing so because I felt so, and for acting deficiently.

But once a vegan and I were invited for dinner in the house of my friends. The wife prepared what she thought was a vegan meal; she tried very hard, and she got close, but because she'd never done it before, she didn't think to double-check every ingredient on every label, and one of the condiments she'd used was Worcestershire sauce, which contains anchovies, so that meant that the vegan and I didn't eat what she had made, and she was hurt and offended. The vegan didn't do anything wrong; neither did the housewife; ethos proved ignorant of all that respect for animal identity may conceivably require; I couldn't blame her for feeling hurt.

A vegan and I passed a man fishing in a lake, and the vegan shouted: "Asshole!"

Billie goes out to try and get food, and Mr. Ted Kerasote informs us: "In America, and in general, we dislike hunters." Doesn't this also constitute absolute dismissal?

When animal defenders ignore ethos, they become guilty of, at the very least, relative dismissal:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"No Reason To Hunt"

The moral calculus of "Virginia," Animal Liberation Front member (2003)

Q. Is an Inuk who hunts for food and clothing in any different moral category from (a) a traditional French-Canadian trapper who lives the life his ancestors did but sells to tourists; (b) a sport hunter?

A. Yes. Killing for survival is different from killing for entertainment.

Q. What would your response be to the wearer(s) if you saw fur being worn by: (a) a Hollywood actress (let's say she has a mink coat); (b) all members of a traditional Inuit family?

A. Very few people wear fur if they know about the lives of the mink. My response would be to try to educate both parties.

Q. If you could supply traditional hunters such as the Inuit with all the synthetic clothing and vegan food they'd ever need, would you compel them, by force if necessary, to stop hunting?

A. Hypothetically, no force would be necessary, since they would have no reason to hunt.

SOURCE: ELECTRONIC INTERVIEW BY AUTHOR.

Here I would like to quote from Trigger's account of how ethos was attacked among Huron Indians in the mid-seventeenth century: "In order to protect converts from traditional influences, the Jesuits encouraged them to avoid contact with non-Christians as much as possible... Huron Christians broke many of their links with the rest of Huron society."[41] A traditional Huron invites a Christian Huron of lower status to enter into a ritual friendship with her. The other woman gladly accepts, but then it comes out that the reason for her new friend's advances was the commandment of a spirit in a dream. And so the presents get returned, the friendship repudiated. By 1642 the Christians are arranging separate cemeteries for themselves and opting out of the traditional Feast of the Dead.

> By refusing to participate in what was the most sacred of Huron rituals and the supreme expression of community solidarity, these Christians were striking at the heart of Huron unity. They were also severing ties with their families and with other Huron on which their own sense of identity depended... The Christians also began to organize public processions... They did this especially when they believed it was likely to annoy non-Christians... The unity of Huron society had never before been threatened in this matter and the traditionalists were faced for the first time with an organized threat to the Huron way of life.[42]

If the animal rights movement succeeds in its objectives, which it might someday do, the results will prove as painful and inescapable as this. The discomfort on

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

all sides when a vegetarian comes home for Thanksgiving has to do not only with polarized views about whether or not it is acceptable to kill a turkey, but also with the fact that this family, which, whatever its other stresses and failures might have been, once enjoyed the simple primordial unity of partaking together of the same feast, has now been *broken.*

"Drink with me," we say to one another. When my parents come to my house, I'll drink a toast of wine with them, although I don't like wine and it gives me a headache; my parents know this and I know that they know it, but at least once per visit I feel that I must raise more than my water-glass or even my whiskey-glass; we must partake together. One of the most favored ways that people in any society can socialize is to please each other with "good cheer." Good cheer, what is that? Thomas Wolfe writes about the "circus men," whose "life was filled with the strong joy of food, with the love of travelling, and with danger and hard labor." What do they eat? Oh, he'll tell you for pages and pages: Their ethos "belonged to the stained world of mellow sun-warmed canvas, the clean and healthful odors of the animals, and the mild sweet lyric nature of the land in which they lived as wanderers, and it was there for the asking with a fabulous and stupefying plenty, golden and embrowned." Well, all right, but what did they eat? I don't have enough space for all of their breakfast, but here goes: "They ate stacks of buckwheat cakes, smoking hot, soaked in hunks of yellow butter which they carved at will with a wide free gesture from the piled prints on the table"—the eggs in the pancakes and the butter on top of them make them off limits to vegans, of course. "They ate big steaks for breakfast, hot from the pan and lashed with onions, they ate whole melons, crammed with the ripeness of the deep pink meat, rashers of bacon, and great platters of fried eggs, or eggs scrambled with calves' brains..."[43]

And when my Inuit friend gather around the fish-net, they are laughing and singing. Food can be mild, sweet and lyric; plenty can be stupefying; that is good cheer for you.

"When a product—whether clothes, eggs, meat, medicine, or the CIA—is produced by iniquitous means, the people who consume that product are among the first who do have the right to complain about it," says Midgley. "They are being made jointly responsible. It is their business to demand that the producer should find less objectionable ways of producing it."[44]

To demand! But what if the other people who consume the product don't complain about it and even like it? Never mind about them; they're assholes. Where did those big steaks come from? "Meat is murder." Moreover, "in America, and in general, we dislike hunters."

What am I saying here? I haven't stated any logical argument against the notion of animal rights; in fact, I'm not sure that I *am* against animal rights. "Violent defense of animals against miscellaneous exploitation, extermination and cruelty... remains (as yet) less than actively justified." I wrote this just a few paragraphs ago, but do I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

really believe it? If meat isn't murder, why isn't it? Earlier in this book we defined the Empath's Golden Rule: *Do unto others, not only as you would be done by, but also as they would be done by. In the case of any variance, do the more generous thing.*[45] Surely no creature wants to be killed and eaten by me if possible. (But predators eat other animals, I keep arguing. What about them? The Animal Liberation Front has a breathtakingly broad and simple answer: Genetically modify all predators into herbivores.)[46]

Here it is the Empath's Golden Rule, on the lips of the activist Henry Spira: "We must treat other feeling creatures the way we'd want to be treated were we in their place."[47]

The Animal Liberation Front begins there. If it then moves forward, justifying its acts according to the moral calculus in this book, it might well invoke *imminence.* I have already said that I don't know what imminence is when applied to animals. The only reason I don't know is because I've shielded myself with the hypocritical *convenience* of relative dismissal. But the animal rights movement does know. It knows very well. "Given the immediacy of the situation," writes one thinker in still another parable about human slavery, "you have no effective legal recourse ... you have no time"[48] to save this particular slave, this laboratory animal. Time to draw your gun:

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF MARK ROWLANDS (2002)

When is violent defense of animals justified?

END: Liberate animals from human oppression.

MEANS:

(a) Individual rescues. "Suppose the slave owner resists your intervention, perhaps attacking you. Then ... you would have every right to meet his violence with violence ... to: first, defend yourself against attack, and, second, to get the job you are trying to do done."

(b) Attempts to change society. "In taking on this sort of situation, you are implicitly consigning yourself to 'the long haul.' This sort of situation does not have the same immediacy or urgency as an act of rescue... [So] you have, I think, abrogated any recourse to violence.

SOURCE: ROWLANDS, PP. 186-87.

So if you are caught removing monkeys from Dr. Smith's primate research center and Dr. Smith tries to stop you, you have the right to assault him and, if that's not sufficient, to shoot him "to get the job you are trying to do done." John Brown wouldn't argue with that;[49] Cortes would concur on the basis of defense of ground;[50] Trotsky would be astounded that you didn't just shoot Dr. Smith in cold blood.[51] How far would *you* go? If Rowlands is justified, and you won't go farther than that, still, doesn't his position imply that you can and should bring your gun into a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Chinese restaurant and shoot the cook's helper as she carries the lobster toward the pot? If Rowlands's imminence doesn't require this, why doesn't it?[52]

What is legitimate defense of nonhuman beings?

"A SPECIAL RELATIONSHIP"

In "an amazing true story of the Animal Liberation Front," a policewoman named Valerie comes to realize that animals "weren't 'cute.' They were thinking, independent beings whose very existence was threatened by human domination and human encroachment." And she is ashamed of the way she used to treat her family dog: "Had Holly ever been 'allowed' to be herself or had it always been 'here, Holly,' 'down, Holly,' 'come, Holly,' 'Holly, sit'?"[53] As I read this, I wonder what would constitute allowing Holly's being "allowed" to be herself. (In Valerie's biography,[54] which was written by the cofounder of the highly visible, militant-but-legal organization People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals, the word "allowed" always gets placed in quotation marks when applied to an animal.) Should Holly have been spared the brainwashing of getting *housebroken?* (Doubtless that last term resonates ominously in an animal rights activist's ears.) Should she have been permitted to jump on a little child or upset the food on the dinner table? To me Valerie's shame seems absurd, because I don't see that she was ever unkind to Holly, and, more broadly, it seems helpful rather than hurtful to a pet to socialize it, as one would a child, into some recognition of the needs and expectations of the rest of the world. Valerie's shame is not *reasonable.* On the other hand, Mary Midgley points out the obvious fact that "morality does actually need remote and general standards, and must sometimes demand actions which no reasonable person at the time would consider."[55] Morality alters. So be it. Perhaps there should be no pets.

I remain uncomfortably aware that this chapter of my book, no matter how much I labor on it, will soon seem, if it isn't already, ridiculous, superficial, *dated.* Defense of animals, like defense of earth, remains undefined now but must become increasingly important in the next hundred years (absent the distraction of a human catastrophe), because as human population pressure continues to increase, the planetary system of which we now make up such a distortingly dominant part will become increasingly imperiled, and the hypothetical possibility that every person in it could ever eat meat every day and wear animal-skin clothing will become remoter, with obvious effects on our ethos. When there's not enough protein to go around, and given that cattle-farming wastes protein, as it so obviously does, eating beef will be anti-consensualized into bad behavior. When the Arctic is more thoroughly polluted, and the Inuit stay ever more frequently at home, seal-hunting will likewise become, I suppose, first an oddity, then an aberration, and finally, should seals start really dying off from oil spills or whatever, an obscenity. Frankly it is hard for me

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to see how something like this *won't* happen.

Meanwhile I will do my best to write about this issue as it honestly strikes me here and now.

I still think that Valerie's shame about telling Holly to sit is absurd. I find her impractical, sentimental, disingenuous. And as I read onward in her biography, I find myself expecting to grind my teeth. What is legitimate defense of Holly? If she does what she pleases and bites someone for a reason not necessarily understood by humans, and if this someone defends himself against her violently, would Valerie violently attack him?

I am prejudiced; I am unfair to Valerie; no doubt she would find me, as she does a certain bird-hunter, disgusting; but if I am asked to alter my behavior, I prefer to do so according to an unwhimsical calculus.

On the other hand, the following polemic rings equally false to me: "Animals and people always have had a special relationship... We have needed and used [animals] for food, clothing, and transportation. Through long and close association, people developed a high level of respect for animal life and a concern for animal welfare."[56] The connection between using animals for food and highly respecting their lives is, to say the least, not self-evident.[57] Ethos ought to be honest about what it is (we'll ignore the likelihood that every ethos lies for its convenience).

"FINDINGS IN DOGS CANNOT BE EXTRAPOLATED TO HUMANS"

Valerie meets the executive director of the British Union for the Abolition of Vivisection, who "had worked for a summer in a chicken slaughterhouse. He said that listening to the screams of the birds as they headed to the knife had saddened and revolted him."[58] I myself used to slaughter chickens. They never screamed, at least not in my opinion. They did cluck more loudly and rapidly than usual when I picked them up one by one and carried them out of the shed to cut their heads off. The noise they made—let's call it "excited"—sounded the same *to me* as the noise they made whenever I poured out the cans of mash for them to eat. So this clucking, was it in fact the same as their food-is-here sound or was it a scream? Possibly the executive director was more sensitive than I. Possibly he was right and I was wrong. But it is not a self-evident thing that chickens scream.

"Scream" is a word also applied also to dogs in Newkirk's book. Dogs definitely don't scream. They howl and they yelp. Must we characterize rescued animals to the point of personifying them? Empathy is a good thing because it leads us toward truth, so I appreciate the motives of animal liberationists in humanizing the experiences of that animals. How can I deny that dogs suffer when they are injured? They're certainly capable of uttering the equivalent of a scream. But do chickens

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

scream? Do they suffer as I would suffer when their heads are chopped off? Do they suffer at all? "It's just reflex," they told me at the ranch when I saw my first chicken run around with its head cut off. Was it? How could they or I know? What was it feeling? Did it suffer more or less than I because it could run around after decapitation, whereas I couldn't?

But when I was a child I was certain that that lobster screamed. Were my perceptions more ignorant then, or, as Lizzy insisted, more true?

Probably the chicken suffers; certainly it's feeling nothing good. But I don't believe that it "screams." Nor do I think of any of the chickens I've met as "thinking, independent beings," a phrase which Valerie has applied not merely to dogs but to all animals, including, I presume, polychaete flatworms. (Of course chickens have been bred, domesticated and confined for so many generations; wild chickens must be smarter and more independent than the kind I used to kill; they would have to be, to survive.) But I frankly think that the ability of an animal to think, or lack of it, should be immaterial to that animal's right to defense. And this is a point which Valerie's Animal Liberation Front instructors also raise. Her biographer invites us to remember "how dependent" the animals "are on us to help stop their misery and pain. How they can never fight for their own freedom."[59] Monkeys whose testicles get clamped to pulp, rats infected with cancer, surgically crippled cats, chloroformed minks, baited badgers, hogs placed near explosive blasts for the sake of government research, fish-farmed rainbow trout, and hunted seals, of course—it is to them and other animal victims that Valerie will now dedicate her life. "Was it fair to compare the battle for liberty she was about to engage in with the battle against Nazi oppression? In some ways, she thought, it was."[60]

In which ways is it and in which ways isn't it? Chickens don't scream; they really don't. They are not people. They are not Jews. The people who kill chickens are not Nazis. (Himmler, it is true, started out as a chicken farmer.) But if the ALF wants to assert that chickens are to chicken farmers as Jews are to Nazis, then all four terms in their equation had better be quantified.

First (since we have already begun considering this), where does the analogy between chickens and people hold, and where does it break down? I find myself commending Valerie for illegally liberating a fellow creature from the Navy Diving Dog Experiments, in which canines are subjected to artificial compression and decompression experiments. A disclaimer in the military documents runs: "Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans."[61] If that's the case, then it would seem that the suffering inflicted on the dogs is *pointless*, hence evil pure and simple. But what if they *could* be extrapolated? Would the experiments be justified then?

Chickens don't scream. Saying that they do misconstrues their animal identity, in my opinion. If they did scream, if animals were more like people, then what? If dogs were more like people, then findings in dogs could be extrapolated to humans.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The ALF wants to have it both ways. Animals are enough like us to suffer like us, but they are not enough like us for experiments on them to tell us anything useful about ourselves.

But, no; I'm guilty of false logic; we can imagine a Nazi doctor saying: "Jews are not enough like us to suffer like us" (let's read, as an animal rights activist would, "for their suffering to matter to us")—"but they are enough like us for experiments on them to be useful."



Anti-fur PETA demonstration (2000)

All right; the ALF isn't trying to have it both ways. Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

A journalist asks Valerie's biographer, Ingrid Newkirk, whether she would reject a surgical procedure based on animal research, if it could be proven that that procedure was "indispensable ... to save your life." Newkirk replies: "You have no right. The thing is that the question is not real. The situation does not exist. We shouldn't have the choice."

"In other words, the answer is no," says the interviewer.

"If you want a yes-no interview, you'll have to go somewhere else, won't you?"[62]

Newkirk is the cofounder of the immensely powerful People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals. This makes her answer particularly disturbing. *Defense of animals, even from imminent harm, cannot be justified in the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans.*[63] Without such a calculus, it remains impossible for us to evaluate the defender's means and ends.

Let me be more specific. It is acceptable to argue that findings in dogs can never be extrapolated to humans, in which case the animal-defender can in good conscience remove all experimental animals from laboratories—at least until others can marshal facts against that argument. It is also acceptable to argue that even if findings in dogs could be extrapolated to humans, it is still unjustified to experiment on dogs. To draw a parallel which would be dear to Valerie's heart, some of the Nazis' freezing experiments conducted on Russian prisoners of war resulted in the design of a fighter pilot's helmet which comes farther down the neck, so that should he have to bail out into cold water, he may survive longer. It is possible—I never researched this—that some fighter pilots of the past six decades owe their lives to this discovery. If so, would it have been worth it? I would say not, and so would most people. But what if the Russians had been or were now replaced by rabbits? "We shouldn't have the choice," Newkirk says, so it seems as if that is in fact what she is arguing. However, her previous assertion was: "The situation does not exist," which I take to mean "findings in dogs can never be extrapolated to humans." So I think her inconsistent and dishonest, with herself if not with us. She offers no

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

scheme to determine when human benefits may be sacrificed for animal benefits and vice versa. As such, she can invoke defense of animals whenever she likes, without limitation or accountability. An equivalent situation would be a householder claiming justified homicide because he's just shot a stranger in his house. Under what circumstances? Was the stranger an armed robber, a cat burglar, a lost child, a door-to-door salesman? The householder disdains to answer.

Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

Animal rights advocates, I implore you to answer this question honestly. Otherwise, animal experimenters have every right to lay the following charges against you: You're "single-issue activists," dupes who "have become involved in a particular issue because of propaganda which has influenced them negatively in an area in which they were sensitive and uninformed." As an instance, pet owners are led to oppose animal experimentation by being taught to imagine their own pets being vivisected. "The argument that the research is also unnnecessary is then easier to accept."[64]

Can findings in dogs be extrapolated to humans?

The Inductions Of Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1755)

What distinguishes us from animals?

> "I see nothing in any animal but an ingenious machine, to which nature hath given senses to wind up, and guard itself, to a certain degree... I perceive exactly the same things in the human machine, with this difference, that in the operations of the brute, nature is the sole agent, whereas man has some share in his own operations... The brute cannot deviate from the rule prescribed to it, even when it would be advantageous for it to do so; and, on the contrary, man frequently deviates from such rules to his own prejudice...
>
> "There is another specific quality which distinguishes [us from the animals,] the faculty of self-improvement..."
>
> Source: Rousseau," pp. 337-38.

"Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans." But what does this signify? In a *Scientific American* article entitled "Animal Research Is Vital to Medicine," two researchers assert: "Animal models of disease are unjustly criticized by assertions that they are not identical to the conditions studied in humans. But *they are not designed to be so*; instead such models provide a means to study a particular procedure."[66] What does this signify? I assume that from the models one can in fact extrapolate to humans. In any event, if animal models are only "a means," couldn't they perhaps be replaced by some other means?

How important to you is saving the life of a fighter pilot? If you are a pacifist,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

it may be less important to you than to my retired Air Force neighbor, and less important to him than to the experimenter whose funding advances a career and pays a mortgage.

Midgley very plausibly points out that it is in the self-interest of scientists to overstate the importance of their own research and that "to cut any ice, the pleas" to vivisect "need to be supported by good explanations of how this crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.* This involves showing a field of inquiry so structured as to have reached a bottle-neck."[67] I agree, but only to an extent. The word *bottle-neck* implies an emergency or near emergency. And what is an emergency?

A military scientist operates within the following logic: There have always been wars, there always will be wars, and so sooner or later we will fight another war. When it happens, we will employ fighter pilots. If this war takes place against, say, Russia, these pilots will be flying over the Arctic Ocean. Probably some of them will be shot down. Currently our average estimated rescue time to a downed pilot in Sector X of the Arctic ocean is *y* minutes. The current average survival time of a pilot in water of that approximate temperature at this approximate date is *z* minutes, which is less than *y*. So we need increase the variable *z*. We can't really test the survival time of our own pilots in ice-water, which would obviously yield the most accurate result, so what other organisms can we find?

Is the plausible conviction of an inevitable future cause of death equivalent to an emergency? Is it a "crucial topic" which "has to be explored *by these particular methods?*" What precisely are these methods?

> The test persons were immersed in water in full flying uniform ... with hood... The experiments were conducted at water temperatures between 36.5 and 53.5 degrees Fahrenheit... Fatalities occurred only when the medulla and the cerebrum were chilled... Autopsy findings plainly prove the importance of a heated head and neck protector for the foam suit now in the process of development.[68]

Thus the Nazi doctors' procedure. Four hundred freezing protocols took place on three hundred prisoners, of whom eighty or ninety died during the experiments themselves; almost all of the survivors were executed afterward.[69]

Or they could have used dogs or apes or rabbits. Or they could have foregone the experiment. How "crucial" was it?

As with defense of earth, we find ourselves lost in a wilderness of expert claims. I think of the man from the National Institutes of Health who told me about a procedure of his which involved cutting the throats of large numbers of rabbits. I felt a little sickened and asked him why the rabbits had to be killed, and in this cruel way. His answer was technical, but in essence, it was that he needed to make a certain serum, that for the sake of scientific certainty the serum could not be tainted in any way (I'd suggested that at least the rabbits could be anesthetized), and that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his results had direct and important bearing on the amelioration of a certain kind of pediatric cancer. It is possible that there was a better, or at least no less effective, way to arrive at this result than by bleeding these rabbits to death, and that this scientist and I didn't know about it. Perhaps what he should have done was to spend a certain number of years trying to determine whether it was really true that there was a "bottle-neck" and that "this crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.*" On the other hand, assuming, which for the sake of this thought-experiment you and I ought to do, that this experiment really was relevant to its expressed goal, then during that time of delay a certain number of children might have unnecessarily died. I would choose the children over the rabbits. And if you wouldn't, are you prepared to put your money where your mouth is and avoid benefiting from the rabbits' deaths if your child gets cancer?[70] Please don't tell me, as Ingrid Newkirk will, that "the thing is that your question is not real."

One of Valerie's ALF colleagues is bitter because her cancer-ridden mother died without being admitted to a certain experimental protocol administered by the National Institutes of Health. "Kay knew that NIH had spent millions giving rats cancer, and she had wanted some of that money for her mother."[71] Kay, it seems, would in fact be willing to let her mother accept the benefit of a cancer drug which had proven itself in fatal experiments conducted on rats. Here is the ALF position on this matter, and it may well be Ingrid Newkirk's since she is writing the book: "Penny, you shouldn't guilt-trip over things you can't control... In Virginia, the roads were built by slaves and we can't undo that. If we lived back then, we'd have been working to abolish human slavery, but we would have had to use those roads to get places."[72] That's convenient, but what about the roads unbuilt? What about the cancer experiments which haven't yet been carried out? What about what we still don't know about fighter-pilot helmet design?

Catgut sutures, which saved many, many human lives, the rabies vaccine, the discovery of the cause of diabetes, basic knowledge about adrenaline and the immune system, the practice of open-heart surgery, these could not have come about without experimentation on living organisms.[73] A slave or a freeborn laborer could have dug a roadbed in Virginia, but it is hard to imagine how else these medical advances could have been made, other than by vivisecting humans as the Nazis did. A truly consistent ethical system might be willing to value a human as equal to a rabbit in this regard. Would you?

Experiments on cats have benefited dogs.[74] More than seventy percent of all Nobel Prizes in medicine or physiology have been for animal research.[75] A meningitis B vaccine tested on rabbits in 1993 reduced the incidence of the disease in humans in Britain and the U.S. by seventy percent.[76] Could any of these accomplishments have occurred without animal testing? I don't know, and, very likely, neither do you. "This crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.*" Here, as in defense of earth, we need scientific standards of proof.[77] It is incumbent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

on someone who does harm to another organism to explain why he feels it necessary to do so. It is also incumbent on the animal's defender to defeat that argument if he can. ("The situation does not exist. We shouldn't have the choice.")

It cannot be the place of this already long book to come to scientific conclusions about anything. However, I would be willing to assert the following for our moral calculus: *Experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefiting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question.*[78]



Subject of animal testing

As you see, I cannot swallow Midgley's formulation without dilution. Here is one reason why, courtesy of Jack H. Bottling and Adrian R. Morrison: Sulfonamide drugs proved their antibiotic properties in infected mice but did nothing in the course of in vitro bacterial tests because the compound which actually killed bacteria only got synthesized from substances within the mice's bodies. In other words, without animal testing, the extremely useful properties of a seemingly unremarkable substance might never have been discovered. Indeed, because penicillin was not originally tested on mice, no one understood what it could do for eleven years.[79] Doubtless during that period many people died of infections as a direct result.

Of course the other side disagrees. In an *Animals' Agenda* article, Peggy Carlson tells her own story about penicillin. Not mentioning mice at all, she informs us that it "kills guinea pigs and hamsters, but is very beneficial for humans," so animal testing (at least on guinea pigs and hamsters) would never have told us anything—the exact same argument which Bottling and Morrison just made about in vitro bacterial tests.

Carlson credits hygiene and diet changes rather than animal research for the increasing longevity in developed countries. Cancer experiments in animals have produced almost nothing which helps humans. (This I don't possess the scientific knowledge to evaluate.) Instead of experiments, she says, we should be funding *prevention*—prevention of obesity, of high cholesterol, of AIDS.[80] Here she has a point. All the same, why didn't she mention the mice, and why doesn't she care about open heart surgery, AIDS drugs, and other medical measures undertaken when prevention is inadequate? Relative dismissal has proved its convenience yet again: About such measures *she doesn't care.*

A PETA spokesman helpfully explains that "no AIDS breakthroughs have come out of animal research" and that "people bring disease on themselves."[81] I'm sure that children who get AIDS from blood transfusions would be immensely comforted to know that.

"This crucial topic has to be explored *by these particular methods.*" I respect Midgley for at least admitting the possibility that acts of violence upon animals

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

might be justified. Don't count on that from Valerie.

What is a crucial topic? The Silver Spring, Maryland case involved monkeys whose nerves were severed to see whether they might regenerate—something which would obviously be very useful to learn for the sake of human beings. The monkeys were filthy and miserable, and many of them gnawed off their deafferented fingers. The researcher was convicted of one count of cruelty, but the conviction got overturned on a technicality. The researcher has been described as "a respected physiologist, whose work was scientifically valid according to all the standard criteria."[82] It was his work which made an activist out of Valerie. "If you ask me," says her friend Mikaya, "it's voodoo medicine, not science." If it were science, would Mikaya be satisfied? Valerie herself concludes: "Those monkeys had harmed no one; they had once had a life, and now they were reduced to confused, debilitated wrecks."[83]



PETA protest against NASA monkey experimentation (1996)

I've just said that experimentation which inflicts violence upon animals is not justified if it can be shown not to possess the possibility of benefiting humans significantly and directly, or if its goal need not be achieved by the particular violent method in question. Mikaya and Valerie, since they become implicated in ending the research, bear responsibility for showing one or both of those things, just as Dr. Taub bears responsibility for showing that the experimentation on monkeys is in fact useful and necessary. I'm willing to suppose that his studies are in fact "scientifically valid," simply because nobody has ever told me that Mikaya did the homework of considering the condition of deafferention in humans and its possible cures.

Nonetheless, "the monkeys sat amidst this rotting stench in metal boxes just over seventeen inches wide." Why did they have to be confined so tightly? That had nothing to do with the stated goal of the experiment. The whistle-blower's logbook continues: "They had no food dishes. They picked at the pieces of broken biscuits that had fallen through the jagged cage wire into the soggy accumulations in the waste trays below." What was Dr. Taub doing with his grant money? How much would it have cost him to ameliorate the situation of his animals? "No one ever changed the monkeys' bandages, no matter how dirty and rotten they became before they finally fell off."[84]

"Be advised, findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans." Whether or not they can, I'm willing to believe that some experiments on animals are useful and others aren't, and that some experiments are no crueller than they need to be while others do in fact call into memory the Nazi doctors' callous disinterest in the very existence of their subjects.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Ed Koch, then a congressman and later the mayor of New York, toured a cat experimentation facility at the American Musuem of National History and said: "While I am not prepared at this moment to label this kind of experimentation as Nazi-like, it does recall the barbarities of the Nazis."[85] Conditions at the lab had been uncovered by animal rights activists. After eighteen months of public protests, the cat protocols stopped, about which I'm not sorry. The means of the activists had proved highly effective: shame and exposure.

It seems reasonable to believe that human beings often get away with whatever they can in the absence of oversight. An activist informs me about General Motors's alleged[86] use of animals in vehicle crash tests (other automobile manufacturers now use dummies with sensors). The story goes that General Motors will end the animal protocols eventually, thanks to pressure from the animal liberationists, whom I applaud in this instance. Why were animals sacrificed so long? Inertia is what I'd postulate in this case and so many others.

Consider the Draize Test, which mandates dropping cosmetics into rabbits' eyes, then assessing the damage. In 1980, four years after the formation of the Animal Liberation Front, the Coalition to Abolish the Draize Test successfully intimidates Revlon into funding research which might make the Draize Test obsolete. Among the various objections to the status quo: "A rabbit's eye has a thinner cornea and is more sensitive than a human eye. Consequently, results ... cannot be legitimately extrapolated to humans."[87] In other words, "findings in dogs cannot be extrapolated to humans." I am unconvinced that they can't; I see here the same old stubborn denial of the real dilemma, the tradeoff between human and animal needs, but no matter; there seem to be "many accurate alternatives,"[88] such as in vitro tests. Why not use them? Very soon the number of animals sacrificed for eye testing drops drastically.[89] I applaud that, too.

Inertia is foe enough. How much truly *cynical* "research" must there be whose real experimental goal is to determine how long the udders of scientific study grants can be milked? And how many creatures suffer filthy conditions simply because some experimenter was miserly, ignorant or lazy?

Between 1956 and 1979, the number of animals experimented on in Japan increases from 1.6 million to 13.2 million. In a slightly shorter period of time, the U.S. figures go up from 18 million to 51 million.[90] In how many of these experiments will the findings prove entirely unsusceptible to human extrapolation? How many are cruel without cause? Ask the experts. Alas, experts tend to protect their colleagues.[91]

And so it's come time for the Animal Liberation Front, with their mining helmets and hands-free walkie-talkies, their reversible clothing painted black on one side for night "parties" of vandalism, documentation and animal rescue. "There is no structure to ALF," that activist code-named "Virgina" explains to me.[92] "Membership is by adhering to the credo... It's actions, not words, that determine membership in the ALF." Her own heroes and heroines are "anyone who has ever

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

applied pure logic to a situation without the baggage of society's influences."[93] Pure logic will comprise her authority, and that of others. So they rise up. They rescue creatures whenever they can and send them down the "underground railway" to live out better lives under the guardianship of anonymous supporters and fellow travelers. They confiscate documents and videotapes to build legal cases against the labs whenever they can. And, following still another of the ALF guidelines, they destroy expensive hardware, such as computers, to drive the cost of animal experimentation right up to impractability. That is not all. "One of the objectives of these actions is to intimidate researchers and research institutions." (It is a researcher who writes those words.) "The break-ins are correctly termed terrorism, and those who commit the break-ins are terrorists."[94] As for Valerie, here is how she sees the situation: "If she heard on the news that nuclear war had been declared, she might have actually cheered for the end of a world that puts no brakes on cruelty."[95]

RESULTS AND EMPATHY

Were I more thorough, I'd describe the violence of fox-hunting and goose-liver pâté. As you might expect, Valerie has rather definite opinions about both of those. I'd definitely talk about the factory farm industry, which several vegans of my acquaintance have compared to Auschwitz.[96] (I find that offensive. Why do I? Anthropocentrism, I suppose. However much animals may suffer, I personally put the suffering of my own species first. An animal rights activist might well reply that I show the same parochialism as a white plantation owner who doesn't want his relatives compared to black slaves.)

I've already expressed a few thoughts about fur; by now the ALF is vandalizing furriers' stores. Between 1996 and 2002, the FBI logs $43 million in property damage caused by the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front, whose aims are plausibly said to be overlapping.[97] This statistic comes to you courtesy of Americans for Medical Progress, which has disrupted PETA events and is funded by U.S. Staple, a well-heeled consumer of laboratory dogs.[98]

Valerie's "parties" are often *effective.* Consider the case of University of Pennsylvania's baboon facility, whose research involved whacking and smashing the heads of those primates. "Sonia was systematically destroying everything in sight that contributed to the monkeys' torture, from test tubes to video equipment."[99] I am on Sonia's side here. I admire her compassion, her bravery, her freedom of conscience. As for Valerie, she steals the videotapes. "On the screen, two vivisectors were performing electro-cautery, an extremely painful procedure for an unanesthetized animal. The baboon kept lifting his head, yet the men continued to cut."[100] The tapes are so horrific and disgusting that when PETA makes them public, the NIH stops funding the baboon experiments.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ALF documentation and vandalism shuts down various experiments at the University of Arizona at Tucson. It is thanks to an ALF "party" that the City of Hope National Medical Center gets fined for violations of the Animal Welfare Act ("dog # 56 suffocated in his own fecal matter..."). [101] The ALF did a good thing; how can I not justify making National Medical accountable for its unjustified, *useless* violence?

In 1992 the Earth Liberation Front is founded in England. According to its website, the organization has been "modeled after the Animal Liberation Front." [102]

"One must scrupulously avoid the temptation of a desire for results," we've heard Gandhi say, [103] but Valerie and her comrades legal and illegal have achieved results which even I must say are sometimes justified.

What is Valerie? How should we judge her? When I first began reading her story, I felt haunted by remembrance of that Stalinist novel we've already discussed in the chapter on defense of class [104]—namely, Ostrovsky's *How the Steel Was Tempered.* Each protagonist's earnest, puritanical, humorless obsession with the struggle strikes me as tiresome and also as sinister. People who devote themselves to a grand cause claim to respect the other, especially the oppressed other. But if they are singleminded enough, or, in Ostrovsky's favorite word, sufficiently "merciless," then their respect, if they ever had any, for the otherness of their *antagonists* withers away. My main complaint against Trotsky, as you may remember, is that he denounced "empathetic bridges." [105] And the more I think about violence, the more essential I think it that the violent moral actor is as empathetic as possible *to everyone,* including his enemies and victims. Hence I am reassured by this plank in the Animal Liberation Front's platform: "It is a nonviolent campaign, activists taking all precautions not to harm any animal (human or otherwise)." [106]

Indeed, the character of Valerie proves to be more nuanced, complex and sympathetic than that Ostrovsky's hero. My favorite words in her character sketch: "She had no problems with breaking locks, smashing equipment used to pummel baboons' heads, trashing labs where animals had suffered and had been killed. All she knew was that she could not, would not, be part of a bombing." [107]

Midgley reminds us that "the spectrum of animal use stretches right from the Eskimo defending himself," against polar bears, for instance, and possibly, although she'd never say this, against hunger by hunting seals, "through pest control," which she's not entirely against, then "medical research, roast lamb, fox-hunting, pâté de fois gras, the use of sperm whale oil when satisfactory substitutes are already available ... to further reaches too offensive to mention." [108] And the miserable complexity of the problem, *the necessity to subcategorize to an immense degree,* [109] is one reason why this chapter of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is perhaps the most inadequate of them all. You've probably understood long ago that I find Valerie's calculus inadequate, too. For her, the only kind of story fur can tell is this: *Factory farmed foxes in close confinement get anally electrocuted so that rich ladies can wear their skins.* You know what Inuit seal-hunters would think about this characterization of what they do. About

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hunting Valerie has her predictable views; she considers only the standpoint of game animals, for instance birds, for whom hunting causes "not only pain and death for those blown out of the sky by hunters, but also grief and loneliness for their partners who survive."[110] Once again, she fails to present an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans. If she did, it might look something like this. (*See below.*)

The animal rights theorist Peter Singer has proposed that we determine our obligations to respect the welfare of animals based on their capacity to suffer—in other words, based on the complexity of their nervous systems. Thus certain activities which might be considered cruel if carried out on a primate—close confinement, for example—might not be if practiced on an insect. If they suffer as much as we do, then the Golden Rule would require that we treat them as we treat ourselves. I find this approach both logical and pragmatic. And so I propose this addition to the moral calculus, not just for animals and their identity, but human beings as well, each of whom deserves to be treated by us according to the Golden Rule whenever his rights don't conflict with the rights of others: *We bear an obligation to study and intuit the identity of the other, his rights and needs, his appropriate mode of self-expression, his ethos.* Otherwise, we can't know how he wishes us to treat him. To me this is the most important lesson of animal rights.

Well, then, how much does a Canada goose suffer when its mate is shot? Is it capable of grief, loneliness and fear? How would we measure its capacity for these emotions? In other words, what defines its animal identity? (And how would we determine this without inflicting what animals rights advocates would call torture?) Assuming that we could answer such questions in an intuitive but mutually agreed on way[111] similar to our ability to assess the gratitude and happiness of an old Inuk woman who now has something to eat because a hunter gave her an extra goose, totaling up the twin columns of bird-hunting might become a more practical exercise.

When I asked the ALF activist "Virginia" whether she would feel equally called upon to defend each and every species, she replied:

"No. The criteria [sic] is the ability to feel pain, mental or physical. We rely on

---

BIRD-HUNTING: A UTILITARIAN BALANCE SHEET

BIRDS (SUFFERING)	HUNTERS (BENEFITS)
1. Pain and death	1. Nutrition for hunters and families
2. Grief for survivors [postulated]	2. Good cheer and fellowship when feasting
3. Loneliness for survivors [postulated]	3. Nutrition for old people, bad hunters, poor, etc., served by surplus meat
4. Fear for survivors [postulated]	

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

science to provide data for this. To start with, sentient beings with a sentient nervous system are deemed more worthy (unless they are in a coma)."

From this premise, "Virginia's" moral calculus follows extremely logically:

When Is Violent Defense Of Animals Justified?

The moral calculus of "Virginia,"
Animal Liberation Front member (2003)

Q. What rights do the following have: (a) a bacterium; (b) a virus (for instance, the smallpox virus); (c) a plant?

A. None.

Q. I knew one vegan who thought that abortion doctors should be killed because abortion is equivalent to the killing of any other animal. Would you agree?

A. I agree that it is equivalent on several levels. But it would be against our credo to physically hurt anyone in either case.

In the remaining cases, let's assume for the sake of simplicity that one has only two choices: lethal force, or inaction, which will result in lethal force being applied to the specified third party.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing an ant? Or, if one ant is morally equivalent to one human being, would you kill him to stop him from killing two ants?

A. No.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing an endangered gorilla?

A. No.

Q. Would you kill a person to stop him from killing a child?

A. No.[112]

["Virginia" goes on to comment:]

"1. The credo is clear on this. It prohibits hurting other sentient beings. There are no exceptions.

2. 'Endangered' has nothing to do with ability to feel pain. ALF does [not] give the slightest preference to 'endangered species.' I'd protect two common rabbits over one California condor."[113]

SOURCE: ELECTRONIC INTERVIEW BY AUTHOR.

Perhaps you would collapse or expand some of the categories in my balance-sheet (for instance, numbers one and three on the hunters' side are more convincingly separated out in hunter-gatherer societies than in Valerie's). But it seems to me that some such exercise in double-entry bookkeeping ought to be made, and its

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

summations weighed, by everyone involved on one side or the other of the animal rights cause. Unlike 'Virginia," Valerie has not really begun to do this. But at least she modulates, limits and considers her actions. She will defend animals, but her only violence will be against property. How bad is that? Someone ought to interview those who take part in "the largest area of all animal abuse—the meat industry." Animal rights militants are now smashing the windows of butcher shops, year after year, and meaning to do so forever. (What does Gandhi say about damaging property? "It is pure violence.")[114] Somebody ought to talk to the butcher's family. Tell me that at some point these broken windows, with the resulting economic loss, the feeling of being hounded and spied on, do not begin to constitute violence.

Of course if I were a vegan I'd merely point out that in my country alone, in the random year 2000, 36,416,000 cows, 1,172,000 calves, and 98,106,000 hogs were slaughtered.[115] Tell me this is not violence. As the ALF website puts it, "animal liberation is the ultimate freedom movement."

The Moral Calculus of an Unnamed Animal Rights Activist (1998)

When should I submit my ends and means to experts?

"Animal liberationists do not need scientists, linguists, sociologists or any other academic [sic] to validate or convince us that animal lives are worth defending. We've seen the expressions in the animals close to us."

Source: Earth First!, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 18; "The Ecology of Animal Liberation."

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

In 1984, an ALF crusader in England[116] threatens to plant rat poison in Mars chocolate bars unless Mars desists from tooth decay studies on monkeys. This intimidation (or "hoax," or Valerie's biographer more tactfully calls it) achieves its stated result. What a low-cost instance of deterrence! I don't respect Mars for those monkey experiments. Obviously candy bars cause tooth decay. People who eat them should take responsibility for themselves. What do monkeys have to do with any of it? As for the violent moral actors who seem willing to poison people many or most of whom would have been children, I not only don't respect them, I hate them.

Mark Rowlands, the animal rights thinker whose moral calculus I've already quoted in this chapter[117] (an attempt to change society "does not have the same

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

immediacy or urgency as an act of rescue," so "you have ... abrogated any recourse to violence") doesn't see things in quite the same way. "Let's be honest," he chuckles. The poison threat "can hardly be considered to have evoked any genuine feelings of terror in anyone. It is not as if we all wandered around in terror at the prospect of not being able to eat Mars bars for awhile." No, Mr. Rowlands, but perhaps some people worried that their children might die a hideous death. Now for the justification which presumably makes it all worthwhile: "Mars lost an estimated ten million dollars through this hoax."[118]

I am happy to say that Valerie shares my views. She sees herself as being entirely against violence (again, property damage doesn't count to her, and maybe it shouldn't, I don't know.) The Animal Liberation Front is nonviolent! Comparing itself with the church-run sanctuary movement of the 1980s, whose members spirited the United States's illegal central American refugees away from deportation, thereby saving them from death squads in their homelands, the ALF proclaims the opposite of sanctuary in its spray painted messages on laboratory walls: "Nowhere Is Safe—ALF." But intimidation isn't violence, is it?

The saboteurs or "sabs" who tried to foil fox-hunting in England were pacifists at first, but "sabs were brutally attacked by blood-junkies with monotonous regularity." We know how a Gandhian would have responded to that: He'd have sent out more nonviolent sabs. As for Martin Luther King, he would have called in the television cameras. What about our defenders of animals? "Nowadays sabs readily defend themselves."[119] In 1984, the Hunt Retribution Squad begins to "inflict physical harm on blood-junkies to prevent them from murdering wild animals." In 1985, the Animal Rights Militia sends "anti-personnel devices to prominent vivisectors," evidently without much result, or we would have read about it in the newspapers, but the intention comes through loud and clear.[120]

In 1987, a man named Tom Daley, "associated with the ALF," offers this prescription for the way to treat animal experimenters: "In a war you have to take up arms and people will be killed. I will totally defend petrol bombings and shootings." As for a certain scientist, "as soon as he is killed, the better."[121]

("Some people are frightened by the ALF," I e-mailed "Virginia." "In your opinion, is this a good thing or a bad thing?" She replied, "Since the only folks who have to fear ALF are those who abuse animals, it's a good thing.")

In 1988, Fran Stephanie Trutt, accompanied and perhaps incited by an agent in her enemy's employ, plants a bomb near the parking space of Leon Hirsch, U.S. Staple's chairman of the board. This company tests and demonstrates its surgical staples on doomed dogs, and has already been the target of many protests. Trutt plea bargains, so the case never goes to trial.[122] It is very likely that this foolish and hate-filled woman was used by U.S. Staple to tarnish the image of the animal rights movement. So what? She had a choice; she chose to threaten the life of Leon Hirsch with her bomb. She obtained the bomb.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In 1989 a sleep studies researcher named John Orem gets death threats after the ALF holds a "party" at his lab.[123] Well, death threats are just threats, right?

In 1990 two animal researchers get car-bombed in England. A thirteen-month-old child is harmed.[124] I hope that was justified by benefit to a laboratory creature somewhere.

None of those incidents except for the Mars bar "hoax" are mentioned in Valerie's official biography.

In 1992 the FBI places the ALF on its list of the ten most threatening terrorist organizations in America.

On a February evening in 2001, three masked defenders of animals, "one of whom is believed to be a woman," are waiting outside the home of Mr. Brian Cass, managing director of Huntingdon Life Sciences. "The company's researchers kill nearly every animal they test, in order to study the animals' organs."[125] Our brave defenders of animals beat Mr. Cass, either with baseball bats or pickaxe handles, depending on which account one reads. (Valerie wouldn't have done that; neither would "Virginia." What *is* the Animal Liberation Front, exactly?) Two bystanders try to come to the assaulted man's defense (they must be Nazis) and get sprayed with tear gas for their pains. Mr. Cass goes to the hospital with cracked ribs and a head wound. Detective Inspector Robbie Robertson states for the record: "Last night's attack was callous and cowardly and we are in no doubt it was connected to Mr. Cass's work at Huntingdon Life Sciences." Meanwhile, Robin Webb of the Animal Liberation Front explains: "Although we do not condone that kind of action, we understand the kind of anger and frustration that moves lots of people to more radical paths when other avenues have failed."[126] In other words, Robin Webb condones that kind of action. —Oh, Robin Webb's a fine one! Robin Webb's moral summation deserves to be set beside Martin Luther King's: "I'm frank enough to admit that if our nonviolent campaign doesn't generate some progress, people are just going to engage in more violent activity, and the discussion of guerrilla warfare will be more extensive. In any event, we will not have been the ones who will have failed."[127] In a public-access document which tells the history of the Animal Liberation Front, Robin Webb proclaims that "it's a war... Let's continue the fight for animal liberation, by whatever means necessary."[128] In our chapter on defense of war aims we saw that a war fought by whatever means necessary, a war without limitations, is not a just war.[129] Well, I'm sure he's just being rhetorical.

A year after the beating of Cass, high-level employees of Huntingdon's insurer, Marsh and McLennan, begin to receive excrement and blood in the mail. Others get threatening phone calls, and megaphoned denunciations from outside their homes. Their names and addresses have been listed in the *Animal Abuser Index*, with the helpful hint: "You now know who they are and where they are, so NOW GO GET 'EM."[130] Of course we don't condone that kind of action, do we?

By now Barclays Bank has ended its financial dealings with Huntingdon

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

because there's no other way to "guarantee the safety of our people."[131] WestLB Panmure, Huntingdon's stockbroker, issues the following explanation for ending that piece of business: "It got to the stage where the safety of our employees was at stake."[132] Eleven cars firebombed (one of them belonging not to the finance director but to the finance director's wife), something caustic thrown in a lab technician's eyes—well, I can see the stockbroker's cowardly point. What would Mr. Rowlands say about these excitements? It is not as if we all wandered around in terror at the prospect of something-or-other, but maybe the people to whom those cars belonged felt a trifle anxious. What would "Virginia" say? I hope she wouldn't refer to them as "education." Defenders of animals stand outside Huntingdon wearing skull-masks, warning the employees: "We know where your children go to school."[133] To me this is absolutely vile. "Let's continue the fight for animal liberation, by whatever means necessary." (Trigger: "The Christians also began to organize public processions... They did this especially when they believed it was likely to annoy non-Christians...") By now, animal liberation has reached Huntingdon's lab in New Jersey. After fourteen beagles are spirited out, someone throws rocks through the window of a lab tech's house and flips his car over.[134] Let's call that a "hoax."

"If the ALF ever came to power," I asked "Virginia," "what laws would you enact?"

"That would take a lot of study to determine causes and effects," she wrote me back. "Any change would have to take place over a decade or so. We'd want more culpability with regard to animal testing and animal treatment in research. We'd want factory farms to provide more human[e?] treatment of animals. These are personal opinions."

They may not be the personal opinions of Huntingdon's employees, of scientists generally, of American omnivores and Inuit hunters.

This war has just begun, although its commandos pretend that it goes back to Saint Francis. The issues do; the war does not. And it is going to go on and on and on.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ADDENDUM ON MY FAILURE TO ESTABLISH A BETTER CALCULUS FOR DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

I cannot answer the question when violence in defense of animals is justified, because I cannot even define when violence *to* animals is justified.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When demanded by imminent defense of earth. Scientific imminence applies.
2. To save a species against extinction.
3. To save an organism from the unjustifiable violence of another organism (most probably a human being). In other words, this would be imminent defense of others.
4. To protect the identity of an animal against imminent and unjustifiable harm.

VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. In the absence of an explicit calculus which allows the defender to weigh benefits to animals against benefit to humans. This calculus should include:
   - A detailed categorization of the spectrum of animal use, from food to research to entertainment to maintenance of ethos.
   - Descriptions of the human and animal identities involved, with estimates as to the likely suffering or positive effects to all parties for each moral choice being considered.
   - Definitions of all undefined or badly defined terms:
     Animal identity
     Human ethos and identity
     Imminent and unjustifiable harm to an animal

My failure here torments me. The best consolation I have, the prospect that some sort of consensuality might be at least conceptually possible, comes from "Virginia" herself.

"Can a person who eats meat be a good person?" I asked her.

"Yes," she replied. "A person should be measured by the good they do for others.[135] Not by what they don't do. A person may be good and yet walk past a homeless person without trying to help. You just can't help every being. But the more beings you help, the better."

I am grateful to her for this loving last word.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

12.

CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF ANIMALS II: WHEN IS VIOLENT DEFENSE OF ANIMALS JUSTIFIED?

A. U.S. Department of Agriculture pamphlet (1952)

> "The term 'reject' is usually applied to an individual live bird which is attacked by, or shows evidence of, any disease or condition which may render the birds unfit for human food."[136]

B. Franz Welzl (1930)

> "We knocked down walruses, placed nets for millions of salmon, and with the aid of the tremendous tides drew captured whales from the narrow channels on to the ice."[137]

C. Galen (*ca.* 170 A.D.)

> "And you may observe this yourself in an animal, if you will try to hit upon the time at which the descent of food from the stomach takes place. But even if you should fail to discover the time, ... you would find dissection not without its uses... Now I have personally, on countless occasions, divided the peritoneum of a still living animal and have always found all the intestines contracting peristaltically upon their contents."[138]

D. American Association for Laboratory Animal Science (1998)

> "Some people argue that animal research should be stopped because of the pain inflicted on the animals... This argument ... ignores the fact that both humans and animals suffer from diseases that cause years or even a lifetime of pain."[139]

E. Air Chief Marshal Lord Dowling (1957)

> "I firmly believe that painful experiments on animals are morally wrong, and that it is basically immoral to do evil in order that good may come—even if it were proved that mankind benefits from the suffering inflicted on animals."[140]

F. Peter Singer, animal rights philosopher (1976)

> "No matter what the nature of the being, the principle of equality requires that its suffering be counted equally with the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

like suffering—in so far as rough comparisons can be made—of any other being."[141]

G. Mary Midgley, animal rights philosopher (1983)

"The duty which we can owe to a particular being capable of suffering and enjoyment must centre on those capacities. It therefore takes a different form from the duty we may have to a redwood... Our duties to swarms of very small and distant animals, or to whole species, seem to be partly of the ecological sort, resembling in many ways our duty to plants, but they can also have a social element of response to consciousness."[142] [*In other words, not all species need be treated the same since not all can suffer the same. Compare with J. below.*]

H. "Mikaya," humane society officer

"Abused animals are like abused kids, they have no rights. If no one ever cared enough to break the law, my people would still be on sugar plantations, my mama would have been sold like a bag of flour. This is a matter for a person's conscience, not for some law."[143]

I. Ingrid Newkirk, director of People for the Ethical Treatment of Animals

"Whenever I hear of anyone walking into a lab and walking out with animals, my heart sings."[144]

J. ALF mission statement (*ca.* 1976)

"The ALF's short-term aim is to save as many animals as possible and directly disrupt the practice of animal abuse. The long-term aim is to end all animal suffering by forcing animal abuse companies out of business. It is a nonviolent campaign, activists taking all precautions not to harm any animal (human or otherwise)."[145]

K. ALF cell member, explaining how and why to sabotage items in grocery and hardware stores (2002)

"Be creative! Get stores in your town to stop selling glue traps, ant traps, wasp-killer, roach-motels, bee traps, mole traps, etc.... Creativity and persistence are the key."[146]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

L. Robin Webb, ALF press officer (1998)

"Anger was boiling over at the all-too-slow rate of progress toward animal liberation. The third ALF policy [*item J, above*] was becoming strained."[147]

M. The Justice Department, U.K. (1993)

"We won't be asking anyone to stop messing with animals and will make no excuses for our violent intervention—they've had it too good for too long!!"[148]

N. "Sonia," ALF commando

"We should offer a reward for the skin of a vivisector and see if there are any takers!"[149]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

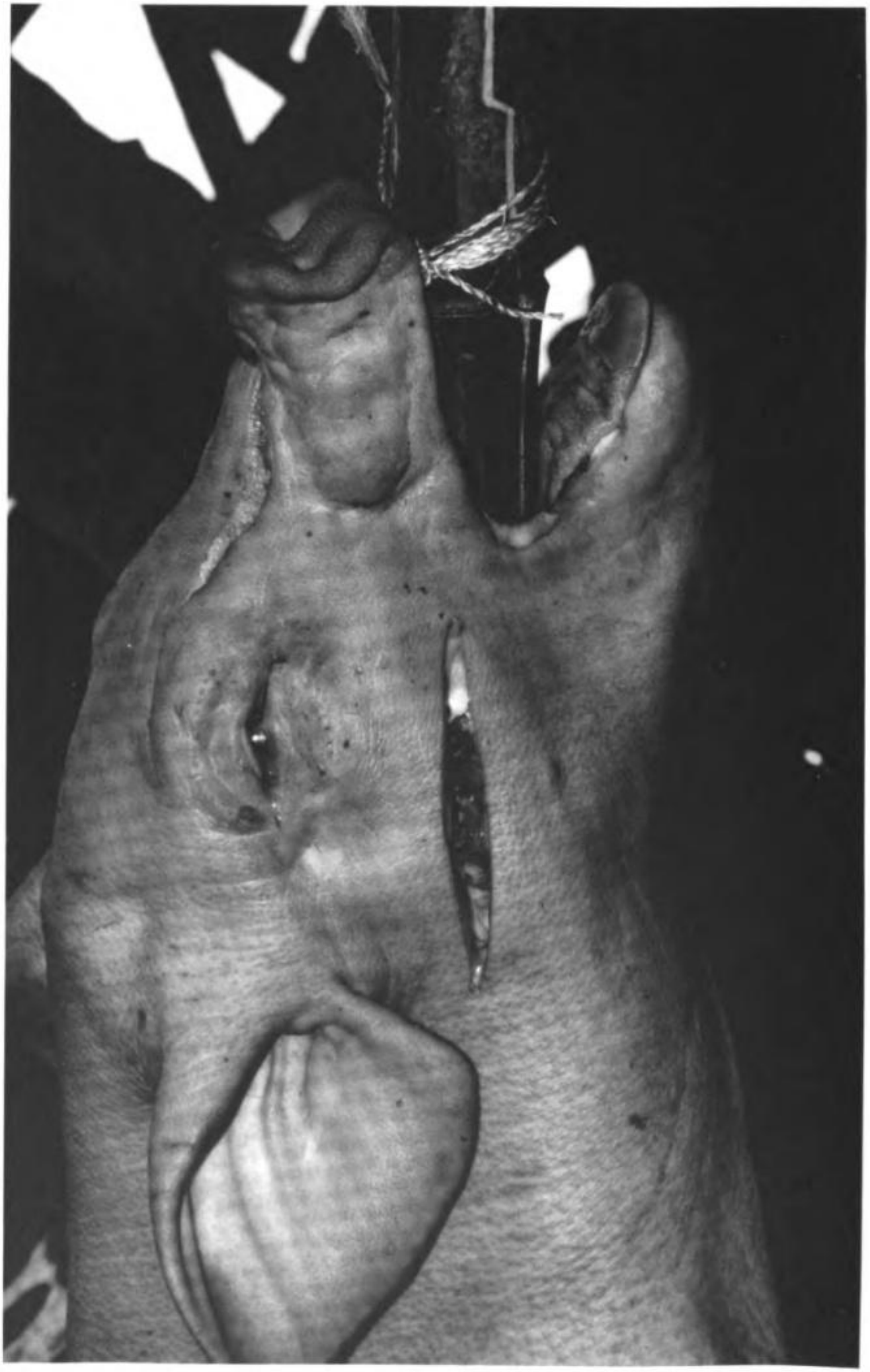
VIOLENCE AGAINST ANIMALS

1995-2000

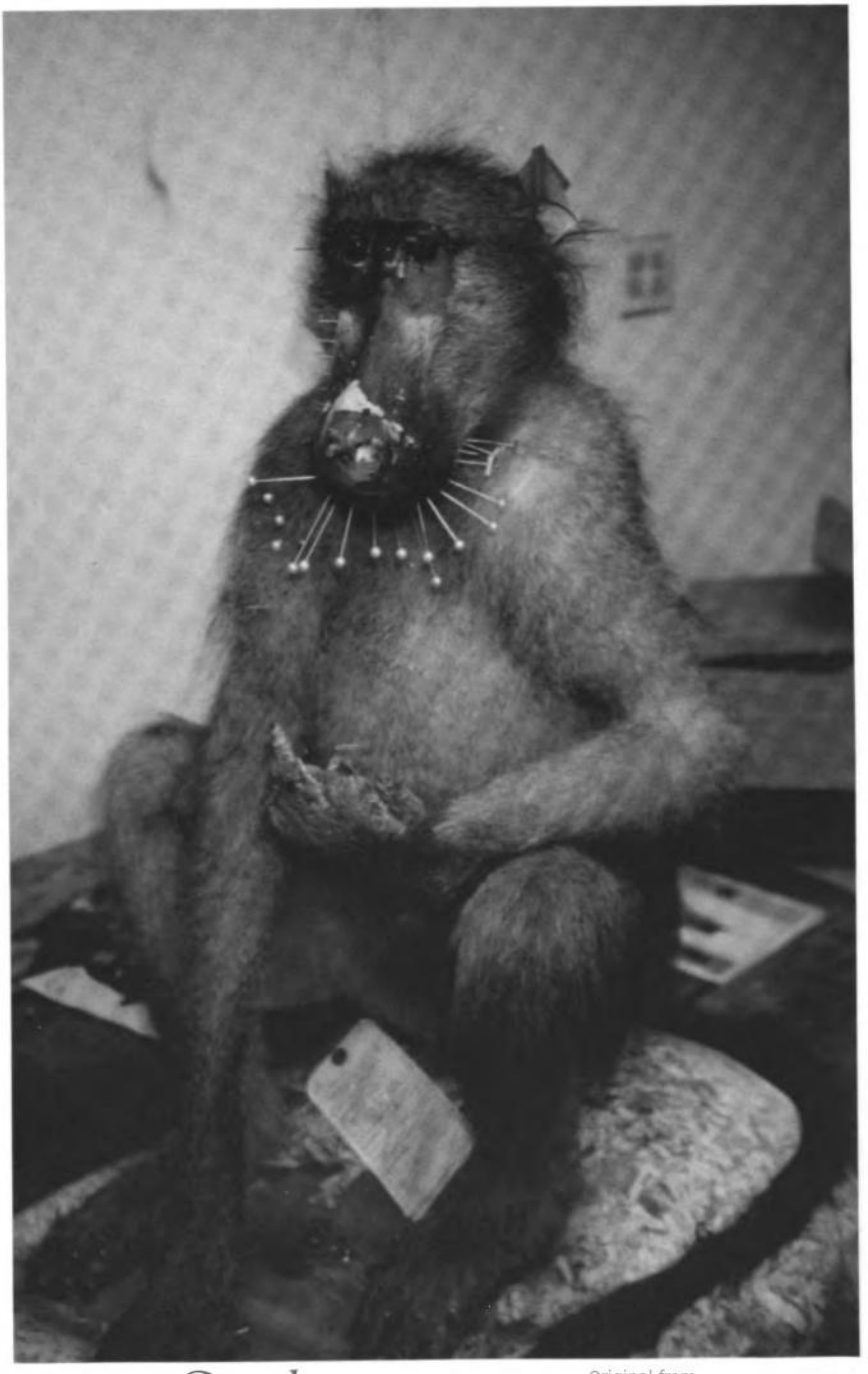
This portfolio certainly shows the one-sidedness of my observation and experience regarding violence and animals. Here you will find no photographs of defense of animals, my chapter's primary concern. What you will find, however, is an examination of widespread, "ordinary" human activities from a questioning point of view. Do you consider the consumption of animal products to be acceptable or unacceptable violence? Why or why not? Will our descendants look upon these images with the same horror and contempt we feel when we study depictions of human slavery, murder, genocide?

298. Pig's carcass in market, Cebu City, Philippines, 1995.
299. Monkey-pincushion at Ted Nugent's place, Michigan, 1997.
300. Madame Yvette bleeding a chicken for a voodoo "table ceremony," Miami, 1994.
301. Housewife inspecting zebu meat at an open air stand, Tulear, Madagascar, 1994.
302. Cows'-foot vendors, Peshawar, Pakistan, 2001.
303. Child vendors at a butcher shop, Peshawar, 2001.
304. Inuk lady with raw-frozen "country food," Iqaluit, Nunavut, Canada, 1999. The meat is usually served, as in this photograph, on a piece of cardboard on the kitchen floor. People sit around and hack off pieces with a hatchet.
305. Inuk boy at the hockey rink, Iqaluit, 1999. He wears a fur-trimmed parka and sealskin boots (kamiks).
306. Inuk mother and children with fur-trimmed, hand embroidered parkas, Iqaluit, Nunavut, Canada, 1999.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



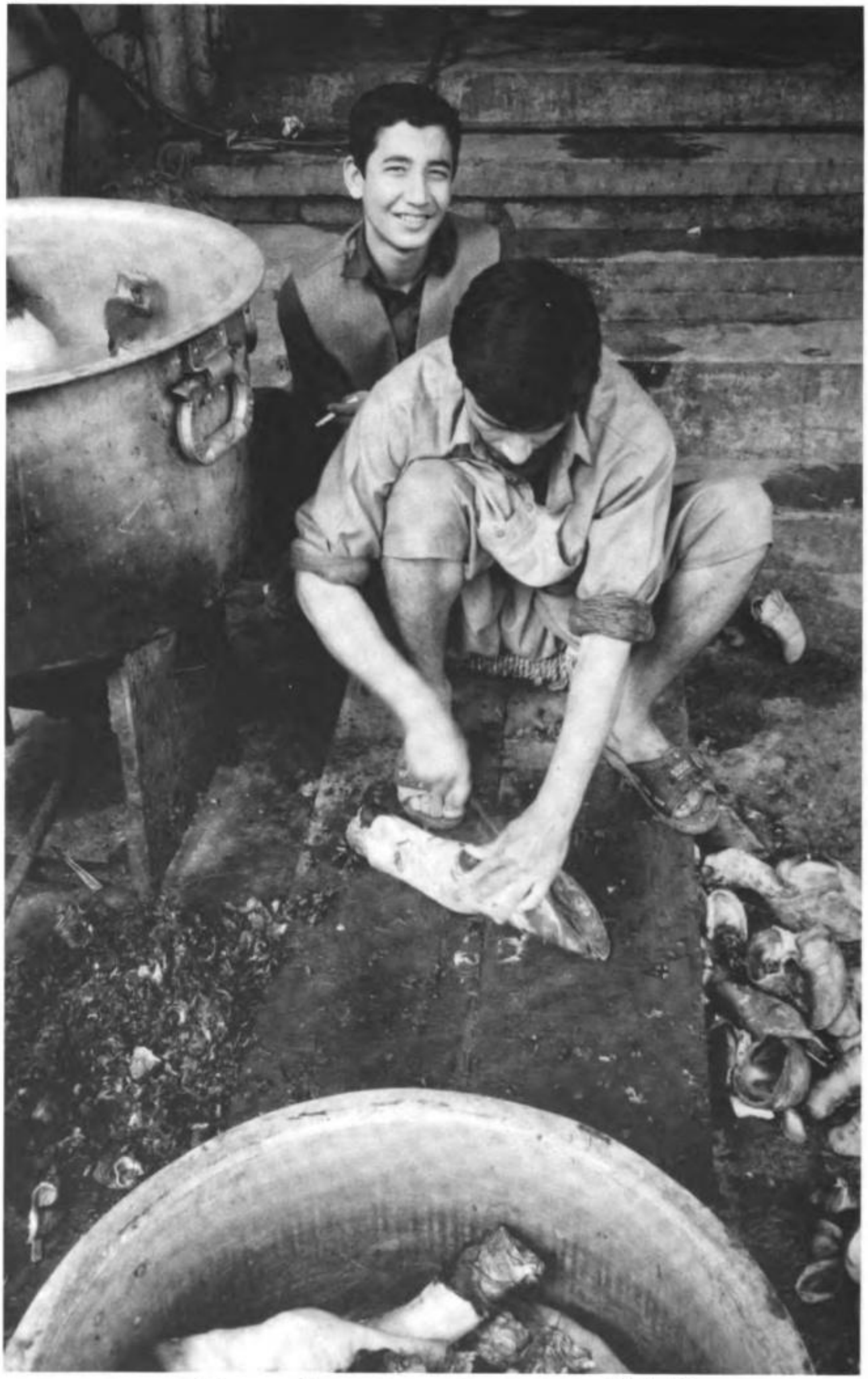
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 18

DEFENSE OF GENDER

To see their anger as a blessing instead of an illness, it may be necessary for women to feel that their rage is legitimate. To feel that their rage is legitimate, it may be necessary for women to understand their structural position in society.

EMILY MARTIN[1]

There is no place for the political woman in the ideological world of National Socialism... The German resurrection is a male event.

ENGELBERT HUBER[2]

THE RAPE OF THE AMAZONS

The Scythian word for the Amazons, Herodotus assures us, was *Oerpata,* meaning "mankillers"[3]—an exact description of those legendary women. As early as 700 B.C., we find one depicted on a terracotta votive shield, fighting a Greek warrior.[4] Their images recur for centuries, painted white for greater contrast with the male warriors' stylized blacknesses. (In statuary, however, they tend to appear strangely ordinary, with the blank faces and pupilless eyes so characteristic of the

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

period.)[5] *Woman—enemy:* the concepts thus twinned give birth to violent defense of gender, glowing above the meridian of archaic cruelty.

Three boatloads of the helmeted, one-breasted man-haters (who, shocking to tell, not only lamed, slew or abandoned their male children,[6] but warred and hunted on horseback just like men) once fell into Greek captivity. But no Amazon story ends as tamely as that, even if they do usually end the same. (The one we'll tell first has a happy ending.) They liberated themselves through murder, then landed on the Scythian coast, becoming horse-stealers and marauders, and thereby activating Scythian defense of homeland; or, if you wish, male defense of gender—not that the Scythian horsemen would have construed it so; they didn't know yet that the Amazons were women. All they saw were helmeted enemies! (In various depictions, we see the Amazons sometimes dressed as Greek hoplites, sometimes like Scythians themselves, with bows.) The men's fundamental defense, therefore, was of simple imminence, both on their own behalf, but also of their unproblematically submissive females. The Amazons in turn defended ground, life, gender, freedom and stolen property against the men's angry reprisals, and so violence redly bloomed.

Cloaked or naked against the enigmatic black background of an Apulian amphora (*ca.* 340 B.C.), we see them leaning watchfully on their tall, flame-bladed spears, holding axes with an easy grace. Standing lightly, an Amazon holds the bridle of a rearing white horse. A flowering stalk gives context to the scene. (They're parleying with Hercules. They don't kill *all* men on sight, then!) A nude helmeted woman, her cloak wrapped around one arm like the strap of a shield, stands regally gesturing. She has one breast.[7]

So far, the tale conforms to what may well be the oldest and most enduring narrative paradigm: war between the home clan and the menacing strangers—a near tautology, for the Amazons would have been all the more menacing on account of their strangeness, their foreignness. I repeat that the Scythians didn't know the first thing about them (for isn't gender the first thing? Well, there are so many first things ...). One imagines sly and sudden encounters in those foggy snowy mountains, nightmare silhouettes rearing up from behind boulders, desperate arrows and curved swords singing into ambushed flesh—how could it have been otherwise, both sides being so nomadic, xenophobic, bitter? But after one battle, the Scythians, indulging in the warrior's accustomed hobby of picking over enemy corpses, discovered their sex, and decided to get children from them—which I take to be a compliment to their fighting skill:[8] the legends always give them that. So they sent out a detachment of young men to woo the Amazons, and (a surprising turn) the enterprise concluded happily. The men then invited their new sweethearts to return home with them as wives, but Herodotus gives to the Amazons this striking reply:

> We and the women of your nation could never live together... We are riders, our business is with the bow and spear, and we know nothing of women's work; but in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> your country no woman has anything to do with such things—your women stay at home in their wagons occupied with feminine tasks... We could never agree.[9]

And so the Scythian men, strangely malleable after all (or did the adventure agree with their own inclinations?), were persuaded to settle with their martial brides in another country six days to the northeast, and they all became the Sauromatae. Inter-gender violence thus gave way to equilibrium, ancestral origins now fading into mere traditions, such as the statute that no woman among them be allowed to marry until she'd killed someone in battle.[10] We don't know whether both parties retained their freedom and equality, or whether their Scythian husbands now ruled them; but the following anecdote, taken out of Hippocrates,[11] may be emblematic: They still rode horses and employed both bow and javelin; "they do not lay aside their virginity until they have killed three of their enemies," but then "whoever takes to herself a husband, gives up riding on horseback unless the necessity of a general expedition obliges her."

ANTIOPE AS WIFE

The Sauromataean mountains being even mistier and more distant from us than Scythia, this issue hardly constitutes the only point of confusion. The scholar Josephine Blok has pointed out the vague and changeable locations of the Amazons' original homeland, the uncertain meanings of their appellation ("one-breasted"? "excellent women"? "fallen women"? "communal ones"? "girdled ones"?), their suspiciously Greek-sounding proper names;[12] and she accordingly concludes that they never existed. Or, to put the case in good academic style, "The genesis of the Amazons as a people in the world of epic mythology cannot be determined outside the formula and the epic context in which it is situated."[13] —True enough. Honest chroniclers never do quite see them. Plutarch tells us, for instance, that after Pompey had put down a rising of the Albanians, "when the Romans were taking the spoil and plunder of the field they met with several targets and buskins of the Amazons; but no woman's body was found among the dead."[14] Perhaps the female aura of this materiel derived from the same credulity which gives perpetual birth to sea-monsters, water-spouts, anthropophagi; or—who knows?—maybe some fighter's brother actually spied a fearsome one-breasted woman. Any verifiable detail would stain our mythos with that most alien of hues, reality. Never mind. For we can accordingly learn, instead of what merely happened, the equally interesting question of what that epoch's storytellers thought *should have* happened.[15]

So what do the fabricators teach us? While one does find many a gap and contradiction in the cracked vessel of Amazonian lore, the hostility expressed toward the Amazons, while occasionally mixed with admiration, remains as consistent as a monotonous ache. How coincidental can it be that most accounts end up with them

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

getting slaughtered, as when Theseus, after in prudent Attic fashion offering a sacrifice to Fear (the Spartans will routinely do the same), vanquishes them, killing many at a place commemoratively named Amazonium?[16] The legends have it that Theseus was married to an Amazon at the time, Antiope, whom it seems that Hercules gave him in exchange for assistance in attacking other Amazons. We see him carrying her into his chariot. Expressionlessly, she stretches out her long fingers in a gesture of parting to her sisters.[17] Antiope is said to have fought at her husband's side—one wonders with what sensations.[18]

PENTHESILEIA'S NECESSARY DEATH

The two references to Amazons in the *Iliad* both describe them as "men's equals"[19]—which would seem to imply that most other women are not. ("Woman may be said to be an inferior man." —Aristotle.) Hence, perhaps, the necessity of male domination's self-defense.[20] In *Antigone*, Sophocles puts these words in Creon's mouth when the eponymous heroine defies his edict by burying her brother's corpse: "Now verily I am no man; she is the man, if this victory shall rest with her, and bring no penalty."[21] And again, still more explicitly: "Disobedience is the worst of evils... Therefore we must support the cause of order, and in no wise suffer a woman to worst us." Better to be overthrown by a man, Creon continues, than to be considered feebler than a woman.[22]

In a marble relief-frieze from the Temple of Apollo we see lion-skin-girded Hercules attacking Amazons. Ruinous time has aided the man's work. A swooning Amazon, presumably wounded or dying, the nipple hard on her marble breast, slumps down in another woman's arms, her head sagging. Somebody has cut off her arm, and a deep crack runs across the succoring Amazon's face. Everybody is in bits and pieces, even Hercules himself—appropriate for a tale we cannot quite swallow whole.[23] Gibbon tells us that in Aurelian's triumphal procession after the conquest of the rebel queen Zenobia, "the title of Amazons was bestowed on ten martial heroines of the Gothic nation who had been taken in arms."[24] Is that an honorific? She was "an adversary" (Gibbon again), "whose sex alone could render her an object of contempt"[25] as had been the case with Cleopatra[26] and ever so many other extraordinary women of antiquity. We see Hercules, tall, obsidian-black and lunging, stamp down on the calf of an Amazon named Andromache. His black fingers grip the white flesh of her upraised wrist; she's holding a spear as pathetically slender as a reed, so that it seems that she's supplicating rather than trying to defend herself. We can tell that she'd meant to run away. Her shield, whose band is adorned with circles and *x*'s, points ahead of her; her legs want to keep running but Hercules has pulled her down into a kneeling position as his fat black sword looms over her head, his face straining toward hers. Soon, one supposes, her helmeted head will be off, and her corpse will lie still in its animal-embroidered chiton. On either side of that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

couple, we see another performing the same dance, obsidian-man against alabaster-woman, sex against sex, with upraised wrists and weapons.[27]

This hatred of women reaches its highest-pitched expression when we turn to the liquidation of that daughter of Ares, the Amazon queen Penthesileia (whose unlikely name means "she who brings grief to the people").[28] She was killed (depending on which story one likes best) either by Achilles in the siege of Troy,[29] or by Hercules as his ninth labor, in order to steal her golden girdle.[30] (Other versions exude the typical unreliability of this subject, with Hercules being sent after Hippolyte, alone or with an army; "once there," writes a commentator, "he either killed or did not kill Hippolyte, but he did manage to get the belt.")[31] On a neck-amphora by Exekias (*ca.* 530 B.C.) we see the immense black figure of Achilles, whose flesh possesses the same darkness as his armor, overbearing the white-skinned profile of Penthesileia herself, who has already fallen to her knees as the spear-point begins to enter her neck. Her own spear—as always, slenderer than the man's—passes futilely by him. Her leopard-skin and her dark circle-ornamented chiton will soon be ruined by blood. The man stands with his legs braced wide apart for the kill. He's incalculably powerful and monstrous. At that last moment of her life, the two of them gaze into each other's faces. Her naked white arm attempts most fruitlessly to ward him off.[32] According to one account, Achilles falls in love with her after he kills her, I suppose because she was *almost* his equal, and has sexual relations with her corpse.[33]



Achilles murdering Penthesileia

The paradigm of combat with Amazons endured long enough to become not only a mass cliché (the duel between Hercules and Hippolyte appears on almost four hundred black-figure Attic vases)[34] but also mass entertainment. On a shard of the Roman Empire's stone, we see a relief of two gladiators gripping short weapons and rectangular shields. Facelessly they crouch. They have breasts. Beneath their feet, the crude artist has graven into the stone their names in Greek letters: AMAZONIA ACHILLIA. Evidently they played their part to satisfaction, without even killing each other. The inscription boasts that they were both manumitted.[35]

RAPE AS MASTERY

Resurrect Achilles, and resurrect his naked-armed victim. Resurrect her over and over to be killed under different names, but never let her be a warrior anymore. She'll gaze into her murderer's face just the same. Update the Greek warrior's sword or spear-point into an American military knife. Our new Achilles, blessed with the celebrity which his epoch automatically imparts to extreme unjustified violence—for from coast to coast, America enthralls itself with "slasher" movies, murder trials, "thrillers" and "mysteries" (how pallid American lives, that they long to be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

slashed, thrilled and mystified!)—deigns to instruct us in that most thrilling and mysterious of topics, himself. Ensconced behind concertina wire and multiple locked doors, he whiles away the indeterminate years until his execution, congratulating himself through self-explication and self-exploration. Later on in this book we'll consider another condemned memoirist, the Nazi Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel,[36] who will possess the luxury of blaming Hitler for his own crimes, which are infinitely vaster than Achilles's, but who at the end will accept responsibility, ascending the scaffold with dignity and self-control; one of his judges will feel almost sorry for him. But this other monster, the Achilles we're concerned with now, is nothing but a vulgar, garrulous oracle of sadistic lust. Keitel's sin was to pervert the virtue of obedience into accompliceship. This other's violence derives from no virtue at all. Behold in a death row cell, sneering over his psychiatric reports, the serial rapist-murderer Danny Rolling.[37]

Keitel said: "It is tragic to have to realize that the best I had to give as a soldier, obedience and loyalty, was exploited for purposes that could not be recognized at the time."[38] Rolling for his part informs us: "There's nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn't cure."[39]

And how does he take his pussy when he can get it? "Stick them tits out!" he shouts at one doomed woman, continuing the narrative in his usual third-person style to let us know, just as Sade would, that "she was beautiful—so beautiful—his little private dancer."[40] Her beauty, one presumes, is a compliment to the torturer's own good taste. "You once-a-month bleeding bitch!" he cries to another victim. "Give me that pussy!"[41] Endlessly fascinated with, sorry for, afraid of and anxious to please himself, he leaves the reader of his monotonous set-pieces feeling slimed over with corruption. What are these young women to him? —Private dancers, evidently. ("Note the conventional use of white for female flesh," writes a commentator on the amphora which depicts Achilles and Penthesileia.)[42] —He remember the colors of their bras and underwear, but his descriptions of their *selves* remain as pro forma and stylized as any vase-painter's, any Sadean narrator's—indeed, more hideously absurd. (But then, serial killers rarely suffer from excessive empathy. To rape a body is faster and more convenient than to rape a self.) Never comprehending the ones he killed except as fleshly marionettes within which to express himself with his penis and his Ka-Bar knife, he sums them up with vague, pious solemnities borrowed from newspaper accounts, sermons, obituaries or perhaps the pronouncements of murdered people's families. "Christa Hoyt's lovely body had been dismantled ...," pens the dismantler, "but her loving spirit shall live forever in the hearts of those who knew and loved her."[43] Did he love her as a spirit in his heart, or as a once-a-month bleeding bitch? Such eulogies constitute his trademark much as does the murder method itself. "She was too bloody to rape," he says of one woman whom he killed first, in order to more conveniently rape and murder her roommate. "It was a ghastly sight of pure horror—her precious life snuffed out,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

MISSING PERSON "AT RISK"

Web Page: http://jerryk.com/kristen.htm

(THIS RESPONSIBLE AND FAMILY ORIENTED GIRL IS CONSIDERED "AT RISK" BY HER FAMILY AND LAW ENFORCEMENT)

KRISTEN MODAFFERI

LAST SEEN JUNE 23, 1997 IN SAN FRANCISCO

AGE:	18 yrs (born 6/1/79)
RACE:	Caucasian
ADDRESS:	3610 Plantation Rd., Charlotte, NC 28270
HEIGHT:	5'8"
WEIGHT:	140lbs.
COMPLEXION:	Light
EYES:	Brown
TEETH:	Even & Good Repair
HAIR:	Dark Brown (worn shoulder length or occasionally in knot or ponytail)
CLOTHING:	Last observed 6/23/97 wearing a black T-shirt with "Spinelli's logo on chest; light tan slacks and a long sleeved dark blue plaid flannel shirt
OTHER:	Distinct dimples and carrying a dark green "Jansport" backpack.





Kristen Modafferi, 18 years of age, from Charlotte, NC, arrived in the Bay Area 6/1/97 to attend a summer class at UC Berkeley. She was last seen leaving her place of employment, Spinelli's Coffee Shop, in the Crocker Galleria, downtown San Francisco about 3:00 PM Monday June 23, 1997. She reportedly intended to visit the Land's End Beach area of San Francisco that afternoon and then return to her Oakland residence. She regularly used public transportation and traveled by Bart to and from the East Bay. If you have any information concerning Kristen's whereabouts or her activities, particularly on 6/23/97, **PLEASE** contact below:

Officer Patrick Mahanay
Missing Persons Detail Oakland Police
(510) 238-3641

Desvernine Associates
Private Investigations, San Francisco
(800) 969-9800 Email: domino@sirius.com

Another Amazon tamed

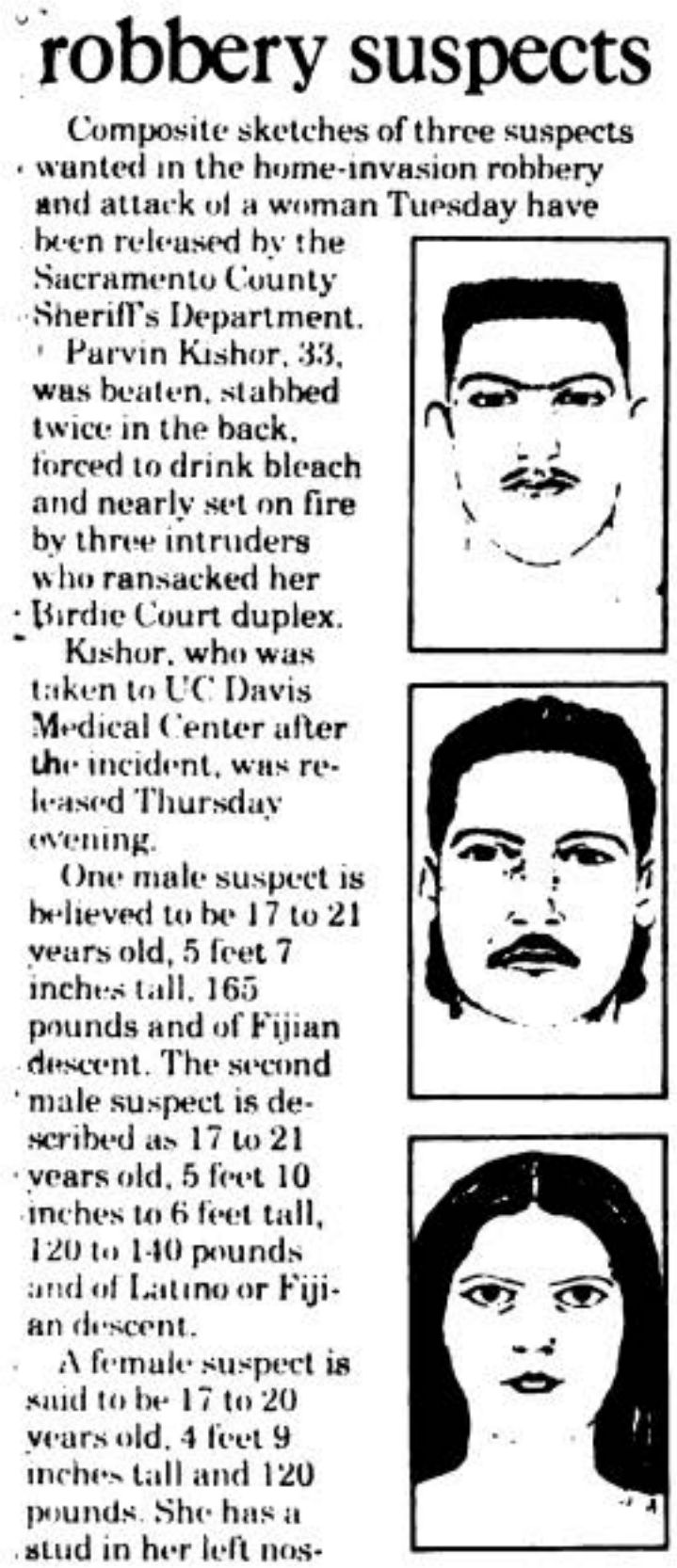
cruelly and tragically."[44] Instead, Achilles returns downstairs to mount her dead roommate one more time.

AMAZON-TAMING

"Rape," announces *The State of Women in the World Atlas,* "is about power, not desire."[45] What an arrogantly narrow formulation! It may be about either, or both.[46] In my high school I once knew a rapist who, homely and uncouth almost to the point of deformity, could not get any girlfriends. The religious venom fed him by his parents left him terrified of masturbation, convinced that touching himself would infallibly drive him blind and send him to hell. Desperate beyond the weak or capricious grip of self-control, he did an evil thing. He admitted to being ashamed even while he was doing it. I am convinced that had this boy had access to prostitutes, he never would have raped anyone. His was a crime of desire, not power—which, of course, renders it no less unjustified. One psychologist concluded that "everything about a rapist's behavior is normal except his mode of attack. All the rapist needs to know is how to seduce women and he will no longer need to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rape." Hence the doctor's solution: seduction classes. "The method seems to be working."[47] But this is equally narrow, being based on the syllogism that rape is only about desire, not power. Danny Rolling claims to have committed his first rape "as a direct result of rejection." (Indeed, one prevalent psychological model sees rapists as having seductive but rejecting mothers and wives; they accordingly lash out against their equivalent, "women in general.")[48] The night after Rolling's wife left him, "I broke in on this gorgeous brunette student and took out all my frustration and pain on her."[49] Consensual sex would not have given this budding monster what he wanted.


robbery suspects

Composite sketches of three suspects wanted in the home-invasion robbery and attack of a woman Tuesday have been released by the Sacramento County Sheriff's Department.

Parvin Kishor, 33, was beaten, stabbed twice in the back, forced to drink bleach and nearly set on fire by three intruders who ransacked her Birdie Court duplex.

Kishor, who was taken to UC Davis Medical Center after the incident, was released Thursday evening.

One male suspect is believed to be 17 to 21 years old, 5 feet 7 inches tall, 165 pounds and of Fijian descent. The second male suspect is described as 17 to 21 years old, 5 feet 10 inches to 6 feet tall, 120 to 140 pounds and of Latino or Fijian descent.

A female suspect is said to be 17 to 20 years old, 4 feet 9 inches tall and 120 pounds. She has a stud in her left nos-

Female aggression: a rarity?

What if Achilles's act of Amazon-breaking, from the murder to the rape of the dead Penthesileia, were a mnemonic for the long, scarlet thread of mingled lust and contempt[50] which snakes throughout human history, the bitterly unjustified treatment of the weak by the strong,[51] hence of women by men? Why say "what if"? As a man who wants never to treat women as anything less than Amazons, "men's equals," I deny my own sex's greater violence whenever I can, desiring so much to believe that we are all in some sense equally violent, because otherwise I'd have to be ashamed. I bring to mind murderesses and ruthless female prosecutors, women soldiers and torturers, gangsterettes, good and bad policewomen I've known. I note the myriad instances in which women incite themselves and their men to violence, from the aspersions of cowardly worthlessness which the heroines of Icelandic sagas cast upon their own male kin to goad them into blood-revenge, to the animal rights women I've met who urge that a monkey "sacrificed" in a laboratory be atoned for by the murder of his white-coated killer. When we consider violence as an innate *tendency*, which might find equal expression in a thousand wounding words or in one punch in the face, the case that men are worse cannot be proved. An American woman in her early thirties whose boyfriend had been striking her sent this letter, which haunted me:

> You know, I think there are men in the world who are just filled with anger that's so deep that it can never be expelled. Perhaps men who are unfulfilled become angry

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> as they age, and women become bitter. Festering green and salty tears, sour and tart, sugar and salt... If I don't even try, the pit is inevitable. Children I never had, places I never traveled, talents I never brought to fruition. That's my personal hell.[52]

Does woman-bitterness truly psychologically or morally equate with man-anger? If my friend falls into her pit, will the corrosive acids which dissolve her there bear any chemical relationship to outright violence?

Suppose, for instance, that she harms herself. A woman whose husband did not much love her mutilated her vulva. "As her physician commented: 'She cut the only part of her he was interested in.'"[53]

Suppose that she sets out to deliberately and maliciously break hearts. Or suppose that she incites male violence. How violent is she then?

Are women "better" or "worse" than men? How runs the divine equation in our moral calculus? My friend doesn't know. Neither do you nor I.

But if we string on our scarlet thread not only words, postures and actual deeds of violence, but also the enactments of class, my gender-defensive denials fall off into sad silence.

Were it true that sexual relations are neutral and noncoercive from a gender-based point of view, we'd find as many women attacking men as we find men attacking women. We do not.[54]

As usual with violence, most rules prove local and relative. The women of eighteenth-century Paris were two or three times more likely to be criminals—that is, to break the laws, which may or may not correspond to other laws in other times and places—than the women of twentieth-century America.[55] A Finnish sociologist proposed that in places where the homicide rate is high, the percentage of murderesses and also of female victims is low; while where the homicide rate is low, the percentage is higher.[56] This holds for Europe, but not for Africa.[57] In 1960, a study of murder in Africa found that Gisu murderesses were more likely to kill men (7.7 percent of all homicides for that tribe) while Nyoro murderesses were more likely to kill other women (5.8 percent).[58] Another anomaly: In North Carolina between 1930 and 1940, "female slayers were for the most part involved with male victims, and then almost entirely with male victims of their own race."[59] But one thing is for sure: *It is rarer for women to kill men than it is for men to kill women.*[60] Indeed, it is rarer for women than for men to kill at all (the principal exception being infanticide, which we'll consider below).

HOMICIDE IN WHICH GENDER OF MURDERER IS KNOWN (1995)

	BY MEN	BY WOMEN	TOTAL
Japan[61]	1,048 (81%)	247	1,295
U.S.A.[62]	14,609 (91%)	1,400	16,009

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In the USSR in 1926, the ratio of men to women imprisoned for murder and manslaughter was more than four to one.[63] A 1985 study of the Soviet criminal system concluded that women in the USSR committed only eleven to sixteen percent of all homicides.[64]

I take no responsibility for what my own gender has done to its own or the other gender.[65] I try to be a good person, and feel entitled to good treatment. But when I think about my gender in history, which I do as little as possible, I feel nonetheless ashamed.

THE SCARLET THREAD

When the Egyptian king Senosret[66] set out to conquer other nations, he had considerable success. Every time he met with a brave enemy, he erected pillars laconically stating that

> by the might of his armed forces he had won the victory; if, however, a town fell easily into his hands ..., not only did he record upon it the same facts as before, but added a picture of a woman's genitals, meaning to show that the people of that town were no braver than women.[67]

Herodotus insisted that he had seen these images himself. "The 'genitals' are imaginary," replies his twentieth-century translator in a footnote.[68] —Maybe to Senosret; not to Herodotus!

Lycurgus, the Spartan lawgiver,[69] whose martial utopia does in fact glow with a gilded patina of gender decency, nonetheless forbids assaults upon forts, "so that a woman or child or some such creature should not kill men, who are better than they."[70]

We read in the famous *Threefold Lotus Sutra* that "the body of a woman is filthy and not a vessel of the Law."[71] When the eight-year-old daughter of the Dragon King gains buddhahood—"apart from this sutra," writes a commentator, "Buddhism does not recognize that women can become buddhas"[72]—her righteousness takes on the only conceivable form: her body becomes male.[73]

Cicero approves the death penalty for abortion, because "that act deprives the father of his hopes and the future of his family name, and steals away a citizen from the state."[74] Yes, the man—then the state—and where is the woman in this equation? What are her rights?[75]

That fifteenth-century manual for witch-burners, the *Malleus Maleficarum*, generally refers to practitioners of black magic as being female, for "since they are feebler both in mind and body, it is not surprising that they should come more under the spell of witchcraft ... they seem of a different nature from men."[76] In fact, women are "more bitter than death, ... because bodily death is an open and terrible enemy, but woman is a wheedling and secret enemy."[77] Of the multitudes whom this

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

book sent to the flames, most were women.

Tolstoy, to whose essays on nonviolence *Rising Up and Rising Down* repeatedly returns—they're so fiery, so steadfast, so bravely good—does not appear to have been an ideal husband. Nor was his wife an angel. They made each other miserable for decades. While the Americans were in the middle of their own civil war, she wrote in her diary: "I am left alone morning, afternoon and night. I am to satisfy his pleasure and nurse his child. I am a piece of household furniture. I am a woman."[78] She proved vindictive, greedy and manipulative; but though Tolstoy fled his home to escape her, though the *relationship* sometimes made him feel furiously helpless, he never expressed impotent dependence on *her.* He felt trapped by her, but only in the most abstract sense could he have envisioned himself as her household furniture. Legally and socially, *she* belonged to *him.*

Even that reasonable egalitarian Rousseau could speak of "that sex which ought to obey."[79] "The German girl is a subject and only becomes a citizen after she marries,"[80] Hitler for his part explains. In his *Spirit of Laws,* Montesquieu, brave enemy of despotism, turns his worldly tolerance upon the marriage laws of the Orient to approve polygamy, which may well be approvable, but to find out whether or not it is, shouldn't we consider more than the expediencies of the polygamist?

> Women, in hot climates, are marriageable at eight, nine, or ten years of age; thus, in those countries, infancy and marriage generally go together. They are old at twenty; their reason therefore never accompanies their beauty. When beauty demands the empire, the want of reason forbids the claim; when reason is obtained, beauty is no more. These women ought then to be in a state of dependence ... It is therefore extremely natural that in these places a man, when no law opposes it, should leave one wife for another, and that polygamy should be introduced.[81]

In my own time and place,

> In statutory rape, or 'rape by force of law,' consent to sexual intercourse, though freely given, is not legally valid. The law, in the interests of protecting the female, stipulates that some members of the sex cannot be trusted to know their own best interest or make a rational choice. Accordingly, if the female is below the 'age of consent,' variously defined in different states as ranging between twelve and eighteen, the legal presumption exists that she cannot give enlightened consent to the transaction.[82]

"Nothing is lovelier than *the sweet, simple life of a home daughter,*" says an American eugenics textbook. "You need no wider career than you have, my dear girl."[83] (Consider the Spartan maxim that when it came to respectable women, "their characters should be completely unknown except just to their families.")[84] If I were a woman, I might, this kind advice notwithstanding, prefer the wider career of an Amazon.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AMAZON-TAMING (CONTINUED)

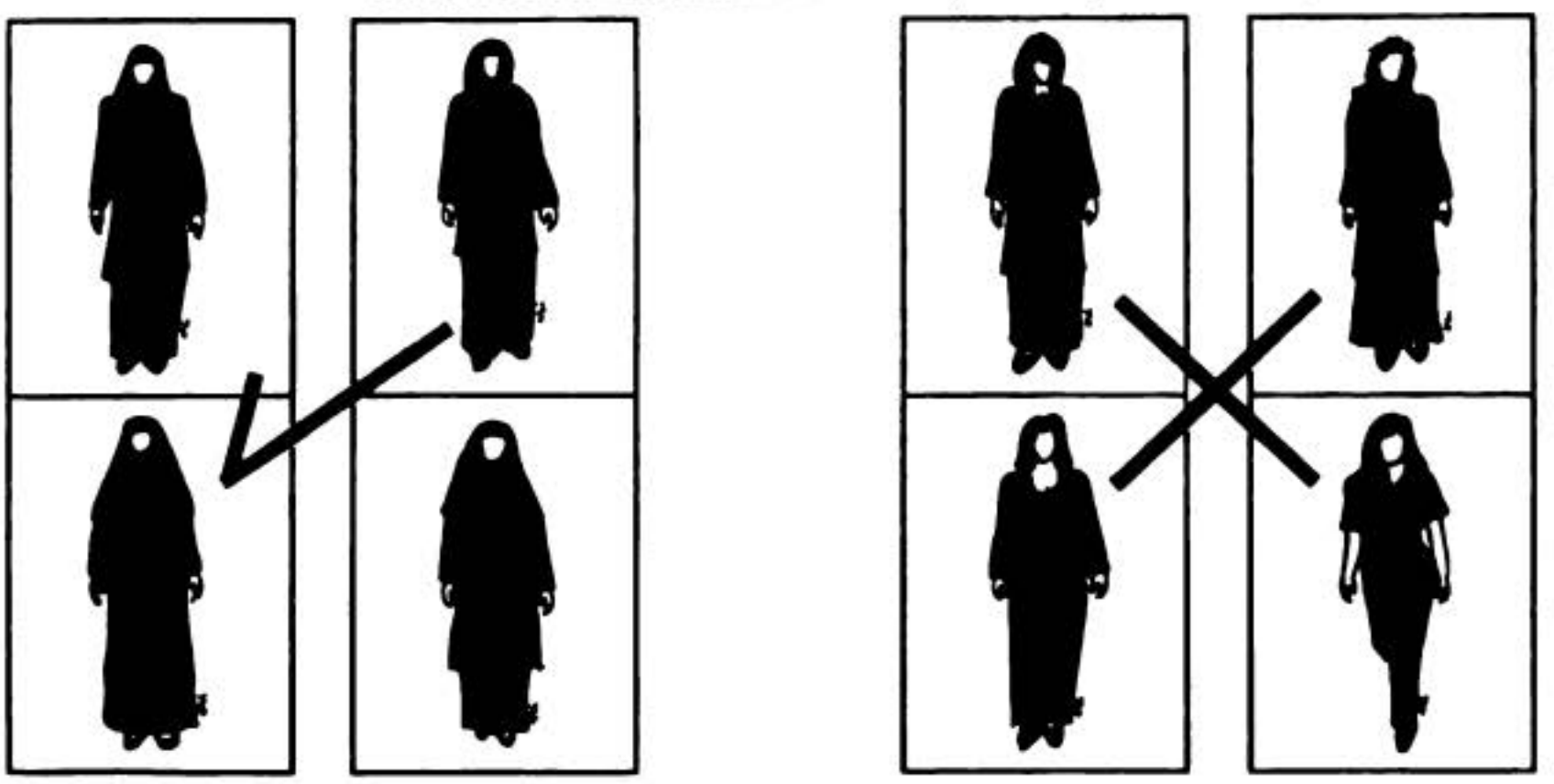
The label of Amazons as "men's equals" thus seems to me to writhe with an ominous elasticity of meaning: The warriors who've fought them might, in the end (that is, after the Amazons are safely dead), offer it ungrudgingly with reference to these women's prowess, but if females are inherently worse, then how could equals be anything but dangerous usurpers, threatening exemplars of the possibility that the underclass may someday rise up? (Engels, commenting upon the drab drudgery and house-confinement of the ancient Athenian housewife, concluded: "That one had first to become a *hetaera* in order to become a woman is the strongest indictment of the Athenian family.")[85] At the same time, unlike most of self-defense's other victims, gendered victims are sexually desirable. Violence itself may be sexualized. Hence the twin motivations of the scarlet thread. In Danny Rolling's memoir, we read an apostrophe to "RAPE—the fantasy so sweet to taste that sours once the lust is satisfied." He bears out the ultrafeminist claim: "POWER! To have complete control over a beautiful woman is every man's secret fantasy ... THE HUNT! ... Seek ... possess ... ravage."[86] But then, evidently in hopes of making us feel sorrier for him, he offers this formula in his set of "Criminal Equations":

> Rejection + Depression x Rage x Lust - Counseling - Support =
> B & E [breaking and entering] + Rape.[87]

A DIGRESSION ON FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND FREEDOM OF SEX

Power, no doubt—but lust is there; desire is there. Perhaps it always is. I remember seeing one "adult" newspaper in a vending machine in San Francisco; the headline proclaimed, above the word "ENTERTAINMENT" and beside the photograph of a silicon-breasted blonde: "GIRL RAPED WITH PISTOL, THEN MURDERED."[88] This disgusting juxtaposition might have sold power to a few; to most, to the unthinking, it simply sold sex: Murder titillates, no matter what its sexual dynamics,[89] and rape is simply sexy to many men because a hormonal drive cares little about consensuality. To a hungry thief, food tastes just as good when it's stolen, but not necessarily better. Most people do not steal food if they can help it, and most men do not rape; but fantasies (which are what the "RAPED WITH PISTOL" newspaper is selling) remain selfish. How selfish? Of the many men I'm close to, men who speak freely with me about intimacy and sexuality, almost none have mentioned rape fantasies. No doubt there are other men out there, men like Danny Rolling, but most human beings would prefer to gain their ends through consensual means. —Here I recall the aphorism of one sad-eyed stripper that the majority of her patrons were sadistic and subnormal,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Street flyer showing proposed dress code for Islamic women (Malaysia, 1995)

and the bitter remark of another that "now if I want tips I have to let them squeeze my breasts. They're nuts. They're creeps." Granted, they both overgeneralize, like *The State of Women in the World Atlas*, with its absurd blanket statements, such as: "Prostitution is not a women's institution—it is controlled by men and sustained by violence."[90] Ask a few prostitutes, and you'll know. Many sex workers I've met love their jobs and even some of their customers. One feminist porno star was pleased to discover that "an intelligent, sexual woman could choose a job in the sex industry and not be a victim, but instead emerge even stronger and more confident, with a feeling, even, of self-actualization."[91] In southeast Asia, I've more than once sent women friends alone into prostitution clubs to find out whether "the life" is recommended—as it invariably is: "Come work today!" the whores cry warmly. "I help you! Good money—nice men—go on dates—get gold—cheat on your husband!"

My solidarity with all parties in fully consensual prostitution cannot obstruct me from acknowledging that there exists a vast number of individuals who like to read about women getting raped and murdered. Hence the headline "RAPED WITH PISTOL." Still, I find it difficult to differentiate that audience from the readers of crime novels.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY UNJUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of Diana E. H. Russell, Professor of Sociology (1993)

WHAT IS EROTICA? "Sexual or arousing material that is free of sexism, racism, and homophobia, and respectful of all the human beings and animals portrayed."

EXAMPLES:

- George O'Keefe's paintings.
- "A short award-winning erotic movie depicting the peeling of an orange."
- "But erotica can also include ... explicitly sexual images."

WHAT IS PORNOGRAPHY? "Material that combines sex and/or the exposure of genitals with abuse or degradation in a manner that appears to endorse, condone, or encourage such behavior."[92]

EXAMPLES OF NON-VIOLENT PORNOGRAPHY ["sexist, dehumanizing"]:

- "Women's genitals are displayed but men's are not." [Sexism.][93]
- "Depictions of women ... are confined to young, white bodies fitting many men's narrow concept of beauty." [Sexualized racism.]

EXAMPLE OF ABUSIVE PORNOGRAPHY

- Depicting a woman as "slavishly taking orders from men and eager to engage in whatever sex acts men want."

EXAMPLES OF VIOLENT PORNOGRAPHY

- Rape. "The focus in the rape scenes was almost always on the victim's fear and terror, which became transformed by the rape into sexual passion."
- "And now, Miss Simmons, let's check the old reflexes." A doctor prepares to insert an electric plug into a woman's vagina. "This cartoon trivializes the problem of gynecologists sexually abusing their women patients."
- "The sadistic, femicidal pornographic classic *The Story of O.*"[94]
- "This is another 14th century Japanese print... Although the original is a drawing, not a photograph, this depicition of a Japanese Jack-the-Ripper may well have inspired other males."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHY DOES PORNOGRAPHY CAUSE RAPE?

1. "Predisposes some males to desire rape or intensifies this desire," for example "by creating an appetite for increasingly strong material."
2. "Undermines some males' internal inhibitions," for example "by sexually objectifying females."[95]
3. "Undermines some males' social inhibitions against acting out rape desires," for example "by diminishing fears of social sanctions."
4. "Undermines some potential victims' abilities to avoid or resist rape," for example "by creating a pornography industry that requires female participation."

SOURCE: RUSSELL, PP.3-4, 9, 26, 76, 107.

If you agree with that, why not with this?

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY UNJUSTIFIED?

The moral calculus of Abdur R., Sana'a, Yemen (2002)

What is pornography? "It is the bad thing. The people who do like that, we must kill them."

EXAMPLES OF PORNOGRAPHY

- Depictions of a woman's face. "The woman must stay covered. She must stay at home."
- Pictorial advertisements for female slumberwear.
- R-rated American movies. "To me these are so disgusting with the kissing and the profanity and all the rest of it. It is the bad thing. It really is."

WHY IS PORNOGRAPHY WRONG?

1. It goes against the Holy Qur'-An.
2. It encourages homosexuality. "Those gays, they must be killed."
3. It encourages open sexuality. "You Americans, you let boys and girls meet together and do whatever they wish. This is so wrong. Those poor, poor girls! They stop being virgins and then they are no good for anything."

SOURCE: INTERVIEW BY WTV.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Rising Up and Rising Down has asserted that violence is justified:

> In imminent defense of freedom of speech. The self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it chooses, the right to empathize with friend or foe (shall we call that treason?), to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times.
>
> CAVEAT: Direct incitement to violence is action, not speech, and may be considered illegitimate to the extent that the violence it incites is illegitimate.[96]

In the interests of freedom of thought and speech, I prefer to believe, justifiably or not, and will take the position here, that sexual fantasies and even rape fantasies deserve the protection of any other self-expression or creed—provided that they stay fantasies.[97] *Defense of gender is unjustified to the extent that it violates freedom of expression.*[98]

AMAZON-TAMING (CONTINUED)

And do they stay fantasies? Not in the U.S., where in the mid-1990s each woman's chance of being raped was higher than one in ten:

ESTIMATED PROBABILITIES OF AN AMERICAN WOMAN'S BEING RAPED IN HER LIFETIME (LATE 20TH CENT.)[99]

The police investigator Burt Rapp asserts that "only 47% of rapes are reported to the police."[100] Thus our "Rapp factor" of doubling for items 1 and 2. The feminist Susan Brownmiller, however, author of the well-known *Against Our Will*, asserts "conservatively that only one out of five rapes is reported."[101] Hence our "Brownmiller factor" of quintupling for the same items. *All* the figures in this table must be considered wild guesses.

SOURCE	PROBABILITY	DATA PERIOD
1. FBI Uniform Crime Reports[102]	2.9%	1976-95
"Rapp factor": x 2.13	6.2%	
"Brownmiller factor": x 5	14.5%	

"FBI statistics indicate that one out of three women will be raped in her lifetime..." —Opal Palmer Adiba.[103] As we see, they do not.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

2. National Crime Victimization Survey[104]

	4.9%	1973-91
"Rapp factor": x 2.13	10.4%	
"Brownmiller factor": x 5	24.5%	

"Victimization surveys show rates of rape four times as high as the official ones." —Edwin Schur[105]

3. The State of Women in the World Atlas[106]

	14-20%	not given

["Brownmiller factor" presumably supplied.]

4. Arithmetical average of the seven probabilities

11.5%

"Studies estimate that between 13 and 25 percent of all U.S. women will experience rape in their lifetimes. These figures are believed to be underestimates." —National Research Council[107]

In short, the probability of an American woman's being raped in her lifetime is significant. I know so many women who've been raped, and they never, ever get over it. (I know only half a dozen men who faced rape, and in all but once case the rape was molestation, not the forcible, violent rape of an adult.) The women's suffering, the fear and shame that affects them ever after, the guardedness they develop, the tentativeness in heterosexual friendship, it's all so hideous.

Rape is power and lust together, a strange, dialectical sort of violence. Blok has pointed out how in ancient Greek literature the sex act was frequently presented as mastery pure and simple—hence, I suppose, vice versa—and she offers for our consideration the Greek verbs *damazo* and *dammémi*,

> which can refer to the taming of an animal, the rape of a woman and the killing of a man... an equivalence is assumed between the sexual penetration of a woman by a penis and the penetration of a man by a weapon.[108]

In the myth of Penthesileia, Achilles, like Danny Rolling, simultaneously accomplishes both ends. Penthesileia was man's equal. She was a woman, but also an athlete, a warrior and, unlike most women in the classical period—and all too many other periods—an independent moral actor. She could have been Achilles's soul mate—but one whom he could never "know" until he'd killed her, until she'd proved herself to be a soul mate by dying martially. One thinks again of Danny Rolling, with his delusional longing, compassion, love and regret, possessing the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rape babies & other miracles

ACCORDING TO "STERN", LITTLE EMINA'S MOTHER, A PRISONER IN THE "SERBIAN RAPE CAMP", WAS A 17-YEAR OLD MOSLEM GIRL FROM THE CENTRAL BOSNIAN TOWN OF TESLIĆ WHO "VANISHED FROM THE CLINIC AND NO-ONE KNOWS WHERE SHE WENT", TWO DAYS AFTER SHE DELIVERED HER BABY. ACCORDING TO "THE MAIL ON SUNDAY" SHE DID NOT DISAPPEAR, SHE IS 16 YEARS OLD AND IS NOT FROM CENTRAL BUT EASTERN BOSNIA. AS FOR THE FATHER, THINGS ARE SOMEWHAT CLEARER: "HE IS ONE OF THE COUNTLESS, FERAL, INTOXICATED SERBIAN CHETNIKS"...THE MOTHER WAS A VIRGIN, "WHEN (ON THE 20TH APRIL, 1992) THE CHETNIKS TOOK HER INTO CAPTIVITY", BUT THE BABY WAS CONCEIVED IN JANUARY 1992, POSSIBLY EVEN IN FEBRUARY. ARE WE THE WITNESSES OF AN "IMMACULATE CONCEPTION" OR A MEDICAL PHENOMENON?



Bosnia rapes: Neither young nor old spared

USA Today Jan. 13, 1993 11A

Traveling American Judy Darnell relates the horror stories of Muslim women she says are pawns in 'ethnic cleansing' campaign.

In their zeal to cover the story, many American journalists have forgotten to count, from one to nine. That is, a normal, human pregnancy is nine months. Since the fighting began in May 1992, the very first such Bosnian "rape babies" would be born in December 1992. Yet Darnell claims that during her last visit to Croatia she nursed a 5 month old "rape baby" (interview "Bosnia rapes: Neither young nor old spared" USA Today, January 13, 1993, p 11A). She must have witnessed a medical sensation.
Nils Horner, letter to the CBS



Emina, 2 months old, a "child of hate". (ELLE)

Page from a Serbian book denying rapes and other atrocities (1994)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

female body he's already killed.

"When one is peacefully at home," writes Chekhov in his notebook, "life seems ordinary, but as soon as one walks into the street and begins to observe, to question women, for instance, then life becomes terrible."[109] No wonder the Amazons hated men.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE[110]

Aggression against gender may consist of either or both of those two scarlet threads:

1. SEXUAL PREDATION

- Danny Rolling commits rape, because "there's nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn't cure." [Ovid's version: "You may use force; women like you to use it; they often wish to give unwillingly what they like to give."][111]

Rape is uncontroversially imminent violence, and violent defense against it is surely justified so long as proportionality[112] gets respected. But why should this category be limited to heterosexual rape? Gender is as gender does; likewise its associated violence:

- Dwight Edgar Abbot, aged nine, gets sodomized by the counselor Mr. Beeman at Los Angeles County Juvenile Hall. Unlike many of the other nonconsensual sex acts which Abbot will witness in his incarcerated life, this rape seems to have committed more for purposes of gratification than degradation.[113]

Speaking of proportionality, this kind of aggression—sexual predation committed for the erotic gratification of the predator—may well be measurable according to this criterion: Does it employ only the minimum amount of force required to control the victim for the accomplishment of the desired acts? One author is sure that "the facts show that *rapists normally use only as much weaponry and force as is needed to coerce or control women into sex.*"[114] Aggression beyond proportionality would seem to be motivated by sadism as well as lust. This is what prosecutors refer to as "a particularly brutal rape."

Aggression which respects proportionality is less unjustified than aggression which doesn't. Nonetheless, sexual predation for whatever motive remains so urgently unjustified that this point is moot.

2. ATTACK AGAINST GENDER

- Danny Rolling begins to kill each woman after raping her, because she is a "once-a-month bleeding bitch."[115]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

- The prostitute Aileen Wuormos kills an indeterminate number of men in Florida because she hates men.
- Dwight Edgar Abbot rapes one of his fellow inmates, in order to degrade and humiliate, and incidentally to maintain his honor.
- The Amazons dislocate the joints of their infant sons to retain their gender's primacy. Greek warriors kill the Amazons to prevent them from being "men's equals."
- A heterosexual kills a homosexual out of disgust at homosexuals. (At the time of this writing, we call such an act a "bias crime.")
- "Where deaths do occur in association with female homosexuals, they more often involve the intruding male who attempts to convert one member of the homosexual marriage over to heterosexual practices. This frequently incites the husband or butch, who ... proceeds to kill the male invader."[116]

Currently, the most extreme attack upon gender as such is femicide.

INFANTICIDE AND FEMICIDE

Infanticide is usually a female-perpetrated crime. Adelson, the American pathologist whom I so often quote in this book, states that in his experience the slayer is almost without exception the baby's mother,[117] probably because she who gives birth possesses more motive and more opportunity than he who merely impregnates. In the *Malleus Maleficarum* of 1484, we are treated to the near tautology that "since the devils do these things [against infants] through the medium of women, and not men, this form of homicide is associated rather with women."[118]



Infanticide by "M.B." was attributed to melancholia (extreme, typically female behavior). (1850s)

In the mid-eighteenth century, between a third and a half of criminals put to death in Germany were female. Sometimes there were more women than men. While some residual witchcraft trials continued, one main cause of capital conviction was infanticide.[119]

There are as many categories of infanticidal mothers as we care to make—for example, the married American mother. "They usually committed filicide by beating their young children to death in the bathroom of their home on a Sunday morning."[120]

The case report corresponding to one hideous photograph reads: "Diagnosis of live birth with death from incineration... The jury returned a verdict of manslaugh-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ter." The woman had explained that she roasted her child over a rubbish-heap to save the expense of a funeral.[121]

In short, we may grant that women bear far less blame for violence in general than arithmetic would predict;[122] but they too, human, hence sanguine, cannot be exculpated. Far more often than not it's women who are the aggressors here, the murderesses. But perhaps we should also note that in many contexts their victims are as female as themselves.

DEAD GIRLS IN INDIA

We know that infanticide occurs for reasons of creed and honor,[123] sadistic cruelty[124] and, above all, economics. In 1817 to 1820, a staggering thirty-six percent of all children born in Paris were abandoned by their parents.[125] "I hope the time will soon come," writes a tired old American lady, "when the law will make the father support his little ones, if he is able to work, and the wife can get a share to care for herself in sickness and old age."[126] Doubtless, once this has been achieved, the abandoned mother finds less need for infanticide—but in the Salem district of Tamil Nadu, India, nearly forty percent of the respondents,[127] who seem to have been stable married couples, reported that infanticide was almost mandatory if the baby was their second girl-child. In one Bombay abortion clinic, out of eight thousand feticides in one year, only one was of a male embryo.[128]

THE ECOLOGY OF CHILD-MURDER

That last statistic is not just sad, but eerie, because we find earth-defense's proponent of ecological "lifeboat ethics," Garrett Hardin,[129] proposing that sex determination procedures be used as follows:

> One of the practical conclusions of the analysis given in this book is this: population control and freedom to breed are irreconcilable... If perfect sex determination is achieved, women can then be freed of all restrictions on the number of children they produce, PROVIDED: they submit to the restriction of having only one girl child per woman.[130]

Chronic resource shortages dictate female infanticide, "since the removal of females from a population has a long-term depressant effect on population growth." Short-term shortages "call for preferential male infanticide," for the opposite reason.[131] The Europeans who explored Canada encountered it frequently in the northern forests, among the Kutchin, Nahanni and Slavey Indians, among others.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Sex ratios Among Canadian Athapascan Indians
(Mackenzie District, 1827)[132]

	MALES	FEMALES
Fort Liard	147	100
Fort Simpson	145	100
Fort Norman	171	100
Fort Good Hope	171	100

Hardin proposes to make women responsible for birth control because one man could conceivably impregnate many women in a short time, but one woman copulating with many men could only get pregnant once every nine months at the oftenest. Thus "biology, in effect, has made women responsible. Saddled with this inequity, women had better demand power to match their responsibility." In cases of divorce, group marriage, infidelity, serial monogamy, etcetera, it becomes unclear how to assign baby-quotas.[133] Hence polyandry. "Women would clearly be the superior sex,"[134] which doesn't sound all bad to me. A Korean psychiatrist, frightened by widespread abortion of female embryos in her country, envisions just this "gruesome scenario" in the near future: "Parents with sons might have to prepare a huge dowry and pile it in front of the prospective in-laws' house. The proud parents of daughters could make inordinate demands..."[135] The psychiatrist imagines riots akin to the antler-clashings of rutting elks, increased male prostitution, an ethnically heterogenized population—and, of course, a falling birthrate.



Mrs. Marjory M., imprisoned for infanticide (1877)

We thus find two inverse yet equivalent mechanisms: In Hardin's ecotopia, a scarcity of women will make them valuable. In India, a devaluation of women makes them scarce. The net effect in either case: control of population.

Femicide, the destruction of female babies, may thus someday be justified by imminent ecological self-defense. I hope that that day never comes, that earth can be defended more kindly than that.

Sex Ratios in India and Korea

	MALES	FEMALES
India, 1901	103	100
India, 1981	107	100
India, 1991[136]	108	100
Korea, 2015 (*extrapolation*)[137]	130	100

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEAD GIRLS IN INDIA (CONTINUED)

Back to Tamil Nadu, where more than two-thirds of the people interviewed said that female infanticide was practiced in their village: nine percent reported having committed it themselves within the previous two years.[138] The proverb runs: "Bringing up a girl is like watering the neighbor's plant."[139] "People taunt us if we don't have a son," an Indian woman says to the interviewer. "They don't invite us for ceremonies."[140] (In Canada, one finds this watchword among the Slavey Indians in 1807: "It is a great deal of trouble to bring up girls, and ... women are only an encumbrance, useless in time of war and exceedingly voracious in time of want.")[141]

The most common reasons for female infanticide in particular are: inability to pay the dowry which the girl would require for a decent marriage, difficulty in sponsoring other female life-ceremonies (which generally cost twice as much as marriage), lack of food[142] and unwillingness to subject her to the common fate of child-brides: rape by her father-in-law.[143] Another study mentions: controlling population, appeasing the gods, destroying defectives, keeping wealth in the family.[144] Destruction of girl-babies thus equals defense of property and imminent or merely selfish defense of resources.

The baby is named *Kuzhipappa*, meaning "child destined to go to the burial pit."[145] She will be killed within twenty-four hours of birth, either by poisoning with oleander milk, tobacco, insecticide, etcetera, or else by smothering. Her mother does it: a female kills a female...



Indian woman with photograph of her daughter, allegedly the victim of a dowry murder

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Asked what would decrease infanticide, many of the murderesses replied: better education and jobs for girls, to make them more useful and desirable to their husbands, and the grant of the right to own property. In short, the best long-term, nonviolent defense against attacks on gender is for our shamans and social engineers to insure that each gender has not only its embodiments, but its prerogatives.

PREROGATIVES OF GENDER

Gender refers not only to the physical, sexually differentiated body and its rights, which are the rights of the self, but also to cultural, personal and spiritual expressions of that body. In short, gender is an inalienable aspect of the self. *Gender is creed.* I assert, as many people in my society would, and many people outside my society would not, that one's gender and its manifestations of all kinds need no justification.[146]

Some Opinions About Gender Differences (467 B.C.-1995 A.D.)

Aeschylus (467 B.C.)
"The courage of a woman is insubmissive, rash, not counsellable ... It belongs to a man—let womankind keep their own counsel and not meddle with ours—to manage matters in the world outside."[147]

Aristotle (*ca.* 330 B.C.)
"In the human species, the male is more under sexual excitement in winter, and the female in summer ... fair men [discharge more semen] than dark ... in the act of intercourse, women of a fair complexion discharge a more plentiful secretion than the dark ... woman is more compassionate than man, more easily moved to tears, ... more jealous, ... more apt to scold and to strike ... more prone to despondency and less hopeful than the man, more void of shame or self-respect, more false of speech, more deceptive, and of more retentive memory."[148]

Hippocrates (*ca.* 400 B.C.)
"Eunuchs do not take the gout, nor become bald. A woman does not take the gout, unless her menses be stopped. A young man does not take the gout until he indulges in coition... A woman does not become ambidextrous."[149]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Lucretius (*ca.* 55 B.C.)
"The male sex in general far excels the other in skill and is much more ingenious."[150]

Ovid (*ca.* 1 A.D.)
"Often do men deceive, tender maids not often."[151]

Montaigne (1580)
"The ordinary talent of women is not such as is sufficient to maintain the conference and communication [of friendship]; nor do they appear to be endowed with constancy of mind... Beauty is the true prerogative of women ... ours, though naturally requiring another sort of feature, is never in its lustre but when youthful and beardless, a sort of confused image of theirs... I was once employed to console a lady truly afflicted; most of their mournings are put on and for outward ceremony."[152]

Jean-Jacques Rousseau (1755)
"The conformities, which [savage man] would in time discover between himself and [other men], and between himself and his female, led him to judge ... that their method of thinking and acting was altogether in conformity with his own." But once civilization began, "the women became more sedentary, and accustomed themselves to mind the hut and their children, while the men went abroad in search of their common subsistence."[153]

Immanuel Kant (1789)
"Marriage is founded on the natural reciprocity or intercommunity ... of the sexes ... the relation of the married persons to each other is a relation of equality as regards the mutual possession of their persons, as well as their goods ... when the law says ... of the husband in relation to the wife, "he shall be thy master," ... this ... cannot be regarded as contrary to the natural equality of the human pair, if such legal supremacy is based only upon the natural superiority of the faculties of the husband ... in the effectuation of the common interest of the household."[154]

A Southern planter to his wife (1816)
"The hardness of heart in our sex not infrequently paves the way for infidelity, but your sex is blessed with sensibility, generosity and gratitude."[155]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A Southern planter to his niece (1825)
"Vanity is truly and emphatically the bane of the female heart."[156]

Sigmund Freud (1905)
"I have not gone fully into all that might be said ... about our predisposition towards bisexuality."[157]

Mary Jane Sherfey, M.D. (1966)
"Recent embryological research has demonstrated conclusively that the concept of the initial bisexuality ... of the embryo is erroneous. All mammalian embryos ... are anatomically female during the early stages... .Without the erroneous biological premises, the basic sexual constitution ... will be seen as highly moldable by hormonal influences, which in turn are so very susceptible to all those uniquely human emotional, intellectual, imaginative, and cultural forces on which psychoanalysis has shed so much light... These new biological findings will not 'blow away' Freud's 'artificial structure of hypotheses' but will transpose it to a less artificial and more effective level."[158]

Anonymous entry on "women," "by her for him" (1972)
"Just as all women are more alike to a man than all men are to a woman, women probably really do differ sexually rather more than men, because of the greater complexity of their sexual apparatus (breasts, skin and so on as well as pussy)."[159]

Jane Beckman Lancaster (1976)
"Humans are generally not a very sexually dimorphic species... Differences in muscularity between men and women is greatly exaggerated in modern society because of the relative inactivity of women."[160]

Mistress Lilith Lash (1987)
"I never ask a tongue's gender if it licks me the right way."[161]

Chris Wilde (*ca.* 1995)
"I don't think of myself as transgender; rather, gender is what you make of it, not what happens to hang or fold between your legs. Dress wearing is a pleasure, pure and simple."[162]

I insist that *gender's free expression is justified in the same way and for the same reasons*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

as free speech, and with the same sole limitation: its expression must not partake of unjustified violence.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE (CONTINUED)[163]

Having broadened the category of gender, we'll now find it needful to consider other types of violence as gender-specific. Therefore, in line with the formulation of Ann J. Cahill that "rape must be understood fundamentally as an embodied experience, as an affront to an embodied subject,"[164] let us refine our second category above, "attack against gender," into "attack against gender's *embodiments*," in order to distinguish it from:

3. ATTACK AGAINST GENDER'S TRADITIONAL PREROGATIVES

- One of the excuses for condemning Joan of Arc to be burned as a relapsed heretic is this: In spite of her promise to begin wearing women's clothes in her prison, she has resumed her customary hooded tunic, the apparel of a man. In one version of the tale, this is because her warders refused to give her female attire; in the other, after she dressed as a woman, "a great English lord" attempted to rape her, so she reverted to her tunic to armor herself against future assaults. She insists that she will "be good" if only women instead of men would guard her, so that she'll be safe from violation. All the same, her judges express outrage at her bad gender-behavior.[165]

- In Nigeria in 1929, enumeration of females and property by colonial officials leads women of the Igbo and other tribes to fear that they might be taxed in defiance of British promises. "In Ibibioland women had usufruct rights over their husband's farmlands... All domestic animals ... were ... considered women's property... Women's rights were therefore jealously protected." The women also want to continue to perform unlicensed plays, and they want freedom of prostitution. The British do not seem to respect these gendered rights. And so the Women's War begins. Women march by the thousands, menacing officials, freeing prisoners, burning district courts and other monuments to illegitimate authority. In retaliation for their property-violence, the British shoot many of them down. "Traditionally, it was unheard of for women to be challenged or brutalized while taking part in such collective actions." By and large, the aims of the Women's War will not be achieved.[166]

- In Cameroon in 1958, the ancient women's organization called *anlu* protests changes in land laws by intimidating its enemies with menacing songs, defiling their homes by defecating there en masse, throwing stones, etc. "In the course of its three-year 'reign of terror,' anlu demanded the shutting down of markets and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> schools, defied both traditional and colonial authorities." It remains unclear whether this is "a clash between woman peasant farmers and elite males" or a conflict split more fundamentally along gender lines.[167]

How justified were these defenses of gender?

Regarding Joan of Arc's choice of dress, it might be possible to construct a case in which donning the clothing of another gender does that gender significant harm. For example, if the usufruct rights of women in Ibibioland were ceremonially exercised by wearing a certain garment (which I don't believe they were), then for a man to wear that garment might be equivalent to forging a check. Or, in an Islamic country, if a man were to don a chador for the purpose of mingling illicitly with women, this would, I think, cause the same shock, apprehension and outrage as would the trusted youth leader turned child molester in my country. But I am skeptical that in practical life such frauds would injure gender in particular, rather than the social contract in general. More often, the appropriation of gender-specific class emblems by another gender is, objectively speaking, harmless. The feminist "Bloomer Movement" in mid-nineteenth-century America is an example of an innovation in clothing which the other sex seems to have found genuinely threatening, and the few women who did wear bloomers found themselves subject to so much public and private unpleasantness that even the redoubtable Elizabeth Cady Stanton soon gave them up.[168] I don't see the women in these cases as interlopers; I see the society which they failed to change as parochial, bigoted. Joan's act of wearing men's clothes likewise fails to fit the bill of causing gender harm. Moreover, whichever of the two versions of the story one applies, it is justified by imminent self-defense against rape. Invoking defense of gender against her was blatantly wrong, and would have been even had its motivations amounted to more than hypocritical expediency.

As for the Women's War, that seems to have come about as a result of the colonial authorities' misapprehension of, or indifference to, the fact that in several of these southeast Nigerian tribal societies, certain property rights are gender-based. If one promises to exclude females from tax liability, then taxes livestock, which in the Britain of that time would be owned mostly[169] by men or male-dominated families and enterprises, good faith, of however careless a sort, can't be utterly discounted. Nonetheless, the promise not to tax female property has still been broken, the women accordingly harmed both in their property and their authority—which harms culture as well. The Women's War would thus seem to be justified by at least three categories of defense, not counting gender itself.

One reason why in *Rising Up and Rising Down* I have been so careful to give white separatists and others of that ilk more than may seem to be their due is because, as stated for defense of race and culture, *diversity is best served by local homogeneity and global heterogeneity.*[170] It is all too easy for an outsider to conclude that a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

given society's division of sex roles is improper or unfair. The first English colonists in Virginia concluded that among the Powhatan Indians, "the women be verie painfull and the men often idle,"[171] because the women took care of the fields while the men hunted and warred. "It is likely," says the anthropologist Helen Rountree, "that the same women who tortured captives could deride any man who did not take enough chances" on a raid.[172] Rountree further points out that when the English visited these people, the men were either away or resting; moreover, since the Powhatan were subsistence agriculturalists in the lush ecosystem of the Tidewater, "women's work was probably not as onerous as the English believed";[173] finally, like the Igbo women in Nigeria, Powhatan women controlled corn-wealth and money-wealth.[174] In short, it would have been convenient for an English planter who altered Powhatan society by coercion to justify himself not only, as most did, through defenses of creed (the Indians were "idolators") and ground (they ambushed the English, who had taken their land), but also through gallant defense of gender. "What shoulde I doe?" demands John Rolfe in his letter expressing a wish to marry the "princess" Pocahontas. "Shall I be of soe an vntoward a disposicion as to refuse to lead the blynde into the right way? shall I be so vnnatural not to gyve breade to the hungry ..."?[175] May heaven preserve us, as it did not preserve Pocahontas, from such charity!

And so I believe very strongly that we ought to respect the inertia of another culture before we alter it,[176] and that goes for sex role divisions and gender prerogatives. The British should have done it in Nigeria (well, by most people's moral calculus in 2003, they should not have been in Nigeria at all). In a word, their tax-coercion against gender, intentional or not, remained unjustified. It is happy for us that the three categories of defense which justified the Women's War—gender, authority and culture (not to mention imminent defense of property, which equals subsistence in this case)—all happened to be aligned in parallel.

This is frequently not the case with gender issues. Consider, for instance, the case of a certain young Somali girl in the care of her aunts:

Circumcising Aman: A Moral Balance Sheet (ca. 1970)[177]

Aman is nine years old.

REASONS NOT TO CIRCUMCISE HER

1. Expediency speaks against it. "My mama said no, because she didn't have enough money or time."
2. It is painful. "I was afraid."
3. It constitutes aggression against her mother's authority. "My mother ... was really angry" when the aunts have Aman circumcised, "because they hadn't respected her wishes."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[The serious health risks and the harm to Aman's future sexual functioning are not mentioned by anybody at this juncture. In short, no one in the village considers female circumcision to constitute aggression against gender.]

REASONS TO CIRCUMCISE HER

1. Defense of the family's outer honor: "But my aunts said to themselves, 'No, that's not fair'" to refrain from circumcising Aman. "'It's not good for our name—our brother's name. And, besides, she's the oldest and it's shameful to do the younger ones and not her.' So they decided to do me, too, without letting my mother know."
2. Defense of Aman's outer honor and culture = peer pressure. "I told them yes, I wanted to—all the girls my age wanted to because it's shame not to."
3. Defense of Aman's inner honor = pride. "I told her, 'You don't have to grab me hard, I'm not going to run.' She said, 'Oh, you're a good girl!'... I wanted everyone to be proud of me."
4. Defense of culture = bloodline. "Don't let your family down. Don't let yourself down. The children will laugh at you tomorrow if you cry."
5. Loving defense of Aman's outer and inner honor by others. "I knew [my mother] was angry, but I was proud, so I told her to be happy for me. I said, 'They did it because they love me.'"
6. Defense of future wifely honor. After circumcision and sewing, the vaginal entrance should be the size of a toothpick. "When you get married, your husband will know you are a virgin. If he sees you have a little bit bigger hole, he'll think you played around." And if that's what he thinks, Aman may not have the nicest married life.

[NOTE: All of these motivations may be presented as defense of outer or inner gender. For definitions, see below.]

"She cut everything—she didn't cut the big lips, but she sliced off my clitoris and the two little black lips, which were haram—impure—all that she sliced off like meat... I asked her if she was finished and she said no, she was going to do it again."

SOURCE: AMAN, PP. 52-59.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

When I was in Kenya in 1992, I got to know a Kikuyu girl named Rose. She had several mothers, her father being polygamous according to tribal fashion, and most of these ladies, but not all, had been circumcised. The circumcised ones expressed considerable resentment against Euro-American feminists who were active against "female genital mutilation." "They want to change our culture and make us just like them!" said one of them. Rose kept quiet, and then another of her mothers cried out in a fury. "We are *proud!* But those white women, they think their society is better than ours. They are racists. So we hate them."

Rose said that in her village there was a choice. The less educated girls still chose circumcision; the more educated ones rejected it. Rose herself was against it.



Lumbwa girls before their circumcision

Which does one put first, defense of gender or defense of culture? Unfortunately, my moral calculus cannot tell you that.[178] Neither can Rose or Aman. Only you can decide which category you value more.

Regarding defense of gender's prerogatives, however, we can at least say this: This is justified *when gender constitutes legitimate authority.*[179] If the proper procedure to follow in Nijinikom Village is to consult with *anlu* before attempting to push through a new procedure for farming, and one goes right ahead in defiance of *anlu*, then—never mind the sincerity of the effort; discount the nobility of the end!—one has only oneself to blame when women start throwing stones. In other words, violent defense of gender is justified *when it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class.* Mr. C. K. Bartholemew was doing his mite to transform gender into class by treating the women of *anlu* as the weaker vessel with whom no negotiation was required. Although he might not have realized it at the time, this was indeed an act of violence.

"Now this is how everyone farms," Mr. Bartholemew justifies himself many years later, "but then it was very unpopular"—in which case perhaps he shouldn't have tried to force them to do it—"and the politicians saw an opportunity to use the law for their own purposes," in other words, to declare *anlu* against him. He seems to have been so zealous that he'd begun uprooting the women's plants with his own hands. Foolish man, righteously self-certain! Thus he aggresses against property, authority, gender prerogatives, culture and who knows what else? *Anlu* throws stones at him; he's forced to hide in a priest's latrine; later the women mob his house, whack his roof and defecate in his yard. I pity him a little but I grant *anlu* the justification.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

When gender aggression seeks to transform gender into class, it would seem that violent defense of gender would be justified *when it is directed against gender-class structures and their official representatives*, such as Mr. Bartholemew.[180] By this logic an influential cleric or educator who called for cruel measures aiming at the domination of women, or for female infanticide, *might* arguably be a legitimate target for violence, if and only if the attack on him would provably neutralize his influence. About this example Trigger writes me: "This is very dangerous ground. It should be strictly subject to [moral calculus] 5.3.A.1.3.," namely, violent deterrence is justified *when it prevents unjustified violence; when it seeks to prevent violence*; "and whenever non-violent response is possible," Trigger goes on, "violence should be ruled out."[181] I agree. Indeed, the violence used against Mr. Bartholemew seems to have been proportionate and proper; he was frightened and inconvenienced, but not seriously harmed. Neither, as it turned out, were the women who'd gotten so enraged about contour farming. But one could imagine other cases. For instance, if in the Afghanistan of 2000[182] the Taliban had been less popular, hence consensually legitimized, than it was—and indeed it was highly unpopular among urban Afghan women—then the assassination of those zealots who locked women out of jobs and schools might have been justified. Mr. Bartholemew sounds to me like a somewhat foolish, arrogant, self-righteous man, and it is lucky for him that his aggression against gender, and hence its response, remained as nonviolent as it was.

INNER AND OUTER GENDER

Gender, like honor, has an inside and an outside.[183] I would argue that there is always gender, or something which might as well be called gender, in the context of any consensual intimate relationship, heterosexual, homosexual or other. When people choose to become intimate, they give themselves to each other in a personal, vulnerable way which I can best understand by drawing an analogy with sexual intercourse, although the intercourse may be entirely emotional, not sexual at all. An old husband and wife who sleep in separate beds still exist in a relationship of gendered bifurcation; and it seems to me that the necessary sharing, offering and accepting which intimacy requires must bifurcate us into the self I am and the other who needs me, whom I need and who complements me just as gendered sexual organs complement each other.[184] No matter what Mr. Abdur R. might have said about it,[185] the mouth or anus of a homosexual man may be to his partner what the vagina of the woman I love is to me. When I look at a man's mouth, I myself don't feel what I feel when I look at a woman's vagina, *any* woman's; this is outer gender; this is simply the type of embodiment which my embodiment happens to be drawn to[186] (and we could profitably extend this concept of outer gender beyond bodies to minds and personalities which attract us).[187] Inner gender is the woman I'm in love with, all of her, not just her vagina, breasts, etcetera; these attributes of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

other women's gender speak to me, but not as *hers* speak to me. Her vagina is part of her inner gender because it's the vagina I know, but only a part; her inner gender is herself. *Outer gender is the gendered characteristics of otherness which attract us, and our own characteristics which complement them. Inner gender is the gendered incarnation of the other with whom we're intimate, and our own incarnation which complements him or her.* Ideally we love this person, but the definition, and life, don't require it; a spouse in a loveless marriage can know the other without affection; intimacy need not be happy. Nonetheless, even in the coldest intimacy imaginable, some sharing goes on, even if only of the same air; some sheltering occurs.

In such a vulnerable context, violence becomes especially unforgivable.

A CATALOGUE OF GENDER-VIOLENCE (CONTINUED)[188]

A man trusts a woman to prepare his food, and she poisons him. A woman finds herself locked into the house which was supposed to be her home and to which she remains tied by inertia, poverty, possessions, legalities, fear and perhaps even love; between her and that locked door stands the husband who will soon beat her to death. Both of these cases are really *aggression against inner gender,* namely:

4. NONCONSENSUAL VIOLENCE[189] WITHIN A CONSENSUAL OR NONCONSENSUAL INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP

This is what we now call "domestic violence."[190] It has been with us always, since the time of the Amazons and before. One of its most hopelessly ghastly manifestations took place in the era of Lady Hygeyong, the rice-chest widow.

THE RICE-CHEST WIDOW

Prince Sado, that piteous demon out of eighteenth-century Korea, was (if we believe his wife's memoirs) driven psychotic by the continued coldness, suspicion and contempt of his father King Yongjo. Twentieth-century minds, quick to attribute psychoanalytical causes to mental illness, might fall in with this.[191] Biochemical predisposition, such as paranoid schizophrenia, might equally well "explain" the violence of his now long dissolved ghost: no matter; most relevant here is that the loyal widow will later try to excuse acts which no one can justify. Her justifications lie as open to doubt as Danny Rolling's self-pitying self-extenuations; but to be unloved by one's father must be difficult enough; to be isolated and publicly humiliated by that father without recourse becomes still worse, especially for a Korean crown prince whose personal self cannot be dissevered from the public

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

identity which the father endlessly rends. Prince Sado becomes shy, then withdrawn, then intemperate, and finally crazy in Danny Rolling's style. "That night ..." writes the wife in a typical passage, "Prince Sado cried endlessly. He wished to die and to leave behind the pains of this life. It is not possible for me to write of the pathos of this scene."[192] He develops phobias about thunderstorms, jade, clothes. He begins to threaten his more favored sister, then to strike the memoirist, his wife. At last he becomes a serial murderer.

> The first person killed was Kim Hanch'ae, the eunuch who happened to be on duty that day. The Prince came in with the severed head and displayed it to the ladies-in-waiting. The bloody head, the first I ever saw, was simply a horrifying sight. As if he had to kill to release his rage, the Prince harmed many ladies-in-waiting. I suffered so for this.[193]

Why does he kill mainly women? Perhaps because, like Danny Rolling, like Achilles, he was raping them, too:

> He had been intimate with many ladies-in-waiting. Whoever resisted him in any way he beat until he rent her flesh and consummated the act afterwards. Needless to say, no one welcomed his advances. Despite the many women he had been intimate with, he neither cared for anyone for long nor showed any particular fondness while it lasted.[194]

In other words, this is aggression against outer gender. One lady-in-waiting, Pingae, he does cherish for a time, but one day he beats to death even her, whom the patient wife calls his beloved. —Indeed, to term her patient would be an understatement. She arranges to have Pingae's mangled corpse carried away from its two orphaned children, and to arrange a funeral at her own expense.[195] How else can she be good? She's a woman in a Confucianist society, so she lives in everlasting peril of judgment, not only on her account, but on account of her relatives, masters, intimates and above all her master intimate, her husband, to whom her inner gender, herself, has been publicly and eternally joined. She cannot discard him; should he discard or be severed from her, she'll be alone.



King Chongjo and Lady Hyegyong in a procession

Another parallel between Prince Sado and Danny Rolling, which for me makes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the "rejecting wife and mother" model of rapists suspect, is that both men blame their fathers for their misfortunes. I submit that in Prince Sado's case, the sex-murder of women in the Korean court was adopted not only because it gave him erotic pleasure, but, more importantly, because the abased status of women allowed him to harm them without suffering any consequences, like Vlad the Impaler of Romania torturing the insects which infested his prison cell.[196] (One study of wife-beaters in India concluded that the act is often committed "to compensate for their perceived lack of power.")[197] Upon them Sado conveniently expresses his hatred for the enemy father. For the time being—and this I think is another small demonstration of the "hydraulic theory" of violence (if it doesn't come out here, it will come out there)—he gets by with generalized aggression against gender, our second category. But these murders don't satisfy him as they do Danny Rolling ("there's nothing wrong with me that a good piece of pussy and a fifth of tequila wouldn't cure"). That his psychic waterworks lack sufficient drainage canals is proven by the fact that his attacks finally escalate into a hostile reconnaissance of his father's palace.

Meanwhile, the assignment of women to a class of inferior beings, Aristotle's "an inferior man," expedites the killing of women. Since what he really wants to do is kill his father, and since he kills women instead, it follows that the category of *woman* consitutes *prey.* These dead beings which he and his wife collude in discreetly cleaning up, they are the victims not only of his psychosis but also of the gendered class system.[198] That second category of ours, attack against gender, can thus be carried out not only by a single moral (or in this case morally incompetent) agent, but also by an entire society. It is not only his consort, but most or all of the court, who collude, very probably out of loyalty, compulsion and fear.[199]

STRIPPED AND TRAMPLED

In his essay on class struggle in ancient Greece, Jean-Pierre Vernant argues that the master-slave opposition was not the principal Marxist "contradiction," because "the slaves never appeared as a unified social grouping... No wonder, since class struggles were ... acted out within a sociopolitical framework from which the slaves were by definition excluded."[200]

In this first half of *Rising Up and Rising Down* I have been attempting by means of categorization to reduce violence to a series of analogous "contradictions" between antagonists: white racists versus black asserters of constitutional rights, defenders of homeland versus aggressor-battalions, etcetera. The fact that each apparently stark opposition can be broken down into numerous other (sometimes bizarre) dichotomies need not detain us here; suffice it to say that acts of violence under most specified ethical rubrics other than gender are committed either by atomized individuals or by groups homogenized around the ethical issue in question—that is, either *privately* or *publicly.* A murderer with or without an accomplice shoots down

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

a convenience store clerk in view of as few witnesses as possible, or else an all-black mob,[201] inflamed beyond caring about witnesses, beats a white truck driver nearly to death at an intersection in Los Angeles. Isn't this dichotomy between public and private a fatuously broad species of either-or? What else could there be?

But when we begin to consider violent defense of gender, we uncover a *semi-public* situation similar to that which Vernant was describing in connection with the Greek slaves. How can a given gender appear as a "unified social grouping" when men and women pair off to build semiprivate worlds? (This is why an American feminist magazine editorialized in 1919: "There is no war, no conflict, no misunderstanding between the sexes. There are men and women with a vision of better things, and men and women with no vision.")[202]

In aboriginal societies such as that of the seventeenth-century Huron, when men and women had different labor-roles, the sexes spent whole seasons sleeping apart, but even they reconstituted themselves as families in their clan longhouses, mixing together (as races or ideologies in and of themselves need not) with all the inevitability of biology. Even the Amazons, if they existed, had to copulate with the masculine enemy in order to perpetuate themselves.

Slaves, too, particularly in classical times, were inducted into the family. However, a wife who kills her husband does not in so doing represent her gender to the same degree that a master represents his class when he kills a slave. Why? Because in the latter case, the relation between the two moral actors *must* almost certainly be a coercive one. Cicero expresses affection for his reader-slave,[203] but the reader is still a slave. When the master strikes the slave, one large-looming result will be to reinforce that relation. Contrariwise, when the slave attacks the master, the context of his blow must be seen as one of rebellion, even though the precipitating motive might have been blind passion. That is why the Romans insisted on putting an entire household of slaves to death in retaliation for a single slave's violence.

When one spouse kills another, on the other hand, the act cannot invariably be seen in the light of an attack upon a certain relation instead of upon a person, the marital state not being inherently involuntary or inescapable—although, like the marriage of Lady Hyegyong, it *may* be.[204] The couples who quarrel publicly with one another in low venomous voices, the wives (euphemistically called bossy) who snarl at their husbands through their glittering teeth, the husbands who split their wives' skulls open, may be attacking the victim's sex through the deed—and we may be sure, by simple virtue of the fact that they cohabit, that defense of and offense against inner gender will be involved—but they're far more likely to be expressing a destructive impulse toward a specific person, rage being not only personalized, but founded on (presumably mutual) intimate knowledge[205] of the victim's inner gender. This is what makes it so difficult to determine when defense against an intimately known other is defense against gender, and when it is simply defense against a hated person.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

One late twentieth century study concludes that the most common causes of marital quarrels in India are: money problems, child-rearing disputes, household chores, "sexual rifts," in-law problems (a category responsible for that particularly nasty form of murder known as "dowry deaths"), desire to keep the wife in *purdah*, differing expectations.[206] "Feminists understand domestic violence as a logical outgrowth of the imbalance of power between men and women coupled with beliefs in the impropriety of public intervention in 'private matters.'"[207] That's undeniable, but there's more to it than that; some spouses are equal and some are not; some love each other and some do not.[208] If we tried to find a gender violence expression and a gender-coincidental "personal" expression for each of these disputes, we might arrive at something like the following:

GENDER-DRIVEN VIOLENCE AND GENDER-COINCIDENTAL VIOLENCE IN INDIAN MARITAL QUARRELS (LATE 20TH CENT.)

MOTIVE FOR VIOLENCE	GENDER-DRIVEN MOTIVE	GENDER-COINC. MOTIVE
1. Money problems	Authority to allocate resources	Reaction to spouse's allocation of resources in a given instance
2. Child-rearing disputes	a. Authority to rear child	Disagreement with spouse's specific action toward child
	b. Desire to favor one gender of child over the other	
3. Household chores	Determination to compel spouse to do a disproportionate number of chores	Dissatisfaction with certain chores or arrangement
4. Sexual rifts	Desire to control sex-irrespective of spouse's wishes	Conflict of sexual desires
5. In-law problems	Insufficient dowry	Bad "personal chemistry" with in-laws
6. Desire to keep wife in purdah	Desire to control and-isolate wife	Attempt to avoid being different from the neighbors
7. Differing expectations	Differing expectations of gender roles	Differing expectations of love, intimacy, relationship issues

I don't pretend that these hypothetical motives are complete, or even always representative. I do believe them to be plausible. Easy to see that the same quarrels, the same acts of violence, might arise from different or overlapping motives!

But intimate violence remains—intimate violence; and for precisely the same reason that rape is so atrocious a humiliation, shaming by exposing and misusing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

what we usually keep covered, in order to share it only with the persons we choose, the attack of one spouse, lover, etcetera upon another is even more horrible than an opportunistic stranger assault, because the intimately known traits of the other are used, betrayed, so that love, trust and the happy confidence in self which derives therefrom, are all stamped upon, like a body stripped naked and trampled under the rapist's boot.

Lady Hyegyong's husband didn't kill her. Instead, he stripped her and hurt her. His madness extenuates him, but the unequal class relation of her gender possesses no such excuse. (Aztec girls of the upper classes were enjoined not to raise their eyes from the ground in public, on pain of being "punished cruelly."[209] An Aztec proverb: "Words are for women, arms for men."[210] Sir Walter Raleigh, 1614: "The rule of the husband over the wife, and of parents over their children, is natural, and appointed by God himself; so that it is always, and simply, allowable and good."[211] In nineteenth-century England, a husband had legal license to beat his wife, provided that the rod was more slender than his thumb.)[212]

"I DID WHAT I COULD TO EASE THE TENSION"

In the records she is entered as "Lady Hyegyong." She was only a woman, so we remain ignorant of her full name. (Once again, here's the "gruesome scenario" of that Korean psychiatrist: "The proud parents of daughters could make inordinate demands." Maybe it's time for that.) The two of them were married at age nine, the marriage consummated shortly after his fifteenth birthday. Four years later he has already taken his first consort. "I did what I could to ease the tension," writes Lady Hyegyong. "First of all, palace custom made it futile to be jealous of that sort of thing... Second, I was not so hard-hearted."[213] She understands her place. In effect, she is to be a servile womb—a charge which she fulfills honorably, producing the next king.[214] Her submissiveness, her refusal to take offense, will save her life. Her patient endurance makes of her a heroine of gold and diamonds, in the best Asian style.

As for her story itself, it's not unlike that of Mao Zedong's physician, Dr. Li Zhisui, which we already told.[215] But there is this difference: Dr. Li, even though excusably inhibited in his moral choice by worries about his family's safety, nonetheless retained more of the capabilities of a decisive agent. He chose to countenance Mao's crimes, smiling and acquiescing in what he knew was wrong, denouncing the innocent. Lady Hygeyong never possessed any more of those capabilities than the bare, bleak assertion left to any human being with a measure of consciousness—Bukharin at his show trial,[216] Joan of Arc on the scaffold of burning, McKinley dying, gazing into his assassin's face.[217]

Like Dr. Li, Lady Hygeyong is family-pinioned. This comprises the most visible aspect of her social contract. Fail to obey, and her entire family will be destroyed as traitors.[218] She obeys.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Her family had already known enough about the perils of outer honor's distinctions to dread her marriage. Once she was definitively chosen by the royal family to be the new crown princess, her parents

> spoke to me exclusively in respectful language. The other elders in the family also treated me with deference. This change made me indescribably uncomfortable and sad... Father seemed to experience an acute sense of apprehension. He perspired heavily.[219]

I said earlier that since defense of honor can be heartbreaking and dangerous, we ought to carefully choose the honor that we defend; but Lady Hygeyong's family never chose that honor, nor did she. "Power and glory," she says, "in turn aroused envy and jealousy. Ghosts and spirits envied us, and the living resented us."[220]

Her husband refrains from murdering her, but she remains by one measure his worst-tormented victim—for her suffering will continue decades after he's been squeezed into ignominious rest. His physical cruelty to her (once he almost blinds her when he throws a go board into her face, striking her in the eye)[221] pales in comparison with the monstrous situation in which he's placed her: unloved and alone, struggling to protect him by concealing his crimes.

In her memoirs she speaks frequently about "doing her duty to the nation." This she fulfilled. This sad, intelligent, half-crushed old lady now recalling her sufferings has gotten precious little else out of life. When her husband's madness becomes uncontrollable, her father, once trusted by King Yongjo, finds himself now in difficulties—father-in-law of a royal criminal, a traitor. Now we understand why "I did what I could to ease the tension." Her perfect acquiescence wasn't enough, so she tortures herself with the conviction of her own baseness. If only she could have done something to save Prince Sado's sanity! "I used to acutely regret my birth," she writes, "which was the cause of the decline and fall of my family, and I lamented the bottomlessness of my unfiliality." Long years later, when her son celebrates her nativity, she is grateful, but "secretly I had wished that I would not live to see another birthday."[222] Deeply damaged in her inner gender, this miserable woman continues to be as good as she can by asserting her badness. What else could she have done? To herself and everyone she cared about, no defense of hers could have been justified. What should she have done? When you know, tell me.

Sado rapes, and continues to rape; kills, and continues to kill. When his father grants him grudging permission to leave his prison, the palace compound, and to make a royal progress to the compound at Onyang, Lady Hyeyong gets a temporary respite. "Supremely important as one's husband is to a woman," she writes, probably without irony, "the situation was so difficult that I was in constant danger, to the point of not knowing when my life might end. This made me, or rather part of me, long to be somewhere far away from him."[223] Which part? The part that still

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lived and felt.

Recalled from Onyang, perhaps due to certain murderous eccentricities there, her spouse begins to sneak out of the palace incognito, and finally makes that threatening secret expedition to the upper palace where King Yongjo resides. From this action rises a cloud of evil connotations: revenge, unfilial disrespect, danger of assassination. The murder of his inferiors was tolerated, but now Sado has crossed the line. The lady who gave birth to him visits his father at the next audience and says: "As a mother, this humble person can hardly bear to say this, but it is only right that Your Majesty secure the dynasty by protecting your sagacious person and the Grand Heir"—by whom she means the son of Sado and Lady Hyegyong. "Please make this decision ...," she continues. "Though he cannot be saved, he cannot be blamed. Your Majesty must settle this: please extend your grace to the Grand Heir and his mother."[224]

We don't know enough to declare whether or not Lady Hyegyong is well informed enough to anticipate this outcome. I would imagine not. The decision has been made. Her husband takes off his dragon robe and prostrates himself before the seated, sword-rapping father, begging him for mercy, for life, swearing to be good forevermore. The little Grand Heir pleads for him, which must be especially horrific to observe; Lady Hyegyong beats her breast; but the sword raps on: Into the rice chest! That is the king's order. It takes Sado eight days to die.

Cruel? Yes, but this way it is suicide, not an execution, and so Lady Hyegyong and, more importantly for the succession, and therefore for her, her son, who now will be adopted by another son at the king's command—need not be fatally stigmatized as criminals. It is the first and perhaps the only act of kindness that Sado renders his wife—for, it would seem, after trying to hang himself and being cut down by his duty-bound tutors (who would have suffered for not saving him), he enters the rice chest voluntarily, instead of being thrust into it.[225]

Even so, Lady Hygeyong automatically becomes guilty, if only to a degree.[226] She writes the king: "Under Your Majesty's decision, it is most discomforting for the criminal's wife and son to remain at the palace."[227] Soon reply comes that "in accordance with the changed status of the crown prince" his wife had better depart for her father's house.[228] Sado is still alive then.

Once the eighth day comes, and he finally perishes (during a thunderstorm, as she will later believe), King Yongjo promptly executes his associates: a courtesan, some craftsmen, servants, shamans, a eunuch. "This was entirely reasonable," she writes, "and no one could complain."[229] Over and over she thanks the king for his grace in sparing her life and that of her son, but her deepest regret is that her responsibility to the Grand Heir prohibits her from suicide.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

AN ASIDE

This wish of hers brings to mind the Hindu custom of *suttee*, in which a widow gives herself to be burned alive upon her husband's pyre. Herodotus describes an ancient Thracian analogue of it as follows:

> The one on whom the honour of the verdict falls is first praised by both men and women, and then slaughtered over the grave by her next of kin and buried by her husband's side. For the other wives, not to be chosen is the worst possible disgrace, and they grieve accordingly.[230]

The tradition might be more appealing if men followed it in equal measure when their wives died, and if we had never seen any of the ugly little tales about widows who, refusing to commit *suttee,* which is now illegal in India, were humiliated, starved, tortured and murdered by their husbands' families, which considered anyone who'd outlived her husband to be a worthless burden... One late twentieth century study found four thousand dowry deaths per year in India.[231] In 1983, almost seven hundred women were burned to death in Delhi alone. Almost all of those cases were reported as accidents; but most were probably dowry deaths.[232] "Brides are burnt when demanded items are not received."[233] When I flick through English-language Indian newspapers, I often come across such cases. When they happen, another editorial will deplore them as new manifestations of the practice of bride-burning. I don't recall ever having read about a case of husband-burning, and if I did, reporters would present it as its own ugliness rather than as a flame in the sullen fire of gender atrocity.



Woman committing suttee

A FAIRYTALE ENDING

Eventually the sovereign tolerates Lady Hyegyong's return back to court. But her family's prestige was buried in the rice chest. One day her uncle gets executed for a chance remark. "Despite pain and bitterness, I did not forget that one had to always redouble one's devotion to the state. My public duty demanded that I behave as though I had forgotten my uncle."[234]

The extremity of her isolation stuns me. Modest, self-denying, she lives out her blighted placeholder's life. The following anecdote brings tears to my eyes. After twenty years, writes the poor creature, "the King bent the laws of the nation and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

allowed me a reunion with my sister. This was such an extraordinarily thoughtful and generous gesture, truly rare among the rulers of a thousand years."[235]

DEFENSE AGAINST HUSBANDS

"He struck me across the face," says a woman who murdered her husband. Oh, she was made of different stuff from Lady Hyegyong! "I been struck too much. I said, 'You'll be sorry you did that.'" Time for the butcher knife. They had been arguing because he wanted her to get an abortion and she was afraid.[236]

We see a shriveled, blackened, crumpled face, bald and crispy. This man's wife poured hot lye over him while he slept—defense of gender, I suppose. He survived for almost nine weeks. "The histolytic capacity of the lye is strikingly demonstrated by the extensive destruction of the decedent's eyes, facial tissues (note frontal bone presenting in fullface photograph), nose and right ear, which is completely destroyed."[237]

"When a man is killed by a woman, he is most likely to be killed by his wife," wrote the American sociologist Marvin Wolfgang. "In 94 percent of the cases the victim and offender were members of the same race, but in only 64 percent they were of the same sex."[238] Defense of gender, aggression against gender, only the caseworkers know. Almost three decades after Wolfgang's work, another American study similarly concluded: "Women who kill sexual intimates more often commit the offenses in the home with a firearm, are the sole offenders, have been provoked into the murders by the actions of their predominantly male victims, and claim self-defense."[239]

We see a man's patchwork body, a map of peeling white continents on dark burned flesh, similar in appearance to that of the napalm victim I met on the Afghan frontier. His wife murdered him as he slept by pouring boiling water on him, but it took him twelve days to die. "The decedent had refused to prosecute his wife while he was alive, but she was indicted for and found guilty of manslaughter following his death."[240] Justified or not? We can't tell.

"WE ARE NOT GAME TO BE HUNTED AND BUTCHERED"

In the *Diné Bahane'* or creation tale of the Navajo, we read the story of a man who had twelve wives, all of whom became adulterous because he did not inspire love. Let's say they'd wounded his inner, gendered honor. After their unfaithfulness had continued for a long time, he finally received permission from the clan chiefs to punish them, because "adultery was a threat to the harmony needed in every marriage"—in other words, perhaps, a threat to gendered class relations. Or, to put it still more fancily, defense of honor equals defense of gender equals defense of class.

He waited until they cheated on him again. As one by one they sinned, he cut

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the first one's vulva out, chopped the second one's ears off, sliced off the third one's breasts.[241] They all died. So after that he started cutting off noses, which branded the unfaithful women without killing them, and this came to be adopted as the standard punishment for infidelity. Once all the nine surviving wives lived nose-less, they hated him, threatened him, and said to one another, "We are not game to be hunted and butchered." On the final evening of a nine-night ceremony to improve their husband's fortune (we assume that their attendance had been compulsory), they appeared waving knives and singing, "The knife has disfigured me!" All the people were in terror of them. They'd become what Aeschylus would have called "the unlorded Amazons that fare on flesh."[242] Then, cursing not only him, but everyone in sight, evidently because their mutilation had been committed by community sanction, they ran away, far to the north, where their gender-defensive rage sometimes brings winter blizzards and summer lightning-storms.[243]



Woman killed for committing adultery

DEFENSE OF THALIA MASSIE

We read that an act of rape, an unnecessary hysterectomy and the publication of *Playboy* are all similar, each being "based on fear, hostility, and a need to dominate women."[244] Such carelessness or recklessness, which comes near equating a deliberate act of physical violence with debatably justified acts, is both causative and symptomatic of the complexity and confusion of gender violence, where motives mix, and kinship wars with expedient politics. Contradictory confusions, multiply murky violent imminences, expedient agendas all join the same procession of gender defense, marching behind their placards. Infatuated Nazis who go to Russia to preserve the German homeland, Robespierre whisked by the "logic of events" into defending the General Will by suppressing it, Julius Caesar defending a violent end by the most clement possible means, all such fine risers-up mistake aggression for, or disguise it as, defense of the various categories detailed in this book. Defense of gender as defense against *Playboy* is a fraud, as defense against Danny Rolling is rendered needless by imminence, so what is it? —Like most excuses for violence, it's most often—violence! How strangely tail-swallowing it can be grows patent when, in analogy to our category of aggression against inner gender, we define *aggression against outer gender,* which of course is what Danny Rolling stands guilty of and which is:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

5. A VIOLENT ATTEMPT TO ESTABLISH A NONCONSENSUAL INTIMATE RELATIONSHIP[245]

- One FBI profiler explains that "if anal sex were followed by fellatio" in the course of a rape, "the motivation to punish and degrade would be strongly suggested," whereas "in acting out a fantasy, the offender normally engages in kissing, fondling, or cunnilingus."[246] The first of these is more physically violent, and therefore probably more unpleasant to the body. The second is more disturbing to the gendered psyche. Both are equally unjustified.

What could fit the category with more monotonously hideous appropriateness than that? We've seen this before, and before and before. Now, what about *this?*

- An old man picks up a young hitchhiker who, the case historian drily notes, is "interested in body building and similar endeavors. The older male made homosexual advances to the younger man, who responded by beating him," fatally. This scenario is analogous to "a homicide with homosexual implications" because when men such as the hitchhiker "find themselves in a situation where their exaggerated male awareness is challenged, they pass into a homosexual frenzy."[247]

Here the attempt to establish the nonconsensual intimate relationship was made by the *victim.* Does it suffice to shrug off the fatal beating as simply a defense of gender which failed to respect proportionality?[248] Or has gender now become such a sacred end that, like the Nazi ethos[249] of homeland, any "challenge" to it must be construed as blasphemy, which the defender considers a capital crime? What differentiates the hitchhiker who killed the old man from Achilles who killed Penthesileia—or Penthesileia who killed any number of men?

In 1932 a beautiful socialite named Thalia Massie is raped, or claims rape, following an altercation with her husband after which she'd wandered into the night alone. Her broken jaw might be a love-token bestowed on her by Lieutenant Thomas Massie for infidelity, or maybe her rapists did it. It was a gang bang, rumor explains, with two Hawaiians, two Japanese and one Chinese-Hawaiian involved. Doesn't miscegenation make it worse? After all, remarks the press, here in Hawaii, "bands of degenerate natives lie in wait for white women driving by." —What is public opinion? What is a newspaper editorial? Why, the breath of gender-defense itself? Strange, to see how certain of itself public opinion is, and how rapidly it changes, chasing itself round and round like leaves in an autumn wind ... Enough monkeyshines! Time for violence in defense of white women! Thalia Massie is our outraged goddess, and we will purify her with the smoke of sacrifice. After the jury declares a mistrial, much to the shock of gender-defenders, justice decides to enact itself! One of the accused gets badly beaten by sailors, and another is taken into the tender care of Thalia's mother and husband, who will be assisted by two Navy men,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

valiant toilers for the cause of gender defense, loyalists of gender I'd call them, and police will soon interrupt them en route to the ocean, with that Oriental rapist's corpse in the back seat. Our Navy men get convicted of manslaughter, and the judge commutes their ten years to one hour, sentence to be served in his chambers. Thalia Massie's accusation of rape will later be proven by Pinkerton detectives to be a lie. She and her husband divorce.[250]



Thalia Massie (1932)

The Massie case is obviously as crooked as the judgment against Joan of Arc, the alleged rapists being innocent; however, had they actually done what Thalia Massie said they did, there might be some justification for vigilantism, *against them*, to save other women from being raped, *by them*. But what masquerades as defense of gender (and race)—"bands of degenerate natives lie in wait for white women driving by"—may be collapsed into *anyone's* right to imminent defense against assault. In the moral calculus we've already noted the necessity to make sure we always eliminate *the redundant terms and categories which make it difficult to distinguish a locally valid axiom from a universal one—or from a tautology*. In our chapter on defense of ground we saw that "a war of the Soviet Union against an imperialist aggressor would be a just war" really means "a war against an aggressor would be a just war";[251] in other words, defense against aggression is just. Therefore, when the aggressors ("degenerate natives") and the victims ("white women") get specified, one has to wonder, if the specificity means anything at all, whether nonspecified victims would be morally entitled to the same protection, or whether the specified aggressors are any worse than other conceivable groups. *Violent defense of any group is unjustified as such if the group defended has been privileged over other groups which could face comparable aggression.*[252] Absent the specific features we've enumerated above, violent defense of gender is *generally* justified à la violent defense of class, namely when it is committed (most likely by a minority against a majority) in the face of imminent harm (which it need not prevent), *and* when the violence is directed exclusively against members of the other gender whose actions constitute physical aggression. Turn again to Herodotus, well-stocked purveyor of such wares, who writes that the rebellious Babylonians, preparing an uprising, "in order to reduce the consumption of food, herded together and strangled all the women in the city—each man exempting only his mother, and one other woman whom he chose out of his household to bake his bread for him."[253] —To reduce the consumption of food! He doesn't say, "to reduce the number of women." That doesn't matter. Only the men are worthy. The women must die. One recalls what the Slavey Indians said: "Women are only an encumbrance, useless in time of war and exceedingly voracious in time of want."[254]

Just as violent defense of gender is justified when it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

it as, class, so it is *unjustified when gender becomes a mask for the violent maintenance of a class system.*[255]

Between "women are only an encumbrance" and the defense of Thalia Massie lies this calculus:

DEFENSE OF GENDER IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When it is committed (most likely by a minority against a majority) in the face of imminent aggression against gender (which it need not prevent), and the violence is directed exclusively against members of the other gender whose actions constitute physical aggression.
2. When its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.
3. When directed against a gender-class system whose unjustified categories place the subservient gender at imminent risk of harm, when the defensive violence would clearly diminish that risk, and when proportionality applies.
4. When it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class.
5. When it is directed against gender-class structures and their official representatives, not against individuals who happen to be members of the gender-oppressing class only passively, through biological or social accidents.
6. To the extent that the gender it protects is legitimate authority.

DEFENSE OF GENDER IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When it is merely the violence committed by one gender on another for reasons which have nothing to do with gender.
2. To the extent that it violates freedom of expression.
3. Against infanticide which furthers scientifically imminent defense of earth.
4. When gender becomes a mask for the violent maintenance of a class system.

Honor has its Joan of Arc, homeland, Leonidas. Whom does gender have to defend it most nobly? My mind returns to the mythic Amazons. How noble were they who dislocated their own sons' knee-joints to protect their gender's primacy? And yet, the imminence of Achilles hunted them down, which excuses them much. I myself hope for the day that a better Amazon of gender will come, smashing the violence which conflates gender with class inferiority. Meanwhile, whatever moils and confusions of gender await us in the future, we can at least wish that what ties each gender to the gender it seeks, the ties being love and lust, may limit some of the violence against it—no matter that the prevalence of rape and gender servitude render that wish utopian.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

12.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE OF GENDER

A. General Vo Nguyen Gia (North Vietnam, 1972)

"When the enemy comes, even the women must fight."[256]

B. Constitution of the Iroquois (*ca.* 1700)

"If a lord is found guilty of rape, he shall be deposed ... and his horns [the emblem of power] shall be handed back to the chief matron of his family and clan."[257]

C. Ann J. Cahill (2001)

"The violent actions of a rapist, while profoundly destructive to the victim's being and intersubjective personhood, need not be the final word."[258]

D. Michael Ghiglieri (1999)

"The antidote to men's violence in America is ... first ... to teach children ... self-control, self-discipline, and self-responsibility ... Second, ... we must decide that our justice is *lex talionis* justice."[259]

E. Claudia Card (1996)

"Strategies of resistance would have women become armed and skilled in the use of weapons ... not only by martial arts and other civilian classes (perhaps funded by the state) but also by infiltration of the military at every level."[260]

F. National Research Council (1996)

"Women who actively resist attack are more likely to thwart rape completion without increasing their risk of serious injury."[261]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 19

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

You are to send this force ... to fight our rebellious subjects, the Cheremis, Ostiaks, Votiaks and Nogai, who have committed treason by turning against us.

TSAR IVAN IV, TO IAKOV AND GRIGORII STORGANOV (1572)[1]

Any Ostiaks who turn against the Siberian and pay dan tribute to us are to be protected against the Siberian.

TSAR IVAN IV, TO IAKOV AND GRIGORII STORGANOV (1574)[2]

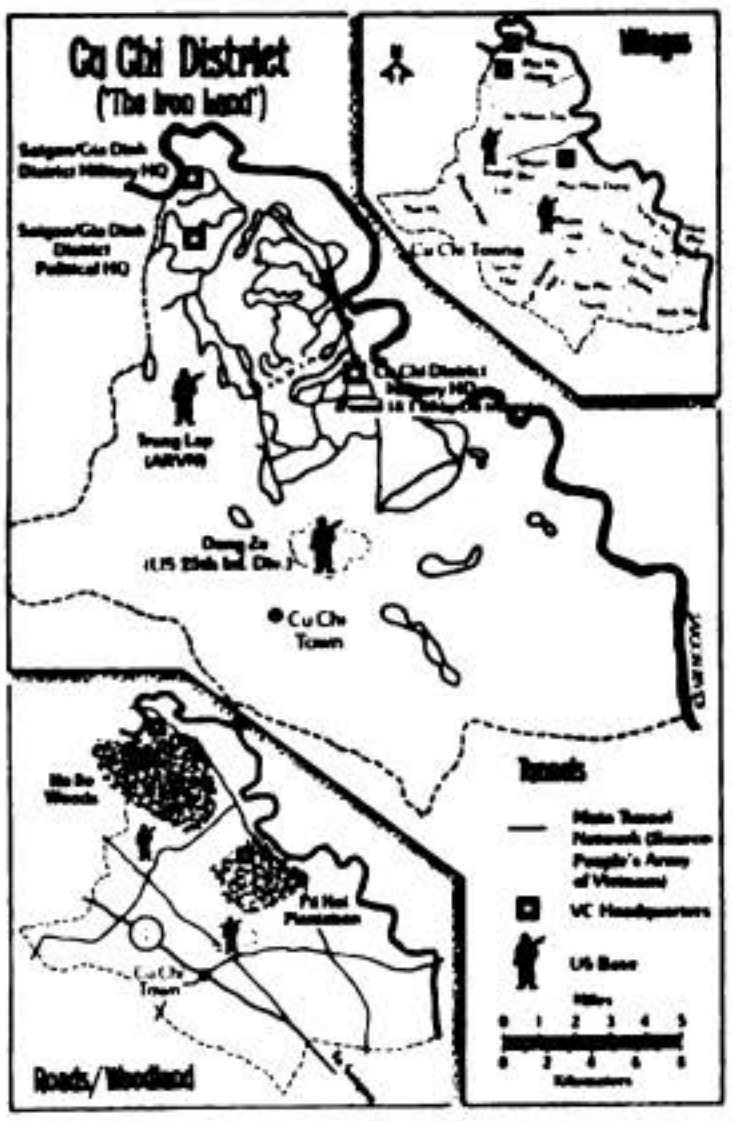
THE DECAPITATED BRIDE

During the Vietnam War, the tunnels of Cu Chi ran underground for twenty miles or more, all the way to Saigon. These hot, dank, stinking burrows, infested by rats, scorpions, fire-ants and poisonous snakes, had been begun by the Viet Minh in the 1940s. Once the Americans came, the Viet Cong expanded them, drawing on their bottomless reserves of patience, determination and self-possession to drag secret loads of earth away in sacks and handmade baskets. The terrorism of

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

orthodoxy being suspended, at least in part, until the victory of 1975, they nourished themselves upon true unity, made up of equal parts fear and hatred for the American oppressors. And when we get to the tale of the decapitated bride which gives this chapter its gruesome core, we would do well to gaze down into the earthy perplexities which inevitably inter it, and note these long, sweaty passageways of unitary purpose. "We had to crawl through narrow holes like snakes," recalled an NVA officer. Sent through the darkness in a convoy of a thousand soldiers, he'd fainted for lack of air.[3] But his comrades helped him, guided less by eyesight than inspiration, compulsion and fate. Most of the tunnels never departed from the crudest possible utility—indeed, when Cu Chi became a museum after the war, orders went out to enlarge them, so that the well-fed bodies of paying sensation-seekers could fit. But under the pressure of air strikes, functional necessity had already begun to decree local grandiosity. Doctors operated in earth-walled hospitals, amputating with little or no anesthetic, trepanning brain wounds with dentist drills, while insects scuttled across the operating tables. To shore up the revolution's war aims, agitprop performances were also staged underground; one member of a cultural troupe gave birth to a daughter in a tunnel in 1967.[4] We might say that the very existence of the tunnels comprised a sort of agitprop, emblematic of struggle and bitterest death, which in time, as illness, slavery or incarceration would have done, branded itself into these mole-people's skin. After the victory, one Vietnamese sent to a re-education camp had no trouble recognizing in another prisoner "the pale, sickly complexion of someone who had lived in tunnels too long."[5] Cu Chi had become, like Mervyn Peake's Gormenghast, not just a place but a world.[6] Its earthern walls oozed with resolution and dread. There were underground printing presses down there, and immense caves to hide howitzers—and, at least once, a captured American tank. "Leave it to poor countries to fight to the bitter end," said Napoleon, himself weakened over time by the "running ulcer" of Anglo-Spanish insurgency.[7]



Cu Chi tunnels

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

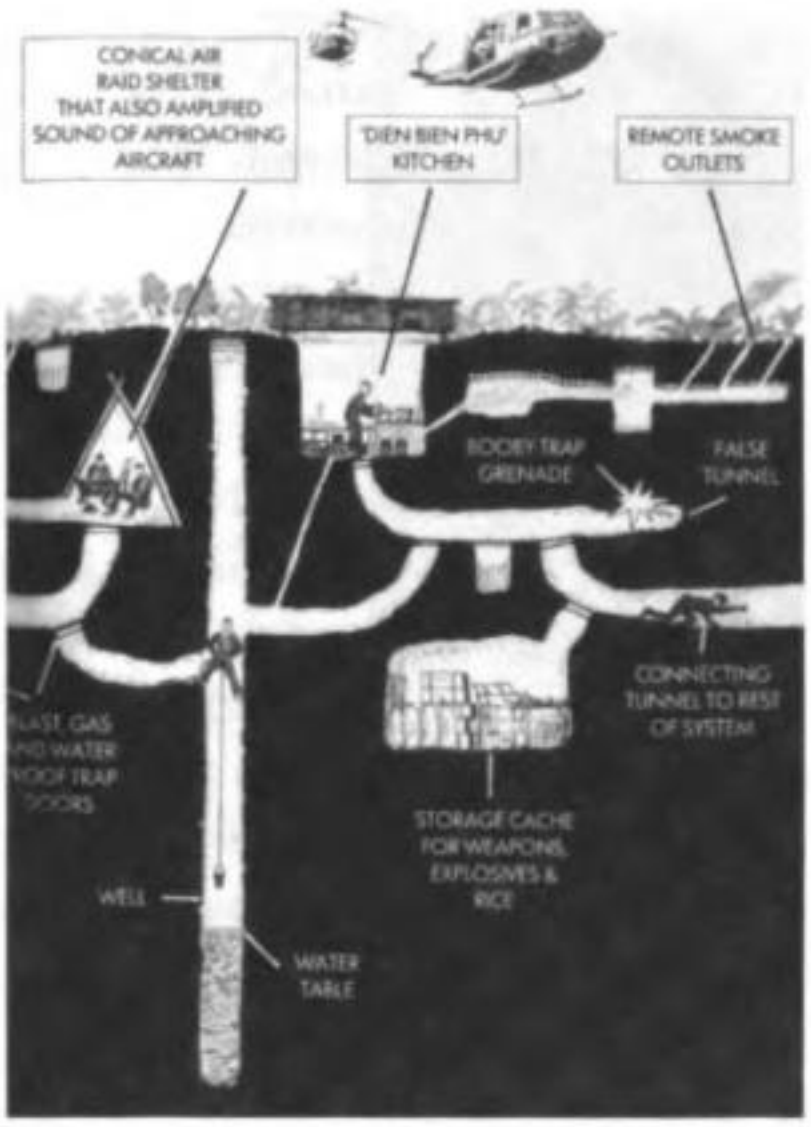
Unnecessary to state that to the Americans who bombed and temporarily occupied the jungle overhead, razing villages and building heavily fortified bases, Cu Chi was

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"the very heart of the Viet Cong machine in South Vietnam at the notorious Ho Bo Woods just west of the fabled Iron Triangle itself"[8]—a sinister invasion and subversion operation by terrorists who lurked beneath the ground![9] To the Viet Cong, of course, it was the opposite:

> It is always dark before sunrise. After cold days, warm days will come. The most tiresome moment is when one moves up a hill. One must rise up, disregarding death and hardships, determined to defeat the American aggressors.[10]

To put the matter more technically, they applied the Clausewitzian principle of wearing out the aggressor through protracted resistance.[11] They lurked, endured, retreated, ambushed, misled and terrorized the enemy, not unlike the ancient Scythian riders whose gloomy land the Persians sought unavailingly to dominate. Scythians would appear out of nowhere, picking off Persian cavalrymen, until at last, says Herodotus, the latter "did not know where to turn."[12] In 1979-89, the Afghans did much the same to their Soviet invaders. ("Another condition of victory," writes General Giap, "is political work among enemy troops who should be subjected to pressure, paralyzed and deprived of all combativeness.")[13] But at Cu Chi, rather than employing vast mountain spaces they "dug in" quite literally, just like Erich Maria Remarque's heroes. The difference between the Western Front in 1916 and the Cu Chi in 1966 was that in the latter case the enemy, the Americans, did not also dig in. So Clausewitz won another victory. On the radio, Martin Luther King was telling his countrymen how ironic it seemed to him that black boys and white boys who were not even allowed to attend the same schools in America went to Asia, "in brutal solidarity burning the huts of a poor village."[14] The solidarity of the tunnel-dwellers, sometimes equally brutal, was shaped by the impact of bombs whose tonnage equaled almost *seven hundred and twenty Hiroshimas.*[15] War killed one in twenty Vietnamese between 1945 and 1975.[16] (Women soldiers seemed to survive these concussions better than men, possibly, thought one fighter, because "men's testicles were especially vulnerable to pressure.")[17] Solidarity was tempered to hardness by the screams from the underground operating rooms. Since the American G.I.s didn't attend so rigorous a school, their defeat couldn't have been dissipated. It rose up before them from the bloody darkness.



Tunnel complex at Cu Chi (1960-1970)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

EMULATION

"When she dug the tunnels, her hair was still brown," begins a poem by Duong Houng Ly. "Today her head is white as snow. Under the reach of the guns she digs and digs."[18] Day and night, Cu Chi's tunnels lengthened, twisted and replicated in preparation for the Tet Offensive, and the Viet Cong guerrillas within became "emulation fighters" whose example would be called upon in places like the heavily bombed Vinh Linh. No matter how difficult one's own situation, the Communists said, Cu Chi's was worse—proof that the enemy could not destroy North Vietnam. President Johnson, whose bombers never learned to see underground in any sense, had to confess that the Vietnam War was "not a simple one. There is no single battle line which you can plot each day on a chart. The enemy is not easy to perceive, or to isolate, or to destroy."[19] (He sends David Lilienthal and Robert Komer to be his eyes in Vietnam. They return filled with optimism for the future: "I personally come back believing that the VC in the south are going to have real trouble in maintaining their strength during 1967.")[20]



Ho Chi Minh

Invoking defense of homeland and creed, the famous Communist theorist Truong-Chinh harked all the way back to the Tran Dynasty, when his national ancestors maintained three stubborn guerrilla wars in three decades until the Yuan attackers were wearied into going home. He reminded his compatriots of the days of the Later Le Dynasty, when "it took us ten years' resistance to wipe out the cruel Ming troops."[21] And, speaking of long memories, Ho Chi Minh, popular even in the South, had been exposing the atrocious deeds of colonialism ever since 1922.[22] *"Compatriots!"* he cried. *"Rise up!"* (See his narrow face, the sad, almost sleepy eyes, the long white goatee of a benevolent-looking grandfather.) "Men and women, old and young, regardless of creeds, political parties, or nationalities, all the Vietnamese must stand up to fight the French colonialists to save the Fatherland."[23] Afterward, they rose up against the American colonialists, putting the cause before everything, like that Viet Cong cadre whose commitment to politics drove his elders to take his wife away from him.[24] He did not desist.

The Americans went home disgraced, like the French before them. After the North's final victory, one cadre said: "We literally dug for thirty years, usually in the dark, squatting down."[25] How can oppression hope to outlast people like that? They forgot neither their bitter history nor their glorious dreams.[26]

IN A NUTSHELL

North Vietnamese politics exuded "something intangible and lethal in its effect: the advantage of moral superiority."[27] Uncle Ho cried: "Compatriots! The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Fatherland is in danger. All of us must rise up!"[28] That wifeless cadre listened. By 1951, he'd realized "how truly national the war against the French was."[29] Desperate nationalism, defense of national survival, frequently overrode local defense of ideology. (Uncle Ho himself accepted Lenin's patriotism before seeing through his classism.)[30] Many Viet Cong have told how villagers in the South fed and succored them at immense personal risk. "Their feeling for us was one of the things that gave me the courage to go on."[31] Unprepared for such determination born of potent historical memory, the Americans lost.[32]

"A GHASTLY MOUND OF BUTCHER'S MEAT"



Cu Chi tunnel

This result not having yet been agreed on when Cu Chi was in its heyday, those American counterinsurgency patrols called "tunnel rats" met Viet Cong fighters underground, generally with fatal results for one side or the other. Some Viet Cong theorists declared straightforwardly that "we compel hand-to-hand fighting. They are not used to it."[33] According to the usual moral calculus of war,[34] such killings justified themselves through self-defense. In the close quarters of the tunnels, taking prisoners was difficult and dangerous, so kill or be killed—an uncontroversially extreme situation even for such ancient moralists as Saint Thomas Aquinas, who'd admitted the justifiability of ambushes.[35] Good thing, for the Viet Cong had availed themselves of those since the fifties. And if we can free ourselves for a moment or two from that irrelevant trap called pity, why not admit the similarity of righteousness between ambushes and assassinations?

"Those who collaborate with the enemy will be punished," Uncle Ho had warned in 1946, at the very beginning of the liberation wars. "Those who help and defend their country will be rewarded."[36] The following year, he warned his "death-volunteers" to be vigilant against traitors and spies.[37] After the great victory over the French at Dien Bien Phu (1954), when expediency disguised as logic would have loved to relieve itself of further responsibility by declaring liberty, sovereignty, tranquillity, we find instead the number of assassinations gradually ascending from four hundred to five thousand per year.[38] Why? Because even though the French are gone, and Vietnam has received her independence at the conference table, subject to a "temporary" partition between north and south, the Americans refuse to sign that treaty. Dig deeper at Cu Chi—here they come! Their puppet in the southern zone, President Diem, launches his *To Cong* (Denounce the Communists) campaign to crush Vietminh resistance fighters. The Communists' logical response: "If we were not to be allowed a say about [the nation] from within the government, we would have to speak from without."[39] Thus, in response to terrible and cynical injustice,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rises up the National Liberation Front, parent organization of the Viet Cong. "It was a time for nourishing the most sublime hopes," a Viet Cong recalls.[40] In their struggle to overthrow Diem, they'll avoid American intervention *if possible.* "What all this meant was that violence was called for, but a carefully controlled violence that would serve political ends."[41] Over his hand, like some crimson-colored dragon-kite, hangs that *if possible.* "If the Americans were to intervene in force, the scale of violence would increase geometrically."[42] One study confirms his geometry: Between 1957 and 1972, close to 37,000 people will be politically murdered, fully eighty percent of them *not* government officials.[43] Among them will be our decapitated bride. Rising up, rising down!



U.S. armored car drags Vietnamese prisoner

In 1966-67, John Steinbeck, exponent of unpopular causes, hence half-willing supporter of an unpopular American president, Johnson, went to Vietnam and saw horrible evidence of Viet Cong cruelty to confirm him in his hawkish views. Human beings had been reduced piece by piece, beginning with the fingertips, to "a ghastly mound of butcher's meat."[44] In Can Tho he saw what happened when the Viet Cong bombed a restaurant. "There were no soldiers in the restaurant either American or Vietnamese. There was no possible military advantage to be gained. An American captain ran in and carried out a little girl of 7. He was weeping when he got her to the hospital and she was dead."[45] Scrubbing vainly at the blood-murk of this deed, in an effort to see which steely war-aim lay beneath, we might again turn to Clausewitz and his shadow, death, to explain it as another assault upon civilian morale—proof of the Saigon regime's inability to protect its citizens, intimidating reminder of insurgency's nearness (join the Viet Cong before it's too late!), meant to poison the South's will just a little further with the toxins of weariness. We might equally speak of murderous amateurism, or of judicial retribution employed on the restaurateur, who'd "betrayed the revolution" by refusing to be extorted. It could even have been an accident. What do we know? Only that on that day, Can Tho, like the tunnels of Cu Chi after an American bombing raid, was riddled with butcher's meat.

With her usual openhandedness, history offers us any number of such Viet Cong atrocities to choose from, such as the infamous live burials. But, "as one old man commented upon reading the description of a particularly brutal deed, 'One is never quite sure which side did it.'"[46] Had Steinbeck visited Vietnam a year later, he could have written about our doings at My Lai[47] instead of theirs at Can Tho.

In the end, the Vietnam War would kill more than a million people. A third of them were noncombatants.[48] Most probably perished under the American bombs.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"KILL THE WICKED"

And now for the deed with which this chapter is concerned. A South Vietnamese girl who worked in the PX at Cu Chi Base Camp wanted to marry an American soldier. The word got out to the Viet Cong's Party branch secretariat. Had they been defeated in battle lately? Did they need a scapegoat?[49] Regarding the bride herself, I mean as a person with a name and feelings, they must have been indifferent. The cliché we so often hear about such situations is "numbness." This was the word that a woman from Sarajevo used whenever she mentioned her sniper-killed friends. "It seems like every week, someone I love dies," she said to me. "And after awhile, I hurt so much that I just couldn't hurt anymore. I became cold to it; I became numb."[50] This happened to me, too. And it must be even easier to feel that way about the enemies one kills. "Probably he really was honest, in a bourgeois and human sense," writes Milovan Djilas of a prisoner whom he ordered executed during World War II, "that is, outside the scope of our own ideological and revolutionary requirements."[51] Those selfsame requirements would justify in China, the USSR, ancient Rome[52] or Cambodia's "liberated zones"[53] the execution of thousands and perhaps millions, solely on the grounds of prior relationship or status. How then could numbly correct hearts hesitate to erase somebody who meant to literally aid and comfort the enemy by marrying one of them? If the wedding went ahead, the Vietnamese "revolution" must lose face.[54] And so (thus I reconstruct the tale from various similar anecdotes) the branch secretary called a meeting. The bride was denounced and condemned. They appointed a spy—very likely a woman, since, just as in Frantz Fanon's Algeria, females aroused less suspicion from the enemy government[55]—to learn the girl's routine. When she knew everything which would further their end—defense against traitors—the spy carefully scratched a map into wet sand for the assassination team of two or three people who now prepared the ambush, waiting in a dugout or cellar somewhere in town, or in the mouth of one of Cu Chi's tunnels—"clinging to the pole" as they called it. Their slogan: "Kill the Wicked and Destroy the Oppressors to Promote Mobilization of the People."[56] (An NVA artillery officer approvingly quotes Stalin: "In order to defeat the enemy, one must build up hatred.")[57] By thus inciting their own rage, they recast their assignment into the "bourgeois and human sense" which would render conveniently tolerable to them their approaching murder of somebody who had never threatened violence against them[58] and who wanted only a better life as defined by or blindly gambled on by this girl who perhaps thrillingly anticipated her village preeminence on her bridal day—an apolitical or impolitical girl; in short, a *traitor.* Did she have any suspicion? Probably. She must have heard stories of what could happen to people such as herself. Terror exercised its accustomed deterrent effect on many[59]—but not on her. The brief, dry account I have doesn't say whether they ambushed her when she was going into a shop, or whether they crept into her house as they did with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

another traitor, a former Viet Cong ranger who'd been captured and denounced her comrades: "She was sleeping and obviously pregnant, near term. But I couldn't afford any indecisiveness. I had orders to kill her. So we woke her up."[60] Yes, they woke her up; it wouldn't have been sufficient to murder her in her sleep. What ethicists! Out of reverence to the forms, they had to carry her to the Party secretary or his representative so that her "crime" could be "explained" to her. In another such instance, the chief killer recalls: "After I talked to him and explained everything I ordered my men to shoot him and carry his corpse to the hamlet that night."[61] Back to the case of the pregnant turncoat: "Then I asked her if she knew she deserved her death. She replied in quite a normal voice: 'Yes, I realize I will die. Go ahead with your mission.' No begging for mercy. We took her over to the road and stabbed her in the chest."[62] —No begging—because it wouldn't have done any good. A former Viet Cong ranger must have known that. No contesting the verdict—but no acceptance of it, either. "I realize I will die." She'd merely been unlucky. And so, by perfect mutual agreement, justice transformed her, and the baby inside her, into worm-food: Kill the wicked!



Taxi driver murdered by the Viet Cong

As for the girl who'd thought to marry an American, we're not told whether she was pregnant yet or what she said upon being sentenced; all we know is that the Viet Cong stuck her head on a pole with the message: "This is what happens to Vietnamese people who go around with the enemy."[63] Very likely, following their cruelly consistent logic, the assassins then paid a midnight visit to her family to "explain" things to them, too.[64] Knowing what was good for them, they would have approved the deed in terrified whispers.

"IT'S NO USE CRYING IN WARTIME"

What is a traitor? Behind the low naked earthern hump of a dugout in a not yet completely ruined forest (which fact, says the caption, permits us to date this photograph as the winter of 1914), two officers sit at a covered table. One is writing something. The other, rather dapper with a luxuriant dark mustache, leans back, his elbow on the table, and gestures with something small and black in his hand, perhaps a pistol, studying a prisoner with the utmost lordliness. The prisoner is guarded by four soldiers with rifles and fixed bayonets. Wearing a knit wool cap and a scarf, he stands with his hands in his pockets and his head lowered, justifying his existence, waiting to see whether he will be shot as a spy; sometimes that happens, the caption says. A stovepipe smokes from underground. Everybody looks

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cold.[65] Will the man in the wool cap live or die? It depends not only on the circumstances under which he was caught, but also on the two officers' definition of treason. In ancient times, when the Athenian politician Lycidas proposed to seriously entertain a proposal to treat with the Persian enemy; he was stoned, and the Athenian women stoned his wife and children.[66] During the Roman Civil War, as we've seen,[67] Julius Caesar commended and rewarded deserters—well, *enemy* deserters, of course...[68] During the French Revolution an eighty-year-old woman was guillotined solely for giving bread and water to an Austrian soldier.[69] One traditicologist—someone who studies traitors—was forced to conclude: "At some point most traitors have their supporters and, to some, are heroes. Treason and treachery, then, are to some extent concepts in the mind of the beholder."[70] But not entirely. Our traditicologist offers an excellent example: If a member of a NATO country had worked to get the USA to withdraw from NATO because he wished to aid the Soviet Union, he would have been a traitor. Had he done exactly the same thing, with the same results, because he was a pacifist, he would have been doing his duty as he saw it.[71] Treason, then, must also be in the mind of the traitor. Needless to say, the Vietnamese bride's decapitators recognized no such distinction.

A TRAITOR IS:[72]

- Someone who threatens or embarrasses personified authority (a common ancient and totalitarian definition).
- Someone who threatens or embarrasses generalized authority, "the people" (a modern definition employed by totalitarianism and mass democracy).
- Someone actively or passively in league with the enemies of authority (a definition to be met with in wars and revolutions).

Any of these definitions could have applied to her. Her marriage might have made the local Viet Cong Party Branch chief look weak, or set a bad example to anti-American authority generally, or strengthened the morale of her fiancé's unit. Do we need to know whether she passed on any military secrets to the invaders? Would we care if her relations with her family and neighbors were good, or if she spent all her free time nursing wounded NVA soldiers, or if all her brothers had joined the NVA and been killed and now she wanted to marry an American she didn't love in order to provide security to a destitute mother? Or would it be different because she wanted to marry the American out of true love? *Must we look into her heart to determine what she was?* Political entomologists so often—too often—enroll individuals in this or that classification based on one trait: the income of the parents, say, or the shape and color of the military insignia. I suspect the punitive calculus of her executioners to have been similarly superficial.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DESPERATION AS JUSTIFICATION

When people have their backs to the wall it is easier for them to believe that they are fighting the good fight, the desperate fight, which implores the use of any means, including the decapitation of collaborationist brides, which is to say the oppression of other weak people who most likely have *their* backs up against the wall, thus demonstrating the radial symmetry of one cycle of political ecology. As Lawrence of Arabia hauntingly wrote:

> The everlasting battle stripped from us care of our own lives or of others'. We had ropes about our necks, and on our heads prices which showed that the enemy intended hideous tortures for us if we were caught. Every day some of us passed... Blood was always on our hands; we were licensed to it... We lived for the day and died for it. When there was reason and desire to punish with gun or whip immediately in the sullen flesh of the sufferer, and the case was beyond appeal.[73]

We may fairly see the Viet Cong as being in a similar position. "We are Cu Chi people who go forward to kill the enemy... We kill the Americans with their own shells and bombs."[74]

Hindsight insists: It was all for nothing. One woman in a post-victory memoir tells how she tried to console a friend whose husband had been reeducated by saying that she was better off than in Cambodia, where the Khmer Rouge would have executed him, her and the whole family. The other replies: "It would be far better that way, to have husband and wife and children die all at once, than to have them die slow deaths separated from one another and worked to exhaustion and consumed with grief and misery."[75] The same author tells a heartbreaking anecdote of a woman who came back smiling from a visit to her husband in a reeducation camp; he was doing well; he was plump; actually he was swollen with beriberi, but the wife had been told that if she didn't extol the reeducation camp she'd never see him again.[76] —But hindsight neither tabulates alternative futures, nor enlightens contemporaries as events happen. That viciously cruel Roman emperor Domitian rightly said that "the lot of princes was most unhappy, since when they discovered a conspiracy, no one believed them unless they had been killed."[77] Back, then, to the uncertainty of "the everlasting battle," when "we lived for the day and died for it."

And so many innocent people died, merely on the suspicion that they might have sneaked in food or arms or of conveyed messages. If for any sign they believed that anyone was on the side of the Spaniards or was trying to help them in any way, they immediately confronted them and shouted at them, 'Down! Down with the traitors!'"[78] Thus a sixteenth-century Aztec witness, recalling his people's doomed war of self-defense against the conquistadors.[79] The Spaniards had just massacred scores of them in the marketplace.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In a photograph we see placarded hanged corpses dangling from the terrace of a partially scorched building. In another, we see a long line of men, evenly spread out, up against a stone wall, their backs turned to the helmeted German soldiers who are loading their rifles.[80] Little wonder that partisan activity commenced almost at once. One source claims that ninety thousand partisans were in action by the end of the first year of war.[81] (We see a partisan girl's frozen corpse, her head twisted rigidly back, the rope still around her neck, clothing ripped down to expose her breast.[82] "This is what happens to people who go around with the enemy," the Germans might have explained. She *was* the enemy. She tried to kill Germans. And Lieutenant Calley in Vietnam: "We got another job to do, Meadlo.")[83] No wonder that when the partisans assassinated Fascist collaborators, they were considered heroes. A journalistic observer of the Nazi-Soviet war writes that "one of the main obsessions of the partisans was ... the constant look-out for traitors and the physical and psychological *need* to kill them..."[84] "They were merciless and so were we," said a Ukrainian partisan. "It's no use crying in wartime."[85]



Viet Cong

IMMINENCE'S EXTENUATIONS

Such frenzied and perhaps indiscriminate liquidations of foreign collaborators as was carried out by the Aztecs and Ukrainians may be extenuated, or even justified, by *imminence.* "It's no use crying in wartime" because we have to make due allowance for the ambiguities, mistakes and passions of urgency.[86] Four and a half centuries before Christ, the Athenians instructed their vassal-allies that "if someone is caught betraying the city of the Erythraeans to the tyrants, he shall be put to death with impunity, he and the children sprung from him."[87] If we set aside the harshness of the penalty against the children (which would have been justified to the Greeks by their unitary conception of the family),[88] this seems a perfectly righteous adjunct to defense of the city. But we find Napoleon insisting in his *Maxims* that "all generals, officers, and soldiers who capitulate in battle to save their own lives, should be decimated. He who gives the order, and those who obey, are alike traitors, and deserve capital punishment."[89] The reason that I can't justify this is because only Napoleon himself in his capacity as commander-in-chief defines, incites and determines imminence. Which battle? Against whom? Against the Russians at the gates of Moscow? What could be more aggressively unjustified than that? And had the battle been justified, how imminent would be the peril into which an individual soldier who surrendered to save his own life could possibly cast France? But in the inevitable

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The punishment of horizontal collaborators: shaved heads (France, 1945)

darkness which borders, hence defines, the farthest reaches of authority burn the unknown enemy campfires of Otherness. Anyone who passed toward or from these must be a traitor. Never mind. We have all the saviors we need—for instance, Robespierre, white-wigged Anti-Traitor *par excellence.* "Let the sword of the laws move horizontally to strike at all the heads of great conspirators."[90] Why? Misplaced imminence again. Revolutionary government "rests on the most sacred of all laws, the safety of the people,"[91] so I'll kill whomever loudly disagrees with me, because he might be unsafe! From him and his Committee of Public Safety[92] it's not so far to *born* authority's puffed-up notions of imminence, which define capital treason as mere disrespect to the sovereign. A prince accidentally makes a mark on a paper signed by the emperor of China, and his whole family is decimated.[93] A man who carries a coin bearing Augustus's likeness into the privy, or who beats a slave near that emperor's statue, will suffer death.[94]

JERRY BAGS AND HORIZONTAL COLLABORATORS

I propose that we assess the decapitation of the Vietnamese bride in similarly imminent terms. Would Winston Churchill have countenanced it had she been a Frenchwoman employed (or enjoyed) by the German military during World War II? Some fighters in the *maquis* undoubtedly would. Most were satisfied with humiliation. After the Germans captured the Channel Islands, a number of local girls serviced the occupying troops.[95] The English called them "jerry bags," the Russians

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

called their Soviet counterparts "German bedstraw" and sent them to the GULAG, and the French coined the term "horizontal collaborators." (Is marriage to the enemy more or less traitorous than free or paid sexual relations with them?) In one photograph taken in August 1944, a beautiful young *Française* in a flower-print dress stares into space as the barber shaves away her long hair. The right side of her head is already a stubbled convict's skull. The barber stands and works, professional, impassive. Another man, brawny and armbanded, the cigarette in his mouth smoked almost down to the butt, holds her chin up. His gaze is appraising, perhaps contemptuous or lustful. The girl endures. Behind her stand two more women, one looking into the camera, the other facing away. I deduce that they are destined for the same treatment. ("We got another job to do, Meadlo.")[96] The women who looks into the camera has an almost-smile on her lips, out of habit, perhaps. It could be an ordinary scene, were it not for the man's fingertips flicked under the girl's chin, and her pupils rolled as far as they can go into the sides of her eyes, trying not to be humiliated by our gaze.[97]

Compared to the Vietnamese bride, she was lucky.

FREE WILL AND COMMERCE

Should a "horizontal collaborator" do nothing more than provide sexual or emotional satisfaction to the enemy, I fail to see why she ought to be liquidated, particularly if she otherwise tries to retain correct relations with her own people. To be sure, many will despise her; few will trust her. Her occupation is perilous. It might not be wise for her to live at home during the occupation, lest the presence of her enemy suitors afflict or endanger her neighbors. But suppose her to be a barracks-prostitute or an officer's mistress, isolated from political or military events, and this difficulty disappears. If the enemy visits the local brothel, must the girls who receive them suffer for it, especially if they may have no choice in the matter? If so, then what about the farmer who sells produce to the enemy garrison, or the doctor called upon to treat a wounded enemy soldier? But suddenly, as we glimpse strand after strand in the web of support, we begin to sense the whole, and apprehend the truism that *nobody whatsoever should help the enemy.* Cut off all aid, and he must divert resources to care for his own, or else depart—or perish. But who can really do this? Some of the Indian villages to which Cortes paid his menacing uninvited visits did in fact run into the foliage; unfortunately, most people have nowhere to run to. If the doctor and the farmer don't run, then how can we hold the prostitute liable for staying put?

A marriage engagement, on the other hand, is usually a matter of active choice. We must assume on the part of the soon-to-be-decapitated bride a certain calculus, if not of outright selfishness, then at least of indifference toward, or alienation from, her own community—*if in fact her community was pro-Viet Cong*, and the militant uni-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tarianism which our prior sketch of Cu Chi stated as fact did represent actuality. It may well have been that her village was apathetic, divided or (since they were near the enemy base) pro-American—in which case her execution would have been an incidental act of deterrence,[98] salutary terror. Mao Tse-Tung says coolly in his manual on guerrilla warfare: *"the work of eliminating traitors in the army begins with their elimination from among the people."*[99]

RODEFIM AND MOSERIM

The "horizontal collaborator" may be merely odious. More imminently unrighteous on the continuum of treason we find the parasite who not only benefits from contact with the enemy, but employs that contact to prey upon the people whom he should have considered his own. A few months before the Warsaw Ghetto Uprising, that brilliant, doomed diarist of the Warsaw Ghetto, Emmanuel Ringelblum,[100] was worrying:

> The informer problem, so common in Jewish history, is with us again. Unfortunately, we are afraid to resort to terrorism, lest the Occupying Forces take a bloody revenge. Perhaps the most tragic thing is that a man like Josek Ehrlich (nicknamed "Frockcoat") goes around scot free. He gets special favors from the Food Bureau, intervenes in various Jewish Council offices on behalf of his men, and everybody does what he wants—all out of fear that he might inform, or take revenge in some other fashion.



Ringelblum (1935)

Could the decapitated bride have in any way been such a one? Did she come home with tinned meat from the American PX? Had her fiancé promised to bring the whole family to America? Did she, in short, exemplify the soft, favored life of collaboration, while her own war-disrupted neighbors (who must have included the Viet Cong) went to sleep hungry? Did her good fortune comprise a paradigm opposing and undermining the "hold fast" mentality of Cu Chi? And if so, would she have deserved her death sentence?

Ringelblum's moral tradition offered him—and us—two useful concepts derived from ancient Jewish law: firstly, the *rodef*—violent one or community endangerer (such as a man who overburdens a ferry, putting other passengers at risk of drowning)—and secondly, the *moser*, or informer—the Frockcoats who always flourish in bad times. One commentator notes that in medieval times the *moser,* "viewed as the supreme threat to any Jewish community, ... stood in a special legal category, most normal rules of judicial procedure being waived to expedite his execution." Every *moser* is a *rodef,* but few *rodefim* are *moserim.*[101]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Could the Vietnamese bride have been a *rodef?* To the Cu Chi cadres, yes. This doesn't necessarily make her one in truth. (Easy to abuse the concept: to Hitler, all Jews were *rodef.*) I propose the following rule: *Violent defense against traitors can be justified only for the imminent furtherance of other already justified categories of self-defense.* It would be difficult to withhold legitimacy from her execution, had she informed upon the Viet Cong to the Americans—treason by any definition. With the shadow of that justified doom now hovering over us, can we deny the right to kill her in wartime if she posed a grave risk of revealing information to the enemy? Not being able to see into her mind and heart, we might as well suppose that the Viet Cong couldn't, either, and that once they knew her to be lying in the arms of one of the men whose purpose in the country was to kill them and their comrades, they might well suspect her of wanting to help and protect him, as would be only natural. In short, how could she not be *rodef?*



Jewish partisans from the Vilna ghetto

EXTORTIONISTS AND INFORMERS

Ringelblum's meditation on traitors continues:

> Or take a person like Judtowa. Her claim to fame rests on the fact that during World War I she lived with a German officer who is now the commandant of Warsaw. This whore exploited her former friendship to obtain all kinds of concessions and special favors. She had the concession of the Jewish theater and was the co-owner of a couple of theaters... Then, she was a big shot in various Jewish Council offices, where everyone was afraid of her... But it turned out that she went too far, and one fine morning Czerniakow [head of the Ghetto until his suicide] sent a memorandum around ... notifying them that Judtowa's representations were no longer to be accepted. Now she is trying to live off blackmail—e.g., she'll assert that the person she is trying to blackmail is on one police death list or another, and if he won't pay her, she'll call the police.[102]

What to do about all the Judtowas?[103] Mordechai Anielwicz, commander-in-chief of the Jewish Fighting Organization (ZOB), had his men pour acid over a "Jewish traitor."[104] The ZOB captured the families of Jewish policemen and lined them up in a courtyard as if for execution, demanding that they point out the clandestine apartment where one of the cruelest of them, Szmerling, lived. They had marked him for assassination.[105] He was a *moser.*

"Some in the Ghetto were simple cowards, paralyzed with fear," writes one

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

fighter. "Others were collaborators. 'Purges,' even though inevitable, were the hardest thing for us. I don't intend to go into this subject."[106]

FAMILY

"Those reciprocal relationships and mutual obligations were the essence of survival, providing a web of security in which everyone participated both by ingrained reflex and by vested interest."[107] Thus family ties in Vietnam—and thus the totalitarian doctrine (explicitly rejected by the French Revolution)[108] of collective responsibility, strengthened by the widespread cultural imperative in Asia that a person is defined in status and moral terms by his family.

In the eighteenth-century Korea of Lady Hyegyong, even the daughter-in-law of an accused traitor was ruined:

> My sister, beautiful as jade, was cast into the mud... The law was very severe. My father obeyed the law strictly. So after my sister left the city ... he never asked to see her... How keenly Father, in the midst of his own troubles, must have felt for his younger daughter![109]

Over the centuries, such traitor-classifications were frequently enshrined into various Japanese legal codes, which, following Confucian ideas of family responsibility, forbade people from harboring their criminal relations, and sometimes executed the wives and children of the proscribed.[110] They prevailed outside Asia, too, of course—especially in war regimes or revolutionary transitions which institutionalize violence against people for reasons far removed from their individual deeds. Thus the Stalinist system of deterrence,[111] which, like the classical Egyptian one,[112] automatically criminalized (and capriciously punished) the spouse and children of anyone classed as criminal.

North Vietnam, being both Asian and revolutionary, took on a very strong flavor of punitive accountability. Parents could be punished by the Party if a son deserted from the army.[113] After the North conquered the South, setting in motion secret mass executions and "reeducation," one assemblyman fled, leaving his family temporarily behind. He was condemned to death in absentia; his two eldest children were expelled from school; the family lost the house and had to sleep in the street until some friends were allowed to lodge them. They were a "traitor family," the cadres said.[114] Even the most reputable Party animal had to protect himself against "guilt by kinship."[115] Thus the guilt of somebody who had "missed the revolutionary point of view" by actually establishing a relationship with the enemy must have been considered so deep, dark and base as to render her unworthy of salvation. Thus the decapitated bride must have known that she was *rodef* to her own family as well as to the Viet Cong.[116]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE SENTENCE

And so, in spite of intuition, doubt and leniency, it would seem that the girl's condemnation retains at least some basis, regardless of its other circumstances:

1. As a military measure of proactive self-defense (whose necessity she might have obviated by living out of contact with local people during her fiance's tour of duty—perhaps in Saigon);

2. As a grisly lesson of deterrence (although the same point could have been made by the insurgents less drastically, one thinks—and did they trouble to warn her first?);

3. As an act of war against her American protectors.

None of these reasons for the verdict in any way imply guilt on the girl's part. No matter what, she rashly imperiled herself, her family and her village—but she might have loved the man and meant no harm. Against a *rodef,* violence may justify itself as impersonal imminent self-defense. Against a *moser,* violence may be additionally legitimized as personal and punitive. The head on the pole and the message sicken me. The execution sickens me. Did they give her any chance to choose, to revoke her possibly innocuous traitordom? When I think of the Vietnam War, while I may on occasion admire the ferocious, determined courage of the "emulation fighters" of Cu Chi, and even the heroism of some of the Americans who fought bravely or naively for an evil war aim, it is victims such as the decapitated bride for whom—even if their deaths were in some sense "necessary"—I reserve my deepest feeling. Who killed her? The Viet Cong, the Americans, her own rashness. Now she's forgotten. And history burrows on, enlarging its long dark tunnels between murdered bodies and cut-off skulls.

VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS IS JUSTIFIED:

1. Against a deliberate or accidental agent of danger—in other words, as imminent defense.
2. Against a deliberate agent of danger, as a personal, punitive or didactic act.

VIOLENT DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When the acts defined as treason are the same as the acts committed by the supposed anti-traitors.[117]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

19.
CONTINUUM OF DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

I. WHAT IS A TRAITOR?

A. Alcibiades, expelled from Athens, to his new friends the Spartans, who might hate him for his past deeds (415 B.C.)

> "I hope that none of you will think any the worse of me if having hitherto passed as a lover of my country, I now actively join its worst enemies in attacking it... my worst enemies are not you who only harmed their foes, but they who forced their friends to become enemies; and love of country is what I do not feel when I am wronged, but what I felt when secure in my rights as a citizen."[118]

B. Plato, *Laws* (before 347 B.C.)

> "Whosoever seeks to put law in chains and the state under control of faction by subjecting them to the domination of persons, and further serves these ends and foments civil strife by revolutionary violence, must be counted the deadliest foe of the whole state, and he that, being in high office, though himself no party to such plattings, neglects to avenge his country on the plotter ... must be held second only to the other in guilt."[119]

C. Jefferson, draft bill on punishment (1778-79)

> "If a man do levy war against the Commonwealth *in the same*, or be adherent to the enemies of the Commonwealth *within the same*, giving them aid or comfort in the Commonwealth, or elsewhere, and thereof be convicted, of open deed, by the evidence of two sufficient and lawful witnesses, or his own voluntary confession, the said cases, and no others, shall be adjudged treasons."[120]

D. Article 58-1a of the Soviet Criminal Code (repealed 1960)

> "Betrayal of the Motherland, i.e. actions committed by enemies of the USSR damaging the military power of the USSR, its political sovereignty or territorial inviolability, such as: espionage, disclosure of a military or state secret, going over to the enemy side, escape or flight abroad."[121]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

E. Mao Zedong (1926)

"Our enemies are all those in league with imperialism—the warlords, the bureaucrats, the comprador class, the big landlord class and the reactionary section of the intelligentsia attached to them."[122]

F. Korean proverb

"You will be a king if you succeed in usurping power, or a traitor otherwise."

II: WHAT MEASURES ARE JUSTIFIED AGAINST TRAITORS?

A. Jeffrie C. Murphy (1973)

"If one believes (as I do) that the only even remotely plausible justification for war is self-defense, then one must in waging war confine one's hostility to those against whom one is defending oneself; i.e. those in the (both causal and logical) chain of command or responsibility or agency—all those who can reasonably be regarded as engaged in an attempt to destroy you. If one does not do this, then one cannot be said merely to be defending oneself. And insofar as one is not defending oneself, then one acts immorally in killing one's fellow human beings. The enemy can plausibly be expanded to include all those who are "criminal accomplices"... But it cannot be expanded to include all those who, like farmers, merely perform actions causally necessary for the attack—just as in domestic law I cannot plead self-defense if I kill the one (e.g. the wife or mother) who feeds the man who is engaged in an attempt to kill me."[123]

B. Montesquieu (1748)

"As soon as a republic has compassed the destruction of those who wanted to subvert it, there should be an end of terrors, punishments, and even of rewards. Great punishments, and consequently great changes, cannot take place without investing some citizens with an exorbitant power."[124]

C. Revolutionary Anti Imperialist League [a Maoist group] (1996)

"Democratic centralism concerning party affairs is essential to waging a successful revolution."[125]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

D. Mao Zedong (1949)

"After the enemies with guns have been wiped out, there will still be enemies without guns; they are bound to struggle desperately against us, and we must never regard these enemies lightly."[126]

E. The Ku Klux Klan (1966)

"There are three ways that we can destroy an atheist or a traitor in this community. They are: 1. Socially, 2. Economically, 3. Physically. The weapon of Propaganda can accomplish the first two in nearly all cases, and it should precede follow up action in the Third Case, if practical... If they continue to resist, they must be physically destroyed before they can damage our Christian Civilization further, and destroy us. This is plainly and simply, SELF DEFENSE."[127]

F. Carlyle, writing about the French Revolution (1857)

"Imagine, we say, O Reader, that the Millennium were struggling on the threshold, and yet not so much as groceries could be had—owing to traitors. With what impetus would a man strike traitors, in that case!"[128]

G. Lenin (1919)

"What is better? To ferret out, to imprison, sometimes even to shoot hundreds of traitors from among the Cadets, non-party people, Mensheviks and Socialist-Revolutionaries, who "come out" (some with arms in hand, others with conspiracies, others still with agitation against mobilisation, like the Menshevik printers and railwaymen, etc.) *against* Soviet power, in other words, *in favour of Denikin?* Or to allow matters to reach such a pass that Kolchak and Denikin are able to slaughter, shoot and flog to death tens of thousands of workers and peasants? The choice is not difficult to make."[129]

H. John Brown, to the League of Gileadites (*ca.* 1859)

"Your plans must be known only to yourself, and with the understanding that all traitors must die, wherever caught and proven to be guilty."[130]

I. Athenian law moved by Demophantos (410 B.C.)

"If anyone subverts the democracy at Athens, or holds any

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

office when the democracy has been subverted, he shall be an enemy of the Athenians and shall be killed with impunity, and his property shall be confiscated."[131]

J. Jefferson, draft bill on punishment (1778-79)

"... the person so convicted shall suffer death, by hanging, and shall forfeit his lands and goods to the commonwealth."[132]

K. Plato, *Laws* (bef. 347 B.C.)

"The same rule [as for sacrilege]—death to be inflicted by a majority of their sentences. But once for all, in no case shall a father's disgrace or sentence descend to his children, save only when father, grandfather, great-grandfather have all, without break, incurred judgment of death. In that case the state shall deport them to their original native place with all their property beyond the whole stock of their patrimonial holding."[133]

L. Regulations of the Teians (475-70 B.C.)

"Whoever in future ... commits treason or brigandage ..., or whoever hatches some evil plot against the Teian community, that man shall die, both himself and his family."[134]

M. Robespierre (1793)

"One leads the people by reason, the enemies of the people by terror."[135]

N. Told of the Roman Emperor Domitian, by Suetonius (before A.D. 140)

"To discover any conspirators who were in hiding [he] tortured many of the opposite party by a new form of inquisition, inserting fire in their privates; and he cut off the hands of some of them... To abuse men's patience the more insolently, he never pronounced an unusually dreadful sentence without a preliminary declaration of clemency."[136]

O. Bhagwat Charan, Hindustan Socialist Revolutionary Army (1930)

"Terrorism is not complete revolution, and no revolution is complete without terrorism... Terrorism instills fear in the hearts of the oppressors, it brings hope of revenge and redemption to the oppressed masses."[137]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

P. Standing Committee of the Communist Party of Kampuchea [Khmer Rouge] (1970s)

> "Absolutely implement the Party's revolutionary authority over the counter-revolutionaries."[138]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 20

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

Do you really believe that we can be victorious without the cruelest revolutionary terror?

LENIN[1]

Having made his daily proof that the people's will, the General Will, is so sacred, so exquisitely sovereign that even *representation* equals tyranny, that only people's *agents* (commissars) ought to be allowed,[2] Robespierre stands calmly declaiming on related matters beneath the shadowed, vaulted ceiling of the Jacobin Club which was once a library, his colleagues seated in their orderly bench-rows, whispering to one another like inverted Januses, frowning (especially when he insists on that feudal absurdity called God), but mainly applauding with palm-beats, foot-poundings and frenzied shouts that lone rostrumed man who cries for unlimited freedom of the press[3]—the same man who soon enough will be enslaving the press, hunting out factionalists, monarchists, foreign hirelings, counterrevolutionaries, calling, as Lenin will, for institutionalized terror. Throughout his five

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

years of power he endlessly repeats himself.[4] Referring to his upsloping parallels of elegant script, whose cross-strokes run smooth and steady,[5] he links terror with virtue, "virtue without which terror is squalidly repressive, terror without which virtue lies disarmed. Terror is nothing other than swift, severe, and inflexible justice."[6] Throwing back his powdered head, clutching the collar of his shabby old suit, he coolly points, presents and concludes, the very picture of the proper lawyer he'd once been—"a man fitted," says Carlyle, "in some luckier settled time, to have become one of those incorruptible barren Pattern-Figures, and to have had marble-tablets and funeral-sermons."[7] A different assessment: "None could have mediated the Revolution as Robespierre did."[8] Hamel will not be able to stop praising him for twenty-two hundred pages.



Robespierre

Nine hundred speeches in five years![9] Why, that approaches Hamel! Before, he'd opposed the King's abdication; now he is for the King's death. Before, denying the inevitable struggle between the revolution and its crowned enemies abroad, he'd shrieked out: "Liberty has no more mortal enemy than war... To favour war, under any pretext, is to join in a conspiracy against the revolution."[10] Now he bows to popular opinion, endorsing war. Before, he cried out against capital punishment and the guillotine; by the end, one of his victims will harangue the silent crowd, "Why look so grim? We're only performing a hackneyed Robespierran comedy!"[11] And then the comic will perform his own comedy. But we're not there yet. Reenter his domain, the Jacobin Club, which nourishes him as earth does fabled Antaeus. A member assures him: "You have reached the point of being able to say anything, do anything, because you have the multitude on your side."[12] Does this then justify him?

Recall our definition:

> "LEGITIMATE AUTHORITY" means that it has been delegated by the highest political power available and that "most people" legitimize that power and that authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Legitimate authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Legitimate authority is constrained by, but not solely defined by, law.[13]

But that was preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority arms itself with far more powers:

> "LEGITIMATE REVOLUTIONARY AUTHORITY" may be created when the preexisting authority arguably fails to meet the criteria for legitimacy, either obviously or behind the screen of false consciousness. Given the initial dominance of preexisting

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

authority, it is almost inevitable that at some stage, "most people" will NOT legitimize revolutionary authority by uncoerced participation or acquiescence in its politics. Revolutionary authority cannot be constrained by law. Defense of its revolution may require it to engage in violence ordinarily forbidden to preexisting authority. Therefore, revolutionary authority must strive to bring out its own replacement within the shortest possible time by an established authority whose power will be normalized according to the same limits as any legitimate preexisting authority. Revolutionary authority is impermanent, as limited and legal as its emergency permits. Its violence obeys the principles of proportionality and discrimination.[14] Above all, revolutionary authority displaces and directs violence toward the justified goals listed in this calculus. Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.

In our counterpoised portraits of Trotsky and Lincoln, the former represented revolutionary authority, the latter preexisting authority. Robespierre is closer to the former, although unlike Trotsky he was actually elected into a position of power within a quasi-incumbent body which actually sought to consensualize itself, and gradually became ever more revolutionary.

From the point of view of any lonely atom (a category which includes almost all of us),[15] the establishment and maintenance of legitimate authority of either kind is a good, a subsidiary end which becomes in turn a means for accomplishing the larger end of safeguarding the social contract. For both Lincoln and Trotsky, that subsidiary end grew and grew, thanks to eminence. Lincoln fought his civil war in order to reassert over the breakaway South the authority of the Union he represented. Trotsky's civil war likewise occurred in order to assert a question of authority: Who would control the Soviet Union—Reds, Whites, Greens or outsiders?

To vulgarize, Trotsky defended a means; Robespierre defended an end. How does that affect the latter's self-justifications?

Robespierre's fatal error was to take *his* authority for granted; yet in truth it *was* his for a long stretch; by virtue of a consensuality rather impressive for any revolutionary authority, crowds legitimized his doings. I grant that the more luminous planet the National Assembly, of which he is a longstanding deputy, applauds him less than the Jacobins. They weary of this speaker-on-all-occasions, this opinionated alarmist. Nor does Lamartine enjoy the music, writing that "his somewhat shrill voice sought oratorical inflections, but was only fatiguing and monotonous."[16] But we cannot expect to please everyone in life. He had his own factions, traitors, aliens and deposed classes to contend with; all the same, instead of studying his violence, as we did Trotsky's, as an exercise in the defense of revolutionary authority, I see fit to consider him from the standpoint of revolution itself. The orator Desmoulins, whom he has saved from prison and whom he will soon regretfully entrust to the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

guillotine, is moved to tears by "this excellent citizen" who like Martin Luther King makes capital of his own future martyrdom; eerily, Desmoulins himself shouts out for sheer love: "We will all die before you!" and eight hundred other spectators arise to share those sentiments...[17] Comes revolution, revolution and revolution again; comes Terror; comes the apotheosis. "O seagreen Prophet, unhappiest of windbags blown nigh to bursting, what distracted Chimera among realities art thou growing to?"[18] Comes the coup against him, the reflexive political death-struggle, then arrest rescinded and unrescinded, declaration of outlawry; comes wordless agony as he lies upon a plank with his jaw smashed by a pistol-ball, then his final utterance, a scream of physical pain when Sanson the executioner rips off the bandage, in order that the guillotine may have freer play. His brother chooses to be condemned beside him. Gladly! reply the Thermidorians. One by one, the Robespierrists perish. Survivors write memoirs against him, his sister alone proving loyal. Jefferson pens to Madame de Staël: "Robespierre met the fate, and his memory the execration, he so justly merited."[19]



Camille Desmoulins

"THE INCORRUPTIBLE"

In the engraved portraits we find something appealingly alert about him. His hair has been curled at the tips, forming an even bulwark all around his head at ear level. His gaze is wide-eyed, almost gentle. They call him "the Incorruptible."[20] Lamartine saw in him "a smile wavering betwixt sarcasm and sweetness. There was *softness,* but of a sinister character."[21] —In an all too characteristic dialogue whose imagined interlocutors are allowed merely to utter short, distraught exclamations, to which he himself, chief protagonist, provides long, rational answers, Napoleon, former protégé of the Incorruptible, future Emperor of France and current parody of Socrates, puts into the mouth of "a Marsellais" this accusation against Robespierre: "He had a citizen hanged, plundered his house, and raped his wife, after making her drink a glass of her husband's blood." —"How horrible!" replies the Emperor with that coolness which throughout his career he'll find so witty in himself. "But is it true? I doubt it, because you know that no one believes in rape now."[22] —And I doubt it, too. Robespierre was neither a sadist nor a lecher. If anything, strange to say, we might portray him as still another proto-Gandhian![23] "You have no idea of the power of truth or the energy of innocence when sustained by an imperturbable courage."[24] Thus the Incorruptible. Ah, context! To me this sentence evokes a file of frail, vegetarian, half-naked, unarmed satyagrahans smilingly offering themselves to the clubs of the riot police, filling jails, clogging courts until the authorities capitulate to their just demands; to Robespierre it means (or will come to mean) *terror.* It

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

will mean signing arrest-warrants which are really death-warrants against individuals whom he considers to be counterrevolutionaries—progressive *lettres de cachets*, one might say, for he'd fulminated against the reactionary ones of the Old Regime. In short, it means ordering out the selfsame riot police with upraised clubs.

REVOLUTION'S MUTABILITY

We can ask Trotsky himself to analyze the Robespierrists for us. He'll reply at once, with his customary bleak and fluent mercilessness:

> The Jacobins were supported by an urban bourgeoisie which had come out of craft workshops... The objective result of the revolution was the creation of "normal" conditions for capitalist exploitation. But the social mechanism of the historical process decreed that these conditions for the bourgeoisie's rule must be created by the mob, the democracy of the streets, the sans-culottes. It was their dictatorship of terror which cleansed bourgeois society of the useless rubbish which encumbered it, after which the bourgeoisie achieved domination by overthrowing the dictatorship of the petty-bourgeois democracy.[25]

In this conception, so characteristic of the conceiver, Robespierre is a blind instrument of historical forces.[26] As it happens, the conception has been validated. But *Rising Up and Rising Down* pretends that free will matters; at the very least, that free will determines and indeed defines moral choice. So let's set aside the long-term results of Robespierre's revolution: Napoleon, the Empire, etcetera.[27] Let's consider what he wanted in relation to what he did. Isn't that how we've proceeded from the very first page?

Unfortunately, we can't do so here.

Throughout this book, we've portrayed most of our violent moral actors as more consistent than they probably were—Leonidas and Hitler, for instance, with their unswerving defenses of homeland; Caesar with his fixation on personal prestige, the Bolsheviks with their relentless will to break the Soviet peasantry. True, we did glimpse Joan of Arc's brief wavering in the face of a terrible death, Lincoln's very hesitant and in the end expediently forced expansion of the notion of human liberty to include black Americans. But for the most part, in our attempt to wish personality and history into various ethical molds, we've simplified motives, hopefully not too egregiously. Maximilien Robespierre, for all his rigid Incorruptibility, nullifies such convenient strategies. Again, it's not Robespierre himself who's the wandering moral compass-needle, no matter how the beginning of this chapter might have made him seem. Rather, what Rosa Luxemburg once referred to as the "resolute and stormy tempo" of revolution itself, which creates the future as it goes, and above all *creates new first principles*, so that the means and the very *ends* of rising up become altered,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

drag forward like wild horses even the most skilled and deliberate riders.

Let me be more specific. In the chapter "Defense of Class" we considered the two-decade-long class struggle between the Soviet revolutionary elite and the kulaks. We judged the end, the means and the moral actors as they altered over time. And we arrived at a moral judgment (specifically, a condemnation of dekulakization).[28] To the extent that we believe its Party platform, the Russian Revolution was indeed a rising up or down whose goals may be defined in terms of class. But such an analysis only partway defines what revolution is. The other part, and the reason for this chapter, is revolution's *fluidity.*

Revolutionaries seek to bring out change. The more ambitious and successful they happen to be, the greater the change. This is why revolution's ends express themselves temporarily and locally: execute the King; purge the Girondins; avoid war; wage war. *All the more reason for its means to be finite and limited,*[29] I wrote, and these may be the most impractical words in this book.

Precisely on account of that impracticality, I repeat: *Given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.*

A revolution can be subdivided into six phases.[30] One phase may occur within another, or simultaneously with it; revolution can always be interrupted by counterrevolution; never mind. Each phase can be associated with a specific decision on the part of the moral actor around whom the revolution is now occurring. These phases and the questions they raise are as follows:

PHASE 1: Recognition of grievance.
Question: Is the order of things both unjust and alterable?

PHASE 2: Active polarization.
Question: Which side should I take?

PHASE 3: Overt conflict.
Question: Should I follow the vanguard, run away or turn them in?

PHASE 4: Resolution of conflict.
Question: Now that I can see the future, does it justify me?

PHASE 5: Consolidation of power.
Question: Should the revolution continue or should it enact itself into law?

PHASE 6: Maintenance of power.
Question: Am I satisfied with what the revolution has done?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Obviously the ends and means required to carry out the revolution, hence to defend it, must change as these questions change. In Phase 3, someone who chooses to defend the revolution will be constrained by the imminence of overt conflict to proceed in unity with the other fighters, and at Rosa Luxemburg's "stormy tempo;" whereas in Phase 5, more meditative distance would be ideal, and factionalism is guaranteed.

In finally admitting how much inconsistency rules practical application, we are truer to life here than in any preceding chapter of justifications.

Defense of the revolution means protection of the revolution's right, perceived or real, to develop from an initial recognition of grievance all the way into the maintenance of incumbency's power. Defense of the revolution allows means and ends to alter, provided that "justice" will ultimately be done in the name of some legitimate super-end. In Phase 5, which is by far the most ethically problematic stage, defense of the revolution must decide whether that super-end would be better served by continuing the revolution or by crystalizing its gains into a stable social contract. It is here that Robespierre's career will come to its sad end.

WHO WAS HE?

His twentieth-century biographer Jordan prefers to present him as an outsider, formidable and almost free from unpleasant associations: Jordan admires his subject's "moral integrity" as "the ideal political citizen."[31] His Robespierre scorns inside-track expediency from the beginning. He's (still another parallel with Gandhi) a true mass revolutionary who appeals to the people, which makes him more lonely, more Incorruptible than most, because "transcending the procedures of the Constituent, looking to the streets, so to speak, as the basis of political authority, was abhorrent"[32] to the aristocratic and bourgeois colleagues whom he would come to dominate. Sometimes Jordan's near-adulation boggles my mind, and sometimes I can almost comprehend it. Ultimately, no one worshiped expediency more than Robespierre—no matter how marshmallow-dreamy his *ends.*

As long as we're going to compose our portrait of him as a mosaic or collage of other souls' pictures, why not envision him as a reincarnation of Cleon the Athenian, bugbear of Thucydides—and a very popular orator, too, who, we read in an anonymous essay on the Athenian constitution, "more than anyone else corrupted the people by his wild impulses, and was the first man who, when on the platform, shouted, uttered abuse and made speeches with his clothes hitched up"?[33]

ROBESPIERRE AS SAINT

For Citizen Robespierre, as we saw, is quite the communicator. It has been pointed out that power can only be as strong as the capacity to communicate,[34] for if the led

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

had no knowledge of the desires of the leader, how could they obey him? In Robespierre's time, of course, Hitler's devices—radio, airplane and cinema—remain unavailable, but the factional press, like the guillotine in the public square, stands ready, along with an audience less captive than zealous—ready to listen, to be convinced and to take immediate action.

That action is frequently progressive, just, beneficial. At the feeble end of a corrupt epoch of *corvée* labor and *lettres de cachet*, an era in which "a secretary of state at eighteen ... decides questions with a *bon mot*,"[35] comes the convocation of the Estates General which inaugurates the French Revolution; and here we see Robespierre representing the Third Estate, that is, *the people.* He's one of the Third Estate's five hundred delegates, of which more than three hundred are lawyers like him. Would you call them his peers? His audiences in the Jacobin Club will perhaps be members of "the possessing classes."[36] But Maximilien Robespierre himself, abandoned by his father not long after birth, possesses—what? A few shabby shirts. Precocious and outstanding Latin pupil on a scholarship, he'd once been given the honor of addressing the King and Queen—who, it is said, passed on in ungracious silence, perhaps because it was raining that day.[37] That was in 1775. Then came a career of arguing in court about lightning-rods literal and metaphorical, until the Revolution set him free. Rudé believes that Robespierre knows more than almost any other leader in the movement "what it meant to be poor."[38] Lamartine calls him "more than unknown; he was mediocre and despised."[39] No longer! Phase 1 now gives way to Phase 2. The Third Estate, likewise mediocre and despised in the opinions of the First and Second (which is to say the clergy and the aristocrats), will soon proclaim itself, in company with a few allies, the National Assembly.

Robespierre has already begun to attract notice with his anger's shrill sincerity. He commands bishops to sell off a portion of their trappings to help feed the poor. In 1790, defying his listeners' outrage, he speaks in favor of permitting priests to marry. Like Trotsky, he comes out in favor of mercy to château-burners. "Forgive me, if I ask how a revolution, made by the people, can be protected by the ministerial employment of arms."[40] He convinces the Assembly to remit Metz's residence-tax upon Jews. He insists on freedom of emigration, even though the nobles are abusing that right by running away with the nation's property. He proposes the establishment of a national guard and a jury system open to all citizens. He votes for all rights to black people in the French colonies, again denounces the death penalty as institutionalized assassination.

Robespierre, were you two-sided or did you merely evolve into something monstrous? Or did monstrous times merely carry you along as you chirped out your speeches like a cricket on a bark-chip going down a whirlpool?[41] Defense of revolution, if carried out faithfully enough, must lead us on and on, we know not where. —What do you want? Justice; the good of all; the General Will; that's your superend. —When the question of giving the king a constitutional power of veto comes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

up, you astutely remind the Assembly that this could give a mischevious sovereign the power to go against the nation, "that the functions of all political powers, and consequently of royalty, are public duties and not personal rights."[42] Do you caution them thus because you genuinely hate tyrants, because the revolution you're defending has not yet moved forward to discard checks and balances, or simply because you know that you can never be king? You propose that those who served in the Constituent Assembly be barred from serving in its successor—a noble-meaning measure, as I construe it, although your biographer Lewes (whom your later biographer Rudé, quick in your defense, will accuse of having "read widely but with little discrimination")[43] considers it merely hypocritical: You knew that your real power base continues to be in the Jacobin Club; and this way many notable deputies who might have opposed your power will be excluded. Are you a schemer? —No, I don't believe it. You're Incorruptible.

LIMBO

How can a soul be Incorruptible, without being isolated? By definition, incorruptibility is the refusal of easy opportunities, the firm veneration of principle over kinship or obligation. Well, should that principle, that end, remain the same no matter where the revolution may go? How may a principle's interpretations and effects be measured? In the Maxims for Murderers[44] in *Rising Up and Rising Down*'s moral calculus, each principle grows odious in proportion to the extent that it is defined solely by its executor. But isn't that Incorruptibility of a sort?



The Bastille

Robespierre, then (appointed, or elected, Public Accuser), hovers and busily buzzes in the limbo between (a) the new parliamentary elite whose specialty is secret compromise, and (b) "the people" (known to the doomed nobility as "the little people"), also called, for it was literally true, "the breechless," the *sans-culottes*. Of them, the patrician Madame Junot, who was five years old when the Estates General met and the Bastille fell, paints this picture, perhaps childishly magnified (for the Revolution hunted her aristocratic father; she and her sister, left alone, hid themselves at boarding-school), but very likely nightmarishly exact: "Many were naked to the waist, and their arms and breasts were covered with blood. They wore tattered garments upon their pikes and swords. Their countenances were inflamed, and their eyes were haggard; in short, their appearance was hideous."[45] She is relating what befell her brother when he came in his cabriolet to visit his two sisters. The sans-culottes enveloped him and thrust the freshly severed head of Madame de Lamballe into his face. The future Madame

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Junot would have been eight years old at this time. Her own account proves that she wasn't there, and yet a line or two later she describes again with shuddering vividness that "immense mob, composed also of half-naked individuals besmeared with blood, and who had the appearance of demons incarnate. They vociferated, sang, and danced. It was the Saturnalia of hell!"[46] Did she glimpse them from time to time from her boarding-school window, or did the tale told by the agitated, blood-smeared brother, reinforced by her family's misfortunes, and her own subsequent interest as a Napoleonic aristocrat in condemning as much of the Revolution as she could, catalyze her memories, turning the sans-culottes into monsters?

Truth to tell, we have no reason to accuse her of exaggeration at all. The sans-culottes exemplify militant street violence. They swarm into public meetings; they hang officials from lamposts or cut off their heads. They're the ones who will execute the first massacres of September 1792.[47] Who are they? A document from 1793 says that a sans-culotte is "a person who always travels on foot ... and who lives very simply with his wife and children, if he has any, on the fifth or sixth story."[48] In her article in the remarkable *Critical Dictionary of the French Revolution,* Patrice Higonnet portrays them as fraternal and egalitarian, of course, literate and sectional, spontaneously but politically *violent.* "For the first time in history, women gathered independently in order to carry on their own autonomous political action."[49] Thus they were not "the poor," but a self-mobilized minority of poor militants. It is of such people that revolutions can be made. Phase 1, recognition of grievance; Phase 2, active polarization; Phase 3, overt conflict: so far the sans-culottes can certainly go, and that explains why they are the people of Robespierre.

Or are they? Even had he wanted to, Robespierre could never have been *of* them. He's educated; he's been trained to argue and to abstract. He absurdly believes, as does this book, in moral principles. No matter—he'll fight in his own way. The year before the Revolution ruptures ancient France, we see Robespierre in Arras, defending a man thrown into a dungeon by greedy relatives who'd obtained a *lettre de cachet.* Already he casts himself as a defender of the poor against traitors. When sincerity isn't expedient, why not believe in it?[50] I think Robespierre wishes to defend the poor. I admire him. The rich who manipulate the laws against the poor are "clearly guilty of high treason."[51] Time then for defense against traitors!

In Arras they don't like him. His caseload doesn't increase. If anything, he's losing clients. He doesn't care, because he's sincere and wants nothing for himself. This aloof personification of conscience, who continues until the very end to dress in pre-revolutionary style, who requires of his visitors such anti-sans-culottisms as applying first in writing, models himself after his favorite Roman: old-fashioned unbending and self-denying Cato.[52] But that aristocratic slave-beater won't really do as a guiding intelligence. For that, Robespierre turns to the worshipful Jean-Jacques Rousseau, whose *Social Contract* and *Discourse on the Origin of Inequality* continue in service even now as crude but luminous lenses through which to observe social

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

morals and mechanisms. We've mentioned that Ho Chi Minh was "overjoyed to tears" when he first read Lenin. Robespierre seems to have experienced a similar feeling when he first read Rousseau, whose greatest essay begins: "Man was born free and everywhere he is in chains."[53]

THE TENNIS COURT OATH (1789)

In an old print, we see Robespierre amidst the throng of Third Estate deputies now swearing never to adjourn until France, in defiance of the crudely authority-defending king who's locked them out, receives her constitution. They will succeed. They are magnificent. Phase Two gives way to Phase Three. From this moment will derive all others: the storming of the Bastille; the reduction of the king first to impotence, then death; the transubstantiation of the streets from mere arteries of despotism into living channels of militarized, ideologized citizen-consciousness. Their right arms shoot up in pledge—except for Robespierre's. That citizen, who believes in all revolutionary hopefulness that "the human species exists in a violent condition which cannot endure,"[54] presses both hands against his heart, gazing rapturously into the heaven of his Supreme Being.

GENERAL WILL

Witness to and thrilled agent of these volcanic events, Robespierre will never cease paying homage to Rousseau's fateful conception of General Will, the common interest of all, raison d'être of the social contract. "Divine man, you have taught me to know myself."[55]

ROUSSEAU'S MORAL CALCULUS (1755)

How does society serve our interest?

> "Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the General Will; and in return we recognize every member as an indivisible part of the whole."

What then is the purpose of the state?

> "The General Will alone can direct the forces of the State, according to the object of its institution, which is the common good."

How do we recognize the General Will? Since you say that the social contract is in my interest, won't it correspond to my desires?

> "In fact, if it is not impossible that a particular will should

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> agree on some point with the General Will, it is at least impossible that this agreement should be lasting and constant; for the particular will naturally tends to preferences, and the General Will to equality."

Well, then, in that case won't the General Will be the same as the will of the majority?

> "Men always desire their own good, but do not always discern it; the people are never corrupted, though often deceived, and it is only then that they seem to will what is evil. There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the General Will; the latter regards only the common interest, while the former ... is merely a sum of particular wills."

So how can we make the General Will manifest?

> 1. "There should be no partial association in the State"—no faction. "Every citizen should express only his own opinion."
>
> 2. "When the whole people decree concerning the whole people ... then the matter respecting which they decree is general like the will that decrees. It is this act that I call a law." "The people must be taught to know what they require... Hence arises the need for a legislator."
>
> SOURCE: ROUSSEAU, PP. 18-19, 27, 30-31, 39, 41; "THE SOCIAL CONTRACT."

Who can this legislator be? Rousseau begins by talking about gods. He says: "In order to discover the rules of association that are most suitable to nations, a superior intelligence would be necessary who could see all the passions of men without experiencing any of them."[56] I submit to you, fellow citizens, that this exactly describes our esteemed Robespierre, who declaims patiently before us, chaste without known limit, ascetic as Stalin, refuser of any number of offices to which the Revolution would appoint him—he longs only to express the General Will. Soon he'll believe that he does. Rising up, rising down! Finally he'll be convinced that *only* he does. (But how could he not? He's energetic; he wants to be effective; as the revolution approaches Phase 5, which requires the future to be talked over, only the arguer who believes surpremely in himself can prevail.) Swallowing Rousseau's bait, he takes it for granted that anything called "will" must be voluntary. He is brother to John Brown, who half a century later will enforce the Golden Rule by violence.[57]

Rousseau rejects the need for violence—state violence, at least, capital punishment—unless the criminals "cannot be preserved without danger."[58] Robespierre will stretch this loophole into a deep hole, a mass grave.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

STRATEGY OF AN INCOMPETENT

The biographers of my century, with their kitchen-craving to whip data into a sort of meringue with firm peaks of meaning here and there, divide Robespierre's life, as I do revolution, into periods: his more or less orphaned youth, about which little is known except for the boy's stellar niche as a Latin pupil; then the brief career as an advocate in Arras, informed and inflamed by a Rousseauvian fervency; the Tennis Court Oath; then the time of constitution-building in the Assembly and power-building in the Jacobin Club; then the first crystallization of ardent words into violent capability, when he rides the swift dark horse of people's insurgency to participate (at whatever remove) in the famous assault upon a king who'd refused to be a faithful puppet; then comes outright regicide, the guillotine-blade being greased by Robespierre's calmly unyielding arguments; subsequently we find the period of public ascendancy, magnified by that coup against his former colleagues the Girondins; almost immediately thereafter, we see him turning on the right-wing Dantonists simultaneously with his destruction of the left-wing Hébertists; in partisanship or cold scholarship we delineate his penultimate epoch, when, ensconced within the Committee of Public Safety, he becomes an executive, administrator and functionary of Terror; finally we mark the rift with his fellow executioners, which conveys him to the plank and blade of Thermidor. We know how it will all end and what Robespierre will say at every turn.

And yet, more than any other moral actor in this book, with the possible exception of Julius Caesar, Robespierre's actual *responsibility* for violence remains awkwardly and irritatingly disagreed on by these portrait-painters. Needless to say, the righteousness of violence produces more debate than affirmation, but it isn't even that: nobody agrees on exactly how many liquidations Robespierre directly "caused." In 1849, Lewes stands convinced that "he has not left the legacy to mankind of one grand thought, nor the example of one generous and exalted action."[59] Nearly a century and a half later, Jordan, subordinating and minimizing his violence wherever possible, presents him as a heroic-expressive spirit born from the breath of the Revolution itself. Having neither the opportunity nor perhaps the capacity for Robespierran scholarship, I propose, rather than giving a definitive opinion on the man's degree of actual violence (an opinion which even were I an expert must remain but a single voice in a dissentient chorus), that we treat him as he demanded to be treated: as an expression of a will—to defend the revolution! Was it the General Will? Let's get to that later. For now, let's simply agree on what I hope should be obvious—that a politician in power who in an era of violence calls for and approves of violence has chosen it and *is* to a significant extent responsible for it. In short, judge him by his stated moral calculus.[60]

"Revolution," he says, "is the war waged by liberty against its enemies; a constitution is that which crowns the edifice of freedom once victory has been won and the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

nation is at peace"[61]—which is to say, once Phase 5 has been achieved. *Revolution is imminence.* By the rights of the self,[62] imminent self-defense allows almost any means.

LIBERTY AND EQUALITY

By the end, Robespierre's defense of revolution had become almost pure defense against traitors.[63] A broad and worldly outlook might conclude, indeed, that such is the stage of most revolutions, cases in point being the Chinese, the Russian, the Yugoslavian; but because my own mind remains too narrow to back up any such aphorisms, I'll err on the side of privileging uniqueness in the French case.

Begin with another tribute to those theoretical glories which so often dazzle intellectual saints into benevolently overlooking the ugliness of the world, and intellectual murderers into not seeing the blood caused by their razors of terror. The striking divergence which exists between liberty and equality[64] might never have pierced my own bedazzled blindness had not Tocqueville shown it to me. Now that I have grasped it, I see the divergent paths down which those two ideals in their pure form point us. Liberty without equality would bring a society into a paradise of the Social Darwinists, in which the able rich would be free to grow richer, while the impoverished would be free to starve.[65] Equality without liberty would consist for its part in universal slavery.[66] Exponents of those two respective hells would be, I suppose, Caligula and Pol Pot. Liberty must balance equality, identify with it, *equal* it. To the French Revolutionaries, the equals sign was *fraternity.* How moving that conception remains to this day! And in the context of this book on violence, how particularly fine—if you are my brothers and sisters, how could I bear to hurt you? To say that I must, and most willingly shall, use my liberty to insure your equality, because we are kin; and that in the interest of that equality you in turn will do what you can to bring my liberty up to your level, because the relationship between liberty and equality makes us kin—these formulations derive from that grand old Golden Rule. "Fraternity is the creation of sacrifice alone," insisted Saint-Exupéry during World War II. The error of Robespierre was the familiar one of sacrificing others even as he spoke of sacrificing himself. There being nothing new under the sun, no revolution is all-new, either; on the premises of the Jacobin Club, the Dominican altar still squats; and in Robespierre's case, behind his novelest conceptions and denunciations one can find classical bric-a-brac. "To punish the oppressors of humanity, that's mercy," he declaims; "to pardon them is barbarism."[67] Haven't we heard this before?[68] Won't we hear it again?

A NOD TO HISTORICAL FORCES

I've said that to the extent to which we can inculcate feelings of fraternity as widely as possible, we can master violence—that is, direct it elsewhere. Liberty, equali-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ty and fraternity! How they differ from Hitler's popularity, tradition and force![69] But how was it, then, that the French Revolution became violent? How it could have been that from the well-meaning heads of the National Assembly, instead of Athena, first Robespierre, then that more stylish and intellectually curious little Corsican Hitler who, like his swastika'd soul-mate, failed at the gates of Moscow? ("I held the government of the Directory and the leaders of the councils in supreme contempt," he recalled frankly. He was "resolved to possess myself of authority, and to restore France to her former glory, by giving a powerful impulse to public affairs."[70] And so he became emperor. Where now liberty and equality?) And why did fraternity not prevent the French from devouring each other in the Terror, and then seeking to devour other nationalities?

First of all, what *is* liberty? "There is no word that admits of more various significations,"[71] begins Montesquieu, and he concludes with the formulation, to which Rousseau's and Robespierre's shall prove so closely akin, that "in societies directed by laws, liberty can consist only in the power of doing what we ought to will, and in not being constrained to do what we ought not to will."[72] Who decides what we ought to will? Our lawgiver: Lycurgus, Robespierre...

BEGINNING OF THE END

It is 1790. The Terror has not yet begun. King Louis remains in life, but trapped and domesticated now, a caged squirrel. In England, that elderly defender of privilege and property, Edmund Burke, gazes at the spectacle across the Channel and accuses the revolutionary politicians of failing to respect the royal family "whose peace they troubled." The nobler revolutionists of classical times, he says in a trope which hardly adds luster to his hatreds, "were not like Jew brokers contending with each other who could best remedy with fraudulent circulation and depreciated paper the wretchedness and ruin brought on their country by their degenerate councils."[73] Burke has been lucky enough in his prejudices, or clever enough despite them, to prophesy the coming bloodbaths. Traditionist to the core, he loathes the Assembly's great debates over first principles. Their inspired rage which drives them to build heaven on earth appears to him a mere Tower of Babel, doomed to quarrels, faction-cracks and collapse. He's not all wrong, even if he fails to appreciate that every revolution not previously halted must pass through Phase 5.



Louis XVI

As is so often the case in real life, Phase 5 begins as soon as the French Revolution does, and the self-destruction of that revolution will not be presided over by any one leader. Mirabeau, Lafayette, Danton, Robespierre, the Directory, Napoleon—it goes on and on. When we defend our revolution by attacking the rev-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

olutionary ends and means of our colleagues, is this justified, unjustified or merely tragic? Robespierre, always true to himself, certainly throws himself into it all, cicada-shrilling: "Enemies of the people, whomever you may be, never will the Convention favor your perversity!"[74]

SAFETY

The revolution deepens; the desperate king flees to Varennes with queen and children, seeking to join with counterrevolutionaries abroad. But he's spied out, arrested, brought back to Paris, menaced and humilated. After an equivocal silence (probably, says one historian, because he's trying to calculate how to bring Louis down without replacing him by the Duc d'Orléans[75] or Lafayette),[76] Robespierre raises his accustomed shrill cry: "Do you dare to pronounce the king innocent when the nation has declared him guilty?"[77]

Yes, the Assembly goes against the nation—for now. Why? Because Spain, Austria, Russia, Sweden and Prussia—or, as I should say, the crowned heads of those nations, frightened by the Revolution's imprisonment of royalty—rattle sabers at France.

In April, 1792, ten months after the royal family's aborted escape, France declares retaliatory war on Austria. Robespierre, who'd temporarily sacrificed some popularity to oppose it, comes round to the General Will's way of thinking: If so it must be, he'll do his part, shrilling out loyalist cicada-songs. Defense of the revolution requires it.



Marie Antoinette

And suddenly I think back on the tale of how Trotsky lost his revolutionary authority, and I see how essential that vote against factionalism must have seemed. If we are still weak, still menaced by enemies, how can we hope to enter Phase 5? Of course the revolution must go on.

Robespierre must defend his own revolution. He too must change the tune of his cricket-chirp if unitarianism (which under external threat had better equal the General Will!) requires it. Phase 3, the stage of overt conflict, is by far the most dangerous period to any authority, let alone one which is still attempting to construct itself. Consistency cannot outweigh defense of the revolution itself.

As for Louis and Marie-Antoinette, he bides his time. Has his secret heart already come out against them? Perhaps not. Phase 3 will not be launched against them just yet; right now, Phase 2, active polarization, better describes our revolution's relation to those half-former sovereigns. So Robespierre continues to style himself the "defender of the constitution": his raîson d'être, like that of so many protagonists in this book, is self-defense.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The rival Cordeliers' Club incites a march calling that the king at least be deposed. The National Guard fires on them in an act of "tricolored terror" denounced by Citizen Robespierre, who's now becoming rather popular again. (They'll name children after him.) When the Assembly finishes France's new constitution at last, he and his colleague Pétion get paraded through Paris, honored Roman-style with oak-leaf garlands.

The king will sign the constitution, and be restored to office in a parade of reconciliation. But old Edmund Burke in England sees the future. He's learned that the king and queen were compelled to ride twelve miles in a less friendly parade whose standard was two royal bodyguards' heads, set on poles. Regicide, he writes, has been only "sketched," "left unfinished." He bitterly anticipates its completion.[78] For Robespierre and ever so many of his colleagues are changing now, beginning to follow that dictum, so susceptible of abuse, called necessary expediency. Not that class-defending Burke didn't follow it! No matter.

A PEDESTAL FOR THE IDOL

A few months before the king's final descent from guarded and spied upon monarch-in-name to disroyaled prisoner, one of the Girondist deputies shouts out: "Yes, I denounce to you a man who has become the idol of the people."[79] That is a true summation of Robespierre at this period, of the man whom another biographer styles "revolutionary democrat." He always glorifies the masses, insisting that he is *of* them. Unlike Stalin, who, popular though he was, hid from the people, Robespierre seeks out public opinion, and seeks to magnify it, to run ahead of it. He eschews deeds, dubious enterprises. Mainly he waits, incites, approves. Marat calls himself the People's Friend; the Incorruptible wants to be the People's Advocate—no, let's not mince words—the People's Prosecutor. —"You reproach me for having relinquished my place as Public Accuser," he acknowledges most smugly—why, they must have been afraid that Robespierre meant to draw away from his duty! How would they get along without him? Not to worry—he actually means to catch bigger fish! "I relinquished it when I saw that it gave me only the right of accusing citizens for public offenses, and deprived me of the right of accusing political enemies. And it is for this that the people love me."[80] He'll continue to deserve their love. He'll dare to sniff out *"nos ennemis intérieurs et extérieurs."*[81]

Why not? These enemies are no mere figment. Austrian and Prussian armies approach. The Duke of Brunswick threatens that all Parisians found in arms once the capital is taken will be liquidated. Meanwhile, aristocrats are rising up against the Revolution in the Vendée, in Lozère... Other aristocrats flee France, perhaps to link up with Brunswick and his counterrevolutionaries. The Revolution had better defend itself, and quickly![82] And hasn't Robespierre been trained as a lawyer?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

In a true people's insurrection, the sans-culottes attack the king in the Tuileries. Bloodily held at bay at first by the Swiss Guards, they presently overpower, massacre and posthumously execrate those mercenary chesspieces,[83] then seize the royal family, who, having already thrown themselves on the legislature's mercy, find themselves discrowned, imprisoned. Quickly, now, create a new convention to implement revolution's fire! We'll soon see them legalizing divorce, forbidding priests to wear their special garb except during Mass, requiring an oath of loyalty to liberty and equality from all citizens. With such laws, who should the new lawmakers be? Robespierre, our popular, unofficial, free-floating conscience, gets this idea: Let them be "composed above all of citizens ... whom despotism has proscribed."[84] In other words, the enemy of the old regime must be our friend. If that is defense, what can Louis hope for, but death? Here indeed Robespierre does seem to exemplify General Will, to the exent that anyone can know what General Will is. The whole Paris Commune explodes with hatred against royalty; Robespierre merely expresses what they all think...

The old Constitution had guaranteed personal immunity to the king. "So much the worse," Robespierre sings out. "An authority more powerful than that of the constitution now condemns it—the authority of reason, the conscience of the people, the duty of providing for their safety."[85] (Such was ever his tendency. We saw that long ago, when the Assembly got hold of some letters to the counterrevolutionary Comte d'Artois; Robespierre demands that their seals be broken in obedience to his favorite dictum, "the supreme law of public safety"—defense of the revolution.)

One reason that he'll so often be compared to Stalin is that both incessantly sanctify and perfume themselves with the rhetoric of authority's defense. (His salvation-deliberateness will endure to the Eighth of Thermidor, which marks the very end of his capacity for speech. We find the revolutionary periodical *Le Moniteur* summarizing his final address to the Convention thus: "He announced that he was proposing the only proper measures for saving the nation.")[86] Then, too, like Stalin, Robespierre is always calling out the terrible alarm: "Factionalism!"—this gruesome croaking being expressed, as one contemporary recalled, in a voice "hoarse in the lower, discordant in the higher tones, and which, during the exultation of rage, was converted into a sort of howl, like that of the hyaena."[87] (Rudé insists with equal conviction that "he lacked presence and colour" as a speaker.)[88]

General Lafayette, defender of the king, has wisely fled. Robespierre says that he "must be declared a traitor to the country."[89]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE BARBARITY OF WEAKNESS

By now the Incorruptible has summed and totaled his way past Rousseau to compute his moral calculus. Here is part of it:

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF ROBESPIERRE (*CA.* 1792-94)

When is pity justified?

> "We must distinguish real humanity, which looks at the general good and which knows how to triumph over the most lively emotions of pity, from that weakness which is sensibility towards an individual, and barbarity towards society."
>
> SOURCE: LEWES, PP. 154-55.

Practically speaking, a real human is anyone who agrees with him—woe to the others! His logic is as irrefutably circular as that of the twentieth century American anarchist who explains in her red pamphlet: "I am not going to attempt to justify sabotage on any moral ground. If the workers consider that sabotage is necessary, that in itself makes sabotage moral."[90] Robespierre, like any despot, insists on controlling the means *and* interpreting the ends. Call him Mr. All-or-Nothing. He shrieks: "Enact laws that punish all crimes without exception; or suffer the people to avenge them for themselves."[91] Punishing all crimes without exception sounds like impartial justice, of course, but haven't we learned from our survey of violence that the surest mark of inhumanity is the refusal to grant exceptions? Mass justice he wants, machine-justice—if not, then lynch law. Before long, he'll make them one and the same.[92]

CLEAN HANDS

Robespierre cries out another warning against oppressors: "Citizens, you will only have peace by keeping your eyes open to all their treacheries, and your hand raised against all traitors." In that spirit, the sans-culottes launch the first Terror, in whose infamous September Massacre he takes no part, being an inciter, an enactor, not a practitioner. And so he's not among the leveller-vanguardists who haul political prisoners (mainly aristocrats) from their cells and hack them to death. Don't sans-culottes embody the General Will? (A Marxist would say so.) The aristocrats dead, they drag out whores and thieves—aren't all enemies of the people working for the Prussians, English, Austrians? As many as fourteen hundred die pitiful deaths of blood.[93] Robespierre, elected to the National Convention in pace with the liquidations, weeps crocodile tears; he's heard a report that they've executed an innocent man by mistake...

In March, with the inception of the Second Terror, he gets appointed a judge of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the new Revolutionary Tribunal, which in typically zealous fashion owns but two powers—acquittal or execution[94]—but declines the honor, citing conflict of interest. The Committee of Surveillance born soon after wasn't his idea; plenty of people are willing to get their hands bloody to save the Revolution. Again he denies that he is seeking any dictatorship. Nor does he toe the expedient line of conformity; the General Will rises up above all that. So here he is, still speaking out in support of religion! Although that is quite unfashionable among the extreme republicans who now make up an increasing proportion of his colleagues, pious women applaud him in the galleries. Near the end, he'll inaugurate a Festival of the Supreme Being.[95] His motto: "The idea of the Supreme Being and of the immortality of the soul is a continual reminder of justice."[96]

"NO SENTENCE TO PASS"

Being reminded by the immortality of the soul, I suppose, he sings his song about defense of the revolution: Off with the king's head! "You have no sentence to pass, but a measure of public safety."[97] It is December, 1792. They must *terrorize* the revolution's enemies, royalty's last friends.[98] Robespierre doesn't even want a trial, because that would admit the possibility of the king's innocence.

> I neither love nor hate Louis; I hate nothing but his crimes. I demanded the abolition of capital punishment in the Constituent Assembly. [but] you ask an exception from the punishment of death for him alone who could render it legitimate! A dethroned king in the very heart of a republic not yet cemented! [In other words, we remain in Phase 3.] A king whose very name draws foreign wars on the nation! ... Louis must perish because our country must live![99]

No capital punishment, he'd said—but now: "death for him alone who could render it legitimate." Any other executions must accordingly be illegitimate, which means that Robespierre will stop here. Does he keep this promise? Unfortunately, the General Will prevents him.

His provincial-federalist opponents, the Girondins, call for the Rousseauvian measure of an appeal to the people on this issue. But Robespierre, champion of popular sovereignty, rejects their motion.[100]

THE FIRST TRAITOR

Sometimes when I read upon the juggernaut of the French Revolution, I put myself in Louis XVI's weak shoes, and wonder what he could have done to prevent his doom. Refuse to call the Estates General? But he did refuse, until they forced themselves upon him. Carlyle (whose account cannot always be trusted) writes that that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

was the day Marie-Antoinette wept. —And force? He tried force "when dumb Drudgery staggered up to its King's Palace, and in wide expanse of sallow faces, squalor, and ringed raggedness, presented hieroglyphically its Petition of Grievances; and for answer got hanged on a 'new gallows forty feet high.'"[101] Through incompetence, outright impotence and capricious violence, Louis already delegitimized his power. This erosion remained obscured from the masses and himself by the shadow of his powerful forbears. His own weak and flittering character could not stay still long enough to hide it any further. Sun-tzu tells us that "one who frequently grants rewards is in deep distress. One who frequently imposes punishments is in great difficulties. One who is at first excessively brutal and then fears the masses is the pinnacle of stupidity."[102] Thus Louis's situation, which he had not made so much as been born into—a fact which fails to excuse him. We find in the memoirs of Madame Junot, herself no enemy to royalty, this typical anecdote: "An admirable address conveyed to the foot of the throne a statement of the grievances which pressed upon the people of Dauphiny. For an answer it received an insult, dictated to Louis XVI by the delirium of an insane ministry."[103] Indeed, the king was not a wicked man as much as a man at "the pinnacle of stupidity."



Louis XVI and his family in prison

His original problem was an immense national debt, thanks mainly to the war with England. To have some hope of paying it off, he must rationalize taxes, and require the clergy and the nobility, who were the first two of the three Estates, to contribute their share. As it was, the lower classes, who comprised the Third Estate, continued to pay the most. Tocqueville writes with particular indignation of those arbitrary taxes, which fluctuated from year to year so that the peasants never knew what their future liability might be (faint foreshadowing of Soviet collectivization with its forced requisitions of grain!), and he goes on to complain of the widespread use of forced labor to build roads and haul the baggage of regimental trains, not to mention the dreary military service in which the poor served under the rich with no hope of promotion.[104] Those nobles who were conscious of the sufferings of the peasants—and according to Tocqueville some hearts did bleed, or at least weep a drop or two—referred to them nonetheless as boors, yokels, churls and other expressions sanctioned by long usage.

As I said, King Louis was not such a bad man, and I feel sorry for him; he abolished, for instance, the *droit de suite*, "by which a lord could claim his subject wherever he found him."[105] He spent large sums on poor relief, and his officials became more lenient in their enforcement of those inhumane tax laws. But that was far too little. He sought to end forced labor and the restrictions upon workers' freedoms of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the guilds, and in both cases he foundered. He expressed sorrow for the peasants, but failed to repair the crooked courts which could try them without appeal, with no right of habeas corpus, for such minor offenses as leaving their parishes without a certificate.[106] He did not succeed in lifting the fiscal burden upon the Third Estate; instead, he merely *relieved* it at instances subject to the whim of his own goodness. How could he do more until the First and Second Estates had renounced their privileges? In those days of Phase 1, how could there *not* be a widespread recognition of grievance?

Oh, the king had Necker, indefatiguable Necker, who got new loans to pay the interest on the old, but sooner or later such perpetual motion schemes must be halted by entropy, and that was just what happened. Thus Louis's start alienated the clergy and the aristocrats, while his lack of finish increased the resentment of their accustomed victim, the Third Estate. His authority grew less legitimate than ever.

When the Estates General finally met,[107] and the Third Estate, together with some firebrands from the other two, declared itself to be the National Assembly, then the king, just like the perfectly stupid man of Sun-tzu's characterization, grew fearful at last and sought to repudiate it, but to no effect. Phase 2: Onward to the abolition of slavery, landed property, privilege of all kinds.

The storming of the Bastille, a truly spontaneous mass action by any standard, simply made palpable what heretofore had only been demonstrable: the Crown no longer had any sanction. The flight to Varennes exposed the Crown as not only weak but dangerous. Let's agree with Robespierre: Louis *was* a traitor. That is, after accepting the constitution he struggled to defend and restore his usurped power. Hence his secret letters to foreign counterrevolutionaries, soon to be discovered in the infamous iron chest. So the irresistible force of the General Will met the all too moveable object—the king's neck.

THE WEAKNESS OF BARBARITY

In January, 1793, the king's head falls. In February, France declares war on England and Holland before they can do the same to her. War with Spain breaks out at the same time.[108] Denouncing the Parisians' latest bread riots, Citizen Robespierre calls for a strengthening of executive authority—of Terror from the top down instead of the decentralized Terror of neighbors denouncing each other as "suspects." In March, shaken by war-disasters, he advocates martial law. We can well imagine all this as justifying itself through inevitability.[109] In April he for the first time asserts the Revolution's right to "suppress a conspiracy founded on the liberty of the press."[110] In June he proposes to guide the General Will through universal education. (Do you remember Rousseau's moral calculus? *The people must be taught to know what they require... Hence arises the need for a legislator.*) But he never stops advocating

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

religious toleration. Strange terrorist: when he turns against the ultra-leftists, it's on account of their repression in the service of "de-Christianization"...

THE SECOND TRAITOR

From his brain (his overthrowers will claim) now springs the infamous Committee of Public Safety[111]—what a Robespierrian appellation!—to which he cannot yet get himself elected (it is as if the Supreme Being he honors so obsequiously has now offered him one last chance to think). In actuality, it's not clear who dreamed up this committee, which is "invested with every power,"[112] says Lewes. Four months after its birth, that is, in July 1793, he finds a place on it. On the very next day he calls again for the trial of "the Austrian woman," which is to say the queen, already guillotine-widowed.

Well, the truth is that she had indeed been in league with Austria in hopes of restoring the monarchy; Robespierre speaks correctly. Why blame him above others for her sentence? He embodies the General Will, seeks only to preserve and protect...

Burke compares her to a dauntless Roman matron, dignified and uncowed by insult.[113] Robespierre will in due course pretend to pity her.

MILDNESS

Politics loves to invent its own topography. Above the moderate federalists who call themselves Girondins rears an immense peak of righteousness, perfection and General Will—namely, Robespierre's own faction, appropriately known as the Mountain. Between the Mountain (which loves to sit eponymously on the upper benches) and the Girondins we find the swing votes, known as the Plain. Robespierre's argument against sparing the king, based on the meteoric metaphors of his colleague, Saint-Just, was that Louis was only an alien, not a true citizen: he, and only he, could not be afforded the protection of the social contract. On the other hand, as for all the deputies, aren't the people sovereign? Didn't the General Will elect them? And so we find Robespierre, brimming with a loyal charity in contradistinction to his most ferocious utterances, defending from being purged even the colleagues he most dislikes. For this I respect him. How then could the revolution, expression of near-unanimous people's sovereignty, ever become factionalized? Robespierre will defend it from that.

Alas! Carlyle has pointed out that lopping off the king's head was the last thing that they were all able to do together.[114]

From moment to moment we've watched the revolution's goals enlarge, feeding on themselves: lawfully redress grievances—get representation—constitute a new government in defiance of incumbent authority—transform the king from an absolutist into a benign figurehead—strip him of his powers—kill him—abolish feudalism—fight counterrevolution—defend the homeland—mobilize *everyone.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Meanwhile Robespierre repeats many of the same things he's always said, continues to wear his prerevolutionary professional skin.

Again, I agree that *defense of the revolution cannot be defense of a fixed idea. Defense of the revolution is defense of onwardness.* Nonetheless, it can be justified only when the ends of the revolution are explicit and legitimate. Whenever the ends change, which must frequently occur, *its legitimacy must be reevaluated.* How to do that? Enter Phase 5, however briefly; debate; that is all I can propose.

But at the Jacobin Club we now hear Robespierre shrieking out: "I regard him as my oppressor who interrupts me, who refuses me speech, and I declare that I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention."[115] —Applause, applause! —The next day he does indeed attack and denounce the president, whose mistake it was to be a Girondin.

In confirmation of enlightened ambition, Robespierre has cooked up a coalition[116] comprising himself, Marat and that suicidal zealot Danton—all three of them soon to die by violence. They inflame the local people's sections. Robespierrist sans-culottes surround the Convention, burst in, demand the heads of these traitors. The Girondins get expelled.

Robespierre chirps out that certainly Girondins must go, for the sake of unity. But, smiling his sweetest smile, he refuses to countenance their murder. After all, he's against capital punishment.

GREEK CHORUS

"In the various cities revolutions were the cause of many calamities," writes Thucydides, "as happens and always will happen while human nature is what it is, though there may be different degrees of savagery... Love of power, operating through greed and through personal ambition, was the cause of all these evils."[117] Meanwhile, the French revolutionists speak out against ancient power, greed and ambition, abolishing without compensation the last cobwebbed entitlements of feudalism. In that glorious and ominous year 1793 they decree universal male suffrage. In Robespierre's words, "Can the law be termed an expression of the General Will when the greater number of those for whom it is made can have no hand in its making?"[118] They expropriate the fled or guillotined nobles of their lands, which they offer to villages for common use.[119]

SELF-DEFENSE OF A PROSECUTOR

"There must be but one will," he scribbles in a private note to himself,[120] and despite his earlier denials, one would think that he means *his* will, that he wants to be Dictator;[121] all the same, unlike Stalin, he knows less what he wants than what he does not want.[122] "I was created to fight crime [treason], not to govern," he will confess to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his fellow deputies in his swan song.[123] I believe him. Up to now, he's murdered less often than he's merely justified murder. I still see him as a well-meaningly zealous defender of revolution, doing his sincere best to cope with the unimaginable.

In August 1793, while the revolutionary government brings the queen before her judges and begins to arrest all foreigners who've entered France since 1789, we find him—in the Jacobin Club, naturally—reasoning out his proto-Trotskyist case for permanent revolution: "It's imperative then that a tribunal established to speed the Revolution, not pull it back through criminal slowness; it's imperative that the tribunal be as energetic as crime, that it always be *on a par with the offenses.*"[124] Where is imminence in all this? Could that justify him? Maybe so; armed enemies and counterrevolutionaries still press France! And so our former guarantor of freedom of the press now insists on suppressing evil writing and disseminating good writing. —"One must be prudent in one's letters," sighs the Marquis de Sade, having just railed with typical imprudence against the king's imprisonment, "and never did despotism open as many letters as liberty."[125] —How can we end the foreign war? By "placing republican generals at the head of our armies, and punishing those who have betrayed us." How can we end the civil war? Through "the punishment of traitors and conspirators."[126] We must "make terrible examples of all those wretches who have outraged liberty."[127]

DEFENSE OF THE MASSES

The people cry out for bread. Responds the Incorruptible, in words similar to those of his equally doomed colleague, Saint-Just: "The people must be defended by terrible institutions, or they will destroy themselves with the weapons with which they think to defend themselves."[128] And so, at the beginning of September 1793, the Committee of Public Safety officially inaugurates the next Terror, with six thousand men and twelve hundred artillery. They'll force all rural traitors to disgorge their produce for the hungry Parisian masses![129] "Of all the decrees which have saved the Republic," says Robespierre smugly to his Jacobins, "the most sublime ... is the one which made probity and virtue"—that is, Terror—"the order of the day."[130] But if the people need bread, perhaps even now he is right.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MAO ZEDONG (1927)

"Proper limits have to be exceeded in order to right a wrong, or else the wrong cannot be righted."[131]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF EDMUND BURKE (1790)

"Amidst assassination, massacre, and confiscation, perpetrated or meditated, they are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

forming plans for the good order of future society... They have a power given to them, like that of the evil principle, to subvert and destroy; but none to construct, except such machines as may be fitted for further subversion and further destruction."[132]

WHAT CAN OUR SUPER-END BE?

Who was right about violent defense of revolution—Mao, Burke or both?

Clearly, the French monarchy had failed to embody the General Will. It had failed to serve the people. Phase 1 gave way to Phases 2 and 3. The Terror began. In France the Terror was less systematic and widespread than in Russia, China, Cambodia. It tended to limit itself to nobles, foreigners, politicians and the intelligentsia. Even so, as a bureaucrat might say, "mistakes were made."

Were those mistakes avoidable or not?

Near the beginning of this book we formulated the following rule for the moral calculus:

> The effects of any revolution, crime, rescue, or war cannot be anything but temporary and local. Therefore, every end remains (in its immediate expression) temporary and local. All the more reason for its means to be finite and limited. An inconstant end is a warning: Danger of deceitful or outright evil expediency.[133]

But we have seen how the practical ends of a revolution must alter as phase gives way to phase. How can they not be inconstant? This boggles my moral calculus.

That is why I've proposed to at least hold each revolution accountable to its stated super-end. But all that leaves us with is something misty or distant, twinkling overhead in the darkness of rising up and rising down—every revolutionary has a super-end! Every creed is a super-end. And to the extent that it becomes pure creed, it tends to be either innocuously self-referential or else invasive of other creeds.[134] The exception is the Golden Rule.

How then to define this super-end? Grievance—in other words, an unsatisfied General Will—causes revolution; legal codification of the new social contract, whose utility and quasi-voluntarism must be assumed if justice is to be assumed,[135] brings revolution to a close. Hence I propose that *defense of the revolution approaches legitimacy to the extent that it is defense of the General Will.*

"There is often a great deal of difference between the will of all and the General Will; the latter regards only the common interest, while the former ... is merely a sum of particular wills." So penned Rousseau in his moral calculus. And again, "the particular will naturally tends to preferences, and the General Will to equality." But pure equality, remember, is slavery.

It seems to me that whatever a given manifestation of the General Will might be, its general character, as the French revolutionaries posited, must be to balance

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

liberty against equality; but in place of fraternity, which has clannish connotations, let's make our equals sign the Golden Rule.

A NOTE ON SCOPE

Did Robespierre regard the General Will, or merely think he did? Unfortunately, in a revolution the General Will is often knowable only after the fact. Even now, who are we to define the common good of the people of France *circa* 1790? Must we blame the Terror for making possible Napoleon's counterrevolution, and was Napoleon worse than the *Ancien Regime?* (At least under him the laws were rationalized, rights and privileges somewhat more equalized, a poor man's chance of evading his previous class destiny slightly improved—even if he could only get ahead by joining the *Grand Armée* and becoming a pawn in the Emperor's imperialistic designs.) When do we say, the cause goes back this far, to *here,* and the effect runs as far forward as *here?* There is no real answer to this question, and given that the General Will tends to be defined negatively, by its grievances, a revolutionary or a judge of revolutionaries runs the risk of falling into the same trap as the Icelandic avenger who's mechanically compelled to retaliate against a previous injury by inflicting a new one, which will necessitate retaliation. In the chapter on deterrence, retribution and revenge[136] I will make the self-evident point that to stop this lethal machine, at least one moral actor, whoever is capable of so doing, must forego his mechanical right to retaliation. Restraint and perhaps even compensation are required. We ought to look at revolutions in the same way. The violent redress of grievances must inevitably inflict them. And in weighing a revolution on the scales of General Will, we need a fixed point beyond which neither grievances received nor grievances caused can be weighed. For example, if we balance the injustices of Nicholas II's reign against those of Lenin's Red Terror, it is obvious that Lenin comes out the moral loser. On the other hand, if on top of Nicholas's crimes and errors we heaped into the pan of causative grievances every prior class-based injustice in the world, dating all the way back to the classical period—and, remember, the Communist model was intended to create a worldwide utopia for all time—then that pan would thud down, and the Red Terror would rise up into near-weightlessness. (Edridge Cleaver, 1970: "I am in favor of a Dictatorship by the [American] Indians. It's their land... if there is only one Indian left, I am in favor of making him an absolute monarch, even if he is an idiot... I am not interested in any arguments to the contrary.")[137] *How gigantic a task does a particular revolution set for itself?* I use the word "gigantic" based on this citation in Trotsky:

> Revolutionary governments are the more liberal, the more tolerant, the more "magnanimous" to the reaction, the shallower their program, the more they are bound up with the past, the more conservative their role. And the converse: the more gigan-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> tic their tasks and the greater the number of vested rights and interests they are to destroy, the more concentrated will be the revolutionary power, the more naked its dictatorship.[138]

Hence, by virtue of his own self-defined mission of giganticism, Trotsky feels justified in repressing the Cossacks.[139] In the name of the General Will, he seems to be forbidding an awful lot of people and institutions the right to exist in their own preferred forms.

The more grievances a revolution claims for itself, the more latitude it can grasp when it rises up, the less accountable it becomes, and the more tempting it is for the revolutionaries to carry out one of our luxuriously self-referential Maxims for Murderers. Accordingly, it seems to me that one of the very few safeguards we have is to say that *defense of revolution is unjustified to the extent that it fails to explicitly and consensually define the grievances which it seeks to address.* And as usual this is utterly impractical; a bread riot grows unpredictably into the decapitation of the king. (Jordan: "That the price of bread on July 14, 1789 would have been of less significance to Robespierre than his belief that men, on that day, set out to destroy tyranny.")[140] All I can suggest is that when the revolution catches its breath in Phase 5, its vanguard ought to discuss and debate whether they or not they should accuse themselves by this criterion. And if the firebrands among them cry out, "We've righted those wrongs—now let's right all the rest!" what can the other moral actors do but judge these new ends, and the additional means which their execution will require,[141] according to the General Will?

DEFENSE OF THE HALF-DEFINABLE

Did Robespierre defend the General Will?

One must place a higher burden of responsibility on killers than on non-killers. Robespierre was a killer. Still, he was sincere and he really was Incorruptible. I'm willing to suppose that he worked toward the common good as he understood it. But if the common good is something under than "the sum of particular wills," in other words what Tocqueville would call the tyranny of the majority, then what is it? *Rising Up and Rising Down* has asserted that the General Will is best served by equally maximizing liberty and equality in accordance with the Golden Rule.[142] If so, how long and to to what extent may liberty be suppressed, and the Golden Rule violated, to further equality? Prerevolutionary France suffered egregiously from liberty without equality, meaning liberty for the rich. Robespierre was therefore arguably in the right in violently altering the balance. Indeed, he never altered it as far as a Marxist would have.[143] Furthermore, my moral calculus asserts that violence is justifiable "in the *construction* or *maintenance* of legitimate institutional authority,"[144] which the General Will certainly requires; to Robespierre's last breath, revo-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lutionary authority remained only partially consolidated, and revolution's homeland imminently endangered by counterrevolutionary troops. Wasn't he thus acting more or less correctly?

Finally, on the matter of scope, we can't ignore the accelerating factionalism of the French Revolution after the king was executed. Defense of the revolution was defense of the half-definable.

ROBESPIERRE ARRAIGNED

Let's categorize Robespierre's victims as "politicians" and "other." Politicians first: whom was he willing to work with? Remember what he said: "I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention." This sentiment can be justified only if results prove the speaker right; for one's moral accountability must increase as one treads the continuum from disagreement to factionalism to dictatorship. "I alone." This is what Hitler would have said. That does not invalidate it for all time; Leonidas or Joan of Arc could have said it nobly; Lincoln said his "we alone" against the Confederacy, and might have been justified, had the emergency been yet much greater than the actual case, in arrogating sole and supreme power so as to enforce the General Will of the Union. But violent factionalism cannot be justified in any government, even a makeshift revolutionary one, *unless the factionalist continually attempts in good faith to define each local manifestation of the General Will as he sees it.* Should he fail to do so, how can we possibly measure his ends?

To a significant extent, Robespierre does make his subdefinitions and corollaries explicit, both in his speeches and in his newspaper *The Defender of the Constitution.* He defines the revolutionary seizure of the Tuilleries as justified by Louis's counterrevolutionary schemes, and explains in detail why he thinks so, interviewing eyewitnesses to prove his point. (In the process, he whitewashes atrocities committed by the insurgents against the king's Swiss Guards, who'd surrendered, and exaggerates the number of revolutionary casualties.) In 1793 he attaches laudable specificity to his idea of General Will by informing us that "the right of property is limited, as are all other rights, by the obligation of respecting the rights of others."[145] In one of his secret writings to himself he despairs that the people cannot be enlightened until "it will have bread and the rich and the government will stop using hired pens and perfidious language to deceive it," which will happen "never."[146] His compassion is rationalized, detailed, judgable in its legalist and revolutionary manifestations. He may change his opinions, as in his situation most of us would, but to a commendable degree he remains accessible, ready and willing to be pinned down—as he should have been; for, after all, like the demoniacally energetic Trotsky, Robespierre was more of a communicator than an administrator.

Unlike Trotsky, as I keep reiterating, Robespierre remained eternally the lawyer.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In an adversarial legal system—which is to say, in any decent legal system—a prosecutor or defender makes the best case he can for one highly interested point of view. I myself have had the melancholy experience of witnessing very decent and intelligent people advocate in court for noble ends, with ignoble means, all in the name of the General Will. One woman proceeded as follows: The jury may not understand the logic of my argument; they may feel overly sympathetic to the defendant and not sympathetic enough to his victim; therefore, I'll encourage them to find him guilty on as many counts as possible, without letting them know that in doing so they've put him in prison for life. —Her procedure was legal. It was highly practical. In a courtroom, it might even have been "right." I will never forget my horror and anguish watching this honest person act dishonestly, day after day. —Rousseau's moral calculus: "The people are never corrupted, though often deceived." Let's deceive them, then, for the sake of their General Will!

Robespierre did not deceive. He was an honest person who remained honest. But once he was elected to the Committee of Public Safety, he might have sometimes forgotten the meaning of the first word in "General Will." We've quoted him as saying: "Citizens, you will only have peace by keeping your eyes open to all their treacheries, and your hand raised against all traitors." This is a prosecutor's point of view. It may be necessary at times, but it will never bring peace.

Which General Will did Robespierre embody? If he didn't measure it, neither can we. If the other protagonists of the National Assembly, who possessed no more and no less right to make revolution than he, defined General Will differently (or likewise failed to define it), did that give him the right to guillotine them?

And his victims who weren't rival politicians, what about them? Once he obtained the power of convicting and sentencing people without appeal, did he fill the vacuum and sincerely encompass within himself not only prosecution but also defense? Aren't both of those required for the furtherance of General Will?

OF DU BARRY AND OTHER TRAITORS

Madame Du Barry screams for mercy at the scaffold. She used to have sexual relations with the father of the guillotined king; but father and son alike are dead now; how can her stale concubinage harm the state? No matter.[147] Robespierre, who'd once agreed that kinship with criminals did not a criminal make, now serves a regime which follows the Viet Cong's practice of decapitating women who've slept with the enemy.[148] (His actual part in her death: unknown.) Anticipating Marx's dictatorship of the proletariat, he explains that "the government of a revolution is the despotism of liberty against tyranny."[149] Du Barry, harlot of tyrants, begs for a moment more of life. Her head flies into the red-painted basket. —Next!

In one representation,[150] the victims sit in or sprawl in feeble crowds upon the stairs to the platform, some gazing despairingly into space, some with their still-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

attached heads resting in their laps. The Demoiselles de la Métairies lie upon the muddy ground (which contemporary sources tell us reeked of blood), clutching each other, weeping or resigned, according to their characters. One girl is consoling the rest with her little red Bible, while a stand-in for Sanson, shirt open, red cap on his head, glowers watchfully down from the steps of France's great instrument against traitors. Terror has become, as Robespierre called for it to be, "the order of the day." (In the first three months, the number of prisoners in Paris rises from eleven hundred and fifty to eight thousand.)[151]

Burke had written his denunciation of the Revolution back in 1790, when generalized terror was hardly forseeable—except by that selfsame Cassandra, that anxious champion of *moderate* inequity and privilege, that anti-leveller who sitting in the high tower of his rantings saw far. Another of his prophecies:

> The assembly indeed promises that they will form a body of law, which shall be short, simple, clear, and so forth. That is, by their short laws, they will leave much to the discretion of the judge, whilst they have exploded the authority of all the learning which could make judicial discretion (a thing perilous at best) deserving the appellation of a sound discretion.[152]

Now that prophecy comes true. Throughout the countryside the revolutionaries roll their mobile guillotines, worthy instruments of those special courts, which will set a precedent for Napoleon's portable military tribunals without appeal; these latter, by the way, will cause less fuss than Robespierre's, because they condemn in place of the more conspicuous "politicals" only vagabonds and friendless Chouans.[153] Robespierre's laws are more omnivorous. He craves a future *void of law;* popular will can take care of everything! And so his colleagues in Lyons and the Vendée kill "tens of thousands."[154] *Ça ira.* No longer must you seek out the immovable court of justice—justice will come to you.

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF ROBESPIERRE (1794)

What is justice?

> "Justice is nothing other than the health of the people and the death of tyrants."

SOURCE: JESSENNE, PP. 202-203 (ROBESPIERRE, *OEUVRES*, VOL. 10, P. 398).

Was Madame Du Barry a tyrant, then?

Afterwards they drag the dead traitors, long, limp, white and naked, from the horse-drawn tumbrils which form a line all the way to the horizon (in the distance, the revolutionary flag waves above a squad of pikemen).[155] In the name of safety, no one is safe.[156] Look! They're arresting some members of the Revolutionary Commitee itself now! Doing the honors: three deputies whose thrown-back heads and accus-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing, denunciatory arms express imperious disdain for the new victims who slump sadly down.[157] Watch the latest writs of death go out from the Committee of Public Safety, whose office is a long wide room with chandeliers and casement windows, hallmark of its former palace function. People cluster and wait, with what feelings we may imagine, while behind the dividing bar, deliberations go on.[158] Robespierre performs his work here. According to Rudé, "no other figure can seriously challenge Robespierre's reputation as the outstanding leader to emerge from the Revolutionary years before the advent of Napoleon."[159]

ROBESPIERRE AS MODERATE

How much of this can be laid at Robespierre's door? Perhaps not what happens in the countryside, for he stays in Paris. Against whom is his Terror really directed? In another admirable piece of sentiment he addresses the Convention: "In order for the government to keep in the closest harmony with the law it is over its own head that it must wield the heaviest stick."[160] And again: "Cursed is the man who dares to inflict on the people the terror that is intended for the people's enemies!"[161] He wants to cleanse the regime of financial corruption, hereditary class-traitorism, and foreign internationalism.

As it seems, and as Jordan repeatedly argues, he does sometimes try to moderate the Terror.[162] The sans-culotte masses call for Terror against shopkeepers who charge too much, but he, believer in fair free trade, heeds the pro-business whisperings of Barère instead and prefers to relax that price-restraining Law of the Maximum. (Barère, himself a mass murderer against the Vendée, will soon help purge Robespierre and afterward say: "We were then in the middle of a war, and we did not understand the man. He was a nervous, choleric individual, whose mouth twitched when he spoke. His was the temperament of many great men, and history will not refuse him the title.")[163]

No wonder that the sans-culottes begin to turn against Robespierre! Look! This man of the people has agreed to lower wages to half their former value. He's a government functionary now, not a mere orator who surfs the waves of crowd-emotion. He really is Incorruptible. With asperity he reminds the rioters that there's a difference between bread and indigo. Only for the former does necessity justify radical redistribution.[164] What kind of egalitarian is this? In this, he seems to follow *Rising Up and Rising Down*'s prescription for carrying out the General Will.[165] But isn't he leaning a trifle hard on liberty these days? With their demands to meet as often as they like in their sections, to recall deputies, to rise up against the government at pleasure, they're interfering with his emergency expression of the General Will! He's as Trotsky made him out to be, a bourgeois, not a socialist. (After they guillotine him, the Thermidorians will call him a dangerous leveller just the same.)[166]

From his preconceptions he need not travel far, nor by any unaccustomed road, to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

arrive at his most Robespierrist conclusion: people who loot shops of luxuries such as sugar and coffee very well might be inspired by counterrevolutionaries; that is, they may be *traitors.*[167] Everything in his universe has got to be good or evil, and political.

"NOTHING ELSE THAN JUSTICE"

But neither let us exaggerate his unpopularity. After Robespierre "looks through the little window" of death, fenced in by the bayonet-points of soldier-patriots, a carpenter named Richer will say: "Under the reign of Robespierre blood flowed but we did not lack bread; today blood no longer flows but we have no bread; so blood must flow again for us to have it." Richer gets arrested.[168] Easy to call the Incorruptible the patronizing-murderous formulator of a non-existent General Will, but what if he actually did embody something? I think he did. Rudé in his sharp, slender history of the French Revolution quotes a slogan from the locality of Amboise: "Down with moderates, royalists and administrators that are enemies of the People, and up with the *sans-culotte* !"[169] This was before even the execution of the royal First Traitor. Lewes himself reminds us that Robespierre was far from unilaterally blameable for the revolution's course. Consider, for instance, Carrier, who in the Thermidorian period following the doom of Robespierre will himself be tried and executed for his mass drownings at Nantes. (Patrice Gueniffey, on the other hand, calls Robespierre "one of those most responsible for the Terror, thanks to his tireless involvement in police matters.")[170] Tallying up the number of people whom it is fair to call "Robespierre's victims" has proved impossible for me.

He signs relatively few of the death sentences.[171] In the first half of 1794, the monthly tally for executions is: eighty-three, seventy-five, a hundred twenty-three, two hundred and sixty-three, three hundred and twenty-four (Robespierre now joins the Committee of Public Safety), six hundred and seventy-two (in the last week he withdraws from attendance), then eight hundred and thirty-five, with even less help from Robespierre, who at the end of that month will be guillotined.[172]

He's not the only murderer. But he does *speak* for the Terror—he *shouts* for it. Just as casually as Napoleon will draft a letter to impress several thousand Neapolitan convicts into forced labor,[173] Robespierre sends liquidation-vouchers out. Rarely does he use his authority to spare any of the condemned. He saves the old "Mother of God," Catherine Théot[174]—but only, perhaps, because she's religious like him.

Lewes's verdict: "Justice forces me, after long and patient examination, to declare that if Robespierre is not to be charged with participation in many acts of bloodshed, he *is* to be charged with a most execrable indifference to bloodshed."[175]

Between our arch-Jacobin and decency now lie the headless corpses of the judicially murdered, but he looks them over qualmlessly, to Lewes's charge replying: "Are we reproached with their punishment? Not one dare defend them. No, we have not been too severe. I call that republic which now lives to attest it."[176]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"WHEN TO LIVE IS A CRIME"

Death now to the purged Girondin leaders he'd meant to spare. Since he'd expelled them, they'd been under house arrest. Did they regret the king's execution, when their own turn came? "I cannot save them," explains Robespierre; "there are periods in revolution when to live is a crime and when men must know how to yield their heads if demanded."[177] To the guillotine!

Almost alone, he shrills out against sending after them the seventy-three Girondin deputies who'd protested the purge, and indeed he does save them[178]—but this is mere due and decent restraint on his part. It's possible that in the context of the moment such an act did in fact qualify as extraordinary, but remember that from extraordinary power extraordinary things must be demanded. I'm happy that his record wasn't always blotted by immoderation.

MONTESQUIEU'S MORAL CALCULUS (1748)

What is treason?

> "Nothing renders the crime of high treason more arbitrary than declaring people guilty of it for indiscreet speeches... Words do not constitute an overt act; they remain only in idea... Words carried into action assume the nature of that action. Thus a man who goes into a public market-place to incite the subject[s] to revolt incurs the guilt of high treason, because the words are joined to the action, and partake of its nature."
>
> SOURCE: MONTESQUIEU, PP. 90-91; XII.12.

Death to the Duc d'Orléans, who'd unavailingly changed his name to Philippe Egalité and voted his sovereign's death; to the sanguinary Hébert; then to Danton, whom he'd promised to defend and whom he now calls "the most dangerous of the fatherland's enemies"[179] (Danton speaks out against Terror, you see); to Desmoulins, at whose wedding he'd been a witness. These last two had, after all, been calling upon France to treat with her war-enemies. The General Will must be *one* will. As for Hébert, he'd not leave off persecuting Christians, which was not only cruel but inexpedient, for it swelled the ranks of counterrevolutionaries. His guillotining may have been justified.

But what of Anacharsis Cloots? Good friend to the Revolution, if treacherously born in another country, he meant no one any harm. Robespierre dismisses him thus: "Can we consider a German baron as a patriot? Can we regard as a *sans-culotte* a man with an income of over 10,000 livres?"[180] His Jacobins, I suppose, applaud. Cloots goes to the guillotine.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE PRAIRIAL DECREE

The last year of his life begins. To the Convention he reads a Report on the Principles of Political Morality, explaining: "Terror is nothing else than justice, prompt, secure, and inflexible!"[181] He begins to be spoken of—God knows why—as a tyrant. Hasn't he continued to approve freedom of worship? In the Jacobin Club didn't he just now denounce atheism? He feels unwell...

In June, 1794, he leads the procession for the Festival of the Supreme Being. What's the best way to worship Him? —Why, "to do one's duties as a man." —And what, pray, are those? "To detest bad faith and despotism, *to punish tyrants and traitors*, to assist the unfortunate..."[182]

Two members of that class with which he's always identified himself, *the people*, now try on separate occasions to assassinate him. Off to the guillotine! The Convention's begun whispering against him. "To hear Robespierre tell it," sneers a deputy, "he's the one and only defender of liberty..."

In a sulk, he withdraws from the Committee of Public Safety "Let our enemies reach the scaffold by the path of crime," he wails, "we will seek it by the path of virtue!"[183] (What is virtue? He follows Rousseau and Montesquieu, who differ little from Plato: "Virtue in a republic is a most simple thing; it is a love of the republic; it is a sensation, and not a consequence of acquired knowledge"[184]—in short, virtue equals willingness to be *used* by the General Will!)

Without him, the Terror accelerates, deepens and magnifies. This is important. Defense of the revolution is defense of a bloody force; it's not all Robespierre's fault, as even Carlyle admits, but Carlyle also says: "O hapless Chimera; for thou too hadst a life, and a heart of flesh... Art not thou he, who, few years ago, was a young Advocate of promise; and gave up the Arras Judgeship rather than sentence one man to die?"[185]

He's anxious now. He's irresolute, which is not a good thing when one exemplifies the General Will half-definably. He still imagines, as do so many revolutionaries and they are often right, that increasing the tempo of the revolution will save it. We hear him shouting and shrilling inside his true home, the Jacobin Club. Three weeks after the assassination attempts, he and his crippled lawyer-colleague Couthon (soon to ride to the guillotine with him) together instigate the infamous Decree of Twenty-Second Prairial, which whittles away the last safeguards against arbitrary arrest and execution; he means to use it on his enemies, but it will be used against him instead.

One of Robespierre's twentieth-century academic defenders insists that it was no more a "law of blood" than the law of 10 March 1793, which established the Revolutionary Tribunal—nor, for that matter, any worse than the penal code of 1791. As for the fact that it allowed for only one punishment—death—no matter, she says, because it encompassed only one crime, high treason. Therefore "it is just

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that it envisaged only one penalty, the same for all the culprits."[186] —But what is high treason? How rigorously will it be defined and investigated? In 1793 he said: "It would suffice but that a single man manifest principles opposed to those of the Convention for the enemies of liberty to rally around him."[187] Evidently defense of the General Will now precludes freedom of speech.

Justice brings in its harvest of traitors, half a hundred or more at a time, to be arraigned, sentenced and guillotined. According to Rudé, almost half of the twenty-six hundred Parisians guillotined during the Revolution were casualties of the Prairial Decree.[188] We must arraign the Incorruptible for that. Thirteen hundred Parisians! How many were dangerous, I wonder? Meanwhile, Robespierre in his now incoherent or hypocritical righteousness denounces Fouché for committing excesses of terror in Lyon! Well, the truth is, some do drink more blood than he—Billaud, Tallien, Collot, Barras, Frèron, Carrier...

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

Some of his fellow deputies fear him more and more; to others, he's insufficiently active.[189] (Says Napoleon with his usual coldness: "The Revolution had lost its novelty. It had alienated many people by adversely affecting their interests"[190]—as every revolution does.) Will Robespierre turn against everyone? Is the Terror even needed anymore? For on June 26 they expel the Prussians from French soil; defense of the revolution has just become less imminent.

The Jacobins call on him to repeat the Girondin purge, to make a new preemptive strike against his enemy deputies, but he wavers; he's not a Stalin; he's by no means horrible through and through. He won't strike. His enemies will.

"DOWN WITH THE TYRANT"

"What is the foundation of this odious system of terror and calumny against me?" he cries, almost paralyzed by fear and fury.[191] "I've had the courage to come and depose in the very bosom of this Convention the truths which I believe are necessary for the health of the fatherland!" At this, they "murmur," says the account. One deputy wants to know why everyone's time is being wasted by one man's wounded self-esteem.[192] Robespierre's face twitches (it always does). He warns that the recent victories of French armies may open the way to a military dictatorship—and, as usual, he speaks with a measure of truth, for hadn't the turncoat General Dumouriez hatched exactly that scheme while the king was alive?[193] and won't Napoleon accomplish it?—and he reminds his listeners that not all the nobles' heads have been chopped off even now, that in this very Convention evil factions, *traitors*, still work to subvert the people, which is why for our revolution to be protected Terror must remain the order of the day!

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

For the first time since his rise, they refuse to vote that his speech be printed. Humiliated and terrified, he flees to that vaulted hall, that revolutionary womb from which he can ever be reborn with the same opinions, the Jacobin Club, where he's still the best defense against traitors, undisputed instrument of the General Will whose fellow tools applaud him beneath the chandeliers. When the applause of his dwindling minions has refreshed him with new confidence, he returns to the Convention floor to counterattack.[194] But everybody shouts: "Down with the tyrant!"

DUE PROCESS

A deputy demands his arrest, which, thanks to his own justice, will mean his sure condemnation.

"President of assassins," he screams, "I demand the right to speak!" Recall his scene against the Girondins, when he'd cried out, "I alone, I, place myself in insurrection against the President, against all the members who sit in the Convention." And now he is truly alone, except for his brother, who joins him out of love and loyalty, and for the few confederates who will soon die with him.

They decree his arrest. Hysterically he names them triumphant brigands, liars...[195]

SADISTIC JOYS

The Marquis De Sade, liberated from the Bastille at the beginning of the Revolution (he boasts, probably mendaciously, that his cry from those strangely spacious dungeons incited the sans-culottes to storm the place), had become a dramatic rabble-rouser in Robespierre's own section of Paris,[196] but most predictably found himself annexed into the widening realm of traitordom. Let him continue his story, which is so typical of those of the Revolution's victims; let him convey their feelings about Robespierre's fall. The dictatorship arrests Sade, conveys him to a prison, then a second prison, then a third. "My fourth," he writes his lawyer, "was an earthly paradise; a superb house, fine garden, choice company, amiable women"—I suppose he means sluts—"when suddenly, the guillotine was set up literally under our very windows and the cemetery of the guillotined right in the centre of our garden. Within thirty-five days, my friend, we buried eighteen hundred, one third of them from our unhappy establishment. At length when my name had just appeared on the list and I was due to be executed on the eleventh, the sword of justice on the very eve of that day fell on the new Sylla[197] of France"—that is, Robespierre.[198]

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

The Jacobins break Robespierre out of jail. But still he refuses to proclaim himself Dictator, as his successor Napoleon will do. All biographers are confounded by his

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

paralysis. Does it issue from ultra-legalism, from a Socratic respect for the citizen body in judgment on him?[199] Is he aware that by refusing to enforce the Law of the Maximum with heavy Terror he'd lost the support of the sans-culottes?[200] Could he have been self-poisoned by toxins of decency, by revulsion against the system he'd helped enact and eternally justified? Or, like Julius Caesar, has he simply discerned the ultimate limits of all action? Caesar went as far as he could go in victory; Robespierre has led and followed his nation into democracy, regicide, war, chaos and terror. Now what? Does he in fact recall Caesar's example? (Actually, he adores the example of Brutus—one reason why Marx describes him and his colleagues as accomplishing "the task of their time in Roman costume and with Roman phrases, the task of unchaining and setting up modern bourgeois society.")[201] Does he perceive the choice—victim, or else Dictator, *then* victim? I think not. He's too high-strung and smug not to be blind just now. He lives up to Bakunin's characterization of him as the high priest of the doctrinaire state.[202] He shouts, scribbles, hesitates, worries about strategy, having long ago lost sight of his means and ends. Death to the traitors! But which ones? How to head-lop them all? Still and all, he won't be Dictator. I hold that to his credit.

Re-arrested in a clatter of horses and swords, shot in the mouth, perhaps by himself,[203] execrated, he's laid out upon a table in the Committee of Public Safety where, gazing up at the ceiling-moldings while new terrorists scribble all around him, he's pointed at, exclaimed over, exhibited like some live but unmoving carcass of a game animal, pricked with knifes, spat upon, guillotined on July 28, 1794. Twenty-one of his colleagues and adherents die with him that day; seventy-one more die the next day. (In a grandly printed page entitled "The Triumph of the Parisians" we see within a bold black square a second lighter square like a nested coffin, and then a lace-cuffed hand holding aloft two fresh-plucked tubers by their long topknots; crudely depicted, dull-eyed, they gaze at us, their necks cut clean, and beneath them runs the epitaph "THE 2 BROTHERS."[204] Thus Augustin and Maximilien Robespierre.) At Convention, one deputy will exult that revolutionary unity, sundered by the execution of King Louis, has now been stitched together by the liquidation of the new tyrant![205] In November, they'll close down the Jacobin Club...

It's said that at the end Robespierre shows patience, replying not to their taunts, perhaps because of his wounded jaw. Monsieur Hamel says in his biography that "the heads of Robespierre and his friends fell accompanied by the acclamations of an immense crowd and by shouts, a thousand times repeated, of: 'Long live the Republic! Long live the Convention!' His last utterance, like Trotsky's as the icepick goes in, is that scream of pain when Sanson the executioner rips off the bandage from his jaw, but I prefer to inherit from him this more coherent utterance: "They call me tyrant," he had said in the last of his uninterrupted speeches. "If I were tyrant they would grovel at my feet."[206]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When the ends of the revolution are explicit and legitimate. Whenever those ends change, the legitimacy of defense of the revolution must be reevaluated.
2. When it is defense of the General Will.

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When the acts defined by the revolutionaries as treason are the same as the acts committed by them before they came to power.[207]
2. When the revolution's immediate ends change but legitimacy fails to be reevaluated.
3. To the extent that it fails to explicitly and consensually define the grievances which it seeks to address.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

14.
CONTINUUM OF REVOLUTION AND ITS DEFENSE

A. Buddha

> "Verily there is great merit in the generosity of a king when he is kind to a slave; but there is greater merit in the slave when he ignores the wrongs which he suffers and cherishes kindness and good-will to all mankind. He will cease to hate his oppressors, and even when powerless to resist their usurpation will with compassion pity their arrogance and supercilious demeanor."[208]

B. Hobbes

> "And because the name of Tyranny, signifieth nothing more, nor lesse, than the name of Soveraignty, be it in one, or many men, saving that they that use the former word, are understood to bee angry with them they call Tyrants; I think the toleration of a professed hatred of Tyranny, is a toleration of hatred to Common-wealth in general, and another evill seed, not differing much from the former."[209]

C. George Buchanan

> "For if it shall be lawful to any man to kill a Tyrant, see how great a gape you do open for wicked men to commit any mischief."[210]

D. Solzhenitsyn

> "And even in the best of all hearts, there remains ... an unuprooted small corner of evil. Since then I have come to understand the truth of all the religions of the world: They struggle with the *evil inside a human being*... And since that time I have come to understand the falsehood of all the revolutions in history. They destroy only *those carriers* of evil contemporary with them (and also fail, out of haste, to discriminate the carriers of good as well). And they then take to themselves as their heritage the actual evil itself, magnified still more."[211]

E. Dr. Arno Gruen

> "Helplessness cannot be overcome by accumulating and exercising power. Any theory that advances this does violence to individual human beings and their personal histories."[212]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Clarence Darrow

> "The world must learn that violence is wrong. Individuals who understand this truth must take no part in violent acts, whether to enslave or to free. The inherent cohering forces will hold society together and cause man to cooperate for his greatest good."[213]

G. Gandhi

> "Satyagraha is gentle; it never wounds. It must not be the result of anger or malice. It is never fussy, never impatient, never vociferous. It is the direct opposite of compulsion. It was conceived as a complete substitute for violence."[214]

H. Akkadian dialogue

> "Servant, obey me."
> Yes, my lord, yes.
> "I intend to start a rebellion."
> Do it, my lord, do it. If you do not start a rebellion what becomes of your clay?
> "No, servant, I shall not do something violent."
> Do it not, my lord, do it not. The man doing something violent is killed or ill-treated, or he maimed, or captured, and cast into prison.[215]

I. Anarchist collective pamphlet

> "Terrorism and guerrillaism destroy politics."[216]

J. Abbie Hoffman

> "Issues are not relevant to my revolution."[217]
> "'The Revolution Is On!' I scream and grab a cap pistol, preparing to shoot the first cop that comes along."[218]

K. Martin Luther King (1960s)

> "Indeed, we are engaged in a social revolution ... to bring about certain basic structural changes in the architecture of American society. My only hope is that it will remain a nonviolent revolution."[219]

L. Insurgent Subcommander Marcos, Zapatista Army of National Liberation

> "The principal characteristic of this rebellion is that it seeks a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

voice. Having exhausted all legal means of enabling that voice, indigenous Mexicans had to use the voice of guns in order to be heard."[220]

M. Khun Sa, the Opium King

"Tell me one country that became independent without having to bear hardships, without having to struggle and fight. If the struggle of the Shan people, to whom this country legitimately belongs, is unfair, so was the American Revolution."[221]

N. Danton

"I, too, love peace, but not the peace of slavery."[222]

O. Bhagwat Charan, Hindustan Socialist Revolutionary Army

"Satyagraha is insistence upon truth. Why press for the acceptance of truth by soul force alone? Why not add physical force to it?... It is a pity that Gandhi does not understand and will not understand revolutionary psychology."[223]

P. Jefferson

"I hold that a little rebellion now and then is a good thing, & as necessary in the political world as storms in the physical."[224]

Q. Buddha

"'The dog [a threatening, devouring demon] will howl as long as there are people hungry in the kingdom, and his enemies are those who practise injustice and oppress the poor.' The oppressor of the people, remembering his evil deeds, was seized with remorse."[225]

R. Fidel Castro (1966)

"You no longer see a single man or woman in the countryside who sees power as a thing apart, authority as a thing apart, the State as a thing apart. For today these men and women are the authority. They are the ones who have the weapons in their hands... There's no farmer who doesn't have there the means for defending his rights, for defending his Revolution."[226]

S. Machiavelli

"All armed prophets have conquered, and the unarmed ones have been destroyed."[227]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

T. Mao Zedong

"Political power grows from the barrel of a gun."

U. Mikhail Bakunin

"Every forward step in history has been achieved only after it has been baptized in blood."[228]

V. Qiu Jin, Chinese revolutionary heroine (executed 1907)

"We will spend the blood that flows from a hundred thousand skulls, but we must exert our strength to turn Heaven and Earth aright."[229]

W. Rosa Luxemburg

"The establishment of the socialist order of society is the mightiest task which has ever fallen to a class and to a revolution in the history of the world. This task requires a complete transformation of the state and a complete overthrow of the economic and social foundations of society. This transformation and this overthrow cannot be decreed by any bureau, committee, or parliament. It can be begun and carried out only by the masses of people themselves."[230]

X. Trotsky

"From the point of view of the absolute value of the human personality, revolution must be 'condemned,' as well as war—as must also the entire history of mankind taken in the large. Yet the very idea of personality has been developed only as a result of revolutions, a process that is still far from complete. In order that the idea of personality may become a reality and the half-contemptuous idea of the 'masses' may cease to be the antithesis of the philosophically privileged idea of 'personality,' the masses must lift themselves to a new historical rung by the revolutionary crane... These considerations are in no sense an attempt to 'justify' the revolutionary terror. To attempt to justify it would mean to take notice of the accusers. And who are they? The organizers and exploiters of the great world slaughter? The *nouveaux riches* who offer up to the 'unknown soldier' the aroma of their after-dinner cigars?"[231]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Y. Carlos Marighella

"The urban guerrilla's reason for existence, the basic condition in which he acts and survives, is to shoot."[232]

Z. The Unabomber

"Not that we have anything against social justice, but it must not be allowed to interfere with the effort to get rid of the technological system."[233]

AA. Robespierre

"I am inflexible for oppressors because I compassionate the oppressed. I do not understand that humanity which slaughters people, and which pardons despots."[234]

BB. Saint-Just (*ca.* 1791)

"A nation only regenerates itself upon heaps of corpses."[235]

CC. John Brown

"It would be better that a whole generation of men, women, and children should be sacrificed than [to] have liberty perish from the earth."[236]

DD. Karl Heinzen

"To have a conscience with regard to the murdering of reactionaries is to be totally unprincipled."[237]

EE. Sergey Nechaev

"He is not a revolutionary if he feels pity for anything in this world."[238]

FF. Chinese Cultural Revolution slogan

"Overthrow everything."[239]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ADDENDUM:
TWO SPEECHES BY CASTRO
(1959-61)

The revolutionary from my own time whose rhetoric reminds me the most of Robespierre's is Fidel Castro. Listen to this funeral speech given by him shortly after his victory over the Batista dictatorship at the beginning of his regime. Saboteurs, he claims, North American hirelings—and he may well be right[240]—have just blown up the munitions ship *La Coubre,* killing seventy-five workers. "No applause allowed," says Sartre. "They took away from the audience the means of making him outdo himself by their show of enthusiasm,"[241] because he desires soberness; he wants steadiness; he quietly dares, defies. "No newspaper could make one feel what the speech had really been—a long march, against the wind, under the clouds, in the night, toward a still unknown fate: victory or extermination."[242] These are the words of Sartre the World War II resistance fighter. They are not quite accurate in this context. The United States will assassinate Castro if it can, overthrow the revolution, restore the crushing monopolies of private interests, oppress the people (or, as a book published in the U.S. put it, restrain and annoy them)[243] by means of the sugar quota; but it will not exterminate the Cubans; it frequently operates on the principle of selfish, even murderous aggression, but it is not run by Nazis. Still, the metaphor of the march into the unknown accurately describes Castro and his revolution, any revolution. What then is Cuba's General Will?

The restraint and soberness which impressed Sartre, if they ever existed at all, quickly vanish. In 1961 comes the Bay of Pigs raid, for which Castro can thank the CIA.[244] Attacks upon Cuba continue. At one point even a movie theater gets shelled.[245] Allegations of secret biological warfare experiments upon the Cubans and their livestock possess some plausibility.[246] Now the revolution's job is to alloy resolution with hatred. Speaking against the defector Díaz Lanz, former head of the Cuban Air Force, who two years before the Bay of Pigs returned to his homeland on a mission which combined the twin objectives of leafleting and dropping incendiary bombs, Fidel Castro, standing before the Presidential Palace in Havana, unbuckles his revolver, sets it beneath the lectern[247] and rallies the apprehensive crowd: "He hoped to repress us, but when his treasonous maneuvers were brought to light, they were defeated by the power of the people and not of the 'mob' as they said."

Applause is definitely allowed now. The transcript interjects: "(APPLAUSE... SHOUTS OF "UP AGAINST THE WALL, UP AGAINST THE WALL.)" Who invented that slogan, I wonder? Did it come spontaneously from the General Will? To me, it sounds like something out of a Stalinist show trial.

Castro continues: "Our country has received seventy million credits in the bank and just when we are realizing our extraordinary efforts, when even the school chil-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

dren bring their pennies to fortify our economy ... while on the other side cables announce that our credit is being taken away—Díaz Lanz and Hubert Matos interrupt the ASTA conference in order to produce a wild, criminal plan." (The transcript in its crude capitals: "SHOUTS OF TO THE FIRING SQUAD, TO THE FIRING SQUAD...")[248]

As Sartre remarks, "One had to fight an implacable enemy; one had to win."[249] If the enemy is implacable, then I must be implacable also. Defense against traitors—defense of the revolution!

Sartre cannot yet foresee that the American embargo on Cuba will go on for decade after decade; austerity, at the very least, and the mobilized shouts of "to the firing squad," too, will become routinized.

Then those shouts fade away. Cuba remains poor, in part thanks to the embargo; ugly things still happen in Cuban prisons; still and all, the General Will may be better expressed and respected now than under his predecessor Batista. Castro remains in power as I write this. Could it be that defense of the revolution has succeeded?

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NOTES

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

[1] *Wu-tzu*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 208.
[2] Remarque, p. 71.
[3] Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 47.
[4] See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[5] Pritchard, vol. 1, plate 44. In 1943, Eliot Elisofon took a photograph which resonates with this image. We see an immense pile of German helmets in North Africa. American troops hang upon the sides of a truck, lobbing more of these empty metal bowls into the air—so many helmets! It is like a junkyard. What happened to the soldiers who wore them? Maybe they were captured, or ran away; I doubt that they met the same fate as the people from whom the Egyptian junkyard of hands was harvested. But here they lie, sterile trophies, marks in the tally of war (Boot, p. 50).
[6] My translation.
[7] Every bailiff's mark ought to cross-reference a story or a poem of one soul's woe, but the bailiff's office, if it possesses them, rarely releases such files. War is a mass activity, and followers of orders as well as victims of offensives and reprisals tend to remain anonymous.
[8] Hesiod, pp. 197-98 ("The Shield of Herakles," ll. 111-114).
[9] Rousseau, p. 35 ("The Social Contract").
[10] Cook and Cook, p. 189 (testimony of Tanaka Tetsuko).
[11] Walzer believes that the only time "war is not hell" is when all the participants are volunteers, as in a medieval tournament (pp. 25-26). But one of the bailiff's cleverest tricks is to persuade his conscripts that they ought to want to do what he is making them do.
[12] They humbled themselves before their gods, "each knowing that all his future fortunes depended on the results of that day" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 82).
[13] Berlow, p. 67 (plate 1, cat. no. 43; Bear's Heart, "Troops Amassed Against a Cheyenne Village," 1876-77).
[14] Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, p. 460 ("Éxtrait de la chronographie de Samuel [Anetsi] d'Ani," entry 684, January 22, 1235–January 21, 1236). My translation of French translation.
[15] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 282.
[16] Borovik, p. 51.
[17] In the battle of Karbala', A.D. 680, as told by the Arab exegetist Al-Tabar; excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 398-99.
[18] Abrecht Dürer, sketch of the siege of Hohenaspern, 1519; in Hale, p. 17, plate 26.
[19] Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 89. In the mid-tenth century, Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander had written about battle: "At a time like this reconcile your heart with death" (*A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 429).
[20] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[21] Lucan, p. 60 (III.689-90).
[22] Adelson, p. 3.
[23] Ralph Waldo Emerson, *Collected Poetry and Translations*, p. 168 ("Voluntaries," published 1867).
[24] He never imagined World War II; he never meditated much on the Roman Civil War.
[25] Moral calculus, 2.1-2.3, 2.5.
[26] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[27] Saint-Exupéry, pp. 58-59.
[28] Bohrmann, p. 141, plate 65 ("1918: Glüh, heilige Flamme, glüh!"). All the translations from the French and German poster texts cited in this book are mine.
[29] Cook and Cook, p. 211.
[30] This same imporant metaphor is employed in *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 187.
[31] Frontispiece to *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. viii.
[32] Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 191.
[33] Ibid, p. 211. This is why I consider the Allies' "strategic bombing" of Germany in World War II to have been unjustified.
[34] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 31, 1857, Boyd B. Suttler collection. In this connection the twentieth-century conservative sociologist Peter L. Berger writes: "If there is such a thing as a 'good soldier' (I think there is), it is an individual with a full sense of the tragedy of violence... This is why only sad soldiers and sad revolutionaries are to be trusted" (Berger and Neuhaus, p. 55).
[35] Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[36] Chanoff and Doan, p. 172 (testimony of Tran Van Tra).
[37] Ibid, p. 103 (testimony of Trinh Duc).
[38] Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 3), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[39] Who among his essentials for the creation of good troops lists "severe discipline" (*Maxims*, LVI, p. 74).

[40] Bloch, p. 111.

[41] Clausewitz, p. 102. "Rapid conclusion of a war undoubtedly constitutes the greatest kindness. All means not absolutely reprehensible must be used to accomplish this end." Thus Clausewitz's clever pupil, Moltke the Elder (p. 24, "War and Peace"). Iroqoian Indians would have totally disagreed. Their ideal was a low-level perpetual war which channeled aggression away from their own society, and enabled their young men to win honor by killing enemies.

[42] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1 (second limitation: proportionality).

[43] Clausewitz, p. 302.

[44] Ibid, p. 310.

[45] Ibid, p. 309. This contempt is frequently understated for political reasons, as when, after his reverse at Dyrrachium, Julius Caesar, he tells us, "had little confidence in his demoralized troops" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 143).

[46] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[47] Bloch, p. 111.

[48] Clausewitz, p. 338.

[49] "In accordance with the law of nations adopted in civilized countries, the object of wars is not to seize the properties of private individuals, but simply to get possession of political power." —Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 2, p. 340.

[50] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 116 (III.19; speech of Titus Labienus). Another example: In the Ukraine in 1941 the Germans were stupid and brutal enough not to care that the object had already been obtained, that people had surrendered gladly. Or perhaps we ought to say that the German High Command's aims were not limited Clausewitzian war goals, but deliberate, malicious destruction: erasure, genocide, annihilation, recolonization. "This then was the time of flowers thrown to passing German vehicles, of buckets of water or milk placed outside houses to refresh the men" (Lucas, p. 28). With their memories of Stalin's class-defensive atrocities of collectivization barely a decade old, Ukrainians continued to nurse a hatred of Stalin (and a few did serve the Germans almost to the end). "Thank the Lord, the rule of the down-and-outs has come to an end," says one old man in A. Anatoly Kuznetsov's *Babi Yar*. "I thought I'd never live to see the day... Now we can have a decent life." (Kuznetsov, p. 12). The Nazis quickly show him otherwise. —They wanted the grain and they wanted to kill Jews. It was a matter of indifference to them whether anybody else lived or died, and so it was on the entire Russian front.

[51] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1, third limitation (war-violence must be by legitimate command).

[52] Quoted in Rountree, p. 11.

[53] Robespierre, p. 218 ("Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins").

[54] See below, "Defense of the Revolution."

[55] Which, according to Thomas C. Schelling (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 1,016), was the United States' declared objective against the Germans in World Wars I and II.

[56] Here is one of my favorite Clausewitzian paeans: "Thucydides is unconditionally, exclusively, and completely right; whoever is not willing to be satisfied, however, with simply accepting his judgment but wants to form his own conclusion in independent analysis, should not risk this until he has studied Clausewitz through and through and has become so familiar with his psychology of strategy that he is able to apply it with completely independent certainty" (Delbrück, pp. 127-28).

[57] Geoffrey Parker, p. 194.

[58] It never occurred to Clausewitz that the animosities of a given war might not preexist (p. 121), could not be adroitly placed there by puppet-masters, as was the case in the so-called "Gulf War" between the U.S.A. and Iraq. To our post-totalitarian eyes he seems strangely innocent.

[59] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 391.

[60] The moral calculus raises this example, noting: "What would their punishment consist of? And how would the people of Miletus be treated upon capture? These are the two things we need to know to determine how

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

justified the excuse of compulsion would be in this case" (5.3.C.2.1).

[61] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 81 (1.141).

[62] Wu-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 208.

[63] Murbarakshah, *Adab al-harb wa-al-shaja'ah*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 448-49.

[64] Nasir al-Din al-Tusi, *Akhlaq-i Nasiri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.

[65] Ibn Khaldun, *Kitab al-Ibar*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 420-21. But in the same place, Ibn Khaldun insists that the *origin* of war is quite simply desire for revenge.

[66] Joan of Arc's letter of summons, quoted in Pernoud, pp. 70-71.

[67] Peter the Great, testament, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 578.

[68] Montesquieu, pp. 61-62 (X.2).

[69] Henri Jomini, *Précis de l'art de la guerre*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 726, 728, 730.

[70] Moral calculus, 5.1.2 and 5.2.G.

[71] See above, "Defense of Race and Culture," and below, moral calculus, 5.2.D.1-5.

[72] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.A-F.

[73] See below, "Defense of Homeland." Insofar as they affect authority, they have been considered in the chapter on Lincoln and Trotsky (above, "Defense of Authority"), and will be further discussed in the chapter on obedient Nazis (below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear").

[74] Ibid.

[75] Clausewitz, p. 156.

[76] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 406.

[77] Italics mine. Reisman and Antoniou, p. 115 ("Text of Vietnam Rules of Engagement, 1966, rev. 1967").

[78] President Johnson, January 9, 1967, p. 6.

[79] Bohrmann, p. 569, plate 275 ("Wir haben alle nur einen Willen...").

[80] *Maxims*, LXVII, p. 77.

[81] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, pp. 20-21.

[82] Thompson, p. 168 (letter no. 134, III, January 1807).

[83] Machiavelli, p. 36.

[84] Reading Gibbon, one is repeatedly struck by the undifferentiating appetites of the Roman Emperors. Their war aims were simply to hold and devour as much territory as they could, without being much disturbed by such trifles as legitimacy; the same can be said of most of their victims.

[85] Thus Seneca instructs the young Nero: "Your great-great-grandfather spared the vanquished; for if he had not spared them, whom would he have had to rule?" (vol. 1, p. 387; "On Mercy," I.X.1). The brutally expedient Indian sage Kautilya advises the victorious conqueror: "Having abolished those customs or transactions which he might consider either as injurious to the growth of his revenue or as unrighteous, he should establish righteous transactions" (Kautilya, *Arthrashastra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 331).

[86] For these two points I am again indebted to Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 549.

[87] Well, what *could* be a good war aim? Saint Thomas Acquinas says (p. 518): There must be an intention of advancing good and avoiding evil, not simply dominating or revenging.[88] This is vague to the point of near uselessness. The end must be a decent one. Fair enough, but, as always with violence, so must the means. Centuries later, Robespierre's calculus for war will be similarly slippery, attempting as it does to establish the following puerile distinctions: Is the strife prompted by the love of liberty or by the spirit of despotism? By fidelity or by perfidy? (Robespierre, p. 219; "Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins") —Absurdly black-and-white questions; for when we define moral terms with already value-laden words, we go nowhere. (If you tell me that my war aim is unjust because I am motivated only by national self-interest, not by an immediate threat of your aggression, I may listen. If you tell me that it is unjust because it is perfidious, you have not told me anything.)

[88] Walzer, p. xvii.

[89] Clausewitz, p. 103. Oddly enough, Tolstoy agrees with them, though for very different reasons. In order to abolish war, he says with grand implausibility, we need not worry about writing international law and such irrelevances; we merely have to refuse to fight (*Writings on Civil Disobedience*, p. 129, "Carthago Delenda Est").

[90] The Infantry School, p. 8.

[91] Underhill, p. 127. "In the Plains area, these observances were sometimes carried to fantas-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tic extremes, such as giving the greatest honor to a man who went into battle unarmed and simply touched an armed enemy with a stick" (ibid, pp. 127-28).

[92] Berlow, p. 95 (cat. no. 20, artist unknown, "Counting Coup on a Crow Man and Woman (E)," 1871-76). See also p. 109 (cat. nos. 34-36, artist unknown, "A Cheyenne Warrior Counts Coup on a Sioux Woman," "A Cheyenne Warrior Counts Coup on Two Sioux Women," "A Crow Counts Coup on Two Cheyenne").

[93] Underhill tells (p. 167) how the Natchez Indians in their firstfruits ceremony used to count coup by striking a man-high post crowned with a red-striped war calumet. Each warrior, in the order to which his rank entitled him, brought his war club against the post and proclaimed some past deed or heroism, or promised a new one.

[94] Berlow, p. 29 (cat. no. 28, artist unknown, "Lancing of Two Sioux Women," *ca.* 1890s). For a similar scene involving a Lakota warrior lancing three Pawnees, see p. 186 (cat. no. 112, artist unknown, "Lakota Warrior Defeats Pawnee").

[95] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 105 (II.11).

[96] The Infantry School, loc. cit.

[97] Ibid, p. 64. Emphasis in original.

[98] For modern warfare the Hague and Geneva Conventions (whose forerunners were dismissed and ridiculed by Clausewitz) have organized determination of the justifiability of violent acts into three main categories: (I) status of the victims, as we have seen (belligerent or not) and of their locality (cultural artifact or munitions dump? hospital or factory? belligerent or neutral territory?); (II) cruelty of the acts (which is why poison gas and dum-dum bullets are banned); and (III) status of the combat (declared war or sneak attack).

[99] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 128 (Grenada ROE, 1983).

[100] Raimondo de Montecuccoli, *Memorie della guerra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 568.

[101] Hale, p. 49, plates 73-74 ("Dornek 1499"). Cortes tries to do the same when he can. In 1519 they storm the unsuspecting town of Tzompantzinco, whose inhabitants "ran out into the streets naked to see what the lamentations were about. Many of them died at the beginning, but, since they did not resist, Cortes ordered his men to spare them and not to touch the women and clothing ... and so the trouble ended" (Gómara, p. 110).

[102] Herodotus, Book Nine, p. 609.

[103] Tamerlane recalls, pursuant to the sack of Delhi, that "all my army, no longer under control, went off to the city and thought of nothing but killing, plundering, and making prisoners... each man secured from fifty to a hundred prisoners, men, women and children. There was no man who took less than twenty. The other booty was immense in rubies, diamonds, garnets, pearls, and other gems... Gold and silver ornaments of the Hindu women were obtained in such quantities as to exceed all account" (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 489). In 53 B.C., Caesar, attacking the Nervii in Gaul, captures "a great number of cattle and human beings; ... giving up such booty to the troops" (*Gallic War*, p. 319; VI.3).

[104] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 367.

[105] Hale, p. 35, plate 48 (drawing, 1514, Basle).

[106] Geoffrey Parker, p. 200. See also pp. 208-215. "Everywhere the records describe frequent brutality by soldiers, sporadic resistance by peasants, cautious compliance by townspeople, and desperate efforts by civilian and military officials to maintain minimum standards of justice" (p. 210).

[107] Kunsthistoriches Museum, Wien, no. 733: D. Ryckaert III, 1612-1666, "*Die Leiden der Bauern.*"

[108] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.First Limitation. definition.

[109] Graziosi, p. 32. Graziosi excludes the last two famine-years, for which military responsibility is more complicated.

[110] Dan Smith, p. 14. Thomas C. Schelling (excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 1,020-21) sees this as a three-stage process which occurred over centuries. At first, the outcome of a war mattered only to the leadership, so there was no need to brutalize anyone else except for reasons of sadism and profit. Second, with the French Revolution and after, it came to matter to the citizenry as well; becoming thus inspired combatants, they found more ferocity coming their

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

way. As a direct result of this came the third step: aggressors found it in their interest to put pressure on their enemies during a war by attacking their civilian population.

[111] Dear and Foot, p. 290 ("demography of the war," Table 1).

[112] Gomára, pp. 40-41.

[113] On his kidnapping of the Aztec emperor, Montezuma (an act which will be described in more detail in "Defense of Ground," below), the great historian Prescott wrote: "It was a politic proceeding,—to which few men could have been equal, who had a touch of humanity in their natures." (op. cit., vol. 2, p. 177) But he warns us against applying contemporary standards to past actions. The point of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is that we can, however imprecisely, apply *some* standards to *all* actions. In this particular context, it is worth noting that Cortes *probably* did not kill Montezuma when the latter was in his power. The conqueror does seem, however, to have grown progressively more cruel after the conquest, when, feeling himself to be insufficiently rewarded by the king of Spain, he extracted what he could from the natives. The horrid system of peonage which his conquest brought about was not explicitly embedded in his war aims, which is why we've considered its casualties in "Defense of Creed," above.

[114] Clausewitz, p. 129. If the defenders can demonstrate to the aggressors that they are in fact stronger than they, this may in fact be sufficient (ibid, p. 132).

[115] See, e.g., Gómara, p. 57.

[116] In fact the Americans had no more bombs at that moment. Had the Japanese refused to surrender then, the war would have been prolonged.

[117] One of the major moral arguments against the use of these two bombs is that the same result might have been achieved by inviting Japanese to a demonstration on neutral ground—the equivalent of one of Cortes's military reviews. A counter-argument is that the U.S.'s resources at the time were insufficient to produce enough bombs both to make several such demonstrations and to drop on civilian targets. I have neither the space nor the knowledge to evaluate the facts of that claim here. (See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge.") But we might note that since the Hiroshima bomb alone did not impel Japan to surrender, it is unlikely that any less violent means would have done so. The most cursory reading of Japanese preparations to defend their homeland against an invasion from air and sea brings to mind two words: "suicidal fanaticism." Even had some civilians wavered, the soldiers would have quickly brought them to death and duty.

[118] John Hersey, *Hiroshima*, in Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 855.

[119] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1 and 5.1.7, respectively. These axia are well laid out in Fotion, pp. 25-28.

[120] Chanoff and Doan, p. 156 (testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

[121] Guevara, p. 60.

[122] Fotion, p. 32.

[123] Varley, p. 26. These were but the first three of a "standard" battle's six phases, the other three being: shooting of arrows, mutual approach and hand-to-hand combat.

[124] See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[125] Sturluson, *Egil's Saga*, p. 119.

[126] Ibid, p. 127.

[127] According to Plutarch, however, one of the Spartan kings recommended the pursuit of fugitives, because "if we don't fight those who are fleeing out of cowardice, how shall we fight those brave enough to stand firm?" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 124: Agis).

[128] Hanson, pp. 4-5 (Hanson, "The Ideology of Hoplite Warfare, Ancient and Modern"). Our classicist goes on: "For one of the few times in history, bloodletting served ... to spare ... lives" (ibid, p. 6).

[129] In his calculus, as in most people's, rape is considered less cruel than murder. But see the account of war-rape in Afghanistan, in "Defense of Honor," above, vol. 2, p. 13.

[130] Díaz, p. 330.

[131] Ibid, p. 183.

[132] See above, "Defense of Cree."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[133] Cortes, Third Letter, p. 124.
[134] International Institute for Strategic Studies figures (1995), reprinted in Lee Chung-min, "Inter-Korean Military Dynamics: A Reassessment," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 26.
[135] After all, in spite of chess-players' notions, battles are not logical. Hence Delbrück's axiom that "battles would hardly be fought if the commanders were able to estimate with certainty the opposing strength, the physical and the spiritual as well" (p. 523). And this man calls himself a Clausewitzian!
[136] Kahn, p. 19.
[137] These are a few more of the variables which Kahn lists, p. 21.
[138] Lee Chung-min, in *Korea Focus*, p. 28 (italics in original).
[139] Rothwell, p. 24.
[140] See above, "Defense of Race."
[141] The same principle shows up the bleating jingoism of Elizabeth Cady Stanton during the Spanish-American War: "We are at war with Spain. Though I hate war *per se*, I am glad that it has come in this instance. I would like to see Spain and Turkey swept from the face of the earth. They are a disgrace to the civilization of the nineteenth century" (Stanton, p. 333; diary entry for 1898). In this case, no harm *that we know of* was done, for Mrs. Stanton confined herself to words—the rhetorically excessive and ill-considered hate which oozes too easily from the poisoned pen of a habitual militant (who, I hasten to say, otherwise did considerable good). Had those words been taken literally, of course, they would have been incitement to genocide; and who is to say that some Spaniard did not get his death as an indirect result of them? In her haste, Mrs. Stanton failed to make the elementary distinction spelled out by the U.N. (and any mind capable of reasoning on the subject), namely, that non-civilians within a civilian population fail to "deprive the population of its civilian character" (Reisman and Antoniou, p. 88; 1125 U.N.T.S. 3, Article 50, secs. 1, 3). In other words, just because one old lady out of a villageful of persons suddenly throws a grenade at some unsuspecting soldier—which in any event never happened at My Lai—this does not give that soldier's surviving comrades the right to machine-gun her neighbors—a doctrine undoubtedly meant to lay the despicable Nazi doctrine of collective retaliation back in its stinking grave. Of course after such an incident one could not blame jumpy soldiers for insisting that all her neighbors be searched, and for granting themselves the same license for proactive violence in case of refusal and perceived threat as above. Again, this is not what happened at My Lai.
[142] The Gallic "rebels" who fought for their independence against Rome had similar "half-armed supporters in the rear" (Tacitus, p. 141). Che Guevara for his part advises that every three guerrilla combatants employ two or three civilian assistants (op. cit., p. 111).
[143] Delbrück, p. 56. The difficulties multiply with our functional subdivisions. Intermediate between these informal harriers and the hoplites we find the lightly armored spear-throwers called *peltasts* (Delbrück, p. 125. See also Hanson, pp. 5-6). It was the peltasts who killed the Corinthians in the ditch in the following tale out of the Peloponesian War: "As the defeated Corinthians were retreating, quite a large section of their army, coming under severe pressure and being uncertain of its route, plunged into an enclosure on someone's estate which had a deep ditch all round it so that there was no way out. Seeing what had happened, the Athenians closed up the main entrance with their hoplites [armored infantry, usually men of wealth and position] and, surrounding the rest of the enclosure with light-armed troops, stoned to death all who were inside. This was a severe blow to the Corinthians" (Thucydides, p. 97). The peltasts, then, were capable of doing murder to large numbers. Where on our continuum of combatants do they crouch?
[144] One suspects that upon capture these low-status, unwealthy men might well have suffered more ill treatment than their glittering hoplite masters—unless, of course, they were treated as machines, as seized equipment to be employed in the enemy's social-military machine.
[145] "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[146] See the "Paintings of Napoleon" section in "Defense of Honor," above, vol. 2, p. 39.

[147] Vigny, pp. 147-48. Bring back to mind the slaughter of the Corinthians in the ditch . The least unjustifiable form of proactive self-defense is the slaughter in battle of enemy soldiers who have not surrendered (that is, they remain hostile) but who are powerless to do one any harm. While the stoning to death of the Corinthians was tragic and gruesome, and one wishes that the Athenians had offered quarter, war is legalized mutual mass murder which takes advantage of every happenstance to enlarge itself, like some opportunistic fire leaping from house to house. The important thing to remember is this: Very likely the Corinthians would have done the same to the Athenians had they been able. This effects a potential reciprocity which lessens the horror of the Athenian action slightly by drawing it closer to self-defense. Any soldier knows that the best defense is to shoot first, before the enemy does, which is why Hemingway has his World War I protagonist remark: "We're in more danger if they come on us suddenly" (*A Fareuell to Arms*, p. 212), and why one of James Jones's World War II characters worries that "he might not be able to kill some Japanese or other who confronted him, and who, therefore, would kill him" (*The Thin Red Line*, p. 438). In my opinion, the Athenians were not acting unethically. They followed the laws of war of their time.

[148] He was a Russian Special Forces man on the Serbian side. For the main part of his testimony, see "The War Never Came Here," below.

[149] "The safe-area concept has had mixed results," ran the United Nations' *Report of the Secretary-General* of the previous year, but it quickly reverted to its usual self-congratulatory optimism: "The presence of UNPROFOR forces has indeed deterred major attacks on these towns, reduced the basic level of conflict, lowered casualties and improved basic humanitarian conditions in Srebrenica and Zepa" (p. 8; para. 30).

[150] Idealists, of course, can easily define noncombatants as combatants. Tamerlane, having learned from his faithful emirs that his army now holds a hundred thousand Hindus prisoner, agrees that "on the great day of battle these ... could not be left with the baggage, and that it would be entirely opposed to the rules of war to set these idolaters and foes of Islam at liberty. In fact, no other course remained but that of making them all food for the sword" (Timur, *Tuzak-i-Timur* (fifteenth century), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 483.)

[151] Vigny, p. 149.

[152] Moral calculus, 1.2.4: *Do unto others as you are done by.*

[153] The fact that this seems absurd to us only shows our blindness to our own absurdities.

[154] Vigny, p. 157.

[155] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 183). Of course this distinction had also to do with honor: the Spartans quite simply considered men better than women.

[156] Heralds were supposedly sancrosanct in the wars of the ancient Greeks. (See, e.g., Philip's letter regarding the Megarian decree of 433 B.C.; in Fornara, p. 135, item no. 122b.) But we read in Plutarch that during the Greco-Persian Wars, the Athenian leader Themistocles was praised for killing a Persian interpreter "for presuming to publish the barbarian orders and decrees" enjoining surrender "in the Greek language" (*Lives*, p. 161). Complaining of "the outrageous detention of Roman knights," his deputies, by the Veneti, Julius Caesar executed the entire Senate of that tribe and sold the remaining males as slaves (*Gallic War*, pp. 151, 161; see table: "After the Surrender, Who is the Enemy?"). Caesar's opponents in the Roman Civil War did not hesitate to slay a letter-bearer from him (*Civil War*, p. 214; *The African War*, written by another hand). The killing of a royal herald (or a merchant) of the Aztecs was grounds for war (Zorita, p. 134). But it was not unknown for enemy heralds to be sacrificed by the Aztecs (Hassig, p. 113).

[157] The English accused Joan of Arc of violating one such agreement (see Pernoud, p. 148). "Is it not mortal sin to receive a man to be ransomed and, once he is a prisoner, to bring about his death?"

[158] See above, vol. 2, "Defense of Honor."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[159] Hassig, p. 227. This was the campaign against Tototepec in 1506.
[160] Ibid, p. 223. Campaign against Tlachquiauco, 1504.
[161] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 171.
[162] Metropolitan Museum, p. 169, plate 123.
[163] Walzer, p. 42.
[164] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106.
[165] Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 268-69.
[166] Diodorus Siculus, 12.9.1-10.1; quoted in Sage, p. 105, no. 158. Sage notes that this massacre is "the earliest attested in Greek history."
[167] Green, p. 21.
[168] Ibid, p. 270.
[169] Ibid, p. 148.
[170] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 244 (4.39), p. 321 (5.34).
[171] Ibid, p. 357 (5.116).
[172] Appian, vol. III, p. 225 (*The Civil Wars*, I.XIV.120).
[173] Al-Tabari, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 392.
[174] Kai Ka'us ibn Iskander, *A Mirror for the Princes*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 430.
[175] *Tale of the Heike*, pp. 735-60 (12.VII-IX). Varley writes: "There is no clearly identifiable code in the war tales for the treatment of prisoners. In most cases, prisoners are simply executed and their heads added to those taken in battle for display in the traditional inspection of heads" (p. 111; cf. p. 27). Elsewhere (p. 64) he asserts that the losers' families, including women and children, were exterminated by "custom" (p. 64). In the *Tale of the Heike* passage cited, the word used for the victims to be executed is "children." However, not a single instance of girls' being executed is mentioned. Indeed, in one scene, when the executioners come to take a little boy away, his mother and sister are left behind.
[176] Timur, *Tuzak-i-Timuri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 481.
[177] Letter of John of Plano Carpino (1247), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.
[178] Nasir al-Din al-Tusi, *Aklaq-i Nasiri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 445.
[179] Ibn al-Athir, *Kamil al tarikh*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 404.
[180] Hassig, p. 115.
[181] Sahagún, p. 76.
[182] Al-Muttaqi' al-Hindi, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 390.
[183] Walter, pp. 137-38. The date of 1827 as marking an increase in terror was assigned by Walter because it was then that Shaka's mother died, precipitating more despotical violence. But, as the date of Flynn's diary entry shows (below, next fn.), it is not rigid.
[184] Walter, pp. 140-43; diary of Henry Francis Flynn, 1826, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 751.
[185] See below, "Deterrence and Retribution."
[186] Womack, p. 254
[187] Ibid, p. 268.
[188] Dear and Foot, pp. 890-92, 900.
[189] Ibid, p. 891 (article on Poland). "The country had suffered tremendous war losses—more than 6 million, of whom 5,384,000 died as a result of mass terror." (p. 896). But another estimate in the same volume (p. 290; "demography of the war," Table 1) gives a total of 4,123,000 war-related deaths, of which 123,000 were non-civilian.
[190] Ibid, pp. 914-15.
[191] Ibid, p. 350.
[192] Ibid, p. 350.
[193] Ibid, p. 179.
[194] Ibid, pp. 347-50.
[195] Guevara, pp. 64, 75, 82.
[196] This raises again that issue dealt with in the Babylonian Talmud: "What is the reason for the [permission to kill the] burglar? No man controls himself when his money is at stake, and since he [the burglar] knows that he [the owner] will oppose him, he thinks: If he resists me I shall kill him, therefore the Torah says: If a man has come to kill you, anticipate him by killing him!" Epstein, p. 422 (Yoma, 85b); moral calculus, 3.05.
[197] Herodotus, Book One, p. 104.
[198] Walter, p. 141. Hence in the moral calculus's "Maxims for Murderers" we adorn the following evil principle with Shaka's name: "If a foe were worth conquering at all, he was worth crushing out of existence once and for all" (1.3.11; Walter, p. 139).
[199] Dan Smith, p. 65, map 23 ("Under Arms").
[200] Loc. cit.
[201] Frantz Fanon, "The Revolutionary Transformation of the Algerian Woman," excerpted from *A Dying Colonialism* in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Kaplan and Kaplan, p. 451.

[202] Ibid, p. 453.

[203] Guevara, p. 48.

[204] Borovik, p. 273.

[205] It was, for instance, the practice of Montezuma "to receive and protect as friends and allies those who recognized him as their lord, while he took hostages and laid a tribute and head tax upon them. If, on the other hand, after having submitted and delivering themselves into his power, they resisted and took up arms against him, their punishment was terrible, for he killed many and had them eaten after sacrificing them ... and then enslaved as many of the rest as he wished, forcing fathers, mothers, and children to work from sunup to sundown" (Gómara, p. 73).

[206] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 245 (*The African War*, written by another hand).

[207] Indeed, the calculus of honor operates in many societies to render anyone who is taken prisoner in war infamous. The Aztecs put to death their own men whom the enemy had taken prisoner, "since he had not been man enough to resist and die in battle" (Zorita, p. 135). Stalin threw his returned prisoners into concentration camps. The Japanese instructed their own troops in World War II not to be captured at any cost; whomever they in turn captured they despised and ill treated.

[208] Walzer argues bluntly that "soldiers running away, unlike soldiers trying to surrender, are usually said to be legitimate targets: they may hope to fight another day" (p. xxi).

[209] Department of the [United States] Army, *Field Manual FM 21-76: Survival, Evasion and Escape* (Washington, D.C., March 14, 1969), p. 238.

[210] See below, this chapter, Third Limitation.

[211] In 413 B.C., Diodorus Siculus said: "For whoever revenges himself on those who have been conquered and are appealing to the reasonableness of the conqueror is no longer punishing his enemy, but rather commits an injustice against human weakness (13.24.3-6; quoted in Sage, p. 102, no. 153).

[212] "A prisoner of war is subject to no punishment for being a public enemy," reads Article 56 of the Union Army's field instructions during the Civil War (General Order No. 100); given in full as an appendix in Pitman, p. 414.

[213] Clausewitz, p. 103.

[214] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 188.

[215] Ibid, p. 193.

[216] Moral calculus, 1.3.1. By making reconciliation impossible, this perpetuates violence. Thus we read in Polyaenus: "Lysandros conquered the Thasians, and among them were many partisans of Athens who were hiding." In a temple he swears that no harm would be done the surrendered. "Those of the Thasians who were concealed had trust in the kindliness of his words and came forth. But Lysandros, after waiting a few days to make them less fearful, commanded that they be rounded up and killed" (Fornara, p. 194, item no. 168).

[217] But it is only fair to point out in the captors' extenuation that the less centralized or unified their command structure, the more likely it will be to suffer from conflicting jurisdictions. Thus during the Roman Civil War, some of the Caesarians surrendered to the African praetor, Publius Attlius Varus, whose guarantee was implied; but Juba, a local king, "declared that they were his spoils and ordered the majority of them to be killed... Varus protested that he had broken faith with him, but did not dare to resist" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 105). Varus was not at fault here. Consider by contrast the case of the fearful, seasick Caesarians who surrendered their ship to the enemy commander Otacilius: "They were all brought before him and, in violation of the oath [he had offered], were brutally put to death in his presence" (ibid, p. 120). This is not impotence or incompetence on the surrender-taker's part, but actual evil.

[218] King Olaf appears above, in "Defense of Honor."

[219] Ibn al-Athir, *Kamil al tarikh* (thirteenth century), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 403.

[220] For a full discussion and citation, see the portrait of T. E. Lawrence, below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[221] Cook and Cook, p. 423 (testimony of Abe Hiroshi).

[222] Quoted in Bergerud, p. 413.

[223] McCullin, p. 62 ("An act of compassion").

[224] Ibid, pp. 73-74 ("Souvenir hunters").

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[225] Ibid, p. 76 ("American soldiers humiliating a Vietnamese civilian").
[226] Duffett, p. 145 ("Questioning of a Khmer Mercenary," Master Sergeant Muong Ponn).
[227] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 117 (Vietnam ROE).
[228] Here the calculus for defense of ground applies. See moral calculus, 5.2.H, 6.2.H.
[229] See, e.g., Gloria Emerson, pp. 39-40, 362.
[230] The neo-Clausewitzian "I was only following orders" defense will be discussed in detail in the chapter on Wilhelm Keitel, below.
[231] In his preface to the proceedings of the International War Crimes Tribunal against the U.S. in 1967, Noam Chomsky writes: "It is correct, but hardly relevant, to point out that the United States has stopped short of carrying 'its strategic logic to the final conclusion, which is genocide' ... Thus one cannot compare American policy to that of Nazi Germany, as of 1942. It would be more difficult to argue that American policy is not comparable to that of Fascist Japan, or Germany prior to the 'final solution.'"—John Duffett, ed., *Against the Crime of Silence: Proceedings of the International War Crimes Tribunal* (New York: Simon and Schuster: Clarion, 1970), p. xxv.
[232] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 363 (United States v. William L. Calley, Jr., U.S. Court of Military Appeals, December 21, 1973).
[233] Ibid, p. 84 ("Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide," Resolution 260 (III) A of the General Assembly, adopted December 9, 1948).
[234] See above, "Defense of Creed."
[235] See, for instance, Raimondo de Montecuccoli's seventeenth-century *Memorie della guerra* (excerpted in Chaliand, p. 567), which advises the defender: "Strengthen fortresses; destroy bridges, abandon indefensible positions, withdraw troops from them and put them somewhere safe, lay waste the countryside through which the enemy must pass, burning houses and spoiling foodstuffs."
[236] See, for instance, Hale, plates 239, 242-44.
[237] Polybius, *The Histories*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 114. In his *Gallic War*, Caesar tells how he crossed the Rhine just to burn German villages and raze their cornfields (p. 203 [IV.19]. See also pp. 323 [VI.6], 375 [VI.43], etc.). The Spartans similarly ravage the plains of Argos "almost playfully as they marched along, thus flattening and destroying the entire crop with no difficulty" (life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 93). For similar tales of tenth-century Japan, see Varley, p. 21.
[238] Varley believes this to have been "a common practice, in the Gempei age at least" (p. 113).
[239] For this last, see Xenophon, *The Expeditions of Cyrus*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 85.
[240] Green, p. 30.
[241] Ibid, pp. 156, 167.
[242] Kautilya, *Arthashastra*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 327.
[243] Maurice de Saxe, "My Reveries Upon the Art of War," excerpted in Chaliand, p. 580.
[244] Sallust, *Jugurthine War* (*ca.* 40), excerpted in Chaliand, p. 145.
[245] Flavius Vegetius, *The Military Institutions of the Romans*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 217.
[246] Or, to be precise, those of his delegated representative, General Sullivan.
[247] In 1970, Russell Means of AIM and some of his companions pissed on this President's sculpted forehead at Mount Rushmore. In true activist style, Means remains silent about the atrocities committed by the Iroquois (Hampton Sides, profile of Russell Means, in *Icon Thoughtstyle Magazine*, May/June 1997, p. 84).
[248] Callwell, pp. 40-41 (italics mine). As it happens, this author is, like Saint-Exupéry, a bit of a sportsman: "The objection to raids pure and simple is really one of principle. To filch the property of irregulars when they are absent is not the true spirit of waging war against such opponents; the proper way to deal with them is to kill them or to wound them, or at least to hunt them from their homes and then to destroy or carry off their belongings. But it must be remembered that the French in Algeria and the Russians on the steppes have had to deal with nomads who thought fit to adopt guerrilla tactics, and who never fought if they could help it." (p. 146). Let us give Colonel Callwell the benefit of the doubt, and assume that he would not lump

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

into the ranks of irregulars to be legitimately killed any defenseless women and children. Nonetheless, such tactics must kill women and children by hunger and privation.

[249] Ibid, p. 308.

[250] Ibid, p. 310.

[251] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 81 ("Hague Convention (IV) Respecting the Laws and Customs of War on Land, Annex to the Convention," October 18, 1907).

[252] Ibid, p. 90 ("Protocol I Additional to the Geneva Conventions of 1949," 1125 U.N.T.S. 3, adopted June 8, 1977, Article 54, secs. 1-2).

[253] "Their irruptions into the border settlements were so frequent," writes Morgan (pp. 28-29), "and the track of their invasions was marked with such desolation, that the American congress were obliged to send against them a powerful detachment, to lay waste their villages, and to overawe them with the fear of final extirpation."

[254] "Maybe we had a different view of killing," says an artillery officer. "We were killing enemies and aggressors to regain our independence and save our country. It wasn't like the Americans. When they killed they thought of the Vietnamese as human beings" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 158; testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam). See also the tale of the decapitated bride in "Defense Against Traitors," below.

[255] Reisman and Antoniou, pp. 362-63 (U.S. v. Calley).

[256] Saint-Exupéry, *Flight to Arras*, p. 81.

[257] The most decorated Green Beret in Vietnam writes cynically in his memoirs: "Much of Vietnam was a statistical coverup. The use of 'body-count' as a measure of success served to turn a bad situation rotten. Lt. Calley was pressured into killing more than 300 civilians at My Lai to provide higher headquarters its 'victory.' He was too new at the game to know you didn't have to count real bodies" (Gritz, p. 65).

[258] Capps, p. 148 (essay by Clark Clifford). Defense of the American homeland in Vietnam followed the Domino Theory. Appeasement hadn't stopped Hitler in Munich; indeed, it had encouraged him. Therefore, we had better not appease those feared and hated enemies of ours, the Communists. They'd swallowed Poland, for the sake of whose freedom the whole world war was ostensibly begun; Bulgaria, half of Germany, Czechoslovakia, Hungary, Romania, Yugoslavia, Albania, the Karelian Islands of Finland and God knows what else; they'd almost gotten Greece; in Asia they'd gotten China and half of Korea; half of Vietnam was already gone, and if we didn't fight them over there (President Eisenhower said), we just might be fighting them on the beaches of California. The growing differences between the Communism of China, the Soviet Union, Albania and Yugoslavia were not, perhaps, as apparent to the American leadership as they might have been; but we need not blame them for that. The U.S. had fought two world wars against Germany within the same half-century, and now West Germany was an ally; perhaps the Communist countries could fight together, too. Cambodia's King Sihanouk was already flirting with the Communists, and there were rumors of Red guerrillas in the jungles of that country; Reds had set up cells in Laos and Thailand; there'd been Reds in Burma since World War II ended; the Americans had occasion for concern. *But what was our war aim?* After it was all over, General Westmoreland would wonder why it was that the President didn't ask every year to have the Tonkin Gulf Resolution reaffirmed by Congress.

[259] "But in Infliction of what evill soever, on an Innocent man, that is not a Subject, if it be for the benefit of the Common-wealth, and without violation of any former Covenant" (the Soviets refused to sign the Geneva Accords, so the Nazis felt at liberty thereby to murder them), "is no breach of the Law of Nature. For all men that are not Subjects, are either Enemies, or else they have ceased from being so, by some precedent covenants" (op. cit., p. 360; II.28).

[260] Walzer, p. 315.

[261] E.J. Randall, 2/9th Battalion (Australian), World War II; quoted in Bergerud, p. 265.

[262] Carl Myadans, in Boot, p. 105.

[263] I am unhappily aware that anyone who

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tries to put the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* into practice may put himself at a similar disadvantage.

[264] Borovik, p. 254.

[265] Ibid, p. 258.

[266] We will consider the "I was only following orders" defense separately below, in our portrait of Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel ("Compulsion, Loyalty and Fear").

[267] Borovik, p. 267.

[268] Photograph by Ron Haeberle, *Life*, reproduced in *Newsweek*, November 24, 1997, p. 41.

[269] Reisman and Antoniou, pp. 363-64 *(U.S. v. Calley)*.

[270] Ibid, p. 364. Meadlo's mother would later write to Seymour Hersch, the first journalist to publicize the My Lai massacre: "I only hope and pray that there will be a day coming that you will suffer for what you have done to us." (Gloria Emerson, p. 38). Her words recall Mrs. Doyles's to John Brown (above, "Defense of Race.").

[271] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 321, defense of King Deiotarus.

[272] Assessments of his cruelty vary. Langguth claims that "Caesar extended his clemency, which was becoming legendary—and seductive—throughout Gaul. Caesar's rules were explicit. If a town surrendered before his battering rams struck its walls, he would spare the citizens, but they had to hand over their weapons to him. If a tribe only pretended to accept his terms and then attacked, Caesar stormed the town and took the entire population as slaves" (*A Noise of War*, p. 186). Meier, as we shall see, paints a much darker picture. As we see from the tables, Caesar was humanly inconsistent, but, as in Senate politics and as in the Civil War, seemed to lose patience when his goals remained unachieved by gentleness.

[273] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 645. Meier evidently follows this figure (p. 330).

[274] Plutarch, op. cit., p. 648.

[275] Caesar, *The Gallic War*, p. 119 (II.23). Caesar does not hesitate to praise their courage (p. 125, II.27).

[276] Ibid, p.. 495 (VII.78).

[277] Meier, p. 324. Elsewhere, however, he writes that the conquest of Gaul was "an enormity even by contemporary standards" (p. 258).

[278] Caesar, loc. cit. We are back in the zone of class's status by function: feed the hunter at the expense of the woman and child, for the hunter feeds all.

[279] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 653.

[280] Now Marseilles. At that time she was a quasi-independent Greek ally of Rome, almost an ancient city-state in power and autonomy. The scholar Mommsen tells us (op. cit., vol. 1, p. 79) that Massilia's domains extended almost from Montpellier to Nice, and that her fall was accordingly one of the most significant results of the Civil War. "Along with the legitimate republic its most faithful ally, the city of Massilia, was politically annihilated."

[281] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 80 (II.1-2).

[282] Ibid, p. 87.

[283] Lucan, p. 54 (II.455-58).

[284] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 92. The whole episode is recounted in pp. 80-92.

[285] Described in the tables, immediately below.

[286] Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 261 (IX.16). Here is Cicero's judgment: "Caesar himself was not by nature and inclination averse to cruelty, but he thought mild measures would win popularity. But, if he lost popular favour, he would be cruel" (ibid, p. 289; X.4).

[287] Lucan, p. 9 (I.225-27).

[288] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 657. In a sixteenth-century assessment, Simon Goulart of Senlis builds on this to write that "Caesar disdained his life with a continual violent desire to subdue his country, committing a greater fault in his last years and toward the end of his life, than if he had lain with his own mother, as also this damnable illusion did torment him the night before he entered into Italy to violate the liberty of Rome" (Plutarch [North], vol. 2, p. 1,450).

[289] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 7 ("The Deified Julius," I.IV). Plutarch tells a similar story.

[290] Ibid, p. 95 (LXXIV).

[291] Ibid, p. 15 (I.X).

[292] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 637.

[293] Ibid, p. 640.

[294] Michael Grant, *Cleopatra*, p. 234.

[295] The Republic allowed it as an interim

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

measure only. By Caesar's time the custom had fallen into desuetude: Sulla and his like were not given it; they took it. Plutarch says that the office had been abolished 120 years before Sulla (p. 440; life of Sylla).

[296] Ibid, p. 438. Their names were written on public lists, to which anyone who sheltered them found himself added (p. 439).

[297] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 159 (III.104).

[298] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 11 ("The Deified Julius," I.VII).

[299] These words were written down by an enemy of Caesar's and a friend and follower (however wavering) of Pompey's—namely, Cicero (*Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 227 IX.10). Indeed, as a young politician familially connected to all the most important patrician factions, and for good measure an insistent friend of the poor, Caesar might well have thought to achieve an adequate measure of power through customary Republican politics. For a more detailed exposition of this plausible thesis, see Erich S. Gruen, pp. 75-82.

[300] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[301] For Hitler's impressively courageous World War I career, see the sketch in Keegan's *History of War*. As for his counterpart, "first therefore it is well known," says Sir Walter Ralegh, that *Rome* (or perhaps all the world besides) had never any so brave a Commander in war, as *Julius Caesar*" (op. cit., p. 211, *History of the World*, 1614).

[302] Meier, who makes much of this, writes in consequence the following lapidary if not entirely fair lines: "With a nonchalance that was no doubt aesthetically attractive but ethically dubious, he disdained to conform with the discipline of his class" (p. 23).

[303] Vigny, p. 108.

[304] Meier, p. 484.

[305] Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p. 42.

[306] Ibid, pp. 42-43.

[307] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 37. For one case study in the untrustworthiness of Caesar's arguments, see Delbrück on the Helvetian campaign, pp. 469-70.

[308] Meier makes the case (p. 370) that Caesar was actually being offered everything he wanted on condition that he surrender, but he did not trust the Senate.

[309] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 53 (VII.11).

[310] And presented as such by the Roman historians, for whom, unlike for Trotsky, social forces were almost irrelevant, and individual motivation almost everything as historical engines. See, e.g., Appian, vol. III, p. 369 (*Civil Wars*, II.XI.77).

[311] A typical account: "Most of the houses were burned down, but our house was still standing. In front of it we found my baby sister, crawling around next to my older sister's body. Her chest was a mass of dried blood. My parents were crying over her. I remember them picking her up very gently. That's my first clear memory" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 13; testimony of Nguyen Cong Hoan).

[312] For the tale of the Karenni guerrilla who lost his sister to Burmese rapist-murderers, and the effect of that incident on him, see "But What Are We to Do?", below.

[313] For the murderous Hadji Amin's account of how the Thai government murdered his father, see below, "The Old Man."

[314] For a description of my Serbian friend Vineta's radicalization folloing the atrocious killing of her boyfriend, see below, "The War Never Came Here."

[315] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 107 (VIII.3).

[316] That tale runs thus: When Spartacus and his fellow slaves rose up against Rome and probable death in the arena, preferring probable death on the battlefield, it had been emulation-hungry Crassus who after several Roman defeats led new legions out, and, after executing four thousand legionnaires for cowardice, finally achieved a victory; but because it was not yet *the* victory, the Senate, expressing indignant humiliation to be so long in the field against mere slaves, forthwith ordered Pompey to end the matter, which he did, being Pompey the Great, once "the young butcher," now exponent of modern government and patron of the arts, sometimes honored, sometimes not, but always honor-thirsty; war-triumphant, aloof—against his triumphs Crassus's military experience compared in but the palest way. All the more reason for him to crave the victory! With

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Spartacus dead (although his corpse was never found), with most of the enemy slaughtered on the field (Crassus and Pompey had both refused to take prisoners), and the six thousand survivors crucified all along the Appian Way, the quarrel had erupted: Who then deserved the glory? See Appian, vol. III, pp. 219-225 (*The Civil Wars*, I.XIV.118-121). See also table above, this chapter, "What Shall I Do With You Vanquished Ones?"

[317] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 55 (I.16).

[318] After Pompey dies in the Civil War, Cato will rally his son against Caesar by telling him how Pompey "restored the independence of Italy" by fighting on Sulla's side. (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 223; African War, 22).

[319] Plutarch (North), p. 1,157 (Pompey).

[320] Ibid, p. 1,155.

[321] Loc. cit.

[322] Or, in their contemporary's pleasant words, "Pompey, wraps that precious triumphal cloak of his around him in silence. Crassus never utters a word to risk his popularity" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 81; I.18).

[323] Appian, op. cit., p. 245 (II.II.9).

[324] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 128 (III.43).

[325] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 63 ("The Deified Julius," I.XLV).

[326] Appian, p. 246 (loc. cit.).

[327] According to the fishy tale of Suetonius (vol. 1, p. 11; "The Deified Julius," I.IX), their acquaintanceship goes back further: Caesar and Crassus had earlier made an assassination plot against the Senate, but Crassus took fright.

[328] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[329] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 545. Gibbon's opus likewise attributed the decay of *Imperial* Rome to the careless and self-serving abandonment of separation of powers. "Nations everywhere," Robespierre warned the Assembly during the French Revolution's early days, "robbed of the legislative power, become the plaything and the prey of absolute monarchs, who oppress and degrade them" (Lewes, p. 109). Indeed, that had been Rome's sickness; at one time it had been France's as well. But in Robespierre's time, France, radically cured, suffers from the opposite difficulty: not only has the legislative branch literally decapitated the executive, it has taken over its functions. The *only* vestige of "checks and balances" now lies in factionalism. This notion, had it occurred to the French revolutionists, would have been most disagreeable, because they wanted to get things done: after all, counterrevolutionaries were literally invading France! We may be sure that it would have been equally odious to Pompey and Crassus.

[330] Appian, vol. III, p. 247 (*The Civil Wars*, II.II.9).

[331] Ibid, p. 231 (II.I.1).

[332] It has been convincingly suggested that the triumvirate was neither monolithic nor entirely effective: Pompey lost prestige by becoming so obviously a Senate-packer; many of the three men's puppets were incompetent; the unpredictable, violent demagogue Clodius Pulcher, who'd sought to make Caesar a cuckold, followed his own course, more or less untrammeled by the trio; Caesar had to continually worry about prosecution, etc. (Erich S. Gruen, pp. 97-99, 149 ff.)

[333] For example, in 61 B.C. the unscrupulous P. Clodius, bent, so they say, on enjoying Caesar's wife, waits until the festival of female mysteries, to which no man is admitted, then sneaks into his house in women's clothes. Charges of impiety are brought against him in the Senate, whose members begin to take expedient sides; the next thing we know, Cicero is writing matter-of-factly: "Gangs of rowdies are being formed" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 37; I.13).

[334] Appian, vol. III, p. 233 (*The Civil Wars*, II.I.2).

[335] Plutarch (North), p. 1522 (Marcus Tullius Cicero).

[336] Cicero will shortly indict her husband for impiety and possible adultery conducted with Caesar's wife.

[337] Appian, p. 235.

[338] Ibid, p. 1,529. For a deflation of Cataline's supposed revolutionary populism, see Erich S. Gruen, pp. 418-26.

[339] Plutarch (North), p. 1,534.

[340] For a discussion of the politco-moral implications of Cicero's stance on Cataline, see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?."

[341] Appian makes Nero the first to present this proposal (op. cit., p. 239; II.1.5).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[342] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
[343] Meier, p. 172
[344] Appian, op. cit., pp. 239-41 (II.I.6). Plutarch (North) makes Cato's suspicions of Caesar "vehement" (p. 1,534).
[345] Reproduced in Meier, plate 1.
[346] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 69 ("The Deified Julius," I.L).
[347] Erich S. Gruen, p. 62.
[348] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 199 (Alex. War, 58).
[349] How grateful will Pompey's legionnaires *really* be? A decade later, when the Civil War breaks out, not many will rush to his standard. Erich S. Gruen argues (p. 378) that this is indicative that the soldiers felt less loyalty to their commanders than is often supposed. Perhaps they're merely old and tired. But perhaps (who knows?) they're remembering that the law was Caesar's. After the Civil War Caesar will distribute more land to his own veterans; the old soldiers, it is said, will weep for him after his assassination, and support his adopted son Octavian (Appian, op. cit., p. 537; III.II.12).
[350] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 75 ("The Deified Julius," I.LV). Even Caesar's enemy Cicero admires his delivery.
[351] Erich S. Gruen (p. 241).
[352] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 87 (I.19).
[353] Ibid, p. 159 (II.17).
[354] Erich S. Gruen concludes that almost eighty percent of the attested praetors boasted consular, praetorian or senatorial ancestry in the last generation of the Republic (p. 177). For aediles, the figure was seventy percent (p. 180); for ostensibly plebeian tribunes, two-thirds (p. 189). The rank and file in the Senate, the *pedarii*, were at least half "new men" (p. 210), but, our scholar remarks, "there was small risk that they would alter the conservative and conventional attitudes of the ruling class" (p. 210).
[355] Suetonius, op. cit., p. 27 (I.XX.4).
[356] For this point I am indebted to Meier, pp. 208-09.
[357] Suetonius implies that Pompey was doing Caesar a favor and not the other way around, since after the bill passed Caesar began calling on Pompey first in Senate matters, not Crassus (vol. 1, p. 27; "The Deified Julius," I.XXI).
[358] Plutarch (North), p. 1,191 (Pompey).
[359] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 179 (II.21).
[360] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.
[361] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 27 ("The Deified Julius," I.XX).
[362] When Pompey became sole consul a decade later, "he enjoyed the good-will of the Senate, particularly because they were jealous of Caesar, who did not consult the Senate during his consulship" (Appian, vol. III, p. 273; *The Civil Wars*, II.IV.25).
[363] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p 167 (II.9).
[364] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 644. Cicero's observation at the theater demonstrates the plebeians' fickleness (or their impotence) no less than it does Cicero's own weakness of observation, which focuses itself in earnest only when the observed is himself. But Cicero's *intuition*, like Plutarch's foreshadowing, is true. Cicero fears Caesar and always will. He is correct to do so. To be popular among the masses is to be strong, to be armed, hence to constitute a threat. To rule by the sword, no matter how just or clement the ends, inspires terror. Hence the unavailing message of Considius.
[365] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 29 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXII).
[366] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.E.
[367] As to how liable Caesar would have been to legal punishment, commentators differ. "The view that Caesar feared the consequences of such a prosecution or was driven to civil war by that menace is dubious in the extreme," says Erich S. Gruen, p. 495. Meier says the opposite. Cicero's letters imply Caesar's illegalities to have been so flagrant that could he have been detached from his alliance and also from his army, he might well have suffered some kind of prosecution. See, e.g., *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, pp. 41-43 (VII.7) for a summation of the charges against him.
[368] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 40.
[369] Caesar himself has likewise wed again; for, his Cornelia having died, he snags fair Calpurnia, whose father Lucius Piso now fortuitously gains the new consulship, spelling legal

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

protection for Caesar for yet another year (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 29; "The Deified Julius," I.XXI). Calpurnia stays in Rome, of course. She won't see much of him until the Civil War.

[370] Erich S. Gruen, pp. 112-19.

[371] Ibid, p. 37 (I.XXVII).

[372] Cobbett, p. 397 (Sir Robert Walpole, 1738). Thus Caesar's reputation, even in his own lifetime. Three hundred years after his career, Julian the Apostate—himself now Caesar, no less—will amuse himself by imagining his predecessor at a banquet of the gods: "Take care, Zeus, lest this man in his lust for power be minded to rob you of your empire" (Julian, vol. ii, p. 351; "The Caesars").

[373] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 37 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXVI).

[374] Erich S. Gruen, p. 374.

[375] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 33 (I.XXV).

[376] Ibid, p. 73 (I.LIV).

[377] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 213 (African War, 2).

[378] Appian, vol. III, p. 259 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV17).

[379] "Their purpose was not to force the matter to court but to tarnish Caesar's image and raise public doubts about his integrity" (Erich S. Gruen, p. 292).

[380] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 65 ("The Deified Julius," I.XLVII).

[381] Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 650-51.

[382] See, e.g., Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 65 (I.40).

[383] Ibid, pp. 551-53 (VIII.24-25); italics mine.

[384] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 33 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXV).

[385] Ibid, p. 75 (I.44).

[386] Ibid, pp. 152-53 (III.10).

[387] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 521 (VIII.3).

[388] Ibid, p. 321 (VI.4).

[389] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 56 (I.39). Caesar will be preoccupied then with destroying Pompey—a perfect time for Gaul to rise up. Gaul does not. Has he so well crushed and intimidated everybody, then? Or had some Gauls begun by then to find advantage in supping at Caesar's munificent table? Where did the munificence come from? From Gallic loot, we're told. But his favorite Gauls must have gotten some of it.

[390] See Maine, esp. pp. 79-87.

[391] Meier, p. 258.

[392] Appian, vol. III, p. 395 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIII.91).

[393] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 49 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXXV).

[394] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 43 (I.28).

[395] Ibid, p. 85 (I.53).

[396] Ibid, pp. 107-09 (II.12-14).

[397] Ibid, p. 131 (II.32).

[398] Ibid, pp. 132-33 (II.33).

[399] Ibid, pp. 151 (III.10), 161 (III.16). See also Meier, p. 275.

[400] Caesar, *Gallic War*, pp. 195-99 (IV.13-15). See also Meier, p. 278.

[401] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 217 (IV.27).

[402] Ibid, p. 225 (IV.36).

[403] Ibid, p. 227 (IV.38).

[404] Loc. cit. There are innumerable such affairs in the *Gallic Wars*, most of which I have not listed here.

[405] Ibid, p. 261 (V.21).

[406] Ibid, p. 377 (VI.44).

[407] Ibid, p. 395 (VII.11).

[408] Ibid, pp. 395-96 (loc. cit.).

[409] Ibid, p. 421 (VII.28).

[410] Ibid, pp. 397-99 (VII.12-13).

[411] Ibid, pp. 437-39 (VII.39-41).

[412] Ibid, pp. 509-11 (VII.89).

[413] Ibid, p. 549 (VIII.22).

[414] Ibid, p. 559 (VIII.29).

[415] Ibid, p. 567 (VIII.38).

[416] Ibid, p. 575 (VIII.44). See also Meier, p. 329.

[417] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 583 (VIII.49).

[418] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 544.

[419] Plutarch (North), p. 1,199 (Pompey).

[420] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 317 (VI.1).

[421] Appian, vol. III, p. 259 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV17). A comparable passage is to be found in Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 31 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXIII). Even Cicero sells himself—to Pompey, "because he had done so much for me; with the other [Caesar], because he was so powerful... For my idea was this: Allied with Pompey, I should never have to be guilty of political impropriety; and, siding with Caesar, I should not have to fight with Pompey" (Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 5; VII.1).

[422] In any case, the Civil War will supervene;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Caesar won't hold the games until he's dictator, eight years after his daughter's death.

[423] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 37 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXVII).

[424] Aulus Hirtius, who wrote Book VIII of the *Gallic War*, p. 589 (VIII.53).

[425] Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.25).

[426] So runs one version. Another claims that their alliance endures even yet, that Caesar never objected to Pompey's being sole consul, trusting that the latter would continue to protect him; and that the return of the two legions was something which Pompey's enemies forced upon him, the alternative being an open acknowledgment of the pact with Caesar (Erich S. Gruen, p. 452).

[427] Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.26). Marcellus, we are told, was also uneasy about Caesar's personal foreign alliances (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 39; "The Deified Julius," I.XXVIII).

[428] See Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 291 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus"). At the time of the beating, however, Cicero admitted that Marcellus's action was disgraceful (*Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 363; V.11).

[429] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 43 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXX).

[430] Ibid, p. 41 (I.XXIX).

[431] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 555. Caesar himself utters the remark in Appian, vol. III, p. 275 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.26). From a programmatic point of view we can thus find in the Roman Civil War all three of Hobbes's three causes of strife: (i) lust for gain, based on competition; and the proactive and reactive drives toward (ii) safety and (iii) security, respectively, which are based on "dffidence," and quarrels of honor (op. cit., p. 185; I.13).

[432] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 591 (VIII.55).

[433] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 1, p. 395 (V.20).

[434] Ibid, p. 477 (VI.8).

[435] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 35 (VII.5).

[436] Ibid, p. 51 (VII.9).

[437] Here I follow the analysis of Erich S. Gruen, pp. 470-77, pp. 482-83. Curio argues vehemently against ending Caesar's command in Gaul without a quid pro quo from Pompey. Simultaneously he attacks Pompey, who has finally been trapped into promising that Caesar's command *will* end. In a tribute to the late three-headed monster, however, he proposes to give Caesar just a little longer. And now, by a brilliant stroke of demagoguery, Curio prestidigitates this into its opposite: a threat to Caesar. He explains to the multitude Pompey has set a deadline, however generous; and any deadline implies compulsion. The Senate, which fears war more than anything, now votes against that deadline—making Pompey appear to be the aggressor.

[438] Appian, vol. III, p. 277 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.27) advances this thesis, having admitted that Curio had heretofore been Caesar's foe. He fell into debt, the historian goes on, from whose pressure Caesar relieved him.

[439] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 33 (VII.4).

[440] Appian, op. cit., pp. 286-87 (II.IV.31).

[441] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 43 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXX).

[442] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 47 (VII.8).

[443] Ibid, p. 199 (IX.6). And (if Caesar's own account can be believed) so does Cato: "Pompey had undertaken an unnecessary war when everything was in a state of total unreadiness" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 51; I.30).

[444] Appian, vol. III, p. 285 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IV.30).

[445] See, e.g., *Gallic War*, p. 531 (VIII.10).

[446] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 38.

[447] Ibid, p. 39.

[448] For example, Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 85 (I.52).

[449] Ibid, p. 125 (II.27).

[450] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[451] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 89 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXVIII).

[452] Appian, vol. III, p. 339 (*The Civil Wars*, II.IX.61).

[453] Ibid, p. 349 (II.X.66).

[454] As Meier reminds us, "Caesar's command had run its term, while Pompey's was due to last several more years ... to shorten Pompey's would be to dishonor him" (p. 338).

[455] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 41.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[456] Plutarch (North), p. 1,228 (Pompey).
[457] Acquinas, p. 578. Of course this limitation is necessary but not sufficient. The leader who holds his power by the most legitimate means may nonetheless uphold illegitimate war aims, as did Kaiser Wilhelm in World War I. Likewise, Lieutenant Calley was Private Meadlo's legitimate commander. I accordingly reserve my right to desert, to fight for neither Caesar nor Pompey.
[458] His first condition, actually. Acquinas's second condition for a just war is a just *cause*—which he unfortunately fails to define, but the implication seems to be *retaliation for violence, greed or insult offered*—at any rate, he here parts company with Caesar's expressed war aim, which, as we have repeatedly seen, is defense of honor. That could be interpreted as retaliation for insult offered, I suppose. Is that good enough? I fear not.
[459] The United Nations disagrees: one of its criteria for legitimacy on the part of a combatant, including a guerrilla soldier, is that he is or has a formal commander.
[460] William Pultney, speech to the House of Commons, 1732, reproduced in "Brutus," VII, *New York Journal*, January 10, 1788; in Bailyn, vol. 1, p. 735.
[461] A photograph of his statue is reproduced in Meier, plate 8.
[462] We already addressed it in the context of class (above, "Defense of Class.").
[463] Appian, vol. III, p. 323 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VIII.51).
[464] Ibid, p. 327 (VIII.53).
[465] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 23 (VII.3).
[466] Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 1,217.
[467] Tacitus, p. 133.
[468] Appian, vol. III, p. 469 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVIII.130). Italics mine.
[469] "Punishment," below.
[470] Lucan, p. 8 (I.204-6).
[471] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 49 (I.25).
[472] Appian, vol. III, p. 295 (*The Civil Wars*, II.V.36).
[473] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 760.
[474] Ibid, p. 656.
[475] We might compare his act with the decision of Themistocles during the Greco-Persian war, and of Pericles during the Peloponnesian, to abandon the countryside in advance to the enemy's ravishers—"a strategic deed," says Delbrück, "that can be compared favorably with any victory" (p. 137).
[476] Caesar, op. cit., p. 52 (I.32).
[477] Appian, vol. III, p. 303 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VI.41).
[478] Caesar, loc. cit.
[479] Appian, op. cit., p. 109 (I.VII.58).
[480] Outlawed.
[481] Caesar, loc. cit.
[482] We have already noted that the dictatorship was a traditional Roman office created as needed by martial events.
[483] Ibid, p. 106 (III.1).
[484] Delbrück, p. 516.
[485] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 93 (II.3).
[486] Ibid, p. 507 (VII.88).
[487] Delbrück, p. 520.
[488] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 71 (I.72). There is no reason not to believe that during the Civil War Caesar had actually felt the necessity to *command* mercy upon his unwilling troops (cf. ibid, p. 86; II.13). One suspects that he was inclined to restrain his legionnaires' cruelty and lust only when it was very important politically to do so—which, in the Civil War, was most of the time, the storming of Gomphi being an exception of urgent necessity (cf. p. 239; African War, 54). This gives him all the more credit, to be sure, but from time to time the masklike prose of his account lets in unintentional light, and we see someone almost monstrous. About his pardon of the vanquished Pompeian legions in Spain he complacently writes, "The troops, of course, were delighted that, instead of the punishment they expected *and deserved*, they should actually be granted, without asking, the reward of a free discharge" (ibid, p. 78; I.86; italics mine). Why did they deserve any punishment for following their legitimate commanders?
[489] His maxim is the same as Jefferson's in 1812: Better to conquer with hunger than with iron (see above, "Defense of Authority.").
[490] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 70.
[491] Ibid, p. 78.
[492] Delbrück, p. 565.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[493] Julian the Apostate, however, caustically declares that it was not Caesar's strategy that won him the Civil War, but Pompey's mistakes (vol. ii, p. 385; "The Caesars").
[494] Napoleon, *Maxims*, LXXVII, LXVIII (p. 82).
[495] Appian, vol. III, p. 395 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIII.91).
[496] Tacitus, p. 133.
[497] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 659.
[498] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 131.
[499] Ibid, p. 147.
[500] Ibid, p. 224 (*The African War*, written by another hand).
[501] Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, pp. 311-13 (X.8b).
[502] Ibid, p. 129 (VIII.9).
[503] Ibid, pp. 265-67 (IX.18).
[504] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 189 (IX.4).
[505] See, e.g., Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 93 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXII).
[506] Compare this with Solon's law "which disenfranchises all who stand neuter in a sedition" (Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 147; Solon).
[507] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).
[508] Ibid, pp. 87-89 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXVII).
[509] See "Defense of Authority."
[510] Appian, vol. III, pp. 315-17 (*The Civil Wars*, II.VII.47).
[511] Ibid, p. 345 (II.X.63).
[512] Ibid, pp. 397-401 (II.XIII.92-94).
[513] Ibid, p. 413 (II.XIV.100).
[514] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).
[515] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 110 (III.10).
[516] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 173 (VIII.16).
[517] Ibid, p. 161 (VIII.13).
[518] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 205 (AW.70). For further discussion of this quotation, see above, "Defense of Homeland."
[519] Meier, p. 374.
[520] Plutarch (North), vol. 2, p. 1,453.
[521] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 173 (VIII.16).
[522] Ibid, p. 127 (VIII.9).
[523] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 27 (I.17).
[524] Who was a master of affectionate domination, especially with the captive Montezuma. See below, "Defense of Ground."
[525] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 33 (I.20).
[526] Ibid, p. 243 (V.7).
[527] Lucan, p. 35 (II.517-21). Simultaneously the poet insists that Caesar "would rather smash the city-gates / then enter them wide open" (p. 33; II.443-44).
[528] Ibid, p. 148 (VII.730-31).
[529] Suetonius, op. cit., p. 75 (I.LIV).
[530] Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 34-47 (I.16-23); Appian, vol. 3, p. 297 (II.38).
[531] Caesar, op. cit., p. 50 (I.28).
[532] Ibid, p. 52 (I.32-38).
[533] Ibid, p. 86 (I.112-13).
[534] Ibid, pp. 87, 92 (I.14, II.22).
[535] Ibid, p. 71 (I. 72); Appian, vol. 3, p. 307 (II.43).
[536] Caesar, op. cit., pp. 77-79 (I.85-87); Appian, loc. cit.
[537] Caesar, op. cit., p. 91 (II.21).
[538] Ibid, p. 94 (II.25).
[539] Ibid, p. 111 (III.2); Appian, op. cit., p. 329 (II.54-55).
[540] Caesar, op. cit., p. 112 (III.12).
[541] Ibid, p. 120 (III.27).
[542] Ibid, p. 125 (III.38).
[543] Ibid, p. 146 (III.80); Appian, op. cit., p. 347 (II.64).
[544] Caesar, p. 155 (III.98); Meier, p. 398; Appian, op. cit., p. 375 (II.80).
[545] Caesar, op. cit., p. 163 (C.W.III.112), 176 (Alex. War, 19) 186 (Alex. War, 33).
[546] Ibid, p. 190 (Alex. War, 42).
[547] Ibid, p. 191 (Alex. War, 43).
[548] Ibid, p. 194 (Alex. War, 48-49).
[549] Ibid, pp. 204-05 (Alex. War, 68).
[550] Ibid, p. 206 (Alex. War, 70).
[551] Ibid, p. 224 (African War, 25).
[552] Ibid, p. 245 (African War, 64).
[553] Ibid, pp. 255-56 (African War, 85).
[554] Ibid, pp. 258-59 (African War, 88-90).
[555] Ibid, pp. 260-61 (African War, 92-97).
[556] Ibid, p. 261 (African War, 96).
[557] Ibid, p. 262 (African War, 97).
[558] Ibid, pp. 270-1 (Span. War, 12-13).
[559] Ibid, p. 274 (Span. War, 18).
[560] Ibid, pp. 274-75 (Span. War, 19).
[561] Ibid, p. 275 (Span. War, 20).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[562] Caesar, op. cit., p. 105 (II.44); Appian, op. cit., p. 313 (II.46).
[563] Caesar, op. cit., p. 109 (III.8).
[564] Ibid, pp. 112-13 (III.14).
[565] Ibid, p. 141 (III.71).
[566] Ibid, pp. 226-27 (African War, 28).
[567] Ibid, p. 250 (African War, 74).
[568] Ibid, p. 265 (Span. War, 1).
[569] Ibid, p. 272 (Span. War, 15).
[570] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 672.
[571] Or Pharsalus, or Pharsalia, depending on how one wants to transliterate it.
[572] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 662.
[573] Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 106-07 (III.2).
[574] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 95 (VII.26).
[575] See diagram, above, "Defense of Honor," vol. 2, p. 32. A cohort was the basic tactical subdivision of a Roman legion. It consisted of 600 men, or three **maniples** (see Glossary). Delbrück notes that it was the approximate equivalent of a modern battalion.
[576] An echelon was a cohesive subgroup within a Roman legion. Cohorts could be "stacked" so that while the front echelons were fighting, the rear echelons could be held in reserve, turn around to fight envelopers or execute their own flanking movements. There were often three echelons, based on preexisting divisions within an army.
[577] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 665.
[578] Delbrück, p. 542.
[579] Appian, vol. III, p. 361 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XI.72).
[580] Ibid, p. 363 (II.XI.73).
[581] "He announced to the Romans by herald that they merited death, but nevertheless he would pardon them. The others he shot down to the last man, but their wives and children he allowed to go unharmed" (ibid, p. 173; I.X.94).
[582] Ibid, p. 365 (II.XI.74).
[583] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).
[584] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 217 ("On Anger," II.XXIII.4).
[585] But he does not punish all the murderers—expedient mercy again? And when his troops kill one of Pompey's two sons, both of whom continue in arms against him, he'll permit that head to be exhibited in the town of Hispalis (Caesar, *Civil War*, p. 286; Spanish War, 40).
[586] The portrait is less bravely drawn in *The Alexandrian War* (Caesar, *Civil War*, p. 178; Alex. War, 21).
[587] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 119 (Agesilaus).
[588] Grant, however, claims that most of the library was not burnt (*Cleopatra*, p. 71).
[589] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 204 (Alex. War, 66).
[590] Appian, vol. III, p. 415 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XV.102).
[591] Delbrück, p. 561.
[592] Meier, p. 424.
[593] Delbrück, p. 557.
[594] Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 255-56 (Alex. War, 85).
[595] Appian, vol. III, p. 419 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XV.104).
[596] For a depiction of these, see Tarassuk and Blair, p. 39 ("Roman armor").
[597] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 53 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXXVIII).
[598] Appian, vol. III, p. 423 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVI.106).
[599] Loc. cit.
[600] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 73 (XII.36).
[601] Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 159-60 (III.105).
[602] Appian, loc. cit.
[603] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 92 (document 111, letter of Caesar and decree of the Senate on Mytilenean Relations, 45 B.C.).
[604] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 671. In Meier's inimitable words, "the dictator and demigod, exalted above all the rest ... was able to enter into a special relationship with his society, one of mutual repulsion" (op. cit., p. 434). Exemplifying a dissenting view, the historian Michael Grant, who at the end of his consideration of the first dozen Caesars concludes that imperial Rome was a personal achievement, a projection of each ruler at least as much as of any existing state apparatus (which of course was negligible by modern standards), added that "the most able of them, whatever their personal peculiarities, changed the course of history for the better"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(*The Twelve Caesars*, p. 260). In "the most able" he seems to include Julius Caesar.

[605] Suetonius, vol. 1, pp. 55-61 ("The Deified Julius," I.XL-XLIV).

[606] Wells, vol. 1, p. 396.

[607] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, pp. 93-97 (document 113, letter of Caesar on municipalities, 44 B.C.).

[608] Later scholars have emphasized the extent to which he sets out to rationalize and standardize the Roman system, "in the ... spirit of loyalty to tradition." See, e.g., Sherwin-White, p. 171. "In Italy Julius was not an innovator, but completed the work left by others" (loc. cit.).

[609] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 97 (document 114, charter of Urso, 44 B.C.).

[610] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p.121 (XIII.7).

[611] Appian, vol. III, p. 429 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XVI.110).

[612] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 197 (XIII.44).

[613] Appian, loc. cit.

[614] Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 672-73; Appian, loc. cit.

[615] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 163 (XIII.27).

[616] Such, for instance, was what sent Solzhenitsyn to a labor camp.

[617] See, e.g., *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 167 (XIII.28).

[618] Ibid, p. 191 (XIII.40).

[619] Ibid, p. 185 (XIII.37).

[620] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 143.

[621] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, pp. 213-15 (XIII.52).

[622] Julian, vol. ii, p. 403 ("The Caesars").

[623] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 99 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXV).

[624] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 331 ("On Anger," III.XXX.4).

[625] Maine remarks in another context: "We have abundant proof that, there being substantially but two professions in the Roman republic, the military men were generally identified with the party of movement, but the lawyers were universally at the head of the party of resistance" (p. 45).

[626] Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 285 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus," 46 B.C.).

[627] Ibid, p. 291 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus").

[628] Appian, vol. III, p. 481 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XIX.137).

[629] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 115 (III.18).

[630] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 85 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXII).

[631] Appian, op. cit, pp. 435-37 (III.II.113).

[632] Appian, vol. III, p. 491 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XX.143), p. 499 (XX.146).

[633] Ibid, p. 445 (II.XVI.117).

[634] Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 301 ("The First Philippic Against Marcus Antonius", 44 B.C.).

[635] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 201 (IXX.7).

[636] Ibid, vol. 3, p. 219 (XIV.2).

[637] Tacitus, p. 37.

[638] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 235 (XIV.10). In Montesquieu's formulation, "No people were as easily moved by public spectacles as the Romans ... Caesar's bloody garment flung Rome again into slavery" (p. 79; XI.16).

[639] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 119 ("The Deified Julius," I.LXXXVIII).

[640] Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 3, p. 289 (XIV.22).

[641] Cicero, *Political Speeches*, p. 316 ("The First Philippic Against Marcus Antonius").

[642] Appian, vol. III, p. 567 (*The Civil Wars*, III.III.26).

[643] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 139 ("The Deified Augustus," II.XIII).

[644] Ibid, vol. 2, p. 189 (IX.4).

[645] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, pp. 105-6 (document 119, edict of the triumvirs on proscription, 43 B.C.).

[646] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 163 ("The Deified Augustus," II.XXVII).

[647] Ovid, vol. 2, pp. 417-19 (XV.750-51).

[648] Moatti, p. 131 (illustration, "a statue of Mussolini as Augustus").

[649] Wells, vol. 1, pp. 398-99.

[650] Suetonius, p. 165 (II.XXVIII).

[651] Carus, p. 117 (parable of the patient elephant).

[652] Copied in Cicero, *Letters to Atticus*, vol. 2, p. 213 (IX.7c).

[653] Guevara, pp. 64-65.

[654] Ibid, p. 75.

[655] Bergerud, pp. 407-408.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[656] Rousseau, p. 14 ("The Social Contract").
[657] Polybius, *Histories*, 5.11.3-6; quoted in Sage, p. 120, no. 175.
[658] *The Methods of the Ssu-Ma*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 126.
[659] Montesquieu, p. 62 (X.3).
[660] Major Dennis J. Popp, *Night Fighter's Handbook* (Boulder, Colorado: Paladin Press, 1986), p. 41.
[661] Segur, vol. 1, p. 164.
[662] Clausewitz, p. 345.

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

[1] Bakunin, p. 139.
[2] Franklin, p. 904 (Philadelphia, July 5, 1775).
[3] Cook and Cook, p. 174.
[4] When I wrote this, I was sitting in a café in Paris, where coffee in little white cups made divine placeholders for discourse all around me. In Thailand or Malaysia, coffee is served more like water. The hot humid days relax social relations; people aren't as animated. But coffee still emblematizes homeland for me. In Thailand I remember seeing in a market a girl in a blue denim shirt, slowly and most joyously taking handfuls of coffee beans from an immense burlap sack, putting them in plastic bags and weighing them. She squats beneath hanging bundles of noodles like sausages. Around her, men are wheeling dollies down the insect-swarming concrete, watched by smiling ladies whose green dresses resemble boa constrictors. The smell of coffee enlightens everything. This is Thailand, nowhere else. This is homeland.
[5] Some examples: In wartime Serbia I've seen a leather boutique displaying nothing but pistol holsters. In Indonesia, a full-window display of tampons and sanitary napkins. In France (never in India!), smoked carcasses in the butcher's window. In Mexico, rolls of tanned goatskins tightly stacked; to see what one really looks like, you must persuade a clerk. In Thailand, the King's portrait everywhere.
[6] *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 129 (Antalcidas).
[7] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.
[8] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 4. The justifications of patriotism as such fall into the category of honor's self-defense, and have been considered there (above, "Defense of Honor").
[9] Bakunin, p. 235.
[10] Mishima, *Death in Midsummer*, p. 102 ("Patriotism").
[11] Ibid, p. 104.
[12] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[13] "Patriotism can only be a crime among oppressor peoples because then it will be exploitation baptized with a beautiful name, but however perfect humanity [may become], patriotism will always be a virtue among oppressed peoples because it will signify at all times love for justice, for freedom, even for dignity" (Rizal, p. 101).
[14] Berkman, p. 429.
[15] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 152 (Pausanias son of Cleomrotus).
[16] Hitler, p. 474.
[17] *Inscriptiones Graecae*, in Fornara, p. 25, item no. 21 ("about 600 or 480 B.C.").
[18] Chanoff and Doan, p. 5 (testimony of Xuan Vu).
[19] Homeland is authority; homeland is race and culture; homeland is ground. One of the many insoluble difficulties of the project called *Rising Up and Rising Down* is that excuses for violence overlap and clash: the homeland of a cosmopolitan parliamentarian might include every legal citizen within a certain zone, while the homeland of a racist might exclude people of a certain origin and include territory under some foreign authority's sovereignty.
[20] Saint-Exupéry, p. 120.
[21] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[22] Kuznetsov, p. 106.
[23] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[24] Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 44.
[25] Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, p. 272 (my retranslation of the French translation).
[26] *Walden*, "Where I Lived and What I Lived For."
[27] One Viet Cong, remembering how at the end of World War II he saw his countrymen beating and lynching Frenchmen, wrote: "This wasn't the patriotism I wanted, this brutal flailing out at some innocent stranger"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(Truong, p. 8).

[28] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 114 (Agesilaus). Back to the centrist conception of homeland: North American imperialists attack Cuba, but Castro addresses the crowds: "This little island will always be a revolutionary wall of granite and against it all conspiracies, all intrigues, and all aggression will be smashed" (Castro, p. 163; speech: "Our people have no other path to liberation than that of armed struggle," delivered at the Chaplin Theater, April 19, 1967, "Year of Heroic Viet Nam"). This sounds entirely defensive, but Castro is busy encouraging revolution throughout Latin America.

[29] Moral calculus, 1.3.7. Unjustified by the fundamental rights of the self (5.1.1-3, 5.1.8).

[30] The patriot often insists on his license because he has occult knowledge of what is needed—occult to us because the patriot has "classified" it. This is true mainly of the military patriot, though various other species, such as the Cassandra who calls on us to turn our wildernesses into oil reservoirs, in order that we can run our lawn mowers in spite of the treacherous Arabs, or the panel of engineers who award a nuclear plant on a fault line a safety certificate and three gold stars, also require us to have faith in the specialist.

[31] Rothwell, p. 6.

[32] Ibid, p. 15.

[33] Or, as the writer puts it (p. 16), "the known temper of [King] Ketchwayo rendered the acceptance of the terms of the ultimatum more than doubtful."

[34] Ibid, p. 16.

[35] Ibid, p. 13.

[36] Walter, p. 112.

[37] Ibid, p. 139. Entered into the "Maxims for Murderers" section of the moral calculus, 1.3.11.

[38] Rothwell, p. 136.

[39] Stephen Owen, p. 264 (Wang Can [177-217 A.D.], "With the Army," V). This is why so many political scientists consider an obvious truism the axiom that "the supreme power of a political entity is vested primarily in its sovereign right to conduct an independent foreign policy" (Kann, p. 32).

[40] Ortiz, pp. 16-17 (my trans.).

[41] See below, "The War Never Came Here."

[42] Micah 1:6-7.

[43] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Five, pp. 351-52.

[44] Ibid, p. 357.

[45] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 177 ("On Anger," II.V.4).

[46] Polybius, *The Histories*, excerpted in Chaliand, pp. 117-18.

[47] *The Soviet Way of Life*, p. 451.

[48] Truong, p. 15.

[49] Luther, p. 398 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").

[50] Under the command of Varro.

[51] Woman's veil.

[52] Vollmann, op. cit., pp. 189-205.

[53] Center for International and Strategic Affairs, pp. 18 (Valenta), 36-37 (Aspaturian), 39 (Brezhnev, quoted in Aspaturian), 58-59 (Dallin).

[54] Ibid, p. 18 (Valenta), p. 62 (Dallin).

[55] Alexander Serafimovich, "My Meetings with Lenin," in *Lenin in Profile*, p. 88.

[56] Dupree (p. 777) advances this theory. The Center for International and Strategic Affairs is not so sure.

[57] Borovik, pp. 4-5.

[58] Dupree, pp. 777-78. "If Afghanistan is the Rhineland of the early 1980s, will Pakistan and Iran be its Austria and Sudentenland?"

[59] Center for International and Strategic Affairs, p. 33 (Aspaturian). "And in immediate risks, costs and benefits, the Afghanistan invasion must be judged as cautious and prudent, conservative and nonadventurous" (loc. cit.). See also pp. 60-61 (Dallin).

[60] Ibid, p. 33 (Aspaturian).

[61] Ibid, p. 19 (Valenta).

[62] Ibid, p. 19 (Valenta).

[63] Ibid, p. 19 (Valenta). Dupree (p. 778) does not think the Soviets needed another warm water port.

[64] Ibid, p. 62 (Dallin). Cf. Borovik, p. 229. This motive is one explanation for the fact that Montezuma carried out punitive wars against people he could have subjugated (Gómara, p. 122).

[65] Borovik, p. 7.

[66] Ibid, p. 7. For his accounts of Soviet atrocities, in addition to the account of Col.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Antonenko detailed above ("Defense of War Aims"), see pp. 129-30 (murder), 176 (murder), 183-85 (rape-murder), 197 (bombing of civilian targets for reasons of "professional pride."

[67] The case of Afghanistan is considered more at length in my memoir, *An Afghanistan Picture Show*. That book deals with the ethics and problems of setting out to be of service to others, and should be considered a companion volume to this one.

[68] Borovik, pp. 215, 236. This is a Soviet estimate. Real casualties were probably much higher.

[69] One Pakistani defense minister told me in 1982 that the head of the state could call a jihad at any time, and "everyone will go along. If we have guns, that is fine. If we have only our hands, that is fine. But Pakistani minorities, religious minorities, will not be allowed to participate." V. I. Varennikov, commander of the Soviet Fortieth Army in Afghanistan, admitted to the journalist Borovik that most Afghans were against the occupation (op. cit., p. 249). "The Afghan Resistance is not an army but rather a people in arms. Its strengths and weaknesses are those of Afghan society. While national in scope, it is religious in content: Islam has provided legitimacy and a unifying ideology, enabling deep divisions between groups and individuals to be transcended. The Resistance is organic; it grew rather than was created, unlike movements such as the Viet Minh. The basic composition of the Resistance, of independent villages or strongholds as well as the nature of Afghan life and society, made it self-sufficient compared with other insurgencies... There is no Afghan equivalent of Mao, Ho Chi Minh, or Kim Il Sung, matching theory and direction with fighting" (Isby, p. 93).

[70] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.1.

[71] A very common case. For instance, an adventurer in the Amazon reports in 1911: "It is true that the Mangeroma [Indian]s lay in ambush for their enemy and killed them ... but the odds were against the Indians, not only because the *caboclos* were attacking them in greater numbers, but because they came with modern, repeating fire-arms against the hand weapons of the Mangeromas. Those marauders, too, came with murder and girl-robbery in their black hearts, while the Mangeromas were defending their homes and families." In other words, this is legitimate defense of homeland against disproportionate and undiscriminating imminence. The explorer goes on: "But it is true that after the battle, so bravely fought, the Indians cut off the hands and feet of their enemies, dead or dying, and carried them home" (Lange, p. 388).

[72] Anjillah also appears in my book *An Afghanistan Picture Show.*

[73] Honor killings are discussed at some length above, in "Defense of Honor."

[74] It partook to a significant degree of the features of legitimate preexisting authority as defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[75] Proportionality applies. See above, "Defense of War Aims," moral calculus, 5.2.f. 2nd. Lim.

[76] See above, "Means and Ends." About World War I, Trotsky, so results-oriented except when he judges his own handiwork, cries: "It is our turn to ask: Did the war justify itself? What has it given us? What has it taught?" (*History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 3, p. 348). —I take it from the syntax that the first question may be broken down into the second and third. Trotsky is speaking not about war aims but about war consequences. —Well, then what were the consequences of World War I, from Trotsky's point of view? —The collapse of Tsarist authority, the temporary loss of huge territories to Germany, and the murder of millions. It is to those millions that Trotsky is referring. On the subject of the cession of territories, as we have seen in our portrait of him, he would do well to be silent, since, after momentarily adhering to his policy of "no war, no peace," he agreed to accept Lenin's decision to sign over those territories at Brest-Litovsk. This measure was absolutely demanded by the compulsion of superior enemy force. It was not in any way pleasant. But thanks to the loan of that land to the Kaiser, and the end of Tsardom, the Bolsheviks succeeded in making their revolution. Trotsky, who thinks he has proved without a doubt that this conflict was simply

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

another variant of the usual class war, ought to be more grateful. —But this is all irrelevant. Were he to act more grateful, Trotsky would be displaying "end-justifies-the-means"-ism—in other words, Clausewitzianism. If the result of my murdering you is that I am enriched, does that justify me? We must reject war consequences as any determinant of war justifiability. The *expediency* of what Lieutenant Calley did has no bearing on its status as a war crime.

[77] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2, corollary.

[78] As you see, he uses different numbers than I do.

[79] Howard Williams to author, November 10, 1996.

[80] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 187.

[81] Ragueneau, pp. 33-34.

[82] Ibid, p. 115.

[83] Ibid, p. 118.

[84] Clausewitz, p. 396.

[85] *Maxims*, VI, p. 57.

[86] Clausewitz, p. 78.

[87] Ibid, p. 84.

[88] Rountree, pp. 12-21.

[89] For this insight I am indebted to Song Young-dae, Former Vice Minister of National Unification, "How to Respond to North Korean Provocations" (subsection "Tactics of the Weak Against the Strong"), in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 6 (November-December 1996), pp. 8-9.

[90] Ibid, p. 11.

[91] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.

[92] Based on the rights of the self (moral calculus, 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8); the resulting rights of homeland are racial and cultural rights (5.2.D.1-5).

[93] As stated, this rule is very dangerous and subject to abuse. Hitler invoked it to murder Jews. But he did so falsely. The Jews did not threaten the "Aryans," but in fact contributed to the German economy. No "negotiations" had taken place. But I believe that this rule is valid when its preconditions are literally true. The Aztec uprising against Cortes's Spaniards in 1520 was justified defense of homeland because the Spaniards meant to enslave them, had massacred Aztec nobles in the marketplace, kidnapped their emperor and refused to negotiate. This general question was discussed above in "Defense of Race and Culture," and need not be followed up here.

[94] Moral calculus, 6.2.G.

[95] Discussed above in "Defense of War Aims."

[96] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[97] Hitler, p. 329.

[98] Ibid, p. 325.

[99] Address to his officers, May 23, 1939; quoted in Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 509. Hitler did not originate this doctrine. At the beginning of the century one finds that "there is a large school of thinkers in Germany who insist that all living is war, and that upon the continuance of this battle the healthy life of the community absolutely depends, in support of which assertion they cite the doctrine of evolution in its varied forms and phases. If this be true, a nation which expects to survive in this normal struggle for existence must not depend upon fighting its battles under what are really technical limitations" (Usher, pp. 89-90).

[100] Hitler's assessment here was on the mark. H. G. Wells writes (vol. 1, p. 375) that Carthage's "submission only increased the arrogance of Rome and the pitiless greed of the rich Equestrian order which swayed her councils." In the end, the Carthaginians were commanded to abandon their city and move at least ten miles inland from their lifeway, the sea. We find Seneca (loc. cit.), jeering that Hannibal would have loved his blood-brimming trench even more had it been a scarlet lake or river, gloats that "a fortune will attend you that for twenty years will gratify your cruelty, and will everywhere supply to your eyes the welcome sight; you will see it at Trasumennus and at Cannae, and last of all at your own Carthage!"

[101] *Mein Kampf* was published in 1924. However, this statement seems to reflect his views from as early as the end of World War I.

[102] Speer, p. 237.

[103] Quoted in Clark, p. 25.

[104] Gandhi, p. 361 ("On Non-violence," in *Young India*, December 31, 1931).

[105] Hitler, p. 12.

[106] For a portrait of Lincoln, see above, "Defense of Authority."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[107] Terzic, p. 1.
[108] Shirer, *Rise and Fall*, p. 340.
[109] Speer, pp. 228.
[110] In his book on Hindu-Muslim riots in India, Sudhir Kakar points out: "we all know that a stoking of persecutory fantasies is the stock in trade of all nations on the eve of any war and continues well into the duration of hostilities" (op. cit., p. 215).
[111] Hitler, p. 574 (italics in original).
[112] Quoted in Speer, p. 225.
[113] Quoted in Clark, loc. cit.
[114] Herodotus, Book Seven, pp. 448-49.
[115] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 39.
[116] Address to his generals, September 22, 1939; quoted in Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 527.
[117] Watt, pp. 613-624.
[118] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 40.
[119] Moral calculus, 1.3.6.
[120] Below, vol. 4, "Deterrence, Retribution, and Revenge."
[121] Cook and Cook, p. 401.
[122] Ibid, p. 325 (testimony of Araki Shigeko).
[123] Georgi Zelma, "A defender of Stalingrad, 1942," in Boot, p. 45.
[124] Karpov, p. 44.
[125] Benno Wundshammer, "Hitler Youth members advance to engage the Red Army, March 1945," in Boot, p. 88.
[126] When a country enters a war, either by starting it or by being dragooned into it, the possibility of defeat can never be forgotten. As we have continually seen, whenever two parties confront one another violently, any and all of their preexisting relations may be subject to abrogation. The future is unknown. The housebreaker becomes an outlaw, and perhaps the householder will kill him. The belligerent nation also becomes an outlaw, subject to any penalty which the enemy can and will enforce, up to and including obliteration.
[127] This moral algebra can be expressed as follows:
Let defense of homeland = H
Other political-ethical variables = A-F
Then: $H_1 + [A_1 + B_1 + C_1] =?= H_2 + [D_2 + E_2 + F_2]$
Therefore: $A_1 + B_1 + C_1 =?= D_2 + E_2 + F_2$
which at least simplifies the equation.
[128] Mandel, p. 46.
[129] Darrow, pp. 21-22.
[130] Preexisting legitimate authority is defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
[131] As discussed below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[132] In other words, the Crocodile's Maxim is not entirely without justice. Even a soldier in an unjustly aggressive army is someone that violence "happens to"; he swims along at the bailiff's call, and with his fellow crocodiles sometimes encounters a crocodile-hunter. See below, "Defense of Ground."
[133] Hitler, p. 643.
[134] All three statistics from Kahn, p. 23.
[135] Fest, p. 94.
[136] Quoted in Fest, p. 91.
[137] Which are listed in the moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.
[138] Clausewitz, p. 133.
[139] Frontinus, *Strategems*, 1.5.21-22; in Yavetz, p. 93.
[140] Bohrmann, p. 382, plate 286 ("Der Kampf ist hart," 1943).
[141] Ibid, p. 34, plate 298 ("Harte Zeit," 1944).
[142] Ibid, p. 395, plate 299 ("Sieg oder bolschewistisches Chaos!", 1945).
[143] There were several Atossas, whom one may easily confuse. Our protagonist is Atossa the wife of Darius and the daughter of Cyrus. Darius's grandson Artaxerxes is supposed to have loved and married his own daughter Atossa (Plutarch, *Lives*, pp. 889-90).
[144] Above, vol. 2, "Defense of Honor."
[145] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 258. Robespierre believed that "war is always the first object of a powerful government which wishes to increase its power" (Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 160).
[146] Ibid, Book Five, p. 355.
[147] "Defense of Class," above.
[148] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[149] One bronze shows a man carrying a water jar (Fitzhardinge, p. 99, plate 126).
[150] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 104 (Lycurgus).
[151] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 512.
[152] Carlyle, *On Heroes and Hero-Worship*, p. 15.
[153] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 181.
[154] *Odyssey*, 9.39-42; in Sage, p. 17.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[155] Moral calculus, 1.2.4.
[156] Oath of Athenian ephebes, GHII no. 204 ("from the mid-330s on"), in Sage, p. 35.
[157] Ibid, p. 261.
[158] She herself, we learn, was but a tertiary political puppet.
[159] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 258.
[160] In one commentator's words, "there seems no reason to doubt that Darius intended the conquest of Greece and the Aegean. This should be seen in the context of the normal dynamic of expansion that had marked the reigns of his predecessors" (Sage, p. 83).
[161] Herodotus, Book One, p. 85.
[162] See above, "Defense of Class."
[163] Herodotus, Book One, p. 100.
[164] Ibid, p. 103.
[165] Whose notion of retributive justice (as filtered through Herodotus) we will examine in the chapter on punishment.
[166] Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 214-19.
[167] Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 282.
[168] Moral calculus, 1.2.6.
[169] Herodotus, Book Three, pp. 258-59.
[170] Green, pp. 6 ff.
[171] Ionia revolted because she felt ruined by the immense tributes the Persians exacted. Sparta refused to help her—in later times the Spartan Callicrates will describe the Ionians as "good slaves, but worthless as free men" ("Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 140). Sparta's refusal proves good enough reason for Athens to take part—but only with twenty ships: "that most lethal of phenomena," says Green, "a democratic compromise" (p. 21). They burn Persian-held Sardis, quite probably by accident, and the Greco-Persian Wars are on.
[172] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 398.
[173] Thus Hesiod tells us that "handsome Kyknos was joyful / in his hope of slaughtering the warlike son / of Zeus with the bronze / spear, and his driver with him, / and stripping their glorious armor" (op. cit., p. 195; "The Shield of Herakles," ll. 66-70).
[174] In Herodotus we can read about the war waged by the ancient Lydian king Ayattes against the Milesians. Leaving their houses and goods unharmed, this invader would each year ruin crops and trees, so that the Milesians could recover by the following year, thereby permitting him to invade and pillage them once again (Book One, p. 47). Similarly, in 1519 the Tlalascalan Indians would always feed Cortes's men before they attacked them—partly, it is said, to spy upon them when they brought the provisions, but also to extend the conflict and play by the rules of honor (Gómara, p. 105). This Lydian martial conception corresponds to the seventeenth-century Iroquoian one: the bailiff was mild, the war aim being not so much conquest as glory, honor, manliness. "The major reason that the Huron gave for waging war was to avenge the injuries that warriors from other tribes had inflicted on them... War was also the principal means by which young men acquired the personal prestige which assured them of ... an influential voice in the affairs of their village" (Trigger, pp. 68-69. For alterations in these war aims, see pp. 221, 725-30.). Only after Iroquoian cultures had been thoroughly destabilized by Europeans did these nations undertake wars of conquest and extermination.
[175] Plutarch, *Lives*, "Nicias," 6.5; quoted in Sage, p. 98.
[176] See above, this vol., "Defense of War Aims."
[177] Briefly discussed in "Defense of War Aims."
[178] Green, p. 37.
[179] Plate in Green, opposite p. 174.
[180] "Through Macedonia, Sicily, Egypt, Syria, and Asia, and almost all countries he followed the path of battle," writes Seneca approvingly, "and when his troops were weary of shedding Roman blood, he turned them to foreign wars" (vol. 2, p. 299; "On the Shortness of Life," IV.5).
[181] The historian Lee writes (p. 23) that in the Korean kingdom of Koguryo in around the time of Christ "war was the most productive activity they might pursue, as is indicated by their consuming interest in such spoils of war as land, populations, and domestic animals. Only through warfare could they compensate for the inadequacy of resources within their boundaries." Hitler's *Lebensraum* defense was never new.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[182] Fest, p. 86.
[183] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 444.
[184] Green, pp. 58-64.
[185] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 457.
[186] Robespierre, p. 309, my trans.
[187] Oath of Athenians before the battle of Plataea; marble stele, 479 B.C., "genuine antiquity contested"; in Fornara, p. 56, item no. 57. Themistocles's motion to the Athenian assembly: "All other Athenians and foreigners of military age are to embark in the 200 ships that are ready and defend against the Barbarian for the sake of their own freedom and that of the rest of the Greeks along with the Lacedaemonians, the Corinthians, the Aeginetans, and all others who wish to share the danger" (quoted in Green, p. 98).
[188] Plato, *Laws*, pp. 1292-93 (III.699c).
[189] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 502.
[190] Ibid, p. 503.
[191] Delbrück, p. 517. He describes the Thermopylae campaign as "only a secondary, auxilliary move for the real strategic plan, that is, to wage a sea battle in the open water north of Euboea... Of itself, the defense of Thermopylae was as good as hopeless" (pp. 94-95).
[192] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
[193] Speech to the Convention of 5 February 1794; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 118.
[194] Fitzhardinge, p. 89, figure 105 ("'Leonidas,' idealized statue of a soldier of the period of Thermopylae").
[195] Loc. cit.
[196] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 524.
[197] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas).
[198] Herodotus, p. 502.
[199] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106 (Lycurgus).
[200] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 114 (Agesilaus).
[201] Ibid, p. 146 (Leonidas).
[202] Ibid. Green (p. 127) quotes an alternative reply, which seems less characteristically "laconic," but equally kingly: "If we should be allies of the king, we should be more useful if we kept our arms, and if we should have to wage war against him, we should fight the better for our freedom if we kept them."
[203] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 503.
[204] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Leonidas). Herodotus attributes this remark to another Spartan named Denieces (p. 519).
[205] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 178).
[206] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 106.
[207] Xenophon, "Spartan Society," in *Plutarch on Sparta* (p. 183).
[208] Metropolitan Museum, p. 62, plate 43 (Calyx Krater attributed to the Painter of the Berlin Hydria, Attic, *ca.* 460 B.C.).
[209] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 515.
[210] Herodotus, p. 503.
[211] Alcman; quoted in Fitzhardinge, p. 131.
[212] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 242 (4.36).
[213] Green supports this latter view (p. 138).
[214] Herodotus, p. 517.
[215] Loc. cit.
[216] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[217] Herodotus, p. 519.
[218] Ibid, p. 521.
[219] Loc. cit.
[220] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 163 (Themistocles).
[221] Green, p. 142.
[222] Delbrück, p. 95.
[223] Fitzhardinge, p. 158.
[224] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 244 (4.40).
[225] Fitzhardinge, p. 85, figure 99 ("girl pouring libation, part of a 'hero relief'").
[226] There are excellent grounds for believing Herodotus to have erred. Delbrück (p. 35) calculated that a Persian army of this magnitude would have stretched for two thousand miles.
[227] Arcadia, a somewhat indeterminate region of the central Peloponnesus, could have included Tegea and Mantinea, but I am following Herodotus's usage; I am sure he knows better than I.
[228] Here I follow Green's figure; Herodotus merely says that the Locrians sent "all the men they had."
[229] My computation from Herodotus's figures. Hornblower and Spawforth propose a figure between 6,000 and 7,000. Green estimates 7,300.
[230] Green, p. 59.
[231] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 506. Excluding camp followers.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[232] Ibid, p. 520.
[233] Ibid, p. 518.
[234] Green, p. 142.
[235] Bakunin, p. 138.
[236] Tolstoy, *Writings on Civil Disobedience and Nonviolence*, p. 101 ("On Patriotism").
[237] Darrow, p. 27.
[238] D. F. Henderson, ed., *The Constitution of Japan: Its First Twenty Years*, quoted in Pinguet, p. 306, n. 2.
[239] Gandhi, p. 386 ("The Future," *Harijan*, April 13, 1940).
[240] Rizal to Professor Blumentritt, quoted in the introduction to Rizal, p. 10.
[241] Chuev, p. 64 ("On the World Scale," 1975).
[242] Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, p. 371.
[243] Churchill, *The Gathering Storm*, p. 320.
[244] XVII.22.39 ("The Pilgrimage," p. 655).
[245] Twelve-page typed draft ms. in possession of the author (given to him by Ali Wario of the NFDLA in Mogadishu, Somalia, 1992), pp. 7, 1.
[246] Letter to Ludwig Kugelmann, December 13, 1870; in Padover, p. 388.
[247] "Deputy Prime Minister," p. 1.
[248] Moltke, pp. 24-25 ("War and Peace").
[249] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 266 ("The Amarna Letters").
[250] President Johnson, January 16, 1967, p. 36.
[251] Shan State National Congress, pp. 6, 8.
[252] Chanoff and Doan, p. 8 (testimony of Xuan Vu).
[253] Dmytrtryshyn et al, p. 267 (doc. 81: "A Report from Erofei Khabarov ...", August, 1652).
[254] Cook and Cook, p. 308 (testimony of Yokota Yutaka).
[255] Gómara, p. 103.
[256] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 84.
[257] J. F. A. Le Mière de Corvey, *Des partisans et des corps irréguliers*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 666.
[258] Petrone, p. 15.
[259] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 186 ("The War Against the Peoples of the Sea," *ca.* 1188 B.C.).
[260] Gandhi, p. 359 ("On Non-violence," in *Young India*, December 31, 1931).
[261] Aristotle, p. 90 (II.9).
[262] *Laws*, VIII.829b, p. 1,395.
[263] Rojas and Calderón, p. 55.
[264] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 101.
[265] Machiavelli, p. 18.
[266] Grant, p. 776.
[267] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 10, Chapter I, Article 18, no. 1 (my trans.).
[268] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 99.
[269] Khun Sa, p. 53.
[270] Usher, pp. 6-7.
[271] Clausewitz, p. 262.
[272] Parker, p. 52 (article 80).
[273] Ibid, p. 53 (article 83).
[274] Quoted by Col. F. N. Maude in Clausewitz, p. 85.
[275] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 60.
[276] Erich Eyck, *Bismarck and the German Empire* (New York: Norton, 1964 reprint of 1950 edition), p.159 (italics in original).
[277] Mussolini, *Autobiography*, quoted in Seldes, p. 966.
[278] Hitler, op. cit., pp. 609-10.
[279] Snorri, *Olaf Sagas*, vol. 1, p. 78.

DEFENSE OF GROUND

[1] Tyrtaeus, fragment 10; in Sage, p. 34, no. 47.
[2] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 128 (Androcleidas).
[3] *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, p. 1908 (Lord Ettrick, May 8, 1874).
[4] CDU/CSU, p. 28 (from the description of the border fortifications—"the Wall"—between East and West Germany). Between 1949 and 1977, the mentality which constructed the Protective Strip with its ancillary minefields and automatic shooting devices killed a hundred and eighty-two attempted escapees (ibid, p. 30). The Wall of course endured for more than another decade after that.
[5] Ibid, p. 30.
[6] Clausewitz, pp. 159-60. One of Julius Caesar's officers makes the same point, although less eloquently: "So, when shouting, mingled with groans and the clash of swords, was borne to their ears, the minds of the inexperienced were numbed with fear"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 281-82 (Spanish War, written by another hand, 31]).
[7] McCullin, p. 70 ("The madness of war").
[8] *The Song of Roland*, p. 98 (stanza 93).
[9] Lidiya Ginzburg, pp. 8-9.
[10] Djilas (*Conversations with Stalin*, p. 168) was almost overwhelmed by their heroism—a remarkable compliment, coming from a Yugoslav Partisan leader.
[11] Caesar, loc. cit (Spanish. War, 32).
[12] Bergerud, p. 348.
[13] Buffetaut, p. 53 ("Un guetteur français sur le front de Verdun").
[14] The process, of course, can be described in more refined terms. In a flier for a conference on "Smart to Brilliant Weapons, Presented by the Acclaimed Expert: Mr. John Gish" (Stockholm April 21-22, 1997, H. Silver & Associates) I read that "with extended ranges, improved hard target kill capability, all weather performance and surgical precision, the next generation of precision guided munitions will dramatically increase military effectiveness while simultaneously minimizing collateral damage."
[15] Guevara, p. 103.
[16] Rothwell, p. 37.
[17] Díaz, p. 149.
[18] Bohrmann, p. 385, plate 289 (*ca.* 1943).
[19] Buffetaut, p. 13 ("Les soldats de Verdun sont des orphelins qui combattent isolés"). All phrases cited from this work were translated by me.
[20] See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[21] "On February 21, 1916 at 7:30 a.m., more than a thousand German cannons opened fire to the north of Verdun" (Buffetaut, p. 61).
[22] Ibid, p. 66 ("Les effets de l'artillerie lourde allemande," both photographs).
[23] Ibid, p. 39 ("Un canon de 155 mm en Argonne ou à proximité de Vauquois").
[24] I have written a little about the experience of the body as a redoubt besieged by cold. See the "Isachsen" section of *The Rifles*.
[25] *Maxims*, XLV, p. 71.
[26] Pritchard, vol. 1, plate 43.
[27] Ibid, plate 101.
[28] Trotski, p. 298.
[29] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 200 ("The Siege of Jerusalem").
[30] This was the case, for instance, in the sea-battle in A.D. 1000 between the Norwegian king, Olaf Trygvesson, and his enemies Swedish, Danish and Norse. The saga describes how the ships protecting Olaf's "Long Serpent" were steadily "thinned of men" by the enemy, until only the Long Serpent remained. The battle continued for most of the day, with the men of the Serpent itself now being progressively "thinned," and Olaf wounded beneath his armor. At the second attempt the line of defense shrank still further, with a successful boarding of the Serpent. Only the quarter-deck remained to Olaf, whose line of defense had once (in theory, at least) extended to the borders of what was then considered Norway. The bloodied king was at last compelled to leap into the sea. His penultimate frontier, the heavy armor and shield which hitherto had been his friends, now pulled him down, and he dwindled bleeding into the depths (Sturluson, *Heimsklingla*, Part 1, pp. 92-97, chs. cxv-cxxi).
[31] Georges Roux, *Ancient Iraq* (New York: Penguin Books / Pelican, 1976 repr. of 1966 ed.), plate facing p. 241.
[32] Roux, p. 317.
[33] Sun-tzu, p. 224 ("Nine Terrains").
[34] Guevara, p. 5.
[35] Dmytryshyn et al, pp. 16-17 (doc. 5: "The Conquest of Siberia by Ermak Timofeev ...", 1582).
[36] Hale, p. 22, plate 31 (Hans Funk, "The Old and the New Confederate," painted glass, *ca.* 1532, Berne).
[37] Color plate in Lee, following p. 200.
[38] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 245 ("Proverbs from Mesopotamia").
[39] Op. cit., p. 199 ("Military Combat").
[40] Donald W. Engels, *Alexander the Great and the Logistics of the Macedonian Army* (Berkeley: University of California Press, 1978), p. 39.
[41] Ibid, plate 42.
[42] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Seven, p. 471.
[43] Ibid, p. 472. We read that when one of the Spartan kings was asked why his city-state had no fortified walls, he "pointed to the citizens under arms and said: 'These are the Spartans' walls'" ("Sayings of Spartans," in

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Plutarch on Sparta, p. 114: Agesilaus).
[44] Ibid, p. 477.
[45] Lucas, pp. 100-103.
[46] B.H. Liddell Hart, *The German Generals Talk* (New York: Quill repr. of 1948 ed., 1979), p. 189.
[47] Ibid, p. 192.
[48] Napoleon, *Maxims*, IX, p. 58.
[49] Frederick William Baron von Steuben, *Baron von Steuben's Revolutionary War Drill Manual: A Facsimile Reprint of the 1794 Edition* (New York: 1985 repr. of *Regulatons for the Order and Discipline of the Troops of the United States*), p. 56.
[50] *Maxims*, XXIII, p. 63.
[51] Peter Chasseaud, *Topography of Armageddon: A British Trench Map Atlas of the Western Front 1914-1918* (Lewes, East Sussex, U.K.: Mapbooks, 1991). The maps consulted for this discussion are nos. 21, 31, 35, 44, 53, 58, 62, 67, 80, 81, 82 and 83.
[52] I am indebted to Engels, pp. 71 ff., for this discussion.
[53] *Maxims*, LXXVII, p. 82.
[54] Ibid, p. 240.
[55] Buffetaut, p. 71 ("Dès le début de la bataille, les pertes allemandes sont lourdes").
[56] Ibid, p. 75 ("Tranchée apès une attaque").
[57] Ibid, p. 80.
[58] Buffetaut, p. 167 ("Le servants d'une mitrailleuse Vickers").
[59] Quoted in Delbrück, p. 285.
[60] Borovik, p. 69.
[61] Buffetaut, p. 165 ("Des Irlandais dans leur tranchée de départ").
[62] Hale, p. 175 (plate 222).
[63] Ellis, pp. 113-14.
[64] Lloyd George's estimate, quoted in Ellis, p. 142.
[65] Buffetaut, p. 37 ("Un abri allemand en maçonnerie, recouvert de terre).
[66] Ibid, p. 237 ("Le tunnel allemand de Mort-Homme, aussi appellé tunnel du Kronprinz").
[67] Wintringham and Blashford-Snell, p. 153.
[68] Nivelle's guidelines; quoted in Ellis, p. 140.
[69] Wilfred Owen, op. cit. This edition incorporates some variant readings.
[70] Moyanahan, p. 67, "Troops pumping out a trench at the front, March 1917" (Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).
[71] Remarque, p. 11. It saddened me to see this book denounced by Ginzburg (p. 6) as "a typical manifestation of the individualist pacifism." Remarque does not anywhere say that fighting for one's country as such is wrong, but simply that waste of life is wrong. It is a shame that she, who also suffered greatly, was too good a Soviet citizen to be what Trotsky would have dismissed as an "empathetic bridge."
[72] Ibid, p. 342.
[73] Kosinski, p. 25.
[74] Buffetaut, p. 139.
[75] Defense of homeland and of war aims being an ideal, an abstraction, it may be held in varying degrees of regard. One of the points of contention between Stalin and Trotsky, for instance, was that the former held conventional, even Clausewitzian notions about defense of nations; whereas for that better (or more doctrinaire) Bolshevik, Trotsky, since social relations were explicitly defined in terms of the property system, the nation itself was an irrelevance, a merely temporary local staging area for defense of class. The fanatical patriot or ideologue will, of course, merely draw from all this Lenin's conclusion, which would be parroted by Hitler: "History teaches that peace is a breathing-space for war" (quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 600).
[76] Díaz, p. 252. Montezuma's real name was Moctezuma Xocoyotzin. Since I begin by citing Díaz's orthography, however, I shall stick to it.
[77] See Fagan, p. 23.
[78] Díaz, p. 256.
[79] Ibid, p. 257.
[80] Ibid, p. 253.
[81] Ibid, pp. 246-47.
[82] Guevara, p. 86.
[83] Prescott, vol. 2, p. 30. Prescott's bias in favor of "civilization" is to a late twentieth century reader glaring. Few historians today would be likely to write such sentences as: "The Aztec had plainly reached that middle station, as far above the rude races of the New World as it was below the cultivated communities of the Old" (vol. 2, p. 139). However,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

given that everybody indeed owns a bias, Prescott, unlike some of his less trustworthy modern counterparts, has done us the favor of wearing his like an emblem; and while his commentary may not always appeal to the current fad of egalitarianism, he never does violence to his facts. Thus, when he goes on to give the *conquistadores'* justifications, we need not do him the injustice of assuming that he shares them.

[84] See above, "Defense of Creed."

[85] Prescott, vol. 2, p. 30.

[86] A typical example of survivalist rhetoric appears in this how-to manual on personal flamethrower construction, published *before* either Waco or Ruby Ridge: "Paramilitary survivalists *and others who have seriously contemplated their circumstances* realize they need a powerful weapon to deal with armored police and/or military vehicles, including tanks and armored personnel carriers" (Ragnar Benson, p. vii, italics mine). The prevalence of such thinking must partially exculpate the murderous errors of the authorities.

Caesar, *The Civil War*, pp. 53-54 (I.35).

[87] U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, VII.G.3. The report explains (loc. cit.): "To Sage, the fact that the FBI did not plan to enter the residence at any time, and did not enter the residence, was determinative as to whether the operation was an assault. While this distinction may have made complete sense to the FBI, it made sense only because FBI agents, and especially HRT members, deal with these concepts each day as part of their duties. Most people would consider this to be an attack on them—an 'assault' in the simplest terms. If they then saw other military vehicles approaching, from which projectiles were fired through the windows of their home, most people are even more likely to believe that they were under an assault. If those vehicles then began to tear down their home there would be little doubt that they were being attacked. These events are what the Davidians inside the residence experienced on April 19, yet the FBI did not consider their actions an assault. Compounding this situation is the fact that the Davidians were not 'most people.' They were a close-knit group with ties to their home stronger than those of most people. The Davidians considered their residence to be sacred ground."

[88] Years later, the FBI finally admitted, in the face of its own earlier utter denials, that it had launched "one or more" incendiary tear gas grenades into the compound (*Sacramento Bee*, final edition, August 25, 1999, p. A7, "FBI did use incendiary devices at Waco, U.S. officials now say").

[89] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 191 (IV.9-11). Caesar's enemies, of course, often used the same justification. Here is the German king, Ariovistus: "As for the host of Germans that he was bringing into Gaul, his object was to protect himself, not to attack Gaul... his warfare had been defensive," he said (ibid, p. 73; I.44).

[90] Ibid, pp. 198-99 (VI.15).

[91] Thucydides (Strassler), Book One, p. 43.

[92] Xenophon, *Memorabilia*, 3.2.2; in Sage, p. 65.

[93] Moral calculus, 5.2.H

[94] Moral calculus, 6.2.H.

[95] Díaz, p. 126. Cortes's personal secretary, Gómara, writes more straightforwardly in his biography of the conqueror that at the very beginning of the Mexican campaign, before even meeting his future hostage, "he undertook to win Mexico for the Emperor, and to take the great king Moctezuma dead or alive" (p. 88).

[96] Sahagún, p. 59, n. 4.

[97] Gómara, p. 58.

[98] "Any prince or tribe who refused to submit was in the wrong and so gave Caesar a pretext for war," says Meier (p. 257).

[99] In 1519, not long after the commencement of his voyage to Mexico, Cortes and his conquistadores sought to disembark upon the unknown coast in the face of Mayan resistance. The chronicler says: "When Cortes saw how things were, he ordered us to wait a little before firing our crossbows, muskets or guns, for he wanted to be justified in all he did. Therefore he made another appeal ... asking them to let us land, take water, and speak to them about God and His Majesty. He added that if they attacked and if in self-defense we were to kill or hurt any of them, it would be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

their fault not ours" (Díaz, p. 70). This "appeal" was either ignorantly smug or else disingenuous, for Cortes was by policy forcing a confrontation, his self-defense no better than that of a burglar who feels righteously compelled to shoot the armed and alarmed householder. This is why we must always be prepared, when evaluating the justice of an individual's invocation of self-defense, to trace each confrontation back to its roots, and decide who was menacing whom.

[100] Gómara, p. 100.

[101] Archivo General de la Nacíon, Mexico; terrials vol. 914, exp. 2, fol. 60; reproduced in Hassig, figure 11 (p. 84).

[102] Díaz, p. 144

[103] Here is a typical peroration of Cortes's: "All our labours are devoted to the service of God and our great Emperor Charles" (Díaz, p. 159).

[104] Ibid, p. 149.

[105] Sahagún, p. 29. In the Aztec version, the Tlascalans make peace much sooner, being convinced of the Spaniards' might; I am inclined to believe Díaz's more specific and detailed eyewitness version.

[106] The Tlascalans, even when encircled and worn down, never capitulated to Montezuma (Hassig, p. 235). Hence they'd had what proved the useless luxury of rejecting Cortes's overtures on the basis of policy.

[107] Gómara, p. 346. Cortes had four children by his Spanish wife, a son by another Spanish woman, another son by Doña Marina and three daughters by three different Indian women (ibid, p. 408), bringing the sum of his offspring to nine. But in the first place cited, Gómara explicitly states that Cortes had not one child but "children" by Marina, so perhaps she bore him a girl-child or two who didn't count.

[108] Díaz, p. 195.

[109] Some of the resulting atrocities are discussed in my portrait of Wilhelm Keitel, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear," below.

[110] Díaz, p. 203.

[111] For some rather critical remarks on this bias, and its effect on the anthropological controversies of the time, see Trigger and Washburn, vol. 1, pp. 86-88 ("Nineteenth-Century Reports & Interpretations").

[112] Prescott, vol. 2, p. 34.

[113] Sahagún, p. 58.

[114] Ibid, p. 138, n. 7.

[115] Prescott, vol. 2, p. 39.

[116] Gómara, p. 108.

[117] Sahagún, p. 65.

[118] Hassig, p. 8.

[119] Tovar 117; reproduced in Hassig, figure 30 (p. 221).

[120] Gómara, p. 142.

[121] Sahagún, p. 140. Undoubtedly some villages were induced to join the Spaniards because Montezuma's regime was oppressive Both the Tlascalans and the Cholulans, for example, fed the altar with their hearts and blood; indeed, one item of tribute required from the kingdom of Tepeyacac is captives from those two places (Hassig, p. 263). Cortes wants a war of conquest against *all* Indians in Mexico, but at first no natives comprehend this. It is a war also of Indians against Indians. Thus in the final siege of Tenochtitlan, the Aztecs' lakeshore neighbor-allies, the Chinampanecans, turn against them and enslave their women and children (Sahagún, p. 115).

[122] In the moral terms of this book, the Aztecs and the Spaniards were evenly matched, particularly when we consider their war practices. Both empires craved expansion; both were willing to use force. Both thus could appeal to defense of homeland (the Aztecs, to be sure, far more plausibly, since they *were* home, while the Spanish invaders were not). Both frequently justified the application of military measures by invoking defense of creed—the Spanish, as we have seen, by invoking the cult of the Virgin as against the cult of the "idols," and the desirability of death with honor; the Aztecs by appealing to their own war-god.

[123] Hassig, p. 20.

[124] Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 112.

[125] Zorita, p. 165. Hassig, however, claims that the boy was merely given "the symbols of his father's profession." If the father was a soldier, those symbols were a shield and arrows (p. 30). However, this author elsewhere states that in various campaigns up to ninety percent of the male population might

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be mobilized (p. 59).
[126] Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 65.
[127] Gómara, p. 24.
[128] Ibid, p. 410.
[129] Fagan, p. 37. Literally, "Our Dear Prince" (Topiltzin) "Plumed Serpent" (Quetzalcoatl). Ce Acatl was another aspect of Quetzalcoatl who might have been linked with Cortes. See Bierhorst, *Four Masterworks*, pp. 4-5. This editor notes that Quetzalcoatl in his Ce Acatl manifestation was expected to reappear when Venus returned to view after an inferior solar conjunction, which is just when Cortes arrived (ibid, p. 12).
[130] Sahagún, p. 42.
[131] Ibid, pp. 43, 48-49.
[132] Ibid, p. 60.
[133] Ibid, pp. 48-49.
[134] Ibid, p. 63.
[135] I am indebted to Hassig (pp. 8, 242-43) for these four points.
[136] A scholar, measured in his judgments, describes the empire as "a patchwork of alliances held together by a tribute machine. Regular supplies were ensured by orchestrated campaigns of taxation, political marriages and veiled threats of armed force—there being no permanent, standing army" (Fagan, p. 33).
[137] Díaz, p. 214.
[138] Ibid, p. 215.
[139] Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 44.
[140] In Gómara's account, for instance, we are always reading such statements as: "The soldiers were on the point of mutiny because they were not allowed to put the place to the sack" (p. 309).
[141] Sahagún, p. 72.
[142] Ibid, p. 67.
[143] The chroniclers all seem to agree with Juan Velazquez de Leon that otherwise the Aztecs would have turned upon them and slain them, which I myself find plausible. See, e.g., Díaz, p. 243.
[144] Helps, p. 153.
[145] Díaz, p. 224.
[146] Ibid, p. 247
[147] Ibid, p. 253.
[148] See the chapter on defense of honor, above.
[149] Sahagún, p. 36.
[150] Díaz, p. 249.
[151] See above, "Defense of Creed."
[152] One part of an old Quetzalcoatl text makes explicit the link between conquest and sacrifice: "Next he seized Zolton and Cuilton; and as the animals blew on the fire, then he put them to death: he spread them with chili and slashed their flesh; and when he had tortured them, then he cut open their breasts"—I presume in order to remove their hearts (Bierhorst, *Four Masterworks*, p. 23). In a note to this passage, Bierhorst writes (op. cit., p. 73, n. 20): "In the actual 'new fire' ceremony the flame was kindled with a block and drilling stick in the opened breast of a sacrificial victim."
[153] Hassig, p. 38.
[154] Ibid, p. 144 (Fig. 21; Tovar 101).
[155] Díaz, oc. cit.
[156] Ibid, p. 276.
[157] Hassig suggests that such an alliance might have required that Cortes renounce the friendship of Montezuma's enemies the Tlascalans (p. 244).
[158] Prescott, vol. 2, p. 121, fn. 23.
[159] Zorita, p. 232.
[160] Ibid, p. 287.
[161] Sahagún, p. 74. The Spaniards apparently launched the massacre out of defense of creed, because an Aztec youth had been sacrificed there in the market. The Aztecs suspected nothing from the Spaniards, who cut them down in cold blood (ibid, p. 84).
[162] Quoted in Helps, p. 167, 2nd fn.; my trans.
[163] John Everhardts Cloppenburg, *Le Miroir de la Tyrannie Espagnole Perpetrée aux Indes Occidentales*, Amerstam, 1620; reproduced in Bataille, p. 208.
[164] Sahagún, p. 76.
[165] Loc. cit.
[166] Ibid, p. 77.
[167] Ibid, p. 107.
[168] Helps, p. 224; quoting Díaz.
[169] Sahagún, p. 79.
[170] Ibid, p. 98. That seems unlikely to me—unless the Spaniards simply panicked. Cortes's ultimate aims in regard to Montezuma, however, will never be known, for the baffling difficulties he faced in his year of war against the Aztecs forced upon

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

him many reactively expedient measures; whereas his counterpart in Peru, Pizzaro, kidnapped the King of the Incas, held him for ransom, which was duly delivered, and then strangled him. I truly believe that Montezuma most likely died not at Cortes's hand but by accident, when his own people were besieging Cortes and hurling stones. So compliant a monarch would surely have been more useful alive.

[171] Hassig, p. 9.

[172] Sahagún, p. 84. "Right and expedient become convertible terms," writes Prescott (vol. 2, p. 176).

[173] Ibid, p. 85.

[174] Tyrtaeus, fragment 12; quoted in Fitzhardinge, p. 126.

[175] Díaz, p. 289.

[176] Gómara, p. 236, plate 1 ("Now they attack the house where Moctezuma is," from the *Lienzo de Tlaxcala*, painted *ca.* 1552).

[177] Sahagún, p. 88.

[178] Ibid, p. 90.

[179] Helps (p. 152), who goes on to suggest that had Cortes in fact been the great European monarch he pretended to be, or in truth the trusted and fully invested instrument of one, "millions, absolutely millions, of lives might have been saved" (p. 155).

[180] Gómara, p. 409.

[181] Hassig, p. 225.

[182] Gómara, p. 258.

[183] Sahagún, p. 108.

[184] Díaz, p. 373.

[185] "Anonymous conqueror," quoted in Hassig, p. 124.

[186] Cortes, Third Letter, p. 56.

[187] Hassig, p. 246 (Fig. 33, Camargo).

[188] Gómara, p. 288

[189] Ibid, p. 287.

[190] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[191] Cortes, Third Letter, pp. 80-81.

[192] Ibid, p. 81. For a close paraphrase, see Gómara, pp. 274-75.

[193] Hassig, p. 241 (Fig. 32, Camargo).

[194] Sahagún, pp. 118-19.

[195] Ibid, p. 126.

[196] Fagan, p. 34 (plate: Aztec warriors' costume, left).

[197] Med. Palat. 220, c. 465; reproduced in Hassig, p. 77 (Fig. 7).

[198] "Anonymous conqueror," quoted in Hassig, p. 124.

[199] It might not have actually lasted that long.

[200] Cortes, Third Letter, p. 19.

[201] Sahagún, p. 132.

[202] Díaz, p. 406.

[203] Cortes, Third Letter, p. 126. Somewhere between 67,000 and 240,000 people died in the conquest (ibid, p. 153, Appendix).

[204] Gómara, p. 293.

[205] Sahagún, p. 138.

[206] Gómara, p. 293.

[207] Bierhorst, *Trail of the Wind*, p. 152.

[208] Gómara, p. 292.

[209] Díaz, p. 410.

[210] Gómara, p. 295.

[211] See, e.g., Gómara, pp. 393-45.

[212] Sahagún (p. 135) says, however, that he did surrender voluntarily.

[213] Burning alive, we should note, does seem to have been a frequent punishment in these years in New Spain. In Huaxtecan Panuco, a Spaniard burned all the local nobles alive (Zorita, p. 210). In Santiesteban, Spaniards looted and raped until the Indians rose up, at which the Spaniards "captured 60 lords of vassals and 400 rich and noble men, not counting those of lower rank. They were all tried, their confessions taken, and were condemned to be burned alive" (Gómara, p. 313). Montezuma would have cut their hearts out, it's true, but only if they'd fought against him. And if they'd surrendered peacefully, he never would have permitted his troops to sack the town.

[214] Gómara, p. 296.

[215] Cortes, Fourth Letter, p. 216.

[216] Cortes, Fifth Letter, pp. 261-63. The editor calls this "the blackest deed of his life" and says that they were hanged by their feet to increase their final agonies. Gómara, who believes in Guatemoc's guilt, says that a third lord, Tlacatlec, was also hanged. "Cortes should, indeed, have preserved his life as a precious jewel, for Cuautémoc was the triumph and glory of his victories; but Cortes did not wish to keep him alive in such a troubled land and time" (p. 356).

[217] Gómara, p. 357.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[218] Ibid, p. 37.
[219] Ibid, p. 226, appendix to Fourth Letter.
[220] Zorita, p. 189. Hassig describes the raison-d'être of the Aztec empire as "not to usurp all the wealth of dominated regions but to extract moderate amounts from the existing tributary flow" (p. 148). The Spaniards' aim was precisely the reverse.
[221] Above, vol. 2, "Defense of Creed," p. 468.
[222] Zorita, p. 117.
[223] Ibid, p. 118.
[224] Ibid, p. 178.
[225] For an itemization of these, see ibid, pp. 210 ff.
[226] Zorita, p. 209.
[227] See my chapter on the Opium King, "But What Are We to Do?"
[228] Fagan, p. 220. Hassig, however, says that all such population figures are extremely unreliable (p. 59). His numbers are much lower.
[229] Interview, January 1997. "What good might not the Spaniards have done to the Mexicans? ... They might have set slaves at liberty; they made freemen slaves" (Montesquieu, p. 63; X.4).
[230] Zorita, p. 207.
[231] Cortes, Fifth Letter, p. 343.
[232] Ibid, p. 347.
[233] Ibid, p. 353.
[234] Zorita, pp. 267-68. Prescott insists that such instances were rare, and that he was generally loved (vol. 2, p. 185), and Díaz's account concurs, but I cannot believe that he loved in return.
[235] Gómara, p. 385.
[236] Ibid, p. 409.
[237] Ibid, p. 390.
[238] Helps, p. 294.
[239] Gómara, p. 410.

DEFENSE OF THE EARTH

[1] Bierce, p. 85.
[2] Muir, p. 828 ("Save the Redwoods," *Sierra Club Bulletin*, January 1920).
[3] Foreman and Haywood, p. 25.
[4] Muir, loc. cit.
[5] Muir, p. 720 (from *Our National Parks*, 1901). "It is also devoutly to be hoped that Hetch Hetchy will escape such ravages of man as one sees in Yosemite," he wrote in 1890 (p. 700). It didn't.
[6] Foreman and Haywood, p. 7 ("Forward!" by Edward Abbey).
[7] Thompson, pp. 182-83.
[8] Purchase, p. 126.
[9] Manes, p. 24.
[10] Foreman and Haywood, p. 14.
[11] Davis, p. 16 ("Kalmiopsis Campaign," by Chant Thomas, Beltane [May] 1983).
[12] Foreman and Haywood, p. 9 ("Forward!" by Edward Abbey).
[13] Statement of James F. Jarboe, Domestic Terrorism Section Chief, Counterterrorism Division, Federal Bureau of Investigation, to the House Resources Committee, Sub-committee on Forests and Forest Health, February 12, 2002 (http://www.fbi.gov/congress/congress02/jarboe021202.htm).
[14] Brand, p. 11 (Gerard O'Neill, "The High Frontier"). Having acknowledged this theoretical escape hatch, I beg to wonder how easy those riches will be to get to. Garrett Hardin had already calculated a cost of three million dollars per space immigrant, in 1959 dollars (ibid, p. 54; Garrett Hardin). Joel Cohen (op. cit., p. 447, n. 21) calculates that reducing the rate of population increase from 1.6 percent to 1.5 percent would require the departure of "5.7 million astronauts in the first year and increasing numbers in each later year," which "would bankrupt the remaining number of Earthlings and still leave a population that doubled every 46 years."
[15] Psalm 108.10-11.
[16] In his comments on my moral calculus (5.2.J.2), Bruce Trigger writes (September 14, 2002): "Paleontology shows the ultimate fate of *all* species is extinction—but my wife would like to have herds of mini-mammals loose on Wrangel Island."
[17] Manes, p. 199.
[18] Ibid, pp. 88, 82.
[19] Ibid, pp. 210-11. Patriots are those who have no other excuse. Defense of one's country against invasion, efforts made toward independence and the preparation tactics which worldly prudence demands are legitimate. Patriots often appeal to this last, but it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

must be remembered that a patriot's prudence will be satisfied only when the rest of the world is safely charred.

[20] Nearly twelve years later, and five years after Bari died of breast cancer, her civil action against the FBI finally reached a judgment. According to the *San Francisco Bay Guardian* (May 29, 2002), "the FBI and the OPD [Oakland Police Department] had so badly bungled the bomb investigation that nothing the two agencies came up with could be trusted ... it's possible, if not likely, that one or both of the police agencies took advantage of the attack ... to attempt to make Earth First! look a dangerous gang of bomb-wielding nuts."

[21] Davis, p. 258 ("Monkeywrenching: An Appraisal," by CM, Brigid [February] 1990).

[22] I myself still thought then that I could be free by living in the forest, that I could do something to bring the forests back, that I could be, as one anti-nuclear organizer I knew once wanted to be, "courageous and joyous and silent like an Indian brave"—a formulation now ringing sentimental and shallow in my ears. Looking back through my notebooks at that time I find three heart's desires:
1. Blowing up the Berlin Wall.
2. Stealing and brandishing enough nuclear bombs to enforce universal disarmament.
3. Freeing Afghanistan. It makes me happy to see that the Berlin Wall no longer exists, that the Warsaw Pact is out of existence and NATO is disarming like a leaky balloon dropping ballast, and that Soviet troops at least are out of Afghanistan even if the killing never did stop, that there is no such thing as the Soviet Union anymore; some things do change. But that was not so clear to me in those stale and desperate days when I wrote *Rising Up and Rising Down.*

[23] For which, see below, vol. 4, "Deterrence, Retribution, and Revenge."

[24] Davis, loc. cit. In 1990, Manes (p. 9) estimated the cost of American ecotage to be between $20 and $25 million a year.

[25] "Meet the E.L.F.", accessed on www.earthliberationfront.com.

[26] Statement of James F. Jarboe.

[27] Manes, p. 122.

[28] Abbey, p. 279.

[29] ELF website.

[30] Foreman and Haywood, pp. 26-27.

[31] Davis, p. 262; Manes, pp. 11-12.

[32] For a fuller discussion, see above, "Defense of Race."

[33] See above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

[34] Lecker, *Shock-Sensitive Industrial Materials*, p. 24.

[35] Ibid, p. 39.

[36] Manes, p. 16.

[37] ELF website, with the suffix /news/2002/090302.html. ("E.L.F. attacks U.S. Forest Service research facility, FOR IMMEDIATE RELEASE September 3, 2002").

[38] Purchase, p. 136.

[39] Ibid, p. 137.

[40] Floyd McKissick of CORE; quoted in "Defense of Race."

[41] Purchase, loc cit.

[42] Manes, p. 15.

[43] Ibid, p. 201.

[44] Purchase, p. 138.

[45] *Speculum Regale*, XXXVII.215.

[46] There is nothing new under the sun. In my *Encyclopedia of Arms and Weapons* I read: "in classical antiquity, from at least the 4th century B.C., it was simplified to one spike, sometimes with a hook, with the tang fitted into a conical piece of wood driven into the ground... As a result it was very hard to detect the tribulus [caltrop] by day and virtually impossible at night" (Tarassuk and Blair, pp. 486-87).

[47] It is neither the bikers' nor the saboteurs' fault that our desert areas, like our wild places everywhere, cannot withstand the pressure of human numbers. There is a lot to be said for the notion that the only fair and practical solution to the ecological crisis would be a plague to carry two-thirds of our numbers off.

[48] In my electronic interview with the Animal Liberation Front member "Virginia," who makes several appearances in "Defense of Animals," below, I wrote her: "If humans disappeared from the earth, most other species would almost certainly be better off. If you could push a button which would vaporize the entire human race while leaving the rest of terrestrial life intact, would you do it?"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Her answer was: "If you don't know my answer, you haven't been paying attention. Vaporizing sounds painful to me. That is against the credo" of nonviolence except to property. It is on this issue that many members of the Animal Liberation Front and the Earth Liberation Front, so close in other ways, part company.

[49] Here again I recall George R. Stewart's novel *Earth Abides.* See above, "On the Aesthetics of Weapons."

[50] Purchase, p. 13 ("The Community and the Ecological Region").

[51] At that time, environmentalism remained essentially an upper-middle-class movement, partly on account of that hobby's origins in protecting beach estates and private islands—to say nothing of the fact that the poor have *always* been living in unsafe and unpleasant conditions; they are "used to them," so that between the poisons bubbling up through the basements and buckling lawns of Love Canal and the verminous decay around them in our homes they rightly see a difference only of degree—if they see it at all, for they have more pressing problems. Where pollution is concerned, it's probably impossible for someone without training to determine what is a nuisance and what is a threat; even threats create their own hierarchies of accomodation, mutagens, say, being thought better neighbors than carcinogens.

[52] Interview, 1998.

[53] Korean for "Grandmother."

[54] See above, "Defense of Class."

[55] See above, "On the Aesthetics of Weapons."

[56] Nickel, p. 40 (crossbow of Ulrich V of Württemburg).

[57] Ibid, pp. 44-45 (wheellock rifle).

[58] Herrero, p. 259.

[59] Kris Maenz, "Outfitter Attacks Bear Watch," in *Earth First!* vol. XVI, no. VI, Litha 1996 (June 20), pp. 1, 27.

[60] Herrero, loc. cit.

[61] See above, "Defense of Class."

[62] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[63] The demographer Joel E. Cohen expresses the matter less threateningly in terms of the famous Prisoner's Dilemma: Let both agree to forego the immediate rewards which can be had by degrading the commons (pp. 394-95).

[64] Hardin, loc. cit. Hardin was hardly the first to understand this. In his eighteenth-century essay on the social contract, for instance, Rousseau penned the following words: "Indeed, every individual may, as a man, have a particular will contrary to, or divergent from, the general will which he has as a citizen ... he would be willing to enjoy the rights of a citizen without being willing to fulfill the duties of a subject. The progress of such injustice would bring about the ruin of the body politic" (p. 21). For further discussion of the general will, see below, "Defense of the Revolution."

[65] Make an analogy with military competition. When I wrote this book, the United States possessed atomic weapons sufficient to inflict more than satisfactory damage on any imaginable coalition of enemies. When the Soviet Union began to use chemobiologicals on the Asian continent in 1982 (or when our Mr. Haig said that they did), some patriots insisted that we needed chemobiologicals, too. Not long after that, President Reagan, forseeing new threats, set our scientists to work on a boondoggle as cosmic and endless as an Egyptian tomb: the so-called "Star Wars" defense, whose aesthetic intricacies shamed the cunningest Rajasthani dagger! Then we got news that the Soviet system was moribund—a considerable and annoying surprise to us; fortunately there was Iraq, who'd been our friend against Iran. "Star Wars" continued, more or less, perhaps rather less than more. If we ever did recover our silver eagles, then (believe me!) the patriots would be quick to find or make some gigantesque enemy! —And then the layoffs might stop at McDonnell-Douglas. —The truth is that as long as enemy arms do not prevent us from using our own, there is no reason on earth for us to add new novelties to our stockpiles. Every expensive military investment obviously degrades the rest of the government's fiscal commons accordingly: more for guns means less for schools. It is always possible, of course, that the enemy could come up with something which would give them that sweet plum, first strike capability—a satellite device, say, that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would cause all our missiles to explode in their silos and submarine berths throughout the world; hence we must always monitor their capabilities, and let our ingenious military minds try to circumvent potential circumventions. This is an argument for greater strategic intelligence—in both senses of the term. What is not needed should not be made. — And what isn't needed? Ah, to answer that, you'd better refer to the experts...

[66] Joel Cohen, pp. 259-60.

[67] Brand, p. 36 (Wendell Berry). For a graphic model of the choices and constraints of such a situation, see Joel Cohen, pp. 251-55.

[68] Myers, p. 114.

[69] Hobbes, p. 184 (I.13 [61], "From Equality proceeds Diffidence").

[70] Purchase, p. 53.

[71] See above, "Defense of Homeland."

[72] This conversation took place in the mid 1990s. For discussion of Inuit hunting culture, see below, "Defense of Animals." For Inuit culture considered as a case of justified separatism, see above, "Defense of Race and Culture."

[73] Callenbach, p. 18.

[74] To the successful herdsman, Hardin explains, "conscience is self-eliminating." Consider, for instance, overpopulation. "Confronted with appeals to limit breeding, some people will undoubtedly respond to the plea more than others. Those who have more children will produce a larger fraction of the next generation than those with more susceptible consciences" (op. cit., p. 258. One eco-demographer (quoted in Joel Cohen, p. 259) goes so far as to say that "free access [to resources] through reproduction is the second tragedy of the commons." Thus again ruin. The same holds for pollution. As technological "development" continues, so does our capacity to inflict pain on the commons. Consider, for instance, the increased sophistication we show in making strip-mines and toxic dumps, whereas the worst the poor Romans could do to Carthage was to sow it with salt. A handbook for self-defense of communities against toxic wastes reminds us mournfully that "elected officials at all levels must weigh their involvement and support against political and economic realities" (Cohen and O'Connor, p. 102). In other words, they're canny herdsmen. With their purchased blessing, their constitutency, the polluters, will continue to contaminate the commons as long as possible—how else can they compete against others who do the same? [75] To use a vocabulary after the fashion of Marxists, the features and facets of our industrial economy may be regarded as a "superstructure" growing out of what affects us most urgently—not production, but breathing. Economic inequality is most to the point when some retire finally into the bastions their prudence has built, guarding tanks of pure oxygen and distilled water, while everyone else must swill from the lethal tap. Of all the despicable attitudes created and reinforced by bad patriots and bad herdsmen, most intolerable is complacent resignation at the disappearing possibilities of the world. It used to be safe to drink from rivers. (Or was it? Didn't people die from diarrhea at age forty? We'd better ask the experts.)

[76] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.2.

[77] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

[78] Brand, p. 44 (George Wald).

[79] Cohen and O'Connor, p. 136.

[80] "WASHINGTON. An international health agency has withdrawn a finding that legally acceptable amounts of benzine may cause cancer. The withdrawal came after a federal official and chemistry industry representatives urged the group not to make such assessments" (*International Herald Tribune*, August 7-8, 1982, page two: "Agency withdraws benzine finding"). It all seemed so crooked! No wonder that eco-radicals on their side insisted that whether our future "shows a living green world or a wasteland may very likely depend on the success or failure of radical environmentalism" (Manes, p. 22).

[81] The patriots of the commons, the proud, property-defending herdsmen, have no intention of doing us harm, let's assume. There are good patriots and bad patriots. We'll grant that our patriots are good patriots, by which I mean that it is their object to protect our interests from other patriots and from ourselves, instead of protecting their own interests from us.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[82] At best, polluters might grudgingly agree to ship their poisons to somebody else's commons. And this "best" is not good enough. Hardin points out the obvious fact so often denied: Dilution, displacement and recycling can only be temporary solutions. "*There is no 'away' to throw things to*" (Hardin, pp. 18-19; italics in original).

[83] See above, "Defense of Homeland."

[84] Christensen, p. 173.

[85] Purchase, p. 124.

[86] GM advertisement in *Newsweek* (April 18, 1988), p. 12.

[87] Pecora, p. 8.

[88] Ibid, p. 6.

[89] Foreman and Haywood, p. 208.

[90] Cohen and O'Connor, p. 3.

[91] Moral calculus, 5.1.1.

[92] *San Francisco Chronicle*, February 18, 1989.

[93] Cohen and O'Connor, p. 14.

[94] See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

[95] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[96] Callenbach, p. 19.

[97] See above, "Defense of Class."

[98] The scientific ethicist David Dickson wrote a fascinating book on this, to which the reader is referred. Re: planned obsolescence, he concluded: "Thus even when looking at the machines possessed and used by the individual, we see that each machine serves to meet his apparent needs only to the extent that his 'consumption' or 'appropriation' habits conform with the behaviour that is required of him to maintain the effective operation of a capitalist society" (op. cit., p. 180). For the ethics of violence employed in this cause, I refer the reader to "Defense of Authority," above, and to Dickson, especially chapters 1, 2 and 7.

[99] Beitz and Washburn, p. 105.

[100] Cohen and O'Connor, pp. 112-13.

[101] Estimates on human minimum required caloric intake, for instance, vary drastically—which obviously affects one essential measure of global carrying capacity. As for the effects of pollution, a book on home ecology assures me that "it is commonly agreed that three quarters of all cancer is caused by food, smoke, and chemicals" (Christensen, p. 178). —"Not really," says a cancer doctor whom I know rather well. "Tobacco does cause a lot, but we haven't quantified it. We actually have no idea how much is hereditary and how much is environmental." Experts (we presume) back up the National Toxics Campaign's mention of 2,500 fatalities at Bhopal. Turn a few pages of this same book, and read that four thousand died there (Cohen and O'Connor, p. 18). I suppose that some died immediately, and some died later—no reason to impute bad faith to either faction. But expert opinions had better be taken with a spoonful of salt.

[102] Baldwin, p. 108 (Christensen, "Green Ink in Britain").

[103] Christensen, p. x.

[104] Ibid, p. 216.

[105] Ibid, p. 269.

[106] Ibid, p. 316.

[107] This episode will be described in detail in the "Water of Life" chapter of my forthcoming book *Imperial*.

[108] Manes, p. 32.

[109] Most issue-oriented political groups offer no alternative to what they work to disrupt. This is to their discredit. Those who want to eradicate the military-industrial complex, or get our patriots to stop their aggression upon the Third World, or ban nuclear power everywhere, are not fighting a limited engagement. But as long as we confine ourselves to an end even more limited than reformism—namely, *preservation* of what health, safety and peace we have- it is not necessary for us to have alternatives. The biocentrist case is quite different.

[110] Joel Cohen, pp. 212-14, 402-18.

[111] Ibid, pp. 247, 444-45.

[112] NPG flier (POB 53249, Washington, D.C.), *ca.* 2002.

[113] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[114] Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.

[115] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.

[116] Saxon, vol. 1, p. 7.

[117] Ibid, p. 13.

[118] Ibid, p. 19.

[119] Manes, p. 43. When the ozone layer problem gets worse and more people begin to die all over from skin cancer, when temperatures keep inching up and our coastal cities suffer floods, then there'll be more complaints... Or won't any of these things happen? I'm not

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

an expert ... In a commentary on the book *Ecodefense!*, Stewart Brad writes that "monkeywrenching the wrong target is grotesquely counterproductive; you have not only to be right every single time, but conspicuously right, or else you're just another random vandal making everyone else feel sick about being alive" (Baldwin, p. 107).

[120] Hardin, p. 59.

[121] Walzer, p. 42. See moral calculus, 5.2.F.

[122] Moral calculus, 5.2.I.

[123] In the next chapter, I will be making a similar but somewhat more negative argument about the calculus of animal liberation.

[124] Moral calculus, 5.2.I.

[125] Moral calculus, 6.2.I.

[126] I would argue that any natural or background rate of extinction, which might have been acceptable at one time, should now be reduced to zero if possible, to offset unnatural extinctions.

[127] These two are vitally important because people *simply don't remember*—they adjust themselves to the conditions around them; as the air gets bad enough, it's best for the morale (and for business) to deny that there was ever any blue sky.

[128] The soundest eco-politics seems to me to be reactive praxis—a conservative notion that involves the construction of boundaries, the overstepping of which will initiate action.

[129] See below, "Defense of Animals."

[130] Just in case I haven't made myself clear, I am opposed to almost everything.

[131] If we are lucky, by other experts. We need the information available only to educated specialists, scientists and technocrats. Contacts in business and academia will be essential for us if we are to make substantive judgments.

[132] Kitson, p. 29.

[133] For a brief account of their attempt, see above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

[134] Coalition for Direct Action at Seabrook, p. 3.

[135] For narrative description of this event, see above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

[136] For the Unabomber, see above, "Means and Ends."

[137] Op. cit., p. 39.

[138] Other operations might include: (a) the destruction of the Owens Valley Aqueduct; (b) the destruction of offshore oil drilling facilities as a prophylactic measure (to prevent inevitable spills, before those facilities go into operation); (c) the destruction of some particularly nasty smokestack or incinerator.

[139] This was written long before the events of September 11, 2001. Perhaps the reasoning here has something to do with the lack of any manifesto left behind.

[140] I wrote this part of *Rising Up and Rising Down* in 1981, when I was a secretary.

[141] Cohen and O'Connor, p. 228.

[142] *Index on Censorship*, vol. 26, no. 4, issue 177 (July/August 1997), p. 160 (Emily Walmsley, "A wealth of problems").

[143] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.

[144] Moral calculus, 5.1.7.

[145] *Index on Censorship*, Op. Cit., p. 175 (Emily Walmsley, "Babel: Colonos' complaint").

[146] Ibid, p. 156 (Emily Walmsley, "Company Rules").

[147] Ibid, p. 142 (Jessie Banfield and Nevine Mabro, "Some startling facts about oil"). Daily 1995 demand for oil: Asia 16.94 million barrels, North America 202.25, Europe 15.33, Africa 2.17 (loc. cit.).

[148] I could, however, well imagine working in a Detection Squad, or better yet an Education Squad, that being more suited to my abilities than real measurement.

[149] I find the guilt-innocence dichotomy of interest here. Of course all in the firm were innocent. Or were they?

[150] We can, if we wish, complicate matters further by considering cases in which humans themselves aren't harmed—for instance, the January 1989 hundred-mile long oil spill in Antarctica near Palmer Station, which some scientists said might wipe out a whole generation of seabirds. Is a bird life worth a human life? Some animal rights people would say that it is. For more on this matter, see below, "Defense of Animals."

[151] See above, "Defense of Class."

[152] Could this be one reason why so many established revolutions purge their Old Guard? Maybe the Old Guard cannot do anything but destroy.

[153] But what if I am not quite so nice, and my

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ideology is violence pure and simple?
[154] Sloane, p. 184.
[155] Manes, p. 32.
[156] Foreman and Haywood, p. 219.
[157] ELF website: suffix "/doa," 'ELF Diary of Actions and Chronology, 2001."
[158] Muir, p. 809 ("Grand Cañon of the Colorado," *Century Magazine*, November 1902).
[159] Abbey, p. 15.
[160] Manes, p. 25.
[161] Ibid, p. 177.
[162] Moral calculus, 6.2.I.3.
[163] Here we include, as the FBI does, destruction of property as violence.
[164] Manes, p. 93.
[165] Muir, p. 631 ("God's First Temples," 1876).
[166] Cohen and O'Connor, p. 27.
[167] Davis, p. 28 ("Raid on Reykjavik," Yule 1986, by Captain Paul Watson).
[168] E-mail warning relayed from FBI to University of Minnesota research laboratories, September 2, 2002. Repeated in ELF website, with the suffix /news/2002/090302.html. ("E.L.F. attacks U.S. Forest Service research facility ...").
[169] "FC," p. 56, para. 166 ("Human Race at a Crossroads").
[170] H.E., interviewed by author on a Greyhound bus. She preferred to remain anonymous.
[171] Muir, p. 629 ("God's First Temples," 1876).
[172] *Earth First!*, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 12 (Rhys Roth, "Driving Fossil Fuels to Extinction").
[173] Abalone Alliance, p. 3.
[174] Livermore Action Group, p. 18.
[175] Anonymous; interviewed by author.

DEFENSE OF ANIMALS

[1] Newkirk, p. 81.
[2] Muir, p. 703 ("The American Forests," from *Our National Parks*, 1901).
[3] Myers, p. 88.
[4] Hardin, p. 121
[5] *Encyclopedia Britannica*, vol. 19, p. 813, "Whaling."
[6] "Tora! Tora! Tora!", November 1990, by Captain Paul Watson, p. 31.
[7] Ibid, pp. 31-32.
[8] Ibid, p. 33.
[9] Ibid, p. 34.
[10] Rod Coronado to *Earth First!*, Litha 1996, p. 28 ("Barefoot or Booted: About Activism").
[11] *Earth First!*, February-March (Brigid) 1998, p. 20 ("Why Dairy is Scary").
[12] For an account of Paul Watson's eco-action against seal-clubbing in Labrador, see Manes, pp. 107-08.
[13] P.A. Comeau, Fisheries and Oceans "Underwater World" series pamphlet: "Sealing—A Canadian Perspective," n.d. (approx. 1994), p. 7.
[14] Michael Earl, Greenpeace International, "Of Shoes and Ships, and Sealing Wax...", in *The Animals' Voice*, vol. 3 no. 3, August 1990, p. 27.
[15] "The killing of seals, or any animal, is certainly not a pleasant sight to watch. Nonetheless, the Royal Commission [on Seals and the Sealing Industry in Canada], as well as qualified veterinarians, animal pathologists and biologists who have observed the hunt first-hand have attestested to the humaneness of the clubbing method when it is carries out properly and in accordance with the Regulations." —loc. cit. This sounds as unconvincing to me as any generalization on the opposite side. Who decides what is "humane"? We need some empathetic person to inform us honestly and fairly about the capacity of various species for suffering.
[16] An anthropocentric opinion on my part. No doubt they feed polar bears, ravens and other scavengers.
[17] In other words, I sense that this author's objections to a specific technique of killing constitute a semi-competent smokescreen for his objections to killing as such. It's all of a piece, like the position of the writer who, very much against corporal punishment, thinks that hunting is "hardly less objectionable" (Scott, p. 175). My own reasoning: Animals kill animals; we are animals; why can't we kill animals? Kate answers this question as follows: We are *not* animals; we know what we're doing; therefore we have a responsibility not to kill. —The alienation from the natural

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

order which this implies is frightening to me. I have no objection to being eaten by worms after I die, so I don't understand why I can't eat cows and wear their skins while I'm alive. —One vegan's answer: "In that case, I give you permission to eat road kill."

[18] For more on Canadian Inuit life and culture, see above, "Defense of Race," and, "Defense of Earth."

[19] Cheer is a part of it, especially in keeping warm. Warmth also makes cheer, which is one reason that a tent is so much more homey, comfortable and practical with a caribou skin on the floor.

[20] The power that dampness has to drink heat continually astonishes me. Another of my cardinal Arctic rules is: one dry layer is warmer than a dry layer plus a wet one. This can be true even in the summer, wearing a raincoat, with, say, a damp towel draped over your shoulders on the outside of the raincoat.

[21] Sled.

[22] This ban on sealskin products has since been rescinded.

[23] A man in Coral Harbour, Southampton Island, told me that in his view a facemask with an inner lay of caribou skin (fur inside) and an outer layer of polar bear skin was the best.

[24] In an article entitled "What Trappers Won't Tell You," Camilla Fox cynically or ignorantly advances one of several arguments against the fur industry: "Another pro-trapping claim is that 'trapping provides a viable income...' yet in trade publications trappers complain that trapping hardly pays for itself." In other words, we have put a lot of furriers and trappers out of business, so the fur industry should be banned. Anyhow, "trappers today see furbearing animals only as 'resources' to be killed for their fur and otherwise discarded" (Roleff, pp. 134-35; repr. as "Trapping is Cruel and Inhumane"). One source of furs is the Inuit. Of course they are mentioned as rarely as possible by the animal rights movement. In Betsy Swart's "The Fight Against Fur," we learn only that "wild animals are trapped, clubbed, strangled, and stomped by the millions every year to serve the relatively few people who wish to wear fur coats" (ibid, p. 178; repr. as "Killing Animals for Their Fur Is Inhumane").

[25] Gibbon in his remarks on the ancient Scythian tribes remarks on the similarity of tactics between hunting and warfare (vol. 1, p. 412). In his opinion, those who kill to hunt can more easily kill to defend themselves, and I am sure that he is right. Certainly most of the Inuit I know are more competent with guns than most people I know in California. Inuit do frequently kill themselves with guns, of course...

[26] Roleff, p. 137 (Ted Kerasote, "To Preserve the Hunt," repr. here as "Hunting Needs Reform").

[27] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[28] According to the following criteria: language use, ability to build an igloo (the key-block on the roof is the most difficult, so many hunters now throw canvas over the walls and heap snow on that), nutritional self-sufficiency, etc.

[29] "Virginia" for her part believes that endangered species need not be defended more aggressively than their cousins.

[30] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[31] "Virginia" again: "I would kick a pit bull to have him release the leg of a child. I would kick a child who was stabbing a pit bull."

[32] A virus has both living and non-living characteristics.

[33] See above, "Defense of Homeland"; moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

[34] This case is considered below, "Defense of Gender."

[35] Do you remember how I described Lizzy? "From the highest motives of compassion, she's renounced pleasure, convenience, custom with its associated courtesies, solidarity. She exemplifies good, alone." Here we have another manifestation of ethos, *her* ethos.

[36] *Capital*, p. 344. Quoted above, "Defense of Class."

[37] Moral calculus, 1.1: "Follow your own inner logic and feeling in order to postulate laws of conduct which seem to you good."

[38] Midgley, pp. 12-13, 45-52.

[39] Midgley writes that "to say that 'animals do not have rights' does not sound like a remark about the meaning of the word *rights* but one

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

about animals—namely... that one need not consider them" (p. 63).

[40] "In an emergency, when the only alternative is death, is cannibalism justified?" —"I don't think that question has ever been asked with regard to animal rights," replied "Virginia." "I have no opinion."

[41] Trigger, pp. 710-711.

[42] Ibid, pp. 711-714, 721.

[43] Wolfe, pp. 207-208 ("His Father's Earth").

[44] Midgley, p. 40.

[45] Moral calculus, 1.2.

[46] ALF website, http://www.animalliberationfront.com/ALFront/WhatisALF.htm; accessed November 2001. "Virginia" comments: "The entire ecosystem affected by any modification would have to be studied. If one animal became vegetarian, other animals would flourish and maybe die of starvation. Very complicated. Now, it might be nice to have genetic modifcation such that an animal being punctured or eaten would not feel pain. I'd go for that one."

[47] Rudacille, p. 133.

[48] Rowlands, p. 186.

[49] See above, "Defense of Race and Culture."

[50] See above, "Defense of Ground."

[51] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[52] My friend Ben's answer: "If I wanted to sensitize myself to the plight of lobsters, then imminence would require it. But do I want to sensitize myself to that?"

[53] Newkirk, p. 33.

[54] "Valerie is totally fictitious," says one of Newkirk's associates (Rudacille, p. 136).

[55] Midgley, p. 9.

[56] Lutherer and Simon, p. 4.

[57] Another Inuit story: I once saw a sheep hunt in Greenland. My friends were after wild sheep, and they shot five of them. "The girls purred over the dead lamb, stroking its fur, saying *auw* as blood ran out of its mouth." (Vollmann, *The Rifles*, p. 330). It was as if these carcasses were their pets.

[58] Newkirk, p. 38.

[59] Ibid, p. 64.

[60] Ibid, p. 57.

[61] Ibid, p. 114.

[62] Rudacille, p. 145.

[63] Moral calculus, 6.2.J.1.

[64] Lutherer and Simon, pp. 16-17.

[65] In Montesquieu-Rousseau ("On the Origin of Inequality").

[66] Roleff, p. 59 (Jack H. Bottling and Adrian R. Morrison, "Animal Research Is Vital to Medicine"). Italics mine.

[67] Midgley, p. 37, italics hers.

[68] Shirer, pp. 986-87 (report to Himmler on freezing experiment involving concentration camp inmates, 10 September 1942).

[69] Ibid, p. 990.

[70] About this specific case, "Virginia" characteristically insists: "While many scientific advances have been made using animal testing, they all could have been made without it. That generalization comes from many research doctors, and has not been logically refuted. Ask yourself, 'For what medical advance would I allow a researcher to cut the throat of my pet?' Whatever the answer is, it should be the same for another sentient being. Personally, I'd kill [my] favorite pet for a cure for cancer. But not for a one-in-a-million chance at a cure. And certainly not for most of the fraudulent research that is subsidized."

[71] Newkirk, p. 90.

[72] Ibid, p. 248.

[73] These examples mainly come from Lutherer and Simon (pp. 6-7), who quote the following slogan (loc. cit.): "Medical science has little to learn, and nothing can be gained by repetition of experiments on living animals." The animal rights people say this now, but these exact words were actually uttered in 1875. (Example of open-heart surgery from Roleff, p. 50 [American Association for Laboratory Animal Sciences, "Use of Animals in Biomedical Research: Understanding the Issues," repr. as "Animal Medical Experimentation Is Justified"].)

[74] Roleff, p. 52 (American Association for Laboratory Animal Sciences). The canine parvovirus was sufficiently similar to the previously studied feline panleukopenia virus to facilitate rapid development of a vaccine.

[75] Ibid, p. 53.

[76] Roleff, p. 57 (Bottling and Morrison).

[77] Moral calculus, 5.2.I.1.

[78] Moral calculus, 5.2.J.3.

[79] Roleff, loc. cit.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[80] Roleff, pp. 72-76 (Peggy Carlson, "Whose Health Is It, Anyway?", repr. as "Animal Medical Experimentation Is Unjustified").
[81] Rudacille, p. 175.
[82] Rudacille, p. 135.
[83] Newkirk, pp. 14, 16.
[84] Ibid, p. 17.
[85] Rudacille, p. 130.
[86] General Motors did not return my telephone call when I requested a comment. Here I should remark that the stories about animal research in this chapter are frequently told from either a pro- or anti-animal rights point of view. I have not cared to make the extreme effort of subjecting each claim and counterclaim to scientific assessment, for much the same reason that the possibility of my portrait of Julius Caesar having been distorted by the biases of the ancient historians fails to trouble me. While throughout this book I have striven to accurately report what various moral actors say, it is always possible—and in the case of animal research it is likely—that both sides will be guilty of exaggeration, self-glorification, disingenuousness. If it were to come to light that General Motors had never used a single animal in a crash test, we could still understand, and this is the point, that given the existence of sensor-equipped dummies, pressure on the part of the animal rights movement would be reasonable and justified. The same goes for the tale of the Draize Test, the story of penicillin experiments (where, if the facts of the case were as I have presented them, the animal researchers were justified).
[87] Roleff, p. 77 (Animal Alliance of Canada, "Cosmetic and Product Testing on Animals," repr. as "Product Testing on Animals Is Unjustified").
[88] Roleff, p. 79 (Animal Alliance of Canada).
[89] Rudacille, p. 166.
[90] Rudacille, p. 124.
[91] For instance, see Rudacille, p. 126.
[92] Electronic interview by author, January 2003. Henceforth cited "Virginia."
[93] She adds: "Steven Hawkins [sic] comes to mind."
[94] Lutherer and Simon, p. 121.
[95] Newkirk, p. 311.
[96] When I asked the ALF activist "Virginia" whether she agreed with this assertion of moral equivalency, she replied: "No. Humans have more ability to feel mental and physical pain than most animals. However, while they are not morally equivalent, they are both wrong. That's the important concept."
[97] Americans for Medical Progress website: http://www.amprogress.org/ResearchOpposition/ResearchOppositionList.cfm?c=17
[98] Rudacille, pp. 171-77.
[99] Newkirk, p. 189.
[100] Ibid, p. 194.
[101] Ibid, p. 265.
[102] "Meet the E.L.F.", accessed on www.earthliberationfront.com.
[103] Above, "Means and Ends"; moral calculus, 2.4.
[104] Above, vol. 2.
[105] Above, "Defense of Authority."
[106] Fuller excerpt and citation given below in continua.
[107] Newkirk, p. 337.
[108] Midgley, p. 25.
[109] Moral calculus, 5.2.2.
[110] Newkirk, p. 225.
[111] The two prime qualifications for accomplishing this would be *experience* and *empathy*. I would greatly admire someone who devoted a life to empathizing with animals of different species and presenting us with his findings on their capability of feeling.
[112] "Virginia's" choice in this specific case has been said to be justified above, in "Where Do My Rights End?"
[113] Her capitalization.
[114] Gandhi, p. 371 ("Question Box," in *Harijan*, 13 April, 1940).
[115] Department of Agriculture (2001), p. VII-9 (Table 7-13: "Cattle and calves: Number slaughtered, United States, 1991-2000"), p. VII-20 (Table 7-30: "Hogs: Number slaughtered, United States, 1991-2000").
[116] Perhaps this characterization is unfair, since according to the ALF mission statement "any group of people who are vegetarians or vegans and who carry out actions according to ALF guidelines have the right to regard themselves as part of the ALF," and one of the ALF guidelines is "to take all necessary precautions

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

against harming any animal, human and non-human." However, the intimidators are characterized as ALF in Valerie's biography.
[117] Above, this chapter, p. 273.
[118] Rowlands, p. 189.
[119] We have seen this sort of reasoning time and time again in *Rising Up and Rising Down*, not least in "Defense of Ground,", but see also the "nonviolence" of Floyd McKissick ("Defense of Race and Culture") and Judi Bari ("Defense of Earth").
[120] ALF website ("ALF History").
[121] Lutherer and Simon, p. 19.
[122] Rudacille, pp. 152-56.
[123] Rudacille, p. 147.
[124] Lutherer and Simon, p. 123.
[125] *Wall Street Journal*, 29 March, 2001 (Gautam Naik, "Testing Lab Feels the Unbridled Fury of Animal Rights").
[126] *Guardian* (London), February 23, 2001.
[127] See above, "Defense of Race and Culture."
[128] ALF website ("ALF History").
[129] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1; see also above, "Defense of War Aims."
[130] *Financial Times* (London), 14 August, 2002 (no byline, "Animal Rights Activists Harassing U.S. Broker's Staff over HLS Links"). Megaphoned denunciations detailed in *Independent*, 9 July, 2002 (Paul Peachey, "Activists Find New Targets in Fight Against Animal Tests").
[131] *Wall Street Journal*, 29 March, 2001 (Naik article).
[132] Ibid.
[133] Ibid.
[134] Ibid.
[135] She also said: "If a veal-eating hunter will help us rescue a dog from an abusive situation, we gladly accept that help. Our primary goal is the life in front of us."
[136] Department of Agriculture (1952), p. 8.
[137] Welzl, p. 243.
[138] Hippocrates-Galen, p. 202 *(On the Natural Faculties*, III).
[139] Roleff, p. 52.
[140] Rudacille, p. 125.
[141] Singer, p. 9.
[142] Midgley, p. 90.
[143] Newkirk, pp. 19-20.
[144] Lutherer and Simon, p. 121, quoting Rosenberg.
[145] ALF website.
[146] *Earth First!*, Litha (June-July) 2002, pp. 37-38 (letter to the editor from "Anonymous"). Ellipsis in original.
[147] ALF website ("ALF History").
[148] ALF website ("ALF History").
[149] Newkirk, pp. 193-94.

DEFENSE OF GENDER

[1] Emily Martin, p. 135.
[2] Quoted in Mosse, p. 47 ("Against the Political Woman," 1933).
[3] Herodotus, Book Four, p. 306.
[4] Carpenter, p. 125.
[5] See, e.g., Carpenter, fig. 250 (marble pedimental group; abduction of Antiope, *ca.* 500 B.C.).
[6] According to Strabon (XI, v, 1-2; quoted in Blok, p. 91), they met the Gargarians in their common mountain frontier, and begat children anonymously with them by night, keeping the females and giving the males back to their fathers. Hippocrates passes on a rumor that he's heard, that Amazons dislocate the knee or hip joints of their little boys, "that the male sex may not conspire against the female... They use them to perform any sedentary work, such as that of a shoemaker or brazier" (op. cit., p. 110; Hippocratic writings).
[7] Carpenter, fig. 198.
[8] As well as a testament to the almost omnipotent impulse of exogamy. Might the Scythians have practiced female infanticide, making wives scarce?
[9] Herodotus, Book Four, p. 308.
[10] Ibid, p. 309.
[11] Hippocrates-Galen, p. 16 (Hippocratic writings).
[12] Blok, p. 26.
[13] Blok, p. 193. She believes the Amazon myth to have flourished from 700 to 500 B.C.
[14] Plutarch, p. 537 (life of Pompey).
[15] See above, "Defense of Class," where we dipped into Nikolai Ostrovsky's Stalinist parable of class.
[16] Plutarch, p. 54 (life of Theseus).
[17] Carpenter, fig. 251 (Attic red-figure cup by

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Oltos, *ca.* 510 B.C.).

[18] Carpenter, p. 164.

[19] Homer, *Iliad*, Book III, 189; Book VI, 186.

[20] That watchfulness is given unrivalled expression in the fifteenth-century *Malleus Maleficarum.* Among its other aphorisms: "If we inquire, we find that nearly all the kingdoms of the world have been overthrown by women" (Kramer and Sprenger, p. 46).

[21] Aeschylus et al, p. 135 (Sophocles, *Antigone*, trans. Sir Richard C. Jebb).

[22] Ibid, p. 137. This scarlet gender-thread runs through much of the ancient Greek drama. In Euripedes's *Medea*, the husband justifies the abandonment of his wife by his gender's natural right to overlordship; in Aristophanes's *Lysistrata* sexual war gets burlesqued by having the women degrade the men, forcibly dressing them as females, acting seductive and then denying them intercourse, etc. In his Orestian trilogy, Aeschylus repeatedly refers to the wanton intemperance of womanhood, and in the murderous character of Clytemnestra gives haunting expression to "these dark imaginings of woman's wit against her warrior" (ibid, p. 76; *Choephorae*, trans. G.M. Cookson).

[23] Carpenter, fig. 197 (*ca.* 400 B.C.).

[24] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 126.

[25] Loc. cit.

[26] For Roman invective against her and her gender, see Michael Grant, *Cleopatra*, pp. 194-202.

[27] Carpenter, fig. 195 (Attic black-figure "Tyrrhenian" amphora, *ca.* 560 B.C.).

[28] Blok, p. 217.

[29] Proclus, *Chrestomathia:* quoted in Blok, p. 148.

[30] Apollodorius, II, v, 9; quoted in Blok, p. 349.

[31] Carpenter, p. 125.

[32] Blok, plate 3 (following text); Carpenter, fig. 321.

[33] Blok, pp. 196-202.

[34] Carpenter, p. 125.

[35] Wiedemann, figure 16.

[36] See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[37] In a fascinating and convincing book, the criminologist Lonnie Athens (op. cit.) argues that violent criminals are made, not born, and that their making follows these steps: first violent *subjugation* to the will of another (for instance, being beaten until they surrender), then violent *horrification* (the punishment continues even after unconditional submission), followed by violent *coaching* (being instructed by word and example that it is right and honorable to respond with violence in situations of conflict), then *belligerency* (beginning to act upon all this; behaving "with an attitude"), then violent *performances* (seriously acting upon this; responding to any challenge with violence), and finally *virulency* (becoming feared and respected as a result of successful violent performances, which reinforces the behavior). The story of Danny Rolling's life, as described in his autobiography, closely follows those steps.

[38] Quoted in Taylor, p. 537.

[39] Rolling and London, p. 169. "And when the author of nature caused vines to be born on the one hand and cunts on the other, you can be quite sure that we were meant to enjoy them" (Sade, *Letters*, p. 62; letter no. VI, to Martin Quiros, January 1780). For a portrait of Sade, see below, "Punishment". Thus the vulgar Sade, here the vulgar sadist who, like the vulgar Marxist, becomes the moralist's straw man. We are all animals, all predators, he says; let's make no bones about it. In 1781, complaining to his wife about how badly he was treated as a result of his orgy in Lyon—for it appears that some of the servant-girls he debauched were virgins—he concludes with his usual logic that after all, the procuress alone should have been punished; he himself "was merely doing what all men do" (ibid, p. 70, letter no. VII, to Mme de Sade, February 20, 1781). His version of the universal male act is to tie up a young beggar-widow, whom he's already commanded, on pain of death, to undress, to whip her and then to drop molten wax in her gashes. The suave, cold protagonists of his novels frequently treat their victims to the same preliminaries.

[40] Rolling and London, p. 144.

[41] Ibid, p. 18.

[42] Carpenter, fig. 321.

[43] Rolling and London, p. 147.

[44] Ibid, p. 16.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[45] Seager, p. 56.
[46] See below, "Sadism and Expediency."
[47] Wesley, p. 122.
[48] Wesley, p. 90; Coleman, p. 389.
[49] Rolling and London, p. 54.
[50] For rape as defilement, see above, "Defense of Honor," as in this official complaint from seventeenth-century Russian Siberia: "Widows and maidens who of their own free will petition against these perpetrators of violence and corruption are seized by force, taken to the men's quarters for lascivious purposes and are held there against their will and without any legal process... Husbands, seeing such violence committed against their wives, abandon them and move far off from town and take up with someone else. Afterward, a week or two later, the man who has abducted the wife brings in some single man and marries off the woman to him" (Dmytrtryshyn et al, p. 103; document *ca.* 1623).
[51] Here I have in mind the inferior physical strength of women. The origin of gender violence may well have been the usual coercion employed by the strong upon the weak. See above, "Defense of Class."
[52] Letter from M.M., July 22, 1994.
[53] Alfred P. French, M.D. and Herbert L. Nelson, M.D., "Genital Self-Mutilation in Women," *Archives of General Psychiatry, 1992*, reprinted in Swezey, p. 329. An American study found that men are three times less likely than women to mutilate themselves, but in cases of specifically sexual self-mutilation only one out of fifty reported incidents involved a female (ibid, p. 325).
[54] One feminist text asserts that the rate at which women are violently injured is ten times higher than for men (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 244). Not everyone agrees, of course. A 1987 study of 705 men and women in Alberta concluded that "women are just as violent to their spouses as men, and women are almost three times more likely to initiate violence in a relationship," although the researchers themselves suppressed the data, unconscionably in my opinion, because "they were primarily interested in male-to-female violence at the time" (*National Post*, vol. 1 no. 219, July 10, 1999, front page, Brad Evenson and Carol Milstone, "Women emerge as aggressors in Alberta survey: 67% of women questioned say they started severe conflicts"). For the moment, however, I will assume that the results of the Alberta study are not universally valid, simply because men do hold more than half of the power in the world, and other studies do not bear out the Alberta data.
[55] Williams, p. 194.
[56] Veli Verkko, "Static and Dynamic 'Laws' of Sex and Homicide," in Wolfgang, pp. 36-44.
[57] Paul Bohannan, "Patterns of Homicide Among Tribal Societies in Africa," in Wolfgang, p. 221.
[58] Ibid, p. 220.
[59] Harold Garfinkel, "Inter- and Intra-racial Homicides," in Wolfgang, p. 47. See Table 1, p. 46.
[60] This substantial gender-based difference allows a community to express itself in a less dangerous fashion by sending out deputations of women, as in the Ukrainian *babski bunty*, or "women's rebellions," against Stalin's collectivization drive in 1930-32. (For more discussion of collectivization, see "Defense of Class," above.) One official report tells how "a great crowd of women came" to the collective farms and granaries, "armed with clubs and other things, and began demanding that the horses be returned. They also tried to beat up representatives of the District Executive Committee and the District Party Committee" (quoted in Conquest, *The Harvest of Sorrow*, p. 157). This was not per se an attack against men conducted by women. Nor was it mere pillage, as was the case with the widowed and orphaned women's battalion of revolutionaries in the insurgent Mexican state of Morelos, who fell upon a district "to avenge the dead" (Womack, p. 170). Rather, it was an attempt—which often bore fruit—to use the lesser violent threat of femaleness (based on the statistics we see) to regain without escalation the confiscated property belonging to both men and women. "If the Communists, Konsomols and members of the village Soviets and Committees of Unwealthy Peasants attacked them, the men rallied to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the women's defence. This tactic aimed at avoiding intervention by armed forces, and it was successful."(Conquest, op. cit., p. 158). Temporarily successful, at least...

[61] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute (Japan), p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden. In a similar vein, a National Police Agency report for the first eleven months of 1998 reports that only a quarter of the 36,960 minors arrested for all legal infractions were girls (*Japan Times*, December 29, 1998, p. 16, editorial: "Japan's youth deserve better").

[62] FBI, p. 16, where we find 22,434 murders reported; 28.6 percent unknown, 65.2 percent by men, 6.2 percent of them by women. (My calculation: 22,434 - 16,009 = 6,425, which is the missing 28.6 percent.) But on p. 14 the total estimated number of murders for 1995 is given as 21,597. Well, close enough for government work. Obviously only *solved* murders can be broken down by sex, but we might as well assume that the ratio approximately holds. The monograph by Mann (p. 8), who studied female-committed homicides over a more significant period, comes up with a similar figure.

[63] 7,425 men to 1,755 women. Information furnished by the egregious Koerber (p. 5), surely at official behest. I can think of no reason why the Soviets would have falsified the proportions of genders imprisoned, although the numbers themselves might well be deliberate underestimations. Koerber deliberately excluded political prisoners from her calculation.

[64] Van den Berg, p. 70.

[65] If women are an oppressed class, does it follow that each and every woman is oppressed? The feminist Susan Brownmiller would say that it does. She insists that *rape is a crime perpetrated by all men against all women.* I absolutely reject this gender-bigoted proposition, which, did I believe it, might encourage me to be a rapist, since if I were doing the time I might as well commit the crime. (Moreover, not every act which is called a rape ought to be a crime. The conventional legalistic view of rape is that it can be divided into three successive degrees: first, violent, employing force or intimidation upon an unwilling victim; second, statutory, "consenting sexual relations between an adult and a minor;" and third, also statutory, relations between two minors [Rapp, p. 39]. If two sixteen-year-olds sleep together because they both want to, I just don't see the inevitable wrongness. The possible consequences of disease and pregnancy ought to be considered as expedient or quasi-utilitarian problems rather than as pure moral issues. Education, openness and access to prophylactics could render such difficulties moot.) One feminist essay proposes broadening definitions of rape to include such absurdities as "survival rape," in which "young women living under economic deprivation involve themselves with older men to obtain goods and services that they need for survival" (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 227; Mary P. Koss et al, "The Global Burden on Rape"). In effect, this category would patronizingly deny a poor young woman's free will, and criminalize a rich older man. I am not a rapist, and if a woman gazes at me in fear, I need not feel guilty about her fear, nor does she have the right to be uncivil to me on that account. I say again: I am not a rapist. This is no defense of my gender. It defends me, myself.

[66] Whom Herodotus knows as "Sesostris."

[67] Herodotus, Book Two, p. 167.

[68] Ibid, p. 168. Millennia later, a homicide pathologist informs us that "the male counterpart of ... *necrophobia* with its amputation of the external genitalia is encountered less frequently [than in female victims]. It is said to be utilized by some gangster elements to indicate that the victim had been a 'squealer' (informer)" (Adelson, p. 665).

[69] Portrayed above, in "Defense of Class."

[70] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 146 (Lycurgus). We should remember that Lycurgus did abolish dowries.

[71] Sakyamuni Buddha, p. 213.

[72] Ibid, p. 207, fn.

[73] Ibid, p. 213.

[74] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 139 (defense of Aulus Cluentius Habitus).

[75] Malice and bigotry need not be assumed in every case of feminine exclusion. For many primitive peoples, women form a means of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

exchange, which is why Vernant can explain (p. 31) that "the gift of a daughter is a means of paying off the price of bloodshed." In short, the woman is a means of perpetuating the male line. Among the Hittites, a man's widow would pass first to his brother, then his father, then the father's brother, then the father's brother's son. She never seems to have reverted to her natal family (_____, *Hittite Laws*, p 55; tablet 1, statute no. 193). In classical Athens, if the last man of the family had left only a daughter, her guardian might arrange to marry her to a man who would enjoy her and her property until her son came of age. One of Solon's laws commanded that the husband sleep with her at least three times a month. "What is astonishing, to modern eyes, is that the law gave the woman herself no choice in this matter" (MacDowell, p. 97). Quoting the Roman legal maxim, *Mulier est finis familiae*, that is, "a woman is the terminus of the family. A female name closes the branch or twig of the genealogy in which it occurs," Maine explains (p. 123) that "it is obvious that the organisation of primitive societies would have been confounded, if men had called themselves relatives of their mother's relatives. The inference would have been that a person might be subject to two distinct ... jurisdictions" (ibid, p. 124), like a dual national in modern times. This is logical, and would have been equally so had the jurisdiction been the other way around, under a matriarchy. And yet the Spartans were able to live under two kings, the Romans under two tribunes; the necessity of a single jurisdiction thus leaves me cold. During much of the Roman period, a woman was legally considered the daughter of her husband (Maine, p. 128; Justinian, p. 55)—or, in some cases, not a member of the family at all (Buckland and McNair, pp. 37-38)—without any significant rights of her own. Under standard Roman law, an insult to a woman was considered an insult to her husband, but not vice versa (ibid, p. 296).

[76] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 44. The procedures of this handbook are discussed below in the chapter on punishment.

[77] Ibid, p. 47.

[78] Quoted in Shirer, p. 30 (entry for November 13, 1863).

[79] Rousseau, p. 205 ("Discourse on the Origin of Inequality").

[80] Hitler, p. 441.

[81] Montesquieu, p. 116, XVI.2. In the same work (pp. 47-48, VII.9), he can conceive of three different "states of women": liberty under a monarchy, because "each courtier avails himself of their charms and passions, in order to advance his fortune;" near enslavement under despotism, where "women do not introduce, but are themselves an object of, luxury;" and legal liberty and social restraint in a republic, which excludes "luxury," "corruption and vice." When could any of these ever be true liberty?

[82] Adelson, p. 670.

[83] "Noted specialists," p. 41 (italics in original). "Your letter to Susan B. Anthony is directed to the 'Care of Mrs. H. B. Stanton,' if I do not do your chirography injustice. Now, dear friend, did you pen that, or was it done by your private secretary, a perfumed young man who never heard that women and negroes are beginning to repudiate the name of their masters and claiming a right to a life-long name of their own?" (Elizabeth Cady Stanton, p. 85; to Wendell Philipps, August 18, 1860).

[84] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 129 (Areus). See also p. 135 (Euboedas). Until the collapse of the Republic, and for some time after, the Roman wife, as we saw, lived under a similar guardianship, in obedience to the ancient law of the Twelve Tables which prohibited female enfranchisement "because of their levity of mind" (_____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 10 (Table V, statute no. 1). She could, it is true, absent herself from her husband for three successive nights every year to interrupt his prescriptive right (loc. cit.; Table VI, statute no. 5), but presumably that would merely have returned her to the control of her natal family. Herodotus says with what now reads as complacent idiocy that "abducting young women ... is not, indeed, a lawful act; but it is stupid after the event to make a fuss about it ... for it is obvious that no young woman allows herself to be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

abducted if she does not wish to be" (p. 42; Book One). Doubtless this conclusion would surprise many of the victims of child molesters. His logic probably runs: A young woman is never out of her house or out of earshot of her kinsmen, unless she wishes to be. The women he's writing about might have been in the *agora* or on the docks, thus committing licentious unseemliness. In modern terms, "they asked for it." Was it similar logic which in 1991 made Sudanese women ineligible to testify at their own rape trials? (Seager, p. 56.) "The country's woman power has always been wasted," reads an editorial in *The Woman Citizen* (September 7, 1918). "It has been wasted by the conversion of women into parasites among the bourgeoisie. It has been wasted all along the line by efforts to hold back woman's intellectual force, her moral force, her political force" ("Women Wasted," on p. 285).

[85] Friedrich Engels, "The Origin of the Family, Private Property, and the State" (extract), in "Toole and Schiffman, p. 14.

[86] Rolling and London, p. 72.

[87] Ibid, p. 59. Evidently, we are meant (by rejection, counseling, support) to assume that for rape "society" bears some of the blame—an easy off-shifting of responsibility.

[88] I am quoting this from memory. The wording may have been slightly different; e.g., "WOMAN RAPED WITH GUN, THEN MURDERED!"

[89] See above, "On The Aesthetics of Weapons."

[90] Seager, p. 115. Brownmiller, of course, concurs: "my horror at the idea of legalized prostitution is not that it doesn't work as a rape deterrent, but that it institutionalizes the concept that it is man's monetary right, if not his divine right, to gain access to the female body" (op. cit., p. 440).

[91] Delacoste and Alexander, p. 143 (Nina Hartley, "Confessions of a Feminist Porn Star").

[92] *The Joy of Sex* defines pornography as "name given to any sexual literature which somebody is trying to suppress... Most normal people enjoy looking at sex books and reading sex fantasies" (Comfort, p. 208).

[93] One stripper writes about her work at the Lusty Lady in San Francisco: "I can be discriminating in who I perform for. I can walk away from a window whenever I want. And I can play... As long as my breasts and crotch are showing, costuming is up for grabs ... Dancing together, naked, side-by-side onstage, we Lusties grow very aware of the individual beauty of our bodies" (Burana, pp. 203-04). Joani Blank introduces her collection of color photographs of vulvas: "These are pictures of genitals, and for that reason alone will be interesting to most people, interesting and beautiful to some, interesting, beautiful and arousing to others... None of these women was sexually aroused at the time her vulva was photographed... The reponse to [this book] has been quite remarkable... Male partners have admitted that they had never really looked at their lovers' genitals before" (op. cit., unnumbered front matter).

[94] "Why are you reading this book?" begins the S.M. goddess Pat Califia (p. 4). "Perhaps you caught your lover reading *The Story of O* with one hand tucked between her thighs... Whatever your story is, welcome. You've begun a long journey toward sexual honesty and self-revelation."

[95] Mistress Lilith Lash: "A man who's just been fucked up the ass while wearing false eyelashes and crotchless pink panties is very unlikely to rape and kill... I'm very happy with my life... I have written pornography... I have also written, produced, directed and edited films and videos" (ibid, p. 52, "Pain, Pleasure and Poetry").

[96] Moral calculus, 5.1.8. See also above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[97] "Exposure to pornography under laboratory conditions has been found to increase men's aggression toward women, particularly when a male participant has been affronted, insulted or provoked by a woman." Or could it be the provoking that has something to do with the aggression? A few sentences down in the same paragraph, we learn that "it is the depiction of violence against women more than sexual explicitness that results in callousness toward female victims of violence

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and attitudes that are accepting of such violence" (Crowell and Burgess, p. 63). In other words, maybe pornography itself isn't such a terrible thing after all.

[98] Moral calculus, 6.2.K.2.

[99] At the advice of Mr. Daniel T. Ryu, I have used the following formula: Pr (R_L) = 1 - [Pr (N_Y)]^{75}, where Pr (R_L) is the probability of a woman's being raped in her lifetime and Pr (N_Y) is the probability of her being raped in a given year.

This formula realistically allows for the possibility of multiple rape. The number 75 may be argued with as being too low, especially since lifespans in the U.S. will probably continue to rise. In one projection, the U.N. proposes an eventual worldwide life expectancy of 87.5 years for women (Joel Cohen, p. 140). But we may as well center our average female lifespan around the year 1995, when much of the data drawn on for this table was closed. Thirty-six years ago, women lived less than 75 years—one source says 60 years, another says 62. Cohen (op. cit., p. 49) gives a 1995 figure of 78 years for women in North America and western Europe. Given the other uncertainties inherent in the data, this one is fairly trivial.

[100] Rapp, p. 42.

[101] Brownmiller, p. 190.

[102] According to the FBI (op. cit., p. 23), in 1995, the rate of forcible rape (that is, rape excluding statutory rape) per 100,000 female inhabitants ("by Uniform Crime Reporting definition, the victims of forcible rape are always female"; p. 25) was 37.1, or 0.037 percent. Rape rates fluctuate, of course. Between 1991 and 1995, they fell by 12.3 percent in relative terms (p. 25). From the rates for each year from 1976 through 1995, however (p. 58), I obtain a mean value of 0.0386 percent, or almost the 1995 figure. The average probability of *not* being raped during any one of those years, then, is 99.9614 percent. Assume an average American female lifespan of seventy-five years. It would seem that two-year-old girls and seventy-two-year-old ladies have a lower chance of being raped than twenty-two-year-olds, being less sexually desirable (even Brownmiller admits that "the danger to women is greatest between the ages of 10 and 29"; op. cit., p. 389; Rapp believes that the extreme danger limits are ages twelve to thirty-four; op. cit., p. 43). But let's accept the case that the yearly rape rate, being summed over all ages of American females, incorporates this. In that case, to estimate the probability of an American woman's being raped at least once in the course of her entire lifetime, we employ Pr (R_L) = 1 - [Pr (N_Y)]^{75} to obtain 1 - (99.9614% to the 75th power) = 100% - 97.146% = 2.9%.

[103] O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 196 ("Undeclared War: African-American Writers Explicating Rape").

[104] The National Crime Victimization Survey confusingly tabulates U.S. rapes per 1,000 households *or* per 1,000 females aged twelve or older, we don't know which. Assume the latter. Since ages one through eleven are excluded, we'll have to make the exponent in our formula (75-11)= 64. From the data given (UNICRI, Table 5, p. 684), I obtain a mean rate from 1973 to 1991 inclusive of 0.07833%. By Pr (R_L) = 1 - [Pr (N_Y)]^{64} we obtain 100% - (99.922 to the 64th) = 100 - 95.13 = a 4.9 percent lifetime probability of becoming a rape victim.

[105] O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 80 ("Edwin Schur, "Sexual Coercion in American Life").

[106] Seager, p. 56. Many sources are listed for this worldwide rape map (see p. 116), but none specifically for this statistic. This book is maddeningly vague and tendentious. We might note for comparison that at the end of World War II, when the vengeful Red Army entered German territory, "as many as 1.4 million women were raped in the eastern territories—some 18 per cent of the female population of those regions. In East Prussia, the percentage may well have been much higher" (Kershaw, p. 763).

[107] Crowell and Burgess, p. 1 (executive summary). On pp. 30-31 this volume cites a series of private studies whose respondents report "lifetime rape" or "lifetime sexual assault" in varying proportions: a low of 5.9 percent (five counties in North Carolina; 1157 "adult women," sample two-thirds white, one-third black) and a high of 25 per-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cent of the black women and 20 percent of the white women in a sample in Los Angeles County (248 women 18-36 years old).

[108] Blok, p. 406, invoking the discussion of E. Vermeule, *Aspects of Death.*

[109] Chekhov, vol. 15, *Notebook of Anton Chekhov*, p. 25.

[110] All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

[111] Ovid, *The Art of Love*, p. 59 (*The Art of Love*, I.673).

[112] For a definition of proportionality, see the moral calculus, 5.1.7-7a.

[113] Abbot, pp. 9-10. For Abbot's views on rape as it relates to honor, see above, "Defense of Honor."

[114] Ghiglieri, p. 99 (italics in original).

[115] Hostile fixation on the genitals of the opposite sex is perhaps one sign of gender violence. Rolling calls his victims "pussies." "A woman bent on avenging the slaying of a friend bided her time for more than a decade before she seduced the killer and then cut off his penis, police say" (*Sacramento Bee*, December 11, 1997 p. B4), But for Rolling, any attractive victim would do. The friend-avenger sought out a specific man; her cruelty did not comprise gender violence.

[116] Spitz and Fisher, p. 520.

[117] Adelson, p. 635. Spitz concurs (Spitz and Fisher, p. 670). The case is similar in the former Soviet Union (Van den Berg, p. 70). In certain parts of India, infanticide may sometimes be committed by the father (Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, p. 29), but even there this type of crime appears to be largely female.

[118] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 66.

[119] Evans, p. 44.

[120] Mann, p. 93.

[121] Adelson, pp. 635-37.

[122] Keegan insists: "Women, however, do not fight. They rarely fight among themselves, and they never, in any military sense, fight men...We must now enter the supremely important limitation that [war] is an entirely masculine activity" (p. 76). I must, of course, defer to Keegan's lifetime of experience as a military historian. My friend Vineta in Serbia, who joined the army after her boyfriend was killed; the Guardian Angel from Denver named Apache; the Warsaw Ghetto fighter Masha Glytman (Kurzman, p. 99); Queen Artemisia, who commanded her own fleet under the Persians (Herodotus, pp. 474, 545-6, 552, 558); the Aztec women who fought Cortes's *conquistadores* by throwing stones "as effectively as the men" (Gómara, p. 293); newspaper reports of female Khmer Rouge and Viet Cong cadres; eyewitness statements that the various revolutionary *journées* of the French Revolution were frequently incited by women: these give evidence that women do participate in military and paramilitary activities. Granted, they do not do so to nearly the same *extent* that men do, which is why Thucydides mentions their bit parts in the Peloponnesian War as prodigies equivalent to eclipses or two-headed calves: "The women also joined in the fighting with great daring, hurling down tiles from the roof-tops and standing up to the din of battle with a courage beyond their sex" (op. cit., p. 238). Plato, reporting on the martial skills of "untold thousands" of Sarmatian calvarywomen "living near the Black Sea" (*Laws*, VII.804e-805b, p. 1,376), insisted that in his utopia "while they are still in their girlhood they must practice dancing and fighting in armor thoroughly, and as women they must take their share in the maneuvring, company drill, and grounding and shouldering of arms" in order to defend their homeland if necessary (VII.813e-814a, p. 1,384). In the American Revolution "even the women had firelocks. One was seen to fire a blunderbuss between her father and husband from their windows" (quoted in M.L. Brown, p. 298). The French Revolution's historian Alison writes: "Fiends, in the form of women, were here, as ever in the revolution, foremost in deeds of cruelty" (quoted in Lewes, p. 247). During World War II, Russian women served as bomber pilots and snipers. One source claimed that one-third of the Yugoslav Partisans were "women either engaged in active combat or serving as members of an Auxiliary Corps such as the medical." —Markovich, p. 13. —The examples which I have given in the text above, at any

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

rate, are non-military examples, and of course there are many, many more. Koestler goes farther than I do—unreasonably so; in *The Invisible Writing* he insists that the influence of women in history has been more often violent and baleful than the reverse (p. 35). And here is Napoleon's lighthearted encomnium: "They are brave, incredibly enthusiastic, and capable of the most frightful atrocities" (quoted in Seward, p. 92).

[123] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[124] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[125] Hardin, pp. 182-83.

[126] *The Woman Citizen*, November 23, 1918, p. 534 (correspondence page "From Life").

[127] That is, 38 percent of 1,250. Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, p. 20.

[128] Sood, p. 94 (Marie M. Mascarchras, "Feminism, Hijacked Down the Slippery Slope...").

[129] For a discussion of Hardin and his herdsman's calculus, see above, "Defense of the Earth."

[130] Hardin, p. 206.

[131] Yerbury, p. 157. To test this hypothesis someone ought to conduct demographic studies in Latvia, which in 1997 ranked number one in my *Pocket World in Figures* for "most female population" (84.3 men per 100 women), and also in Qatar, which ranked number one for "most male population" (193.3 men per 100 women). (*The Economist* & Profile Books, p. 19.)

[132] Yerbury, loc cit.

[133] Hardin, pp. 190-92; Joel Cohen, pp. 113-14. One can interpret race-driven violence in sociobiological terms, like Bakunin's "vegetable patriotism": namely, as the attempt on the part of one subspecies to preserve its genetic lineage at the expense of another. And, indeed, once genetic engineering makes parthenogenesis and its male equivalent practical to the masses, the same calculus may perhaps be applied to inter-gender violence: men and women won't need each other for reproduction anymore. In that case, the picture of inter-gender violence may radically change.

[134] Ibid, pp. 207-210.

[135] *Korea Focus*, 1996, pp. 95-100 (Lee Na-mi, "Perils of Gender Imbalance," *Monthly Korea Forum*, July 1996).

[136] Sood, p. 143 (Prof. K.D. Gangradeb, "Women and Children: Battles to Fight"). For consistency in the table, I have recalculated from the respective ratios of 1,000:972, 1,000:935 and 1,000:928.

[137] *Korea Focus* article, p. 95.

[138] Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, loc. cit.

[139] Ibid, p. 31.

[140] Sood, p. 50.

[141] Yerbury, p. 157.

[142] As noted in our discussion of Stalin's dekulakization campaign in the 1930s (in "Defense of Class"), infanticide comprised seven percent of all homicides in the USSR, twice as many as in 1964 (Van den Berg, p. 70). Hunger was almost certainly a major cause. I would assume that these killings were gender-neutral.

[143] Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, pp. 22-26, 46.

[144] Sood, p. 99 (Marie M. Mascarchras, "Feminism, Hijacked Down the Slippery Slope ...").

[145] Ibid, p. 27.

[146] Moral calculus, 5.2.K.

[147] Aeschylus et al, p. 27, "Seven Against Thebes," trans. G. M. Cookson, slightly modernized by WTV.

[148] Aristotle, vol. 2, pp. 69, 108, 134 (*History of Animals*, V.7, VII.2, IX.1).

[149] Hippocrates-Galen, pp. 141 (Hippocratic writings).

[150] Lucretius, p. 78 (Book V).

[151] Ovid, *The Art of Love*, p. 121 (*The Art of Love*, III.31).

[152] Montaigne, pp. 84, 399, 401 (*Essays*, I.27, II.3, III.4).

[153] Montesquieu-Rousseau, pp. 349-50 (*On the Origin of Inequality*).

[154] Kant, p. 420 (*The Science of Right*, "The Rights of the Family as a Domestic Society," I.24, 26).

[155] Clinton, p. 73 (Roderick Murichson to Elizabeth Murchison).

[156] Ibid, p. 97 (William O. Gregory to Martha Gregory).

[157] Freud, *Dora*, p. 135. "In treatment by psychoanalysis it is very important to be prepared for the bisexual meaning of a symptom.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

One need not then be surprised or misled if a symptom seems to persist with undiminished force even though one of its sexual meanings has already been resolved. It is then still being maintained by the perhaps unsuspected opposite sexual trend" (p. 152).

[158] Sherfey, pp. 141, 145.

[159] Comfort, p. 98.

[160] Teitelbaum, p. 52 ("Sex Roles in Primate Societies").

[161] Delacoste and Alexander, p. 50 (Lash, "Pain, Pleasure and Poetry").

[162] DreamHaven Books catalogue, p. 4 ("Featured Treats: Dress, by Chris Wilde").

[163] All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

[164] Cahill, p. 13. For many women, the sight of pornography can be this, but (no matter what Diana E. H. Russell may say) pornography is not violent. So let us say that rape is an embodied *violent* experience, a *violent* affront.

[165] Pernoud, pp. 219-21.

[166] Diamond, pp. 109-30 (Felicia Ihuoma Abaraonye, "The Women's War of 1929 in South-Eastern Nigeria").

[167] Ibid, pp. 133-65 (Eugenia Shaklin, "*Anlu* Remembered: The Kom Women's Rebellion of 1958-61").

[168] Kidwell and Steele, pp. 146-51.

[169] There certainly would have been shepherdesses, strong-willed widow-proprietresses, etc.

[170] See above, "Defense of Race and Culture." Moral calculus, 5.2.D.

[171] Rountree, p. 88.

[172] Ibid, p. 84.

[173] Ibid, p. 89.

[174] I gather that this is probable but not certain.

[175] Barbour, *Pocahontas and Her World*, p. 250 (Appendix III: "Copy of John Rolfe's Letter to Sir Thomas Dale Regarding His Marriage to Pocahontas," *ca.* 1613).

[176] Moral calculus, 1.1.3 (First Law of Violent Action).

[177] Aman never tells us her birthdate, so this is guesswork on my part.

[178] Moral calculus, initial apology and disclaimer.

[179] Moral calculus, 5.2.K.6.

[180] Obviously, it would not be justified against individuals who happen to be members of the gender-oppressing class only passively, through biological or social accidents—Mr. Bartholomew's brother, for instance, if he had a brother and if the brother kept out of politics.

[181] Trigger to author, September 14, 2002.

[182] See below, "With Their Hands On Their Hearts."

[183] See above, "Defense of Honor." Defense of gender is sometimes a mask for, or possibly even equivalent to, defense of honor. This book has already considered "honor killings," violence directed against the shame of rape, adultery or fornication. Who must die so that the family may recover its standing in the world? Sometimes it is the sexual partner from outside the family (who is almost invariably male). Sometimes it is the woman herself, the wife, sister, mother or daughter who had intercourse, willingly or not. The reasoning behind this we've described. It seems plausible that when a man's inner and outer honor is wounded by the sexual stain on his female dependent, his inner and outer gendered self is wounded in much the same way: His own house is in disarray; he feels like less of a man; his intimates are looking to him for leadership and help; outside the house people wait expectantly for him to fulfill the male role of retaliation.

[184] Murray S. Davis: "Intimates ... may join their internal spirits to they extent that they join their external objectifications... Today, perhaps the ultimate example of common property is the joint checking account" (pp. 175, 177).

[185] Above, this chapter, p. 323.

[186] In 1755, Rousseau writes about the savage: "He follows solely the character nature has implanted in him, and not tastes which he never could have acquired; so that every woman equally answers his purpose" (Montesquieu-Rousseau, p. 346, *On the Origin of Inequality*).

[187] For instance, to friendship. But I will not attempt to do this here.

[188] All of the items on this list are recapitulated in the moral calculus, 5.2.K.

[189] Why do I insist on the seemingly super-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

fluous "nonconsensual violence"? We must always take care (as Diana E. H. Russell refuses to do) to differentiate violent aggression against gender from consensual sadomasochistic practices, which will be the subject of a later chapter ("Sadism, Masochism and Pleasure"). A prostitute lies in bed, strangled with an electric cord. The strangler is not her client but her boyfriend, whose ex-wife will testify that when he was with her he could never reach orgasm without choking her. "Even though this would appear to be a homicide," writes the forensic pathologist, "it probably represents ... an accidental death during deviate sexual practice. The average jury, however, finds this a difficult explanation to accept" (Spitz and Fisher, p. 514).

[190] We're told that "violent men may be deficient in the skills necessary to accurately decode communications from women. For example, men's judgments of videotapes of male-female interactions are more highly sexualized than women's" (Crowell and Burgess, p. 60).

[191] Out of forty-one serial rapists interviewed by FBI profilers, a quarter had seen sexual violence before they grew up, and nearly half had witnessed "disturbing sexual activity on part of parents." Less than half had been "physically abused" by the parents; nearly three-quarters had been "emotionally abused" (Bennett and Hess, pp. 258-359, citing Robert Hazelwood [whom I assume to be the R.R. Hazelwood of a companion footnote] and Janet Warren, "Serial rapists," 1989).

[192] Lady Hyegyong, p. 282 (memoir of 1805).

[193] Loc. cit.

[194] Ibid, p. 283.

[195] Ibid, p. 301.

[196] See below, "Sadism and Expediency."

[197] Sood, p. 8 (Prof. A. Nahajan, "Instigators of Wife Battering").

[198] Defense of gender is violently and justifiably mandated *when directed against a gender-class system whose unjustified categories place the subservient gender at imminent risk of harm, when the defensive violence would clearly diminish that risk, and when proportionality applies.* As an example, a Thai brothel-keeper who illegally imprisons Burmese girls for his own profit in conditions of sexual slavery could, I believe, be violently attacked were that necessary to help the girls escape. Were that brothel system legal and hence protected against nonviolent redress, I believe that any weak link in the exploitative chain—for instance, the man who drove truckloads of these prisoners from a collection point to a brothel—might be attacked with equal justification. Unfortunately, any defensive violence which one could imagine would not help Lady Hygyong.

[199] See the chapter on those excuses for violence.

[200] Vernant, p. 24.

[201] If in an urban disturbance we find both white and black people fighting together on both sides, imputations of a race riot become implausible. But if whites are predominantly on one side, blacks on the other, as in the case of the Civil War, where only the Union employed black troops, then we have reason to believe race to be a major factor in the violence. Similarly, we can be most certain that violence is gender-linked when a group consisting mainly or entirely of one sex attacks a group of the opposite sex. Hence the legend of the Amazons.

[202] *The Woman Citizen*, April 12, 1919, p. 957 (editorial: "The League of Women Voters").

[203] See above, "Defense of Class."

[204] A captive concubine might dwell in effectually a slave relation, and violence between her and her husband-lord would then take on a superpersonal character. A wife in a country where divorce is prohibited may likewise find the relation between herself and her husband to be stifling, immutable, involuntary, coercive.

[205] Which is not to deny the ubiquity of the act. *The State of Women in the World Atlas* shows a world map entitled "Domestic Violence." If a country is colored yellow, domestic violence "is reported as common." If it is colored green, then it is "by all reports not common." Madagascar, Laos, the Ivory Coast and a couple of tropical islands alone are green. Greenland and Iceland are covered up, so I don't know about them. The rest are yellow (Seager, pp. 26-27).

[206] Sood, pp. 13-15 (Prof. Vidhu Mohan, "Is There Hope for Battered Wives?").

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[207] O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 249 ("Battering in Intimate Relationships").
[208] For an insistent lumping together of the two motives in no. 3, see O'Toole and Schiffman, pp. 103-05 (James Messerschmidt, "Varieties of 'Real Men'").
[209] Zorita, p. 136.
[210] Díaz, p. 395.
[211] Ralegh, p. 226 (*History of the World*).
[212] Scott, p. 64.
[213] Lady Hyegyong, p. 266.
[214] One twentieth-century Korean sociologist notes that Western ideas of gender equality and freedom of expression may constitute attacks on Confucianist, Buddhist and Islamic cultures. Consider the case of lesbian pornography, he says. —Han Sang-jin, professor of sociology, Seoul National University, "Human Rights and Growth in East Asia," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 5, no. 1 (January-February 1997), p. 3.
[215] In the chapter "Defense of Honor," above.
[216] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[217] See below, "Punishment."
[218] See below, "Defense Against Traitors."
[219] Lady Hyegyong, p. 59 (memoir of 1795).
[220] Ibid, p. 91.
[221] Ibid, p. 297.
[222] Ibid, pp. 108-09.
[223] Ibid, p. 298.
[224] Ibid, pp. 317-18.
[225] Ibid, p. 354, fn. 26 by JaHyun Kim Haboush.
[226] For further discussion of this point, see "Defense Against Traitors," below.
[227] Lady Hyegyong, p. 321.
[228] Ibid, p. 322.
[229] Ibid, p. 325.
[230] Herodotus, Book Five, p. 342.
[231] Sood, p. 133 (Usha Verma, "Crimes Against Women"). Another study back in 1977 found only 2,690 dowry deaths (ibid, p. 183; Giriaj Shah, "Crime Against Women: Dowry—Divorce-Bride-Bruning"). It is unclear whether more bride-burnings are occurring or more are being reported.
[232] Ibid, p. 182 (Giriaj Shah, "Crime Against Women: Dowry—Divorce - Bride-Burning").
[233] Ibid, pp. 183-84.
[234] Lady Hyegyong, p. 101.
[235] Ibid, p. 129.
[236] Burkhart, p. 195 (testimony of "Susan Moss").
[237] Adelson, p. 881.
[238] Wolfgang, p. 23 ("A Sociological Analysis of Criminal Homicide"). In the U.S. in 1991, twenty-five percent of all homicides were inflicted by one spouse on another; in Canada and Denmark the respective figures were fifty and sixty-six percent (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 250).
[239] Mann, p. 94. In general (that is, leaving the murder of sexual intimates aside), revenge and robbery were the two most common motives of American murderesses between 1940 and 1983 (ibid, pp. 174-75).
[240] Adelson, pp. 879-80.
[241] The husband's recourse to nose-cutting comprises violence against the category of femaleness, since all those women were already in a special category—members of the family—they were hardly mistreated *because they were women.* What might the Navajo punishment of adulterous husbands have been? One study concludes that wives assault their husbands in less than five percent of all cases of spousal abuse (O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 101 [James Messerschmidt, "Varieties of 'Real Men'"]). Another insists that wives and husbands attack each other at the same rate—or perhaps wives might be slightly more violent (Mann, pp. 4-5).
[242] Aeschylus et al, p. 4 (Aeschylus, "The Suppliant Maidens").
[243] Zolbrod, pp. 301-304 (part 4, ch. 6).
[244] O'Toole and Schiffman, p. 112 (Carole J. Seffield, "Sexual Terrorism").
[245] In short, our first category, sexual predation, is really a subspecies of the fifth. We thus have only four types of unjustified violence against gender.
[246] Bennett and Hess, p. 356, citing R. R. Hazelwood, "The behavior-oriented interview of rape victims: The key to profiling" (1983).
[247] Spitz and Fisher, p. 523. My copy-editor remarks: "Nothing in the bulleted anecdote itself prepares the reader for your use of the word 'nonconsensual' there; nothing suggests that the older man pushed his advances against the hitchhiker's wishes. He might

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(from the evidence before the reader) simply have politely propositioned him. He might, in other words, have been perfectly willing to take no for an answer—in which case the moral calculus of the hitchhiker's murderous 'defense of gender' looks very different. If you know from the source that the old man was in fact aggressive with the hitchhiker, or that he persisted in spite of the younger man's objections, it might be helpful to include that information. If you don't, you might reconsider this incident's place in the section—or, at least, clearly state that you're making an assumption about the case for the purposes of your argument." These questions are raised, I hope, at the end of the text paragraph.

[248] Defined in the moral calculus, 5.1.7.

[249] Defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.G.2.

[250] *Honolulu Advertiser*, October 14, 2001 (David Stannard, Focus: "The Massie Case: Injustice and courage").

[251] See above, "Defense of Ground." Moral calculus, 1.06.

[252] Moral calculus, 6.0.11. Like defense of race, defense of gender is further justified when its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.

[253] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 265.

[254] Compare this class-functional priority of lives to be saved with the traditional Jewish priority (below, "Defense Against Traitors") and the expedient Inuit priority (above, "Defense of Class").

[255] Moral calculus, 6.2.K.3.

[256] *Vietnam Courier*, June 1972, p. 8 ("Vietnamese Military Traditions").

[257] Parker, p. 106.

[258] "Rape as a Weapon of War," Quoted in Cahill, p. 200.

[259] Ghiglieri, p. 256.

[260] Cahill, p. 9.

[261] Crowell and Burgess, p. 99.

DEFENSE AGAINST TRAITORS

[1] Dmytryshyn et al, p. 7 (document 2: "A Gramota from Tsar Ivan Vasilevich...," August 6, 1576). The Tsar continues (p. 8) that the insurgents are to be conquered and killed. "They may claim the goods of any person they conquer, or take his wife and children" as slaves.

[2] Ibid, p. 10 (doc. 3: "A Letter Patent from Tsar Ivan Vasilevich...," May 30, 1574).

[3] Chanoff and Doan, p. 154 (testimony of Huong Van Ba, Colonel, People's Army of North Vietnam).

[4] This is hardly as exotic an occurrence as I once imagined. In 1996, one Thai friend mentioned casually in his cups that a Communist couple he knew had lived "always in the jungle" in southern Thailand; the wife had given birth to several children in a cave. (They were not Communists anymore, by the way. The suppression of the CPT had changed that.)

[5] Nguyen Ngoc Ngan, "My Communist Warden and I," in Huynh, p. 135.

[6] The *Vietnam Courier* (June, 1972) paints a similiar picture of the village of Bao Ninh (pp. 21-22, "Always Ready").

[7] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 62.

[8] Declassified U.S. Army report on Operation Crimp, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 45.

[9] Benjamin Franklin makes the British troops whine in his satirical "The King's Own Regulars":

"It was not fair to shoot at us from behind
trees,
If they had stood open, as they ought, before
our great guns, we should have beat 'em
with ease,
They may fight with one another that way if
they please,
But it is not *regular* to stand, and fight with
such rascals as these"

(op. cit, p. 741; "The KING'S own REGULARS, and their TRIUMPH over the IRREGULARS. A new SONG," November 27, 1775). For another verse from this song, see above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

[10] Diary entry of Tran Bang, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 54.

[11] Clausewitz, pp. 128-29.

[12] Herodotus, Book Four, p. 313.

[13] The *Vietnam Courier* (June, 1972), p. 11

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

("Revolutionary Armed Forces and People's Army").

[14] King, *The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 23 ("Conscience and the Vietnam War").

[15] Harrison, p. 192.

[16] Ibid, p. 191.

[17] Chanoff and Doan, p. 110 (testimony of Trinh Duc).

[18] Mangold and Penycate, p. 9.

[19] President Johnson, January 16, 1967, p. 27.

[20] Ibid, p. 332.

[21] Truong-Chin, p. 103 ("The Resistance Will Win," ch. V, "Military Resistance").

[22] Up until his death on the threshold of victory, he was still at it. We find him, for instance, cataloguing the outrages committed on Vietnamese women by the foreigners (Ho Chi Minh, vol. I I, pp. 117-22; "French colonisation on trial," n.d.; *ca.* 1930).

[23] Quoted in Truong, p. 21.

[24] Truong, p. 24.

[25] Quoted in Harrison, p. 195.

[26] Should we invoke the Twelve Tablets of ancient Rome, which ordained that night-thieves could justifiably be slain even if they bore no weapons, night being the time of vulnerability, confusion and blindness, hence the time when householders ran most risk of being surprised by assault? Air superiority and foreign invasion constitute a sort of night; guerrillas might be justified then in slaying the unarmed. It is perhaps for this reason that Bertrand Russell's International War Crimes Tribunal, so justly quick to condemn American atrocities in Vietnam, says with infuriating glibness: "As for the crimes of the Vietcong, we would no more regard the Vietnamese resistance a crime than we would the rising of the Warsaw Ghetto" (Duffet, p. 8; foreword by Ralph Schoenman).

[27] Huynh, p. vii.

[28] Ho Chi Minh, vol. III, p. 86 ("Appeal to the Entire People to Wage the Resistance War," 1946).

[29] Truong, p. 28.

[30] Ho Chi Minh, vol. IV, p. 450 ("The Path Which Led Me to Leninism," 1960).

[31] Chanoff and Doan, p. 109 (testimony of Trinh Duc).

[32] For a subtly bitter (and accurate) portrayal of American historical memory, the reader is referred to Mellville's short story "Benito Cereno."

[33] Lynd and Hayden, p. 33 (interview with Dand Quang inh).

[34] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[35] Acquinas, p. 579.

[36] Ho Chi Minh, vol. III, p. 86 ("Appeal to the Entire People to Wage the Resistance War," 1946).

[37] Ibid, vol. III, p. 90 ("To the Death-Volunteers of the Capital City").

[38] Harrison, pp. 189-90.

[39] Truong, p. 66.

[40] Ibid, p. 80.

[41] Ibid, p. 73.

[42] Ibid, p. 58. In the winter of 1959-60 Hanoi sends out the call for armed uprising. In 1964, the Americans begin attacking North Vietnam. The following year, their Marines wade ashore at Danang.

[43] Study by Gueter Lewy, cited in Harrison, p. 191.

[44] Quoted in Benson, p. 1,002.

[45] Quoted op. cit., pp. 1,002-03. Steinbeck's biographer notes that other correspondents usually ignored these incidents, preferring to inform the public of American wrongdoing. "In writing about the German soldier in *The Moon Is Down*, he had made him a human being—perhaps because he had not witnessed German atrocities. But such biological distancing failed him now, and he was unable to perceive the V.C. except as some kind of monster created by conditioning and indoctrination" (ibid, p. 1,003).

[46] Luce and Sommer, p. 159.

[47] For discussion of My Lai see above, "Defense of War Aims."

[48] Study by Gueter Lewy, cited in Harrison, p. 191 (figures from 1965 to 1974).

[49] Octavian Caesar invades Cleopatra's dominions and takes Pelusium. Plutarch adds: "There went a report as if it had been delivered up to Caesar by Seleucus not without the consent of Cleopatra, but she, to justify herself, gave up into Antony's hands the wife and children of Seleucus to be put to death" (*Lives*, p. 829).

[50] See above, "Three Meditations on Death,"

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

("Siege-Thoughts"). See also below, "Remember the Victim!"

[51] Djilas, *Wartime*, p. 75.

[52] The Roman emperor Severus condemned forty-one senators along with their families (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 49). The emperor Caracalla is said to have liquidated twenty thousand adherents of the brother he'd murdered (ibid, p. 55).

[53] During this period Pol Pot had not yet won total victory.

[54] This is the rationale given by one Party branch secretary for liquidating a headman who wanted to charge the Viet Cong full black market price for rice. "The price wasn't even that important. But if I let him do this, that would have proved he was stronger than I was. The revolution would have lost face in the hamlet" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 105; testimony of Trinh Duc). Some say terrorism actually legitimizes itself as it operates. "The terrorist organization challenges the regime's right to possess a monopoly of force in society and physically demonstrates its inability to maintain order" (Crenshaw, p. 25; introduction by Crenshaw), thus affecting public opinion. This is not just an expedient argument; it is also a moral one (however distasteful its morality may be).

[55] Chanoff and Doan, p. 169 (testimony of Nguyen Van Thich, Viet Cong Ranger platoon leader; Viet Cong assassin).

[56] Ibid, p. 168 (Nguyen Van Thich). Having met a number of people in war zones, and noted the lack of concord in their opinions, I suspect that the originator of the girl's death sentence was not "the NVA," but an accidentally human intelligence. There ran a proverb in Communist Vietnam that "the best thing is to sit still, and the next best thing is to say yes" (Nhât Tiên', in Huynh, p. 4).

[57] Ibid, p. 155 (Huong Van Ba). "The more we remember Uncle [Ho Chi Minh] with gratitude, the more we should hate the Americans and their puppets!" (Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 30).

[58] Some of them, of course, might have been mere obedient robots. See the portraits of Otto Ohlendorf and Wilhelm Keitel, below, in "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[59] Killing girls for "going around with the enemy" is Clausewitzian: it frightens other girls who might have been impelled by love or considerations of advantage to do the same; it also frightens, disgusts and wearies the enemy, who begin thinking that they would really rather be home in America.

[60] Ibid, p. 170 (Nguyen Van Thich).

[61] Ibid, p. 106 (Trinh Duc).

[62] Ibid, pp. 170-71 (Nguyen Van Thich).

[63] Mangold and Penycate, p. 143.

[64] Ibid, p. 170.

[65] Buffetaut, p. 29 ("Interrogatoire d'un suspect sur le front d'Argonne").

[66] Herodotus, Book Nine, p. 579.

[67] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[68] Caesar, p. 231 (*The African War*, written by another hand).

[69] Gerould, p. 43.

[70] Pincher, p. xvii.

[71] Ibid, p. 6.

[72] This schema is partially indebted to Edward Peters, who writes (p. 105): "To destroy a whole people or state was more imaginably monstrous than to plot against a single individual, no matter how exalted. But how did one destroy a people or a state? How did one act against the people's revolution? As the intensity and degree of abstraction of treason or counter-revolutionary activity increased, the nature of the offences broadened, and became more vague."

[73] Lawrence, *Seven Pillars of Wisdom*, pp. 27, 29. For a description of one such "lesson," see below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[74] Cu Chi song, quoted in Mangold and Penycate, p. 153. "The Vietnamese fight for us even more than we do for ourselves—they get killed!" Molotov enthused in his retirement. "Tiny Vietnam is fighting imperialism with unbelievable heroism!" (Chuev, p. 66; "A Vulgar Point of View," 1972). Had someone brought up the girl's death with him, he would have shrugged. After all, since good Communists see everything in class terms, Vietnam was a class war, and in a class war there are no civilians.

[75] Hoàng Ngoc Thanh Dung, "To Serve the Cause of Women's Liberation," in Huynh, pp.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

49-50. They were, in fact, so certain of their own righteousness that their postwar regime would "deprive all rights of freedom to those who look at socialism with a grudging eye or who describe all aspects of socialism in a passive manner" (Snepp, p. 570). In this context Ninh writes: "Into their ears poured an endless stream of the most ironic of teachings, urging them to ignore the spirit of reconciliation, to beware of the 'bullets coated with sugar,' to ignore the warmth and passions among the remnants of this fallen, luxurious society of the South. And especially to guard against the idea of the South having fought valiantly or been meritorious in any way" (p. 80).

[76] Dung, in Huynh, pp. 66-68.

[77] Suetonius, vol. 2, p. 383 (VIII, Domitian, XXI).

[78] Sahagún, p. 79.

[79] See above, "Defense of Creed" and "Defense of Ground."

[80] Moynahan, pp. 212-213 (source: private collection).

[81] Karpov, p. 137.

[82] Moynahan, p. 191 (source: private collection).

[83] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[84] Werth, p. 719 (italics in original).

[85] Ibid, p. 792.

[86] See the moral calculus, 5.1.2.A.2.

[87] Regulations imposed by the Athenians upon Erythrae, "middle 460s or 453/2 B.C."; in Fornara, p. 72, item no. 71.

[88] See below, "Punishment."

[89] Napoleon, *Maxims*, pp. 77-78 (Maxim LXVIII).

[90] Lewes, p. 235.

[91] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 114.

[92] See below, "Defense of the Revolution."

[93] Montesquieu, p. 88 (XII.7).

[94] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 373 ("Tiberius," III.LVII). Solzhenitsyn recounts similar occurrences during the Stalin years.

[95] As for sexual relations between Germans and Jewish women, those were generally confined to rape: "Screams resounded through the house. The Gestapo are concerned about racial degradation—Aryans consorting with non-Aryans—but are afraid to report it" (Ringelbum, p. 24; March, 1940). For another example, see p. 211 (September, 1941): a man who discovered and reported the rape of five Jewish girls was sent to Auschwitz.

[96] The words of Lt. William Calley at My Lai 4. See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[97] Dear and Foot, p. 247 (article "Collaboration": photo from the National Archives, Washington: NA 111-SC-193285). Robert Capa took a photograph on the same theme (Paris, 1944), showing a shaven girl in the street with her baby; she is being jeered by an immense crowd (Boot, pp. 72-73). The best exploration I have ever read of the moral labyrinth of collaboration is Claus's *The Sorrow of Belgium*. "I don't recognize people anymore," the narrator's expedient father says with unconscious irony. "During the war they were different. In what way? Well, how can I put it? A certain ideal" (p. 563). The "ideal" of the collaborator shifts with the changes of war.

[98] See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[99] Mao, *On Guerrilla Warfare*, p. 87. —"It is not the duty of policemen and troops alone to find hidden enemies. If citizens remain alert, we should be able to catch more infiltrators and spies" (editorial, "Reliable Citizens," *The Joong-ang Ilbo*, September 20, 1996, referring to the September18, North Korean incursion incident; in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 114).

[100] For a brief portrait of Ringelblum, see below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[101] Sirkes, pp. 48-49 (Schochet's commentary).

[102] Ringelblum, pp. 281-82 (May 25, 1942). A report of Judowa's murder was later found to be false, much to Ringelblum's disappointment. For a cruder, secondhand portrait of a collaborator in the Ghetto, see Kurzman, p. 85.

[103] Holocaust historian Lucy Dawidowicz goes so far as to insist that there were no Jewish collaborators. "Germany did not ask for or get either cooperation or collaboration. SS force and terror extracted compliance from the Jews... No Jew ever hoped for a New Order in Europe" (p. 348). That may be, but *business* opportunities abounded, as they

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

always seem to do in war. Ringelblum details the harm that loathsome Jewish "businessmen" did by, for instance, informing the Germans of hidden Jewish goods, then selling those goods back to their owners for a fee (op. cit., p. 12; January, 1940). The Jewish police were often completely corrupted as much through fear of the Germans above them as by the helplessness of their fellow Jews below them. Presented with a quota of people to arrest for "resettlement" each day, they knew that should they fail, their own families would be sent to the gas chambers. Ringelblum claims that their cruelty exceeded that of the Nazis (ibid, p. 330; July-December 1942). He frequently lists people who collaborated with these wretches. Most seemed to have moved in violent or criminal circles before the war: boxers, counterfeiters, extortionists and the like. Like other parasites, they specialized. Of two who were released from Auschwitz after having made a devil's bargain with the Germans, Ringelblum notes: "They operate exclusively in political matters, informing on political agitators alone." Both men were later shot by the Gestapo, which (Ringelblum plausibly theorizes) wanted its sleazy business deals with the Ghetto kept secret.

[104] Kurzman, pp. 37-38 fn.

[105] Ibid, pp. 71-72. The ZOB also kidnapped the son of Czerniakow's successor for a ransom. The successor admitted to the master race: "Another government rules here" (ibid, p. 79). He would later be executed at a garbage dump by the Germans, for now that the Uprising had begun they no longer needed him or the Jewish Council.

[106] Rotem, p. 23.

[107] Truong, p. 100.

[108] "A crime being personal, the punishment of the culprit will impose no stain upon the family" (National Assembly, quoted in Lewes, p. 128).

[109] Lady Hyegyong, p. 127 (memoir of 1795).

[110] Blomberg, pp. 117-18, 141-42.

[111] See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[112] Thus when Cleomenes the king of Sparta, who was being held hostage, finally rose up against Ptolemy IV in the third century B.C., the verdict was that his mother, children and "all the ladies of his suite" should be liquidated (life of Cleomenes, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 104).

[113] See, for instance, Nhât Tiên's story "In the Footsteps of a Water Buffalo," in Huynh.

[114] Chanoff and Doan, p. 195 (testimony of Mrs. Nguyen Thi Ty). After the victory, everyone in the South would be called "unlawful puppets" (Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 25), and prostitutes who had consorted with foreigners would be "made over" in prison-like "schools" without enough food.

[115] Vo Ky Dien, in Huynh, p. 25. This is not so far off from the general rule that a traitor forfeits kinship. A not atypical example: If a man of ancient Mesopotamia were to be captured in a raid, and after much time return to his city only to find that his wife had been taken by another man and borne a son, then by the Laws of Eshunna he had the right to take her back (and presumably to claim the son as his own), but if he became a fugitive out of disloyalty, then returned, he had no right to her anymore (Pritchard, vol. 1, pp. 135-36, nos. 29-30).

[116] Why state the obvious? Simply because I myself in writing this book am so afraid that if I do not maintain a certain cautious humbleness replete with disclaimers, my abstractions may become arrogant, subject to misuse on the part of some commissar who might someday present me with their fruit: a human being's head upon a pole.

[117] One question which revolutionaries in particular ought to ask each other is this: Do postrevolutionary conditions resemble the pre-revolutionary conditions we objected to? May we condemn as traitors people who do what *we* did, when the *Ancien Régime* condemned *us* as traitors? In his *History of the Russian Revolution* (vol. 1, p. 22), Trotsky complains that strikes were forbidden under Tsarist law—what an outrage! But come the revolution, he didn't permit them, either, which leads me to conclude that from that standpoint among others, the Russian Revolution was not justified. It is fascinating and depressing to see how in his account

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Trotsky uses strikes under Tsarism as indicators of revolutionary progress. At one point he even offers us a table of strike occurrences. I'm reminded of Gyorgy Konrád's brilliant novel *The Loser*, in which a blackjack once used by local police to beat their victims becomes transubstantiated into a revolutionary blackjack, an instrument of good, which is used to beat other innocent people.

[118] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Six, p. 415.

[119] Plato, p. 1417 (*Laws*, IX.856b-d).

[120] Jefferson, pp. 350-52 ("A Bill for Proportioning Crimes and Punishments," 1778-79, Sect. III).

[121] Quoted in Lubarsky, p. 8.

[122] Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 18 ("Analysis of the Classes in Chinese Society," March 1926).

[123] Wakin, p. 353 (Jeffrie C. Murphy, "The Killing of the Innocent"; 1973).

[124] Montesquieu, p. 91 (XII.18).

[125] Leaflet of the Revolutionary Anti Imperialist League (RAIL), Berkeley, California, October 1996.

[126] Mao, *Quotations*, p. 16 ("Report to the Second Plenary Session of the Seventh Central Committee of the Communist Party of China").

[127] Executive lecture of March 1, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, p. 4.

[128] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 280.

[129] Lenin, "All Out for the Fight Against Denikin!" (1919), *Selected Works*, vol. 3, p. 198.

[130] Quoted in Du Bois *John Brown*, p. 89.

[131] Quoted in MacDowell, p. 175.

[132] Jefferson, loc. cit.

[133] Plato, loc. cit.

[134] Quoted in Fornara, p. 62, item no. 63.

[135] Quoted in Rudé, p. 191 (translation of Robespierre, X, 356).

[136] Suetonius, vol. 2, p. 363 (VIII, Domitian, XI).

[137] Laqueur, p. 139 (HSRA manifesto, 1930).

[138] Chandler et al, p. 117 (Four-Year Plan).

DEFENSE OF THE REVOLUTION

[1] Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 794.

[2] First-wave revolutionaries who are so adept at hiding and at smashing things may not be welcome in the second wave of consolidators who lead the revolution into law: aims may change. But Rudé attributes to him (*Robespierre*, p. 99) the usual poltician's distinction between sovereingty and the sovereign right to legislate—that is, between the masses and the legislator.

[3] Description after an old engraving reproduced in Rudé, *Robespierre*, following p. 192.

[4] "Robespierre never named the supposed conspirators implicated in the plot that he incessantly denounced, reborn each time it was defeated" (Furet and Ozouf, p. 304; Patrice Gueniffey, "Robespierre").

[5] Jessenne, p. 252 (letter to the *curé* of Bomy, Paris, June 18, 1790).

[6] Speech to the convention, February 5, 1794; quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, pp. 118-19.

[7] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 415.

[8] Jordan, p. 248.

[9] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 200.

[10] Lewes, p. 231.

[11] Gerould, p. 38.

[12] Loyseau to Robespierre, quoted in Jordan, p. 74.

[13] See above, "Defense of Authority"; moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[14] Defined above in "Defense of War Aims"; and in the moral calculus, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.1.

[15] For a case study of people who opt out of the social contract, see below, "Off the Grid."

[16] Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.

[17] Ibid, pp. 75-76.

[18] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 397.

[19] Letter of May 24, 1813 (Jefferson, p. 1,271). Madame Junot, who by her origins and future career exemplified everything Robespierre was against, wrote in her memoirs (vol. 1, p. 55): "Robespierre had perished, but the revolutionary executions still continued. Terror was not yet sufficiently abated to admit of a free expression of the joy which the intelligence of his death excited in the provinces." Writing in 1970, Jean Gaçon claimed that the French tradition "still has trouble integrating Robespierre" (Kaplan, p. 227; "The Paris Commune of 1871").

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[20] "Was that epithet deserved?" wonders Lewes "As far as mere money corruptibility is concerned, Robespierre was unquestionably pure. But is there no means of corruption besides money? Is there not a greed of applause quite as despicable as a greed of money?" (pp. 137-38).
[21] Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.
[22] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 69. Accusations of cannibalism were common against the Jacobins. See Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 58. Napoleon was later quick to blame the Jacobins for many of the Revolution's atrocities. See Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, pp. 373-76.
[23] For a depiction of Jefferson as such, see "Defense of Authority," above.
[24] Jordan, p. 38.
[25] Trotsky, *1905*, p. 277 (speech to London congress of Russian Social Democrats, May 12-25, 1905). Rudé makes the point that Robespierre saw proletarianism only as a temporary state of affairs; in the end, we'd all have our own small farms (*Robespierre*, p. 144).
[26] This is reminiscent of the Tolstoyan notion of mass authority; see above, "Defense of Authority."
[27] This is different from asking of Robespierre that in formulating his ends and means he should try to take into account their temporary and long-term effects. See Annex A, "Phases of Revolution."
[28] In our inquiry into defense of class, we saw that the dictatorship of the proletariat imposed itself upon a land which was four-fifths agricultural, that no one agreed as to which people were kulaks, which impelled the secret police to arrest thousands according to a crude and cynical quota system, etcetera, etcetera. In short, we charged the Bolsheviks with inhumane means in the service of improperly defined ends.
[29] Moral calculus, 2.3.
[30] For detailed discussion, see Annex A, "Violent Phases of a Revolution."
[31] Jordan, pp. 10-11.
[32] Ibid, p. 47.
[33] _____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 71.
[34] Nagel, p. 32.
[35] Lewes, p. 14.
[36] Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 90.
[37] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 16.
[38] Ibid, p. 15.
[39] Quoted in Lewes, p. 69.
[40] Lewes, p. 135. In this chapter I will frequently quote from Lewes's translations of Robespierre's speeches. Even though Lewes's biography is a century and a half old, it is still easier to find than any copy of Robespierre's works, which proved to be unobtainable even after a search in Paris. Lewes's citations possess the added virtue of being in English, which after all is the language of this book. His translations are often condensations, I admit. Thus, in the famous speech of 8 Thermidor, we have "Je veux étouffer, s'il est possible, les flambeaux de la discorde par la seule force de la verité" (Robespierre, p. 134), which Lewes gives, thinning the metaphor, as "I come to stifle if possible discord by the force of truth" (p. 363). Two more sentences follow, and then Lewes omits half a page of the original, which is, after all, to be expected in a biography. Fortunately for us, Robespierre is sufficiently repetitive and long-winded for Lewes's unmarked abridgments to do little harm. On a few occasions I have translated from the slender volume of *Oeuvres* I was able to find; otherwise from Jordan.
[41] Of course, as we're always saying, the future's unknowable, and the reason for an order may be murky. Revolutionary leaders may *legitimately* prove less "steadfast" on a given policy than their own cadres, because it is the place of a leader to change means (but hopefully not ends) in response to the unpredictable alterations of circumstance. A revolutionary, therefore, may well be an experimenter, like Lenin, who was willing to brave ordering the "retreat from socialism" of the New Economic Policy, which partially restored private ownership; or Gandhi, who in old age decided to hone his chastity by sleeping naked with his young maidservant, Manu. The cadres did not understand; the cadres did not agree.
[42] Lewes, p. 107.
[43] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 70.
[44] Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[45] Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 51.
[46] Loc. cit.
[47] Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, p. 242.
[48] Furet and Ozouf, p. 393 (Patrice Higonnet, "Sans-Culottes").
[49] Ibid, p. 397. This was especially impressive, she says, in light of the fact that Robespierre and his colleagues were "violently antifeminist."
[50] I'll say the same thing about Molotov's final praise of Stalin (see below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge").
[51] Jordan, p. 30.
[52] Cato appears as a foil to Caesar in "Defense of War Aims."
[53] Rousseau, p. 7 ("The Social Contract").
[54] Robespierre, p. 310 (my translation).
[55] Quoted in Jordan, p. 33.
[56] Rousseau, op. cit., p. 42.
[57] For a portrait of Brown, see above, "Defense of Race."
[58] Rousseau, p. 37 ("The Social Contract"). This was also Cicero's rationale for putting the Catalinian conspirators to death; see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"
[59] Lewes, p. 391.
[60] In a typical passage, Jordan insists that "his use of a ferocious rhetoric, his denunciations of bourgeois greed and selfishness, might make his economic ideas appear more radical than they really were, but he himself was unable or reluctant to draw extreme inferences" (p. 152). To present the issue in such a way is to divest Robespierre of responsibility for the tide of Terror in which, at the very least, he swam. The tide might have been beyond his control; still, he could have waded into private life.
[61] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 114.
[62] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[63] See above, "Defense Against Traitors."
[64] This distinction is discussed at length in "Defense of Class."
[65] "Liberty becomes a false ensign—a 'solemn component' of violence—as soon as it becomes only an idea and we begin to defend liberty instead of free men," writes the selfsame Merleau-Ponty (p. xxiv), too brilliant to recognize his own contradiction: he's defending violence as such, and hence oppressing free men.
[66] See above, "Defense of Class." Burke praises liberty thus (p. 203): "It is better to cherish virtue and humanity, by leaving much to free will, even with some loss to the object, than to attempt to make men mere machines and instruments of a political benevolence."
[67] Robespierre, p. 304 ("Sur les principes de morale politique").
[68] Who's an oppressor? Of what should punishment consist? Only Robespierre's vote counts. Moral calculus, Maxims for Murderers, 1.3.2: 12: Trotsky's Maxim: *No one who disagrees with me is allowed to judge me.* And the self-defining definitions rush on. Liberty and equality must be imminently asserted against their deniers—who, unless the revolution shows a Gandhian tinge, get defined through violence's give and take as traitors, enemies. Fraternity, coloring the exercise of the assertion itself, may well become martial collective honor subject to manipulation.
[69] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[70] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 137.
[71] Montesquieu, p. 68 (XI.2).
[72] Ibid, p. 69 (XI.3).
[73] Burke, p. 136.
[74] Robespierre, p. 326.
[75] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 25. Madame Junot's typically venomous version: "The Duke of Orleans had been accused of being the head of a party... Robespierre and others set the Duke of Orleans forward, because they wanted somethng that would please the moderate and reasonable party. That party allowed itself to be caught in the snare" (Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 48).
[76] Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 208.
[77] Lewes, p. 196.
[78] Burke, pp. 1664-66.
[79] Lewes, p. 233.
[80] Ibid, pp. 234-35.
[81] Robespierre, p. 217 ("Sur la guerre: Discours prononcé au club des Jacobins").
[82] Jordan notes that one of Robespierre's first references to public safety comes in connection with this event (p. 126). For Robespierre, defense against traitors always takes precedence, until necessity forces him

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

to accept this war. "Let us first destroy our enemies within," he'd said in December 1791, "and then march on the enemy without, if any still remain" (quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 159). But now the enemy is marching on *us*. We must fight. Brunswick approaches. The king controls the National Guard. Suppose he disperses the Assembly by force? (See Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 237.) Time for defense against traitors!

[83] Regarding this event, the axiom of Sir Walter Ralegh (1614) is perhaps not without relevance: "It is a common thing, as being almost necessary, that a tyranny should be upheld by mercenary forces: it is common that mercenaries should be false: and it is common, that all war, made against Tyrants, should be exceeding full of hate and cruelty" (pp. 219-19; *History of the World*).

[84] Jordan, p. 118.

[85] Lewes, p. 195.

[86] Robespierre, p. 139.

[87] Charles Nodier, quoted in Lewes, p. 219.

[88] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 22.

[89] Jordan, p. 118.

[90] Flynn, p. 2.

[91] Lewes, p. 195.

[92] Remember Cicero's immortally sarcastic remark to the dictator Marcus Antonius (Mark Antony): "I am only sorry that your freedom from guilt is not equalled by your freedom from suspicion" (*Selected Political Speeches*, p. 315; first Philippic against Marcus Antonius, 44 B.C.).

[93] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 31. The range is usually given as between 1,000 and 1,400. Lefebvre tells us (op. cit., pp. 242-44) that while Marat's sanguinary exhortations have often been blamed, "the collective mentality is sufficient explanation." In Jordan's account, Robespierre defends this "necessary violence" (p. 120).

[94] It will arrest half a million people in the seventeen months before his death.

[95] "The supreme being is the higher confirmation of the general state system, that is again the nation. Nevertheless, the supreme being is supposed to curb the egotism of the nation, that is, of the general state system!... Monsieur Buchez, who supports national fanaticism with religious fanaticism, understands his hero Robespierre better" (Marx, *Selected Writings*, pp. 147-48; "The Holy Family," 1845).

[96] Robespierre, p. 320.

[97] Lewes, p. 273.

[98] In effect, this is the *rodef* argument. See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

[99] Lewes, p. 274.

[100] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 100.

[101] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 2, pp. 442-43. As one cloistered emperor of Japan remarked, "After all, the angry spirits who have appeared here are the spirits of those who once came to be known in the world only through imperial benevolence. Even though they are no longer grateful to us, how can they hinder us in their prayers? Out with the angry spirits!" (*Tale of the Heike*, p. 168; Book 3, ch. III. "The Auspicious Childbirth").

[102] Sun-tzu, p. 209.

[103] Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 37.

[104] Tocqueville, *The Old Regime and the French Revolution*, pp. 124-37.

[105] Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 47.

[106] Tocqueville, op. cit., p. 192.

[107] Madame Junot believed with all her heart that the court's purpose was to embroil the first two Estates in quarrels which the king would mediate, thereby destroying their power (op. cit., vol. 1, p. 38).

[108] "To England, Louis's execution served as a pretext; to Spain it was the cause for war" (Lefebvre, *The French Revolution*, p. 283).

[109] As I revise this in the year 2003, my government busily dismantles my civil liberties to defend me against the September 11 terrorists.

[110] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 107.

[111] The Committee of Public Safety was originally the Committee of General Safety. Edward Peters believes that the Russian Revolution was the first to enshrine self-defense of the revolution into a state principle "in determining political crime and in that determination [being] willing to inflict torture and other extraordinary sanctions for political reasons" (p. 127). But we need only glance over the various committees of safety and defense in Robespierre's time to see that the French beat the Russians to it. They

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

might not have tortured much, but regarding "extraordinary sanctions" they left an impressive enough record.

[112] Lewes, p. 300.

[113] Burke, p. 169.

[114] Rudé reminds us that the French at this point had no parliamentary tradition, so that factional violence was almost inevitable. This author therefore easily accepts, for instance, the "legal" guillotinings of the Dantonists, while rejecting the massacres of the Lyonais, or the Great Terror in Paris (*Robespierre*, p. 206). Jordan makes a similar point about the impossiblity of loyal oppositions during revolutions (op. cit., pp. 182-83). Making all such allowances, I still think Robespierre to have been a monster.

[115] Lewes, p. 296.

[116] Thus, at least, the bold, crude conception of Lewes. Later history, with its nuanced equivocations, will qualify his acts into near meaninglessness, like Rudé in *The French Revolution* explaining that "he took no direct part in the May-June insurrection that expelled them, but in many ways his was the brain that inspired it" (p. 98).

[117] Thucydides, pp. 242-43.

[118] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 101.

[119] Ibid, p. 137. Robespierre, however, is not in the forefront of this movement.

[120] Lewes, p. 302. For his famous "catechism" of the single will, see Jordan, p. 143.

[121] In this chapter alone I've capitalized the word, in deference to the usage I've frequently seen in regard to Robespierre.

[122] Bakunin wrote: "*The existence of God implies the abdication of human reason and justice; it is the negation of human liberty and it necessarily ends in both theoretical and practical slavery*" (Bakunin; Maximoff), p. 118 (italics in original). While this may not be accurate when religion is a private affair, the dismal history of organized religions compells any unbiased mind to admit a measure of truth in Bakunin's accusation. To the extent that the leader fills in for God, the follower may likewise abdicate his reason, as Wilhelm Keitel did with Hitler. Then he becomes like the Khmer Rouge cadres I met who obediently planted mines in the ricefields. Better, far better, to be like those followers of Gandhi's who abandoned him. It is to Robespierre's credit that he never became a Keitel, a slavish believer.

[123] Robespierre, p. 155 (8 Thermidor).

[124] Robespierre, August 25, 1793, in *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, pp. 79-80; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 194 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek, "D'un choix politique de Robespierre: La Terreur"), my translation. We have no reason to suppose that Robespierre consciously desired a permanent revolution of limitless, ruthless, despotical spontaneity, but he couldn't see his way clear to ending it—a problem which the Bolsheviks had, too (see above, "Defense of Authority").

[125] Sade, *Letters*, p. 172 (to Reinaud, May 19, 1790).

[126] Defense of the revolution! Just as a traitor is whoever goes over to the other side, but not necessarily whoever comes from the other side to me, so the definition of a conspirator varies, depending on whether the definer is in or out of power. "You are not to allow any conspiratorial groups to develop, or bands of plotters, or antagonistic individuals, any of whom might create disharmony and have an adverse effect on the interests of the Great Sovereign." Thus the instructions of a Russian official to his tax-collector among the natives of Siberia (Dmytrtryshyn et al, pp. 425, 422-23; doc. 111: "Instructions from the Voevoda of Iakutsk...", August 13, 1676). They could have equally well been the instructions of one of Louis XVI's police chiefs a century later—or the Committee of Public Safety's a few years after that (although then, of course, the Great Sovereign would have been replaced by the sovereign people as a suitably idealized interest to guide the expedient end). Without context, such prescriptions are worthless as moral guides.

[127] Lewes, p. 304.

[128] Ibid, p. 306.

[129] Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 93.

[130] Speech to the Jacobins, 21 Messidor, in Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, pp. 519-20; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 202 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation. In December 1793, he'll say it again:

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Revolutionary government will save the Republic from her enemies (quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 40).

[131] Mao, p. 30 ("Report of an Investigation of the Peasant Movement in Hunan," March 1927). This corresponds with our definition of legitimate revolutionary authority (moral calculus, 5.2.C.2).

[132] Burke, pp. 160-61.

[133] Moral calculus, 2.3, 2.3a.

[134] See above, "Defense of Creed;" see below, moral calculus, 5.2.E.2 [def. transparent and opaque creeds].

[135] See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

[136] See below, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[137] Rubin, p. 6.

[138] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 236.

[139] Having acknowledged that the Cossacks were the first army group to show sympathy to the people during the February Revolution, Trotsky continues: "This does not mean, however, that the Cossacks were more revolutionary than others. On the contrary, these solid property owners, riding their own horses, highly valuing their Cossack peculiarities, scorning the plain peasants, mistrustful of the workers, had many elements of conservatism" (ibid, p. 105). It is the phrase about national peculiarities which makes me shudder. It is as if these people—nomadic survivals according to Marxist category, and hence extremely primitive—were scarcely human, certainly as if their lifeways did not matter. They were in fact to suffer terribly under Soviet rule.

[140] Jordan, p. 102.

[141] One of hindsight's proofs of justifiability (though by no means a sufficient one) is: How accurately does revolutionary theory predict events? Valid prediction is, after all, a fair guarantor of accuracy. In 1932 Trotsky was able to predict the collapse of the British Empire (ibid, p. 99). On the other hand, he never predicted when the repressions of his revolution would end.

[142] Moral calculus, 5.2.M.2.

[143] Jordan, pp. 152-53.

[144] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, 5.2.C.2.

[145] Jordan, p. 153.

[146] Ibid, p. 164.

[147] As we saw from our study of the Bolsheviks, violent defense of authority is unjustifiable if authority itself refuses to entertain the idea of reconciliation—if, in effect, the people defended against are simply "outlawed."

[148] See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

[149] Lewes, p. 325.

[150] Deray, "Execution of the Demoiselles de la Métairies (Charette's cousins) at Nantes, 1793" (Musée des Beaux-Artes, Nantes) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 106.

[151] Lewes, p. 310.

[152] Burke, p. 329. Half a century earlier, Montesquieu had written: "hence it is that when a person renders himself absolute, he immediately thinks of reducing the number of laws" (p. 34; VI.2).

[153] "He was a terrorist pure and simple," writes Lefevbre of the Emperor (p. 19), and a certain Chinonois compares the severity of Napoleon's laws to Robespierre's.

[154] Furet and Ozouf, pp. 144-45 (François Furet, "Terror").

[155] Béricourt, "Unloading Victims after a Revolutionary Journée" (Musée Carnavalet, Paris), in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 106.

[156] Half a century later, Karl Marx, gleefully popping every balloon of natural rights, "the so-called human rights" (which he sees as selfish, in opposition to his mystic totality of community), will come at length to Article 8 of the Constitution of 1793: "Security consists in the protection afforded by society to each of its members for the conservation of his person, rights, and property." Marx comments: "Security is the highest social concept of civil society, the concept of the police... The concept of security does not allow civil society to raise itself above its egotism. Security is more the assurance of egotism" (*Selected Writings*, pp. 53-43; "On the Jewish Question," 1843).

[157] Engraving (Musée Carnavalet, Paris) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 522. Compare this scene with the 1931 trial of central Asian "wreckers and hoarders," as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

described in "Defense of Class," above.
[158] Engraving (Biblotèque National, Paris) in Furet and Ozouf, color plates following p. 522.
[159] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 196.
[160] Quoted ibid, p. 105.
[161] Quoted ibid, p. 167.
[162] E.g. Jordan, p. 181.
[163] Rudé, pp. 61-62.
[164] Ibid, p 133.
[165] Moral calculus, 5.2.M.2.
[166] Jordan, p. 14.
[167] Rudé,, pp. 148, 191.
[168] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 193. For a slightly different version of this quotation, see Furet and Ozouf, p. 396 (Patrice Higonnet, "Sans-Culottes").
[169] Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 89.
[170] Furet and Ozouf, p. 308 (Patrice Gueniffey, "Robespierre").
[171] Rudé notes that during his year in the Committee of Public Safety he signed only 544 of its orders. Only three out of the eleven other members signed fewer (*Robespierre*, p. 116).
[172] Lewes, p. 325.
[173] Thompson, p. 144 (letter no. 114, to Dejean April 25, 1806).
[174] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 48.
[175] Lewes, pp. 326-27.
[176] Ibid, p. 364.
[177] Ibid, p. 312.
[178] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 167.
[179] Robespierre, p. 316.
[180] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 173. Jordan quotes one of our man's speeches from 1793: "He who has gilded *culottes* is the enemy of all the sans-culottes" (p. 139).
[181] Lewes, p. 325.
[182] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 125 (italics mine).
[183] Quoted in Lewes, p. 371.
[184] Montesquieu, p. 18 (V.2). Robesierre quoted these words more than once in 1793.
[185] Carlyle, vol. 2, p. 404.
[186] Jessenne et al, p. 192 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation. She continues in her turgid style (not that I should cast stones): "It is time to acknowledge that the law of 22 Prairial represented the 'convenient means' of proceeding to elaborate institutions which made the terror useless and of making it impossible for factions to hinder the exercise of politics which had now been finally restored to the masses" (p. 203).
[187] Robespierre, *Oeuvres*, vol. 10, p. 494; quoted in Jessenne et al, p. 200 (Liliane Abdoul-Mellek), my translation.
[188] Rudé, *The French Revolution*, p. 107.
[189] Those who enjoy historical parallels can invoke the murder of the dissolute Roman Emperor Commodus, whose chamberlain, Praetorian prefect and most beloved concubine all banded together to have him drugged and strangled, out of fear of his unpredictable slaughters (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 39; ch. IV).
[190] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, pp. 84-85. Machiavelli advises his prince that it is safer to inspire fear than love, subjects being so ungrateful by nature; "nevertheless a prince ought to inspire fear in such a way that, if he does not win love, he avoids hatred; ... which will always be as long as he abstains from the property of his citizens and subjects and from their women" (p. 24). Robespierre frequently expropriated the first of these, and sent the second and third to the guillotine.
[191] Lewes, pp. 363-64.
[192] Robespierre, p. 156.
[193] Lefebvre, op. cit., p. 225.
[194] One scholar reads his speech as being not that of a defeated man, but of a political combatant about to launch a new struggle (Jessenne et al, p. 205; Jacques Solé, "Robespierre à la Convention le 8 thermidor: Discours testament ou discours programme?", my translation). Gueniffey simply says: "in order to relieve himself of all responsibility, he attempted with manifest bad faith to blame the excesses of the Terror on the Machiavellianism of his enemies" (Furet and Ozouf, p. 308; "Robespierre").
[195] Robespierre, pp. 158-59.
[196] Sade will be profiled further below, in "Punishment."
[197] Sulla receives mention above, in "Defense of War Aims."
[198] Sade, *Letters*, p. 187 (to Gaufridy, November 19, 1794).
[199] Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 209.
[200] Ibid, pp. 51-52.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[201] Marx, *Selected Writings*, pp. 300-01 ("The Eighteenth Briumaire of Louis Bonaparte," 1852).
[202] Bakunin, *God and the State*, p. 79.
[203] Some accounts have him shooting himself, but, as Lewes points out, his pistols were found fully charged when he was taken.
[204] Jessenne et al, p. 204.
[205] Jessenne et al, p. 215 (Solé).
[206] Quoted in Lewes, p. 365.
[207] The reason that revolutionaries so often fool themselves with any number of versions of what we'll call Trotsky's Strike Fallacy is that for them, for whatever reason, the revolution has already achieved full justification in an apodictic or even religious sense. Therefore, whatever ideas and methods are of assistance to the revolution's preliminary task of destruction of the old order are immediately inverted into dangers once the revolution is successful. Strikes were progressive under capitalism. Now that the angels have won, strikes are disruptive, counterrevolutionary. Trotsky upholds the first, crushes the second. The revolutionaries become sleepwalkers. As Plato should have said, the unexamined revolution is not worth fighting.
[208] Carus, p. 197 (parable of the woman at the well).
[209] Hobbes, p. 722.
[210] Laqueur, p. 37 (*De Jure Regni apud Scotos*, London, 1680).
[211] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 2, pp. 615-16 (italics in original). If Solzhenitsyn's analysis is correct, then the Russian Revolution was morally bankrupt from the very beginning. It is easy to see why he thinks so. He and millions of others certainly suffered intolerably.
[212] Arno Gruen, *The Insanity of Normality: Realism as Sickness: Toward Understanding Human Destructiveness*, trans. Hildegarde and Hunter Hannum (New York: Grove Weidenfeld, 1992), p. 92.
[213] Darrow, p. 161.
[214] Gandhi, p. 202 ("Satyagraha *v.* Compulsion," *Harijan*, April 15, 1933).
[215] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 251, ("Akkadian Observations on Life: A Pessimistic Dialogue Between Master and Servant").
[216] *You Can't Blow Up a Social Relationship*, p. 6.
[217] Hoffman, p. 223. "NEVER FORGET THAT OURS IS A BATTLE AGAINST A MACHINE NOT AGAINST PEOPLE" (p. 161).
[218] Hoffman, p. 14.
[219] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 323.
[220] Open letter entitled "Words from the Underground to the People of the United States of America," *Sacramento News and Review*, November 22, 1995, p. 13.
[221] Khun Sa, p. 51.
[222] Quoted in Lewes, p. 198.
[223] Laqueur, p. 138 (HSRA manifesto, 1930).
[224] Jefferson, p. 882 (letter to James Madison, January 30, 1787).
[225] Carus, p. 199 (parable of the hungry dog).
[226] Castro, p. 203 (speech of September 28, 1966).
[227] Machiavelli, p. 9.
[228] Bakunin, p. 372.
[229] Stephen Owen, p. 1,151 ("On the Yellow Sea: A Man from Japan Sought some Verses and Also Showed Me a Map of the Russo-Japanese War").
[230] Luxemburg, "Beginnings of the German Revolution," in *Selected Political Writings*, p. 368.
[231] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 474.
[232] Laqueur, p. 166 (*Handbook of Urban Guerrilla Warfare* [the "Minimanual"], n.d., *ca.* 1967).
[233] "FC," p. 69, para. 201 ("Strategy").
[234] Lewes, p. 277.
[235] Quoted in Lewes, p. 312.
[236] Winkler, p. 93.
[237] Laqueur, p. 59 ("Murder," 1849).
[238] Ibid, p. 70 ("Catechism of the Revolutionary," 1869).
[239] Li, p. 482.
[240] U.S.-based planes had been bombing Cuba since at least 1959 (Blum, p. 186, citing the *New York Times*). As for the *La Coubre*, the U.S. "admitted that it had sought to prevent ths shipment" (loc. cit., citing *Facts on File* and the *New York Times*).
[241] Sartre, *Sartre on Cuba*, p. 142.
[242] Ibid, p. 144.
[243] Ruiz, p. 164.
[244] Adlai Stevenson, the American ambassador to the United Nations, justifies the raid to

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that body between the lines of a mendacious assertion of non-involvement: "I have listened here to every kind of epithet and abuse of my country... Let me just ask—if this was a United States military operation, do you think it would succeed or fail?... Perhaps the best evidence of the falsity of the shrill charges of American aggression in Cuba is the melancholy fact that this blow for freedom has not yet succeeded" (*Annals of America*, vol. 18, pp. 29, 31; "Adlai E. Stevenson: The Bay of Pigs," statements of April 18, and April 20, 1961).

[245] Blum, p. 187. Blum cites a number of sources to substantiate his allegation that U.S.-based attacks on Cuba continued; see p. 410.

[246] Ibid, pp. 188-89. Is the Yankee government behind all this, or do the Yankees simply allow anti-Castro Cubans to operate on American soil? The only difference is whether they are actively or passively complicit in aggression. It has been argued that Castro was compelled to join the Soviet bloc less because of any American action (he neither requested nor was refused aid by the U.S.) than because of "the strident anti-Americanism of his revolutionaries" (Ruiz, p. 4). If the pattern of invasive, destructive and murderous acts attributed to the Americans has been *justly* so attributed—and it seems that they have been—and if those acts did in fact commence at the beginning of the revolution, then it is hard to see how Castro had much choice. If the charges are lies, then Cuba still had the right, as a sovereign nation, to join with the Soviets.

[247] Castro, p. xv (introduction: description of a Castro speech).

[248] Castro, p. 61 (speech: "The whole nation on the march, afraid of nothing," October 26, 1959, to protest bombing of Cuba by the U.S.A.).

[249] Sartre, *Satre on Cuba*, p. 152.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA, SANTA CRUZ
3 2106 01729 2670

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME IV

JUSTIFICATIONS

DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION, AND REVENGE

PUNISHMENT

LOYALTY, COMPULSION, AND FEAR

SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY

SADISM, MASOCHISM, AND PLEASURE

MORAL YELLOWNESS

INEVITABILITY

EVALUATIONS

FOUR SAFEGUARDS

REMEMBER THE VICTIM

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME FOUR

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

Univ. Library, UC Santa Cruz 2004



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

HM
1116
V644
2003
v.4

VOLUME FOUR

CONTENTS

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION TWO:
POLICY AND CHOICE

21. FROM *RAISON D'ETAT* TO REASONS OF SPLEEN 7
Introduction to violence as policy.

22. DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE 11
Pancho Villas's exemplary assassinations compared with Stalin's; Molotov and the trial of the trade unionist Rudzutak; separability of deterrence and retribution; Laurence of Arabia's massacre of Turks at Tafas, and his translation of Odysseus's massacre of the suitors in the Odyssey; retaliation in Egil's Saga; Peloponnesian expediencies; the Cuban missle crisis; required degree of retaliation; the Aztec flower wars; nuclear deterrence: mutually assured destruction; symmetry, ending the cycle.

23. PUNISHMENT 73
Legal retaliation as moral expression; concentration camp punishments; Cicero vs. Robespierre; the necesity of degradation; a witch-burner's casebook; the FBI's rules of engagement at Ruby Ridge; why crimes became unmatched with punishments over the centuries; Plato's punishment of rocks; John Brown's celestial account-book of domestic punishment; the transferability of punishment to the innocent; the question of moral agreement between executioner and condemned; De Sade's prison revelations; Alexander Berkman's prison education.

24. LOYALTY, COMPULSION AND FEAR 149
The good Nazis: Ohlendorff and Keitel; the Japanese feudal code: law and ethical commonality; the Jewish calculus at Kalish and the Warsaw Ghetto: sacrificing the innocent for the whole.

25. SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY 191
Sadistic aesthetics; sadism as expediency's tool; sadistic spectacle as prop-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

aganda; torture as truth-seeking, deterrence, retribution, revenge, and pleasure; De Sade's fantasies; pleasure in one's work.

26. SADISM, MASOCHISM AND PLEASURE 215
Consensual S&M sex.

JUSTIFICATIONS, SECTION THREE:
FATE

27. MORAL YELLOWNESS 227
Precategorizing and stereotyping the objects of violence; the visibility of evil souls; the injustice of physically stereotyping the Nuremberg defendants; August Sander's photographs of persecuted Jews.

28. INEVITABILITY 237
Inevitability as a ubiquitous (and ever unjustified) excuse for violence.

EVALUATIONS

29. FOUR SAFEGUARDS 243
Increase the likelihood of ultimate legitimacy of your violence by: (1) making sure you are justified in as many of the above categories as possible; (2) rendering your cause attractive to as many diverse participants as possible; (3) combining experience and theory; (4) acknowledging context carefully.

30. REMEMBER THE VICTIM! 255
Since this book has dealt so extensively with violent moral actors and their justifications, this chapter pays brief homage to the objects of their violence.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTIFICATIONS
POLICY AND CHOICE

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 21

FROM RAISON D'ETAT TO REASONS OF SPLEEN

If you hold an ax but do not attack, then bandits will come.

T'AI KUNG, *SIX SECRET TEACHINGS*
(ELEVENTH CENTURY B.C.?)[1]

This woman said to me, "Give me your son, that we may eat him today, and we will eat my son tomorrow." So we boiled my son and ate him. And on the next day I said to her, "Give your son, that we may eat him;" but she has hidden her son.

KINGS 2:6.28-29

In previous chapters we considered various cases of violence which might or might not be justifiable—namely, invocations of self-defense. We now move to the edge of that category, and soon will pass beyond it into a descriptive catalogue of violent actions which can rarely, if ever, be justified.

When the Mytilenians revolted against Athens in 428 B.C., they explained to the Spartans, whom they hoped would accept them into their alliance: "As it is, they [the Athenians] are always in the position where they can take the initiative in

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



This memory-drawing by my Vietnamese friend Huy depicts how he and other punks beat up a racist skinhead who had attacked them.

aggression; we should be allowed the initiative in self-defense."[2] —There is a one-word definition of proactive self-defense: aggression. Sometimes, to be sure, such acts are justified. If I am being held hostage and one day manage to kill my guard and escape, then I have simply made fair use of my right to dispose of my own person as I see fit, no matter whether the guard was or was not menacing me at that particular moment—in fact, if he was, I probably would be unable to slay him; hence the self-aggrandizing Mytilene position. Legitimate war aims[3] are customarily executed proactively; indeed, proportionality and discrimination[4] may be best served by preemptive measures.[5] If I can attack first, before the enemy has built a bridgehead, the fighting will be less protracted and severe. Defense of earth against a scientifically imminent emergency may also require what most people would interpret as a first strike.

But Machiavellians may be counted on to broaden the definition, pointing out that actual menace on the part of our enemy need not be necessary, only behavior that we find disagreeable. Moreover, we may find it proactive to punish an act already committed, if by so doing we can deter its recurrence. As always with human behavior, what might have seemed at first to be two mutually exclusive choices are in fact quite difficult to dissect away from one another.

Once the Mytilenians had set the tone, the city-state of Scione invoked a similar proposition during her own revolt against Athens. The Athenians were scarcely persuaded. "On the motion of Cleon, a decree was passed immediately to recapture

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Scione and to put its inhabitants to death."[6]

From proactive self-defense as deterrence, retribution and revenge, we shall move next to an examination of punishment as an act of justice or balance almost severed from self-defense, then to the final categories of sadism, expediency, "moral yellowness," inevitability and utility—which is say, violence by deliberate policy.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 22

DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION, AND REVENGE

On the orders of an officer with the powers of at least a battalion commander, collective drastic measures will be taken against localities from which cunning or malicious attacks are made on the Armed Forces, if circumstances do not permit of a quick identification of individual offenders.

FIELD MARSHAL WILHELM KEITEL (1941)[1]

I think that the American Army as a unit will handle the 12th S.S., every unit they can get a hold of. They are the men that killed our people in cold blood... We hate everybody that ever wore a 12th S.S. uniform.

GENERAL DWIGHT D. EISENHOWER (1945)[2]

When Pancho Villa, that wide-sombrero'd, double-bandoliero'd, squinting, mustached swaggerer, resolved to shoot Señor Claro Reza in revenge for the latter's attack upon his hideout, it had to be done where all the people could see, "even in front of Government Palace—do you agree, *compadre?*" Reza was police, and Villa that transitional life-form, a highwayman with an ideology. Having crawled out of the primeval sea of manifest self-interest, he could now evolve successively

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

into each of the following creatures: guerrilla leader, general, statesman, underdog, martyr.[3] No matter that self-interest nourished these incarnations, too: authority needs to act a rarefied part in order to legitimize itself. Reza's murder, then, would enact revolutionary justice.[4] *Deterrence, retribution and revenge must all be didactic to accomplish their ends.*[5] Somebody shoots Reza somewhere, and who cares? Villistas shoot him to teach a lesson; other Rezas might take fearful heed. So they riddled him in the marketplace—more dangerous for the killers than any ambush. Crowds witnessed this reduction of a human being into a bleeding corpse. Then the Villistas galloped away in broad daylight, pursued by cavalry, but not too zealously, because local authority was already getting frightened of them.[6] They'd made their point, putting symbolic politics ahead of "pure" expediency—and thereby furthering long-term expediency, since they could count on more impunity on subsequent occasions.



Pancho Villa

When Stalin signed the death sentence of the trade unionist Rudzutak, the result must have been as routine as it was secret. Rifles[7] boomed out, but not in any marketplace; their after-rings died muffled by stone walls. Rudzutak's corpse probably got heaved into a windowless lorry that night, landing on a bed of companion pale and bleeding limbs; then a couple of secret policemen climbed into the cab, lit cigarettes and drove off toward the newest pit. No witnesses—Moscow slept. Yet this execution was, if anything, even more symbolic than the murder of Reza, for *Rudzutak had committed no actionable behavior to speak of.* Expressing a doubt or two about policy, as most sincere moral actors do, he'd remained more than loyal to his Party. The silence of deterrence crashed down upon him. It reverberated not among "the masses," but among the people who counted, the ones who dictated in the masses' name. Along the darkened corridors of officialdom, Rudzutak's steps sounded no more: ominous echoes of his absence goaded survivors into the outer marches of enthusiastic abasement.

Is a public slaying any "better"—more honest, more subject to accountability—than a private one? In this book I have made the argument that it is. The Maxims for Murderers posted warningly in our moral calculus[8] share the dangerous trait of *unaccountability.* Needless to say, if the slaying wasn't right in the first place, then making it public merely magnifies its effects without justifying it. The theatrical liquidations accomplished by Robespierre's guillotine or Mao's village hangmen sicken me no less than shootings under carefully controlled conditions in the Lubyanka cellars; the spontaneity of the lyncher or the opportunistic sex-murderer has its counterpole in the seemingly passionless foresightedness of an Eichmann.

Stalin, for all his private rages,[9] took Eichmann's course, proceeding by means of the NKVD, with malice aforethought. As for Pancho Villa, he was one of those individuals called "mercurial." How many times would he greet a man affectionately, then become convinced of treachery and order him up against the wall? Even

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

then the story might not be over. Somebody might plead the laws of hospitality, appealing to Villa's outer and inner honor:[10] a great brave commander such as he had no need to execute people! Then Villa dismissed the firing squad, and weepingly threw his arms around the condemned man now brought back to life, in tribute to his own potency to make and unmake other human beings. The unkilled man was Villa's own monument! Was that the end, then? Sometimes his mind might change yet again; and the resurrected found himself re-condemned.[11] Here the goal of violence comprised but a will-o'-the-wisp, a fitfully shining ball of nothingness. The same can be said of the characters in Sade's books: After the orgasm, what remained but the vile puppet within whose orifices the protagonist of the moment, solitary human in a world of puppets, had masturbated?[12] Like any violent act, deterrence, retribution and revenge must follow a consistent moral goal.



Villista firing squad

DEFINITIONS, LESSONS, PERFORMANCES

To cast them in their respective variants of the Golden Rule, deterrence is "do unto others to discourage them from doing unto you,"[13] and retribution is "do unto others as they have done unto you—or else do worse."[14] Deterrence is expedient, although it may act in the service of ethical ends; retribution may have expedient deterrent effects, or not, but it is moral or bureaucratic; it operates within a larger system of means and ends.

Lenin writes a telegram to Frunze in 1919, during the Russian Civil War: "Use both bribery and threats to exterminate every Cossack to a man if they set fire to the oil in Guriev."[15] Had this telegram been posted on the walls of Guriev, it would have comprised deterrence; its violence was certainly planned. In the absence of any warning to potential arsonists, it would have comprised retribution or revenge.

Consistent deterrers and retributors must *reward* after the same fashion. Thus, we are told, Syloson the Greek gives a flame-colored cloak to Darius the Persian, gratis. Darius becomes King of Persia, requites Syloson with an entire island, while requiting traitors and shirkers with death.[16]

Retaliation contains within it both deterrence and retribution. The latter subcategory may be similarly divided into *revenge* and *punishment.* Punishment will be considered in the next chapter; revenge is retaliation or retribution carried out for

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the satisfaction of the revenger, or for the benefit of a victim or offended party.[17]

It all blends, as exemplified by the following newspaper clipping:

WIFE FORCED TO SLEEP WITH DEAD HUSBAND

BEIJING — A young farm woman in southern China was forced to kiss her dead husband and sleep with his body by her in-laws, who blamed her for his suicide, a newspaper said yesterday. The incident occurred in the Xinhua district of Hunan province, the *Legal Daily* said. Luo Xianglan had only been married four months when her husband, Xie Zhanbei, committed suicide by swallowing insecticide after a fight with his father. The father then beat the wife, blaming her for neglecting his son and causing him to commit suicide. The dead man's elder sister and her husband told several members of the family to strip the woman and display her in front of the village. The young woman was struck with hands and feet in the back, chest and sexual organs. She was forced to kiss her dead husband and then lay beside him for several hours.[18]

Act of retribution.

Incident which triggered retribution (no indication as to whether wife was responsible).

Father's defense of honor, defense of authority, or simple revenge for daughter-in-law's perceived responsibility.

Retribution continues. Degree of family participation in the act implies either that the family shares the father's conviction of her guilt, or else that it bows to his authority.

This is retribution for a deed which the wife is charged with having instigated—and suddenly it seems to me that by the same logic the assassination of Señor Reza was also retribution as much as it was deterrence. Retribution is Pancho Villa killing Claro Reza—but deterrence infiltrates into the *planned and public* aspect of the killing. By the same token, the humiliation of the wife might well comprise deterrence: perhaps the family plans to keep her dowry, exploit her labor or otherwise cow her into some action disadvantageous to her. But the primary impression conveyed by this article is of an eruption of ungovernable ugly feelings. As I've said, to be *revenge*, violent retaliation must be carried out to satisfy the revenger, or for the benefit of a victim or offended party; whereas revengeless retribution seeks merely to impersonally checkmate an undesirable act. The actions of the dead husband's family were very personal. I imagine shrill outbursts, glares, curses, while the widow cowers, with nowhere to go.

(Perhaps no one, including her tormentors, anticipated this scene; perhaps it "just happened." How could we be surprised that retribution enjoys greater spontaneity than deterrence, which aims at a goal and hence must be plotted?)

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And so deterrence and retribution very frequently overlap, as in the case of a family friend who wrote a letter of advice to a young girl: "Now, I don't believe in much whipping, but children should be taught to mind, even if it is necessary to whip a little."[19] In other words, children ought to be whipped when they have committed some fault. Whipping will *requite* them (punish them) for the fault, and thereby hypothetically teach them "morals," more practically, it will deter them from (make them fear the consequences of) committing it again.

From this aphorism from a probably honorable and well-meaning man, violence slides all too easily down the continuum to the couple who beat their six-year-old niece with spike heels (the child's hands tied to a pipe), burn her vulva and buttocks with a hot iron, command her into a bathtub filled with ice, and so on until death. "These cruel and crude punishments had been utilized to discipline the child for real and fancied breaches of good behavior."[20]

Both retribution and deterrence are about "teaching a lesson." Hence this admonition from *Small Wars:*

> The mere expulsion of the opponent from ground where he has thought fit to accept battle is of small account; what is wanted is a big casualty list in the hostile ranks—they have been brought up to the scratch of accepting battle, they must feel what battle against a disciplined army means.[21]

DEFINITIONS

Deterrence I now define more precisely as the infliction of terror for the purpose of disheartening the victim or his people from acting in a way which the deterrers have proscribed,[22] an example being the letter received by Dr. George Woodward, abortionist: "If I hear you are still killing when I get to town, I will haunt you and your wife day and night and give you no peace. If you continue, I will hunt you down and kill you. You have until the 16th."[23] This cowardly, hateful document set out to deter by generating terror without accountability. Robespierre at least sat in his office and met with whomever wanted to talk with him; Marat received Charlotte Corday while writing in his bath, and got stabbed for his pains. But the woman who wrote to Dr. Woodward gave him no chance to debate her or defend himself against hovering retribution for a medical practice whose legitimacy had been confirmed by the highest court in the land. (At this letter writer's trial she whined and wept, but I am glad to say that she went to prison just the same.) Deterrence is what Martin Luther King had in mind when he wrote: "Since man is so often sinful, there must be some coercion to keep one man from injuring his fellows."[24] In this sense, deterrence is a necessary capability of legitimate authority.[25] *Deterrence is justified when it enforces a legitimate social contract.*[26]

In a very similar sense, deterrence was what Hobbes was thinking of, when he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

so wisely said that the worthy aim of punishment (as opposed to revenge or liquidation) is not to dwell upon the evil already committed, but to approach the good we hope for in the future[27]—in other words, either to improve the transgressor, or else to discourage transgressions on the part of the public.

Machiavellians can make any retaliation fit Hobbes's criterion: Reza's colleagues, perhaps, witnessed his end, and decided not to molest Pancho Villa's hideout anymore; Rudzutak's colleagues prudently sang Stalin's praises even louder than before. Since both moral authorities were by their own lights justified, weren't their acts all to the future good?

I repeat: the deterrent lesson must be plain. Thus we find in history an Aztec emperor who names himself, or is named, *He-has-bled-people.*[28] Amidst the mercantile cruelties of Russian America, we read this equally explicit seventeenth-century sentence, handed down in Siberia:

> The wives and children of the dead outlaws Filip Shcherbakov, and those of Mikhail Ontipin and Ivan Palomoshnoi were exiled to Nerchinsk *ostrog* [town] *in order to teach them not to steal in the future or plot rebellion or kill townsmen or rob anyone else.*[29]

That measure can be easily distinguished from the next, which was not intended to teach the offenders anything, they having been labeled unteachable:

> The *piatidesiatnik* [Cossack leader] Filip Scherbakov and Ivan Palamoshnoi, in accordance with the ukaz [edict] of the Great Sovereigns, died under torture in prison.[30]

Thus *retribution*—that is, is vengeful or revengeless violence inflicted in retaliation for a proscribed act already committed.

CLEON'S MAXIM

Thus not all deterrence makes for retribution, nor is all retribution deterrence—at least not in regard to the same targets. Filip Scherbakov's sentence cannot deter him from anything; on the other hand, maybe other outlaws will learn the lesson. A wife who murders her husband for adultery is unlikely to feel interested in frightening other husbands into remaining faithful; her motives are purely personal. Likewise, deterrence, rising up before us like a grim beacon of warning, may be purely proactive, as in the case of Stalin's policy of frequently liquidating relatives of people he'd already "repressed," on the theory that their bitterness might cause him problems later; such sternness also dissuaded others from dissent—no retribution involved there.[31] A broad statement of the Stalinist position is attributed to Cleon the Athenian, who insisted (at least as quoted by the unsympathetic Thucydides) that "it is a general rule of human nature that people despise those who treat them well and look up to those who make

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

no concessions."[32] Add this to our maxims for murderers.[33]

The execution of Rudzutak, then, comprises almost unalloyed deterrence: deterrence of truth, courage, integrity, intellect; deterrence crafted to break the public spirit.

MOLOTOV AND RUDZUTAK

"He couldn't be acquitted." That was Molotov speaking again, Molotov the survivor (by the end of World War II the size of his portrait was second only to Stalin's;[34] and only he got addressed by Stalin with the familiar pronoun),[35] Molotov our schoolmaster in the doctrine of preemptive violence, always foxy about self-defense; even when visiting his British allies during World War II he kept a revolver laid out beside his dressing gown and dispatch case, because you never knew where and who the enemies might be.[36] —"Now Rudzutak—he never confessed to anything about himself," says this soul of prudence. "He was executed by firing squad. A Politboro member. I don't think he was a conscious member of any faction, but he was too easygoing about the opposition and considered it all nonsense, just about trifles. That was unforgivable. He didn't realize the danger of his attitude. Up to a certain point he was a good comrade. He was unquestionably a very intelligent man."



Yan Ernestovich Rudzutak

Rudzutak was one of the chief trade unionists. By virtue of being a chief anything in that time and place, he was also, in the words of Isaac Deutscher, a member of Stalin's praetorian guard.[37] We find him remembered by Trotsky as a yes man (which perhaps correlates with Molotov's high estimate of his intelligence). In an anecdote highly characteristic of the teller, that icepicked defender of terror's razor describes how in the last throes of his public struggle with Stalin he once attended a Politboro session armed with "the latest issue of the central organ of the French Communist Party," and, translating it with his accustomed smug and pedantic fluency, proved once again (to his own satisfaction, at least) that the French were deviating from Leninism, and that Stalin and his appointees were such boors that they neither knew nor cared. He goes on:

> These excerpts were so expressive of their [authors'] ignorance and opportunism that for a minute there was confusion in the Politboro. But of course they could not let their "boys" down. The only member of that Stalinist Politboro who thought he knew a little French, a wistful echo of adolescent school days, was Rudzutak. He asked me for the newspaper clipping and began to translate it at sight, omitting unfamiliar words and phrases, distorting the meaning of others and supplementing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> them with his own fantastic comments. At once everybody supported him in chorus. It is hard to convey the feeling of pain, of indignation.[38]

In other words, as Deutscher writes, "the devotion of all these men to Stalin was beyond doubt."[39]

But Rudzutak stood soft on the opposition. He wanted to ease up on collectivization a little, de-emphasize the secret police and God knows what else. Yes, unforgivable! Perhaps it was retribution after all. When the show trials began,

> Postyshev, Rudzutak, Kossior, and others dared to express their remorse or doubts and to question [the prosecutor] Vyshinksky's procedures.[40] In doing so they at once incurred Stalin's suspicion of disloyalty; and, in truth, they were becoming 'disloyal' to him. Questioning the need for the extermination of the Trotskyists and Bukharinists, ... they were impugning his moral character and suggesting that he was guilty of an unpardonable enormity.[41]

Rudzutak's trial lasted twenty minutes.[42] His name was on a list of 138 people forwarded to Stalin and Molotov for review. That pair did review it, then signed it off with the notation: "Shoot all 138."[43]

"Couldn't you have protected him since you had known him for so long?" asks the interviewer, who worships Molotov.

"But one must not act just on personal impressions!" replies his idol indignantly (the very opposite of what a Roman statesman would have said).[44] "After all, we had materials incriminating him."

We can see the interviewer gathering his forces. He desires neither to antagonize Molotov nor to wound his own belief. But the case of Rudzutak bothers him a little, just as the cases of some of Vyshinksky's previous victims bothered Rudzutak himself. Anyhow, our interviewer's not asking about state secrets—all this happened half a century ago ago! Stalin is dead, Molotov, now out of power, must die soon, and Rudzutak has been posthumously rehabilitated.[45] Surely the issue can be answered. Swallowing, he whispers: "If you were confident..."

Molotov checkmates him: "I was not 100 percent confident."

Molotov is correct, as always. How can one be a hundred percent confident of anything? There was always one chance in a million that Rudzutak might have been guilty, as capitalists measure guilt. Anyhow, Rudzutak was "objectively" guilty: he had questioned Stalin.[46] Thus Stalin wanted him out of the way. Therefore it was moral to liquidate him—how simple ethics is! This we can truly call deterrence: Rudzutak would be deterred from ever acting against Stalin, by virtue of being a corpse, and surviving comrades would also be discouraged from becoming enemies of the people—another victory for Party unity.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTICE AS TRADITION
The moral calculus of Edmund Burke (1790)[47]

"Justice is grave and decorous, and in its punishments rather seems to submit to a necessity, than to make a choice."

"We know that we have made no discoveries; and we think no discoveries are to be made, in morality.... We fear God; we look up with awe to kings; with affection to parliaments; with duty to magistrates; with reverence to priests; and with respect to nobility."

"The science of jurisprudence, the pride of the human intellect ... is the collected reason of the ages."

JUSTICE AS TERROR
The moral calculus of Pavel Postyschev, candidate member of the Politboro (February 1934)[48]

"Justice is a power by which to suppress class enemies and a forceful weapon of education towards the new discipline and self-discipline of the workers."

On February 26, 1939, Postyschev, having confessed to counterrevolutionary activity, was shot. His wife and eldest son were also shot. His remaining children were placed in labor camps.

SENECA'S MAXIM

As we already saw in our study of Trotsky's razor of terror, when authority's self-defense becomes defined only in relation to itself, as opposed to being a general defense of *all* goodness under its sway,[49] then paranoia transforms itself into procedure, and what might have remained justifiable, if craven and ignoble, for an individual self—the bolting of every door, day and night, the seizing upon of all available proactive measures against treachery—becomes a crime on authority's part, because the proactive measures at its disposal are irresistible: its name is legion. Unfortunately, paranoia works; it's expedient. In our study of that first Caesar, "the deified Julius,"[50] we met a ruler who refused to acknowledge that fact and died at knifepoint. Stalin died in bed.

Among the satellites of the Twelve Caesars we find an analogue to Rudzutak: Seneca, more gentle and possibly more noble than he,[51] remained like Rudzutak a loyal courtier who would not encourage his sovereign's cruelty. When Nero passed his twelfth birthday, Seneca was appointed to be his tutor. In time he also became Nero's speechwriter and counselor,[52] hence necessarily his flatterer. Into his heart

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Seneca anxiously and futilely struggled to instill clement justice. A prominent equation in the old Stoic's moral calculus (which he was the first to admit stood more admirable than his own deeds) was that too much repression (too much deterrence, we might say) will corrode loyalty and fear into desperation; the tortured slave becomes a regicide although he knows that the consequence must be his own crucifixion.[33] We'll name this Seneca's Maxim.[34] For a dozen years, Nero more or less held that line. Then he took Stalin's path.[35] As for Seneca, his doom was measurably preferable to Rudzutak's: not only did he escape any trial, interrogation or suchlike ceremony of public degradation, he was permitted to open his own veins.

Both monsters owned captive senates; both ruled in an age of private armies who could turn upon their Caesars. (That prospect was Stalin's nightmare; it proved to be Nero's reality.) The consensualism with which Nero sought to glue his authority to legitimacy[36] was, in keeping with the fashion of those times, his own person, with a few easy bribes thrown in: he is credited with the slogan of "bread and circuses" as a means to satisfy the masses (in other words, of nonviolently deterring them from rising up against him). As for Stalin, he called upon *the unity of a beleaguered idea*, the socialist idea.[37]

Nero, declared a public enemy by the Senate, was compelled to slay himself.[38] It would seem that he deterred, avenged, etcetera, until his violence became unbearable. Because violence must achieve its stated end to be justifiable,[39] *violent deterrence is not justified when its effects are not foreseeable and controllable.*[60] Nero's violence is all the more seen as wrong because it overreached itself to the tyrant's own undoing.[61]

But Stalin, as we know, managed to forestall the operation of Seneca's Maxim, thanks in part to his century's superior apparatus of deterrence: the machine-guns, telephones, resources of detention and investigation. It was to save himself from the remotest hypothetical reach of Seneca's Maxim that Stalin eliminated Rudzutak.

CRIMINAL DETERRENCE, POLITICAL DETERRENCE

The germ of proactive self-defense, as spelled out in the KGB manual, possesses its kernel of reason; indeed, police and intelligence agencies around the world believe in it, whether or not they admit to doing so:

> DIFFERENCE BETWEEN CRIMINAL AND POLITICAL INVESTIGATION
>
> Criminal investigation is conducted by virtue of crimes committed; it does not anticipate crimes. Political investigation is conducted before the crime is committed and thus has as its aim prevention, to know not only the actual but the contemplated.[62]

There is absolutely nothing wrong with this philosophy. We'd not only applaud the FBI for unmasking a terrorist conspiracy in the USA before any bomb had gone off; we'd *expect* them to do it. Should you entertain any residual worries, the KGB

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

assures us that "the correctness of an investigation is conditioned by," among other things, "expedient morally pure investigatory principles."[63] Conveniently, every human being is a more or less dubious character, hence of inherent inferiority to his morally pure investigator: in the trial of a wife-beater we do not worry about whether the judge also beats his wife.[64] Hence Molotov's judgment as to Rudzutak's moral purity: "I was not 100 percent confident." How could he be?



Molotov

Well, how low *should* his confidence have been, for the deterrence of Rudzutakian activities to be justified? From the normal, domestic peacetime standard of incumbent bourgeois democratic authority, which has in most cases (I now reveal my class origins) informed the calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down*, one would simply ask: Is this individual named Rudzutak innocent or guilty? After all, "criminal investigation is conducted by virtue of crimes committed; it does not anticipate crimes."

Molotov's justice, on the other hand, is monstrous. It is monstrous because it seems *needless* to us; Rudzutak posed no imminent threat to anyone.

In our moral calculus we've adopted the following definition:

> "IMMINENCE" will often be asserted by someone who wants to justify violence. It applies to a threat of violence so immediate and so dangerous that a reasonable person would agree that violent defense, resistance, or even proactive action would be justified. Imminence extenuates many errors of perception and judgment. Imminence is the rule on the battlefield, and excuses conscripts from killing enemy combatants even if the war aim for which they fight is evil. Imminence is often confused with, or pretended to be, other quantities which may be debatable or outright wrong, for instance, the consolidation of legitimate or illegitimate revolutionary authority, the despairing zeal of John Brown, the urgent expedient need for Cortés to complete his wicked conquest.[65]

By this definition of imminence, any juridical violence against Rudzutak cannot be justified. Accordingly, Stalin and Molotov changed the definition.

Violence tends to necessitate itself: the more people I kill, the more I need to kill, in order to deter or prevent others from killing me. Let's name this excuse for violence *proactive imminence.* It need not be unjustified if the original violence which brought it into being was justified; still, it is obviously of a lower, more contingent order of justifiability than simple imminence.

The underlying justification for Stalin's brutally proactive defense of his own power was defense of the revolution[66] and of revolutionary authority,[67] whose sweeping arrogation of violent power beyond all limit[68] was in turn excused as a means to accomplish violent defense of class.[69] Unfortunately, as we saw, defense of class in the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Soviet Union was unjustified for a variety of reasons. This leaves any Stalinist appeal to proactive imminence in a decidedly poor position. In such a case, *violent deterrence is unjustified when directed against persons who have broken no code and are actively or passively loyal to the deterrer's authority.*[70]

Under circumstances of ordinary imminence, the following expedient calculus advises inflicting the maximum penalty: The robber is in the house. If I shoot merely to wound him, he may still be able to shoot back. Therefore, I'd better kill him. This may or may not be justice, but it is certainly survival. When the imminence happens to be proactive, similar logic comes into operation. That is why in the Stalin years it could be a capital crime simply to be the spouse of someone convicted of a capital crime[71]—Rudzutak's wife might want revenge![72] As it happened, Rudzutak's wife merely went to the Gulag. His brother, however, got shot; so did his brother's wife; their daughter was sentenced to death but survived to be sent to a labor camp.[73]

"What was he accused of?" asks the disciple.

"I can't remember now," answers Molotov (and, after all, it has been a long time). "He said, 'No! That's all wrong! I absolutely reject it. I have been tortured here. They are using force. I will sign nothing.'"

"Was that reported to Stalin?"

"It was," responds "this urbane, rigid diplomatist."[74] (In a photograph, we see him sitting at Stalin's left hand, wearing a dark suit, a little plump, a little round-faced, gazing calmly at something we'll never see.)[75] "He couldn't be acquitted. 'Do as you have to with him,' Stalin concluded. And Stalin had always had good relations with Rudzutak."

"And then he had him shot?"

"Shot."

"He might never have been guilty of anything?"

"Well, I can't vouch for his absolute integrity."[76]

We will take our leave of Molotov now, having studied him quite enough in these pages. But before laying him back in his red coffin laid out with red carnations ("the identification mark of the Bolsheviks")[77] we ought to ponder over what his epitaph should be—something that bears on deterrence, surely. Doing so is far from easy. In the words of one eyewitness, the somberly observant Djilas,

> with Molotov not only his thoughts but also the process of their generation was impenetrable. Similarly his mentality remained sealed and inscrutable.... The impression was gained that Molotov looked upon everything—even upon Communism and its final aims—as relative, as something to which he had to, rather than ought to, subordinate his own fate. It was as though for him there was nothing permanent, as though there was only a transitory and unideal reality which presented itself differently every day and to which he had to offer himself and his whole life.[78]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Deutscher was another who mused upon the secrets of this deterrentist's gunmetal soul. He wrote:

> Did men like Molotov [and Deutscher lists a number of others] not mind the execution of Rudzutak, Kossior, Postyshev, and Eikhe, who had been their closest comrades in the Stalinist Old Guard? If they did not mind it, they were scoundrels without a shred of conscience—how, then, could Stalin count on their loyalty? If they did mind, then, no matter how carefully they concealed their feelings, they could not but nurture a deep resentment and a hatred of their heartless master.[79]

This may well be an accurate summation of Stalin's calculus regarding these ciphers, and helps explain why even Molotov's wife would in due time be gathered in by the secret police. Stalin had never liked Polina Molotov.[80] She'd been the best friend of the dictator's second and final spouse, Nadezhda, and after Nadezhda's suicide did many kindnesses to her half-orphaned daughter, Svetlana. Perhaps he feared that she knew too much about the motivations both personal and political which compelled Nadezhda to bring that little pistol to bed with her. Time for more deterrence against proactive imminence! With clever cynicism, he retained the husband in uneasy and attenuated power. Polina Molotov remained in a Gulag camp for years; and the never-one-hundred-percent-confident Vyacheslav Molotov continued to obey the man who degraded him yet further, and might well have liquidated him had a stroke not carried him off (for once, death triumphed over malignancy). Molotov must have comprehended what was happening to him. And yet he did not hate Stalin. This I feel certain of, because in his conversations with the disciple, Felix Chuev, from which these reminiscences of Rudzutak have been extracted, he could have said practically whatever he liked. "History" had denounced the "cult of personality," and even cast Stalin's bones out of Lenin's mausoleum; how could Molotov fear the discredited ghost?[81] As it was, "history," personified by Chuev, cherished the following pearls of wisdom: Politicians were too liberal now, too humanitarian, the old murderer said; everything was going to the dogs. At least Stalin had toed the right line, Stalin had been "moderate." The very inexpediency of these remarks makes me believe in their sincerity.

In short, he was typical of every would-be surgeon who snatches up Trotsky's razor of terror in order to perform his own creative surgery upon the body politic—or should we call him the surgeon's faithful assistant? He gazes upon the bloody incisions, and finds them necessary if not beautiful. Authority has been defended, class revolution advanced. The affair of Rudzutak strikes me as, in a way, even more grim than that of the innocent victims of the French Revolution, as characterized by Lewes's sarcastic description of fanaticism: "What is the agony of a few thousands, compared with the triumph of an opinion?"[82] The French Revolution's condemned died, however, uselessly and cruelly, to advance an ideology, however corrupted. The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

liquidations of Rudzutak and his comrade millions, on the other hand, were simply expedient business—the easy payment made by despotism for the latest installment of its life insurance policy. *Deterrence is unjustified when its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with authority.*[83]

After all, nonconsensual authority *must* worry about life insurance. (Except in exceptional cases, what does consensual authority need deterrence for?) The main sense we gain from Molotov's remarks about Rudzutak (and about any other subject) is of a cautious, conservative watchfulness. We will not demean his steely convictions by calling him nervous. But that is the connotation: *What if* Rudzutak had done something? *What if* his stated concerns had already done something? Quick—shoot him, stop him before it goes any farther! And even if he's harmless, his death might deter others! (We don't even know the exact date of his death. His trial was secret.) This is deterrence at its outermost evil limit. This is the scorched earth of the soul.

THE TURK WHO WEPT

In September of 1918, T. E. Lawrence and his Arab forces, being advised by the British that a column of Mezerib Turks two thousand in number was approaching, set out to meet it. By the time they did so, the Turks had already taken Tafas, where, Lawrence writes with dryly restrained anger in the *Arab Bulletin*, "they... allowed themselves to rape all the women they could catch." Upon perceiving the Arab attack, the Turks murdered every inhabitant, including "some twenty small children (killed with lances and rifles), and about forty women. I noticed particularly one pregnant woman, who had been forced down on a saw-bayonet." Because of these atrocities, his order was, for the first and only time in the campaign: No prisoners.



Laurence of Arabia

> The second and leading portions [of the enemy], after a bitter struggle, we wiped out completely. We ordered 'no prisoners' and the men obeyed, except that the reserve company took two hundred and fifty men (including many German A.S.C.) alive. Later, however, they found one of our men with a fractured thigh who had been afterwards pinned to the ground by two mortal thrusts with German bayonets. Then we turned our Hotchkiss on the prisoners and made an end of them, they saying nothing. The common delusion that the Turk is a clean and merciful fighter led some of the British troops to criticize Arab methods a little later—but they had not entered Turaa or Tafas.[84]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In *Seven Pillars of Wisdom* Lawrence adds other details, regarding both what the Turks did in Tafas, which I gladly omit, and what he and the Arabs did in return. For the latter, this elaboration of Lawrence's order and its results will suffice:

> I said, 'The best of you brings me the most Turkish dead,' and we turned after the fading enemy, on the way shooting down those who had fallen out by the wayside and came imploring our pity. One wounded Turk, half naked, not able to stand, sat and wept to us. Abdulla turned away his camel's head, but the Zaagi, with curses, crossed his track and whipped three bullets from his automatic into the man's bare chest. The blood came out with his heart beats, throb, throb, throb, slower and slower.[85]

REVENGE AT TAFAS

What we have here is a form of capital punishment: a combination of revenge and deterrence which the Turks' atrocity called into operation. Of course, this is *collective* capital punishment, and knowing only as much about the weeping Turk as Lawrence told us—which is to say, only as much as he knew—we cannot determine the man's guilt or innocence vis-à-vis atrocities at Tafas. Nor did his guilt appear to be an issue for Lawrence.[86] The military historian John Keegan insists: "There are no circumstances, in any code of justice which the British army recognizes, that justify the shooting of unarmed men, not convicted of capital crimes by a court of law, who have fallen into one's power."[87] Of course the Turk who wept probably failed to qualify as unarmed; he hadn't surrendered his weapon—Lawrence and the Arabs would not let him. Was he then convicted of a capital crime? —Lawrence defined it so.

In war, definers abound. Pancho Villa regularly shot his prisoners if they fell into particular categories: (i) officers of the *federales* (if they were members of the lower ranks their fate was at the discretion of the individual *Villista* commander); (ii) followers of his ex-ally Orozco, who'd turned on him; (iii) Americans, in arms or not, after the Americans began to support his enemies (at Santa Isabel the *Villistas* killed sixteen American miners and engineers; then they rode across the border and murdered twenty-six Americans in Columbus, New Mexico, most of them civilians);[88] (iv) Chinese (when they captured Parral in 1916, they were shouting, "We are going to kill gringos!" but there were none, so they hung the Chinese instead).[89] What the *Villistas* did, since they did it so often, was policy, however slapdash and unjustified according to other moral criteria such as discrimination[90] and defense of race.[91] At least they followed Walzer's Axiom: It is less important for the justice of a war that any particular item be on the list of limitations than that there *be* a list.

What Lawrence and the Arabs did might have been policy, since they usually did discriminate between armed combatants and unarmed prisoners. It might also have been sheer rage.

Unlike Villa and Stalin, Lawrence was not ordinarily a cruel man; indeed, at the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

successful conclusion of the Arab Revolt at Damascus he worked hard to remove decomposing corpses and sick-filth from an improvised hospital for Turkish prisoners.[92] We ought not to forget his statement, already quoted, that the Turks were not clean fighters. He made this assertion more than once, repeating that Turks never took Arab prisoners, and that their methods of withholding quarter were less than humane.[93] Tafas made his blood boil, and it should have. But should he have responded as he did?

AN EXECUTIONER'S DROLLERIES

Years after that war had been won, the acclaimed book designer Bruce Rogers asked Lawrence to translate Homer's *Odyssey.* Lawrence was willing. He had often mused over the poem, which he read in Greek: "It goes with me, always, to every camp, for I love it."[94] He felt himself specially prepared to do the job. For one thing, he had done archaeological excavations in the Middle East. Nor was that all. The Turk who wept would help him achieve verisimilitude! As he wrote to Rogers:

> I have handled the weapons, armour, utensils of those times, explored their homes, planned their cities. I have hunted wild boars and watched wild lions, sailed the Aegean (and sailed ships), bent bows, lived with pastoral peoples, woven textiles, built boats, and killed many men. So I have odd knowledges that qualify me to understand The Odyssey.[95]

Does the resulting translation give us any clues to his state of mind, or soul, when he killed his Turkish and German prisoners? The task finally done, in a dismissive note to the printer he says of the poem: "Gay, fine and vivid it is: never huge or terrible."[96] Compared to the *Iliad* with its myriad ghastly battle-scenes this may be true, but parts of the *Odyssey* are terrible enough. In Book XXII, the revenge taken by Odysseus against the suitors who despoiled and tyrannized his household[97] is described with unforgettably gruesome naturalism. Could it be that Lawrence ridiculed Homer as a mere bookish stay-at-home, "all adrift when it comes to fighting," who had never seen a single battle-death[98] because he, a self-proclaimed killer, found the destruction of the suitors to be physiologically or strategically implausible?

To me, at least, this book of the poem glows and glares with horrific power. Halfway through its retributory executions, while from the rafters Pallas Athene smites the suitors with supernatural fright, and our returned householder with his few companions drives them all back and back, crunching their skulls, shooting them in throat or liver, one named Leodes (who'd tried and failed to string the master's bow) seizes the knees of his enemy—or, as Lawrence renders it in his translation, in terms not dissimilar to the ones in his account of the Turk who wept: "By your clasped knees, O Odysseus, pity me and show mercy."[99] Since he is gripping

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Odysseus killing the suitors

those knees, one must imagine that, like the wounded Turk, he was "sitting and weeping" to Odysseus—who heeds him not.[100] Just as the Turk's dying heart beats out a tattoo of blood, like the neck of a decapitated chicken (I have killed those), so Leodes also meets death with the sad incongruousness of vain movement. Samuel Butler in his version has it: "Then he struck Leiodes on the back of his neck, so that his head fell rolling in the dust while he was yet speaking."[101] Lattimore uses almost the same words: "And the head of Leodes fell in the dust while he was still speaking."[102] The more recent translation of Robert Fagles puts it, slightly more inventively: "And the praying head went tumbling in the dust."[103] In Lawrence's version, however, the matter goes beyond incongruity to approach the comic: "His head, yet praying for mercy, was confounded in the dust."[104] We ought not to read too much into what might be something other than callous trivialization—after all, as his note to the printer makes clear, Lawrence had tired of the whole poem by now—as tired of "that cold-blooded egotist Odysseus"[105] as of Leodes—probably more so, since Odysseus appears on practically every page. In Lawrence's life, everything had a tendency to turn to ashes. He had loved the *Odyssey* once; he'd loved war, and the Arab Revolt; but now it all sickened him, and he importuned his commander, Allenby, to be discharged, "pointing out how much easier the New Law would be if my spur were absent from the people. In the end he agreed; and then at once I knew how much I was sorry."[106] Thus ends his famous *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.*

Lawrence was cracking up, his own mental instability now often betrayed by laughter, as when the sick and dying Turks in that hospital had begged him for pity. Did he recollect the begging of the Turk who wept? It has been said that the laugh-reflex derives from consciousness of some logical or emotional disjunction—often a disjunction between persons, as when somebody is degraded in the laugher's eyes.[107] I think of Caesar after his victory over Pompey, flittering all over the Roman world, conquering and pardoning, ascending rapidly now into his sterile godhead. Everyone is beneath him. In his revealing words, "I myself am never happier than when pardoning suppliants."[108] He sees King Pharnaces charging toward him at the head of a hostile army and is "amused at his vainglorious display."[109] Lawrence's translation of the *Odyssey* passage, and likewise his account of the Turk who wept, both echo with such pathetic chuckles of would-be omnipotence. When he saw the Turks in the hospital, his anxious superiority must have cracked in two: he was living, they were per-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ishing; he was victorious, clean, successful, and they vanquished and physically loathsome; they had fought in a bad cause, for bad war aims—and now, as it appeared, so had he. "There was something which made me laugh at their whispering in unison, as if by command," he writes.[110] He laughed—but he helped them, and later suffered nightmares about the jellied cadavers he'd found there and conveyed to a mass grave. A British medical major arrived the next day and, not knowing how much worse the hospital had been, called Lawrence a "bloody brute." Again Lawrence laughed, and the major slugged him.[111] Earlier on, "a Turkish colonel from the window fired at me with a Mauser pistol, cutting the flesh of my hip. I laughed at his too-great energy, which thought, like a regular officer, to promote the war by the killing of an individual."[112] How then could he have promoted justice by sparing one from retribution?



Laurence with Emir Feisal at peace conference (1919)

THE TORMENT OF EXPEDIENCY

This brilliant and sensitive man—both more literary and more solitary than Trotsky[113] (more akin to Caesar in both regards); capable, unlike Stalin, of admiring others, but almost as merciless as Stalin on the occasions (rare in Lawrence's case) that he undertook some retributory resolution; sardonically tormented; illegitimate; perhaps homosexual; guilty over everything—knew that his countrymen had lied to the Arabs, promising them independence if they fought for it; meanwhile, they'd secretly partitioned Arabia between themselves and the French. (Stalin, taking such maneuvers as matters of course, would have grinned, puffed his pipe and derived whatever advantage he could.) "In this hope" of self-sovereignty, Lawrence later wrote, his irregulars "performed some fine things, but, of course, instead of being proud of what we did together, I was continually and bitterly ashamed."[114] (Stalin was never ashamed, as far as we know. Maybe shame is in inverse proportion to murderousness.) Meanwhile, Lawrence promoted British interests so well that he was decorated with medals he refused to wear; for as he wrote at the beginning of *Seven Pillars*, in a passage which Villa, Caesar, Trotsky and Stalin would never have penned, "the only thing remaining was to refuse rewards for being a successful trickster."[115] He took his job description to an almost parodic extreme of blatantly cynical manipulation in the "twenty-seven articles" he composed for "handling Arabs:"

> 4. Win and keep the confidence of your leader. Strengthen his prestige at your expense before others when you can. Never refuse or quash schemes he may put forward: but ensure that they are put forward in the first instance privately to you. Always approve them, and after praise modify them insensibly, causing the sugges-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> tions to come from him, until they are in accord with your own opinion. When you attain this point, hold him to it, keep a tight grip of his ideas, and push him forward as firmly as possible, but secretly so that no one but himself (and he not too clearly) is aware of your pressure.[116]

This is politics. This is what politicians do, but the lesson which Lawrence left unlearned is that the politician himself is to supposed to be unaware of, or at least companionable with, the pressure he puts. Pancho Villa was all grandiosity, and Stalin knew that everything he did was right; but Lawrence despised himself. That is why he had a growing death-wish. In one of his war notebooks he'd written: "I've decided to go alone to Damascus, hoping to get killed on the way... We are calling them to fight for us on a lie, and I can't stand it."[117] In 1918, surrounded, as he thought, by the enemy, he rode straight toward them "to end the business, in all the exhilaration of that last and terrific and most glad pain of death," because "when combats came to the physical, bare hand against hand, I used to turn myself in. The disgust of being touched revolted me more than the thought of death and defeat."[118] (His aversion to flesh had metastasized within him after his capture and rape by Turkish soldiers in 1917.) But once again he won neither death nor defeat. The supposed enemy were friends.

The war over, and the Arabs more or less sold down the river, Lawrence, now famous, was invited to meet King George. The good soldier said to the King: "Your Cabinet are an awful set of crooks."[119]

He did what he could to help Prince Feisal get the sovereignty that he deserved, and was rewarded with the following compliment from the Foreign Office: "We and the War Office feel strongly that he is to a large extent responsible for our troubles with the French over Syria... the India Office hope that Lawrence will never be employed in the Middle East again in any capacity."[120] I am sure that the India Office's assessment was correct: Lawrence remained incapable of becoming a professional employed in the calculus of expediency and loyalty. His loyalties were of the personal kind. He worshipped Allenby, his former commanding officer. Feisal liked and appreciated him for his efforts. But they drifted apart: Feisal was a king, and Lawrence, who in terms of his power over government resources (as opposed to his reputation) was now a postwar nobody, further degraded himself to become "Private Shaw." He continually wrote and spoke of being filthy inside, of longing to commit some hideous act which would make people feel the contempt for him that he deserved. I presume that this means he'd already committed it—perhaps by being "touched" by his Turkish rapists, perhaps also by being touched a little by the death of the Turk who wept—he was no Eichmann; in that passage don't you also find a secret spring of pity? Or is it all stone sadism to you? "The blood came out with his heart beats, throb, throb, throb, slower and slower." Is this merely clinical? Why did he watch—why write it? What was he thinking? How many other men did he kill

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

directly and indirectly? I have never met a witness to violent death who hasn't been corroded by it.

Surely he thought to put the episode out of his mind. In the article on guerrilla warfare which he had been asked to write for the fourteenth edition of the *Britannica*, Lawrence proved himself to be capable of disavowals after all, assuring students of the Arab Revolt that "the members had to keep always cool, for the excitement of a blood-lust would impair their science, and their victory depended on a just use of speed, concealment, accuracy of fire. Guerrilla war is far more intellectual than a bayonet charge."[121]

Between 1923 and 1935, John Bruce, his mate in the Tank Corps, is said to have flogged Lawrence nine times at the latter's request.[122] Very probably he rediscovered what he had already learned in Arabia when a scorpion stung him, that "pain of this quality never endured long enough really to cure mind-sickness."[123]

In his uniform and in his Arab dress there is little of him to see, except that like Napoleon he was short. Later portrait photographs show him to have been quite handsome, with a smooth face and rather hypnotic eyes. Peter O'Toole did a good job playing him in *Lawrence of Arabia.*

DETERRENCE AT TAFAS

If we set aside the unjustifiability of the act as retribution, and consider its expediency as deterrence, we cannot forget the significant possibility that other Turks, hearing how and why their fellow column had been wiped out, were in fact deterred from committing further atrocities—or, perhaps, simply deterred from engaging Arabs where possible (this being the classical sense of military deterrence, as when the Moghul dynast Babur put to death "several" of his prisoners, "to strike terror into the enemy").[124]

We agreed that a good end cannot be validated by a bad means. But if the end of deterrence is good—*to prevent unjustified violence*[125]—and if its means follows the proportionality principle; that is, if the number of people harmed by the act is less than the number saved[126]—then we must suspend our condemnation until we have finished considering the moral utility of the act.

My first thought on the matter is that perhaps Lawrence could have deterred the Mezerib Turks in a less sanguinary way. During the American Civil War, President Lincoln was very careful to distinguish deterrence from revenge. In his order of retaliation against Confederate troops who were dispatching unarmed colored Union soldiers, he invoked, as Nuremberg would eighty-two years later, international law and custom as sufficient warrant to denounce that practice. *Violent deterrence is justified when it enforces a legitimate social contract—in short, when it is an instrument of legitimate authority.*[127] "It is therefore ordered that for every soldier of the United States killed in violation of the laws of war, a rebel soldier shall be execut-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ed."[128] In short, if the thing must be done, it would be done judiciously and judicially, without malice or excess; the retaliation would be one to one, not ten to one or a hundred to one. [*See following pages.*]

Numerically equitable though it might have been (Lawrence did not bother to establish any preconceived ratio between his victims and their own civilian victims at Tafas, but it would have been on the order of ten to one),[129] Lincoln's retaliation order would still have failed to dispense fair justice to the Turk who wept, either. I imagine that doomed soul as a conscript, a weak, hangdog fellow who could barely lift his own rifle, who hadn't been paid in months, or issued rations, perhaps, since before Tafas; whose training was poor and whose morale was worse; who pillaged when he could, in order to get a good meal once in awhile. The habit of pillage might have insensibly guided him into the habit of rape. Perhaps his colleagues, like Lawrence's, were afraid of keeping prisoners on the march. Surely he'd looked into the villagers' eyes when he was chicken-stealing, and saw their hatred. When his column began spearing children to death, could that have been intended as retribution and deterrence for something, too? Could an old man have refused to give up his gold? Had some raped girl bitten off a man's ear? We don't know, nor can we know; nor can it matter; nothing excuses what the Mezerib Turks did at Tafas. Lawrence, with perhaps too glib explicitness, writes that the massacre took place by order of Sherif Bey, the commander of the lancer rear-guard, upon perceiving that the Turkish forces were being pushed back by the Arab irregulars.[130] Were this the case, shouldn't the retaliation have been limited to executing Sherif Bey once they caught him? And if the atrocity had been a popular measure carried out with relish by the Turkish column, as Lawrence seems to imply in another place,[131] we are still left to wonder whether the Turk who wept was one of the men who forced the pregnant woman down on the saw-bayonet, or whether he had stood aside, weeping even then, unavailingly invoking the Qur'-An's strictures of mercy, or whether he'd been sick with dysentery? Until we know that, how can we determine whether he got justice?

The sad law of collective violence: Collective justice (or not) sometimes disburses individual injustice. Imminence, ignorance of actual circumstances, miscellaneous collective necessities, especially in war and revolution, bring about this result. All we can really say is that misfortunes do fall upon the undeserving, and that human justice, like Fortune herself, cuts corners. When, like Stalin, we contentedly aim at committing worse unfairness than fortune, we're unjustified. In the meantime, expediency reassures us that we'll never know who's undeserving in cases such as Tafas, that deterrence must be exercised, that our first duty is to our victims and our own side, that the debased version of the Golden Rule, *Do as you are done by*, is the only plausible strategy for changing the enemy's policy. Maybe the next Sherif Bey will think twice.

Having reflected thus, we can go on with pleasure to remark upon Lincoln's humanity in the American Civil War: *He never had his retaliation order carried out.* The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CALCULUS OF RETALIATION: HISTORICAL EXAMPLES

For every person of ours whom the other side harms,
how many persons of theirs should we harm?

RETALIATOR	CAUSE OF RETALIATION	RATIO OF RETALIATION (OURS:THEIRS) KILLED	REMARKS
1. Julius Caesar, in the Roman Civil War, 48 B.C.[A]	The Pompeian commander, Marcus Petreius, kills Caesarian troops caught fraternizing with his own.	?:0	Refusing to retaliate, Caesar sends the Pompeian fraternizers back.
2. John Brown at Pottawatomie, Kansas, 1856.[B]	Pro-slave men kill 6 free-state men in separate incidents, and threaten further violence.	6:5	Total executed: 5, by Brown and his raiders.
3. President Lincoln in the American Civil War. (Deterrent threat only.)[C]	Confederates kill disarmed colored soldiers at Fort Pillow.	1:1	Total executed: none. Order suspended. Persons executed would have been POWs.
4. Cherokee war-raiders, 17th-19th centuries.[D]	Enemy raid. War was revenge-motivated, hence perpetual.	1:1	Total killed: perhaps hundreds.
5. Nissar, an Indian Muslim "soldier" in communal riots against Hindus, 1990s.[E]	Hindu violence against Muslims, same riots.	1:2+	"If I hear that two of our people have been attacked and killed at the wooden bridge it takes me just five minutes to knife five of them."[F]
6. Jehovah (alleged).[G]	Deterrent threat, to protect the fugitive manslayer Cain.	1:7	"Then the Lord said to him: 'Not so! If any one slays Cain, vengeance shall be taken on him sevenfold.'"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RETALIATOR	CAUSE OF RETALIATION	RATIO OF RETALIATION (OURS:THEIRS) KILLED	REMARKS
7. The Persian king Cambyses in Egypt, 525 B.C. (alleged).[I]	Persians invade and conquer Egypt. Egyptians tear to pieces a Persian herald calling for their surrender, along with the crew of the herald's ship.	1:10	Total executed: 2,000, all nobles.
8. The black American militant H. Rap Brown, late 1960s.[J]	Following Martin Luther King's assassination, black-white race riots continue.	1:10	Total executed: unknown; few if any. Brown was an orator, not a military leader.
9. T. E. Lawrence at Tafas.	Murder of 60+ civilians (women and children) at Tafas.	1:10+	Total executed: probably 600+ (including those killed in battle).
10. The Germans in Yugoslavia, World War II.[K]	Resistance and Partisan activity.	1:100	Total executed: thousands, men, women and children. In one occurrence for which Field Marshal Keitel was later held responsible, 7,000 were shot, including schoolboys.
11. Ahuitzotl, Aztec emperor, *ca.* 1497, in Tecuantepec area of Mexico.[L]	Aztec merchants (who also serve as heralds and spies) are murdered in this half-conquered region.	1:2,000??	Total executed: probably thousands. 1,200 captives taken for sacrifice.
12. Otanes deputy of the Persian King Darius, on the isle of Samos, *ca.* 521 B.C. (alleged).[M]	After agreeing to restore a Persian favorite, one faction suddenly turns upon the Persian delegation and murders some of them.	1:∞	Total executed: unknown. Persians massacre all the males they can catch.[N]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

following year, being informed that Confederates had murdered a number of colored prisoners of war at Fort Pillow, he delayed putting the order into effect, on the commendable grounds that "blood cannot restore blood, and government should not act for revenge."[132] He then gave the Confederates six weeks to promise that no other such massacres would occur, in which case he was willing to suspend the retaliation order. Otherwise he would "take such action as may then appear expedient and just." In short, his statement of impending retaliation was a restrained (and very decent and principled) employment of deterrence.[133] *Deterrence approaches justification (or at least mercifulness) when it forbears to execute retribution.*

Instead of killing every man, Lawrence, like Trotsky, could have shot every tenth man—and for better cause. (This still would not have safeguarded any innocent Turks.) He could have turned them over to the surviving villagers (in which case the results would have been the same). He could have sent them to the rear with instructions that they be tried. As we've said, he could have shot Sherif Bey alone (had the latter been taken alive). In Lawrence's case, it is true, expediency raises its formidable head: he possessed neither Lincoln's authority, nor his fortresses, safe cities, guards and prisons.[134] His nomadic camel-cavalry could not have conveniently sent two thousand captives to the rear, nor could they have traveled with so many prisoners. Still, he had taken prisoners before.

I cannot condemn him completely. The self-control of his guerrillas had been tested. Natural, then—however unjustified—for that self-control to give way. In *Seven Pillars*, when Lawrence recalls seeing one three-year-old girl in Tafas die from a Turkish neck-wound, trying unavailingly to scream,[135] his grief infects the reader, as does his horror, pity and rage. I would not raise a finger to save the Turk who did that, although I would hardly gun down his brothers. Lawrence, of course, calls *the Arabs* his brothers. Some of them hailed from Tafas; and one, Talal, the Shiekh of Tafas, went mad and galloped into the machine guns of the enemy. Lawrence did the brotherly thing, by their standards and (he being a self-described chameleon) by his: he took revenge for them. Remember: Arabia's social contract is maintained in part even nowadays by the blood-feud and vigilant defense of honor.[136] How much more must this have been the case in wartime? Expediency again: by so doing, he must have furthered his bond with the Arabs, and thereby augmented his powers as a commander.

Nor can whatever blame there was be exclusively assigned to Lawrence. He says that he ordered the massacre, and perhaps he did, but it would be in keeping with his masochism to take all the defilement upon himself. By his "twenty-seven articles," and the realities of his situation, he actually controlled less by discipline than by exhortation. On many an occasion—this might have been one of them—the Arabs did as they listed. *Surely this was no unpopular order.* Two days later, in Deraa, some had not tired of vengeance. We read (but not in *Seven Pillars*) that they boarded a trapped Turkish hospital train, ripped off the patients' clothes and slit their throats.[137] Lawrence, ice-cool or crazed, struggled (unavailingly) to *prevent* British

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

troops from stopping the carnage; but one hesitates to hold him responsible: nobody was in charge at that moment, and he, having already taken his retribution and probably giving little thought to deterrence, was quite simply an incompetent moral agent.

"THE GENEROUS PRINCE WAGES WAR"

Yea, vengeance is mine, sayeth the Lord—not to mention that suicided husband's father in China (strip and beat his widow!), the affronted and endangered Pancho Villa, the contradicted Stalin, the outraged Arabs, the horror-struck Lawrence. Vengeance is natural, I said. Expediency whispers dryly that even a one-to-one ratio between my victims and yours, which is not Golden Rule-like but businesslike, may set too high a tone for practicality. Consider the slaughter of the entire Shekler hussar regiment in Napoleonic times, in retaliation for their murder of two French plenipotentiaries (who should indeed have been granted diplomatic immunity). It is difficult not to compute that ratio of victims to the moral disadvantage of the avengers. How many battalions died? How many men in each battalion? That ornament to martial nobility the Duchesse d'Abrantes, presuming to believe that she can see into the doomed Sheklers' souls, writes at a safe remove that "their conscience told them ... that they ought not to expect quarter."[138] Whatever the case, they received none. When the ratio grows still more disproportionate, revenge becomes not justice (if it ever was) but catharsis. In 1967, a young man from Hanoi whose fiancée died in an American airstrike reasons: "If I didn't join up right away I'd miss my chance to take revenge."[139] In her grim novel about the Vietnam War, Duong Thu Huong, who herself barely survived a stint at the front on the NVA side, writes: "Survivors of a horrible massacre, crushed by our own pain and hatred, we all felt a yearning for revenge... We shot like madmen, to cleanse ourselves of the pain, the despair."[140] (I suppose that any Turkish survivors of Lawrence's punishment might have felt that way—not *innerly* deterred at all.) And the Yugoslav Partisan, Milovan Djilas, whom I have frequently quoted in this book, tells how during a visit to the Soviet Union not long before the end of World War II, he was regaled by atrocity stories (their flavor all too familiar to him from events he had witnessed and caused in his own country). One of them you may find not dissimilar to the tale of the Turk who wept, except that the link between cause and effect is more tenuous, and the very notion of a ratio of punishment more irrelevant. In the midst of battle-muck and destroyed villages, Djilas, whose ideology had led him to expect rainbows, sat brooding and drinking with the Russians. But there was light after all! "Not without exultation," the Soviet commander, Marshal Konev:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> sketched a picture of Germany's final catastrophe [at Korsun'-Shevchenkovsky]: refusing to surrender, some eighty, if not even one hundred, thousand Germans were forced into a narrow space, then tanks shattered their heavy equipment and machine-gun nests, while the Cossack cavalry finally finished them off. "We let the Cossacks cut up as long as they wished. They even hacked off the hands of those who raised them to surrender!" the Marshal recounted with a smile. I cannot say that at that moment [recalls Djilas] I did not feel joy as well.[141]

AS COMMON AS BREATHING

We have seen revenge play a leading part in John Brown's Pottawatomie Massacre (and the pro-slave reactions to it),[142] in the racial self-defense of the Ku Klux Klan;[143] in Dwight Edgar Abbot's premeditated self-defense against Blinky in juvenile hall;[144] in Afghan self-defense against rape-dishonor.[145] Herodotus informs us that when in ancient times two Magi ruled over the Persians as impostors, the Persians when they found out murdered "every Magus they could find" in retaliation.[146] My own experience convinces me that revenge constitutes a cultural imperative for most inhabitants of this earth.

In 1992 I remember in a refugee camp in Croatia meeting numberless Bosnian Muslim children of seven or ten years of age who, after explaining that Serbs had burned their houses, said that when they grew up they hoped to do the same thing to some Serb, and their parents nodded approvingly. The Serbs for their part, ironically in this context, called those families "Turks," which was their own way of memorializing ancient cruelties committed by the Ottoman Empire against Serbs: that categorization helped them hatch their own serpent-eggs of vindictiveness against any future Turk who wept.[147]

Or turn, if you will, to the age-spotted texts of French Revolutionary denunciations, where you'll find continual references to "the vengeance that national justice reclaims for herself,"[148] "the *need* to see ... assassins punished,"[149] and so forth, all linking justice, nature, bloodthirstiness and public interest with a radically facile sincerity capable of grazing over all complex ambiguities. Go back further, to Roman criminal law: it was the legal duty of a son to avenge his murdered father; otherwise he could not inherit.[150] That this indeed corresponds to human nature is documented in any number of curse-chants, from the pre-Biblical code of "an eye for an eye" to the UN questionnaire which finds (surprise!) that inhabitants of countries with higher burglary rates prefer more punitive punishments for burglary.[151] In America, when a child molester-murderer was sentenced to death, one taxpayer wrote to the editor of my city's newspaper: "Good. But not good enough... of course my tax dollars will eventually be funneled to whatever low-life snake of an attorney will defend this demon's right to live."[152] A commissioner of the Spanish judicial police listed "desire for revenge" first in his catalogue of the reasons why crime vic-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

tims cooperate with the legal system.[153] "I think that for those who have suffered unjustly, justice alone is not enough," writes a concentration camp survivor. "They want the guilty to suffer unjustly too. Only this will they understand as justice."[154]

JUSTICE AS THEATRICALITY

In my moral calculus I've placed on the list of various possible justifications for violent legal retribution—which is to say, punishment—*"When it is proportionate to the original injury, and when it helps heal the victim or those who care for him.* Robespierre and Cicero, among many others, assert the balmlike power of justified revenge."[155] Professor Trigger comments: "This may be a welcome consequence of legal action but I think it is a goal that is extremely dangerous to incorporate... The idea of damage-statements by victims and their families as part of sentencing seems to me to hold the dangers of theatricality and consequent injustice."[156] I for my part would assert, *the more theatrical, the better, provided that some compromise between the law and the Golden Rule can be followed.* What is justice, if not the restoration of a sense of balance? To me one of the many depressing aspects of criminal justice in my own country is the mumbling bureaucracy of the courtroom, the negotiations between public defender and district attorney over whether the convicted rapist will serve thirty years or seven, all of this occurring in a dreary emptiness; no one but the criminal cares, and he's allowed to say nothing; justice bears no significance. Which is more proportionate to the original injury, seven years or thirty? Who decides? Wouldn't it be better for everyone, especially including the criminal, if justice felt more like a morality play? In the chapter about punishment I will conclude about the Marquis de Sade: "Without his punishment, without his dreary, meaningless suffering, he might never have made meaning for himself. This fact cannot even begin to justify it."[157] *Revenge, deterrence, retaliation and punishment can only be justified by the meaning they express. Otherwise they become* unmeaning *violence.*[158] Revenge brings a meaning that everyone can understand. Of course, this hardly means that revenge is always justified.

PUNITIVE JOYS

Even when the primary motive for revenge is expediency—that is, fashioning some well-worked artifact of intimidation—we may yet get a whiff of personal feeling, as when Fulvia, wife of the new tyrant Marcus Antonius and, in Plutarch's words, "a woman not born for spinning or housewifery,"[159] had the head of the assassinated Cicero brought into her presence, and with her hairpin pierced his dissenter's tongue.[160] (Her own son would himself be beheaded at the orders of Mark Antony's enemy.)[161] Hitler had his would-be assassins hanged with piano wire, to make them strangle more slowly. Later he watched a film of their performance. To the extent

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

that Fulvia and Hitler took pleasure in viewing their victims, this was retribution (which is to say, by their definitions, satisfaction-justice; by ours, sadism); to the extent that mutilation and cruelty were calculated to appall, and intimidate others, it was deterrence.

Officially, it rarely gets personal. In one chapter from *Star of Ashes*, perhaps the most terrifying work of literature on the Holocaust which I have ever read, one Pole, physically unable to dig his own grave fast enough, gets his head smashed in with a shovel. Then the superior officer arrives, and the murderer's face slams shut, its sadism retreating like disturbed maggots burrowing back inside a dead man's eyes. "'Heil Hitler!' the taut face of the young teacher reports: 'Fifteen shot, one punished!'"[162] To be sure, such foulness lurks in any advocacy for justice based on an appeal to crime victims' feelings: when Cicero and Robespierre argue at the bar, invoking the "need" to witness punishment in order to obtain "satisfaction," the satisfaction must be kin to the young teacher's, which would still sicken us even had the Pole done something wrong. When we speak of "satisfaction" in this context, we dissect away the application of punitive force from its ethical connotations. This satisfaction is beastly—no, it's a veritable beast most precariously encaged. The cage is *moral commonality.*[163] Due process allows or forbids the executioner to express that beast's rage. When there's no due process, then it comes out, as in the Icelandic saga of Viga Glum ("Killer-Glum"), whose face, we are told, paled, "and from his eyes burst tears as big as hailstones. And he was often transformed in this manner when the killing mood was on him."[164]

What could be less likely to obey the moral controls of the social contract than a "killing mood"? There is always perceived cause for retaliation, but we had better not leave that perception solely up to our satisfaction, which might have been felt equally by Robespierre when his victims perished, and by the cabal of Thermidorians who put Robespierre to death. The beast eats, and is not satisfied. In this regard I recall the NPA song that goes:

> Comrade, don't let the gun tremble in your hands,
> Don't let this remain silent, if I die.[165]

That gun speaks but one word from its round dark mouth, the word of terror. Blood revenge refurbishes the honor of the fallen cadres' comrades; it also gives sadistic satisfaction; it rights a balance, consoles a victim, perhaps because one of the most unbearable parts of being wronged is the oppressor's gloating triumph, and revenge takes that triumph away. "So the Jews smote all their enemies with the sword, slaughtering, and destroying them, and did as they pleased to those who hated them."[166]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE HABIT OF RETALIATION

Somber as it is to acknowledge the prevalence of such feelings, the human case grows yet worse when we acknowledge what Rudzutak had to learn through torture and death—that retaliation may become a mechanical act, a mere reaction to the enemy's equally inevitable atrocity.[167] And here I don't mean "mechanical" in the merely institutional sense which applies for despots such as Stalin, the "mechanical" sense of Hitler's "factories of death," which grind—smoothly or not, but *automatically*—according to the terror-capitalist's expediently logical agenda—no, I'm talking about something like instinct, which works to no moral actor's advantage except by accident. Sullen human mysteries! "Fifteen shot, one punished!" What can this mean? How can it mean anything? Where lies the calculus?

Lawrence's troops slew Turks whose victims' blood had scarcely yet called the flies. The Cossacks at Korsun'-Shevchenkovsky could see on every side a smashed, burned vista which their enemies had helped to create. They spared no thought to deterrence, only to retribution, which could be satisfied only by liquidation. To an ant queen among weaker rivals, as to a Molotov, liquidation is a matter of expedient course; the rivals of course have done nothing "wrong," but (so the liquidator assumes, if she makes any assumptions at all) they would have proceeded likewise had they been able: natural selection presupposes competition. Certain apes will kill the prior offspring of females they've wrenched away from other males, thereby protecting their own bloodlines.[168] We explain these events in terms of sociobiology, not ethics, because the perpetrators are not human. Call it ape-ethics.[169] Call it Hitlerism: The Jews were not human to him; deterring them from any particular action never formed the basis of the Führer's policy. His purpose was to punish and above all to liquidate: the only proper retribution for the spiritual and biological pollution inflicted by the Jews over the ages ("was there any form of filth or profligacy, particularly in cultural life, without at least one Jew involved in it?")[170] was the elimination of all Jews. Correlation of forces, not ethical considerations, dissuaded the Nazis from their ends. Himmler vomited, Eichmann wept,[171] but they did what their positions required, following the example of Hitler himself, who had yielded to anti-Semitism sorrowfully, but with "cold reason."[172] Here defense of race, ground, authority and all their kindred categories fade into defense of retaliation itself—an enviable state for the executioner, since then no justification is needed: this is simply *comme il faut*, how life has to be. Despite his cold reason, Hitler cannot refrain from lapsing into rages, but do the victims care? They lie dead, while habit treads upon their graves. Obedience can forget them,[173] but this book's meditation is trapped by them.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"I CAN ONLY HOPE IT'LL MAKE MY ENEMIES SUFFER"

For less unencumbered anti-logic, we're better off reading the medieval Icelandic sagas, which tell the tales of blood-feuds which continued for generations. There are advantages to feuds: they build honor and sometimes prevent wars. More support for the "hydraulic theory of violence:"[174] Over the three centuries of its free dominion, medieval Iceland avoids the massive battle casualties of feudal Europe.[175] Instead, neighbors kill neighbors, their hostility rarely gushing, but trickling continuously between the isolated turf-roofed farmsteads. "Better for us," says the brother of a king-murdered man to the grief-stricken father, "to seek our revenge for Thorolf's killing" instead of "making a fool of oneself by lying in bed like an invalid." He continues with true "cold logic": "It may be we'll get our chance with some of those who had a hand in it, but even if that fails there are still others we can reach whose deaths won't please the King."[176]

As records of actual events we needn't take the sagas literally; as moral paradigms, we can accept them, as we did that Stalinist novel *How the Steel Was Tempered*,[177] as expressions of a consistent ethos. And the ethos is this: Whether or not revenge produces pleasure—and it usually does—until its enaction, it remains a burden, a duty. It must be fulfilled—by near kinsmen if possible, by sworn friends and their followers if not. That is the Norse way. Violence itself, untrammeled by any cause, appears in their ancient *Poetic Edda* as a virtue: "The generous prince wages war,"[178] or "The wise prince makes the battle-adders [swords] creep the scabbard-path,"[179] or "The eagle is able to tread underfoot the completely dead skull... The she-wolf is often able to drink blood; the good prince wishes it so."[180] Why is he good? Because for the Norse as for the ancient Greeks, force shines with expedient and ritual excellence; likewise revenge: the rewards are the same, whether or not they've been earned according to any scheme of justice; and the honor is the same no matter what.

But while merely evening some score may wrest short-term gains from fate's mouth (the loot from a pillaged farmstead, the rape of an enemy's wife, the satisfaction of crowing over a dead or humiliated foe), the ultimate results could be highly inexpedient: outlawry, confiscation of goods and above all, by the enemy's mirror-calculus, *retaliation.* "Time will tell," says one enemy to another, with understated contempt, "which of us will survive to build the other's cairn."[181] He speaks more profoundly than he knows. The retaliator-protagonist (or, as the *Edda* would call him, the stainer of wolf's teeth) in these sagas often comprises an almost pitiable figure, enslaved by circumstances—no moral actor he, only a reactor, helpless to follow the benevolent advice of restrained men.[182]

In the strange old *Eyrbyggja Saga*, this unfreedom reaches almost parodic extremes. Steinthor Thorlaksson, drawn half reluctantly into battle against his enemies' kinsman and advocate, Snorri the Priest, is himself supported by his relation,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Styr Thorgrimsson—for how else may Styr comport himself? Blood calls to blood, as they say; and should he fail to help Steinthor, then Steinthor will not help *him* in his future need. Here is the practical underpinning of violent honor.[183] "Intelligent and ruthless"—moreover, he's learned the habit of killing people without paying compensation—"Styr lorded it over his neighbours and had plenty of men with him."[184] When we look in on him, he's loyally hacking and hewing; and before long he sends one of Snorri's followers to the wolf—the first casualty of the battle. But Snorri, we now learn, is Styr's son-in-law. Seeing his retainer fall, he cries out: "Is this how you avenge your grandson Thorodd when he's dying of the wound Steinthor gave him? You're no better than a traitor!" —Damned whatever he does, Styr replies, "I can soon make it up to you." "He joined Snorri with all his followers, and the next man he killed was one of Steinthor's."[185] This bleak exposition of the old sagaman reveals Steinthor and all his men to be but murder-pawns, random stainers of wolves' teeth.

Defense of honor and bloodline, blood-lust—these are likewise chess-pieces, which cold reason deploys as needed to arrange the next retaliatory move. Personified retaliation insists: "You surely cannot want to refuse people help; surely you will want to support your kinsmen by blood and marriage."[186] Retaliation teaches a little boy, recipient of a king's generosity, to thank him by saying: "I solemnly vow to be the death of that man who becomes your slayer."[187] Retaliation calculates even as it incites, like cunning Snorri the Priest instructing a plaintiff that should the legal action turn sour, violence may begin, but "as soon as I estimate that you have killed off as many of them as you can afford to pay compensation for without exile or loss of your chieftaincies, I shall intervene with all my men to stop the fighting."[188] Oh, cold logic, sauce upon hot rage! One woman's advocate, finding her other kinsmen unwilling to support her, instructs her to dig up her murdered husband's body, cut off his head and show it to the principal waverer, with the remark that the owner of the head wouldn't have let *him* down.[189] "I'll do as you suggest," she replies. "I can only hope it'll make my enemies suffer." Horrified, sickened, enraged, the waverer pushes the grimly determined widow away—but he also agrees to take on the matter, never to let it drop.[190] He's thus become another Styr, trapped into action—so, too, the man who'd killed her husband in the first place; likewise the widow herself, who, like the heroine of another saga, proves "harsh-natured and ruthless; but when courage was called for, she never flinched."[191]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RETALIATION AS AUTOMATISM IN EGIL'S SAGA
(*ca.* A.D. 1230)

(Several feuds are detailed in this saga. Here I have followed only the main thread.)

Bjorgolf of Torg Island, an elderly widower, feels attracted to young Hildirid Hognisdottir. "Hogni realized there was nothing he could do but let Bjorgolf have his way. Bjorgolf bought the girl for an ounce of gold and off they went to bed."[A] After he dies of old age, his son by a previous marriage, Brynjolf, expels Hildirid and her two sons, no doubt to defend what he considers to be his rightful inheritance. Brynjolf dies, and his son Bard falls in battle, leaving the family property, and Bard's wife Sigrid, to his sworn friend Thorolf Kvedulfsson. Hildirid's sons, now grown, approach Thorolf to request the portion legally due them. Defending his own interests, Thorolf replies that they have no right: "'The way I heard it, your mother was taken by force and carried off like a captive.' And with that their conversation came to an end."[B]

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT
1. Hildirid's sons	Honor, bloodline [+ property]	Thorolf	Slander T. to King Harald Fairhair.	T. loses the King's trust. T.'s richest longship confiscated.
	FIRST GENERATION: Thorolf Kvedulfsson vs. King Harald Fairhair (Halfdansson)			
2. Thorolf	Honor [+ property]	Norwegian merchants, and through them the king.	Raids ships.	T. and King Harald now open enemies.
3. Thorolf	Honor [+ property]	Hallvard & Sigtrygg, the king's men who confiscated T.'s ship.	Burns and loots their farmstead.	Ditto.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT
4. King Harald	Authority, honor [+ property]	Thorolf and his followers	Burns T.'s farm and kills T. and others in battle.	King takes possession of T.'s properties, marries off Sigrid to T.'s kinsman Eyvind Lambi.
5. Ketil Trout, Thorolf's kinsman and friend	Honor, bloodline [+ property]	Hildirid's sons	K. kills them and pillages their farm.	K. moves to Iceland.

Through mutual acquaintances, Thorolf's family makes one half-hearted attempt to end the violence by requesting compensation from the king for Thorolf's slaying. In reply, the king requests that Thorolf's brother Skallagrim join his retinue so that his loyalty can be watched. Skallagrim refuses this humiliating provision.

SECOND GENERATION: Skallagrim Kvedulfsson...

6. King Harald	Authority, honor	Skallagrim Kvedulfsson	K.H. sends retainers to pursue and kill S.K.	Attempt fails. King and S.K. now open enemies.
7. Skallagrim + Thorolf's father Kvedulf	Honor [+ property]	Halvard + Sigtrygg + their followers	S.K. & K. kill them & their crews (50+ men), recover Thorolf's longship and gain booty.	King Harald's young cousins drown during battle, which deepens the king's hatred for Thorolf's kin.
8. King Harald	Authority, honor, bloodline [+ property]	Thorolf's kin + followers	K.H. confiscates property, declares outlawry.	Emnity reinforced. More families move to Iceland.

A second opportunity to end the feud occurs when through a mutual relation Skallagrim's son Thorolf meets King Harald's young son Eirik Bloody-Axe and gives him a ship. In return, the boy promises his friendship. He even intercedes with his father, who grudgingly agrees to leave the Skallagrimssons alone.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT
		... vs. King Eirik Blood-Axe {Haraldsson}		
9. Skallagrim Kvedulfsson	Honor, bloodline	Eirik Bloody-Axe	S. ruins a beautiful axe sent him by E.B.-A. and tells Thorolf to return it.	None. Thorolf assures E.B.-A. that his father admires the gift.
		THIRD GENERATION: Egil Skallagrimsson		
10. Egil Skallagrimsson, Thorolf's brother	Honor	Atley-Isle Bard, E.B.-A.'s man	Bard withholds ale from Egil, because he needs it to feast E.B.-A. Even though Egil gets invited to the feast, he cannot forgive the perceived insult and kills Bard.	E.B.-A. feels affronted and challenged.
11. Eirik Bloody-Axe	Authority, honor, justice	Egil	E.B.-A. sends his retainers to find + kill Egil.	Egil escapes, killing 2 more men and maiming one more.

A third attempt to derail what now looks to be an almost inevitable chain of events. Thorir Hroaldsson, who had been Kvedulf's foster-son, pleads with Bloody-Axe (who is now the king) to be reconciled with Egil. "King Eirik was in such a rage, it was very difficult to come to terms with him. He said that his father's prediction would turn out to be true and that this was a family that it would be hard to trust."[C] In other words, Egil's proud, intemperate and vicious act will not be laid at his own door, but at his family's. Still, the king awards himself (and accepts) compensation. Eirik's wife, Queen Gunnhild, responds in keeping with her character in other sagas: "You've got a short memory for an insult."[D]

12. Queen Gunnhild	Honor, authority	Thorvald the Overbearing (and, indirectly, Egil and his brother Thorolf)	G. tells her brothers to kill E., or, failing that, one of his men.	Thorvald, one of Egil's brother's retainers, killed by Gunnhild's brother Eyvind Shabby.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT
Eirik offers to pay blood-money, which would be fair, since he has just accepted compensation for Egil's murder of Bard, "but Thorolf and [Thorvald's brother] Thorfinn said that they had never taken money in compensation for a killing, and didn't mean to start doing so now."[E]				
13. Egil	Honor [+ property]	Eyvind Shabby and his crew (hence, indirectly, Gunnhild + Eirik)	Egil attacks their two skiffs.	Eyvind escapes, but Egil and his men kill many crewmen and loot the skiffs.
14. Queen Gunnhild	Honor, authority	Egil	Sends her thugs to break up a court in which E. seeks to collect his wife's inheritance.	E. defies anyone to settle on his wife's land.
15. King Eirik Bloody-Axe	Honor, authority [+ property]	Egil	Outlaws Egil and tries to kill him.	Egil escapes, killing a royal retainer. 10 of Egil's men slain, + his ship looted.
16. Egil	Honor [+ property]	Berg-Onund, who claims his wife's land (hence Gunnhild + E.B.-A.)	Kills B.-O. + 2 others, incl. E.B.-A.'s foster-son.	Deepened mutual enmity. (B-O. was one of G.'s favorites.)
17. Egil	Honor [no property motive recorded]	E.B.-A.'s son Rognvald (hence G. + E.B.-A.)	Raids ship, kills R. + 12 companions.	Ditto. Egil boasts: "I dabbled my blade in B.A.'s boy."[F]
18. Egil	Honor	E.B.-A. + G.	Egil sets up official pole of insult against them, topped with a horse's head.	Ditto.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT

Later, falling into Bloody-Axe's power in England, Egil just manages to save his head, in spite of Gunnhild's importunities, by composing and reciting a hypocritical poem which praises the king. As soon as he has gained safe conduct and quitted Eirik's sphere of influence, he recites another poem calling him "gift-lord of jackals."[G]

... vs. King Hakon the Good (Haraldsson)[H]

19. King Hakon	Honor, authority, bloodline {+ self-preservation}	Egil	H. refuses to let E. become one of his retainers or grant him residence in Norway since his family has caused such trouble, but allows his land-claim (see 14, 16).	E. accepts this judgment. He challenges Berg-Onund's brother to a duel and kills him.
20. King Hakon	Authority	Egil	H. refuses to allow E.'s claim to the property of a berserker he's killed, because E. is an untrustworthy foreigner.	E. becomes bitter against H. His kinsman Arinbjorn compensates for the loss.

In part because Hakon comes out so harshly against Arinbjorn, who had pled for Egil's property rights, Arinbjorn leaves Norway to join his kinsman Eirik Bloody-Axe. Hakon therefore oulaws some of Arinbjorn's kinsmen, and sends the latter's nephew, Thorstein Thoruson, on a degrading and dangerous mission to collect tribute. Egil offers to go in his stead. Hakon's messengers are overjoyed, hoping to kill Egil on the trip and thereby please Hakon.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

RETALIATOR(S)	CATEGORY OF RETALIATION *Defense of... {+ self-interest}*	VICTIM(S)	ACT	RESULT
21. King Hakon	[Hope of royal favor]	Egil	Messengers try to kill Egil by getting him lost in a snowy forest. Then Armod tries to get him drunk in order to murder him.	E. vomits ale in Armod's face, cuts his beard off, and gouges out one eye.

Egil gathers the tribute, murderously triumphs over the tribute-payors' ambush, and delivers the valuables to Thorstein Thoruson. Hakon announces that he is reconciled with Thorstein. Egil leaves Norway for good. "People say that Egil did not leave Iceland after the events which have been recorded here, the main reason being that he could not stay in Norway owing to the offences already described which the Kings of Norway could charge him with."[1]

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

How could it be otherwise, when a Norseman's identity is bound up with his potency as a killer? We can't say that the Norse ethos is unjustified,[192] or that a mechanically predictable system of retaliation is wrong, either. We can still condemn the aggression of the strong upon the weak, but a medieval Icelander would have tempered condemnation and even outright hatred with a certain matter-of-fact respect for prowess. Quote the *Prose Edda* once more, this time from the chapter on how everything of importance should be named:

> How shall a man be referred to? He shall be referred to by his actions, what he gives or receives or does. He can also be referred by his property ... also by the family lines he is descended from... How shall he be referred to by these things? By calling him achiever or performer of his expeditions or activities, of killings or voyages or huntings, or with weapons or ships.[193]

PELOPONNESIAN EXPEDIENCIES

How shall a man be referred to? Ask Thucydides—who, it's true, sometimes makes vague reference to the laws of humanity; but those laws fall impotent in any contest against the forces of habit. We find him laying out the cold logic of 430 B.C., when, with the Peloponnesian War barely begun, the Athenians, having gotten some Spartan and Corinthian prisoners into their power,

> without giving them a trial or allowing them to say what they wished to say in their defence, put them all to death and threw their bodies into a pit. They regarded this action as legitimate retaliation for the way in which the Spartans had been behaving, since they also had killed and thrown into pits all Athenian and allied traders whom they had caught sailing in merchant ships round the Peloponnese. Indeed, at the beginning of the war the Spartans killed as enemies all whom they captured on the sea, whether allies of Athens or neutrals.[194]

Retaliation reproduces itself, benefiting careerists, honor addicts, demagogues, profiteers, torturers and paranoid despots. The old cliché that "blood calls to blood," though more appropriate for the Norse, remains legible shorthand for this process, by which violence's hydra-heads bud ferociously on severed necks. Thucydides actually understands this, being an exiled intelligence, not a moral actor anymore; whereas Hitler[195] and Napoleon are but hydra-stalks.

STACKS OF STONES

Why go on about it? How shall a habit be referred to? For the leaders, retaliation comprises a necessary strategy; for the followers, it becomes a way of life. Hence the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

plot of a typical Hindu-Muslim riot: The other side sends away its women and belongings. Our side then begins stacking stones into convenient piles for the men to use in defense. The other side, no doubt invoking proactive imminence, throws stones at us, so we throw our stones. (If we throw them first, it's to retaliate for last time.) The police impose a curfew, whose intent succeeds only until our houses are empty of food. When our babies cry, we go out to the market, where the stabbings begin. In the night time, the other side forces itself into our houses, calling on us by name[196] before it cuts us down. (We who die thus are mainly women and children, because our men will be outside doing the same to them.) When it's over, our side and their side will each need revenge. Lubrication by blood will forestall any possible effects of that restraining friction we mistakenly call "humanity," allowing war to operate as a perpetual motion machine.[197]

WHEN ARE DETERRENCE AND RETRIBUTION EXPEDIENT?

What then may we conclude about the *utility* of deterrence and retribution? How effective are they?

Always, says the nineteenth-century Zulu despot, Shaka: "Terror is the only thing they understand, and you can only rule the Zulus by killing them."[198] (A distinguished historian explains why, in his view, assassination plots against Napoleon came to an abrupt end in 1804: "The terror and the perfection of police surveillance.")[199]

Never, insists Clarence Darrow, citing the case that the death penalty as employed against smugglers and larcenists never succeeded in diminishing either crime.[200] And a scholar of twentieth-century police violence in the Americas believes that when the gendarmerie abandons deterrence through violence, the arrest rate fails to fall, and the crime rate fails to rise.[201]

A LESSON FROM THE DEIFIED JULIUS

Caesar thought violent deterrence to work quite well on occasion. His Gallic archenemy, Vercingetorix, lopped ears, gouged eyes and burned alive. "By enforcing punishments of this sort he speedily raised an army."[202] Caesar vanquished that man, however. When the Gauls continued to rise up against him year after year, he lost patience and decided to employ Vercingetorix's methods. In 51 B.C., he besieged the town of Uxellodunum, and cut off the water supply. "And so necessity forced them to surrender." What next? He began, as always, by thinking of his own reputation: "Caesar's clemency, as he knew, was familiar to all, and he did not fear that severer action on his part might seem due to natural cruelty." What a self-adoring hypocrite! Still, Trotsky and Cortes would not have even made that fraudulent con-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cession to gentleness. Now for expediency: "At the same time he could not see any successful issue to his plans if more of the enemy in different districts engaged in designs of this sort." Here that Caesar joined Trotsky and Cortes. "He therefore considered that the rest must be deterred by an exemplary punishment; and so, while granting them their lives, he cut off the hands of all who had borne arms, to testify the more openly the penalty of evildoers."[203]

Could this ever have been better than wrong? Conceivably, had Caesar's conquests been utterly justified in the first place. They were not. Was it expedient? Very possibly. We recall that during the Roman Civil War, when the Thessalian town of Gomphi, once an obedient satellite, refused to admit his starving troops in their hour of desperation, he sacked it, after which "there was none except Larissa, which was in the hands of large forces of Scipio's, which did not obey Caesar and carry out his orders."[204] In other words, deterrence achieved its object at Gomphi.

And yet when his men fail him at Dyrrachium, he punishes only a few; "so great was the zeal excited among all by his moderation that they demanded to be led against the enemy immediately."[205]

Caesar's calculus: *Retribution is useful as deterrence's last resort.* What mildness cannot wheedle out of them, violence may seize. He respects limits, of a sort; he's neither Greek nor Norse, to let retaliation be his habit; unlike Machiavelli's, his own cold logic advises him to be liked. I have to applaud this; the threat of inescapable punitive violence must always remain better than its infliction.

"I WAS ENTITLED TO STRIKE HEALTHY TERROR INTO THE REST OF THEM"

Napoleon, less sunnily or contemptuously self-confident than Caesar, invokes expedient deterrence by virtue of his own self-defense. His act: the kidnapping from foreign soil, secret midnight trial and immediate execution of the Duc d'Enghien (who might or might not have been, or aspired to be, a principal in an English plot to restore the old monarchy):[206]

> I was threatened on all sides by enemies employed against me by the Bourbons; menaced by air-guns, infernal-machines and devices of every sort. There was no court I could petition for protection, so I had to protect myself. In putting to death one of the men whose followers were threatening my life I was entitled to strike healthy terror into the rest of them.[207]

Thus we see once again the spectacle of retribution joining hands with deterrence. Denied defense counsel (the brevity of his trial was comparable to Rudzutak's),[208] denied a priest, Enghien falls bleeding beside a pit which had been conveniently dug before his trial. He seems not to have apprehended any fate worse

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

than imprisonment; nor do I see why he couldn't have gotten that. Why not hold him hostage and issue a deterrent warning to other would-be assassins? Too late. What does his fixed stare see now? They shovel dirt over him, there in the dry prison moat, hours before dawn. Justice has been done—Napoleon's justice. (Does the Emperor gloat like Fulvia? Was it personal? We don't know.)[209]

Napoleon, elsewhere publicly denying his own act, in the time-tested tradition of mass politicians, nonetheless hints at his moral calculus when he writes for posterity: "The death of the Duke d'Enghien ought to be attributed to those persons at London who directed and ordered my assassination."[210] In other words, this is proactive imminence again: retaliation holds itself blameless, preferring to denounce its own cause, namely, the enemy's foiled deed. Napoleon's calculus: Deterrence and retribution are one. Crush defiance. Kill possibility. Be proactive. Be Stalin. *Deterrence is unjustified when it is executed proactively as both deterrence and retribution.*[211]

Alfred de Vigny, who after Napoleon's fall does garrison duty overlooking the turf-mound raised upon the murdered Duke, cannot forbear to visualize him, "his body shot through and his head crushed under a paving stone."[212]

THE CUBAN MISSILE CRISIS

On November 12, 1962, President John F. Kennedy announces to the Yankees: "Within the past week unmistakable evidence has established the fact that a series of offensive missile sites is now in preparation on that imprisoned island" called Cuba. These sites possess nuclear capability. Kennedy defines this situation as an imminent threat.

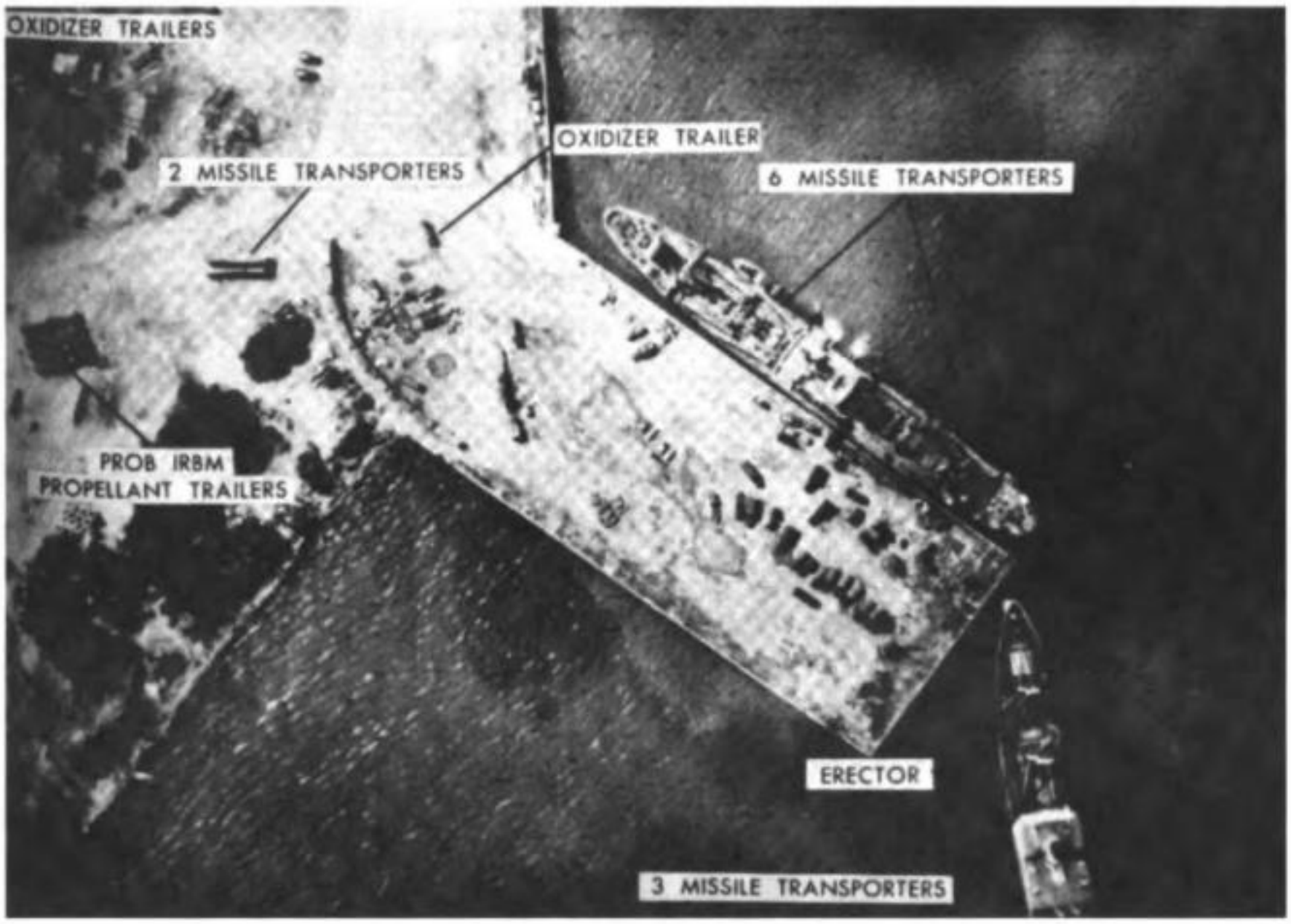
Replies Khrushchev: "The Americans had surrounded our country with military bases and threatened us with nuclear weapons, and now they would learn just what it feels like to have enemy missiles pointing at you."[213] In other words, for the Soviets the garrisoning of Cuba will be presented as proactive imminent defense against the American missiles in Alaska and West Germany; the Cuban missiles may deter deployment of the American missiles.

In defense of homeland, creed, etcetera, Kennedy blockades the island, calls hypocritically for a "genuinely independent Cuba"—that is, for a pro-American Cuba—and announces (as I also would have in his place): "It shall be the policy of this nation to regard any nuclear missile launched from Cuba against any nation in the Western Hemisphere as an attack by the Soviet Union on the United States, requiring a full retaliatory response upon the Soviet Union."[214]

Violent deterrence is justified against the narrowly defined imminent threat of a specified foe, especially when the deterrence is itself specific and limited.[215] Kruschev may now make an informed choice.

So Kruschev "blinks," as the Americans say.[216] The missiles are withdrawn. American nuclear deterrence has triumphed.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



The port of Mariel, Cuba (1962)

THE NECESSITY FOR MODULATION

By Seneca's Maxim, deterrence operates better against acts of premeditation than acts of desperation. Napoleon and Kennedy were dealing with political game-players. Caesar was, too—but only in the Civil War. In his Gallic Wars he set himself up against the desperate. This is why we find his treatment of surrendered populations growing ever more brutal. The Gauls understood that once they gave in to him, their independence was gone. He could accomplish his war aims only through retribution. Starving masses cannot be deterred from rising up for bread; nor can Warsaw Ghetto Jews, upon all of whom sentence of doom has been pronounced, be deterred from lashing out against their murderers, because in such cases no deterrent violence (threatened retribution) can possibly be more fearsome than the preexisting emergency. A resident of Kiev during the German occupation writes: "By now we were afraid to go out on the streets—you never knew where the next explosion was going to be and whether you'd be taken off and shot for it." At that time, four hundred civilian hostages, rounded up at random, faced the firing squad for each act of arson.[217] The natural result of such "deterrence": terrorized obedience—and partisan warfare against the Germans. Thus the pointed lesson of the Nuremberg trials. *Violent deterrence is most just, and most expedient, when its violence falls entirely upon those who made the choice to undertake the proscribed behavior.*[218] More generally: *Deterrence and retribution must be modulated.* When the Aztecs cruelly punished

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

their satellite cities for rising up against them, that deterrence etched away the resistance of many other cities facing the choice of rising up or not—because obedient tributary allies could expect not to be too badly treated; they retained their gods, magistrates and much of their wealth.

Corollary: To control the deterred, one must be able to neutralize the counter-deterrers. We find Che Guevara advising in his guerrilla manual against trusting the peasants' ability to keep secrets, on account of the deterrent effect which could be exercised by bloody enemy reprisals.[219] In other words, it does not suffice for us to refrain from extreme cruelty against the deterred. We must also prevent the enemy from exercising that cruelty. Yes, in the long run some will become partisan fighters on our side, but in the short run they'll obey the enemy.

HOW MUCH RETALIATION IS ENOUGH?

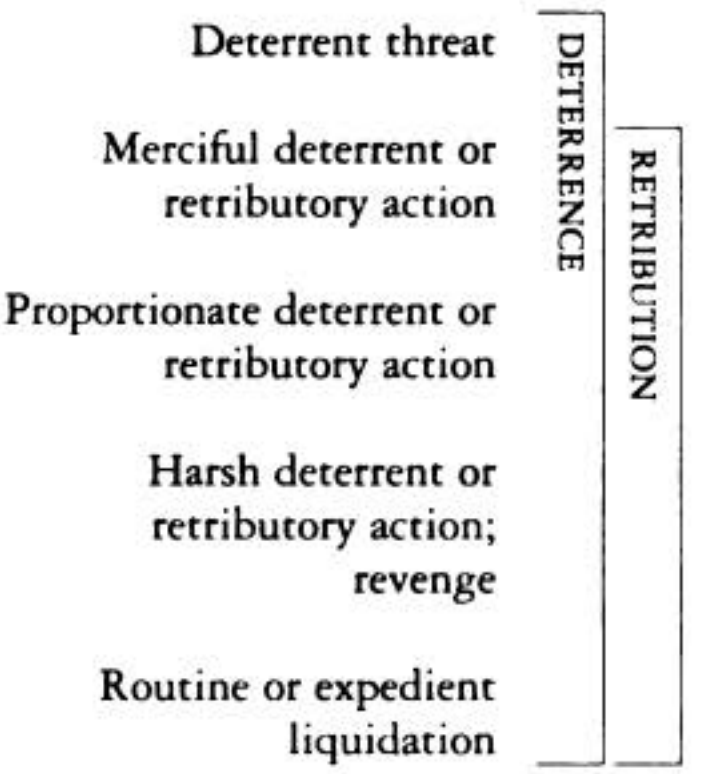
For deterrence and retribution to accomplish their objective, they must reach a minimum level of severity, which can be quite justified morally in the capacity of self-defense. The Qur'-An states: "And there is life for you in retaliation, O men of understanding, that you may guard yourselves."[220] Violent acts can be quantified to some useful extent; hence the graduated scales of academics.[221] One criminal sociologist proposes that victims be compensated, but that the amount of restitution received be inversely proportional to their responsibility for their victimization. Thus someone assaulted by a burglar in his own home would be paid more than someone who went into a known dangerous neighborhood at night, alone, drunk and belligerent.[222] How exactly would this be calculated? Another sociologist, Wolfgang, having examined a picked group of jurists, police and students, has constructed a highly plausible table as a "point of departure" for victim compensation, in which the criminal acts themselves are fixed in order of seriousness on a twenty-six-point scale. A very minor injury, such as a shove, gets one point, a wound which requires hospital treatment and discharge is a seven, rape is a ten, an injury requiring actual hospitalization is a fourteen and death is a twenty-six. Plotting this scale against a monetary one, and going through various arithmetical operations, Wolfgang obtains the following compensation figures: $1,000 for a seven-point injury, $10,000 for a rape, $1,000,000 for a murder, etcetera. The given amounts, he says, may be multiplied or divided by any constant, but the relationships between the amounts he believes to be reflective of a consensus—at least at the time and place of writing—as to the relative degrees of seriousness of the various criminally violent acts.[223]

Let us table Wolfgang's figures for a century or two. If a rape is still ten-twenty-sixths as severe as a murder in the year 2165, our descendants can adopt his compensation plan. Meanwhile, the following much vaguer continuum will have to do:[224]

I've said that deterrence and retribution must reach a minimum level of severi-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RETALIATION: A CONTINUUM OF SEVERITY



ty in order to be effective. That minimum level is called by the nuclear strategist Herman Kahn the "deterrence threshold"[225]—the point at which the moral actor whom we want to control will alter his behavior as we direct. There must also be a maximum level, which I propose to call the counter-deterrence threshold. Above this value, violent deterrence defeats its own end.

Since the limitation of unnecessary violence is always a good, *violent deterrence is unjustified when the deterrent violence knowingly exceeds the deterrence threshold.*[226]

In that always interesting treatise *Small Wars: Their Principles and Practice*, we find this among other possible war aims: "campaigns to wipe out an insult or avenge a wrong."[227] Here, interestingly enough, we are told that the war need not be as "crushing" as in the case of a war of annexation. A number of nineteenth-century examples are listed: the Abyssinian expedition of 1868, the French operations against Madagascar in 1883, etcetera. The purpose is merely to count coup, to overawe, to modestly avenge below the counter-deterrence threshold—totally the opposite of the reasoning behind Hitler's despicable "Operation Punishment" which smashed Belgrade, the smashers being instructed that no negotiations were to be accepted, not even offers of unconditional surrender.[228] (This was the methodology which set the stage for hand-hacking retaliation at Korsun'-Shevchenkovsky.)[229]

Both Colonel Callwell, the author of *Small Wars,* and Hitler were, or claimed to be, Clausewitzians. Callwell admitted that ostensibly symbolic campaigns of revenge might have expedient motives, too: "Most of the punitive expeditions on the Indian frontier ... have resulted in annexation of the offending district."[230] It is Clausewitzian to apply as much violent force toward the goal as is needed—and no more, because causing the vanquished to hate the victors as well as to fear them may embitter them to the point of rebellion. But Hitler, that man not only of expediency but also of principle, believed that he had sufficient force at his disposal to render the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

acquiescence of the vanquished irrelevant. He would crush the enemy forever, or else die trying. He was cruel, arrogant and stupid—true nature in the Hobbesian sense. He went so far beyond the deterrence threshold as to counter-deter.

FLOWER WARS

Provided that Clausewitz is correct, and that deterrence can be made believable, the deterrer would be well advised to remain at the extreme left of our continuum, threatening rather than bloodily exemplifying. When the Aztec envoys came for the first time, their request was mild: Please give us feathers for our temple, or wood for some new edifice, or stones. —Tell them no, and they'd go away. Having thus refused to accept vassalage, that city-state now became a dubious quantity. Perhaps (not being otherwise engaged) the Aztec emperor might send further heralds of reason. Exasperated, the city-state murdered them and threw their bodies on the road for dogs to eat—or maybe they'd merely demur again, or (wisdom lies within our reach) it's always possible that they rendered tribute at last. The Aztec calculus of deterrence and retribution was sensitive, capable of reaction along a wide and finely calibrated continuum more expedient than moral. Had the emperor just died, so that administration was momentarily confused? Was it now the harvest season? Had more serious rebellions broken out elsewhere? (As under the Spanish Inquisition, apostasy was considered a greater sin than mere resistance.) The Aztecs might bide their time. Or they might carry out successive campaigns to conquer the offender's allies, gradually isolating and encircling. Then again, a full frontal assault might be ordered, with instructions to accept a specified tribute upon surrender, or to kill everyone above a certain age, or to exterminate the population and raze the city.



Aztec Flower War
(Tenochtitlan and Tlatelolco)

One of their options, which could itself be scaled at any time from deterrent intimidation to heavy retributive pressure, was to launch a flower war, a *xochiyaoyotl.*

They sent tokens of their intention—say, a shield, swords and feathers.[231] Then they and their antagonists chose a day and a battleground. We have seen how Norse armies did likewise, erecting hazel rods along the perimeter of the field.[232] To the Aztecs this space was in fact sacred. Flower wars, being demonstrations of superiority, involved uprightness and honor in a way that full wars didn't. No ambushes were allowed, for instance. Paper and incense smoldered between the enemies, and then the fighting began.[233]

> There is nothing like death in war,
> nothing like the flowery death

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

so precious to the Giver of Life:
Far off I see it: my heart yearns for it.[234]

The purpose of the flower wars has been variously given as military training and the acquisition of captives,[235] but the anthropologist Hassig plausibly introduces an additional imputation of quasi-Clausewitzian rationality[236] The idea was to wear the defenders out over time without employing more force than was needed[237] Since the warriors in flower wars were matched in single or group combat, the numerically weaker side suffered proportionately more casualties.[238] Moreover, at any time, the Aztecs could escalate matters. Thus their conflict with the Chalca in the middle of the fifteenth century began as a *xochiyaoyotl* in which, as Hassig notes, only combatants were killed, then grew into a campaign which permitted the sacrifice of commoners, then into a campaign which allowed the sacrifice of nobles, and finally became a full assault launched with arrows, spattering everyone with the ubiquitous, random violence of the Clausewitzian battlefield[239] In the end the Chalca were conquered.[240] Deterrence, not deterring, had steadily converted itself into its own proof—violence. Whatever one might think about the Aztecs' war aims, at least they modulated force.

ATOMIC DETERRENCE

The Japanese novelist Kenzaburo Oe, shocked and grieved (as are many of us) at the very *fact* of post-nuclear Hiroshima, committed a laudable error when he concluded:

> It is quite abnormal that people in one city should decide to drop an atomic bomb on people in another city. The scientists involved cannot possibly have lacked the ability to imagine the hell that would issue from the explosion. The decision, nevertheless, was made. I presume that it was done on the basis of some calculation of a built-in harmony by virtue of which, if the incredibly destructive bomb were dropped, the greatest effort in history would be made to counterbalance the totality of the enormous evil to follow.[241]

First of all, there is, unfortunately, absolutely nothing abnormal about such a decision. The horrible acts which parade through *Rising Up and Rising Down* ought to prove that. Nor is there any reason to suppose that the Japanese, whose conduct of the war was deeply dyed rather than merely spotted with atrocities, would themselves have hesitated to use the bomb on us. As for the moral calculus which Oe imagines the scientists of the Manhattan Project as computing among other more physical equations, I don't suppose that it was anything like that. The scientists themselves did not decide to drop the bomb. They merely decided to *make* it, for motives variously ranging from intellectual curiosity to careerism to loyalty and fel-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lowship to fear of what might happen should Hitler's side get the bomb first. Once the bomb had been made, politicians, not scientists, decided what to do with it; and one need not suppose their moral calculus to have been anything but crude.

They had a plausible argument: Save American lives, crush "Jap" fanaticism. They had spent two billion dollars on it,[242] they wanted the United States to be the undisputed winner—which is to say, they wanted to intimidate and dominate the Soviets. Japan had already accepted the Potsdam Declaration, provided only that the Allies would guarantee that the Emperor not be hanged.[243] The American Secretary of State explained later that there was no time for such negotiations: "We wanted to get through with the Japanese phase of the war before the Russians came in."[244] Let Hiroshima be a lesson, then—the ultimate deterrence! Indeed, some went so far as to make the argument that because the bomb existed, it needed to be used, in order to deter its own use in future wars: thus, the hundred and forty thousand people who would die at Hiroshima over the next half-century[245] (for even now,[246] "Little Boy" goes on killing by means of various cancers) would constitute the necessary down payment on a perpetual peace.



Charred corpse in Nagasaki (1945)

Was this hypocritical? Maybe, but that isn't even the point. Haunted by a sense of immediate danger, most of us cannot think beyond an immediate response. "Think this atomic bomb will end the war?" a Nagasaki-bound sergeant asks a reporter, who gives him a cheery reply.[247] What "this atomic bomb" will do after the war is neither of their concern—a very natural state of affairs, which comprises one of the many moral tragedies of Hiroshima and Nagasaki. Well, then whose concern will it be? Most likely, the concern of the A-bomb experts, who for some strange reason are often among the people most likely to drop A-bombs. Enter the man who gave us the notion of a deterrence threshold!

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF HERMAN KAHN (1959-60)

What casualty rate will deter us?

END: Maximal deterrence capability of the United States against the USSR.

DEFINITIONS:

TYPE 1 DETERRENCE: DETERRENCE AGAINST DIRECT ATTACK.

- "Most experts today argue that we must make this particular type of deterrence work, that we simply cannot face the possibility of failure."[248]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

• 'The difficulties of Type 1 Deterrence arise mainly from the fact that the deterring nation must strike second."[249]

MEANS: *Massive retaliatory capability,*[250] *combined with will and rationality.*

PREDICTED SOVIET COUNTERMOVES: Not applicable, since the Soviets have moved first. Assume a full-scale nuclear war, which will be acceptable to us only *if we can keep our casualty rate below the deterrence threshold.*

TYPE 2 DETERRENCE: DETERRENCE AGAINST EXTREME PROVOCATION.

EXAMPLE: The Russians begin to sink our Polaris-missile-equipped subs one by one.[251]

• "The Soviet planner asks himself, If I make this very provocative move, will the Americans strike us?"[252]

• "If Kruschev is a convinced adherent of the balance-of-terror theory and does not believe that his Type 1 Deterrence can fail, then he may just go ahead with the provocative action."[253]

MEANS: *The same as for Type 1 and 2 Deterrence, with the additional capabilities of:*

(a) evacuation to fallout shelters.

(b) rapid upgrade of air defense and offense,[254]

[*The latter two of which are preferred to massive retaliation in this situation because full-scale nuclear war is only a last resort. By evacuating and alerting defenses, we render the Soviet deterrent threat less dangerous to ourselves.*]

PREDICTED SOVIET COUNTERMOVES:

1. Launch a first strike—blocked by our Type 1 Deterrence *if they believe that we can keep our casualty rate below the deterrence threshold.*
2. Prolong the crisis—blocked by our Type 2 Deterrence *if they believe that we can keep our casualty rate below the deterrence threshold.*
3. Give in.[255]

TYPE 3 DETERRENCE: DETERRENCE AGAINST MODERATE PROVOCATION.

EXAMPLE: The Russians back the North Koreans or blockade Berlin.

• "What deters the Russians from a series of Koreas and

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Indo-Chinas? It is probably less the fear of a direct U.S. attack with its current forces than the probability that the U.S. and her allies would greatly increase both their military strength and their resolve."[256]

• "The Russians have told us that any talk of our maintaining our position in Berlin by force is 'bluff.' If we send soldiers, they say they will kill them... While Berlin is important ethically and politically, its loss would not compare to the greatly increased power and resolve on the side of the West" should NATO mobilize.[257]

MEANS: *The same as for Type 1 and 2 deterrence, with the additional capabilities of:*

(a) fighting a limited war;
(b) instigating internal costs to enemy;
(c) splitting off the enemy from his allies;
(d) touching the enemy's moral or ethical inhibitions;
(e) increasing our own military capability;
Etcetera.[258]

PREDICTED SOVIET COUNTERMOVES: The same as for Type 2 Deterrence—with the same results *if they believe that we can keep our casualty rate below the deterrence threshold.*

GENERAL CONSIDERATIONS:

(a) "Even with tested missiles, results of attacks are not really mathematically predictable."[259] In other words, we must expect a wide margin of error in our deterrence threshold.
(b) "There is no acceptable way to protect ourselves from a psychotic Soviet decisionmaker."[260] Therefore, no matter how logically we negotiate, Types 2 and 3 alone are insufficient deterrence.
(c) "We must be able both to stand up to the threat of fighting a war and to credibly threaten to initiate one."[261] In other words, we must possess Type 1 Deterrence, and we must know our own deterrence threshold.

Computation of Deterrence Threshold

WHAT CASUALTY RATE WILL DETER US?

"I have discussed this question with many Americans, and after about 15 minutes of discussion their estimates of an acceptable price generally fall between 10 and 60 million dead... The way one seems to arrive at the 60 million figure is rather interesting. One takes about one-third of a country's population, or a little less than half."[262]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

• Mao Zedong's "acceptable price" was 300 million, or half of the Chinese population. "The atom bomb is nothing to be afraid of," he said.[263] During World War II, Onishi, the Japanese Vice-Admiral, had concluded that Japan could still save itself by "twenty million voluntary deaths."[264]

Will the Soviets find the threat of U.S. retaliation credible?

"I have not asked any Soviet citizen, so I lack the advantage of any introspection."[265]

ETHICAL CONSIDERATIONS: "These remarks will distress all who, very properly, view the thought of fighting a war with so much horror that they feel uneasy at having even a high-quality deterrent force... While one can sympathize with this attitude, it is, I believe, close to being irresponsible."[266]



Woman burned in Nagasaki

Mr. Oe is wrong, I'm sure of it: why should the sergeant and the reporter care that those two bombs, like the landmines now littering so much of the world, are not merely super-arrows or peerless bullets, which destroy on however grandiose a scale, ending the war indeed—but also tireless murderers, who continue their work long after the launchers' policy has been exhausted by victory? The sergeant and the reporter have seen and suffered enough. Let it be someone else's problem. And so it's ours. Deterrence and retaliation unravel their own effects, creating useless bitterness, anger, hatred and terror, and poisoning the relationship between the erstwhile antagonists. I remember visiting one room in the Tokyo-Edo Museum which showed over and over a film loop of an American incendiary mission successfully accomplished: again and again, I saw those skinny charred bodies being stacked and counted among Tokyo's ruins. I was the only Caucasian. The Japanese expressed tense awareness of my presence, which began to resemble an intrusion, and several old people glared at me with malignant hatred. Nowhere in the museum did I find any indication of Japanese atrocities. The one-sidedness of the thing angered me, as did Mr. Oe's book, which refused to anywhere acknowledge his own nation's responsibility for war crimes, and so I shrugged their hatred off, gazing back into their eyes a trifle defiantly. That same year, in my own country, the Smithsonian Museum, which had sought to commemorate Hiroshima both as a war-ender and as an act of murder, lost out to the American-born haters, who allotted space only to the glorious silver fuselages of U.S. supremacy. And as I was writing this paragraph, I learned that at our Pearl Harbor memorial in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Hawaii, an American veteran recently punched a Japanese tourist whom he suspected of smiling.[267]

Another American reporter goes to Hiroshima, gazes around with war-weary jadedness ("in the part of town east of the river the destruction had looked no different from a typical bomb-torn city in Europe"),[268] tries unsuccessfully to interview a few "bowing and grinning" civilians and finally agrees to be interviewed by his Japanese counterparts, who ask him whether the A-bomb will in fact end all wars, and whether Hiroshima will be dangerous for the next seventy years. The American newspaperman gives the expected human answer: "We told them we didn't know."[269]

Once again we've arrived at the result of Seneca's Maxim: Absent imminent self-defense, *retaliation (either deterrence or retribution) is unjustified insofar as its effects are not foreseeable and controllable.* Hence the extreme irresponsibility of nuclear deterrence. If in fact the tale of Japan's surrender feelers is true, then Hiroshima was unjustified, although Japan in starting the war and fighting so barbarously must bear some responsibility. And Herman Kahn's moral calculus, for all the virtue of its attempt at modulation, disquiets us, not only for its acceptance of ten to sixty million casualties, but also for its assumption that such a figure could in fact be predicted and prepared for.



Nagasaki, August 9, 1945

I grant that in the face of direct nuclear attack, what Kahn terms Type 1 Deterrence, being straightforward self-defense, need not be bound by any preconceived number of casualty figures. Should an enemy be launching a rain of nuclear missiles upon our homeland, then any number of American deaths might occur, and would be laid not at our door, but at the aggressor's. But what about Type 2 Deterrence? How many American lives should be risked for our Polaris subs? Here it is all darkness, with the enemy softly groping with cold fingers, to see what we'll do, reconnoitering our will and strength. Neither he, nor we, nor Mr. Kahn can possibly know how many will die. And the immense danger to which his moral calculus is susceptible lies in its easy abuse by political "experts," who decide how provocative the enemy's provocation is.[270] In our chapter on defense of homeland we saw how natural it can be to conflate imminently justified self-defense with defense against futurity or long-term strategic aims which approach outright aggression.

SYMMETRY AND DISCRIMINATION

True or false? Against a violent deterrent of magnitude X, a counterdeterrent of magnitude X must be both necessary and justified. Against a wrongful violent act of magnitude X, retribution of magnitude X is fair. —My vote would be:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

true. (We shall have more to say about this conception in our chapter on punishment.) But agreeing that symmetry may be *deserved* seems very different from asserting that righteousness *requires* a violent response of identical magnitude.

Under circumstances of unconstrained deterrence and retribution, when each side alternately appoints itself the other side's judge and executioner, invocations of symmetry feed violence's hideous tendency to automatism. "Does one feel any pity or compassion for the poor devils about to die?" the journalist on the Nagasaki atom-bombing mission asked himself. "Not when one thinks of Pearl Harbor and of the Death March on Bataan."[271] —"We were enraged and frustrated," recalled one of that journalist's enemies, possibly related to some of the poor devils (of whom many if not most were women and children); he was a Japanese naval policeman in Indonesia who, following orders, had beheaded three captured American airmen without trial. Most of the civilians at Nagasaki, although technically noncombatants, did contribute to the war effort and its numerous beheadings through their factory work—without which they wouldn't have received anything to eat. The three American fliers, on the other hand, *were* the war effort, which was why the police commander explained his actions thus: "When you lose your own fighting capability and can only suffer under their attacks, you become vengeful yourself. We'll get them! They'll pay for this!"[272] (Following their victory, the Americans made him dig up the bodies.) —They hurt us, so we'll hurt them: what could be more natural? Clausewitz in his physicianlike detachment (never look for ethical guidance from *him!*) pens merely that violence upon us will stimulate our desire for revenge—not on the superior officer who ordered it, but on the immediate perpetrator.[273] But perhaps, like the Soviets at Korsun'-Shevchenkovsky, or Hitler in Yugoslavia, we'll want to make them *both* pay.

The logical linkage between Nagasaki and Bataan (never mind that nobody's computing symmetry here), and between decapitating pilots and having been bombed by those pilots (or their colleagues)—and the equally plausible connections to any potential number of mutually succeeding acts on both sides—prove the *long-term inexpediency* of pure revenge as a means (of either deterrence or retributory justice), although each such action may chill the opponent's *immediate* resolve or capacity to retaliate.[274]

TU QUOQUE

In terms of justification, the debased Golden Rule—do as you have been done by[275]—hardly constitutes a judicially accepted defense. The fact that you murdered my wife first may not preserve me undevoured by the law if I then murder yours to get even.[276]

Once again we slip into the Nuremberg courtroom in 1946. Here stands the German Admiral, Doenitz, sentenced to ten years for committing nearly the same

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

act on the high seas which the American Admiral Nimitz had done. In his memoirs, Telford Taylor, who served on the American side, is fair enough to admit that the Allies committed some such injustices. But he rejects the so-called *tu quoque* [you, too] defense, insisting that the guilt of the accuser remains irrelevant to the guilt of the accused. Fine. Let us also provisionally reject it. Whether or not Nimitz sank ships, Doenitz sank ships, so Doenitz is guilty. As Taylor genially admits (which admission costs him nothing), "the laws of war do not apply only to the suspected criminals of vanquished nations."[277] Nimitz (and, ideally, Stalin) should have faced trial. The reason they didn't, of course, is "political."[278] Nimitz got a freeway named after him instead. And why weren't the British brought to trial for aerial bombing in Germany? Taylor glibly replies that "here there were no recognized laws of war pertaining to aerial bombardments during World War II and ... none were formally proposed by the nations until 1977."[279] But for the German defendants, Taylor helped to make up laws of war as he went along.[280]

Tu quoque is irrelevant, provided that the moral ends of deterrer and deterred are irrelevant to our judgment of them—that is, if unjust means poison those ends.

The Turks commit atrocities at Tafas. Lawrence of Arabia commits atrocities against the *same* Turks. What if he hadn't succeeded in catching them, and invoked *tu quoque* to kill other Turks? This is more or less what that Icelandic retaliator was doing when he said: "It may be we'll get our chance with some of those who had a hand in it, but even if that fails there are still others we can reach whose deaths won't please the King." But the *tu quoque* of the Nazi defendants went beyond this. In effect, they were saying: "We killed Jews and the Russians killed Poles,[281] and the Russians aren't being indicted, so neither should we."

Since unjust violence is *always absolutely* as well as *sometimes relatively or contextually* unjustified, *tu quoque* in its Nazi delineation doesn't seem to extenuate the Nazis at all. But if that is the case, then isn't the killing by Lawrence's agency of the Turk who wept, if he were in fact innocent, also inexcusable? Does our prior consolatory assertion that imminence prevents our standards of discrimination from being accurate still seem fair?

Consider again those Peloponesian expediencies. If it was "normal" or characteristic for Greek city-states to put their prisoners of war to death, then may a Greek city-state which has just entered the war freely do the same? "They all did it in those days." It seems to me that all we can say is that tu quoque *is not a justified defense for unethical acts of violence unless those acts have been consensualized into an ethos of acceptability.* For example, as of this writing (2003), the United States continues to employ land mines in some of its military operations. These mines kill civilians, sometimes decades after the end of the war for which they were laid.[282] They are barbarically indifferent to proportionality and discrimination.[283] And yet my government continues to use them. One excuse, which strikes me as both hypocritical but somewhat true: *Tu quoque.*

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The Jew-killers and the Pole-killers were both wrong, because no ethos other than theirs accepted the murder of civilians.

A legitimate Peloponesian response to the murder of prisoners of war would have been anger, leading to justified deterrence and retaliation of some kind. And we ourselves must accept that the deterrent threshold was much higher for that epoch than now.

Here's the conundrum: For retaliation to be just, it must be consistent. But to the extent that it is consistent, it may begin to appear to its audience not as an effect, but as a mere situation. If every convicted arsonist gets burned alive, and there happen to be many arsonists, then bystanders, instead of remarking that the judges will burn arsonists, may propound that it is normal for human beings to be burned[284]—a statement with the same practical sense, but with a profoundly different moral connotation. Punishment is routine because crime is routine; therefore, deterrence no longer deters. This is what Caesar is getting at when he writes in his apologia for the Roman Civil War that "even Caesar's kindness had lost some of its effect from the frequency with which it was offered."[285] In point of fact, Caesar reveals himself to be little better than any other cool politician: he demands of kindness that it produce an effect.[286] Morality aside, it may well be that to produce an effect it may be necessary to continually alter the ratio between crime and deterrence.

Yes, a legitimate Peloponesian response to atrocity would have been anger. But a legitimate contemporary response to the Holocaust and the Katyń Massacre is *outrage*, leading to the judicial punishments of the Nuremberg Trials.

ENDING RETALIATION

If the most just action is that which harms the fewest people on either side, then justice means ending mutual retaliation; and the only way to end it is through restraint, which is the logical application of the Golden Rule. In 1994, during the Yugoslavian Civil War, one Croatian fighter described to me how the restraint of his Muslim enemies had freed him from the burden of revenge. Doubtless the Muslims who had offered that restraint had been accused of cowardice and unmanliness; but somehow or other they had been able to control their vengeance-lust. The Croatian and I had been talking about cutting enemy throats, and he said to me: "My aunt and my sister told me, if you catch someone, don't do that. You understand, my sisters were in a prison in Zenica. There was an exchange. I asked them: Were you raped? They said they were not. And the women they were exchanged for were not raped by us. When it was good between us like that, I lost eighty percent of my hate. I have no hate in myself. If I were to cut someone's throat, I would lose my soul."[287] —From this I take it that if his sisters had been raped, he would have retained a hundred percent of his hatred, and slit throats. But they hadn't been

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

raped; and so he too was impelled to be decent. Such is the reaction that Gandhian tacticians rightly bank on.

And the moral actor who sincerely desires to shut off the retaliation machine can go farther than restraining himself from retaliating. Employing the Golden Rule, he can offer compensation, making restitution for his own prior violence. That was Gandhi's way. In this situation, we must stand aside and praise the potential superiority of nonviolence.

Otherwise, we can use friendship or force to establish (or reassert) a social contract between enemies, calling into play retaliation against violence on either side, as administered by a functionary or agent of that contract.[288] "For the family of the murdered man," wrote a twentieth-century British penal reformer, "for the girl whose health has been permanently broken by brutal rape, for the skilled workman who can no longer follow his trade, the simple fact that their hardships had been specially recognized would help to assuage the bitterness of their lot."[289] In a way, the Icelandic system provided that "special recognition" admirably. The offender, or his kin, paid an agreed-upon restitution to the victim's family. Failing agreement, the victim had easy recourse to the blood feud, which afforded that special recognition in the more spectacular way beloved by Fulvia, Hitler, Lawrence and the Arabs, the Athenians... But with the establishment of the centralized state, revenge became the domain no longer of the victim, but of the sovereign power,[290] who, bedecking it with legality, magically transmuted it into *punishment*, the subject of our next chapter.

When Is Violent Deterrence Justified?

1. As proactive defense against imminent harm.
2. Against the narrowly defined imminent threat of a specified foe, especially when the deterrence is itself specific and limited.
3. When it prevents unjustified violence; when it seeks to prevent violence generally. When it allows various retributive possibilities to be modulated, escalating itself only as needed.
4. When it enforces a legitimate social contract. When it is an instrument of legitimate authority.

When Is Violent Military[291] Retribution Justified?

1. To deter new atrocities by punishing old ones. [The retribution must not itself be an atrocity except under imminent conditions; it must stay well within the limits of proportionality and discrimination, and it ought to follow judicial forms as well as battle conditions allow.]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

When Is Violent Revenge Justified?

1. When it follows judicial forms, or when no judicial forms are available; and when it respects proportionality, discrimination and the Soldier's Golden Rule.

When Is Violent Deterrence Unjustified?

1. Absent imminence, insofar as its effects are not foreseeable and controllable.
2. When directed against persons who have broken no code and are actively or passively loyal to the deterrer's authority. When its violence does not fall entirely upon those who made the choice to undertake the proscribed behavior.
3. By mere symmetry without discrimination. *Tu quoque* is not a justified defense for unethical acts of violence unless those acts have been consensualized into an ethos of acceptability.
4. When it harms more people than those harmed by the deterred act.
5. When its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with authority.

   CAVEAT: Deterrence is, however, justified when its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with the *laws* established by legitimate authority.
5. When it is not didactic.
6. When it is justified by proactive imminence alone, and the justifiability of the violence which invoked proactive imminence is debatable.
7. When it is executed proactively as both deterrence and retribution.
8. When the act deterred remains undefined, when there has been no deterrent warning or when the deterrer's retribution proves to be more severe than was indicated in the deterrent warning.
9. When the deterrent violence knowingly exceeds the deterrence threshold.

When Is Violent Military Retribution Unjustified?

1. By *tu quoque* alone.
2. When it is not didactic.
3. When the degree of imminence is low enough to allow judicial retribution (punishment).

When Is Violent Revenge Unjustified?

1. By *tu quoque* alone.
2. When it creates a new wrong equal to or worse than the wrong it has revenged.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

15.
CONTINUUM OF DETERRENCE

A. T. E. Lawrence

> "Fear as the common people's main incentive to action in war and peace ... I found ... a mean, overrated motive; no deterrent, and, though a stimulant, a poisonous stimulant, whose every injection served to consume more of the system to which it was applied."[292]

B. Clarence Darrow

> "The brutalizing effects of public executions are beyond dispute."[293]
>
> "Any evil consequences that could flow from a casual killing of a human being by an irresponsible man would be like a drop of water in the sea compared with a public execution by the state."[294]

C. Robert McNamara

> "Nuclear weapons serve no military purpose whatsoever. They are totally useless except to deter one's opponent from using them."[295]

D. George Savile, Marquess of Halifax

> "Men are not hanged for stealing Horses, but that Horses may not be stolen."[296]

E. Moltke

> "Only the sword keeps other swords in their scabbards."[297]

F. R. D. Laing

> "If he is cheeky
> he doesn't respect you
> for not punishing him
> for not respecting you."[298]

G. South Korean editorial, after North Korean incursion (1996)

> South Korea must evince "firm determination to force the North to give up its aggressive tactics. This can only be done by harshly punishing the North for its provocative acts."[299]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

H. The Glorious Flavius Chintasvintus, King, Visigothic Code

"If moderation is displayed in the treatment of crimes, the wickedness of criminals can never be restrained."[300]

I. Last words of two burglars executed at Worcester, Massachusetts, (1783)

"We pray that our unhappy fate may be a solemn *Warning* to *Youth*."[301]

J. Herman Kahn, nuclear strategist (1960)

"We will still need a balance of terror or other military sanctions to persuade those who would be tempted to use violence to use other machinery instead."[302]

K. Goebbels (diary entry for March 18, 1943)

"The English air raids can be stopped only by counterterror. There is no point in attacking English industrial cities and ports; one must strike the English where they are most easily inclined to defeatism; namely, in the residential sections and the homes of the plutocracy."[303]

L. Mikhail Tukhachevsky, on destroying insurgency

"One should practice large-scale repression and employ incentives. The most effective methods of repression are the eviction of the families of bandits who hide relatives and the confiscation and subsequent distribution among pro-Soviet peasants of their property. In the event of difficulty in organizing immediate eviction, the establishment of large-scale concentration camps is necessary. A system of collective responsibility should be introduced"[304]

M. Pablo Gonzolaz, decree of 1916

"Anyone who directly or indirectly lends service to Zapatismo, or to any other faction opposing Constitutionalism, will be shot by a firing squad with no more requirements than identification."[305]

N. Sir Charles Edward Callwell (Colonel) (1906)

"For it is a cardinal principle in the conduct of warfare that the initiative must be maintained... The lower races are impressionable. They are greatly influenced by a determined bearing

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> and a resolute force of action... 'Do not forget that in Asia he is the master who seized the people pitilessly by the throat and imposes on their imagination,' was Skolbelef's view... There must be no doubt as to which side is in the ascendant."[306]

O. Alexander Berkman, on the case of two Knights of Labor who allegedly poisoned the food of strikebreakers

> "Is not the terrorizing of scabbery, and ultimately of the capitalist exploiters, an effective means of aiding the struggle? Therefore Dempsey and Beatty deserve acclaim ... though I am saddened by their denial of complicity in the scheme of wholesale extermination of the scabs."[307]

P. His Excellency the Governor of the Philippines, in Jose Rizal's novel

> "'As I said, he is the most innocent...'
> 'That's even better!' exclaimed H.E. joyfully; 'the punishment will be more beneficial and exemplary as it will inspire more terror!'"[308]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

16.
CONTINUUM OF RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE

A. Buddha

"Ye who have left the world and have adopted this glorious faith of putting aside selfishness, ye shall not do evil for evil nor return hate for hate."[309]

B. Jesus Christ

"Love your enemies, do good to those who hate you, bless those who curse you, pray for those who abuse you. To him who strikes you on the cheek, offer the other also."[310]

C. Socrates (quoted by Plato)

"So one ought not to return a wrong or an injury to any person, no matter what the provocation is."[311]

D. Apocrypha, Book of Sirach

"Like a eunuch's desire to violate a maiden is a man who executes judgments by violence."[312]

E. Akkadian moral text

"Do not return evil to your adversary;
Requite with kindness the one who does evil to you,
Maintain justice for your enemy,
Be friendly to your enemy."[313]

F. Lincoln

"I wish you to do nothing merely for revenge, but ... what you may do, shall be solely done with reference to the security of the future."[314]

G. Hesiod

"If your friend begins it / by speaking some disagreeable word, or doing some injury, / remember, and pay him back twice over. Then, if he would bring you / back into his friendship, and propose to give reparation, / take him back."[315]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

H. The Babylonian Talmud

"If one says: I shall sin and repent, sin and repent, no opportunity will be given him to repent."[316]

I. La Colle, Monsoni Indian chief (fl. 1736-42)

"And next spring we shall all go on a campaign against the Sioux to avenge the shedding of French blood, which is our own, and to protect your children against aggression."[317]

J. Barga'yah, King of Katikka, in treaty with Mattii'el, King of Arpad

"Your son must come to avenge the blood of my son from his enemies."[318]

K. *The Poetic Edda* (Old Norse)

"If wrong was done thee, let thy wrong be known, and fall on thy foes straightaway."[319]

L. Karl Heinzen

"So be it, then: blood for blood, murder for murder, destruction for destruction. The spirit of freedom must raise itself up to its full height, show its true vigor, and if it goes under, it must turn destroyer."[320]

M. The anarchist bomb-maker Severino Di Giovanni, upon learning of Sacco and Vanzetti's execution

"Let us light the fuse on the dynamite of vengeance!"[321]

N. Cicero

"A person who felt no inclination to relieve his own grief and torment by inflicting grief and torment on the criminal would, as I see it, be as unfeeling as if he were made of iron."[322]

O. Seneca

"My father is being murdered—I will defend him; he is slain—I will avenge him, not because I grieve, but because it is my duty."[323]

P. Lord Yoritomo of the victorious Genji clan, before executing his would-be assassin, Iesuke of the defeated Heike clan, A.D 1192.

"Your attempt to revenge your master is highly commendable!"[324]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Q. Lord Xiang, setting free his would-be assassin (early Western Han dynasty)

> "The Earl of Zhi is dead and has no offspring, yet one who served him will go so far as to seek revenge on his enemies. This is one of the most worthy men in the world."[325]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 23

PUNISHMENT

"The great mass of humanity abstains from evil-doing only because of the penalties of the law and the retribution that comes from the gods."

DIODORUS OF SICILY
(FIRST CENTURY A.D.)[1]

"My prayer to God is for the police to commit unlimited atrocities upon young Muslims. Whenever I hear about Muslim boys being tortured, I feel like dancing with joy. Unless these boys directly experience oppression on their bodies, they will never be able to stand up against it."

"AKBAR" [INDIAN MUSLIM *PELWAN*,
OR ORGANIZER OF COMMUNAL VIOLENCE
AGAINST HINDUS DURING RIOTS] (*CA.* 1990)[2]

THE MEANING OF THE NOOSE

The two epigraphs for this chapter exemplify two entirely opposed conceptions of the value of punishment as a deterrent.[3] Diodorus claims that punishment deters; Akbar, that it radicalizes—in other words, actually incites.[4] Diodorus is speaking for the law-and-order faction;[5] Akbar represents the side of transgression.[6] In old Vienna, prisoners were corseted with thirty kilograms of shackles. Was that

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Lucas Cranach: The Saw

sufficient weight to bear out Akbar's and Diodorus's respective theses? Engravings and woodblock prints of post-medieval tortures sicken us with their axes, swords, chains and wheels. Upon a brick-built mound, one figure is hanging; another kneels blindfolded, about to be beheaded; a third, already broken on the wheel, waits, disjointed, for death.[7] We see women screaming at the stake, the crowd's hands raised in malediction. They are dragging witches down into the torture chamber, holding them as ranchers grip calves at branding-time.[8]

The neatest case, of course, is when the criminal spontaneously embraces his own punishment. A sergeant in Singapore who obeys the white-lit hallucinatory voice[9] commanding him to "chop" his paramour to death now stands at the bar. He tells the court that "he hoped the judge would sentence him to death. He wanted to say sorry to his parents whom he could not serve until their old age."[10] In several of the Qur'-Anic *hadiths* or commentaries gathered together in the famous *Sahih Al-Bukhari*, an adulterer enters a mosque, approaches the Prophet and in default of the statutory four witnesses bears witness against himself four times. The Prophet, who'd first turned his face away, finally utters the necessary command. Punishment begins. "When the stones troubled him, he fled, but we overtook him at Al-Harra and stoned him to death."[11] "The Prophet spoke well of him and offered his funeral prayer."[12] Hence this rule in our moral calculus: *Punishment is justified when the transgressor agrees to, or belongs to a culture which subscribes to, the rule by which he has been judged, and when he can be proven to have violated that rule.*[13] Fourteen centuries after the adulterer fell bleeding and broken at Al-Harra, the Oklahoma City bomber, sentenced to death, waves and nods to his jurors, while the prosecutor labels his act "the crime that the death penalty was designed for."[14] What could be more satisfying to the sadism of public symmetry?

But, embraced or not, is the penalty just? A British soldier who fails to pass muster at parade gets flogged to death.[15] A mutinous felon is sentenced to be "flogged with a boatswain's cat until his bones were denuded of flesh."[16] Even if the felon begged for it, would that make it right?

Juridical fairness owns slow-grinding wheels. The defendant, his crime long since cooled and staled, is hauled in shackles before its bar. No matter how monstrous his deeds, he stands harmless now, his body and mind a *tabula rasa* upon which a long-calculated sentence can be engraved to a nicety.[17] But self-defense is attended by different circumstances than legal punishment. In the former case, to preserve himself (or what he considers to be a higher object of his loyalty—say, my comrades

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

over myself or my child) the victim is obliged to act hastily—which means without the benefit of the full knowledge required for a truly Platonic decision.[18] (Jewish law in fact *insists* that he act hastily: self-defense is acceptable under this code *only* "when the act is carried out without premeditation and when one's life is in imminent danger."[19] So too with Roman law.) Because the aggressor has forced this obligation upon him, it seems fair to correspondingly restrict consideration of the aggressor's rights and motives during the crisis. This is not to say that they must be ignored altogether. (After all, the social balance will not ignore those of the defender. "For if his sole purpose be to withstand the injury done to him, and if he defend himself with due moderation," says Aquinas, "it is no sin, and one cannot say properly that there is strife on his part.")[20]



Execution of partisans (Minsk, 1941)

For law to partake of justice, it must codify its penalties into limit and consistency. But consistency is not enough. Dead legal forms lead us to death.[21]

PUNISHMENT FOR FAILURE TO MAKE BED PROPERLY

Ravensbrück concentration camp for women (1940)[22]

First offense: Punishment standing without food.
Second offense: Solitary confinement in the dark cell.
Third offense: Twenty-five lashes.

LEGAL RETALIATION MUST BE MORAL EXPRESSION

Why did the *Oberaufseherrinen* at Ravensbrück choose to be so strict? —Because she wanted subjection to her to be unquestioningly perfect. A badly made bed represented incomplete obedience; therefore, stern punishment gave her authority full measure of self-defense. Judicial retaliation[23] (applied law), being public, and being applied for a given reason, always insists upon being taken as a lesson—notwithstanding Tocqueville's maxim that law seeks to apply justice to a given crime, not to create a new standard.[24] When Tocqueville made this remark, he meant it to be taken in the sense that judicial power does not and cannot make its own laws, they being the prerogative of the legislature. But we already saw how Stalin's judiciary usurped legislative functions (being itself but the expedient tool of the executive), its busy procurement brigades, Committees of Unwealthy Peasants and firing squads injecting justice into millions.[25] (In China during the Cultural Revolution, one elderly prisoner's interrogator contemptuously explained to her that "the victorious proletarian class makes the law to suit its purpose and serve its interest."[26] The victorious class had already thrown her daughter out a window. She didn't learn about that murder for years.) Thus law at its crudest, making and remaking itself.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

But even when it's not crude, doesn't law by the very nature of applying a standard reinforce and deepen it? Aren't all codes, all memories, like those lines which children trace into the ocean's edge, washed away by the world again and again, hence defensively re-scored into the wet beach? In 1748, we find Montesquieu, that eloquent advocate of bureaucratic temperance, proposing in his *Spirit of the Laws* that in an aristocracy, "as a great share of virtue is very rare where men's fortunes are so unequal, the laws must tend as much as possible to infuse a spirit of moderation, and endeavour to re-establish that equality which was necessarily removed by the constitution."[27] *(Punishment is unjustified when applied unequally.)*[28] Four centuries before Christ, Plato similarly assigns his laws a guiding and instructive purpose: *virtue*, of course, which must be comprehended by all citizens, and thereby replicated, ritualized.[29] In China at the same time, Wei Liao-tzu is advising: "In general, to make punishments and fines clear and incentives and rewards correct, they must fall within the laws for instructing the soldiers."[30] In one of his many arguments in favor of separating church from state, Jefferson accuses England of hanging witches by fraudulent appeals to common law:

> And thus they incorporate into the English code laws made for the Jews alone, and the precepts of the gospel, intended by their benevolent author as obligatory only in foro concientiae; and they arm the whole with the coercion of municipal law,[31]

scoring lines after their own pattern, scoring them deeper and deeper, in all due consistency,[32] to prevail over the blood that rises up from those very legalistic gashes. In his draft of "A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom," he speaks once again, eloquently and benevolently, of natural right[33]—another pattern, another figure which must be engraven in the sandstone flesh of tyrants:

> ...the opinions of men are not the object of civil government, nor under its jurisdiction... It is time enough for the rightful purposes of civil government for its officers to interfere when principles break out into overt acts against peace and good order.

Did Caesar, Xerxes, or Hitler accept all these natural rights? Did Rome's class system even allow what we now presuppose—namely, equality under the law?[34] *Law is ever an assertion.* Doesn't even the most routine and narrowly applied operation of the law, containing among its inventory of purposes, as it must, the qualities of instruction, deterrence, maintenance of order and the like, *make* law, even if only by stamping a familiar[35] impression into the quicksand of public sentiment?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHO IS GUILTY?

The moral calculus of the Chinese Cultural Revolution (1966)[36]

"In each organization about 3 to 5 percent of the total must be declared 'the enemy' because that is the percentage mentioned by Chairman Mao in one of his speeches."

WHOM IS JUSTICE FOR?

I speak of proofs, displays, spectacles and shows, because true justice must be public, however attenuated that public character might be. The Roman emperor Claudius has been reproved by posterity for his seeming sadism in witnessing executions, which, not being novel or honorable spectacles, often occurred during the luncheon intermissions of gladiatorial shows;[37] but one modern scholar believes his faithful attendance to be due to his goal of personifying justice: "a good emperor devotes time to the law courts, but also devotes time to, literally, seeing that malefactors are punished."[38] This is a way of doing honor to the social contract. A history of capital punishment in Germany concludes that in medieval times, it was "a symbolic discourse in which ritual acts demonstrated to a largely illiterate population the cohesiveness of an ordered society faced with physical and moral pollution."[39]



Gladiators in Roman arena

LAW AS SOCIAL COHESION AND SALVATION

The moral calculus of Cicero (66 B.C.)

"The common interest, the interest of every one of us, is at stake."

"I cannot say I am impressed by Atticus' argument that the framing of the law, which imposes sanctions against a senator who corrupts a court, but not against a Roman knight who does the same, is deplorably wrong... even if I were prepared, for purposes of argument, to concede that it might be wrong, you for your part would have to concede to me that it is a great deal more wrong, in a country which depends on its laws, to refuse to obey them. For law is the bond which assures to each of us his honourable life within our commonwealth. It is the foundation of liberty, the fountain-head of justice."

SOURCE: CICERO, *MURDER TRIALS*, PP. 122, 216 "IN DEFENSE OF AULUS CLUENTIUS HABITUS".

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Here, for instance, lies Nuremberg, in a double-page woodblock spread in the fifteenth-century *Schedelsche Weltchronik.* We notice before anything else a long, upturned crescent; this is the city's double wall, with its moat and drawbridge, stretching right across the picture, jointed by towers topped by fat inverted cones. Within this dramatic boundary rises a hill literally covered by rows of steep-roofed stone houses, from which the occasional church or double-towered cathedral bursts to eminence, like full grown oaks amidst a forest of saplings. So crowded and crammed is this place, so full of its own completed purpose, that from our outsider's vantage point there seems no room for a single new thing, let alone a deviation: perhaps we are not so far here from Plato's final republic of laws, orderly and final, from which all accidents (such as homicides caused by rocks) are simultaneously excluded and accounted for; it goes without saying that they must be accountable. Now the eye, wearying of this immense crystal of law and purpose, follows the drawbridge back outside, wanders through the fences studded with caltrops, then discovers, in the very center of the foreground, a blank white spot surmounted by two gibbets and a cross canted like a windmill's legs. Here waits justice, whose nightmare stench has thus been conveniently separated from the city's life, but whose presence instructs and deters anyone who approaches the city gate.[40] At the end of 1996, when former South Korean president Chun Doo-hwan, convicted of the capital crime of treason, wins a commutation to life imprisonment, one periodical attacks the "glaring discrepancy between the appellate court's interpretation of history and the interpretation shared by a majority of the people. The court's decision does not satisfy the popular desire for justice."[41] In Nuremberg, one presumes, that will not happen.

In 1612 a malefactor in Nuremberg is sentenced to no less than twenty-one blows with the dreaded wheel. The chronicler writes, and a Muslim would agree:[42] "I hope, therefore, that through his protracted sufferings and the breaking of his limbs he attained to everlasting life."[43] —And also, no doubt, that those protracted sufferings would likewise instruct and deter the man's fellow citizens right to Heaven.

The criminal thus becomes not only the *recipient* but also the *object* of a lesson. In 1892, when the anarchist Alexander Berkman tried to assassinate the ruthless strikebreaker Henry Clay Frick, his colleague Emma Goldman agreed to explain to the workers that "he had no personal grievance against Frick, that as a human being Frick was no less to him than to anyone else. Frick was the symbol of wealth and power."[44]

Law as Propaganda and Pedagogy

The moral calculus of Robespierre (1794)[45]

"The first concern of the legislator must be to strengthen the principles on which the government is founded. Thus, it is your duty to pro-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> mote and establish all that tends to arouse a love of country, to purify manners, to elevate the spirit and to direct human passions towards the general good. Conversely, you must reject and suppress all that tends to direct these passions towards a love of self or to arouse infatuation with what is petty and contempt for what is great."

The character of justice's assertion—ritualistic or formalistic, cathartic or titillating, personalized or sterilized—depends in part on the local answer to the following question: Should your act of unlawful violence injure me, then did you infringe *my* rights, *society's* rights, or both? In many societies, you would offer me compensation, and should custom or desire constrain me to accept it, everything would be right again. Hence the penalty for homicide in old Rome (that is, the Rome of the republic, long before Claudius's day), old Iceland, old Germany, old England:[46] blood money.

"O you believe!" runs the Qur'-An. "Retaliation is prescibed for you in the matter of the slain: the free for the free, and the slave for the slave, and the female for the female." But compensation may be offered and accepted. "This is an alleviation from your Lord, and a mercy."[47]

As Sir Henry Sumner Maine explained, "the penal law of ancient communities is not the law of Crimes; it is the law ... of Torts. The person injured proceeds against the wrongdoer by an ordinary civil action."[48]

Ancient Tort Statutes

> Laws of Eshunna (Mesopotamia)
> "If a man bites the nose of another man and severs it, he shall pay 1 mina of silver.[For] an eye [he shall pay] 1 mina of silver; (for) a tooth 1/2 mina."[49]

> Code of Hammurabi (after 1727 B.C.)
> "If a seignior has destroyed the eye of a member of the aristocracy, they shall destroy his eye... If he has destroyed the eye of a commoner ..., he shall pay 1 mina of silver... If a seignior has knocked out a tooth of a seignior of his own rank, they shall knock out his tooth. If he has knocked out a commoner's tooth, he shall pay one-third mina of silver."[50]

And yet through even this seemingly indifferent formulation, which leaves justice as a mere arrangement between two parties, the light of public interest fitfully gleams. Under Roman law, not merely the injured party but *any* citizen could prosecute a crime.[51]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTICE IS DELIBERATION, BUT ITS SUBSTANCE IS ACCIDENT

In the first book of his great poem, Dante founds a multi-tiered realm of divine torture upon the concept of the *contrapasso*, that is, the punishment perfectly ordained to fit the crime. Thus, gluttons find themselves choking in mud, and illicit lovers are whirled about for eternities by passion's winds. Plutarch informs us that Theseus and Hercules most symmetrically chastised the wicked, "who underwent the same violence ... which they had inflicted upon others, justly suffering after the manner of their own injustice."[52] And Herodotus in one of his half-fabulous tales tells of a royal Egyptian judge who was caught accepting a bribe. King Cambyses commanded that his skin be "torn off and cut in strips, and the strips stretched across the seat of the chair which he used to sit in Court. Cambyses then appointed his son to be judge in his place, and told him not to forget what his chair was made of, when he gave his judgments."[53] This enactment forced, if not exactly a *contrapasso*, a sort of atonement, and an eerily, gruesomely fitting one. Every time that the corrupt judge's son sat down in that chair, I would think, his decisions must have taken on a ritualistic and meditative character. To him had been awarded full power to condemn others to death, but never for his own ends—was he not placed upon his own condemned father's skin? How could he forget that justice was, as John Brown always said about God, no respecter of persons?

"A Jew crushed the head of a girl between two stones... So the Jew was brought in and he confessed. The Prophet ordered that his head be crushed with the [same?] stones."[54]

In the "real world" of fallible judicial politics with which we are concerned, it is near-impossible to find a sensible link between cause and punitive effect. At best one can hope for, in C. L. Mayer's words, "not truth, but agreed compromises between utility and necessity."[55] And at worst, perhaps, are those same compromises, as when the Roman Senate, called upon to judge Publius Clodius for adulterous sacrilege, wrote their verdicts illegibly, "that they might not be in danger from the people by condemning him, nor in disgrace with the nobility by acquitting him."[56]

From the British government's *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons and the Directors of Convict Prisons with Appendices, for the Year ended 31st March 1902*, we read, in a table whose arbitrary determinations have been amplified by the sad and dreary odor of old books, the tale of floggings for that year. The chart divides "Sentence in Strokes Ordered" into two columns, "Birch" and "Cat"—the latter I suppose means cat-o'-nine-tails, which would be worse. Under what circumstances has one been chosen over the other? The report won't say. The number of strokes varies. Why? The table lists the number recommended, and the number actually given; at least these always match. As in Dante, British justice offers us in each case the "grounds for sentence"—but, while the punishment fails the test of uniformity, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

formula remains insidiously the same: *"The offence was of such a serious character as to render the infliction of corporal punishment necessary for the due preservation of discipline."* In 1902 all floggable offenses were, with one exception, "Gross personal violence to an officer of the prison." The exception was incitement to mutiny.[57] One cannot expect more detailed explanations from any authority other than the Recording Angel, but it would be, as used to be said, more "edifying" did the mechanism reveal more.[58] This is why a perusal of this table inspires a vaguely morbid gloom, a feeling of uselessness, as would a list of traffic fatalities, or some typically shallow newscast of overseas atrocities whose causes we do not comprehend. And in 1937, a government Committee of Inquiry came to the conclusion that in the absolute best case flogging "can exercise no positive reformative influence; at the worst, it may ... make the individual who receives it less willing, or less able ... to lead an honest and useful life in the community."[59] In 1948, corporal punishment was abolished in Britain—save for the usual exceptions: in jail, for mutiny or "gross personal violence to an officer of the prison." Justice had shifted. The *contrapasso* did not hold, if it ever had.

All law, however predicated on universal morality it may claim to be, partakes of local arbitrariness. I mean this in the obvious sense that predetermined equations between crimes and penalties have always been dissimilar. For instance, not every society condemns theft.[60] Those that do penalize it variously by death,[61] a fine, imprisonment, corporal punishment,[62] mutilation or mild ridicule. After all, too fixed a uniformity rings equally hollow. The half-mythical Greek lawgiver Draco, from whose name is derived the word "draconian," is supposed to have explained why he prescribed death for all offenses thus: "Small ones deserve that, and I have no higher for the greater ones."[63] Such reasoning hardly encourages belief in any finely calibrated *contrapasso.*

But assume for the moment that the *contrapasso* can and does exist. From what historians of law tell us, in ancient times people thought so: their penalties were both more specific and more minute than ours, being constituted based on "ideal" retaliation: an eye for an eye, etcetera. Perfect *contrapasso* hovered ideally in the air; it was an end which appeared to be almost within reach. Medieval Germans had their beloved "mirror punishments"—for example, the live burning of an arsonist,[64] a penalty of which the Romans were also fond.[65] *Punishment is justified when it is proportionate to the original injury.*[66]

THE NECESSITY OF DEGRADATION

But why the whippings? Why the stake? Why, above all, the exposure, the humiliation, which sears the cruelty of the penalty ever deeper? Because to the extent that punishment is a civic or sovereign act (as opposed to private vengeance), it must be public. Solon, that other famous Greek lawgiver, once defined the best possible city-state as "that where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

those that are."[67] In my own country, the government still prosecutes individuals in the name of "the people." Legitimate authority is consensual authority,[68] people's authority. Hence the scaffold in the public square. The same moral and expedient considerations apply as for deterrence: Justice must be a spectacle.

As late as the beginning of the nineteenth century we can still witness such morality plays in Germany. The town actuary proclaims to a condemned murderer: "Whosoever sheddeth man's blood, by man shall his blood be shed ... so receive then the well-merited punishment for your misdeed. You are doomed to die, and in hereby sundering the tie which has bound you to civil society, I ask God to have mercy on your soul."[69] In England a hundred-odd years later, we find Sir John Anderson, the former Home Secretary, saying that "I do not know that ignominy is so very out of place in a penalty for murder."[70] In order to reform the transgressor or even to make itself meaningful in his eyes, punishment ought to make him feel bad for having been bad—that is, it ought to attack his inner honor.[71] This may be what Che Guevara is driving at when he justifies punishment because it "produces an individual with inner discipline."[72] Montesquieu endorses it, too, on the grounds that "nature, who has given shame to man for his scourge," will make the humiliation so severe that physical cruelty may perhaps be avoided. He cites an old Spartan penalty which contented itself with depriving a citizen from lending out or borrowing another man's wife, concluding: "in short, whatever the law calls a punishment is such effectively."[73]



Convicted murder, sentenced to death by dismemberment (China, 1905)

For it to be expedient, or for it to move or deter "the public," it ought to at least attack the culprit's outer honor. Hence this advice from the fourth-century Chinese writer Wei Liao-tzu:

> If a general commanding one thousand men or more retreats from battle, surrenders his defenses, or abandons his terrain and deserts his troops, he is termed a 'state brigand.' He should be executed, his family exterminated, his name expunged from the registers, his ancestral graves broken open, his bones exposed in the marketplace, and his male and female children pressed into government servitude.[74]

Over a thousand years later, a witch-burners' manual describes how a cleric convicted of heresy must undergo a ceremony of degradation, his vestments being stripped off "in some square or open place outside the church, and the Inquisitor shall preach a sermon."[75] In sixteenth-century Nuremberg, some men who strike the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

town mayor are officially declared dishonorable and paraded around.[76] We read that in sixteenth, seventeenth and eighteenth century England, "ladies of quality" arranged little outings to witness the spectacle of prostitutes being stripped naked and whipped.[77]

Moreover, the criminal's crime often consists of devouring another's rights, which translates (to hierarchialists) as stealing a higher social place than the one to which he is entitled. Degradation therefore restores symmetry.[78] Do you remember what Montesquieu said?[79] Law must promote equality. And wouldn't you agree that symmetry equalizes?

Where inequality of rank and status exists, degradation is employed almost surgically to maintain the existing ethos of class relations right to the bitter end. Hierarchialism keeps even the highest-born offender to his suicidal duty: Medieval samurai, for instance, participate willingly in their own death-spectacles, to avoid the further punishment of shame by reduction to the level of common filth. In his classic treatise on voluntary death in Japan, Maurice Pinguet writes that for the warrior class, for whom a death-sentence (unless the offender had fallen so far below honor as to merit decapitation, crucifixion, burning alive or the other punishments reserved for commoners) meant cutting one's belly open,

> no penal system was ever so economical—costly, perhaps, in terms of human lives, but smooth in operation... However harsh the judge, he could count on the cooperation of his victim. Even if he thought the sentence unjust, he would take pride in performing the ceremony without a murmur of protest... Until the last moment he would be treated as a noble and free man.[80]

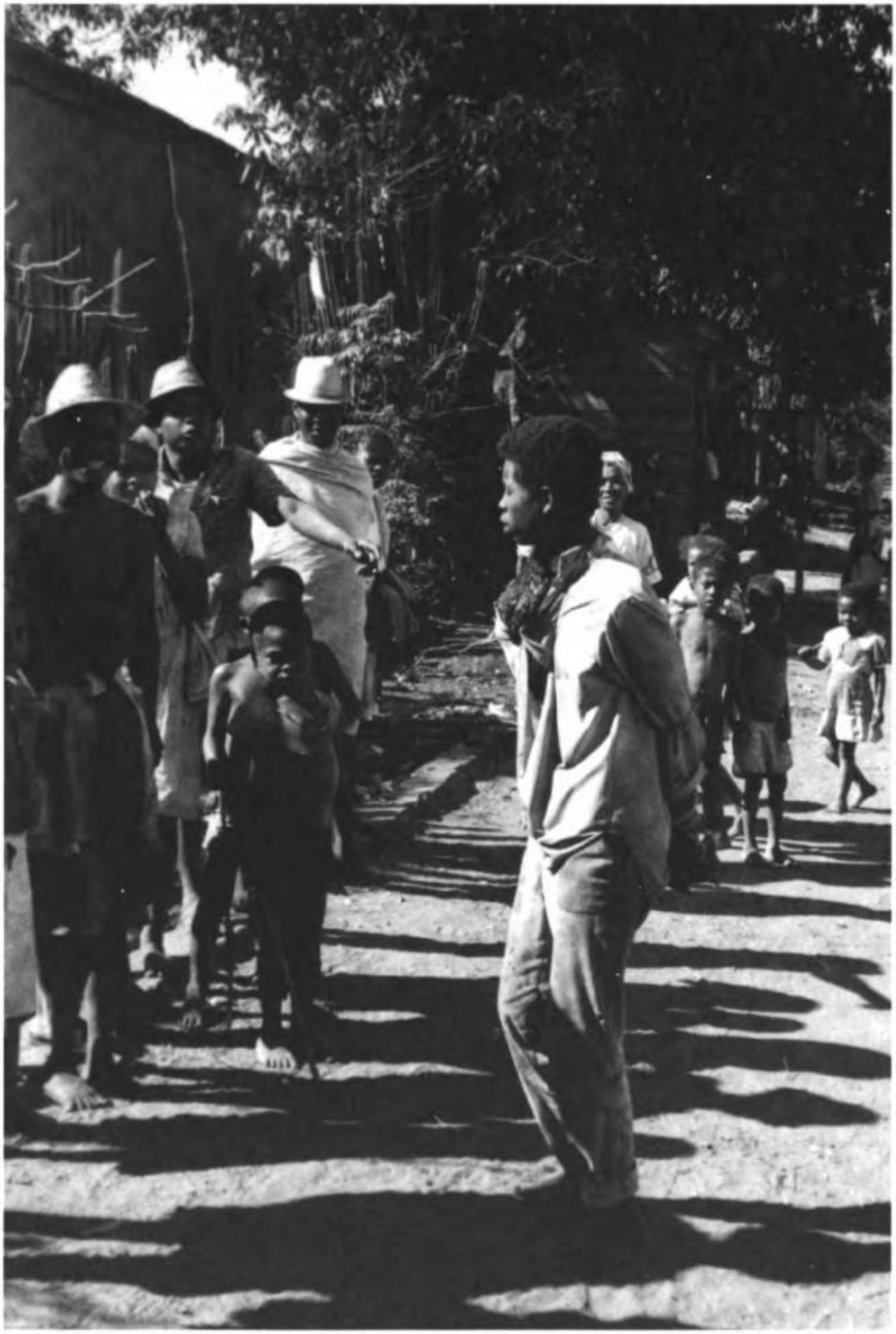
Yes, the criminal plays his part—sometimes with truly pious zest, sometimes for fear of getting tortured once again in reaction to a perceived recantation.[81] Justice consists of expiation. An infanticidal mother's pastor assures her that she will soon be in heaven. The criminal's own blood will wash him clean. The choir, which is sometimes composed of schoolboys, explains and admonishes, while red-hot tongs rip the flesh from his limbs. The executioner lifts the great wheel, then smashes it down on the criminal's arms and legs, shattering every bone, while the maimed, crushed human being roars out the name of Jesus, or merely shrieks.[82]

A WITCH-BURNER'S CASEBOOK

And why expect otherwise? Authority does not love the Joan of Arcs and John Browns of this world. Refusing to be a mere foil, it demands to direct its morality play. What to do? Given sufficient judicial power, a *contrapasso* can almost invariably be stage-managed, with or without consent.

In the year 1484 or thereabouts, two learned and systematic Inquisitors pub-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



A chicken thief is caught red-handed. Everybody points and mocks him before he is taken to prison, where he may possibly starve. (Madagascar, 1994)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lished their *Malleus Maleficarum*, or "Witches' Hammer." A modern scholar describes it as "one of the most morally obtuse and pornographically obsessive works existing."[83] Its twentieth-century editor, on the other hand, calls it "a great work—admirable in spite of its trifling blemishes."[84]

The ecclesiastical magistrate begins by posting a notice demanding that all who know anything which might be used to indict their neighbors of witchcraft had better report it. Should they fail to do so within twelve days, they risk excommunication.



From 1555 broadside about witch-burnings

Denunciations follow. "The accused N." is brought in. Should he have no tales to tell, the magistrate asks: Do you believe in witches? "Note that for the most part witches deny this at first; and therefore this engenders a greater suspicion than if they were to answer that they left it to a superior judgment to say whether there were such or not." In other words, just as under Mao and Stalin, professed ignorance or skepticism constitutes defiance of the examiner's authority: it obstructs stage management. "So if they deny it," continues the treatise slyly, "they must be questioned as follows: Then are they innocently condemned when they are burned? And he or she must answer."[85]

An affirmative answer, of course, constitutes rebellion, which deserves punishment. A negative answer returns the accused to the starting point: acquiescence in the judge's righteous authority and control.

What does an Inquisitor himself believe? He believes in sin. Kin to those legislators who punish rocks or who discrown kings on the evidence of shooting stars, he holds such a high opinion of human moral-power that he's certain that any ill effect issues from a malignant cause: a walking cause, a fellow citizen fit for burning.

In the *Malleus Maleficarum*, he is warned not to let the witch face him or touch him. Satan hides near. He'd better change her clothes, lest she has devilish defenses hidden in them. He shouldn't neglect to shave her head, armpits and pubic hair. "And the Inquisitor of Como has informed us that last year, that is, in 1485, he ordered forty-one witches to be burned, after they had been shaved all over."[86]

To establish proof of guilt, the examiner needs only to find that the accused has a bad reputation, that her vicinity contains victims—dry cows, sick children—and that anonymous witnesses testify against her.[87] Most likely she'll get no opportunity to confront her accusers; and her advocate, should he be overzealous to save her, may receive a pointed warning against defending heresy. "And it is not a valid argument for him to say to the Judge that he is not defending the error, but the person."[88]

The woman has two means of clearing herself. The first is to prove that her accusers bear her mortal enmity—not an easy task when the judge will not tell her who they are.[89] The second is to be lucky enough to confront only a weak case of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

accusation, and to repeatedly undergo torture without confessing.[90] (But should she fail to weep while the examiners are hurting her, she is probably a witch.)[91] "But what we are to consider now," write our witch-burners, "is what action the Judge should take, and how he should proceed to question the accused with a view to extorting the truth from her so that"—So that the truth can be made manifest? —No. —*"So that sentence of death may finally be passed on her."*[92] Some witches, we are told, strangle themselves in their cells—no doubt to avoid further torture. To the Inquisitors, this but *proves* them to be witches, tricked by the Devil into dying damned and in despair, bereft of the sacrament of confession,[93] which is the one zone where the interests of accused and judge coincide. For confession affirms the judge's doings, which in turn renders a public *contrapasso* realizable. It also allows the witch, self-branded as such by its agency, the possibility of at the very least saving her soul after she has been burned,[94] and perhaps (a weakish perhaps) of saving her life. This too is the Stalinist promise: Admit the charges against you, and you will be forgiven—a promise frequently unkept.

For witch-burners have many tricks. Because they are dealing with the enemy of creed and homeland—an imminent enemy who kills cows and children—they need not feel bound by the truth.

Pause a moment. We know this procedure and these punishments to be reprehensibly unjustifiable. But ethics, and in particular defense against imminence, excuses us from our misperceptions.[95] The Inquisitors, one hopes, genuinely believed that there were witches. *What if there had actually been witches?* Would the Inquisitors be unjustified then? All I can reply is that a widespread presupposition of the danger of witchcraft might have extenuated the execution of these helpless women; but the treachery of the system, its dismissal of its own norms of consistency, integrity and truth, should revolt any open mind.

Promise the woman her life, advise Messers Kramer and Sprenger, and encourage her to think that she will be sent into exile, when in fact she'll face a prison cell with bread and water. "But notwithstanding ..., the secular Judge can, on account of the temporal injuries which she has committed, deliver her to be burned."[96] Furthermore,

> Others think that, after she has been consigned to prison in this way, the promise to spare her life should be kept for a time, but after a certain period she should be burned.
>
> A third opinion is that the Judge may safely promise the accused her life, but in such a way that he should afterwards disclaim the duty of passing sentence on her, deputing another Judge in his place.[97]

In the unlikely event that the defendant is found to be innocent, "let care be taken not to put anywhere in the sentence that the accused is innocent and immune,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

but [only] that it was not legally proved against him," for, after all, he has an excellent chance of re-arrest.[98] (One recalls Solzhenitsyn's definition of release in the Soviet Union: the interval between two arrests.)[99] Moreover, as always, the judge's position and prestige must be preserved. It cannot be said that he was wrong. Witches defamed by their neighbors, but not convicted, must, according to the severity of the case, either get their neighbors to witness and subscribe to an oath of their innocence, or else abjure any past or future heresy. Perhaps penances will be assigned them: standing in sackcloth during High Mass, for instance, holding a candle of a certain weight.[100] In any event, for the rest of their lives they'll exist on sufferance. Confessed heretics are even more on their parole. Should they be accused again, they'll most likely be convicted, and then will suffer the fate of relapsed heretics: burning. (The judge is instructed in his sentence to hypocritically "pray that the said secular court" to which he is about to deliver the convicted witch "may temper its justice with mercy, that there be no bloodshed or danger of death.")[101]

Only once does the *Malleus Maleficarum* show a hint of self-awareness. The authors advise any judge who has tricked and wheedled a lethal self-conviction out of the witch not to face her when the sentence is announced. "For the face of his Judge terrifies the prisoner, and his words are more likely to cause one who is to be punished to be impenitent than penitent."[102]

WITCH-BURNING CONTINUED, OR RUBY RIDGE

The result of such practices: precisely counterdeterrence. In my time and place, the notion of witchcraft trials repels us, not only because we don't entirely[103] believe in witches, but also because the trials strike us not as procedures for establishing the truth on which justice ought to be founded, but mechanisms for condemnation. We said before that at best, "justice is deliberation, but its substance is accident." At worst, "justice is deliberation and its substance is malice." This, I suppose, was how Randy Weaver felt when the U.S. government sniper received no punishment for shooting his wife in the face, while he himself, accused only of selling a shotgun one-quarter-inch shorter than the legal limit, had to face trial.[104]

Rules of Engagement at Ruby Ridge

The FBI's moral calculus (August 22, 1992)[105]

1. "If any adult male in the compound" (that is, Weaver's cabin, so called to make it sound more threatening) "is observed with a weapon prior to the [surrender] announcement, deadly force can and should be employed, if the shot can be taken without endangering any children."
2. "If any adult in the compound is observed with a weapon after

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the surrender announcement is made, and is not attempting to surrender, deadly force can and should be employed to neutralize the individual."

3. "If compromised" (that is, discovered) "by any animal (dog), that animal should be eliminated."
4. "Any subjects other than Randall Weaver, Vicki Weaver, Kevin Harris presenting threats of death or grievous bodily harm" to government agents (the Weaver children must be these "other subjects"), "the FBI Rules of Deadly Force are in effect. Deadly Force can be utilized to prevent ... death or grievous bodily injury to ones' self or ... another."

CASUALTIES (before ROE issued, August 21)

1. Weavers' family dog, Striker, shot dead by the G-men it scented.
2. U.S. Marshal William Deagan, shot dead in a firefight by Sammy Weaver, age 14, or by Randy Weaver's friend Kevin Harris, evidently in response to seeing Striker killed by these unidentified intruders.
3. Sammy Weaver, wounded in the firefight, then shot dead while trying to run away from the U.S. Marshals.

CASUALTIES (after ROE issued, August 22)

1. Randy Weaver, wounded only, shot from behind while visiting Sammy's body.
2. Vicki Weaver, killed while holding the door open for her husband, with a baby in her arms. The baby was fortunately unhurt. The Weavers' daughter Sara was standing close enough to be spattered with her mother's skull and brain fragments.
3. Kevin Harris seriously wounded by the same bullet.

RESULTS

Larry A. Potts, acting deputy director of the FBI, was issued a letter of censure. "Letters of censure are apparently also issued for comparatively insignificant infractions, as where an FBI employee has lost a cellular phone." The next day, Potts was promoted to full deputy director.[106]

Through this cruelty, my government played into the hands of the odious racists with whom the Weavers were associated, strengthening evil and boosting the propaganda of its enemies.[107] The worst offense which an authority ostensibly based on law can commit is the expedient (or slapdash) employment of arbitrary means.[108]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"Let The High Praise Of God
Be In Their Mouth,
And A Twoedged Sword
In Their Hand"
Ps. 149:6

ARYAN NATIONS

NEWSLETTER Church of Jesus Christ Christian #79

De Facto Government Wages War
AGAINST WHITE CHRISTIAN CITIZENS

RANDY WEAVER AND THE CONSTITUTION

--By Richard G. Butler

Several years ago, Supreme Court Justice Thurgood Marshal stated that the United States Constitution was dead and that it was replaced by the Fourteenth Amendment. As much as I hate to take a black's word over hundreds of thousands of well-meaning but ignorant White "conservatives," honesty forces me to side with the Black -- the Constitution is dead for White men. Oh, the written document still exists, but unless the thoughts expressed therein live in the hearts of White men, the paper and ink provides no shield against a 30.06, M-16, or even an AK47!

The original constitution was made by White men and for White men; it cannot be made to represent any other. It represented a National (Racial) State of the White Race. Hence, the citizenry was under a national obligation to be armed, thus the difference between a citizen, subject, and slave. The framers of the government envisioned White males as citizens (sovereigns), as opposed to British "subjects" or the alien Race of Black slaves.

One hundred twenty-four years ago Race treason in Washington, D.C., was in full swing. The so-called Fourteenth Amendment was never ratified constitutionally, just declared so by the race treason crowd of anti-Christ in the becoming "District of Corruption." The 64,000 dollar question: Why did the "We the People..." of that day allow it? Were we not then the sovereigns? Were we seduced by the lying priest and preacher (Jeremiah 23:11)? When we take stock and apply the laws of our Father, do we not deserve what we permit and permit what we deserve? The tyranny of the federal government, which was intended to serve for our well being, has become a terrible master. In Randy Weaver's case, murdering his son and wife and seriously wounding his friend, Kevin Harris, not for anyone's well being but perhaps just to kill and maim for pleasure!



Is this the assassin that shot Sam in the back, and then Vicki between the eyes while holding her baby in her arms?

The alien Negro was by treason accorded citizenship. Since a law of physics states that "no two objects can occupy the same place at the same time," the White man is being thrust out of citizenship to slave status.

Once, divine law was a subject in our schools, now it is forbidden and our schools are in shambles.

Once, politicians would invoke the name of Jesus The Christ; now they don't dare to utter anything in favor of the Bible or the White Race.

Once, the Second Amendment meant what it said; now it means whatever the slave master wants it to mean.

When will the sons of God awaken to their duty? (See II Chronicles 7:14).

1/4 INCH
RANDY WEAVER'S STORY

--by Louis Beam

In 1985, the FBI approached Randy Weaver, a former Special Forces soldier, and asked him to become an informant for the federal government. (The federals have over 12,000 paid informants nationwide, whose job is to spy on the American populace.) Weaver refused - then filed an affidavit with his county recorder saying he feared for his life as a result of the refusal.

In August, 1992, an eleven-day siege of the Weaver home in North Idaho began. A federal agent charged that Weaver had sold a shotgun with the barrel 1/4" too short. Weaver said it was a frame-up for refusing to pimp for the government. Over 500 federal personnel (Marshals, FBI, ATF, U.S. soldiers, some just returning from the killing fields in Iraq) surrounded the Weaver home; and above in the sky flew U.S.A.F. planes. Included on the ground were crack snipers, trained at the FBI Academy in Quantico, Virginia. Their job was to kill Weaver. Randy had vowed not to surrender to the federals on the phony charges brought on for refusing them.

Lethal force at Ruby Ridge: the neo-Nazi point of view

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WEAVER FAMILY LETTER
June 12, 1990

Dear Aryan Nations:

To All our brethren of the Anglo Saxon race:

This evening at approximately 6:15pm at Deep Creek, ID - two U. S. Treasury agents (Gunderson & Barley) followed Randy & Vicki Weaver to the home of friends (They were driving a Forest Service Vehicle). When a woman of the house went out to her yard they told her they wanted to talk privately with Randy. She thought they were locals - he went out.

They threatened him with federal firearms charges & prison time and they confiscation of our truck. They said they didn't have a warrant yet. They said they want him to join their team and that he must come alone to the courthouse in Spokane tomorrow at 11.00am. Randy said "NO WAY!" They said "Oh Yes, That's the way we do things."

This letter is to let you know what is happening. Randy and I & the children are ready to stand for the truth and our freedom. We cannot make deals with the enemy. This is a war against the White Sons of Isaac. Yahweh our Yeshua is our Savior and King. The decree (Genocide Treaty) has gone out to destroy Israel our people. If we are not free to obey the laws of Yahweh, we may as well be dead!

I don't know if they'll push this or not, it may be a royal bluff.... Randy's first thought was to let them arrest him to protect his children, but he is well aware that once they have him the Feds will send agents to search and destroy our home, looking for "evidence". He knows his children - they won't let that happen to their mother.

So he's going to stay with them and let the Edomites bring on the war!

Let Yah-Yahshua's prefect will be done. If it is our time, we'll go home. If it is not, we will praise His separated Name! Halleluyah!

Yahweh be Praised, Vicki J. Weaver

WEAVER'S MOUNTAIN
–by Barbara Curiale - Santa Ana, California

They called themselves heroes
on Weaver's Mountain
Amidst laughing and pats on their backs
They spoiled tall trees
They spat in the wind
They polluted the skies
ZOG's filthy half-men
Shooting dead a young boy in his tracks

Two tongues for each hero on Weaver's Mountain
This side deceives a man for two guns
Now thirsting for blood
They murdered his wife
But not before taking
His son Samuel's life
The other to excuse what they had done.

Now the fires that rage on Weaver's Mountain
Will spread beyond what ZOG can control
We'll bury our own
Their loss we will grieve
We'll bow before Yahweh
In Whom we believe
Cowardly ZOG will soon pay the toll.

High on a mountain in God's Country
Where nature reigns supreme
Where the trees grow tall
'Neath the crisp blue skies
And song birds are flying free
Ran barefoot young children
Through the leaves and moist earth
Laughing and sharing their mom's sunny love
Growing and caring for Father above
Now Samuel will run there no more.

ZOG the dog
swine and dung
Hid in the bushes
Loading their guns
Shot little Samuel
And sweet Vicki too
Hell is more ready for you!

FROM INSIDE ZOG's PRISON
September 4, 1992

–Letter from Randy Weaver

Your support is so much appreciated. I want the folk to know that if Sam and Vicki were able to speak with us right now, that they would not change any of Yahweh's Plans. Sam and Vicki have always been ready and willing to do exactly what they did. What more could a man ask than to be able to say that under fire from ZOG, his family stuck together?

With the great offerings that Yahweh has required from this family, I know that great rewards are in the making.

Please pray especially for Kevin and my daughters. If they are all right, then I'm all right."

Randy Weaver

Last Word: The Anti-Christ AIPAC/JOG's *de facto* communist government, long in control of this great land, has executed *their* judgement on Randy Weaver by reason of his Patriotic American convictions and *Christian Identity Faith*! Seeing their complicitory and treasonous agents address the commands of *their* master, Anti-Christ Satanic Jewry, the enemy emergent from within has openly attacked the heart of America! White Christians must at once, with all conviction, address the commands of *their* King - Jesus Christ: Mark 13:13; Revelation 2:9 & 3:9; Matthew 10:34; Jeremiah 51:20; Luke 19:27....

!... READ THEM AND ACT...!

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

8What's done cannot be undone, but it can be punished. In 1997 the sniper, Lon Horiuchi, was finally arraigned—and, with vindictiveness disguised as evenhandness, so was Weaver's friend, Kevin Harris, who had allegedly killed a G-man in a shootout the day before Mrs. Weaver was murdered. No matter that he'd already been tried and acquitted in another jurisdiction—the government was not prepared to admit unilateral fault. I decided then that until the sniper is punished (and Harris released, *guilty or not*, since he was previously found to be innocent) I would continue to believe that certain departments of my government have a free hand to murder my fellow-citizens. *Punishment is justified when it tends to prove that a legitimate social contract will be honored and obeyed by authority.*[109] *Punishment is unjustified when the punishment is inconsistently applied to penalize similar acts committed under similar circumstances.*[110] We know what would happen to an ordinary citizen who shot a woman in the face because she happened to open a door.



Randy and Vicki Weaver (1971)

MEDITATIONS IN THE PUNISHMENT MUSEUM

The justice of retribution is more perfect, as it reveals itself to the spectator's understanding and thereby calls forth his agreement—which never occurred at Ruby Ridge. To the extent that justice remains public (as the employers of executioners once took for granted that it was), the audience ought to have the opportunity to feel some approximation of the *contrapasso* no matter how fake—or at least of somehow restoring symmetry, "making good again" (a crude translation of the evocative German word *Wiedergutmachung*).[111] Here is Plato on the proper penalty to be applied to a military deserter: Since the man has flung his shield away to avoid death, his punishment ought not to include death, because the judiciary should rather approach feminization and dishonor "in our treatment of the craven's pitiful clinging to his life, ... that he may have no risks to take for the future, but prolong his life of infamy to the last minute possible."[112] In many countries this sensibility still lingers, as in the show trials of Communist regimes, or the show penalties of Saudi Arabia, where hands and heads are severed before a crowd according to the dictates of Islamic law;[113] as I've repeatedly said, I prefer such procedures (if and only if the convictions were justly obtained) to the furtiveness with which authority murders murderers[114] in the United States. The legal phrase *corpus delecti* means "body of the crime," and the murdered or maimed recipient of unlawful violence exhibits to his finder the ugly piteousness of crime-inscribed flesh. It is precisely this which Marc Antony shows off to the crowd when for propaganda purposes he lays bare Caesar's murdered body with its twenty-three stab-wounds, then raises the corpse's toga on a spear-point:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> and shook it aloft, pierced with dagger-thrusts and red with the dictator's blood. Whereupon the people, like a chorus in a play, mourned with him in the most sorrowful manner, and from sorrow became filled again with anger.[115]

Retributive justice must likewise fashion an ugly thing.

This is part of what Hobbes means when he says: "The aym of Punishment is not a revenge, but terrour."[116] The other part of what he means, the implication that authority is within its rights to cow, gets enacted whenever another Stalin murders another Rudzutak;[117] we need not hold with that part, to accept the necessary equation between the frightfulness of the teenaged runaway's strangled, mutilated body found in the woods, and the blue, swollen corpse of the murderer in the state's gas chamber. Better, to my mind, that we see the ugliness, and bear in mind the transgressive ugliness which necessitated it, than that we pretend (as fainthearted Eichmann wanted to do with his "shipments," "transports," "pieces," "resettlements," "solutions") that it doesn't exist.[118]

Sometimes I almost agree that pretense is better. In the *Kriminalenmuseum* in Vienna we see an old death sentence, printed huge and posted, so that the public will be informed of, and invited to, the doom of the mother-murderer Hackler. His fading *Todesurtei* is now grimly meaningless, a trinket of history. In a neighboring glass case we meet anarchist bombs: spheres like limpet-minds, metal or porcelain, deployed in Vienna by anarchists in 1889. What strange objects they are—earth-colored or grey, studded with protuberances: *Würfbombe* and *Kügelnurfbombe!* Their unfamiliarity renders them more interesting to me; their ominous fragility and sea-urchinlike shapes trap my eye: as artifacts they deserve preservation. But over here I see a sickening photograph of an axe-murderer's victim, along with the actual murderer's skull. I see photos of smashed, murdered heads (at Ruby Ridge, the FBI was quick to carry all such evidence away). On display, a bloody sack used to hide the dismembered victim indicates ghoulish malice and low cunning: this is the *corpus delecti*, all right. The victim and the murderer are long dead: What does the bloody sack teach me, after all? Justice has been done. Will it deter me from crime? Will I be a better person, if I look down this murderer's path and turn away shuddering? (Would I have been better for watching a witch burn?) How many such displays do I need to see to be deterred and improved? I see a golden box of *Zyanepustik*. My gaze is imprisoned by a wall-sized photograph from 1910 of a nude dismembered woman, black-stockinged with wrinkled eyelids and a bloody mouth, dried blood speckled at her crotch. The blood, the death, the missing limbs all revolt me. I never wanted to dismember anyone; I never wanted to kill anyone: does it instruct me to see this, or does it coarsen me? The first time I saw a cow slaughtered, I was shocked and sorry. Then it became my job every three weeks: that was how long a steer took to feed forty people. I remember the colors of fat and guts, the smell of blood, urine, dung and bile, the bright green if you mistakenly cut the gall blad-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

der, the crimson blood loudly and steadily gushing, as if from a faucet, when one severs the neck; it grew easy. If I killed people, legitimately or illegitimately, perhaps that would grow easy, too.

I have never seen an execution, but when I was a teenager I used to go to horror movies, and I remember how there were always people who laughed. There must be people who laugh at executions, too. In aesthetically sadistic variants of the *contrapasso*, Nero and his successors enjoyed making condemned criminals play parts in myth-dramas: Icarus comes hurtling down from the heights of the Coliseum, then hits the dirt, spraying the emperor with blood.[119] A batch of Christian women find themselves dressed as Danaids and pushed into the arena, where they vainly run from devouring beasts...[120] But Nero passed on, and justice drew back.

A PROPORTIONALIST QUAGMIRE

Why weren't these *contrapasso* laws maintained forever? I doubt that spectators objected to them. After half a lifetime of studying the history of jurisprudence, Maine concluded that "much the greatest part of mankind has never shown a particle of desire that its civil institutions should be improved since the moment when external completeness was first given to them by their embodiment in some permanent record."[121] But in the German case, once administrative centralism consolidated its hold on what had heretofore constituted but isolated villages huddling in a Hobbesian wilderness of wolves and brigands, the *omnipotence* of justice increased, thereby decreasing the requisite severity of the deterrent effect.[122] (Arsonists, roll your dice: Before, you enjoyed a higher likelihood of getting away, combined with a more hideous punishment were you caught. Now your chances of being apprehended are on the rise, so we can let you off with something mild like decapitation—it equates, doesn't it?) Beccaria's theories began to make torture and immolation into an embarrassment for the magistrates of the "barbaric" nations concerned—if not for the public.

But that begs the question: How could anyone be so susceptible to Beccaria's arguments? Where did the embarrassment come from? —Because, I would argue, the notion of the *contrapasso* rests on metaphorical rather than analytical logic. In Elizabethan England, a justice of the peace asserts, as a matter too obvious to be proved, that "due analogy and proportion" of punishment have been violated, because both ordinary murderers and witches are strangled on the gallows, "wherein doubtless there is a great inequality of justice, considering the inequality of the trespass, which deserveth a death so much the more horrible by how much the honour of God is eclipsed."[123] Under the secularized law of nineteenth- or twentieth-century England, those "proportions" might have been exactly reversed, because the law no longer asserted the venomous dangerousness of witchcraft. Likewise, the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Policemen arresting department store robber (New York City, 1995). He had just been captured after a long chase. He gave me permission to take his picture, but asked me not to photograph his face because he was ashamed.

father of a nineteen-year-old American girl killed by a drunken driver explains in approval of the killer's sentence—life in prison without parole—that "my wife and I are in a sort of prison and will be for the rest of our natural lives, and we feel that Mr. Jones should be, too."[124] Had Mr. Jones been condemned to death, the father might equally have said that "my wife and I are dead in our hearts, and so Mr. Jones ought to be in his body."[125] Due proportion varies according to the moral eyesight.

This is not to say that the notion of proportion has no utility. Montesquieu claimed that because in the Russia of his day the penalty for robbery and murder were the same, robbers always murdered for expediency's sake, whereas in China robbers who murdered were cut into pieces, which was why "though they rob in that country they never murder"[126]—an argument whose basis in actuality I do not know, but which makes logical sense to me.

Proportionality, to be effective, requires *utterance.* Justice must trumpet its own presence. "Meaning," "message," sanctifies violence. This is why authority sometimes assumes the obligation to explicate the reason for the punishment by proclaiming the crime. Hence the placards around the necks of Nazi-hanged partisans, or the label at the foot of the cross: JESUS, KING OF THE JEWS. Hence the sermons preached by New England divines at the scene of the crime—and the scene of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

execution.[127] It's thanks to their good offices that we hear that Hanna Ocuish, "a mulatto girl twelve years and nine months," praying aloud at her own execution ground that "every spectator of this day's painful scene, learn the importance of faithfulness [toward] Parent and Master."[128] Authority loves to make sure that we get the point.

Most of us now reject the importance of faithfulness to one's slavemaster as a social good. We have no reason to believe that many of the social goods of our own era won't also be rejected. In other words, to the extent that I become habituated to obey the law, I run the risk of becoming Eichmann. To the expect that I disavow it, I fall into peril of becoming Sade or Stalin.

One historian bitterly claims that law's very arbitrariness establishes capital punishment's "effectiveness, indeed its very meaning as a symbol of sovereignty"[129]—authority defending itself by means of Damocles's sword. Wherever that sovereignty has grown established, its idyosyncratic manifestations, no matter how idyosyncratic they might seem to us, become as uncontroversially ubiquitous within its own context as the law of gravity.[130] Hence Montesquieu's worldly assertion that "if the people observe the laws, what signifies it whether these laws are the same?"[131] [*See following page.*]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Retaliation for Violent Crimes: Laws and Customs

"Those who believe in the beneficence of force have never yet agreed upon the crimes that should be forbidden, the method and extent of punishment, nor even its result. They simply agree that without force and violence social life cannot be maintained."[A]

I. Punishments Enforced by Victim's Kin or Followers

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Hittite Kingdom, 15th or 14th cent. B.C.[B] *A 20th cent. compiler remarks: "There was no room for mercy for the poor and the hungry."*	In anger: Surrender 4 persons to victim's family (2 if victim was slave). Manslaughter: Surrender 2 persons (1 for slave). If Hittite merchant killed, must give 1.5 silver *manehs*.	For knocking out a man's teeth or blinding him, 20 shekels (10 shekels for slave). For injuring his head: 6 shekels. For breaking his arm or leg, 20 shekels (10 for slave). For biting off his nose, 1 *maneh* (3 shekels for slave). Etcetera. General Rule: Must succour victim, pay his doctor, provide him with labor until he recovers.	"If a man seize a woman in the mountain, it is the man's offense; he shall die. But if he seizes her in the house, it is the women's offense; she shall die." Except above, difficult to distinguish rape from seduction. Adulterers may be spared or killed as the husband chooses. No compensation needed if the woman-stealer is killed by those who seek to recover her. A man who elopes with another's betrothed must pay compensation. Should a shepherd elope with a free woman and pay no bride price, becomes a slave in the third year.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Rome (Twelve Tablets, *ca.* 450 B.C.)[C]	Blood money. Arsonist burned alive.	Blood money, fixed amount; later, courts could assess penalty. Considered an outrage or insult. For a broken limb, if compensation not paid, "retaliation in kind" allowed. Compensation for breaking bone of freeman: 300 asses. For slave: 25. For accidental wounding: ram given as peace offering, "to prevent blood revenge."	[Blood money to nearest male relative considered a kind of insult to him; hence not specifically mentioned. Seduction presumably treated likewise.] Compensation for undefined "outrage": 25 asses.
		The Twelve Tables list 7 penalties: fines, shackles, flogging, retaliation in kind, exile, death, and slavery.	
Iceland, 9th-12th cent.[D]	Blood revenge, within 24 hours, or blood money. [For murdered slave, 12 oz. of silver within 3 days forestalls legal consequences.][E]	Blood revenge, or blood money.	Blood revenge, or blood money.
		Valid only until the meeting of the Althing (legal assembly), after which private vengeance must give way to adjudication.	
Japan, 9th-18th cent.[F]	Blood revenge for murdered parent or lord.	[Blood revenge?]	[Blood revenge?]
		In later centuries, the authorities had to be notified first.	
Powhatan Indians, pre-1607 and late 17th cent.[G]	Blood revenge	[Blood revenge?]	[Blood revenge?]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Huron, 17th cent.[H]	Blood revenge from kin (in theory); but compensation socially encouraged to avoid blood feuds. 1 murdered man = 30 presents (beaverskins). 1 murdered woman = 40 presents. Chief = more.	Compensation through presents.	Unknown.
Central Eskimo (Cumberland Sound, Davis Strait, 1880s).[I]	Blood revenge.	Blood revenge.	Blood revenge.

II. PUNISHMENTS JUDICIALLY ENFORCED

Code of Exodus, 1200 B.C.?[J]	Death, with right to sanctuary if murderer did not lie in wait. For murder of slave: "he shall be punished. But if the slave survives a day or two, he is not to be punished; for the slave is his death money."	Compensation, plus responsibility to heal the victim. For causing a woman to miscarry: a fine if she lives, death if she dies. For harm to eye or tooth of slave: slave is freed.	Seduction of unbetrothed virgin: must make marriage present to father and marry her. "You shall not afflict any widow or orphan." [No more explicit mention of rape.]
Greek code of Draco [Drakon], 621-20 B.C.[K]	Exile "even if without premeditation."	No penalty for homocide in the act of repelling a violent thief.	Unknown.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Code of Leviticus and Deuteronomy, 600 B.C.?[L]	Death.	"An eye for an eye, a tooth for a tooth."	Of virgin: bride-price of 50 shekels to father, then compulsory inalienable marriage. Of betrothed virgin, outside: death to rapist. Of betrothed virgin, in city: death to both (by stoning), "because she did not cry out." (Marriage to captive woman allowed; no mention of consent.)
Greek code of Solon, 594 B.C.[M]	Death, unless murderer flees after first day of trial. Infanticide by violence not permissable; by abandonment allowed. Self-defense killing, or slaying of a highwayman, outlaw, night robber, or adulterer caught with one's near female relatives permitted. Unintentional homicide penalized by exile. Execution by exposure or strangling while pinioned to board, or, more rarely, by precipitation or hemlock-poisoning. Victim's relatives must prosecute.	Mere battery punished by fine. Deliberate wounding punished by exile and loss of property.	Fine of 100 drachmas, if victim is a free Athenian woman. Rape of free man or boy subject to same. Rape of slave subject to 50 drachmas. 20 drachmas for seduction. [But seduction of free woman punished more harshly than rape. Seducer could be killed or maltreated without penalty; wife must be divorced.] No penalty for fornication with harlots.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Various Roman statutes, 1st cent. B.C.[N] *"The Romans did not create an organic body of statutes relating to criminal law."*[O]	Death (but not of a citizen "without sanction of the people"). For parricide: drowning sewn up in sack with dog, cock, monkey, and viper. Exile or compensation also sometimes required. Condemnation to fight as a gladiator possible. Noncitizens might be crucified, thrown to wild animals, or burned.	Compensation and/or death or branding (for slave). Exile in some cases. Flogging also sometimes administered for non-citizens.	Compensation and/or death (by victim's kinsmen if rapist taken in the act—usually no capital penalty for citizens). [In 76 B.C., the legions of Quintas Sertorius pillage the Roman town of Lauro. One soldier tries to rape a woman, who rips out his eyes. Sertorius executes the entire cohort of probably 480 Roman soldiers.]

Masters had the power of life and death over their slaves during this period, and could flog, prostitute or crucify them for virtually any reason. Crucifixion was performed by a hired private contractor in early 1st cent., and possibly in Republican times also.

Roman code of Justinian, A.D. 533[P]	Death or exile. Penalties for slaves similar to those of Republican days, but masters gradually lost the right to punish them without imperial sanction.	Striking, beating, or forcible house-breaking all considered in this category.	Rape of slave-woman also considered an "outrage." Attempted seduction of a woman dressed as a slave or as prostitute less actionable than if she is dressed like a "respectable mother of a family." Owner of female slave can sue seducer for insult to him.

Roman citizens became divided into two classes, honestiores *and* humiliores. *The former were usually exempt from the worst punishments, but even they could be executed for murder or treason. Degrading punishments included being sent to work in the mines (a capital sentence) or being reduced to a gladiator.*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Laws of old Chosun, Korea, A.D. 100-200[q]	Death.	"Compensation in grain."	Unknown.
Laws of Puyo, Korea, A.D. 100-300[s]	Death. Family of murderer enslaved.	Unknown.	Unknown. [Polygamy probably practiced. Adulterous women executed; jealous women executed and left to rot on the mountainside; no similar penalties for men.]
Laws of the Roman empereror Constantine, d. A.D. 337[t]	Unknown.	Unknown.	Death by fire or by wild beasts, for rapists. If woman was unmarried and under 25, and she eloped voluntarily (that is, if the crime was fornication rather than violent rape), she will be executed in the same way.
Islamic code, from the Qur-'An, 7th cent.[r]	Death, unless a fine is accepted.	Imprisonment, corporal punishment, or cutting off of hands and feet, depending on severity.	Similar to Deuteronomy. [Slave-girls cannot be forced into prostitution, but marriage allowed to currently married women captured in battle; no mention of consent.]
Consitutio Criminalis (15th-early 16th cent.)[u]	Unknown.	Unknown.	Death. [Same as seduction and adultery; if willing, or even only apparently so, woman also dies.]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Constitutio Criminalis Carolina, Holy Roman Empire[v]	Death.	Death.	Death.
Jamestown colony, 1606[w]	Death without benefit of clergy. (Clergy allowed in executions for manslaughter.)	Corporal punishment, fine or imprisonment, at council's discretion.	Death without benefit of clergy.
Powhatan Indians, 1607[x]	Burning alive, sometimes after flogging until bones broken.	Unknown.	Unknown.
Russian trading and taxcollecting post in Siberia, 1676[y]	Punishment depending on guilt.	Punishment depending on guilt.	Flogging ("mercilessly") and fine; same penalty whether "native women and young girls and children: acquired through "pawning," "purchase, or by force."
Pre-revolutionary France, France, 18th cent.[z]	Homicide (including suicide), parricide, infanticide: Breaking at wheel (for men only), burning alive, hanging. Decapitation for nobility only.	Unknown.	Imprisonment for violent rape or seduction. Rape usually not punished if victim is more than ten years of age.
Revolutionary France, Code, 1791-92[aa]	Assassination, homicide, poisoning: decapitation (for all classes), prison or galley slavery.	Decapitation, prison or investigative detention.	Imprisonment for violent rape or violence causing a woman to miscarry.

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

SOCIETY	PENALTY FOR MURDER	PENALTY FOR ASSAULT	PENALTY FOR RAPE
Prussian General Law Code, 1794[BB]	Simple murder: break at wheel from top down. Poisoning: break from bottom up (more prolonged). Infanticide: decapitation.	Unknown.	Unknown.
England, 1904-43[CC]	Hanging to imprisonment, depending on circumstances.	Whipping for robbery with violence (for 61 out of 1414 convictions).	Unknown.
Soviet criminal code, post-Stalin[DD]	Death penalty, or 3-10 years imprisonment.	3-10 years imprisonment.	3-10 years imprisonment, or death for extreme circumstances (e.g.; death of child). Death for rape by recidivist sex offender.

NOTE: Justified homicide and assault not here defined. Only homicide and assault considered unlawful are considered. Rape in our sense is not always defined as such, but sometimes is conceived of merely as an offense against the husband's or father's property.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"REPUGNANT TO MODERN IDEAS"

And so, swayed perhaps by legalistic notions of *consistency*, by fears that our gashes in the transgressor's flesh might not be laid down according to the same pattern as another judge would prescribe, we resolved to abolish gashes. Stalin, Hitler and Pol Pot witness that we didn't succeed, but isn't it pleasurably kingly, just the same, to be *righteous?* In his history of capital punishment in Germany from 1600 to the present, Richard J. Evans describes punishment's privatization, be it flogging or execution, accompanied by the de-emphasis of torture, that is to say, of causing aggravated suffering in the condemned.[132] As collective honor[133] declines in importance and prestige, so does the lesson of public punishment. At executions, they say, pious crowds give way to drunken and obstreperous individuals[134]—but I'll bet that the obstreperous had always been present.



British hanging (1828)

In 1868, the British began hanging their condemned out of sight, because, to quote a Home Office document, "though the publicity was deterrent in intention ... it became in practice a degrading form of public entertainment, which could only serve to deprave the minds of the spectators."[135] Should the depravity simply be accepted, because it deepens the criminal's humiliation, and hence his punishment? The British Royal Commission on Capital Punishment thinks it shouldn't. The more horrible the punishment, the greater the deterrent, is "a theory not supported by the history of the criminal law and repugnant to modern ideas."[136]

Here we have a sideways genital view of a lust-murder, May 22, 1934, with bloody clothes, wanted posters, a hank of the victim's hair and both relevant death-masks. I despise the evil hand which committed this crime. Don't forget this tarnished old guillotine with the rusty bloody headbasket. —"No doubt the guillotine is an effective instrument," concluded the British commission, "but we are sure that the mutilation it produces would be shocking to public opinion in this country."[137] Is a shock wanted or not?

Next I see a photograph of a Nazi mass execution: a long beam with many nooses parallels the beam beneath. A line of condemned hang and a man is inspecting each one, to make sure that they are dead. I am horrified; I am terrified; I am deterred—I hate the Nazis, not the supposed criminals. One thing I'm compelled to admire in this museum is that one usually finds *crimes matched with punishments.* The Nazi execution is, most likely, given its mass character, a punishment linked to no crime, or linked to innocent hostages rather than culprits—in short, a punishment which is a crime. As Kant explains:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> Juridical punishment can never be administered merely as a means for promoting another good either with regard to the criminal himself or to civil society, but must in all cases be imposed only because the individual on whom it is inflicted has committed a crime. For one man ought never to be dealt with merely as a means subservient to the purposes of another, nor be mixed up with the subjects of real right. Against such treatment his inborn personality has a right to protect him, even although he may be condemned to lose his civil personality.[138]

The display for the Nazi mass execution is therefore almost death-pornography, worthwhile only for what it says about the Nazi regime, and, by negative implication, about justice generally; whereas the image of the axe-murderer's victim and the axe-murderer's real skull together behind glass repel and sadden me, but they also reassure me. (I assume that justice convicted the right man.) Continuing to consider what I've seen, I decide that in fact I want more people to see it, especially in my country, which as I write is infected by the notion that violence both judicial and nonjudicial brings pleasure without consequences. I believe that these artifacts may be useful and important. I approve of them. In his eloquent if not always persuasive treatise against judicial violence, Darrow follows my line—with angry irony:

> If the purpose of the punishment is to terrorize the community so that none will dare again to commit these acts, then the more terrible the punishment the surer the result... It should be steadfastly remembered by all squeamish judges and executioners that one vigorous punishment would prevent a thousand crimes. But more than all this, death should be in the most public way. The kettle of boiling oil should be heated with its victim inside, out upon the commons, where all eyes could see and all ears could hear. The scaffold should be erected high on a hill, and the occasion be made a public holiday for miles around.[139]

THE PUNISHMENT OF ROCKS

Without the least bit of irony, Cambyses would agree; and likewise Robespierre, Trotsky, Hitler, the Roman jurists (for whom, we are told, "the infliction of pain was an essential element in dealing with criminals")[140] and, with reservations, Thomas Jefferson, who was prepared to cut transgressors' noses off; Plato likewise approves, so far exceeding the Saudis in his need to compose and solve ethical equations in public that he, who so well grasps the difference between voluntary and involuntary detriment, between crimes of passion, of manslaughter and of malice, nonetheless pursues this course of uncovering to its extreme and, most absurdly by our standards, proposes in his *Laws* to try and convict even beasts and falling rocks for homicide.[141] This was already the practice in Athens.[142] We sometimes encounter, particularly among people steeped in philosophy and religion, the strange and fascinating

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

conception that the law—or, I should write it, as Plato thinks it, the Law—has more reality than we, that it has been inscribed by the Master Mason in the walls of time itself, that human lives come and go but the commandment (for instance) *Thou shalt have no other gods before Me* must be valid for eternity, that the Platonic Form is the end, more durably valid than the world. In ancient Rome, "the subject of litigation is supposed to be in Court. If it is moveable, it is actually there."[143] In a dispute over land, a clod of earth is brought into court; if a house is the subject of dissension, a brick must be there; if a slave, the plaintiff and the defendant each lay hands upon him in front of the judges.[144] In classical Athens, each law, cut into wood or stone, might exist in only one copy: the law pertaining to the council of the Areopagos is set up there. A scholar explains: "If any ... Athenian wanted to know the law about some matter, he would normally have had to find out where that law was, and walk there."[145] All the more reason why a philosopher might seek to condemn falling rocks, why the Athenians could pass sentence of disinterrment on men posthumously convicted of murderous sacrilege,[146] why in the Middle Ages cattle and children could be executed for witchcraft, why King Xerxes supposedly had the waters of the Hellespont whipped with three hundred lashes for breaking up his bridge of boats[147] and, yes, why the Saudi thief must lose his right hand...

NINE TO TWELVE SECONDS

Such proceedings remain, in the words of the British commission, "repugnant to modern ideas." How then run modern ideas?[148] In the middle of the twentieth century, before its practical abolition, capital punishment in England was conducted thus: Pinion the prisoner's arms behind his back. Lead him to the chalk mark. Pinion his legs. Pull the white cap over his head, then slip the noose on "with a knot drawn tight on the left lower jaw, where it is held in position by a sliding ring."[149] It will all be over in nine to twelve seconds, but the body is left hanging for one hour because "the heart may continue to beat for up to twenty minutes, but this is a purely automatic function."[150] The public will see nothing. Tradition requires that an announcement of the forthcoming execution be posted outside the prison wall, but the Royal Commission, deploring the crowds of rubberneckers thus attracted, proposes to abolish this practice, and instead to simply place such notices in the press. As it is, the executioners no longer toll the bell, fly the black flag or lock down the prison;[151] they no longer seek to reify justice. What then is the point of retribution? Lord Justice Denning called it "the emphatic denunciation by the community of a crime."[152] But how emphatic can it be, when the community has been excluded? How do we wish to imbue the executioner's act—with public, self-satisfied sadism, or with stealthy shame? "The craving that draws a crowd to the prison where a notorious murderer is being executed, reveals psychic qualities of the sort that no state would wish to foster in its citizens."[153] The Romans who crucified myriads on public highways, Wei Liao-tzu, Trotsky and the witch-burners would beg to differ.[154]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE ATONEMENTS OF JOHN BROWN

If the Royal Commission is blind—that is to say, if the Law does in fact confront us with a living gaze, if the Word is truly God, Logos, so that by transgressing we harm not only our victims but this divine thing which hangs over us all, then our problems are solved: Why shouldn't I pick up the lash to punish you? I do this not only for myself—or not for myself at all—but for outraged Symmetry.[155]

THE WHIPPING OF JOHN BROWN

Let us bring to mind again that famous story of how old John Brown kept an account-book of whippings due for infractions of familial discipline—lies, laziness in assisting the tannery's blind old horse to grind bark, and the like (the penalty being six or eight strokes for each such sin); how one Sunday John Brown brought his scared but resigned boy out to the tannery to (as Hitler would have said) settle accounts; how John Brown administered a third of the settlement—"masterfully laid on" as his son later told it—and then suddenly stopped, stripped off his own shirt, handed the boy the switch, knelt down and commanded that his own bare back be striped! How must John Jr. have felt? Sad, relieved, grateful, ashamed, repulsed, horrified, moved to love? His father said that he was not punishing hard enough. I can almost see the boy now gritting his teeth and perhaps crying, desperate to get this over with, obediently striking his father with all his might until the blood flowed; no doubt that tough old man made no movement, showed no pain, uttered nothing except further commands to flog him harder. Very likely the instrument employed was a whip constructed by old Brown himself. In a third-person autobiography, the father recounts that as a boy he'd quickly learned "the entire Process of ... Skin dressing... he could at any time dress his own leather such as Squirrel, Raccoon, Goat, Calf, or Dog Skins: + also learned to make Whip Lashes, which brought him some change ... & was of considerable service in many ways."[156] Did those sessions in the tannery comprise one category of that service? Oh, otherworldly, inflexible old John Brown! Strike, and strike again! It was the youth's first illustration, as he later put it, of the doctrine of the Atonement.[157] By what might be more than an interesting coincidence, Brown himself uses the same word in that same long autobiographical letter. His main vice as a child, he confesses, was lying,

> generally to screen himself from blame; or from punishment. He could not well endure to be reproached; & I now think had he been oftener encouraged to be entirely frank; by making perhaps a kind of atonement for some of his faults; he would not have been so often guilty of this fault; nor have been obliged to struggle so long with so mean a fault.[158]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

In other words, corporal punishment was felt by Brown to be a kindness, because it granted quick instant release—not, obviously, in the sexual sense that it had for the Marquis de Sade a century earlier, but rather as moral catharsis: some pain, and all was cleared away![159] We are almost back in the era of the German mirror-punishments. As with the Christian Atonement to which John Jr. was referring—that is, the notion that Christ's suffering is the solvent in which (if we but submit) our inborn sins can be dissolved—this equation between stripes and righteousness constitutes no more of any moral universal than the preference shown by Captain Nolan of the Light Brigade toward honor over self-preservation.[160] Let's therefore interpret the concept of punitive purification purely as a didactic or magical measure on John Brown's part, like the condemnation of a stone. As Hobbes says, and as we have already noted, for a punishment to be more than revenge, it must be publicly witnessed, and sanctioned by authority.[161] The only public in the tannery was John Brown and his son, but punishers and offenders can be each other's public, especially when they switch roles. (Besides, a child may be a parent's most important public.) In one of his famous Ninety-Five Theses, Martin Luther insists that inward "penitence is null unless it produces outward signs in various mortifications of the flesh."[162] The outward signs are for the benefit of the penitent—and the audience. Hence also the remarks of some of John Brown's enemies, an association of Confederate property owners, on the subject of slaves running away to the Yankees: "A few executions of leading transgressors among them by hanging or shooting would dissipate the ignorance which may be said to possess their minds and which may be pleaded in arrest of judgment."[163]

That sounds evil; and an anarchist presents the case for edifying punishments in an even worse light when he bitterly complains: "Governments need police to produce criminals; because the mass of people are so frightened of criminals they willingly give away their rights and freedoms to obtain protection."[164] The analogy with slavery doesn't hold up; the slaves never gave away their rights but were robbed of them. But perhaps it works for people like John Brown. He was not afraid of criminals, but he must have been terrified of sins. Is it too far-fetched to say that his conscience was his policeman, causing him to be whipped or to humble himself before his own children in order to protect him from invasive thoughts, little lies? Can we posit that for all his great principles he might have suffered from unfreedom of thought, his tethered soul struggling round and round his political and religious obsessions, like the blind horse in his tannery? Practically everything he tried failed, including the Harpers Ferry raid. —And yet, he *was* a bold man; he *was* free; he scorned the laws and punishments of others... Strange old Brown! With other figures of deterrence and retribution, the anarchist has a better case: his maxim explains precisely why Stalin harped so much on counterrevolutionaries, kulaks and wreckers; which is to say, why his secret police had to keep devouring all the Rudzutaks. After awhile it becomes a miracle of perpetual motion: I must destroy

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Comrade Rudzutak in order to remind the masses that they depend on me to save them from him; and I must remind the masses that they need me so that it will be easier for me to destroy the next Rudzutak. *Violent punishment is unjustified to the extent that the punishment, which may be just or unjust in and of itself, furthers authority's power beyond the minimum necessary for enforcing the social contract.*[165]

John Brown, on the other hand, never crushed his victims through the aid of moral-ideological machinery moving in smooth circles, but, like Lawrence liquidating the Mezerib Turks,[166] acted with desperately illogical stabs of rage against what he hated. Unlike Lawrence, more fortunate than he in obsession, John Brown was certain that what he did was ordained by God.[167] What we see as convulsive acts of violence he interpreted as chastisements writ in the bloody ink of meaning. In part, the tale of his career is a warning to us against self-righteousness and inflexible anti-bigotry carried to the point of bigotry itself, as when he murdered his prisoners on that dark cold night in Kansas;[168] and one must likewise wonder regarding the whipping how he knew (or did he know?) that God demanded eight strokes for some particular lie of his son's, not seven or nine; but if we grant (as he would) that fathers are given latitude to administer reasonable penalties for the offenses of their children, and that those penalties, having been once explicated, earned and noted in that dreaded account-book, must be carried out in order to avoid still another sin, namely the sin of a lie, of a broken promise, of (more to the point) a failure to wholesomely correct a child given into one's care, then suddenly that account becomes an absolute thing in and of itself, as universal and inevitable as the principle described by Newton, which dictates that the great boulder in Plato's never-never Country of the Laws must, once dislodged from its matrix, fall without respect to the living flesh below.

LOVE'S DUTY

Because his public life became so spectacular, John Brown's life as a family man holds less comparative "interest"—that is, offers less sensationalism. But the most cursory reading of the man's private letters, with their even lines of script, their capitalized nouns and capriciously underlined phrases, their news of calving lambs and oat fields, prove him to be either surprisingly home-centered, or else an excellent actor. "I am unable to pray for any thing better than a good Log House hewed inside, of peeled logs (with a good Cellar under it, about two feet longer outside than the old one we lived in."[169] And he proceeds to build his dream-house line by line, at one point laying down his pen and resuming on the same subject two days later. It is strangely moving to observe this restless, distant, peripatetic murderer striving through unassisted will and imagination to create and consolidate in his image a world for his distant family. Brown was a would-be Biblical patriarch, with his many children whom he instructed to regard and copy the wisdom of his letters,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

his increasing flocks, his potatoes and corn—but unlike Jacob or Laban, he remained a poor wanderer, a Moses born in Canaan, struggling to overthrow heathen ways, shepherd of an insignificant few. In his bankruptcy inventory of 1841 we find, among other sad flotsam, a mirror valued at ten cents, eight chairs valued at two seventy-five, two braining knives valued at a dollar twelve and, of course, eleven "Bibles & testaments" valued at six dollars and fifty cents...[170] "There is a peculiar music in the word" *home*, he writes his wife (and typically enough—I love him for it—adds the mass revolutionary's touch: "Millions there are who have no such thing to lay claim to").[171] Moses died before he even came into Canaan; one recalls that Martin Luther King compared himself to Moses shortly before he was assassinated; and John Brown shared with King not only zeal for defense of race but also the same manly mournfulness about oncoming doom. At the end of his long invocation of the ideal home we read: "These are my general ideas of a Log House but should you go on to build one you had better exercise your own good judgment about it considerably for I may never live to occupy it."[172] This was written in 1853; Brown, a year older than his century, still had half a dozen years left to live before the rope cut him off. We have seen him in his role of revolutionary know-it-all; but though he comprehended full well the path of righteousness, and the misdemeanors of his family who sometimes strayed from that path, Brown was quick to confess that he often likewise failed to follow it. "Yesterday I began my fifty-fourth year," he writes in this same letter, "& I am surprised that one guilty of such an incredible amount of Sin & folly should be spared so long... I still keep hoping to do better hereafter."[173] He *deserves* to be whipped, then—so perhaps he feels. When John Jr.'s strokes flew down upon his back that day in the tannery, did old Brown feel that he was expiating his son's guilt or his own? —*Both*, I would guess: he, who will soon become the avenging angel, can never be chastised enough. This may be the secret source of his strength: whenever life strikes at him, he accepts and glories in the punishment. —Both, I said; for Brown's logic, like Stalin's, forms a circle with its corollary: If I am hard with myself, then by a sly subversion of the Golden Rule I have the right to be hard with you. —He whips young John; young John whips him.[174] He kills proslavers and is killed.

To this difficult son of his, old Brown at one point pens a long epistle of witty, angry sarcasm, which must have mortified the recipient's soul, since it was unable to become a whip and mortify his back:

> In your Letter, you appear rather disposed to Sermonise; & how will it operate on you and Wealthy [John Jr.'s wife] should I try to pattern after you a little, & also quote some from the Bible? In choosing my texts; & in quoting from the Bible I may perhaps select the very portions which "another portion" of my family hold as "not to be wholly received as true." I forgot to say that my younger sons (as is common in this "progressive age") appear to be a little in advance of my older ones; &

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> have thrown off the old Shackles entirely, after thorough & candid investigation. They have discovered the Bible to be all a fiction. Shall I add? that a Letter received from you some time since; gave me little else than pain and sorrow.[175]

Old Brown then goes on for page after page, quoting maxims against backsliders, covenant-forsakers, father-dishonorers, and with an underlined Amen and a final Biblical shot: "'And I beseech you' Children 'Suffer the word of exhortation.'"[176] In other words: Permit me to deter you from your ways.

The following month, "Your Affectionate Father" is writing to all his "Dear Children" at home that he hopes that through God's mercy "you may soon be brought to see the error of your ways; & be in earnest to 'turn many to righteousness'... I do not feel 'estranged from my children' but I cannot flatter them; nor 'cry peace when there is no peace.'"[177]

It was as if he could not break himself of his harshness, merely direct it—lovingly against those he loved, or lethally against his enemies, or, lovingly or lethally we'll never know, against himself, like Seneca's simile of the horse-breaker's whip sizzling down angerlessly, "in order that by pain we may overcome their obstinacy."[178] Despite their similarities of convulsiveness already noted, his tannery punishment-sessions in no way equate with Lawrence's execution of the Mezerib Turks: in the latter case, the improvement of the recipient was no object; whereas for Brown, at least in the case of those who were dear to him, *punishment was love.* "Forgive the many faults and foibles you have seen in me," he writes the entire family, "and try to proffit by any thing good in either my example, or my council."[179] To his wife he writes, in a richly affectionate and intimate letter which again allows us to set his murderous deeds momentarily aside, that he never forgets her, that she is truly his "better half." Then he gets down to the business of administering punishment long-range through her proxy:

> If the large boys do wrong call them alone into your room, & expostulate with them kindly, & see if you cannot reach them by a kind but powerful appeal to their honor. I do not claim that such a theory accords very much with my practice; I frankly confess it does not; but I want Your face to shine even if my own should be dark, and cloudy. You can let the family read this letter.[180]

The violent man (who venerates the mother who in keeping with the fashion of the times had whipped him) is trying Gandhism! Possibly he did not think it practical for Mary Brown to be whipping almost grown men of superior physical strength... But in the last year of his life, shortly before setting out to raid Harpers Ferry, he addressed his little daughter Ellen:

> I want very much to have you grow good every day; to have you learn to mind your

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Mother very quick; & sit very still at the table; & to mind what all older persons say to you; that is right. I hope to see you soon again; & if I should bring some little thing that will please you; it will not be very strange. I want you to be uncommon good natured. God help you, my child.

Your Affectionate Father,
John Brown[181]

From such a man, this letter seems almost shockingly gentle.

He had his way: his children venerated *him.* The result? The killer-martyr father raised a crop of sacrificial sons in his own image.[182] (A proximate result: Blows struck on the proper side of the slavery question.) When he wrote his wife a year after murdering those pro-slave men at Pottawattomie that "as regards the resolution of the boys to 'learn, & practice war no more;'... it was not at my solicitation that they engaged in it at the first,"[183] he was surely being mendacious—even if only he believed that "little lie" which added to his whip-deservingness. Under whose solicitation could they have otherwise grown militant? For Brown was, by his own wry admission, "a King against whom there is no rising up."[184] That is why by 1858, having proven himself at Pottawatomie, John Jr. that flogger and whipping-boy from the tannery days, had also become, however ineffectually,[185] his father's deputy, sent off on sensitive missions of what the CIA would call "stroking," garnering support for covert operations, "traveling slowly along, & enquiring out every man on the way."[186] John Jr. obeyed. In 1859, old Brown led his sons Watson and Oliver to death at Harpers Ferry. (Their brother Owen escaped capture.) As usual, from the letter he sent home, one would never suspect that his party had been the aggressors. At least he continued to bear himself without pity:[187]

My dear Wife + Children every one
I suppose you have learned before this by the newspapers that two weeks ago today we were fighting for our lives at Harpers ferry: that during the fight Watson was mortally wounded; Oliver killed; Wm Thompson killed, + Dauphin slightly wounded[,] that on the following day I was taken prisoner immediately after which I received several Sabre cuts in my head: + Bayonet stabs in my body. As nearly as I can learn Watson died of his wounds on Wednesday. Also [illegible] on Thursday the 3 day after I was taken Dauphin was killed when I was taken + Anderson I suppose also. I have since been tried and found guilty of treason, &c; and of murder in the first degree. I have not received my sentence... Under all these terrible calamities, I feel quite cheerful in the assurance that God reigns; + will overrule all for his glory, + the best possible good. I feel no consciousness of guilt in the matter, not even mortification on account of my imprisonment; + irons... Be sure to remember + to follow my advice and my example...

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

P.S. Yesterday Nov 2 I was sentenced to be hanged on 2 December next. Do not grieve on my account. I am still quite cheerful.

So bless you all Four Ever,
J. Brown[188]

A terrible heaviness falls on me whenever I peruse this letter. My heart goes out to the shackled, bloody-scabbed old man in his prison, trying to do what little he can to prepare his blighted family for a fresh double loss, and for the loss of its patriarch inevitably to come. We have already asked the question: Did he do right or wrong as a terrorist and an insurgent?[189] The question remains: Did he do right or wrong by his slaughtered sons? Were they martyrs or dupes? I can't really say, but one thing is certain: loved, admonished and punished into obedience, the boys did not universally obey. When Watson and Oliver were killed, they joined in a violent grave their brother Frederick, killed by a pro-slave man in retaliation for Pottawatomie; John Jr. had gone temporarily insane after Pottawatomie, which may have been why he didn't accompany his father to Harpers Ferry; the other three surviving brothers (four had died of childhood diseases) refused to go with him. Brown was grieved,[190] but accepted this decision. Perhaps I was wrong, and he wasn't entirely the king against whom there is no rising up, in which case one cannot hold Brown accountable for Watson and Oliver's participation in the doomed raid; perhaps, on the other hand, the dissenting brothers simply happened to be as stubborn as their father.

THE HANGING OF JOHN BROWN

If he was so sure he had divine right on his side, then why did he win only to the scaffold? The answer was simple: "God is no respecter of persons," Brown said again and again. The ancient oracle of Delphi would have concurred. Back to the punishment of rocks. We are told that a man who asked the Priestess whether he could perjure himself and keep money which did not belong to him had already sinned by requesting divine approval for the crime. Furthermore, "an oath has a son, nameless, without hands or feet, but swift to pursue until he has seized and destroyed utterly the race and house of the perjured one."[191] I am haunted by the remark of one scholar that in the mind of the ancient Greeks, Zeus made us but does not care for us, that, unlike John Brown's God, Zeus is not our mainstay; and following His every commandment will not necessarily benefit us. (Indeed, He never does lay out the explicit commandments of which Jehovah is so fond; He only renders judgment after the fact, based on His own sacred, hidden calculus.)[192] But, though He cannot be counted on to reward us, Zeus's greatest gift to mortals is "that 'violent grace' by virtue of which he punishes, late or soon, a man who has done injustice to another,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Charlestown. Jefferson Co, Va, 27th Nov 1859. Sabbath—
My dearly beloved Sisters Mary A, & Martha.

I am obliged to occupy a part of what is probably (my last) Sabbath on Earth in answering the very kind & very comforting letter of Sister Maria & Son of the 2 d inst. I must fail to do so at all I do not think of any violation of the day that God made for man. Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than to learn that you do not feel dreadfully mortified & even disgraced on account of your relation to one who is to die on the scaffold I have really suffered more (by far) of late than I ever suffered before since my confinement here: on account of what I feared would be the terrible feelings of my kindred on my account than from all other causes. I am most glad to learn from you that my fears on your own account were ill founded I was afraid that a little seeming prosperity might have carried you away from realities & that the honor that comes from men might lead you in some measure to undervalue that which "cometh from God." I bless God who has most abundantly supported & comforted me: all along to find you are not ensnared. Dr Heman Humphrey has just sent me a most doleful Lamentation over my "infatuation" & "madness" (very kindly expressed:) in which I cannot doubt he has given expression to the extreme grief of Mrs & our kindred. I have endeavored to answer him kindly also: & at the same time to deal faithfully with my old friend. I think I will send you his letter: & if you deem it worth the trouble you can probably get my reply or a copy of it. Suffice it for me to say "None of these things move me." I have experienced a consolation; & peace which I fear he has not yet known. Luther Humphrey wrote me a very comforting letter Here are "things dear Sisters that God hides even from the wise & prudent" I feel astonished that one so exceedingly

Letter from Brown, shortly before his execution

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

vile, & unworthy as I am would ever be supposed to have a place any where or any where amongst the very least of All who when they came to die (as all must) were permitted to pay the debt of nature in defence of the rights & of Gods eternal & immutable truth. Oh my dear friends can you believe it possible that the scaffold has no terrors for your own poor, old unworthy brother? I thank God through Jesus Christ my Lord: it is even so I am now shedding tears: but they are no longer tears of grief or sorrow I trust I have nearly done with those I am weeping for joy: & gratitude that I can in no other way express it. I get many very kind & comforting letters that I cannot possibly reply to. Wish I had time & strength to answer all. I am obliged to ask those to whom I do write to let friends read what I send as much as they well can. Do write my deeply afflicted Wife: it will greatly comfort her to have you write her freely. She has born up manfully under accumulated trials. She will be most glad to know that she that has not been entirely forgotten by relatives and Joy to all my friends that I am "waiting cheerfully & patiently the days of my appointed time": fully believing that for me now "to live will be to me an ~~infinite gain but if I live to bring it to the cause we love~~

Wherefore "be of good cheer" & "let not your hearts be troubled". "To him that overcometh will I grant to sit with me; on my throne even as I also overcame; & am set down with my Father in his throne" I wish my friends could know but a little of the more opportunities I now get for kind & faithful labour in Gods cause. I hope they have not been entirely lost Now dear friends I have done "May the God of peace bring us all again from the dead"

Your Affectionate Brother
John Brown

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

either in his own person or in that of his descendants."[193] In short, He is authority, upholder of social contracts. (Does John Brown believe in this mechanism? Probably, for it's in his favorite Book.) In ancient Greek history and literature, just as in the Old Testament, we can scarcely turn without encountering the notion of transgression as a living monster, armed and fanged with the power of retribution over the sinner's descendants, who themselves never did anything wrong.[194] Why? Perhaps because ancient societies tended to regard their basic atom as the family, not the individual. A jurist explains that "as the family group is immortal, and its liability to punishment indefinite, the primitive mind is not perplexed by the questions which become troublesome as soon as the individual is conceived as altogether separate from the group."[195] "So there is no way to avoid what Zeus intended," writes Hesiod.[196] "Often a whole city is paid punishment for one man."[197]

"And We have made every man's actions to cling to his neck," says the Qur-'An,[198] and the Biblical book of Leviticus speaks in a similar vein.[199] Sin is disease; above all, it is pollution.[200] Julius Caesar ascribes to the Gallic Druids he conquers the belief that "unless for a man's life a man's life be paid, the majesty of the immortal gods may not be appeased," and when they run out of guilty people to burn alive inside their twig-woven mannikins, they turn to the innocent.[201] Those Druids had fellow-travelers throughout history. Phythius the Lydian, that antithesis of John Brown, asks that one of his five sons be excused from military service. To punish Phythius, not the unoffending victim, King Xerxes has the man's favorite son cut in half, "and the two halves hung upon the road for his armies to march between."[202] The principle is not unlike that of Brown in the tannery with his shirt off, paying the penalty for his son's misdeeds.

Although the *Diamond Sutra* proclaims the opposite,[203] Buddhist texts frequently preach the notion that evil in this life will be punished in one's own successive reincarnations into new bodies.[204] We read that in India the traditional purpose ascribed to capital punishment is "not to inflict pain but to eradicate evil."[205] How can we deny the cousinhood of this doctrine with "the sins of the father shall be revisited on the son"? My new body is still me, just as my son (at least in a culture which prizes bloodlines) is me, or partly me, or a stand-in for me. Therefore I am he; I can accept his punishment. In homage to this creed, John Brown would have placed himself on the block in place of a slave to whom he was no biological relation: his vast expansion of local norms of kinship was his most radical quality.

Possibly Valid Justifications for Punishment[206]

1. To isolate (render harmless) an offender.
2. To improve him.
3. To make him accept, or at least to charge him with, responsibility for his crime.
   NOTE: This will free others from responsibility for his crime.[207]
4. To restore a social balance.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

5. To restore a spiritual balance.
6. To restore a balance of honor.
7. To assert a social norm or moral calculus.
8. To make him pay the price of readmission to the social contract.
9. To make him pay, period.
10. To compensate, gratify or soothe the victim.

Justifying some of these ends and effects would require adding to or modifying our axioms about the fundamental violent rights of the self [see 5.1.1-3, 5.1.8]. Others are probably already justified in practice; their formulations here are based on the ethos [5.2.G.2] of a particular society.

To pay the penalty in this life, then—for oneself or for another—can be fitting, even honorable. In his *Phaedo*, which unlike his *Laws* is eerily sublime, Plato has the condemned Socrates refuse to choose exile over execution. The cup of hemlock is what he owes the state. He is a citizen. Here stands his obligation and his pride. Whatever the state demands of him, he will cheerfully render it up. All the same, like John Brown he has chosen to break those laws. And like John Brown, he thanks the jailer for kindnesses received, and drinks the cup of his own accord. He ennobles his own punishment by embracing it and participating it (Phythius the Lydian's son had no such opportunity, and I suppose he screamed pitiably when he was being cut in half). John Brown accepts with equanimity the fact that he owes the state of Virginia his life. He never possessed Socrates's choice of death or exile, but he will essay to infuse his execution with the same voluntarism—in part because he is a brave man, in part because he continues to be certain that he is right, in part to exercise the Christian meekness which so ill befits him—a mocking sort of meekness, perhaps; until the very end, John Brown continues to thumb his nose at secular authority, towards which he feels inextinguishable contempt.

CAN PUNISHMENT BE TRANSFERABLE?

The episode in the tannery leads us to consider the eerie supposition that an executioner can become as Christ, by taking on himself the death legally required of his victim.

Stop for a moment. By a paradox beloved of authoritarians, the executioner already *is* Christ. With his typical polemical determination, which strikes us as violent and unstoppable, like Lenin's, Martin Luther insists that our Savior could have been a hangman without compromising His mission one iota.[208] The acts He never committed are hardly by that token prohibited. He never married, did He? But does that mean that marriage is wrong? He was a carpenter, not a soldier, but (unlike Tolstoy)[209] He never told the soldiers to go home, did He? And what about all of

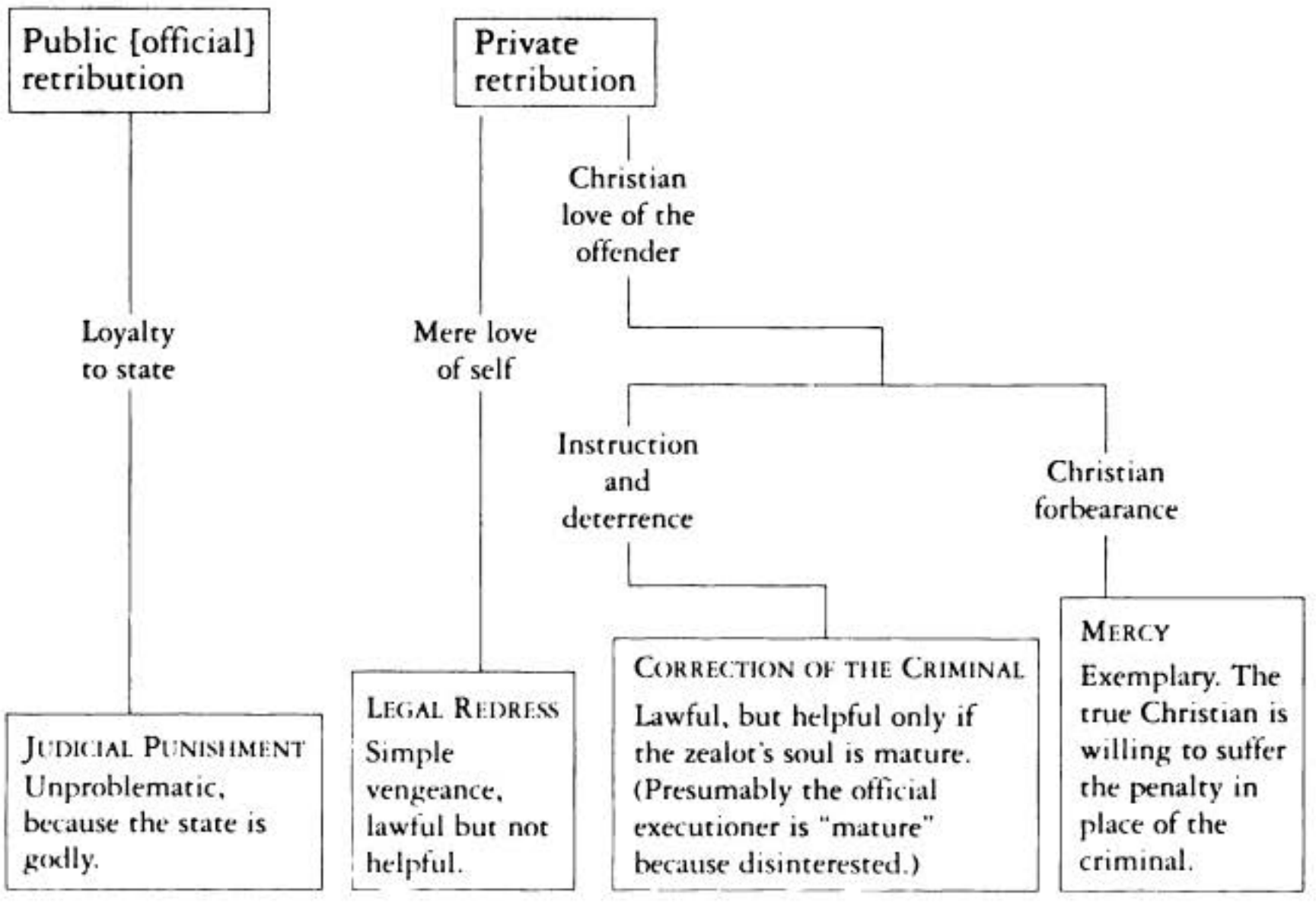
Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

us who aren't carpenters? Can't we be saved, too? For that matter, didn't carpenters make crosses for the crucifiers? Christ and His earthly father might thus be thought of as the executioner's occasional wholesaler. For that matter, didn't He scourge the moneylenders from the Temple with whips? Thus Luther, whose doctrine of judicial punishment at least can be most simply expressed as *What is necessary must be good.* (Its controversiality comes from humankind's continuing disagreement over what is necessary.)[210]

Should the state in fact be sacred—a notion that Bakunin indignantly rejects—and if the state is, as Luther and Bakunin agree, founded on coercion, then the state's coercer must be worthy. Look upon him. He is the eighteenth-century executioner of Salzburg, and his name is Franz Wohlmuth. A portrait allows him a calm, resolute, slightly ruddy face in his forty-eighth year of life, mouth firm, pale eyes a little distant, as is often the case with subjects who have to sit for paintings. The cover of his daybook, which is earth-brown or red-brown with two soft leather ties near the fore-edge, contains within an apple-shaped border a scene of burghers gazing up at the execution ground, upon which the condemned man kneels, gazing at the priest's upraised cross; while forming the third element of this trinity stands Wohlmuth himself with his upraised sword.[211] The sword without the cross would

---

JUSTIFIED RESPONSES TO WRONG
Martin Luther (1519)



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be mere cruel murder by the standards of the time; for that cross reifies the common purpose, or at least the common ideology—to the extent that the criminal gazes upon it in his final instance, he partakes of the social contract—but the cross without the sword would allow authority no recompense: the condemned presence is raw material upon which justice will be hewn.

Next comes the full title page, upon which we see citizens happily hastening through the greenery to watch the punishment, while in a *calêche* the condemned and the priest make up a sort of military procession. On the cover we've already seen their rendezvous with Wohlmuth. The verso side of the page shows its aftermath: the criminal's head hangs upon a pole, vaguely smiling, while hungry crows approach, and a rabbit bounds from a bush. The legend reads "Memento Mori."[212] Remember that you must die. Should you fail to remember that, and thereby, privileging and desiring too greatly the things of this life, transgress the law, then I'll kill you.[213]



The punishment of a famous anti-authoritarian

Should the state *not* be sacred—and here, of course, John Brown stands with Bakunin—and should insurgency's cause be sanctified in its place, then he who rises up, coercing and killing for his own reasons, snatches away the executioner's cross of legitimacy, seizes his axe and goes into business. Give place again to the anarchist Berkman, whose story we'll shortly tell, and who, hating authority as he does, and rejecting Martin Luther King's maxim that "you can't murder murder," seeks to execute people's justice upon a capitalist exploiter while all the while retaining in his consciousness this conceptualization, fashioned from boyhood terrors, of the executioner in his Russian homeland:

> There stood the powerful figure of the giant palátch, all in black, his right arm bare to the shoulder, in his hand the uplifted ax. I could see the glimmer of the sharp steel as it began to descend, slowly, so torturingly slowly...[214]

And Berkman has become the *palátch*. He's resolved to kill.

Thus precisely John Brown. The sin was that of the slave society, he argued, not his. He had explicitly said: "Those men who hold slaves have even forfeited their right to live."[215] And his was the gallows, his the fate—like that of the Buddhist monks who burned themselves alive as a protest against the U.S. invasion of Vietnam.[216] Of course, as one biographer so properly wrote—and others have stated in different words—"John Brown always found it very easy to believe anything he himself said. He was interested in putting his case before the world in the most favorable light possible, and he did not recognize the least scruple as to how he accomplished it."[217] His intention had not originally been to go South and get

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

hanged, but to be a new Spartacus. "I want to free all of the negroes," he'd announced at the height of his temporal glory. "I have possession now of the U.S. armory, and if the citizens interfere, I must only burn the town and have blood."[218] Once he was dispossessed of that armory, he retreated to the paradigm of the whipping in the tannery, and quickly found it a crowd-pleaser.

But the fact that John Brown's motives were not unmixed need not bar us from considering the question of transferred accountability in its pure form. Recall that after being kidnapped by the Israelis, Adolf Eichmann had offered to publicly hang himself to atone for his crimes. What if during the Hitler regime almost three decades earlier he'd donned an armband of the yellow star and publicly hanged himself the first time that he had been ordered to deport a Jew? —Deterrence and retribution with a vengeance that would have been, almost, satyagraha! —What then if in 1960 Eichmann's interrogator, somehow, impossibly, able to forgive and accept, like John Brown in the tannery, had put on Eichmann's death's head cap and hanged himself? What would the John Browns of this world say? (Never mind the prosecutors.) Should Eichmann have thereby become free to go back to Argentina? John Jr. was free to put his shirt back on even though he'd only been halfway whipped. Sinful Christians (so I am told) can yet hope for Heaven by virtue of Christ's sacrifice. —Well, how about it? Would the suicide of a stand-in have let Eichmann off the hook, or would six million people, Jewish or Gentile, have had to voluntarily, lovingly hang themselves first, in order to pay off all that dull demon's victims? What if one short of six million went to the gallows for Eichmann, and then the prosecutor demanded that the murderer be neck-elevated after all? Such absurdities illustrate, I believe, why it is that John Brown's notion of retribution should never be institutionalized: If I am free to take on myself your penalty, I may be equally free to reject my own.

MUST MY HANGMAN THINK AS I?

But the episode in the tannery is not without a certain savage moral beauty, and may inspire certain people in their personal relations, *provided that transgressor and punisher share the same moral absolutes.* Does he who actually received the stripes understand (whether or not he accepts) the equation between them and his criminal deed? That question is more fundamental, and far more important, than the issue of whether the administration of justice ought to be a private matter or a morality play.[219] Until we've answered it, we cannot rightly condemn even the tall King of Ugarit (now missing his neck and shoulders in the crumbled, ancient tablet), standing serene and far-seeing above his supplicating enemy whose topknot he grasps in his left hand, while in his right the taper wedge of a sword begins to go into the enemy's eye.[220] Had the enemy transgressed by his own lights, or only by the King's? To John Brown, of course and to any politician or revolutionary who is determined to get

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

something done, that just doesn't matter: the Law is absolute. The rock must be punished for a homicide of which it can never even be conscious. The pro-slave men in Pottawattomie can't get out of Brown's clutches by invoking any counter-right to believe that blacks are beasts of the field: wrong is wrong; they must die.

Of course any executioner would prefer that the condemned agree with him about the rules (whether or not rule-breaking is admitted). In ancient societies, which were more isolated and homogenous than mine, harmony of belief was likely. It is in the context of such an agreed-upon Law—a *Dharma*, a *Sangha*—that the Buddha, who focuses as much upon the done-to as upon the doer, advises: "Where there is much suffering there is also great bliss"—regaling us with the tale of a courtesan who, having arranged a murder, was executed in a particularly slow and ghastly way: "Having taken refuge in the Buddha, the Dharma, and the Sangha, she died in pious submission to the punishment of her crime."[221] This sounds rather more edifying than convincing, but it's what the executioner loves to hear,[222] and in certain cases may comfort the condemned: better that I die for good reason, if die I must. Among the few, half-ruined questions to the ancient Greek oracles that survive we find this one: "The Dodonaeans ask Zeus and Dione whether it is on account of the impurity of some human being that god sends the storm."[223] —Through such inquiries we approach astrology and ritual propitiation, for if one accepts as I do the notion that storms are not caused by crimes, then whoever will be condemned for this bit of dark weather (should the oracle of Zeus return an affirmative answer) will be condemned unjustly, as was the case with the supposed custom of the Spartans of arraigning their kings as a result of the appearances of shooting stars and other divine omens. But if the condemned believes and affirms, "Yes, I was impure; I am responsible for the storm," does the retribution thereby become fair? And if he doesn't, must we call it unfair?

Even Gandhi accepted the ugly necessity of imposing moral-political actions upon the unwilling, arguing that in Jesus's career "he did not count the cost of suffering entailed upon his neighbours whether it was undergone by them voluntarily or otherwise."[224] Suppose, therefore, that the transgressor and the punisher do *not* agree.[225] Told that he would be hanged and not honorably shot, Hermann Göring wrote in one of his three suicide notes: "I have no moral obligation to submit to the justice of my enemies. I have therefore chosen the manner of death of the great Hannibal."[226] And this brutally evil man was, for once, morally correct. He deserved to die, and was doomed to, but why not at his own hand? *Retaliation which is not accepted as legitimate must be perceived as repression.* Perhaps this is the source of Cortes's assumed sadness when, having sentenced two rebels to be hanged, and the third to have his feet cut off (the prisoners might have disagreed), "he exclaimed with a deep and sorrowful sigh, 'It would be better not to know how to write. Then one would not have to sign death sentences.'"[227]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE HANGING OF JOHN BROWN (CONTINUED)

John Brown, of course, has not been asked whether he follows the State of Virginia's moral calculus. Strange! He always chooses the punishment he fails to deserve. When his son whipped him, he voluntarily took on the latter's sins; when he was condemned to be hanged, he accepted the penalty most "cheerfully," as his letters keep saying, as recompense for a bloody deed he'd committed with equal élan. On the Sunday before his execution he writes his family: "Nothing could be more grateful to my feelings than to learn that you do not feel dreadfully mortified and even disgraced on account of your relation to one who is to die on the scaffold."[228] A century later, the British Royal Commission will conclude that there is "some evidence, though no convincing statistical evidence," that capital punishment deters;[229] but because deterrence presupposes calculation, crimes of passion cannot be much deterred, whereas it exerts a most powerful effect upon "professional criminals."[230]

Well, which is John Brown? His raid was nothing if not calculated; and the fact that he'd raided at least twice before makes him a professional of sorts. Of course he bungled; he calculated poorly. But the deterrent effect of capital punishment upon him seems to have been slight. And certainly the public deterrent value of his execution, at least vis-å-vis his intimates, will be nil.[231] Quite the contrary. A page later, the handwriting shrinks a trifle and begins to hurry as Brown goes farther, insisting that the rope will not only be no disgrace, it will be his glory:

> I feel so astonished that one so exceedingly vile, & unworthy as I am would ever be suffered to have a place any how or any where amongst the very least of All who when they come to die (as all must:) were permitted to pay the "debt of nature" in defence of the right: & of Gods eternal, immutable truth. Oh my dear friends can you believe it possible that the scaffold has no terrors for your own poor, old, unworthy brother?[232]

Replying to his cousin the Reverend Luther Humphrey, who's just now addressed him an epistle of pitying horror, he explicitly states that there is no necessary relationship between punishment and crime: "The fact that a man dies under the hand of an executioner (or otherwise) has but little to do with his true character, as I suppose."[233] He insists that "no part of my life has been more hapily [sic] spent; than that I have spent here [in prison]; and I humbly trust that no part has been spent to better purpose."[234]

When it comes to divine will, as opposed to state authority, Brown is all obedience. In 1846 we find him writing his wife that they have been chastised by God once again. "The sudden, & dreadful manner in which he has seen fit to call our dear little Kitty to take her leave of us, is I Kneede not tell you how much on mind; but

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

before Him; I will bow my head in submission and hold my peace."[235] Why? As usual in such cases, because of perceived commonality: "Whatever judgment God may hereafter pass on us as individuals; will also be reasonable, & will be fully sustained by our own sense of right and wrong."[236]

So there is for John Brown a ranking of obedience due to whippers of all species, thus:

JOHN BROWN'S HIERARCHY OF PUNITIVE AUTHORITY (1844-1859)

1. The chastisements of God
AUTHORITY: Incontestable.

2. The chastisements of family
AUTHORITY: Fairly incontestable, it would seem from the tannery.

3. The chastisements of government
AUTHORITY: Nil, when they violate divine law as interpreted by John Brown.

SOURCES: BROWN'S LETTERS.

The Christian lamb thus retains his discretion to become a wolf. He dies triumphantly principled; but he dies because he was convicted, and he was convicted only *because he was caught.*

DE SADE'S DUNGEONS

What is the function of defiance? Why, to make martyrs![237] Thoreau refuses to pay his poll tax and proudly goes to jail (if only for a night). The young militants in Vietnam's new Self-Determination Movement get arrested by French or American puppet gendarmes, and are greeted by applause from their colleagues in the cells. John Brown becomes eager to be punished precisely because he feels he's noble—which translates (or pretends to translate) as "he doesn't deserve it."

But the more common logic is to assert that since I don't deserve it, I ought not to be punished. Such souls aren't pulled up serenely into Heaven at the rope's end, like old John Brown; rather, they're dragged screeching (or cursingly drag themselves) into the sacrificial victim's sainthood-by-necessity.[238]

RIGGED JUDGMENTS

Sade being one of the dragged, it behooves us to remind ourselves that so deeply does it lie in society's interest to affirm the equations of justice that the opposing advocates in a court of law frequently reconstruct the circumstances of a crime in

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

terms not of what is known, but what is "supposed" to be known—what *ought* to be true. In 80 B.C., the eloquently mercurial Cicero, defending Sextus Roscius of Ameria against the charge of parricide, whose statutory penalty is particularly hideous,[239] gives the evidence itself scarcely a disdainful mention. Instead, he exhibits the defendant's character to the public—or, I should say, paints an expedient portrait. Wouldn't a person capable of such a terrible impiety have shown himself up in other ways? Wouldn't he be either a debauched and confused youth, or else a hardened old criminal (this latter category corresponding exactly to that of the "reprobates" in the British government's *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons)?*[240] By easily excluding Sextus from these two groupings, which Cicero pretends are as accurate as they are facile, he claims to have proved his client's innocence. He "led a life that was quite the opposite of vicious," he concludes,[241] and the imputation is that men don't live lies or act out of turn, that an otherwise exemplary life demonstrates innocence because it is consistent with it. Once again, Symmetry has been so well sanctified that it deserves a capital letter. Sextus Roscius is acquitted.

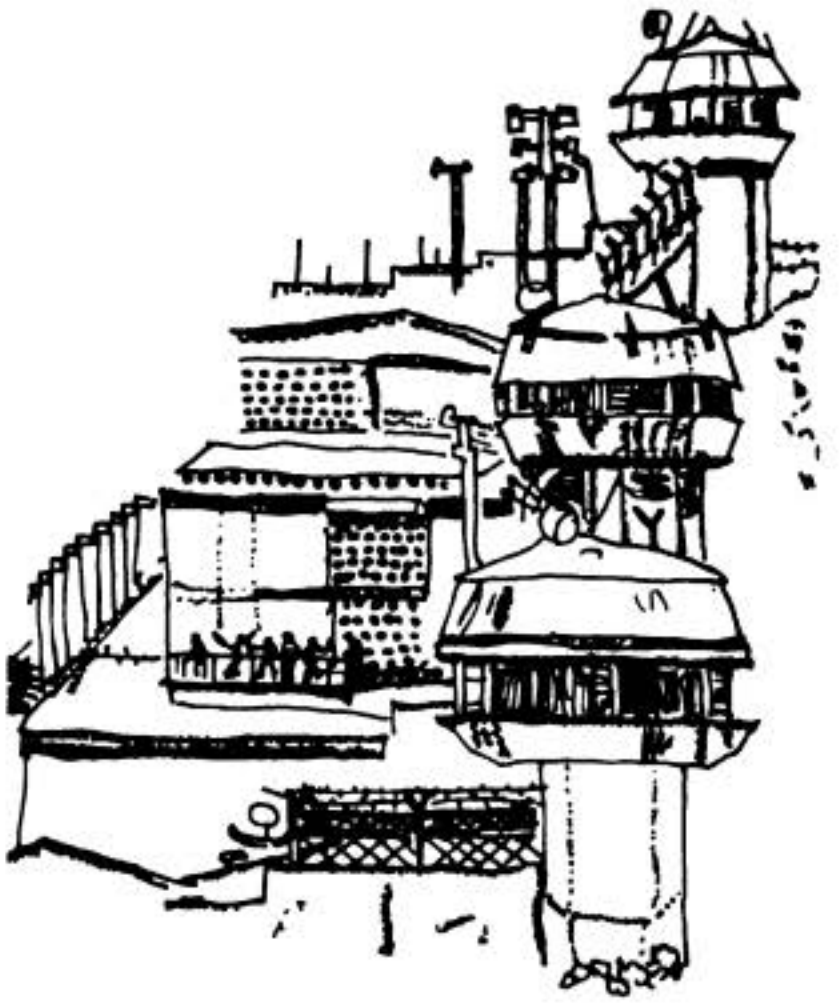
The modern reader remains unconvinced. Boy Scout leaders and Chamber of Commerce bigshots who turn out to have been child molesters all along, nobleness-spewing politicians of evil, and all the rest shatter by their very existence Cicero's harmonious chain of logic. And the case of Sade twists the matter into deeper strangeness, because the defendant claims that *conviction alone* (fair or not) brands him as guilty in a Ciceronian sense, that imputed wrongdoing permits the advocates of consistency-as-proof to believe him guilty of everything. And it gets stranger still: through a perhaps unequaled act of macabre genius, Sade pens his very infamy into something exemplary, something that can teach us something, something "quite the opposite of vicious"—an act which gives the death-blow not only to consistency, but to any number of notions of moral value. No John Brown submissiveness for him! He eloquently rages; he bottles his soul's bile and paints masterpieces with it, just as Turner, so they say, painted sunsets using the piss and menstrual blood of whores...

"HE MUST HAVE BEEN GUILTY SINCE HE HAS BEEN PUNISHED"

Despairing in his prison cell in Vincennes,[242] Sade writes his wife, in an exact inversion of John Brown's equation: "People will merely say, *'He must have been guilty since he has been punished.'*"[243] Shades of Ruby Ridge and the old witchcraft trials! (Well, *was* he guilty? Never mind—he's not interested in that.) If guilt demands punishment, and if only the guilty are punished, then this sheep-logic follows—oh, they should all be beaten to death! If not only the guilty are punished, if the law has mistaken itself, then he stands a martyr like John Brown, and indeed his modern literary admirers claim so.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

He is (as he believes)[244] a distant descendant of Petrarch's Laure, who also bore the name De Sade; Laure was also the name of the girl he loved; but in 1763 at his father's demand he married the rich Renée-Pelágie de Montreuil instead. (His only daughter is named Madeleine-Laure.) Thus a single drop of his blood is worth more than every vein's worth from plebeian carrion! Aristocrat above all, he swears that defense of class alone ought to justify his release into perpetual immunity! Aesthetician, sad masturbator, he writes his wife (doubtless hoping to extort her pity's bounty) that Petrarch remains his only comfort. What other solace *could* he have? —Certainly not Luther's doctrine, so comforting to the condemned, and so expedient to the executioner, that the jaws of the Law can devour only our bodies, which are hardly significant, while our souls remain free and untouched. "For no human being can kill a soul or make it alive, conduct it to heaven or hell."[245] — Sade might or might not have read Luther, but he's an atheist—and not only that, but perhaps the ultimate materialist, for whom reality lies almost exclusively in the corporeal realm, in the glance and glitter of light upon a droplet of blood, in the slow scarlet darkening of a fresh cut, in the jewel-like sparkling of a drop of whore-spittle.



Sketch of Reclusario Barrientos, a maximum-security prison near Mexico City (1992)

When we look in upon him, he is dreaming of ancestral Laure. (Compare him, if you will, to Caesar, who at victory erects a temple to ancestral Venus.) He dreams that she emerges still beautiful from her tomb, invites him to embrace her in death, vanishes into air.[246] He scribbles endless philosopho-pornographic manuscripts, the content of which we shall consider in another chapter. Dead Laure never returns. After the first half-decade has gone by, he becomes hardened in his defiance, writing: "You refuse to understand that since vices exist, it is as unjust for you to punish them as it would be to jeer at a one-eyed man."[247] In other words, the rights of the self[248] supersede all other rights. The practical result of this doctrine is the same as that of John Brown's: he holds himself under no obligation to follow the law. John Brown justifies himself with his favorite strands from the self-contradictory Bible; Sade is more frankly the wounded animal. Soon enough his snarls increase in pitch: "I have always been inclined to favour vice[s], and I regard those who have the capacity to persist in them as great men."[249] At the same moment, he begs his now implacable mother-in-law for pity; he implores her to see that he has repented, will

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

cleave to his wife, will never go astray again. (His letters to Madame de Sade vary between querulous or paranoid reproaches and heartbreaking tenderness. Faithful to him throughout this first long stretch of imprisonment, she'll divorce him immediately upon his release.) He returns to the attack. "Ask Madame la Présidente de Montreuil whether there is in the whole world a better method than that of bolts and bars to lead to virtue?" he scribbles in desperate anger.[250] That is the crux of it, of course: the meaninglessness and uselessness we can always find in penal suffering. I think again of that musty old *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons and the Directors of Convict Prisons with Appendices, for the Year ended 31st March 1902,* with its table of floggings. I think of the Kriminalenmuseum in Vienna. Three and a half centuries after Sade, another convict will write: "I cannot fathom the reason of a prison system keeping a man isolated with nothing but vengeful and vindictive fantasies to sustain him for years and then one day releasing him upon an unsuspecting community."[251] —Very good, replies Sade's prison system, then we *won't* release him! Not ever...



Renée-Pélagie

His wife assures him, no doubt believing it, that he won't be imprisoned a moment longer than necessary. "It is charming," he replies, "and truly, those who guide your behaviour have every reason to congratulate themselves on the progress you are making in their profound art of poisoning the wounds of hapless victims."[252] He hates her as he now does almost everyone. *He will not accept his punishment.* Finally he cries, just as Joan of Arc had done: "I would not change even in the presence of the scaffold."[253]

FOLLIES OF A LIBERTINE

Well, even though the *justice* of his immurement may be murky, the *cause* of it remains clear enough: sexual gluttony, accompanied by sharp-toothed mastication. (Dante would have punished him by having him eat mud in Hell, but, as we have seen, Sade does not believe in that place—or, we might say, he is already there.) He enjoys causing pain. He's repeatedly compromised the family honor by flagellating, pricking or half-poisoning prostitutes—or, I should say, he's wounded honor not by doing these things but by being arrested for them: getting caught transformed John Brown, as we saw, into a pseudo-Gandhi, and it made Sade into a resplendidly true and naked Satan.

His social and financial position picks another hole in Clarence Darrow's half-true assertion that the prevalence of crime is directly proportional to the price of bread,[254] that "men would not explore their neighbor's houses at dead of night, if their own were filled; and women would not sell their bodies if society left them any other fairly decent and pleasant way to live."[255] Granted, he's buying bodies, not sell-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing; but why? In his case, what would be another "decent" way to live? Nowadays a person with his tendencies can very easily find discreet and willing partners; but the "divine Marquis," class snob that he was, never was attracted by consensuality; and his impulses did impel him beyond the rights of others into outright aggression. He *was* a criminal; he deserved to be, at the very least, restrained. The ethos of his time left small place for the notion that violence's evil could be extenuated by sickness; and the asylum in which he eventually perished greatly resembled his various dungeons.



Marquis de Sade

In retrospect, it started mildly enough, when, going wild with his in-laws' money, he merely brought too many girls to his *petite maison* in Paris; and police got involved; other aristocratic husbands committed the same peculations, and Renée-Pelágie didn't seem to mind; her mother laughed it off, and broke him out of prison, certain that he'd learned his lesson. He continued to keep actresses and courtesans. Forgiving, sullen or maliciously complacent, we don't know, Madame de Montreuil remained willing to subsidize mistresses if he would only be discreet. He wasn't.

ROZE KAILAIR

We find foreshadowed in Roze Kailair's legal deposition (April 22, 1768) the lineaments of Sade's impending novels: luxury asserting itself over poverty, cruel class "quality" (remember, he is Count Louis-Aldonse[256]—Donatien de Sade, *Count* de Sade, that is—Captain of Cavalry in the Régiment de Bourgogne) devouring helplessness in a monstrously "aesthetic" fashion. Madame Kailair, a widow "of thirty-six years or thereabouts,"[257] emerges from Easter Mass, and in the Places des Victoires, where prostitutes often rent themselves, meets a dandy in a grey redingote, who wears a hunting-knife at his side and holds a cane. He offers her an écu should she go with him, "and she replying that she wasn't what he thought her"—an assertion made to her interrogators, and hence quite possibly false; most commentators believe she *was* what he thought her—"he told her that it was for her to be his chambermaid, and that she had but to follow him, which she did."[258] Then, inevitably, we look in upon the "interview" in the room of yellow damask, the coach-ride to his secluded country house in Arcueil (fatal words: the poor creature had said that "it was all the same to her where she made her living"),[259] then, as in a dream, the little green door, the garden, the "petit cabinet" into which he ushers her and whose door he closes. Now for the second act. He demands that she undress. "She asking why, he replied that it was for pleasure, and when she represented that it wasn't for that that he had brought her hither, he said that if she didn't strip he

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would kill her and bury her himself."[260] She strips. Now for the bed, on which he throws her belly down, tying her to it by the arms and legs, with another cord cinched about her middle. The third act begins. Delighting in her cries of pain and terror, he makes "different incisions" with a tiny knife, then pours hot wax, red and white (for his scenarios require *elaborateness*) into the wounds. He also beats her with a knotted whip and a rod. She begs him not to murder her, for the pathetic reason that she hasn't yet made her Easter confession, whereupon, in a reply which wouldn't have been out of place in his *Juliette* or *Sodom*, he jeeringly offers to be her confessor himself. Finally he unties her, giving her bread and a restorative cordial. Does he plan to repeat the performance? She cleans her wounds; the cloth is saturated with blood.[261]

She escapes. Sade's mother-in-law has to pay to keep her quiet.

In his own deposition, her assailant (whom I believe even less than I believe her) denies that he forced her into anything. Rose Keller agreed to go with him for a "partie de libertinage," he says. (That much I do believe.) He never tied her, he said. As for the hot wax, well, that was simply a helpful "pomade" to heal her wounds[262] —for everyone recognizes the kindness of sadists to the unfortunate.

HOW IT ALL TURNED OUT

Imprisoned for a few months at Pierre-Encise, he got a *lettre d'abolition* which conveniently "exempted him from crimes punishable by death."[263] Then he ran away with his wife's younger sister.

A PERVERT'S CONSCIENCE

He disproves the naive axiom that "no man can draw a free breath who does not share with other men a common and disinterested ideal."[264] He buys the bodies of others, although he has a wife; he bullies, tortures, threatens, rapes. Through it all, he breathes quite freely, thank you! Undeterred by the prospect of any legal penalties,[265] certain that his mother-in-law will always buy him out—or else utterly self-destructive—he struts and spends, the only full human being in a world of pleasure-puppets and two-legged trash!

France in Sade's time was, in one jurist's words, "smitten with the curse of an anomalous and dissonant jurisprudence beyond every other country in Europe... the stratum of feudal rules which overlay the Roman law was of the most miscellaneous composition."[266] How could one in such times not hold the supposed universality of law in contempt? We're far, far from Cicero and the Twelve Tables! Up until the Revolution, in certain *arrondissements* of Paris, police power could be exercised only with the cooperation of the seigneurs concerned.[267] So why can't Sade be arbitrary, too? In 1772, he feeds Spanish fly to half a dozen girls whom he keeps busy whip-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ping and being whipped. They don't know what they're munching; they help themselves to his pillbox, thinking that these pastilles are only candies. Oh, what a joker he is! As his Japanese kinsman-in-aesthetics, Mishima, will imagine the scene two centuries later, "he, [the prostitute] Mariette, and the manservant joined in a fellowship of pain like galley slaves rowing their banks of oars in a trireme across the sea. The sunrise glowed like blood."[268] For Mishima, sunrises always did, and that was precisely why he adored them. But the whores fall dangerously ill, and file charges. Sade finds himself condemned in absentia to death, his property seized. His mother-in-law, losing patience at last, gets him imprisoned for a time in Chambéry...

In 1775 we find him choreographing an orgy at Château de la Coste, "possibly, it appears," says one commentator, "with the co-operation of his wife,"[269] whom he sodomizes, as he does his manservant. It's all going well, with his mother-in-law's money lubricating every orifice. But the girls grow discontented with their isolation; meanwhile, neighbors hiss that he's conducted murderous scientific experiments on women whom he's buried in his garden. One prostitute, Du Plan, did in fact carry human bones in her baggage to "decorate a little room" for him, so he later tells the tale to his wife. Would their hue have set off his yellow damask to aesthetic advantage? Was his plan to terrify children with them? The joke having worn off, Du Plan inters them in the garden; hence that discreditable neighbor-gossip. What will come of it all? Nothing; he's the Count; his pleasures will *never* have repercussions! He dreams of the "glorious" days of the ancestral Sades, "when France counted in its borders a host of sovereigns rather than thirty million vile slaves crawling before a single man."[270] He couldn't care less about the other vile slaves, who very soon will make the French Revolution; he simply doesn't want to be one of them. But the bones? He explains again to the personified forces of justice. It doesn't help that in his wallet he's carrying a recipe for criminal abortion, which I'm sure he's made use of, another for poisoning swords, and a criminal confession—someone else's, he claims, but it's in his own handwriting! (Could it be the germ of one of his novels?) ...Did he ever poison any swords? I doubt it. He had neither the goals nor the energies of John Brown. He must have kept that recipe only for its macabre novelty.

In prison his procuress-wife will write him, in the approved style of Justine or the other submissive heroines of his blood- and semen-drenched tales: "I shall never be able to stop adoring you, even if you heap insults upon my head."[271] Well, that's between them. But the business with his sister-in-law Madame la Présidente can't forget. He's known to have spread venereal disease—and how will it all affect the poor girl's marriage settlement—and her sister?

His twaddling justifications: "I am a libertine, but I have saved a deserter from death... I am a libertine, but I have never compromised my wife's health."[272]

Not impressed, his mother-in-law gets a *lettre de cachet* to put him away for life.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A HISTORICAL NOTE

Call him lucky. As far as we know, he'll never face physical torture. We saw the sorts of punishments that the Germans inflicted. One gloomy author of a history of corporal punishment concluded that "every form of cruelty which the law allows is practiced in a wholesale manner and with gusto by the public."[273] During the French Revolution, our Marquis will need to pretend to be an energetic atom of the masses he despises, in order to avoid such a public and summary fate. But he avoids it. He's lucky, isn't he?

Georges Bataille will write: "Sade endured this life, and endured it only by imagining the intolerable. In his agitation there was the equivalent of an explosion which tore him apart but suffocated him nonetheless."[274]

As an anonymous polemic against *lettres de cachet* insists, "it's for the social body to define if one of its members is to be declared an enemy of all his associates for his crimes"[275]—the social body, not the king, not the *lieutenant-de-police*,[276] not his mother-in-law. Either way, punishment is punishment. From a rebel's point of view, it remains unjustified.[277] Bataille again: "The only way to respond to the possibility of overcoming horror is in a rush of the blood."[278]

THE MORAL EFFECTS OF ENDUNGEONMENT

He will be locked into eleven different prisons over a period of twenty-seven years. (I am fortunate enough not to be able to imagine what one year in prison would do to me.)

His earlier spells in prison suggest that such punishment, like the executions of Rudzutak and John Brown, will scarcely deter him or by society's standards[279] improve him. Plato prescribes: "We should neither inflame the culprit by brutal punishments nor spoil a servant by leaving him uncorrected, so we must adopt the same course with the freeborn."[280] —Sade agrees—with the first half of this, at least: "Any punishment that does not correct, that can merely rouse rebellion in whoever has to endure it, is a piece of gratuitous infamy..."[281] —Well, what would correct him, then? —Nothing. —Sade's behaviorist definition of virtue—"our responsibility is limited to not spreading the poison and seeing that those who are around us not only do not suffer but are unaware of our weakness"[282]—stands, like his relativistic one—"for a very vicious soul a lesser vice can be considered a virtue"[283]—frank testimony to ethical impotence.

What's the point of confining him, then? His mother-in-law can't care less about giving satisfaction to the prostitutes in Marseilles he'd almost killed; as for those ladies, they've received justice according to the classical standard of torts: they've been paid off. Moreover, not being the omnipotent fiend he paints her, the mother-in-law possesses neither power nor desire to liquidate him; but she'll accomplish the next best thing: his removal from circulation. Meanwhile, insulted kins-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

folk speak the forthright language of expediency, which will be so dear to Napoleon and Stalin. Although some of them pity Renée-Pelágie, who pleads and battles for her terrible husband's release, they're staunch for defense of family, of bloodline, of the now joined clan of Sades and Montreuils: —"Misplaced pity must not disturb our plans, which are dictated by prudence and necessity. My nephew's freedom cannot and should not reward anything other than his good conduct."[284] I dislike the first sentence, but approve the second.

Sade will never acknowledge this calculus in others—because he follows it himself. His immense self-centeredness scarcely comprehends the effect or rationale of any measure, except upon himself—a trait which will now serve his art. *Justine*, *Juliette*, *The One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom:* In these books we watch a procession or succession of dominant characters; but although they scheme together, or undermine each other, at any given locus within the oeuvre there never reigns but one will, one intelligence enacting shrilly, snarlingly monotonous cravings. Each one is, in turn, Sade himself, and rarely do they meet with any answering humanity in the Other.[285]

Even more than Stalin, Sade remains the quintessential inhuman—or, if you prefer, the unfettered (*in* fetters) state-of-nature human. Herewith, a typical passage from the steadily more schematic *Sodom*, the only narrative progression being composed of procedural escalation: "First a finger-twister, he currently breaks all her limbs, tears out her tongue, gouges out her eyes, and leaves her thus to live, diminishing her sustenance day by day."[286] Sade denies the Golden Rule. He pleads for himself, cursing friends and enemies alike, that they don't serve him more expertly; but he never pleads for another. Projecting himself into another's life, he arrives within voyeuristic striking distance of the body, the intellect, above all the consciousness; but he never apprehends the soul. Nor does he want to. —"Adieu, my angel, think of me sometimes when you are between two sheets, your thighs open and your right hand busy … feeling for your fleas."[287] He is very funny and brilliant and elegant sometimes; he writes sentences as delicious as a spoonful of vanilla icing; but he is one of the most selfish people on earth.

"THE DIVINE MARQUIS"

He stands for *totality.*

Ernest Becker once wrote that "the ideal of the innovator must remain pure… we cannot compromise on an ideal of maximum individuality."[288] For Becker, the alternative was Stalinist dullness. For Sade, the alternative was respect for law and for other human beings. Thus ever the artistic dilemma, and, like Nero, who died murmuring, "What a great artist the world has lost in me!" Sade was ever the aesthete, not merely with his books, but with his red and white candle-wax, his bones in the garden, his room of yellow damask. *He aestheticizes his rage*—not merely on the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Roze Kaillairs he tortures, but in his continual petitions for release, which scamper mercurially back and forth between rage, pathos and sarcastic humor: *"To the stupid villains who torment me,"* he pens from his cell in Vincennes (1783): "Vile minions of the tunny-fish vendors of Aix, low and infamous servants of torturers, invent then for my torment tortures from which at least some good may result." What tortures might those be? He proposes one for his mother-in-law: "This morning as I suffered I saw her, the strumpet, I saw her flayed alive, dragged over thistles and then thrown into a barrel of vinegar. And I said to her: Execrable creature, that is for selling your son-in-law to the torturers! Take that, you procuress, for hiring out your two daughters!"—that is, the wife he married for gain, and the sister-in-law he himself seduced. What need has he to be fair? "Take that for making him hate the children for whose sake you supposedly sacrificed him!"[289] Is it her fault he hates his children? No, but it's her fault he's incarcerated. His sentence proves as arbitrary as his own acts and desires—a *contrapasso* of sorts. Is it justified? No. Why not release him and cut him off from the family? —Not that he'll ever be a good citizen now! He rails, vituperates, gloats, fantasizes, chuckles, masturbates, dreams: His mother-in-law is screaming in vinegar! Juliette brutalizes her "good" sister and sends her naked into the rain, laughing to see her struck by lightning! In this book of mine, already so long, we can scarcely pause to do justice to Sade the artist. Suffice it to say that he dares, he searches, he casts the lamplight of his intellect into the dark unknown tunnels of self-obsession (no matter that those passageways usually represent merely his own anus).

Punishment as Illicit Joy, Catharsis and Contrapasso

The aesthetic calculus of Sade (1783)[290]

> "And I increased her tortures and insulted her in her pain and for got mine.
>
> "My pen falls from my hand. I must suffer. Adieu, torturers, I must curse you."

Many pages ago,[291] *Rising Up and Rising Down* asserted that the self may do violence under the following condition, which remains controversial in all times and places:

In Imminent Defense of Freedom of Speech [See 5.2.E.2.]

> The self retains the inalienable right to express itself as it chooses, on any topic that it chooses, the right to empathize with friend or foe (shall we call that treason?), to assent and to deny, to offend, to express its conscience and to express no conscience, to be offensive, vulgar, vicious and even evil in the object and manner of its expression, at any and all times.[292]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

As an artist myself, I offend people, and not always by choice; I resent authority; I *need* to express myself, and this need becomes almost a sickness which most of us who are not artists find it difficult to understand. Where do my rights end? If my nature is predatory, should I be allowed to express that? We must each of us decide how far we're willing to let authority's ocean-wave rush up our shore, and where, if anywhere, we choose to build our pathetic doomed dykes of wet sand, to keep authority from overrunning us while we can. My grandfather, who as my mother always says "had a very hard life," used to say, "Bill, those sonofabitches who talk back to authority *have no rights!*" His solution for better engaging me with society: If I'd been his child, he would have punished me more often (his punishments were on the same continuum as John Brown's). And here for my part I stand, condoning Gauguin's abandonment of his family and his so-called marriages to thirteen-year-olds, in part because I believe in "different standards, different times," and in part because I love the art which resulted. As for Sade the artist, I don't know whether or not to call him a "genius," but I believe with all my heart that art and experience are both richer for his books, precisely because they terrify and disgust me, methodically, gleefully, with the same consistency and proportion which one feels when standing in the cathedral of Chartres.

What this chapter has been trying to say is that punishment must somehow be meaningful to be right. I pity Sade to the extent that he was ill, incapable of controlling his actions. I pity him as a human being who suffered. I admire him for creating art from his punishment, and at least nourishing himself on that sort of meaning. I uphold his right to express whatever gorgeous filth and filthy gorgeousness he wants. And I would defend his right to use lethal force against whomever tried to destroy his manuscripts. But what he did to Rose Keller went too far beyond self-expression. Within the limits of his corrupt and stagnant era, his confinement expressed this basic meaning: The social contract prohibits us from raping people or hurting them without their consent. His punishment was just.

IF NOT ENDUNGEONMENT, THEN WHAT?

Back to the issue of giving satisfaction to those prostitute-victims. More than one commentator has argued that by discarding the ancient legal practice of direct restitution, enforced either by the victim's kin (as in ancient Iceland) or by the community at large, "the modern criminal legal process" has been rendered "an inherently destructive one, because its aim is not to restore the injured party but to punish the guilty one."[293] For the fine of goods, liberty or life now gets paid not to the injured individual, but to the sovereign power. Imagine John Brown as being sentenced not to hanging, but to working for the rest of his life at prison wages, some going toward his maintenance, some toward his family's support and the rest toward restitution for the victims of his raids. Would he be a martyr then? De Sade's is alto-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

gether a different case. Thanks to the immense wealth he'd married, he could easily have made restitution to all the prostitutes he'd harmed—and, as we saw, this is exactly what his mother-in-law did. The result: He thinks his violence can be bought and paid for: intimidate and occasionally injure members of the vile underclass, and then compensate them at above the market price. This does not feel like justice. And yet the ease with which he can discharge such debts might be tolerable. Consider the notion, so well propounded by the utilitarian Jeremy Bentham,[294] that if justice is equity, then restitution to the victim must be the proper way to repair the social fabric—at least in cases of theft and suchlike offenses where the logic of the specific assessment would be incontestable. As we have seen,[295] other proponents of restitution propose its extension in cases of violent assault (Sade's specialty) to reimbursing medical bills, lost work, etcetera.



De Sade during imprisonment

There's the matter of his wife's sister. How could he possibly pay compensation for that? His income derives from the family he's insulted. But suppose that he did compensate her, if she wanted to be compensated—or, more likely, suppose that her mother wanted compensation. How could he compensate her to whom money meant so little? *By being punished.*

That is another reason why I believe that (in the beginning, at least) Sade's imprisonment was justified. It remanded him to the principle that ignoring the Golden Rule—nay, trampling on it—subjected him to the operation of the debased, political Golden Rule: As he had done, so was he done by.[296] He might never have understood this as a lesson; but, with or without that understanding, it rightly constrained his future acts.

Herbert Spencer, the Adam Smith of penology, as it were, proposed in the nineteenth century to let the invisible hand of hunger do its work in turning the convict into a productive citizen: deprive him of his liberty for society's sake, not for punishment; and pay him, if he works—and require him to pay for his food and keep.[297] In the overcrowded prisons of my own time and place, where inmates rape and brutalize each other, the practical effect of the system, as of most systems, would be to starve the weak at the expense of the strong. But Sade got his own cell. What if they'd forced him to become an artisan, and work at artisan's wages to compensate Madame de Montreuil?[298] Could this possibly have "reformed" Sade? It seems very unlikely.[299] Indeed, if the purpose of punishment were only reform, then most instances of punishment throughout human history would not be justified. We remain what we are.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"THERE IS NO SAFE PLACE"

Unimpressed by any Inquisitorial sophistries about his culpability, Sade escapes.

He flees to Italy. He writes his agent words whose sentiment, if not their overt self-centeredness, mirrors John Brown's: "When the court denies me my rights, I shall make my own rights..."[300]

Contrast him with Gandhi, who wrote:

> If my life were regulated by violence in the last resort, I would refuse to give an inch lest an ell might be asked for. I would be a fool if I did otherwise. But if my life is regulated by non-violence, I should be prepared to and actually give an ell when an inch is asked for.[301]

Miserable, broke, police-anxious and above all at loose ends, he returns to France. Why didn't he sneak off to America or something? Then he might have died free. Did he need wealth that badly? An ambiguous listlessness prevents him from concealing his whereabouts from his mother-in-law, Madame la Présidente, who promptly sends gendarmes to seize him again. His return to prison under such circumstances leads me to wonder whether Sade is merely lazy, impractical, indiscreet, or whether he actually connives at his punishment, which would almost begin to justify it... Or has he begun to realize the awful truth that he might be "happier" in a dungeon?

As we've noted, his barred life there won't begin to compare with that of an inmate in a late twentieth century American prison, where, as one rapist-murderer writes, "there is no safe place"; this rapist must fight off other rapists (*contrapasso*, anyone?); at mealtime he sees one convict beat another's brains out.[302] Sade, on the other hand, will have books, sweetmeats, even custom-made leather merkins in which to sheathe his aging penis. His situation strikes me as not unlike one of the strange prison-paradoxes so common to Ho Chi Minh's poems: outside of jail one can be arrested for gambling but inside one gambles as one pleases; inside of prison it is safe during air raids, but prisoners brought outside during those times, even if at greater risk, are happy to be free. Certainly Sade is safer in prison: he can't get into any worse trouble than he is already in; he doesn't have to face the family he antagonized and abused; in place of sordid deeds, he's free to imagine triumphal monstrosities, ritual slaughters, delectable sex-murders, tortures of the powerless; and because they occur only in his head, or, at worst, on paper, there are no consequences; he can dream up the next scenario, masturbate again, eat yet another pastry... "He was capable of wolfing down frightening quantities," writes Maurice Lever, "and in the solitude of his cell he sometimes indulged in veritable orgies of meringues, biscuits, macaroons, preserves, marmalades, jellies, syrups, marshmallows, fresh and preserved fruits, and candied chestnuts."[303] If other human beings are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

not real, then why can't he get along just fine with his own characters: cruel Juliette, the ogre Minski and ever so many young peasant boys and girls to eat for dinner? He does perhaps miss the taste of real flesh, the smell of a real whore's farts; but what he loses in realism he can make up for in giganticism, penning exhaustive orgies which must be staged as carefully as an ambassador's dinner parties. He munches on, excreting what one commentator calls "a raw passion, whetted by the imagination, without any frills—that is ... what we find so unbearable."[304] No justifications, says this commentator: defense of class and race, all the excuses valid and invalid of *Rising Up and Rising Down*, are irrelevant; flesh and chestnuts are the same: he munches on. Since the paradoxically indulgent Montreuils own the resources to pay for any number of desserts, over the years he grows stout.

A PUNISHMENT SUITABLE TO HIS CLASS

The fact that he has access to those macaroons and jellied chestnuts, when poorer prisoners are lucky to get stale bread, hardly seems fair. Punishment is arbitrary enough as it is. Shouldn't it at least be uniform?

But practically speaking, it never has been and never will be. One study in Saint Louis, Missouri, conducted in 1962 found that three-quarters of all defendants charged with felonies could not even afford the bail bondsman's ten percent of the bail.[305]

CAVEAT

We might also remind ourselves that the lack of fairness implicit in Sade's being able to gobble macaroons in no way entitles anybody to belittle his punishment's endless, almost hopeless pain.

In Vincennes prison he replies by letter to his wife, who wants to know how he is. "I am in a tower, locked behind nineteen iron doors, receiving daylight by two small windows, each provided with a score of iron bars. For about ten or twelve minutes of the day I have the company of a man who brings me my food. I spend the rest of my time alone and in tears."[306] He writes his mother-in-law, his "tyrant" as he calls her: "I would like to share your belief for a moment that a *lettre de cachet* is indispensable to avoid a lawsuit which is always disagreeable, but need it have been so severe, so cruel?"[307] —"My mother calls out to me from the depths of her tomb: I seem to see her open her bosom once more to clasp me to it—the only refuge I have left."[308] "Oh! my dearest one," he writes his wife, "when will there be an end to my horrible plight? When, in the name of Heaven, are they going to release me from the tomb in which they have buried me alive?"[309] "Get me out of here, dear wife, get me out, I beg you."[310]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

A HOLIDAY

In this seventeen-year stretch[311] he writes (so he claims) fifteen volumes, many of which will get destroyed in the sacking of the Bastille. Come the Revolution, he benefits for once from the populism toward which he expresses such furious contempt: they actually liberate him! Herewith, his second chance of escape. What will he do now? I imagine him blinking like one of those prisoners led out of Plato's cave—but dazzled by the glare not of reason but of impending debauchery. What will he do? He's older, remember, and the times aren't so ripe now for libertinage. His beloved mistress of a sister-in-law died long ago. The revolutionaries call for a new republic of Roman virtue. They demote and imprison the king, then execute him. Aristocrats flee; others lose their heads. Robespierre shrills louder and louder. The *sans-culottes* hang class enemies from lampposts. What will Sade do? He takes (spurious) credit for having incited the crowd outside to conquer the Bastille; but any knowing flamebrand would grin to recognize that our divine Marquis, for all his nihilistic posturing, remains first and foremost—an aristocrat,

> angry over losing a great deal, still more angry to see my sovereign in irons, baffled that you gentlemen in Provence do not feel that it is impossible that good should be done and continue when the monarch's authority is constrained by thirty thousand idlers under arms with twenty cannon.[312]

Absolutism was bad enough, but *fraternity* is worse. With so many masters, where will he find slaves? To quote Sartre's protagonist in *La nausée*, he finds the world "stale and dismal" but he fakes his way into becoming a good facsimile of a witch-burner. After all, the characters in his manuscripts love to talk—he himself is a great letter-writer—after years behind bars, maybe he enjoys talking... Soon Citizen de Sade is a leader in his section, making fine radical speeches to a portion of the thirty thousand (I imagine him chuckling deep in his paunch—extremism of any kind comes easily to him; politics is a game, just as sex used to be when he was young and potent). First he's the secretary, then the president. To his credit, our sadist never uses his new influence to revenge himself upon his in-laws, upon whom class suspicion now falls. His wife has divorced him; he does nothing against her. His father-in-law pleads with him for protection, which he graciously accords. "If I had said a word" to the section meeting, "they would have been treated severely. I kept quiet: that's how I avenge myself."[313] But hasn't his obsession always been with *randomly* swirling energies? In the end, too flamboyant, he slips; and, denounced by the Robespierrists, goes home to prison again. Among condemned aristocrats he enjoys the odd lust-intrigue, probably finding the atmosphere not unlike that of the sealed castle in his salaciously ferocious *Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom.*

Now for defense of the revolution: zealots erect a guillotine in the garden. Sade

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

saves his head at the last moment, when Robespierre loses his. But his liberty will never come back. "Justice," insists Darrow, "is not the function of the state; this forms no part of the scheme of punishment. Punishment is punishment."[314]

MEDITATIONS IN THE PUNISHMENT MUSEUM (CONTINUED)

At the end of his life, confined to the mental asylum at Charenton, and confirmed in that confinement by Napoleon's order, Sade will very movingly write: "If I am what I ought to be, and I am, what is the use of making me suffer so long? And taking the second horn [if I am not what I ought to be], why torment me if there is no hope?"[315]

He no longer shouts. The Montreuils are dead. He only tries to understand, reasoning heartbreakingly against the Providence he denies. He wants to understand; he strives to postulate. He's tired. He only goes through the motions. Maybe that's all he ever did. When he'd tied Rose Keller to the bed and threatened her with death, he could have murdered her, but he didn't. During the Revolution he resigned the presidency of his section in protest against a decree he thought too cruelly violent. Now he waits to die. He waits. He waits.

MEDITATIONS IN THE PUNISHMENT MUSEUM (CONTINUED)

One begins to yearn, not for the *cruelty* of that father-skinned chair of Cambyses's Egyptian judge, but for the *logic* of it. And, indeed, it is to such neat punishments with attached messages that retributors love to refer. Thus one twentieth-century Indian *sadhavi*—half holy woman (she consecrated herself to virginity), half militant politician—who rabble-rouses Hindus against Muslims, indignantly informs her constituents that in Kashmir, "slogans of 'long live Pakistan' were carved with red hot rods on the thighs of our Hindu daughters. Try to feel the unhappiness and the pain... The Hindu was dishonored."[316] Whether or not the story is true, what could be more perfect? The crime is its own message: *I was perpetrated on this innocent flesh by Muslims. By the Victim's Maxim,*[317] *I hereby give license to retaliation upon Muslims.* If only Sade had committed such a crime, which he could tally against his punishment! (Would he have ruefully laughed if they'd compelled him to eat Spanish fly pastilles until he died?) Whatever transgressions he might have committed, surely he's paid them off by now! (Or is that not true? And wouldn't he commit more if he could?) What more does anyone want of him? —Why, they want him buried! —Their new, impersonal justification: deterrence. Sadean libertines will think twice before they emulate the "divine Marquis"! —"He is an unnatural being," reads the police report given to Napoleon, "and no effort should be spared to keep him out of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

society."[318] They try to deny him pen and paper, to keep him from speaking with more than three persons, but a sympathetic doctor helps him. For awhile he's even able to direct plays. In his last winter of life, 1814, he is seventy-four years of age, and completes his ninety-sixth copulation[319] (probably, like so many others, an act of sodomy) with the sixteen-year-old Madeleine Leclerc, daughter of a nurse who has evidently been prostituting her to him since she was fourteen or thereabouts.[320] A typical diary entry: "Mgl. [Madeleine] came to do her 88th of the total and her 64th *chambre.* It was easy to see that she had been sick; she was still feeling the effects. She had cut the hair on her cunt."[321] Is his behavior wrong? I don't know. The girl evidently liked him and was willing. In any event, this would have gotten him locked up in my country at the time of writing.

THE MEANING OF THE CELL

T. E. Lawrence obeyed his government, or tried to, and as a result his conscience bled for the rest of his life. We've seen how, always high-strung, he occasionally went crazy. De Sade rarely did his duty to anyone, was probably never sane. He searched for ciphers and "signals" in his correspondence, convinced that some providential code would whisper to him the number of days remaining until he regained that freedom which he longed for but for which he had so little use. Through disobedience he created his integrity. Without his punishment, he might never have written the books and letters for which we remember him today. Without his punishment, without his dreary, meaningless suffering, he might never have made meaning for himself. This fact alone cannot even begin to justify it.



Political prisoners in the USSR (1982)

AND CAN THEY MAKE MEANING FROM THIS?

Some Soviet political prisoners and their crimes (1982)[322]

VYTAUTUS ABRUTIS, *restorer*
Renounced Soviet citizenship, expressed intention of emigrating, met with foreign journalists. Tried under Article 190, Part 1: "Circulating deliberately false fabrications defaming the Soviet political and social system."

YEVGENY MIKHAILOVICH ANTSUPOV, *historian*
Wrote works "attempting to divide history into periods," demanded to emigrate, distributed "photographs of a demonstration with

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the same demands." Tried under Article 70: "Anti-Soviet agitation and propaganda."

IVAN MARINCHENKO, *driver*
"Attempted self-immolation on Red Square... as a sign of protest against being evicted from his home." Placed in special psychiatric hospital.

NADEZHDA PANTELEYEVNA SIDOROVA, *printer*
Worked for "The Christian" underground printing press. Tried under Article 162, Part 2: "Engaging in forbidden manufacture."

EDUCATION OF AN ANARCHIST

One more prison story, which we'll tell at far less length than it deserves: Imprisoned for almost fourteen years of his twenty-two-year sentence for attempting to assassinate Henry Clay Frick—the revolver misfired, like the bomb before it and the dynamite cartridge in his mouth afterward, and the dagger was improperly aimed—Alexander Berkman, anarchist and denouncer of "false tolerance,"[323] wrote a long, strange book, and in places a very powerful one. Berkman's character was fundamentally revolutionary—which is to say he was a murderously rigid romantic:

WHO DESERVES TO LIVE?
The moral calculus of Alexander Berkman (1892)

> "The People —the toilers of the world, the producers—comprise, to me, the universe. They alone count. The rest are parasites, who have no right to exist. But to the People belongs the earth—by right, if not in fact. To make it so in fact, all means are justifiable; nay, advisable, even to the point of taking life... I had always taken the extreme view. The more radical the treatment, I held, the quicker the cure."
>
> SOURCE: BERKMAN, P. 9.

But his years of confinement, of monotony, anguish, false hopes and brutality, of stench and darkness and petty cruelty, awoke his capacity to be what Trotsky and Sade never could—an empathetic bridge.[324] Political criminals whom he once scorned as "parasites" became his friends and sometimes even the objects of his passionate erotic love.[325] That empathy never extended to his victim, of course, or if it did, only so far as to allow the contemptuous remark that Frick the "mere man"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

scarcely warranted an assassin's trouble:

> The Homestead developments had given him a temporary prominence, thrown this particular hydra-head into bold relief, so to speak. That alone made him worthy of the revolutionist's attention. Primarily, as an object lesson; it would strike terror into the soul of his class. They are craven-hearted, their conscience weighted with guilt.[326]

Thus Berkman's act of stupid fanaticism—and we must call it stupid, for not only did it fail by any standard to advance his immediate end, but it also prohibited him from carrying out any other useful labor for almost fourteen years—was meant as proactive self-defense of class, a combination of deterrence, through which the capitalists' "strangling hold on labor might be loosened,"[327] and retribution, a punishment for the Homestead incident, in which Frick's Pinkerton strikebreakers (to say nothing of eight thousand National Guardsmen armed with machine guns)[328] had shot down strikers and a little boy. Most of all, it was as usual an act of aesthetic violence: didactic, propaganda theater. Roundfaced, bespectacled Emma Goldman, then Berkman's lover, muse and confederate, agreed that "a blow aimed at Frick would re-echo in the poorest hovel."[329] This was the decade of international anarchist murders: the King of Italy, the Empress of Austria, the President of France, the Prime Minister of Spain—and, of course, the American President McKinley. —So much for the crime—or, if you prefer, the illegal punishment. Rising up, rising down!



Berkman

The *legal* punishment, we must presume, was actuated by precisely the same motives: retribution for the act; deterrence, both of Berkman himself and of other anarchists, from committing similar acts; and propaganda. The judge "spoke of making an example of me. The old villain! He had been doing it all his life: making an example of social victims."[330] (The word "victims" is reminiscent of John Brown and Goering both; they reject responsibility; punishment is oppression imposed on them. But it reminds me of Plato, too, who argued that "correction must always be meted to the bad—to make a better man of him—not to the unfortunate; on him it is wasted."[331] Once again, consider the previous chapter's exposition of deterrence through moderation and the counterdeterrence of excess and desperation. Who is bad; who is a victim? "The old villain" can never know.) Bitterly the prisoner repeated to himself that the sentence was not legal; since Frick hadn't died, he should not have been sentenced to more than seven years—a strange complaint for a martyr-anarchist to make, if he truly believed that all law was nothing but the arbitrary and cynical application of expedient force on the part of the ruling class.[332] It would have been interesting to know whether a more merciful sentence might have softened him *civically*, as it never could Sade. The original meaning of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the nineteenth-century "reformatory" was exactly that. The prisoner was supposed to meditate, repent, become better as a result of commingled kindness and firmness. Berkman was never to find out whether that might be possible. Indeed, in yet another chilling *contrapasso*, his punishment was as stupid as his crime; for retribution never scratches the soul which wears the crystalline armor of ideology, and thereby holds any perception of guilt at bay. How can that armor be cracked? Through "pressure," as the Stalinists would have said. The pressure brought to bear against him by the state of Pennsylvania included solitary confinement in "the hole" and "the basket"; deprivation of food, exercise, medical care and contact with the outside; beatings, verbal abuse, intimidation, etcetera—a far cry from the methods of the Cheka, but pressure, nonetheless, *deterrence*, in short, and it did not deter; and *retribution*, which might well have followed the local moral-social calculus but which, as with Sade, merely sharpened this criminal's defiance.[333]

Toward the end of his fourteen years, the warden asked Berkman if he had changed his views. This was what deterrence was meant to do. Berkman replied that he had not.

In a letter which he wrote around the same time to his revolutionary beloved, he said: "Daily contact with authority has strengthened my conviction that control of the governmental power is an illusory remedy for social evils. Inevitable consequences of false conceptions are not to be legislated out of existence."[334] Yet he had changed a little, disapproving of the assassination of President McKinley because "the background of social" as opposed to personal "necessity was lacking," even as he continued to justify his own attack upon Frick. Return to Akbar's epigraph at the beginning of this chapter: *Whatever motives retribution can't dissolve into repentance, it hardens.* "Magnificent was the day of hearts on fire with the hatred of oppression and the love of liberty!"[335] The only remaining expediency stake which authority had in his imprisonment, namely, propaganda-making, could probably have been served by commuting his sentence earlier than it did. The jail-stretch of Alexander Berkman, then, like that of many of his fellow inmates, was a costly, cruel and above all useless affair. "All soon grow nervous and irritable, and stand at the door, leaning against the bars, an expression of bewildered hopelessness or anxious expectancy on their faces."[336]

Having said this much against his punishment, I return to social symmetry. For whatever reason, Berkman attacked a fellow human being with intent to kill.[337] Even though his long misery improved him scarcely at all (his developing empathy might have come with experience in any event), I believe it to have been justifiably inflicted. Frick deserved justice, too.

Did Frick get justice? His own complicity in the shooting down of the Homestead strikers rendered him despicable, and worthy of class justice—perhaps even of assassination, should the rigged "legal" justice of which Berkman was so contemptuous have failed—which it almost certainly would have. Berkman's

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Attentat was arguably justified by a revolutionary calculus, which contradicts and supersedes the calculus of law. We agreed[338] that rising up against the state is justified when that state's defense of authority aims at permanently excluding or debasing a portion of the governed, when it offers no release from obedience in the event of disagreement with it, and when it invokes more violent power than it needs to in a given case. All three of these conditions applied to the vicious crushing of the Homestead strike.

Berkman, however, acted almost alone. He didn't seek out "the toilers" and fashion his violence into a tool of mass mobilization. His was the self-sufficient calculus of a Julius Caesar or a Raskolnikov. In terms of the power available to him, he was closer to the latter than the former. We've agreed that violence without hope of result lacks justification.[339] He was another John Brown, but farther removed than the latter from any consensual delimitation between authority and liberty of conscience. Many abolitionists supported Brown, and even the president of the United States agreed that slavery was wrong, although he didn't emancipate the slaves until the war required it. Berkman and his anarchists had behind them no influential people to argue their case in the nation's drawing-rooms. Acknowledging no law but his own, then, renouncing the social contract, no matter what his ends, Berkman had no business complaining about his own judgment and punishment, which were arguably proportionate to the injury which he inflicted on Frick. Berkman got not death, but suffering and deprivation. It is easier, perhaps, to spend one's death, as John Brown did, than to waste one's life, like Sade and Berkman.

Any serious consideration of punishment makes one's heart ache. But he who breaks the contract extremely, that is by violence, may well be obligated to pay fearfully, no matter how justified he might otherwise be. (That is one of the reasons why the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is little more than a series of sometimes mutually exclusive lists.) Will he face the price and pay it, like Brown? Then *perhaps* he may be justified indeed. Take punishment away, and we're left with the easy violence of a street thug, a wife-beater, a totally unfettered Sade (whose unexpected kindness to the fallen in no way inclines me to trust solely to that kindness), or even an Alexander Berkman, any of whom could lean on the bully stick of some convenient moral calculus.

PUNISHMENT IS JUSTIFIED:

1. When the transgressor agrees to, or belongs to a culture which subscribes to, the rule by which he has been judged, and when he can be proven to have violated that rule. [Alternatively, when the transgressor and punisher accept the same moral values which apply in the given case; and when the transgressor has in fact breached those values such that the law calls for the stipulated punishment.]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

2. When its purpose is to prove that a legitimate social contract will be honored by authority.
3. When its penalties are codified into limit and consistency, and respect the rights of the self.
4. When it is proportionate to the original injury.
5. When it helps heal the victim, those who care for him, or society generally.
6. When it is the most practical means of isolating an unregenerate violent offender.

PUNISHMENT IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. By *tu quoque*[140] alone.
2. When the person suffering the punishment does not understand why he is being punished.
3. When the punishment is inconsistently applied to penalize similar acts committed under similar circumstances.
4. When there is no separation of powers among judges, executioners and sovereigns.
5. When proof of guilt is logically faulty, or when the judicial process is dishonest.
6. To the extent that the punishment, which may be just or unjust in and of itself, furthers authority's power beyond the minimum necessary for enforcing the social contract.
7. When deterrence remains possible but has not yet been tried.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

17.
CONTINUUM OF PUNISHMENT (JUDICIAL RETALIATION)

A. Gandhi

> "They should contact the criminals in their homes, win their confidence and trust by loving and selfless service, wean them from evil and unclean habits and help to rehabilitate them by teaching them honest ways of living."[341]

B. An old prisoner named George

> "There is no doubt the law is an absolute failure in dealing with crime. The criminal belongs to the sphere of therapeutics. Give him to the doctor instead of the jailer."[342]

C. Clara Wichmann, anarchist

> "Punishment creates nothing; it corrupts the conditions for development in a better direction, because it clips a person's wings and curtails."[343]

D. Danny Rolling, serial killer (condemned to electrocution)

> "The death penalty has not accomplished anything other than sweeping our dirt under the rug, and the electric chair is inhumane. We don't even electrocute stray dogs... The death penalty is not the answer. It is not even a viable deterrent."[344]
>
> "Dementia + Possession x Revenge = Murder."[345]

E. Friedrich Nicolai (1785)

> "Frequent executions do not help at all; ... they have become mere spectacles for the people and made them even more unfeeling than before."[346]

F. Richard J. Evans (1996)

> "No one would dream of suggesting ... that someone who runs over a pedestrian in his car and breaks the victim's leg should have his own leg broken in turn.[347]

G. Robespierre (1791)

> "Horror of crime diminishes when its only punishment is by another crime."[348]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

H. Edward Gibbon

"But whenever the offence inspires less horror than the punishment, the rigour of penal law is obliged to give way to the common feelings of mankind."[349]

I. Cicero (63 B.C.)

"The person of every Roman citizen must remain inviolate."[350]

J. Lincoln

"Blood can not restore blood, and government should not act in revenge."[351]

K. Constitution of the Iroquois

"If a lord is found guilty of wilful murder, he shall be deposed ..., and his horns [emblem of power] shall be handed back to the chief matron of his family and clan."[352]

L. Plato

"If a man slay his wedded wife in passion, or a woman do the like by her husband, there shall be the same rites of purifying, and the term of banishment shall be three years."[353]

M. Swiss constitution (1874)

"No death sentence shall be pronounced for a political offense." [354]

N. Hobbes

"So that every Crime is a sinne; but not every sinne a Crime... [In a Commonwealth] of Intentions, which never appear by any outward act, there is no place for humane accusation."[355]
"But in declared Hostility, all infliction of evill is lawful."[356]

O. Martin Luther

"You are righteous that you may vindicate and pardon the unrighteous, not that you may only condemn, disparage, judge and punish."[357]
"Where wrong cannot be punished without greater wrong, there let him waive his rights, however just."[358]
"Contrariwise, works and the keeping of the law must be so straitly required in the world, as if there were no promise or grace; and that because of the stubborn, proud and hardhearted,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

before whose eyes nothing must be set other than the law, that they may be terrified and humbled. For the law is given to terrify and kill such, and to exercise the old man [the original sin we inherited from Adam]."[359]

P. Buddha

"He who deserves punishment must be punished, and he who is worthy of favor must be favored... whosoever must be punished for the crimes which he has committed, suffers his injury not through the ill-will of the judge but on account of his evil-doing... When a magistrate punishes, let him not harbor hatred in his breast."[360]

Q. Primo Levi

"The act of justice represents only a sad duty towards society which moves even the executioner to pity for the victim [who] should feel around him neither hatred nor arbitrariness, only necessity and justice, and by means of punishment, pardon."[361]

R. Seneca

" As we apply the flame to certain spearshafts when they are crooked in order to straighten them, and compress them by driving in wedges, not to crush them, but to take out their kinks, so through pain applied to body and mind we reform the natures of men that are distorted by vice."[362]

—But—

"He who does not remit the punishment of wrong-doing is a wrong-doer. It is a fault to punish a fault in full."[363]

S. Rousseau (1755)

"It is in order not to be the victim of an assassin that a man consents to die if he becomes one."[364]

T. Plato

"The convicted offender [premeditated murderer] shall be put to death [by any who wishes to avenge the deceased], and shall not receive burial in the land of his victim—for that would add insult to impiety."[365]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

U. Jefferson

"Whosoever committeth murder by poisoning, shall suffer death by poison."[366]

V. Antiphon, speech for the prosecution in a murder trial

"I shall exact vengeance for my father and for your laws."[367]

W. Newsletter of the German National People's Party (July 18-22, 1919)

"Only white terror can bring order [against red terror]. If the death penalty is abolished, criminality will no longer know any bounds."[368]

X. Taira Kanetada [Heike]

"Killing the enemy of one's parent is sanctioned by the Way of Heaven."[369]

Y. Ted Nugent, rock star, bowhunter, and Second Amendment champion

"I believe in a death penalty at the scene of the crime."[370]

Z. Clarence Darrow (ironically)

"If the imprisonment of men tended to awe others into obedience to law, then the old ideas of penal servitude are the only ones which can be logically sustained. A prison should be the most horrible, grewsome, painful place that can be contrived. Physical torture should be a common incident of prison life."[371]

AA. Senate Republican Majority Leader Locke Burt, after faulty wiring caused a condemned man's face to burst into flames during the electrocution

"A painless death is not punishment. I think it's important that there is a deterrent and a punishment element."[372]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 24

LOYALTY, COMPULSION, AND FEAR

...if you bid me plunge my sword in brother's breast or parent's throat or womb of wife great with child, I will do it all, though with unwilling hand...

LAELIS, TO CAESAR, ASCRIBED BY LUCAN (A.D. 66)[1]

With the present Socialist machinations, it may happen that I shall order you to shoot your own relatives, your brothers, or even your parents—which God forbid—and then you are bound in duty implicitly to obey my orders.

KAISER WILHELM II (1891)[2]

"THE ISSUE OF ILLEGALITY COULD NOT ARISE"

Otto Ohlendorf, who commanded Einsatzgruppe D on the Eastern Front, succeeded between June 1941 and June 1942 in liquidating ninety thousand Jews,[3] which works out, if my arithmetic is correct, to slightly less than 250 murders per day. At Nuremberg he admitted that "of course" he had scruples about those orders.[4]

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"And how was it that they were carried out regardless of these scruples?"

"Because to me it is inconceivable that a subordinate leader should not carry out orders given by the leaders of the state."

Ohlendorf had long since committed that not unduly dexterous act of self-maiming called *willed ignorance.* The context of his orders need not be considered by him; indeed, he was better off not caring. Those subordinates who want to be thought of as effective achievers, ruggedly reliable cutting tools, first-rate fellows, do well to save themselves from thoughtfulness! So it has always been. To Martin Luther, for instance, ignorance truly was bliss: As long as a prince's subjects cannot know whether or not he is in the wrong, "they may obey without peril to their souls."[5] It follows that the soul is better off, when one closes one's eyes to wrongness.[6]

"Was the legality of these orders explained to these people under false pretenses?" demanded the prosecutor.

"I do not understand your question," Ohlendorf replied; "since the order was issued by the superior authorities, the issue of illegality could not arise in the minds of these individuals, for they had sworn obedience to the people who had issued the orders."[7]

"OBEDIENCE IS A HOLOCAUST"

A sign of Ohlendorf's times had been the S.S. motto: *My honor is my loyalty*. Loyalty can indeed build a magnificent kind of honor—especially when directed toward dependents and peers—and its absence facilitates coldbloodedness[8]—but, as we know,[9] it is crucial to attach one's honor, hence one's loyalty, to the proper object.

The French Jesuits in seventeenth-century Canada vowed obedience to much better aims than Ohlendorf; and their ideological and military situation in the Canadian wilderness shaped them into better than unsympathetic figures. They occasionally did good, they died bravely, and the grave harm they inflicted on native societies was partially extenuated by indirection, and nobly intended: they saw the Indians as fellow human beings with souls to be saved, worthy of civilizing and intermarrying with the French. (It could even be said that they gave them loyalty, however misguidedly.) Knowing their Bible, they did not kill, not with their own hands.[10] In his classic letter on obedience, their brave, obsessive soldier-founder Saint Ignatius offers only two "outs" to order-following, one of them a passing subordinate clause in this citation from Saint Bernard: "Whether it be God or man, his vicar, who orders you whatever, he must be obeyed with equal care and respected with equal reverence, *as long as man does not command things against God.*"[11] How do we decide what is against God? By reference to the Decalogue? Having exhorted total subordination of the will "except in sinful matters," Ignatius grants the following "representation":

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> This, of course, does not change the fact that, if you saw something different from the superior, and after having prayed, it would seem to you to be convenient, under the Divine Will, that you should represent it to the superior, if you could. If you wish to proceed, however, without any suspicion of self-love and judgment, you must remain indifferent before and after making the representation, not in the relation to the execution of doing or not doing the thing in question, but also so that you may feel more happy and consider better whatever the superior orders.[12]

Obviously such an instance would, as Ignatius lays it out, be extremely rare.[13] Ordinarily one must offer total obedience, not only in following the order, but also in willing to act. In a phrase ironically apposite to Ohlendorf's case, the saint goes on: "every true obedient person must lean to see things the way the superior sees them. And this is true, for *obedience is a holocaust* in which the whole man, without denying [the giving up of] anything of himself, offers himself in the fire and charity to his Creator and Lord by the hand of his ministers; this is a total surrender of oneself."[14]

Ignatius says nothing about offering other people to the holocaust.

But obedience is indeed a holocaust in quotidian life, the proctologists, policemen, deckswabbers, bomb-droppers and judicial executioners doing what they might willingly leave undone, but for duty's sake. Time-servers and resentful weaklings will dwell on the aspect of compulsion, entrepreneurs will be governed by profit, but those to whom obedience means dedication rather than constriction or expediency command admiration. They exemplify the Ignatian sentiment, a beautiful statement of which, though prouder and worldlier, in keeping with the more secular profession of soldiering, is expressed by Colonel Kottwitz in Heinrich von Kleist's play *The Prince of Homburg* (1821):

> Shall I pour out my blood into the dust
> For you in battle for a fee of money,
> Or for a fee of honors? God forbid!
> It is too good for that. I have my joy
> Apart and free and independently,
> Derive it from your excellence and grandeur
> And from the growth and glory of your name.[15]

Hence Ernst Röhm, head of the S.A., wrote six years before he was purged and executed by Hitler that "the wife of a soldier in my company, whose political convictions were far removed from mine, said to me on one occasion: 'In the heart of my husband, his captain takes the first place; there is nobody to outrank him. Only then come his mother and I.'"[16] The soldier had a superior to pour out his blood for—and in this case, others' blood, too. That is the danger of the holocaust of obedience into which I lovingly hurl myself. Fueled by my soul's cordwood, those

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

flames loom high, indifferent to any distinction between me and my neighbors. The glitter of light on the buttons of my uniform becomes one with the shining within the crematorium door at Dachau. If I truly do not know "what is against God," then God help me.

By Ignatian obedience, when the actions ordered are not in glaring conflict with one's moral code, they must be carried out. Ohlendorf's reply to his cross-examiner is so disquieting because he does not assert any moral code.[17]

COMMONALITY AS RACE

Jesuits took an oath of obedience to the Pope. And had the Pope commanded murder? An almost absurd question—not entirely absurd, alas, when we consider certain epochs of the Inquisition.[18] How to recognize evil orders then? Carl Schmitt, the infamous Nazi jurist, proposed *commonality* as a safeguard, namely

> an unconditional similarity of racial stock between leader and followers. The continuous and truthful contact between leader and followers and their reciprocal loyalty rest upon this racial similarity. Only this can prevent the leader's power from becoming tyranny and despotism; only this makes it essentially different from the domination of an alien-structured will, no matter how intelligent and well-intentioned it may be.[19]

The insidiously gentle tyranny of Julius Caesar over his fellow Romans immediately disproves his case—and so does Schmitt's own career as a loyal tool of one of the most despicable tyrannies on earth. But his call for "continuous and truthful contact between leaders and followers" is of ancient vintage,[20] and even reasonable—far more so than the use to which he put it (for in the Third Reich, the Schmitts and Ohlendorfs marched confidently forward under Hitler's inclusive banner, creating *exclusion* and repression for others). *Rising Up and Rising Down* defines legitimate authority as requiring consensuality.[21] Schmitt's idea of consensuality, his Decalogue, was his Aryan phenotype.

COMMONALITY AS FAITH

Any kind of commonality *must* almost tautologically promote harmony between ends and means. The more central to a follower's ethical identity the value which he shares with his leader, the less likely it can be that a given order will set him against his conscience.[22] Thus in the *Tale of the Heike*, that gruesome relation of clan cleavage and parochial loyalty,[23] whose commanding and obedient lives flash by us like the painted scrolls and screens of Heike-Genji battles, every character whom violence finds asserts in his dying breath the sacredly personal tie he's lived for.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(Was it really like that? Probably not, replies many a scholar.[24] I think of the Japanese military affairs clerk who forced his fifteen-year-old brother to volunteer for World War II because "I had to send men to the front": "He cried and said, 'I don't want to go.' But I told him he must. I brought out this very table and a razor and made him cut his finger and write a petition on the finest paper to volunteer in his own blood"—a mode of application which had been traditional almost as far back as *Heike* times.[25] The brother, selected for kamikaze duty, survived only by accident.)[26]

No matter; let's indulge the *Tale's* didacticism, whose ethic one of the highest-ranking Heike, Munemori, states most eloquently of all. Calling hundreds of his most trusted servitors before him, he says to them:

> You are not my casual retainers for a day or two, but my hereditary retainers. Some of you are related to me by blood. [Carl Schmitt would like that.] Some of you are bound to me by love, the love aroused by your sense of gratitude for a great many favors received from our house from generation to generation... Is it not time that everyone of you should repay these favors?[27]

Moved to weeping, the men respond that they will follow him "even to the end of the sea and sky."

Love is the key.[28] (Not quite three percent of all Japanese homicides committed in 1995 will be motivated by "obedience-flattery.")[29] In the eighteenth-century Korea of Lady Hygeyong,[30] the favor of the sovereign, by increasing one's outer honor, fills the soul with pride. Thus inner honor can benefit, too, and thence comes affection. At Lady Hygeyong's presentation to the court as a child bride, His Majesty offers her father a goblet of wine, which the latter, in keeping with a precept of the Book of Rites, pours upon his sleeve.

> His Majesty turned to me, saying, "Your father understands proper ritual." My father was moved by this royal grace and his eyes shone with tears of gratitude. Later I was told that at home Father summoned the family and recounted this story. Then, in tears, he burst forth, 'Now that we are bestowed with such royal grace, we must pledge that, from today, we will repay his kindness with a devotion that transcends death.'[31]

This code is admired and respected even by the Genji, because it mirrors their own. And anyone with a heart who reads the *Tale* cannot but admire the warriors who, knowing that the Heike are in decline,[32] nonetheless choose to fight for them to the death. Understanding this, we gaze in sorrowful awe upon the Genji white-toothed and white-pennanted, the Heike black-toothed, face-painted in courtier style and red-pennanted, horsemen galloping across flat plains of shining gold, waving curved swords forged by prayers, secret recipes and a month or more of labor of master-smiths, then tested in the flesh of hapless commoners living or dead.[33] For

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the sake of their loyalty we see them approaching spidery lakes, riding down cliffs, glaring, scowling, leaping, raising shining blades to decapitate each other, while in the background deer go running, or barefoot loyal retainers carry away palanquins with frightened court ladies inside.[34]

Most of all I remember how the righteous Shigemori, eldest son of the patriarch of the Heike clan, overcame his filial devotion—that is, his obedience to the lesser leader—to the extreme extent of warning family retainers that he would punish them for following any brutal orders given by his father,[35] but when it came to an emperor, no such moral assertion was necessary or even permissible, because "Japan is the land of the gods. The gods do not permit irreverence. Therefore you must believe in the cloistered emperor's good will."[36] (There were, in fact, excellent reasons not to believe in it: the cloistered emperor was a vicious schemer who meant the Heike no good.[37] No matter. This work, like any Stalinist novel,[38] is a moral tract.) Shigemori's loyalty may seem self-serving, its premise being simply that the ruler raised his family from nothing and can easily cast them back into nothing:

> When I think of the greatness of the imperial favor, it outshines the brilliance of a thousand or ten thousand clusters of jewels. When I think of the depth of the imperial favor, it is deeper than double-dyed vermilion. Therefore I must defend the Cloistered Palace.[39]

This borders on hymnalistic praise. The cloistered emperor, like Schmitt's Führer, is enlightened, celestial, hence tautologically cannot compel his followers to commit crimes.[40] What he orders is by definition legitimized. He and his adherents (at least the righteous ones such as Shigemori) subscribe to a common standard with such conviction that no one will utter a word about escape clauses.

The social contract must always be reaffirmed by swearing allegiance to authority. (And not just religious armies, but all the others continue in the same tradition.) For Shigemori and his Heike in their squat, brilliant-colored pyramids of cord-armor, that submissive affirmation equals defense of honor and of creed.

After Shigemori's death, the governor of Higo Province, who had received many favors from the Heike, proceeds to Kyoto at his own risk: the Heike armies have already abandoned it, and their enemies the Genji approach, their bowl-shaped helmets lacquered red, to make their faces appear more fiercely ruddy.[41] The Heike are clearly finished, and the expedient thing would have been to change sides. Instead, the governor arranges to have Shigemori's bones dug up in order to protect them against any possible desecration from the hooves of Genji horses (for the Heike themselves had mercilessly liquidated their defeated enemies and defiled their tombs).[42] He casts the dirt of the tomb into the river and sends Shigemori's bones to Mount Koya for safekeeping.[43] If you will, his loyalty was his honor—a very different thing from the S.S. slogan.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

COMMONALITY AS LAW

Still another commonality might be the one of secular law. Arendt cites the distinction between order and law; in the latter case what is commanded remains in force forever, like an echo, unless rescinded by another law; whereas an order is merely a specific command at a specific time. When an order conflicts with law, then law takes precedence, although an unscrupulous leader might blur this ("I have battles yet to fight / And I demand obedience to the law").[44] In any epoch of dynamism, revolution, war or collapse, the great tree of law, its roots weakened, totters and crashes down, leaving behind the local saplings of vassalage, personalized obedience, commander's orders. A trade-unionist once a member of Hitler's party wrote: "Those whose origins lay in the constitutional monarchy approved of parliamentarism and parties and opposed only the degeneration of these institutions. For most young people, on the other hand, parties and parliaments were simply the outgrowths of a system which itself was degenerate. Their ideal was the Free Corps in which leaders and followers interrelated through soldierly discipline and mutual loyalty."[45] No reason to denigrate such tribal groupings—provided that their enactments are just.

COMMONALITY AS NECESSARY EXPEDIENCY

In his comments on my moral calculus, Professor Trigger writes: "There is one important issue here. One reason command structures exist is [because] some things that must be done (to counter an attack, stop a dike breaking, etc.) have to be done so fast [that] there is no time for explanations. Can it be claimed that obedience to orders, or giving commands without justifications, is in all cases bad? Whenever possible, there should be reasons given, and some orders are so bad they should never be obeyed, but there seems to me to be a gray area, where the responsibility lies mainly with those who give the orders except in cases where followers are so fanatical they are prepared to do whatever they are commanded without any moral reflection. The problem here is that few societies have a clearly defined moral code that can give clear direction concern what to do and not do in critical circumstances. The problem has been with us since Electra."[46]

To address this problem I propose the following: *Violence by command and without explanation is justified only by imminence. In the case of an order which seems to be evil and cruel, whoever carries out such orders ought to use his reason and his conscience to see whether imminence can possibly apply. If not, he must refuse to carry out the orders. If so, he may carry them out, and the command which issued the orders without explanation becomes morally liable for the acts consequently committed.*[47]

In other words, imminence may create commonality. Commonality alone, however, can never create imminence.[48]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OHLENDORF RECEIVES NO ORDERS FROM HIS HEART

Whatever his own mind's foundation of commonality might have been, Ohlendorf never said. His bond of obedience was transparent, flavorless, impossible to get at. Commonality ought to generate its own honor.[49] Ohlendorf expressed neither system nor rules from his own heart, nothing which would have permitted him to determine whether exterminating large groups of civilians might be wrong.

Not that any such cross-check upon obedience infallibly produces decent results—think of the committed Nazi joyously receiving the command from his S.A. leader to "spontaneously" smash the windows of Jewish shopkeepers: he would have done it spontaneously anyhow! A post-war trial reports: "Defendant Lt. Czhals, who, prior to shooting [six unarmed American airmen] in the back, informed the fliers that they would be left unburied, offered as his sole defence the fact that he was acting under 'superior orders.'"[50] The sadism of announcing his policy of the open grave recalls the passion of Kleist's prince, who's been told to wait for orders. "For orders?" he cries. "Kottwitz, do you ride that slow? / Have you not yet received them from your heart?"[51] The prince didn't link his feelings to any evil deed—for that matter, Joan of Arc could have uttered identical words, which demonstrates that what's bad is neither zeal itself, not the feeling of the heart that inspires it, but—in certain sad cases—the heart itself. Lieutenant Czhals clearly had received orders from his.

Czhals in his enthusiasm and Ohlendorf in his obedience committed the same crime—murder. No, a corrupt heart cannot guard against the effects of corrupt orders. But we can say this much: Ethical identity between leader and led may be necessary for justice, but not sufficient.

WILHELM KEITEL

In the same room in which Ohlendorf gave his testimony, Dr. Otto Nelte, counsel to Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel, now rose to cross-examine his client on the subject of soldierly obedience. Nelte was the one who in his futile closing plea for leniency would admit that "the defendant Keitel did not hear the warning voice of the universal conscience."[52] Subtle distinction: Keitel was *deaf*, not *disregardful*. Was it true? The four judges did not rule on that. Nelte, perhaps himself longing to understand him, perhaps merely calculating, in a professional spirit, that "inner revelations" might touch the judges' pity, turned to Keitel and asked: "But you are not only a soldier, you are also an individual with a life of your own. When facts brought to your notice in your professional capacity seemed to reveal that a projected operation was unjust, did you not give it consideration?"

Keitel was no Ohlendorf, to take refuge in the cold shrugs of legalistic incom-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

prehension.[33] He did accept responsibility (all he would ask of the court was to be honorably shot rather than hanged,[34] a favor which the court refused). But to Nelte's question he replied:

> I believe I can truthfully say that throughout the whole of my military career I was brought up, so to speak, in the old traditional concept that we never discussed this question. Naturally, one has one's own opinion and a life of one's own, but in the exercise of one's professional functions as a soldier and an officer, one has given this life away, yielded it up. Therefore I could not say either at that time or later I had misgivings about questions of a purely political discretion, for I took the stand that a soldier has a right to have confidence in his state leadership, and accordingly he is obliged to do his duty and obey.[35]

This answer is the same as that of one of his codefendants, Jodl, who said: "It is not the task of a soldier to be the judge of his Commander in Chief. May history or the Almighty do that."[36]

SOLDIER-CITIZENS, SOLDIER-TOOLS

Keitel and Jodl were more than half correct. We've mentioned the routine obedience to duty of proctologists and deckswabbers. In a soldier, that trait becomes an essential virtue—not only because it is good in the Ignatian sense, and the human anthill requires it, but out of reverence to defense of war aims.[37] Hence Frederick the Great boasts in his eighteenth-century "Military Instructions for the Generals" that among his Prussian troops,

> Obedience to the officers and subordination is so exact that no one ever questions an order, hours are observed exactly, and however little a general knows how to make himself obeyed, he is always sure to be. No one ever reasons about the possibility of an enterprise and, finally, its accomplishment is never despaired of.[38]

After all, were every man on the battlefield to decide for himself what was right and what was not, there would be chaos.[39] Field-Marshal von Manstein, who was arguably the Third Reich's most effective general, made a similar argument for refusing to countenance assassinating Hitler: There would have been "an immediate collapse of the front," and disorder at home in Germany.[40]

We've fallen very far here from the ancient Greek notion that the soldier was a full citizen, hence a political debater and decider. When Spartan or Athenian hoplites disagreed with their general, they might simply refuse to fight. Achilles in the *Iliad* emblematizes the old code when in anger he throws his gold-studded scepter down on the ground, shouting to Agamemnon: "What a worthless, burnt-out coward I'd

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

be called, if I would submit to you and all your orders."[61] Then he withdraws to his tent, to weep and sulk over the slave-girl Briseis. All war aims he disdains.

In Roman times, discipline tightens. Caesar's legionnaires express fear of the Germans, whose blue eyes glare too terrifyingly keen, they say. Caesar "indignantly ... reprimanded them, first and foremost because they thought it their business to ask or consider in which direction or with what purpose they were being led."[62] Nonetheless, as his own career proves, the subordination of the military as a whole to the supreme command (assuming that in republican Rome there could be such a thing) remains incomplete: any military leader can transform himself into a political leader and vice versa. That produces unhappy results: disturbances, usurpations, extortions from an already overstrained public treasury as the routine cost of nominal loyalty, murders of just counselors, assassinations of Roman emperors just and unjust: Pertinax, Alexander Severus, the joint emperors Maximus and Balbinus, Gordian, Philip, Gallus, Aemilianus, Gallienus, Aurelian, Florianus, Probus, Carinus... The involvement of an army in political, hence ethical affairs can be as sinister as blind obedience.

Finally weariness and helplessness prevail; and, until the time of Diocletian, the election of emperors gets entrusted to the military itself, in the sometimes utopian hope that it would not strike down its own choice.[63] The soldier might obey out of habit. He might be wheedled, tricked, used. He is not yet, like Keitel or Ohlendorf, a perfect tool.[64] I hope he'll never become one. But from time to time we'll meet the perfect toolmaster: Caesar, Napoleon, Hitler.

In his *Mask of Command*, John Keegan explains that from Clausewitz's time onward,[65] politicians concerned about such Bonapartism ("I represent the army!" Napoleon had sneered before his coup, "yes, I represent the army, and the Directors know whether the army is at this moment powerful in France!")[66] sought to protect themselves by limiting the responsibilities of their officer class to military affairs exclusively.[67] Bonapartism? We might equally call it Caesarism! If war was "the continuation of politics by other means," they, the leaders, would decide when that continuation ought to occur; the generals, the Keitels of the world, were only to carry it out. A century later, Hitler depended on generals like that.[68] Of each soldier who serves under him one might say, as Lucan does of Caesar's suicidally courageous centurion, Marcus Cassius Scaeva: "Unhappy man! with such enormous valour you bought a master!"[69]

THE TOOL EXPLAINS ITS FUNCTIONS

"Of course," said Keitel, "if I wanted to get technical about it, I could have said that paragraph 47 in our military law specified that it was a crime to execute orders that are given with criminal motivation. I did not execute such orders—I merely *transmitted* them. But after all, that is only a legalistic technicality, and there is no use trying to dodge the issue on such petty argumentation."[70]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"THAT IS MY FATE"

Tocqueville's wife's relatives were all guillotined during the French Revolution. Did Tocqueville hold the executioner guiltless? Perhaps. Sanson (or, as he was sometimes called, Samson), that famed high priest of the Paris guillotine, officially styled "Avenger of the People," is quoted as saying that he was but an instrument. (A holocaust of obedience? Yes. One satirical etching shows him alone, surrounded by the heads of everyone else in France; he lies down upon the wooden bed and guillotines himself.)[71] A soldier ought to be an instrument. As Moltke remarked, "what policy can do with his victories or defeats is not his business."[72] Keitel was an instrument. Had the Führer not been so evil, Keitel probably wouldn't have done evil, as I keep saying; hence it was a matter of historical chance that he ended up in the dock instead of Sanson, whose striped trousers, tricornered hat, and dark green redingote were imitated by the jaded.[73] Let us quote Moltke again:

> The army commander who is about to launch an enterprise the consequences of which are never certain, or the statesman who has to conduct high policy, will never be deterred from action by the fact that they may have to face a court-martial on the one hand or a civil court in Berlin on the other.[74]

Hitler, of course, faced no judgment save his own, narrowing his consequential future to but a moment's pang when he killed himself at Eva Braun's side.[75] Keitel blamed Hitler for precisely this desertion when he himself stood accused in court. (A medieval Japanese warrior would have felt equally traduced.) How could his commander in chief, upon whose initiative these reprehensible orders (which Keitel had treated as neutral) had been issued, now leave him holding the bag? Over and over we hear just this complaint from the other Nazi war criminals.[76] Unlike so many of their Japanese counterparts, who took full responsibility at their trials in order to avoid embarrassing the army,[77] these Germans usually presented themselves as "little men" who shouldn't be made to hang for trusting in their master. Many were wicked; some only did wicked things in a state akin to sleepwalking. These latter made the *moral* mistake of operating on the basis of wicked expediency; then they made the *expedient* mistake of assuming that what was condoned and approved of under Hitler they wouldn't be arraigned for. Hence their indignant apologetics.[78] One can easily imagine anyone, even Sanson, had he been called to account in the Restoration, as saying what Keitel did in his closing statement to the court: "It is tragic to have to realize that the best I had to give as a soldier, obedience and loyalty, was exploited for purposes that could not be recognized at the time, and that I did not see that there is a limit even for a soldier's performance of his duty. That is my fate."[79]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE TOOL IN ACTION

Those purposes *could not be recognized?*

Keitel to Admiral Wilhelm Canaris, responding to warnings that the Nazi policy against Russian prisoners of war was against international law: "The objections arise from the military concept of chivalrous warfare. This is the destruction of an ideology. Therefore I approve and back the measures."[80]

"I WAS NEVER PERMITTED TO MAKE DECISIONS"

Keitel's memoirs, handwritten with great speed in his Nuremberg cell, and interrupted by the rope, certainly do project a sense of professional impotence. "Although nothing was more foreign to my nature than jealousy," he says brightly, "nothing would have been less feasible than for me to have insisted on retaining control in my own hands: I was never permitted to make decisions."[81] Unlike Ohlendorf, Eichmann, Höss and suchlike loyalists of more perfect obedience, he claimed to have occasionally argued with his chief, but always lost, in the process enduring acidulous verbal abuse. His colleagues had a difficult time remembering those arguments. They called him "the nodding ass." He writes—again with perfect reason—"Gradually I was becoming fed up with being the target of everybody's obloquy, as though I was to blame every time Hitler found that the face of this or that general did not fit anymore."[82] —Not fed up enough, however, for he didn't quit...

His cavilling about paragraph 47 was true: Keitel was no executor, only a transmitter. Hitler never informed him or "any of us soldiers" of war strategy until the eleventh hour, when everything had been decided, to use one of the Führer's favorite words, "unalterably." The *Anschluss* with Austria, the invasions of Czechoslovakia and Poland, the campaigns against France, England, Norway and Russia, the crushing of neutral Holland and Belgium—in all of these cases, the war aim flared up suddenly, commandingly; there was no getting around it. "The Führer always made the important decisions himself," he reiterated to the U.S. Strategic Bombing Survey.[83] If anyone objected, Hitler lied, bullied, asserted, dismissed: The Allies would back down; there'd be no World War II; there'd be no two-front war. As for the Soviet Union, "kick in the door and the whole rotten edifice would come tumbling down." Keitel signed and transmitted the orders. These signatures would help get him hanged.[84]

"THERE IS NOTHING IN MITIGATION"

These words appear in the sentence of death pronounced upon him at Nuremberg. "Superior orders, even to a soldier, cannot be considered in mitigation where crimes as shocking and extensive have been committed consciously, ruthlessly."[85]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Arendt insists, addressing the executed Eichmann's ghost, that "in politics obedience and support are the same."[86] What would Eichmann have replied? Most likely he would not have understood. Always he breaks down into incoherent and mechanical self-justifications. But Arendt's maxim is true when the obedience is willing, like Keitel's. Is that the crux? Had Keitel's military obedience become political obedience, his political support, once Hitler set him to political tasks (such as ordering atrocities), and was that the basis of his condemnation? This question is an almost impossible one. Joachim Fest in his otherwise brilliant work on the Third Reich can get no handle on it, speaking only of the limits of obedience in "supralegal standards."[87] "My honor is my loyalty." Does it matter whom we are loyal to? Keitel was loyal to his commander. Field Marshal von Manstein, who prosecuted an unjust war "consciously, ruthlessly," although he probably didn't commit war crimes directly, was loyal to his subordinates. "As I said at my trial: 'No senior military commander can for years on end expect his soldiers to lay down their lives for victory and then precipitate defeat by his own hand."[88] That was why he refused to take part in the plot against Hitler. What if he had been as complicit in the Third Reich's atrocities as Keitel, but for this very different reason, should he have been judged any differently? "Superior orders cannot be considered in mitigation." What about care for one's dependents—in this case, care for the honor in which all of them were presumed to share? Well, "in politics obedience and support are the same." If that is true, then there can indeed be no mitigation.



Keitel and Nelte (1945)

Ignatian obedience is intelligent and humane; Mansteinian obedience might be, a little, for at least it pays lip service to the human tools with which it executed its directives; Keitelian obedience shows no honor in its loyalty.. Ignatian obedience asks no reward for itself; Keitel was rewarded by Hitler with high dignities. At least one must grant him that he *acknowledged* that obedience in the court of the victors, and died bravely when his time came.

OBEDIENCE'S REWARDS

Shall we come out and say the obvious? Keitel participated in an unjust war. If we follow Aquinas's scheme,[89] we must conclude that only one out of the three requirements for a just war had been met: It was ordered under the authority of a sovereign (Hitler). There was no adequate *casus belli*, and the intentions displayed in the war—to conquer, dominate, enslave and exterminate—were evil. The Nuremberg prison psychologist summed him up: "He had no more backbone than a jellyfish."

If we bear no responsibility for our behavior under state authority, then we are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in fact deifying that state, which is but a work of men, and thereby as susceptible to imperfection as we are. If we then blind ourselves to any of those errors while founding our identities upon the legitimacy of the state, then we must answer for the state's failures as if they were our own—because they *will* be. Keitel's obedience had become a monster, perhaps because he knew that he could be more recommended for it than for any great strategic ability (which is why he has been compared to Napoleon's innocuous Marshal Berthier).[90] In his memoirs he says that, embarrassed by his undeserved promotions, he only wanted to be a farmer, that his wife and duty egged him on.

Following the victory over France in 1940, he was promoted to field marshal, a rank hitherto reserved for front-line heroes. Keitel of course was an administrator. "I would be lying if I denied that inwardly I was pleased by the honour, but I would also be lying if I denied that inwardly I was downright ashamed of myself." The holocaust of self burned with merry expediency.

Officiating over the French surrender was the proudest day of his life, he wrote later, by implication praising and thanking Hitler; and in a note to his counsel at Nuremberg, on the subject of how and why critical thinking is bred out of the soldier case, he remarked: "Nothing is more convincing to a soldier than success."[91]

"AN HONEST, STRAIGHTFORWARD CHARACTER"

"Hitler ... needed his aloofness to be mediated by" men with some connection to the front-line soldier, writes John Keegan. "He signally failed to surround himself with anyone of that sort. Keitel, his principal subordinate, wobbled with the pounds of easy living and mindless sycophancy."[92] Another assessment: "A man of no character and a thorough-going admirer of Hitler."[93] Another: "The Fuehrer has great regard for the personality of Keitel, but doesn't think much of his ability. But at least he is satisfied that he is an honest, straightforward character."[94] General Guderian, who himself rarely hesitated to stand up to the Führer about operational if not moral matters, is more sympathetic to an old comrade, but his judgment amounts to the same thing:

> Field-Marshal Keitel was basically a decent individual who did his best to perform the task allotted him... He preserved his Lower Saxon loyalty until the day of his death... The Field-Marshal exerted no influence on the course of operations... It was Keitel's misfortune that he lacked the strength necessary to resist Hitler's orders when such orders ran contrary to international law and to accepted morality... He paid for this with his life at Nuremberg. His family were not permitted to mourn at his grave.[95]

Hitler himself repeatedly termed Keitel "as loyal as a dog." That is why he lasted to be hanged. Hitler loathed and feared anyone of non-doggish qualities.[96]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Even at Nuremberg Keitel's admiration for the Führer cannot be suppressed. Remarking on the crises on the Russian Front in 1942, he writes in his memoirs that "the way in which we averted disaster can only be attributed to the willpower, steadfastness and unrelenting severity displayed by Hitler throughout."[97] His very name the other officers sneeringly corrupted to *Lakeitel*, which means "lackey." He was friendly to his colleagues, or aloof, depending on his perception of their standing with that same master.[98]

Here is Keitel in Rastenburg in 1943, listening while Captain Winrich Behr, straight from the front, tries to bring Hitler to reality and get him to understand the desperate position of the Sixth Army at Stalingrad. The supply airlift is falling into enemy hands. "Hitler seemed puzzled," one historian writes. "As Behr shook his head, he noticed Marshal Keitel furiously wagging a finger at him—like an irate schoolmaster scolding a schoolboy for talking back to an elder."[99]

Fittingly, he headed the Court of Honor which degraded from the ranks those officers who'd tried to liberate Germany by assassinating Hitler in 1944. (Speaking of honor, I quote again the maxim derived from Napoleon's career: *Collective honor ought never to be its own justification.*)[100] Having been cashiered, those men were, in keeping with historical precedent, remanded to the secular arm. Their slow strangulation by piano wire was filmed especially for Hitler's pleasure.[101] I wonder if Keitel was called in to watch it, too?

It is written that in the last hour of his life, Keitel made his bed and left his cell as neat as could be. I imagine him as carrying out Hitler's directives with similar care, signing documents which were to bring death to thousands. Keitel's career is a warning for every child (I use the word in a moral sense) who believes that all he has to do to be good is to submit and "be good."

"BACK TO WORK!"

And now let us consider more specifically the crimes in which that "honest, straightforward character" proved so fatally complicit. It is sad that his loyalty brought him to the hangman's noose, and sadder still that it led him to disseminate *and vigorously prosecute* orders which caused the death of hundreds of thousands—often for the sake of deterrence. In his death cell, Keitel gives passing mention to Hitler's brutal invasion of Yugoslavia. "Now he intended to make a clean sweep in the Balkans—it was time people got to know him better. Serbia had always been a State prone to Putsche, so he was going to clean her up; and so he stormed on."[102] To this menacing, hideous war aim,[103] which refused to allow from Yugoslavia even unconditional surrender, "there was no further discussion," reports Keitel. We may be sure none came from *him.* "There remained only one thing for all of us, and that was: 'Back to work!'" The invasion itself he calls "an outstanding performance."[104]

Reading his account of German actions in Eastern Europe reminds me of the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

matter-of-fact horrors told by Thucydides: "The Athenians reduced Scione. They put to death the men of military age, made slaves of the women and children, and gave the land to the Plataeans to live in."[105] In Yugoslavia, perhaps as many as seven thousand males were executed in a single act of reprisal "under a directive from Field-Marshal Keitel"[106]—when all the men were "used up" the murderers had to march in schoolboys from their upper forms. The result was in fact to deter the Chetniks, who were willing to collaborate with the Nazis; but also to encourage and inflame the Partisans.[107] The directive was thus not only *morally* but *expediently* ill-conceived; thus the Nazi story. Yes, it is Keitel's story.[108]



Keitel surrenders (May 1945)

"You had a non-aggression pact" with the USSR "and somebody must have broken it?" asks the interrogator ironically.

"I can't tell you that," replies Keitel. "This is purely political."[109]

He also signed the *Komissarbefehl*, which commanded that all Soviet commissars be shot out of hand whenever they fell into the Wehrmacht's power.[110] He signed the *Nacht und Nebel* decree, by which European civilians who'd acted against the German occupation were authorized to disappear into the night forever.[111] He was "responsible for encouraging German civilians to lynch captured Allied airmen."[112]

About these decrees Keitel unapologetically writes that they were "designed to emulate the enemy in his most degenerate mode of warfare, which could, of course, only really be appreciated in all its ferocity and effect at my central office into which all these reports flowed." (In other words, stop complaining and leave this matter to the experts.) "When ... faced with methods like these the only one to keep his head is the one who least shrinks from exacting the most ruthless reprisals... [That] 'Terrorism can only be combated with terrorism' is a point which seen in retrospect people may be right to dispute." Then Keitel continues with one of his rare displays of sarcasm: "All good Germans should learn to let the house catch fire around them before they start to sniff for smoke."[113]

WAS IT LOYALTY OR COMPULSION?

When Dr. Gilbert, the prison psychologist, pushed him to state his responsibility, he replied:

> "Whether it is guilt or the working of fate, it is something that one cannot say; but in any case it is impossible to let the subordinate take the blame and deny one's own responsibility."[114]
>
> It was clear that this was his main argument for making Hitler take the blame

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

for him, just as he had to take the blame for things done on his order. I put the question bluntly, "Do you feel then that Hitler was the real murderer?"

"Yes, of course," he replied emphatically with a wave of both fists,"—but that doesn't mean that I too should be branded a murderer! I can only say that I passed on his orders. As Sir David Maxwell-Fyfe gave me the opportunity to say, there were many things that I did not approve of—the shooting of hostages, the mistreatment of Russian prisoners, the shooting of escaped British fliers ... but what could I do? I might have committed suicide, but then somebody else would have come in my place anyway. I thought I would prevent the worst things even if I did not prevent much that was bad."[115]

Well, what did he prevent? A good six weeks before the invasion of the Soviet Union, who had gone out of her way to maintain the alliance, and against whom Hitler had as cause for complaint only some disagreements over future spheres of influence, and the supposedly inalterable divergence of respective ideologies (from an expedient point of view, they cooperated quite well), the Führer summoned all his senior commanders to a conference. Keitel of course was ready for anything. In his memoirs he says that "here too Hitler was again absolutely justified"[116] and uses the phrase "preventive attack."[117] But at the conference, which took place at the Reich Chancellery, the business turned out to be the planning not merely of pre-emptive aggression, but also of mass murder. Hitler announced, as we have seen, that all commissars were to be shot out of hand, and that there would be no punishment for any atrocities committed by German troops in Russian territory, at least not until it had been "pacified." "Nobody openly raised his voice in protest," writes Keitel; "he rounded off this unforgettable address with the memorable words: 'I do not expect my generals to understand me; but I shall expect them to obey my orders.'"[118] Shades of Julius Caesar!

Keitel considered the orders "dangerous" and "questionable." But the good tool does not question. "What was I to do? When Hitler personally gave me such instructions during his war conferences, was I to answer in the hearing of twenty-five people 'My Führer, that is nothing to do with me ... tell your Secretary what it is you want'?"[119]

The Moral Calculus of Wilhelm Keitel (1933-46)

Why did I follow evil orders?

"But what could I do? There were only 3 possibilities: (a) refusal to follow orders, which naturally meant death; (b) resign my post, or (c) commit suicide. I was on the point of resigning my post 3 times, but Hitler made it clear that he considered resignation in time of war the same as desertion. What could I do?"

Source: Gilbert, p. 26.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Yes—a reasonable question. What was he to do? That's every henchman's question. In ancient China, Wei Liao-tzu advises the ruler that soldiers should be combined into squads of five. If a squad loses members without capturing or killing a greater number of the enemy, then the remainder of the squad will all be killed, "and their families exterminated."[120] One can hardly blame the squad's conscripts for killing enemy civilians under such circumstances. The wickedness they do is extenuated by imminence.

But in Keitel's case, self-defense under compulsion does not hold up if the only result of disobedience would have been to get sacked. General Halder, for instance, quarreled with Hitler openly over strategic matters, and lost his job, but lived to tell the tale even though it later came out that he had been in correspondence with the men of 1944 who plotted to kill Hitler.[121] General Guderian, who also disagreed with Hitler on occasion, was placed on "six weeks' convalescent leave" and survived.[122] General Rommel actually burned the Commando Order which Keitel, that moral disease-vector, transmitted above his own signature. Couldn't Keitel have done the like? Early retirement? Medical leave? Neither strategy would have endangered his life. We read that an S.S. man who refused to participate in an execution would simply have gotten expelled from the S.S.[123] I repeat: Keitel could have excused himself.

Possible Responses to Evil Orders

(in increasing order of heroism)

1. The Keitellian solution: Obey the orders unquestioningly.
2. The Rommellian solution: Participate in the cause, but disobey the orders. (Rommel burned the infamous "Commando Order.")
3. The "Hong Ponghan" solution:[124] Argue with the orders from a standpoint of "loyal opposition," and get sacked.
4. The Lutheran solution: "Outrage is not to be resisted, but endured, yet they should not sanction it, nor serve or obey or follow by moving foot or finger."[125]
5. The Gandhian solution: Lovingly refuse to obey, and report with calm pride for punishment.
6. The "White Rose" solution:[126] Speak out, resist and die.

The compulsion defense is not justified when what gets defined as compulsion is in fact only a requirement for achieving an end.[127] Keitel's ends: outer honor, sterile pufferies and dignities, emoluments, a self-satisfied wife...

THOUGHTS ON THE MILGRAM EXPERIMENT

The truth is that Keitel was simply, like most of us, malleable. He had a potential to be many different things. His I.Q. was 129.[128] Without the leaders and circum-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

stances that found favor in the Third Reich, who knows what he would have become?[129] (Goering called him "not tough enough,"[130] which I take to be a compliment. Perhaps a civilian career would have befitted him. General Warlimont, who was his junior colleague in the OKW[131] and despised him from the standpoint less of morality than of professional competence, concluded that Keitel possessed "neither the ability nor the character to be military Chief of Staff to a man like Hitler and ... allowed himself to be degraded immediately and unresistingly to the position of *Chef de Bureau.*")[132]

Does identity predetermine moral culpability? Arthur Koestler describes a train journey he took through Spain a couple of years before World War II broke out—an unhappy trip, to be frank, chaperoned by two guards deputed to escort him from one prison to another. He is well aware that they would have executed him "with complete sang-froid" had they been ordered to—or, had they been his fellow prisoners, they would have shared their last cigarette with him. He realizes "how ridiculous it is that we place so much importance on the personal character of a man; how little depends on what a man is, and how much on the function which society has given him to fulfill; and how limited a field is left to him in which to develop his natural propensities."[133]

Such a one, we saw, was Ohlendorf. Another was Eichmann,[134] who exemplified the now banal "banality of evil." In my own country, I remember the famous Milgram experiment, in which ordinary people were asked to administer what appeared to be lethal shocks to other human beings; almost all of them did. From behind the wall, a voice cries out, then falls silent. The experimental subject hesitates to flick the switch. But the white-gowned authority figure tells him: "The experiment must continue!" Orders are orders. —Ordinary people—yes, they were us, and it was merely their luck, not their virtue, that the switches did nothing.[135]

Arendt remarks on "the odd notion, indeed very common in Germany, that to be law-abiding means not merely to obey the laws but to act as though one were the legislator of the laws that one obeys. Hence the conviction that nothing less than going beyond the call of duty will do."[136] This is actually not so odd, at least not to Kant, Ignatius and Kleist. "For orders? Kottwitz, do you ride that slow? / Have you not yet received them from your heart?"

TWO PHOTOGRAPHS FROM CELJE

We see a courtyard in Celje, Stajerska, Yugoslavia—oh, I'm not saying Keitel was there! Just because he'd signed a few orders didn't mean that it had anything to do with him!—a courtyard of varying textures and shades: clumps of cobblestones, and then greyness of earth, whiteness where earth has been scuffed away. The photographer is looking down from a second or third story. We see a windowed wall, a narrow doorway, a drain. Drawn up along an axis extending from the doorway stands a

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

double line of German soldiers, men who were just following Keitel's orders, just as he was only following Hitler's. Their shallow, upturned steel bowls of helmets gleam upon their heads. They extend almost entirely across the left-hand side of the courtyard. The reproduction is not of very good quality, but I think I count twenty-six of them. In the doorway I see another man's silhouette—observer, not conscience. On the right hand side of this photograph we find five women—no, Keitel wasn't there! He probably never even knew about it! Two soldiers help them almost courteously, as if they were bestowing medals upon them or buttoning up their evening gowns; positioning them, adjusting their arms, probably tying them—hard to distinguish. The women's black blindfolds are already on. I keep thinking: twenty-six plus two makes twenty-eight; you'd think that official numerology would require thirty or some other round number of murderers... In Keitel's death sentence, the Allied justices refer to his remark that "human life was less than nothing in the East."[137] Yugoslavia, I suppose, is East—homeland of subhuman Slavs. Almost one-seventh of Yugoslavia's population perished between 1941 and 1944.[138] No, their hands are not tied. One girl has hers at her sides; another wrings hers in front of her. Blindfolded and disoriented, all five face in slightly different directions. One lady, second from the rear, is actually turned sideways, toward the soldier who is preparing her companion. Perhaps she has not been attended to yet, and so she stands gazing toward the soldier as she might have once stood in a postal queue, waiting to be served, anxious not to waste the official's time when he is ready for her. So that is how they are in that upper photograph, the glittering double line on the left, and the sparse and wavering line on the right. In the lower photograph, the double line has pivoted in the other direction and has already started to break up, the order having now been successfully carried out. A man remains silhouetted in the doorway. Pairs of men in black (which, since this is not a color photograph, could really be blue or any other dark hue) are carrying the coffins into deployment. Now we see why the components of that wavering line were originally spaced so far apart: to make it convenient to place coffins in between! This is the mark of people who know what they are doing; one can't say they're amateurs. One member of the line lies on her back, almost natural and relaxed, her legs out straight, but her hand is over her face. Did she just fall that way, or did some panicked instinct impel her, ostrich-like, to cover her blindfolded eyes when she heard the order? (A Japanese war criminal rotting in a Chinese dungeon will finally understand that from this woman's point of view, it doesn't matter whether the riflemen fired with or without orders.)[139] The woman beside her lies with one knee drawn up and dark blood running out of her head,whereas the woman in the foreground is on her side, half-curled, her fists tight against her breasts, her legs sharply bent, as if she might have kicked and convulsed a little when she was shot. The dress of the woman who had



Keitel on trial

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

been turned sideways has worked up to her hips; there is blood under her high heels. Two men have just set her coffin down beside her. At her head, two civilians are shoveling up dirt from under the wall, maybe for hygienic reasons, to spread upon the stained execution ground. The fifth woman's coffin is already waiting beside her. A German is bending over her, to make sure that she is dead. Well, you have to take what's coming to you if you help the Partisans. Heil Hitler![140]



The execution in Celje (I)

KEITEL'S BEHAVIOR DURING A FILM OF NAZI ATROCITIES

"Keitel wipes brow, takes off headphones... Keitel puts on headphone, glares at screen out of the corner of his eye... Defense attorneys are now muttering, 'for God's sake—terrible.'... Keitel now hanging head... Keitel and Ribbentrop look up at mention of tractor clearing corpses, see it, then hang their heads."[141]

KEITEL AT DINNER THAT NIGHT

"He appeared to have forgotten the film until we mentioned it. He stopped eating and said with his mouth half full, 'It is terrible.'"[142]



The execution in Celje (II)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"A GOOD LEADER JUST THE SAME"

When Waffen-S.S. Colonel Peiper was condemned to death for shooting American POWs, "Keitel said that regardless of this murdering of prisoners, which of course he never condoned" (although the Commando Order which Keitel had passed on made "this murdering of prisoners" mandatory), "Peiper was a good leader just the same."[143]

"I AM STILL THE SAME AS BEFORE"

Many other defendants pretended ignorance. Keitel, as we've seen, pretended more compulsion than was actually the case. But during his defense he frequently admitted damning facts, explaining: "The only thing that is actually impossible for me is to sit there like a louse and lie... I would rather say, 'Yes, I did sign it.'"

I am reminded of what Manès Sperber wrote about a dying S.S. man who begged (and was refused) forgiveness from a Jew:

> If the young SS man was guilty, yet he differed from the organisers of the extermination camps and the accomplices of genocide. By his obedience to his criminal leaders he augmented the guilt which he had incurred by putting himself politically and unconditionally at their disposal. There is no question of that, but it is none less true that in the end he brought the accusation against himself. As an accused person he is condemned in our eyes and rejected, but as accuser he placed himself among the victims.[144]

This too is Keitel, for whom I cannot but feel a little sympathy. Shriven of his deceitful honors, condemned to what he considered a disgracefully unsoldierly end, he seemed to discover that he was not infinitely malleable after all. "I don't blame you for standing at a distance from a man sentenced to death by hanging," he told Dr. Gilbert. "I understand that perfectly. But I am still the same as before."[145] Was this only a reflex of a soldier's ego, or did he indeed come to understand that the self has limits, that other people do not necessarily have the power to make us good or bad? If, degraded to pay the criminal's penalty, he refused to put himself completely beyond the pale, could there have been some backbone in him? But what a strange backbone it was.

In a photograph we see him signing the instrument of Germany's surrender (a task less pleasant for him, no doubt, than was his previous commission of that nature, when five years since he'd accepted the surrender of France), his chest ornamented with twin rows of insignia, his collar-tab bearing an image which might be oak leaves, a trumpet-vine or a half-melted machine gun. His sleeves are starched

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

almost to metallic stiffness. His hair is short and white. He frowns benignly down at the pen so black and shiny in his white hand.

An eyewitness reported: "When asked his name he answered in a loud sharp tone, 'Wilhelm Keitel!' He mounted the gallows steps as he might have climbed to a reviewing stand to take the salute of the German Army."[146]

THE JEWISH CALCULUS (I)

Thus the phrase "I was only following orders" has become a bitter laughing-stock, subject to history's most cynical commentaries. "There is nothing in mitigation." History sneers, weeps, turns disgustedly away from such worms now wriggling on the hooks of their own evil. But to assert the universal mendacity of this dreadful defense—to claim, in other words, that *every* soul who complies with wickedness must have armed himself with the austerely willed blindness of an Ohlendorf, or else in Keitellian fashion stopped up his ears against his victims' screams, plugging his organs of perception with the honey of emoluments, honors, promotions, would be to overlook real compulsion and fear. Thus one participant in Joan of Arc's infamous Trial of Condemnation pleads:

> I was forced, in that business, to act as notary, and I did it in spite of myself, for I would not have dared to go against the order of the lords of the King's council. And the English pursued this trial and it was at their expense that it was prepared... As for the assessors and other councillors, I believe that they would not have dared contradict, and there was nobody who went not in fear.[147]

Some held out just the same. Two dissenters found themselves threatened with drowning, one actually being imprisoned. So was the old Bishop of Avranches, who had expressed unhappiness that Joan's appeal to the Pope had been denied.[148] As to the ones who voted for burning, call their moral accountability unproven, though at best they were cowards. For a starker case of pure compulsion, consider Rabbi Joel Sirkes and his Jewish calculus.

VAMPIRES

From the Diaspora until the birth of the State of Israel in 1948, the Jewish people were a stateless minority wherever they dwelled, subject to the revulsion of those who insisted that "they killed our Lord"—sermonized against, preyed upon by extortionists in return for a precarious, contemptuous tolerance which could mercurially transform itself into violent terror.[149] We turn to seventeenth-century Poland, where Jews owned sufficient good fortune to find themselves "a source of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

excellent tax collection income," hence, says Rabbi Sirkes's modern commentator, "generally treated fairly by the kings, though often persecuted by the populace."[150] In other words, they remained pawns of the pogromists.

Ever since the thirteenth century,[151] Gentiles in Eastern Europe had preached their "blood libel," judging and executing judgment in defense of creed, race, homeland, everything. Blood libel, stuff of nightmares, brought nightmare to the Jews. Thus once again that tired mechanism of violence by which the aggressor persuades himself that he's the victim. To be precise, blood libel fueled outraged righteousness's fitful spontaneity in the service of an aim which varied and shimmered, hatred's jewel, confidential or undreamed of or unfulfillable until Keitel's era, when "a few freight trains, a few engineers, a few chemists vanquished that ancient scapegoat, the Jews of Poland."[152]

Blood libel swears to the accuracy of the following facts: Jewish religious rites are literally satanic. And why should we expect otherwise? For the Jews are vampiric parodies of human beings, driven by the needs of an alien biology. (Need we add that in this epoch, vampires enjoy credence throughout Europe, their existence being attested by scholars, travelers, the provincial nobility and even imperial commissions?[153] If our own fathers whom we love can return from the grave to menace us, what might *Jews* be capable of?) Believe this: They menstruate, men and women alike. They must drink Christian blood in order to stay alive.[154] We all know that Passover matzohs are made with the blood of Christian children. Since they devour the very flesh and life of God's people, it goes without saying that out of hatred they pervert the material substances of Catholic ritual. They burn waxen images of bishops, in order to sicken them. The very Host itself—they stab it and prick it with pins, in order to wound the body of our Lord.[155]

Thus the anxious delusions of those who've been wounded themselves—by cold poverty, by ever-unfathomable death, by jealousy, malice, ignorance...

UNKNOWN WRITINGS

As a matter of fact, folk magic did thrive in the Jewish ghettoes of eastern Europe—as outside them. (Gentiles, themselves quite magic-crazed, knew that any recipe for black magic would generally require a pair of blessed candles, a sprinkle of holy water or the like.) Within the riverine forests and on the plains, surrounded by churches, cathedrals, city walls, eyed by unfriendly tower-points, crosses, steep house-roofs which squatted together within tower-jointed walls, guarded by Christian banners and flags,[156] Jewish magic preserved its uniqueness—which is to say, for the Gentiles, its hateful alienness. Pentagrams emblazoned cradles. *Mezuzahs* on doorposts kept demons away. Amulets on parchment or deerskin were hung in houses or around the necks of children, studded with six-pointed stars, crossed drumsticks, devil-horns (or so they might appear to Gentiles)—all written, of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

course, in long lines of Hebrew characters, whose squareness and angularity, made as if for carving into stone, invoked archaicism, even primevalness—and surely, for an unlettered Gentile, eeriness. And what did the strange figures amidst the letters mean? Not even the wearers knew. Rabbi Judah Löw ben Bezalel of Prague had created a golem, a monster of clay. Weren't the Jews terrifying, dangerous, dreadful? Even the Pope said so.

All this seems to make the slaughter of innocent Jews over the centuries explicable, if not excusable; but when the medieval reverence for the Mass gave way to the nineteenth-century adoration of capital, the accusations adapted, and Jews abandoned red blood for green money, became financial vampires, debasers of money, manipulators of governments and stock exchanges.[157] The conclusion we ought to draw is that anti-Semitism has rarely been either personal or rational, that its twin wellsprings are the easy self-empowerment of bigotry, and naked, selfish expediency. "If the Jew did not exist," says Sartre, "the anti-Semite would invent him."[158]

KALISH

So much for the context. In the year 1620, a Polish Jew was tortured and executed by the Gentiles for stealing the Host. As the magistrates led him away, he managed to give his purse to his father-in-law, the *Shamash* of Kalish. Did the arrested man entertain the pathetic hope of being able to return for the money someday, or was his action in effect a bequest, providing for his wife and family in the only way he could? Furthermore, did this deposit of his property out of reach of the Gentiles' thieving hands actually doom him, since now he couldn't ransom himself? Such questions, unanswerable now, at least remind us to consider the more relevant issue of whether this doomed inmate of the Kalish ghetto did anything ignoble, unjustified, or even imprudent in this matter of the pocketbook. I cannot say that he did. Act II of the anti-Semites' comedy: The examiners, needless to say, found nary a crumb of the Host on the person of their prisoner, who very possibly didn't menstruate, either. Were their convictions, not yet borne out by the prisoner's screams, to be so rudely denied? Commanding their justifications martially onward, they concluded that the Shamash had retained the Host in that purse, and demanded his surrender. The Shamash, deterred by his son-in-law's end, wisely hid. Act III: The authorities gave the Jews an ultimatum: Deliver him forthwith, or they'd unleash their human hounds upon the whole ghetto.[159]

The fugitive, had his heart been stained by the proper sort of nobility, might have come forward then to free his people from this dilemma, this trap of compulsion and fear, into which 326 years later Field Marshal Keitel would pretend to have fallen: *Execute an unjust order whose result might be an innocent person's abuse and murder; or die collectively.*[160] (Who were the real trapped ones? In 1939, the Nazis transformed the synagogue of Kalish into one of their favorite institutions, a prison camp. The

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Jews who did not die of bad treatment were sent to the Lublin Ghetto.)[61] The Shamash might have come forward, I said. He did not. Neither would I. Julius Caesar, besieging one Gaulish town in 52 B.C., saw how the men tried to slip away and leave their women and children at his mercy. It did not surprise him, "for as a rule," he said, "in extreme peril fear admits no sense of pity."[162]



Medieval German anti-Semitic caricature

And so the Jews turned to Rabbi Joel Sirkes of Cracow, also known as the Bach, and asked him to tell them what to do. By commonality of race, of creed, of law, of legitimate authority's prerogatives, expressions and obligations, not to mention the commonality of imminent collective defense, his leadership stood on transcendentally solid foundations. He was, in short, to be their conscience.[163]

THE RESPONSUM OF SURRENDER

May none of us ever face such a choice! Jewish communities had faced it all too often. Rabbi Sirkes therefore had several Talmudic precedents to go by. Not all of them agreed. In his responsum, he accordingly spoke of difficulties of interpretation, of conditions, references, inferences, cases, objections.

When Should I Give Up My Neighbor to Murderers?

"Can you push aside a soul for a soul?"

The moral calculus of Rabbi Joel Sirkes [the Bach] (1620)

A. Rabbinic Precedents

1. Precedent of Rabbah: No one is so worthy that he can sacrifice another to save himself.
   Qualification of Moses HaCohen of Lunel: But one may be handed over to save the many.
2. Palestinian Talmud Terumot 7:20, Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Hand over a specified Jew to be killed, but all ought to perish rather than deliver an unspecified Jew.
3. Tosefta Terumot 7:20, Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Hand over a specified Jew when he is in danger and the community is also in danger, "so that all of them will not be slain."
4. Palestinian Talmud Terumot 7:20, Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Hand him over only if he deserves death (Rabbi Lakish).

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Or: Hand him over even if he does not deserve death (Rabbi Johanan).

5. Palestinian Talmud Terumot 47a, Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Persuade the named Jew (whose guilt isn't mentioned) to surrender himself to death to save the rest. [The two sources differ on the worthiness of this.]
6. Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Hand over [kill] the specified Jew to save the community—whether he agrees or not.
7. Genesis Rabbah 94:9: Hand over [kill] an unspecified alien living within the community, to save the rest, whether he agrees or not.

B. CONFLATION OF THE PRECEDENTS

Hand him over if:

1. He has been named *and*
2a. He is deserving of death *or*
2b. He is not deserving of death, but both he and his community are "inside danger" *or*
2c. He is not deserving of death, but his community is "inside danger," whether or not if he himself is "outside danger."

Therefore:

"If they demand that he be handed over to them, and it is not known whether they intend to kill him, if, according to their laws he is to be handed over to them, then we may hand him over ... and we rule thusly from the outset."

C. FACTS OF THE CASE

1. The Shamash has been named.
2. He is not necessarily deserving of death, but he has endangered his community by accepting the pocketbook.
3. The community is "inside danger," but he is "outside," having hidden.
4. He will not necessarily be put to death—even though his son-in-law's fate suggests the worst.

D. DETERMINATION

"If the Shamash took possession of the pocketbook in the presence of the non-Jews, he brought the responsibility of standing in judgment according to their laws upon his own soul and we are permitted to hand him over to them. But if ... anoth-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

er one took it, then it is forbidden for us to attempt to persuade or coerce the Shamash to appear for trial."

SOURCE: SIRKES, PP. 4, 6-11, 20-23, 30-31, 34, 36, 37.

CRAVEN OBFUSCATION OR NOBLE LIE?

As an absolute principle of justice, the Bach's decision must be condemned. In particular, point number four of the facts of the case, like Martin Luther's assertion a century earlier that as long as a prince's subjects cannot know whether he is in the wrong or not, "they may obey without peril to their souls,"[164] *incites the moral actor precisely not to know.* This was our criticism of Ohlendorf's loyalty. A better reaction to evil compulsion would be to seek out as much knowledge as possible, and maybe find a loophole in either the compulsion or the evil—or at least admit what we will probably do regardless: give up the Shamash! Shouldn't we try to find out whether or not they intend to kill him? Experience indicates that they do. "Sirkes totally ignores this charge," returns Rabbi Sirkes's translator and commentator, Dr. Elijah Judah Schochet. "Not only does he fail to mention it in the course of his discussion, he goes out of his way to stress the very opposite; namely, that Jews can receive a fair hearing."[165] In short, the decision is expedient, accomodationist, hypocritical.

The foregoing would apply without reservation, had Rabbi Sirkes been one of the Gentile magistrates to whom the Shamash was bound over. But he was not. He was a Jew, a probationer, a non-victim only on sufferance. We must therefore regard his responsum not only as the *instrument* of cruel compulsion which it admittedly was (and to that extent I do condemn it), but also as a *reaction* to it. "Who can doubt that this particular responsum was written with tears!" says our commentator.[166] As a reply to compulsion, it approaches, though it cannot reach, nobility, because it seeks to preserve some shred of moral choice. Once again I think of Bukharin's confession to the Stalinist court. It won't change anything; he'll be shot no matter what, but that doesn't mean he can't affirm something.[167] Just because a moral choice creates no practical consequence doesn't mean that the choice itself was fictitious. In a ruined car in Bosnia when I believed myself to be in imminent certainty of death,[168] seeing the approach of irregulars whose guns, I believed, had just shot my two friends who now slumped dead and bleeding in the front seat, I thought to myself: There is no hope. (Obviously, I was wrong about that.) I thought: My choice is not whether or not I can avoid death, but whether I'll die well or badly, cravenly or in a manly way. I hope to bear myself proudly, and I hope that it happens quickly and doesn't hurt too much. Rabbi Sirkes's responsum of surrender replies to compulsion in similar terms. The Kalish Jews did not have the choice they wished. Should the Shamash be handed over to an uncertain fate for a nonexistent crime? Obviously not. But that absolute wrong could not be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

prevented by force. Almost certainly, he *would* be handed over. He was "out of danger," granted. But could he hide the rest of his life? Suppose he could. Three options remained to the Elders of Kalish:

1. Refuse absolutely to compromise with this hideous reality. Retain the Shamash, and risk extermination. [The strategy of Masada's defenders against the Romans,[169] and of the Warsaw Ghetto insurgents at the end.]
2. Acquiesce completely. Give up the Shamash and accede to any other demands. [The strategy of most Jewish ghettos under Nazi rule.]
3. Condone (be an accomplice in) some unjustified sacrifices, but draw a preemptive line against complete acquiescence. [The strategy of Kalish, as recommended by Rabbi Sirkes.]

Michael Walzer once wrote in his book on just wars that it is less important where the line between justice and injustice lies than that there *be* a line. While I cannot entirely agree, I admire Rabbi Sirkes for establishing that line.

Does the line itself please me? On the one hand, Rabbi Sirkes stretches the Shamash's innocuous error into a liability approaching outright guilt. ("To be 'deserving of death' can mean simply 'liable to be killed,'" notes Dr. Schochet, "and what Jew in the middle ages did not run the daily risk of doing something (however insignificant) that would merit his being deserving of death in the eyes of some authority or other?")[170] On the other hand, Rabbi Sirkes pretends that the Gentiles will treat the Shamash justly.[171] Both distortions of the facts work toward the advantage of community expedience, and against the Shamash himself. —"I *hate* that!" shouted a Jewish woman to whom I relayed this calculus. And yet, she and I could come up with no better solution. (Martin Luther: "For all the lies and false confessions which such weak consciences utter fall back upon him who compels them.")[172] She and I both would have done as did Rabbi Sirkes, who bowed to the inevitable, and justified it; for the sake of the others, he was willing to give up a soul; but he left a tiny niche for self-respect: Had the Shamash in fact not accepted the pocketbook or done some likewise "conspicuous" thing, all Kalish must die before giving him up.

The Shamash was delivered into the hands of his enemies.[173] Kalish survived.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE JEWISH CALCULUS (II)

Late in the night of October 25, 1941, the officials of the Judenrat[174] of the Kovno ghetto went to their Chief Rabbi, Abraham Dov Shapiro, to ask whether they ought to encourage cooperation with a German roundup order. Rabbi Shapiro, who might have suspected by then what roundups entailed (this being the second year of Poland's Nazi occupation), but perhaps didn't want to believe it,[175] laid down that it was the duty of Jewish leaders to do whatever they could to save whomever they could, even a remnant. Compliance with the order might assist that end. Therefore, the Germans must be obeyed and helped. The commonality between Rabbi Shapiro and his flock was equivalent to that between Rabbi Sirkes and the Jews of Kalish, and loyalty brought about an equivalent obedience: dutifully, the Judenrat posted the summons notices. When the 24,600 Jews of Kovno reported for roll call, nearly ten thousand of them were shot.[176]

Jacob Gens, police chief of the Vilna ghetto, followed the same road, arguing (as three centuries earlier Rabbi Sirkes implicitly had) that noncooperation meant that *all* Jews would be doomed. "With the thousands that I hand over, I save ten thousand," he insisted. Later he said, "To ensure that at least a remnant of Jews survive, I myself had to lead Jews to death; and in order to have people emerge with a clean conscience, I had to befoul myself and act without conscience."[177]

In Warsaw, the doomed historian Emmanuel Ringelblum wrote in his secret diary: "Today news arrived of the deporting of 150,000 Jews from Sosnowiec and Bedzin. *They desire that we carry out this thing, and on condition that we do it, will allow us to save the money of those people.* This is a question of principle. Should we, with our own hands, do such a thing?"[178]

How Can I Avoid Giving Up Everything?

The expedient calculus of Emmanuel Ringelblum (1939-44)

> "The tactics employed toward the Others: To say one agrees to the most impossible demands, and later to demonstrate that only a few of them can be carried out, for 'technical' reasons."
>
> [NOTE: *"Others" = Germans.*]
>
> SOURCE: RINGELBLUM, P. 122; ENTRY FOR JANUARY 15-16, 1941.

No one invoked the name of Rabbi Sirkes. Did the precedents have to be examined all over again? Perhaps not. One responsum written during this awful time concluded, as we might expect, that it was ethical to fulfill the extermination quotas only if the deportees had been named and were guilty of something requiring them to be handed over to the Nazis.[179] But the facts of the case were far different now:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

COMPULSION IN EASTERN EUROPE, 1620 AND 1939-44

"How can our age be compared with any earlier one? Is there any comparison between the White Terror of the feudal world and the slaughter of Kiev, or Rostov, where hundreds of thousands of civilians were murdered?"[180]

FACTS OF THE CASE (1620)

1. The Shamash has been named.
2. He is not necessarily deserving of death, but he has endangered his community by accepting the pocketbook.
3. The community is "inside danger," but he is "outside," having hidden.
4. He will not necessarily be put to death—even though his son-in-law's fate suggests the worst.

FACTS OF THE CASE (1939-44; known from hindsight)

1. Everybody has been named.
2. Nobody is deserving of death by virtue of having been named.
3. The community is "inside danger."
4. Everybody will be put to death.

FACTS OF THE CASE (1939-44; believed probably through mid-1942)[181]

1. Some people have been named; quotas of other unspecified people have been demanded.
2. Some or all may be deserving of death, by the act of being called for. [Kindred logic to that of the Shamash and his son-in-law's purse.]
3. The community is "inside danger."
4. People who obey compulsion, who cooperate in handing over their neighbors, etc., etc., and who are not named, may perhaps survive. Bribery may help. Therefore, it may be imprudent to ransom somebody else.[182]

Thus dire compulsion[183] forced Jewish communities to give up the explicit principle of specification, and, worse yet, the implicit one of effectiveness.[184] Rabbi Sirkes's ostrich-like optimism about the Gentiles' judicial fairness could no longer be maintained. When German guards stole a sack of potatoes from a Jewish woman, one of the Jewish police asked that the property be returned. They bayoneted and shot him.[185] Soon enough, they were shooting everybody, throwing them out of their

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

own windows if they didn't come out fast enough, kicking them, shipping them off to be gassed. Yield up the Shamash—and everyone else, too!

This is why many Jewish leaders refused to compromise any longer with compulsion, and, anticipating the Germans, committed suicide instead of "selecting" people for the death camps. In the fall of 1942, Dr. Janusz Korcszak, who ran an orphanage, voluntarily accompanied all his children to the gas chamber, although the Gentiles would have let him off for awhile. Ringelblum in his increasingly frantic, cryptic notes describes "the little criminals who must hide in a room for months on end—the face of a child grimacing with fear at a blockade."[186] Dr. Korcszak wished to spare them that. By this time, ninety percent of Warsaw's Jews had already been liquidated, and Ringelblum raged: "Why did we allow ourselves to be led like sheep to the slaughter?"[187]

The answer, of course, is that the murdering had all been done slyly, by degrees. And at each stage, one could still argue, wishfully if not plausibly, that the Jewish calculus was still being followed. (How would it end? A fighter recalls: "The Ghetto was burned down to its foundations. Piles of corpses rolled around in the streets, the courtyards, and among the mounds of ruins.")[188]

In his incisive commentary to Rabbi Sirkes's responsum, Dr. Schochet speaks of another set of precedents, which the Bach didn't need to refer to, since his decision concerned only the Shamash. We saw that by the precedent of Rabbah no one is so worthy that he can sacrifice another to save himself. But deep in Jewish custom there can be discerned a calculus of human categories. I may not be any better than you, but, *if compulsion forces us to choose*, one kind of person may be invited into the lifeboat before another:

TRADITIONAL PRIORITY OF JEWISH LIVES TO BE SAVED[189]

MOST WORTHY OF PRESERVATION

The righteous

Rabbis

Teachers

Leaders (sometimes includes rich people)

Fathers

Mothers

Virgins

Family members

Friends

"Defiled" women (deflowered, promiscuous, harlots)

Criminals and outsiders

MOST EXPENDABLE

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> "There were circumstances when decisions just had to be made, where preferences had to be shown for one life over another life. But, in truth, the life to be sacrificed was never expendable in the view of the rabbis."[190]

Meanwhile, the Nazis imposed their own hierarchy of desirability, which seemed to run something like this:

Nazi Priority of Jewish Lives to Be Saved in Occupied Eastern Europe (1939-45)[191]

1. Least expendable

These people might hope to live and prosper:

"Folk Comrades"

Ethnic Germans

Aryans

2. Not immediately expendable

They might survive as serfs if they were lucky:[192]

Indigenous Slavs

Productive workers

Collaborators (e.g., foresters who reported on Partisan groups)[193]

"The masses"

3. Expendable as expedient

They would all be destroyed sooner or later:

Criminals, leaders and intellectuals

Jews: "productive elements;" rich people who paid bribes; productive laborers and collaborationist officials; families of the same; employees of social and health services; freelance collaborators and "businessmen;" World War I veterans, especially those with medals

4. Immediately expendable

To be liquidated as soon as possible:

"Unproductive elements"

"Harmful elements"

"Outsiders"

Unemployed Jews from other nations

Less productive workers

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Nonworking people
Welfare recipients
Sick, elderly, young children
Hostages

We find this brutal hierarchy recapitulated, on a simplified scale, in the extermination camps: First come whichever cohorts of productive male workers for whom there is space, then productive females as required, then the rest. Of course, as one eyewitness notes, even the luckiest ones at the top of the list "will not escape death, but first they must work."[194]

But if, like most people in such situations, one simply refuses to believe that, then it may be possible to approach one's doom in dear deluded hope, sacrificing others to the Gentiles as needed, because *categorization can pretend to be specification.* "Never mind—they'll only take the old people." Those are the ones they called for, so we can sacrifice them. Then maybe they won't call for anybody else. "Nobody will escape. This is Operation Old People... If there's to be an 'Operation' in the ghetto—they're the obvious ones to go. They know: their going spells life for those left behind in the ghetto, the younger ones, their children."[195]

But it didn't. And now we know: Rabbi Sirkes's line of obedience, his "thus far and no more," is not only moral[196] (Keitel and Ohlendorf should have followed it), it's expediently essential.

Should We Have Obeyed Compulsion?

The moral-expedient calculus of Emmanuel Ringelblum (1942)

> "Most of the populace is set on resistance...[197] The resettlement should never have been permitted. We should have run out into the street, have set fire to everything in sight, have torn down the walls, and escaped to the Other Side. The Germans would have taken their revenge. It would have cost tens of thousands of lives, but not 300,000.[198] Now we are ashamed of ourselves, disgraced in our own eyes..."
>
> Source: Ringelblum, p. 326, entry for November (?) 1942.

It was this realization which led Adam Czerniakow, the first chief of the Warsaw Judenrat, to poison himself.

Rabbi Sirkes's calculus was resurrected: No more Shamashes or pocketbooks ought to be handed over. Thus the Warsaw Ghetto uprising.[199]

Emmanuel Ringelblum joined the resistance. On March 7, 1944, an underground bunker containing thirty-eight people was discovered. The Germans executed them all in the ruins of the Ghetto. Among them were Ringelblum, his wife

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and his twelve-year-old son.

The Jewish people, however, survived, and founded the state of Israel.

LOYALTY-VIOLENCE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. As such, never. It must be otherwise justified.

COMPULSION-VIOLENCE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. By true necessity, individual or group salvation, and practicality.
   a. Violence by command and without explanation is justified only by imminence. In the case of an order which seems to be evil and cruel, whoever carries out such orders ought to use his reason and his conscience to see whether imminence can possibly apply. If not, he must refuse to carry out the orders. If so, he may carry them out, and the command which issued the orders without explanation becomes morally liable for the acts consequently committed.
2. When only the sacrifice of the part will save the whole.

LOYALTY-VIOLENCE IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When its justification is loyalty alone.
2. When the loyalty derives its only justification from commonality between leader and led.
3. When the loyalty is defined only as a synonym for achieving the political end.

COMPULSION-VIOLENCE IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. When one cannot demonstrate that one would have been severely punished for not committing it.
2. When what gets defined as compulsion is in fact only a requirement for achieving an end.
3. When the compulsion derives from the moral agent himself.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

18.
CONTINUUM OF VIOLENCE BY COMMAND

NOTE: The question "when is violent loyalty justified?" or "when is violence by command justified?" has already been answered in the continuum for defense of authority.[200]

WHEN IS SELF-PRESERVATION JUSTIFIED?

A. Bakunin

> "Every man appears to us at every moment of his life as a being who is absolutely determined and incapable of breaking or even interrupting the universal flow of life, and consequently is divested of all juridical responsibility."[201]

B. Eichmann (1960)

> "At that time I belonged to the category of people who form no opinions of their own."[202]

C. General X., Khmer Rouge (1996)

> "In that time we didn't know; if they want us to do bad we do bad; if they want us to do good we do good, because we wait for they give the order and we never have any idea at all."[203]

D. Loyalty oath of Gangra municipality (3 B.C.)

> "By Zeus, Earth, Sun, all the gods and goddeses, and by Augustus himself, I swear that I will be loyal to Caesar Augustus, to his children and to their descendants all the time of my life, in word and deed and thought, considering their friends my friends and considering their enemies my enemies; that I will spare neither my body nor my soul nor my life nor my children for their interests."[204]

E. *Tale of the Heike* (*ca.* 1330)

> "Even though a parent or child is struck and killed, the Bando warrior rides over the body and continues fighting."[205]

F. Nguyen Van Thich, Viet Cong assassin (*ca.* 1970)

> "After that first killing I had nightmares, anxieties. Later I got used to it... I never had any regrets. I couldn't tell myself who was good or who was bad. Regardless of what a person might be

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

like, the order came from above and I carried it out. If I didn't, I would have been severely criticized and given a hard time."[206]

G. Hobbes (1651)

"Shall a private man Judge, when the question is of his own obedience?"[207]

H. Field Marshal Wilhelm Keitel (1946)

"To hold a man responsible without any command function—that is the most horrible injustice that there is in the world!"[208]

I. Napoleon

"Nothing is so important in war as an undivided command."[209]
"Caulaincourt, my aide-de-camp, was bound to obey the instructions for the mission [of kidnapping the Duc d'Enghien, whom Napoleon liquidated].[210] It was Ordener's duty to obey the order to pass the Rhine with 300 dragoons and to carry off the prince. It was the duty of the military commission to condemn him, if found guilty. Innocent or guilty, it was the duty of Ordener and Caulaincourt to obey."[211]

J. Panzer leader Heinz Guderian, after World War II (1952)

"An ideal General Staff Corps officer might be described as having the following qualities: sincerity of conviction, cleverness, modesty, self-effacement in favor of the common cause, and strong personal convictions combined with the ability tactfully to present these convictions to his commanding general. If his opinions were not accepted he must be sufficient master of himself loyally to carry out his commander's decisions."[212]

K. Field Marshal Erich von Manstein (1958)

"The soldier in the field is not in the pleasant position of a politician, who is always at liberty to climb off the bandwagon when things go wrong or the line taken by the Government does not suit him. The soldier has to fight where and when he is ordered."[213]

L. Archidamus, King of Sparta (432 B.C.)

"And we are wise, because we are educated with too little learning to despise the laws, and with too severe a self-control to disobey them."[214]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

M. Theopompus, Spartan king (late eighth to early seventh century B.C.)

> "When someone was saying that Sparta was preserved by her kings' talent for command, he said: 'No, rather by her citizens' readiness to obey.'"[215]

N. The Plataeans, unsuccessfully pleading to the Spartans for their lives (427 B.C.)

> "Besides, the faults that either of you may commit ... must be laid, not upon the followers, but on the chiefs that lead them astray."[216]

O. Paussamigh Pemmeenauweet, Micmac chief, to Queen Victoria (petition received 1841)

> "Your Indian Children love you, and will fight for you against all your enemies."[217]

P. Mubarakshah (Persian, thirteenth century)

> "You must not be in a hurry to kill prisoners, but if the king gives the order to kill a prisoner, you must shut his mouth before he is executed, because a desperate man may say anything."[218]

Q. Lord Yoritomo of the Genji, to a condemned Heike prisoner

> "It is far from my wish to regard the Heike as my personal enemies. I ask you to understand that I am simply carrying out the imperial order."[219]

R.The keeper of Socrates' condemned cell

> "Socrates, ... at any rate I shall not have to find fault with you, as I do with others, for getting angry with me and cursing when I tell them to drink the poison—carrying out government orders."[220] (Without irony Socrates responds by calling him "a charming person.")

S. General Matthew B. Ridgway, U.S.A., commenting on the Nuremberg Trials

> "To apprehend, arraign and try an individual for the wanton killing—murder, if you please—of prisoners of war, for example, is one thing. To do likewise to individuals who waged war in the uniform of their nation and under the orders or directives of their superiors, is another and quite different thing. I believe

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

the former is fully justified. I believe the latter is unjustified and repugnant to the code of enlightened governments."[221]

T. Hobbes (1651)

"If a man by the terrour of present death, be compelled to doe a fact against the Law, he is totally Excused; because no Law can oblige a man to abandon his own preservation. And supposing such a Law were obligatory; yet a man would reason thus, *If I doe it not, I die presently; if I doe it, I die afterwards; therefore by doing it, there is time of life gained;* Nature therefore compells him to the fact."[222]

U. Clausewitz

"There is nothing *in War* which is of *greater importance than obedience.*"[223]

V. Cambyses II, to the slayer of his brother (alleged)

"Prexaspes, you have carried out my orders like an honest man, and no blame attaches to you."[224]

W. Law officer, at army review hearing for U.S. staff sergeant Walter Griffen (1968)

"Now, the general rule is that the acts of a subordinate, done in good faith in compliance with his supposed duty or orders, are justifiable. This justification does not exist, however, when those acts are manifestly beyond the scope of his authority, or the order is such that a man of ordinary sense and understanding would know it to be illegal."[225]

X. George Konrád

"No one did dirty deeds unless forced to from on high. As if fear were an excuse for immorality!"[226]

Y. The prosecutor Lysias

"Then, according to your statement, when your opposition was useless, you claim credit for it; and yet since you arrested him and put him to death, do you not expect to pay the penalty to me and to this Court?"[227]

Z. Jacques-Bénigne Bossuet

"There is only one exception to the obedience due to the

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

prince, which is when his commands run contrary to God's."[228]

AA. U.N. Security Council Resolution (1993)

"The official position of any accused person, whether as Head of State or Government or as a responsible Government official, shall not relieve such a person of criminal responsibility [for war crimes] nor mitigate punishment."[229]

BB. Memoirs of a *conquistadore* (events of 1519)

[The Cholulan Indians, caught preparing to ambush Cortes, admit the deed, but argue that] "it was not their fault, since Montezuma's ambassadors had commanded them to do it, by order of their master. Then Cortes told them that the King's laws decreed such treachery should not go unpunished, and that they must die for their crime... we killed many of them, and the promises of their false idols were of no avail."[230]

CC. Claudius Caesar's freedmen, regarding the accused Mnester

"It mattered not whether he had sinned so greatly from choice or from compulsion."[231]

DD. Gandhi

"A civil resister never uses arms and hence he is harmless to a State that is at all willing to listen to the voice of public opinion. He is dangerous for an autocratic State, for he brings about its fall by engaging public opinion upon the matter for which he resists the State. Civil disobedience therefore becomes a sacred duty when the State has become lawless, or which is the same thing, corrupt. And a citizen that barters with such a State shares its corruption or lawlessness."[232]

EE. The Ku Klux Klan

"While Law enforcement oficials have a "JOB" to do, we, as Christians, have a Responsibility, and have taken an OATH to preserve Christian Civilization. May Almighty God grant that their "JOB" and our OATH never come into conflict; but should they ever, it must be understood that we can never yield our principles to anyone, regardless of his position."[233]

FF. "Junius Brutus" (Duplessis Mornay)

"It is then lawful for Israel to resist the king, who would over-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

throw the law of God and abolish His church; and not only so, but also they ought to know that in neglecting to perform this duty, they make themselves culpable of the same crime, and shall bear the like punishment with their king."[234]

GG. Tsarina Alexandra Romanov, to her husband, Nicholas I (1917)

"If you are compelled to make concessions, then you are *under no conditions* obliged to fulfill them, because they have been extracted in an unworthy manner."[235]

HH. Bakunin

"All the history of ancient and modern States is no more than a series of revolting crimes; ... present and past kings and ministers of all times and all countries—statesmen, diplomats, bureaucrats, and warriors—if judged from the point of view of simple morality and human justice, deserve a thousand times the gallows or penal servitude."[236]

WHEN IS COMMUNAL PRESERVATION JUSTIFIED?

A. Martin Luther (*ca.* 1520)

"In Meissen, Bavaria, in the Mark, and other places, the tyrants have issued an order that the New Testaments [in private possession] be delivered to the courts everywhere. In this case their subjects ought not deliver a page or a letter, at risk of their salvation. For whoever does so, delivers Christ into Herod's hands, since they act as murderers of Christ, like Herod. But if their houses are ordered searched and books or goods taken by force, they should suffer it to be done."[237]

B. Rabbi Akiba, on whether one thirsty man in a desert must share his water with another, so that both die: Sacrifice one for one.

"Your life takes precedence over his life."[238]

C. Moses Merin, Judenräte chief in Upper Silesia (1942): Sacrifice one person out of every four.

"Nobody will deny that, as a general, I have won a great victory. If I have lost only 25 percent, when I could have lost all, who can want better results?"[239]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

D. Hitler, pontificating on venereal disease (1925): Sacrifice one person for a hundred.

> "It is a half-measure to let incurably sick people steadily contaminate the remaining healthy ones. This is in keeping with the humanitarianism which, to avoid hurting one individual, lets a hundred others perish... the incurably sick will be pitilessly segregated... The passing pain of a century can and will redeem millenniums from sufferings."[240]

E. The North Carolina Indians (early eighteenth century, attributed): Sacrifice one person for any number.

> "Which shews the Savages to be what they really are, (viz) a People that will save their own Men if they can, but if the Safety of all People lies at Stake, they will deliver up the most innocent Person living, and be so far from Concern, when they have made themselves easy thereby, that they will laugh at their Misfortunes, and never pity or think of them more."[241]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 25

SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY

Right is that which serves the state.

DR. WERNER BEST, GESTAPO CHIEF[1]

Right will be in the arm.

HESIOD[2]

Everything is getting quiet and better, but people want to feel your hand.
How long have they been saying to me, for whole years, the same thing:
"Russia loves to feel the whip." That is their *nature!*

TSARINA ALEXANDRA, TO HER HUSBAND (1916)[3]

Define an end as one of Bakunin's shining "beautiful things,"[4] something to rise up for, which itself has already risen like the sun to cast proud luminescence on all. In relation to the end, *all* means are good or bad expedients. But what if the end itself be expediency? Trotsky shoots every tenth man for the sake, so he believes, of class revolution. But what if he'd shot them for the sake of his own aggrandizement? Caesar's war aims, we saw, dwell perilously close to this latter con-

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

dition. The man goes to war to defend his personal prestige, invoking the rights of a self magnified *by* itself into greater glory-deservingness than any other. At least Caesarism constitutes a forthright end, which may occasion violence but is not itself violent. Being alloyed to honor, it dares not entirely forsake honor's means.' Thus his clemency and occasional justice.

Unalloyed expediency, pure self-interest, wriggles itself into eminent imminence. In self-defense against my would-be murderer I'm imminently justified in lying, tricking, hurting or killing him, violating all his rights in order to save my own.[6] Pure expediency does the same,[7] with all the watchful cunning of Mao (and his North Vietnamese pupils)[8] letting "a thousand flowers bloom, a thousand schools contend," or the Spartans calling upon their helots to tell them who most deserves to be freed;[9] or the Romans summoning all their helot hostage-citizens to distribute a golden donative;[10] or Tiberius's assumed hesitancy to take power, so he'd learn who in the Senate was against him;[11] or the sower in Jesus's parable letting the weeds grow up with the good seed until harvest time—then, in all four examples, once the ripening has happened, and the master can tell good from bad, says Christ, "I will tell the reapers, Gather ye together first the tares, and bind them in bundles to burn them, but gather the wheat into my barn."[12] Who was wheat and who was chaff? Expediency coaxed them into revealing themselves.

Thucydides, from whose opus we could squeeze out an immense volume of such parables, and whose overriding bitterness derives its taste, as does gin's from juniper, from expediency's fruit, tells with his customary lack of comment how the Athenian general Paches followed the letter of the war's law. Amidst the ravaged vineyards and ruined olive groves of Greece, hoplites destroyed each other in their homelands and strongholds. Paches wanted to win.[13] So what if his victory bore a cruel stamp?

> Paches invited Hippias, the general of the Arcadian mercenaries inside the fortification, to meet him for a discussion, promising that, if no agreement was reached, he would see that he got back again safe and sound to the fortification. Hippias therefore came out to meet Paches, who put him under arrest, though not in chains. He then made a sudden attack and took the fortification by surprise. He put to death all the Arcadian and foreign troops who were inside, and later, as he had promised, he brought Hippias back there, and as soon as he was inside, he had him seized and shot down with arrows.[14]

Expediency loves not only dishonesty, but cruelty, violence untrammeled by moderation because violence's end has not been trammeled. The rights of the victim-self, concerns with legitimacy, and whatever strictures against exploitative force local honor happens to enjoin, all beat against the expedient actor's windowpane like sad moths, unable to reach his evil light even for the vain purpose of immolating themselves. Hence the frequent pairing of expediency with sadism.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"BUT WE'RE JUST SO BUSY PROCESSING"

We see a terracotta from Roman North Africa. A squat woman, nude but for a loincloth, lashed to a bucking bull, her hands tied behind her, throws back her head in anguish. A leopard has dashed up the bull's neck and crouches on its hind legs, gripping her belly with its paws, savaging her throat and breasts. Ears laid back, it grins as it tears at her. In the foreground, the executioner huddles alertly behind his shield.[15] Thomas Wiedemann comments: "The emotions which induced someone to keep such a ... model in his home are not ones that we can easily share, but they should not be dismissed as aberrant. It would have served as a powerful warning to any slave contemplating disobedience."[16] In short, this is deterrence.[17] After all, expediency always has its reasons. That fact makes it difficult to isolate it from other ends. (For example, I have a goal. The goal may even be justified. Because my own interest is supreme to me, I'll unjustifiably, expediently, carry out my justified goal.) When does expediency function as an unscrupulous means to an end (in which case the end may possibly be salvaged through repentance, atonement and substitution of methods), and when does the invoked end serve only as an excuse, like Field Marshal Keitel's protestations of compulsion to justify self-serving criminality?[18]

Who can answer? —Perhaps the victims of expedient or routine bad treatment. If they've *suffered*, perhaps they've *thought*. In the midst of his prison anguish, whose sharpest pangs are nobly reserved not for himself but for his fellow convicts, Alexander Berkman writes: "Dullness fawns upon cruelty for advancement; with savage joy the shop foreman cracks his whip, for his meed of the gold transmuted blood."[19] The link between sadism and expediency was never given more sorrowfully eloquent expression. "At the jail it's not our duty to become personally involved," explains a woman deputy sheriff in my era. "The women come in so upset. Some are crying. They think we're so callous and have no human emotion. But we're just so busy processing that we don't even have time to get a drink of water half the time."[20] In its tone of moral abdication this resembles Cicero's matter-of-fact statement that under Roman judicial process "normally slaves are taken off straightaway to be tortured."[21] Sadism and expediency both have in common Trotsky's failing: the lack of an empathetic bridge.[22]

"The carnal nature of man violently rebels," writes Martin Luther, "for it greatly delights in punishment, in boasting of his own righteousness, and in its neighbor's shame and embarrassment at its unrighteousness."[23] This is another link between sadism and expediency. *The joy I take in my own cruelty validates my ends.* This is why the Khmer Rouge had to "smash" people before they annihilated them: Let each prisoner provide his own justification for being punished. Should he refuse, that is a reflection on me, the torturer. In self-defense of my own righteousness I will thus be compelled to torture him all the harder.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

WHICH IS WHICH?

No wonder that strength so often despises weakness. Says the exalted to the abased: You are nothing to me. —Defense of class laughingly or yawningly draws blood, "with savage joy" or else "just so busy processing." Regardless, the blood comes out. In Shalamov's stories from the Russian Kolyma camps,[24] based on years of sad experience, we find that prisoners get assaulted in approximate proportion to the degree of body mass they've lost to overwork and starvation. Sadism, or simple expediency? Either way, the blood comes out! Criminals beat them for power-pleasure—or to rob them. Overseers beat them to express dissatisfaction with declining work performance. ("These bastards are working worse than before," explains a knowing official to a greenhorn who permitted a work detail of goners to eat more and better food for once. "An extra dinner just gives them extra strength to fight the cold. Remember this: only the cold will squeeze work out of them.")[25] Barbers beat them—why? There must be sadism involved. But can we distinguish it from expediency in such a case?[26] And does it matter? Just as expediency fosters sadism, sadism fosters expedient goals, which is why armies may harbor psychopaths, who, like Bluebeard's exemplar, Gilles de Rais, "though frequently in the armed services during peacetime, as a consequence of disregarding rules and regulations, often demonstrated good initiative and effective combat aggression against the enemy."[27] After all, soldiers kill, so it is not surprising that people who like to kill may become soldiers.[28] Expediency's "goal" is a placeholder for any purpose which the aggressor cares to inscribe there.[29] Before the bar of judgment, the issue recedes, leaving the act alone like a naked stinking corpse. The blood comes out.

"A MATTER FOR SATISFACTION"

Sadism—that is, active satisfaction rather than callous inertia when inflicting violence[30]—derives from the inherent titillation of the power relation. It is pleasure in mastery, just as masochism is pleasure in submission ("serving women was more important to me than sex itself," writes one "SUB.MAN" who has devoted his life to being women's unpaid slave).[31] Mastery, of course, often proves itself in the infliction of pain. If you agree to become consensually "mine," then my mastery over you must be precarious; but if I inflict agonies on you, I can be sure of my power. Mastery deters, punishes, struts and gloats. A very widespread view, indeed almost universal, although we shrink to confess it forthrightly, Thucydides puts into the mouths of the victorious Thebans as they harangue their Spartan allies—successfully, as it turns out—to have almost all of the Plataean men liquidated after their surrender (the women and children to be sold as slaves): "Pity is felt for unmerited suffering; but when people suffer what they deserve, as in the case of the Plataeans, their fate, far from provoking pity, is a matter for satisfaction."[32] KGB agents were

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

taught to think exactly the same way: "Agents should be devoted to the party and remember one thing at all times: that they are combating their most bitter enemies whom they should not pity."[33] They, too, no doubt, felt satisfaction contemplating the "enemies" they'd beaten with rubber hoses. When one makes this all's-right-with-the-world argument, then sadism becomes equated with expediency through the (often spurious) linkage of righteousness, like Paches justifying his treachery in the name of victory, or perhaps the U.S. deputy sheriff who was "just so busy processing" that for her, inflicting suffering (much of it probably morally justified for other reasons) became synonymous with simple duty: what we've just done was both good (moral) and necessary (expedient); therefore we ought to take pride in it. In practice, such equivalency is often established as a post hoc justification for sadistic satisfaction.



The Huns in battle

"Satisfaction" stands pale shadow to the relish expressed by Genghis Khan in the following gem: "Man's greatest good fortune is to chase and defeat his enemy, seize his total possessions, leave his married women weeping and wailing, ride his gelding [and] use the bodies of his women as a nightshirt and support."[34] A carjacker-rapist would be proud to follow such an example; here again the providential characterization of the reward ("man's greatest good fortune") sketches in subtle moral overtones: the gods are smiling upon the conquering violator. To their chorus, add the hideous gloating of Shalamaneser III (reigned 858-824 B.C.), who inscribes on his monolith what he did to the armies of twelve kings who rose up against him:

> I slew fourteen thousand of their soldiers with the sword, descending upon them like Adad when he makes a rainstorm pour down. I spread their corpses, filling the entire plain with their widely scattered soldiers... I made their blood flow down... With their corpses I spanned the Orontes before there was a bridge.[35]

No doubt such acts are expedient, for pillage and murder, having deprived the violated of his resources for revenge, proportionately increase the victor's power; and the sexual use of the defeated one's women, by humiliating him, damages his status, hence the threat of his future leadership if he is still alive, or that of any escaped relatives if he is not. In short, institutionalized or political sadism may be described as the destruction of individual or collective honor—hence of command capability.[36]

GOLDEN NECKLACES AND MAGNIFICENT TARGETS

Expound sufficiently on the practicality of such tactics, and the joy of rape can be almost forgotten or denied by the Nazi bureaucrats of this world or by their part-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ners who, all business, "just so busy processing," might not rape at all, but kill for vocational expediency. I see them among the purchasers of the "low-cost, all weather fire and forget, terminally-guided anti-armor mortar munition for infantry use ... very effective defense against tanks, armored personnel carriers and other armored vehicles"[37]—which may well enjoy legitimate deployment, should the war it is used in be legitimate.[38] Does the button-pusher smile? Well, why not? His smile won't hurt the enemy soldiers in their armored personnel carriers; they're all dead!





Khmer Rouge prison drawings, by survivor Vann Nath. (See "The Skulls on the Shelves.")

A likeminded businessman was the Tsar's self-styled humble servant, Erofei Khabarov, who in 1650 set out on an expedition to strengthen Russian authority in Siberia. After killing 661 natives in battle, he interrogated hostages (who were "partly old women and the rest young girls") about the military situation farther up country. They told him what he wanted to know. "And I, Erofei, questioned the prisoners using hot irons, and they made the same statements, word for word, as they had before."[39] No reason to assume any pleasure on the torturer's part—why, it was a simple matter of verifying information; any prudent commander would have done the same... Did he rape them, too? That might have made them talk.[40] "What is called Torture is distress of body devised for extracting truth."[41] "The purpose of torturing is to get their responses," explain the Khmer Rouge at Tuol Sleng prison.[42] "It's not something we do for fun. We must hurt them so they respond quickly."[43] But maybe fun played a part, too.

"The war was horrible," says a Viet Cong nurse. "But it excited me too. I liked the adrenaline."[44] A member of the British Machine Gun Corps in World War I recalls a battle in 1918 which was "probably the most thrilling in which organised machine gunners have ever participated" thanks to "the magnificent targets obtained."[45] These killers get paid off in excitement, depersonalized carnage-views, congratulations, promotions and bonuses—I mean "career incentives." Roman legionnaires may be let off the leash to rape and pillage at festival occasions of sadism against particular enemies; otherwise they'll have to make do with rampart crowns, wall crowns and golden necklaces—hopefully from the Emperor's hand.

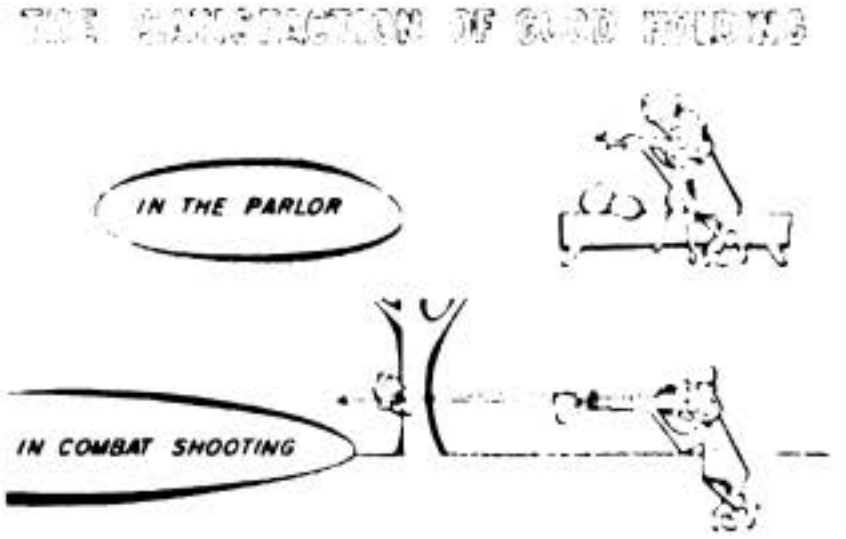
Acts of violence justified or unjustified, purely self-defensive or aggressively cruel, become expedient if committed for the sake of an untipped spear or a silver standard. Honor "advances" the moral actors in life—perhaps even to the imperial throne, as proved by the careers of Aurelian, Probus, Carus, Diocletian, Maxinius; afterward, it makes for a proud memorial tablet.[46]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

And if those acts remain unrewarded, well, easy enough to switch sides! Julius Caesar in his history of the Roman civil war tells how the enemy legionnaires of Corfinium, which he's besieging, learn that their commander means to slink away. "The best course, it seemed, was for them to look after themselves"—in other words, to defect to Caesar.[47] Why not? It was all expedient—no principles at stake! Maybe Rome will be worse off. "But we're just so busy processing"—and they'll reward us, too!

SADISTIC AESTHETICS

Thrilling battles—magnificent targets... Some are ashamed to speak of the joy of war, perhaps because launching mortar-shells or dropping bombs on people who might or might not be behaving as the enemy is hardly something at which to rejoice. War becomes a spectator sport, "a fine sight," says Walt Whitman, watching a considerable procession of cavalry, "a pronouncedly warlike and gay show."[48] The Monk of Gall, born too late to actually see the event, nonetheless describes with sonorous pleasure how the approach of Charlemagne's armies made the "fields bristle as with ears of iron corn."[49] In my own century, a Hindu child watched from a safe distance Muslim houses being set afire in newly partitioned India and felt, as his neighbors did, "a gay mood," "a quality akin to the day of the kite-flying festival at the onset of spring."[50]



U.S. army manual (1954)

And judicial homicide—that always attracted the masses more than ballet! When the anarchist Severino Di Giovanni was being prepared for execution, the renowned actor José Gomez shouted, "Open up in the name of art!" He was determined to study the condemned man's last moments in order to further develop his histrionic skills, and got what he asked for.[51] The next day, Di Giovanni's confederate Paulino Scarfó was also lashed to the execution chair. After he had been shot, and the other prisoners had shrieked and rattled their bars, a reporter from the periodical *Critica* wrote:

> The crowd dispersed and we saw for the first time that there were thousands present. Lots of cars streamed by: one, sleek and yellow, contained three women, unescorted. The one at the wheel said to her girlfriends ... "I think the howl that went up today was more impressive, don't you?"[52]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

The woman was a good sadistic spectator, and expedient Gomez was "just so busy processing": if he gained anything by witnessing Di Giovanni's dying grimace, or the smoking holes in the man's chest, he could pass that thing on to a crowd while dyingly-grimacing on a stage. Well, let them all watch, like Romans ogling the arena when Pompey set criminals to battling against eighteen enraged elephants.[53] Pliny says that the spectators pitied those trampled men.[54] Maybe some people laughed; some felt sorry for the elephants. Better that than secret executions walled off by official pretenses.[55]

A PROCESSION OF HEADS



Croatian Ustasha with head of Serbian Orthodox priest (1942)

If you die from sickness, old age or accident, you die for nothing. But die violently, and you die for something, be it the self-interest of a murderer, or for a glorious cause, or—better yet—for José Gomez! A political corpse reifies both means and ends. The lynchpin of political aesthetics, in short, is didacticism: I desire to move hearts, through beauty, love, logical patterns, intimidation[56] or outright fear, to accept my most violent acts. This is why my leaders and agitators invoke your death, creating that empathetic bridge between themselves and their hoped-for supporters, in order to demolish any empathetic bridge between those supporters and the leaders' enemy.

But aesthetics is something more than directed propaganda. In the time of the Heike, war was more of a stylized contest, not necessarily between equals, but at least among combatants. (Widows, orphans and bereaved parents, of course, must have wept as always.) One Genji general insisted that "at the moment of victory, the greatest joy comes from having made relentless assaults."[57] In his day, battlefields must have resembled rainbows. A father might wear armor laced with red leather over a blue robe, while his son's armor might be laced with blue and white patterned leather over a robe decorated with water plantains; their standard-bearer's armor might be laced with yellow leather over a blue robe; and all of them, of course, would have had horses of varying hues.[58] Warfare itself remained much more than now a matter of individual expression, so that, as we've seen, warriors might choose to ride together against literally suicidal odds, in order to obtain postmortem glory.[59] A dead warrior could also provide glory to his killer, and the *Tale* describes how after the battle of Ichino-tani the Genji repeatedly requested permission of the cloistered emperor to parade through the capital the two thousand heads of Heike fighters which they had taken.[60] At first, on the advice of his counselors, he refused, not wishing to mar the high status which had once been conferred upon the Heike, but the Genji insist-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Serbian heads in Mujahedin base, N. Bosnia (1993). The true provenance of this photo is controversial.

ed, saying, "If we are not allowed to parade them, how shall we be able to fight courageously against the rest of the Heike?"[61] Moreover, they might have added, how shall we be able to gain our sadistic-expedient rewards?—for after an inspection of these gruesome objects, each warrior-murderer received a bounty proportionate to the status of the head he'd harvested.[62] This parade of decapitated heads, in short, would be equivalent in purpose to any other processional event staged by a military in time of war, from the barefoot, widely strutting troops of Haile Selassie's army, dark-cinched at the waist, rifles with fixed bayonets angling high above their heads, marching out of the capital in their doomed campaign against Mussolini's tanks and planes,[63] to the pie-shaped constellations of soldiers at Boulogne, to the tune of eighty thousand men, presenting arms to Napoleon on his birthday and receiving the Legion of Honor, regimental standards raised, while in the harbor lay the French fleet, and beyond it the hungry English ships:[64]—namely, to inspire supporters, to intimidate waverers and opponents and to show itself to itself as courageous, puissant, immortal.[65] A military parade, being a work of art of sorts, follows aesthetic canons, and the heads of the slaughtered Heike were the artists' main materials in that grim oeuvre.[66]



Ustasha allegedly sawed off this Serbian man's head.

It is easy for those opposed to the use of violence to de-aestheticize it, as that foe of capital punishment Dickens did upon seeing a single head fall during an execution in Italy: "It was an ugly, filthy, careless, sickening spectacle; meaning nothing but butchery, beyond the momentary interest, to the one wretched actor."[67]

And it is hard to imagine that that procession of two thousand decomposing Heike heads, the features of many of which had been known to the spectators in life, could have been in the least beautiful or pleasing;[68] but art may be malevolent, yes? Hence that favorite subject of old European painting, Judith holding up the head of the assassinated Holofernes. Hence the tale of the decapitated bride with her didactic placard: "This is what happens to Vietnamese people who go around with the enemy."[69] King Xerxes, his Persian forces victorious at Thermopylae, similarly displayed the head of Leonidas, king of Sparta, who had delayed and obstructed him with stubborn brav-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ery.[70] When Pompey is assassinated in Egypt at the end of the Roman Civil War, Lucan tells us that "the monstrous tyrant" who ordered his decapitation "wants proof of his wickedness to survive," in order to show it off to the victorious Julius Caesar. "Then by their hideous arts / the fluid is taken from the head, the brain removed / and skin dried out, and rotten moisture flowed away from deep / within, and the features were solidified by drugs instilled."[71]



Serbian children saved from an Ustasha camp

Note that the key phrase of Dickens's comment does not apply to the Genji procession: "Ugly," "filthy," "sickening" it undoubtedly was; cruel and indecent, too, yes—deliberately degrading to the Heike, in fact (here was the intimidation of waverers and opponents); "careless," probably not; but, unlike the Paris catacombs, *meaningless* it certainly wasn't; the Genji were out to make a point or two, and I am sure that they succeeded.[72]

TORTURE

"At about 10 p.m. we went in to get ready to carry out the torture," writes a Khmer Rouge interrogator in the logbook. "He started to confess by asking us to clarify what he was to report. We clarified as follows: 'Please write a systematic account of your treasonous activities from beginning to end.'"[73]

"The hardest thing is torture," says one Japanese victim of it. "You can't really explain it with words. I can't describe it."[74] Certainly it has been mis-described, ignorantly, sentimentally and maliciously.[75] Call it a means to any one or more of the following eight ends:

Reasons for Committing Torture

1. To uncover the truth (as in a Roman judicial case).
2. To deter (to "spread a climate of terror," as one member of Amnesty International sees the purpose of most late-twentieth-century torture).[76]
3. To inflict retribution (as Hitler applied it to his would-be assassins in 1944).[77]
4. To cleanse a criminal of infamy by means of suffering (a Catholic notion akin to that of Purgatory; rejected by the eighteenth century theorist Beccaria).[78]
5. For rituo-religious reasons (as among the seventeenth century Iroquoians, who dedicated their victim to the sun and believed that they would have evil fortune in their next war if he could not be compelled to cry out in agony).[79]
6. To control and direct behavior (as when the French, having tortured an Algerian

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

they discovered was innocent, decided to "give him a bit more, so that when he gets out he'll keep quiet."[80]

7. To break the will (as was the case in Pol Pot's Cambodia).

—ignoring, of course, this final purpose, which we'll get to later:

8. For its own sake (pure power-lust or sexual sadism).

We scarcely need to bother with the justifications for such measures, and instead will merely describe them.

TORTURE AS TRUTH-SEEKING

The torturer has the right to break the bodies of his fellow human beings, he often says, because as a loyal instrument of authority's compulsion he must employ *his* red-hot instruments in the cool process of determining the truth. Torture thus remains reassuringly limited, moderated and modulated into justified legality. We find the *ancien regime* in France allowing it as a means of producing evidence only in capital cases,[81] and Justian's *Digest* cautions: "You should not place confidence in torture applied to [a person's] enemies, because they readily tell lies"[82]—an aphorism certainly disregarded both by the Khmer Rouge and by men who "prepared" the victims of Stalin's show trials. Under the sixteenth-century code of Charles V, a woman suspected of infanticide must first be examined by a midwife, and only then, *if* her body gives evidence of parturition and *if* she still won't confess, can she be legally tortured.[83] In the seventeenth-century *tractatus* of Sebastian Guazzini, we find the following hedges against malignity: "A deaf-mute from birth cannot be tortured, although opinion and practice are at variance on this point. A pregnant woman and a woman giving suck to her children cannot be tortured." And my favorite: "Torture must be suspended as soon as the victim falls into a faint under its effects, and unless the judge, in the act of such suspension, is careful to reserve a right of renewing torture, the right lapses."[84]

Under the much older Visigothic Code, the information-gatherers, seeking to eliminate second-order variables, place the accused in isolation, and—in an exact inversion of the later British common law of habeas corpus—in ignorance of the charges against him. That way, if the confession extorted from him by pain matches the accusation, the coincidence will imply guilt. If it doesn't, then the accuser becomes the slave of the vindicated accused, or, at his discretion, pays him reparations for burns and unstrung joints and sinews.[85]

One of Constantine's edicts arranges matters still more symmetrically: he whose accusation of another's treason fails to be substantiated (presumably by torture) will himself be tortured.[86]

A rescript of the Emperor Hadrian shines with kindred benevolence:

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF HADRIAN (EMPEROR A.D. 117-38)

When is torture justified?

> "Recourse should only be had to the infliction of pain on slaves when the criminal is [already] suspect, and is brought so close to being proved [guilty] by other evidence that the confessions of his slaves appear to be the only thing lacking."
>
> SOURCE: EDWARD PETERS, P. 215; *DIGEST OF JUSTINIAN*, BOOK 48, TITLE 18, 1.1.

In other words, the slave will be interrogated through torture, not punitively, but experimentally, as if he were a certain kind of ore from which fire could extract the truth, he being of no account as a human being. For note this: *The criminal is assumed to be not the slave, but the slave's owner.* But the owner's class will not permit him to be tortured—except in extreme cases:[87] first torture this accused woman's slaves, says Emperor Antoninus in A.D. 217, then "the woman herself may afterwards be put to the question, for it is not inhuman for her to be tortured who destroyed her husband by poison."[88] (In other words, she is presumed guilty, but Antoninus desires to "make sure" first with bona fide slave information.)

Advances in the scientific method allow us to detect the logical fallacies inherent in most such inquiries: the isolated accused will surely rack his brains before they rack his body, and he may come up with a pretty good guess of the charge against him; the tortured one will speak not the truth but what the torturer wants to hear; fear of torture will motivate the arraigned one to avoid being tortured, etc. Moreover, in rare instances the torturer may meet with a Joan of Arc, who declares: "Truly, though you were to have my limbs torn off and send the soul out of my body, I should not say otherwise; and if I did tell you otherwise, I should always thereafter say that you had made me speak so by force."[89] Hence the torturer may prefer to force out the desired assertion, then immediately liquidate Joan to prevent her from recanting. In the real Joan's case, of course, intimidation was employed precisely to force her into a recantation afterward, so that she could be declared a lapsed heretic and burned. Hence the second function of torture:

TORTURE AS DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE

During the African campaign of the Roman Civil War, Scipio, whose troops have captured some of Caesar's recruits and veteran centurions, offers "to grant you your lives and pay you"—which means to enlist them on his side. A grizzled old centurion offers him a reply of dazzling defiance. Scipio has him executed at once, and commands that the other centurions be tortured to death. (The recruits, not being considered culpable, are spared, dispersed and enlisted.)[90] Did it deter anyone? We

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

don't know.[91] We might equally put it in the next category:

TORTURE AS THE EXPRESSION OF ANGER

Sadism appears on both sides of the power relation, as an act of desperate violence akin to retaliation, but blind to its consequences—the angry bloodlust of the soon-to-be defeated, or the vindictive fury of the victor.[92] Thus Lucretius writes in his didactic poem *On the Nature of Things* about warriors who bring in elephants, lionesses and bulls, which become crazed by blood and do harm to friend and foe. "But men chose thus to act not so much in any hope of victory, as from a wish to give the enemy something to rue at the cost of their own lives."[93] "Molotov almost embraced Kardelj [Tito's second in command] in Paris after the shooting down of two American planes in Yugoslavia, though he also cautioned him against shooting down a third."[94] Castro in his patriotic revolutionary fervor or fury exclaims that the American Green Berets will be "perfectly useless" when they try to conduct counter-insurgency operations against Communist guerrillas in Latin America. "Their fate—like that of the mercenaries in Viet Nam—will be to die like insects." The transcript notes: "(APPLAUSE.)"[95]

When the Nazis machine-gunned seventy thousand people in Babi Yar ravine, they first made their victims strip and made them run a gauntlet of beatings. One survivor thought that "the Germans ... seemed to be drunk with fury in a sort of sadistic rage." (He then continues with an expedient explanation: "All this was obviously being done so that the great mass of people should not come to their senses and try to fight back or escape.")[96]

Seneca devotes one of his essays to deprecating anger, that "most inhuman lust for weapons, blood and punishment, giving no thought to itself if only it can hurt another."[97] Anger sometimes revels in the agony of beings still weaker than it, like the starving Ik tribe, who deserve to be memorialized here in another[98] of their anthropologist's hideous anecdotes:

> men would watch a child with eager anticipation as it crawled toward the fire, then burst into gay and happy laughter as it plunged a skinny hand into the coals. Such times were the few times when parental affection showed itself; a mother would glow with pleasure to hear such joy occasioned by her offspring, and pull it tenderly out of the fire.[99]

Hence outright torture. During his imprisonment by the Turks, Vlad the Impaler of Rumania occupied himself by crucifying insects.[100] And consider this conversation between the psychotic Prince Sado and his father in 1758, as recounted in the memoirs of Lady Hyegyong:

In his replies that day the Prince said, "When anger grips me, I cannot contain

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

myself. Only after I kill something—a person, perhaps an animal, even a chicken—can I calm down."

"Why is that so?" His Majesty asked.

"Because I am deeply hurt."

"Why are you so hurt?"

"I am sad that Your Majesty does not love me and terrified when you criticize me. All this turns to anger."[101]

TORTURE AS PLEASURE

A Muslim journalist in a Serbian-run concentration camp describes such acts of torture as "a guard firing into the back of a defenseless man's head and forcing every witness to applaud."[102] Here torture is "for fun," not for information—to entertain one's fellow guards, to express anger and administer retribution for non-existent crimes, above all to intimidate into subhumanhood the people *a priori* classed as subhumans. When Emperor Constantine, sitting in the amphitheater, commanded that captured barbarian princes be thrown to wild beasts,[103] he may well have been pleased by the shrieks of those gnawed human beings: by becoming tormented flesh, the princes resigned their royal dignity, to the greater luster of his. But maybe he enjoyed it, too.



Germans cutting off a Hasidic Jew's beard (Warsaw Ghetto)

A pathologist with considerable experience of child abuse cases writes that "although bed-wetting and excessive crying were the most common explanations for the trauma, one group of parents acknowledged pleasure at inflicting bodily harm on their offspring," including a mother who "acknowledged ritualistic orgies wherein she beat the child to a point of semiconsciousness on three occasions following abandonment by her husband."[104]

TORTURE AS POWER

A friend of mine who was hideously tortured in an Algerian jail said that the worst part of it was that every now and then the torturers would approach him privately and say, in effect, "Don't blame us. It's nothing personal. We're human beings just like you." Their goal was to hurt him, and they expected him to absolve them for it.[105]

Into my head came the tired old utilitarian scenario of the torturer: One man has planted a bomb which will soon kill many innocent people. He won't talk. (The Theodosian Code, issued in A.D. 437, informs us that torture of brigands can occur even during holy days, "since pardon of the Highest Divinity is very easily hoped for in regard to such action, by which the safety and welfare of many are

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

obtained.")[106] And so I wrote my friend a letter and asked him *When, if ever, is torture justified?*

THE MORAL CALCULUS OF MY FRIEND B. (1997)

When is torture justified?

"Concerning possible excuses for the use of torture, I find it difficult to give you a straight answer, perhaps because of my first hand experience. But I will try.

I remember the first interrogation, when the Chief of the Judiciary Police (a group above control) struck me so hard in the face that I fell backwards together with my chain. He then said: 'Who am I?' (rather menacingly) and I answered (still on the floor): 'You just want me to say whatever you wish.' He answered: 'Not whatever I wish.' And I was taken away, later to be submitted to the hose and bathtub.

This chief was among the best: he never excused himself (like others, whom I accordingly despised); he was known for having been tortured by the French, who cut his penis off but left his balls. This must predispose you, very strongly, to what Pavlov called 'conflicting stimuli.'

But what is interesting in this little scene is his 'who am I,' possibly to be read as 'do you know who I am,' or, better still, 'you should know who I am,' which I probably (in spite of my somewhat troubled condition) understood sufficiently well in order to reply in such an oblique way.

What is apparent here is that torture is a way of formulating a demand: access to the transparency of the Other. This happens often; just think of what consenting adults can do to each other in the name of pain (or pleasure). But violence can demand many things: submission, conversion (both do not [illegible] the annihilation of the Other), comprehension, or even oblivion (the reverse of comprehension, or the same thing by other means).

As to the water treatment (which cost me most of my teeth, among other things) they behaved more like butchers than sadists, I think (and there is a line to be drawn somewhere). They did kill people that way, I'm sure, because the space where I was confined (a room, actually, in a rather nice villa in the suburbs) was next to the bathroom. I was, of course, always upset, which can make you a bad, or a good, observer.

When I surfaced (in several ways) and the Swedish consul came to see me, he asked whether I had been well treated, whether I got

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> sufficient food, whether I was allowed to bath[e]... Even without witnesses, I would just have answered 'yes,' as I did. Certain kinds of innocence are as close to comedy as they are to being guilty.
>
> One night, they took some of us (perhaps six or seven) out in the garden, had us stand facing a wall, and staged a mock execution. This was terror, to make us panic, maybe talk. I had nothing to say, because they were mainly after something I didn't know. Terror doesn't need [?] obedience, but generates total uncertainty; it aims less at limiting freedom than at destroying it."
>
> SOURCE: LETTER TO AUTHOR, DECEMBER 5, 1997.

As you see, my friend did not answer the question. For him, the victim, torture is not and can never be justified.

And for me? All I can muster in any hypothetical justification of torture is that old saw, *imminent defense.*[107] Would I torture a certain terrorist to gain the information to save the city from his bomb? Probably. If "ordinary" torture failed, would I apply sadistic measures? Probably. Would I torture a suspected terrorist to determine whether he was in fact a terrorist? Not at present. And if terrorist threats against my homeland became so ubiquitous and imminent as to alter the preconditions for imminent defense? Maybe. What is imminence? What is defense? The hundreds and hundreds of pages devoted to justifications for violence show how slippery those two quantities can be.

Under most practical circumstances, I agree with B.

PERIANDER'S CORNFIELD

And now for Sade again—not Sade the prisoner-victim, but Sade the fantasist of evil, masturbatory dreamer of nonconsensual violence, which after him they called *sadistic.* "Sade's primary figure of pleasure," explains one biographer, "was the coincidence of heterosexual sodomy with passive penetration (or the endurance of pain), wherein a single body became the locus of contrary perversions."[108] —"The more exalted the man, the more refined his pleasures," Mishima has one of his characters say in reference to Sade. "He derives his greatest pleasure from admiring naked women through the arabesques traced by his ancestors' blood on their armor, the blood-rust that can't be polished away."[109] —Both of these summations fall short, getting at the piquancy, to be sure,[110] but avoiding the gleeful malignancy of Sade's art.[111] "In spite of the aberrant, unimaginable horrors it depicts, whoever reads it becomes 'sensually irritated,' and that is where things start to get intolerable."[112] Thus the critic Annie Le Brun.

Enter, then, the realm of sadism *beyond* expediency! "No one is admitted into

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

this place except slaves and victims,"[113] explains a father who, among other murders, sodomizes his daughter to death. "And the wicked man, pressing his face to that of his unhappy daughter, dares pluck hideous kisses from features twisted by death and reflecting, instead of the graces which used to play there before, only the convulsions of pain ... only the contortions of despair."[114]



Nonconsensual sadism fantasized by Sade (1797)

Thus Sade with his sexual kingdom of semi-monotonous set-pieces,[115] his dungeons, torture-rooms offering a fine view of the sea, but always (like Sade himself, Sade the prisoner)[116] walled off from the world by door after door, his victims invariably as obedient as wax mannikins; they plead but never rebel. Their unvarying compliance used to exasperate me, until I realized what an accurate exemplar Sade actually is of authority carried to its limits, as in the army or in a prison, where one class has the power of life and death over another—in Sade's realm, inconspicuousness is the wisest policy. ("I need a volunteer for a dangerous mission behind enemy lines," says the sergeant. Volunteer, and you probably won't get home. Try to run away, and you probably won't get home, either—what else does the hangman have rope for?) *Virtue and vice will be equally punished*, for they are extraordinary, and anything extraordinary must be lopped off. A Japanese neighborhood block leader during World War II "pleaded with them not to excel. 'If you are best, we'll have to go all over and show ourselves as examples,' I said... 'maybe third from the bottom would be safest.'"[117] What would have happened to those neighborhood wives had they had to show themselves? Maybe nothing; maybe they would merely have gotten tired having to demonstrate the excellence of their compliances; maybe they would have become the pawns of some propaganda-god who might magically waft them into a danger-zone to perform acts of moral uplift—certainly nothing good would have come of it.

Herodotus, as usual pushing the point further, tells how the Corinthian despot Periander, being instructed by a villain who lops off all the tallest ears of corn in a cornfield, undertakes "the murder of all the people in the city who were of outstanding influence or ability."[118] One only has to recall Stalin's purges of the ablest elements of Party and army in the mid-1930s to free Herodotus, in this instance at least, of the charge of baseless myth-making. Defiance is a crime; it impedes authority's desires—eliminate the criminal! As for helpfulness or obsequiousness, God forbid! Authority does not want to be indebted to anyone, or to establish any relationship except owner and thing; voluntarism implies humanness—the very thing, as we saw in our glance at the ethics of war, that made Antoine de Saint-Exupéry so dangerous. Better that you shut up, please. Hence this eyewitness description of Ravensbrück concentration camp: "A thousand women in striped dresses, all wear-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing the same white headdress in exactly the same way, showing just the same amount of hair."[119] This is Periander's cornfield. One survivor of Auschwitz describes in a short story how, exhausted by the hot work and harried by the whips of the S.S., he unloads trainloads of people all destined for immediate death (most for the gas chambers, but the weak, in yet another coincidence between expediency and the most fiendish wet dreams of Sade, to be burned alive upon a pyre of corpses). He rushes on and on, helping in his small way to send these people to their end, and finally cries out: "I am furious, simply furious with these people—furious because I must be here because of them. I feel no pity... Damn them all! I could throw myself at them, beat them with my fists." His friend tells him that it's quite natural, that "the easiest way to relieve your hate is to turn against someone weaker."[120] And so he does authority's work, equally enraged by the feeble victims who slow him down and by the quiet, stately woman who looks into his eyes, expresses pity for him and goes on to her death.[121] In another story he describes what it's like to visit the women's block. The women have nothing, not even underwear or spoons. At first he and the other men give them everything they have on them. "But gradually we began coming with empty pockets, and gave them nothing."[122]

In *The One Hundred and Twenty Days of Sodom*, a libertine sneers at his female sexual slaves, whose fate it will be to be humiliated, outraged, tortured, mutilated and murdered: "What, furthermore, might you offer that we do not know by heart already? what will you tender us that we shall not grind beneath our heels, often at the very moment delirium transports us?"[123] —Either the slaves can truly say nothing that he does not know by heart, in which case, indeed, he has little desire to hear them; or else they'll surprise him, which would be worse, since any such occurrence would interrupt that delirium of his. Their communication must therefore remain wordless, though by no means voiceless: they'll scream with fear, grief and above all terrible physical pain, while he screams with lust and satisfied rage.

Strangely enough, it is just this conception which Jean-Paul Sartre employs in his brilliant portrait of the anti-Semite:

> However small his stature, he takes every precaution to make it smaller, lest he stand out from the herd and find himself face to face with himself. He has made himself an anti-Semite because that is something one cannot be alone.[124]

If the equation in fact holds, then the victim is to the despot as the victimizer is to himself. And perhaps that is so. Borowski's angry unloader of trains becomes this sort, anxious to send his fellow human beings to death at the standard frenzied tempo of the camp.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

"WE MUST DINE WITH HER TONIGHT, AND EVEN FAWN ON HER"

What did Borowski know? Survivor of the camps, suicide-to-be (by gas, no less), he tells how the S.S. women in their leather boots sometimes come to the women's block of Auschwitz and ask with pretended solicitousness, even tenderness, if anyone needs to see a doctor or is pregnant. At the hospital they'll get milk and white bread, they say. The pregnant women rush forward, and are led off into the little wood behind which the gas chamber lurks.[125] Half a millennium earlier, Gilles de Rais, after hanging his child-victims from hooks, "would take them down and pretend to comfort them," according to the court documents, "assuring them that he wished them no harm, but quite the reverse; that he wanted to play with them, and in this manner he prevented them from crying out,"[126] after which it was time to rape them, slit their throats, dismember them, not necessarily in that order. But perhaps the assurances were not just expediency but part of the ecstasy. Sade's protagonists, who remind me of the worst of the Roman Emperors,[127] are continually soothing with promises, cunnilingus and all the other treats of affection their boon friends whom they've just resolved to turn upon. "Could I make my escape so long as I was under a husband's thumb?" muses the vicious Juliette in her eponymous novel, part of a greater tract, *La Nouvelle Justine* (1797), which takes up four thousand pages. Time to poison him! "Meditating it moistened my cunt." She attends his deathbed—all part of the game.[128]

But that's mere fiction. True story: In America two centuries later, a man dies vomiting, in terrible pain. His wife has sprinkled arsenic on his tuna fish sandwiches, "only in fun," she says. Only in fun! Later she explains she wanted to make him too sick to go to church choir rehearsals. On his deathbed, the husband had been "emphatic in stating that he and his wife were very close, and that he was certain that she would never do anything to harm him."[129] Did hearing that moisten her cunt? —A woman sprinkles rat poison (arsenic trioxide) on her husband's ham sandwiches and amuses herself in making him sick for a month or so. But only half the rat poison is used up. Finally she empties everything left in the can onto that day's lunch. Didn't he taste anything? Maybe ham salad is a less conspicuous vehicle than wine, which another woman uses to kill her husband; she explains to her daughters that wine turns green when it gets old. The man vomits green, and quickly dies.[130] As for the eater of ham sandwiches, he also strikes the jackpot: vomiting, diarrhea, shock, death, straw-colored fluid in the pleural cavities. The wife successfully argues that she "only" wanted to make him sick, not kill him, and gets life instead of death. The forensic pathologist writes:

> It is of human as well as of medicolegal interest that the wife, who was responsible for her husband's illness and death, took him to the doctor and to the hospitals

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> where he sought futilely to get relief. Did she really want him to get well? Was she sufficiently cunning in her uneducated fashion to use these indications of solicitude as a means of averting suspicion?[131]

Both of these things could have been true. And could she also perhaps have been enjoying the game? —Before putting her hostess and daughters to death, Juliette tarries with them, enjoying and pretending to reciprocate their innocent graciousness.[132] Whenever possible, she executes entire families, forcing their members to torture each other in a hideous inversion of their ties of love.[133] Above all, Juliette loathes people who fall in love with her, and murders them whenever possible; she for her part pretends to love, plays the part of love as a sort of foreplay to murder. "We must dine with her as usual tonight," she and her partner in crime agree about a longstanding companion. "And even fawn upon her." They lovingly play with the woman in bed, exchange orgasms with her, and the next morning throw her alive into a volcano.[134] Their victim had herself not long ago fondled a thirteen-year-old girl and then had her hanged. More for the gas chambers. Behind the doomed crowds "walk the S.S. men, urging them with kindly smiles to move along."[135]

The despot Periander, he of the human cornfield, strips naked all the women in Corinth and burns their clothes, in order to satisfy his dead wife's shade and get information out of her. The humiliation of the living women is a matter of indifference—or perhaps of pleasure.[136] "I removed her clothes," says Juliette, "I pored over her charms"—she's speaking of a servant-girl who idolizes her—"to contemplate them in that frame of mind all but slew me with delight. How it thrilled me to be able to say to myself: In three days' time, this glorious body will be the prey of maggots, and the credit for its destruction shall be mine."[137]

Recall the case already mentioned of the seventy-two-year-old Japanese farmer who vivisected Chinese prisoners alive, "because in a war, you have to win."[138] A compatriot who committed similar crimes also employs the vocabulary of expediency. We must give him the credit for being honest about his behavior a half-century after the fact, when he was not compelled to be; he has reflected and learned, admitting outright that he was a murderer—but expediency's blinkers still lie half upon his eyes. Glaring or shouting, the prisoners are led to the autopsy table by medics whose implements are not stethoscopes but rifles. "You might imagine this as a ghastly or gruesome scene," says the man complacently, "but that's not how it was. It was just the same as any other routine operation."[139] His first patient will at least be anesthetized, after which he will undergo an appendectomy, his arm will be chopped off, his intestines will be sewn up for practice, his pharynx will be opened with a hook. He dies "naturally," but the other patient they try to finish off first by injecting air into the heart, then by strangling with a piece of string; finally they give him a lethal dose of anesthetic. "I am ready, I will do anything," the doctor thinks. "This is war."[140] This rationalization we know; we see it everywhere; it cov-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ers the body of politics like a case of stinking boils. But this is not the most sickening thing. His partners enjoy their work. "The nurses were all smiling," he recalls. "They were from the Japanese Red Cross." When the doctor's prisoner refuses to lie down upon the murder table, one of the nurses, a real-life Juliette who helps hold him down for the chloroforming, persuades him: "Sleep, sleep. Drug give"—in pidgin Chinese. "He lay down," the doctor goes on. As for the Red Cross nurse, "she was even prouder than me. She giggled."[141]

ON THE LAUGHTER OF THE JAPANESE NURSE

An individual ought to be able to take pleasure in the tools and practice of his trade, without necessarily enjoying the situation in which he employs them, or the consequences. A surgeon who experiences fulfillment at the sight of blood in the operating room need not be a reprehensible person—unlike the fulfilled torturer who likewise cuts open his "client" upon a table. One difference between them is the purpose they serve (it was the failure to understand or value such distinctions which cost the good Nazi soldier Wilhelm Keitel his life). Yet even purpose itself cannot be always paramount; for as it becomes larger in every sense in relation to one caught up in it, he becomes less accountable for its formulation and even for its implementation. That is why the accusers at Nuremberg did not make a habit of indicting individual German infantrymen, bomber pilots, truck drivers, stenographers, factory workers, etcetera, even though they might have aggressively prosecuted the aggressive war for which some of their leaders got hanged. These people truly were "only following orders." It was right not to judge them. A soldier who enjoys the sheen of his cleaned and oiled weapon (or, more likely, the approval—or lack of active disapproval—of the officer who examines it), or an air force jock who feels a sense of satisfaction when he sees that his bombs are on target, is not culpable for that. Neither is an executioner for being pleased that everything is in order on his electric chair. "To be at the head of a strong column of troops," writes Sherman in his memoirs, "in the execution of some task that requires brain, is the highest pleasure of war—a grim one and terrible, but which leaves on the mind and memory the strongest mark; ... to do some ... distinct act which is afterward recognized as the real cause of success."[142] To insist on a divorce between's someone's work and someone's emotions is to create an Ohlendorf. And if he does enjoy his work, as long as he keeps it to himself, that makes no difference to the victim. The Japanese nurse neither kept it to herself, nor killed in the service of a justified purpose.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NONCONSENSUAL SADISTIC AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. Never.

NONCONSENSUAL SADISTIC AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. Always.

[But even here, as with all other motivations for violence, imminent defense or self-defense could conceivably in some rare or extreme case overrule unjustifiability.]

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

19.
CONTINUUM OF EXPEDIENCY

A. Deng Xiaoping

"I don't care if it's a white cat or a black cat. It's a good cat so long as it catches mice."[143]

B. Uno Shintaro, military policeman

"Torture was an unavoidable necessity. Murdering and burying them follows naturally. You do it so you won't be found out."[144]

C. The Roman Emperor Septimius Severus, to his son (attributed)

"Stick together, make the soldiers rich, despise all the rest."[145]

D. Napoleon

"In political measures we ought never to recede, never to retrograde, never to admit ourselves to be wrong ... even when in error we ought to persist in it, in order to have the appearance of being in the right."[146]

E. The KGB

"Any method of fighting, no matter how indecent it might seem to us, the socialists, can be applied to profiteers and the enemies of the people... the only principle in the war with profiteers and enemies of the people is that the end justifies the means."[147]

F. Göring

"The victor will always be the judge, and the vanquished the accused."[148]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

20.
CONTINUUM OF NONCONSENSUAL SADISM

A. Lt.-Col. James "Bo" Gritz (1991)

> "Yes, it was true that enemy soldiers had lost their lives who could not be released nor taken with us during the conduct of extremely sensitive and serious missions. I know it is a thin line, but a quick death at the hand of a worthy adversary seems different than deliberate torture when other alternatives are available. War is insane, but there are levels of insanity."[149]

B. Louisiana Act of Legislature (1740)

> "In case any person shall willfully cut out the tongue, put out an eye, or cruelly scald, burn or deprive any slave of a limb or member, or shall inflict any cruel punishment other than whipping or beating ... or confining or imprisoning such a slave, every such person shall ... forfeit the sum of one hundred pounds current money."[150]

C. Idrimi, King of Alalakh

> "The country of the Hittites did not mobilize, did not march against me, I could do what I wanted. I took prisoners from them, plundered their riches, possessions, and property."[151]

D. Andrew Macdonald's *Turner Diaries*: beating before hanging of "race defilers" (1980)

> "understand the value of letting them beat the prisoners as a way of justifying to themselves that the prisoners were their enemies and deserved to be hanged... Of course, we must tighten up discipline a great deal as soon as we can, but for the moment it is better for us to have more political reliability and less discipline among the troops."[152]

E. Sade (before 1789)

> "The more pleasure you seek in the depths of crime, the more frightful the crime must be."[153]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 26

SADISM, MASOCHISM, AND PLEASURE

When your body is defiled do not turn away... Rather accept it with joyous heart.

PAN PANTZIARKA, HOUSE OF PAIN (1995)[1]

This chapter need not be long. We agreed that among the rights of the self stands the right to dispose of one's person as one sees fit—and of other people as *they* see fit. If this includes suicide and euthanasia, it surely must also include the generally less extreme violence of sadism and masochism—for pleasure or not. Consider the Cambodian woman I know who incises red lines upon her breasts and shoulders with a coin-edge, making long slantwise parallels. Sometimes she does this to her child also. In the United States she might be arrested for child abuse. In Phnom Penh she is known to be a good mother; doing this draws the "bad blood" to the surface when her child has fever. One researcher insists that the sensation is an important aspect of the effect, "the infliction of pain as a part of treatment."[2]

And pleasure?

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Orthodox Western Psychological Explanations of Sadism (1964)

"Sadistic sexual behavior ordinarily occurs on the part of the male... A sadist may slash a girl with a razor or stick her with a needle, experiencing an orgasm during the process... Various attempts have been made to explain the dynamics of sexual sadism:

1. ... As merely one expression of a more general destructive and sadistic attitude toward others.
2. ... Associated with intense attitudes toward sex as sinful and degrading.
3. ... Growing out of early experiences in which sexual excitation has been associated with the infliction of pain.
4. ... Growing out of castration anxiety... Many sadists are timid, feminine, undersexed individuals...
5. ... Part of a larger picture of psychopathology. In schizophrenia, manic reactions, and other forms of psychopathology, sadistic sexual behavior and sadistic rituals may occur in psychologically predisposed persons as a result of the deviation of symbolic processes and the lowering of normal behavior restraints..."

Source: Coleman, pp. 406-08.

I think of the slender, sweet-natured woman I once met who when she began to trust me (or, as I should say, decided to try to begin trusting me, she being very reserved and private) looked into my eyes one morning in a coffee shop and whispered in a low shy voice that she wanted to hurt me. She had recently met a boy from a traveling circus who liked to mutilate himself. He'd let her watch. But in the end, her ecstasy repulsed him. He felt that she was feeding off his blood—which, of course, she was. —"When I tell men what I want, they often run away," she said so sadly.

I waited.

She said: "Will you play with me?"

I was afraid, but deeply attracted to her, and the thought of trying something new thrilled me. I said that I might, but that at least some of it had to be sexual, and that I didn't want her to cause me much physical pain unless and until she loved me. She said that for her, sex was "just meat and potatoes." I told her that she could think of it as taking out the garbage if she wanted; she could do it to make me happy, and I would do the other to make her happy; hopefully everything would be nice for both of us, if we cared for each other... Later I got beyond that. I *wanted* her to hurt me.[3] I wanted to give myself to her and let her do with me as she pleased. I wanted to be hers, submitting to her and trusting in her, so that I could be close to her.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Miss Vanessa enjoys the pleasure of self-inflicted pain. (1995)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

She said that as a child she'd suffered a great deal of physical pain, and when it finally stopped she was lonely for it.[4] "People say that pain is the opposite of pleasure," she went on. "That's wrong. I'm not saying that pain is pleasure, but pain takes you on a journey to someplace so far away..."



Illustration 2:
de Sade's Juliette

I was afraid. I didn't know when or how she would hurt me. I had to trust in her, and hope that I could be loving and brave when it happened.

She said that as a little girl she'd always liked movies that showed men struggling through some kind of physical ordeal, especially at the end when they were exhausted and sweaty. That had excited her tremendously, she said. So I understood why she wanted to arrange my ordeal.

She held my hand. I slipped my arm around her waist. I myself was excited. I began to love her for what she was going to do to me.

Sitting across from her at a small round table in a bar whose loud darkness guarded us, I held her hand, and suddenly, seized by passion, touched her finger to my cheek and began very slowly to guide the sharp fingernail deeper and deeper into the flesh. She gazed into my face with glowing eyes, and when it was all over, whispered with wonderful tenderness: "Did it hurt you?"

One day she let me kiss her on the lips. I felt so proud of myself then, so happy.

Was I a masochist, then? I remember the woman who wanted me to bite her nipples until they bled. I did. —"Oh!" she shouted, convulsed in a long, happy orgasm. "It hurts so good!" —Was I happy, too? Happy and sad—happy for her, sad for her, a little anxious not to bite too hard and take the nipple off, excited by the blood because she wanted it to be exciting. For me it was mainly a game, like a new position, a way of pleasing and knowing the other; I am happy when I make others so. Am I a sadist, a masochist, both or neither? How can any of this be wrong?

CONSENSUAL SADISTIC AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE IS JUSTIFIED:

1. Always.

CONSENSUAL SADISTIC AND EXPEDIENT VIOLENCE IS UNJUSTIFIED:

1. Never.

She asked me if there might be anything special that I wanted her to do to me. When I closed my eyes, many things came to me. My heart beat fast. I told her what they all were. I will not tell you. Some of those things embarrassed me to tell, and the humiliation was part of the game. She looked into my face smiling and told me that my ideas were lovely. And again I felt happy for having trusted in her.

I asked her: "If I give myself to you to hurt, will you reward me?"

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

She held my hand and said: "I'll reward you *greatly.*"

That was how it began.

How could it have been wrong if my darling little sadist had wanted to strangle me all the way to death *and* if I'd wanted her to, also? And even if it were wrong, provided that I left no dependents, it would be wrong for no one but the two of us. It would be no one else's business.

I loved her. I love her still.

The Moral Calculus of a Dominatrix (1998)

When is consensual S/M violence justified?

"Why should you have to justify what both partners want to do? It's their universe. They're the only ones in it. They want to be there and nobody else is affected."

Source: Personal interview.



Japanese comic book (1995)

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

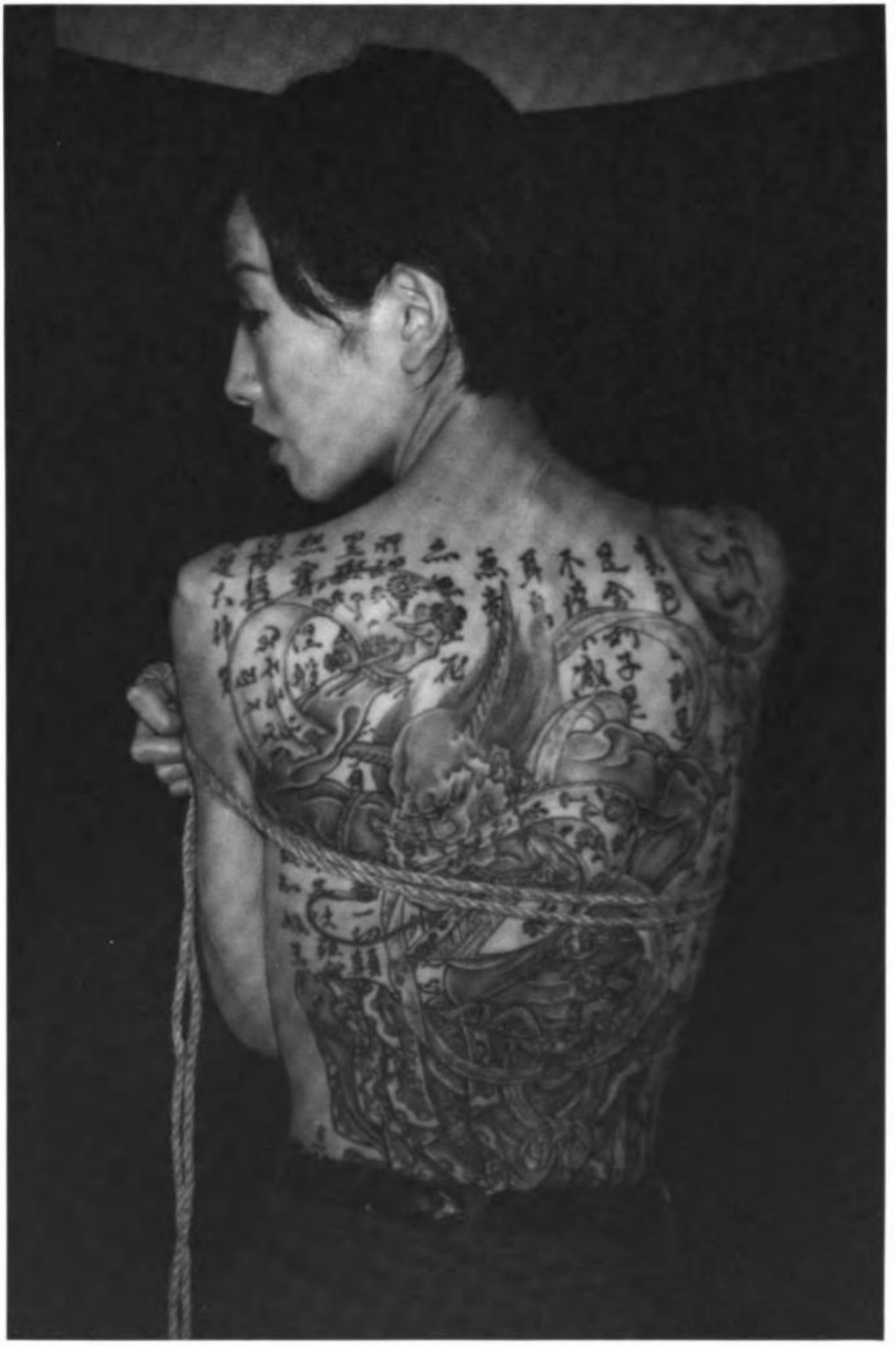


Tattoo Mike (1993)



Annie Sprinkle and Fakir Musafar (1980)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



S/M performance artist whose act involves tight bondage; she sometimes burns herself. (Tokyo, 1998)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

20.
CONTINUUM OF CONSENSUAL SADISM AND SADISTIC FANTASIES

A. Diana E. H. Russell, Ph.D., on a depiction of lesbian S/M violence, photographer unknown (1993)

> "The pornographer who orchestrated this photograph chose a woman as the torturer. It is quite a common practice for pornographers to have women doing men's dirty work... Once again the pornographer responsible for this picture has eroticized hurting a woman."[5]

B. Alex Comfort (1972)

> "Cruelty of any sort ... and the whole Sadie-Mae routine, which to straight couples is simply painful and a turn-off, belong to psychopathology not lovemaking. Bondage as a pleasurable sex game is never painful or dangerous."[6]

C. Pat Califia (1993)

> "If it ain't sensual and it ain't mutual, it ain't S/M... Why would anybody want to practice sensusous magic? Because it's very intimate. Empowering. Mysterious. Intimidating... And, most of all, because it's a new and fabulous way to get off!"[7]

D. Jay Wiseman (1996)

> "S/M is something you do with someone, not something you do to someone... The main characteristic of a top-quality dominant is trustworthiness... There's nothing 'only' about being a bottom, particularly about being a good bottom."[8]

E. Juicy Lucy (1982)

> "I practice S/M... Glory in S/M is more like it... I am tired of being accused by hysterical dykes who beat up their lovers of being a rapist/brutalizer/male-identified oppressor of battered womyn. *I* was a battered womyn for years & claim the right to release & transform the pain & fear of that experience any way I damn well please... I know hets & fags do their own kind of S/M & I couldn't care less."[9]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

F. Mistress Lilith Lash (1987)

> "The first time I tied up a man, whipped him raw, and fucked him with a dildo, I learned something I had forgotten about myself. I liked it, and it really turned me on... I only hurt men who think it's kind to be cruel... I don't hurt men because I hate them; I hurt them because I love them."[10]

G. Antonin Artaud (1932)

> Theater should provide "the spectator with the truthful precipitates of dreams, in which his taste for crime, his erotic obsessions, his savagery, his fantasies, his utopian sense of life ... pour out on a level that is not counterfeit... the theater, like dreams, is bloody and inhuman."[11]

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

JUSTIFICATIONS
FATE

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 27

MORAL YELLOWNESS

Iago very precisely identifies his purposes and his motives as being black and born of hate. But no; that's not the way it is! To do evil a human being must first of all believe that what he's doing is good, or else that it's a well-considered act in conformity with natural law. Fortunately, it is in the nature of the human being to seek a justification *for his actions.*

SOLZENHITSYN (1973)[1]

Trotsky's colleague Krestinsky once remarked that Stalin was "a bad man, with yellow eyes." After that, Trotsky thought to perceive what he called the *moral yellowness* of Stalin. (Krestinsky, by the way, was liquidated by Stalin, a few years before Trotsky's turn came. And some people might have seen moral yellowness in all three of them—or at any rate moral redness, they being so complicit in the atrocities of "Red Terror" which Lenin launched in 1918.[2] "I plead not guilty," Krestinsky said at the end. "I am not a Trotskyite."[3] He'd thus achieved the distinction of denouncing each of the antagonists to the other.)

Being able to spy out moral yellowness would certainly simplify our task of determining when violence is justified; for that very reason, a misperception of

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

moral yellowness would be a very serious error. Stalin's belief that he saw it in the class of *kulaks* or rich peasants—for the science of Marxism-Leninism proved that it must be there—gave him the confidence to direct the repression and outright extermination of millions.[4] In my experience *there is almost never any moral yellowness.*[5] (I say "almost" because no one's experience, including mine, is wide enough.) When I set out to meet Pol Pot, I knew that I would search for moral yellowness in his laughing face if I found him (I didn't), and cast upon some perfectly innocuous trait which in my opinion betrayed and signified his evil. That is the artist's job, and the second-rate journalist's. And, indeed, it's superior to the tasks demanded by mere superstition. In life as in art, beholding commences or continues the search for wholeness, whose aim is to make meaning cohere with appearance. At its highest, this striving is expressed by souls such as the Canadian painter Emily Carr: "Search for the reality of each object, that is, its real and only beauty," she writes in her journal.[6] With noble obsessiveness she wonders: "What is that vital thing, in ugly as well as lovely things and places, the thing that takes us out of ourselves, that draws and attracts us, that unnameable thing claiming kinship with us?"[7] There is a significance, which we can call spirit, to a British Columbian cedar; and Carr's painting of one of those trees convinces me that she portrayed its outward form in a manner consistent with its inner character—or rather (crucial qualification!) with what she perceived as its inner character; for another painter's rendering of the same tree, successful or not, would be different. Meanwhile, her image owns life and truth because it is *fitting.* Most everybody searches for the secret, the summation, the innerness of things. Watch a child, a stranger in a new place, a person falling in love. The pupils widen; the face thrills, growing mobile like clay worked in the potter's warm hands; the consciousness within exercises itself, straining to identify with what it sees, to bind itself to the world with perception and memory.



Hitler (1890)

"The thing that takes us out of ourselves" need not be happy. If that were the case, one would never find anyone at funerals. Whether the casket is open or closed, the mourners' perceptions surge forth, seeking the dead body inside that they will never see anymore. To reject the pain, turning away from this concentration-point of grief which wounds them afresh, would be expedient but inhuman: the loss must be embraced in order to be understood. Even death is a "vital thing."

This is how we live, taking in, correlating, organizing our experiences in ways which express our varying personal needs for reference. When violent actors perform before us, whether they be victims, perpetrators or tools, then (if experience or professionalism has not yet made us inhuman) we tend to crave understanding almost desperately, understanding being the offering we lay down on the altar of every force

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of power—and in its transformative abilities violence is debatably the most powerful entity of all. Earth falls upon the coffin. Why did the addicted mother's boyfriend drown the three-year-old in the bathtub? Why did my friends have to meet a land mine? Why did Hitler want to kill the Jews? So the searching and seeking goes out, alert and cautious, like fingers toward a naked bloodstained razor—be it Trotsky's razor of terror or Sherman's razor of war or any other variety. Now, the most important part of the razor is the blade. When we face a human razor, we want him or her to have a blade, too, something that reveals itself instantly, something that explains. Many of us expect our mass murderers to somehow look like mass murderers, to glower, to be frightening or eerie in appearance. If only they were truly this way, then we could recognize them and be protected![8] Or at least we could somehow *know* them, which might spread the balm of rationality upon the shocking mind-wounds they give us. The same need applies to the murderers themselves—oh, not all of them; I've spoken just now of how inhuman it would be to turn away from the funeral of a person with whom one shared a life, but not all bipeds called human from a biological point of view *are* so from any other category; enough to say that *most* of them seek to create categories—especially the ones who justify (and it is, after all, with them that this book is concerned). They want to find a characteristic in their victims which will set them safely beyond the pale. Hence all stereotypes (the one-in-all being the furthest opposite on the continuum from the all-in-one of Emily Carr); hence the stone-throwing and cries of "Monster!" directed at a keloid-riddled girl who survived Hiroshima;[9] hence the laborious reifications of Nazi movies in which all the Jews have shifty eyes and hooked noses, the ideal being to convince the uninitiated that Jews are the murderers, not the other way around; fool, can't you *see* the shining moral yellowness of the Jew?



Stalin poster (1943). He must be a nice man.

MORAL YELLOWNESS is the outward appearance of evil or violence in the atttitude or expression of a human being.

VIOLENCE BASED ON MORAL YELLOWNESS IS JUSTIFIED:[10]

Never.

VIOLENCE BASED ON MORAL YELLOWNESS IS UNJUSTIFIED:[11]

Always.

Moral yellowness is the aesthetic handmaiden of violence. It can never be a worthy justification. Although we may imbibe it unthinkingly, sooner or later, all of us who

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

actually meet the morally yellow must experience the uneasy sense that they may be grey underneath. From that moment on, we can be said to worship the fiction of moral yellowness *by choice.* Be warned by the career of Field Marshal Keitel, who did Hitler's bidding because that was profitably easy.[12] Loyalty and compulsion—much less inertia—cannot exculpate us from committing acts of injustice. A person is always more than a member of a category.



Anti-Semitic cartoon (1907)

For such reasons, we very often overtly discredit the whole notion of moral yellowness—nobody owns or is only *one* vital thing! Keitel himself, for instance, reveals as many sympathetic traits as Napoleon: he took care to express "personal esteem" and "sympathy" to the head of the French delegation who surrendered to Germany in 1940,[13] and in 1946 he displayed a textbook stoicism at Nuremberg in the face of a dishonorable death—nor is he evil-looking. How can we believe in moral yellowness, really? —But here it is in Telford Taylor's famous memoir of the first Nuremberg trial. This truth-sure jurist reproduces a group photograph of several of the first trial's defendants, the big fish; and in that image the most striking figure initially is Rudolf Hess, on account of the thick dark diamond-shaped eyebrows in his strange pale face; his chin is squared up, possibly due to clenched teeth, so that his head has become a cube upon that aloof white neck. His arms are folded. He glares into space. Moral yellowness? Taylor thinks so, claiming that the closeup is "accentuating his beetlebrows, sunken eyes, and grim expression."[14] Beside Hess, but seemingly in another world, is stiff old Ribbentrop, his throat tight as if the trial were already ended and Master Sergeant Woods had applied the noose. He strains, as always in his career, to express resentment and fury. "Ribbentrop as usual has his chin raised and eyes closed," remarks Taylor. Between and behind those two we find Baldur von Schirach, formerly the leader of the Hitler-Jugend; he's an ordinary, pleasant-looking man who gazes down at a pencil in his hands. Taylor is quick to tell us that he "is attending to his own writing rather than the proceedings." Moral yellowness? If I were shown an uncaptioned photograph of this man alone, I would never think him any kind of criminal.[15] Hess is half-mad and looks it, but as a matter of fact, since he flew to England to try to negotiate a peace, he had no time to accrue much war guilt. Accordingly, he'll not be hanged, but at the insistence of the Russians (against whom he proposed an Anglo-German alliance) he'll be kept in Spandau until he finally commits suicide at nine-



Ho Chi Minh. This man looks extraordinarily benevolent, and to some people he was.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ty-three years of age. Even Taylor has to remark: "such long-continued incarceration, especially in a huge prison where he was the sole inmate, was a crime against humanity."[16] That leaves Ribbentrop, by all accounts an eminently dislikable person. And that is how he looks. Can one tell from his expression, however, that he is also morally and politically dislikable, having been involved in the deportations of French and Hungarian Jews? Could the circumstances under which the photograph was taken (on trial for his life, in a court of his victorious enemies) have anything to do with his expression? (On account of exactly those circumstances, Admiral Raeder in the background is covering his face from the photographer.) I say again: There is no moral yellowness. Or, rather: The perception of moral yellowness is learned. "The first time I saw dead Germans they looked just like Americans, except for the uniform," an American soldier recalled fifty years later. "And then you started to think of them as animals."[17] Moral yellowness is visual prejudice, and so is its opposite: the tendency of any given category of humankind to see good in its own image. Thus one American slave boy, who always ran away from white men when they looked at him, in case it might be their intention to sell him in Georgia, shared the conviction of his fellow slaves that Queen Victoria must be black. "Accustomed to nothing but cruelty at the hands of white people, we had never imagined that a great ruler so kind to coloured people could be other than black."[18] Hence the Nuremberg judges' "gestures of bewilderment, readily explicable," when Einsatzgruppeführer Ohlendorf gave his hideous testimony. Clean-cut and polite, he just didn't look the part of somebody who'd murdered ninety thousand human beings! "No one could have looked less like a brutish SS thug such as Kaltenbrunner," in whom Rebecca West saw moral yellowness, which is why she wrote that he reminded her "of a particularly vicious horse." To me, Kaltenbrunner appears rather bored and neutral in his photograph, not vicious—and what should a brutish thug look like? I have met several. It's not how they look; it's how they act. "Ohlendorf was small of stature, young-looking, and rather comely. He spoke quietly, with great precision, dispassion, and apparent intelligence. How could he have done what he now so calmly described?"[19]



Hitler, friend of the children

I grant the obvious fact that people's appearance may on occasion reveal their intentions, their emotions, etcetera. The man in the bar to whom I have said nothing, who sneers and glares at me, puts me rightfully on my guard. In that sense there are in fact physiognomies of aggression. But that is only because these souls act out of rage which shines through their flesh like fire behind a paper screen. However, should their moral spectrum be laid out differently than mine, their feelings as displayed by their bodies may be connected to different behaviors than I

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

might expect. What if it makes the stranger tranquilly joyous to contemplate murdering me? What if, like De Sade's protagonists, they delight in caressing before they destroy? Then their friendliness is what I must fear. Among the indications of antisocial character disorder (in which category Göring has been placed;[20] is this one: "Often a charming, likable personality with a disarming manner and an ability to win the liking and friendship of others. Typically good sense of humor and generally optimistic outlook."[21]



"The Jewish danger" from the The Protocols of the Elders of Zion *(France, 1934)*

We read that when Himmler came to Minsk on an inspection tour, *Einsatzgruppe B* demonstrated its shooting skills on a hundred Jews. One of the doomed had blond hair and blue eyes. Himmler was miserable. If, as his ideology insisted, biology justifies all, and if the measure of biology is phenotype (hence the skulls and pickled heads harvested from concentration camp inmates for scientific specimens), then why didn't this boy have a hooked nose? Where was his moral yellowness? Group B took aim. Two women survived the first volley, and Himmler screamed![22] He longed to understand his violence as much as we do. It seems to me that at that moment his understanding must have been unable to evade recognizing his dishonesty. What did he do afterwards? Did he talk with racial experts who reassured him with maxims about the cunning mask of the Jew? Or did he retreat into one of his rationalistic metaphors about cleaning, fumigating, sterilizing—all processes which require overkill for their effectiveness to be guaranteed?

The moral is this: Never judge a person solely for what he is. We already know that we ought not judge him solely for what he does: if the defendant is insane, or if he had reasonable cause to believe, mistakenly or not, that the man he shot meant to shoot *him*, we treat the act of homicide differently from the professional or expedient acts of a Himmler, a Bluebeard, an Elisabeth Báthory. Judge him for what he is and what he does together. The insane man who kills not, and the killer who is not insane, each deserve differently from the crazed murderer. Clear—evident—banal. And in discarding moral yellowness we need not deprive ourselves of the concept of manifest intent.[23] Look into those glaring yellow eyes, or those red ones: My Jamaican friend, Pearline, was sure that one "crew" of ghetto men was sinful because their eyes were all bloodshot—probably from ganja-smoking. As a matter of fact, Pearline was not wrong, for at least some of those fellows were gunmen. The red eyes she seized on were a kind of shorthand for moral yellowness—a metaphorically expressed intuition, à la Emily Carr. In this she was poetically justified—justified in every other way, too, for she didn't plan to act on her perceptions. (What do *you* see? *Whom* do you see?)[24] And Telford Taylor would have had every right to remark

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

on Hess's beetlebrows—had he not been simultaneously working to convict him. Metaphors ought to be left outside both courtroom and battlefield; metaphors and political action (to say nothing of metaphors and violence) make a dangerous mix.

ADDENDUM:
AUGUST SANDER'S PHOTOGRAPHS OF PERSECUTED JEWS

For his immense *People of the Twentieth Century* series,[25] the photographer August Sander, obstructed and menaced but not quite silenced even though his Communist son died in a German prison, quietly continued his project of depicting human types by, among other things, taking photographs of the people very accurately called "The Persecuted." It is 1938, and in an armchair against a grey wall sits old Frau Michel, a Jew, her thinning hair neatly combed back, her eyes half-closed behind the round spectacles on her round face. She grips the curved handles of her twin canes. She gazes at nothing. Her lips are pursed. She is wary, weary, pale and sad. Turn the page and see Herr Fleck—1938 again. All the portraits of persecuted Jews are dated 1938 or *ca.* 1938.[26] 1938 was the year of *Kristallnacht*, remember, when with official sanction thugs and zealots smashed in the windows of Jewish businesses; the following year began World War II, whose course led on greased tracks straight to ghettos and gas chambers. At any rate, Herr Fleck, sallow and professional, folds his palms on his crossed legs and gazes anxiously through his too brilliant spectacles, while shadows crawl on the wall behind him. On the facing page sits Herr Leubsdorf, hale and clean, not fear-expressing like Herr Fleck but definitely pensive. File him under "Aristocrats" and you wouldn't know his case was serious. Frau Oppenheim, fiftyish but still pretty, with her necklace just so, draws her pale arms tightly inward, lowers her eyelids and glares at Sander (and us), her head bowed a little, as if she were awaiting a blow from behind. On the recto page, her elderly husband, his mouth grimacing almost insanely, gazes pop-eyed through his glasses. What has he seen? These two images glow with a pain which seems to be embedded in the very emulsion. Next comes a young persecuted Jewess who looks unremarkable, perhaps a little saucy; she could be refiled under "The Small Town" or "Working Women" or "Painters and Sculptors" and I'd never know, and then we see Herr Doctor Phillip, who on the other hand looks crushed and ruined, as he probably is. We see a plump, submissive girl and a bewildered man (they could both go under "Servants" or "Families"), then middle-aged Frau Marcus in her butterfly scarf, clutching her coat-edges nervously together, then at last Dr. Kahn full-on who stares at us with wet anguish filled with comprehension.[27]

Many of Sander's other subjects, even some of the vagabonds, throw their shoulders back, raise their heads high.[28] The persecuted Jews do not. Did Sander say, "Please, Herr Doctor Philip, I would like to take your photograph," or did he say, "Well, to get right down to it, Herr Doctor Philip, I'd like to use you in my series

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



August Sander: Frau Michel (1938)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



August Sander: Member of the Hitler Youth (1938)

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

of persecuted Jews"? Knowing the context would be useful in evaluating the expressions on the portraits. And yet it is fair to say that the majority of these victims resemble victims.

Turning for comparison to Sander's photographs of National Socialists, we first discover a *Hitlerjugend* lad in 1941, dressed in his uniform best, the swastika armband proudly displayed, the black tie almost touching the belt—he stands serious and self-important there in what is probably the family back yard; he's blond and freckled, just a boy, but he knows how to stand with his feet apart in the tall boots, how to look confident. He does not resemble a persecutor. The National Socialist of 1937-38, fat and coarse, might be hard, but not necessarily vicious (I wouldn't have been surprised to see him categorized under the rubric of "The Circus"); facing him we see a portrait of an effeminate blond boy in Nazi uniform who squeezes his hands together just like the persecuted Jews, but his clenched, open-eyed young face inclines toward us in an even-tempered stab at resolution. The next two youths could be anyone, clean-cut, faraway-gazing. (Call them "Students." Recall this: "Ohlendorf was small of stature, young-looking, and rather comely." It's not so easy, is it? It's not that there's nothing there, but that the soul of a likeness is perhaps too complex for these categorizations.) Finally comes a pair of uniformed, swastika'd officials evincing the hardness so fashionable during the period; they have power and are conscious of it, especially the right-hand one, the ruthless-looking chief of Cologne's cultural department.[29] Call them Nazis, to be sure; but Sander's other rubrics of "Businessmen," "Officials" or "Lawyers/Judges" would also have fit—and of course Nazis became all of these things.

What can we say about the National Socialists as a group? Again, they're not really evil; there's no moral yellowness; if there were, then the Nazis themselves, who looked so hard for it, would have found it in the mirror...

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 28

INEVITABILITY

It must be thoroughly understood that war is a necessity, and that the more readily we accept it, the less will be the ardor of our opponents.

PERICLES (A.D. 432)[1]

It was clear to me that a conflict with Poland had to come sooner or later.

ADOLF HITLER (1939)[2]

Sister to the concept of moral yellowness, and yet more lethal, lurks that sore in the flesh of morality called *defense by inevitability*, whose rationalizations spare actors from making moral choices: the world is mechanistic, and actions are actually reactions whose direction and scope have already been predetermined.[3] We've referred to it often in our discussion of Cortes's defense of ground; it came up repeatedly in our discussion of sadism and expediency; it was of Keitel's defense at Nuremberg[4]—obedience bound me; I was a mere link in the chain of command: what could I do? *I was not the agent of my own actions...*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

DEFENSE OF CLASS AND CREED

We met with it under the rubric of class defense, Bakunin shouting: "No reconciliation between these two worlds is possible. The workers want equality and the bourgeoisie wants to maintain inequality." —Should no reconciliation be possible, well, then, violence must be inevitable! Recall how, invoking defense of class and creed, Molotov justified the "repressions" he'd carried out because "in bourgeois democracies they don't do what needs to be done." —Here is Berkman on Leon Czolgolz, anarchist assassin of President McKinley: "it is at once the greatest tragedy of martyrdom, and the most terrible indictment of society, that it *forces* the noblest men and women to shed human blood, though their souls shrink from it."[5] The dying McKinley, whose last words as an enraged crowd seized the assassin were, "Go easy on him, boys," was neither tyrant nor despot, society "forced" his assassination on no one; martyrdom forced itself on *him*, not on Czolgolz. Meanwhile, Trotsky explains how the counterrevolutionary generals who escaped punishment in 1917 "laid the foundations for the civil war," as a result of which "hundreds of thousands of people were buried, the south and east of Russia were pillaged and laid waste, the industry of the country was almost completely destroyed, and the Red Terror imposed upon the revolution."[6] Imposed upon the revolution! I thought it was imposed *by* the revolution![7] Evidently the revolution felt quite imposed on, to have to impose it...! This is when the assumptions of historical mechanism become truly despicable.[8]

DEFENSE OF RACE

Here is John Brown, writing his first letter home from prison after the raid on Harpers Ferry—which certainly no one had forced him to undertake:

> I suppose you have learned before this by the newspapers that Two weeks ago today we were fighting for our lives at Harpers Ferry: that during the fighting Watson was mortally wounded; Oliver killed, Wm Thompson killed, & Dauphin slightly wounded, that on the following day I was taken prisoner immediately after which I received several Sabre cuts in my head; & Bayonet stabs in my body. As nearly as I can learn, Watson died of his wounds on Wendesday... Dauphin was killed when I was taken to Anderson.[9]

And all this time, John Brown and his associates were wax dummies, prisoners of the moment, who had harmed no one. A full two years before the event he is writing to H. B. Sanborn: "I have all the Arms I am likely to need: but am destitute of Saddle Bags or Knapsacks, Holsters + [illegible]... I find 124 Carbines, about 2300 Ball Cartridges, all the primers... I paid out $550 on a Contract for 1000 ... Pikes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

as a cheap but effectual weapon to place in the [hands] of entirely unskillful, + unpracticed men"[10]—that is, rebellious slaves—no, John Brown was but a passive victim incapable of premeditation.

DEFENSE OF WAR AIMS

"Even the disorder of the *Franctireurs* did not delay our work by a single day," writes Moltke, referring to the French guerrilla snipers who menaced his columns during the Franco-Prussian War of 1870-71. "Their gruesome work had to be answered by bloody coercion. Because of this, our conduct of the war finally assumed a harshness that we deplored, but which we could not avoid. The *Franctireurs* were the terror of all the villages; they brought about their own destruction."[11]

Gazing over the corpses of his enemies (who were also his fellow citizens) at Pharsalus, Julius Caesar is said to have remarked: "They would have it so. Even I, Gaius Caesar, after so many great deeds, should have been found guilty, if I had not turned to my army for help."[12]

Tamerlane insists, perhaps not without justice, that his army got out of hand during the sack of Delhi in 1398, because the conquered had rebelled. "The pen of fate had written down this destiny for the people of this city. Although I was desirous of sparing them I could not succeed, for it was the will of God that this calamity should fall upon the city."[13]

DEFENSE OF HOMELAND

Thucydides in his famous Melian Dialogue makes the Athenian envoys aphorize to the weak homeland-defenders they plan to crush that "of the gods we believe, and of men we know, that by a necessary law of their nature they rule wherever they can."[14]

Following a successful assertion of imperialism in the Ashantee War, Earl Granville joins his fellow Lords "in acknowledging on behalf of the country great services rendered by our military and naval forces whenever unfortunate necessity calls for their exertion."[15]

REVENGE AND PUNISHMENT

Consider the defendant in ancient Athens who, admitting to slaying his wife's naked seducer, a deed permitted to him by Solon's law, tells the jury that he said: "It is not I who shall be killing you, but the law of the State, which you, in transgressing, have valued less highly than your own pleasures."[16] But of course it was indeed he who killed the man. Depersonalization is the easiest way out.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

INEVITABILITY AS JUSTIFICATION

In effect, inevitability becomes a euphemism for the violent goal itself. Senator John Glenn, interviewed for a television documentary on the Korean War, jocularly explained how during that conflict he had been busy performing "nape scrapes"—that is, dropping napalm almost at ground level in North Korea. One South Korean thought Glenn the most despicable individual profiled in the documentary, because "he had no conception or self-consciousness about what he had done."[17] We have seen the importance of this recognition as a theme in punishment particularly, but it bears upon the entire issue of violence: whenever we kill and do not call what we are doing by its ugly name, we are obfuscating just as much as if we said we *had* to do it.

Inevitability, like moral yellowness, is not, of course, a complete chimera. I am alone in my house, and the robber comes with a gun. I shoot him. I am the state-appointed executioner, and the condemned one is strapped into my chair. I shave his head, tape electrodes to forehead and heart, and throw the switch. Both of these actions are, practically speaking, inevitable. In the former case, if I wish to continue in life, and in the latter, to continue in my career, I must commit the stated homicide. But in almost any role that can be imagined, I retain the right, and the corresponding responsibility, to choose. In this sense, nothing is inevitable. The man comes with his weapon, yes, but I am Gandhi; I look into his eyes, but refrain from imminent self-defense myself. They bring me my condemned victim, but I look into her eyes, and do not flip the switch. They torture me, then push me into my own chair; that is the worst they can do. I may not be strong enough to endure that; I may kill someone I know to be innocent, because I am weak, fearful—but *it was my choice.* I must take the consequences. Nothing is inevitable.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

EVALUATIONS

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 29

FOUR SAFEGUARDS

What signifies the massacre of twenty thousand unfortunates? Twenty thousand miseries less, and millions of miseries saved in advance! The most timid ruler does not hesitate to dictate a law that must produce misery and the slow agony of thousands and thousands of prosperous, industrious, even happy subjects in order to satisfy a whim.

JOSE RIZAL'S PROTAGONIST "SIMOUN" (1891)[1]

However useful and necessary it may have been to divide self-defense into categories, we inevitably did violence to the concept thereby—and to events. When Gavrilo Princip took aim at the Austrian Emperor and Empress in Sarajevo in 1914, his bullets were probably weighted with as many motives as grains of gunpowder: defense of homeland for the South Slavs, defense of authority (or against imposed authority), defenses of honor, race, creed, ground and possibly class.[2] But if we subdivide that one lethal instant into half a dozen, we misrepresent it, our verbose analysis failing to respect the taciturnity of the deed. Still, we must categorize: *Why did he do it?*

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

OF MULTIPLE JUSTIFICATIONS

But respect the deed too much, privilege one category too exclusively, and you'll risk becoming either a brutal simplifier, like the Stalinists,[3] or else an ineffectual if sometimes admirable reductionist like our meditator-pilot Saint-Exupéry.[4] In his memoirs, the Burmese insurgent Aye Saung describes being tortured with electric shocks administered through his toes. The current literally sears away the vestiges of his patriotic nationalism. "Henceforth, I vowed, I would recognize only the boundaries of class."[5] In other words, he commits himself to the Burmese Communist Party. The remainder of his autobiography demonstrates (to me, at least) the incorrectness of this decision. Aye Saung's life of struggle, founded on noble inflexibility, continually precipitates its own disappointment. By his lonesome calculus, most of his fellow moral actors prove self-serving: they go to brothels, try to get rich and allow other non-revolutionary topics into their minds. In the hot midafternoon before the night fair, a lady in an apron is dribbling noodles in her hand from a pan into a plastic bag, and boys are watering the red-earth lanes between stalls while women stand whisking the flies away with spatulas. What are they doing but living and making a living, hoping that politics will pass them by? To the Aye Saungs of this world, such individuals (moral actors in their own right) stand not to the side but near the bottom of his hierarchy of well-intentioned urgency. Incredibly, even after joining the Shan State Army and learning from local Shan how cruelly the Burmese treat them,[6] Aye Saung continues to insist that nationality is nothing, class everything. Isn't he, the token Burman in an anti-Burmese insurgent band, best proof of that? Again, we can't dispute that his position is sincere, well-meant, even self-sacrificing. His years in the SSA will not prove easy ones. He complains of suspicion and persecution, of the humiliations with which the SSA rewards his uncompromising views and his Burmese nationality. Finally he resigns in failure.



Aye Saung

Why didn't he take better note of his neighboring insurgents to the south in Karenni State, who, rising up against the Burmese regime's lies, extortions, rapes, corvée labor and village-burnings, embraced national self-defense? In 1994 I saw one of their bases, trenched and palisaded with outward-leaning bamboo like some movie of Africa, and in the front gateway, which was the only gateway, they even had a little barbed wire. Inside it was hot and quiet and almost empty. Five pigs basked in the shade. A woman soldier said that everybody else was out on patrol. Two boy soldiers showed off their Kalashnikovs for me. When their comrades came back, they were all eager and full of fight. They were defending their tormented homeland as best they could. —I don't mean to criticize Aye Saung's objectives, only his narrowness. It is not that defense of class as such was ever an unimportant consideration. Should the Burmese ultimately succeed, as at this writing (1996) they show signs of

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

doing, in conquering all the hill tribes, their victims will all be in the same boat as oppressed Burmans. Too many of the insurgent groups, forgetting this, have wasted opportunities by fighting each other, while the Burmese gobbled them up. Why couldn't the Shan and the Karenni have better coordinated their resistance? The populations whom they ought to have defended were ill served.

I propose, then, the following rule: *The greater the number of categories an act of self-defense can legitimately invoke, the more justified it will be.*[7] When proactive self-defense also fulfills the dictates of self-defense of race, honor and class, it is more likely to be good and decent than when it doesn't. Aye Saung followed class alone. He became no tree of reason, but a narrow, fragile stick.

The case of Gavrilo Princip's bloody ball of motives might seem to disprove such a principle. Perhaps it does. But was Princip justified? If not, then obviously his self-defense was never legitimate. If so, then he would have been more justified by being *multiply* justified. Does Aye Saung agree by now? I hope so, for the Burmese Communist Party has been dead and hollow for many years.

OF DIVERSE ACTORS

The second and related rule: *The greater the variety of participants an act of self-defense attracts, the more justified it is likely to be.*[8] Let us briefly consider one more time the case of Lincoln vs. Trotsky.[9] These two men necessarily sat in judgment on others when they undertook to defend their respective systems. Indeed, Aristotle defines citizenship as participation in "judgment and authority,"[10] which strikes me as more reasonable from a descriptive point of view than from an ethical one. Would it be mere circular logic to argue that the authority is legitimate in which one partakes, of which one is a "citizen," a judge? In any event, the *morality* of such a definition does not hold up. Any S.S. *Grüppenführer*, any one of Trotsky's bloodthirsty Chekists could have defended his position by hauling out the tired argument of the Nuremberg defendants that for him it was legitimate merely because he had been appointed or commanded to it! Lincoln would have been in this sense a "citizen" by election and conviction; Trotsky, a citizen by appointment and revolutionary necessity (for which read again "by conviction"). We saw that the two men exercised their mandates very differently. This is why I propose the following equivalent (and more useful) rephrasing of our second rule: Authority (and the defense of that authority) approaches legitimacy when it predicates itself on a commonality between leaders and led, *the led including the group against some of whose members violence is employed.*[11] At the end of the American Civil War, almost everyone was glad that it was over, even if hatred and resentment necessarily remained on both sides, especially the South. Lincoln wanted to include the vanquished in government, avoiding reprisals except against those who would not swear loyalty. But at the end of the Russian Civil War, the losers were simply terrified. They had begun to understand their doom. Trotsky

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

would have sneeringly replied that *of course* his war communism wasn't legitimate for the Russian aristocracy, nor was it meant to be: they were to be "eliminated as a class." We need not deal with that particular chestnut again. Set the aristocracy aside for now; talk about the peasants. Trotsky wanted to "lead" *them*, at least—under the fraternal guidance of the proletariat. But, as we saw, most peasants ended up hating the regime. "Most peasants" were most Russians. Whom then had the revolution been for?

OF PRAXIS

The third rule: *Experience alone, and theoretical grounding alone, are insufficient foundations for any moral calculus.*[12] Consider Trotsky's classic distinction between war and revolution: namely, that the latter destroys state power from below, while the former temporarily strengthens it—but then (so he insists) undermines it.[13] Trotsky is speaking from experience: the experience of World War I, which shattered many nations, particularly his own Russia, and weakened the rest. But his experience is inadequate. In spite of his visit to the United States, he had failed to see how war actually consolidated the U.S.'s international power, which in the long run strengthened the country internally. Trotsky has already arrived at his rules, which he pretends to establish on the basis of his experiences. Or again, the fact that the general strike of 1905 brought the Tsarist economy almost to a standstill proves to Trotsky that the revolutionary leadership of the proletariat is "an incontrovertible fact."[14] But after the establishment of Soviet power, strikes were made illegal, and any group who dared to oppose the victorious revolution did not thereby prove itself to be revolutionary, but, on the contrary, reactionary—and the more dangerously so the more successful its disruption.

Mere experience, especially in a doctrinaire mind, produces equally parochial conclusions. Aye Saung's torture-conversion from patriotic nationalism to international class-ism might well be "objectively" correct for a Burmese intellectual. It bears little reference to the realities of a Shan peasant.

OF CONTEXT

The fourth: *Context must inform the act that we judge, but ought not to predetermine the judgment.*[15] Nor, remembering our maxim that both the perpetrator and the deed must be judged as one,[16] ought we to rush to judge someone's entire career in one brief summation—a case in point being that wholly human, hence less than completely admirable, character Cicero, who reverenced the divinity of the tyrant he'd vainly opposed and evaded, but later showed himself to be in possession of courage, of true honor and therefore of justification when he spoke out against the new tyranny of Antonius, a deed of anti-violent greatness for which he was wrenched out of life.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Overreliance on context might lure me into the false assertion that the functionary of an evil regime must be evil—or, more vulgarly still, that the "objective" nature of that context allows for only a certain moral decision. Trotsky tells us that he was prepared from childhood to be a revolutionary, simply as a result of seeing around him so much injustice. But his parents, who saw the same things, did not become revolutionaries. Context does not determine; it only contextualizes.

Underreliance might, by limiting my focus only to the functionary's personal reality, make out his decisions to be more or less justified than they were: How much could he control? What was the institutional standard against which he was being measured? Did a given act actually comprise vacillation, compromise, acquiescence or rebellion? Go back to Cicero's address to the now triumphant Caesar, by whose war the Republic and Cicero's own patron lie dead. He flatters him, you remember, with his sagacity, gloriousness, invincibility, mercy. Then he dares to say: "This is the program to which you must devote all your energies: the re-establishment of the constitution, with yourself the first to reap its fruits in profound tranquillity and peace."[17] Was this heroic? It depends on whether anyone else felt comfortable telling "the deified Julius" the same thing, how brave Cicero himself had been in the past, how pure, good and useful his ends were, etcetera. Without describing and defining people's moral environment, how can we know enough to characterize them as the crazed dreamers of martial gallantry, the resolute minions of a just cause, or the armed chessmen of *Realpolitik*?

The aesthetics of context are of course closely related to issues of moral yellowness.[18] Djilas describes the case of a "tall, dark-eyed" girl captured by the Partisans; she'd been an Ustasha camp counselor. She refused Djilas's suggestion to come over to the Partisan side, insisting that "it would be immoral to change one's views." It is difficult not to see a sad nobility about this girl; and yet the Ustashi were essentially torturers and murderers whose crimes sicken any decent person. Djilas had given her a chance; she'd refused it; that was and had to be the end of her story. "She stood up for herself bravely," he recalls. "However, Rankovic later reported that she weakened at her execution, and was weeping and trembling."[19] Strictly speaking, these details are irrelevant. The dark-eyed girl was an enemy. I do most sincerely believe that ethical behavior as we best construe it ought to be followed by us throughout our lives, even on the last day of life, and that if we have made a bad or even evil choice we are not barred (or excused) thereby from continuing to live the last moments or years given us in whatever way we consider to be most right. Being safely removed by time, space and nationality from the Yugoslav Partisan War, I can in this quiet room of mine which looks out upon the undisturbed darkness of a night street afford the luxury of being a human being and of seeing the dark-eyed girl as a human being, of admiring and pitying her on her journey from the interrogation room to the firing squad to the mound of carelessly shoveled dirt from which her hands and feet probably stuck out. But word-pictures and emotional

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

updrafts do not change the fact that under the circumstances of imminent collective defense, of justified defense of homeland, however infected that might have been by preexisting ethnic and local sectarianism,[20] of obedience to an order given by the Partisans' legitimate command, *she had to be killed.*

A WARNING AGAINST DOCTRINAIRISM

Multiplicity of justification, diversity of participation, context, praxis—I freely admit that these and all such qualifications and limitations are the hallmark of someone who can't even be called an armchair revolutionary—rules which come perilously close to washing their hands of reality, like Plato or Pontius Pilate. War, revolution and indeed *most violence quickly produces its own imminence*,[21] as a result of which these four hedges transform themselves into dangerous obstructionism. Consider as an example the class revolutionary type, or at least the class revolutionary public mask. "To her comrades, Res was a model guerrilla. She was organized, industrious, steadfast and firm in her determination."[22] And shouldn't every guerrilla live and die as a model guerrilla? Che Guevara wrote that "the guerrilla fighter will be a sort of guiding angel who has fallen into the zone, helping the poor always."[23] What if they don't want to be helped? The Unabomber wrote: "We don't mean to sneer at 'plantation darkies' of the Old South. To their credit, most slaves were NOT content with their servitude. We do sneer at people who ARE content with servitude."[24] Poor contented people! It was they who received his bombs in the mail. And presumably the Unabomber was not sorry. Had he been, he would have stopped. A model guerrilla does not stop. Whenever she became despondent at others' unwillingness to believe in her, Joan of Arc would go aside and pray. Then very often she'd hear a voice which said: "Daughter-God, go, go, go, I shall be at your aid, go."[25] It is the aim of *Rising Up and Rising Down* to help us decide whether our voices are offering good counsel or not. A true revolutionary will not be much affected by this book. He hears the voice; he knows, believes; he must go, go, go! Woe to the people against whom the voice directs him! He knows that he is right, and he will act accordingly. "And as for the angels," says Joan to those who will burn her, "I saw them with my own eyes, and you will get no more out of me about that."[26] Master Jean de La Fontaine, who did as much as any other Frenchman to get her condemned, insisted with equal sureness that the Church Militant on earth, to which he, of course, belonged, was "well-composed" and could not err.[27]

I defend these four rules. I urge violent moral actors to consider them carefully, to avoid falling into murderous excesses of doctrinairism. Perhaps it's not entirely impractical to follow the strategy summed up by the pacifist anarchist slogan "Minimize violence by emphasizing politics"[28]—that is, to treat one's adversaries as human beings who share at least some of the same pains, hopes and goals as ourselves.[29]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Remember the Victim!

This portfolio is nothing more and less than some faces of people who have been hurt by what you might or might not call violence. My moral calculus remains at best an abstraction. What these victims feel might teach us more, if we could only know them well enough.

250. Woman and child in Campo Dos, Colombia, 1999 (see "Weapons and Grief, Weapons and Fear," pp. 188, 194a, 195a, 195b). The mother had hung up this sign imploring for peace. I can scarcely convey to you how eerie and creepy this place was, with its ruined police station—no new police coming—its factional grafitti, its routine random murders, its fear of saying anything, even of greeting a stranger, because "you never know who is who." These two human beings were hostages.

251. My friend Will Brinton, killed in Mostar, Bosnia, 1994. He was a good man who had come in hopes of helping war-traumatized children. His death was drawn out and ghastly. This is how he looked after I dragged him out of the car. See the case study "The War Never Came Here," below.

252. Woman and children in Saddam City, Iraq, 1998. This suburb of Baghdad was especially hard hit by our sanctions, which you may or may not consider justified (see "Is This Violence?" portfolio). They knew that I was American; they blamed my government for their suffering, but they waved to me.

253. Photograph of an inmate of Dachau. It was part of a commemorative display there. I photographed it in 1981. This man's tortured face has haunted me for many years.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



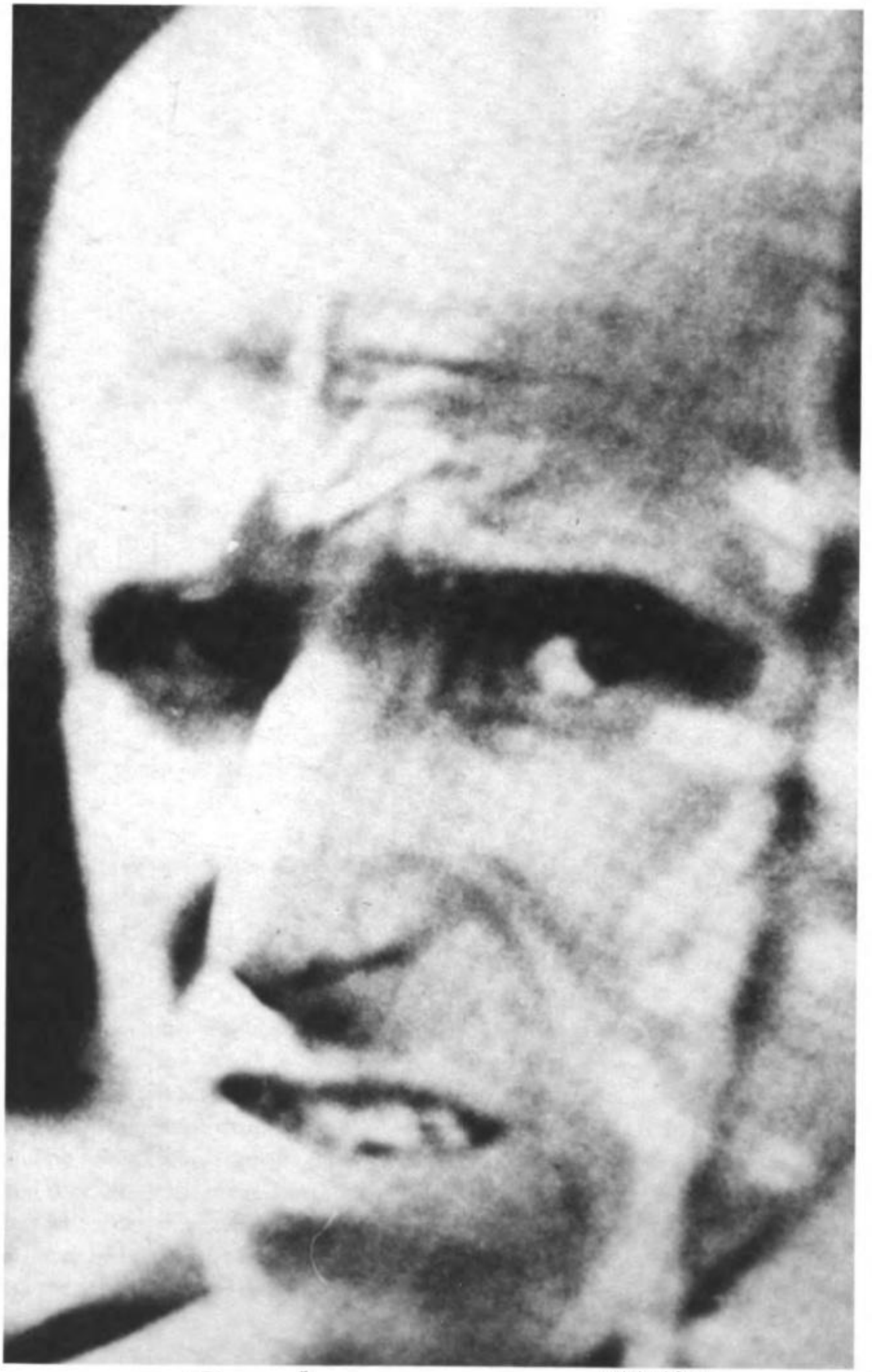
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

CHAPTER 30

REMEMBER THE VICTIM!

... and Judas said: "If it was prophesied that I should commit the world's greatest sin, is it then my fault?"

VILLY SØRENSEN[1]

Did I ever believe that the most terrible ordeal guaranteed the most solemn wisdom?

MALRAUX, 1967[2]

This book has dwelt, perhaps excessively, on shining or tarnished ends and on their violent means, which hang on the moral actor's wall, subject to all the principles of aestheticizing weapons. The bleeding objects of those ends we've seen in plenty. But each victim is also a *subject.* Violence being inflicted both by someone and on someone, its students often focus on the former, in hopes of understanding and controlling it "at the source." To Freud, violence is but the honesty-loving fellow who strips us naked, baring "the primal man in each of us. It constrains us once more to be heroes who cannot believe in their own death; it stamps the alien as the enemy, whose death is to be brought about or desired; it counsels us to rise above

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

those we love."[3] (To rise above them is, of course, to rise down.) He does not see how we can surmount war, only be less disillusioned by it through being willing to face our own deaths and the egotism with which we arm ourselves along the way.[4] — And what about the deaths of others, violent or natural or in between?

In our three meditations on death[5] we began in the catacombs, where death "natural" and "unnatural" reminds us of its universality, then we moved on to overhear the hardnosed jests and bitterly compassionate seeking of the autopsy room, and finally bowed before the immensity of angry grief which deliberate violence inflicts, tearing each wound deeper, hovering over its victims, drinking in their screams. Thus we came closer and closer to the form of pure Violence itself. I spoke in that place of death's inimical human forms. But what of life's incarnations—the ones death kills? To put the question another way, what should this book have been about? Should I have devoted 200 pages to one of Stalin's victims instead of to his agrarian policy? In my "Three Meditations On Death" and my many cameo depictions of victims, I've striven sincerely to remember violence's objects. One reader, Mr. Eli Horowitz, advises me that this chapter "needs a more explicit and direct focus on its own insufficiency. Currently, it seems like almost an afterthought, rather than an acknowledgement of the central counterpoint to the entire book."

When is violence justified? This is the concern of *Rising Up and Rising Down*. But it is all too easy to answer this question without remembering what violence *is*: not a shining weapon, but a person loathsomely, deliberately *hurt*. What of violence's incarnations?

To seek them out, let's make another journey.

CLOSER AND CLOSER

"For me, death is irrelevant," said a Soviet lieutenant wounded in Afghanistan. "While I am, there is no death; when it comes, I won't be."[6] Call that the farthest remove—or the extremest numbness—for, after all, he saw death, inflicted it, and half-suffered it. My companion D. had a friend who was a big bug in the police station in Yala City, and since that place lay in Thailand we could wander in unannounced, and her friend came right away, a uniformed old man with a generous helping of "fruit salad" on his chest, bowing, smiling; he seated us at his desk and brought us a stack of the latest multicolored newspapers (on the topmost, a color photo of somebody with a drowned girl in his arms); and a policewoman brought us two chilled Cokes; and every time the phone rang, D. picked it up for her absent friend and answered so helpfully, *"Kaa, kaa, kaa"* (yes, yes, yes); and we waited for her friend to come back to take us out to lunch, not disturbed by the presence of the drowned girl at all. Underneath her likeness was another newspaper proudly bearing a color photo of bloody corpses being dragged out from a smashed automobile. What were we to do about those people? And when we started meeting bomb-wise

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

and machine-gun-wise killers and interviewing the families of their victims, it felt the same as finding more gruesome images. There *harm* was, and it would go on, and we could not stop it.[7] We might have paid respect by being sad, but then we would always have to be sad. What to do?

Get a little closer, and you may become like my bank teller in Sacramento. In the fall of 1996 a robber ran in and shot somebody dead before her eyes. Shortly thereafter, her branch was bought by another bank, and she and her colleagues moved across the street. Two weeks later, the new bank was hit. No one died that time, but the robber was at her window. I asked her what she had thought and felt as she stood looking into his gun's steel snout. "I just did what he wanted," she said dully. "My husband and I watch thriller movies all the time. We know that if you don't do what they say, they kill you. I just gave him the money and tried not to think about what was happening." Closer still, you'll become the young woman from Sarajevo I met, the girl who had lost so many of her friends to snipers and shelling that she'd become "cold," as she put it; she just wouldn't, couldn't grieve anymore.[8] Emmanuel Ringelblum, the chronicler of the Warsaw Ghetto, writes: "Almost daily people are falling dead or unconscious in the middle of the street. It no longer makes so direct an impression."[9] Six months later the situation is worse, and he writes: "One walks past corpses with indifference."[10] The author of a monograph on military Renaissance art confesses: 'We are not to expect that wounds, executions or burials were found 'pathetic' then."[11]

For the year 1340 we read this entry in an Armenian chronicle:

> The villainous Emir of Alep, under orders from Melik-Nacer the Sultan of Egypt, secretly invaded the territory of Sis and sacked it from top to bottom, massacring some [outright?], burning the others [alive], and carrying a portion of the inhabitants into slavery. The country of the Armenians, so rich in population, he left an empty waste.[12]

We maintain our distance from the mass grave. The fourteenth century has receded into fabulousness; who can imagine the destruction of Sis, let alone believe in it? A little closer still to the lip of crumbling soil, and we meet Erich Maria Remarque with his empty trench-dawns and rat-riddled trench-nights where soldiers lie with their gas masks on, waiting for the poison clouds. Dead soldiers lie in blood and dirt, their faces smeared with blood and dirt.[13] "We are deadened by the strain—a deadly tension that scrapes along one's spine like a gapped knife."[14] Numbness need not mean indifference; often, it's repression of terror. Listen to my Bosnian friend Vahida, who when I met her during the siege of her home city, almost paralyzed by apprehension and grief, whispered only: "It's too difficult to explain." Four years later she sent me this letter:

Until June '96 I may stay here in Germany, but after that, it's almost certain that

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

> I'll have to go back to Bosnia, back to Sarajevo. On that account I'm very ill at ease. You know already, I don't want that. I have so much fear about going back there to live. This is perhaps difficult to understand. Sometimes not even I myself can understand it... I ask myself what we'll all do, when I come back. No one can make any money there... I don't know if you've sometimes felt this way, that everything is giving way under your feet.[15]

Difficult to explain, difficult to understand—numbness, hopelessness! She wanted to keep violence at a distance; thinking about it made her want to scream... A quarter-century earlier, it was no different for the Viet Cong: "Caked in dried blood and sweat, we dragged our rifles and our dead on our backs... We marched, stunned by exhaustion and despair."[16] But still those soldiers eat, play cards and defecate; they cannot exist in suspended animation; they too must live, numb to the smell of rotting bodies. Some become strangers to pity; others achieve an almost Buddhist freedom from attachment, fighting, killing and dying in a state of shell-shocked silence, madness, indifference or fatalism serene or otherwise. Closer still—don't be afraid!—come meet the *Sonderkommando* of a concentration camp. They pull apart the heap of blue corpses, break out gold teeth, hose the piss, puke, shit and menstrual blood out of the gas chamber, then haul blue flesh to the crematoria. That's all they do—their lives are nothing but death, and for them there's not even a soldier's chance: At regular intervals the entire *Sonderkommando* is liquidated. —What do they think about (aside from food)? How do they feel? I suppose that the key-word must be expediency, as in the case of the Japanese soldier who during the same epoch of worldwide slaughter kicked dying Chinese out of his way. "I didn't harbor any ill feeling toward them," he recalled.[17] And when such people did harbor ill feeling, as recounted in Tadeusz Borowski's concentration camp tales,[18] no matter how personally it might be expressed against some victim, it was in effect merely the accidental expression of an impersonal animus of fear, frustration, hatred, sadness and bitterness—how can mass murder be personal? "Part of our existence lies in the feelings of those near to us," says Primo Levi. "That is really why the experience of someone who has lived for days during which man was merely a thing in the eyes of man is non-human."[19] —Closer still, and you'll see your family die at Hiroshima, which just might make you numb "sometimes within minutes or even seconds,"[20] or maybe instead you'll be packed inside the gas chamber yourself (one person per square foot)—then, when one of the onrushing deaths is indisputably yours, you'll probably be pricked out of your numbness by the needles of terror and agony, but only for a moment; then you'll be numb forever.

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

THE SOURCE

It is perhaps *only* aesthetics, the sensual apprehension of the results of violence, which can prevent us from being numbed, like genocidal bureaucrats whose "apparent cynicism," it has been written, "involves psychic maneuvers ... that permit them to know very well about, and yet never really *feel*, the drastic implications of [nuclear] deterrence."[21] This is why I, a novelist, took it on myself to write this book. But whatever talent I have should *frame*, not translate, the victims' speech. Let them speak. They experienced violence. They know. We must respect their knowledge.

One teenage girl, T., who'd been gang-shot at a traffic light in Los Angeles wrote me:

> So you may see since the incident everything has turned, and like i've been telling everyone since the beginning of the year "This isn't going to be my year." You may say that i think negatively but these are the sort of images that i see in my dreams and one thing that bothers me is that they have to come true... And it was so funny when i read your letter and you said "try not to get angry or scared", because i actually felt really angry. Mostly because for some dumb asses reason i'm paying for the consicuences [consequences] not him/her. All i've wanted to do is finish school and graduate and since this has happened i've fallen behind.

More than half a century earlier, a hungry, friendless Soviet citizen who'd served more than one sentence in the Gulag camps and would later be shot was writing in his diary:

> They dig up from somewhere an awful evaluation from Vishera, stating in no uncertain terms that I am an incorrigible prisoner... I immediately sense I'm not going anywhere, not now, and not after I've served my time either. This new way of lying, this collusion of actions against a man when he is to be destroyed, hit me so hard that I just crumbled psychologically and aged several years, right on the spot. But it is so natural: they sense the truth and can't forgive us our protests against their violence.[22]

These two paragraphs express identical feelings. My friend T. never knew the gangsters who shot her, nor they her; she suffered what might almost be called an accidental assault. It could have been anyone at that intersection. Citizen Arzhilovsky, on the other hand, happened to belong to the wrong class. His shooting would be equally inevitable—because it happened—and perhaps equally impersonal, although his tormentor-murderers knew him and planned his liquidation in advance; they'd already dekulakized him. The moral ends of the two sets of shooters could not have been more different. And yet these two hopeless, negativistic, bitterly blighted hearts are brother and sister. Means and end—aren't they nearly always irrelevant to those who must suffer the agony of their infliction?

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

21.
GENERAL CONTINUUM: WHEN IS VIOLENCE JUSTIFIED?

A. The Talmud

"Belong ever to the persecuted rather than to the persecutors."[23]

B. The Bible

"You shall not kill."[24]

C. Marcus Aurelius (*ca.* A.D. 175)

"Suppose that men kill thee, cut thee in pieces, curse thee. What then can these things do to prevent thy mind from remaining pure, wise, sober, just?"[25]

D. Aleksandr Solzhenitsyn (1960s)

"It is not the result that counts! It is not the result—but *the spirit!* Not *what*—but *how*: Not what has been attained, but at what price."[26]

E. Jose Rizal, Filipino martyr-patriot (1892)

"Success judges things according to results; but whether [my undertaking] is favorable or not, it will always be said that I did my duty and it does not matter if I die while fulfilling it."[27]

F. Boris Pahor, concentration camp survivor (1967)

"The environment must be changed. It does not help to kill the murderer that the environment produced."[28]

G. Julia Ward Howe, suffragist (1906)

"The weapon of Christian warfare is the ballot, which represents the peaceful assertion of conviction and will. Society everywhere is becoming converted to its use. Adopt it, O you women, with clean hands and a pure heart!"[29]

H. Abbie Hoffman (1968)

"Although I admire the revolutionary art of the Black Panthers, I feel guns alone will never change this System. You don't use a gun on an IBM computer. You pull the plug out."[30]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

I. Buddha

"[Buddha] teaches a complete surrender of self, but he does not teach a surrender of anything to those powers that are evil... Struggle must be, for all life is a struggle of some kind. But he that struggles should look to it lest he struggle in the interest of self against truth and righteousness... Struggle, O general, courageously, and fight they battles courageously, but be a soldier of truth."[31]

J. Julius Caesar (*ca.* 51 B.C.)

"Caesar complained that [the British tribes] had now begun war on him without cause; but he agreed to pardon their ignorance, and required hostages."[32]

K. Napoleon (before 1820)

"A fortified place can only protect the garrison and arrest the enemy for a certain time. When this time is elapsed and the defences are destroyed, the garrison should lay down its arms. All civilised nations are agreed on this point."[33]

L. Nietszche (1886)

"Whoever fights monsters should see to it that in the process he does not become a monster. And when you look long into an abyss, the abyss also looks into you."[34]

M. Khun Sa, Burmese "Opium King" (1994)

"If you are weak, nobody will listen to you even though you beg them to with your hands clasped in front of you as a sign of homage. On the other hand, if you are strong, people will readily listen to you even though you are sitting on their heads."[35]

N. Calvin Craig, Grand Dragon of the United Klans, Georgia Realm (before 1967)

"I do not advocate violence, but if you have to resort to it after all else fails, then use it."[36]

O. Machiavelli (1513)

"You must know there are two ways of contesting, the one by law, the other by force; the first method is proper to men, the second to beasts; but because the first is frequently not sufficient, it is necessary to have recourse to the second."[37]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

P. Hernando Cortés, against the Cholulan Indians (as later recounted by his private secretary, 1552)

> "He then told the Mexicans how the Cholulans had plotted to kill him, ... and that he intended to punish these vile traitors... He then fired the signal gun... They did their best in such close quarters, and within two hours had killed some six thousand or more. Cortés ordered them to spare the women and children."[38]

Q. Marx (1872)

> "You know that the institutions, mores, and traditions of various countries must be taken into consideration, and we do not deny that there are countries—such as America, England, and ... perhaps ... Holland—where the workers can attain their goal by peaceful means. This being the case, we must also recognize the fact that in most countries on the Continent the lever of our revolution must be force; it is force to which we must someday appeal in order to erect the rule of labor."[39]

R. Frantz Fanon (1961)

> "The naked truth of decolonization evokes for us the searing bullets and bloodstained knives which emanate from it. For if the last shall be first, this will only come to pass after a murderous and decisive struggle between the two protagonists... The native who decides to put the program into practice, and to become its moving force, is ready for violence at all times. From birth it is clear to him that this narrow world, strewn with prohibitions, can only be called into question by absolute violence."[40]

S. Thucydides (*ca.* 400 B.C.)

> "To act in the true spirit of independent men [means] returning good for good and evil for evil."[41]

T. The Bible

> "You shall give life for life, eye for eye, tooth for tooth, hand for hand, foot for foot, burn for burn, wound for wound, stripe for stripe."[42]

U. Captain Say Do, Karen National Liberation Army (1960s)

> "The Christian faith tells us to love our neighbors, but how

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

can we do this when the Burmese Army is burning down our villages and killing our people? If they burn down our villages, we can burn down theirs. Nothing could be easier."[43]

V. Gunman in Rema, a Jamaican ghetto (1997)

"If we doan defend the community, we gotta run away. We gotta stop them by any means necessary."[44]

W. Members of the Crazy Ruthless Kings gang (Cambodian), Long Beach (1996)

Q. "When is violence justified?"

A. "When someone fuck us up!"

A. "When we see a Mexican, 'cause no other choice... They just beat us down. Any Mexican, we beat 'em down."[45]

X. The Bible

"They warred against Mid´ian, as the LORD commanded Moses, and slew every male... And Moses was angry with them... Moses said to them, "Have you let all the women live? Behold, these caused the people of Israel, by the counsel of Balaam, to act treacherously against the LORD in the matter of Pe´or, and so the plague came among the congregation of the LORD. Now therefore, kill every male among the little ones, and kill every woman who has known man by lying with him. But all the young girls who have not known man by lying with him, keep alive for yourselves."[46]

Y. Khmer Rouge General X (1995)

"For himself, he want to kill the people if he do mistake like spy."[47]

Z. Sun-tzu, Chinese strategist (fifth to second century B.C.).

If before the mission has begun it has already been exposed, the spy and those he informed should all be put to death."[48]

AA. Former member of the Tiny Rascals Gang (Cambodian), Long Beach (1996)

Q. "When is violence justified?"

A. "If we know that someone's our enemy, that's his loss. We just beat 'im up."

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

BB. Unnamed Spartan woman (before A.D. 120)

"A woman, when she saw her son approaching, asked how their country was doing [in battle]. When he said: 'All the men are dead,' she picked up a tile, threw it at him, and killed him, saying: 'Then did they send you to bring the bad news?'"[49]

CC. Than Tun, Burmese Communist Party (1960s)

"To win the war and seize political power, it is necessary to use force as the central means."[50]

DD. Mao Zedong (*ca.* 1960)

"If you cannot push everything else aside and fight ruthlessly for your goal, then you will not reach it."[51]

EE. The Unabomber (1995)

"If we had never done anything violent and had submitted the present writings to a publisher, they probably would not have been accepted... In order to get our message before the public with some chance of making a lasting impression, we've had to kill people."[52]

FF. Kazik, a Warsaw Ghetto fighter (1944, 1981)

"My plan was to set up a large-scale revenge operation and kill a great many Germans, especially S.S. men and Gestapo agents. I was willing to go even further and say that we should take revenge on the whole German nation. In that period we hadn't yet heard of a 'good German,' and I saw the German people as my sworn enemies, willing to do everything to annhilate us."[53]

GG. Molotov (*ca.* 1980)

"Stalin, in my opinion, pursued a correct line: let innocent heads roll, but there will be no wavering during and after a war."[54]

HH. Hitler (1925-26)

"*The right to possess soil can become a duty if without extension of its soil a great nation seems doomed to destruction.* And most especially when not some little nigger nation or other is involved, but the Germanic mother of life, which has given the present-day world its cultural picture."[55]

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

II. Sade (1797)

"We cunt-suck each other by the light of homicidal flames my ferocity has ignited, we discharge to the sound of shrill screams coming from a woe and anguish that are my confection; and never has a woman been happier than was I."[36]

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

COLUMBINE MASSACRE

COLORADO, 1999

On Hitler's birthday of that year, two boys gunned down thirteen people at Columbine High School, then pulled the trigger on themselves. Everything is relative: We Americans were appalled, while my friends in Colombia (see "Weapons and Grief, Weapons and Fear") felt almost indifferent, since they suffered such losses quite frequently; and, besides, the U.S. was not their country. In America itself, the Oklahoma City bombing and then the September eleventh affair soon dwarfed the Columbine massacre. Meanwhile, these fifteen human beings are gone forever, gone by violence. When their deaths were "newsworthy," I declined to exploit them, which in my admittedly biased opinion is why the case study "Murder for Sale" was never published until now. Now that the protagonists of Columbine are forgotten, it seems right and decent to offer them, murderers and murdered, this photographic memorial.

269. Cross for Rachel Scott, victim, Littleton, Colorado.
270. Cross for Dylan Klebold, murderer, Littleton, Colorado.
271. Poem: "I Forgive," Littleton, Colorado.
272. Cross with the message "Who's Toying with Reality?", Littleton, Colorado.
273. The National Rifle Association's annual convention happened to be held in Denver a few days after the shootings, which probably would have become politicized in any event. A vast anti-gun rally was instantly scheduled. The man in this photograph is holding up a message to the actor Charlton Heston, who was at that time president of the NRA. Denver, Colorado.
274. Anti-NRA girl, Denver, Colorado.
275. NRA member, Denver, Colorado.

Digitized by Google

Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

276. NRA member on the board of directors, Denver, Colorado.

277a. Letter to the two murderers, Littleton, Colorado.

277b. Line of people visiting the crosses, Littleton, Colorado.

278a. Offerings, Littleton, Colorado.

278b. Anti-NRA rally, Denver, Colorado. SHAME ON THE NRA.

279a. Pro-gun response: FREE MEN OWN GUNS, Denver, Colorado.

279b. HITLER HAD GUN CONTROL, Denver, Colorado.

280a. Anti-gun standard bearer, Denver, Colorado.

280b. COLUMBINE, YOU ARE IN GOD'S HANDS, attached to the high school's fence, Littleton, Colorado.

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



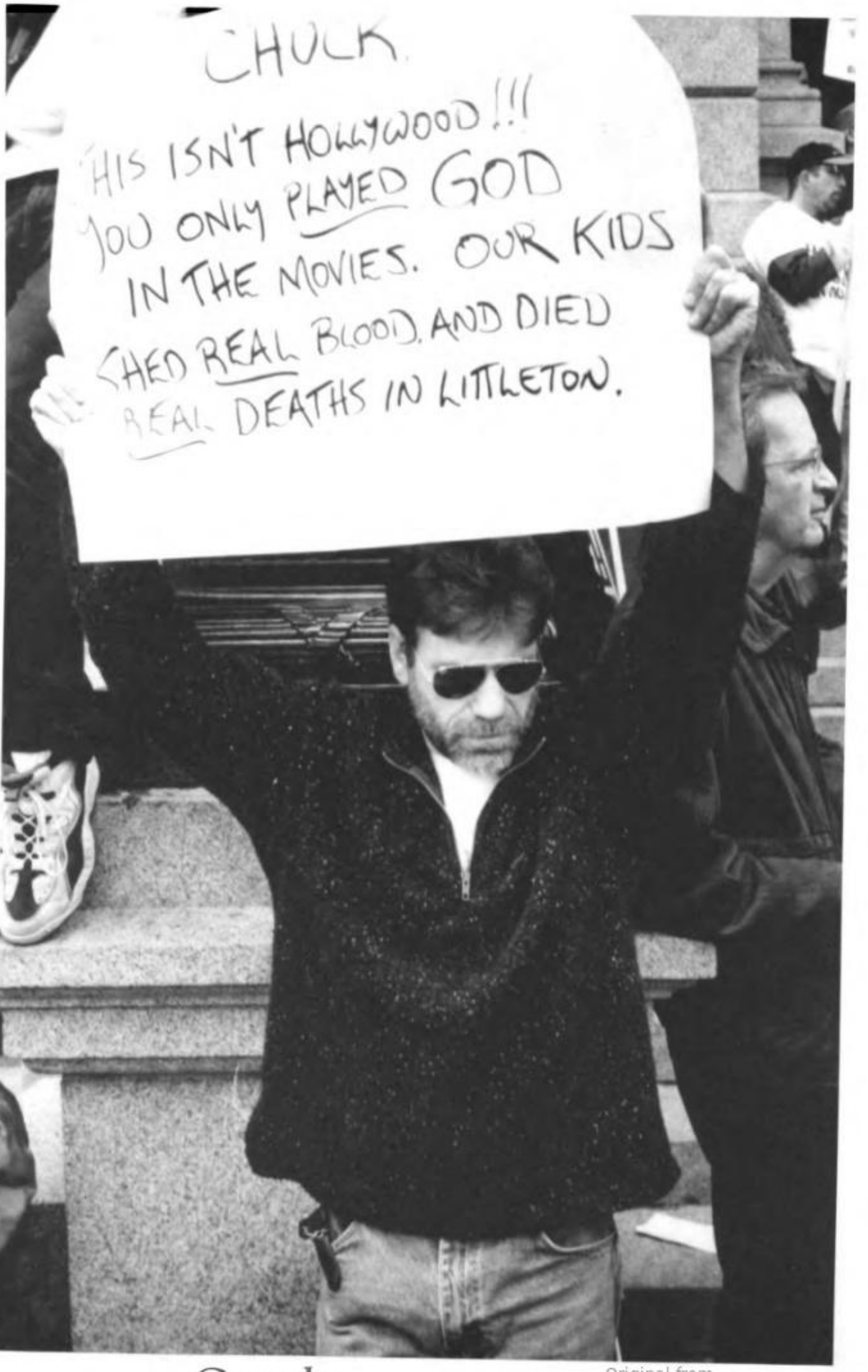
Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



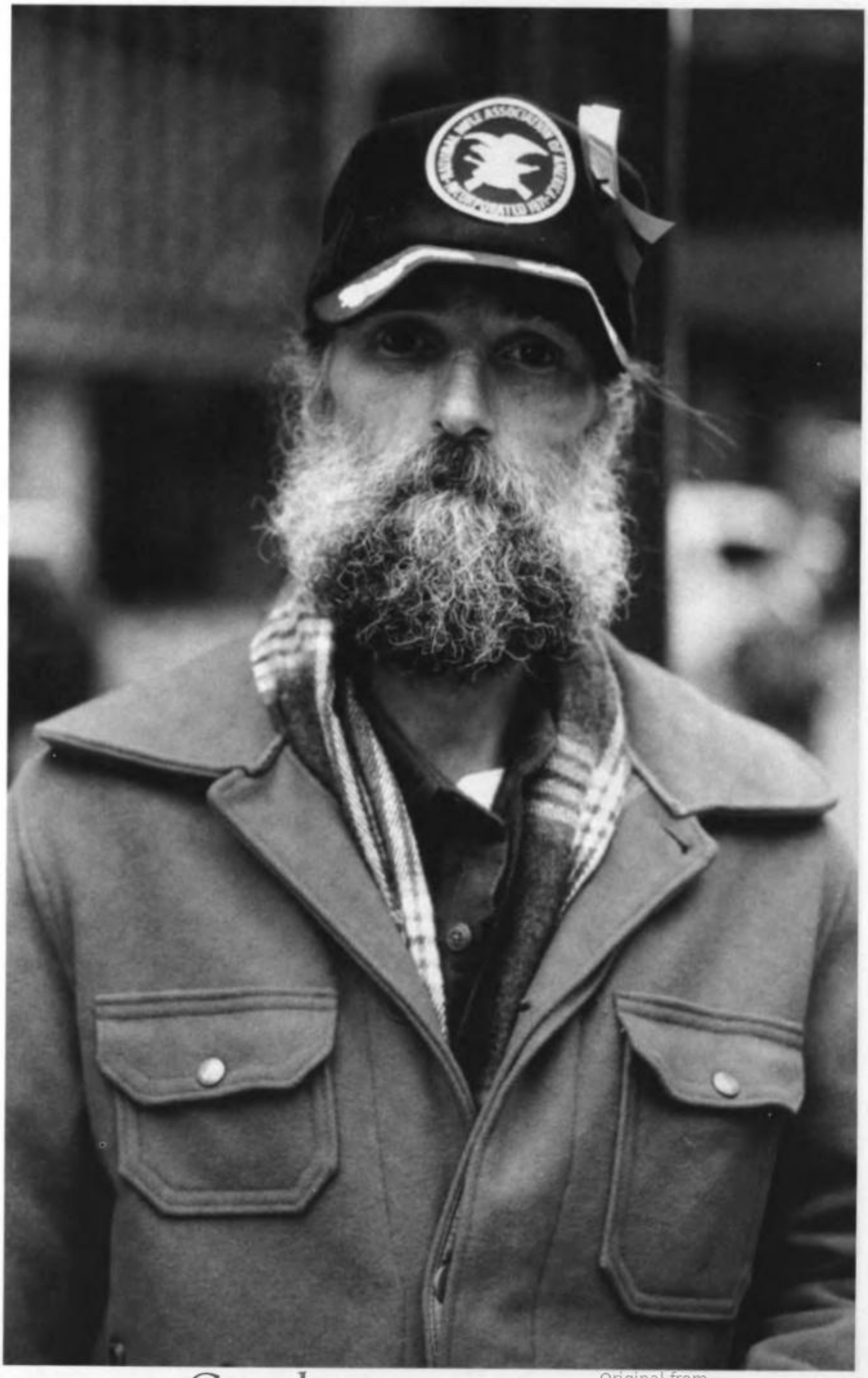
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



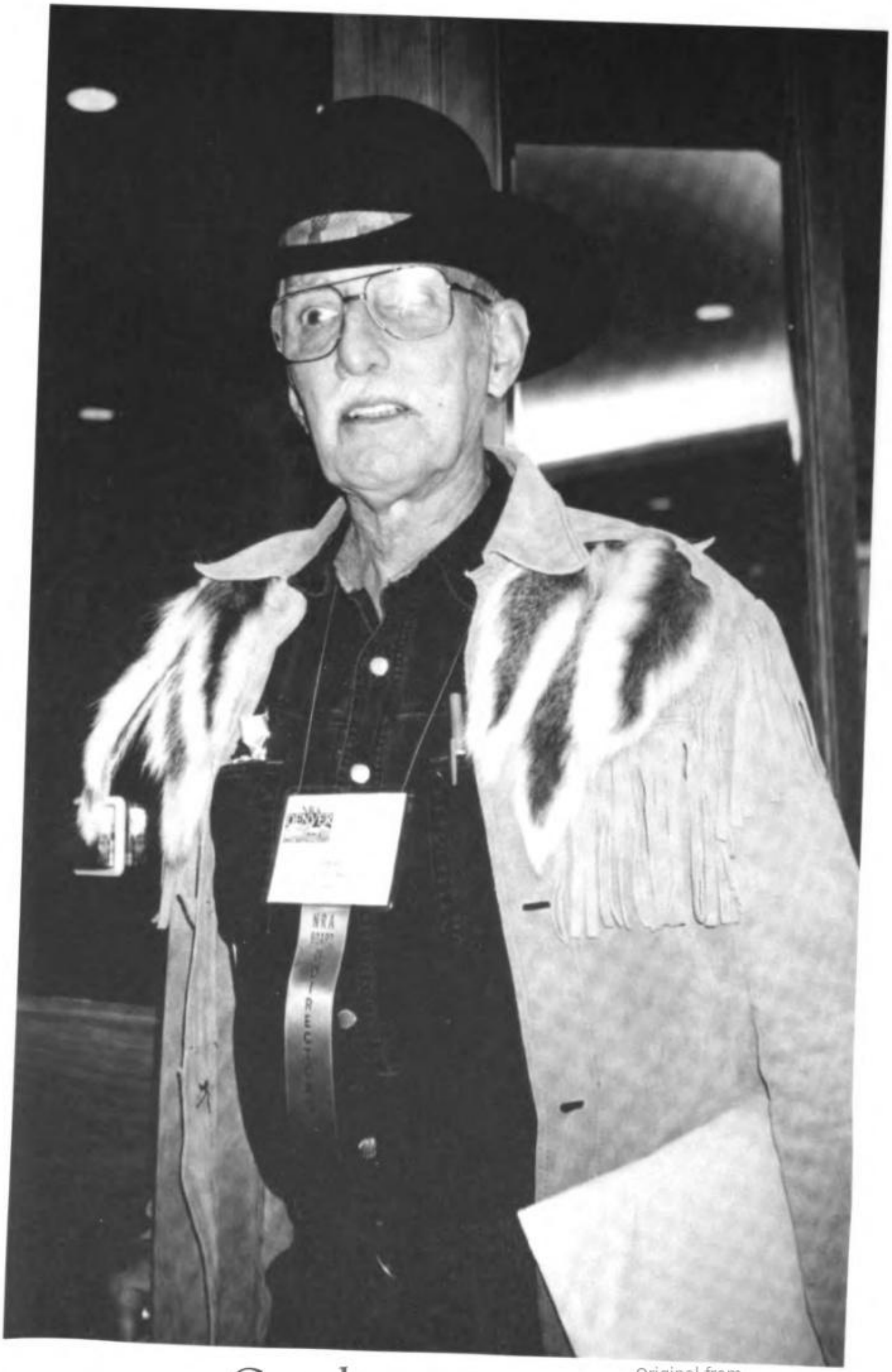
Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA



Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA





Digitized by Google
Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

NOTES

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Digitized by Google

Original from
UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

FROM RAISON D'ETAT TO REASONS OF SPLEEN

[1] *T'ai Kung's Six Secret Teachings*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 47.
[2] Thucydides, p. 200.
[3] See above, "Defense of War Aims," moral calculus, 5.2.F., 6.2.F.
[4] Moral calculus, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.1.
[5] Hölldobler and Wilson write that "the colony whose foragers arrive first typically wins, because the foragers recruit nestmates, who surround the bait and prevent scouts of competing colonies from sampling the food and recruiting on their own" (p. 398). Human beings might do the same when they stake out a mining claim or otherwise gather scarce resources, thereby creating a class system (see above, "Defense of Class"). As we have seen, this may or may not be justified.
[6] Thucydides, p. 338.

DETERRENCE, RETRIBUTION AND REVENGE

[1] "Order Concerning the Exercise of Martial Jurisdiction and Procedure in the Area 'Barbarossa' and Special Military Measures," authorized by Hitler; quoted in Taylor, p. 110. This wicked order must be considered still more odious by context, being drawn up *before* Barbarossa (the invasion of the Soviet Union) began; already collective retribution was being spelled out. See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[2] Quoted in Taylor, p. 110.
[3] "Villa was the very incarnation of irregularity, and his men took him as a model" (Womack, p. 193).
[4] Call it defense of honor if you like, or even defense of class, defense against traitors, defense of the incipient revolution, symbolic tyrannicide.
[5] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.5, 6.3.A.2.2., 6.3.A.3.2.
[6] Tuck, pp. 39-40.
[7] Unlike so many of his colleagues, Rudzutak for whatever reason wasn't pistol-shot in the back of the neck while shuffling down some basement corridor. He faced a firing squad.
[8] Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.
[9] As revealed, for instance, in the memoirs of Djilas, Trotski and Alliluyeva.
[10] For definitions of these, see above, "Defense of Honor."
[11] Tuck, pp. 156, 160.
[12] Sade (who figures below in "Punishment.") adored the idea of pleasure-murders (although to our knowledge he never committed any); judicial killing, on the other hand, appalled him—perhaps because as a criminal he might have been subject to it. See Lever, pp. 444-445).
[13] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.
[14] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.2.
[15] *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 69; document 38: August 20, 1919; coded.
[16] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 262.
[17] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.3.
[18] *Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 8. We read that her in-laws even threatened to bury her alive with the body.
[19] Abneth McCabe to Miss Ellen E. Casey, November 5, 1875, in Klasner, p. 141.
[20] Adelson, p. 642.
[21] Callwell, pp. 152-53.
[22] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.
[23] *Sacramento Bee*, June 6, 1996, "Metro" section, p. B2.
[24] Garrow, *Bearing the Cross*, p. 43.
[25] Defined above, in "Defense of Authority." See moral calculus, 5.2.C.1., 5.2.C.2.
[26] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.4.
[27] Hobbes, p. 210 (I.15).
[28] Tizoc (1481-86). See Hassig, p. 189.
[29] Dmytryshyn, p. 492 (doc. 130: "The Sentences Imposed by the Voevoda...", July 14, 1690). Italics mine.
[30] Loc. cit., p. 493.
[31] In fact his anger was sometimes as broad as his ugly carefulness. His instructions for the trial of the Jewish doctors: "Beat, beat and beat again!"
[32] Ibid, p. 215. Everybody who punishes to improve the transgressor is acting on this premise, although it will usually be stated more mildly than in Cleon's version. Thus many a seventeenth-century Frenchman, like the family friend just quoted, would doubt-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

less insist that he was treating his child well when he flogged her for some offense, because proactive deterrence socializes the young into self-disciplined (self-punishing) respecters of authority.

[33] See the moral calculus, below.

[34] John Steinbeck, "We can only think of Augustus Caesar," *New York Herald Tribune*, January 27, 1948; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 713.

[35] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 62.

[36] Churchill, *The Hinge of Fate*, p. 358. About this paranoia Churchill comments: "The simplest test is to ask oneself whether anyone has any interest in killing the person concerned" (loc. cit.). Molotov reminds me increasingly of his capitalist, nay, feudalist forbear, Cortes—who was less dour than he, it is true, but equally energetic, single-minded, inflexible in negotiation, ruthless, cautious—above all, cautious (unlike John Brown, who explicitly equated caution with cowardice. Brown wanted to deter his enemies into being cautious, but not to follow that line himself). When Cortes arrives in Cempoala in 1519, he is respectfully and commodiously lodged in chambers so well gypsumed that his men believe them to be silver-plated, but he follows the procedures of Molotov: "Cortés distributed his men among the rooms, had the horses looked after and the guns placed at the entrance—in short, he fortified himself as if he were in the enemy's camp and presence, and ordered that no one, on pain of death, should venture outside. The lord's servants ... provided an abundant supper for our men and gave them beds after their fashion" (Gómara, p. 71).

[37] If we want to further enrich our classical allusions, we may compare Stalin to Constantine, who abolished the praetorian guard's dangerous prerogatives and then, alarmed by other dangers real and imagined, liquidated his too popular son; his wife of twenty years, who'd assisted in the son's ruin; his nephew; and a number of more or less innocent satellites (Gibbon, vol. 1, pp. 257-59). "The ordinary administration was conducted by those methods which extreme necessity can alone palliate; and the defects of evidence were diligently supplied by the use of torture" (ibid, p. 251).

[38] Trotski, p. 395. In vol. 3 of Lenin's collected works, a post-Stalinist production which never gives Trotsky a good word, Lenin compares Rudzutak's theses with Trotsky's and concludes "wherever the latter differs from Rudzutak, he is wrong" (p. 474; "Once Again on the Trade Unions, the Curent Situation and the Mistakes of Trotsky and Bukharin," January 24, 1921; "Disagreements on Principle").

[39] Deutscher, p. 352.

[40] As for me, I don't need to question Vyshinky's procedures. I need only quote him. Here he is, instructing the jury at the trial of the Bukharinists: "May your verdict resound as the refreshing and purifying thunderstorm of just Soviet punishment! ... the traitors and spies who were selling our country to the enemy must be shot like dirty dogs! ... crush the accursed reptiles!" (excerpts from *Report of Court Proceedings: The Case of the Anti-Soviet Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites*, 1938, in Daniel, p. 215).

[41] Deutscher, p. 596. Again, he could have read this analysis right out of Gibbon. Here is the latter author on Tiberius vis-á-vis the Roman Senate: "The servile judges professed to assert the majesty of the commonwealth, violated in the person of its first magistrate; whose clemency they most applauded when they trembled the most at his inexorable and impending cruelty. The tyrant beheld their baseness with just contempt" (vol. 1, p. 33, ch. III).

[42] "The biggest difficulty remains the fact that proceedings of the Nuremberg type are attractive to governments only when the identity of victors and vanquished is conveniently settled in advance." Dear and Foot, p. 827 (article on the Nuremberg trials, by Michael Biddis).

[43] Conquest, *The Great Terror*, pp. 420-21. To this historian, Rudzutak's case was emblematic: failure to plead guilty led automatically to the closed trial and the extreme penalty (op. cit., p. 128). But a guilty plea would have "proved" him equally deserving of it.

[44] For a discussion of political personalization in ancient Rome, see "Defense of War Aims."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[45] Ibid, p. 479.
[46] In "Defense of Authority" (above), we learned about the Bolsheviks' fateful decision, rapidly to be employed by Stalin, that defense of authority could legitimately consist of defense against faction.
[47] Burke, pp. 178, 182, 193.
[48] Quoted in von Koerber, p. 2.
[49] The latter was, for instance, Martin Luther's attitude. "It is always better to let a knave live than to kill a good man, for the world will still have knaves, and must have them, but of good men there are few" (op. cit., p. 382; "On Authority").
[50] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[51] If we disbelieve unproven allegations of complicity in murder.
[52] Along with his colleague, Burrus.
[53] Seneca, vol. 1, pp. 395-97, "On Mercy," I.XII.4-sqq.
[54] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1: "Violent deterrence becomes *inexpedient*, although not necessarily unjustifiable, when its severity corrodes loyalty and fear into desperation."
[55] One might prefer to draw a comparison between Stalin and Tiberius, on account of the latter's supposed gloomy and suspicious nature, described so plausibly by Suetonius. Modern historians sometimes say that Tiberius was not as bad as all that. Michael Grant, admitting "a substantial margin of men executed or driven to suicide," still argues that the purges occurred only within the ruling elite and were numerically insignificant "compared to modern holocausts" (*The Twelve Caesars*, pp. 96-97). The Emperor Domitian might be a better candidate. He invited his senators and knights into a black room furnished with tombstones bearing their own names, dismissed them, then sent them gifts instead of suicide commands (ibid, p. 247). This is the kind of menacing humor which would have appealed to Stalin.
[56] Legitimate authority: moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, 5.2.C.2.
[57] Molotov was contemptuous of personal opinions; to Nero, personal opinions were everything. —No matter: their deterrence killed people just the same.
[58] A few years before, the similarly hated Caligula had been murdered, along with his family.
[59] Moral calculus, 2.4.
[60] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.1.
[61] Does this mean that Gandhi was likewise unjustified because he got assassinated? No, since he was nonviolent, and explicitly rejected the necessity for result, which he anyhow achieved. What then about Lincoln, who was assassinated for violently prosecuting a war? Given that his war aims were initially limited to preserving incumbency's authority over the entire United States, and given that he moderated violence wherever he could, I'd call him not guilty. Trotsky's assassination puts him in a grey area, because while he condoned the liquidation of the Romanov family and practiced decimations and "repressions" wherever he could, and because he helped bring into being the very regime of retribution and deterrence which murdered him, he at least seemed to set quotas and limits (shoot one deserter in ten, not all ten).
[62] KGB, p. 20 ("Duties of Political Investigators").
[63] Ibid, pp. 14-15 ("Duties of Political Investigators").
[64] For more on this so-called *tu quoque* defense, see below, this chapter.
[65] Moral calculus, 5.1.1 def.
[66] See above, "Defense of Revolution."
[67] Legitimate revolutionary authority and its rights are defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.
[68] For the necessity of limits to violence, see the moral calculus, 2.3, 5.1.1, 5.2.C.3, 5.2.D.2, etc.
[69] See above, "Defense of Class."
[70] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.2. In other words, violent deterrence is unjustified when its violence does not fall entirely upon those who made the choice to undertake the proscribed behavior.
[71] On June 8, 1934 a law was passed making a "traitor"'s family members collectively responsible.
[72] This hideous policy was not, however, administered to the relatives of every individual who'd been "repressed." It was not needed. The wife of one arrested man, herself soon to be

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

imprisoned under Stalin (and later under Hitler), found that her friends no longer spoke to her. "The dependent of one of the arrested couldn't be recognized" (Buber, p. 6). Solzhenitsyn (vol. 3, p. 448) tells the tale of Avenir Borisov, released from camp in 1946, who finds his face inked out in his friends' photo albums. Conquest tells how Meyerhold's wife, Zinaida Raikh, was found stabbed to death with her eyes cut out. The police did not investigate. "Her death was thought of by prisoners to be intended as a general threat to wives" (*The Great Terror*, p. 307). One word describes this phenomenon: deterrence.

[73] Conquest, op. cit., p. 421. And that is why one bitter, harmless, dekulakized old gadfly whose life had been ruined (and who would soon be shot for conspiracy) wrote in his diary that "no matter what I say, it will all be twisted to mean something bad, everything will be interpreted as an attempt to discredit the party, an assault by a class enemy. They will never allow us to be equal, *and they never will believe that we've forgotten and forgiven everything.* We are damned, from now until the end of our lives" (Garros et al, p. 156; diary of Andrei Stepanovich Arzhilovsky, entry for April 9, 1937; italics mine). Hence the case of Rudzutak.

[74] Churchill, p. 485.

[75] Moynahan, p. 173 (source: Russian State Archive of Film and Photographic Documents, Krasnogorsk).

[76] Chuev, pp. 272-75 ("We Were Diverse Individuals," 1972, 1974, 1977, 1986).

[77] Ibid, p. 417.

[78] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, pp. 69-70. Were he as truly cerebral a being as Djilas implies, then the deterrence and retribution of Stalin might for him have been demonstrations of the sublimest possible didacticism, like this famous koan in the old Chinese Buddhist *Blue Cliff Records:* The monks of the Eastern Hall and the Western Hall, having fallen out of unity, are arguing over a cat. Their preceptor, Nansen, says to them: "If you can give me an answer, I will not kill it." But they cannot answer, and he slices the cat in two (Setcho and Engo, p. 319). —Who can ever know Molotov's aesthetic of liquidation? But his politics of liquidation are now all too clear.

[79] Deutscher, p. 597.

[80] Alliluyeva, p. 121.

[81] Indeed, after "de-Stalinization" he had everything to gain by denouncing him—and we certainly know that he was capable of that! His truthfulness is further attested by the fact that in his old age, Molotov had become quite waspish in his criticisms of his own government, as he never could have been in Stalin's day. Molotov's attitude seems at first to be kindred to that of the far more sympathetic Lady Hygeyong, who wrote about her innocent uncle's execution, in a passage I have already quoted (above, "Defense of Gender.") that "despite pain and bitterness, I did not forget that one had to always redouble one's devotion to the state. My public duty demanded that I behave as though I had forgotten my uncle."[82] But there is in fact a difference. Lady Hygeyong was but a pawn, however devoutly stoical. Molotov signed the death sentences.

[82] Lewes, p. 389.

[83] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.5. Caveat: By the necessities of the social contract, deterrence is justified when its main purpose is to overawe people into routine or perpetual compliance with *the laws established by legitimate incumbent (preexisting) authority.*

[84] T.E. Lawrence, "The Destruction of the 4th Army," published in the *Arab Bulletin*, fo. 359-60 no. 106, 22.10.1918, as quoted in Wilson, pp. 556-57.

[85] *Seven Pillars*, pp. 652-53. For an analogous story from the American Civil War, see Whitman, pp. 748-49 (*Specimen Days*, "A Glimpse of War's Hell-Scenes"). The most casual browser through the literature of war could find innumerable other examples.

[86] Practically speaking, it is impossible to separate what Lawrence's irregulars did as retribution (i.e. as punishment) from what they did as revenge; either way, the Turks were just as dead. To some extent, the distinction is up to the definer, as when, referring to the fearful American race riots of 1967, which I would have described as unjustified, if occasionally excusable, acts of revenge, Martin Luther King said: "It is incontestable and

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

deplorable that Negroes have committed crimes, but they are derivative crimes. They are born of the greater crimes of the white society" (*The Trumpet of Conscience*, p. 8; "Impasse in Race Relations"). As I have mentioned, Gandhi would have condemned the riots far more sternly, taken the guilt of them upon himself and striven to purify himself with fasting.

[87] Keegan, *History of Warfare*, p. 54. In the previous section of this chapter we have already proposed that violent deterrence is unjustified "when directed against persons who have broken no code and are actively or passively loyal to the deterrer's authority. When its violence does not fall entirely upon those who made the choice to undertake the proscribed behavior" (moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.2). And it is arguable that some of the captured Germans, for instance, had not in fact bayoneted wounded Arabs. Under non-imminent or at least regularized conditions, which didn't prevail here, an inquiry would have been made and only the guilty parties punished.

[88] Tuck, p. 183.

[89] Ibid, p. 185.

[90] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.

[91] Moral calculus, 6.2.D.4: Violent defense of race and culture is wrong "when it considers alien habits and characteristics to be proof of inferiority or evil, and acts accordingly; when it forgets the rights of the self and the Golden Rule."

[92] Lawrence, pp. 676-79.

[93] Ibid, p. 382.

[94] Quoted in Wilson, p. 814 (letter to Ralph Isham, January 2, 1928).

[95] Homer (Lawrence), p. xii (letter to Rogers quoted in introduction by Bernard Knox).

[96] Ibid, p. v.

[97] For a fascinating exposition of their motivations in wooing Penelope, see Vernant, pp. 74-76.

[98] Homer (Lawrence), p.vi.

[99] Ibid, p. 299.

[100] Odysseus, less ruthless than Lawrence, permitted the suitors' bard and the usher Medon to live, once his son vouched for them. The Turk had no one to vouch for him.

[101] Homer (Butler), p. 309.

[102] Lattimore, p. 329.

[103] Homer (Fagles), p. 449.

[104] Homer (Lawrence), p. 300.

[105] Ibid, p. vii.

[106] Lawrence, p. 683.

[107] Koestler, *The Act of Creation*, pp. 35, 51, 53.

[108] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 205 ("The Alexandrian War" 70). For further discussion of this quotation, see above, "Defense of War Aims."

[109] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 207 ("The Alexandrian War" 74).

[110] Lawrence, p. 677.

[111] Ibid, p. 682.

[112] Ibid, p. 388.

[113] Indeed, in a number of respects Lawrence's personality was not so different from Trotsky's. Learned, charismatic, driven, occasionally arrogant, he seems to have preferred scorn to debate. Unlike Trotsky, his occasional insufferability was less ideological than personal and capricious. "When in fresh company," he wrote in his magnum opus, "I would embark on little wanton problems of conduct ... treating fellow-men as so many targets for intellectual ingenuity... This pettiness helped to make me uncomfortable with other men, lest my whim drive me suddenly to collect them as trophies of marksmanship" (ibid, pp. 583-4). He was indifferent to his own comfort. He was a man of loyalty, although in Trotsky's case that loyalty was loyalty to an ideology and a leader, whereas to Lawrence it expressed itself mainly towards those who trusted him. Trotsky committed counter-atrocities for a logical reason—to deter. Lawrence commited them, as I said, out of rage. Although I have never come across any references to Lawrence in Trotsky's writings, I suspect that Trotsky would have regarded him as a dupe, an idealist (to a Marxist, this last was a particularly nasty slur) and, most importantly, an agent of imperialism. In all of these he would have been correct.

[114] *Seven Pillars*, quoted in Wilson, p. 410.

[115] Lawrence, p. 24.

[116] "Twenty-Seven Articles," by T. E. Lawrence, August 1917, given in Wilson as

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Appendix IV, article 4, pp. 960-61.
[117] Quoted loc. cit.
[118] Draft of *Seven Pillars*, quoted in Wilson, p. 510.
[119] Ibid, p. 578.
[120] Ibid, p. 617 (letter from the Foreign Office's A. J. Clark-Kerr [for Lord Curzon], to R. G. Vansittart, August 21, 1929).
[121] T. E. Lawrence, "Guerrilla Warfare," 1929, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 890.
[122] Wilson, pp. 750-51.
[123] Lawrence, p. 387.
[124] Zahir ud-Din Muhammad Babur, *Memoirs*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 493.
[125] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.3: Violent deterrence is justifiable when it prevents unjustified violence; when it seeks to prevent violence generally.
[126] See "Defense of War Aims," above.
[127] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.4.

CALCULUS OF RETALIATION

[A] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 73 (I75-77); Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 97 (I.LXXV); Appian, vol. 3, p. 307 (II.43).
[B] See "Defense of Race."
[C] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 484 (Order of Retaliation, July 30, 1863).
[D] Perdue, p. 23. "Because their objective was vengeance, the warriors hoped enemy casualties would equal the number of Cherokees who had been killed. Once they had taken the required lives, they went home."
[E] Kakar, p. 91.
[F] "We always make sure that if Hindus kill two of our people, we should kill at least four of theirs. This is to scare them away" (loc. cit.).
[G] Genesis 4:15.
[H] But in Genesis 4:23-24 Cain's descendant Lamech slays a man who is striking him, and gloats: "If Cain is avenged sevenfold, truly Lamech is avenged seventy-sevenfold."
[I] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 208. This historian has often been called "the Father of Lies," and some of his remarks on Cambyses's purported cruelties in Egypt must be salt-grained.
[J] Quotation in Berger and Neuhaus, p. 125. The quotation is reproduced in full in the third continuum to "Defense of Race."
[K] See Annex G, "Summary of Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia during World War II." In his history of the Nazi-Soviet war, Alan Clark quotes an OKW order of July 25, 1941: "For the life of one German soldier, a death sentence of from fifty to one hundred Communists [= Russians] must generally be deemed commensurate" (p. 153).
[L] Hassig, p. 215, following the *Mexican Chronicle.*
[M] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 264.
[N] Herodotus says that "the Persians took the entire population like fish in a drag-net, and presented Syloson [the favorite] with an empty island" (p. 265). I presume that the females were enslaved.

[128] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 484 (Order of Retaliation, July 30, 1863).
[129] The total number of women and children murdered at Tafas, as we saw, was at least sixty. (Lawrence mentions some old men among the surviving witnesses; there might have been other civilians murdered; possibly, if some of the forty women had had noncombatant husbands and fathers present, the total number of victims could have approached a hundred.) The Turkish column numbered two thousand. His irregulars "cut the column in three," and the third section got away; so assume that Lawrence disposed of more than 600 Turks. The ratio of retaliation was thus 1:10 plus.
[130] Wilson, p. 556.
[131] He describes the survivors as telling "terrible stories of what had happened when the Turks rushed in an hour before," which seems to imply that the atrocity began before the Arabs began to harry the Turks (Lawrence, p. 651).
[132] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 594 (letter to Edwin M. Stanton, Secretary of War, May 17, 1864).
[133] It has been said that this was "a threat of retribution which in fact he never carried out, and probably never intended to" (Randall, p. 61)—a bit of saber-rattling engaged in more to satisfy his own side's expectations than anything else. I myself believe, however, that Lincoln did in fact mean this as a warning, as he did the Preliminary Emancipation Proclamation—a reminder to the enemy that if this war continued, and especially if it

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

were unjustly fought, he, too, had weapons. See also Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 266 (private and confidential letter to Maj. Gen. John Frémont, September 2, 1861).

[134] Prisoner-murder is usually a crime of volition rather than need. Should an army be apprised of the fact that its expression of rage upon surrendered, submissive flesh will be rewarded in kind, it may (since liquidation of enemy prisoners rarely benefits it more than their detention) think twice. (This is an example of Clausewitzian leniency. See "Defense of Ground.") An obvious exception would be the case of Lawrence's irregulars, who moreover had little to hope for in the event of their own capture.

[135] Lawrence, p. 652.

[136] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[137] Wilson, p. 559.

[138] Duchesse d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 195.

[139] Chanoff and Doan, p. 45 (testimony of Nguyen Van Hoang, Second Lieutenant, NVA, from Hanoi).

[140] Duong, p. 222.

[141] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 54. For various calculi of how to treat the vanquished, see above, "Defense of War Aims."

[142] See above, "Defense of Race."

[143] Ibid.

[144] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[145] Ibid.

[146] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 238.

[147] See below, "Where Are All the Pretty Girls?" I have heard the same wish and expectation of revenge expressed in Afghanistan. In India, Muslim and Hindu children grew up after the Partition riots of 1947 with similar "scenarios of revenge against those who have humiliated ... family and kin" (Kakar, p. 39).

[148] *Dénonciation contre DUPIN*, p. 3. Many Southerners similarly wrote to the Governor of Virginia after John Brown's capture, demanding capital punishment for the satisfaction of revenge. An early twentieth-century German jurist objected to the successful insanity plea of a mass murderer. The jurist argued that "an execution was necessary in order to placate popular feeling" (p. 478).

[149] Ibid, p. 4.

[150] Radin, p. 469. Cicero declaims with momentarily unswerving advocacy that retribution is a virtue, a duty of love and tenderness to the victims now to be avenged. The pre-medieval Japanese ethos venerated revenge as sanctioned by heaven (Varley, pp. 33-34). Darrow, who opposed capital punishment and like any empathetic observer found himself unable to expediently deny the humanity of prisoners and condemned men, the suffering conscious being of them, upon which authority was inscribing its violence, believed that "the state punishes, that is inflicts pain, because it gives men pleasure to know that others suffer" (Clarence Darrow, "The Crime of Punishment," in *The Raven*, no. 22, p. 166). —True, but to suffer *for perceived cause.* (We will take up this point at length in the next chapter.)

[151] UNICRI, p. 44 (van Dijk and Mayhew).

[152] Letter to the editor from Bud Stafford of Placerville, *Sacramento Bee*, October 19, 1996, p. B7 ("Opinion").

[153] UNICRI, p. 327 (Manuel Reverte Montagud, "Victims and Criminal Justice in Spain"). Rizal's *compradore*-corrupter protagonist Simoun proposes revenge as the deterrent remedy to "prevent that others suffer as you have suffered, that in the future there are murdered children and mothers driven to madness. Resignation is not always a virtue; it is a crime when it encourages tyranny" (Rizal, p. 102). Not only expediency, but sanguinary pleasure lurks between these lines.

[154] Borowski, p. 90 ("The People Who Walked Away").

[155] Moral calculus, 5.3.B.4.

[156] Trigger to author, September 14, 2002.

[157] Below, "Punishment."

[158] Moral calculus, 5.3.

[159] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 789. Plutarch does not himself mention the incident of Fulvia and Cicero's head, but tells an equivalent tale about Fulvia's new husband: "Antony gave orders to those who were to kill Cicero to cut off his head and right hand, with which he had written his invectives against him; and when they were brought before him, he regarded them joyfully, actually bursting out more than once in laughter, and, when he had satiated himself with the sight of them,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ordered them to be hung up in the speaker's place in the forum, thinking thus to insult the dead, while in fact he only exposed his own wanton arrogance, and his unworthiness to hold the power that fortune had given him" (p. 794). For the tale of Cicero and Fulvia during the Cataline affair, see above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?"

[160] For a counterexample, showing the same mechanisms in reverse, consider the tale of one Histiaeus, errant vassal of the Persian king, Darius. He was impaled and his pickled head sent to the king. Darius, considering this punishment to have been wrongful, "gave orders for the head to be washed and tended, and buried with all the honour due a man who had done good service to Persia and the king" (Herodotus, Book Six, p. 398).

[161] That is, Octavian, who would become Augustus. See Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 833.

[162] Ka-Tzetnik, p. 35 ("The Men of Metropoli"). This may well be a normal human case. Here is Bibulus, Caesar's former colleague and now his enemy in the Civil War, capturing thirty of the Caesarians' ships. "He set fire to them all, burning the crews and captains as well, in the hope that the severity of the reprisals would be a deterrent to the rest" (Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 109. See above, "Defense of War Aims"). The enmity of Bibulus was actually intensely personal. Caesar had excluded, menaced and humiliated him. One suspects that this was revenge as much as politic retaliation.

[163] One ostensible function of modern government (predicated on a supposed social contract) is to mediate between citizens who are equal under the law, in order to provide an analogous deterrence: cross this line and the policeman will shoot, since I'm not allowed to. Thus the unarmed citizen expresses himself, through property law, to the housebreaker; thus, too, the commonwealth to her aggressive neighbor across the border. In both instances, the actual deed of deterrence, should it actually be called for—in which case we must name it retribution—lies in the hands of a professionally violent class: the gendarmerie and the soldiery, respectively. Again, *deterrence is justified when it enforces a legitimate social contract.* The situation of a housebreaking or a war, however, is entirely different from either case in mere potentiality because when the sticking-point comes we are most often our own mediators. The police are absent, and international law unenforceable.

[164] *The Saga of Viga Glum* (p. 34).

[165] Maranan, p. 72 ("Soledad Salvador: On the Perilous Path to Liberation." The song is called "Kung Ako Ma'y Masawi").

[166] Esther 9:5.

[167] We shall consider inevitability's validity as a justification for violence later on (see below, "Inevitability"); for now, let us merely introduce it as an effect of the status quo. As Cortes once remarked in a warning to the Aztecs, "War is easy to stop at the beginning, but very difficult towards the middle and end" (Díaz, p. 323). That cannot be denied: it would have been a simple matter for him never to have begun it.

[168] The Spartans were masters of such tactics. In one stroke of wicked genius reminiscent of Mao's call to let a thousand ideological flowers contend (after which the weeds got uprooted), they asked their helots to bring forward whoever considered himself to have served Sparta best in war. The promised reward: freedom. You see, the Spartans worried about a revolution, fearing the helots' "unyielding character," and they calculated that he who had the pride to identify himself would probably be no quiescent slave. So two thousand promenaded about the temples with garlands of hope and gladness on their heads, "and no one ever knew exactly how each one of them was killed" (Thucydides, p. 313). One imagines that the other helots scarcely wanted to call notice to themselves after that.

[169] The Animal Liberation Front might have another name for it. See above, "Defense of Animals."

[170] Hitler, *Mein Kampf*, p. 57.

[171] This incident is described more fully below, in "Moral Yellowness."

[172] Ibid, p. 55.

[173] See below, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[174] See above, introduction, vol. 1, p. 29.

[175] Byock, p. 111.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[176] Sturluson, *Eigil's Saga*, p. 64.
[177] In "Defense of Class," above.
[178] Sturluson, *Edda*, p. 174 ("Hattatal").
[179] Ibid, p. 170.
[180] Ibid, p. 197. Perhaps even more tellingly, the kenning, or phrase-trope, for several of the Norse gods, such as Braggi and Vidar, is "avenger of" plus the name of another god (ibid, p. 76; "Skaldskaparmal").
[181] *Njal's Saga*, p. 199.
[182] Njal is one such luckless giver of good advice. For another example of restraint-urging, see *The Saga of Viga Glum* (p. 67), where for once a hothead's kinsman reminds him not of his obligation to be dragged into trouble for others' sake, but of his obligation not to involve others in ruin.
[183] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[184] *Eyrbyggja Saga*, p. 49.
[185] Ibid, p. 117-118.
[186] *Njal's Saga*, p. 295.
[187] Sturluson, *Edda*, p. 110 ("Skaldkaparmal").
[188] *Njal's Saga*, p. 297. This is not so much retaliation as retaliation-business, kin to Napoleon's authority-business which arrays its malice into dragoons sent out to kidnap the Duke of Enghien to his secret trial and his pit.
[189] Another advocate instructs his plaintiff to feign rage should his particular waverer make difficulties (*Njal's Saga*, p. 284).
[190] *Eyrbygga Saga*, p. 75. A similar but not quite identical use of a murdered man's severed head as a goad is related in *Njal's Saga*, p. 118.
[191] *Njal's Saga*, p. 206. Likewise, old Njal in that same saga stays with his sons when the enemy burns them to death, because, too aged to avenge them, he would have had to live out his life in impotent shame (ibid, p. 267).
[192] For the same reason that we cannot call a given race or culture inferior, evil, etc. For this book's working definition of ethos, see the moral calculus, 5.2.G.2. Remember also (see above, "Defense of Authority.") that absent a system of centralized, potent, legitimate authority, each lonely atom not only can legitimately be but must be his own law.
[193] Sturluson, *Edda*, p. 94 ("Skaldskaarmal").
[194] Thucydides, p. 166. We find in his pages legions of such anecdotes. In 433 B.C., just before the war began, the Corcyraeans "put all their prisoners to death, with the exception of the Corinthians, whom they still kept in custody" (p. 166), presumably as bargaining chips. In 431, the Plataeans, after promising the Thebans to return their captive countrymen to them should they withdraw without molesting the city, immediately murdered the prisoners as soon as the Thebans departed (p. 127). In the case of the Corcyraeans' prisoners the only justification seems to have been that they were rebels. The Plataeans' moral ground was not much stronger (the Thebans had entered their city illegally to accomplish a *coup de main*, but had not offered violence); and in fact it was in retaliation for this deed that the Thebans would liquidate most of the Plataeans a few years later when Plataea fell into their power. As the war went on, fortunately for bloodthirsty moralists, so many such deeds were committed that it became easy to justify retribution.
[195] Who loved to speak of the "hissing of the Jewish world-hydra."
[196] Kakar, pp. 125-29, 157-158. This detail reminds me of the Yugoslav civil war.
[197] "...The British and American air forces returned upon Germany in 1943-5, many times over, the severity of bombing attack on civilian population that Germany had applied to Poland, the Netherlands, England, and Yugoslavia in 1939-41... Sometimes ["Bomber"] Harris's body-count outreached Himmler's. What differences Saint Michael will see on the day of judgment between burning a baby to death in Dresden, and gassing a baby to death in Birkenau, is a question rather for the theologian than for the historian; but one difference at least is obvious: Germany's cities were heavily defended, so that the aircrew who attacked them put their own lives at risk; very few such resources [as Germany's urban defenses] were available to the victims of concentration camps" (Dear and Foot, p. xvii; introduction). For a modern case of automatic and perpetual retaliation, see "The War Never Came Here," below.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[A] Sturluson, Egil's Saga, p. 30.
[B] Ibid, p. 37
[C] Ibid, p. 104
[D] Ibid, p. 112
[E] Ibid, p. 114
[F] Ibid, p. 147
[G] Ibid, p. 163
[H] Hakon was, like Eirik Bloody-Axe, a son of King Harald Fairhair. Harald had, in the words of the *Heimskringla* (Sturlson, Part Two, p. 82) given Eirik "the supreme authority over his kingdom," and even chosen Eirik's name-sake son to be the subsequent king. Hakon, however, was more popular, supposedly because he offered to restore the farmers' land-rights (ibid, p. 84-85). Because Eirik thus "saw himself not nearly strong enough to oppose Hakon, he sailed out to the West with such men was would follow him." After Eirik died, his sons continued to attack Hakon, who finally received his mortal wound in a battle which otherwise went against them. Eirik's sons then ruled Norway (ibid, p. 110-12).
[I] Ibid, p. 210

[198] Walter, p. 176.
[199] Lefebvre, *Napoleon*, vol. 1, 182.
[200] Darrow, p. 77. We find a similar observation in the memoirs of a nineteenth-century British public schoolboy, who, thinking back on the public flagellations he had to watch, concluded: "It is true that the eyes and the nerves soon get accustomed to cruel sights. I gradually came to witness the executions in the Lower School not only with indifference but with amusement" (J. Brinsley-Richards (1883); quoted in Scott, p. 88).
[201] Chevigny, p. 55. Richard J. Evans in his massive history of punishment in Germany has likewise convinced himself that punishment does not deter violent crime (p. 906). Comparing neighboring states of the U.S., some of which mandated capital punishment and others of which did not, the British Royal Commission on the death penalty concluded that the abolition of execution would not increase crime (Royal Commission, p. 322). Is deterrence a chimera, then? But many if not most crimes—certainly the ones cited by Darrow—are *economic* crimes committed by or for the desperate, crimes which must erupt with or without preventive deterrence.
[202] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 387 (VII.4-5).
[203] Ibid, p. 575 (VIII.44). For details on Caesar's treatment of the surrendered, see above, "Defense of War Aims." Caesar's partner Crassus followed the same principle when he decimated his legions for cowardice. "When he had once demonstrated to them that he was more dangerous to them than the enemy, he overcame immediately 10,000 of the Spartacans..." (Appian, vol. III, p. 221; *The Civil Wars*, I.XIV.118)
[204] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 147 (III.81). See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[205] Appian, op. cit., p. 345 (II.X.63).
[206] Seward writes that "as a Corsican accustomed to vendetta" Napoleon "decided to respond in kind" because the Duke "was wrongly suspected of having taken part in the plot... All that can be said in extenuation is that Bonaparte genuinely believed Enghien had been plotting against him" (pp. 100-101). Somerset de Chair, the editor of *Napoleon on Napoleon*, contents himself with saying that the Duke "was suspected of heading a royalist conspiracy" and that his execution was "one of the most controversial episodes in [Napoleon's] career" (p. 157 fn.). Lefebvre gives a fuller measured judgment: although Enghien's seized papers provided no conclusive proof of any affiliation with Cadoudal, who was a confirmed conspirator against the regime, "there was proof that he was in England's pay and that he yearned to lead an invasion of Alsace. He was condemned not as a conspirator but as an émigré being paid by a foreign nation to invade France. Had he been arrested on French soil or in enemy territory, the law would have prescribed the death penalty. But by kidnapping him on neutral soil, Bonaparte blatantly compromised the interests of France" (*Napoleon*, vol. 1, p. 182). According to Madame Junot, Napoleon was misled by alarming police reports "proving" a certain tall, haughty man in the company of the conspirators to be Enghien; the man was actual-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ly found to be Pichegru (Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, pp. 36-38).

[207] Seward, p. 101.

[208] Rudzutak's trial lasted, as noted, twenty minutes. Enghien's lasted two and half hours (or, in some accounts, three hours).

[209] Our sympathy for this victim is diminished by his remark to Citizen Charlot, the arresting officer, that "he esteemed Bonaparte as a great man, but ..., being a prince of the house of Bourbon, he had vowed an implacable hatred against him, as well as against the French, with whom he would wage war on all occasions" (report to General Moncey, March 15, 1804, quoted in *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 161). If this paraphrase accurately records the words of that murdered prince, then he too was habituated to retaliation without any immediate cause. Napoleon's consulship had been ratified; at least, it was no more illegitimate than the authority of a Bourbon king; Louis XVI had been legally voted out of office and life by the National Assembly. Enghien's declaration of war seems to have been grounded in little more than his own family claims.

[210] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 162.

[211] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.7.

[212] Vigny, p. 53.

[213] *Kruschev Remembers*, quoted in Blum, p. 185.

[214] *Annals of America*, vol. 18, pp. 140-42 ("John F. Kennedy: Soviet Missiles in Cuba").

[215] Moral calculus, 5.3.A.1.2. And hence the following: *Violent deterrence is unjustified when the act deterred remains undefined, when there has been no deterrent warning, or when*—the Duc d'Enghien's case—*the deterrer's retribution proves to be more severe than was indicated in the deterrent warning* [6.3.A.1.8].

[216] He has not necessarily lost face. Commentators often present the Soviets of the Cold War period as sending out aggressive feelers, testing the will or weakness of the capitalist world, then advancing or withdrawing as opportunism suggests.

[217] Kuznetsov, p. 178. At that time, 400 civilian hostages, rounded up at random, would be shot for each act of arson. A successful example, which seems to validate the Nazi case for expedient violent deterrence, occurred in 1997 when Israel countermanded its extradition request for a suspected terrorist from the Palestinian group Hamas. "Putting Mousa Abu Marzook on trial in Israel would have posed a constant threat of retaliatory attacks from Hamas" (Gwen Ackerman, "Israel drops extradition bid in terror case," in the *Sacramento Bee*, April 4, 1997, p. A9). But deterrence implies a bargain. If Hamas refrains from retaliation, all right then. But if Hamas "retaliates" no matter what, like Germans shooting 400 innocent people for acts of arson, then deterrence doesn't deter anymore.

[218] Negatively expressed in 6.3.A.1.2. In his instructions to guerrillas, Che Guevara recommends terrorism only when it discriminates—that is, when it doesn't "destroy a large number of lives that would be valuable to the revolution" (p. 61). While Che undoubtedly has a humane streak, he also offers the expedient rationale that there is no sense provoking reprisals for the sake of "killing persons of small importance" (p. 62).

[219] Guevara, p. 109.

[220] Qur'-An, II.2.179 ("The Cow," p. 73).

[221] My own three attempts appear in the moral calculus, following 3.16. The third is reproduced in this chapter, immediately below. For a sample application of my severity scale, see above, "Defense of War Aims."

[222] LeRoy M. Lamborn, "Toward a Victim Orientation in Criminal Theory" (1968), in Hudson and Galaway, p. 145.

[223] Marvin E. Wolfgang, "Victim Compensation in Crimes of Personal Violence" (1965), in Hudson and Galaway, pp. 116-129.

[224] The order of the last two categories is disputable. I am assuming, on the basis of my century's experience, that businesslike extermination is more lethal than rage, but the reverse may sometimes be true.

[225] See below, this chapter.

[226] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.9. This point is similar but not identical to the one raised in Seneca's Maxim.

[227] Callwell, p. 27.

[228] For discussion of Operation Punishment, see below, Annex E: "Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[229] See above, this chapter.
[230] Callwell, p. 28.
[231] As in the case of the flower war with Tepeyacac. See Hassig, p. 172.
[232] See above, "Defense of Homeland."
[233] Here I have followed the summary of Hassig, p. 10.
[234] Fagan, p. 224.
[235] Hassig, p. 10.
[236] He does not, however, find that the Aztecs had a "true empire" in the Clausewitzian sense (p. 11).
[237] This reminds me a little of the Plain Indian custom of counting coup on enemies with lances. For a description of Plains Indian drawings depicting such scenes, see above, "Defense of Homeland."
[238] Hassig, p. 255.
[239] Ibid, p. 162.
[240] Ibid, p. 171.
[241] Oe, p. 117.
[242] Dear and Foot, p. 73 (R. V. Jones, article on the atomic bomb).
[243] Werth, pp. 1,041-42.
[244] *U.S. News and World Report*, (August 15, 1960), quoted loc. cit.
[245] Dear and Foot, p. 531 (committee article on Hiroshima).
[246] 1997.
[247] William L. Laurence, "A Giant Pillar of Purple Fire": Nagasaki, August 9, 1945; in Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 768.
[248] Kahn, p. 18.
[249] Ibid, p. 24.
[250] Ibid, p. 12.
[251] Ibid, p. 22.
[252] Ibid, p. 31.
[253] Ibid, p. 32.
[254] Ibid, p. 33.
[255] Ibid, loc. cit.
[256] Ibid, p. 35.
[257] Ibid, pp. 38-39.
[258] Ibid, p. 34.
[259] Ibid, p. 26.
[260] Ibid, p. 42.
[261] Ibid, p. 39.
[262] Ibid, p. 15.
[263] Li, p. 125 (Mao to Nehru, 1954; Mao in Moscow speech, 1957).
[264] Pinguet, p. 233.
[265] Ibid, p. 16.
[266] Kahn, p. 41.
[267] See the section on monuments, above, in "Defense of Honor."
[268] Homer Bigart, "A Walk in Hiroshima": September 3, 1945; in Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 777.
[269] Ibid, p. 780.
[270] Here we might draw an analogy with scientific imminence (see above, "Defense of Earth"; defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.I.1), which requires expert knowledge to ascertain.
[271] William L. Laurence, op. cit., in Samuel Hynes et al, vol. 2, p. 769.
[272] Cook and Cook, pp. 110-11 (testimony of Nogi Harumichi). The beheading is assumed. He used a sword and told the prisoners to kneel down.
[273] Clausewitz, p. 186.
[274] Nothing has been proved about the expediency of revenge as an *end*. After all, an end need not be expedient or otherwise; it can lie beyond convenience or even logic—but not, of course, beyond moral evaluation.
[275] Moral calculus, 1.2.4: The Soldier's Golden Rule.
[276] In some times and places it would. See the table "Retaliation for Violent Crimes: Laws and Customs," below.
[277] Taylor, p. 641.
[278] The German war criminals tried to clear themselves of their own atrocities by appealing to *tu quoque* in particular regard to the Soviets, who were never charged with any war crimes at Nuremberg: a typical case of victors' justice. Until late 1946, when the Cold War began, abuses of power committed in the Russian Zone of Germany were not permitted to be exposed by the press in the other three zones, since that would have been "criticism of an Allied power." Cf. Kogon, p. 308.
[279] Taylor, p. 640.
[280] The indictment of conspiracy to wage aggressive war was, in spite of prior treaties such as that unrealistic renunciation of war, the Kellogg-Briand Pact, an application of ex post facto justice. As Taylor admits (p. 638), "the prosecution was also bringing into the arena new crimes against 'peace' and 'humanity,' the unaware past violations of which

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

could send the defendants to the gallows." Here hangs Julius Streicher, condemned to death solely for being an anti-Semitic big-mouth. He never killed anybody or schemed to bring about war. By all accounts he was a corrupt and thoroughly despicable fellow who made a living selling hatred in his publication, the *Stürmer.* One feels even less sympathy for him when one reads the testimony of a German Jew, Hans Baermann, whose seven-month sojourn in a death camp near Riga reduced him to eighty pounds. He was then photographed for the *Stürmer*, evidently as an example of a subhuman (Kogon, pp.176-77). Streicher's motivation must have been either to gloat or to offer Baermann as a specimen of a typical subhuman. Still, Taylor is fairminded enough to regret Streicher's crushing at Nuremberg "like a worm." The execution of this undeniably loathsome person was a blow against freedom of speech. Consider also the war crimes trials in Tokyo which were meant to be a counterpart to Nuremberg. Over their five-year span, four thousand Japanese and Koreans will be arrested, of whom more than a quarter will either die in prison or be put to death. Punishment, judicial retaliation, devours them unencumbered by *tu quoque.* One Japanese journalist will later recall that during those trials, the nuclear atrocities at Hiroshima and Nagasaki were never once mentioned (Cook and Cook, p. 207; testimony of Asai Tatsuzo). These authors note that 1,068 out of 4,000 arrested Japanese and Korean war criminals were executed or died in prison between 1946 and 1951. For comparison, in the three western occupied zones of Germany after World War II—that is, excluding the Soviet zone—the Allies prosecuted 5,133 individuals for war crimes, and executed 668 of them (figures quoted in Evans, p. 744). Ex post facto justice is pretty one-sided.

[281] The representative of the Soviet Union perorates and presses to add to the German defendants' crimes the infamous Katyn Forest massacre, when in fact those forty-one hundred murders (simultaneous with over ten thousand tasks of "wet work" in two other sites) were committed by the NKVD. One account of the destruction of these unarmed Poles runs: "In this case, Stalin took a sheet of his personal stationery and wrote only one word on it: 'Liquidate'" (account of Stanislaw Mikolajczyk, quoted in Allen Paul, p. 115).

[282] For more about this issue, see above, photo portfolio, "Land Mine Victims, 1994-2000."

[283] Defined in the moral calculus, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.1. In 6.3.A.1.3, *tu quoque* is rejected as being mere symmetry without discrimination.

[284] In the concentration camps it was very common for horrible spectacles of deterrence to quickly become routine. See, e.g., Buber, p. 214.

[285] Caesar, *The Civil War*, p. 96.

[286] I say "little better," not "no better," because kindness *is* better than no kindness, after all—but the problem of moral theater's expediency remains an important one, since if the means cannot be counted on to achieve the end, its justifiability may on that account alone be called into question.

[287] Interview by author in Split, Dalmatia, Croatia, 1994. See below, "The War Never Came Here."

[288] In a centralized war such as World War II, instead of a war of local irregulars, as in the Yugoslav Civil War, there may be no way to do this.

[289] Margery Fry, "Justice for Victims" (1959), in Hudson and Galaway, p. 56.

[290] Cf. L. T. Hobhouse, "Law and Justice" (1951); Richard E. Laster, "Criminal Resitution: A Survey of Its Past History" (1970); Stephen Schafer, "The Restitutive Concept of Punishment' (1970); in Hudson and Galaway, pp. 5-28, 102-115.

[291] So defined because after the categories of revenge and judicial punishment have been dissected away, military retribution seems to be all that's left.

[292] Lawrence, p. 658.

[293] Darrow, p. 66.

[294] Ibid, p. 71.

[295] Quoted in Lifton and Markusen, p. 220.

[296] Complete works (1912), p. 229; quoted in Seldes, p. 800.

[297] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 594 (to Edward M. Stanton, May 17, 1864).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[298] R.D. Laing, *Knots* (New York: Vintage, 1970), p. 8.
[299] Editorial, "Pyongyang Deserves Sanctions," in the *Hankook Ilbo*, October 12, 1996, in *Korea Focus*, vol. 4, no. 5, September-October 1996, p. 117.
[300] Edward Peters, p. 232 (Visigothic Code, selection B).
[301] Quoted in Masur, p. 34.
[302] Kahn, pp. 45-46.
[303] Goebbels, p. 346.
[304] M. Tukachevsky, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 914.
[305] Quoted in Womack, p. 269.
[306] Callwell, p. 72.
[307] Berkman, p. 195.
[308] Rizal, p. 296.
[309] Carus, p. 117 (parable of the patient elephant).
[310] Luke 6:27.
[311] *Crito*, 49d, in Plato, p. 34.
[312] Sirach 20:4.
[313] Pritchard, vol. 2, p. 146 ("Counsels of Wisdom").
[314] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 644 (letter to Maj. Gen. William S. Rosecrans, regarding a sentence of execution, November 19, 1864).
[315] Hesiod, p. 103 ("Works and Days," ll. 700-13).
[316] Epstein, p. 423, Mishnah, Yoma 85b.
[317] Petrone, *First People, First Voices*, p. 24.
[318] Pritchard, vol. 2, p. 225 ("The Treaty between KTK and Arpad").
[319] *Poetic Edda*, "Havamal: The Sayings of Hár," p. 33, no. 127.
[320] Laqueur, p. 60 ("Murder," 1849).
[321] Bayer, p. 50.
[322] Cicero, p. 137, fourth speech against Lucius Sergius Catalina, 63 B.C.
[323] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 137 ("On Anger," I.XII.2-3).
[324] *Tale of the Heike*, p. 756 (12.IX).
[325] Stephen Owen, p. 82 (*Schemes of the Warring States*).

PUNISHMENT

[1] Yavetz, p. 23, para. 47.
[2] Kakar, p. 81 (interview with Akbar).
[3] Parallel arguments apply for deterrence and retribution. Comrade Kardelj, one of Tito's deputies, dismisses the Fascist strategy of collective responsibility thus: "Some commanders are afraid of reprisals [by the Germans and Italians] and that fear prevents the mobilisation of Croat villages. I consider the reprisals will have the useful result of throwing Croatian villages on the side of Serb villages. In war we must not be frightened of the destruction of whole villages. Terror will bring about armed action" (cited in Beloff, *Tito's Flawed Legacy*, as quoted in Keegan, *History of Warfare*, p. 52). Ironically enough, the Titoist partisans themselves begin burning the villages of peasants who'd gone over to those Fascist puppets, the Chetniks. The peasants admit to the Partisans that they must help the Chetniks to save their villages from razing. War is war, and pleas of solidarity hardly penetrate terrorized minds. The only remedy left to the Partisans: counter-terror—which might have had the virtue, celebrated by ancient Greek and Roman generals, of denying resources to the occupiers (see "Defense of Ground," above), but which did little to augment the allegiance of burned-out villagers. (Djilas relates the evils contingent on this policy in *Wartime*, p. 155.) Thus we find two contradictory arguments at work: *If the enemy burns villages, the villagers will hate them and come to us*, and *If the enemy burns villages, the villagers will fear them, and stay away from us, so we'll have to make them fear us more.* Most likely the first argument held if the villagers believed that the Fascists wouldn't be back or if they believed that the Partisans would be back first; the task of an apolitical survivor might have been defined as the appeasement of rival threats, each in turn as it threatened (deterred) more. From this we see that the deterrer must play his performance in such a way as to convince the audience of his will, his boldness, his presence, his knowledge and his power. His *justice* need not be on the list.
[4] Or, in the terms of the previous chapter, Diodorus envisages a punishment at or somewhat above the deterrence threshold,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

while Akbar sees it as extreme enough to counter-deter.

' This is a very pervasive view, and often permeated with as much expediency as Akbar's. In 1982, when I was toying with theories of vanguardist environmental terrorism, Mr. William Haines, a student of philosophy, and (at that time, at least; I've since lost touch with him) a counter-vanguardist, wrote me: "Responsibility for a bad is not the same as simply having caused it. First, hardly anyone simply causes anything (anymore?). Second, there can be extenuating circumstances (I did it to stop something worse, etc.) Justice is a system of universal (i.e. generally known and applied) rules to define relevant causation and extenuation, to maximize good. Responsibility is defined as the instantiation of these rules, and punishment follows to deter other violations. Thus the connection between responsibility and the justification for violence is irrelevant to your plan, which seeks to prevent individual bads by violent intervention into their happening, with full secrecy. It is odd that you see justice (innocence, responsibility) as an absolute matter rather than a social tool. It's better that the general public think thus, but your argument tries to reach a 'higher' plane."

[6] Equally pervasive, as we shall see. Civil action, one fears, is less efficacious than merely suicidal when launched against an unjust government. Having completed an official history of Rome's Persian Wars—for him a comparative panegyric—the historian Procopius then vents his real emotions, frustration, anger, desperation, hatred, in the secret *Anecdota:* "for in the case of those who have suffered the cruelest treatment at the hands of malefactors, the greatest part of the distress arising from a state of political disorder is removed by the constant expectation of punishment to be exacted by the laws and the Government. For in their confident hope of the future men bear their present ills more lightly and easily, but when treated with violence by the power in control of the State, they naturally grieve over their misfortunes the more and are constantly driven to despair by the fact that punishment is not to be expected" (pp. 89-91; vii.39-40). A case in point of meaningless judicial retribution, which, like the repression of Rudzutak offers the condemned no ethical core, is this contemporary description of the People's Representative Dupin, who during the French Revolution "composed for the prisoners, from time to time, insidious questions from which these unfortunates sought to divine on what basis they were accused, soothing their wives and children right up to the moment when he would go before the tribunal to demand their DEATH" (_____, *Dénonciation présentée au Comité de Législation...*, p. 7; my translation).

[7] Displayed at the Kriminalenmuseum, Wien (Vienna).

[8] Kriminalenmuseum.

[9] "He said his body felt as if it was on fire and his mind was a blank. What he saw was a patch of black."

[10] Elena Chong, "Ex-SAF sergeant accused of murdering housewife testifies: 'I had sex with her at 18,' in the *Straits Times*, March 21, 1997, "Home" section.

[11] *Bukhari*, vol. VIII, p. 528, 7.806.

[12] Ibid, p. 531, 7.810.

[13] Moral calculus, 5.3.B.1. One reader writes: "But this doesn't address the extent of the punishment, right? Both can agree on the guilt but the punishment can still be excessive and unjustified." In fact, by "rule" I mean not only "social more" but stipulated penalty.

[14] Michael Fleeman, "McVeigh handed death sentence: 'It's okay,' man convicted in bombing tells parents," in the *Globe and Mail*, June 14, 1997, pp. A9. Likewise one species of those strange Aztec "flower wars" in which prisoners with flower-studded clubs, participating in their own deaths, fought vain ceremonial battles against jaguar warriors who uplifted clubs bristling with razor-sharp flints. In the Códice Tudela, we see a captive, naked but for a loincloth, whose ankle is tied to a wheel-like stone of sacred slaughter. He gazes into the face of a jaguar soldier. His slayer, luxuriously accoutered, holds the club aloft; the prisoner raises his club, too. If by some chance or turn of skill he bests the bet-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ter armed man, then he'll have to fight another, or four men at once, until he falls. Then the priests will wear his skin (Hassig, pp. 120 [Fig. 16; Tovar 134], 121). The dried head goes to the skull rack. (In a codex, we see the skulls strung between posts in threes; they resemble the beads of an abacus. The lower jaws are missing. They gape and grin, while feathered priests look out upon them from the temple of the Templo Mayor (ibid, p. 206; Fig. 28 [Tovar 122]).

[15] Sir Samuel Romilly, diary entry for February 16, 1811; quoted in Scott, p. 73. The incident referred to evidently took place some time prior to this. For a Russian case, see Tolstoy's "Nikolai Palkin" in the *Writings on Civil Disobedience.*

[16] "An Amateur Flagellant," 1885; quoted in Scott, p. 79.

[17] The oustanding allegory of this is Kafka's "Penal Colony."

[18] Plato recognizes this in the *Laws* through his lenient treatment of involuntary and passion-driven homicides.

[19] Golden, p. 1. A husband who kills his wife's seducer at the moment when the latter has been caught in the act is often considered less culpable, or more justified, than if he waits a year and then hunts the adulterer down. Ancient law often proceeded according to the same double standard. The Twelve Tables of Rome, for instance, divided theft into manifest, whose penalty might be enslavement or death, and non-manifest, whose penalty was merely double compensation (_____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 11; Table VIII, statutes 12-16, 18b. Cf. Maine, pp. 314-15; Justinian, p. 103; "Concerning Theft," Book 46, Title 2, clause 3 [Ulpian]).

[20] Acquinas, p. 582. Kant's insistence that even though differences in motives may exist among perpetrators of violence, we cannot practically account for them in our judgment, I personally find absurd. We do precisely that when we convict, say, for murder in the first degree instead of murder in the second. And in self-defense we certainly take these into consideration. Our response to the gun certainly reflects what we believe the one behind it intends to do with it, just as Kant's revolutionary might well act out of compulsion, or loyalty, or ideological self-defense, or with or without certain very specific and important behavioral limitations (such as whether or not he kills unarmed persons). See above, introduction. In that awful, wavering moment when all consequences as yet remain hypothetical, we must decide whether the gun is to be used upon us fully and physically, out of sadism or *Realpolitik*, or employed solely as an instrument of terror in order to gain some end, or brandished as a drunken joke. In each case our reply might well be different—but because nobody else can protect us (certainly not any social balance operating ponderously in some appellate courtroom miles away), we must reserve to ourselves the right of decision—that is, interpreting the allegiance condition quite narrowly. See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?" California law very sensibly states that we are all allowed to stand our ground, and may defend ourselves if we should otherwise be required to flee. We may not pursue and harm a fleeing assailant, because in withdrawing from us he restores our safety; hence it becomes the social balance's business again to correct for any perturbation in its scales. When the aggressor and the victim are alone, however, the social contract must be considered to be suspended. Acquinas says far too flatly that "it is a mortal sin if he makes for his assailant with the fixed intention of killing him, or inflicting grievous harm on him" (p. 582). How can he know how sinful it is? Only in the case of self-defenders such as Goetz, who repeatedly attack the prostrate and unresisting enemy, can we be sure of such a fixed intention. If someone lunges at me with a weapon and I do not have the time to tell him to put it down, then it *must* be right for me to incapacitate him with a bullet designed to cause the maximum possible amount of damage. Acquinas, no doubt, was writing in those buccolic pre-gunpowder days, when strife was slower. But even then, a thrown knife or a whizzing arrow would be plenty fast enough to call for some quick countermeasures.

[21] "By ancient custom of the Romans," says Montesquieu, "it was not permitted to put

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

girls to death till they were ripe for marriage. Tiberius found an expedient of having them debauched by the executioner" (p. 90; XII.12; citing Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 381; "Tiberius," III.LXI). The original explains that the restriction was for fear of impiety.

[22] Buber, p. 193.

[23] Likewise the military kind. See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[24] Tocqueville, *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. 101.

[25] "This is a hard thing to explain to Americans," recalled a Vietnamese politician, "because Americans are used to the idea of justice." Is there any irony here? Under the American puppet regime in Saigon, he was arrested and beaten for nothing. "You just belonged to the police—period," he went on. "If they got you, you were unlucky, as if you had been struck by a disease. They had gotten others, and some of them had disappeared... Now it was my turn" (Chanoff and Doan, p. 19; testimony of Nguyen Cong Hoan). The revolution, of course, the glorious victory of North Vietnam, would change all that. As one prisoner in a Vietnamese reeducation camp realized: "Everyone who lives in this country is found guilty and sentenced for the crime of living here" (Vo Hoang, "A New Place," in Huynh, p. 113).

[26] Cheng, p. 281. This prisoner is profiled in "Defense of Honor," above.

[27] Montesquieu, p. 23 (V.8).

[28] Moral calculus, 6.3.B.3: Punishment is unjustified when inconsistently applied to penalize similar acts committed under similar circumstances.

[29] Plato, *Laws*, p. 1,507 (XII.963a); p. 1,496 (XII.951b).

[30] Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 269.

[31] Jefferson, p. 1,328 (letter to Dr. Thomas Cooper, 1814).

[32] Eleven centuries before Christ, the great T'ai Kung is supposed to have advised King Wen that "in employing rewards one values credibility; in employing punishments one values certainty" (*T'ai Kung's Six Secret Teachings*, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 51). In other words, the arbitrariness of the equation between a specific crime and a specific punishment cannot, perhaps, be helped, but that randomness, which disfigures the face of justice, may be salved, to a degree, by the consistency, the ubiquity, of the penalty's application. —"Other judges," says Cicero, "when they reach a verdict, take meticulous care to ensure that it does not clash even with the decisions already given by quite different courts" (*Murder Trials*, p. 156; "In Defence of Aulus Cluentius Habitus").

[33] Jefferson, p. 347 ("A Bill for Establishing Religious Freedom" (1777, 1779).

[34] See, e.g., Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 224 ("In Defence of Aulus Cluentius Habitus"). His client, "who is a knight, is being tried under a law which does not apply to knights at all." In such cases, justice's assertion becomes that of class rights. And we haven't even touched on the question of who actually judges. Even at the very end of the Roman Republic, the politicians were also the magistrates. The inevitable consequence was that trials became political exercises. In 62 B.C., we find the Greek poet Archias being indicted for citizenship fraud. Why? Because his patrons belonged to the Lucullan clique, who were enemies of Pompey. Pompey's clients, therefore, were duty-bound to go after Archias (Erich S. Gruen, pp. 267-68). Not only would this embarrass the Lucullans, but it would also probe their strength. A year earlier, Pompey's then-follower, Julius Caesar, had prosecuted the knight C. Rabirius for a political murder committed thirty-seven years before. The scholar who tells the tale concludes that Caesar was striving for "demonstration and display rather than conviction" (ibid, p. 278). While all the accusers were Pompeians, Caesar's own interest was perhaps to gain renown and to continue his game of self-association with popularism. Justice as an ideal lay enchained in irrelevance. Hence I propose that *punishment is unjust when there is no separation of powers among judges, executioners and sovereiegns.*

[35] And, in the case of revolution, unfamiliar.

[36] Cheng, p. 62.

[37] Wiedemann, p. 67.

[38] Ibid, p. 174.

[39] Evans, p. 64. Those demonstrations were

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

surely also for the benefit of the actual punishers, who had an interest in making sense of the deeds of the transgressive Other. We see this exemplified in the late nineteenth century by the Bertillion method and kindred procedures for measuring and quantifying the human type, the criminal type.

[40] Schedel, leaf no. C [100].

[41] *The Dong-A Ilbo*, "Commutation of Chun's Death Sentence," written December 17, 1996, in *Korea Focus*, vol. 5, no. 1 (January-February 1997), p. 142.

[42] In Islam, a legally punishable crime gets entirely expiated by punishment in this life. This is why Muhammed spoke well of the adulterer who presented himself for stoning. If the crime is not punished before death, then Allah may or may not forgive the crime in the hereafter.

[43] Hampl, p. 63.

[44] Goldman, p. 5. Berkman will be portrayed in this chapter, below.

[45] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, pp. 200-01.

[46] For discussion of the divergences in England between the Hebraic law of the *lex talionis* and the indigenous common law custom of weregild, see Jefferson, pp. 1,321-29 (letter to Dr. Thomas Cooper, 1814).

[47] Qur'-An, p. 73 (2.178, "Retaliation and Bequests").

[48] Maine, p. 309. Cf. Montesquieu, p. 42 (VI.18). A scholar of Jewish law notes that the latter "is basically common law—law based on specific precedents and cases. Indeed every legal system originated as case law, with the specific case(s) often preceding the emergence of any general principles" (Sirkes, p. 11; Schochet's commentary).

[49] Pritchard, vol. 1, pp. 137, no. 42.

[50] Ibid, p. 161, nos. 196, 198, 200, 201.

[51] Radin, p. 467.

[52] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 42. Our historian also tells how Artaxerxes's punishments showed "a kind of harmony betwixt them and the crimes." One Arbaces the Mede, a deserter, is condemned as a mark of his effeminacy to carry a prostitute about on his back for a day in the public market (ibid, pp. 882-82). Compare this with Plato's proposed punishment for cowards in war. Symmetry is what one makes it.

[53] Herodotus, Book Five, p. 349. Green remarks (p. 9) that "even if not the sadistic, hard-drinking paranoiac of tradition, Cambyses proved a tougher, less paternalistic despot than his father [Cyrus], and made numerous enemies in consequence."

[54] *Bukhari*, p. 16, 12.23 (narration of Anas bin Malik).

[55] Mayer, p. 124.

[56] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 641.

[57] *Report of the Commissioners of Prisons*, pp. 91-102.

[58] We do at least know that persons whipped with the "cat" were of majority age (Scott, p. 56).

[59] Quoted ibid, p. 185.

[60] The Dobuans, as described in Ruth Benedict's *Patterns of Culture*, gloried in it, thanks to their "fierce exclusiveness of ownership." "The good man, the successful man, is he who has cheated another of his place." "A good crop is a confession of theft" (op. cit., pp. 139, 142, 146-148). Trigger tells us that among the Huron theft was more or less acceptable provided that it didn't occur by force. The Huron had very little to steal, and gave generously anyway. Special objects were hidden on the person or cached (*Children of Aataentsic*, pp. 61-62).

[61] We read in a summary of the Athenian constitution that a group called the Eleven put confessed thieves, kidnappers and bandits to death (_____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 97).

[62] Scott quotes the case of an eighteenth-century thief who was condemned "to be stripped to the bare back, and privatedly whip'd until she be made bloody." Thieves of the other gender received the same treatment in the street (p. 45).

[63] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 46.

[64] For a poster showing one of these burnings, see Evans, p. 157.

[65] Wiedemann, p. 77.

[66] Moral calculus, 5.3.B.4.

[67] Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 146. Recall the Roman case already mentioned: *any* citizen, not merely the victim, could prosecute a homicide.

[68] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, 5.2.C.2.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[69] Quoted in Evans, p. 72.
[70] Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, p. 248.
[71] For a definition of inner and outer honor, see above, "Defense of Honor."
[72] Guevara, p. 153.
[73] Montesquieu, pp. 38-39 (VI.11-12).
[74] Wei Liao-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 263. He further says: "If by executing one man the entire army will quake, kill him. If by rewarding one man ten thousand men will rejoice, reward him. In executing, value the great; in rewarding, value the small" (ibid, p. 255).
[75] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 255.
[76] Hampl.
[77] Scott, pp. 48-49.
[78] Wiedemann, p. 71.
[79] Above, this chapter.
[80] Pinguet, p. 135.
[81] Ibid, pp. 82-84.
[82] From quoted accounts ibid, pp. 80-81. Masur (pp. 25-26) cites the hymn-singing choirs and the sermons preached directly to the condemned in eighteenth-century New England.
[83] Rosen, p. 12.
[84] Kramer and Sprenger, p. xl (M. R. Summers, intro. to 1928 ed.).
[85] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 212.
[86] Ibid, p. 230.
[87] Ibid, p. 213.
[88] Ibid, p. 216.
[89] Ibid, pp. 220-22.
[90] Ibid, p. 228.
[91] Ibid, p. 227.
[92] Ibid, p. 223. We may be sure that failure to confess will not in most cases offer the accused any shred of defense, because, like failure to express a belief in witchcraft, it constitutes defiance of the judge, his science and authority and moral calculus. (See, e.g., p. 234.) If suspicion against her is strong (a category determined by the judge, of course), then she can be imprisoned for a year under ban of excommunication; failure to confess after that renders her an impenitent heretic fit for burning (ibid, p. 239). The supposed logic of the procedure breaks down here, revealing the black craters of expediency beneath. One seventeenth-century confessor to judicially tortured witches wrote that "a certain religious," perhaps himself, "recently discussed the matter with several judges who had lighted many fires and asked them how an innocent person once arrested could escape; they were unable to answer and finally said they would think it over that night" (Father Friedrich von Spee, S.J.; quoted in Rosen, p. 13).
[93] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 225.
[94] Why always *burning* as a penalty? I wonder if this might have been an attempt at something like, although not identical to, a *contrapasso?* A witch is associated with Satan and hellfire. Could it be that the earthly fire to which she is condemned imparts the right touch of didactic theatricality to the morality play in which she must perform?
[95] Moral calculus, 2.3.C: Injustice may be the unavoidable result of acts undertaken under the limitations of imminence, ignorance of actual circumstances, miscellaneous collective necessities, especially in war and revolution, etc., etc.
[96] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 220
[97] Ibid, p. 226.
[98] Ibid, p. 241.
[99] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 3, p. 445.
[100] The terrible shining of the axe really reflects, like the glitter of John Brown's whip (see below, this chapter), the light of love. How happy authority just or unjust would be, to convince us that this was so! One scholar has written in her study of a certain medieval penalty admittedly much milder than death—namely, public penance—that it was "first and most obviously the reconciliation with God that promised eternal salvation, but it was also the reconciliation with the institutional church through the authority of its sacraments and its priests... It was normally only half voluntary, as much a punishment imposed as a sacrifice assumed, as much a lesson to the populace as redemption to the individual... Perhaps that is why public penance was so compelling... [it] acts out a utopian dream. It declares the hope that God's justice can be visible on earth" (Mansfield, p. 17).
[101] Kramer and Sprenger, p. 256.
[102] Ibid, p. 256. Here once again we see

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Seneca's Maxim (moral calculus, 6.3.A.1): Violent deterrence becomes *inexpedient*, although not necessarily unjustifiable, when its severity corrodes loyalty and fear into desperation. (See also "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," above.)

[103] We believe in terrorists, Communists and child molesters instead.

[104] Sadder yet is this comment about the investigation of an analogous set of murders, the Waco siege: "Perhaps the most disturbing counter-measure was the charge, made by the President himself, that the hearings were an attack on law enforcement. Quite the opposite was the case," pleads the House Committee. "All involved in the planning and carrying out of the hearings and the investigation ... believed that th[o]rough airing and analysis of the Waco events by congressional oversight committees were necessary to the long term credibility and viability of the Federal law enforcement agencies... The public was clearly reminded that we live in a Nation of laws and no power sits above those laws. Americans are far more likely to support law enforcement authorities when they know that such authorities will be held accountable for their actions" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, I.b).

[105] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, pp. 1,111 ("Rules of Engagement"), 1,124-25 ("Censure/Promotion/Suspension of Larry Potts"). Italics mine.

[106] Three months later, when outcry persisted, Potts and three other FBI agents were suspended with pay.

[107] The Ruby Ridge episode is discussed at much greater length below, in "Off the Grid."

[108] Moral calculus, 6.3.B.3.

[109] Moral calculus, 5.3.B.2.

[110] Moral calculus, 6.3.B.3.

[111] UNICRI, pp. 351-52 (Adelmo Manna, "New Sanctioning Prospects for the Protection of the Victim in Penal Law").

[112] Plato, *Laws*, p. 1491 (XII.944e). Here it may be worth reminding the reader that given the nature of hoplite fighting in tight-massed phalanxes, throwing away a shield not only disgraced the coward, and set an evil example, as it would today, but also endangered the entire line. (See "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 134: Demaratus.)

[113] "And as for the man and the woman addicted to theft, cut off their hands as punishment for what they have earned, an exemplary punishment from Allah" (Qur'-An, VI.5.38; "The Food," p. 252). The commentator explains (n. 693) that this is the maximum punishment, as indicated by the words "addicted to"—that is, the thieves are habitual offenders.

[114] We saw how Martin Luther King believed that "you can't murder murder" (above, "Defense of Race"), but most people do not accept this.

[115] Appian, vol. III, p. 497 (*The Civil Wars*, II.XX.146).

[116] Hobbes, p. 355 (part II, ch. 28: "Of Punishments, and Rewards").

[117] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[118] The wheels of the Nazi extermination machine were greased by euphemisms. Likewise, the nuclear physicist Theodore Taylor, in drawing up targeting plans against the USSR, never had "a daydream about those people ... as individuals, what they might look like, how many of them one would see slammed up against the walls of the nearest building and splattered all over the place" (Lifton and Markusen, p. 150).

[119] Back in Tiberius's day, the pageants were not so elaborate, but the emperor still enjoyed watching: "At Capraea they still point out the scene of his executions, from which he used to order that those who had been condemned after long and exquisite tortures be cast headlong into the sea before his eyes, while a band of marines waited below for the bodies and broke their bones with boathooks and oars, to prevent any breath of life from remaining in their bodies" (Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 383; "Tiberius," III.LXII).

[120] Wiedemann, pp. 86-87.

[121] Maine, pp. 18-19. However, in 1746 King Friedrich II remarked about the traditional penalty of burning at the stake that the public might well "be scandalized rather than improved" (Evans, p. 122). I imagine this to

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

have been wishful thinking. The truth is probably closest to this cynical formulation of one late-twentieth-century scholar: "People do not want to resolve the tension between social control and law; they often do not care whether the police use excessive force, unless the violence is thrust in their faces" (Chevigny, p. 255).

[122] In effect, the deterrent threshold went down. See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge"; below, moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.9.

[123] Rosen, pp. 105-06; "A true and just Recorde... ," 1582).

[124] Estes Thompson, "Drunken driver sentenced to life in fatal collision," in the *Sacramento Bee*, May 7, 1997, p. A14 ("Nation" section.).

[125] Had he been released, the father might have invoked the Golden Rule in Mr. Jones's favor—or against Mr. Jones, in the style of John Brown. See above, "Defense of Race."

[126] Montesquieu, p. 42 (VI.16).

[127] Masur, p. 30.

[128] Quoted in Masur, p. 34.

[129] Evans, p. 799.

[130] A citizen who rejects the law, on the other hand, is literally an outlaw, a homeless one, a loner outside the social contract. (See above, "Where Do My Rights Begin?") To the extent that he is strong enough to enforce his own will, the arbitrariness of that will meshes perfectly with his own volition—his deeds are his norms—and he thereby experiences freedom and fulfillment. But, because he is also one against many, he must sooner or later also experience the inevitable unfreedom of submission to force, whose imposition will be the more painfully arbitrary as it comes from a group of which he is not a part.

[131] Montesquieu, p. 268 (XXX.18).

RETALIATION FOR VIOLENT CRIMES

[A] Darrow, p. 51.

[B] *Hittite Laws*, pp. 1-5, 8-11, 56-58, 98 (comment on mercilessness). Mainly the first tablet is quoted from here. The second tablet often gives higher but proportional financial penalties for the same crimes. For example, the first tablet gives the penalty for knocking a freeman's teeth out as twenty shekels. The second gives it as a full *maneh* (the Biblical minah).

[C] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, the Twelve Tables, pp. 10-13; Maine, p. 308; Wiedemann, p. 70; Buckland and McNair, pp. 295-96.

[D] Byock, p. 26.

[E] *Eyrbyggja Saga*, p. 14.

[F] Varley, pp. 33-34; Blomberg, p. 96.

[G] Rountree, pp. 85, 115.

[H] Trigger, pp. 59-61.

[I] Boas, pp. 174, 259-60.

[J] Exodus 21.12-23.21.

[K] *Inscriptiones Grecae;* in Fornara, p. 18, item no. 15b.

[L] Leviticus 24:13.17-21, Deuteronomy 21:10-15, Deuteronomy 22:23-29.

[M] Kathleen Freeman, pp. 20, 23, 49; Plutarch, *Lives*, p. 149 (Solon); MacDowell, pp. 91, 113-14, 123-25, 254-55. In the case of homicide, Solon's code resembled the non-judicial mechanisms of blood revenge in that an action had to be brought by the relatives of the victim.

[N] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 403 ("On Mercy," I.XV.7; penalty for parricide); Appian, vol. III, p. 205 (*The Civil Wars*, I.XIII.109; attempted rape); Erich S. Gruen, pp. 244-47; Wiedemann, pp. 74-75, 104-106 (gladiators, slaves); Radin, p. 469..

[O] Hornblower and Spawforth, p. 832 (article on "law and procedure, Roman").

[P] Justinian, p. 161 ("Concerning Insulting Behaviour and Scandalous Libels," Book 47, title 10, clause 5 [Ulpian]), p. 165 (clause 9 [Ulpian]), p. 171 (clause 51 [Ulpian]), p. 182 (clause 24 [Ulpian]); Wiedemann, pp. 76-77, Radin, p. 469.

[Q] Lee, p. 31.

[R] Ibid, p. 32.

[S] Gibbon, vol. 1, pp. 175-76.

[T] II.2.178 (p. 73), VI.5.33 ("The Food," p. 250). Punishments for assault I have inferred from those listed for dacoity; non-judicial punishment is allowed in war "for sacred things" (II.2.194, p. 82): "Whoever then acts aggressively against you, inflict injury upon him according to the injury he has inflicted upon you." For marriage to captured married

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

women, see V.4.24 ("The Women," p. 196).
[U] Zorita, p. 131.
[V] Evans, p. 134.
[W] Barbour, pp. 37-39 (November 20, 1606. Instructions for Government).
[X] Rountree, pp. 115-16.
[Y] Dmtryshyn et al, pp. 424-25 (instructions from the Voevoda of Iakutsk, Andrei Barneshlev, to the Cossack Visili Tarasov).
[Z] Wills, pp. 109, 201, 204
[AA] Ibid.
[BB] Evans, p. 134.
[CC] Scott; Royal Commission.
[DD] Van den Berg, p. 70.

[132] Evans, p. 895.
[133] See above, "Defense of Honor."
[134] Ibid, pp. 148, 193-95. This seems to have happened in the Roman Empire as well, with gladiatorial games and the executions in between. Indeed, Wiedemann (p. 132) specifically makes the parallel between the privatization of justice in Imperial Rome and nineteenth-century Europe.
[135] Quoted in Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, p. 246.
[136] Ibid, p. 248.
[137] Ibid, p. 249.
[138] *The Science of Right*, trans. W. Hastie, in Kant, p. 446. Italics in original.
[139] Darrow, pp. 62-63.
[140] Wiedemann, p. 70.
[141] *Laws*, IX.874a, p. 1,433.
[142] MacDowell, p. 117.
[143] Maine, p. 312. Likewise, we find that the purchase of a cow or a slave is not valid until it has been ritually ratified by means of the buyer's striking a pair of bronze scales with a piece of bronze (Justinian, pp. 57-58; introduction by C. F. Kolbert).
[144] Loc. cit.
[145] MacDowell, p. 45.
[146] *Athenaion Politeia*, *1*, in G. R. Stanton, p. 22. We read in an ancient summary of the Athenian constitution that suits could be entered against animals, inanimate objects and any unknown "doer of the deed" (_____ [attributed to Aristotle or one of his students], *The Athenian Constitution*, p. 103).
[147] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 457. "Whether this act should be regarded as a piece of symbolic magic, or mere childish *folie de grandeur*, or a mixture of the two, is very hard to determine" (Green, p. 75).
[148] "Nothing is more distasteful to men, either as individuals or as masses, than the admission of their moral progress as a substantive reality. This unwillingness shows itself, as regards individuals, in the exaggerated respect which is ordinarily paid to the doubtful virtue of consistency" (Maine, p. 58).
[149] Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, p. 250.
[150] Loc. cit.
[151] Ibid, p. 272. When Roman slaves were hanged, burned or crucified by private contractors, the laborers who dragged away the corpses with hooks were required to ring a bell and wear red (1st A.D. inscription, cited in Wiedemann, p. 75).
[152] Ibid, p. 318. What kind of denunciation is it exactly, we ask the squeamish Anglo-American executioners of the 1940s who "should avoid gross physical violence and should not mutilate or distort the body?" (Royal Commission on Capital Punishment, p. 255.) Do they denounce these days, or merely liquidate? We've summarized the procedures of a hanging. Consider the electric chair in the United States: Handcuff the doomed one, shave one of his legs and the crown of his head, lead him before the five witnesses (who in some states cannot be seen by him), strap him to the chair, mask him, attach the electrodes. It all takes two minutes. Then charge him with two different voltages of current for another two minutes. The prisoner makes no sound (ibid, p. 251). In the gas chamber it's much the same. Stripped, stethoscoped, strapped in, leather-masked and prayed over, he awaits the departure of the last prison official, who removes the cover from the lead-walled acid container on the way out. A hand drops a switch. Cyanide pellets fall into the acid. In Nevada, it took five minutes from when they led their criminal out of the death-cell until the door of the gas chamber closed upon him, and four minutes more until his heart stopped. The prison doctor was listening through the long

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

stethoscope, which pulsed inside a copper tube, then pulsed no more (ibid, p. 253). It seems a far cry from the medieval German criminal screaming out Jesus's name before the crowd while the executioner's wheel smashes his bones. Of course the American method is quicker and less painful; I for one would prefer it. Here are the British Royal Commission's two prerequisites for "humanity": (1) The preliminaries ought to be quick and not provocative. (2) The procedure should produce rapid unconsciousness and death (loc. cit.). The Royal Commission concluded that hanging was faster than electrocution, gassing or guillotining. But the British or American criminal no longer plays a part in his own death. Pinioned, silent and objectified, he receives the current within authority's walls. Society doesn't see him. His death is lost.

[153] Ibid, p. 256.

[154] "The focus of reassurance today is the trial; by contrast, the actual punishment has become almost a secret" (Wiedemann, p. 72).

[155] Remember Solon's Maxim: The best possible city-state is "that where those that are not injured try and punish the unjust as much as those that are."

[156] Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[157] In this connection it is interesting to refer to Jewish law, which emphasizes the fundamentally social nature of crime and punishment as something which must be considered in addition to the mere restoration of religious or moral symmetry: "For transgressions as between man and the Omnipresent the Day of Atonement procures atonement, but for transgressions as between man and his fellow the Day of Atonement does not procure any atonement, until he has pacified his fellow" (Epstein, p. 423, Mishnah, Yoma 85b). This passage, however, does not make clear whether old John Brown had the right to remit a portion of his son's punishment, even though so doing "pacified" old Brown. Here lies the question, which each of us must answer in his own way: Is judicial restitution a matter between human beings, between humans and God, both, or neither?

[158] Brown to Stearns, loc. cit.

[159] This may have been what the tormented Lawrence of Arabia strove to achieve when he asked his Tank Corps colleague to flog him: for pitiable Lawrence the cleansing effect of pain was as short-lived as cocaine's bliss. See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[160] See above, "Defense of Honor."

[161] Hobbes, pp. 354-55 (II.28).

[162] Luther, p. 490 (Ninety-Five Theses, no. 3).

[163] Georgia slaveholders to the Comander of the 3rd Division of the Confederate District of Georgia August 1, 1862; in Berlin et al, p. 797.

[164] John Myhill, "Children Abusing Adults—Rule 43," in *The Raven*, no. 22, p. 152.

[165] Moral calculus, 6.3.B.6.

[166] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[167] At John Brown's trial, the prosecutor admonished those who might not be so certain: "if justice requires you by your verdict to take his life, stand by that column uprightly, but strongly, and let retributive justice, if he is guilty, send him before that Maker who will settle the question forever and ever" (quoted in Oates, p. 326).

[168] See above, "Defense of Race."

[169] Brown to his children, from Akron Ohio, May 10, 1853 (p. 1), West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[170] "Inventory and appraisement... ", pp. 1-2, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[171] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 7, 1844 (p. 1), in Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[172] Letter of May 10, 1853, p. 2.

[173] Ibid, p. 1.

[174] If punishment is truly, under some circumstances, love, then that half-suspended whipping in the tannery takes on an even more ambiguous character. In the forty-fourth of his ninety-five theses, Luther insisted that "by works of love, love grows and a man becomes a better man; whereas, by indulgences, he does not become a better man, but only escapes certain penalties" (Luther, p. 494; Ninety-Five Theses, 1517). In other words, by this reason-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ing, John Jr. would have become a better man if he'd received his full quota of stripes.

[175] Brown to John Jr. from Akron, Ohio, August 26, 1853 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[176] Ibid, p. 6.

[177] Brown to his children, from Akron, Ohio, September 23, 1853, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[178] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 85 ("On Firmness," XII.3). What would the Animal Liberation Front say about that? See above, "Defense of Animals."

[179] Brown to his wife and children, from New York, December 5, 1838, in Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[180] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 7, 1844, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[181] Brown to "my dear daughter Ellen," from Boston, May 13, 1859; Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[182] Did his intentions actually become in some sense sacrificial, or had he always meant the boys' good in enlisting them in his grand, cracked and bloody defense of race and creed? John Jr.'s atonement in the tannery, as hauntingly ritualistic as the punishment of rocks, reminds us that with his sons he tried to do as he would be done by. That calculus hardly required that he keep them safe.

[183] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, Mass., March 31, 1857, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[184] Brown to Mr. Henry L. Stearns, from Red River, Iowa, 1857 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[185] Oates says that Brown's namesake, "in deep personal anguish, appears to have given contradictory and incoherent directions to Brown's allies" (p. 283).

[186] Brown to John Jr. from Rochester, February 4, 1858, Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[187] "For Allied commentators, there is a problem in assessing the conduct of totalitarian armies, where brutality and genocide were often practised as a matter of policy, but where individual heroism could also be evidenced" (Dear and Foot, p. 525; article on heroism, by Norman Davies).

[188] Brown to his family, from Jefferson County, Virginia, October 31, 1859, Boyd B. Stutler collection, pp. 1-2.

[189] See above, "Defense of Race."

[190] Oates, p. 272.

[191] Herodotus, Book Six, p. 419.

[192] Maine (p. 4) approvingly quotes from Grote's *History of Greece:* "Zeus, or the human king on earth, is not a law-maker, but a judge." The divine nature of justice is indicated by an anecdote out of Plutarch about the Spartans, who acquitted or condemned their kings on the basis of the omens of shooting stars (life of Agis, in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 62).

[193] Lloyd-Jones, p. 161.

[194] "For I the Lord your God am a jealous god, visiting the iniquity of the fathers upon the children to the third and fourth generation" (Deuteronomy 5:8). By now there should be no disputing that John Brown believed in the necessity of atonement. The ancient Greeks were capable of going farther. Suppose that a mortal became inflamed through the irresistible agency of a jealous or mischevious god into committing some transgression. Human law, as we shall see in the next chapter, by and large excuses the "I-was-only-following-orders" defense if the compulsion was truly irresistible. Divine law does not. As one commentator on the *Iliad* insisted, "the human agent must take the responsibility even for a god-prompted decision. The human agent knows what is right, but the god overbears his will." In short, we find at the extreme of the moral spectrum punishment being legitimized for crimes which the transgressors did not of their own volition commit (Oedipus unknowingly slaying his father and committing incest with his mother), and punishment being meted out upon stand-ins who did not commit any crime whatsoever.

[195] Maine, p. 105.

[196] Hesiod, p. 31 ("Works and Days," l. 105).

[197] Ibid, ll. 240-41. Vernant remarks apropos of Zeus's supernatural ordering functions that if a king goes beyond what he is legitimately allowed to do, "the whole sacred order of the unvierse is brought into question" (p. 107). The ethos of Elizabethan England was simi-

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

lar. See, for instance, the anonymous pamphlet against witchcraft in the continuum of judicial retaliation.

[198] XV.17.13 ("The Israelites," p. 547).

[199] See, e.g., Leviticus 3.4.2, 16.15-19. By countervailing logic, a leper is considered to be not just physically but also spiritually unclean (Leviticus 14).

[200] On the trial of an inanimate object, Kathleen Freeman writes (p. 16): "These are all inanimate survivals; their source is the belief that a man or object which sheds human blood is polluted, and will bring, by contact, actual pollution on the rest of the community."

[201] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 341 (VI.16). Montesquieu, condemning the cruelty of the Chinese custom of punishing fathers for the crimes of their children, assures his readers that "amongst us" in eighteenth-century France, "parents whose children are condemned by the laws of their country, and children whose parents have undergone the like fate, are as severely punished by shame, as they would be in China by the loss of their lives" (p. 43; VI.21).

[202] Herodotus, Book Seven, pp. 438-39.

[203] Namely, that a despised transgressor, even if he has committed some terrible deed in a previous incarnation and hence deserves to be despised, will have the sin "wholly wiped out by virtue of the fact that he is despised in this life" (Setcho and Engo), p. 394.

[204] Here is a typical passage from the influential *Threefold Lotus Sutra:* Whoever speaks against people who uphold the Lotus Sutra will receive "blindness generation after generation... If he ridicules them [the upholders], generation after generation his teeth will be sparse and missing, his lips vile, his nose flat, his hands and feet contorted, his eyes asquint, his body stinking and filthy with evil scabs and bloody pus," etc., etc. (Sakyamuni Buddha, p. 343).

[205] Gupta, p. 18.

[206] Moral calculus, 5.3.B.1.

[207] This is why Richard Goldstone, the South African jurist, pressed for war crimes tribunals to judge the interethnic killings of the Yugoslav civil war. "Specific individuals bear the major share of the responsibility, and it is they, not the group as a whole, who need to be held to account ... precisely so the next time around none will be able to claim that all Serbs did this, or all Croats... I really believe that this is the only way the cycle can be broken" (Stover and Peress, p. 138).

[208] Luther, pp. 378-79 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed," 1523). And in the famous hadith *Bukhari* one continually finds the Prophet with his own hands executing violent punishments upon evildoers.

[209] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[210] Gandhi, for instance, made more or less the same categorization, but concluded that only the course of mercy was proper. Punishment, redress and correction were uncertain in effect, pandered to police corruption, and gained the victim nothing. (Having previously foresworn "results"—he is being inconsistent here in concerning himself with the victim's gain at all.) Passive acquiesence, which Luther didn't even bother considering, Gandhi likewise ruled out as cowardice. The satyagrahan way was to consider criminals as sick brothers and sisters who needed to be cured (p. 350; "The Satyagraha Way with Crime," in *Harijian*, August 11, 1946. Thus for Gandhi no punishment is "necessary."

[211] "In welchen alle vorgefahlene, und mir Franz Joseph Wohlmuth als aufgenohmenen Freyman allhier, sowohl allda in Hochfürstlichen Stadt-Gericht, als auf dem Land verrichte EXECUTIONEN durch hinrichtung der DELINQUENTEN, dann mit vornehmung der Torturen, aushauen, und Prangerstellen, hier inbemelter Massen eingetragen worden, angefangen mit dem Jahr 1761."

[212] I'm reminded of the Kriminalenmuseum in Vienna, where a bland mummified head dwells under a glass bell-jar. In old prints, the condemned are seen either terrifed or anguished or fearful. This head, now severed, is merely lifeless. The skeletons of executed criminals may be dug up and bought by doctors, as happened with that of the husband-murderer Therese Kandl in 1809. There it is, at the Kriminalenmuseum. Here is a trophy from 1885: Matthias Bechnrik's skull dirty and grinning (he had killed somebody with a kitchen knife).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[215] An anonymous English pamphlet against witchcraft runs: "the punishments of the wicked are so many warnings to all irregular sinners to amend their lives and avoid the judgment to come by penitency and newness of life" (Barbara Rosen, p. 384; "The Wonderful Discoverie of the Witchcraft of Margaret and Phillip Flower...", 1619).

[214] Berkman, p. 15.

[215] Penn Warren, p. 52.

[216] See above, "Suicide and Euthanasia."

[217] Penn Warren, p. 414.

[218] Ibid, p. 376. Such was also his intention at "Bloody Pottawatomie," as his deeds proved. After the massacres there, he wrote John Jr. that "one of U.S. Hounds" had been at Cleveland going East after me. I have been hideing about a week for my track to get cold... I think I will not be 'delivered into the hands of the wicked'; & feel quite easy; but mean to make it very difficult to follow me" (Brown to John Jr. from West Newton, Mass., April 15, 1857 (p. 2), Boyd B. Stutler collection).

[219] Plato understands very well that it is both, saying "law will both teach and constrain the man who has done a wrong, great or small, never again, if he can help it, to venture on repetition of the act" (*Laws*, IX.862d, p. 1,423). Teaching is the private, personal function; constraining is half personal, half public in its application.

[220] Pritchard, vol. 2, plate 48.

[221] Carus, p. 202 (parable of Vasavadatta).

[222] Creed, like honor, can certainly be convenient for authority, as when (so we read) ancient Mesopotamians hauled before court would rather be condemned for their crimes than perjure themselves swearing their innocence for the gods; this made the burden of proof rather light for the prosecution.

[223] Parke, p. 262 (Appendix I, inquiry no. 7).

[224] Gandhi, p. 113 ("The Law of Suffering," in *Young India*, June 16, 1920).

[225] It is just such a circumstance to which that 1902 report to Parliament refers when, beginning with the assumption that defense of authority is legitimate, it concludes that "older criminals, ... by a long course of repeated crime, have proved themselve indifferent to all reformatory influences, and must be regarded as the enemies of society" (*Report of the Commissioners of Prisons*, p. 9). For a fitting counterpart, take this pamphlet by the anarchist Kropotkin, who, defying the many punishments he has received, invokes the golden grail of class self-defense when he cries out that "order is an infinitesimal minority raised to positions of power, which for this reason imposes itself on the majority and which raises children to occupy the same positions later so as to maintain the same privileges by trickery, corruption, violence and butchery" (Kroptokin, *On Order*, p. 6). Ah, he won't reform! Well, the instruments and procedures of control lie ready to hand: in the British prisons in 1902 those included irons or handcuffs, close confinement, flogging, dietary punishment, loss of privileges (*Report of the Commissioners of Prisons*, p. 90). When these are administered, how often do you think the convict is first asked whether he accepts the warden's moral calculus?

[226] Quoted in Etkind, p. 20 (letter to the Allied Control Council, 1946).

[227] Díaz, p. 129. The young Nero, preparing to inscribe two brigands' death-warrants, used almost identical words (Seneca, vol. 1, p. 431; "On Mercy," II.3). Cortes and Nero, like Eichmann, evidently hated to see the word made flesh—or, I should say, made *upon* flesh, transforming souls into carrion. But, admirably persevering, they mastered their feelings. Cf. Gómara, pp. 89-90, who follows the moral calculus of Cleon the Athenian in his account of the incident, remarking about Cortes, "in truth, if he had been soft, he never would have mastered them."

[228] "Fac-simile of the last letter of John Brown... ", Charlestown, Jefferson Co., Va., November 27, 1859, Sabbath (p. 1), from the West Virginia State Archives, Boyd B. Stutler collection. Emphasis in original.

[229] Royal Commission, p. 274.

[230] Ibid, p. 321.

[231] "In modern civilisation the deterrent value of the punishment meted out for any given crime against society is governed by the chances of the crime being discovered and the culprit detected" (Scott, p. 132).

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[232] "Fac-simile of the last letter of John Brown... ", pp. 1-2. Emphasis in original.
[233] Letter to Reverend Luther Humphrey, from Charlestown, Jeferson Co., Va., November 19, 1859 (p. 1), from Stutler collection.
[234] Ibid.
[235] Brown to Mary Brown, from Springfield, 29th Nov. 1846 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[236] Undated document beginning "The passage just read ... " (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[237] See Akbar's remarks in the epigraph to this chapter.
[238] If not, then punishment confirms their damnation—surely harder to accept. In our struggle to comprehend and judge the morality of punishment we would do well to meditate on what Luther once wrote about the powerlessness of human will: "Of course, this seems to give the greatest offense to common sense or natural reason, that God, who is proclaimed as being so full of mercy and goodness, should of His own mere will abandon, harden and damn men, as though delighted in the sins and great eternal torments of the miserable... I myself have been offended at it more than once, even unto the deepest abyss of despair, so far that I wished I had never been made a man. That was before I knew how healthgiving that despair was, and how near it was to grace" (Winter, p. 131). And down through the centuries we can still smell Luther's rage and bafflement. How much more must the prisoner rage, as he receives his strokes and goes into the dirty darkness!
[239] See the table of punishments, above.
[240] See above, this chapter.
[241] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 51 ("In Defence of Sextus Roscius of Ameria").
[242] One of his editors will wander through Vincennes a couple of centuries later and describe the cells as follows: "It was in one of these ice-cold cylinders, in this atmosphere of funereal horror, that the Marquis de Sade wrote his letters, fine examples of eloquence and imagination with which only the most universal products of the Elizabethan genius can be compared" (Sade, *Letters*, p. 24; remarks of Gilbert Lély).
[243] Sade, *Letters*, p. 37 (letter no. II, to Mme. de Sade, March 6, 1777).
[244] This point is controversial. Lély, for instance, insists on it, while Lever hesitates.
[245] Luther, p. 384 ("Secular Authority").
[246] Sade, *Letters*, p. 52 (letter no. IV, to Mme. de Sade, February 1, 1779).
[247] Ibid p. 101 (letter no. X, to Mlle. de Rousset, January 26, 1782].
[248] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"
[249] Sade, *Letters*, p. 106 (letter no. XI, to Mlle. de Rousset, April 17, 1782].
[250] Ibid, p. 62 (letter no. VI, to Martin Quiros, January 1780).
[251] Daniel Lee Anders, "Letters from the Hole," in *Grand Street*, no. 60, 1997, p. 97 (letter to Mike Davis, September 7, 1995).
[252] Sade *Letters*, p. 37 (letter no. III, to Mme. de Sade, April 18, 1777).
[253] Sade, *Letters*, p. 135 (letter to Mme. de Sade, November 1783).
[254] Darrow, p. 90.
[255] Ibid, p. 99.
[256] Or Alphonse.
[257] Laborde, p. 77 (déposition de Roze Kailair, my translation).
[258] Loc. cit.
[259] Loc. cit.
[260] Ibid, p. 78.
[261] Ibid, pp. 79-80.
[262] Ibid, pp. 110-11 (déposition de Sade).
[263] Sade, *Letters*, p. 14 (Margaret Crosland).
[264] Saint-Exupéry, *Wind, Sand and Stars*, p. 209.
[265] This of course is another argument against the deterrent value of punishment—namely, that the criminal believes he won't get caught. As we've seen, John Brown might well have believed this. The British Royal Commission points out that between 1900 and 1949 only one out of every twelve murderers in Englang were executed (p. 319). This gives capital deterrence a pretty low plausibility.
[266] Maine, p. 69.
[267] Williams, p. 167. As late as 1746, a feudal lord actually appealed his right to exclude any police sovereignty from his dominions (Williams, p. 165). See also "Defense of Class."
[268] Mishima, *Madame de Sade*, p. 6.
[269] Sade, p. 16 (Margaret Crosland).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[270] Loc. cit. Even the absolutism of the King Louis the Last he despises, because that system depresses the sovereign rights of nobles such as himself (Lever, pp. 402-03).
[271] Quoted in Lever, p. 324.
[272] Sade *Letters*, p. 79 (letter no. VII, to Mme. de Sade, February 20, 1781).
[273] Scott, p. 11 (italics in original).
[274] Bataille, p. 111.
[275] _____, *Des lettres de cachet*, p. 81 (my translation).
[276] In Paris, this functionary often drafted and signed *lettres de cachet* (Williams, p. 42).
[277] Unfortunately, one of the many almost inescapable problems of politics is that anything the social body does, in order to guard against that very dangerous spontaneity of bandits and lynchers which the social body was formed to fight, requires a procedure, a mechanism; mechanisms require mechanics, functionaries; functionaries through superior experience of the mechanism may learn to guide it for their own ends. See above, "Where Do My Rights End?" When the king announces, "*L'état, c'est moi*," he is proclaiming that his personification of the social body grants him licence to do his own will. He is the master mechanic. This is no mere disease of autocracy; in medieval Iceland, which as we've seen has scarcely any "state apparatus," we encounter the depressingly familiar spectacle of mechanics, in the guise of advocates for and against the accused, arguing their opposing cases on technicalities; as when in *Njal's Saga* a group of known murder-burners defends itself through the shabby tactics of jurisdiction and jury composition (pp. 300-316). Whether I am to be expelled from the commonality on the grounds of some absurdly formalistic verdict or of a *lettre de cachet*, the result may not much differ from that of an encounter with highwaymen. Due process is an essential corollary of the social contract. That is why the eighteenth-century protest against *lettres de cachet* continues: "Society's right of jurisdiction emanates from its duty of protection" (_____, *Des lettres de cachet*, loc. cit.; my translation), which the victim of a *lettre de cachet* never got. The solution, as our anonymous author sees it, is quite simply separation of powers: the personality of the executive should have no right to make the laws; and the lawyers shouldn't be allowed to execute them. No doubt this is necessary. In Sade's case, however, it might not have mattered. A man who'd poisoned some women half to death might still receive life imprisonment from a jury of his peers. (To Sade, of course, his only peers were like-minded aristocrats, libertines.)
[278] Bataille, p. 129.
[279] Both Sade and John Brown were tested and refined in prison (doom's effect on Rudzutak remains unknown). From posterity's point of view, the arguable result was to make Sade a great writer and Brown a great martyr. From the point of view of absolutist France and slaveowning Virginia, the culprits were merely hardened in their infamy.
[280] *Laws*, VII.794a, p. 1,366.
[281] Sade, *Letters*, p. 84 (letter no. VII, to Mme. de Sade, February 20, 1781).
[282] Ibid, p. 114 (letter no. XIII, to Mme. de Sade, August 1782).
[283] Ibid, p. 123 (letter no. XV to Mme. de Sade, June 25, 1783).
[284] Gabrielle-Eléonore de Sade to Madame de Montreuil, January 19, 1779; quoted in Lever, p. 306.
[285] Oddly enough, there is in Sade very little revenge or even retaliation, evil being done merely for its own sake. When we read the popular Communist Chinese tale (rendered a little dubious not only by its original source, but also by its teller, the novelist Malraux, who at times can be as fabulous as Herodotus) of the peasant woman who, in revenge for her husband's decapitation by a local warlord, attended the warlord's trial and tore out his eyes (Malraux, *Anti-Memoirs*, p. 450), we can consider the degree of symmetry of the case, and judge whether or not the woman was justified; above all, we feel that the woman and the warlord have a relationship of sorts: her violence responds to his violence. We can ask, for instance, whether what occurred constitutes judicial retaliation, instead of revenge, because it took place in a courtroom, which means that the Communist judiciary must have sanctioned it. (After all, if they didn't

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

like it they could have stopped the lady after the first eye.) We can wonder why the warlord decapitated her husband in the first place; we sense some kind of mutual expression, however horrible, from perpetrator to victim and back again. In Sade's work, on the other hand, the impression one gets is of a pallid, largely disembodied intelligence floating on a cloud, relishing vistas of meaningless carnage.

[286] *Sodom*, p. 645.

[287] Sade, *Letters*, p. 101 (letter no. XII, to Mlle. de Rousset, May 1782).

[288] Becker, p. 252.

[289] Sade, *Letters*, p. 147 (no. XXI).

[290] Ibid, p. 148 (same letter).

[291] Above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[292] Moral calculus, 5.1.8.

[293] L. T. Hobhouse, "Law and Justice" (1951); in Hudson and Galaway, p. 27.

[294] See Hudson and Galaway, pp. 29-42.

[295] "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge," above.

[296] Moral calculus, 1.2.4.

[297] Excerpted in Hudson and Galaway, pp. 71-84.

[298] Ignore for the moment the truism that this penalty never would have been imposed. Humiliation of an aristocrat would have been humiliation of the aristocracy.

[299] Undoubtedly, idleness and boredom were partially responsible for his vices; and the little happiness he got in late life came (aside from the occasional act of sodomy and pedophilia) from his writings and theatrical performances. But any project not directed entirely by himself wouldn't have appealed to him much. He would have done whatever he had to do, but cynically, despising his victims all the more.

[300] Letter to Gaufridy in 1774, quoted in Lever, p. 241.

[301] Gandhi, pp. 309-09 ("To the Reader," November 10, 1940).

[302] Rollins and London, p. 62.

[303] Lever, p. 311.

[304] Le Brun, p. 66.

[305] LeRoy G. Schultz, "The Violated: A Proposal to Compensate Victims of Violent Crime" (1965), in Hudson and Galaway, pp. 133-34, fn. 176.

[306] Sade, *Letters*, p. 42 (letter no. III, to Mme. de Sade, April 18, 1777).

[307] Ibid, p. 34 (letter no. I, to Madame la Présidente de Montreuil, February 1777).

[308] Loc. cit.

[309] Ibid, p. 36 (letter no. II, to Mme. de Sade, March 6, 1777).

[310] Ibid, p. 37.

[311] Which he spent in more than one prison. He was in the Bastille from 1777 until the year of revolution 1789.

[312] Sade, *Letters*, p. 172 (to his lawyer Reinaud, May 19, 1790).

[313] Quoted in Lever, p. 444.

[314] Darrow, pp. 119-20.

[315] Sade to his cousin, Mme. de Bimard, May 4, 181; quoted in Lever, p. 550. Luther longs to say, as I do, that we are all moral agents, and can choose (at least to an extent) how we will respond to the necessity that tortures us. But Luther cannot back down before his challenger Erasmus, who accepts the will as his living smiling spouse, and whom Luther is trying to ridicule and refute. And so a few pages later Luther grits his teeth and writes: "As for myself, I frankly confess, that I should not want free will to be given me, even if it could be, nor anything else be left in my own hands to enable me to strive after my own salvation ... because, even though there were no dangers, adversities or devils, I should still be forced to labor with no guarantee of success and to beat the air only. If I lived and worked to all eternity, my conscience would never reach comfortable certainty as to how much it must do to satisfy God" (Winter, pp. 135-36). But it seems to me that if there is no free will, then we cannot be responsible for our badness, hence cannot deserve punishment; nor can punishment benefit us. Is benefit in fact any part of punishment? Many would say that is is not, but any mind which strives to make sense of its surroundings must, when enduring stripes, seek for causes and meanings.

[316] Kakar, p. 208.

[317] Moral calculus, 1.3.13.

[318] Quoted in Lever, p. 545.

[319] Lever, p. 564.

[320] Ibid, p. 560.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[321] Quoted loc. cit. (entry for September 2, 1814).
[322] Taken from Lubarsky. Definitions of articles of Soviet criminal code taken from p. 7, "Conversion Table." Names of prisoners and their associated facts drawn from the alphabetized list which makes up the main portion of this booklet.
[323] Berkman, p. 513.
[324] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[325] It took courage in those days to admit to homosexuality, even if it was the product of jailing rather than of inborn inclination. Hence Berkman's admissions prove his ability to be candid about matters which do not benefit his public honor. However, some incidents in this memoir have clearly been embellished for their propaganda value, such as the anecdote from his Russian school days in which he dares in class to refer to Nihilist uprisings, and at exactly that moment a Nihilist bomb goes off. On balance, *Prison Memoirs of an Anarchist* can probably trusted as a record of jailhouse experience, and as a sincere statement of feeling.
[326] Ibid, p. 62. Berkman's lover, Emma Goldman, similarly remarked in 1919, when Frick died a natural death, "Neither in life nor in death would he have been remembered long. It was Alexander Berkman who made him known, and Frick will live only in connection with Berkman's name. His entire fortune could not pay for such glory" (Goldman, p. 8).
[327] Loc. cit.
[328] Ellis, p. 42. The machine guns employed were Gatlings.
[329] Goldman, p. 4.
[330] Berkman, p. 103.
[331] Plato, *Laws*, pp. 1,490-91 (XII.944d).
[332] "An anarchist never begs for clemency." See above, continuum to "Suicide and Euthanasia."
[333] Eli Horowitz very reasonably notes: "What about its value as *prevention?* When Berkman was in jail, he couldn't bomb anybody."
[334] Berkman, p. 485 (Berkman to "the Girl," April 15, 1905).
[335] Ibid, p. 432.
[336] Ibid, p. 276.
[337] His moral calculus, which was as murderously shallow as the calculus which he imagined—with some plausibility—the Fricks of this world to be employing against the "toilers," might have condemned Frick's wife and children, too. In our long chapter on defense of class, we concluded that such violence cannot be condoned when it fails to distinguish between unequal human capacity, unequal luck and unequal goodness.
[338] See above, "Defense of Authority," and also below, the moral calculus, 6.2.c.1.4-5, 8.
[339] Moral calculus, 2.4.
[340] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.3.
[341] Gandhi, p. 352 ("The Satyagraha Way with Crime," *Harijan*, August 11, 1946).
[342] Quoted in Berkman, p. 450.
[343] Hans Ramaer and Thom Holtermann, "Clara Wichmann and the End of Criminal Law," in *The Raven*, no. 22, p. 147.
[344] Rolling and London, p. 174.
[345] Ibid, p. 59.
[346] Quoted in Evans, p. 197.
[347] Ibid, p. 907.
[348] Quoted in Rudé, *Robespierre*, p. 165.
[349] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 176.
[350] Cicero, *Murder Trials*, p. 273 (defense of Gaius Rabirius).
[351] Op. cit., p. 30 ("War and Peace").
[352] Parker, p. 106. "It shall then be a duty of the Lords of the Confederacy who remain faithful to warn the offending people [who neglect or violate the laws]. They shall be warned once and if a second warning is necessary they shall be driven from the territory of the Confederacy by the War Chief and his men" (ibid, p. 55; article 92).
[353] *Laws*, IX.868e, p. 1428.
[354] *Constitution fédérale de la Confédération suisse*, p. 35 (Chapter I, Article 65, no. 1; my translation).
[355] Hobbes, p. 336 (pt. II, ch. 27: "Of Crimes, Excuses, and Extenuations").
[356] Ibid, p. 356 (pt. II, ch. 28: "Of Punishments, and Rewards").
[357] Luther, p. 93 ("Two Kinds of Righteousness," *ca.* 1519).
[358] Ibid, p. 398 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").
[359] Ibid, p. 102 (commentary on Galatians, 1531).

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[360] Carus, p. 148 ("Simha's Question Concerning Annhilation").
[361] Levi, p. 11.
[362] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 121 ("On Anger," I, VI.2).
[363] Ibid, p. 449 ("On Mercy," extracts preserved by Hildebert of Tours).
[364] Rousseau, pp. 36-37. ("The Social Contract").
[365] *Laws*, IX.871d, p. 1,431.
[366] Jefferson, pp. 351 ("A Bill for Proportioning Crimes and Punishments").
[367] Kathleeen Freeman, p. 91 ("Against a Step-Mother, on a Charge of Poisoning," between 450 and 411 B.C.).
[368] Quoted in Evans, p. 491.
[369] *Konjaku monogatori shu:* quoted in Friday, p. 115.
[370] Interviewed by author, 1997.
[371] Darrow, p. 73.
[372] Quoted in the *Sacramento Bee*, March 27, 1997, "Newsline" section, p. A18, "Electrocution still backed in Florida."

LOYALTY, COMPULSION AND FEAR

[1] Lucan, p. 13 (I.376-78).
[2] Quoted in Seldes, p. 46.
[3] A loathsome little "revisionist" pamphlet, calling Ohlendorf's "the most revealing trial in the 'Einsatzgruppen case' at Nuremberg," asserts that Ohlendorf was tortured by the allies. "He denied that the Einsatzgruppen as a whole had inflicted even one quarter of the casualties claimed by the prosecution" (Harwood, pp. 11-12).
[4] Those scruples show up the limits of Tolstoyan inwardness. "I think that even if one was a woman in a brothel," says our white-bearded pacifist, returning to one of his favorite cited professions, "or a gaoler, one ought not suddenly to give up one's work. Certainly anyone who realizes the evil of such a life will not go on with it, but the important thing is not the external change" (Goldenweizer, pp. 198-99). I cannot accept this statement in the case of a murderer for whom an "immediate change" will save him from adding to the blood on his hands.
[5] Luther, p. 399 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").
[6] Wilhelm Keitel on Hitler: "I believed in him so blindly. —If anybody had dared to tell me then any of the things I have found out now, I would have said, 'You are an insane traitor—I'll have you shot!'" (Gilbert, p. 110).
[7] Quoted in Taylor, p. 248. I am reminded of the sea-captain in Alfred de Vigny's *Servitude et grandeur militaires*, who explains to his young victim: "However fine a lad you may be, I can't get out of it. The sentence of death is there, properly drawn up, and the order of execution signed, initialled, sealed; nothing is missing" (p. 34). Afterward, the captain cries in amazement: "To obey a piece of paper! for it was only that in the end! There must have been something in the air which compelled me" (p. 35). And, like Keitel and many another Nazi in the dock, he falls to railing against his superiors. See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[8] Manfred Guttmacher describes one murderer thus: "He is devoid of loyalty to anyone. This is a nuclear defect in most sociopaths" ("The Normal and the Sociopathic Murderer," in Wolfgang, p. 132).
[9] See the section entitled "King Olaf's Mad Dogs," in "Defense of Honor," above.
[10] Only the lay brothers who sometimes accompanied them were allowed to bear arms. Perhaps God helped the Jesuits; in any case, the designs of those cool and remorseless politicians succeeded. According to Trigger's classic account, only a few years after they set out in earnest to convert them, "many Huron apparently ceased to try to influence events and looked towards the future with a sense of bitter resignation" (*The Children of Aataentsic*, p. 750). And they had cause, for the following year the Iroquois launched their great assault which almost exterminated the Huron and drove the survivors from their homeland forever. The Jesuits took that disaster with sickening equanimity, and much of its cause lay in the undermining of traditional Huron authority which they had set about with such gusto.
[11] Letter on obedience to the fathers and brothers at Coimbra, Rome, March 26, 1553;

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

in Loyola, p. 309 (italics mine).

[12] Ibid, p. 310.

[13] But how rare is authority's own violence? For Loyola, who embraced his country's military causes and her sometimes brutal defenses of creed, violence against "alien" groups must have been less problematic than for, say, Tolstoy! "I was only following orders" became for him "I am proud to have obeyed my superior." The frequent sadness and cruelty of obedience looms dismally through history. It bloomed into a proud, tall crop in medieval Japan, where, in Pinguet's words, "genocide seemed the price of a lasting peace. Thus victories were always followed by tremendous manhunts, as fugitives were tracked down, families exterminated" (p. 79). We find it in the famous Chinese poem "Yellow Bird," which tells how one after another, three high retainers of the deceased Lord Mu, standing beside the open grave-pit, shake with dread as they wait to be sacrificed to serve him in the next world (Stephen Owen, p. 26; Classic of Poetry CXXXI, "Yellow Bird," *ca.* 620 B.C.). Two millennia later, the Jews of the Lithuanian town of Kelme will likewise be standing beside their open grave, listening to their Rabbi instruct them to "accept this judgment calmly." After all, what else can they do but cooperate? They are surrounded by merciless armed men. Unobstructive obedience will bring them a more dignified end. But one butcher leaps from the pit, and with his teeth rips the German officer's throat out ... (testimony in Yad Vashem archives, quoted in Graenum Berger, "The Roles of Communal Workers in Jewish Self-Defense," in Baron and Wise, p. 310).

[14] Loyola, p. 306. Italics mine. "Did you ever see a more upright-looking man, a more straightforward, honest character?" said another defendant (Schacht, quoted in Gilbert, p. 105).

[15] Kleist, p. 72 (ll. 1587-93). For an eerie parallel with Kleist's story, which hinges on strict and narrow obedience, cf. Wei Liao-tzu's tale of the warrior who, "unable to overcome his courage," left the ranks to kill and decapitate two of the enemy. The commander says, "There is no question that he is a skilled warrior. But it is not what I ordered." And he orders him decapitated (Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 258).

[16] Mosse, p. 101 ("A Soldier Believes in Plain Talk," translated excerpt of *Die Geschichte eines Hochverräters*).

[17] I imagine a torturer in the service of the Spanish Inquisition to have employed Ohlendorf's justification, or else held by supreme authority that tormenting and burning heretics could not be against God. But as a general rule, of course (that is to say, when someone is not on trial), we can hardly expect every behavior to be transparent so that any bystander such as ourselves can see the ethos within.

[18] The Pope approved the Ten Commandments, *however those might be interpreted;* so did the Jesuits. Therefore they would follow the orders of the Catholic Church; if some directive went too egregiously against the Decalogue they would be aware of it, and they would also be aware that their Superiors would be aware. Here lay the core of their moral identity. The reader is referred to the biographies of popes Innocent IV, who authorized the use of torture in 1252, and Paul IV (1555-59), who put Protestants to death and created Rome's Jewish ghetto, requiring the wearing of a special Jewish badge. His handling of the Roman Inquisition has been described as "a reign of terror." What would obedience to such Popes entail?

[19] Mosse, p. 326 ("Public Law in a New Context," translated excerpt of *Staat, Bewegung, Volk: Die Dreigliederung der politischen Einheit*.)

[20] Sophocles: "That is no city, which belongs to one man" (Aeschylus et al, p. 137, "Antigone," trans. Sir Richard C. Jebb).

[21] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.

[22] Thus, grim, taciturn old John Brown, who is recalled as requiring "unquestioning obedience to his commands" (Winkler, p. 64), led his undissenting vigilantes to the slaughter of the unarmed, as we've seen, and later commanded the attack on Harpers Ferry in an equally dictatorial spirit of unity; but that unquestioning obedience which is written of could scarcely have sustained itself had that

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Bible-loving teetotaler commanded murder out of drunkenness, as some of his pro-slave victims reportedly had; or had he turned against a slave. One interesting test of commonality might be to ascertain whether what the followers do in the absence of orders corresponds to what they do when given specific directives. Speaking of atrocities committed during Operation Barbarossa, Lucas remarks (p. 28) that "many commanders, officers, and men, being faced with situations for which no solutions had been given, no firm guidelines laid down and who needed results decided on the seemingly easy option of execution and repression." What he overlooks is that when "firm guidelines," such as the ones that Keitel signed, were indeed laid down, the same "easy options" were followed.

[23] "Total division, total polarization," writes Maurice Pinguet (p. 77). "As in Dante's Florence, every man had to be on one side or the other. The division, shearing through the entire thickness of Japanese society, from the furthest paddy-field to the court itself, made a struggle to the death inevitable."

[24] The point has been made that at this period in Japanese history, vertical alliances were more practical and enduring than the horizontal, because peers found themselves in competition for scarce honors, sinecures, etcetera; whereas a retainer was ineligible for the same rewards as his master, and vice versa. Moreover, from a practical point of view, the links of the chain of obedience rapidly became attenuated with distance. In Keitel's Germany a fighter *(Kämpfer)* would feel as loyal, or even more so, to his leader's leader as to his leader; in Shigemori's Japan this simply was not the case. Thus relationships of obedience were more easily and expediently entered into than the passages of the *Tale* quoted above might lead us to believe—and more easily broken. If one warrior's lord gave unacceptable orders, there might well be another armed faction in the neighborhood. Obedience was, in short, active rather than passive. See, e.g., Friday, pp. 99 and 115-17. Like Varley (who emphasizes the realistically bilateral nature of the lord-vassal relationship, pp. 32-33, 58-59), Friday insists that most warriors did in fact put self-interest first, as a westerner would expect them to. But he is then compelled to assert what we already know, and concludes, not especially helpfully: "By choosing to die [the warriors] were not totally abandoning their self-interests; in a very real sense, they were actually furthering them" because honor in the Ciceronian sense of posthumous renown was so important (p. 119 fn.). Blomberg (pp. 91-95, 97-99) writes that the arrangement was as follows: the vassal offered loyalty, to the point of laying down his life, and successive lives; the lord offered kindness, protection, affection. In his history of the Pacific campaign of World War II, Eric Bergerud writes that "much of Japanese education and military indoctrination dealt with mythological renderings of great acts of heroism in both the distant and recent past. All had one thing in common: the hero died in battle" (p. 130). Bergerud expresses deep admiration for the courage of these soldiers, and equally deep contempt for their leaders who instigated what proved to be pointless self-sacrifice. He goes on to say that of all the Allied veterans he interviewed, none expressed any regrets regarding the bombing of Hiroshima and Nagasaki, because thanks to this training the Japanese, they believed, would have fought on uselessly and bloodily to the end (p. 132).

[25] Blomberg, p. 94. One finds cases of this custom in Vietnam, too (e.g. Chanoff and Doan, p. 49; testimony of Nguyen Van Hung, private, NVA).

[26] Cook and Cook, p. 126 (testimony of Debun Shigenobu).

[27] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 452 (Book 7, ch. XX).

[28] The reader continually meets with characters such as Tsunemasa of the Heike, who longs only to see his lord, an abbot whom he once served, before unrolling his red banner and leading his soldiers on; to the abbot, as to many of us, this visit is unexpected, touching and deeply right. *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, pp. 441-3 (Book 7, chapter XVII).

[29] Judicial Affairs General Research Institute (Japan), p. 247, Table III-5; trans. Mrs. Keiko Golden.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[30] See above, "Defense of Gender."
[31] Lady Hygeyong, p. 68 (memoir of 1795).
[32] Varley characterizes the Heike as "courtiers who are losing out as a ruling elite to provincial warriors in the tumultuous transition to the medieval age" (p. 111).
[33] "A sword which could not cut off a man's head with one stroke was considered useless" (Blomberg, p. 56).
[34] Naturally, as in the paintings of Napoleon's grandeur, there is a certain self-serving hagiography here, but with all due deductions for exaggeration there remains the same kind of loyalty, expressed literally to the point of suicide, which was to confound American soldiers during World War II (contemporary accounts generally describe it as "fanatacism"—a term of denigration to an American; Keitel's liege lord, on the other hand, frequently used it as a praise-word in his speeches and table talk).
[35] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 1, p. 99 (Book 2, ch. IV: "Shigemori's Lesser Admonition"). Varley calls him "the conscience" of the Heike (p. 88).
[36] Ibid, pp. 110-11 (ch. 6: "The Admonition").
[37] Varley, pp. 88-89.
[38] For discussion of Ostrovsky's *How the Steel Was Tempered*, see above, "Defense of Class."
[39] *Tale of the Heike*, p. 113 (ch. 7: "The Beacon").
[40] Indeed, the *Tale of the Heike* harps on one of Shigemori's greatest anxieties, the degradation of Buddhism, faith of the land, through the feuding of rash, vain monks. When Shigemori's father arrogantly overreaches himself, the vanguard of the rebellion consists largely of priests at first, who cast their grievance in the cosmological terms appropriate to their commonality: "It is a great grief for us that Kiyomori is about to nullify the Imperial Law and destroy the Buddha's Law at his own will." (ibid, vol. 1, p. 252; Book 4, ch. VII, "The Appeal to Mount Hiei"). Kiyomori's arrogance and cruelty deserves punishment; and the main subtext of the work is the Buddhist one that anything that flourishes (specifically including the Heike) must someday decay.
[41] Blomberg, p. 89.
[42] See, e.g., Pinguet, pp. 78-79.
[43] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 450 (Book 7, ch. XIX).
[44] Kleist, p. 36, ll. 732-33.
[45] Krebs, p. 142.
[46] Trigger to author, September 14, 2002.
[47] Moral calculus, 5.3.C.2.
[48] Moral calculus, 6.3.C.1.2.
[49] A phenomenon we've discussed already in another chapter: "Defense of Honor," above.
[50] "Alzburg Defendant Admits Leaving U.S. Airmen Unburied," in *The Stars and Stripes*, June 8, 1946.
[51] Kleist, p. 25, ll. 473-74.
[52] Quoted in Taylor, p. 477.
[53] Some of Keitel's Japanese counterparts were willing to go even farther down the road of obedience than he. After obeying orders to commit atrocities, the war criminals were instructed by one lieutenant-general that "he would not forgive them were they to cause the Japanese army to lose face to foreign countries." Accordingly, they were to admit the act and deny the command. Some did (Cook and Cook, p. 430; testimony of Fuji Shizue).
[54] According to Evans (pp. 55-56), German tradition held that punishments such as hanging, which wrapped and bound the condemned like prize packages, were more degrading than punishments which allowed some freedom of movement and thereby permitted them to display courage and uprightness. Interestingly, the same stigma was attached to decapitation in medieval Japan—a punishment reserved for the lower orders—which is why condemned samurai preferred the far more agonizing punishment of *seppuku* as a mark of their superior status (Pinguet, p. 132).
[55] Quoted in Taylor, p. 354.
[56] Quoted ibid, p. 439. Regarding personal motives, the trials of most Nazi war criminals proved less than enlightening—probably because these men struggling for their lives, like flies in the spiderweb of justice, did not care to incense the world against them any further by rehashing theories which could in any event be read in published sources. By and large they were doers, not ideologues—a plausible reason (although ultimately I think a mistaken one) for punishing them. (Exceptions: Streicher and Rosenberg never

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

killed anyone, nor signed any death-warrants.) When I say "doers, not ideologues," I mean Keitel in this chapter, but Keitel was highly representative. Eichmann, for instance, never reflected sufficiently on why he killed. When his Israeli interrogator asked him, "Did you believe that the German nation could survive only if all the Jews in Europe were exterminated?", his reply was a classic of malignant idiocy: "Herr Hauptmann, if they had said to me, 'Your father is a traitor,' if they had told me that my own father was a traitor and I had to kill him, I'd have done it. At that time I obeyed my orders without thinking" (Lang and Sibyll, p. 157).

[57] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

[58] Excerpted in Chaliand, p. 598.

[59] A highly desirable state for Tolstoy, because it would end the battle.

[60] Manstein, p. 287.

[61] Homer, *The Iliad*, p. 87 (I.344-45).

[62] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 61 (I.40).

[63] Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 129. This author believes (ibid, pp. 246-47) that the checks and balances instituted by Constantine in the fourth century to prevent these abuses tended to make the government less efficient, to the point of introducing factionalism between military and civilian departments, which became calamitous during the barbarian invasions.

[64] To illustrate this process in Keitel's country, a passage out of the eminent historian Gordon Craig will have to do: "Throughout the course of German history the Prussian army, and the German army which grew out of it and inherited its traditions, had been a law unto itself, acquiescing in directions issued by the political heads of the state for the most part only when it suited its purpose to do so" (p. 468). And this continued to be more or less the case until 1938, the midpoint of the Third Reich, when Hitler assumed supreme direction over the army, and appointed the ever obliging Keitel to be his second-in-command. Commenting on the "humiliations" which followed, Craig writes: "Indeed, swallowing their pride, the officers as a class followed their master to the bitter end, and in doing so inevitably assumed a large share of the responsibility for the crimes of his régime" (pp. 469-70). In other words, Keitel's obedience, and that of his peers, can be explained less by the habit of soldierly obedience which had supposedly always prevailed than by Hitler's cleverness in trussing and decapitating the General Staff. The editor of Keitel's memoirs insists that "this creed" of obedience "was not so much a leftover of the Old Prussian *Junkers* era of the eighteenth century, as an expression of the rationalisation of the concept of loyalty that had sprung up in the age of Kaiser Wilhelm" (Keitel, p. 29).

[65] Clausewitz, Keitel's countryman and forerunner, had insisted that the war aim is not the soldier's business—the position also, I suppose, of Private Meadlo at My Lai. Shall we reject it?

[66] Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 161.

[67] Keegan, *The Mask of Command*, p. 6. Under Communism, states often pretend to revert to the Spartan example, but of course command remains more centralized than ever. In his column "Revolutionary Armed Forces and the People's Army," General Vo Nguyen Giap explains: "the people's armed forces became the instrument of violence of our State to combat internal and external enemies and safeguard the new regime, the revolutionary power and the people's interests. That is why the people eagerly participated in the struggle to defend the State, and the State is able to arm the population extensively" (*Vietnam Courier*, no. 2; July, 1972, p. 9). One suspects that that participation was not always so eager. See above, "Defense Against Traitors."

[68] His career proves the naiveté of Tocqueville's assertion that "men are not corrupted by the exercise of power or debased by the habit of obedience; but by the exercise of power which they believe to be illegal and by obedience to a rule which they consider to be usurped and oppressive" (*Democracy in America*, vol. 1, p. lxxv). Keitel, like Ohlendorf, never questioned the right of his leader to command him. Hitler's power might have felt "oppressive" to Keitel because Hitler's *personality* was unpleasant, but he did not question it, and it is precisely the habit of obedience which debased him—just as it was Hitler's policy of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

insisting on unconditional obedience which rendered his regime despotic and illegitimate. "Obedience to a rule *which they consider to be oppressive*"—but is oppressiveness only in the eye of the beholder?

[69] Lucan, p. 113 (VI.261).

[70] Keitel to the prison psychologist, Dr. Gilbert; in Gilbert, p. 249.

[71] Reproduced in Daniel Gerould, *Guillotine: Its Legend and Lore* (New York: Blast Books, 1992), p. 36. A similar caricature was made of Robespierre.

[72] Op. cit., p. 36 ("War and Politics; Reciprocal Effect Between Policy and Strategy").

[73] Gerould, p. 67.

[74] Moltke, p. 78 ("Thoughts on Command [1859-70]").

[75] A dissenting view: Alan Clark speaks of the Führer's "personal courage. He had said that he would remain in Berlin and die there, and so he did. Hitler may have despised the Prussian aristocracy, but few exits from the stage of history have been so scrupulous in their honouring of the seignorial code" (p. 458).

[76] General Count Philip de Segur, one of the officers who survived Napoleon's Russian campaign, wrote of the Emperor's enforced abandonment of his troops: "It was then seen too clearly that a great man is not replaced, either because the pride of his followers can no longer stoop to obey another, or that having always thought of, foreseen and ordered every thing himself, he has only forged good instruments, skilful lieutenants, but no commanders" (vol. 2, p. 320). This is an excellent description of how Hitler's lieutenants felt.

[77] See, e.g., Cook and Cook, p. 430 (testimony of Fujii Shizue).

[78] In *Wartime* (p. 113), Djilas admits the total failure of his cadres to reeducate German prisoners about the evil of Nazism. When finally asked if they would kill noncombatants again, they simply replied: "Orders are orders!"

[79] Quoted in Taylor, p. 537.

[80] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 330 ("Judicial Decisions: International Military Tribunal [Nuremberg], Judgement and Sentences, October 1, 1946"). Thus his toolishness strove for the highest form of Ignatian obedience, of willing what his master willed. In the summer of 1996 I was called to jury service in California, and intermixed with the many stupidities, some necessary, some merely predictable, was the cautious, thorough-minded fairness of those quiet courtrooms, in each of which the defendant, now harmless and humiliated, awaited the selection of jurors; and while each judge warned us that the law was the law whether we agreed with it or not, and that if in our determination the defendant had broken the law we had to say so, nonetheless, the judge went to great pains to ask each of us: "Can you serve? Can you abide by my demand that you apply this law to the defendant? Is there anything about this defendant, or this case, or your own life, which might possibly prevent you from being fair?" And I believed this to be just and good, and even kind. Anybody who evinced the slightest doubt about his ability to administer the law—which in practice meant also his *desire* to administer the law—was excused. And General Keitel—we must acknowledge this—was likewise given the opportunity to be excused from committing what was neither just, good nor kind. His first warning: the Geneva Accords. But the Nuremberg defendants subscribed to their countryman Clausewitz's contention that "violence arms itself with the inventions of Art and Science in order to contend against violence. Self-imposed restrictions, almost imperceptible and hardly worth mentioning, termed usages of International Law, accompany it without essentially impairing its power" (op. cit., p. 101). The case which Keitel's side would make at Nuremberg was that (a) the USSR had not been a signatory to the Geneva Accords; therefore, the Reich need not be bound by them either; (b) the Allies had all violated the accords on occasion, the Soviets most egregiously; (c) the Kellogg-Briand Pact, which the majority of the belligerents had signed, specifically proscribed war as a method of settling differences; yet no one paid any attention to it; hence the other international protocols could be violated, too. (All of these rationalizations, of course, violate the Golden Rule, as well, I suppose, as a nation's collective inner honor, but most

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

nations have no such thing.)

[81] Keitel, p. 105.

[82] Ibid, p. 166.

[83] Overy, p. 341 (interview of June 27, 1945).

[84] The death-judgment pronounced on him particularly singles out Poland, Belgium, Holland and Russia (quoted in Gilbert, p. 439).

[85] Quoted in Gilbert, p. 440. The simple fact is that if a crime is committed, somebody has to be responsible. Is the perpetrator guilty—or his commander for ordering or condoning it—or are both parties equally stained? I would choose the third possibility. Cortes, whose war against the Aztecs is by twentieth-century commentators so often pronounced unjust, found himself, like that darling of the rising-up justifiers, Spartacus, unable to prevent his troops from committing violence. Cortes's Spaniards immediately began to loot Montezuma's palace, where they were quartered, and perhaps to outrage some of the Mexican women who ground maize for them. Spartacus's risen slaves turned quickly to murder and rape (Yavetz, p. 88 [Sallust, Book 3, Fragment 98]). Does this extenuate either one of these commanders from accountability? No. Ineffective command in effect comprises complicity.

[86] Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, p. 279.

[87] Fest, p. 360.

[88] Manstein, pp. 287-88.

[89] To recapitulate, there must be legitimate command, a just cause and an intention of advancing good and avoiding evil, not simply dominating or revenging. See the the portrait of Caesar in the chapter "Defense of War Aims."

[90] Seward, p. 161.

[91] Ibid, p. 243.

[92] Keegan, *The Mask of Command*, p. 317.

[93] Gordon Craig, p. 495.

[94] *The Goebbels Diaries*, p. 534 (entry for September 23, 1943).

[95] Guderian, p. 388. When Guderian was interrogated at Nuremberg (November 5, 1945), he used similar words: "General Keitel is basically a decent character. He was absolutely overpowered by Hitler's personality, and he considered it his duty to approve of everything that Hitler said" (Overy, p. 533).

[96] Even before Hitler had come to power, one of his Gauleiters had concluded that "with an animal-like acuteness of perception he differentiated between people who gave him unconditional loyalty and an almost religious faith and those who viewed and judged him from a critical distance according to standards of reason" (Krebs, p. 153).

[97] Keitel, pp. 167-68.

[98] General von Blumentritt gives a typical anecdote: When Blumentritt was suspected of complicity in the 1944 assassination attempt on Hitler, Keitel refused to shake his hand. But his audience with Hitler went well, after which Keitel immediately invited him for tea (Liddell Hart, *The German Generals Talk*, pp. 269-70). A soldier who was mesmerized by Napoleon as a schoolboy, but outlived him and his charm by decades, later wrote about tyrant-worship that "the source of this flaw in us is a great need of action, and a great intellectual laziness" (Vigny, p. 109).

[99] William Craig, p. 351. General von Manteuffel accuses him of zealously indulging and encouraging Hitler's grandiose confidence in achieving the impossible (quoted in Liddell Hart, *The German Generals Talk*, p. 282).

[100] Above, "Defense of Honor."

[101] For some remarks on Hitler's motivations in watching this, see above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Retaliation."

[102] Keitel, p. 139.

[103] The Nazi war aims can I think be best described by quoting from Plotinus's First Ennead, which, composed seventeen centuries before Keitel's trial, touches on the nature of evil: "Some conception of it would be reached by thinking of measurelessness as opposed to measure, of the unbounded against bound, the unshaped against a principle of shape, the ever-needy against the self-sufficing: think of the ever-undefined, the never at rest, the all-accepting but never sated, utter dearth; and make all this character not mere accident in it but its equivalent for essential-being, so that whatsoever fragment of it be taken, that part is all lawless void, while whatever participates in it and resembles it becomes evil, though not of

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

course to the point of being, as itself is, Evil-Absolute" (Plotinus, p. 28).

[104] Keitel, pp. 139-140.

[105] Thucydides, p. 368.

[106] Singleton, p. 194.

[107] For more on this episode, cf. Djilas, *Wartime*, pp. 93-94. Djilas sets the number of victims at 6,700, but adds that this is an approximation. As far as inflaming revenge goes, Djilas was all too aware that Partisan atrocities were similarly helping to drive people into the Chetniks' camp (cf. p. 149). See above, "Punishment."

[108] A point of comparison can be made with General Grant, who during the American Civil War ordered "the severest punishment" for pillage; and when four of his pickets were assassinated one morning by snipers—an act of provocation analogous to if much smaller than the one in Yugoslavia—Grant simply rounded up the local citizenry under guard, explaining, "The intention is not to make political prisoners out of these people, but to cut off a dangerous class of spies" (Grant, pp. 979, 978; General Order No. 3, January 13, 1862, and letter to Brig. Gen. Eleazer A. Paine, January 11, 1862).

[109] Overy, p. 345 (interrogation of June 27, 1945).

[110] For an eyewitness if possibly self-serving account of the history of this order, complete with several of its document-incarnations, see Warlimont, pp. 158-71. Excerpts from the memorandum of March 31, 1941, written *almost three months in advance of the war with Russia:* "If adequate proof of his [the commissar's] position is forthcoming, the officer will forthwith order his execution and ensure that it is carried out. [Political leaders and commissars] should be liquidated if possible at prisoners-of-war collecting points or at the latest on passage through the transit camps" (pp. 163-64). Warlimont claims that Keitel was "only a recipient," not an originator, of the final order (p. 170). Obviously the Nuremberg Tribunal disagreed.

[111] For an extract from one of those reprisal orders, see the first epigraph to the "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge" chapter, above.

[112] Dear and Foot, p. 646.

[113] Keitel, p. 153. His editor discusses the infamous orders at length (pp. 251-65), and tries to exculpate Keitel to some degree, arguing that both sides committed acts of terrorism and that many such orders were never enforced, or not enforced very long. But the facts, the mass graves, continue to accuse.

[114] His eleventh-hour statement of grievance against Hitler was more warranted than Dr. Gilbert was willing to admit. "A wise emperor rules his country by exemplifying fidelity," the *Tale of Heike* pointedly said (vol. 1, p. 220; Book 3, ch. XIX, "Seinan Detached Palace"), because, as we have seen, some form of commonality between leader and led is necessary before that "holocaust of obedience" can safely be offered up; and Hitler was among the most faithless of leaders. He treated no one with respect. But we have also seen that commonality is no guarantee of decency.

[115] Gilbert, p. 245.

[116] Keitel, p. 131.

[117] Ibid, p. 124.

[118] Ibid, p. 136.

[119] Ibid, p. 147.

[120] Wei Liao-tzu, in Sawyer and Sawyer, p. 265

[121] Alan Clark, pp. 235-6, 470.

[122] Ibid, pp. 446, 470.

[123] Remak, p. 165. He then quotes an exception: the last letter of a young man condemned to death because he refused to join the S.S. (p. 170)! More consideration ought to be given to Keitel's likely fate had he in fact decided to resign his post. The benign results to other generals who quarrelled with Hitler, however, suggest that had Keitel so chosen, he might have excercised his deference in such a fashion as to excuse himself and go into comfortable retirement.

[124] Hong Ponghan was Lady Hyegyong's father. When he advises the king to show more love to his son, Lady Hyegyong's husband, in order to prevent precisely the tragedy that would occur, "His Majesty immediately stripped him of his post and issued a stern admonition. Father withdrew hurriedly and awaited hs punishment" (Lady Hyegyong, p. 286; memoir of 1805).

[125] Luther, p. 388 ("Secular Authority: To

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").

[126] So called in memory of Hans and Sophie Scholl, who died for their beliefs.

[127] I am reminded of the the seventy-two-year-old Japanese farmer who recalled his activites during the Second War War in a secret group called Unit 731. He used to vivisect prisoners alive, without an anesthetic; they died screaming. The first case he remembered well. The prisoner was a thirty-year-old Chinese man whom they'd infected with plague. "This was all in a day's work for the surgeons," explained the old man, "but it really left an impression on me because it was my first time." Sadism, in other words, had not become expediency. But soon enough he understood: an anesthetic might affect blood vessels and other systems which Unit 731 needed to study. "Because in a war, you have to win" (*Bangkok Post*, March 23, 1995, p. 37; "Outlook" section: "Unmasking the horror of Japan's World War II medical experiments"). This completely unacceptable excuse—fear of losing a war—has been far too often heard in history. It is nothing other than that old sawhorse, "the end justifies the means." Had the vivisector been in direct fear for his life as a result of some Chinese military advance, his activities still would not have been justified.

[128] Gilbert, p. 31.

[129] An eerie thought! The homeless beggar-artist who was once Adolf Hitler might have excited only our pity and repulsion instead of condemnation. And yet his opinions on Jews, Bolsheviks and German *Lebensraum* were already formed. It was just that he was in no position to carry them out.

[130] *Goebbels Diaries*, p. 164 (entry for March 21, 1942).

[131] *Oberkommando der Wehrmacht*; the German Supreme Military Headquarters. Keitel headed this organization, which was formed by Hitler in 1938 as a means of weakening the old German General Staff.

[132] Warlimont, p. 13.

[133] Koestler, *Dialogue with Death*, p. 91. In this light it is apposite to consider these lines from a history of torture and its jurisprudence: "the work of the torturer, himself conditioned to torture anyone at all, may be applied to any victim suspected of any sort of opposition to the government... By this stage in his career, the torturer is hardly in a position to discriminate among his victims" (Edward Peters, p. 183).

[134] "Eichmann was created" instead of being a born sadist, "and he may be the closest kind of human yet made to fit the idealized pattern of the modern torturer" (ibid, p. 182).

[135] We need to continually remind ourselves that this way of thinking is not a Nazi aberration, but in fact representative of any number of officialdom's minions. Here, for instance, is a summation of Dan Mitrione, an American police adviser in Uraguy who taught his Latin American colleagues how to use torture: He "was self-educated, of the working class, a devoted father of nine, and dedicated to his work. In the White House and the U.S. embassies, there were brilliant men to set his nation's policy; in the CIA, there were arrogant men to interpret it... In Uraguy, young men and women who considered themselves idealists began to shoot policemen who were often Mitrione's good friends. The U.S. government had developed harsh methods in South Vietnam for combating that kind of subversion... Mitrione merely made use of them" (Langguth, p. 307). — "I wasn't the one who started this war, was I?" exclaims a Soviet lieutenant-colonel in Afghanistan. "What did I need it for? The government said go, so we went. And now they're blaming us for it" (Borovik, p. 236). Citing the case of S.S.-Major General Nebe, who did occasionally mitigate some actions of the machine he otherwise functioned as a part of, the camp survivor Eugen Kogon insists: "No matter how liberally the right of active self-defense against the immediate enemy is interpreted, the life of innocent persons puts an insurmountable limit to our actions." (We will find a different point of view when we turn to the precedents of Jewish law.) "Nebe cannot be exculpated from having taken over command of a special liquidation unit in the east" (Kogon, p. 144). A very different case was that of Kurt Gerstein, who joined the S.S. in order to infiltrate it and pass on accurate news of the exterminations. The Pope

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

refused to meet him, and the government of Sweden declined to transmit his information until after Germany had surrendered. Some consider him a good man, others an accomplice of evil. For a thumbnail sketch, see Levin, pp. 307-13. —Edward Peters in his book on torture wants to convince us, in opposition to Koestler, that the professional torturer is not in fact "like us," because he has been conditioned to "accept a fabricated reality in which his victims have been set outside the pale of humanity" (p. 184), but the Milgram experiment, and the record of history, makes me believe that professionals of that sort are so common as to be like us.

[136] Arendt, *Eichmann in Jerusalem*, p. 137.

[137] Gilbert, p. 440.

[138] See Annex F.

[139] Cook and Cook, p. 466 (testimony of Tominaga Shozo, 2): "From the point of view of those murdered ... it didn't matter whether the act of killing was a voluntary one or done under orders. I realized that first I had to take responsibility myself, as a person who acted."

[140] Photos in the Museum of the People's Revolution; reproduced in Lindsay, unnumbered plates 5 and 6, following p. 87. Many of those who insist on the "uniqueness" of Nazi atrocities are historical illiterates. There would have been similar scenes in, for instance, the city of Palmyra, which twice dared to rise up against the Roman emperor Aurelian (Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 125). This was Göring's defense. Dr. Gilbert continually brought him up short: "I asked him whether the crimes of past history should be the accepted pattern for international law. 'Well, no, but I thought that as long as the atomic bomb has made war too dangerous for nations to resort to, they will settle their differences peacefully in the future anyhow" (Gilbert, pp. 35-36).

[141] Gilbert, pp. 45-46.

[142] Ibid, p. 48. The rage and hatred of Dr. Gilbert himself continually seeps through this memoir. One aspect of the Nuremberg Trials which has always made me uncomfortable is the determination shown by the prosecutors to "break" the defendants as well as to execute them. The sociopolitical justifications for this common feature of most show trials are obvious, and to some extent I accept them. The Allies wanted to take no chances that these war criminals might become glamorous martyrs. Was Göring guilty of atrocities? Very definitely. Was it right to sentence him to death? Absolutely. But, his loathsome deeds acknowledged, he must also be credited with a sort of courage in the courtroom, despite the prison psychologist's labeling of it as "cynical bravado." (Gilbert, p. 79) "We were a sovereign state and that was strictly our business," he said once (ibid, p. 37), and "*of course*, I wanted to make Germany great!" (ibid, p. 67). When the Heike were faced with beheading by the Genji, they often made comments similar to Göring's, for which they were respected by the executioners. In fact, on a number of occasions in the *Tale* a Genji official will offer to pardon some Heike warrior whose deeds he admires, but the captive will usually reply that he cannot serve two masters, and that if he is allowed to live he will continue to try to take revenge on all the Genji that he can. "Highly commendable!" the official always cries, sentencing the Heike prisoner to immediate death.

[143] Ibid, p. 412. Peiper's sentence was commuted to life imprisonment. He was released ten years later, and survived for two more decades until someone fire-bombed his house.

[144] Simon Wiesenthal, *The Sunflower* (New York: Schocken, 1976), p. 206.

[145] Gilbert, p. 432.

[146] Kingsbury Smith, "The Nazi Haman Julius Streicher's last words: 'The Bolsheviks will hang you one day,' in the *New York Journal-American*, October 16, 1946, International News Service; quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 727.

[147] Testimony of Guillaume Manchon; quoted in Pernoud, p. 162.

[148] Ibid, pp. 199-200. See also pp. 168-69, 192-93, 196-97.

[149] According to Smart (pp. 392-93), the causes for medieval hatred of the Jews were three: they practiced their religion in secret, they lent money (which the Catholic Church for-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

bade Christians to do), and through no fault of their own they lived in ghettoes, which rendered them all the more alien. Milosz, while granting some sixteenth-century exchanges of ideas between rabbis and the Arian Polish Brethren (pp. 33-34), nonetheless concludes that "for several centuries the Polish Jews lived a life completely separated from that of the surrounding Christians" (p. 163). André Schwarz-Bart's prizewinning novel *The Last of the Just* conveys a sense of the violence which European Jews had to endure-from the Middle Ages down to Hitler. In the seventeenth century, when Rabbi Sirkes wrote his responsum, conditions for Jewish communities were far less precarious than had been the case during the Crusades. A fitful protection against murder and extortion existed.

[150] Sirkes, p. 77 (Schochet's commentary).

[151] Violence against the Jews, of course, went back centuries before.

[152] Schwarz-Bart, p. 351.

[153] For vampire case studies from Eastern Europe during this time and beyond, see Summers, chs. III-V.

[154] This sacred liquid will also ease their menstrual cramps, stop circumcisional bleeding and facilitate giving birth.

[155] For a brief résumé of these charges against Jews, see Trachtenberg, pp. 6-9. Blood of course was actually very rarely used in Jewish magic, thanks to Talmudic law. For mention of a few known (and rather benign) cases, see pp. 129-31. For more information on Jewish magic, the reader is referred to Seligmann, pp. 229-243.

[156] For descriptions of medieval Polish towns I have relied on the woodcuts in Schedel, leaves CCXXX (Praga), CCLXV (Cracovia), CCLXVI (Lvbeca). This book was published in 1493, a bit more than a century before the events in Cracow. The general look of things in eastern Europe changed very little in that time.

[157] Read, for instance, *The Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.* It is a nasty irony, and perhaps an inevitable one, that the National Socialists, who relied upon this forgery and on similar texts to make their case that world Jewry was conspiring to create despotism, themselves did the very same.

[158] Sartre, *Anti-Semite and Jew*, p. 13.

[159] What they actually said we don't know, but the implication of Rabbi Sirkes's responsum is that the Jews could expect anything up to outright extermination.

[160] Eli Horowitz notes here: "Pretty different dilemma when the decider and the innocent victim are the same person."

[161] Levin, pp. 151-52.

[162] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 419 (VII.26).

[163] Two centuries later, Alfred de Vigny would call for limits on absolute command because "it ought never to be possible that a few adventurers, suddenly assuming dictatorial powers, should be able to transform four hundred thousand honorable men into assassins, by laws which are as fleeting as their authority" (p. 46). The Kalish elders were, in effect, handing the Bach such command. His law and authority would be fleeting, his decision final. But what else could they do? How could they make their decision any more fairly than to ask a scholar in another city to determine what was sanctioned?

[164] "A line of anti-Semitic descent from Martin Luther to Adolf Hitler is easy to draw" (Dawidowicz, p. 23).

[165] Sirkes, pp. 77-78 (Schochet's commentary).

[166] Sirkes, p. 111 (Schochet's commentary).

[167] See above, "Where do My Rights End?"

[168] See below, "The War Never Came Here."

[169] See above, "Suicide and Euthanasia."

[170] Sirkes, p. 83 (Schochet's commentary).

[171] Sirkes, pp. 77-78 (Schochet's commentary).

[172] Luther, p. 385 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").

[173] Schochet believes that he lived for years, a profitable extortion victim.

[174] Jewish Council, which governed each ghetto under Nazi jurisdiction.

[175] In April 1941, Ringelblum is still writing in his Warsaw Ghetto diary: "The news from the camps is not bad. This will doubtless influence Jews to go there" (p. 154).

[176] Dawidowicz, p. 283. When does acceptance become complicity? Other factors—legend, fatality, scribal accuracy—inevitably complicate our inquiries into past events, and even if we knew "everything," it might not be easy. Consider Colonel Philip Toosey, sen-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ior British officer at the Tha Makham Bridge Camp, who played a decisive role in constructing the infamous "bridge over the River Kwai." His Japanese captors planned to invade India. Building the bridge would help them do it. The Geneva Conventions forbade them to use the labor of prisoners of war, but they didn't care. "In yielding to duress," writes one survivor, "we prisoners, of course, were disobeying our own military code by helping the enemy's war effort" (Ian Watt, p. 15). Colonel Toosey encouraged them to do just that. Between his moral calculus and Rabbi Sirkes's lay the triple commonality of *necessity, group salvation and practicality.* He made the prisoners themselves responsible for distributing and safeguarding tools, for insuring that daily labor quotas were met and even for supervising the actual construction operation, because, as he wrote in his diary, "whether we liked it or not this work had to be done" (loc. cit.)—an understated way of saying that if they didn't do it, the Japanese would use their machine guns. As a direct result of his cooperation, he was able to convince his keeper to give the men better rations and a day off every week. The survivor I have quoted continues that Toosey was regarded as a hero by his men, because "anybody on the spot knew that the real issue facing Toosey was not between building or not building the bridge; it was merely how many prisoners would die, be beaten up, or break down, in the process." (Ibid, p. 21. It may also be worth mentioning that Toosey was simultaneously working with the secret "V" organization, whose members sought, at their own peril, to ameliorate conditions within the camps through illegal channels; ibid, pp. 24-25. But even had he not proven his sympathies in that way, I would have to call his actions justified.) Viewed through the lenses of loyalty, defense of homeland and defense of war aims, these POWs were all traitors, and their participation in the work unjustified. But only the most inhuman pedant would regard them so. Compulsion brought communal self-defense to the fore. Again, Martin Luther: "For all the lies and false confessions which such weak consciences utter"—and all their participation in an evil work—"falls back upon him who compels them."

[177] Dawidowicz, p. 289. Too easy to despise Gens for having defouled himself! But he faced choices which Raabi Sirkes probably never imagined.

[178] Ringelblum, p. 121 (January 15-16, 1941).

[179] Sirkes, pp. 55-56 (Schochet's commentary).

[180] Ringelblum, pp. 300-301 (June, 1942).

[181] The "final solution to the Jewish problem" was neither planned at the beginning of World War II nor formally inaugurated until January 20, 1942, but Polish Jews had been treated with great violence from the very first. One-third of the 10,000 Polish civilians murdered in the first two months of Occupation were Jews. Toward the end of 1941, when German bureaucrats were already receiving secret briefings on the Final Solution, Vilna's Jews were "resettled." By April 1942, we find Ringelblum talking of waiting murder-squads just outside the Ghetto, and of the exterminations at Treblinka. "Besides, one is always hearing reports about extermination squads that are wiping Jewish communities off the face of the earth" (p. 257). But nobody wants to believe that it will happen to *all* Jews. "The Ghetto has calmed down somewhat since the massacre of April 18... People have become a little more optimistic" (p. 260). The future Warsaw Ghetto fighter Kazik, who'd been in the country, didn't learn "what had happened in the Ghetto" until the end of 1942 (Rotem, p. 16).

[182] For a typical case of such bribery, see ibid, p. 158 (April 26, 1941).

[183] One German tactic was to threaten to withhold food if quotas remained unfulfilled (ibid, p. 162, April 26, 1941).

[184] Sirkes, p. 79 (Schochet's commentary). Eli Horowitz to author: "Didn't they think their compromise would save some lives (i.e., the principle of effectiveness)?" They did, as long as their ignorance of "resettlement"'s real meaning permitted, and then longer, at which point they were wrong.

[185] Ringelblum, p. 155 (April 17, 1941).

[186] Ibid, p. 321 (late 1942).

[187] Ibid, p. 310 (Oct. 15 1942)

[188] Rotem, p. 166.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[189] Sirkes, pp. 41-48 (Schochet's commentary). Of course this ranking does not make strict logical sense. Most of the criminals and outsiders would likely be men, although I have tried to put "defiled" women on the borderline between righteousness and criminality; similarly, a man might prize his wife above some male acquaintance, etcetera, etcetera, but this is the best way I can think of to tabulate this inconsistent and sometimes vague policy which nonethless possesses a partly consistent core.

[190] Sirkes, p. ii (Schochet's commentary). Compare this with the traditional Inuit expedient hierarchy of lives to be saved (above, "Defense of Class").

[191] For most of the Jewish part of this continuum I am indebted to Dawidowicz, p. 292, and to Levin, p. 319.

[192] "I knew very well that the Germans treated Poles differently from Jews; and I knew that, if we turned ourselves in, we could expect to be sent to a labor camp near Warsaw and not to a death camp" (Rotem, p. 130).

[193] Ibid, p. 148.

[194] Borowski, p. 38 ("This Way for the Gas, Ladies and Gentlemen").

[195] Ka-Tzetnik, pp. 42-44 ("Operation Old People").

[196] The Warsaw Ghetto Uprising expressed the principle that it was better to die than to give up any more unspecified innocent people—or rather (such being the bitter cruelty of their case), that it was better to die pure than to die sullied.

[197] Rotem, however, recalled that in early 1943, just before the Uprising began, "the relatively few Jews left in the Ghetto generally weren't enthusiastic about our operations" (p. 26). Kurzman dates general approval for an uprising from January 1943 (p. 37).

[198] This figure referred to those Jews who were exterminated in July and August 1942. This "Great Action" continued through September and eventually murdered 350,000 people. Since the establishment of the Ghetto in September 1940, many had already died of starvation, typhus, etcetera—66,000 between January 1941 and May 1942.

[199] "The Jews have actually succeeded in making a defensive position of the Ghetto," wrote Göbbels in his diary, stunned. He called the struggle "exceedingly serious" (p. 394; entry for May 1, 1943). The Jews fought bravely and effectively until the inevitable end. Many then committed suicide.

[200] See "Defense of Authority," below.

[201] Bakunin, p. 104.

[202] Lang and Sibyll, p. 38.

[203] Interviewed by author. See below, "The Skulls on the Shelves."

[204] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 126 (document 146, loyalty oath of Gangara municipality, 3 B.C.).

[205] Quoted in Varley, p. 35.

[206] Chanoff and Doan, p. 169 (testimony of Nguyen Van Thich, Viet Cong Ranger platoon leader; Viet Cong assassin).

[207] Hobbes, p. 625.

[208] Gilbert, p. 108.

[209] Napoleon, p. 76 (maxim LXIV).

[210] For more details of this affair, see "Deterrence and Retribution."

[211] *Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 162.

[212] Guderian, p. 384.

[213] Manstein, p. 361.

[214] Thucydides (Strassler), Book One, p. 47 (1.84).

[215] "Sayings of Spartans," in *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 138 (Theopompus).

[216] Thucydides (Strassler), Book Three, p. 187.

[217] Petrone, *First People, First Voices*, p. 54.

[218] Mubarakshah, *Adab al-harb wa-al-shaja'ah*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 449.

[219] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 604 (Book 10, ch. VII).

[220] *Phaedo*, 116c, in Plato, p. 96.

[221] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 334 ("International Military Tribunal [Nuremberg], Judgment and Sentences, September 30, 1946").

[222] Hobbes, pp. 345-46 (Part II, Chap. 27: "Of Crimes, Excuses, and Extenuations").

[223] Clausewitz, p. 259.

[224] Herodotus, Book Three, p. 230.

[225] Reisman and Antoniou, pp. 358-59 (*U.S. v. Griffen*, U.S. Army Board of Review, July 2, 1968. Griffen had murdered a surrendered Viet Cong prisoner in 1967.)

[226] Konrád, *The Melancholy of Rebirth*, p. 10

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

("Letter from Budapest").
[227] Freeman, p. 59 ("On the Execution without Trial of Polemarchus," 403 B.C.).
[228] Lossky, p. 236.
[229] Reisman and Antoniou, p. 395 ("Statute of the International Tribunal" re: war crimes in Yugoslavia).
[230] Díaz, p. 199.
[231] Tacitus, p. 109 *(Annals)*.
[232] Gandhi, p. 174 ("The Right of Civil Disobedience," *Young India*, January 5, 1922).
[233] Imperial Executive Order, May 3, 1964 (Burrel White Exhibit No. 2, January 13, 1966), appendix to HUAC report, third page.
[234] Laqueur, p. 26 (*Vindiciae contra Tyrannos*, 1579).
[235] Quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 309.
[236] Bakunin, p. 141.
[237] Luther, p. 388 ("Secular Authority: To What Extent It Should Be Obeyed").
[238] *Babylonian Talmud Baba Metziah 62a;* quoted in Sirkes, p. 3 (Schochet's commentary).
[239] Dawidowicz, p. 299.
[240] Hitler, p. 255. We find him declaiming on Marxist politicians in 1925: "If at the beginning of the War and during the War twelve or fifteen thousands of these Hebrew corrupters of the people had been held under poison gas, as happened to hundreds of thousands of our very best German workers in the field, the sacrifices of millions at the front would not have been in vain. On the contrary: twelve thousand scoundrels eliminated in time might have saved the lives of a million real Germans, valuable for the future" (ibid, p. 679). This ratio is 1:83.
[242] Lawson, p. 220.

SADISM AND EXPEDIENCY

[1] Kogon, p. 17. No date given; by context *ca.* 1936.
[2] Hesiod, p. 41 ("Works and Days," l. 193).
[3] Quoted in Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 59. Italics in original.
[4] See above, "Means and Ends."
[5] As we saw (above, "Defense of Honor."), honor comprises no guarantee of goodness or justice. But no code whatsoever is worse.
[6] Expediency may not be the noblest of considerations, but it is by no means ignoble, either, if it follows in the service of a reasonable end, such as self-preservation, individual, local or national. Alliances certainly tend to be matters of policy rather than of compassion. We read that the Corcyreans, successfully inveigling Athens into an alliance against Corinth, recommend that the Athenians "secure the friendship of the strongest that does exist" (Thucydides [Strassler], Book One, p. 24)—which is to say, of course, Corcyrea; Sparta may be stronger, but Sparta is no friend. It might be equally politic to make guarantees to a weak power, as Britain did to Czechoslovakia (and also to Poland) just before World War II—and perhaps even to keep them, if the conquest of that power by the common enemy would be against one's interest. In such a case, the guarantee would, in effect, put the enemy on his notice that aggression against the weak power would start a war. Obviously the decision needs to be framed in these terms: Which is more to our advantage—to let our ally be conquered without a struggle, and thereby give an impression of weakness at the same time we forego our prior advantages territorial, strategic and material derived from our ally's independence; or to risk war with the enemy? Pure expediency must be our modus operandi in the state of nature, since there is no social contract to break or be enforced. This situation endures in much of international law.
[7] And sometimes for extenuating reasons. A significant minority of the soldiers who fought in the Thirty Years' War were conscripts, particularly those from Sweden and Finland. A historian writes that in certain areas "enlistment was ... virtually a sentence of death" (Geoffrey Parker, p. 193). One cannot expect the men who were thus snatched up by the murderous expediency of their leaders to operate on a much higher plane themselves, particularly when they were not adequately paid or even fed. This does not justify rape, murder, etcetera. It may extenu-

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

ate them very slightly; it could easily justify pillage by imminent self-preservation.

[8] Chanoff and Doan, p. 118 (testimony of Han Vi, cultural cadre).

[9] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[10] For this unpleasant tale, see Gibbon, vol. 1, p. 429.

[11] Tacitus, p. 36.

[12] Matthew 13:30.

[13] He's effective; he'll crush Pyrrha and Eresus; he stands ready to wipe out all the men of Mytilene and enslave the rest, as the Athenians vote to do; later they'll overrule themselves, and he'll spare the Mytilenians. Like Keitel, he's a good soldier; and there will be no Nuremberg Trials afterward.

[14] Thucydides, p. 211.

[15] Wiedemann, figure 7 ("Execution scene...").

[16] Ibid, p. 82.

[17] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[18] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear.". Another example of expediency's pretended ends: Napoleon's first private secretary, Bourrienne, remarks with a witty cynicism which mirrors his master's that the Emperor respected religion everywhere "as a powerful engine of government," and that "I will not go so far as to say that he would not have changed his religion [to Islam] had the conquest of the East been the price for that change" (memoirs by Louis Antoine Fauvelet de Bourrienne, included in Al-jabarti, p. 153). For precisely that reason, Napoleon's proclamation to his troops insisted on religious toleration (ibid, p. 136; proclamation quoted in full). It is hard not to smile at Bonaparte's proclamation to the Arabs that "the French are also faithful Muslims, and in confirmation of this they invaded Rome and destroyed there the Papal See" (ibid, p. 26). "In fact," he said later, "I wished only to gain time" (*Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 110).

[19] Berkman, p. 237.

[20] Burkart, p. 182 (testimony of "Marta Fernandez").

[21] Cicero, p. 252, speech in defense of Titus Annius Milo, 53 B.C. How can it be otherwise for any professional in such a field? We've seen how Cicero's integrity was flawed not only by absurd self-aggrandizement but also by the contradictory expediencies of various patrons and law cases; he'd demand death for a conspirator, then laud the courage and patriotism of a rich murderer.

[22] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[23] Luther, p. 93 ("Two Kinds of Righteousness," 1519?).

[24] See above, "Days of the Niblungs."

[25] Shalamov, p. 441 ("Quiet"). One might think to draw a distinction by noting that justifications of self-defense, loyalty, compulsion, deterrence and retribution all invoke some good or dubious simulacrum thereof beyond the actual violence, whereas the goal of sadism is the violence itself. But if it's that easy, what do we have to do to determine the knowing official's motives—psychoanalyze him?

[26] I find it interesting that in the Middle Ages, executioners were often also torturers, punishment being seen as violence being applied for the ends of the state. Most (though by no means all) twentieth-century executioners simply execute, the notion of some justifiable continuum between killing and wounding being rejected (officially, at least) by the institutions which they serve. The goal of capital punishment, they often hypocritically say, is not to inflict suffering on the condemned, but to make him "pay his debt" (which, translated into the terms we have been using, means to take revenge) or else to remove him from the scene. Payment of a debt can certainly be accomplished by suffering if it can be accomplished by extinction.

[27] Coleman, p. 173.

[28] Stalin recognized this in argument for saving from execution a rapist who'd shot an engineer who'd sought to protect the victim. The rapist was sent to the front. "Now he is one of our heroes... The important thing is that [the Red Army] fights Germans—and it is fighting them well, while the rest doesn't matter"—Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, pp. 110-11.

[29] And here it is important to acknowledge once again that an act of violence may, no, *will* fall into more than one category. After all, what would life or literature be without

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

mixed motives? Consider, for instance, a Serb who rapes and cuts the throat of his Muslim next-door neighbor. That deed might be considered an act of sadism, an act of expediency (in the service of his pleasure, of his gaining her house and possessions), of deterrence and retribution (her relatives had done the same thing to his relatives), an act of national self-defense, of ethnic self-defense, of proactive self-defense and God knows what else. This is another reason why the justice or injustice of any act should not be determined (although practically speaking it sometimes must be) without reference to the relationship between victim and perpetrator, and their state of mind. If, for instance, the Serb knew the Muslim only on sight, and did what he did only out of lust and bloodlust, then his crime would be more unequivocally unjustified than if her brother, well aware of the culture of revenge in the Balkans, had killed the Serb's son in a battle; or—worse yet—if she had connived at her husband's raping the Serb's daughter. In none of these circumstances would his act have been justified. But in each case the severity of the moral judgment ought to be accordingly tempered (nor not) by mercy and understanding.

[30] By and large, of course, "sadism" and "sadistic" are clichés which the mass wordsmiths keep hanging above their workbenches, ready to stick into any descriptions of atrocities past, present and future. Partly this is because one can so easily find little boys who love to crush anthills; but the wordsmiths rarely trouble to meet the little boys in person; "sadistic" is too often a synonym for "incomprehensible."

[31] *EIDOS* magazine, vol. 8, no. 4 (n.d.; *ca.* 1996), p. 9 (letter from Michel B., Succ. Mtl. Nord, Canada).

[32] Op. cit., p. 234.

[33] KGB, p. 21 ("Special Remarks on Instruction for External Surveillance").

[34] P. Ratchnevsky, *Genghis Khan* (New York: Oxford, 1991), p. 155; quoted in Keegan, *A History of Warfare*, p. 189. One recalls a characteristic John Brown phrase: "I do not love to 'ride free Horses till they fall down dead'" (Brown to B. Sanborn, Esq., Peterboro, May 15, 1857, Boyd B. Stutler collection). Would you call Seneca sadistic for watching in the arena with his fellow Romans the morning spectacles of bears and bulls tied together to fight to the death for the delectation of the crowds? At the end, a man came in to kill each winner (Seneca, vol. 1, p. 353; "On Anger," III.XLI.2).

[35] Pritchard, vol. 1, p. 191 ("Shalameneser III Against the Aramean Coalition").

[36] The storming of the Bastille, for example, must have been a deep affront to Louis XVI's self-esteem. Thomas Jefferson, an eyewitness, if not necessarily of the Bastille's fall, then certainly of the palace conclaves before and after, reports that the king "went to bed fearfully impressed. The decapitation of de Launai [the governor of the Bastille] worked powerfully thro' the night on the whole aristocratic party, insomuch that, in the morning, those of the greatest influence on the Count d'Artois represented to him the absolute necessity that the king should give up everything to the Assembly" (op. cit., p. 90; "The Autobiography").

[37] Brochure for the first HSA (U.K.) International Conference on Precision Guided Munitions, June 10-11, 1996, blurb for Merlin terminally-guided mortar munition.

[38] And when might that be? See "Defense of War Aims."

[39] Dmytryshyn et al, p. 264 (doc. 81: "A Report from Erofei Khabarov...," August, 1652).

[40] Erofei Khabarov was probably not one those angry sadists, but a more rollicking one, serving his Tsar according to the norms of the age. He led his irregulars on down the Amur River, enjoying the expedient pleasures of Attila. "We mowed down their men and captured their women, children and the livestock" (Dmytryshyn et al., p. 268). What did they do with them when they captured them? Expediency finds no need to say.

[41] Edward Peters, p. 251 (Guazzini, *Tractatus...*, 1612).

[42] Discussed in detail in "The Skulls on the Shelves."

[43] Edward Peters, p. 271, Tuol Sleng torturer's manual, sec. 3, 4a. And in South Korea,

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

we find torture being emplyed until 1987, and perhaps later, not by the government's moral-punitive apparatus, but by its "investigative agencies" (Han Sang-jin, professor of sociology, Seoul National University, "Human Rights and Growth in East Asia," in *Korea Focus*, vol. 5, no. 1 [January-February 1997], p. 6).

[44] Chanoff and Doan, p. 112 (testimony of Mrs. Le Thi Dau). A Japanese military policeman who beheaded more than forty Chinese, nine of them in one day, told his interviewer that "if more than two weeks went by without my taking a head, I didn't feel right. Physically, I needed to be refreshed" (Cook and Cook, p. 155; testimony of Uno Shintaro). He got so he would "notice" people's necks, even that of his own regimental commander. "What a great neck, I'd think. Then suddenly I'd come back to my senses. It was almost like being addicted to murder." One thinks of the Soviet secret police executioners who "cannot sleep unless they have shot someone dead" (article in the London *Times*, September 28, 1918, quoted in Pipes, *The Russian Revolution*, p. 823). Lucky murderers! They were getting paid to do what they loved best; their sadism was expedient.

[45] Memoirs of Lt.-Col. G. S. Hutchison; quoted in Ellis, p. 143.

[46] See Campbell, pp. 105-07, for examples of such inscriptions.

[47] Julius Caesar, p. 45 (I.20).

[48] Whitman, p. 728 (*Specimen Days*, "The Most Inspiriting of All War's Shows"). "A battle is a dramatic action, which has its beginning, its middle, and its end" (*Napoleon on Napoleon*, p. 261). "The stage of action for a military strategist is built upon objective material conditions, but on that stage he can direct the performance of many a drama, full of sound and colour, power and grandeur" (Mao, *Selected Readings*, p. 91). With mingled fascination and horror, the eminent military historian Keegan (*History of Warfare*, p. 226) refers to "the allure that the warrior life exerts over the male imagination." (Again, I have met women to whom this also applies.) It is "deeply satisfying to its adherents. I am tempted, after a lifetime's acquaintance with the British army, to argue that some men can be nothing but soldiers."

[49] Einhard and Notker the Stammerer, p. 163 (Notker's life). On a kindred trope Professor Hale remarks (p. 13): "'Forests' of pike [are] a shorthand invention which had now [c. 1535] become a convention—and was to have a long life because of its diagrammatic handiness."

[50] Kakar, pp. 41-42.

[51] Bayer, p. 227.

[52] Ibid, p. 236. "The guillotine soon provided the most engrossing theater in all Europe," writes Gerould, p. 25. A French actress sings: "I'm going to climb the scaffold. 'Tis only a change of theatres" (p. 34). In prison, people practiced being guillotined in skits and pantomimes, to allay their own and others' fears.

[53] Seneca, vol. 2, p. 331 ("On the Shortness of Life," XIII.7).

[54] Ibid, p. 330, ed. fn. (b).

[55] Is there a "point" to art? Propagandists think so; and in the remainder of this chapter we shall often be referring to them and their grisly expediencies. But propaganda is by no means the only aesthetic motivator for violence. Recall that Aristotle once defined tragedy as a catharsis of pity and fear. Not all violence is tragedy, but much or most is catharsis of some sort. Consider the Japanese cartoonist who was "thrilled" when he heard about Pearl Harbor because "all the indecisive gloom cleared off just like that" (Cook and Cook, p. 96; testimony of Yokoyama Ryuichi). He had nothing to do with the sneak attack. He didn't see any Americans or Japanese die. It was therefore not the violence in and of itself which relieved his soul, but the *announcement* of it. This is the realm of art.

[56] See above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[57] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 647 (Book 11, ch. I). See Gen. W. T. Sherman quote below, this chapter.

[58] Ibid, vol. 2, pp. 542-43 (Book 9, ch. X).

[59] Cf., e.g., vol. 2, p. 547 (Book 9, ch. XI).

[60] For much the same reason that one opera frequently recalls another, the student of history will find that many an atrocity will be recapitulated somewhere down the centuries. In Imperial Rome, something like the Heike

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

parade had been carried out on the orders of Marcus Otho, who'd persuaded the soldiery to slay his political enemies (Tacitus, *Histories*, p. 200, para. 44). They had no trial. Whatever justice Marcus Otho could muster therefore had to be aestheticized into the severed heads afterward.

[61] *Tale of the Heike*, vol. 2, p. 580 (Book 10, ch. I).

[62] Such was by now the tradition (Varley, p. 27). For the ideological and religious underpinnings of this custom, see Blomberg, pp. 86-89.

[63] Monaghan, p. 33 (photo: "Ethiopian troops pass in review" [1935]). More pointed is the case of Nazi dive-bombers, which, wrote a Frenchman who survived them, produced a literally unforgettable "whistling scream," which had been deliberately amplified by the German engineers (Bloch, p. 54.).

[64] Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 112 (painting in commemoration of August 16, 1804).

[65] Such presentations can backfire, as when in 1812 Napoleon ordered the gallows for Russian arsonists at Moscow, and the hanged ones' fellow-citizens prayed and kissed their feet. The Emperor's valet writes in amazement that "such fanaticism is almost unparalleled" (Proctor Patterson Jones, p. 365; Constant, "Escape from the Kremlin").

[66] The Jewish historian Josephus describes for us the triumphal procession in Rome after the conquest of Jerusalem and Masada: animals clothed in purple and gold are driven by; effigies of the Roman gods are carried; people carry golden and ivory statues of Victory. "Furthermore, even the mob of captives did not lack ornaments, and the elaborate and beautiful nature of their garments hid from view any unsightly mutilation of their bodies... A copy of the Jewish law was ... last of all the spoils" (Campbell, p. 76; Josephus, *Jewish War*, 7.132-57; extracts). The procession pauses at the temple of Jupiter Capitolinus, where "it was an ancient custom to wait ... until the death of the general of the enemy should be announced" (loc. cit.). Simon of Gioras is plucked out from among the captives, noosed, whipped, dragged and liquidated. "When it was announced that Simon was dead there was a roar of approval and they began the sacrifices" (ibid, p. 77).

[67] "A little patch of black and white, for the long street to stare at, and the flies to settle on," in *Pictures from Italy* (London, 1846); quoted in Snyder and Morris, p. 69.

[68] In the "killing fields" of Choeung Ek, Cambodia, just outside of Phnom Penh, I saw at what is now becoming a sort of tourist site nine thousand skulls. In the still unopened graves, they said, lay many more. (See below, "the Skulls on the Shelves.") "Wherever you went, you could see tiny bones," recalled a Hiroshima survivor. "That was horrible. I couldn't stand those bones" (Cook and Cook, p. 397; testimony of Kimura Yasuko).

[69] See above, "Defense Against Traitors." And if the Vietnamese bride had a trial, it probably resembled that of the Princesse de Lamballe during the "September days" of the French Revolution in 1792. Her judges asked her but four questions, to the last of which she gave an unsatisfactory reply: she would not swear an oath of "detestation of the king, the queen, and royalty" (Duchess d'Abrantes, vol. 1, p. 52). How could she? She was, after all, superintendent of the queen's household. By her refusal she proved herself to be equivalent to the Vietnamese girl who "went around with the enemy." She had to be made an example of. Having dispatched her with dagger and lance, they cut off her head with its "long auburn tresses clotted with blood, and a countenance still lovely" (ibid, p. 51; the duchess did not see this herself, but was told about it by her brother, into whose aristocratic face the princess's head had been thrust), and paraded it through the streets, to titillate the mob and to terrify her friends—not very different from leaving it spitted and placarded like the Vietnamese girl's. Carlyle (*The French Revolution*, p. 152) claims that her head was exposed outside the windows of the Temple "that a still more hated, a Marie Antoinette, might see." The duchess asserts that her inheritor, the Duc d'Orleans, was forced to view it.

[70] Herodotus, Book Seven, p. 523. See above, "Defense of Ground."

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[71] Lucan, pp. 171-72 (VIII.687-91).

[72] So did the Aztecs in 1520 when they succeeded in capturing some of Cortes's troops, and after sacrificing them in sight and hearing of their companions, threw down their heads in a knotted bundle, shouting: "We will kill you, too" (Díaz, p. 381). The brave soldier admits in his memoirs that after that, he never went into battle again without feelings of dread and horror at the possibility that he might be sacrificed. Deterrence and retribution this is, of course, but also sadistic and ritual aesthetics. He assures us that in the Mexican town of Xocotlan, "I remember in the square where some of their *cues* [temples] stood there were many piles of human skulls, so neatly arranged that we could count them, and I reckoned them at more than a hundred thousand. I repeat that there were more than a hundred thousand" (p. 138).

[73] Daily log at Tuol Sleng; excerpted in "Word for Word / Torturers' Archive: Cambodia's Bureacracy of Death: Reams of Evidence in Search of a Trial," in the *New York Times*, July 20, 1997.

[74] Cook and Cook, p. 224 (testimony of Hatanaka Shigeo).

[75] In his well-researched historical study of that vile art, Prof. Edward Peters repeatedly expresses anxiety lest the word "torture" be overused to the point of dilution. He cites the case of an Argentinian trade unionist who argues in torture's justification that poverty and frustration, too, are forms of torture. The repression of "real" enemies of the state is acceptable to the Argentine (p. 153). This brings to mind Marx's scathing critique of the reformist Proudhon, who wants to keep only the "good side" of slavery and eliminate the bad. It is, in short, the sort of argument that Cortes implicitly made with his declarations of inevitability, or Keitel with his "but what I could do?" attitude: *I am a pawn of history. Many other forces human and inhuman did as much evil as I. What I did, I actually didn't do; it was something that just happened.* This is certainly a defense which I would not countenance, because it leaves no one responsible or accountable. But I think that Peters goes too far when he wants to maintain his narrow definition of torture as a judicial proceeding inflicted by the state, which excludes, as he explicitly states, all forms of assault and battery committed by private parties (say, by a kidnapper upon his prey; ibid, pp. 150-55). I hope to have shown by now how difficult it is to dissect away sadism from expediency—and if that is the case with institutions such as the state, it would seem to be even more the case with individuals. I propose, therefore, to keep the label "torture" for any case having to do with the deliberate nonconsensual infliction of physical or mental pain. Wounding someone for the sake of self-defense is not torture; wounding him in exactly the same way, on purpose to wound, is torture. We will not find ourselves thereby impotent to draw distinctions.

[76] Herbert Radtke, quoted in Edward Peters, p. 162. Radtke believes that "the procuring of information is only of secondary importance."

[77] Thus one scholar finds that up until the infamous Rodney King beating the Los Angeles Police Department routinely used torture "to punish and to degrade." "Looks like monkey-slapping time," officers keyboarded each other (Chevigny, p. 43). Practically speaking, of course, Reason Number 4 is difficult to distinguish from Reasons 3 or 5.

[78] Quoted in Edward Peters, pp. 265-66.

[79] Trigger, p. 73. "The sacred nature of what was about to happen was emphasized by the orders of the headman that no one in the village should engage in sexual intercourse that night and that, while torturing the prisoner, everyone should behave in an orderly and restrained fashion and burn only his legs at the beginning."

[80] Fanon, p. 282.

[81] Wills, p. 199.

[82] Edward Peters, p. 217 (*Digest* of Justinian, Book 48, Title 18, 1.24).

[83] Ibid, p. 242 (*Constitutio Criminalis Carolina*, 35).

[84] Edward Peters, p. 258, abbr. trans. of Guazzini, *Tractatus ad Defensam Inquisitorum* ..., requisite 19.

[85] Ibid, p. 232.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[86] _____, *Ancient Roman Statutes*, p. 239 (document 302, edict of Constantine I on professional informers, A.D. 314, clause 3). Guazzini goes so far as to suggest that the person tortured without good cause may kill his judge without penalty of homicide (Edward Peters, p. 252; Guazzini).

[87] Torture in ancient Roman times became more prevalent as the power structure increasingly distinguished upper-class citizens from lower-class citizens, thereby forcing the latter into the same leaky boat of jurisprudential mercy as the slaves, who were already subject to torture. In the twentieth century, on the other hand, the state began to decide what constituted a crime against it, and how much peril it was in at the moment, a required preliminary for the determination of what might be allowed in the name of self-defense (Edward Peters, pp. 29-33, 104-109). *We must withhold from authority any exclusive right to make such definitions and distinctions.*

[88] Ibid, p. 224 (Code of Justinian, Book 9, Title 41).

[89] Pernoud, p. 206. We might also mention the Vietnamese revolutionary who held out against torture through a combination of pride, hatred and solidarity with his as yet undiscovered comrades (Chanoff and Doan, p. 96; testimony of Trinh Duc).

[90] Caesar, p. 235 (*The African War*, written by another hand).

[91] Sometimes we do know—or the commentators think they do. After Cortes slaughtered six thousand Cholulan Indians, "those who had merely wondered at him up to this point now began to fear him, and more from fear than love they opened their doors to him wherever he went" (Gómara, p. 133). For more on this subject, see above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[92] Recall the actions of Caesar's troops in Avaricum (above, "Defense of War Aims").

[93] Lucretius/Epictetus/Marcus Aurelius, p. 78.

[94] Djilas, *Conversations with Stalin*, p. 131. There might have been some gloating on Molotov's part over the U.S.'s humiliation; as I imagine him, however, based on his interviews, he would have been indifferent rather than thrilled about the terrible deaths of the people who were in those planes; his sadism, therefore, was of the politico-strategic kind indulged in by most victorious annexers, generals or issuers of edicts.

[95] Castro, p. 143 (speech: "Our people have no other path to liberation than that of armed struggle," delivered at the Chaplin Theater, April 19, 1967, "Year of Heroic Viet Nam"). "Broadly speaking there are two possible alternatives," a counter-insurgency expert once wrote, "the first being that the Law should be used as just another weapon in the government's arsenal, and in this case it becomes little more than a propaganda cover for the disposal of unwanted members of the public" (Kitson, pp. 69). (I think I will take the second alternative, myself.)

[96] Kuznetsov, p. 81. Hence also the tale of the Franciscan monks at Buchenwald who were forced to let down their trousers while being entertained by S.S. who shouted pornographic jokes in their ears (Kogon, p. 133). To the extent that this humiliation broke their spirits and thereby made them more easily controllable, such a procedure might be regarded as a functional one. To the extent that the S.S. were enjoying themselves, it was sadistic; and the standard comment of eyewitnesses was in fact that "thousands of 'ordinary' Germans had made it a full-time job to murder millions of other people in a sort of mass orgy of professional sadism, or, worse still, with the business-like conviction that *this was a job like any other.*" (Werth, p. 890. The author, a journalist, saw the extermination camp at Maidanek, as well as many other scenes of German atrocities.)

Kogon's book, by the way, contains a very interesting psychological profile of the S.S. (pp. 270-284), which deserves considerable credence since Kogon had to stare into their faces as a prisoner. He characterizes them as limited in intellectual outlook, as failures in their pre-S.S. professions, and generally as thuggish opportunists. Many of the needless cruelties they inflicted on prisoners could be seen as Prussian army discipline ("hazing") writ large. "The occasional testimonies smuggled out by inmates or provided by survivors" of early Soviet prison camps, writes Pipes

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

(*The Russian Revolution*, p. 836), "paint a picture that to the smallest detail resembles descriptions of Nazi camps." Margarete Buber, however, who had the lamentable privilege of comparing both, concluded that—at least at the beginning of World War II—the Gestapo followed certain legal formulae, and might even release people occasionally; whereas arrest in the USSR was in and of itself proof of guilt (op. cit., p. 183). By 1944, however, the failing German war effort, combined with the expansion of the labor-extermination camp system in Germany, left little to choose from between Ravensbrück and Karaganda. There remained one minor difference: prostitutes did better in Soviet camps. They could exchange sex for food and privileges. In German camps, puritanism prevented this (p. 198).

[97] Seneca, vol. 1, p. 107 ("To Novatus on Anger," I. 1).

[98] See above, "Where Do My Rights End?"

[99] Turnbull, p. 112.

[100] Trotsky claimed that Stalin was sadistic by nature, and liked to burn anthills and cut sheeps' throats at his dacha (Trotski, p. 414). This accusation may, however, be motivated by personal malice. Suetonius (vol. 2, p. 345; Book VIII, Domitian, III) claims that the cruel emperor Domitian "used to spend hours in seclusion each day, doing nothing but catch flies and stab them with a keenly sharpened stylus."

[101] Lady Hyegyong, p. 287 (memoir of 1805). See above, "Defense of Gender."

[102] Hukanovic, p. 83.

[103] Gibbon, p. 167.

[104] Spitz and Fisher, p. 503.

[105] I suppose that Eichmann was also this sort of "just like you" torturer. He strove to be "humane"; his standard instruction to the convoys was: "Avoidable cruelties are to be avoided" (Lang and Sibyll, p. 146). Unlike Pol Pot's cadres at Tuol Sleng, his assignment was not to "smash" his victims physically, mentally and morally; not to break them; only to annihilate them. He thus had the luxury of avoiding avoidable cruelties. How? By closing his eyes. (For discussion of Eichmann's reactions to his work, see below, "Moral Yellowness") "You must cause only the damage that is strictly necessary, not a bit more," a Cuban double agent claims to have been told by Dan Mitrione, a U.S. torture expert in Montevideo. "We must control our tempers in any case." How can that be sadism? (Langguth, *Hidden Terrors*, p. 313.)

[106] Edward Peters, p. 212 (*Theodosian Code*, Book 9, Title 35, no. 7).

[107] Defined in the moral calculus, 5.1.1. And of course this imminent defense would have to respect proportionality and discrimination.

[108] Lever, p. 64.

[109] Mishima, *Madame de Sade*, pp. 9-10.

[110] "Beauty is the simple thing, ugliness the extraordinary one... Hence it should come as no surprise that plenty of people would [rather] take their pleasure with an old, ugly, and even a stinking woman than with a fresh and pretty girl" (Sade, *Sodom*, quoted in Lever, p. 277).

[111] Mishima no doubt would reply to me: "The world is filled with people who despise what they cannot imagine" (*Madame de Sade*, p. 73).

[112] Le Brun, pp. 13-14.

[113] Sade, *Sodom*, p. 1,061.

[114] Ibid, p. 1,067.

[115] Mishima, who emulated him in life and in art, has one of his characters insist that Sade "was trying to create not the emptiness of acts of the flesh that vanish the instant after satisfaction, but an imperishable cathedral of vice" (*Madame de Sade*, p. 103). Eichmann's imperishable dream-cathedral, on the other hand, would be a well-run police station.

[116] Should we call these fantasies displaced aggression? In his memorandum on post-conquest Mexico, the Spanish judge Zorita describes the displaced *oppression* later described by concentration camp survivors: an overseer, black and hence himself a slave, lays his leather strap across all of his Indian construction workers' backs—at the end of the working day, which meant that the beating served no end except sadistic power assertion (op. cit., p. 205).

[117] Cook and Cook, p. 99 (testimony of Yokoyama Ryuichi).

[118] Herodotus, Book Five, p. 377.

[119] Buber, p. 201.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[120] Borowski, p. 40 ("This Way for the Gas Chambers, Ladies and Gentlemen").
[121] In another story in the same collection ("A Day at Harmenz", pp. 66-67), an S.S. man punches a prisoner in the face for daring to smile at him and initiate a conversation.
[122] Ibid, p. 87 ("The People Who Walked On").
[123] *Sodom*, p. 250.
[124] Sartre, *Anti-Semite and Jew*, p. 22.
[125] Borowski, p. 93 ("The People Who Walked Away").
[126] Confession of Gilles's page, Poitu; quoted in Benedetti, p. 114.
[127] The proverbially cruel Domitian, for instance, who enjoyed playing terrifying yet caressing jests upon his senators (see above, "Deterrence and Retribution")—or Caligula, who used to tease his wife that he longed to torture her in order to discover by what secret she drew his love (Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p. 114).
[128] *Juliette*, p. 562.
[129] Adelson, p. 738.
[130] Ibid, p. 825.
[131] Ibid, p. 766.
[132] *Juliette*, p. 987.
[133] Domitian again comes to mind. He is said to have particularly liked to watch gladiatorial contests between dwarves and women (Michael Grant, *The Twelve Caesars*, p. 244).
[134] *Juliette*, p. 1,015.
[135] Borowski, p. 95 ("The People Who Walked On").
[136] Herodotus, loc. cit.
[137] *Juliette*, p. 1,054.
[138] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear." Sadism, then, justifies itself through expediency, and the next stage in the progression is a declaration of inevitability. We saw this repeatedly with Cortes. Every act of aggression he committed was necessary. So it also is in more private acts of violence. After a brief medical discussion of the lacerations and abrasions created by the forcible rape of a child, the forensic pathologist continues: "The child usually presents little or no indications of a struggle because she is unable to offer effective resistance other than screaming in pain and fright, an activity which frequently leads to her death from suffocation as the attacker attempts to silence her" (Adelson, p. 647). It's all quite logical; how can the assailant be blamed?—I only wanted a good screw, Your Honor. I never would have done anything more, but she wouldn't stop screeching. She was yelling so loud that if I hadn't done something, somebody would have called the cops. It was self-defense, you see!—The body of a one-year-old girl floats in a stream, the genitalia abraded and torn, the head contused. The murderer explains that after the rape he had to smash the baby's face against the steering wheel "to quiet its screams" (loc. cit.). How can you accuse him of sadism?
[139] Cook and Cook, p. 146 (testimony of Yuasa Ken).
[140] Ibid, p. 149.
[141] Ibid, p. 147.
[142] Sherman, p. 898. In this connection one is reminded above all of Clausewitz, who admires honor, boldness, bravery, resolution—who, in effect, is in love with war. By war alone, he says, can effeminacy and sloth be guarded against: "Now in our days there is hardly any other means of educating the spirit of a people in this respect, except by War, and that too under bold Generals" (op. cit., p. 262). He pretends to jeer at the aesthetics of it, remarking that many bygone wars were "theatrical exhibitions, got up in honour of a royal birthday (Hochkitch), often a mere satisfying of the honour of arms (Kunersdorf), or the personal vanity of the commander (Freiberg)" (p. 298. Anatol Rappaport remarks that, eighteenth century wars being essentially based on the "art of maneuver," "the distinction between a well-executed battle and a well-executed parade (or, for that matter, a ballet) was not sharp in the eighteenth century"; ibid, p. 20).
[143] Li, p. 376.
[144] Cook and Cook, p. 153.
[145] Campbell, p. 189 (Dio, 76, 15).
[146] Segur, vol. 2, p. 5.
[147] KGB, p. 49 ("Instructions for Fighting Profiteers").
[148] Gilbert, p. 4.
[149] Gritz, p. 170.
[150] Quoted in Scott, p. 65.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[151] Pritchard, vol. 2, p. 98 ("The Story of Idrimi, King of Alalakh").
[152] Macdonald, p. 165. As mentioned before, this racist manifesto in the form of a novel is said to have been the ideological "blueprint" for the Oklahoma City bombing.

SADISM, MASOCHISM AND PLEASURE

[1] Pantziarka, pp. 143-44.
[2] John Marcucci, "Sharing the Pain: Critical Values and Behaviors in Khmer Culture," in Ebihara et al, p. 134.
[3] To Lucretius it seemed that the victim usually fell in the direction of his wound, and so he wrote: "Thus he who gets a hurt from the weapons of Venus, whatever be the object that hits him, inclines to the quarters whence he is wounded, and yearns to unite with it and join body with soul; for a mute desire gives presage from the pleasure" (Lucretius/Epictetus/Marcus Aurelius, p. 57). And so I too came to long for the wounds of Venus.
[4] Another S/M friend of mine tells me that this is not uncommon.
[5] Russell, p. 65.
[6] Comfort, p. 149 (entry on bondage).
[7] Califia, pp. 6-7.
[8] Wiseman, pp. 339-40 ("SM Sayings").
[9] SAMOIS, p. 30 (Juicy Lucy, "If I Ask You to Tie Me Up, Will You Still Want to Love Me?"
[10] Delacoste and Alexander, pp. 50-52 (Lash, "Pain, Pleasure and Poetry").
[11] Artaud, p. 11 ("Theater of Cruelty" manifestoes).

MORAL YELLOWNESS

[1] Vol. 1, p. 173. Italics in original.
[2] The secret memorandum launching the Red Terror is addressed from Lenin to Krestinsky. See *The Unknown Lenin*, p. 56 (document 28: memorandum to N. N. Krestinsky, September 3 or 4, 1918 [dated provisionally by editor]).
[3] *Report of Court Proceedings: The Case of the Anti-Soviet Bloc of Rightists and Trotskyites*, 1938, in Daniel, p. 213. When Krestinsky tried to recant, the NKVD apparently dislocated his shoulder. See Conquest, *The Great Terror*, pp. 342-354, for an account of his trial.
[4] "The tide of terrorism was running," writes a capitalist historian, "and Stalin observed what he could not have known before—that slaughtering people high and low in the party caused not indignation and protest but awestruck submission... Millions wept when the grim secluded monster died"—Wesson, pp. 159, 161.
[5] *My Life*, p. 449. In Trotsky's house in Coyoacán the kitchen was all yellow; maybe in ordinary life he didn't mind yellow; maybe Natalia loved that color; most likely Trotsky didn't worry about interior decoration. Ten yellow chairs, Mexican vases and plates on the yellow buffet (Natalia must have collected them); three yellow cabinets with brown trim. More shelves, a stove with four burners, a platter with leaping fishes, a tiny frying pan, a roller on the table; and here are Natalia's round glasses.
[6] Emily Carr, p. 29 (entry for November 3, 1932).
[7] Ibid, p. 33 (entry for January 26, 1933).
[8] For further development of this theme, see the section entitled "You Got to Treat It Like Your Last Roll of the Dice," in the southern religion chapter, "Nightmares, Prayers and Ecstasies," below.
[9] Cook and Cook, p. 386 (testimony of Yamaoka Michiko).
[10] Moral calculus, 5.4.A.
[11] Moral calculus, 6.4.A.
[12] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."
[13] Keitel, p. 113.
[14] Taylor, photo by R. D'Addario (sixth photo following p. 354).
[15] During the Spanish Civil War, looking into the eyes of some villagers who'd just shot a man for ideological reasons, Saint-Exupéry thought: "Strange: there was nothing in their eyes to upset me. There seemed nothing to fear in their set jaws and the blank smoothness of their faces. Blank, as if vaguely bored. A rather terrible blankness" (*Wind, Sand and*

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Stars, p. 183).

[16] Ibid, p. 618. With what I take to be some cynicism, Taylor writes (loc. cit.): "Hess was utterly devoted to Hitler and, if he had remained in Germany, there is little doubt he would have followed his Fuehrer to the end. There is little reason to be sorry for his conviction." But Hess did not, after all, choose to stay in Germany, and I am not aware that people ought to be punished for what they might have done. Of course, this is not to say that Hess was entirely guiltless, either. "Hess had a central position in the Nazi government, and the documents he signed and the meetings he attended adequately proved his knowledge of and participation in Hitler's plans and decisions to conquer Czechoslovakia and crush Poland, the Low Countries, and France" (p. 269). In the end, his punishment was like something out of a Borges story. He spent his last years entirely alone in that prison, as Taylor acknowledges; as soon as his suicide attempt had succeeded, the structure was immediately razed. It is as if the authorities had followed Kant's prescription in *The Science of Right:* "Even if a civil society resolved to dissolve itself with the consent of all its members—as might be supposed in the case of people inhabiting an island who resolved to separate and scatter themselves throughout the whole world—the last murderer lying in the prison ought to be executed before the resolution was carried out" (p. 447).

[17] Steve Johnson, "Survival in the Bulge: Fifty Year Ago, Houk Earned Silver Star in World War II Battle," *Los Angeles Times*, December 19, 1994, p. C19.

[18] Thomas L. Johnson, p. 6.

[19] Taylor, p. 248. For a brief portrait of Ohlendorf, see above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[20] Coleman, pp. 365-66.

[21] Ibid, p. 363.

[22] Levin, p. 244. And let us drink once again of the explanations of that most impartial social engineer, Adolf Eichmann. A sadist? Just the reverse. "Even today, if I see someone with a deep cut, I have to look away" (Lang and Sibyll, p. 76). He deposed, in tones of horror: "They fired into the pit; I can still see a woman with her arms behind her back, and then her knees crumpled and I cleared out" (ibid, p. 80). That was on his official mission to Minsk. The head office had asked for a report. "And I said to that S.S. officer in Lemberg: 'How can they stand there firing at women and children? How is it possible?... It's just not... Those men will either go mad or they'll turn into sadists." He couldn't get Lemberg out of his head. "There had been a pit there, it was already filled in, and blood was gushing out of it... how shall we say?... like a geyser." And Auschwitz, for his job he had to go there, too. Discovering an "enormous grating, an iron grating" where they were burning Jewish corpses, he got sick to his stomach (p. 84). This sensitivity infuriated his Israeli interrogator. One would think that a person who took sadistic pleasure in the deaths of others would be more unpleasant than a person who didn't; Eichmann proved that the case was not that simple. When told that his interrogator's father had been liquidated through the agency of one of Eichmann's own transports, he cried: "But that's horrible, Herr Hauptmann! That's horrible!" (p. ix). It was as if he had (or admitted) no conception of the relationship between cause and effect. "Because I, I didn't kill them, did I? I didn't hang them and I didn't shoot them" (p. 111). ("It is therefore necessary to remove 1,200 Jews from the Sabac camp immediately," reads an old telegram from Belgrade to the German Foreign Office. "Eichmann suggests shooting" p. 137; dateline September 12, 1941.) The interrogator chose to believe that the prisoner's failure to admit any connection between himself and his immense crimes was merely a desperate, dishonest act put on in hopes of wriggling out of his belated noose. I happen to suspect that Eichmann was more likely a prince of rationalizations: he cannot successfully deny, so he redefines. —"Was that decision a technical transport problem?" asks the interrogator in mingled contempt and loathing. "Sending four thousand children to the death camps?"—"Yes, Herr Hauptmann," the prisoner replies. "It was a question of guidelines

Digitized by Google Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

for the handling of shipments" (p. 134). Like most people Eichmann wants to do a good job; he also wants to be liked.

[23] "You are on patrol when you observe two men in an apparent traffic dispute," runs a California police manual. "One of the men pulls back his coat to display a pocket knife and looks menacingly at the other while displaying the knife. This man's actions are... a misdemeanor... To satisfy the elements of this crime, one need only *exhibit* a deadly weapon in a rude, angry or threatening manner" (Bruce, p. 239).

[24] On the subject of colored reputations one could recall Carlyle's epithet: "sea-green Robespierre." Carlyle considered that liquidator a murderer and a terrorist, which he was. Trotsky, on the other hand, chalked up much of the French revolution's progress to "the austere labor of Robespierre," in whom Trotsky saw no yellowness or greenness—indeed, nothing but goodness. The science of moral physiognomy would seem to be in its babyhood.

[25] I have used Ulrich Keller/Gunther Sander: *Citizens of the 20th Century*, 1980. The newest publication of this work is: *People of the 20th Century, A cultural work of photographs divided into seven groups*, Edited by Die Photographische Sammlung/SK Stiftung Kultur, Revised and newly compiled by Susanne Lange, Gabriele Conrath-Scholl, Gerd Sander, Harry N. Abrams, New York, 2002, Seven Volumes, Slipcased, 619 photographs in duotone, Essays by Susanne Lange and Gabriele Conrath-Scholl in German, English and French.

[26] In the interests of clarity, the estate of August Sander has asked me to mention the following: "The newest texts explain again that in most of the cases Sander himself did not mention names in regard to his portraits, except when he wanted to point out that the person who was depicted was somebody who stood in the public eye. This approach was chosen since he was especially focussing on showing types of a special group of people." I respect the viewpoints of the Sander estate, but feel that in this chapter on moral yellowness, it is important to name individuals who might otherwise be de-individualized. I am grateful to the estate for tolerating my respectful disagreement.

[27] Thus the complete series of persecuted Jews (plates 410-20) given in Sander, VI, "The Big City." (See p. 63 for portfolio contents.)

[28] Ibid, VI, "Itinerants," plates 356-64.

[29] Ibid, IV, "Occupations," "National Socialists" (plates 242-248).

INEVITABILITY

[1] Thucydides (Strassler), Book One, p. 85.

[2] Address to his generals, August 22, 1938; quoted in Bullock, *Hitler, A Study in Tyranny*, p. 525.

[3] One student of the sad phenomenon of Mexican "barrio infanticide" concludes that for extremely poor parents, the destruction of the seventh or eighth child may be "a necessity," especially if it is female (Piers, pp. 17-18). In one village in India, both male and female infants may be destroyed after a couple produces two children (Venkatachalam and Srinivasan, p. 29). One might also consider the case of the European wet nurse, whose own child, the source of her milk, which is her only income, conveniently disappears. She thus became "both professional feeder and professional killer" (Piers, pp. 47-48, 52).

[4] See above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[5] Berkman, p. 433 (letter to "the Girl," December 20, 1901).

[6] Trotsky, *History of the Russian Revolution*, vol. 2, p. 249.

[7] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[8] To give Trotsky his due, he allows his opponents the same determinist courtesy: "The 'policy' of the upper circles at Tzarskoe Selo, face-to-face with the revolution, were but the reflexes of a poisoned and weak beast of prey. If you chase a wolf over the steppe in an automobile, the beast gives out at last and lies down impotent. But attempt to put a collar on him, and he will try to tear you to pieces, or at least wound you. And indeed what else can he do in the circumstances?" (ibid, vol. 1, p. 96).

[9] Brown to his family, Charlestown, Va., October 31, 1859 (p. 1), Boyd B. Stutler collection.

[10] Brown to H.B. Sanborn Esq, from Labon,

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

Fremont Co., Iowa, October 1, 1857, Boyd B. Stutler collection.
[11] Moltke, p. 32 ("War and Peace").
[12] Suetonius, vol. 1, p. 29 ("The Deified Julius," I.XXI).
[13] Timur, *Tuzak-i-Timuri*, excerpted in Chaliand, p. 489.
[14] Thucydides (Strassler), p. 47 (5.105).
[15] *Hansard's Parliamentary Debates*, p. 386 (March 30, 1874, vote of thanks, Ashantee War).
[16] Kathleen Freeman, p. 47 (speech written by Lysias, "On the Killing of Eratosthenes the Seducer," some time between 400 and 380 B.C.).
[17] Cumings, pp. 215-16.

FOUR SAFEGUARDS

[1] Rizal, p. 308.
[2] Eighty years later, I met a number of Serbs who still idolized him. (A cab driver in Frankfurt told me proudly: "*We* did it—we, the Serbs! We started World War I! We changed history! We killed millions!" Others simply called him hero, patriot, martyr, etc.)
[3] See above, "Defense of Class."
[4] See above, "Defense of War Aims."
[5] Aye Saung, p. 61. A similar case: Bakunin can assert confidently, without being in the least interested in what steps might be taken, what program followed, that "every political revolution which does not have economic equality as its *immediate* and *direct* aim is, from the point of view of popular interests and rights, only a hypocritical and disguised reaction" (p. 372).
[6] See below, "But What Can We Do?"
[7] Moral calculus, 5.1.6. Eli Horowitz: "This is generally plausible, but a strangely mathematical formulation. I'm not sure how this works in practice. If one person is very justified by honor, and another person is somewhat justified in each of race, class, and homeland, which person's violence is more justified? Of course, this is mostly ridiculous, but I'm not sure how the principle would be used if not in response to questions like this." I can't answer this very legitimate objection except to say that the person who was somewhat justified by race, class, and homeland would probably be more justified than the the person who was somewhat justified only by race.
[8] Moral calculus, 5.1.6a.
[9] See above, "Defense of Authority,"
[10] Aristotle, p. 102.
[11] Thus in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1, I have added the following indication of justice to legitimate authority-violence: "Its necessity is accepted by some members of the group against whom it is directed."
[12] Moral calculus, 1.6+.
[13] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 234.
[14] Ibid, p. 180.
[15] Moral calculus, 1.6+.
[16] See above, "Days of the Niblungs."
[17] Cicero, *Selected Political Speeches*, p. 291 ("In Support of Marcus Claudius Marcellus"). This passage was already cited, though not quoted, in "Defense of War Aims," above.
[18] See above, "Moral Yellowness."
[19] Djilas, *Wartime*, p. 197.
[20] See below, Annex E: "Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II."
[21] Moral calculus, 6.3.A.1.6.
[22] Maranan, p. 53 ("Resteta Fernandez: From Student Activist to Freedom Fighter").
[23] Guevara, p. 79.
[24] "FC," *The Unabomber Manifesto: Industrial Society and its Future* (Berkeley, California: Jolly Roger Press, 1995), p. 25, para. 78 ("How Some People Adjust").
[25] Pernoud, p. 110.
[26] Ibid, p. 172.
[27] Ibid, p. 173.
[28] *You Can't Blow Up a Social Relationship*, p. 18.
[29] Or, as Freud put it with his usual gentle resignation (he was writing about atrocities committed during World War I): "Having in this way come to understand once more our own fellow-citizens who are now so greatly alienated from us, we shall the more easily endure the disillusionment which the nations, those greater units of the human race, have caused us, for we shall perceive that the demands we make upon them ought to be far more modest" (p. 761; "Thoughts on War and Death").

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

REMEMBER THE VICTIM!

[1] Sørensen, p. 95 ("The Wicked Judas").

[2] Malraux, *Anti-Memoirs*, p. 500.

[3] Freud, p. 766 ("Thoughts on War and Death," 1915, trans. E. Colburn Mayne). Keegan's hopeful belief that we can avoid war in future begins with a rejection of the Clausewitzian message that "war is a continuation of politics by other means." Pointing out that there has been both politics without war and (in the case of primitive societies) war without politics, Keegan invites us to study those societies further to extract from them their methods of limiting war by ritualizing it as the Aztecs did, increasing use of diplomacy (that is, evasion, bribery and other forms of negotiation) as the Persian Empire of Darius did, avoiding face-to-face confrontations (as was the rule until the Greeks), limiting the presence of soldiers to a small caste, as most countries in the West did up until the French Revolution, and controlling arms production and development, which the Japanese did when they temporarily renounced firearms. This is all very well and good, but the Aztecs sacrificed human beings by the thousands (see above, "Defense of Creed"); the Persians, having a long history, have a long history of cruelties—Darius himself hardly refrained from war (see above, "Defense of Ground"); the Western countries offer us many a war of conquest or fraternal murder; and the Japanese were not so nice in Korea.

[4] "Force finds out those who lack the virtue to wield it," insists Keegan in his fascinating *Mask of Command*, (p. 312); but curiously enough his use of "virtue" is in the Platonic functional, not moral sense: divinely appointed rulers gain their virtue from on high, but "secular rulers enjoy no such moral exemption; in their worlds the virtues that attach to force are those by which it is resisted—resilience, tenacity, hardihood, but, above all, courage." Justice itself does not seem to be present. Not even perceived goodness (i.e. propaganda skill) makes an appearance.

[5] Above, "Three Meditations on Death."

[6] Borovik, p. 21.

[7] Freud, while condemning war as evil, by and large prefers to speak of it with descriptive restraint, as one might expect of a medical man: "And so, if we are to be judged by the wishes in our unconscious, we are, like primitive man, simply a gang of murderers... so long as the conditions of existence among the nations are so varied, and the repulsions between peoples so intense, there will be, must be, wars" (loc. cit). Hardly a Hitler, hardly a Gandhi!

[8] See above, "Three Meditations on Death," ("Siege-Thoughts").

[9] Ringelblum, p. 130 (February 28, 1941). For Ringelblum's moral and expedient calculi, see above, "Loyalty, Compulsion and Fear."

[10] Ibid, p. 194 (August 26, 1941). The words of a survivor of Allied air raids on Tokyo uses almost identical words: "There were bodies lying all over the city. A man dying meant nothing" (Cook and Cook, p. 220; testimony of Kawachi Uichiro).

[11] Hale, p. 45.

[12] Académie des Inscriptions et Belles-Lettres, p. 468 (entry 789, December 27, 1339 to December 25, 1340). My translation of French translation.

[13] Buffetaut, p. 209 ("Cadavres allemands près de Douamont").

[14] Remarque, p. 70.

[15] Letter to author of March 13, 1996, my translation of her German (a second language for her).

[16] Duong, p. 218.

[17] Cook and Cook, p. 34 (interview with Nohara Teishin).

[18] See above, "Sadism and Expediency."

[19] Levi, p. 156.

[20] Lifton and Markusen, p. 232.

[21] Ibid, p. 206.

[22] Garros et al, p. 116 (diary of Andrei Stepanovich Arzhilovsky, entry for October 31, 1936). This same man is quoted above, in "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

[23] Quoted in Dawidowicz, p. 343.

[24] Exodus 20:13.

[25] *Meditations*, Book VIII; in Lucretius/ Epictetus/ Marcus Aurelius, p. 290.

[26] Solzhenitsyn, vol. 2, p. 609.

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

[27] Letter to his parents, brothers and friends, June 20, 1892, quoted in the introduction to Rizal, p. 20.
[28] Pahor, p. 168.
[29] Julia Ward Howe, p. 229 (speech on equal rights, 38th Annual Convention of the National American Woman Suffrage Association, February 12, 1906).
[30] Hoffman, p. 189.
[31] Carus, p. 148 ("Simha's Question Concerning Annhilation").
[32] Caesar, *Gallic War*, p. 217 (IV.27).
[33] Napoleon, *Maxims*, p. 71 (maxim XLV).
[34] Nietzsche, p. 89, sec. 146.
[35] Khun Sa, p. 51.
[36] HUAC report, p. 83.
[37] Machiavelli, p. 25.
[38] Gomára, p. 129.
[39] "Qualifying Violent Revolution" (speech of September 8, 1872), in *Karl Marx on Revolution*, p. 64.
[40] Fanon, p. 37. Fanon, by the way, recapitulates Aristotle's basic dictum on revolution (see below, "Self-Defense of Revolution") when he says: "The well-known principle that all men are equal will be illustrated in the colonies from the moment that the native claims that he is the equal of the settler. One step more, and he is ready to fight to be more than the settler" (p. 44).
[41] Op. cit., p. 302.
[42] Exodus 22:23-25.
[43] Martin Smith, p. 399.
[44] See below, "Dey Bring Dem Bloodstains Up Here."
[45] Interviewed in this book. See the section on self-defence of race.
[46] Numbers 31:7-18
[47] Interviewed in this volume. See "The Skulls on the Shelves."
[48] Sun-tzu, p. 232 (ch. 13, "Employing Spies").
[49] *Plutarch on Sparta*, p. 160, no. 5.
[50] Martin Smith, p. 228.
[51] Li, pp. 379-380.
[52] "FC," p. 31, para. 94 ("The Nature of Freedom").
[53] Simha Rotem (Kazik), p. 78.
[54] Chuev, p. 278 ("We Were Diverse Individuals," 1982).
[55] Hitler, p. 654.
[56] Sade, *Juliette*, p. 414

Digitized by Google
Original from UNIVERSITY OF CALIFORNIA

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME V

STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES

SOUTHEAST ASIA

EUROPE

AFRICA

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME FIVE

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN



g 40/1324



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

VOLUME FIVE

CONTENTS

PART II
STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES
(1991-2003)

SOUTHEAST ASIA (1991-2000)

1. INTRODUCTION 11
2. THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES (CAMBODIA) 51
3. THE LAST GENERATION (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 145
4. KICKIN' IT (CAMBODIAN AMERICA) 171
5. I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN *YOUNG* GIRLS (THAILAND) 187
6. BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO? (BURMA) 249
7. YAKUZA LIVES (JAPAN) 299

EUROPE (1992, 1994, 1998)

8. INTRODUCTION 327
9. WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS? (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 365
10. THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE (EX-YUGOSLAVIA) 397
11. THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO (YUGOSLAVIA) 467

AFRICA (1993, 2001)

12. INTRODUCTION 503
13. THE JEALOUS ONES (MADAGASCAR) 521
14. SPECIAL TAX (REPUBLIC OF CONGO, DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO) 551

PART II
STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES

NOTE ON INCONSISTENCIES

You will find minor stylistic differences in the case studies. For instance, some chapters, such as "The War Never Came Here," deny themselves the convenience of quotation marks in direct speech. This so-called innovation, which I have employed in my novels for some years now, was a source of some distress to my patient editor, Mr. Horowitz. Other chapters show the influence of market pressure. For instance, the Somalia essay was handwritten in Nairobi, in a composition book which I bought in a little pharmacy. I then sent it by courier express to *Esquire* magazine. Because I would be out of reach of copy-editors, I inserted quotation marks for clarity. Should I have standardized these inconsistencies? I recall Lawrence of Arabia's comments to the proofreader who warned him that he had spelled the name of his favorite camel every which way in *Seven Pillars of Wisdom.* Lawrence replied simply, "She was a splendid beast."

SOUTHEAST ASIA

The Skulls on the Shelves (1991, 1996)

The Last Generation (1996)

Kickin' It (2000)

I'm Especially Interested in *Young* Girls (1993)

But What Are We To Do? (1994)

Yakuza Lives (1998)

INTRODUCTION

Need I explain why it is that in a book that purports to help people judge excuses for violence, the case studies are accompanied by introductions only, not conclusions? The main reason, of course, is that I don't trust my knowledge and competence to apply my own calculus, which like all human productions must be awfully flawed anyway. If I reject the calculus of conquest in Deuteronomy,[1] how dare I hold up my own moral calculus for your dismissal—especially when I admit that it could be better applied by those who know more facts than I, and differently applied by those who weigh any justification more or less heavily than I? Of course in my own second-rate world of armchair declamations, I get as opinionated as the next hindsighted or wall-eyed prophet. *I* know who's right and wrong in Colombia, and I'll tell you—if I can only trust you not to embarrass me with the shoddiness of my ideals and arguments.[2] But I try not to put my foot in my mouth on the subject of southeast Asia, where Buddhism blunts the edges of right and wrong, and tradition devalues *Rising Up and Rising Down*'s presuppositions—in particular, the rights of the self, on which my requirement that legitimate authority be consensual are founded.

Khmer Rouge Cambodia, considered in "The Skulls on the Shelves," did derive from the European tradition of Marxism, but took the long way around, reinterpreting itself through and receiving moral support from Mao's China. Remember, it was Mao who said that half of his population, or 300 million, would be an accept-

able price to pay in a decisive war against the capitalist world.[3] No matter what, my moral calculus will never be fair to southeast Asia on its own terms; I will never "understand" this region as I do my own. All the same, Pol Pot's new order can be judged quite easily by almost any moral calculus. The rights of self, creed, class, culture—you needn't seek them here! (Rule Number One on the blackboard at the Tuol Sleng torture-murder center: *It is absolutely forbidden to speak.*)

Rising Up and Rising Down insists that given the almost unlimited license it temporarily seizes, revolutionary authority in particular bears a terrible burden of proving the justifiability of its ends and means.[4] "The Skulls on the Shelves," which was researched in 1991 and 1996, is less of an attempt to define the already glaringly definable moral issues of the Cambodian situation than to meditate upon the human how and why of a *limiting case,* by which I mean a point at the practical end of a moral continuum. What Pol Pot did bears comparison with what Hitler did. Mao to the Khmer Rouge: "You, comrades, have won an amazing victory. You have gotten rid of all classes at one blow!" Hence the skulls on the shelves, the skulls stinking and yellow (almost nine thousand of them at Choeung Ek Killing Field alone). If you are a moral relativist, I urge you to study these murderers' example and then rethink your position. "The Skulls on the Shelves" proves that anybody who thinks and cares about the world bears an urgent necessity to construct a moral calculus.

The brother of my friend Vanny was tortured to death at Tuol Sleng, now a "genocide museum" where Vanny sought his face amidst the crowds of wall-photographs of tortured faces. I asked her what she would want me to demand of Pol Pot, and she replied, "Just I want to know why. Why he kill the people when he is Cambodian like them." This case study suggests several possible answers to that question. None of them are good enough to justify the skulls on the shelves. *An unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enactions.*[5]

So Cambodia became hell, and Cambodians fled when they could. What then? "The Last Generation," set in southern California in 1996, raises issues of imminent self-defense, and particularly defense of race and culture. Most Cambodians are rural people; frequently they're illiterate. The lucky few who escaped the camps in Thailand to arrive in the United States came to rest in a predictable niche: the inner city. In the schools their children encountered black and Latino gangs who invoked defense of ground and racial self-defense to attack them. Hence the eighth-grader who was attacked by "Mexicans" with screwdrivers: "I didn't know them," he said. "They didn't know me." As you read this story, ask yourself what you would have done if you were a Cambodian schoolchild with no one to protect you from such violence. Why do gangs spring into being? This case study tells why. And, as you will have seen in "The Skulls on the Shelves," Cambodia itself is rife with robbery and warlordism, starving soldiers deserting on both sides, men gunfighting over a fish in the market, vendors kidnapped by royalists or Khmer Rouge for a little money. Where would this eighth-grader or his mother have ever witnessed an incumbent,

potent, legitimate centralized authority?[6] Not in the USA. The President of the United States, the principal of the high school, the teachers who failed to preserve him from harm in the institution where they ostensibly exemplified and led—what kind of leaders were any of these? A Cambodian mother: "My boy, he get beat so many times by Mexicans. Teacher they can't do nothing. They don't want to do nothing. Sometimes American way is not so good."

Would you abolish gangs if you could? Then you must figure out what you would have done in that boy's place when the "Mexicans" came after you. Or else you must conceptualize some interventionist protective authority that can save children from being attacked with screwdrivers. When is violent defense of race and culture justified? Certainly it is when the racism of others imminently requires self-defense.[7]

When racial self-defense continues without end, institutionalizing itself into an attribute of race and culture itself, then the next chapter of the story begins. Set in the decidedly unwealthy city of Stockton, California in 2000, the case study "Kickin' It" looks in upon two gangs whose memberships are primarily Cambodian; in defense of honor and defense of gangland culture they fight each other. In the undying words of a certain Mr. Scarface, "All here, all the Asian people have Asian enemies. Why we gonna make enemies with the other races?"

And if this weren't strange enough, these gangbangers copy and idolize black gang culture more than their own. Why? Because in their view, blacks know the most and have suffered the most in ghetto America. Overlooked aliens, children of people who literally can't speak the language of the new country, with nothing to look forward to but menial drudgery at best, these Cambodian teenagers go for what they can go for: gang pride. "Well," said one young man, "I felt like I was strong 'cause I had friends. It made me more of a man since people were more afraid of me. I remember one guy in my class who tried to fight with me, but then he learned I was kicking with a gang." Is someone who thinks in this way exercising the fundamental right of any self or group to express its identity,[8] or has violence merely forced him into the conformity of counter-violence? What is manhood, and can it justify or be justified by Cambodian ganghood? If the soldier in Cambodia who extorts a fish with his machine gun is justified by desperate hunger, is the friendless young Cambodian in an alien country justified in making gang friends to be strong?

In Burma, or at least in Burma's rebellious province of Shan State, such disempowered individuals might have joined the private army of Khun Sa, better known as the Opium King. Meeting this eerie, charismatic figure in 1994 was one of my greatest experiences as a journalist. In defense of race, homeland and culture, he sold a substantial proportion of the world's heroin (the Cambodians in "Kickin' It" sold street drugs to make pocket change). I have never been able to refute Khun Sa's words: "I do sympathize with the addicts, but also with the growers and traders. Not just one group, but three."

When the Burmese rape your sister and burn your village and you have no way of

making a living but selling opium, what are you to do? Hence the title of this case study: "But What Are We To do?" This is what they always asked me in Shan State, and I never had an answer. When Khun Sa employs the profits of his heroin trade to defend your zone with his private army, what will you say against him? If he keeps any portion of those profits for himself, does that render him less justified? What constitutes imminent self-defense? Does defense of homeland allow the Shan tribes to secede from a Burmese federation in which they never wished to remain? Khun Sa's said: "This is legally our country. According to the Panglong Accord[9] we should have been independent more than thirty years ago."

Rising Up and Rising Down's moral calculus proposes that defense of homeland is justified *when the aliens, the people from outside the homeland, are the imminent violent aggressors.*[10] Are the Burmese aliens in Shan State, or are the Shan breakaway renegades? The American Civil War[11] and the Yugoslavian Civil War[12] posed their own versions of this question. Who defines homeland? What equilibrium would you propose between authority and liberty? What are the rights of a sovereign state, and what if they conflict with the rights of an ethnic minority? Should Burma, or Yugoslavia, allow its own dissolution down to the subatomic level? Or must the Shan, the Karenni and other insurgent minorities abandon their own dreams? What else could or should the Shan people have done?

"Yakuza Lives" (1998) deals with the "Japanese Mafia," the Yakuza. This case study bears obvious comparison with "The Last Generation" and "Kickin' It." The ethical questions, the violence-justifications, are similar. However, the American gangs described in the latter two studies are ad hoc organizations whose traditions, such as they are, go back only a few years, and whose members remain powerless to influence more than a few square blocks of their own neighborhoods; whereas men who enter the Yakuza may stay in it for life, with all the adult employments of corporate extortion, money laundering, strikebreaking, "protection," prostitution clubs, etcetera; furthermore, Yakuza claim an indefinitely longstanding presence in Japan, and indeed, even now the police afford them a certain respect and tolerance; they're rightwing superpatriots, defenders of this and that, Robin Hoods (in their own minds, at least). And the fact that they continue to insist on this image of themselves with such conviction casts a hint of doubt on other claimants to that role, such as Khun Sa. "What we do is help the weak," said one very powerful and frightening man. "And if the weak are so appreciative and bring money, then we refuse to receive it unless they insist."

These heroes are also well instructed in the finer points of deterrence, retribution, revenge and defense against traitors. "My policy for living in this organization is to throw myself away," one Yakuza informs us. "The organization is always first. This is my belief. I must always come second." Put this way, it sounds almost beautiful.

Finally,[13] "I'm Especially Interested in *Young* Girls" is set in Thailand in 1993. It deals with prostitution, particularly child prostitution. Although this case study is,

in effect, a confession about a kidnapping I committed, I'm not sure that what I did was violence. If it were, I still would be proud of it. When is violent defense of gender justified? For one thing, when its cause lies open to all—in other words, when its purpose is to defend the possession of rights which ought to be applied irrespective of gender.[14] That little girl was sold against her will, locked up, and essentially raped for profit. This chapter really belongs in *Rising Up and Rising Down* on account of the very fundamental issues it raises regarding consensuality and the rights of the self. The fact that her slavery was sexual, gender-associated, is in my opinion irrelevant to imminent self-defense. But violent defense of gender is also justified when it seeks by otherwise justified means to stop an attempt to violently transform gender into, or violently maintain it as, class.[15] Would you agree with me that nonconsensual prostitution constitutes precisely such an unwarranted violent attempt?

Meanwhile, the ethos of southeast Asia shimmers weirdly over all this; prostitutes clasp their hands and bow to Buddha when they get a nice customer; beggars *wai* in the same fashion; people tend to submit to their destiny. When is submission justified? What does the child owe the parent? By the Confucianist creed, everything. If, as in this case, the parent sells her in order to get a new roof for his house, by his creed and hers is she entitled to complain at all? You think so, and I do, too. But how much right do we possess to interfere with an alien society? Speaking strictly for myself, I would do what I did again. But, also speaking for myself, I dislike missionaries; I'm outraged by the harm they've wreaked on native societies down the centuries. A seventeenth-century French Jesuit would have happily undermined tribal authority and religion among the Huron Indians, because he was certain that in so doing he was saving their souls. I am not so sure that he was. When I prevent a cat from killing a bird, or when I rescue a child prostitute, how certain will my own certainties remain to "posterity" five hundred years from now?

CAMBODIA AND CAMBODIAN AMERICA

1996-2000

These three photo-essays depict the Khmer Rouge regime after the fact, by portraying a few of the Khmer Rouge extermination facilities in Cambodia, and a Khmer Rouge defector on the Thai border. (See the case study "The Skulls on the Shelves.") We also get a glimpse of a K.R. base, these pictures being taken for me by the insurgents themselves with a disposable camera. Following this, we observe the poverty and agony of Cambodia transmuted into gangsterism in California. That gangsterism, at first defensive (see the case study "The Last Generation") rapidly becomes imitative, even assimilationist ("Kickin' It").

I.

23. Painting by a survivor, Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum (Phnom Penh, Cambodia): a Khmer Rouge cadre slits a prisoner's throat.
24. Closeup of a Khmer Rouge defector, Aranyaprathet, Thailand, 1996. Khmer Rouge uniforms were readily available secondhand at that time. I asked him to dress as he used to dress among the K.R., and this is the result. Note the similarity between his getup and that of the cadre in the painting (previous photo). The pistol he borrowed from an indulgently smiling Thai policeman. He is hiding his face so that the K.R. won't kill his mother.
25. Photograph on the wall at Tuol Sleng: a tortured boy, not yet murdered.
26. The skulls on the shelves, Choeung Ek killing field, not far from Phnom Penh.
27. Commemorative marker for thousand-person mass grave, Choeung Ek.

28. Bust of Pol Pot at Tuol Sleng. The few survivors of this facility earned their rights to life by sculpting busts of Pol Pot. This particular miniature momument has been defaced with an "X."

29a. A bedframe used for torture at Tuol Sleng. Here the prisoners received electric shocks. When I first visited Tuol Sleng, there were still black bloodstains under these beds. By the time I came here with my camera, the blood had been removed. My friend Vanny, whose brother was murdered here, told me that when the Vietnamese "liberators" first compelled her to see Tuol Sleng, each bed contained a decomposing corpse.

29b. Photographs on the wall of Tuol Sleng: Tortured victims of the Khmer Rouge.

30a. Vanny looking at these wall photographs. This was her second visit to Tuol Sleng, and it would almost certainly be her last. She came only to help me. She could not prevent herself from searching for an image of her brother.

30b. A wall photograph at Tuol Sleng.

31a. The skulls on the shelves, Choeung Ek.

31b-32a. Active Khmer Rouge cadres at their base in Cambodia near the Thai border. I made contact with these individuals through an intermediary on the Thai side. They refused to allow me to cross the border, asserting (plausibly) that this was for my safety and theirs, so I bought a disposable camera, paid them to take a few pictures "inside," and developed the film in Aranyaprathet. As you see, these men were very concerned about hiding their faces. From the banana magazine, I would deduce that the cadre on p. 26 is holding an "Ah Ka," a Kalashnikov. From a color negative.

32b. This photograph, which I bought fair and square from a Thai "police general," depicts a battle-slain K.R. lying in the grass clutching his weapon. At this time (1996) such sights were still fairly common. I was initially surprised that it was a part of the "police general's" duties to make frequent inspection trips into battlefields in another country. This cadre was killed by royalists ("Whites"). There is a good probability that he operated from the base which his colleagues photographed for me on pages 25 (lower) and 26 (upper).

II.

33-34b. The Crazy Ruthless Kings, a Cambodian "tagger" gang. When I encountered them, this group did not appear on the master list kept by the Long Beach Police Department's Gang Suppression Unit.

III.

35. San's mother, Manchester housing project. She loved her son very much and was sad that she could not control him. Like many Cambodians of her generation, she could not speak English. (She and he are both discussed in the case study "Kickin' It.") Manchester is a "red block," an area dominated by the Blood confederacy of gangs.

36. A home in the rival "blue block" (Crip gang affiliates) of Kentfield. This is how these children wanted to pose for the camera. As you see, they are already making "cool" gestures which resemble gang signs.

37-38a. Kentfield. These childrens' gang signs are undeniable.

38b. Manchester grafitti: "HMUNG LOVE." The Hmong are a hill tribe dispersed through Laos, Vietnam and Thailand. As a result of their assstance to the U.S. counter-insurgency effort during the Vietnam War, many were endangered by the Communist victory, and the U.S. admitted considerable numbers as refugees. At Manchester and Kentfield, the gangs were equally welcoming. Hmong and Loations were outnumbered by Cambodians at both housing projects. A Kentfield Crip. The bandana around his right wrist conceals a bullet scar.

39. Manchester. San and his homeboys.

40. A Kentfield Crip. The bandana around his right wrist conceals a bullet scar.

41. Another Kentfield gangster.

42. An O.G. (old gangster) near Manchester.

43. A Laotian gangster in Kentfield.

44. Kentfield by day.

45. Kentfield by night.

46. Two girls from Manchester who invited me to date them. To quote Scarface from Kentfield, "To get a

decent girl's more difficult, but to get a hood rat's more cool."

47. A boy in Kentfield proudly shows off his bullet scar.

48. The sister of LeJohn "Bert" Tobler, who was shot (I think here at Kentfield), shows the program from his memorial service. He and she were not Cambodian.

49a-49b. San's room, Manchester. There is quite a contrast between what he likes to display on his walls and what his mother chooses for the living room (p. 29). The girl in the upper photo is Sara. She wanted to be his steady girl, his "homey loverfriend." San told me, jokingly or not, that she was only his "bed buddy," his regular sexual partner. When these pictures were taken, San was "on ankle" for a home invasion he'd committed. Hence the alarm bracelet on his right ankle.

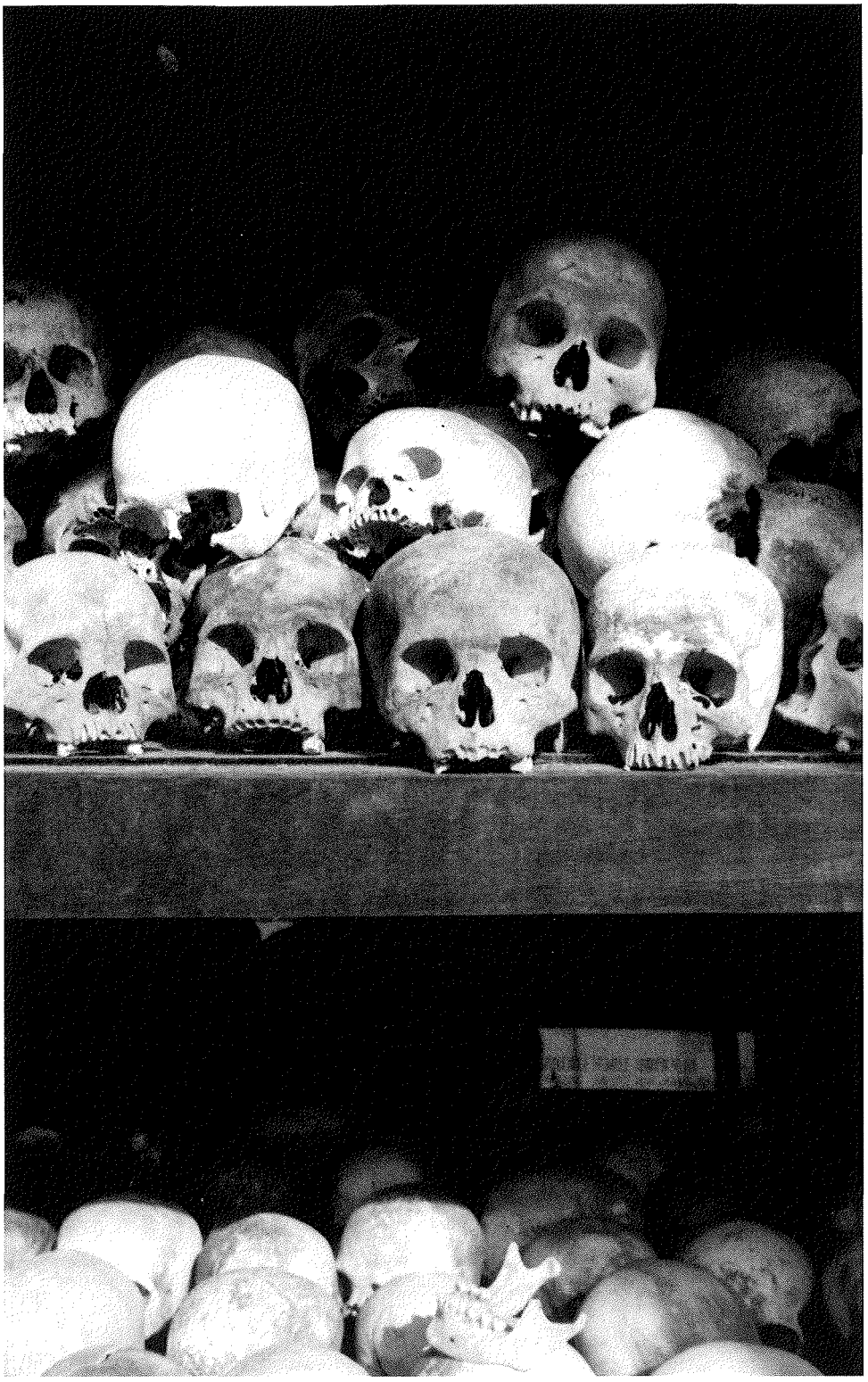
50a. The limits of San's freedom. Part of the door to the living room appears to the lower right. San could not go downstairs to the courtyard; otherwise the alarm would have sounded.

50b. One of San's friends in the same spot, by night. San was busy with Sara at the moment.



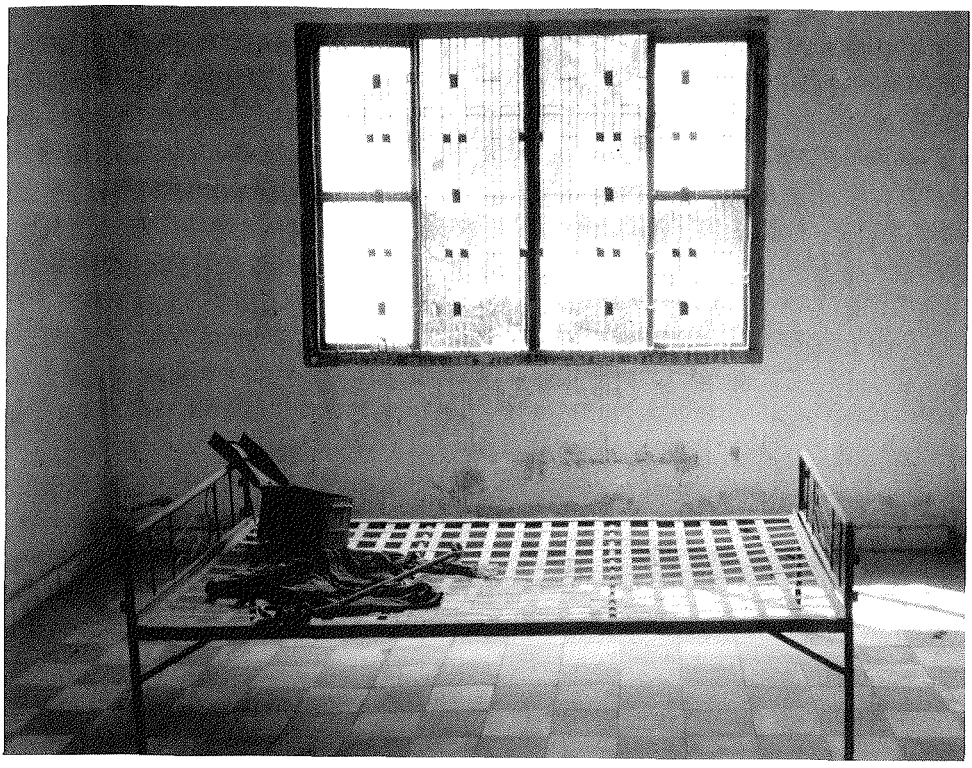



297

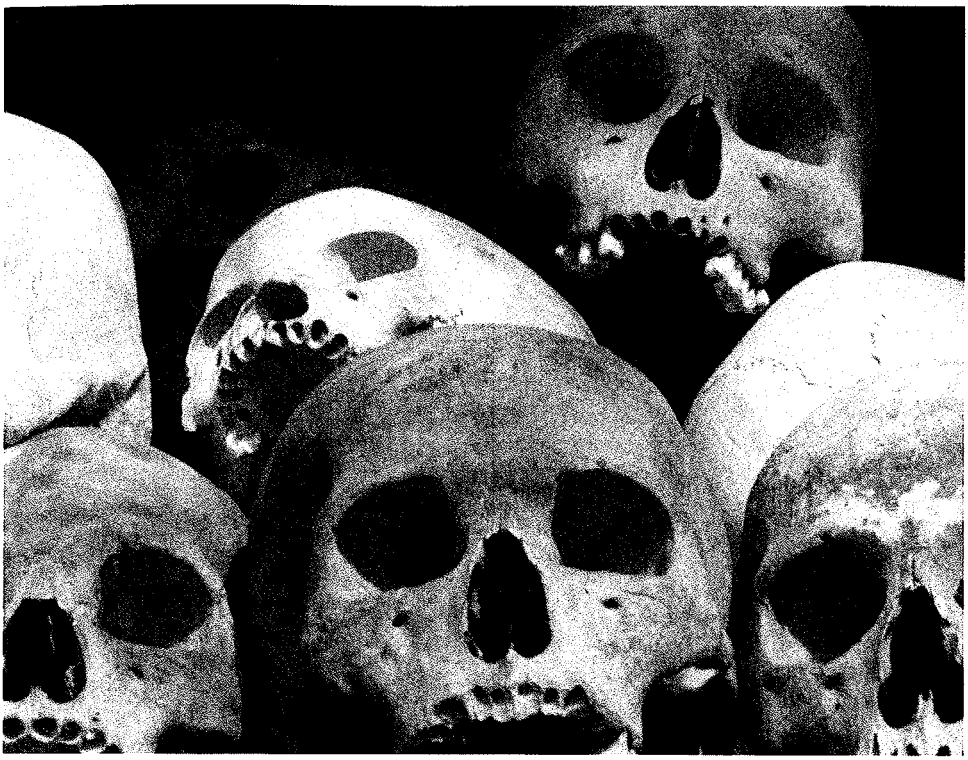



5
MASS GRAVE OF MORE THAN
VICTIMS CHILDREN, WOMEN
WHOSE MAJORITY WERE NAKED







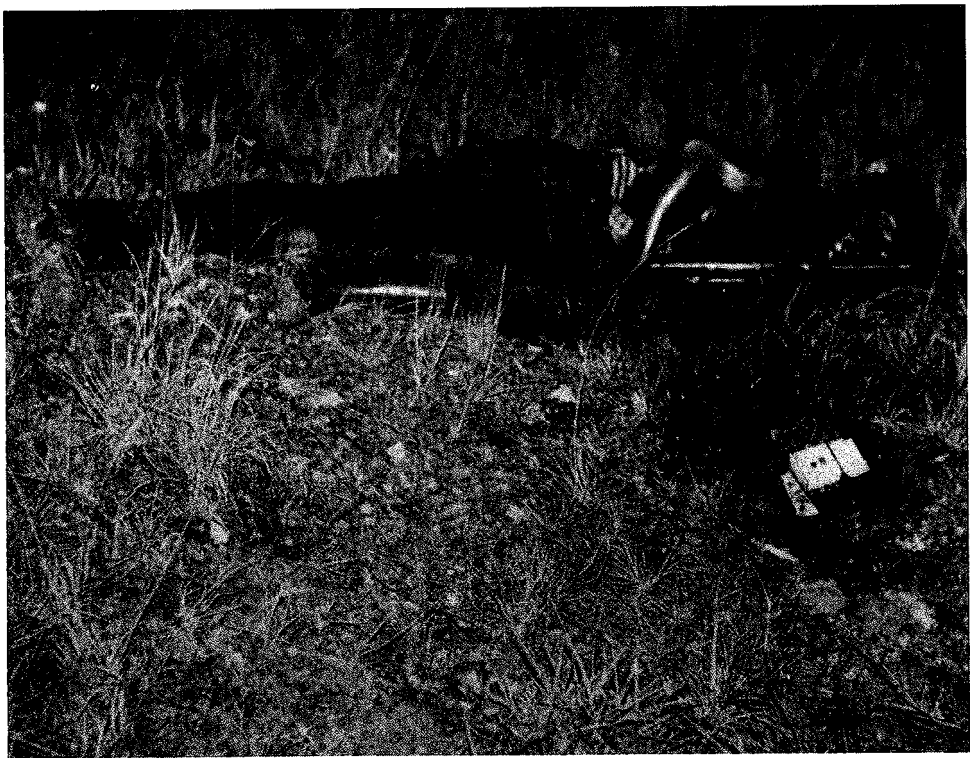










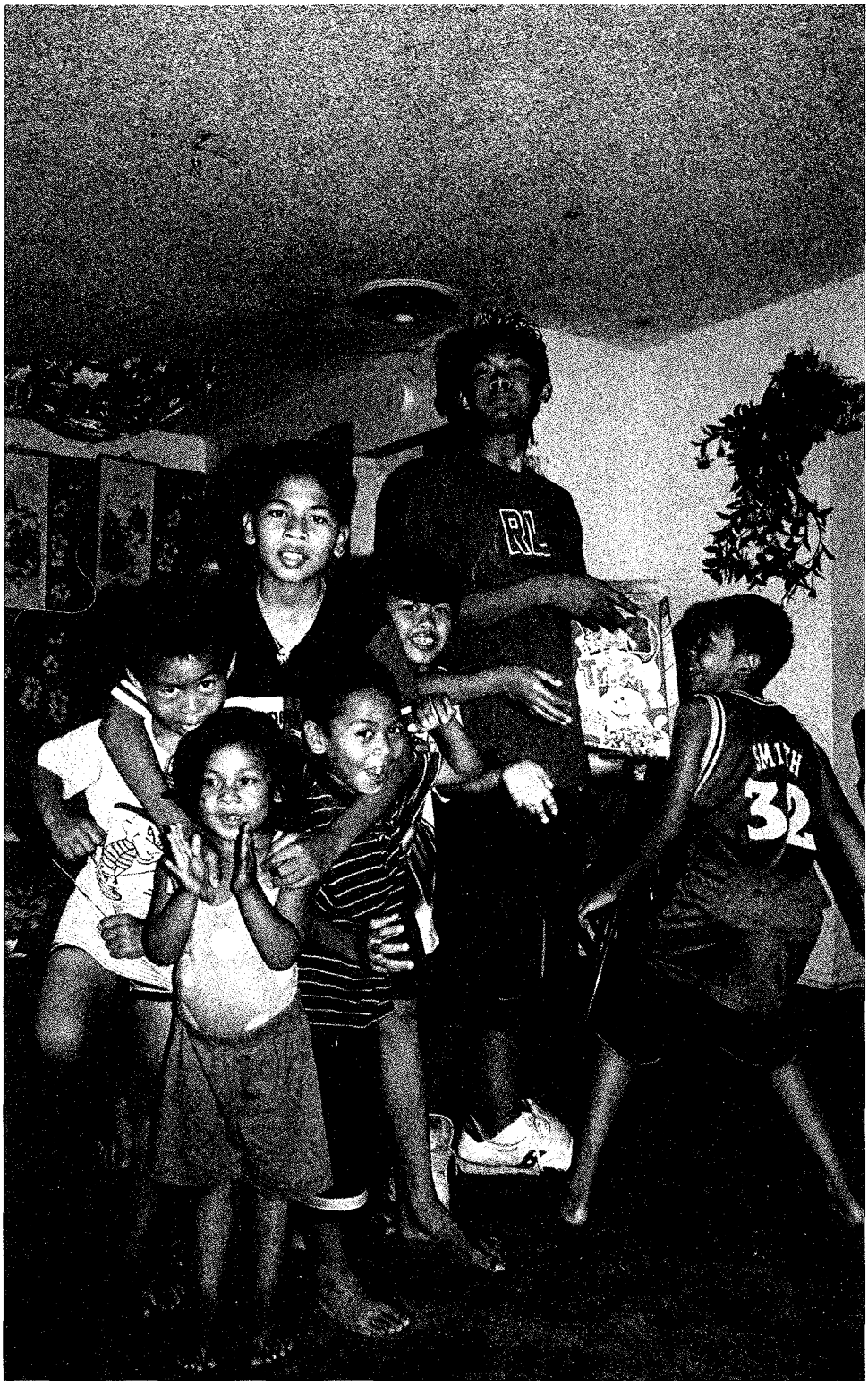










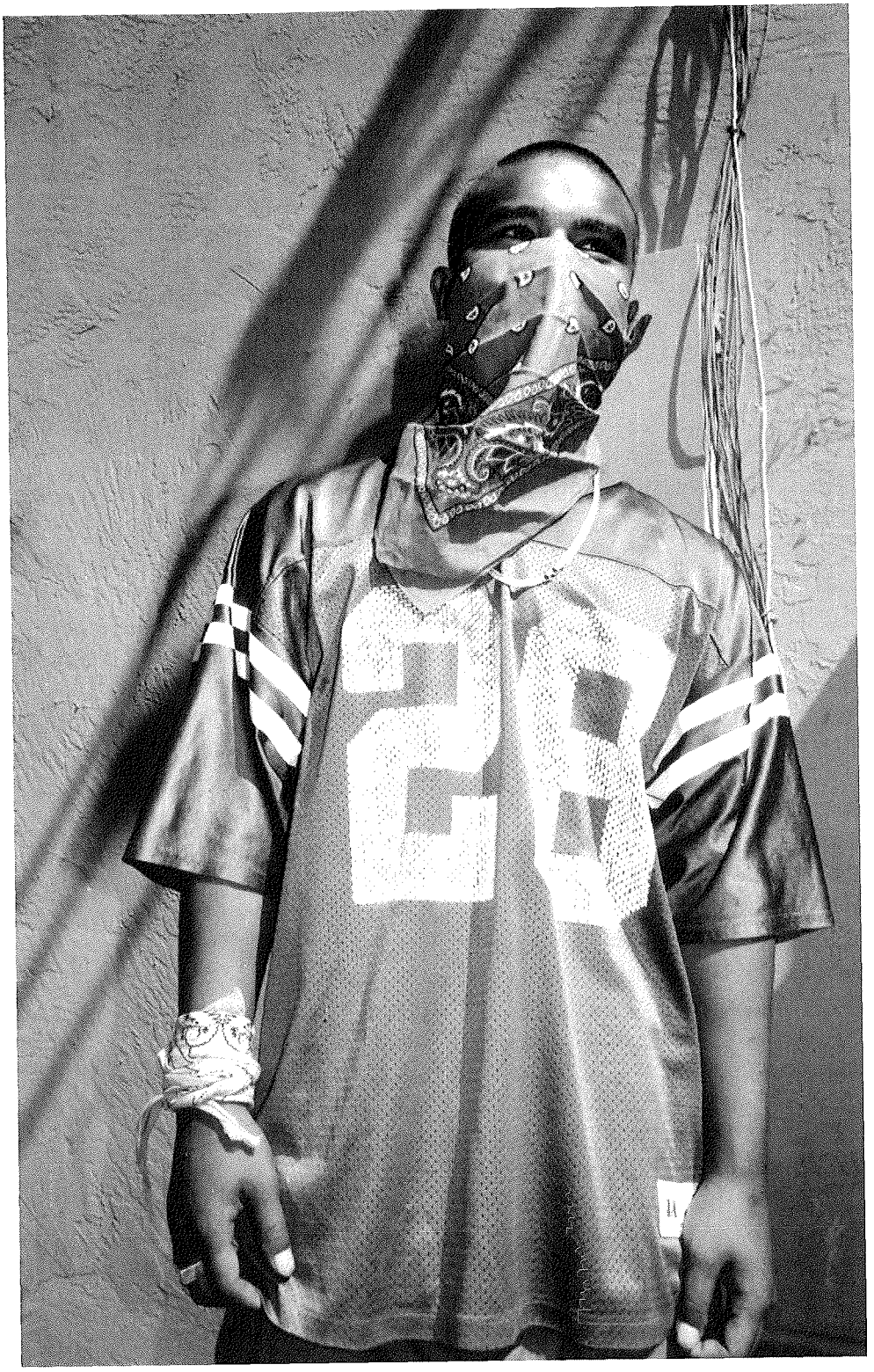

RL
SMITH
32


VEGETABLES

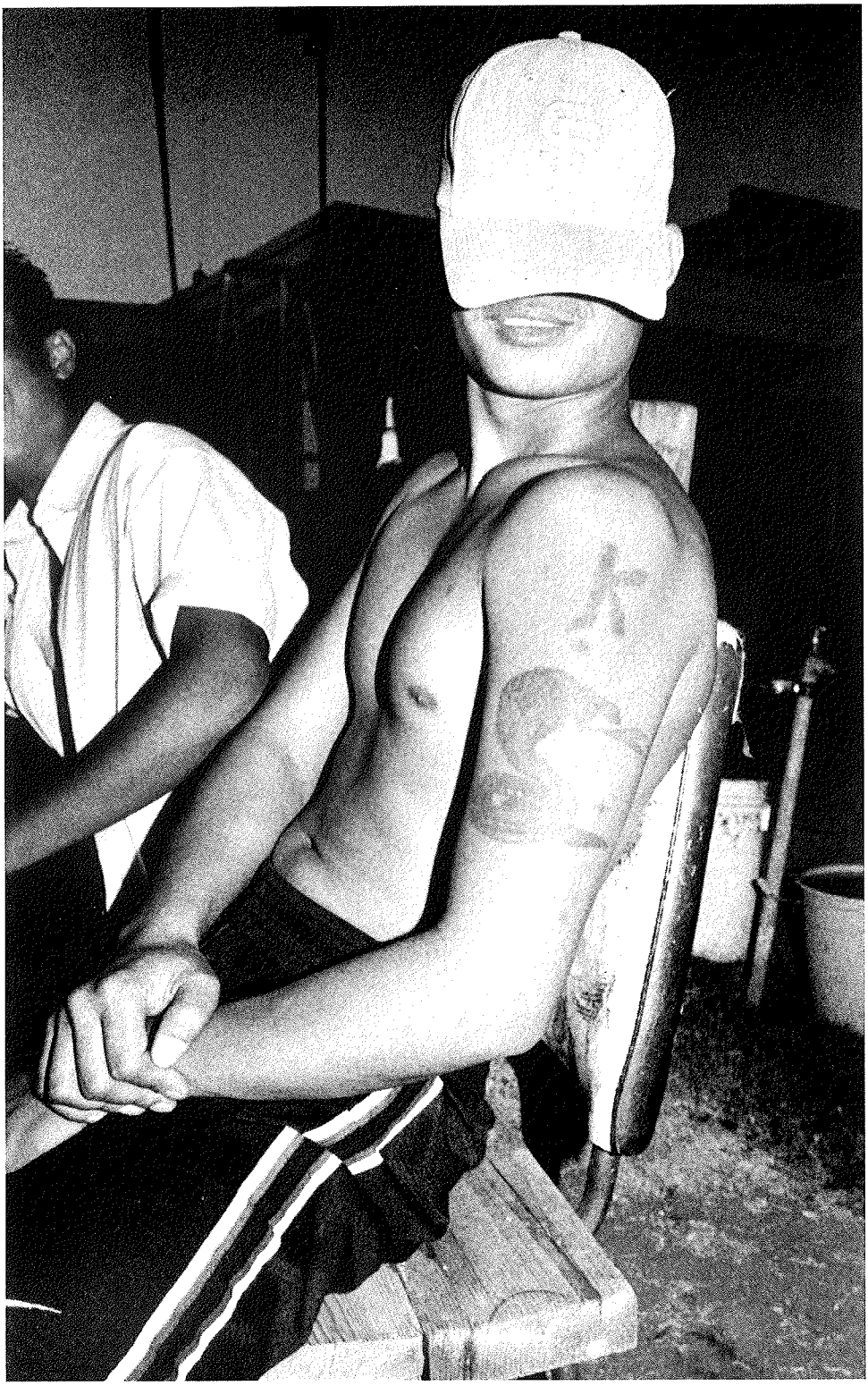



HMUNG LOV

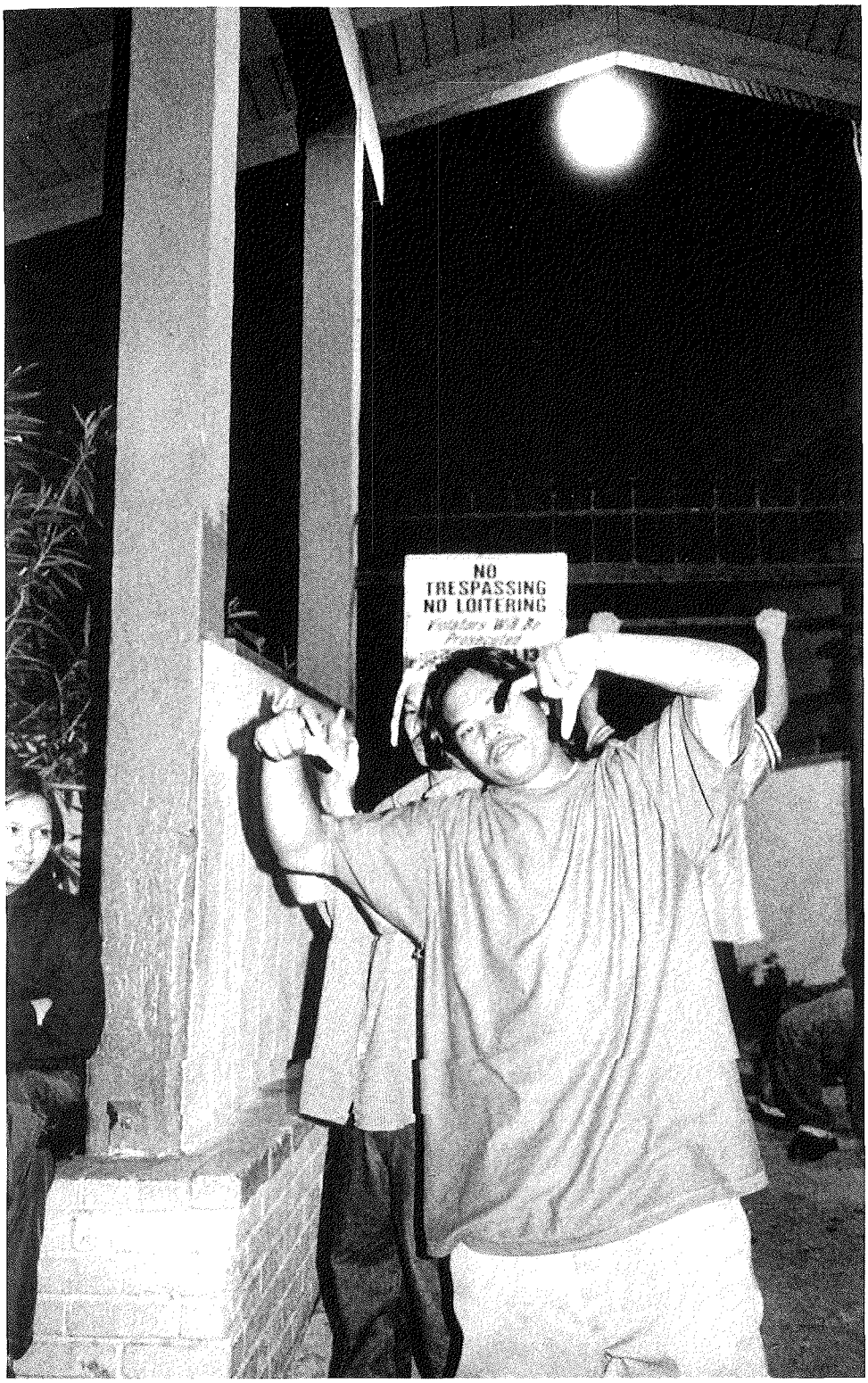


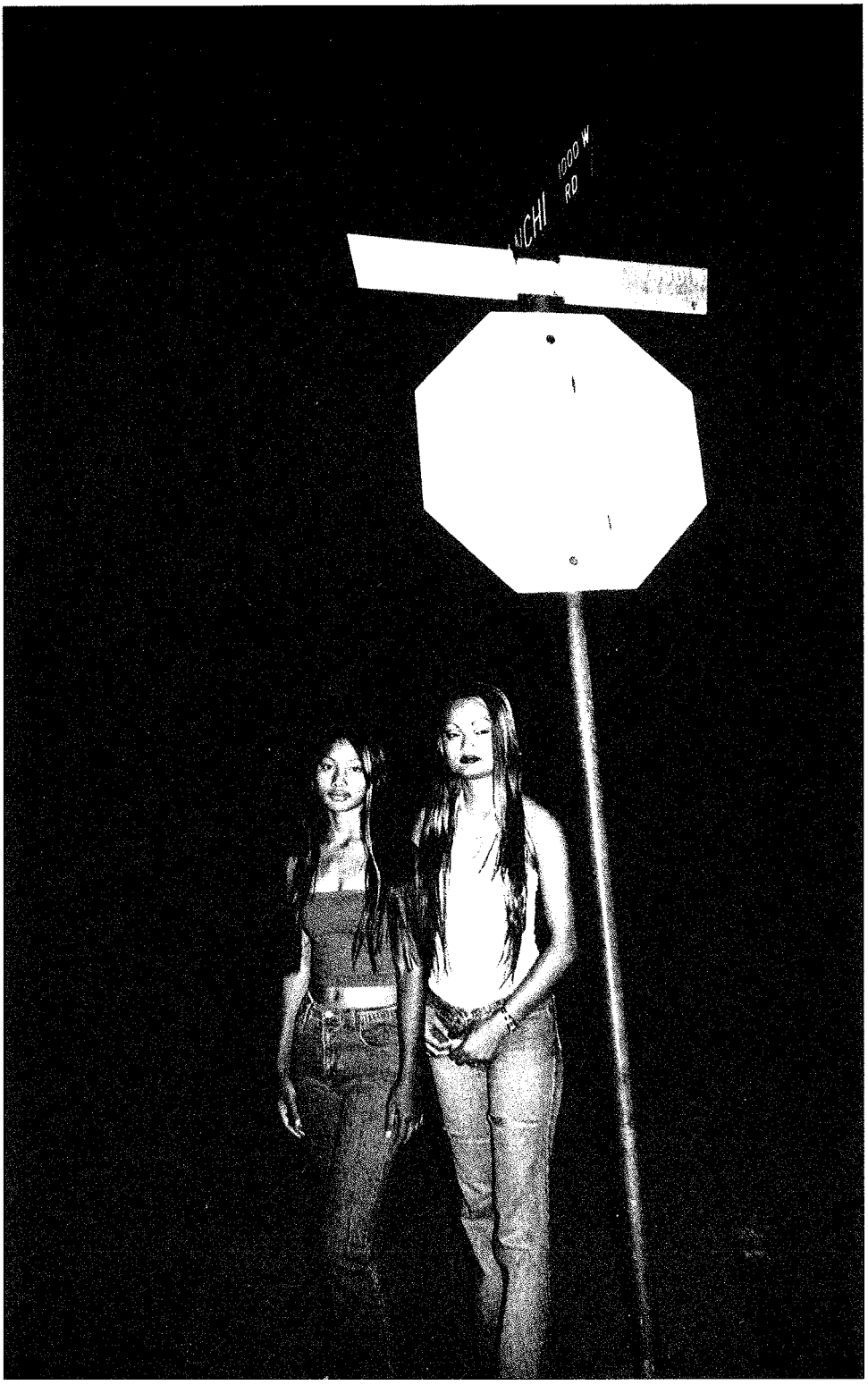


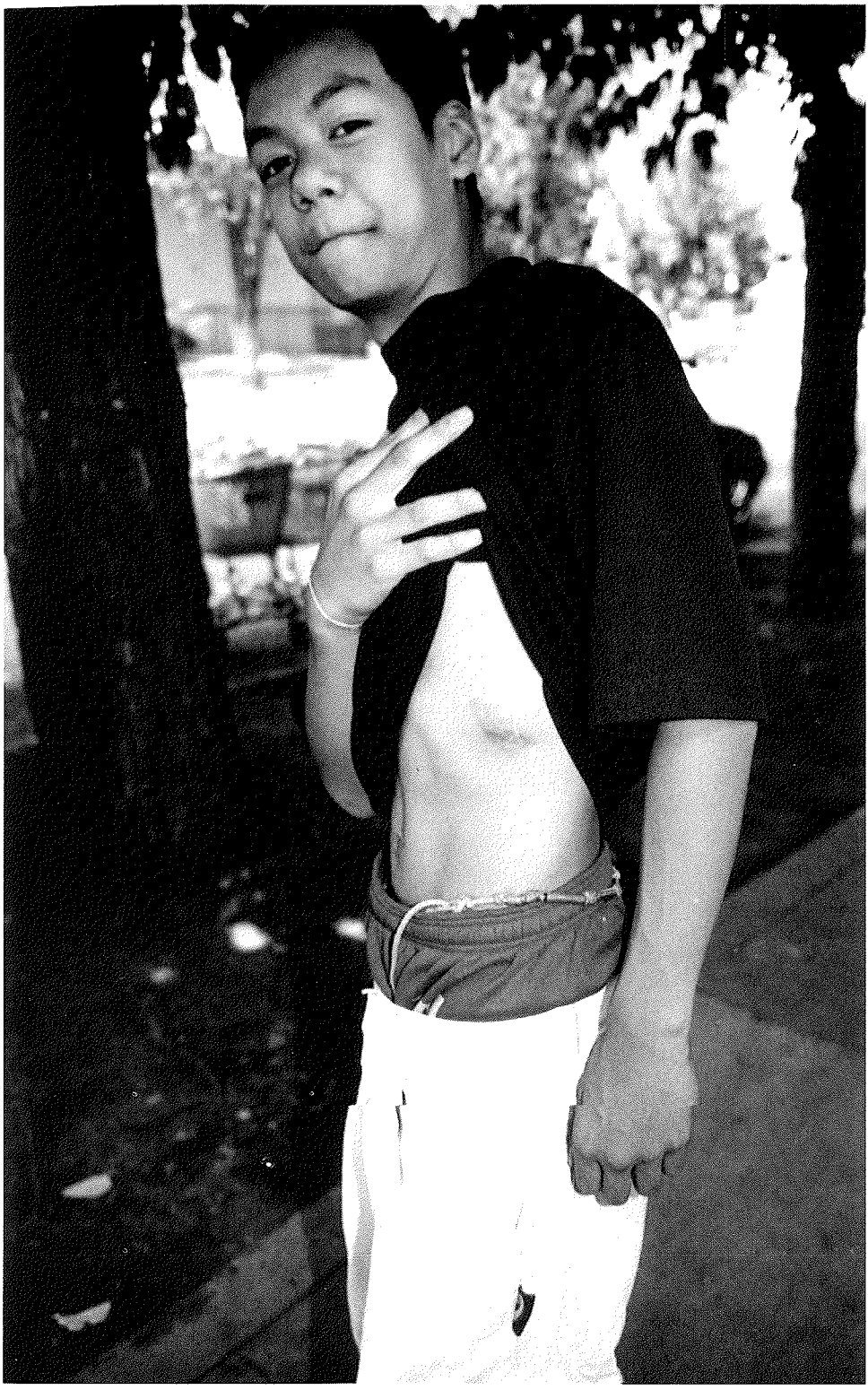


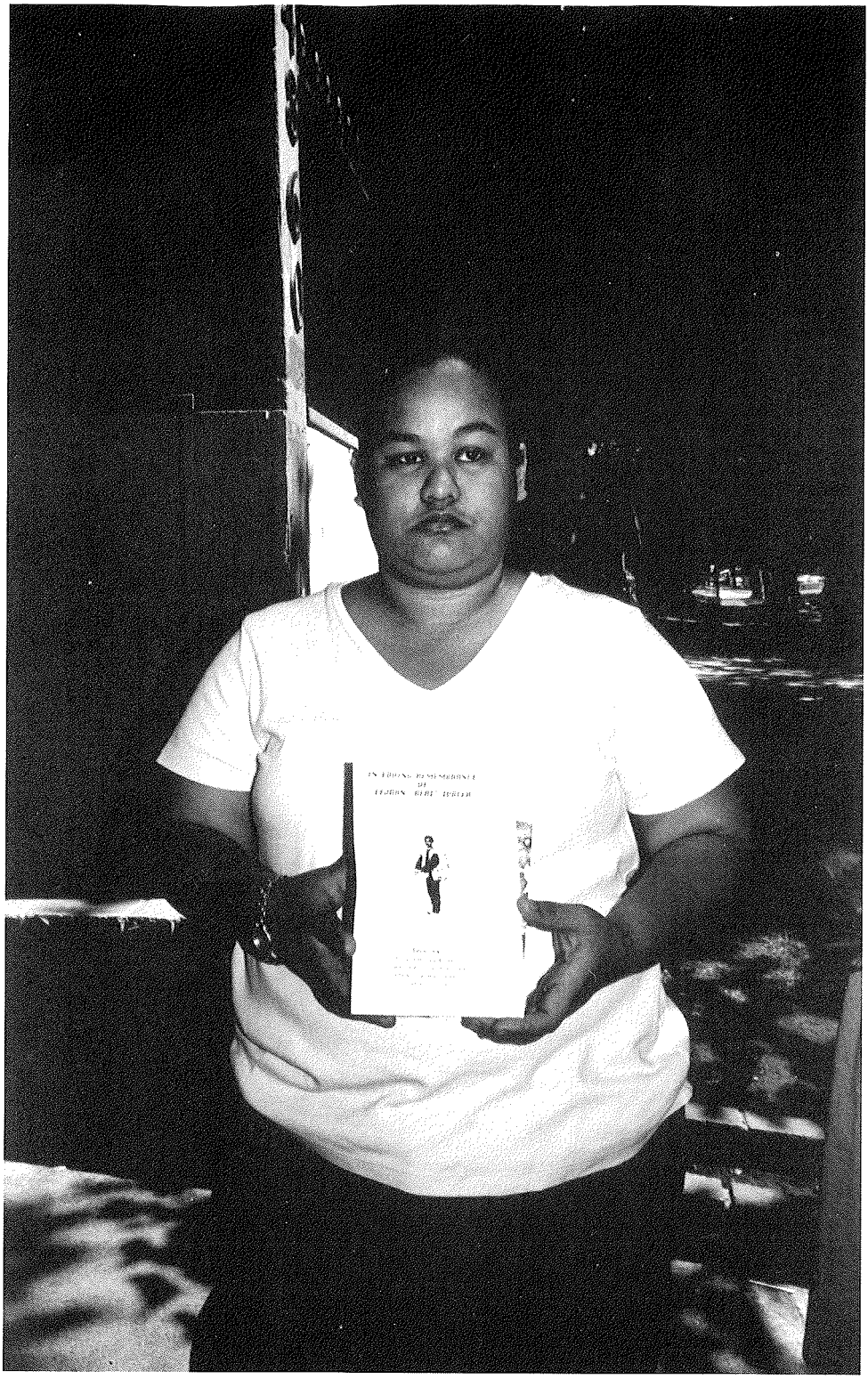



NO
TRESPASSING
NO LOITERING
Violators Will Be
Prosecuted
SMC -131.13


NO
TRESPASSING
NO LOITERING

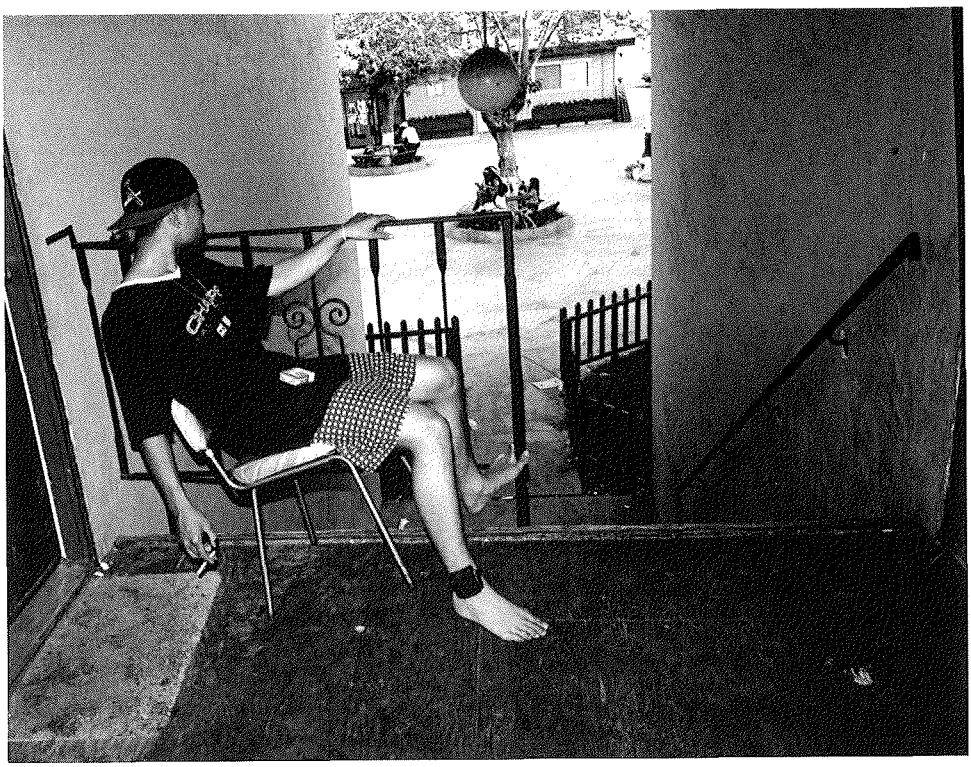

1000 W
RD

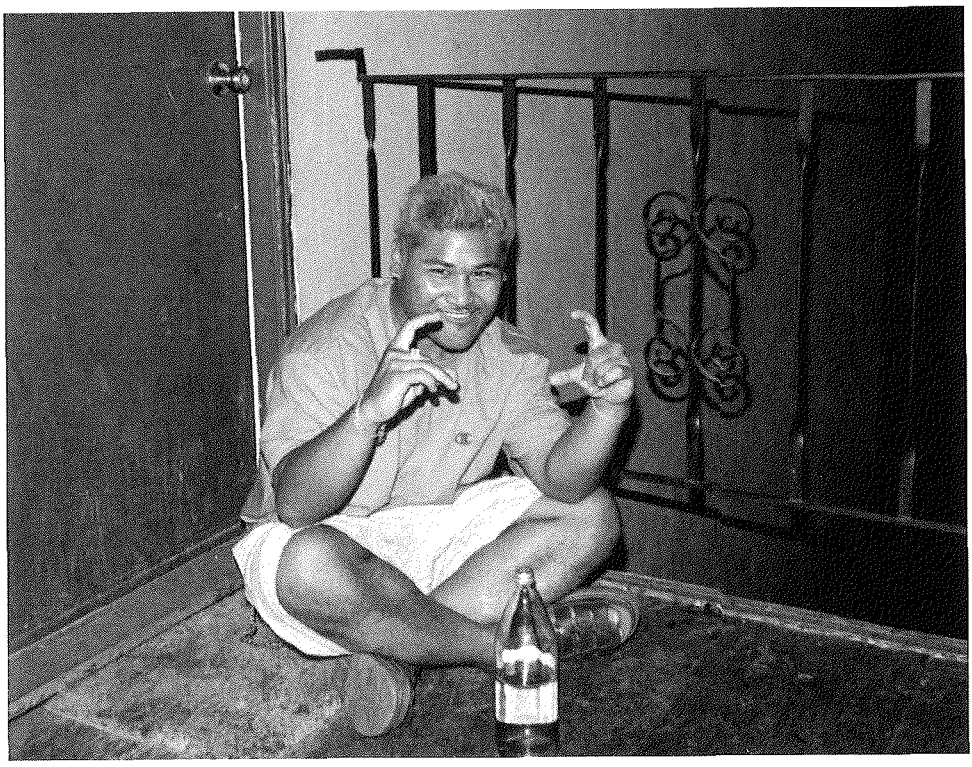





71-1996


2PAC
2PAC 4ever
CHAPS





THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES (1991, 1996)

THE STATE OF CAMBODIA ("INDEPENDENCE, PEACE, LIBERTY, HAPPINESS") (1991)

T-3 PRISON, PHNOM PENH

The blue-walled, chessboard-floored visiting room had splendid benches and chairs, all made by the prisoners. They were taught woodworking. It would have been nice to see the woodworking shop, but unfortunately that was off-limits. Many things were off-limits in T-3. In the sunny space where mortar crumbled wearily between bricks, children stretched on their tiptoes to peer in through the bars where the photographer and I sat waiting, a single fan unmoving, the interpreter and the driver smoking up a storm, and a pin-striped man from the Ministry of International Affairs was sitting in, too. He worked for Interpol, the interpreter said.

Would you like to work for Interpol? I asked.

No, no, said the interpreter. I am a soft-hearted man. I don't want to watch their faces when they're being questioned....

The Deputy Chief came in, smiling in green.

How many people are at this prison?

I have no authority to release statistics, said the Deputy Chief.

Do the Khmer Rouge make up a large or a small proportion?

Sir, I cannot tell you about that.

Are there any executions?

No. We have to educate them about the party line. We avoid to hit them. So we educate the thinking of people. We give them the new situation about Cambodia and we explain them about their mistake before. Here they are happy because we don't hit them.

The boy in the dark prison pajamas sat miserably in the chair. He had been with the other side for four years when he was captured.

Why did you join the Khmer Rouge?

Because...because I was confused from enemy...

How old are you?

Twenty years.

So you remember the Pol Pot time?

I were a child in the Pol Pot time. My parents are farmer. Now, you see, I am alone, because my parents and some relatives were killed.

And after that you still joined the Khmer Rouge?

You see, the Khmer Rouge send some woman to our area, and she make some propaganda for them and I was confused. I was a young boy, and she told me about the policy of the guerrilla war, about the struggle against the enemy, and I could not understand. She didn't know about my family, because she had relations with the enemy, and she worked all around to spread propaganda.

Was she beautiful?

She were a wife with three children.

What did you believe as a Khmer Rouge?

I were not clearly educated about his policy, the boy whispered. For me it was not clear.

I had known when I first came into T-3 that I would not hear the full truth, that some questions were not even worth asking when the Deputy Chief was there, that human beings in tight spots will justify themselves, like Field Marshal Keitel who, after being compelled to view a film of atrocities committed by the government of which he'd been a member, cried: "When I see such things, I'm ashamed of being a German! —It was those dirty SS swine! —If I had known it I would have told my son, 'I'd rather shoot you than have you join the SS.' But I didn't know. —I'll never be able to look people in the face again."[1] —And yet sometimes truth is there in the evasions; I had to at least seek it. So I said: Did you admire Pol Pot?

The boy looked down, squeezing his hands tight in his lap. —Now he say that Pol Pot is a killer, a people-killer, the interpreter said.

Tell him not to be afraid. I don't want to blame anyone. I just want to understand what he thought.

I went with them because—because I was seeking some relatives. I was only confused. I was there, and I faced with the big struggle. I went into the jungle. I was a guard for the commander of the regiment. We had no position. We lived only in the jungle. We get food supply only from the border. We have not enough munitions; we have not enough food supply, so we are in bad conditions. To get more food we frighten the local people.

How were you captured?

I was sent from the camp into my natal village. I was with another man in civilian dress. Along the way I was captured by the revolutionary soldiers. I have been nearly three years here.

Have you been given a trial?

No.

How long is your sentence?

I don't know.

Do you have anything else to say?

I want only to become good people as the other, the boy said, as if by rote, because I have made mistake with Cambodia[2]—

TUOL SLENG GENOCIDE MUSEUM, PHNOM PENH

In another place, in another dingy room of checkerboard tiles, there was a bed with a chain fixed to it, a long screw in brackets. The room smelled like screams. On the wall was a photo of a body lying on the floor of this same room, legs beneath the outswung bar, and puddles of blood.

In the next room, again the frame of a bed, with the screw-clamp, bloodstains black on the floor, on the wall a photo of a blackened body on the same bed, a chair upended beside it, echoing light of whiteness.

The name of this place was Tuol Sleng. It was once a high school, until the Khmer Rouge came with a thousand soldiers and wove barbed wire around it and made their security regulations:

1. You must answer according to my questions—don't turn them away.
2. Don't try to hide the facts by making pretexts this and that. You are strictly prohibited to contest me.
3. Don't be a fool for you are a chap who dare to thwart the revolution.
6. While getting lashes of electrification you must not cry at all.
8. Don't make pretexts about Kampuchea Krom in order to hide your jaw of traitor.
9. If you don't follow the above rules, you shall get many many lashes of electric wire.

Another bed frame, sagging, a rusty chain, shreds of cloth, the cartridge box that was the toilet (if you spilled it, you were required to clean the floor with your tongue), the clamp, the electric wire. Palm trees through the window.

Another. A photo of a black body on that bed frame. The floor underneath was still black with blood, and the dust in that room smelled like blood.

Another. Another. On the wall, a photo of a bloated black body on the mattress, a sarong beside it, the rotten face screaming. A trowel-like clubbing tool lying on the bed. There was a fly crawling on it where something was clotted black.

Outside, a painting of happy Khmer Rouge, like Boy Scouts, forcing the head of a hated body into an immense urn, while two others pulled a blindfolded prisoner up a gallows-frame by his back-twisted wrists. Beside the painting was the real urn and the real gallows-frame. The urn was full of brown-green rainwater...

The next room was filled with photos of people—many of them mothers and children—facing the camera, numbers pinned to them, wide-eyed, staring, some with ropes already around their necks. —The boy stared straight ahead, arms behind his back, behind him another prisoner bent over. —The man glared wildly. —The man stared out from a mass of people with upflung arms. —The boy stared straight ahead and blood bridled his mouth. —In the photos there were rows of skulls in the ditch like coconuts, skulls in platoons, dead bodies lying on these chessboard floors, with their numbers pinned to their dead chests.

Pol Pot's bust, smooth-cheeked and handsome, caught light-gleams on nose and forehead like a stone Buddha. Pol Pot refused to answer, looked through everyone so distantly, stared level across the floor.

That was Building B. Building C sported barbed wire woven across the porch and windows, a single wooden gate set in the second door from the left, the rest blocked off by barbed wire. Little roofless concrete cells took the floor, each four by eight feet—rows and rows of cells, each with its dusty chain. Cells all the way to the horizon. On the blackboard, in Khmer and French, a new list of prohibitions. The first:

1. It is absolutely forbidden to speak.

A little further on was the chair with the collar and screw-threads to slowly crush a prisoner's vertebrae. In that famous K.R. phrase, the traitors had to be "smashed." "When we use political pressure," explains the interrogator's manual, "prisoners confess only very little. Thus, they cannot escape from torture."[3] Then came the torture-saws, barbed-wire whips, canes, spades. Out of the seventeen to twenty thousand prisoners who passed through Tuol Sleng, eight are known to have survived.[4] Some had left paintings: The men in green round caps were whipping a screaming woman, her baby taken from her arms by a man with a downturned mouth. A man was having his fingernails pulled out by Khmer Rouge who squatted to pour acid on his hands, blood on the floor, another Khmer Rouge ready to

whip him every time he screamed. Two Khmer Rouge, businesslike, were searing a woman's nipples with red-hot pincers. (You have to smash traitors by stages.) Then into the pit with all of them, kneeling while a Khmer Rouge raised the club, another in the mass grave to finish them off. Smash the children's heads on palm trees. Throw them up in the air; catch them on the points of bayonets.... A display of skulls white, yellow, gray, and brown.[5]

THE VALUE OF PEOPLE

The aim of the Khmer Rouge was almost sublime. They had a slogan: *When there is rice, there is everything.* In the end, they wanted there to be nothing but rice. So survivors told me. But the most superficial perusal of K.R. documents will quickly disprove any notion that they were back-to-nature-ists. Cambodia had almost no capital, they reasoned. By working hard and building up an agricultural surplus, they'd be able to finance light and heavy industry over time. "If we don't operate heavy industry together with light industry, we'll still be carrying foreigners."[6] By 1978 Pol Pot planned to have electricity again, at least "in important zones,"[7] which meant the reestablishment of international trade in order to buy the power plants; Cambodia "must have definite annual plans for the volume of goods," said the Four-Year Plan sagely.[8]—But why did they abandon everything previous Cambodian governments had made? Well, that was all corrupt, and polluted, and poisonous. Better to start afresh with nothing but rice.

They were nothing if not ambitious. Their aim was to immediately double rice production through massive public works projects, which fortunately wouldn't cost the revolutionary government anything, since they'd conveniently abolished money "because we didn't wish to entangle ourselves with old affairs,"[9] says a party document in typically smug and lofty style. The K.R. were filled with optimism, of which Pol Pot partook almost to the point of insanity. *Compared to other countries, we have very many more qualities*, he told a zone assembly. *First, they have no hay. Second, they have no grass.*[10] With qualities like these, all Cambodia (or Democratic Kampuchea, as he now called it) would need was enthusiastic unskilled labor. By 1977 they hoped to produce between half and all of the people's "material necessities."[11] And the other half which might not be produced, where would that come from? The Four-Year Plan does not say.

According to Marxist theory, the creation of value in a society is the result of the labor that goes into its commodities. Thus gold is "worth more" than corn because people work harder to produce it. This definition renders the laborer more important than the overseer—a point as well taken as ever today, when "managers" who don't lift a finger rattle off boasts about the inventory that "we" manufacture. On the other hand, some managers do fulfill an essential function that assembly-line workers cannot. Marx would doubtless argue that this is because labor has become

so alienated that assembly-line workers have never been given the opportunity to control production at the highest level. And Marx would be right.[12] I cannot doubt his integrity there. His successors, however, descended the slippery slope to the mass graves.[13] Their goal was to give the value back to the people who make it. Lenin deposed the managers wherever he could, and sometimes killed them.[14] Stalin and Mao,[15] a little more impatient, liquidated them by the score. ("Revolution is the inspired frenzy of history," a revolutionary once said.[16] She was murdered in an inspired frenzy of counterrevolutionaries.) And they broadened their definitions of managers. Peasants who'd owned a little more land than their neighbors, for instance, had to be liquidated. People whose labor power could not be quantified by the new science were suspect: perhaps they weren't producers, in which case they were as bad as managers. The value of a commodity is determined by the quantity of labor spent on it, said Marx; therefore, since some people work harder and better than others, we must average and normalize to arrive at what is a socially necessary amount of labor for a given item. But instead of measuring how much labor it took a given population in a given situation to make something, the shortcutting scientists decided how much labor it ought to take. Well, Pol Pot admitted, that they were not quite scientists yet. *Our object of study is real work. Real work provides experience. If we have the experience, we only need to be further equipped to measure length and breadth, to become scientific.*[17] But in order to complete their Super Great Leap Forward[18] they had better apply some standards anyway. And that is why in Phnom Penh I saw a woman whose back was constellated with round white scars. As a nine-year-old child, she'd been put to building dykes in the rice fields. She had to work sixteen hours a day. When she wasn't quick enough to suit them, they beat her with sticks and burned her with an iron bar. —Oh, yes, the Khmer Rouge went beyond Stalin and Mao in setting standards. *We must heighten our revolutionary vigilance regarding those who served in the old administration, such as technicians, teachers, physicians, engineers...* They killed thousands of people just for wearing glasses. They emptied the cities and set everyone to producing rice. Their slogan: *A country without cities or countryside!* Mao surely approved of that one. In the revolution he'd led, he turned Marxism upside down by privileging the peasants, who were the vast majority in China and who came to support him, over the urban proletariat, who comprised a few insignificant millions. Once he'd gained power, he invoked Marx: No distinctions of power, not anywhere! But Marx foresaw the great homogenization as emanating from those centers of coercion and control, the cities themselves. Mao began from the rural areas. Writing about his Great Leap Forward campaign, one commentator comments on "long-standing Maoist hostilities to those features generally associated with urban industrialism: occupational specialization, bureaucratic rationality, large-scale centralized organization, and formal higher education."[19] These were antipathies which Pol Pot shared, and go far to help those unacquainted with Marxism understand the decision to expel everybody from the cities of

Cambodia. *Therefore we organise so that an absolutely clear collectivism is absolutely clear, without capitalist vestiges (tails); otherwise we are afraid that it will rise again. If there are still capitalist vestiges there is still privateness.*[20] There might also have been non-Marxist reasons for doing it. *I am not one of those who think that the reasons for the 1975 evacuation of the cities were primarily economic or humanitarian*, writes Serge Thion, and I am glad to see that he does not stress the humanitarian aspect.[21] *I think that political considerations were predominant. But who can be surprised that these {American} bombings, straight out of the tradition of Tokyo, Dresden, and Hiroshima, had some consequences, economic and political and psychological?* Well, it is nice to blame the Americans (who certainly deserve most of the blame for the destruction of Cambodia until the Khmer Rouge arrived upon the scene); and later it was all burnished into a Marxist sheen. Chou En-Lai warned the Khmer Rouge not to "attempt to reach the final stages of communism with one great leap forward,"[22] but Mao was very pleased. *You, comrades, have won an amazing victory. You have gotten rid of all classes at one blow! People's communes in the countryside with poor and lower middle peasants everywhere in Cambodia, therein lies our future!*[23]

And so they put people to making rice. —They were in the jungle too long, his biographer told me. And the only people they relied on for news of what was going on in the world were people like them, loopy movements like Direct Action in France and the Baader-Meinhof in Germany. So they were sure the revolution was coming everywhere. They had no grip on reality, no understanding of the world situation. None of them had any sense. When they were trying to build a socialist Cambodia, it was all stick and no carrot. You have to think about some kind of reward.[24] What did they do with all the rice? Why, trade it to China for guns,[25] of course! That was why so many Cambodians had to eat each other[26]—

MR. LOTH SUONG, PHNOM PENH

The old man, half-deaf, had a round pale face. His lips were open, his eyes half-closed to listen. There was gray stubble on his head.

I am very disappointed about my brother, he said. My family had a good name. But my brother committed the crime.

Do you have any problems with the neighbors?

No. Our neighbors is my relatives now. Because Pol Pot is not my relative now. They know I am a good man, a good family.

A cat shook itself. There were flowers on the little round table.

He was a good boy. The old people liked him very much when he was a child.[27] He was Saloth Sar. The name of Pol Pot I didn't hear before 1978.[28] I saw his picture in the cooking room when I lived in the province of Kampong Chong.

So you'd lost contact with him?

After his study in France I saw him, and then in the 1960s he escaped into the forest. Then I didn't see him until he came head of state. Since 1960s until now.

You see, he said, I don't want to hear someone talk about Pol Pot.

He was a little stout. His teeth showed when he talked. His head hung, and his hands opened in his lap, beside the square gold buckle. He was ill, which explained why he'd consented to be interviewed. He needed ten dollars for medicine.

You see, he said, I don't know about him, because I'm not interested anymore.

When did your brother develop his theories?

When he was in France. The state of Cambodia helped pay the cost of his education there. Before, he was a normal student; he was not a Communist. To France I wrote to him: You have to give up your activity to study. You try only to study. And after your study you can help your family and the country. —And Pol Pot wrote back: *I want to help all the people of Cambodia.*

And then what happened?

He hide to me. He didn't tell me about his activity in Phnom Penh as a Communist. When he came back to Phnom Penh there were a lot of Communist leaders here. After he came back, he gave me only worry. He escaped to join the Viet Minh. After this activity, he returned and was a teacher in the school and the government try to catch him...

The sun-striped room had once been a flat for foreigners. Now it was part of a slum. The tiles had a tartan pattern. The cat basked between big wide jars on the terrace; the old wife stood in the background with her fan; the granddaughter hid in the checkerboard hallway behind a curtain of colored ribbons.

In the Pol Pot time I had to make a lot of work, he said, more than the other people. Because we were Phnom Penhois, so we were considered the enemy. My wife was a dishwasher for six hundred people, in the big hall. She had to clean alone. First I had to build the dams, then I had to guard the rice fields, feed the hens, cut bamboo to build the small house, clean the cookhouse, cut the wood stick for fire....

Why does your brother torture people?

I can't understand, too. When he was a child, he didn't kill a cock to eat; he didn't make a strike against the other children. He never went out to drink or smoke...

Is he an unhappy person?

No. I don't know. I don't think. You see, I don't want to hear about Pol Pot. If someone try to tell me about Pol Pot, I go away.

THE VALUE OF PEOPLE (CONTINUED)

Who are they, these strange men who come from nothing? Lenin, Stalin, Hitler, and Mao all rose terrifyingly from obscurity, and (in every case but Hitler's) even from exile. I had never met Pol Pot and most likely never would be able to do so, so I must attempt to understand him from a distance. On the basis of the acts he committed, it makes sense to admit him to the company of the vanguardists I've mentioned, of whom Lenin and Mao are the two more sympathetic characters,[29] but

hardly unstained. When Pol Pot cut himself off from his brother and everyone else except the likeminded, brooding and scheming for so many years in the jungle, did his thoughts run on the same wheels as did Stalin's in Siberia? Let me speculate so far as to suppose that kindred crimes result, at least to some extent from kindred characters. Naturally this mode of working will not produce "admissible evidence," but it is the best I can do. In his biography of Stalin and Hitler, Alan Bullock summarized some psychological projections in a way that may be relevant here:

> "Narcissism" is a concept originally formulated by Freud in relation to early infancy, but one which is now accepted more broadly to describe a personality disorder in which the natural development of relationships to the external world has failed to take place. In such a state only the person himself, his needs, feelings, and thoughts, everything and everybody as they relate to him are experienced as fully real, while everybody and everything otherwise lacks reality and interest.
>
> Fromm argues that some degree of narcissism can be considered an occupational illness among political leaders in proportion to their conviction of a providential mission and their claim to infallibility of judgment and a monopoly of power. When such claims are raised to the level demanded by a Hitler or a Stalin at the height of their power, any challenge will be perceived as a threat to their private image of themselves as much as to their public image, and they will react by going to any lengths to suppress it...
>
> There is one other insight, which Stalin's American biographer, Robert Tucker, has adapted from Karen Horney's work on neurosis. He suggests that his father's brutal treatment of Stalin, particularly the beatings that he inflicted on the boy, and on the boy's mother in his presence, produced the basic anxiety, the sense of being isolated in a hostile world, that can lead a child to develop a neurotic personality.[30] Searching for firm ground on which to build an inner security, someone who in his childhood had experienced such anxiety might naturally search for inner security by forming an idealized image of himself and then adopting this as his true identity. "From then on his energies are invested in the increasing effort to prove the ideal self in action and gain others' affirmation of it." In Stalin's case this fits his identification with [Koba,] the Caucasian outlaw-hero whose identity he assumed [in the early years], and later with Lenin, the revolutionary hero, on whom he fashioned his own "revolutionary persona," with the name of Stalin, "man of steel," which echoed Lenin's own pseudonym.[31]

It is worth remembering that Saloth Sar's more famous appellation is also a nom de guerre; it is an acronym meaning "politique potentiel."[32] How and why Pol Pot developed "a sense of being isolated in a hostile world," if indeed he had it before his exile made it correct, I certainly don't know; if his brother knew, he certainly wasn't saying. Nor is it necessary to know. Pol Pot's impulsion might have been a straightforwardly theoretical one. He might have developed his own ethical calculus, as we're trying to do in this book, and acted on it without fear or malice. (One

fellow traveler wrote: "At the time I believed some of the things they said. I loved the cleanness of their ideas.")[33] But on the issue of narcissism one other fact may be significant. The guardian at Tuol Sleng told me that the only inmates he knew to have survived, the ones who made the terrifying paintings, were some sculptors who executed busts of Pol Pot.[34]

And yet it was so strange, so strange! Hardly anyone knew Pol Pot; hardly anyone had seen him...

ELECTRICITY

What sort of shape did the Khmer Rouge leave Cambodia in? The temples and statues were mainly ruined, of course, for the Standing Committee of the Party had directed: *Continue the struggle to abolish, uproot, and disperse the cultural, literary, and artistic remnants of the imperialists, colonialists, and all of the other oppressor classes.*[35] As for their other abolitions and uprootings, they did those well, too. Ten and a half years after the Vietnamese drove the K.R. out, most of Phnom Penh did not have any reliable source of electricity. I arrived six months after that, when electrical power was approximately as frequent as blackouts. (In Battambang, electricity was rare.) We cannot blame Pol Pot for smashing an infrastructure that the country didn't have; and in the rural areas there never was any electricity. In Phnom Penh there once was. Consider this:

17 APRIL HOSPITAL, PHNOM PENH

The white-garbed surgeons huddled around something white. Flies crawled silently on the floor; scissors snipped. An IV bag and tube hung from a pole. There seemed to be nothing but a white sheet, a brown hand so relaxed with a tube between the fingers. Gloved fingers were opening red meat in the neck. (Afterward, in another room, those gloves would go through an ancient Venitron Medical Products steam sterilizer. The floor was very dirty. A man wearing a mask, but very loosely, because it was so hot, rubbed the gloves slowly in white powder with his bare hands, turning them inside out in a white basin. In the U.S., when I asked a doctor whether gloves and masks were ever reused there, the doctor laughed and said: You're asking a rhetorical question, aren't you?) The wound was passive, flaccid like a dead person's. There was a sizzle and a smell of burning. Then they lifted the sheet and tied the corners to poles. For the first time the journalist could see the human being beneath:—a woman lay sleeping. People in white and blue wandered slowly in and out, patting one another's shoulders. Some were barefoot. This was 17 April Hospital. No one knows what the Khmer Rouge used it for. The director was busy working in the fields at that time... Eleven years later they still didn't have enough water or electricity, so the patients could stay here only a day or two. They

had no medicine; the patients had to bring their own. There were so many different kinds of scissors, scissors radiating from the wound like the spokes of a wheel. On the floor, a big dirty metal bowl of dressings and wrappers. The surgeons had eyes above the masks; the eyes saw, judged, determined. Now they began to stitch. Something pale pink like a worm squirmed as the suture tightened. At the head of the table, a nurse squeezed the anesthetic bulb. The woman's hair spilled like darkness. Under the white tent her face was sweet and beautiful. A clear fluid dripped slowly down the tube. Something the color of kidneys stuck out from the scarlet gauze. Scissors dabbed a white clot of gauze red; the air conditioning smelled stale. (It was not really cool in the room; there was not enough electricity for that.) The neck-kidney bulged out, now almost the size of a liver. Blood seeped between red-clotted, white-gloved hands. The surgeons' gowns were no longer white. A stethoscope dangled. Out of the nine floodlights, two were on. The probe went in; tie and tie again. They worried the probe deeper and deeper under her neck's skin; her neck was awash with blood. The kidney had three lobes now. The big bowl was now filling with blood, the gauzes dyed perfectly crimson... They would be reused, too.

Then the power went off. They all sighed and waited...[36]

LAND MINES

As I have said, in my experience *there is almost never any moral yellowness.* I had thought to see it in the eyes of the captured Khmer Rouge boys at T-3, and did not. The other prisoner I met that day was twenty-nine years old. He'd been with the enemy for eleven years. —I was *forced* to join the Khmer Rouge, he insisted. You see, I was forced in Pol Pot time. I was worried because at that time it was very dangerous; my parents lived behind the front, and a lot of people were killed. My brother and sister and my parents were killed. Some of my relatives were hungry one day, and they took food; for punishment they killed them with bamboo sticks. At that time the Vietnamese attacked. I was taken by the Khmer Rouge troops to the border area—

But that was a long time ago, I said. If you disliked the Khmer Rouge so much, why did you stay with them for eleven years?

I wanted to escape. In my group with the food, it wasn't enough. We weren't happy with the food supply. But then I was ordered by my commander to make activity in my areas, and then I was trained... In 1980 I became commander of a platoon, and then I had a K-54...

Did you ever kill people?

Never! he cried. (None of them ever admitted to killing anyone.) Because I was only on the battlefield.

Do you know how to set mines in the rice fields?

Yes, I was ordered to land mine in rice fields. I was ordered to blow up bridge to kill people...

17 APRIL HOSPITAL

The brown child lay very still on the rush mat. He had been leading the family ox, and a land mine was waiting for him. His arms worked feebly at his face. His mother took his arms and held them gently. —The small intestine was perforated in three places, said the doctor. There were flies everywhere. —*Beaucoup de problème avec les mouches,* agreed the doctor. A tube lay across the face, caressed the brown ear.

In the next bed, a child lay, barely breathing, his father fanning him with a mat, his mother holding his hands. Lift the sheet: his belly was like one of those temples that the Khmer Rouge worked over: paint coming off the walls, tiles ripped up in shreds, plaster snatched patchily off the walls...—The diaphragm was perforated by a land mine, the doctor said. They could not come here for almost a week. It's too late.

T-3

Sometimes we land mine on the road, sometimes on the rice field dam, and sometimes on the path, the prisoner said. One person could carry from ten to twenty mines. You see, before you land mine, you have to put the explosive charge, and take out the assurant key, and put into the sand...

Where are the mines made?

In China.

A CAVEAT

Of course they blamed everything on the Reds, on the Khmer Rouge. Since I was American, they didn't want to hurt my feelings by reminding me that from 1969 to 1973 my country dropped twenty-five Hiroshimas' worth of bombs on Cambodia, killing 150,000 civilians or more. Some of those bombs did not detonate on impact, and went on killing, as they would surely do to the end of the century and beyond.[37] We laid antipersonnel mines while we were at it. Our puppet, Lon Nol, did the same; he had insufficient men and matériel to stop the K.R., and mines at least kept them at bay.[38] When the Reds in turn took power, they mined the borders to make mistake more difficult. Nor did I want to embarrass my new friends by mentioning the mines which they themselves, the current Cambodian government forces, or Whites as they were called, had laid against the Reds since the Vietnamese withdrawal in 1989, or the many, many mines which the Vietnamese had laid in Cambodia before then. By 1993 there were, at a very rough estimate, ten million mines in the country.[39] One White soldier is quoted as saying: We put them around the Pol Potist positions at night, and they do the same to us.[40]

Afterwards, of course, the mines remained hidden there forever, waiting for victims.

AMPUTEE REHABILITATION CENTER, PHNOM PENH

A swarm of dark people in crutches, the boys naked to the waist...They all wanted plastic legs; wooden ones absorb too much water in the rice fields. But plastic is not so common in Cambodia.

My leg was blown off in April, the man said. I was a policeman. At that time I was sent to join in a mop-up operation. I stepped on a mine. I saw light and black smoke. At the time I didn't know that part of my leg was gone. I could walk about thirty meters...

My leg was blown off in December 1990 during the harvesting season, the smiling soft-voiced girl said. At that time I went to collect rice from the rice fields...

It was very strange. In Battambang I'd had the opportunity to take a captured land mine in my hands, and it seemed so interesting and harmless, like a large pocket compass...

Leaning in the sun on their crutches, smiling, they clapped and thumped down fly-swarmed checkerboard halls.

PHNOM PENH TO BATTAMBANG: TRONG CHANG

The rice fields were like pale parks. People in cone-hats walked the dykes between squares, palm trees rising here and there. We passed the ruins of a stone gate to a pagoda; Pol Pot had forgotten the gate but not the pagoda—no trace of that. A crowded Russian jeep trailed us, a soldier's leg hanging out. Every bridge was guarded by soldiers. We rolled over a rattling bridge to find a soldier sitting, smoking Liberation cigarettes, his AK-47 beside him.

Who lives in those mountains over there?

I don't know, the interpreter said. Maybe Pol Pot troop. But it's not near.

The interpreter had been lucky. He'd lost only his sister and her two children (no one knew why they'd been executed).

The road got worse and worse. The puddles were so brown they were almost orange. We stopped at a hot place of soft squishy earth, crickets, and grass. My feet sank deep into the earth. A soldier in the uniform of the provincial army was standing by the side of the road. His comrades were encamped in a rice field leaping with little fish.

This place is very dangerous, the soldier said. Sometimes the Pol Pot troops cross here. Since I've been stationed here there's been no suspicious activity, but three weeks ago they crossed. Yesterday I heard some reports from our peasants here. They saw some Pol Potists here.

The soldier stood beside a machine gun on a tripod. —In case Pol Pot come and shell some buses, he said.

PHNOM PENH TO BATTAMBANG: POSAT PROVINCE

The road of red mud was edged brilliant green and white with rice and water. In one of these fields, a man in a sarong worked his way along a dyke, leaning carefully on his stick, Pol Pot's mountains at his back half-eaten by cloud. Hopping along the dyke, he patted down earth with the one foot that Pol Pot and the Whites had left him.

BATTAMBANG

I was riding on top of the Russian APC, rapidly jolting down the street, surveying the cyclists far below. The soldiers were alert. On the twenty-second, the Khmer Rouge had tried to rob a rice field, but the people made a report to the military, who drove the enemy off. Yesterday the Khmer Rouge had killed somebody, adding to their proud list of orphans. —My foot was braced against the antenna. The green hatch cover was open, the tank driver inside; I could see a glint on the black steering wheel. Soldiers rode on top beside me with their guns up. We rolled through the shade of the morning trees. After awhile, the APC broke down, and they had to stop, set down their M-16s, and start knocking at the tire with an oversized crescent wrench. Then the squat green thing sped on again, I playing with the oval cooling vents of the long gun—

MR. SAK MY, DEPUTY GOVERNOR OF BATTAMBANG DISTRICT

There was a concrete bunker buried under a mound of earth, with mosquitoes inside. Shelling figures were written on the wall. Beside this was the Deputy Governor's office, a poster of Heng Samrin on the wall.

When was the last time you saw Khmer Rouge activity here?

The sixth of September.

What happened?

They shelled with heavy artillery in the commune of Knoll Taeang, about six kilometers from here. There were two killed. One was the parent of four children. In August, they shelled almost every day, especially on Monday through Friday from ten to eleven a.m. and four to five p.m.

How many shells?

If they wanted to shell our army position they would launch a lot of shells, more than a thousand. But if they shelled the people, they would use ten to twenty shells.

Are there Khmer Rouge sympathizers here?

The people come to us, not to the Khmer Rouge.

Do you expect the Khmer Rouge to shell again?

I expect they will spread fright a little bit. They especially like to mine the rice fields; they've been doing this from the middle of August until now.

What are your forces?

We have three top divisions: the No. 705, the No. 405, and the No. 320.

And what is your estimate of the enemy's strength?

Something greater than twenty or thirty persons. We don't know where they come or how many. They are hungry. They are in difficulty.

KNOLL TAEANG COMMUNE

The APC bumped along the dirt road. —Here our control ends and the Khmer Rouge area begins, said the Chief of Protocol.

The soldiers were quiet and nervous.[41]

The commune committee hut was thatched. There was a teakwood table and there were many chairs. Beside it, another dugout gaped. Logs and sticks were piled on top; the soldiers said that those would help absorb some of the force of an enemy shell.

In August and early September the enemy returned every two weeks with heavy guns, said the commune leader. They used .75 caliber artillery and .87 caliber rockets.[42] On the third of September they came into the rural area from this place and shot people. We were digging these fields, and they killed two persons. Today they shelled seven .75 shells at 8:30 a.m.

Did any of the shells reach their targets?

Yes.

Can you show me?

It's too dangerous.

KNOLL TAEANG COMMUNE (CONTINUED)

Why can't the Khmer Rouge respect the cease-fire?

Because the Pol Pot troop, they don't throw away his will. They want to get power.

COL. WAN SO PHATH, COMMANDER, MILITARY H.Q. OF PROVINCE BATTAMBANG

A big star, three small stars, a gold star in a gold-bordered field of red ...The commander of the Provincial Army. He had weary eyes, an oldish youngish face. I'd been instructed by my translator to give him a bottle of Johnnie Walker, which I did.

The briefing lasted more than an hour. I had not asked a single question yet. Leaning forward, he smiled deep into my face, his gray-brown eyes stabbing into me.

First I want to tell you about Khmer Rouge activity, he said. I'll divide it into stages. First, before the cease-fire agreement; second, from 24 June until now. The

Khmer Rouge have positions in Thai territory. They use these positions to transport munitions into Cambodia. After the Vietnamese withdrawal from Cambodia, the Khmer Rouge attempted to seize Cambodia by military means. In 1990, the Chinese sent them arms shipments. Pol Pot's focus has been on Province Battambang, to catch his forces to take other provinces. In the dry season of this year they used tanks and heavy guns to attack Battambang. Their aim was not realized. They lost about seven hundred fighters. This includes the General Commander of a division, a Commander, and a Commander-in-Chief, all of whom we've killed. And we have destroyed three tanks; another we sent to Phnom Penh. And we have captured ten vehicles.

So, I want to resume that the foe has lost his expansionism. That is why we see their flexible position at the peace table. This was all before the cease-fire. Now for the current stage. We are working on elections; we have created the SNC[43] flag; we have created an anthem. Now we want to see arms supplies halted from the foreigners to all factions. Pol Pot has changed his position only at the peace table, not here. From 24 June until now, there have been a hundred instances of violence. We mark those instances as follows: shelling eighty times to our army positions and rural villages—from seven to ten thousand shells—and then twenty instances of violence with land mines. If the Khmer Rouge loses the elections, of course, the violence will continue.

(Everybody knows, of course, from the skulls on the shelves that the Khmer can be violent. Perhaps it is worth quoting Lieutenant-Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, who ran a number of Special Forces missions throughout Southeast Asia during the Vietnam War and after.[44] Gritz had those to say about the ferocity of Cambodian fighters: I love the 'Bods! They were perfect for our special operations. They had high morale, like the American blacks. They were the most bloodthirsty race on earth. The Chinese were the most efficient soldiers you could imagine, but come the first shot they were gone. The Vietnamese were all draft-dodgers; they were all cowards. The Laotians were too laid-back. The Montagnards were harder than woodpecker lips. But they would not fight when you took them out of their homeland. The Shan have shown themselves to be effective... You can't say that for the Karenni or the Kachin or the others....But the 'Bods had an elite group type feeling. They would beat on a five-gallon drum and they would sing. But they didn't sing when they were fighting. When they were fighting, they had their Buddhas stuck between their teeth. —I remember Colonel Gritz's words now, as I think about Colonel Wan So Phath speaking grimly, uttering a swirl of cigarette smoke, gesturing with his arms, his steel wristwatch white like the sky.)

We cannot counterattack effectively because the Khmer Rouge withdraw their heavy weapons into Thai territory, the Colonel concluded. But since the cease-fire we have killed more than a hundred of the enemy, and have captured more than seven tons of munitions of all calibers.

A JOURNALIST'S ASSESSMENT FOUR YEARS LATER

In half of Cambodia, Pol Pot has a military advantage he did not have prior to the October 1991 U.S. accords.[45]

STATEMENT OF ERIC FALT, U.N. SPOKESMAN

You must understand that the peace process was aimed at allowing the Khmer Rouge to gain legitimacy.[46]

SOON SLAR VILLAGE

Near the commune was a village that was almost empty. Bark and leaves lay in the abandoned houses. Beneath a roof of bright sheet metal, three children were sitting on a platform in thatch shadows, a cattish dog under them.

Another one-legged woman came hopping in the wrinkled wet mud.

That woman, she live six kilometers from here, said the interpreter. She go to market to buy medication; she stepped on a mine.

More dugouts. A shell crater, maybe a foot deep, now a murky puddle with bugs inside it. Beside it, the casing of a .107 shell, green and twisted into octopus legs.

Every day we are afraid, another woman said. —She still had a hole in her sleeve where the shrapnel had gone in. She'd been in a dugout, safe, she'd thought—

PHNOM PENH

But though I saw more children than parents, the children played and laughed. And around the corner from the cinema, whose poster was a weeping child's face, two slender barefoot workmen were stringing new power wires. Two years later, it was the blackouts instead of the electricity that were intermittent.

CHOEUNG EK KILLING FIELDS (NEAR PHNOM PENH)

There were almost nine thousand skulls on glass shelves. I could see the rice fields behind them, a plain of light bright green, with palm and banana trees; the gray-green water was stubbled with rice.

They use poison, electric wire, steel bar, gun, the guardian said.

I saw a skull with a slit in it, a skull with a hole in it, a black skull, a brown skull, a gray skull, a yellow skull.

This one die steel bar. This one electric wire. This poison.

A sign said INFANT KAMPUCHEAN: UNDER 15 YEARS OLD. Another sign said SENILE FEMALE KAMPUCHEAN: OVER 60 YEARS OLD. The sweet-

ish smell of the skulls was sickening. Some of them were cobwebbed.

Past the skull stupa which rose high and white and yellow pagoda-roofed lay the mass graves. Not all had been opened. —The Pol Pot people come here to kill, you understand? said the guardian.

In the hard-packed earth around the graves, bits of white and gray and blue cloth lay. A grave grinned before me. It was a gray slimy sinkhole grown with weeds. A boy was fishing there for frogs. All around the grave-lips were white objects. I bent down and picked one up; it was a human tooth.

THOUGHTS ABOUT SAPPHIRES (1992-1996)

It had been my hope to meet the killers where they still held ground, in that narrow zone of mountainous jungle along the Thai border. Because I was never free from observation by the Cambodian government, this proved impossible. An attempt to cross illegally into Khmer Rouge territory from the Thai side also failed. How could they possibly justify themselves? The Khmer Rouge soldiers I had already met, those sad and ignorant caged birds, were about as far as I could imagine from the wily apologists for mass murder who alone could have argued the case.

Since 1991 I had managed to briefly visit Phnom Penh almost every year. Always I remembered how it had been that first time, with the cyclo driver pedaling me down a wide empty sunny road, the heads of statues wheeling by me; I passed wide walls in a dream of hot blue sky and white flower-trees, the smell of hemp and sandalwood, orange-tile-roofed houses, a round place where a stone-budded tower, hollow-cored, rose tapering. Palm trees receded infinitely down the avenue, like a model of an ancient city. On the sidewalks I saw brown and slender children playing, the boys always waist-naked; mothers and children sat in shaded doorways; a vendeuse walked slowly with leaf-wrapped rice bundles in a basket on her head. There did not seem to be many old people left. A little girl was running happily, dragging one leg behind her... That was in 1991. But Cambodia stopped being a state and became a kingdom again. In 1993 my hotel was renovated by a big investor from Singapore. In 1994 I began to see jewelry marts and tourist agencies. In 1995 they were selling sex videos, and the price of a haircut had risen from two to three dollars (everybody who could bought and sold in dollars now), and the motorcycle drivers followed me everywhere, trying to take me to Tuol Sleng and Choeung Ek to see the bone show, and in the magazine *Focus Cambodia* which they had handed me at the airport I read the reassuring news:

> Dear magazine Reader, It is my great pleasure to present you the copy of magazine... The vital informat[illegible]f Tourism in Cambodia will be provided specially,

> after decades of continual hostilities, by this copy of magazine... Through this publication you will see Cambodia, which its most significant architectural achievements left from ancestors, as the heaven place, in which security and safety are assured.Considered that this magazine is the best way for Cambodia to perforate the real situation in the time being, I hope you will understand by getting rid of the worriness in case you decide to visit our country.[47]

My worriness thus perforated, I decided to try to visit Pol Pot.

More than ever, I wanted to hear what Pol Pot would say about the genocide. After all, one asked Khun Sa about opium and Hadji Amin about bomb-blasts;[48] one may as well ask Pol Pot about mass murder. Would he downwardly correct the number of victims, as the neo-Nazi pastor Richard Butler had done vis-à-vis the Holocaust?[49] Would he blame everything on the Vietnamese? Would he adopt Molotov's line? —"It's a shame that many good people perished," said the interviewer. —"The struggle was so intense," Molotov sighed. He blamed "untested" people. "Sometimes they—perhaps maliciously—helped to destroy good people. There were undoubtedly such cases."[50]

But what I longed to learn above all was Pol Pot's vision of an ideal society. His biographer (who had never met him) wrote of him and his colleagues that they "presided over the purest and most thoroughgoing Marxist-Leninist movement in an era of revolutions."[51] I desired to know what he thought was the best way to help people, and whether he felt he had achieved anything, and under what conditions he considered violence to be justified. I imagined him as one of Rizal's characters, who cried out (and I agree): "Don't you know that a life is useless that is not consecrated to a great idea?"[52] Was Pol Pot a theoretician, then, or a great simplifier like the Unabomber, who proposed to eliminate conflict by eliminating the objects which cause conflict? Power mowers are noisy and they pollute, say their opponents, but those who use them would not want to mow their lawns without them.[53] Best to destroy all power mowers, the bomber advised; that way there'd be no more arguments about them. Pol Pot (so I had the impression) ended arguments by liquidating the arguers. But I did not know him.

Several strategies for approaching the Khmer Rouge occurred to me. One was to impersonate a gemologist and say that I represented people with a lot of money who wanted to buy sapphires. In the adventure books, which I was later taught to call imperialist, stealing the treasure was permissible because the ones who owned it were hostile, hence inhuman. Long odds, suffering, remoteness, alienness—these too have always validated the argonaut's quest. It doesn't matter what the treasure is—jewels, a beloved, a military secret—nor who owns it—crocodile-worshippers in a lost valley of Africa, the Russians, the Martians. I'd once longed to go on these jaunts myself. In those days the unknown realm had been Cambodia, which I'd breach illegally by means of jungle, river and *canales occulti*; the hated others (whom I, of course, the perfect researcher, was too noble to hate) would be the Khmer

Rouge; and the treasure would be the sapphire mine which they operated in Pailin, in order to finance their continuing evil designs. I was home; the Khmer Rouge were still far enough away to be a pleasure-park sort of menace; I was like a young child fawning before waves, laughing and shrieking at their power. Of course I failed to cross the border at Aranyaprathet; and over the years my desire for jaunts had begun to cool as I saw more bullets and land mines. There was never any treasure at the end of it all except for the knowledge contained within this book—fascinating and valuable it was, to be sure; I'd begun to understand some important facts about life and politics and human beings; but the character of those facts made me gloomy. I was tired of getting shot at, of being stupid, of having nightmares about Hitler and his analogues. If I stopped jaunting I would get bored and if I kept it up I would get killed, so I believed; and this book was getting longer and longer; by the time I set out in earnest to find Pol Pot I still wanted to meet and know and refuse to hate the others, but I did not really want to be a journalist anymore.

It's a ruby mine, actually, somebody told me. She was right and wrong. Rubies and sapphires are chemically the same, and both could be found in Pailin, which the Royal Cambodian army had finally recaptured in March 1994 and lost back to the Khmer Rouge a month later. I started asking around about Cambodian sapphires. In Los Angeles almost nobody carried them. Insisting that the ones from Sri Lanka and Indonesia were much better, they showed me how those sparkled with a deep blue fierceness. Finally I found one Thai who normally operated out of New York, but who just happened to be in town with half a dozen Pailin sapphires. They were of middling quality, he said. Unwrapping them from their tissue paper, he revealed to me gems of a paler blue, less angular in cut than the others; I didn't know why. They ran about $250 a carat, whereas the Sri Lankan stones were more like $550. He told me that he bought all his sapphires from Bangkok. He had a good eye and years of experience, he said, but he'd never try to go to the source. There were too many copies. The only way to buy gemstones was to use somebody you could trust, he said. In Bangkok I considered this dictum while buying to be used as bribes four gold rings in one of those Chinatown stores with long banana-shaped counters whose necklaces, chains, king pendants, bracelets, whose solid gold washers stamped with Chinese characters, whose bricks and lumps and ingots of gold all illuminated the chins of the clerks with dazzling yellow, as if a million flashlights were shining up their necks. At D.'s recommendation, I got unworked rings rather than the elaborately chased and patterned objects which the recipients would lose money on if they tried to sell them; this I confirmed by going into the gold shop next door and pretending to try to sell one of the rings, which I'd paid fourteen hundred baht apiece for;[54] the old lady frowned and sighed and offered me nine hundred.[55]—So I tell you why the PULO hate Chinese, because they always make business like this! said D. So stupid, those PULO, saying that, then buying and selling gold in Chinatown, losing money! —In the jewelry district a few blocks down, the stores were smaller and not

as crowded. I saw many sapphires set in rings, but these were always the darker Thai sapphires. I saw one set of rings with paler blue stones, but those were Burmese. Over and over they told me that Cambodian sapphires were no good, were not beautiful, were too often fake, and came from a country "without control," so that the buyers had no guarantee. The Thais could be a little xenophobic beneath their politeness, but it was hard to blame them. Sometimes Cambodian troops would come into Thailand and kill people, and sometimes Burmese troops would. In February 1995, for instance, two Thai soldiers were killed and three wounded by Cambodians in the Khun district of Si Sa Ket province. The Thais lodged a protest about that occurrence, and also about "artillery shells which landed in Thailand during recent fighting."[56] As we unknotted a way between the plump, sugarcane-chewing girls whose fruits for sale walled the sidewalk, I began to get a sinking feeling about the jewel-buying strategy, and later I met a man who told me quite simply: The bottom's dropped out of the Cambodian sapphire market.

A second notion I had was to pretend to be C.I.A. Supposedly Ray Cline, the agency's former deputy director, had visited the K.R. in Cambodia in 1980 and gotten along with them quite well.[57] With adamantine cynicism, the U.S. maintained that Pol Pot ought to be supported because the Hun Sen government of Cambodia was Communist. Maybe it was. If so, that still wouldn't have made supporting Pol Pot, the self-professed Maoist, justifiable. And in 1991 when I'd asked Mr. Heng, my liaison at the Ministry of Foreign Affairs, where the government stood in this regard, his response was as follows: The government conducts pragmatic policy according to the reality. For example, the world community say we apply Communism. But if you came here in 1984, 1985, you'd find out it was not real Communism. So most of the people can have free market. I can explain to you the situation in 1979 to 1985. At first the government grouped the people into blocs to work together, because after the Pol Pot regime there were a lot of widows and orphans. But later, the government started letting the people cultivate according to their desires.

Are you a Marxist?

In my opinion, no.

This explanation was slightly disingenuous, but I do think that by 1991 the loyalist Cambodians, who as always in such struggles were called the Whites, were considerably less Communist than the Reds, the K.R.

According to an article I read in *The Nation*, U.S. Special Forces and C.I.A. spooks were on the increase in Cambodia. One of the most experienced European diplomats in Indochina says the United States is using de-mining as a front for its covert operations and that a coup is likely.[58]

All in all, however, I couldn't stomach pretending to be someone I wasn't. I had always been up-front with my interviewees before, and it seemed a shame to change that now, when I might well be at the end of this particular career. So I decided to simply to be myself.

Thailand seemed to be the place to go. Everybody said that the Thais were supporting the Khmer Rouge, both to please the Americans and to establish a buffer against Vietnam, one of Thailand's many enemies. I read that there were many K.R. bases inside Thailand, some with a thousand troops or more, some supposedly even flying "the blood-red Khmer Rouge flag." Speaking of cynicism, Thailand was rumored to have expedited the transit of Chinese weapons to the Khmer Rouge; in return, the Chinese agreed to stop supplying the Communist Party of Thailand, and let it die...[59]

Why not Thailand, after all?

TRAT PROVINCE, THAILAND (1996)

Trat City was the kind of place tourists passed through on their way to the islands. The islands were supposed to be very nice, but I never got to them. I didn't stay in Trat City very long, either. D. and I had come there because it was the easiest part of the province to get to by bus from Bangkok. We figured somebody would tell us where to go from there.

If you look at a map of Trat Province, you will see that it resembles a peninsula picked up and swung southeast against Cambodia so that it has ocean on only one side, the side where the tourists and the islands are. As you travel down it, the province gets skinnier and skinnier until you come to a sign which proudly proclaims: The Narrowest Part of Thailand. Trat City is in the wide part, just east of the river which borders Chantaburi Province. As soon as our bus crossed that river we came to a checkpoint, and Thai soldiers inspected everyone's passports to make sure that we were not illegal Cambodians, and then we came into Trat City and got off the bus at the usual market from whose narrow, red-umbrella'd lanes the buyers carried away their plastic bags of booty: greens fresh from the basket, livid knots of twitching eels plucked from the bucket, fruits, pale coconuts, pigs' heads (which made D. sad; she'd become a vegetarian since last year), seafood living or but moments dead. The rest of town was not so busy. In those streets long seconds passed between cars and motorcycles, and one could hear bird-cheeps and the occasional songs of power tools. Sandaled people trudged slowly by. A tiny girl in a green sundress and a yellow cap too big for her played with a stuffed animal on the sidewalk. Two men with almost shaved heads dragged pieces of angle iron across the concrete. D. and I wandered around, trying to figure out what to do. We came to a sector of almost-empty wide streets going past vacant lots grown up with tall grass and coconut palms, saw a Chinese temple whose upturned-cornered roofs (like pages of a dog-eared book) bore a humpbacked snaky dragon.

An old man was coming up the sidewalk. —D., I said, please ask him if we can go hiking in the jungle to take photos of tropical flowers.

He shook his head slowly (everything he did was slow). —Too many land mines from Khmer Rouge. Always the Thai people get injured or killed from them, so now very few go there.

Are the K.R. near?

Yes. Many camp of them in jungle. And in the night they come with Ah-Ka[60] to kill the Thai people for money. —Remember, Bill, D. interjected, just two weeks ago they kill three Thais. Big problem, eh?

But they don't come into Trat City?

No. In the villages near the border.

Are there many Cambodians here in town?

Only in the harbor. They work there. But not Red Khmer.

I'd heard (spuriously, as it turned out) that Pol Pot had taken a young Thai wife, and it seemed likely that if she existed she would be from Trat Province because Pol Pot had fled here after his regime collapsed in 1978 and for years he'd had a house here; now he was said to be in southwestern Battambang, which was not so far away, or maybe in North Korea or Paris. Leaving D. to ask the old man about Pol Pot's wife and maybe get more information out of him, Thai to Thai, I discreetly withdrew, watching them from under the awning of an empty outdoor restaurant as the man crossed his arms behind his back uneasily. They spoke for a long time.

He said better we go to Ban Hat Lek. Can meet some Khmer Rouge there.

And does he know anything about Pol Pot?

He has house in Bangkok with his wife. He can contact Thai soldiers whenever he wants to go there. Then they open the way for him. He travels in a car with dark windows.

Anything else?

He said same like Khun Sa, people talk many bad things about him in newspaper, but the old man doesn't agree.

What's the old man's job?

Official of Thai government.

So he likes Pol Pot, eh?

Maybe true, said D. Many things we don't know. Maybe Pol Pot does the good thing and newspapers speak stupid.

I don't think so. Not this time, I said, remembering the skulls on the shelves. But newspapers do lie sometimes. And is it possible to find him?

I think possible. But the old man said we must find a way, must be careful.

I agree with that, I said. Well, D., shall we go to Hat Leg?

A LONG GREEN HILL

The driver's bare brown feet worked clutch and brake. He wanted us to be very careful because the Khmer Rouge had a magic oil which they could rub on your wrist,

after which you'd be compelled to give them all your money. He said that this had happened to his father. His father had been fully conscious, and had known that was he was doing was bad for him and his family, but he could not stop himself. He even unbuckled his wristwatch and gave it to them. He took off his gold chain and handed over his wallet and his gold ring with two rubies. D. swore that something similar had happened to her cousin in Bangkok. She hadn't know before who the bandit-magicians were, but now she was convinced that they were Cambodians. She wanted me to promise not to let any Cambodian touch me, but I wouldn't.

We were going east, toward a long blue mountain where the border was.

Many times the Cambodia come and take money from the Thai people, the driver said. Then years ago, no one could go on this road, because shooting.

And now?

Better.

We came to a small town called Cham Rab, and the driver pointed to the mountain and said: Two or three days before, Cambodia come to take money from people over there, and police come shooting. Four Cambodia die, and one police in coma.

K.R.?

Maybe not Khmer Rouge but another faction.

Now we turned south on Route 318, paralleling the mountain, which had declined in majesty to become a green jungle ridge only a few hundred meters away, and the driver said that this had been a favorite spot for the K.R. to shoot down at passing traffic, but the Thai soldier camps had worked wonders. We came to Ban Tha Sen, and the driver said that even now Thai people sometimes hit land mines when they were working their fields, and then we were out of Ban Tha Sen, speeding south on an almost empty road.

What does the driver think about the Khmer Rouge? I asked.

He think bad.

Has he ever seen them?

Never.

We were right up against the base of the ridge now, which was true jungle with bamboo and wild tousle-headed trees all crowding one another greenly, and on our right was the sea. Tourists had told me that it was very unspoiled here. I got out to take a leak and amidst the language of birds admired the fifteen- and twenty-foot grasses, the glossy fern trees, the mounds and pillars and bulges of greenery. I did not go very far. It would be very easy to hide a mine here.

Ask him where we can buy an Ah-Ka, I said.

He say Koh Kong. Is island in Kambuja.[61] They sell Ah-Ka left over from war for one thousand baht.[62] Heroin come from there now, too. In Trat you can buy one kilo for two thousand baht.

Cheap, I approved.

Now Thailand was so narrow that I could see right across it, from that land-

mine-packed green hill on the left, which slanted gently ever lower, to the palm trees and aerated square pools of shrimp farms on the right. (Later, when I had to drop big money taking to lunch people who might or might not know the K.R., D. and I would frequently go right to the beachfront restaurants just past hot dreary fields riddled with stakes; a Cambodian refugee camp had once been here.) Often we passed the red signposts of soldier camps, more than I had seen anywhere else in Thailand. We were almost at the end of Thailand now. Then, just as at Huey Phoun when I'd tried to go to Burma, we came suddenly to a soldier post where we were stopped and led before the majestic altar of sandbags where they confiscated my passport for my own good because Cambodia was too dangerous. —So danger for *falang*[63] because Cambodia different from Thai people, the officer explained in Thai's translation. They are so stupid. We cannot guarantee. One falang, we take his passport, but he go into Cambodia anyway, and go to those islands, maybe they kill him, but he lucky, he return. Thai soldier was angry! Journalist, I think. And, Bill, that big soldier, fat one, one night he go into Cambodia alone...

To see a prostitute? I hypothesized.

I think something like that, D. laughed. And they kidnap him, but he come back.

Maybe he paid them?

I think so. You know, sometimes I so sad for my country. I don't like Thai government teach police and soldier always afraid like this—you see?

The soldiers got very friendly after I went along with their commands, and when I asked where Pol Pot was they assured me that he could be found on Jao Mountain, which was an island not too far inside Cambodia. That seemed as plausible as North Korea, anyway. So I photographed the soldiers in their splendid uniforms, and then they let us through to Hat Leg, but only for the day, and they kept my passport, and we came to the next soldier place of barbed wire, and brown faces watching from behind a chin-high wall of sandbags, and as a special favor they permitted us to go past the last barbed fence of Thailand, past even the red sign that said DANGER, and onto a blacktop road that doglegged down to a white pillar that said STOP, beyond it the sea, and straight ahead white, white sand and on a pole the new Cambodian flag, Angkor Wat in its red field between two blue borders, and then the Cambodian border outpost where a woman in a pink skirt sat on a stool with her back turned to Thailand, listening to a Cambodian pop song, and a barefoot Khmer boy lay sleeping on a trestle outside with his knees up. The sea was a very bright pale blue, with mica-like sparkles. An occasional speedboat went into Cambodia.

Two boys were coming toward us from Thailand, one with a sack on his back. They spoke some English.

Why is the border closed to falangs? I said. Can falangs come?

Can! Can! By secret way!

They wanted to bring us right away, but I didn't quite trust them. I watched them calmly saunter past the building without anybody stopping them. (Later,

when D. and I tried it, we were stopped.) A half-hour later one of them returned without his sack. We walked him back to Hat Leg and brought him to a mosquito-infested restaurant. He was very hungry. Once he finished eating, he sat there in his old British lady-style flower-hat that said SAGITTARIUS and he touched the chin-strap and waited for us to do business.

You can bring us? I said.

Yes.

To Battambang?

I never was there.

How about Pailin?

Oh, very dangerous place. Because Khmer Rouge.

Who's their leader?

Pol Pot. He is like king.

Is he a nice person?

Oh, very bad. Very cruel. Kill so many.

Once he'd said that, I figured he couldn't help us much. The closer he was to Pol Pot, presumably, the more he'd like him.

Where does Pol Pot stay?

Sometimes in Siem Reap, sometimes Battambang, sometimes other places.

The boy said that it wasn't dangerous here at all—no K.R. He could bring us anytime. I thanked him and let him go his way. Then D. and I went back to our driver because the border would be closing soon and I had to be on hand to get my passport. There was a town a few kilometers to the north, called Khlong Yai, and we decided to have the driver leave us there while we regrouped for a day or two. We remained there for almost a month.

AN APOLOGY AND AN EXPLANATION

Here is as good a place as any to admit to you that there will be no battles or thrilling border sneaks in this part of my story (although the next day D. and I returned to Hat Leg and actually went twenty or thirty meters into Cambodia, and the day after that we went illegally by boat to the Cambodian town of Ba Klung, as will be told; this was the extent of our bushwhacking for two whole months). I have no objection to taking risks if doing so will accomplish something important and if I can keep the odds largely in my favor. But the land mines (up to six thousand per square kilometer), the lawlessness on the Cambodian side, and the increasing police surveillance on the Thai side made me conclude that the best way to make contact with Pol Pot was to stay in Thailand unless somebody with power could guarantee our safety, to bring the Khmer Rouge to us where possible, rather than to go to them, since they seemed to hate everyone so much, to make use of D.'s talents and contacts in her own country (she could not speak Khmer), and in general to try to

work "within the system," as they say, lying low, drinking soda water, and appearing like just another lazy, stupid tourist with his Thai girl, rather than becoming the journalist, the spy, and the target for extortion I'd instantly be on the other side of the frontier. At that time, therefore, I'd become crazy about wood-carving. I'd happily sit by the hour, whittling away at a block of Chinese *ulo* wood, following the lines of hair or lips or svelte eyebrows which I'd penciled when Thai ladies in restaurants or shops or hotels had posed for me; slowly the black lines gave way to grooves in that beautifully soft and almost grainless wood as I sat in some corrugated-roofed restaurant watching the motorcycles go by, and, trying to slow down and not worry about the money and time irrevocably draining (You cannot always hurry-hurry-hurry! [D. scolded me after I expressed discontent when one contact was six days late.] Sometimes falang thinking no good!) I paced through Khlong Yai, following the many-bridged, stinking river of boats and houses on pilings and laundry dripping slowly into that water the hue of long-steeped tea with the brilliant emerald reflections of palm-trees, until D. screamed with boredom and refused to go any further. I added faces to my collection: the bank manager in his white button-down shirt, who when he was not waving us in to use our safety-deposit box was often to be seen sipping a soft drink at a table across the street; the old man who braced himself crosswise in his dingy doorway reading the newspapers hour after hour; the latest land-mine beggar from Cambodia; the pretty fat girl in the gold shop who sat on the stoop with a huge bowl of rice, feeding it to herself and her babies in alternating spoonfuls; the motorcycle drivers in their red livery who greeted us with smiling shouts; the poolhall boys on the piers, some unfriendly, some boisterously cordial; the barber boys who sat on the window sill; the grimly silent crews of certain Cambodian vessels who turned their backs upon my approach, and stared unmoving into the dirty water of the night; the talcum-faced Vietnamese whores, neither pretty nor friendly, who sat in their low green shed across the bridge, their door wide open, the *mama-san* smiling like a skull as she lured men in.[64] I accompanied our driver to the hot roadside equivalent of a general store where a certain Dr. Maid, who was well-established in the ranks of the Khmer Rouge (he'd lost half his sight to a land mine, and was accordingly called by D., with perhaps more appropriateness than she knew, "the one with darkness eye"), was supposed to meet us on the fourteenth—no, the seventeenth—no, the twenty-first—no, the twenty-fourth. We never met him. Each time we arrived, the proprietress gave our hired car the once-over and remarked: You certainly paid a lot of money to come here. D. had given out that she was the doctor's cousin, but perhaps the K.R. saw through us. Every night D. prayed aloud: Please, God, bring us to the old man! — D. grew peevish as the weeks passed; she thought it a dirty, uneducated, loud-talking town. I myself became peevish because I still didn't know where Pol Pot was. In the mornings I listened to the sizzle of oil in the wok as they fried rice or made *pad thai*; maybe some police-boy might stride proudly in, weighed down by his

huge pistol; dogs rooted in flowerpots and palm trees shimmered as I cut a deeper shoulder-swoop, sometimes getting smiling audiences, because I was fairly good if not consistently great (loyal D. assured me that I was better than last year); and people liked to watch me as I carved away like a self-absorbed yokel while D. asked the delicate questions, the interviewee relaxing because I, the falang and therefore potential spy, engrossed in my woody narcissism, lived and let live, so the interviewee relaxed a little more, and it was just as he reached that stage that I'd open my notebook, writing without looking at my victim, and periodically exchanging pen for carving-knife again. That was how it was, for instance, with the eighteen-year-old Vietnamese prostitute who came to the hotel room. While I was rendering her image on wood, I asked her if she knew who Pol Pot was. She said no.

Do you know who the Khmer Rouge are?

Yes.

What do you think about them?

Evil. They kill people.

Who told you?

The television.

Are they near or far?

Far. In Cambodia.

They were quite near, in fact, and so was Cambodia, and because the Khmer Rouge probably hated Vietnamese more than any other group I asked her: Are you afraid of them?

Yes, she said.

That was the interview; it didn't pain her, and meanwhile I'd begun carving out another nude of her, the result of which made her smile with pleasure, and D., who could speak Vietnamese, asked her if it looked beautiful and she nodded.

This, then, is the strategy I followed, and indeed as I learned to my increasing frustration over the weeks, there was no other way, and even this way was expensive, tedious, and extraordinarily difficult. Whenever D. innocently wondered aloud where all those truckloads of wood came from, for instance, people shut up. Of all the places I've been, I would have to say that here was where I had the most difficulty in obtaining information. As you'll see, I did get some. But it took time. The people who knew anything were either too afraid or too rich to talk. And the Khmer Rouge—why did they lie so low? At the very end I learned the reason: three years ago, Pol Pot had decreed that any member of the organization who met with journalists would be put to death. So it did take time...

INTRODUCING THE DEATH OF MR. YU KON

And now, having perhaps succeeded in disheartening all my readers in the last section, let me describe the town of Khlong Yai, where the following night I sat read-

ing about the latest Khmer Rouge attack on Poipet market (three Cambodians killed, fourteen wounded);[65] and D. fanned herself wearily because it was very hot; she didn't like Trat Province; and I looked up and slowly drank my warm beer, gazing into the canal between two piers, the canal like a mirror of mud in whose weary shimmers could be descried without much effort of interpretation the reflections of the pilings of houses, poolhalls, Chinese-charactered grocery-caves, and down the concrete lip of it, on which we sat, motorcycles sped, dirty-footed children whirligigged or gave each other rides in a rusty dolly-cart, and old ladies with swollen ankles moved with the obstinate determination of turtles. In the canal itself (or channel, I guess I should say), weary old fishing-boats rested like housetops almost buried in muck. At sunset, amazingly enough, they came to life and crawled out into the ocean, which was hot and smooth and the color of flesh, with the sun's face not far above it, while mosquitoes silently bit. After dark, the lights came on inside those bars and restaurants around us as we sat thinking and inhaling that pier smell of sewage and diesel oil and muck, while the motorcycles backfired by. Women squatted on platforms in front of their shacks upon cross-piers; they were washing dishes, dumping the soapy suds into the filth below, while televisions' crawling glow exposed the mosquitoes just as dust-motes are caught by a movie projector's beam. D. was afraid of all the dogs. I took her hand and led her down that coast of moldy timber no longer visible against the purple sky; in one window, someone's bra and dishtowels hung abnormally white like ghosts. The lady leaned out and smiled at us. Behind her head I saw an ad for "White Shark" brand liquid amphetamine. I requested D. to ask her for news. She said that two days ago one man from town had gone into the mountains somewhere to cut wood, she didn't know where, and had been killed by a land mine which she thought had been put there by Red Khmers, probably. The next morning D. and I went to the market and got a new driver, a pale yellow delicate boy with extensive chest tattoos like astronomical maps, and after the three of us had crowded into the cab of his truck and were on the road to Hat Leg so that no one could listen, I asked if he knew any more details about the land mine accident. He said that it was actually four Thais who'd died, but only one of them was from Khlong Yai; the other three were from Hat Leg, which was the driver's home town. They had been illegally cutting timber in Cambodia, which was a practice so extensive and until recently so lucrative that most people in Khlong Yai and in Hat Leg wore heavy gold chains. D., whose sourness continued, said that she had never seen so many uneducated, unwashed rich people. She had lost her father and her family house two years before, and every time I'd come back to her after that I found her more depressed. I was seriously worried about her. Always before she had attacked our work day by day with more enthusiasm; she wanted to believe that everybody was good; and to her mind the Opium King was as marvelous and kindly as the King of Thailand; Hadji Amin's little assassinations she did not exactly approve of but could understand because the Thai

government had killed his father and his brother. But this time there seemed to be nothing excusable, only greed and evil and land mines everywhere to curse people's lives. To learn of anybody's badness always pained D. inexpressibly. —Was this a Khmer Rouge land mine? I asked the driver. —Maybe K.R., maybe Cambodia government do and say it's K.R., he replied.

I sat up and took notice. This was the first time I'd heard someone say that not every such atrocity was the Khmer Rouge's fault. He didn't look at me. Sad-eyed, hangdog this driver, even when he began to trust us over the days and weeks.

Sometimes Cambodia government just take, just kill and take, he said. Then they tell the people K.R.

And what happened this time?

They catch the people cut wood, and let one go back to Thailand to bring forty thousand money.[66] So he get the money and come back, and then they take a long bomb and all of them die.

Where are all the bodies?

Can take only one person. The rest too many pieces. One person in Wat Khlong Yai. Not yet buried.

I decided to ask the important question. —Whom do you think is more dangerous, the K.R. or the Cambodian government?

Some people talk about the Red Khmer good. Some say Cambodian government good. But in jungle we very close to them in Hat Leg. They always speak true, the Red Khmer. If they say they do something, they do. If not, never do. —Maybe the news speak opposite again, D. interjected, gaining hope.

How close are the mines right here?

The driver pointed left at the long green jungle mountain. —Less than one kilometer, he said. If you walk just little bit you can meet them.

He stopped the truck and led me about ten meters through grass twice as high as my head until we came to a place where the soil was turned up and charred. —Before, this hole was big one, he said, but now the rain make flat.

How long ago did this happen?

One year ago.[67]

HOW MR. YU KON REALLY DIED

The name of the mine victim from Khlong Yai was Mr. Yu Kon. Later that day, D. and I went down to the *wat*, or Buddhist temple, and met his brother, who gave us red strands of yarn to wear in memory of him for the next one hundred days. The cremation would be tomorrow. The dead man's brother was a gentle, patient man who did not mind telling me how his brother had met his end. Mr. Yu Kon had been a rich and important man in the unlicensed timber business (or shall we call it licensed? That has so much a nicer sound, and the Thais and Cambodians encour-

aged it and got rich from it, and the Malaysians and Singaporeans and Japanese had gotten in on the act; and I do not really blame Mr. Yu Kon for doing what everybody around him did. The Cambodian Minister of Agriculture said simply: *All felling is being done illegally.).*[68] Mr. Yu Kon's occupation was to procure laborers to fell trees, no questions asked. Four of his woodsmen entered the Khmer Rouge area in Ban Lung[69] and began to work. The K.R. immediately detained them, as was their normal procedure, and sent one man back with a demand to be paid the forty thousand. Yu Kon's brother said that the K.R. were always fair and businesslike. They only charged you once; the price was reasonable, and if you couldn't pay until you'd sold the wood, they were always willing to work something out. Such logging fees were, all in all, a very low part of overhead, which was itself quite low, which was why there were so many big shots in Khlong Yai with gold chains—and, as in any gold rush, so many people who *should* have worn gold chains, one example of this latter category being a gentle boy whose complexion nearly matched the red soil of Borai; he'd essayed gem mining, but his destiny was never good, he said. Five or six years ago, when the Whites had not yet dreamed of attacking Pailin, everybody was playing gem roulette. You had to pay the K.R. a thousand baht a day. (That was why the boy had lost thirty thousand baht.)[70] The first time they met you, they put a gun to your head and set a price. If you coughed up, they treated you right and never put a gun to your head again. They treated the boy right, but he never found more than pebbles. Anyhow, this is the way it was: You paid the K.R. your daily thousand and then walked for three hours on a path too narrow for more than one person at a time. You could see the land mines sometimes. You had to walk in other people's footprints. Stumble and you were done for. This is what one must call pure capitalism. —Later, when the boy, like Mr. Yu Kon, was trying his hand at the wood business in Ban Lung, he encountered a new branch of the K.R. who didn't know him and who also gave him the Ah-Ka-to-the-forehead treatment. They asked him if he were afraid. He replied: Why should I be afraid? I've worked with the Khmer Rouge so many times in Borai![71] —After that they were satisfied, and treated him right also. But once again he had no luck. Still, he liked the Reds much better than the Whites. Yes, he agreed with Yu Kon's brother: They set only one price. The Whites were always taking. No matter how much you gave them, they needed more. When he went to cut wood in Ban Lung, he had to pay the Reds twenty thousand that first time, when they put their guns to his head. That was fair; that was normal. He didn't have to pay right then, either. They gave him five days to get the money together. After that they never asked him for money again. He'd heard many cases of people who didn't have the money before the timber was actually cut, delivered, and sold. The K.R. always said no problem. If they didn't pay after they got the money, the K.R. sent them a warning. Then, if they still didn't pay, the K.R. would come to tell the person: You'd better be careful, because we're going to catch you and kill you! —And that is exactly what they did. They always

told you first. If they didn't tell you, you didn't have worry about being in their bad graces, because they always spoke true. (Very good, eh? cried D. admiringly.)[72]

The fact that the Khmer Rouge were not in any sense the rightful owners of these trees and gems did not bother anybody I met, neither the losers like the unlucky boy or the winners like Mr. Yu Kon (we must call him a winner, for he died rich). After all, possession is indeed nine-tenths of the law, and the K.R. in fact controlled the Cambodian border all way from Hat Leg up to See Sa Ket and maybe Laos, too (I have not yet been there). Those sapphires and that timber originated in "their" area. I imagine that the operational word was simply "overhead, " which carries no moral overtones, that Mr. Yu Kon, in short, was expected by his backers to pay the Reds in such situations—and to pay the Whites, also, if he had to. The owner of one lumberyard in Khlong Yai told me that all the good wood near the border was long gone; one had to travel three days by boat now to get comparable timber, and that was awfully dangerous, so one paid and paid. Hence Mr. Yu Kon, weighed down by company cash, took the boat to Ban Lung in the company of laborers whom the K.R. had sent out on bail, so to speak, and ascending those clear-cut jungle mountains he met his Ah-Ka-adorned business associates, who surely forbore to give him the barrel-to-the-forehead treatment, and he paid them the forty thousand in crisp thousand-baht notes and all was peachy; he now had permission to cut down all the trees in Ban Lung he wanted! He and his four employees were walking away from that successful parley when one of them, more anxious than careful—we'll never know which man it was and it hardly matters—stepped on a land mine, almost certainly (said his brother) an old one planted by the Khmer Rouge. A click, a terrifying detonation, accompanied by smoke, and the four became hamburger. I assume that Mr. Yu Kon, in keeping with his higher status, was traveling at a slight distance from the others, for all that happened to that child of fortune was the standard lesser evil: his leg was blown off. Hearing the blast, the Reds came running, tied off the gushing stump with a tourniquet, made him as comfortable as they could, put up markers around him, and vanished. Being guerrillas, after all; they could not take any better care of him than that, nor could they bring him to the Whites because that would expose their position. So Mr. Yu Kon was left to await his rescuers. It took people six days to find him. His brother estimated that he had died after two to three days, from pain and thirst. That was what tormented him the most, the brother said. He could not stop thinking about Yu Kon's long and lonely agony. He was not angry with the K.R. Land mines were an occupational hazard. He was angry with the Whites, who charged him thirty-three thousand[73] to recover the bodies. After he found his brother (the driver had spoken truly; the others were scarcely more than mush), the Whites stopped him and made him pay again. He had brought his family with him on the boat from the Khlong Yai, including his elderly mother, and until he paid the second time the Whites had menaced them with machine guns and had not even allowed his mother to have a

drink of water.[74] Mr. Yu Kon's brother liked the Khmer Rouge just fine. You could do business with them. The Whites were much worse.

I was sorry for Mr. Yu Kon. D. and I both wore our red threads for him for the stipulated hundred days. D. said that he surely knew of our attention, and was comforted.

A VISIT TO BA KLUNG

Meanwhile our driver had brought us to Hat Leg, and this time because we were with him the soldiers waved us right through without taking my passport. I had to say that I was impressed. Unequal administration of justice is a matter which disheartens all of us children of de Tocqueville, but somehow it does not feel nearly so disheartening when the inequality redounds to one's own benefit. Let me bring to mind again that open-air pad thai restaurant patronized by the police in their smart jungle-green uniforms; the pad thai was cheap and good, and we had a nice view of the police station, into which we once or twice saw quickly striding self-confident fellows in green lead convoys of wearily unwashed men and women whom they'd kept all night in the blockhouse—illegal Cambodians. —Police catch small animal like mosquito, said D. contemptuously. But the big one like lion and tiger and crocodile they cannot catch, because big one must pay. In Trat City, if they go to work, get big money, then must pay police one thousand baht per month. —Before, D. and I had been mosquitoes. Now we were momentarily tricked and lured and dazzled, and believed ourselves to be highly important crocodiles. But it was only that the driver had been a soldier before, like so many Thai men, and these soldiers knew him, Hat Leg being his home town.

The driver's house was a bare and ugly affair constructed of what was probably illegal Cambodian plywood; it contained almost no furnishings except for a color TV which his wife, daughter, and two little sons sat watching almost all the time. The yard was nothing but dirt, gravel, and dust. About fifteen meters away, the jungle of the green hill began.

How far away from your house are the land mines? I asked.

Right there among the first trees, laughed the driver. If you want me to walk there with you, I will, but you must walk first.

As for Hat Leg itself, this metropolis consisted essentially of a straight road which went for a couple of hundred meters to Cambodia, and of a right turn which went to the ocean where all the speedboats lurked. There were no checkpoints at the ocean. I heartily recommend such an arrangement to border-enforcers everywhere: one's soldiers, sentries, and guards can be kept busy impeding legitimate traffic, and illegal traffic can go its own easy way. How else could the members of the coastguard so easily garner gold chains?[75]

Our boatman had a White Sox cap and a solid gold ring studded with diamonds. He brought us rapidly across the almost waveless water. The Cambodian

flag we'd seen yesterday rushed past. The green ridge still followed us, but ahead I saw a low island like a bent bow, gray-green with a long tail. It was a lovely day. A peninsula unrolled, dark green and unbroken except by shadows. There was no beach anymore, only a dark thin underlining of rock between the green jungle and the green water. We rounded the point, and ahead I saw very thin piers with shacks on them. The boatman's round red face smiled.

Because I had my passport, the customs officer didn't even charge me. He stamped my visa on a piece of paper, so that the Thais would have no evidence that I'd paid this unlawful visit. I had to pay two hundred baht for D.

Cambodia—this part of it, at least—reminded me of the border boardwalks of Ranong Province, with its loosely joined floorboards over the water, through which mosquitoes happily arose, unable to penetrate clothing but quite good with bare feet. Gray planks made parallel gray paths over the dirty-green water, with boats and houses in between. Thai songs played out of immense speakers. Beautiful waitresses and prostitutes in their see-all spangles were getting pedicures on upended buckets. Rusty roofs, humid aquamarine sky, greasy sea-swirl: it was all as I'd expected it to be. Every year Phnom Penh was getting richer, and this town seemed to be doing all right, too. Men in baseball caps slowly wheeled dollies of garlic and other merchandise toward the waiting boats, while kids swung each other in hammocks or peered through doorways the size of a single skinny plank. The toilets were holes going into the sea. This was Ba Klung, not Ban Lung where Mr. Yu Kon had died. The boatman, whom we'd brought with us just in case the Thai soldiers were correct in their assessment of Cambodia, said that the worst danger here at night was from drunks, not mines or bombs.

Where do they bring the wood from?

Very far, two hours from here by boat, then one day walking in the jungle.

Ba Klung, so they told me, was firmly White, not Red, and anyway since I was illegal I had no intention of asking right away about Reds. When I started asking people even the most innocuous questions, the boatman squirmed glumly and turned his head away, fiddling with the straps of his sandals. Everybody stared at me, from the barefooted young girls clinging to walls to the skinny old men whose long narrow beards resembled white radish-roots. We came to the end of one boardwalk, the planks gapped and rotten, and a man looked out and started to address me in a blackmailer's voice.

Better we go quickly, said D. If we don't pay us big money, he call to soldier and put in jail.

But we have visas.

Still we are illegal from Thailand. We have no power here. Anyone can make trouble for us.

She, who'd made so many shady border crossings at my side without a qualm, was obviously scared and shaken, and the boatman also evinced growing agitation,

so we walked back down the rickety piers to the customs house and then descended the oily ladder to the sea. I offered to pay the boatman more money if he'd bring us to another town, but he'd have none of that, so I knew that his unease was genuine. As we began to pass the weathered house-islands each with its olive-shaped vessels of water on the porch, it grew windy, and the boatman deemed it advisable to proceed back to Thailand by "the inner way" between steamy low islands. From a side-channel came a Cambodian government boat which stopped us and extorted twenty baht apiece—not a crushing sum, but I didn't much like the principle. The boatman said that in Cambodia now was no law.

MR. NICE

Our driver's cautious praise for the Khmer Rouge had been sufficient for me to take the plunge. That afternoon, D. and I invited him to an ice cream parlor in a less than busy part of Khlong Yai and asked him if he had any friends within the group who could meet us. The coolness of his tall glass of ice seemed to stimulate his vital energies, so that instead of lethargically sad he became thoughtful, excavating that ice with a straw. He allowed that he did know someone, a "small soldier" as D. would undoubtedly have put it, who was in the jungle most of the time, fighting, which was why sometimes he didn't see him for a month at a time. He agreed to look for him. The next morning he came to our hotel with a boy who wore, appropriately enough, a red baseball cap that said NICE. He was not, however, the driver's K.R. friend, who had proved unable or perhaps too commendably skittish to come; this one was a Cambodian who often worked in K.R.-controlled areas. He had a gentle nervous smile.

He born in Cambodia, in the Land of Make Salt, D. explained. Twenty-one years old. Now he come to work wood. He Thai citizen now, stay in Hat Leg.

So sometimes he goes to Cambodia to cut wood?

Yes. In Ban Lung.

(That was where Mr. Yu Kon had had his little accident.)

Is it beautiful there? Lots of nature?

Yes.

He blinked and squinted a bit. He was really rather nervous. He had a bad complexion and worker's hands.

How many kilometers is Ban Lung from Hat Leg?

About one hour by boat.

And what does he do there?

Just one company have laborer one hundred person, a big company from Bangkok. They bring food from here. So he stay there in Ban Lung maybe two weeks at a time.

What kind of wood do they cut?

San chun ("three season" wood), *ta ba* wood, and red rubber wood, *kanong* wood, *chuh chon* wood...

How do they cut it?

Electric.

In one day, how many trees do they cut?

Hundred over. Sad, eh?

Did he hear what happened to Mr. Yu Kon?

Yes. Mine look like round sardine can. But not in his company. Just only rich people like Mr. Yu Kon can go to work there, because trouble and trouble and pay and pay.

And when he goes to work, is he afraid of land mines?

No. Before the company go to clear for wood, they have one member of K.R. to clear mine.

Does he ever see the mines?

Sometimes. He see long green one like perfume bottle. They throw mine a lot, so much he cannot count them. They clear with tractor.

How many friends does he have in the Khmer Rouge?

Not so friendly, but in some group. Talking with him, drinking, like that, but not friend.

And when does he go to Ban Lung again?

Now is the area make wood in Cambodia closed. U.N. help Cambodia, but say if you don't stop people cut wood, I don't help you. And company throw money, cannot get money back.

So what does he do for money?

Just stay at home. Sometimes he driver for gasoline, motor oil.

Can he take us to see the land mines?

Such a dangerous way! Maybe you die. And so many checkpoints! Even the government here can put him in jail or do bad things. Government of Cambodia, they catch him and put him in jail. But K.R. is okay. He more afraid of government than Khmer Rouge. Khmer Rouge good. If we give the food, he take. If we don't give, he don't take. But Cambodia government soldiers come; they come maybe one-two times a day to take the things.

When the K.R. come, what do they talk about?

They talk about they work for the people, for the citizen. They say they must kill, even if don't want to kill, because government do the bad thing first.

How old are they?

Soldiers of Khmer Rouge must be twenty years over.

How many of them are there in his area?

About ten. Just ten come to look and take care of us. From their camp to that areas, about one day walking, but quickly walking.

What do they look like? How does one recognize them?

From uniform. Just green color uniform like a leaf of tree.

Before, they used to have black uniforms.

He see only green. And have some special uniform, and they can speak Thai.

(A few weeks later, another informant, a plump mustachioed individual who continually sucked hard candies, reported one could easily tell Red from White by the color of their uniforms. Whites talked very quickly like Bangkok people; Reds had a regional accent similar to that of Thais from See Sa Ket. He said that it didn't do to get too friendly with the Reds, or with any Cambodians, for that matter. One man to whom he was very close had let some Cambodians stay in his house for over two years—White or Red, he didn't know, for after all a Cambodian was a Cambodian. The Cambodian went back to his country, but later returned, killed him, and took all his gold.)

I wanted to see if the Khmer Rouge were still Communist, so I asked the boy: What are they, Buddhist or Communist or what?

Mixed. Islam, Buddhist, Christian, like that, he surprisingly replied.

So they're not Communist, then?

Different. All of Khmer Rouge soldiers talk only about citizen; they can die for them; they love them so much.

(I closed my eyes and saw again the skulls on the shelves.)

And what do they say about the Vietnamese? I pursued.

They don't like Vietnamese. And they know how many in every province of Cambodia.

And Sihanouk?

They like.

And the Thais?

They like. They can speak Thai.

And Caucasians?

They never know about falang. They never say.

I sipped at my soda-water and said: And who is the head of the K.R.?

They never talk about him. They have one of leader, a daughter of Sihanouk by another wife. Pa Te Wee. Name mean like beautiful angel.

Where does she stay?

In Si Tu, look like province, near Borai. People trust in her so much.[76]

What is the best way to go see the K.R.?

Wat Abuk is the area. From here thirty kilos over. We go by car about two-three kilo and then they have a big camp of Red Khmer.

Has he been there before?

Yes. He know.

Does he keep in touch with his parents?

He have adopted mother here in Thailand, but his real mother in Cambodia.

And his father?

Governor in —— ——. And when fighting with Vietnam, his father disappear.

Does his mother ever talk about the Pol Pot time?

She talk just many people die in the war with Vietnamese fighting. She say Cambodia kill Cambodia together.

Why did they do that?

He don't know so much.

And what does his mother think about the K.R.—good or bad?

She don't know.

Does he want to be a K.R. member?

He don't want. Life here is better. In Cambodia, he run away from being government soldier. He don't want to kill.

The boy hung his head and smiled. —Actually, his real age is twenty-four. But he put in Thai citizenship application twenty-one.

Oh, so he was around in the Pol Pot time then, I said. Does he remember anything from then?

He just look, see the Cambodian people kill each other. But about politics he doesn't know. Now he remember a little bit. He think Pol Pot is no good, because he kill citizen. He saw photo of him...

And this Pa Te Wee, is she good or bad?

Many people love her. He think she has family. But the citizen don't like Pol Pot. At that time, you know, his father was governor in the border, and this boy saw.

What did he see?

Just citizen die. The Red Khmer at that time kill. Order from Pol Pot.

But he likes them now?

Yes. They're better now, change from before. Even speaking is better, is polite now.

And how is he feeling about us now, D.? And how is the driver feeling?

They both little bit afraid. They both never interview like this before. Maybe somebody come in the night time and kill them.

"IN CONTROL AGAIN"

The next day D, the driver, Mr. Nice, and I set off to see the Khmer Rouge. I thought it interesting that the driver, for all his praise of that organization, had left his gold chain at home. Mr. Nice advised us not to bring anything we'd mind losing. We went north so that the green hill was on our right, and after a few kilometers we turned toward it. Huge gray-bleached logs from Cambodia lay in the grass like the rotting totem poles I'd once seen in British Columbia. They were waiting to be delivered to Bangkok. Most of them were a good three or four feet in diameter. The driver said that they were some of the last of the good and easy wood.[77] The trees near the border had been pretty much stripped. That was why Mr. Yu Kon had had to go all the way to Ban Kung. I looked at those logs, which were now cracked

with dryness, and hoped that whoever owned them would have better luck than he.

We walked five hot, steep kilometers in the dryness, stopping once to pour stinking puddle-water over our heads. Tall bamboo bent under its own weight in graceful wickets twenty feet high, hooking itself in foliage across that path of fine white sand. Mr. Nice walked easily, and I also had no trouble. The driver, who naturally spent most of his time in his truck, was soon winded, and shot me reproachful looks. Poor D. was more out of shape than she had ever been. I held her hand the entire way, pulling her up over the slippery spots. What if she became exhausted in some dangerous stretch of jungle? But I needn't have worried, for at the fifth kilometer, in spite of my careful explanations to Mr. Nice the previous day about how important it was to avoid checkpoints, we came to a sharp turn in the wall of trees, and at that turn hung a banner which resembled a volleyball net, and the Thai flag as soggy as an old sock and an antenna on a bamboo pole, and there at shack number 509, Thai soldiers stopped us. They were not at all friendly. Their C.O. knew what we were about right off the bat. He said that the border was ten kilometers further, which, if both he and Mr. Nice were accurate, as they probably were, meant that the K.R. base must have been on Thai soil. At any rate, we did not have permission to go any farther. (On the sly, I asked Mr. Nice if he could bring us by some more secret way—there was always a secret way—but he shook his head and said that all the other routes he knew of were heavily mined.) The C.O., speaking to D., not to me (whenever he gazed at me he grimaced) said that this area had been quiet for ten years. He had never been to Cambodia, he said. I had a strong feeling that there was something here which the soldiers did not want us to see, and that feeling grew when, having walked the five kilometers back to the gray-bleached logs, we found more Thai soldiers waiting for us, even sterner of visage; the C.O. at number 509 had radioed them.[78] In all my experience of Thai border ambles, I'd never before been greeted with such attention. The driver looked grave, and Mr. Nice positively terrified. (The driver had said that ten years ago many people had done illegal business in Cambodia, but when they came back the Thai soldiers sometimes became afraid that they were spies, and killed them. So now not so many people went to Cambodia—more women than men, he said.)[79] The soldiers escorted us to a more important soldier camp where in a cool and breezy treehouse the greenjackets, bluejackets, and blackjackets swarmed about us like vultures. One big brass slowly wrote everything down with a ballpoint pen in a loose-leaf notebook. As he did so, he stared into my face. Perhaps he was noting a description of me. I took this to be a serious indication of trouble. They kept us there for hours, making threats of prison. With some difficulty they succeeded in opening my little Contax and removing the film, which actually consisted of images of that other illegal excursion to Ba Klung. Their camouflaged minions peered up into the treehouse at us whenever they passed. More generals and more generals arrived. I was, so to speak, disagreeably flattered, and especially concerned for our two helpers, who bore less

responsibility but suffered from greater vulnerability than we. One fat old general in black finally assured me that nothing would happen to them, and then I felt better. When they began to pick on D., they got a surprise, because she was rather well-connected, and afraid of nobody. She berated them about their heavy gold chains, and about all the illegal Cambodian wood that they let into Thailand, and about all the illegal "mosquitoes" they deported and the illegal "crocodiles" who paid them off; I believe that she also mentioned the drunk on the highway between Khlong Yai and Ban Bang In who'd tried to sell us five kilograms of marijuana which he said he stored at a Thai soldier camp; one or more of these charges shut the fat generals up. She also pointed out (a lucky fact for us) that the path had nowhere been posted as being off-limits, and that we had in fact turned back when we were ordered—no matter that we would have continued on if Mr. Nice had known another way. At this, the generals became cautious. They wrote down D.'s passport information, then asked for mine, but fortunately couldn't figure out which of all those Roman characters comprised my name. They told us to leave the province soon, and to stay on the beach with the other falangs. With my best idiotic smile, I asked them where in the jungle D. and I could go to make woodcuts of flowers. This, however, D. refused to translate. Finally they let us go.

The next morning some big fat loud police sat at a table near us at the little restaurant we patronized in Khlong Yai; they sat with their hands between their legs, shoveling rice into their mouths, laughing *huh-huh-huh*, and in front of the barbershop across the street two men were pretending to read the newspaper and one took sneak photographs of us. D. laughed and pointed and he ran away and the police stopped laughing. —Because this small town, and police afraid, she said. So they do the stupid thing like this. Oh, now you and me in control again!

The day after that we went to our safe-deposit box and found one roll of exposed film—all that I had taken thus far—missing. It consisted of street scenes in Bangkok, of the sort that any tourist might take, so I hoped that it might throw them off the scent. To further waste their time (or "make them busy," as D. would have expressed it), I went out and shot a roll of photos of karaoke prostitutes and put that in the safe-deposit box; it disappeared, too. —There, I thought, that should confirm them in their opinion of my harmless stupidity.[80] And indeed, after that they took no more film, nor anything else. D. said that she heard the bank manager say to one policeman that if we complained about any missing film he'd just tell us that the security of nothing in the box was guaranteed. This I found funny, as I did the fact that over the next three weeks that same policeman always left the bank, presumably to make a report, whenever we came in to use the safe-deposit box. He would never meet my eyes, so I used to come right up to him and greet him in my best Thai; he'd squirm and turn away and then rush out.

As for the driver, the next morning he had dark shadows under his eyes. He was more afraid than before, he said. He had a wife, a daughter, and two sons, he

reminded us. He said that Mr. Nice was too scared to come back anymore.

THE COST OF CONTROL

Driver say a little bit difficult, D. translated. He say you must find the small soldier, and then the big. Find and find again.

Yep, I said.

But today we must pay him a little bit more, to make him feel better, she said.

WAR CHARACTER

No, the long green mountain was not the easiest nut to crack, but I still thought that it could be done. From one of Khlong Yai's long piers of motorcycles and fried squid and young Vietnamese prostitutes I surveyed the frontier, with the sun setting at my back. D. and I had just sent our first chess piece up there, a scarred, dark little man whose eyes glittered desperately. The driver had introduced us. We met him, let's say, at a wrecking yard whose heaps of blackened bulldozer treads shaded him in greasy coolness. He came from Bangkok originally. D. supposed that he'd run away from there because he'd done some bad thing. He was, in short, a perfect specimen of Border Man. He did business with the K.R. Yes, yes, he liked the K.R., because they always spoke true. He knew for a fact that Pol Pot lived in Bangkok, and Khieu Samphan was running things. He proposed to bring us into the jungle immediately, a saunter of some five hours, so he said, but the driver silently shook his head, preferring to send him through the minefields alone. I told him to bring back somebody to meet us, and we'd pay him well. He promised he'd come back in two days, and it took him only a week, so that I'd scarcely begun to wonder if he'd met a mine after all when we met him in the wrecking yard again. Hunching forward dramatically, he whispered that the big spiders of the K.R. had gone away just then, but if he'd slip him another hundred baht[81] he'd try again. I felt sorry for him, but D. and the driver agreed that he couldn't be trusted. He talked too much, they said. The green hill remained uncracked. At Khlong Yai it had a bite taken out of it, becoming nothing but a strand of green trees and houses on stilts, with fat white sausages of smoke hanging rather than rising in front of what was revealed by that dip in the mountain—namely, more mountains, one, two, three, the third rather high. I sat on the pier watching people catch fishes one by one, each fish about the size of my thumb, and I smelled the heavy harbor-stink while D. stood gazing wearily out to sea. When I asked her what she was thinking she, as usual, did not answer. Now it began to get darker, and the border mountains melded together. That green ridge of land mines, however, still stood out against the sky, rising and falling by curves, and in the long run falling more than rising, it finally snuffled down against the sea at Hat Leg, with Cambodia around

the corner.

In the bright and breezy whore place by the pier, the well-muscled owner with his heavy gold chain and fat gold bracelet and immense chest tattoo of a tiger rampant said that he'd been to Cambodia many times and that Cambodians were always the same: You couldn't trust them. In the morning they'd be your best friends; by nightfall they'd be plotting your murder. His best friend had been killed in Ba Klung "for nothing," as he put it; some White soldiers came and shot him for fun with an Ah Ka. —I think he speak true, said D.

Well, I said, I hate to think that everybody in Cambodia is bad. I've been going to Cambodia for years, and all the friends I've made have stayed my friends. I think they're like any other people, some good, some bad.

You don't understand war country, D. insisted. Sometimes falang thinking no good. Many things falang thinking very stupid because you don't understand. War country character always the same. You know, I work in refugee camp for Vietnam so many year, and always I see the mother, if she have but one banana, she eat, never give her child, hungry child only watching. In Thailand we think this is like animal; we must give one-half.[82]

Maybe if there were a war in Thailand, your character would change, too.

Yes, I think! Like my friend in Burma. Always she keep small money in her tampon, because she afraid if soldier in truck take everything from her, she still have little bit. I so sad for her. And I help her; I give her eat and sleep with me for two-three months. Then one day she get a job. Then she never say thank you, never come back to me again.

The owner said again: There is no law in Cambodia. White and Red is equally bad.

You see? cried D. triumphantly. He speak true!

Like most of us, D. did not want to admit that citizens of her own nation might partake of this "war country" mentality.[83] On the day that the newspaper said that a resumption of fighting between Red and White was "imminent" in the An Mah Pass area,[84] I was sitting in an oceanview restaurant run by Madame Black-Eyes, so called by D. and me for the immense over- and underlines of night-colored makeup with which this procuress adorned her organs of sight. She ruled fourteen singers who performed against a backdrop of a huge-nippled mermaid. Black-Eyes loved the Khmer Rouge. She said that they were wonderful to do business with. Coming from her, this was no great recommendation, since Black-Eyes herself did business in the worst sense: hard and greedy, bad-tempered to the point of viciousness (her prostitutes were afraid of her), she struck me as a liar and a cheat to boot—whenever I went there without D. she charged me double. She said that she knew that Pol Pot killed Cambodians, but from the point of view of a Thai businesswoman like her, Pol Pot was a very nice person, a good business partner. I'm sure that he was, and that is why Black-Eyes chilled me. Her brother used to do gem business with them, but four or five years ago the Whites had closed the way. The K.R. had

always taken good care of her brother. At night they showed him how to sleep in the treetops so that poisonous snakes and bad vapors wouldn't get him. The K.R. had made him very rich, she said, but now all the money was spent. It was harder to make money now. Last year the very rich and successful owner of one logging business in Khlong Yai, having helped to strip one area of all its hardwoods, went to another mountain deeper in Cambodia to see if he could do the same, and was immediately shot dead, she didn't know by whom...Her brother would certainly do business with the K.R. again if he could.

And you never were afraid for your brother when he went with them to Cambodia? I asked. After all, they killed so many people before.

They did one bad thing before, but that was just politics, she explained. Now they're good. Pol Pot is so nice to do business with.

That night I dreamed again of the skulls on the shelves. I dreamed that I'd discovered a K.R. site in the Arctic—most likely because our hotel was air-conditioned and in the nighttime the room got very cold—and excavating this archeological wonder, which I did not yet realize was simply Tuol Sleng transposed a little by my subconscious, I eventually unearthed a deep rectangular pit, scattered with snow-dusted corpses and nothing else except for a sort of altarpiece, a titanic statue of Pol Pot with blinking red eyes which watchfully swiveled back and forth across the dead.

WHY THE KHMER ROUGE WERE NOT SO BAD

Khlong Yai was above all a city of tendrils reaching into secrecy, like its dirt roads twisting among palms and muddy lagoons, its gravelly ways wandering discreetly in the direction of the green mountain, its several long piers—the main ones bearing police posts, it is true, but often they extended beyond the policemen's bribery-swollen eyes and came to the open sea which every night received its share of convenient darkness once the green mountain had dimmed; and the hot heavy sunshiny days brought their own reward of lassitude for those inclined only to watch or regulate; those inclined to do business could easily go beyond the motorcycles, boats, and shrilling radios to meet their breezy destiny; and sometimes they came in, like the Cambodian fishing boat from Kompong at the end of one pier, or the Khmer on the other whose father Pol Pot had killed; he lived in a shiny clean house with the sea on either side and not so many mosquitoes. His Thai host was a rich old man who assured me that the Whites always put the blame on the K.R. whenever they killed anyone. He loved the K.R. idea, he said, and so did most Cambodians outside the cities. Pol Pot had killed his million, it is true, but he'd been under Chinese control then: Mao Tse-tung had told him to liquidate the educated, yes, wipe out a million or so, and then the Chinese would send in a million of their people to make up the difference.[85] You couldn't hold that against Pol Pot now, the old man insisted, especially since Pol Pot was out of the loop, sitting in Beijing somewhere enjoy-

ing an easy life...I wanted to ask the Cambodian boy who'd lost his father what he thought, but he was busy watching war thriller videos in the living room.

Cambodians all possessed the defect of bad character, the old man went on. They had bad tempers, but held them in. The culture was bad, he said, not polite. Regarding the bad thing, you could not change them. They were like snakes. You could keep them and feed them, and one day like snakes they would kill you.

I looked at him, I gazed at the Cambodian boy in the next room who stayed with him, and my mind boggled.

And the Khmer Rouge, I said finally, are they polite?

Yes. From training. Always training to do the good thing and respect together. In White Cambodia, no respect. And so strong. K.R. is strong for fighting. Even K.R. woman is strong, strong for woman. But not pretty. For a pretty girl you must go to Ho Chi Minh City and try a Vietnamese prostitute. Beautiful and clean.

He gazed out into the ocean darkness and pointed toward Cambodia. He said: Always the boats go, and the White Khmer kill and shoot.

What do you think is the best way to help Cambodia?

For his idea, because Sihanouk is weak, must call Kieu Samphan to come and keep in touch with him. But already they try like this and Khmer Rouge they say no, if you want us to help you, then it must be only us, because White Khmer too corrupt. If not only us, we never keep in touch with you. Khieu Samphan is more wise even than Pol Pot. The others, like Pol Pot, like Hun Sen, not so well-educated. And many like Hun Sen are Vietnamese. Vietnamese is no good. All Vietnamese must leave from Cambodia.

In your view, are the Khmer Rouge still Communist?

Yes.

What do you think about Communism? I wanted to know, gazing at his glass cabinets of silver and porcelain with the elephant tusks on top.

Communism cannot survive in Asia now, he said. Because Asia is developing.[86]

So will the Khmer Rouge survive?

Yes, by appealing to anti-Vietnamese nationalism.

LOCATION CHECK

And you think the old man is really in Beijing? D. asked me later.

I don't know, honey.

I don't think so. Because weather sometimes too cold for old man like him. And maybe in China he get bored. I think he stay in my country, because easy life, good food, nice young Thai girl take good care for him.

LOCATION CHECK (CONTINUED)

So he was in Beijing. He was in Bangkok. He was on Jao Mountain near Ban Lung. He was in a camp in Battambang called Ka Paum. He was on Black Tiger Mountain in Thailand. He was in North Korea. He was in Paris. All my sources agreed.

We tried a discreet little roadside clinic where people could come down from that long jungle mountain to be tested for malaria, no questions asked. We tried a fisherman's shack made of metal siding and bamboo poles, open all the way through, in which I from the car could see the fisherman stripped to the waist, almost silhouetted against the green jungle light, raising his long fingers and quickly spreading them in what seemed to me to be anxious gestures as the driver talked with him. Below the house I could see the driver's sandaled feet, widely spread and immobile, while the fisherman's dark legs jigged and jigged.

RECALLING THE WORDS OF MADAME BLACK-EYES

The next day the driver came in, glum and sheepish. —Woman trouble, he said. His wife wouldn't let him work for us anymore on account of the danger. D. said that she thought the police were harassing him.

We had several other drivers after him, but D. liked none of them as well. Up and down that narrowest strip of Thailand with its sunburnt jungle and its palely brilliant sea we trolled. My occupation in those weeks mainly consisted of taking out for expensive meals unkempt men whose language I could not speak and whom I never saw again, or else of waiting all day for people who never came—not entirely unpleasant work, for I did get a lot of woodblocks carved, but every now and then I longed to stretch my legs. I remember visiting one woman whom we knew for a fact was Khmer Rouge—or rather, I remember waiting in the truck while D. and our driver visited her. I was surrounded by sleeping dogs and scuttering chickens. The woman stared and glared at me from the window of her stilted house, so I pretended to sleep. —Well, I said when my two helpers came back, what did you think of her? and D., who liked everyone, who sought to find excuses even for Pol Pot, said: Don't like so much. Not so friendly. Too much afraid, like maybe we police or something like that. Always speaking lie to us. Driver tell me he want to speak bad to her. And you know, she have big gold chain—*big* one! And looking new—new gold color!

Finally I told D. that we had to try another place. Khlong Yai had kept its secrets. As we drove away and I sat thinking out the best way to start all over again, we passed the restaurant of Madame Black-Eyes, and her soothing words about the skulls on the shelves half-smothered me in my soul: *But that was just politics.*

BORAI, TRAT PROVINCE, THAILAND (1996)

Sometimes the afternoons were cloudy in Borai and consequently not so hot. I paced the streets, every now and then buying for five baht a package of double-decker pineapple cookies that tasted like dirt. Down the road from the gold store which had been robbed at gunpoint by Cambodians, Red or White nobody knew (one policeman had been critically wounded in the shootout),[87] there was a little store which sold bananas, eggs, insecticide, and weary old dry goods. I liked to go there every day to say hello to the rotund proprietress, who'd always pour heaps of ruby and sapphire gravel onto a pie plate, in hopes that I would make her rich. The gems were worth almost nothing. She'd begun by quoting a thousand baht[88] for this pile, and a thousand five hundred for that; every day the figure crept down. D. told me to wait until at least one zero fell off the price. The rotund lady did, however, possess one small Baggie in which lay her pride and joy: four medium-sized rubies ranging in price from two to ten thousand; and again she probably should have taken a zero off. She moved them around on the pie plate with the slow deliberation of a chess player, hoping to make some chance light-gleam ignite the lusts of my heart. Where had she gotten them? I asked, rolling one around on my palm. —From the Khmer Rouge at the border in Chantaburi—very nice people, she said.[89] I bought a soda water for D. and went my way back to the main street, where in an almost empty restaurant one policeman sat reading the newspaper, his Ah-Ka on the table beside him, his colleagues at their table grinning at everything from behind ultradark sunglasses, their pistols grinding against the backs of their chairs; one day one of them offered me his lunch. The cat licked her paws in the tailor's shop; D., who was having elastic sewn into the cuffs of her new leaf-patterned trousers, sat on a stool with her fingers interlaced around her knees, nodding slightly to the radio. This was Borai, boomtown gone bust. A few years ago, a thousand or more buyers of pretty stones had come here each day. Now it was only on selected humid sunny mornings that the gem merchants were out, sitting at their little tables, each with his scales and weights in a wooden box not many times larger than a hummingbird; and spread out on those tables or tucked away in the metal tins that cough lozenges are sold in lay that same scarlet gravel of rubies which the fat lady had shown me, or a regular boulder-course of sapphires cut and uncut. One table offered a scattering of dull blue and blackish pebbles: sapphires-in-the-rough from Pailin, if my eye had learned anything at all.

Ask him where they come from, D.

He say Pailin.

Tell him we want to make friends with him and learn about sapphires. Maybe we can buy one from him. We want to take him for lunch.

He too busy now, Bill! I think he know we are journalists...

Suddenly they were all crowding around, plopping gems or replicas thereof onto that small table and trying to make a sale. Every price they opened with I countered

by reducing it nine-tenths, à la D., at which they feigned heart attacks and cut their requirements by five hundred baht or so; my fear was that I might bid high enough to be forced to actually buy, instead of simply buying lunch for someone who had been to Pailin.

Two tables down I saw more Pailin stones. Slowly sipping at iced lemon juice through a straw, the merchant, who hailed from Battambang, said that nobody could go direct to Pailin anymore because there was too much fighting. As a general rule, Thais hadn't gone for years, although there were some big merchants such as our friend Wall Safe who had gone. Better to take the slow boat from Hat Leg to Koh Kong to Phnom Penh, then go overland to Battambang to do discreet deals with friends of Red friends. —They go to the dark market to buy, D. explained.

How long ago did any Thais go direct to Pailin?

Six, seven years ago.

So, about the time that the Vietnamese left Cambodia.

Something like that.

And now?

Now the Khmer Rouge get more afraid, because many Thai now spy for White.

Are the Khmer Rouge stronger or weaker than the Whites?

Stronger, he said. Before, I was soldier for White, and they pay me one month sixty baht. But K.R. they pay six hundred. So I know they must be stronger.

You ran away from being a soldier?

Yes.

Who do you like better, the Reds or the Whites?

White, because Red always kill, kill the people.

That day was a Chinese festival day, and as the Khmer spoke there came toward us a two-man dragon with a long orange fringe like a synthetic chicken; it marched and gaped its mouth while a boy in purple waved an immense string of exploding firecrackers around his head on a stick, the concussions from them quite loud, the smoky gunpowder smell sweeter than that of bullets.

Who can I buy gems from more cheaply, the Reds or the Whites?

Red, he said sadly, because they can take the gem out of the ground direct.

On the next table lay about thirty uncut rubies of an almost lavender color. The dealer ("a tomboy," D. called her with a laugh) introduced me to her wife, who was prettier than she, and tried to get me to take all the stones for twelve thousand baht, or about four hundred and ninety dollars. D. thought three thousand would be a fairer price. The lesbian's plump brown fingers were always busy wrapping and unwrapping gems from plastic bags. I tried to look wise, offering bids so low that I wouldn't be committed to anything, while other hopefuls shoved shards of colored glass in my faces or unrolled the occasional genuine king ruby—if only I could be sure which was which! —from a spitball-sized cradle of tissue paper. By lunchtime they'd all be gone. It was too hot and there were not enough customers.

In the afternoon I waited for Wall Safe or the rich boy to come up with the miraculous K.R. contact who would reinstill meaning in D.'s and my lives. Maybe for a special treat I might walk through the abandoned gas station, or visit the old banana lady who waited at the roadside with more patience than hope, or gaze through the cinema's broken windows. D., sick and glum, lay in the hotel. Expensive drivers and dinners had reduced our money considerably. We could not afford a mosquito-free room anymore. We lost sleep; D. got sicker and sicker.

I came back to the main street and walked past Wall Safe's house and the table of the four policemen who every day observed my slow progress up and down that same street, and then before I knew it I was at the edge of the town center, as demarcated by some half-demolished buildings on my right and on my left a muddy-green river into which some passing motorcyclists loudly suggested that I hurl myself; and beyond the bridge the spaces between houses widened, and before me lay the green border mountain, which looked blue today. (The school at Borai faced the mountains, too. It accordingly possessed an earthen bunker, built eight years ago in the face of Red-White fighting, and used for two.) The land was so fertile that grass sprouted in the crotches of trees, and trees grew right through tin roofs, pushing them aside. D and I'd sneaked through one deserted checkpoint the Sunday before and gone into the foothills of the humid mountains where bamboos and grasses were as tall as trees and banana trees embraced the air. There was a marijuana smell. A bearded Thai who had K.R. friends bought me a chilled bottle of liquid speed, folded his arms across his chest, and said in a deep harsh voice: Before, here was camp of Khmer Rouge, even here in my country. And now not so much fighting in Cambodia so K.R. can move back. Good for business.

I wanted to do business with the K.R. but it seemed that I couldn't. Any member who did business with me would be put to death. I had to make more contacts, and more and more—

In the evening there was nothing to do except sit in another of Borai's small hot greasy restaurants, the fan turning and rolling wearily. The motorcycles were discrete interruptions instead of the ugly continuous symphony that one heard in, say, Khlong Yai. I sat trying to figure out how to meet Khmer Rouge. D. could have gone across the border with no problem, but the more I heard, the less I wanted to let her go into danger alone. I kept coming up with stupid ideas for smuggling myself into Cambodia. My latest thought was to buy a coffin and hide inside. Maybe the border guards wouldn't want to check... —I so sad for your job! D. sighed. No success! —Three out-of-uniform police came in, their pistols riding high above their hips, spreading their arms, with all the animation of friends at a drinking party. I asked D. what they were talking about.

Dead people, she said.

What about them?

They talk about check paper every dead person move from one place to another.

Oh. So much for the coffin idea.

After that, D. and I would enjoy another night of three or four hours' sleep, thanks to the enthusiastic ministrations of the mosquitoes.

We were "in control" again. In America this phrase means that the world is one's oyster; when D. said it, the meaning was sadly opposite. In Khlong Yai, as I've said, we'd opened a safety-deposit box, and the day after our meeting with the Thai soldiers, the three rolls of film I'd taken thus far were gone. These pictures were innocuous, of value only to me, and even after the police photographed us from behind that newspaper I was not terribly concerned, although D. was. My watch and money had not been touched. Gradually I added new rolls of film, since our hotel was patently unsafe for keeping things, and the film did not vanish. When we moved to Borai, D. wanted to close the box. But since we'd had to rent it for an entire year, and I wanted to keep the police guessing, I kept it open. There was a Thai military bank in Borai where they told us we could open a box, so I figured we might as well do just that, extending our network, like Dracula with his coffins scattered here and there in London for convenience. After we'd journeyed to Khlong Yai to retrieve our things, we entered that bank to find every employee grinning with embarrassment. They told us that they were afraid that we might lose the key, so they couldn't rent us any box. When I politely asked the name of someone I could mention in my complaint, they all covered their name badges with their hands. —Don't you remember police come in bank here before, look FOR us? said D. Now they are in police control. Cannot do anything. —She was right. I thanked them with a smile and a bow and went out. After that, whenever we wanted to leave anything in safe storage or to retrieve some cash, we had to go to Borai, which cost 800 baht[90] and shot half the day.

HITLER TO THE RESCUE

One night, a Cambodian in a pale white shirt was sitting across from me, eating the dish which is called "crying tiger" because the fierceness of its chilis would make even a tiger weep: thin strips of beef muscle, liver, and fat, which we dipped into a garlic-chili sauce hot enough to turn us all into human flamethrowers. (Crying tiger always gave me diarrhea.) The Cambodian was polite and friendly. He insisted on paying for dinner. He thought that Hun Sen was worse than Pol Pot. Why? Because if Pol Pot were a bad person, he'd have been finished by now. But the fighting went on and on, which proved that people respected Pol Pot, which proved that Pol Pot must be good.[91] Mr. White Shirt believed that the Vietnamese had killed those screaming millions, and blamed it all on Pol Pot.

Before he didn't like Pol Pot, but now he like, said D.

What made him change his mind?

Before, Pol Pot was in Chinese control. Now, no one control him anymore. Now

he trust in Pol Pot more than before. Pol Pot always thinking to change country, develop for the best way. But before sometimes in control, must do the bad thing.

Another plate of crying tiger, and another. Mr. White Shirt, it came out, was, appropriately enough, a soldier for the Whites. —In Thailand he can answer us everything, D. interpreted. In Cambodia, if we meet him, cannot tell us anything, because too dangerous for him.

So what do you think about the Whites?

Same like Communists. No good.

But you're a White?

Yes.

And Pol Pot is Communist, isn't he?

No, he want to develop country; he change now...

Refilling my beer, Mr. White-Shirt leaned forward earnestly. —He say, if Khmer Rouge not strong, all Cambodia just fall into Vietnamese control. He so happy to have K.R. in Cambodia, because Vietnamese is very wise person, you see....

In the end he said: Pol Pot is same like Hitler.

And you like Hitler?

I don't know, he said, embarrassed and surprised.

But you like Pol Pot?

Yes. Like so much...

WALL SAFE

A month was gone, and because I still didn't know about Pol Pot's automatic death sentence for informers I still hoped to get permission to breeze into some K.R. camp or other in the jungle, just as I had always been able to do before with other guerrilla groups. In Borai as in Khlong Yai, D. and I spent so many nights of sitting waiting in cricket-crowded darkness for someone, I knew not whom, trying to talk with someone else whose face was but a silhouette and whose language, rising and falling with what Westerners always rightly described as musical cadences, meant less to me than the sudden paleness of teeth smiling, or the moving darkness of a nod, or the shadow of fingers gesturing over a stone table. I waited, for instance, for the boy to come back from Aum Tit's establishment. Who was Aum Tit? —He's a big general, control all of here, very nice person, D. translated obediently. —The boy had promised to return in a day, and in the end it would take him a month, by which time D. was sure that Aum Tit had had him executed as a result of some infelicitous word in our letter; in fact he'd just been held over by the fighting, which that year promised to be quite heavy. He never did come to see us, either, just fled to Chantaburi to get drunk, which meant that Aum Tit's answer must have been emphatically negative; otherwise the boy would have met us, knowing that we

would pay him for his trouble. As usual, we had come at a bad time. Although Aum Tit's camp was only ten kilometers from Borai, it lay in another world, the Khmer Rouge world, and the dry-season offensive had started. Had it not been for that, and for Pol Pot's edict, I still do not believe that Aum Tit would have met us. The life of a journalist is frequently aggravated by not quite omnipotent allies who assure him that if he'd only come two months earlier or later, then whatever bamboo curtain he seeks to see beyond would have risen of itself. But in this case, General Tit had a legitimate excuse. His seventeen-year-old daughter and her cousin, a boy her age who stayed in another K.R. camp a few kilometers distant, had both been sent to study in Bangkok (a rather mind-boggling fact in and of itself, proving the extent to which K.R, commanders felt comfortable with the Thais); and the two had fallen in love. The parents acted decisively to break off this incestuous attachment. The boy then hanged himself. When she learned what he had done, the girl followed his example. Her father was thus very busy with the funeral. The camp was full just now with Thai soldiers come to pay their respects. We didn't know that yet, so we waited. Our friend Wall Safe had another hope for us. By virtue of his position in Borai he was well able to guarantee the security of any K.R. member who cared to visit; as D. explained it to me, since he had to pay so much money to the police, the police had to listen to him. So he kept trying to get them to come, but they wouldn't come. Wall-Safe said that three years ago it had been much easier. While his beautiful, unfriendly wife arranged perfect apples in a glass dish and then sorted violet-crimson Burmese rubies out of bulging plastic bags with flicks of her pale, pretty fingers, smiling at her friends but never at us (she refused to say a single word to us, even to return our greeting), Wall Safe showed off a .30 caliber Chinese Mauser pistol which the Khmer Rouge had given him. Usually they took more than they gave, he said with a laugh. He'd spent over a year with them once, and they called him a friend, but every time he went into the jungle to see those friends, up would come the Ah-Kas, pointing into his face, fingers on triggers, and then he'd have to gave him his brand new M-16, his American Colt .45, or his Rollei camera, his Contax camera; now he took nothing but a cheap plastic point-and-shoot; sometimes he got so bored with replacing things, he said. Oh, but they were very nice, so nice when you got to know them; it was just their habit to strip you of your valuables; it was nothing personal.

Wall Safe was a beatific, chunky businessman who when I first met him was wearing a T-shirt depicting exotic Thai scenes. Later on, at the karaoke place that showed a lot of nipple, I got to see him in his black blazer with the golden cufflinks and studs. Where I had looked to find the usual jungle trudge with its associated night fevers, I faced a more excruciating ten hours of drinking beer and Mekhong while smiling at people whose language I could not understand and who as they became drunk addressed their pleasantries to me in ever louder voices. Over the weeks I knew Wall Safe, he tried very hard to help me. He didn't want me to end

up like his other falang journalist friend who, despairing of getting permission to meet the K.R., had finally rented a motorcycle and headed for the border, where the K.R. awarded him an Ah-Ka burst to the face. In the end, Wall Safe got me permission, but I didn't go because he estimated my chances of survival at twenty percent. He said that the K.R. had fragmented now, and the group which had accepted me might be ambushed by a group that didn't.

Why are they like that?

Too many guns. Everyone has a gun, so no respect for the big soldiers anymore. Stupid, eh?

He bunched the fingers of his hands together and pointed to the green mountain. The land mines were as thick as his fingers, he said.

He say, Pol Pot he must kill only the wise and keep the stupid for control. Now they little bit changed, but still cannot mix with White Khmer. Even the Thais like Wall Safe, they love him, call him father, but cannot always mix with him. Two-three days ago, four Thai soldiers killed here.

Why? That sounds bad for business.

Because in the dark time, you know. Just shooting, don't know who is spy.

So who killed those Thais—Reds or Whites?

Nobody know, never mind.

From a Cambodian newspaper:

PHNOM PENH—Two military policemen were killed by district police when...they started to stop and rob passing villagers using their pistols.[92]

WOES OF THE RICH BOY

The rich boy, squat and crop-haired, was as I said our other great hope in Borai. He was very nice, although he'd been a member of some Mafia or other in Bangkok before and had killed a dozen people. He was sorry about that now. With his bracelet of thick gold links, his cellular phone always in a shirt pocket, his ring of many diamonds, and his loud, gruff voice, he certainly made an authoritative impression. He had a heart; he used to sell surplus Khmer Rouge weapons to the Karenni at a loss, because he hated the Burmese government so much. He adopted D. and me also as one of his charity cases. He tried and tried to help us, but the K.R. didn't want to meet me; there was nothing that he could do. Consider, for instance, the K.R. "big general" in Chantaburi who was the rich boy's friend. He owned a house there, the rich boy said, which, if literally true, was damning evidence of the Thais' willingness to bend their own rules into order to accommodate the Khmer Rouge, for in Thailand a foreigner could not hold land. I once heard the sad tale of an old falang who fell in love with a Patpong prostitute, married her, had children with her, built a nice house, went on a business trip, and returned to find wife,

house, and children gone forever—for, of course, only the wife herself, being Thai, had had legal title, and in his absence she'd simply sold the land to a developer who ripped the house down. The falang went crazy. Perhaps this Khmer Rouge general had a Thai wife, too—who knows? If he did, she wouldn't dare to pull the same trick, since it is suicide to cheat the Khmer Rouge. In any event, he sent word to us that he didn't want to meet any journalists, ever. They never said anything good about the K.R., by which I suppose he meant that they were always harping on the skulls on the shelves. At this, D. waxed magnificently indignant and told the rich boy that we'd already met Khun Sa and Hadji Amin, those two kingpins of southeast Asia; what was Pol Pot himself in comparison but a puffed-up frog in the small Cambodian pond? Obviously impressed, the rich boy promised to try again. No go. He sent out an assistant to snare the first K.R. who came across the border for supplies,[93] but the fighting was heavy just then and nobody came. Anyhow, he had problems of his own. Although he had done business with the Khmer Rouge for years, they had recently stolen ten of his trucks, which I believe he was using to haul illegal timber out of Cambodia. When he sent an envoy with high political connections to "clear the problem," the K.R. negotiated in a friendly spirit and in the end proposed a reasonable price at which the rich boy might buy his trucks back. Satisfied, the envoy set out from their jungle camp. Just before he reached the Thai border, they robbed him and stripped him of almost everything. The rich boy didn't want to go after those ten trucks himself. It was too dangerous. He shouted in exasperation to D., who translated: He said even the White Khmer bad, and the Khmer Rouge ever so many times double! But he quickly calmed down. He would have to drive to see a certain Thai general in Rayong who could straighten it out. The Whites were worse, he consoled himself aloud. He'd once tried to get into the wood business in Khlong Yai and had lost his shirt to the Whites...A month later, he still hadn't gotten his trucks back.

HOW XENOPHOBIA BEGINS

It was after hearing these stories in particular that D. began to tilt against the Khmer Rouge. In Khlong Yai, as we've seen, almost all of our informants had praised the K.R., saying that unlike the Whites they always spoke true, that with the exception of that little mistake about the skulls on the shelves they were swell people. The skulls on the shelves D. had never seen, and so could not quite believe in them. (The Khmer Rouge understood this natural human phenomenon very well. This was why when in 1991 they captured Wat Treng in Battambang, they burned the killing fields monument established by the Vietnamese.) But by now she'd become friends with Wall Safe and the rich boy. When she understood that even they, who did a steady and significant business with the K.R., were not safe from personal expropriation, she began to fear those guerrillas in their dark green uni-

forms. But since everyone kept telling us that the Whites did at least as much evil, she was reinforced in conclusion of the average border Thai: *All* Cambodians were dangerous and untrustworthy.

STATEMENT OF AN OLD SOUSE

He was a very aged man, with hair like dirty steel wool and bifocals as big as binoculars.[94] I questioned him in a secluded place near our hotel, at a creek dried down to a mire of contiguous pools the color and temperature of lukewarm coffee.

Have you been to Pailin? I asked.

Many times.

When was the last time?

Last month.

The people there are your friends?

The Thais, yes. Cambodians, difficult to get friendly with them.

Are they Communist?

Yes.

What are they like?

Not speak true. Not friendly. Not—gentle.

Many guns?

Yes, and many bombs.

A SMALL TOWN NEAR KHLONG YAI (1996)

Not far from Khlong Yai was another village whose head, blocky, brawny, but going to fat, could have been a model for a movie about aging Stalinist shock workers. He had a way of clenching his fists and saying: Mmm. —The rich boy, who'd put us in contact with him, had warned us not to make him angry or he'd become "as dangerous as an eagle." D., as she did everyone, found Mr. Eagle absolutely charming. His wife owned many gold rings, gold earrings as big as onion rings, three massive gold chains, a gold bracelet, and a weary look. She was sullen just then. Mr. Eagle wanted to take a second, younger wife. He'd promised this one that she'd still be number one, but she had refused. On one matter, however, they continued to agree: the Khmer Rouge always spoke true.

One of the many individuals who owed them favors was an old man dressed in Chinese-style fatigues, a wry, crafty old man who often went to Ban Lung. He was Khmer, and probably illegal, I would guess. One afternoon I interviewed him in Mr. Eagle's house, which was open to the streaming, stinking water between piers. The tethered fishing boats rode up and down, waiting until dusk when their masters

would go to work.

Whom must you pay more, I asked, the Reds or the Whites?

The old man always grinned. His face at first seemed so friendly and open. —Oh, for the Reds I must pay perhaps twenty thousand[95] plus food, he said. But the Whites I must pay more than I can say.

(All the onlookers chuckled at this witticism.)

How many years have you been doing the wood business?

Only two, said the old man (and D. whispered in my ear: Already he get big gold necklace!).

Is Ban Lung dangerous for you? Do you ever have any trouble there?

Yes, dangerous, he grinned, lighting up a cigarette and bobbing his head. He had a happy glowing drunkard's pumpkin-face.

How do you know the difference between Reds and Whites?

Different from uniform. Dark green for Red, and Ah-Ka collapsible. And for the White, noncollapsible. Hat is same like uniform. White is light green, yellow-green.

Who is stronger?

One side cannot get winner. He don't know how many for Red. But White they do bad things more than Red now. Reds always keep promise. That's why every house in Ban Lung have Khmer Rouge. Even you are White, your son and daughter must be Red.

Whom do you like better?

He like K.R., because everything they use is more perfect, even the whiskey. Cigarette they use is number one.

Do the Khmer Rouge ever talk about Pol Pot?

His face lit up with pleasure at being able to answer. He was a very happy and obliging old man. D. adored him more and more every minute. I had no doubt that he would cut both our throats if somebody paid him. —They always talk Khieu Sampan, he said. They say everything they do depend on Khieu Sampan.

Are the Khmer Rouge Communist?

No.

What are they?

The old man beamed and shrugged.

That was the usual answer, which had begun to make my flesh creep. They were faceless; they stood for nothing; they were not even Communists anymore; they did not admit the existence of their own leader, of whose public name his own brother had been ignorant until the last year of his regime. They were like angry ghosts.

I asked him again: Are the Khmer Rouge Communist?

Yes, he said this time, watching my face to see if he had answered correctly. He reminded me of the scared, polite boys in T-3 prison.

And how did you first meet them, old man?

He start for soldier at age fourteen. Nothing get better in White Khmer system;

he so tired. When Pol Pot control, he was Khmer Rouge already. Thirty-four, thirty-five years old then. In Pol Pot time he was head of village. Later he become soldier for Whites again, because run away from Pol Pot, maybe forty years old. Stay in Thailand for refugee seven years. At fifty-five he stop for soldier. Now he is sixty-four.

And what happened when you were head of village?

Under China's orders, Pol Pot must kill. And the people move to refugee camps. And the people move to refugee camps. And the White soldiers run away.

What do you think about Pol Pot?

I never saw him, came the answer, with a ready, toothless grin. Seeing that I was waiting for more, he spoke again, and watched the effect on me with a cautious, cringing air. D. translated: But for himself, he think Pol Pot no good, since always in the jungle.

When my face and voice expressed no displeasure, he brightened again. No mistake about it, he was a professional survivor, this one, who strove always to say and do the ingratiating thing. It might be difficult to learn what he thought about anything.

So you were Khmer Rouge before the Pol Pot time?

Yes, in Lon Nol time. When Lon Nol fight with Sihanouk, he become Red Khmer.

And then?

At that time they no have Pol Pot. After that, China they get idea: Pol Pot, you must come into your country to do bad thing against White Khmer.

When you joined the Khmer Rouge, you wanted to be a Communist?

Yes.

What bad things did you see in the Lon Nol time?

Ah, kill the people. Take money and kill. That was Lon Nol way. Dead people go down the river to Thailand, and everybody see.

Can you bring any Reds here?

A big one. Eyes like this. Speak true. If say kill, must kill. Very big one. Cannot bring him; can bring you to him. But he cannot guarantee your life, because no security over there.

If I go to Ban Lung, what are the chances that someone will murder me? I asked Mr. Eagle.

About fifty percent, he said. Even if this big Khmer Rouge give you a guarantee, maybe the Whites will catch you.

(Two weeks later the head of village in Ban Lung was captured and held for ransom, ostensibly by Reds, although later everyone said that Whites masquerading as Reds had done it. When I had D. telephone Mr. Eagle to ask the same question, he replied: Tell him do not go. Now chance of die is ninety percent. So stupid to throw your life for nothing. —I didn't go.)

What is his name?

General Eum.

Can you bring him a letter from us?

The old man grinned and nodded. D. and I quickly dashed off notes to Aum Eum, Khieu Sampan, and Pol Pot, sealing them all in envelopes of different colors: we had to give Pol Pot the red one, of course; since Khieu Sampan's name meant Mr. Green we assigned him that color; General Eum, being red but subordinate, got pink. Perhaps this frivolity had something to do with the failure of our efforts.

What is the aim of the Khmer Rouge?

He don't know. He think take only money now, no politic.

PHNOM PENH (1996)

There were so many cars and motorcycles in Phnom Penh now that I sometimes had to wait up to a minute before jaywalking when and where I pleased. The rickshaw drivers I remembered even from last year, those men in long, dark, greasy shirts which sometimes hung half down to their knees, towering over the shaded cradles in which their cargo of two children or an elegant lady rested, had proportionately dwindled. Doubtless a few had been able to make the move up to motorcycles, and many, many others had simply gone under. Boys in baseball caps leaned low, smoking 555 cigarettes while sucking orange sodas through straws and watching Chinese videos. At every corner now there were gem shops and gold shops. Schoolgirls went home on motorcycles; showgirls came from home. The Vietnamese prostitutes were in the same beauty parlors I remembered from last year and the year before; they laughed and waved me in. It took me at least five minutes of strolling to locate my first one-legged beggar, a former White soldier who doubtless was very fond of the K.R. The boy who sold me a fresh coconut full of juice beamed hopefully: Where you go-uh? Killing field, genocide museum, national museum, national palace?

They had payphones all around the central market now, and even a junk food minimart. The muck of underdevelopment was giving way to the filth of industrial grease.[96]

I had come to meet a former associate of Aum Tit's whom I hoped could give me entrée to the K.R. It was part of the general strangeness of things that this man could leave the Reds without being liquidated by them, could stay in Phnom Penh, the White stronghold, without problems from that corner, and could stay in touch with the Reds, too, so I was told. In the meantime, while waiting for what promised to be an expensive and fruitless luncheon engagement, I decided that I had to raise the topic of the skulls on the shelves one more time. When I had first come to Cambodia, the Vietnamese occupation had ended a mere two years before, and its character had not yet been completely effaced. My translator was surely required to write a report on me, and my driver had also been my sentry of whom I was a little afraid. The State of Cambodia in 1991 had not been quite free. Phnom Penh felt

better now. In Thailand the knowing voices on the fringes of the Khmer Rouge kept telling me that they believed the Vietnamese had killed many or most of the victims attributed to Pol Pot. Now that neither Pol Pot and the Vietnamese could bring too much influence to bear on the Phnom Penhois themselves, and now that I'd made some friends over the years who'd begun to trust me, I thought that I could ask them this question: Who had really done it?

What made these researches especially difficult was people's unwillingness to be reminded yet again of the old tragedy. How could I not sympathize? When even the kindest, best-intentioned people presume to open the subject of my sister's death, I feel resentment and pain, whether I express them or not. This is a topic which (so I want to say) only I have the right to raise. Only I was there; you were not; I continue on with my sadness alone. Almost never have I let this feeling dictate my actions, believing as I do in everyone's right to search, question and understand, but still it throbs within me as I brace myself against every new mention, which is to say every new assault. When I mentioned the skulls on the shelves to the pro-Red souls on the Thai side of the border, I'd usually discern a more aggressive cast to their eyes: they were rich people and I was delving into their not very decent business practices, which indignant self-interest roused them to protect. But in Cambodia I saw in the eyes of those I questioned the dull, pathetic anger which I knew so well, as when one commander of a thousand sat in his kitchen for his private after-dinner English class, and because the teacher kept veering from this pupil to ask me, the native speaker, of what consisted the difference between building and apartment, and whether it is better to ask a new acquaintance what is his job or what is his work, and how, if you tell a man "I am her brother," the man can know from this alone whether you are her elder or her younger brother, I felt that it would be appropriate to ask him about his life. He was very poor, the boy replied; his mother, a civil servant, received $35 a month, which was why he gave lessons for $20 a month to rich people like this commander of a thousand who sat drinking barley water and listening to us with tired incomprehension. Whom did he live with? I asked, this being a not very intrusive way of finding out how many of his relatives had died. —Well, with his mother, of course, and his father, who was actually his stepfather since in the Pol Pot time...

Why was your father killed? I asked, and got that look I knew so well, and was ashamed.

He was a soldier, said the boy, and Pol Pot, you know he hate the government soldiers so much. By the way, what is a word more strong than "angry" and what is a word less strong than "angry"?

And it was the same when I asked my dear friend Vanny, whom I have come to love almost as if she were a sister, what she would have me ask Pol Pot if I met him. I saw the pain flood into her face and hated myself. It was necessary to do this. It was needful to be absolutely sure, to ask and ask and double-check everything, because

one does not want to make any mistakes when one writes about Tuol Sleng. But I said to myself: I can't do this job much longer. I don't want to be a journalist anymore.

Do you have anything you want me to say to him? I repeated.

At first Vanny shook her head. Finally she said: Just I want to know why. Why he kill the people when he is Cambodian like them.

Vanny had been a little girl when the Khmer Rouge were in power. They'd liquidated many members of her family. She remembered seeing Cambodians beat Cambodians to death with sticks.

Not Vietnamese?

Cambodians did it. Red Khmer.

There was a silence, and then she said: Now I tell my nephew, and he doesn't believe me.

(Time was Pol Pot's secret weapon, as it has been Hitler's—although the latter's victory is posthumous. Just let a new generation come, a generation which has not seen, and it will not, cannot believe. In this restaurant which I remembered very well from the years before it had been filled with air-conditioned luxury and gold fringes and businessmen from China and Singapore with their hand phones and rich Cambodians drinking tea from little porcelain cups with flowers on them, it was hard for me to believe.)

Will you bring your nephew to see Tuol Sleng someday? I asked.

I don't know.

Have you been to Tuol Sleng?

One time.

How did you feel when you saw those things?

She lowered her head, and as I looked at her my eyes began to ooze useless tears.

I can hardly say how I was feeling, she whispered.

I went one time before also, I said. That was the year I first met you. I never wanted to go there again. But since I may be able to meet Pol Pot, I'd better go and take some photographs.

Tuol Sleng is near my house, she said. If you want, I can go with you.

A SMILE

It was pretty much the same as before in that hideous place. I hadn't expected it to be different. The bloodstains on the floor had been scrubbed away or had crumbled away. In the rooms with those evil bed frames, the same black and white photographs were there, the photographs of the dark, rotten, and withered bodies which the Vietnamese had found there after the K.R. fled. Vanny said that when she came there in 1982, the bodies had still been on the beds. They were buried outside now, under white markers.

We gazed together at a photograph of communal labor in the rice fields, and she

said: I remember. I malaria...

I put my arm around her.

She could not stop looking at that photograph. —I do same like that. Too hot, too hot!

The people in the photographs were digging ditches. She whispered: Many many do like this. I malaria...

What did you do when you were sick?

No medicine and no can rest. Only working and so hot.

We looked at the images of torture again, and I asked her: Did you see things like this?

Yes, but I hide...

I asked if I could photograph her, and there in that place where they had tortured her brother to death she faced the camera and politely smiled.

"AND THE ROOF OF MY HOUSE IS BROKEN"

In Phnom Penh I had another friend, a motorcycle driver, a fine man, an intelligent man; I had known him for two years, and because I always paid him well and talked to him as if he were a human being, he liked me and kept my address in his back pocket, although he never wrote to me. At the end of the previous year, as he drove me to the airport, I had confided to him that I was a journalist, and he told me that he supported the Khmer Rouge. I asked him to take me out to find Aum Tit's former colleague, and once we'd begun to speed along, safely isolated from spies and eavesdroppers in our own private Airstream, I asked him how well he knew that fine organization, and he told me that his sister was K.R. He'd gone to visit her once. She lived near Pailin, in a place long controlled by the insurgents. I thought of something that Wall Safe had said to me in Borai when I asked him what the Khmer Rouge's main aim might be. —They must have some area for themselves like Khun Sa the Opium King, some private area for grow rice or something like that. —This my driver's sister seemed already to possess. It had been a two day ride on his motorcycle, and then he'd had to rent another motorcycle and driver which took him into Thailand for about two kilometers and then back into Cambodia, this time into Red Cambodia. (That short excursion to Thailand, which had been necessitated by a minefield, marked the one occasion he had left his country.) He liked the K.R. very much, he said, because they were honest. His sister was happy and living well. She and her husband had two children. Most people in the Red zone were better off than poor people in Phnom Penh, he said.

Better off than you?

Oh, yes, much better.

Why don't you move there then?

It's too far.

What do you think of Khieu Sampan? I asked.

Good something, bad something.

(Vanny had thought that Khieu Sampan was good, but didn't know why she thought so.)

And is Pol Pot good or bad?

Bad, he said. (I knew already that his father had starved to death in the Pol Pot time.)

And the Khmer Rouge are the same as Pol Pot in their behavior, or different?

Different, he said.

I asked him to take me back to Choeung Ek. The journey was briefer than I remembered, perhaps because the roads were better. Flashing past the people sitting television-spellbound in the cafes, we stopped at a gas station where an old beggar-woman shouted desperately; I had given away all my other small money and refused to give, so she began to pinch me and punch me as hard as she could, which wasn't very hard. Then we sped on to the killing fields, passing one Japanese tour bus which was returning from there; the Japanese in the windows looked pale and sickened.

The mass graves were almost filled in now. In another five years they'd be level with the ground. (The guardian said that there were forty more of them nearby, unopened.) There'd been a flood, maybe many floods; the holes were sandy and dirty, with saplings already growing in them, but bend down and you could still gather all the teeth or bone fragments or scraps of women's dresses you could possibly want; I didn't happen to want any. The heavy glass doors to the shelves of skulls were warped now. I could barely open them. I took my photographs, hating the job, hating being back here. The skulls did not smell anymore, and I thought that they had darkened slightly. The motorcycle driver gazed into the mass graves and yawned. He had to bring tourists here almost every week.

What do you think about the killing fields, Thoeun?

Terrible, he said sincerely.

Who do you think killed those people?

They say Khmer Rouge, but I believe only a little. I don't know.

What does your sister think about the killing fields?

She's far from here. So she don't care. She was refugee from Vietnam and came here to Phnom Penh, but no house, no land except for rich people.

But you have a house and land.

No land, he returned with an angry smile. And the roof of my house is broken.

THE SECRET OF SUCCESS

That was the thing to remember, that when a guerrilla movement endures and endures, many people must be supporting it. And by supporters I don't just mean the late Mr. Yu Kon of Khlong Yai, or the evil Madame Black-Eyes, or Wall Safe or

the rich boy in Borai, although they did help Pol Pot through their business relations with him; no, I'm thinking about Cambodians like my driver, people who'd experienced the Khmer Rouge terror and who still supported the K.R. Guerrilla war is first and foremost a popularity contest. That was what Mr. White-Shirt had been driving at in Borai, when he'd said that Pol Pot must be a good man if the Khmer Rouge, now in their thirty-third year since Pol Pot and his colleagues had first fled into the jungle, were still going strong. White-Shirt's logic might not be impeccable, but it was not completely wrongheaded, either—I had come to believe that the Opium King possessed some measure of goodness precisely because he was loved and praised by so many; if Pol Pot were loved for his ideology rather than for his wood and gems, then I very much wanted to know why. Thoeun had given me one answer. I did have to admit that since the Khmer Rouge were still alive there must be many, many souls like Thoeun and his sister. —Take, for instance, the woman about whom I wrote earlier, the one I first met in 1991, not Vanny but the other one, the one whose back was seared with round white scars where the K.R. had burned her with an iron bar because she was only nine years old and could not work fast enough. I had been close to her for five years. She'd entrusted her eleven-year-old son to a school in her village, which was far from Phnom Penh; and when I asked whether she'd bring me there to meet him she said that she never could, because it was a Khmer Rouge place. Her family had all been murdered by the K.R.; two years ago she'd told me how much she hated the K.R.; she said she didn't know any K.R., but her village was K.R., and she said that her son was in good hands. Wearisomely strange it all was! —Or consider all the stores which sold gems purporting to come from Pailin; granted, many if not most of them were glass, but how had the real ones gotten here? The merchants claimed that they had bought them in Thailand, but the odd thing was that they were cheaper here than in Thailand, which meant either that the Cambodian merchants could afford a lower markup even after going through at least one extra intermediary, or else (what struck me as more likely) that they were lying and dealt with the K.R. Why not? Everyone else did.[97] I thought of White-Shirt saying to me at that crying tiger restaurant back in Borai: But if you meet me here in Borai I cannot answer you like this. And I thought of how the White army, 160,000 strong, could not seem to beat the Khmer Rouge, who were estimated to number about 10,000; I thought of how the Whites had lost Pailin a month after they'd conquered it, how they'd lost Anlong Veng a mere three weeks after taking it; the reporter William Shawcross has written flatly: "The present armed forces cannot defeat the Khmer Rouge and they should not be encouraged to try."[98]

From The Cambodia Daily:

DEFENSE SOURCE CITES "CAUTION" IN DRIVE FOR PAILIN
Government forces are in a position where they could "easily" take the Khmer Rouge stronghold of Pailin but are exercising caution in order to avoid a repeat of the 1994 debacle, a Ministry of Defense official said yesterday."'We can occupy Pailin whenever we want,' said the official, who asked not to be named. The official added that the government's priority was "not to lose control of the town after it has been seized."[99]

PROSPERITY IS JUST AROUND THE CORNER

And yet Phnom Penh as a whole was indisputably richer every time I came.[100] Was Thoeun richer? I wasn't sure. But if five years from now I saw him driving a taxi instead of a motorcycle, I'd certainly take his complaints with a heaping tablespoon of salt. Right now, yes, he was poor, and compared to me, an American with a decent income by my own country's standards, he would always be poor. But if he ended up no poorer than, say, the average taxi driver in Thailand, then one would have to say that the Pol Pot time no longer pulled him down with its harsh dead hand. I sat in a restaurant I knew, which before had had a dirty concrete floor, and which now was tiled, and I looked across the sunny street at the gas station which in my recent memory had been a vacant lot; and I watched the cars and motorcycles which once had been Russian bicycles traverse my field of vision, and a woman came in to the restaurant holding by the neck a plucked and naked chicken which reminded me of the crazy woman naked from the waist down who had wandered through traffic the day before (Thoeun said that she'd been like that ever since the Pol Pot time), and the fish in that restaurant was more exotically seasoned and tasted better than before, and the central market which I had stared at year after year now bulged with fancier fruits, wristwatches, and gold chains; and the mass graves at Choeung Ek were shallower than before—yes, I know I've described this before, but over and over the skulls on the shelves grin again behind my closed eyes! —I'm going to tell you again that when I bent down I could still grabble easily through the scrap of a woman's dress and the fragment of a man's shirt to find buttons and a human tooth; again I'll tell you that in another five years those shallow craters (in one of which young trees were already growing) might be almost filled in, resembling the forty other unopened mass graves just behind them; by then the pay phones and mini-marts would surely have spread beyond the center of town, and more cyclo and motorcycle drivers would be either richer or out of work, and the city would be louder and I would not be able to see the stars anymore. I cannot forget any of this. Sometimes when you think about something long enough, as a journalist must do to understand, and when you see that thing, that horrible thing, it's there inside you

forever. I will never forget the skulls on the shelves. And I hope that in another five years something won't compel me to see them again. But maybe that's the cure. See them often enough, and I'll become like Thoeun.

A dirt back street I remembered was now paved and crammed with women selling bananas, oranges, and watermelons. A prostitute of my acquaintance who once drank the crimson-brown tap water now imbibed nothing less than filtered hydroxic acid. There were more televisions in the cafes and the apartment balconies had laundry of brighter colors hanging from them. In the bank the clock worked and it was air-conditioned and they even had computers in that place where my companion, for whom I was opening an account, could with great difficulty sign her name.

THE PLEASURES OF EQUALITY

So everything was getting better, and Thoeun was just a sourpuss, and when I hired him to drive me out to dinner at a location chosen by my companion, that woman whose back was seared with round white scars, whom I came to see every year, we bypassed the pleasure district of Chattamak because the government had closed it down; crossing the new Japanese bridge we found upon pilings over what were once marshes a multitude of shining-new Vietnamese restaurants for rich people, replete with lovely made-up hostesses; this was where the woman liked to go now, so what the hell.

Thoeun didn't want to eat at first. He was shy. —Come on, I said. Have you ever eaten here?

Never, he said. I can't make in a day's work what one meal here costs. Sometimes a week's work wouldn't pay it.

Oh yes, he was just being a sourpuss. So what if his roof were broken? Didn't other people have the right to get richer and richer and richer even if he couldn't?

My companion picked at her food. Year by year she was becoming more moody. I got the bill and my heart sank.

That night I dreamed of being chased through a Museum of Death by the paraplegic brother of someone I had killed; he rolled after me on a skateboard and attacked me until I had to kill him, too. The next morning Thoeun took me to get my bluejeans repaired because my companion was embarrassed by the hole in their crotch, and afterward Thoeun went to look in the market for some secondhand socks, but they were almost half a dollar—too much. The next day he waited in front of the hotel all day, but he got only one beautiful Vietnamese whore going back home; she paid him a thousand riels, which was slightly less than the socks would have cost, and that was all he made that day.

Thoeun had a daughter who had gotten the measles shortly after she was born. She was blind in one eye. She was seven now. The doctor said that when she was ten he would cut her eye out, but she was too small right now. She should have been in

school, but Thoeun was afraid that the other children would be mean to her when they saw her eye (she was already so shy), so he had decided to keep her at home until her operation. He was already worried about how much it might cost, and the used motorcycles he bought for his job generally lasted only about eleven months, by which time they were barely paid off. I worried about him, too. Every year I paid him quite a bit more than I needed to, which was one of the reasons that he liked me and trusted me. He was extraordinarily intelligent and, self-taught, had learned to speak better English than any other Khmer I'd met in Phnom Penh, so I thought to help him by introducing him to Vanny and her brother, saying that he would make a splendid teacher, but they felt awkward together, I think because they were rich and he was poor...

Vanny and her family had given me dinner again this year, several times, so I finally offered to take them out. It was an expensive, gloomy restaurant that they picked; I forget whether they said it was the most expensive in Phnom Penh or the second most expensive. Anyhow, it had just opened. Dancing girls sang far away from the diners' tables. Many rich White soldiers toasted me with cheers all the time.[101] My companion, whose presence offended them on account of her poverty and her profession, was sulky all evening, and scarcely said a word. Later she remarked that for what I'd paid I could have given her uncle an eye operation. I thought of Thoeun's daughter, whom I would much rather have given an eye operation to, and said nothing.

Do you think you'll get a victory over the Khmer Rouge soon? I asked Vanny's brother, the commander of a thousand.

Why don't you ask Sihanouk? his wife replied snappishly.

I will the next time I see him.

It all depends on him, said the commander of a thousand. Cheers!

ADVERTISEMENTS

Outside the hotel the motorcycle drivers were fighting over me as usual, and one of them thought that his rival was about to make a sale (wrongly, in fact, because I was loyal to Thoeun), he shouted at me: You must not go with him, because he is a Khmer Rouge defector! Fighting us, year after year! And then the government offered him small money, so he sold himself!

Don't listen; he's crazy! pleaded the sweaty one.

No, it's true! He sold himself for small money, and now he likes Vietnamese girls! (In Cambodia, this was the ultimate insult.)

No, no—don't believe him!

You must not go with him. He is Khmer Rouge.

A BANQUET

Aum Tit's ex-colleague, the Khmer Rouge general now come ambiguously in from the cold, was another Aum (which means Uncle), so we will call him Aum Sambath, although that was not his name. He lived with a Thai businessman who was a good friend of Wall Safe's back in Borai; Wall Safe had arranged the introduction. Since he happened to be an uncle, too (for uncle is what we must call the old men we respect), let us call him Aum Sasong. Aum Sasong dwelled in one of those Z-shaped dirt alleys of bamboo houses and suckling puppies and English schools whose sole accoutrements were blackboards on which the two or three English sentences never changed, with the possible exception of the one which said: *Today is...* The house of Aum Sasong, in short, was poor, which surprised me because the house in which I'd met his son in Borai was quite rich. Aum Sasong had a plantation near Phnom Penh, to which he wanted to bring me, but I didn't want to go, because it would have taken all day to get there over very bad roads, and I had a fever again (when I looked at my face in the mirror it was so red and swollen that I almost thought my ears would fall off), and, above all, I could not see any point to going when I had not even met Aum Sambath yet. Instead, I did the lazy noble thing; I invited everyone out to lunch, specifically including the invisible Aum Sambath in my invitation. Wall Safe had warned me: Khmer Rouge trust you only when they are full. When they are little bit hungry, they trust you, but only for the short time. When very hungry, cannot be your friend. —So I figured that I had better feed Aum Sambath very well.

With Aum Sasong at the table were his wife, a dumpy elderly lady with a tired expression who said nothing and to whom nothing was said; their son, who obviously longed to be elsewhere, a grim personage of about forty with crow's-feet at the corners of his eyes; and another middle-aged man in a police uniform. One of them might perhaps be Aum Sambath; or it was possible that in spite of my invitation he hadn't come at all. As my mother always says, you never know in life. Thoeun sat beside me; he was my interpreter. Everyone was polite to him until they figured out that he was just a motorcycle driver. Then they stopped talking to him.

The policeman had come straight from the office to dine at my expense. He recommended the grim-faced one as his neighbor. On the back of his hand the policeman bore a scar about the size and shape of a wristwatch dial. It was the same story as that of my companion with the white scars on her back: the Khmer Rouge had seared him with a heated iron bar for working too slowly. Toward the end of the Pol Pot time, the policeman had managed to flee to Thailand, from whence he was not repatriated for more than a decade. His wife and two children had remained in Battambang, where the Khmer Rouge had brought them in the urban exodus. He asked me where I was from, and I said the United States. He said that it was his fondest desire to go there; would I please bring him?

And should I bring your wife and children also? I asked. That would be

very expensive.

Only me, only me, he whispered frantically. (I had to hand it to D. She knew about war character.)

He said that his salary was not large enough for him to buy the regulation pistol.

When he requested my address, which I gave him, I asked his in return, and thus verified what I had suspected from his torture scar, that he was not Aum Sambath. But the grimfaced personage proved to be the one I sought. He wore a ring of gold whose massiveness approached that of the policeman's scar. He had a calm, cruel, self-assured face, which could have been that of a Serbian bully or that of one of the New York ghetto blacks who'd burned my arm with a cigarette lighter. Very, very different, this one, from the scared boys in T-3 Prison! I was afraid of him.

Wall Safe had warned me that I must tell everyone that I had been his good friend for ten years; otherwise Aum Sambath would never trust me. He had written a testimonial to our long deep friendship, which I'd presented to Aum Sasong. But Aum Sambath didn't trust me anyway. He started quizzing me about Wall Safe's family. Fortunately I knew the name of Wall Safe's wife; she'd stuck in my memory as much for her ill nature as for her extreme beauty, and I'd never forget the sight of her counting those lavender rubies out of plastic bags. *The Taming of the Shrew* came into my head, so I went on and on to Aum Sambath about how gracious and friendly she was. He was hardly convinced. He wanted to know where and how I'd met Wall Safe, and why it was that in my ten years of deep friendship with Wall Safe and his family I had never once met him, Aum Sambath—why, in fact, Aum Sambath had never until now heard a single mention of me. Doubtless he was also wondering how it was that Wall Safe and I expressed to one another our sacred sentiments of intimacy when I couldn't speak Thai and Wall Safe couldn't speak English. Fearing to get strangled in my own lies, I droned on about the greatness of Wall Safe's heart, instructing wise Thoeun to amplify my remarks at length. He grunted ironically. The policeman helped himself to more fish. Aum Sasong's family looked bored. I deemed it less than opportune to press my suit any further at that less than private lunch.

Aum Sambath was, among other things, a well established member of the gem merchantry. He advised me not to buy any stones in Phnom Penh. I asked him if he had ever been to Pailin (where, of course, he'd been for years), and he said sourly: Many times. Not long ago. —To fully appreciate this, one must imagine that we were in Washington, D.C. during World War II and I was taking out a lunch an industrialist (Aum Sasong), a Jewish refugee from torture (the policeman), and a general, and the general said that he had been to Berlin many times, and not so long ago, either. The battle-lines, in short, were more than permeable.

After dessert, Aum Sasong invited me to come with him to see his durian plantation, which lay three or four hours away. I made what might have been a mistake of cowardice: I declined. I figured that either Aum Sambath wouldn't come, or else

I wouldn't be alone with Aum Sambath, and after that lunch my apprehension about being considered a spy was high. Vanny had warned me that I was in danger of being blackmailed by the Whites or executed by the Reds at that lunch. Aum Sambath clearly did not swallow my feeble story. After the others had gone, I had Thoeun take me to stationery, where I bought the most elegant message-vehicle available, namely, a red and gold card in honor of the Chinese New Year, now approaching; and upon that card I respectfully requested Aum Sambath to introduce me to someone who knew Pol Pot. I asked him please to tell the bearer of this message when I might expect a reply. Thoeun translated the note into Khmer on the facing page. Then, while I lay low at Vanny's, so that Aum Sasong's family would not think that anything strange were going on, Thoeun got on his motorcycle, delivered the card to Aum Sambath, whom he fortunately found alone, and waited. He told me later that Aum Sambath read my card expressionlessly, turned to him, and said: Very well. You may go.

ARANYAPRATHET, SAKEO PROVINCE, THAILAND (1996)

And now my time and money were running out, and the closest relative to a Red Khmer I had met had been Aum Sambath, whom I could not really describe as helpful. I had one more chance. I could either go to Battambang, and try to meet the K.R. there, or else soldier on in Thailand. I elected to stick with Thailand to the bitter end, because despite my lack of success so far it still struck me that the safest place to meet Reds, both for them and for me, was outside their country and away from the minefields. If I made friends and received an invitation to view some charming little ambush, well and good, but until that happened it would be suicidal to wander aimlessly. I had learned by now what Pol Pot did to cadres who spoke with journalists; doubtless exceptions were often made, but I did not yet know how to be an exception. I was still hoping for good news from Ban Lung—oh, I had my expectations as poorly crafted as the multicolored children's backpacks which hung in the open doorways of Khlong Yai's dry goods shops! — but when I met D. at the airport in Bangkok she reported that we had received no reply from Aum Eum, and that the head of village in Ban Lung had been seized and held for ransom by false Reds (who later turned out to be White bandits; after the money was paid and he was released, the head of village, so I was told, hunted them down and killed them). At any rate, the old Khmer who'd delivered our letter to Aum Eum, and the head of village who'd introduced us to the old Khmer, were both afraid to go to Ban Lung now. The head of village said he did not know how he could help us further. As for Wall Safe, he had tired of trying to help us. He was now buying gems at the Burmese border anyhow. The rich boy had been unable to

get his ten trucks back. He no longer used his hand phone, he said, because the K.R. kept making threatening calls. Accordingly, it did not seem worthwhile for D. and me to return to Khlong Yai or Borai, although I did miss that haunt of off-duty police in Borai, the crying tiger restaurant, which made not only crying tiger but also a special dish of pan-fried garlic, beef, and basil all crispy and crunchy, mixed in red chili pods as long as my thumb which were screamingly delicious. However, I was not supposed to be writing the Michelin Guide, but interviewing mass murderers. Where to go, where to go? There was always hot and dreary Chantaburi Province, with its plantations of pepper plants on sticks; but even D. alone, charming and well-connected though she was, had been unable to cross the border there. Forget it. I proposed that we visit Aranyaprathet.

PROGRESS

The red rocks and dust which I remembered so well from 1991, when I'd tried to sneak across the border and failed, were still the same; I saw again sandaled people wheeling immense carts, but the merchants' dens, once just open-air flimflam stalls on a long zigzaggy lane of red dust and barbed wire, were becoming permanent now; long barracks-like concrete blocks had sprung up, sprouted awnings and tiled floors, and subdivided themselves into walled spaces which could be put to bed at night behind steel shutters; new blocks were in construction. Here it all was: phony sapphires and occasionally real ones from Pailin, secondhand shirts, uniforms, and jeans with the body odor still in them, California raisins, Vietnamese model ships, and Chinese china. The storekeepers and restaurateurs watched from behind those multicolored awnings, and the beggars and buyers, soldiers and schemers; the beggars and schemers in their turn chose their own particular slit of clean or fetid sunlight and glued their eyeballs on their victims. Here came the Cambodian girl whose face was all nose. She smiled at me today. I tried to get her a plate of rice, but she was too shy. A Cambodian woman was following me. She kept a feeble green bird half-stifled inside her hat; she was hoping I'd buy it for two hundred baht. (Whenever I interviewed anyone, she came as close as she could, straining to listen.) A filthy, bald little Cambodian urchin grabbed at my hand and strained to keep me; I whirled him gently around my waist while his friend attempted to pick my pocket. People told me that more and more Cambodian businessmen were establishing themselves over here, which I thought at first to be a sign of Cambodia's increasing prosperity, which it surely was, but there was another reason: Poipet on the Khmer side was too dangerous. It was the Thais who had the money to buy, and they didn't like to go to Cambodia anymore. The aging karaoke singer whose vagina cost five thousand[102] per night didn't go to Poipet anymore. For one thing, she felt it more advisable to use the daytime to catch up on her sleep. She said that the White generals came from time to time; lately, however, they hadn't come, because they

were busy fighting Reds. Sometimes the Cambodian prostitutes got past the checkpoints; she knew them by their makeup. Some of them seemed nice, but you really couldn't trust any of them; that was the Cambodian character. She'd never seen any Reds (but of course the Reds would have breezed in and passed themselves off as Whites). Yes, this was the border at Aranyaprathet, changed and not changed. One morning a hundred black-uniformed soldiers descended from a bus and strolled everywhere, shopping. They had to go to a secret destination in one hour, a soldier said. I remembered them from last time. One warned me to watch my wallet, and I said: Thank you, sir.

Soon D. and I saw the first one-legged little girl of the day; then we met an eleven-year-old boy whose arm was sickeningly scarred from elbow to wrist: accident from mine, he said.

I wanted to go to Poipet, but once again the Thai border police wouldn't let me. So I sent D. across (in case you haven't figured it out by now, this is D.'s story, not mine; without her I could have done nothing), and sat down to wait, surrounded by ragged dirty Khmer boys who were hoping to get work that day. Thai soldiers, possibly wanting to help me, came and shooed most of them away.

You like Sihanouk? I asked them.

Very very good.

Hun Sen?

Good.

Khieu Samphan?

Very bad.

Pol Pot?

Very very bad.

I am hunger today, whispered my main respondent, Mr. Blueberry, and I motioned him to follow me so that I could buy him lunch but at once a whole troop of them began to follow, and when I stopped to photograph a one-legged White soldier they all dispiritedly vanished.

After an hour or so, D. returned to me, pale and shocked. She said that when she'd arrived at Poipet Market, where everything was old and dirty, she saw White soldiers yelling at each other over some fish and waving machine guns in each other's faces. These soldiers had themselves been hired by the fish merchants to keep the Immigration men from extorting more than their fair share of the fish. D. was very, very afraid.[103]

From The Cambodia Daily:

TWO DEAD, ONE INJURED IN FISH HEAD DISPUTE

Two Cambodian soldiers were killed and the wife of one wounded in a fight over fish heads...[104]

STATEMENT OF THE DRIVER

Our new driver, a chunky, middle-aged specimen from whose mirror the garland for Buddha hung wilted, thought that the K.R. were very good. It was the old story:
—They always speak true for business, he said. One price. (I thought of the rich boy's trucks. But maybe those robbers were different K.R.) And same like American style, he went on enthusiastically. If they say ten o'clock, you must come ten o'clock or they go. They don't like waiting.

I had learned that Thais who liked the Reds usually didn't like the Whites. The driver fell into this mold. He had once been involved in some gold business with the Reds, but the Whites kept shaking him down. The last straw came when he was doing a dinnerplate business with the Whites and then the border suddenly closed at a time when he happened to owe the Whites money. They took it out on his sister.

STATEMENT OF THE DRIVER'S SISTER

This mountainous woman sat barefoot and cross-legged on a platform in her hot, dim shop which sold plates from China. The King and Queen hung overhead in oval frames. The woman smiled warmly, and I saw that she was missing teeth.

What happened exactly?

Some Cambodia tell her come look our shop. When she go to look inside, they don't let her go. They catch her in Poipet Market and bring her to some house. They say: We don't let you go until we get some money. And then, two Cambodia working with her here in Thailand go inside, try to help her. And the driver come. They said: If you don't give money, cut, amputate your sister. Make for driver afraid.

And how did they treat you?

Take care. They just need money. Business person.

The two who caught you were soldiers?

Just normal person.

With guns?

They just say: Oh, you come here for business. Then keep. No way to run away, because she get fat.

They were White or Red?

White.

Which of the two do you think is worse?

She don't know who good.

How long did you stay in that house?

Three months.

What did you do there?

Nothing. Nothing to do.

How do you feel about it now?

Unhappy now. After that she don't want to control too much business. Get angry even now.

But you still do business with the people who kidnapped you?

Yes. Do business.

Do you still go to Poipet now?

Never go again.

(She had to whisper all this, insofar as she was capable of whispering, since the ones she did business with might hear, and then something bad would happen to her again, even in Thailand.)

Can they catch you here?

Cannot in Thailand, she whispered fearfully, looking out the door.

When they let you go, what did you say to them?

The woman raised one flipper-like arm in a hieratic gesture. —She say to them thank you. Say nothing more.

STATEMENT OF THE DRIVER (CONTINUED)

So the driver didn't like the Whites much. He said that there was shooting just across the border every day—you could hear it from Thailand—and some of it was White against White, but mostly it was Red against White. He said that we could go to the hospital in Aranyaprathet any time and see the victims.

So most of the shooting comes from the Reds?

Yes.

But you think the K.R. are good?

Oh, very good. Very good for business.

And what about all the people missing one leg? Are those mines laid by the Reds or the Whites?

Mainly the Reds.

And you don't feel sad for them?

Before, a little bit sad, but see so many that now it become normal.

He took us to the hospital to inspect that day's crop. Cambodians could come there for free if they didn't have money. Nobody new in the men's ward, but in the women's side there lay a young bride whose face was still somewhat pretty; she'd been cutting grass with two other girls, and one of them had stepped on a mine. The bride was the only survivor. No legs anymore. Her husband stood beside her bed, unmoving. I don't think the girl had realized yet what had happened to her, and how her life would be from now on. Maybe next year I'd see her on crutches, swinging herself wearily down some muddy street. I hoped that she was clever with her hands. If not, how would she be able to support herself?

But enough of these sad reflections not worthy of an amoral information-seeker; after all, the land mine that maimed that girl and killed her friends was nothing

personal! You can't blame Pol Pot or the Whites for that—why, they didn't even know her! What was it that Madame Black-Eyes had said back in Khlong Yai? *But that was just politics.* Indeed, that was all it was.

MR. SPEED

The border boy had a gold tooth, and he wore a cap which proudly advertised a brand of liquid speed. D. and I brought him to a cheap noodle place and he could not stop eating. He said that he never ate this well at home in Cambodia, and as a matter of fact he hadn't had any food all day. He was a White deserter. —Three months, D. translated, and always fighting, so he run away. He said, always when they fighting, Thai soldier help Khmer Rouge to fight against the Whites.

Why?

He don't know. Maybe the big White know, because they say each other, don't talk, keep quiet.

Does he know any Reds?

The boy smiled and nodded, and I began to hope. He was not afraid.

He say, Red Khmer very difficult to remember face, because always put hat low like this, because cannot see. Even shooting you never know who is who. But Khmer Rouge they wear only one uniform, just dark green.

Can you find one of them for us?

It's far to find them.

How far?

Only three kilos, but then they shoot me, grinned the boy.

So how can we meet a Red Khmer?

If I go to see Red, they shoot me. If I give them come here, then White shoot them, because they remember face.

He wiped his face with a wad of toilet paper. He smelled very bad. Dark, dirty, and large-eared, he scratched at the white eczema or fungus between his fingers. I was already beginning to trust him, because he spoke simply and directly. He said: If they come, they come in evening time. Just come to border, look for news. They come to Poipet eight o'clock, nine o'clock evening, like spy, then go back to camp. One hour after, come again shooting.

Tell him that if he can find a Red for us, we'll give him something.

He know that already! Sometimes falang very stupid thinking, Bill! This is like *idiot!* (I was reading Dostoyevsky's *The Idiot* at that time, and D. was very proud of knowing this new word.) Of course he know! But he say, before he have two friends K.R., and when Whites know, they catch his two friends and kill.

Well, does he have any more K.R. friends left, or have they all been bumped off?

He say okay. Tomorrow morning time. What o'clock you want?

CHOREOGRAPHY

We went to the karaoke restaurant to listen to the singer whose vagina was worth five thousand baht complain about Cambodians again. (The sheen of incandescent light on concrete, that's the color of night in Thai cities.) The next day we met Mr. Speed at the appointed hour. Two other smiling Khmers dogged us all the way to the open-air restaurant, one at each of my elbows, and when we got there they made as if to come in with us, so we had to sit down outside with Mr. Speed and wait for them to go away, which they didn't. So we sat on, partaking of vinegar and grease.

Finally I sent our driver to put his arm around the boy and walk him in, blocking the others with his considerable bulk. We bought the boy breakfast while the two jealous followers stood ten feet away beaming at me and straining their ears. I beamed back at them. Then they glowered. I winked. They gazed at me with hatred. I smiled and saluted, and they saluted me back.

Mr. Speed said: That blue one followed me everywhere, try to know me.

And what happened?

Mr. Speed grinned modestly, running a tongue over a gold tooth.

He bring K.R. cross the border by the secret way four o'clock morning. And he bring White also to guarantee not shoot him.

Good work, Mr. Speed. Have another breakfast.

When he couldn't eat another bite, we proceeded past the rancid body-stench of the secondhand clothing shops toward our rendezvous, a certain shop in the driver's control, and the two boys followed us. At one point Mr. Speed doubled his fist at them, but after a silent scuffle he gave in to their presence.

So how did you pull it off, Mr. Speed?

He go to White, D. translated laughing, and White radio to Red, invite them! Oh, Bill, you and I must be very careful this place. Crazy, eh?

We had neared the shop. I told the driver to go with Mr. Speed while D. and I sat in another restaurant, so that our poor followers, Mr. Blue and Mr. Green, wouldn't know whom to pursue. Mr. Green wandered off finally in search of other prey. But Mr. Blue smelled a business transaction about to take place. He would not leave us. When D. and I finally arose, he strode miserably along beside us, then suddenly seemed to realize that he'd been tricked, and dashed off at full speed in search of Mr. Speed.

Ah, the driver knew how to arrange things! Fellow journalists, treasure your drivers, for they are as gods. No one could stop us. In the shop, D. and I sat on sacks of multicolored plastic cord, far enough away from the doorways on either side so that Mr. Blue and his cronies, of which there were now several, could not hear. Another contact of mine, whom after his cap we'll call Mr. Capitol, had now arrived on the scene to discuss certain arrangements I'll tell you about later, so I parked him in the restaurant with an unlimited meal ticket. The driver motioned us to wait;

everything seemed in the bag until Mr. Speed came creeping up to me so forlorn, and whispered that his Red friend had run away in terror when he saw the driver's hand phone, thinking that maybe the driver was police...Mr. Blue had run off and come back again, and was now nosing hungrily around and around the shop, gazing at me like a shark, while Mr. Speed stood in a patch of sunlight on the street, waiting to become fifteen minutes older. I went out and had one of Mr. Blue's colleague take a photo of me with my arm around Mr. Blue's shoulders, just so that I could say I'd done it. There was a girl with no nose whom over the days we'd spent at the border I'd become fond of; I tried to get her to come into the picture, too, but she wouldn't. I thanked Mr. Blue profusely for being in the portrait, went back into the shop, sent D. on a stroking mission to Mr. Capitol, bought the driver a beer, slipped Mr. Speed twenty baht to cross the border and bring back his Red friend with a guarantee of full diplomatic immunity from the driver's hand phone, and awaited further plot-thickenings.

"POL POT IS JUST ANOTHER WORD FOR KHMER ROUGE"

Here he came at last, a skinny dirty boy just like all the others in T-3 except that he was free. Call him Mr. Red, for he was the genuine article. He was also the first Khmer Rouge I met outside of T-3 who was willing to talk to me. I was thrilled.

How many are there in your family? I asked him.

He's the number one brother, D. interpreted, and he has father, mother. Father die from sickness. Poor family. Mother selling vegetables at home.

How did he join?

He talk with someone he know. Difficult to be K.R. First time he become working with K.R., move heavy things for money. Not yet ten years old. Per day, he get twenty-fifty baht.[105] And someone tell him, you become to K.R., it's better.

Did he tell his mother he'd become Khmer Rouge?

He don't tell.

If he had told her, what would she have thought?

Angry, and doesn't like.

Why?

Don't let him die. But very very poor family. Must do.

(I am sure that Pol Pot would approve if in this context I quoted from Chairman Mao again: *Poverty inclines one to change, action and revolution.)*[106]

When did he join?

At ten years old he join. Go to fighting in Sdao, Treng Province. Now he's twenty-three. But maybe he little bit confused, Bill. From gun, earthquake voice make trouble in his head, so cannot remember some things. He come to Khmer Rouge, but nothing. Can get nothing. He have salary like eight hundred a month.[107] Some day food, some day no food.

How many people did you kill for the Khmer Rouge? I asked him directly.

He kill fifteen Whites. Fifteen people die from him. He shooting, and the people he kill were eighteen, nineteen years old. He only ten!

What kind of gun did he use?

Ah Ka.

The first time he killed someone, what did he think?

The boy touched his heart. He spoke quickly and firmly. —He was so sad for them. Because Khmer together.

Then why did you kill them?

Because shooting together. If I don't kill them, they kill us.

In the Khmer Rouge did they ever talk to you about politics?

Nobody even teach me about shooting gun, he said bitterly, but I learn myself.

So they didn't teach you any ideas at all?

Like a big general come to teach: We are Khmer Rouge now. If someone come to spy, don't let them still alive. Every try to be good Khmer Rouge.

What is a good Khmer Rouge?

Try to be Khmer Rouge soldier from your heart. No teach for the politic. Just try to catch the spy, talk a little bit, ask for what do you come, then kill.

(He was a very friendly smiling boy.)

Do you understand the word "Communist"?

He looked puzzled, thought for a long while. —It mean Khmer Rouge.

What does it mean to you?

He like a republic system. He don't know too much about it.

Who is the head of the Khmer Rouge?

Khieu Samphan.

What do the big generals say about him?

He don't know. Never say.

Have you ever heard the name Pol Pot?

He don't know. Pol Pot is just another word for Khmer Rouge. Maybe not a person. But if a person, Pol Pot always have a black uniform, and wear red fabric on head and wear shoes from rubber. But he never see.

Well, is Pol Pot a person or just a name for the Khmer Rouge?

He don't know.

(And so once again, I thought, Pol Pot evaded understanding or judgment; even to his own followers he remained the faceless one, the great emptiness walking in rubber sandals. De Gaulle once said to Sihanouk that "authority requires prestige, and prestige requires remoteness."[108] Here was remoteness with a vengeance.)

They say that Pol Pot killed a lot of people one time. Is that true or not?

When he was Khmer Rouge, he never heard about it. He stay with K.R. until age eighteen. After he walk out from soldier, then he hear Pol Pot kill the people.

And is that true or not?

He say true.

Does he think that Khmer Rouge want to kill the people again, or have they changed?

Now is killing, even now!

Who is better, Red or White?

White.

Why?

He clasped his fingers, became confused. I suspected that he was telling me what he wanted me to hear. I didn't believe that he was a defector. If he was, he wouldn't have been so afraid of the driver's hand phone. He wouldn't have crossed the border at four in the morning. —Better for the system of planning, he said finally. White is better. People don't have to stay in jungle.

And the Whites never kill anyone?

No.

Which is better to do business with, Red or White?

White.

And which is stronger?

Now is White more stronger than Red, because White control big city; impossible Red catch that area.

(That was true.)

When you ran away from the Khmer Rouge, were they angry with you?

He said he cannot come back to Khmer Rouge anymore, because if he do they must kill him, say spy for White.

Did he tell them, or just run away?

Run away. After become member, must be member eternally.

Did you ever set land mines?

Many time he see them, but he never put.

Who set them?

White.

MR. CAPITOL

And now, since I've been keeping Mr. Capitol waiting, let me pause to introduce him. The previous day I'd seen Mr. Blueberry among a crowd of would-be laborers; and when I asked him to please come with me to talk with me and D., he said simply: No. In the throng was another young Khmer whose cap read CAPITOL. He spoke almost perfect English, quickly and confidently, with an American southern accent, He'd gone to the U.S. for three illegal years, so he said, had gone to Bangkok illegally by walking seven days through the forest. Like Mr. Speed, he was a deserter from the Whites. He assured me that over a period of ten days he'd swallowed poisons mixed with wine, and now he was invulnerable to war. I wanted to put him

to the test with one bullet, but he said that while the bullet wouldn't hurt him, every such experiment would shorten his life by three months. He said that in the nighttime he'd once saved his comrades, because a spirit had woken him up and he'd heard the Khmer Rouge coming. He'd been a gunner then. He couldn't remember the name of the ordnance he'd fired, but it sounded like light artillery. It was from China, weighed two hundred pounds, and required three men to lift it. When he fired it, his ears bled. Once he had to fire it for three days running, and after that he was deafened for ten days and had to go to the hospital.

He had a warm affect, and moved and spoke most agilely. D. thought him very wise on account of his upslanting eyes. He was as positive about everything as all the waitresses in Trat Province who'd said that Cambodians didn't respect property, couldn't be trusted, as all the Madame Black-Eyes in Khlong Yai, who'd said that the Reds were great; I have always adored certainty. He reminded me of a corner drug pusher. Everything he said was optimistic. He assured me that I could cross the border to Poipet quite easily, which I knew already to be false. Then he said that he could bring us illegally to Cambodia in all smoothness. All we had to do was rent a car, put him in the trunk, and drive by a certain way he knew to the river. Were there Thai checkpoints? Oh, no. He was sure? Well, there were Thai soldiers and they would check us, but that was not a checkpoint, exactly. And then we'd just cross the river and be in Cambodia. If we gave the Whites twenty baht apiece when we got to the other side, they'd be more than satisfied. And then a mere twenty miles or so would bring us to the mountain where they shot the big guns. When they fired them, he said, it was like an earthquake (the same description that Mr. Red had used). The whole ground shook.

I wanted to know more about this illegal border crossing, having determined to follow the principle set forward so elegantly by the KGB, that "one should be especially aware of a collaborator's influence upon one and his exploitation. Although one should maintain close and delicate relations with a collaborator, one's demands as the communication of investigatory material and intolerance of provocation must be absolute."[109] My last few experiences on the Thai border had made me less than blithe. Nothing to it, Mr. Capitol assured me. There was a temple on the Thai side; you went in the front and came out the back, so that the Thais didn't see. Then you crossed the river.

What if the soldiers notice? I said.

No problem, said Mr. Capitol. One soldier, two soldiers against me, I can handle it. I been through all that. I been through all the jails.

Glad to hear it, I said.

See, this is my other idea that I'm trying to explain. You and her drive me to the temple. And I go the secret way, I meet you at the temple, and bring you into Cambodia.

I repeated all this slowly to D., who translated for the driver, who shook his head and laughed.

Draw me a map, I said.

Mr. Capitol did.

Remember, please, my husband is falang, said D. It's dangerous for him or not?

Not the secret way, said Mr. Capitol. I been through all those fights.

He bowed his cap low and lit a cigarette.

No problem, he went on. If we meet one or two Thais, we can handle 'em. We got backup. Many bazookas, 'cause a lot of drug dealers over there steal cars from Thailand , smuggle weed. If you want some weed or some crack, I can fix you up.

So which do you like better, Mr. Capitol, weed or crack?

Oh, I don't go for none of that stuff. I do the car thing. Give 'em a thousand bee,[110] whisk 'em off to Cambodia. I just do my business. Nobody talks. Anything happens, I can handle. I been in the army three years. I can smell people comin'. I can eat birds, eat rats.

Well, I said, let D. and me think about it.

VERIFYING MY SOURCES

We stood at the roadside with Mr. Capitol's map and I flagged down a *tuk-tuk*. It was a big, old-fashioned tuk-tuk which reminded me of a riding lawn mower topped by an awning. The old driver's windbreaker billowed up around his shoulders. In the two lozenge-shaped mirrors I saw his double face, steady and old in the wind. He said that there was a route that went ten kilometers to a certain temple, which must have been Mr. Capitol's temple as I ascertained by comparing the way we actually went with Mr. Capitol's sketch-map. He warned us that there would be many checkpoints. Twenty kilos farther on was a village filled with Reds, but we could not go there, so I said never mind; we'd settle for the temple.

We made a right just before the border market and followed a long flat dusty road which paralleled the frontier, meeting checkpoints every minute or two. Soldiers in camouflage looked up from color televisions, pulled strings, and raised their red-and-white barrier poles, acquiescently for the most part, because it was a Sunday afternoon and the big brass weren't looking over their shoulders and they did not want to be bothered. The checkpoints were sometimes actual huts and sometimes mere cutaway shacks shored up with sandbags. But as we proceeded, the soldiers within those stations assumed an increasingly serious character. They began to stop and question us; then they required us to write our names on a sheet of paper, which D. did in Thai, hoping that if they transliterated my appellation it wouldn't come out quite the same as in the other places where we were "in control"; meanwhile their equipment also became more formidable. At the final checkpoint they had bunkers and grenade launchers. The driver stopped to pick up a local woman, who told us that she heard shooting every day; sometimes the Cambodians shot directly over the border into her village she said. Red or White? I asked, and she

shrugged. —A cop followed us on a motorcycle to the temple where D., pretending to be my tour guide, had brought me. A monk was striking the drum with steady ominous booms, as I peered through the razor-wire behind the temple and saw a shallow dirty-green river bridged by stepping-stones; the other side was Cambodia, just as Mr. Capitol had said. I stood looking, and I did not like it. Two Thai soldiers with machine guns had now come up behind us, and in Cambodia a soldier came from a grass shack, saw me, half-crossed the river, and called to me in a friendly voice, seeking to lure me into his clutches. Two more Whites came running down to join him and gazed at me with wolfish eyes.

If they catch you, first they keep you, no food no water, said a monk, then you must pay big money to come back, or else they kill you.

Quickly, we must go back quickly! D. whispered to me urgently. Thai soldier make report; soon we must be in control again!

We got back in the tuk-tuk and left. A shot boomed from across the river—a Khmer Rouge 120 mm. mortar round. We heard shots intermittently all the way back to the market.

So much for Mr. Capitol and his bright ideas, I said to D. The next day I gave him some money to go and bring us an antitank mine and a special K.R. uniform which he guaranteed to be magically impervious to bullets,[111] and he never came back.

A BOGEYMAN AND A BARBECUED DOG

Our other driver, who was really very good and well worth the eight hundred baht[112] we paid him every day, knew a police general whom he thought was OK. The man lived in a concrete alley of gratinged porches well lit by the white shining of incandescent tubes. He was not back from Cambodia yet. His wife arose from her sewing machine and took the family motorcycle to find out when he might return. When she came back, she said that he would probably be late, so I took D. back to the karaoke bar where I always drank soda-water every night, and I'd just started to carve another woodcut of a singer who was wearing a dress tricked out with pearls when the driver came to fetch us. The police general was home now, and willing to see us, because he too belonged to the species of zealous businessmen.[113] When I met him, I liked him far more than I did Mr. Gold. He never asked how much we could pay him. He was invariably cheerful and polite, unlike Mr. Gold, who respected D. but considered me trash and never in the entire time I knew him permitted me to say a single thing to him directly without cutting me off and beginning to chat with D. On that night the police general was sitting outside, bare to the waist, eating meatballs and drinking beer. The wife was sewing again. They had a son, perhaps five years old, who happily prowled about, whittling a new notch in his homemade rubber-band launcher. The police general offered us meatballs, but I was not hungry, and D. had been nauseous all day; she was a vegetarian anyway.

The police general said that this year the fighting between Reds and Whites had begun on the twentieth of January. It was now Valentine's Day, and from here in Aranyaprathet down along the border to Trat, over a hundred Whites had died already, but only a few Reds. Every year they fought from January to June, and then they took a break until the fall. It was like *cha-cha-cha*, he said with a sunnily cynical grin. (He obviously got around; he had experience. He knew how to dial 555 on his walkie-talkie and listen in on the White fighting, although they changed the frequency every hour.) In the summer, he said, the Whites conquered Red territory, and in the winter it was the reverse. He said that two days ago in Battambang the Reds had been allowed to win, and they captured some equipment from the Whites. The next day the Whites won, capturing back their gear along with an equal array of Red weapons. They sold their booty to private bidders and split the profits with the Reds fifty-fifty. It was difficult for the Reds to come into town to sell anything, so they were quite happy with this arrangement. The Whites were happy, too, because they were poorer than the Reds and needed money.

The police general admired the Red system a good deal. In the K.R. area, students went to school, the women did their thing at home, and the soldiers fought. That was how life should be. The Whites had no system, he said, no law.[114] He showed me a color photograph he'd taken the day before yesterday of a bleeding man. The soldiers of two adjacent White checkpoints had opened up on each other in some commercial dispute probably not too dissimilar to the one which D. had seen building when she went to Poipet Market that day. He showed me a photograph of a parched plain on which a skinny and desperate family of Cambodians were barbecuing a dead dog. They had nothing else to eat, they'd told him. On the White side, said the police general, one was either obscenely rich (and I recollected all those new restaurants in Phnom Penh) or else one starved. That was why he preferred the Khmer Rouge.

And Pol Pot, you like him? I asked.

Oh, he's a bogeyman. Parents use his name to frighten their children. If you just say his name, children will scream and run away. He's too strict, too cruel. I've never seen him, of course...

But he heads the K.R., and you like the K.R.

The police general finished his beer. His wife refilled the glass. —Soon the old man must die, he said. He, and Khieu Samphan, and Sihanouk, and Hun Sen—all the old generation. Then new people can come in to develop Cambodia.

Who would you say is stronger, the Reds or the Whites?

In this area, definitely the Reds.

Is there any other difference between the two?

Well, the Whites only care about money, money, money. The Reds follow the secret way.

From The Cambodia Daily:

GOV'T TAKES CONTESTED HILLS

AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE: ARANYAPRATHET. Two strategic hills leading to a Khmer Rouge stronghold in the northwest fell Monday to government forces, Cambodian army sources said. Government forces captured Hill 25 and nearby Hill 36 from the rebels in a two-day operation but lost four tanks and suffered heavy casualties, a captain, who requested anonymity, told AFP.[115]

CONCERNING FRIENDSHIP, AND THE INTERVAL OF URINATION

In a classic illustration of how one does indeed rise to one's proper level of incompetence, the White officer to whom the police general introduced me at the border the following day admitted that he didn't know so much these days, although he was in border intelligence, because he'd been promoted, so he just rode around in a car now; he never went data-collecting in the jungle anymore. He'd joined the army at eighteen, which would have been during the post-K.R. Vietnamese occupation period. He was thirty-five now. His main task was to remind all his Thai counterparts, such as our police general, to check all the I.D.s of Cambodians coming across the border. If they had identification, then they were White; they were O.K. If they had no papers at all, then they were certainly Red.

What do you do when you catch a Red? I asked.

Here on the Thai side I have no power, he said. I try to get the Thai police to help me bring them back to Cambodia.

And then?

And then I try to teach them, he said. I say: Do you want to change your mind or not? If they say yes, then it's O.K. I enroll them in the White army and give them one star or even two stars to make them happy. If they say no, I have to kill them right away, because they're so dangerous. I cannot even bring them to prison.

How do you kill them?

By shooting.

In one month, how many are killed?

The White officer suddenly became abashed and uneasy. —Fifty per month surrender, he said. But actually we never kill anyone. Everyone must be afraid of death, you know. Everyone must surrender.

What's your opinion of the Khmer Rouge system?

No good. Always killing people, and then the citizens die.

He was very uneasy now, and busy to boot; he had to rush off because a battle had just broken out ten kilometers away. I asked the Thai police-general, who'd walked so tenderly finger-in-finger with his colleague, what he thought about him.

—Well, he said. I know his superior, so he must respect me. But I'll say this. Before, a Cambodian was your friend all day, and only changed his mind in the night time. Then they all started getting greedier, and a Cambodian was your friend for about an hour. Now a Cambodian is your friend for about as long as it takes him to piss.

Who kills more people, the Reds or the Whites?

He shrugged. —It's about the same. You know, sometimes the Whites come illegally into Thailand in the night time to do bad things to our citizens, and we have to kill them. On the other hand, the Reds kill the citizens, too. Just this morning at eight o'clock they shelled Poipet Market again, and somebody was killed; many were wounded; I don't know yet how many...

A RECRUITMENT STORY

I have to say that this police general was very good at his job. When I photographed Mr. Red, the K.R. "small soldier," it was too dangerous for him to bring his uniform across the border, so I bought him a new one in a shop in Aranyaprathet which the police general brought me to. There were many such shops. One owner said that the main buyers of K.R. equipment were crazy rock stars from Bangkok. The next step was to bring Mr. Red to a place where I could safely photograph him. Here again the police general proved invaluable, sitting beside the scared driver all the way to town, with the equally scared boy beside D. and me in the back; every time we came to a checkpoint the police general would simply roll down the window and shout: Pass! —I marveled at how easy it all was. In his loud and jocular voice he assured the driver that without him the driver, D. and I must infallibly go to jail, Mr. Red would be prosecuted, and the driver's truck would be confiscated forever. He then turned to Mr. Red and cried: I remember your face! Next time I'll catch you! —The boy tried to grin back. —I know everything about you now, said the police general. As soon as I saw your face, I even knew your shoe size!

By the end of the photo session (about which I am happy to report that the bribes were not much over twenty dollars, the fees likewise reasonable, the salaries almost so, the assessments not too burdensome; and about which I also want to say that Mr. Red thrilled with pleasure and pride when he put on his brand new Khmer Rouge uniform), Mr. Red and the police general were friends. Mr. Red (who now admitted to being no defector at all, but still a Khmer Rouge—an inactive alumnus, so to speak) had agreed to spy for him. The police general already had six border boys in his stable; Mr. Red would be the seventh. The police general was happy with his new intelligence source (and quite satisfied with the three thousand baht[116] we later paid him); Mr. Red was happy with his present lump sum from D. and me and his expected future piecework earnings from the police general; D. and I were happy to get the photos out of the way and not be arrested; who says that journalism doesn't serve the world?

INTRODUCING MR. GOLD

I felt that D. and I were finally starting to get somewhere. Meeting Mr. Red had been considerably more satisfying than meeting Aum Sambath. The driver thought that we could do even better. He had a friend named Mr. Gold—well, let me put this another way, for I am not sure that Mr. Gold had any friends. Mr. Gold's name was not, of course, Mr. Gold, but the meaning was not so different, and gold was certainly one of his preoccupations. He was Khmer and had done a lot of work for Japanese journalists. One of D.'s friends had used him and said that he always got the goods, but finally dropped him because Mr. Gold was too greedy, too expensive. He reminded me of Mr. Capitol's Vietnamese brother-in-law, who was all business, and had been a soldier for the Viet Cong for a good seven or eight years. You could see this in the brother-in-law's face (maybe I do believe a little in moral yellowness after all). It was a dark, tight, blank, unfriendly face, half-concealed by dark glasses and an immense straw hat. It never smiled. It looked upon the world with indifference. When some device of avarice was conceived beneath the forehead's weathered skin, then whispers might come out of the mouth; the face might readily bend, in order to mouth greedy and sinister breathings in Mr. Capitol's ear, but the face itself expressed nothing, was nothing, had looked, I am sure, upon nothingness, because the soul within had seen and done terrible things. Here was my conception of Pol Pot. Mr. Capitol had said that this brother-in-law of his cared not whom he killed. He gave even his name grudgingly, in a monosyllabic growl. To him I was but a possible source of money. I had no doubt that he would sell D. and me to the police or the Whites or the Reds if that would be more lucrative than doing the straight and honest thing. He was to me not a person (for I was not a person to him), but an exemplar of *Homo bellicosus*, War Man, like the women D. knew who refused to share a banana with their starving children. He had swum in rivers of blood not initially of his own making; seeking to live, he'd drunk of them and drowned in them, and been reborn without empathy or gentleness or loyalty, except to his intimates, who perhaps shared his habits. This too was Mr. Gold, although the latter was handsomer. Mr. Gold preferred the Red side, because if you went to the Reds you could keep your power, but if you went to the Whites you must give everything up—like cutting off an arm and a leg, he said.We bought Mr. Gold expensive dinners every night and set him to work.

MR. GOLD TO THE RESCUE

And now I am proud to report that Mr. Gold's illicit excursions to the jungle on our behalf had finally paid off, for despite Pol Pot's rather stern prohibition he had found a Khmer Rouge "big general" who was willing to sing. This was no small accomplishment on his part. Nobody who was not a businessman met the K.R. any-

more, it seemed. The Japanese journalists were always trying. They threw their money around and generally managed to cross the minefields by one secret way or another until they got to Battambang. The Khmer Rouge finished a number of them off there. The police general had told me one story of a Japanese with a video camera worth one million baht. The Khmer Rouge shot him in the face and sold the camera for a hundred thousand, which means that the only one who got any kind of story out of it was me, and it's not even a very interesting story, only sad and disgusting like all the other stories about this particular war. So Mr. Gold promised us that on Sunday, if we were good and waited with at least half-bated breath, the K.R. general would actually come to our hotel (at first he'd proposed an extremely expensive hotel which we would rent for the day and the K.R. general would use for an hour, after which Mr. Gold could presumably derive joy from it for the remaining hours with either his wife or some other Cambodian lady of his choice, but I finally put my foot down), and so D. and I waited and waited, and on Tuesday he actually came. *Ah khun*,[117] Mr. Gold.

AN INTERVIEW WITH GENERAL X.[118]

He frowned, folded his arms, and glowered, refusing to answer when I asked how he was. I felt that he hated me. He crossed his ankles, put his head back against the wall, and gazed at the ceiling.

He spread his fingers like wings and folded them in against his breast. His black eyes sparkled strangely.

He said if we take picture of him, member see and must kill, said D.

When did you join the Khmer Rouge?

1975.

How old are you now?

Thirty-six.

He never looked at me except in side-flashes, and then quickly gazed away at the hall. Perhaps it was not hatred after all that infected him, but fear. I knew this much: without the money he would never have come. How much was he actually getting? Mr. Gold, who sat blandly translating from Khmer to Thai in his melodious voice, had required fifteen thousand baht[119] for this hour (although yesterday he'd told us ten). He'd said that the Thai soldiers required five thousand, and this general ten. But when it came time to pay Mr. Gold at the end of the interview, he drove the general away first. He did not want him to see that fat envelope which D. placed into his hands. Mr. Gold was a thoroughly selfish and unpleasant person. The one thing I'll say for him is that he could get results which even the Thai police general couldn't. My assumption is that Mr. Gold took at least half the money for himself, then told the general and the Thai soldiers that the stingy no-good falang had underpaid. This way he could keep the money, and also impart a sufficiently nega-

tive image of me to make it difficult for D. and me to contact these people again without his paid mediation. Later that day he sent our driver to ask how much we were going to give him for his trouble, so we had to pay him another two thousand five hundred. I didn't want to do it, but D. said that if we got Mr. Gold angry then we'd never be able to meet Pol Pot, so I bit my lip and paid. That night the driver saw Mr. Gold and his wife at an expensive restaurant, blowing money. When the driver stopped to talk with him, Mr. Gold said: Why are you friends with that falang? He's not Thai or Khmer; he's no good. —Oh, I said to D. when he reported this to us. —Ask him what he replied. —He said to Mr. Gold, I not friend with stupid falang, only for working, for job, take money. Then Mr. Gold happy. Good, eh?

The Khmer Rouge general glared at the ceiling. He wore dark clothing, one item of which was a brand-new navy denim jacket with shiny buttons. That looked expensive, and so did his black pants. My sense of symbolism was pleased to see that beneath the jacket he had on a red shirt. He was very slender and stern and resolute.

What memory do you have of the Lon Nol time?

In that time he was too young. He was security of big person in K.R. At that time he was sixteen year.[120] At that time Americans support Lon Nol, but he think more Lon Nol soldier die than K.R.

Why did you join the Khmer Rouge?

Because at that time Khmer Rouge can come winner from Lon Nol already.

This was a clear answer, a reasonable answer, a fair answer. This Khmer Rouge was a careerist, not an ideologue, as one would have expected from his date of joining. But it made me sad, because that was how they all were, from the scared boys I'd met five years ago at T-3 prison to the "small soldier" a day or two before. I longed to meet somebody like Hermann Göring, who at the Nuremberg Trials argued with the prosecutor point by point, unashamed to be a Nazi. This general was not going to be Göring. He was going to be another General Keitel, another I-was-only-following-orders type.

When you joined, did you become a Communist?

Yes.

Are you a Communist now?

The mouth opened. I saw a flash of shiny teeth.

We are still in the jungle, the mouth said, so we are still Communist.

What does Communism mean to you?

Just fighting for something he want to do, fighting for some aim until success.

Anything else?

For his feeling, everyone in the world want to get good things, but for the small soldier, just doing, like you give me go to market, and I do, but I don't know what is the aim.

When he said that, I felt a little sorry for him. Unlike Göring and Keitel, he

was not on trial for his life here. I had promised not to make trouble for him, and I wouldn't. He could have blustered; he could have boasted; he could have said that he was proud of who and what he was. But even though he was a high-ranking general (a fact which was later independently confirmed for me by another source), he spoke like a "small soldier." In other words (I'd guessed it), he was just following orders. A moment later, I felt even more sorry for him, because there came a hailstorm of knocking on the door and he almost fainted. D led him into the bathroom and closed the door. It was only the maid, come to return our laundry. This general was truly in peril of his life, not from me, but from almost everyone else in Thailand.

Do you know who Karl Marx is? I asked.

He know about Marx-Lenin. He know their system.

Can you describe that system?

He don't know too much, but he know. Marx-Lenin system is very strong and strict. If they tell you do, then you must do, dead or alive.[121] About the rule of Karl Marx they always make the tough rule. If they want you to go you have to go; if they tell you to stop you have to stop, tell you to turn right you have to turn right; you can't say no. If you say no they going to punish you.

And Mao, do you know about him?

China, said the general with a happy smile.

Yes, said the translators, he know.

Has he ever read the works of Mao?

Never. He never have time for reading. For his own idea, never agree with Communism, he added unexpectedly.

He touched his heart and began to speak very earnestly, gesturing with his fists. I was glad that he was not afraid of me anymore.

For himself, he is big general. He have the small soldiers in his control about three-four hundred. At that time, under Communist control Cambodia, have good life or bad life, ever stay together. And now same. Many people in his control, like sons and father.[122] If he want to defect to White, his people must follow him. He want to help them, because even White government cannot do, cannot help with food and medicine, only him. But for now he must do the thing from the big boss.

Having said this, the general leaned back and folded his arms.

I asked him one of the questions which I wanted to ask Pol Pot: What's the best way to help poor people?

First, the man must be soldier, and must help the citizen, must know how the citizen feeling, happy or unhappy. And he must looking for the safety for the citizens. Protect the country for all the Cambodian people, to make them think that you are man of the country.[123] And everyone must respect in him.

And for the women?

First, for the pregnant and for abnormality and child without father-mother from the fighting, we must keep in touch with another country to help them, because the women so important. We dependent on the U.N. that have real nice heart to help with all things for the Khmer people.[124]

Did you have a happy life in the Pol Pot time?

No, unhappy.

Why?

Because in Communist control.

What happened?

At that time, they made us adapt ourselves. The soldier need to take care for the border and the women and the child work in the farm to develop country, like a big group. In the Communist system, must work in team.

And what was your job?

First time, he work like a citizen, work in a farm. After that he work in army camp.

Why did you change your job?

From order he must do.

Which job was better?

He like both.

In the army camp, what did you do?

Fighting at the border, with Vietnamese. Every day shooting.

With whom?

Fighting with Vietnamese government and Thai.[125] At that time, he is security of big boss soldier. Every day he must follow.

Where was this?

Commune Sdao, in Battambang Province. Road Ten.

(This is a sort of pedigree. Sdao, which means "Big Tree," is part of an area severely repressed by the Sihanouk regime in 1967, which accordingly, as one book puts it, "started to produce increasing numbers of Khmer Rouge leaders and fighters... These became Pol Pot's 'base people,' activists who could be trusted, people who were untarnished by the corruptions of modernity, foreign influences, and capitalism: these were 'original Khmers.'"[126] In 1990 the Khmer Rouge bombarded the town, which was now under White control. The same book said: "In Sdao the only remains of the former district center at the close of 1991 were the district office, the hospital, and the market building. All bore the scars of the shelling ...")[127]

On April seventeenth, 1975, when the Khmer Rouge won, where were you?

In Sdao.

How were you feeling?

Unhappy, because he have to leave from mother and father.

Why?

That time, society is changed. Kid from seven until sixteen years old is in one group, eighteen until thirty is another group. Had to live in big camp.

On April seventeenth, did someone tell you that the Khmer Rouge had won?

That day all of soldier he saw go to Phnom Penh without gun and no fighting. But no one tell him.[128]

And you were unhappy then?

First time is very happy. He think Sihanouk is get winner. After that two months, feel unhappy because society change.

General X was not the only one who was fooled. Even Sihanouk himself, a decade after the Khmer Rouge had murdered five of his children, to say nothing of a not inconsiderable amount of his other citizens, could pen the incredible phrase: *our victory in Phnom Penh on April 17, 1975.*[129] Our victory! Well, yes, it was at least a victory over Sihanouk's hated usurper, Lon Nol...

How about Sihanouk, I asked, did you ever see him?

Yes. Ever shake hands with Sihanouk, ever say hello, in mountain name Marlai.[130]

When did you first see a killed person, in the Lon Nol time or the Pol Pot time?

Pol Pot time.

When was that?

1975, after Lon Nol finish.

What happened?

After finish fighting, and then have some order, if you are big general of Lon Nol, you must bring uniform to meet Sihanouk, and after that, general all get on truck, and they kill them.

Did you kill them?

No.

Who did it?

He didn't know who. Just see dead people.[131]

How many?

At Tra Bianka bridge in Sdao,[132] about three or four hundred persons.[133]

How were they killed?

Shooting.[134]

Did you see things like that many more times?

Many times. Very often.

How were you feeling when you saw the dead generals?

Feeling sad.

Have you ever been to Phnom Penh?

Never.

You know, the first time I went to Phnom Penh I went to the Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum and to the killing fields at Choeung Ek. And in those places they say that the Khmer Rouge killed more than a million people during the Pol Pot time. What do you think about that, true or false?

He never been, but most of people say yes, from Pol Pot killing.When did you first hear the name Pol Pot? I asked.

The man tensed, gripping at his arms.

1980, month ten, day thirteen, he said. That day is the day they don't want to have Communist system. After that he hear the name Pol Pot from the lieutenant of the army.[135]

So even in the Pol Pot time you never heard that name? I exclaimed, experiencing a thrill of strangeness.

He never know Pol Pot then. Only Khieu Samphan. At that time it was the secret time. And some persons bigger know that Pol Pot is the head, but cannot speaking. He himself know only *Angkar.*

STATEMENT OF A WITNESS (FROM POL POT'S TRIAL IN ABSENTIA)

[The Khmer Rouge] advised us to continue our way to the South where Angkar (the government) was to welcome us. At first, as I did not understand exactly what the word "Angkar" meant, I wondered: "who is Angkar?," "where does he stay?," "how are we to find him?"...

[After our arrival there was a rally where] we were suggested not to think anymore of Phnom Penh for we were never to return there. Angkar had turned the city into a warehouse. On the first day of our arrival, everything seemed fine; we could enjoy individual freedom.

But gradually Angkar's face would appear in its true colour. In fact, we soon have to observe a whole host of prohibitions:

—Speak no language other than Khmer...—Girls and young women are not allowed to keep long hair. They should have it cut short (in the bob style of little Chinese girls)...—All clothing should be black...—At dusk go to bed and do not speak too much (spies were going on rounds trying to eavesdrop).

...One evening, after dinner, [my husband's friend] was taken away. Angkar, he was told, needed his services. Two weeks later ...it was the turn of twenty-four other people, among them was my husband, of course...[The village chief] told me: "Don't worry, he'll be back within two days. Angkar simply needs some information because your husband's friend has denounced him." Days, months, and years have passed but up till now I have not seen my husband again. Those who were taken away with him have not come back either.[136]

"ONLY POLITICS"

And what did you think Angkar was—a person or an organization?

At that time, replied General X., if three persons keep in touch, any three persons, we can call ourselves Angkar.

And what did Angkar say about Sihanouk?

Angkar say Sihanouk is good and senior to them. They respect him like an elder brother.[137]

What did Angkar say about the dead generals you saw on the bridge?

Angkar say nothing, because Angkar they do that themselves. I tell you already, if three persons keep in touch, we are Angkar. We say, that is bad person. We fix the problem, go to kill.

Did you ever kill people?

Never, he said, and I suspected that this was his first lie.

Do the K.R. still refer to themselves as Angkar?

After 1980 they close for everyone, cannot call Angkar. They stop Communist system. Right now they call Country of the Army.[138]

Who announced it to you?

Son Sen and Ieng Sary, they know, and they said stop for Angkar anymore.

Were you sad?

After they closed the Communist system, he was happy and had some hope to change system for development, for the happy life.[139]

And on that day, two years after the Khmer Rouge regime had been overthrown, you first heard of Pol Pot?

That time Pol Pot show off himself.

That day you saw Pol Pot?

For himself, he never saw. Keep only in touch with assistant of Pol Pot. Only the big one in the army know him.[140]

And what did you think about Pol Pot then?

This one he stay in control, but still feeling happy about Pol Pot, but he didn't know the way to develop Cambodia.

(That was how D. and Mr. Gold translated what he said. But when my friend Chheng listened to the tape in California months later, her interpretation was far more sad and horrible. According to her, General X. had said: In that time we didn't know; if they want us to do bad we do bad; if they want us to do good we do good, because we wait for they give the order and we never have any idea at all.)

And do you think that Pol Pot was good or bad? I asked the man

Pol Pot is good.

Why is he good?

At the time that the Vietnamese come to the fighting with Cambodia, at that time Pol Pot always be with the citizen, near them in our country, and the soldier, he near them. In Lon Nol time we saw the big army drop the gun and run away from Vietnam, but right now the big army of Pol Pot never run, and they can go up and down from the mountain and stay in the forest to protect the people.[141]

In other words, I thought, General X. admired Pol Pot because he believed that Pol Pot protected him from something still worse than Pol Pot.

But they never actually saw Pol Pot, right?

He not yet stay all together, you know, but in secret, always stay, but in jungle with his secret soldiers.

Then how did you know that Pol Pot stayed if you never saw him?

He know, because he is security of big person, and big person is security of Pol Pot.[142]

What is the name of the big person?

Ieng Sary.

(Ieng Sary was the vice prime minister of External Relations—and also, of course, a member of the Standing Committee of Angkar. A month or so after this interview with General X, he surrendered to the Whites. He is said to have invited a thousand intellectuals home to Cambodia in order to have them liquidated. The Vietnamese-installed regime in Phnom Penh customarily referred to the Khmer Rouge as "the Pol Pot-Ieng Sary clique." General X. was a big general indeed.)

So you were his bodyguard?

Yes. Himself and his friend, he ever go ahead in jungle to clear the way for Ieng Sary. And sometimes Pol Pot follow behind on white elephant, but he never see Pol Pot. Ieng Sary and Pol Pot very close. Ieng Thirit is wife of Ieng Sary, but sister[143] of Ieng Sary is wife of Pol Pot.

Hm, I said. So you think it's true, that in Phnom Penh all those dead people they talk about were killed under the authority of Pol Pot?

Yes.

And you think the figure of a million or more is true?

For his idea, fifty percent from Pol Pot, ten percent from disease, thirty percent not yet true, and ten percent from Vietnamese coming.

So Pol Pot killed maybe half a million people?

Something like that.

But you think that Pol Pot is a nice person?

Yes.

Why?

Because not yet Pol Pot kill by himself, just the Angkar.

Pol Pot didn't know?

Difficult to control the Angkar. At that time, any head of village can kill the people! Pol Pot know, but only afterward, when already too late.

In your view, when is violence justified? When is it okay to kill people?

For himself, he want to kill the people if he do mistake like spy. For the big person, first he want to kill if make big mistake. For the small person, first he want to put him in prison and teach him. Then if small person does not become good, kill. If become good, then no problem.

Do you want to kill me, because I am an American, and Americans did the bad thing in Cambodia before?

At this question, General X. did a very surprising thing. He clasped his hands

and bowed in what Thais call a wai, a salutation and a remark of respect. —That mean he like you so much, said D., awed. For himself, she translated, he very happy to meet you. For fighting it is another choice, only politics.

Ah, I thought. That was it. That was the answer. "Only politics." Indeed, that's all it was. That was what Madame Black-Eyes had said, too. Surely that was what Pol Pot would say. That's all it had been when they tricked the generals and shot them in cold blood, when they cut people's livers out and ate them before their eyes, when they smashed women and children's heads in by the truckload and kicked their squirming bodies into the mass graves.

And if I went to the jungle to see you, I asked, would you still be happy to meet me or would you kill me for being a spy?

If in his control you are welcome. But only in his control. Many other control area on the way. Excuse me, but not only Americans are forbidden to go there. Everyone is forbidden. For his system, always keep very very secret. He says, if you don't believe in me, try for yourself. Go there. You'll die.

"BECAUSE WE KILL EACH OTHER"

The general's arms were folded again, his head wearily tilted. It had been an hour, and Mr. Gold gave me a long cool look, apprising me of the fact that I'd already received more than full value for my money; every time we met him he was quick to mention that the Japanese always paid him a hundred thousand baht per session; they'd bought him a new car; they'd done all kinds of things... I just thought to myself: Then why are you still living in that mosquito-ridden hovel of yours? (D. had a Japanese friend who was a television journalist. He'd stopped using Mr. Gold because even though Mr. Gold always got the goods, he was too expensive.)

What is the Khmer Rouge aim now? I asked.

Now we don't need fighting. We want to keep in touch with Whites to join the government.

If you succeed in that, how can you keep Angkar from coming back?

For his idea, he guarantee one hundred percent, if K.R. keep in touch with Whites, never have Angkar anymore. He himself want finish K.R., but cannot abandon small soldiers. But Sihanouk must be the king—only him.

Not Pol Pot?

He think Pol Pot never come again.

But Pol Pot is such a nice person, you said. Don't you want Pol Pot?

He doesn't want Pol Pot come back.

If D. and I are able to meet Pol Pot, do you have any message for him?

Tell him please stop the war, because we kill each other, Cambodia against Cambodia.

I could hardly fault that observation. The next day I was at the border again with D. and the police general. Leaving behind me the spies and the lolling shop-

ladies in their folding chairs, I looked across the frontier to Poipet, and then I looked across the street at the Thai immigration checkpoint, where the usual gaggle of submissive Thai journalists sat waiting to be told the news (like me, they were not allowed to cross the border; D. said that while I'd been in Phnom Penh she'd called some journalist friends of hers together for lunch and asked them if they had any leads on Pol Pot and the Khmer Rouge; they told her that they could never even think of writing a story like that, because if they did they'd lose their jobs at the very least, and probably much, much worse); and just then I heard the dull sound of a big gun ten kilometers away; the police general said that that was White artillery; and I heard another shot and then another.

EPILOGUE

On 18 June 1997, the Cambodian army's deputy chief of staff announced that Pol Pot had surrendered. Later the Khmer Rouge held a show trial instead and condemned him to life imprisonment. Then he died. It might be true.

THE LAST GENERATION
(1996)

White chicks will kill a black chick every time. But I do hope it isn't as simple as that.

JOHN STEINBECK (1951)[1]

This is the story of how, as they say, violence begets violence, and how a number of Cambodian immigrants in Long Beach, who obviously never saw blacks and Latinos in Cambodia, now hate and fear them, how that hatred makes some of their children do things which call the law down upon them, and accordingly makes them hate the law, too—I grant you that the law is corrupt enough in Cambodia that hating it in American constitutes no stretch—in short, this is the story of how for logical and almost excusable reasons people can become racists. I will not present the black and brown sides of this story, because I don't have the space, and in fact it is not necessary to do so. One could equally well have written an account of Latino gangs, or black gangs, and ignored the Cambodians' point of view; because race, while the central vehicle of the hatred described in this story, remains indissolubly irrelevant in and of itself: When people get hurt, or hurt others, we don't need to know what color they are to know that they are wronged or doing wrong.

Anyone who cannot understand this, or who cannot sympathize a little with the racists in this story, is probably himself a racist or a dogmatist.[2]

In April 1996, the gang truce brokered at Pastor Joe Esposito's church on Anaheim Street had endured for over a year. My friend Soeun[3] rarely heard shooting in the night time anymore. (The other thing I need to tell you is that this story about gangs is mostly about Soeun, whose second wedding photograph shows her in a lavender dress and white gloves, beautiful Soeun with the rough hands of a working woman; she supports her parents and her children doing piecework sewing at home, Soeun who taught me more about Cambodian gangs than anyone else, in part because she steered me away from them as much as she could. Like Soeun, you'll hear no shooting in this story. You'll see no guns. You'll only hear a few nasty, bitter stories, see a boy's scars, hear the impact of a casually thrown rock. This is true life with its sickening little meannesses. Once when we were driving around we saw two gangsters slouching in front of a laundromat. Soeun was terrified and pretended not to hear my request to stop so that I could talk to them; once we were on the freeway, I finally persuaded her to turn around, a complex process which occupied ten minutes, by which time the gangbangers were already gone. We drove around the block, and then saw them again, but by that time Soeun had already gotten on the freeway. She didn't want to meet them; she was afraid; she had already suffered. This is the story of Soeun, and of her sons, of her brother and his lost children.) It almost seemed that I'd find nothing on the subject of gangs to write about as, walking down Anaheim, I saw the way that Angkor Auto Repair and Body Shop, with its red Khmer lettering beneath, abutted Preah Vihear Video, then Kathy's Bakery, then La Nayarita Bakery—why not call this interracial marriage? On Cherry Street it was a sunny, windy day of little Asian kids running down the sidewalk, Asian ladies watering their small, California-style lawns with garden hoses, an Asian grandmother or two squatting in the garden dirt, weeding, just as I have seen them do in the rice paddies of Cambodia; and Hispanic ladies weeded next door. "Peace in our time," just as Neville Chamberlain had boasted! And high time, too—three dozen people or more had been killed in the gang war.[4] The number of violent "incidents," of course, was considerably higher.[5] The press clippings I read in my hotel room dwelled on a hunting party in the spring of 1994, when an Asian gang, probably Cambodian, shot six Latinos in a parked car, three of whom died. Two days later, a couple of Asian gang members got whacked. One Cambodian told me that the East Side Longos had started it back in the mid-1980s; the Longos, who were Latino, had their own there-goes-the-neighborhood version.

Yes, it had been mainly an Asian-Latino war. This doubtless explains why most of the Cambodian gang members I talked to, dragging their sad and resentful histories around inside their honor-ridden hearts, still hated and were hated by Hispanics the most. Cambodians who were not in gangs often awarded blacks first place on the scale of antipathy. Typical was one of the Cambodian pharmacists on

Anaheim, not far from Pailin Jewelry's locked door with its buzzer and a grating inside and another grating within that; the young pharmacist told me while I was very slowly buying sore throat lozenges that of course it wasn't as good here as Cambodia, or even Washington state where he'd gone to school; life was too busy now, and too unsafe. Once three black boys had stepped on his feet and put guns to his head. He couldn't open the register, so he had to give them his wallet. That had happened in East L.A., but in his opinion Little Phnom Penh was a pretty bad neighborhood, too. Sometimes at opening time right here on Anaheim (so he'd heard; it had never happened to him), a black boy would come in and ask you to give him a fifty-cent item for twenty-five cents, and if you said you couldn't do that, there he'd be, standing on your feet, with a gun to your head. He didn't know any Cambodian gang members well, he said, but he understood why they might do the things they did. (His fear was likely exaggerated. Up at the police station, chunky, professorial and fair-haired Detective Sørenson, behind whose head a map of Long Beach bore blue dots to mark last year's shootings, had told me: Very very few people kill people in robberies.) I asked the clerk about Latinos; he said that none had bothered him personally.

This is how we human beings conceive our opinions, by and large: Some category of entities affects us, and we apply our resulting experience when judging other entities that we believe to be in that category. If we are competent mathematicians, and the categories are mathematical ones, then we just might get away with it. Otherwise, there's a good chance that we'll form the wrong categories. Thus, a man who has been robbed by black men could justifiably hate and distrust robbers afterwards, but unfortunately he might choose simply to hate and distrust black men. The problem is that the victim does not know any infallible way to *a priori* identify members of the category called robbers; it would be inconvenient to get scared every time he saw groups of men, or tall men, so he chooses to be suspicious of black men, the approach of them now as lurid and as sickening to him as headlight-flashes through the crack of a whiskey-bar door.[6] There is, I think, a strong component of subconscious association in such reification. When my two friends died violently in Bosnia, their deaths were accompanied by loud sharp explosions. For months afterward, the noise of a slammed door or a backfiring engine made my heart race with fear. My subconscious was trying to protect me, and because it did not really understand what had happened it did the best it could, which was to make me afraid of loud noises. I am convinced that racial prejudice is often formed by a similar mechanism.[7] Physical violence may not be necessary in its manufacture.

One high noon at Rec Park, just across Anaheim from the two-story Asian mall with its almost generic southern California look of pale arches and curvy orange roof-tiles, a sweet old black grandmother who was waiting for four-year-old Virginia's preschool to open, said: I've lived around here for seventy-one years, and nobody's ever bothered me. People can make a big deal out of everything. You just

gotta learn where those areas are and stay out. You don't bother them and they don't bother you. It's a nice area. —The preschool's doors opened just as a siren sobbed and an ambulance slavered by—nobody looked up, for that happened every day, as it does in any big city in America—and the grandmother called Virginia away from the swing, led her into the classroom, came out and waved goodbye to me. It was a friendly park. Black kids and white kids and Asian kids were all playing together. —Three teenaged black girls were leaning on the fence. Their pretty twists of braid sparkled in the sun. They'd just dropped off their own children at the preschool by the library. They chatted for a while, and then split up. One called: Tell your Mama I said hi—love 'er!—Then a Cambodian family came and sat on the grass, the woman cross-legged with her feet tucked under her haunches as in Cambodia. The father kicked a ball around with the little boy. Soon the mother was helping. They had a basketball and a beach ball, and both were going at once. They were laughing and clapping and calling out happily to one another as one ball or the other flew in the sun...The beach ball rolled through the sand, its strange half-dark, half-light shadows rolling beneath it. It reached the gate where another black mother said to her kid: Whose ball is this? Motherfuck! It's yours now. —And she scooped it up and handed it to her child. They began to walk away. The Cambodian mother suddenly saw what was happening and rushed to the fence, gazing after the thieves in silent helplessness. The black woman turned, regarded that anxious face, scowled, and finally hurled the ball back over the fence. Nothing had been said. Gripping her child's hand, the black woman passed out of sight.

"WE'RE ALL CRIPS DOWN HERE"

The funny—well, the predictable thing—was that while the Cambodians so often believed that blacks and Hispanics had organized against them, at least some of their enemies believed the same thing about them. As I stood leaning against a lamppost, a black man approached me for money. —I just want a job, he said. I want to put in a day's work. I don't mind telling you I'm out on parole. See, those guys on the other side of the street, those Asians, I don't blame 'em. They stick together. They help their own kind. You don't ever see an Asian guy on the street bummin' a cigarette. But we blacks just can't get it together. Every time we try to get hand in hand, somebody gets angry or something winds up missing.

Why is that? I said.

I don't know.

I wondered if he truly believed that or if he were saying it in hopes of softening me up, whether his calculation might be that as a white man I'd like him more for running down his own race. Either way, it was no skin off my nose. But I found myself interested in his implication, which was that an Asian fraternity had formed itself in distinction to him, and that it would never open to him. I conceded some

truth in that, being myself an outsider, as I'd been upon the wobbling stairs which overlooked the apartment courtyard where Soeun had brought me to see some plump old Khmer ladies she knew who were dressed in yellow; one was wearing a golden Buddha around her neck; when Soeun asked them to tell us about the gangs they began to yell very angrily, staring at me and my backpack. —Cannot talk about that, Soeun translated. —I think the old dame was afraid. (Soeun was afraid, too, of course.) Yes, there was truth in the black man's charge of secrecy and exclusivity, and it made me sad.

But all that was natural. Of course Asians had shut me out. Many were the times that blacks had shut me out, too—and, for that matter, so had my own race. That was human, too, to give preference to similar minds and bodies.

Well, I can give you a buck, I said to the black man.

I don't want a buck. I want a job. I told you I'm on parole. I want to work. How about giving me a job? What's your job?

I'm a journalist.

Oh, is that a tape recorder going there on your belt?

No, that's my camera. I don't sneak, at least not most of the time.

So what are you doing?

A story on Cambodian gangs.

Well, there aren't any gangs around here. That's bullshit. We're just friends that hang together. We walk home from school together, blacks, whites, Asians, everybody, and the police just come along and bust us. Look, I've hung with the —— Street Boyz. You know what that is?

Crips.

Crips, Crips! We're all Crips down here. Anyway, we're just some folks who won't take no shit, that's all. Hey, if I was in the wrong neighborhood some drunken white guy'd beat me up. Why should I stand for that?

And if I walked through your neighborhood at night, what would happen to me?

Nothing, he insisted.

The previous rusty gunmetal evening of drizzle and grey sidewalks, grey sky, it had not yet been as dark as the central voids in the tires on the auto shop racks, but the streetlight already melted like yellow pavement upon the pavement and sidewalk squares. On Seventeenth and Alamitos I found myself in black territory and saw a huge, handsome black boy leaning against a wall as a black girl paced beside him.

Can I ask you a question? I said to him.

Oh, shit, I don't have no fucking time for the fucking police, the girl shouted.

But the boy's face bore an expression of enchanted amusement. It was dark and rainy, and I was all alone with these two, and he knew it. I'll never forget the whiteness of his teeth as he smiled. His face, body and stance were so perfect, so stylishly regal and agile and powerful in a way that I could never be, that although I perspired with dread I longed for him to be my friend. He raised his hand to cut the

girl off—just an upflick sufficient for the purpose; and the girl shut up. He was the king; I was the worm; why not let the worm wriggle for the moment?

Let's hear what he has to say, he grinned to the girl.

I'm a reporter, I said. I wanted to learn about gangs.

See, I tole you he was police! the girl shouted. Listen, motherfucker, you gonna jack me up?

What's that mean? I said, making my eyes big and stupid.

You gonna send the other police my way, motherfucker? I'm tellin' you right now I'm on parole violation, an' whatcha gonna do about it? If you jack me up an' try to run away, I can run a lot faster than you can, motherfucker.

I smiled and showed them my press card.

I know he's police, chuckled the king to his concubine. Let's hear him out.

I want a dollar! the woman shouted, advancing so close that I felt her breath on my eyeballs. —*Break bread!*

And gimme five dollars, said the king.

It was at that moment that I felt threatened. The king, I felt, wouldn't hurt me as long as I treated him with respect. If he actually told me anything, I was perfectly willing to pay him. This was as legible to me as the billboard on First and Cherry that assured the world that HIGH VISIBILITY DETERS THIEVES. But the woman was trying to frighten me, and the fact that she was was what scared me. People like that, whose objective is but crude domination, cannot be humored very far because every acquiescence brings you closer to the end, which is their boot-sole upon your face; while refusing to be exploited and humiliated by them may for its part be construed as a challenge, provoking the snarling, killing lunge. She was treating me this way, I felt, because she knew that I was not among my own kind; she knew this because my skin was not the same color as hers.

I'll give you five dollars for information, I said. I just want to know how the black gangs, the Latino gangs and the Asian gangs get along.

We get along fine, the king grinned.

Why'ch'nt ya go an' ask them? —This from the woman. —They're right that way. Shit, get out of my face, whitey!

What do you want to talk to me like that for? I said. I guess I will go talk to them.

I'm proud that I didn't pay that pair a dime. They let me go. Behind me, the king kept laughing. I had an urge to look over my shoulder at the woman, from whose pocket I'd seen a knife-handle sticking, but I knew that this would be construed (correctly) as an expression of fear, which would render me more vulnerable to her assault. So I slowed my steps, apprehensive, and angry for having to be apprehensive when I had done nothing wrong.

I told this story to the black man who was panhandling me, the man who had claimed that nothing would happen to me if I strolled through "his" neighborhood at night—and of course he'd been proved right; nothing had happened. I waited for

a comment. —Well, he allowed, it depends on what you say, and on your tone of voice. They can tell if there's strength in your voice or not.

Pastor Joe Esposito at the Cambodian Baptist Church where the gang peace had been negotiated told me more or less the same thing—and here I want to say that I liked and respected Pastor Joe. Thin, bespectacled, fast-moving, an activist preacher who ran a tight ship, and I believe did a lot of good (for the parents of Cambodian gangbangers whose lives he'd changed had told me so),[8] he explained: You have to love 'em unconditionally, and give them some guidance, some new purpose in life. They can't even go to the parks without getting shot.

That was the heart of it, I thought. I wanted to know some practical but decent, dignified way that Cambodian kids could go to any public place they pleased and not collect lead. I looked Pastor Joe in the eye and asked him: What's the best way for them to protect themselves if they don't go into the gangs?

I had a gang member, he's in prison now, Pastor Joe replied. He had some of his guys jumped. He said if you don't dress like that, you don't get jumped. We just say be careful where you're going. That's why we started a private school.

This answer I found no more satisfactory than the panhandler's, no better than that of the black grandmother who'd insisted: You just gotta learn where those areas are and stay out. —Why should I have to worry about where I was walking or whether there was strength in my voice or not? Why should my kids have to go to private school? Why should the tone of my voice get me shot? Why should wearing a red or blue bandana, or walking down a certain street at a certain time, give my assassin probable cause? These guidelines seemed practical, but that didn't make them right. No one seemed to have any proposal for establishing and enforcing a standard of decent behavior for the aggressors. I didn't, either. At night, many many sirens wept outside my hotel room, so I put my earplugs in. Once I went down the stucco alley of hotel bungalows to Cherry Street with its flickering roaring cars; and a man the color of the night, hooded in a night-colored sweatshirt, came rushing toward me and did not answer my greeting. He didn't hurt me; he was just a pimp come to collect his latest fresh money. But I decided then and there that since I was a stranger I'd better not walk around late at night without a friend; people had already warned me about that. It was all about hunkering and bunkering down, being careful, becoming street smart, and of course that was how it always had been and would be on this earth, but I didn't like it. And what the PTA lady behind and within Poly High's dingy beige escarpments said was what really made my heart sink like those weedy alleys in Little Phnom Penh whose pavement sagged in the middle, showing lots of sky. After Soeun and I had been signed in to Poly, I.D.'d, escorted, and predictably refused access at the principal's office, the PTA lady followed us out because she'd heard Soeun whisper to me that we ought to just sneak around to meet the shaveskulled Cambodian gangs at the gym, and of course we couldn't be allowed to do that. The perimeter was gloomy fences and walls. —I

think this is so sad, I said to her. —I don't, said the PTA lady. I don't even notice it.

A FATHER'S TALE

Pastor Joe had opined that the most dangerous place for a Cambodian to go was Fourteenth and Fifteenth between Walnut and Gardenia. That was right where Soeun lived.

Soeun unlocked the gate, led me up stairs parallel to an abandoned, smashed-windowed building, unlocked the apartment door, and brought me into the dim blueness of carpet and television flanked by the wall of family portraits. On the sofa her aged parents sat quietly beside her brother, who was visiting for the Cambodian New Year's holiday. Soeun herself sat down upon the floor with her legs tucked politely behind and beneath her, for in southeast Asia it is considered impolite to point one's feet at anyone, for it is our feet above other parts of us which touch dirt. In Cambodia I remember women sitting on the mounds of green net like seaweed, slowly, carefully folding them up, while the motor-canoes of their husbands, sons and brothers transected and disturbed the triangular orange reflections of fishing boats in the green water; and always their feet were tidied away like Soeun's.

Soeun's brother did not sit that way anymore. He worked in American offices. He said: I has a problem. I cannot see my kid anymore. I cannot control my own kid anymore. I want to discipline my kid and they say I'm not supposed to hit the kid, so they put me in the jail. So I know that in America each family, they give up control. The kids can call the cop. And you know, the cop cannot control them, either. I spend a lot of money for my kids' clothes, but my kids want their clothes to be baggy like gangsters.

What did you do?

I slap my kid across the face. In Cambodia that's normal. Kids don't obey their parents, they must get punished. And you know, in Cambodia we have no problem with these gangs! Kids obey their parents! If the law give some power for the parent, then the kid be good. Just make them hurt, make them scared of you—better than some gang kill the kid!

Soeun, sitting beside us, nodded at his words and said: When the parent gives some advice to be good, they say the parent hate them, but they don't understand that if they don't listen, they end up just hang out on the streets, stole something and shoot.

Her brother passed a hand across his wide face. —The cop say I cannot see my son right now, because he's in the jail for gangster, in juvenile hall.

What did he do?

I don't know. Hang around in the street with the gang. Friends are more important than family. That is what the gang kids think right now. I ask the cop: What can you do about this? (He was shouting.) The cop said, cannot do nothing until

shoot the people, do something bad. So I say, fine, okay, give up.

STATEMENT OF DETECTIVE NORM SØRENSON, GANG VIOLENCE SUPPRESSION

Would you agree that Cambodians don't believe much in the police?

Yeah, that's quite true. They're inexperienced at being able to understand our law. —He laughed. —I can't understand it myself.

A FATHER'S TALE (CONTINUED)

Soeun's brother sat there for awhile with a sad and bitter face, then went on quietly: I just want my kid to finish school, be good. I love my kid more than anything. You know, when each kid was born, even when I had not enough money I would go to the store every day, only look for something to buy for my kid, make my kid happy. How can I kill my kid? I myself never do something bad. I love my parents; I still live with my parents...

So you have three children?

The youngest one I send far away to Salt Lake City, to get away from the gangster. And the next one, already fifteen, she get pregnant already two months.

Is the father a gangster?

Yeah.

Will she marry him?

I don't know, because both are too young.

And your oldest?

I don't know what gang he join. I just forgot about it. He always run away from home, a couple days at a time. Cannot do nothing! His friends, they shoot one old lady, and my kids hang around with them. I just want to get them away. At that time my ex call me: My son have the baggy pants, want to go out right now. —He not scared of my wife. I left work and went over there. He tried to fight back to me. I tore his baggy clothes, and then he tried to hit me, so I slapped his face. He called his friends and he called the cops. Then they came to work and then handcuffed me. And they put me in the jail. They put me through the place real cold, you know.

Did you have any problem at work?

No. They were sorry for me. But I'm afraid to see my own kid, because if I do, I call to jail again.

ANOTHER ENCOMIUM FOR FEAR

The way that American politicians pretended to think, people would be motivated by *their own interests*, and by *their socialized yearnings toward social good*, to do good and be good. The way that the police thought, and the gangs thought, and Soeun thought, people—some of them, at least—needed to be motivated by fear. Hence the punchline of her story about the black thief. She had driven me up to a pay phone in a parking lot so that I could call Detective Sørenson, and as I got out, a perfectly nice black man approached me to collect my signature on some petition or other. Soeun rolled up her windows and power-locked all four doors, behind which she sat pale and expressionless, so that the black man in good-humored exasperation cried: Lady, it's not *that* bad out here! and tried to get her to read his petition but she just gazed at him through the window-glass with tenacious caution, the motor running, waiting to manually unlock my door for me when I approached. The black man just shook his head. I felt slightly sorry and embarrassed for him, but reminded myself that my job was not to tell Soeun how to behave before I understood the reasons for her behavior. Two days later she did give me reasons. We were talking about something else when a tall black man strode by, and she froze. When I gazed into her face, she said: One time I was coming home from work late in the night time, and when I get out from the car these two blacks, big tall one, threw me down on the street and take my purse.

Were you badly hurt?

Yeah, pretty bad. I had to go to the hospital. Just for one night, though.

I'm sorry they did that to you, Soeun.

I hate blacks, and that's why. Sometimes they try to get me. One time I was in the car waiting for my sister with the window rolled down and this black man asked me what time it was. When I bent my head to look at my watch, he grabbed my necklace from my neck. I tried to fight, but he hurt me.

Her angry pain was as hot and wide as Anaheim Street. I kept silent, waiting to hear more. After awhile, she confided a neighborhood story to me: One time this Cambodian gangster's mother got robbed by a black. She saw who it was. She was screaming, but nobody helped her. When she told her son, he chased that black. (Here Soeun began to brighten.) The first day he got away, but the next day he caught him (said Soeun with sidewise gleeful glances). He got his mother's purse back. He put that black guy in the garage and started to punish him, just punching him all afternoon till he looked like a balloon. Then he put him in the car. He tied his hands and feet and threw him in the ocean.

Did he die?

No. Gangster just taught him a lesson. And now (she concluded with pride) that black guy's afraid of Cambodians.

Had there been any other way to modify that thief's behavior? I wanted to

believe that there was, but couldn't think of any. The law would agree with me, for it sends its agents out upon the streets to uncover and punish transgressors. This was Soeun's solution as it was her brother's. The very first day I met her, Soeun had said: For awhile I was having trouble with my son. He kept talking about needing protection. I told my son I'd spank him if he joined a gang, even if he was in high school, and if he called the cops on me I'd wait until I got out of jail and then cut him into two pieces, throw him into the trash can. I told him I wouldn't care if I went back to jail after that.

What did he say then?

Nothing, she chuckled. He was scared!

A MOTHER'S TALE

The woman who'd once been in the Cambodian police in Battambang had long black shiny hair, curled and massy and glinting like obsidian, a lava-flow of black hair. The Khmer Rouge had murdered almost every member of her family. Long Beach was definitely better. (Soeun's brother agreed with that. Unlike Soeun, he did not want to return to Cambodia; it was too dangerous with all the mines and the fighting. I agreed with him, too. I remembered seeing on those glass shelves the skulls of baby girls, then the skulls of adolescent girls, then the skulls of mature women, then the skulls of old women, and then it started all over again for males, all those skulls seeming to scream because without jawbones to limit them their mouth-gapes were infinite, and the narrow inverted hearts of their nostrils were spiderwebbed with darkness; the killers were still in the jungles of Cambodia, and I did not blame people for preferring to move to the USA and live with gangs. Soeun of course just thought that she could keep herself and her family out of trouble no matter where she was, if she but withdrew into suspicious watchfulness.) The woman who'd been in the Cambodian police worked a night job, slept for four hours, got up to drive her son and daughter to school, slept again, cleaned her house, picked up her son, drove down Cherry Street down past the hooks and squiggles of Khmer-language signs, and went to work. In Thailand I'd once seen a Cambodian fisher-boy swabbing the decks with filthy river water. Later he dropped his bucket into the tub and drank out of it. But this woman had cartons of milk and juice in the refrigerator. She was tired but she was almost making it. Her husband had left her for his mistress. —I'm thinking my neighborhood good neighborhood, she said. Signal Hill is no crime. Because quiet. Anaheim between P.C.H., Walnut, no good. Very much about kid bad.

I pick up my kid every day, she went on. I tell him I love him so much. I say, please you don't get friend with Crips.[9] He say, Mom, don't worry. I love you, too.

Many bad kid, she said then. My kid come home from school, bad kid always hitting him, so my kid get so sad, go to Crips.

STATEMENT OF DETECTIVE SØRENSON (CONTINUED)

Do you think that Asian gangs do provide protection for their members?

Oh, yeah. There's no doubt about it.

"I JUST HANG OUT"

A few doors down from Soeun's house, an old Khmer woman in yellow was leaning on a fence. Soeun whispered that the crone was not a good person, and, precisely on account of that fact, possessed good experience. The crone led us half a block farther to an open gate and a passageway which gave onto a courtyard whose perimeter was apartment tiers not unlike those I'd seen in Phnom Penh: shoddy, smelly towers which at that mid-afternoon hour had begun to conquer the courtyard's sunlight with their greasy shade. (Soeun said that she'd never been there before because she was a lady and ladies weren't supposed to know about those things. She preferred to stay at home with her family. Once I asked her who her best friend was, and she said: When you get along with your best friend too much, you can't get along with your family. So better not to have a best friend, just friend-friend-friend, like that. Sometimes friends ask me if I want to go somewhere, and I always tell them no. If they drop by I don't know what to do. I just tell them I don't want to go anywhere.) Little girls in flower-print dresses passed through on their fathers' arms; a tray of cucumbers dried peaceably; and then looking around I spied the loitering boys.

Try this one, Soeun said, pointing.

You want to take a walk with us? I asked the indicated one.

My father said I can't go nowhere.

Are there any gang members around here?

They all moved away, he replied.

Oh, when was that?

Last year.

Last year, huh? And how was it for you when they were there?

Always shooting. We couldn't play.

What did they look like?

Baggy clothes.

What were their colors?

Maybe grey. I don't know.

(Grey would have been the colors of the Asian Boyz.)

So where were they shooting from?

The back.

I don't see any bulletholes, I said.

This one has more experience, said Soeun quietly, indicating an older boy.

So where are the gangs? I said to him.

They moved out.

Oh. When was that?

Two months ago.

Where did they go?

Out of state.

What were they like to you?

Very friendly.

They were? Then I would really like to meet them. But I guess they're out of state, huh?

Most of them are in jail.

Well, can I go there?

Only relatives can visit them.

How about if I write them a letter? I said. Maybe they might drop by from out of state; you never know.

Okay, he said.

I scribbled out a polite request for assistance, got back my English-Khmer dictionary, which the guy had tried to palm, and invited myself back the next day. — When's a good time to come?

All day, he said. I just hang out.

He was a gangster, of course, and I suspect so were the other lounging boys in that courtyard so grey, black-spotted and shot through with cracks like marble veins with rickety concrete stairs. A dragon-embroidered rug hung on one balcony. Kids were running, boys swaying toughly in doorways, stabbing the air with cigarettes. Boys gazed down upon me from the balcony, leaning their heads backwards or sitting on the railings themselves, balancing, constantly shifting their skinny agile legs, or sitting on the balconies reaching long brown arms up against the railings. A man with a cigarette hanging out of his mouth whispered something.

You want to talk to me? I asked the boy the next day.

No, I really don't want to talk to you.

Oh, in that case I'll stay, I said, leaning up against the wall, and then the upstairs boys retreated into their holes, certain that I must be the police.

He was looking at me, so I said: Are you Asian Boyz or TRG?[10]

He scowled; he wouldn't answer; so I said: Is it really worth it? Don't you get sad and bored, doing this stuff?

Dangerous to talk to him like that! said Soeun, shocked, and she led me away...

"WE GOTTA BEAT 'EM DOWN"

The apartment was one of a semicircular block of weary concrete horrors at a cul-de-sac on a street where Signal Hill ended. The old saw that my Marxist organizer taught me when I was a door-to-door canvasser continued to hold up: namely, that

rich people live on the hills and poor people live literally below them. Hence the mere name Signal Hill was a significator of some affluence, and when I was granted the opportunity to see the apartment halfway up of that once hardworking Cambodian mother whose husband had divorced her for a younger mistress, I found a terraced palace of lower-middle-classdom, with bright red bougainvillea outside and deep dark carpet inside, the rooms well cared for despite a faint aroma of mildew. The apartment in the cul-de-sac, however, lay at the absolute bottom of Signal Hill. It abutted a concrete wall perhaps eight or nine feet high. Beyond this, I was told, lay Long Beach proper, but all I could see of it was a cloudy afternoon above the wall and all the ugly wires.

Soeun and I were standing outside one of the doors of this apartment when a car pulled up. The mother, owlish-faced and tired, had just come back from picking up her two sons at school. Like so many of the Cambodians I met in Long Beach, she did not trust the school buses. As soon as she opened the door, the boys darted upstairs. In the USA this behavior is almost normal. In Cambodia, of course, they would have stood at their mother's side to welcome us, seated themselves with us, not spoken until spoken to, and, bored or not, waited until they'd been excused. I am not sure which of these protocols is better than the other, but it is obvious which one most Cambodian adults prefer. The whole place smelled exactly like a slop bucket which it had once been my duty to feed pigs from: a sour, almost buttermilky odor of food going rancid, but not yet stinking as in a garbage can. I'd smelled worse in Cambodia, but I'd smelled better in Long Beach.

Why doesn't the mother keep this place clean? I asked Soeun. Does she have to work?

No, she stays at home all day, but getting tired, because her kids have so many friends going in and out.

Upstairs, the two boys lay listlessly on their unmade beds in a little room with nothing on the walls. One of them had lit a stick of incense, possibly to cover up some drug smell. Rolling wearily onto his side, he thrust the stick upright into a wad of crumpled papers in the trash can. A moment later, all the papers had caught fire. Slowly he beat the flames out.

It is only fair to say that in Cambodia I have seen a lot of listless people, too, because it is very hot over there, but in Cambodia at least they smile sometimes (although of course in Cambodia many of them have stepped on land mines and crutch themselves around on one leg...).

One of the brothers was in tenth grade and one was in eighth grade.

How many kids in your high school are in gangs? I said to the tenth-grader.

Over half.

And in junior high?

Just wannabes, said the eighth grader. His friendliness, his liveliness, his very life was boarded up like the Hep Lee Market on Anaheim and Gaviota. (Most of par-

ents they don't know how to speak English, Soeun said to me later. Like when the kid come home, they try to help with the homework, but they don't understand, so they say, just do what you want to do. Then the kid don't care so much.)

What do the gangs do in school?

Nothing. Hardly nothing.

And outside of school?

Fights and chasing with the Mexicans or the blacks. Depends on which school. Wilson has a lot of Longos.

My son got hit by a Mexican in Wilson, Soeun put in.

Why?

I don't know, she said. Only Mexicans in Longo gang. I guess they hate Cambodians for some reason.

Just then I noticed that the eighth grader's arm was hideously scarred with multitudes of grey boil-like markings which reminded me of the mementoes which the Khmer Rouge had left on the back of a woman in Phnom Penh whom I loved.

Who did that to you? I asked.

Mexicans.

How many?

Two or three.

What happened?

Walkin', he said in his flat voice. Walkin' home from the afternoon classes. They had screwdrivers.

What did they look like?

They were taggers.[11] I didn't know them. They didn't know me.

The eighth grader also possessed a thick semicircular trophy in his arm, as if somebody had bitten into his flesh.

And that other scar?

I did that with a cigarette lighter.

You must have been feeling sad, I said.

He shrugged. —Just to see what it feels like.

If I wanted to join a gang, would they take me?

I dunno.

Whom would they take?

Anyone.

(That was true of the Khmer Rouge, too. I'd met ten-year-old K.R. soldiers. But this democratic inclusivity would seem to have less to do with Cambodian character than with American gangsterism as such, since there are young black, Latino and white kids in gangs as well.)

Which gangs are at the high school?

TRG, Asian Boyz, CBG.

So if I wanted to join one of them, how would I decide which was the best?

Just check to see how bad they treat you. If they treat you good, okay. Sometimes they just use you to take money. Like they tell you if you have a homey, do it for him. Get food for him every day.

A homey's like a special friend?

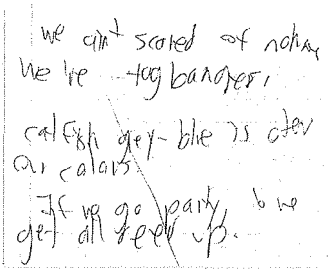
Yep. So maybe the gang says every day you gotta buy food for them. If you say no, then they say you gotta do it for your homey. If you don't do it, they get mad.

How can I meet some of these gangbangers?

They're right outside! the boys laughed.

Would one of you mind asking if Soeun and I could talk to them and take their picture for the newspaper?

Sure, the eighth-grader said happily. He flashed down the stairs and quickly returned. —They say sure. They say it'd be cool to be in the paper.



That was how we got introduced to the Crazy Ruthless Kings. I agreed to pay them twenty up front and ten if the interview were satisfactory to me, which I assured them it almost certainly would be. Later they tried to get a tip out of me, just like the homeys that the eighth-grader had told me about. But aside from that they were hospitable young men who took good care of me. Soeun didn't go over the wall. I lifted her as high as I could, but she didn't have the upper body strength to pull herself over. As for me, I was feeling not so agile anymore, but once I'd climbed upon an abandoned shopping cart I was able to draw myself up onto the top of the wall, which I lay upon on my belly and then straddled. —You sure are old, one CRK guy said in disgust. —Thus encouraged, I jumped down into the deep weeds on the other side and found myself in a long and narrow world between walls, a dingy world, a world of concrete, dirt and head-high weeds through which the CRK, including the two brothers I'd already met, raced as joyously as horses in a new pasture. —From the bridge over there, all that is our hood,[12] a boy said with pride. Orange and Hill to Martin Luther King to Twenty-Third.

Beyond the far wall lay the apartment blocks of Long Beach. A pretty black girl on a balcony was watching us. I waved to her, but she didn't wave back. —They hate us, a boy explained. Sometimes they call the cops on us.

So after that bridge on the left there, whose hood is it?

Mexicans. FK. *Fuck* FK.

And that bridge on the right?

Insane and Casa Latino Boyz. We're like in the middle, and all the Mexicans don't get along with us. This whole thing here, this all our hood. They be chasin' us, and we be chasin' them.

How about the other Asian gangs?

TRG they be cool with us. Asian Boyz, too. See, for our colors we got that cat-

fish-grey. Not quite grey, not quite blue. Blue is TRG. Grey is Asian Boyz. We be in between, keep friendly with 'em both.

How many of you are there?

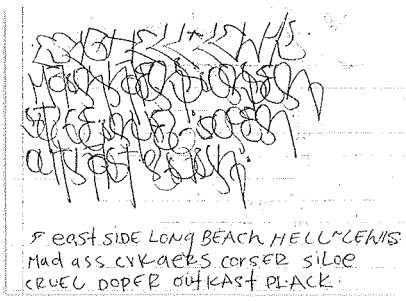
Like a thousand deep! cried one of the main heads. That was Cruel (the others there were Outkast, Corser, Siloe, Doper and Plack because it was only the middle of a weekday; Saturdays and Sundays were when they all turned out.) — I been here for the longest, Cruel said, like five-six years. Like, me and two other homeys, we brung it up.

Hey, we're the craziest tagger gangers in Long Beach! Outkast shouted. Nobody can't see us in Long Beach. We're psycho, man!

Show 'im the masterpiece, man!

There it was: C.R.K., looming in grim, proud outline upon the walls.

The walls were definitely tagged, all right. "CRK" was written everywhere, and then the scrawls and hooks and anchors and beaks of gang writing, which could have been cuneiform as far as I was concerned; they wriggled on top of each other like livid eels in a basket. I had one of the gang write something in tagger style in my notebook, with a "translation" below.



But above all I saw the slashes. Gangs mark their territory like dogs, and then other gangs come and slash out those marks, substituting their own affirmations of presence.

We slash 'em, explained Siloe with satisfaction. See, we start with the blue one, and then they slash that and the brown one come on, and then the green, then the red, then we slash 'em again.

We ain't scared of nobody. We're tag-bangers.

Yeah, we're tag-bangers, said Cruel. Taggers *and* gangbangers.

Why aren't you tagging right now?

Give us two dollars, man, an' we'll go get some paint!

You're already getting thirty from me.

C'mon, man, won't you even give us a little tip? We're *hungry.*

If you buy some crack with that thirty you won't care if you're hungry or not, I said, and they grinned.

How many of you are Cambodian?

We're fifty percent Cambodian—no, ninety percent Cambodian, twenty percent black, twenty percent white, twenty percent Filipino, and twenty percent Lao.

Let's see...That adds up to 170 percent.

Yeah, that's right.

I let the arithmetic pass, entertained by the sad little irony of the boy's remark.

These gangs were supposedly about color. But if anyone of any color could join, then they weren't about that at all, and the territorial skirmishes were even more mindless.

Are there any girls in this gang?

Yeah, like four-five.

Six-seven!

Four-five.

(The two boys' mother told me that she knew of three or four girls in the gang. In her idea it had about ten members, but there might have been many more, she said, who never came to the house. A Cambodian girl at Poly High told me that she thought that CRK had about 150 members. The police department had no information about them.)

Later I met one boy's girlfriend, shy, Vietnamese, with fine brown hair down to the shoulders, and I thought that that much good, at least, had come out of the relocation of these Cambodian families; for in Cambodia and in Vietnam they mainly hate each other, thanks to the stern Vietnamese regime in Cambodia after the Khmer Rouge were expelled; thanks to the murderous Khmer Rouge incursions into Vietnam before that, thanks to centuries of warfare disguised and naked before that and before that; but here in the USA the young ones didn't know or care much about it anymore.

So when you guys get together, what do you like to do?

Oh, we go party, and we get all duded up. Smoke some bud, drink some beer.

Yeah, we party, and we fight. They shoot, we shoot.

When we go, we go, man!

You guys kill anybody?

They waved hands. —We can't tell you that.

But put something positive, said Corser. Put down that sometimes the cops hit us with their guns and stuff for no reason.

See, man, we're the last generation, a boy said self-pityingly. All the other generations hate us. That three-strikes-and-you're-out law doesn't give us a chance. We're Generation X'ers. Put that down, man.

Reader, I put it down, as you see, but I thought to myself that the three strikes law actually gave them two chances. How many chances did somebody need? Still, they were more than half right. It was earlier, before they started going bad, that circumstances had denied them much of a chance.[13] If their self-defense quickly became aggression, it nonetheless began as a legitimate response to aggression. Why should they have to be hurt?

We can't walk in peace around here, with cops always fuckin' with us, man, Cruel said. Sometimes they put us with TRG even though we don't do nothing. They just say we're TRG. Then we get a record.

Who's more of a problem, cops, blacks or Mexicans?

Cops! they shouted.

That was another sad thing, that they'd ganged together at least partly for protection from one threat, and now it had become more complicated and they had new problems. I'm not saying that they held no responsibility for what they were and what they did; of course every conscious human being must be available for judgment in his own or others' eyes; and if CRK had in fact harmed anybody, I blame them for it, but when I think about my skinhead friend Bootwoman Marisa, who was held down while black girls extracted some of her teeth with pliers, or when I think of that Cambodian eighth-grader with the screwdriver scars on his arms, I have to cut them some slack.

'Cause back then, a boy was telling me, I was just a breakdancer. Then one day some Mexicans come to me. They say, TRG? I said no, but those Mexicans busted my nose.

So when do you think violence is justified?

When someone fuck us up!

When we see a Mexican, 'cause no other choice. Ain't no such thing as one-on-one. One Mexican comes to fight with me, all my homeys gonna come help me and take him down. That's what Mexicans do to us. They just beat us down. Any Mexican, we beat 'em down.

How about, say, a three-year-old Mexican kid?

Twelve years and under, we don't hurt 'em. 'Cause we got heart even though the Mexicans don't. But our age, we gotta beat 'em down.

(Asian gangs copy Hispanic gangs, Sørensen had told me. Simple as that. A few things they don't copy, though. A Hispanic gang pulling a drive-by shooting will yell out their gang moniker. The Asians think that's stupid. They don't want to get caught.)

They were up upon the wall again now, and then a boy shouted: Undercover! Look at that white car!

They leaped off the wall.

I lowered myself back down onto Signal Hill and went into the two boys' mother's house, where Soeun was waiting for me.

How much did you give them? she said.

Thirty.

That's good, because you give them something to be happy, she said.

(This is just what someone would have said to me in Cambodia. I was pleased.)

Soeun, ask the mother how she feels about them being in CRK.

As long as they respect her, listen to her, it's okay.

Is she ever afraid?

She afraid. They have a gun shooting out there by that wall one time. Only two-three shots, but couple people get hurt.

Anything else?

Police come inside today to see if she hide anybody.

Was she angry?

Little bit, but cannot speak English, so must do.

Is she afraid some other gang might come into her house and take money?

Afraid.

Did she ever talk about that with her sons?

Yes, she ask, but they answer, yes, they can protect her, but younger one is too young and the other be only himself, so she doesn't know how her son can protect her.

STATEMENT OF DETECTIVE NORM SØRENSON, GANG VIOLENCE SUPPRESSION (CONTINUED)

Currently in the city of Long Beach we have five major street gangs of southeast Asian description. Of those, the Cambodian gangs are our biggest problem. A realistic figure for the total number of Cambodians would be about 80,000. That's the largest number in the country.[14] In Long Beach we have about 800 identified gang members.

These are nontraditional street gangs. They began their criminal activities largely in response to the Hispanic gangs. The black gangs mainly have an economic motive, the Hispanics are all about turf and territory, and the Asians are about protection, and also economics. We have six hundred car thefts per month. Half are stolen by Asian gangs.

Crimes against Asians rarely come to trial. Fear on the part of the victim, a lack of familiarity with our laws, and easy communication within the relatively small Asian community all play their part.

A SON'S TALE

What was going to happen to Cruel, Outkast, Corser, Siloe, Doper and Plack, to say nothing of the two listless brothers? Maybe the police searches would never catch them doing anything illegal, and possibly some would graduate from high school and get out of the gang; they'd marry, or not, and have children like the two little Asian girls, probably Khmer, I saw playing ball in a fenced-in yard just off Anaheim Street, and maybe one of the boys would get shot or maybe he wouldn't; a few might end up in prison in Stockton like the sons of some of Soeun's friends. On a cloudless afternoon, traffic backed up for half a block from PCH, with Signal Hill all dried out and grim above, Soeun and I met a boy, Laotian, let's say, one of Pastor Joe's, who'd turned out all right. He was twenty-one and in high school, but at least he was in high school. He might have been the voice of the Crazy Ruthless Kings' future. He said: I got a couple friends that I went around with. They started ditching school, so I ran around with them. I went through four different high schools. First I kept getting beaten up by Mexicans, then I got kicked out for fighting Mexicans, and finally I dropped out because it was so boring.

You were in TRG?

Yes, sir.

STATEMENT OF DETECTIVE SØRENSON (CONTINUED)

Is TRG the most dangerous?

Probably not. Probably the Asian Boyz are the most dangerous. We just shut down one guy who's responsible for quite a few murders. He's a compulsive gambler and a psychopath. I expect he'll be killing people in prison.

A SON'S TALE (CONTINUED)

And then how did your life go? I said.

Three years in jail for attempted murder, the boy said.

What happened?

We got in a fight with another gang, and we beat 'em up with pipes. I was in there until I was seventeen. I been around eight whole years, just wasting the time. I gave my mom all kind of hard time.

Did she visit you?

Every visiting hours. She was always there for me. In jail, everybody pray to the God they believe: If I get out, I promise to be good. People in there wanna get out, but people out there wanna go in, to be tough. They think it's cool.

Why do gangbangers like to hurt people?

They have too many prides in themselves, and that's why so many fightings and shootings.

In a gang, when is violence justified? When is it okay to hurt people?

If we know that someone's our enemy, that's his loss. We just beat 'im up. I went to hospital a couple of times. I know how it feels to have the heat of the bullet go by.

And after you were in jail, what happened to you?

Well, the bad part is, the thing I regret the most is the high school years. I try to make up my years now in the Cambodian Christian school. Right now, my goal is to help the brothers. I told my brothers I'm sorry I was a bad example to you, but it's too late. Yesterday my brother just got beat up by Longos, beat up bad. So I give up my friends. That's the way to change. I think my family is more important than my friends. I come to church. That don't make me perfect. But God, He's patient. I wanna see my mom smile. The thing about Christians is they train the child to love the parents. We Asians, we love the parents but we scared to hug 'em, we scared to kiss 'em. What I wanna do is tell 'em, think about your parents, and believe that they love you. They carried you in their arms when they were running away from the Khmer Rouge, so how can you think they don't love you?

It must have been hard to leave your friends, I said.

I love all my friends. You know what? When my parents sent me back to Laos for a year, to try to straighten me out, when I come back, my friends wanna throw a party for me. And they don't have any money to do it right, so you know what they do? They rob a house. I didn't go. I told my friends, no, I wanna stay with my family. And the next thing I know, they're calling me collect from jail. They all got busted for that robbery. Thank God I didn't go to that party.

STATEMENT OF DETECTIVE SØRENSON (CONTINUED)

All the members are friends and they're within a three- or four-year age range. Then, newer, younger ones form a clique. The older guys are veterans by now. The younger ones splinter off. Now, with the Cambodians it works just the same. The males, they meet as a social group, at special places where they feel free, we-don't-want-no-shit type places. Rec Park is one of those places. This crowd takes on its own identity. The people there start talking, and there's usually one guy who's charismatic, who everyone else seems to follow. And all the sudden it just happens. He becomes the most admired and the most feared. If he's a good guy, they'll be normal and talk about women or politics or whatever. But if he's a bad boy, he'll recruit people, even schoolboys with no prior experience, into committing crimes for him. I always like to think of the lemming story. He intimidates them. He can even say, if you don't come with me, I'll kill your family and eat 'em.

A MINOR INCIDENT

Should I have watched a gangbanger kill somebody's family and eat them? I didn't feel like it. Maybe you want more from this story; sometimes the features editors who pay my way tell me that I ought to "push the envelope," to clarify by making things more extreme; probably if I'd hung around with the right people I could have seen some kid's dead body. But it was not an existence of concentrated war that most of these people lived. Life dragged on, for the most part, in an unremarkably shabby way. For the same reason, I don't want to say that Little Phnom Penh was worse than it was. Phnom Penh itself had been worse until quite recently; even a mere two months previous, on my latest trip to Cambodia, I'd seen slummier sights. Long Beach's replica of Phnom Penh had its working-class houses with fenced but fertile yards and sometimes lovely trees and flower-bushes. The wall of one auto repair place offered a mural of Cambodian dancers. The New Paradise restaurant had been torched by a Cambodian gang, so I heard and read, but it was now rebuilt, and Soeun and I ate there every day; she said that the food was better than ever. I don't deny that Anaheim is the Street of Half-Dead Signs:

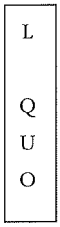


(which is to say, On's Market)





(which is to say, Hep Lee Market)



But I went into a Mexican place on Anaheim with trumpeting music and bright walls and tiers of rainbow-sugared cookies, bowls of limes, platoons of Tabasco sauce and plenty of fresh orange juice. The waitress was in a plaid miniskirt, her hair halfway down her back, and the TV grinned and shouted in Spanish. The chef was laughing and ringing his counter-bell in rhythm with the jukebox, and another cook rang his bell, too, and the waitresses were flashing their sparkling choppers. Everyone was friendly to me there. I never heard a single gunshot on that entire visit.

But, as I've said, this story is less about gunshots than about ugly little acts, which is why perhaps the best way to end it is to say that on my very last day in Long Beach, right before Soeun drove me to the airport, we went by prearrangement to Jefferson Middle School to meet some members of FNR, which means Fucking No Respect, and as soon as we pulled up some Latino kids threw a rock at our car which almost broke the back window; turning around, I could see them pointing at Soeun and mouthing something. I was sickened. That heavy, ugly slamming sound was kin to the smash of a mortar round or the thud of a bullet (almost lost in the concussion that precedes it) into a house or a helmet—all reifications of deliberate hatred, of the desire to bring pain into the world. "Cruelty," "malice"—these words are but sounds incomparably weaker than the sound of that rock striking Soeun's car —not inhuman, that sound (though human voices cannot shape it), not meaningless—oh, it has a meaning, all right! That's where the poison of it, the pain and the fear of it derive, from that message which even an animal can understand: *I want to hurt you. I hate you.* It is so easy to read about atrocities, to see their evidence just as most visitors to Phnom Penh have seen the skulls on the shelves, and even to be moved by them, but that does not mean that they are comprehended. You can see

how long it takes me to write about one thrown stone; one can say that Soeun and I understood it instantly when we felt and heard it against the car, but of course we did not understand it as we would have if it had wounded our flesh. I have sometimes contemplated the sensations that condemned people who used to get stoned to death in Biblical times must have felt. Sometimes the stones must have missed, but that didn't do you any good because the event was just going to go on and on until they hit you and smashed you. What happened at Jefferson was nothing like that—a casual expression of the message, a monster's half-asleep snarl, almost playful: neither physical pain nor property damage, merely a shock, and a flash of fear, and then anger, and Soeun's face suddenly pale and old (she was my age) and then when we got out of the car to inspect the damage, the kids streaming coolly by, a few grinning down at us from stairs or railings, the throwers already out of sight in the crowd, I couldn't help but expect another stone to come, maybe in the side of Soeun's head...

Poor Soeun just happened to be the wrong color. She did her best to support her parents and her three sons, each of whom derived from a different husband; she didn't have enough money to give them all new socks the same month, but she did what she could. Her first husband, to whom the Khmer Rouge had married her at command, sight unseen, but whom she'd gradually come to love, had been killed by a land mine when they escaped from Cambodia; her second husband had also died (she told me that her third husband was only separated from her but an acquaintance insisted that he'd died, too). Her parents stayed inside most of the time with the door locked and the gate locked. Her sons went to school and watched out for Latino boys with screwdrivers. Soeun drove through Little Phnom Penh with her windows tightly rolled up, convinced, with some reason, that she was surrounded by people who hated her.

After she'd begun to trust me, she said to me: After I get robbed two times by the blacks, somebody give me this—and she lifted up the floormat of her car and showed me a long, sharp, upcurving knife with a good solid hilt. —If police catch me I get in trouble, but I don't care. Police don't help me when I get robbed.

She said to me: My boy, he get beat so many times by Mexicans. Teacher they can't do nothing. They don't want to do nothing. Sometimes American way is not so good.

If Soeun had been a high school girl, I am sure that she would have joined a gang. I would have, if I'd been her.

(Detective Sørenson had remarked: They keep their crimes within their own Asian community. We estimate that only one to two percent of Asian crimes are reported. Crimes against Asians are difficult to prosecute because there are never any witnesses.)

It was only a rock, after all—why do I go on so about a rock? —We got out to inspect the cracked window. The hot sidewalk was crowded with shouting kids, one

of whom, a tall black boy, pushed past me and jostled Soeun so sharply that she almost fell. —Oh, sorry! said Soeun reflexively. —The sign warned that people could be searched for weapons. Asian girls were sitting on the steps, waiting for their families to pick them up, running fingers through their long black hair. A black boy approached me, and when I nodded to him he smiled gently and greeted me back, but Soeun shrunk away. The boy continued on, alone, and I saw a knot of Asian boys on the steps who watched him with unkind eyes, their fingers snaking in gang signs.

A LETTER FROM SOEUN

05-26-96

TO: BILL

Hi, How are you Bill? It along times that I didn't heard anything from you. So do you have anything new? I'm live over here have a bad news about my son got kick out from Wilson High, because he had a fight with Mexican and they think he related to the gangster. So he got kick out from school right now, I wish you can help me all that problem, I have a hearing from head board on June 3rd at 8:30 and go to court on June 12th at 8:30 also, and I need all the people to support my son, because he is a good boy, he never have a problem, alot a times that Mexican try to fight with him, he always stay away from them, but this time he couldn't control his temper, so he took trash can and trough back to them and he got himself caught with the principle.

I hope you can help me and call talk to the head board of districk school and principle of Wilson high, just said that you know my family and my son that he a good boy he never related to any gangster...

KICKIN' IT
(2000)

If you wave the flag, you're family. White people have their Confederate flag or their Aryan flag tattooed on 'em; that's their family. We just be doin' the same.

CAMBODIAN GANGSTER, CRAZY BROTHER CLAN (2000)

Stockton, California, is a largish city whose glamor derives principally from its Asparagus Festival. The famous Delta breeze, which cools summer nights down to tolerability, too frequently passes Stockton by, and so does everything else. Unemployment in San Joaquin County is twice the state average.[1] Enter the international Port of Stockton and you might well find no sentry at the gate. Drive around the navy post on Rough and Ready Island, and you may spy a lone forklift operator, or nobody. Or, in the more tactful words of one Delta enthusiast, "I always enjoy looking at the mothball fleet here, even though the assortment is not as grand as it had been in years past."[2] Downtown Stockton is busier; many of the old brickfront hotels survive, transformed by time from doss houses into picturesque relics. In its weary journey from Mexico to Canada, Interstate Five

passes through this core, and if you follow it to the March Lane exit and turn right, you'll find yourself amidst the ugliness of present day California life.

March Lane offers the voyager a long wide flatness, sparkling with sun-glare, which divides the corporate cubes, strip malls, and green-lawned chain hotels from the dead grass and fences where the Kentfield housing project begins. Although I've used the singular, sundry "apartments," "estates" and the like proclaim themselves within the project mass; and indeed the proud boosters of Kentfield whom you are about to meet[3] consider their "hood" to extend only along the east side of the street. Cross the street, and you're in alien territory. If you keep walking west, more or less paralleling March Lane, you'll pass briefly through a middle class suburb, and then, a sweaty half hour after you started, you'll reach the antipodal neighborhood of Manchester. Like Kentfield, Manchester is predominantly southeast Asian.[4] Cambodians, Laotians, hill tribes such as the Hmong, Filipinos, and Vietnamese all rub shoulders. Black tenants are few, and whites fewer still. (One chunky white woman proudly referred to herself as an honorary Asian, because she'd just given birth to a half-Cambodian baby, whom her friends jokingly suggested that she name O.G., or Old Gangster). Almost all the people I met in the two neighborhoods were Cambodian. The teenagers and young adults first saw the light in Thai refugee camps.

The other tenants of Kentfield and Manchester are myriads of tiny kittens. They sport on tenement floors, or purr feebly in the palms of children. Several times people would urge me to take a kitten with me, because otherwise some kid would only break its legs or put out its eyes.

Unlike Kentfield, Manchester is a self-contained fortress, its apartments drawn in around courtyards where families sit in the hot sun. Kentfield does boast a park where in the night time gangsters sometimes like to sit at picnic tables under the cool trees, but this park lies at the extremity of the neighborhood, not in the middle of it. Think of Manchester more or less as a walled square. Think of Kentfield as a rectangle stretched out and attenuated almost into a line, really a coast regularly embayed by apartments. Each bay is entered through its own gate, which boasts a NO LOITERING sign. And at each gate, you may be sure, there are loiterers, although the manager comes every half hour to warn them to move; and so they stand there holding the line, gazing across the street watching nothing happen.

On account of that architecture, Kentfield felt more threatening to me than its rival. To go anywhere, I had to walk that line, passing gate after gate, whose keepers were sometimes imbued with the aggressive purposefulness of frontier guards or termite soldiers. In Manchester, I needed only to enter one gate, and the project enfolded me protectively. I might also have felt safer there because the manager had recently expelled a dozen gangsters, an act for which their remaining colleagues naturally hated her. Just two weeks since, I was told, she'd shot a girl named B.G. in the face. The reason she had shot B.G. was that she had dared to get into B.G.'s business and so B.G. had punched her in the head. B.G. was in the hospital now in a

coma. Well, actually she wasn't in the hospital at all. The bullet had only grazed her. And it hadn't been the manager who'd fired it, but the manager's husband. "There is some truth to that story," said the Stockton police. "However, the manager wasn't the aggressor; it was this B.G. female. But that was pretty close to the way it went down." (A homeboy named Reptile[5] hadn't been there, but he'd heard the shots. "That's when I go home," he said. "So the police come, and they wave their guns around; they look like one of those James Bond movies.") The gangsters were half-literally up in arms about what had befallen B.G., but when I expressed a desire to meet her, it turned out that they didn't even know where she lived; she was among the expelled. Actually, they said, they were a little afraid of B.G. She was pretty mean. Even if I were able to find her and knock on her door, the best that would happen would be that B.G. would cuss me out. They didn't advise me to visit. They really weren't that interested in B.G. The point was how hateful the manager was. "She's one of us but she don't like even her own race," one homeboy said. "She want to straighten us out by giving up our culture." They told me that she had managed another housing project in Stockton and got attacked there, too, which proved how disagreeable she made herself to any true human being—that is, I guess, to any gangster. I never met the manager to ask her side of it. What would have been the use? The gangsters would have hated me then, which would have crimpled my style because this story is supposed to be about gangsters.

Well, is there anything special about Asian gangs? I hardly know to commence on this vast subject. Here is one answer: "Our Vietnamese and Chinese are into the economic crimes now, but they almost *invented* the home invasion robbery, really," said Detective Jim Kang of the Sacramento gang violence unit. The way he said it, he sounded almost proud of the Asian gangs. Perhaps his pride was equivalent to that of the herpetologist who discourses on a particularly venomous species of cobra. "They started as street gangs," he went on. "They emulated the black gangs. They had the funky hair, you know. But they always dressed nicer. They drove cars that their parents bought them. And some of them, especially the Vietnamese and the Chinese, were into education. For the Hmong and the Lao, though, education is not as much of a value. Around here we have Mien, Lao, Viet, Chinese, Viet Ching, Cantonese and they're very different." How would he have classified the Cambodians? God only knew. There were very few of them in Sacramento.

ASIAN GANGS IN STOCKTON: AN INCOMPLETE LIST

GANG	FULL NAME	COLORS	ENEMIES
Kentfield			
OCG	Original Crip Gang	royal blue	CBC, LTC, TRG, ABZ, AC
KC	Kentfield Crips	ditto	ditto
Manchester			
MLS	Moon Light Strangers	red	all except TRG and OG
TRG	Tiny Rascal Gang	grey	ABZ
CBC	Crazy Brother Clan	black	OCG, KC, ABZ, AC
Oak Park and elsewhere			
ABZ	Asian Boyz	navy blue	OCG, KC, TRG
CBZ	Crazy Boyz (jr. ABZ)	ditto	ditto
AC	Asian Crips	blue	CBC, LTC, TRG, ???
LTC	Loc Town Crips	navy blue	ditto
OB	Original Bloods	red	???

SOURCE: L. N., 13 YEARS OLD, KENTFIELD

Kentfield's representatives were the Original Crip Gang, once known as the Original Cambodian Gang until they started admitting members of other races, and the Kentfield Crips, an allied group now somewhat in decline. The colors of both were royal blue. Manchester, on the other hand, was a redoubt of the notorious Tiny Rascal Gang, whose colors were grey,[6] the Moon Light Strangers, who wore red, and the Crazy Brother Clan, formerly known as the Cold Blooded Cambodians, who had changed their name for the same reason as the OCGs, and who wore black ("we claim the black rag"). In short, Kentfield was Crip and Manchester was Blood. Kentfield and Manchester were enemies.

A Manchester homeboy explained to me how strangers were greeted: "If you're a teenager, they ask you where you come from, and if you tell 'em the wrong thing or if you wear a blue rag, that's it. This is a Blood block."

"Manchester's a hot spot, all right," they said in Kentfield.

"What happens if you go to Kentfield?" I asked the Manchester set.

"Get our ass beat."

When I asked a young Kentfield wannabe just what a Crip was, he twitched and said, "A Crip, I dunno. I never thought of that."

"Why are the Crips and Bloods each other's enemies?"

"They fought with each other," he replied, not much interested in these questions.

He was thirteen. He knew every Asian gang's colors. He knew who was Crip and

who was Blood. And yet he couldn't tell me what or why. The next day I found him and some junior OCGs playing happily with a steak knife, and he started flourishing it at my heart, stabbing the ground, hacking at hedge-leaves. His brother was worried about him.

With or without good reason, Kentfield and Manchester remained unsafe. For fear of armed robbery Domino's Pizza refused to deliver to either place after sunset.[7] The soft drink machine at Manchester was empty for the same reason, residents told me.[8] I have already described how Kentfield's tree-grown street of swollen garbage cans unnerved me at night, although because I never went there alone, nothing worse happened than a few threats and an attempted camera-snatching. One of my guides, a fellow of college age whose family had just moved from Manchester to Kentfield because the addicts who'd shared the apartment had stopped paying their half of the rent, went out to work at the gas station one day, and on his return to that home-smell of rancid vinegar and dirty socks discovered that some black men in ski masks had burst in, pistol-whipped his uncle and father in the face, and harvested 10,000 dollars' worth of cash and valuables (his family had been running an illegal gambling house). That had happened only last year. He'd felt frightened then and he felt frightened now. "It's kinda spooky," he said. "We got paranoid about the locks. And then the last time, it happened two months ago. It was like half dream, half reality. I was sleeping when it happened right next to my window. Someone just passed by and shot..." —We were sitting around with his ex-homeboys back in Manchester when I raised the subject of this home invasion, to see what they would say, and it turned out that he hadn't bothered to tell them before and they weren't much interested; it was not only old news, but commonplace.

When I asked Sergeant Jim Hughes of the Stockton Police Gang Violence Suppression Unit whether Manchester or Kentfield was more violent, he replied, "Well, they're doin' drivebys and assaults with a deadly weapon. Both of those gangs are pretty violent." He believed that their numbers in Stockton overall ran in the hundreds. "The Manchester boys probably have a few more members."

Unlike Bosnia, Colombia or Jamaica, those two rival neighborhoods (whose residents referred to them as ghettos) could boast no recent homicides. In 1997 Stockton had been afflicted by twenty gang murders. In 1999 only six people were killed by gangs in the entire city—four of them by Asians, the other two by Hispanics.[9] Halfway through the year 2000, when I wrote this, one homicide alone could be attributed to an Asian gang. Nobody I met lived in acute fear. "You use your common sense," said a Manchester resident. "You know where you can't go." (In Bosnia they used to say the same, with the same shrug: Why argue with the facts of life?) And exceptions to the "where you can't go" rule abounded. I've already mentioned my guide, who lived in Kentfield yet could visit Manchester anytime on account of his prior residence there. Indeed, he felt less safe in Kentfield, because they didn't yet know him there very well; he was always away working or studying;

but because he was not a current member of any gang, nobody had any personal stake in hurting him. His thirteen-year-old brother, the Kentfield wannabe who didn't know what a Crip was, was much less free. Half-heartedly he offered to take me to Manchester, where he still had relatives, but, fearing for his safety, I worked with him only in Kentfield, where he generally sat on his skateboard half a block away from me, cupping his chin in his hand, flicking a fingernail against his teeth, his eyes anxiously crawling all over me as he tapped his foot. He never stopped believing that I was a police informant. (Still, he took my money.) He refused outright to go to Oak Park, where the Asian Boyz lived. Those gangsters were archenemies of both the Kentfield and the Manchester sets. (According to Sergeant Hughes, that hood was no worse than either Kentfield or Manchester, so I made no effort to go there.) The thirteen-year-old said: "I can't go to Oak Park since I been to school with some of them. They were friends of me, when I went to school. Then this gang thing got in the way. Just because I'm from Kentfield now, they think I'm in KC. If I went there, they'd try to beat me up, maybe kill me." —But his elder brother lived in the same house, and *he* could enter Oak Park without fear—another indication that the thirteen-year-old was fast becoming a gang satellite.

These neighborhood feuds were thus not only arbitrary, but subject to individual amendment. One known member of the Crazy Brother Clan in Manchester could pass the Crip sentries of Kentfield unmolested as long as he minded his Ps and Qs, because his sister lived in that alien hood.

"How do the Kentfield set treat you?" I asked him. "Are they polite to you?"

"No. They treat me like I'm invisible. They're not polite but they won't hurt me—'cause they afraid of what my homeys might do," he added for the benefit of those homeys, who sat drinking beer beside us.[10]

"If you wear a certain thing in a certain neighborhood," said a certain "block leader" in Manchester, "the only people gonna trip is your own ethnic group. I was in Oakland, wearin' red in a blue hood, and the only thing those black guys said to me was, 'You from Stockton, huh?'"

This is why the stupid hatreds based on gang affiliation[11] seemed to me potentially revocable in each given case. In Kentfield there dwelled a brawny Laotian whose torso sported half a dozen fearsome tattoos (the most impressive of which read KILLER). In this Crip neighborhood he strolled merrily around, greeting people with a "what's up, Blood?" In reply he got merely a few laughingly tolerant obscenities, for he'd grown up there and everyone had known him before he'd gotten himself initiated (or *jumped in* as they call it) into a Blood-affiliated gang.

Street gangsterism, in short, follows no more coherent a system than did the expedient wars and alliances of ancient Greek city-states. The Cambodian gangsters whom I'd met four years earlier in Long Beach all insisted that they'd signed on out of simple self-defense. Black and Hispanic gangsters attacked them in the high school hallways. Their parents complained; the principal couldn't help them. What

were they supposed to do? But in Stockton, if I may quote the immortal words of a certain Mr. Scarface from Kentfield, "All here, all the Asian people have Asian enemies. Why we gonna make enemies with the other races?"

"Originally we were all Cambodian gangsters," Scarface went on, "but then we jumped Mexicans and blacks into our set, so we changed from *Original Cambodian Gangsters* to *Original Crip Gang.* Sure we're Crips. But our color is different from other Crips, 'cause we're *unique."*

"Do black Crips respect the OCGs?"

"Sure. Blacks are like, *what's up, cuz?"*

This is logical, for the slang, colors, names and organization of the Asian gangs appeared to be largely based on black exemplars. "It's not that they *want* to be black or Hispanic," said Detective Kang in Sacramento. "They're living in an environment where that sort of subculture is everywhere. That's what they understand to be something cool. When you look at some of our southeast Asian gangsters who emulate blacks, they give it their own flavor. For instance, jumping in," which means getting initiated through a beating. "Some do it like the blacks do. Some do not. With some of our Hmong gangs, you can simply rape a girl and get into a gang. Also, the turf wars you see with Latino gangs, it's not really there with the Asian gangs. With them it's about glory. Sure the Asians are different. Asians are more apt to shoot. I want you to tell people that Asian gangs are a big problem, a very, very serious threat to public safety." So they were different. Still and all, some were pretty black. It always disconcerted me when these Cambodian boys called each other "nigger." As a member of the Crazy Brother Clan remarked, *"They* say, what's up, Blood? *We* say, what's up, Crazy? That's just Ebonics, is what it is." Several of his Manchester homeboys idolized the martyred black rapper Tupac Shakur, and when I asked why their role model wasn't Cambodian like them, they replied that there would never be another Tupac, not ever, "because that the *life* he's rappin' about. That's true."

"I *been* through that," said another boy. "He tells it like it is. Nobody can be as big as Tupac."

What had he been through? Well, let me introduce him to you by saying that he wore an ankle bracelet. (The gangster way to describe his situation is *they put him on ankle.)* His name was San.

"My life is fucked up," he said.

I asked why, and he replied: "'Cause I live in a bad society, in a bad neighborhood."

"I got shot at like seven-eight times," he said. "Didn't hit me, though."

"Why did they shoot at you?"

"'Cause people don't get along with me," he yawned, scratching at the ankle bracelet. (Had he begun to descend the steps from his mother's apartment, the alarm would have sounded.) "Car come drivin' past, and they shot, 'cause I live in a wrong neighborhood and always wear red."

"Who were they?"

"ABZ," he said.

ABZ meant Asian Boyz. They were Crips, hence enemies of the Manchester set. "If you wear a red dickey and you go to Oak Park," a CBC gangster explained, "they gonna hit you up right there, 'cause you diss[12] their *colors*." In Oak Park as in Kentfield, homeboys "wore the blue rag,"[13] so you might think that those two latter neighborhoods would be allies, but a Kentfield gangster summed up his color-counterparts thus, with many a bitter laugh: "They *love* us. They call us *best friend.* Sparkles come out of their heart—*pop, pop, pop,* right into our hood!" No one remembered exactly the genesis of this hatred, but one story went that in ancient times an OCG and an ABZ had quarreled over a girl, requiring homeboys on both sides to step in—proof of the inconveniences of blind solidarity.[14]

"So how did you get put on ankle, San?"

"I did a home invasion and got locked up. I was with somebody else but only I got caught."

"What made you want to go into that house?"

"'Cause I didn't like that person. I was gonna hit him up."

"You mean hurt him or you mean kill him?"

"Something like that. He jumped me a couple times. He claimed another color of rag. At night time I knocked on the door and walked in. I didn't see him. I threatened his wife, his kids, everybody. I wouldn't have hurt 'em; I just wanted to find out where her husband was at. Then the police came."

"What happened next?"

"They slammed me on the ground five times. One cop was white and one was black. They took me in. They locked me up in juvenile hall for a month. I violated my probation too much, so they put that thing on me," and he touched the ankle bracelet, which was a loop of some vinyl-like material with a black box on the back of the leg.

It was my visits to San that introduced me to Manchester's black-grimed wooden landings where the young men squat in the evenings, drinking their cans of coconut juice or beer which they can buy at practically any neighbor's apartment no matter how young they are, and they crouch there waiting for something to happen. This is what they call *kickin' it.* Sometimes they wake up as early as one or two in the afternoon, but usually they don't come out for hours more, at least not in the summer heat (when I was in Stockton it was more than 100 degrees every day), and when they do, a guest must wait and wait (it's like being in Asia), until slowly, slowly they come out, with weary sweaty faces. They sit with their legs lolling in front of them (which would be very rude in Cambodia), or they squat cross-legged in good Cambodian style, looking down through the grating into the hard-shadowed sunlight of late afternoon. Far below, old men in sarongs are sitting in the courtyard, children are playing ball, and the smell of barbeque tangs the air. Those civil-

ians will go home by ten-o'-clock, but the gangsters will not. When they drink their *forty,* they pour out a few drops onto the ground in remembrance of their beer-drinking homeboys now gone underground. Lapsing in and out of the Khmer language, they tell tall tales about valiant but eternally inconclusive skirmishes with the enemy. (Why inconclusive? A classic study on seventeenth-century Iroquoians provides what I believe to be the answer: *The major reason that the Huron gave for waging war was to avenge the injuries that warriors from other tribes had inflicted on them... Since neither side regarded such killings as anything but fresh injuries, the result was a self-perpetuating cycle of violence... War was also the principal means by which young men acquired the personal prestige that assured them the respect of their elders and an influential voice in the affairs of their village in later life.*)[15] On those hot evenings, they look across the fences and into distant stairwells and curtained windows. Some crouch stolid and grim; another flickers his hands impassionedly, crying, "It's like that little saying in biology, *survival of the fittest.* Some people been raised to kill! I gotta do what I gotta do to live, y'all!" He's posturing, but they're entertained by his eloquence. He talks and talks. The grim ones half-listen, which passes the time. They smoke cigarettes. One of them yawns and rises to buy four or five more beers from the old lady next door. They get fresh with each other, calling each other *bitch.* Maybe a *hood rat* will come by and some of them can fuck her, or, as they'd term it, *hit her in, hit some skin.* (As a junior OCG member in Kentfield described those damsels, "They're just like a roll of railroad track that's gettin' laid all over the country, you know.") Maybe they can sell some D (dope), if they don't smoke it up themselves. *Grinding,* which means selling crack, comprises another fine occupation.

Mainly, what they do is nothing. Waiting for something is the same as waiting for nothing. After all, what could possibly happen? —A shooting, maybe. —In Kentfield I heard that drivebys used to happen every night, but now once a week was more like it. A Manchester boy said that shootings occurred only "once in a hundred days, but we have to watch ourselves." The last night that I was in Kentfield I heard no gun-blasts, but suddenly blue lights flashed beneath the cool trees and two white policemen approached slowly, asking in mild tones, "All right, who was shooting?" They were frisking everybody. One of the first people they processed was my frail, myopic guide, who as I mentioned was not in any gang, had no gang tattoos, and always conducted himself in a quiet and straightforward manner; he stood with his hands behind his neck while they went through his wallet, called him an asshole and told him they were going to write him a fucking ass ticket. They had me take my hands out of my pocket, questioned me, warned me against loitering, and dismissed me. When I refused to leave until they'd finished with my guide, it got ugly, but only a little, and he came with me soon enough, both of us a little shaken (but I'd been more shaken a quarter-hour earlier by the threats of some Kentfield gangsters), and we never did find out if there had been any shooting. —And the previous night down in Manchester, I'd also heard no shots

when a pair of white cops came striding into the courtyard, their walkie-talkies crackling loudly and unintelligibly, their voices unintelligible, too; and the underage gangsters with whom I was sitting quickly hid their beers back in the plastic bag, watching the policemen's backs dwindle until they'd reached an apartment on the far side of the courtyard in whose doorway they stood for awhile, questioning someone; then they swung around, proceeding slowly toward us, their faces now upturning as they reached the bottom of the stairs, the gangsters pretending not to notice until the cops had passed through the tunnel beneath us and slowly returned to their patrol car. Now when it was safe the gangsters talked big about wanting to get them and how if cops could have guns, *they* should have guns; but none of them knew why the police had come. Later, several Manchester residents insisted to me that there'd been a driveby of a dozen shots, right in the middle of the volleyball game in the vacant lot where the old women grew their vegetables. Those reports were probably true. The drivebys I heard about were literally and metaphorically small-caliber stuff. The bullet wounds which the Kentfield homeboys so proudly showed off had been made by .22s or .25s almost invariably; I saw one 9-millimeter injury and that was it. For the reader unfamiliar with guns (or *straps* as a gangster would call them), I might mention that I can shoot my .22 target pistol inside a closet (two phone books are more than enough of a backstop) and the shot remains inaudible outside the house. So what constitutes a Stockton driveby? From the movies we might imagine a carload of gangsters armed with assault rifles and high capacity semiautos. More often than not, it's pathetic kid stuff. "Everybody has a strap," they'd toughly assure me, but I can't tell you how many boys whined at me to buy them guns or give them mine, because they didn't own any. The only driveby story I heard direct from the perpetrator went like this: A fresh young Kentfield Crip went to Oak Park (for what purpose he wouldn't say) and quite naturally got jumped by the Asian Boyz. ("Even though you're bangin' Blood, you're cool with me," said a Crip. "If you're ABZ, that's a different story.") To hear the young KC tell it, there were ten of the enemy, one of whom pulled a gun, but he miraculously got away. Why deflate his exaggerations? It might even have been true that some possession-proud ABZ "fingerpointed" him with a pistol for fun and intimidation.[16] Whatever actually happened, this KC felt so angry and humiliated, he told me, that the next night he could not forbear to pull a driveby. In other words, he waited until dark, *got on his bicycle,* rode to Oak Park and discharged a few shots more or less at random from his older brother's .25 pistol, which he then threw away in panic while pedaling home. When I asked whether he'd hurt anybody, he hung his head and confessed that he hadn't. But then, trying to look me in the eye, he proclaimed that he'd made his statement, because his bullets "passed right through four houses." A .25 is not much more powerful than a .22, and if you remember my two phone books you can judge for yourself how far his bullets could have penetrated. So it is possible that the driveby at Manchester, and the shooting at Kentfield the follow-

ing night, both really happened, but that only people in the immediate vicinity could hear them. "Oh, they come through all the time," said a Manchester homeboy named Gremlin. "They let off six or seven shots and then go. Police come," he laughed. "All they do is collect the evidence." —Gremlin wanted to be tough about it all. But another boy said: "When a car comes back, we get scared."

Drivebys were the only thing that San's arthritic old mother feared in her new life in America. One wall of her living room was a Buddhist shrine. (San's room was a Tupac shrine, and he said to me: "I don't believe in nothin'. I still got this Buddha necklace, though.") Thanking me because the American government had thoughtfully brought her to Stockton, where it was hot and humid just as in Cambodia, she offered ice cream and begged me to teach her son right and wrong, because she couldn't. She was like so many of the Cambodian parents who didn't know how to raise their children here. Bewildered peasants who couldn't speak English, they stayed home day and night, except maybe to go sit in the courtyard. Sometimes their sons continued to respect them, sometimes not. "Take off your shoes, be courteous—fuck all that shit," a homeboy said. "But at home I don't mind it." San was fond enough of his mother, but he did whatever he pleased. I thought of a remark which a Manchester CBC had shruggingly made about Crips and Bloods: "It's really like a street thing. It's part of human nature. People being treated so badly out here, they wanna be in another family."

San was sitting outside now with his friends, his other family, gazing at the stairs which his ankle bracelet forbade him to descend. All of them had been born in refugee camps in Thailand whose names they didn't remember, or perhaps never knew. "Manchester's the number one place to kick it," they boasted; the Chamber of Commerce should have hired them! Apartment doors, half blocked by their bodies, gaped open into darkness, so that the evening coolness could enter; sometimes an old Cambodian lady, a little child or a kitten would pass close enough to the doorway to be seen; the boys paid no attention. "We live our lives by sellin' drugs, kickin' it, and havin' sex with girls we don't even know." Mostly, they lived their lives by kicking it, yawning, drinking, complaining—for instance, that they weren't old enough to drink a beer but they *were* old enough to be tried as adults for murder. Life wasn't fair, they said. And so they went on talking and joking, showing off their gold rings, gold chains, bullet wounds, waiting for nothing, while the beer bottles in their hands slowly darkened into silhouettes.

This was the life. Some people lived it more actively. Some lived it and got out of it. I remember a Manchester man who'd been disillusioned by the hollow heroism of gang fights. He'd been looking to be a tournament knight, a fair play warrior, but "Asian gangs, we don't fight one on one; we fight three on one." I remember another fellow who'd jumped himself out of CBC because "I don't have to be a gangster to do what I'm doing now. You just wanna be cool. In school, once I joined the gang I came from As to Bs to straight Fs..."

"Was there nothing good about it? Didn't it make you feel like a man?"

"Well, I felt like I was strong 'cause I had friends. It made me more of a man since people were more afraid of me. I remember one guy in my class who tried to fight with me, but then he learned I was kicking with a gang."

There was something to be said for that. Self-defense is an awfully comforting word. That was the siren song that the Kentfield Crips and the Original Crip Gangsters kept singing to that thirteen-year-old from Kentfield: "Jump in; we'll back you up. We'll help you and everything if any set comes to mess with you." And he was getting pretty tempted to jump in. Why not? Gangsters can be made as young as twelve...

Aside from protection of a sort (which of course came with the obligation to avenge injuries by and to people they'd never met), what else did the juniors get out of their new gangsterhood? The sense of belonging that their confused and uprooted families couldn't give them. Together they sat on the hot concrete steps of Kentfield, spitting, fashion-conscious, throwing out brand names. Together they sat in Manchester, badmouthing Kentfield. Lapsing in and out of Khmer, waiting outside while their homeboy lay hitting skin with some pretty hood rat, they extolled themselves and their neighborhoods until the sun melted them into sleepiness. — "I got jumped right here at 4402 Block," a gangster might say with immense pride. "I represent the 4404 Block now. But here, we're from the same set."

"Gangsters make the world go round," laughed a J.G. (junior gangster) in Kentfield. "What kinda job does a cop have? Eatin' doughnuts every day! My job is like a cop, but a *crooked* cop! Ridin' around, bustin' my enemies, *pop-pop* in your hood!"

I asked a Manchester homeboy why he'd decided to get jumped into CBC, and he said, "Just to fit in. Back in those days, seven-eight years ago, I didn't know nothin'. It was just to be cool. But now that I know, I keep on. I been through a lot with them. CBC is *nationwide,*" he said with pride.[17]

"Why CBC instead of TRG or MLS?"

"It's the people you grow up with, you know."

"So what happens when you get jumped?"

"Just like it sounds. Everybody hits you for thirty seconds, but you fight back. They try not to hit you in face, 'cause you gonna be their brother, but I got hit in a face a couple times. When you want out of the gang, you get jumped for two minutes."

A longhaired Cambodian youth in Kentfield said: "I started kickin' with gang guys when I was in third grade. I got caught for smoking D" (dope), "put in juvenile for one month, then they put me here on ankle. I learned my lesson."

(What that lesson was I didn't ask. According to his homeboys, he still banged with them.)

"Why did you get jumped into OCG?" I asked another.

"'Cause my homeboys need me. I been shot at more than twenty times."

"That OG, he's cool," said a little Cambodian boy beneath the glaring lights of

Kentfield at night. "He's my brother's uncle-in-law." And the old gangster (who might have been twenty) bought sweet beef satay from a street vendor and gave us each a stick of it. We sat there with him at a picnic table in the park. He and his girl and his gangster cronies were laughing and cursing. The girl was yelling, *"Hey, you queer!"* —and then a police car approached and they all fled into the darkness...

Boys who thought that the OGs weren't cool might have different experiences. Young N.C., who'd lived in Manchester all his life, was a little anxious about life because his sister had just been robbed. The thief came in through her second-story window at night while she lay in bed. Not caring about her presence in the slightest, he cleaned her out. N. was afraid he might come back. About the gangsters he said, "I think it's unsafe, 'cause they bother my brothers and stuff. Tell them to go steal, drink—and if they don't, they beat 'em up. They make 'em beat up other kids. Well, there's always pressure, like to smoke. First they give it to you free. There's a lot of dealing."

I would have been very surprised had N.C. become a gangster. Gangsters weren't studious like him. If they were intellectual, they suppressed that side of themselves or else employed it to spice up their sarcasms and safeguard their drug deals. The gangster mindset is necessarily rather closed. I am Red, so Blue is my enemy. Why? To the open mind, everything remains an open question. That attitude would be disloyal and even dangerous in the Crazy Brother Clan. And to an open mind, the Crazy Brother Clan might well seem like a ball and chain.

When I asked that tattooed Kentfield warrior Scarface, who'd obliterated his own gang tattoo within the maw of a tattooed tiger (and about whom San over in Manchester was quick to remark: "I fought with him a buncha times. I whip his ass every day, an' you can write that in"), what was the best thing about being a gangster, he replied, "Nothing cool. Just gotta do what you gotta do."

"So what made you join?"

"The first time, they ask me to go in since everybody planning to get jumped. So I jumped myself in. Like two or three years later, we started having a lot of enemies. Later on, there's no more fighting. There's only shooting."[18]

The older they got, the harder they got and the more dangerous it got. But they didn't know what else to do. Certainly they were no mainstream employer's dream. In one Manchester boy's caustic words, "They're payin' you for your skills—blow me good, baby! Six dollars an' fifty sense a fuckin' hour..."

"What kind of job do you want?" I asked a gangster.

"We just wanna kick back, waitin' for the money to come in." Earlier, he'd divided the human race into two camps: "It's either you sell drugs or you drug."[19]

Gremlin said, "I wanna be wearin' a suit." Another boy winked at the others and said: "I wants to go back to Cambodia an' open a strip joint!" —When I asked San where he saw himself twenty years from now, he smirked and said, "Under a park bench."

So they sat kicking it; they defended their colors. Gremlin said: "We used to kick back, smoke weed, hide from our parents, but now we're grown up, so we can disrespect them if we want to and it's not even disrespect. It's just like all day we drink beer but we're tryin' to straighten out." They boasted about how many times they'd been shot at. They more or less echoed the self-pitying junior gangster in Kentfield who whined, "You never know when the road gonna end." They did what they had to do. —"An ABZ came over here from Oak Park with his wife and kid to eat something," they told me (this was in Manchester). "He thought that would be cool. That's how he came. You know how he left? In an *ambulance!*"

That was the punch line to many a story I heard in Kentfield and Manchester. It always brought the grins.

"What happened to his wife and kid?" I asked.

"Nothing. They were crying."

"He died later that night," said a boy with a smile.

"Oh, yes, he did die," said the storyteller indifferently.

(One of the homeboys who were sitting there had recently been to Dallas, Texas, and returned home to the hood in a state of shock, because in Dallas, not only did both CBCs and ABZs wear different colors than in Stockton, but they *embraced* each other; they called each other "cuz"! —Did that make any difference in Stockton? — Not a bit. After all, that traveler had himself been jumped by five civic boosters of Oak Park because he claimed the black rag.)

That was what they did. They sat kicking it. Sometimes they got to hit some skin with girls (also known as *bitches, hos, chicks, bee zacks*—which could designate them either as bitches or as fine-lookers, *bed buddies* if they were regular sexual partners, *hood rats* if they were everybody's partners, or *homey loverfriends* if they were desirable to the heart as well as to the groin). Allow me to quote Scarface's dictum, uttered when I asked how easy it was for a gangster to get a girlfriend: "To get a decent girl's more difficult, but to get a hood rat's more cool."

Gremlin's loverfriend was Vietnamese. Being Cambodian, he was experiencing grave difficulties in getting her parents to love him, so he didn't know how it would work out in the long run. But from the way he talked, I could tell that he was fond of her. San talked a little differently about his girl, Sara. Harsh teaser that he was, to her face he called her ugly, a hood rat, and on and on. He laughed about wanting to throw her out the window. Smiling, she gave almost as good as she got.

In Kentfield and Manchester, at least, it seemed that the gangs were primarily male. According to San, CBC had briefly entertained the auxiliary organization CSC — Crazy Sister Clan—but "they run their mouth too much, so we had a meeting and they said there's no more CSC." —"What did the girls say?" —"They can't say *nothin'*," he replied with a smile.

"Girls don't have to wear their boyfriends' colors, 'cause we believe in equality," a Kentfield Crip told me pompously. "They're free to wear whatever."

"Know why?" laughed his homeboy. "Reason is, 'cause we don't care about the bitches! Your homegirls can come suck my nuts, 'cause they're all *equal*!"

If a girl was foolish enough to kick it with the full rainbow of colors, she began to run certain risks. In Manchester I heard the tale of a hood rat whose exogamous leanings had just recently prompted sanctions. "One of the homeys took a beer bottle and smashed her on the head," said a gangster approvingly. "See, she was kicking with ABZ. That was her mistake. She was kicking with two sets. She was a buster, man."

"So what happened?"

"Well, she got up and started to walk home, but halfway she fell down unconscious. So that bitch finished her trip in an *ambulance."*

Sara (the only hood girl I got to interview; all the others declined that honor) respected the limits, although at first she'd insisted: "I kick with all kinds of sets. I don't care."

"Can you go to Oak Park?"

"Sure," the girl said.

"How come these guys can't go?"

"'Cause guys are like—they're scared of going to Oak Park. Me, I go *everywhere.* I'm unique."

"Girls are more free," San put in. "Guys can't go nowhere."

"What's your opinion of gangs, Sara?"

"They're stupid. I just think they're stupid."

"Well, don't the gangs help protect the homeboys?"

"If I'm your friend, I'll be by your side no matter what. I don't need no gang."

"And you can wear any color?"

"I can go with any color I want, but I don't like blue."

"That's right," said San, delighted. After all, blue was the color of the Crips, whom he called "crabs." Blue was Kentfield color. Blue was Oak Park color, ABZ color.

"What's your favorite color?"

"Red," said Sara, and red-wearing San smiled complacently...

Sara's previous boyfriend had been shot dead on April 29th. "He wasn't a gangster; he just represent his hood."

"So what happened?"

"They come out and shoot him there, right in front of the friends he was kickin' with. ABZ killed him."

"How do you know?"

"'Cause I do. I just do."

"Did you see it?"

"No, I was down the street. I heard the shots, but I didn't think anything of it, 'cause they always be shootin' the lightpost and stuff for fun."

"Have you been nearby when other murders happened?"

"Sure. In my neighborhood when I was young I was standing in my hallways and there were gunshots and somebody died, I dunno why."

"How did you feel?"

"I didn't really know nothin'," said the girl with an uncomfortable shrug. "'Cause it had nothin' to do with me."

That was more or less how she'd replied when I'd asked how she'd felt when her boyfriend was shot. Perhaps she'd had no feelings; perhaps she shut off her feelings or didn't know what they were; or perhaps she just didn't think her feelings were any of my business, especially since I'd had to ask her in a room full of boys. But the next day, when I raised the subject of her boyfriend's murder again, she said, "Now I'm scared 'cause I heard they're after me. This dude who kicks with them told his cousin and his cousin told me."

"I'm sorry to hear that, Sara. Can anybody protect you?"

"I don't think so."

Sighing then, she said: "My Mom always told me, you shouldn't have a lot of friends, and I always wondered why. Now I know."

That was the neighborhood rule. That was the point of the story I'd been told about the too cosmopolitan homegirl who'd finished her trip in an *ambulance.* That was one of the lessons of life.

As for San, when I asked whether he'd learned anything in life so far, he thought awhile on that long hot summer afternoon, with the fan going, the little television blatting, as he curled up on his four mattresses with Sara, and then he finally said, "Don't kick it in front of the street, 'cause if they see somebody in front of the street they do a driveby."

To me that didn't seem like very much to have learned, but maybe there wasn't much else to learn. If you spend your time kicking it and waiting for nothing, then you just might get nothing. "I don't really believe in nothing," said a gangster, the son of two devout Buddhists. "God is just like a figurehead of something you can look up to. You be a Christian, you be a gang member. If you think about it, everything is just bullshit."

I didn't waste my breath disagreeing. Should I have told him that he should make friends with anybody, no matter who wore what colors? Should I have implied that an executive job would soon come his way? Could I think of anything better for him to do than just kicking it? Why, that would have been as futile and foolhardy as wearing blue in Manchester.

I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN *YOUNG* GIRLS (1993)

No story is anything more than a list, so we might as well begin with one. At the top of the list are the prostitutes who really love you, the ones who marry you for life or even just for a night but always with sincerity; the ones who sing after making love. Next come those who love the money, the vacations and the new clothes. They are honest about what they do, at least sometimes. Well-paid, professional though they are, they may become fond of you. If not, they will pretend that they are and have a good laugh later. Then there are the professionals who may not be quite as well-paid, the ones you order at the bar by number who say: I smoke you! and rush to gobble the penis down. They're the ones who say: Me no money. Papa Mama very poor! And if you ask them if they like this job they'll say softly: Me no like. But many will come to feel affection for you just the same; they can be made happy; and some are sex addicts who in any case would need to give what they're lucky enough to be able to sell. Below them come the Kong Toi girls laughing and singing: *I fuck you why, I door, know why...* You pick them out from behind glass in the dirty brothels that are lit up like Christmas; they don't bother to say much; they don't let you touch them; they spread their legs and then hurry away.

These are all voluntary prostitutes, although they may not like their profession

for its own sake; the same is true of most janitors, garbage men and clerk-typists. A little below them are the drug-addicted ladies of the American streets, who must trick, claw and extort; most have sad lives; many were started on their career by rape and incest; and yet they bear responsibility for what they do tonight and tomorrow; no one is "exploiting" them; perhaps they exploit themselves. For me they comprise the baseline of the tolerable. Below *them* begins the inferno of actual slavery. In the United States I think of the girls who work for pimps. Often their situation is not as bad as sensationalists would have you believe; sometimes it is worse. Street prostitutes, at least, have the chance to escape. Below them live (if you can call it that) the ones who are imprisoned. Some are simply locked inside. Others are chained to the wall. Not too long ago, one woman in Thailand's Ranong province managed to get away from her brothel. She ran to the city hall and begged someone to help her. No one did. A crew from the whorehouse came and beat her to death. For me the saddest phenomenon of all is forced child prostitution. Most of the time children don't have to be chained, only commanded.

This is the tale of how one child was rescued, and of failures, lessons, heroes and heroines along the way.[1]

SASKAWA WOMEN'S EDUCATION AND TRAINING CENTER, ASSOCIATION FOR THE PROMOTION OF THE STATUS OF WOMEN, BANGKOK

Khunying Kanitta Vichaincharuan was well described by the cliché "a venerable old lady." One of the young girls at the Center told me that she was related to the King of Thailand himself, and that might well have been true, although I never dared to ask her such a personal question. She was a tall, whitehaired, immensely dignified soul who wanted to help others, but (like all of us) only in her own way. Many rigid people fail to do good because they alienate others. Khunying Kanitta, however, had had the means to create her own world in which people would do what she thought was best. It probably *was* best. With the one hundred and sixty-eight women and girls in her care she exercised the utmost gentleness. —Can you promise me? Can you promise me? I heard her saying to a woman whose European husband had beaten her and left her. —You must be patient. You must be patient now, because you have suffered for so many years. You must get all your things now, because he doesn't want you there. —With others she had less forbearance. She liked the photographer much better than me because the photographer never said anything.

But you have no right to do it! she cried in exasperation. You cannot do this! I have never heard of this! Two foreigners cannot simply go into the brothel and say: I want to buy a girl! Maybe the girl doesn't like you. Maybe the pimp tells her to pretend to go with you, then to run away.

Well, madam, I guess that would be our problem, I said. If we succeed in find-

ing a young girl who was forced into prostitution—

What do you mean, forced? said Khunying Kanitta severely. They are all forced. No woman wants to be a prostitute. Of course they do not like their job. Who could possibly like it?

I found it wiser not to say that in my opinion many did like it. I was asking for her assistance, not debating with her. I tried again: Madam, if we can find someone who was sold into prostitution against her will, may we bring her here or not?

That's a silly question, said Khunying Kanitta. That's quite absurd. Of course you may bring her here, as long as she's Thai. We will care for her. Thai girls we can help. Burmese girls we cannot help. The authorities will deport them.

Perhaps you could write a letter of introduction to the police chief in the town of S., I said.

I can do that. But afterward you must give me a written report, because I have helped you. And I cannot imagine how you can succeed in buying a girl. They sell girls only from one brothel to the other. Our girls are not for sale to foreigners!

Well, madam, I said, I guess if we can't buy a girl we can always kidnap one.

FROM BANGKOK TO THE TOWN OF S., RANONG PROVINCE

The clapboard walls of some television desert town were suspended above the bus while the rainy night serpented itself by, light ridden and neoned: a golden stupa lit up, construction cranes, a huge red neon squid; this was Bangkok. Under a wet concrete ceiling the streets became mirrors of darkness. We passed a row of cars under the overpass, a multicolored set of brothel lights, the Hotel 69, long grey coral reefs of buildings running toward Bua Thon. Later there was no rain and no city anymore, just massive trees and palms along the road like concretions of the night. We came into a town of low white houses with red-tile roofs. These houses mostly had open doorways that glowed with light, showing walls within like the inner chambers of seashells. There were puddles and potholes in the street, and a checkpoint of incandescent tubes where two police played cards in the darkness beside their car, lounging out of the light. A Buddha shone golden in a white niche at the side of the road. Eagerly now the trees joined the thickness of the night clouds, breathing green breath-puffs of the tropical night. Then suddenly there were palms and trunks rising straight and greyish-white in the darkness, and more checkpoints, many more, which daunted me. How would we bring a girl back through those? Later the rain began again and the palms glowed bloody brown in the lights of a town.

It was 5:30 in the morning. Within an hour, having established ourselves at the best hotel in town, we'd flagged down a motorcycle and told the driver: *Poo-ying,* which means: Girls.

A BROTHEL ACROSS FROM THE BUS STATION

Rain was flooding down on the roof. The girl in the black miniskirt, who'd come on a motorcycle at seven, sat, her face in her hands on the concrete floor, which was covered only with thin mats on which the weary whores had lain sleeping when the madam raised the steel shutter to let us in. Spiders twice as large as my hand scuttled up the dirty walls. The girls who still lay there covered their faces grumpily as they'd done when the cock crowed. I think they were all Thais. The madam had left the metal lips of this square cave agape. Outside, white sky-streaks of rain crowned roofs, and lakes were born in the muddy streets. The girl in black was the prettiest. She looked Chinese, so possibly she was from the north. The girl whom the madam had chosen for me, the fat girl, put on a cassette loudly so that the other girls now groaned and yawned and tickled each other while they smoked cigarettes. Slowly they began to dress. One whore swept the floor. A woman came in wearing a sopping smock. She stripped to her bra and panties, went out back, squatted beside the big tub of water, and soaped her vulva.

Patiently the fat girl awaited me. She was one of those girls with tattooed shoulders who smile, turn their faces and lives away, spread their legs and cry: Oi! when men thrust inside them, one of those girls who never ask to use condoms. She was unschooled and therefore probably doomed, but I had no reason to believe her a prisoner. At any rate, she would help cast me as a playboy. While the photographer followed on another motorcycle, I rode behind my new companion, noting the laughter of the Thais on the streets, gratified by the smiling thumbs-up of the hotel clerk. When the greatest number of people were looking my way, I put my hand in my pocket as if to pull out some money as I took her upstairs.

ACQUAINTANCES OF THE SUBAGENT

The photographer had a friend in Bangkok, a kind man always good for a beer or some T-Max developer, whose cousin lived in S. The cousin explained: Some of the Burmese come over here. They need the money. Some cannot work as house cleaners, so they do this.

Are there prostitutes who have been chained?

Before two months ago the police found one place. Now maybe finished. But if not, you will never know. Because when you see them, they smile. They are trained to do this. But after the customer, if you go in to them, maybe you see them so sad.

Are there young girls? Eight or nine years old?

Maybe ten. In Pattaya they have eight, nine year old boys.

A man came in, and the cousin said: He knows someone who is a subagent. He buy a girl. For Burmese. You a bachelor, you order, he bring a prostitute.

THE RESTAURANT GIRLS

The subagent drove his truck very stolidly. His face was freckled like a buckwheat pancake. The shell behind the cab contained two facing benches, in the style of a police van. This was also the configuration of the local buses, which were essentially group taxis that made pickups anywhere along their routes. I could easily imagine a dozen prostitutes sitting where we sat, being transported across the border or from brothel to brothel.

The cousin had advised us to disdain the first place or three that the subagent drove us to, to insist on young girls until we got our ten-year-old, whose age would automatically make her an involuntary prostitute as far as I was concerned, but this was still the first day, and I did not want to give the game away by moving too fast. It seemed best to appear spendthrift and careless, not demanding yet. We passed the steep jungle hills tickling the sky, long skinny bamboo stalks with alternating leaves, and then the subagent stopped at a restaurant. After a moment he came back. —No, he said. —He drove to another place where girls sat smiling at the concrete tables. Here he got out and sat quietly. His reddish scarred face was quite expressionless. No one said a word to him.

The slender young pimp, whom we'll call Mechai, spoke excellent English. He'd worked in the jungle cutting teak for awhile, but that was very strenuous and the money not so good, so he'd gone into the flower business. He told me that he'd started with only twenty thousand baht in capital.[2] His method was to go to Burma, find a likely young blossom, and ask her (or her parents) if she wanted to borrow some money—up to forty thousand. Then she could work it off. He assured me that he split the take sixty-forty with her. I almost believed him.

This place is not a prison, he said. Other places are prisons. The girls are free to go in and out until 6:00. They usually pay off their debts within a year.

That's nice.

I certainly hope you're not journalists, he said.

Journalists? I cried in amazement. We're just two guys looking for a good time. You can ask anyone at the hotel. I already did one girl today. We're especially interested in *young* girls.

Yes, said Mechai.

How young can you get them? I pursued.

Fifteen is as young as I go. Personally I don't believe in very young girls. And in fact right now all my girls are eighteen or over.

I winked. —Can you get us a fifteen-year-old?

I can go to the border and bring her tonight, but you must pay transportation. I can also sell you gems and opium at a very good price. And if you wish to rent a car, I can arrange it very smoothly for you.

But he did not look smooth. I worried that he might be getting afraid again. This slender gentleman, to whom, after all, we partly owe our success, needed foreplay.

Never mind the young stuff for now, I said. We'll take whatever you can offer us right now. Maybe we'll come back in a few days.

Very good, sir. You want to take this one? Very young, very pretty!

The girl was peering at me encouragingly. A fine gold chain set itself off against the blackness of her shirt. Pink lips parted in her reddish-yellow face and she smiled. Her black eyes shone. I nodded. Approaching me, she stroked her blue-black hair and caressed me with fishy breath.

What's her name?

Duza.

She is Burmese or Thai?

Burmese.

Oh, I see my friend has picked one, too. Very beautiful. What's *her* name?

Ko-Aye Aye.

How much?

Short time or all night? Mechai wanted to know.

Oh, we're just getting started in this town. Better make it short time.

Five hundred baht each girl, one hour time, sir.

How about three hundred for two hours? I proposed.

Okay, sir, never mind.

And do I tip?

That's up to you.

And so we took our girls back in the subagent's truck past the coconut palms twisting in the hot wet wind, emerald coconut-bunches rattling between the fronds. At the hotel I gave the subagent two hundred. I tried to get his phone number, but I couldn't explain to him what I was asking, so finally I gave up and we accompanied our ladybirds into the lobby where the bellboys smiled more mirthfully than ever, and I said to the receptionists in my broken Thai: You beautiful number one, you diamond, angel! and they giggled. We had a fine reputation now, should any whoremasters come seeking credit references. Upstairs we went, and after I gave Duza a big tip she wrote in Burmese characters: *Eko Duza chité.* Duza loves her big brother.

MR. CHINA

The pastor of a certain Burmese church in the town was to become our ally in this enterprise. We met him also through the photographer's friend's cousin, who telephoned him for us. Formerly an officer in the Burmese army, he retained a soldier's dignity and directness in his new battle for the cause of God. We always called him Reverend (and I have to say that he was one of the few reverends I have ever liked), but for reasons which will become clear in due time we thought of him as Mr. China. After we had removed our shoes, I told him that we wished to speak with him pri-

vately, and his wife smiled and went away. He led us into the church office, then closed the door.

There are in this town two very bad men in this business, he said. One is ex-police. He was kicked out for having two shotguns. But this fellow is quite careful. After the recent arrests, he stop all his business. He's the owner of that big villa just outside of town. I heard he made a decision to switch to carwash. I think he already sent all his young girls to Burma. So that fellow is stop. But the other one, Pei[3] X, he is not stop. Even today the Prime Minister is here and he is not stop it. Most of his girls, they've been sold, they've been kidnapped, they've been cheated. I never heard he gave any share of money at all to them.

And what about this Mechai?

Oh, if you went to that one you made a mistake. Most of the girls with him, they come willingly. But Pei X, I think almost all his girls is in prison, when they work for him.

We'd like to meet him.

It's hard to get in touch with him, said Mr. China. Although he's rarely there, he has three or four gunmen. So you must not trust anyone in this town! Maybe they don't do any harm to your life, but they do harm to your money. In the border town you can do everything.

If we can do everything, then maybe we can buy a young girl from him, Reverend.

I heard that Pei X never sell out any girl. About two and a half months ago, one girl ran away from his place and went with a Thai boy. Pei X got the power to ask the border police to check all the tour buses. The girl was arrested. He brought thirty thousand baht to buy her back to him. But they saw her crying and wouldn't give her back. Now she is happily mated in Burma.

He lit a cigarette.

Actually, I don't want you to get involved with these people, because they are good for nothing. They find out you make some trouble for them, they just kill you in this border. I heard a lot of girls die in this prostitute place, and they throw them in the sea. Again, I want you to put in mind that this is the border town. The police can do anything. They can kill you.

Where is this place? I said.

I have been there, but I do not know the house number. I can describe it to you exactly. It looks like an ordinary house, but to go inside you have a turn, to *here*, to *here*, and for *here* they have a room for prostitute and then *here* it is a dead wall, so even a man with a gun cannot escape. From the front they have a very thick iron door. Only when you knock do they open it. Please be careful. This Pei X, he can still stand up today, even against the Prime Minister!

THE FLOWER SHOP

The next day we set off to look for Pei X's business. The motorcycle raced past violet blossoms fluttering. The jungle hills far away were the hue of cigarette smoke. In the district where Pei X's flower shop was supposed to be we met an old Karen man from Burma with silver earrings and a gorgeous pipe he'd caned in the shape of two mating flies. He said by signs that he'd been shackled in a road gang, that he'd run away, that they'd shot at him. I knew that the Burmese government had been trying to crush the Karen for many years; in the international press there were stories of atrocities every year; and once the pastor said to me: Only when you are in Rangoon you can show off your stars of shining gold so nice. But only thirty minutes out of Rangoon it becomes very dangerous, because they hate so much the government! —It was not just the Karen who had been slaughtered; it was the Shan, and the students, and so many others. I wondered whether life in Burma was so unbearable for so many girls that they went to work for Pei X willingly—or were they all cheated, as the pastor had suggested?

Poo-ying? the old man laughed. He pointed upstairs.

He probably had some niece or daughter who would do what she had to do to eat. He was no Pei X. I did not want to see.

It was very hot. The afternoon smelled like a million licked postage stamps, and weeds swarmed balefully in hot puddles of rotten things.

Pei X's white villa was closed. We knocked and knocked, but no one came.

The photographer flagged down a motorcycle. —*Poo-ying*, I said to the driver. *Nong sao.* —Girls. Young girls.

The driver grinned. Then he took us to another flower shop. It was on the road away from the main town, the road going up into the cloudy hills. This one was perfect. It actually sold flowers. In its square cave the old proprietress flirted with me while her husband cut a bouquet of orchids. I said to her my usual *Sooey mak-mak. Petch tewee.* (Very beautiful. Diamond angel.) —She laughed and snatched my hand. This person was the madam of the brothel.

Sit down, please, her son said.

The photographer had to leave his cameras outside, and I my notebooks. The next time we came there I proposed that he construct a secret pinhole camera out of a cardboard box, which he did with his usual cunning. The film wind was a pencil, and the shutter a piece of tape which he could casually swing back from the pinhole. We wrapped it like a present (but the wrapping happened to be lightproof tape), and on a card-shaped slip of paper I copied the Burmese characters of my whore Duza: *Duza loves her big brother.* We taped a leafy twig beside this for ornamental effect. The photographer for his part had a brilliant suggestion for me, which was that I write my notes in postcards! Hardly anyone there could read English. If I sat on the bed, leering and chuckling with a couple of women beside me, the watchers would believe only that I was boasting of my rented conquests.

This time, however, the photographer was out of luck, and I almost so. In the money pouch I kept on my body I did have a tiny pad with a cover that said: DRAGONBALLZ: THE WORLD HAD CONQUERED THE EXTREME PLACE. I decided to pull it out when I was alone with one of the girls, teach her tic-tac-toe, scribble pictures in it with her, and take notes whenever no one was watching. That is just what I did.

The son led us around to the right. He unlocked a gate whose mesh was thick steel rods and swung it outward. There was a narrow corridor piled with cases of empty soft drinks; this extended behind the premises of the flower store and then swung left where we came into a courtyard; and after that came a second very heavy gate with a padlock on it. My heart began to cry out. The first gate was already locked behind us. The son fitted a key in the padlock, pulled the gate toward us, and pointed graciously. As soon as we had entered, he locked us in.

We were in a long wide concrete room without windows. It was hot and dark. A television faced the bars of that gate, talking and soothing and babbling.

Sit down, please, a man said.

There was a long bench where the girls had to be while they were being picked. One or two of them were already there, so pale, not looking at anything. The man disappeared for a moment. Then listlessly the other girls began to trickle in. There were about ten of them, and they seemed between sixteen and forty-five. They sat on the bench. There was one who bowed her head and one who smiled and one old one, one fat one, one beauty with a pale yellow face, part Chinese perhaps, whose eyes were so heartbreakingly vacant that I knew she was dead inside. The photographer decided to take her. I reasoned that the one who smiled might be a good companion for the other, that she'd be easier to communicate with because she was already reaching out to me, that her smile might be her way of screaming for help.

Our plan—how naive it was! was to take the girls to the hotel as we had Duza and Ko-Aye Aye, then fetch Mr. China over to interpret for us, and see if they were willing and ready to escape.

Girl no go, the man said. No hotel never. Always here. Danger police.

He gave us each a soft drink.

No, no danger when they're with *falangs*,[4] I said easily.

The man stared into my eyes. He said: *Girl no go out never.*

Then the woman who had smiled took me to the first door on the left.

THE HOME OF THE SMILING GIRL

She lived and worked in a small hot pink cubicle with Burmese scrawled on the walls. The ceiling's tinny corrugations crinkled themselves onward past the partition's boundaries, into that room with the TV and the bench where the other girls waited. They could hear every noise we made. Her dresses hung on hangers on a rope stretched against the pitted wall. There was a canted spiderwebbed light-tube, and

a table on which stood cosmetics, detergent, and a plastic pack of condoms that looked sufficient for a whole regiment. The bed took up half the space of the room. It was a concrete ledge, waist-high, wide enough for two bodies, which ran from wall to windowless wall. On it lay a skinny mattress and a sheet. Each of the rooms along that hallway had the same built-in platform, as I later ascertained. It was difficult for me not to believe that the architect of this prison had known exactly what was being built. Just as German engineers' blueprints of gas chambers and crematoria damned them at Nuremberg, so these niches confirmed for me the nature of this sad place. What else could it be? A hotel, a series of slum apartments? But why no windows and no exit?

There was a hole in the door, and as I looked I saw an eye appear behind it.

The prostitute wrote politely: *I love and you I very love.*

Rain began to fall loudly on the roof. Perhaps they could not hear us anymore. I looked at the door and the eye was gone. At my request Mr. China had written in Burmese the words *do you want to escape?* and because he was concerned that Pei X might recognize his writing I then copied in my own hand those rounded m's and c's and sixes on the spot for him to pronounce legible. I'd wanted to bring this with me today, but the photographer had convinced me that the risk would be too great. If they found it, we'd be finished. So now instead I touched her shoulder, looked both ways, placed a finger to my lips, took her hand, and made a motion of running away together. She laughed gaily and shook her head. It had been hopeless, of course.

The eye was back. At once she took me to the toilet room, which was another concrete cubicle half filled by a hip-high reservoir of brownish-green water in which we washed with a plastic bowl, she always urgently whispering for a tip, making a motion of eating. I slipped her a thousand baht.

NEW FRIENDS

The photographer had returned to the hotel long before I did, since without his equipment he could not accomplish anything. As soon as he had left, the dead girl came into the smiling girl's room (and I wish that I had not called her the smiling girl because when the eye was not looking she did not smile very much, although she was definitely happier than her companion). It made my heart ache to look at her. She sat on our bed with us. Trying to get her to play tic-tac-toe, I put my pen in her hand, but she gazed through me and the pen fell through her limp fingers. When the rain stopped, I got up and went out.

The son gestured me to the street by a different set of angled passageways, walking behind me this time so that I remembered what the pastor had said about Pei X's twists and turns and gunmen; there was in fact one corner I had to turn where either the son or some hypothetical janitor of lives waiting ahead could have mopped me up. Nothing happened—why should it? I had been a generous cus-

tomer. The son drove me back to the hotel on his motorcycle for free. I liked him because he liked me and because in spite of everything, I believe that *I was just following orders* is sometimes a legitimate defense, especially in Asian families. His father had stayed out of everything, and seemed to me a weak character. I decided that his mother was the one not to like. His mother owned the prisoners inside.

MISS YHONE YHON

If we were to help the dead girl escape, we had to have another interpreter than the pastor, because we couldn't bring her to him beforehand, and thanks to his office he could hardly accompany us to a whorehouse. What we needed, then, was a woman who could speak Burmese and at least some English. This woman could come in as my wife. She could negotiate for my lovestruck friend to buy the dead girl. The photographer and I did not yet know that that was what we needed, but that was what we got at twilight while we ranged searching for pinhole camera components in the bazaar whose stands were covered with sheet metal which shone whitely with waxy lines of incandescence and yellow driblets reflected from the light bulbs ripening beneath red umbrellas and from the roofs of other stands which steamed with noodles, faces, and the ice from Cokes. Sparks rocketed from woks that reeked of fish and burning. From a light-tube hung green hands whose skinny fingers were vegetable stalks.

Hello where you go I go you? said a Burmese lady in a dirty black dress patterned with orangish-blue flowers. Long parallel scratches scored her cheeks for health and luck. There were wrinkles at the corners of her eyes. She had a face like a stone Buddha, with a somewhat narrow chin which sloped evenly down from her mouth without a cleft, as I noticed for the first time when I painted her portrait. Everything about her seemed slender, fragile and busy like a mosquito. Her name was Miss Yhone Yhon.

Thai lady no good, she confided. She say give me money for one drink, I want beer, then she put pill in drink so you sleep sleep long sleep wake up no more money.

Uh huh, said the photographer.

Burmese girl very good, she whispered.

Okay, okay, said the photographer to me wearily. Should we take her home?

How much have we spent on whores so far today?

Oh, not so much. Maybe a hundred bucks...

All right, Yhone Yhon, I said, you want to come home with us?

She put her hand in mine. —What your name?

Bill.

Okay Mistah Bia no pay money Yhone Yhon; Yhone Yhon no have money!

I guess that meant yes, the photographer sighed.

MISS YHONE YHON (CONTINUED)

She was a Shan girl, wild and free, who crossed borders without a passport, always singing, always chattering. She said: I sister five. Number one number two stay in Taiwan, number four she stay Japan, father mother they stay China. I stay here job.

What job is that, Yhone Yhon? I asked innocently.

She laughed and bit me in the stomach.

I remember her in the market, pecking at her bowl of sugar-flavored pea soup which we bought for her for about ten cents (she was always asking for money, and then spending it on Thai and Burmese junk food for us), ducking forward like a bird, singing while the rain fell like a wind and noodles of varying colors spun like yarn balls in the great woks. Rain streamed glowing silver and gold down slats and gratings. Yhone Yhon smiled and sang: I love you more can say!

She came to our hotel with all her possessions in a plastic bag. She was proof that prostitutes can be happy and enjoy what they do. She lived with us for many days, and without her we truly could never have accomplished what we finally did. I was not especially good to her. The whole time we stayed in S. the photographer and I were busy scheming to find and rescue somebody who needed us, and when we were not out we lay on our beds weak and irritable from the constant second-guessing, and so sometimes when Yhone Yhon thrust some new revolting food into my mouth I wouldn't force myself to eat every bite, and she'd be hurt; sometimes after she'd bitten me three or four times in a row with her sharp teeth I'd push her head away; when her birdsongs went on hour after hour I'd shush her so that I could think; she was exhausting, but she had a soul like one of those luminous triangles of fresh fruit slices. I will always love Yhone Yhon.

MISS YHONE YHON AND MR. CHINA

The pastor, who now visited us every night in the hotel to drink beer with his servant boy and smoke cigarettes, was a very learned man. One of the languages he spoke was Chinese. When Yhone Yhon learned this she was overjoyed and amazed. She could not speak Chinese, but she thought she could. Because she had forgotten the pastor's name, she always called him Mr. China, and that is what I will also call him from now on.

Mr. China for his part enjoyed her company immensely. One night the photographer was downstairs eating soup and I in my underwear was painting a nude of Yhone Yhon when he came knocking unexpectedly. At that time we did not know what an open-minded person he was, so I felt apprehensive that he might be affronted and withdraw then and there from helping us. He gaped only for a moment. Then he grinned. —Why hide yourself, you naughty girl? he chuckled, trying to pry away the towel in which she'd wrapped herself. I've seen many vaginas in my time!

Yhone Yhon squealed in delight. Then she bit his shoulder until he roared and kissed him on both cheeks. In the corner, Mr. China's boy, who was very shy, smiled a little bit, and I winked at him and bought everyone beers.

I have told my boy if he wants to marry he must wash himself more often! said Mr. China.

Yhone Yhon rushed to kiss the boy on the lips. He blushed, and she pinched him.

To Mr. China Yhone Yhon was always "the naughty girl" until the unfortunate day when, a little drunk, happily crunching on roasted watermelon seeds with her white teeth, she started teaching me Burmese; she'd make me say words that sounded like *what she saw, quitch she saw, down she saw* and when I repeated them back she'd shriek with laughter until she choked. She started getting me to recite this catechism after her on buses, and the Burmese passengers would laugh, too. One afternoon in the hotel restaurant when Mr. China, dressed in suit, tie and ministerial dignity because it was still working hours, dined with us, the photographer, who'd heard me say it many times, pronounced with a grin: *What she saw!* —A hush. Then: *WHAT DID YOU SAY?* shouted Mr. China. —It turned out that Yhone Yhon had been taught us variants of *eat my shit.* When Mr. China found out that she was the culprit, he demoted her to "the crazy girl." He harangued her for a long time on the importance of etiquette in public places. Yhone Yhon bowed contritely and moaned: Sorry, sorry! —As soon as he bent over his noodle soup again she grinned and whispered in my ear: *Down she saw!*

THE FLOWER SHOP

So when it was dark we took two motorcycles, my linguist of a wife and I on one, the photographer suitably alone and lovelorn on the other, passing shut gratings like immense silver waffles while trucks went glaring and honking past. A man in white was counting mounds of lichee nuts. Two curled dogs licked each other in a rectangular puddle of light before a storefront. Once our motorcycle slowed, and I saw inside an open restaurant: sepia-faded polaroids of the King on a calendar, peapods and chickens in an illuminated glass case stacked with cans of unrecognizable vegetables, little tables on the concrete floor, trays of eggs, sausages, frogs' legs, rice and squid stew, a little TV with a shrine above it, light-bulb-shaped pots on the wall; and I saw a man with both elbows on the table, eating beans. He turned his head. The waitress, carrying bowls of noodles and rice, laughed with white teeth. And I thought how much life there was in that crowded place, how many odd and beautiful there were in this world, and then I thought about the place where we were going. I had not been certain of finding it because when I'd asked for the address last time the old man had simply given me a single flower, but in the end the madam presented me with a card with a picture of a flower on it, and an address in Thai. Then she wanted *my* address. I'd written my full name and my telephone

number in the States, pleased to have been of service. The madam's son unlocked the first door, led us down the passageway and into the lifeless courtyard, unlocked the second door, and sealed us into that inner prison.

In that dreadful room the TV was spewing spurious life and the girls sat along the hot and dirty wall. —Hey! a pimp said. Michael Jackson! —The girls watched and waited, their faces the same color as the wall.

One lady in red leaned her face against her hand, lifting her upper lip in concentration as she watched the screen, her arm across her bare knee. Another sat staring, her fingers stirring restlessly. I remembered an insane man I once met in the Arctic who'd served many years in prison for rape. He taught me how jailbirds walk and move. The giveaway is movement without motion, a weary, lazy listlessness: nowhere to go, so no reason to move. These women were like that. One peered down at the floor, roundfaced, darkhaired. The dead girl had not raised her eyes since we'd come. My girl, the one who had smiled, saw me with Yhone Yhon and flicked a single neutral glance.

The grating opened. The madam stood in sandals, her face watchful, her grey hair tucked sharply behind her head.

At once the dead girl raised her head weakly, offering herself to the photographer should he want her, and the smiling girl was smiling at me again.

Thai ladies no good, whispered Yhone Yhon. She steal a money.

These ladies are Burmese like you, I said.

Madame Thai, she hissed. Madame no good.

I had to agree that the madam was probably no good.

Which one Mistah Ken want love love love? my wife said.

That one, I said, indicating the dead girl.

Yhone Yhon began to plead the photographer's case. The whores looked up from the television in amazement. Only the dead girl gazed straight ahead so despairingly.

Yhone Yhon pinched the photographer encouragingly and said: Your wife very nice very beautiful me speak I sistah she like you very much Mistah Ken.

Yeah, the photographer said. Yeah, I can see that.

First the madam wrote a five and four zeroes on a scrap of paper.

How much is that? said the photographer. Make a noise to distract 'em while I shoot off another frame.

Well, one thousand is forty, so five thousand is two hundred, so fifty thousand must be two grand, I said. Yhone Yhon, tell her fifty thousand is too much.

My wife began to plead and scold magnificently, her voice like a twanging rubber band, swaying her arms and fitting finger against finger, her gold earrings tossing while the whores sat watching and perhaps thinking that yes, every now and then it *was* possible to escape, and at last the madam (who'd been studying her with much as the same expression as one of those Thai bank clerks who wets a finger on a sponge, then dabs it across a banknote to see whether it is counterfeit), went down

to seven thousand, which sounded more reasonable to me. If it cost ten dollars to sleep with a woman once, then why should it cost more than three hundred to marry her and sleep with her for life?

It seemed almost settled. The madam urged the photographer to sleep in the brothel that night with his fiancée, and then in the morning someone could go get the girl's parents.

You think I should do it? the photographer said to me.

I wouldn't.

And Yhone Yhon whispered in my ear: She speak you stay here then she hit you you sleep sleep her brother come very quiet he hit you take money kill you no good. I hear her say brother already okay you hit Mistah Ken.

Tell her we'll come back tomorrow, I said.

At this the madam became querulous, and added another zero to her price. The dead girl looked as if she were crying, but she always looked that way and no tears ever came out.

AT THE BURMESE CHURCH

It's not very close, her parents, said Mr. China later, interpreting for Yhone Yhon. She was not sold by her parents. She was sold by another woman. She was cheated. The woman said she was going to find her a job.

Can you tell Yhone Yhon to bring the woman who sold her? Then we can find out how much that woman got.

Mr. China tuned the gold ring on his finger. —That crazy girl says next time maybe she not go with you because the man with the moustache follow you. I think maybe she's right. She says it's not very good for her to go there very often. So the old lady makes problems for her because she is illegal, too.

The Shan girl uncurled a long finger around another long finger and screwed up her face.

She said if you want to do, she go to Burma and take out Burmese officer from the militia to make sure she doesn't cheat. I say, get the girl for a low price, and make the parents promise never to do that again. Tell the woman who sold her that we are watching her. Otherwise with your money she get another five girls and sell them again.

How much?

Supposing you bring these officer, you must pay him Burmese money about three-four hundred baht... And you must pay Burmese immigration, MIS military intelligence... Three hundred apiece for all three branches. You visit his house and pay him there.

And the madam of the flower shop? How much should we pay her?

This old lady I know she is not so powerful in S. Pay her nothing. She's greedy. Seventy thousand baht, it's too much for one girl.

And you think we can let Yhone Yhon do our business in Burma by herself? She has no passport; she usually avoids the police...

Mr. China drank his beer irresolutely. Maybe you are right. She's such a good girl, you know! So goodhearted, but too simple! She don't know the danger. She tell everybody. Maybe they put her in jail. The political situation in Burma is very fishy right now. I think maybe you go without her.

THE BORDER GIRLS

We knew the way. Yhone Yhon had taken us to the border already—not yet to avoid the Burmese side, but close enough so that Thailand was flavored with Burmese alienness to an extent noticeable even in S. where there were so many Burmese anyhow (and most of them illegal, people said); everywhere I looked I'd see a little child with a shaved head and a brown face covered with white tanakha-paste; and the neighborhoods under corrugated awnings where sunken concrete sidewalks had been dyked against the streets and people sat in their doorways behind their neatly ranked sandals, there'd usually be both Thai and Burmese words written on the walls. Yellow and purple clothing hung from the windows. Women with gold rings and necklaces smiled nervously out. Yet Thailand was still Thailand whose long elliptical leaves hung down from ocher bamboo stalks which shot horizontally into space; Thailand's leaves therefore resembled drops of green rain; Burmese people grew here and there but Thailand was a wall of wet green bamboo-leaves over all, and hazy darkness greenish-grey. We left that almost behind that night in the open bus with its two long benches and the yellow flash of a Thai girl's cheek in the darkness which smelled like rotten sauerkraut, her hair darker than darkness; a boy's T-shirt, Yhone Yhon's hands interlaced on her knees, which shone reddish-yellow in the stream of tail-light flowing like sewage; suddenly we'd reached a wide dirt street of puddles and plank sidewalks like an Old West movie, sleeping dogs everywhere; as we got off the bus I saw a girl in a pale blue dress walking with a huge case of beer on her head. On the brightest part of the street where they were selling bootleg dresses, smuggled Johnnie Walker, cassettes and panties and everything else, Yhone Yhon lifted up the T-shirt she'd cadged from me and tried on one of the bras for sale, singing happily: I love you more can say! And there were wide, bright cafes of dancing to Indonesian and African music where plastic flowers were crucified on the stained hot walls and smiling pigtailed Burmese girls swarmed around your table: waitresses in yellow with yellow wings, a lipsticked girl in blue who'd been sitting by the jukebox staring at the street. —I wish I had a hundred dicks! shouted the photographer. —These were the free and easy girls like Yhone Yhon. Doubtless many did not like their jobs, but they did not seem to be prisoners. A girl did my wife's hair while the other whores and plump imps stood behind the chair, smiling almond-eyed, all so young and brown and small. When Yhone Yhon

was finished she bought a bottle of liquid speed like all the other girls who sat drinking liquid speed through straws and singing so happily along with the jukebox, dancing, swaying, none of them like the dead girl, the hot wind fluttering their dresses. Some sat in chairs that faced the wide plank-bordered street and they swung their legs restlessly, tapping bare heels against the legs of their chairs. A reddish-brown girl in a camouflage cap came in singing with a basket of bananas under each arm, from which the others snacked; then they hugged each other, tugged at each other, huddled around the jukebox arguing which song to play. Brown arms were reaching and playfully striking and caressing. But whenever a customer came in they rushed to pull out a chair for him, crying: My friend!

There came a gunburst of rain so that the Burmese fishermen who rolled in truckloads past that happy music must pull plastic bags over their shoulders, and then considerate Yhone Yhon, concerned about the photographer's disease of celibacy, offered to him the perfect girlfriend in golden sandals and tight black jeans with gold butterflies up and down her violet blouse. Only when she reached up to climb out of the bus (from which a small girl had just leaped with a huge basket of bok choy) did I see that her arms were scarred in sad ugly parallels, the reason for it which she gave by pointing to her heart, which she detonated with desperate motions; then she brought her fingers fireworking out of her eyes like tears and cupped an invisible beer can which she slammed again and again to her lips; after that the edge of her hand became a knife with which she sawed at her wrists.

Me no, said the Shan girl with a gentle smile, showing everyone her unblemished arms.

You must never tell her what you are about, warned Mr. China. This crazy girl, well, I like her, she has a good heart, but she is so simple, you know, that she will tell our secrets to everyone! And she does not realize the risk to her.

So this time when we set out to find the dead girl's owner we left Yhone Yhon at the hotel, watching TV with a happy frown of amazement, ready to smile at any instant, holding her breath at the most exciting parts, sitting so still that her gold earrings did not move. It was a video of two men fighting *ooo oh!* —Good-good Chinese! she cried.

But at the border, just past the moss-islands and white pits and red ants of a fat mango tree, the Thai police halted us and said we could not go. There was nothing for it but to bother Mr. China again.

Maybe we should pull out Khunying Kanitta's letter, said the photographer. She's a big shot; she must have some pull around here.

That's right, I'd forgotten all about that. What do you think, Reverend? Maybe the police *can* help us.

Maybe. You have a letter to the inspector? I know this Khunying Kanitta; she's very famous in Thailand. Why not? I think it's a good idea. But that Yhone Yhon must not come with you. If they catch her they put her in prison.

CENTRAL POLICE STATION OF S.

There was a boy in front of a desk with his police hat on it; he stared outside at other police with pistols and walkie-talkies but the boy had only an immense scarlet ledger under his arm. Beyond the grey bars behind him was darkness, but to his left, past police in dark green uniforms who sat on their desks talking on squawky telephones, was a flight of stairs which led to the air conditioned office where the inspector of interrogations was signing forms. Black and white xeroxes of Buddha dreamed under glass on *his* desk. He wore blue silver parachute wings, a silver star, so many other silver decorations on his dark uniform!

What is her name? he said, closing Khunying Kanitta's letter.

We told him.

Give address this flower shop.

We did.

Now she will get her punishment, he said triumphantly. You see, we have regulation.

The lieutenant signed the warrants and took them off.

We sat there thinking about the ten girls whose lives we had just ruined. We had not helped anyone.

This girl did not come to S. voluntarily, I said at last. She was sold against her will. Maybe it is the same with the other girls, too. We are not asking you to arrest anyone, officer. We only request that you authorize us to take this one girl past the checkpoints so that we can bring her to the women's center in Bangkok.

Yes, said the other cop, the young one. He glanced at the photographer's cameras. —I begin to study with photo, he said.

The rain began to spatter onto the windows of the police station, greyish-white bars of rain jailing the bamboo stalks. A calendar girl smiled beneath her straw hat.

So I guess we did a bad thing, I said.

I don't know good thing or bad thing.

We don't want this to happen, officer.

Especially for the prostitute case, they got to accept the discipline, the young cop said while the inspector of interrogations gazed moodily at Buddha.

What will happen to the girls? I said.

When I speak to the chief, I new for this area, the young cop said. I check the data. Soon in S. I can speak but now I do not know.

He was *very* new to the area, as I later discovered, because in conjunction with the Prime Minister's visit a squad from Special Branch in Bangkok had arrested more than a hundred Burmese girls in S. and returned them to their native government's tender care. After that, three lieutenant-colonels, one deputy criminal inspector, and one immigration chief had been transferred out of S. within twenty-four hours on charges of corruption. The young cop was the deputy criminal inspector's replacement. This was his first day.

We sat there, and my heart was like one of those half finished soups in a restaurant-cave, a bowl whose pale emerald depths are strangled by green stalks and dark leaves and white cross-slices of ineptitude as the young cop offered brightly: You want to take photo of the arrest? You can take from this window! —and we sat there, and I decided to telephone Mr. China. I remembered that once he had said to me: On Sunday, what the Burmese government call the insurgents, the Karen, they come to my church sometimes for services. The government will take that kind of idea with them. Actually we see them only as human beings. — I understood what he was trying to tell me. He could help us only so far. If we were careless he might be the one to get hurt. But this was an emergency. We had to drag him in.

Everyone stood up when he came, soaking wet in his suit and tie. He did not look at us.

I'm very sorry, Reverend, I said. Please help us recover from our mistake.

Never mind, he sighed.

Why can't they simply take that one girl and let us bring her to Bangkok?

Once they arrest one, they must arrest all, he said.

What about the old lady?

She gotta be arrested, too.

The young cop said something in Thai, and everyone waited while smoke curled down from Mr. China's mouth, and then Mr. China said: He do understand your kind heart, but this side, they must work by the law. You understand me, the police now are especially after all this prostitution case. The Prime Minister was here, as I told you. They try to clean up all the prostitution in S.

Can we bail the other girls out?

I think if you want to pay for all it's not an easy job.

Policemen kept coming in, soaking wet, and the inspector of interrogations told us to sign the first two-page handwritten statement which certified that we had been rendered every assistance by the police, and the photographer cried: I'm not signin' nothing! but I said: It's no use now.

The inspector of interrogations went out and came back again to give everyone the thumbs up. —They have arrived at the flower shop. Mr. China said. They begin their raid. Now we must pray that they do not find this place.

What are they saying now?

Police say when they arrest the girls they got to send them back to Burma as illegals. They get then prison for three years.

But what if they didn't cross the border willingly? What if they were all cheated and tricked like that girl we want to help? That doesn't matter?

No, said Mr. China. —All wet, he said, taking out his cigarettes.

I looked at the inspector of interrogations, at his calm face which nothing could change.

The younger cop seemed sad at what was being done. Or at least he had what is called sensitive eyes. He slowly turned the pages of a book of letters.

Here they come, said Mr. China.

Looking out the window we saw the green Datsun stop, saw the girls getting out, pigtailed Burmese girls, walking in sandaled single file into the police station. One was crying.

These illegal girls, they pay one thousand baht apiece, then—three years in Burmese prison, the young cop explained.

But the photographer had been scrutinizing the prisoners with his needling eyes that no one could ever fool, and he said: Those aren't our girls.

And a half hour later the leader of the search party came in dripping, and Mr. China and the inspector of interrogation smiled at one another quietly, and Mr. China said: They searched the place, but they found nothing.

Thank you, Reverend, I said. I fully understand what you've just done for us.

(Well, said the photographer in my ear, I guess that's the last time we go to the cops for help in this town.)

After that we had to sign the second handwritten statement saying that nothing had been or ever would be found and then we had to buy dinner in the hotel restaurant for Mr. China, for Mr. China's boy, which is to say his ugly boy who always sat with his hands clasped in his lap, his pale shirt of flowers sagging down his skinny shoulders; for Mr. China's beautiful student, for the inspector of interrogations, and for a dancer whom the inspector of interrogations knew well in every sense. We also bought Mr. China and the inspector of interrogations each a bottle of Johnnie Walker, and it was all worth it because they had saved us from doing evil. —The inspector says to tell you, police keep this matter top secret, Mr. China reported. The old lady never know you inform police. —As for poor Yhone Yhon, being an illegal, she had to wait in hiding in our room. —Police no good! She whispered. —Once I went up to check on her and she ducked and smiled and slurped her room-service soup. A snake of light uncoiled across her brownish-blackish hair. —You okay? I said. —She winked. —You have hand nose like lady same same one hundred percent! she teased me. —Thank you, honey. I'll go say that to the police —No, darling, police no good! —Downstairs, where red and green bubbles chased blue shadows across the walls, a longhaired hostess was holding the microphone, her face changing from pink to white; she wore a full length green and blue dress with many flowers (we had to buy her a plate of food, too, because she came to our table to visit the inspector of interrogations), and the inspector of interrogations was saying that he really would have rather gone into business than police work, although the salary was not bad; I gazed a little fearfully at his squat unsmiling face. Then he said something else, and Mr. China translated: That flower shop, you must not go back there. Too risky. The inspector says if something happen to you, the police spoil their name. If you get knocked on the head or something, it's very bad for you.

The Shan girl had the same advice. She thought that the photographer really wanted to marry the dead girl, and so she felt very sorry for him. —Forget her, Mistah Ken, she said. No good no good they kill you! They go chop-chop! Tonight me get you nice Burmese girlfriend Burmese wife no problem heart same same me! No go back frower shop never! Very dangerous! But, Yhone Yhon, we want to free that girl, I said. How can we leave her there now?

You *no* go! she screamed, weeping hysterically. No good! Police telephone me no good; they *no* like! You hit your head very dangerous please no go I sorry no go!

Okay, okay, I said. We won't go back there.

THE FLOWER SHOP

So the following afternoon while my darling wife (who sometimes walked around the hotel room naked under a towel, saying: You no shy? okay nevermind me shy shy shy) spent more of our money on presents for me and whiskey to get drunk on and presents for the photographer and new dresses with which to bedeck her pale and slender brown body and more presents for me and a T-shirt from the Since Club, Bangkok for me, and laundry for her, the photographer *and* me, to say nothing of weird foods for Mr. China and his boy just in case they might drop by, which they always did, the photographer and I set out in search of a motorcycle, but we were picked up instead by the owner of the hotel, who ferried us through a tan street's ocher puddles, passing a restaurant's cement cave where sausages hung like cut-off mummy fingers in a glass case behind four young Burmese men in bluejeans and sarongs who stood at the jukebox, picked a country western song, and began to whistle. The station wagon rounded a corner, and I saw a stand of flower garlands hung on ribbons. I thought vaguely about buying one for Yhone Yhon, but, as so often in life, already we were in a new place, where bright green cliffs of leaves were moated by a tea-colored creek; we bypassed castles of eggs and fruits, and then at last there lay ahead of us that familiar road that took us toward conical hills of jungle always overshadowed by clouds.

The madam's eyes were huge with hate. Her son said: Police say you English tell them!

Tell them what? I said innocently.

The madam curled her hands into fingernailed claws.

My friend comes to marry his wife, I said. Every night he cries for her. He waits for her Mama-Papa to come sell her. Where is his wife?

The son unlocked the righthand gate as always and led us through that hot dark passageway made narrower by cases of empty soft drinks, and when we came to the bend before the courtyard I thought: This is where we get knocked on the head. But there nothing happened, and in the courtyard nothing, and he unlocked that gloomy inner gate and gestured us in with an angry gesture and this time he did not lock it behind us.

The brothel was dark. The benches had been taken away, the television, everything. Its concrete hollowness reminded me of those abandoned missile silos on California that one can sneak into, hard and greasy and thudding with dull echoes. I opened the door of the room where the smiling girl had lived. The mattress was gone, the table, all her clothes; there had never been any smiling girl. I stood looking at the concrete platform where she and I had lain. It did not seem like a bed anymore.

The old lady had followed us. She hissed something, and the son translated: She say no girl have stayed here for many many year. This place finished long ago.

We went out. On the street lay the corpse of a giant black-speckled green snake whose whitish underbelly glowed in the twilight. Its mouth was tightly shut, reminding me of the madam's. I was glad that we had hurt her business.

YHONE YHON AND MR. CHINA

Mr. China lifted up my wife's shirt and squeezed her naked breasts. —She says, after you leave she will come to me, he laughed, but maybe now her mind is different because today she met my wife!

Dipping a watermelon slice in salt, slowly spooning rice and green things out of her bowl of broth, my wife smiled happily. She was having an exceptionally good time because I had agreed to go with her that afternoon to the Burmese market where girls tied tiny brown fishes into fans and there were stands of hanging bananas and warty green hot dog-shaped fruits; there she had spent every banknote I had on me; we'd had to beg two baht for bus fare from one of her friends by telling her that we had just gotten mated (on the way back, of course, she made me repeat after her: *What she saw, quitch she saw, down she saw!* and all the passengers chuckled at my stupidity); so now the hotel room was bulging and crawling with foods. Yhone Yhon loved nothing better than to be generous. Now she could stuff sweetened things into the mouth of Mr. China's boy every moment. —I love you more can say! she sang.

I assure you that the girls were not arrested, said Mr. China. Don't worry about that. If they arrest them then they arrest the madam, too. And if they ever get arrested my friends in police station will tell me.

So the madam paid them off and moved the girls?

You understand me! he said, smiling faintly. But we need not say so.

Why did the police say to us they wouldn't tell the madam we reported them, and then go ahead and tell her?

Maybe they didn't tell her, he said. Maybe she was bluffing.

The cops saw us come out of that place, said the photographer suddenly. You should have seen the looks on their faces! Man, they just ran for their radios!

I guess that means the inspector of interrogations will be mad, I said. Maybe he won't come for dinner. Another beer, Reverend? Why not?

Eat eat Mr. China eat please best food from Burmese market! said Yhone Yhon.

Every day at this market she talks about, they have the police and the immigration arresting these people, he said quietly. Every day. Sometimes it's so hard. And these poor girls—like Yhone Yhon—they take so many chances

Yhone Yhon suddenly lunged and bit his shoulder, giggling. —Aieee! he cried, pushing her away.

I think there is so many girls that need your help, he went on. Because now there is two sisters, they've been forced into prostitution and they escape. But now they go in hiding because the owner tries to kill them. He's that bastard I told you about. (The Reverend hated to mention Pei X's name, even in private.) One of these girls is the lover of my young boy.

Tell us how it happened, I said.

That night they have quarrel and they try to slap each other—a real quarrel, mind you—so the owner rush inside to try to stop the quarrel and he forget to close the door. So six girls run out but he catch four. He send them to another district. The other two, if he catch them, it's almost a hundred percent that he kill them. So the two girls, they are in hiding. Not even my young boy can contact them.

I doubt we can find them either, then, I said. And I think for us to buy a girl from Pei X is hopeless. We can't even get inside there. And the flower shop is definitely hopeless now. Do you know anybody who might sell us a girl who hates her job—maybe an ugly girl who's not making him money?

I have one friend, he said. Tomorrow we go see him.

Okay darling you take shower, said the Shan girl. She gave me a bath, scrubbed me from head to toe, and gave me a shower, too.

Thank you, sweetheart, I said.

Okay never mind.

And then it was bedtime and she was praying to Buddha, kneeling on the bed with her long fingers clasped against her mouth, her eyes closed, chanting a long river of syllables. Then slowly she leaned forward and bowed herself all the way down to the pillow. She did this many times.

MR. CHINA'S FRIEND

The next morning we left Yhone Yhon dwelling inside her towel, drying her long brown hair. She was going to sneak to Burma and back today, she said. We told her not to get caught, and went downstairs.

The subagent who'd introduced us to Mechai and the restaurant girls had been waiting in the lobby. His complexion always reminded of the reddish blotches on the yellow face of a lichee-fruit. One of the receptionists had just paid him twenty baht to go away and I had to pay her back. He'd told her that he was our tour guide. Just as I came out I saw his truck puffing away and I did nothing to call him back.

I did not like him, and anyhow Mr. China already waited with the driver and the rented Datsun.

The photographer and I sat on benches in the back as we rode through the hot exhaust-ridden air. Trees like greenish-orange broccoli burst up from the sidewalk. Leaving downtown behind, the truck turned past two women sitting motionless on a heap of garbage beneath a tin roof, was swallowed by an alley, and made a right onto a high-walled street of mud puddles. A gate was swung for us, and we entered a courtyard.

The proprietor shook his head, sitting against the wall, smoking a Camel, clenching the side of the phony granite table.

He want to help, but he cannot speak out, Mr. China said. This is a border town, you know. Maybe he know some forced prostitutes, but he can do nothing—

A moustache hid the man's cautious brown face.

He says, now the business is closed down. This owner, we cannot embarrass him! It's up to him.

The man turned and called. A Burmese girl came slowly out, shading her eyes with her hand.

You see, she has a Thai boyfriend already, said Mr. China. She don't want to go back. You see, he's very good to his girls.

GHOST ISLAND

We were now going away from the tea-colored hills and rainy mountains, past emerald palm-flowers and walled leaf-fans, moldy thatched huts, then fish-stinking grasses and leaves. We drove until we reached the sea.

There was a long skinny pier, and across the hot brownish-green water I saw Burma, saw the humpbacked Burmese mountains with a pagoda between them like a vanilla Hershey's kiss.

Now the situation is very, very in tension, said the Reverend, pacing slowly. Before you have about thirty girls; now you keep only about five girls. By that order of the Prime Minister. So police are very afraid for their posts here. You see the owner must pay to the police maybe ten thousand baht per month.

The language of leaves babbled around us with a billion emerald tongues. I stood looking at Burma and thought: Now I know for sure that the girls in the flower shop weren't arrested. And I'm glad they weren't. We did hurt that madam, though. It must have cost her something to relocate the girls, I hope we hurt her.

You see that island out there? said Mr. China. We call that Ghost Island. Every now and then the police must arrest a few. Let's say the owner has ten girls. They tell him, okay, my friend, I must arrest three. For friendship's sake they put them on the boat to deport them back to Burma, but at Ghost Island they turn around...

THE RESTAURANT GIRLS

So we went back to the hotel (where Yhone Yhon, who had evidently not gone back to Burma after all, lay passed out on three-quarters of a bottle of Regency whiskey), paid the driver, thanked Mr. China and took him out to lunch.

We might as well leave this town, the photographer said. Seems like we blew our cover pretty, good.

You don't want to get mated anymore?

'Course I want to get married! But I only marry prisoners and sex slaves.

Well, we could try Mechai one more time, I said. I wouldn't mind slipping Duza five bucks anyway...

I don't care, he grumbled. I think it's pretty worthless, but if you want to try it then we can try it and then we can accomplish nothing and then we can leave.

Well, thanks, Ken, I was hoping you'd say that.

I was hoping you'd say that, Bill.

So we stopped a motorcycle and vibrated past great silver swinging cylinders of soup, and a woman's long black hair-creek bisected the emerald island of her back and shoulders as she bent over a pot of fish stew, and then sliding below those jungle mountains green-and blue-pastel-hazed, zigging between slow trucks covered with canvas, we came to the restaurant where the subagent had driven us ten days before.

I did not really describe this pleasure garden before, so permit me to lay down a few words in commemoration of our second and final visit. It existed beneath corrugated sheets, in a sunken patio of concrete. Last time there had been many whores sitting and smiling at the tables, but this time, perhaps because of the Prime Minister's visit, because of word spread by the madam of the flower shop, or simply because no subagent had called ahead for us, only one woman was sitting, and she got up and left. A girl in a yellow dress sat on a motorcycle, and a girl sat with two men on a bench, and on another bench two girls were sleeping facedown. Maybe it had simply been a long night. The girl got off the motorcycle and went inside without looking at us, into the black square cave with gold tinsel over where I had never been.

I now saw that Mechai was not the highest power of this realm, for on the bench closest to me an ancient woman in red lay sleeping. Since she was old she could not be a prostitute; so she must be the madam. And indeed she was. She raised one watchful eye at me, then went to sleep again, moving her bottom.

Mechai was sluggish. He said: I drink too much amphetamine. So I sleep only this morning ten o'clock. Now I must have my breakfast, sir.

I looked at his breakfast. It was a bowl of rice and more of the liquid speed.

No one there seemed to like us very much, so I took out my watercolors, took the drowsing madam as my model, and settled in for a nice long stay. Meanwhile, the photographer was negotiating quietly with Mechai. A moment later he came over. —Well, he said, they're going to rent us a young girl.

PARTICULARS ON THE BILL OF SALE

And *you* need no girl, sir? the pimp said.

That's mighty square of you, Mechai, but I have a Burmese wife already at the hotel.

Okay, never mind, he said agreeably.

How are you going to pick out the right girl for my friend? He's very particular about his girls, you know.

Yes, sir. Tonight I go to the island to buy from her family. I bring you girl, not too fat, not too thin, not too white, not too yellow.

Quite a few color choices you have to make, I said. Can you get him a green one?

Green? Ah, she will not be a virgin, he explained, but it will be her first time as a prostitute.

Where does she come from?

I must go into Burma to bring her. She lives in a small fishing village, you know. She has been only with six men. A nice fourteen-year-old girl. I must take a boat to fetch her, sir, so please pay my transportation, please.

(Like almost everything he said, this would prove to be a lie. Come to think of it, I guess almost everything we told him was a lie, too.)

DUZA

I don't have a prejudice against madams, I really don't. If they treat the girls well then they are probably doing more for them than their parents did. But all the madams I seemed to meet in S. had evil, unforgiving faces.

This one never smiled. She was awake now, and had retreated just inside her black cave to glare at me from her desk while the photographer was smiling at small children across the street and thereby causing them to scream. I think the police must have warned her about us. Mechai's business relationship with her I don't fully understand; the girl he was to bring us was supposedly from Burma, certainly not from here, as she told us later; and yet he worked here, had given us a discount on Duza and Ko-Aye Aye last time. Perhaps the madam would not have done business with us that first time if she had been there. In any event, she did not want to have anything to do with us now.

I greeted her and said: *Binai Duza?* Where is Duza?

Kin kao, said the madam shortly. She is eating rice.

Duza was at one of the tables in the patio, watching me.

I beckoned her over, and she shook her head quickly.

Doesn't she like me anymore? I asked the pimp.

Duza! he said.

She came immediately.

He said something to her and she shook her head again. —She don't mean it like that, sir, he said.

I kept making motions and asking for her until the madam called Mechai and Mechai went to her and then Duza came at once, laughing shyly with her laugh that reminded me of a Chinese woman I knew in California who had gone to Harvard Medical School; this woman was perhaps too full-figured for some tastes but I found her stunningly lovely. I had never been able to touch her because she was the friend of my girlfriend, and as a matter of fact she and my girlfriend and one other Asian girl had formed a virgins club; they would stay celibate until marriage and of course never ever get involved with white boys. The Chinese woman had hated me when I finally succeeded in making her friend fall in love with me, so she would not speak to me on the telephone or meet me, but over the years she'd begun to accept me; and I sometimes brought her presents—once a necklace of bullet-casings from Somalia, once an interesting rock from the Arctic, and now I loved her like a sister. Duza resembled her as much as those Burmese doubles resembled movie stars: Mr. China had told me how in his day subagents continually went upcountry to buy likely looking girls whom they established in bedrooms with framed posters of the cinema queens they resembled; so one gullible night when he was still in the army Mr. China and his best friend set out on their separate ways, and each paid a month's salary to be with a genuine movie star! —So we are so happy! he said laughing. But the next day we say: *You* slept with that actress? You lie, *I* slept with her! No, no, *you* lie; *I* slept with her! Then at last we realize how we were tricked, so we said: I slap my face; I'm a fool!

Seeing Duza, I could not stop thinking of this other proud and successful woman, and I said casually to the pimp: How long has she been working here?

About four months, sir.

Maybe I'll see her again next time I'm in Thailand. How much longer will she be here?

Until she has paid off her debt.

Remembering this as I stood face to face with Duza in the hallway beside the madam's desk. I bowed and clasped my hands as the Thais did in sign of greeting and respect, touched my heart, and beckoned her deeper into that gold-fringed darkness, trying to get out of the madam's sight with her I groped down a dirty narrow concrete corridor, feeling the doors of the side rooms where Duza and the others lived, and when I thought we were far enough I gave her a hundred baht. She smiled and ruffled my hair. I could not bear to look anymore into the eyes of this woman whom I was not going to free, and so I turned away to go out, but as I did I saw out of the side of my eye Duza holding out the banknote for the madam, holding it out with apprehensive eagerness so that she would not get into trouble, and I knew that Duza would not be keeping that money.

Perhaps it would be applied against her debt. —I love Duza, I said to the madam. —The madam yawned. —Duza is very beautiful, I said to the madam. —The madam opened a book of names and numbers and wrote down a 100. —You

are no good and I am no good, I said to the madam. Same same. —I went to the photographer and we left. As we rode away, I saw Duza smiling and waving cheerfully to me from the doorway.

YHONE YHON

My hunch was that Mechai might actually bring us a young girl, and if he did then we'd almost certainly be leaving that wet green jungle town very quickly without Yhone Yhon because she was illegal and there were so many checkpoints ahead, so I wanted to do something to take care of her a little. It was to be a surprise, which was why she protested being snatched away from her current junk food, a doughnutlike thing resembling a mushroom cap in shape; I'd seen how they deep-fried the yellow dough on sticks in a pot of oil; at any rate, I was ruthless, and so we motorcycled to one of those places where gold chains of intricately stamped stars, flowers, heart links and chevrons accompanied chunks of good glowing gold in illuminated cases against red velvet; and her eyes began to glisten eagerly. My ladyfriends always seem to appreciate gold, perhaps the Asian ones even more because they tend to be very practical and so they have no scruples about selling it.

The bored Thai lady behind the counter wore a diamond necklace, a diamond ring, and a thick gold bracelet. She inspected Yhone Yhon without liking.

You can buy whatever you want for a thousand baht, I told my wife. She swarmed voraciously through that shop, picking through gold rings in grooves of red velvet, giggling with the other gold-ogling girls, one of whom held four immense peapods under one brown arm while the other stretched itself out on the counter beside Yhone Yhon's, which had already piled up chunks and ingots of gold until the bill was 4750, so we compromised on a ring and some earrings for twenty-five hundred.

She fixed her eyes on me shrewdly. —After I bought it your Thai money finish? she said.

Pretty close.

This one no good, she said on the way home. Malaysia gold good. Singapore gold good. Thai gold no good.

Yeah, I said, well, I guess you've had a lot of experience.

The photographer was lying on the bed doing receipts and said:

Well, Bill, you spent $106.00 on your girl so far today... and Yhone Yhon turned and swiped at his crotch.

YHONE YHON

Across the street, fragrant balls of color hung above a grating clammed shut for the night, and a piebald dog drank from a puddle of soup.

While the photographer waited in the parking lot to meet his future spouse and Mr. China was at the church on standby alert I sat watching Yhone Yhon lie not quite smiling in her sleep, her new golden earrings still in, her dark hair a stain on the pillow. There was a little twisted black thing that she prayed with sometimes, squeezing it between her fingers; she held it now, and her hands lay on her thighs.

At last she stirred and looked at me. Whenever she bit me I used to put my hand down her pants; then she'd grimace, laughing: *Aiee!*, and rest her head on my thigh; I could tell when she was about to bite me, so I'd get my hands ready. Today she was not like that. As soon as she opened her eyes she knew that I was going to go.

You can't come to Bangkok, I said. I wish you could come, but you can't. Too many checkpoints.

She understood, and embraced me, weeping: Police no good! I speak they no good I no like Burmese pay money! Burmese men job here no pay police get hit on head! Maybe same same me! Police no good!

Here is as good a place as any to mention that Yhone Yhon had been getting telephone threats from the police every day while we were gone—if they were in fact the police, and not, as Mr. China hypothesized, the people at the flower shop, whom he called "the other side." The town of S. was definitely getting hot. We had defied the inspector of interrogations and he had caught us, we seriously inconvenienced one business, and were plotting to steal from another. It was an excellent time to make our adieux to the place.

Listen, Yhone Yhon, I said. Here's two hundred dollars. I want you to cross the border and take the bus to Rangoon. You understand?

Yes.

S. is dangerous for you now. Many many police. You come to Rangoon and we will help you there. How many days for you by bus?

Maybe three days.

Okay. You meet us in Rangoon in one week, on Monday night. What hotel?

She named one, and gave me her Burmese identification number.[5]

Good. You promise me you'll meet us there?

Okay darling you want me I come same same you no problem I love you stay with you. You pay Yhone Yhon money in Rangoon?

Yes, honey, I'll give you some money then.

No problem me wait you Monday Hotel P. Yangon.

Just then the photographer came bursting in. For the second time in the ten years I'd known him (the first was when he was raided by the FBI) he looked shaken. —Jeez, she's a *young* one! he breathed. Never seen one that young! I'm afraid to bring her up and maybe get busted.

I thought for a minute. —Okay, I said. Why don't you pay Mechai in the parking lot—

I already did, he said gleefully. And guess what? I got the idiot to write me a fucking *receipt!*

Well, then have Mechai tell her the number of the room. Then you come up and she can follow.

Call China! Call China! Tell him to get his ass over here fast!

I telephoned the church and said: Reverend, we got one.

Okay, he said, I'll be there in twenty minutes.

YHONE YHON AND SUKANJA

The girl sat on the chair in dirty pajamas and answered that she was fifteen. During the weeks that we knew her we had her age variously as sixteen, fifteen and fourteen. After a while we gave up asking. She looked twelve. She looked so scared that I wondered how she would ever trust us. The answer, of course, was that she never would. Had it not been for Yhone Yhon, who immediately set out to make her feel at home by bestowing upon her embraces and junk food, I am positive that we could not in a billion years have gotten her to agree to go with us.

Yhone Yhon's first reaction on beholding the brown prostitute was: Your wife very sweet very nice very beautiful Mistah Ken.

Haven't I heard that someplace before? he said.

Tell her we don't have sex with her, I said.

The child relaxed slightly.

Tell her we will never ever hit her or beat her.

She sat with her hands between her knees and tilted her head.

Her head was always tilted. Her hair swooped down to cover one eye. Maybe she did not really want to see much of the world.

She say she no like her job, said the Shan girl.

Mechai says her father and mother live in a fishing village in Burma. Ask her if that is true.

She say father mother stay in north of Thailand.

Does her father work?

She's a father mother job, one day job, one day eat finished. She say father no house. They sell her to buy house. This job she no like.

Her father sold her?

Uncle. Sister brother. I say her you want this job? She say only to eat. She no like this job. But she like you very much Mistah Ken very good wife no problem she no like.

Tell her not to be afraid of us. Tell her we want to help her and also her father.

She speak they watch her talk foreigner. Tomorrow she speak she afraid to stay job here.

Mr. China and the boy now made their entrance. Usually when they came Yhone

Yhon would run up to Mr. China and grab at him playfully, saying: Hello my darling—oh I sorry I forgot I mean Mr. China! —This time she rose, but did not let go of the young girl's hand.

Reverend, I said, we need you to interpret for us and we need Yhone Yhon to put her at her ease.

Mr. China sat down beside her and looked into her face. Watching, I saw the kind authority that flowed from him into the child, saw her begin to believe in him.

He said something to her, listened to her reply and laughed. —Her parents never teach her Burmese. She is almost a Thai. I don't know. Maybe she is not Burmese at all.

We paid two thousand baht for her, plus expenses. How much will be credited against her debt?

She get a hundred forty baht, said Mr. China.

When the girl answered questions, she hung her head and clasped her hands.

She says she was sold for 11,500 baht by her uncle since her father didn't have a place to stay, he said. They build a small hut with the money. It's almost sure, if her parents take her back, they sell her again, get a new money.

Then maybe we won't bring her back to her parents. You told me before that just a few days ago three prostitutes escaped to Bangkok...

He looked at me. —If she run away and is catched back, she get a very hard beating.

And if she isn't caught, do her parents get punished?

She said if her parents don't owe too much, it's okay. If not then maybe there's some problem.

The girl was squeezing Yhone Yhon's hand very hard. Yhon's arm was around her.

She said, if the parents tell her to come back to work, come back. It's up to the parents.

Well, Reverend, maybe it should be up to us.

I had wondered whether I would feel any desire for such a young girl. As I gazed upon her in the skimpy pajama-dress that showed her dirty brown knees, I found that I had in me only pity and determination to protect her.

Let's leave her and Yhone Yhon alone for while, I said.

YHONE YHON

Outside the hotel there was a wedding party under the new awning and across the street the disco glowed Christmasy with strings of radioactive limes and oranges. Mr. China had told me that it was an ungodly place, that girls went home with you there for no money. One of the hotel's busboys was carrying two bottles of soda in each hand.

We sat in the restaurant for half an hour and drank beer. Then I told them to wait.

Coming in as quietly as I could so as not to disturb the child, I found her sitting up praying. I remembered the way that Yhone Yhon had prayed in a long

earnest whisper, lying in bed next to me in the darkness, because she was about to have intercourse during her period; and the next night she prayed for a different reason; she always gave me a reason until I understood that she simply always prayed, a quarter-hour rivering of soft low words that made her one with the sleek brass of Buddhas I was to find in the arched niches of Rangoon's pagodas, some almost cruel, a little like Tutenkhamen's deathmask, but Yhone Yhon was never cruel and when she singsonged her mantra in the hotel room she expressed the serenest fervency of any human being. Our little girl (whose name, Yhone Yhon said, was Sukanja),[6] did not pray like that. She was simply terrified. She prayed like someone who was about to jump off a bridge. Yhone Yhon was sitting beside her, and I saw how tightly she squeezed Yhone Yhon's hand. This to me was one of the most irrefutable proofs of Yhone Yhon's goodness, that this weak, abused creature should trust her.

Hello darling you same same lady one hundred percent.

Well, thank you very much, I said. If I am a lady then you must pay me.

She tittered. Yhone Yhon, ask her if she wants to come with us tonight.

She says okay.

MECHAI

Mechai had agreed that the photographer could have the child until 6:00 a.m., so we had Yhone Yhon call a taxi to Bangkok for 5:00. Mr. China had said that taxis would not have any trouble at the checkpoints. Buses were the most dangerous.

Shortly after midnight the phone rang.

Please, sir, this is Mechai. I must take the girl away for half an hour. Her mother have got picked up by the police. We must take her down to explain.

Since Sukanja had already told us that her mother was far away in the north, I was not especially impressed. —Where are you? I said.

In the lobby.

I'll be down shortly, I said.

I hung up the phone and told my friends to stay with the girl. Then I took a five hundred baht note from my money pouch and folded it into my left hand.

We went out to the parking lot together, and he stood gulping nervously. He was a small fish, not quite as cunning as we were, and I already felt sorry for him. The photographer had told me that some police had seen us as we left Duza's restaurant and that they'd stopped dead. Most likely they had gone to the madam after Mechai had already left to get the child, so he had just now discovered that we were traitors. That was my theory, anyway.

A bellboy from the hotel stood behind us, trying to hear what we were saying, so I led the pimp deeper into the shadows.

Where is she? he said, sweating.

I put my hand on his shoulder. —I must explain something to you, I began solemnly. My friend has just now begun with the girl. She didn't like him at first

so he had to beat her a little. You see, whenever my friend sees a young girl, he falls in love with her. And whenever he falls in love he grows very, very violent. I fear for myself and especially for you if we take the girl away now. He's like a crocodile, you know, who's taken the first bite. I think he finished tying her to the bed only five minutes ago...

But it's very important! cried Mechai. I'm not trying to cheat you. I'll give you all your money back!

This was an amazing offer for a pimp to make, so I knew that he was truly scared.

I presented him with the five hundred baht note. —This is to smooth things over with Sukanja's mother and the police, I said. If they don't need it you can give it back.

But—

I will speak with my friend. He's very dangerous. I hope maybe I can get the girl back to you in two hours.

Okay, okay. —He got into his pickup truck and rushed off.

He had been very nice and fair with me, and now I felt even sorrier for him.

MR. CHINA

Yhone Yhon had rescheduled the taxi. It was supposed to come in fifteen minutes, and it never came. Every half hour I went down to the parking lot to see if Mechai was back yet, each time passing the receptionists and telling them that they were diamond angel number one. They laughed as much as they always did. Seeing the photographer go upstairs followed by the child did not seem to have diminished their smiles in the least.

At 1:10, Yhone Yhon went out to find a driver, and she did not come back. The child lay wide-eyed in my bed while the rest of us sat trying not to disturb her. I had given her a sleeping pill, which had made her drowsy, but the coming and going that we had to do, no matter how quietly we tried to accomplish it, prevented her from getting any rest. Her face became every more tormented and agitated, although she never moved or said anything. For my part, I felt a hideous nausea as the time passed. The photographer paced, muttering: Where's that fucking taxi? — Mr. China had gone downstairs after bidding us goodbye. It was important that he not be a part of this, he'd said, and I knew that he was thinking of Pei X. He said that he and the boy would wait for us in the lobby to help us in an emergency but we must pretend not to know them from now on. He took the photographer's hand and my hand and prayed with us both. We gave him a hundred dollars for his church, and another hundred to settle our bill for us because we did not want to risk having Mechai see us checking out. Then he and the boy were gone, and I felt lonelier than ever.

At 1:30 I went down to the parking lot again, passing our two friends in the

lobby with no sign of recognition, as they had wished, but Mr. China followed me outside. He whispered to me: I think you should waste no more time.

I agree. I agree very much! But we have no vehicle.

Yes, he sighed. Yhone Yhon is a silly girl. I fear for her.

What should we do if Mechai comes back? I said.

You want me to arrest him? Mr. China said. I can do that.

I thought. —Let me talk with him first. I will tell him who we are and invite him to come with us. If he takes us to Bangkok I will pay him well. If he refuses, then you can arrest him.

He nodded. —The taxi is not coming, he said after awhile. It's too late.

Can we rent a vehicle?

From where?

Maybe from the owner. Can you ask him? He's your friend.

I cannot, said Mr. China. You must ask.

THE OWNER

The grand master of our hotel, the one who had chauffeured us to the flower shop on our third and final visit, was sitting fuzzily in the restaurant where we had entertained the inspector of interrogations, and he was surrounded by girls and beer cans. The wedding celebration had almost reached its close. When I put the question to him, he looked at his watch in amazement. —It's too late, he said.

Soon they'll come take this girl away! I shouted. When they come, they'll ask her what happened; she's not clever; she'll tell them we tried to take her away, and then they'll punish her!

Okay, he said. I will find you a car, and I knew that he never would. He lifted the next slow spoonful of rice into his mouth. —After I finish eating.

I bowed and clasped my hands together. —*Kap kum kap.* Thank you very much.

YHONE YHON

Then Yhone Yhon was running toward me in the darkness of the parking lot and a pickup truck was coming behind her and Yhone Yhon was calling: okay hurry okay!

I ran upstairs where the photographer sat in darkness with the girl. We grabbed our bags, lifted her out of bed, helped her put her sandals on, and I took her by the hand and began to run down the hall. The photographer was already ahead of us. I stopped, went back, opened the door to the room, and turned the light on to slow Mechai down in case he went there. Then I locked the door behind us.

We came running down the stairs and the receptionists' mouths were open and I saw all the motorcycle drivers who had taken us to whorehouses now rising to their feet but I did not look at their faces, and the photographer was already in the cab

and I put the girl in beside him, shut the door, and jumped into the back. Yhone Yhon dashed to me and wanted some more money for the motorcycle that had taken her to the driver. I gave her a thousand baht. —Run away! I told her. They're coming back in twenty minutes; run away, run—run—run!

The truck pulled away. I saw her getting smaller, and that was the last I ever saw of her.

When the photographer and I got to Burma, we went to the hotel she had told us of and asked for her every day. I am hopeful and confident that nothing happened to her in S., because when we called Mr. China from Bangkok he said that he'd seen her leave the hotel safely. I think that maybe she didn't come because she thought that my money was finished, or perhaps because after all she had done I'd forgotten to embrace her one last time...

S. TO BANGKOK

The sour-fresh smell of the jungle was like bile. Trees massed in complex darknesses very distinct against the hazy moon. They were slender black stalks of night with leaf-pagodas mushrooming out as that wan moon pursued the truck around humid bends. I thought about all the checkpoints ahead, and because I had no plan I stopped thinking about them. The photographer might have had a plan but although he was only a window-thickness away I could not communicate with him. He would have to handle them. They would either be porous or they would be impossible. I saw mist in tobacco-smoke layers halfway up dark mountains, and headlights glowed far away like sickening foggy sunrises on a methane planet. In the cab, the girl's head was on the photographer's shoulder. That made me happy, that she could sleep a little. Suddenly the night reeked of fish. My inner heaviness came from never knowing if the next car would be the pimp's. The supposition was that if he were to follow us at all he would go back to the brothel and get helpers, maybe gunmen, to come grinding after us through the cricket-shrieking night. But there was no way of knowing what to expect. I am not very good at worrying about what I cannot help, and so I was alert but calm. The planning and the second-guessing was over. Now there was nothing left to do but act.

After the first hour of those windy roads, the little girl began to throw up. We stopped and cleaned her off a little with leaves. Then I lifted her into the back of the truck with me where there was more fresh air. I touched her hand and told her that she was number one, but she only sat on my duffel bag, staring at the scuttering trees with her elbows on her knees, her T-shirt like a pale white moth of sadness. Gradually the night began to smell more like hide glue, and the stars grew brighter. She vomited again and again and I held her icy hand.

It seemed to me that a car was following us, and I tried to pull her down onto the truckbed where she would not be so conspicuous, but she resisted with all her

puny strength, and I realized that this girl who had not even developed breasts yet must think I was trying to rape her. The photographer later said that I should have dragged her out of sight no matter what she thought, and he was probably right, but I just could not bring myself to do it. So I sat there with my arm around her as she shivered and spewed more puke with little half-digested grains of rice in it, and I squeezed her hand but she did not return the pressure. We stayed like that, mile after mile up that sinister road, until the blue dawn when palm trees stood like dead fans in the unfiltered exhaust stream and we sped past houses like square white bells of light.

At 6:00 or 7:00 we had to stop again for her to relieve herself, and then we put her in the cab of the truck again because we were coming to so many checkpoints. —How far you go? cried the driver. —Bangkok. —Bangkok! How much you pay me? —Two thousand.[7] —How about two thousand five hundred? he said —Okay. —How about three thousand? he pursued. —Okay, the photographer began to say, but I kicked him and said no. —Okay, okay, said the driver. At the next gas station the driver bought a bottle of liquid speed and chugged it down while the photographer cried: You are driver number one! and the driver laughed cheerily. Then we jumped into the truck and sped northward again, I lying in the back worrying about checkpoints. Every time we came into the raking lights I'd pull the hood of my camouflage raincoat over my face and lie low. At one triangle of incandescent tubes we were stopped for perhaps ten minutes and I heard the police talking with the driver and their flashlights shone through my hood. I prepared for the worst. We were kidnappers. There was a very good chance that we would go to prison. We were still in Ranong Province, perhaps close enough to that nest of snakes in the town of S. to receive some poisonous bite. I did not dare move. Finally the police were looking at me, and so I threw back my hood, sat up, and saluted them as cheerily as I could. They laughed, saluted me back, and went their way. Presently the truck began to move again. Later the photographer told me that the driver had had no license, so had argued with the police for awhile but that was all.

In the strengthening daylight an hour or two later we stopped at a gas station, and she went to the toilet. I waited for her. When she came out I bowed to her and she threw her arm desperately around my waist.

Pei, I said. Big brother.

She nodded.

She shook her head to everything else, every offer of water or chewing gum or anything. She was the saddest little girl that I had ever seen.

In the rushing truck she woke up, pushed her hair back, folded her arms and fell asleep again.

BANGKOK

At half past nine in the steamy morning we were close enough to the city to get locked in traffic, and I bought a Buddhist garland from one of the vendors who walked between the smoking vehicles (they sold them everywhere in S.; for Yhone Yhon's prayers I'd always been meaning to buy one of the ones with gardenias on the bottom for tassels, then a chain of pale white blossoms, then a red ribbon and more white blossoms, topped by a colored bow and a long bright ribbon of a different color; but in the end I had never gotten around to it) and then I handed it in to her through the left hand window. She hung it reflexively on the mirror. I hoped that doing that might have momentarily comforted her.

The driver refused to go any further, and I did not blame him. We transferred to a taxi. The young girl fell asleep beside me in the back seat, her plump little hands clasped in her lap, her knees apart, her head hanging down from her slumped shoulders.

The nurse at the Center was later to tell me: She say she like S. better, because here too many people.

A TELEPHONE CALL TO S.

Hey there, Mechai, old buddy, said the photographer, how's tricks?

What happened? cried the pimp. Ken, where's the girl?

She's in a safehouse now. You can tell her mother that everything's okay. The girl will contact her soon. Here, I think Bill wants to say hello to you.

So you were journalists after all, he said to me reproachfully.

Yes, we were, I said. But I promise not to use your real name or even mention S. in my story. I like you fine. Please forgive me. She did not like her job and wanted to come with us. We'll be taking care of her now.

If you had asked me, he said in a low voice, I would have arranged for you in a smoother way.

Well, maybe so, I said, not believing him. Do you have any message for her?

I know this girl does not want to stay here, and I cannot help her, he said. Please say to her that I am very happy for her and wish her a good life.

Will your colleagues try to kill us?

Now I am sure they will not do anything to you, because they do not have big power. They are very afraid. Every girl place in S. is closed.

Well, how about *that*, I said, mighty pleased with myself. I told the photographer and he whooped. Poor Mechai was silent.

And how about Duza? I said.

This Thai girl, she does not belong to our staff.

But, Mechai, you sold her to me once!

Yes, she is on our staff.

And Duza is a Burmese name.

Yes, she is Burmese.

How much is her debt? Maybe I can buy her if she wants to stop being a prostitute.

I don't know her debt, sir. I find out for you. But I think maybe they move her soon to another location.

SASKAWA WOMEN'S EDUCATION AND TRAINING CENTER

So you telephoned the pimp? said Khunying Kanitta.

Oh, yes, I reported, he said he wishes her every happiness.

She made a mouth of disgust.

Sukanja sat shyly in her chair in the new dress that the Center had given her, with her hands in her lap. The old lady began questioning her.

There are about forty in that brothel, she said. We will report it to the police inspector.

The girl always clasped her fingers tightly in her lap and bowed her head when spoken to.

She would like to learn to sew. But first we must send her to the hospital, to have her health checked.

Ask her if there's anything we can do for her right now.

She says, she wants to see her friend. Her friend is a waitress in Surat Thani.

A prostitute?

Yes. She wants to be with her. It is quite unrealistic, of course. She is not realistic. She cannot go out of this safehouse now. Otherwise she may be kidnapped back again.

What else does she say?

She says that at the very end of each month the owner of the business checks your debt in a special book, to see how much money you've made. But often when you go with a customer they don't write it in your book. And the girls, most of them, they cannot read, so you see, it's very cruel. She says her idea is that she'd like to clear her debt. That is why maybe we work with the police.

She turned to the girl again. Upon me the old lady generally turned her icy hair and piercing eyes, but this other fragile young soul she seemed to warm gently with the breath of compassion. —Did you know that she had been in three places? First they took her to S. where she as working for two weeks, then Surat Thani about three weeks, then back to S. for a month. In her place, the youngest is thirteen years old. And this pimp you telephoned, she said they heard he is HIV. He used to slap the girls, too. Did he slap her? Well, he never slap her. He was always nice to her. Maybe she was a good worker.

I know you hate the pimp, I said. He's done some bad things, but I don't believe he's a bad person. Why isn't there a Center to help people like him?

Well, she conceded, I suppose he is afraid for his life, too. Because he will be hurt if he does not take the boss's side.

So the girls say that he has HIV? How do they know that?

Oh, they do not know anything. It is just a word for them.

Does Sukanja know what AIDS is?

She just now know, because our social worker explained it to her. Tomorrow she will be tested for HIV.

ANOTHER TELEPHONE CALL TO S.

Well, sir, soon I will be in very big trouble with the girl's owner when I cannot return her in two-three days, said the pimp. I must leave town very soon. Maybe I go to the South and become a tour guide.

Mechai, I'd really like to help you: How much do you need?

Well, sir, I cannot ask for anything. It's up to you...

Retrospect proved Mechai to have been the perfect victim. We'd called Mr. China, and he'd said that he and the boy remained in the hotel lobby for an hour after we fled and no one came in. Mechai must have been too scared. But we had had no way of knowing that until we had acted.

And Duza's debt? I said. I would like to give you some money for Duza...

I do not know, sir. I think already they move her away; I think she is maybe gone...

DON MUANG POLICE STATION, BANGKOK

She took my hand and smiled at me the next morning on our way to the police station where she sat in her new white blouse and blue skirt on the waiting bench, her lips parted as she watched the junglegreened policeman lean back scratching his nose at a woman who gesticulated and begged.

What does Sukanja think of this place? I asked the nurse.

She said she always thinking so much, she afraid.

The policeman was saying to the woman: If he raped you, why didn't you cry out?

Because he closed my mouth.

But someone else was there?

Yes.

And he heard nothing?

The woman hung her head.

The policeman smiled a little, put his arms behind his head, and then they brought the accused rapist in.

Maybe this woman she no speak true, said the nurse.

Sukanja sat miserable and silent.

At last they brought her to the police desk where a young man in civilian clothes interviewed her gently as the nurse sat nodding.

Do you believe that the owner has hidden the other girls now? he asked her.

She inclined and lowered her head.

When it came the photographer's and my turn we told the cop what we had done and he gave us the thumbs-up. But Sukanja sat with her feet out of her sandals, gripping her chair.

The cop took her thumb and rolled it on the stamp pad to make a signature.

Can you read, Sukanja? I asked.

She smiled proudly. —A little bit, said the nurse.

Again she nodded, pumpkin-seed-eyed, as the boy leaned across the desk, taking laborious notes on a folded square of newsprint.

SASKAWA WOMEN'S EDUCATION AND TRAINING CENTER

I like American music very much, said the nurse.

And Sukanja?

The nurse laughed. —She don't like any songs anymore.

BANGKOK

At a table in an alley of umbrellas and loudspeakers that met a street of cameras, frying pans and oranges, the nurse ordered ice cream with corn kernels in it and Sukanja shook her head, but the nurse pushed it in front of her anyway, and the girl took two bites. After a while she ate the rest. Quietly the nurse caressed her arm.

CENTRAL POLICE STATION, BANGKOK

Inside the long dirty corridor one wall of which was bricked with cement hexagons that gave egress to bell-sounds and tuk-tuk exhaust and traffic noise, there was a desk where after waiting another hour I had put a police helmet on, and then I put the helmet on the nurse and the policeman shook his finger and shouted so I had to bow and clasped my hands. Past this desk was the room where the policeman sat with silver stars on his shoulders, red rope braid, a diamond ring, a gold ring, a gold bracelet. Lighting a cigarette beneath the no smoking sign, the policeman slid a form with the arms of Thailand on it into his manual typewriter.

Did she tell you she wanted to go with you? he asked.

Yes, officer, I said. She said she didn't like her job.

Okay, the policeman said. Curling his lower lip, he pecked at the typewriter with great panache, using one finger of each hand just like me. Another young cop

in plain clothes came in, unchambered a round from his pistol, popped the magazine into a drawer, and took an aspirin. The blackish-silver keys flew lazily up.

The policeman laughed to her: I *believe* you don't like your job. Maybe you have no feeling for sex, because you are so shy.

After it was over, I said to the nurse: Please tell her again that she is our little sister now.

But this statement, which I had meant merely as a reassurance, must have been taken by Sukanja as evidence of some new manacle of obligation, because she only lowered her head even more and the nurse said: She say, I promised you I will not go for prostitute.

SASKAWA WOMEN'S EDUCATION AND TRAINING CENTER

Khunying Kanitta had once told the nurse not to wear gold because that would be showing off. The nurse idolized her, was herself ascetic, had left her family's rich home in the south to help others. There was a nunnish atmosphere about the Center. It was a clean place of white buildings, trees, lily ponds and good works. Across from the nurse's clinic, a pavilion graced the water, and close by stood Khunying Kanitta's residence small and cozy where the barefooted maidservant stood picking leaves and gazing over the rearing head of a life-sized wooden horse and stroking the cat which lay beside a basket of bananas, while Khunying Kanitta sat inside, in a room of angled glass blinds and polished wood, green drapes tucked back in pigtails, and her young girls sitting respectfully around her. —*Kap, kap, kap, kap kum kaa*, the old lady said rapidly on the phone. She was speaking with the police about Sukanja. Every now and then she looked at me with disfavor where I sat waiting just outside the doorway. She could never make up her mind to trust or like me, perhaps because I never disparaged Mechai, or perhaps Sukanja had told her that I had been involved with Yhone Yhon; her common response to anything I asked was: That's a silly question. —But slowly I came to trust *her* because whenever a woman would come to her with troubles she'd invite her in, listen to her, speak with her so kindly: Your husband doesn't care where you live. He doesn't care where you go. I have to tell you about how he feels. But he cares about your son. Don't you think it's better to stay here? —The woman was sobbing. —If he wants a divorce with you he must provide you with some money, Khunying Kanitta went on quietly. Do you feel better to know this? We can give you a shelter. No one can hurt you here.

And so by the time Sukanja had been at the Center for two weeks and more, I knew that the right thing had been done—not that *she* told us so; in fact she'd began to avoid both the photographer and me whenever she could, bowing her head quickly and scuttling away. This hurt our feelings a little, because we believed that we had proven ourselves when we stole her away on that wet and itchy night whose

dangers wriggled like a lichee-fruit's swarming root-hairs. —Frankly, she does not consider you as friends, said Khunying Kanitta. She cannot speak with you, and so she feels very awkward with you. —After all, I thought, she must not have good memories of men. Around the other girls, at least, she'd started chattering and laughing. I had certainly never heard her laugh in S. Every night the nurse counseled her and hugged her. Every morning at 5:30 she rushed to wake the nurse up for her duties, clinging to her hand.

SUKANJA AND D.

The name of the nurse was D., and in her way she had as rich a heart as Yhone Yhon. Unlike Yhone Yhon, she could talk to other Thais like a man. In the South she was the only woman who was the head of a village. She was not as good an interpreter as Mr. China had been, but she was what we had and the child loved her.

Sukanja came running downstairs in her new white laundress uniform. When she saw us she hung her head. We gave her the gifts we'd brought back from Burma—a necklace of prayer beads, a wallet with twenty baht in it, a little cup—and she flinched away.

D. said that the previous day she had been crying because another girl had told her that she should go back to her family, and Khunying Kanitta had then explained to her why it was dangerous for her to do that.

Ask her if she's okay here, I said.

An almost imperceptible nod.

And her sister, any danger she will be sold?

No problem; she has boyfriend.

Does she want her sister to visit?

Yes.

Her mother?

No.

Her father?

No. She have telephone number.

We want to meet him. I want to give him some money, and then I want to tell him I will kill him if he sells his daughter again.

Okay, D. said. Please go to the head of me. Please come to my Khunying.

KHUNYING KANITTA

So you go north, said the old lady, a little more cordially than usual. (We had just paid her eight hundred dollars for the child's education and board.) —D. can come with you, but you must pay her way because we have no budget for this. We would

like the father's signature for payment of Sukanja's debt. From the town of C. the police will accompany you.

Yes, ma'am, I said.

NORTHERN THAILAND, NEAR THE GOLDEN TRIANGLE

The police sat reading newspapers in the porch above the river. One said that you could see Laos on the other side of the river and the other said that you couldn't. When D. delivered Khunying Kanitta's letter they rose, went out and returned passing the envelope from hand to hand.

In the north, if they have a daughter they can take big money, said D., her words round and distinct like the bare brown toes that she took from her sandals at night. If you want to help all of them, give them some job in the village. It's so difficult to change this style. They want television, they sell her—it's so stupid!

Is this problem very common here? I said.

They all shook their heads. I was happy to see that the mentality involved in covering one's ass is the same all over the world.

Ask them what we can do in general to help them with this problem.

They all laughed.

Just now they do something, said the nurse. Maybe they change government. Because some corruption.

The cops were sitting at a desk in front of a cage with a lock on it. No one was inside the cage. A lazy peck of a manual typewriter came from behind it, and every two or three minutes the zing of the carriage return.

The cops studied the letter some more. At last one of them drew a map.

He say, you know, in the Sukanja's area, in the borderline, most of the family come from China. Most of them are lazy, a lot of them smoke marijuana, no job. Police say, what can police do? And then first the government can do. So they are lazy, smoke marijuana, sell their daughters.

That's nice, I said.

He said, Sukanja house is so dense forest, if rainy we cannot go.

Ask them if we have seen them in a police thriller movie.

The nurse laughed. —Crazy you!

SUKANJA'S VILLAGE

In the back of the black pickup was a decal that said: POLICE: ORDER TO KILL. We sped down the hot green-sided road of tall grass, sugarcane and palm trees, passing skinny shirtless cyclists. The pale blue mountains grew bigger. The air smelled like tart pineapple juice with occasional hints of manure. After a few kilometers the dirt road became just a track between plantains. An old lady crossed it slowly, bearing a

tall basket of sugarcanes on her back. Continuing past the tall sugarcanes and rice plants, winding among the wide hills of nettles, corn and tall trees, we passed a water buffalo sunk in soupy muck up to its eyes. Alongside a field of dead corn we experienced a little of the water buffalo's life, for the truck sank to its axles in the reddish-brown mud, and it took us much rocking and pushing to get it out. The second time it happened, we had to jump into the mud and pack the wheels with dry cornstalks. The policeman who came with us took off his gun and shiny boots in order to push. That time it took an hour, another truck and several people from the nearby fields to free us.

At last we came into the village of hedges and thatch-huts and peering skinny-legged Chinese-looking children in dirty shirts who rubbed their crewcut heads and smiled softly. The cop jumped out, his white T-shirt immaculate, his pistol back in his belt, and strode to a cyclist, who pointed.

Beside a T in the dirt road with a red-and-white striped pole half canted to make a lazy checkpoint, the hard dirt began to rise, and on this slope was a corrugated-roofed building of whitewashed cement outside of which the soldiers sat at a splintery table, one leaning dreamily over a manual typewriter, another very slowly copying names into each hand drawn copy of a village map, writing each family of characters so neatly and slowly inside its house-box.

This army come to help the people here, said D., who always chose her English words in much the same way as a roadside cook, whose every motion is slow, thoughtful, the ladle slowly rising, the reddish fingers weaving chills in among the rice. —He is rescue army to help, have some school for the child, stop opium. We talk together, since I am head of village and lady police. And I want to phone them to keep in contact, to tell them not to sell their daughters.

You said these people are all Chinese?

Some from the China, and some from the Burma. Before, this area was a Red area. Closed. Some fighting. Some Communists from Laos. But now it's okay. It open about six years ago. Mostly the people here used to be soldiers for Chiang Kai-Shek. After Mao take power by revolution they come here. And they send them money every year from Taiwan. If you are Chinese soldier and you stop, every year money from Taiwan. Maybe Taiwan take care of all of them.

Looking through the doorway of the station I saw a large map. —Where is this place, exactly? I said.

When D. asked in Thai, the soldiers only shook their heads. —Maybe is top secret, she said.

Okay, okay, she said after awhile. Now we find father Sukanja.

Borrowing a jeep and one of the soldiers, we continued on among the tall unmoving trees and steep roofs of grass, our green horizon bristling with leaves and insects, and the nurse said: Maybe we don't give money for send the owner in S., because maybe dangerous.

Many of the houses now had red-bordered vertical signs on them painted in golden Chinese characters. Bamboo fences guarded them. The more ostentatious ones had open cement porches like Duza's restaurant back in S. Huge sheets of canvas lay on the dirt road; on these, corn kernels were drying. We passed a concrete house whose patio was piled with many ears of corn; in its dark doorway stood a young girl beside her father, who wore a sarong. The father's hand almost touched the Chinese characters on paper glued to the sliding door.

We had to walk now, up a bamboo-walled dirt path of houses. It was not far to Sukanja's home.

SUKANJA'S FATHER

It was a hut, just as Mr. China had said, and outside some strips of dog-flesh were drying from one bamboo pole, and a few faded clothes with holes in them hung from the other. Inside, the floor was concrete with a couple of mats laid down for furniture, and all the walls papered with newspapers. A few fresh leaves and flowers reposed in dented vessels on a low piece of wood. They were Buddhists, then. There was an electric clock and there was a small television.

Oh, a television, said D. I thought he was poor.

The father was skinny and middle-aged. He twitched his mouth a little, squatting on a mat, answering questions in a rapid and surprisingly deep voice. I had expected him to be meeker in the presence of the police and soldiers, who now demanded his identification to see if he might be receiving support from Taiwan, in which case the sale of Sukanja would look worse. But he had nothing to show them.

In the doorway the cop wagged a finger at the father, who in turn shook his head indignantly. He pulled out an album, and there was Sukanja in a family photo, looking happy and more pretty than I'd seen her.

Long tattoos were lettered in double rows down his skinny tendoned arms. His long fingers clasped his toes. —*Kap*, he'd agree every now and then. *Kap*.

Well, I said, what's *his* excuse?

Wait, said D. Okay. The police tell him, why you sell daughter to go prostitute? He say last the Sukanja work in restaurant for one thousand baht, so so poor. Him thirteen years here. Before that, in borderline in Burma. She think maybe she can get a better job. Her father is Chinese, no ID card, so he can never go to any town—and Sukanja don't know the way. So his son-in-law send her in the prostitute, bring back money, get ten thousand baht for himself, send father three thousand baht. Right now the son-in-law is go down to S. to get more money from her owner.

So you think it's true? I said.

Yes, I think. He say, son-in-law come visit and ask, where is Sukanja? Because now she run away.

Ask him, what is your opinion of your son-in-law?

The man swallowed. —He say, he doesn't know about Sukanja prostitute job.

Well, he knows now. Is he angry at his son-in-law for selling his daughter?

He is not angry at him. Because stupid thinking. He says prostitute no problem. Any job that get money is no problem.

Ask him, does he want Sukanja's sister to be a prostitute?

Up to her. If she want good money, no problem.

Ask him, was it up to Sukanja?

He shrugged.

Ask him if he knows what AIDS is.

The man shook his head.

You tell him about AIDS, I said. Tell him maybe Sukanja has AIDS.

D. spoke to him for awhile. Then she said: He so sad but he doesn't know anything.

Where is Sukanja's sister now?

One have boyfriend, sleep together boy no problem not yet married. She call him husband. The other one we don't know. Maybe is prostitute job.

The boyfriend is the one who sold Sukanja?

Yes.

Oh, well that's pleasant, I said. Here's three hundred dollars. Can you get him to sign a receipt for his daughter?

He can't read or write.

An X will do, then.

Kap, said the man, clasping his hands and bowing slightly.

I tell him to buy some pig, start a small business, said D. And I tell him I will be telephoning to him, to see what he does.

I looked over this man who had nothing and was nothing. He did not seem to be a bad person. Hardly anybody ever is. I gave him another hundred, wondering if he had any chance or whether it was too late. Most likely, I supposed, the son-in-law would take it all from him.

SUKANJA

And that is almost the end of the story of the story of Sukanja. Her HIV test was done, and she tested negative. On our return to Bangkok we learned that the "uncle" who'd originally sold her to the brothel in S. had come to the Center in our absence to persuade her to return home. Khunying Kanitta assured the child that she did not have to leave if she did not want to. When the "uncle" protested, Khunying faced him down. I delight to imagine the iron grimness with which that lady met him. He complained of his expenses in coming and she gave him three hundred baht and sent him away. As for Sukanja herself, on our last day in Bangkok the photographer and I had hoped to take her and D. to a movie or whatever she might fancy, but when she saw us coming she ran away, and D. said: She no want to

go outside with you. I don't know why. Maybe she afraid.

CHIANG RAI

One more story, about two full-lipped ladies side by side on my bed, with gold earrings, shy smiles and clean shiny toes. It had been easy. When the tuk-tuk pulled up, I'd said: *Poo-ying. Nong Sao.* —Girls. Young girls.

His face sad and disgusted, the old man drove a short distance. A younger entrepreneur stood up at the side of the road. —You like young girls? he said smiling. I have many. Small small?

Yes, please.

Fourteen-fifteen okay?

Sure.

The tuk-tuk turned down a dark narrow side street and then there was a gate. I wondered how many thousands of places like this there were in the world. A man slid it open for the tuk-tuk and then closed it behind us. The courtyard was very dark. Inside there was another barred gate which they opened for us. The light shone on eleven very young girls sitting with crossed knees at the end of the short corridor, watching TV. The photographer and I picked out the two saddest.

Will you sleep with me without a condom? I said.

If you pay a lot of money, D. interpreted.

How much for a Thai?

Five hundred. You pay 2500 for two girls. Very cheap since you took from their center.

Ask them if they go with many *falang.*Number one is Japan, second is China, third with falang. Thai people cannot go.

Why?

Cannot. Too much money.

Do you like your job?

Like so much. A lot of money.

How much money?

We don't know. Owner has not given us, all three months we work there.

Smiling in embarrassment, one whore hugged her legs and the other wrung fingers aimlessly.

Tell them we're giving them the opportunity to do something else if they want to.

They never see money because maybe the owner never give them, D. said. It's so sad.

So do they want to come with us?

No way. Never. They very very happy this job. She is like the Sukanja father, no brain thinking. In her village so much come to this job because it's so poor. Many

many come normally here.

Okay, I said. Let's drop it.

Why? said the photographer.

Because we're not missionaries. D., stop arguing with them. Tell them thank you very much. They're welcome to sleep here if they want.

They prefer to go back to work, she said.

Opium and Insurgency

Shan State and Kerenni State Burma, 1994

Is it justified to contribute to the addictions of others? "I'm not holding a gun to their heads," laughed the "Opium King," Khun Sa. Indeed, the sale of opium and heroin financed the guns he did have for the arguably legitimate ends of defense of homeland and defense of Shan ethnicity and culture. "What are we to do?" demanded the impoverished peasants of the region; opium gave them their only chance for economic survival. To underscore the point, as the photographs of the equally justified Karenni insurgents show, without the sale of opium one's means of self-defense become that much more limited.

237. Khun Sa, the Opium King, beneath the flag of the Mong Tai Army, Ho Mong, Shan State.
238. Heroin addicted prostitute, USA.
239a. Opium poppy field, northwest Thailand.
239b. Weighing raw opium, northwest Thailand.
240. Opium addict, northwest Thailand.
241. Products of Khun Sa's workshop: women's shoes inset with gems. I was told that his clients included several royal families in neighboring countries. As you can see, Khun Sa was fairly well off.
242. Karenni Christians in their church. Their previous village had been razed by the Burmese. Their new homes were hidden deep in the jungle, under protection of the insurgents in Karenni State. Christians suffer frequent persecution in Burma. The dirty, ragged clothes of these people came to typify opiumlessness for me. The average living standard in Ho Mong seemed slightly higher.

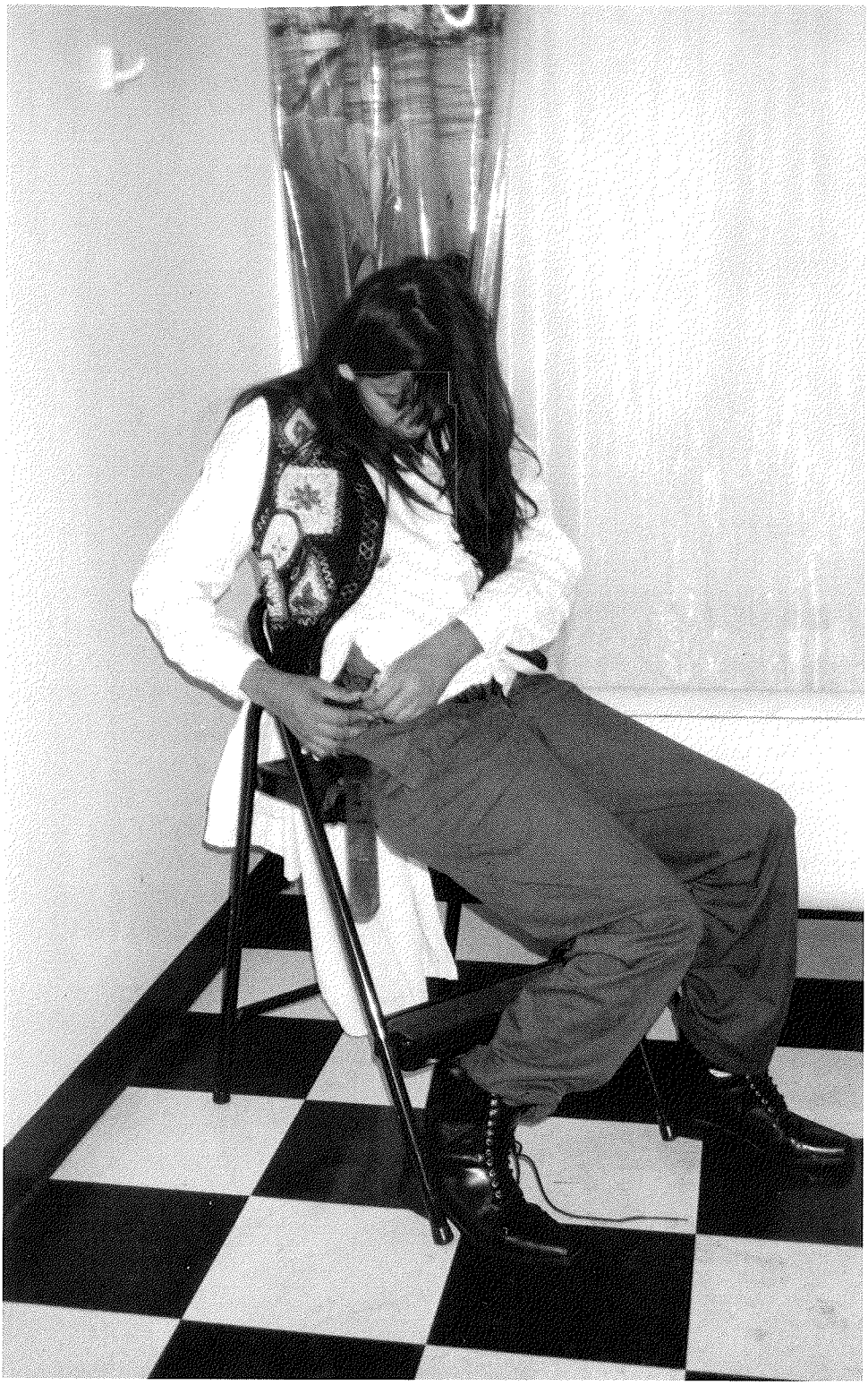
243-45a. Karenni insurgents on drill.

245b-246. "Opium Soldiers" near Ho Mong. Note MTA insignia on lefthand man's cap in the lower photo.

247. The way to Ho Mong. The deep ruts in this trail suggest to me that its traffic could not have been completely secret, so the DEA and CIA must have known Khun Sa's whereabouts quite well. Khun Sa claimed that the U.S. had tried to assassinated him 43 times, but he also referred to prior collusion between himself and the CIA. A CIA spokesman assured me that this was "ludicrous. The CIA neither engages in nor condones drug trafficking." (See the case study "Off the Grid.")

248. Agitprop singer for Khun Sa's "Opium Soldiers," Chinese New Year, Ho Mong. Next day these men would go into action against the Burmese.



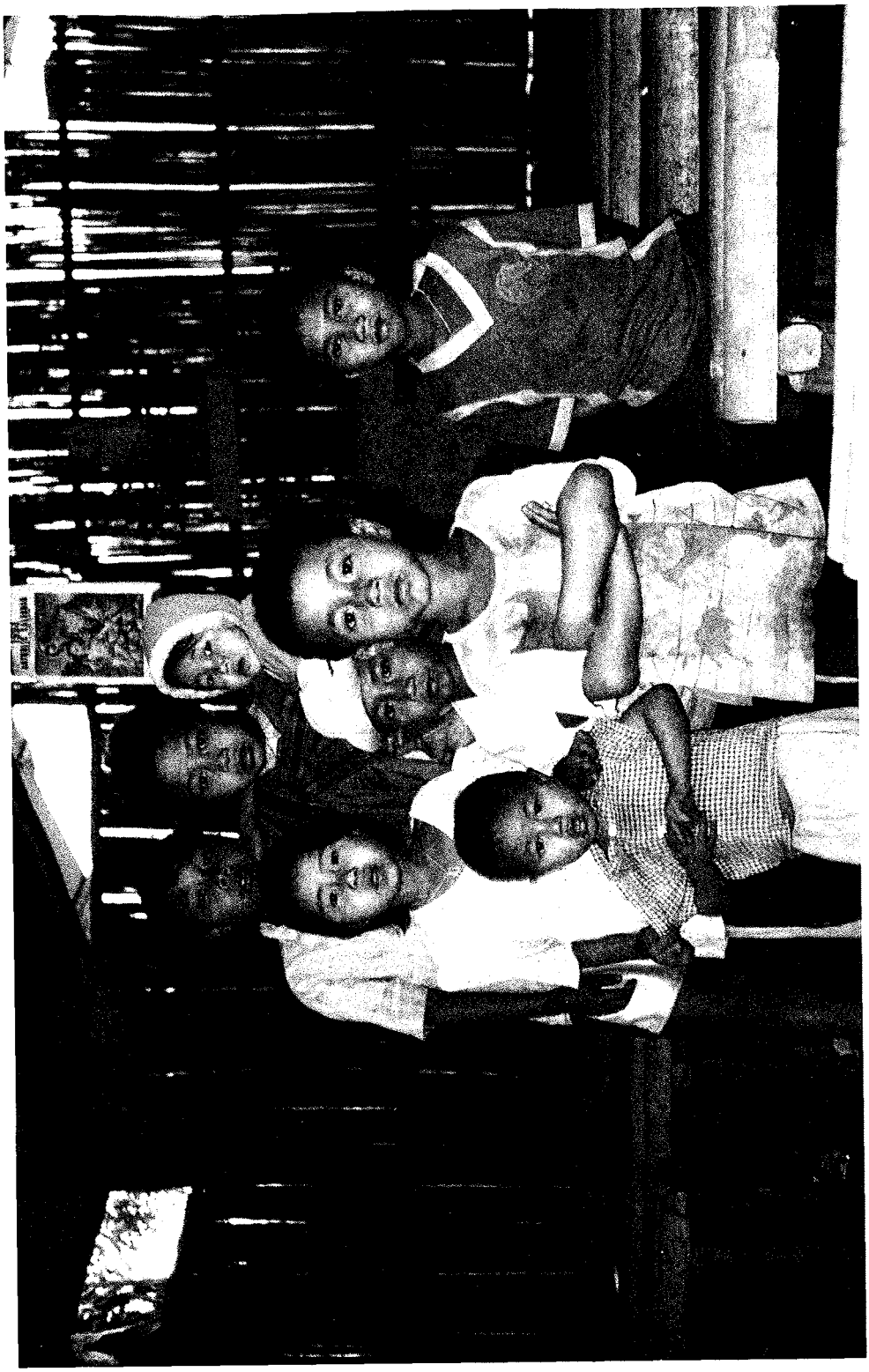






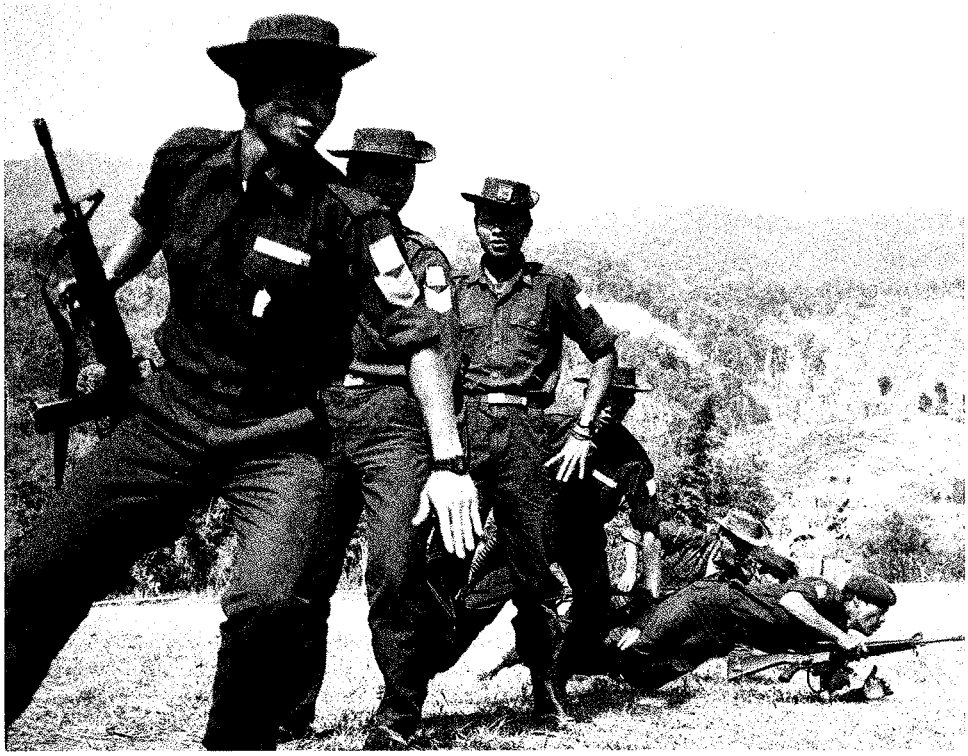



BiG





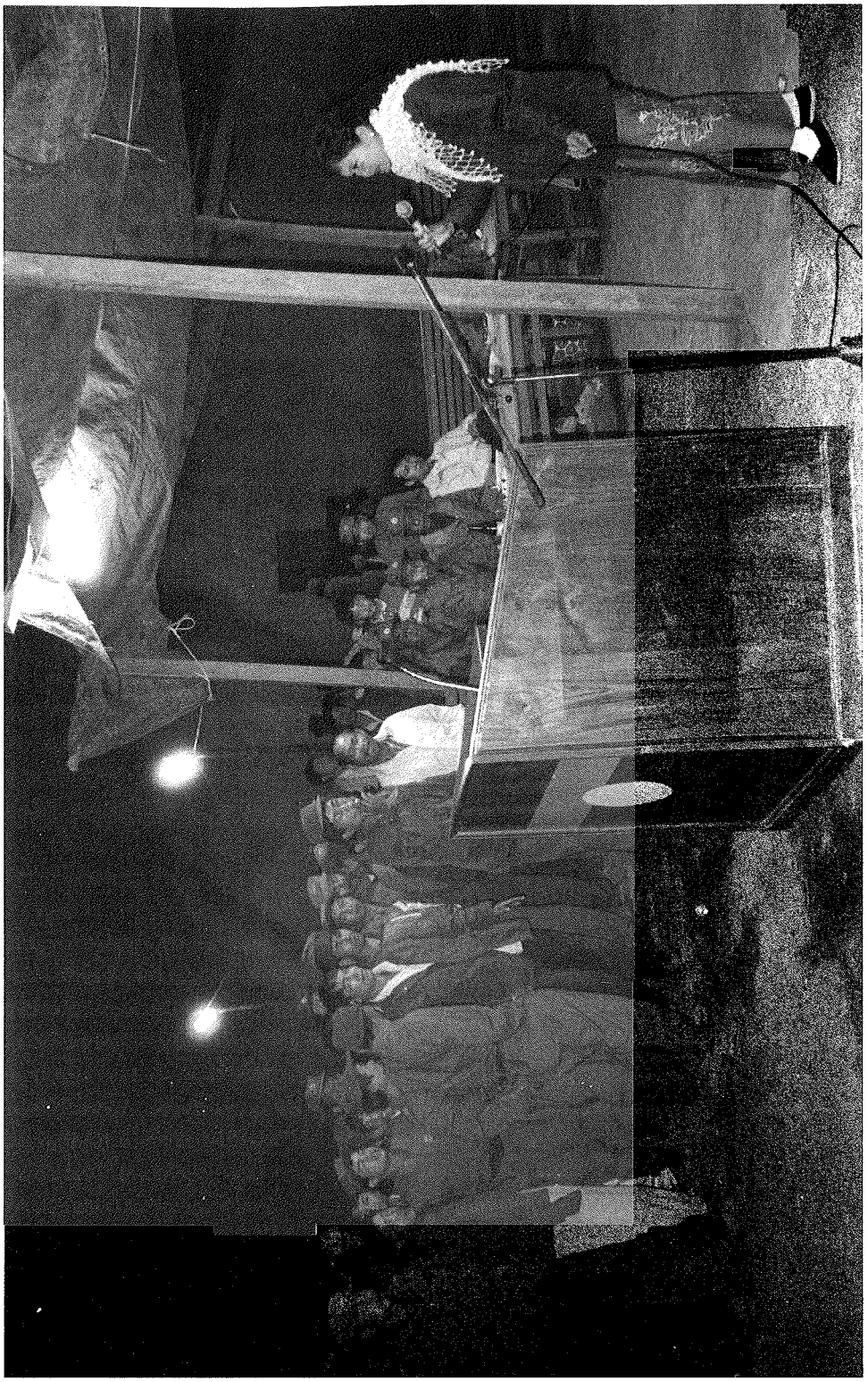







M.T.ARMY





BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO?
(1994)

The destruction of drugs by other people will destroy the Shan people. The destruction of drugs by our own people will deliver the Shan people.

KHUN SA (12 DECEMBER 1993)

MAE HONG SONG

At the northwest edge of Thailand, among mountains leaning, craggy, bulbous and misty like classical Chinese ink paintings, and not very far at all from the country that we once called Burma and are now supposed to call Myanmar, there is a town both largish and charmless named Mae Hong Song. It is not as friendly as the towns of the south, in part I think because the northern people are more reserved—the Scandinavians of Thailand—and also because it has been poisoned by tourists: tall and well-conditioned Germans, mainly, with tall narrow backpacks; but sometimes Dutch or French or even American couples—and they do seem to travel in pairs, which is why in Mae Hong Song it is uncommon to see a foreigner keeping company with a prostitute as in Bangkok. They fly here from Chiang Mai to go "trekking," which is to say to pay somebody to lead or mislead them through the mountains and misty-streamered fields of various hill tribe villages—and here there are so many hill tribes! They say that Mae Hong Song is only twenty percent

Thai. The rest is all hill tribes: The White Karen, the Red Karen (whose women we know as Longnecks, on account of their custom of stretching themselves with brass rings over the years until they've become human giraffes—the foreigners love to take videos of them, while the Thai tourists prefer waterfalls), the Pa-O, the Lahu, the Liso, the Wa, the Meo, whom in our country we know as Hmong, who fought for our government in Laos as guerrillas during the Vietnam War and whom our government despicably abandoned there at the war's end—not here, though, for they like Americans, or at least they like American money—the Shan, who are here called Tai-Yai and who have their own state in Myanmar; the Burmese government has been trying to put them down for thirty years; and doubtless there are other tribes I have forgotten or never saw.

All of these people raise opium.

As I said, the tourists fly to Mae Hong Song. Locals and opium runners take the bus. I made this 18-hour trip four times: twice there and twice back. After the all-night ride from Bangkok, I'd see the bus station in Chiang Mai burning in the early morning darkness with all the radiance of white light-tubes; and the ticket-sellers were smoking cigarettes as they reached out for money from inside their glowing glass cages. Chiang Mai is crowded with tourists just like Mae Hong Song, but between them lies that nine-hour bus ride over the mountains. Hooded and jacketed, the conductor points like a flashlight at each passenger a long cylinder of metal from which he can extrude in various places tickets to various destinations, curving around the cylinder as they come out until they are long enough and he can tear them neatly off. When he did this I used to watch each face that he served, wondering if that one were involved in the trade. On the first trip, I saw a man silver-haired like a strange porcupine, with hard, alert features, who crossed his arms over the camouflage bag in his lap, and I thought he had a killer's face, but then I thought: Why should he need to be a killer to do what he does? Maybe all he has to do is pay people and then take money from the next pawn in line. The sky was beginning to glow pink and blue as we pulled away from that peopled terminus. My uncertainty soared like the blood-red sun rising through a bloody gorge in the clouds. I looked down into a bowl of trees and sliver-headed grasses, and we drove all morning and into the afternoon in that gasoline-smelling bus through a succession of dusty-leaved towns, the driver and conductor passing a bottle of liquid speed back and forth until it was empty, then throwing it out the window into the jungle while the little chain of flowers dedicated to Buddha swayed above the steering wheel, and I looked at each of the other passengers again and thought: This is where it is happening, but the how and the who of it I'll never know. Even if I meet the Opium King himself I'll never know.

The name of the Opium King was Khun Sa[1]. According to old newspaper reports, his headquarters was in Myanmar somewhere. (The border is closed, my friend D. said to me. Maybe you have some problem go there. Close from Burmese

fighting.) Khun Sa's Chinese chemists supposedly turned out the purest heroin in the world. He controlled fifty percent of the opium poppy fields in the Golden Triangle, the newspapers said. But what do newspapers know?

The silverhaired man watched everybody for the whole nine hours. Then we got to Mae Hong Song and I saw the big Caucasian tourists and the city swallowed me up and I thought: I'll probably never know anything here, either.

BAI

At 6:30 in the morning, dogs and cats slept in Mae Hong Song's streets of foggy darkness, and a barefoot monk trudged, his saffron-colored gown still dark like rust, while long fingers of light probed the fog from slow-moving cars in the main street whose inset squares of wooden walls and bluish segments of shut gratings resembled all the minds around us still coagulated in sleep. In the Chinese chicken-pork restaurant they shivered around orange coals, stirring pots and heaping up higher mounds of noodles on the shelves of their glass cabinet. Within a few moments the streets were filled with lavender light. The market was already open. Tuktuk and motorcycle drivers in their red vests watched the world knowingly and pulled their wool caps a little lower. Just opposite a stand of pineapples and hanging pans, a brown-eye Meo lady with pale lips and a wide shield-like face squatted behind a table, trying to sell tigers' teeth and inlaid knives to the tourists. Her name was Bai. She wore silver earrings like daggers and a black vest embroidered with pink and orange flowers. (She don't know where her ideas come from, D. translated. Just for beauty.) Looking down behind the table, I saw another vest which she had half finished making, and two children, one almost a baby, sleeping on a mat at her feet.

I bought from her a well-carven replica of an old opium scale. Bai said that people often used an Indian one-rupee coin for a weight. One rupee's weight of opium used to be thirty baht,[2] but now it was 100 baht or more.

Last year she'd been rich, with a car of her own and a pig farm in Chiang Mai. But her husband had done business with the wrong man, who'd offered him 10,000 baht for seven grams of heroin; and that was why he was now doing fifty years in Section C down in Bangkok, and that was possibly part of the reason why although Bai was only thirty-three she looked fifty now with her wide reddish face and wrinkled hands.

Sometimes it's so sad, because she has six children, D. Said. She say the first one is fourteen years. Already he must leave his school to help her. All boys, except the number four girl. At her stand she make 500-600 baht every day except for yellow flower[3] season when many people from Bangkok come to see the yellow (poppies?)on mountains. Then she make 1,000 baht.

Lying on the mat, the youngest boy gazed out from under a dirty comforter with his big black eyes.

She know heroin is bad but she need money, D. said.[4]

A PRETTY GARDEN

Once or twice a month, when she could afford it, Bai took the hour-long bus ride back to her village in the hills where the pigs wagged their tails and nosed, grunting over the hard yellow ground behind bamboo fences and Bai caught her other children up in her arms laughing. Her brother took care of them for her. She had to ask her brother where the best place to show me was because she was a woman and had always stayed out of that particular business and also because it was January now and so almost the end of the season. Her brother pointed past the other Meo ladies in black with strange bands of embroidery on their sleeves like chains of rose petals somehow flattened after the fashion of one of those representations of our globe in which elliptical segments of longitude are laid side by side; upon those petals were superimposed squares and diamonds of a darker brilliance; Bai's brother pointed past them and beyond the village trees and up toward a tea-colored ridge of mountains.

If you followed his finger this is how you went. You went up a dirt road a little way into the mountains, then into somebody's vegetable garden where a path had been sandal-etched between rows of unknown greens. You came to a barbed wire fence, ducked through, and entered another field of vegetables at the bottom of a piney ravine where the path widened like hips, then narrowed again and went on another eight kilometers to broach the border secretly where Karen guerrillas were waiting in the jungle to ambush Burmese soldiers; but today you were going only a few steps further, to the swale where the ravine narrowed; and there the poppies grew in such beauty, some snow-white, other violet-bordered with bleached ovals inside, still others a lovely red with just a hint of lavender, but every one of them white in their hearts, with yellow pistils in which bee-striped flies crawled. The flowers gave off a bitter weedy smell. I smelled again: maybe just a hint of alcohol, something expensive and French like 100-year-old cognac; or more likely I was imagining things. The flower-hearts were wet with resin. I stuck my finger in one and licked it. It tasted just like it smelled. I had a sore throat and was hoping to numb it, but nothing happened. I licked again. I began to feel a clean and pleasant coolness in my throat.[5]

D. smiled at me. —Opium so good for medicine, she said. For everything! Even for hair! One lady friend me, she put for hair. Because she have almost no hair. Every night she put. And after five-six month she get much long and so beautiful hair!

The man said that it took three flowers to make one smoke. This was a small field. A single family worked it in order to smoke for themselves.

I thought about another Meo man I'd met in Mae Hong Song; he wore long shiny black pajamas whose cuffs were embroidered in diamonds with nested triangular hues of orange, red and blue; when he was younger, his parents grew opium and he always looked for the flower because it was so beautiful; and I asked him why

his parents had stopped.

The soldiers come with helicopters and come cutting, cutting, cutting, he said. We grow again, and they cut again, cut again, so we get tired.

And I wondered if some authoritarian somewhere took pleasure in the grubby little victory which was so typical of the so-called War on Drugs, which is really a war against poor people like Bai with her wrinkled hands tucked in between her thighs as she squatted on the cement, or Bai's youngest boy, who loved to eat dog meat but mainly lay shivering on a thin mat on the cold cement while his father began the second of his fifty years.[6]

There in the opium garden where Bai's brother (patient, a little morose) showed me how the green seedpods were full of tiny soft wet white spherical seeds like some kind of caviar, I asked what he thought about opium. He had been very afraid to show this place to a foreigner, and never would have without many pleas from D. and some money from me; so I was not surprised when he said: Before, we think about it's good for us because my father, mother, grandfather do always and we always follow tradition. Now we think anti-drug because of addict, no good, but what can we do?

And if the government were to change its position and say that opium was OK again, what would you do?

The man's face lit up trustingly. —Then I want to grow! Because good money for me, and I have much experience...

SOME THOUGHTS UPON VISITING A SMOKERY

Maybe I am still not making clear enough the poverty of these people. Because it coexists with beauty—the clothing that Bai and the other women make, the white cows jingling their bells as they follow the creek beside the dusty road, the well-built wooden houses under their red flower-trees—it is easy for an outsider like myself to think this sufficient amelioration. A day or two among them will disabuse. You cannot miss the endless, exhausting work, the lice-ridden nights, the sickness. And every village has a TV or a video player in which they can see the things they cannot have. To reinforce this knowledge come the foreign tourists, who are motored in like gods, and can do anything. In short, there are richer places in the world, and the hill people know it. You cannot understand any Opium King unless you remember this.

Inside the houses of Bai's village the brown, dusty heaps of corn are the only treasure, strung unhusked above the dirt floors like monstrous roots. Rats move in the cribs of brown rice. The floor is thick with ash, and the reek of woodsmoke brings tears to the eyes. Maybe a man sits in a corner smoking a cigarette in an immense bamboo waterpipe. Or a prematurely aged woman whose body is grimed and sooted (Meo people never take shower! D. whispered laughing) sits at a hand

sewing machine, making an immense ribbon of embroidery for her daughter's wedding. In one of these houses a man weighs out the dark and sticky clot of opium against a one-rupee piece just as Bai said (now sitting on a stool in the middle of the bare dirt, petting the many children who wander to her), and the darkness fills with the bitter, weedy smell. In another house an addict comes to smoke the second of his three daily pipes. Here the opium is weighted against a one-baht coin. One baht's weight is what he smokes in a day, and it costs him fifty baht—not much for you, quite a lot for him.[7] This man has been smoking for five years. He is thirty-eight years old. He says that the first time he smoked, he felt very strong. Now he is weak if he doesn't smoke. After a day without opium, he gets very feeble. After two days he gets sick.

The man who keeps the house does not smoke opium. He does not like the smell. Perhaps he is a hypocrite and perhaps he is a poisoner and perhaps he is just a businessman. I have no opinion about him. He did not make this man into a wretch. The man did it to himself. A man is responsible for what he is.[8] Another opium house proprietor, whom I like very much, once said to me: For the other business you must carry something heavy, you must make promotion. But this we can keep at home and many come and we are happy. —Opium helped this man to be successful and good to his family.

In a small porcelain dish the addict grinds together with the butt of a cigarette lighter the old black opium and the new opium, which has a deep ocher color. He mixes in a white powder that is a medication for pain. (Easy for fire, D. explains. Not everyone do that.) He goes to the bamboo-slatted bedstead and lies on his side with his knees up, smoking the long pipe that he made himself, cooking the little balls of opium on a safety pin until they sweat and then taking them away from the can of quietly burning lamp oil to suck them into his body amidst a crackling of opium smoke while the oil can's single flame watches him so tenderly.

When you feel weak, you a little bit opium eat and get energy, he explains.

The proprietor sits beside the bed, watchful and serious. He's already shoved his children out of the house—and here I remember a prostitute in New York who used to push her kids out into the street's cold and angry night every time she did business; and in both cases I remember thinking: Why is this activity somehow shameful? Granted, the people who send their children away have become bad, but what about the people in power who decide to make everyone ashamed? At any rate, the children come tiptoeing back, drinking water from an old motor oil can and watching as the addict's eyes begin to sleepily squint and squint a little more; the lips draw open, showing the blackened teeth; the fingers slowly and rhythmically twitch. In that roasting oil smell he alone of anyone belongs. His face grows relaxed and sunny at last.

How you feel? I ask.

With an effort he raises his tongue to speak. —So strong, he replies.

His wife is sitting on the dirt floor watching. She says: He gets so lazy. But what can I do?

RAK TAI VILLAGE

Bai's village I will not name, but not so far from its ocher dirt beaten down by years or maybe centuries of sandals and of the bare feet of small dirty-faced children in the handmade black Meo shirts embroidered with stars and pinkish-orange zones of other-colored geometries was another village called Ban Rak Tai.[9] This village was not Meo, but Tai-Yai, with many Wa people also, and a large number of ethnic Chinese families whose men once fought for the Kuomintang (KMT), and because Mao won the KMT lost, and in 1949 those soldiers had fled to Thailand. —Please you tell the government about our passport, a KMT man pleaded. Because if we have Thai ID card we can go anywhere, work anywhere. Just now we have no money, because Taiwan government change, so we cannot work there anymore. To stay here in controlled area we must 1,000 baht for plastic ID with thumbprint and photo. To get Thai ID card [he showed me a red internal passport entitled "Alien Certificate"] I sell my three buffaloes to pay, because I must pay 1,500 baht to Immigration, and every year 200 baht, and still I am not citizen! And now I have no buffalo anymore.

Ban Rak Tai is high in the mountains. At night the stars are more numerous than the seeds of a pomegranate, all beautifully scattered, some brighter, some faint as sandspecks, spreading forever across the sky into which your breath-steam rises above the immensely complicated silhouettes of trees. At 5:00 in the morning the roosters begin to crow, and then black dogs with faces like bears begin to chase each other with a succession of quick scutterings and skinny snaky yelps. Then the hens and chicks begin. By 7:00 it is light with a cold clear sky, but only the dogs control the town, fighting and licking each other in the dirt streets between bamboo palisades. Finally somebody clears his throat and a baby whimpers and the cold air begins to smell like woodsmoke. It is at this time that the men squat outside around fires together while their wives cook breakfast. For the men it is the easy time before the long day in the fields. They talk together about being poor. One man with a Thai mother still does not have Thai nationality because he has a Chinese father. He cannot go to Bangkok to work because he cannot afford the Alien Certificate. They squat around the fire and talk about things like that, warming their tanned and smoke-blackened hands.

So it is no wonder that when I bring the conversation around to opium, their faces brighten a little. Selling opium is their one hope. Knowing that they don't know me, I don't ask them if that's what they do. Instead we talk about the Emperor of these parts.

Khun Sa he is number one in the whole world! a man cries. He has over one million thousand citizens![10] He is such good heart. No one else help us.

The mass of forest is still tea-colored and indistinct. A dog barks at a horse under a thatch roof, and the horse grunts and jingles his bell. I look in the direction which yesterday the bus driver pointed when we had come up out of the vast jungle gorge and turned toward the blue and greenish-blue mountains and the driver was saying that right now there was a lot of fighting in Burma. —Most of the Burmese died, he said. The Khun Sa is waiting for them. He is always in the deep jungle, always watching for them. Sometimes the Burmese is stupid.

How many soldiers does he have? I asked.

More than 100,000. Maybe 200,000. He take good care for the citizen of him, so everyone love him. He has school for the student. If one family have five boy, he bring four boy for teach for soldier and for education, and leave one boy to take care of parents. He teaches even English language. He take care for everything.[11]

And then he interrupted himself and pointed. —Look! Up there! Top of the mountain is Khun Sa!

And I looked up a dry ridge to see a higher dry ridge, and then veering extremely loftily into the sky, a greenish dusty battlement of jungle.

Rak Tai village was very close to that place, and that was why I was there.

So now, on this cold morning among the farmers awaiting breakfast, I point in the proper direction and ask if someone will take me there.

They have mined the paths, a man says. Because Khun Sa he fear Burmese.

The paths are in fact mined, and the soldier who lives among the sunflowers above the artificial lake tells me that eleven people have been blown to pieces going that way in the last year. But maybe there is another reason why Khun Sa has done this. A KMT man tells me: This village is in a Wa area. Wa Opium King he always fight for thirty years against Khun Sa.[12]

Then I begin to understand. I had thought that there was only one Opium King and that he was some kind of super-gangster. Undoubtedly Khun Sa is the biggest cheese in this mountain dairy, but there are many hill tribes and they all grow opium and they all have people running things, so they all have Opium Kings of a sort, whether they admit it or not. The tribes who wend in and out of Myanmar also use the opium in part to finance their own liberation movements there. Those movements fight the Burmese and they sometimes fight each other. Or, as Major-General Khin Nyunt, First Secretary of the Burmese dictatorship, remarked: *Since there are already divisions within the insurgent groups, even if we are able to reach an understanding with one group, the other groups will not agree to that. Hence the claim by some political parties that we will not have to go to war is not true. We must act according to the maxim: We go to war because we hate war.*[13]

TA KHUN MONG

In Ban Rak Tai there were many Wa soldiers, bitter, wrinkled and cold, who kept saying: What can we do? If we do not grow opium we cannot eat. —I especially remember one skinny man who was crazy. He kept winking and pretending to eat the cat. His general, whose name was Ta[14] Khun Mong, said that the man had gone insane at a very young age when the Burmese killed his father and mother.

Ta Khun Mong and his soldiers were members of the Wa State Union (WSU), which had two branches, one under Ma Ha Sang in Thailand, the other under Ta Ni Lai in Burma.[15]

And these two are fighting? I asked him slyly.

No. Not yet so friendly, but they work together for politics.

I never had an opportunity to meet either of those men, but from this description they sound like autonomous warlords, which means that here were two more Opium Kings. —The origin of opium came from Wa! said Ta Khun Mong proudly. Just now Wa in Thailand is no more growing, but Wa in Burma is growing in Wa State, though not yet for heroin. We want to sell for medicine business for ourselves, but we doesn't know the market.

And you use the opium money to fight with the Burmese soldiers?

We never fight with the Burmese, but they fight with us; they is very crazy.

I understand that Khun Sa's army is fighting with yours. If you go to see Khun Sa will he kill you?

The general threw his palms down. —Khun Sa, he doesn't do anything to me, but I don't want to meet him, because he make the people fight the Burmese. You want to see him? Better I take you to Wa State. I can bring you to something. I have very good experience.

THE DOCTOR

Passing the market in Mae Hong Song where Bai sat stitching glowing red, green and blue snowflakes onto black cloth beside the table of nuts with wriggle-legged spiders inside them (five baht in India, where they were made, thirty-five baht here), the minibus, directed by Ta Khun Mong, who had not been able to find his friend and so must proceed by slightly more official ways, turned down a jungle road and stopped in front of a courtyard. This was the unmarked office of the Mong Tai Army (MTA), and of the Shan State Restoration Council, of both of which organizations Khun Sa happened to be President.

D. and I sat at a table in that sunken patio, half walled in from the jungle by a trellis of vines, and we drank tea and gazed at the wooden deer-heads that hung above the filing cabinet. Every time we finished our tea, the boy came immediately to refill our cups. At the far end of this concrete world the ones who belonged

here (most with the darker skins of Burmese) stood talking quietly and occasionally looking us up and down without friendliness. Some of the men were tattooed with the hooks and loops and knots of Burmese letters scrawled large down their arms and across their chests and backs. Aside from the boy who kept bringing us tea, we were alone except for a man who sat in the corner almost within touching distance of me, gazing sullenly down at his sandals and evidently listening to our every word. Ta Khun Mong had long since gone back to Ban Rak Tai, pleased, as far as I could tell, with the 500 baht I'd given him. We sat and drank our tea until the old man came.

How did you find this place? the old man said.

We told him.

Who are you?

We told him.

And what is your purpose?

To understand Khun Sa.

Many years ago past, nobody understand him, the old man said. He is a giant man, a great man. He want to eat. He want to support his family and his soldier. Sometimes he conflict, you know, because people talk talk talk...

Next there came the doctor, who was the liaison officer. He had begun by studying veterinary medicine because he thought that he would do better that way, but then he joined the revolution and the revolution needed doctors, not veterinarians. For him there was no doubt that Khun Sa was a hero, a Shan leading the Shan on to continue their struggle for liberation from the Burmese. He was a Shan himself, of course. After an hour or two in his company I could see that he was a good soul with a sincere heart. He questioned both D. and me for awhile, and we coyly exchanged our P.O. box addresses like intelligence agents, which after all is what we both were. Finally he said: OK. Now do you have any questions to ask me?

And of course I asked him to tell me his version of the story, and here it is:

So, in Vietnam War the CIA, they have to organize the hill tribes against the Communists, he began. They want to be like missionaries, to recruit for their operation without spending money. So they get involved in the heroin business.[16] They get the formula for heroin from the Merck Company. Heroin has been legalized as a miracle drug for sixteen years. The CIA people they know the business. You can imagine the people who come here. When Vietnam War finish they make the DEA [Drug Enforcement Administration]. But many CIA, they don't want to stop living like kings. They have many friends in KMT, and KMT is in Shan State since 1952. They know the Shan people is so easy to manipulate. Ex-CIA along with KMT they want to get rid of patriotic group in Shan State—

You mean Khun Sa?

It is not just Khun Sa, it is almost everyone. Because the Burmese oppress so much the Shan! They go to the village, they rape your family, they take all your

belongings, and then if they catch opium they sell to drug dealer. Because humanity is so selfish. Before Burmese independence, you know, the British overlords they would come to your banana orchard, fertilize it well, and then confiscate it from you. After independence, the Burmese soldier they would arrive at banana orchard, tear each banana off the tree one by one, take a bite, throw down and say: No good! —Because both are robbers, but the Burmese also are spoilers. If you make even vegetables, the Burmese will steal from you. But opium is black gold—black gold you can hide...

So the KMT financed certain groups? Which groups?

Let us just say enemies of the Shan.

Such as the Wa?

Ah, it's even more complicated. In 1948 the Burmese they start the Burmese Communist Party.[17] With independence they go underground. In 1950 or 1952, when KMT come to Shan State, the Red China also want to get rid of KMT, and they set up certain opium armies also.[18] They attack the Wa; from BCP the Wa is almost eliminated...[19]

And what about the DEA? I asked him. You were implying that the DEA is doing something, presumably fighting Khun Sa...

Oh, no, he smiled. Once there is no opium, then no work for DEA anymore.[20]

THE OUTCOME

I was anxious to ask Khun Sa himself more about this. The doctor thought that it would be no problem. He said that the northern part of Shan State, where the stronghold was, had Shan ladies so beautiful that all the mosquitoes went around with broken legs from slipping off their smooth, smooth skins. This naturally excited my professional interest. D. also was hopeful about seeing everything. But the next day we received a letter from the doctor, "sadfully informing" us that his superior felt it inconvenient to meet the press just now, given the intensity of the fighting against the Burmese. To console us, the old man got out a sumi brush and composed a lovely painting of a bamboo forest in D.'s notebook.

AND WHAT ABOUT THE KAREN?

The taxi driver, who had a German football hat and a hard, shiny, reddish face, shouted in his raspy voice that the thing to do if you wanted to learn about opium and maybe smoke it was to go trekking. That was what all the other tourists did.

He say, just now you go to the Karen village by day and you see only the girl and the womans—many, many, because the soldier they are in the forest fighting with the Burmese. They come back sometimes at night.[21]

What are the Karen fighting about?

Maybe politics like independence politics. Or maybe about opium in high Burmese mountains. Because the opium tree, he love so much the cold.

What is the name of the Karen version of Khun Sa?

He don't know, but he know his house.

At that time we were in the market, negotiating with the driver as to how much he would be permitted to rob me that day, and pickup trucks were pulling up from the hill tribe towns with backs and heads darkening the bars beneath their canvas-roofed backs, and sacks of rice and peanuts were on top and I knew that if there was opium in some of those sacks no one but the middlemen would ever find it; in fact, D. and I had taken a drive to the black market at the Burmese border, whose red-and-white-striped pole was not unlike one of those dust-covered trees which time or insects had felled; it blocked the road just beyond a shack whose laundry was hardly more than rags, and three very supercilious Thai soldiers emerged from their thatch-roofed island and said that the area was so dangerous on account of Khun Sa that no foreigners could proceed;[22] and the driver told me that Khun Sa's opium runners came in every night along that ridge just to our right,[23] and that if they found anybody they blew a birdlike note through a rolled leaf to summon helpers and then killed the person on the spot; D. also told me this: The last year the Burmese take someone of the Thai government man about two weeks. Because already the Burmese they keep Thais about six people. Maybe they don't kill; they take hostage for some guarantee, and some government in Bangkok he go to help them and they take him, too! And then I asked the driver: Do you yourself ever go to the black market at Huey Phonng? and D. replied: He afraid. Maybe Burmese take the car. He never go! ...and I thought about how this place was riddled with so many narrow zones of allegiance and fear; this was the place that the opium came from; but the really interesting thing was that as we were driving back D. said to me: If we want to ask about the opium, all we must do is ask any bus come from border with only one or two person. Because they must come from black market. Otherwise so dangerous they don't come here.

So in Mae Hong Song, half a block from Bai's stand, I stood looking at buses and buses and more buses coming in from the border with ever so many anonymous sacks on top; and a baby with very black eyes stared at the world over his mother's shoulder and a Karen Longneck climbed down from a minivan with ever so many glitters of sunlight on her multiringed throat, and I said: Please tell the driver that he's hired. Please tell him to take us to a village of Karen soldiers.

MR. T.

The driver did not fact know the head of the Karen, who a Karen man later told me was named Aum Rawley,[24] an individual of about fifty-two years whose assistant, Saw Maw Reh, was about sixty; according to the Thai newspaper *The Nation*

(Saturday, 22 January 1994), the leader of the Karen insurgents was General Bo Mya, his Karen National Union (KNU) being the strongest group;[25] the article said that General Mya had just denounced the Shan State People's Party for opening talks with the Burmese government; a general in the Karen village to which we were now proceeding would soon tell me that the name of the leader was Bo Mut Be Tu, who might or might not have been the same as Bo Mya (he wasn't); Saw Maw Re was the head of the Karenni National Progressive Party (KNPP), which was a powerful organization and had once enjoyed even wider support until in the late 1970s it tore itself apart into pro- and anti-Communist factions; at any rate, the driver did not know any of these people, but suddenly there rose before us more cool and lovely tea-colored mountains above the young girls in conical hats who were walking down the road, the ricefields shiny with water again, and then we came to a village where just around the corner from a roof of dried leaves which resembled stucco (it was a restaurant whose entrance-tables were walled by immense jars of pickled lychee-fruits) there stood a very substantial house in which the driver's friend lived. His name was Mr. T. He was not the head of the Karen, but he was very heavily involved with the Karen in his business dealings and apparently also helped them in various semi-covert ways for which they were grateful. He was a "head of village," according to D. I never found out exactly what this title meant. D. herself was a head of village in the south; my first thought was that she was something like a mayor and maybe she was and maybe Mr. T. was, but on the other hand when we went to Mr. T.'s village another time with a young driver who did not know the way he asked many people and none of them knew where Mr. T.'s house was, which either means that there was not much between that head of village and his particular constituency or else there were several heads of village in any given town; at any rate, I relate this solely because it is another link in my beautifully articulated gold bracelet of ignorance. As D. always said: If you doesn't know somebody, you can hear no answer anymore. —That was why I wanted to know him.

When you enter anyone's house, but particularly that of a head of village, you must take off your shoes, because most likely, as was the case with Mr. T., he actually has a floor. Mr. T.'s was of reddish chocolatish wood of a remarkable luster. There was a Buddhist shrine not unlike a birdhouse, a calendar with the King's portrait, and a few wooden heads of animals. Mr. T. himself was dark and stout and solid, his wife likewise; they both looked Burmese. His village was not yet the Karen village; that one he himself would bring us to the next morning when our driver in his Deutscher Füssball-Bund cap rolled us again down the long road whose walls and ceiling were fog, and a girl striding with a yoke across her shoulders and a heavy bucket of water hanging down from each arm so that she resembled a set of opium scales began as a silhouette, became a girl as we reached her, and then when I looked back she was already a black cipher again. It was early. The roadside trees were not yet reddened by dust. The world was cold and wet. Every now and then

motorcycle riders passed, almost always two to a vehicle, and they wore dark face-masks like bandits. Then we came into a sunny place between scraggy jungle trees and the colors leaped and glowed while fog-streamers wriggled in the blue sky. —At Mr. T.'s the daughter was kneeling with her mother, eating soup and rice on that vast and gleaming floor.

This season the fighting season, the driver said while Mr. T.'s wife poured us some tea and bowed so courteously to us with clasped hands. So now many Burmese soldiers die. Always the Burmese die, not so much the Karen. When the Burmese die, the Karen take their gun and everything.[26] So very good for them! They waiting for fighting all the time; they don't worry about the fighting.

And now as we drove deeper into the mountains Mr. T. said: Maybe Karen kill some Burmese four-five days ago.

You must be pleased, I said.

I hate the fighting, he said. So many Burmese die, so many Karen die. The Thai people is expensive life, but Burmese people is cheap life; they die so early.

Who is more powerful, the Karen Army or the MTA?

Always it changes. Katchin tribe was bigger than Khun Sa in north before but not now. Now Khun Sa is the biggest in the north. Katchin and Pa-O and Wa not so big. But Karen they are very big in south. Bigger than Khun Sa in south.

And all this is in response to Burmese oppression?

Sometimes Ne Win[27] good and sometimes the soldier of Ne Win bad. Sometimes Ne Win order for the right way, and the soldier do for the wrong way like mistake or something worse. In Burma there are many nationalities. Sometimes Burmese is good, to stop the nationalities from fighting with each other.

Now there was another Thai checkpoint where border police waited beside a stop sign in a hut half-roofed with leaves; the Karen villagers walked on through with their shoulder bags of grass and again I thought how easy it must be to bring opium through. Seeing me, they shouted a halt, and Mr. T. rolled the window down and spoke with them soothingly but firmly. In a trice the barrier was up and we went on through.

D. cleared her throat and said: Mr. T. he says if soldiers fighting and die, no problem. But if soldiers no die and is cut off leg, he is so sad.

NAI SOI VILLAGE

As we came into this Red Karen village I saw a brown creek flowing down the main street, and a barefooted girl stood in the water sweeping. Clothes hung out to dry on bamboo fences and on ropes between poles and trees. Farther down, where the stream was channeled into a slow-flowing gutter, an old woman in a conical hat squatted, grimly whacking the life out of wet and balled-up laundry with a stick. Here the sun was warm, and bamboos reached their canted rows of dagger-leaves up like the blue-

smoke mountains behind, and dusty feather-grass grew twice as high as a man's head.

What do these people do for money? I asked Mr. T.

Oh, Aum Rawley he doesn't do for the opium business, said Mr. T., and somehow I didn't believe him. This area makes from business ruby, animal from Burma, and like that. They sell 7,000 buffalo a month.

We turned into a small compound of thatched houses whose dry-leaf roofs resembled wasp nests, and a retired assistant-to-a-general named Sa Duray said that he would answer my questions.

Why do the Karenni fight?

On 9 August 1948 the Burmese come fighting with them first.[28] We have wolfram,[29] emerald, aquamarine, peridot, marble. The Burmese kill many. For the women they rape before they kill. They kill first, never ask.

Needless to say, the reason that the Karenni fought was much more complicated than that. Pre-independence Burma had been a weird patchwork of laws and jurisdictions, with some minorities, such as the Shan and the Karenni—but not the Karen—being allowed the right to secede if they wished it. This exacerbated strain among the various groups. Some Karen and Karenni had doubtless resorted to terrorism; successive Burmese governments for their part resorted to state terror. Fighting had begun in 1948, and over the succeeding decades it turned uglier and uglier, with the blame of atrocity tipping heavy on the Burmese side.

So then what did the Karen do?

The man smiled and made motions of pulling a trigger.

Is two kinds of Karen, White and Red Karen, he went on. Two different language. Together we help each other and fight. We get weapons from the black market.

And what do they pay for the weapons?

Only money, the man said, and I did not believe him, either.

So after almost half a century, who is winning—you or the Burmese?

No one. Now are the Burmese fighting. Always the Burmese fighting again.

And what is your village accomplishing?

We have a small group fighting in the mountains, but we have much experience. We go very often. This is a village of soldiers. Two years ago it was very loud even though Burmese border is ten kilometers away. You could hear the voice of the fighting: *GLUN! GLUN!*

Do you ever work with the MTA?

Khun Sa doesn't help us. We never keep in touch, but also we never fight with them.

A woman came out of a basketwoven hut and she had yellow thanakuh-paste on her cheeks, something which I had seen before in Burma, and I realized that what Sa Duray had said was the literal truth. They had come from Myanmar, bringing their families with them.

How old is this village?

He know this place about eighteen year, said D., because he is soldier. Before there was Thai first aid post here. The people here they begin to come to make village in 1978.

And it's a good life here?

Is the food for soldier only rice, salt, some chili, some water, the man explained quietly. And what happen? They can get no energy for fighting.

Across the dirt street I saw a soldier sitting in a raised room of woven twigs, stroking his remaining leg absently in darkness as he sat in what could not really be called lotus position anymore, massaging his hip and thigh, opening his mouth as he listened to my questions being translated while the sunlight came in making small rectangles between those wickerwork walls, and a lance of sunlight struck him full in the face but he never flinched or turned; then I looked into his tiny white-slimed eyes and realized that he was also blind.

So it was a mine?

Yes, a mine from Burmese soldier. When the head of the Karen soldier order this way you can go, you must go this way even if you afraid. He know before there is a mine, but he is good soldier; he go in front and he hope he can avoid. They go to forest to wait for Burmese soldiers.

And then what happened?

His eyes go and he cannot see, and his leg is finished, cut off like tree for burning. But first he fell unconscious, never felt anything until afterward when the pain came in his leg. And after that ten soldiers come to him. Now they help him with small money, not too much because Karen soldiers don't have much. When he's sick sometimes, he can take some money for medicine. Khun Sa soldier they help family because they have money. But here just rice, oil, salt, very small money.

Ask him his opinion of the Burmese soldiers.

For the first time the man came alive, his voice deep and virile now, his head shaking, his hands pounding the floor, his dead eyes blinking very rapidly, and D. said: He is fighting person, you see.

If they caught the soldier who planted that mine, what would he say to him?

He want to talk with that Burmese. He want to say: You make my life trouble. If you became like me, what would you want to do with your life?

And I thought: losses and sacrifices, fear and labor and struggle without cease, that is the real story here. If the ends ever do justify the means, then surely these people have the right to sell opium or heroin or anything they please. If I had to lead my family to poverty-ridden exile hedged in by Alien Certificates, I would do the same. —Karen irregulars were jumping out of pickup trucks, carrying small daypacks; they were young, strong and hardened-looking; and a skinny man in spectacles sat under a thatched roof, and D. whispered in awe: He is a head general something. He have busy to do. —But a moment later she said: Most of the soldier is unhappy. Even captain don't have enough food. But what can they do?

THE DRIVER TALKS

By now I had begun to get discouraged about meeting any Opium Kings or opium armies, and even optimistic D. had begun to say: Bill, I so sad for you! Because maybe no success for your project, and then magazine give you angry! —The driver, hard-eyed and blinking, sucked in his smooth cheeks and lowered his voice when D. appealed to him. He was a stubborn greedy man. The bus to Mr. T.'s village cost only ten baht, and we were paying him 1,100 baht a day. It would be easy to believe this a waste of money, but one thing I have learned about Asia is that the more money you pay, the better a person you are thought to be. I remember reading in Norse sagas how a man who had just lost a beloved wife or child could be comforted, indeed made entirely happy again, upon receipt of a sufficient quantity of the "good red gold." So in this case it was my hope that the driver, who was playing hooky from his regular government job in order to make the most of me for as long as I lasted, might by now have tender feelings for me in his heart. Having told him to pick up anybody who was walking our way, I had seen him bypass Burmese out of fear that the police might fire him. Each day I had heard him say: I am only driver! I know nothing. —Now it was time to put on the screws.

He was gripping the doorjamb with his long reddish fingers; now, as usual, working himself into a state of excitement, laughing and babbling in his fear and anger, the 45° creases which descended from the corners of his eyes tightening and throbbing; but D. was wonderful with him, and slowly his face relaxed into thoughtful anxiety and sadness.

Just now he say he know everything about the heroin, said D., but he cannot, because we are new to him and he so afraid.

Tell him we want to let people in American see why everyone does this. Tell him I think the war on drugs is stupid and wrong. I want only to help the people, not steal their secrets.

Then the driver talked.

Most of it come from the Khun Sa, he said. And they have like Bai's husband, who they pay to carry the thing from here to Chiang Mai, from here to Chiang Rai, but difficult to know the way. In the black market near Huey Phonng so many thing from the Khun Sa area, and they pay some people to carry, and when they meet some people they just kill even Thai soldier. In the night they don't care who they kill.

He drove us past a prosperous grocery store.

The owner this place get richest after only seven years although he never put any money in bank, and police cannot do anything.

He drove us to another place.

This house, they come about five years ago, the policewoman from Bangkok. She stay for about five year, like cooking, cleaning for small money, like stupid country girl. It take five year to know everything. But one night she catch him in

the heroin business. Now is in prison in Bangkok.

He drove us to another place.

This house, he have many car go to Khun Sa area.

Another grocery store. (A Li-So woman smiled with black teeth.)

This place he think heroin business, said D. Before was so poor. Never go to bank. The government know but cannot do anything because must send some spy and take time, you know.[30]

Gesticulating and smoking a long green cigarette that was even skinnier than one of his fingers, the driver took us down to the river where it was already twilight and the water flowed to Myanmar, and the driver spoke in a whisper, saying that heroin came in by boat at night, that this place was very dangerous. Then he made an important revelation. He whispered that Mr. T. was a big heroin king for the Karen, and that Mr. T.'s wife was the brains behind the operation. Suddenly there was new meaning in what D. had said about Mr. T. when we visited the Karen village: Just now he do for some business. He always help him, million and million. They respect him.

And I thought: Yeah, I guess they would.

For that matter, I respected Mr. T., too. I had expected that the driver would know things because every morning he parked himself below the mountains at the market's edge, between the waiting tuktuks and the yellow Toyota and Isuzu trucks which doubled as buses, and facing the line of business-eyed benchwarmers in the awning's shadow; it would violate every natural law for him now to see things. I'd observed him running his bulging greedy eyes over a bus rolling in from the border, the wind playing with the skirts of the ladies who sat with their sandals braced rigidly apart, bales of vegetables in market baskets, plastic bags of Burmese cheroots, and the driver's eyes seemed to go under the towels that some people wore around their necks for scarves; his eyes seemed to count every goosebump on these brown arms folded against the mountain breeze; here was a man who had information, and now at last I was getting some of it. The only question was: Could I use it or would I never get to see anything to back it up?

The driver took us to a hot dry Tai-Yai village of substantial wooden houses, called Gung Mai whose head (of village?) leaned back in his big chair on his shady porch (all his chairs were expensive, carved with floral designs from Chiang Mai) and picked at his denim pants.

And then when he become head of village the opium business finished, D. translated.

The head of village clenched a fist a little but shook his head quite tranquilly while his wife sat in the shadow just inside the doorway on the shining clean wooden floor, expectorating something black into a stained bowl; she had narrow suspicious eyes.

So there is no opium, in your village at all? I said.

He say no. (He had been the head of village of ten years. His smile showed that he could weather our storm).

And where do they sell it now?

Sop Hang village is a good place. Nai Soi village is a good place. Nai Soi village was the Karen town that Mr. T. had taken us to. Everyone there, or course, had said that they didn't have any hand in the opium business. No doubt if I had asked them there they would have recommended Gung Mai village.

What do you think about Khun Sa? I said. The head of Gung Mai Village continued to smile, but his fingers began to twitch. —He never know him.

Well, what do you hear about him? He ever see on TV about Khun Sa. Khun Sa talk for the true way, like a fighting man. Last month TV show in December about heroin business Khun Sa talk about it: If I doesn't business heroin I don't have money to support my citizen any more.

As we left the village, passing a young woman who squatted under a raised porch, stirring a post and smiling at us, the driver said: This man is so big in the heroin business. Not yet a stupid person, you know. And he say to me: Why you come with the news people to disturb my business?

The driver took us to Mae Songa village whose narrow dirt lanes ran between bamboo fences and high jungle trees, and the driver's friend, a fat girl in a motorcycle helmet, whispered: All of the people here, they keep together in the business. Dangerous for us. We cannot tell you the true way.

And I knew that she was right, and I knew that the driver had done his best. Now it was up to D. and me to get help from Mr. T.

YOU CAN BELIEVE IN ME

Mr. T. and his wife were always so friendly and welcoming . His wife clasped her hands together and bowed when presenting water. They had a daughter of about ten whom I saw so many times nestling lovingly against her father's shoulder; he smiled and patted her buttock.

You can believe in me, he said kindly. I spoke to the soldiers about you today. In five or six days I think you can meet with them.

He liked me because I was a commando, he said to D. He liked the fact that I knew a bit about guns.

And now the wife of Mr. T., she like me so much, D. reported, and she want me to buy land near her. Very cheap price: only 100,000 baht one acre. She want us live by her.

I had some business in Phnom Penh, so D. and I took the bus back to Bangkok where D.'s friend, a lady who knew how to get things done, tried calling from various office phones because Khun Sa's people could probably trace any call; and finally the lady who knew how to get things done stopped her silver Mercedes-Benz and

turned on her cellular phone and called the MTA office in Mae Hong Song. It was very eerie to hear her talking with the old man who'd painted the bamboo forest in D.'s notebook. The Klong Toey traffic was already getting thick—speeding motorcycles, mainly, and taxis rolling past cement runways on which old ladies in straw hats sat fixing things; and the lady who knew how to get things done's neck muscles tightened and she hung up and said: The doctor is here in Bangkok!

I want to Phnom Penh and came back half expecting everything to be sewn up, but the doctor never called back, so D. and I took the long slow bus back to Mae Hong Song and then got a bus to bring us to Mr. T.'s village and Mr. T.'s wife said casually: Khun Sa he treat me like daughter, because I do big business his province. I can take your letter to him no problem.

AUM RAWLEY

But before we get to Khun Sa at last (a personage whom, incidentally, it had taken a certain aloof French journalist seven years to see; he estimated that it would take me ten), I'd like to talk about the Karen one more time. If these people sell opium at all it is only in a very minimal way, and that is exactly the point. Their homeland, which was sovereign up until Burma declared independence and which Burma does not recognize, lies just south of Shan State, where Khun Sa flourished.[31] —We have bad luck, said Abel Tweed, the Foreign Minister of the Karenni government in exile (or one of the governments in exile, I should say; his party, as I've mentioned, was the KNPP) as we sat in that safehouse with the gilded platform for Buddhist rites empty because so many of the KNPP Karenni die Christian,[32] and on the wall three dog-eared maps of the region, and Abel Tweed was saying: We have bad luck, because Karenni State is too warm and the opium love so much the cold, and our people do not have the knowledge or the chance.

Maybe that's why you're so poor, I said.

I think Khun Sa's smart, said Tweed. He makes a lot of money. But we do not have any ability to make heroin. And Khun Sa cannot help other people like us; he can help only himself.[33]

How long have you been fighting?

Since 1948. And you know we are a subgroup of the Karen. The Karen is only white Karen; they have their Karen National Union. We are the Red Karen, the Karenni. Some of our women are Longnecks. And we are not fighting like the Karen and the Shan, just for economic participation in the regime. We are fighting for independence.

How have you survived so long?

All our people support our cause. And we use whatever arms we can get from the black market. The black market is expensive. Since we are not allowed to run our own economy, we collect a tax from our civilians.

What do you need the most?

We need money, M-16's, light machine guns and rockets. We need food, medicine for malaria, and antibiotics.

And I looked into his pale brown, sharp, alert, tired, intelligent face, so sad and ironic, and I thought: Why don't you sell heroin?

I asked a young Karenni soldier the same thing and he said: Because we are Christian. That business we don't like.[34] And what do you think about Khun Sa?

I don't know, said the young soldier, which means: I don't care for him.The young soldier was twenty. He said that he had joined the Karenni Army at fifteen when the Burmese shot his sister. His sister's crime was that she chose not to be raped. She jumped into the Salween River, and so they killed her. The current carried her away. The young soldier's family searched three days for the body, but never found her.

The Burmese were following an anti-insurgency strategy when they killed and raped people. It was based on the mere wasting, burning and razing which went back to ancient times. Cortes had proceeded thus against the Aztecs in the sixteenth century, steadily destroying their capital house by house, burning what he could, pulling down the rest stone by stone, creating a wasteland which his enemies could not use.[35] But that was too indiscriminatingly harsh. One had to refine it slightly, in order to save one's useful pawns. Hence the more refined procedure that the French Revolutionaries had directed against the Chouans in the eighteenth century, the French imperialists against the Algerians in the nineteenth,[36] the Mexican federalists against the Zapatistas at the beginning of the twentieth,[37] and the Americans against the Vietnamese still later. Ne Win had introduced it in the 1960s, when the Americans were practicing it. He called it the "Four Cuts": cut food, cut funds, cut intelligence, cut recruitment. The way it worked was to surround a small area, order the villagers to move to a place under government control,[38] and then act on the assumption that anyone who remained was an enemy deserving of freely applied terror. The Four Cuts proved themselves over the next thirty years as the Burmese steadily drove back the Communists, the Karen, the Karenni and the Shan. The young soldier's sister was but an object of the Four Cuts. I am sure the young soldier was fully consoled to know that her death had been nothing personal.

It was he who kept D. and me company on the four-wheel drive which grated up the steep jungle road, the Burmese mountains sheer blue blades of fog ahead. At the border pole, the unpleasant Thai soldier with his big black pistol refused to let us through. —Never mind, said the young soldier. We go by the secret way.

The secret way was the other fork of the same dirt road that led to the unpleasant Thai soldier. The other fork had no soldier. It crossed jungle streams and sometimes became a river. From time to time it was obstructed by stacks of bamboo which the four-wheel drive clawed its way over, and the secret way went deeper and deeper into a wilderness of huge leaves and violet flowers. We were still in Thailand. At last

we came to a village, the houses raw wood platforms on stilts, and girls with baskets on their backs. This was the village of Aum Rawley, whom the driver had previously described as head of the Karen (actually, of course, the Karenni), and whom I recognized as being one of the two very old and thin and tendoned men in windbreakers who sat silently watching me during my first interview with Abel Tweed's office. Aum Rawley had just retired in favor of his younger brother, Ta Be Tu, and because he was old and overcautious and no longer had the authority, he would not permit us to go on to the soldiers camp. He thought I was a DEA spook. He kept saying: If I can meet with the DEA, I want to discuss with them how to wipe out opium.

Why?

Because I have seen so many heroin addict. Before they were addict, they were good people. Now cannot depend on them. I know some family, they have money, they have good job, but when their son become heroin addict they go down into destitution. No money, no property.[39]

He spoke slow, careful English, this tired, grey and balding man with the heavy glasses and the butterfly tattoo, smiling to show his missing teeth. He was incredibly skinny. He sat under a bamboo canopy, mending a child's plastic guitar.

I myself experience some dysentery, he admitted. And I put some opium mix with garlic and warm it in the fire. Then dysentery stop after two or three hours.[40]

A PROMENADE

The next day we prepared for another attempt to cross into insurgent territory. So it was that a dozen years after my first such experience, an idiotic foray into Afghanistan, I found myself once more bound for an illegal border crossing and a strenuous and possibly dangerous mountain promenade of uncertain length, all on a bad stomach. Maybe I should learn something from my stomach, I thought. Maybe I should become a pudgy armchair general.

We came to the checkpoint before Nai Soi and the two Thai soldiers studied us awhile before they let us go through. The young Karenni soldier said: Sometimes I want to go to the battlefield with Thai soldier. Because I think they have only good uniform.

After Nai Soi there was a small high village in a high dry ravine in the jungle. We crossed a wide brook, stone by stone, and began to walk. D., newly pregnant, was tired and miserable. The young soldier and his friend helped her patiently, leading her by the hand higher and higher up the jungle ridge upon which huge scarlet leaves as crunchy as potato chips continually fell. There was a distant green and yellow hall of jungle ahead. At its peak was the border, the young soldier said.

When we were very high in those hazy mountains we emerged from that steeply uptwisting tunnel of bamboo and came into Karenni State (or, as the Burmese would have called, Burma or Myanmar). There was a dip in the jungle to our left

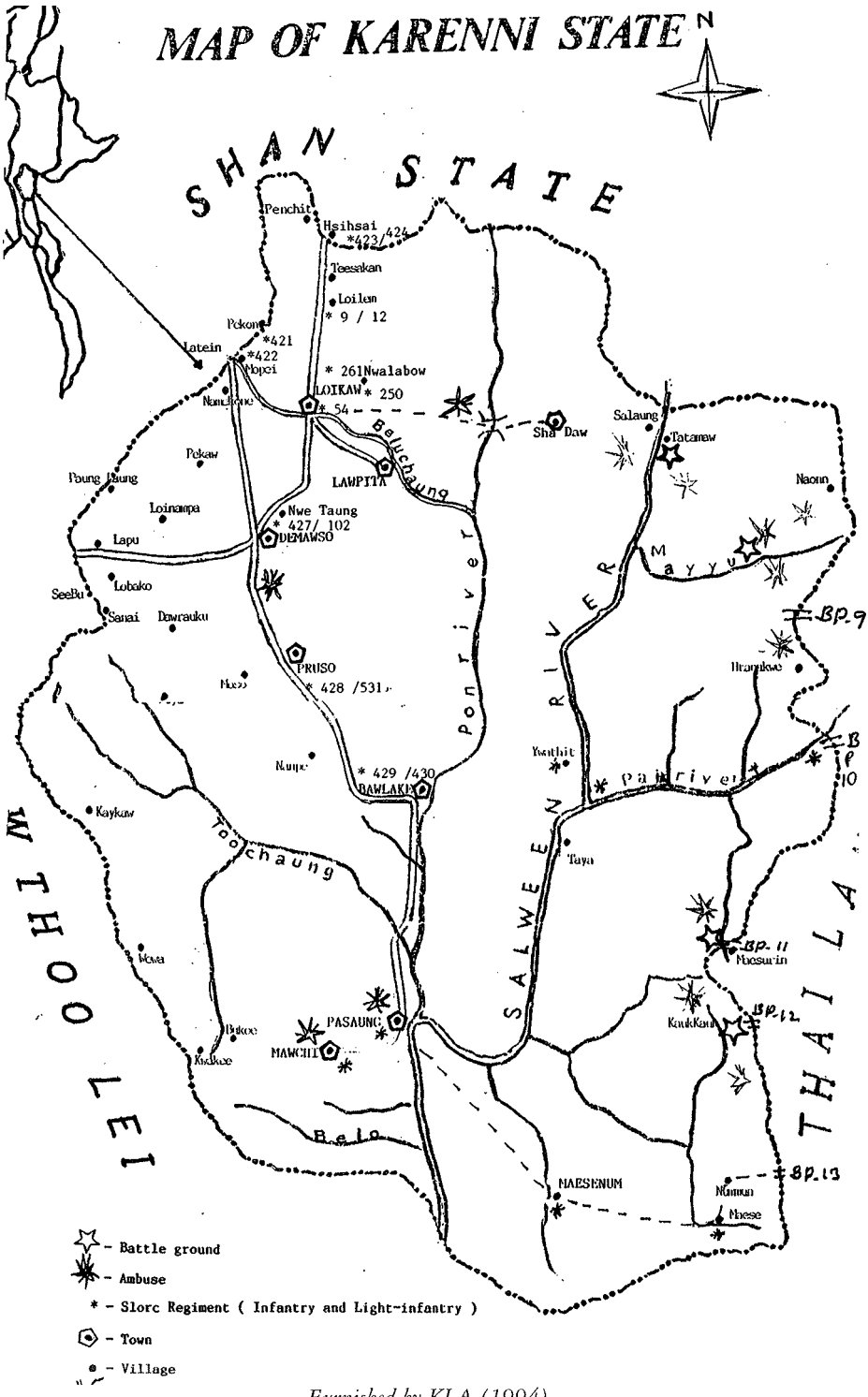
and I heard a baby crying. This was an encampment of Burmese students who had armed themselves to fight alongside the KNU. We ascended another mountain and then went down a dark and muddy path into an ocher-colored village whose houses were floored, walled and roofed with slender bamboo slats now all the color of dirt, with earth-colored logs stacked underneath and immense pigs with ratlike snouts who slowly paced the bare dirt, the sow's udders dragging almost to the ground; these animals were dark like clots of mud, and the people were toned a reddish-brown—everything earth-colored, in short, except for the bone-white chickens, the green bamboo jungle all around, and the red headcloths that the women sometimes wore. Other clothes had started out blue or green, but they were dusted the same hue as the houses now. The people were Karenni refugees. They said that the Burmese soldiers never came here.

It was late afternoon now. We continued on.

The Caucasian promenader suffers from certain disadvantages on these jaunts. His greater size and bulk make bridge-crossings (the bridges being two or three bamboo poles laid side by side; they're very slippery, they turn and they bend) a graceless and occasionally disastrous activity. He must continually duck his head on these bamboo-ceilinged trails. His big feet don't always know where to put themselves, especially when the pathway is an eroded and coated ribbon of treacherous slipperiness on a steep mountainside. His inability to drink the water from local houses and streams requires him to carry his own, which correspondingly weighs him down, or else to invest in a fragile and expensive filter. He sweats much more in the heat, and gets proportionately more dehydrated.

On the other hand, longer legs and especially the years of superior nutrition do tell. I was able to outwalk the two Karenni soldiers who accompanied me. At the end of that day I maintained my pace when they did not. I am convinced that diet is the key factor. Had I spent a week or two in the Karenni village instead of just a couple of days, I would more than have lost my advantage, as the subsequent trip would prove.

We ascended and descended the next mountain and came to another village under whose house platforms I could sometimes see the bare feet and legs of woman rocking their crying babies, their waist-length blankets cut off by the projecting skeletons of bamboo, and we went on and poor D. could barely put one foot ahead of the other anymore. It grew dark by bounds, a jungle darkness in which sad blackish jewels glittered in the trail's earth in the light of my headlamp; these were spiders and beetles, which stirred and twinkled, trying to understand the light. The young soldier said that there were many ghosts of dead Burmese in this direction. He had seen them at night. I asked him what they looked like, and he said just like in the movies. I shone the lamp ahead, searching for bare dirt in the darkness; that was the trail. Ahead I could only see by means of my cyclopean rings of light a plant like a cobra extended to strike, the pale yellow tendons of bamboo clumps in the



Furnished by KLA (1994)

darkness, and confused leaves and then more darkness in that night of insects and fangs. I was not in the least hungry. When we stopped for the soldiers to munch dry noodles, I forced myself to eat a licorice drop. I felt strong and fit. We kept on. The soldiers were now going by a way they knew only by hearsay, and they sometimes mistook a fork. I was filled with pity for D. The labor of supporting her somewhat as we wound up and down the dark mountains began to tell a little. It became harder to see, either because the battery of my headlamp was failing or because my eyes were growing strained. My ears were also deceived on occasion. Three of four times I'd think I heard another stream flowing through the wall of bamboo beside us, and yet I could not see any water-shine. Listening more closely, I'd realize that the sound was more akin to that of fixing bacon. Then I'd spy out at last the immense writhing blackness of the snake that was hissing at me—a snake (in my perception at least) as long as a freight train. I would quicken my step and pull D. along, hoping that she hadn't noticed. So we were all happy when an hour or so before midnight we came into the final village where across the table the longish Karenni soldier faces peered at my press passes behind the candle lamp.

WHAT ALL THIS HAS TO DO WITH OPIUM

Morning found us in that abode of 1,000 souls, a village the color of Chinese tea, everything ocher and bamboo and woven, pike mountains all around like the steam from tea. The village was less than a year old. The refugees had come from all over. —The soldiers come to burn our village, our paddy, our house, one man explained. They catch everybody to be porter, every bout, every week, so we cannot work on our farms anymore. And they put explosives around their camp near our village, and that kill many our buffalo, and then they ask from the price of explosive.

Sad, barefooted men with wool caps sat watching the sparks from their Burmese cheroots rain down upon the bare hard earth across which so many dogs and chickens and boys ranged. The girls carried teapots or stood rocking little babies. They existed on Fate's sufferance. It was always possible that the Burmese soldiers could find them out and burn this place, too—which is why I will not reveal its name.

The head of the soldiers gave us breakfast, little more than heaping bowls of rice with a couple of vegetables. Wiry, alert-eyed, with a nose as sharp as a knife, he spoke to D., who translated: He say when the Burmese come, they burn rice, so you cannot eat rice anymore.

He showed photos of other villages and training camps and kept saying: Now nothing. Because Burmese burn already.

(Once the young Karenni soldier had caught a Burmese soldier only twelve years old who was as skinny as a skeleton, and he asked him why he came into Karenni state to hurt people, and the Burmese boy said: Because I have not food, and nothing to do. —And he let the boy go.)[41]

You die so poor in this village, I said to a man. Why don't you sell opium like Khun Sa?

Don't like.

After breakfast the head of the soldiers took us up to a plateau of dead cropped grass surrounded by jungle mountains where he ran his training camp. A hundred and fifty or so soldiers in dark green uniforms were drilling, swinging their arms, counting in Karenni, splitting into two independent rows, then joining again. This was ten percent of the total Karenni fighting force. They were all volunteers. I thought of the young soldier, who refused to marry because he planned to keep fighting until the Burmese withdrew or until he died, whichever came first, and he thought he knew which would come first, and I wondered how many of these recruits were doomed. When I got closer to them I saw that many were very very young, fourteen or less. —We have 158 soldiers, an officer said. A hundred and twenty-five of them have no hat. In the hot sun it is very difficult for them...

What do they need the most?

The most? Oh, so many things—medicine for malaria, hat, food, I don't know ...

The soldiers were eating lunch now, bowls of rice with nothing in it, and they ate standing or squatting in the hot sun. I had the officer ask the nearest one what he needed the most.

Milk and sugar, the boy said. Because we are so weak...When D. and I got back to Mae Hong Song, we sent them all the milk and sugar we could afford, wondering how much the Thai border guards would skim off in "taxes" (they took ten baht for every sack of rice) and I thought of the hospital in that village, a wretched hut with no medicine, and I stared again at the simple glaring reason: No opium. I had D. pull from her notebook a preserved opium poppy from Bai's village and all the soldiers looked blank; they didn't even know what it was.

ANOTHER PROMENADE, THIS TIME ON HORSEBACK

Passing Bai at the market (she was getting ready to take the bus to Bangkok for Chinese New Year because that was the one time she was allowed to visit her husband), passing the beautiful Li-So girl whose brother-in-law was doing five years for opium (yes, they grow opium in our village, she'd lied, but just to smoke, not yet to sell), we caught a tuktuk and went to Mr. T.'s village. Mr. T.'s wife had actually gone to Opium City (which is called Ho Mong)[42] and gotten permission for us to visit! I thought of the French journalist who'd had to wait seven years, and gloated.[43]

Mr. T.'s wife thought that we were very rich. We'd given out that D. and I were married. She wanted us to give her a ticket to America, where she and Mr. T. and their daughter could stay indefinitely in our mansion. —Mr. T. can do anything, she said. He can be a driver, a taxi driver... D., who'd stayed with her one night while I continued on in Karenni State, said that the food they cooked was meager and

poor. And I was sad for that family from the bottom of my heart, and thought again of the plaint of the all the opium sellers: But what can we do?

So we drove back to the MTA office where the old man sat at the round table painting Chinese New Year's messages on long narrow slips of red paper which he had already carefully folded into squares, each of which was already x-folded, and he poised the calligraphy brush over the paper, thinking, before he made the bold black Chinese strokes with this rich matte blackness of sumi and hung each strip out to dry across the low concrete wall. He took the letter that Mr. T.'s wife had brought, and opened it. It was written in a mixture of four languages and contained a code word. He nodded as he read.

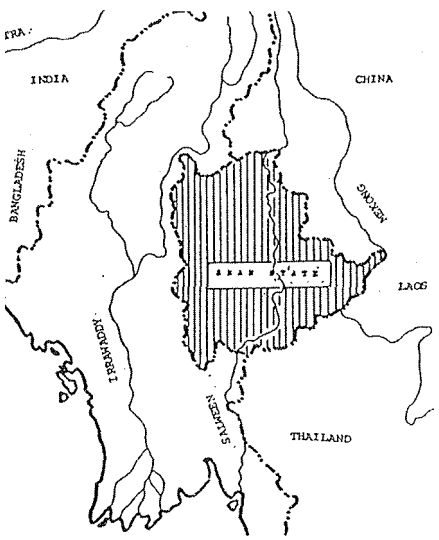
This time we were given visa applications for the Shan State People's Republic, and I saw even at that early stage that there was more business sense involved here than for Karenni State because they charged a 500-baht processing fee. Then a pick-up truck drove us into the mountains for an hour along a road we'd never traveled before, and after paying another fee we found ourselves in another office with more wooden heads of animals, and posters of trees and flowers, and yellow Chinese banners. The people were not Tai-Yai, but Chinese like Khun Sa himself.[44] Hot green mountains shot upon all sides. A little girl crossed the hot and dusty courtyard carrying a plastic cooler. It was very quiet.[45]

This time the crossing was by horse, and at first we both found it pleasant and easy. The path was almost level (or rather its upward slope was exceedingly gentle), and the jungle was lovely—moister and more humid just like my impression of Shan State. Presently the way steepened, and it grew dark. That was when it began to get a little unpleasant. I don't want to make a big thing of it, because two European journalists we met in Ho Mong had walked it without a thought (I walked back myself), but the darkness was a problem. I lost a few disagreements with my horse, which resulted in some cuts and bruises which became annoying abscesses, and D,. although she was not herself thrown, suffered such violent uterine pains that her doctor later advised her to get an abortion. We came to the border at last, and I saw stars far below me on both sides, and then a sign with a red skull and crossbones that said DANGER AREA. My horse lurched down the dark mountain head first, sometimes stumbling; I held on as best I could with my bleeding fingers, and bamboo shoots and prickers struck me in the face. I already had an infected arm from Karenni State that burned like fire, and my new cuts glowed in the cold.

Then at last we came to a chilly, dismal flat place like the moon, and at no great distance I heard bells. Flashing my light, I saw the eyes of many cows gleam silvery like vampires'. More barbed wire, and then a village of dirt-floored houses where we smoked cigarettes by candlelight.

The truck that was sent to fetch us resembled a garbage truck. It was quite high off the ground, and its flatbed was full of tall cans. I never found out what was in them.

The MTA soldier played a rap music tape and we wound slowly on a dirt road into the yellow mountain, nothing but space and jungle at our left hand. We came to the first checkpoint, where a uniformed boy with a submachine gun arose from his smoky fire, inspected the handwritten pass, and raised the bamboo pole, and D. explained in awe: This is soldier of *him!*



Locator map of Shan State

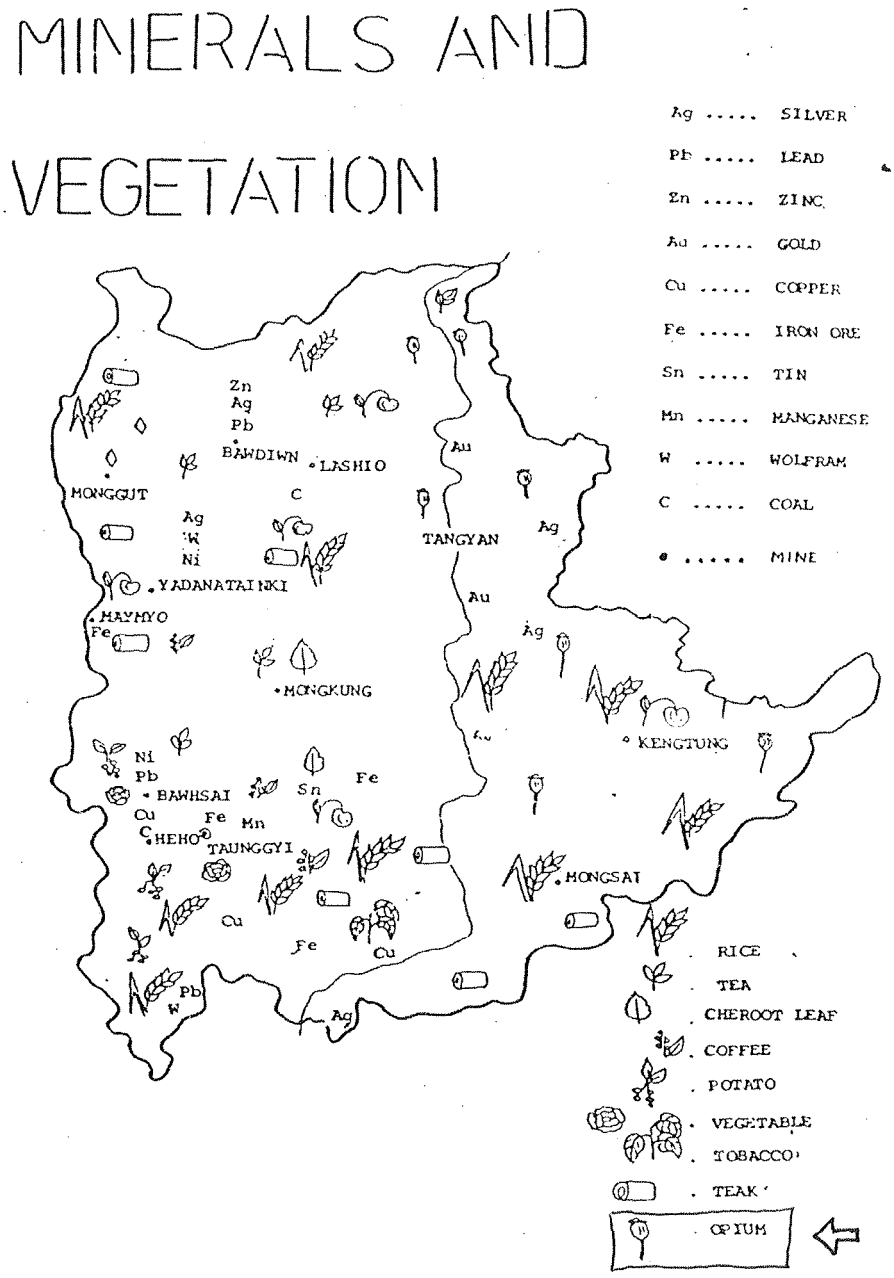
Palm trees grew out of the wall of dirt.

The driver said that he got only two meals a day—mainly rice with vegetables, but sometimes meat. This was the general theme of the Shan State People's Republic, everything meager, but still much better than in the secret Karenni village. The people of Khun Sa did have roads; some had vehicles; the hospital in Ho Mong, where we were going, was not impressive by American standards but it did have an x-ray machine, whereas the hospital in the Karenni village was a palm-roofed hut with no medicine. Khun Sa had endowed the hospital himself. He paid the doctors and gave them houses. (Lieutenant-Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, a highly decorated Green Beret who had visited Khun Sa several times,[46] told me in October 1994: The Shan have shown themselves to be effective. Khun Sa starts his boys out at about age nine. They're fanatics like the Hitler-Jugend. They learn nothing but loyalty to Khun Sa. They would die for him, I believe. You can't say that for the Karenni or the Kachin or the others. Without Khun Sa there is no Shan State. I like Khun Sa. He sure has improved things over there.)

After an hour we came to a second checkpoint and were asked to change vehicles. We were sorry to see the last of our truck driver. The soldiers who took his place were grim and silent men. D. and I sat on sacks of charcoal in the back of their pickup and we came into Ho Mong at last. I glimpsed a sign that said MTA CROP SUBSTITUTION INSTITUTE.[47]

As we drove through the town that Chinese New Year's Eve, I gradually became awed at the size of the place.[48] I don't know what I expected, but it was vastly larger than the Karenni village; it was even bigger than Ban Rak Tai—an interesting comparison, since Rak Tai, you'll recall, had been KMT, and the KMT were numbered among Khun Sa's enemies. The KMT had held Ho Mong until 1985, when the MTA had driven them out. (That was when they planted their mines and closed the way to Rak Tai.)[49] —The KMT is finished, our liaison officer said with satisfaction.

As for Ho Mong, the dark streets seemed to go on and on. We passed the tin-



Resource map of Shan State

seled Christmas tree lights of a karaoke place, and then began to see soldiers walking down the sides of that long unlighted road. The houses(?) were also lightless at first, but then we saw a row of streetlamps and I was even more amazed and we kept going and saw more houses, some candle-lit, some dark, and finally came to a barracks-like building where the soldiers gestured to us to enter. I wish I could describe to you the thrill of being in that place which I was one of the first Americans ever to see, this weird, secret place which Khun Sa had built. Had I not been with D. I could never have seen it. The driver of the first truck had said to D.: You husband American? Why they let him in? You know DEA pay big money to kill Khun Sa. I stay here four years, and first year never allowed to look at Khun Sa's face when he go past! And Americans I never see here! —So I was pretty pleased. The scope of what D. had for me had just dawned; maybe I had what journalists call a "scoop."

We thanked the soldiers for the lift and they said never mind. A small boy and a beautiful young woman in red, perhaps his mother, greeted us with reserved smiles. The girl lit a candle for us and showed us to our room, which had three beds with mosquito nets and plank walls above a cement base. The room had no windows. The girl pulled the door softly shut after her.

Do you think I can look outside? I asked D.

Maybe big trouble for you, she said, shocked. Because this is control area!

I went to the bathroom, where there was another door. I unbolted it and looked out at Ho Mong. The girl in red stood there holding a candle high, watching me. When she saw me gazing at her, she blew the candle out but continued to stare at me.

I tried to be a good boy, but curiosity finally got me. I opened the front door, almost expecting to see a guard, but instead I faced only emptiness so utterly cold and dark that it resembled a concrete wall painted black. That was when I finally began to acknowledge that Ho Mong was no totalitarian prison camp. I closed the door and went to bed.

New Year's Day dawned foggy and cold, after a long night whose rats(?) gnawed away at food and sleep. Outside, the street was greyish-blue and closed-in like a dead man's face. At 7:00 a.m. the roosters had stopped crowing and many Chinese-looking people, the girls with long inky pigtails began to appear on the street. Then the sun rose over the hazy jungle. Going around the corner, I saw crowds standing or squatting quietly, buying or selling vegetables. There was a muted quality about the place. A soldier had said that Khun Sa was getting old, that other Chinese were muscling in on his business, that the town was experiencing a slump: I don't know whether that was true or not, and I thought it better not to ask. (The Opium King definitely preserved some power. A year later, even as the Burmese military announced that their next target would be Khun Sa, a Thai prosecutor requested that nine Khun Sa men be detained for smuggling more than a kilo of heroin into the U.S. The request was denied.)[50] One thing I must emphasize again—that while I did see poverty and sadness in Ho Mong, I've also seen them in Mae Hong Song

or San Francisco. The people were afraid of me because I was American. They loved Khun Sa. There was no question about it.

At about 9:00 our liaison officer found us. His name was Khun Sai. He had largish spectacles and wore a grey French coat. His English was perfect, and accorded well with his round, alert, Shan-Chinese face, which I suspected could be ruthless if it needed to be; he also spoke perfect Thai, and as D. spoke with him it slowly warmed into friendliness.

I joined the movement when I was twenty-one, he said. I'm forty-five now. I couldn't sleep, I couldn't live unless I joined.

When does the end justify the means? I said. This was of course the central issue of this story, and I would ask Khun Sa the same thing.

It has some limits, of course, the liaison officer said. (He was a former Maoist.)[51] We don't like the means we use, but we have no other choice.

In the liaison office I saw photos of the King and Queen of Thailand. Later Khun Sa would ask D., who knew the Princess a little, to obtain a pair of her shoes so that he could stud it with gems.

What do you think about the Thai government? I said.

I think they want to help us, but they can't, the liaison officer said. The DEA put pressure on them.[52] But the Thais give us the facilities we need.You like Mae Hong Song?

Not so much. I like it here very much. I feel safe here.

How close are the Burmese to this place?

They're across the Salween River, but they cannot come here. They tried to come here a month ago; of course their boats were sunk and many drowned, and they had to pull back.

The man's confidence contrasted ringingly with the powerlessness I sensed in the Karenni camp. He seemed so strong and secure.

So how would you characterize your ideology?

Nationalism plus democracy. But nationalism comes first. Only we have to be careful that it doesn't turn into racism.

INTERVIEW WITH KHUN SA

D. and I sat looking down into the jungle-studded arid bowl called Ho Mong, with here and there a Shan State flag flying. Columns of white dust rose up like smoke. Ho Mong went on and on, a long town between jungle ridges and chalky hills.[53]

You'd better change your clothes, the liaison officer said. The General has come to see you.

I looked where he pointed, and saw an honor guard of soldiers with submachine guns.

D. and I rushed down to the place where Khun Sa sat. He wore shiny black

shoes. His serene face nodded slowly as he spoke in his deep calm voice, all around him soldiers with guns pointed outward. I felt a surge of awe as I looked at him.

Sit down, he said.

The two European journalists who had been to Ho Mong before followed us leisurely, not so impressed. Those two men had the run of the place. The liaison officer liked them and knew them well. (He was considerably cooler to me.) One of them—the journalist, I think, not the photographer—had made a point of saying to the liaison officer when the USA came up in conversation: *Those fucking DEA bastards!* and then apologizing to me privately. This had struck me as a spineless. But for all that he was a man of great knowledge and experience, who shared what he knew with me. He had been to Wa State and back, a two-week walk each way, and it was very interesting to listen to him and imagine what it would have been like for me if Ta Khun Mong had found his friend. This journalist said that Khun Sa had been at his peak five years ago. He said that these days Khun Sa's power probably extended no further than Chiang Mai.[54] But he also said that the more he found out about opium and the hill tribes, the more he realized he didn't know; and I could certainly appreciate that. He and his colleague had come to Ho Mong only to update their video now that various insurgent groups were actually responding to the Burmese peace feelers at last; some Karenni had signed on, as I'd heard, and an army of Kachin guerrillas were considering taking the plunge. So that was why the two journalists were here. They hoped to go to the front to view some shelling. —After all, they said to me, there's very little to see in Ho Mong. A day is enough. —They asked if this would be possible, and the Opium King replied dryly: Certainly. If you're not afraid to die. —But when they heard that it might take more than a day to get there and back, they demurred. It was not so important to put shelling in their video, and anyhow they had seen shelling before.

To me, however, the strangeness of the place continued to echo with almost derisive eeriness. I was quite ill and feverish; no doubt that accounts for some of it; but I also had my unstaled memories of the Karenni with their dirty feeble soldier-boys eating nothing but rice, their refugees building new houses in the jungle only to wonder when the Burmese would find them again, their unanswered letter to President Clinton begging for help. This place felt safe. Then, too, there were Khun Sa's eyes. —Oh, he's charming, the woman in Bangkok who could arrange everything had explained. But that means nothing. —Well, what are you saying? I'd demanded. Are you saying he's good or bad? Should he be assassinated? —She hesitated. He's not good or bad, she replied at last with an impatient move of her wrist. —I looked into his eyes, and already I felt that he was a good man. Then I wasn't sure. I believed that in the course of business he must have done ugly, ruthless, evil things (or else his soldiers had done them for him, which is the same thing; one man in Ho Mong had told D. and me that Khun Sa was very good, but his lieutenants, the Chinese "big soldiers" were very greedy and cruel; there were

reports of the MTA's impressing porters and terrorizing villagers just as SLORC did, although on a much smaller scale),[55] but I looked into Khun Sa's face again as he sat there beneath the flag of crossed rifles and I believed him a good man.

The fact that I have any opinion at all about Khun Sa worries me. A negative view would play into the hands of the anti-drug self-servers and fascists. A positive view might imply that I was duped by him (one has only to recollect the Communist intellectuals of the 1920s and 30s who visited Russia without perceiving any of Stalin's crimes.[56] As Churchill remarked, "There is no doubt that Hitler had a power of fascinating men, and the sense of force and authority is apt to assert itself unduly upon the tourist.")[57] Even a neutral view could be criticized.[58] But I had come from Rangoon only that autumn. I remember Rangoon—oh, I remember it well. I remember waiting in a hot narrow cafe full of steamy music with the chorus going uh-aah and a martial drumbeat, the men sitting barefooted and saronged at tippy tables of Pepsi and teapots and hot sauce, talking in pairs, their cigarettes upraised; and cockroaches moved lazily down the greasy walls while the waitress stood rereading *The New Light of Myanmar,* which like all Burmese publications was required to print at least three slogans in each issue. The slogans in this one were: Khanti ca, patience; this is the way to auspiciousness and Emergence of the State Constitution is the duty of all citizens of Myanmar Naing-Ngan and The Tatmadaw has been sacrificing much of its blood and sweat to prevent disintegration of the Union. All nationalities of the Union are urged to give all co-operation and assistance in this great task. The Tatmadaw was the army, about whose sacrifice of blood and sweat my Burmese interpreter had said: And those students in '88, we saw them shot right in front of our flat, on this street. We could not help them. We could only watch. It was so pitiful. Anyone who went down to help them, the soldiers chased them and shot at them also. —The headline in that night's *New Light* was: State Law and Order Restoration Council Chairman Senior General Than Shwe sends felicitations to Vietnam and *New Light* 's TV schedule began with Martial Music, followed by Songs on Patriotism, followed by Song Variety, while the radio schedule began with News, followed by Slogans, followed by Music Now to Nine, followed by News, followed by Slogans, followed by Lunchtime Music. The waitress stood rereading this in her place behind the counter's glass shelves of stale and rancid pastries.

At last the interpreter came back and said: I met with the manager, and there was a little problem. You see, sir, at night there is many informers. If a Burmese goes up to this apartment they don't care, but if a foreigner goes and they see, then they ask the girl: Who were you with? and if she cannot answer it's a big problem for her—not for me, not for you. They take her to prison.

How long? Three months? Five years?

I don't know, sir, he said, looking down at his hands. You see, sir, there is no law.

These words made me shiver, and I said nothing.

And this was Rangoon, mind you; this was how the Burmese government treated Burmese.[59] As for how they treated the Shan, the Karenni, the Kachin, the Wa, the Li Su and all the other minorities, I think you have some inkling by now. In 1992, they expelled 250,000 Rohingya Muslims from the northwest; in one refugee camp with a population of20,000, every single woman claimed to have been gangbanged by Burmese troops.[60] It has been estimated that the many local wars between the various Burmese governments and ethnic insurgents have cost 10,000 lives a year for the past forty years.[61] The magnitude and duration of these casualties is sufficient indictment, for, at the very least, a successful government would not allow this to go on decade after decade.

So I looked at Khun Sa, also known as Chiang Si-Fu or Lo Hsing-Han, depending on which newspaper one read,[62] old and stocky and tired, sitting cross-legged on the bench; and based on the little I knew about him and the options he had, I judged him a hero of sorts. How much had he actually done? How many Shan movements and militants did he represent? One scholar of Burmese history, specifically dismissing any potential on Khun Sa's part to meld Shan resistance groups into a larger entity, wrote firmly, *a united Shan independence movement remains very much a pipe-dream.*[63] The Burmese insurgent Aye Saung, who at the end of the 1970s joined a rival Shan movement, the Shan State Army, considered Khun Sa a mere opium warlord. Rather condescendingly he describes in his memoirs how Khun Sa's men fled when the SSA came to Ho Mong.[64] Khun Sa would have the last laugh, for much of the SSA had amalgamated with the MTA a few years later, and it was certainly Khun Sa who controlled Ho Mong in 1994. Was his political influence merely local and remote? I didn't know. Were his principles expedient rather than statesmanlike? I don't know. I'd heard that the Karen, the Karenni and the Pao had ostracized him. The Karen National Union had on its books a sentence of death against opium traffickers. Khun Sa, like the Karen "big general," Bo Mya, had once been an official of one of the local Burmese militias—what some would call a collaborator. These bodies the coiner of the pipe dreams epithet called *particularly notorious... {they} did much to take the steam out of the fast-rising Shan separatist movement.*[65] This book unfortunately was not known to me until after I had met Khun Sa, and so I was not able to ask him about his militia connections. In a way they were irrelevant, for Bo Mya was now giving his people hope, and the same went for Khun Sa; I had heard myriads bless their names. Hope? SLORC and the DEA certainly weren't supplying that commodity. The history of Burma over the last half-century is the history of unjust, incompetent or remote governments, and of insurgencies which simultaneously multiplied and divided, wounding themselves in bitter schisms. It is a story of people so thoroughly preoccupied with their narrow ethnic interests and with their perfectly justified fears of China, England, East Pakistan, the CIA, and above all the successive Burmese regimes that they rarely succeeded in understanding each other, let alone reaching out to each other. Thanks to her eloquence, her

THE GOVERNMENT OF KARENNI

NOVEMBER 12, 1993

Honorable Paul Simon
Senate Foreign Relations Committee
Dirksen Building
Washington, DC 20510

Dear Senator,

I d appreciate the time you have given to us, this past Monday. I understand that you have any urgent issues on the table, but please do not forget our plight. We will also as you have advised contact your staff, for a future meeting, so we can express our plight in more detail.

We the Karenni have maintained ourselves for several centuries in our territory. The British tried and failed to incorporate us into British ruled Burma. The Burmese attempted to subjugate us under the rule by the succession of post colonial regimes including the current one called the State Law and Order Restoration Council (SLORC). The SLORC is particularly gruesome:

(1) It failed to relinquish power when the people of Burma overwhelmingly voted for the opposition in May 1990;
(2) It has imprisoned many of the opposition leaders including Nobel Laureate Aung San Suu Kyi, many of whom have been killed or severely tortured;
(3) It has carried out a brutal war against our defenders violating every principle of humanitarian law set out in the Geneva Convention and other international instruments, including enslavement of civilians as porters for their army, torturing and killing our combatants that they capture, and carrying out military operations against our civilian population and communities as well as forcible relocation of them;
(4) It has carried out systematic atrocities against ethnic nationalities in Burma and indeed against the Burmese themselves who oppose it.

The SLORC regime is attempting to deprive us of our sovereignty, a right granted us in the Burmese Constitution of 1947.

Plea to U.S. for recognition of Karenni independence

family name and her suffering, Aung San Kyu Kii was built up by the west at the end of the 1980s, but not even she could have unified Burma. In the context of this great failure of faith, made up of myriad expedient betrayals and worse, from governmental lurches toward "socialism" and back again to the multiple fissionings of the Karen liberation movement, to the incestuous executions of the Burmese Communist Party, in which one son liquidated his father, and women dipped their clothes gleefully in the blood of the murdered, the failure of Khun Sa to command a wider allegiance or adhere to a consistent "line" is less blameworthy than symptomatic. One can, if one likes, apply Thucydides's description of the ancient Greek pirate-leaders: "powerful men, acting both out of self-interest and in order to support the weak among their own people."[66] (Khun Sa did own a magnificent house. He had had a nice villa in his previous zone in Thailand, too. As he said in one of his speeches: If we are to get all the blame, it is just as well that we get all the money and glory, too.)[67] My friend Elizabeth Willett, unimpressed by my account, was harsher than Thucydides, and compared Khun Sa with the tobacco company R.J. Reynolds. Both had to make a living, she said. Both sell addictive poisons. Elizabeth disapproved of both. But here is the difference. I cannot imagine the executives at RJR saying: But what can we do? —Or, rather, I can imagine them saying it, but these individuals do have other jobs they could take and other things they could sell. I thought to myself: The Opium King's minions do not. They cannot go anywhere else; nor should they be required to leave their homeland. And to stay where they are, they must have guns. What matters here is not merely who benefits from the sale, but the circumstances of the benefitter; just as the circumstances of a pistol's use determine whether it is murder or self-defense.

One of the two other journalists asked for his current views on the Wa.

The Wa have their own state, Khun Sa said. Before that they were tricked into fighting us. But they are sure to join us. I am ashamed that we have been fighting each other for the past four or five years.[68]

Haven't they signed an agreement with the Burmese?

The Burmese are very clever people. No doubt the Wa are building many bonfires [to burn their opium]. But there are many people who are growing poppies in Burma's controlled areas, and the Burmese have done nothing to stop *them.* As for the Wa, the Burmese will pressure them until they have no choice but to join us.[69]

And what about your current military situation? the journalist wanted to know. Aren't you in danger of being isolated as a result of the peace talks between the Burmese and the other ethnic groups?

You see, I'm confined to this small environment because of the Burmese offensive. —The Opium King smiled, leaning forward on the bench and working his toes. But why aren't they attacking me yet?

But they are attacking you now! said the journalist rudely.

They cannot push any further, said Khun Sa. And we cannot be pushed any-

more. They are only ten percent of our strength in this area. Since the beginning of the offensive, they have shelled us more than 150 times. For the past two weeks there has been no shelling. But who knows? Since December 1st we haven't any killed or wounded. But on the Burmese side it's thirty to fifty killed and wounded. We went behind the lines and shot them.

Is it true that your business is declining?

I haven't seen any change in business. Last night you saw us celebrating [New Year's Eve]. By the way, those are the people who broke the offensive.

The journalist asked him if he would ever sign a peace accord with the Burmese.

This is legally our country, said Khun Sa quietly. According to the Panglong Accord[70] we should have been independent more than thirty years ago.

When does the end justify the means? I asked him.

Khun Sa nodded, clasping his hands. His round head seemed too heavy for him. His eyes were narrow and thoughtful.

As for me, he replied, first of all, you must have right and just aims. You must have the right aims, and policies to go along with those aims. If so, you will have success in everything.[71]

Does the addict bear 100 percent of the responsibility for himself?

I know drugs are bad for the people, said the old man. And I know they are very dangerous for human well-being. And so, since 1977 I've offered to cooperate with the DEA, but my offers were turned down.[72] Hired troops were sent in to kill me forty-three times. I do sympathize with the addicts, but also with the growers and traders. Not just one group, but three.

This seemed reasonable to me.[73] —If we catch Khun Sa, we have to proceed against him as a criminal, the Governor of Thailand's Yala Province told me a year later. —And yet—the usual irony—when I asked him what would be the best way to address the opium question, his reply was almost the same as Khun Sa's: The crop replacement program must start over there. They must have more education. My idea is the U.S. will try to help the people over there. —The main difference between the Opium King's thinking and that of his enemies was that for the former, the right of the Shan people to self-defense must come first. The individuals who attacked Khun Sa never addressed the issue of what the Shan were supposed to do in the face of state terror.

I have no way, of course, to vouch for the accuracy of the forty-three assassination attempts, but see no reason not to believe that if we can bomb Grenada or Libya or Iraq, we could do some "cowboying" in Ho Mong, too.[74] As for Khun Sa's offer of cooperation, you will find it at the end of this essay.[75] I consider it a thoughtful and well-reasoned document. And I must agree with his "not one but three." I have only to think of Bai and her husband to agree with him.

What have you accomplished that you are most proud of? I said.

I lived with my grandfather when I was a kid. When my grandfather died, I made

Dated Panglong, the 12th.
February 1947.

THE PANGLONG AGREEMENT, 1947.

A Conference having been held at Panglong, attended by certain Members of the Executive Council of the Governor of Burma, all Saohpas and representatives of the Shan States, the Kachin Hills and the Chin Hills ;

The Members of the Conference, believing that freedom will be more speedily achieved by the Shans, the Kachins and the Chins by their immediate co-operation with the Interim Burmese Government :-

The Members of the Conference have accordingly, and without dissentients, agreed as follows :-

1. A Representative of the Hill Peoples, selected by the Governor on the recommendation of representatives of the Supreme Council of the United Hill Peoples (SCOCHP), shall be appointed a Counsellor to the Governor to deal with the Frontier Areas.

2. The said Counsellor shall also be appointed a Member of the Governor's Executive Council, without portfolio, and the subject of Frontier Areas brought within the purview of the Executive Council by Constitutional Convention as in the case of Defence and External Affairs. The Counsellor for Frontier Areas shall be given executive authority by similar means.

3. The said Counsellor shall be assisted by two Deputy Counsellors representing races of which he is not a member. While the two Deputy Counsellors should deal in the first instance with the affairs of their respective areas and the Counsellor with all the remaining parts of the Frontier Areas, they should by Constitutional Convention act on the principle of joint responsibility.

4. While the Counsellor, in his capacity of Member of the Executive Council, will be the only representative of the Frontier Areas on the Council, the Deputy Counsellors shall be entitled to attend meetings of the Council when subjects pertaining to the Frontier Areas are discussed.

5. Though the Governor's Executive Council will be augmented as agreed above, it will not operate in respect of the Frontier Areas in any manner which would deprive any portion of these Areas of the autonomy which it now enjoys in internal administration. Full autonomy in internal administration for the Frontier Areas is accepted in principle.

6. Though the question of demarcating and establishing a separate Kachin State within a Unified Burma is one which must be relegated for decision by the Constituent Assembly, it is agreed that such a State is desirable. As a first step towards this end, the Counsellor for Frontier Areas and the Deputy Counsellors shall be consulted in the administration of such areas in the Myitkyina and the Bhamo Districts as are Part II Scheduled Areas under the Government of Burma Act of 1935.

7. Citizens of the Frontier Areas shall enjoy rights and privileges which are regarded as fundamental in democratic countries.

8. The arrangements accepted in this Agreement are without prejudice to the financial autonomy now vested in the Federated Shan States.

9. The arrangements accepted in this Agreement are without prejudice to the financial assistance which the Kachin Hills and the Chin Hills are entitled to receive from the revenues of Burma, and the Executive Council will examine with the Frontier Areas Counsellor and Deputy Counsellors the feasibility of adopting for the Kachin Hills and the Chin Hills financial arrangements similar to those between Burma and the Federated Shan States.

Shan Committee.	Kachin Committee.	Burmese Government.
Saohpalong of Yawngpeng State.	(Sinwa New, Myitkyina)	12/2/47
Saohpalong of Yawnghwe State.	(Zau Rip, Myitkyina)	
Saohpalong of North Hsenwi State.	(Dinra Tang, Myitkyina	
Saohpalong of Laihka State.	(Zau La, Bhamo.)	
Saohpalong of Mong Pawn State.	(Zau Lawn, Bhamo	
Saohpalong of Hsamonghkam State.	(Labang Grong, Bhamo)	
Representative of Kachtung Saohpalong.	Chin Committee.	

The Panglong Agreement

a living by doing business. I have never been cheated once. In all of my work, I have never lost a battle to anyone. If any loss has occurred, it is the result of internal matters. What I am most proud of is that I have done my best to protect my people.

If there are more addicts, he went on, it's not my responsibility; it's the fault of the DEA. If you want to know how heroin comes from Shan State to the U.S., don't ask me, ask the DEA. (Good answer! laughed D. in delight.) If I grow opium and am responsible for it, then the American President and the Thai Prime Minister must be responsible, too. If you have to blame anyone for criminality, then President Bush might be liable.[76] It was he who sent in planes with defoliant to kill our people and livestock.[77]

Khun Sa answered a few questions from the other two journalists and then the interview was over. He beckoned D. to come and sit beside him. He put his arm around her and patted her hand. She glowed with joy. He knew that she was acquainted with the Princess of Thailand. He wanted to know if he could present her with four pairs of diamond-studded shoes as a token of respect. D., who loved the Princess for her many acts of kindness to the poor, said that she would ask her. —Oh, he is so good, so good! she cried to me later. I am so happy I meet with him! I tell him I want to come here again and bring some medicine from Bangkok to give to his hospital...

That night there was supposed to be a Chinese New Year's festival. D. and I began to walk through the darkness, down the chilly foggy dusty road. The electricity was off. Ahead, the lights of a truckload of MTA soldiers suddenly glowed, illuminating a tree with downgrasping branches like some pale nightmare emblem, and then as the lights came closer they picked out the forms of two soldiers walking in front of us, evidently going dancing with the others. Something about them seemed wrong. They progressed slowly and unevenly. D. and I approached them, and then I saw that each had a wooden leg. They said that mines had unlimbed them—maybe Wa but probably Burmese. They limped along beside us in the darkness for awhile; and I pitied them; from my very bowels I pitied them and their families and Khun Sa himself, pitied everyone who'd had the misfortune to live in that region of poverty and violence where selling opium was one's only chance.

ASSESSMENT OF RESULTS OF FIGHTING UNFINANCED BY OPIUM

From the *Sacramento Bee* final, Saturday, January 28, 1995, page A18:

> BURMA REBEL STRONGHOLD FALLS
>
> BANGKOK, THAILAND—In a serious setback for Burma's opposition movement, government troops captured the last rebel stronghold in one of the world's oldest insurgencies Friday. Ethnic Karen rebels said they abandoned their headquarters in the southeast Burma jungle following hours of artillery and small-arms fire by 15,000 Burmese troops. The number of casualties was not known.[78]

EPILOGUE

In 1996 I was en route to Bangkok to try to find Pol Pot when I saw a front page headline on the *Bangkok Post:* KHUN SA SURRENDERS HEADQUARTERS TO RANGOON. I was stunned. The previous year there had been a big offensive against Khun Sa, and I had told D. that I thought that he was finished. But that had played itself out, after which I thought that Khun Sa must be close to invincible. I picked up the paper—I remember that it was one of a stack on the jetway at Narita; in my mind's eye (such was the impression that this news made on me) I can still see that neat pile, and the big headline on the upper lefthand side of the topmost sheet—and I read:

> Burmese troops have taken over the headquarters of opium warlord Khun Sa in what some former associates said yesterday signaled his surrender at the end of his career as one of the world's most infamous drug barons... The whereabouts of the 61-year-old Khun Sa were not known..."Khun Sa seems to have reached a secret deal with the Burmese, first to hand over his troops and territory to them, then announce a surrender which would mean that he would be granted an amnesty and live peacefully for the rest of his life," said one veteran Shan nationalist politician. Khun Kyaw Po, until recently an official in Khun Sa's guerrilla organization, told Reuters from northern Thailand: "Khun Sa is making a dirty move at the end of his career by selling the Mong Tai Army to Burma." ... The MTA was the most powerful guerrilla force still fighting the Rangoon government but last June Khun Sa suffered a serious setback when several thousand MTA fighters, led by young Shan nationalists, broke away.Leaders of the breakaway group complained Khun Sa was devoting too much attention to the opium trade and was neglecting Shan political objectives.Last November a dejected Khun Sa officially stepped down as MTA commander saying he had lost heart since the defection.

I thought that it was interesting, in a sadly predictable way, that even now, when the Opium King seemed to have gone down, the *Post* could not bring itself to say a kind word about him. As long as he had stayed in power, he'd been "infamous." Now he was "making a dirty move," evidently out of desperation, because he was "dejected."

And yet I was confused. At that interview he'd implied that he would never open talks with the Burmese—well, come to think of it, he hadn't committed himself one way or the other; he'd simply said that Shan land was Shan land. Had I been mistaken in thinking him a good man instead of the expedient shape-shifter of loyalties which others had portrayed him as?[79] But who was I to say? No reliable news of the MTA's military situation was available, not would any mass media account of Khun Sa be reliable. I reminded myself of the things that the Burmese had done. Speaking on the need for revolution, Khun Sa had said: If you have your own coun-

try but not your own government, nothing you own is secure. The money you earn is for others to take and squander; the rice you grow is to feed them; the home you build is for them to burn down; your sons are to be press-ganged as their cannon-fodder and porters; and your daughters are to be raped and sold as prostitutes.[80]

This was all accurate. This was what Khun Sa had fought.

Khun Sa simply disappeared, subsequent articles said. He was flown first to Rangoon, then to the Shan State capital of Taunggyi, after which the trail vanished.

D. and I decided to see what we could learn.

THE KARENNI

Mae Hong Son was a cleaner, even more prosperous tourist heaven than before, with many new stores which carried Burmese handicrafts of excellent quality, at only mildly inflated prices: lacquerware boxes from Pagan whose painstaking patternings had a quasi-Islamic flavor, wooden dolls, tins of *thanaka* paste with images of pretty Burmese women on them, and I don't know what all. The fact that it was so easy now for items from Pagan, which lay in SLORC-controlled territory, to come to Mae Hong Son did not bode well for the hill tribes, for it presumably meant that the Burmese government was now able to control the supply routes through the territory of those tribes.[81] Khun Sa's surrender had been a tremendous blow for the Karenni in particular, since once SLORC set up their mortars on Ho Haa hill, Karenni positions lay within the line of fire. I have heard it said more than once that the Thais, who used to provide the KNU with arms at one-half market price in order to keep a buffer state between themselves and SLORC, now had financial agreements with SLORC which permitted them to do great quantities of lucrative and ecologically destructive logging within Burma as a quid pro quo for not helping the Karen or Karenni anymore.[82] When D. and I went to the KNPP office, we met a one-legged boy (credit due to a Burmese land mine, of course) who sat in the darkened basement in a weary lethargy,[83] while upstairs another Karenni soldier fresh out of the jungle said that there had been heavy fighting that day and the previous day. Several Karenni divisions had been routed; they'd had to abandon more positions. They were short of munitions, he said, but maybe they could plan some ambushes, lay some land mines... Abel Tweed was home ill. I had the name of an arms dealer in Trat who was sympathetic to the Karenni and had sold at a loss before to the KNU, so left word for Mr. Tweed to call me if he wanted the address, but he never did; maybe he was too unwell. Saw Maw Reh had died of cancer. Aum Rawley was still alive; he'd grown deaf and testy; his hearing aid itched, he said. He didn't remember D. and me, and kept shouting: But what do you want? —The retreat had rattled him. He paced about the office in grim confusion, and finally left us alone with the boy-soldier, who stared at the wall-map while he talked to us. He gave me the numbers and locations of divisions, but I didn't write them down, not wishing to help the Burmese.

THE SHAN

The MTA office was an even sadder sight. The old man who'd painted the bamboo shoots in D.'s notebook had gone a year ago, his replacement said. Khun Sa was in Bangkok or Chiang Mai. No one knew where the doctor was. —Everybody gone, he said. In Ho Mong the doctors at Khun Sa's hospital had fled the approaching Burmese (who, I'd read in that morning's *Post,* were herding MTA members into barbed wire enclosures and setting them to forced labor—which, they explained, was a Burmese tradition, and unfortunately it was).[84] I wrote a letter saying that D. and I had flown up from Bangkok especially because we were worried about Khun Sa and wanted to be useful if we could. Could somebody please meet us? The man (a study in dejection, barefoot, supine, with a hood over his face), said that we could come tomorrow at nine.

The next morning at the appointed time we returned to the MTA office, where we met Khun Sa's nephew, Mr. Saeng Fan ("Light of Heaven"), who welcomed us with gentle cordiality. He had very sad eyes.

Why did Khun Sa surrender? I asked.

This is only my opinion, he replied. Mr. K. did what was right in his own heart.

Saeng Fan drew a complex diagram of the power relationships between many countries. His theory was that after Sino-American relations had begun to deteriorate following the Americans' granting a visa to the prime minister of Taiwan, the Chinese were determined to dominate southeast Asia more openly.[85] Relations with Ne Win were good. The Chinese persuaded him to negotiate with Khun Sa.[86] If he did so, they said, it would enhance his prestige and prevent the famous dissident Aung San Su Kyii from gaining more power. If Aung San Su Kyii were to "come up" in the world, however, then China might not be able to count on Burmese friendship quite as much. Ne Win needed to act quickly and decisively, the Chinese said, to maintain his stature and to reacquire the territory of Shan State, which lay so close to China proper.

There might have been some truth to this, I thought, or there might not have been. It was plausible. The real question for me was what the Burmese had offered Khun Sa. —Amnesty, probably, as the newspapers said. I knew that the Americans had placed a two million-dollar reward on his head. They were more than annoyed that he seemed to have vanished; I had to laugh.

Where's the doctor now? I asked.

Still in Ho Mong.

And Khun Sai?

Back with his parents. Many MTA retire now.

D. started to cry. —I so sad, she whispered.

Are many MTA angry with Khun Sa? I asked.

Everybody can believe what he wishes, said Saeng Fan quietly. But those of us who believe in Mr. K., we still believe in him.

The *Bangkok Post* said that the Burmese are putting many MTA soldiers to forced labor, I said. Is that true?

When I read the *Bangkok Post* I can only laugh. There is no problem in Ho Mong. These journalists in Bangkok, they stay in air-conditioned hotels and talk on the telephone, but they see nothing. Yet they must mention Mr. K. Mr. K. is their money tree. They shake the tree, shake, shake, get money.

Why don't you help the Karenni? I asked. Now I think the hill tribes must hold hands together, or you'll all be finished.

He opened his notebook and showed me Abel Tweed's private telephone number. —We keep in touch, you see. Sometimes I try to contact him...[87]

A couple of weeks later, when D. and I were in Aranyaprathet, I called the office long distance and got hold of the doctor. —It's been a long time, he said.

Did you get my article? Of course. We liked it very much, he said warmly. He seemed happy to talk to me.

Thank you. And how are you? How is everyone?

We had to surrender for the good of the Shan people, he said wearily. It was a question of doing that or breaking our pots and pans.

And how is Khun Sa?

No problem. Now he's going to be a successful businessman in Rangoon.

And you?

I have a job in Bangkok.

And the MTA?

Finished.

Finished?

Forever. Now we must work with the Burmese.

Are they treating you right?

So far they are trying to be nice. They are building a bridge across the Salween River. They are going to destroy the poppies, and in one or two years there will be many different crops. And it will be a tourist place...

I wanted to ask him what he thought about Khun Sa now,[88] but just then my phone card was used up, and by the time I'd been able to buy another one and call back, the doctor had gone.

BAI

So that was that. There was one bit of good news, about Bai. She was rich now. D. had seen her last year. She had a refrigerator and a television. —Getting better than before, I think, eh? laughed D. I think she must do opium or heroin business.

{See also Annex C: A Brief Chronology of Burma's Insurgencies 1954-1996; and Annex D: Proposal for the Termination of Opium Production in the Shan State.}

YAKUZA

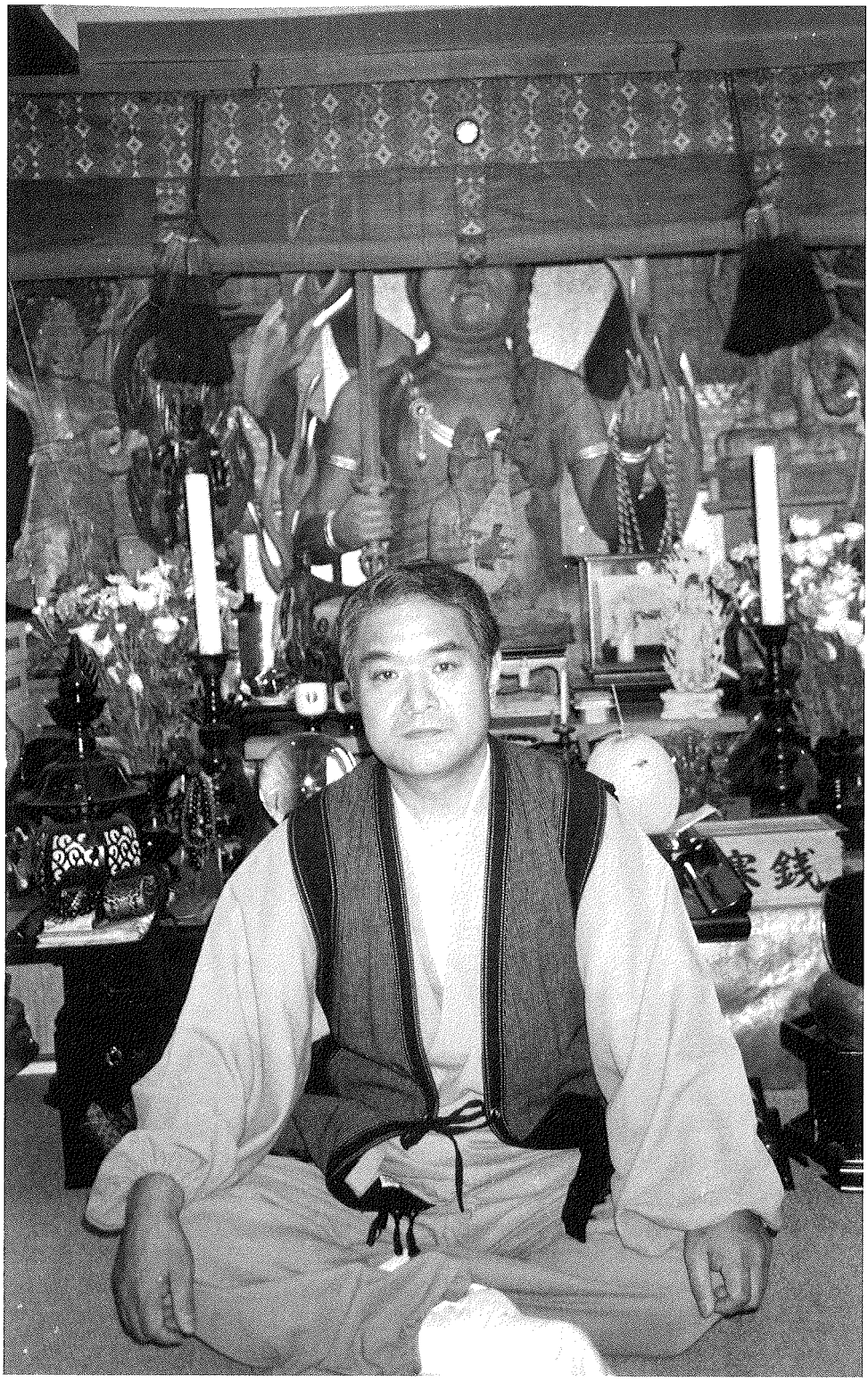
TOKYO, 1998

The tattoos of a Yakuza reify defense of honor, creed, and loyalty unto death.

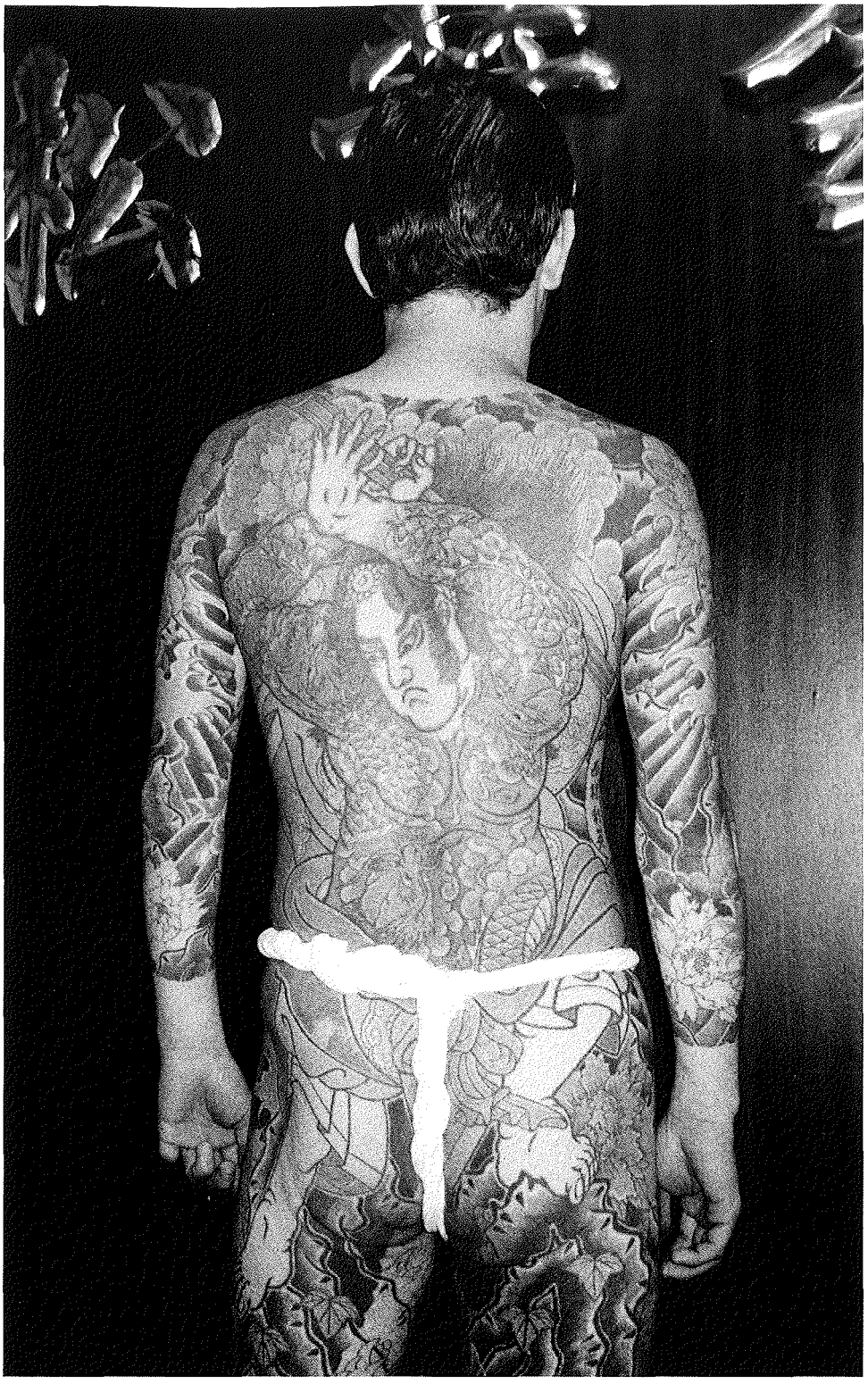
294. Mr. Takahiko Inoue, "parent" of about two hundred Yakuza (Inaagawa Association). His memoir seemed to be very popular in the bookstores.

295. Two of Mr. Inoue's "children."

296-97. Members of the Machiya "family." The gang's "parent" (back row, in dark glasses) on p. 297 has since been assassinated.


賽錢





YAKUZA LIVES
(1998)

CHILDREN OF A MODEST MAN
[MACHIYA FAMILY]

On the sofa in the inner room there sat a modest man, watchful and slight, in his late middle age. He was concerned that I might confuse his organization with the American Mafia. I said that everyone had been teaching me that his organization was much better than that, because its purpose was to assist the weak. I asked him to please tell me a story or two about the weak whom he had assisted, so that the Americans would understand. He hesitated.

The go-between said: Of course in this world force counts the most, so he is very strong.

Please tell him that I can see he is a very modest man, I said. Please tell him that he is so kind.

Then the modest man got over his modesty a little and said: Well, for example, there was a restaurant owner whose establishment served Korean barbeque meat. He got in some financial difficulty. He owed some dozen million yen[1] that he could not pay. He had to escape somewhere. And so he and his wife came to greet me in person. Although I was one of his creditors, although it was like giving money to a

YAKUZA FAMILIES AND ASSOCIATIONS

YAMIGUCHI-GUMI: 30,000 MEMBERS
SUMIYOSHI-KAI: 10,000 MEMBERS
INAGAWA-KAI: 8,000 MEMBERS

These three, the most powerful and best known Yakuza groups, are associations made up of many families. Traditionally, their income came from gambling, but now they engage in a wider spectrum of legal and illegal activities.

There are fifteen or twenty smaller Yakuza groups, depending on who is counting. In the past, each was associated either with gambling or with *tekiya*, street stall businesses which may be legally run or may sell drugs on the side, extort illegal commissions, etc. They have not yet diversified their operations to as great an extent as the big three. Only those mentioned in this article are listed below.

KYOKUTO-GUMI	tekiya	5-10,000 members
MATSUBA-KAI	more gambling than tekiya	3-4,000 members, *of whom about 70 comprise the Machiya Family*
MACHIYA FAMILY		
TOA (TOSEI-KAI)	tekiya, pornography, extortion	400-500 members, many of them Korean
ANEGASAKI	gambling, esp. horse races	300-400 members

The Yakuza like to draw a distinction between themselves with their feudal chivalry, and the so-called antisocials or mercenary criminals called *Boryoku-dan*. Ordinary Japanese sometimes reject this distinction.

"But the lower-class Yakuza would do anything just to live."

THE STREET AGENT

thief, I gave him 500,000 yen. Both parties were so moved that we cried.

In the outer room of the modest man's office, which was on an upper floor of a commercial building in an old part of town near the Ginza district, big men were playing mah jong, and the noise of clacking dominoes was like exploding popcorn. The television chattered. We could have been in a union headquarters, or a ward office. In a sense, we were.

The modest man continued: And that restaurant owner disappeared. A few years later I received some gifts of local fruit from a very distant prefecture. At first the presents arrived with no address. Later they began to come with an address, so I knew they were from this man. I was very touched.

Has he ever paid you back?

The modest man laughed and spread his hands. —No, no, he said.

He was the "parent" of the Machiya family, which acknowledged about seventy members. The filial relation is crucial to understanding the Yakuza mentality. —If *parent* and *child* sound strange to American ears, said my translator you could use the words *boss* and *employee.* —Well, I asked, are *parent* and *child* the words an ordinary corporation would use? —No, not exactly, she said. *Lord* and *vassal* might be closer. —But in feudal times did Japanese use the words *parent* and *child*? —No, they said *lord* and *vassal.* And he is literally saying *parent* and *child*, so maybe you should leave it like that.

Someone came in, bowing low, to bring us iced coffee, and then at a summons which I could not detect, one of the modest man's children entered that inner room, ready to tell his own story about how he helped people. He was immense. His round, naked, rocky face gazed upon me pleasantly, because his parent wished it. His arms and legs were swollen with muscle. He sat there easily in his seat beside the modest man, prepared for anything.

He said: My policy for living in this organization is to throw myself away. The organization is always first. This is my belief. I must always come second. I'm not living under my name but under my organization's name. And sometimes I help others physically by my force; sometimes I sell something to help other people.

It must be difficult sometimes, I said, throwing yourself away.

Yes, difficult! Once when I was drinking with a non-Yakuza friend, there came a big Yakuza boss who wanted something quickly and I was reluctant, so my friend, who was feeling very close to me, went to the big boss and insulted him. Within five minutes there were twenty followers of the big boss in that bar. They had come to stab my friend. So I said: Stab me first. And they stabbed me in the thigh.

He showed me the deep scar, which marred the tattoo which he wore like a suit of secret demonic underclothes.

And when you're stabbed, he went on proudly, if you're Yakuza, you shouldn't get upset. You shouldn't lose your spirit.

What did your friend say?

Of course he was sorry for me. But that is how you must do your duty.

You were very brave, I said.

Well, I anticipated they wouldn't stab me, actually, he said with a grin. But you get respect or not, depending on how you behave in a desperate situation. And that was how I helped my friend.

So what's your number one rule?

Make myself second to the organization.

Here came another "child," slender, sad-eyed and trim, with thinning hair, an inward-looking man, almost scholarly in appearance, just back from a fifteen-year stint in prison.

There was a conflict with another organization, which had done unforgivable things, he said. When I overheard that their parent was in the hospital, I went there wearing a white coat to shoot him to death.

Having said this much, the sad-eyed "child" sat very patiently with his fingers interlaced, gazing into space with melancholy attention until the modest man nodded for him to continue.

The other organization had stationed lots of guards, so I hid in the toilet until dark, when there were only three of them. I shot the first guard and killed him. I shot the second in the lower back and paralyzed him for life. The target man was in bed. I failed to kill him, but he killed himself, probably from stress.

Did you have any anger against him?

I saw from the organization's point of view. From that point of view, from the parent, I couldn't forgive him. It's typically said in this world: I don't have any personal feeling, but I have to kill you for the organization. That's why the parent cares for you, because you'll do this.

And then you were arrested?

No. My parent spoke to the police. Next day I went to the station, accompanied by my parent.

This odd detail gives some sense of the degree to which the Yakuza remains embedded in Japanese society. In the old times, Yakuza families dealt mainly in gambling, and one member of each was a bona fide police employee who reported on underworld crimes and trends. A few years ago the law hardened against the Yakuza. But even now, vestigial cooperation between them and the police remains. When the modest man's child shot down the two guards, the police trusted the Yakuza parent to turn in his child at the stipulated time, while the modest man in turn trusted the police to respect his honor.[2]

I asked the killer: When you turned yourself in, how were you feeling?

Of course I knew what I was going to do. It was just a matter of when. I didn't feel anything particular.

He was really *brave*, said his parent proudly. He anticipated fifteen to twenty years, and I was so emotional I couldn't eat my *tonkatsu.* But he was so calm he ate mine.

No wonder the boss was so modest about his own accomplishments. He had "children" who'd do anything for him.

THE STREET AGENT
[FORMERLY ANEGASAKI FAMILY]

Let's define the Yakuza with their courage, their formalized greetings and their respect for elders as *the intersection of feudal chivalry with ruthless self-interest.* That killer who "didn't feel anything in particular," that sworn brother of his who'd offered his thigh to the stabber's knife, they were both samurai, willing to devote themselves heart and soul to the organization. How chivalrous really were Yakuza in our cold world? I decided to ask an underling, a low, lost man. I went looking for one of the weak people they kept talking about.

On the east side of Tokyo's Shinjuku district there is a place called Kabukicho[3] where at night the glowing links of neon chains shimmer on white wall-tiles, and marquees of all electric hues amplify themselves like the piano music and the rock music blaring out of hostess bars, strip bars, members-only clubs. Although it is possible to find men's likenesses beckoning to women or to the male-desiring members of their own sex, for the most part what one sees, in such numbing profusion as to seemingly outnumber the wall-tiles, are thousands of rows of girls' photographs—*everywhere:* in the mouths of descending staircases, above and around the trembling curtains of video stores, and even on fluttering little advertisements tapped to pay phones in such profusion as to resemble nesting bats. While certain of the women appear in the flesh to advertise themselves, so that they shine in rows of pink or blue skirts upon the dark pavement, the powers that be (who they are we'll get to presently) find it appropriate to employ minions of men in neckties and pale shirts and dark trousers who nudge interested wallets into commerce with the club they stand for, thereby defeating the myriad competitors. In their efforts to outdo each other, the street agents of Kabukicho (whom it would be a misnomer to call barkers, because unlike their American counterparts they are almost silent) employ the hard sell, hurrying alongside the passers-by, sometimes literally thrusting the "information" in their faces. Long after dark, one sees them wearily half supporting, half leaning on the poles of their immense sex club placards while the girls in the shiny skirts go by and the signs for bars and S & M establishments glow as self-importantly as other illusions. One dumpy old man holds aloft an immense emblem of a cartoon bimbo with bunny-rabbit ears. Glimpsing a party of well-heeled slummers whose white shirts seem as bright as the lamps on bicycles, he chases them valiantly for a block, his standard flying as if he were in battle. And, of course, he is.

His colleague across the intersection, who worked for an S & M club for Japanese only, whispered that if I paid him 10,000 yen instead of the standard five I could go

in and meet the girls even though I wouldn't be allowed to play. His boss, fearing foreigners, rescinded that proposal, at which the street agent consoled me that it was only soft S & M anyway, unlike the Blue Château at whose twentieth anniversary party a lady met each guest at the door and offered from her bowl of party favors two enema bags apiece. I wanted to know the most extreme thing that the girls at his own establishment did. The street agent laughed and said: Overcharging the customers!

He was forty now, and had worked in Kabukicho ever since he'd been either sixteen or nineteen years old, depending on which arithmetic he used. Longing to be somebody important, he tried to tell me the tale of his squandered life, but something was wrong with his mind and he kept having to write dates on the back of one of his S & M fliers, trying to make all the years add up. In its blank universality, his autobiography almost horrified me. He could have been the black American street gangster who killed a bystander for fun just because he'd seen that done in movies. He could have been the white, American movie-actor president who was sure that international politics was a Western with easy good guys and bad guys. He had no ideas of his own.

Growing up on the distant isle of Kyushu, this fellow, son of a penicillin salesman, decided to come to Shinjuku because he was enthralled by a certain television series about a freewheeling private detective. He himself had very noble blood in his veins. It was his misfortune, he said, to have been born an aristocrat and brought up a burglar. He grinned when he told me this, drinking and drinking with a self-satisfied smile. Like the Machiya Yakuza men, he fondled his ideals. Theirs were of manliness, loyalty and display; his were of getting ahead. He'd scarcely touched his dinner, and he was already on his third drink. In his white pinstripe shirt, a pen and a pack of cigarettes inside the breast pocket, his long wide necktie twitching like a panther's tail, he kept wiping the sweat off his narrow, agile, alert face. He was so happy now because somebody was listening to him. Over and over he kept saying that his life ought to be made into a movie.

He told me that he'd taken the slow train from Kyushu to save money, and the heavy rainfall of that year had slowed it down even more so that when he finally arrived at Shinjuku Station he was utterly exhausted, having learned life's most important lesson, namely, that cheap seats never recline. Carrying his two bags into the rain, he walked for hours in his sodden blue jeans, T-shirt and secondhand U.S. army jacket obtained from the base in Kyushu, where at age ten he'd seen his first *Playboy* magazine; and finally his self-preservation instinct warned him to find what he called "a more lively place." He entered a pachinko parlor just before closing time. In those days, he said, desperate people often worked in pachinko parlors: beggars, boys just out of reformatories, ex-cons, ex-Yakuza. He was desperate. He got a job right away, grateful for the food and the heated dormitory.

Over him were set two managers. Each of them lacked a little finger. The Yakuza custom is to cut off this digit to express apology for having made a "mis-

take." Thus recognizing their affiliation, he felt scared—as indeed most Japanese would have been. When I asked the bar hostesses their views on the organization,[4] they giggled and screamed with terror. They believed (falsely, I think) that anybody who stood in the street outside their clubs was Yakuza. Anybody who was tattooed with cartoons of a dragon or the wind god or the thunder god must be Yakuza. Some of the Kabukicho ladies had Yakuza friends, but even then they expressed nervousness. So the street agent's attitude toward his managers was understandable. Did he consider them his "parents"? I don't think so.

After that first job had wearied him, he'd worked in bars, soaplands (which used to be called Turkish baths until the Turkish embassy complained), sex shops, and other such businesses in Kabukicho. By then he wasn't scared of the Yakuza anymore, he said with that self-satisfied smile, fondling his two cell phones, each of which was as amazingly compact as three fingers pressed together.

How did one recognize a Yakuza? I asked. Well, he replied, signaling for another drink, of course they had a unique way of dressing, a very expensive way. He couldn't put it any more exactly. It wasn't that he was faking or equivocating; he really wanted to make helpful distinctions, but he just couldn't. He was broken inside. What he did know infallibly was how much everything cost and who had to pay what to whom. He started talking about an American Mafia movie he'd seen once. That movie had really impressed him. It was the story of his life. It *was* his life. It was the perfect movie, but he couldn't remember who'd acted in it.

He tucked his hand in his armpit, working on his fourth drink. As he told his endless, monotonous tales of moneymaking, he kept ordering more courses and wasting them. At least he thought to offer them to me like a good host. It was yakitori; my bill was only forty or fifty dollars.

When he was twenty-three and twenty-four he sold pornographic books, which business was at that time almost 100 percent Yakuza controlled. (Now massage parlors were more profitable.) I imagine him as a frenetically unreliable clerk, searching for angles, scheming to go solo as soon as he'd learned the ropes. Having been rendered newly desperate by means of intestinal problems which cost him all his savings, he somehow went to Guam, where he obtained three erotic Swedish videos. Such items were not yet ubiquitous in Japan. And legal prohibitions made them all the more desirable.[5] A sixty-minute story sold for 80,000 yen ($625). So, like a drug pusher slicing rocks of crack into adulterated sub-rocks, he transformed his three videos into eight "stories" which he sold in pairs at 20,000 yen a pair—very cheap at the going rate, he said proudly. (He was really quite the philanthropist.) He said that his most lucrative story was of the "Lolita" type, by which I assume he meant child pornography. He made 2,000,000 yen in one month. Everything was perfect, except that he, with his customary low cunning, had been selling the videos *under the counter*, which is to say without the knowledge of his then "parent," his Yakuza boss, a member of the Toa family, who owned that book-

store on a street in Kabukicho where on the night I first met our street agent I saw two drunken businessmen getting each other in chokeholds, and mottled-faced little women in high heels as massive as a boxer's shoulders screamed *aaaaaah!* The street agent, in short, was disobeying the family rule of putting himself second. His parent wasn't getting any commission. If they found out, he might get stabbed. And so finally he quit the bookstore, because they were getting suspicious. In the end his boss did find out, but forgave him, as did I when I found myself paying his outstanding bar bills. He was capable of bursts of energetic sincerity; he could be ingratiating. I think that was what had saved him. The boss even went so far as to cover up his theft from the higher-ups in the organization; our street agent was a lucky grasshopper.

By the time he was twenty-six he'd possessed 20,000,000 yen. (I advise you to reduce this sum by at least one order of magnitude.) That had been his moment of glory, which still illuminated him as brightly yet insubstantially as reflections of neon in the darkened windows of cars behind which the Kabukicho girls, many of them wearing high heels as immense as their purses were tiny, beckoned to strolling businessmen, spreading their legs ever so slightly as they stroked back their hair. Now the street agent was spent, or, as I should say, temporarily between high-paying jobs. That was why he passed out S & M fliers on the street for 1,000 yen an hour. Two weeks after I first met him, he'd quit that job, too.[6]

On his sixth drink he apologized for being so scattered. He couldn't help it, because he was blood type B.

When he reached his early thirties, he'd cut himself loose from his Yakuza connections. It had been so traumatic he still couldn't really talk about it. *Not being able to trust*, he said, that's the number one reason for a Yakuza to retire.

He began his seventh drink and said: There was money involved. And of course whenever there's money involved, many people gather, and they start betraying each other.

He said: Not being able to trust people means not being able to trust life.

Like a bartender in Kabukicho very slowly, carefully sectioning hordes of lemons at opening time, he kept writing out dates, trying to remember whether he'd been thirty-two or thirty-four when this or that event had happened. He kept asking me who'd acted in which American crime movie.

Drunkenly grimacing, clutching his tie, he said: I'm not a Yakuza, but if I had a chance to make something of myself, I'd grab it.

Outside, people laughed into cell phones, while cigarettes hung out of mouths as dark as shoes. I had despaired of getting any generalizations out of him, when he smiled at me so gently and said: The Yakuza way is a very primitive way of life. It's sort of like a baseline of human beings. A normal person would be living for love. But these people, they don't really have those types of things.

I wondered whether he were thinking of himself. He seemed so alone.

THE BROTHER
[MACHIYA FAMILY]

The street agent had a brother with whom he stayed, in a district half an hour away by train from Kabukicho, just down the street and under the tunnel from a special bar where for 4,000 yen a JAPANESE ONLY could sit down and get a blow job; but he never spoke much about fraternal loyalty toward this merely biological brother, whereas one bald, high-ranking Machiya man whose sunglasses resembled twin bruises and whose pale skin was as fine suede leather, loved his Yakuza brother enough to sacrifice another human life for him.

The Machiya man said: I killed someone and was in prison, but not for myself. I had a Yakuza brother in another family, which is fairly common. We pledged cups in a sake ceremony. This brother visited my home when I was not there. He was badly bruised, badly punched. When I returned, I tried to contact him, but I couldn't. So I took my "tools" and some colleagues on a visit to his office and tried to discuss the matter. They started yelling at me right away, and the atmosphere deteriorated, so I just stabbed the one who'd bruised my brother. I stabbed him without meaning to kill him, but he died. He was my brother's senior, and was known to be a bully. But because my brother was his younger brother he had tried to be patient.

After that, I asked, were there problems between Machiya and the other family?

No. It was the other organization's institutional problem. It was a family problem. My brother's senior was in the wrong. So the other family was sorry for me, because I had to go to prison.

How many years?

Seven.

Was it very difficult?

I didn't feel it to be so hard. I'm prepared to go to jail at least once in this world. If it were for rape, people would look down on me, but because it was to help someone else, I was respected. I was able to just sit back.

Your brother must be very proud of you.

Yes, I hope so! the man said with a grin. Also, he must sometimes feel that he owes me something.

So he took care of your family while you were in prison?

Of course. And he compensated me. But that's not the point. If you physically help someone, you get a present. If you financially help, you get poor! So the Yakuza has its own strange ways...The whole purpose of the Yakuza is do what you can do for others, to find out how much you can care for others.

THE BOSS
[INAGAWA ASSOCIATION]

Mr. Takahiko Inoue, who, said the private detective who led me to him, controlled about 200 henchmen, was wise and seemingly gentle in his condominium from whose dining nook, where we sat together on a long dark horseshoe-shaped couch as if we were in some booth in a diner, there leered wooden statutes of laughing gods. Although he had more fighters at his command than did that modest man, the Machiya "parent," Mr. Inoue was himself a "child" in the immense Inagawa Association, whose membership rolls boasted 8,000 souls. Three of his "young men" peered at me from the back room, silently snickering as the huge television screen flashed. Later, when I asked Mr. Inoue whether he possessed any tattoos I could photograph, the young men came running like good "children" to help strip off his grey robe and the white shirt beneath it; then Mr. Inoue turned around and showed me the shocking pictures on his back; and at his curt order to strip, two of the young men disrobed for me, the first of them completely because from his neck all the way down to his ankles he was wrapped in a jungle of ominous designs, while the second got to keep his pants on because he was grim-adorned only on his chest. (I thought of the Kabukicho prostitute who'd told me that she'd refrained from getting tattooed only because everyone would have feared and shunned her in the public baths.) Mr. Inoue, himself a high school dropout, said smilingly that one was a university graduate, from the Department of Jurisprudence, no less. —He could have been a lawyer, or a court judge! exclaimed the private detective. But now with his tattoo I don't think he'll go that way...

Broad and very smoothfaced, Mr. Inoue said that his career had begun when he was in his teens back in Kyushu. He had begun to lead a small group of other young men according to very strict rules: Don't smoke, don't drink, don't go out with women, and don't intimidate others.

And how did you get the idea to lead such a group? I asked.

Many young men went to Tokyo, then returned without employment and behaved like intimidators, selling party tickets and blackmailing. I refused to associate with them. Others came to me for help, and so it became a group.

Why did they come to you for help?

Because I was a man of strong arm. Weak young men, if they came to me, the intimidators would not come to them any longer.

With a proud smile he added: I quarreled physically more than 200 times. This is on the record. And I always won. But I never took the initiative in any quarrel.

In the rear there was a Shinto shrine whose immense seated god bore a sword. On the altar were two white candles each of which he said had spontaneously dripped into a dragon shape on the day that his shrine was first consecrated. He wanted me to photograph these and I did. He also gave me several Polaroids of the

candles. I presented one each to the private detective and to the go-between. Looking at my Polaroids now as I write, I have to say that it is peculiar the way the wax spills all to one side, curving away from the candle like the handle of a pitcher, then almost rejoining it, and, at that point, gaping in a sort of mouth which points downward.

When did you first realize that you had exceptional physical strength? I asked.

My family derives from samurai swordsman. Our protective temple dates back to the thirteenth century. When I was ten years old, my father was famous in the town. He ran in the city council election. Everybody knew him. But when he failed in the elections, everybody's attitude changed. My way of life changed.

Were they Heike or Genji? I asked, referring to the two rival clans of medieval Japan.

Genji. But my ancestors got separated, and they fought each other. Brother fought against brother. Even if one perished, another would survive.

Did you have a hero from the past?

Hideyoshi, he said, referring to the famous seventeenth century lord of Osaka. I myself had just been to the Kabuki-za theater two days previously, where one of the plays in that five-hour program dealt with Hideyoshi's son, who was temporarily saved from defeat and execution through the sagacity of a loyal vassal named Kiyomasa. Having begun to suspect that for the Yakuza such behavior would be emblematic, I uttered Kiyomasa's name and was rewarded with delighted smiles by the Yakuza leader and his three "children."

And when did you first hear the word Yakuza? I asked.

Every Japanese since being very small knows the word. But it depends where he lives. Some worship that word, and some fear it. If you meet a good Yakuza you will worship him.

So in Kyushu it must be a good word, I said.

When I was very small, they all felt a kind of familiarity if not identity. Now the Yakuza is feared in Kyushu, but before, no. And, you know, the way of the Yakuza is inherited from the samurai.

All right, I said. So this group which you founded in Kyushu, was it a Yakuza group?

At that time, six hundred members belonged. It was called the Dragon Concession Society. But it was not Yakuza.

And then?

I came to Yokahama, where my elder brother was boss of a leading group of stevedores. There were several stevedore groups that were controlled by the Yakuza. And I had to fight with an executive of the Inagawa branch, he said.

So you argued with him?

I quarreled with him physically.

About what?

A trifling thing. Just some intervention in business, he said with twinkling eyes.

And so what happened?

We fought physically, and the other guy's neck was broken.

Ah, I said.

We had a mutual arrangement before the fighting that if either side was killed, a double would be offered to the police in place of the killer. So that double went to jail, a young man. As it happened, the executive survived, even with a broken neck. But the Yakuza made a suggestion that as long as I didn't join an organization, I would not survive. So I was inducted into the Yakuza.

And because he was Inagawa you joined the Inagawakai?

That's right. But it wasn't quite that simple, he continued. You see, although I had won the battle against the Yakuza executive, the war between us was still going on. Remorse had to be shown by our side. So when the fight was over, my elder brother and I went to visit my opponent's boss, but first my elder brother cut off his little finger as a token of apology. And so he was pardoned. He and I joined the Yakuza together. At the ceremony, sake was offered three times in little cups.

Why did your brother cut off his finger and not you?

We had an argument about that. I insisted that I should be the one to do it. But he insisted that being the elder, the superior, he must take the responsibility.

Was he proud of you for winning the fight, or was he angry at you for putting you in the position of losing your finger?

Of course my elder brother was very happy, he said, and I saw that Mr. Inoue remained proud of what he had done.

When was that?

In 1962, he said. And I've been Yakuza all the way ever since. I was the youngest Yakuza group leader at that time. I was eighteen or nineteen.

And in those thirty-seven years, what's been the most difficult situation you've had to face?

Going to jail.

How did that happen?

In this world since the old days, gambling is a way of life for the Yakuza to make a living. Gambling tools are supposed to be handled only by the Yakuza, not by laymen. And one gambling shop opened which was owned by a layman. So a young man and I went there and asked for our commission.

(To the private detective, by the way, this was quite natural. In our post mortem of the interview, with our feet up in my hotel room gazing down at the skyscrapers, he said: Of course the Yakuza have been here a long time, and it is true that this is the tradition. Therefore, it is only right that they have a say.)

So when you asked for your commission, how did the owner respond?

He went to the police. I was charged with blackmailing. I was in jail for two years. I haven't been to jail in the twenty-one years since.

And what happened to the gambling shop?

Because police intervened, nothing happened. After half a year, the owner of the gambling house was stabbed to death. It was rumored that this must be my responsibility, but the police couldn't get evidence. In the end, a man in the street who'd had some quarrel with the owner surrendered himself. And the shop was closed.

You must have been happy, I said.

No, said Mr. Inoue sharply, I was very unhappy.

In prison, were you treated with respect?

Yes, I won some respect. But in prison there are all sorts of people. *Rapists!* he cried in disgust.

And the organization took care of your family?

I was already boss. My young men continued to work for me.

They didn't try to take over?

All the Yakuza in the room roared with laughter at this absurd and possibly insulting question. Unwittingly, I had demeaned Mr. Inoue's "children." Would good children rebel against their father?

Of course not, said Mr. Inoue. The word is *loyalty.* In Japan, this is a special community, with a strong hierarchical relation created by an exchange of sake cups. If somebody calls black white, you must follow it, if it comes from above.

So what ethical principles must a Yakuza follow?

Faith, that is the word. In the relation between boss and henchman, faithfulness must be the rule. We must be faithful to our parents, said Mr. Inoue, and he gave me a video which showed fifteen "children," most of them quite old, ceremonially pledging themselves to, and being accepted by, their big boss. This was the way to survive: to throw oneself heart and soul into the organization so that one could get noticed and become a useful "child" of a powerful "parent." Then by the time one got old and physically feeble, hopefully one possessed an army of one's own devoted "children."

In the video, one Yakuza functionary in his speech called himself the matchmaker, go-between for "parent" and "children", and the banquet hall was laid out as if for a wedding, with proper names calligraphied on strips of paper on the wall, and mountains of fruit on the Shinto altar, for good luck a lobster and a red snapper (whose name is a play on the word for happiness), along a strip of white paper on the red carpet. An acolyte poured shrine-wine into the flattish white sake cups. The Yakuza bowed to the sun-goddess Amaterasu, progenitress of the Japanese; the Emperor is supposed to be directly descended from her. In the ceremony, the old men said that these fifteen latest "children" represented the eighth generation of the Inagawa Yakuza. One of the "children" said in his acceptance speech: We are determined to be the arms and feet of the parent, so we can support him.

And now Mr. Inoue began to tell me about the "Yakuza spirit," for which the private detective, who was translating and who was very impressed by him,

employed the allegory of Robin Hood. —Robin Hood beat the strong, he said. He robbed them for the sake of the weak. And Mr. Inoue is saying that this corresponds to the business world, where there are so many bankruptcies and bad checks. So, the weak come for help to Mr. Inoue. They try to beat the strong, who in this case is the man with money. They are suffering from bad transactions due to some rich guy. If they go to lawyers, it will take a long time.

There was some truth to that. Moreover, everyone in the know concurred in telling me that the Yakuza made frequent and generous donations to charity, that they had helped the victims of the infamous Kanto and Hanshin[7] earthquakes, that they underwrote community festivals, that in the old days they used to offer their services as unpaid neighborhood arbitrators. They were expedient, practical men in the service of their ideals, like that Machiya "parent" we met before, the modest man, who upon seeing a bankrupt man preparing to jump off a bridge grabbed him, slapped him in the face for forgetting his parents, wife and children, put him under guard until he regained his senses, then fixed everything with his loan shark, either by paying off the debt from his own pocket or else by leaning on the loan shark a little, I don't know which. The grateful debtor prospered sufficiently to give his parents a splendid funeral. When he expressed thanks, the modest man replied, like a sternly benevolent father, that instead of wasting time with his gratitude, he'd better be preparing for his two daughters' marriages. This story pleased me and everyone who heard it.

Perhaps Mr. Inoue could tell me a story about one of the weak people he helped, I said.

Mr. Inoue seemed irritated by this question, perhaps because there were so very many examples at his disposal that to single out any one case as if it were unique was to neglect all the others. But finally he told the heartwarming tale of a client of his who had presided over a company that went belly up. He owed millions of yen. His creditor was also Yakuza, so that made things go very smoothly. "Instead of obfuscating," the private detective translated, the two sides met and exchanged documents. It turned out that the president of the bankrupt company was actually owed money by the supposed creditor firm.

He must have been very grateful to you, I said.Mr. Inoue laughed happily. —Yes, and now my client operates a very big company!

My time was up then, but I begged to ask one final question: When is violence justified?

What I meant, of course, was how violence could be justified *in the heart.* Such had been my implication every time I asked people this very important question, as I had been doing now for many years. But Mr. Inoue, interestingly enough, interpreted the matter as one of public justification (as had my translator), I later discovered. And so he said quite simply: *Might is justified.*

Very elegant, I said.

Consider international law, he said. At one time America was fighting in the Vietnam War. The United States couldn't show much might in Vietnam, so couldn't justify the war. But in the Pacific War against Japan, the United States showed sufficient might by using atomic bombs and force, and therefore the United States could justify the war.

THE HOSTESS
[UNAFFILIATED]

The name of the pretty young girl was Kazuki,[8] and her occupation was to entice men off the street and downstairs to the dim dark bar, long and narrow, where there waited a long line of ladies dressed in bathing suits. She was good at pouring drinks; she knew just how to lay down chopsticks in case the interpreter and I felt like bankrupting my editors on snacks. She said that people got murdered in Kabukicho pretty frequently—not as frequently as in my country, of course—anyway, she never knew why, perhaps on account of the Yakuza, and that one afternoon only two or three days after she had first started working there she saw a man lying stabbed and bleeding, not yet dead, and nobody dared to help him, so Kazuki did not help him, either, even though she wanted to.

Well, said the private detective when I told him this story, of course it's a shame when this thing happens. But perhaps Mr. Inoue is not responsible for such occurrences. From the principles he has stated, he is a good man. But maybe some other Yakuza are not the same.

THE PARENT
[SUMIYOSHI ASSOCIATION]

Mr. Ryuma Suzuki, the second-in-command of the Sumiyoshi Association, had at his disposal 10,000 followers. Nominally he was now number three, having recommended a month or two before that one of his "children" be promoted over him, but given the Confucianist loyalty of every good Yakuza "child" I would imagine that he continued to possess as much authority he ever—and not just over the Sumiyoshi. —He's a great man, said his carp-tattooed cadre of the fifth rank. He's a wise man. He has a lot of acquaintances, including Indians. His network is so great. —The modest man of the Machiya family, who played mah jong with Suzuki-san on a regular basis, spoke reverentially of his eloquence and brilliance.

Mr. Suzuki had never met Mr. Inouye, but when I displayed the latter's business card, Mr. Suzuki nodded wearily, referring to him as "the boy" or "the young man." Later I learned that I had committed a faux pas suggesting even an indirect comparison between him and someone so far below him.[9] Mr. Inouye was a child, and Mr. Suzuki a parent—no matter that they belonged to different Yakuza families.

Mr. Suzuki's head was very round and dark, with white hairs on the cheeks, like a coconut. He sat at a little round table by the picture window in the lounge at the Capitol Tokyo Hotel, which my Tokyo guide explains to me is "a favourite among business people...rated highly for its views and friendly service."[10] Unlike Mr. Inouye, he continued untattooed. When he was young, his boss had forbidden him to get pricked, on the grounds that fashions changed. Casually dressed, gruff and curt in many of his answers to my questions, he nonetheless lingered afterward, discoursing on the eleven causes of cancer, sketching a diagram of how chance could shear off electrons within the body and create the dreaded free radicals. Gleefully he showed me a newspaper photograph of himself standing beside his suit of neo-samurai armor; the point was that his portrait was much larger than the one of President Clinton on the same page. I think that this self-made man wanted to impress others.[11]

Mr. Suzuki, what does the word *Yakuza* mean to you? I inquired, ready with my pen and notebook to be his obedient schoolboy.

It means *courtesy, chivalry, benevolence, charity, perfect virtue to help others.* If you see someone drowning and even though you don't know how to swim you jump in, then you have courage. Then you're a real Yakuza! he cried in his low, guttural voice.

When did you first decide to join the organization?

I was seventeen. It was under the American occupation in 1945. The day before, the Americans had been our enemies. Then the Americans were occupying, and we had to respect them. The teachers who used to say that the Americans were bad, bad, bad enemies were now timid in front of them, smiling at them, hoping to get chewing gum. The decisive event was when we went on a hiking event with a teacher I respected. He'd told us that even we failed in the war we shouldn't be servile. But then the Americans came in a jeep to ask directions. The teacher answered in his poor English, and they gave him a cigarette for his flattering smile. After that I didn't trust the teachers, so I started wrongdoing. I watched a lot of gangster movies...

Did you hate the Americans at that time?

Yes. I thought they were demons that might eat me!

And how did you feel when they ordered your Emperor to say on the radio that he was not a god anymore?

I didn't care. I was more interested in food. I went fishing that day.

This answer befitted the man, I thought. He was not a bit interested in Mr. Inoue's Polaroid of the dragon-shaped candle. He said that there was no relation between the Yakuza and Shinto, that the Shinto altar in that video of the adoption ceremony was "just a formality." He was an all-business hardliner.

All right. So then what happened?

In senior high school I went with another student to a dance hall, and saw a scene that surprised me: One Japanese was using foreign people as his subordinates instead of smiling at them. He'd say, get me some cigarettes, and the Americans

would go and do it! I really admired him! croaked Mr. Suzuki with a hoarse laugh. And in two years I replaced him.

How did you do that?

He grinned and began punching the air with his fists. And I thought of Mr. Inoue with his 200 victorious "physical quarrels." (I had asked one of my go-betweens how far one could rise in Yakuza just by being clever and nice. —No hope! he laughed, But if you're smart, you can sell your brain to serve someone you hope is strong, then stay with him as his number two...)

When I was eighteen years old, Mr. Suzuki went on, I was so famous! Fighting was my business. So I was very quick. The first punch is very important. You have to be smart. If you are one and the opponents are five, then you must go into a very narrow place or a staircase so they can only come one by one. A staircase is the best. When they approach me, I can just kick! he chuckled. And if I have some weapon and they don't, that's unfair, so I'll give him the knife—and then immediately take it away and scratch his face! Ha, ha, ha!

When did you first use a gun?

In 1956, in a fight between Yakuza organizations, he said with a bored, narrow-eyed look.

What was your ambition when you joined?

I wanted to be the number one leader in Japan by the time I was thirty, since trying to be number one by age forty was too easy.

He sat there fidgeting and staring at me through half-closed eyes.

How many members do you have?

Ten thousand, he said. And later on he said: You may think that the parent would be proud of how many subordinates have been injured for him. But I'm proud when my subordinates have committed no crime.

(He'd been a good parent to the Russian boy he'd fostered. He was very proud of the boy, who'd gotten a scholarship to an American university, "first of 5,000," he said.)

Can others recognize members of your organization? Do Yakuza wear certain types of tattoos?

No, you can't tell, he said, irritated. We're not a tribe.

So to what extent is your organization a business, and to what extent is it an association to help the weak?

There's no difference between these, he said with a grimace.

And what have you accomplished which you're the most proud of in your Yakuza career?

I'm never proud of myself. I'm still pursuing the goal.

And what's that?

I'd like to be a person who is *relied* on by people, a person who's *required* by people. That's why I'm poor.

What's the difference between the Yakuza and the Mafia?

In Japan we have not just Yakuza but also organized crime, the Boryoku-dan. Their material resources come from drugs, prostitution and burglary. The Mafia is more like the Boryoku-dan. The Mafia began with youngsters standing up to protect the country against the French, but they were poor, so they needed money, so they went to the United States where they made their own rules. But the Yakuza is totally different. What we do is help the weak. And if the weak are so appreciative and bring money, then we refuse to receive it unless they insist. I have been a Yakuza for fifty years and I have no contact with the Boryoku-dan.

Then we refuse to receive it, unless they insist. What did this mean in practice? Let's again follow that would-be film star, that street agent in Kabukicho, who took me to the illegal gambling house whose sign promised that it only cost ten yen to get in—but a mere ten yen wouldn't get anybody *out*, he laughed. I took notes, and instantly a man came out the door to study us. The agent said that there were video cameras everywhere. He said that these places usually weren't run directly by the Yakuza, but they had to pay protection money of around 2 to 300,000 yen a month on the average. If their profits increased, why, so did their commission. —Yakuza wait for you to get fat, *then* kill you! he said. And here I recalled the reason that Mr. Inoue went to jail.

The boss of our street agent's S & M club paid 100,000 every month to the Toa family. But he also had to pay off Group Five of the Sumiyoshi family—13,000 a day, which bought one Sumiyoshi sandwich board man to advertise the club. Paying the street agent to do it would have been cheaper for the boss, but the Sumiyoshi might not have liked that. They controlled a pool of signboard men whose labor they rented out to captive proprietors—those tired men leaning up against their signs, smoking cigarettes or talking wistfully on their little cell phones or just gazing into space. From their 13,000 a day, the Sumiyoshi skimmed off five. The Toa ran a similar payroll.

Is Kabukicho controlled by the Boryoku-dan? I asked Mr. Suzuki.

No, by the Yakuza.

Who is stronger, the Yakuza or the Boryoku-dan?

At this unseemly question Mr. Suzuki expressed both anger and irritation—and here I should say that throughout the interview I felt slightly intimidated by the way the man leaned forward as he talked, sometimes coming quite close with his glowering red face whose little eyes were fixed on me. I cannot really convey his expression when this question, which had unwittingly challenged his assertion of power, first came into the air, but at least he did answer; he replied: Yakuza.

Who has greater numbers?

Yakuza. There are fewer Boryoku-dan. The Yakuza are much stronger. They can't come close to me.

Japanese newspapers routinely referred to his family, the Sumiyoshi family, as

Boryoku-dan. But I thought it best to change the subject, so I asked him to tell me what he did the course of a day.

It's not like the movies, he said. I exercise in the morning, because I want to live. I sweat, and then I can drink tasty water. I eat breakfast; I get lots of phone calls. I use this place as my office. There are lots of Boryoku-dan people here. But because of my presence they make no trouble.

Do the police respect you and treat you well?

Yes they do. I'm doing something that the police *should* do, he said, pounding his chest. Recently at a party I made a speech and the mayor requested to shake my hand. In the newspapers I rank with Clinton and Hashimoto.

(In my hotel lobby the next morning, when I displayed to the bell captain Mr. Suzuki's thick white business card of handmade paper imprinted with a gold crest, the bell captain slammed his hand over his gaping mouth and his eyes practically popped out. *Very famous!* he cried. But Pynchon's translator, Mr. Yoshiaki Sato, assured me that he had never heard of him. To the waiter at the restaurant where I went for breakfast the card meant nothing.)

What do ordinary Japanese think about you?

They're afraid, on account of the media.

(But those who knew the Yakuza seemed to fear them even more. Trying to help me, my friend and translator Reiko had invoked her mother, whose three friends ran "stores" of some sort in Kabukicho—when Reiko used this tactful word, it could mean anything from a minimart to a sex club. All three ladies had refused to make any introductions. They were afraid, they said. And in tones of earnestness that shocked Reiko, who possessed romantic notions that the Yakuza would never hurt "civilians," they entreated her for her own safety not to interview any Yakuza at all in Kabukicho.)

The Yakuza is not a criminal organization, Mr. Suzuki continued.[12] That's why I can relate to the police. We're guardians of the town. If some suspicious person comes, the police can do nothing since he still hasn't done anything. Only the Yakuza can help. If a resident asks us to get rid of some scary guy, we'll do it for no money. If the other guy uses violence, we might use violence. It's only self-defense.

When is violence justified?

In education, if one student comes late every day, then if oral discipline doesn't work, you have no way other than to hit him. If the teacher hits him, the parents should thank the teacher. You can do that even with your wife, he said, leering at Takako. —It's just because I'm human, not because I'm Yakuza. Whenever you have no other way, violence is justified.

In my school days I saw lots of bullying, he went on. Because I have the chivalrous spirit, whenever a bully came to somebody, I would always help the weak. That's why the weak always follow me. But these days in school, all the kids go to the stronger one. That's the difference between the old days and today.

Why the change?

Because *I* was there at the time, growled the Yakuza leader, thumping his chest. These days a hero cannot be created.

He brooded in his chair for awhile, fanning his red face with a paper fan. Then he said to me: What is your life?

I want to be good, I answered. I want to do good.

No, he said. *What is your life?*

I could not answer to his satisfaction. He leaned forward and shouted: *What is your life?* as he stabbed his forefinger into my shirt. He said: *Life is God.* Jesus, Buddha, they all noticed that life is God. And our life is based on the sacrifice of people who are starving. One-third of the human race is hungry. If that one-third eat as they like, the rest will be starving. I know. Because I've experienced that time when all the baseball fields were cultivated for food.

The street agent had told me that some of the richest Yakuza he'd worked for still wouldn't trust anybody below them to count a heap of one-yen coins. —Mostly, he'd told me, they have very sad childhoods, like babies found in coin lockers, or boys sent to the reformatory and like that. And even among them there's discrimination. They look down on you if you come from North Korea, or from a coin locker... —And this, perhaps, was the key to understanding Mr. Suzuki. He'd grown up hungry and desperate. From this he'd drawn certain conclusions, not the least of which was, in his own words: *If you shout for help at midnight, all the neighbors will lock their doors.*

THE STREET AGENT [FORMERLY ANEGASAKI FAMILY]

Having just now recollected him, let's pay one more visit to that street agent of ours, who toiled so wearily for his boss's S & M club, which promised the businessmen all kinds of rubbery delights and then charged them 30,000 yen for a 4,500-yen hand job. If they complained, the employees tried to "persuade" them, he said. This persuasion must have been of a pretty soft character, partaking of only the lowest level of intimidation, for should they threaten to go to the police nonetheless, the club kept their money but still permitted them to walk out. Meanwhile, needless to say, the boss dispatched a man to follow them. If they went home, that was the end of the story; they never got their money back. If they approached the police station, the stalker rushed up to return every last yen on the spot. Here, then, as in the Yakuza world which the club supported, only might and force got rewarded. This was the sort of place for which our street agent was now wearing out his shoes, with a photograph of his sister and her child in his pocket, a well-fingered color photo of suburban happiness on a green lawn somewhere in Los Angeles as he passed out those yellow fliers for the fine salary of 1,000 yen an hour (my translator Takako's

fee was 8,000 and she deserved every last yen). The Yakuza helped the weak, everybody said. Well, he was the weak. What had they done for him?

When he'd worked for a Toa-run soapland, which offered private baths with ladies available for regular, double, and double-extra service, his "parent" made him go to department stores to steal toilet paper for the establishment. This had been a real education, he said dryly. Perhaps it had been that very education which had taught him to remove child pornography videos from their plastic housings and wrap the snakes of naked film around his body for ease of smuggling. Had he similarly unwound the toilet paper from the cardboard tubes? In any event, the story shows how much the family into which he'd been adopted valued his labor and his risk—quite literally, it was worth less to them than toilet paper.

Do you believe that the Yakuza help the weak? I asked.

That's what they say, he murmured. Yes, he was the weak. Fearing and protesting, not even daring to ask me for an extra thousand yen, he'd just allowed me to photograph him with one of those "Lolita" magazines of his.[13] (A child was trying to swallow a man's penis.) The agent begged me not to photograph his face; if the photo were published, his sister might find out. After all, she had a child—

Those fliers fluttering everywhere were another source of lucre for the Yakuza. Here, for instance, was a money-shaped coupon whose enticements, white on black and black on white, were succinctly represented on the lefthand side by the smiling naked longhaired Japanese girl whose hands were demurely crossed between her thighs and upon whose impressive breasts big nipple-stars had been pasted. On the back of the coupon was a map. It is the nature of advertisements, if they are at all successful, to reveal the advertiser, and from this the Yakuza snatched full advantage. Each telephone booth was the territory of a specific Yakuza family, and so the advertisers had to pay 5,000 yen per day for each set of fliers they posted in that territory, which the family guarded with the same jealous patriotism displayed by nations. Some of the few gangland shootings that occurred in Tokyo each year were over territory, because the family that allowed a rival to seize its telephone booths lost not only money, but face. For the captive advertisers, at least, the gangsters made it convenient: a lump sum payment would do—protection money plus appropriate fees, just like my bank. Refrain from paying, and tattooed ghouls need only pluck a flier from their phone booth and follow the map printed on it straight to their prey.

It was part of the street agent's job to affix his boss's fliers to the appropriate telephone booths. Although his boss by paying enjoyed full license from the Yakuza to have the agent do this, the agent had no such license from the phone company, who disagreed with the Yakuza as to whose territory the phone booths really were. In other words, the agent had been promoted from stealing toilet paper to posting illegal bills. He'd never been arrested for that, he said; he was rapidity itself (and here I saw another feeble attempt to polish his self-importance). But two or three

times every month he had to go to the police station to confirm the identity of one of his colleagues, who evidently was not so quick. He took all the risks, while his boss and the Yakuza took most of the profits. Yes, he was the weak.

He said that members of the Yakuza didn't get any salary from the organization, so they had to earn their living themselves. Moreover, they sometimes felt obliged to pay contributions, which were even higher than those of "laymen" like his boss. So they did what they thought they had to, pimping out their wives to strip clubs, or extorting a little more frantically from their satellites...That was how they helped the weak. The street agent had once belonged to the Anegasaki, to whom he'd had to pay 50,000 yen a month. Finally he couldn't stand it; he decided to stop.

Mr. Suzuki had insisted that Yakuza never kept any would-be quitters against their will, since "quitters just make trouble." This proved, he said, that the Yakuza was no criminal organization, because criminals have to kill their turncoats to prevent blackmailing. (I merely wondered: How does he know what criminals need to do.) Perhaps in the Sumiyoshi this is true; I have no information to the contrary. Every Yakuza group is different. But what had happened to the street agent when he quit the Anegasaki? His "parent" was in jail; he'd never met him. But two "elder brothers" came to administer discipline. It seemed that they followed Mr. Suzuki's moral calculus regarding the justification of violence. One of them was a pro wrestler and the other was a former pro kick boxer. The kick boxer was very proud of his ability to ride long distances on trains without paying. He accomplished this through intimidation or else by making disturbances to distract the conductor. He and the wrestler began punching the agent, right there in the street. Everybody else hurried by, just like pretty young Kazuki in that hostess bar who'd seen the stabbed man and was too afraid to help him, and ashamed of being afraid. As they punched the agent, they regaled him with tales of their skill in violence. The pro wrestler, for instance, said that after a mere three minutes of punching, one of his previous victims was on the point of death. Shall we call this a constructive moral exhortation for the benefit of the weak? The street agent thought himself a goner. He told me that he was so afraid, so afraid. But they hurt him neither seriously nor permanently. They merely bruised him, especially about the face. Then they dragged him into a coffee shop for further discussions. Firstly he had to apologize to his elder brothers, and secondly he had to promise to rejoin the Anegasaki. He did, but only for a short time. His mental stability was poor, and the Anegasaki didn't want crazy people or drug addicts. Becoming one of these was the only way out, unless one paid big money or cut off the tip of a finger.

And yet you stayed here, I said. Why do you love Kabukicho?

He thought, tilted his head and slowly grinned. —Somehow it suits me.

What do you think about the Yakuza?

Takako had to repeat the question several times. He didn't want to answer. Finally he said: I don't think anything. Perhaps it's a necessary evil. Without them,

probably society wouldn't run. There might be some riots or something. This area might become a slum. Bad foreigners might take over—Arabs, Iranians...

REGRETS OF A SCHOOLTEACHER [SUMIYOSHI, 5TH RANK]

On his back, the man who'd wasted his life wore a tattoo (of which he was now ashamed) of a carp swimming up a waterfall. The carp symbolizes good fortune, happiness; and he told me a legend that the carp which attains the top of the fall becomes a dragon. Skinny and wrinkled, he was fifty-six years old, and had been a Yakuza member for four decades. Like Mr. Suzuki, whom he revered, he had joined right after Japan lost World War II. He too had never completed high school. —My family was poor, he said. Everybody was poor. It was easier to live this way, and it matched my character.

You were in many fights?

Of course.

And you won many?

Some, he said modestly. In the Yakuza, if you're too strong, you are no good. You tend to get killed.

So what was your first job in the organization?

I was a bookie for the horse races. The orders to do that didn't really come from the top. We all did it to live. And then I did some things which were real estate-related, some things I prefer not to talk about.

In the bubble economy period, the street agent put in (for this interview he was my go-between), what happened was you intimidated people and got rid of them and then sold their land for high prices.

What's been the greatest difficulty you ever had to face?

The Sumiyoshi man replied: The hardest thing was whenever I had some personal problem. I couldn't rely on the organization and yet I couldn't damage the organization's face. For example, if you start fighting with other members, that's the most difficult.

How many times have you been in prison?

Four times, he said with his sad little smile.

Some Yakuza told me that the longer you're in prison, the more you're respected. Is that true?

Depends on your personality. Some people stay a long time in jail and nobody respects them.

Did you go to jail mainly for yourself or for the organization?

For myself.

Do you have any stories about that you wish to tell?

I was involved in a murder. —His eyes wrinkled up miserably, and he began

drawing invisible lines on the tablecloth. —But I don't want to tell about it.

What was it for?

It was territorial.

Were you the killer or were you just there?

Let's *say* I was just present, he replied, licking his lips anxiously.

How did you feel when your target died?

Well, nobody likes it.

Was it necessary?

Yeah, it was necessary, because otherwise you get killed, he said, so quiet and ruthless and weary.

That sounds the same as being a soldier in a war.

It's actually different. In the war your boss is the Emperor, and he's so far away; you can't see him. So it's not real to me. But in this case I knew the head. I did it for him.

If the target person comes to beg your organization's pardon, can you spare him?

Of course.

What's the most efficient way to kill a person?

Nowadays, it's just to shoot, he said with a quiet smile. But with a Japanese sword it's more scary. Cut him in the neck, down the side of the head. He bleeds to death. Blood splashes out, so there's almost no possibility of survival. That's also the best place to kill yourself.

If you had your life to live over again, would you be a Yakuza?

No, he said, staring at his skinny old fingers. I'd be a schoolteacher.

And what would you teach your students?

That the Yakuza is bad.

Then why have you stayed in the organization?

One reason is that I like the leader. Also, it's more easy for me to be here.

He could have meant that reply in either of two senses. Perhaps the Yakuza was his business now; it was his living; without that, he'd have to begin all over in his old age. Perhaps also it was that only the Yakuza accepted him. More than one Japanese has told me that if a child becomes a delinquent, he'll be ostracized forever. —In many cases, said my private detective, if you want to go out and lead a normal life, once your past is revealed they make you go away, because they are not as nice to you as before. —Where else could that would-be schoolteacher go now but to the Yakuza?

His cell phone rang just then. It was his "parent." He spoke anxiously, getting retroactive permission for the interview. I waited until he had finished. Then I asked: Do you believe that the purpose of your organization is for the strong to help the weak?

No, he said without a smile. That's an old story. The reality is different.

If you got 10,000,000 yen, what would you do with it?

I'd gamble it away.

THE MODEST MAN OPENS HIS HEART [MACHIYA FAMILY]

So the old Sumiyoshi man possessed hardly any "sense of belonging." The street agent had even less, which explains why he now lived unaffiliated. After I'd known him for two weeks I asked whether he was married, whether he had a girlfriend, and he answered no to each in tones of bitter resentment. So, as we saw, his half-hearted justification of the Yakuza was not romantic at all, but entirely utilitarian: It prevented anarchy. The old Sumiyoshi man and Mr. Suzuki had both told me that they'd joined not out of any fancy principle but for the same reason that most people do things: to get ahead in the world. Mr. Inoue had joined out of compulsion. And that quiet, modest man in the Machiya inner office had displayed a similarly practical streak when he asserted: It's commonly said that the Yakuza is a *negative service industry*, that when other people can't solve a problem, we do. —I told him that Mr. Suzuki had also said this, and he replied: Mr. Suzuki is a very wise man.

But then that modest man, thirty to forty percent of whose "children" had been to prison at least once, looked me in the face, smiled, and said: So basically our position is this. Although feared by society and hated by the police, we have our pride.

EUROPE

Where Are All the Pretty Girls? (1992)

The War Never Came Here (1994)

The Avengers of Kosovo (1998)

INTRODUCTION

All the case studies in this section have to do with one country—and the new nations and territories which broke away from it. Yugoslavia was never a nation as much as one of many experiments in confederation. We need only take a train across the central European plain to see that where Hungary ends and Serbia begins, to give but a single example, is from a topographic point of view arbitrary, subject to the vicissitudes of means and ends down the centuries. If some moral actor pushed his power across these flat fields, what would stop him from pushing further except for some local accident of defensive superiority? Regions seemed to preserve their identity more successfully than states and nations. The Austro-Hungarian Empire might come and go; Yugoslavia might assert its brief unitarianism, but a Montenegrin remained a Montenegrin. And within these regions, which during the Yugoslavian[1] decades got called provinces, people attached themselves more fiercely than an American can readily imagine to the patch of homeland in which they were born.[2] In the second case study you will meet a man who explains: "In this country, when you build a house you build for life. After you, your sons and daughters will live on in that house."[3] You must keep this house-based, field-based, village-based conception of homeland in your mind to appreciate the anguish brought about by the forcible displacement of populations during the Yugoslavian civil war.

Like all generalizations about Yugoslavia, this one is largely false. Unfortunately, the violence which wrecked Yugoslavia cannot be understood as readily as the violence described in the two African case studies, where poverty and class jealousy stand out with the utmost obviousness. The words "Byzantine" and "balkanize" associate themselves with the history of eastern Europe for very good reason! Accordingly, all I can hope to do here is convey the urgency with which historical grievances can sometimes cry out long after the original protagonists have become dust in the cemeteries of homeland.

For example, the Serbian emotionalism over Kosovo goes back to 1389, when Prince Lazar died in battle against the Turks. To Serbs, the Albanian majority in Kosovo descends from or derives from those same Turks. From the Albanian point of view, the fact that they are indeed the majority renders Serbian authority over what technically remains a Serbian province illegitimate.

Thus the conflict in Kosovo may be seen as opposing defenses of homeland ("Kosovo is our Jerusalem," say the Serbs, while the Albanians say, "*We* are the ones who live here!"), of race and culture—which in turn explains why that homeland cannot be shared; of creed (Serbian Orthodox *versus* Muslim) and of authority, which demands: Is Kosovo to remain a part of Yugoslavia, in which case it's a province, a dependency, or will it become its own country, or even perhaps, as Serbs fear, a dependency of Greater Albania?

Kosovo also raises the grimmest questions about proportionality, discrimination, and the allowable limits of war aims,[4] which have in turn been culturally conditioned by Yugoslavia's horrific history of war.

Just as Kosovo cannot be understood without reference to 1389, the civil war described in the first two case studies takes its context from 1941-45. That is why you may wish to browse through Annex E: "Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II." In the case studies, you'll find that people continually justify their hatreds on the basis of what the Croatian "Ustashas" did to the Serbs, what the Serbian "Chetniks" did to the Muslims, etcetera. In Yugoslavia, the past remains fatally alive.

Annexes F and G present two opposing points of view as to how the Bosnian war began. One is from a Serbian perspective; its complement is a Muslim's version. The Serb had a very high position of power at the time she explained her interpretation of events: In fact, she was none other than Biljana Plavsic, then the Acting Vice President of the Bosnian Serbs. After the Dayton Accords stalemated the Bosnian war by means of a partition which seems unlikely to last down the ages, Ms. Plavsic briefly became an official leader in the new Bosnian Serb Republic; she now resides at the Hague, serving a stiff sentence for war crimes. As for the Muslim, she was anonymous and by her own request nameless. I met her in a camp for displaced persons in Croatia.

Finally, Annex D is a letter from the inmates of the *studenski dom* in Sarajevo. Their plight receives discussion in the first case study. (What should I say about

them here? My publisher, Mr. Dave Eggers, who is in fact a very big-hearted, generous, empathetic man, read my account and inserted this comment: "At this point a reader wants to know more about why the students, as noncombatants, stay in this building, which seems extraordinarily dangerous." It is, and I also want to know why, and so did the students, but there was nobody to ask except God. Their plight was almost ordinary.)[5] The letter itself is much shorter than its signature pages. The terrible year 1992 has dwindled away from these people now; they live on or they have died. This letter accordingly means nothing. Their names mean nothing today as they meant nothing before to the evil men and women whose policies locked them fast to the front line of a besieged city. Let them stand in for all the other people whose names have meant nothing to war criminals.

As you read these Yugoslavian case studies, ask yourself: What is legitimate defense of homeland here, and what pretends to be? What defines the ethos of each of the three sides, and to what extent does it exclude the ethos of others? How many of the Maxims for Murderers in our moral calculus[6] can you see winking cynically at you from these pages? Who seems to be respecting the moral limits of warfare, and who does not? Above all, how much do you know and how much must you take on faith? One person sees so little in a war! What I have seen I will tell you. It remains your task as a citizen of this earth to weigh claim against counterclaim.

How much should history weigh on us in our judgment of a violence which constantly appeals to history? The first case study begins *after* Croatia and Bosnia, among other republics, have already declared independence from the republic called Yugoslavia, whose capital lies in Serbia and whose army and government seem to be increasingly dominated by Serbs. The official moral actors: Tudjman in Croatia, Izetbegovic in Bosnia, Milosevic in Yugoslavia. Milosevic has gone to the Kosovo battlefield monument, invoked Prince Lazar, and threateningly promised to protect the rights of Serbs. Tudjman for his part upholds the cause of Croatian rights a bit too stridently. Izetbegovic's stance on behalf of his Muslim constituency reminds his neighbors, irrationally or not, of the ancient nightmare of Turkish domination. On all three sides, defense of authority has become defense of race, a particularly absurd category in Yugoslavia, where strangers must sometimes ask one another's last names to know whether or nor they are supposed to kill them. Polarization breaks out like an infection in ethnically mixed towns; neighbor rapes neighbor; neighbor cuts neighbor's throat.

Slovenia has already seceded from Yugoslavia, and gotten away with it. When Croatia announces the same intention, Croatia's old friend West Germany instantly recognizes her independence, thereby adding to Serbs' fears that the Ustashas will arise from the past like vampires and once again begin to collect jars of Serbian eyeballs—Milosevic decides not to let them go. War begins.[7]

Impelled by his own fears, which Serbian threats in part justify, Izetbegovic also declares independence. War spreads.

"Where Are All The Pretty Girls?" takes place in 1992, during the height of the Serbian siege of Sarajevo, a city once renowned for its cosmopolitanism and now the capital and symbol of Muslim Bosnia. Meanwhile, the anti-Serbian coalition between Muslims and Croats has begun to fracture. Croatia, riddled with fear and quiet frenzy, awaits the outcome of its battles. On the streets of Zagreb one frequently sees members of the Croatian Party of Rights, which was founded in the Hitler era and carried out atrocities against Serbs and Muslims. (See Annex E.) One also finds people who still fondly remember their Serbian and Muslim friends, but there seem to be fewer and fewer of those. Meanwhile, the short-lived Serbian Republic of Krajina has given birth to itself just east of Croatian-held territory. The Croats will obliterate it in 1995.

"The War Never Came Here" is set in 1994, when the Serbs have begun losing the war in earnest, and the rift, in Bosnia at least, between Muslims and Croats is emblematized by the divided city of Mostar, whose less damaged western half remains in Croat hands; the eastern, Muslim half was savaged twice, first by Serbs, then by Croats. In what remains of Yugoslavia, which is to say Serbia and Montenegro, militant defiance unites the people against the internationalists' "surgical strikes," while the struggle between moderates and extremists divides them. Relations between Serbs and ethnic Albanians deteriorate in Kosovo. In Croatia, the Party of Rights continues to profess its own extremist program and carry it out on the battlefield, but its influence seems to be waning as the military situation improves; it was never the ruling party in any event. In this case study even more that the two others, we can see how deterrence, retribution and revenge[8] against ancient injuries inevitably creates new injuries to avenge—unless and until a moral actor passes up his own turn to do harm.

"The Avengers of Kosovo" was written in 1998, one year before a NATO offensive will strip from Serbia all but nominal authority over the disputed province of the title. The civil war is over; Croatia is beginning to recover; Bosnia remains divided into ineffectual ethnic-based sub-republics, but at least the mass atrocities there are over; as for Yugoslavia, of which now only Serbia and Montenegro are left, that sad land, still impoverished and isolated by international sanction, continues to self-destruct, with the same ugly ethnic conflicts now taking place in Kosovo, Serb against Albanian, the Serbs outnumbered, the Albanians outgunned, the killings and mutilations continuing on, NATO's bombers about to come.

THE ULTRA-BALKANIZATION OF YUGOSLAVIA

1994-1998

Moving thematically rather than chronologically, these photographs depict the soldiers and nationalists of all three sides, and ruinscapes of the country they destroyed.

334. My friend Vineta, Beograd, 1994. She was Montenegrin but identified very closely with Serbian nationalist aspirations.

335. Vineta beneath the poster of her party, the Srbska Radikalna Stranka (SRS), Novi Pazar, Sanzak, Serbia, Yugoslavia, 1994.

336-38. Vineta in her Russian acquaintance's Serbian Special Forces uniform, Beograd, 1994. The likeness of the SRS leader, Vojislav Seselj, hangs on the door.

339-40. Vineta at Kosovo Battlefield Monument, 1998. In the first photo, she poses with Serbian soldiers, making the "Serb sign." In the second she stands alone. The four "C"s above the sword abbeviate the famous slogan: "Only unity saves the Serbs."

341. Vineta in Pristina, Kosovo, 1998, making the Serb sign, with the same four "C"s grafitti'd on the wall behind her.

342. These buttons for sale in Beograd show what the Serbs thought of Americans in 1998.

343. Biljana Plavsic, then Vice President of the Bosnian Serbs, Beograd, 1994. The U.S. supported her leadership after the Dayton Accords. Later she surrendered to The Hague on a war crimes charge. She is now in prison.

344. Ms. Plavsic's counterpart, Dobroslav Paraga, who headed the Croatian Party of Right, HSP, and its private

army, HOS. This portrait was taken in Zagreb in 1994. Behind Mr. Paraga are the names of HOS fighters who were killed in action against Serbs.

345. Vandalized HSP posters, Split, 1994. "Za Dom Spremni," the HSP slogan, means "Ready for the Homeland."

346. HSP member in his home, Split, 1994. The portrait on the wall is Ante Pavelic's. Pavelic was appointed by the Fascists to head the "Independent State of Croatia" during World War II. During his tenure, hundreds of thousands of Serbs were murdered. Pavelic was an HSP leader, and he coined the slogan "Za Dom Spremni."

347. Bosnian Croat (HVO) fighter and child, West Mostar, 1994.

348. Apartment complex shelled by Croats, West Mostar, 1994. One Croat explained that the building had served as a "Muslim propaganda station." This disgusted me. Later on, in 1998, my government similarly destroyed a "Serbian propaganda station" in Beograd, killing one young woman who was working late.

349. Bridge to East Mostar, 1994. Destroyed by Croats and Serbs.

350. Muslim fighter, East Mostar, 1994.

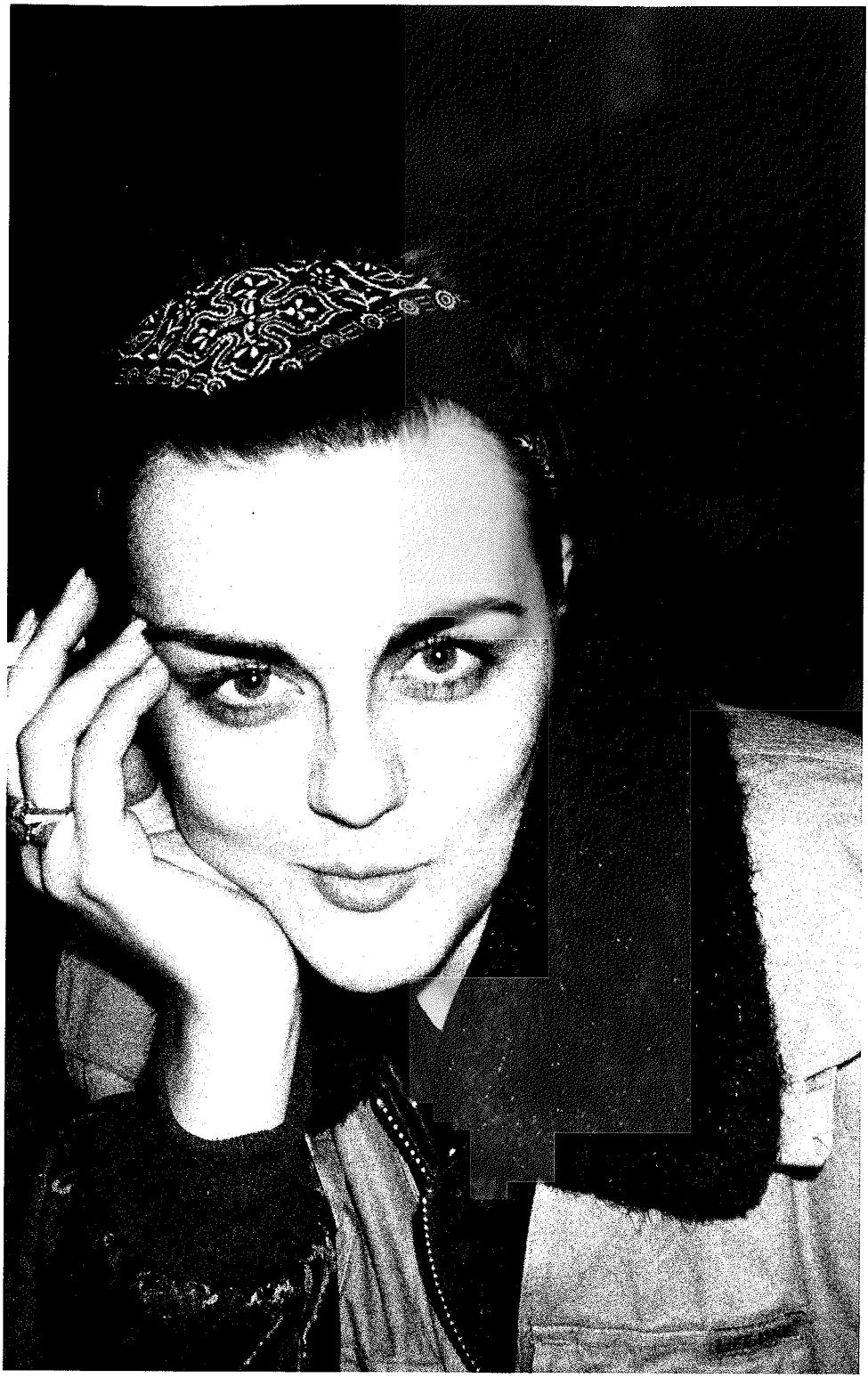
351. Two slain American journalists, boundary between East and West Mostar, 1994.

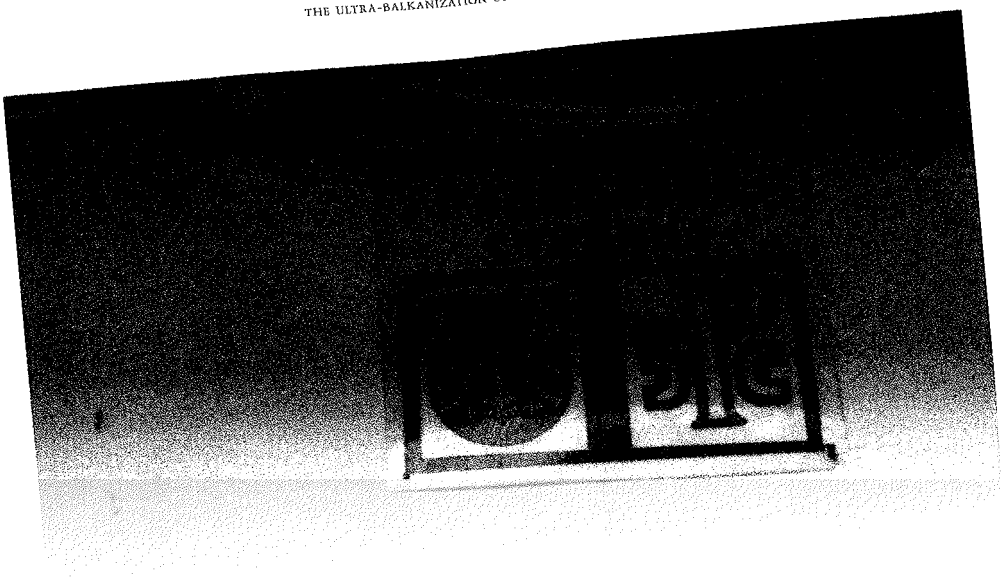
352a. Interior of a house where a family of Kosovar Albanians had once lived. The man of the house was a member of the insurgent UCK (Kosovo Liberation Army), whose pro-Albanian violence was directed against Serbs. The blood and clothes on the floor belonged to the man's father, murdered by Serbs. Photograph taken west of the now Albanian village of Glavotina, 1998.

352b. A man in the rival Serbian town of Priluzje pointing to the "bunkers" of the UCK in Glavotina, 1998. The bunkers were in fact ruined houses, which did serve well enough for sniping.

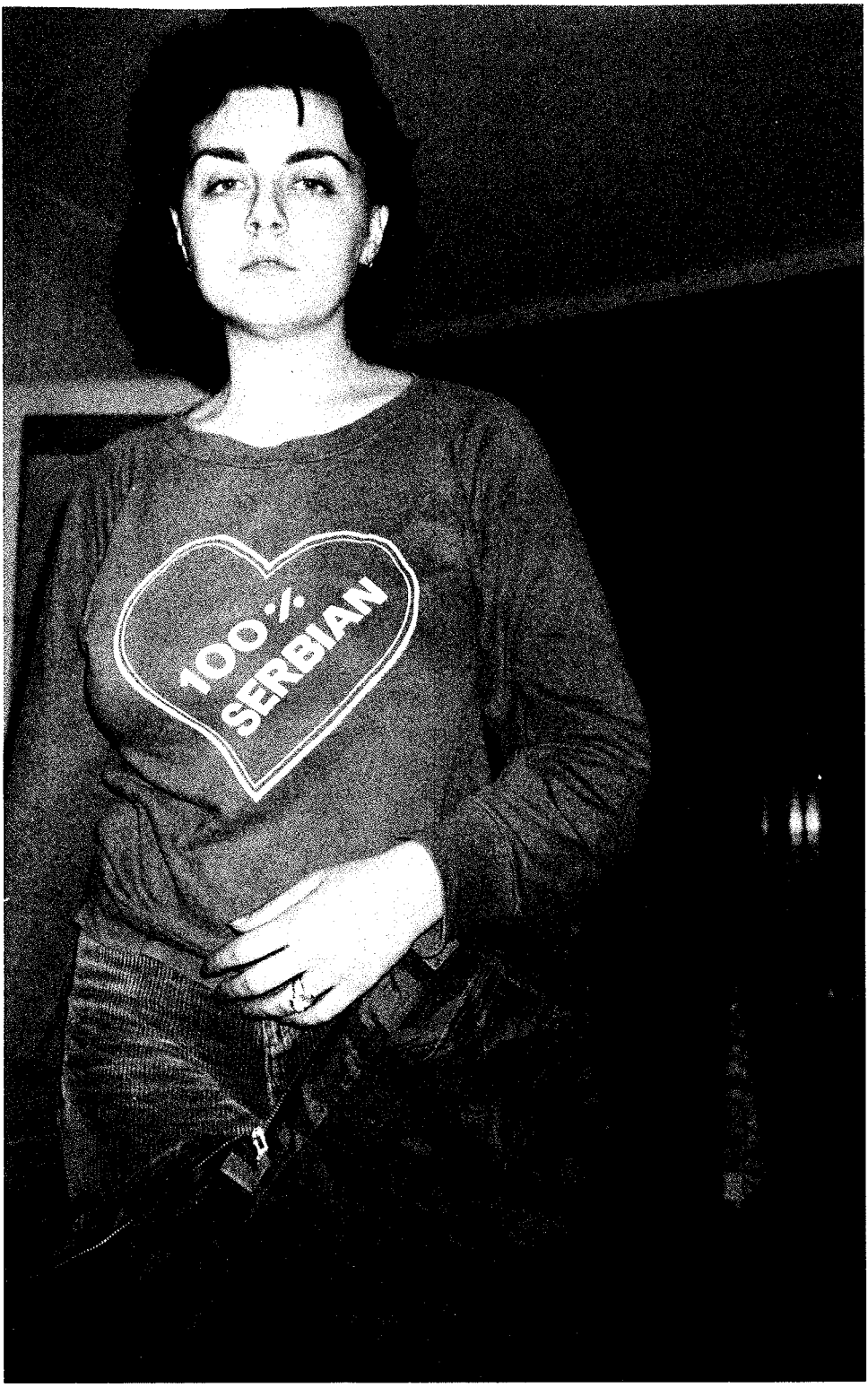
353. Serbian woman and child, Priluzje, 1998. In 2001, after NATO invaded Kosovo, I had the opportunity of speaking with an Albanian activist from Pristina, which lies very close to both Priluzje and Glavotina. I asked him what had happened to the Serbs of Priluzje. Smilingly, he denied ever having heard of the place.

354. Serb in Priluzje, wounded by UCK fighters near Glavotina, 1998.
355. Serbian paramilitary, Priluzje, 1998.
356. Serbian schoolboys in Priluzje with bullet shot into their school from Glavotina, 1998.
357. A boy in Glavotina making the UCK sign, 1998.
358. Monument to recently slain UCK fighters, Glavotina, 1998.
359. UCK insurgent, Kosovo, 1998. He was the one whose father's murdered blood is depicted on p. 352.
360. Old woman from Glavotina, 1998. One of her relatives, an UCK fighter, had just been killed by Serbs.
361. Kosovo Liberation Army (UCK) fighter and child, Kosovo, 1998.
362. A man in his house, which had been destroyed by Serbs. Glavotina, 1998.
363. The same story. Glavotina, 1998.
364a. Vineta in Pristina, 1998, with graffiti: "I'm Not Just Perfect: I'm Serb Too!"
364b. Muslim by SDA graffiti, East Mostar, 1994. The Society for Democratic Action was the main Muslim political arm.

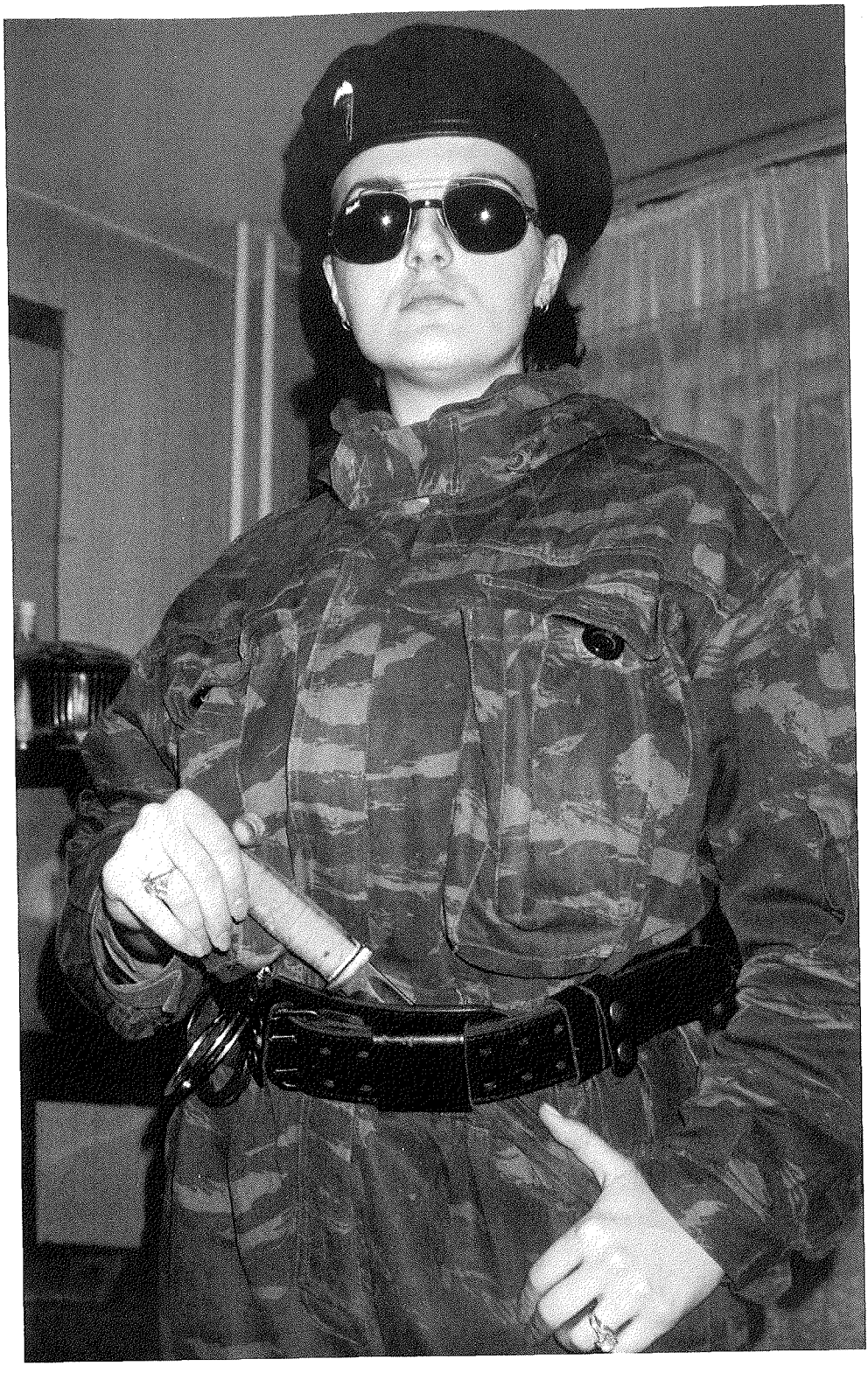


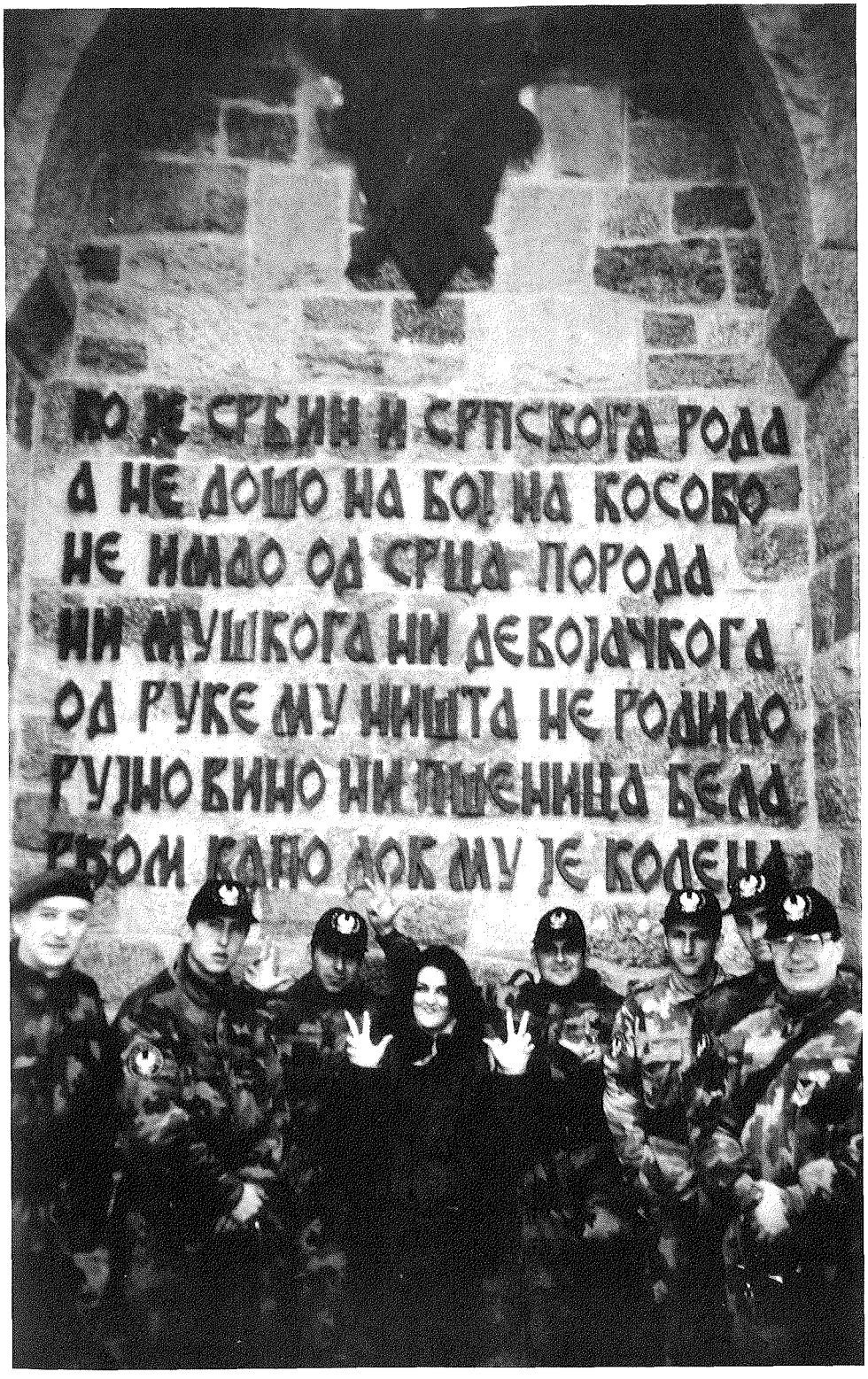





100%
SERBIAN






КО ЈЕ СРБИН И СРПСКОГА РОДА
А НЕ ДОШО НА БОЈ НА КОСОВО
НЕ ИМАО ОД СРЦА ПОРОДА
НИ МУШКОГА НИ ДЕВОЈАЧКОГА
ОД РУКЕ МУ НИШТА НЕ РОДИЛО
РУЈНО ВИНО НИ ПШЕНИЦА БЕЛА



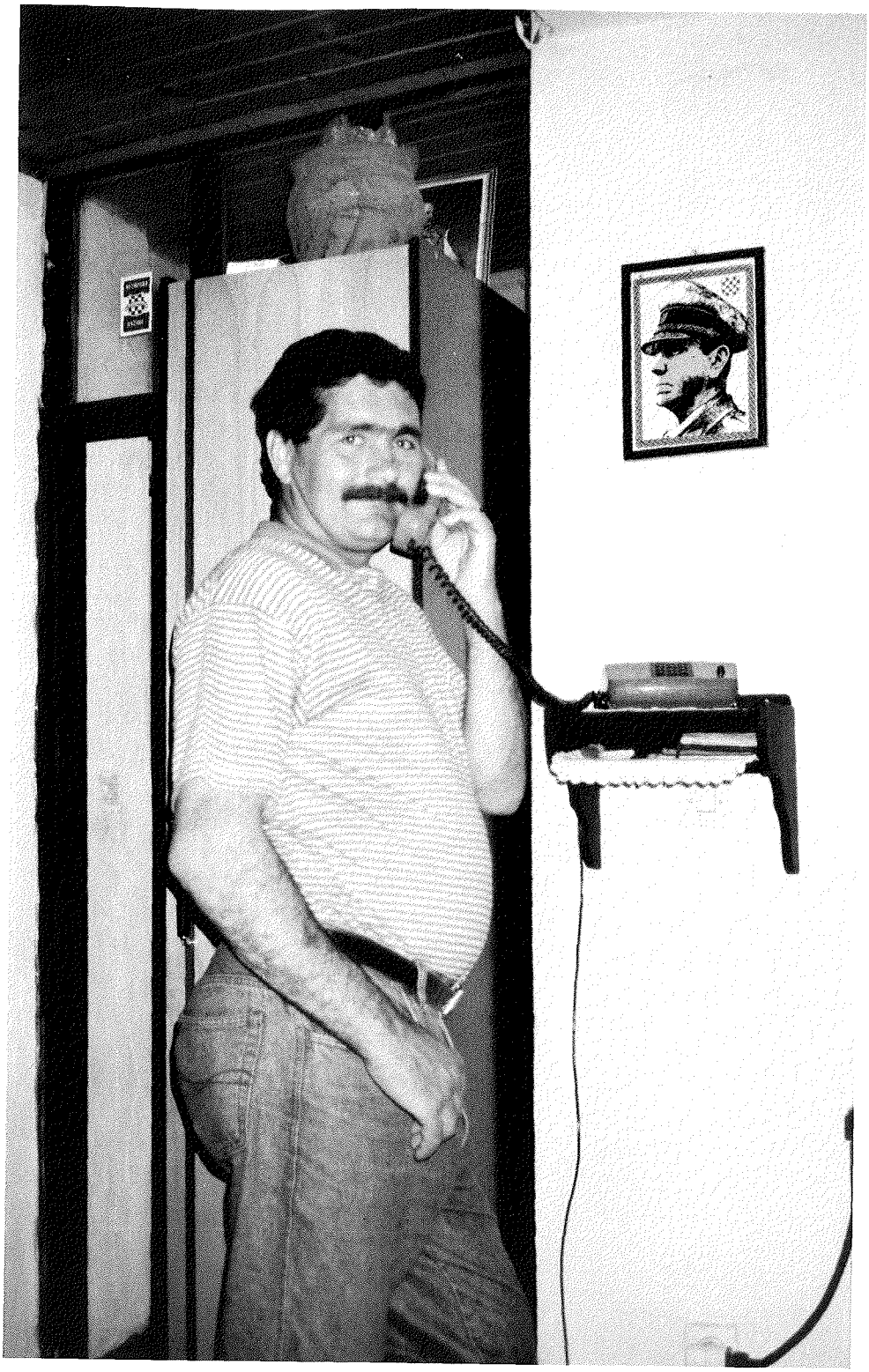


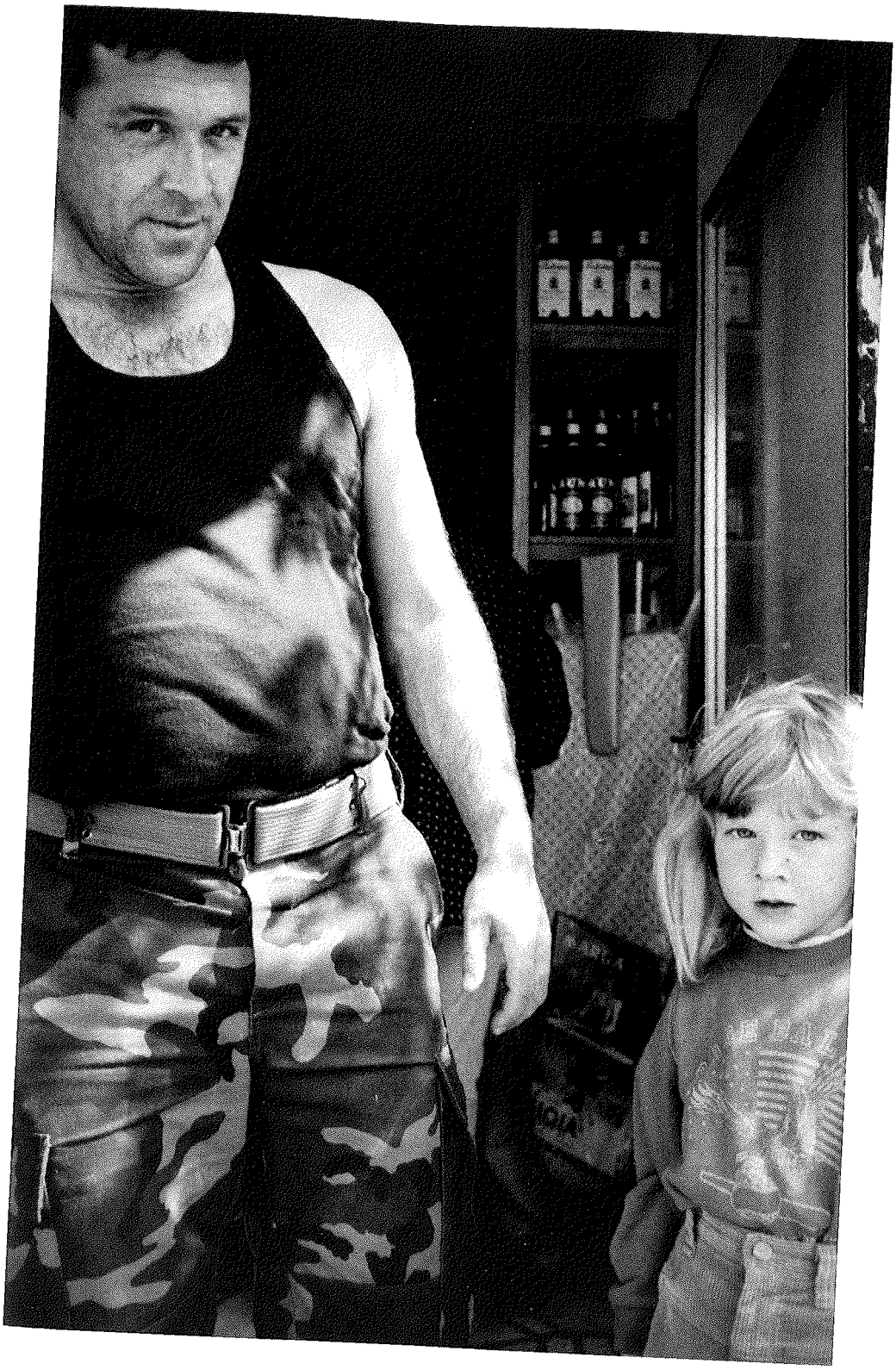

VOLIM SEX
BAD & MAD
FUCK THE USA
ЗНАМ ДА МЕ ГЛЕДАШ
НА КРОВУ
ДА ЛИ И ВИ ЈЕДЕТЕ ЛУДЕ
@bebko
ЦАР ЈЕ ГО!
NISAM DEBELA NEGO ZENA I PO!
ЗНАМ ЗА ЈАДАЦ
СРЕЋАН ВОЛИ
POBIJE
BORN IN BELGRADE


ГРБ РЕПУБЛИКЕ


Dengan Mesiak

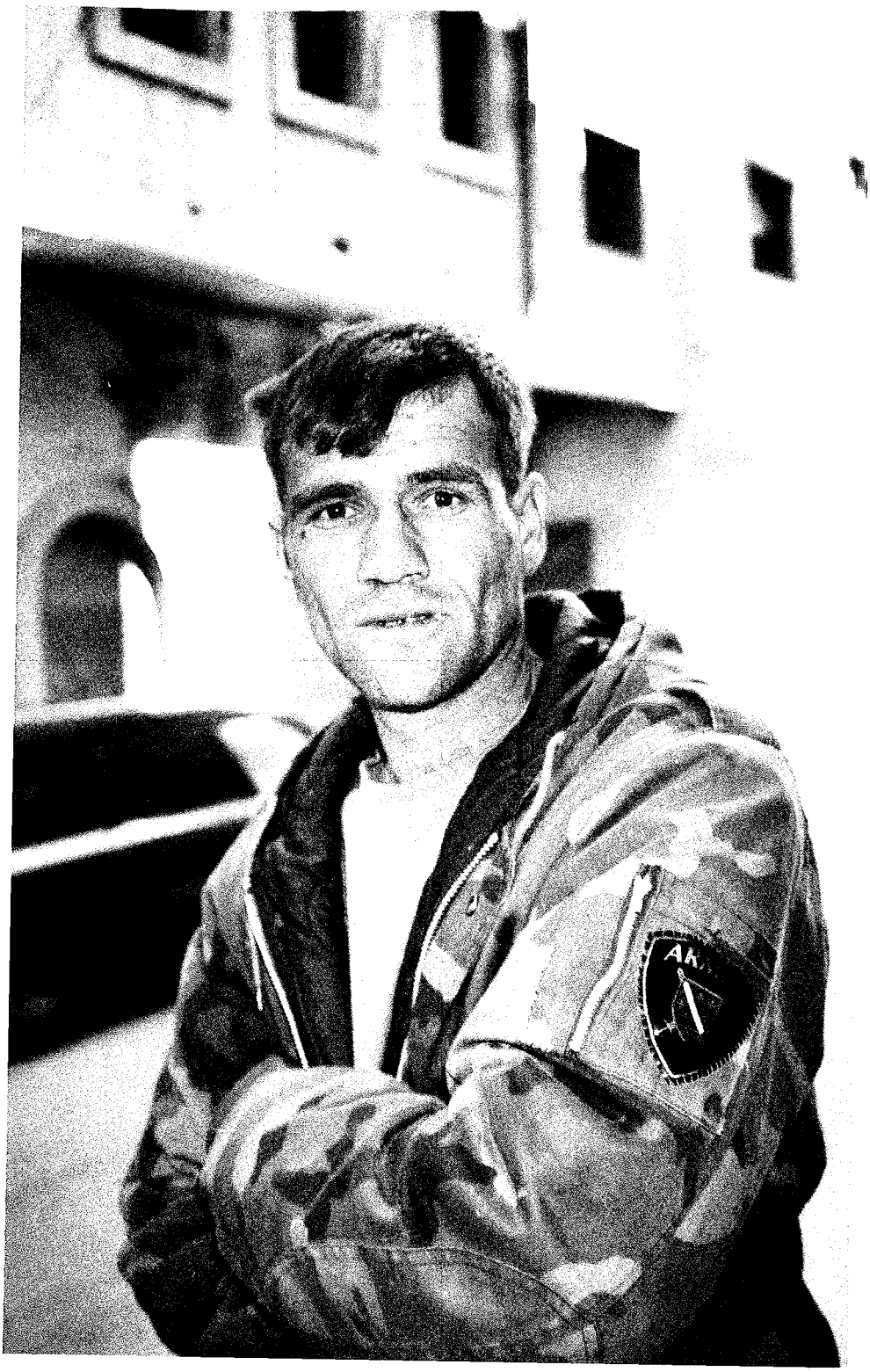

HSLS
Hrvatsku,
bodnih ljudi!
za
ZA DOM SPREMN
UVIJEK PRAVA
STRANKA PRAV
DOM SPREM
HRVATSKA
HOS
ZA DOM SPREM
UVIJEK PRAVA
HRVATSKA STRANKA PR

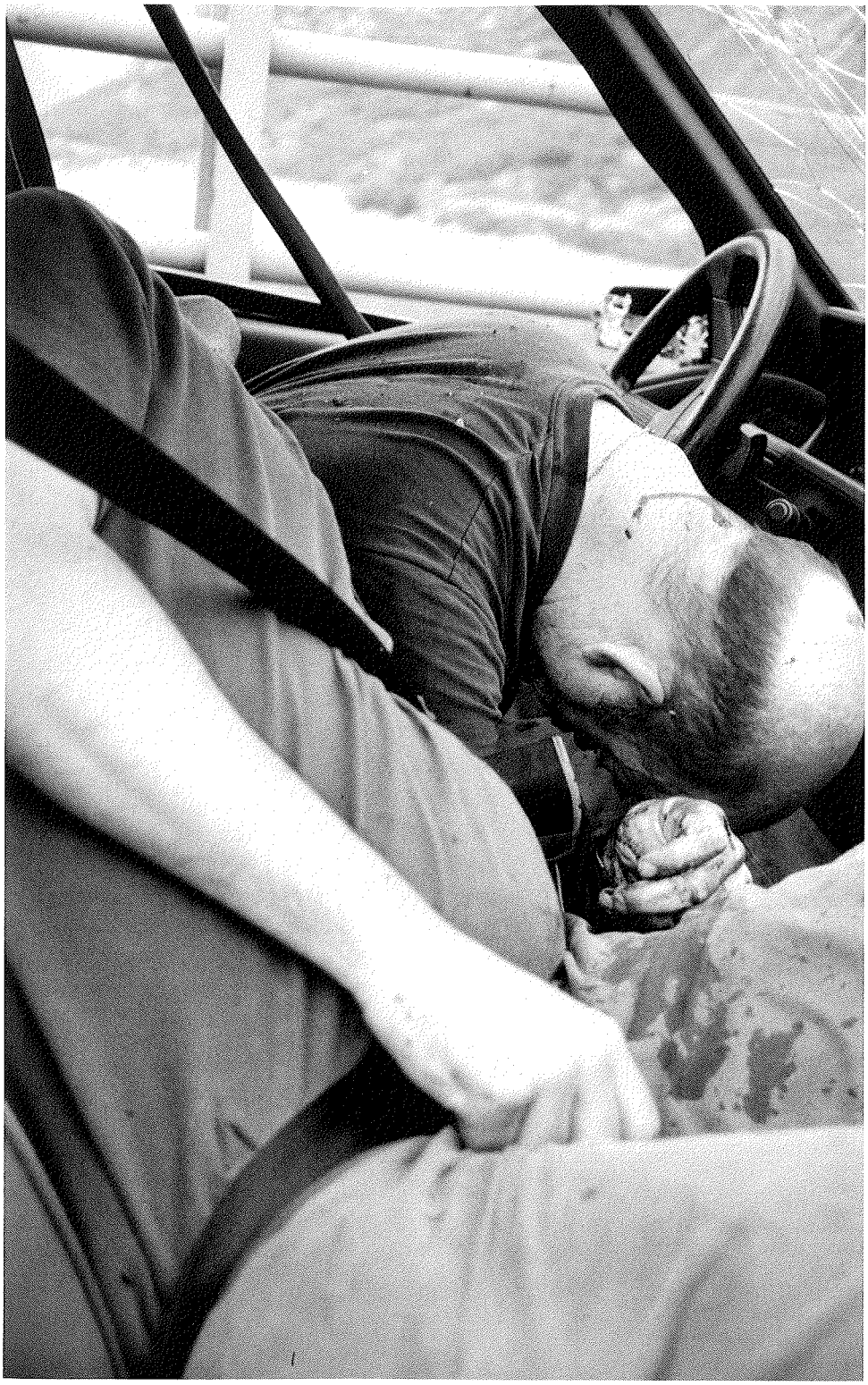












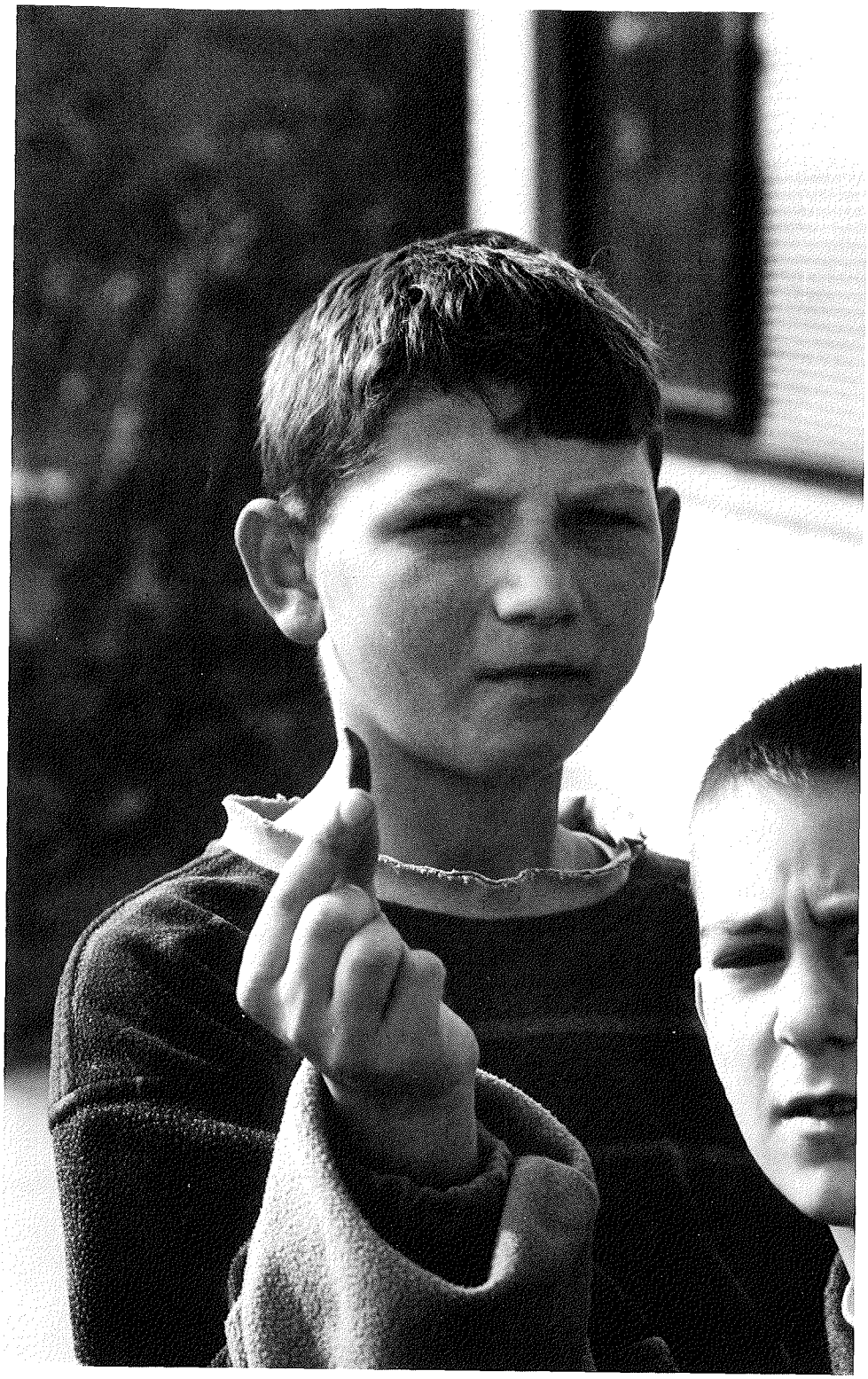


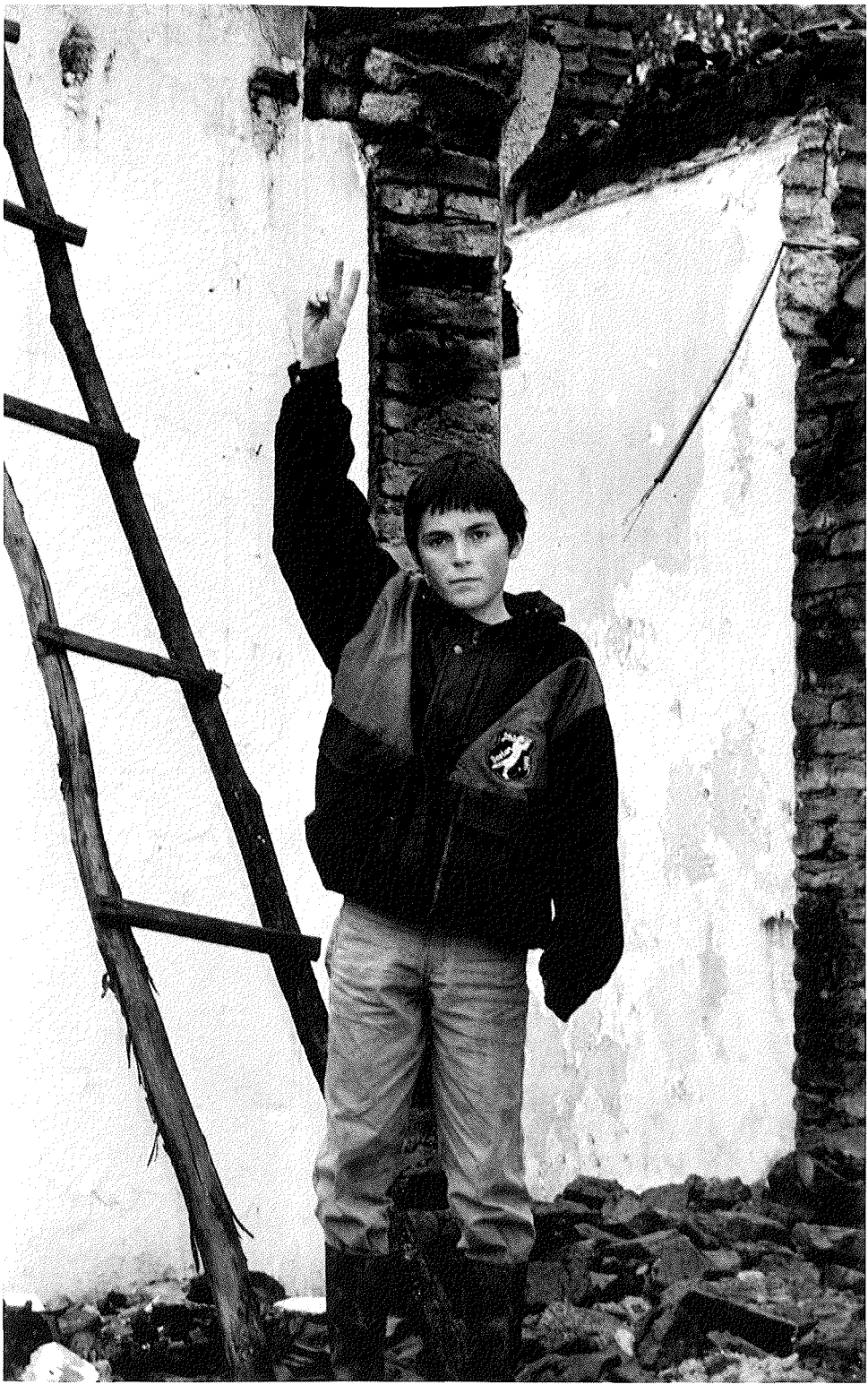


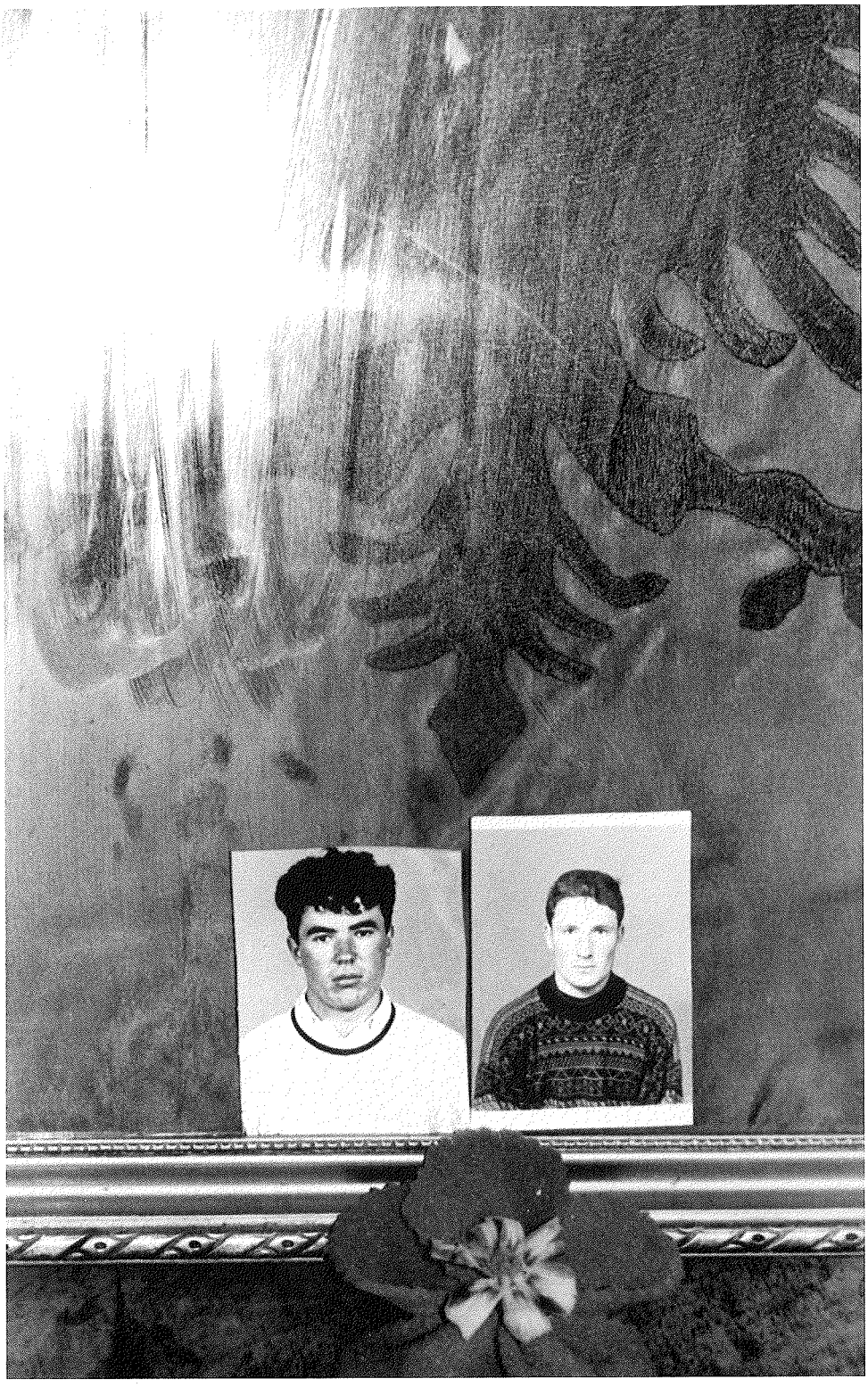





Н-КОМЕРЦ
ПРИЛУЖ7Е



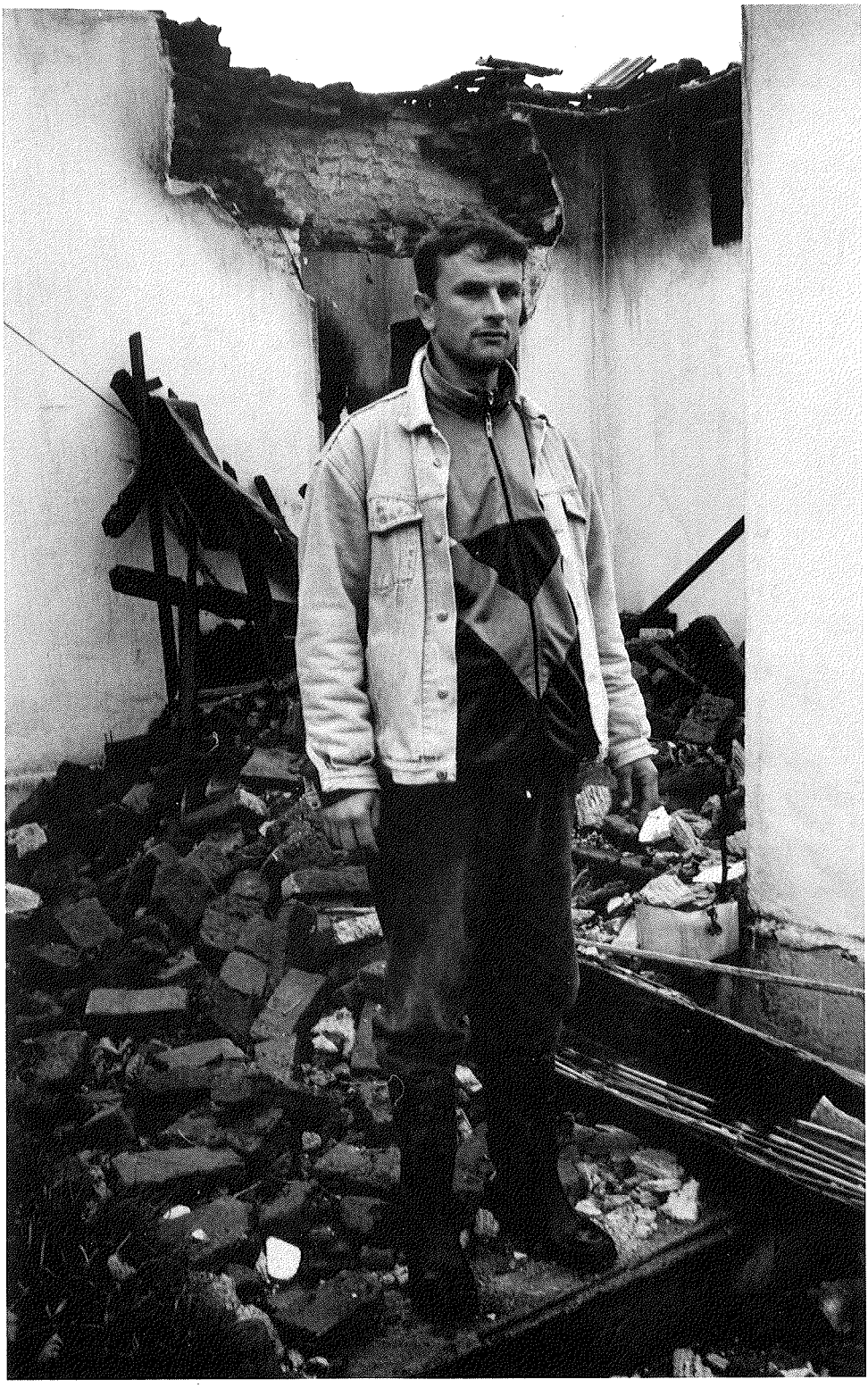









UÇK






NOT JUST PERFECT:I'M SERB


SDA

WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS? (1992)

ZAGREB, REPUBLIC OF CROATIA

MEN IN UNIFORM

One day in the park it was very hot, and the almost barkless state of the ocher-colored trees was like the paint peeling on the benches, like the ocher-colored leaves that scraped occasionally across the asphalt or just lay clutching with outstretched points. It was the middle of the afternoon. A boy stood calling to his playmate, staring and scratching his throat. The other boy came on a bicycle, and they went away together. A cloud of dead leaves blew suddenly with a sound like lizard skins being pulverized. Two pigeons pecked in the dead leaves that covered the steps of the bandstand. Across the street, a man in a blue-grey uniform lounged against a car, his foot welded to his knee. He called to another man dressed the same way. At once a third man in blue-grey came walking through the park very rapidly with his walkie-talkie out and his hand on a holstered gun. Then he was gone. A man in camouflage fatigues passed more slowly, carrying a leather briefcase. There was a girl who rode her friend on the handlebars of her bike facing her; those two rode round

and round. A woman with long tanned legs passed, smoking a cigarette. People in their summer clothes entered the patch of bleached light at the middle of the square, and an old man bowed himself over a drinking fountain. For a moment I thought that there were no men in uniform anymore. But then another one came.

Across from the bookstore where I'd once bought Communist-flavored children's books (eleven years ago now, just after Tito died), a young couple sat on a bench, the woman scissoring her knees to bring coolness inside her sweaty dress; and white-winged black bugs kept landing on me and crawling on my sticky skin, so I got up and walked away past quadruple-storied facades, one a bleached chlorine-green, the next pale yellow, the third chrome yellow, all as clean as if they'd been carved out of soap; and past the sloping grey awnings where people took their drinks in the shadow of a saber-pointing horseman long since petrified, I saw a campaign poster for the Croatian Party of Rights. Paraga, their leader, looked handsome, determined, somewhat effete. (Someone who'd known him in college said that he had been nice but perhaps a bit quiet.) Paraga's army was called HOS,[1] the Croatian Defense Force. Their slogan was READY FOR THE HOME![2] A HOS poster two steps away showed two brawny tattooed men in black uniforms, their arms upraised in a Nazi salute. Of course the Romans had saluted in the same way. Maybe I ought to make allowances, as I already had for the T-shirts that said GOD AND CROATIA (I had nothing against either of those quantities). Anyway, Paraga had lost the election overwhelmingly.

That evening when I heard the organ notes twisting and rising through the green-oxidized doors of the cathedral I thought: Why not God and Croatia? The music in those old ocher walls, still warm from the sun, vibrated with a painful beauty like droplets of summer darkness dripping from copper flowers. (I remembered the flowers I'd seen in the empty restaurants. Not very many people in Zagreb had the money to eat out.) The sacristan watched me from behind his gratinged and arched window. I opened the door, and the music stopped. I didn't go in. I heard a page turning, and then the organ filled me with sweetness again as the sacristan closed the door in my face and bolted it. On the black steps which resembled lava, cool air and music issued from the cracks in the door along with the old mortar-smell peculiar to churches. The music appeared to be talking to itself, ready for any death.

I don't remember this scaffolding, I said to a man in uniform. Is the cathedral being restored?

In a manner of speaking. The Serbs bombed it. They love to target monuments.

On one of the walls hung a great cross plaited with the barbed wire of agony, and fresh roses in a plastic cup. I thought again of the flowers in the empty restaurants. I thought of how written on a long yellow wall over and over I'd seen CRO and VUKOVAR (the latter sometimes inside a heart). I was glad I had not had to see the ruins at Vukovar. I'd kept walking until I saw the expected swastikas. The swastikas were a curse upon the Serbs.

Anyhow, the Serbs were not bombing Zagreb anymore. They never really had. Those blasts had been mere episodes, compared to the sniping. In short, the city was safe. You had to drive half an hour to get to the place where last week a Croatian girl had been found raped with her throat cut. In the street-bulge in front of the church, frowning dark faces were vomiting pure water endlessly, and around them sat people undressed for summer and above them stood gilded angels holding crosses so powerfully. The brown water rippled yellow in the sunset. The bells rang. The church door opened. Old women in black came out. They walked down the street, past another HOS poster.

Later, when I was in the Serbian Republic of Krajina, my police translator claimed that HOS built and controlled concentration camps for Serbs, just like in Germany in the Second World War.

Have you seen those camps yourself? I said.

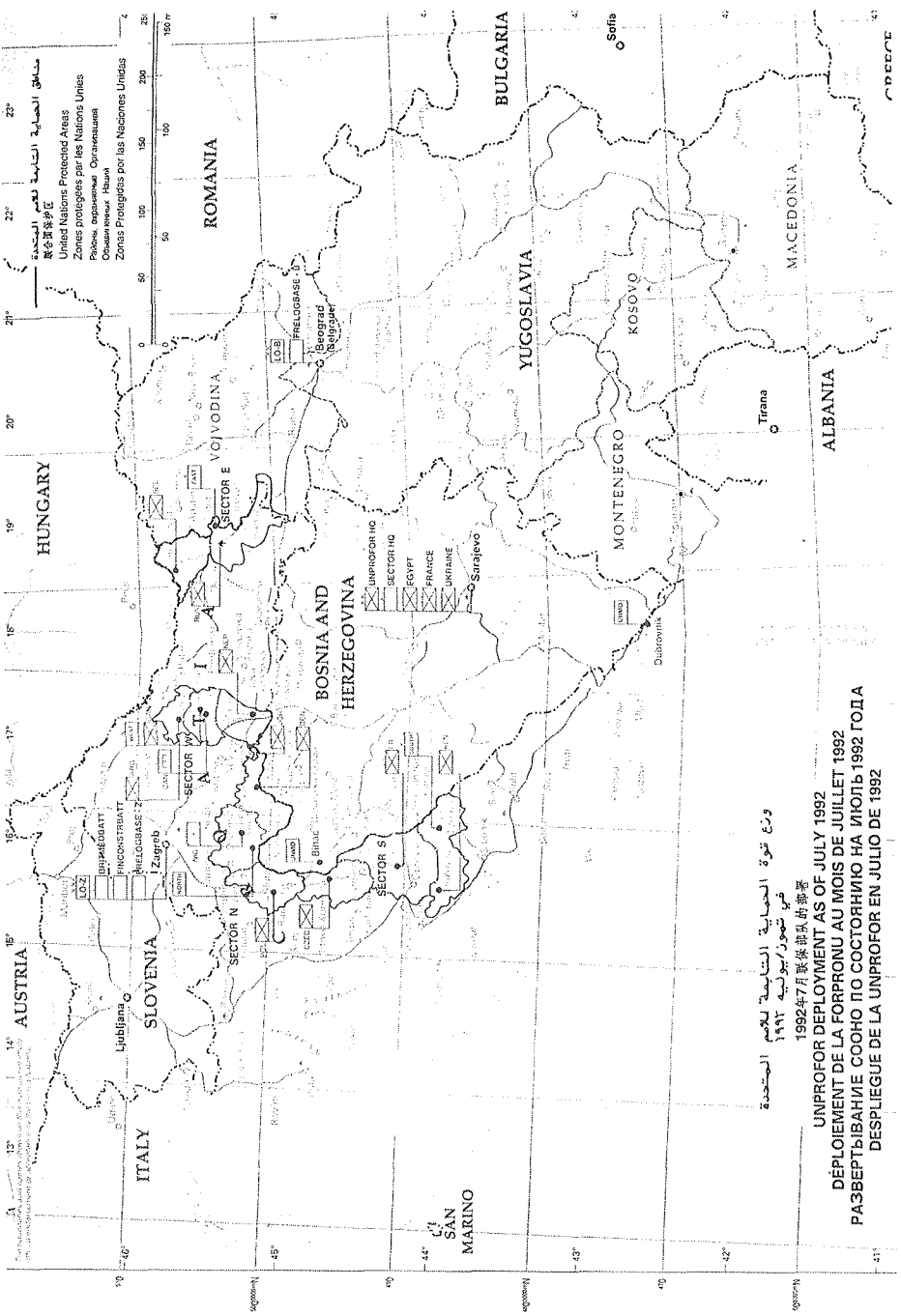
No, he said. How could I see them and not be dead? But one journalist told me he saw these camps, and the HOS commander said to him: Journalists are like soldiers. The less they know, the longer they'll live.[3]

In Zagreb there were no concentration camps that I could see. There were only men in uniform. Greenish summer leaf-light pressed coolly against the hot back windows of the flat's blocky rooms. Blocky rugs and furniture allied themselves with the huge rectangle of the TV which square religious pictures watched. My shirt glued itself to my back. On the TV the newscaster said *dobar dan*, good day, and then they showed the shattered flowerpots and broken glass of Slavonski Brod. They showed Sarajevo, a man running in the heat, a bird flying, smoke coming up, wounded people, a smashed roof. There came happy trilling music. Army boys and girls were singing at attention, machine guns at the ready.

Is this the song of all Croatia or just the army? I asked my friend Adnan. He was a Croatian of Albanian extraction.

Some not important song. It says we are saving our home.[4]

At midnight the bleached sidewalks and windowed wall-blocks formed a room of hot and tireless hardness, a single roofless night-room of many wide corridors which were usually empty but down which cars sometimes moved, or a man on a bicycle with lights. A dreamy fellow with a beard and glasses stood with his hand on his arm looking for a long time into the window of a shop that sold women's dresses. Then he turned half away. He tried to walk on but could not. For a long time he stayed locked into alignment with one dress. Finally he took the first step, but his head only turned further back. Two military policemen stood at the corner watching, one with his hands on his hips, the other turning to face this bearded one who stood still, peering into another night window displaying Cro Army chocolate bars in a camouflage wrapper (the accompanying poster proud of its soldiers and tank). Slowly the policeman came forward, staring at him. The man looked up and began to run.



U.N. situation map (1992)

On another night Adnan took me to meet a blonde in a dark dress who sat with her hands clasped and her legs crossed. I'll call her Nives. She said: Well, I'm Serbian and Croatian. I'm mixed. And I haven't any problems with my job, with my friends in the town. I can say I am Serbian. I think it is not so difficult in the big towns. Maybe in a small town I might have problems.

Two men who might have been HOS or maybe Tigers swaggered down the street in camouflage uniforms. One threw a cigarette butt down. There was a new slang word in Zagreb; instead of "cliquish" people said "squaddish."[5] These frequent shimmerings of squaddishness were hardly so grave a sin. What if those men *were* HOS? HOS were only squaddish; that was all.

How do you feel about the attacks of Serbians and Croatians upon each other? I said.

Well, I am cautious, said Nives. It is war, so everything is much more intense. Many people say to me: I hate Serbians, but you are OK.

I had heard people using the word "Chetniks" in accents of horror and hate. A man in uniform had told me that Chetniks were Serbian extremists.[6] So I said to Nives: Do you know any Chetniks?

She smiled. I'm not sure, because it's a name somebody from here they call people, but people in Serbia, they don't agree. My father is in Yug Army. For all Croatian people, he is a Chetnik. But he does not agree.

What would happen to you if you went to HOS and said to them: I am one-half Serbian?

They will say: So what? So what you want?

They would never hurt you?

Probably not.

They never hurt anybody?

I think not. Never in Zagreb.

We were sitting in a cafe. Couples walked whitely in the dark park-squares. I heard a noise like a hooting owl. Then from not far away a bell began to ring.

Some people tell me they commit atrocities on Serbs near Zagreb, I said.

Adnan interrupted, shouting: It's not true!

Well, maybe it's possible, Nives said.

Adnan grabbed his milk glass and stared at her. You don't write good! he said to me. Maybe it's true, but I have not experienced it and she has not experienced it.

The blue tram rounded the bend slowly, glowing yellowly inside. When it passed, a streetlight left its cool gleam on the track and then I could see the building block laced with darkness that used to be the artists' institute but was now HOS. A man in camouflage stood vigil in the doorway beneath a flag.

TITO

At midnight the Croatian flag waved endlessly on TV to the national anthem.

I'm sad about Yugoslavia, I said. Because I remember that when I was here before I could go anywhere, all over the country. There was no fighting. I would be sad if my country broke up into so many countries.

But your country has no history! said Adnan. Here we have always had separate countries. It was only the Serbs trying to dominate us who forced us into one country.[7]

I'd say it wasn't the Serbs; it was the Communists.

No! No! Tito was not well educated; he was not a real Communist, He only set up the Serbs to dominate the non-Serbs.

But, Adnan, wasn't Tito Croatian?

So they say. But I don't believe. They have his birthplace in Croatia. But I don't believe.

So you honestly think Tito was a Serb?

I think so, yes. There were never any Communists here.

But when I was here ten years ago, I stayed in the youth hostel with seven other boys. And they were all Communists—Stalinists!

He looked at me in disgust. —They were stupid! They were liars! I don't believe!

I speak from my experience, I said.

Then they were Serbs.[8]

GYPSIES

I met a man who'd seen gypsies at the dump. It had been early in the morning, he said, but the stench was already intolerable. The gypsies were roasting a pig in a pile of garbage. While the meat cooked, they were gleaning among the trash.

I met a man who owned a book of old gypsy songs. I leafed through the book.

What does this song mean? I said.

The gypsy is asking God to make love to him.

And this song?

He asks God to give him meat instead of sauerkraut.

And this song?

He asks God to give him a red dress for his girlfriend.

I met an old gypsy who tried to sell me shoelaces. —No, no, I said. I don't want them. I need a gypsy wife before I can wear those shoelaces!

Take them, shouted the old man. Only five hundred dinars! I have a beer belly, as you see. I must have a beer.

No.

Three hundred dinars.

I don't want them.

Two hundred.

No.

Okay, take them for nothing. They're yours.

As soon as I had the shoelaces in my hand, the old man laughed in triumph and cried: Now they're yours. Now you must pay.

I met a gypsy whore who sold me her body, her tiny body blooming with tattoos. Her bluish-dark face, her little elf-face, lived with her little gold Jesus. Her name was Dina. The first time a man told her to take her clothes off, he gave her five dinars on special green paper. She couldn't read or write, so she thought it was worth more.

How did you lose your teeth?

They fell out when I was pregnant. (Big eyes in the little elf face.)

Are you a gypsy?

I'm not a gypsy. Only my mother's a gypsy. My father is Croatian. My husband, I don't know about him. He's in prison for eleven years.

Why?

Somebody tried to kill him, but my husband killed him instead.

No, God had not given her any red dress, not to this tiny little gypsy in the green shirt with the gold ring and the name in the rectangular tattoo, the name in the flower tattoo. She had a mind like a bird.

How did you get tattooed?

My husband did it.

I don't believe it, said Adnan, who was interpreting.

I was hungry all my childhood, Dina said. I must sell my body because I haven't no food. Up until my sixth year I was going to school, but only two months at a time. Then my parents put me out on the street to beg. When I had something, I'd buy bread for my brother.

What's the war like for you?

I don't like Serbian people, but some of them are good. The war hurts my heart. I want to cry.

But I don't believe her, said Adnan. She says it with no emotion. She gnawed on her cross alertly, like a bird. —It's better you're alive than nothing, she said

That girl, what she says, maybe I don't believe, said Adnan. In her heart is darkness.

What kind of darkness?

I don't know. Darkness. She is very intelligent, very bad inside.

I met another gypsy who also sold me her body. She had dark eyes and a pouting face. She said: I'm not a gypsy. My mother was a gypsy.

Do you know Dina?

We're friends, but not such good friends. (She was drinking from a green liter bottle of mineral water with three red hearts.)

Has she ever taken customers from you?

I don't know. I never steal anything, but maybe she's different.

At the next table, some men from HOS were pointing at her, and making farting noises and whistling. She frowned slightly. —The HOS men said: Hey, whore! —She said: They're fools. I've seen them in Italy. This chance with you is special and I don't want to say anything. —The HOS men said: Hey, whore! Up your mother's cunt! —She ignored them all with her brown face; she shut them out with her brown eyes.

You want to see me naked? she said. Her eyes were darkly glowing.

How much? I said.

You want to touch me?

How much?

Fifteen thousand dinars. (A wink of her gold tooth.) You're a foreigner. Foreigners pay the best. Germans pay me sometimes a hundred deutschemarks, sometimes fifty.

Hey, whore! said the HOS men.

Sylvana raised both shoulders, drawing them in toward her head.

The HOS thugs were leaning on their hands now, smoking cigarettes, sneering at her with bleary eyes. —You're a stinking gypsy whore! they said.[9]

Fuck your mother! said Sylvana.

Summer darkness made the streetcars cooler now. Blue trains sped along the weird-angled streets, blinking their lights, and the people inside were not sweating anymore. What do you think of the Serbs?

Fuck all their mothers! They should go into their mother's cunts. If I saw a Serb, I'd bite his balls off. On the other hand, this war is good for business. When there's work, there's bread at home. I have children, but no husband, and I love bread.

How about Croatians?

Croatians are ordinary people. Gypsies have the Turkish religion. Gypsies are better than ordinary people.

She took me down a long, dark, stone hallway, then right at the first door, which was outlined in medieval light. She knocked. Inside was a huge kitchen of stone. An old lady and two burly old men stripped to the waist sat smoking cigarettes and playing cards. They were all gypsies. Other gypsies were standing. A man sat softly singing a song about a red dress.

Sylvana couldn't read, and neither could any of them. They didn't need to, they said. In Sarajevo I met a man named Nehro, and I never found out if he could read or not.

What makes a gypsy a gypsy? I asked him.

We come from India, he said. Our origins everybody knows.

Are some people ashamed of being gypsies?

I'm speaking for myself only, he said. I am not ashamed and I will never be ashamed. My father was a gypsy, my mother was a Muslim, and my wife is a Serbian.

I don't allow anyone to touch her. If she makes a wrong move with the other Serbs, I'll kill her myself.

Nehro was the commandant of the gypsies, from a camp called Mahala. At the beginning of the war, he saw fighting going on just above the Presidency building. He was there with his men and two guns they'd bought with their own money.

So you knew war would come?

We had a hunch, he said.

Are you a good fighter?

Not bad.

How about with a knife?

Have you ever seen a gypsy who didn't know how to fight with a knife?

What's the trick?

Be the fastest.

Why are you living in this apartment block? I asked.

When our houses were burned down, we heard there were empty shelters here. And this land was ours before the apartments were ever here. We came in and took over.

Nehro brought me into the smell of greasy garbage, where people with dark brown faces milled in the shade, never going outside where a sniper might get them. Kids in worn clothes ran from shadow to shadow, dark-eyed and skinny.

There was excrement on the floor. Past the open space under the stairs where eight people lived, we entered the shelter's arch. A baby was crying. Great shadows lived on the cracked wall, attacking the single candle. Deeper inside, women and children sat in darkness. —Sometimes an attack comes here, a grandmother said. We don't trust anybody. —She had a hand like leather. The floor was made of cardboard. The pipe overhead was from the toilet and it leaked.

Why is it so quiet today?

Maybe they're cleaning their weapons.

Do you ever sing songs here? I asked her. In Zagreb they sing the song about the red dress.

I'm too sick to sing songs. I'm too sad to sing songs.

I met a gypsy who said to me: I like our people because we are always very happy or very angry. We work only for ourselves, and not for anyone else.

What do you think of the Serbs? I said to him.

I'm a gypsy and I'm a Croatian, he said. Slit all the bastards' throats!

But I also met a man who wasn't a gypsy, and I told him I might go to Belgrade to interview the Serbs. —You're going to Belgrade? he said in disgust. That's a dirty gypsy town.

THE DETAILS KILLED EVERYBODY

Outside of Zagreb, there was a camp for Bosnian Muslims without documents. It was hot and dusty, and gravelly. People walked between white barracks.

Beside the hospital room, which smelled like vomit and had no windows and no electricity, and no doctor, an old man was leaning, staring. He had hairs in his nose.

The details killed everybody! he shouted.

He speaks without meaning, the interpreter said.

From here to this place everyone is going down, cried the old man. It's hard for me to talk; my throat hurts.

But it makes no sense, said the interpreter. Anyway, I see here ten nice girls. They haven't documents; with them one can do anything.

BECAUSE I AM A MUSLIM GIRL

A pubescent girl came and asked: Can I talk?

Sure.

She said: They started to shoot at the place where we were. Then we fled to another nearby town. We took grenades and everything.

What did you think the first time you saw a grenade?

I didn't think, she said. The Chetniks found me and put me in prison for twelve days. They came when we were making coffee and they said: You must make us coffee.

And then what?

They said: You must stay. Don't leave this place. Only a few will have enough food to go away.

And then?

Soldiers said: You must leave this village in half an hour. If not, we kill everyone here in half an hour. We were all afraid, and there were twenty-six of us in the cellar. They began shelling. Then we didn't have a house anymore, because of the shelling. The houses were all on fire and it was extremely frightening.

Why did the Chetniks want you to leave?

Because a second army was coming to kill everyone.

Why don't the Chetniks like you?

Because I am a Muslim girl.

Why don't they like Muslims?

Because they want all our territory.

What would you do with them if you could?

I would kill them, because they want to kill us, the girl said joyously.

What's it like here?

It's not the same as a concentration camp, but it's similar. If you go to eat, if you

go to the bathroom, you must wait in line. But you get something to eat. Nobody beats you.

TITO

An old lady in a whirling flower-leaf dress was stringing peppers. They were all women in that room, all Muslim women without any documents.

There are four generations here, the old lady said.

What are your memories of Yugoslavia?

It was nice the way it was before. I'd like to live in the house of peace again.

(Into my mind flashed a phrase from Lucan: *Rome's inability to bear herself.*)[10]

What did you think of Tito?

He was very, very good to us.

Did he always respect religion?

Yes, of course.

LIES

In Zagreb there was a man who sat in a bar. The town he'd escaped from, the town where he'd been born, was called Bosanka Gradiska.

He said: I was sitting in a cafe when a Serb came in. I am Muslim; it was a Muslim cafe, so I was causing no trouble. The Serb said to me, "I could kill you, but I won't. I'll kill that man instead." That man was the man next to me. The Serb fired two slugs into his head.

That was the story the man told me. That was one reason that he hated the Serbs. One of a thousand reasons.

What about the Serbs in Zagreb? I said. Do they hurt anybody here?

They may be hidden under another cloak, he said. Even if they haven't done anything against us, they have not stood up against the injustice.

I said: How can they stand up? What can they do?

The man looked at me and said: There is a mountain called Duboki Jarak. The Serbs took girls aged ten to thirteen from my town. They took them all to Duboki Jarak. They raped them all.

I left the bar and went back to where Tudjman was talking on TV, saying: Despite the attacks of the Serbian imperialists and their Yugo-communist allies...

My friend Adnan turned the channel to Serbian TV, shimmering, staticky. There was a red star and crescent moon on a purple screen. There were Cyrillic letters.

What are they saying? I asked.

Lies, Adnan said.[11]

LIFE PUT ME HERE

Behind the barracks of the "Drop of Goodness" shelter, a boy sat drinking, pursing his greasy lips out into a snout. Women sat in old chairs reading and drinking amidst the hot summer smell of armpits. The old man was drinking, too. His breath stank of slivovitz. The boy with the greasy lips was his son.

I have to live in this place because life is hard, he said to me. Life put me here.

He had a goat's-leather face. His narrow greenish-brown eyes were shelved by pinkish underlids. His moustache, thicker than grass, was black and silver.

My son uses drugs, he said. But I never use drugs.

Then what are those abscesses on your arms?

I worked for five years in a small town near Rijeka doing metal etching. Those are acid burns. It was illegal labor, so they gave me no gloves.

I believed him. I'd seen people like him all over the world, people born without luck or money or talent, the kind of people who live and die most horribly. He was the proletariat. He was the one that the Party had set out to save.

Are you sad that Yugoslavia is dead? I asked him.

For me it's completely the same. I have sixteen years working. In Yugoslavia I had nothing. In Croatia I have nothing.

What's your opinion of the Serbs? I said.

The Serbian people are not so bad. I had many Serbian friends before, I believe they're still my friends. I remember the start of war in one town called Delnice. I took a few boys from here to fight, because we didn't want Delnice to be in Serbian hands. I had an old gun, and the boys had some sticks. The police stopped us and sent us back. They said they didn't need us. About the Serbs I don't really care. About the war I don't care. Nobody cares except the people who are getting rich.

The boy with the greasy lips heard this, looked at his father, and spat on the dirt.

My son of course really wanted a weapon so much, said the old man, scratching industriously at his sores. He bought a machine gun from the gypsies for fifteen hundred deutschemarks.[12] I don't know where he got the money. Maybe from selling heroin. Then he went to Bosnia and joined up. Since he was only sixteen, I was able to take the bus to get him out. I am his father. He must do as I say until he's eighteen. The judge made that a condition of his probation. Now he's angry, as you see. He won't speak to me anymore. As soon as he finishes school he'll be free to enlist, and I can't stop him. He'll go. He's a wild one. I expect he'll lose his life.

The old man was like a stone, an inert and sullen stone at the bottom of the creekbed called politics. Water and blood wash over the stone, but they cannot change it. Nor can it change the stones it lies against. The stone can do nothing. It is nothing.

Are people different in Zagreb since the war? I asked.

Yes, so much. Never before would they always ask: Where are you from? Who was your mother? Before the war, someone might help you. Now your best friend won't help you. Tomorrow maybe I'll help my best friend. But my best friend won't help me today.

But I knew by then that for the old man it had always been this way, that no best friend had ever helped him and none ever would.

EVERYTHING WAS WAITING

At the Restaran Splendid, it was not yet six, and men sat at a table in the middle of the preordained echoes, saying *Sarajevo* while a small boy ran back and forth, slapping new echoes down on the tiles which descended all the way to the toilet where the toilet queen and her daughter waited for someone to urinate or defecate and then pay them, and the radio kept talking with an anxious twist of voice like the tightness behind your eyes when you haven't slept.[13] Then the radio played country music, and the mirror filmed with stale cigarette smoke. It's only fair to say that I don't think I would have known from these indications alone that what newscasters call a "tragedy" was going on, which only proves that I am stupid or else that tragedies do not affect anything except themselves, as we all know anyhow—so my point ought to be quite obvious, but novelists and journalists who write about foreboding circumstances do too often do what cinema directors do when they instruct the composer to make the musical score sound ominous so that you'll get it. My friend Francis said: But it doesn't *feel* right in Zagreb! but I wondered whether it would have felt right to him without the men in uniform. Maybe Zagreb didn't seem so different because the only other time I'd been there (back when Croatia was still Yugoslavia), people were also quiet since Tito had just died and they were nervous about a Soviet invasion.

At a corner where someone had scrawled in wide fierce strokes VUKOVAR, a lady in a blue hat stood waiting, I think, for the bus.

From the Gradska, music escaped past patrons at outdoor tables and impregnated each stone with the sky's luminosity. A little boy and a middle-aged man bicycled their separate ways over that light, which joined the ground to the sunset that the ice-cream man stood on. Three men in camouflage, U.N. insigniae on their shoulders, were peeping into a store that sold baby clothing. I heard a lady say to her friend: Vukovar and then Sarajevo, Sarajevo.[14] —People's muffled calls took on a scuffed and polished quality in that cooling light. The bell sounded the half-hour. It was a small and dissonant bell. Nothing was loud in Zagreb. Everything was waiting.

SARAJEVO, REPUBLIC OF BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA

CABBAGES

On the Muslim side of the first front there was a concrete building that used to be a youth hostel. It stood alone and apart from the apartment towers whose ragged windows and round shell-holes were a good three-minute sprint across a very dangerous open place that used to be a busy street. Curtains hung out of the hostel's broken windows. The roof of the portico was spattered with fragments of glass. The white walls were scorched. There was garbage on the grass, because in Sarajevo carrying the trash out was less necessary and no less dangerous than getting water. Some people in Sarajevo did empty their trash, of course. What would life be without the freedom to empty the trash whether or not it kills you? And perhaps it will not even kill you if that is your one indulgence, and your other rules of conduct are drafted more prudently. A man named Darko told me his particular rules:

When I walk, I am very careful in some crossroads. I never go in open places. You always have to find some kind of shelter, some wall or building behind your neck. And always run. Never walk easy. If you hear some kind of bomb or shooting, don't move. Try to walk in the shadows.

(This last bit of advice, I think, explains what I call "the Sarajevo pallor.")

The hostel was definitely one of the places to and from which you always ran (unless you were drunk on vodka), because it was only two hundred meters from the Chetniks (nobody called them Serbs anymore). To go by car you screeched across the sidewalk, weaving and dodging until you gained the safety of the portico. You jumped out as quickly as you could. As you ran into the lobby of the hostel you became lost in a wilderness of shattered chairs and planks. Behind a desk, soldiers from the Blue Thunderbolt special unit sat in the darkness, smoking cigarettes with their rifles ready beside them.

I remember the first time I went up the concrete stairs with half a dozen soldiers and crossed to the wing where no one lived anymore. The hall was black and it stank of burning because three days before a tank shell had come smashing and roaring in. The soldiers told me that when the napalm in a tank shell explodes, the snipers start shooting at that room to kill anyone who is still alive. Going down this hall terrified me because we had to run past every open sunny doorway, knowing that any Chetnik waiting and aiming at that doorway would be able to get me. Maybe a Chetnik was playing his binoculars across all the doorways and had just found me. He would be calculating my speed as I ran. He'd take aim at the doorway ahead, waiting for me to pass into its lethal openness and light (during this first visit I was too afraid and was running too quickly to see the smashed littered rooms and broken windows inside those zones of nakedness); and I also was aware that if the Chetniks were watching then they would know that I would be running back this

same way. If I were a Chetnik, the logical thing to do would be to wait for the prey to return. That was the worst, the knowing that every doorway would see me twice.

At one of the landings, a round porthole long since deglassed by war looked out at the Chetniks. The soldiers told me that there were about twenty of the enemy in that red-roofed white building which used to be an institute for the blind. To look out this porthole, you took a cracked mirror from the soldiers and sat to one side, holding the mirror at a forty-five degree angle to the still and shattered cityscape so that you could see the Chetniks and they could see your reflected face but they could not shoot you. When I tried this, a soldier looked down at my knees and I looked down and saw that they were trembling. The soldier smiled.

How do you feel now? he said.

Afraid.

The soldiers all laughed. —Try to spend twenty-four hours a day here, one said.

The desolate shining of the hostel's white walls in the twilight chilled me. It was a wrenched and twisted whiteness, so alone on the edge of life. Soldiers and students were sitting in the darkening lobby. A seventeen-year-old in a swivel chair held a Kalashnikov[15] between his knees.

The commander came in. He took me through a room barricaded with chairs and then up to a place on the second floor where a man sat reloading his Kalashnikov in the dark. The Chetniks were firing an anti-aircraft gun right then,[16] their shooting making the same idiotic rhythm for a time, then changing beat, then degenerating into randomness. —They are attacking from that house now, the commander said, showing me the place through a hole in the concrete not much larger than a coin. —That one, he said, that red-roofed one with the hole in the roof.

A soldier sat on guard on the steps, his face pale and calm, his lips gleaming.

To the right of that house there are eight bunkers, the commander said.

Through the loophole I saw a motionless kingdom, a grey zigzag of streets. White stars hung over green trees in the dusk. Then came the hiss and slamming boom of a shell.

On the left is a tank, said the commander. We cannot destroy it. In that tank there is a professional soldier from the ex-Yugo Army, maybe five or six hundred meters from our eyes. There they have their artillery. We cannot locate it. We have only *had* artillery, the greater part of which is under control of UNPROFOR which cannot defend us.

They're only terrorists now, the commander said. They were Serbs. Now they're not Serbs. There are no more legitimate Serbs.

Another view through darkness. I saw the destroyed grey-white skulls of buildings, figurations of ghastly terror. Across that grassy courtyard heaped with garbage and rubble rose the weird vertebrae of a wigwag apartment building which had been

heavily shelled.

There was a student, Adbel, who was interpreting for me. I asked his opinion of the soldiers. —I like them very much, he said. Because they keep me alive.

He showed me a black hole in the ground where a student had been killed. —We haven't any chance, he said.

One of the apartment towers next to us had just been hit by a shell. Fire glowed more and more brightly in the window. Smoke soared softly into the night while sparks fell. I wondered if anyone in that flat could still be alive. Some soldiers and students stood beside me watching. We heard the sharp crashing barks of a machine-gun, and then an anti-aircraft gun started. The students were as still as the weeds behind the smashed red Volkswagen beside the yellow station wagon whose roof had been patched with a sheet of plastic, whose side was spattered as if with mud; actually the spatterings were bullet holes. Flashes of light from a Chetnik-held building pinkened the sky, glowing until they dominated the stars, sullenly booming. A howitzer made a tremendous crashing noise. The sky lit up in an arc around the explosion.

We have to hold this building, a soldier said. If this building falls, they'll get us. We all live in Sarajevo. They'll get us all.

The students slept in an A-bomb shelter in the basement.

The shelling is almost continuous, a student said. From April we've slept underground since our rooms are too dangerous. It's very cold. Food is a great problem for us.

On their cots they lay still, some smiling shyly at me in the light of the white walls. Their pale glowing hagridden faces were transected by blue-grey shadows.

In the ventilation room, they took turns for fifteen minutes every hour turning the crank. That was what changed the air. This job was very strenuous. Some were stronger than others. The strong ones cranked for half an hour. It was concrete-grey in there in the beam of my flashlight (they themselves turned the crank in the dark), and the sand was grey. —We have eyes in the dark, a student said.

On a dark hill nearby, a spot of flame glowed up. —That's a house, Abdel said. When they destroy our children, our women, our fathers, our grandmothers...

In the darkness, a shell exploded. A sheet of metal rattled.

The darker darkness of the camouflage-uniformed boys broke like the skin of a lake around a falling stone, because a man lit a cigarette. I saw a quick match-gleam on

the upraised barrel of a gun.

Of the eighty-odd students, there were three who did not sleep in the shelter. The shelter was too dark and crowded, they said. They had beds set up side by side on the second floor landing in front of the elevators. That was the safest place except for the shelter. Sami, skinny and brown, lay on one side of the candle. The two girls and I were on the other. The flame caught warring crab's claws and crescent moons on the edges of their hair and faces, the rest of their heads silhouetted against the wall. I told them about California and Sami talked about the Sudan and Suzy began to say something about Kuwait but then she began to think about her parents, who didn't know whether she was dead or alive, and grew silent. Mica never said anything. She was a Serbian girl from Vîšegrad.

After Suzy blew the candle out there came the first of the autumn storms, and wind groaned terrifyingly through the shattered corridors, chilling our faces, opening and slamming doors, toppling barricades with sickening crashes, knocking out jagged pieces of glass that smashed loudly on the floors. I could hear rain falling inside the ruined hall. The sky flickered white and black, then suddenly red from a distant shell. Mica moaned in her sleep. I had taken the bulletproof vest off because I could not bear to lie next to them with more protection than they had, but all that meant was that I kept waking up wondering when a shell or a bullet would discover me. This fear was, like most fears, founded on inexact statistical analysis. Had I known that in World War I, for instance, it required on average five thousand bullets to wound or kill a single soul,[17] I might have slept better, although in Sarajevo they probably harmed people more efficiently since so many of them were noncombatants. At any rate, I did sleep better every night, because after all I was there and my fear could not do me any good, so it was better to be influenced by fallacies of safety than by chimeras of extinction. At six in the morning, a soldier woke us. Six was the time at which one must leave open places, because it was getting light and the snipers would be able to see in. The girls got up one by one, rolling up their sheets and carrying them away. I could see the white roll of cotton fading down the dark hall as Mica vanished. By six-thirty, dawn was well established, the sky grey like a dirty sheet, raindrops tinkling down against glass shards on the floor, and the Chetniks beginning to fire once again with the anti-aircraft gun.

In Sami's room the window was shattered, the wood splintered on the sill. Blue sky was cracked with greenish glass-lines and tracked and sectored by translucent tape. Sami told me that he'd been lying on his bed a week before, at about 5:00, when the bomb came in. He'd had a bad feeling just before it happened. Shrapnel had shot up over his head and gone into the corner of the ceiling. He was knocked to the floor. —Thanks for God I tell you because until now I live!—Now he took an ice-cold shower in the dark bathroom, brushed his teeth and smoked a cigarette.

Proudly, he showed me a fresh cabbage. That was the first vegetable I had seen in Sarajevo. I asked him where he had gotten it, and he smiled and said: Wait until tonight. At 8:00 I show you!

And what do we do right now?

We gonna make some tea. So nice for you!

He took me upstairs to the place where I'd had to run past doorways the day before. This time I was not quite so afraid, and was able to see inside the doorways. Bulletholes, shell holes, these the abandoned rooms wore for makeup, their faces splintered into a weird and ugly terraces. We entered a door. Whoever's room this had been had left quickly or been killed. All over the floor lay rumpled clothing, shoes, photos, identity cards, even coins. Curtains blew back from the shattered windows. —You want sweater? said Sami. It will be very good for you. Always the girls go shopping here.

We entered another door. The room had many holes in the wall. —Sniper, said Sami. If you stand there you will die. —From a ruined dresser he took some scraps of wood as quickly as he could. Then we ran back downstairs. We walked quickly when we got to the open part where snipers might see us, and we came to a landing where the concrete wall was scorched black. From his kindling and some sheets of old physics exercises Sami started a fire almost at once. He put on the black cast iron pot. The dresser-wood crackled and flared. The landing filled with smoke. A soldier peered out at the Chetniks, yawning and gripping his Kalashnikov. He rubbed smoke out of his eyes. He squatted on the stairs, leaning on the butt of the gun. —If he see, he must shoot, said Sami. If no see sniper, he must not shoot. Because they always shoot back again. We must shoot only for control, to make them afraid.

The water was boiling now. The Chetniks were shooting from their house behind the parking garage. We had tea.

At a little before four-o'-clock, the shooting and shelling around the building had become intense. All the civilians except Suzy, Mica, Sami and me had gone down to the shelter. Sami said: From the first day of the war, I have never left my room. I will never leave my room.

Then the soldiers had to get their one rifle and go down and fight. The two women sat on the terrace drinking coffee. I brought Mica a vodka and she laughed and cried: Oh, no! and Suzy said: She don't like. So I left the shotglass on the table in front of her and went back to Sami's room to get my binoculars. I was going with the soldiers.

I could hear Mica laughing with Suzy on the terrace in between bursts of bullets because everything else was so quiet. Then I heard her walking past me down the hall. I heard her unlock her door. Then I heard firecrackers in the empty sky.

In the dark, people were going down to the shelter to get water. Sami was still

asleep. Women kept calling Mica, and Mica would reply: *Molim?* Suzy came back with water. Mica was calling her. Then the noises stopped and I heard a dog bark, which sounded very strange. A thunderous purr of distant howitzer silenced that, but Mica and Suzy went on speaking to one another in the hall. A soldier came for me. He had a bottle of slivovitz in his hand.

To shoot Chetniks you go up a few flights of stairs and walk quickly down the hall heaped with plaster, old clothes, trash, scorched wood and broken glass, flitting as quickly as you can past the sunny doorways where students used to live and into which the Chetniks can see from their white house next to the destroyed newspaper building, and then you cross a corner terrace and run because it is very exposed and you go up a cement-walled flight or two or stairs until you reach the porthole of your choice, where there will be a couple of chairs and many many 7.62 and 30.06 shells golden and black on the floor. You turn the chair backwards and straddle it, leaning against the back of it as you fit the rifle against your shoulder and line up your sights on one of the windows of the red-roofed white house and then you wait for movement. The soldier who's pointed out the apartment house where he used to live with his mother and sister and where a Chetnik shell struck when his mother and sister happened to be there (they lived) takes aim. He fires five careful shots. He says: I prefer to wait, you know, I can stay like this two days. I wait. I prefer to see someone dying.

You each fire. The Chetniks do nothing. You fire again. The Chetniks send machine gun bullets against the walls. You wait until they stop and they fire again. The soldier who pointed out the apartment house where he used to live says: All Chetniks have beards.[18] They never wash. When I come home, I wash. They, never. They stink. They are dirty.

They killed three of our men here, a soldier said, two from snipers and one from a shell.

At night Sami and the commander and two other soldiers played cards by the light of one candle kept low on the floor, and their breath clouded. They laughed. The besiegers played their usual music. After it was time to sleep we hid our faces under the blankets for warmth. Just after I got to sleep the enemy sent a shell. Their machine guns probed the walls of the hostel briefly from time to time, each bullet hoping to find not concrete but a window and then flesh. There was also a noise like some huge thing splashing. Then, once, a shell came very close and loud.

The morning was clear and cold, with shots, drumlike machine guns now extremely loud and nasty. Mica had taken a cold shower and washed her hair which was as black

as the soot-galaxies that powdered the corner of Sami's white ceiling where the shell had exploded. In the cold shadows of distant buildings, people ran, carrying splinters of wood as something smashed fiercely and repeatedly. Mica carried the teapot back to her room, filled it from the bathroom, and the war continued to happen as the girls laughed and smiled. They played ping-pong and Tzeta was presented with a white rose from the old gardener outside and everyone teased Tzeta's boyfriend.

Suzy, Sami and Mica talked about escaping again, but no one could come up with a plan, so Suzy sighed and fell silent. I will always remember those dreary evenings of darkness, the candle on the floor or even extinguished, depending on our fear, and the darknesses of those motionless faces like coagulated misery. Of the three of them I worried the most about Mica. Sami was an organizer. Whatever was possible he would do. Suzy for all her depression seemed extroverted. She had friends. Mica, however, was shy and quiet. Even now she continued to study her subject, which was forestry. She seemed so often to be terrified and silent. And she was a Serb.

I called UNPROFOR to ask about the students. A woman told me: I wouldn't worry about them if I were you. They're foreigners. Nobody wants to feed them in the winter. In a few days we'll evacuate them.

Because they're foreigners?

That's right.

Then what about the Serbian students? I understand that there are seven.

This is only my opinion, but I don't think they'll be evacuated.

At that time the students did not seem to me to be sufficiently organized. It was very discouraging to me to see how passive they were. Their most important job ought to be preparing for winter. (The soldiers were better off. They had a twelve-hour shift and then they could go home.) Whenever I discussed the future with the students, they would say only: We will die. This seemed to me unnecessarily defeatist. If the siege was not lifted before winter, the chances were that some of them would in fact die, but without proper planning all of them would die.

First of all, I thought, they ought to be gathering fuel of any kind. Abdel and some others agreed with me that there remained at most two months' worth of furniture in the building to be burned. I had met several people in Sarajevo who were living in well furnished apartments formerly occupied by Serbs. That must mean that there were other empty apartments full of fuel. And what about the flats that had been hit by enemy shells? In some of them the owners must be dead and there must be splintered tables and desks which could heat enough water for many meals. The problem, of course, was making the trip to collect the wood. Just going as far as the other hostel building was frightening. —Get ready to run, Sami said

as we were about to clear the shelter of the portico. Then we were running past shattered glassed structures which I had only the briefest time to glimpse; maybe they were greenhouses. Later I saw that they had been cafeterias. Inside the other *studenski dom* it was dark and cold. A girl paced, shivering. A soldier stood sheltered in a closet, the door opened, his Kalashnikov at his side. The windows were boarded up on the side facing the snipers. The plank nearest me had twenty-four bullet holes.

Inside the darkened sandbag concrete UNPROFOR offices where the assholes said no to everything and outside, amidst the rolls of concertina wire, a U.N. soldier sat in his idling APC with U.N. flag at half-mast for the people in the plane that had been shot down last week by Serbs or Muslims, depending on whom you talked to; inside and outside I went with Sami, Suzy and Mica. There was a general who'd promised Sami that the students would be evacuated.

They promised us so many times before, said Suzy quietly.

As we ran back from UNPROFOR, a shell landed not far away. I jumped. Mica bit her lip. Suzy just looked down at the ground, her face more grim and terrified each day.

In the middle of the afternoon Mica and Hazim were playing the game called Mica with dark stones and pale corn kernels, trying to get threes and cut each other off and diminish each other like armies. There came a terrible noise of shooting from the apartment next door, and looking out we saw sparks and smoke boiling from the windows. Suzy, who was sitting beside Sami on the other bed, folded her hands across her breasts and let her head sink down into emptiness. And I thought how many thousands of people there were like her in Sarajevo on that rainy day. Consider the red streetcar full of passengers who knew that at any time the Chetniks might send them a shell, but they were so tired and hungry and their feet hurt, so they took the streetcar anyway. Consider the old ladies who visited their friends. After leaving their passports with the old lady in charge of each apartment building, they had to ascend ten or fifteen flights of pitch dark stairs, past people carrying their jugs of water wearily. At every landing, the shattered glass was boarded or cardboarded over. People squatted there and begged for cigarettes. The people they visited all lived the same life as Suzy. They could never sit out in the sun because if they did someone would shoot them. If they stayed in their rooms someone might or might not shoot them right through their curtain windows. Consider the people who stood in line outside the bakery that had no more bread. The Chetniks had killed a crowd of bread seekers already. Consider the three men who went to a restaurant to eat but found it closed. They tried a second restaurant, which was also

closed, and then a third, inside which it was sepia-dark and people sat at empty white-clothed tables. After a long time a waitress came. Because the men knew the owner, they were able to order a bowl of soup apiece and two plates of meat for the three of them. The other people watched them with hopeless greed. They ate quickly. The measures in their double vodkas seemed to grow grander each time. Cigarette-ends whirred like glowing bees in the muddy darkness, and lighters flashed almost in time to the distant shells. One of the men said to the other two: I told you, Serbs in general are not bad. It's not my fault seventy-five percent of the motherfuckers are assholes. —I remember asking a Serb in Krajina his opinion on who the assholes were, and he said: Maybe the Serbs first started shooting, maybe the Muslims, maybe the Croatians. But it's possible that all this mess was organized by Muslims. They want their country, and they don't care about the price. —And I remember a Bosnian who said: The Croats are the worst. They made a secret deal with the Serbs to divide up our country. In five years there will be no more Bosnia. —The three men in the restaurant were trapped, and so were the local journalists who came out of the office of the Bosnian Dragons and had to duck between two trucks to wait for their colleague because the street was very open and went all the way to the hill where the Chetniks were well established in those red-roofed white houses, so two of the journalists stepped out into the street to make obscene gestures at the enemy as if they were small boys, and then before the shell came they rushed back between the covered army truck with the Dragons' insignia on it and the Mercedes-Benz van which carried a couple of bullet holes, where they lurked against the concrete wall of the Bosnian Dragons' office whose windows, comprised of green glass blocks, were occasionally bulletted or shrapneled, the holes white-frosted with white cracks weaving into the green. Equally trapped were the patients in the French Hospital, which had been so heavily shelled that half the windows were raggedly black; equally trapped was the teenager who'd drawn a skull and crossbones on the side of this apartment building and written WELCOME TO HELL; equally trapped was the soldier now walking past Suzy, another huge-headed crewcut Muslim fighter who wore a patterned handkerchief over his skull. His black vest bulged with pockets for pistol and rifle magazines (empty now; he wouldn't go back into action until the afternoon). He wore a ring in his left ear to signify that he had a girlfriend. (In the right ear meant no girlfriend; in both ears meant married.)—I have only twenty years, and I don't want to die, he said. I hate this gun. I want to be drinking and fucking. My girlfriend is a Serbian in Belgrade. I have not seen her for half a year. But I must fight. For my mother and for my sister.

At seven o'clock it was getting cold. The apartments, tall towers of staggered length, their remaining windows shining gold in the twilight, were heavy like panic. In the dark landing, Suzy and Mica were fanning the smoke away laughing, jumping a lit-

tle, Suzy biting her lip when the noises came too close, Mica hunched over the fire, her hair dark and striped. The smoke was getting worse. Sami fanned himself with cardboard, coughing and laughing. He wore a scarf over his head. I looked out to the right at the still apartments and the hills behind them. The sky echoed with cannonades. Something jackhammered. Something unyielding and echoing went off as steadily as target practice; and there was a rocket, and then Suzy and Mica brought the little plate of halvah (greenish, soft, floury, sweet) and set it before us. I saw people running. Then the sky was empty again except for an unknowing cloud.

Tonight at eight or nine o'clock we will go out to the garden, Sami said. When we go out to the garden, we will make a great salad. It will be dark. For our organism, you know. To stay healthy.

It was eight, cold and dark, and we went down to the lobby where the soldiers smoked cigarettes among the shattered chairs (the words TO BiH[19] made up of sanitary pads pasted into letters on the wall). Sami sprinted low to the dark ground, crunching broken glass under the balls of his feet until he could fade into the night-darkness of dirt, crouching, embracing the dirt, clutching and gripping for cabbages. He could not find them. A shell exploded far away, fixing us in light for a forever second of terror like some slice of tissue stained in Eosin on the microscope slide of God, and then we heard an anti-aircraft gun and Sami was running to another place and coughing. —I smoke cigarettes too much, you know, he said. —I heard him digging again. —Ah, now I find the last two cabbages, he whispered gleefully. We gonna have too nice a salad, you know!

When we came back inside, he talked happily and quickly, wet with fear-sweat.

I tell you, we gonna make a nice food, a nice salad, he kept saying. Too nice, you know!

Mica stood with her wrist curved against her hip, looking down at Sami, smiling patiently, saying: I know, I know, I know.

Sami, that skinny brown boy, agile, happy and kind, scooped tinned meat into a bowl of soaking rice, added some tomato paste and vinegar while Suzy sat and mixed everything up slowly and carefully with the fork and outside the action was starting, so the howitzers and machine guns boomed sullenly and Sami lit another cigarette, Mica sitting next to me on the bed, cutting cabbage slowly and carefully with a big knife.

Sami was always cleaning, tidying, keeping the room in order. He liked to be correct, he said.

Mica's thin and sprightly movements were like a little cricket's, her black hair tied behind her head in a short ponytail.

Now I make everything to be clean, Sami said, sweeping the floor again. And I gonna make some nice food. I am so happy. But I'm so happy because I wait to do it nice.

When Mica had finished grating the cabbage, I put in my last tin of sardines, and

Suzy added oil, salt and pepper. Sami took out a packet of vitamin-added cheddar cheese spread from UNPROFOR, kneaded it, tore open the packet, and slowly extruded the cheese as Suzy mixed with the big spoon. We were all very happy. Afterwards we sat drinking Special Balkan Vodka, my treat (the man I'd paid had run through sniper fire to get it). Mica and Suzy had one glass apiece, to be polite. Sami and I got drunk. He laughed and said: Bill, what do you feel? I start to fly, I tell you!

The room smelled of cigarettes as always, cigarette-ends the only light, trembling and jerking with the gestures of the dark figures against the pale unseen background, white darkness outside the windows, the soldiers drinking wearily, the noises going on outside. A soldier said: You know, we used to drink with the Serbs. And now all Serbs are Chetniks. —A thud and a sullen thunder-roll echoed outside. I heard the high heels of the two girls coming down the stairs. I heard the sound of something crashing into echoing depths. A soldier rose, flickered into existence for a moment by grace of his cigarette lighter, then joined the darkness that snapped around him. A thud, an echo with many reverberations, and then a sharp echoing crack ached in our bones, but the soldiers began to sing. They told me: This is a song about a dead girl, very religious.

Then a soldier came in and ordered them to be quiet because the Chetniks might be doing something under cover of the happiness. Everyone sat in silence.

At midnight there were no lights in the city, nothing but grimy darkness made more hideous by a reddish-orange moon.

A bullet struck somewhere, and a window shattered.

I miss something, Sami said. I don't know what. I feel so bad I tell you.

All morning Mica carried pots up and down the dark stairs or sat on those stairs feeding the fire with splinters of wood and pages from an old computer book. (That burned and smoky smell of Sarajevo is not the smell of gunpowder but rather the smell of burning chair-legs and scorching paint where people are cooking.) At noon, it got quieter, the noises sounding almost happy like construction and from the terrace we saw two men walk slowly in the open street; it seemed almost shocking. Not long after, a man went the same way, sprinting with his head down. A moment later the machine guns resumed.

A soldier said that they had just thrown a bomb against the Chetniks, so the Chetniks could be expected to retaliate, and even at that moment we heard machine

gun bullets striking outside. After a long time they stopped. A man sewed and chopped wood outside. The ping-pong ball clicked between two paddles, and howitzer sounded. It was cold. For the second time the water was off. The soldiers in the hostel were shooting carefully, single shots spaced far apart that echoed coldly under the blue sky. A soldier fired five shots very close together, and a sixth.

There were loud smashing noises and later I found 30.06 shells all over the floor.

It was a quiet day because a VIP had arrived in a VIP plane, which was unfortunately too good to pack out the two new French bodies, and the inhabitants of Sarajevo sat in the shade in front of their partially destroyed flats (in the sun people were more visible, so they ran). I took one of my walks, which always began and ended with a run, and I came to a basking-place between apartments. A man whose jaw had been bandaged with packing tape stared up the hill at the red roofed white houses. The boy whose girlfriend had no legs anymore sat next to the boy with a white bandage over his eye, and the man with his arm in a sling laughed as his militia friend shot him with an unloaded pistol. The militia friend loved that pistol. He kept pointing at everyone and firing it. The old janitress walked by leering at the boys and they shouted and imitated her gleefully. Then the shell came. It hit around twenty meters from us. I went briefly deaf in one ear. —Run, run, run! Everyone was shouting. We sprinted into the nearest apartment building. Standing in the dark and stinking lobby in that crowd, I saw that no one had been hurt this time. The man with the bandaged eye said that the shrapnel must have gone into the grass. I had a couple of splinters in the palm of my hand. The old lady who was in charge of passports for that building wrote down the time of the attack in a notebook. Then we stood together waiting for a few more minutes in case the Chetniks might send us some surprises. No more shells came. —Well, my friend, said the man with the bandaged eye, I must go upstairs now. My wife will be worried about me on account of that shell. —He winked. —And so will my girlfriend.

I had to make another useless phone call to UNPROFOR, so I walked back to the TV station, where reruns of "Hogan's Heroes" played hellishly and the canned laughter sometimes corresponded to the live shells and they started drinking slivovitz and whiskey at seven in the morning. When I got there, one of my colleagues was swearing. Forty-five minutes earlier a machine gun had shot four holes into the window around the corner from where I'd slept last week.

Maybe the non-Serbian students would be evacuated and maybe they wouldn't. Because I could not bear to think about Mica being left behind in the hostel to freeze to death, I went to UNPROFOR with Sami. A soldier and a British journalist had both told me that the best thing to do would be to bribe the guards at the

Serbian checkpoint to get her out. This would cost between three hundred and fifteen hundred deutschemarks. The problem was that this operation would deposit her in Kiseljiak, which was in Croatian territory and where there was food in the stores and a blonde girl told me: We have the nicest church in the world!—They told me that there was a good chance that Mica would be raped or killed there. So Kiseljiak did not seem such a good idea after all.

Past the first line of concertina wire and sandbags, a blue-helmeted soldier took my passport. I heard the smash of a shell not far away. It was a good day. The electricity would be coming back soon, they said.

A German journalist had told me to ask at a certain office about bribing the Serbs. The staff there had been very helpful, he said. I got a pass and went there. A soldier escorted me and opened the door for me. I had no hope.[20]

The lady at the desk would have helped, I think, but her boss interrupted, frowned, scratched her nose, and said: I am not interested in this case. This case has nothing to do with me.

We're talking about someone's life, I said. I'm not trying to write a story. I just want to help this person out. You can't tell me whom to talk to?

I know nothing about such things, she said. We always follow the letter of the law here. You are proposing something illegal. I cannot advise you.

I'm not going away until you give me someone's name, I said.

She's a Serb, the woman said. You can try the Serbian attaché. I don't care.

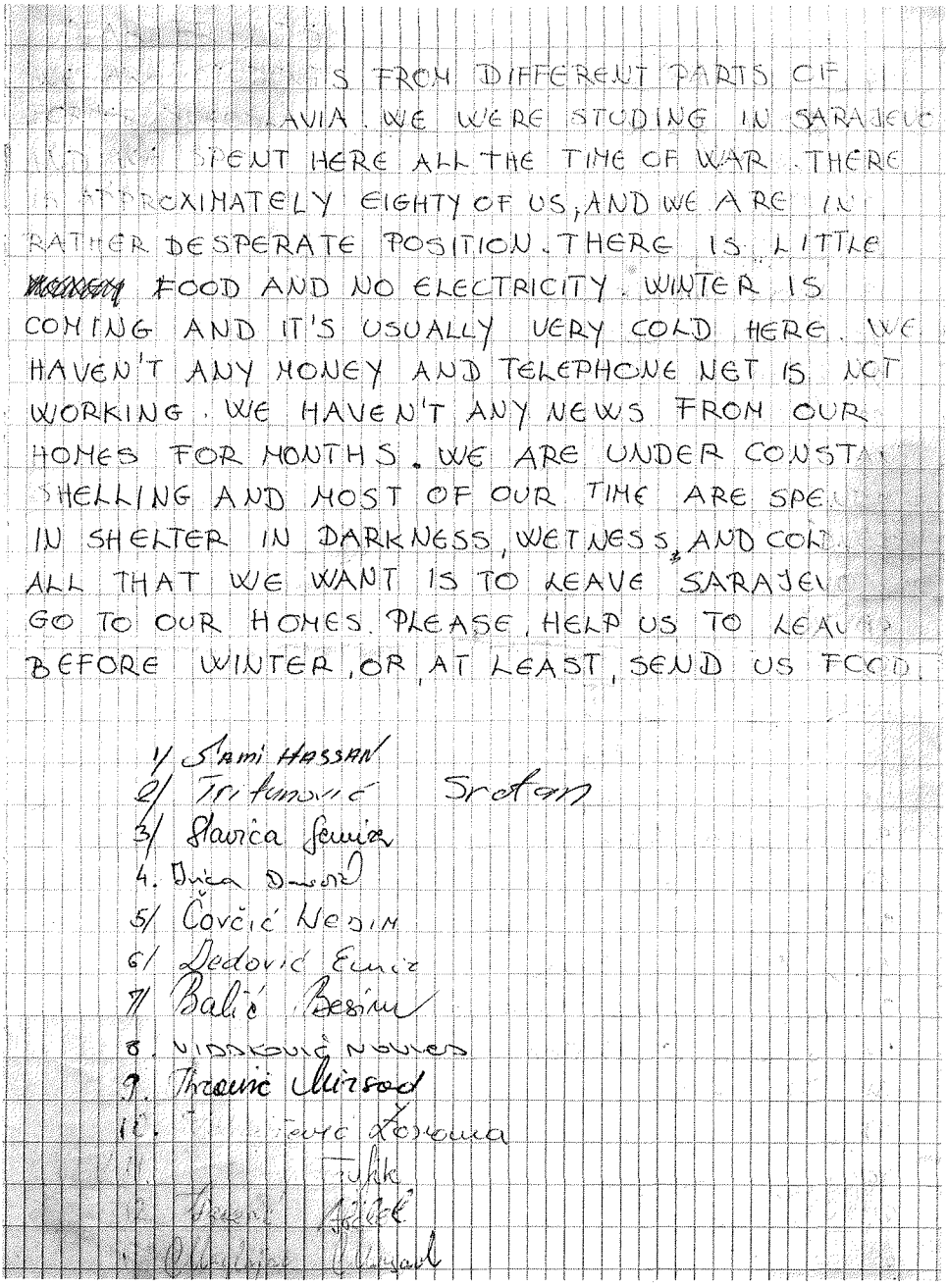
I went to the Serbian attaché, who said that he would be happy to evacuate Mica if the Bosnian attaché would agree. I went to the Bosnian attaché, who shouted: Who told you that Serbs would not be evacuated? The evacuations are conducted without regard to ethnic origin. We help everyone equally! We are not like the Serbs. You must give me the name of the person who told you this information. I must have this name immediately.

I went back to the Serbian attaché's office with Sami, who was becoming increasingly tense. This time there was somebody different behind the desk, a man whose face was patient and whose voice was kind. He promised me that he would try to help Mica. He said to me: Why not bring her today?

When we got back to the hostel, everyone greeted me as usual. Sami seemed not to want me to talk with them. We called Mica, and I'll never forget the look of concentration with which she listened to us, because she knew that her life might or might not continue as a result of what we were telling her, and Sami warned her not to speak to anyone else, since it was clear we could help only her, not all seven Serbs. She nodded and agreed. Then Sami came rushing back. He closed the door.

Listen carefully, he said. I hope I can explain very carefully. If you are not very careful I will punch you like this! I am so worried, I feel very dangerous!

He told me that he didn't want to go to the Serbs again. Word might get around that he was a spy. Mica would go alone with me. But Mica had been afraid of me.



S FROM DIFFERENT PARTS OF
AVIA. WE WERE STUDING IN SARAJEVO
SPENT HERE ALL THE TIME OF WAR. THERE
APPROXIMATELY EIGHTY OF US, AND WE ARE IN
RATHER DESPERATE POSITION. THERE IS LITTLE
FOOD AND NO ELECTRICITY. WINTER IS
COMING AND IT'S USUALLY VERY COLD HERE. WE
HAVEN'T ANY MONEY AND TELEPHONE NET IS NOT
WORKING. WE HAVEN'T ANY NEWS FROM OUR
HOMES FOR MONTHS. WE ARE UNDER CONST
SHELLING AND MOST OF OUR TIME ARE SPE
IN SHELTER IN DARKNESS, WETNESS, AND COL
ALL THAT WE WANT IS TO LEAVE SARAJEV
GO TO OUR HOMES. PLEASE, HELP US TO LEAV
BEFORE WINTER, OR, AT LEAST, SEND US FOOD.

1/ Sami HASSAN
2/ Tritunović Srđan
3/ Slavica Semiz
4. Ivica Dasović
5/ Čovčić Nedim
6/ Dedović Emir
7/ Balić Besim
8. VIDAKOVIĆ NOVICA
9. Thranić Mirsad
10. [illegible] Zorana
11. [illegible] Tukk
12. [illegible] Ašlel
13. [illegible]

Petition of the inmates of the Studenski Dom (1992). First few lines say: Dear Friends, We are students from different parts of Sarajevo and we spent here all the time of war. *The complete list of signatures appears in Annex E.*

She'd spoken with Mustafa, who Sami said had once been a private detective. Sami believed that Mustafa was a spy now. He wanted to call the whole thing off. He wanted me to leave the hostel immediately. He wanted to change his own lodging.

I'd had it. I agreed to go. I started walking out. Sami went out, then came back very agitated. —No, no, it is all right now! All correct! She has agreed to go alone with you.

Never mind, I said. I'm not going.

Please, please! If you go like this, I'll cry!

It was hard for me not to look on Mica without revulsion. She did not and never would trust me. I could not really blame her, but I, too, was very tense. Two days after my arrival on the UNPROFOR flight, an UNPROFOR plane had been shot down—whether by Muslims or Serbs was never established (UNPROFOR said by Muslims), and the airport had closed. I had come to Sarajevo for three days, with ten extra days' worth of food which I had given away at once, and now my food was long gone and there was no knowing when I would be able to leave. Every time I ran across the empty street to UNPROFOR I expected to meet my bullet. And Mica did not care. I was childishly hurt. So we ran to UNPROFOR in silence, looking away from each other. Sami ran beside us, and I did not look at him, either. We all three of us behaved very badly that day.

The Serbian attaché was still in his office. He spoke with Mica calmly, gently. She began to get very agitated. He spread his hands.

He says, he can take her out on a convoy anytime, Sami told me. She must only contact him when she is ready.

So she is happy? I said to him.

Yes. Mica sat staring at the wall.

Do you believe him?

I don't know, said Sami, and I saw that he was very tense.

If you and Suzy are evacuated, will Mica be all right?

I prefer not to be here, you know.

When I finally did leave Sarajevo in a BBC armored car, trying not to think about the weird injustice of life, that I could go where I pleased and they could not, I felt an awful sinking of my soul, and I wondered how many of the students and the soldiers would be alive at the end of the winter.

SERBIAN REPUBLIC OF KRAJINA

WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS?

On the Croatian side, emboldened by the pornographic magazine in the cellar where the soldiers had tried unsuccessfully to shoot a hole through my bulletproof vest (I wasn't wearing it at the time), I asked what Serbian girls were like.

They stink, a soldier explained. They look ugly, and none of them ever washes. That's because they have no water over there. But they have plenty of vodka; you can use it as a disinfectant!

That was at the third and final Croatian checkpoint, just out of Karlovac, which half a millennium earlier had been the command center of the Austrian-financed chain of fortified towns called *Vojna Krajina.* Most of the soldiers of the old Krajina had been Serbs fighting Turks. The new Krajina was on the other side of the line, still Serbian, but its main enemy was Croats now, for it had carved itself out of Croatia.[21] My translator and I drove down the road past the stop sign with bullets in it, the mines, the caltrops, the red and white pole as if for a railroad crossing, the house with the almost-square hole in the wall, tall grass, hot still air. Around us loomed houses under a cloudy sky with sky-chinks glowing through their roofs, houses speckled with shell holes and bullet holes, green walls pocked and holed, houses pimpled by nothingness, clouds oozing through the roof-tiles that were missing in godlike patterns; roof-frames and skeletons, a roof without a wall. Past the mines and the next stop sign there was a rusty fence in front of a house. This was the U.N. checkpoint. It was very quiet.

Where are all the pretty girls? I asked the U.N. soldier.

In the cemetery, he laughed. Just bring your own shovel. You can do whatever you want to them there.

At the next checkpoint the men wore the same uniforms as the Croatians, but their insigniae were different. We had crossed the border.

I sat in a plump armchair at the side of the road, drinking Sarajevo water while the militiamen from the Serbian Republic of Krajina ate inside a house that was not too demolished. A militiaman sat next to me. He said: Everything they say about Serbs conquering is a lie. We are only defending ourselves. We accept the Croatian government. I worked in a firm in Karlovac and I got kicked out because I was a Serb. There are Croats living on this side, but we don't touch them. We get along with everyone. We don't attack Croatians. We don't attack children. We feed them.

We drove past destroyed houses and gradually came into another place: hills of ferns, brown cornfields, some houses untouched, more and more of them, their shutters down. There were hedges, geese on the grass, hills, red-roofed white houses. Then we saw two cows in a yard, an old man sitting. We had left the war.

Across from the police station, a black flag flew from a house where lives had been lost. Then came the cafe with dark walls open to the light, an almost Bavarian-

looking place. Three Serbs, two in police uniform, one in a checked shirt, sat drinking. The waitress, seventeen and beautiful, would not marry me because I was too old.

Well, I said, can you find me a nice Serbian girl like you?

She liked that, I could tell. And I liked the way she laughed.

The police translator started talking about pretty Zagreb girls, but the waitress made a face and said that no Croatian girls could possible be pretty. The Croatian people were all wicked. She could never go there. If she did the soldiers would kill her.

And how about this country? What's the best thing about this country?

It's a *good* country! she smiled, raising her arm. It is a very, very good country.

The police were watching her. Can you give me a souvenir of your country?

She reached inside the cash register and handed me something golden. —Maybe this bullet, she said.

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

The case of Krajina was a microcosm for the case of Yugoslavia. Here was Croatia like a crescent; the Krajina Serbs had taken a bite out of it—or, if you like, kept all but the crescent. "Croatian authorities could not succeed with their ethnic cleansing only on those territories which subsequently became parts of the Republic of Serbian Krayina," ran a Serbian pamphlet that year.[22] The Croats said that Krajina's existence could never be tolerated; the Serbs said that they would never give up Krajina.[23]

Two years ago, when they started to blockade roads in Knin, civilians began buying arms, the man began, sitting across from me in his kitchen dusk in Zagreb, the ashtray full of cigarette butts. He cut the air like bread with his huge, knifelike hands. —At first they had permission to buy arms, he went on. It was then still Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia passed a law forbidding this. Naturally, then, they started to smuggle. Of course there were so many Croatians in Germany that they had many ways of importing them. So then the police started blockading roads in Krajina, in Knin. You know, Krajina is the path to the sea where the big ships are. Police are blockading roads in Krajina because there was an uprising in Knin and Krajina the summer before last. They purged the Croats from Krajina. They occupied that part of Croatia; they created the Serbian Republic of Krajina. At that time the Croats had no army. The Special Forces of the police in Zagreb went in to liberate. Then they started shooting, not too much. Then the Yugo Army[24] got in the act, followed by the Serbian and Croatian regular police forces. Now civilians wanted arms more than ever, so they started blockading the various barracks, especially the Yugo Army barracks. Twenty to fifty people at a time would go, neighbors together, and attack the barracks before the police ever got there. In most barracks the army just gave up, although not in all. When they did give up, the civilians would go in, take over,

sweep up arms, and walk out with two or three hundred grenades. They'd hand them out to whoever got there first. Boxes of pistols they'd take home. It wasn't organized at all. Eighty percent of the stuff looted went to the new [Croatian] army; twenty percent went to the civilians who proceeded to sell off big lots. By the end, people were just jumping over the fence, as in the town of Peŝtco. Now if you have money you can buy a hundred pistols! Of course, the police came in and confiscated many caches.

SOMEONE OF THE PEOPLE

Early in the morning we drove down the deserted foggy road. There were fields and houses with potted flowers on the terraces. We reached the Karlovac office of military police, the windows wisely taped and sandbagged. We got our permission to cross, and then we left Croatia and went back into Krajina.

Looking back at the sign for Karlovac, I saw that it was full of bullets.

The police chief in the Serbian town was a huge man in camouflage uniform with a deep voice. As he talked he sliced the air with his forearm.

Probably you know the story from the other side, he said. The misunderstanding between the Croats and Serbs is from the Second World War and before. We ourselves were fighting together with the English, fighting against Hitler. The Croatians were slaves of Hitler. They were against our way of life. Many many Serbs were killed in the Second World War, many, many civilians. I can show you five places where Serbs were massacred, all within thirty kilometers.[25]

Well, as you know, we beat the Germans. We tried to put history out of our minds. Tito believed in equality for all nations. So we continued to live with one another. That was until the Croatian president, Franjo Tudjman, won the democratic election, if you can say democratic.

Tudjman tried to clean Serbs from politics, from government, from law, school, hospitals, and police. Because we were Serbs we must be dismissed. My wife got dismissed from her job. My colleagues got dismissed. Nowhere else in the world would policemen with twenty-four years of experience be forcibly pensioned off![26] Well, a new generation of police came in. They were literally criminals. I myself had arrested some of them before! That didn't matter; all that mattered was that they were Croats. Now I must work with these criminals. They threatened to kill me.

Here is the rule of the stronger, you see. The Croats have no respect for international law. They have killed Serbs just because they are Serbs. On 31 October 1991, the Croatian police came to a place near Karlovac. They were six people in camouflage uniforms with masks. They took three Serbs away with them in an unknown direction. Their names were Grujíc Marko, born February 18th 1950, a father of two; Ivoŝević Milos, born in 1946, the father of two; he lived at Subeliosova 1; and Pajíc Rade, born in 1956, the father of one child.[27] After one month we found them

in the fields of Pakrac. Their throats had all been cut. An inspector tried to investigate this. He was also a Serb. Now we have no more information about him.

Meanwhile the Croatian government established a new flag, the same as in the Second World War. Under this emblem, Serbs were killed.[28]

So I came here together with my colleagues in the police force. We didn't have to be under the control of the Fascists.

After that the Croatian side went by force into a Serb village with the new police to put the emblem in our schools and everywhere. The Serbs are a proud people. We don't allow this. On this very territory forty thousand of us were killed. The graves are still fresh. We couldn't allow this again. So the people rose up and forbade the Croatian police to cross our territory. We police officers organized our citizens for fighting. We won't give the Croats permission to come here again.

What's your solution to the war?

Look. I can tell you my opinion. The end of the war can be. Our people don't want to live together with Croatians. We want a border. We want to have relations with them as with any other country. The Croats have Karlovac and Zagreb and other cities on their side. We have only villages. We are satisfied with that. If we allow again what happened during the Second World War, we will be eliminated.

Personally, I think Europe recognized Croatia too early. The Europeans don't understand what kind of state Croatia wants to make—a Hitler state. It's dangerous for all the world, especially with a united Germany pulling the strings.

May I use your name in my article?

Personally I have no problem, but unfortunately I do not have the authority to allow this. Just say you have talked with someone of the people.

THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE (1994)

BEOGRAD, REPUBLIC OF SERBIA

The initial success of UNPROFOR in placing the heavy weapons of the Serb TDF[1] in storage depots under a "double-lock" system was reversed following the 22 January 1993 offensive by the Croatian Army in Sector South and the adjacent "pink zones." The inability of UNPROFOR to shield the local Serb population from such an attack resulted in the Serb TDF breaking into a number of storage areas and removing their weapons, including heavy weapons, ostensibly to protect themselves.

UNITED NATIONS, REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL
(16 MARCH 1994)[2]

"IT'S NOT A WAR"

Three or four days after NATO planes bombed Serbian positions around the Muslim enclave of Gorazde, my train passed out of Hungary and stopped at the Serbian border. The tall militiaman grinned angrily at my passport, stamped it,

TABLE OF ENEMIES

1. The name of the main leader of each ethnic group is underlined.
2. All factions not mentioned in this essay are omitted (for instance, rival Muslim militias.)
3. "Hate names" are derogatory appellations given by the other sides (e.g.; "Chetniks" are what some Muslims and Croats like to call Serbs.)

FACTION	LEADER	ARMY	HATE NAME
SERBS *(Capital: Beograd)*			
Serbian Socialist Party (SPS)	Slobodan Milosevic	Jugoslav People's Army (JNA) *and* the Army of Jugoslavia (VJ)	Chetniks
Serbian Radical Party (SRS)	Vojislav Seselj	Chetniks (irregulars) aka Seseljovci	Chetniks
[Irregular Serbian Militia]	Zelijko Raznjatovic aka Arkan	Arkanovci aka Tigers aka Chetniks (irreg.)	Chetniks
CROATS *(Capital: Zagreb)*			
Croatian Democratic Union (HDZ)	Franjo Tudjman	Cro[atian] Army aka Hrvatska Vojska (HV)	Snakes aka Ustasha
Croatian Party of Rights (HSP)	Dobroslav Paraga [before split]	Croatian Defense Force aka Hrvatska Odbrambene Snage (HOS)	Ustasha
[Bosnian Croat]	[mainly under HV control but influenced by HOS]	Croatian Defense Council aka Hrvatsko Vijece Odbrane (HVO)	Ustasha
MUSLIMS *(Capital: Sarajevo)*			
Democratic Action Party (SDA) BiH	Alija Izetbegovic	Armija Bosnia i Hercegovina (ABiH)	Turks aka Mujahideen
Democratic Action Party (SDA) Sanzak *in Serbia*	Suleimann Ugljanin	?	Turks aka Mujahideen
[Irregular Muslim militia, BiH]	?	Green Bombs	Mujahideen
[Irregular Muslim militia, BiH]	?	Bosnian Dragons	Mujahideen

and made some quip to the man who was sharing my compartment.

What did he say? I asked.

He said, *An American! Bombard him!*

Oh.

You can't blame him, the Serb said, and I thought about it and agreed that I couldn't. (A soldier whom I later met in Beograd told me that one of the bombs had landed in a hospital tent. Even if it hadn't killed his friend he would have had a right to be angry. A bomb is a bomb.)

The man in my compartment had been with me since Budapest. I'd liked him for his pride and sarcasm and wildness. Friends of his friends played "Serbian roulette," sitting in a cafe sliding the pin in and out of a grenade. He'd said: We Serbs think with our hearts, not with our heads. He'd said: There's no difference between capitalism and communism. Under communism you must work all the time or they kill you; under capitalism you must work all the time for money which your wife spends all day on things you don't need. —As soon as we crossed the border his manner changed.[3] He began to challenge me. He said that Serbian newspapers had convinced him that the entire war was an American plot. The European Economic Community had weakened our markets. We had to break up Europe. So we instigated everything.

We did? I said. How did we do that?

It's easy. In my town all you'd have to do would be to go to where some Serb lived and throw in a hand grenade, then shoot some Croats. A small group of professionally trained people could do it. Then you spread the news and arm the survivors.[4]

Well, I guess it's possible we'd do it, I said, but it's not very likely. Usually when my country does evil things we either help a dictator kill people or else we invade and kill people. I don't think we're subtle enough to start a civil war.

Oh, I think you are, he said.

With all respect, wouldn't we be better off starting a war between Germany and France? I didn't know Yugoslavia was such a threat to our market share.

This did not wholly convince him, but he politely turned the topic, and we sat watching as the train crawled southward through Serbia, accompanying a swamp whose grass-broken pools gleamed dully against the sky. He parted from me in Novi Sad, and I sat in the empty compartment feeling anxious and alone. Small black birds skipped twitchily by the dozens over a lake. The grass was rich. I had seen this part of the country only once, thirteen years before, in winter. There had been much snow then, and Beograd had been cold, crystalline and Communist. (I'd been reminded of 1926 Moscow as described in the diary of that outsider Walter Benjamin, who'd ridden the train there to meet his Snow Queen.) Now it was early spring. An old woman emerged from the wet, knee-high grass with her dog scampering behind, both of them gazing directly at me, so it seemed, until I'd been carried past them to a purgatory of submerged trees. Yellowish-green young leaves



U.N. situation map (1994)

softened the horizon and soothed me. Tiny fields of reddish dirt set off the grass more beautifully. I loved this landscape. It was wild, lush, yet somehow dignified, somehow central European. Hills curved so green and softly; the war had never come here. —It's not even a war, the Serb had said. People are firing weapons and killing each other, but it's not a war.

What is it then?

It's not what the media says it is. You won't find Serbs who are preparing their knives and going to slaughter Croats, he insisted.[5] Even the worst Serbs. But Croats are like that. One reason maybe why Croats are worse than Serbs is the religion. Because Croatians believe in the redemption of sin. So they can pay money, do whatever they want. They can kill people. But we are Orthodox. We cannot do that. We must keep our sins.

"AN EXCUSE IS AS GOOD AS GOLD"

May I speak then of sins? The first thing we like to know about somebody else's war is whom to blame. Then it "makes sense." When the war is our own no thought is required; how can the enemy not be at fault? Hence my companion's remark that "Croats are like that." As we'd slid across the plains of Vojvodina, which he said could feed all Europe, I showed him a suitcase bulging with pharmaceuticals that my friend Francis had given me to take to some Serbian friends, because medicines were hard to get now thanks to the UN embargo; and the Serb said: You know, those sanctions are what saved Milosevic. In Yugoslavia we have a proverb: *An excuse is as good as gold.* Now he can blame the sanctions. And the war profiteers can still buy their Mercedeses. You can see the ads every day. But the poor cannot buy medicine anymore.

I thought his aphorism very wise. Once we decide that "Croats are like that," then we can make war on Croats. So which excuse do *you* want? Whom do you want to blame?

I'll give you your choice. Noel Malcolm's *Bosnia: A Short History* (1994) sees the Muslims as the victims and the Croatians as more or less predatory opportunists, while *the pattern was set by young urban gangsters in expensive sunglasses from Serbia, members of the paramilitary forces raised by Arkan and others; and though the individuals who performed those acts may have gained some pathological pleasure from them, what they were doing was to carry out a rational strategy dictated by their political leaders—a method carefully calculated to drive out two ethnic populations and radicalize a third.*[6] This is the view commonly promulgated in western Europe and the USA. But Greece and Russia would probably agree more with Van Loon's *Geography* (1937), in which I find a chapter about "Yugoslavia, Another Product of the Treaty of Versailles." *Serbia (the old habit is too strong—hereafter when I write Serbia I mean the Kingdom of the Serbs, Croats and Slovenes) is essentially a Balkan state and its history is essentially that of a country subjected to five hundred years of Moslem slavery.*[7] Then, of course, there's the third view;

I remember that when I was in a restaurant in Budapest I asked the waitress and the waiter what they thought about the war, and the waitress said: I feel sorry for the Croatians. The others are animals. —Then the waiter expressed the fourth view, which has its adherents everywhere, although not everyone would put it quite as he did: The Germans have a saying: *You can take the nigger out of the jungle, but you can't take the jungle out of the nigger.* —So who are the niggers? I said. —They all are, he said. They need a strong man to hold them together. And we Hungarians can do nothing. We are afraid. We had a strong man in World War II, but we lost the war.

There is a fifth view, not especially popular, which I hold, and that is that it doesn't matter who is to blame.

AN AMERICAN CRIMINAL

The puddles on the asphalt glittered like mica as the wind-shaken birch leaves over them dripped bright rain. The lines of crosswalks glowed, perfect tiger-stripes, reflecting the crowds who traversed them. A slender blonde with her hair streamlined into a bun bent her knees and popped gum with satisfaction. The night seemed pure and clean. The rain was cold on my neck. A tall boy with a soldier haircut strode beside his girl. Umbrellas shadowed flesh, and clothing shone palely but crisply in that spring night. I felt like the man they would not see. Going into stores I found people staring at my pink cap from Las Vegas; as soon as I opened my mouth and began to mutilate the Serbo-Croatian language the stares fixed, the arms folded, and they stonily awaited my departure. Once as I went up the street I happened to look into a cafe; in the back were two men in blue uniforms, and I saw that their eyes were on me. They were not friendly eyes. A little later, two soldiers passed me on the street and laughed scornfully. Some of this, no doubt, I imagined; it was only my hat and my inability to speak the language properly that labeled me; and one of the first things I did in Beograd was to buy a Chetnik hat, which cut by half my giveaways; but even then I had unpleasant encounters, like the woman selling black market cigarettes who shouted: He came here to provoke us! Return to America and never come back! —Then there was the time I arrived on schedule for my interview at Studio B and a lady explained to me in good English that the only person who spoke English was sick so I must try again another day; that was the day that the headlines said *Boutros-Ghali Calls for New NATO Strikes on Bosnian Serbs*, and Milan Gvero, Bosnian Serb deputy commander, said in an interview with the fortnightly *Svet:* If NATO continues to strike Serb positions and civilian targets, we'll have to respond adequately, which can lead to a further escalation of the war in former BiH. We would in that case have to name the aggressor and the aggressor's troops in the Republic of Srpska would no longer be safe. Meanwhile at the Republic of Srbska office with its edifying posters (YOU'LL LISTEN TO THE SNAKE—EVE DID THE SAME with the Croatian-checkered snake slithering toward the blue EEC

flag; and READY FOR DEUTSCH-MOCRACY with a pistol-equipped Nazi ripping back the EEC flag; and THE BEAST IS OUT AGAIN with a swastika and evil hands clinking goblets) a very nice middle-aged woman in a tweed suit gave a Greek journalist instant permission to go to Gorazde but not the Gospodin Amerikanetz even though my friend Vineta said: I had to exaggerate a little and tell her that you're like me, that you hate all those bastards. She's very limited. —The lady turned the rings on her fingers, swallowing, looking sad. She was very sorry for me. She said that if it was up to her she'd give me permission immediately. —Then there was the time I went by taxi with my first interpreter, Branka, to the police station (and the trees were deliciously in leaf and on a wall I saw written in Cyrillic CHETNIK and HARDCORE and WHICH SIDE ARE YOU ON?); and the meter said four dinars so I had to pay ten. —It is not right, said Branka. But you cannot say you will not pay. Many of these cab drivers have guns. —And then when we got to the police station we met the cop on duty in his bluish-grey uniform with yellow double chevrons and white Cyrillic on black patches and then the Chief of Police who had a thoughtful grey face and I asked Branka to please ask him what he did in the course of a day and she said: He's just one person, one part of the Ministry. —Yes, but what exactly is his job? —He's not allowed to tell you anything about the general situation. —Well, I said, trying to compose the most innocuous question I could think of, can he tell me why he decided to become a policeman? —He cannot do that. He cannot break the principles of the Ministry. —Which Ministry? —The Ministry of Traffic. I'm sorry, Branka added softly. You have to understand them. —And I did; we were bombing them, after all. (It was, after a while, a sense of being resented rather than hated that I had. The resentment could clearly become hatred at any time, and I felt that it was tending in that direction. For the time being they endured me, but they made me pay to be endured. Sometimes there were flashes of friendliness, but these often proved to be mistakes, like that of the woman who used the word "Serbo-Croatian" to refer to her own language, then blushed and said "Serbian.")[8] So I took a taxicab alone back to the Hotel Serbia (not its real name) and the meter said eight dinars, which meant that I was required to pay twenty; and I sat in the hotel restaurant wondering what to do while the chief chef, whom I'll call Goran, white-haired and distinguished, sat down to have a vodka with me and sighed: Ah, Billy, Billy! and the next day Branka was sick and she thought she would be sick for a long time so I had better get another interpreter, which was how I met Vineta.

"I WANT A KALASHNIKOV"

Fiercely frightening, beautiful, racist, loyal, proud, honest and filled with hate, Vineta is my friend. She belongs to the Serbian Radical Party (SRS), which is perhaps the most extreme political group in Serbia. In April 1994 there were 39 SRS deputies in the Serbian Parliament, out of a total of 250. Vojislav Seselj, the head of

the SRS, proposed to her repeatedly, but she went her own way. He finally married someone else. Now she got occasional work as a translator (the press center pimp took twenty percent).

You see, we were just an ordinary Communist family, she said, puffing on her cigarette. So now I can send my brother and sister to the seaside for a week, buy them toys they never had, and still say fuck you to those Croatian bastards.

Look, she said one day. I probably shouldn't be telling you this, but I, too, was a volunteer in this war. A soldier. I joined and they said: Do you want to be a nurse? I said I don't want to work in any hospital, thank you very much. They said: So what do you want? I said I want a Kalashnikov.

Have you ever talked with your family about how it was with you?

My parents never ask me. In the case that their daughter is a killer they don't want to know. Fortunately I wasn't. If I was a killer of course I'd tell them.

We were sitting in the bar at the press office. I was drinking slivovitz and Vineta, who never touched alcohol, was smoking cigarettes, her sweatshirt almost the same color as her hair and half-finished Coke. She taught me the extremist toast: *Serbia do Tokyo!*—which means: *Serbia all the way to Tokyo!*—Really, it's kind of serious, believe it or not, she said earnestly, 'cause there'll be a union of Orthodox countries including Greece, Macedonia, Russia and all the rest. —I remembered reading a Reuters report in which Zhirinovsky, the Russian extremist, had announced that he would soon be testing a new top-secret "Elipton" weapon in Bosnia; the test would kill eighteen Muslims.[9] So I asked her what she thought of him. —I think he's a bit of a clown, but we all love him, she said, we all put our hopes in him. I think that Yeltsin will not exist as a politician after the end of June.

By the way, she said suddenly, are you a Jew?

No, I said.

I got nothing against Jews. On the contrary, I think they are educated and sophisticated.

That's nice.

Look. The only real friends of Serbs are the Greeks. And the Rumanians, a little bit. The Hungarians hate us. The Bulgarians were under the Russian thumb. The Russians, we can make an excuse for them. You're not among our friends, of course.

I know that, Vineta.

Don't get me wrong. I'm really against U.S. soldiers interfering in the Bosnia conflict. One of our generals said: As many soldiers as you send, that many coffins will be sent back. That's how it is when Serbs are pissed off.

I can believe that.

I can finally open my heart to somebody, she said. Before the First World War, there were more than ten million Serbs in Serbia. After the First World War, there were five million. *Five million* were killed.[10] After the Second World War, another

million were killed.[11] Bertrand Russell was the first one who broke the conspiracy of silence when the Catholic church and Muslims formed the conspiracy. And poor little Serbian kids who became Catholics by force, being poisoned permanently against the Serbs, they washed their brains out. And the problem is that all the world is silent. But Winston Churchill at Yalta, in one movement of his pen sent one-third of mankind to the Communists...

One day she told me that she'd fought in Vukovar. When I later related this to my Croatian friends, there was a shocked and horrified silence, because to Croatians what occurred in Vukovar was an atrocity. I have not been to Vukovar myself, but I saw Mostar (about which more later), and Mostar was hideous. A journalist who'd been to both places told me that Vukovar was far, far worse. —The Croats resisted fiercely, he said. So essentially the city was leveled, house by house, just like the Warsaw Ghetto. And Arkan's irregulars butchered hundreds of people. —That was how he put it, and that was how the Croats saw it. But what Vukovar meant to the Serbs I never learned, because they refused to talk about it, except for Vineta, whom I never asked, because I felt that she had trusted me to tell me as much as she had, and I had no right to disturb her tortured memories. Nor was there any need to know. The testimony of a Cro Army man I talked with in Mostar served just as well. He hadn't been to Vukovar at all; he'd been involved in an assault on a hill from which the Serbs had been firing on Dubrovnik. The Croatians had tried to take that hill five times before. He was in the sixth wave. —That fight was chest to chest, he said. It was so horrible. It was ninety dead Serbs and so many dead from my brigade, so many...

WHO I REALLY WAS

Don't go out tonight, said Vineta. Just go to your hotel and wait.

It's that dangerous?

Okay, go out if you want, she laughed. But pay me first.

I was looking for a pair of nail clippers and had asked for them a number of times, trying German, broken Russian (which was similar to Serbo-Croatian), and English as a last resort. Everyone shrugged unhelpfully until one man in a shop in an underpass pointed me to another store. The lady there didn't have anything, so the first man reached into his pocket and gave me a pair. I began to believe that I had been imagining menace where none existed. It was a cold and foggy night. I walked down the dark curvy cobblestoned street, the rainy street which was lethargically, intermittently and silently crowded and which wound down from lights and towers, and then I came to a place that was not so well peopled. Wet corners of sidewalks gleamed. A little girl's dress was very white, her mother's black; and then they were both gone. As I sounded out a Cyrillic street sign I noticed a man following me, or so I thought, tall, strong and headcapped like a soldier, and another one

across the street who started to come toward me, and my hands began to sweat. Their faces—well, I blanked them out; I remember only the reflections of roofs and trucks on the sidewalk. I felt that they meant me harm. Fortunately I was almost at the hotel. The first man was one step behind me now and the second was close enough to seize my left arm if he'd wanted to; without looking at them I turned in toward the hotel's glass door, pushed it open and went in to the bright safety of the lobby (yes, the two men were standing outside). I went to the desk to get my key.

Ah, Billy, Billy, Billy, laughed Goran, waiting for me behind the desk when I came in.

I greeted him and took my key from the desk manager.

Billy. Billy Clinton. Billy Clinton, he sneered, and suddenly I understood that this stupid joke which he continually made was not a joke at all. That afternoon he had taken a pen and tried to write "CLINTON" on my lapel until I'd pushed his hand away, and even then I'd passed it off.

Billy Clinton, Billy Clinton, Billy Clinton, you will write bad things about us, he said in a jovially terrifying voice while the two desk men looked on, maybe understanding and maybe not since Goran and I always spoke in German, and I knew that my situation had reached a new stage.

Why do you say that? I said calmly.

You are American, Billy Clinton. You are all the same. You all write bad things about Serbs. You are no good.

I'm sorry you think that, I said.

Billy Clinton, Billy Clinton, he crooned, stepping forward.

You are not right, I said, turning my back on him and walking away.

I didn't know whether he—and they—would let me go, but I did know that the longer I stood there the more this man who last night had bought me vodka and sat at my table would brood upon my face and convince himself that I was evil. No doubt this was how ethnic cleansing worked, how ordinary people who knew each other slowly rejected, withdrew and demonized, slowly cauterized the arteries of friendship and then severed them with the saws of their hatred; and I was afraid. But they did let me go. I went upstairs and double-locked the door as usual. Then I wondered if they would come and do something to me. Probably not in the night, I decided. If NATO bombed Gorazde again then I would be in trouble; otherwise I could probably last another twenty-four hours before Goran and the others became more actively threatening; by then I hoped to be in Sandzak. Having reassured myself of this, I then heard loud booming voices in the hall, and my heart swelled with fear. I realized then how hard I was listening to everything. I could hear the tiny lift as it went up and down, the cars outside, the running toilet; I heard every footstep in the hall, and the exhalation of the radiator, and I knew that I could not much change whatever was destined to be. It was particularly sad to think that if Goran ever read this in some translation he would be convinced of my

evil because I wrote about his behavior which was based on his suspicion of my evil; the only way to placate him would be to pretend that it hadn't happened, and even that wouldn't work.

The next morning I knew that I had imagined or at least exaggerated things as I sat at the pale green-clothed table with my bread and ersatz tea while the bartender washed glasses. The bald waiter brought my bread not with hostility but with the semi-politeness of his species everywhere; and I convinced myself that no one had anything against me. And that afternoon Goran was standing with me in the doorway of the hotel when some business-suited arms shook hands with him right across my face, and Goran's eyes lit up and he whispered to me: Bandito! Bandito grande! and went inside to make money.

SARAJEVO IS BESIEGED BY MUSLIMS

Everybody in Beograd I asked believed that Sarajevo was not surrounded by Serbs, but by Muslims.[12] Branka, my first interpreter, had Muslim relatives in Sarajevo who had written her that a kilo of potatoes cost 30 deutschemarks, whereas on the Serbian side the price of oranges was just a little more than in Beograd. Somehow this proved to her that the Muslims were keeping their own people in. She said: Those Muslims people, they hate our government. Alija Izetbegovic wants to sacrifice his people just to show that Serbs are not good and he is a victim and everything else. Because U.N. convoys are passing through Pale, and none of these trucks could get through the Muslim side, only the Serbian side.

I know Sarajevo very well, said Biljana Plavsic, the Vice President of the Bosnian Serbs. I was born in Tuzla but from my third year I lived in Sarajevo. I can explain to you exactly all concerning this question. When we escaped from Sarajevo, at first our territory was just here in Trebovic and Pale. Our people closed the tunnel from Sarajevo. Approximately two times a week, the Muslims try to come up, and it's very easy for them, to kill those Serbian villages near Trebovic, so we have soldiers from those houses. Momila is a large hill which the Muslims constantly shoot from. Of course we must shoot back. Sometimes people are hit in the crossfire. Sometimes before some important meeting they shoot their own positions, to get sympathy. It is really wrong to accuse Serbs that they shoot Sarajevo. Only the Muslims shoot Sarajevo.[13]

"HE BELONGED TO A MUSLIM SS DIVISION"

Since I wasn't Greek or Russian or Serbian they weren't going to let me go to Gorazde; not even the German baron who mounted a flashing blue light on his car and came screaming through all the checkpoints in Serbia as if he were a Serbian cop could do that. The Serbs had decided opinions by now about the western media.

(Vineta put it: We're too emotional. That's why we many times overreact.) So I decided to visit Novi Pazar in Sanzak, which was a Muslim enclave very similar to Gorazde,[14] the difference being that no fighting was occurring there, which suited me; I would rather learn about ethnic tensions by talking to the antagonists than by gazing at mutilated bodies.

I knew that militant Serbs believed that the Croats had a fascist streak and that the Muslims were following a fundamentalist agenda. The Muslims I met in Sarajevo in 1992 enjoyed drinking whiskey and getting laid; I didn't see any Qur'-Ans or veils, and certainly never heard the word "jihad" even though the siege was at its height—in short, they were nothing like the people I'd met in Turkey, Pakistan, Afghanistan, Somalia and Egypt. But it's true that in his younger days the Bosnian Muslim President, Alija Izetbegovic, was the author of a poem entitled "To the Jihad," which contains such lines as:

The earth throbs, the mountains quake, Our war cry resounds through the land, Heads held high, men old and young, In a holy jihad our salvation lies![15]

This was written shortly after World War II. In 1970 he wrote an "Islamic Declaration," which says: *There can be no peace nor coexistence between the "Islamic faith" and "non-Islamic" social and political institutions.*[16] One commentator says that this is a "sentence frequently quoted in isolation by Serbian propagandists[,]...referring to countries which, unlike Bosnia, have Islamic societies."[17] This may well be so. Given, however, that Izetbegovic was the founder of the leading Bosnian Muslim party (the Party of Democratic Action, or SDA), given that he'd told a journalist at the time: *For now, unfortunately, our parties* must *be sectional* [by which I presume he means "constituted along ethnic lines]. *The parties that try to represent everyone are small and weak*,[18] it is easy to see how Serbs (and Croats) in Bosnia might have been afraid in those ominous and crucial years of 1990-92.[19] Izetbegovic never seems to have renounced this conception of jihad.[20] The referendum of 1 March 1992 on Bosnian independence seems to have been ill-advised, to say the least. Bosnia certainly had the right to secede,[21] but only if there was widespread agreement that that was the course to take. Bosnian Muslims and Bosnian Croats were willing, for very different reasons; Bosnian Serbs weren't. The last U.S. Ambassador to Yugoslavia quotes Izetbegovic's "Muslim hard-liner" deputy as saying: "Of course we're going to move ahead on recognition. With Croatia and Slovenia now gone, we can't consign Bosnia to a truncated Yugoslavia controlled by Serbia." The Ambassador muses: *Izetbegovic was now playing a double game. With the European Community heading toward recognition, he thought he could get away with it under the guns of the Serbs. Perhaps he counted on Western military support, though nobody had promised him that. Whatever his motives, it was a disastrous political mistake. Serbia... now had the pretext it needed to strike—the claim that 1.3 million Serbs were being taken out of "Yugoslavia" against their will.*[22] Misha Glenny, whose book *The Fall of Yugoslavia* can hardly be considered pro-Serbian, puts the case against the referendum still more strongly: *... whatever their tactics, the*

Serbs insisted on the maintenance of Bosnia's central political mechanism of constitutional parity which is both just and reasonable... this system... had guaranteed peace, albeit an uneasy one... By ignoring this {in holding the referendum against the wishes of the Serbs}, the Bosnian Serbs, who make up a third of the republic and who fought bitterly during the Second World War to be constitutionally attached to Serbia proper, were being denied their statehood.[23] The fact that Izetbegovic was probably in an impossible position is beside the point. (As far back as the end of World War II, Tito's deputy Djilas had noted that being a dependent either of Serbia or of Croatia would be equally grim for Bosnia.)[24] I am not trying to assign blame or ignore atrocities subsequently committed, but only to describe why the Serbs might have felt the way they did.[25]

Vesna Hadzivukovic at the Southeast Centre for Geopolitical Studies said this to me about the SDA: Egypt way, Algeria way, that's what they want. And they just have public relations to hide their true self. Yes, the Muslims are victims. But they are victims of Alija Izetbegovic.

Look, she went on. In Foca[26] in 1990, Izetbegovic started a promotion there and it was very scary. I was there. All those boys in those black uniforms. Almost one hundred thousand Muslims were there. And the stories they said! *Now it's time to end all our relations with the Serbs and kick them out.*

She showed me the front page of the newspaper *Nezavisme*, dated 28.9.90, with a photo she'd taken of a Serb in a chokehold; the Serb's head was down and he was half suffocating in that sea of helmets and hands. —First they started beating people, she said, then they used tear gas, and then water cannon. They beat this Serb very, very tough. He has a broken jaw and some ribs, and the doctor in the jail didn't put him in the X-ray, nothing. He just make a report that he is OK and send him to central prison. And after that the Serbs begin to think about their position in Foca...

Did you have Muslim friends before? I said.

Yes.

And do you now?

Yes. My stepfather is a Muslim.

And you know, said her colleague to me sarcastically, she didn't even cut his throat!

(Later Vineta, who'd lauded Vesna's bravery to me—they'd worked together for journalists under Muslim fire in Pale, which is near Sarajevo—said: I bet she'd sell us all out for that Muslim stepfather of hers.)

By 1994 the perception was that a number of Muslims were in fact Mujahideen—and not only Serbs believed this. There was a man in Split who fought for the right-wing Croatian militia called HOS;[27] he told me a story about atrocities committed by Muslims against Croatians in Bosnia; I asked him who'd done it, the Bosnian Dragons or somebody else, and he said: The Green Bombs.

Are they loyal to Izetbegovic?

No one knows whom they're loyal to. They're an elite unit of Mujahideen.

They're Arab, and also some men of our race.

Another Croat told me he'd just heard a story about a division of Afghans who'd come to fight against HVO, the Bosnian Croat army. The Afghans had been in sandals, hungry and almost weaponless, the Croat said. (I thought of one HVO man in Medjugorje I'd met. He was immense and hairy-armed and hairy-chested; his daughter came up to his belt buckle. He was well clothed and well fed. He had a pistol and a machine-gun.) HVO cut the Afghans down by the score. Later they piled them into a truck and displayed the bodies. This story may or may not have been true. The point is that everybody believed it.[28]

I'll always remember Vineta with the cigarette up above her head, pressing her forehead with her other hand as she grimly said: Islamic countries, we can handle 'em! According to papers from the Second World War, the Serbs are owners of 65 percent of the land in Bosnia.[29] Look at it. You have your house in California with a garden and I don't know what, and they say, move your ass out of it, we're going to kick you out for the Canadians. And of course the problem is the Islamic countries and the world conspiracy against the Serbs. It's some oil monkey business. Look. What's wrong with all our world politicians is it's only a small group of our people, not the ordinary people who ought to decide. Milosevic is guilty for this war because he wasn't smart. He sent many, many Serbian boys into direct death. Milosevic handles everything. Tudjman doesn't. He's stupid enough. The same with Izetbegovic. I think the main policy of his republic is an extension of Haris Silaidzic, the Foreign Minister, and Mohammad Sacirbay, the U.N. Ambassador. Those two snakes are really evil. Izetbegovic is just a stupid old man. By the way, he took part in the Second World War against the Serbs, on the Nazi side. He belonged to a Muslim SS division.[30] That's why the Bosnian Serbs reacted in a less than friendly way when he was made a president. The Muslims are a *minority* in Bosnia anyway!

The long and the short of it was that I knew Vineta and the Muslims of Novi Pazar would fall into each other's arms like old friends.

NOVI PAZAR

By the way, maybe now that you think you know Vineta, to whom Tito was "that Croatian bastard" (my friend Adnan in Zagreb had called him a Serb), you'll be surprised to learn that her best friend was half Croatian. At any rate, her friend's boyfriend was named Zhalko, and Zhalko was the driver. He had a tape of Serbian folk songs, and they threw their heads back and sang with exaggerated relish until they burst into laughter.

I asked what news from Gorazde and Vineta said: Nothing. The fucking Security Council is gonna impose more sanctions. Fucking Clinton isn't choosing his words. He keeps blaming the bloody Serbs, the bloody Serbs. —And I thought how bitterly humiliating it must be to live in a country which rightly or wrongly

was singled out for blame every day by most of the world.[31] Surely this must encourage even more the Serbian conviction that the world was a predominantly Hobbesian place—already entrenched, so to speak, in people's minds by the war; Vineta, for instance, once told me matter-of-factly how as a soldier she'd chosen to wear a hand grenade around her neck instead of a nice necklace so that the Croatians couldn't rape her. She'd heard from a Serb who'd been a POW how a Serbian girl had been captured by Croats and taken to a prison in Split to be repeatedly raped, until one day she got her period, which revolted them and made them decide to use another hole; when the first Croat shoved his dick into her mouth she bit it as hard as she could, so they had to shoot her. —It all goes to show, dear boy, said Vineta, what happens to a girl when she doesn't use her hand grenade. —And she was so young and lovely with those long fingers, the nails growing out like spearheads, those long lashes and questioning brows.



Serbian photo of Muslim with a Serb's head (1992)

I'm twenty-two, she sighed. I'm getting old.

What about me? I said to please her. I'm thirty-four. The last time I was in Thailand a bar girl told me: You no old. Old enough to be my father, not my grandfather!

Stupid bitch, said Vineta. Stupid bloody bitch.

The two were very happy, I think, to be going somewhere, Vineta in her gold-rimmed sunglasses, her hair tied back, droopy long-lashed eyelids. (Petrol had been 2.5 deutschemarks per liter last week, and in some places now it was three.) The songs had a sort of crystalline élan; they were polkas in a minor key, jazzy and fast-moving in opposition to the clouds of fat sheep at the roadside. We came into a region of fields and hills and greyish haystacks inside teepee-like frames made from saplings. There were whitewashed houses with the familiar orange roofs, and black-clad peasant women at the side of the road.

Serbia, I love you! she shouted. I love every single inch of this country!

Including that? laughed Zhalko, pointing to a garbage heap.

Including that. Oh, I faint every time I hear this song! I was just pissing every time I couldn't do shits.

A man's long trill stretched through the song; Vineta fluttered her fingers to help him.

Hey, c'mon, eat that fuckin' chocolate I packed for you, she cried, turning round to glare at me affectionately. I'm not gonna leave it for the fuckin' Turks in Sanzak.

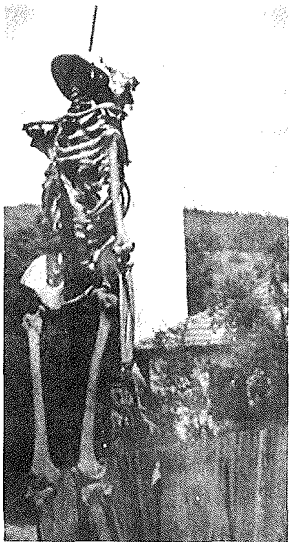
I read those Muslim pamphlets you gave me about how they were slaughtered

by the Ustasha and the Chetniks in World War II, I said. What's your opinion of that stuff?

Crap, said Vineta, lighting a cigarette.

So you think they made it all up?

Of course. It's their propaganda. They have so much money, you know. Anyway, in your country the whites are doing awful things to the niggers but we're not doing awful things to the Muslims. Just recently our police found a whole lot of Muslim weapons and they admitted their guilt! Enough to arm one or two corps. Even a mortar. They said they were just protecting their houses. I don't need a mortar to protect my house, thank you very much.



WWII photo in a Muslim booklet. Caption says: In Foca in Dec. 1941, the Chetniks first boiled the watchmaker Muftic in a cauldron, and then hanged him in front of the mosque.

We passed an empty gas station where a long line of peasants sat waiting on top of their tractors for black market petrol; and then we stopped at a spigot in the hillside where some soldiers gave us a drink from an old plastic bottle; Vineta had told me to keep my mouth shut so I just tried to look tall and said *hvala*[32] in my deepest voice; and we got back in the car and Vineta shouted: Slobodan Milosevic can kiss my ass! *Serbia do Tokyo! Serbia do Washington!* Serbia all the way to the Milky Way! —Hazy hills, lush ravines, and Vineta was saying in her half-British, half-Slavic drawl: This song's a kind of embargo blues. I'll translate for you. It says we used to be happy. Now we can't fly, we can't go anywhere, we have no friends.

I'm your friend, Vineta.

I know that.

After awhile there came the smell of burning garbage. —We're coming into a Turkish area, she laughed. That's why it's stinky. Sanzak is not Turkish, by the way. It was the first Turkish country ever mentioned in history. Look! The old church! You see, either the Communists or the Muslims were responsible for ruining it.

And here was Sanzak (I had read in my Machiavelli not too long ago that the lord of the Turks had divided his kingdom into "sanzaks");[33] here came Novi Pazar, a hollow packed with steep red-roofed houses; a cloudy town ringed by hills; there were many Muslim women wearing shawls and mothers walking with little children; and a very dark beggar-woman caned herself limpingly by, a plastic bag around her arm, and two boys walked backward very quietly, staring at the ground. An old man and a young man with a dark moustache were sitting on a long low rectangle of concrete. —Those houses over there are very rich, said Vineta.

Serbian or Turkish?

Mainly Turkish. You see, they all have two-story houses.

How do they get their money?

I don't know. From smuggling. Whooh! Smells like a dozen dirty Muslims that haven't seen water for ages. That's typical.[34] When you see a beautiful girl in this town, it's a Serbian girl.

And Vineta, who loved to inspect the female leg, taught me to say *cupi*, which means girl, and *riba*, which means fish and also girl, and *tucati*, which means to make love.

AN INTERVIEW WITH MR. HAZBO MEDOVIC, VICE-PRESIDENT OF THE LOCAL SERBIAN SOCIALIST PARTY (SPS)

The very kindly looking politician with the brown glasses and the nakedly bald forehead said: You are in a region called Sanzak, which is a part of Serbia, with a mixed group. The greatest party is SDA. The second greatest is this party, the ruling party of Serbia, the SPS. So here we have a place of real democracy because both parties are legal. The general situation is OK. You will hear that Muslims are endangered, also that Serbians are endangered, but that is not true. The economic situation is not OK due to our proximity to the battlefield. But my personal opinion, both as a representative of the Socialist Party and as an ordinary citizen, is that something like Gorazde is absolutely impossible to happen here. Gorazde is just across the border, and also has a mixed population. The ratio of the population here as almost the same as in Bosnia.





From a Muslim booklet about Serbian atrocities in WWII. Photos labeled: A victim of the Chetnik crime in Sanjak in Feb. 1943.

Are most Muslims and Serbs friends here? How do they get along?

Well, to be honest, the relations between Serbs and Muslims are a bit colder than they used to be, which is the result of the general situation. But in small communities there are still manifestations of solidarity. I myself am a Muslim.

(I saw Vineta frown in disgust.)

Under the Communist regime was the relationship better?

He used to take part in the government even during the Communist regime.

(He's an economist, by way, said Vineta, translating.) He says the relationship between the two groups was much better than today. The SDA didn't want to take part in the elections. As to why, you should ask the Muslims. They make up 70 percent of the population, but they are not adequately represented in Parliament because only those in the SPS are represented—and that's entirely their fault, Vineta added. This guy's a former Communist. He's all in favor of unity and all that crap.

When in your view is ethnic cleansing necessary?

He says that he's categorically against anything like ethnic cleansing, and so is his party and so is everybody here.

Any messages for Clinton?

Well, he's got a message for Clinton. Dialogues like this are very useful. President Clinton should not listen to any wrongful advice.

Any messages for Mr. Qadhafi? I hazarded.

He laughed. —He says he was in Libya before and he saw Mr. Qadhafi himself, replied Vineta, much to my amazement. It's no problem for Serbs that we are good friends—which is crap that he is saying.

AN INTERVIEW WITH DR. RASIM LJAJIC, PRIME MINISTER OF THE MUSLIM NATIONAL COUNCIL OF SANZAK AND GENERAL SECRETARY OF THE SDA

He was an olive-skinned man in a suit and tie, very Mediterranean-looking. His assistant offered us some lemonade before the interview, and while the two of them went to make it Vineta said: There's a big picture of Izetbegovic on the wall, so you see what are these tendencies. —She slammed her hand down on the table. —*Fuck* those Turks! He'll probably take a leak in my glass. He looks like a leak.

Well, there *is* kind of a tension you feel in the air, the man said in answer to my question. And that tension is the consequence of the Beograd regime's policy. The Muslims in Sanzak are being slowly and gradually ethnically cleansed. It started two years ago. Seventy thousand Muslims have left for western Europe, Scandinavian countries, Turkey and elsewhere.

We were just speaking with another Muslim down the hall who said that everything is OK here, I said. Why would he say the opposite?

Simply because Mr. Medovic for some unknown reason is implementing the Socialist Party's program, which doesn't even have the support of one one-thousandth of one percent of local Muslims. There are a small number of Muslims in the SPS, serving as a curtain so that the SPS can pretend to be multi-ethnic. Those Muslims are more privileged than others. Mr. Medovic is the manager of a local factory and can keep all the perks which go with that.

You can find physically maltreated people here, he insisted. The people feel physically endangered. And of course there were those two kidnappings, the seven-

teen passengers who disappeared on the bus from Priboj in February of last year, and then those twenty-five passengers on the train from Beograd to Bar, and so far we know nothing about them.

And they were all Muslim?

One was a Croat.

Next he showed me some hideous photographs.

The Serbs did this?

Yes, said Dr. Ljajic.

Would it be possible for me to meet and photograph any of the victims in these photos?

He can give you some duplicates, Vineta interpreted.

These people could be anyone, Serbs or Muslims or Croats. Could I meet them?

I think we'd better talk about it with the authorities before we accept anything, said Vineta smoothly.

I have become professionally skeptical when people show me pictures of tortured, dead, or mutilated people and then tell me who they are. An extreme image insists on its truth, but context is everything in such situations. Anybody can say that these victims are anybody.[35] So I said again: I'd like to meet the people in these photographs.

He says if you were stay longer he could organize it, but not now. These people are in villages far from here.

How far?

This one is about forty-five kilometers.

Oh, so long would that take? Half an hour? An hour?

Something like that, said Vineta. But first we must talk. In the first place there might be problems with the authorities.

I thought very carefully about what she was saying. I considered asking the man if there were anything I could do in Novi Pazar to verify his answers. I decided to say nothing. First of all, if there were such people, my meeting them would probably subject them to more harassment. Second of all, Vineta would not like it, and I very much wanted to understand her and be her friend. Thirdly, Dr. Ljajic was scarcely bending over backwards to bring me to these people, so it was clearly a lost cause.

In the district of Pljevlja, two mosques were pulled down, he went on, we think by a Serbian paramilitary formation, but the official Montenegrin statement was that birds made electrical contact with these buildings and burned them down. And what's going on in Bosnia is an attempt from Croatia and Serbia to make Great Croatia and Great Serbia.

Are you yourself physically harassed?

One part of the local SDA leadership in Montenegro had to leave the country in order to avoid arrest. Out of thirty leaders, only seven are now free.

Why are you still a free man?

I don't know. It's just a matter of time. I think it's a game of the authorities.

He showed me last year's photos of tanks pointing their gun-turrets down into the city. They reminded me eerily of Sarajevo.

Why were they withdrawn?

Because of international pressure.

Are you and I in physical danger as a result of this interview? I asked.

We're being constantly shadowed by political police, he said. This job is public and you and I cannot go back. And we are in the process of doing our jobs in the context of the legal system of this country. In other words, F, U, C, and K, yawned Vineta.

He showed me more photographs of dead and bloody faces.

We went outside, and on the evening street a man was waving his hands and people were listening.

What's he saying? I said.

Oh, he's saying the prisons for Muslims are worse than Auschwitz, said Vineta. How would he know? If he'd been in Auschwitz he'd be dead.

A GAME OF CARDS

The dark greenish hills made a bowl all around. On top was something which Vineta thought to be a tank, but Zhalko said: You're jumpy. —But still it was easy to imagine the tanks that Dr. Ljajic had said had been ubiquitous, pointing inward and down just like Sarajevo. We sat at the Serbian cafe, whose owner's name was in Cyrillic over the door; across the street there were many red tables on the sidewalk where the Muslims sat at their table. Vineta proposed that we play cards. We tried to buy a deck, but nobody had one for sale. Finally we went into a cafe, which turned out to be for Muslims, and the people there wouldn't loan Vineta any cards until she spoke to me in English so they'd know I was American. Then all at once they fell over themselves to bring us two decks of cards. Vineta smiled sardonically.

Later that night, while she and Zhalko were parking the car at the police station so that it wouldn't get stolen, I went to the hotel lobby and asked some shy young boys, obvious Muslim, to take my picture, which they did with delight, and then I took a photo of them. —American good! they whispered. They wanted me to send them copies and I said that I would. They couldn't leave me alone; they were so happy to be noticed. Now Vineta was in her room changing into her sweatshirt with the heart that said 100% SERBIAN and Zhalko was on his bed showing me how to play rummy with two decks when the boys came in. —American? they said to Zhalko. —Serbian, he said quietly, and their faces fell and they blushed and went away.

That evening the three of us played rummy and Zhalko laughed whenever Vineta won and yelled at her: You Serbian bitch! and they were both so nice to me, so endlessly patient with my lack of knowledge of card games, and I was happy to be their friend.

A PLEASANT VISIT

Mr. Safet Bandzovic, a Muslim, was President of the Sanzak Committee for Protection of Human Rights and Freedoms; he gave me much vaguer figures for the number of Muslims who'd fled Sanzak than the SDA man had; when I asked him to be more exact he said: Well, it's very difficult to tell you exactly. The Ministry of Internal Affairs could tell you exactly how many passports from this region have been stamped; but that's been classified top secret. —So I got Vineta to take me to the police station to ask, pointing out that it was in the interest of the Serbian government to disprove such stories. I remember tall men in bluish-grey uniforms who strode about and sometimes watched me; and once a plainclothesman came downstairs with his arm very tight around the shoulder of another man who did not struggle and Vineta said to me: Don't stare. Curiosity killed the cat. —One extremely tall and terrifying policeman who'd devoured my American passport with his furious eyes kept talking about me to his colleagues in a deep and snarling fashion until they grinned in sundry ugly ways; so I engaged in the pastime that Serbs call "playing the Englishman," which means to be indifferent, to pretend not to understand—and of course I really *didn't* understand; maybe they were saying how nice I was. Finally we were ushered upstairs. While the chunky woman with the gold watch poured pure black coffee as thick as cream from tiny copper flasks on a tray, the police chief in his plaid suit began to raise his voice. Vineta was so sweet and reasonable with him, touching her heart with her long and lovely fingers while he made clenching walls on his desk with the sides of his hands. After a while he put on his glasses and calmed down a little. But later he slammed his glasses off and his voice became deep and harsh. Vineta was so even-tempered and calm that slowly he relaxed. Finally he smiled again. I never got to ask him a single question. Vineta said it wasn't his fault; he would have helped me if he'd had authorization from Beograd; and I believed him; but the long and the short of it was that I never did find out how many Muslims had left Sanzak. Later on I mentioned how fierce everyone had seemed in that place, and she said: If anybody including the police would lay a little finger on you I'd defend you with my life, dearie!

SURPRISING INFORMATION

So instead I made her take me behind a mosque's red-and-white-needled phallus and into a store I picked at random to interview the shopkeeper; Vineta could tell from his teeth that he was a Muslim; they had a special kind of grimace, she explained. —I'm going to *kill* you! she said to me in quiet disgust.

Smiling a little anxiously, he brought us Diet Cokes.

Ask him if he feels safe here.

He says he himself has no problem. He still has Serbian friends, but they used

to drink together all the time and now since the war there is a certain coldness. He says they still drink together and play soccer together, but less often. He has stopped listening to the news. Mainly he sticks to business.

This seemed innocuous enough, and I asked Vineta why he didn't want me to write this down in front of him.

So he won't get into trouble with his party, she said. The SDA wants him to say bad things. That's their agenda.

Well, I said, nobody's proven anything to me.

Dearie, you've become a fully qualified Serb, said Vineta, patting my hand.

On the drive back to Beograd she said: You know, that Turk wasn't so bad. He was decent. If I ever saw him in Beograd I'd ask him how he was doing and buy him a drink, chat for an hour. It's just that I'd never be his friend.

And a little later she said abruptly: Sometimes I listen to Muslim music. It's all right. The melodies aren't bad. Not for all the time, but once in awhile.

A REMINDER

Here I think I need to say again that this essay is about extremists, that most of the people I met in Beograd did not think the way Vineta did. I never heard Vineta say she wished the war were over. (I know that she was unhappy much of the time, but I guess she felt that to stop now would be giving in to cowards and traitors.) But I remember the time I went with that other girl, Branka, down a street whose wall everywhere said MIR, which means peace; and then we came to a wall upon which somebody had written in Cyrillic SPO, which Branka explained meant Serbian Democratic Movement.

Are they good or bad?

Bad.

Why?

They are Chetniks.

There were Chetniks against that wall, big and tall, selling Chetnik hats and videos of Serbian dancers with big tits. Wondering what exactly the Chetniks thought of the war, I asked Branka if we could talk with them and she said they might punch me or worse but I said that was my business.

What do you think about Americans?

We dislike you and your police. In America you have a police regime. In Serbia you can say whatever you want, but in America it's not that kind of situation. In America you can never be free.

What is your goal?

I want to get peace, said the man, amazing me.

How did the war start?

Those Communist leaders like Milosevic and Tudjman wouldn't separate in a peaceful way.

For you, is the word Chetnik a good or bad word?

Very good.

What does it mean to you?

Something bright, because during the Second World War those who killed people were Communists, not Chetniks.[36] After the war the government wanted Communist partisans to have power, not ordinary people. Chetniks are Robin Hoods. They're here for justice.

What do you think about Croatians?

Croatians are OK, but not their government.

And Muslims?

They are not real Muslims, he said with calm defiance.

There was another man with an Eleventh Airborne Patch on his jacket, standing with his hands on his hips. —We're people who fight for our country, he said. We believe in our king. We would like peace, but your government will not permit that. I'm not a Chetnik. Real Chetniks are well-organized. I believe in God, not in our government. Thanks to Milosevic, Serbia is not a democratic country, and it uses all these lies to create a bigger criminal than it is. Here in Beograd we don't have *our* police; we have BiH police. They should be home to fight for their own country, not here. You can even find Muslims among them. Real Serbs believe in God and the monarchy, and in peace. But our government has the power, and we can't do anything.

Have you fought?

Only a few months.

What did you see?

A lot of voluntary guys went there, just for food supplements and booze and to make some robberies just like our government ministers. I was in Croatia at the beginning of the war. I would like just to end this war.

And Branka herself, who was relatively left-wing, had a war story that took place in Pale, which is a Serbian position near Sarajevo. —I couldn't eat anything, she said, stabbing the concrete with her cigarette. Five kilos I was down during the seven days. All the dead people. I was just crying. And those soldiers, those Serbian soldiers, they smile and say, wow, a woman, and I had to smile in order not to become involved with them. And we had to pay 200 deutschemarks just to enter the Bosnian border. And those people there, they don't like us because we are not real Serbs; we are not on the front line. But *our* boys go on the front line, not theirs! And they won't go to their own country! They want our boys.

So you don't believe in a Greater Serbia?

No. That's bullshit. I'm sorry. Because it is. And *they were not friendly!* I was so open. I thought we were brothers and sisters. But they don't think so.

And here in Beograd, she concluded softly, everyone was very afraid when NATO airplanes came there because we thought there would be a mobilization of

our boys, not theirs. My boyfriend is hiding. Because they just come to your place and take your hand and you go away for five months or a year. This situation, I get so angry, I don't talk...

In Novi Pazar my driver, Zhalko, had said: I believe that not all Croatians are bad—which I thought very good, since his girlfriend was half one. He was less fond of Muslims, but even on that issue he strove to be fair. We were talking about Dr. Ljajic, who'd shown me so many photos of injured people who might or might not have been Muslims, and Zhalko said: The important thing about the SDA people is that they look so good, and after that you see they're not so good. Ljajic just now, his story's not good. There is tension, but the people making tension are extremist Muslim and extremist Serb. When people don't have anything to do, they become extremist.

Why is Vineta an extremist? I said.

Maybe she has become more of an extremist than I, because when she was in the war maybe she saw some very bad things.

And I have to say another thing about Vineta which is that one particularly trying day in Beograd when practically everyone I met had been calling me an American criminal, Vineta and I were walking through the rain, she in her 100% SERBIAN sweatshirt again, drenched and coughing and sniffling, and she insisted on buying me an ice cream because she was always generous and kind to me. She pointed out all the girls' legs; and thinking of this I remember when we visited her acquaintance, a Russian volunteer (about whom more very shortly); and at the end of the interview two Chetniks came in, one a longhaired, gentle-looking guy unloading the magazine from his TT pistol. I pronounced it a *dobar komad*, this being a phrase that Vineta had taught me when she saw a pretty woman; it meant a "nice piece," so it seemed an appropriate term for a gun, too; anyway, they all laughed. Vineta had developed an eye for good-looking girls when she was in the army. So on that 100% Serbian day we were strolling in the rain past the long queue outside the not-yet-open foreign exchange place where people could switch novij dinars for deutschemarks, one to one; and somebody else had just called me an American spy and Vineta, who believed that all the articles about rape camps were lies, as perhaps they are or aren't since I've never seen one, said: I could rape two Muslim girls right now! Yes, dearie, I'm quite a capable girl. I could fuck two Muslim bitches and smoke three cigarettes all at the same time, and I'll do it right now if you can find me two Muslim bitches who don't stink... and I was trying to laugh but I was feeling tense and defiant and said things that embarrassed her, until she blew up, and in trying to apologize and explain myself I said: Well, look. You know how you felt in those interviews with the Muslims in Novi Pazar, because they weren't your kind?

Yeah. What about it? —Oh, she said with quick empathy, you feel that way in this country...?

That's right. So I get defiant and make wisecracks...

Don't feel that way. We're not against you, she said passionately. Please don't feel that way!

And she stroked my back.

"WE JUST WANNA KEEP THIS PLACE"

The big Russian cupped a tall beer in his slablike hands, staring blue-eyed across the dish of salted fish which his plump and pretty wife had brought. He handcuffed me to Vineta a couple of times for a joke. Once he got suspicious of what I was writing and handcuffed me again. During the six hours that I was with him his eyes never stopped watching me; and over and over he told me that if I was lying, that if I wrote bad lies about him he would find me and kill me. —She's real fanatic girl, he said of Vineta with a smile. Like me! Because history is come back. Because Serbia people is need me. Like brother.

You know what say her? he said, pointing at his wife. She say, it's real hard to be Orthodox now. Because everyone hates us.

He was from Kazakhstan. Kazakhstan was a Muslim place, so it was not his place. He hated it. His mother was on good terms with her Muslim neighbors, but not he... He'd fought in Lebanon. In 1988 he had gone to Greece because it was Orthodox. —*Greece is the heart*, he kept saying. —After four years he came to Serbia and joined the parachute corps. He'd been there for 83 days, half in battle. He told me the name of his commander but asked me not to write it here.

He'd been a military policeman in Afghanistan, and the Mujahideen had got him in the belly. —That was politics, he said. For what I care about politics? I shit on politics. I do it just for love, to help my Orthodox brothers and sisters.

He said that when a Soviet soldier's coffin was sent back from Afghanistan, you were not allowed to open it on penalty of thirty years' imprisonment. They sent his coffin back, and his mother thought that he'd been killed, but the coffin was full of hashish and jewelry; that was why it remained sealed, so that the criminals could get rich.

I hate myself now, because I have killed people in Afghanistan, he said. That was not my place. And this place, this is my place.

(So maybe it was true what one disgusted taxi driver said to me in Zagreb when I told him I'd just arrived from Beograd: *Beograd, das ist Russia. Zagreb ist Europa.* —I'd asked one HOS man in one of Split's marble canyons (boys playing ball between the arches): Have you fought against Russians? and he replied: In Jajce. Many times. I don't know how many.)[37]

In Bosnia he'd lost some fingers and severely damaged his eye. Now he taught in the military school.

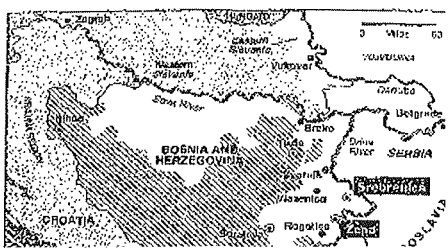
Before in the war, Croatians want to take the places from people. And now it's

2 Towns, Symbols of Serbian Killings, Snag Balkan Talks

By ROGER COHEN

DAYTON, Ohio, Nov. 15 — The towns of Srebrenica and Zepa are symbols of the Serbian slaughter of Muslim civilians during the Bosnian war. Now, with the negotiations to end the conflict at a critical phase, the towns have become symbols of the price of peace.

Officials involved in the talks said today that the recovery of Srebrenica and Zepa, eastern Bosnian towns overrun by the Serbs this summer, was among the territorial demands on which the Muslim-led Bosnian Government has refused to compromise. The Serbs will not relinquish the towns because they are determined that Serbia be "The B Zepa and



War Crimes Tribunal Indicts Serb Leaders

The International Criminal Tribunal for the Former Yugoslavia indicted the Bosnian Serb leader, Radovan Karadzic, for genocide, crimes against humanity and war crimes, a ruling that could complicate efforts to bring peace to the war-torn region.

The tribunal also indicted the commander of the Bosnian Serb military, Gen. Ratko Mladic, as a war

Survivors Tell of Serb Atrocities in Fallen Enclave

ited Nations officials, who were with General Morillon in Gorazde and by him the general saw the school building, is not been completely destroyed.

Mevludin Karabeuvic, a 20-year-old Muslim fighter, said today he also saw the civilians in the Gorazde school carrying heavy shelling and gunfire from Serbian radio.

"The shelling came in with about five shells and screamed or shouted everywhere," he said, referring to the Serbian nationalist forces. "They shot at everything and didn't select their targets.

"We left the school in a hurry," Mr. Karabeuvic said. "Some residents left children behind because they could not carry them."

Mr. Karabeuvic said he also saw the Serbs kill about 12 civilians in the village of Velici.

"Some people were caught trying to escape," he said, adding that other Muslims were pulled from their houses and killed. "They did not take anyone away. They killed them and left them."

Spy Photos Indicate Mass Grave At Serb-Held Town, U.S. Says

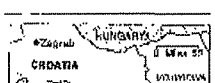
Evidence May Confirm Atrocities at Srebrenica

WASHINGTON, Aug. United States said today spy photographs that it make public of what appe mass grave outside the town of Srebrenica, where of Muslim men and boys missing since they were after Bosnian Serbs seize last month.

Bloody and Unshod, Refugees Flee Serbs

By CHUCK SUDETIC

OVCAREVO, Bosnia and Hercegovina, Oct. 18 — Ana Dujmush, a 28-year-old Muslim refugee, broke down in tears as she lugged her 15-month-old daughter over the last painful yards of a four-mile hike across the mountainside war front.



from me," he said, referring to the Serbian aggressors by the name they have borrowed from the Serbian guerrillas of World War II. "I was in my underwear until someone gave me this pair of pants and a shirt.

"These Serbs respect nothing, not the Red Cross, not the United Nations, not any kind of humane norm," Mr.

Serbs Kill a Bosnian Leader and Take More Hostages

U.S. Gives Accounts of Serbian Atrocities to U.N.

Bosnian Soldiers Report Massacre by Serbs in a Schoolhouse

By FRANK J. PRIAL
Special to The New York Times

UNITED NATIONS, Oct. 22 — The United States turned over to the United Nations today a compilation of data it has gathered from a variety of sources recounting the killing and torture of thousands of men, women and children

By CHUCK SUDETIC
Special to The New York Times

TUZLA, Bosnia and Hercegovina, March 18 — The Red Cross Committee arrived to remove bodies from an eastern enclave overrun by Serbian nationalist fighters gave reporters today of the killings of dozens of Muslim civilians by the advancing Serbs.

Two of the Bosnian soldiers said they witnessed killings in Cerska and the neighboring village of Velici, which were overrun between Feb. 27 and March 1, when poorly armed, predomi-



Mr. Mastrovich and Cpl. Edgar Mandell Bonnet, another who escaped, the Serbian encirclement said the Serbian fighters bombarded the enclave with artillery and tank rounds before moving in and killing people.

"About half of the people were killed in the bombardment," Mr. Mastrovich said.

The Serbian soldiers arrived in Tuzla late Tuesday night with 16 men and a wounded who had fled the town. They said they walked out of the Srebrenica Valley on Saturday night and fought through Serbian lines on Tuesday.

U.N. Eliminated Reserve

After visiting the Cerska area on March 8, the commander of the United Nations forces in Bosnia, Gen. Philippe Morillon of France, said he saw no evidence of a massacre.

Serbs Hold 5,000 Hostages Fleeing the War in Sarajevo

BELGRADE, Yugoslavia, May 20 — Serbian leaders in Bosnia and Herzegovina said today that their guerrillas would not release about 5,000 women, children and elderly people being held in a Sarajevo suburb until the Government of Bosnia and Herzegovina lifted blockades of Yugoslav Army barracks and met other conditions.

On Tuesday night, Serbian gunmen halted a column of about 1,000 cars, 20 buses and 10 vans in the suburb of Ilidza as the refugees attempted to leave Sarajevo, the Bosnian capital. Serbian forces have besieged and bombarded Bosnia and its capital for more than a month in an effort to partition the republic.

2,300 Dead, 7,000 Wounded

Officials of the Children's Embassy, a local relief group that organized the

A Vain Call for Help, as Serbs Killed His Wife

By CARLOTTA GALL

[illegible] Oct. 1 — [illegible] Cerska found the wife [illegible] body on the [illegible] afternoon, [illegible] on the third [illegible] in the house [illegible] Cerska. [illegible] and [illegible] Mr. Ogata [illegible] of the high Muslim [illegible] in [illegible] evidence by the Serbs [illegible] Mr. Ogata [illegible] a [illegible] [illegible] [illegible]

the same. And I don't wanna give up my brother's people. So I come back for help my brother's people, if they need it. These people need it. My wife has two sisters and one brother, but her brother is dead now in Herzcegovina. War is shit, you know. We don't want it.

Above him hung Vojislav Seselj's likeness—three times in the living room alone; I forget how many times elsewhere. The flat belonged to an SRS party member. Seselj was blond and spectacled, with a prim mouth. I never interviewed him because he charged everybody except Greeks $500 for that privilege and when I asked Vineta what he spent the money on she said: Weapons, of course! —It made me happy to look at him and think that Vineta had turned his marriage offer down. —Seselj is a very good man, and he has a very good heart, the Russian said. Helps for children which don't have fathers in war. Really quiet and really good man.

We don't wanna take the other places, said the Russian. We just wanna keep this place. Because this is our Slavonic place. Serbia, Greece, Russia, Poland, Bulgaria, these are the Orthodox places. What does the Mussulman want to do in this place, to kill the womans, to kill the childrens? Mussulmans don't wanna stay normal, don't wanna stay quiet. They wanna take the government.

Normal Mussulmans, I don't hate. I don't wanna fight with the children and the women. Only some Mussulmans. Mussulmans have to be quiet here, because it's not their place.

He said he might tell me a story, but not until he'd drunk away the badness. After three or four beers, his eyes still glowingly affixed upon me while his plump and pretty wife leaned back smoking cigarettes and playing with her fingers, he began to speak to me, this time in Serbo-Croatian while Vineta translated beside me, wearing her black gloves that felt like stockings.

He said: It happened on the eighth of November 1992, in the village of Vranjevici, near Mostar. There'd been a cease-fire for fifteen days. And then they started a grenade attack near the village of Nevesinje, which was an ethnically clean Serbian city, small but completely Serbian. It was mostly Croats who attacked. Their soldiers advanced toward Nevesinje. It was an emergency, so as a member of the Special Forces I felt a responsibility to act.

(The Russian smiled, leaning forward and clenching the stump of his hand. His wife sat beside him, her earrings so dull against her big pale cheek. They'd met at the front. She was the one who when he was late for a date figured that he'd been hurt, so she jumped into an APC, went straight to the battle line, and threw twelve grenades which killed five Muslims.)

Well, it was a tough day, really, he said. The Special Forces squad soon realized that the Muslims and Croats had come very deeply into our territory. We had eight guys in our squad. There was the first front line, then the second front line, and the third front line, so we had to go very deep into enemy territory. At the first front line, four of our men were killed. At the second, two more got killed, so when we

It is a tragic fact that in the wars of men, the most numerous victims are women. Rape is an inseparable part of the tragic history of war. But, as far as women are concerned, peace is no better. The U.S. Justice Department's statistics indicate that the United States has 1,770 rapes per day, or apx. 430,000 reported cases each year and 92% of these cases never come to trial. (According to CNN May 29th, 1993). How does the war in Bosnia differ? Because judging by the media, in this war, the rape of Moslem women is part of the morbid political arsenal of the Serbs. In order to simplify their job, they organise special camps for rape.

On what foundations was this monstruous construction built?

Simply, just like in the case of the "death camps", the public believed unquestioningly in their media stars.



From a Serbian publication

reached the third front line it was only me and one other. And grenades and shooting everywhere—we could not run a hundred meters without a grenade going off. You cannot imagine how it feels when you lose six friends in one day. It wasn't the territory of our enemy, but our own territory. We were just protecting ourselves. And in that action we couldn't take the dead bodies of our mates back with us. So the enemy cut the head off one of my dead mates and threw it into one of the trenches of the regular Serbian army. The enemy was very close—that is, fifteen, ten meters. Well, we were kind of revolted, I guess. We fought back. The first task of the squad was to stop the advance of the enemy, and the second was if possible to recapture our own territory, and after that to try to keep the enemy in position, because we were completely exhausted, without any backup. Out of the eight people, as I said, there were only two of us, and then one was killed by a sniper, so I was left alone.

The Russian glared into my soul with his haunted, half-sightless eyes.

There were some other Serbs, too, not from the same platoon. There were about ten people in the hundred meters I could see from my little hill. It was very difficult to keep those positions, and what saved us was the huge quantity of grenades and ammunition we had. We would have all gotten killed by the enemy if we hadn't had that. What also helped us was that we had tear gas, and the enemy was like drugged lunatics, attacking in waves.

Well, said Vineta, he's actually describing for you what he calls a wave. The closest was five meters to us, so of course he had to kill them all. The waves were one-half to one meter apart. He says that as soon as we destroyed the first wave, another wave would come. They would crawl down, covered with camouflage, disguised as bushes, but my new mates from the other platoon and I were all kind of jumpy. It happened once at night that an enemy soldier grabbed one of the Serbs' guns, so I fired thirty bullets into his face and it was really horrible. Every night the Serbs used the darkness to resupply the position. We could not sleep or do anything but fight for three days and three nights. And after that, on the fourth day, the situation was kind of stabilized, and we regained the old front line which they had taken when they pushed into our territories. But it still went on. By the fifth day we were really crazy. We were singing songs, screaming, shooting nonstop. Our enemies got crazy, too. We used to tell jokes together on the radio, to arrange appointments to have a drink: hello, brother, let's get together. And meanwhile we were still fighting. They tried to come behind us, and they cut the throat of one of our soldiers silently, so that's how they broke our line in one place, but they couldn't do us any permanent harm. They thought we didn't have gas masks but we did. They were very self-confident, and acted as if nobody could do them any harm, but we killed all the more. For instance, this is how I got my Kalashnikov, my war trophy. Everybody used to improvise trenches from stones. One of our guys jumped into the trench, killed the two Croatians, and took their Kalashnikovs, one for them, one for

me. The JNA[38] used to produce the same uniform for everybody, so Croats and Muslims still had the same uniform, the real Serbian uniform. So it was so confusing and so frightening. Once our own side started shooting at me. I put my hands over my head. I practically pissed in my pants. But sometimes this confusion worked in our advantage, like the time we tricked two other Croatians. The Croats have a special dialect, you see. We deceived the Croatian guard by speaking in his dialect, saying; Go ahead, brother, put your feet up and I'll cover for you. It was dark and the Croatians couldn't see. We started smoking. The Croatians warned us: Be careful of the Chetniks. We said OK. Then we were close enough to kill them. This is war. You have to do it like that if you want to live. And always there was such terror.[39] But the most frightening moment came when a friend of mine, hearing the whistle of a grenade, wanted to hide himself but got hit by the grenade anyway and was torn to pieces in front of my eyes. What was left was only pieces of meat. Before that we had just drunk two glasses of rakija. I couldn't take his dead body or help him. It happened only eight days later that I could take his pieces...

The next gloomy moment of my life was when I had to collect all the dead bodies from the battlefield to the base. Since we were all in the same uniform, we didn't know if we were collecting Ustashas or Muslims or what. I also want to mention two brave girls, nurses, who helped remove the bodies. One went crazy because she saw everything, poor girl, and she is still sick. Anyway, when we brought them in, one of the commanders said: What the hell did you drag in these Ustashas for? —They found out by going through their documents. Our guys have photos in their booklets; the others do not.

That broad face came closer to mine. The deep eyes tried to suck my soul in under the thick eyebrows. He stretched out his huge arms and touched me. Then he said to me: There was one Croat who had his leg wounded; and when I jumped into the trench I found him. He didn't know I was a Russian. He said to me: Don't shoot—we were neighbors once! —And I said: We never lived together. —Then I shot him.

(The Russian smiled as he said this.)

I was teasing Vineta, partly to reduce the tension that I felt in that place with the Russian's eyes never leaving mine and the wife smiling quietly beside him and the posters of Seselj everywhere, Seselj who'd gone on the record as saying that if the Bosnian Muslims kicked up any fuss they'd just have be kicked all the way to Anatolia;[40] and the tension that came when the Russian tried to sell me an antique Croatian crucifix of solid silver and an antique Qur'-An and when I asked him where he got them he just grinned and said: Never mind where I got them... so I kept flirting with Vineta, partly because I liked her well and partly to get his eyes off me, and finally it seemed to work; finally his gaze tracked on her for a moment and he said to me: I'll tell you the key to her heart. First, you must stay here forever. Second, you must learn to speak Serbian. Third, you must fight in the war. Fourth,

you must really love this place.

OK, darling, I'll marry you, said Vineta. Just bring me the head of Alija Izetbegovic on a plate for my wedding present—oh, and a Stinger missile to destroy Sarajevo.

Ignoring her, the Russian said suddenly in English: Listen. I kill the Muslims and the Croatians in my territory. But not in their territory. I'm a soldier. I am not a killer. We are Special Forces, you know. We must kill him to take back our territory.

What he really wanted now was for me to join the Special Forces that minute, and my excuses of unreadiness tore away from me like cobwebs. His green and shining eyes always locked on my own for those six hours, and he continually said: Now we must to be or not to be. If I like you, I like you. If I not like you I cut your throat!

Finally he said: OK. I give you the brother test. Don't be afraid. I'm your friend.

No! cried Vineta. Oh, God, he's going to do some stupid thing...

In Sarajevo a Muslim had once held a loaded gun to my head as a party trick. I figured that this would be either a gun or a knife. It was a knife. He came back from the closet with a long bayonet and put the blade an inch under my chin. I didn't think he meant to hurt me, particularly if I stayed calm and still, which I did. I wouldn't have been surprised if he'd pressed a little, or cut me superficially across my throat, but he didn't even do that. He just allowed me to feel that long, chilly edge against my flesh for perhaps a minute and a half, then abruptly hurled the weapon across the room.

Now you see, he said. Now you know how it feels. War is shit. Let's drink to peace.

Looking over at Vineta now that I was free to turn my head again, I saw that her knuckles were white.

He had me dress up in his Serbian military uniform, heavy and camouflage-islanded and clammy with his sweat (the handcuffs on the chair beside it) to prove that I wasn't afraid. Vineta became sweet and giggly and said: I didn't know you were so good-looking. Did you know you're handsome in a uniform?

But the Russian never stopped watching me. Every now and then he'd ask me what guarantee there was that I wasn't a liar.

I guarantee it with my life! shouted Vineta, and for that I loved her.

Aside from her, he said, staring. What is your guarantee?

None, I said wearily.

Listen. I must be very careful with Americans now, he said. (This was the day that the U.S. Embassy in Beograd had begun to evacuate some staff families, in preparation as I assumed for another airstrike on Gorazde.) —Are you a liar or are you not a liar? The word liar is written on your forehead. Understand?

Sure, I said.

Listen, he said. If you write lies in your newspaper, I will get you. Or maybe I cannot get you, but if not, then for your lies five more Americans will die, or maybe three. Understand?

I don't like to be threatened, I said.

I'm sorry, he said. But you must understand. I hate America, but I hate Russia equally. I talk same with Russians. Listen. Why not come with me? You must train for three months. I'll take your documents so that you cannot leave. You must stay illegal in Serbia. No one will know who you are. I will teach you in my school how to drive a tank, how to jump with a parachute, how to draw a pistol so fast like this[41] —ah, it's very hard. Some men die in the training. You must become a robot. The training for your Marines, it's nothing. In Russian Special Forces it was so much better. And the training for them, that's nothing. Only here in Serbian Special Forces can you become a real man. Understand? And after the three months you must begin to work for five months. I'll give you food, I'll give you sleep, I'll give you cigarettes. Then you'll know everything. What do you say?

Maybe later, I said...

TOO MANY HEROES

More and more I felt how alone and lonely Vineta was. There'd been an old man who gave me such a sad and serious look as I passed him wearing my Chetnik cap with its Orthodox cross and its four C's, two forwards, two backwards, which stood for *Only Unity Saves the Serbs;* and then a streetcar driver who thought I was a Serb stuck his head out the window and yelled: I shit on your party!

I told Vineta about it, but she wasn't very surprised. —Well, actually, Beograd is sixty percent not Serb anyhow, she said.

What is it?

Croats, Muslims, Albanians. Real scum.

A man turned and stared at her.

They're mostly smugglers and drug dealers, she went on.

Increasingly she reminded me of an old line in Sir Thomas Wyatt: *I feed me in sorrow and laugh in all my pain.*

Smiling happily or frowning on the phone, tapping her cigarette out in the ashtray with a series of businesslike gestures, her short dark hair flaring out at the back of her neck, her deep dark eyes, no matter what she did there was something about her that almost broke my heart. She almost never talked about what had happened to her at Vukovar and what she'd done there; but one day she told me how her brother had run away at twelve and hitchhiked across Serbia to join the army and fight at Vukovar, which the Croats still held, and when they found him he was so cold and hungry and scared; after Vineta joined up her father joined up, too... She longed to do good and sacrifice herself for what she believed in. She was a woman dedicated to action, a patriot as she saw it; she feared and she hated, but she was no hypocrite. And I felt that she was so alone.

Soon I was going to have to go to the other side. That was my job. She despised the thought of my visiting Croatia, of course. It exasperated and infuriated her that

I wanted to have anything to do with "those bastards." But after she saw she couldn't talk me out of it, she helped me get a bus ticket to Zagreb and they said that couldn't be done and Vineta stared at them with her arms folded, saying: Anybody who fucks me against my will is going to get *fucked.* Don't worry, babe. I'll get you to Zagreb.

I know sometimes I'm aggressive, said Vineta once. (She'd grown up in one of the toughest neighborhoods in Beograd.) I was so aggressive when I came back from Vukovar. Now I don't like to wear my uniform so much. But you know what? When I put S—'s uniform on, it felt good. *It felt good!* she said so plaintively. And I know I was rude to you three—no, four times today. You're the sweetest person I've ever worked with. I want to be a tender girl. I should be. I want to put on high heels and a tight dress, but I just don't feel comfortable wearing them now. Just like I wouldn't feel comfortable in Zagreb anymore. Well, I never liked Zagreb anyway...

And one day she told me. She'd been two months pregnant when her boyfriend of three years had been captured by the Croatians, in Borovo-naselje near Vukovar. They cut his body into pieces. She got an abortion and became a soldier. Her best friend had been repeatedly raped until she killed herself. Vineta kept their tiny photos in her billfold. When she pulled them out to show me, she began to cry silently. I put my hand on her shoulder. —I'm sorry I'm weak, she said in a voice that quavered slightly.

And she said to me: No one has a chance to open my heart ever again.[42]

"WILL YOU BE MY FRIEND?"

That night I went to a disco with the old German baron I mentioned who was a war correspondent; he needed to get laid. I just wanted to be with the baron, because he was somebody I was sure didn't hate me. He picked out two girls for us and pulled me over to their table. I looked into the face of the nineteen-year-old he'd assigned me to and wished her a good evening.

Who are you? she said. Tell me who you really are.

I'm an American, I said. I'm a journalist. I came to Serbia to learn and to make friends.

Are you a *spion?* she said.

No, I'm not a spy.

Who are you?

Who do you think I am?

I think you're a criminal, she said, laughing in terror.

I'm not a criminal. Why do you think that?

You are a stranger. You are nothing to us. But you come to our country. And you hate us.

I don't hate you.

But Americans hate us.

Some of them do.

Why?

Our TV says that you kill Muslim babies, I explained.

But that's not true. Why do you lie about us?

I thought of the dead Muslim babies I'd seen in Sarajevo. I also thought of the Muslim irregulars I'd met in Sarajevo who had a spiked paddle which they called a "Chetnik teacher," and I said: Sometimes I think American TV does tell lies about you. They say bad things about you but not about the others. I don't know why they aren't more fair. But I want to be your friend. Will you believe me?

No. I won't believe you.

Look, I said (one of Vineta's favorite openers, although her favorite expression was probably: *I'll say this only once).* Serbia is dangerous for me. Most people here hate me. And I could be killed in Bosnia next week. I'm only here to understand. What else could I get out of being here?

Money.

Well, my magazine does pay me, but nobody could pay me enough if I got killed. Can't you see that?

I don't know.

I've showed you my passport and my press card. I've hidden nothing from you.

(The Baron was laughing in my ear, sure that at any moment the girls would go with us and participate in what he called "a crazy situation.")

I don't know. I don't know.

Will you be my friend?

Finally she smiled. —OK. I am your friend.

I left the Baron still struggling to seduce the other girl, waved to my friend whom I would never see again, and went out into the rainy night.

TOO MANY HEROES

...And so I turned away from the windows of a bookshop laden with Serbian-crested books and Russian icons, as insistent a monoculture as the Communist stuff had been, and I sat down in the park on Boulevard Revolucije whose beech trees moved so tall and leafy and spacious green with that new green of late April above the old men talking and listening and slowly raising their cigarettes, the prostitutes kicking their high heels off as they checked makeup in their little round mirrors; the little boys, some in camouflage pants, whose fathers brought them to the swing; the ladies sitting down for a laugh and a chat, guarding bulging grocery bags between their ankles; the red rubber balls and swinging children and wagging dogs' tails and jump-roping girls—all the life swarming with the energy of almost-summer beneath those gracious green roofs of leaves; spring was here and with it another

NATO ultimatum. When I bought sausage and cheese to go sit there in the park they wanted to know where I was from and I said the USA and they shook their heads and said no good. That morning at the Hotel Serbia I'd asked the desk clerk how he was and he said: Not too well. Because maybe NATO will bomb again at Gorazde.

I'm sorry, I said.

Oh, well. You are not the government. You are only a man, like me.[43]

At the far table in the restaurant Goran and a waiter sat staring down at the press reports, talking quietly. Goran leaned over his newspaper so low that it seemed he'd lost something in the print; maybe if he read carefully enough he might regain it. The waiter beside him slumped on his elbows like a former electroshock patient I used to know. The waiter did not read the paper. Goran gripped a pencil tightly in his hand. After a long time he spoke softly with the others, gazing at the table.

Your problem is that you're producing such artificial movies full of heroes, Vineta had told me, staring at me so intensely from under her thick dark eyebrows. You have too many heroes on TV. You lost all the bloody wars. You shouldn't have dropped those fuckin' bombs on Japan. And what you did in Panama, that was really horrible. But I do respect Americans because they can make a documentary against their own country. We wouldn't want to kill Americans. We hope the infantry come, not the air force, so we can *see* them and offer them a drink and become brothers. Why should your guys give up their lives over some shitty Islamic state? They're so far away from your culture. Of course they like handsome women with long legs and so on, but already they've started introducing that kind of life. Don't you know that in Iran women can't even watch TV? The only thing they want is your power.

Look, she said went on. You will kill plenty of Serbs, hundreds and thousands with your bombs. But we will kill double that number of your soldiers and we will do many things out of spite. But we would really like to be friends. But if that is not possible, we know how to be very cruel.

So I was in the park, and I thought of Vesna Hadzivukovic, who'd smiled at me, brushed back her hair, and said quietly: I was in Banja Luka, and I tell you people are almost happy when they face themselves with a serious military power. Half the Serbs in Beograd would like to sign the capitulation. But in the rest of Serbia—ah, we have rockets of different size, and we would fight to the last breath. —And I thought again of Vineta, always of Vineta, who swore she'd welcome the American bombers if and when they came to Beograd; she'd climb the highest skyscraper with her Kalashnikov and try to shoot one of the bastards down...

ZAGREB, REPUBLIC OF CROATIA

The Joint Commission has therefore been rendered largely inoperative by Serb non-cooperation.

UNITED NATIONS, REPORT OF THE SECRETARY-GENERAL,
(16 MARCH 1994)[44]

MEN IN UNIFORM

Tudjman's wry mouth was on television (one story was that it came from the days when he'd been a fish and Tito hooked him but he fell back into the water; the other tale, actually the same, said it had gotten that way when he was conspiring against the Communists to form his party, the HDZ, and had to keep whispering out of the side of his mouth). Tudjman was still boss in Croatia. In Beograd hardly anybody cared for Milosevic (He likes to hurt people and this country, that girl Branka had said. Hurt runs through his veins. Only the old people like him. They think it doesn't matter if we kill all together for our dignity). And in Zagreb—about which Vineta had complained: The problem with Zagreb is that it's too western-like, too British-like, too stiff. You're not allowed to sing in a restaurant or a cafe when you get drunk! —in Zagreb, and in Split and Imotsky and everywhere else in Croatia I visited, few cared for Tudjman. Tudjman was soft on the Serbs. Tudjman was a Muslim-lover. Tudjman was a Communist. Tudjman had thrown away Krajina in exchange for western Bosnia (this accusation I heard whenever I neared the airport and got trapped in the long line of cars on whose drivers cops were running the "Chetnik test," entering their names into a data base; Serbian-held territory was now only twenty kilometers away). Tudjman had started the violence. Tudjman had permitted Milosevic to start the violence. This contradictory catalogue of criticisms was all too typical of the war, which had created hatreds whose objects drifted and wandered with heartbreaking aimlessness, a war that almost nobody understood.[45] Some had showed off pistols and machine guns in Zagreb's restaurants at the very beginning; one rarely saw that now; there were so many who didn't care, who never had; or, to quote Vineta again: My personal impression was that the Croats in Croatia were not keen on having Ustasha again. But there *were* groups who wanted to bring back that fucking darkness again. And they killed about fifty Serbs right before it all started. —The Croats, of course, told the story differently, but the upshot was the same; so I kept wondering how people got sucked in until one afternoon when my friend Lirija took me to Mass at Zagreb Cathedral to pray for two friends and colleagues of mine who'd been killed near Mostar; and although she had a sore throat she whispered to me the crux of each hymn and Bible reading. She was not rich, and many of her friends were positively poor, such as the professor, recently become a widow, whose salary was so constrict-

ed that her four children drank water instead of milk and never had meat. Lirija was a good woman, perhaps even a holy woman. She prayed with me, and with deep reverence showed me the marble face of Archbishop Stepinac, imprisoned under Tito; before that Stepinac was apparently a silent accomplice to the wartime murders of Serbs.[46] When we were coming out of church, Lirija and I met someone else she knew, a man no longer young who'd just enlisted in the army for three years because the five hundred deutschemarks per month he'd get was much better than anything else he could hope for; he'd never completed secondary school and couldn't feed his three daughters. I could see that he was less than thrilled with his new career. At least if he were killed the government would help support his girls...

So many of the soldiers I've talked to on all three sides, particularly the urbanites, did not want to go to war at first. But the words of that Serb from Novi Sad still echo inside my skull: *It's easy. In my town all you'd have to do would be to go to where some Serb lived and throw in a hand grenade, then shoot some Croats. A small group of professionally trained people could do it. Then you spread the news and arm the survivors.* In West Mostar I met a soldier who had faith in private armies. Originally he hadn't hated anybody. He was the one who told me about a village about ten kilometers south of Knin in which four friends of his were arrested by the Serbs. —They were tortured, he said after awhile.

How were they tortured?

I don't want to ask him and he doesn't want to talk about it, said my translator. Look how his hands are shaking.

We had only one hundred bullets, the man went on after awhile. Then we were walking twelve hours on the mountain to escape and save our lives...

No doubt Lirija's friend would soon have experiences like that, too. Then he'd be what we call a *motivated* soldier. (Or, as the Russian volunteer had put it in Beograd: It's easy to get brave. After awhile you're just full of hatred.) I think that's why Lirija's husband, tall and intelligent, who scraped by with his *Elektrotechnik* firm, feared that a class of permanent soldiers would be created by the conditions of the war, and that they would prolong the war. I saw one of them in shiny black boots, coming into the toy store, with his pistol in the upside-down holster against his right hand; he crossed his legs and leaned on the counter, blond and boyish; the pretty clerk smiled at him. Outside, the sidewalk was getting freckled with rain, and people stared from the streetcar windows as the clerk said she hated Serbs because they were always the aggressors, but then she said: But I like so much that Serbian girl at the snack bar next door, you know, because she is normal, and the soldier laughed and said: You want me to shoot her?

In wartime, one's ability to implement policy is determined by the number of soldiers one has. Hence all the ideologues in Serbia, Bosnia, Krajina and Croatia with private armies. Tudjman of course was a major player; in Croatia his army was *the* army, not a private army at all; and everyone said he also exercised controlling

interest in the Cro Army's Bosnian counterpart, HVO. But just as Vineta's admirer Mr. Seselj had his own shock troops to express his own vision of Greater Serbia, so in Zagreb Tudjman had to keep an uneasy eye on Dobroslav Paraga, whom the writer Misha Glenny calls "the leader of the fascist Croatian Party of Rights,"[47] or HSP. HSP was founded in 1861. According to Mr. Paraga, that made it the oldest party in southeastern Europe.[48] In 1932 it was banned and one of its leaders murdered, as Paraga said, "under orders of the Serbian King Alexander." (Alexander was assassinated in 1934, and it seems that HSP might have had something to do with it.)[49] The other leaders were killed or sent into exile. The ban was maintained for the next fifty-nine years. In 1990, when Communism died in Yugoslavia and other parties became possible again, HSP was resurrected, and Paraga became president. Needless to say, HSP had its military arm, called HOS, about whom my Croatian driver, Teo, said: I think that five to ten percent of them are good people who are bravely fighting for a better future. The rest are criminals.

Why are you in HOS? I asked a man in Split.

Because HOS men fought for all Croatians, not just for their own villages. HOS is the first unit who fought.[50]

This man was one of the ones whom Lirija's husband had spoken about. He was hard and determined. He would fight to the end. There were so many like him.

For me, HOS is very nice people, another man told me. They is very good fighter. They is first Croatian soldier. I'm not in HOS but I'm in normal Fourth Brigade in Split. They are the best fighters in all Croatia.

When I visited Zagreb's trammed and cobblestoned streets in 1992, HOS men were in uniform everywhere. But Tudjman bided his time, and was finally able to make use of a split between Paraga and his rival, Japic. Since Japic was less of a threat than Paraga, a Croatian court ruled that Japic's organization was the legal HSP, not Paraga's. Meanwhile there was also, as Paraga told me, "a trial in a military court, under the accusation that I founded HOS to make a coup." And so HOS was banned. It seemed that Paraga was either finished or else at a lull in his career, like Hitler after the failed Munich Putsch. Subsequent to a police raid in which his collection of weapons was confiscated,[51] Paraga had moved his office a couple of blocks away, to a small and grubby flat at whose door one had to ring and be scrutinized before it was possible to go inside. I followed these rules. A man in boots and a camo uniform told me to sit down and took my passport. He showed me some "Chetnik money" he'd taken off a dead Serb. A dog chain hung on the wall (the pit bull was in the back room). Red, blue and white streamers issued from a plaster medallion of a mustached saint, a white-chocolate Stalin; actually the nineteenth-century Croatian nationalist Ante Starcevic. —He was the first to talk about an independent Croatia, said the HOS man proudly.[52]

The HOS man had been hit by Serbian bullets five times. He bared his arm, showing me a shell wound he'd gotten from Arkan, whom Misha Glenny, even-

handed in his criticisms, has called "a Mafia-style criminal wanted in Sweden," responsible for "some of the most frightful crimes of the Yugoslav war."[53] —Vineta of course knew a different Arkan. She said that he was a really nice guy, that Serbian girls loved him, that she'd *heard* he was great in bed. She said that he'd always played fair until the day that two of his soldiers were tortured to death in a particularly hideous way by the Croatian side, which then held a news conference saying that they were Croats who'd been murdered by Serbs. After that, Arkan said: No more prisoners for the rest of this war! —She said that she'd once been present when a Croatian town he'd besieged had refused to surrender, and after giving them two minutes Arkan had begun to shell. As one house burst into flames, they'd heard a baby crying. Arkan had run in and rescued the infant, even though it was Croatian, and as he came dashing back to the Serbian lines a Croatian bullet wounded him in the arm. Now he was through with war, Vineta said. He'd done enough. He was in Beograd taking care of his bakery.

I asked the HOS man what he thought of Arkan, and he spat on the floor.

He showed me another wound. —You're strong, I said to him. —I know, he replied smilingly.

At 2:30 his friend in the black leather jacket with four pistols underneath took the pit bull out for a walk, and the one with the wounds locked the door behind him, as he did whenever anyone went out.

At last he took me into the first sanctum whose barred windows looked down upon the street. There was an HSP poster in English which said CROATIAN PARTY OF RIGHTS and another poster which said JUBAN I SNAGA—LOVE AND STRENGTH over an image of Paraga and his family.

"IN WAR YOU ARE ALL ALONE"

The amazing thing about this three-cornered war, as I keep saying, was that every possible combination of alliance and hatred existed. At the beginning, Serbs were fighting Croats and Muslims. Then Croats were fighting Muslims and Serbs. When Francis and I were there, Muslims had begun to fight Muslims in Bihac; and throughout Bosnia the HVO, the Croatian Defense Organization, was forming a unified command of Croats and Muslims but at the same time Muslims and Croats expected to be at each other's throats again in Mostar at any moment. The case of HOS exemplified these complexities. Paraga had raised his HOS brigades at the beginning to fight Serbs, and I remembered what Vineta had said about Paraga: He's an extremist, but he's all right. He's our open enemy, and we Serbs like that. Tudjman is exterminating Serbs in Croatia, but Paraga just wants us to leave. If they want to tell us, I'll cut your fucking Serbian throat if you don't leave in forty-eight hours, I'll think about it, I'll say, all right, I'll stink in Serbia, not in Croatia anymore, just give me some time to pack my fucking stuff. —But in Imotsky a HOS

soldier in camouflage whose red hair was slowly going grey told me: Before, the Serbs fired at us. But now they save our lives from the Muslims! (He still didn't have any Serbian friends, of course. One of his in-laws was warned in a friendly fashion by the family after marrying a Serbian girl that he'd better not come around anymore.)

I'll tell you how it was, the HOS man said, happy over a carafe of homemade wine and some water glasses of rakija. First the Serbs attacked the Croatians. Then they began slaughtering the Muslims, first in Visegrad, then Zvornik, Sarajevo... You see, the Muslims weren't prepared. Then the Serbs found allies in the Muslims. How? Some very extreme Muslims said that Serbs have Serbia and Croatians have Croatia, so Muslims have Bosnia; and then the problem started. The Muslims from Bosnia pulled west from the Serbs and were pushed into Croatian space. So they raised their guns at the Croats; after that we had to make an arrangement with the Serbs...

That was sad and strange enough, that a fighting force created to attack Serbs had made truce with them to fight Muslims. What made it even sadder was that a number of the men in that force repudiated its creator. The HOS man in Split was not the only one to tell me that he hated Paraga for being anti-Croatian. I thought at first that this might have been the result of Paraga's rupture with Japic, to whom the HOS man might perhaps feel more loyal, but when I asked how he felt about the latter he only replied: Politics is one thing. War is another. I don't care about politics. In central Bosnia, Zagreb gives the orders. No one in Zagreb sees Vitez. —Then the parallel with Hitler became even stronger. These men were like the brownshirts—street fighters who didn't worry their heads too much about grand strategy; the brownshirts would have had little use for Hitler, too, had he had no charisma; and Paraga—when I met him, at least—had none. The HOS man (whose wife was crazy and thought that the Chetniks were in the electricity; on TV there appeared a mostly naked woman and she said the Chetniks must have done it) poured himself more rakija and said: Paraga is Paraga, yesterday is yesterday and today is today. Now it is Croat versus Muslim and Muslim versus Muslim. We fight for two by two meters. This is not war. This is so terrible. This is not war. — And he sat there gloomily.

He had a wrinkled forehead, cropped greying hair and a tiny earring with a steely glitter. He said: War is for men. That is normal. But now I have seen five hundred women killed, so many children without arms and legs. War comes to your house. In war you are all alone.

This is how it was, he said. We had one woman, a Croatian, in a Croatian village. The village was called Bukinje Kuce at Vitez. And that woman had a husband in Zenica, and that woman was with us. It happened a few days after Christmas. She established contact with her husband by letter. She betrayed the Croatian side. She brought the Croatian people to the front lines to drink coffee. While they were drinking coffee, she called in a Muslim sabotage unit, which she hid. At 4:00 in the morning, she brought these Muslims into the Croatian village and then told them

where the army sleeps. They massacred all the soldiers. Only the youngest one they let live. He was a Croatian from Travnik. They took him to Zenica. They didn't want him to see that they were killing the others. Then they brought him to make an interview on Bosnian TV, how they didn't touch anyone. After that they brought him to the front line where we had our position. They tortured him so that we could hear his screams.

How did they torture him?

He was tied up with a chain and they led him along the same as a dog, stabbing with knives and needles. When we refused to give up, they killed him. All the people they killed, they left in a garden where we could see.

So that was sad enough, as I said, and it goes without saying that if the Muslims were doing those things to Croatians then the Croatians must be doing equivalent things to Muslims, so it is even sadder that one night after the death of my friend Francis I was sitting at the river's edge in East Mostar, which is Muslim-held, with two young soldiers of the Armija Bosnia i Hercegovina who'd said that they wanted never to leave Mostar no matter what; and across the old river the old houses and churches were just beginning to go two-dimensional and grey in the twilight, and fisherman paced the lower ledges of the shaded river-cliffs—not Croatians as I had supposed but Muslims (Bosnians they called themselves, or sometimes Bosniacs); because here the river curved to the east, into Muslim territory; and topping them was a plateau of green field and then an immense belly of green and stony hill where it was very dangerous thanks to the HVO bunkers. The two Muslims said that they liked Paraga! Seselj was shit, but Paraga was a good man, they said. HVO had liquidated the worst HOS commanders and now everything was OK.

That was how the whole war was, I thought. HOS had been formed to defend Croatians from Serbs, but they had nothing against Serbs; no, the bad guys were Muslims; and the Muslims had nothing against HOS because the bad guys were Serbs; it was a Chinese puzzle which could not be solved. —A Basque convert to Islam with whom I stayed that night and who slept with a loaded pistol in his pants said when I asked him about Paraga: It's so difficult. I hate fascists. My grandfather fought fascism and lost. But here in Mostar we don't hate HOS. They want Muslims and Croats together against the Serbs. So that's good—but it's no good, he said in agony, because they hate all Serbs and I don't hate them all, only Chetniks. And they fight between HOS and HVO, always fighting, always fighting...

"BY FAR MY GREATEST INFLUENCE IS POLITICAL"

So I arrived at the inner office where Dobroslav Paraga stood in his wide red tie with the gold diamonds. He had a very clean, refined, even delicate face.

What message do you want to give the world? I asked him.

The Croatian nation is in a great war which they must not lose, he said, looking

through papers. They're fighting at the same time against the aggressor, Greater Serbia, and the imposition of a dictatorship in Croatia.

He sat down.

It's unfortunate that Croatia is struggling against the occupier, he said. Tudjman has a pact with them, with Milosevic.[54] The territory which Croatia lost in the Croatio-Serbian war was lost because Tudjman gave it away to gain other prey for Croatia. I was the first to say this five years ago. This was the basis of my politics. From 1991, I and my party were seeking an alliance between Croatia and Sarajevo against occupying forces. Tudjman used the most drastic means to destroy this alliance.

How?

Tudjman killed the vice-president of my party, Ante Paradzik, who had openly criticized him for cooperating with Milosevic.

In prison?

Yes. He ordered his murder. He killed a HOS general in Bosnia also—Blaz Kraljevic. This man was working for unity between Croatians and Muslims in Bosnia. That is why Tudjman ordered him killed.[55] Now, for the last eight months, Tudjman has particularly forbidden any work in the party.

When did you first get involved in politics?

When I began human rights work, said Paraga in his low and reasonable voice. —From my work I suffered quite a bit in Belgrade and was put in jail. The American Senate passed a resolution in my favor. I started openly fighting for human rights after Tito's death.

What were your conditions in prison like?

I was in a concentration camp on Goli Otok. During Tito's life this was used to liquidate political opponents. More than a thousand political prisoners were killed. World pressure obliged them to shut it down. There's a 200 kilometer-per-hour wind there.[56]

What's the worst memory you have from Goli Otok?

That my friend was killed there, and no one knows how he was killed. When the new government came to Croatia in 1989 I openly asked for an investigation, and I did the same with the American Senate. Tito has never wanted to do that because he took the same murderous people into his politics.

My grandfather and uncle were killed by the Communists after the war, he said dully; and by then I'd seen the anguish that shimmered all through his wide pale body as brightly as the light shining on his glasses as he sat there with the names of so many dead HOS fighters behind him. —They confiscated all their property. My grandfather was a doctor and all his equipment was taken. My father was persecuted as a Catholic. My brother emigrated to Chicago.

Did you grow up poor?

We couldn't really prosper because we were persecuted. Tudjman had me put in

prison three years ago and I was only released after assistance from the Senate. They started saying that I was a fascist in order to justify my being put into jail. It bothers Tudjman that I still speak the truth and that people want to listen.

What leader do you model yourself after?

Someone who's very consistent in his beliefs. Someone who doesn't use people just to pragmatically stay in power. I want to be like anyone who has moral principles, anyone who doesn't separate political beliefs from his principles.

Who has done that best?

A number of people, from Roosevelt to Gandhi.

When do you think that violence is justified?

He put his hand under his chin. Then he clasped his hands.

It's the last means, he said, and it's just when it's necessary to defend dignity at the personal and the national level. There exists aggression and there exists defense against aggression. When rights and justice are destroyed, then this means must be used.

So would violence be justified against Greater Serbia?

The violence in itself, the aggression of Greater Serbia, leads to the destruction of people. The idea of Greater Serbia leads to the negation of people. If the world does not deploy force against that aggression, it stands on the side of that aggression.

Is HOS continuing the struggle now?

They're in BiH[57] under the unified command of the United Army, he said in that same bland and listless voice. Perhaps it was his political erasure that had crushed his affect. Perhaps he was always that way.

Did Tudjman's government ever make use of HOS?

They banned HOS!

That sounds like a big mistake, I said, sorry for him.

That was a big mistake, because the military court freed me since HOS was fighting on the front line. You see, Tudjman had a secret agenda with Milosevic, and that was why HOS bothered him. You know, HOS was even at Vukovar. Tudjman wanted to give Vukovar away. HOS fought there for three months, and today Vukovar is in the hands of Serbia. We had severe battles with those Arkan people. But two thousand defenders of Vukovar, including both HOS and locals, forced fifteen thousand of the Chetniks out, the ones who served under Arkan and Seselj. There was also the regular Yugoslav army that we were fighting... We also didn't have arms... And today, as I said Vukovar is held by Serbs...

I thought that Mr. Paraga might have been crying. And I thought of Vineta, who also cried when she remembered Vukovar.

Are you the military commander of HOS? I asked him.

By far my greatest influence is political, he said modestly.

How many people are in your party now and how many are in HOS?

It's difficult to say, he replied with the same weary flatness. The active army is

in BiH. The majority have been demobilized. Tudjman kicked them out because they were good fighters...

And suddenly he like Vineta seemed so lonely; and I wondered whether it was entirely Tudjman's machinations or whether people were just getting tired of being extremists after all the bestial cruelties of this war. But then it was time to go and the HOS veteran slapped my shoulder gently and whispered: *Bog*, which means: Go with God; and looking into his serenely confident and determined fighter's face I knew that the extremists would be strong enough to fight on and on and on.

MOSTAR, REPUBLIC OF BOSNIA-HERCEGOVINA

CASUALTIES

Now, I need to tell you that the reason I chose to return to Bosnia this time was that in Sarajevo there had been a Studenski Dom right on the front line where a number of students from all over ex-Yugoslavia and abroad were trapped by the war; I had stayed with them for several days and written about them and worried about them and never forgotten them. There was also a woman in downtown Sarajevo whose terror and hopelessness had long disturbed my sleep; Vineta called her my Muslim bitch. I could not write any of these people or telephone them. I brooded over them sometimes, I tried without success to get magazines to send me back there, and finally I sought to forget these souls I could do nothing for. One day I received a letter from my friend Abdel at the Studenski Dom. The letter was dated November and had taken half a year to arrive, courtesy of some church relief group. The letter said in part:

> Dear Bill,
>
> I hope so that you can remember who I am. I met you at the beginning of September 1992... I am writing this letter because I want to hear voices from normal world without war pictures. I send one letter to you in the spring of 1993, but it seems that you didn't get it (post mistake or mail mistake)... I hope so that your family is a good, that your health is right, and I want you to have great successes in your business. I need your help because I have a great problem. Two girls from Gorazde living with me at last 15 months. One of them is my girlfriend. Our economy situation is bad. We haven't enough food, and life in Sarajevo is so expensive, and we need some money. Our families cannot help us because they are in worse situation than we in occupied towns Gorazde and Mostar. My mother and sister tries to come to Sarajevo because they cannot survive in Mostar. I didn't write about this is last letter, because I was a shame, but now I have to. If you can send some money and food you may to do it using... American journalists who come to Sarajevo...

honored this coming Saturday night, March 26th, by the Hudson County Association for Brain Injured Children. Former State Senator Thomas F. Cowan, of Jersey City, is the honoree at this year's dinner.

Senator Cowan ably represented parts of Bergen and Hudson Counties from the day of his election to the Assembly in 1977, where he served three terms until his election to the State Senate in 1983. In his three Senate terms, Tom established a reputation as an experienced legislator, and a dependable servant of the people of the 32d District.

A Jersey City native, Tom attended St. Paul's School in his hometown, and went on to the Holy Family Academy in Bayonne. During the conclusion of World War II, he served in the Army from July 1945 to April 1946, and later returned to service from May 1952 to April 1954 during the Korean conflict. At the conclusion of his service, he had attained the rank of sergeant. Tom later continued his education locally, attending Seton Hall University, where he received his Bachelor of Arts degree in Social Studies and Political Science in 1962.

Tom serves as the business representative of Local 825 of the International Union of Operating Engineers, and is chairman of the Political Action and Education Committee of Local 825. He is also a trustee of the Local's Pension and Welfare Funds, and a member of the National Foundation of Health, Welfare and Pension Funds. As a delegate to both the New Jersey State AFL–CIO and the New Jersey State Building Trades conventions, Tom has demonstrated outstanding leadership on behalf of the union's membership.

A member of the Holy Name Society of St. Aedan's Church, Tom's dedication to his family and his community has never wavered. I commend Mr. Cowan's record of public service to my colleagues, and ask them to join me in recognizing his accomplishments as he accepts his honors this Saturday night.

CROATIAN LEADERS SHOW SUPPORT FOR DOBROSLAV PARAGA AS LEGAL PRESIDENT OF THE CROATION PARTY OF RIGHTS

HON. JAMES A. TRAFICANT, JR.

OF OHIO

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 24, 1994

Mr. TRAFICANT. Mr. Speaker, I rise to take this opportunity to share a letter with my colleagues on behalf of Dobroslav Paraga, an opposition leader in the Croatian Parliament who was democratically elected the President of the Croatian Party of Rights. Attempts by the Tudjman government to deprive him of his elected right to function in this capacity have resulted in the following letter of protest.

Let us not forget how far Croatia has yet to come in granting democratic rights to its own citizens. The United States can be of great assistance in supporting progress in this area in its negotiations with the Croatian Government.

At this point, I wish to include the text of the letter which follows:

LETTER OF SUPPORT TO THE CROATIAN PARTY OF RIGHTS AND ITS LEGAL PRESIDENT, DOBROSLAV PARAGA

I condemn the unconstitutional and unlawful decision by the Ministry of Administration of the Republic of Croatia which has named persons it authorizes to represent the Croatian Party of Rights. Such a decision is in violation of the law on political parties in Croatia as well as the statutes of the Croatian Party of Rights.

In the interest of democracy and parliamentarism in Croatia I ask that the authorities make correct application of laws governing this case. I think it is extremely unethical that the Croatian government and its ministers interfere in the work of political parties such as they have done with the Croatian Party of Rights. I also think it is unethical that the courts, whose main function is to protect civil rights, have ignored the appeals of those whose civil rights have been violated.

With this letter I am expressing my concern for the state of democracy in Croatia, as well as my support for the legal and legitimate representatives of the Croatian Party of Tights in their struggle for democracy, and a State based on law and unobstructed political party activity. These are the rights of all citizens regardless of their political affiliation.

I agree that this letter with my signature may be made public.

The following is a list of the signatories to the above letter:

1. Miko Tripalo, President of Soros Foundation, Vice-President of Croatian Helsinki Committee, Representative of Croatian Parliament.
2. Danijel Ivin, Member of Presidency of Croatian Helsinki Committee
3. Vjekoslav Vidovic, retired President of Supreme Court of Croatia
4. Dragutin Lesar, President of Association of Independent Unions of Croatia
5. Boris Kunst, President of Zagreb Chapter of Association of Independent Unions of Croatia
6. Dr. Samso Tankovic, President of Party for Democratic Action in Croatia
7. Hans Peter Rullmann, Publisher of "Hrvatska Domovina" newspaper, President of German-Croatian Society
8. Dr. Marko Veselica, President of Croatian Christian Democratic Union
9. Vladimir Jakic, Head Secretary of Croatian Helsinki Committee
10. Ibet Aganovic, Professor at Zagreb University, President of Marhamet for Croatia and Bosnia-Hercegovina
11. Dr. Ivo Banac, Professor at Yale University
12. Dr. Ivo Goldstein, Professor at Zagreb University
13. Ivan Zvonimir Cicak, President of Croatian Helsinki Committee for Human Rights
14. Dr. Juraj Plenkovic, Professor at Zagreb University
15. Dr. Sloboden Lang, Croatian Ambassador for Human Rights and Professor at Zagreb University
16. Slavko Goldstein, Editor of "Novi Liber" magazine

TRIBUTE TO MAJ. GEN. THOMAS M. MONTGOMERY

HON. ANDREW JACOBS, JR.

OF INDIANA

IN THE HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES

Thursday, March 24, 1994

Mr. JACOBS. Mr. Speaker, during World War II the name, General Montgomery was enormously famous and just a bit controversial.

Now in this year of 1994, there is another General Montgomery, Maj. Gen. Thomas M. Montgomery of the U.S. Army. There is nothing controversial about this General Montgomery. He is an authentic American hero with a distinguished and long standing record of noble service to our Nation.

On March 31st the United States ends its military involvement in Somalia. General Montgomery has been the Commanding Officer of all U.S. forces in Somalia, and now it's home for him.

General Montgomery served longer than any other U.S. service member in Somalia, and he is among the last 20,000 to leave that unhappy land.

General Montgomery also served as Deputy Commander of the U.N. Operation in Somalia, an operation that involved 30,000 people from 29 nations. He completed that assignment on February 7, 1994.

Like all great commanders, General Montgomery has been rather modest about his own towering achievements, preferring to heap praise on the soldiers, sailors, air personnel and marines of the United States. These people endured enormous hardships, were exposed to danger and brought honor to our Defense Department. But so did Gen. Tom Montgomery, the first American general officer to don the blue beret of the United Nations.

Not the least of the General's accomplishments is to have been born a Hoosier, a graduate of Arsenal Technical High School in Indianapolis, later earning a bachelor's degree in Slavic languages, including Russian, as well as in literature at Indiana University where he completed his Reserve officers' training and was commissioned a Lieutenant by the Army.

Serving the Army as an armor officer, specializing in tanks, General Montgomery spent a total of 10 years on the Plains of Europe, earning his professional spurs while helping to protect West Germany's borders from the threat of the Communist force which, at the time, outnumbered his own 10 to 1.

General Montgomery also served two separate 1 year tours with the 11th Armored Black Horse Calvary Regiment in Vietnam.

Later he served as the Deputy Commander of the 8th Infantry Division. And he has been an excellent instructor in the classrooms of outstanding military schools in the United States, including the famous War College.

His awards are a litany of valor and devotion to duty. He has earned the Defense Distinguished Service Medal and two Legions of Merit. He has also and, I think, more significantly been awarded both the Silver and Bronze Stars with the V attachment symbolizing valor in Southeast Asia. The German Government awarded General Montgomery the Federal Republic of Germany's Honor Cross in Silver.

Thus he was well suited to make history in Somalia. And he has done just that with discipline, skill and honor.

As I have said many times and in many places, true patriotism, is not a shouting matter. It is an abiding thing, calm and steady on stormy seas as well as the safety of the harbor. And General Montgomery reflects that ideal. Not flashy, but calm, quiet and dignified. He is the personification of modest but awesome valor.

The poet Homer wrote, "in a just world there would be no need for valor." But this is not a just world. And as long as it is not, pray God that America may always have the likes of Gen. Thomas M. Montgomery.

"The American Senate passed a resolution in my favor."

When I saw this letter my sadness and anger and need to be of service burst out afresh; and this time my wish to return to Bosnia was granted. I had a friend from my high school days, Francis Tomasic, whose father had been Croatian-born and who had passed some time in Zagreb learning his ancestral language. Francis had been my translator in Zagreb the last time I went there, but he had chosen not to go to Sarajevo with me because it was too dangerous. After the "Washington Agreement" of early 1994, travel to that city became much safer. Where I really needed him was in the Serbian Republic of Krajina, because he could speak Serbo-Croatian and had an American passport, which combination of abilities would be most helpful in crossing from the Croatian to the Serbian side. Francis, however, wanted very much to visit Sarajevo. I think he felt that he had let me down in not accompanying me there before, which was not the case, and he also had a strong curiosity about Sarajevo, which he had seen years before the war. He had a Serbian friend whose sister had been caught there by the siege; there'd been no news of her since, and Francis had promised the Serb that he would do his best to find her and to help her if she were still alive.

At that time there was a land route from Split to Sarajevo which had been discovered by Reuters. It was a way of remaining entirely within Croatian and Muslim territory, although at several places it did run within sight of the Serbian lines. Journalists had driven it frequently without incident. Having been bumped twice from the U.N. flight, Francis and I rented a car in Split, sharing driving and expenses with a third American, Will Brinton. For reasons which it's now simpler to forget, we took the wrong road from Mostar.

There was a final HVO checkpoint perhaps ten minutes out of that half-ruined city where Croatian soldiers stood and slouched, pistols in their belts, chewing nothing and gazing across the river at the Muslim side. One of them was reading a pornographic magazine. Francis spoke with them and told us they'd said that the Muslim checkpoint was about 300 meters ahead, more or less; they weren't sure because (as the soldier put it, spreading his hands) they weren't on the best of terms with the Muslims. A minute or two farther down that dirt road, which followed the river, we met the last people my friends would ever speak with, two girls walking in their shifts with baskets of yellow roses. We stopped and flirted and Francis asked directions one more time and they giggled and gave us each a rose. Then we got back into the car. It was about one-o'-clock. Will was driving. Francis was in the front passenger seat, happy and excited, and I was behind him. I had my bulletproof vest on, with the yellow rose that the girls had given me snuggled down across the front trauma plate with the two velcro straps. Will had refused to bring his vest from Split at all, and Francis's cheap flak jacket, which still might possibly have saved his life, lay at his feet. Will's life could not have been saved. I remember passing a bridge which had been blown up right in the middle, and then we came to a dam and Will turned onto it. I do not recall noticing whether this decision was

Will's or Francis's; I never knew exactly what the girls told Francis; inertial with sleep I lolled in the back seat, and so through default I also bear some responsibility; but none of that matters anymore.

What I do remember is the Peugeot traveling rapidly across the top of the dam, which was a smooth free feeling like that of running across a crust of snow in one's socks, and Will and Francis were bantering idly and morbidly as seemed to be the style of journalists in Bosnia; Francis wondered if we would live if the dam collapsed under us, and Will said that with all the concrete that would be flying around he didn't think so. —It would be interesting, though, said Francis. —Pretty scary, said Will. —Then the first explosion smashed through the windshield. My friend Adnan once told me that the average response time of a civilian to an unexpected attack is close to one minute, while a soldier or a person living in a war zone can react within a second. Maybe this is true. I no longer remember whether the second explosion came just before or just after Francis's two screams, short and shrill and horrible with what I took at that moment to be only panic. Now I understood that the war had finally caught up with us. Seeing Will's bald head slumped forward with bright blood on it and spatters of dark blood on the ceiling and sun visor, seeing two holes like bullet holes in the windshield—all this now in less than half a second—I flung myself down on the floor, certain that a sniper had just killed Will and that Francis had fainted. There had been only two reports, and I saw two holes in the windshield, both on Will's side, and of course I could not believe that my friend of almost twenty years was dead. Just then I noticed that the car was motionless, and probably had been for some seconds. I shouted to Will to drive on, but of course he did not answer. Hunched down behind Francis's seat with sweat scuttering inside my heavy vest, I saw how Francis's wide neck was sideways; his head had fallen forward toward Will's. I called to him twice, but he too would never speak again. At that time, fortunately for my nerves, I persisted in my denial of the obvious. I was not yet afraid. It was very hot and bright and cloudless, and for a long time I watched a small white bird on the right-hand guardrail of the dam, fluttering and pecking and preening. There was nothing to do but lie as still as I could for as long as I could, to avoid the sniper's third bullet. He must be somewhere on the Utah-like hill ahead on the Muslim side. Because the bullets had not exited from Will and Francis's bodies, I deduced that they were low caliber or else had been fired from some distance. The noises had been just like gunshots, and there was a smell like the smell at a rifle range, except that it had perhaps more of a scorched quality than gunpowder usually did. The smell lingered and thickened in the car, even though the windows were down. Now I heard soldiers shouting something from the Muslim side, and then there was laughter, not far away at all, and that was when I felt a ball of terror in my stomach. I imagined them as being some irregular unit that murdered and pillaged. They had shot Will very accurately, and possibly had hit Francis as well (the assignation of any living quality to his silence was getting steadily less credi-

ble), so presumably they would want to shoot me, too. More laughter, deep, loud and relaxed. I decided that I would wait until darkness, after which I could creep back across the dam to the HVO side, hide in the forest until morning, and then ask some passerby to help me return to Mostar. Francis was certainly out cold. I reasoned that if I woke him up he would panic again, and then the sniper would be bound to see his thrashings and screams. Keeping as low as I could, I reached around the seat to touch him, and his flesh was warm. It was, after all, very hot in the car, and it had only been five minutes. Best to let him sleep. This was easier to decide on account of the horror of Will's dying. I hope that he was not conscious enough to suffer; he never once lifted his bloody head, but now he began to vomit slowly in long moans, the same sort of moans that I have heard a walrus make when it is shot. They say that dying people gurgle, but it was not exactly that. He made perhaps three of these noises, and then it was over. Perhaps this last reflex had been an attempt by his poor body to rid itself of some foreign evil, it knew not what—nor would it have mattered if it had known, since nobody except tricksters can vomit death out again. Now I was alone. I wanted very much to peer over the top of Francis's seat to find if the windshield there were intact, which would strengthen my hope for his life, but that would be helping the sniper. So I lay there sweating with my jackknifed legs beginning to cramp, while over and over inside my skull echoed Francis's two screams. He was dead. I knew that. His screams must have expressed pain as well as terror. But his passing was surely speedy; the pair of screams had been so brief and staccato and closely spaced; and after that he'd never stirred again. Later, when I pulled them both out of the car, I saw that Francis had a small wound right over his heart; Will, on the other hand, had been hit where his head joined the neck.

Fifteen minutes had passed, and my legs were going numb. I wondered how I could last the seven or eight hours until darkness, but I knew that I would have to. Then I heard that deep and callous laughter again, and it sounded closer. For a moment I lost hope and believed that the sniper and his friends would come for me soon, that I would be merely the last of us three to die, that I would die after waiting and fearing, like a deep sea fish plucked from the livewell of a boat hours after it had been caught. I was very thirsty now, but could not reach my canteen without revealing myself. One of Will's oranges, however, had rolled onto the seat. Will had been very fond of oranges. He'd bought a couple of kilos of them in Split. I bit the orange open and sucked the sweet fresh juice out and then tried to sleep. It was half past one. Then there came those rumbling shouting voices from the Muslim hill again, much louder and closer, and my blood, as the saying goes, ran cold.

I knew that all three sides in what had been Yugoslavia respected a "real man." I decided that that was how I'd play it. When the irregulars strolled into sight, their Kalashnikovs nonchalantly pointed down, I summoned up my Serbo-Croatian, smiled, and wished them a good afternoon.

The effect was impressive. So many lethal erections! I looked into all those gun-muzzles and kept smiling and waited.

How many in the car? a man shouted.

Two dead and one maybe about to die, I told him; he liked that.

Croatian?

American.

American! Oh, shit.

The Kalashnikovs wilted again, and they came and helped me out.

Mussulman? I said.

Da.

Salaam alaykum.

They laughed and helped me out of the car. They began explaining to me that it had been mines. I agreed, not believing it for a second, and went them one better by suggesting that it must have been *Croatian* mines. They liked that, I could see. They stood around my solicitously as I opened the front passenger door and regarded my friends.

Dead? I asked the Muslims.

Dead, they said solemnly.

Even now I didn't want to believe them. I held Francis's hand, raised his arm, and let it go; it fell back. I unfastened his seatbelt and dragged him out and laid him gently on his back looking up at the sun. His eyes were glazed; he was finished. Will was even more obviously done for. I took him under the armpits and eased him out, too.

My friends, I said to the Muslims with a broad smile. Dead.

Shock, one man whispered to another, tapping his forehead.

I asked them if I could photograph my friends' bodies, and they hesitated. I said that it was for my friends' mothers, and then they shrugged and agreed. I was very careful not to photograph of any of the Muslims, because then they might still decide that it was better to shoot me.

Eat, I said hospitably, offering them an armload of Will's oranges.

They shook their heads.

They were looking at Will's cameras, nice new ones with long lenses, so I took those out and gave them away. They became very happy. One soldier reached in and took Francis's flak jacket. Understanding what would happen if I didn't act quickly, I reached into my friends' pockets and belly-pouches for their money and documents. Soon I had quite a wad, gooey with chocolate and vomit and blood. I offered these to the Muslims, but they politely shook their heads. They were trying to be kind; they wouldn't take anything until I'd left. Will had quite a bit of small currency—some twenty-five Croatian dinar notes (each worth slightly less than half a cent), and some hundreds, all of them particularly badly stained, so I took them and let them flutter down into the river one by one.

Shock, the Muslims said.

Later some Spanish UNPROFOR soldiers came and took me to their base at Drasevo, where I was treated with immense kindness. The next morning they drove me to SPABAT[58] headquarters in Medjugorje.

AN ACADEMIC QUESTION

The Spaniards assured me that my friends had been killed by a PROM-1 antipersonnel mine, and they may have been right. When I returned to Mostar two days later with the American consul to identify and bring back my friends' bodies, a Muslim police official laid out a diagram. It had been three mines connected by a wire. The first mine made Will lose control of the car and guided him into the second mine, which killed him, and then the third mine killed Francis. So far, so good. At the risk of being a pest, here is why I still have my doubts.

First of all, I remember hearing only two explosions, not three. Secondly, the noises were like gunshots, and what I saw on my friends' bodies resembled small-caliber gunshot wounds. Granted, I do not know my PROM-1 mines; I have never knowingly seen one. But other mine victims I have seen lose eyes and legs. One of my friends—I don't remember now which one—had a macerated arm, but this could have been caused by something else. Francis's chest wound and Will's head wound were small, distinct and clean. Third of all, I remember seeing only two bullet-like holes in the windshield. The glass around them was spidered and crazed, but this is how glass looks when you shoot it. One would think that there'd be a shockwave of some sort from a mine which would have taken more of the windshield out and done more damage to me; but, again, I am not a connoisseur of mines.

Now we get to the part that I really don't enjoy talking about. When I identified the bodies in Mostar, I saw holes in them that I hadn't noticed before. There was one large wound in particular in Francis's left temple which I am sure I would have seen before. Unfortunately, in the photograph I took of his body, his head is canted in such a way as to hide that area. Similarly, I don't recall the car as being exceptionally damaged, but photos of it which the rental company later thrust in my face showed extensive riddlings and smashings.

In short, one of two things happened. Either my two friends were killed by snipers who mistook them for Croatians, repented of their error enough to let me go, and then set off a mine to cover their traces, or else—probably more likely—I was, as they said, in shock, and failed to see a number of obvious things. I did have perhaps a dozen tiny, painless wounds which resembled pimples along my left arm, the left side of my chest, and just under my right eye. (There were also some abrasions to the fabric of my bulletproof vest, as if a number of particles had bounced off the trauma plate.) Very probably these were caused by shrapnel from a mine. They also could have been little bits of glass from the windshield. A doctor probed

several of these places in my hand with a needle, but found nothing.

Call it a mine. Call it snipers. In any event, the laughter of the men who arranged it, and the fact that they waited an hour for us to die, satisfy me that it was not, as others put it when they offered me their condolences, an "accident," but a simple case of murder. Never mind. Let's call it a mine.[59]

SPABAT H.Q., MEDJUGORJE

Coughing and chatting Spaniards in blue helmets and camouflage uniforms strolled between sandbagged bungalows while I sat waiting for the phone to ring so that I'd know when the hearse would be coming from Split. First there was only one major and the fan of a darkened computer just around the corner from the shelves of blue helmets and camo flak jackets; then came the slim and pretty interpreter who wrested back her dark hair and stood speaking Serbo-Croatian on the telephone; next came the stern major who'd yesterday reproached my friends for their stupidity, which I thought might have been right or wrong but was certainly uncalled for; he reminded me of the police chief in Beograd who'd said he couldn't answer a single question or do anything except offer me his hospitality; the major, another by-the-book fellow, had been on duty all day and night, and would not be able to sleep until tonight; he asked me if I had called my embassy last night and I said I hadn't, because the embassy was going to call me. I felt conspicuously useless. Probably I didn't need to be there at all, but seeing me wait there for a few hours more might make somebody do something a little faster so that it could all be over; that seemed like the best I could do for Francis's family. (From what Will had told me, he hadn't much in the way of family, just an uncle or two.) Over the three rows of four maps married into a giant rectangle by yellowing tape it said!!! OPCON LAS COORDENADAS!!! The captain who'd congratulated me on being the sole survivor of "the incident" now came in and put on a cassette, something sweet and folkish and Spanish and croonish. I had never thought that my friends' death was of importance to anyone but themselves, me, and those who'd known them; and the soldiers who tramped in and out, snipping papers with scissors, packing computers into boxes and joking, made me feel almost guilty about the whole thing, as if since people were killed in Bosnia every day our business had gone on too long. I agreed with that; I wanted it to be concluded, too. The computer operator sat down pertly, her head cropped as closely as a small boy's, and her dark eyes made the screen beep and fill with garish colors. One of my many embarrassments was that Francis and Will's blood had dried on the knees of my bluejeans and I couldn't get it off. I'd left my other pair of pants in Zagreb to save space in my backpack, which was loaded with food to eat and give away in Sarajevo. So I tried to cross my knees when I could, and spread my fingers over the uppermost leg. Whenever I walked through the SPABAT compound, though, the soldiers would gaze at my knees, and there

wasn't much I could do about it. But this unpleasantness was not intense. Mainly I was indifferent to things.

I went out, took off my visitor badge, and passed through the main gate. They had invited me to eat with them, but I felt shy. (Perhaps it was a little like the time that Vineta was fighting for so many days in her boots at Vukovar that they had to cut her socks off her bloody feet and she wanted to cry but she wouldn't, because she didn't want anybody to think she wasn't brave.) The two girls at the restaurant down the street from UNPROFOR's tanks poking out over the vineyards told me that HOS was very good. I made a note to tell Vineta and Mr. Paraga if I ever saw either of them again. One of the girls was engaged to somebody from SPABAT whose snapshot showed him in front of a statue of the Virgin with his hands in his jacket pockets. While one girl cooked my steak, the other whispered and giggled and confided with her through the hatchway. I opened my mouth to say something amusing and the words came out: My friends are dead. —They shrank back. I laughed and then had a spasm of crying. Something exploded inside my brain. Once again I heard Francis's screams and then Vineta saying to me so lovingly and protectively: Go home and write the truth about us. I know you won't be a liar like the others. And if anyone dares to hurt a hair of your head, I'll personally save up all my money, come to L.A. and kill every one of those fucking Croat bastards!

EAST MOSTAR

They pried the nails off the two coffins and I saw then what I'd continued to disbelieve: first, that Francis was truly dead, and second, that it really had been mines—why, there were all kinds of holes in my friends that I'd missed!

That's Will, I said. Yep, that's Fran. Poor Fran.

I wanted to touch his hand again, but I couldn't bear how everyone was looking at me. I went out into the silent streets of bulletpocked cars and kids shooting pebbles through their silver blowguns which had once been car antennae; there were kids all around with their hands on their knees and old people and young people waiting to see the coffins come out; and kids saying to relief workers: Please give me one for my sister, I have one sister! —Soldiers leaned against cars. I gazed at shell holes and sandbags and missing roofs. A man in camo pants swung by on his crutches, and the American consul stood with his hands behind his back and spoke into the lens of the video camera and I caught the words: ... strayed into a mine...

Who killed your friends? asked a tall pimpled girl who'd said she hated me.

I don't know, I said diplomatically.

Her boyfriend leered at me. —I know, he said.

Oh, is that right? I said wearily. Who did it?

The Croatians. They wanted you to die. They told you at the checkpoint to go by this dam, and then they went running so that the mine would not kill them.

How do you know that?

He knows everything, the girl said proudly.

I'm from that part of town, he said.

That's nice, I said. Did you know that one of my friends was half-Croatian?

Croatian! they exclaimed in disgust.

Yes.

Oh, the boy said. Then *we* killed your friends. We killed them, and we were so happy when they were dead.

I stood there awhile and still the coffins had not come out and after a long time a woman came walking past with a tiny girl. The mother pointed me out. The child came running shyly to me, holding out a wilted red rose. —*Puna hvala*, I said. Thank you very much. —I laid it straight up over the trauma plate of my bulletproof vest and velcro'd it into place, and then I remembered the yellow roses that the Croatian girls had given each of us and my eyes burned and I choked.

Why did you come here? a little Muslim boy whispered.

To see my dead friends.

I know, he said. I hate it. I hate it when they die.

They shouldered my friends out into the hearse at last, and he said: I hate that smell.

NATURAL HISTORY

The forensic man wants to know why your passport is green when the other two passports are blue, said the embassy translator.

Tell him that when Americans die their passports turn blue, I said, and the consul frowned a little...

He wants to know why Mr. Tomasic thought you should turn onto the dam, said the translator.

Tell him to ask Mr. Tomasic, I said.

After that they left me alone. I felt sleepy all the time. I could not listen much to others. I wanted to lie down and be alone as much as I could. In Split the doctor clapped me gently on the back and said: *Bog.*[60]

And yet my perceptions and sensations became more intense. I remembered lying in a half-crouch in that back of that Peugeot waiting for the snipers, and there'd been that small white bird on the right-hand guardrail of the dam, so busy and fearless. And every now and then the car would creak slightly, I still don't know why. And I remembered the smell of Will's oranges in the back seat, and the astonishing thickness of Francis's neck as he lay with his head against Will's back. And I remember how cloudless the sky was. Now in Split's crowded narrow marble streets I saw the sun on the hair of a passing brunette, and the brightness of a middle-aged man's shoulder. I could have counted every bubble in the foam of my beer if I'd

wanted to, but I didn't want to.

The cab driver said: Serbs are perfectly free here. There are so many of them in Split.

Do you have any Serbian friends?

No, but I *know* them. It's their church that says the bad things about us.

Which things?

I don't know, he said. You'd have to be in their secret department and that's very difficult.

At the edge of the sea a fortyish woman with rich black hair sat gazing at tiny snapshots of a girl, probably her daughter, and wiping her eyes. Her lips moved as if in prayer.

And I kept wondering if Francis might in fact be alive. I knew this in myself from other deaths. I had needed to see him in Mostar to be convinced, and that conviction was soon superseded by another sprout of unsound hope which grew up between the rubblestones of fact; I knew that if I went to the pathology institute and they let me see him again I would believe again, but hours later I'd be speculating: What if in fact he were in a deep coma, his metabolism slowed so much that he'd survived his terrible wounds? This was no different from the feeling I'd had before in the car when I'd convinced myself that he'd just fainted.

PRIMITIVES

The night before he died, Francis and I had an argument. Vineta had used her connections, as I've said, to grant me an interview with Ms. Biljana Plavsic, Vice President of the Bosnian Serbs (and in Split, where you can see the Adriatic so blue through Diocletian's worn square arches, a Croatian widow spread her hands and said to me that of *course* Ms. Plavsic was a war criminal;[61] and in Posusje, just inside Hercegovina, some HVO guys flung up their wrists at the mention of Ms. Plavsic and the Bosnian Serb President, Mr. Karadzic, saying: Oh, they're the worst. They massacre, they rape and torture children everywhere. They have death camps. They're liars. They brought blood to this town!). I was telling Francis what she had said. The interview took place in what is called "an imposing villa." Vineta took me past the sentry, who checked my passport and UNPROFOR card, to the waiting room in front of the office, to the waiting room which had once been a living room, and then up the carpeted stairs (the wooden balustrade so brightly polished). Ms. Plavsic was hale and quiet and grandmotherly, a pencil always in her wrinkled hand. She had pretty teeth. Behind her desk hung a calendar with the double-headed Serbian eagle. I asked whether if her side won she would permit people from the other two groups to live in the Republik Bosnia Srbska, and she said:

I think it is necessary to have all three sides separate. It's very difficult to say how long the remembrance of 1991 and so on will last. It is much better to make

the separation, not only for Serbs, but also for them. You can sign I don't know what kind of agreement, but after this cruelty you cannot guarantee that you can control everyone. You cannot control for example a man whose whole family was killed in this war. I know in this territory it's possible to find a lot of mixed Muslims and Croats. If it's a mixed marriage, it's OK. I know it's very painful for people, very painful. The main thing is that the war needs to stop. But you cannot talk about that when the front line is always active. You know there was a strong Muslim offensive since one month. On Orthodox holidays we are always afraid what is going on, Easter and so on...

I gave Francis the gist of this and said that perhaps she was right; I honestly didn't know.

I understand what you're trying to do, he said. You want to grant everyone the status of a human being. And it's commendable. But you always look too much on the dark side. You give these hate-mongers like Plavsic too much power. Most people don't think the way she does. Most people can live together.[62] Serbs and Croats and Muslims have always lived together...

So you don't think there's even a grain of truth in what she says?

There's a grain of truth in what Hitler said! he shouted.

Well then, Fran, let me ask you something. If everybody can live together so well, why are they all fighting? Why do they all want their own homelands?

He was silent for a moment. Then he came back to the Serbs. Although he had Serbian friends, the Serbs were the aggressors in this war. The Serbs were the ones who wouldn't live and let live. That was what he said and always said; many others said it, too, and it might even have been true, but if it was true, if it explained why the Serbs in Krajina blamed the Croats and why Ms. Plavsic told me that the Muslims were more dangerous than the Croats, then why did the Muslims in East Mostar also blame the Croats and why did the Croats in West Mostar blame the Muslims? Francis would have answered, I think, that that didn't prove anything. (He was a very intelligent man. Vineta wouldn't have liked him or his arguments—but then she hadn't liked him as soon as I told her his Croatian last name.) The Serbs had started it, he would have insisted, and then the Muslims and the Croats had had a falling out. Maybe. It didn't matter anymore. All I'd seen on this trip was each side assassinating the reputation of the other two. I was sickened by it. I couldn't and wouldn't sort it out. And I remembered the previous night when Francis and I had rented a room in Split from a family who lived near the bus station, and they had a poster of Ante Pavelic on the wall. Historians have not said very many kind things about Pavelic, who organized the assassination of his king.[63] Following Hitler's "Operation Punishment," which crushed the Yugoslav government in 1941, the Italians appointed Pavelic to head the "Independent State of Croatia." Here is a typical assessment of his achievements: *It is estimated that the* Ustasha *murdered more than 350,000 Serbs*[64] *during the war. Although there were concentration camps*

whose inmates rarely emerged alive, for the most part those killed were simply the inhabitants of a recalcitrant village. The Ustasha *murdered most often by shooting, but more brutal methods were frequently employed. Deeply infected by the hatred of the interwar years, Pavelic and his cohorts developed a contagious mental illness that in turn produced a blood lust unequaled beyond the realm of the Nazi SS. The Italians were contemptuous of and eventually sickened by the behavior of their creation but were powerless to control it.*[65] Pavelic, incidentally, was an HSP leader, and he coined the slogan ZA DOM SPREMNI ("ready for the homeland"), which I saw on HOS posters in 1992 and again on my return in 1994. I had asked Dobroslav Paraga what happened when Pavelic came to power, and he stared at his papers and replied: The party was banned, as I said.

What about the people from the party itself?

Some people from HOS, including Mr. Pavelic, formed an organization in 1942, said Paraga. A large part of the population accepted that state as a way out of Greater Serbia. A smaller number joined the Communists and with the help of the Soviet Union provoked a civil war.

Oh, you mean the Partisans?

Da. Croatia was proclaimed fascist by the opponents of Hitler, and destroyed. In the following fifty years, Greater Serbia has dominated everything.

Who caused more problems, Hitler or the Serbs? I asked.

Croatia was not free at that time, he replied carefully. The Serbs had a guerrilla war, and the Serbs wanted to destroy the Croatian state.

Perhaps the best way for me to convey how Pavelic's likeness could still make Serbs feel, even half a century after these events, is for me to repeat a story Vineta told me about when she and some other soldiers were searching the house of an old Croat whose three sons were reported to have slit the throats of many Serbs. —And then I saw that black Ustasha flag and I got so scared! she said. They had a picture of Franjo Tudjman, and that was OK, although he's a silly asshole, because he's their legal representative, but next to his picture was a picture of Pavelic—you know, that Ustasha leader from World War II who killed so many Serbs.[66] And that black uniform. Well, I shat in my uniform. I really did. I had to change my uniform, I was so scared. —Vineta said the other soldiers almost killed the old man when they saw that. Her mouth was dry with fear and she went outside to pick some grapes from the old man's trellis, but she couldn't reach them, and one of her comrades gathered the grapes for her in his helmet. She'd just begun to eat them when they brought the old man out. They were his grapes, and she stopped, ashamed, but the other Serbs reassured her that they weren't his anymore; he was a dead man. In the end they spared him due to his age. They took him to the police chief, a Serb who'd known his family for many years, and the police chief said: How could you have brought your sons up to do such horrible things? We used to bring you a cake on your Easter and you used to bring us a cake for Orthodox Easter. —Then both men cried. After that they let the Croat go. That was Vineta's story.

So Francis and I sat under the picture of Pavelic and drank the homemade rakija of that HOS family, who told us what they wanted to do to the Muslims, and later we went for a walk and Francis said to me in the darkness: I don't think I've ever felt so hopeless about the war as I do now listening to these primitives.[67]

And so now as we ascended the green-hilled mountains, flashing through small towns with here and there the word HOS written on a wall, I thought about reminding Francis of his own discouragement that previous night but it seemed cruel; he wanted to believe that all Yugoslavs could live together; and maybe they could; we crossed back into Hercegovina again when it was already night, Will beginning to tire a little at the wheel as we wound down an almost empty street, girls hitchhiking, a yellow light above a window in a white house, then trees and a blue bus; now suddenly many cars, smiling teenagers, a streetside cafe packed with sitting crowds, all quite prosperous and untouched by the ordnance of primitives but who knew what acid vapors of hatred fumed inside their minds? —In Croatia we have an occupation today by the state of Serbia, the HOS man in Imotsky had said, homemade wine trembling in the glass, his dark eyes glittering and moving. He was speaking from experience (he had lost everything, had no place even to sleep anymore). He said: When the knife comes in the night, you have to go. Otherwise, you will be burned along with your house. —That was one of the many times when *I* felt hopeless. But I wanted and still want Francis to be right. Late the next morning, when Will's and Francis's life had an hour left to run, the three of us were in West Mostar, having now passed the checkpoint whose sign said WAR ZONE, having passed the lady weeping over a fresh grave in the cemetery (so many new crosses there); and there were some Croatian girls giggling and locking themselves away from me inside the wreckage of an apartment building astoundingly hideously shelled and pocked and powdered because the cellar had once been the Muslim command center; laundry was hanging out to dry even there, and outside in the hot sun an old Muslim man in giant heavy sunglasses stood beside a stocky young Croat man and a "mixed" woman, and the old man said: In my building there are more than a hundred people from all nations.

Did the three of you have problems during the fighting? I said, trying to put it as tactfully as I could.

None.

So who was shooting? I said.

Primitives, said the woman, and the Croat shrugged and said: Balkans. Politics imposed these differences across our people.

So that was nice, and maybe he was right, and maybe Francis was right. Will was off photographing some destroyed church; in about two hours that camera of his was going to belong to a Muslim soldier... Big and little ants crawled down the wall with its painted Croatian checkerboard and its red HVO and its red HOS and its scrawled DEMONS and LITTLE FURIA and MAD SKINZ and across the street some soldiers walked past a wall of sandbags. —I sat thinking about all this at SPA-

BAT HQ at Medjugorje, where the soil is almost tomato-red and there seems to be more vineyards than graves—no doubt because during World War II, when Pavelic's Ustasha were dumping wagonloads of women and children into deep ravines, they did not have time to set up markers.

LIRIJA

Medjugorje reminds me not only of the HVO soldier I met there who'd been a POW in East Mostar (he said that the Muslims would take your blood to use in transfusions for their wounded no matter how sick or weak you were; he also said that the Muslims had forced the Croatian prisoners to fill sandbags even in the face of Croatian shelling from across the river; he'd seen one of his comrades get killed that way) but also of my friend Lirija. Lirija was the sister of a woman whom Francis had once loved. She had known Francis for almost as many years as I had. I will never forget how the night before I left for Sarajevo in 1992 Lirija prayed so passionately for God to spare my life. Perhaps it was her prayer that saved me; who knows? Two days after I took that U.N. flight the plane was shot down and all killed, including an Italian journalist; coming in from the airport a sniper's bullet from a Serbian position missed my ankle by literally an inch; a week later a shell exploded near me in the street but almost all the shrapnel was caught by the grass; I got only a tiny piece in my hand; that same night a burst of fire from a Muslim position went through the wall just over my head. This time when I returned from Mostar, her brother Adnan, my friend and Francis's friend, at first very stern and short with me on account of Francis's death,[68] finally accepted that it had not been my fault and smiled a little and said: I think you will never die. Bullets and mines cannot kill you! and I thought of Lirija's prayers. Lirija came to see me when I was lying down in that apartment with the color print of the Virgin and the black and white family pictures in gold frames, trying not to hear Francis's screams. She'd come to learn exactly how he died, and then to pray for me. She had been to Medjugorje on many occasions, the first time, appropriately enough, in the summer of Tito's death when Lirija, aged nineteen, turned her back both on the Communist study group she had attended for two years and her father's Muslim heritage; because she had found Jesus—or, as she put it, Jesus found her. Earlier that same year (1981) some children had experienced a visitation of the Virgin Mary in Medjugorje, about which I heard very late on the last night before the "accident," when Francis and I had left Will sleeping and gone outside to talk more politics along the side of that moonlit empty road across which a breeze blew the not unpleasant fragrance of sheep, when there came a woman so skinny her hands were as hard and wrinkled as lumps of dried dung, and her forehead was wrinkled like a piece of warped old wood; and this woman said that I must give myself to God in love, to give all of myself if I wanted to see the Virgin, which I did, and that if it

were appropriate and necessary then God would show me everything. The woman also said: This war is not the fault of the Croats, the Muslims or the Serbs. Thirteen years before this war began, the Virgin Mary came to visit us for three days. She told us to turn the rosary three times a day and pray, but we would not, so God turned away from our sins and then the Muslims attacked us. —I would not be surprised to learn that Lirija had met this woman (whose head resembled a friendly skull in the darkness while her rosary beads shone white like vertebrae) when she drove from Zagreb to Medjugorje in 1981 in company with a priest. This would have been a considerably shorter journey then than now, because Yugoslavia was still one country and Croatians could shoot straight down through Krajina, not yet a Serbian Republic of frightened and frightening souls; in this regard another Croatian proverb (which by some coincidence may be a Serbian proverb, too) comes to mind: *When one is not angry the house is not small.* So Lirija and the priest would have reached Medjugorje (where on the last morning of my friends' life, a Sunday, the church bells had been ringing and an old woman was driving sheep across the road) in only a few hours, I don't know exactly how many; and when Lirija got there she set out to climb the little hill where the children had seen Mary. Of course the police were waiting in the bushes for people like her. They grabbed her and took her to the station, where the police chief, who was a good Marxist, expected her to admit that the children had lied. Lirija (whose name means "liberty") told him that she couldn't believe that. The police chief kept her there all day. Finally he let her go, promising to fine her heavily, which he never did. Lirija kept coming back. Nobody could stop her. That was Lirija. At Medjugorje she had had her own vision of the Virgin, and after that she could pray in tongues.

She asked me if I wanted her to pray with me and I said that I did. She took my hand in hers and began to ask Jesus to cast His blood down upon me and my family to preserve us from evil and sickness. She said that she could tell that my heart was filled with wounds, and she called upon Jesus to heal them. Then she began to speak in tongues.

I want to describe how it felt to have this woman holding my hand. Her hand was a huge slab of flesh which glowed with affection and strength. Her wrist rocked mine steadily and gently as she chanted in tongues those words which might have been Hebrew or Aramaic or nothing known on earth—ancient-sounding, full and heavy words like pebbles in a river. I remember the time I tried the drug called ecstasy with a woman I loved. It was as if all the nerve endings in my hands suddenly sprouted a million clitorises. Stroking this woman's body was a pure delight. I could not stop moving my hands up and down her body all night. To this day my sense of touch has retained some of that added joy. My appreciation of the tactile has been permanently enhanced. This laying-on of hands or whatever one calls what Lirija was now doing to me was a little like that, but not sexual; rather it was warm and rich and forgiving. Of course I felt guilty. Any survivor would. Francis had been

working for me, so maybe I was responsible for him; there were certainly those who thought so. Will was once a medic in Vietnam, it was true, but years ago and this had been his first time in Bosnia. So it went. But Lirija asked me to see Jesus and imagine that her hand now clasping mine and rocking it was His flesh which was also my Father's; and I did as she asked. Then she began to speak in tongues again. She did this for a long time. People came into the time from time to time, glanced at us, and quietly left. I felt close to tears but they didn't come. Later that day, for the first time since that day at the dam, I began to feel peace.

That night I found myself once more gazing out a bus's windows through the evening forests of full spring; I was returning to Serbia. The clouds formed an immense web of pink and blue; in that endlessness and freshness I was happy to be alive, and I put myself into the hands of God.

VINETA

The ride had taken me about eleven hours before. This time it took seventeen, and coming back it took nineteen. It was all due to red tape; there were four sets of officials who had to examine our passports. Crossing the Hungarian border a little before midnight, I saw how everyone suddenly sat up so straight and silent and submissive for the guards who issued from their niches in the tiled wall; the guards studied every page of every passport; they measured mine with a special gauge. So it was with the Croatians who permitted us to go and the Hungarians who allowed us to come. And then at a quarter to one the two buses met in the night; the Croatian bus I'd ridden on went back to Zagreb, and the Serbian bus was now ready to return to Beograd. It seemed so weird and furtive and shameful. We waited at the Serbian border for six or seven hours, and finally they let us through. It was now almost summer on the monotonously rich plains of Vojvodina which went endlessly onward, so dreary and bright; but high summer had already come to Beograd, and I got off the bus in a glow of joy. (A woman in a red coat stood holding a bag and peering through the panes of Beogradski Izlor at a display of lamps and plates; a man hurried, buttoning his coat; most people moved more evenly and steadily, passing through the squares in ones and twos; a few dirty, most clean; I would have thought that they had some errand to accomplish and perhaps they did but Branka was right; there were too many of them; there were not enough jobs. The war and the embargo had hurt them there. But it was not a poor city. Empty cafe tables still crouched under the Marlboro and Ruski Car awnings; shops glowed with understated light; fountains bombarded their own pools; people wore nice sweaters and down jackets; they appeared slightly fitter than Americans, probably because of less heat and food. A little boy in a soldier suit smiled at his mother and rushed to position himself grandly overlooking the fountain. His mother took a photograph. Then

she led him away.) Thanks to what had happened I had only the afternoon and evening before I must return to Zagreb, and maybe it was the temporary nature of my visit just as much as the Cyrillic strangeness that made me prize what I saw; maybe it was also the fact that I now knew the city a little, as well as some people in it; and my powers of expression in Serbo-Croatian had perforce increased since the death of Francis, who had always been so kind and patient and said everything to everybody for me, even girls in bars that I'd wanted to flirt with. So I stepped off the bus saying *Serbia do Tokyo!* to everybody and they were all smiling back at me. Passing a couple of boutiques with beautiful gunbelts and holsters and Sam Browne belts of red and brown leather hanging in the windows just above the wallets, I telephoned Vineta, whom I'd been unable to reach, of course, from Croatia. I had come back only because I'd promised her that I would; originally I was going to return with or without Francis (who'd had only ten days free—less, as it turned out; his biggest fear had been of dying old and alone), and then with luck Vineta would have arranged the permissions to go to Pale or Knin or maybe even Gorazde; now I had no time left but I didn't want her to believe that I was a liar like all the other Americans. And when I reached her I was so glad that I'd come; she called me dear boy again, said she hadn't been able to sleep when she'd heard the news on Serbian TV; her mother had baked a cake to celebrate my survival (I remembered the second morning she met me when she'd started talking about her family and said: Last night I told them that you weren't an average American journalist, a bullshitter and so on...); when I met her that night at the press center she looked so gorgeous and she hugged me for the first time; then I kept her company when she went to buy some new high heels. All the permissions had been arranged, she said. I really wanted to stay then but I couldn't. Her face could look so hard and cruel and merciless, especially when she was wearing a uniform and a beret and sunglasses upon which light so coldly glinted; the lips drew tight together; the nostrils flared with hate as she said: *Right between the eyes*. She was a warrior. Then there was the other face she had, the soft face when she smiled shining-eyed from under movie-star eyebrows. We walked past the crowded, tarnished red autobuses that passed each other so companionably in Beograd, and arrived at a bar that Vineta liked; I bought her coffee, and I bought slivovitz for me, and after awhile one of her best friends showed up, another tall, beautiful, terrifying Montenegrin girl named Masa (Vineta told me that the best way to compliment a Serb is to tell him he's so tall and fierce that you want to shit your pants—and certainly they were nothing like the two weary girls I'd met in East Mostar who walked arm in arm down the street with its pile of sandbags). Vineta was crabby at me because my passport was green, which is a Muslim color. Then Masa's boyfriend showed up. He was a cop, one of Milosevic's bodyguards, so I asked him what he thought of Milosevic, but Masa cut in and said that after all I couldn't expect them to run down their head of state in front of foreigners. I ran down mine in front of her, but she was still silent; and I suddenly thought

of a joke that my first Serbian interpreter, Branka had made (I'm not sure that Masa or Vineta would have liked Branka); Branka said that an American and a Serb were each boasting about their respective political systems and the American said: My country is so free that I can stand on a streetcorner in Washington and say that Bill Clinton is an asshole and nobody will arrest me! and the Serb said: My country is also so free that I can stand on a streetcorner in Beograd and say that Bill Clinton is an asshole... No, Vineta preferred the following joke: The Chinese wanted to make their mark on the moon, so they painted it red; then the Americans wanted to co-opt them, so on the red moon they wrote in red letters: Coca-Cola; but then a few days later they noticed some tiny writing beneath that so they sent a spaceship to investigate, and when the astronauts got close enough they saw the words BOTTLED IN BEOGRAD. —But that's just a dream, sighed Vineta... Since it was my turn to tell a joke, I recalled one that my Croatian driver in Hercegovina, Teo, had told me on the way back to Mostar, and when I repeated it to Vineta I discovered that it amused her, too. It went like this: Tudjman, Milosevic and Izetbegovic were out fishing, and one of them (never mind who) caught a magic goldfish. —Oh, please, please throw me back, it piped, and I'll give you each a wish! —OK, said Tudjman, me first. My wish is that the Serbs cease to exist. —No problem, said the fish. —Me second, cried Milosevic. My wish is no more Croats, not one. —Granted, said the fish. —And those wishes are for real? said Izetbegovic. —Guaranteed, said the fish. —Well, said Izetbegovic with a big smile, then all I need is a large cup of coffee...

Masa liked that one, too. She taught me how to say *jebi se*, which means fuck off, and *idi upicku materinu*, which means go to your mother's cunt, and I laughed, and then suddenly I was so tired and so sad and my bus would be leaving soon so I paid the tab and said goodbye to everyone; Masa and Vineta asked me to write them, and I promised that I would; and I told Vineta that I would always think of her as my friend no matter what, which I will;[69] then I walked back to my hotel, wished all the ancient prostitutes a good evening, lay down, and waited to have nightmares.

EAST MOSTAR

I admit that it had been less than pleasant to return to Mostar. The first time my friends had been killed, the second time I'd come for their bodies; and the third time the woman who ran the service I engaged to drive me kept saying: Bill, it's very dangerous. I have a very eerie feeling. I think you must not go back to Mostar. —But I figured I'd used up all my bad luck. In fact, I hadn't had any bad luck at all. I was alive, wasn't I?

You understand that Teo cannot go with you into East Mostar, she said. You will have to walk across alone.

What are the chances of my being killed?

Fifty-fifty, she said.

I thought to myself: Well, she's Croatian and I'm not. Let's go and see. If it looks too dangerous I just won't do it.

When I got there it didn't seem dangerous at all, and a Croatian guy who happened to have a Canadian passport agreed to go with me at least as far as the UNPROFOR checkpoint; he said he'd try the Bosnian checkpoint, too, if he felt comfortable, and he was a brave guy; he did it; and the Muslims let us through. The astounding damage was worst of all, as might be expected, closest to the front line, which brings to mind the Croatian proverb: *He who is closest to the altar gets the wine first.* That is why the bridge was not in very good shape. It was a gift from the USA in 1993; the barrages from West Mostar had bent its sides most artistically so that its scorched girders twisted away into the void. Crossing it was one of the braver things I've done, although it was really perfectly safe. It's just that I have acrophobia. Everybody else walked its ramshackle crisscross planks with confidence, some not even looking when the boards tilted under them; others watching where they put their feet because the planks were sometimes cracked and half-split lengthwise so that the piece one stepped on had a tendency to give way and there was always the possibility that it would break under the next passerby and the river was far enough down to be worrisome; those planks were like the tines of combs, with darkness in between. At one point when I had to force myself to take the next step, I thought of something Vineta used to say: *When I was scared, I got paler than a vampire.* That made me smile. The shattered boards groaned under my feet.

A policeman took me into that smashed and ruined city to help me get my papers in order. I paid his boss a quarter-kilo of coffee to obtain the most powerful permissions, came back out of that sandbagged lightless basement they called an office, passed the crowd of women who bent or squatted over the sidewalk with their hair hanging down as they washed their clothes or filled their wheelbarrows or water-jugs from the A-frame of steel pipes with its dangling hoses; gave out chocolates to kids by the mosque's half-crushed dome, walked back across the bridge and through the three checkpoints to West Mostar, told Teo and the other Croatian guy that everything was OK, and passed the checkpoints one more time just before they closed the border. Now I was alone.

I could speak for many pages about the way that guardrails leaned or twisted like shriveled black lips, half fallen into whatever pit they were meant to protect one from; I could tell you how fishy shapes of nothingness swam across roofless buildings, strange backdrops with their frozen raindrops of bullet holes; I could mention how the walls were scrawled with SDA's six-pointed star insides the jaws of a crescent, and how useless and even impertinent any symbol seemed; I could mention the Volkswagens turned turtle and unbelievably riddled.

"YOU SEE, THEY ATTACKED US"

You see, they attacked us, said my host. He was a Basque nationalist, but he'd converted to Islam, so now he fought for ABiH. —We never did anything, he said. We can live together like any other people. Our nationalism was never *I am Muslim; if you don't leave my territory I kill you.* In Mostar before, all was mixed. Now it's all very strange. I know that here in this part of Mostar live 55,000 people. Ninety percent is Muslim. The other is Serbs and Croats. We tell them, you are free. Some fought alongside us—Albanian, Slovenian, Serbian, one British, one German. We have no mercenaries because we have no money to pay them.

So what happened?

Look. It was the 9th of May '93 when the first attack came, at 5:00 in the morning. I was there. I was speaking with my friend, and he said it would be war. I did not believe. We are mixed. I could not believe. The conversation finished at 2:30 in the morning. At 5:00 began the grenades. I was so scared, I was so terrified, I was sick. I ran to my friend and I said: What can we do now? He said: There is nothing to do but fight. —Never before had I taken a rifle in my hands. All weapons we have, we take in action, he said.

This was the Croatian attack you're talking about, right?

That's right. This was '93. What the Serbs did, that was in '92. That's old history.

(Some other soldier-boys had showed me the cellar stairs in a grenade-ruined building and said that it was on those stairs that the Serbs had cut Muslims throats. But they, too, didn't care about Serbs anymore.)

My host prayed. Then he tucked the pistol into his pants and went off to the front line to trade in thirty kilos of bluejeans for the black market. I watched how his soldier and police friends sat in the tiny room by candlelight, their faces glaring and flickering intensely, and I knew that even a year before I would have been filled with wonder at the eerie beauty of their gesturing, but now I just watched and waited for them to go away. The soldiers wouldn't let me take their photo, and soon went out. Trapped by the police hour (if they caught you breaking curfew it was fifteen days digging trenches in range of the Serbian guns; that was East Mostar, but Teo, my Croatian driver, had refused to spend the night waiting for me in West Mostar, saying: Because dark time is police hour. And there are so many criminals with guns in police!), I sat in that dim room with its wanted posters, its star and crescent flag, its tank shell, its camouflage vest loaded with grenades and a Kalashnikov magazine whose bullets seemed to me to be dangerously contaminated with dirt and grit, another poster of a beautiful woman with a finger to her lips, and I felt so tired and discouraged. The house had belonged to a Croatian, but he'd fled, and now it was a series of rent-free flats. There were so many houses like that.

"MY FATHER IS ON THE OTHER SIDE"

Early in the morning, the cool air blew in with that scorched smell, that smell of scorched metal that was now a part of Mostar and which I had smelled in the car after Will and Francis were killed. Across the table, my host slept on, his narrow brown face immobile and serious, while the family across the stairs washed their hands and faces in the big basin. There were four new cartons of York cigarettes on the table, the fruits no doubt of last night's business.

On the street corner, crowds stood around smoking, the old men poking and tracing destinies with their walking sticks, women squinting and smiling into the sun. Soldiers in their heavy green camouflage tunics and coveralls sat on curbs chatting and smoking. Everywhere were sandbags and pocked and riddled buildings, and that scorched smell.

I went to some soldiers and asked them if they were fundamentalists as Vineta had said. One replied: Mujahideen are soldiers of God. I believe in God, but I am a soldier of my people.

They are talking forever in Belgrade, I don't know where, said another. For Bosnia, Milosevic says the east bank is for me, and Tudjman says west Bosnia is for me. I don't know. I think aggressor is just politics. I don't know.

What do you think about Izetbegovic?

My mother and father are Muslim, but I am atheist. I don't know. My one friend now you know hasn't hands and eyes, the soldier said, wringing his hands, big and strong and honest. Then he swallowed and said: Look. My father is on the other side. He's shooting at me.

Why?

I don't know.

THE BAD BOYS

Vineta, who was so harsh with herself that if she mispronounced an English word she'd punch herself in the side of the head, once lit up another of her Macedonian Partner filters, with the blue zone bisected by the red stripe, and said to me: All the bad boys are a bit stupid. Just kind of say what they think and what they feel. If you ask them why they think what they think, they get confused. —It was talking with the bad boys of all three sides that wore me down. I'd known from the very first, of course, that my two friends had died for nothing because this war had not been theirs and the mines or snipers' rifles or whatever had killed them did so really by "mistake," but more and more I started thinking that everyone else had died for nothing, too. There were always almost enough people like the young Muslim soldier in East Mostar to give me hope, the young soldier who said: War is stupid, very stupid. This war and the war before, the war with the Serbs. —But not quite enough. The soldier beside him was a blond guy who said: There is no difference.

Serbs will shoot you in the face, while Croats will stab you in the back. —And the next soldier shouted: I am thirsty to drink Croatian blood! —And everyone denied the other sides' atrocity stories; only Vineta said honestly and straightforwardly: Tudjman made the Ustasi flag and we were scared. Maybe we made mistakes, maybe we were jumpy, but we got scared. —At least she admitted something.

What about the others? There was the HOS man in Imotsky, his eyes alert and tense, who'd shouted when another soldier remarked that nobody had anything to eat in Mostar: After all the things the Muslims have done to us, we're still feeding them! They have committed greater war crimes than the Serbs. In this town many have died at their hands. Almost three hundred children were killed in Tvornik, Vita, Busavac. In this area the people were surrounded, they starved and the Muslims did terrible things to them. And now that we have an agreement between the Croatians and the Muslims, they come here for food. —Then there was the Muslim in East Mostar who assured me: Here people say Serbs have concentration camps but there are five Croatian camps in Mostar. We have prisoners but we don't torture them in any way; we feed them. They beat us; they cut our fingers...— What are the names of these camps? I said. —I remember only three, he said. They are Gabela, Polce and the heliodrome in Mostar. —(That's an ordinary jail, said the Croatian press officer in Medjugorje drily, looking at my list. That's a dock. That's another jail. UNHCR has monitored everything. No complaints.)[70] —And on and on it went. Finally I didn't believe anything I hadn't seen with my own eyes, which is why I refuse to say who started this war. There was the man in Beograd at the press conference on genocide (the long table lush with green felt, microphones evenly snaked, and water glasses upturned on crystal saucers) who flashed me a photo of himself with Simon Wiesenthal to set the tone, then passed over a photo he'd taken of a dead naked man with red oval-shaped trenches where his eyes had been. —A Serbian fighter, he explained in German. The Mussulmen have done this. Near Zvornik. —He showed me a half-rotted skeleton exhumed from near Sarajevo; the Muslims had done that, too. —How could I tell?[71] —Then there was Mr. Safet Bandzovic, the Muslim human rights guy in Novi Pazar, who'd given me 3 x 5" glossies of men with terrible bruises from beatings; these were Muslims who'd been beaten by Serbian police, he said. I asked if I could meet one of these victims, and he said that that wasn't possible—too dangerous for them. Why wasn't it dangerous for them when he gave me copies of these photographs? I wanted to know. —Well, he said, because these photographs are an internal matter...

I still have those photographs. They are sad and they are horrific and they prove nothing, like an Indian arrowhead without a provenance.[72] Maybe I was as close-minded as the TV crews for CNN, about whom Vineta said: They're overpaid; they're impertinent. I especially hate Christine Amanpour, that black-haired girl. She's a real bitch, an American bitch. I'd like to fuck her if I could. She was forced once to make a pro-Serbian story. We found a big hole in Facovici. About three hun-

dred and something victims killed in the most monstrous way. People without skin, Bill, with their eyes picked out, put into a plastic bag. It was so damn stinky and I was so sick. And then that Christine Amanpour said: the Serbs claim that the victims are Serbs, but their stories never made an impression on me. —Look, Bill. That area is only either Muslim or Serbian. No Croats around. According to the genitals of the boys, you could see that they were not Muslim! —Vineta began almost to weep. — You should see all the mothers and sisters crying, kissing those half-rotten skulls...

Seeing East Mostar, seeing everywhere how the place had been so disgustingly ruined, worse even than Sarajevo when I was there in '92, that was not good for the soul to look at; but still I thought: At least here is something that can't be denied. This is a sample crime, not one by which any one side can be judged, but it is a crime and it is there, very evidently there, and we even know who did it. East Mostar was shelled most recently by the Croatian side. Any Croatian can look across from West Mostar and see it. So let me ask a Croatian what he has to say about it. Maybe somebody in this war will actually face something.

I was stupid, of course. I would have been better off still believing in people. The moment that I decided that Francis had been wrong and everything was truly and absolutely hopeless came when I crossed that hideously charred and creaking and bending and bowing bridge out of East Mostar, walked through the barbed wire gap of the ABiH checkpoint, passed the U.N. checkpoint, emerged from the HVO checkpoint where Teo was waiting for me a little anxiously, shook Teo's hand, got in the car, and asked him: Teo, why is East Mostar more destroyed than West Mostar?

Because Croatians had more bullets, he replied with a faint smile.

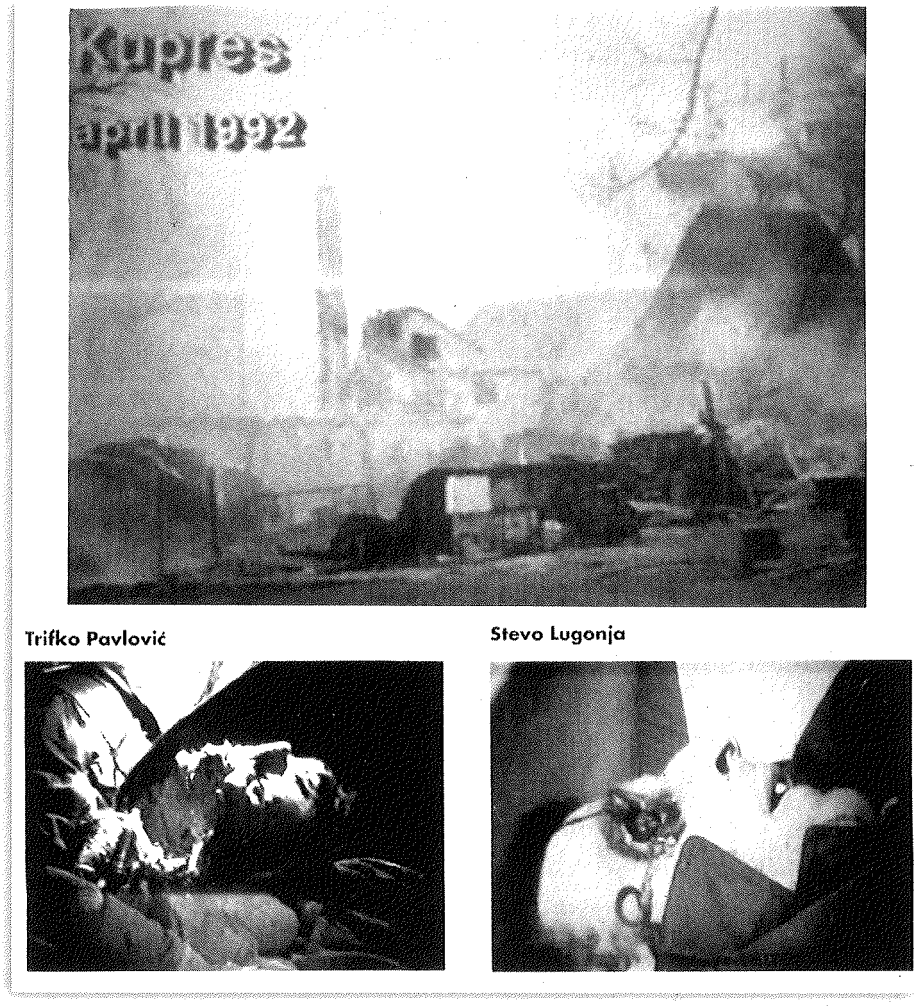
I took a deep breath. —Who started the problem, Croatians or Muslims?

It was the Serbs, he said.

The Serbs!

Look. You know how Hitler started World War II in Poland, with a propaganda trick?[73] It was the same trick that the Serbian Secret Service used...

He went on explaining it all with utter conviction, and I just sat there as the car drove me slowly through West Mostar, pulling up at the press conference where General Milovoj Petkovic, the Supreme Commander of HVO, sunnily announced that the united command between Muslims and Croats was coming along just fine; Croats and Muslims were already fighting Serbs together at Tuzla—why, I was so tickled I practically hurled my hat into the air! He said the secret to future success was that the two groups must each fight only on their own territory,[74] unlike the former Yugoslav Army (JNA); I have to say that I thought this idea wise, given that I'd just asked a Cro Army man: Are the Serbs as good fighters as you? and he'd replied: No. They can't be good fighters on our land. It's not their land... —Given that not five minutes since I'd heard a fat man jokingly call his belly his homeland; given that when I'd asked Teo how much it cost to buy a house in Hercegovina he said that almost none were for sale and when I wanted to know why he said: Look,



Photos allegedly found in the camera of a Croatian soldier, Kupres; from a Serbian publication

Bill. In this country when you build a house you build for life. After you, your sons and daughters will live on in that house...[75]

So there were all the Croatian journalists nodding and there was General Petkovic smiling; all points of difference between Croats and Muslims having been eternally solved, I went to one of those cafes of West Mostar inhabited by soldiers and by guys in sunglasses and tanktops who might have been soldiers or black marketeers and by elegant girls pulsing to the music beneath apartment towers which seemed to have grey stains and splashes on them, actually the concussion-marks of grenades (and I thought of East Mostar where there was nothing but silence and that scorched smell, that hot silence, that feeling of something bad about to happen, and an Armija Bosnia i Hercegovina soldier stared across the river toward the west and shouted: On the other side, they have everything: electricity, water, cafes, boutiques.

Here it's just rice, rice, rice, beans, beans, beans!); at that cafe I bought an HVO soldier a drink and asked his opinion, and he said:

Here are the Muslims, about twenty meters from the Croatians. I don't know, but I think the war is not finished. The war is from Croatian people and Muslim people. Not anymore the Serbs.

Why do they fight each other here?

He spread his hands. —I don't know. I think from politics.

I don't know, he went on, but it's better when Croatian people stay in Croatia and Serbs stay in Serbia. And Hercegovina should go to join with Croatia, and Mostar with Croatia, including East Mostar. The Muslims make too much evil here.

So the Muslims must leave East Mostar?

Yes.

Where should they go?

It doesn't matter. Just go away.

He was just an ordinary soldier, of course. He did not make policy like General Petkovic.[76] I am sure that his opinion was not in the least representative.

"THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE"

Perhaps the last word ought to be given to the HOS man in Split whom I interviewed the day before Will and Francis were killed. Wearily the man said to me: It's impossible to wage war honorably. —I thought that was a pretty good last word. And there was something that Ms. Plavsic had said: This cruel war, at least one-half of it is the responsibility of the journalists. —I didn't quite agree with that, but I thought it was interesting. Then there was the Serb who'd told me: Croatians say one thing; we say the other thing. So it's my word against their word. —That would have been a fine last word. And there was Vineta's last word, which also seemed applicable no matter which side one was on: I think that the truth will come out in thirty or fifty years and some people will be sorry and some will not care. —But then I heard an even better one. Crossing back into Croatia at Vinjanji, Teo, tall and strong, downshifted for the policeman, passed our documents out the window, received them back, thanked him, and begin to accelerate again. I saw an abandoned and bulletpocked house and said: So when did the war come here?

The war never came here, he said, driving.

So what about that house?

I think it was just a Serbian house, he said. The war never came here.

THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO
(1998)

Kossovo speaks only of its defeats.

REBECCA WEST (1940)[1]

"KOSOVO IS OUR JERUSALEM"

VINETA

Beautiful, wounded and full of rage, Vineta *is* Yugoslavia. I love Vineta because I love Yugoslavia. I love Yugoslavia because I love Vineta. Maybe she'd rather not be Yugoslav, I'm not sure. Well, she's my Serbian sister. Of course I understand that mutual affection will never suffice to wipe away the *alienness* which hangs in the air between us like blackish-brown smoke rising from a mortar shell. She is generous, passionate, sincere. Once I gave her American headache tablets of a kind which she had not seen before, and she cried in a low voice: I would take poison from your hands!—When I embrace her hello or goodbye, she goes rigid. Smoking cigarette after cigarette, she'll talk politics for hours. Sometimes I think that it's politics which keeps her alive. —What do Americans chat about? she once asked me. —Oh, I said, mostly about television, or shopping, or movies... —So *empty,* she said.

Yes, it is, Vineta.

Vineta *is* Yugoslavia. Vineta *is* Serbia. Therefore, she *is* Kosovo even though she lives far away in Belgrade.

The Albanians disagree. Kosovo is ninety percent Albanian.

Serbs say *Kosovo.* Albanians say *Kosova.* Thus you cannot even utter the word without aligning yourself one way or the other.[2]

Vineta is Yugoslavia, so Vineta must be politics. The American variety[3] mostly bores me, but I can never get my fill of Balkan politics where every tale's a twist-crammed cliff-hanger whose plot begins and ends alike in mist, like the winter sky over Kosovo, history shading into sacred myth.[4] How could anyone ever comprehend it all? And surely this goes far to explicate the main distinction between Balkan and American character: A Balkan type believes the universe to be more complicated than it really is, while an American makes it too simple. In a word, Vineta is paranoid, and I, childishly shallow. (She laughs when I tell her this.) I swallow the line that my government has dispatched peacekeepers to Kosovo in ugly orange vehicles because we desire in our blundering way to play the big shot everywhere, or because we want to neutralize Vineta's president (of whom she is not fond), or because we genuinely wish to help keep the peace. My notions are mere sentences instead of stories. Vineta, on the other hand, prefers to believe that we follow some darkly, coldheartedly eternal strategic design for her country's ruin. After all, her country *is* half ruined.[5] Remember this: Once upon a time, and not so long ago, either, Yugoslavia comprised close to ninety-nine thousand square miles. Now it is only thirty-nine thousand.[6] —Yeah, I live in the incredible shrinking country, man, Vineta says. And I'm getting claustrophobic. Slovenia, Macedonia, Croatia, Bosnia... And now they want Kosovo. —Who are *they?* Albanians? Americans? I can't quite follow her, but maybe she's correct just the same. Could it be, for instance, that in our central European policy the U.S. anti-Communists have now turned themselves into anti-Slavists? Is that why we're against her in Kosovo? But I can't believe it. My country is preeminent not through statesmanship but only through a combination of natural resources, industrial efficiency, and dumb luck. Any anti-Serb "strategy" we have would be tempered by short-sightedness, vacillation and incompetence. My shallowness aids my faith.

One afternoon, Vineta and I were sitting in an Albanian coffee shop in Kosovo with our friend and driver Petar—who also of course is Serbian—when the coffee cups rattled, a noise which reminded me of the grinding of boot-heels on shards inside destroyed Albanian houses. Petar, quiet and gentle at most times, willing to consider both sides, regarded me at that moment with bitterness and said: This is our country. Your planes are permitted to fly here. Ours are not.

Can you understand why Vineta would be angry? Can you see why for her it's not merely about Serbs *versus* Albanians? Can you comprehend why even though she is my dear friend she will never entirely open up to me? Behind all her quick, cig-

arette-smoking give-and-take, despite the personal confidences she's entrusted to me over the years, Vineta remains as reclusive as the Serbian Orthodox Church behind its yellow wall in the very foreign city of Budapest. On one protuberance of that wall, I see a mounted warrior stabbing a wolf with his lance (or is this Saint George and the dragon, very crudely rendered?) Within the wall, from the fortress-like church a shuttered yellow tower rises with ominous beauty, its end like some immensely complex, verdigris'd arrowhead, studded with a cross whose points are barbed with crosses. Approach the locked gate, and no one comes. Maybe it's too late. Through the ironwork, a watchdog opens his eyes. I go away.

Vineta is Yugoslavia. Yugoslavia is Kosovo. And so, when I ask Vineta what will happen if Yugoslavia loses Kosovo, she replies: *Then they will see what a Serbian rage is like.*

"KOSOVO IS OUR JERUSALEM"

There was a day and a night when my friend Misa the hotel clerk was not my friend. My country was bombing his country then. That had been four years ago, in 1994. Vineta was advising me not to wander around Beograd at night. Misa very briefly forgot that I had no personal responsibility for the airstrikes. I was afraid of him and of everybody. I went upstairs and locked myself in my room. The next day we were friends again. Misa said to me: After all, you're not the government. You're only a man like me. —I never blamed him. To most people, the provocation of having to serve an enemy alien at such times would have been intolerable. In 1998, my government's actions in Kosovo (to say nothing of our continued presence in Bosnia) insured that Americans in Yugoslavia would be hated as much as ever. I remember the angry contempt of the other clerks in that hotel; they avoided helping me whenever they could, and turned away from my *good morning* and *good evening*.[7] —Amidst such welcomes I was all the more grateful for Misa's friendship. *He*, once he recognized me, became happy, shook my hand, gave me a Turkish coffee and a mineral water on the house. I'd brought him a fifth of Jack Daniels from America. After that, he poured me free slivovitzes each night. I'd stand up in front of his counter, as if it were a bar, and we'd chat in our half-broken German, or in his simple English and my two dozen words of Serbo-Croatian. He was only ten years older than I, but he looked older than my father. His wife was very ill. Like Vineta and (so it seemed to me) like Beograd in general, he seemed more beaten down now than during the civil war years, more apathetic, or fatalistically despondent, like the streets' walls with their torn political placards, the ministry window's forlorn civil defense poster which neatly rendered a shattered skyscraper, a burning house, and an atomic mushroom cloud, each accompanied by the appropriate instructions in Cyrillic. In place of Serbian nationalist graffiti, I saw (so I translate) ANTI-SYSTEM, ANARCHY and other such slogans. I saw names of rock groups. I saw THE

EXPLOITED, and then my favorite: NATASA TE VOLIM—*Natasha, I love you*—reverently repeated for a good three blocks. Vineta said she'd seen in one such place where it was particularly dilapidated AMERICANS—BOMB US OR ELSE PAINT THESE WALLS! And so there was my friend Misa, underpaid and getting old, a good true man, I believe, and also, like all of us, a wall on which life's slogans get inscribed. He poured me another slivovitz and sighingly browsed through the stamps on my passport, telling me that I had a good job. I wished better health to his wife, and he sighed again.

At seven in the morning, Misa and I were drinking shots of Greek metaxa at the front desk. I asked him whether he had plum trees for slivovitz at his home, and he said that he did. Then I asked him what he thought of the situation in Kosovo. Because we were speaking German, a language in which, as I mentioned, neither of us were utterly proficient, we both had to stay to the point. Misa looked into my eyes and said: This situation is too difficult for me. So difficult, and so sad. So sad for our land. Because if we are Israel, then Kosovo is our Jerusalem.[8]—And then he slowly wandered to the ancient switchboard, and turned his back.

PRILUZJE AND GLAVOTINA

A LESSON AT SCHOOL

Once upon a time there were two villages named Priluzje and Glavotina. If you look at a map of Kosovo you can find them on the road a dozen kilometers north of Pristina, past the Communist-era power plant whose stinking white smoke sometimes mixes with winter fog to sting eyes and throats, past slow, low-buildinged streets crowded with poor people who loiter and shiver in their jackets. When I was in Kosovo it was so often cold and rainy. Kosovo, yes, cold and rainy, green and brown, outstretched its rusty cornstalks toward the greyish-white sky. And if you followed that road northwestward (being careful, if you were a Serb in a car with Beograd plates, not to continue driving much after dark), you'd very quickly reach Priluzje, which was the Serbian town.[9] You could see Glavotina from there if the day were not too foggy, but if you could go to Priluzje you almost certainly couldn't go to Glavotina, because that latter place was an Albanian town, an insurgent town held by the Kosovo Liberation Army. The Priluzje people claimed that Albanians could come in to shop or collect their pensions, and maybe some did, although the Serbs might have exaggerated their own hospitality a little. The Glavotina people asserted that Priluzje had once been mixed but became "completely Serb"[10] in 1987; until this year (1998), it had still been possible for Albanians to go there, but not any longer. (Some Albanians were here just fifteen minutes ago! laughed the president of Priluzje in reply—but about *him* the ones in Glavotina said: Zoran Kostic prepared the offensive against us. He is Arkan.[11] He is

REPUBLIC OF SERBIA · MINISTRY OF INFORMATION
PRESS RELEASE

A REVIEW OF STATEMENTS BY FOREIGN OFFICIALS ON KOSOVO AS AN INTEGRAL PART OF THE FR OF YUGOSLAVIA AND SERBIA

23 APRIL 1992

W A S H I N G T O N, APRIL 23 (TANJUG) - UNITED STATES DEPUTY SECRETARY OF STATE L. EAGLEBURGER MET WITH VICE PRESIDENT OF THE ASSEMBLY OF THE REPUBLIC OF SERBIA V. JOKANOVIC.

EAGLEBURGER REITERATED US DISAPPROVAL OF SECESSIONIST INTENTIONS, BUT INDICATED THE MINORITY PROBLEM IN KOSOVO.

23 SEPTEMBER 1992

A T H E N S, SEPT 23 (TANJUG) - LORD OWEN UNDERLINED THAT "IT IS NOT POSSIBLE TO CHANGE THE EXISTING TERRITORIAL BORDERS, BUT THE ALBANIAN POPULATION HAS THE RIGHT TO EXPECT, AT LEAST, AUTONOMY WHICH IT HAD UNTIL RECENTLY." BUT "THE PEOPLE REQUESTING INDEPENDENCE MUST ACCEPT THAT SUCH A POSITION IS SHARED NEITHER BY THE LONDON CONFERENCE NOR THE INTERNATIONAL COMMUNITY AND CERTAINLY NOT BY EUROPE", HE SIAD. THEREFORE, THEY "MUST ACCEPT TO NEGOTIATE WITH THESE LIMITATIONS".

B E L G R A D E, SEPT 21 - FORMER CHAIRMAN OF THE CONFERENCE ON YUGOSLAVIA LORD CARRINGTON TOLD THE MILAN DAILY GIORNALE THAT IN HIS VIEW KOSOVO WAS THE 'MOST DANGEROUS PROBLEM OF FORMER YUGOSLAVIA, FAR MORE DANGEROUS THAN BOSNIA-HERZEGOVINA.'

STRESSING THAT KOSOVO ALBANIANS WERE 'ASKING THE IMPOSSIBLE - INDEPENDENCE AND SECESSION FROM YUGOSLAVIA,' LORD CARRINGTON SAID THIS WAS UNACCEPTABLE BOTH TO THE U.N. AND THE E.C. 'THE REGION BELONGS TO SERBIA, AND ITS BORDERS CANNOT BE ALTERED,' HE SAID.

25 SEPTEMBER 1992

N E W Y O R K, SEPT 25 - REGARDING KOSOVO, FRENCH AND SPANISH FOREIGN MINISTERS UNDERLINED THAT THEY DO NOT

paramilitary. Kostic should go to Serbia or the Hague Tribunal. Every night his son shoots at us with a big gun from the river... —to which Priluzje's police chief responded with a sad smile: God be with us! Now it's really stupid what they're saying. No one asked Kostic or me or anybody else here to plan the offensive. We're not war criminals. We're just protecting our families, and that's what we'll go on doing.) Both sides liked to exaggerate in Kosovo. In fact, the red-haired Serbian woman at the media center in the Grand Hotel in Pristina opined that both sides had been over-interviewed and over-videotaped to such a degree as to transform them into stage actors. As for me, probationary member of the Over-Interviewers' Guild, whenever I paid three hundred American dollars to a certain Albanian girl and her brother (to whom well-connected Vineta had introduced me), I could be driven to Glavotina via muddy back roads checkpointed here and there by KLA[12] soldiers armed with Chinese, Russian and Albanian machine guns; and as I got thus conveyed I could be warmed in an immaculate jeep and guarded by a handwritten safe-conduct pass signed personally by Mr. Adem Dimaqi, the head (or perhaps simply the chief spokesman) of the many-headed KLA. Thus, like my colleagues (none of whom I met those days because they happened to be busy filming gruesome funerals), I found myself in possession of the melancholy privilege of being able to tell people in each village about their former neighbors in the other. Priluzje's Serbs pointed up at the Albanian bunkers; Glavotina's Albanians pointed down at Serbian fighting positions in Priluzje. I never heard any shooting in either place, maybe thanks to the Milosevic-Holbrooke Accord, or maybe because everyone was cold and tired. The massive Serbian offensive of 22 September had accomplished its lethal ends, or exhausted itself, or both. Nobody expected the truce not to melt away with the spring weather. But in regard to shooting and such, I may as well say now that Glavotina was shot up and Priluzje was not. Or, to put it more precisely, Priluzje did show the very occasional bullet hole and mortar-crater, but Glavotina hunkered mainly roofless amidst its own rubble, its homes ripped into demented cross-sections whose stairways, charred through, ascended into nothingness, and whose cold stove-hulks were exposed to the sky. When the KLA soldiers entered these shells, their boot-heels rang almost melodiously upon broken glass and broken red roof tiles. —How would you like to live like this? a man cried out to me, standing in the carcass of his house. He was one of the few original villagers left. Only three or four families remained in Glavotina. The rest were scattered, taking refuge from winter where they could.

Thus Glavotina by attrition as well as by addition had taken on the attributes of a heavily militarized town. Who was there, but KLA? The women in the undestroyed dark old house on the hill were civilians, to be sure, but they'd assembled to mourn one of their fighters who'd been slain in a shootout with Serbian police; his funeral had been yesterday. He'd died on the front line, was how they put it. He was *their* newest martyr.

He was one of those who killed my nephew because he was a Serb, said an old man in Priluzje. They stopped the bus and examined all passengers and he was the only Serb. They dragged him out, cut off his ears and shot him in the back of the head. The Albanians don't kill that way. It's the influence of Bosnian Muslims.

How do you know that this KLA man was there? I asked, and the old Serb did not reply. Thus Priluzje; thus Glavotina; thus Kosovo, whose misty air is thick with blame.

In Glavotina that bereaved family gave me better hospitality than I deserved, because they'd been too afraid to claim the corpse from the Serbs, and so another foreign journalist had driven it home. (You'll have an excellent breakfast, Vineta had said bitterly, seeing me off, a *KLA* breakfast—roasted Serbs.) In the rain, a KLA sentry stood honor-vigil for the dead man beneath a double-eagled red banner, his AK-47 slung across his chest. They would not let me photograph that sight, saying: *Orders are orders.* And the old men who gave me tours of their ruined houses, they were accompanied at all times by watchful KLA cadres, some of whom wore uniforms, and others merely wore ammunition belts across their chests.

Obviously this fact gave Glavotina an uncertain moral character. Was the KLA presence here primarily an *effect* of the Serbian violence whose artifacts I saw all around me, or a *cause?* Let me give you an example to explain what I mean. At the end of my sole visit to Glavotina (I would have come again, but the requirement to pay three hundred dollars every time stuck in my craw), my tour guides took me to a destroyed school in the nearby town of Strovce. The headmaster stood wrinkled and grim on the front steps for my camera, wearing high rubber boots against the muck inside and out. Behind him lay a heap of broken branches with the leaves still on them, and the wide-yawning door, most of whose window-panels had been smashed. The Serbian schoolmaster in Priluzje had showed me a single bullet hole in one corner of a second-storey classroom. The bullet had come in through the window, he said, but the window had already been repaired, so in comparison with the school in Strovce it proved difficult for me to work up much concern. But the Strovce school went almost too far in the other extreme. Why did the headmaster leave the door ajar in the rain, no matter how ruined it was? Why didn't he rake away the new fallen branches? Could absolutely nothing be saved for the future?

The interior of the place, which I was told that seven hundred pupils had once attended, now signified stale doom. Serbian troops had come and gone. Wires dangled from dripping ceilings; mortar-holes wide enough to clamber through had pierced classroom walls so that through them I could see into other classrooms where broken desks stood up in rubble like frozen, broken-necked birds. I could well believe that teaching and learning could no longer be practiced here without great difficulties. I hoped that the children, wherever they might be, would be able somehow to surmount this barbarism and get their educations. On a desktop which lay like a tombstone upon concrete and plaster fragments, someone had scratched

the initials of the KLA. They took me down a dark wet hall and into a classroom whose chalkboard said ENGLISH—1ST LESSON beneath which title, yes indeed, ran the first lesson, ready to be copied. Had they brought me here in hopes of making my native language work on my heart? The classroom in Priluzje had been warm and dry. This classroom was cold almost to freezing, and we splashed in filthy puddles as we walked.

Here were our Albanian children, said Arguriana, my translator.[13]

They were here right until the 22 September offensive?

Yes, she said without asking the others.

No one ever shot at the police from this school? I asked, because the crucial fact regarding this school was *which side had first militarized it.* Firing into classrooms filled only with teachers and children is wrong no matter what the circumstances. Firing into classrooms emptied of teachers and children, from which insurgents have fired first, is another story.

Never, never, the KLA men insisted.

(What I know for sure, the Serbian police chief of Priluzje would later counter-insist in his office, is that *they were shooting from every building in that village.* I don't know how damaged the school is, because I haven't been there, and I'll probably never get there. —I for my part wondered how he knew what he knew if he hadn't been there.)

I contemplated the 1ST LESSON for awhile. I couldn't understand why there'd never been a second lesson. Had the school year just commenced when the Serbian offensive ended all classes in this building for good? Then I noticed something even more peculiar.

Arguriana, does school here begin in the spring or the fall?

The fall.

Then why is this first lesson dated April and not September? I asked, not trying to trip her up, merely to understand. There could have been any number of plausible reasons for this discrepancy. The teacher could have been killed in April, the pupils scattered, the class canceled. God knows, there'd been enough violence in Kosovo all year...

I don't know, was all that the Albanian girl said, and her eyes were cold. The KLA soldiers likewise regarded me without friendliness as we stood there in that dark and chilly ruin of a school, and I thought: No matter whether or not their struggle is justified, no matter whether their replies to my questions, or Arguriana's translations thereof, are *innocuously* incompetent, the fact remains that I cannot verify anything they tell me. Perhaps they were not present during the offensive. Most likely, in the manner of ideologues everywhere, they were simply offended not to be taken on faith. But I left the school with more doubts than I entered. In the other classrooms, the blackboards and even the dust on the desktops had been written on—KLA slogans, of course, KLA initials with and without hearts...

I said that both sides exaggerated in Kosovo. That is too kind. Unquestionably, both sides lied. Nor had I expected it to be otherwise. Lying is human nature, especially in war. The Albanians in Glavotina were not all the innocent victims they claimed to be. Nor were they quite the "terrorists" which the Serbs crudely labeled them.

SHOTS IN THE NIGHT

The first time I went to Priluzje it was late on a cold and rainy afternoon. My two Serbian friends were nervous and disheartened. Vineta kept rolling down her window to ask directions, which the Albanians almost invariably courteously gave, but a few hundred meters later she'd ask again, because we did sport Beograd plates. The first lesson of that school in Strovce was the first lesson which violence teaches any survivor: *Distrust strangers; double-check your friends.* Four years earlier, my colleagues had been killed in Mostar because we took a wrong turn, so no more of those, please. I was less anxious than Vineta and Petar because it felt as if whatever evil might befall us would occur slowly enough for me to protect my friends with my press card and American passport. On this road there were no snipers, no mine traps. Still, the twilight exuded an eerie feeling. Not so long ago, two Serbian journalists from the Tanjug agency had been kidnapped and beaten. —For them, there was hope, a Serb in Beograd had said to me. They were released eventually, once their wounds healed. But those two journalists from Radio Pristina, well, Bill, nobody talks about them anymore. Some KLA people stopped their car, and they were never seen again... —Perhaps it was that pair, vanished for two months now, of whom Petar and Vineta were thinking.[14] (You think they killed them? I asked Arguriana. —Maybe they did something bad, the Albanian girl replied, with her innocent smile. —Like what? What could they possibly do? —Spying.) Or perhaps my friends were thinking of the two Serbian policemen who had been found with their eyes and other parts cut out. We passed the cemetery where one of them was being interred that very hour, in sight of the power plant's two smoking towers, and Vineta histrionically said: That place is so big because more Serbs are underground now than aboveground. Everybody's working on that, too.

And so we came to Priluzje, whose sign had been printed both in the standard Cyrillic used by Serbs and in the Roman alphabet preferred by Albanians. Vandal-ideologues had blacked out the Cyrillic. Vineta had seen so many similar defacements in Kosovo that she didn't even care anymore, she said.

Beyond a stone wall topped with a wall of dead cornhusks there was a shed between whose timbers we could see shiny yellow ears of stripped corn, and then there was the school teacher's house, which was clean and austere inside. The teacher himself was a quiet grey-haired man, cleanshaven and straight like his house. He invited us in—and as long as I am expressing suspicion about the blackboard lesson

at Strovce I had better mention here that the police chief of Priluzje, to whom Vineta had reported in upon our arrival, had introduced us to this man who in due course would show us the almost nonexistent bullet hole in his classroom, saying: They shot through the window. And from that direction also. They shoot in all directions. —It had happened during the summer holidays, the teacher went on. No one was hurt. —If you believe the worst of Serbs, feel free to conclude that everything the schoolteacher said was an act, that he was a propaganda robot wheeled out by the police chief for the purpose of tricking foreign journalists. I myself don't think so. Vineta liked cops and soldiers. They had protected her when bad things happened in her life. Moreover, it was prudent and respectful to announce one's presence to the local authority, particularly when one had an enemy alien, an American, in tow. She pitied the Serbian police of Priluzje with their half-broken chairs. And the police chief with his heavy yet cheerful face was not unappealing when he joined us during the interview, sitting there with his pistol in his belt. No doubt the police chief's presence did impart to the interview a certain official character, and, as will be seen, both he and the school teacher, like their counterparts in Glavotina, spoke not entirely without exaggeration. But I believe the most important thing they imparted. I believe that they were afraid of Albanians just as the Glavotina people were afraid of Serbs.

It was the schoolteacher's Family Day, an occasion which his family and Vineta's shared because both revered the same patron, Saint Dmitiri. Vineta had already celebrated with her parents, her sister and her brother in Beograd on the previous day, which was the actual date. The schoolteacher's family always made it last two days. The housewife, who was much younger than her husband, sat us down at a small square table across from the kitchen stove and served us Coca-Cola in tall glasses and fresh coffee with the black grounds packed tightly at the bottom of each tiny cup, Turkish style. Vineta had learned from a Hungarian woman (whose son had died in the war with Bosnia and Croatia) how to tell people's fortunes from their coffee grounds. I wondered what future she foresaw for this Serbian family to which she was so deeply akin. The Derby stove shone, scrubbed glitteringly clean. Pouring out his homemade slivovitz, the schoolteacher said that his family had dwelled in Priluzje for two hundred years (which implicit claim to the place the Glavotina people, of course, angrily disputed, shouting: Never! That family lived there only *one* hundred years! Before two hundred years there was no Priluzje, only forest. —And the next time I visited Priluzje I met a doctor who informed me that his family had founded Priluzje *three* hundred years ago.). I remarked that the schoolteacher must have seen many changes.

Many, he agreed. The changes were good in an earlier period, until the 1980s.

And then?

And then the differences came gradually in all fields of life.

What kinds of differences?

Between the nationalities.

What caused those differences?

He shrugged and smiled wearily, looking into space. His ancient mother, who wore a patterned kerchief around her head, remarked almost goadingly: You remember well. You couldn't go to Cecevica Mountain to get wood anymore. The communities became limited. You couldn't go in this direction, or that direction...

What is it like for you to be a Serb in Kosovo?

I feel endangered, the schoolteacher answered.[15]

How long have you felt endangered?

He licked his dry lips. —Since the 1990s. Since the beginning of the war.

(It would be easy to opine that Priluzje by virtue of its almost unscathed appearance and its continuing official legitimation as an enclave of Serbian Yugoslavia was somehow more solidly safe than Glavotina with its destroyed houses, and indeed this would be partly true. But the countryside's roadblocks of KLA soldiers in uniforms who checked every vehicle, the tractors going about their business on the dirt roads, the laughter when I asked whether my Albanian guides were worried about meeting Serbian police, reminded me that this other world, this guerrilla world which had already suffered terribly, remained in less danger of dissipating into vapor than the world of Priluzje. The parallel schools, the secret economy, the underground militants had all hardened into daylit overtness. In the rain, a KLA man in a black commando uniform waved us down. Five minutes farther down the road, a man in a camouflage uniform emerged from his dugout to check our safe-conduct pass. Then he stood patient, with the rain running down his rifle. No Serb would stop him.)[16]

Does the KLA ever come into Priluzje? I asked the schoolteacher.

Not that I know of. But I personally saw that they were very close to the village.

The old mother said: It used to happen that they knocked on the doors of our gypsies to get information about the village.

So the gypsies are on the KLA side?

No, but they had to do it.

Poor gypsies! They lived in the meanest houses, on the very edge of town, facing Glavotina, and no one trusted them. The second time I went to Priluzje, Petar and I met a gypsy who had been superficially injured by a single round from a KLA mortar one month ago. (There came three bullets and about four grenades that day, recalled the town doctor. This gypsy was wounded by shrapnel.) It had happened right here, in the foggy rubbishy grass, as the gypsy had bent down to "take paprika from the land" as he put it. He showed me his scar and his bloody shirt. Even I, would-be friend of gypsies, distrusted his exhibitionism. He reminded of that Albanian schoolmaster in Strovce. —But why does he *keep* that shirt? I wondered aloud. —You know, said Petar, there is a custom of blood revenge in Montenegro. When the first one is killed, his family keeps the bloody shirt to remember they

have to avenge him. For that old gypsy, I don't know. It could be very exciting for him. I don't believe it's Serb propaganda in that case.

When I went to Glavotina, of course, the KLA spared no sympathy for the gypsy's wound and said: All gypsies fight in the Serbian army anyway! (As for Arguriana, she didn't like gypsies because they were dirty.)

Very politely, the Serbian schoolteacher begged off from being photographed because he was afraid of Albanian retaliation. I searched around the kitchen for other victims. The little daughter, shy and well-behaved, looked most like her mother. She was very happy when I gave her an American quarter for a souvenir. I would have liked to make a portrait of her with her grandmother, but they were afraid, too, the mother said. It was getting dark outside, and Petar and Vineta looked anxious. Later the schoolteacher would take us to a U-shaped trench at the edge of town and point up at the bunkers of Glavotina, but it was too foggy and gloomy by then for me to see them.

They were shooting at our village, said his old mother, wiping her eyes. They always do it. We get used to it, so we get surprised if they don't.

The schoolteacher's cigarette was pointed up between his fingers like a tower. Smoke rose straight up as he sat straight and quiet.

In your opinion, sir, why do they shoot at you? I asked him.

I personally believe they want to intimidate us to move out. It started in May. Two people were injured in this village. You can see some damage in the school.

Do you have any non-Serbian friends?

Yes.

Gypsies, Albanians?

All national groups, he replied. Then in a lower voice he added: Since May we're not such friends, if you know what I mean. We just exchange hellos...

If the KLA were about to make some problems for you, do you think your friends would warn you?

No, he said calmly.

Why?

I suppose that they'd be scared...

(That is all very sad and very believable. But then so is the tale of the man I met in Glavotina who used to dwell in Priluzje. He abandoned his home in 1987. —Because Serbs want me to go, he said. Send me out.)

And how often do they shoot?

Every night, replied the schoolteacher.

They shot at you last night?

Yes.

How many times?

Maybe half a dozen.

I wondered where all the bullet holes were. The next time I went to Priluzje I

met a Serbian doctor who exaggerated less. Pouring me slivovitz in his house, in which one removed one's shoes, Albanian style (I have many Albanian habits, many Albanian customs, he remarked. I am a different Serb), he said that the Albanians had not shot at them for days. —They are very weak, he told me. If they are strong, they will attack. They work something only when they are ten on one. When they are one on one, they are silent.

"THE SERBS ARE THE BIGGEST LIARS IN THE WORLD"

Coming into Glavotina, which had once boasted a hundred-odd dwellings, I saw a shattered window, a burned chimney, a scorched black foundation, a house with a huge hole in the roof from the 22 September offensive, pale wet cornstalks dying in the fields. Glavotina's appearance really did not speak very well of the Serbs, but there are answers to anything. Zoran Kostic, the President of Priluzje, had complained to me: And the journalists get money from the Albanian lobbies all over the world!—One Beograd Serb, a translator for foreign journalists who'd had frequent occasion to visit Kosovo, told me in regard to a famous massacre: The police, some of them were shit scared. Some of them died. You can imagine that some innocent Albanians died. It was no six hundred people who died. Maybe forty... —Not a very good answer, really: Forty people or six hundred, a massacre remains a massacre. So likewise with gutted houses.

Half a dozen grizzled men in raincoats were standing in the cold, checking the documents of all comers. Men in uniform gazed out of a second-storey window. This was KLA headquarters, an Albanian informed me.[17] Inside, in a smoky room filled with men who sat Muslim-style on a mat, an elder who would later kiss me goodbye on both cheeks gave an order, and I was served Turkish coffee, and then a young cadre said: They were shooting today from Priluzje. About ten minutes ago.

The boy pointed down and far away in the approximate direction of the sandbagged, U-shaped trench which the police chief and schoolteacher of Priluzje had showed me, calling it *the last line of defense.* (God knows what will happen, said the schoolteacher. It used to be the cops who defended us. Now since the cops have mostly withdrawn thanks to American pressure, we have only ourselves.) No one had dared to pose for a photograph there except for Vineta, who smiled defiantly, making the three-fingered Serb sign.

Ten minutes earlier our jeep had been on a mountain road directly over Glavotina. I believe we would have heard the shots, if there'd been any. The KLA people must have thought me very stupid. They took me to a destroyed house littered with rifle casings, and informed me that the Serbs had shot these from their weapons. By Newton's Third Law, whenever a bullet flies in one direction, the casing gets ejected in the other, falling to rest near the shooter. Very likely the presence of all these casings in Glavotina meant that an equal number of bullets had

been fired in the direction of Priluzje. And this claim on the part of the Glavotina people that fire had come from Priluzje a mere ten minutes ago convinced me as much as the claim in Priluzje that friendly Albanians had been in town only a quarter-hour ago. Maybe both assertions were true, who knows? I merely asked the Glavotina people: How many shots? How much damage?

They shrugged. Then a man said: There are Serb villages all around our village of Glavotina, and at night we cannot sleep. From seven-o'-clock in the evening they shoot. During the daytime there are a lot of journalists.

(The schoolteacher in Priluzje had said that his village was surrounded by Albanian villages, which seemed the more plausible of the two statements, Kosovo being ninety percent Albanian.)

This year in Glavotina, I asked them, how many people have been injured or killed by Serbs?

Two.

No one killed?

No.

Kidnapped?

No.

In Priluzje likewise no one had been killed yet, only the gypsy and one weather-beaten farmer had been wounded (unless one believes President Kostic, who claimed that there'd also been a woman victim), and no one had been kidnapped. It seemed to me that the fears and hatreds on both sides lay far beyond proportion. I thought of one of President Kostic's typical complaints: Last Wednesday night there was a great attack from Glavotina. A child was screaming!

I said to the Glavotina men: In Priluzje the schoolteacher showed me bullet holes in his classroom. Are they genuine or not?

Not true. He's a liar. The Serbs are the biggest liars in the world. The KLA never shoots at civilians.

Somehow this remark brought to my mind that weather-beaten Priluzje farmer I just mentioned—a beggar now, said President Kostic, because he couldn't work his five hectares across the river anymore. The Priluzje people had lost four hundred hectares of farmland to KLA intimidation, so they said, which issue I duly raised with the Glavotina firebrands. —That's not true! cried the old KLA man with gold teeth. They took all the land! They burned the houses!

So how much land on this side belongs to them?

Ten hectares only.

I myself own ten hectares over there, a weary cop told me the next time I returned to Priluzje. You want to see the papers?

Oh, forget it, I said. I believe you...

A month before, on the sixth of October, the weather-beaten Serb with the five hectares had left his job at the power plant and set out to work his land. He swore

to me that he was in civilian dress. A uniformed KLA man put a gun to his head and requested his company farther up the mountain. When he saw his chance to run, and took it, the KLA man fired at him. —I didn't fear, the farmer said, but I didn't want them to kidnap me. I don't know how many bullets he shot at me. And I ran holding my hand where I took these bullets. Then I stopped running and started to walk. I called the police. From that day to this, I've no feeling in my hand. —And he showed me his yellowish-grey, puffy fingers. —I'm so sorry, I said. I hope you feel better. —Later, the village doctor told me: Two bullet wounds. The bones are broken forever.

All right, I said to the Glavotina people. What happened in the 22 September offensive?

They all buzzed like bees. —On 22 September, at seven in the morning, Serbian tanks came into the village, just there at those rocks, and they started shooting, said a KLA soldier, spreading his hands. —The offensive lasted three days. And on the third day they started burning houses. They burned them by hand. The population was hiding in the mountains.

(The police chief of Priluzje remembered it differently, of course. He said to me: I wasn't there, but the Albanians resisted fiercely. The Albanians were shooting at people all the time. I could hear them shooting even down here in Priluzje.)

When did the KLA first come to Glavotina?

That's secret, said the Glavotina people. We cannot tell you that.

When did you decide you wanted independence for Kosovo?

Since 1991. Since Milosevic.

What's your opinion of Milosevic?

We're not interested in him. He's a war criminal.

We will never leave our homes, said an old Glavotina man. We just want freedom.

But he'd had Serbian neighbors once. They'd left *their* homes, and not quite by choice. I remember the jovial Albanian in a cafe in Pristina who said: Before, Glavotina was mixed, but all the Serbs moved to Priluzje.

And why did they do that?

To be all compact, the Albanian replied easily.

Were they afraid?

I don't know, he said, not much interested in the feelings of these biggest liars in the world.

THE DEATH OF AMRUC ASLANI

In Kosovo, where life and lineage, property and history, all crouch disputed, even a man's death can become blurred by that same monotonous winter fog of hatred intermixed with loss.[18] Someone falls by violence. Was it accident or murder? If it was murder, was the hatred political or personal? Or was the murder purely instrumental, convenient, without hatred attached? There was a Serb in Priluzje, the doctor I mentioned earlier, and whom I'll be mentioning again, who swore to me that in the pathology department of Kosovo Hospital he'd seen photographs of Serbian women who'd been raped and murdered by Albanian terrorists. I said that it would benefit his side if I could get copies of those photographs. The doctor studied me for a long time, then said: If I help you, do you promise to publish the pictures? —I promise, I said. —Then the doctor gave me the name of a pathologist he knew. Vineta, Petar and I went there. First suspicious, this lady had just begun to be helpful when her white-coated boss, looking daggers at me, summoned her away. Was it because there were no such photographs, or because I was American? Vineta said it was because I was a foreign journalist, with whom collaboration might amount to being a traitor; and also because officials and professionals in Yugoslavia continued to operate under the same principles of ass-covering inertia as in Communist times. —I said: Vineta, this is so very important. You want to help the Serbian side, so please find me photographs of raped or mutilated Serbian civilian corpses, with legal attestations that Albanian terrorists killed them. —And so Vineta telephoned a lady judge who could offer me only some photographs of burned bones which the Serbs had found in a pit two months earlier after marching into a KLA area, which was why the judge assumed that the victims must be Serbs, but she could not absolutely guarantee it until the forensic experts from Helsinki Watch had examined these relics. Then Vineta called another judge, who told her, naturally, that it would take time to find and copy any relevant documents. I am still waiting, and the doctor's allegation remains unproven.

As for the atrocities committed by Serbs against Muslims, I did not visit any of the famous sites of mass graves because the roads were too unsafe for anyone to drive me there. About one of these places Petar said to me: When you call them mass graves, you think of one big hole in the ground. But it wasn't like that. According to police officers' statements, they were killed in battle. When the authorities took over, they buried the dead just there. The bad thing, I must admit, is that they buried them in the garbage dump. The other things, no. They were not mass graves in the sense that the German journalists say.

What am I to make of this? Nothing, I guess. I saw nothing of this; I interviewed no eyewitnesses; moreover, I have no forensic training.

Well, what *did* I see? On the way to Glavotina, my Albanian translator regaled me with vistas of ruined buildings, and then we passed an untouched cottage or

two, and then on the wet green meadow farther up the mountain, there were more burned houses. I had asked her the previous night to show me some murdered Albanian corpses if there were any fresh ones, or else the graves of the less recently dead. We halted again, where a man in KLA uniform stood waiting in the rain beside the scorched shell of his house. He was Arguriana's cousin, who just happened to be (so she rendered his title) "KLA commander for the eighth village."

It happened two months ago, he said. On 22 September, he said.

Were you shooting at the Serbs at that time?

The Serbs came first. No KLA shooting. No nothing. *This was my house.*

(For the record, here is what the police chief of Priluzje asserted about such matters: What I can say as a member of the Ministry of the Interior is that our police never acted against houses that haven't shot at us. I really have never in my life seen any police with benzene in their hands to burn houses. —So how do you think all the Albanian houses were destroyed? I asked him. —I don't know of any weapons that can do that.[19] —And here is the testimony of the young doctor from the same town: I wasn't in the same place you were, but I was mobilized as a policeman in V————, so I could say the houses were burning. —And were the KLA shooting from every house you burned?—Yes, he said.)

Why did you become a soldier? I asked.

To fight for freedom, the KLA commander said. For my kids.

What do you hope for?

Independence.

How many years will it take?

I don't know.

If you gain independence, would you prefer to join Albania or not?

It depends. The main thing is just not to live with Serbs.

And the Serbs who live in Kosovo now, what about them?

We are not with the Serbs. We fight them. They massacre children. We hate them.

All of them? What about the people in Priluzje?

We hate them, he said, glaring at me. *All out!*

I wandered behind him through his shattered roof-pottery. He said: They mined this house with mines that day. You see the hole? And here is blood. Here died my father. *They shoot him*, said the man in his cold and ruined house. —My father was here. And they come by tank and go in here. My father was alone here.

Why did they shoot your father?

Just because he was Albanian. He was seventy-five years old...

In what part of his body did they shoot him?

All body. They shoot seven-eight times.

You found your father when you came back home?

He nodded, standing there beside the purple-brown blood of his father, and his father's shoes, and the heap of his father's clothes.

It began to rain when we went outside, and the puddles foamed and seethed in the mud around the dead houses. He took me to the roofless granary where his store of corn now resembled scorched black pellets of shot which shone in the rain. The KLA commander said: For the first time, the orders in this offensive were to burn food. And they shoot the animals. They steal everything. They shoot the old people. But we must stay here...

For the sake of argument, let's suppose that his tale was true, that this dried blood and this heap of clothes comprised the relics of his father who had been murdered in cold blood by the Serbian police. (For all I know, he might have been showing me chicken blood.) The destroyed house itself and the burned corn give evidence of the regime's methodical ferocity. But I begin to be oppressed by some of the same considerations as in the wrecked school in Strovce. The commander did not want to tell me when he had joined the KLA, but since he was a commander it is a fair bet that he had belonged before the Serbian offensive, which had occurred only two months previous. With his gun and his uniform, he had obviously become a combatant, and if he had died in a shootout with Serbian troops I would have pitied him no more than I would any other killed soldier on either side. So had he militarized his home? Was he telling the strict truth when he claimed not to have fired a single shot against the Serbs during that offensive? Had he fired no shot against them prior to the offensive? And what was his father doing there? Let's assume that the old man was a noncombatant too weak to run away. Let's say that the Serbs found him and committed an atrocity. Did his son bear absolutely no responsibility for this? In my country, a man who shoots at police while keeping a wife or child beside him is considered to have endangered his companions, and, should the police's return fire kill one of them, to be at least somewhat at fault. The Serbs who killed the old Albanian man were monsters. But the hands of the son might not be clean.

And now let us return to observe the next round in the game of accusations between Priluzje and Glavotina. Let us hear the case of Amruc Aslani.[20]

Some Albanian in Priluzje, they killed him in his own house two months ago, the Glavotina men told me bitterly.

What was his name?

Amruc Aslani. He was alone in his house.

He must have been a brave man, to remain in Priluzje after all the other Albanians left.

He was alone, they said. He was more than seventy. They beat the old people in Priluzje, two months ago and now. And they killed him.[21]

In Priluzje, the police chief's office was chilly, high-ceilinged and almost empty—file cabinets in the corner, a dormant space heater, a map, a poster identifying Serbian police insigniae. The police chief was the same age as Vineta, who is a year younger than my youngest sister, but he looked much older with his uniform

and cropped hair. Speaking with his hands clasped against the cold, he said: Well, Amruc Aslani used to live between Priluzje and Stanovce. He was in a fight with his family. I heard that he was killed, but it could only have been between them. I'm sure no one from this village killed him. Well, well, so now they're using that in their propaganda.

Do you know any more details about the case, officer?

Actually, it had to do with his brother. Blood revenge is a very common thing among Albanians. They had three or four quarrels about land and property. He killed one of them, so then his brother killed him. The man was just sitting in his yard. Who else would have reason to kill him?

So everyone who killed and was killed in this matter was Albanian?

Yes.

And the case is open or closed now?

Closed. We cannot conduct any investigation into that, since the killer is on Albanian territory. He's walking freely. He's probably in some other village.

How was he killed?

Probably by pistol.

The third version of Amruc Aslani's death came from a Serb in Priluzje whom Petar and Vineta later warned me for his sake not to identify. It always offends me to obey such strictures, but it is better to do so than to endanger anybody. This man said over glasses of homemade slivovitz that Amruc Aslani was indeed beaten to death by Serbs, but that he had been a cruel Albanian policeman. At some point after their fear and hatred had been exasperated by the nightly sniping against Priluzje, my anonymous source said, the Serbs decided to beat any Albanian who entered their town. They had not meant to kill him. He died of his injuries twenty days later. The man said: I don't want to exaggerate anything Serbian or Albanian.

The fourth version came from the Albanian coal miner in Pristina, who said: He was my school friend. I was not there when it happened. But all of them tell to me he was killed. By Serbs. With a gun, near his house.

Why?

He spread his hands. —Just I suppose... —and his voice trailed off.

Was he ever on the police force?

Not a police. Just a simple man.

Did he ever have any problems with his brothers?

The miner hesitated. —Thirty years ago. But not now.

There you have it. Vineta believed the police chief's version. I do not. To me the tale of the anonymous Serb in Priluzje rings truest, because it goes against self-interest as confessed, and because the teller was most likely to have observed the crime he described. But each story contradicts the others on some point. The miner was in his late forties, so if Amruc Aslani were truly his school friend, then he could not have been seventy years old as the Glavotina people claimed. The two Serbian

accounts are divided as to whether he was beaten or shot; so are the two Albanian accounts. He was a former policeman and he was a simple man. It scarcely matters what I believe, or even what really happened to Amruc Aslani. The real point is that after telling us his version of the murder, the coal miner began to look so sad, and I asked him whether Glavotina and Priluzje, Albanians and Serbs, could live together, and he became even sadder so that Vineta hung her head and Petar slipped his arm protectively around her as the miner said almost in a whisper: Well, you know, it's been so many years... They used to be my friends and neighbors, and now I don't think so.

Why?

Because I see it's not possible.

Everyone in the cafe (it was an Albanian cafe, of course) sat around listening, and I asked: How many agree that it's not possible?

One man spoke up: No, we can live together, but the Serbs don't want to live together.

Another man insisted: If we live with Serbs, the police cannot guarantee our safety.

THE DOCTOR'S OFFER

And here we have the crucial issue for Priluzje and Glavotina, as for Kosovo at large—not what their history is, or who lived here first, Serbian royalty who ate with golden forks,[22] or noble Illyrians who resisted the imperialism of ancient Rome[23]—but only whether or not their mutual hatred is revocable.[24]

Is it possible for Serbs and Albanians to live together in Kosovo? I asked the Albanian coal miner.

Now it's not possible, he replied. Many murders, many...—He spread his hands.

Do you think the Serbs of Priluzje should stay or go?

I'm born near Priluzje, and my neighbors are Serbs, he said carefully. We were living very good, but political reasons now make Serbs and Albanians fight. They cannot live together.

From this reply I infer his meaning to have been: *The Priluzje people must go.*

Into my head came the idea of bringing a Serb to Glavotina and an Albanian to Priluzje. Petar rejected any participation in this, accusing me of journalistic adventurism, of a desire to experiment with the lives of others. He was a Balkan type; he overestimated the complexity and deviousness of my motives. I, being a shallow American type, underestimated the difficulties for all concerned. Truth to tell, I was no laboratory experimenter. It simply made me very sad that Serbs and Albanians had diverged so widely that they no longer had the opportunity even to confront each other's accusations. Wasn't it better to try and fail than to be despairingly, bitterly raging like the people in Glavotina, or fearfully bunkered down like the Priluzje people who still had so much left to lose? I invited Vineta along, longing

to learn what common reality could be hammered out between her and a roomful of KLA militants, but she replied: The Albanians in the mountains may just capture the Serbs and do whatever they want to them. You can't stop them. And you can imagine if I go there and then come back who will ask me questions about what. Bill, I am not such a chicken. I would wish the Albanians everything worst in the world, but if I see something I would feel like protecting them. I simply don't care—

If we took Vineta and Petar with us, could you guarantee their safety? I asked Arguriana.

No, she responded with her customary smile.

Well, would you go to Priluzje if Vineta guarantees *your* safety? She says she can...

It's dangerous for us to go there, because we took some Serbs just now.

You mean you kidnapped them?

Yes.

The police chief of Priluzje in his resplendent uniform with the yellow chevrons and his red, blue and white shield, he couldn't visit the other side, either. He said: If I only try to protect anybody, if I crossed the bridge, I would get a bullet in my forehead. It's only because I'm a Serb, policeman or not. I myself don't divide people into ethnic groups, only into good and bad...

Eventually I gave up on my stupid American idea. But still I hoped that somebody from one side would at least be willing to write a message to a friend or former friend on the other side. If I could do anything, however insignificant, to help Priluzje and Glavotina talk to one another about their mutual estrangement, my visits would at least have served some purpose.

And so I asked everyone I met. They all said no. Finally I asked the doctor.

When we first met, he and I nearly wrote each other off. Balkan type that he was, he believed that the ethnic strife in Kosovo had been caused by Machiavellian internationalists—namely, American plutocrats. —There was geological research in 1989 that shows under Kosovo is oil, he began.[25] An American firm called Texaco offered fifty billion dollars if all the population of Kosovo would leave. Then the Americans could take the oil...

Where did you hear that, doctor?

Every Serb knows that.

The doctor poured out more slivovitz of his own making and demanded to know of me why America wanted to fuck Serbia the way that America was fucking Iraq.[26] —If Russia was not weak, there would be a balance, he said. U.S. is just fuck the world.

I agreed with him that what my country was doing to Iraq was wrong. I had just been there. But I denied that my government's international policy was "fuck the world." As always, I tried to defend and explain what I never had considered entirely defensible but which surely could not be as terrible as anti-Americans thought. I became an irritable patriot. I argued; I disagreed.

You see, we were under sanctions for more than nine years, and we live here normal! the doctor shouted. Perhaps we live poor, but we live happy! That's why if America don't attack now, they'll never take our oil. People cannot see the solution of these ethnic problems in Kosovo, and so they are afraid of Americans. They are not afraid of Albanians.

Even the Albanians in Glavotina?

Even them. A few months ago, when one Albanian child was ill, they came for me in the middle of night and asked me to come. I went to the village. Then I saw KLA. And I had no troubles.

(That was when he told me about the barn made out of Serbian gravestones.)

All the people in Kosovo can live as they lived before, he insisted. This is the game of the great powers. I have lived with Albanians thirty-three years and I may live another thirty-three years. There are some promises from Germany and the U.S. to the Albanians. I don't know if they will keep those promises.

In that case, what would happen, doctor, if you and I were to walk across the bridge to Glavotina?

I don't know, he said, sticking another long cigarette in his mouth. I would be mad if I didn't have a guarantee. They behave as if the bridge is the border.

It would be wonderful if these two villages could at least talk to each other. Can you think of any message I could bring from Priluzje to Glavotina? I already asked President Kostic. He said he had no message—

You can tell the Albanians then from Doctor M———— that you and I can live together forever, and we don't need that shit.

Maybe you could write them a letter, so they'd know that I wasn't putting words in your mouth.

Oh, it's going too far! But no matter that I am Serb, I will be on service to all Albanians.

You see, Bill, Petar interjected, they have the goodwill in Priluzje but they are afraid to show goodwill for KLA. That's why you can find no one who wants to talk to them.

I cannot write a letter today, said the doctor, but if the Albanians write me a letter today, I will answer it. And if some Albanians go to Pristina they can meet me and we'll talk over the problems. I'm not ashamed to meet with any of the Albanians. The M———— family will guarantee their safety.

And so, feeling that I might at least be able to do some small good, on the morrow I set out for the Albanian side.

Why do you want to go to Glavotina? Arguriana asked me. She had never been there; she had no interest in Glavotina.

I was in Priluzje yesterday, and they told me how afraid they are. They say that the KLA shoot at them every night—

Well, of course it's not true, she interrupted.

I described the doctor's invitation and asked her: Do you think that's good or bad?

She shrugged.

You don't care, I said.

Don't care, she agreed.

We rode along in silence for a moment, and then she said: Because they massacre children. They have no feelings.

In Glavotina I repeated what the doctor had said, Arguriana grudgingly, sullenly translating, and some were angry and others merely stared at me as people stare at moonshiny dreamers, so finally I said: Do you want to send any reply?

We don't know about that, they replied contemptuously.

Don't you know Doctor M————? He said he came here a few months ago to treat a sick Albanian child...

Not true! Liar! they shouted. He was never here! Dr. M————, we don't trust him. And the M———— family, we don't trust them.

I asked a villager: Would it be better for the Priluzje people to stay or go to Serbia if you get independence?

Better to stay here, said the old man. Just not to shoot at us.

I tried one more time, saying: You know, as a journalist I can go back and forth between the two villages. Think of me as your postman. When I was in Sarajevo during the siege I took letters from Muslim families to their relatives in Beograd. And just now I've brought a message from the doctor to you. Do you have any message for anybody in Priluzje?

No, the Albanian girl translated with her usual tranquillity. They don't have no message.

A man shouted: That doctor is such a liar! We want to have some words with him. We can *never* live with Serbs, *never!*

And somebody threatened to cut the doctor's throat.

Much later, I learned that an old man had said to the Albanian girl's brother: The doctor is a good man, but I cannot say so publicly in front of these others.

The next time I was back in Priluzje, Petar, Vineta and I dropped by the doctor's house.

How much shooting was there last night?

No shooting, he said.

His young, cigaretted face gazed at me, and he asked: So, you went to Glavotina?

Yes, doctor, I answered, telling him what they had said. He shrugged, his face sad and resigned. I'd been the fool that everyone proclaimed me; his pessimism had been correct all along. I admired him all the more for trying. He was practically the only person I met in Kosovo who was willing to meet the other side.[27]

He poured me slivovitz and said: Kostic is receiving threats, and now I'm receiving threats. Why should I receive threats, just because I am a Serb?

We sat there for awhile, and I asked him: What's the most frightening thing for you and your family?

My little boy's afraid, he said. When they start shooting, he says *pom-pom* and runs away. But I'm not afraid of anything.

Then he said: I'm glad you were received by the Albanians. You can see how poisoned they are.

AND PRILUZJE?

And Priluzje? I had asked Arguriana. Should those people stay or go?

Better for them to go into Serbia, of course. Because the people are angry now.

You wouldn't be sorry if they had to leave their land?

Smiling, she spread her hands.

THE SCULPTOR

Professor Agim Çavardasha, known in some circles as "the second smartest man in Kosovo," after Rugova[28] (of course for Çavardasha there had never been any *Kosovo*, only *Kosova*), appears well cast in his exhibition catalogue photograph as the incarnation of one of those ancient Greek philosophers with whose idealized busts we are so familiar: searching eyes, a smooth forehead, cropped hair, and a soft, thick, yet moderate beard and moustache which combine to clothe the lower third of his face in sageness. Vineta thought him quite handsome even though he looked much older than in that photograph (he suffered from kidney trouble which might prevent him from working again). Vineta also adored his flat, his atelier, and certain of his more square-angled pieces—Çavardasha was in fact a well-known sculptor. His propensity for artistic generalization—I will not say abstraction—fit the man. The wooden and marble forms he'd made reached out at principles. Thus his depiction of the first time a band of women defied the traditional ban on female attendance at Albanian funerals: Slender statues face us, the forms schematized almost to nothingness—except for the eyes gazing at us out of each otherwise blank head. In short, Çavardasha was extraordinary in a highly rarefied way. He if anyone would be at several removes from those other Albanian Kosovars who stood inside their destroyed houses, smoking cigarettes, pointing to ruined stoves. He had heat and food. He had a family, recognition, a Muse. These privileges enhanced my interest in his political views because if in spite of all he possessed he still asserted, on the record, and in front of Petar and Vineta, that he desired independence for Kosovo—in other words, if unlike more atomized intellectuals he could not be bought with comfort—that fact would furnish a yet more relentless indication of the ill prospects for Albanian and Serbian coexistence in the region.

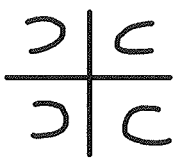
Born in Kosovo just before the end of the Second World War, Çavardasha lived what he called a happy childhood. In those days, any Yugoslav could go to Pristina,

Priluzje or Glavotina. (Let us quote our friend Dr. M———— in Priluzje: During World War II, on this side was Serbia. On the Pristina side was Greater Albania.)[29] The troops of his country of nominal citizenship never reduced his parents' stairs to blackened cross-sections; if he played among any smashed and crunching things, the responsibility was that of the Germans and Italians. He finished primary school in the Albanian language, then secondary school in Serbo-Croatian (as it *used* to be called, Vineta interjected drily).

A DIGRESSION

His education seemed so unthinkable now. Arguriana agreed that she could have attended a Yugoslav school, or I guess I should say a Serbian school, had she chosen. Her older brother did. He'd studied Serbo-Croatian, and his Serbian classmates had studied Albanian. But his epoch was less polarized than Arguriana's. When I wondered why she didn't want any such education, she replied that if she'd gone that way her friends would have called her a spy. In war one must conform. One must go to approved schools and live in approved areas. One must uphold approved things. And the schools for their part, they became rigid uniforms for the pupils to wear. In place of medals, they present slogans, graffiti, furtive and open marks.

I see in my mind's eye still another ruined Albanian school whose halls I'd recently wandered through just west of Pristina. Written on the walls (no doubt by the victors, the destroyers) was the word SRBIJA. I also saw the four C's nestled in the cross, two C's frontwards, two backwards, which appear on the Serbian coat of arms, and which stand for *Only unity saves the Serbs:*



Four years ago, during the three-cornered war between Serbia, Bosnia and Croatia, I had bought a cap with that ensign. In Beograd the four C's were everywhere. They made Vineta happy. Now they'd retreated to walls under bus overpasses in Beograd, but in Kosovo they could not be missed; they accompanied such other banners of militancy as THE ALBANIAN NATION CAN BLOW ME (Vineta laughed at that one and said: It's really pretty good, actually!) and I'M NOT JUST PERFECT: I'M SERBIAN TOO—to say nothing of KLA: IT'S NOT JUST A DREAM and KLA and KLA and KLA.

NATIONAL OR NATIONALISTIC?

Çavardasha's school days were spared that. Like so many older Yugoslavs, our sculptor looked back on the Tito years almost fondly. He said to me: Compared to such Stalinist countries as Albania, there were many freedoms. —Like many other Albanian Kosovars, he could believe in a steady increase in living standards and political power in what had become the Autonomous Province of Kosovo and

Metohija. Kosovo, like the Hungarian autonomous province to the north, remained a part of Serbia in those years, but it enjoyed its own assembly and executive committee. His sculptures, which frequently evinced a chillier whimsicality than their titles implied, were exhibited in Beograd, Paris, Alexandria, Cologne, and of course in Tirana. There was, he said, a *national* note in them, but not a *nationalistic* one. Even Vineta's harsh consistency did not find them problematic. For example, since Albanian women were so often accused of breeding like rabbits, one of his pieces depicted a mother raising up her many children to the sky. (We didn't see that one. It had been smuggled into Tirana for a show, and no one had smuggled it back.) Another work memorialized the Albanian soldiers returned home from the recent civil war in coffins, and a third was his famous Pieta, in which an Albanian mother carved out of white marble mourned for her slaughtered child.

In the first decade after Tito's death, the antagonism between Kosovo's Serbs and Albanians had already become marked. (Çavardasha used the word *apartheid.)* Kosovo was always the poorest constituent of Yugoslavia.[30] After the huge demonstrations of Albanian nationalists in 1981, when Albanians killed some Serbs, and Serbian troops in reprisal killed many Albanians, none of Çavardasha's Serbian colleagues attended his latest exhibition. In 1990, the ruling bodies of the province "ceased to exist," as my *Political Guide to Yugoslavia* succinctly put it. "All their rights and responsibilities were taken over by the Assembly and Executive Committee of the Socialist Republic of Serbia."[31] In 1991, Çavardasha and all his Albanian colleagues were fired from the Faculty of Arts. It happened to him while he was on holiday. Returning, he found the announcement in his box. The alleged cause was his absence at a certain unimportant meeting. His Serbian students called for his reinstatement; his Albanian students were already boycotting the university. That was when the movement for parallel classes began.

He said: The guy who fired me was my ex-student, a Serb, who learned everything he knows from me. He became a dean later. If he sees me on the street, he looks away. Only Serbs remain on the faculty now.

And so Çavardasha taught in his atelier. Since he and the students had no money for transportation and thus had to walk there, they often cooked and slept there as well. For the first year and a half, he received no salary. Then the ethnic Albanian government-in-exile, or what the Serbs would call the shadow government, began paying him out of the secret taxes collected from Albanian Kosovars.[32]

Does the Serbian state pay you any pension?

No, nothing. It's funny you would even ask.

His Serbian ex-students sometimes stopped him on the street to request technical advice. His Serbian ex-colleagues continued to boycott all his exhibitions.

If Serbian students had attended your classes in the atelier, Professor, would the Albanian students have made them feel welcome?

I think not, said Çavardasha with a weary smile.

9 November, 1998 *Media Centar Pristina*

~~01.15~~ PM CET

Bodies of the policemen Ilija Vujosevic (1960) and Dejan Djatlov (1975), that were kidnapped on Friday on the road between Malisevo and Orlate, were found this morning not far from Malisevo.

According to the first results of the investigation, the two kidnapped policemen were killed by firearms from a close distance.

The investigation of the crime is underway.

Ilija Vujosevic, policeman from Pristina and Dejan Djatlov, police conscript, were transporting the supplies for the police by truck.

The police patrol found their bodies this morning.

(Full End)

A heavy-armed attack was made against the Malisevo Police Station last night at 07.20 PM CET. Media Centar was informed.

No casualties were reported among the police.

Heavy-armed groups of Albanian extremists attacked the police station using mortars, bazookas and automatic weapons. Four mortar projectiles have hit and damaged the police building. A police off-road vehicle was also damaged.

The police fired back and the attackers withdrew.

(Full End)

Here in Kosovo, would you say that many Serbs are against you, or not so many?

I think it's not really ordinary people. I have Serbian friends, and my atelier is all surrounded by Serbs. I think it's basically the regime in Beograd. You know that very well, added, gazing pointedly at Vineta.

His wife brought us all Coca-Colas.

Wherever you sit in a cafe, everybody's discussing the war, he remarked, gesturing with his unlit cigarette.

When you say the war, what do you mean?

I mean what is happening here.[33] What I'm talking about is all the women and children, not to mention the familiar case of the seven-year-old child who received a bullet in his mouth. You see, I'm shaking when I say this.

(You know what? Vineta had said about the strife in Kosovo. I don't understand why those journalists don't feel humiliated to eat a whole plate of Albanian shit. Me,

if I have to eat one bite, all right, but this is fuckin' *disgusting.* —And the police chief of Priluzje said: All these people there are simply poisoned by the idea of Greater Albania, from three years old to a hundred and three years old. Why that is, I don't know.)

Professor, I asked, would the limited autonomy of the Tito days be enough for you now, or would you require full independence?

Since we've been really badly treated for the last twenty years,[34] independence is the only solution.

Do you support the KLA?

Çavardasha smiled and hesitated. His family looked on, murmuring anxiously.

Basically, he replied carefully, the KLA was formed by *the people* as a reaction to the first massacres of Albanian civilians. I was in Moscow Hospital at the time. I'll never forget how I felt...

ANOTHER DIGRESSION: THE MURDERED POLICEMEN

So he had declared himself. I respected his courage. The next step was to apply the litmus test of the two murdered cops. Why not write their names? After all, they keep coming up in this story (and I may as well mention that during the brief time I was in Kosovo, several other Serbian policemen also disappeared or were seriously wounded in guerrilla attacks).[35] Ilya Vujosevic, then forty-eight years old, and his twenty-four-year-old colleague Dejan Djatlov, both Serbs, were kidnapped and then machine-gunned to death. International news reports said cautiously that their corpses "bore signs of torture." Vineta and Petar were sitting in Priluzje drinking up the doctor's slivovitz when that tale came up in the conversation. About one of the murdered men the doctor said: His jaw was removed, and every bone was broken. He got seven bullets in the back. Every organ was injured. He was shot by dum-dum bullets. I saw in the photo with my own eyes. His eyes were cut out; his ears were cut off...

Vineta had leaned forward, I thought at first merely out of weary disgust, and then I saw that she was weeping. —I'm sorry, I'm sorry, she sobbed. It's just that my little brother's only nineteen and he—he wants to join up and help save Kosovo...

In Albania I asked a KLA man about those policemen. He insisted that their deaths were sheer Serbian propaganda. I told him that their eyes had allegedly been gouged out, and he explained that Serbs would do anything for effect.

And on that drive to Glavotina, when a devout-looking KLA soldier jumped into the jeep beside us, I said to Arguriana: Ask his opinion about what happened to those two Serbian policemen.

I know what he thinks, said Arguriana with her trademark smile.

Well, ask him anyway.

He says they killed two of his friends.

11 November, 1998 *Media Center Pristina*

12:15 PM CET

Three policemen were badly wounded yesterday evening in an attack made by Albanian extremists at 07:00 PM CET

The policemen wounded are as follows: Veljko Mertic from Negotin, and conscripts Slavko Amidzic and Sasa Stefanovic from Kosovo Polje.

The policemen wounded were transported to the Pristina Clinical - Hospital Center, and have undergone surgical treatment. According to the surgeon statement, their lives are not endangered

The Albanian extremists attacked the police station and its other facilities in Glogovac using mortars, bazookas and automatic weapons. The police facilities underwent significant damages.

The police fired back and after an hour of fighting, they repulsed the attack.

The search after the attackers is underway.

(Full End)

Those two police in particular, or others?

The Albanian girl shrugged.

Why did they have to torture them?

It's the same, she said indifferently, not translating the question for the KLA man, who was already glaring at me. Brute that I was, I'd cast doubt on the sanctity of his organization. —They do it to us, and we do it to them. It's war.

THE RIDDLE'S ANSWER

So I leaned forward there in Çavardasha's house, fixed my eyes on the sculptor, and asked him: When the KLA kills Serbian police, is that justified or not?

I think it's not, Çavardasha replied. But I can say that I don't know how I'd react if one of my children were massacred...

THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO

Remembering those back roads where men in KLA uniforms strode about by day so freely (a new recruit ran casually into a house to get his weapon, then sat beside me with his antique six-shooter and his Russian rifle, pointing gloomily at destroyed houses in the rain), remembering also the fact that not a single Albanian I met in the province would now settle for anything less than independence, remembering how the tense young doctor in Priluzje had leaned forward when he began to tell his own war stories as a police reservist, and how he'd said: What I could see with my own eyes was a police tank and a KLA guy standing in the middle of the street with an automatic rifle, shooting at the tank. What kind of people do that? What kind of fanatics?—remembering, too, that international opinion went against the Serbs, I said to Vineta and Petar: I'm sorry, but I think you're going to lose Kosovo.

I think so, too, Vineta whispered despondently.

Who knows, she remarked to the Albanian girl with bright bitterness, maybe next time Bill comes here I'll need a passport to go to Pristina.

Arguriana shrugged and smiled.[36]

Sadness was hardly the only emotion Vineta felt. —*They will see what a Serbian rage is like*, she had said. —And the director of the media center in the Grand Hotel in Pristina (a Serb, of course) told me: If we really get fed up, the whole world can bomb us, and we won't care. —He was also the man who aphorised: *A person without history is not a person.*

He was right, although I remain unconvinced that the vacuous unpersonhood of my fellow Americans is utterly inferior to the full fledged humanity of Balkan types who kill each other for politics. What is history? Go to the monument at Kosovo where in 1389 Prince Lazar, the Serbian leader, was captured in battle and executed by the Turks.[37] In one eighteenth-century painting of unknown provenance, Lazar, whom Vineta calls not prince but emperor, resembles a king from a deck of playing cards come alive, with sad dark eyes. (He was not a good man, a KLA recruit predictably told me, because he took Albanian land.) After the battle he lost, Serbia became a vassal state for centuries. But perhaps, as the famous Serbian poem about him runs, "The Tsar chose a heavenly kingdom, / And not an earthly kingdom."[38] When I was in Albania, some the KLA cadres I interviewed pretended never to have heard of Lazar and his death; the others merely said they'd never visited the monument. Were they a people without history? Not at all. They had their own battle of Kosovo to invoke; their hero, Skanderbeg, had also lost to the Turks... But let's remain with the Serbs for now. The old marketwomen in Beograd might have never been to Kosovo, but they'd all traveled there in their hearts. One old lady who was selling ribbons personalized with Cyrillic proper names shook her fist at me upon learning my nationality, crying: You Americans have no souls! You're only about

money. But in heaven we'll all be equal. —Then she relented a little as she peered at me and said: Ah, well, you're young. It's not your fault. But we Serbs have souls. In Kosovo there's a flower that grows in the fields, a red, red flower that's so beautiful. It's red from all the blood of Serbs who died for our freedom.[39] Prince Lazar died for you. He saved Europe from the Muslims.[40] But you don't care.

Who's Serbia's best friend and who's her worst enemy? I asked the old woman.

We have no friends, she replied calmly. Our enemy is your big money. But someday we will have our revenge.

I've asked: What is history? Go to Kosovo battlefield. Vineta, Petar and I visited the tower on a cold and overcast day of bitter winds. Vineta told me how an Albanian caretaker had been caught pissing on the monument a few years back. How did she know it was he? Because Serbs wouldn't do it, so it must have been some Albanian, so it was probably that man. She read out for me the words of Prince Lazar to his allies and vassals: *Whoever fails to come to Kosovo and is of Serbian stock, let him get no progeny of woman, let him have neither red wine nor white wheat; let him rust.* A busload of military police had just arrived. Off duty but in uniform, wearing their guns and knives, the men ascended the monument to gaze down at the land's wet green darkness and faraway mountains, with the smoke from the power plant massing on the horizon in a disgusting cloud, and a guide explained to them how the battle had gone while they earnestly listened, with their hands bunkered in their pockets against the cold. They would not let me photograph them at first, because I was American, but when Vineta entered the picture in order to help me, then they were happy. History—in the sense that the media center's director meant the term —is largely pictures. This photograph of Vineta and the Serbian police might be unfairly, propagandistically captioned by some American periodical to prove something about Serbian militarism, and then it would be history, wouldn't it? I took another photograph of Vineta by one of the new concrete pillars which were inscribed with the dates 1389-1989. 1989 was the date of Milosevic's famous speech promising to safeguard the rights of Serbs. He delivered it here, on the exact anniversary of Lazar's defeat. Many have blamed that speech for unleashing the poisonous nationalism which broke up Yugoslavia. (All the KLA cadres I interviewed remembered Milosevic's words quite well. They said: He prepared to take our land.) Be that as it may, Kosovo remains, as Misa said to me, Jerusalem. —Personally, I don't want it to be lost, another Beograd Serb told me. It took centuries to take it back. We're already ruined in a way, but to lose it would be terrible.

When the police chief of Priluzje came to join us at the schoolteacher's kitchen with the clean white stove and the shiny black stovepipe, I asked: Officer, when you were a small child, did they take you to the battlefield of Kosovo?

Two or three times, he replied in his surprisingly melodious voice. The school organized it.

If Serbia lost Kosovo, what would you do?

The schoolteacher's old mother interrupted with a shout: Never! We'll always stay here! We'll never lose Kosovo!

And what do you think, officer?

Well, said the police chief with a quiet smile, my answer is the same.

And Zoran Kostic, the camouflage-trousered President of Priluzje, said to me: We respect the Milosevic-Holbrooke Agreement. But the other side doesn't respect it. If they continue not to respect it, we shall organize ourselves to guard the village as before. We've demobilized our paramilitary units. We can remobilize them. —In other words, his answer was also the same.

The old lady was still shouting: Kosovo has always been a Serbian land. Our ancient monasteries prove that. The Americans want this to be Albanian land now. That'll be the day! For the last fifty years, Albanian immigrants have been moving in to take our land. They won't get it. That'll be the day!

You can't understand how I feel! Vineta said to me again and again. And I can't understand why you can't understand. When I come to Kosovo, I feel anxious and concerned and—and... *I love this land.* But you Americans, you're nobodies, just a bunch of all races mixing together who call yourselves a nation. That's too abstract for me.

What is history? If you weary of Kosovo, go to the National Museum in Beograd, which inculcates nationalism even in its display of ROMAN POTTERY ON OUR SOIL: *After conquering our lands, Roman colonizers... could not be satisfied with the local, autochthonous pottery...* Well, I couldn't blame the curators for that caption. Nobody likes to have his country occupied. (I remembered the KLA man who claimed that Kosovo had lain under enemy occupation since 1912. To the Serbs, 1912 was the year of Kosovo's liberation.) And so I wandered upstairs, browsing among Serbian and Montenegrin paintings, and then on the wall, with an eerie shudder, I saw a disk of dark bronze from 1912 on which kneeling, Greek-bearded figures, their heads bowed, faced each other across a plain of spears. Towering over them—who was he?—I spied a figure, a combination of double-plaited Greek warrior and of Christ. He stood with his arms outstretched as if in crucifixion, and in each hand he held a laurel wreath. Behind him, in shapes which ironically resembled the mushroom-shaped bunkers I'd seen in Albania, grew the cross-domed towers of an Orthodox church. Was he Prince Lazar? Maybe he was the *next* Prince Lazar. His face was sad, and his patience was endless. The title: *To the Avengers of Kosovo.*[41]

POSTSCRIPT

In the autumn of 2001 I happened to meet an Albanian Kosovar from Pristina, whose mother was running for president of a Kosovo now more or less detached from Serbia in 1999, thanks to the good offices of NATO. When I asked him what had happened to the people in Priluzje and Glavotina, he claimed not to know those

Serbian place-names, which, since Priluzje and Glavotina were perhaps twenty minutes by car from the center of Pristina, I doubted. Still hoping to learn something from him, I said that I was worried about the fate of the inhabitants of those villages. He smiled. He said: The Serbs are really something. You might even like them if you didn't know them.

AFRICA

The Jealous Ones (1994)

Special Tax (2001)

INTRODUCTION

Had some accident taken me to South Africa and Morocco instead of Madagascar and the Congo, I don't doubt that the case studies here would convey a very different feeling. The notion of picking *any* two countries from the continent, and calling the result "Africa," is far more unfair than pretending that Yugoslavia with its history of violently shifting borders represents Europe—which it does. In short, the "Africa" I have selected (or which circumstances have selected for me) cannot be "the real Africa,"[1] but it may illuminate aspects of that Africa.

Talk about ancientness! It's said that the human race was born in Africa. The complexities of Balkan tribalism stretch back beyond 1389; but the kingdoms, customs and tribes which have come and gone in Africa extend beyond comprehension. All the same, you'll find little history in my African case studies. The reason is that the violence I studied in both countries tended to found itself on such imminent desperation (and despair) that the grievances of the dead approach irrelevance.

An occasional exception is ethnic violence. In the case of the Congo, the stink of Rwandan genocide hangs over the rebel-controlled area along the eastern border —and here is a good place to remind you that I will be describing two Congos: a republic to the west of the Congo River, and a "democratic" republic to the east, which was rather recently still known as Zaire; each of these nations in turn consists of a government-held zone and an area dominated by one or more insurgent factions.

In the Democratic Republic of Congo, the clashing groups each known as the Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie (RCD) are stiffened, and some people say commanded, by Rwandan troops. (You will meet the figurehead president of the larger RCD group.) Just across the frontier, in Rwanda itself, members of the Hutus tribe murdered Rwandan Tutsis, and *vice versa*—defense of race, of course. In each case, the killers pursued their victims into the Congolese jungle. And violence is infectious. Like the region once called Yugoslavia, the two Congos have seen their own borders and peoples migrate over the centuries. Thus many Congolese in the RCD zone are themselves Hutus and Tutsis. They hunker down in their huts, wondering when comparable tribal violence may break out among them.

But this fear constitutes a luxury, because it fails the test of imminence. Go westwards into government territory. In Kinshasa, official capital of the Democratic Republic of Congo, it is as common as it is heartbreaking to see two women fighting over a rotten mango in the marketplace. Much of the food supply lies in RCD hands. A car comes, and people will come running out of nowhere to beg or demand a ride on it, because wherever it's going, the destination may be better than here. (From a balcony, they resemble ants swarming on a sugar cube.) Meanwhile, unwashed policemen, whose only claim to authority is their guns, shake down whomever they can, beat prisoners, threaten and extort; *everyone* extorts. In RCD territory, they might extort away your car or your daughter.

In the other Congo, whose capital is Brazzaville, people may be less hungry, but they remain no less ready to plead or threaten. The houses of Brazzaville are bullet-pocked from various civil wars. Government is weak, so crime is strong.

Both Congos teach me this lesson: Where there is no decent, legitimate, reasonably potent authority, the social contract remains incomplete.

When is defense of class justified? It would be difficult not to wish the people well in endeavoring to overthrow the weak and rotten authority which afflicts them with its "special taxes." But who or what would be better?

Sadism and expediency play their ghastly part in both Congos (just watch a skinny young fruit thief get kicked and beaten in a prison); so do compulsion, loyalty and fear. What precisely *is* compulsion? When does the extortionist lose his justification of imminent necessity? We enter the bullet-holed apartment of an official in Kinshasa. Of course he takes bribes. "I'm inspector of immigration; I'm a big person. And look at me," he says. "Look at this." He has a wife, a baby, and an existence which you or I might consider unendurable. Does this justify him in extorting "special taxes" from anyone in his power? All his colleagues think so. What constitutes necessity to you?

In Madagascar, authority is even weaker, and the street criminals and cattle rustlers proportionately stronger. Meet the woman who stabbed a pregnant lady in the belly so that she could sell the victim's clothing; meet the mother-and-son team of knife-wielding robbers. Enter a prison, where people starve to death if their rel-

atives don't bring food or money. Look at the portfolio of beggar-women[2] and note how pitiful they are; one poor old lady told me that she had been hungry as long as she could remember.

Here everything feels *personalized.* Every day, face-to-face social contracts get enacted between the haves and the have-nots. Whereas in the Congo a policeman will take you into a hot dark stinking room and run his hands over you, determined by virtue of his authority, which constitutes nothing but superior force, to rob you of everything he can, in Madagascar a beggar will approach you and calmly express his expectation of receiving, not everything, just something, an amount varying between reasonable and unreasonable; if you give it to him, he will be satisfied; if you refuse, he will become, as they constantly say there, "jealous," and he will stab you if he can. There is a strange fairness to it all, although it never ceased unnerving me. To be sure, in Madagascar you can also meet the predators who operate outside the social contract; they'll follow you in packs and start to flank you; if you don't get away fast, you're done. But these men and women constitute a recurring exception to the rule of pay-as-you-go, pay a little bit every day and you'll be allowed to live until tomorrow; to each one of us who lives within a social contract, which is to say most men and women on this earth, the procedure will feel surprisingly familiar.

THE JEALOUS ONES

MADAGASCAR, 1994

The violence here tends to be that of the have-nots against the haves and hence is class-based. What makes it so heartrending is that even the haves possess almost nothing.

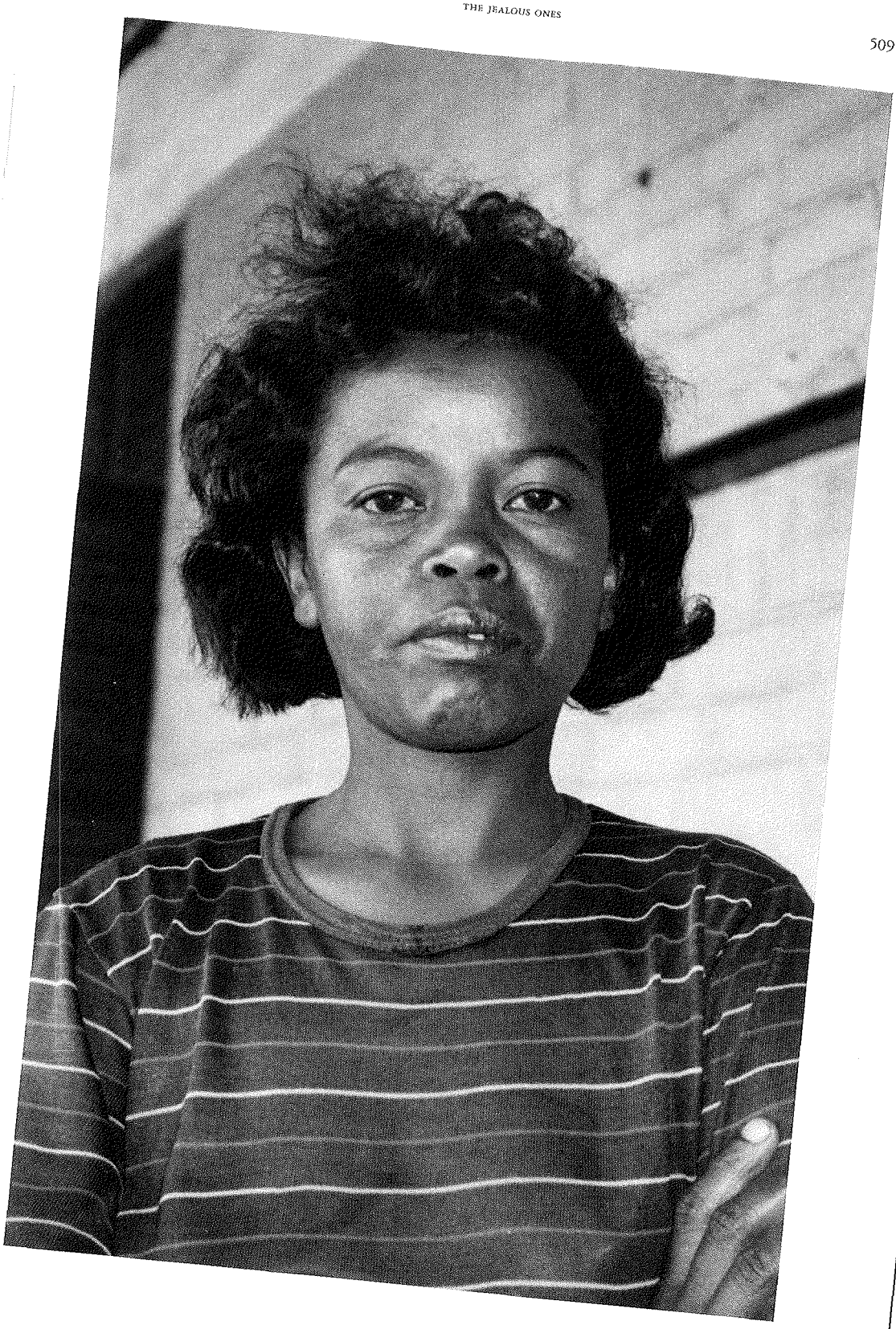
509. "Madame Dracula," Antananarivo.
510. Madame Dracula with the knife she preferred for street robbery.
511. Madame Dracula demonstrating how to kill. The pretended victim was her son. They both offered to kill somebody for my edification, but I thought that this simulation was adequate.
512. Her son showing how to *faire la position.*
513. Robber-murderess, Antananarivo. She paid off the police so that she didn't have to serve her sentence.
514. Merchant at a market known for its stolen zebu, near Tulear.
515. A shaman near Tulear, with one of his wives and one of his zebu. For many Malagasy tribes, the zebu is the emblem of wealth, honor, and even post-mortem success.
516a. A crew of zebu rustlers some distance north of Tulear. The bracelets and scarification are magic charms. I learned from my interpreter that they planned to rob and kill me, but I left town first.
516b. The same people, staging an ambush for my camera. They offered to steal a zebu for me; it seemed not only more ethical but also safer to insist on a "reenactment."
517a. A simulated zebu raid.
517b. This zebu thief (who was also a shaman) needed to disguise the appearance of a zebu. Hot sand flung on its black fur would scorch it white.

518a. Madame Dracula couldn't understand my finicky preference for enactments in place of the real thing, but for a little cash she obliged. This was a purse-snatching. She began by lurking in a doorway, ready to dart inside to safety if need be. Then, when she'd chosen her victim, she came up behind her, but not close enough to risk being grabbed. The trick was to lunge forward with the upper body only, bending sharply at the waist and stretching out the hands, then yanking the purse backwards as Madame Dracula's body snapped upright.

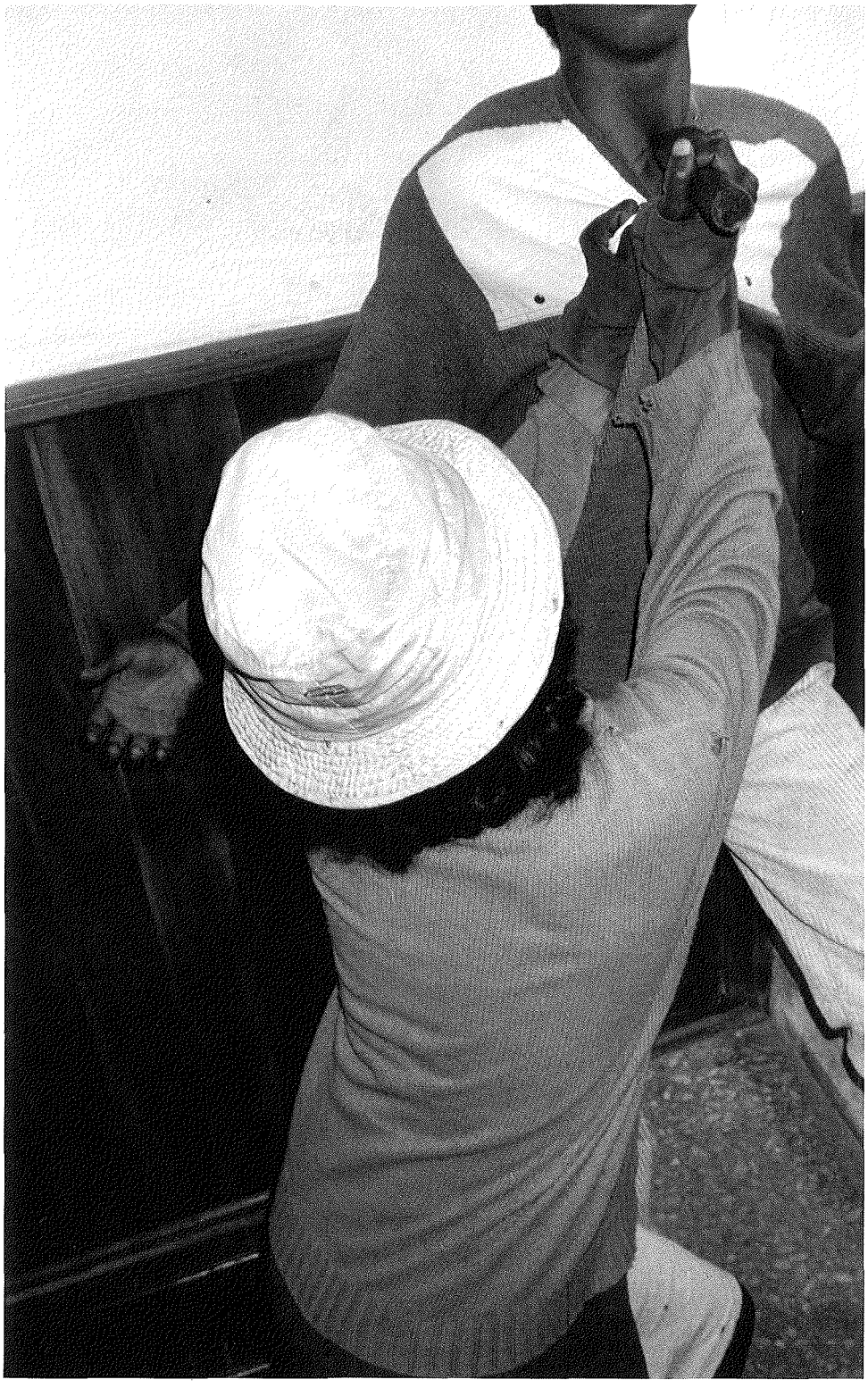
518b. Should the victim put up a fuss, Madame Dracula was more than ready to assume a threatening stance. She didn't use the knife unless she had to.

519a. Street urchins at twilight, Antanarivo. A few seconds after I took this photograph, the second boy from the right tried to stab me, "to cut your money out of you," as he later explained.

519b. Victim of a violent robbery, Antananarivo. This man was lying entirely neglected in the hospital until I gave the doctor money for medicine. We accordingly see the physician in the background, dispensing energetic tenderness, but I wonder if that poor old man ever got his medicine.



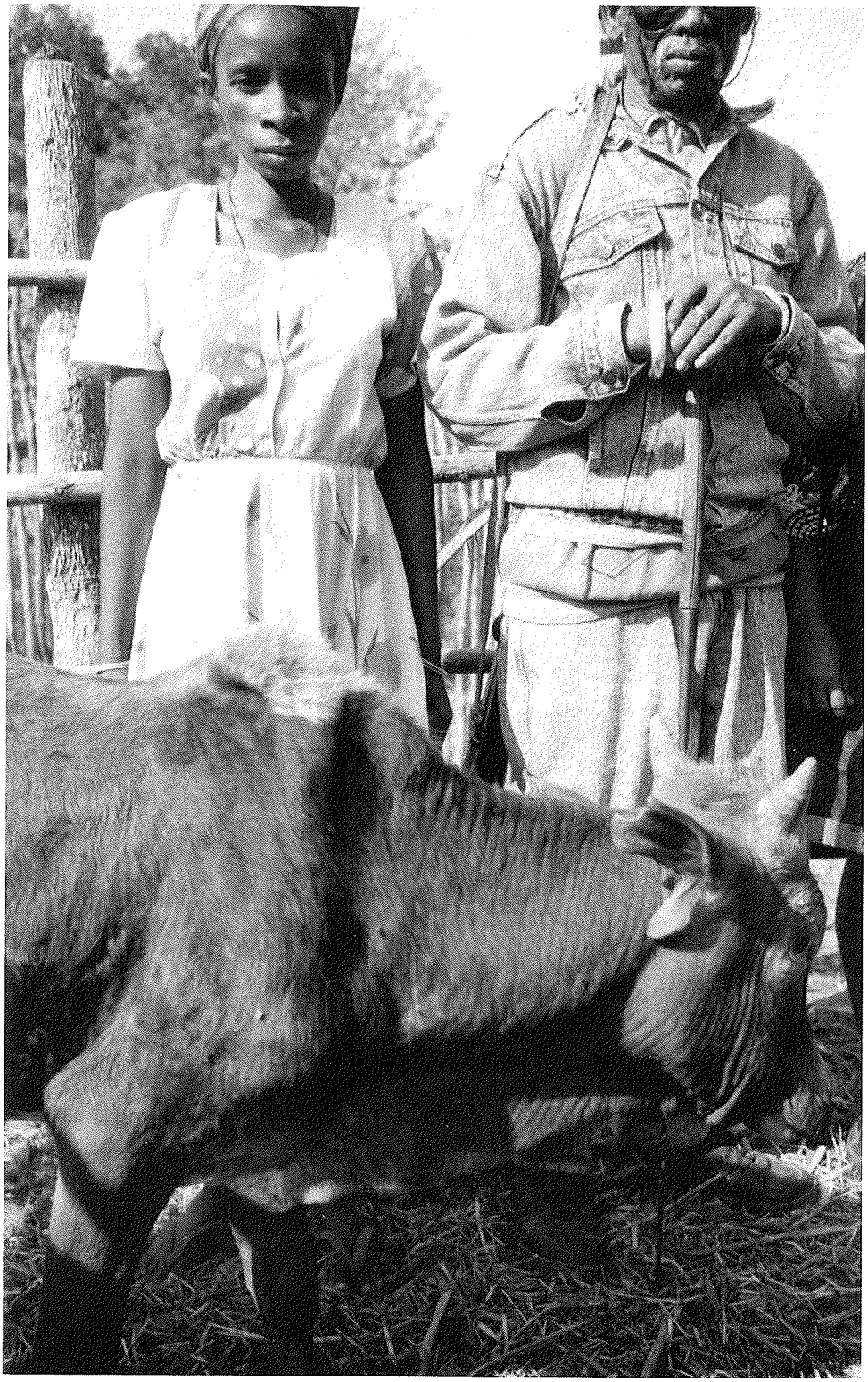










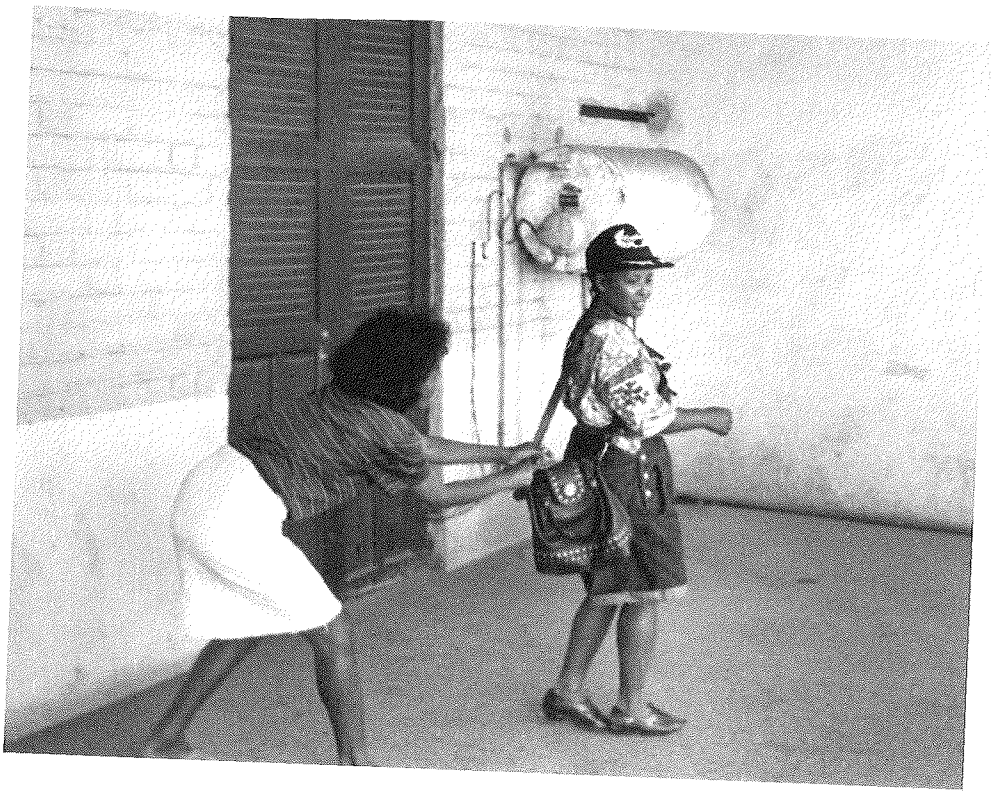




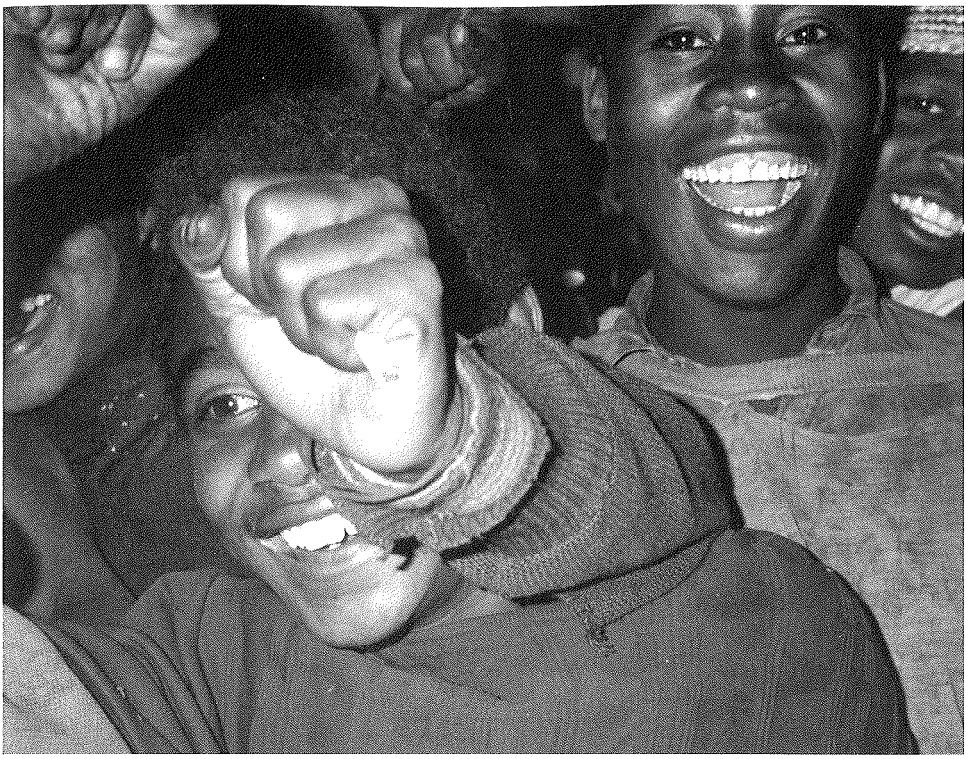


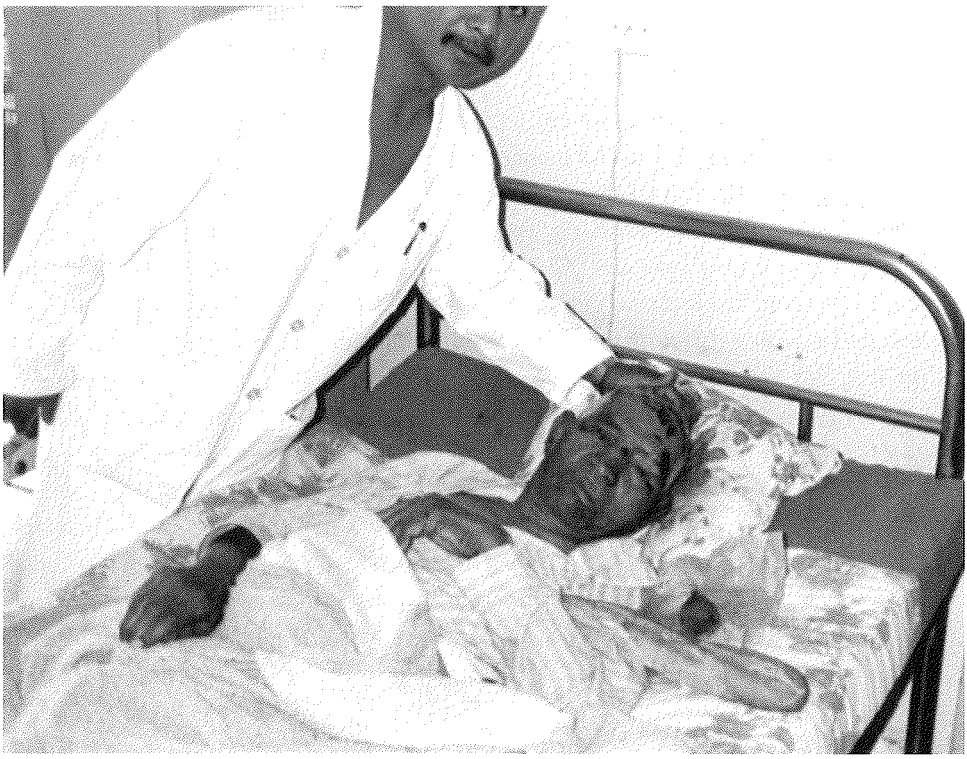












THE JEALOUS ONES
(1994)

NOTE: *Some of the names in this story have been changed.*

O. is very jealous. When she introduced me to her best friend Mignonne, O. asked if I would please buy Mignonne and all the other business girls in that disco a drink, and I wanted to be nice and said that I would. After all, the business girls expected it, being her best friends; what girl wouldn't want to give her best friends something? Chubby chocolate-colored O. was very proud and happy that night because after two years I'd come back to her, which she'd never believed I'd do; and since she was happy she had to give the others something or else they would be jealous. Every time O. receives a letter from me she must pay the post office 1,500 Malagasy francs[1] or the official there will be jealous and never give her the next one. When O. and I went to see if her Croatian husband had sent her anything interesting, the clerk grinned happily at me and inquired if I were the American husband and O. allowed that I was. The clerk congratulated her. Then O. took my hand: —He speak me, me very happy my darling come so far, so must give small present. Please, *mon amour*, give five thousand. If no give, him small *jaloux.* —So I figured that an equivalent Law of Small Presents must apply in regard to Mignonne, who after all was O.'s best friend (last time Charlotte had been O.'s best friend but

after Charlotte's Belgian boyfriend had gone to the calaboose for two years for selling little girls to French tourists, Charlotte's character had changed for the worse, so O. said); and besides, Mignonne, just sixteen, was very slender from crying because her Italian boyfriend had not returned; in short, if O. wanted me to buy Mignonne a drink I'd buy her a drink: now that Madagascar had grown twice as poor, it was twice as cheap for me, so what did I care? The problem was that O. cared. Crouched at the center of her cunning spiderweb of social relations, she watched, tested, balanced and sometimes pounced. To keep Mignonne from being *jalouse*, O. was obligated to ask me to buy that beer of celebration. But when I agreed, meaning only to be a good and convivial soul, O. instantly became *jalouse* of Mignonne and me. —You like her? she hissed later, when we were alone back inside O.'s wooden house that sweltered and swarmed with moths and mosquitoes. —Sure I like her, I said. She's your best friend. —Me speak liar best friend! shouted O. in a rage at my stupidity. Me love her only with my mouth! Me understand her character very well—ha, ha, ha! She want fuck you. Why you no understand? You same baby—no understand nothing Madagascar! Every Malagasy only bad heart, speak liar, liar! Only me no bad heart. My darling Croatia better than you—not same you. Some girl want together drink him, he speak correct, speak her go away, stay only together with O. Oh, you not same like before. Me think you no love me! You have double triple heart; you no good.

So I learned that lesson; and a night or two later, when O. had invited Mignonne over so that I could paint her portrait, Mignonne spoke rapidly to O. in Malagasy and O. reported: She speak, please you bring her together with me, we three go to Tulear.

Oh, so she wants me to pay her way to Tulear? I said.

Yes, darling.

And what do you want, sweetheart? Do you want her company?

Up to you, said O., watching me narrowly.

Tell her I'm not a bank. Tell her I'm your husband, not hers.

O. relayed this to Mignonne, who smiled sourly. Soon afterward she left, wishing O. and me *bon voyage.*

Did I speak to her correctly? I asked.

Correct! O. glowed. If you bring her Tulear, then me small *jalouse.*

She put her arm around me—Me *jalouse* only because me love you, she whispered. If me no love you, me never *jalouse.*

That was how it was, and three weeks later in Antananarivo when O. had bought a used belt at the market for thirty-five thousand which she intended to sell to Mignonne for sixty, Mignonne herself appeared at the taxi-brousse station as I sat in a cab waiting for O. to buy her ticket home and meanwhile everything was turning blue and grey and black with diesel-smoke, in the midst of which my driver was happily smoking an unfiltered cigarette; and Mignonne rapped on the glass, want-

ing to come in and discuss old times beside me on the back seat, and she looked very beautiful but I spoke to her only through the glass until O. came rushing to hug her because they were best friends, O. actually a little cross because now Mignonne might understand Antananarivo prices, but on the other hand she could always sell the belt to some other business girl. As for my behavior, *correct!* she said. Me now understand you love me!

The problem, of course, was to keep Mignonne from being *jalouse* also. Had I simply refused to talk to her at all through that window, or had I never bought her that drink back at the disco, she might have hated me and quite possibly made up some lie to inflame O. against me, which would have been easy because beneath her facade of happy extroversion O. was a deeply bitter and suspicious woman. The only reason she'd become a business girl was because she needed to eat. Now twenty-eight, she was getting tired of sucking off old men for twenty dollars; she wanted to be married. —Everybody speak me: O., now you come old! she lamented. —The so-called husbands came and went (when I appeared at her doorstep, her little brother, who didn't remember me, said to her in French: When do you finish with this one?); and whereas before I'd felt that she genuinely loved me, this time meanness and cynicism were more in evidence—for which I couldn't blame her. After all, how many times is it possible to believe that you love someone just because he gives you money? And so O. had developed bad habits. She'd ask me to give her twenty-five thousand or a hundred thousand to pay for our hotel, then spend the money so that I had to pay twice, O. hanging her head, laughing half in triumph, half in shame: Me steal your money, darling! —She'd order expensive foods and not eat them. She'd tell me that she was going to wash our clothes (she used to say: Darling, me alive, me have hands, you never pay money your pantalons clean good!), and then hand the laundry to a chambermaid or a street girl, who'd soon enough present me with the bill. This is what naturally happens to business girls as they get old. The heart of gold is mined almost to death, and then the woman realizes that she must look to herself. So O. didn't trust people very much. Her jealousy was not only an expression of her love; it was also an instinct to protect what was rightfully hers. Since I belonged to her, so did my assets, and she didn't want Mignonne or Koko or any of her other best friends to get them.

O.'s kind of jealousy is peculiarly Malagasy.[2] Of course jealousy and dishonesty are essentials of the human apparatus. But the Malagasy seem to be more matter-of-fact about them than we. Everyone I ever met in Madagascar assumed that his interlocutor was lying whenever doing so would produce an advantage. That was just what one believed about others, and what one did oneself. And every criminal I met, decrying the windy, whining American approach (I did it because I was poor, because I was hungry, because I was "discriminated against," because no one would give me a break) said straight out and magnificently: *I did it because I was jealous.*

GETTING TO THE POINT

For me the omnipresence of crime in that country had been a slow discovery. Intoxicated by the emerald hills which bulged with young trees and palmheads like cabbages in a field, I'd wandered with my brushes and palette, painting pictures. I'd marveled at the zebu, those strangely hump-shouldered oxen that were the measure of wealth. —Be careful, darling, O. would say in a low voice. *Attention*, eh? Here is many Mafia. They take your dress, take your money, take your shoes, take everything! —It was to learn more about these "Mafia" (as well as to see her again) that I'd come back.

THE CAVE OF SKULLS

Although O. was born in Diego Suarez, which she refers to as "my country," for as long as I've known her she's lived in Tamatave, a port city on the east coast. Tamatave dreams in a hot sea of air below the yellow-green waves of tree-ocean. Sometimes it rains, and sometimes there are cyclones, but most of the time Tamatave is hot and sunny and still, with silent sweating barefoot *pousse-pousse* drivers pulling rich people down the wide and tree-lined boulevards. Business is good for O. there. Her mother knows what she does but doesn't want to see it (darling, explained O., Mama speak me: O., don't too much make business or maybe you get broken). Her father doesn't know. The foreign sailors are generous, Madagascar being cheap, and sometimes they'll even agree to wear condoms (O. believes that AIDS began when a white man in America had sex with a dog). So Tamatave is also her "country" now. O. can pick out a Tamatave girl anywhere, even if she's never seen her before in her life. Hence the letters which she sends me once or twice a month are postmarked Tamatave; and although O. can barely sign her name, the letters are almost fluent, sparkling as they do with such phrases as *I'm agog to hold you in my arms for all time* so from the very first I knew that O. must have hired a professional letter-writer.[3] Upon my arrival she took me to meet this very intelligent fellow, whose name was Jaquelin, who had an ear for music, and who just happened to be her best friend. He lived with his wife and baby in a dirt-floored hut in the jungle. From the very first I disliked him. Jealousy was his disease. O. told me that sometimes when she wanted to write me she'd have been unlucky in the disco and so she'd try to get him to produce a letter on credit but he never would; she'd have to give him one of her dresses, or her new blanket, or a pair of shoes. From time to time one of her letters would entreat me to send her money. I had sent a bank draft twice; each time somebody at the bank in Tamatave had stolen it. Needless to say, O. thought that I had lied to her about sending the money (until I took her to the bank and proved it); and Jaquelin, who'd written the fundraising appeals, thought that O. was lying to him about not having received anything; business etiquette

demanded that he get a cut. As I write about him I can almost see him now, his eyes closed, his long, Indonesian looking face sucked tight against his skull as he sings his fire song, the pretty wife mouthing shyly, looking down at the words, which he's written with many cross-outs in a soiled notebook; and for a moment I almost like him; but then I remember that there are two kinds of jealousy, in keeping with the two kinds of moral positions: absolute and relative. Absolute jealousy is fairly tolerable. If I am absolutely jealous, I want only what is mine, what is coming to me, like a beggar expecting his ten cents. If I am relatively jealous, on the other hand, I want everything that other people have. Jaquelin's was of this latter type. He was, however, an excellent translator. He taught English, and on the wall of his house he'd written: ALL LESSONS MUST BE PAID IN ADVANCE.

Are any of your students in the Mafia? I asked him.

Well, I know many people, he said smugly.

What does the Mafia do around here?

Somebody told me they make illegally guns in a secret factory, without a serial number...

Would it be possible to see one of those guns?

I can ask.

Is the Mafia the same as the Dahalo?

No. What O. calls Mafia means only pickpockets and violent thieves; in the Malagasy language we use the word *mpangerapoussy*[4]. The Dahalo are in the south. They are bandits. They kill people, rob taxi-brousses, steal zebu.

Do you know anyone who's met the Dahalo?

I have one student who works in the shipyard, and of course I can translate for you, said Jaquelin, gazing greedily into my eyes while in the mosquito-ridden darkness his wife in a dress like a dirty sandbag slopped out one brown breast and milked it into the baby's mouth, watching me and hoping for money; and O. smiled and pretended that everybody was her best friend; and I could already see that however much I paid Jaquelin he'd be angry and disappointed.

The next day we came back and the shipyard worker was waiting. He told me the tale of the cave of skulls.

In 1982 I was a soldier, he began. And we were sent to destroy a group of Dahalo. To the east of Tulear there is a village which can be reached only by three days' walking. The name of this village is ———. And two kilometers south of this village there is a cave. The Dahalo lived inside, in houses that they made of grass and mud. There were about fifty of them. They had a leader, an old man named A., and they also had a sorcerer to make Malagasy medicine. Whenever they decided to raid a village, the sorcerer would perform his magic, give them powder, and then no harm could come to them. The old man always stayed inside the cave but he'd tell them where to go. They'd come to a village armed with knives and axes and *pisto-*

lets and take whatever they wanted. They'd take zebu, gold, clothes, everything. Anybody who resisted would be killed. If someone dared to go to the police, that person would be killed.

The shipyard worker took a deep breath. —They brought us in by air, he said. From the beginning the Dahalo were ready for us. Within the cave were many tunnels, and within each tunnel they had men stationed. In my tunnel I was the only survivor. All these tunnels went down deep, and then met in a pit where the Dahalo had impaled many skulls on sticks. It was very difficult—oh, difficult, I tell you! Well, finally we killed some and captured the rest, including the old man. Beyond the skulls they had their treasure.

What kind of treasure?

Oh, everything! Gold, blue jeans, radios; and in another place they kept their stolen zebu...

And what happened?

We turned them over to the local police. And each time the police would ask a Dahal his name, the Dahal would answer: My name is Fifty Thousand.[5] —That was how much he had ready to give the police, you see. They always keep that amount ready in case they are captured. So the police let them all go.

"THEY WILL CUT OFF YOUR EAR"

It was hard for me to believe this story. It seemed like something out of H. Rider Haggard. I would not have been surprised if I'd learned that Jaquelin and the shipyard worker had sat down together to cook up the tallest tale they could, in order to get more money out of me. I wanted to hear more. So I asked O. to take me to the Tamatave jail.

O. had been in the calaboose herself one time when she and some other girls went without papers to a ship, in order to make a little business, and the gendarmes caught them. O. was locked into a cell with eight other girls. She told me that the floor was an open sewer. She cried and cried. Fortunately the sailor she'd made into her boyfriend was a decent soul. He paid thirty thousand, and after a week or so she came before the tribunal, where they bawled her out and let her go. The other girls all got six months. O. never visited them. She was too afraid. She avoided them after they got out, in case they might be jealous.

In Madagascar, the situation in jails is Darwinian. If you have big money, as O. did, you can get out. If you have small money you can go out for the day and maybe work enough to eat a good meal. If you have a family or somebody who cares about you, you'll be brought food. If not, you may get sick and hungry.

Passing through the waist-high gate into the smelly tunnel that led to the dirt courtyard, we met O.'s best friend, a business girl who'd lost her looks and so perforce had stolen something. She was very skinny. O. told me to give her ten thousand

for food, which I did. She kissed me a thank you, while O. turned away, pretending not to be jealous. Then we were led into the presence of the *guardien chef de prison.*

The *guardien chef* said that an interview with any prisoner would be impossible, but when I expressed my respect for the Law of Small Presents, he offered to bring a convict home that afternoon so that we could do the business there. O. and her best friend Koko and I ate lunch at one of the best Chinese restaurants I've ever been to, my chop suey a melange of fresh jungle vegetables and just-killed chicken, with no rice, but instead crunchy *frites* as thin as toothpicks, fried in peanut oil. (A boy twisted his neck into a line of tendons, his round white eyes smiling in his chocolate face, dirty white sweater, dirty white hands. He leaned on his own shoulder, smiling hopefully into the restaurant. O. gave him all our table's bread.) Koko thanked O. for the meal because I was, after all, not the guiding intelligence, only the moneybanks; and then we got Jaquelin and rendezvoused at the guardien chef's house.

The guardien chef lived in a neighborhood of shacks upon urine-reeking dirt. He had covered the inner walls of his home with transparent plastic to keep out some of the mosquitoes, so the place was like a greenhouse, and we all sat sweating. O. ran out to buy some rum, and Jaquelin gazed at me with an angry gloomy face.

What are you thinking about? I asked him.

I'm thinking of a word.

What word is that?

Miscegenation.

Ah, I said. Are you thinking of O. and me?

He nodded.

Well, you know, Jaquelin, miscegenation is not a very nice word. I'm surprised at you. I understand you've made a bit of money out of O.'s letters to me, so I'd think you'd appreciate miscegenation more. Anyhow, didn't you tell me your wife is from a different tribe than you.

Yes. My family did not want to accept her. I myself did not accept her, of course, until she gave up her spiritualist beliefs and became a good Catholic.

See you in Heaven, Jaquelin, I said.

Now O. was back, and the young convict sat waiting, a dark bold personable roundheaded man with an alert face; obviously he was not hungry; obviously he had connections; and the *chef de prison* nodded, and Jaquelin began to translate as the convict said:

In the south where I come from, we are Bara. That is our tribe. A man of the Bara race is not a man until he steals a zebu. No woman will marry him. There are two kinds of zebu stealers. The first is called Malaso. The Malas operate in small groups, usually five to seven. They come by night. Because their numbers are small, they do not fight when they are pursued. They kill only if the owner of the zebu discovers them in the act of theft, when the owner is alone. Dahalo are more dangerous. They work in groups of about thirty-five. Of these only about five are the real

Dahalo. The rest are men who know each other from different villages. Where I live, the villages are small, so nobody has any secrets. If somebody from one village is rich with zebu, a man from a second village will contact his friends from the third and the fourth, and then the Dahalo come to help them. The Dahalo bring knives, axes, *pistolets*, sometimes even Kalashnikovs. And they always have an old man to lead them and a sorcerer to make the Malagasy medicine. Sometimes they attack entire villages. They come in the middle of the afternoon, when most men are away in the fields, or else in the middle of the night, when people cannot react quickly. Somebody blows a whistle, and somebody else shoots a gun three times, and then the people from the village become afraid because they know that the attack is about to begin. They take everything. And sometimes people in the village who are not Dahalo use the occasion to murder their enemies in the confusion. Then the Dahalo go quickly, quickly, and the people rarely follow because they are afraid. If they do follow, the Dahalo fight back. Then the Dahalo split up into three groups. One group stays with the zebu and brings them to a trafficker, who buys them for a very cheap price. The second group watches for further pursuit. The third group spies out new villages along the way, to find more riches.

Are the zebu branded? I asked.

Sometimes. Sometimes not, because the owner of a zebu can tell his animals by their footprints. They walk differently if they live in a rocky place than if they live in a sandy place. He knows them by color and by smell, because to a real man zebu are everything.

So you are a real man?

He smiled proudly.

And you have stolen zebu?

He smiled again, and the *chef de prison* said: He is a thief. Why else would he be here?

So where should I go to meet the Dahalo?

To the south. You can try a town called S., on the way to Tulear. There is a big zebu market. The Dahalo often come there.

Is it dangerous?

They will welcome you. However, if you ask too many questions, they will cut off your ear.

That's nice.

It is our tradition. It is a way of warning strangers.

Oh, I see. And what happens if I keep asking questions?

First they will cut off your other ear. Then they will cut off your fingers one by one. Finally, if you persist, they will kill you.

I was wondering when they'd get to that, I said.

Jaquelin advised me to give the *chef de prison* and the convict five thousand apiece, so I gave them each ten and they smiled with joy and he sulked gloomily. At the end of the day I gave him twenty-five and he was insulted.

WHY ZEBU ARE EVERYTHING

O. herself, although she sometimes had to sell her clothes in order to eat, could never be considered poor, because with the money that one of her foreign husbands had given her she'd long ago bought a zebu, which her Mama kept with three others in Diego Suarez.

And if you had two zebu instead of one, would you be considered rich? I asked.

Oh, yes, *rich, rich, rich!* O. gushed, grinning at the thought of having another zebu.

Why are zebu so important in Madagascar?

No, you never understand, never listen me, never believe me! cried O. in disgust. Why you same same baby? Zebu is *everything!*

How do you mean, everything?

If you marry me, must pay my Papa one zebu. If you fuck another girl, me no understand, no problem. If me understand you fuck another girl, then you must buy me one zebu, then no problem. You no buy me zebu, me never stay with you. Zebu is for eat. Zebu is for money. Zebu is for dead. Now in Tamatave everybody speak, O. no good, only business girl, no nothing, O. very poor. But after me dead, then is kill one zebu in Diego Suarez. Kill, cut, cut, cut, eat. Everybody happy. Everybody come watchman for me dead, eat my zebu. If no have zebu, nobody remember me dead. Then me lost!

What if somebody is very poor? You're saying nobody will come to his funeral then?

Must have something. If not zebu, only Coca or rice. Then maybe people come. But not happy same zebu.

WHY I RECOMMEND THE HOTEL GLACIER

So at four o'clock the next morning O. and I got up to take the taxi-brousse. A taxi-brousse, operating in accordance with the most fundamental axia of capitalism, is a vehicle whose *patron* seeks to realize a maximum of profit with a minimum of overhead; hence a five a.m. departure time may actually be eight or nine because the *patron* will not permit the vehicle to leave until every space has been filled and then some; occasionally I've seen taxi-brousses wait until the door could literally barely close before the *patron* was satisfied. Luggage goes outside, on the roof, and if it gets dirty or wet that's just too bad. O. and I sat in the back this time, between a fat-thighed middle-aged woman and a skinny man who for the next six hours tried to gain an inch or two more by jabbing me with elbows which seemed to have been honed in a pencil-sharpener; for a few hours I ignored it; finally, when my ribs were black and blue, I shoved him back, and then he turned and stared out the window, exasperated with my poor manners. When he finally got out, the driver sent a small boy to occupy his place, which freed us up enough that the middle-aged woman

could slightly open her thighs, at which the driver shouted genially back (O.'s translation): Eh, your pussy *libre* now! and everybody laughed. —Me and this girl, we stop wash pussy now! O. called in reply. Oooh, very hot! My pussy very angry this heat!

The other woman's name was Athene. First she told O. that she hated white men (in Tamatave the word for Caucasians is *Vaza).* In French, she told me that she was happily married and would never leave her husband. When we stopped for lunch, she sat down at our table. —This girl very very nice, eh, darling? exclaimed O. with pleasure. My best friend! —When O. went to the bathroom, the best friend licked her lips at me and thrust her breasts out and told me that she would ditch her Malagasy husband anytime. We got back on the taxi-brousse, and I asked Athene where a good hotel to stay at in Antananarivo might be, because we'd have to overnight there before getting the taxi-brousse south, and Athene recommended the Hotel Glacier. Then I knew for sure what she was. The last time that O. and I had been to Antananarivo, we'd spent many happy lazy afternoons at the Hotel Glacier, I painting watercolor portraits of the business girls, O. drinking beer; and many *Vazas* sat at the tables and declined or very occasionally accepted the importunities of beggars and other vendors of self; and that was the Hotel Glacier by day, with only a hint of crime just outside where ever so many small boys with large hats were waiting to weep in French: *Give me money, Vaza!* meanwhile thrusting out professionally desperate wrists, the hats upturned to collect any crumbs or coins you might spare; and other hands reached beneath those sheltering hats into your pockets. That was last time, of course, before Antananarivo got worse. And that was by day. It got dark at around 6:00, so I could count on the fact that at about 5:30 it would be dusky and then the *mpangerapoussy,* the people whom O. called Mafia, would come out. O. was terrified of the Mafia. Once they'd cut their way into her house at night and taken her mattress and every last dress and blanket, her TV and some jewels that her English husband had given her, everything she had because in Madagascar the Mafia is poor and will take everything, sometimes your life; and then the Mafia went into Madame her Chinese *patronne's* house and held a knife to Madame's throat and took all her gold and rings; and that was why Madame paid a poor man now to be watchman. Often somebody would be found dead on the streets of Tamatave, maybe an accident, very rarely a suicide, sometimes a victim of the Mafia; and whenever O. heard about it she'd come running with everybody else to see the dead body before it got taken away. One time, hearing the exciting news of another such find, O. bustled off to a place very far from her house, a place where slender green trees burst from the red hillsides; and there she found a woman with her breasts cut off and a banana rammed up her vagina. —What did you think then? I asked her. —Me start to cry, darling. Because another woman killed from Mafia, so me very lonely for her. —And in the Chinese restaurant with her best friend Koko (who was waiting patiently for her marriage with a Vaza to resume), O. spoke

rapidly in Malagasy and when I asked her: What did you speak, darling? she replied: Me speak Koko, you must never buy a TV, never buy anything nice, must only hide your gold in the ground, because if you have something nice then Mafia listen, Mafia come, Mafia take in night time.[6] Koko speak me: O., you speak true, good. Me never buy anything nice. Dangerous! —When O. said this I myself almost wanted to cry. And I thought: This is what poverty does. This is what violence does. This is what fear does. If people are too afraid to invest their wealth in society, if their best dreams only molder in coffers in the ground, how can what we call "infrastructure" be built? If a society as a whole cannot get rich, then most poor people will never be able to get rich, either. And that is why I hate the *mpangerapoussy,* because they hurt people whom I love like O., both by taking what they have and by blighting their very hopes. —At any rate, it was at 5:30 or so that the *mpangerapoussy* would start to arrive at the Hotel Glacier. One night O. and I were sitting at a table there with my friend Ben, and suddenly I looked at my watch and saw that we had overstayed our safe time; and just then three grim tall men came in, and one sat beside me and asked for my money. I had a good deal of cash in my money-belt and didn't want to give it up, so I thought the wisest thing to do would be to go the pissoir, transfer a small amount to my wallet, and cede that to the Mafia. But the man followed me to the pissoir. He stood at my side, watching me urinate, and then followed me back to the table. O. and Ben and I went outside and got into a taxi, and the *mpangerapoussy* followed us, so we had the cab drop us at one hotel, went out the back, quickly caught another taxi, and went to the place where we actually stayed. The next day we left Antananarivo. So that was the Hotel Glacier; even the guidebook knew enough to say: *In Tana*[7] (especially *in Tana) foreigners should never venture out of their hotel on foot after dark or walk to the railroad station early in the morning. If you ignore this warning, your chances of being mugged are nearly 100% and there have been some very nasty incidents.* Hotel Glacier *at the corner of Araben by Fahaleovantena and Làlana Rabefiraisana has received mixed reviews. The rooms, with their old furnishings and antique portable bidets, belong in a turn-of-the-century film set. However, it's dim and dingy and the rooms are rarely cleaned... Incidentally, most of the muggings reported by readers have taken place in this area just on dusk, so avoid going out at night...*[8]—And that was where Athene advised us to stay. —Very nice! said O. brightly. OK, darling, you-me stay there with Athene! She is too much help us! —As soon as we are alone, she whispered: No good, darling! Oh, she *big* big Mafia, eh? Me small afraid!

We gave Athene the slip that night when we got to Antananarivo, and slept at another hotel. (Not same like Tamatave, O. sneered.) The next morning O. wanted me to buy breakfast, so we went by the Glacier and sat down among the business girls. There, of course, was Athene, made up to look ten years younger. She and O. embraced with cries of joy. I had to buy her a beer, too, and then lunch. —She speak, we go visit her room in hotel, said O.

Is that what you want, honey?

Yes, yes, darling. Because Athene my best friend, she replied, white-lipped.

Failing to see any formula for avoiding jealousy and possible malice on the part of at least one lady, I said nothing; and we went up to Athene's digs. O., overcome by beer, lay down on Athene's bed and began to snore. Athene watched her closely. Then she puffed her breasts out at me again, becoming kin to one of those echinoderms that rolls into a ball when touched, then opens cautiously, pulsing slowly, wriggling its multitudinous legs, stretching its segmented belly as if in a yawn. She took my hand and put it into the crack of her ass.

Very nice, Athene, I said.

If you want to leave her and stay with me, I would be happy to wait for you, she said in French.

Well, I'll just have to think about that, I said.

At the taxi-brousse station O. wouldn't speak to me because she thought that I loved Athene, who'd insisted on seeing us off. The two women embraced goodbye (or, as George Eliot put it, "amidst such caressing signs of mutual fear they parted")[9] Then we boarded the taxi-brousse, while Athene stood alone in the bustle, watching us unsmiling. It took an hour before I could coax O. into trusting me again.

In Antsirabe she saw another girl from Tamatave and ran smiling to greet her; afterwards she told me that this other girl knew Athene well and that Athene had a reputation for robbing her husbands and sometimes stabbing them. This might have been true, or the other girl might have been telling O. what she thought O. wanted to hear, or O. might have been telling me what she thought would most efficiently prevent me from leaving her for Athene.

TRAVELING SOUTH

And now we were going to the country of the Malaso and the Dahalo. The taxi-brousse broke down every hour or so. Sometimes it was the tire. They had no spare tire, so they would stop, jack up the vehicle, remove the tire, tape it up and wrap grass around it, and continue on. This happened about fifty times. Other times it was the engine. The town of S., where the convict in Tamatave had said that we would find the zebu market, was about 800 kilometers south of Antananarivo. Those 800 kilometers took three days and three nights. At least there was music. They played one cassette over and over.

Do you like this song, O.?

Me no like. Is Tananarive[10] song, French song. No like. Me small racist, darling.

When I think of Madagascar, I remember eroded roads and hills (they say that astronauts can see the erosion from the moon), jungle stumps with the soil between them now desert; I remember the smell of woodsmoke; I remember people's long skinny brown legs, and above all I remember dirty feet. Almost everybody goes

barefoot. Beautiful women in dainty dresses think nothing of walking unshod through open sewers (or for that matter adding to them; Madagascar is one of those countries where one can excrete almost where one pleases, and people do; every day I'd see O. squat down in the middle of the street, urine slowly hissing between her bare or sandaled feet; and afterward she'd smile and say: Ah, darling, a very sweet piss!) And the taxi-brousse continued south. Around Fianarantsoa tall slender tree-heads roofed the mountains with myriad moisture-caves, but then it got drier and redder. A woman in a yellow sunhat and yellow dress held her baby, standing in the shade at the side of the road, head high. A man in a red loincloth and a girl in a bathing suit, both very brown, sat on a mat in the sun behind a bamboo fence where the Hotel des Amis restaurant was, and they looked at us when we went by. Shadows spun in the sand as the reddish-orange blossom of a tree fern whirled on. We passed a barestripped hillside of stumps, and then a thousand more. After that it got hotter and drier and hellishly red. In Ihosy[11] I saw a man who had just been caught stealing a chicken. He'd stolen a zebu before, and was in the middle of doing two years in the calaboose. Because he had family and a little money, they let him out during the daytime to work; that was how had been able to snatch that chicken, he said to feed his family. Perhaps he was lying, since why should he need to feed his family if his family were successfully feeding him? Or perhaps he was telling the truth, and his family had impoverished themselves in making small presents to the *guardien chef de prison*; who knows? He stood there with a scared shamed smile, the chicken peeking out of his shirt, and all the villagers behind him. They were going to make him walk the rounds of Ihosy with the chicken at his breast for all to see, everyone laughing and jeering, and then they would bring him to the calaboose. I knew that he represented the other side of the moral equation; to O. and everybody else he was "Mafia," and surely what he had done was reprehensible, but he was poor and dirty and skinny and afraid, and I felt sorry for him.

How much longer will he serve now? I asked a man.

Six months.

That's hard.

Calaboose is very strict in Madagascar, the man said proudly.

Here is better than Tamatave, said O (the only time I ever heard her say that) In Tamatave, they catch man like that, never bring him in calaboose, only kill, quickly kill, everybody kill, because he take their food.[12]

South of Ihosy the desert reared up into low reddish and bluish enscarpments. We passed the wreck of a bus, and the taxi-brousse driver told O. that the Dahalo had robbed it and wrecked it.[13] Now at twilight the taxi-brousse broke down again, and O. was afraid and begged me to trust in God because this was the Dahalo country and night was coming. To the south I saw many flickering grass fires like candles. Finally they fixed the tire again, and we continued south. I fell asleep, only to be awakened by O.'s screams. The exhausted driver had dozed off at the wheel, and

we'd gone into a ditch. —You same same baby! she shouted at me. Everybody else get out, we almost dead, you only sleep-sleep-sleep!

Well, I said, I'd rather be asleep when I die.

O. passed this on to everybody else, and they laughed.

She herself tried to be cheery, but the terror of the Dahalo was heavy upon her and she could not shake it. A young boy named Bien-Aimée had told her that we could safely spend only two days in S. because as soon as we arrived somebody would go to get the Dahalo and on the third day the Dahalo would arrive and kill us for our money. I did not quite believe that things were this bad (and in fact Bien-Aimée turned out to be a parasitic exaggerator; we spent almost a week in S.), but I knew my own ignorance, and so I was a little afraid, too. We pushed the taxi-brousse back onto the potholed dirt road which had once been paved, and I fell asleep again. Not long past midnight, the taxi-brousse broke down for good. Early the next morning we found a truck that was going to S. At 8:00 we arrived. We left our baggage at our hotel and set out to find the zebu stealers.

SUCCESS

I have to say that this was one of easiest things I've ever done. We walked down to the market, and in a concrete pavilion many men were sitting, some with their arms folded, some in hats, some grizzled, some young with piercing eyes, some with their eyes closed as they sat thinking; but all with a serious look, what one might call "the community look." It is not too difficult to know when one is in the presence of the elders.

What's going on here? I asked O.

They speak these two men this one and this one they have big trouble, because rich man say they steal from him one zebu. But they never steal. Rich man try to put them in calaboose. But these men they want to help their friends. Every in village S. is *contra* rich man. Nobody like him. They want help these two men.

So the rich man is lying?

Yes. He speak liar, because never show paper for stolen zebu. Every zebu must have paper with signature of *gendarme de customs.* If no paper, zebu is from steal. So maybe rich man never have this zebu he say is steal from two men. If he have this zebu, then he himself steal zebu before, sure.

Please tell these folks that I'd like to buy the two accused men a bottle of rum, I said.

The elders broke into applause.[14]

I thought about it. Then I understood. They were all in it together. They were all Dahalo.

In the afternoon all of them except the two who were in trouble showed up at the hotel. The two men had paid money to get out of the calaboose, but just now the rich man had paid more money to a customs officer who had put them back in

the calaboose again. I picked out a man in a tatty blue windbreaker who wore a knowing look, and asked if I could interview him.

He said he knew all about the Malaso. He said that tomorrow he could take us to his "country," about sixteen kilometers away; and there we'd see many stolen zebu.

THE COUNTRY OF STOLEN ZEBU

The man led us into a land that had been burned as far as the eye could see. He was very happy with an empty bottle which I had given him. He said that he would use it to store cooking oil, or maybe zebu fat. The earth was black and tan and smeared with white ash. Sometimes huge strange trees rose unscathed from that burned world, but more often I saw only dead stumps. Broken trunks strained thinly up. Pale paths had been worn into the greyness, and they meandered among decapitated timber to lose themselves in a dreary fringe of deadness at the horizon. Here and there, smoke swirled. The man in the blue windbreaker walked steadily on, barefoot on the burning dirt. O. huffed and puffed. —Me drink too much beer, she said. Cannot go quickly-quickly.

Whom does this land belong to? I asked.

The rich man who put those two men in calaboose.

Did the rich man burn it? Why did they destroy all those trees?

Now this one speak, somebody come in the night and make fire. No sure who or why. Maybe from malice; maybe *jaloux.* But now this land very good for corn and manioc.

Smiling, the man reached into a mound of ashes and pulled out a tuber. He peeled the skin off a piece and gave it to me to eat. It tasted very firm and wholesome and good. I wondered if he had been one of the burners. Surely the rich man had suffered a terrible loss, to have all his forests burned up. The charred land smoldered evilly.

We continued for another hour. Every now and then we'd cross another dead black ridge, and discover that the fire had eaten beyond the next horizon also. The hideous landscape stretched before us, the backbones of trees squiggling upward with all the branches gone, and then sometimes no stumps at all, just gently slanting plains of ash sometimes scattered with gnawed corncobs, a country almost without scale, like the Arctic plains, because every feature that could teach the eye proportion had been burned. Walking in the ash was tiring, like trudging through beach sand. Purple with effort, O. shouted angrily at the man. His reply, however, shook her with chuckles. —Now I speak him, why you go go go when before you speak me not far, not far? He speak me: O., me speak liar because if no speak liar you never come here, then Vaza never give me small present!

Finally we began to see tiny, wretched thatched huts, some empty, some destroyed by the burning, and some still inhabited by skinny soot-smeared people who squatted listlessly on mats, their hand and faces buzzing with flies.

He speak, he have no education, no job. For eat he know only be watchman. Watch, watch for zebu from rich man. Steal zebu and sell, steal zebu and eat. His Papa, grandfather same. That his business.

The man brought us to his house. His wife was thirty-five—my age. She looked fifty. She offered us water and led us to a mat in the shade of a charred tree.

Now we must wait for zebu to come back from drink in river, said O. He speak me, all zebu here is steal from rich man.

From nowhere the man's friends came, gaunt and dirty and sooty in top hats; they gathered around and sat in the ashes, watching us. I noticed that they all carried knives. —Me afraid, O. whispered. All these is big Malas. If you no speak good, I think maybe they kill. For me dead is no problem, but me very sad if you come so far from your country to have problem here. Please, my husband, I want pray to God.

Don't worry, honey. Tell them that in two or three days you and I must go to Tulear to get big money from the bank, and then we'll come back here and spend it.

In spite of herself, she laughed again. —Now you understand Malagasy! You speak liar very good same same me! Now you finish baby; you speak good clever!

Thank you, O. Ask him how the Malas began, I said.

He speak, before Malas was here Dahalo. But they catch big bosun of Dahalo and put in calaboose, then police kill, so must change name for this country. Before Dahalo was very long time. In that time, he speak, they steal people for slaves. Steal man for work work work; steal girl for fuck. If she make baby then keep, if not then must work or is kill. When catch slave, old Dahalo is brand them, but not like cattle brand. Make invisible brand on face with Malagasy medicine. After that, nobody can see brand, but slave never leave. Must always follow Malagasy medicine.

How long ago was that?

He speak me, don't know.

And now?

Now zebu is better to steal than people. People always eat, eat, eat. And people is no magic. Zebu is magic. Zebu is everything.

MALAGASY MEDICINE

In Tamatave, when the shipyard worker had told me the tale of the cave of skulls, I hadn't quite believed it, but I now give it substantial credence, especially the part about sorcerers. Malagasy "medicine" is as ubiquitous as the zebu and sometimes seems linked with zebu in some secret sacred way. For example, I remember one night of pale trees in darkness and files of people in pale shirts walking at the edge of a mountain road; we were a little north of Fianarantsoa, and the man who was driving O. and me leaned harder on the gas pedal as we came into one nondescript town; he said that we would die if we stopped there. (A brown woman hugged the

doorway of her hillside hut, peering shyly out.) Everybody there was Dahalo, the driver said. If we were to sleep there, the Dahalo would make Malagasy medicine which would prevent us from hearing or seeing them; they'd come right into our hotel room and crouch over our beds until the mystic hour of five a.m., at which time they'd stab us. He said that not far from here was a certain mountain which contained much gold, but no Malagasy could see the gold unless they went there with a zebu. Some people had tried, and only wandered in a circle. A group of German tourists, however, had scoffed at the zebu requirement and found the gold without trouble. The reason was that they didn't believe in Malagasy medicine.

Like many of her countrymen, O. was nominally Catholic, and claimed not to believe in the medicine. But whenever something bad happened, she was quick to blame it. She was like those people who do not believe in God but still fear the Devil.[15] After the taxi-brousse had gone off the road en route to S., O. had complained vitriotically to the driver, who'd pulled an angry, jealous face, and Bien-Aimée had wanted her to desist because the driver was a *grand bosun* of Malagasy medicine—in other words, a sorcerer. A few minutes afterward, O. got a terrible stomach ache. Later, when the taxi-brousse died completely, the driver offered to return to O. and me three thousand apiece, but O. smiled her best friend smile at him and later explained: I speak him no problem. I speak him: me my darling husband pay ride in truck no problem, not driver's fault. Because me small afraid he make me new pain in *estomac,* darling.

A sadly characteristic incident which occurred almost at the end of our stay in S. illustrates how Malagasy medicine can reify jealousy. Now that O. had begun to "come old," as she put it, she took great pains every night to rub a snot-textured eucalyptus-smelling oil into her face. The hotel where we stayed was actually a family's house. Our room was midway between a small cafe in the front and a family room in the rear overlooking a courtyard of packed dirt where *tout le monde* went to urinate; as a matter of fact *tout le monde* felt free to pass through our room at all hours. I cannot remember any time when we did not have an audience of at least half a dozen people standing just outside in the narrow alley piles with logs, leaning hands and chins on our windowsill and gazing inside in fascination. *Madame la patronne*'s two oldest daughters flashed in and out of the chamber on various errands; the smaller children hung around waiting for me to give them vitamins; O. frequently dispatched them to buy rum or mineral water or other such items. Of the two daughters, one, a sixteen-year-old, was strikingly beautiful. Bien-Aimée, who'd tried her himself, reported that she was compliant and a very good fit (O. once told me: Malagasy girl never take shower in hot water, darling. Only cold. Because cold water keep pussy small!). I had not understood that the sixteen-year-old was a business girl until after I'd painted her portrait, when she anticipated her small present; my other subjects had been happy with a thousand or a thousand five hundred, but when I asked what *cadeau* Mademoiselle required (no, not Mademoiselle, said her

mother patiently. Madame! She has a baby; she even has a husband, but nobody knows where he is...), I was told maybe a VCR or a bicyclette. Apparently those were the sorts of things that Japanese men gave her. —She business girl sure. Me understand Japanese character very well—ha, ha, ha! said O. contemptuously. Japanese never give like that unless they first understand her pussy *complet*, understand her heart. —I had to agree. At any rate, young Madame appeared eager to practice mammalian reproductive biology; she followed me to the outhouse, stood staring longingly into my eyes as O. and I ate dinner, touched my hand—all of which signs O., of course, did not fail to perceive. One night she asked O. if she could use some of her oil. O. gave her half. The next night O.'s oil had disappeared. My assumption was simply that young Madame or some other party had taken the oil because it was a thing worth having. Wrong; not Machiavellian enough. —You no understand Malagasy, never understand nothing! cried O. in a rage. In bar, in street, I hear everybody speak *tak-taktak-tak-tak*, speak very *jaloux* because me with you. You rich Vaza. But you good heart, give give give give. Nobody jealous you. But me Malagasy girl. Me make business. So everybody jealous me. Want steal my *huile* so me finish beautiful. After me no more beautiful, then you leave me. Other Malagasy big happy then! —In vain I sought to convince O. that I would never leave her even if all the face-oil in the world disappeared; she raged and wept and feared and could not be comforted. —The following night I went to the outhouse and then decided to take a stroll by myself, since O. was playing cards with Bien-Aimée and some of the children. This was an ill-advised decision on my part, but I simply did not think it through. O. and I had been together practically every second. Because O. was a *fille de plaisir*, she'd grown accustomed to eating and drinking as much as she could at her husbands' expense; in fact she'd often ask me whether she was putting on weight, and when I replied in the affirmative she chuckled, delighted; the other business girls in Tamatave would admire me and respect her when she came home fat because that meant that I'd been generous. I had no objection to O.'s increasing resemblance to a beer barrel, but she had begun to develop a proportional antipathy for physical activity, including walking, so I thought that a half-hour or so alone would allow me to cover more ground and let O. save her breath. When I returned, she was packing up to leave me. Apparently young Madame had disappeared at the same time; O. had drawn her own conclusions. With the utmost goodwill I still cannot forget some of things she said to me. Nonetheless, after a scene which endured three hours she finally agreed to stay, less, I think, as a perhaps result of my coaxing and pleadings than because young Madame's mother, the hotel proprietress, pointed out (as O. later told me) that if O. left me, Bien-Aimée would probably bring me to a dark street, rob me and kill me; and then O. might conceivably have problems with the police. This appeal to practicalities having had its effect, O. then made a very interesting accusation. She turned to Bien-Aimée, whom she loathed, and shouted that he had been making

Malagasy medicine against her and me. Her evidence was that (1) he believed in Malagasy medicine, (2) I had been with O. a long time and was good to her, so it went without saying that he was jealous of her (what I think this shows, by virtue of projection, is that O. herself was jealous of the forty thousand a day I was paying Bien-Aimée to introduce me to local zebu rustlers); and finally (3) that O. and I been together for a long time without ever having problems, which was true. For O. the only explanation was a magical one.

I never met a criminal in Madagascar who did not believe in Malagasy medicine.

When I asked Bien-Aimée if there were any sorcerers in the village of S., I expected him to say, as he said about everything else: Ah, Huile [that was how he pronounced my name; the same as O.'s word for oil], that will be very difficult. —Instead he brought me straightaway to the house of an imposing old person in a denim jacket with tassels of gold dangling down his forehead like bangs, and immense silver bracelets that glowed and dazzled me in the darkness of his hut. (All those items were medicine.) He could make me something which would render me invulnerable. —No, no, Bien-Aimée, I said. Please tell him that I want something that will help me kill, like the Malaso. —The sorcerer said that that would be no problem. O., imagining that there might be something to all this and bearing in mind that it was not her money, asked him if for the same price he'd throw in something to give her a permanent husband. The sorcerer allowed that he could. —Now, what *was* his price? —One zebu.

In Madagascar a zebu costs anywhere from one hundred and fifty thousand to four hundred and fifty thousand francs. This is a already phenomenal amount of money for a Malagasy. When I asked the sorcerer how much a zebu cost, he said one million. Then I understood that he, like all the rest of us, had "spoken liar;" most likely he had agreed to give Bien-Aimée half of his takings, that being normal business procedure.

HOW TO DISGUISE A ZEBU

And now the zebu which had once belonged to various rich men and which now belonged to the man in the blue windbreaker came wandering slowly back from some watering hole, and I asked the man to show me what he did to keep the customs officials from reclaiming them. He smiled.

Inside the dark, smoky and sweltering hut he squatted over the hearth whose ashes were not so very different from the ashes that lay for miles and miles outside. He took a pan, stretched his arm outside the house, and scooped up a few handfuls of sand. He added a small amount of water. Then he set the pan on the fire. Every now and then he tested the sand with his finger, until after about ten minutes choking smoke rose from it and it hurt to touch. Then he took the pan, went out, and hurled sand over a black zebu. The animal snorted in pain and fright and ran. The man only watched.

He speak, after four days, this zebu is come white. Hair go white from burning.

He speak, use different dirt, can also make zebu go red.

JEALOUSY AGAIN

The man in the blue windbreaker was also a sorcerer—and an authentic Malaso to boot. His price (which included marital aid for O.) was sixty thousand. (I had learned enough not to bring Bien-Aimée along; anyhow I think he was busy screwing young Madame.) The second time that O. and I visited him, I asked him to make the Malagasy medicine.

Sitting in the corner, an immense lump of fat from a stolen zebu hanging from a hook over his head, he took four pieces of different woods and made shavings from them. He told me their magic names. They were called *God help me* and *men help me* and *good success* and *me never help you* (a characteristic Malagasy touch; in this country the strong soul draws affection but never spends itself for others). This was the Malaso medicine. He prayed for a long time. O. translated:

He speak, somebody kill Bill, they try try try, but their bullet turn to water, can never kill. Somebody try kill Bill, Bill get strong, somebody die. Somebody try hurt Bill, Bill only laughing, somebody have big pain trouble. God always help Bill; Bill never help anybody. Patron of Bill like Bill too much, give him more money, money come up, up, but Bill never like patron, never help him. Always for Bill, money is come up, up, up. Me pray for Bill not for money but only because I like Bill too much. (The expensive sorcerer had made the same hypocritical qualification, like some priest in the Middle Ages pocketing the money for indulgences.)

What am I supposed to do with this?

Every morning you must take small small powder, mix with honey, and rub on your face. Then you smell nice like this. You speak the four names of the woods. Then you speak: Patron always like me. You speak: Today is nobody kill me. You must keep medicine always in your pocket, except on Mondays. On Mondays medicine must rest. You can never eat pork anymore. If you eat pork, then this Malagasy medicine broken. —Speak me true, darling. I no speak him. Do you believe? He speak, if you no believe, this medicine no good.

No, honey, I don't believe. If his medicine works so well, how come he's poorer than I am? He's a nice guy, though. And you?

Me sometimes believe, sometimes no believe. My Mama good religious. You must never speak her me little bit believe Malagasy medicine, darling. Me no want Mama angry.

The truth is that the man in the blue windbreaker *did* have a very nice face. In Antananarivo I met a convicted murderer who had the same gently friendly cast of features. The murderer said that he was innocent, that he hadn't come in through the wall of the boutique and killed his patron. —If he no kill patron, they never put here in calaboose twenty years! said O. indignantly. He speak, this big bosun of Mafia who kill, he know him only on bus. He speak you liar, darling! —Beside him

was an extortionist who had a less likeable appearance. Maybe it was for that very reason that he did not deny anything. He said that he was once a customs gendarme. He had decided to become Malaso. So he entered into a scheme of forging court summonses against rich men. The rich men were afraid to come before the tribunal, so they paid him to quash the summonses. He'd gotten seven years. He said he was guilty, so I trusted him. This sorcerer in the blue windbreaker, now, he was too open; as the days went by I began to fear him slightly. One afternoon O. and I came into the burned place with the two men whom the rich man had put into the calaboose; they'd paid another official and were free again, and I asked them to show me how to "make the Malaso positions," as O. put it; and the man in the blue windbreaker was there, smiling and happy; I wondered if he wanted to kill me. How jealous was he?The previous night I'd spoken with three convicted Malaso, zebu, rustlers all. Their sentences ranged from six to ten years apiece. One had gotten caught because he did not run far enough away with the zebu before he fell asleep. The second and third had attracted the notice of gendarmes because they'd sold zebu here and there on the long road to the market in Ihosy. (I think one reason why the professionals whom I interviewed in the burned land had not gotten caught was because the first thing they did after stealing a herd was to kill one fine animal and leave it near the road, a magnet for other hungry or greedy souls; hence when the gendarmes did come there were dozens of suspects, none of them the true culprits, who meanwhile continued on their way.)

I asked one man why he stole.

I was always hungry, he said. My father also was hungry. My father knew only one thing: how to be a Malas. He taught me the way, so that I could eat.

Whom do you rob?

If a man is rich, then I grow jealous.

Am I rich? I asked the man.

Of course. You are Vaza, so you must be rich.

Are you jealous of me?

There was a short silence. Then Bien-Aimée translated: He says that because you have given him big money, he is very happy with you and he wants always to be near you. He is never jealous of you. Had you given him no money, then he would have been compelled to rob you.

The Malaso walked behind us and on our right and on our left. They were all carrying spears. We were very far now in the burned lands here it was hot and sooty and lonely, and O. said: We must be very careful. If they kill us, nobody see.

The man in the blue windbreaker was talking to one of the two men from the calaboose.

Which do you like better, zebu or gold? I asked the second man's wife.

Madame speak only zebu is good, O. translated. Madame is no like gold because her grandfather no like gold, never use gold, only zebu.

Now they were showing me how the Malaso steal. They squatted in ambush behind charred branches and thorns, watching and waiting for zebu. I had considered paying them to let me accompany them when they actually did what they did, but I could not justify that to myself. They were, after all, thieves and murderers. One of them pretended to be the rich man. He stood by the zebu, and then the Malaso shouted three times and came rushing across the hot sand, leaping upon slender skittery legs with their spears outthrust. And the pretended rich man pretended to run, and they took the zebu, and that was that.

How much should I give them? I asked O.

Maybe twenty-five thousand. I don't know.

I gave them twenty-five thousand, and because they could not calculate they asked me what each person's share would be. I told them, and asked if they were happy. They nodded silently. O. had turned very pale, and sat down weakly near the black meteor-like boulder of a termite's nest. I took out another twenty-five thousand and they all shouted with joy and O. got up smiling and I knew that we were safe. —Tell them in a week's time we'll come back with much more money, I lied.

THE WORTH OF TWO SHOES

It is very easy to believe that for the zebu-stealers in S. the ends genuinely justify the means. Those dirt-encrusted faces speak to me in a hot and desperate silence. People must eat. And if they do in fact discriminate between rich people who help them and rich people who are selfish, then they fill an almost normative function, like the voodoo societies described in Wade Davis's *The Serpent and the Rainbow.* (Davis argues that only greedy or otherwise antisocial people are zombified.) And the cruel inequity of the Malagasy legal system increases my sympathy for the Malaso of S. In Tulear, posing as a Catholic missionary (as O. remarked: Darling, if you no speak liar in Madagascar, you lost!), I was granted a permit to visit the Maison Centrale. It did not seem wise to push my luck and take photographs under the eyes of the *guardien chef de prison*, who unlike the *guardien chef* in Tamatave was incorruptible; he sat coolly behind his desk while O. and I possessed ourselves of low chairs and the three prisoners to whom the Blessed Church of William T. Vollmann would give big money to[16] squatted in the corner. The first was a young man with a withered leg. On account of his deformity no Malagasy woman would go with him, so he'd raped a twelve-year-old girl, the daughter of his patron. The *guardien chef* said that he might serve seven years or maybe twenty. The rapist said that what he most needed was a pair of shoes because he had to sleep in a crouch with eight other men and the floor was a running sewer and shoes might help overcome an infection in his bad leg.The second also had a wooden staff to help him ambulate; getting drunk, he'd played with his wife a little roughly and then a little more roughly; finally for a joke he'd stabbed her dead; then he took up housebreaking. He was, in short, a

Malaso. One night with two comrades he'd burst into a home and sprayed the interior with ammoniac to blind and intimidate; then the three had begun to haul the valuables to the roof for later hiding. The gendarmes had come; his friends had gone; he'd leaped off the roof and smashed his leg forever. The third was a thin, scared middle-aged woman with a foul smell. She had worked in the house of a rich man. The rich man had paid her so little that she was often hungry. One night he seduced her and she became pregnant. After the baby was born she was even weaker than before, so finally the poor creature stole two blankets and tried to sell them. The receiver took the blankets, then a day or two later said that unless he could keep them and the thirty thousand as well, he'd inform against her. She had already spent the money on food. Voila! The *guardien chef* said that she'd gotten two years. As she sat gazing dully downward, her right hand lifted slowly, as if of its own accord, and unbuttoned the top fastening of her rags. At first I thought that she was compelled to scratch away the intolerable itching of her lice, but then I saw something small and round and black inside her shapeless vestments; it was the crown of her baby's head. She raised it to her nipple, and it seemed almost too weak to suck. It never cried or made any noise, and I saw no more of it than the top of its head; it seemed only to infest her like some sorrowful species of vermin. —O. reported: She speak her baby very sick, because not enough food in prison.

What do they eat here?

Only manioc. All these three very skinny, because they have no family. So the *guardien chef* choose them to speak you, because you must help them. Excuse me, darling. I go toilet.

She had not been gone more than a moment when I heard her scream: *Come quickly!* and because the *guardien chef de prison* did not prevent me, I rose and strode in the direction of her voice, turning left into the office of the two gullible gendarmes whom I'd tricked into letting me photograph them the previous night, and then out into the hot sandy courtyard, and then left again to a gate where the toilet was; the toilet was evidently also the hospital. And in the hospital a human being—man or woman I don't know—was lying belly down, swaddled in cloth the color of dirt. The face lay unmoving in the dirt. I have seen photographs of Auschwitz and this sight was not as shocking as that; the hands and feet were skinny but not skeletal; nonetheless I hope that someday I'll be able to forget how that conscious carcass looked. I did not take a picture.

This one want die, explained O. From sickness and from no food. Here is only manioc and manioc no good for this one.

I went back to the *guardien chef de prison* and gave him another twenty-five thousand for the dying convict. The *guardien chef* thanked me and said that I had a good heart. A gendarme took the money and went out at a run to get a doctor. —That one die anyway, said O. If not today then tomorrow sure.

How do you feel about that?

For me not *interessant.* For your job maybe *interessant*, but for me no. Me no like. Only that Madame steal blanket, for her me very sad, because she must eat. The others, for me they can rest forever in calaboose.

So, as I said, the circumstances of these lives were grim enough to inspire pity, in me if not in hardboiled O. But the misery they lived and died in could never for me justify causing misery in others. When O. and I returned to Antananarivo I became a Catholic missionary again (since in Madagascar hospitals are just as off-limits to foreign journalists as prisons), and, after promising the gatekeeper a small present, O. and I were permitted to ascend the long slanted vinyl-treaded walkways of darkness. We went down corridors crowded with silent anguished not-yet-processed, and came into the wards where patients bled and gurgled and thrashed and lay still. And we found a victim of the *mpangerapoussy.*

He was more than eighty years old. He'd been carrying some small money in his hand after dark when four Mafia men spied him and opened his skull.

Is he in pain? I asked the doctor, who spoke some French.

Oh, yes, extreme pain, said the doctor cordially.

Does this hospital have any medicine for pain?

No. Nothing.

If I were to give you the money to buy medication for this man in a pharmacy outside, would you do it?

The doctor had already begun to look bored and disgusted, so I quickly added: Of course I'd want to give you a small present, doctor, and he brightened. His colleagues rushed in and affixed a chart to the foot of the old man's bed and wrote out all the doses; it was very inspirational to see them bustle about.

The second one was a taxi driver. Two *mpangerapoussy* had come into his cab posing as passengers and then four more had appeared from nowhere, and they'd beaten him unconscious and taken sixty thousand. I made the same request, to which the doctor acceded most joyfully, and later when O. and I were alone I asked her if those two patients would ever get their medicine, and she said: Never. The old man maybe, but I think never. Driver never. Why you give give give like baby? Never give me nothing. Doctors in Madagascar very poor. Must keep for themselves.

So that was reason enough to dislike the Mafia, and I had even more reason when they began to stalk O. Her little brother had agreed to watch her house while she and I were away because the watchman that Madame her patronne employed was very very poor and his wages were small so there was a good chance that he would not be there watching; although the *mpangerapoussy* was not as virulent in Tamatave as in Antananarivo or Tulear, other species of evil did exist, which was why O. had warned me never to take a *pousse-pousse* alone in Tamatave at night,[17] with her or any other business girl it was no problem, because the *pousse-pousse* drivers knew that the business girls understood and remembered the numbers on their *pousse-pousses*, but if you were, say, a foreign sailor in search of feminine comfort, a *pousse-pousse* driver

might agree to bring you to Queen's Disco but instead walk you into the night shadows under lonely trees where other *pousse-pousse* drivers waited to spray your eyes with ammoniac and take everything, stabbing you if you resisted; their ammoniac had permanently blinded a Japanese chief engineer of O.'s intimate acquaintance; and then there were the Malaso who stopped a car with three Russians in it, took all their money, shot them and then set the car ablaze; there were the ones who had stabbed a Catholic priest a week or two since; and of course there were the three men who had sliced their way into O.'s house; thus O.'s brother was necessary, and O. wanted to buy him something in Antananarivo to reward him and keep him from being jealous; he'd asked for a pair of shoes like mine, so after an hour or so in the market we found some shoddy facsimiles for seventy thousand which O. bargained down to sixty. So there we were, with merchandise worth about sixteen dollars; that was enough to bring in the *mpangerapoussy.* Almost immediately a tall grim man began to cut us off from the right. In a few years he'd be just a poor man, an old man like a brown humped zebu pawing, but right now he still had his strength, and he had his need and his plan and his confederates. —Look! whispered O. faintly. Another one on left, two behind—four Mafia is coming quickly!

Now a woman approached O. and said in a low voice: *Attention, Madame!*

Quick-quick! cried O., almost weeping. We must take taxi.

The four men were almost on us when we saw a cab. O. opened the door and we leaped in without bargaining first. I looked out the window and saw those four visages of baffled cruelty and greed, and almost shuddered. O.'s hand was hot and sweaty in mine.

And I remember another time, a nighttime when I went out with O. to photograph some *mpangerapoussy*—just street kids these, scrawny, hungry, bored, desperate and bold like rats as they sat around their fire on the sidewalk. They were very young; I was not afraid of them at first. O. explained to them that I'd give twenty-five thousand for a photograph or two. They swarmed around us laughing then, their hands in our faces as I worked the camera; O. screamed as the first one slid his hand into her pocket and then one tried to pull me down and I kicked out, and suddenly I saw a dull gleam and looking down I spied a knife in the darkness, twisting toward my crotch. I kicked that boy also, as hard as I could, and then I pulled out the twenty-five thousand and threw it at them and pulled O. away and I'll never know why they didn't follow us and pull us down. They were everywhere in Antananarivo, those Mafia bands; they owned the darkness, and I hated them. Their poverty did not excuse them. They were evil. —Me no like your job! O. wept. Your job is no good!— It is O. whom I remember now when I think about the Malagasy Mafia.

MADAME DRACULA

The woman who smelled like a toilet understood that I would pay her bigger money if she kept completely still while I painted her portrait, but she could not keep her predatory eyes from darting constantly, desperately, hungrily back and forth, pacing and leaping and rushing within the whites. —Tell her she is very beautiful, I said to O.

O. complied, then said: *Beautiful?* You like her? Want fuck her? She same same Dracula! No good. I speak her: Madame, you must wait on balcony. Never come inside room. Maybe she steal. I think is big Mafia. Must be very dangerous.

Tell her I'll pay her another five thousand if she'll show us how to steal a purse.

Madame Dracula's pupils sparkled at this news. She scuttered into the darkness beyond the doorway and lurked there, glaring out at O.

She speak, now she make the Mafia position.

The woman came swooping out, an expression of rage and hideous gloating on her face as she snatched at the strap of O.'s bag.

How long has she been a thief?

Now she has thirty-six years. Her father always dead. Mother in very far away place. She never have school, no nothing. Always hungry. Now have three baby. Must feed them. Very difficult. Ever since she have fourteen years she make like this.

Has she seen many people killed by the *mpangerapoussy*?

Many, many!

Does she ever feel sad to see them die?

Never. Happy, because she can eat.

Later that day I asked O. to bring me back another street woman at random for me to paint, and when she returned with a girl in rags she said: This one just sitting with many people, sitting like watchmen. I ask her what she do there and she say nothing. I think maybe *everybody* in Tananarive now is Mafia! —The girl sat sullenly enough as I painted her. I thought that I had perhaps previously seen her pale eyes under a straw hat in the rain; she'd been an urchin wrapped in pink plastic. —Ask Mademoiselle if she has ever been to the calaboose. —She speak, only for two days. —What was her crime? —She kill one man and one woman with knife. Police catch her and bring in calaboose, but she pay thirty thousand and then go, no problem.

I looked at her and could not help but recall the chicken thief in Ihosy who got six months. I wondered if he would die of hunger like the man in Tulear.

Ask her if she ever feels sorry for the people whom the Mafia kill.

The young woman only shrugged.

She no speak nothing! Never answer! Oh, husband, she have very bad heart this one! Not same Tamatave! Me big afraid! Your job no good. Why you must see these evil hearts? Very bad, very dangerous! Now she see our *chambre*, maybe she speak big

bosun *mpangerapoussy* come kill kill kill!

How do the Mafia decide whom to kill?

She speak, have always small boy watching, running, looking like watchmen. When small boy see, then they go to small bosun *mpangerapoussy.* Small bosun tell big bosun. Then big bosun come run run run with knife, like that.

Ask Madame Dracula to tell us about the first time she saw somebody killed, I said.

O. listened, then shook her head. —Horrible what she speak! Darling, she speak, first time, she see like that, she have only fourteen years. And some rich Madame here in Tananarive go market. This rich Madame have baby still inside. And she come shopping, to buy food. And Madame Dracula watch. Then four men come watching. And rich Madame slip in her high heel shoes. Then she fall, and four men come quickly running, running. They pull her down. First one he cut her purse and take. Second one he cut her throat, rich madame bleeding, bleeding everywhere. Third one he cut dress down, all down like this, take dress, cut inside Madame, kill Madame, cut open baby still inside. Fourth one he look listen, speak everybody you must never tell police; then they all run run. And Madame Dracula she find small money from Madame on sidewalk, so keep, very very happy. But me think Madame Dracula speak liar, because Mafia never leave money like that. Me think she help Mafia, watching, keeping quiet, maybe even help kill Madame. She speak like that.

Madame Dracula suddenly studied me, as if to make out how she might best forage from this direction. —She speak, she show you how Madame die, explained poor O. wearily.

Now Madame Dracula took off her top, showed me her breasts, lay down on her back, and rested the knife-tip in her flesh. Dutifully I took a photograph. A moment later, when she thought that O. might not be looking, she spread her legs and winked. I thought of Athene at the Hotel Glacier.

Ask her whom the Mafia like to kill.

Anybody rich. Anybody with clothes; anybody with food.

Closing my eyes, I could almost see for a moment the four men swarming around that doomed woman like sharks, pulling her down and cutting, shining with joy and savage need. And I thought of the young boys who had tried to jerk me off balance, and wondered what would have happened if I'd fallen. Maybe nothing. Maybe.[18]

If they were going to kill me, what would they do?

She speak, if they only rob you, just take take take. Then maybe cut you with knife. If is kill you, first they take your glasses. Spray ammoniac in eyes. Now you cannot see, great pain in eyes for you; easy for them to kill. Very dangerous what she speak, eh?

Very dangerous. Does she understand how the *mpangerapoussy* use their knives

to kill?

Yes, understand.

Tell her I want to learn how to kill. Tell her to buy me a knife and bring back two men who understand murdering, so that you and I can learn.

She say OK. Oh, darling, me little bit scared.

Madame Dracula came back with a knife and two men, one of whom was her son. At night I sometimes saw the son and his friend in company with some other Mafia, strolling down the street in a happy way, owning rum or a handful of Good Luck cigarettes; once I saw them chasing another man, and I didn't dare go after them to see what happened. The two men showed me how they did it. It was easy. They kept sharpened butcher knives up their sleeves. There was nothing to it. They pulled the victim down and embraced him, thrusting the knife deep into the abdomen, over and over until he was dead. Madame Dracula knew how to do it very well, too. She smiled when she did it. Across the corridor I could smell her, the strong sour smell of a skinny black and white snake.

Do they believe in Malagasy medicine?

Yes. All believe.

After that, O. started to go to pieces. She was afraid day and night. She became convinced that the hotel staff were Mafia, and for all I know they were. It was a pleasure to hear the instinctive lies she told. She was everybody's best friend. She and I had been married for six years. She listed the names and ages of our three children, and elaborated upon their dispositions at great length. As soon as her best friends left, she'd rush to the keyhole to see if they were spying on us and wanted to murder us. I did not think that we were in very great danger, but because she felt such fear I agreed to change hotels. I myself had begun to feel a nagging nervousness because day after day when we went out tall desperate men would follow us. On the morning that we checked out, O. told everybody that we were going to Tamatave to get big dollars and then we'd come back to stay for a month. It was already eight. That was the Mafia hour, O. said, but to her every hour was the Mafia hour. We ran out as quickly as we could with the baggage and started putting it into a taxicab when Madame Dracula's son and his friend came up and asked us for five hundred. I was stupid and principled and wouldn't have given it to them, but trembling sweating O. snatched a thousand-franc note posthaste from her purse; and they smiled and wished us a *bon journée* and were gone. Suddenly I remembered a story which O. had told me about her best friend, a business girl from Tamatave, who had come to Antananarivo with a rich Vaza. A beggar-boy had asked them for five hundred. Rudely the whore had replied: Why do you keep asking me? Why don't you work? Leave my husband and me alone! —The boy had run away, but, as O. had put it, the Mafia "listened." No doubt the boy ran to a bigger boy, and the bigger boy to some *grand bosun de Mafia*, because the next thing that business girl knew, she was in a taxicab, safe as she thought, when four men came running and

smashed through the windows and cut her gold necklace off her and then slashed her dress from top to bottom and took that, too; slashed her bra and panties and took her shoes and purse and every last thing and then cut her once, not to kill her but only to warn her to remember the jealous ones next time...

SPECIAL TAX
(2001)

We want the United States to understand the sorrow of the Congo, so that it can help us to regain our dignity.

DOCTOR ADOLPHE ONOSUMBA YEMBA,
PRESIDENT OF THE RASSEMBLEMENT CONGOLAIS POUR LA DÉMOCRATIE

1

Some years ago, I sold my soul to the magazines. The price I got was excellent: money enough to buy whatever I wanted (my wants, perhaps, are small), adventures in exotic countries, and more liberty of expression and behavior than my friends get accorded. In exchange I laid down my illusions about painting The Big Picture, not to mention "making a difference." They used to allow me twenty thousand words. Then it was ten. Now if I'm lucky it's five to seven, a phrase which sounds like a prison sentence but which actually means *less work for me.* I never complain unless they change yes to no, misspell my name, or, God forbid, fail to pay on time.

Accordingly, after you finish reading this sketch of "the Congo," which is a huge region comprising two countries each with its government and insurgent zones, each afflicted by its own coups, civil wars, invading neighbors and intentional acci-

dents of superseded Euro-imperialism, you won't know much more about Congolese politics than you do now; but maybe you don't care about Congolese politics anyway. Like those American farmers who get paid not to sow, I cash-converted to the "less is more" school, will confine myself to writing about certain African counterparts of mine, who likewise cast their mercenary nets upon the waters. Unfortunately for their victims, they happen to be officials and soldiers instead of hack journalists. The harm which they are doing lies almost beyond description.

To introduce you to them, I'll begin by explaining that every two or three days, both in Brazzaville and in Kinshasa, the respective capitals of the two Congos, I used to get arrested. It might for instance have happened that I'd taken a picture of some delighted little boy standing against a blank wall. —and, by the way, the reason why photography will figure so prominently in these anecdotes is simply that the operation of a camera tended to be my first public transaction in any place, and, try as they might, my pals couldn't really get me before I appeared. Sometimes opening a notebook was enough to get me in trouble; often my white skin set them off; enough. The shutter closed; the boy shrieked a laugh. Although no warnings or prohibitions were posted, and although the police had been indifferently fanning themselves in their dark doorway for hours while I went about my business with much the same innocence of a child, I was now to be informed that the blank wall, indeed, this street, was a high-security area: Monsieur, you have now caused a problem, an extremely grave problem. —How about that, I proudly said. They marched me through the dark doorway. Under the circumstances, they would need to confiscate my camera. It was the *chef de police* himself who informed me of this necessity, and from a very special quality of slow-moving, patient implacability in his face I began to comprehend that all this might seriously delay my lunch. Off-green helmets were stacked upside-down in three columns. I counted them. I counted them twice. There were twenty-nine. The policeman in off-green studied each page of my passport through a magnifying glass, while the policeman in camouflage paced thoughtfully back and forth, right hand on the trigger guard of his low-slung machine gun, which remained at all time half-pointed at me. I asked him how many bullets presently resided in the banana clip, and he stared. Around his neck he wore Zeiss miniature binoculars which I imagine him to have confiscated from somebody richer and cleaner than himself. Still farther from the window, through which at the very beginning the *chef de police* had gazed wisely out at the Congo River, four bunk beds could barely be discerned in the hot darkness, and on the lowest and closest of these, a young policeman lay very slowly rereading a handwritten letter within a transparent plastic envelope. He never looked at me, but sometimes he joked or chatted with his two colleagues. The one with the magnifying glass arose, glared into my eyes, closed my passport and then locked it into a rusty box. The one with the machine gun strode very close now, in his stare a mercilessness which I'll call inhuman simply because I once read something similar in the huge eyes of a doe elk

who was charging me because I must have inadvertently trespassed on her calving grounds; she saw me but did not recognize me as myself. I was an alien threat. She meant to harm me. This non-recognition had been conveyed to me by each of the four policemen in his own fashion. The fourth, the *chef de police*, had now vanished into the back room with my protector and occasional translator, proud, moody, jet-black, roundfaced, bespectacled little Monsieur Franck, whose father had five wives but who himself for the sake of modernity had married only one while reclining with a certain number of others, I'd say perhaps five to seven per week; and I could hear the voices of Monsieur Franck and the *chef de police* rising higher and higher as they argued about the price. Eventually they settled on ten thousand Central African francs, or about fourteen dollars; but as soon as Monsieur Franck had come to receive my approval and then counted out his own money so that my wallet would not be seen, the *chef de police* increased the ransom to twenty-five thousand. Now I could see how it was going to be. I told the *chef de police* (or rather whispered to Monsieur Franck to tell him, for to protect decorum we all had to pretend that nothing was going on in the back room) that I absolutely could not go about twenty-five thousand, that if they insisted I would leave my camera with them and forget it, that I was a poor man who'd sleep on the street tonight, and all the other things which I could think of to convey that the bargain, having been closed and reclosed, must be honored. In response to my implication of bad faith, the *chef de police* replied that the ten thousand had been only for the service, while the twenty-five thousand was for the complete service. With camera, passport and most of my money, I quitted them at last. After I paid they did not become any friendlier, the way they would have done in Cambodia or Madagascar. No; they didn't like me; I suppose they wondered how much harder they could have squeezed me. —and whether indeed they ought to let me go at all; why not squeeze me again? This was the reason why as soon as we had turned the corner, Monsieur Franck advised me to run, so we fled into the snake-infested grass, transecting the perimeter of a hidden soldiers' camp one of whose occupants now began to follow us, wearing a distant, moody expression; when we regained the dirt streets of *centre-ville*, we jumped into the first taxi we saw, rounded half a dozen fast corners, then lunched at a pizzeria all of whose beers were cold and all of whose waitresses were prostitutes from the other Congo across the river, the Democratic Republic (formerly called Zaire) at whose skyscrapers the *chef de police* had gazed; and there, too, I also got arrested from time to time for such felonies as photographing a street vendor at his own request, in my vest pocket a duly signed and stamped document emblazoned with my passport-sized likeness. —a real work of art, in short, for which the immigration authorities in Kinshasa had charged me two hundred dollars and for which they'd given me a receipt for one hundred. To save time and trouble to all parties they'd forged my signature on the application forms, or rather invented it, for it resembled no signature at all except perhaps a crazed Arabic calligrapher's; hence while we were wait-

ing for the cassava and flyspecked river-fish to arrive at the expensive restaurant where I had to take them for lunch (was it from this or some other delicacy that I have gained the ongoing superhuman power to shit blood?), they set me to practicing the game, forging the forgery until they were all satisfied. Then they smiled and clapped my shoulder. Thus I had reason to believe that I'd done everything right. Unfortunately, because an out-of-focus somebody had strolled past on the far side of the street not long after I'd completed my exposure, the accreditation became voided. A machine gun barrel clinked against my lens, and the men in blue paraded me away in triumphant indignation, two before and two behind, while sweaty crowds watched with warily sadistic interest. We turned into a hot alley which became a piss-stained tunnel, then entered an office the size of a large closet, a dark, rancid, extremely hot little kingdom whose humidity infused my clothes to a state of soddenness several orders of magnitude in excess of that of the ordinary Congo air, which was almost water, or, I should say, almost blood; it felt as if it were the temperature of blood although it usually wasn't, not quite; it simultaneously supported and ennervated the body like warm fluid. Inside the police station, on the other hand, ink began to run from several of the visas of my passport, and the money in my wallet became instantly mildewed as did the wallet itself, and as soon as I'd wiped my forehead on my dripping sleeve it was time to wipe it again. The *chef de police,* Monsieur Roger Samba, sat behind his desk beneath a portrait of the murdered Kabila, whose son had now been President for a good three months and whose picture I never saw in any public place, not even in the embassy. Monsieur Samba explained that not only had I failed to obtain permission from the out-of-focus somebody before removing my lens cap, but (and this was still more serious) in each district of Kinshasa one must first telephone the local police station for authorization to photograph. (There was no telephone in that station.) As it happened, my difficulties on this occasion, which lasted for about three hours, were solved without payment of any "special tax," thanks to the intervention of a passerby who conveniently turned out to be a plainclothesman of the secret police. In his company the four gun-toters escorted me to another even filthier police station and then to the Hôtel de Ville, where the *chef de securité* for the entire Democratic Republic of Kinshasa, on whose desk a sign advised: ATTENTION: GOD IS WATCHING YOU, signed the reverse sheet of my accreditation in his very own hand and informed me that for my own safety, although I wouldn't ever see them, friendly spies would now accompany me on every street, day or night, anywhere I went. Thanking him for this threat, I inquired what exactly I should do when photographing street scenes when not every member of a crowd could be asked for permission beforehand. —"The answer is simple, Monsieur," he replied. "Don't take any such pictures."[1] Alas, this wisdom-pearl had been cast before a journalistic swine.

The doorway to Monsieur Samba's den was flanked on one side by a long table behind which sat half a dozen grubby policemen in mismatched uniforms, and on

the other by a dark cage of lattice-work through which sallow palms groped at the light. The cries of these prisoners haunted me. The policemen at the table had refused my request to give them a few Congolese francs. It was hardly remarkable that in a country where the police and the soldiers were themselves such wretched beggars (by twos and threes they'd approach people in the street, entreating and threatening: *"Papa, donnez-moi l'argent!"*—"Papa, give me money!"), prisoners would be worse off. But what especially horrified me in both Congos was the gratuitous cruelty with which the prisoners were treated. I remember one police station in Brazzaville into which while innocuously twiddling my thumbs on the street I dispatched the ever ready Monsieur Franck with instructions to negotiate the price of photographing a prisoner or two. The previous three police stations had turned me down, in spite of my brand-new, just-purchased and laminated card from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs which was supposed me make me "invulnerable, just like an ambassador" (cost: ten thousand Central African francs), so I'd told Monsieur Franck to search his memory for out-of-the-way police stations, and this was the result. Luckily, the *chef de police* was out. The *sous-chef* agreed in a twinkling. In the filthy cell he displayed the prisoner, a scared, silent street thief, as if he were a trophy-fish, pulling him up by the chin, then shaking him, kicking him, thrusting him down to the concrete, kicking him again... An instant later he wondered whether he had really done the prudent thing (his wondering being dangerous to me, which was why Monsieur Franck and I got the hell away from there), but one of his officers reassured him; the man was a sorcerer; he'd make sure that my photos didn't come out.

With the aid of a certain immigration inspector whom I had in my pocket (or perhaps I should say that he had his hand in my pocket), I made my cautious return through the street stalls of Kinshasa to Monsieur Samba's kingdom, where, the immigration inspector having first offered evidence of my lack of hard feelings (in Monsieur Franck's words: "Ha, ha! They take your money, and then their authority becomes *soft*, you know!"), my request to interview the *chef* and a prisoner or two was granted with alacrity. Moreover, my accreditation was now so perfectly in order that no one even asked to see it.

"What's your greatest difficulty here?"

"Lack of material, lack of transport," said Monsieur Samba, drumming on the desk in irritation. Perhaps I'd already gotten my money's worth. Five thousand Congolese francs, I think it was. —but no doubt the immigration inspector had kept his commission.

"What do you most often arrest people for?"

"Simply theft."

"Why do they steal?"

"Chiefly for food. Many are hungry always." (Here I could not forbear to remember the hungry, threatening soldiers I saw every day: *"Papa, donnez-moi l'argent!")*

Some of the other policemen now put in that in their view the main reason that everything in Kinshasa was so slow, irregular and difficult (I wish I could describe to you the endless waiting for *anything,* the conversations which invariably turned either mendicant or resentful) was the civil war, which had interrupted production and especially food supplies from rebel-held districts. Their opinions were correct, for when I took a U.N. flight to the insurgent town of Goma a few days later I found an abundance of food; moreover, in Goma the Congolese franc held its own much better against the dollar, the exchange rate in government territory being two hundred and fifty to one, and in rebel territory one hundred and forty to one.[2] ("Do you ever catch rebels in the market?" I asked Monsieur Samba. —"We used to all the time. But then some local people burned them alive, so they don't come anymore.")[3] But let's forget about Goma for the moment, with all its lava, cacti and hanging vines; because now, at a nod from Monsieur Samba, a couple of skinny, submissive prisoners are brought in from the cage to squat on the greasy concrete floor in the same place where I had stood so apprehensively the previous day. Their handwritten tickets of arrest were laid out on Monsieur Samba's desk, but I was not permitted to photograph these documents. The one nearest to me had stolen some kitchenware in hopes of selling it for food; after being released he stole a pair of sneakers.

"How long have you been in the cage this time?"

"A week," he said, but at this, several policemen began to shout at him most threateningly, and then he remembered that he'd been in custody for only a day.

The interview was finished, except for a few photographs. —now back into the cage with them! Now let's visit another cage, actually a small, square room with a broken television, holes in the ceiling from the civil war, a floral curtain behind which the family slept (*"c'est moi, ma femme et notre bébé"*), and a padlock on the door for security. This was the house of my immigration inspector, one of the few who was genuinely kind. It's even possible that if my money had run out prematurely, he would have protected me from his colleagues, although it's better never to test other human beings to destruction. He always did what he could for me; after my difficulties with Monsieur Samba, he tried to get me still another card to boost the power of my accreditation another notch; and when that didn't work out, he served me up one of his female colleagues instead. He lived far, far away. It took him forever to get to work every day on the insanely crowded, unreliable taxi-brousses. Because his wife was out, and she possessed the one key, he was embarrassed, and so he ripped the padlock off the door to let me in. So much for security.

"I'm inspector of immigration; I'm a big person. And look at me. Look at this. You heard that *chef de police* tell you that before 6 August 1998 our franc was thirty to the dollar. My salary has not changed. My wife and I used to have an apartment in town, but we couldn't keep it. Now we live out here. No one profits from this war. Some say that a group of whites is behind it. If so, only they profit."

That very day, April 24, 2001, a white man, a diplomat, was sitting at a table

in an air-conditioned room with the blue flag of the United Nations behind him, and as the journalists raised their hands and the photographers and videographers crawled abjectly around him, he spoke of that war, of "laying the problem on the table," of sincerity, of perseverance, of complexity (his voice rising and falling in eloquent cadences in that cool and echoing room), of disarmament, a fundamental turn, *"le dialogue inter-Congolais,"* so that we could make things better, *"et peut-être, tourner le grande page pour Afrique."* Forget Africa; he'd need to turn a pretty grand page for the Congo alone, that malarial paradise subdivided into its very different zones each one of which lay subject to its own "special taxes." Over on the west side of the river, the Republic of Congo had endured no less than three civil wars already since 1993, which was why in Brazzaville, lime trees, bullet-pocked houses, calm-voiced children, golden-green flies and sunlight dissolved one another into a most peculiar dream. A boy sat shucking snowpeas in the shade of a scorched post office. Young enough for Monsieur Franck to call him *"mon petit,"* he'd seen many, many corpses in the streets during the second and third wars; they'd been shot "for fun," he supposed, or else out of tribal hatred. The last cease-fire had taken effect on Christmas 1999. Most people I asked suspected that there'd be another civil war in five or ten years. Meanwhile, Brazzaville's half-dirt streets exuded a weirdly rural feeling, for the government remained even now nominally socialist, with the odd hammer and sickle monument or Che Guevara poster clinging to existence here and there, so that in spite of the new oil sales, "development" had to a large extent occurred only in the Maoist sense. Tree-topped village of concrete houses, infinite-hearthed kitchen whose smoldering braziers mirrored the heat of the sun, Brazza was a backwater, to be sure, but it was safe and convenient, the "special taxes" of the police were reasonable, except perhaps to poor travelers from Kinshasa;[4] and the soldiers mostly restrained themselves from minding other peoples' business. Brazza was even beautiful, like its tall Congolese women who wore colors as spectacular as the plumage of parakeets. Vines flowering over bombed edifices transmuted ruin into picturesque decrepitude. As for Kinshasa, although that city had not been nearly so damaged by fighting. —for instance, it suffered less often from the almost cyclic dimming of lights and quieting of air conditioners which occurred every night in Brazza, where forty percent of the electrical system was destroyed (and, moreover, Kinshasa offered multistory apartments and office towers to the gaze of that *chef de police* in Brazzaville who'd gazed so wisely across the river on that humid Sunday morning when he was calculating the most Solomonic possible ransom for my camera). —everybody agreed that life was worse in Kinshasa, where people were poorer and prices were higher. ("Zaireans are like Mexicans in my country," said Monsieur Franck. "They will do anything. Most of my girlfriends" [he meant paid girlfriends] "are Zairean. They don't care. Even about condoms they don't care.") And if Kinshasa's Congo had endured only one civil war to Brazza's three, that war had been terrible and was now merely suspended, not resolved, and that suspension

thanks only to the United Nations's patiently expensive efforts. I asked a woman who'd fled across the river to Brazza what she remembered of her country, and she said, "Nothing but running and shooting."

2

When after a hot and dreary wait in Brazzaville I was finally granted my visa for the Democratic Republic of Congo, I asked the consul, in whose office a portrait of the assassinated Kabila continued to prevail, where I ought to go, what I should see. He said that three foreign armies (in other words, the rebel forces) continued to occupy the eastern half of his country. If I went to Goma, I could find some "autodefensists," some resistance to the foreign occupation. I decided to take his advice. But that meant starting from Kinshasa. So for the first time I took the boat across the Congo River, the river white as sunshine on a sweaty forehead, stinking water, dead and oily mirror; and for me this voyage began and ended in an atmosphere of confusion approaching fear, because it was the first time that I saw what can best be described as *the boiling.*

Perhaps you have read about the subways of Tokyo, where people pack themselves obediently into claustrophobically confined spaces, sometimes with the aid of a professional nudger, each passenger correctly trusting that everybody else's orderliness and courteousness will allow him to get out again. I have tried this, and it really isn't so bad. Now imagine a much smaller, hotter, dirtier, darker space; imagine that some people don't have the fare but are trying to force themselves through anyhow; imagine that all the others fear that the conveyance will leave without them and that there may not be another one; further, imagine that each entrance and each exit is occluded by officials whose job and joy is to extract a tax, and in some cases a "special tax" surcharge, from everybody possible; and please imagine that each entrance and each exit is so narrow that only one-way traffic can pass, and that unfortunately each entrance is also the exit. Imagine that these officials are ill-trained, ill-tempered and underpaid, and that most of them are armed with whips.

Taut, sweaty brownish-black faces seethed down the narrow, mesh-walled gangplanks. Dark skin, clothed in the brightest possible assemblage of hues (golden stars in a turquoise paisley, red and yellow striped chemises with violet orchids in the yellownesses, blue trousers patterned with green goblets) shouted and sometimes screamed. What a boiling, boiling crowd! Somewhere, an unseen body shoved, and all the rest of us in this hysterical mass of sweaty flesh were slammed backward. Kicks and punches now traveled forward again with electric speed, and we lurched along until the next blow while soldiers bellowed with rage, forcing us into one narrow booth after another, within which even the official who ruled it could hardly move. Meanwhile, everybody had to have his documents literally in hand at all times, because there was no telling who would want what when, and whether the

sweating cursing giant who'd just collected a handful of passports would ever give them back, because we were shoved along down the next chute, ready with our exit tax receipts, currency declarations (on which form it was absolutely necessary for me to lie every time, to protect myself from the thieving bastards ahead) and yellow fever innoculation certificates (forgeries of which could be purchased in five minutes for a thousand Central African francs at the very beginning). Here came our passports, safe back in hand, in exchange for a special tax which varied every time... A last series of shoves and contractions, and each flesh-globule oozed as well as it could up a ladder whose rungs dripped with mud and excrement. All that was embarkation. Packed on the boat so tightly that only the lucky firstcomers could sit down, the flesh awaited dismembarkation, which would be worse.

At Kinshasa the gangplank was down, protected by its metal gratings and its barbed wire. Men twisting screaming women's breasts, men pushing men, soldiers brutally kicking, pushing and punching, these human beings, their acts, and the staggering rush of that column of flesh squeezed by narrowness and aggression into a state of almost liquid extrusion, vividly illustrated for me Monsieur Franck's favorite phrase: *the struggle for life.* Many people fell, and when they fell the ones they fell on had to fall likewise. Now *two* streams of flesh were squeezing past each other in that same introitus, for the Brazza-bound passengers had already begun fighting for their places on the boat. A man shoved a little boy against the dirty barbed wire, probably not intentionally, and the boy screamed and began to bleed. The shouting of the soldiers was terrifying. Wondering how I would keep them from tearing off my clothes and ravishing all my money away from me, I found myself now descending the shitty ladder, kicked and shoved from behind, almost falling, while ahead the biggest men were shouldering each other aside. Whenever people tried to swarm up over the sides of the chute, police flogged them with flexible rods. I saw them strip a man's shirt off and begin to beat him. Submissively, he raised his hands. They bound his wrists with rope. Now they were punching a woman again and again in the side of the head. At first she was shouting, and then she was just taking it. They dragged her off to the side; she too had been arrested. Meanwhile the swarm made its semiliquid way, documents ready whenever it had them, bales, bundles and bags on its sweating heads, each flesh-atom straining to get through. At certain egresses, single file prevailed, and then another gate, another tax station would demarcate the recommencement of undifferentiated, herded flesh, deep brown, and sometimes jet black, the featureless of the mass resembling Congo jungle as seen from the air. —namely, so crammed, leafed and tree-crowned in its blue-greenness that it might as well have been nothing; there was no detail since there was nothing but detail, no beginning and no end. And now I had made it as far as the second single file, and not far ahead I could see the real meat-grinder, where people were getting inspected, opening their bundles, bracing themselves to pay they knew not what special tax. What should I do? There was only one answer: Pay a high but fair spe-

cial tax to one official who'd save me from the others! This is what I did, and my new friend, my dear new friend, the immigration inspector I've told you about, shouted: "Diplomat!", so that everyone had to make way for me, although they cried out with rage.

O special taxes! You must be holy, for you are certainly infinite. I'll recapitulate one merest subsegment: My new friends take all my local currency when I leave Kinshasa's exhaust-smells and broken wheelbarrows behind, because it's illegal to export Congolese francs. Never mind; they'll keep it for me until I come back from Brazza. I come back. Unfortunately, they've had to spend it all on special taxes to benefit me. They can't give me a receipt. Never mind. They'll explain over lunch. Back to the same expensive restaurant of river-fish garnished with flies. There are four of them today and of course I must pay. —Why so many? As a man in Goma once said, "In Africa the problem of nepotism is inevitable due to poverty. My brother *must* help me to finish with my misery and my poverty." Good enough. I must pay. But how can I pay? I don't have any Congolese francs! They eat and depart one by one, until only the *chef de police* remains. He's as small and silent as a Congo mosquito. When the bill arrives, I explain my little difficulty. Never mind; he'll change money for me if I hold the fort here. My small bills having long since been gnawed away by special taxes, I have no recourse except to give him a hundred dollar note. If I exited this concertina-wire-topped courtyard alone, God only knows what the soldiers and other thieves would do to me. *"Papa, papa, donnez-moi l'argent!"* So I send him on his errand, and then I wait. After an hour I telephone one of his colleagues to report that I have a little problem. The colleague arrives; the *chef de police* arrives with my Congolese francs, perhaps a thinner wad of them than is really fair, but at least he came back; and so I can pay the bill and tell the colleague that I don't have any problem at all, and then all four of them are here again to bring me to a hotel they're sure I'll like; at first it was twenty dollars but by the time they've finished helping me it's gone up to thirty-two dollars, and if I don't like it, why, I'll be in their power when I want to leave the country.

So I had my friends, my literally dear friends. The coldest of them, who worked in the *section de securité,* called me his dear brother. Across the street from a waist-high mountain of fruit rinds, he explained that he needed fifty dollars for his bride's dowry. I slipped him twenty. The very next day, when I made the crossing from Brazzaville again, everything was so easy that I wondered how I could have imagined that anybody (anybody legitimate, that is; anybody who'd obediently paid his special tax) could meet with difficulties. And, really, how could those flagellators, extortionists and woman-punchers be blamed? Ha, ha! Just consider their tricks elaborations of *the struggle for life.* (On the Brazza side, a frontier guard in camouflage fatigues menaced some men with his whip, chasing them almost playfully. The closest one leapt gleefully into the filthy water, then swam beneath the gangway to hide. Tranquility being restored, the guard left the other men alone. An instant

later, one of them sold him a plastic bag of drinking water.)

Away from their cattle-pens, tax-booths and crowd-chutes, existence didn't seem to improve. Have you ever seen a sugar cube overswarmed by ants? Thus appeared each bus or *taxi-brousse* in Kinshasa, riders clinging to roof, doorway and windowsills, even hanging out the back, their legs swaying with every turn; and of course some people were fighting, shouting, punching. (Lack of transport, Monsieur Samba had said.) Ride in a taxi (assuming that you were lucky enough to find one), and when it stopped at an intersection, even with you and a lot of passengers in it, two or three determined souls will attempt to thrust themselves in through the windows. (A broken-windowed taxi sputtered to a halt on the potholed street, and instantly people came running and boiling, trying to negotiate with the driver, enraged at whomever'd gotten there first.) This was why people always proved late for appointments, why the immigration inspector who'd broken the padlock took ages to get home to his wife every night, and one never forgot the equatorial heat which slowed down everything even better while ripening any number of arguments into street fights. Go to a restaurant, where one thing or another wouldn't be on the menu, so you'd finally order a hamburger, which was all they actually had, and you'd wait and sit in stifling hot darkness for half an hour because the power had failed, and after another half hour they finally admitted that since the kitchen was electrified there wouldn't be any hamburger coming. Your friends from the police would need a drink, so you'd all sit at a cafe and order a soda, waiting maybe forty minutes until it came out that they didn't have any sodas and the vendor to whom they'd sent a boy hoping to buy them didn't have any, either. Nobody had enough of anything. Hence Kinshasa was a city of sad-eyed shufflers who thrust socks, bananas or belts in everyone's faces; of female meat which ubiquitously offered itself for rent; no, Kinshasa wasn't a limp city by any means; for the shouting, angry voices rarely ceased, although often they weren't really angry at all, only emphatic; I myself sometimes wondered whether the only defense might be to act constantly suspicious or angry, which I refused to do; others certainly did it; well, maybe it was the heat, and certainly it was *the struggle for life*. Take a photograph from the third-floor balcony of your hotel, and within three minutes, two grubby little policeboys whose breaths stink of hunger would have burst into your room; your accreditation turned valueless once again; you were under arrest; they must escort you to the station for a shakedown; but the hotel manager uttered strong words, and they slunk away; this time they must find their living elsewhere. I got plenty of attention, to be sure; yet here more than any country I've ever been, except possibly the United States, strangers remained indifferent strangers, such as the silent brown girl at the slanted table on which stood a half-empty beer bottle and a completely empty cigarette pack neither of which was hers; I sat next to her for an hour and we never said a word to each other, while the policeman from whom I'd requested advice on a hotel within walking distance and who instead had stood with

me for half an hour to get an express taxi, then taken me to six hotels the first five of which were all full, was now whispering with the reception clerk, inflating my tariff before collecting whatever special tax he could for all his service; he promised to return the next day, and so in the morning I changed my hotel. The policeman came down and sat next to me and the brown girl. For three quarters of a sweaty hour we discussed the quality and price of his service. The brown girl stared into space.

Most emblematic of all to me, more so than the prison cages (the majority of the Congolese not being *that* wretched)[5] were the markets, which were crowded and overcroweded by bright plastic buckets and stands whose canopies had faded to the same dirty gray as the shirts of the beggar-boys; a man made the rounds, wearily offering everybody in sight CLINITOL POUR VOTRE MAISON ET TOILETTE. Another man offered watches which glared in the sun as he thrust them in every face. Somebody shouted at him, and at once a dozen women were all shouting. (Not long before, half of them had been yelling: "Make love with me, white man!") A lady in a long yellow dress of flowers sat beneath a parasol and slowly moved her hands in swimming motions, for it was hot and hotter; a woman's ragged shirt was sticking to her sweaty breasts... Everything dark hurt to touch; people merely *existed* in that heat, like lizards, paying a special tax of consciousness, purposefulness, ready for nothing but rage. A man in a ragged striped shirt was trying to sell everybody plastic hangers. —*"Tais, Papa,"* said a taxi driver wearily. Leave me alone, Daddy. A woman turned and turned her bale of plastic shoes, trying to make it look inviting as sweat dripped from her face. Suddenly there were cries and shouts. A thief had made off with some of the watch-vendor's stock. The tempo of the entire market became agitated, angry, then half subsided, voices remaining louder than before. Now two women began fighting over a plastic tub. —no; they were only bargaining. The vendeuse righteously defended her price, while the customer literally showed teeth; another woman darted in to separate them. Now the market-voices had quieted down again to their accustomed weary murmur. The argument between the two women dragged on and on. And then, without any warning, they were striking each other, at which their neighbors came yelling and shrieking...

3

In Kinshasa, at least, the story goes that when Kabila *père,* the assassinated one, took power, he had helpers from Uganda, Eritrea and especially Rawanda. Having installed himself, he told his allies to go home, now preferring the assistance of Angola. As the immigration inspector put it (my on-the-spot, woodenly literal translation): "The foreign soldiers didn't accept it. Maybe they needed diamonds, for instance. So they started shooting."

"In your opinion, then, the insurgent movement in the east is just a puppet of

outside forces?"

"Exactly. Rawandans are the worst. Rebels from Rawanda, it's easy to recognize them from their appearance. We have a facility to see them. They have a morphology. They're thin and tall. *When we see them, we kill them,"* he said with sudden shocking emphasis, and I remember how Monsieur Samba had smilingly mentioned the burning alive of rebels in the public market. "They know there are riches in our country..."

So that was the version in the government zone, which I naturally assumed to be untrue. Existence in Kinshasa was so difficult, the special taxes both literal and metaphorical so high, that a violent struggle for a better life could only be expected. At that time the country was fairly evenly divided between the Kabila regime and the Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie (RCD), which had in turn split into two not quite mutually repulsive factions. Thanks to the United Nations,[6] whose efforts both sides praised, the front line was fairly quiet; throughout my stay in the Congo, the only reported war-violence of note involved the murder of four Red Cross workers by unknown persons in the RCD zone. I don't know exactly what I expected to find on the other side of the line—fewer special taxes, perhaps. Well, well; some journalists never learn.

The old Soviet cargo plane happened to pause that day in Kisangani, a front-line town more or less at the equator, so I wandered around the airport for an hour. A truckload of insurgents sat parked in the sun, and these, all armed and some armed literally to the teeth, stared at me without a great deal of cordiality. Indeed, their gazes reminded me again of that doe elk's eyes. I turned my back on them and strolled in another direction. Grubbily uniformed in camouflage, a slender young girl soldier, possibly a Bantu pygmy, squatted by a ruined wall, watching me with. —well, not doe eyes, exactly, maybe lizard eyes, for she basked, and her eyelids were half-closed, and she rarely blinked, and my presence didn't seem to impress her. The wall said:

RWANDA BEHIND IN THIS FREEDOM OF LIBERATING ZAIRE
KEEP THAT SPIRIT
LONG LIVE UGANDA

which made me wonder whether the denunciations I'd heard in the government might be truth-grained. How I would have liked to photograph those slogans! But something told me, I know not what, that my two hundred dollar accreditation from Kinshasa might not avail me here.

Sitting all in a row on a concrete step, boys with uniforms and boys without, boys with machine guns and boys without, all surveyed me, and I knew that another special tax had just come due. Fortunately, all they wanted was cigarettes. Poor Monsieur Franck, whom I'd dragged with me even here, since a translator from Kinshasa would hardly have fared well in RCD territory but who had been long

since rendered essentially incapable of translation, thanks to exhaustion and stress, had a pack of cigarettes, so he glumly passed them all out after I promised to pay him back. After that, the rebel boys wanted money "for uniforms." They didn't ask in the half-whining, half-threatening *"donnez-moi l'argent, Papa!"* of Kabila's soldiers; they were all threat. Realizing that should I give in to this I'd be sunk, I laughed them off and strode away, with Monsieur Franck muttering, "Oh, but they are very *dangerous*, you see, Mr. William!"

I wanted to photograph the girl soldier if I could find a private place to do it where the rebels wouldn't see me and arrest me. I was getting ever so tired of being arrested. So, lurking in a semi-secluded niche between two small planes, I dispatched Monsieur Franck to negotiate. She was willing, my money permitting. She spoke hardly any French at all; Franck had to communicate with her in lingala. This made him certain that she was from Rwanda. When I paid her fifty Congolese francs, she stared at the banknote as if she'd never seen it before, which confirmed him in his impression, but later I found out that the Kabila government, cutting off its nose to spite its face, had changed the colors of all denominations higher than twenty francs, in order to render the old money worthless to the insurgents. The RCD had then in its turn proclaimed that possession of the new currency was a criminal offense. So the girl scurried off with the felonious money to report me to her commander, at which point I, not quite getting the gist but disliking and dreading this turn of events, hastened back to the U.N. plane with Monsieur Franck (who kept moodily repeating, "Very *dangerous,* Mr. William!") and into that plane we prudently vanished.

An hour later the plane landed in Goma on the Rwandan frontier. A volcano stood blue on the horizon. The coolly sticky air was rubbery like a mosquito.

Son excellence at the Department of Public Information was sleeping, they said, but after long pounding at the gates of his mansion on that rainy twilight, a boy soldier, mercurially friendly and aggressive, came, took my name, and finally ushered me onto the grounds of the grand house. *Son excellence* stood gazing down at me from the front steps. Finally he inclined himself a little, lowering his hand to my level for me to shake. He studied my press card with dreamy disdain. And then, and then, and *then,* it was time once again for accreditation, not at his house (and indeed I never saw him again) but on the official premises, where weary old soldiers paced murmurously through the echoing corridors of this former bank. After a long wait, the *chef de securité* arrived, with several deputies. The formalities now continued in the bank's basement, everything being said in low whispery voices, everyone tiptoeing creepily around, indicating with languid fingers to whom I must present my passport, to whom I should give three photographs, to whom I ought to present the application filled out in duplicate, and to whom I must now pay a hundred and fifty United States dollars in immaculate bills, while the rain trickled outside. They were very clean, very well dressed, these RCD men, resembling the bank clerks they'd

supplanted. The *chef de securité,* whose handshake was a brush of fingers as cold as spider-legs, whispered at last that I need not pay the hundred and fifty dollars for Monsieur Franck in this case, since I was in serious financial need as I'd woefully explained; *pas de problème;* Monsieur Franck would simply remain confined to his room at the Hotel de Masques, in which case, in their friendly words, "nothing would happen to him." Every now and then in the ensuing days, somebody tempted him to step outside, but he prudently refused. I set him up with a tab at the hotel restaurant, and he spent his time on Rosicrucian meditations, his salary on certain friendly young ladies whom agents directed his way.

"How about Mr. Franck?" I asked my new translator, who'd been specially recommended by the *chef de securité.* "He's a prisoner here. Do you care about that?"

Unsmiling, he looked at Monsieur Franck and said, "I don't care."

I was now free to commence journalistic operations at once, subject only to a trifling little appointment at the Direction Général de la Securité Intérieure at eight o'clock sharp the following morning, an appointment first involving grubby boys who menaced me with their machine guns, demanding that I leave all my valuables with them while my new "translator" stood aloof. After I explained that if he failed to protect me from their depredations I would be obliged to fire him and pay his salary to someone else, he mustered a few limp words of lingala to allow me safe passage through the gate, into the courtyard, and finally into the antechamber for a long wait and a politic flirt with the at-first forbidding semi-literate little secretary, who wore six elephant-ivory bracelets and who squealed with joy when I allowed her to beat me at tic-tac-toe. Next they led me through various offices of annoyed and suspicious individuals who finally passed me on to the Director of Security, who wasn't at all the same as last night's *chef de securité* and who held me for a long time, considering me very evasive and worrisome because I would not pin down the exact politics of *Men's Journal* or the interests of its owners. Whom then had *Men's Journal* supported during the last Presidential election, he wanted to know. I said that I was not aware, nor did I care, exactly who owned the magazine, at which he smiled with disgust, warning me not to be "overconfident." Trying again, I explained that in America everything and everyone was owned by corporations whose only politics was money, and that *Men's Journal,* its owners, editors, advertisers, publishers and readers didn't much care about politics as long as I could squeeze in a little cheap sensationalism here and there.[7] If there was no war to report, then men or preferably women with guns and uniforms would have to serve my turn. I reminded him that I too needed to collect my own special tax in order to live. As a second-rate opportunist from a country of people most of whom couldn't even find the continent of Africa on a map, I could be an ideal, value-neutral, utterly amoral vehicle to transmit his movement's message without fear or favor directly to the ignorant. At this, he finally began to thaw. He let me go at lunch time. Since I really did want to meet soldiers, lunch (at which the waitress expressed such intense romantic and sexual

longing for my body, my soul and my wallet that she even escorted me to the toilet) was followed by a three-hour wait at the department of military communications, affectionately known as G-5. In still another of their offices, a commander in camouflage demanded in the most jovial possible spirit why I had been so selfish as to relax by myself last night, while the sad military correspondent in the rain-patterned uniform and the horn-rimmed spectacles sat on a table-edge, making careful notes about me on his steno pad. For the fourth time he asked me which journal I represented, and thoughtfully wrote it down.

And why was I so set on this particular project? Well, a civilian had already confided to me: "The problem in this area is, if you try to ask any person what he thinks of the RCD movement, he's going to express his opinion due to the presence of Rwandan troops."

Assuming a baffled look, I said, "And tell me, sir, just what that opinion might be."

He cleared his throat, looked both ways, and said, "When you go into the areas where minerals are exploited, you will notice that before you exploit the minerals you must get permission from Rwanda. And the planes come from Rwanda to the places where the minerals are exploited and they don't have to pay taxes..."

Maybe it wasn't as black-and-white as that fellow stated it, because during the bad old days of the Belgian Congo, many Rwandans (mainly Hutus) found themselves resettled here, so they weren't just imperialists and parasites. As somebody else remarked, "it's difficult to say they have to go back." But the point was that the Rwandan *soldiers* were here (the Ugandans too, although they seemed to be better regarded), and that to a much greater extent than the RCD wished me to believe, they were controlling the affairs of this zone.

Innocently polishing my glasses, I explained to the colonels at G-5 that in order to refute the lying allegations of the Kabila clique, I wished to photograph an assemblage of true-blue Congolese sons of the soil all uniformed and armed ("to show your power to the world," I added). This would prove that there were no Rwandans in charge. At first suspicious of my motives, my new friends eventually waxed enthusiastic, and after several postponements, probably in order to gather a sufficiency of handsome lads and clean uniforms, I got my photo shoot, paying a special tax of twenty dollars to the soldiers for cigarettes, and another twenty dollars to the higher-ups who'd arranged it, so that they wouldn't feel left out. As for the soldierettes they'd promised to the readers of *Men's Journal,* I never saw a single one.

I pause to transmit to you some scraps of an interview with an RCD military spokesman in camouflage, Monsieur Jean de Dieu Mambwene, whose official title was Commandant de la Presse Militaire:

"How many soldiers do you have?"

"Our strength remains a secret."

"What is the balance of force between your side and Kinshasa?"

"The army of the RCD[8] is stronger. The proof is that when there is fighting we can always win. A battalion of ours can push aside one to two brigades of Kinshasa. The force depends on the objective."

"And what is your objective?"

"From the beginning we were animated by this spirit here, this spirit of change," said Monsieur Mambwene, waving his hands. "Management of the country was not good. Power was snatched by one person, and the proof of this lies in his testament, in which he left all power to his son."

"When do you expect to arrive in Kinshasa?"

"Our objective is not to take it militarily."

"How would you describe the system you desire?"

"We want democracy. That's the first democracy. And the freedom of expression..."

"Do you have any comment about the presence of the Rawandans and the Ugandans?"

"To be frank, we are with them. No rebellion ever started without an ally."

"Fair enough. What is the best thing that the U.S. can do to help you?'

"Stay neutral, so that we can build the country. If they support any one party, this war could take centuries."

4

Reader, wouldn't you rather hear all this from the horse's mouth? The President of the RCD, Doctor Adolphe Onosumba Yemba, was the third person to hold the grand dignity, which he'd possessed for six months. According to my new translator, he was "a really good guy." After a cursory search of my belongings I was admitted with my now customary escort of soldiers to his walled compound on the shore of Lake Kivu. A journalist from *Le Monde* was just leaving. We seated ourselves outside at a long table covered with a colorful and fairly clean cloth.

He was a big man in a flowing purple gown. His head was close-cropped as befitted his military qualities. He had a gentle way of speaking, an almost dreamy manner of voice and gesture, perhaps because he was drowsy; maybe I bored him; he kept yawning and yawning. I said that I was sorry to disturb him (or, as one says in French, to "derange" him); I promised not to steal too much of his Sunday, and he replied that that would be good because he wanted to go swimming. Every ten minutes I'd ask him if he was too tired to continue, and he'd give me another five minutes.

Next week he was going to Osaka to sign an accord with the Kabila government.

"We strongly believe in the unity of the country," he told me (and this is his own English). "The sovereignty of the country, that is one of our principles. As for military victory, we have had experience of that many times. We want good government and clear leadership to be established for a new political order with the idea

of power-sharing. After forty years of shameless rule in the Congo, we want..."

He yawned again.

"The American system is the ideal for the Congo," he concluded.

"When will you have achieved your aims?"

"Within five to ten years."

"And what is your opinion of Kabila?"

"We don't fight Kabila as an individual. We are fighting the government," he said, yawning again. "In the past forty years, our Congo has been shamelessly neglected. Kabila and Mbotu did it the wrong way."

He spoke a little vaguely, a bit sleepily, but not unimpressively. His criticisms of the Kabila government, and of Congo misrule generally, were on the mark. Was his movement popular, then?

"Popular, no," said a Baptist pastor, and I regret to say that in Goma I never met anybody except members of the RCD who liked the RCD. "It's a popular movement that doesn't respond to popular need: no concern about social problems, no security, no economy. Yes, they have their positive points, but the negative points outweigh them. In everybody's view, it's a kind of domination."

"Who dominates?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"I fear to name them," he said. We were in my hotel room, and even so, he lowered his voice. "It's because they accepted to go *outside* to look for help. And today they cannot make any decision without consultation *over there.* For instance, that President you speak of can't take any decision unless the Rwandans dictate it. They came themselves to impose him on us. The governor, the mayor, the ministers, whatever, they all have to be sanctioned by Rwanda..."

(In the words of President Doctor Adolphe, "we invited them, and the object of their presence is well known. When the time comes they will go back to their country.")

"In your opinion, who is more free, a person who lives here or someone who lives in the *zone de Kabila?"*

Half whispering in my hotel room, smiling sadly, he said, "I don't know. I haven't been to Kinshasa. All I know is that I'm not free."

Reader, what phrase do you think entered my head just then? *Special tax.*

Oh, special taxes afflict us everywhere, to be sure; even in Brazzaville when somebody paid a restaurant bill the waiter wouldn't bring change unless he asked; when someone changed money, the moneychanger would count out about three-quarters of the proper amount, and then hold back, waiting to see whether the customer knew or cared; then with imperturbable slowness he'd offer another five thousand note, bearing the likeness of a lavender-scarfed brown girl with a basket of cotton on her head, after which he'd desist again, readily grasping other bills in his left hand, but they'd be deployed only on request. The Congo's ripe with collectors of special taxes from the immigration police in the sweltering kennels of Brazzaville who kept warning their protesting "clients" in calm low voices: *"Doucement, douce-*

ment" (softly, softly), to the soldiers in Kinshasa who came up to anyone in clean clothes to say: *"Papa, donnez-moi l'argent!"* In any sort of deal with the taxmen, everything became at once uncertain, protracted, illegal and therefore menacing, obligating the payer to *donner l'argent* to an indefinite but expanding number of leeches. Now, what about special taxes in the lava-cobbled streets of Goma? The Baptist pastor said: "I get no salary, on account of the war. Nowhere is there possibility to pay tuition for my children, although now the parents must pay the teachers and even pay to build the schools. Yet they tax us. From here to cross the province, I must pay for the *laissez-passer.* No way I can go to Bukava freely, because there are so many formalities" (he meant so many special taxes). "I cannot sleep in security, because there are so many taxes..."

He lowered his voice another notch and said: "I had a neighbor ten meters from my house. He disappeared. When somebody dies, there's no way to organize the mourning or tell anyone..."

Smiling with terrifying grief, he clapped his hand over his mouth.

"Why did he disappear, Pastor?"

"If you are wealthy it's a problem. You must pay and pay. Sometimes you are arrested and taken to an unknown place, and when you come back they make you pay again. Well, they came for him."

"Rwandans?"

He nodded. "The Congolese don't do like that. The Congolese let you go if you pay. The Rwandis never let you go."

"Was it day or night?"

"It was the day. His wife is a Tutsi and her husband was a Congolese Hutu, so they say she's complicit. But as an African I don't believe it. Still, when somebody disappears, you must ask where is my husband, but she never did. Maybe she's afraid..."

"And then what happened?"

"When the husband was kidnapped, the wife began to befriend the Tutsi soldiers, I think because they were her brothers," and to me this was the saddest thing, that the pastor could not even give the woman the benefit of the doubt; why couldn't she have been trying to curry favor to get her husband back? "Later, their daughter was killed by the same people, so it was said. The mother knew that her daughter was sleeping with the Tutsi commander. Some say she was joking with a pistol and that's how she died. Others say that the commander killed her for discovering one of his secrets. Some said that since her father was a Hutu, he couldn't trust her in the end..."

"So nobody knows for certain how or why the daughter died."

"That's correct. But she's dead. And her father has never returned."

"In your house, do you fear that somebody might come in, or do you think that if you keep silent you'll be okay?"

And now, far more brightly than the flickering bulb over the dresser, an

immense sadness and terror shone in his eyes. He cleared his throat and said, "Well, the hatred is in their hearts. For example, I have a car and I refuse one of them a lift, and later he will get me. It can be my house, or my watch, or my wife..."

And another man told me about the Congolese taxi driver who'd been flagged down by a Rwandan soldier last December. He took the soldier to the airport, whereupon the soldier killed him and threw his body into the bushes, no one knew why. Perhaps the driver had failed to pay the special tax.

What made these hideous stories even more frightening was the very recent double round of genocide which had occurred in Rwanda: Hutus against Tutsis, and Tutsis against Hutus. The Tutsis, the tall thin ones, were dominant now in the Rwandan army. Many or most of the ethnically Rwandan Congolese in this area were Hutu. And so the great apprehension I heard expressed in Goma was that the Rwandan soldiers, who were already so bitterly resented here, might someday organize a massacre of Hutus throughout the insurgent zone.

"I'm not against the Tutsis," the Baptist pastor had said. "They are out brothers. We've lived with them for years and years, and they accept the Congolese. But I believe they are themselves the source of the hatred here. In Africa, to create a relationship I marry on your side and you marry on my side. Congolese people did this. They took wives from Tutsis. We lived together. We grew up together. We didn't know who was Hutu and who was Tutsi. But after that genocide in 1994 we knew. They started going back to Rwanda when they won the war and we were surprised. Now they are coming back, reoccupying homes they sold us, and paying no compensation—"

Special taxes again! Pay with your money, your house or your life! (One man in Goma told me: "Because of the war, we learned to suffer, and we don't fear anymore." But that wasn't true; he merely wanted it to be true; he was terrified.)

Where in the Congo would *you* most like to live? In the RCD area I met people who literally prayed for Kabila to come. They envied me, because I could go back to Kinshasa. And in Kinshasa the police and customs men awaited their prey in those tiny sweltering rooms where they could do whatever they wanted to do, where they ran their hands over your body, just you and them, and maybe they tried to kiss you, or in that darkness as black as Congo coffee they had you count and recount your money until you made a mistake and they could confiscate it; or they studied the documents for which you'd already paid their colleagues, searching out the absence of a specific permission to do a specific thing which in good faith you'd done (here the feeling I always had was similar to that of covering my body with blankets, clothes and towels from head to toe in a sweaty hotel room, waiting for the mosquitoes to find their way in, which they always did). Special tax! Pick your taxman. You can choose a Rwandan soldier to come in and take your daughter away, or you can choose his Kinshasan equivalent, Monsieur J., let's call him, who smiles his cerebral smile at me after I've slipped him another ten dollars, then (why hadn't

I made it twenty?), leaves me to the mercies of the inspectors, who'd never inspected me before; this time they sweated me down into nervous misery and confiscated some papers from Goma, after which Monsieur J. escorted me to the gangplank, assuring me in excellent English that he'd done his best, meanwhile leading behind him half a dozen scared men to whom he said in almost the same pleasant tones: "Don't ever come to this country again." One of the deportees dared reply, "Don't worry; I don't like your country."—"Shut up!" grinned Monsieur J. "Do you want me to throw you into the water?" After that they lapsed into silence, for the current of the Congo River is strong, and few people hereabouts can swim. —A sub-inspector couldn't find the exit stamp on my passport, and Mr. J. said to him coolly: "Do you need glasses?" —Turning to me with a smile as blinding as sunlight on the edge of a tin roof, "I'm going to come with you to Brazzaville," he said to me with a laugh, and for a moment I was afraid that he really would...

EXTORTION IN THE CONGO

REPUBLIC OF CONGO AND DEMOCRATIC REPUBLIC OF CONGO 2001

"Special taxes" come in all flavors. And I paid them, believe me; for every picture I paid one way or another. The Congo was not my favorite place.

574. Policeman and thief in prison cell, Brazzaville, ROC.

575. Prison cage in Kinshasha, DROC.

576. Policeman and thief, Kinshasha.

577. Policemen playing with prisoner, Brazzaville.

578a. Policemen in Brazzaville. After I had taken this photo and paid for it they began worrying that they might not look nice. One man assured the others that he would cast a voodoo spell on my camera so that the film would be spoiled.

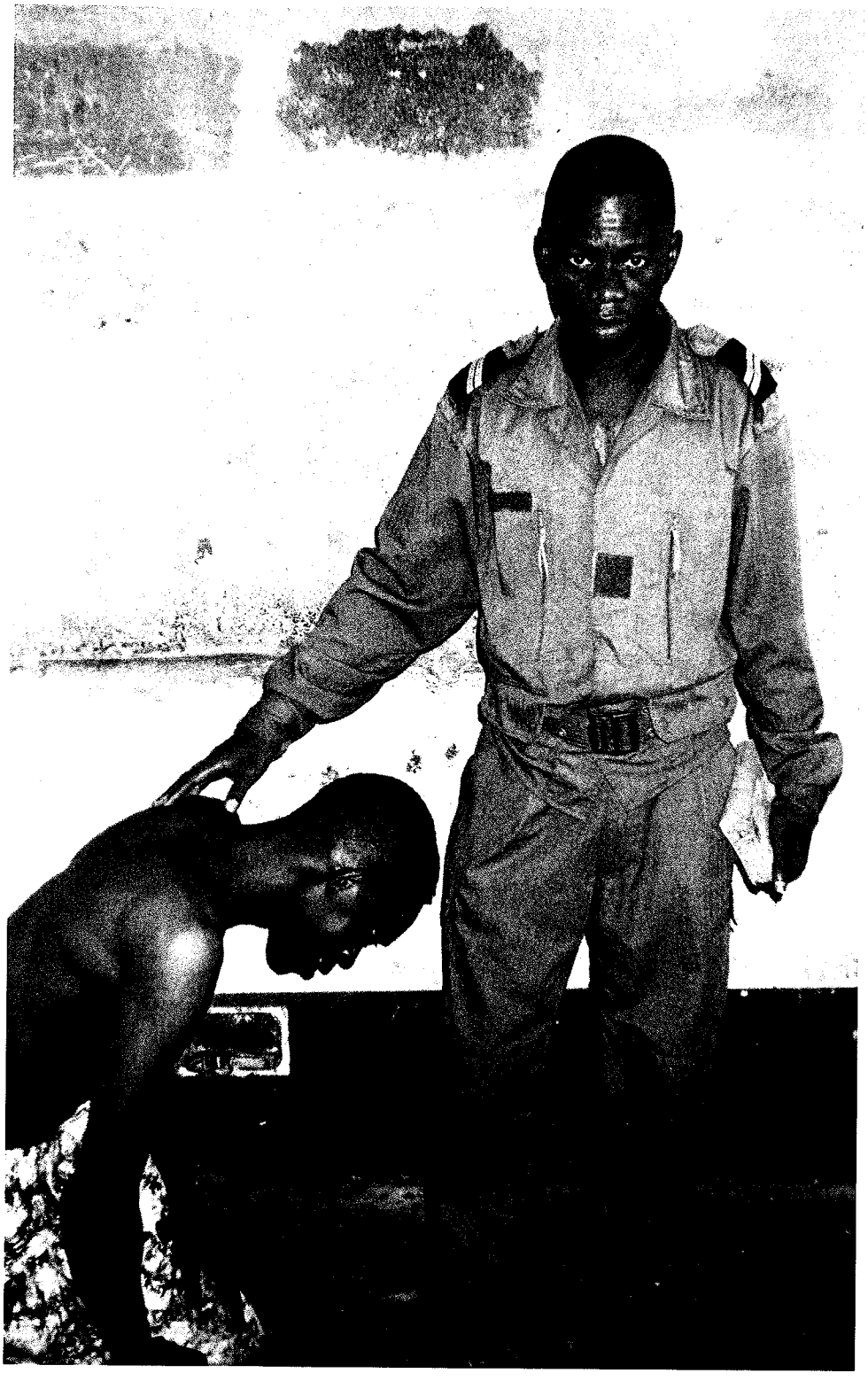
578b. Another view of the cage on p. 575.

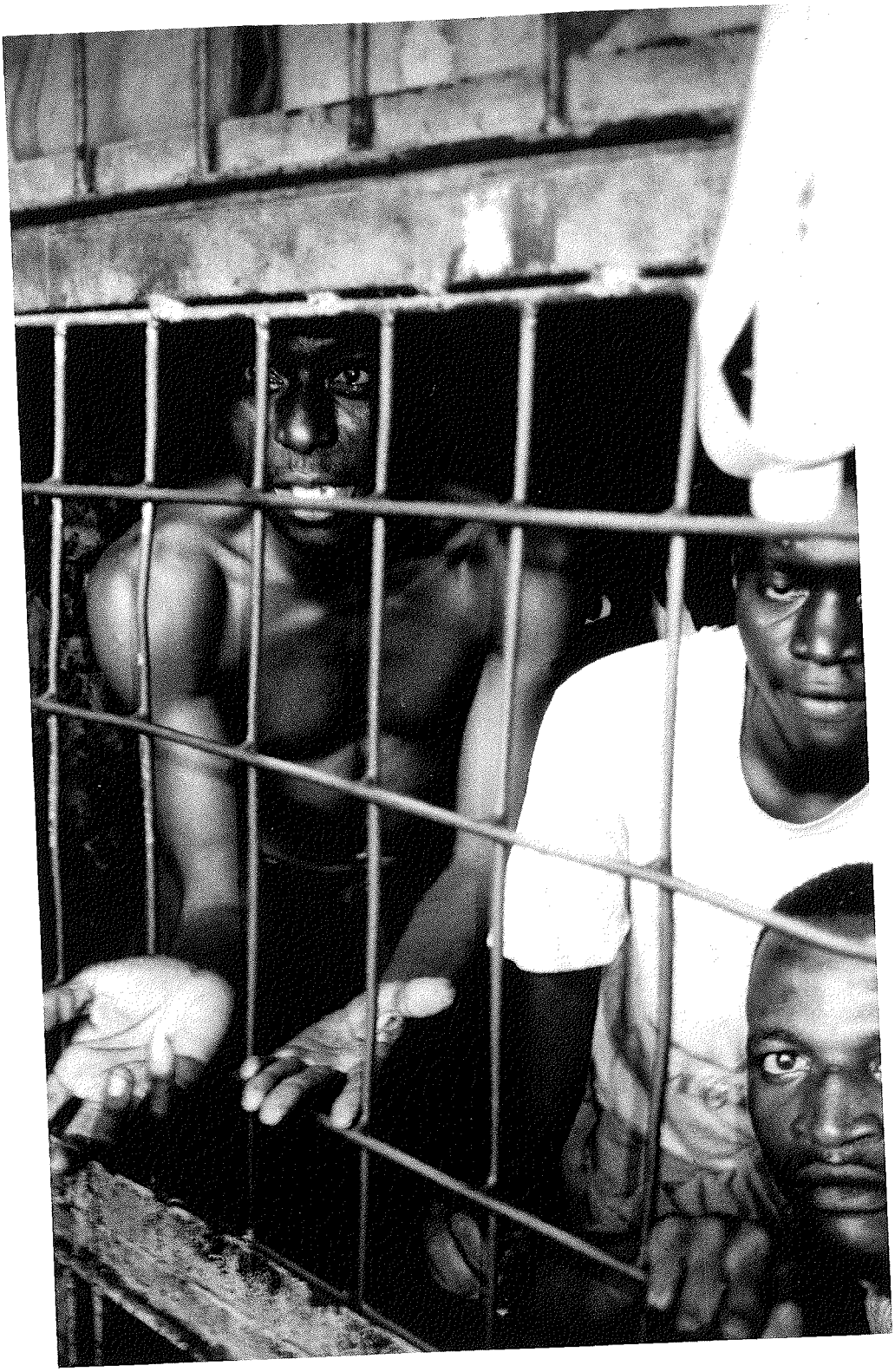
579. Special policeman in Kinshasha.

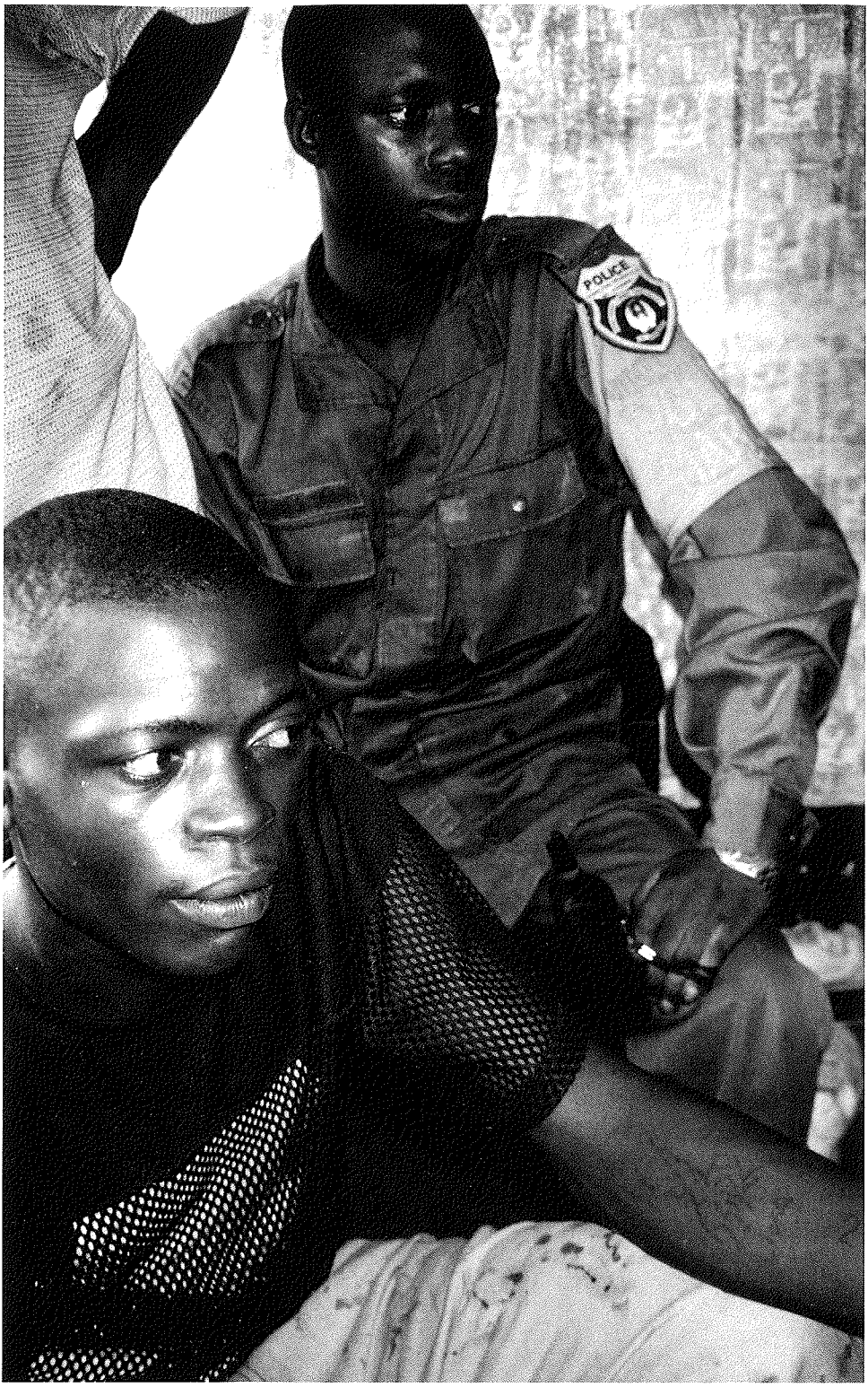
580. Policewoman in Brazzaville.

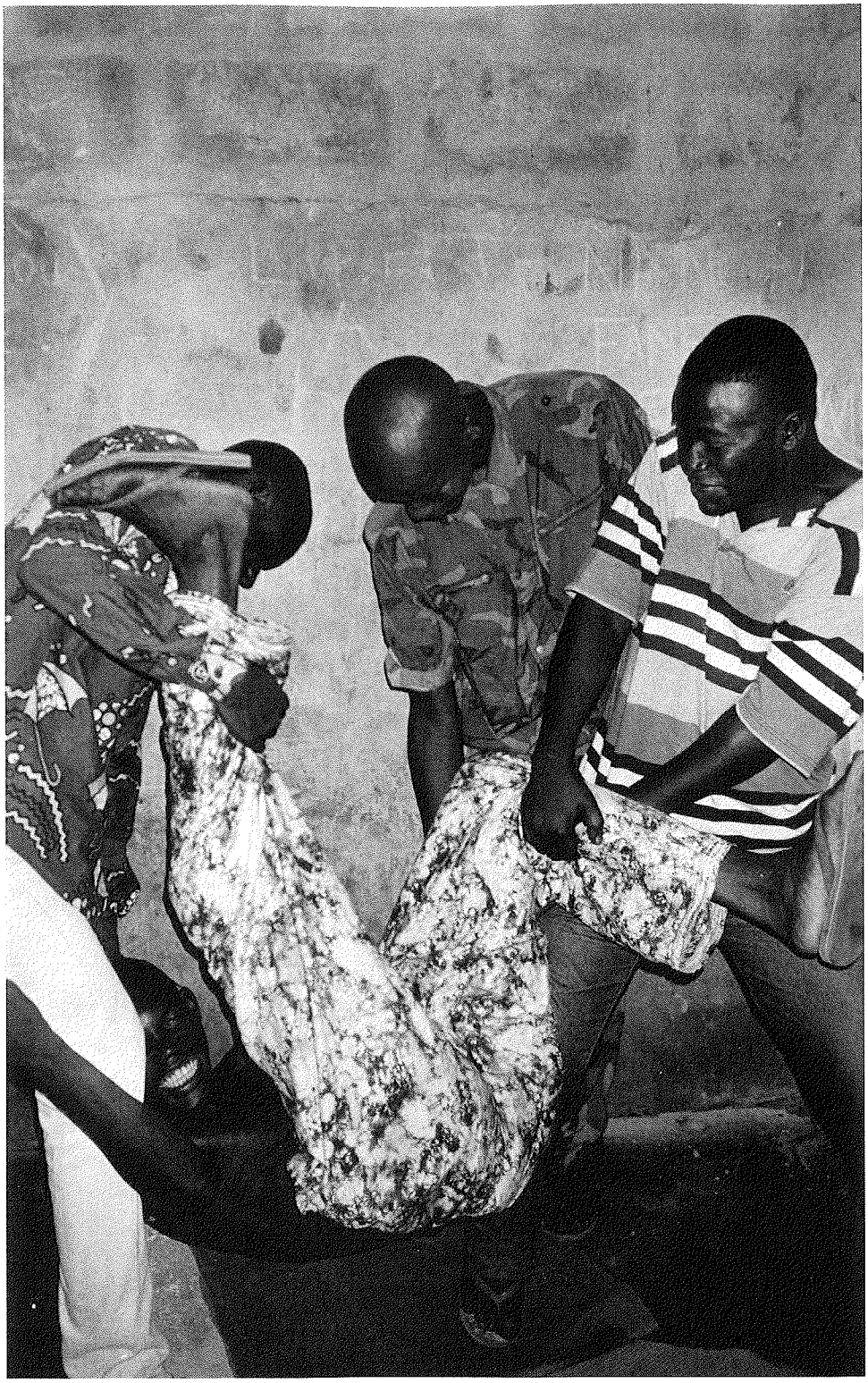
581-83. Congolese insurgent (*Rassemblement Congolais pour la Démocratie faction*), Goma, DROC. These supposed liberators extorted just as much from the people as the government did.

584. Pigmy soldier in Kisangani, DROC. She belonged to a rival insurgent faction also called the RCD. More special taxes were demanded of me for taking this picture.

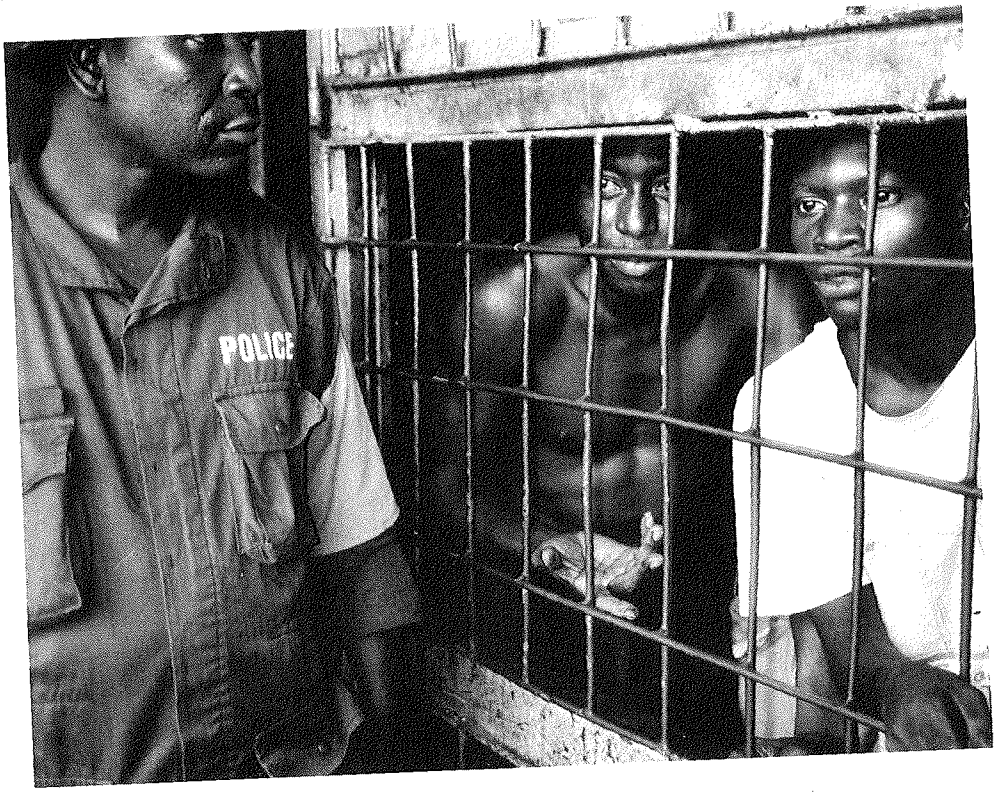


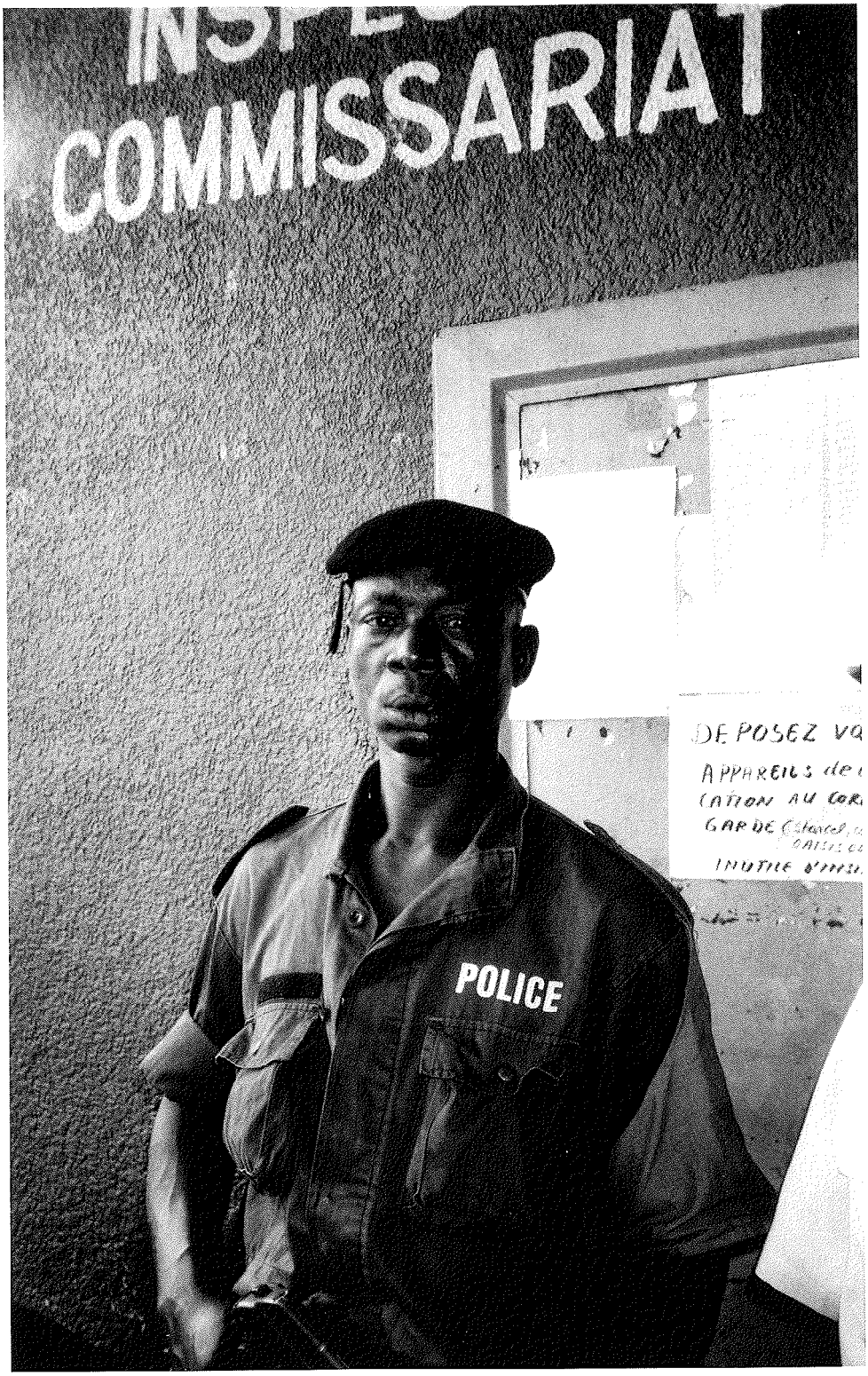


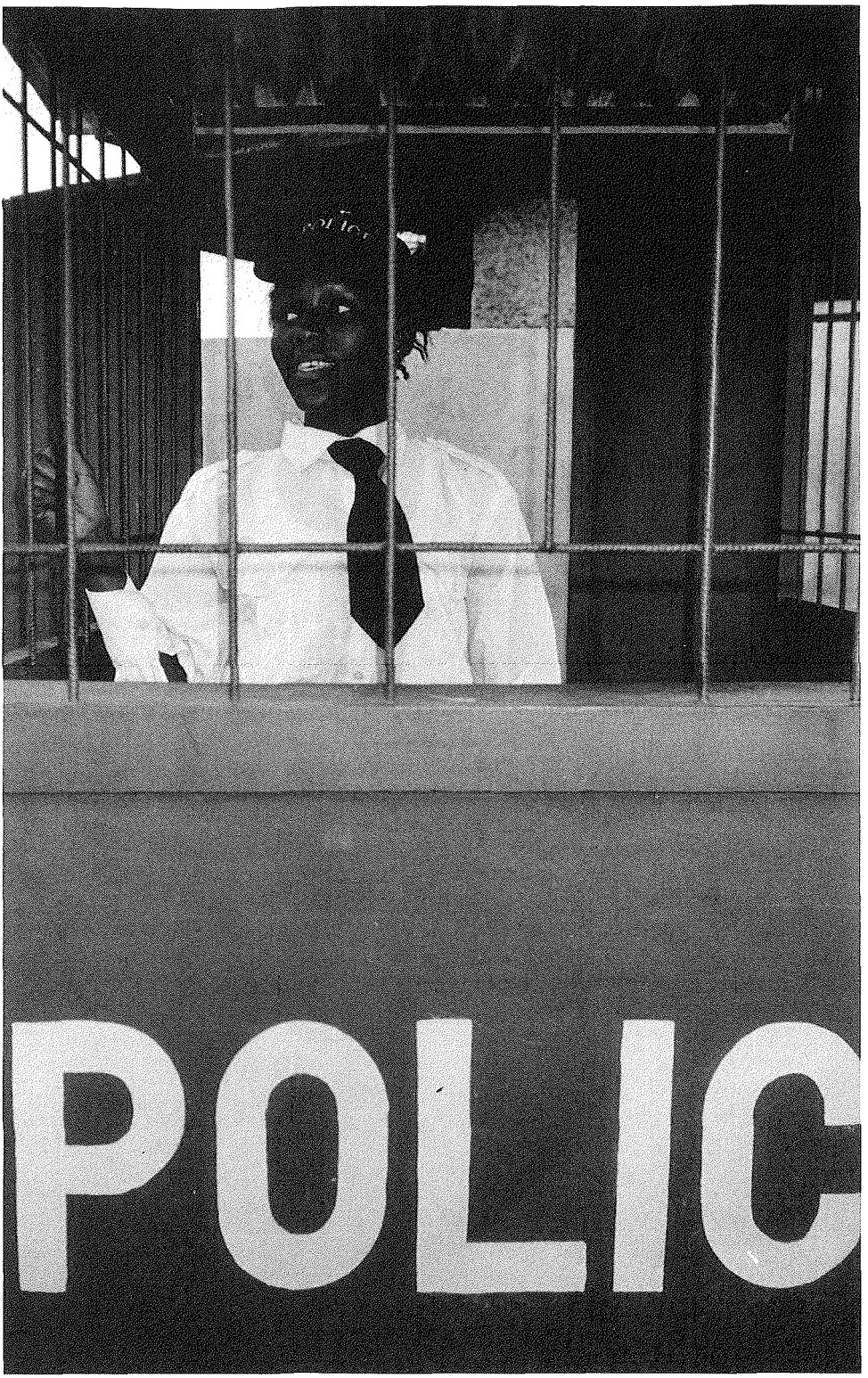

POLICE

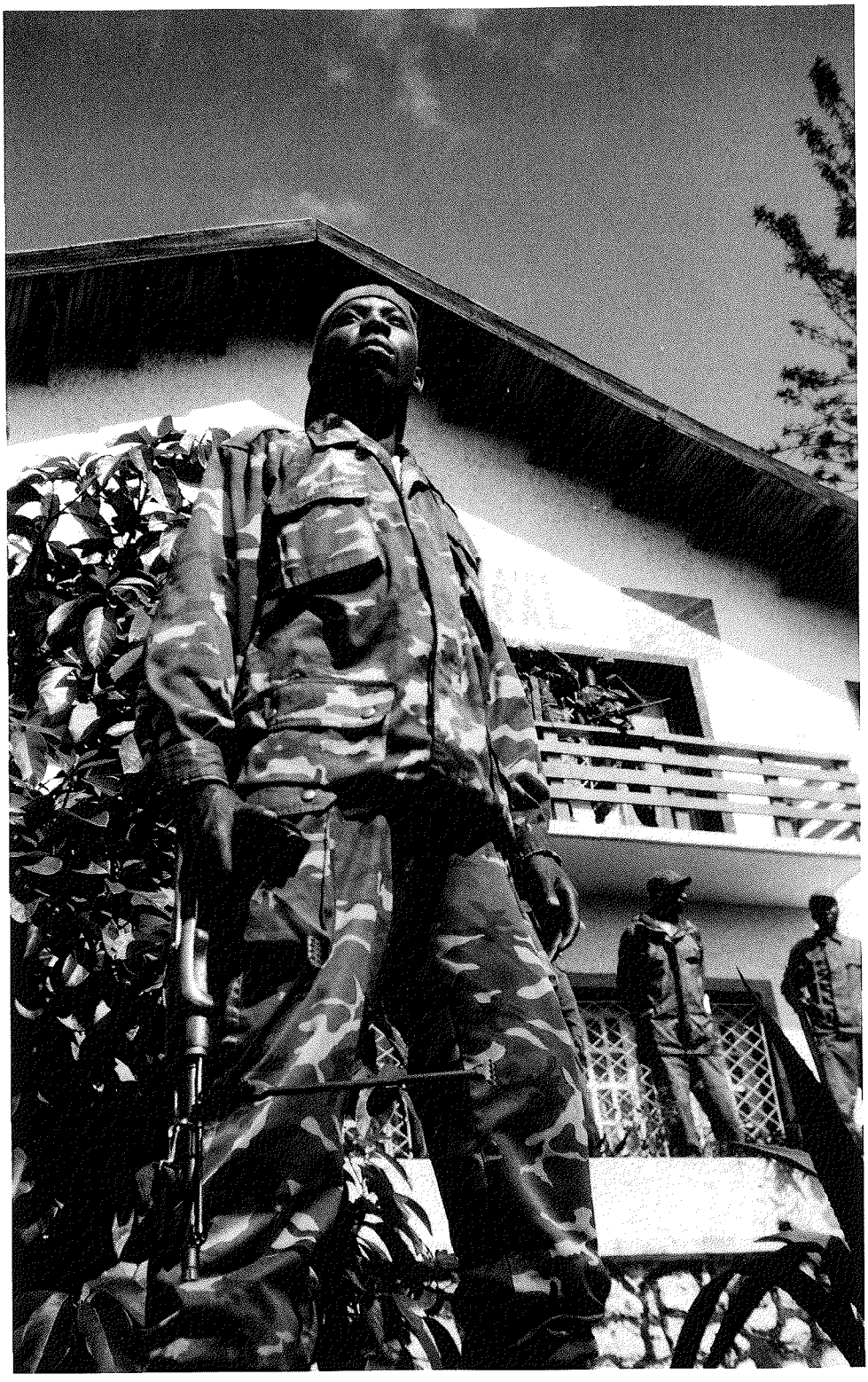





POLICE


COMMISSARIAT
POLICE


POLIC









NOTES

INTRODUCTION: SOUTHEAST ASIA

[1] See above, "Defense of War Aims" (The Chosen People's Calculus of Conquest: God's Instructions; ca. 1300 B.C.).
[2] Moral calculus, 2.5.
[3] Li, p. 125 (Mao to Nehru, 1954; Mao in Moscow speech, 1957).
[4] Moral calculus, 5.2.C.2.
[5] Moral calculus, 2.1.
[6] Defined in the moral calculus, 5.2.C.1.
[7] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.1.
[8] Moral calculus, 5.2.D.5.
[9] Of 12 February 1947. On this subject the reader is referred to Annex C, "A Brief Chronology of Burma's Insurgencies 1954-1996."
[10] Moral calculus, 5.2.G.1.
[11] See above, "Defense of Authority."
[12] See below, European case studies.
[13] Within each geographical section, the case studies are actually organized in simple chronological order.
[14] Moral calculus, 5.2.K.2.
[15] Moral calculus, 5.2.K.4.

THE SKULLS ON THE SHELVES

[1] Gilbert, p. 48.
[2] He reminded me of a statement by A. Gruen (p. 43) that "those people whose destructiveness is our concern here are human beings who at the end of their misdirected development are capable of obedience but not conviction." This certainly applies to Field Marshal Keitel, at least in his memoirs; he goes along with Hitler more unquestioningly than believingly.
[3] Edward Peters, p. 270 (excerpt from 42-pp. interrogator's manual found at Tuol Sleng).
[4] The Khmer Rouge were more thorough here than Rudolf Hess, Commandant of Auschwitz, who in an affidavit estimated that between 70 and 80 percent of the prisoners there had been wiped out (Remak, p. 158). The kill ratio for Tuol Sleng would work out to about 99.6 percent.
[5] "We read in *Izvestiya* for May 24, 1959, that Yuliya Rumyantseva was confined in the internal prison of a Nazi camp while they tried to find out from her the whereabouts of her husband, who had escaped from that same camp. She knew, but she refused to tell! For the reader who is not in the know this is a model of heroism. For a reader with a bitter Gulag past it's a model of inefficient interrogation..."—Solzhenitsyn, p. 133.
[6] Chandler et al, p. 91 ("The Party's Four-Year Plan to Build Socialism in All Fields, 1977-1980," Party Center, July-August 1976).
[7] Ibid, p. 91 (Four-Year Plan).
[8] Ibid, p. 104 (Four-Year Plan).
[9] Ibid, p. 47 (Four-Year Plan).
[10] Ibid, p. 19 ("Excerpted Report on the Leading Views of the Comrade Representing the Party Organization at a Zone Assembly," June 1976, ch. 2).
[11] Ibid, p. 111 (Four-Year Plan).
[12] Bakunin wrote: "But isn't administrative work also productive work? No doubt it is, for lacking a good and intelligent administration, manual labor will not produce anything or it will produce very little and very badly. But from the point of view of justice and the needs of production itself, it is not at all necessary that this work should be monopolized in my hands, nor, above all, that I should be compensated at a rate so much higher than manual labor" (op. cit., p. 186).
[13] The danger appears even between the lines of More's *Utopia*, which predated Marx by centuries and which Marx certainly read. More says (p. 52): "It is the chief and almost the only task of the syphogrants to see that no one is idle, but that everyone diligently sets about his craft, but not like a beast, worn out by constant toil from early morning until late at night. For even a slave is not as hard pressed as that... They are allowed to do as they please with the hours in between their work and sleep and meals. The purpose is not to allow them to waste this free time in wild living or idleness, but to enable them to apply their minds to whatever pursuit they wish...Most men devote their intervening hours to literature. For it is customary to hold public lectures every day before dawn." The

problem, of course, lurks within the syphogrants, who despite More's ironclad laws must retain their humanity, hence their cruelty. They are involved in the central planning industry. They decide which province needs what commodity, and how much to produce. Laws are but sandy dykes, which must always be eaten away in time by the seas of lust and ambition. It is not hard to imagine the syphogrants' deciding to extend the labor time during some state of emergency, and the public lectures becoming self-criticism sessions....

[14] According to Molotov, he was actually more severe than Stalin. "He ordered the suppression of the Tambov uprising, that everything be burned to the ground... I recall how he reproached Stalin for his softness and liberalism... 'We have a milk-and-honey-power, not a dictatorship!" —Chuev, p. 107. Solzhenitsyn, as we've seen, considered them both of a piece. The most common Western view, however, is that Lenin was milder than his successor, that "Stalin's style of leadership, especially his cult of personality and his violation of Leninist norms of internal party life (by imprisonment, torture, and execution of thousands of party functionaries) was correctly pronounced after his death to be incompatible with Leninism."—Barghoom, p. 30. In numbers liquidated, Stalin certainly surpassed his mentor, although of course he ruled longer. To me the thread of continuity between the two men says more than their differences; that thread may even be followed backward, as Barghoom does; he calls Lenin an heir to pre-Revolutionary Russian absolutist traditions.

[15] Both recommended reading to Khmer Rouge recruits, at least in 1972. Cf. Chandler, *The Tragedy of Cambodian History* p. 219. But, as you'll see, I never once met a Khmer Rouge soldier who read anything, or knew very much about Maoism or Marxist-Leninism.

[16] Trotsky, *My Life*, p. 334.

[17] Chandler et al, p. 30 ("Excerpted Report," ch. 3).

[18] So named to one-up Mao's Great Leap Forward. As Mao's private doctor describes that campaign, it was a bit of wishful thinking pushed through with enough rigidity to become very cruel. Pol Pot's Super Great Leap Forward was the same.

[19] Maurice Meisner, "Utopian Socialist Themes in Maoism," in Lewis, p. 247. Pol Pot's life and career in some ways paralleled Mao's. Exposed to Marxist-Leninism in an urban setting (in Pol Pot's case, Paris), each began revolutionary work in a city environment before being forced by counterrevolutionary pressure to flee to the countryside, where each became "peasantized" and operated among peasants until the victory of the revolution. Pol Pot had little use for urban dwellers such as the Phnom Penhois, who had been repeatedly exhorted to come out to join his revolution and who had refused.

[20] Chandler et al, p. 108 (Four-Year Plan).

[21] Thion, p. 72. In fairness to him, it must be pointed out that this essay in his book was written when the Khmer Rouge regime excluded almost all foreign observers. In his introduction, written after in 1992, he revises himself a little: "I still remember the shock of learning from the radio of the evacuation of Phnom Penh after it had fallen to the Khmer Rouge...emptying all of Cambodia's cities struck me as monstrous, maniacal, and self-defeating" (pp. xvi-xvii).

[22] Sihanouk, p. 99.

[23] Mao's private doctor quotes him as saying to Nehru: "The atom bomb is nothing to be afraid of. China has many people. They cannot be bombed out of existence. If someone else can drop an atomic bomb, I can too. The deaths of ten or twenty million people is nothing to be afraid of." (See above, vol. 4, p. 54, Heimar Kahn's moral calculus of nuclear deterrence.) The doctor adds that years later, during the Great Leap Forward, "Mao knew that people were dying by the millions. He did not care" (Li, p. 125). But later the doctor says that Mao deluded himself, or at least was a willing accomplice to the blind and fearful flattery of others. Pol Pot, who was Mao's disciple, seems also to have felt this way.

[24] Phone conversation with David Chandler, 1996.

[25] In these case studies, occasional reference is

made to the weapons most relevant to the country or group under discussion—in particular, to the Kalashnikov ("Ah Ka"), the M-16, and their derivatives. The reader desiring more specific information on the history and characteristics of these is referred to Ezell's *Small Arms of the World*, especially chapters 1 and 2. For data on which guns are used by whom, I have (as will be seen in various citations) generally cross-checked information given to me on the spot with Ezell's *Small Arms Today*. Obviously this information ought to be of interest not only to aesthetes of weapons but also to anyone who wishes to trace an insurgent group back to its most likely weapons donor—which is to say, its sponsor, accessory, or fellow traveler. When we encounter Kalashnikovs in southeast Asia, for instance, we can usually assume a Communist (Russian or Chinese) source. I occasionally refer to the capacity of a weapon as "x + 1" rounds, meaning that x rounds can be loaded into the magazine, and one in the chamber. Thus, my .45 caliber Para-Ordnance model P-12 is so named because its capacity is eleven plus one. This term has found frequent application, especially in writing about pistols, because carrying a chambered round in a weapon is elective and not always advisable for safety reasons.

[26] As Marx wrote with what now seems ironic appropriateness, "There is no general obstacle absolutely preventing one man from lifting from himself the burden of the labor necessary to maintain his own existence, and imposing it on another, just as there is no unconquerable natural obstacle to the consumption of the flesh of one man by another"—*Capital*, p. 647.

[27] Chandler, who interviewed LS in 1989, similarly reports him as saying, "The contemptible Pot was a lovely child."—*Brother Number One:* p. 9.

[28] According to Chandler (*Tragedy of Cambodian History*, p. 38), Pol Pot's name had been "known to the world" since 1976 (p. 38). Given the chaotic conditions in Cambodia at that time, it is entirely possible that Loth Suong did not become aware of the name for another two years. It is equally possible that his memory or my translator's German might have been mistaken.

[29] Because they were internationalists, and only sometimes against intellectuals as such; because, implacable though they were, they succeeded in being more than murderous muddlers.

[30] Elsewhere in his book Bullock elaborates on this to call both Hitler and Stalin paranoid. In this connection it is interesting to note that Mao's doctor, citing Mao's refusal to use a certain swimming pool for fear that it might be poisoned, commented: "Only in retrospect, as the condition worsened, did I see in his suspicion the seeds of a deeper paranoia" (Li, p. 234).

[31] Bullock, *Hitler and Stalin*, pp. 11-12.

[32] Chandler disagrees, saying (*Brother Number One*, p. 7): "The name he chose, although common enough among rural Cambodians (the Khmer), had no independent meaning."

[33] Ith Sarin, in Chandler, op. cit., p. 220.

[34] Chandler says: "In an attempt to destroy the personalism that, in their view, had corrupted previous regimes, the CPK stressed the collective nature of its leadership and kept most of its leaders hidden. Nonetheless, its style of operation, with its lack of accountability, its self-deification, its monopoly on information, and its single voice uttering unchallengeable commands, amounted to one-man rule, and by 1977 Brother Number One (Pol Pot) and Brother Number Two (Nuon Chea) had become synonymous with the Organization" (*Tragedy of Cambodian History*, p. 238). However, regarding the busts, Chandler remarks: "It is likely that officials in S-21 had the prisoners make them without being asked to do so. When the regime collapsed, Pol Pot resumed his anonymity. We can imagine his feelings of relief" (*Brother Number One*, p. 158). This does not explain the survival of the bust-makers, unless (which doesn't seem likely, for not everybody can sculpt) bust-making was a sign of status, a mark of survival rather than a cause of it; or unless the administrators at the prison had more control over the prisoners' fate than Pol Pot did.

[35] Chandler et al, p. 113 (Four-Year Plan).

[36] This particular operation was successful. Half an hour later, I saw them taking the girl off the gurney, a bloodstained shroud around her, a gauze on her throat. They tapped her gently...

[37] Davies and Dunlop, p. 5.

[38] "One of the essential features in any modern system of defense, and particularly web defense, is the use of an immense number of land mines."—Wintringham and Blashford-Snell, p. 178.

[39] Shawcross, *Cambodia's New Deal*, p. 80.

[40] From Rae McGrath and Eric Stover, *Landmines in Cambodia: The Cowards' War*, quoted in Davies and Dunlop, p. 18.

[41] There were about two thousand people in the commune. Since January, according to the Provincial Governor, the Khmer Rouge had killed twenty-seven, including children, and wounded eleven. They had burned twelve houses and killed more than a hundred cows. That was not so bad. In the previous year they had driven out 221 families. One reader, J. Dickinson, has asked me: "Why is anybody still there? Government pressure? Family property?" The answer is that in the 1990s Cambodia remained primarily a rural country. People lived from their rice fields or, if they were too poor for that, from cutting grass for others. If they left their own land they had no relatives to help them, nowhere to go.

[42] I have not been able to identify these weapons more specifically. I wish I had thought to ask the commune leader when I had the chance. At that time I did not understand how much a specific weapon often says about the source country. In *Small Arms Today*, under "automatic cannon," only the KPV HMG 14.5 x 114 mm is listed, with the remarks "East Bloc origin" and "ZPU-1, ZPU-2 and ZPU-4 mounts." The KPV (*Krupnokalibernyi Pulemet Vladimironva*) is one of the two automatic cannon listed for the USSR (the other is a different caliber). ZPU (*Zenitnaya Pulemetnaya Ustanovka*) means antiaircraft machine gun installation. Significantly, no automatic cannon whatsoever are listed for the People's Republic of China. However, the KPV HMG is one of the two automatic cannons listed for the Socialist Republic of Vietnam (the other being ZU-23, which is the second automatic cannon listed for the USSR). The same two types of ordnance are listed for the Kingdom of Thailand. It would have been interesting to see the condition of these automatic cannons. If they were old, they might well have come from Vietnam, back in the days when the Khmer Rouge and the NVA were allies. If new, their origin would be more likely to be corrupt Thai military officials. Dickinson notes, "I doubt if these were .75 caliber = 0.75 O.D. bullets—probably rather "75s" such as the French used everywhere. Perhaps this means 75 mm? Ditto rockets. You can't get much rocket in 0.87 inches."

[43] Supreme National Council, the sovereign body of Cambodia established by the UN between the Paris Peace Accords of 1991 and the elections of 1993.

[44] Lt.-Col. Gritz is himself the subject of a profile in this book, "Off the Grid," below.

[45] John Pilger, "Reseeding the Killing Fields: Aiding Pol Pot in Cambodia," *The Nation*, October 2, 1995, p. 342.

[46] Ibid, p. 344.

[47] "Letter from Editor," signed Kim Vorleak, Publisher and Editor-in-Chief, inside front cover.

[48] See the chapter "But What Are We to Do?" for a portrait of Khun Sa, and "The Old Man" for more on Hadji Amin.

[49] See above.

[50] Chuev, p. 254 ("Repression," 1972).

[51] Chandler, *Brother Number One*, p. 3.

[52] Rizal, p. 100.

[53] "FC", p. 17, para. 48 ("Sources of Social Problems").

[54] In 1996, 1400 baht was about U.S.$57.

[55] $37.

[56] *Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 7 ("Khmer intrusions to be retaliated").

[57] Blum, p. 139. Blum, a former State Department officer, cites *Covert Action Information Bulletin*, a periodical whose claims I have not been able to verify. Blum adds (loc. cit.): "This was in keeping with the Reagan administration's subsequent opposition to the Vietnamese-supported Phnom Penh government. A lingering bitter hatred of Vietnam by unreconstructed American Cold Warriors

appears to be the only explanation for this policy."

[58] Pilger *Nation* article, p. 342.

[59] See, e.g., Kambawza Win, "Burma in Thai Foreign Policy" in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, pp. 75-76.

[60] AK-47.

[61] Cambodia. Koh Kong itself is a province but there are several islands there.

[62] Slightly over $40.

[63] Foreigner.

[64] Most of these did not become informants. In Asia my introductions to insurgents have very often occurred through teachers, and according to a scholar on the Malaysian Communist underground, the two groups "most susceptible to the influence of radical, utopian political ideals" are factory workers and academics, either students or teachers (x, in Lewis, p. 128). Almost all of my Thai entrées to the Khmer Rouge were through teachers, and of course Pol Pot himself was a teacher.

[65] *Bangkok Post*, Friday, February 5, 1996, p. 2, "Three killed in KR attack."

[66] U.S. $1633.

[67] A pretty doctor at Khlong Yai's hospital said that each year she saw fewer mine injury cases; last year there'd been only about ninety-five, of which sixty or seventy were in Cambodian patients. She hadn't heard about Mr. Yu Kon, and didn't seem very surprised when I told her. Since he was already dead, they hadn't bothered to bring him to the hospital. Major mine trauma cases apparently were taken to Trat City; how many of those occurred she didn't know.

[68] T. Mohan, "Log Exports allowed of previously felled trees to neighbors," in *Cambodia Today*, issue no. 00120, February 02, 1996, p. 1.

[69] Not to be confused with the capital of Ratanakiri Province in the northeast of Cambodia.

[70] U.S. $1225.

[71] Thus we see how etiquette varies in the world. In Serbia the correct answer would have been: "Of course I'm afraid! You guys are so big and scary I want to shit my pants!"

[72] He thought that the Reds were much stronger—in Ban Lung, at least. He knew for a fact that the Whites avoided them. If the Reds moved onto one of their customary transport routes, the Whites simply found another way so that they wouldn't disturb them.

[73] U.S. $1347.

[74] Or, as the Cambodian Minister of Agriculture put it, "In Koh Kong Province (the worst affected by illegal logging) the army has dispatched 150 heavily armed soldiers to tackle the problem of illegal logging ...the unit has managed to eradicate at least 80 percent of the illegal logging and sawmilling activities ." (T. Mohan article).

[75] Recalling the dictum laid down by John Keegan that "primary control of a frontier between civilization and barbarity is best exercised by bribing those who live on the wrong side of it," (*A History of Warfare*, p. 144), I wondered who the barbarians were.

[76] Another story I heard about Pa Te Wee was that her husband was a songwriter who had written a song against Sihanouk, so he was arrested, and died in jail under suspicious circumstances.

[77] He was full of information that morning. In his military days he'd met many K.R. Unsolicited, he reported that most of the Khmer Rouge women were ugly—mixed-Chinese, he explained contemptuously—but one in a thousand were stunningly beautiful. They wore uniforms only for training. The uniforms made them look very smart, he said. When they were actually doing a job they dressed like Cambodian peasant women, in loose clothes which wouldn't show the bulge of a gun or a bomb.

[78] "The reality of the matter," writes Shawcross (p. 47), "is that the Khmer Rouge will have little incentive to compromise so long as the Thais offer them, as they still do, an alternative to peace."

[79] So the driver blamed Thai soldiers for the deaths. But how did he know? They just disappeared. It could have been land mines, or White soldiers, or, of course, Reds.

[80] And I do admit that much of what D. castigated as my falang thinking was indeed stupid—ignorant, at least. For instance, when people bowed and clasped their hands to me to show respect, I thought it would be cour-

teous to do the same to them. I thought I was being democratic. I did not realize that, all things being equal, you must never *wai* a younger person, since that means you wish him older than you, wish him a shorter life.

[81] U.S. $4.08.

[82] In a memoir entitled "Communism and Guigoz-Canism," Tuong Nang Tien writes: "As for a Vietnamese mother's love under Communism, there wasn't enough of it to fill a Guigoz can, even if it was to be stuffed with substitutes like corn and yam" (p. 170).

[83] I recollect a Cambodian refugee girl who cut my hair in Long Beach, California, later that spring. She was typical of the luckier ones. Pol Pot had not killed any of her immediate family. She'd spent a couple of years in a Thai refugee camp near Bangkok. It wasn't so bad there, she said, but "every few days" someone would sneak out to sell something and get caught and killed by corrupt Thai soldiers.

[84] *Bangkok Post*, Friday, January 19, 1996, p. 2 ("Fresh Khmer Rouge clashes expected"). The fighting did in fact resume the next day. One Thai officer is quoted in the article as saying of the Whites: "We won't allow them to use our soil to launch their assault on the Khmer Rouge. We have nothing to do with the fighting. What we're doing is protecting our sovereignty."

[85] Sihanouk writes in his reminiscences that Mao "fully supported me and the Khmer resistance against the Lon Nol government. Later he was to wholeheartedly support the Pol Pot regime. Blind to its excesses, he saw it only as the classical proletarian revolution he had dreamed of personally spearheading all his life. Goal-oriented, he was oblivious to the Khmer Rouge's cruel extremism and coldly indifferent to the human casualties it perpetrated" (p. 111).

[86] He was, it would seem, more a vulgar Maoist than a vulgar Marxist. Marx believed that development creates a proletariat, which becomes the revolutionary class. Mao's cadres were, like China, mainly made up of peasants.

[87] This was the story of the proprietor himself. The story which I heard about this from one of our drivers in Borai was that two or three months previously, a pair of young K.R. boys—he was sure that they were K.R.—had offered him a thousand baht to drive them to Khlong Yai. Since the usual fare was only seven hundred, he thought that it was fishy and politely begged off in the most gracious Thai style, saying that he already had a customer. The two K.R.s hired a different driver, murdered him halfway to Khlong Yai, came back, and robbed that gold shop. I had wondered why it was that only the gold shops in Borai had bars; the ones in Khlong Yai didn't. The Khmer Rouge seemed to partake more of banditry in Borai, unlike in Khlong Yai where everyone kept insisting that they "spoke true."

[88] U.S. $42.

[89] Acting on this tip, D. went to Chantaburi and found a new Thai regulation: Only Chantaburi residents could cross the border to Cambodia there, and then only with a "special soldier paper for trading." One man said he sold motorcycles in Cambodia, but was really a black-market gem dealer. The K.R. discouraged this kind of individual enterprise, sometimes by murdering the would-be entrepreneurs if it could catch them.

[90] U.S. $33. The White Khmer in Borai had said that the K.R. "salary" was six hundred (U.S. $24), but surely such amounts vary widely, as is the rule in dispersed guerrilla groups such as the Khmer Rouge, the PULO, or even the MTA.

[91] In South Carolina I saw a hotel billboard which said: "It's Better to Be Right Than Popular," but in southeast Asia that slogan might be put: "Popular Is Right."

[92] Voeuk Vittanhou, "Two MPs killed while robbing," in *Cambodia Today*, issue no. 00120, February 02, 1996, p. 6.

[93] "The Thais help the Khmer Rouge for food," another informant in Borai had assured me. "About guns I don't know, but for food I myself always see the big soldiers coming to buy."

[94] We met him because D. was day after day sicker and sicker with fever and a sore throat, and one day when her body felt to my touch as hot as a fresh-baked cookie straight from the oven I became alarmed and decided to play doctor. Donning my headlamp and seizing a pen to be my tongue depressor, I asked

her to open her mouth. I was looking for evidence of a bacterial infection. But D., exhausted and a little delirious, could not understand my actions. To her I was as a fearsome sea-monster with that shining light in the middle of my forehead. Terrified, she refused all my entreaties, until my worry was at last transformed to exasperation, and I rushed out, determined to bring a doctor to her whether she liked it or not. As I was searching for a *tuk-tuk*, an old Thai hailed me in a sincere attempt at English and invited me to have a beer with him. This was, of course, the old souse. And once I'd gotten D. to the hospital and they shone their own light down her throat and prescribed antibiotics, I was able to relax and get to know the old guzzler.

[95] U.S. $82.

[96] According to Shawcross, Cambodia experienced economic growth of seven to eight percent in 1991-93, the most recent years for which he had data. The growth was "centered in Phnom Penh, reaching only fifteen percent of the people," and thereby widening the urban-rural gap as well as the gap between the rich and the poor (p. 77).

[97] Several Borai-based gem dealers from Battambang told me on separate occasions that gems were almost half the price in Battambang that they were in Borai.

[98] Op. cit., p. 100.

[99] Tuesday, February 6, 1996, p. 2; by Chea Sotheacheath.

[100] In my experience, friendliness is in inverse proportion to wealth. Thus the fact that five years ago I would have been surrounded wherever I went, and greeted with stares and worshipful smiles, and two years ago I would have been greeted with: Excuse me, sir, what is your nationality? and this year I encountered merely the occasional polite nod, I took to be a positive omen.

[101] In 1995, 21% of Cambodia's $410 million, or $85 million, went to defense. —*Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 5 (sidebar: "Re-building Cambodia").

[102] U.S. $204.

[103] Customs revenue accounted for sixty percent of national internal revenue in Cambodia, so there were obviously lots of trade and opportunities for corruption, such as smuggling wood, or fish, or anything else. *Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 5 (sidebar: "Re-building Cambodia").

[104] Tuesday, February 6, 1996, p. 2. The weapon was an AK-47.

[105] U.S. 80¢ to about $2.

[106] Meisner, in Lewis, p. 248.

[107] U.S. $33.

[108] *Sihanouk Reminisces*, p. 46. Napoleon would have agreed with reservations; he liked the common touch; Sun-tzu would have agreed wholeheartedly: "It is essential for the general to be tranquil and obscure,...able to stupefy the eyes and ears of the officers and troops, keeping them ignorant" (op. cit., p. 222). Pol Pot seems to have followed this advice.

[109] KGB, pp. 83-84 ("Conducting Internal Intelligence").

[110] Baht.

[111] I have met with matter-of-fact talk of ghosts and magic in many southeast Asian groups, including Cambodians, Karenni, Shan, Thais, Wa, Li So, Vietnamese, and Laotians. One researcher found that lower-class Cambodian refugees in the U.S. often take TV science fiction movies to be real proof of the spirit world. "These supernatural encounters are so widely distributed and consistent among Khmers because they are culturally defined as real and appropriate."—Frank Smith, "Cultural Consumption: Cambodian Peasant Refugees and Television in he 'First World,'" in Ebihara et al, p. 154.

[112] U.S. $33.

[113] One scholar of Asian revolutions (Jeffrey Race, "Toward an Exchange Theory of Revolution," in Lewis, pp. 186-91) has pointed out that the difference between a bureaucracy and a political party is a fixed structure and quota of reward on the part of the former, and a potential for the expansion of both on the part of the latter, because the bureaucracy has a skeleton already prefabricated and appointed from above, whereas the political party can add protoplasm in any direction as its constituency grows. Thus, for instance, a Vietnamese peasant with no hope of entering the civil service might have turned to the Viet Cong. This heuristic helps us also understand

why so many Third World officials, such as our police general, become corrupt. Even if one succeeds in becoming a member of that bureaucracy, there are still not enough rewards to go around. Having no particular reason to believe that becoming an insurgent would benefit him, someone like the police general naturally turns to commerce, whose protoplasm is even more conveniently fluid (that's why financial analysts talk about "liquidity") than that of the most exemplary and spontaneous revolutionary counter-institution. Long live Comrade Money!

[114] In 1993, Shawcross had written that Cambodian police had not yet been trained to respect human rights, which was why even the judges, "like everyone else," were terrified of them (p. 62). And regarding Poipet itself, Shawcross quoted one U.N. border control officer there who reported that Cambodian soldiers and police smuggled and extorted bribes to such an extent as to "subvert or completely deny the exercise of the border control function" (p. 70).

[115] Tuesday, February 6, 1996, p. 2.

[116] U.S. $122.

[117] Khmer for "thank you."

[118] This interview was translated in progress by D. I had the Khmer language parts retranslated for comparison purposes; my second translator was Miss C.K. of Long Beach, California.

[119] U.S. $612.

[120] The arithmetic checks out. The Lon Nol time came to an abrupt end in 1975, when the Pol Pot time began. If the general was thirty-six in 1996, then twenty-odd years before, he would have been sixteen. Since in most places where standards of literacy are poor, the numbers which my interviewees give me fail to be consistent, I consider this to be a small but significant indication of the general's accuracy.

[121] Remainder of this paragraph added from C.K.'s translation.

[122] This last clause added from C.K.'s translation.

[123] This sentence added from C.K.'s translation.

[124] This last sentence added from C.K.'s translation.

[125] Last two words added from C.K.'s translation.

[126] Davies and Dunlop, p. 42.

[127] Ibid, p. 44.

[128] C.K.'s translation: "I know by my own eyes."

[129] *Sihanouk Reminisces*, p. 164.

[130] C.K.'s translation adds: "That place they meet all the people from another country."

[131] C.K.'s translation: "I don't know, but if talk exactly is a leader."

[132] C.K.'s translation: "Treigh, a little about forty or sixty km. from Battambang."

[133] C.K.'s translation: "Three million people." But General X. corrected himself; C.K. was clearly in error here.

[134] Here again it is possible to cross-check General X's testimony. Everything but the exact number of victims seems to be confirmed. Pol Pot's biographer, who has sifted through Tuol Sleng confessions and the debriefings of defectors, tells the story thus: "In May 1975, over one hundred officers of the Republican army were rounded up in Battambang and told to prepare for Sihanouk's return. They were loaded into trucks, taken into the countryside, and shot" (Chandler, *Brother Number One*, p. 110).

[135] Last six words from C.K.'s translation.

[136] "A group of Cambodian jurists," pp. II-48-52 ("Alfonso Denise's"—that is, Denise Alfonso's—testimony).

[137] This last sentence from C.K.'s translation.

[138] This last sentence from C.K.'s translation. Perhaps the meaning is less sinister or Sparta-like: "army of the country" or "national army."

[139] "Characteristically, revolutions fracture continuity," says Chandler (*Tragedy of Cambodian History*, p. 236). "At the same time, many continuities persist from prerevolutionary to revolutionary regimes. In the Cambodian case, continuities of context and behavior combined with external factors made the revolution itself by 1978 a failure for its leaders and a disaster for nearly everyone else. Partly, this was the fault of the harsh, erratic behavior of the revolutionaries themselves. After the end of 1976, failure sprang from the leadership's fixations with Vietnam and treachery within their ranks."

[140] This last sentence from C.K.'s translation.

[141] This last sentence from C.K.'s translation.
[142] C.K.'s translation: "Because if don't have any leader to order for fight with Vietnam we couldn't win"—not very logical, since they didn't win.
[143] "Sister-in-law," runs C.K.'s more accurate translation.

THE LAST GENERATION

[1] John Steinbeck, *The Log from the Sea of Cortez*, (New York: Penguin, 1995 repr. of 1941 ed., with additions), p. 248 ("Appendix: About Ed Ricketts, 1951).
[2] I've sometimes been asked "how long the Asian gangs have been around." This question is almost impossible to answer, because it depends on what one means by a gang. At the beginning of the twentieth century, and probably before, rival Chinese *tongs* (district organizations) were fighting for jobs and territory in the California Delta. They were not gangs in the current sense of the world, but they occasionally sent out hatchet men against each other—*literal* hatchet men. The town of Locke was founded and controlled by the Zhongshan Tong, while Walnut Grove, which lies literally within sight, was run by Sze Yap Tong. If you want to see in this situation a precursor to that of rival gang "hoods," you are welcome to do so, although such an analogy is obviously flawed. The tongs were more or less efficient political "machines"—a cross between the Chamber of Commerce and the Mafia, with a little Rotary Club thrown in. To me, at least, the "hoods" were more accurately prefigured by the mid-century New York City neighborhoods where Irish and Puerto Rican kids were beating each other up. The Zongshan people and the Sze Yap people were both Chinese, yes, but they came from different regions and regarded each other as rivals. Between the late 1970s and the early 1990s, about 150,000 Cambodian refugees arrived in the United States (Ebihara et al, p. 18; (introduction). A great part of these now live in California. I have visited Cambodia several times, in peace and in war, and have never heard of any indigenous gang system over there. But it is probable that most of the Cambodians who fled the genocide of the Khmer Rouge, got interned for years in Thai refugee camps, and finally arrived in the U.S. had seen desperate people do desperate things. What happened next? "Cambodian peasant refugees," writes one anthropologist, "have almost invariably settled in poor, primarily black urban neighborhoods in this country; they are often the victims of crime, and the refugees see blacks as the most visible perpetrators of these crimes." (ibid, p. 156; Frank Smith). And, indeed, in this chapter you will have heard many Cambodians say unpleasant things about blacks. I have also heard them denouncing Latinos. Who really knows whether it was blacks or Hispanics whom they most feared—and imitated? No doubt it varied from city to city, from neighborhood to neighborhood. They learned from whoever taught them.
[3] Not her real name.
[4] G.M. Bush, "A year of gang peace...," *Long Beach Press-Telegram*, Monday, September 18, 1995.
[5] In tabular form the history of the war (or some of it) is as follows:

YEAR	DEATH	INCIDENTS
(*incidents = felonies & violent misdemeanors*)		
1989	1	9
1990	5	30
1991	9	82
1992	9	53
1993	2	30
1994 Jan/Feb.	6	49

Source: G.M. Bush, "Gangs See No End to Battles," *Long Beach Press-Telegram*, Monday, March 21, 1994, p. A1.
[6] See the chapter on moral yellowness.
[7] A personal example of perhaps even greater relevance: I was robbed at knifepoint by two black men in Minneapolis. And then two weeks later in San Francisco I got robbed again, this time not violently, while descending the escalator. I had just kissed someone goodbye; I was in a love-drizzled state of

mind; perhaps I was careless; no, I'm certain that I wasn't careless. I may not possess every talent, but I have always been conscious of the pressure of my wallet against my right buttock. Once in Italy the delicate sliding sensation alerted in time to easily foil a pickpocket. But in this case there was no clue. I felt the wallet against my flesh at the top of the escalator, and at the bottom it was gone. There was no one behind me on the escalator. My robber must have leaned and snatched just as I began to be carried downward. There had been 1,000 dollars in that wallet. I did not even have bus fare to the clinic, where I was supposed to go, let alone pay for the visit. Fortunately I never use credit cards, but I did have two bank machine cards which it seemed time to cancel. I was struck by the unhelpfulness of those banks. It was fortunate that I had a pocketful of change, because each bank made me call two other numbers in succession. The voices I was thus referred to, bored and unfriendly, asked me questions that I could not answer, and I almost raged. I then went to the woman in the ticket booth by the escalator, and asked her if by any chance she had seen a lost wallet. —That's not my job, she said, returning to her newspaper. She was black. (The unfriendly voices on the telephone had not been white or black, because I could not see them.) It was then, as I descended the escalator once more on the chance that my wallet could somehow be where it wasn't, that I began to visualize the criminal, as a black man, tall and poor and menacing like the two in Minneapolis. Only a month or two later (for the loss of that money had caused me some hardship) was I able to re-imagine the pickpocket as the entity he ought to be based on my information: a silhouette, like those nasty faceless voices, neither white nor black.

[8] Sample testimony from one Cambodian lady: "It's great for he move here. He help my daughter change from gang; he do everything from God. Gangster throw thing in the church and not respect him, but he patient. Now the parent come here for help. They not come here for clean; they come here for problem."—(Not Soeun, however, because she was Buddhist. She thought that people like Pastor Joe were brainwashers.)—I took a photo of the lady, who grinned and said: "Don't put my face on the fish sauce label."

[9] Her generic word for gangs.

[10] Tiny Rascals Gang, at one time the most powerful of the Cambodian gangs.

[11] Graffiti gangsters.

[12] Neighborhood; turf.

[13] According to one Canadian criminologist published by the UN, policy recommendations for reducing crime include: (1) reducing "effects of relative child poverty" in order to reduce violence, (2) "rediscovering interpersonal links," and (3) "involving the 15-18 year olds who face blocked life opportunities" (UNICRI, pp. 206-207 [Irvin Waller, "Policy Implications: Related to National and International Surveys"]). I agree with all of these vis-à-vis Cambodian immigrant children. If somebody were to give their parents wheelbarrows full of money, they wouldn't live in gang neighborhoods. If their family ties suddenly became as strong as in Cambodia, then they would, like Soeun, put peers second. If their life opportunities miraculously unblocked themselves, they would surely be less likely to find gang membership attractive. I expect all these things to happen shortly after the Second Coming.

[14] According to Sørenson, the second largest number was in Lowell, Massachusetts, at 23,000.

KICKIN' IT

[1] In December 1999, the civilian unemployment rate in San Joaquin County was 8.4%. In California as a whole it was 3.7%. The respective figures for 1998 were 10.3% and 5.5%. (Source: SJ Council of Governments Research & Forecasting Center, quoted in pamphlet "Resource Guide: Stockton—San Joaquin, California," p. 9).

[2] Schell, p. 200.

[3] At the request of most of my interviewees, I am not going to name any gang members, or identify any named person as a gangster. Ask a homeboy if he belongs to a certain gang,

and he might say: "I been down with them," or "I bang with them sometimes," or "We be kickin' every now and then." But even these equivocations can get him in trouble. A few might proudly announce: "You can say I'm a third generation G." A G is a gangster. But they could be teasing me just to amuse their friends. As they say in Colombia, *you never know who is who.* I think I know, in most cases. Read between the lines.

[4] In the two decades since 1980, Stockton's Asian population increased enormously. One newspaper article, citing U.S. census figures, claimed that the Asian presence had gone up by 225%, the city now (2000) being 21% Asian. When my fact-checkers checked the actual census data for me, he found an Asian population of "13,549 in 1980 and 48,506 in 2000. This was an increase of over 350%. In 2000 Stockton was 19.9% Asian."

[5] Reptile got his nickname from his mother because he went through a phase of wearing only green. Gremlin's street name rhymed with his Khmer name. In Kentfield, one boy's Cambodian nickname meant "stinky" because his armpits always smelled; he didn't seem a bit ashamed of that moniker.

[6] In Long Beach, TRG had "claimed the blue rag." In Sacramento, they wore both blue and grey. "Most Asian gangs, they don't color trip," opined Detective Kang. "They don't really care if you wear blue or green or white as long as you're down for the gang." I see his point, although I wouldn't entirely agree.

[7] In Manchester I was told that Domino's would not deliver either day or night, but this was not true.

[8] I have not verified this.

[9] Hispanics were referred to only rarely, and then with disparaging disinterest.

[10] The Kentfield line on his experience, as expressed by the thirteen-year-old, was: "As long as they don't start nothing, they can come in here and got no problem."

[11] An example will show how stupid they were. I recall the big, chuckling Manchester homeboy (whom I suspect was a CBC member) who'd been accosted with a friendly-seeming "Whassup, cuz?" from a Hmong who'd then whipped out a gun and forced him to run. The gunman hailed from an organization which Sacramento police detective Jim Kang called "at one time, a most active and ferocious gang," and in places it still is—namely, MOD, which stands for Masters of Disaster and which some Cambodians, privileging pronunciation over orthography, de-abbreviate as Hmong On Diapers. "We make fun of their girls," explained the chuckler, "'cause they piss standing up." He also looked down on the Hmong because they "packed eleven people into a two-bedroom apartment," which was equally true of Cambodians. One of the saddest aspects of inter-Asian hatred was the application of anti-Asian epithets to one's enemies. In Kentfield, for instance, some of the homeboys referred to Oak Park as "Gook Park."

[12] Disrespect.

[13] In Long Beach the Asian Boyz wore grey.

[14] "It just takes one guy to mess things up," gangsters repeatedly said, reminding me of the Serb I met during the Yugoslav civil war who explained how outsiders could instigate violence: "It's easy. In my town all you'd have to do would be to go to where some Serb lived and throw in a hand grenade, then shoot some Croats. A small group of professionally trained people could do it. Then you spread the news and arm the survivors." The gangsters I met, of course, did not possess the cold blooded foresight of warmongers. Their conflicts were random and accidental. A fight over a woman, a boy who wore the wrong colors in the wrong place—it was all blind.

[15] Trigger, *The Children of Aataentsic*, pp. 68-69 ("War").

[16] So much of all this comes down to posturing. The most scary thing that happened to another OCG member in Kentfield was when he "got pointed at" with an ABZ man's gun near a shopping mall on March Lane. "I dunno the name of the guy. Too many enemies, man. But it was ABZ. Finally I just bust out, *shoot me an' shit!* They just start cussin' at me and then drive the car away." I suppose that homicides happen when the posturers get provoked to show their stuff.

[17] "You know, it's a steady stream of people coming in," said Detective Kang. "As many as we lock up, more come. It's still on its way

up. Now we're into our third generation of Asian gang here in the Sacramento area. They're more apt to resist you. We had an incident a few weeks ago where they tried to run down a police officer who was trying to arrest them for breaking into a car. It was like something out of the movies..."

[18] As it was described to me, a BG is a new recruit, a beginning gangster. After two or three years, he easily becomes a YG, a young gangster. Then he must actively "do dirt" to become an OG.

[19] This dichotomy reminds me of the dictum I heard repeatedly in Manchester: Any white visitors must be either druggies or undercover cops.

I'M ESPECIALLY INTERESTED IN *YOUNG* GIRLS

[1] Of course I am in favor of legalizing and regulating prostitution everywhere, provided it can be done without too greatly invading people's privacy. My friend Becky Wilson, an American stripper, wrote me in May 1996: "Some of my sex industry worker girlfriends are not PRO-LEGALIZATION; they are PRO-decriminalization. There, supposedly, is a big difference between the two since in cases of the legalization of prostitution most prostitutes just end up being pimped by the government since they are forced to work in brothels in places like the Mustang Ranch in Nevada. I appreciate your supporting the rights of sex industry workers though." This is not the first time that this sentiment has reached me. I think that it is really sad to hear that these prostitutes cannot even trust the government enough to hope for legalization. But I disagree with them. As long as we are wishing for the moon, why not wish for a situation in which prostitution can be more than merely tolerated?

[2] In 1993, 20,000 bhat was about $800.

[3] Big brother (same meaning as the Burmese "eko")

[4] Caucasians

[5] If a Burmese goes by road he needs an ID card; by plane, even entirely within the country, he needs a passport. Anytime he stays at a hotel he must give his ID number.

[6] Not her actual prostitute name, which she still uses at the Center. "Sukanja" is a moderately common Thai prostitute name meaning simply "woman."

[7] About US $80.00.

BUT WHAT ARE WE TO DO?

[1] His given name apparently is Chang Chi-Fu.

[2] In 1994 $1 US remained equal to 25 baht.

[3] *Tithonia diversifolia.*

[4] In this part of the world, if one is poor, one has a choice: one can sell a daughter or one can sell opium. In Mae Hong Song most of the prostitutes are Burmese. (These women rarely smoke opium, by the way, which fits my little dichotomy.) According to D, "the Meo, Tai-Yai, and Karen and like that, they don't like" being prostitutes. So that leaves them the other choice.

[5] What happens if you eat an opium flower? I'd asked a Meo man. —Like a drug, like medicine. Very bitter. Maybe you feel like you drink beer.

[6] He may well be pardoned on the King's birthday after 10 or 20 years.

[7] In Mae Hong Song the price was 60 baht.

[8] In his essay "Opium Traffic," Antonin Artaud wrote: "We are born corrupted in body and spirit; we are congenitally fucked up. By eliminating opium, one doesn't eliminate the criminal impulse, the malignancies of body and soul, the propensity to despair, the wailing cretin, the pox-ridden infant, nor the progressive crumbling of the instincts. One doesn't change the fact that there are individuals destined to be poisoned ... if you remove their tools of folly, they will create 10,000 new ones." (draft translation by Richard Grossman, 1994).

[9] "Love of Thailand Village."

[10] Newspaper accounts reported 4,000, with another 6,000 in "surrounding areas."

[11] I found almost nobody among the hill tribes who didn't believe this, with the exception of some Karen. There was Tung, for

instance, a Meo boy, one of five brothers, who drove us to Ban Rak Tai wearing his black pajamas which his mother had embroidered for him when he married; he was one of five sons. (He fall in love with some girl first, said D., and he ask the parents.) I asked his opinion of the Opium King. —Khun Sa he is very nice person, D. translated. He take care of everyone in his village all the time. If we have some problem he never throw us away. He have good heart. When he come to meet us, he never wear uniform of any soldier except private. —Khun Sa is a very well-educated man, and surely has read Sun-tzu's *Art of War*, which recommends just such action: "When the general regards his troops as young children, they will advance into the deepest valleys with him. When he regards the troops as his beloved children, they will be willing to die with him" (p. 215).

[12] When I asked Ta Khun Mong, introduced below, who the Wa Opium King was, he replied: There is no Wa Opium King! Khun Sa is the only one in the world!—My understanding is that there are several lesser Wa Opium Dukes.

[13] This Orwellian slogan was formulated even better by Molotov, who cried out: 'Peace, peace, peace! Better the hand wither than write this nonsense! Peace, peace! It must be fought for and won!" and then he said: "But there can be no peace without war."—Chuev, pp. 386-7 ("The Program Impedes Progress," 1973).

[14] According to D., "Ta" is the same as "Big Soldier."

[15] An article in the *South China Morning Post* mentioned a United Wa State Army (UWSA) in Chinese army uniforms. This may or may not be the same organization. The reporter seems to have met a Major-General Ai Rai, the O.I.C. liaison to Thailand. I mentioned Ai Rai to Ta Khun Mong, and he smiled. —Ah, Ai Rai. My friend. But he doesn't know much like me. Everything I know more than Ai Rai, because he is *my* friend. He do about the economy for this area, he buy and sell clothes and something.

[16] A former State Department employee makes the same claim. Cf. Blum, p. 24. Bertil Lintner, however, insists that the opium trade is not "the result of nefarious activities of sinister CIA agents," but the natural result of ethnic insurgency, about which the CIA was complacent, on the grounds of anticommunism. Cf. Linter, pp. 331-33.

[17] Khun Sa and many of his "big soldiers" formerly had some affiliation with the BCP, which used to be the greatest threat to the Burmese regime. Regarding Chinese influence upon the BCP, the scholar John Badgley wrote, "China has demonstrated a long and unusual interest in Burma, and manipulated the major Communist Party there to a greater degree than in any other country."—Lewis, p. 167 ("Burmese Communist Schisms"). Burmese socialism had had an anti-tribal slant as early as 1948, when the Anti-Fascist People's Freedom League ousted members of various ethnic minorities, including the Shan, from their Executive Council (ibid, p. 154). The subsequent pro-Chinese bias of the BCP must have made it even harder to swallow for Shan nationalists. Caught between Ne Win's Burmese army which aimed to subjugate and exploit them, the BCP which wanted to Sinofy them, and the KMT which actually occupied Shan territory, it is no wonder that a niche developed for warlords such as Khun Sa, for under such circumstances there could be no general law. Even the factions themselves were not stable. Thus the BCP, for instance, tore itself apart in 1969, with "women hacking at the still-living opponents of their husbands and persons bathing their feet in the blood of the executed" (ibid, p. 163).

[18] This account jibes with that of Martin Smith, pp. 314-15.

[19] Throughout this interview in particular I have altered the wording and syntax somewhat to make clearer what I believe was the true meaning. D., good and loyal person though she was (oh, she is from south! exclaimed the doctor. She is from near the ocean; she is sea water. The more you drink her, the more thirsty you become!), could not speak English very well, and so her translations left much to be desired. One may won-

der why I chose such a person to work with me on this project. The answer is that I could not have done it without her. She could communicate with others to get my basic purpose across; more importantly, she had a special gift which certain individuals, usually women, seem to possess for alleviating the distrust of others; somehow she could show them the goodness and kindness of her heart, so that they would be willing to take risks and make disclosures for her sake. It is an inspiration to be with someone like that. Finally and most importantly of all, she knew the people who knew people. In short, although certain small details may have been misunderstood or mistranslated, the doctor's basic assertion comes through. That various government and intelligence organizations created their own puppet armies in Burma and financed them by selling opium seems entirely believable, given human and political nature, although it may never be proven. Lt.-Col. James "Bo" Gritz, mentioned below in his own profile, has produced a video entitled "A Nation Betrayed" in which he specifically accuses ex-CIA agent Richard Armitage and others.

[20] Here I'm reminded of the Thai soldier I interviewed in Ban Rak Tai. He said that nobody grew opium in that village anymore. —Why doesn't the Thai Air Force bomb Khun Sa? I asked him. —Not in my area, he replied. Not in my country. —Why doesn't the Burmese Air Force do it then?—At this the soldier slowly smiled.

[21] Why could Karen soldiers come and go? Martin Smith makes the point (p. 299) that the Karen had been enlisted by the Thais in the 1960s in counterinsurgency operations against the Communist Party of Thailand (CPT). The Thai military not only felt that it owed them something, but also considered it wise to let them stay to provide a buffer against possible Burmese aggression.

[22] A man had told me, via D.: From Rak Tai village we could go to the black market before. But Khun Sa close the way, because U.S. give Thai army money for fighting with Khun Sa.

[23] A newspaper report I'd read reported that 2,625 metric tons of opium were produced in the Golden Triangle in 1989. Khun Sa controlled more than half of those poppy fields. (One source told me that the Wa put about 1,200 metric tons on the market in that same year.)

[24] Pronounced "Ong Dalay."

[25] He would step down the following year, after Manerplaw was disastrously lost to the Burmese.

[26] Karen I talked to seemed to prefer A-Ks and M-16s. The Shan thought that Kalashnikovs were more reliable than M-16s. How did they gain a professional knowledge of M-16s? There are several possibilities. One is that, following international guerrilla fashion, they called every gun of even approximate M-16 type an M-16. In *Small Arms of the World* we read about the Armalite AR-10, whose beta-test version failed a U.S. military test in 1956 and was subsequently re-engineered. "Delayed acquisition of tooling with which to produce the AR-10 and political considerations kept the weapon from being adopted by a major military power. Small lots of the rifle were sold ... to the Burmese Army by Cooper-Macdonald ... The real significance, however, of the AR-10 is that it led to the AR-15, which after several modifications was adopted by the U.S. Army as the 5.56 mm M 16/M16A1 rifle ..." (pp. 30-31). (*Small Arms Today* does list the AR-10 in the Burmese arsenal [p. 48], with the remark: "Source unknown.") So the Shan might well have obtained some Burmese government AR-10s by hook or by crook. A second possibility is that, as I was assured by a certain high-ranking MTA member, many Vietnam War vintage M-16s had been obtained from corrupt Cambodian soldiers. If so, given the climate and the general level of neglect, it's no wonder that the M-16s didn't work. I have to say that I have my doubts about this. Cambodia is not very conveniently located vis-a-vis Shan State. China would seem far more likely. And in *Small Arms Today* we find both the M16A1 and the AKA-47 listed for that country, the first of U.S. origin ("*ca.* 5,000 purchased between 1976 and 1977"), the second from Allende's Chile. Given the relatively small

number of Chinese M-16s, the Chinese perhaps sold the Shan the worst ones they had. There is one final possibility: that the people who disparaged the M-16 simply did so to twit me, because I was American and Americans were on the wrong side.

[27] The Burmese "Big Brother Number One." One Karen insurgent told me, "Ne Win is like a Pinochet, like a Ceseascu."(Ceaucescu?)

[28] According to the Shan State National Congress, "in 1949 the Burmese Government, through their racist intransigence, had triggered the Karen rebellion ..." (p. 19). See Chronology. One member of the Karen coalition said: "We are fighting together but for different goals ... The students just come out of the jungle. They want democracy but cannot define it. But some want communism."

[29] Tungsten.

[30] And did D. agree? Her customary response to any question was absolute silence, so I rarely asked her for any but essential information.

[31] Shan State is comparable in area to Greece. There are 8,000,000 Shan. (The total population of Myanmar is about a 133 million.)

[32] About one-sixth of all Karen are Christian. In the safehouses I saw, the gilded platform for a Buddha usually lay empty.

[33] But according to André and Louis Boucaud, Khun Sa was one of the Karenni's arms suppliers. And the Karenni higher-ups were perhaps not so poor. The Boucaud brothers describe seeing Abel Tweed's deputy showing off canvas bags filled with previous stones dug up by the Karenni soldiers (p. 150).

[34] Martin Smith notes that in his many journeys through Karen territory he never saw any poppy growing (pp. 469-70, fn. 35).

[35] Díaz, p. 366.

[36] For a discussion of this campaign see Callwell, pp. 128-29.

[37] See Womack, pp. 138-39. It was called "resettlement" and harked back to previous Spanish, British and American actions.

[38] The two French cases cited rarely involved relocation, since it was possible simply to invest the countryside with an apparatus of pickets, patrols and blockhouses, bringing control to the rebellious area itself; the Americans did not have the will, nor the Burmese the resources, to establish those semi-permanent administrations throughout the country.

[39] One American police officer quoted in *American Demographics* says that "in his experience, drugs and alcohol are directly involved in the vast majority of robberies and assaults by strangers" (Cheryl Russell article, August 1995, p. 29). Interestingly enough, Aum Rawley does not make this accusation. May I state the obvious? It is not drugs themselves which somehow "cause" crime, but the *unavailability* of drugs. An argument can thus be made for putting heroin in public vending machines. The likely consequence would be more traffic accidents and fewer violent and nonviolent robberies.

[40] Opium is a very common ingredient in folk medicines in this region—another reason why the pretty poppy will never become extinct. One cure for baldness involves rubbing on the crown of the head a mixture of raw opium and bamboo juice. Whether it works or not, I'll bet that it feels good.

[41] This anecdote helps explain why despite a formidably malignant purpose it took the Burmese military so many decades to subjugate hill tribes such as the Karenni. Two years after I met the Opium King, the following item appeared in the *Bangkok Post:* "Hungry Burma troops desert campaign against Karenni" (Friday, January 19, 1996, p. 3).

[42] Also known as Mong Mai.

[43] I learned a year later that it was the doctor who had denied us entrance in the first instance, having not see fit to waste "K.S."'s time with a couple of suspect nobodies; but when Mr. T.'s wife approached him in Ho Mong she said that I was a good person, that I had given a lot of money to Karenni soldiers and refugees. —"Really?" cried the doctor. "You saw with your own eyes? OK, then."— I relate this anecdote simply to encourage other journalists to do the same. Always pay for information as generously as you can; always help the needy when you can. It is their misery, after all, which makes news, and thereby pays your bills.

[44] He is said to be the son of a Chinese (KMT)

father and a Shan mother. Interestingly enough, even a pro-PULO Thai Muslim politician in Yala (the PULO, profiled in another chapter below, resents Chinese wealth and often targets them for extortion and other crimes), had this to say about Khun Sa when I interviewed him in 1995: "He's a good person. He should do everything he can for his people. He knows that nobody will take care for him [to help him]." The head of the PULO, quoted below, was similarly positive.

[45] Now that Khun Sa has surrendered to the Burmese, and the MTA is no more, I can tell you that we were in the town of Mae Suriya ("Sun Mother").

[46] Himself the subject of a profile in this book, in ch. XI, below.

[47] "Khun Sa has long been contemptuous of his own people," ran an editorial in the *Bangkok Post* (Monday, March 20, 1995, p. 4). " ...he has kept farmers in virtual serfdom, dependent on the single and unrewarding crop of opium ... As crop substitution programmes in Thailand and even Laos have given workers opportunity, Khun Sa and his lieutenants have ignored chances to spread freedom."

[48] I was later told that the census results showed 22,000 "without soldiers" and 40,000 soldiers total. I am skeptical on general principles, because insurgents always inflate their numbers, but it may be true.

[49] One anonymous source told me that Khun Sa had killed hundreds of people in the process.

[50] *Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 7 ("Burmese army 'to move against drug warlord Khun Sa'" and "Request to detain 9 Khun Sa men dismissed by court").

[51] André and Louis Boucaud, who met Khun Sai, several years earlier, described him as a member of the rival Shan State Army, so presumably he'd belonged to the pro-BCP wing at one time, or even to the BCP itself. As the Chronology to this chapter should make clear, such shifts are far from uncommon. The reader is referred to their book, p. 100.

[52] According to one story I heard, Khun Sa bore responsibility for the kidnapping and murder of a DEA agent's wife in Chiang Mai. In 1980 the U.S. offered a reward for Khun Sa's capture. Khun Sa then himself offered rewards for the capture of DEA agents in Thailand. He was indicted by the U.S. for drug trafficking at the end of 1989—a rather pointless exercise. The DEA could doubtless tell me more, but they did not return phone calls when I was writing this.

[53] The driver in Mae Hong Song had said that he'd heard from the Karen (and how they knew was beyond me) that Khun Sa's heroin factories were located in high jungle valleys where there was not much water, so Khun Sa supposedly paid men to carry water in.

[54] "Thomas Constantine, head of the U.S. Drug Enforcement Administration, said recently that South American—mostly Colombian—heroin production accounted for 32 percent of heroin seized in the United States in 1994. Five years ago, nearly all heroin seized came from Asia."—*The Sacramento Bee Final*, Wednesday, July 5, 1995, p. A5 ("Drug cartel leader seized in Colombia").

[55] All Burma Students' Democratic Front students, "The Real Situation of Burma: Country Report Valid to June 1995" in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, pp. 106-06. The students categorically state that in comparison to SLORC atrocities, those of all the insurgent groups are "nothing." Martin Smith writes (p. 308) that "leaving aside the shameful enforced enslavement of tens of thousands of ethnic minority villagers to carry supplies into the firing-line, it was an oddly inefficient way of fighting a modern war."

[56] I remember Lt.-Col. Gritz telling me: "He has a prison cell that is a little hole and then a big dome dug out in the ground, deep in the ground so that nobody's gonna get out, and of course snakes and scorpions and all kinds of things fall in there."

[57] Churchill, *The Gathering Storm* p. 250.

[58] "To 'understand' them makes us all too prone to pity them" [which I do—WTV], "but pity only makes us feel superior to those who harm us, so that we end up denying their hatred and their contempt" (Gruen, p. 144). I disagree.

[59] According to the All Burma Students'

Democratic Front students, "control is buttressed by selective restrictions on contact with foreigners, surveillance of government employees and private citizens, harassment of political activists, intimidation, arrest, detention and physical abuse" (*Burma Research Journal*, p. 94.) The fist was, however, becoming velvet-gloved. One political economist, Prof. Dr. Khin Maung Kyii, wrote a year later: "It is now fairly clear that the military have set out to determine the future power configuration by seeking a format that would legitimize their participation while accommodating to some extent the popular demand for democracy" (*Burma Research Journal*, p. 30).

[60] Dan Smith, p. 47, map 16 ("After the Raj").

[61] Martin Smith, p. 101.

[62] One source even reports Lo Hsing-Han to actually be a successor of Khun Sa. Lo Hsing-Han was never Khun Sa. He actually was head of the Kokang Home Guard, and preferentially supported for awhile by SLORC over Khun Sa. Later he was extradited, imprisoned, and eventually rehabilitated. I never asked Khun Sa what his other names might be. The MTA's booklet on Khun Sa does confirm the other name Chang Si-Fu, but insists that "Khun Sa" is not a mere *nom de guerre*" (Khun Sa, p. 46.)

[63] Martin Smith, p. 95.

[64] Op. cit., p. 266.

[65] Martin Smith, loc. cit.

[66] Op. cit., p. 37.

[67] Khun Sa, p. 61 ("To the People of Shan State").

[68] As the Wa general, Ta Khun Mong, had said to me in Ban Rak Tai when I'd asked him if the Wa and the Shan were enemies: The people is no problem. Only for the head [leader] is it problem.

[69] This was not quite true. After Khun Sa's surrender two years later, the Wa were supposedly beginning to fill the opium vacuum.

[70] Of 12 February 1947.

[71] These words, which sounded so vague to me at the time, due to my ignorance of Buddhism, now hold more significance for me. I believe that Khun Sa was making an allusion to the Buddha's First Sermon at Benares, also known as the Setting in Motion of the Wheel of the Law: "Verily, it is this Ariyan [noble] eightfold way, to wit: Right view, right aim, right speech, right action, right living, right effort, right mindfulness, right concentration. This, monks, is that middle path which giveth vision, which giveth knowledge, which causeth calm, special knowledge, enlightenment, [Nirvana]."—Boisselier, pp. 130-131.

[72] If this were true, why would it be true? One might quote two excerpts from the U.S. government final report on the Waco siege: (1) "After Congress and the courts expanded permissible military assistance to civilian law enforcement and the Defense Department assumed the lead in the war on drugs, military assistance to law enforcement greatly increased. This increased use of military personnel is most noticeable with the National Guard because of fewer legal restrictions on its use" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, V.I.B). (2) "Civilian law enforcement's increasing use of militaristic tactics is unacceptable. The FBI's and ATF's reliance on military type tactics greatly concerns the subcommittees. The Waco and Ruby Ridge incidents epitomize civilian law enforcement's growing acceptance and use of military type tactics. The subcommittees find this trend unacceptable" (ibid, V.E). But does the subcommittee see the connection between (1) and (2)?

[73] Not, however, to Dr. Chao-Tzang (Yawnghwe), who insists in his article "Shan Opium Politics (Khun Hsa Factor)" that only the middlemen win in the opium trade, and "the losers are obviously Shan primary producers at one end, and, at the other, the millions of addicts in the cities of the affluent West" (*Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, p. 64).

[74] Lieutenant-Colonel Gritz told me in October 1994: "Khun Sa has never lied to me. Everything he said he is willing to do. He is better on that score than a lot of American politicians."—On the other hand, when I mentioned the alleged 43 assassination attempts, he said: "If they did, they weren't trying too hard, were they? Not when we can drop a bomb on Khadaffi's daughter."—Gritz

is convinced that the DEA has colluded with Khun Sa in the distribution of heroin. It seems quite possible to me that there might have been cooperation at one time and attempted assassination at another. One thing I won't forget is the fear that everyone evinced upon learning that I was American.

[75] To quote Ta Khun Mong once more (we were sitting around plastic bags of fresh black mushrooms): If the government talk something, the people is believe too much. But I am small people. What I say, they don't believe. —Evidently to the U.S.A. Khun Sa is "small people."

[76] The stupid "war on drugs" in America was certainly responsible for creating a great number of criminals. In 1995, for instance, about 15.1 million arrests were made in the U.S. for all offenses except traffic infractions. The two highest arrest categories were for theft-larceny and for drug offenses. Of these latter, a high proportion involved narcotics possession or sales (FBI, p. 207).

[77] This is a reference to the U.S.-supported spraying of the dangerous Agent Orange ingredient 2,4-D on the part of the Burmese.

[78] Two months later, Radio Rangoon claimed that 9,000 Karen had already left camps in Thailand to return to Myanmar (*Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 7 ["Burma says 9,000 Karen refugees returned home"]).

[79] Cf., for instance, Dr. Chao-Tzang (Yawnghwe), "Shan Opium Politics; Khun Hsa Factor," in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, pp. 61-72. Describing him as a "very small fish indeed," Dr. Chao-Tzang presents the Opium King as a manifestation rather than a shaper of complex political forces, and as a Benedict Arnold who changed from pro-Burmese to pro-Shan and back again. But even this author acknowledges his "growing Shan nationalism."

[80] Khun Sa, p. 50.

[81] Prof. Dr. Khin Maung Kyi, writing from the Burmese point of view, remarks upon the serious danger to SLORC (or any Burmese government) of "the informal granting of semi-autonomous status to the armed ethnic groups in their own territories" (*Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, p.39). His fear was that these groups, such as the Shan, would confederate with adjacent markets such as Thailand, rather than with Burma itself. Sadly for me, this fear seemed unfounded. The merchandise I saw was not from Shan State, but from Pagan.

[82] See, for instance, Kambawza Win, "Burma in Thai Foreign Policy." in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, pp. 75, 87-88. It is interesting that the Thais could not deal directly with the Karenni to log in these areas, the way they could with that other insurgent group, the Khmer Rouge. I assume this is because the Karenni were simply not as strong as the Khmer Rouge.

[83] The right thing to do would have been to ask him to roll up his trouser cuff so that I could photograph the stump; I was getting quite a nice collection of land mine injury images from Burma, Thailand, Cambodia and Bosnia; maybe someday I could open a gallery; but unfortunately I'd begun to lose my professional drive. To hell with journalism.

[84] Half a year later, the *Bangkok Post* claimed that the population of Ho Mong had dropped from 18,000 to 4,000, and that Khun Sa's "hundreds of boy soldiers" had gone home. "Formerly well stocked shops are facing a hard time, so is the karaoke bar, the brothel has already closed, the women have returned to Thailand ... The Burmese want to convert the 100-bed hospital into a telecommunications center. They found the building almost empty as doctors and patients had fled their arrival ... They have not occupied Khun Sa's hilltop 'white house' as he used to call it ..."—Wednesday, July 24, 1996, p. 3 ("Shan State adjusting to changing realities").

[85] An accurate assessment. "The Chinese military, investment and political machine," says the *Bangkok Post*, "has its fingers deep in every slice of the Burmese pie" (Wednesday, July 24, 1996, p. 4, "Post Opinion": "Around the World").

[86] Martin Smith claims to have met both Thai and Burmese officers at Khun Sa's military bases, and says that the reason Khun Sa was so rarely attacked during the 1980s was that he had a narcotics business going with the Burmese (p. 315).

[87] Martin Smith (p. 39) claims that in 1985, talks between Khun Sa's TRC, the precursor of the MTA, and the KNU broke down because the Karen attacked Khun Sa's Chinese ancestry.

[88] Martin Smith writes that "all these parties, including Khun Sa and the Tatmadaw, started out with varying degrees of political sincerity, but have inevitably become tainted by the endemic corruption of the international narcotics trade" (p. 315). A number of MTA members apparently came to agree with this in 1995, and left the organization before Khun Sa's surrender.

YAKUZA LIVES

[1] In September 1998, US $1 was worth about 128 yen, so 12,000,000 yen would have been around $9,400. The exchange rate has fluctuated considerably in recent years, so this could have been a thousand more or less.

[2] Many of the Yakuza with whom I talked said that such gentlemen's agreements were now growing rare. They blamed this on harsher police activity as a result of American pressure. Soon, they said, the Yakuza parents would no longer feel obligated to surrender their children. Then the Yakuza would resemble the Mafia.

[3] My friend Masahiko Shimada, novelist and habitué of "the floating world," always said that Kabukicho was not Japanese but Chinese and Korean, with a steadily increasing number of Russian prostitutes.

[4] I once paid eighty dollars to get inside one of those Japanese-only bars: thirty dollars for me, thirty for my interpreter, kind Takako, without whose national essence I wouldn't have been allowed in, and twenty for one of the bargirls (or, as it turned out, two for the price of one) so that there would at least be someone of whom to ask questions. In exchange for this, Takako and I received an all-you-can-drink half hour, which translated into two glasses apiece of watery Scotch in the corner of a subterranean room air-conditioned and dim whose blackness glowed darker with all the bathing suits of the prostitutes who stood along the bar, each of them refusing to let me photograph her because she was working "secretly" as it was put. All the other establishments which lured customers underground were Yakuza, they said; this was the only safe one. Yeah, yeah, I thought. They had literally boxed us into a corner, and everybody kept warning me that these establishments often charged people ten or 100 times what they had expected, in order to extort their watches, jewelry, everything, before permitting them to escape. Takako clutched her purse on her lap, ready to flee, except that she was behind a table and between me and the wall. I felt pretty relaxed, having insisted on paying in advance and getting a receipt. Later I went to another hostess bar with the private detective, who after the first brandy began singing Elvis Presley songs. When I showed the girls all the business cards I'd obtained from the Yakuza by then, they became very alarmed and asked me why I consorted with bad people.

[5] Until recently, depiction of pubic hair was indictable in Japan. Even now, pornographic magazines are supposed to black out clear depictions of genitalia, but this law, which I used to see applied mainly to female genitals, is becoming more and more frequently flouted. In the sleazy magazine stores of Kabukicho one could find any number of wet split beaver shots. All that happened was that the police would send a warning to the publisher, who'd write a letter of apology. — Typically Japanese! laughed Takako.

[6] I asked whether he was tired of sexual images yet, and he didn't answer. Later he told me how on a two-week visa he'd visited his brother-in-law in Los Angeles, and there'd been a misunderstanding and so he'd found himself once more on his own, this time in a land stranger than any other. What was there to do but try to get a taxi, which he could *not* get, he complained, because American taxi drivers discriminated against Japanese? And so he took a 100-dollar limousine instead—straight to a strip club. Now I knew why he'd stayed so long in Kabukicho. The lust and seediness of the place was within him now and maybe always had been. When the busman pays for

his holiday, we assume he likes buses. The table cloths were dirty in that Los Angeles club, and it was full of "Mexicans," whom he'd never seen before. He was uneasy. But then the man next to him pulled out a 100-dollar bill and asked for girls and at once they changed the table cloth and everything was wonderful. That was his story, which he told with a smile as seraphic as that of the infant which has just defecated. It was his moment of fulfillment, as perhaps was this one, for I never said no, no matter how many drinks he ordered.

[7] Kobe (1995).

[8] Usually a masculine name. In the magazine version of this story, on my translator's advice, I changed her name to Kazuko.

[9] In writing this story I was continually warned by my go-betweens to avoid "mixing up" Mr. Suzuki and anybody else.

[10] Chris Taylor, p. 211 ("Places to Stay: Top End").

[11] He was far less polished than that other rebellious schoolboy, Mr. Inouye, whose care and fluency with words had astounded my private detective. One of the Japanese who was present at the interview with Mr. Suzuki later told me that his speech was "vulgar," by which he meant not obscene but rude and ungraceful. His grating, growling voice perhaps added to this impression. But Takako, my translator, was taken with him. She said that everything he said was good, and that she admired his determination.

[12] He had nothing against prostitution because "mostly the girls are not forced to do it"—an axiom with which I agree. He was against all drugs except marijuana.

[13] He claimed that as long as the photographs portrayed only non-Japanese children and as long as a Japanese possessed only a single copy of each, the police would not cause any difficulties—a statement borne out by other people in Kabukicho. At my request, the street agent brought me a fat envelope of child pornography for examination. Every magazine was German or Dutch. The texts were usually in English. All of them displayed sexual acts involving Caucasian, Hispanic and black children. Not a single Asian child was represented.

INTRODUCTION: EUROPE

[1] I use "Yugoslavian" as an adjective and "Yugoslav" to mean a national of Yugoslavia.

[2] See above, "Defense of Homeland," where a refugee from Struga clings to her homeland with the utmost literalism; this victim of "ethnic cleansing" has carried with her a handful of home dirt.

[3] See below, "The War Never Came Here."

[4] Moral calculus, 5,1,7, 5.2.F.1, 5.2.F., 6.2.F.

[5] Later on in the same account, Dave writes: "We need more information here, more background. Who would evacuate the students and how? How are they getting food in the meantime? How did you get in if they can't get out?" Who would evacuate them indeed? That was what I wanted to know, and you will read the answer. How are they getting food? They got the same rations that the others in that hungry city got, food smuggled in and food flown in by the United Nations, and if that wasn't good enough for them, there were always cabbages growing in the dirt. How did I get in if they can't get out? That's the real question, isn't it? That's the question which haunts every journalist who passes in and out of other people's misery. How am I safe when others are not? Why do I live when they die?

[6] Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.

[7] Perhaps I should have prepared another Annex detailing this period, and yet, as I keep saying, World War II seemed almost more real for many of the people I met in ex-Yugoslavia than their present war. The atrocities which had just been committed by Serbs in Vukovar led their enemies to seek retribution, but they weren't Serbs; they were "Chetniks," ghosts from 1943. So in these case studies I decided to let the beginning of the war simply imply itself, as it were. The unfortunate result is my failure to consider the rights and wrongs of secession as I did in the case of the American Civil War (see above, "Defense of Authority"). Judging that must once again be your task.

[8] For mention of Muslim children being raised to plot revenge against their Serbian aggressors, and some implications of this

phenomenon, see above, "Deterrence, Retribution and Revenge."

WHERE ARE ALL THE PRETTY GIRLS?

[1] Pronounced "hoss."

[2] *Za Dom Spremni!* Another translation is: "Ready for the Homeland!"

[3] In Sarajevo that year my interview at the HOS office was off the record, but I can record the following facts: (1) The Commandant wore a black shirt buttoned to the neck. (2) He was with a blonde who wore a cross at her throat and got disgusted when I complimented her in Russian, the Communist language, the language (as she put it) of the Serbs. (3) The security guard, attired in uniform and gun, gave us a Hitler salute. That was how it was. The HOS man in his dark suit poured coffee bit by bit. He had a quiet voice and a pale face. He said: "The HOS people in Sarajevo do not actually want any media coverage."

[4] The Burmese dissident (and Nobel Peace Prize winner) Aung San Suu Kyi writes that when culture "is bent to serve narrow interests it becomes static and rigid, its exclusive aspects come to the fore and it assumes coercive overtones. The national culture can become a bizarre graft of carefully selected historical incidents and distorted social values intended to justify the policies and actions of those in power."—"Empowerment for a Culture of Peace and Development," in *Burma Research Journal*, vol. 1, no. 1, June 1995, pp. 50-51.

[5] *Squadra.* Fascist Italy had groups called the Squadristi in World War II.

[6] The police chief in Krajina, whose interview is described at the end of this chapter, said: "A Chetnik is a wrong name for a Serb soldier. It's bad word. Here is no Chetniks and never was. During the Second World War, Chetniks have been in Serbia. They were fighting for their King, against Tito and socialism, and for capitalism. In the Republic of Serbia, 'Chetnik' is something positive: a soldier who fights for his country. But we have no connection with the Chetniks. We are just Serbs." According to the historian Josip Tomasevitch, who traces the word back to the beginning of the nineteenth century and beyond, "the term Chetnik derives from the word *ceta* (pl. *cete*), a company of soldiers or a group of men engaged in guerrilla warfare, and simply means a guerrilla fighter" (op. cit., p. 115). For an interview with self-professed Chetniks, see the chapter "The War Never Came Here," below. See also Annex F.

[7] There is a grain of truth in Adnan's characterization of Yugoslav Communists as Serbian and Montenegrin opportunists. (Serbs and Montenegrins have traditionally felt very close, and after the civil war of 1991 began, only Serbia and Montenegro remained in Yugoslavia. It is, as the Marxists would say, "no accident" that Tito's then-loyal substitute, Milovan Djilas, told Stalin a pro-Montenegrin, anti-"Turk" [Muslim] joke. Djilas was a Montenegrin married to a Serb (*Conversations with Stalin*). He referred to his own language as "Serbian," not "Serbo-Croatian." Djilas refers to the "subordinate position of Croatians and Croatia" even in 1947 (*Rise and Fall*, p. 142). Most astonishingly of all, Djilas refers, as do nationalist Serbs in the present civil war, to the Battle of Kosovo, "which had inaugurated five centuries of Turkish rule over the Serbian people," and "cut into the minds and hearts of all us Serbs" (ibid, p. 201). And yet we must not forget that the Chetniks were the arch Serbian hegemonists, and that Tito fought against and liquidated them.

[8] Tito was used by all sides as the Bible is used, to justify and explain anything. In 1994, when I was in Belgrade, Zoran Petrovic-Pirocanac of the Southeast Center for Geopolitical Studies said to me: "I compare Izetbegovic [the Bosnian leader] with Tito. What role was Tito's role from Comintern? Until the end he was with Moscow!" "But Stalin excommunicated him!," I exclaimed. "But if he was really against Stalin, why did he turn down membership in the EEC in 1968?" And a pamphlet published by the Serbian Ministry of Information explained how "the Yugoslav

communist leadership, in which Croats and Slovenes (Josip Broz [= Tito], Edvard Kardelj, Vladimir Bakaric) had the main say, manipulated with [sic] the national question, dissolved the Serbian nation's ethnic unity..." (Terzic, p. 4).

[9] Here I am reminded of Tomasevitch's assessment of their 1940s predecessors: "The Ustasha Militia... which was a party army, composed of fully indoctrinated volunteers and devoted to Pavelic, was excellent as a combat force; it was at the same time, however, extremely unruly and undisciplined and therefore almost constantly at odds with the regular Croatian army and with the German commanders in Croatia" (op. cit., p. 108).

[10] Lucan, p. 5 (I.72).

[11] There is more, of course. When a man like the man from Bosanska Gradiska tells you a story, there is always more, because the cup of atrocities cannot be drained in a single swig. Was it truth or was it lies? I never got to Bosanska Gradiska to verify the story. But I believe him. The man said that he had been placed in a convoy of the ethnically cleansed after having been required to sign over all his belongings to "the Serbian people." Then they got to a customs checkpoint at the border, a bashed-up van. The man said: "We were checked thoroughly for four and a half hours. They stripped naked all the men and women. They took all the hidden gold, all the jewelry. Those who were physically fit [sic] were first beaten up and told, 'Fuck you and your Muslim mother.' Then they were forced to lie down naked on the earth, and chew grass while the Serbs kicked their sides. The Serbs said: 'Do you animals now understand that you can't have a country, that everything here is Serbian?' They took the diapers off kids to check for gold. They didn't physically abuse them, but called them bastards, weeds of the Serbian nation that needed to be uprooted. Then they delivered us to UNPROFOR in the town of Okucani.")

[12] I met a man who might or might not have been a gypsy. He knew gypsies who'd stolen weapons right out of a Serbian barracks surrounded by Croats. A pistol was 1500 DM; an automatic rifle manufactured in Zagreb was 300-500 DM; a Kalashnikov was 700 DM.

[13] "Because Croatia haven't enough weapons," Adnan had said. "They have only a few. Serbia have thousands more. They have all weapons of old Yugoslavia." According to the 1984 edition of *Small Arms Today*, almost all the "weapons of old Yugoslavia" had been made at the state factory Zavodi Cervená Zatava, in the city of Kragujevac, which is about 60 miles due south of Belgrade and hence remains in Serbian control. A few machine guns and one automatic cannon were of Soviet manufacture, surprisingly enough, given the ideological coolness (the Soviets must have needed the hard currency), and one machine gun, the famous HK MP5, was German made. After Croatia seceded I would imagine there might have been more weapons obtainable from Germany in the black market.

[14] Mr. Dave Eggers, reading *Rising Up and Rising Down* in 2003, writes here: "It would be helpful to remind us what Vukovar means and also what Sarajevo means." He is right. In 1992, Vukovar meant atrocity, an atrocity committed by Serbs. Sarajevo meant atrocity in progress, emergency.

[15] The name "Kalashnikov" is often used to refer to the AK-47 design and does not necessarily assume Russian manufacture. "In addition to the Soviet Union, the People's Republic of China, East Germany, Poland, Bulgaria, Romania, North Korea, Hungary and Yugoslavia have manufactured the AK47," notes Ezell's Small Arms of the World, p. 36. Finland and Israel use similar designs.

[16] Quite probably a KPV HMG (see "The Skulls on the Shelves"), since that was more often used for anti-aircraft purposes than that other Yugoslavian automatic cannon, the ZU-23.

[17] Prentiss, p. 662.

[18] "The [World War II] Chetnik leaders and their followers were extremely conservative and traditional-minded," writes Tomasevitch (pp. 192-93). "Not only in much of their military thinking but also in their garb and their long hair and beards, and, often, in the willful behavior of many commanders, they harked back to the experiences of the Serbian

Chetnik detachments in Macedonia in pre-1912 days..."

[19] Bosnia i Herczegovina.

[20] Everyone in Zagreb and Sarajevo seemed to regard UNPROFOR as a malicious joke. Partly this was because everybody was partisan, and so each resented it when UNPROFOR did not intervene in his interest. Partly it was because UNPROFOR was genuinely incompetent. According to some French soldiers in Split, the day after a UN convoy was ambushed, UNPROFOR sent out another—unarmored. In Belgrade, as I found in 1994, they did not think of UNPROFOR as a joke, only as malicious. There is little doubt that, like so many bureaucracies, UNPROFOR contained, sluggish, spineless and callous elements. And yet there were also people there who strove to do good. The real problem was the same in Bosnia as in Somalia or any other hot zone in which UN personnel might be sent for a period long enough to generate antipathies on the part of the "occupied." As time went on, even the U.S. press, so quick to condone each of the UN's adventures as it began, grew harsh on the subject of Yugoslavia. On Saturday, July 15, 1995, after the Bosnian Serbs captured the first Muslim "safe haven," *The Los Angeles Times* remarked: "The loss of the Sebrenica enclave, one of six established by the United Nations in 1993 to protect civilians from ethnic warfare, represents a disastrous humiliation for the United Nations, whose mission here appears doomed" (quoted in *The Sacramento Bee* Final, p. A1). As an American judge once complained, "The original scheme of the United Nations charter, whereby force would be deployed by the United Nations itself, in accordance with the provisions of Chapter VII of the Charter, has never come into effect. Therefore an essential element in the Charter design is totally missing."—Dissenting opinion of Stephen M. Schwebel to the International Court of Justice's decision against the U.S.A., quoted in Reisman and Antoniou. It is sad to see that Judge Schwebel was using this demonstrable truism regarding the UN's most important weakness to buttress an evil interpretation, namely, that the U.S. was acting in "self-defense" in assisting the contras who committed acts of terror and atrocity within Nicaraugua. But perhaps this validates his point still more. If the UN were truly able to deploy overpowering force to execute its decisions, then perhaps the U.S. would have hesitated to arm and fund the contras. Count von Moltke's opinion, written in 1880, than any multinational body such as the UN would be "suitable only to create Babylonian confusion" (op. cit., p. 25), is far less of an exaggeration than it ought to be. "It is better not to mention the United Nations," writes Elie Wiesel (intro. to Hukanovic, pp. vi-vii). "Charged with the protection of the weak, this organization demonstrates its own weakness." At any rate, one memory of UNPROFOR that will never leave me is my first one, in Zagreb, when I was told sternly, "Your accreditation card must be laminated. It must not be plasticized."

[21] One superb photograph by Emmanuel Ortiz (op. cit., p. 15), depicting a young sniper in Karlovac in 1991, might be a metonym for the entire war. We see the sniper from the back, and he is additionally isolated from us by a glass window. Crouching on a balcony, he holds his eye against the scope, surveying a street we can't see. The most distinctive part of him is his ponytail, his *queue de cheval*. He resembles a broadcaster on the air in a radio studio, affecting many people and yet strangely less expressive or potent the closer we come to him. Close enough, and we could snatch the rifle from his hand, or shoot him in the back of the head...

[22] Ivic, p. 1. I assume that the Serbian Council Information Center was affiliated with, or at least representative of the views of, the government of the Serbian Republic, because a functionary at a government office handed me a copy. Another Serbian pamphlet reads: "... the Interior Ministry of Croatia sent in special police squads to the Knin Krajina to thwart the plebiscite. Serbs responded by putting up barricades. This is how *on 17 August a war broke out over Krajina*" (_____, Chronology of the Crisis in the Former SFRY, p. 3; italics in original).

[23] Krajina fell to the Croats in October 1995.

[24] Now the army of Serbia and Montenegro.
[25] Throughout the Balkans, of course, the tale of inter-ethnic atrocities over the centuries is as rooted in collective memory as the hideous reprisals following the Vendée uprising of 1793-94 continue to be in France. There is something to be said for the American ignorance of history: at least it won't provoke reprisals.
[26] I recall the Croatian woman who described Tito's regime in a shout: "Any position or company of importance, it's all Serbs—Serbs, Serbs, Serbs!"
[27] The police chief was listing the surname first. He said that Grujic was born on 18 February 1950 and was the father of two, that Ivosevic was born in 1946, lived at Subeliosova 1, had two children, that Pajic was born in 1956, lived in Zaparesic near Zagreb, and had one child.
[28] One constantly heard on all three sides the reiteration of the view that "destruction of Yugoslavia did not begin in 1990 or 1991, but in 1941, and the present stage is only a last one in that process" (Avramov, p. 18). See Annex G.

THE WAR NEVER CAME HERE

[1] Territorial Defense Force.
[2] United Nations, *Report of the Secretary-General*, p. 3, para. 9.
[3] Trotsky made this same journey eighty-two years earlier and wrote: "Although the railway line from Budapest to Belgrade proceeds mainly in a southerly direction, from the cultural standpoint one moves eastward."—Dispatch of 4 October 1912, in *The Balkan Wars*, p. 58.
[4] This description of mobilization in ex-Yugoslavia has, I believe, a large measure of truth. It has also a considerable heap of explanatory convenience. The psychoanalyst Sudhir Kakar notes: "In Indian towns and cities where there have been riots between Hindus and Muslims, I have normally found that 'men of goodwill' from both communities invariable attribute the riots to the machinations... of politicians... rather than to any increase in primordial conflicts, a perspective which is also shared by people who are far removed from the conflict. The instrumentalist theory of ethnic mobilization... in concentrating on the instigators,... underplays or downright denies that there are 'instigatees,' too, whose participation is essential to transform conflicts between religious groups into violence" (p. 193). Shrewd as this is, we shouldn't underplay the fact that at times there are in fact instigators. The power of such trickery was noted by, among other people, Hitler, who was quick to accuse "the Jew," "the international maggot nations," of them (*Mein Kampf*, p. 556) while engaging in them himself.
[5] During World War II the Partisans called the Chetniks "slaughterers" because their preferred method of killing was throat-slitting.
[6] Noel Malcolm, p. 252.
[7] Van Loon, p. 270.
[8] My prewar *Britannica* says: "Language is generally the criterion of nationality. Some nine-tenths of the population speak Slavic languages, and three-quarters of these speak Serbo-Croatian. The Serbs use the Cyrillic alphabet and the Croats use the Latin, but the conversion is relatively simple... Religious differences, coupled with varying linguistic and ethnic affiliations, have strongly molded the country's social and political life and have occasioned fierce conflicts. The split between the Serbs and Croats, who, although speaking the same language, adhered respectively to Eastern Orthodox and Roman Catholic persuasions, was particularly deep" (15th ed., 1976, vol. 19, p. 1103). During an ugly surge of nationalism in 1967, when Tito was still alive, several Croatian groups called for the recognition of the "Croatian" language; Serbian extremists immediately mirrored them. "The government came down hard on the signatories of both of these ridiculous documents" (West, p. 297). As in any other area with distinct ethnic groups, dialects do exist. Thus the man from Novi Sad told me: "Serbs from Belgrade talk always in a rush, careless like gangsters, while Serbs from Vojvodina talk slow and stupid like Americans, like you."
[9] *The Reuters Library Report*, February 2, 1994,

"Zhirinovsky says 18 Moslems will die in weapons test," by Mark Trevelyn.

[10] My *Britannica* says that Serbia lost 23 percent of her population in World War I. My experience in wars is that all sides tend to exaggerate the sums of their martyrdom. At any rate, the numbers are always different. Here is how a left-wing Serb—no friend either to Milosevic, to Vineta's party, or to Serbia's enemies, told me the same tale: "The Serbs and the Jews are very gifted nations. But there is one difference. There is always some Holocaust, but over the ages only the best of the Jews survive. But only the worst of the Serbs survive, because they always have to protect their own country, and the best go to fight with the Turks. The First Balkan War, the Second Balkan War, the Third Balkan War, and then the First World War—seventy percent of the male population of Serbia got killed!—and then the Second World War when we were again fighting Germany and Croatians killed one and a half million Serbs—and did you know what Churchill said? He said: We will fight Germans to the last Serb! And then came Communism, and Tito, with his concentration camp at Goli Otok, so it's no wonder that now only the bad people are left." Still another source (Prentiss, *Chemicals in War*, p. 651) approaches the question from the standpoint of the number actually *mobilized*, records the total number of casualties (defined as battle deaths, nonbattle deaths, wounded, prisoners and missing) then calculates the resulting casualty percentages. For Serbia, the *total* casualty figure was 46.8 percent, or 331,106 (a little shy of Vineta's five million). For Montenegro, the number was 40 percent; for the hated British Empire, 34.3 percent. According to this source, however, Serbia had by no means the highest casualty rate. That honor belonged to France, at 75.3 percent, followed by Rumania and Russia, respectively. Arthur Banks in his military atlas gives the lower figures of 48,000 killed and 133,500 wounded in Serbia, and 3,000 killed and 10,000 wounded in Montenegro ("Military Casualties of the 1914-1918 War," p. 100). Banks lists civilian casualties for those two countries as 70,000 killed in Serbia, and 700 killed in Montenegro (p. 101). If we total up his four death-numbers we get 121,700—still a bit less than five million. Whether a quarter or half or three-quarters of the Serbs died in World War I, of course, is almost irrelevant—degrees of horror which I will never be able to make sense of. Halfway through his memoirs Trotsky recalls: "In Vienna [in 1914], the inscription *'Alle Serben müssen sterben'* [All Serbs must die] appeared on the hoardings, and the words became the cry of the street boys" (*My Life*, p. 233).

[11] According to Malcolm (op. cit., p. 192), the Serbs lost 7.3 percent of their people in World War II, and the Muslims 8.1 percent. See Appendix F.

[12] As I reread this chapter in 1997, I'm reminded of the cynical memoir of one American academic who assisted with a documentary on the Korean War: "The value of the North Koreans was not for 'balance,' though that was the justification for the effort to get them [included]... Their real value [was] that they bring to the film an authenticity and immediacy that inevitably shocks the Western viewer" (Cumings, p. 209). The Sarajevo story may seem like an illustration of this; but in my experience, most reporting was far, far baser. In 1992 and again in 1994 I had considerable difficulty in finding American or western European journalists who were willing to consider that Serbia might have any case at all. Tempting as it has sometimes been to add hindsighted remarks, in the case of my ex-Yugoslavia chapters, as in my other case studies, I have done so only in the footnotes. It is too easy to revise history. Was the Sarajevo story absurd? Yes, it was, but I was the only one who was willing to report it.

[13] I remember an afternoon in Sarajevo in 1992 (I had planned to return there in 1994, but, as I shall relate, circumstances made that impossible) when I was sitting in the apartment of my driver's new ladyfriend. The apartment used to belong to Serbs. — "Probably out there fighting us!" the militiaman shouted. The Japanese cabinet had flow-

ers on it and a clock ticking, not a single window broken, everything eerily perfect (outside everything was smashed), and the militiaman sat looking around him in disgust and said: "Typically Serb! Just joking. I don't know." He slid his pistol in and out of the holster, pointed it at the Serbs' furniture, and laughed, "Pow-pow-pow-pow-pow!"—Then the blonde came back in. —Nice legs, said the militiaman. Her former apartment had been on the Serbian side. She said that the Serbs had destroyed everything. She said dully: "A girl who works for my husband got shot in a car yesterday by snipers..."—We were drinking up the Serbs' slivovitz. I said to the woman: "If I ever get to Belgrade, what do you want me to say to the people there?"—"Just ask them: Do they know the real situation in Sarajevo?" she began quietly enough. "Do they know there's an outstanding aggression? Ask anyone in Belgrade what they'd feel if they had to do what I have to do. I'm wearing a Serbian woman's skirt because I have no clothes. How would a typical Belgrade woman like it if everything she'd had she had no more?"—When the woman said these things, her lips grew back from her teeth, her voice rose and her fingers curled into claws.

[14] The Americans said that the bad Serbs were shelling the defenseless Muslims in Gorazde. The Serbs said that the bad Muslims of Gorazde were attacking Serbs (or, as Hazbo Medovic, Vice President of the Serbian Socialist Party in Sanzak, put it to me: "It's a UN zone but it was not demilitarized, in keeping with plans for Alija Izetbegovic's spring offensive, so we had to retaliate"). UNPROFOR's Division of Information briefing for 21 April 1994 had reported that the Serbs "repeatedly targeted" the hospital in Gorazde. The Serbs got a bulls-eye on the emergency room. "Asked about a claim by Dr. Karadzic that there were combat units stationed in the hospital in Gorazde, Mr. Nerzig," the press officer, "said he had no information to suggest there were combat units there" (pp. 1-2, paras. 2, 8).

[15] The whole poem is reproduced in the Southeast Centre for Geopolitical Studies' *Bosnia-Herzegovina: Chronicle of an Annotated Death*, p. 10.

[16] Ibid, p. 11.

[17] Malcolm, p. 220.

[18] Ibid, p. 219.

[19] See the Appendix for a high-level Serbian account of how the Bosnian war happened.

[20] More than three years after writing this, I happened to read that police in Sarajevo confiscated copies of the satirical periodical *Politka* for portraying Izetbegovic as Tito on the cover. "Street vendors reported receiving threatening phone calls and were summoned for questioning by the police" (*Index on Censorship*, vol. 26, no. 4, issue 177; July/August 1997, p. 105; "Index", entry for Bosnia-Hercegovina).

[21] The Yugoslavian constitution of 1945 states that that nation "is composed of people equal in rights, who on the basis of a right to self-determination, including the right to secede, have expressed their will to live in a federated unit" (Djilas, *Rise and Fall*, p. 32).

[22] Warren Zimmermann, "The Last Ambassador: A Memoir of the Collapse of Yugoslavia," in *Foreign Affairs*, March/April 1995, pp. 16-17. Zimmermann, by the way, believes that Izetbegovic is not an extremist. His sympathies are ranked in the following order: first, Muslims, very distantly second, Croatians, and distinctly last, Serbs.

[23] Glenny, p. 166. In connection with that bitter fighting the *Oxford Companion to World War II* mentions "western Bosnia, where the Serbian peasantry had suffered most"

[24] Djilas, *Wartime*, p. 356.

[25] One of the most unfair aspects of contemporary Western press coverage is the implication that Serbs have no territorial rights whatsoever in Bosnia. Here is a characterization written more than a decade before the civil war, which means that it is hard to accuse it of bias in that war: "Bosnia-Hercegovina, the most recently acquired Habsburg domain with the proportionally largest Serb population..." (Kann, p. 529). The time reference is to the early years of the twentieth century. Again, this does not justify atrocities, but it may justify aspirations.

[26] This was a region of Bosnia where great numbers of Muslims were murdered by Serb

and Croat irregulars during World War II. (Interestingly enough, Foca was Tito's headquarters in 1941. I wish I knew whether the Muslims were killed by the Partisans themselves or by the Ustasa who attacked the Partisans there and drove them back to Serbia. It is unclear to what extent the killings were motivated by ethnicity, and to what extent by ideology.) According to Imamovic and Mahmutcehajic, over 120,000 Muslims were murdered in Bosnia in World War II. Modern genocide against the Bosnian Muslims comes from "the desire of the Balkan ruling ideologies, particularly Serbian and Montenegrin, to create their own ethnically pure territories by exterminating Bosnian Muslims." This is one of the pieces of Muslim literature which Vineta gave me and which she called "crap." The former Partisan Milovan Djilas claims in his memoir that the Ustasa, "among them a good number of Moslem toughs," had started it, killing a dozen only sons from well-known Serbian families; while in a neighboring village they slit Serbs' throats over a vat. Then the Chetniks committed reprisals. Djilas heard the figure of 400 Serbs and 3,000 Muslims murdered in Foca. "Yet," he adds, "judging by the devastation of a large number of villages, it seems that many more Serbs were killed" (*Wartime*, p. 139). See Annex H. In short, both Serbs and Muslims would have had good reason to hate each other in Foca, and the "promotion" which Vesna Hadzivukovic mentioned might well have been "scary."

[27] *Hrvatska Odbrambene Snage.* The Croatian Defense Force.

[28] Reading this, Jacob Dickinson writes incredulously: "They believed this AND that presumably better fed & armed Afghans constituted an elite?"

[29] Needless to say, the other two sides do not accept this figure.

[30] When a much abbreviated version of this chapter was published in *SPIN* magazine, one Val Rodriguez from Signal Hill, California wrote in, saying (21 November 1994): "The Muslim SS Division referred to... was the 13th Waffen *Hanjar* that killed thousands of Americans of the 5th U.S. Army divisions in Italy. They were later returned and sent to escort Yugoslav prisoners to Auschwitz." I am told that *hanjar* is an Arabic word meaning "to slit the throat."

[31] But then, as Dickinson reminds me, I do.

[32] Thank you.

[33] Op. cit., p. 7 (ch. IV).

[34] Every side knew what typified the others, as in my Muslim militiaman acquaintance's sneer: "Typically Serb!"

[35] A good example is the infamous *Protocols of the Learned Elders of Zion.*

[36] Croats and Muslims would be surprised to learn this.

[37] Pan-Slavism seems to be a reflex of this region in wartime. Even Stalin invoked it. "I was always alien to any Panslavic feelings," wrote Djilas after Yugoslavia's break with Stalin, "nor did I look upon Moscow's Panslavic ideas as anything but a maneuver for mobilizing conservative forces against the German invasion. But this emotion of mine [upon arriving in Russia] was something quite different and deeper, going even beyond the limits of my adherence to Communism" (*Conversations with Stalin*, p. 21).

[38] Former Yugoslavian Army.

[39] For a moral discussion of this situation, see above, "Defense of War Aims."

[40] In a book written back in the days of peace, before the dust had completely settled, so to speak, on Tito's grave, a well-intentioned academic wrote: "In July [1984] a young Bosnian lecturer, Vojislav Sesjl, was sentenced in Sarajevo to eight years for 'endangering the social order' by his writings. The savagery of this sentence was denounced... and a Montenegrin member of the Federal Council resigned his seat in protest."—Singleton, p. 281. There is an eerie concordance between this incident and the repression suffered by Sesejl's opposite number in Croatia, the HSP leader, Dobroslav Paraga (interviewed in this essay, below). As Paraga noted, even "the American Senate passed a resolution in my favor." (The sponsor of this resolution, the Hon. James Trafficant, appears peripherally in my profile of James "Bo" Gritz. See below, "Off the Grid.")

Juridicists take note: violence may well beget violence, and repressing an ideologue is like sowing dragon's teeth.

[41] The pistol that he drew was the same model that his happy longhaired Chetnik buddies were carrying when they showed up later: the 7.62 mm Model 57, a Yugoslavian 9 + 1-round version of the 8 + 1-round Soviet Tokarev. (For my handgun-less readers, I should explain that the "plus one" refers to a pistol's capacity for carrying an extra cartridge in the chamber in addition to a full magazine. This option may allow an accidental discharge.) Everybody with any experience of this gun always sang its praises to me. While I did not have an opportunity to fire one myself, I was able to handle several. The weight and heft were very (as Americans would say) "ergonomic."

[42] In his autobiography, Trotsky remarked that "historical law is realized through the natural selection of accidents. On this foundation, there develops that conscious human activity which subjects accidents to a process of natural selection" (p. 477). This is as good as explanation as any of what happened to Vineta and what she became.

[43] I am glad that I was not the government. In the Frankfurt edition of the *International Herald-Tribune*, Saturday-Sunday, April 16-17, 1994, I read the following edifying statements ("Serbs Troops Surge into Gorazde as Defenses Fall," p. 1): "A well-placed American official said the UN commander, Lt. Gen. Sir Michael Rose, had declared the situation 'untenable,' and said it was too late for U.S. bombing raids to try to deter the Bosnian Serbs," and another "American official" was quoted as saying: "We are now trying to figure out what we should be trying to do."

[44] United Nations, *Report of the Secretary-General* , p. 4, para. 11.

[45] "Duty offers a welcome way to escape the sense of responsibility that might be awakened by compassion," a psychologist wrote. "... People obsessed by the concept of duty are even prepared to die by faithfully performing it—and they think that by rendering allegiance to an abstract idea they are displaying responsibility."—Gruen, p. 31.

[46] Cf. West, pp. 82-83, 132-35, 210-216.

[47] Glenny, p. 195.

[48] According to one historian, "The Ustasa movement stood for extreme Croatianism, extreme anti-Serbianism, extreme anti-Yugoslavianism, and anti-democratism. Its anti-Serbianism was a continuation of an ideological strain that developed in Croatia in the early 1890's under the leadership of Dr. Josip Frank, a Zagreb lawyer of German Jewish ancestry who was head of an offshoot of the Party of Rights, which had been established some thirty years earlier by Dr. Ante Starcevic" (Tomasevich, p. 105).

[49] "[Alexander's] assassin was a member of the Internal Macedonian Revolutionary Organization, but the action was organized by the Croatian terrorist organization Ustasa, led by Dr. Ante Pavelic, which operated from bases in Italy and Hungary."—Ibid, p. 10. Pavelic was an HSP leader. For more on him, see the "Primitives" section below. See also Annex G, "Summary of Ethnic Relations in Yugoslavia During World War II."

[50] Paraga said the same thing to me: "HOS was formed before the Cro Army was formed. They answered the call of the nation to help the nation, and had a great influence on the Croatian Army. This bothered Mr. Tudjman because he worried that HOS's influence would increase my influence."

[51] Probably with good reason. A black market organizer in Zagreb told me in 1992, when HOS was at its peak: "There's not a big market for weapons in Zagreb right now. One guy from HOS will sell a pistol or two. The going price is five hundred deutschemarks. Last year, pistols went for a thousand or fifteen hundred. Most people have to import guns now, or else go to Bosnia, hope to capture a Serbian barracks. You know, the war in Bosnia is not organized as it should be. When they capture a barracks, they don't write it down. People accuse HOS of getting arms and selling them. By law, they should have turned them in to Croatian authorities."—Serbian and Muslim irregular militias, of course, were doing the same.

[52] Starcevic, founder of HSP, was "strongly national Croatian."—Kann, p. 447, accord-

ing to whom, Starcevic was less extreme than Josip Frank, who founded the Party of Pure Right [as opposed to the Party of Right], which was "above all anti-Serb. Neither of them could deliver the goods of a tribalistic program which would have given the Southern Slavs under Croatian leadership equal constitutional status with Austria and Hungary" (loc. cit.). Cf. also West, pp. 18-19.

[53] Glenny, p. 39.

[54] Tito's biographer says, "The two men needed each other to stay in power, and were in fact quite close political friends" (West, p. 357).

[55] Kraljevic's car was stopped and machine-gunned by HVO soldiers.

[56] Djilas admits that Goli Otok ("Bare Island"), established under Tito in 1948, was "organized without a legal basis" (*Rise and Fall*, p. 235). "On his passage to the island the prisoner was shoved—in fact, hurled—to the bottom of the boat. Then, when he emerged on Goli Otok, he had to run the gauntlet. This was a double line of inmates, who vied with one another in hitting him. If gouged eyes were a rarity, broken teeth and ribs were not. There were also incorrigibles, who were subjected to lynching, sometimes spontaneous, sometimes not" (p. 241). Djilas believes that conditions were ameliorated shortly thereafter. Unlike Paraga, who probably knows better, he states that the camp might have continued to the time of his writing (the mid-1980s).

[57] Bosnia i Hercegovina.

[58] Spanish battalion.

[59] In East Mostar they prepared a diagram of the "accident" for the benefit of the US Consul. I was not permitted to copy the diagram, but it was not dissimilar from the one in Harber, p. 66: "Trip-Wire Fuze Emplacement of Vertical Penetration Mine"—with this exception: in Harber's book only one mine is shown. The diagram in East Mostar showed at least two mines, and possibly three. The first mine was designed to blow out a tire and make the car careen into the second mine. I remember no such sensation.

[60] "God," or "go with God." Croatian greeting and farewell.

[61] In January 2001, Biljana Plavsic flew voluntarily to the Hague to face an indictment for genocide.

[62] Three years after this conversation, I read in an excerpt from Michael Ignatieff's essay on war crimes trials the following words: "The result of five years of war is that a shared truth is now inconceivable. In the conditions of ethnic separation and authoritarian populism prevailing in all of the republics of the former Yugoslavia, a shared truth—and hence a path from truth to reconciliation—is barred, not just by hatreds but by institutions too undemocratic to allow countervailing truths to circulate" (*Harper's Magazine*, vol. 294, no. 1762, March 1997, p. 16).

[63] King Alexander, who was a Serb. The assassination was Pavelic's bodyguard. For an account of Pavelic's leading role in the murder, see Havens et al, pp. 89-90.

[64] This figure is probably low. Most other estimates I've seen claim that between half a million and 750,000 Serbs were murdered. Some sources push the figure to over a million.

[65] Walters, p. 292.

[66] Pavelic died peacefully abroad in 1959, of old age. For details on Pavelic's escape from Yugoslavia, and the possible connivance of the Allies, see West, pp. 204-207.

[67] Thinking about Ms. Plavsic's stance again half a year later, I want to add the following: It is easy and natural to say that if I were constructing my ideal city from nothing I'd people it with souls like mine, because they would be less likely to quarrel—and souls like mine would probably come from my own "background"—which could mean "class," as it did for the Marxists, or "race," as it did for the Fascists, or "lineage," as it does to ex-Yugoslavs.

[68] Adnan was very moral. When Yugoslavia was Communist, he'd been a conscientious objector. They told him: You are like a child, too emotional. —But they let him off.

[69] It is so sad that Vineta and Francis never met, because they might have liked each other. It was interesting that Francis could believe in any atrocity committed by Serbs, immediately crying with Adnan, "How primitive!", but when I showed him Vineta's

letter his first response was: "Well, that's probably what they tell them to keep them pumped up and angry. But did she actually see with her own eyes that her boyfriend had been cut up into pieces?"

[70] Three years afterward, in *The State of War and Peace Atlas* (p. 34, map 10), I found in a map of ethnic cleansing in ex-Yugoslavia a symbol indicating a reported mass grave near Mostar ("over 100 corpses"). Polce was not listed, but Dretelj and Gabelar were each indicated as being the site of a concentration camp. Unfortunately, the dates and provenances of these camps were not supplied.

[71] Ms. Plavsic told me that she once permitted a BBC crew to search for concentration camps using a list provided by the Red Cross—Konjic, Bradina, Celebic, Tarcin—and they couldn't find a single one. "I can say for example from May to the end of '92 the situation was Muslims and Croats together in all aspects—soldier collusion. Those camps were ruled from Muslims and Croats together. When they entered in some village, some small town, they massacred those people, and immediately they took a photo and showed that those people, those poor people, were Muslims. That was the method. Here in Belgrade one lady recognized her father on TV and he was supposedly a Muslim in a concentration camp."

[72] See Introduction, above.

[73] The Germans put some prisoners into Polish uniforms, gave them injections to keep them still, then shot their corpses and exhibited them as proof of a Polish attack upon the German radio station at Gleiwitz. For a more detailed account, see Watt, pp. 485-86, 532-33.

[74] In 1939, the future Chetnik leader, Draza Mihailovic, was punished with thirty days' arrest for making the same proposal to his army superiors.

[75] It is statements such as this which convince me that the bad feeling between the three groups in ex-Yugoslavia was so intractable because the issue was not only defense of ethnicity, which motivated ethnic cleansing, but also defense of ground, which made the objects of ethnic cleansing all the more stubbornly determined to stay put. In his book on Muslim-Hindu violence in India, Sudhir Kakar writes (op. cit., p. 49) that "national identities can be based on several defining principles of collective belonging: territory (e.g., Switzerland), ethnicity (e.g., Japan), religion (e.g., Pakistan), and ideology (e.g., the United States)." Thus Kakar sees defense of ground, of a "sacred geography" as an integral cause of riots in India, whereas "the notions of ethnicity in Germany or religion in Iran evoke greater political passions than territory" (loc. cit.). American and western European observers may well have failed to apply this distinction in ex-Yugoslavia.

[76] Field Marshall von Moltke once wrote: "I also believe that in all countries the largest majority of the population desires peace. Nevertheless, the people do not decide, but the parties they have placed in control" (op. cit., p. 25). Both of these propositions may be true at the beginning of a long war fought on home soil, but perhaps neither is at the end.

THE AVENGERS OF KOSOVO

[1] Rebecca West, p. 841.

[2] I say *Kosovo* because that's how it's spelled in most of the books I've read. (West spells it *Kossovo* to indicate pronunciation.) Maybe I should say *Kosova* when I'm speaking with Albanians, but it would feel hypocritical. I refuse to say "Serbian" or "Croatian" or "Bosnian" instead of the old "Serbo-Croatian." Let one word do.

[3] Which is to say graft, sex scandals and atomized murder.

[4] For example: Kosovo represented a nationalist wedge hammered into the flesh of Yugoslavia in 1989. Exactly six hundred years earlier, Kosovo was a wedding ring which married all Serbs to each other, sanctifying them with their own blood. And now what? I suppose that six hundred years hence, Kosovo will divide people and unite them in some new shimmer of terrible glory.

[5] Between 1992 and 1997, the average annual consumer price inflation in Serbia was 147.6 percent—among the highest in the

world. The US inflation rate for 1990 through 1997 was 3.3 percent. From *The Economist Pocket World in Figures*, 1999 (7th) ed. (London: Profile Books Ltd., 1998), pp. 34-35, tables "Highest inflation, 1990-97" and "Lowest inflation, 1990-97."

[6] Figures from my prewar atlas, which also lists the areas of Yugoslav provinces. To calculate the area of postwar Yugoslavia I added the areas of Serbia and Montenegro. Serbia includes the autonomous regions of Vojvodina (8,000 square miles) and Kosovo (4,000 square miles). The remainder of Serbia is 22,000 square miles. Montenegro is 5,000 square miles. Of Bosnia's nearly 20,000 square miles, a considerable portion now comprises the Bosnian Serbian Republic; however, this "entity" (as the US Department of State quaintly calls it) is not part of the rump Yugoslavia; nor are the Republika Srpska and Yugoslavia always on friendly terms.

[7] An American in Beograd in 1998 could expect any number of such encounters. On the Knez Mihailovna promenade, for instance, there was a man selling buttons such as KISS ME I'M SERBIAN with an immense tongue sticking out of a mouth, and various buttons about sex, and then NATO GO HOME and then smiling-faced buttons and then FUCK THE USA. I bought a button which said in Serbo-Croatian IT'S NOT SERBIAN TO KEEP SILENT. It was an opposition button, actually, directed against President Milosevic. The man thanked me and said: Which country you from? —The USA, I said, pointing to the FUCK THE USA button with a cheery smile. The crowd recoiled, and the vendor said: So, you come to bomb us today? —Not today, I said. —Oh, tomorrow, then. —It won't be me, I insisted, but from the crowd a girl was already shouting: *FBI!* —FBI or CIA? the button-vendor speculated aloud, bringing his face menacingly forward. —I just can't decide, I said. Which one do you think is better? —Whoever pays you more *money*, the man sneered. He stood there easily among the mob, whose astonishment at my presence among them was rapidly turning to hostility, and said: Many, many Americans here in Beograd. Many American *Marines.* —Oh, is that right? I said. I haven't seen any. I arrived only last night. —The girl who'd called me FBI shouted: So when do you *leave* Beograd?

[8] When I repeated this aphorism to Albanian Kosovars, many were shocked. My Albanian translator Arguriana, for example, naively believed that Beograd Serbs didn't care about Kosovo one way or the other. And naiveté was bliss; easier that way not to face up to the bloodshed lurking in the future! For their own part, the Albanian politicians who had shaped the girl could not bear to admit that Serbs felt as passionately about the issue as they. Arguriana said that people such as Misa must be "crazy"—denial's most convenient label for whatever it rejects.

[9] According to several of its inhabitants, Priluzje is the largest Serbian village in Kosovo.

[10] Priluzje's school teacher estimated that the town was now ninety-seven percent Serbian, the remainder being gypsies.

[11] A notorious Serbian irregular leader widely considered to be a war criminal.

[12] In Albanian, UÇK.

[13] Vineta had referred me to her. Those two women had "professionally correct" relations. "Oh, she's not so bad, given what she is," Vineta would say wearily. About Vineta Arguriana never said anything. It always made me sad to see the two of them together, which of course happened only in Pristina.

[14] It's possible that Vineta might have known them. Producer and translator, she'd rubbed shoulders with many such over the years of Yugoslavia's agony. I didn't want to ask her.

[15] His declaration of fear and isolation was echoed by everyone whom I interviewed in Priluzje. The first time I met the police chief of Priluzje, he sat down with us at the schoolteacher's kitchen table and said: "Half an hour ago, there were at least thirty Albanians who came here to get gas. They got no dirty looks, nothing. All of them had those white caps—an obvious sign of their nationality. No one can even think of going around here with a Serb cap," he added so bitterly. And I remember, for instance, the pretty blonde storekeeper who said: "When we came back from our

vacation and the kids saw the police, they thought we'd been attacked by Albanians. They're so afraid. And then when they get a little older, there's no cultural activity, no discothèque, nothing. When the youth want to go out, they can't. They can't learn sports or language outside the village. The biggest threat is kidnapping. Terrorists pay five thousand deutschemarks to kidnap someone from a village."—Indeed, as Petar and I were talking with her, Zoran Kostic, the town president, announced that he'd heard in the market just now of an Albanian plan to do just that to him. ("Is it true that you've offered a reward to kidnap him?" I asked the Glavotina people, who'd been just then denouncing him as a war criminal. They scornfully replied: "If we wanted to, we could take him in ten minutes, without any money!")

[16] Moreover, unscathed though their village might be, the Priluzje people remained cut off from their farmlands and ancestral graves across the bridge. President Kostic claimed that one of the two Serbian Orthodox cemeteries behind the river had been destroyed. Some Albanians from Glavotina had used the tombstones to build a barn. —"If you dare to go to Glavotina you will see it, he told me."—Of course I saw nothing of the kind, which means either that the gruesome barn never existed or else that the Glavotina people didn't want to show it to me. What they called "the front line" was the row of house-hulks farthest down the hillside, with an unobstructed view of Priluzje. This is where the Priluzje people said that their bunkers were; the doctor had also pointed to that place to indicate the hypothetical barn built of gravestones. My guides in Glavotina warned (just like the children and gypsies down in Priluzje who pointed at the bridge): "It's too dangerous to go there." —"You saw this barn?" I asked the doctor, and he looked at me for a long while and said yes. —"How were you feeling?" —"I can't describe how I was feeling," he said. The horror of such a desecration may well strike even deeper than the Serbian psyche than into our own. "And that's another difference between Serbs and Americans," the doctor once remarked. "We have a church. You only have something that looks like a church." That point of course is rather arguable, but the land-rootedness of most Yugoslavs would make of the vandalism of a cemetery not merely sacrilege against the church, but also against one's ancestral ground. —The Glavotina people flew into a rage when I raised that question, shouting: "That's a stupid lie! They go by tanks to *their* graves." —"Why do they do that?" I inquired. —"We don't know. Because they're crazy."

[17] Not headquarters for the district, I believe, but only for the town. According to the police chief of Priluzje, the main base of the KLA was in Zilivoda, ten kilometers away. When I asked the KLA where their main base was, they wouldn't say.

[18] It was typical of political passion's numerical honesty that a stocky Albanian coal miner I met in Pristina insisted: "In twenty years, all problems between humans, just one Serb was killed!" ("*That* was cool!" exclaimed Vineta later in sarcastic amazement.) —"What about the two Serbian policemen who got murdered the other day?" I inquired. —"Where? I don't know about that." —"And how many Albanians have the Serbs killed?" I asked as Vineta dug her fingernails into her palms. —The coal miner laughed. —"You know how many." —But I didn't. No one does. "In your opinion," I asked the sculptor Çavardasha, "how many Kosovar Serbs have been killed by Kosovar Albanians since Tito's death, and vice versa?" —"I can't say. I really can't say." —"Well, would you be uncomfortable saying that dozens of Serbs have died, and thousands of Albanians? Hundreds of each?" —"I don't want to make a mistake. I cannot say. But in this last clash, they say eighteen hundred Albanians were killed, twenty percent of them women and another twenty percent children..." —And here is the estimate of a Belgrade Serb who regularly travels to Kosovo with foreign journalists: "Since autumn 1997, a thousand people have died—I'm talking civilians. That includes 150 Serb civilians and more than 100 police. But out of those 800 Muslims remaining, I believe most were shooting at the police. And they themselves kill

Albanian 'collaborators' —Serbian-speaking Muslims..."

[19] The Albanian coal miner I'd met in Pristina insisted: "The police burn *all* houses, no difference if from them shooting or not."

[20] Nobody could spell his name with any certainty, so this is my best orthographic guess. Other possibilities: Amroosh Aslani/Ashlani/A'clani, etc.

[21] Stories of beatings were widespread. Arguriana had told me that the worst experience she'd had was of Serbian police examining her identity card, then threatening to beat her based on her nationality, but not actually beating her. But then there was the Albanian I met in a cafe in Pristina who upon emerging from the cinema with his friend had been met by two Serbian civilians who'd demanded to see his papers. He ran away. They beat his friend and robbed him of his money. And then there was the wide-eyed Albanian boy with the pale narrow face; his father while driving alone back from Obilic was attacked by a mob of Serbian civilians, one of whom said: Let's attack this Albanian! and only the Serbian police saved him. That had happened only three months previously, during some of the worst violence in Kosovo. I asked the boy if Albanians ever committed similar acts against Serbs, and he said: Before, no. Now it might be true that we do something to them.

[22] Thus the Serbian director of the media center in Pristina.

[23] "The ultimate origin of the Albanians remains a mystery," runs my 1974 *Britannica;* "they are generally considered to be descendants of the ancient Ilyrians (Albanoi) and thus members of the Indo-European race..." (vol. 1, p. 419, article on Albania). "First *Albanian* was here in Kosovo," Arguriana insisted, showing her accustomed talent for reducing ideology to its lowest denominator. "*Then* Serb was here."—"When did they come?"—"I don't know."—As for Vineta, she asserted that the Albanians' ancestors were brought to the region to groom the horses of Alexander the Great.

[24] When I went to Albania I asked this question of all the KLA cadres I found. They often proved to be surprisingly prosperous young men in leather jackets, who sat in expensive cafes drinking coffee, smoke wandering upward with many vacillations. They had relatives in western Europe or America who sent them money. A few were volunteers from Albania. Then there were the grim old men in woolen jackets who'd spent decades hating, and the many wounded, the shell-shocked, the family men turned refugees, the transients. One of the young ones, who'd actually deserted, having gotten fed up with KLA in-fighting, responded to my stock question *Would you marry a Serbian girl* with a brutal laughing shout: "I'd kill her!" —Another man, who'd led his family over the border once the Serbs had razed his house (he said they destroyed KLA and civilian homes alike) said that if Kosovo gained independence the Serbs could stay but he would not have any Serbian friends. An old man in a blue beret shouted: "I'm all angry about Serbia. Serbia has suppressed Kosova! They have always discriminated against us. They have taken our land."—"They even whipped us!" interjected a man in a black beret. "When they deal with us, they only use guns and knife. They always refer to us as terrorists, but *they* are the terrorists. They have killed ten persons in my family. They went to their houses to look for guns. And they found no guns, but they killed them."—"Women and children?" I asked. —"Only men."—He too had little use for Serbs.

[25] This was eerily similar to the pronouncement of the Albanian money-changer I met in a cafe in Pristina. —Kosovo's not important for Serbia, he said. It's nothing to do with Jerusalem. It's nothing to do with it. It's gold and wealth, oil in the ground.

[26] For a long time he could not believe that I as a journalist was not in the pay of the American government. When I told him that I agreed with some of my government's policies and disagreed with others, he was astounded. I hope that in the end he finally trusted that I was in fact my own person, not a hireling or a spy, but who knows what he really thought of me? And yet he always treated me with kindness.

[27] The police chief of Priluzje did tell me: "A couple of days ago, some old Albanians came here to shop. I invited them to have coffee in my office and made them feel safe. And I said: I can guarantee your safety. Therefore, can you guarantee mine? They shrugged and said: Not really."

[28] Ibrahim Rugova was the leader of the Albanian shadow government in Kosovo. I attended one of his press conferences, which was very brief. He took one question; he read a prepared speech; he denounced splinter elements in the KLA who were taking Albanian leaders hostage; he smiled; he said: "There is no reason for Serbs to fear a possible Kosovo action. They should not listen to the Serb extremists. All Serb interests will be safeguarded." —"At least they say hello to me, " said the red-haired Serbian woman in the media center. —"When I call Dimaqi, as soon as they hear me speaking Serbian, they hang up on me." —Rugova was "the Balkan Gandhi," they said; Dimaqi was "the Balkan Mandela" because he had served more than twenty years in Serbian prisons. Old, white-haired, conservative-looking, beaming down at his documents, his head turning from side to side, Dimaqi seemed a mild, gentle man with a slight double chin, his pale hands almost touching as he read, with the white pen between them. He said to me: "We waited, and we tried to find a solution. But Serbs made so much crimes and many things against Albanians. Now it is difficult to live together. This conflict is not against Serbians as people. This conflict is against the Serbian regime. But Albanians are ready to live in friendship with Serbs in Kosovo." —Meanwhile, Petar, who had been hoping to meet Dimaqi, learn from him, and get his photograph taken beside the important man, was literally left standing out in the cold, as was Vineta. The conference room was warm and spacious; there would have been room for my friends. —"Well, I grant he's not a politician," said an Albanian Kosovar whom I met in Tirana. "After twenty-seven years in prison you can't expect him not to hate Serbs."

[29] The doctor neglects to mention that Albania had been annexed by Italy. Here is what a history book says about southern Yugoslavia during World War II: "In Kosovo, occupied by Italy's Albanian puppet, no attempt was made to reorient national and ethnic relationships. The administration was theoretically Albanian, and this theoretically improved the status of the Albanians vis à vis the formerly dominant Serbs. On the other hand, all important posts in the civilian government were held by Italians... [who] considered both Serbs and Albanians as at best culturally backward and at worst subhumans. Their rule was correspondingly unpopular." —E. Garrison Walters, p. 293.

[30] In one chart which indexes Yugoslavia's average national income per capita at a value of 100, Kosovo remains at the absolute bottom from 1947, when the chart begins (index of a mere 52.6) to 1978, when it ends (and the index has declined to 26.8!). During the same period, Serbia approaches but does not quite reach the average value (Singleton, p. 270, Table 8).

[31] Media Center Belgrade, *Political Guide to Yugoslavia and Address List* (Belgrade: Press documents, no. 6, 1997), p. 101.

[2] The Serbian doctor in Priluzje asserted that those taxes amounted to thirty percent of Albanians' income and that Rugova's government resembled the Mafia. "They *have* to attack us, since otherwise they would get accused by their followers of taking their taxes for nothing!" —But an Albanian in Pristina said that he paid only three percent and that he was sure Rugova used the money well.

[33] "Are terrorists and KLA the same?" I had asked Priluzje's President Kostic. —"No difference. KLA are terrorists, but nobody accuses them as KLA. They hide behind that name. Here in Kosovo it's not a war but terrorist activities. Terrorism was all over Bosnia during the civil war, so no wonder it came here."

[34] Singleton (pp. 272-273) blames in equal proportion residual Serbian privilege, the slow economic development of the region, and Albanian militancy.

[35] The burned houses and corn alone constitute evidence of atrocities committed against Albanian civilians by Serbian police. But this fact ought not to prevent us from sympathiz-

ing with ordinary cops who are simply trying to do their jobs under more and more dangerous conditions. The two murdered policemen, for instance, were merely attempting to deliver supplies to the police station in Malisevo. Here is how the police chief of Priluzje describes the changes in his routine: "It all started ten years ago between the two villages. Glavotina was a Serb village. Even the name is a Serbian word meaning Big Peaks. Under pressure, Serbs were gradually leaving the village for places like Priluzje. One or two years ago, I was still free to go to Glavotina as an authorized person. I felt quite safe going across the bridge. Now, as an authorized person, commander for six years, I don't feel safe anymore crossing that bridge. My patrol route has gotten shorter and shorter." —"How did you notice that you were becoming less safe?" I asked. —"I could see it. I knew every single face. They were ignoring me and didn't want to give us details. They were very reserved. I didn't feel safe anymore. When the clashes in Kosovo started this year, we had shooting every night. This has been less frequent for about a week now, although one guy who went toward Glavotina to go fishing or something was attacked from the back and got five bullets." (This was probably the farmer who got two bullet wounds in his arm. His story appears below.) —"What do you think about the Milosevic-Holbrooke Agreement?" I asked him. —"After the biggest clashes, I put ten or eleven guys under arrest for terrorist anti-State activities. Now with the agreement I had to let them go." —Arguriana, needless to say, saw the Milosevic-Holbrooke Agreement differently. —"This place, this empty place, the police used to beat the people," said the Albanian girl. "But now since one month ago, the police go away. And the people start to come back." We drove a little farther and she said: "There were a lot of policemen here. But they only pretend to go away. At night, when the journalists go, their snipers shoot at the people from that ferro-nickel factory." We drove five minutes more, and she said: "All these houses, burned from inside. You see that house without a roof? Three months ago there were tanks in there. This was the front line. Between KLA and Serbs. But now they are gone. The Serbs only shoot in the night, to intimidate." —"Serbian police, or others?" I asked. —"Police."

[36] "Tudjman and Izetbegovic are both good," Arguriana said to me once. Both fight for freedom—by which I assume that she meant: *Both fight against Serbia.* —Vineta said wearily: "I don't even care anymore." And, speaking of the Croatian leader, we might quote the doctor in Priluzje, who when I asked who were the snipers in Glavotina replied: "It's all peasants who live in those villages. There were a few instructors from Croatia who were training them."

[37] Some sources say that he fell in battle.

[38] A long extract appears in Rebecca West, pp. 910-911. "The legends of Kosovo helped to keep alive for centuries the spark of a Serbian national consciousness..." (Singleton, p. 47). The Serbian nationalist who assassinated Archduke Franz Ferdinand, thereby triggering World War I, chose the anniversary of the battle of Kosovo to do his deed.

[39] Rebecca West quotes a Serb as telling her in 1937: "These are the famous poppies of Kossovo that grow nowhere else, but are supposed to have sprung from the blood of the slaughtered Serbs. Later the whole plain is red with them..." (p. 901).

[40] No matter what he might have done in folk legends, he did not save Europe, or Serbia. "The battle of Kosovo sounded the death knell for independent Serbia," opines Singleton, p. 27).

[41] Ivan Mestrovi'c, 1912-13. The English translation was actually given as "To the Revengers of Kosovo."

INTRODUCTION: AFRICA

[1] This phrase gets used in an ironically similar context by a U.S. Marine in "Let Me Know If You're Scared," below.

[2] See above, "Supplicants: Beggars in Madagascar, 1994."

THE JEALOUS ONES

[1] In September 1994, $1 U.S. was equivalent to about 3,600 Fmg (or 4,000 Fmg on the black market). "Malagasy," by the way, is pronounced the same way it is spelled by the more rational French: "Malagache."

[2] Any talk of national character is considered suspect these days because the line between typologizing and stereotyping is so debatably thin. I don't care. The fact is that Malagasy do think differently from, say, Swedes. In her famous *Patterns of Culture*, Ruth Benedict makes the argument that people labeled deviant or even psychotic by one culture might fit happily into another's norm. Many of the Malagasy I describe in this essay might be considered scheming cut-throats by Americans. They for their part would consider many Americans to be repressed equivocators. And which country has a more violent and criminal ambiance? I'd have to call it a draw.

[3] Here, by the way, is what one of her letters (28 October 1993) has to say about organized crime: "Well, formerly I promised to give you some suggestions about stories which can be very helpful as to your coming over here. I've been thinking deeply about it and now I'm sending you some interesting stories: Madagascar is not living in peace at all for the present moment. Indeed, everywhere people keep on killing one another using up to date guns. For example, in Mahajanga, they shoted one another in broad daylight and many people were died and some were dangerously wounded. In the little village which is called Ambatondrazaka, from where rice are spread all over Madagascar, there were an attack of Mafia and also many people were killed. Rumours tell us that there are top ranking men of the state supply weapons to the students of university in order to crush the new government and to stand the old one. So, every day, something like that happen in Madagascar and I am sure that if you happen to come around you will be satisfied because those Mafia people killed with such a wanton cruelty, they don't have any compunction to kill man and woman, children alike." (By the way, in the unpleasant "you will be satisfied" I detect the personality of the hired letter-writer Jaquelin.)

[4] Pronounced "pangerpoose."

[5] Around US $14.00 in 1994.

[6] I am reminded of Queen Nitocris's defense of authority and tranquility. She commands that a bridge be built across the Euphrates, which divides Babylon in half. "Between the piers of the bridge she had squared baulks of timber laid down for the inhabitants to cross by but only during daylight, for every night the timber was removed to prevent people from going over in the dark and robbing each other" (Herodotus, Book One, p. 116). That such a measure would be thought necessary (and plausible by the not entirely credulous Herodotus) is an indication of weak governing power and weaker social cohesion, which hurts everyone.

[7] Short for Antananarivo.

[8] Deanna Swaney and Robert Wilcox, *Madagascar and Comoros: A Travel Survival Kit*, 2nd. ed (Berkeley, California: Lonely Planet Publications,, 1994), pp. 26-27, 136.

[9] George Eliot, *Daniel Deronda*, (New York: Penguin, 1967), p. 399.

[10] Short for Antananarivo.

[11] Pronounced "Yoosh."

[12] In this regard it is interesting to quote a massive UN study which concludes that "a punitive orientation seems to prevail in the developing world as measured by sanctioning options for a recidivist burglar" (UNICRI, p. 76 [Zveckic and del Frate]). Why might this be? Well, when aggregate victimization rates (reported by respondents) were broken down by the UN, it was discovered that twice as many burglaries were committed in developing countries as in developed ones. The same went for robberies and for "sexual incidents." Personal theft was reported forty percent more often in developing countries. All of these, with the exception of the "sexual incidents," are highly relevant to O.'s perception of the "Mafia." Only in assaults and threats of assaults were the developed and the developing countries even (ibid, van Dijk and Zvekic, "General Report," p. 370, Figure 1). While Madagascar was not itself surveyed,

UNICRI noted that "burglaries from homes were reported most often from African cities...".(ibid, p. 372).

[13] I heard from another driver that in a region somewhat to the north *of* this area there were Dahalo who'd impersonate customs officials late at night. If you stopped, they'd kill you and everybody in the car, then strip away the valuables.

[14] This line of reasoning is common among "ethical" cattle rustlers the world over. One associate of Billy the Kid, for instance, Charlie Bowdre, "would never steal stock from a woman or from a little cattleman, although he was entirely willing to steal from some big cattleman. I have myself heard him justify such a course by the argument that the big men had too much, more than they could use in their natural lives. Why, then, should not a poor devil like himself get a little from them when in need?" (Klasner, p. 177).

[15] Over a year later she was still writing me, very defensively, I thought: "I say you before I don't believe this medicine Malagache."

[16] About seven dollars apiece.

[17] When I was in Tamatave at the beginning of 1993, a pousse-pousse ride cost about a thousand Fmg. In 1994 it was more like one thousand five hundred. The pousse-pousse drivers had to pay about that every day for rent. They were also losing ground to motor-taxis. They were, in short, poor, dirty and desperate, so it is no wonder that some of them might have turned to crime.

[18] As she or (her current paid letter-writer) put it so well in a letter almost two years later, "Now Darling you understand all problem in Madagascar all very expensive."

SPECIAL TAX

[1] According to Willy Ronis of Reporters sans Frontières *(Pour la liberté de la presse*, Paris, 2001, p. 111, entry on Joseph Kabila, "predator upon the press"), "since 1997, more than 130 journalists have been arrested by one of the nine security services of the country and many of them have been tortured" (my trans.).

[2] The police claimed that before the outbreak of the civil war on August 6 1998, the exchange rate was thirty to one. I have not been able to verify this.

[3] "This is very common in Africa," said Mr. Franck. "For instance, I have seen a sorcerer burned in the market."

[4] "For Zaireans, if they want to make a transit into our country, our police sometimes take money even if there is no infraction."—Roger Bouka-Owoko, communications officer, Observatorie Congolaise de Droits de l'Homme (OCDH), Brazzaville. In this individual's opinion, and I concur, the police in Brazza were much less parasitic than those in Kinshasa. When I asked him whether ordinary citizens in Brazza feared the authorities, he replied, "No and yes. No, for honest people, they don't care. But yes, because when somebody has made an infraction, the police arrest bystanders. They don't know the difference."

[5] Kinshasa by night: White T-shirts and fires in the dirty brownish darkness, dimly seen walls, the glowing braziers of the brochette stands, coils of concertina wire, silver in a rare taxi's headlights; potholes, garbage, desperately predatory soldiers, street children crouching around fires; loud singing from the Pentecostal churches, whores who accosted you often enough to remember you, running up to smile at you with their red-greased lips...

[6] Or, to be precise, the Mission de l'Organisation des Nations Unies en République Démocratique du Congo, abbreviated MONUC. I often amused myself by donning a stupid look and asking to speak with Mademoiselle Monique.

[7] Perhaps I should not have been surprised when *Men's Journal* rejected this essay.

[8] Actually, the ANC, the Armée Nationale Congolaise. The government forces were known as the FAC, the Forces Armée Congolaise.

RISING UP AND RISING DOWN

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

VOLUME VI

STUDIES IN CONSEQUENCES

THE MUSLIM WORLD

NORTH AMERICA

SOUTH AMERICA

PERCEPTION
AND IRRATIONALITY

RISING UP
AND
RISING DOWN

VOLUME SIX

WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

UNIVERSITÄT
BIBLIOTHEK
KONSTANZ

940/134



McSWEENEY'S BOOKS
826 VALENCIA STREET
SAN FRANCISCO, CA 94110

For more information about McSweeney's, see www.mcsweeneys.net.

Copyright ©2003 William T. Vollmann

All rights reserved, including right of reproduction
in whole or part in any form.

McSweeney's and colophon are registered trademarks
of McSweeney's, a privately held company with
wildly fluctuating resources.

Printed in China.

10 9 8 7 6 5 4 3 2 1
Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
ISBN: 1-932416-02-1

VOLUME SIX

CONTENTS

THE MUSLIM WORLD (1994, 1998, 2000, 2002)

15. INTRODUCTION 7
16. LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED (SOMALIA) 11
17. THE OLD MAN (MALAYSIA) 27
18. THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN (IRAQ) 81
19. WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS (AFGHANISTAN) 103
20. EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS (YEMEN) 143

NORTH AMERICA (1988-2000)

21. INTRODUCTION 211
22. LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES (USA) 215
23. YOU GOTTA BE A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT (USA) 223
24. WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM! (USA) 271
25. DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE (JAMAICA) 281
26. MURDER FOR SALE (USA) 337
27. GUNS IN THE USA 353

SOUTH AMERICA (1999, 2000)

28. INTRODUCTION 375
29. YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO (COLOMBIA) 379
30. PAPA'S CHILDREN (COLOMBIA) 397

PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

31. INTRODUCTION 419
32. NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS, AND ECSTASIES (USA) 425
33. OFF THE GRID (USA) 487
34. THICK BLOOD (JAPAN) 595

THE MUSLIM WORLD

Let Me Know If You're Scared (1993)

The Old Man (1995)

The Wet Man is Not Afraid of Rain (1998)

With Their Hands on Their Hearts (2000)

Everybody Likes Americans (2002)

INTRODUCTION

The "Muslim world"! This inevitably summons associations with defense of creed, and indeed that category cannot be escaped in these case studies. Islam speaks of a House of Submission, in which people have accepted God according to the precepts of the Muslim faith. Outside the House of Submission lies the House of Wrath, which, depending on whom one asks, includes either all non-Muslims, or else those non-Muslims who mock, challenge or actively reject Islam. The fact that it is up to those who dwell within the House of Submission to decide who deserves to be called an enemy troubles me deeply; most of the Maxims for Murderers in our moral calculus[1] derive their unjustifiability from the fact that the maxim's practitioner reserves the exclusive right to define terms, set ends and means, and execute the resulting calculus. Many of my American friends and neighbors interpreted the terrorist attacks of September eleventh, 2001 in just this light. As far they were concerned, these literal bolts from the blue seemed nearly incomprehensible. They didn't know the first thing about Islam, probably couldn't name more than one or two Islamic countries if they tried, and seemed to genuinely need the articles in the popular press which soon began to helpfully explain WHY THEY HATE US.

I feel as strongly about what happened on September eleventh as do most of my fellow citizens. On several occasions I have publicly expressed my hope that the peo-

ple connected with the attack will be hunted down and killed, in the interests of safety and peace. But that is not all I have to say.

If the moral calculus of *Rising Up and Rising Down* is valuable at all, it should be practical. Specifically, it should help us analyze almost any sort of violence one can imagine into its component excuses, analyze the excuses for justifiability, then leave us to the exercise of weighing those competing justifications according to our own predispositions.

I believe that the acts of murder committed on September eleventh were unjustifiable, evil, wrong. The great majority of the people I met in Yemen a year later considered them justifiable. How can we build an empathetic bridge between us and them?

First of all, we can consider our un-justifications against their justifications. At the very least, we will have practiced empathy, which is always a good, and to my mind the supreme principle of human relations;[2] at best, we may gain practical information as to what to do next. (Should the bridge remain unbuilt, we must either expect more attacks, or we must eternally police and obliterate.)

So, what do "they" think? In the hope of rendering a service to all parties here and now, I will devote the remainder of this introduction to topical matters which will quickly grow dated. But a hundred years from now, the same ethical principles will apply.

Many people in the Muslim world view us as practicing our own Maxims for Murderers. In particular, we stand accused of following:

> JOHN BROWN'S MAXIM: If you refuse to follow the Golden Rule, then I have the right to use terror to impel you to follow it.

Our President continually speaks of "regime change" in Iraq. As I write this (January 2003), he is preparing to go to war to unseat Saddam Hussein. Most Muslims believe that if Saddam is to be overthrown, it ought to be by his own people.

Bush's father, the previous President Bush, also invoked John Brown's Maxim to strike at Iraq after that country unjustifiably invaded Kuwait and committed atrocities there. Bush Senior's true end might or might not have been as noble as he stated it to be: namely, to rescue a victimized nation and protect the Golden Rule in international relations. In *every* Muslim country I have visited since that Gulf War, I've been repeatedly told that the U.S. meddled unjustifiably for its own plutocratic ends. Did our airstrikes kill eighty-five thousand Iraqis for Kuwait or for American oil companies? (*Rising Up and Rising Down*'s moral calculus: *An unjust means or an unjust end equally invalidates all derivative moral enactions.*)[3]

The case study "The Wet Man is Not Afraid of Rain" is set in Iraq 1998, with the Gulf War long ended and our sanctions against the Iraqi people still in effect. It is always possible that, like socialist "fellow travelers" who visited the USSR during

the Stalin period, I was hoodwinked, and saw only the victim-image of itself that the regime wanted me to see. That is for you to judge. But if any of the suffering I observed, and the claims I heard, had any basis whatsoever, then the gravest charges of failure to respect proportionality and discrimination[4] must be raised against the United States. Are we in fact war criminals? What responsibility do we bear for the deaths of so many children, deaths which might have been prevented by the medicines which our sanctions continue to deny? And when is defense of homeland justified? Surely the Iraqis had, and have, the right to self-defense. If they do possess these "weapons of mass destruction" to which our President refers, it must be incumbent on him, even after September eleventh, to prove that they mean to use them on us, so that our own defense of homeland can be justified.[5] Furthermore, if we continue to hound Hussein until imminent self-defense entitles him to use weapons of mass destruction, it must be incumbent on us to prove that our hounding was right and necessary.

> CAESAR'S MAXIM: Should I extend mercy beyond expediency, then I have right to commit whatever aggression I please.

They are saying this about us now, regarding our invasion of Afghanistan after September eleventh. Whatever we might be doing to reconstruct the country (which actually isn't much), that can't get around the fact that we overthrew the Taliban regime.

Did the Taliban in fact bear responsibility for September eleventh? The case study "With Their Hands on Their Hearts" is set in Afghanistan during the year before that event, when the Taliban, although already sanctioned and getting hungry, still controlled almost all of Afghanistan. When you read this chapter, you will see that most Afghans liked Americans even then, remained grateful for the CIA's help against the Soviets—and believed Osama bin Laden innocent of all the American charges (he had, we alleged, bombed our embassies in Kenya and Tanzania two years earlier). The stupid arrogance of my government, which refused to prove its accusations and simply demanded that Osama be extradited to a non-Muslim court of law, reached outright culpability then—although, to be sure, whoever bombed our embassies was far more culpable. The worst disservice that our government did then to itself, and to its citizens, was to convey to the Muslim world that we set our own rules and expected the rest of the world to follow them.[6] From many, many Muslims' point of view, that perception of us helped to pre-justify the retribution of September eleventh. (Does that mean that September eleventh was in fact justified? Not to me.)

(Was Osama in fact guilty of those bombings? You know as little as I. And this demonstrates another grave limitation in *Rising Up and Rising Down*'s moral calculus: It is worthless to the extent that its determinations rely on disputed facts.)

The next principle with which the Muslim world takes issue is:

> CORTES'S MAXIM: In order to secure and defend my ground, I have every right to conquer yours.

This justifies the doctrine of "pre-emptive defense" which the U.S. adopted after September eleventh. Of course, it also can be used to as an excuse for September eleventh itself.

> THE KLANSMAN'S MAXIM: If I believe your race or culture threatens mine, I have the right first to threaten you back, then to remove your threat by violence.

> THE VICTIM'S MAXIM: If any members of your side harmed any members of my side, then your side is in the wrong.

These latter two maxims have been followed in equal measure by the U.S. and by the Muslim extremists who threaten us.

> TROTSKY'S MAXIM: No one who disagrees with me is allowed to judge me.

The Muslim extremists seem more guilty of acting on that basis than we.

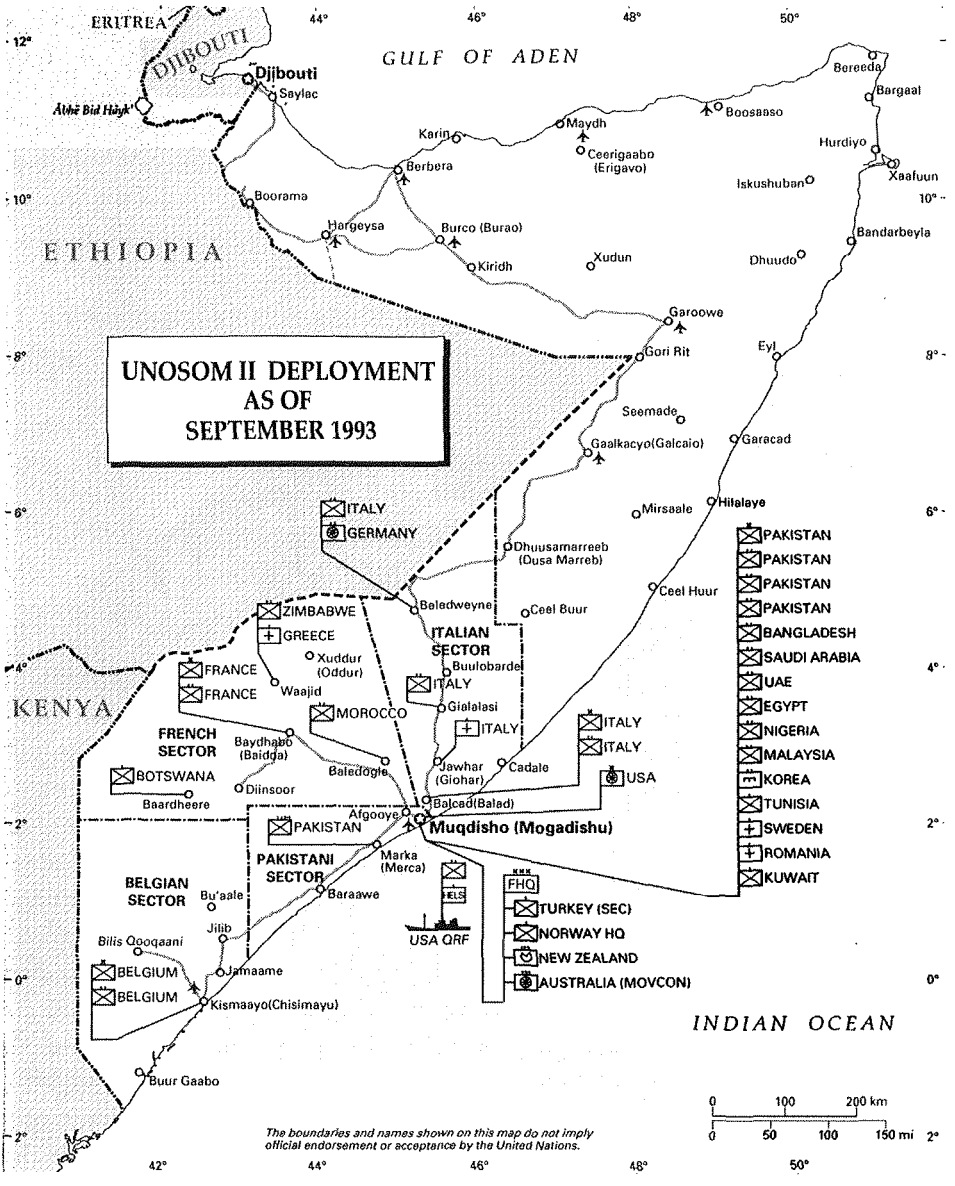
At this particular moment, it is not merely worthwhile, it is *urgent* that both sides evaluate each other's points of view. If, for example, the Muslim perception of us as practitioners of the Zealot's Golden Rule was *mistaken,* based on the failure of the U.S. government to supply genuine information then in its possession about Osama's links with the two embassy bombings of 1998, then we can see that we ought to make that information public; even now it may change some minds, and thereby reduce violence. On the other hand, if, as so many Muslims allege, we had no such information, then surely we ought to reconsider the validity of our extradition demands. (As I write this, my President finger-points once again from his bully pulpit, showing "proof" that the Iraqis possess, or are hiding, "weapons of mass destruction"—proof which fails to convince the United Nations.) Either way, as a matter of expediency if nothing better, we ought to be trying harder to at least give the impression that we can follow the soldier's or empath's[7] version of the Golden Rule, not the zealot's. In "Everybody Likes Americans," which is set in Yemen in 2002, it is instructive (and frightening) to see how deeply in the wrong we are considered. I sometimes reminded Yemenis of our services to Muslims in Bosnia in 1994, Afghanistan in 1980-89, and Somalia 1992,[8] but these were inevitably, infuriatingly discounted.[9] It lies in our interest to alter this perception.

Enough about our interest. What about our rights? For one thing, we can courteously but firmly draw the Muslim world's attention to its own dangerous allegiance to the Victim's Maxim.

LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED (1993)

The soldier bent, searching the car whose passengers stood hands-up before a white cave whose weird ledges had once been steel shelves and now comprised a many-tiered steel fungus. Beyond the cave was a slope of white rubble which had once been a wall. The rear wall still stood, incongruous with its windows.

Orange-faced and brown-faced children stood in the shade, watching the search, clean-skinned but in dirty faded clothes. A seven-year-old girl was carrying a baby on her hip. The baby stretched out his hand at a passing tank whose Americans were throwing ration packets into that hot morning of shut gratings riddled with the wormholes of civil war while ladies washed clothes in the sea where the fish market used to be; and one Meal Ready to Eat (MRE) landed at the young girl's feet. She snatched it up laughing and gave it to the baby to hold. She was skinny, but not skeletal; when I was in Mogadishu I saw only one child who resembled a brown skull on spider legs. To verify my optimistic impressions I drove every day past a certain cemetery where I invariably saw the same four gravediggers sitting under an awning by a burned-out transformer's mast, drinking sweet tea choked with cinnamon—"Somali whiskey," they called it. They were waiting for someone to die. They



U.N. situation map

said that in the good old times thirty or forty corpses a day had been planted under the tiny markers among the cactus bushes and the poisonous *booc* trees,[1] for a hundred thousand shillings apiece ($25); but now there were days when nobody died. The average was three or four deaths every twenty-four hours. So the gravediggers sat still in hot sand, almost out of work, because we'd called in the Marines.

The Marines, of course, had to share credit with the other branches of our armed forces, to say nothing of the French, Italian, Australian, Pakistani and Swedish soldiers, and the relief workers from around the world who literally faced death to do their jobs (just before my arrival in Mogadishu one Swiss man was murdered in Bardera); and the journalists who reminded others of what needed to be done, themselves taking great risks (a day or two before I came, a Chinese journalist was shot, though not fatally); and the politicians who made it all happen—but I never got to know the soldiers who weren't American, and as for the civilians, well, I have to admit that I did not like them all that much. The relief workers were as immature as the missionaries. They bent over backwards to be cordial to anyone whose skin was brown, but cliqued and backbit among themselves.[2] The journalists, even more curt and contemptuous than the relief workers with anyone who did not serve their turn, marred themselves with the additional sin of jargon-pride. A typical conversation between journalists went like this:

"Drumroll, please. Okay, we're coming back up. Now hit control-alternate-T. You should get a level prompt."

"Now, do you have a form for TEMPS in your computer?"

"Yep. What are we gonna do for partly cloudy, chance of showers?"

"You just type partly cloudy, chance of showers."

As for the politicians, I cannot recollect any the smell of whose utterances is distinguishable from that of a fart.

Give me a soldier anytime. For straightforwardness a soldier cannot be beat. Like cops, doctors, mothers and whores, they've been through it, and they cannot be fooled.

The reason that the gravediggers were almost out of work was because the soldiers in desert camouflage were disarming everybody. The relief workers had been there all along, and they'd failed; they were almost helpless behind their high walls. (In an orphanage a man explained to me: "They were sitting here when the shell came in. The aunt head chop off,[3] but the child die a little by little, after few minutes.")

The journalists and the politicians had been no better than Chicken Littles. "The actual Marines doing the job, those are the ones that should get the credit," a corporal said to me. "The other guys, the higher-ups, they're just trying to make things seem better than they really are."

Inside the ruined stadium where they lived, the Widowmaker Squad of the Peace Frog platoon (motto: "Let me know if you're scared!"), which was in turn a limb of Charlie Company, passed the last minutes before going on noon patrol.

"I can't wait to get out of here, so I can get my coffee brewed by electricity," said a Marine, bringing his Java almost to a boil by means of a heat tab (which is to say FUEL, COMPRESSED, TRIOXANE RATION HEATING), setting down his spoon upon his machine gun.

"Shit, who cares about coffee? *I* wanna get back, buy a blender and eat some pussy."

These manly words were spoken by none other than Cpl. Brewster, Michael S. —and here it occurs to me that a full listing of the roster of Widowmaker is in order, namely:

1. Corporal Baumgaurt, Jr., Robert P.
2. Lance Corporal Kalan, "Korky," Matthew A.
3. Corporal Diaz, Miguel A.
4. Corporal Brewster, Michael A.
5. Corporal Holsinger, David S.
6. Lance Corporal Manalato, John
7. Lance Corporal Mosley, Chuck
8. Lance Corporal Nilson, Troy
9. Lance Corporal Boltman, Joseph R.

"It's bad luck when I can't even beat the cards," said Baumgart.

"You know what we have for maps? Fuckin' aerial photos!"

"Aw, quit runnin' your mouth."

Snapping fingers, ruffling cards, chess pieces clicking down passed the last few minutes of sitting on those benches which were actually broken marble slabs set on sandbags.

"You know, I think my Dad smoked marijuana before he joined the Corps."

"As long as he didn't inhale."

"As long as he didn't exhale!"

"Five minutes, guys."

"'Five minutes,' he says. I'd rather be humpin' broads. Let's act crazy 'til they send us back."

"Don't masturbate in the head-shrinker's office."

"Aw, shucks, I was gonna blow myself."

Now the flak helmets went on, sweaty and grimy and wobbly.

"A flak helmet never stopped a bullet anyway, and that's a fact. The Marine that got dusted—"

"He had his helmet on backwards. And he had it pushed up over his forehead, because he was got. Got drilled right in the forehead."

"What the fuck are you talking about? He got shot in the throat!"

"Okay, squad, move out. Happy hunting!"

"Is Shortwave ready?"

"He's takin' a piss right now."

They pulled themselves up into the back of the five-ton, slamming down long steel benches from the walls, locking the struts into place. They were still inside the stadium compound where it was safe.

"You guys chill out. Take off at about quarter 'til. Got about ten minutes."

"Okay, sir."

"Now remember, aim for the center of the ass!"

"Thanks, coach."

A Marine with a flashlight at his belt sat reading his Bible very quietly. I saw his lips move like those of the Somalis I'd seen sitting barefoot in the sand outside the hospital, waiting for water. (On the gate it said: ALL KINDS OF WEAPONS WHATEVER IS ARE NOT ALLOWED. INSIDE THE HOSPITAL IT IS FORBIDDEN.)

The five-ton started up, and they came to the first gate where a machine gun needled outward from a high nest of sandbags, and a Marine with a gun pointing straight up lifted the long pole (once red, now almost entirely silver-white, ringed with barbed-wire coils like an immense slinky), and the Marine swung the pole slowly outward.

The name of the Marine was Cpl. Prato. He'd said to me: "We Marines are strictly military, but this is a whole new ball game. Now everything's fucking political. The fucking colonels are running around making everything clean and tidy. So when the higher-ups come, they don't see the real Africa."

"What's the real Africa?"

"You don't know where the enemy's coming from. That's the real Africa, and that's the scary thing."

The five-ton cleared the gate, and Corporal Prato lifted the pole and swung it inward again, and Widowmaker Squad was out in the real Africa.

The objective of the patrol was, as always, to find and confiscate as many weapons as possible.

"We have an evenhanded policy here," explained the political officer, one Len Szensey, smiling wearily inside the sandbagged Conoco compound at all the relief workers, diplomats, journalists and other bathroom whistlers. "We don't want any faction to break the peace. We want all factions to turn in their weapons."

"But Marines are trained to kill, not to be policemen," I said. "This job must be hard on them and on the Marines."

"I'm a political officer, not a press officer," said Szensey. "I suggest you get together with the rest of the Press Corps."

It was, in other words, just one of those things.

In the five-ton one Marine was working the action of his M-16, listening with absolute concentration as he clicked it back and forth until he was satisfied. Another checked the top round in his magazine. When the five-ton turned a corner, they all chambered rounds.

"Just watch them kids with the rocks. I got hit in the face with one. Cost me three stitches."

Warily they descended deeper into the real Africa, their guns bristling outward through the long horizontal slits in the walls as the five-ton snarled and jerked. The two Marines in the back each sat with one foot up on the tailgate, the muzzle resting on the high knee, pointing out.

They passed a donkey pulling a rusty water can on wheels, an old man sitting on top, and the old man did not wave. But along the pale sand outside the stadium was a refugee camp of yurt-like domes from which children issued running to wave because they slept safely at night now. They waved whether or not the Marines waved back, and during my stay I saw so many young soldiers in yellow-green trucks or tanks going by that place, some waving at the kids, some stern and straight, riding on top, aiming big guns right at everyone until the soldiers were gone in a clatter of tanks or a buzz of truck tires and then came new soldiers, dusty yellow-green, pointing guns at the windows. The children never got tired of waving. Partly it was that they were truly grateful, I think; partly it was that they hoped for MREs; and mainly it was that inside those domes was nothing but oven-heat and green light from the ceiling plastic; when I myself went in one I couldn't stand upright or lie full length, and three or seven people slept in each yurt. There was a mat on the sand, and both mat and sand crawled with ants, flies and fleas. There was a basket with the household's possessions: a wooden spoon, a metal spoon, cooking oil, a pot of porridge, a can of porridge powder. Rags or clothes hung from the ceiling where the branches met in a knot of wire. I think I would have preferred to go wave at soldiers, too.

The five-ton stopped in front of the cigarette factory that Widowmaker had raided once before; instead of weapons they'd found only stacks of bricks. Today they'd walk a few blocks down narrow sandy streets not nearly as crowded as the Street of Counterfeit Passports at the Big Market (they said you could get any kind you wanted, but all I saw were the green Somali passports, green like the prickly pear bushes that grew in the weird open spaces which had once been houses)—not especially crowded, as I said, so that would be a cinch; nor was it close to the Green Line that divided the city between the clan-enemies Mr. Aidid and Mr. Ali Mahdi, so there were very few empty windowless buildings pimpled and riddled here; almost all the trees had tops; there was only slow ordinary steady life here in the middle of this day, the canvas-and-burlap-covered stands having opened like shabby flowers long ago, and newsboys lethargically distributing a sheet called *Courier of Peace.*

The Marines jumped out of the five-ton quickly and steadily, spreading out along the white and sandy street.

"Set up. Security, point and rear, one man."

Shortwave was carrying the big green radio on his back. His buddies raised the antenna for him. —"Suicide, Suicide, this is Widowmaker. *Do* you copy? Come in, Suicide. Shit, this radio is a piece of junk."

Crowds of Somalis swirled around them like the golden and black herringbones in the lap of the barefoot woman who sat covering her mouth. A man in wool dress pants, a polo shirt and sandals was squatting on the broken pavement, patiently curling his fingers around his long teeth, which were patchily stained the color of camel bones; seeing the Marines, he stood up and came at them open-mouthed, losing himself among a constellation of spectating woman-heads (strangely egglike thanks to the garbashars which covered their hair and necks, so that each woman seemed a brown expanse of face floating in a yellow or crimson or purple sea of flowers); all these faces, too, smiled upon or studied the grim Marines; most numerous of all, however, were the children, who would have quickly surrounded each soldier had he let them, and who continually waved, begged, practiced English, tried to sell things, and pickpocketed.

"One thing you gotta watch out for is a place with no women and children," a Marine said. "That means they're setting something up."

They moved down the hot street, watching everything, ignoring the Somali welcomes, which were a distraction; they were always ready to shoot, and it was sickeningly hot.

"This is Widowmaker. Go. Be advised that you are coming in broken up. I'm having difficulty picking you up."

"Suicide, Suicide," the kids chanted.

"We got somebody up on a roof there. Watch your ass."

Everybody was smiling; everybody followed the soldiers, soldiers walking slowly down a hot and sandy road. Along the long low row of stands of thatch or canvas or corrugated metal shagged with burlap (trees above and behind them, behind a long white wall), everybody laughed at the Americans.

"Level one, this is Widowmaker."

Something flickered in a window.

"Get out of the way!" the Marines yelled. The children scattered; the Marines slammed themselves against housewalls in a furious rush. They waited for a long time in the hot silence, and nothing happened.

A skinny man in a baggy shirt stood outside his house begging, and there was money in his hand.

"No," a Marine was saying patiently. "If you don't have a pink card, then we

must confiscate the weapon."

"Okay. I get pink card. I come in one hour."

"Suicide, Suicide, this is Widowmaker. And we have confiscated an assault rifle. Over."

"You think he'll turn up with his pink card in an hour?"

"Pink cards haven't even been issued yet."

In the shade of a white wall, ladies with floral garbashars wrapped around their heads and shoulders sat and squatted by tables, selling tea. They washed the glasses from a dark green jerry can, rubbing soap inside with dirty hands. Then they rinsed the glasses again and filled them with tea from a thermos. When the soldiers came, they all stood up.

"Suicide, Suicide!" cried the children. They pointed eagerly at a house behind a gate, and a child said: "Many bang-bang in there."

"We can't check it out. We're not allowed to search houses."

After that I remember even more kids shouting, "Americans, welcome!"; then an old ebony-colored man in white robes and a white prayer cap, striding barefoot in the sand away from the soldiers, and then the crowd of giggling girls; and the girl in the violet garbashar said to me: "What's your name?"

"Bill. And you?"

"Asya."

"That's a beautiful name."

The other girls screeched with laughter. I saw Asya's face, pretty and blushing and happy; and then the sniper pulled the trigger.

"Get the fuck outta the way!" the Marines shouted, shoving aside the terrified people, sprinting to the wall, kneeling for cover, waiting for the next shot to come and it did not come.

As I too knelt in the dust, I wondered, as one always does in those situations, whether I would be dead at the end of the day. When I was in Sarajevo there were moments when I was certain that I was about to die, but this did not feel like that. Whoever had fired just now was either timid or indifferent or stupid, because he had not hit anybody and he was not firing again.

The Somalis had their hands over their ears, and they were quiet.

"From that high roof in the back," a Marine said finally.

"Watch that roof!"

"Let's get the fuck outta here!"

The children laughed hilariously to see the Americans duck and sprint one by one across the intersection ahead. I was last. When it came my turn, I expected to receive the prize. And again it did not come.

"Now I've lost my fucking calm," a Marine said.

Nobody likes to be shot at, but of course it was all routine. They were doing a job, and they would finish the job.

They stopped a CARE van and discovered a gun.

"You have ID? Which of you has ID? Bring the weapon up here."

"Two one six nine five... This number right here on your authorization form and this weapon, they're not the same. This is for an AK and this is an HK."[4]

"I have another form."

"Let's take a look at it. No, that number doesn't match, either. We're going to take your HK in."

The Somali grew more and more angry, waving his hands. The Marine showed him the discrepancy again and again with stony patience.

"The serial number and the gun are different."

"Hey! Truck's here! Thank God!"

"Now here come the rocks."

As the five-ton pulled away, the children began to rain stones in among the soldiers, rattling off flak helmets, stingingly striking a wrist or a knee.

"Better rocks than rounds," a Marine muttered.

"It's because some men give small money to babies, tell them: 'Throw stones American!' Because Americans take their weapons."

My friend Abdi said this. He had lived through the worst in Mogadishu. In his house he uncovered a boy's nakedness and I saw a swollen plum-colored thing which I thought for a second must be an umbilical hernia, and then I saw how proud and happy Abdi was, and I understood that his son had just been circumcised.

"I have boy now," he told me exultantly. "Now I'm no more afraid! I can go anywhere. I am free! I have a son! They cannot kill me anymore!"

But the following night he and his family did not sleep, because bandits were shooting.

A soldier sat atop a tank, smiling caressingly to his companions inside. A white hill of rubble abutted a sea-green wall. We left the soldier behind and drove a long way, past the animal market, where children went playing, running, shooting an AK-47 into the air.

American soldiers were in attendance along the walls of a street with gunpoints out because a food convoy was coming.

Passing the almost naked children who were sitting in the sandy shaded Lenin Street (now a soup kitchen), we came to a pink wall with a hole in it, and then another road that was very quiet about which Abdi said: "That way very dangerous. They have knife, revolver! They take even your dress!"

There was a general store whose painted wall forbade entry with Kalashnikov or grenade.

The gate was open, and outside the city it was green on either side with dark green leaves, plants with white spiny fruits, prickly pears and reeds. Abdi said: "Bandit here. Bandit have no time. Day or night they always here. So we afraid. No gun."

"Thief is have knife, pistol, gun—all of them!" he said. "My gun is here in truck, hidden in *good* place. I afraid for Marines. If they find, how can I defend?"

"I'd feel the same way if I were you," I said. "But if everyone thinks that way, the problem of thieves won't be solved."

"Better to leave our guns, you know! When I see a thief I can do nothing. Thief is moving fast, two three persons. Some have gun, some have knife. If I keep my gun in sight, thief is afraid, because they no want to fight."

His logic was perfect. To validate it one had only to drive to the Green Line, where a gate was smashed to rusty twists and scraps, and the thick wall in front of the former ministry had been gnawed by some giant to show the barbed wire behind, then soldiers with guns and blue hats in the back of a U.N. Toyota pickup, a cave that used to be a building, yellow stucco ripped off a building, an apartment instantly transformed into an ancient ruin, hot bleached street of walls with holes through which a passing body sometimes flickered; and three children sat in a shaded alley of roofless buildings and barred windows (at which point Abdi said: "The first time that I come here! I don't like to come here!"), and a woman in tiger-yellow with black spots and black stripes who was carrying a jerry can of water up slopes of rubble-sand, her gold earrings jiggling in tune with her necklace, sweat starting out on her polka-dotted kerchief, set down the jerry can and said to me: "Very dangerous. Here in shadows many thief come running with gun." Then she picked up the jerry can again and walked on toward the sea, where the whitewash on houses had been blasted off, leaving their rough walls the color of beehives.

That was why a moneychanger I knew smiled and said: "We buried our best weapons in the ground before the Americans got here."

To make the Marines' job still more discouraging, there remained a weapons market where in stands on the street they sold M-16 magazines loaded and unloaded, AK-47s for $80 apiece, M-16s for $100, grenades and other toys.[5] — "You see," beamed a Somali, "here is bombs!" —Beside a mango stand, strings of bullets hung from the rafters. Each bullet costs ten thousand shillings, which is to say one-tenth the price of a grave. A skinny man sat on the table smoking a cigarette, tinkling those pretty strings for the grinning buyers who drove slowly by. A man stood easily in the street, holding up two Kalashnikovs. Another man in sunglasses strode

with machine gun pointed down.

"He's a thief," Abdi said. "I know him. Very bad, very dangerous."

"Don't the Marines come here?"

"Sometimes. When they come, everything disappear."

Why did so many people want guns in Mogadishu? Granted, the thieves and counter-thieves needed them for each other, but it would be a shame to forget Mr. Wario Hukla Ali, of Kenyan nationality, who was nice, but very nervous; he jumped when I clapped him on the shoulder—doubtless because he had been to prison six times. Mr. Wario was a minister of the Northern Frontier District Liberation Front. He'd fled to Somalia when the magistrates said that they had many, many questions to ask him on many, many subjects. In a darkened house not far from the stadium, he explained his manifesto, his long skinny brown finger tapping each word which he chose to read aloud from the 1962 report of the Northern Frontier District Commission. "So we fought a liberation war in 1963. That war ended in 1967. Somalia was told to leave the NFD alone. However, later the NFD struggle was subordinated to Somalia. But we continue. Kenya is licking the boots of the colonial power. We want to have our own homeland, our own sovereign state. We want a round-table discussion; we don't want to use force."

"Do you have many weapons?"

"Oh, yes, and we are trying to get more."

"We have no relationship with the Mau-Mau," he added reassuringly. "We are two different organs."

Then, of course, there were Mr. Mohammed Farrah Aidid and Mr. Mohammed Ali Mahdi, whose enmity divided the city between them. Not too surprisingly, neither one had time to see me. I did, however, get an opportunity to view the guards behind the steel gate at Aidid's, smoking cigarettes, jiggling twigs between their pouty lips, masturbating the barrels of their AK-47s. "Marines never come here," a man crowed to me. "This office Aidid!"[6] A U.S. helicopter rattled and chonked overhead. Outside the gates, the sand was practically paved with spent cartridges.

These were calmly self-reliant faces that I saw here, faces that did not beg like so many others, but turned upon me the cool beams of their aloof dislike. I was an American; I was interfering with their murderous projects. Their power in Somalia can best be gauged by the fact that almost every day someone would ask me: "What is your tribe?" (I always replied: "My tribe is your tribe.") The grinning, strutting boys in Aidid's entourage were threads in the grand tapestry of idiocy into which were also woven the black and white racists in the U.S., the Serbian and Croatian ethnic detergents in Bosnia, and every other all-or-nothing. In the case of Aidid and

Ali Mahdi, the stupidity was compounded by the fact that they were from the same clan; only their subclans were different.

No doubt the fighters in both factions believed that they represented a righteous rising up against the hated other. And what had they accomplished?[7]

We drove through the city, and Abdi said: "There is military building. Now finished."

We drove a little further. There was the smell of shit by a wrecked car.

"Before, was industry for military car. Now, nothing. Here is university. Now it's not university. Now it's camps."

We passed a white sand-alley that reeked of decaying garbage. "From the town. Some people carry here. They throw here. No government."[8]

Everyone blamed the thieves, of course. That was easier. They all had stories about them. I heard the tale of the Marine who had his Beretta 9 mm stolen instantly as soon as he left the compound, the lanyard cut by two children's daggers; and they were the good thieves; the bad ones pointed guns at you. Abdi had said: "But those who learn to kill the people, always they want to kill the people. Better to catch and kill them. This my idea." And I thought he was right.

So I went to the prison and talked to a thief, a skinny brownish-black man in a dirty yellow shirt who stood at attention for me, one guard holding his pipestem arms, and the thief regarded me with tired brown eyes.

"Why are you here?" I asked him."I steal a bed to sell. I was hungry. But police catch me."

"How long have you been here?"

"Three months."

"How much longer will they keep you here?"

"Another three months."

"When you leave prison will you steal again?"

"No," he said by rote.

"What if you are hungry again?"

"I want to live. I see many people die from hunger. If I don't steal, maybe I will die like these people. I steal for survival."

"With a gun?"

"Yes."

"Are you hungry now?"

"No," he said, but again (I thought) by rote, and when I asked him if he had anything further to say, he said: "The only thing I want to tell you is that most people eat three meals a day. I get only one meal a day here. That's what I want to tell you."

It was against all these forces, then, that Widowmaker Squad was struggling, in accordance with the United Nations mandate[9]—or perhaps struggling is the wrong word, for they went out and did their job for a set length of time and then came back into the stadium behind the wall of rolled barbed wire, where the fifty-caliber Browning machine gun pointed out of a hole at tall-humped sand-colored camels; they came whether the overall job was being accomplished or not. This is how armies must function, and there is nothing wrong with it.

"Go ahead an' clear 'em before we get in there!" Clickety-click-click as the men unchambered bullets.

"Well, that was a good patrol. We all came back!"

"Better luck next time."

"An' what is it next time, night patrol?"

"Just a roadblock. Six p.m. to six a.m. Checkin' for weapons."

(And I remembered Abdi, who'd admitted: "From these days a shortage of fighting. Now not much need for gun.")

Now it was mail call, and whoops echoed around the ruined stadium.

"Ho! Fourteen pages!"

"Pictures!"

"Hey, man, will ya let me look at my fuckin' pictures? Get the *fuck* away from me!"

"This one's from that stripper I was tellin' you guys about. She wrote back! Listen to this: 'I remember that you were very nice and intelligent.'"

"She must not remember you very well."

"Oh, my wife sent me an article. This is about some heavy fighting in Somalia. Four confirmed kills, it says."

"Doc killed a camel. Doc smoked a fuckin' camel! I wonder why *that* ain't in the article."

They sat in a pit of sandbags, running their fingers along the blades of their Gerbers, leaning over the dirty table, staring tenderly at their letters."Okay, squad, move out!"

"Come on, guys, let's get in the track."

Inside the rack there echoed the clicking and rattling of rounds. A man was working a gun on a tripod, working the action back and forth until the belt of pointed bullets was ready to go in. Another belt, golden and black, found its place upon a man's shoulder. Camouflage-colored legs and ankles crossed the sky in the hatchway above me. A Marine tapped his M-16 magazine against the ceiling. A Marine reread his letter from home, sitting quiet among green protrusions.

"You got everybody in?"

"Check!"

In the front of this weird vehicle was a raised seat and a steering wheel like a

pretzel. The hatchway above the seat resembled the dome of an observatory. A Marine's back appeared in the chair. A hand levered the chair magically down. The engine hooted and reeked of fuel. The Marines were grinning with their toys, cocking and chambering. The noise of the moving track was almost like that of a jet engine. Rigid legs slanted ceilingward; hard backs and buttocks braced against the tongue of metal that bridged the hatchway, all M-16s steady and level with the sky.

They passed the place where I had seen a boy in a dirty dark-green shirt running in the sand, and he had a gun, and Abdi was saying: "You see, a thief goes. He catch some girl hat."

"If this thing takes an RPG[10] round, we're dead," a Marine grinned. "The gas tank will go for sure."

Downpointing belts of bullets faded into olive and brown uniforms. Faces happily took the evening wind. A Marine braced his boots against a squat black gun. *All those brooding male faces, staring into their own dreams, rattled and lurched as* the track carried them into the real Africa.

"Don't be surprised if you see tempers fray," a soldier said to me. "This ain't our job. We only know how to kill."

Marines waited in the shade at the end of the bright spot where the generator nourished two blinding lights. They stopped the truck loaded so high with green bananas on fronds that waved in the wind while kids chased each other in the darknesses between two stopped buses which the Marines were searching. Beyond the brightness loomed weird trees with flat tops and weird trees with oval tops like hot dogs skewered on toothpicks. The children teased and sometimes tormented the soldiers, trying to change money with them, dancing, imitating English. One soldier played Simon Says with them. Two other soldiers yelled: "Get the fuck away!"

When the headlights came, they raised their weapons and finger-beckoned each vehicle into the sand at the edge of the road. —"Hey! Hey! Open it!"

"Have a nice night," the Marine was saying to the former general of the Somali army. "Thanks for the weapon."

The Somali pulled out an incomprehensible document.

"What's this? What's this mean?"

The former general explained, smiling bitterly.

"We're gonna hold onto this, okay?" said the Marine as patiently as he could. "Put your name on this document. You can get it at the U.S. Embassy."

"What's your name?" said the former general.

"It don't matter," said the Marine wearily. "Just go to the Embassy Wednesday morning."

* * *

A skinny man started shouting at the Marines and showing his bullet scars. —"That just proves your stupidity," a soldier said. "Shut the fuck up or I'll put my boot on your face."

Again I remembered Cpl. Prato, who said: "Like any military deal the U.S. does, we come in and sit around for awhile, and they are starting to get as restless as we are about being here."

In the middle of that long cool night of desert stars, the radio crackled, and then a Marine said softly: "Second platoon got hit. In the same place where we patrolled today and they shot at us."

"Shit. Shit. Who is it?"

"I don't know yet. He was a point man, and they heard a garage door open and then the sound of a weapon being cocked. I don't know how bad he's hit, but they say he's getting CPR."

The morning came, chilly with dew. —"He didn't make it," a Marine said. "He held on for a little while, that's all."

Unchambering rounds, they returned to the stadium in quiet weariness. The flag was not yet at half-staff. I felt sad and tired. When I saw Abdi I told him, and he sighed and said: "I tell you, there is so many thieves in the night, you know!"

ASSESSMENT OF RESULTS OF OPERATION RESTORE HOPE

From the *Sacramento Bee*, Friday, October 21, 1994, page A28:

> CONVOY PROTECTION TO END
>
> UNITED NATIONS— ...Threatened by increasing lawlessness and clan warfare in Somalia, the United Nations said Thursday it plans to withdraw troops that have been protecting convoys bringing food to tens of thousands of civilians.

THE OLD MAN
(1995)

"SO NEAR THE BORDER"

STATEMENT OF GOVERNOR CHUNCHART POONSIRI, YALA CITY, YALA PROVINCE, THAILAND

The Provincial Governor believed that tobacco led to marijuana and heroin. He had studied among Mormons in Utah before becoming an alumnus of the Drug Enforcement Administration; needless to say, drug interdiction was his foremost hobby. Following the style of southeast Asian officials, he wore an immaculate military style uniform with many decorations. I felt him looking at me with piercing eyes, his hands in his lap, not quite smiling, not quite weary or severe. His dark stare reached me from the sofa, or from behind his vast desk where the King's portrait stood on an easel. Call him a very nice man. We chatted about the cold turkey method, and herbal emetics, to which he was patriotically inclined and his *bête noire,* the Opium King, whom I never let on that I had met. He was far less interested in the terrorists, who in his estimation comprised only a hundred and twenty to a hundred and thirty souls. —The people living outside of Yala Province, they say we

have a war with guerrillas and like that! he cried while two TV cameras whirred. It's a myth. Let me give you an example of the criminals we caught. The ones we caught this whole year, it's very few compared to the other provinces. If you don't believe you can go to the police station. Our people over there are very kind people. It's not fair to the people who come to Yala for investment. —I asked him if he could give me any written reports on the problem, and one of his assistants presented me with a white pamphlet tricked out with the following words of gold: EXECUTIVE SUMMARY REPORT: INVESTMENT OPPORTUNITY/PLAN OF YALA PROVINCE. The two TV cameras filmed that, and then they filmed my press card, and then they filmed the piece of paper on which the Governor had asked me to write my address.

When at last the Governor allowed me to turn the conversation to the bombers, he began, of course, by mentioning the drug addicts. They placed the bombs and delivered the threatening letters in exchange for money so that they could buy heroin. (This topic led us most naturally back to those emetic herbs, which were, it appeared, a sort of natural Antabuse. He said that the vomiting and retching disturbed naive observers, but in the end most addicts were gratefully cured.)

The Governor's second category of bombers was the jobless. —They live with their family and they make something against the law, he shrugged. I admired the way he downplayed the political nature of the attacks, ascribing causation to sickness and economic desperation, to isolated flaws and negatives which could be solved through his government's beneficence.[1]

But now he had exhausted his categories of misguided and ignorant individuality, and had to admit the third group, which in his opinion made up considerably less than half of the total: the ideologues, the principled ones, the deliberate ones who desired to protect what he called "the PULO idea."

And who are their victims? I asked.

Just people who live in the forest. Maybe when they go for the lumber from the upper tree, the tree in high place, then maybe some bomb, but not so often, because for PULO and for the other group, the BRN, it's very difficult to give them the bomb.

Who gives them the bombs?

I don't know, the Governor said.

How many victims would you estimate are killed by the PULO every year in Thailand?

Maybe twenty. Not more, he said, and I know that he spoke truly, for the PULO is not what it used to be.

What's the best way to solve the problem? I said.

We have to make the population feel very warm toward the government. For example, some villages still live isolated in the jungle. They have no roads... All Muslim villages?

Yes. That's why I decided to have the government make the roads. Don't leave them alone.

If you were to catch the PULO leaders, what would you do?

If they do as a criminal, we have to follow the law. If not, then we have to rehabilitate.

A PARTIAL ALPHABET

Acronyms often represent extraneous words, for the sake of making vowels, and I think that this was the case with the word "PULO," which stands for Pattani Unification[2] Liberation Organization. The "U" could have gone; unification in this context was almost tautological. But then, of course, we might have confused the PULO with that other social club of Islamic do-gooders, the PLO.

As far the BRN, their name meant *Barisan Revolusi Nasional Melayu Pattani*—National Revolutionary Coalition of Pattani. Their aims were the same as the PULO's.[3] They wanted independence for the four southernmost provinces of Thailand: Satun, Pattani, Yala and Narathiwat[4]—realms of pepper-smelling forest, cows and goats, heat and brightness, steep low hills like jellied blue mist, emerald jungle on slope and hollow, wet grasses, bowed backs and cone-hats in the yellowing ricefields; villages of wood (heaps of wood slowly seasoning), villages of concrete, villages of stilt-legged, greybleached bamboo huts roofed with corrugated sheet metal; kingdoms of stickiness; malarial territories; countries of barefooted people shading themselves in low treehouses; nations of small white mosques, grand mosques domed by moneyed pride, and more mosques (in Pattani, cradle of the PULO, there was the Matsayit Klang, the second largest mosque in Thailand); in the four provinces (so a prominent Muslim told me) there currently existed more than a hundred persons who had the entire Qur'-An memorized. Were independence to be achieved, the bombers would fashion of this material an Islamic state, which anciently it had been before. If they could not break away, they'd continue to use terror.

Until recently, as is the fashion with extremist groups of similar persuasion, they'd been enemies. Now they were in love, I heard. BRN and PULO were all PULO together. Just imagine what good deeds they'd be able to do!

> 'New Pulo' Under Suspicion
>
> The police suspect the New PULO, a separatist movement, may be responsible for last Wednesday's bomb blast at a police booth in Narathiwat's Su-ngai Golok district... Two teenagers on a motorcycle threw a grenade at the police booth on Takbai-Sungai Golok highway on Wednesday night. No one was injured. Pol Gen Pote said about 200 border patrol police would be deployed to help local officials maintain peace and order in the predominantly Muslim region.[5]

STATEMENTS OF THREE RAILROAD WORKERS, HAT YAI, SONGKHLA PROVINCE

In the small train station the loudspeaker echoed commandingly and the noise of fans, trains and motorcycles made a deep bass hum over which people's voices barely carried, proving what everyone already knew, that flesh is weakness; and two small boys passed through the crevice between gratings with their arms around each other's shoulders; the khaki-shirted ticket-taking girl, whom ticketless souls were supposed to pay one baht to go to the platform, did not look up. Such was security; such was sleepiness. The hot sky had paled to white. My phony-copper Malaysian watch glittered in the sunset. People wearing light-colored T-shirts in obedience to the laws of coolness swarmed toward the grey train horizon, the ticket-taking girl looking weary. A barefoot monk in saffron-orange robes joined the queue at Window 5, where, playing the role of an innocently worried *falang,*[6] I asked through the mesh if the train to Yala were safe. I'd heard that it had been bombed by the PULO, I said.

The clerk flashed his sparkling white choppers. —He said no problem, safety, D. translated. But I think he couldn't know about the PULO.

D. had told me that a year or so ago, half a dozen people from the northeast were sleeping here waiting for their train when a PULO bomb went off and killed them. —They want to do something bad in every province in the south last month, she went on. Because maybe they get some money from Libya and they must show something to Libya. They have big meeting in Malaysia, and then they come and bomb here. No more night train, because a little afraid for the PULO.

I had her ask the ticket-taking girl if it were safe, and she yawned and said: I wasn't working here when it happened. Anyway it's very safe. And if you want to die, it can happen just the same on an airplane.

At the trackside we found the "Chief of the Looking for the Train Go Forward and Back," as D. described him in the glory of his official position. He wore a navy blue uniform with three stars and one crescent. When I asked my question with due shy mournfulness, he looked at me through huge spectacles and patted my arm. —He says, now is safety, safety. He says no problem. And now is the end of Ramadan, so is spection (special) safety, because he tell me Muslim always do the bad thing in Ramadan, when other Muslim all at home and then easy for kill only the other religion.

Why do they do those things?

He say, Muslim here have lower level of education. Not hardworking like Chinese. Chinese love land—work, work until rich.

She laughed. —Now he worry maybe I am Muslim.

He say, last year same like ten five years ago he find bomb in luggage on train, disarm by himself. But he says safety, safety. Very funny, eh?

HAT YAI TO YALA

The train went south through low jungle, the mountains and sky as white as steam. The people seemed more Malaysian to me than before. One had to address them with *Salaamu alaykum.* Across the aisle from D. and me were four Marines in khaki. The train was very full, so D. had to sit on my lap. The Marines hated me for that, and tried to stare me down. It was the first time I had encountered unfriendliness in Thailand. D. had told me that when a PULO boy and a PULO girl fell in love, they had to leave the organization. Men and women could not work together. The Marines kept glowering and sneering at me, until finally I thought to offer them water, which they refused with gracious smiles; then they offered me dried bananas (ignoring D.), and we were friends. Two of them kept their caps on; one nibbled at his; the fourth, bareheaded, gazed out the window. They patted each other's knees, laughed, flashed laminated photographs of themselves with weapons. I showed them my knife in its quick-draw "belt buddy" from Colonel Bo Gritz,[7] and they liked it. Then I took D.'s hand, after which they hated me again.

A SMALL VILLAGE IN PATTANI PROVINCE

She said now doesn't have too much problem, D. was translating. She is head of village. In the mountains so difficult to contact them now. Now many is run away from PULO. They don't bring so many gun here. When they come to their family, police come with walkie-talkie.

When the woman took her leopard-colored headscarf off, she looked younger and prettier. A head of village, yes: three gold bracelets on her arm. We'd met her on her motorbike coming back from the market, with a plastic bag of fishes so fresh they were still twitching. She had lovely white teeth and dark eyes. When she raised her voice and clapped her hands, people came quickly in to bring us coconut juice. D. had been the first woman to become a head of village in the south. Now there were two others, and this woman was one of them, which was why D. called her friend.

Before, was the PULO a big problem? I asked.

She said not too much problem, but some.

This was, I thought, a generous understatement. A decade before, her husband had been shot dead by the PULO. On the way D. had told me how this woman used to cry, how D. had been so sad for her and tried to comfort her; they'd never caught the man who did it because he'd run to the mountains. She'd told D. that the man was known to be PULO.

This year not too much member of PULO in her area, D. translated. Because people have problem and they run away to Malaysia to become PULO, so never see them.

The woman rapped on the armrest of her sofa when she spoke, her brown toes splayed.

In the last ten years, how many people have the PULO hurt and killed? I asked.

She say, before have a little bit, but not now.

And what does she think about the Old Man? What does she think about Hadji Amin?

The woman smiled quickly at the name, a brittle twist of lips. She was missing a couple of teeth.

She don't know about Hadji Amin. She know just name.

OK, then what does she think about the PULO? Are they a hundred percent bad? Fifty percent bad? A hundred percent good?

It began to rain now with a noise like grapeshot. —She says, for her idea, she don't say PULO is good or bad, but PULO never help her. And bad, she doesn't know.

She doesn't know! But they killed her husband!

She smiled again and chopped the air with hand-edges swift like knives. —She said the man who kill her husband, she doesn't know PULO or not. He ran away.

Why did he kill her husband then?

She don't know why.

This interview was proving less than informative, I thought. —Does she think the Thai government treats Muslims the same as Buddhists in the south?

The government treat the same. If the people need something, they must tell the government and then OK, the government do the good thing.

The rain stopped, and a man wailed thrillingly, slowly, calling people to prayer.

What about the Malaysian government?

She has never been to Malaysia.

Then D. had to go to the toilet, and the woman went to show her the way. As I sat there looking out at the half-wild jungle (rubber trees attended by coconut bowls to catch the sap; birds and mosquitoes; low pineapples like grenades—All this village also member of *them!* D. had assured me in a whisper. If they run away, can always eat some fruit...), the woman's new husband came in. He was from Yala, a placid, handsome, goodnatured fellow who spoke a little English. What did he think about Malaysia? Oh, he liked it. He went often...

With your wife?

Of course. My wife comes with me every time.

Ah. You speak English so well. Where did you study?

In the Middle East.

And what do you think about the PULO?

Five years ago they had more power, three years ago a little, now not so much. Because everybody run away to another place.

And what do you think of Hadji Amin? I said.

He don't know too much about Hadji Amin, D. interpreted from the doorway.

I don't agree with all of Hadji Amin's ideas, I said carefully.

Instantly the man's eyes flashed hatred, and he said: Why? Why you say that?

STATEMENT OF AN IMPORTANT PERSON, YALA

The important person sat across from us under the slowly turning blades of the fan, which he had activated in our honor; and, longfaced and skinny, with long skinny teeth, gestured with the flats of his hands as if he were swimming or maybe pushing history away. Unlike the Governor, he was Muslim, a native son. D., who admired him, said that over the years the important person had done many good political deeds, but now he was tired and just wanted to go into business in Malaysia. He had deep, dark, rather sweet eyes. I liked his gentleness. He sat in the middle of his thin green carpet, which resembled pool table felt, in his concrete anteroom which was open to the street of white sky and palm trees, the motorbikes snorting just beyond his family's fleet of shoes; and an immense china cabinet half-heartedly partitioned off the room; behind it a woman lay on her side, with her buttocks facing us, her fingers groping slowly at the lattice of a closed window. A muscular, unsmiling man brought us sugared rosewater with ice.

He think sometimes government do something wrong about people in the south, D. translated, because they doesn't care about Islam, and now when Malaysia come to help PULO in the south, maybe Thai government come to help, too late.

What is the wrong thing that the Thai government does?

They doesn't give high education for them; they doesn't take care for them.

This was the crux of it. This was what they usually said.[8] And the important person expanded and expounded. —He is very nice idea, D. enthused. —Here lay the thesis: discrimination against Muslims through neglect. The important person said that thirty years ago the price of rubber had been very high, so the southern provinces made good revenue, but the Thai government took the money away to use elsewhere.[9]

What percentage of the population do Muslims make up?

About 80%.[10] Before, was 90%.

Why did it change?

Because somebody leave from here, because economy here are not good.[11] And other people came here to make good money here, because they have good education.

I knew which "other people" he meant. —Are Muslims and Chinese equally rich here? I asked.

Chinese is higher.

And are Chinese friendly with Muslims or not?

No problem with Muslims.

And how about the PULO? I heard they bomb Chinese.

He laughed nervously. —I think we don't talk about PULO, he said. (He could speak a little English.) PULO is not yet a big trouble, he said, but government need to highlight the PULO, to get money for military.[12]

So the PULO is good for government, eh?

He laughed.

He say, sometime the PULO does something wrong, too.

STATEMENT OF GOVERNOR CHUNCHART POONSIRI (CONTINUED)

How would you characterize the relations between Muslims, Chinese and Thai in these provinces?

Oh, very good. We can work together in all these areas.

Does the PULO target Chinese more than Thais?

I never heard that. Let me tell you one thing frankly. The Chinese get angry if you call them Chinese. They want to be Thai. Thailand welcomes everyone. Wonderful thing in Thailand.

STATEMENT OF A MUSLIM TAXI DRIVER, PATTANI

What do you think about the Chinese shopkeepers?

They talk very friendly, same like friend, but then they stab our heart. Always take more money from Islam people. Because we Islam is stupid doesn't know. But now we begin to know.[13]

STATEMENT OF AN IMPORTANT PERSON, YALA (CONTINUED)

And Qadhaffi—good or bad? I hazarded.

He's a good person. He wants to have a system in his country to make Arabs strong. And the western people look for Qadhaffi because he makes Muslim people too strong, so they look for something bad against him.

The United States government says that Qadhaffi pays terrorists to do things such as blowing up the Pan Am jet over Scotland,[14] I said. Is that true or false?

He laughed. —I cannot comment. Qadhaffi's country is not steady. So why do like that and cause trouble?

So who do you think blew up that airplane?

The other men in the room began to murmur and glare at me angrily.

Qadhaffi has a lot of enemies, he said. Maybe Israel.

He smiled, and added: Maybe Qadhaffi.

I asked if I could use his name, and he said that if I did, the next time he met me he would not be able to greet me.

Another official in the room laughed and said: He could not greet you because you would be in the next world!

I considered this joke to be in poor taste. Nor could I see any reason for the

important person's refusal to be cited—what had he said that was so revealing?—until D. explained on the way back to our hotel with its warning sign against bringing in weapons—a grenade with a slash through it (actually, a durian fruit, because it would have stunk up the hallway)—that during one of his long soliloquies to her in Thai (which she'd translated: Oh, he say his family all OK no problem), the important person had been giving her detailed directions on how we could meet the Old Man, the secret one, the feared one, the head of the PULO.

There was only one way to do it, the important person had said. If we did it any other way then the way would be closed to us forever. He said that he himself wanted nothing to do with the PULO anymore. He was sick of politics. He just wanted to get rich. Dealing with the PULO was bad for business.

KABONG YAHA, YALA

Nets and webs of low mountains warped around the horizon. The official in the slate-colored uniform (who had just finished slowly signing documents in an immense green dogeared accordion-folder) said that there were no bomb-blasts here—only in the cities. When D. asked whether the group in this area were Old PULO or New PULO, he replied that the government never learned those things.

Sad, said D. Very poor (she meant sorry) for him. Thai government so weak, not yet strong! And so many government official, they go to school with PULO; they know them, but can never do anything...

And I thought of my old *Britannica's* remark: *The relative political stability Thailand has maintained in the face of continual Communist guerrilla warfare inside its borders since World War II is largely the result of Western support.*[15] Now the Communists had mutated into something else (with the exception of one jungle militia, so they told me, which had once been and might still be funded by China, and continued to lurk and train and occasionally plant ambushes not far from here); Western support was not so sure now, had decayed ever since the closing days of the Vietnam War, and other symptoms previously masked by the Communist pox were remarked once more by the body politic; Muslim insurgency, so one official in Yala (also unwilling to be named) told me, had existed here for ninety years or more. (He made notes and diagrams for me when he explained; afterward he shredded them carefully.)

This is Area Number Three of BRN, another official said. Area Number One is in Narathiwat Province. Area Number Two is between here and Yala. This area is head of Area Number Three. *Yala Father* was name of head of BRN for forty years, but now *Yala Father* is dead.

There was a walkie-talkie on his desk. Static came out of it, and he tapped it and the antenna quivered. He estimated the BRN's strength at several thousand persons. He said that the PULO was weaker than that and that it was based more in Narathiwat than in Yala. He said that Qadhaffi was a very good person.

He showed us a pink binder with his plan for fighting against the BRN. I asked for a copy, but he was afraid that then it would fall into BRN hands.

They use M-16 and AK-47, he said. When they come to the government, they never talk about where they get. Maybe from the dark market. They never say where.

Do you have any opinion as to where?

From Laos.[16]

STATEMENT OF A BRN DEFECTOR, YALA PROVINCE

He had dark brown eyes in an undernourished face—the classic mercenary look. Scared and helpless, he flashed big dark rodent-eyes, twitched his moustache, showed teeth. He never stopped watching me. His tense brown face was a sculpture of fear. His fingers dug into his knees.

And were his father and mother in the BRN? I asked.

No, just only him.

So how did he come to join?

Head of BRN in Yala tell him BRN is the good support for you, good money, good money and good food.

What was the first thing that happened next?

Training. Everything training first. Training gun, looking map, running away, like that, thinking about what place to attack and like that.

Was it easy or difficult?

Difficult.

How old were you? I asked the man.

Twenty-one.

The man's lips opened, and he said something wearily to D. —Always in the jungle, in the jungle, she translated.

How many years?

Four years.

Did you ever go home to see your family?

He afraid people know he was BRN, so he never go. Sometimes he write to his parents. Give somebody to arrive his parents. Never get answer.

Were you lonely for them?

Yes, but cannot walk out anymore.

In this dark dirty boy clasping his own hands, stretching his forefingers together, I saw now what I had seen when I interviewed Khmer Rouge cadres:[17] the ignorance, the apathy, the fear, above all the *weakness* of this human being made me want to excuse him in advance, to let him off for whatever he'd done.

How many people were in your group?

Fifteen in small group. A hundred in big group. Sometimes in small, sometimes in big.

Did you have many good friends?

All friendly, smoking together.

What did you think about the Thai government at that time?

He smiled, brown-toothed. —He said we want to separate Islam from Buddhist and Chinese.

And what did he think about the King and Queen of Thailand?

He doesn't think about the King and Queen.

And what did the BRN say to him about Malaysia?

He doesn't talk about Thailand and Malaysia.

And what does he think about Chinese people now?

He clenched his fist and smiled. —He doesn't think about Chinese and some Buddha.

Did he ever participate in any attacks?

The defector hesitated, but the government man behind the desk nodded at him encouragingly.

Oh, seven, eight, he finally said hesitatingly.

Tell him he's very strong, I said.

The boy smiled, a politely mercurial flash.

Tell us the story of one attack, I said.

In the Lao Village, in Narathiwat Province, he shoot the Buddhist who make the bridge. Dead seven persons. With M-16.

Were any BRN killed?

No. Because all the Buddhist no gun, only working.

And when he killed the Buddhist, was he happy?

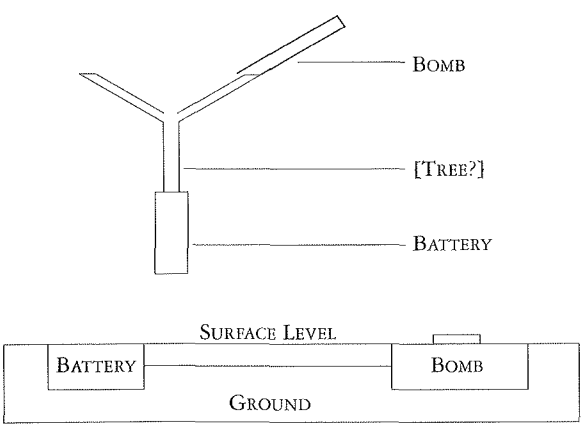
Yes, so happy.

When did he do this?

In the night time.

Ask him if he can make bombs.

B.R.N. DEFECTOR'S SKETCHES OF HIS BOMBS



They make some bomb. He buy some equipment and make.[18]

And the equipment for the bombs they buy from where?

He buy from our country but he doesn't know.

What's his opinion of Qadhaffi?

He don't know.

And did he get good money?

No money. When he think about walking out, always the people following him.

And if he were to ask his commander if he could leave?

Would kill him! Cannot!

So how did he escape?

He run away in the nighttime. Half-half, maybe live, maybe death. Climb the mountain. And he walking until S. village. Then he run away to Malaysia by boat. One year in Malaysia he work make construction job and then can get money one hundred baht per day over.[19] Happy! Have house, food, lodging.

And how much had the BRN given him?

Nothing.

And how did he return here?

Have one friend of him go to government in Yala and he follow him.

And since he killed one person, does he have any problem with the government now?

Government always say *ma pen lai* (never mind). Government cannot catch him.

So he has no problem at all?

That time, if police doesn't catch him, under law cannot do anything.

Why doesn't the BRN kill him for defecting?

Oh, now is BRN so angry! D. laughed. But BRN cannot hurt him, because he stay in government control. Been one year working with government like assistant of soldier. Already married with Muslim girl. Happy life.

Is it safe for him to visit his family now?

Yes.

And if he were to meet his former BRN commander?

Whenever he met him, he kill him! In control is much better, safety life!

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN TOHMEENA

Later, when D. and I had met the Old Man, I asked him: What are your views on the government amnesty for defectors?

Oh, they're just local people, chucked Hadji Amin. I don't worry about it. They'll never get the big people.

STATEMENT OF THE BRN DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

And does he still want to secede from Thailand?

No.

In this province, does the Thai government treat Muslims the same as other people?

Same.

The young man had told me that the insurgents in his group wore the same clothing as Thai soldiers. —Where did you get your uniforms? I asked.

Some Malaysian person come to visit BRN, he said, and the government man drummed warning fingers on the desk. His fingers were ringed, the bezels inset with stone bubbles of jungle darkness. —Officer a little afraid, said D., because so near the border.

"HE MUST FIND A WAY IN DARKNESS"

STATEMENT OF A PULO DEFECTOR, YALA PROVINCE

The PULO man was Christ's age, and very Middle Eastern looking, with dark and mobile eyes. The long shadows of the man's spread fingers seemed extensions of his long white teeth. He was mustachioed, could have been an Afghan or a Pakistani. The BRN man had seemed abject. This one was not like that. His face bore a cast of confidence which I found refreshing at first, but as the interview went on I began to dislike him for it.

Nine years ago he became PULO, D. translated.

Why?

Someone make trouble with him in his village, so he *must* become PULO and go away.

How did he know about the PULO?

Some people from Malaysia came to them in the jungle, people who told him about independence.

Did these Malaysians have uniforms?

No.

The officer who listened said something quickly to the defector, and he nodded and spoke to D., who interpreted: Sorry, he tell wrong. Not yet Malaysia people, but Thai people learning in Malaysia.

And then?

He become assistant to the big boss, Mr. Hamil.[20]

So did he contact Mr. Hamil or did Mr. Hamil contact him?

He contacted cousin of Mr. Hamil first. He know about PULO and BRN and he think PULO is better.

Why?

Because Hamil's cousin was easy control. Easy life for him.

What was the difference between the PULO and the BRN at that time?

Different, Bill. More different! BRN is more different. PULO better. PULO should do for the rich people only Chinese, but BRN take even from local people. PULO they have system...

EXTORTION VERSUS IDEOLOGY

In his handbook on guerrilla warfare, Mao Zedong lists seven steps needful for "the creation of a national united anti-Japanese front," for which, if we were PULO or BRN, we might substitute "the creation of a transprovincial united anti-Thai front." Since Mao's grasp of guerrilla tactics has been, to say the least, well proved, it is worth examining the list as one measure of the PULO's possible success. Herewith:

1. Arousing and organizing the people.
2. Achieving internal unification politically.
3. Establishing bases.
4. Equipping forces.
5. Recovering national [here we would have to read "ethnic"] strength.
6. Destroying [the] enemy's national strength.
7. Regaining lost territories.[21]

These steps are presumably to be followed sequentially. The seventh step is of course the aim of the PULO—namely, to recover the provinces Satun, Pattani, Yala and Narathiwat for their Muslim utopia. To accomplish that, they'll have to paralyze the Thai government's grip on those provinces (the sixth step), which means that they must gain sufficient force to do so (the fifth step). Bomb-blasts here and there won't cut it—and of course Mao himself freely grants, as do Lenin, Che Guevara, and all the rest, that while guerrilla warfare may be necessary to achieve the final outcome, it is not of itself sufficient to do so.[22] The third and fourth steps, by all accounts, have been and are continuously being achieved. PULO bands live and operate from ever-changing jungle camps for years at a stretch (Cook in valley, sleep up high in tent, a man told me, and if meet another group we must say *Salaam Alaykum*[23] to them; if they no answer with password, we shoot!), and they all eat; they all have machine-guns—but at the cost of the first and second steps, for the PULO is not some munificent terrorist octopus which can equip them; in point of fact the bands must equip themselves, which means that brigandage is the norm; there are thus many PULOs, every group for itself. Were the PULO to truly adopt Mao's idea of a "united front" which would give it the greatest chance of success, it

would expropriate only "enemies of the people"—in its case, presumably rich Thai officials. Because its needs are greater than those actions could supply, and its powers weaker, it preys on any wealthy people it can reach—usually ethnic Chinese shopkeepers and factory owners.[24] Now, as it happens, from the PULO's point of view even this may well be tactically sound in the short run, on account of the antipathy with which so many lower-class Muslims regard Chinese. It is a fact of life that most any poor person of minority blood will be convinced that "they" have made or kept him poor—and very probably he will in some sense be right.[25] Nonetheless, the Chinese as such do not constitute the ruling class; they have no say as to whether the four provinces shall remain part of Thailand. True, the employment of extortion and terror against them does weaken the government's ability to govern; hence perhaps some measure of the dismal news of the Governor's "Executive Summary Report" on investment in Yala Province (and Yala, I was repeatedly told, is the *richest* of the four provinces!). Shaking down Chinese thus appears to be as popular among the PULO as shaking down Jews was among Hitler's Brownshirts. But in the long run, how beneficial can this be? Were the PULO to succeed someday in expelling Thai authority, wouldn't it be in their interest not to scare away their richest citizens until they could supplant them? But perhaps, seeing the plight of the new Muslim state, kindly Malaysia would step in...

STATEMENT OF THE BRN DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

Did you ever go to rich Chinese and say, "You must give us money or we'll bomb you"?

The boy grinned. —Chinese, even Islam people, if they are richest and we need!

Would you talk to them or send them a letter?

By letter. And we ask 100,000 baht[26] per person, give for head of BRN.

GUERRILLAS OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION

It would seem, then, that by descending the path of undiscriminating banditry some PULO and BRN groups have left the lofty mountains of *jihad,* and become mere commandos of selfishness. About such people Mao writes: "They must be firmly opposed. "They are easy to destroy because they lack a broad foundation in the people."[27]

But, after all, they remain faithful to Islam, right? Isn't the whole purpose of this insurgency to nourish the religion of Muslims, to allow it to freely express itself?

STATEMENT OF THE BRN DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

And is there a mosque in the BRN camp?

Yes. Some places.

Does a mullah ever come there?

No, no. Doesn't mean too much about religion.

STATEMENT OF THE PULO DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

In his camp, did many people read the Qur'-An?

Some. Everybody praying but some no have time.

The man stroked his chin. Later he added: Sometimes everyone malaria.

GUERRILLAS OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION (CONTINUED)

But still, religious or not, weren't they at least fighting for a social ideal?

STATEMENT OF THE PULO DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

Before he came to the PULO, did he believe that Muslims were discriminated against in his province?

He don't know anything.

AN AFTERTHOUGHT

Of course, even if he had thought so, this small spy who'd come in from the cold might not want to say it in the presence of his Thai government handlers...

STATEMENT OF AN ISLAMIC STUDIES TEACHER ON THE TRAIN FROM YALA TO SUNGAI KOLOK (NARATHIWAT)

Be that as it may, my chain of logic remained ill-forged. First of all, the fact that PULO cadres were not especially devout was irrelevant to their "audience." How would the local people know what they did or neglected to do in their camps? If they went into the jungle without the proper password, they'd never come back anyhow. As for the business of bleeding rich people, well, the victims didn't exactly spread around what had happened, for fear of incurring future extortions. Well-to-do Muslims merely bit their lips after a visit from the BRN. And the Chinese? The poor Chinese! Nobody liked them! Even D., cosmopolitan though she was, had imbibed enough local prejudice (she was from the south) to sometimes think them



PULO defector in police custody (Yala Province, Thailand)



หนังสือพิมพ์รายวันของภาคใต้ที่ยอดจำหน่ายมากที่สุด

รายวัน สยามใต้

ปีที่ 17 ฉบับที่ 2760 ประจำวันเสาร์ที่ 25 กุมภาพันธ์ พ.ศ. 2538 ราคา 5.00 บาท

สมาชิกสาว จกร.-บี-อาร์-เอ็น. มอบตัว

เผยสาเหตุ-ถูกหลอก-ไม่ศรัทธาอุดมการณ์

ร้อยเอกอัฐสิษฐ์ ตรีสุวรรณ นายอำเภอยะหา ได้นำตัวนางสาลูมา ยาลอ จากขบวนการ บี.อาร์.เอ็น เขต 1.3 จังหวัดยะลา เข้ามอบตัวต่อนาย ชูชาติ พูลศิริ ผู้ว่าราชการจังหวัดยะลา โดยมีชื่อจัดตั้งว่า "ชูไรนี" เกิดวันที่ 15 มกราคม 2518 อายุ 20 ปี เกิดที่บ้านเลขที่ 1 หมู่ที่ 3 ตำบลบาโร๊ะ อำเภอยะหา จังหวัดยะลา เรียนจบชั้นประถมปีที่ 6 จากโรงเรียนบ้านลีตอ เป็นบุตรของนายรอมิง ยาลอ และนางซีซัะ ยาลอ ตั้งบ้านเรือนอยู่บ้านเลขที่ 73 หมู่ที่ 3 ต.บาโร๊ะ อ.ยะหา จ.ยะลา มีพี่น้อง 3 คน แต่งงานแล้วสามีชื่อนายมะยาเด็ง เจ๊ะมะ

นางสาลูมา-(กลาง)มอบตัวต่อ ผวจ.ยะลา

ชื่อจัดตั้ง โบราหร์ ห๊ะอูรา อายุ 22 ปี เป็นสมาชิก จกร.กลุ่ม บี.อาร์.เอ็น เขต 1.? ภูมิลำเนาอยู่บ้านปานัน อำเภอมายอ จังหวัดปัตตานี มีบุตร 1 คน ชื่อเด็กชายชูไซมี เจ๊ะมะ อายุ 2 เดือน เข้าร่วมขบวนการเมื่อวันที่ 23 สิงหาคม 2536 ตำแหน่งลูกแถว มีหน้าที่ในการปรุงอาหารเลี้ยงสมาชิกในกลุ่ม การเข้าร่วมกิจกรรมด้วยการชักจูงจากนางแมะเซาะ ไม่ทราบนามสกุล ภรรยาของนายซอมะ ยาลอ ว่าจะพาไปเยี่ยมญาติที่อยู่บ้านบาละ กิ่งอำเภอกาบัง จังหวัดยะลา โดยที่ไม่ทราบว่าเป็น จกร.

เมื่อไปถึงสถานที่ดังกล่าวได้มีกลุ่ม จกร.ออกมารับตัวพาข้ามไปยังเขตแดนของประเทศมาเลเซีย เข้าไปพักอยู่ในค่ายใหญ่เป็นเวลา 6 เดือน ได้รับการอบรมเกี่ยวกับหลักการแบ่งแยกดินแดน และได้รับการติดอาวุธปืนสั้นขนาด .38 ในเวลาต่อมา และได้ถูกบังคับให้แต่งงานกับ จกร.โบรา หรือบูรา จนมีบุตรด้วยกัน 1 คน ดังกล่าว ส่วนสาเหตุที่เข้ามามอบตัวในครั้งนี้ เนื่องจากคิดอยู่เสมอว่าถูกหลอกและไม่ศรัทธาต่ออุดมการณ์ เมื่อท้องแก่และได้รับอนุญาตให้ออกมาคลอดบุตรยังภายในหมู่บ้าน เมื่อคลอดบุตรแล้ว จึงไม่คิดที่จะกลับเข้าไปอยู่ในป่าอีก เนื่องจากประสบกับความยากลำบาก จึงขอมอบตัวต่อนายอำเภอดังกล่าว

Thai newspaper clipping about an amnestied woman insurgent from the PULO

selfish. She was gentle and good; she would never have wanted anyone to suffer expropriation;[28] but still she said: Chinese is just work work working, keep for self, never giving. —In short, as I've said, the PULO was not alienating its constituency through these extortions—no matter that in the long run they might reap the whirlwind. Every time I think about the PULO, I bring that hatred back to mind—steady fuel for robbery and murder, deep, distorting cause.

Another piece of anecdotal evidence: On one of our journeys to Malaysia to seek the Old Man (this being Southeast Asia, one had to go to some humid place to make inquiries, wait for the refusal, which meant going to another sweltering place to find some new card to play, return to present that card, go to another insect-ridden place while the request was slowly floated up to the next level, and so and so and so; in the three weeks that I tried to gain this elementary understanding of the bombers, for instance, my itinerary was: Penang, Hat Yai, Yala, Khota Baru, Yala, Khota Baru, Kuala Lampur, Hat Yai, Pattani, Hat Yai, Bangkok, Hat Yai, Pattani, Hat Yai and Penang), the hot slow train wandered through a peppery morning, delving amongst palm trees and brilliantly blue jungle hills. Every woman except D. wore a cloth around her head and throat, only the face itself, naked of hair and

context, gazing through, as if from a helmet. These coverings, called *hijab,* were of all hues from pink and blue to black. They removed the women from things, transformed them into discorporeal souls. One pretty young girl slid her hijab off for a moment so that it became a high pleated collar of blueness, caressed her baby, shook out her sweaty hair, and then pulled the boundary back around herself. D. and I were sitting across from a pleasant-looking, bearded young man in a prayer cap. I told him *Salaam alaykum* and he smiled. D., who is plump, coffee-colored, and nondescript, can pass for almost any nationality other than her own. Today she felt like being from Peru. (If she had told the man that she was Thai, he would have clammed up.) One of the many benefits of working with D. was that I did not have to do much of anything except pay and think up my questions (which D. might or might not see fit to ask). Most of the time I sat looking stupid. It was a great life. D., meanwhile, wide-eyed tourist from Peru that she was, questioned the man at length in the local Yawi dialect. She asked him if she spoke his language well, and he allowed that she was not too bad for a foreigner.

He was a teacher of Islamic studies, so let us snoop a bit into his views, you and I, for in Asia teachers are respected; their opinions are as gold. He said that Malaysia was much better than Thailand because its strict laws made it safe. He liked Malaysia so much. He didn't mind the Thais, but ethnic Chinese bothered him because they always thought that Muslims were stupid; Chinese shopkeepers always gave Muslims short weight. (It was just like listening to an American ghetto black complain about Koreans.) Before, said the teacher, Muslims had kept quiet about these wrongs, but now they were going to do something.

Can't you teach the Chinese to be more fair? I put in.

He say, how can we teach them anything? We are low; they are high; they will never listen.

And what about the Chinese in Malaysia? They're low there, not high.[29] Are they bad people, too?

Now he says that not all Chinese people are bad. Anyway, he don't know so much about Malaysia...

He was a very nice man. He was always rising to offer his seat to women and children.

STATEMENT OF THE PULO DEFECTOR, YALA (CONTINUED)

The PULO want to training him like BRN but he don't want anymore, D. translated. He never training about violence, but still he get lots of power, because assistant to Mr. Hamil. When people want to shoot someone, must use his name. If he says you shouldn't kill someone, then cannot do. Strong power. He have control for small person. If small person have trouble together, he can take away their guns for one month or whatever, so no problem with them. He take good care. After two-

three years he become famous name and he wanted to leave from my country to Malaysia. But he stay in PULO six years, and then he leave to Malaysia stay there four years.

Did he have a girlfriend?

Hamil have two wives at that time, cooking for everyone. But he himself was alone.

Did any heroin addicts work for him? I asked, recalling the Governor's characterization.

Old Hamil he never have addict. Never sell heroin.

And as assistant to Mr. Hamil, did he write letters to Chinese?

Yes.

What did they say?

"I need some money from you, about 200,000 baht[30] in two week."

And what if the Chinese wouldn't give him any money?

He didn't like shoot bomb too much, because he don't like kill too many people, just one-one. And sometimes BRN so stupid; BRN kill themselves with bomb accident! Better shoot person or burn car. That is best way. He ever shoot. When he want to do something, he doesn't want to tell small soldier first, just bring him to the place and *then* say he should do that. Best way to protect secret. Shoot and shoot. One time he need 400,000 baht[31] from some Chinese company in Yala. But owner of company doesn't know if he really PULO or not; how can owner believe it? So this one, to make him believe, he kill the wife of one of Chinese owner's drivers. Shoot her in car.

As the man told this tale, he flashed a brutal white smile.

When we do something, the owner of company should come to find us soon. If he doesn't come, then *we* must come again.

(Another smile.)

And how does the owner find the way to the PULO? I asked.

He must find a way in darkness. Because this one is very big name in Yala.

After he killed the driver's wife, did the owner pay?

A big grin this time. —Yes.

So how many people died by his orders?

One woman, two men.[32] When they shoot, fighting against police, he have five person in group fighting with one police, and they kill that police after they tell him, "You should support my way."—Police never can catch us, he added happily. —And the other time, you see, if someone talk the bad thing with him before he leave his village, he must remember that and kill him. He go together with his group, four people with him, to kill. He was the highest, the one with power.

The PULO man kept laughing and grinning, thrusting out his hairy lips and grinning. (Maybe I did him an injustice; maybe he was only nervous.)

What kind of weapon do they use?

M-16 or AK. (Like all the others, he pronounced it *Ah-Ka.*) Only PULO know where take gun.

And then what do they use the money for?

If they get 100% of money every time, then 30% for him, 10% for food for group, 30% for small person in group, 30% for gun.

And nothing for the PULO itself? I inquired, surprised. Nothing to send to the Old Man?

Nothing.

So when he was Mr. Hamil's assistant, how many baht did he get every year?

Too much. He don't know how much.

How many letters did his group send out each year?

Fifty-sixty.

What did he buy with the money?

He always give a lot to friends for good time. He do the good thing for the small one in his group; nobody angry with him. But he say now finish PULO, finish money now! Oh, but he say the Thai government give him one house!

As I remember him now, I also think upon a smiling, white-toothed boy whom I met in Malaysia; he had thick dark sunglasses tricked out with gold, and his hair was perfectly moussed. They looked much the same. They both liked karaoke singing. My readers might expect more appearance of cruelty than this in the defector's enjoyments, but there is no need to do so; in his account of how he earned them there is nastiness enough. He probably groomed himself well; it most likely pleased him to "do the good thing for the small ones," whom I can imagine him escorting to Yala to listen to longhaired girls singing Thai pop songs, holding microphones, behind them a painted background of waterfall—no headscarves here, gentlemen—and maybe some of the longhaired girls were elder sisters to the schoolgirls all in white I met who wore dark bows and smiled bareheaded and told me that Muslims were not so good—because it is truly a small world, as people generally say when they mean that life is all mixed up.

Okay, fine, I said. So he killed people and then he got famous and went to Malaysia.

Yes, always he go to Malaysia, to head of PULO, to the Old Man. He must have one card of PULO member. He must pay twelve ringgit[33] and after three months must another three ringgit[34] to head of PULO. He just make another job, like construction. Most Malaysians just like English people, only care for themselves. They don't care about PULO. But if you say, "I am Islam, want independence for my country," then maybe they don't help you do the bad thing but still they let you easy, easy.

That's natural, I agreed. And then?

And then Hamil become wanted. Put on most wanted list. And this one talking to us now, Mr. A———, now his brother come to Malaysia to tell him Thai government open for him if he want. And brother Mr. A——— bring him to this house, to this official (pointing to the government man who sat behind the desk). He bring nine person from PULO to this boss because he has power. And this offi-

cial help him with guarantee. You know, he was born here; he cannot work another place. He never been back Malaysia, because the head of PULO angry him, the Old Man angry him. He afraid.

Because he went to the government?

Yes.

"HE DIDN'T CARE"

How many people has the Old Man killed?

No no. He just for independence.

But the PULO kills people! And the Old Man is the boss. So how many die?

He don't know.

And how many people are in the PULO?

His group was forty. Maybe in Thailand, his idea one thousand PULO now.[35]

And what about Mr. Hamil?

Thai government always open. Now is head of village, same like me! D. laughed.

What's the best thing about the PULO?

He say nothing. Nothing interesting.

When he was in the PULO, did he believe in the cause of independence?

He didn't care.

THE OLD MAN

That was the chilling thing, to be sure, that they did these things and didn't care. It all fell through. If they were killing and threatening people just for money, then what? And yet I couldn't deny they were squeezing the only ones within their grasp, the most appetizing and *convenient* victims—and the Chinese had few Muslim friends, it seemed; thus, mercenary though they were, the PULO cadres must remain uncompromised pawns for the Old Man—if he needed pawns, if *he* believed; if he had an Islamic cause. And *did* he believe, too, or was he just the mega-bandit that I had once believed the Opium King to be? I needed to meet him; I needed to find him and ask him some things. But the Thai soldiers said that that would be impossible, because the Old Man lived in darkness. Where was he? What lay in his heart?

KHOTA BARU, MALAYSIA: "IT'S SO EASY TO FIND HIM"

I had a white, floating feeling, due in part to my accustomed fever, but also to the dreamy lowness of the pale buildings in relation to the pale sky. Two skinny files of traffic (cars, vans, unmuffled motorcycles and occasional trishaws) rolled magically

past each other. Plump, hijab-wrapped, cottonwalled women sat in the street, one of them in trousers raggedly striped like a watermelon's skin, her thighs bulging like flesh of the same fruit; and they gazed into or through the worlds of their newspapers, their angels of news crumple-winged at the foot of a white wall of sunshine. A lonely longlimbed greyhaired Chinese hunched in a bus shelter. Caucasian tourists with their backpacks, moisture dripping from roofs, headscarfed girl students returning from school, all wandered in such fashion that I finally comprehended the meaning of the U.S. Supreme Court's phrase "with all deliberate speed." Rows of windows cupped their shutters like hands, as if they'd been a thousand years begging for air, until they'd died and gone to Malaysia and then it no longer mattered. Down those long white streets the light-strings of Hari Raya Aidil Fitri still hung, but glazed now, colorless, useless; that holiday had been over for days. Yes, yes, it was hot and I was back in Muslimville.

Ever since the important person in Yala had helped us, D. had been convinced that it would be "so easy to find him"—that is, the Old Man. Thus assured, she did something that boggled my mind. She telephoned the Thai embassy to ask his whereabouts. —Different thinking than *falang,* she explained patiently.

The PULO kills people, I said. He's the head of the PULO. Won't asking for him mean trouble for us?

Thai law is different law, said D. If he give order to kill and Thailand catch his order some cassette or something like that, then problem for him. But if no cassette, then problem only for man with bomb. Thai law is very open law, very gentle.

Anyhow, the Thai embassy didn't have the number. The helpful "young boy" there, as D. called him, advised us to try Malaysian Immigration, since the Old Man had lived in country for maybe sixteen or seventeen years; but I sensed imminent trouble and begged her to desist.[36] We went out, and everything hurt my eyes, and I ordered four more orange juices.

It was 11:20, but the clock in the beauty salon said quarter to two. The beautician in his shiny black shoes shook his head.

Even my friend he don't know the way, said the ever-astonished D. He come from Pattani! What can we do?

In reply, I blew my nose like a walrus. By then—genius that I was—I'd already begun to sense that it would be a slow process discovering the Old Man, maybe even slower than waiting for breakfast in Penang on a holiday, where eventually, if one were very lucky, the chef or his unaccredited representative might shuffle out after half an hour and slam down a cup of coffee with a surly look.

"IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM"

It's so difficult to find him! cried D. in amazement. Bill, what you want to do?

Find him, I guess.

In that street there were occasional shady book-haunts, Arabic calligraphy everywhere, and in one particularly inviting place I asked the old Yemenese—tall, skinny, and pale as a marble statue; whitehaired; his skin as colorlessly white as the pages of his books; sunken-eyed and weary; half-blind, that one—if he knew where the Thais from Pattani congregated. I'd told him *Salaamu alaykum* at first, and his friendliness had blazed up, but after he questioned me and was disabused of his notion concerning my religion, he became listless again. (It was very hot.) So I had to ask him again. I could not tell whether he were considering or sleeping. A smell of fresh bread came in from next door.

In the big mosque, he finally said.

So it was that after following another false lead which brought us to the shore of the hot thick river like a coffee addict's spit, in which floated a weary fleet of houseboat-shacks bare of doors, bare of windowglass, fruitful only in the proudness of their spidery TV antlers which carried their wishes and various greeds aloft and maybe transformed them into prayers, D. and I found ourselves back in Independence Square, in front of the grand white mosque with its domes dark and pale, and to me it seemed then that all the possibilities had shut like Khota Baru's shops' metal accordion-gates on holy Friday, the windows of my future shuttered fast (the shutters paper on wood frames, like Japanese lamps, only the air-gratings above, with their swarms of tiny diamond-shaped holes, allowing egress of a sort, of an exhalation's sort, of a hope's sort); and I asked her: Are you sure we're looking for the right person?

I tell you, Bill, in my country he so famous in south! But here in Malaysia nobody know him. Malaysia they don't take care, only think about themself same like Chinese.

O.K. Should we go in?

Better I go alone. If you with me, they ask too many question: Are we married? Am I Thai prostitute? and like that.

Sounds good to me, I said, blowing my nose on the grass.[37]

"IT'S SO EASY TO FIND HIM" (PART II)

The man in the mosque introduced D. to a man who knew a man, and so the next evening we were in a taxi which whizzed importantly past a line of brilliantly hidden women, turned left, and passed a workshop crammed with bicycles, then a hotel, a ramshackle house from whose second story laundry proudly dripped, and so and so and so, the taxi chittering unsteadily and reeking of the driver's Indonesian cigar. The sun was low, its disk dulled to egg yolk luminescence as it slowly melted down between palm trees. A stop at a gas station, another left, and then things began to get positively rural. A hooded driver peeped over her steering wheel at us as we stopped to ask directions. A girl, maybe ten or twelve, scuffed by, her sandals

momentarily the loudest ruler of the road, and then a motorcycle burped. Banana trees spread their sweating green fingers over our heads. The houses were all wooden now; we'd left concrete in Khota Baru. Giant trees, heavy white flower-clusters dwarfed those houses, on whose porches children stood quietly staring. Now pavement gave way to dirt, the pathside heaped with rotting coconuts.

I think we find him, said D. Eighty percent we find him.

I blew my nose.

The sky was bled of almost all color. I heard a steady clinking somewhere of metal on metal as we turned into a mudpatch before a house badly in need of paint. Our driver was very proud. A wide-eyed little girl in a very dirty shirt rode her bicycle around us. Red cows meandered across the road, switching their tails. A deep voice scratched from a nearby mosque. Goats scratched themselves. Now the bare bulbs and incandescent tubes began to come to life. I smelled fresh sawdust.

You get out of the car go say *Salaam alaykum* the Old Man, D. instructed. Already he coming. Look! Maybe a little afraid to see white person.

In the dusk, I spied a man's silhouette. But when I drew closer to him I saw that he was only about forty. I said *Salaam alaykum* as I had been bidden, and he warily extended his hand. Now I was close enough to the doorway to read the nameplate, the abbreviation for "Haji" proudly displayed because not every Muslim gets to Mecca:

HJ. HAMID A————

"IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM" (PART II)

No, no, no! cried D., sweating and exasperated, when I showed her. Hadji *Amin!*

Hadji Tahir? inquired the driver.

Amin, Amin, Amin! wailed D.

Now the driver felt extremely unappreciated. He had brought us to somebody who was *almost* Hadji Amin. Was it his fault that a couple of letters were different? Sullenly he ground and clashed his gears.

Never mind, said D. Malaysian people, Bill—I tell you already! Don't think about who is other people! Just stay at home, go to market, like that.[38]

"IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM" (PART III)

No need to report every move in our game of searching. Back to the mosque, where at two-o'-clock in the afternoon we awaited D.'s friend in the stream of men in white shirts and white prayer caps began to issue from the mosque, whose towers clenched themselves behind the trees. Men, and men, and more white-clad men under white parasols swarmed at the base of the immense arch, with its central hemispherical blade pleated to a fan, the sky so pale and hot. It was extremely hot,

and old men sat upon tree-shaded benches, greeting one another with handshakes and *salaam alaykums.*

Some of them I think from Libya, said D. See, look Libya face!

And when we went into the place where we were to meet D.'s new acquaintance, I saw for the first time in Malaysia a woman whose face was covered to the very eyes.

A little later, we got into a car with two men and left town.

They had studied certain procedures in Libya, they said. Qadhaffi and the Old Man were both liberation fighters. They asked me to write a letter of introduction for myself and D., so we stopped at a roadside stand and did just that. They were tall men, dark, skinny and bearded, and they'd ornamented themselves with dark sunglasses so that I could not see their eyes. They did not stand over my shoulder when I wrote; I could not tell if they were watching me or not. I tried to make the letter as gracious, positive and truthful as I could. I said that the press often told only one side of the story, and that I wanted to know his side, that I was a friend of Muslims, all of which were correct statements. The PULO men took the letter, and left us to wait.

I watched two young women in a rustic swing, giggling at one another, sipping sodas from straws. D. drew pictures of flowers, singing old American songs. I popped a thousand grams of paracetamol.

After two hours they came back. They returned our letter to me, the envelope now unsealed. They said that Hadji Amin had a lot of visitors just then.

I think they was a little bit afraid, D. said, because they don't know us. And he have big security, many many bodyguard. So I believe in Malaysian support sure! Because you cannot stay here fifteen years with security if Malaysian government don't like. Illegal to cross border with even one security.

I wonder if the Old Man ever got our letter? I said.

Me stupid no good you lose your success! D. wailed. What can I do? Maybe you is big problem. But what can I do?

"IT'S SO DIFFICULT TO FIND HIM" (PART IV)

And so we went back to Thailand to beg information from D.'s friends once again, back to Thailand where they laughed at my stupid jokes, and motorcycles and painted minibuses crawled round and round the block in a current of smog and cigarette smoke. Malaysian and Singaporean tourists liked it, too. They came for Thai food, Thai shopping bargains, and Thai pussy (even prostitute they know how nicely to tell money, money, money from Malaysia people! laughed D. gleefully, one thousand five hundred baht[39] spection price!) Beggar-boys in grimy oversized shirts bowed and cupped their hands most hopefully; I gave them coins until all my coins were gone and then I didn't give them anything. Girls rode sidesaddle on the backs of motorcycles; or they rode in front with boys behind holding them tight; men

walked with their arms around women; it was all so different from Malaysia, where they glowered at me because I held D.'s hand. People smiled in the minibuses; their mechanical breezes cooled them and left the smog behind. —And there in Yala I saw my second woman wrapped in black from head to toe, only her eyes and upper nose showing; she was like a three dimensional shadow in front of the mango stand's hot colors; she was like doom.

STATEMENT OF ANOTHER PULO DEFECTOR, KABONG YAHA, YALA

He stay in Saudi Arabia three years, make business selling turbans. It was good.

How old were you when you first got there?

Seventeen.

And when you joined the PULO?

Twenty.

Why did you join? I asked this slender, gentle-looking dark boy. He was dressed in loose grey cotton, and he wore a beard no thicker than his upper lip. He kept his hands at his sides, and stared straight ahead with candid eyes, like a student wanting to make a good impression upon his thesis adviser—who, I suppose, was that same officer, here again listening; every time he insisted on taking D. and me to lunch. Today he would bring us to a roadside stand for fish-egg soup; the eggs were yellow and tasteless and resembled eyeballs.

About ten person in his group go first to contact, D. interpreted. He don't know about PULO, but his friend say, "We go to training, get good business."

Where were you trained?

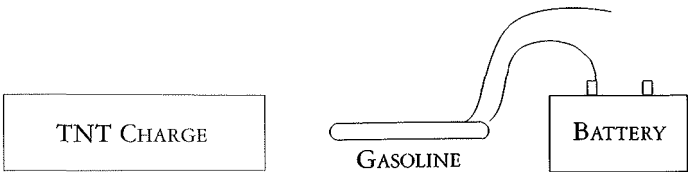
ROUGH SKETCH OF CAMP SEVEN-APPLE

NAMIBIA	[sometimes Moroccans] THAILAND & SOMALIA	PHILIPPINES
(more than 100 persons)	(about 30 Thais and about 15 Somalis, the latter all wounded insurgents)	(about 50 persons)

(Approximately 5 km. end to end)

SOURCE: DEFECTOR INTERVIEWS.

PULO DEFECTOR'S SKETCH OF HIS BOMBS



{Note that while the defector took the trouble to draw in the battery terminals and two wires, there is no proper circuit. One suspects that he did not plant bombs very often, if ever, and certainly not without supervision.}

Tripoli. He passed from Saudi to Syria and then go to Tripoli.[40]

What was your position in the PULO?

Soldier. When he come back, he is very good training from Libya, come back very strong soldier. They teach: You must take care for your country.

Who first came to you in Saudi Arabia to tell you about the PULO?

He don't know who, but he know is Thai people.

What did he say?

"Come to PULO, help country for Islam."

At that time, did you know who Hadji Amin was?

When he come, the Libya government tell him Mr. Hamil[41] was head of Thai people.

And did you ever meet Hadji Amin later?

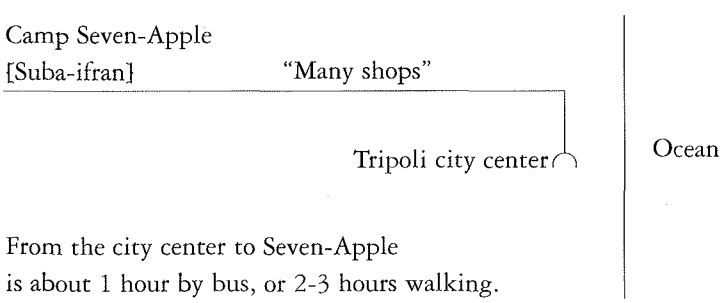
He just meet one time with Hadji Amin. He never talk with him, because Hadji Amin big, big like Prime Minister. This one just small soldier training to do the bad things. Now he tell me he didn't even know that Hadji Amin was the leader of PULO. He thought was only leader of BNPP. He didn't know they were the same.

Okay. So after you said yes to the recruiter, what happened?

First he think for two months, good or not. But he is young, want to fight, and want to know about Tripoli. He like to have nice uniform.

So you said yes, and then...?

LOCATOR MAP OF CAMP SEVEN-APPLE



SOURCE: DEFECTOR INTERVIEWS

He stay in Saudi one week more.

And then?

Fly from Jeddah to Syria.

How long did you stay in Syria?

Two hours flying. Stay in Syria about three week, wait for ticket to Tripoli.

Who gave you your ticket to Syria?

Mr. T—— B——— from Pattani. About forty years old.

Did you fly alone?

Ten person from group in Thailand fly together.

How many passengers were on that flight in total?

Syria Airlines. Not so big.

And then someone met you in Syria?

Have another person from Thailand.

And what did that person say?

They have one house to rent for group training.

And did you stay inside this house while you were waiting, or could you look around like a tourist?

He had good food. Could go anywhere. Very free.

Were you happy or afraid?

No, no, no afraid anything. They have big group.

And after three weeks in Syria, what happened?

From Syria they take from Tripoli by bus to camp.

How did you feel?

Yes, happy.

Can you describe the camp?

He just came for the PULO camp. That camp is near a camp for Somali and Morocco.

Was it very hot?

No. Air-conditioned!

And what did you do?

Training for system same same soldier. Use AK.[42]

How many bullets a day did they give you?

Just take gun. Never shoot.

In your training you never shot?

Never. And training for bomb, but never use.

What time did you get up?

Five morning.

And then?

First praying, then training, run-run-run about three hours.

And then.

Wait for lunch.

And then?

After that, training for gun. Where to take materiel for gun, what to do. One hour. Then finish. Relax. He has holiday Saturday-Sunday and can go outside. One month he could get about twenty dinar, about four hundred baht.[43] So just looking, shopping in Tripoli. And three-o'-clock come back to camp.

How far by bus from Tripoli to the camp?

Two-three hours walking. One hour by bus.

What is the name of the camp?

Suba-ifran. Seven-Apple.

And did you want to stay in Libya and marry a Libyan girl? I asked him.

No, never.

Why?

So difficult to go in Libya. Even him also Islam cannot make friend there. Libya don't like someone else go in his country. But some things more relaxed. All of Libya's citizens like Qadhaffi, but have many poor people, too. For the women, for the poor people, do not have to cover everything in black color. In Saudi, you don't cover face in black, maybe they rape you, you die.

Was it difficult to have no girlfriend while you were training?

He don't think about it.

What did you think about the King and Queen of Thailand?

No, no, doesn't think about them.

And did you see any BRN?

He don't know. At that time no BRN.How long did you stay in Libya?

One year. Then he come to stay with Mr. Hamil. He pass from Tripoli to Syria to Pakistan, stop flight. After training, have about thirty person Thai from training. Whatever Mr. Hamil order, he doing. He is bodyguard for Hamil, security. In group, many AK machine guns from Russia. Buy from Thailand. He contact somebody in village of assistant to Hamil.

Did you ever kill anybody in Thailand?

No, just working with PULO. One time fighting with police on the back side of this mountain, J—— D—— W—— village. No camp, just stay in jungle like that. About five minute fighting, because police know them. He shoot M-16. His group was seven person that time. Police about fifteen.

And did the police chase you?

No, no. Stop. Don't follow. Maybe police afraid.

So every day you just sat with Hamil doing nothing?

Just only that other defector Mr. A—— is famous, Bill. Because in Saudi this one he stay a long time, doesn't know so much about Thailand. Maybe other one is better.

And where did you meet the Old Man?

He meet Hadji Amin with two person in Malaysia.

Why did you go to Malaysia?

He's very bored in jungle Thailand after one year. So he go to Kelantan, Khota Baru, make construction job. Then the other one, assistant to Mr. Hamil, he contact him and they go together to Thai government.

And what's your opinion of Hadji Amin?

He don't know him. High, so separate from him.

And of Qadhaffi?

People like him. Qadhaffi give TV, everything in camp.

Do you still want independence?

Yes, he thinking want independence, but how can he do? Not much power, eh? He say if he have money maybe he must go back to Saudi Arabia: better life than Thailand. All is Islam and better to find job.

I took the hint and gave him a hundred baht. —Why not go to Malaysia? I asked.

Cannot. All of *them,* all member *them* angry him, because he come talk to government.

"IT'S SO EASY TO FIND HIM" (PART III)

Meanwhile, D. kept sighing and worrying about me. She was afraid that my magazine would be angry.

Finally she called a certain royal person—or, I should say, a relative of a practicing royal person. In this region and at this time, royal persons, as a rule, prefer to be kept safely above politics. Even if no Opium King, for instance, were to lurk or parade in a royal person's domains, it would be better for the royal person not to comment, which might entail doing what D. would call the bad thing. D. herself, however, was a very impressive woman, and she made the royal relation tell all. And he *knew* all. Hadji Amin was not in fact surrounded by security men, he said; he had only one cousin who took care for him. His star was waning, the royal person said. Hadji Amin's followers had taken too much money from mosques. —Now he has donate money from eleven countries, about two hundred million baht,[44] for memorial to his father, but he keep for him, D. reported.

He said that all Thai taxi drivers in Khota Baru were members of *them*—which I don't believe was true at all. He said that from Pattani just now thirty commandos of *them* had gone to Libya for training "to learn how to take money"—which sounded more than plausible. He said that the BRN had exploded into three factions now,[45] and only one had merged with the PULO. But the fact that the BRN and the PULO had mixed at all rendered them inconceivably more dangerous

He named a restaurant in Khota Baru where the PULO met. He named a village and a neighborhood.

YALA TO KHOTA BARU AGAIN

Back on the train again, I popped two fever pills and a stomach pill, watching the Thai stations creep by one by one, the train creaking past shaded waiting rooms and laundry hung between banana trees... —This jungle I like so much—tree tree tree and bamboo so wonderful! D. enthused.

Malaysia again. D. and I crossed the border separately, as usual; it wouldn't do to get in trouble for not being married. We went back to the same hotel.

Have you ever been to Thailand? I asked the woman in reception.

Never.

Why? You live so close.

I don't like.

Why?

I don't know.

KHOTA BARU TO KAMPUNG Y.

Taxi drivers, all grinning in a row, slapped gleeful palms with each other because D. and I, poor stupes, had just agreed to pay fifty ringgit[46] for three hours. The village that the royal person had named, which we'll call Kampung Y., was three hours away. —Round the world! our driver yelled out the window to a colleague. —Your friend or your wife? another one whispered into my ear. —Maybe both, I said. He giggled slyly. I held the door for D., and a man glared.

In Kampung Y. nobody knew him until at dusk we finally turned into a weed-grown courtyard where a tall scarred man was sitting. The man said that he was not a member *of them* anymore because he needed money to eat. He said that the Old Man was always moving around, but right now he was in Kampung Z., which was near Khota Baru.

KAMPUNG Z.

It was a hottish night of cooking fires on the roadside and between stilt-houses, square darknesses with open doorways of light in which I could sometimes glimpse people or faded posters of mosques. Motorcycles putted by as I sat in the stopped taxi brushing away almost silent mosquitoes, D. and the driver silhouetted in doorway after doorway as they asked after the whereabouts of the Old Man; and sometimes I could see people's clotted shadows coming or going in the road, the men's wider and leggier, the women's all of a piece within their long cotton dresses which shapeshifted around their narrow forms so strangely; and at last the driver and I went to a large and silent house which we were sure was the Old Man's, and the driver knocked respectfully on the wall and called *Salaam alaykum,* but no one

answered, and I knocked and he knocked again until finally the old woman next door poised her white-cotton-bordered head at the window and after long colloquy explained that she had never heard of the Old Man but he might well be nearer or farther, and my hot stale shirt was heavy with sweat. It was unpleasant to nerve myself to approaching house after house, each time wondering if scared or jangled bodyguards were waiting with ready M-16s or AKs; but then I reminded myself that this was Malaysia where they always water down the fruit juice; probably the gunpowder in the bullets would be weak, too. We met a man who knew D. by name and reputation although he'd never seen her before, and he guided us to a gated mansion, told us to wait, and vanished into the darkness. At last he came back to the taxi and said: If you come in the night time, people afraid.

"HE MUST BE A BAD MAN"

D. said: I think maybe he's not so powerful. The Opium King he never do like this. Just stay always one place with many bodyguard. But Hadji Amin no.

But he's the head of the PULO! I said. How can he not be powerful?

Because he come old, Bill. Before was maybe more power.[47] Now, must share with another. And he always do the bad thing, so always afraid. I don't like him. Even that royal person said, "if he fight by killing Prime Minister or something, then OK, but why kill the poor people?"

And how will we find him?

You remember Kampung X. where we go the first time? Now somebody tell me he living back there again. We try again.

And the taxi driver said: Why does he hide like this? He must be a very bad man.

THE BODYGUARDS

The next morning we found a small grocery store in Kampung Y. whose owner told us that the Old Man came there every day. He hadn't come yet that day. We asked another ten or twenty people where he was. Nobody had heard of him. Then we reached a roadside stand packed with grim and ruffianly individuals. D. approached the man behind the counter and spoke to him. I saw him begin to rage. She came back and reported: He say why we want to meet him? I think this his cousin who take care for him. All these his bodyguard.

We drove around the corner and I wrote another letter to Hadji Amin. I told him that we didn't mean to harm him and wanted only to understand his ideas, that we had tried to meet him many times, and that it would be in his interest to let us see him. Then we drove back to the roadside stand.

I got out of the taxi and approached the tall man behind the counter. I greeted him with *Salaam alaykum* and he bowed slightly with immense dignity and

salaamed me back. He shook my hand. I said to him in Malay: For Mr. Hadji Amin, please. —Then I thanked him and walked away.

We returned in two hours. Again I approached the stand alone. The tall man was gruff this time. He pointed down the street. —The green house, he said.

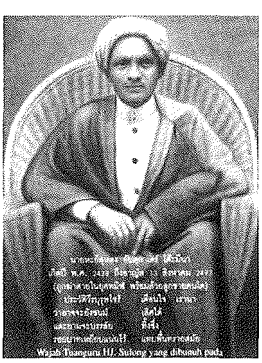
That made sense, I thought. Green was Islamic...

"IT'S SO EASY TO MEET HIM" (PART IV)

As I walked down that dirt lane alone, D. and the driver sitting motionless in the taxi behind me, I charged my mind with questions, chambering all my varied alertnesses and needs to understand like bullets; and the house ahead was very hot and silent. This was always the bad moment, like the instant of leaving a friendly checkpoint in a war zone and beginning to traverse that too open space between oneself and the hostile checkpoint; this was the time when panic-stricken improvers of the world could take their opportunity upon me. My heart was pounding. There was a fence around the house, and a gate. I opened the gate, which slowly squeaked open, entered, and closed it behind me. The taxi had begun to follow at a hearse's pace. The door was widely ajar. Ascending the stairs, I called out: *Salaam alaykum!* and waited to face the gunbarrels of his bodyguards...

THE OLD MAN

He was a stoutish, kindly-faced old man with round glasses, a round head, a receding hairline of grey. I gazed around the room. No bodyguards. He had massive bare feet. There were strange growths or calluses on his ankles. With his pallor and smoothness he reminded me of a grandfatherly turtle. Sometimes he gazed into space, and sometimes he leaned forward and looked into my eyes with a smile into which I could have read anything; I was probably inclined to feel more friendliness in my welcome than was actually the case, as a simple result of my pleasure in actually being able to meet him; but he was cordial enough, though wary. I was sorry to distress him. He said that he didn't speak English, which was my cue to jovially call to D., a proceeding which he didn't like, but D. quickly put him at ease. His maidservant brought D. and me iced orange drinks in glasses on little saucers. Sometimes he sat back in his chair and smiled at me tranquilly and coolly, and I sensed that he was at peace with himself. He had done what he thought was right; he had sacrificed his happiness and security—to say nothing of the unwilling lives of others. This was the man whom the PULO defector who'd trained in Libya called "big like Prime Minister." And indeed he bore himself with highborn regal



Hadji Amin's father

patience.

On one wall hung a sword which had been given to him by King Fahad of Saudi Arabia. On another hung a photograph of his murdered father. There were fresh flowers underneath.

The fan was spinning quietly in that tiny house of white sunlight bleeding in through drawn curtains, a house that reminded me of the inside of a bleached seashell. I saw a small television, a Chinese fan with depictions of cranes, a few books, some Arabic hangings and medallions, stared again at the Old Man with his big glasses on his big egghead—

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN BEN HADJI SULUNG[48]

Before, the south of Thailand—Patani, Satun, Narathiwat and Yala—was independent of Malaysia, began the Old Man. The Thais conquered us in 1786. There was fighting six times, and the Thais finally won.[49]

My father, Hadji Sulung, wanted to regain independence for the Muslim provinces, but could not, because at that time, Prime Minister Luang Phibunsongkhram was a bad person regarding Islam.[50] The government wanted to change everything for Muslims, to take away sarongs and hijabs and like that. All must be Thai.

I was in secondary school when my father started fighting the Thai government in 1945. In 1948 they caught my father. He was imprisoned in Bangkok for four years, and then they had some meeting in the Prime Ministry, after which the new Prime Minister, Mr. Kuang Apaivong, helped my father and secured his release in 1954. The second time they caught my father, they put him in the ocean, and he was never found. My father, my brother, and two of my father's friends—four persons—all died.

EXTRACT FROM A BOOKLET PUBLISHED BY THE PROF. HAJI SULONG ABDULQADIR TOHMEENA FOUNDATION

On the date of August 2497 B.E. (1947 A.D.) Haji Sulong and his two friends and his eldest son Ahmed Tohmeena (with pregnanted in Makkah) [conceived in Mecca?] went to see the investigation police at Songkhala province by ordered which his eldest son was his translator, but all of them disappeared, the government inform that, the investigation police released them by released memorandum of signed.

After that time, became to know about that case from the clearance board of committee which establishing by field Marshal Sarit Thanarat[51] the Prime Minister said that, Haji Sulong and his two friends and his eldest son killed by the police on that day, by neck tightened, and operated the death bodies fastened with cement pole, sinking in the Songkla lake.[52]

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

What did you think when you heard that news? I said.

Hadji Amin's reply was very soft and quiet.

D., who loved her country, hung her head. —He talk about his government, she said.

Did your father begin the PULO movement or had it existed before his time? I asked him.

In his day it was not called the PULO. It was called GANPAR.[53] GANPAR was founded in 1947-48. In that period all of our Muslim citizens were angry at the government, and formed a group to fight it.

What was the worst thing that the government did?

In Coconut Village[54] in Province Narathiwat, in '48 and '49, the government burned Muslim houses—a hundred of them. And four thousand Muslim died. It was kill, kill, kill.

Why did the government kill these people?

They were GANPAR.

D. clucked and shook her head. —You know, Bill, before I never know that. I'm so poor for him. So sad.

I myself thought: How could one be completely unsympathetic to the Old Man? His accusation concerning Coconut Village was a pretty serious charge, although of course the massacre had occurred several administrations ago. And if the government killed my father I don't know what I'd do. No doubt Hadji Amin truly believed he was being just. A lawyer lives next door to me in California, an older, very kind, wise, softspoken man. I asked him whether in his career he'd ever met somebody who came out and said: The other side is right. I'm in the wrong. —The lawyer smiled and scratched his chin. —No, Bill, he said, I don't think I've ever run into that...

INTERJECTION

There did not seem to be any point in going to the Thai government to get official denial or confirmation of the Coconut Village story. No Thai official who valued what D. would have termed his "take it easy life" would have wanted such a hot potato. Did this atrocity actually occur or not? Unfortunately, by this time my resources were almost exhausted and I could not visit Coconut Village. I can say only that almost all the old people whom D. and I asked—even one Chinese-Thai man as far away as Bangkok—confirmed and believed the Old Man's tale, as they did his account of the liquidation of his father. (About that latter event, D. herself told me that when she was younger she had spoken with some elderly folks who claimed to have seen the four bodies go into the water.)

One old headman, who might have been Buddhist or otherwise "disaffected" from the PULO, stated that Hadji Sulong's organization had itself killed the Muslims in Coconut Village because that area was such a "very nice economy" with previous stones that GANPAR wanted to use it as a base, and the victims, mistakenly preferring their take-it-easy lives, had refused. After that, the headman said, Hadji Sulong blamed the atrocity on the government. —Impossible, another PULO man responded curtly. The government do it. The people have the power, want to make independence, stay there, so the government do the bad thing.

I am inclined to agree with the PULO man, at least regarding the impossibility part. (For one thing, if Hadji Amin's dates are correct, his father would have been in prison during the burning of Coconut Village. For another, it is very difficult to believe that any perpetrator could have hoped to remain incognito forever. Such an act would deeply prejudiced the PULO's cause, and Hadji Sulong does not appear to have been stupid.) I think it very likely that something bad happened at Coconut Village.[55]

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

What was your reaction after you heard that your father had been murdered?

I tried to talk with the Minister [of the Interior] and the Prime Minister. I was a Member of Parliament two times.

What did the government say?

The government wanted to close my mouth and give me more power—"please, you keep quiet and I'll make you big"—but I didn't need that. And after that, Phibunsongkhram went down. His successor[56] tried to meet and talk with me; that Prime Minister was the best.

And then?

The Old Man laughed. —I tried fighting.

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

GANPAR was finished in 1957, said the Old Man. The BRN was formed in 1960. The BNBP began in 1963. By then I was already marked. They caught me and someone else, and they put me in prison from 1961 to 1964. I was with a hundred other "politicals": Communists, Socialists...

Could you make friends with them?

So-so. *Comme-çi comme-ça.*

Since you were Muslim, did any Communists make trouble against you in prison?

The only ones who made trouble against me were Thai people.

Could you do any work?

I learned French and Arabic. I taught Malay...

And when you were released?

I went underground. I had a different mentality after prison; I saw that I would have to fight in another way.

In Thailand?

Yes. I was able to get some work in the government again, but a less powerful position than Member of Parliament. I taught religion in the mosques. And I worked underground with the BRN.

You were the head of the BRN?

Yes.

And when the PULO appear?

In 1968.

And then?

In 1981 I came here, because the government wanted to kill me again.

What happened?

In 1980 the government bombed my house. The Ministry of Soldiers [Ministry of the Interior?] had the order. Soldiers and police came to bomb my house. Even now, Thais think that Islam is only stupid, like an adopted daughter, not a true daughter of Thailand.

And the Chinese people in the south, what do you think about them?

The Thais and the Chinese have the same ideas about us, said the Old Man, studying me with a steady smiling look.

STATEMENT OF SOME BUDDHIST SCHOOLGIRLS IN YALA

Muslims are some good, some bad. Not so good. We don't like them so much.

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

And what's your opinion of the King and Queen of Thailand? I asked.

The King and Queen are no problem, he shrugged. All of the citizens love them. It's only the government which is the problem.

And the Opium King?

A very nice person. He tries to do the good thing for his people.

Looking into his eyes, I asked him: When is violence justified?

I must use it if there is danger for me, he replied at once. I don't hesitate to use it. Last year, ninety-five police over three provinces were killed at my orders.

What had those police done?

They did bad things against Islam. Some were corrupt, and they took money from local people.

And that bomb in the railroad station in Hat Yai, was that PULO or not?

PULO. But the police will never know. Because the police are stupid—*lazy* and stupid, he laughed.

STATEMENT OF SOME LOW-LEVEL POLICEMEN IN PATTANI

How harsh was that particular characterization? Buddhists and ethnic Chinese were burning incense at the place where half a thousand years ago a Chinese girl had hanged herself because her brother had married a Muslim and converted to Islam, after which he did not want to return home to China anymore; her grave could work miracles, and so, someone told me, the PULO often "made trouble there."[57] Not so far from there was Hadji Amin's old house, once his grandfather's. His son Azmi (who'd been a year and a half old when his grandfather was murdered) lived there now, and when I asked whether he thought that the PULO were good or bad he smiled tenderly and stroked my arm and said: Here in this place it's so dangerous to talk about the PULO! —No doubt that was true. Surely the Old Man sent out his spies, and the Thai government sent out its spies, which the ancient Chinese sage Sun-tzu had formed lovingly into five categories, saying: *They are a ruler's treasures.*[58] But Azmi had just been to Khota Baru to celebrate Hari Raya Aidil Fitri with his father. His mother also went back and forth at pleasure. That was the Thai way. The government knew where Azmi was, so they surely knew where his father was—indeed, Hadji Amin said that the Prime Minister had contacted him recently, to invite him back into the government; that rang true because it would have been the Thai way, the open, easy way. But Hadji Amin said that he told the Prime Minister: I don't need it. —Meanwhile the police didn't pounce on Azmi; they didn't much menace the Old Man; they wanted just to appease him and bring him back, as they'd done with those PULO and BRN defectors in Yala. No doubt they considered their attack upon his house a mistake.

That old house lay in one direction, but in another, and much much closer to that shrine of the Chinese suicide squatted a concrete hut with two faded blue and white flags in which skinny-legged policemen and policeboys sat barefooted and gently stuporous in shorts, big black boots awaiting them from the rack. Tiny birds hopped and cheeped in their cages. Their boss, the "big police," slumbered thunderously behind an almost closed door.

On 24 February of this year[59] came just two person, member of *them,* said a policeman. They had M-16, one M-16 coming, in the night time, 2:10 minute a.m. About five minute shooting, and then fighting about five minute, and then run away. They shot at the checkpoint. They want to kill police on the road but they don't succeed. And then they bring the stamp of New PULO here, so we know.

In the last two years, in your idea, how many victims have there in been?

In Yala too many people die, but here in Pattani I don't know.

And how many victims of the PULO would you say there are in all Thailand every year?

He said he don't know.

Well, very roughly—twenty or two hundred or two thousand?

He cannot account anymore. About two-three years ago they bomb Pattani Town but he forgot where. I so poor for him, Bill! The Old Man speak true—Thai police so stupid never know anything! Now this police he say he think PULO never finish. Because always training in the Middle East. If you knock one down, another come up, like that.

ON THE OTHER HAND

I do have to confess that when I walked around the police hut and inspected the checkpoint barrier (now dragged off the road since it was daytime) and the surrounding trees I could find no bullet holes, not one. And no police had been killed in that episode. And everywhere I went in those southern provinces, I'd ask the police to show me captured PULO bombs or weapons but they never had any; it was always the next province over that had the problem. Was it possible that the Governor of Yala was correct, that, like many terrorist organizations, the PULO possessed a reputation exceeding its competence? Could it be, as the woman head of village had suggested, that its powers were simply on the wane?[60] Later the Old Man had a heart attack, and he lay weak at home near Kota Bharu, with his wife attending him; the Thai government didn't stop her from going; then he had another heart attack and had to go to the big hospital in Kuala Lumpur; but there were new PULO men ready to take over. D. laughed sadly and said: Now is very quiet, but never go away. Same like cancer...

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

Which Muslim countries do you like the best?

Before, Fahad in Saudi helped me. Then Khunying Songdau Sayamvalo from Bangkok visited him, and requested that I stop.[61] And now Libya has stopped also.[62] Syria has stopped; Brunei has also finished.

Do any governments still help you or are you alone now?

Malaysia gives me aid, but they gave ear to the Thai government, and now they also have begun to stop.

What would be the best thing that someone could do to help you?

Talk to the O.I.C.[63] Tell them to help me again.

STATEMENT OF A HIGH POLICE OFFICIAL IN HAT YAI

How many terrorist attacks have there been here in Songkhla province in the last two years?

Just only three, including that time when the railroad was destroyed. Another time in the Chinat district. Then on the 3rd of January this year, two New PULO

died in a bombing accident. Not so many victims. Terrorist just put for show off and like that. I never live in Narathiwat Province. Maybe more trouble in Narithiwat than here. Where the three province come together is Budo Mountain; many PULO there.

STATEMENT OF A FORMER (AND POSSIBLY CURRENT) PULO MAN IN SOUTHERN PATTANI

Oh, Budo Mountain is very safe for you now. Today you can walk there in jungle no problem.

ON THE OTHER HAND AGAIN

So had the Old Man's orders really been responsible for the liquidation of ten police? Impossible to say, and in a way it didn't matter. (Are there any PULO in prison here? I'd asked the political official in Yala. —Oh, many, many! he replied.) The primary purpose of terrorist violence, as I've said, is to instill fear; and if people were already afraid, why, then, the PULO was home free!

STATEMENT OF A LOW-LEVEL POLICEMAN IN PATTANI

One of the policeboys who lounged on a motorbike under the trees was a "special police to fight PULO." I asked if he had fought the PULO many times.

Oh, many times, in K———.

And what happened?

He laughed merrily. —They are upstairs on mountain with many gun; we are downstairs, so we run away. If not, maybe we die!

THE REASON FOR MURDER

And why did you place that bomb in Hat Yai? What did those six or seven people do?

Nothing, answered Hadji Amin with a gruesomely cheerful smile. We placed the bomb to make police afraid, just to make trouble in general.[64]

How many members do you have?

Many, many! But I cannot talk about that.

Are the Old PULO, the New PULO and the BRN united now, or separate?

They all follow me.[65] And now the Prime Minister tried to call me back again, but I told him I don't need it. I don't need to work with those people anymore.

THE OLD MAN AS GANDHIAN

What's your opinion of Gandhi? I asked him.

Good! he replied

Why is it acceptable for you to kill people when it wasn't acceptable for Gandhi?

Because Gandhi's citizens weren't bad like the Thais, explained the Old Man. They were Indians. But Thais are bad people. Some must die.[66]

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

Is there one surah of the Qur-'an in particular that makes you feel strong?

Ya Sin, replied the Old Man. It's so cooling and quiet.

AN EXCERPT FROM "YA SIN"

In the name of Allah, the Beneficent, the Merciful.

O [perfect] man,By the Qur'-an full of wisdom!Surely thou art one of the messengers,On a right way.A revelation of the Mighty, the Merciful,That thou mayest warn a people whose fathers were not warned, so they are heedless.The word has indeed proved true of most of them, so they believe not.Surely We have placed on their necks chains reaching up to the chins, so they have their heads raised aloft.And We have set a barrier before them and a barrier behind them, thus We have covered them, so that they see not.And it is alike to them whether thou warn them or warn them not—they believe not.Thou canst warn him only who follows the Reminder and fears the Beneficent in secret; so give him good news of forgiveness and a generous reward.Surely We give life to the dead, and We write down that which they send before [their actions] and their footprints, and We record everything in a clear writing.[67]

WHAT IT ALL MEANT (PENANG, MALAYSIA)

And what might Hadji Amin's ideal Islamic state resemble? What course his revolution? *Use and wont will now no longer direct any man,* offers Carlyle, *each man, with what of originality he has, must begin thinking; or following those that think.*[68] And when *I* think, for some reason (I really can't imagine why), Malaysia comes to mind. (When I asked the important person in Yala whether there were any differences between Muslims in Malaysia and in Thailand, he replied: No, because we are all one unity.) In Malaysia, of course, in Malaysia lazing rich behind her palmtrees, all the differences between Malays, ethnic Chinese, and Indians had long been solved. —It was the first day of Hari Raya Aidil Fitri; Ramadan had ended at last. Men whistled songs in a Chinese cafe, watching the dogs, motorcycles and foreigners go

by. They were happy that the long fast was over. The doorway was hung with a row of red cloth squares, each sporting a golden ideogram. Sometimes these moved vaguely in the breeze. Beneath them lay Penang's low skyline of rustbricked roofs, the shutters down on all the Muslim shops. D. and I had in fact had some difficulty in finding a money-changer that morning so that we could pay our hotel bill for a second night—not that we really wanted to stay in Penang, but the buses and trains were all overbooked for the holiday and we were not yet desperate enough to take a taxi to Thailand. Finally we found a hardware store proprietor in the Indian quarter who was willing to transform dollars into ringgit. The next morning a Muslim approached us on the street and asked if we wanted to change money. When I said that we had done so yesterday, he flew into a terrific rage. —Illegal! he shouted. Who is this money-changer? Where is he? —I refused to tell him. He hated that Indian for taking the bread from his mouth, and yet I am sure that if I'd met that Muslim on the previous morning he would have refused to make the transaction I needed. Somehow that man reminds me of Hadji Amin. Had he expressed racism? Had he engaged in "discrimination?"—Surely, but no more than that of the man of Chinese extraction whom D. and I met at a bus stop on the other side of the border; he was lethargic and missing many teeth; D. believed him to be an addict. That man announced: Islam is no good, is lazy. They want only to make the bad thing. All rich people here in Thailand are Chinese. Sometimes Islam come to them and say, you must give money or we do the bad thing. —The man clutched a long smoky cigarette in his skinny fingers, and wrapped his other hand feebly about his bare feet. —One could not really call his remarks discriminatory, for he had no power to discriminate against anybody. What would the Old Man have made of him? Was he too a bloodsucker, a rich surcharger of Muslims? Why not live and let live, then, as everyone did in Penang's ancient buildings whose shutters were as warped as peeling paint chips, whole windows gaped like the shells of boiled clams, whose sodden curtains sagged? Ah, Hari Raya Aidil Fitri, a happy time; even the Chinese musicians sang and tapped their wrists, maybe because they lived there, too, and because the Muslims weren't working, so business would be especially good for the Chinese. Where would they fit in the Old Man's theocracy? He'd never really answered me. If he won, would he expel them or tax them or convert them or what? I didn't trust him to leave them alone. Sausages and barbecued chickens hung from hooks, lethargically twirling while below the girl lethargically chopped, about two cleaver-strokes per minute, her jaws entrancedly chewing; I met a man studded with square gold rings and gold bracelets and gold necklaces who raised his chin from his hands to sing a Chinese song with D....Around the corner, a Hindi trishaw driver waited for business, his forehead gashed by praying, his hands and wrists scarred with circular silver burns from his welding job. I asked him if Hindus were treated the same as Muslims in Malaysia. —Not the same, he said. And there was a silence, and then he quickly said, I don't know if out of fear or fairness: But me cannot be jealous! No

jealous! Because Muslim work hard, hard, hard, and also pray very good...—That, after all, was true.

One citizen after another assured me that Malaysia was better than Thailand—that Malaysia was the best country in the whole world, in fact; because it was clean, quiet, beautiful and peaceful. (The assurers were all ethnic Malays, Muslims.) Why were D. and I so unenlightened as to refuse to convert to Islam, take up residence, and become citizens? If we did we'd certainly be welcomed. I met many Chinese and Indians who loved their country, too. But the citizens who complained about their country were more likely than not to be Chinese and Indians—that is, to be non-Muslims, like the old man, a sixth generation Chinese immigrant, who said to me mildly that Thailand was more open-minded. He said most people didn't treat him well. If he wasn't so poor he would have left Malaysia long ago, perhaps for Thailand, maybe for Australia...[69] Would Hadji Amin have encouraged him in that resolution? Probably it didn't matter—not only because secession of the four provinces was unlikely to be realized in the Old Man's lifetime; but also because life will have its revenge over ideology. The low-level defectors whom I'd interviewed—the assistants, the triggermen, the Libyan trainees—wasted few thoughts on Islam. They were poor; they were ignorant—very well, they'd become bandits. These were the malleable souls—the Nazi street thugs of the 1920s; the *sans culottes* of the 1780s—whose destiny could be altered by any puppet master. There was an excellent chance that the Old Man's insinuation of their insignificance was correct—but by virtue of that very fact, they were the majority. Counter-insurgency had won over some of them, at least. When I asked the important person in Yala if life were improving for Muslims, he replied: I think maybe better than before. Because the economy is going up, and there are more Muslim officials. —The vast majority of the Thai Muslims I met agreed with him. The only question was: Were things getting better fast enough, far enough? And here a gruesome parable comes to mind. The story goes that in Penang there was a Kung Fu master named Da Sa Lim, who was caught selling heroin; and in those days Malaysia had a penalty which seemed stiff enough: Hanging by the neck for two hours! —But Da Sa Lim was able to tense up the muscles of his neck in some special Kung Fu way, and so after the statutory two hours they had to set him free! He, so they say, was intelligent enough to depart from Malaysia quickly; he went to Singapore, and then to China... After that they changed the law as follows: Hanging by the neck until *dead.* It would be easy for Thailand with its smiling lazy policeboys to think that the two-hour approach to the PULO was enough... But, as far as I could tell, Hadji Amin had no approach at all: insurgency alone was his department. What about educating the faithful, or constructing decent jobs? Perhaps this isn't fair. Nowadays we don't ask the four-star generals what the prime minister's policy ought to be.[70] For whatever reason, however, the Old Man's ends remained as shadowy as his means. Closing my eyes, I can see him again, smiling, opening his mouth wide, chuckling soundlessly in darkness.

"SYMPATHETIC SUPPORT"

Not far from the ice cream parlor in Pattani which D. informed me got extortion letters from the PULO every year because it was successful and Chinese-run (D. said they'd never been bombed because they paid; sometimes her friends would intercede with the PULO to reduce the amount by fifty percent) there stood a taxi stand where we hired a Muslim to take us into the hot green palmy *maquis.* D. wasn't sure of the exact way, so she did what any logical person would do when searching for a big fish in the PULO; she stopped in a government office, visited an old friend, and came back with a detailed map and a letter of introduction. —You happy? she said proudly.

The driver said that people were afraid to drive this particular road after six at night because "members of *them*" might do something bad.

How long has it been that way?

Long time. Long time until now, even now.

The man we'd come to see had a dark, almost characterless face, missing teeth, a wooden brown man, a true guerrilla leader, immensely strong and resolute. He wore a pistol in his sarong. He brought us into a concrete anteroom like that of a head of village. Five small boys and two little girls sat on the floor quietly listening. Outside, in the covered courtyard, many people were sitting on benches or leaning on the rear wall, looking in at us. From time to time somebody brought the dark man something to sign. They always bore their documents on trays and stood waiting while he signed. He sat in his chair, with that small pistol at his side.

...And then he have trouble and run away, D. was saying. He run away to become PULO. He have one son, and he thinking about his parents, and police come when he go to his parents, and then government do the bad thing to his mother and his father.

What kind of trouble did he have?

Before, they fighting with the government two times a day, and his wife miscarried from fighting.

And then?

The government send police always make problem with his family. All his family run away, and many citizen here. They make a big group, eight, one hundred person, and the village keep quiet. All of citizen give money, hold hand together, and then they have food, have gun and something. Always he giving the people. Always helping the people. Never do anything bad, only helping. Only government do anything bad.

D., have you heard of this man before?

Oh, yes, Bill. In the south he so famous. Big general. More than one hundred PULO in his group.

And what do you think about what the Governor of Yala said, that there were only a hundred and twenty PULO in all Thailand?

She laughed. —I think maybe Governor don't know, never see.

And how was this general able to come back to the village? Did he accept an amnesty?

Now, police do always the bad thing, and he become bigger, because the people like him, and because he can stop the bad thing. Police get afraid of him.

What kind of bad things?

Before and now is the same. When they want to catch the drug with some person, they plant the drug. Take innocent person. Or maybe they looking for PULO. If cannot find, police take somebody, anybody, and they hitting. Hit them to tell for information even if they never know. But hitting is now not so bad. Now government is more OK about hitting.

I understand. But did he get an amnesty?

Yes.

So they amnestied him, but he's still PULO.

Yes.

And those PULO and BRN defectors we met in Yala, do you think they're still PULO and BRN?

Maybe, said D. Sometimes I think like that...

Where do you get your weapons? I asked the man.

All the gun he buy from the corrupt government. The government buy cheap from Vietnam War and sell expensive to him, sell maybe for ten thousand baht.[71] And the people who come to sell all have star on shoulder, not yet small person! — D. laughed as she translated this accusation of Thai military corruption, and she added: I believe.

How old was he when he became PULO?

Twenty-one. In the jungle for ten years.

STATEMENT OF A COUNTERINSURGENCY WARRIOR

As Mao's translator and enemy writes:

> Historical experience suggests that there is very little hope of destroying a revolutionary guerrilla movement after it has survived the first phase and has acquired the sympathetic support of a significant segment of the population. The size of this "significant segment" will vary; a decisive figure might range from 15 to 25 per cent.[72]

STATEMENT OF THE BRN DEFECTOR (CONTINUED)

The people in village give us everything.[73]

STATEMENT OF ANOTHER MUSLIM TAXI DRIVER

As we rode back toward the city of Pattani (about which my guidebook remarked: *The town as a whole is as dirty as Yala Town is clean,*[74] I said to D.: Ask the driver who he thinks will win, the government or the PULO.

He don't know, she reported.

Who does he want to win?

He don't know, but he don't like so much the government.

Why?

Must always pay something to corrupt police. If only a little, is no problem, but must always pay big, big.

STATEMENT OF THE DARK MAN (CONTINUED)

When he first went into the jungle, was the PULO separate from the BRN?

Both BNPP together.

And now?

All together.

It was very bright in the window outside with giant leaves drooping and glistening like chili pods, and sweat shone on everyone's faces. The children had stopped listening by now and were lolling on the cool linoleum of the main house, watching television, from which blasted the stupidly sinister music of some American cops and robbers program.

What percentage of the people in this area are members *of them?* I asked.

The dark man replied flatly: A hundred percent.

"YOU MUST BE A BAD PERSON AND HELP YOURSELF"

All well and good, but the dark man didn't much care for Hadji Amin's ideas and often went his own way. So how many PULOs were there really? Could any extortionist, ideologue or provincial savior just call himself PULO? It might have been thus in eighteenth-century France with those peasant insurgents who called themselves Chouans. The republicans had won their revolution and shattered organized opposition, reducing the Chouans to atomized individuals and small groups carrying out their petty attacks. After that, though, the Revolution never rooted them all out...

What actually constituted the miniature PULOs? From what the defectors had told me I already had a sense of the answer, which was confirmed in another village near Narathiwat whose shacks and houses were hung with multiple round bird-

cages, in each a single cheeping creature; and sometimes there were pale monkeys chained to coconut trees. Men bare to the waist lay drowsing on shady platforms of bamboo. D. asked a group of these lords where we could find the one we sought, and they crowded around. A man who'd studied in Saudi Arabia took my arm caressingly, gazing into my eyes with authority rather than self-importance; he was perhaps the village headman. —He come from Saudi, D. said to me later in knowing tones. Sure he is member of *them.* —And, still disbelieving the dark man's words, I wondered: Could there really be that many of "them"? Was the PULO, was the Muslim disaffection in these four provinces (for it was perhaps of too desultory a nature to be called a resistance) so widely seeded and rooted?

During the Vietnam War, this area had been partly controlled by the Communist Party of Thailand, since suppressed by a deal involving the Thai military, the Khmer Rouge and Red China: Chinese arms could go through Thailand to Cambodia; in return the Chinese would abandon the CPT. So that insurgency, once popular, had almost died, and another insurgency whose ideology was entirely different had expanded to fill the vacuum. Did so many people want out? If so, someday perhaps another Bosnia would take place here. What might Hadji Amin's five-year surprise be? More than one Thai Buddhist had told me that if Malaysia continued to train and arm the PULO then there might be war. (As a wag said: There are two ways of making enemies. A contiguous enemy is made by a *territorial claim.* A noncontiguous enemy is made through an alliance with the *enemy's contiguous enemy.*[75]) I remembered one hot afternoon in a very hot park in Yala when D. and I, having just drunk iced sugarcane juice at a Muslim girl's stand, were drawing sketches of trees; and ants of a dullish red nature busied themselves upon my flesh. I saw a man who by his clothes and demeanor could have been a Thai official off work, so I lured his children in by flashing the box of watercolor pencils that my parents had given me for Christmas—for journalists must be as anglers, baiting and twitching their selfishly inquisitive hooks. Once the children had become addicted to my pencils, the man was forced to answer a few questions, although he looked at his watch from time to time and told his children that they had to go back to the office (at which they'd howl, compelling him to talk to us further). As it happened, he was a political officer—like C.I.D., explained D., who soon exercised her customary magnetism upon him. That afternoon she was from Indonesia, not Peru. —The political officer never knew what our job was. He said that although everything seemed quiet, in his opinion the PULO were more dangerous than ever. They had just planted a bomb in this very park last month, but a student had seen, and contacted the police. He said that the PULO were entering a new phase of insurgent tactics. Before, they had operated out of the jungle, sowing secret terror. Now they were moving into the villages. —Stupid Muslims sometimes, said D. angrily at this news. Because we don't want to have problem with them. (These were almost the same words that Hadji Amin had used about the Thais.)—D. cried: Always

Muslims say I am good, good, good and Chinese no good! —The political officer said that they were coming and going to Libya by means of Bangkok; and Malaysia was behind them, too, of course... The Thai government had sent a spy to follow people who went to Libya, but the spy was Muslim (this detail he said with contempt), so of course they never got any information. —Well, what's the best way to end it? I had asked. —Seal the borders with Malaysia, the man said. We're too soft with them. They always take, take, take. They're so dangerous. They deny that they give the PULO support, but it's not true. If we close the borders, Malaysia will starve for supplies. They're smaller than we are; we can defeat them. —His harshness shocked and frightened me. The four provinces seemed so sleepy. But of course the cancer remained. The political officer must have seen it every day.

Meanwhile, in the village near Narathiwat, the man who'd studied in Saudi Arabia lifted his hand from my arm and pointed. We were right across the dirt street from the house we were looking for, the home of the man in the white prayer cap, who invited us in, and sat crosslegged with us on the floor because it was cooler there. He had a fine intellectual face, slightly tending to weariness.

Before, he think that independence for Pattani is the best, D. relayed. For *idea* independence is best, but now he think that some people like Hadji Amin want independence only for themselves, not yet for him; they want only money. When the government say PULO bad, that's OK, because yes, many thing bad. But PULO always here, never go away. Before he was born, PULO[76] always have member everywhere, like Mafia. BNPP, BRN, PULO all same. BRN before doesn't hold hands with PULO. Just PULO show off because Hadji Amin is *money money money* mentality. But then they all come together. All same. Not want independence for citizen; just want power for themselves. Same until now, even now.

The man's wife came in on her knees and served us iced orange drinks on a tray.

But PULO and BRN do sometimes good, something for small people, the man continued. And soldier in the jungle, he don't do bad things with the people; he just fighting the government.

Does the Thai government listen to Muslims or not?

Before, government doesn't open too much about Islam people. They don't need too much the people. But now it's OK.

It was very hot. The shutters were all slanted in parallels in the wide window-hole. Mosquitoes danced in

So now you don't want independence from Thailand anymore? I asked him.

Now unless the PULO change their idea he want to stay with Thai government.

Did the government kill Hadji Sulong?

The man lit a cigarette. —He listen people talk but he don't know. But, Thai government afraid Hadji Sulong because he have big power with Islam. And maybe the government do the bad thing.

So you can trust the government?

Maybe.

If you don't want independence, what's the best way to help the Muslim people here?

We must give Islam high education first. Just only education first. If you don't have education, you don't know the way for fighting for the good thing.

When we talked with the Governor of Yala, I said to the man, he told us that only about twenty people a year are killed by the PULO, but Hadji Amin said that last year he killed ninety-five police. In your estimation, how many actually die from PULO activity?

The man smiled. D. smiled, too. —He said PULO is always the winner.

Can you be more specific?

Ten years ago PULO always shooting, fighting together. So die one-one. Kill one police, die one PULO. Five years ago, stop for fighting. Get more strong for PULO. PULO come up, up. This year maybe more than one hundred people PULO kill. But now cannot fight with the soldiers with guns. Try to absorb with the people. And now a different kind of PULO. Before, you can go to the PULO anybody; it's easy if you have problem of your life. —He speak true, Bill, same like PULO defector who run away from village just for fighting, you remember? —So now they change: To be PULO you must have secondary school education, and you cannot be addict. Better.

So the PULO is trying not to fight anymore? What about those bombs last month?

The man in the white prayer cap grappled and groped with the hot air. —Not too much bomb now, because change PULO style. And who knows everything? He tell sometimes burn school, you know. People say PULO, but PULO say government do. Now he's bored about bombing like that. Anyway, PULO cannot do, because we need the people.

And that bomb in Hat Yai that killed those half-dozen people in the railroad station, I asked, was that a PULO or a government action?

He say government do and then show off about PULO.

Since the Old Man himself had accepted responsibility for that bombing, this answer effectively discredited the man's accusation that the Thai government blew up schools—unless, of course, the Old Man had taken the credit to magnify his power. Who knows? Either way it was an atrocity. Perhaps reading my look, the man dropped his head a little. —He don't agree with the bomb from PULO sometimes, because PULO do like stupid thing.

I nodded. The man looked at me wistfully and said: Hadji Amin no good. He always move outside my country and want only to show off to get money from another country. If Hadji Amin want to fight for independence really really, maybe can do. But he don't want.

So he did still want independence, then! (Hadji Amin did, too, I thought; he seemed more sincere than this man gave him credit for.) And he talked about a "different PULO"... I felt again, as I had with the dark man, that Islamic separatism continued to thrive here, if not to grow, that perhaps someday it would rise again

into its bloody flowering season. D. had told me: Royal person he said PULO more dangerous than before, because they go underground. And the local people don't know. PULO always working, working underground, but other people they doesn't know too much about Hadji Amin...

That too was natural, I reflected, for the Old Man lived and worked in darkness.

STATEMENT OF HADJI AMIN (CONTINUED)

Do you have any message to the world? I'd asked him at the end.

Yes, he said. (He was tired by then; his heart disease was bothering him.) Number one, we are Islamic in origin. Number two, Thailand wants us to follow everything Thai, and we cannot. Number three, please grant us the independence that we had before.

If you succeed, should the Thais in your new country stay or go?

If we live together, the Old Man replied, for us it's no problem. We never started the trouble with them.

He wanted us to go; he was tired and unwell. The anxiety of being hunted down by us had probably been bad for him. D. had already risen. I closed my daypack and said: And you think that independence is possible?

If Allah wills, then tomorrow it can happen. Everything is from God. But we ourselves never know what we do.

As D. and I were leaving the house, he smiled and added: Five years from now, something big is going to happen, a special thing. I cannot talk about it now.

STATEMENT OF THE MAN IN THE WHITE PRAYER CAP (CONTINUED)

The man in the prayer cap was smiling at me now, a wise and strangely kind smile. I said to D.: Please ask him if it's possible to do any good things with gun and bomb.

He have many experiences that make him think now PULO no good. The first, he doesn't have high education. Just do the same thing all the time, the stupid thing. The second, even if he die fighting, he get nothing. He always in the jungle, Bill. Two years he always move in the three province.[77] The first time he come to PULO, they say no problem with money, and then no money. So you must be a bad person and help yourself. He never buy gun. His group already have. He do in Hat Yai Province, Songkhla Province.[78] So he take some money from Chinese.

A CHINESE RESTAURANT IN HAT YAI

It had been very hot all night, so early the next morning D. and I went to the nearest Chinese restaurant and ordered a long tall bottle of chilled sugarcane juice which we

poured over ice. I had pork and egg and chili rice for breakfast. The Chinese family was keeping itself busy. The old man and his wife were taking fresh vegetables out of plastic bags and inspecting them carefully. A middle-aged woman with curled hair piled her just-made translucent noodles into the bottom level of the double-tiered glass case and walked around it, even inspected it from the street to make sure that it lived up to her standards. The youngest woman, evidently her sister, stood in a special booth of hanging chicken parts, slowly cleaving meat with a knife as wide as her thigh. As she labored she very slowly chewed. —Very hard-working, Chinese, said D.

Are they rich, these people here? I asked.

Yes, yes! she replied.

Rich enough for the PULO to come?

Oh, yes!

STATEMENT OF THE MAN IN THE WHITE PRAYER CAP (CONTINUED)

When he catch the Chinese, he keep two or three of them in jungle, and let one Chinese back home, and if he don't come back with money, then the other two die.

Where did he catch them?

In the town. Nearly dark time. PULO come inside Chinese house. He take to jungle. Must do like that to support his group: twenty person.

How much did he ask for?

Two hundred thousand one time.

And if they were to say that they could give only a hundred thousand?

Many time when he said five hundred thousand[79] and they say please half price, then he said, yes, it's OK to support us; I never think about kill you. He is nice person, eh?

Oh, very nice, I agreed, looking into the terrorist's face. Does he believe that the Chinese always overcharge Muslims?

Always Chinese do like that even until now.

Can anybody make them stop?

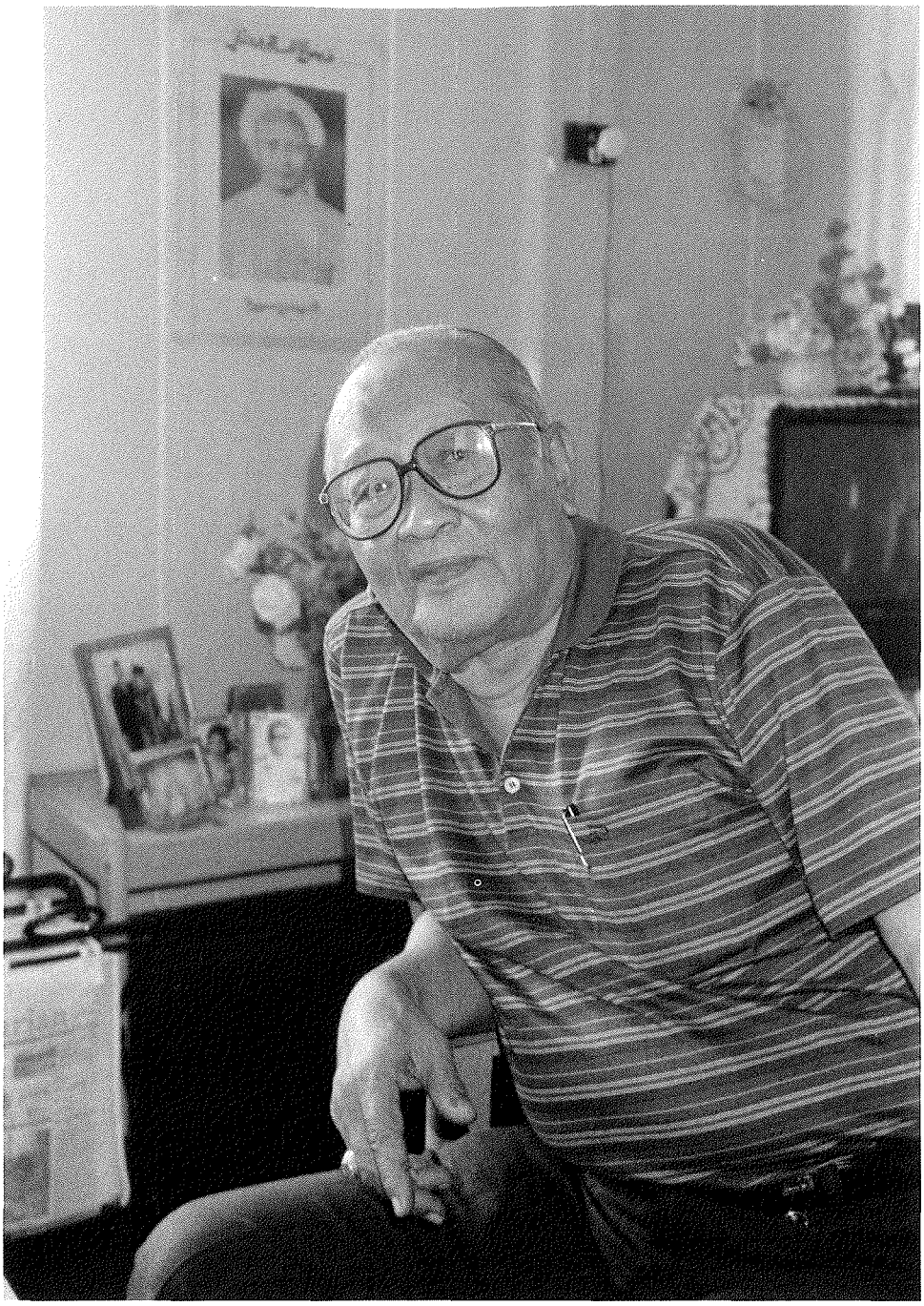
Cannot. He said, we want to teach him to stop, but Chinese is very wise people, so how can we teach him? We must get education and then get wise like him.

And even though life is getting better for Muslims in Thailand, you still want independence?

Yes, yes. He not afraid of us now, Bill, so he speak true. He want.

I shook his hand, and D. and I went out. In my brain tolled a line of that favorite surah of the Old Man's:

> Surely We have placed on their necks chains reaching up to the chins, so they have their heads raised aloft.



Hadji Amin Tohmeena, the head of the PULO. (Khota Baru, Malaysia, 1995) Portraits of him are quite rare; I am the only journalist to have interviewed him. He died of heart disease not long after.

THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN

SURVIVAL AND DEFIANCE IN THE LAND OF OIL

(1998)

IMAGES OF SMART BOMBS

During the Gulf War, when the American watchword was "support the troops" —in other words, "don't question anything"—I found it more difficult than usual to escape television. Everyone I visited, it seemed, kept the living room screen aglow. My acquaintances would point, puffed up with optimistic excitement, and I'd see the luminous rays and stars of smart bombs swooping down. A captive and self-captivated press transmitted received spectacles while obeying guidelines laid down by the Pentagon. Why exactly were we attacking? Iraq had invaded Kuwait, the newscasters said, and so in the interests of humanity the UN "coalition," in which my country always seemed to take the lead, would liberate Kuwait. Kuwait undoubtedly deserved to be liberated. Iraq had announced a "comprehensive, eternal and inseparable merger" with it—in other words, annexation, accompanied by torture, hostage-taking, murder, theft, destruction of libraries and oil fields, etcetera. Iraq's actions in Kuwait were evil, and evil ought to be undone. Had we followed this procedure every time one nation invaded another, I might have believed in it. But not long since, my own country had invaded Panama and

brought its head of state home to be imprisoned for the duration. What was really going on? For Kuwait's sake I was not *against* the Gulf War, but I was not quite for it, either. I reserved judgment, which is to say I didn't really know and didn't care.

After Iraq's stunningly rapid surrender, my fellow citizens and I forgot about the campaign with our customary facility.[1] The United Nations had imposed sanctions. My country's permanent representative to the UN crowed that those sanctions, which were meant to be in effect for six months or so, would create "clear incentives for rapid implementation and trade-offs which will in stages produce a return to normalcy and non-belligerency in the Gulf."[2] In the eighth year of the sanctions, I went to Iraq, knowing nothing. My friends vaguely remembered a dictator, smart bombs, an easy war in which a few Americans had unfortunately died.

Tired flags and cigarette-stained seats marked the Jordanian side of the border. Carpets hung out to air upon the barbed wire fence. Then came a brief drive between fences, and I had entered Iraq, where one's eye first fell upon a representation of President Saddam Hussein who waved, palm outward, in the customs office. Before long, he'd crowded out all my visions of smart bombs.

IMAGES OF SADDAM

There he was in a desert gas station, wearing a sporty white shirt and a white safari hat, blue sky and oil derricks behind him. He'd been idealized onto a concrete slab, and an Iraqi flag flew over his head. In a restaurant in Baghdad, the golden hands of a clock struggled but could not move, the mechanism evidently broken, but the clock face itself retained its pristine integrity, being the face of one President Saddam Hussein, Chairman of the Revolutionary Command Council, who stood in a blue suit, ready for all. There he was again next door in the barbershop, not merely replicated but triplicated, firstly in his blue suit—portrayed from a different angle, however—secondly in a white Arab headdress, and thirdly in a black and white *tête-à-tête* with his Minister of Defense. The pair of cigar-smoking old barbers slowly snipped with scissors, scraped with straight razors, powdered customers' ears, and the radio, calling prayer time, to which nobody in the shop paid attention, played a few bars from "Scheherazade." (As I sat down, one of the barbers said, "Welcome, mister," but everyone else looked away.) Exchange a hundred dollars, and you'll receive a virtual armload of bank notes bearing Saddam Hussein's likeness in blue and violet. His countenance is the first you see when you enter Iraq, and the last when you leave. In the reconstruction of ancient Babylon, his name has been engraved in the bricks. I remember how his portrait hung over the amusement park, where some of the rides no longer worked thanks to the sanctions. The roller coaster still functioned, with two cars at a time on its immense naked scaffold. Veiled ladies sat darkly; families too poor to go out to restaurants made picnics on the shabby benches, gazing at the hissing whirling glow-tube-studded airplane ride.

Loudspeakers were still singing happy birthday to Saddam two days after the blessed event.

By the end of my first day in Iraq, the portraits of Saddam had already made my eyes begin to glaze. In my mind's eye I see the victory arch for the Iran-Iraq War, with genuine bullet-pierced Iranian helmets in concrete comprising a ghastly gravel, then the hands of Saddam Hussein, gigantically magnified, holding crossed scimitars. I remember thinking that only perpetual processions and rallies could have rendered this place functional, appropriate. Beneath the huge span of this anthropomorphic arch lay the usual lifeless feeling; nobody was there but a security man with a leveled machine gun. Later, when I asked why he had been needed there, an Iraqi laughed: "Maybe Ali Baba is take the hands!" —And in Kut, in a restaurant whose livid tomatoes and kebabs were clustered with flies, I asked where the photo of Saddam was. "Oh, he's our hero," said the proprietor, thumbs-up. "I'm cleaning his picture so that I can kiss it." Then he scornfully laughed, and so did all his minions.

But Saddam had his true-blue supporters who raised up his image out of more than obligation. I remember the patriotic old lawyer in Baghdad who was proud of his president's defiance, the art gallery owner who called Saddam his hero because "he make us a new life. New street, new everything. But he is like a mango in the street and the imperialist dog come to steal." Outside Iraq, where I could more often assume adulation to be unconcerned, the Palestinians I met praised him. The complacent and self-serving American image of Saddam is that he is an extremist. He is. But the whole Middle East is also extreme—which is to say, the Middle Eastern agenda lies closer to the Iraqi one than to "ours": (1) Unite the Arabs. (2) Resist the bullying of the secular, oil-addicted West. (3) Fight Israel.[3] (4) Uphold Islam through faith, fortitude, nobility and defiance.

I remember one Jordanian who bought me a Sprite and said, "It uplifts our hearts whenever Hezbollah kills Jews." He explained that Israel had been founded in a secret deal with the British, who'd had to play along after the Jews in their cunning invented the poison gas which wiped out Hitler and the German army. He was not the only one who believed this. Of course this man admired Saddam, and so did his militant Palestinian friends, because Saddam fomented against "the so-called Israeli state." "We always believe that whenever 'Israel' finds an opportunity to harm Iraq, it will not hesitate to do so."[4] With equal glibness, Saddam spoke of "the Arab nation" of which Palestine, Kuwait, Saudi Arabia, Jordan, Iraq were a part, and Syria a traitorous part, and Israel no part. Iran was not Arab; Iran was untrustworthy, alien, Asian. Saddam had it all figured out, and there will always be people who like that, as well as people who through the narrowness and accident of personal experience turn into acolytes, such as the Kuwaiti army veteran I met who'd been kept hostage by the Iraqis for fourteen months during the Gulf War. Amazingly, he adored Saddam. "In Kuwait or Saudi Arabia, when America says yes

you must say yes. But when America says yes, Saddam says no. Please, Mr. William, you must name your firstborn son Saddam." He swore by Allah—and it was Friday, too, a holy day—that his captors had treated him well. They'd fed him chicken once a day—this was obviously before the sanctions had bitten deep. He'd been afraid of execution only for a month. After they let him go, his own government detained him for five months more in a dungeon where he literally had to sleep in his waste, because he was a Bedouin, which meant that his grandfather had come from Iraq. Now the Kuwaitis were busy expelling Bedouins from jobs and citizenship. After thirteen years in the military, they wrote on his passport that he had NO WORK and his place of birth was UNDEFINED. So Saddam was his hero. (But I noticed that he requested of me a visa to America.)

How popular was Saddam really? There was no way to know. If an Iraqi whispered to me in confidence that he didn't like his president, I'd ask him if he'd discussed the matter with any of his friends, and he'd turn fearful and appalled. Meanwhile, Saddam's images proliferated as insidiously as television commercials and billboard advertisements in my country; he was everywhere; his dark moustache blotted every wall; he was built into the landscape. I remember one strange night in my first hotel in Baghdad, the four- or five-star Al-Rasheed, a place with many nice touches, such as the granite threshold, upon whose demonically caricatured face of a certain American president feet had to tramp in order to enter and exit the lobby, their heel-clicks punctuating the legend, BUSH IS CRIMINAL. At any rate, I was in my room, trying without success to telephone someone, and the instant I hung up, the television, which they had told me didn't work, and whose glowing red power indicator had never stopped shining, turned itself on most shoutingly, and I saw joyful crowds, and Saddam Hussein making a speech. He was wearing dark military green, with a red and blue sash across his chest. He showed his perfect white teeth. Of course I didn't understand a word he said, except for the words *Saddam Hussein,* which he repeated every now and then, evidently referring to himself in the third person just as he did in his other speeches. Then a rapturous song began, booming from the television itself and also from speakers in the bathroom ceiling. They started singing happy birthday to Saddam in Arabic, and the fireworks went off.

IMAGES OF AMIRIYA

Yes, Saddam had tortured and extrajudicially executed people; yes, he'd murdered Kurds by the thousands; he'd employed gas warfare; he'd flouted the Geneva rules on the care of POWs.[5] "Definitely the human rights abuses in Iraq are beyond description," an Amnesty International spokesman told me. "These are things that have been going on for years and years and years. I personally have interviewed a physician who said, and I quote, 'I was stationed at a hospital where other physi-

cians were forced to amputate the ears of army deserters. During the night they brought in buses of blindfolded soldiers and the senior officials were forced to conduct the amputations. Other soldiers had their foreheads branded with a hot stamp ...'"[6] But against the images of smart bombs which enthralled the families of the bombardiers, Saddam for his part could juxtapose the image of Amiriya shelter, that huge concrete lifesaver in which a pair of American smart bombs had incinerated 403 civilians during the Gulf War. An official pamphlet at my hotel called this event "the most horrifying U.S. crime ever committed against the people of Iraq... professional killers are always killers no matter when or where... U.S. excuses are merely [a] desperate attempt to cover up the impudence and enormity of the crime."[7] The first bomb had opened the way. The second bomb had twisted the metal rods within the concrete ceiling. I gazed up through the hole through which American death had entered, and perceived flying and singing birds. It was cool and dank inside. My driver prayed for the victims, as he always did, and sternly motioned for me to cross myself. The blackened, blistered concrete walls were hung with photographs and wreaths. There were also photographs of the corpse retrieval crews, some with masks over their mouths, I suppose for protection against the stench. I saw photographs of them lifting corpses on planks, a photograph of a row of charred corpses on the sidewalk. A black-clothed woman who'd lost her sister and children came to me and silently pointed out the sheets of scorched human skin and clothing stuck to the walls. She took me downstairs, needing to show me more skin, lavender and tan patches of it, in places not washed off by the flood of water when the bomb had shattered the pipes and drowned the people it didn't roast. The woman's sandals click-clicked in the dark. Pointing to the ceiling, she pantomimed for me burning people being flung against the ceiling, trying to protect themselves with outstretched hands, and I saw the blackened skin of hands sticking like squashed burned gloves up there. She showed me the solarized shadows of incinerated human beings on the wall.

When an Iraqi asked me what I thought about Amiriya, I said to him that this achievement of our smart bombs sickened me. I also said that I believed it to be an accident. I said that in war the innocent always suffered and probably always would. He smiled angrily.

"AMERICA IS BIG PROBLEM FOR THE WORLD"

To ordinary Iraqis, the long quiet cruelty of sanctions was a series of Amiriyas. My fellow Americans (the few who remembered that Iraq existed) spoke of punishing Saddam, of driving him out, of keeping the pressure on him until he divulged the location of every last crypt or cache of poison. But the men, women and children who had nothing to do with weapons or government failed to see why they had to suffer. I sometimes spoke with a few of them in the nighttime, when there weren't so many

security men to take note of where I went, what I ordered in restaurants, and whom I learned from. Evening's light-tubes splashed their celestial blood on huddles of fruit; yes, there was a little color; I saw a few clumps of people in the grey twilight. The atmosphere was oil and exhaust. A crowd of calves stood in the darkness by their slaughterer. One was already on the ground, wriggling and bleeding. Why were they killing such young animals? Couldn't they feed them? I wanted to question my guide, but he reflexively replied that it was dangerous to ask. We were in Saddam City now. A man stood in the dirty darkness selling nuts and seeds. My guide said that he had a good face, so we went and talked to him. "Very good for your job!" my guide would crow later. To you it may seem ordinary that I went into a house and spoke with a family. But if you are a foreign journalist in Iraq, then unfortunately it is a rare and special thing to do that. It was always rare not to be watched, controlled, deflected.

The man said that before the government had given every family one bottle of cooking oil and some food. (He must have been speaking of the UN food basket, which I'll get to later.) Now times were worse, and the government gave two bottles of cooking oil and no food. My guide's family still got their staples at the midpoint of each month, but they lived in central Baghdad, not Saddam City which always seemed to sink to the bottom of every list.

Leaving behind the smell of fat, dirt and blood from the slaughtered cattle, we accompanied the man to the alleys where among the black silhouettes of women standing and squatting in dark waste places, narrow blocks of access had been quarried out of the night. Here, behind a wall with the slogan in Arabic DOWN WITH AMERICA, the man lived with his wife in a concrete flat where we sat on poor carpet beneath a stopped clock and a large poster of President Saddam Hussein saluting, while on the television President Saddam Hussein was speaking at great length.

The man showed me a doctor's certificate affirming his production of viable sperm. He insisted that it was the embargo which had prevented him and his wife in their nine years of marriage from bringing a baby into the world. They couldn't afford one. His wife suffered from many illnesses, he went on. She especially needed Spanish asthma medicine. Before the embargo, it had cost 25 Iraqi dinars. Now it cost 7,000. What was more, before the Gulf War she'd never coughed the way she was coughing now. He worried that some American poison might have hurt her—"chemicals to make her sick," he said, and I thought how strange it was that his fears were mirror-images of American fears about Iraqi toxins. The man longed to send his wife to Jordan for an operation, but of course he couldn't afford to. You had to be pretty well-connected to get out of Iraq.[8]

He was thirty-five and grey. He looked fifty. Kneeling there on the concrete, he said that he'd fought in Kuwait. He said that when the American airplanes had come and started bombing, he'd wept, and so had his comrades. "No food, no gun," interposed my guide with a shrug.

"How was it before the Americans came?"

"Very easy at first. Just stand by with the gun. Didn't see any people from Kuwait. Everybody go outside to Saudi Arabia and like that"—a good indictment of the Iraqis' invasion, I thought. "Eat and sleep in soldier shelter two meters deep."

"Were you happy with that first victory?"

"Very happy. Because some problem before: Government from Kuwait export too much petrol and lower the price. Saddam Hussein talk with Kuwait and say please stop because already we poor from Iranian war. But Kuwait do the bad thing."[9]

"And then when the Americans and the Saudis came and started bombing, what did you think?"

"They say, 'We are Muslim.' So why the Saudi help America?"

"And what did Saddam Hussein say?"

"He say everybody in Iraq take the gun. America very dangerous. Government of America and British black heart, and government Saudi also black heart."

When the Americans came, the man had no water for three days. He was hiding in a tomato field. He lived on tomatoes. Once a British pilot saw him and let him alone. The Americans were more "strict" than that, he said. He believed that if an American pilot had seen him, he'd be dead now. He said that it had meant death to be in any car or an airplane. He'd fled on foot to Basrah.

"And what do you think of Saddam Hussein now?" I asked him.

"He is hero of the Middle East. To thirty-three countries President Saddam Hussein say no and is fighting."

There were several people in the room, and so maybe the man felt that he had to say that. On the other hand, maybe to him it was true.

"And the UN?" I inquired.

"UN lying. Is very lying, Mr. Butler." (Richard Butler was the chairman of the UN Special Commission which monitored Iraqi weapons.) "And America is father of the United Nations," he said. "China, Britain, France, Russia follow only America. America is big problem for the world."

His grey-faced wife brought us tea. I thanked her and asked him: "If the embargo is lifted, what's the first thing you'll do?"

"Make some lamb, a gift for my God."

SANCTIONS

A man walks down the street in a nice shirt. You get closer and see the tiny holes.

Three brothers share a shirt. Each day another brother wears it.

A woman stands begging beside her pale, sweating child. She doesn't have enough money for a taxi to the hospital.

If I were to tell you what sanctions are doing to Iraq, I could portray the gutted offices of Iraqi Airlines; I could write about the many places filled with the smell of burned garbage, narrowed eyes, and bitter, hateful looks from people who hated *me.*

I could tell you how in Baghdad one saw DOWN USA everywhere. But more often the effect is a subtler decrepitude, the minor stays of life unraveling, just as the slabs are coming loose at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, that immense soldier-guarded mound across which nobody ever seems to crawl (down inside lie circular cases full of medals and pistols, three of Saddam Hussein's very own machine guns used during his revolution, and then the helmet of an Israeli pilot "shot down by our great forces in 1967"). But the metal column fashioned after an Iraqi date palm, beset by black cubes and daggers which represent the black hearts of the Iranians, still stands. The medals and pistols remain shiny.

I had thought I'd see worse. When night spilled over a broken sidewalk glistening beneath powerful light tubes, yellow plastic jugs and red soda cans so vivid in the shop windows, I could still find ice-cream-eating crowds, cars, and palm trees. And entering a supermarket, I even saw much unexpired merchandise from Jordan and Turkey.[10] —"What do you want?" the clerk shouted at me. "It's not weapons." —"And where does this come from?" I said, pointing to another shelf. "That's soap," he said so bitterly. "When we get dirty, are we allowed to wash ourselves?" Weary of his hatred, I went out, and struck up an acquaintance with the former civil engineer who now sold tea on the street. Later I returned to my hotel. In the room I made a telephone call, and had just gotten my party on the line when the patchwork of frayed wires under the desk came undone.

Everything else is coming undone, too. If you don't believe me, ask the old man in frogeye glasses who used to work for the government; now, like so many others, he works three jobs at once. One gives him four thousand dinars, another twelve thousand, and the third seven thousand. (Across the street from him, a sweet little vendeuse sells Turkish biscuits for five hundred dinars. Before the embargo, one Iraqi dinar was three dollars. Now, one dollar is 1500 to 2000 dinars. A pack of cigarettes cost a thousand dinars.) The man has thirteen children. How can he carry on?

Peer inside the almost idle shoe factory where six pictures of Saddam Hussein adorn the waiting room. The manager sits resigned, relaxed. He gazes down the street at a hot and dreary emptiness of fences, barbed wire, rust-roofed sheds of companies closed by the embargo. His Italian-made manufacturing equipment is failing. Rows of dead machines stand up against the wall. Before sanctions, his workers turned out 720 pairs of shoes a day. Now they produce only 240, and Iraqis need shoes no less than they did eight years ago, and his workers need wages no less.

Visit the old Christian who runs a delicatessen in the center of Baghdad. His son in California recently died of a stroke. He wants to know how his grandchildren are. He's written his daughter-in-law, but received no answer. Was she indifferent, or does the embargo prevent communication between them? Not knowing breaks his heart. I mailed a letter for him in California, but I wonder whether he'll ever receive a reply.

In a dirty-pale two-room house, a husband and wife live with their five children (two more children have already died from leukemia). They pay ten thousand a month for their place. "We eat some food bad for animal, for *animal*," the husband says, showing me a large plate inside the refrigerator, to which still cling a few patches of feculent yellow mush, because while in Jordan you can get half a roast chicken for a dinar and a half, which is less than the price of a medium-length taxi ride, in Iraq it will be several thousand dinars, which might be less than a month's wages. Certainly this householder has little hope of eating chicken. Every now and then, he supplements his income by buying and selling gasoline (five dinars a liter, remember). The mush costs a hundred dinars per meal. The man says to me, "You tell them, it very hard life and our best wishes to United States."

If you don't care to dine with his family, then take lunch at the fast-food place, with its marble, its burgers, and its student couples from the technical college across the street, the girls usually not veiled. The couple next to me couldn't afford to get married, for which they blamed the embargo. The boy used his Brazilian-made car as a taxi, but it broke down frequently, and he spent more fixing it than he took in from his fares. Let's call him Ali. The girl's name was Maryam. "My love," Ali said of her, clasping her hands. Whenever he looked at her, his eyes shone. They touched their heads together and whispered. It seemed that Maryam was offering to prostitute herself to me, in order to pay for her wedding ring. But I was sad; I couldn't face it.

In a fancy secondary school for girls, wires dangled from a socket in the wall of the principal's office. They didn't have enough pencils. Pencils were embargoed in case some cunning Iraqi pulled the graphite out for use in nuclear weapons. The teachers' hands fluttered. They all wanted to ask me whether the embargo would be lifted soon or not. I said I didn't think so, and I was sorry. A teacher said: "I have four children and I can get no milk. What can I do?" I had no answer, no solution ... The girls who had gained perfect scores in their examinations came and brought me sweets on a tray. They spoke accentless English. I wanted to talk to them. I wanted to take their photograph. "No," said the principal coldly.

So I drove instead to a secondary school for girls in Saddam City, where the faded tile floors of the headmistress's office matched the faded portrait of Saddam Hussein. More than five hundred pupils attended, aged eighteen to twenty-eight. Some of them posed for my camera beneath a banner now a week out of date: ALL OUR LOVE FOR SADDAM HUSSEIN THE LEADER ON HIS BIRTHDAY. The headmistress, who had run the place for fourteen years, said that before the embargo there'd been plenty of pens, paper, and supplies for chemistry and physics class—not anymore. They used to have air conditioning. She said that her pupils sometimes came to school weak and tired. She showed me broken handles and padlocks on the storerooms, cracked stairs, rotten desks. The courtyard had been an algae-blanketed mosquito-marsh for four years now. In a classroom, out of four lights, one

was working. The headmistress said that in many other schools in Saddam City, the classrooms had no light at all.

Surely both the sheared-off concrete in the steps to the second floor, and the mosquitoey marsh which the headmistress bemoaned could have been overcome by determined hand labor if nothing else. But who could pay the laborer enough to feed his family? In Baghdad's too-empty streets, so many people gave up trying to fix inessential things, even if the malfunctions were easily reparable. Nothing was so easy anymore, even if some could cheer themselves with defiance. "Believe it or not, we are challenging the US," a man said proudly. It was hot, of course, and the bad water makes them sick. Jordan and any other country could show off many a broken place or soul, which is why I don't want to exaggerate the misery I saw in Baghdad. With its teeming Friday market and its impromptu soccer games, it remains in far better shape than many other places I've been (parts of Madagascar, for instance). But many of the appearances of "development" were becoming mere husks, like the worn cassettes which people tap like decks of cards before they play them. And when you shook people's hands in the bare-bulbed market booths, they might feel sticky and unclean.

SECURITY

Iraq, as I said, is a jail, and the UN are jailkeepers. But they are not the only wardens.

I tried to take my hundredth photograph of a Saddam Hussein poster but two soldiers leaped toward me with leveled guns, because the wall behind the photo belonged to a security installation.

An old beggar with sores on his lip and an oozing handshake begged me for cash so that he could go to Jordan or Syria to finish his studies in French or English literature or philology. I'd squeezed off a camera image when a soldier, green and immaculate, quickstepped to my side and said: "Photography forbidden." He didn't confiscate the film; he was pleasant, but the beggar and I decided to part ways.

A security man warned me not to bring anyone I met into my hotel room or it would be problematic for both my guest and myself.

When I got clearance from the Ministry of Information to go to Saddam Hussein's birthday parade in the secure city of Tikrit, we had to pass through six checkpoints on the way from Baghdad.[11] —"No one can go inside!" the driver laughed.

"So how can the citizens celebrate their president's birthday?" I asked naively.

"They watch on television," he said.

Indeed, the streets were virtually empty in Tikrit—empty of spectators, that is, unless we count the green crowds of soldiers who filled the stadiums crowned by multiple portraits of Saddam Hussein. And they were participants in the drama; they shouted, waved their machine guns about, and happily boomed, "Down, down, USA!" In the street, men in blue whirled white handkerchiefs, chanting, *"Saddam,*

Saddam!" and Saddam himself was on the reviewing stand two or three storeys up among his highest generals and ministers, one of whom pontificated behind bullet-proof glass. I saw many, many other things, but then the security troops, worrying that I might be a spy, ordered me to put my notebook away. I'd get in trouble, the driver said anxiously. And the almost spectatorless procession went on. It was all a sort of laboratory demonstration under the controlled conditions obtained by excluding unknown variables—that is, the Iraqi population at large. Their absence, I thought, spoke ill for Saddam Hussein. A man I met had close-cropped hair, thinning on top, stubbled cheeks, a moustache, and narrow eyes which never looked at me, although later they did look at me when he whispered: "Believe me, not all Iraqis like him."

One day I asked a security man what he and his colleagues were worried about, and he said spies. There were three kinds: Jewish spies, CIA spies and Iranian spies. During the war with Iran, his friend Yusuf turned out to be an Iranian spy. They kept him for six months before they shot him. Two days prior to his execution, the security man was allowed to visit him. The security man said: "Please tell me. Is it true or not?" —"True," said Yusuf. "I am so happy because now I will be a hero. I love the Iranian government." And the security man said to him, "I'm so, so sorry. It's bad for you, bad for your family. See how they're crying!" Yusuf was playing dominoes. He didn't care. He was a martyr for jihad. The security forces didn't attend his funeral. But for years afterward, they hounded the family—for the protection of the nation, the security man said. Everything was justified; no one was innocent. But in my brief time in Iraq I saw many a man who'd done nothing that I knew of touch his forehead and thank Allah for not having been stopped at certain checkpoints swarming with dark-green-clad soldiers.

ILLNESS

The pediatric hospital was named, of course, after Saddam Hussein.[12] It was a public hospital unlike the expensive and prestigious Saint Raphael Hospital, so they now had to perform many operations without anesthetic. The doctor I met insisted: "Most of Iraq's children have been affected by sanctions." He said that there was no more serum for vaccinations, no media for blood tests. A wrinkled infant wept in its black-robed mother's lap as she slowly rocked it on her knee. The doctor said he'd already given the child two bottles of blood obtained from relatives. What was wrong? An undiagnosed case, said the doctor with a shrug. Maybe it would die. "Now we treat according to the availability of resources, not according to the prognosis," he said. In the next bed lay a bright yellow child, his diaper stained also a luminous yellow-green—jaundice, of course. Then I saw the little child whose skin was speckled scarlet—leukemia—and then the little boy in the cast-off army shirt who had chronic diarrhea, attended by his large-eyed mother who wore a black and

purple headscarf and sat fanning the flies away.

How could one say which of these cases were caused by sanctions and which by life? I remembered the people in Saddam City who, standing in puddles or on mounds of refuse, would tell me that their slum was beautiful, that they'd never had it so good; then my exasperated driver, wanting to help me write the most lugubrious story possible, would browbeat them until somebody began to hang his head and complain about the embargo. Moreover, Saddam City's park-sized expanses of waste and garbage were far from ubiquitous in Iraq. When I asked a man why some localities remained rich and clean, he said: "I don't know why. You can ask Saddam Hussein." Which misery should I caption "embargo," and which "preexisting class exploitation"? Well, we do know that during the Gulf War our bombers targeted "Iraqi infrastructure," which included water pumping and filtration plants. The sanctions made it impossible to repair most of them. The logical result: even from bottled water one can get amoebic dysentery, as I did. One of my guides who worked at the Ministry of Information's press center, a relatively well-off man to whom I paid ten dollars for a morning's translation, plus a lunch in one of the driver's fancy restaurants, mourned a child who'd just now died of diarrhea. It had taken the boy a month to die. Rehydration salts and antibiotics might have saved him. And so I looked at the little boy in the cast-off army shirt there in Saddam Pediatric Hospital and wondered whether he would die, too.

He lay beside a girl whose nose would not stop bleeding. And then leukemia personified itself again, in a boy whose stinking belly was swollen pink and purple. The doctor said he felt so sorry. It was useless, too late.

"Gloves, antibiotics, simple things are not available," the doctor said. "When I do bone marrow aspirations, I can use no gloves. When patients with leukemia get chickenpox, they should get gamma globulin, but there is none, so they die..."

Beside him, a septicemic child was sleeping. The doctor said: "We should take a culture to determine the pathogen. But we can't. This patient's only treatment for eleven days has been aspirin. She presented with fever, rigor and septicemia. There are a hundred types of antibiotic and we have only two now."

"Before the embargo, was it any different?"

"I wasn't in Baghdad then, but I was in Tikrit City, and there were many antibiotics available at that time."

A child with leukemia lay weakly, her eyes half closed.

"She has beautiful eyes," I said to the mother.

"If you praise her on her beauty, don't praise her. Help her," the mother replied.

"What would you have me do?"

"End the sanctions," said the mother.

I had nothing to offer but money and candy.

The doctor drew me to the next bed and said: "This case presented with abdominal distillation" (I think he meant distention) "and a mass in the abdomen.

Characteristic of lymphoma. We've seen an increase in lymphomas and leukemias in the area from the south of Baghdad. We think it comes from the depleted uranium in the shells the Americans dropped."

The child had sutures in his stomach. The doctor said: "Already metastasized. We don't have enough resources for chemotherapy. Ninety percent of these patients die. And his prognosis is very bad: Stage three. Malignancy is above and below the diaphragm."

The child's mother said to me: "We sold our furniture to buy drugs for him."

I did not know what to reply.

Next was a wide-eyed, bigheaded nine-year-old child with neuroblastoma. "They sold their house to buy the drugs for their son," the doctor said.

Later, when I went to the UNSCOM office in Baghdad, I asked their press liaison what she had to say about the relation between sanctions and the lack of medicine. "Oh, we don't talk about that," she said.

EXPLANATIONS

A man smiled grimly and said: "We are imprisoned by those others. But anytime Saddam wants to finish, he can finish with Kuwait."

My gallery owner acquaintance asserted: "The reason for the embargo is Israel, and Israel make from Zionists. 'Braham Lincoln, first president of America, he say in his first speech, make careful with Jewish or they make you servant. It's true. Israel is ten times more powerful than America."

The old lawyer was also certain that the embargo was a Zionist measure to destroy Iraq. "America is afraid that these weapons should not be put in the hands of totalitarians, retarded people, Orientals, because there will be no deterrent," he said to me while his secretary served us Turkish coffee in tiny glasses and his partner nodded beneath a giant portrait of Saddam Hussein. "But in the Iraq-Iran war, and in the Gulf War, we proved that we respected the deterrent. Because we didn't use chemical weapons. You Americans have the full right to be proud of the strong economy you have and the very high-tech life you lead. But you do not have the right to become arrogant. You should not feel that you are different from others, some superman, something like that."

It always came down to America. Nobody believed that UNSCOM was anything more than an American puppet, and I don't know enough to say that they were entirely wrong.

SURVIVAL

What could they do about it? They did what they could. They babied engines, cadged jobs, avoided illness, lived and waited watchfully. Everybody worried about guarding and protecting themselves, their possessions, their jobs. Halfway to Basrah, where I had meant to go in order to gaze outward through the bars of the cage, so to speak, the driver's fine new engine, which he'd purchased for over one million dinars (so he said, perhaps in hopes of getting a million dinars from me), overheated, and then the plastic fan shattered. "Many car in Iraq is very tired," said my driver, "since no spare part, so must drive slowly." He was in anguish and terror because his car was his life. Without it, he and his family might sink down to the common level or even the sub-level where in long garbage-strewn stretches of waste children played and families took the stinking evening air. (One night I wanted to meet the children who were kicking a ball over rubbish-fires in one of those rubble-fields. Bald, shouting faces rushed gleefully toward me when I began to take photographs. When they swarmed against me in spite of the driver's warnings, the driver, I suppose thinking he was protecting me, punched two of them to the ground. Then the shouting stopped.) The very next car stopped to help us. "Iraq down, down," the man laughed bitterly to me. The tow truck came. Our new friend offered to pay for it if we didn't have money. But when we arrived in the mechanics' yard, the driver told me urgently not to say hello to anyone. This area had been closer to the Gulf War bombing, so its inhabitants hated America more. I ignored this prohibition and met some friendliness, but also much menace, many raised voices and fists. Under the calligraphed eye, and in between prayers facing Mecca on the oily floor, the mechanics filed, soldered, reamed and welded what they could not replace, lubricating everything with oil, which was incomparably cheap in relation to embargoed parts. They saved the driver. They gave me tea when they learned I was American, muttering, "USA, USA," bitter and troubled but restraining their anger, smiling upon the guest. (I remember particularly a meager, stunted boy, greasy from head to foot, who couldn't have been born much before sanctions began. For most his life he'd been pinched by them. Maybe he didn't think about that; maybe he was "used to it." But he was scared, and he hated me. By the end, he too overcame his natural feelings and smiled at me.) And so the car crept safely back to Baghdad. We never got to Basrah; the driver was afraid to take his car such a great distance again. He continued on in my employ, protecting himself, deflecting me from engine-wearying projects. He did what he needed to do. Maybe the slabs were coming loose at the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier, but the tomb still covered the corpse. The photo lab with its giant portrait of Saddam Hussein was still printing and selling Konica color prints (no black and white, no Kodak), and Iraq struggled on like the old blue and white Toyota buses with black smoke coming out.

Not everybody had to struggle. (I saw a raised, fenced area of opulent houses.

"This area for government," the man said. "No one can go." Since the end of the Gulf War, Saddam Hussein has allegedly built more than thirty-two mansions. The sanctions hardly touch him.) If you were well connected, you could beat the embargo.[13] Your Iraqi-American relative paid $500 to an Iraqi-American businessman who then made a phone call to his cousin in Baghdad. The cousin telephoned you. You come to his office, and he gave you $450 in cash. (A ten percent commission isn't unreasonable, now, is it?)

And if you weren't well-connected, why, you'd just have to lump it.

GRAFT

I had expected a Serbian welcome in Iraq, but from the very first they greeted me warmly when they learned that I was from America. Oh, I haven't completely forgotten the soldier who playfully pressed his machine gun to my heart and pulled the trigger, the tea-shop proprietor who, after I photographed his little child with his permission, suddenly began shouting that I was a Jew spying for the Israeli intelligence service Mossad, the butcher who shook his bloody knife at me when I asked to take his portrait. —"Russia?" inquired a crowd in Saddam City. "Nope," I said with a grin. "America. *Taskot America.* Down with America"—because there that slogan was, right on the wall behind me. One man smiled, but the rest awarded me sullen glares. They were exceptions. Most Iraqis posed happily, gave me ice cream and cake; in the barbershop everyone insisted that I go to the head of the line, and afterward I had to insist on paying. This was how it was going to be, and I believed that as soon as I'd crossed the border into Iraq, because border officials tend toward sternness, and if this lot was so friendly, why shouldn't everyone else be? I was reassured. Slow, chatty queues beneath the cloudy sky subjected themselves to the desultory processes of legal entry. A line of parked and empty vehicles blocked the road—benzene tankers, every one of which slowly leaked. As a foreigner, I had to pay fifty US dollars to take an AIDS test with what appeared to be a dirty needle, but the official at the health office proved as friendly as everybody else: he could help me, were a gift to be arranged. The fairest gift, I decided, was exactly fifty dollars, and he was ecstatic. The blue-inked stamp thumped down on the back of my visa slip (which the Iraqi mission in Washington, considerately wishing, as I suppose, to avoid causing me difficulties with my own government, had refrained from affixing to my passport). As we left the complex of cement-block offices, a man I had never seen before approached the driver and me and said: For service. The driver peeled off a wad of Saddams. The official looked expectantly at me, so with great pleasure I presented him with five dollars' worth. I could tell by then that this was how Iraq would be: free ice cream cones from one faction, and nonstop "service," nonstop baksheesh from the other.

My driver in Baghdad was a master of expensive restaurants. I'd tell him to take

me someplace cheap and he'd bring me to another marble-floored palace with tinseled walls, eight plates of appetizers, sesame-studded frybread, humus with olives of all hues, cucumber relish. Then came the main course—many more plates, succulent lamb on the bone with rice and raisins, side dishes of eggplant, potato. My driver sent his lamb back because it was too gamy. He changed tables because the light hurt his eyes. He sent the bread back because it was burned in one tiny spot. Was he having the time of his life, or was this his accustomed life? I met his family, who were poor; his flat was hot and dingy. He'd lost his old home after the Americans killed his father in the Gulf War. Maybe he just wanted his own back. Maybe he was a businessman, a survivor. He had many good qualities; he was honest; but he hounded me with innocent greed, always hitting me up for my breakfast vouchers at the hotel, or begging from my hospital donation supply a five-hundred pack of vitamins, or snatching for himself one of the packages of candy I'd brought for the children. My pen ran dry, and he took it; maybe he could scrounge a new ink cartridge somewhere, he said. At his restaurants there was always too much to eat, and it cost a fortune: five or seven dollars. I said to him: "Are you taking the leftovers home to your family?" He looked me in the eye and said yes. He had a self-satisfied smile. Then he sat smoking a cigarette, looking away from me. I wondered whether he did take it to his family or whether he sold it. I never found out.

Was he so abnormal? I saw a crowded blue bus one morning in Baghdad; and, laughing, an Iraqi told me that it was war booty from Kuwait; it would never go back. (The UN estimated that half of Kuwait's trucks and buses had been ruined or stolen by Iraq.)[14] As for Saddam Hussein, he used public resources to construct mini-cities for his relatives. And, for that matter, the UN tithed Iraq to pay the expenses of embargoing it. The well-connected and the unconnected often express common philosophies of accumulation.

MONITORING WITHOUT TEARS

Richard Butler, the Chairman of the UN Special Committee whose headquarters high up in the Secretariat building in New York sports its very own keypad-locked SECURE ROOM by whose doorway hangs a photo of UNSCOM's U-2 spy plane, while staffers breeze in and out of doorways, checking their voice mail: "Enter your UN security code. You have—ONE—new message"—Richard Butler, as I was saying, may not be a household name in my country, but he is possibly the most hated man in Iraq. Saddam Hussein certainly possesses his detractors, and Presidents Bush and Clinton are known as "the criminals," but Butler has been scapegoat-sculpted into an almost archetypal strangler. They say he's the one who keeps the UN's fingers around Iraq's throat. "When I meet him I kill him," said my driver. "Come to Baghdad, talk good. Come outside, no talk no good!"

"I have absolutely nothing to do with sanctions," Butler insisted to me, perhaps

disingenuously, since his job, UNSCOM's job, was to employ helicopters, document-collators, remote cameras and heat sensors "to verify that pesticide factories are making pesticides" (thus says his assistant, the goodnatured and silver-tongued Mr. Ewen Buchanan), and until that verification satisfied UNSCOM, the sanctions would presumably remain.

In her hot, dreary two-room flat in Baghdad (kitchen outside in the hall), with faded prints of some snowy country on the wall, a woman listened when I read back from my notebook these words of Butler's, "I have absolutely nothing to do with sanctions," and then the woman said: "Allah will help the people of Iraq." She had been widowed three years now. The Kurds had murdered the husband, who'd been a driver in the north. She insisted that her husband had never carried a gun or hurt anyone. She'd decided not to marry again, for her two children's sake. Her daughter, just old enough to learn tic-tac-toe, could already in a low shy monotone recite from the Qur'-An. What did these facts have to do with Richard Butler or UNSCOM? When she invoked recourse in Allah against the sanctions, which her mind personified, simply and falsely, as Butler's sanctions, she was in essence labeling Butler false for taking no responsibility for her nation's misery.

Indeed, he took no responsibility. Nor did anyone else at UNSCOM, it seemed. When I asked Ewen Buchanan where he personally drew the line between threat prevention and the rape of Iraqi sovereignty, he replied, "We are a subsidiary body, responsible for technical questions. These bigger questions are not for us." Had Butler been willing to engage himself, expressing a moral position which I might have agreed with or rejected, I might have respected him more. People said that he had in fact already gotten his fingers burned for speaking out politically, so fair enough, perhaps; I'm sure his job description was damned-if-you-do-damned-if-you-don't. But surely the UNSCOM position, were it defensible, ought to be defended, not merely deflected. Deflected it was, always. In Baghdad, the affable, calm old Swedish Major General, Nils Carlström, who was UNSCOM's director of monitoring and verification, with his forty inspectors, forty technicians, and forty Chilean helicopter-tenders remained too canny to go beyond "I like it very much" and "it's a big challenge" and "ask the Chairman"—that is, Richard Butler.

WHAT THEY FOUND

"That's not evasive," continued the man who had absolutely nothing to do with sanctions. "The UN is responsible for the disarmament of Iraq, and responsible to see that it doesn't re-create the weapons of mass destruction it produced in such quantity and quality in the past. The fact is that Iraq has never participated honestly in the three-step process of declaration, verification and destruction of illegal weapons."

That was unassailably true, even though everybody I met in Iraq told me otherwise—the Baghdad lawyer, for instance, a staunch pro-Saddam man who told me,

"For me, Mr. William, the inspectors are unqualified. Just last year we caught two big boxes being smuggled by one of the teams—antiquities, prohibited for export. They were stealing! If you are qualified people, why can't you complete your mission in eight years? If I go through a customs checkpoint and the government has some information that I have prohibited items, OK. But if the inspector finds nothing, what should he do? Check me two or three times, OK. And then?" —Perhaps he actually believed this. (Could it be what Iraqi television said?) The woman who invoked Allah against Butler certainly did, and so did my driver, and likewise the man in Saddam City who called America "a big problem for the world." But UNSCOM, both more busy and more effective than Iraqis like to admit, has destroyed a supergun and the components of four others, hundreds of missiles, launch pads and the like, almost half a million liters of chemical warfare agents, "biological seed stocks" for biological warfare...[15] The UN Blue Book on Iraq mentions secret nuclear weapons programs, including 208 "irradiated fuel assemblies" of enriched uranium, which the International Atomic Energy Agency sent back to Russia where they came from,[16] a "chemical weapons complex" meant to produce sarin, tabun, VX and mustard gas, biological weapons facilities involving anthrax and botulinum, and long range missiles, linked to a space reentry program.[17] Just last October, UNSCOM poured concrete into glass-lined tanks used for chemical warfare corrosives. "The Iraqis have an elaborate system of avoiding detection by us," Buchanan said.

In short, Butler, Buchanan, Carlström and all the rest had accomplishments to point to. If we associate them personally with a certain narrowness of moral focus, at least as expressed in their dealings with the media, that saddens me but it is understandable; it is characteristic of people in administrative or technical professions—and it most likely is mandated by UNSCOM's guidelines for public utterances. Buchanan in particular struck me as a sensitive man with a lot to say, could he but say it. So my complaint lies less with any of them or with UNSCOM itself than with the sanctions themselves, which are so harsh that it ought to be the business of everybody even remotely involved in administering them to justify them publicly, repeatedly, and with eloquence.

Maybe the embargo was well-intentioned, although I doubted it. It did not seem to be accomplishing its stated ends very quickly. Indeed, the length of it was scandalous. And what were its ends exactly? The notion that stern domination of a country can prevent its evil resurgence did not work against Germany after World War I. It will not work here. It will succeed only in creating and hardening new enemies for America and her sister powers. Sooner or later, some Iraqi clever enough to build a destructive device will try again, and his hatred will not be restrained by memories of our kindness. "Some say lifting the sanctions would make Saddam stronger," said Rabih Aridi, the Amnesty International spokesman. "The only reason thousands of families are escaping Iraq right now is because Saddam Hussein

does not have the means to stop them, due to the sanctions." But I thought of the children in the hospitals, and wanted to lift the sanctions just the same.

UNSCOM'S INFINITE LIST

Butler gave me about ten minutes of his time. He was not well, I was a small fish, and he had an appointment with BBC Television. So I hastily asked him whether he had any main theme which I could help convey.

"Just point out that the way this whole business was set up was that the Security Council put a heavy law on Iraq," he said. "To back it up, they imposed sanctions on Iraq, which apparently had a heavy weight on ordinary people. Iraq could always stop that weight. No matter whether the Iraqi government ought to stop the weapons of mass destruction, it's unconscionable. Come clean, and it's all over."

And Buchanan, who took me into his office and generously gave me all the time I wanted, insisted: "The only link we have with sanctions is that when Iraq takes all steps so that we can verify its claims, the embargo will have no more force."

But how would those claims be verified? How long would it take? "If the Commission presented Iraq with a finite list" of hurdles to clear, blandly explains Security Council document S/1998/332, "it is not unreasonable to consider that Iraq might take action to satisfy only that list positively, thus leaving aside other relevant materials known to it but possibly not known to the Commission... Iraq should submit its truth for verification by the Commission, not the reverse."[18] And so UNSCOM could continue the verification process as long as it liked. Grant that the Iraqi government lied and obstructed, that it intimidated UNSCOM's hated inspectors when it could, that it therefore bore a considerable portion of the blame for the continuation of sanctions—if the UN Security Council should lift the embargo before Iraq had completely "come clean," as Butler put it, then Saddam Hussein would have scored a dangerous victory, and proven that defiance of the UN could pay. What then? Why wouldn't conventional deterrents be enough? Hadn't the Gulf War shown Saddam what would happen if he invaded Kuwait again?

Grant also, as I said, that UNSCOM's inspectors were themselves most likely trying to do the best job they could. In Baghdad I was allowed to interview some of them in a conference room on the condition that I ask no personal questions and that the session not exceed fifteen minutes.[19] From the interview I obtained a blurry impression of some decent-seeming, hardworking, intelligent people who believed that they were doing a good thing. Maybe it was a good thing, but the spectacle of the pediatric hospital remained for me an unanswerable counterargument. When I first talked with Buchanan, an intelligent, personable, helpful man whom I liked, the project of sensing, monitoring, verifying and destroying seemed only technically fascinating, because I had no strong opinions about Iraq. Later, it began to seem

almost monstrous. How long would the sanctions go on? "And we are monitoring hundreds of sites around Iraq," said Major General Carlström. "It is my belief that the Council will keep that system for many years."

I wondered if this would be the wave of the future, if the UN, the big boys, the developed nations, the nuclear club, would spy on all the have-not nations of the world in workplaces and palaces and anywhere else they chose, without appeal, for an indefinite duration, and meanwhile charge them millions of dollars for the privilege, and also starve them. It was arrogant far beyond cruelty.

"Why is Iraq such a unique case?" I asked.

"No, I'm only saying that our *mandate* is unique," Carlström said. "As for Iraq, I'm not discussing that. Ask the Chairman."

But I already had.

The only body left to ask was the Security Council, but that shadowy and divided body, whose chairmanship changed every month, would only have given me as many opinions as there were nation-members (assuming that anybody bothered to answer me at all). There was nobody to ask.

"A VERY COMPLEX OPERATION"

Mr. Eric Falt, the spokesman for UNOHCI (which is not a variety of Italian pasta but actually an acronym for the Office of the Humanitarian Coordinator for Iraq), was a pleasing man who was proud of the local art he'd hung on his walls there within the barbed wire island of the Canal Hotel, a clean, climate-controlled place where the embargo did not apply and so all appliances functioned. By the time I met Falt, I'd seen a few hospitals and schools, and so I was not feeling very good about what the United Nations was doing in Iraq. I told him that I genuinely believed in the nobility of the UN as an idea. I wanted to give the UN good press. I begged him to help me do that.

Falt was on the side of the angels. His mission was not to strangle Iraq, but to send a few puffs of prepaid oxygen in the direction of the choking, wheezing patient. He began by explaining how the new[20] Oil For Food program worked. "It's got to be the most complex one that the UN has ever organized," he said, and I wondered whether he was proud of the complexity. With considerable facility he drew circles, triangles, spiders, rays, arrows and constellations on sheets of paper, so that I could understand the administrative hierarchy with its international participants, inputs and outputs. At the moment the Security Council allowed Iraq to export $2 billion worth of oil, in exchange for $1.3 billion worth of wheat, sugar, rice and other staples. In other words, for every dollar which Iraq was permitted to spend, it got about sixty-six cents' worth of value. Where did the rest go? Well, $16 million paid for UNSCOM, $600 million went to compensate Kuwait, $44 million went to "operational costs" such as "bank-related charges for the Iraq account," and $20 mil-

lion went to escrow payments.[21] We might consider all this to be something like a colossal charge on an automated bank transaction.

And now Falt took another piece of paper and drew vertical lines on it, dividing it into the procedural compartments which oil and food had to pass through before they could be exchanged. He kept using the phrase "a very complex operation." And indeed it was. It took five weeks for the oil to bleed out of Iraq's pipeline, and then after that a letter of credit had to be issued ("of course Iraq doesn't see the color of the money," Falt explained), and then the Security Council had to approve the delivery. Only three vertical lines had been breached. After that came delivery itself. "Think of wheat coming from Australia," said Falt. "It takes one week just to load. And another five weeks to arrive. That's if they don't have a dockers' strike, which at the moment they do. And then finally you have distribution within Iraq itself. I would like to argue forcefully that given these constraints we are doing very well."

And his busy hands rushed on. "Five million metrics tons have been distributed in the last year," he said. He took his calculator and pecked at the keys with a pencil. "That's three hundred kilograms of foodstuffs per person per year—far better than in North Korea. And we monitor the access, and we can report that 99.5 percent of the population is provided with equal access to the food basket."

"Are you saying they're eating well enough?" I asked.

"No. I'm not saying that. Let's not forget the goal of the operation. We have *not* been asked to launch a Marshall Plan for Iraq. We have been asked only to prevent *further deterioration.*"

My flesh began to crawl.

"We quickly realized that the $1.3 billion is not enough to prevent further deterioration. It gives them two thousand calories per person per day,[22] and an ideal minimum level would be two thousand five hundred. We calculate that our food baskets, delivered monthly, last approximately three weeks, which goes down to two weeks for the poorest families."

"And medicine?"

"Prior to 1991, Iraq was making available—I don't say spending—about $30 on drugs and medicine per person per year. By 1995-96, that figure had decreased to $2 or $3 per person per year. The World Health Organization target for this region is $30 to $35 per person per year."

I sat for awhile, taking all this in. Falt seemed to be an honest, clearsighted man. Unlike so many others, he didn't obfuscate or pass the buck. He seemed to be doing his best with the resources he had. It wasn't his fault that he couldn't do better.

"We need a lot more resources," he said, "maybe $3.4 billion worth of Iraqi oil, and it's doubtful that we could stabilize them even with that. They have suffered extensively over the last seven years, and there is no miracle cure. Not until the sanctions are lifted. And we don't know that the Security Council will approve it."

"And how do you feel about all this, Mr. Falt?" I said. "I have to admit that it breaks my heart."

"Well, yes," Falt said after a pause. "It affects all of our people immensely, and we have the highest turnover rate of any UN mission. I'm a bit protected. I don't go out in the field that much. But the things that people tell me..."

I hated to make him uncomfortable. He was being fair and decent with me. But precisely because I felt I could trust him, I told him what he surely already knew, that Iraqis hated the UN, that they made no distinction between UNSCOM, the Security Council and the rest.

"There are two different sides to the work of the UN," he reminded me. "And I will not comment on the work of my UN colleagues."

He saw me out as far as the base of the stairs. And there I noticed the model food basket on display. It looked pitiful. "Mr. Falt," I said, "may I take your photograph beside this food basket?"

Maybe I'd scared him, or maybe he was just sick of me by then. He'd just returned from leave; he was tired; he'd seen me at short notice. "No," he said. "I do not court this kind of publicity."

After he had left, I took a photograph of the food basket alone behind its glass.

A UN guy came up to me and gleefully wagged a finger, cackling: "Illegal!" Then I remembered that you were not supposed to take photographs inside the Canal Hotel.

OIL

Was it all about oil? Iraq is, after all, the country where gasoline literally runs like water.[23] Before the embargo, it was the second-largest oil producer in the world. Petrol! Benzene! They splash it about in puddles when they siphon it from their fuel-inefficient old American cars. They let it sink back into the dirt it came from. They use it like water, idling their engines for half an hour at a time because every time you switch the ignition on or off you stress something, and under sanctions gas remains unexhausted but spark plugs are getting hard to replace. Oil! Gas spurts joyously from the pumps at filling stations, maybe because gaskets don't seal anymore, maybe because no one cares. On the road or in the city one usually smells it. The smell of Cambodia is of sandalwood. The smell of wartime Bosnia is of scorched steel. The smell of Iraq is the smell of gas.

WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS
(2000)

So be patient; surely the promise of Allah is true; and let not those disquiet thee who have no certainty.

QUR'-AN, XXI.30.6.60[1]

PURIFIERS

Afghanistan is a pomegranate, her sweet, shiny secrets hidden within caves of dry bitterness; a fruit contrary to other fruits, for with other fruits we take the matrix and throw the seeds away. Within Afghanistan's plains, deserts and valleys dwell tribes who greet the stranger with a hand on the heart and who with equal zeal devote themselves to blood feuds. Between them, their mountains stand sentinel, closing them away from enemies and reaching toward God. Many a traveller has fallen back on the word "naked" to describe those sweeps of rock and dirt. Although emerald wheat-fields, trees shining with figs and oranges, armies of snowy hills all present themselves from time to time, it's sand, pebble-heaps and drum-hard earth tramped down by ancient soldiers and glaciers of which the place

is mostly made. Flesh and land—aren't both naked clay? Within the nakedness, each tribe wraps itself in itself, without reference to other clumps of pomegranate seeds. And, thanks to Islam, each sex likewise secretes itself apart from the other. Thus Afghans live proud and inward, no matter whether they wall themselves away in tan fortresses of baked mud or sleep in tents. I love Afghans. Brave, strong, gallant and generous, what have they *not* done for me? I cannot say they love outsiders, or each other. They're watchful, hospitable yet withdrawn, magnificent and vindictive, kind without end, lethally factional, unwearyingly violent. I have never met an Afghan who failed to keep a promise—if we except Afghan politicians. In the fierce stewardship of their honor, Afghans remind me of their opposites in creed, the Serbs. But unlike that other warrior people, Afghans rarely speak of bygone national tragedies in the present tense. If anything, the concept of nation repels them. The tribes of Pushtuns, Tajiks, Hazaras and others tell each their own story. "Government" operates in a distant dreamland where houses enjoy electricity, women can read, and officials spend the money they've extorted from the people. What unites Afghans, if anything, is the strict, monitory, glorious religion of Islam.

Islam is bread and breath. Islam is school. Consider this: A Muslim must pray five times per day. Each day he arises in the darkness of sleep to give Allah His due before anything else. In that half-formed time before the air has quite come to life with its daily smell of oranges, onions, dirt and smoke, Afghanistan closes her eyes, opens her inward gaze, and attends to the quavering loudspeakers of the mosque. And then the family breakfasts on tea and fresh-baked bread, with maybe an egg fried in oil or some chicken if they are lucky. Unless they are free of guests, the men of the house eat only with men, and the ladies with the women and children. More often than not, a Muslim will pray over his meal. He prays before commencing a journey, and when laying himself back down in the darkness of sleep. I cannot do more here than hint at the many rites and rules of Islam, to varying degrees onerous—the avoidance of prohibited foods, for example, which creates great difficulties for the Muslim who lives in Christian countries. In the holy month of Ramadan[2] he must abstain from all food and drink from dawn to dusk. He must read the sacred Qur'-An always, and, if he is educated, he should also familiarize himself with the *hadiths,* or recorded sayings and doings of the Prophet Mohammed (whose very name a Muslim cannot utter without adding: *may peace be upon him*). He must believe that Muhammed is the last Prophet, that God is unity (hence the Catholic doctrine of the Trinity gets explicitly denounced in the Qur'-An). He must give a percentage of his income (stipulated in detail by the Prophet) to the poor. And one of the most excellent things I have witnessed in Muslim countries everywhere is the way that people will offer money to beggars without pomposity, because so doing is no less their duty than going to the mosque. The Muslim goes out of his way to give aid to strangers, even to infidels such as myself. And he prays; he prays. In his heart

he is continually reminded of his identity by his unceasing obligations to God.

It follows that those who do not pray, or pray to other gods, must stay forever beyond the pale, no matter how much the Muslim may befriend them; while those who believe as he does, no matter what their color, language or nationality, are his brothers and sisters. This is why Muslim zealots call for a worldwide Islamic state, and why the Iran-Iraq war was infinitely more distressing, even shameful to Muslims than any conflict between two Christian nations would be to us in our easy secularity. So ingrained is this notion of kinship in the place which we are now about to visit[3] that the sad Christians of northwest Pakistan, and the secret Christians of Afghanistan, whose clandestine Bible-readings at home subject them to the risk of imprisonment, unfailingly embrace me and call me brother.

When the Soviet Union invaded Afghanistan in 1979, Saudi Arabia therefore sent fighters at once, and so to varying degrees did Pakistan, Yemen, Libya, Iran, Chechnya, Tajikistan and other abodes of the faith. Afghanistan's resistance movements (no matter that they had already exploded into factions) proclaimed a *jihad,* or religious war against the Communist unbelievers.[4] When I marveled at the generosity of Pakistan (which was never a rich country) to the millions of Afghan refugees, I was repeatedly told, "But, sir, they are our brothers. We *must* act so." And they put their hands on their hearts and named *me* brother when they paid for my breakfast or led me secretly across the mountains to see their jihad. At that time, of course, I happened to be held in special favor because my government was arming the Afghan insurgents. We called them freedom fighters in those days. (When the war was over, we would start calling them terrorists.) They called themselves Mujahideen, holy warriors. To the rank and file it was all quite natural that we were assisting them, for Christians, Jews and Muslims are alike "the People of the Book." Moses and Jesus were prophets; Mohammed himself merely sealed their revelations and corrected the errors of their respective sects. Differences between the People of the Book can thus be papered over in emergencies. To Americans, of course, the religious aspect of the jihad remained irrelevant. I supported the Afghan struggle in every way that I personally could because for me it was one of the clearest cases I had ever seen of good versus evil. To the CIA, I suppose, it was merely "strategic"—a good way to annoy the opposing chess team in Moscow.

Meanwhile the Afghans fought. They fought for a decade. They fought literally for their lives. The deeds of the Soviets lie below description.[5] In the name of female emancipation from the veil, they raped women. In the name of national security from Muslim fundamentalism, they machine-gunned illiterate peasants who couldn't have found Moscow on a map. They burned people alive and drowned them in excrement.[6] They razed villages, slaughtered livestock and destroyed harvests. They even (this is one of the most fiendish things I've ever heard) scattered mines disguised as toys, to lure children to their own maiming.[7] I know people who were

tortured with electric shocks in tanks of water. I have seen bombed out villages and men patchwork-skinned by napalm. I have met orphans whose fathers died in battle and whose mothers were butchered for sexual meat. I can never forget this.[8]

In 1989, to the amazement of the world, the Soviets, who'd never before released any country from their stranglehold, marched out of Afghanistan. The Afghans had won the jihad! And peace should have settled upon the half-ruined nation then. Instead, the seven-odd Mujahideen organizations,[9] which had constituted themselves along geographical, tribal and sectarian lines, trained their weapons upon each other, becoming tools of their commanders' avarice for supreme power. Some descended to outright banditry. Afghans who like to distill irony out of distress often say that the final destruction of their country was achieved by two engineers, Ahmed Shah Masoud and Gulbuddin Hekmatyr. These generals bear a terrible responsibility for the bridges they've unbuilt, but they are not the only ones.[10] Whenever I questioned an Afghan about any commander's human rights record, the despairing reply would be, "Forget it. They are *all* war criminals!"[11]

The situation of Afghan civilians in that time is all too well exemplified by the tale I was told by a black-clad beggar-girl from Kabul, a member of what the Soviets would have called "the former possessing classes," for she possessed a baccalaureate in electrical engineering, and at one time had even been an employee of the Ministry of Civil Aviation. One might imagine that anyone with such advantages would enjoy some protection from war. By the time I met her in Pakistan, in the year 2000, she was a prostitute. She was twenty-three, and looked forty. When I asked her to choose her most enduring memory, happy or sad, she said that on the first of January 1994, when General Rasheed Dostam's forces entered Kabul to quarrel with other jackals over that city's half-charred bones,[12] she and another girl set out for home. Corpses lay everywhere, rockets were falling, and the strange-gnawed ruins of houses resembled the jagged undulations of the snowy mountains all around. There was a bridge which they had to cross. I don't know which bridge it was, and maybe if I'd been a better journalist I would have asked so that I could have stood upon it, notebook in hand, in order to make this story more "true," but there was enough truth in the prostitute's hard sad glance that I didn't want to interrupt her by asking anything. Where that bridge was narrowest, four armed men rose up. Her friend ran away, and the girl, who would have been about seventeen at that time, was alone. Having great need to save her honor (for she was not a prostitute yet), she pounded on the door of the nearest house. This was of course against both rule and custom, but the man was merciful, and sheltered her (at great risk to himself). When after some hours she imagined that the Dostam irregulars must have found somebody else to rape, the girl thanked her host and departed, but—proof that not only those who forget their own history are condemned to repeat it—the moment she appeared on the street they fired an RPG round which wounded her in both feet. Again she must pound on the door and beg to be taken her in, which the house-

holder did, thanks be to God. That was all. I told her that I was happy that she had completed her journey in safety and that her family must have been likewise relieved. Staring at me wide-eyed, her face pitted with years of misery, she replied that her father had been killed a year or two before. Her mother would die later, in the fighting between Masoud and the Taliban. Anyway, it was a sharp-sharded, pointless story she had told me, crazy no matter how it might end, absurd like the Chinese BM-12 tank shell which I saw crammed into a power pole in Kabul, or the weird ruins of the boys' high school, onto the second floor of which Gulbuddin's forces had somehow managed to drive their tanks. In the silence, the girl remarked that at one time she had known how to speak a little English and Russian. Overwork and hunger had injured her memory. She was pitiful; she was one of millions.[13]

And so, with the factions locked in battle like fighting-beetles in a jar, the years went by and twenty thousand people died.[14]

Then from the south there came a rumor, or perhaps we can even call it a revelation. It seemed that certain pure young men, Islamic students, or *Talibs* as they were called, had risen up in Kandahar,[15] a city no longer proverbial for its grapes, but only for its nightmarish lawlessness; and that in the name of Allah the Beneficent, they had slain, captured or driven off every criminal. Next, they'd collected weapons from the people, promising to bear the burden of communal protection forever. Kandahar was now so safe, it was said, that anyone could leave a bar of gold in the street and it would be there three days later. But the identity of these enchanters remained unknown. Some claimed that they were soldiers of the old King,[16] who'd been deposed a quarter-century ago and who was alleged to still be hoping and waiting in Italy.[17] Others suspected that they might be fanatics who meant to wring away what scant freedoms remained in Afghanistan. Most people, paralyzed by decades of terror, merely waited for the future's gates to open. Meanwhile, the Taliban blossomed like magic in other cities and provinces. Their leader, Mullah Omar, who'd sacrificed half his sight in the jihad, was reputed to a quiet, simple man, although it was also said of him (maliciously, no doubt, for these selfsame gossipers denounced his stern regulation of the lives of women) that he enjoyed his legal complement of wives, the youngest of whom legend held to be as beautiful as any princess in the "Arabian Nights." One suspects this utterly unverifiable detail to be nothing more than an artifact of popular folklore, which can never leave biography alone. The fact that almost nobody was allowed to meet Mullah Omar, which could have been explained by shyness, policy, or any other number of motives, rendered him wondrous to the masses. But however much he might have wrapped himself up in mysteriousness, his exhortations were never ambiguous. His appeal for the liberation of Kandahar was typically down to earth: "We made this jihad for the sake of the people, not for gangsters!" One can easily imagine that the effectiveness of this argument was emphasized by his war-plucked eye. (Did he hide it with a patch, or allow its maimed socket to gaze upon his dis-

ciples?) "He is a clean person," I heard it said of him, "and he has good motives."[18]

So the Talibs cleaned up Kandahar. What was the secret of their success? Quite simply, they applied Islamic law. *And the man and the woman addicted to theft,* says the Qur'-An, *cut off their hands as a punishment for what they have earned, an exemplary punishment.* Who dared to steal after that? And who could object to what was plainly written in the Holy Book? I grant that the verse just cited continues: *But whoever repents after his wrongdoing and reforms, Allah will turn to him (mercifully),*[19] which I take to mean that under extenuating conditions the Islamic courts are entitled to act mercifully also. Be that as it may, the Taliban had no time for such niceties. Upon the evildoers they imposed peace by terror. ("When I cut someone's hand," a Talib told me, "other people get lesson. And then he is forgiven forever.")[20] They took Herat and Jalalabad. In the latter city I met the proprietor of a teashop, formerly a fighter, of course, who said, "I was proud to give up my arms. I started my jihad for an Islamic Afghanistan, and so we succeeded." —Province by province the Taliban advanced, calling upon every fighter to lay down his weapons in the name of Allah. Many a Mujahid joined them; many a town surrendered without firing a shot.[21] Every time they disarmed others, their own arsenal grew. Within two years, despite great difficulties in taking the capital and Mazar-i-Sharif, they'd conquered about ninety percent of the country. Masoud, who during the jihad time had been hailed as "the Lion of Panjsher," was now confined to Panjsher Valley once again; and the superannuated President in whose name he fought had withdrawn to Tajikistan.[22]

In Pakistan, while waiting for my Afghan visa to come through, I'd stayed in a cheap hotel whose clerk said: "Afghanistan is now the most perfect country in the world." He was a slender, gentle, bad-complexioned boy who came to my room every evening to answer my questions about the Qur-'An. When I thanked him, he placed his hand on his heart. On the wall behind the reception desk where he worked was lettered in English and Arabic one of the most famous surahs—*He begets not, nor is He begotten*[23]—a pointed rejoinder to those who ascribe divinity to Christ. Eighteen years ago, every Pakistani male I met longed to be photographed. Although this boy liked me very much, he refused to let me take his portrait, because the Taliban said that so doing was against Islam. He had never touched a girl. He was exalted; his name was legion.

THE INHERITANCE

When you come down from the Khyber Pass into Afghanistan, you enter a tan-colored desert like the hard interior of a pomegranate, a wearyingly lifeless place. I remember gazing into that place from Pakistan in 1982. They showed me the Soviet sentry in his box, although I could not see him, and then the road went on down into infinity. It had been a reasonably good road then. Now hardly a glob of asphalt remained on its bomb-cratered, potholed emptiness. Every now and then I'd see the

mud villages of refugees now abandoned and crumbling back into dust, or the stumps of a Russian-razed orange grove, another wrecked Soviet tank, and there'd be warnings of land mines and once in a great while a listless-looking man came into view dragging his golf-club-shaped mine detectors through the rocks, searching for death. Mostly I saw no usable habitation, not even a tent. Nonetheless, children were standing in the middle of that ruined, nearly empty road, throwing stones at nothing, or more often begging. Every couple of hundred yards there'd be another dirty boy or girl, leaning on a shovel. As the car neared, each child would sink the spade just far enough into the road-edge to collect a few clods; then he or she would dribble the dirt into the nearest road-hole, pretending to improve it. A burning gaze, a shout, and then the car was past, approaching the next beggar. Occasionally there were one-legged men praying for alms. Some of them grandly directed non-existent traffic in exchange for their non-existent toll. A certain old man solemnly sprinkled a few drops of water into the road-dust as we approached, then outstretched his hand. Whenever I gave anybody money, others came running. Once I slipped a boy five thousand afghanis, which is about ten cents, and when I looked back in the rearview mirror it seemed that the other boys were practically tearing him to pieces. And it was like this most of the way to Jalalabad, and from Jalalabad much of the way to Kabul's long war-pocked walls. Parents turned out their children early each morning to beg like this; that was the family's best hope. On a road bend where no other beggar could see, I gave twenty dollars to a boy who stood beside the carapace of a Soviet armored personnel carrier, and he took it and held it as if he were dreaming. I wanted him to hide it before anybody else came or the wind stole it from him, but the last I saw of him, he was still standing there with that banknote dangling from his hand.

In Kabul the beggar-children and beggar-women would wait outside the windows of restaurants. They'd crowd against the glass and drum on it desperately. Whenever I sent a plateful of food out to them, they'd literally fall on it just as skates and manta-rays occlude their scavenged prey, swimming down onto it to guard their devouring with their own flesh, so that when they glide away, the muck where they've been lies magically empty. When I left the restaurant those children would swarm on me, clinging to my hands or trying to pick my pockets, dragging me down, weeping and calling, sometimes kicking me in their desperate anger. When I got into the taxi they'd try to rush in, too. I could never bring myself to slam the door on their clinging hands, so the taxi would roll down the street at gradually increasing speed with the door open until they had to let go and I could close myself in. (Well, Afghanistan was never rich. I'm told that during the jihad some men used to fight for the scrap iron of Russian bomb casings even as other bombs fell upon them.)[24] Once I went out alone at dusk, and an army of children fell upon me, clawing at me for money, shouting obscenities because I was a foreigner, laughing that the Taliban would kill me because I wore bluejeans instead of

the stipulated *shalwar kameez.* They were children first of war and then of poverty, growing up ignorant (although some boys claimed to go to school) and hungry, with not much either to amuse them or to hope for. How could their families even feed them? Afghanistan's tale is a tragedy with many acts, and the Taliban had marched onstage only now, when previous actors had already shattered everything. Before we begin to judge their actions, let us bear in mind how little their God gave them to work with. (Is your mother going blind? By all means, rush her to the ruins of the Noor Eye Institute, which are adorned by a Russian tank. You'll find nobody there.) And let us also remember that they themselves were also children of war, children of poverty. *Be patient,* says the Qur'-An, *for surely Allah wastes not the reward of the doers of good.*[25]

A GLANCE FROM ACROSS THE DIVIDE

Do you care to meet them, these Talibs? Would you like to understand them? If you possess sufficient literacy and leisure to read my words, then empathy may not come easy for you—nor for them who do not possess an education. They walk the streets of Afghanistan, seeking to do good through strictness. I honestly believe they'd rebuild all the hospitals if they could, the schools, too (well, the boys' schools, at least; about girls' schools they're divided)—but didn't two engineers destroy their country? These Talibs never had the chance to study engineering. When they were nine or ten years old their fathers enrolled them in the *madrassahs,* or religious schools, the only institutions of learning remaining at that time. There they were taught an Islam without ambiguities: Cut off the thief's hand, regardless. Woman must cover herself. How much? The Qur'-An doesn't specify, so make her cover everything! Such an edict is easy to express and enforce. This is army life. And these young boys were soldiers. Every summer when they were on leave from the madrassahs they'd take up their Kalashnikovs and shoot at Russian tanks or gunship helicopters. They were taught that if they fell in battle, they'd infallibly go to Heaven. Everything was clear. Everything had to be clear. Woe to the soldier who does more than discriminate between black and white! While he is trying to determine the darkness of a certain grey, some black-and-white zealot will blow his head off.

In Kabul I stood in a grimy, unheated bookstore, some of whose books had been Islamicized, the faces on the jackets blacked out with ugly splotches of magic marker—vandalized, it seemed to me, just as the apartments and universities had been vandalized by the rockets in their death-screaming multitudes. But unlike some careful Stalinist dystopia, the bookstore had been subjected to this process with crazy rhymelessness, as if the morality police had gotten tired or wandered off to beg for something to eat. Here stood a rack of fullface postcards from before the war, the faces untouched. Dusty travel posters of "exotic" tribesmen remained on the wall.

Oh, the bookseller himself was demoralized enough, even terrorized. Eight months ago he'd been jailed for his idolatrous display of images. On the third day they shaved his head to disgrace him ("that was their present to me," he jested with murky bitterness), then let him go. As we stood talking together, three Talibs entered the establishment, their turbans wrapped around their darkish faces—oh, black, black, those turbans, black like coiled cobras.[26] Slowly, with gaping eyes, subvocalizing each word, they began to sound out the titles of his books. Now there were four of them together, searching for vice or merely passing the time, I know not, and neither did the bookseller, who hung his head in breathless silence. Undoubtedly these earnest, semi-literate, popeyed youths, madrassah graduates all, were seeking something; they were suspicious, disapproving—but maybe they doubted their ability to find what they sought. Maybe they were cold. (We could all see our breaths in that bookstore.) I asked their leader to please tell me his happiest and saddest memories, and he said, "In my twenty-eight years of life there's been nothing but war. Of course I have never been happy."

"Not even when you took Kabul?"

"That one day," he conceded without interest.

He had been ten when I'd last visited his country, during the jihad. At that time, every man I met, and every woman, was bright-eyed with urgent fervor. All must fight; many must die. Soviet bombs were gnawing their stones houses down to ancient-looking nubbins, but instead of weeping or cursing they calmly said: "Well, perhaps we must be killed, but certainly we'll never surrender." Sick refugees said: "Tell America not to send medicine. Send guns to fight with the Russians." And in the secret insurgent base where I had stayed, near Jalalabad, the Mujahideen laughed for glory and joy when they cleaned their machine-guns before battle. They prayed with their machine-guns at their sides. A commander told me: "I am not fighting for myself. I am not fighting even for Afghanistan. I am fighting only for God." —And now that certainty had dulled itself into something resembling one of the grimy books on these shelves. Afghanistan had wasted and dirtied her own dearly-won freedom.

Now the Talibs inquired of me which country I was from, the scared bookseller translating, and when I told them, they bayoneted me with gazes of rage.

"Do you have any message for the Americans?" I asked them.

"Tell them that we believe that the government of America is responsible for all our problems, and that they must stop this terrorism against us," the leader curtly said.

But they meant well. Really what they wanted to do was invite me to Islam. I showed them my Qur'-An, and like all their colleagues, they took it eagerly into their hands, kissed it, and slowly began silently reading from it, their lips moving in a rapture. They promised me that if I became Muslim they would take care of me forever. They'd feed and shelter me for the rest of my life; they'd find a special

teacher for me; I'd become their brother.

They gazed at me from across the divide, waiting.

THE DRAGONSLAYERS

As we have seen, the notion that the Taliban imposed itself by force upon an unwilling population is less than half true. Six years after that first strange swarming of theirs against the rapist-bandits of Kandahar, when one might well expect Afghans to be heartily sick of any regime in whose name their misery continued, many people I spoke with expressed contentment with the Taliban. Why? Quite simply, because they could not forget how bad it had been before. In a long, thick-walled teahouse in Tang-i-Abrishini Gorge,[27] as we men sat cross-legged on a concrete platform which ran around the inner perimeter, a middle-aged fellow told me how it had been for him in that evil vacuum of years between the Soviets and the Talibs. We were eating oiled chicken and bread. Because I was a guest of his country—no matter that my government had bombed and sanctioned him—he placed his hand on his heart and poured tea for me from the little pot. Pointing down at the grey-green river, he said, "That was where they took my two passengers." He'd been a taxi driver then. To the south lay the ruins of a luxury hotel in which an ogre had lived. The ogre had once been a Mujahideen commander, but, like so many others, he went bad. He kept young boys in that hotel for his pleasure. To my knowledge Afghan men are not more likely to be homosexual than anybody else,[28] but the strictness of Islamic and Pushtun rules of behavior forces local observers to the assumption that any female living with a man not her relative must be doing so for sexual purposes. And so the ogre kept boys, out of a desire for what the CIA would have called "deniability." Meanwhile he hoped to make his hotel ever more important, so each morning his gunmen stopped the first busload of people who passed, set them to constructing his grandeur all day without allowing them food, then at nightfall, when the quality of their work fell off, they robbed them of their valuables and sent them on their way. As I said, he lurked in the south, and our taxi driver had to beware of him. To the north, near this teahouse, other monsters had established roadblocks every kilometer or two where their gunmen would extract twenty thousand afghanis[29] from every passenger. And one night when the driver reached a certain tollbooth, the robbers flicked their rifle-butts, and two of his passengers were summoned. The driver sat watching them getting frogmarched into the gorge, and then the robbers told him he could go. But his remaining passengers said then: "This is not the human way. You must resist." —"What can I do?" he cried. —"Turn back and speak to your boss." —His boss told him: "They are right. You must rescue them." The driver was so afraid then. He thought he was a dead man. Fortunately, the two kidnapped men were soon carried home by another car, although naturally they'd been stripped of all their possessions. The driver never forgot his own helpless fear

and shame. That was why he adored the Taliban. For not a single such checkpoint remained in Tang-i-Abrishini Gorge! Only Talibs sat tranquil and silent beside machine-guns, gazing down upon the road from their stone forts.

"You know how hard it is to take the weapon from Pushtun people," said one proud Talib, and I did know. "Ninety percent of the Afghan people now live in weapon-free areas."

"If things keep getting safer," the taxi driver said, "I don't care about not being allowed to listen to the radio."

"Does it offend you that your daughters cannot go to school?"

He laughed resignedly. "None of the women in my family ever went to school anyway."[30]

As for the ogre, I spoke with one of the Talibs who'd captured him and liberated the boys. (I did not ask, but I presume that the Taliban put him to death.) Nomads dwelled now in the shell of his hotel.

Male or female, almost every Afghan I met said to me: *"The Taliban is better than anything we had before."* "They are better than everyone," enthused an old beggar-woman in Kabul—illegally, of course; it was against the law for me to talk to her. "We can walk everywhere," said her equally aged colleague, who allowed me to photograph her face. "My two sons were both martyred by Masoud. One lay for forty-seven days in a well. My husband was also martyred when the Masoud people stole his car. Now I have no one; I'm looking for food in the streets; at least the Taliban won't kill me."[31] —Truly, it was the Taliban who delivered the nation from the ogres.

"WE WERE VOLUNTEERS"

At five-thirty every morning a Talib goes to the mosque like other people. (The *muezzin* whose beautifully quavering *God is most great* calls everyone to prayer is now most often a Talib.) Then he comes home and reads the Qur'-An or the hadiths until sunrise. I have seen a Talib, a guest of other men, who as his hosts sit chatting in the concrete room curls himself into prayer and whispers the surah that Allah is everywhere and never sleeps. Afterwards, he takes his tea as do others; he goes to work. Some Talibs are shopkeepers. Some labor in the Ministry for the Propagation of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice. Fifteen minutes after I first began walking the streets of Kabul, I met one of these worthies (awed and anxious, my translator whispered warnings of his power), and when I greeted him he instantly invited me home for tea. He was not employed by the department which supervised women. His task was to police the front line against anti-Taliban sentiment, checking to ascertain that all the soldiers wore beards and refrained from smoking opium. He investigated cases of men who misused the black turban in order to extort money from the people. (Here I remembered a doctor who, unimpressed by the Taliban, had laughed in disgust: "Now the same old thief has put on a black turban!") The Talib said that

when he discovered such rogues, he advised them the first time; he warned them the second time; the third time he expelled them from the Taliban. Austere, sincere, he hosted me with the usual Afghan politeness. When I informed him of my nationality he grew sad, but his courtesy did not flag.[32] His colleagues sat with me upon the floor of a bleak concrete room where they all lived womanless; they had to fetch tea and wash the glasses themselves. Just as when you peer through a round ragged shell-hole in a wall in Kabul, you'll discover no secrets, only a courtyard choked with rubble (no matter that that courtyard might once have been some family's warm-roofed house), so when you enter a Talib's house you gain no sense of context, emblems beings prohibited. Eighteen years ago the lairs of Mujahideen had at least been adorned by black-and-white photographs of martyred fighters. These walls offered the eye nothing but cracks. I saw no banner; even their Qur'-Ans were wrapped lovingly out of sight. I unclothed mine, in order to ask them some textual questions; tears started from one man's eyes, and they all fell to kissing it. A space heater waxed and waned, according to the vagaries of the day's electricity. These Talibs, well, they were just people; we sat and we chatted as people chat; they scrupulously filled my tea-glass; we passed the time. They wanted to help me learn. When (apologizing in advance for my indecent request) I asked how I might manage to interview a woman, they said that they could arrange a conversation through a black curtain; but once I pressed them to arrange this they retreated, and after some discussion among themselves concluded that to speak with any female I would first need to get permission from the Ministry of Foreign Affairs.[33] Thanking them, I told them not to trouble further in this matter, and their spirits lifted. We talked about the jihad time. All had been Mujahideen, and one shy older man kept sending me a sweet smile. There was something quite innocent and true about them, as there often is with soldiers. I felt comfortable, maybe because being with them reminded me of my own youth when I'd been so awkwardly useless and the Mujahideen had taken such care and kindness with me as we went over the mountains. Perhaps not every one of them knew the Qur'-An by heart. But I doubt that every American G.I. can recite the Constitution, either.[34] The Prophet Muhammed himself never learned to read or write...

Three of the four Talibs in this concrete room in Kabul had spent their childhoods in and out of Pakistan, wandering from one madrassah to another as their families changed refugee camps according to the latest entrepreneurial fantasy, military reverse, or factional split. (As for the old man, he only smiled his wistful smile at me; perhaps he was related to one of the younger men. He must have attended a madrassah long before they were born.) They'd enlisted in the jihad in 1978, the year before the Russians came, when the assassination of President Daoud and his entire family by the two temporarily united Communist parties had radicalized all traditionalists among the people. Carrying on the jihad in summer, studying the Qur'-An in winter (and doubtless taking occasion to do business from time to time), they became committed Talibs.[35] And so they happened to pass through the gates of

a famous old madrassah called Darul Uloom Haqqania. It was there that a classmate from Kabul told them about the new Taliban movement. He said that they were needed in Kandahar.[36] Their teachers likewise encouraged them to go.

"Were you feeling happy, or did you simply feel compelled to do your duty?" I asked the man from the Ministry for the Propagation of Virtue and the Prevention of Vice.

"So happy! We volunteered."

"So what was the first thing you did in Kandahar?"

"We instituted Islamic law," he replied.

"And were the people pleased?"

"They gave us flowers and money."

Later, a little awkwardly, he pulled up the baggy cotton legs of his *shalwar kameez* and showed me his ruined legs. I believe that it had happened in the fighting for Mazar-i-Sharif. He spent a month in the hospital; his parents had believed him killed. Smiling, half proud, half shamed, he gazed down at his own wasted purple flesh which smiled back at him with its many white scars.

"WE DO NOT WANT TO SEE THE LOGIC OF THIS TALK"

As it happened, in my innumerable journeyings between Peshawar and Islamabad to obtain my Afghan visa I'd been compelled each time to pass through the little town of Akora Khattak. Right on the main road stands Darul Uloom Haqqania. A gunman lazes outside its high white walls. Not only my four hosts, but about seventy percent[37] of the present Taliban leadership, including the Ambassador and (some say) the Foreign Minister, had entered this institute's spiked iron gate. The rank and file studied there by the thousands.[38] Let us now peep in there.

The principal of the school, son of its dead founder, had been a Pakistani Senator and was currently Secretary-General of the radically Islamic, anti-American party Jamiat Ulema Islam. His name was Maulana[39] Sami ul Haq. Since he happened to be in Libya on the day of my visit, I interviewed his own son, Mr. Rashid ul Haq, the editor-in-chief of the militant Pushtu-language monthly *Al-Haq.* He met me in the courtyard, where pillars and lamps gazed down upon us. I greeted him; he placed his hand on his heart. We sat down cross-legged on the carpet of an inner room, attended by many bearded, shining-eyed men in prayer caps or turbans. These were the first Talibs that I had ever seen, and I gazed at them curiously; my curiosity was more than returned. There was nothing in the least hostile about them. They poured me tea and remained perfect hosts.

"What makes the Taliban government different from that of other Islamic states?" I asked.

"You have seen the other countries," Mr. ul Haq replied, "but the others are not living according to the Qur'-An but according to their own choice."

And those bright-eyed Talibs in their blankets and turbans stared into my face, I think longing to know me and to express themselves. They loved to clump and clot and clique together. (A car accident in Kabul, and from nowhere many black-turbaned Talibs come swarming! They pull the man at fault out of his car, coagulate themselves around him, and flow away, bearing him to another vehicle; he's under arrest. No matter that he himself is a Talib in a government limousine—secret police, somebody whispers: they show no favor. I'm impressed by this fact; I sincerely commend it. His long black turban's come undone; it streams behind him. They'll compel him to beg his victim's family for forgiveness and pay for the medical treatment. Another car's already carrying the injured man away.)

"Why have the Taliban made beards compulsory for men?"

"All prophets have beards," Mr. ul Haq said. "So we want to have beards. Some of the people, you know, live their lives according to the hadiths."

I wondered if he knew how unpopular this edict had become. In slang for *I left Afghanistan* some Afghan men had begun to say *I shaved the beard.* I wondered if he knew that the war-wound surgeons especially hated that rule, because in their own compulsory beards dwelled their patients' worst enemies: microbes.

"And why is music forbidden?" I asked.

"Islam does not permit it. People who sing create the thing which causes cowardice. And when a person spends his time in singing, he loses his time."

"And what about the prohibition on images of people and animals?"

"In hadiths, the picture is forbidden for the man."[40]

I had just interviewed two Afghan brothers in Kachagari Refugee Camp who often went back their home city on business. They loved the Taliban, except for one thing. Their father had been martyred in the jihad, and all they had to remember him by was one small photograph. They carried it with them everywhere. They told me that if the Taliban ever found it, some boy in a turban might tear it to pieces.

"So when do you follow the Qur'-An alone, and when do you follow the hadiths?""Everything is present in the Qur-'An. But hadiths show us how we must live our lives."

"And exactly why does Islam say that such pictures are forbidden?"

"We do not want to see the logic of this talk," one of the other Talibs said. "What the Qur'-An says, is right. The logic is present."

"How do you feel about the Taliban government in Afghanistan?"

"You will see that life is there so perfect according to Islam."

They all invited me to become a Muslim, of course—not only Mr. ul Haq himself, but also his Talibs boiling and frolicking around me like blindly innocent molecules. I expressed my thanks. Then when I asked them whether they had any concluding remarks, Mr. ul Haq said: "Christians and Muslims cannot defeat each other. So why don't we make some dialogue with each other? Muslims and Christians have a common enemy—the Jews. From the beginning until now, the

origin of this fight[41] was the Jews. Now the world will not forget that CNN is dominated by Jews. The U.S. is dominated by Jews. You should get rid of them and their propaganda."[42]

WHAT THE NIGHT WATCHMAN SAID

Yes, it was perfect, they all said; certainly that mountain-studded country was close to God. Certainly Kabul itself lay snowy and high, near to Heaven! So many stars so close and cold above the sanctioned city! Almost at curfew I walked to a small shop, the only one still open, where apples were freezing by lantern-light. The owner came out in his nightshirt. He was an aviation engineer who'd been unable to build airplanes since the assassination of President Daoud[43] back in 1978. He was bitter and hateful against me—oh, he did not lay his hand on his heart. Then came the fabled old night watchman with his long snowy beard, a sandaled giant thumping his staff on the icy street. As he came into the light I saw that he was green-turbaned like a Talib.[44] All five of his sons had found death in the jihad. Now I wish I'd asked him whether they'd all been killed together, or whether some were executed and others fell in battle one by one. Why does it matter? I have one child, and can scarcely bear the thought of losing her. To be bereft of five, well, I can hardly even understand it, and one must understand it, or at least try, until one's sympathetic sorrow has grown blackly receptive enough to invite that lightning-flash (a flash only; that's all I can bear) which illuminates the terrible reality of Afghanistan's misfortunes. Do you remember what Mullah Omar said before the gates of Kandahar? "We made this jihad for the sake of the people, not for gangsters!" What the night watchman now said was much the same. Clear-eyed and adamantine, he said: "I have given my children and my brothers for this country. Now look at me. I am doing this job for my food only, and it is very cold. *What kind of life is this?*"[45]

Let us be carefully clear: These words do not indict the Taliban, not quite. I've met many a relief worker or human rights advocate who, exasperated with the regime's judicial and extrajudicial abuses, especially with its stupid cruelty toward educated women, rushed on to lay blame on Mullah Omar's cadres for everything else—the low life expectancy, the extraordinarily high infant mortality rate, and so on. In the countryside, Afghanistan was *always* unclean, unhealthy; people died young. But the relief workers argued that since the Taliban now ruled almost the entire country, it had inherited responsibility for, say, the night watchman's frozen feet. And as Taliban rule continued, there began to be some truth in this. To me it was a mark of the Taliban's support (or in some cases of the fear that it inspired) that more Afghans did *not* explicitly denounce those glowing-eyed, turbaned agents of perfection more often than they did. How guarded the night watchman's jeremiad really was I never learned; he might have longed to express his hatred of Mullah

Omar, but was constrained by the shopkeeper's presence. Or then again he might have merely hated life itself.

Afghanistan was perfect, the zealots said, and perhaps that was even the opinion of that huddle of women in variously-colored chadori whom I saw near Jalalabad, squatting before a mud wall in their half-roofless village which might have resembled Indian ruins in the American southwest, were it not for the burned out, overturned Soviet armored personnel carrier by the roadside. Perhaps it was that very APC which had taken the roofs off. Perhaps poverty and bad weather had done it. I didn't stop to ask; surely those women all lived under roofs; the roofless houses must have commemorated the vanished and the dead. No, I didn't stop to ask, for it's neither easy nor pleasant for a man to speak with women in Afghanistan.

"Now I'm not happy, not angry," said an old doctor. "But it's crazy that in the twenty-first century the mullahs rule." He said this with a kind of laugh. He shook his head. In Pakistan I'd met another doctor, a surgeon, who'd finally thrown up his hands and emigrated to Canada when the Taliban in its first enthusiasm banned the display or possession of anatomical diagrams. I'd wondered aloud what the routine of a gynecologist must be, and he laughed uproariously. But the old doctor who'd remained, the one who shook his head at mullahs, said that now it was not so bad. "Before, we saw them beating women in the street. We were sad, but they had the guns. But now for a long time I don't see these beatings anymore. And now we have camera in my operating room, and even gynecology projectors. No problem. I'll tell you a story. *One Talib brought his wife to me. I refused to treat her without a letter* of authorization, because that is what they make everybody else do. So he brought his wife to Pakistan. And I think he started to wonder about this policy..."

I didn't ask him whether he thought that Afghanistan was perfect.

In the opinion of a half-employed boy in Kabul who welcomed the Taliban about as much as do Mr. ul Haq's great friends the Jews, only forty percent of the people supported them, and only five percent were true Talibs.

"How can they keep control?"

"They have Kalashnikovs."

He was the sole source of food for his family. Some days they didn't eat. He would have done anything to go to America.

Then there was the old man living on the edge of the rubble in the part of Kabul formerly controlled by Gulbuddin; to deny shelter to the enemy, the Taliban had razed his house. They were Pushtuns and he was Pushtun; but military necessity came first. It was war; maybe one couldn't blame them; but how perfect was his life?

As for the cyclists pedaling listlessly down the snowy streets between columns like Roman ruins, the beggar-women looking for firewood in the already picked over places where bricks were heaped and smashed, the children who had nothing better to do than throw rocks at the rusted skins of automobiles which blazed coldly around the squat blue bulb of a Shia mosque (at which no factionalist had been

blasphemous enough to shoot), I didn't ask them anything. I gazed upon them and I asked myself: *What kind of life is this?*

ENCONIUM FROM A HAZARA

It gets worse than that, of course. Mullah Omar's movement is overwhelmingly made up of Pushtuns; and other tribes feel a certain chill in the air.

The first time the Taliban entered Mazar-i-Sharif, they did so peacefully. Then, so they say, General Malik, who'd invited them in, grew treacherous, and killed thousands[46] of their cadres in cold blood. It may not have happened quite like that.[47] At any rate, they were killed and routed. Their second attempt to conquer the city was repulsed. The third attempt succeeded, at which point they are said to have murdered a thousand civilians.[48] Many or most of these were Hazaras. Mr. Sarwar Hussaini, Executive Director of a Peshawar-based organization called the Co-operation Centre for Afghanistan, was of Hazara extraction. Hazaras have always been discriminated against in Afghan society, partly because they tend to belong to the minority Shia sect of Islam.[49] Hazara farmers for their part resent the Pushtun nomads who, following their skinny cattle's foraging for the odd grass blade, browse uninvited upon their lands.

"It was on the second day of the Taliban takeover," Mr. Hussaini said. "There was a rumor that some Hazara may launch an uprising. So they started firing from helicopters into the houses. They were killed really brutally." Mr. Hussaini also claimed that the Taliban killed several hundred people in Bamyan and burned nearly a thousand houses.

I asked his opinion of that spontaneous uprising of decency which brought the Taliban into view. He responded: "There are some facts in this story—yes, Kandahar was lawless and people got fed up—but, you see, the Afghan people were fighting against Russia and we lost everything. We remained with an empty place in which anyone can interfere in our civil affairs. The intervening governments didn't allow us to rule ourselves. When Masoud took over Kabul, Iran supported Hezb-i-Islami[50] and Pakistani supported Gulbuddin in those thousand rocket attacks which turned Kabul into a desert. Masoud is getting help from Russia now. They all failed to achieve national unity. When Gulbuddin failed to push Masoud from Kabul, then Pakistan changed their mind and decided to form a more popular group. *They formed the Taliban.* Gulbuddin and the Taliban are all Pushtuns, and the only ethnic link between Pakistan and Afghanistan are the Pushtuns."

"Why would Pakistan want to go to all that trouble to create the Taliban?"

"For Pakistan, the disputed territory in Kashmir is the main issue. They want to win against India at any cost. The only way they can is to make it into an Islamic, not a regional issue. Kashmiri terrorists are being trained in Afghanistan. In fact, many terrorists have bases in Afghanistan. Hundreds of Uzbeks, they are living in Mazar-i-Sharif. Chechen fighters and Arabs are being trained in Afghanistan. These

Arabs say that Hazaras are unbelievers and must be killed. Pakistan itself is training terrorists in Afghanistan. In 1998, when the United States attacked the terrorist bases in Afghanistan, sixteen out of the twenty-one people they killed were Pakistani.[51] And if we become the base of terror against other Muslim countries, who can live in peace?"

"And what's your opinion of the Taliban?"

"My impression is that they are a little abnormal people. They have been trained here in Pakistan, in Akora Khattak. They have been isolated from the community for several years, so they grow up with a special attitude. They hate women; they hate civilization's aspects—for instance, music—happiness even. They don't have any tolerance toward others."

REPLY FROM A PUSHTUN

"Look. I have to tell you that the Hazaras did the bad thing with the Soviets. They were fighting alongside them; they were massacring Pushtuns. This man is Hazara, I tell you![52] From what he says you can believe maybe ten percent. If I had been present in that office, he never would have dared to tell you those things."

"You're saying that a Pushtun would not have said what he said?"

"I'm not saying that. People will say anything."

ENCONIUM FROM A TAJIK (OR WAS SHE MERELY A WOMAN?)

Thus one Hazara view. Nor were the Tajiks necessarily thrilled with Mullah Omar.

"The first day that the Taliban entered Kabul, all the people were in a state of panic, especially us women."

"Was there any window in your house from which you could see them?"

"I didn't see them on that first day. Because it was horrifying."

"When did you first see them?"

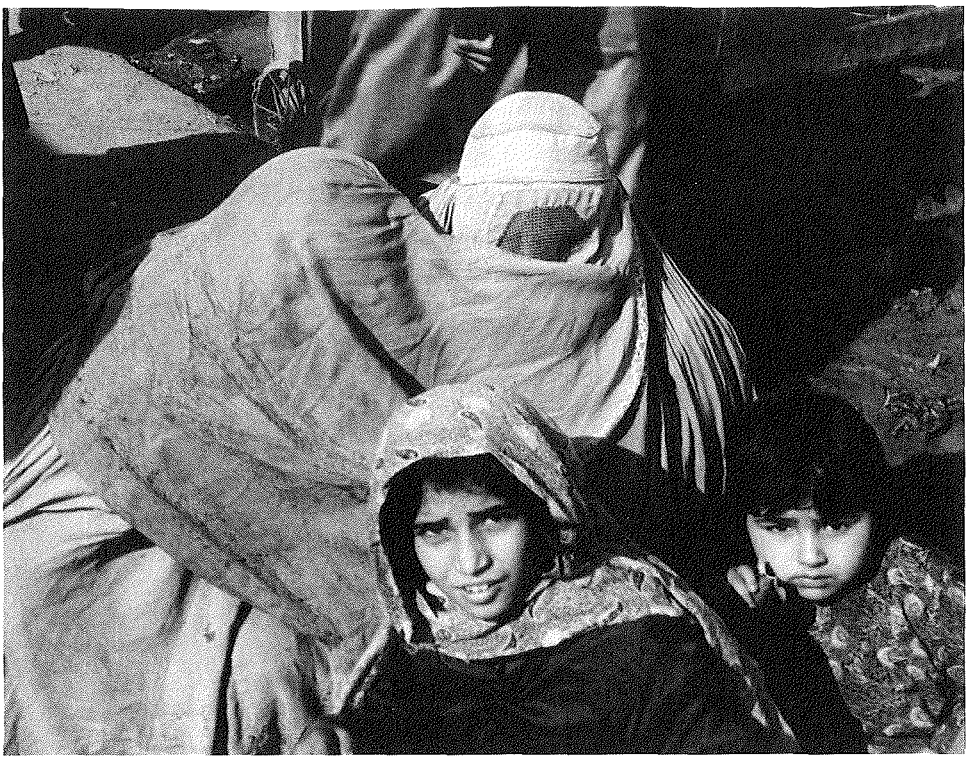
"After two or three days. It was completely against my expectations. They didn't look like the community on Kabul. They looked very strange to me.[53] Personally, to me they looked frightening. We women had thought that it was only gossip, but it was true. They were very nasty, frightening, rude with long beards. Oh! They were very tall with turbans! Even sometimes they had shawls over their heads, so that from behind they looked like—*women.* Apart from their appearance and complexion, their behavior was strange. The first announcement was that all women must cover their faces with a black cloth. Later, they decided that we should use the national burqa. The teachers went to school just to sign their attendance sheets, then went straight home. For about six months I stayed at home."

What was your job?"

"I was formerly in charge of the literary programs of Radio Kabul."



Afghan woman washing pots in an irrigation ditch on the edge of an unlicensed refugee encampment. (Peshawar, Pakistan, 1982)



Afghan beggar-women sharing food beneath their burqas (Peshawar, Pakistan, 2001)

And, indeed, she looked educated. She dressed very differently from the Pushtun ladies whom I saw burqa'd in the streets of Peshawar. Her creamy, beautiful face was not covered at all; and only a portion of her stylishly moussed hair had been concealed by a gauzy veil. I could see her very wide, dark, dark eyes, and the smile of her nervous, mobile mouth.[54]

"And after six months what did you do?"

"As the Taliban didn't have qualified workers, they had to use some of the former employees, even some women to help them." (She gave me a bitter flash of teeth.) "They had to, because they were not fully literate."

"Is it true that they permit no woman to go out alone?"

"Sometimes I could go out alone, especially recently. But I came here to Pakistan one year ago."

"What's the worst thing they did?"

"My worst memory is of when they beat an Afghan poetess, a friend of mine. I was not the eyewitness. My friend went shopping one day and wanted to buy some fruit. When she needed to pay the fruit seller, she lifted the burqa up to see the money in her purse, and suddenly a Talib began beating her with a whip. So she began screaming and swearing, but he didn't stop. For about one week she was in

very critical condition, and for one month she had bruises."

"What did the fruit seller do?"

"Nothing. He could do nothing. No one defended her."

"And what incidents of this kind did you personally see?"

"Once when I was walking I saw a woman being whipped by a Talib three or four times across the back. I didn't know the reason. Maybe she was unaccompanied by a close relative..."

"And do you remember any other such incidents?"

"Well, I went together with another lady to get our salary from Radio Kabul, and one of my female friends, when she got the salary, she thought no one would hurt her, and she opened her burqa to count the money in the yard. Then suddenly a Talib whipped her."

"How many times?"

"Only once or twice."

"What did you do?"

"Nothing."

She cleared her throat and said: "The person distributing the salary was an old man. So they took him in the street and beat him also, two or three times. He kept silent. They asked him, 'Why do you let the ladies show themselves like that?'"

REPLY FROM A PUSHTUN

"But she is a Tajik! She is related to Masoud. You know that Masoud is a Tajik? Anyway, she lies. I know her. She never lived in Kabul. She is from Panjsher, where Masoud lives. She is quite a good poet, actually."

"And her stories about the beatings?"

"Of course these Afghan women, they are depressed, but some of them politicize."

THE BLUE GHOSTS

Do they? Islam's women hide themselves from me. The color of their hair, the slenderness of their throats, sometimes their very eyes, their age, their contours—any and all of their physical forms, and most of their qualities as individuals, get variously subject to muffling, draping, homogenizing, dulling, protecting, stifling, or sequestering, as you will. *Say to the believing men that they lower their gaze and restrain their lust...* runs the Qur'-An. *And say to the believing women that they lower their gaze and restrain their lust and do not display their adornment except what appears thereof. And let them wear their head-coverings {so that they extend down} over their bosoms.*[55] In Malaysia a headscarf is often enough. In Pakistan, as we move north and west, the weight of seclusion falls ever more heavily upon overt femininity, until by the time we reach the Northwest Frontier Province, where the Pushtuns live in their mazelike com-

pounds of plaster and baked mud, almost every woman one sees on the street is a generic ghost in the green burqa or the blue shroud. A man may speak with a strange woman under almost no circumstances. If a muttering beggar-woman on the sidewalk stretches out her hand, he may put money in it, but looking directly at her or communicating with her for more than a second or two is rude, indecent, lascivious. Should any friend invite him into his home—and Pushtuns are the most hospitable people I've ever met—then sweets and tea will be presented by the host himself, who's brought them from behind a closed door. When the male guest enters a one-room mud hut in the refugee camps, the housewife lurks behind the privy's curtain. Or in the house of a wealthy man, which has doors instead of curtains, one goes into the sitting room, and presently upon its closed door[56] there comes a knock. The host springs up, opens it—nobody there, of course—and carries in the tea-tray with its pistachios or imported Lebanese chocolates. For in the most orthodox galaxies of the Muslim universe, the sole raison d'être of whose inhabitants is to glorify their Maker, any looseness or byplay such as admiring women's faces distracts men from their duty, tempts them to fornication, adultery and rape, and, in cases of obsessive love, risks the unforgivable ascription of divine qualities to the beloved. Western dogma would have it that the veil is an isolating, degrading imposition upon unwilling women. This is untrue. First let me repeat to you the words of Major-General N., the kindly, respected and powerful old man who adopted me into his household in 1982. After I had stayed with him for some weeks he brought me from the guesthouse into his home, where I got to meet and even converse a little with his wife and daughters. In the year 2000 he was still alive. Among his many beneficent acts he'd endowed a hospital with separate entrances for men and for ladies, a boys' high school and a girls' high school. He said to me: "A woman is a housewife. She raises your children; she gives you food; she keeps everything in order. Can you do as much? Of course not. That is why you *must* respect her." On another occasion we were talking about the American and European custom of dating, of which he deeply disapproved. The General said: "How can a boy be so cruel? He takes a girl and he uses her like a football. Then he kicks her away to the next boy, and the next. Poor girl! Her career is ruined! After she has lost her virginity, who would want to marry her?" —Mrs. Fatana Isaq Gailani, the wife of a famous Mujahideen commander turned politician, detested the Taliban,[57] but when I asked her how she felt about the Qur'-Anic surah from which I have just quoted she replied, her voice rising, "It is for the *safety* of the womans. It is *kindly* for the womans. We are so happy we are a Muslim woman. But this with my face"—she wore a bluish-greyish headscarf over a grey plaid shawl, a long navy skirt, stockings, and boatlike shoes with moderate heels—"it is okay for my face to be free. But the Taliban don't understand about the shariat[58] and the hadiths very well."

The crux of the matter is that what is *customary* in the Northwest Frontier Province has become *compulsory* in Afghanistan. And what the hadiths say is not that

a woman *must* cover her face entirely, only that she is more meritorious for doing so.

"The Taliban are giving *rights* to the woman," insisted Mr. ul Haq. "That right is to live safely in their homes." He added: "Right now, if a single woman wants to go anywhere in a village without fear, she is free to do so." —That was true, I suppose, if we discount the fact that so doing was illegal. Granted, in the countryside Mullah Omar's edicts went almost unenforced. Women went out to the fields alongside their men and worked, as they had always done. The Taliban made no difference to them, except that they were now almost entirely safe from rape.

"If a Talib sees a woman wearing a chador but no burqa, what will happen to her?" I asked a man in Kabul.

"About eighty or one hundred lashes. If they see girl and boy talking together, they will take them to the stadium and lash them. Then they must marry."

"How many times have you yourself seen that happen?"

"One. She was speaking with boyfriend. And they punish her in the stadium."

"Did she cry?"

"Yes, but not loud. They lash the woman. Make her sitting down, and lash her through the burqa."

"Did you see blood?"

"No. Not through the burqa."

"In your opinion, how many days afterward did she remain injured?"

"For two-three months. Some die from this action."

"Do they punish boys or girls most often?"

"Mainly girls. Boys can run; boys can escape from them."

"I have heard," he said then, "that in America the girls can walk uncovered even above the knee. It is true?"

"Yes they can, if they wish it."

"In Afghanistan it will never be like that for one thousand years."

(An old woman, her face open beneath the chador, gazed at me pleadingly. I gave her a banknote, and other beggars came running.)

Amidst Jalalabad's wide slow streets of rickshaws, bicycles and very occasional cars I'd see boys bearing metal trays of eggs on their prayer-capped heads, then burqa'd women whose pleated blue wakes streamed behind them as they walked. The ringing of bicycle bells, hammer-taps, the splash as a man emptied a pot of water in the street, horses' clip-clops, all these sounds reassured me, enriching the air like the fresh oranges which lay everywhere on vendors' tables, the fat, nearly scarlet carrots. Here came a woman in a green burqa, holding her dirty little son by the hand. A woman in a blue burqa carried her baby girl lovingly wrapped in a blue blanket. Nothing seemed wrong; it could have been Peshawar except that the air was less sulphurous and the rickshaws were not adorned with the faces of Indian movie actresses. An old man in a white turban was pulling a two-wheeled cart heaped high with timber, as if he were a horse. I heard children's voices. To be sure,

the scene was overwhelmingly male; suddenly now in place of any women I saw only men on bicycles; they wore white prayer caps and brownish-grey blankets. (No, but here came someone in a blue burqa, walking alone.) Maybe it was not so different from Peshawar; the wife of my Pushtun driver in that city never went out except to visit her close relatives; all the shopping in the bazaar her husband or sons did for her, because (her husband explained), one time or two times nothing would happen, but if she went a thousand times alone, why, sooner or later she might cross glances with some bright-eyed young boy and wonder what his kisses would taste like. His wife was *very* beautiful, he explained.

As for the matter of female employment, the Qur'-An clearly asserts: *For men is the benefit of what they earn. And for women is the benefit of what they earn.*[59] The Taliban got around this by continuing to pay men and lady schoolteachers the same munificent three or four dollars a month that they got before—but prohibiting the lady teachers from working in exchange for those salaries. Essentially, professional women in Afghanistan were no longer allowed to exercise their vocations.

"Do you think that the wives of Talibs are happy?" I asked one dissident.

"Yes," he replied contemptuously, "because they are nomads or else rural ladies, so they don't know about life."

In Pakistan, less than a quarter of all women can read, whereas almost half the male population is literate.[60] Women receive twenty-one percent of the national income.[61] We may assume that in Afghanistan the figures are even more skewed. To me that is a crying shame, and I find nothing in the Qur'-An to justify it.

Afghanistan is a pomegranate. Afghanistan is a perfect host with his hand on his heart. Afghanistan is also the shattered windows of a girls' school which closed long ago, during the fighting between Masoud and Gulbuddin.

"Why don't they open it now?"

"Because the war is not yet over," a Talib explained. "We need to protect the ladies."

But the war went on and on.

THE BRAVE GIRL

I have promised not to say where I met the brave girl, or who she was, or what kind of family she had, but I think I can tell you that they lived in Kabul and that they were cosmopolitan, affluent. They had chairs in their flat, and they seated me at a table of pastries, apples and oranges. I had interviewed a number of beggar-women in the ruined places—these were quick, sordid interviews like acts of prostitution. I felt safe; the taxi waited with the motor going; if any Talibs came I could always speed away... With each one it was just her, my translator and me hidden from Talibs in the snowy husk of some well-shelled house.[62] And every single time (except in the case of one Hazara lady) the old woman would say that she supported the Taliban because it was better than any regime in recent memory. Then I'd give her money,

and we'd flee our separate ways, for fear of the Taliban. Once in Jalalabad a man told me how a beggar-woman had come up to him and wept, "Don't you recognize me?" Of course he couldn't; she wore a burqa. It turned out to be his elementary school teacher. Then he too had burst into tears, and gave her all the money he had. She of course was almost inexpressibly sad and furious against the Taliban. The beggar-women I myself met in Kabul either were not educated, or had suffered terrible things at the hands of previous factions, or else feared to tell me the truth, perhaps because of my translator's presence. I will never know how they really felt. But sometimes in the lowered gaze or the lowered voice, one can tell, in spite of all affirmations (as in Iraq, or Kosovo) that all is not well. I did not have this constrained feeling with these beggar-women, because they came to me without shame, and I could photograph them through their burqas as much as I liked, or even see their faces on request. Why, then, would they lie to me when they were already breaking the law? And so it merely seemed to me that they were unhappy, and they had been even unhappier before. Enough about that. To meet the brave girl I had to ask her father. She was a young professional student in a black chador. I asked her how she had felt when the Taliban came. She said: "At that time I thought they were Mujahideen. Then when I learned that they hate people, especially women, I knew that they understand nothing about civil rights, especially human rights. When a person hits a woman on the street, what must that person be thinking? It is against humanity."

"And have they improved at all?"

"I never used to go out even to the bazaar," she said. "But now I think their behavior has been affected by humans. Really I don't have any clear idea about them. Of course they start a hospital for us, but what about the other women who stay at home without anything to eat?"

And here I should tell you that of course she and I were not alone together; that would have been unthinkable. Her father sat on the sofa beside her, listening with ever increasing disapproval. Her husband sat across the room; he was angry at me for seeing his wife, whose dark hair and dark eyes were not even covered. There were also two male cousins, my translator, and me. By now they were all shouting furious interjections at her; and the thought crossed my mind that perhaps they truly had never put themselves in their own women's shoes. She was biting her lip and lowering her head whenever she contradicted her father.

"Do you believe that the Qur'-An requires you to wear a burqa?" I asked her.

"No, I think there is no need to wear the burqa," she said so bitterly, and her father began yelling. "I myself don't like it," she said, lowering her head as they all screamed at her, "because I think I'm a human. Because I have my human rights. And it's difficult to see, especially for the girls who wear glasses; all my friends agree..."

"Do you have anything else to say about the Taliban?"

Twisting her hands in her lap, she said: "Peace is the most important thing in

our country."

"Can you tell me any story about something you have heard or experienced which might—"

"But she has seen nothing!" her father interrupted testily. "She cannot go anywhere until now."

"May I take your photo?"

"No!" they all shouted—all of them except her. She smiled sadly. When I had thanked her, she muffled up her face again and went back behind the closed door. I never saw her again.

Outside, I met a dozen Talibs who were fresh-faced and enthusiastic, straight from the front. They had crowned themselves with green turbans and wrapped themselves in blankets. As soon as I approached them, they swarmed tightly around me, and around them gathered the usual crowd. They forgave me for being American; they kissed my Qur'-An; they extended their hands to me; they placed their hands on their hearts. Would they ever do that for her?

PUNISHMENTS AND OTHER STRINGENCIES

How is one to begin judging the Taliban? If I use the yardstick of the Universal Declaration of Human Rights, of which Afghanistan was a signatory,[63] then it appears to me that the Qur'-An itself, like the Bible, stands in conflict with several articles.[64] The Taliban's stringent interpretation of Islam repudiates still other clauses of the Declaration.[65] I will never condemn the Muslim religion. Nor do I find anything in the Declaration which reads less than admirably in my eyes. And so, wherever the Taliban adheres to the Qur'-An with rigorous literalism, I find my own difficulties as a moral observer to be insoluble. Here I remember a sallow boy in Kabul who hated the Taliban and who whispered hideous details of punishments which he'd seen in the stadium: the thief's right hand carefully severed with a scalpel (a doctor did it; it took ten minutes), then the stump cauterized in boiling oil;[66] the murderers' faces looking "really bad because they know we will kill them in two minutes," the hooding and decapitation, "and then they show the head and people say, *oh, it's too bad.*" In the last two years he had witnessed about thirty executions—not because he had to, but only "to see something new." For without music or movies or magazines, one might as well go to watch the punishments. He said: "It's *too bad* in my opinion. I feel the Taliban are wild. Please, I never tell any other foreigner these things. I tell you only because you helped me; you are my brother. Please, dear brother, you will not tell them what I say? Because they will cut my head!"

"How many people in your family feel the way you do about the Taliban?"

"All of them—feel like me," the boy whispered.

Once he had seen a couple stoned for adultery. "They were in one bed, and

Taliban see them. First, judge begin with one stone, then all of the people hit them with stone. They cry; *they cry!* Very high cry."

"And did the man put his arms around the woman? Did he try to protect her?"

"No. They stand alone, because in that dying time, no time to think about another person. They were in a hole in the court. On four sides, every people hit them by stone."

"How long did it take?"

"I think for one hour or one and a half hours, maybe two hours."

"And did you also throw a stone?"

"No. I cry."

He went to the door to see if anybody might be listening. No one was.

"What do you think?" he asked me then.

"I don't know what to think," I said. "I'm only a Christian. Those punishments you speak of, they're all here in the Qur-'an. What do *you* think?"

Then he took my Qur'-An in his hands and began kissing it in agony, whispering: "Qur'-An is a very, very good book..."

And so, concerning the Islamic punishments, I will not criticize. The Qur'-An is a sacred text. Afghans insist upon its perfect legitimacy in all walks of life—as an ethical guide, a protector, a primer in hygiene and food preparation, a marriage manual, a tax code, a dress code, and a body of criminal law. Therefore, if a believing judge sentences a believing thief to lose his right hand, it is absolutely none of my business.[67]

When, however, the Taliban winnows from the hadiths only the most punitive interpretations of Islam, I cannot evade the unpleasant duty of complaint. In the Qur'-An we read ever and again that the compassion of Allah forgives transgressions in emergencies. A man in Kabul, just released from prison for having offended against the prohibition on images, whispered to me the tale of which he swore he was a witness, the tale of a thief whose right hand had already been cut off. Now he'd stolen again, and so they cut off his left leg. Afterward, when they were beating him in prison, he shouted: "If you cut everything off I will continue stealing with my teeth! Because *I have nothing to eat!*" If what he shouted was true, then how could his punishment be just? And why was it that the sallow boy who related to me those tales of public penalties carried out upon legally convicted criminals found it necessary to scutter to the door every moment or two, terrified that someone might be listening? "If they know I tell this, they must cut my head!" he moaned. I do not see why they would have cut his head for telling me what they proudly and public did. But they had certainly terrorized him.

"THERE IS NO CRIME"

Let us place our hands on our hearts, like good guests, and allow the last word on this subject of excesses to our host—in this case, the Minister of the Interior himself, who was kind enough to see me without advance notice. In Kabul one finds Taliban dignitaries ensconced in the cavernous, unheated offices of the various former governments. The Foreign Ministry retains a few mosque-calendars and paintings of flowers on its walls. A black-bearded man in a green turban sits carefully inscribing official documents with exquisite penmanship, while the visitors wait, submissively silent and huddled up in blankets. They may wait a moment or an hour until the documents are ready. Ever so slowly, the official's pen forges its miniscule track. The minister is very busy. His lips move as he writes; he is subvocalizing. Show him your Qur'-An, and he will kiss it. Meanwhile, in the corridors, simple, friendly Talibs stream everywhere, gathering curiously around anybody (such as myself) who might look strange. With the fierce energy of magnetic particles, wealthy only in their own hunger for purity, they were extravagantly confident, hopeful and proud, yet aimless, like scattered bullets ready to be gathered and loaded into Allah's gun. They mostly inhabited the outer reaches of the ministries, away from the aloof satraps who secluded themselves in the grand offices much as a woman's blurred face hides beneath the blue burqa. And in the hinterlands beyond them, one could see on the grounds of certain ministries, and the streets beyond their gates, rows of squatting blanket-wrapped men, not Talibs, with their backs and buttocks resting against the icy street walls; they resembled a long row of dates half-squashed together. Sometimes women in blue burqas passed them, walking two by two or even alone, often sunnily gesturing; the men politely lowered their faces. When their turn came to wait inside the courtyard, it seemed that more of them had tied turbans over their prayer caps. They strained and swayed in an anxious swarm, thrusting their hands into an official's tiny window. But it was in the chilly, darkened corridors of the ministries that the real life occurred; for even when the Talibs were sluggish with hunger and cold, they stood in clumps and clots, waiting for something to happen that they could react to. Those others outside, the seekers of passports and other favors, were there only for the base purpose of personal salvation: a safe conduct to Pakistan, say, to get medical treatment for a sick wife. The Talibs had already been saved; that was the basis of their imperious and often cheerful energy.

In the Ministry of the Interior, after being searched by Kalashnikov-adorned young cadres, I was conducted upstairs and through halls where Talibs flurried and seethed around my foreignness; later, when the interview was over, I gave a chocolate bar to the dirtiest, hungriest-looking one of them. He was wearing a T-shirt which said "Oakland Raiders." When I told him that the Oakland Raiders were American, like me, he became anxious, crestfallen, while the others all laughed at him. He did not seem to know what the chocolate bar was, although I had bought

it in Kabul in one of the few fancy stores still in existence, their stocks deriving mainly from Dubai; he peeled off the foil wrapper with his filthy thumbnail, then stared at the naked chocolate in amazement, while the other Talibs gathered around, crowding so tightly against me that I could scarcely breathe.

But in the inner offices a glacial decorum endured. Here were ten farmers all sitting silently around a stove, wrapped in blankets, the official to whom they'd referred their land dispute sitting at a low coffee table, his great desk cleanswept behind him. Whenever he needed something, he'd pick up the telephone and with less haste than thoughtfulness dial a long series of digits, after which an underling would hasten in and unlock the drawers of his desk. The man glided to his feet, approached the desk, withdrew a form from it, and then the underling (who also served tea) would lock it back up slowly and carefully. Behind this office lay an unheated conference room, and then a sanctum of carpets, cushions and a little bed where perhaps the Minister of the Interior himself took catnaps when he had to work all night. It was here that I took off my shoes and sat down on the floor to await his coming. When the door opened, I arose, and before shaking hands we both of us placed hands on our hearts.

This Mullah Abdul Razzaq is said to have been one of the very first founders of the Taliban movement. Of course he'd fought bravely in the jihad[68] and attended the madrassah. He'd been captured by General Dostam during one of the battles for Mazar-i-Sharif. I was also told by a reliable but unconfirmed source[69] that when the Taliban entered Kabul, Afghanistan's former president, the pro-Soviet Najibullah, was plucked from the United Nations compound in which he'd been cowering, and hanged[70] at Mullah Razzaq's express order. The same fate befell Najibullah's brother a moment later. No Afghan I ever met lamented these two men, but the speed of the execution, which was carried out within a couple of hours of the Taliban's arrival, not to mention the absence of judge, jury and other props, occasioned the Taliban some brief international embarrassment. I myself heard this story only after the interview, and have no further remark to make about it.

Mullah Razzaq was very gracious and polite. One Afghan journalist who'd interviewed him years earlier, when he was Governor of Herat, considered him very "emotional." But to me he was utterly the opposite. His hands slowly, serenely gestured in his lap. He wore white and grey. His turban was white, and his black beard was very, very long. The other Talibs in the room bowed and nodded when he spoke.

"Why did you decide to become a Talib?" I asked him.

"I was born into a Muslim family, and it is said in the Holy Qur'-An that when there is crying and corruption, so the people should fight against that."[71]

This good and pious echo of Mullah Omar's famous call in Kandahar could not but please me. For better or for worse, few of us in this world (and this goes double for our politicians) are more sincere than the Taliban. At the end of the interview, Mullah Razzaq advised me to read the Muslim religious books seriously and become a Muslim, "because in future that will be my responsibility."

"So as Minister of the Interior your principal task is security?"

"Security, yes."

"Who controls crime in the streets, the police or the Taliban?"

"All the police are Taliban," he replied. "We control the crime. We control every department."

One can easily imagine the impatiently righteous graduates of the madrassahs as preferring lampposts to courtrooms for the resolution of criminal matters. And indeed an Amnesty International spokeswoman, who was carefully evenhanded in condemning the human rights abuses of *both* sides in Afghanistan, expressed to me special concerns about rapid, ad hoc justice (the kind which Najibullah had tasted), the organized murder of homosexuals, and of course the severe restrictions on female movement, travel and education.[72] And here I want to quote the sad police officer, a twenty-seven-year veteran, who quickly wrote out a letter for me to smuggle to his distant relatives in southern California, and who whispered to me that the Taliban had robbed the police of their power, and that life was very bad. Possibly he and his colleagues had been corrupt, as is frequently the case in Third World countries (such as for instance Pakistan and Afghanistan) where the salaries of officials are so low, and the authority of their functions so encumbered by the ignorance, incompetence, poverty and nepotism of their own institutions, that their only hope for survival is graft. If so, then Taliban rule might have been a change for the better. Do you remember that black-clad beggar-prostitute from Kabul, the one who'd nearly gotten raped by General Dostam's long-haired monsters? She would not smile during her interview, no, not once, but if I'd asked her why she hadn't gone to the police, I'm sure she would have laughed. Our police veteran of twenty-seven years was one of the helpers she never considered turning to. Taliban-ruled Kabul was safer, no doubt of that. But she disliked the Taliban. For if a woman went to buy oranges, and if because, being poor like everybody else, she felt obliged to count her change to avoid being cheated—if, in other words, she raised her burqa for an instant in order to read the banknotes—and if just then a gust of harshly perfect Taliban brethren happened to stream by, then what determined whether or not they'd beat her? I suppose the result would depend on how simplistically their teachers had taught them in the madrassahs, and what their mood was that day, and how weary they were, how personally inclined they might be to make allowances for necessity. It would not depend on any police statute on the books.

"What is the most frequent crime against the shariat?" I asked.

"The Taliban have full control," he replied. "Right now there is no crime."

"Is it true that the penalty for beardlessness is ten days in jail?"

"Yes, that is true," said Mullah Razzaq.

"And why not nine or seven days?"

"That is not our work. That is the job of the Department of Religion. Only security is our job."

"And how is the security in Afghanistan?"

"The main thing about security is that Taliban are very kind to people and there is perfect security."

"All right. So the penalty for not having a beard is ten days in jail. What is the penalty for wearing a chador alone?"

"That pertains to the Supreme Court. It is their duty."

"Why is a burqa better than a chador?"

"A burqa covers all, so it is the real thing for women."

He had become glum and annoyed at this mention of female unpleasantness—almost as much so as he did later when I asked him about Osama. So I thought to change the subject. "Sir, is there any special message that you have for the Americans?"

"We fought against Russia for twelve years and they helped us. And we ask them and their government to help us again and not leave us alone. End the sanctions. As Afghanistan is destroyed, we expect help in reconstruction, and facilities for widows and orphans."It was the matter of the women and orphans which had particularly weighed upon me. I felt that the Taliban had no justification whatsoever from Islam to leave them to their fate. It was all the sadder that most of those beggar-women supported the Taliban. So, since he himself had brought the subject back around to women again, I asked him: "Who is helping those widows now?"

"The Minister of Religion has promised some programs. And also the NGOs[73] have done something."

"Is it permitted by Islam for widows with no other resources to go out and beg?"

"We are trying our best to prohibit them from this, and we are trying to give them facilities."

"But if they have no such facilities, if they are hungry, is it permitted?"

"It is still prohibited."

Now, it is always possible that the government translator whom on this occasion I was forced to employ—an intelligent but greedy, self-serving blackmailing devil—might simply have thought it politic not to press Mullah Razzaq on this matter, in which case that curt, repetitive answer—"It is still prohibited"—might simply have been a reiteration of the first reply, without translation of my intervening question of clarification. For I would give Mullah Razzaq the benefit of the doubt on this, if I could.[74] Moreover, we must expect a public officially, when speaking officially, especially to a reporter from an unfriendly country, not to deviate from the line that what is illegal is illegal. In fact those beggar-ladies plied their sad trade quite openly even when Taliban passed by. This regulation did not seem to be enforced. Still, the Minister's answer saddened me. It gave the Taliban a pitiless public face indeed, scorning the needs of the literally faceless.

THE AMOEBAS

Sarwar Hussaini, the Hazara leader, had said, "I think Afghan people should choose neither Taliban nor Masoud. Masoud is not a good alternative; he's proved that. The Taliban are not the kind of people whom one should like. The third choice is that Pakistan must be forced to give up support for the Taliban and let Afghanistan choose." But whom would they choose? A few oldsters longed for the King to come back, but what could he do now, this deposed monarch who hadn't set foot on Afghan soil for almost thirty years? Most people just said flatly that no good leader existed. It seemed likely that the political and educational vacuum in Afghanistan would remain unfilled. Nothing better emblematized the Afghans than the nomads I saw everywhere in dirty old UNHCR[75] tents—free or homeless, depending on how one looked at it, wandering and scavenging, closer to the earth than you or I—why, they were stained and streaked with it!—harsh, alien and generous, with their hands on their hearts, hoping for a little food tomorrow. That was what I thought at first. But then I saw a better emblem; I saw the amoebas.

There in high, cold Kabul, on the sidewalk beside a destroyed department store, a blue burqa stood looking at me, and I heard a young girl's laughter inside it. Beside the blue burqa, a yellow burqa was begging, its inhabitant also young as I guessed by the speed and mobility of the movements within it, almost reminiscent of the motions of those bright-eyed beggar-girls who undulate their wrists at the passing cars outside Jalalabad. So there were two beggar-ladies, one in yellow, one in blue, although to me they appeared to be merely animated burqas, not really people like that one-legged man in army green over there who was leaning on his crutch. Side by side they stood chatting, their faces shining vaguely through the mesh. Pure white breath-steam came from them; it was a chilly day. What were they saying? They gestured gleefully or scornfully within their shrouds, then sat down upon the sidewalk; and suddenly their burqas flowed together as they exchanged some secret. I don't know why I could never have imagined such a thing, maybe because the thought of two bodies becoming one in an asexual way would have seemed impossible. To the girls, no doubt, what they were doing was quite ordinary. To me it was nearly a revelation. In this casual fashion, they were making existence easier for one another. Now the one in blue emerged, withdrew into herself, then raised her tent over another girl, maybe her little sister, who was so young that she could go about with her face uncovered; within this warm and secret tent I could see the two heads move together, maybe whispering, or, as some men insisted, kissing each other—no, they were sharing food! Remembering the tale of the Tajik woman's poetess friend who'd gotten beaten for lifting up her burqa to count money, I realized that this must be the only permissible way to eat in public. There seemed something mysteriously amoeba-like in the way the blue tent rippled and seethed with the two heads touching beneath it, the mouths perhaps tearing away

at bread or a scrap of chicken. Like the private world of men which I always entered upon being invited within a Pushtun house, this transitory zone of female privacy struck me as ingeniously natural. Perhaps under the very best circumstances it might become an actual shelter like the red-carpeted rooms into which the men retreat to sit on soft cushions, unwrapping themselves a little from their tawny blankets as they listen to the steaming of tea-kettles; if they're not Talibs they boast about all the women they've chatted with on the telephone;[76] they hatch business schemes and tell tall tales about their deeds as Mujahideen; while outside their plastic sheeted windows, prayer-songs come from loudspeakers, and there is nothing else—bare walls except for a lantern or two, maybe a clock or a calendar, no, nothing else, no image to personify the space—but the space is warm, solid and private. If a man feels lazy, why, maybe this time he'll pray at home instead of in the mosque. No Talib will come in. He pours tea for his fellow man; he puts his hand on his heart. And I wonder whether for the two or three women under one burqa it can be as safe and mirthful as this. I hear them chattering and laughing; they gesture cheerfully. The Talibs' own strictness, one might think, would prevent them from invading this female citadel. So much of Afghan life occurs in secret! I remember the young woman I met in Jalalabad who, in defiance of the edict against female education, had taught herself English by book and radio. She spoke with me in a strangely singsong accent, but I could understand her. She passed the time teaching her brothers and sisters; now she was thinking of organizing an illegal home school. What dreams, successes and business dealings occur in that world beneath the burqa? I'm told that women often smuggle heroin and other contraband because they feel so immune to search—no women remain employed by customs to search them!—and I doubt not their own joking friendships warm them when they're together under one cloth. Still, the burqa's so thin it seems pitiful against the wind.[77]

AN EXALTATION OF SOAP LABELS

I have argued already that the Taliban is by no means the tyranny that many people imagine. It should also be mentioned that, as the brave girl said, "their behavior has been affected by humans." Mercy, realism, incompetence or laziness has watered down some of the Taliban's strictness.

The day before the Taliban finally conquered Mazar-i-Sharif, one young civil servant[78] of Hazara extraction, who'd until then remained so foolishly optimistic as to shave and wear short-sleeve shirts, began to prepare for his future. He let stubble come out upon his chin. He threw on the traditional Pushtun clothes, the *shalwar kameez*. Then he buried his guitar and harmonium underground. He was afraid that if the Taliban knew about them, they would kill him.

Talibs came to his home, and his father hid him. —"Have you weapons or cassettes?" they asked. His father gave up what he had.

More Talibs came; again his father hid him. "Where are your sons?" they demanded, wanted to draft them for the civil war.

"They are working for the Red Cross," his father replied. In those days (even now, perhaps) the Taliban were still somewhat unsure of themselves; they did not wish to offend any international organization.

After two or three days of hiding, the former civil servant came out. The city was stinking. He saw stray dogs eating human flesh in the streets. In the cemetery, corpses lay "like a pile of firewood," he said. They were Turkomen, Uzbeks, Hazaras and Shi'ites. Their families were afraid to bury them. Finally the Red Cross convinced the Taliban to allow a mass interment, for sanitary reasons.

The former civil servant said to me: "This is a gift of God that my brother got out of Mazar alive. In this Hazara area they knocked on the doors. Any young man who came out, they shot him. My brother ran away. They smashed all his windows. He was hidden by Pushtun friends for one month. Then he escaped from Afghanistan."

The former civil servant also escaped. When I interviewed him, he was living in Peshawar and editing an anti-Taliban periodical.

In Jalalabad the people were equally fearful. When the Taliban first came, in September 1996, ten thousand refugees fled to Pakistan.[79] Meanwhile the luminous-eyed, turbaned cadres of Allah searched house to house for televisions, videocassettes and other irreligious items. They used the confiscated televisions for target practice. They required the stores to remove labels from shampoo bottles wherever a human face was shown; they were very strict and petty.[80] But within the coolness of his white compound, sitting cross-legged upon cushions in his thick-beamed sitting room so womblike with red cushions, a retired professor told me that the searchers had quickly tired of their unpopular investigations. Originally, he said, they'd believed that all urban dwellers were corrupt, but now they'd begun to realize that most citizens were not so bad; or perhaps they were growing corrupt themselves.[81] By the end of 1996 the searches had stopped. He himself watched television every day. If somebody denounced him, the Taliban would not trouble to come unless the denunciation was itself eyewitness testimony. And even in such a case they would merely confiscate his television—and possibly keep it for themselves, he laughed. In 1996 it would have meant a fifteen-day jail sentence. He himself was pleased to have the Taliban here. He felt safe; his family was contented. The Taliban didn't care anymore if ladies went out alone (a point which I myself had verified); they only whipped those who of childbearing age who failed to cover their faces. Of course Jalalabad had a rural feel with its long strings of laden camels on the main streets and the raised packed-earth dykes curving crazily through the green wheat fields just outside the city; maybe the Talibs felt more at home there than in cosmopolitan Kabul, but in Kabul itself, where smoke-twists from shops blended in with the snowy hills, I discovered in store-windows one or two soap-labels which bore the likenesses of women. —"You see?" said my translator triumphantly. And there was even a photograph of human beings

(taken from the rear, of course) mounted on the doors of a taxi. I was interviewing a nest of Talibs when one of them called to me: "Look! Come quickly!" He wanted to show me a young lady with an uncovered face who was passing in the street. The fact that he thought her to be a rarity was sad, but at least he did not beat her. Outside the cities, my various taxi drivers always listened to music, lowering the volume when they approached Taliban checkpoints, but not troubling to kill the power.

I sensed every indication that the Taliban theocracy was already softening at the edges, getting refined or corrupted into tolerance. The Minister of the Interior responded eagerly when I asked him about Muslim-Christian friendship. A United Nations official told me, "What they need is more outsiders, more exchange of ideas." Of course, thanks to the United Nations sanctions, that was precisely what they wouldn't get.

OSAMA

En route to Jalalabad, passing a depot of camels on a chalk-pale rise, my taxi driver pointed out a squat, striated hill from which a certain Mujahid, armed and funded by the United States of America, had fought bravely and well against Soviet tanks. The name of that hero was Osama bin Laden. Americans believe that their missiles and money saved Afghanistan from the Soviets. The Afghans in their characteristic modesty are equally sure that they destroyed the Soviet Union single-handedly, and thereby saved America. Osama helped them do it. In Pakistan I'd seen a petrol truck hand-painted with his name. There were Osama matchboxes and baby Afghan boys in Kachagari camp named Osama.

In August of 1998, the United States embassies in Tanzania and Kenya were bombed by unknown militants, with considerable loss of American lives. Blaming Osama, the Americans quickly retaliated with cruise missile attacks upon the east reaches of Afghanistan among other places. Osama was not killed; twenty-odd Afghans and Pakistanis were. The FBI prepared an indictment; the State Department denounced the Taliban for harboring this mass murderer and "exporting terrorism," Osama's home country of Saudi Arabia broke off diplomatic relations with Afghanistan; and in due course, when the Taliban refused to hand Osama over to American justice, the United Nations imposed sanctions.

Every Afghan I met, from the Minister of the Interior on down to the poorest refugee in Pakistan, insisted that America had provided no proof of Osama's guilt. They characterized my government as highhanded at best, probably as cynically dishonest as the call for help which the Soviets had issued to themselves as justification for invading Afghanistan and murdering the head of state with his family. Our cruise missile attacks enraged the people. Ex-Mujahideen who'd loved America until then were barely restrained from burning down the U.S. embassy in Islamabad.

The Taliban made three public offers to the Americans. First, they could pres-

ent better proof, in which case Osama would either be extradited (this was not entirely clear) or else tried by the Supreme Court of Afghanistan. Secondly, a convocation of Islamic scholars could judge the case. Or else "international observers" could be admitted to monitor Osama's movements in perpetuity.

"I can speak as a State Department official that the indictment of Osama bin Laden and all related press material is available on the FBI Web site," I was told by an official in our Department of South Asian Affairs. "This indictment was given to the Taliban in November of 1998. We have repeatedly offered to discuss the indictment with the Taliban and they have never taken us up on this offer. And I think that makes it pretty clear that we do believe he's guilty and we have proof to that effect."[82]

But I will tell you what I saw. I attended two Taliban press conferences when I was in Pakistan. Everybody asked about Osama, Osama. And the Taliban response was ever the same: "We are always ready for negotiations. Afghanistan is a free sovereign state, Osama is our guest, and all activities of Osama are banned."

"Why are they banned?" asked a lynx-eyed journalist.

"Because he is accused."

And over and over they called upon America to present better proof. The Ambassador publicly asked for it. The Foreign Minister publicly asked for it. In my private interview the Minister of the Interior asked for it. At the second of those two press conferences in Islamabad a woman from the American embassy was there. Everybody stared at her, and she sat stolidly silent. I was directly behind her, so I could not see her expression. But later a Syrian told me that "her face had become very upset."[83]

At the mention of the name "Osama," Mullah Razzaq and all the other officials there in the Ministry of the Interior hung their heads in weariness. Mullah Razzaq softly told me: "Still we say to the Americans, if they have proof, why don't they bring it?"

Only the State Department and the Taliban leadership know who is lying about Osama bin Laden. But I will tell you this: If our proof is truly insufficient, then we are doing an evil thing indeed. If the Taliban is suppressing good and adequate proof already received, then we are doing a monumentally stupid thing by not announcing that fact. Why did that lady keep silent? Why does the Voice of America not broadcast the legal evidence into the refugee camps?[84]

An Afghan rug merchant told me: "Once we loved you. Now we hate you. First you created one Osama. Now you are creating many, many Osamas."[85]

I tried to argue with him, but I knew that he was right. Whether Osama was guilty or not, we had made up our minds and we *would* have our way, without courtesy, without explanations. And Afghans are the proudest people on earth.

The host greets the guest with his hand on his heart. The guest is sacred. When enemies come, he must defend the guest with his life. Granted, this is a convenient stance for the Taliban to take if Osama is truly guilty and they are guilty with him.

But wait a little. Suppose for the sake of argument that the leadership is corrupt in this fashion. Still this code of honor is believed in by *everyone* in Afghanistan. Jews and Christians used to have their cities and temples of refuge, to which the manslayer could flee and be (theoretically, at least) protected by sacredness. This is a good and merciful tradition. In and of itself, it deserves praise.

Wait a little more. One time when I was on the road from Attock to Peshawar I met a merry young Pushtun who was on vacation from studying business at the university in Quetta. His family happened to be engaged in a blood feud with another family over the ownership of some waste land on which the buyer wanted to build a girls' school. Words had turned to blows. His family had wounded a man of the other family. Two years ago the other family had shot his uncle just outside Peshawar. They'd offered to pay blood atonement, but because that would be so dishonorable for the injured party, my new friend's family had refused the money, and were not waiting to kill any man they could find from the other family. Well, he had to be older than twenty and younger than sixty—a combatant, in short. Otherwise his murder would not be nice. Meanwhile, the men of my friend's family lay in wait almost every day.

I said: "What happens if one of your enemies comes to you as a guest?"

"Why, we must be good to him. He can stay with us as long as he likes. We must feed him and honor him and give him everything the best. We must protect him with our guns."

"And when he leaves?"

"Then no problem. We can follow him and kill him."

This tale is instructive. From their point of view, the Afghans were not asking for the moon in stubbornly harboring someone who might be an international mass murderer. They might love him or hate him. That was not the point. (I'm haunted by the old man who shouted: "We don't want Osama! No Afghan wants Osama!") Most of them hated my country now on this heartbreaking second of visit of mine; and yet, while they withdrew from me a little in dignified sadness, still they poured me tea wherever I went; with their hands on their hearts they invited me into their houses; none of them ever offered me violence.

And about Osama bin Laden, more than one Afghan said: "Just *show me* that he is guilty! Give me proof! If it is true that he killed those Americans, I will cut off his head myself!"

"But how could you do that? He is your guest."

"No, no, Mr. William. You do not understand. The host must protect the host. But the guest must also respect the host. If he did these things while we were sheltering him in our country, then he dishonored us, and he is a criminal."

Meanwhile, the sanctions had begun their strangling work. Petrol, benzene and above all wheat still got smuggled in from Pakistan,[86] but the price of bread was rising in Kabul, and hungry families blamed the Americans.

BROTHERS IN FAITH, BROTHERS IN BLOOD

"You are creating many, many Osamas," the Afghan rug merchant had said. "Osama is a Muslim," the Minister of the Interior had told me in his soft, gracious voice. "So of course there must be some friendship. So we love him." Americans worried that Afghanistan had become a petri dish in whose nutrient agar the germs of Islamic fanaticism were replicating; soon Afghans would be hijacking American planes and bombing American embassies everywhere. And why shouldn't they believe that? Everybody needs something to fear. The Communists were gone now; maybe narco-terrorists, pedophiles and Afghans might make acceptable bogeymen. In the midst of their hungry ruination, the easy freedom of the warriors remained. When the Taliban proclaimed Afghanistan to be the most perfect country on earth, many Afghans, even Taliban-haters, agreed in their heart of hearts. The angular shell of a green Russian armored personnel carrier lay before the yellow compound where Gulbuddin's men allegedly tortured people, and then a black woman-ghost hunched against a white wall, and ruins gave way to cloth-roofed stands selling a few grubby oranges. Above all this, snowy heaps of rock tapered toward the sun. So much of Afghanistan looked like this; and so many Afghans would never want to live anywhere else. They had already withstood everything. "In the nineteenth century we beat the British more than once," they'd often tell me. "In the twentieth century we beat the Russians. In the twenty-first, if we have to, we'll beat the Americans!" Their men were out of work veterans, ready to make war anywhere. Here sat a youngish ex-Mujahid who insisted on paying for my tea because I was a guest in his country; two of his friends had fought in Bosnia in 1993-94.[87] One of his brothers enlisted with the Saudis against Iraq in the Gulf War.

"What is the most important lesson you've learned in this fighting?"

He smiled. "Afghanistan is a nation which no one can defeat."

Sarwar Hussaini, that Hazara leader, had claimed that "thousands" of Afghans were fighting for Pakistan in Kashmir, "hundreds" were fighting or had fought in Azerbaijan and Chechnya, "hundreds" more in Tajikistan and Uzbekistan. An Afghan journalist told me: "I have seen with my own eyes Bangladeshis and Pakistanis and men speaking Arabic. All of these men I have seen in the madrassahs, and I have seen with the Taliban in Afghanistan."

Let's suppose all this was true (although Mr. Hussaini's numbers might be inflated, especially for Kashmir). In fact, I see no reason why it should be false. Does this mean that the Afghans have become a million Osamas directly lethal to us? I think not. We are not their enemies—yet.

In Jalalabad I interviewed some Talibs in a tiny cell of a shop which sold cylinders of natural gas smuggled in from Pakistan. That shop, and the next, and all of them down that long wide dirt road, reeked and stank of gas; I'd have disliked it had anybody lit up a cigarette in that district. The Talib to whom they all deferred

wore a black, black turban, of course, and he kept his grey blanket wrapped tightly around him because the afternoon was cold. His black beard and black eyes now seemed to me so natural and necessary upon his dark face—how else could he be?—and he had a soulful mouth. He hung his heads shyly when he looked at me. I asked what was for him the best aspect of being a Talib, and he replied, perhaps not quite getting the question (for the translator I had on that day was distracted and afraid): "Since this is our real duty, we want to implement Muslim shariat in Afghanistan." He said that only Sunni Muslims were good; all Shias would go to hell. But when I asked him what he thought about the Iran-Iraq war, he quickly said that anybody willing to sing out that famous chant *"There is no God but one God and Muhammed is His prophet"* must by definition be his brother. All of these Talibs had been to the madrassah, of course; all had fought in the jihad. I asked them how many more jihads they cared to fight in. What about Chechnya, for instance? —"Yes!" they cried passionately. "We are happy and longing to go there. That is our aim!" —"And Kashmir?" —"Yes, yes! But we want to solve our problems in our country first. Then we will do it."[88] —They explained to me that it was the obligation of any Muslim to battle un-Islamic forces, and indeed that is what the Qur'-An says. Very possibly (commentators differ), such fighting ought to be in self-defense only: *And fight in the way of Allah against those who fight against you but be not aggressive. Surely Allah loves not the aggressors.*[89] To a Christian it might seem bewildering that an Afghan who set off to participate in another country's war could invoke self-defense. To a Talib, such a justification remains utterly self-evident. All Muslims being brothers and sisters, members of a single spiritual body, how can it not be self-defense for the left fist to strike the infidel who has injured the right foot?

Over and over I heard Afghans tell his hadith: "Our Prophet Muhammed, peace be upon him, said that the whole Muslim world is like a human body. If any troubles happen to any part of the body, then it hurts the whole body. Just like the United States came to East Timor to help their own Christian people, so Afghanistan promised to save Chechnya."

Americans and Afghans can still save their special relationship, if the will is there in Washington. Or we can use the Taliban and Osama as an excuse to keep treating the Afghans like pariahs. What will they do then? Probably nothing, most of them, unless we keep bombing their country. Do we really want to "create many, many Osamas"? Sometimes, to the great glory of all Cassandras, such prophecies can fulfill themselves in their own blood. For instance, I remember when one of my neighbors came running to tell me what she'd just heard on television: Islamic terrorists had blown up a government building in Oklahoma City! Soon enough it came out that our own American boys had done it. Muslims everywhere felt slapped across the face. One of the Pakistani Talibs at Darul Uloom Haqqania was a relatively cosmopolitan man who'd worked at a gas station in Boston. The first thing he heard about the Oklahoma City bombing was when an American pulled up at the pump and said

venomously, "Well, so you Arabs have pulled another job. Just like the World Trade Center." The Talib could never forget this insult. He'd talked it over with his fellow Muslims, and they'd all decided on the only conceivable explanation (to which perhaps they might already have been susceptible): the American media must be controlled by the Jews. Many more such mistaken attributions on both sides, and the fears of the Afghan-haters might someday be realized.

A FRUIT, A WOMAN, A MAN, A CRIPPLE, A TARGET AND A VERSE

Now we have looked through our microscope at the swarming phagocytes called Talibs, the amoeba-like morphings of the burqas. But look up. Look at Afghanistan itself. Afghanistan is a pomegranate from which no one, no matter how great his patience or how deft his fingers, can ever extract all the seeds.

Afghanistan is a woman. She is a yellow-burqa'd specter in a dark doorway, a brown-pleated woman-spirit huddled into a ball on the icy sidewalk; she is human and shivering. She hides herself within herself. I may dream about what she is, but I will never be able to see her in most of her manifestations. There go some of them right now, ladies in blue burqas walking down the ruined streets, their hems widening at their sides like unfurling moth-wings. Whenever the wind gusts, the blue cloth streams behind them, briefly revealing a shimmering green skirt or else patched darkness.

Afghanistan is a man. He is a turbanless Talib with a rifle on his back, carrying a sack of river-grass home to his mountain checkpost, to keep his brothers warm in the approaching night. I am a man, so I can know him and be his brother. In my honor he will put his hand on his heart. Here he is in another man-shape. He buys me tea because I am his guest; he kills his last chicken for me; he gives me an orange. And here is another man who is also Afghanistan—Taliban or not, it doesn't matter. A perfunctory prostration, then he rises and prays in earnest; he bows and bows, submitting himself utterly to God. He kneels, and his lips move in prayer while engines idle and cats gnaw dirt and old men scratch themselves all around him; he is in the midst of life.

Afghanistan is a one-legged boy. Every day even now, about seven Afghan children are killed by land mines.[90]

Afghanistan is a terrorist sanctuary, a military target, a nest of fanatics. That's what some say, and they might be right. But to them I quote this verse from the Qur'-An: *And if thou turn away from (the needy) to seek mercy from thy Lord, which thou hopest for, speak to them a gentle word.*[91]

EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS (2002)

The Prophet ordered that some iron pieces be made red-hot, and their eyes were branded with them and their hands and feet were cut off and were not cauterized. Then they were put into a place called Al-Harra, and when they asked for water to drink, it was withheld from them until they died. Abu Qilaba said: "Those people committed theft and murder and fought with Allah and His Apostle."

SAHIH AL-BUKHARI[1]

AL-JAZEERA

On September eleventh, 2002, I happened to be in Sana'a, which is the capital of Yemen. As I came downstairs into the lobby, the hotel manager, Mr. Abdoolcarim, beckoned me into the sunken room where he and the other men chewed *qat* and watched television every day. Qat is classified as a narcotic, but I have always considered it as harmless as coffee, and rather similar in its effects. In

Yemen the use of this plant has become increasingly widespread in recent decades. Two men will go through a bundle about the size of a rolled-up hall rug in one day. University students chew it to concentrate on their homework, irritable people regain their equanimity thanks to it, in gatherings of friends it serves as the same "social lubricant" that alcohol does for us, and when one man who wants to get to know another (it's said that women chew qat almost as much as men do, but of course since I am a man I will never know if that is true), he'll invite him to partake of that bittersweet olive-colored leaf. So when Mr. Abdoolcarim invited me to chew qat, it was a way of including me, of making me feel at home. I took off my shoes and in I went.

The television was on, as it usually was, and all the men were watching a broadcast from New York City as they sat cross-legged on the cushions, nibbling and gnawing at their twigs of qat. The floor was strewn with winnowed branches and leaves. Some of the men were smoking cigarettes as they chewed, and some were chewing only, their eyes happy and slightly dull. They made room for me on the most comfortable cushion, and Mr. Abdoolcarim's nephew, a very polite and intelligent boy who would soon be entering the university, slipped a handful of the most perfect leaves from his hand into mine. He was the one who'd told me last night that "we also danced on the streets on September eleventh, but later we felt sad for the innocent." Like most Yemenis from the north, he considered that the Taliban were largely correct. He felt a special affinity for the study of physics, but he also found the study of the Qur'-An extremely fulfilling. And now on television one of the American dignitaries had just begun reading aloud the names of the people who had been murdered on this day one year before.

I asked Mr. Abdoolcarim what he thought about September eleventh, and he said that since Israel was only the hand and America was the head, of course the hijackers had acted correctly in striking at the World Trade Center.

"Wouldn't it have been better if they had killed American soldiers instead of civilians?"

"Because we are so sorry for the September eleventh event," replied Mr. Abdoolcarim, "but maybe Osama have not another chance. This was a message for the American government."

"In your opinion, were the hijackers Mujahideen?" I asked him. A Mujahid is a holy warrior, a fighter in a jihad.

"I don't expect that they are Mujahideen," he said. "Mujahideen don't do that. Mujahideen don't kill the innocent."

I next asked Mr. Abdoolcarim's brother his opinion, and this man, the father of the young man who felt affinity for the study of physics, shrugged, laughed, plucked three particularly succulent qat leaflets to insert within his left cheek, and said, "I don't care about any of it. America is not my country. It's their problem, and they must solve it."

"But we hope they will heed the message," his son said. "We hope that that will be the effect."

Waving their hands and lighting new cigarettes, they kept talking about how much they hated the Jews, so I asked them who they thought was more powerful, Americans or Jews?

"The Jews," they all said.

The young man who loved physics then explicated: "The Jews have the power, but who executes everything? The American government. A lot of Jews are responsible in America. They are in the Congress. And the Jews do everything in the name of America."

"So in your opinion, America is only the hand and Israel is the head?"

"True," he agreed, and so did Mr. Abdoolcarim, his shining cheeks puffed out with qat, and kind young Mr. Anwar, who would be marrying his cousin in two months, lovingly presented me with another handful of the most excellent qat leaves. The proper way to chew qat is to add and add to that mass of emerald pulp within the left cheek, keeping it there for a good hour or two, cramming in more and more, swallowing only the juice because otherwise it will be very difficult to sleep. One Frenchman I heard about tried brewing himself some qat tea; they say that he stayed up for two nights straight.

A policeman was there; he was wearing camouflage and his hook-shaped tribal dagger, the *jambia* which most Yemeni men wore here in the north, curved ornately against the belly. "Now most Arabs hate the Americans," he remarked. "Because of the Jewish."

"So what do you think should happen to Israel? Would you accept the 1967 borders or do you want to push them into the sea?"

"My uncle's opinion is to live in peace," the physics student translated for Mr. Abdoolcarim. "Because they too are innocent; they are human beings like us. Al-Aqsa Mosque is for us. For the rest, they can live in peace if they can keep the peace."

"And do you agree with your uncle?"

"In the Qur'-An you can read about some war in the past with the Jewish. We were kind with them and then they began to make some problems."

From the street, a little girl peered in through the tiny barred window, grinning and giggling and imitating the men's chewing. She stuck out her tongue at all of us. Later she skipped in and sat on Mr. Abdoolcarim's lap. He gave her a few coins and she was very happy.

"Also the Iraq problem, the Jews have a hand in this," continued Mr. Abdoolcarim. "For the Jews it's a big risk to let the Iraqis live in peace, because Saddam Hussein is an intelligent leader who won't accept for Arabs to be inferior."

"In the war between Iraq and Iran, who was wrong?"

"Iraq and America together were wrong. America supported Iraq."

"And the war between Iraq and Kuwait?"

"Both of them were wrong. But the hand of the Jews was in this war."

"We don't accept the Jewish tourists," his nephew volunteered. "They are naughty, and they make a big noise. But, you know, the Jews in Yemen, the ones in Sa'da,[2] we like them and they don't support Sharon and his soldiers."

They were contentedly chewing qat while on the television my president and his wife were looking stoic and then there was a close-up of an American woman crying. The mound of shiny green qat leaves and stems grew higher on the floor as my president said: "We've captured more than two thousand terrorists. A larger number of terrorists have met their end in combat..."

The nephew said: "Maybe there is something hidden in his face, as there is for all leaders. They are all sad for something, but really they care about the power, not the people."

That was the first thing he'd said that I entirely agreed with.

And now the television (station Al-Jazeera) began to explain once again that the Jews had been behind the destruction of the World Trade Center on September eleventh.

Gradually the familiar qat narcosis brought me into a world of my own which the shouts of the children outside couldn't touch; patient and tranquil, which is to say as I used to be long, long ago. I was willing to stare straight ahead and take note of what transpired in my purview, everything within me and without me like pleasant music. I am so glad that it was like this, because what they were saying, especially in conjunction with what the television was showing, would obviously have been painful for any American. I fear my president because he seems to me both foolish and wicked; I hate what my government has done to Iraq; our actions in Afghanistan are stupid and cruel of late; I condemn American support of Israeli unilateralism in the occupied territories; but all the same, how can any American not feel grief about September eleventh? And these men in this low and cushioned room, these Yemeni men who so graciously entertained me there and gave me of their best, did not feel that grief; if they hadn't been so polite they would have openly gloated. The way that a dark man's cheek, when it bulges with qat, will sometimes catch the light and shine with startling pallor, this was the sort of detail I now attended to; nothing was painful anymore. But later that night, when the qat wore off, I said to myself that I had to learn as much as I could in Yemen, for my sake and yours. Twenty years ago, when I was young, a Pakistani general became my foster-father and did everything for me. He introduced me to the Qur'-An, which I continue to read to this day. He instilled in me a love for Muslim people, whose honesty, sincerity, and generosity I have never found the like of anywhere else in the world. And so, while I was not unlucky enough to lose any friends on September eleventh, 2001, I had my own anguish when it became us and them, and when our side and their side both began doing the wrong thing. In this essay, I will try to tell you everything I learned in Yemen, and I will try to tell it to you as fairly and inti-

mately as I can, so that you can decide what you ought to do, which may or may not be what our government tells you that you should do. A few of the things which people said and did to me I won't tell you, because I want to remember my Muslim brothers as friends, not enemies, for as long as I can. I beg you to read this as carefully as you can, to take note when they say that Jews and Americans are monsters, and also when they say "they too are innocent; they are human beings like us." What should we do? What would do you? And what *will* we do, and what will they do?

One morning an Iraqi in his seventies bought me tea and Turkish coffee in a little cafe in the new city. He was a funny, friendly old widower, this Dr. Basri, wide-eyed in his suit and tie, a bit lascivious by Yemeni standards, which might have been why my interpreter didn't like him. Reeling off the names of 1940s movie stars, he kept telling me how much he longed to visit Hollywood before he died. That seventy-year-old who epitomized the word "sprightly" assured me: "I like Kirk Douglas too much! And Ingrid Bergman, *ohhhhh!* In my house I have so many pictures. And Clark Gable," he said, tipping back his head. Then he mouthed the incantation *Bob Hope.* He told me that he didn't like to think about the Kurds who'd been murdered in northern Iraq. Taking another drag on his cigarette, he proudly said that he kept thirty-one pictures of Susan Hayward.[3] His father used to think he was crazy for loving Susan Hayward so much. About September eleventh, he said: "Believe me, I sick! I don't see on TV. I don't want to see. What is this? This is no good. Everybody happy; everybody say: Come see, see America! I say: I hate this."

Not so many years ago I would have found him pleasantly forgettable. Now I wanted to dip him in plastic and preserve him forever; he was the only person I met in Yemen who still bought into American culture. He was also the only one who condemned what had occurred on September eleventh. (Second after him in his support for my country was a certain Mr. Ahmed, who said: "Of course I was against September eleventh. It interfered with my tourism business.") Oh, yes, this Dr. Basri was quite a fossil. Here is what my interpreter, the same Mr. Anwar with whom I'd chewed qat on September eleventh, said about him: "When the Gulf War happened, all the bad Iraqis left and only the good ones stayed. Yemen is full of bad Iraqis now."

We walked a block and a beautiful black-clad woman with a black *hijab* around her hair came out of a beauty parlor and walked three steps into a waiting car. It looked as if her permanent hadn't quite set yet, or maybe since she had such a short distance to go she didn't think it needful to cover her face, but Anwar said that she must be a bad girl; only bad girls made up their faces and showed themselves on the street. I asked him what bad girls did, and he said that he didn't even like to imagine.

Two blocks past the wall which said, give or take a misspelling, ASSHOLE AMERICA, I stopped at a juice stand and the patron beside me asked in American-accented English where I was from; I said America and he began to ask me more

questions, ever more aggressively, so I got irritated and began to shine him off, and which he made a scene in earnest; he begged me to know, he demanded that I know, that no Muslim had done the thing which had been done on September eleventh, that Muslims never kill the innocent; that while I might be upset, while I might even have lost a relative, and maybe that was why I was here in Yemen, to take revenge, the fact remained, as anybody within earshot could corroborate, which many people now were, for he was screaming, that the American government had done it because the American government was the pawn of the Jews. That's nice, I said. Then he began to threaten me physically, while everyone looked on, and in their faces I could see that if he attacked me not one of them would help me. I told him that I disagreed with Israel's policies but that I was proud to say that I had many Jewish friends and once almost married a Jewish girl, which left him speechless. The men around me began to mutter, *"Israél, Israél,"* but by then I'd finished my orange juice so I stood up to go. He shook his fist at me, so I grinned into his face and went on down the street shaking. And if I leave you with nothing but the memory of him I'll have been a bad journalist, because that day had begun for me at seven in the morning when an ancient mechanic, brown as an African, stopped to greet me kindly and shake my hand, before beginning his day with the diesel engines. The walled streets of the old city were empty zones of brick, stone, flies, and excrement. Then a herd of skinny goats came around the corner, bearing a stench as rich as honey. The goatherd gazed deeply into my eyes and blessed me with his hand.

"Where do you come from?" people always asked me.

"America."

Not so long ago they would have said, "Very good!" Now they grew sad, but most them still replied: "Welcome!" I wonder how many of us would do that for them?

Thursdays and Mondays, especially the former, are considered lucky wedding-days in Yemen, and so every Thursday I'd see strings of lights over the street, with men and children standing there on the cobblestones (for of course we could never see the bride; that would have been *haram*—impure, forbidden), and here came a black car with spiderweblike decorations on its darkened windows and flowers on its hood. Now the loudspeaker began to sing, loudly and shrilly, and the crowd, which was essentially ovoid-shaped, hugging both street walls, began to sing, too. Men were fervently kissing each other's hands. Some of them sang loudly, others softly and shyly. At one end of the ring, attended by children who bore flickering candles and deliciously smoldering hunks of myrrh and frankincense, stood the bridegroom in his flower-crowned turban and garland of flowers, smiling with doe-like sincerity as one by one men came to shake his hand and kiss him on each cheek and then sometimes on his mouth. Everyone sang, *"Allah, Allah."* Overcoming my own shyness, I went up and shook his hand, then placed my right hand on my heart as people in Muslim countries often do, and in my own language I wished him joy

and long life and children. He smiled at me. I did not kiss him. Later, when I'd made friends in Yemen, I kissed men goodbye on their cheeks without a thought, but I did not know this man and continued to feel out of place. When I stepped back into the crowd everyone smiled at me even though they all knew I was from America, and the tender living faith of Islam all around me was very moving. It was a little sad to me that the other gender celebrated separately,[4] but at the same time I sensed very clearly that these friends and neighbors of the bridegroom comprised a community of brothers whose fellowship was more pure and sober than it would have been at one of the weddings to which I was accustomed, where men and women danced, flirted, got tipsy together. I respected this other way and admired it, although it was not for me.

Knock, wait while the man goes forward to warn the ladies of my presence; then I'd hear an astonished female voice, high heels running upstairs, and the man would come back to tell me that I could now enter his sister's house. And so I'd come upstairs, shake hands with all the men, and sit down with them on the floor cushions, all of us watching a Syrian movie on television, or more likely Al-Jazeera, whose bloodshot camera eye panned slowly over hospital beds which held the latest victims of the evil Jews. The men clicked their tongues in anger, and the television said *Israél* and the television said *Ameriki.* On another occasion this station, which the boy who loved physics called the best in all Arabia, offered its latest blow-by-blow account of the preparations for September eleventh, raising certain questions, certain doubts, such as why was it that on September eleventh agents of the Israeli intelligence service Mossad just happened to be stationed right below the World Trade Center with their cameras at the ready? This made me so sad and sickened that I can hardly tell you how I bore it, watching Al-Jazeera's gleeful distortions and gloatings. It came to me then how salutary it would be if Americans had to watch nothing but Al-Jazeera for a whole week, while the Yemenis for their part could regale themselves on the American media's own disgusting omissions, innuendoes, and obfuscations, licking up our president's wicked stupidities about his forthcoming invasion of Iraq. Which was worse? Probably Al-Jazeera, since it actually sowed hatred, whereas my side's infomercials merely stupefied my already isolated fellow citizens into their customary acquiescence for what before September eleventh used to be called "virtual war": We sit in our homes and gaze at real-time images of death in faraway places, bombs deployed by nine-to-five American technicians in the name of something that pretends not to stink. (I wish I hadn't seen with my own eyes the sick and dying children in Iraqi hospitals, the children to whom America in its super-democratic loving kindness denied medicines.) Which was worse? Al-Jazeera for certain, because if tomorrow the president announced that Iraq was now our ally against the terrorists in, say, Algeria, we'd all go right along, whereas if tomorrow the president of Yemen announced an alliance with Israel, he'd probably be assassinated. Meanwhile the slender boy in white who snuggled beside me on

that crowded cushion, resting his forearm in my lap, stripping off a handful of the most succulent qat leaves for me; he was so kind; he liked me so much, and he especially admired the September eleventh hijacker Mr. Mohammed Atta. One of my interpreters, Mr. Anwar, didn't think that *everything* Al-Jazeera said was true necessarily, but ninety percent of it was, and that ninety percent included Mossad's guilt for September eleventh. He chewed qat every day, and when he did he watched Al-Jazeera.

I once interviewed a grave man in a darkish suit and checked tie; his name was Mr. Nabeel A. Al-Sofe, and he was a member of the Central Committee of the opposition party, Islah. He was one of the more intelligent and moderate individuals I met in Yemen. When I condemned Al-Jazeera to him, he insisted, "I don't believe that the distortion has been done intentionally. Hatred has been stored up against the U.S. in Yemen, and we don't have anywhere to expend it except the Israel lobby. Al-Jazeera is like CNN, taking into account the interests of its viewers. The real victim is world peace."

On his desk lay a paperweight representing Mecca, another from Chicago, and a third which reproduced New York's skyline. I saw that the Twin Towers had been severed, and I wondered how many people who entered Mr. Al-Sofe's office enjoyed that joke—most of them, probably. Mr. Al-Sofe claimed that the Twin Towers just happened to break off in his checked baggage on the airplane trip back from New York, and maybe they did. I went back to my hotel, where everyone was decrying the latest aggression of America as served up on Al-Jazeera.

And so I dwelled heavy-hearted and half-sleepless in the city of Sana'a, from whose rooftops at night one looks upward at the cool clouds and one looks across at the fabulous facades of neighboring houses now lit up like living gingerbreads (inside they're watching Al-Jazeera); sometimes there's a man on another roof, scrubbing it clean, or the silhouetted shadow of a woman picking herbs from her garden; and one looks down at the smooth-shining streets where on Mondays and Thursdays the grape-clusters of wedding lights offer harvests of happiness.

"THE AMERICANS SHOULD EXPECT THIS AS A RESULT OF THEIR POLITICAL VIEWS"

On October twelfth, 2000, the guided-missile destroyer U.S.S. *Cole,* which lay in Aden Harbor for refueling, was approached by a small boat laden with explosives. The blast killed seventeen Americans, including two women, and injured thirty-nine. This attack marked the first occasion that many of my friends and neighbors had ever heard of Yemen. When I returned from my journey there, one woman telephoned me and said in amazement: "I just looked up Yemen on the map to see where you went, and I had no idea it's so far! Why, it's halfway around the world!" By November or December, 2000, nobody I knew was talking about the *Cole* any-

more. And after September eleventh, 2001, of course, the *Cole* incident had become almost as forgotten and irrelevant as the Columbine massacre. The people I know, who by and large don't read *The New Yorker* or *The New York Times,* who "hate politics," hurt no one and wish only to be left alone, simply could not understand why anyone would want to attack the World Trade Center. But then the local newspapers began to remember the *Cole* and remind us all of the larger web of which it now seemed a part: the bombings of our embassies in Tanzania and Kenya back in 1998; the previous abortive plot against the World Trade Center, masterminded, as if in a B-grade movie, by a blind sheikh; the Pan Am explosion over Lockerbie, and all the rest. By the time I went to Yemen, however, most of my acquaintances had forgotten the *Cole* again.[5] "That's a Muslim country, isn't it?" they said. "Be careful! It sounds dangerous." When I mentioned the *Cole,* many of them remembered what had happened, but they weren't sure where—somewhere in the Middle East or maybe Africa, they thought.

As for me, I hadn't paid as much attention to the *Cole* as I should have, either. It now came to me that I might as well visit Aden and find out what people there thought about the whole matter. It seemed plausible that if the blast had in fact been arranged by the infamous terrorist organization al-Qaeda (which means "the foundation" or "the building-stone"), then some of its members might remain in Aden, in which case I could perhaps talk with them.

A soldier with a glittering bandolier sighed and thrust his rifle into the luggage rack; another man had already checked his rifle in the belly of the bus. And then for eight or nine hours we went winding down the beige and tan mountains, which reminded me of parts of Arizona and California; time and again we'd find a vast plain of paleish-green below us, descend into it, passing earth- and rock-hued crag-cities, some of whose edifices were ancient while others were concrete; then we'd round a bend, and see another vastness far down and ahead; with each such progress it got hotter, of course. And as we passed into what had been the fraternal enemy of South Yemen, or more formally the People's Democratic Republic of Yemen, a change began to come over some of the passengers; they relaxed and revealed themselves a trifle, like a woman's eyelashes curling out of her black hood. From the female blackness across the aisle, a slender wrist in a leopard-spotted sleeve reached out, the back of the hand decorated with a sort of red spider, the fingernails painted blue. Here was a woman of fashion. (About these hennaed designs a man in Aden would laughingly say: "So other people will know her in her black disguise! It's for sex, believe me.") Beside me sat my friend and interpreter Mr. Anwar. He'd left his jambia in Sana'a on this occasion; his qat, of course, he had with him, purchasing that day's bundle with literally seconds to spare before the bus departed. As I did with all my interpreters, I made certain to outfit him each day with qat by mid-morning at the latest, and then he was always contented. He for his part took loving care of my safety and sustenance. We shared a hotel room in Aden, and I found

him a nearly perfect companion. He had never before visited this governorate, whose easy freedom was a byword throughout Yemen; in the interests of reconciliation, the North, which had won the civil war, allowed such un-Islamic vestiges as nightclubs and even alcohol. To me it would be quite instructive to witness the horror with which Anwar regarded these things (I should add that he loved the ocean, which he was now seeing and swimming in for the first time). But for now we were still lurching down the mountain highway, with several of the women now raising the lower edges of their black face-wrappings in order to vomit as discreetly as they could into the little black plastic bags which the conductor had distributed to every child and female.

Now the women's black hoods upraised themselves attentively, for we were being treated to the American thriller "Die Hard II," whose blood and muzzle-flashes I'd happened to miss for all these years. "Never like this in my country!" said Anwar, reproachfully I thought, as someone else got shot. I told him that in fact life wasn't quite as dangerous in America as the movie implied, but he didn't entirely believe me; nor did he care too much; he had his qat and kept awarding me the tenderest greenest bunches of leaves he'd harvested; his left cheek bulged larger and larger, for on the bus there was no place to spit. At first I was astounded that the movie's obscenity-laden dialogue would pass muster in Yemen, where people sometimes rent hotel rooms just to glimpse a soft-porn instant in some foreign video,[6] but Anwar, who didn't understand those Anglo-Saxon words, made it clear that much remained exempt from translation. And now the terrorist caused a plane to crash, killing everyone on board, of course, and for me, although this was just a stupid movie, it felt nightmarish. If another personal note is not out of place here, I might mention that I was in a slum in Bangkok on September eleventh, and I didn't hear anything until a day or two later, when some laughing, skinny Thais informed me of "a big fire in your country." Thank God I have been spared that hideous television footage so far. I hope that I never see it. At any rate, now I was seeing it, or a debased prefiguration of it, Hollywood's commercialized atrocity-titillation, the worse the better; I remember when somebody went to see the movie "Titanic" and told me that what he enjoyed most was seeing somebody get sucked into the sinking ship's propeller: spectacular, he said. And I felt sick, because in my work I had seen real people killed by violence, and I wondered what would become of people who thought that things like that were fun. Now people screamed and the airplane smashed and burned, with yellow balls of smoke rolling up, and looking around in my seat I saw that the teenaged Yemeni boys, who knew that I was American, were smiling in great white flashes of teeth; well, why not; it was just another "Titanic," and then they saw me looking at them and grinningly flashed me the V-sign. Were they just being friendly or were they gloating? I smiled back and inserted two more qat leaves into my left cheek. The conductor came by, patted me on the shoulder, and gave me a handful of his own qat; he was a very kindly man

who on our three or four toilet stops helped old ladies on and off the bus, leading them by the hand. After awhile they played us an Egyptian comedy, and everybody kept laughing, even the women, which somehow assuaged my paranoia as we descended past a crag of dryish rice-field terraces where two black-clad women were toiling up a path, and we entered a wide valley which was greener than the ones which had come before. Blue clouds reached up behind a mesa at dusk; then it was dark and we came into Aden—Aden, teeming and steaming! Aden was China, India, and Africa all rolled into one: perspiring with commerce and secrets. People tended to go either fatter or thinner than in Sana'a, thanks to the heat. Crowds sweated in the streets, some of which were paved, some not, everything blocky and clunky in Soviet and British colonial fashion; children played snooker at tables which by day were covered up with sheets of grimy cardboard; shirtless men lay side by side on the sidewalks; cats ate garbage; men sold watches and mango juice; in a filthy alley, an old crone, her face exposed right to the hair, sat in garbage, stretching out her hand and fervently blessing the giver; meanwhile, Aden's lovely young black-clad women freely showed their faces, concealing only the rest of the head. To my surprise, Anwar didn't feel sad to see those lips, noses, and cheeks in the hairless brown ovals in the black hoods. But when I took him to a whiskey bar to seek out drunken confidences, he was sickened and miserable even though all I did was buy us a 7-Up apiece. In the famous Qur'-Anic compilation *Sahih Al-Bukhari,* which many people believe to be second only to the Book itself in authenticity and importance, we read that the Prophet himself beat a drunk "with palm-stalks and shoes."[7] At that time it was all men, in the Yemeni skirts called *futas;* they were all sweating and drinking alone. None of them sported daggers; southern Yemen is, as one man told me, "not tribal." There was a sorrowful feeling about that bar; it reminded me of those American bars which open for their regulars at eleven on a Monday morning; serious drinkers only need apply. I didn't have the heart to keep Anwar in that place for more than ten minutes. Here is how he consoled himself: "Before, Aden was very bad—nightclubs everywhere, doing everything dirty in the streets. Like Paris, like Egypt. But now is getting better and better. Nightclubs harder to find." (Perhaps this is why one man told me that reunification hit the south "like an electric shock.") As for me, I felt discouraged about finding any friendly drunks, but fortunately the taxi driver waiting outside, the excellent Mr. Awad, originally from Djibouti and now a resident of Aden for forty years, sat waiting for someone like me, and praise God he had alcohol on his breath. Now what about the *Cole?* Mr. Awad remembered: "I hear—*bomb!* And then I run up to the roof to look, and they said it exploded from inside. No one knows who."

I agreed with him that no one knew who, but could he please propose a possible causative agent? He finally, tentatively suggested in a low voice: "Maybe, terrorists?"

"And were you happy about September eleventh?"

"No. No. Frankly, as Awad, I can say, the innocent people in towers dead, why?

If you want to beat somebody, beat him directly. But also, Israel, what they do to Palestine, it's no good also. And America supports them."

"I hear that a lot of Yemenis have been detained for the *Cole* and September eleventh incidents."

"A lot, yes."

"How many of those people do you think are actually guilty?"

"Of the arrested, I would say fifty percent."

"Is there an al-Qaeda?"

"Yes. All the countries talk about it."

"When was the first time you heard that name?"

"After the eleventh of September. With the *Cole* I didn't hear."

"In your idea, was al-Qaeda responsible for the *Cole?*"

"Maybe yes, maybe no. But maybe al-Qaeda. For who else will do that? Everyone else, we have good relations with the USA."

And this was what so many Adenis said. At first I thought that they were being disingenuous when they claimed ignorance in the interviews, which were generally conducted over unmatched little glasses of milk-tea as in Pakistan, the glasses clapped down on the little rickety tables so that the tea slopped in the saucers. In the villages of Madagascar, everybody knows who the zebu rustlers are because everybody's jealous of the rich men; everybody either steals cattle or wants to. In the tribal areas of northern Yemen I think that they do know many things. But in Aden, as in America, they are simple and apolitical; and in Aden it is so very, very hot and it is hard to find a job, so what do the Adenis care? After the *Cole* incident the small boats must bear license plates; that is progress, but it happened long ago, and even under the decades of British rule there were so many bombings in Aden (1958 might have been the worst year), and there are bombings now, and it is really better not to know. (Another shrug from the old fisherman at the beach, an outflung hand, the yellow flick of a smile and, very weary now of my questions about the *Cole,* he says: "It is not my business. We don't care. We never talk about it. We fishermen, all of us all the way to Hadramawt, we don't make any trouble. We run after the fish, that's all.")

Next morning ("My God," said Anwar, gushing sweat, "it's like a Turkish *hammam* in Sana'a!")[8] Mr. Awad, African of hue and feature, his hair snow-white like his coarse-woven shirt, drove us along Bridge Road, where the gunmetal-colored waters of the Red Sea accompanied us on either side, and as we came into the Ma'ala district, whose crumbling, garbage-packed apartment blocks could have been in Moscow or Phnom Penh, I asked him about the civil war. —"I can't believe it," he said, "because we are the same country, same nationality, like brothers, so how can they do that?" This was how he had spoken about September eleventh, and this was why I believed him.

"So did you see many dead people?"

"Yes," he said quietly.

"How were they killed? By bombs or shooting or—?"

"By missiles."

He didn't want to say more. I didn't need to know more. Mr. Awad, like me, did not enjoy spectacles of violence. He hated Gorbachev for breaking the unity of the USSR, which had suppressed the Israel-Palestine problem. Without Gorbachev there would be no trouble today, and the last thing Awad wanted was trouble, he said, flicking his wrist at destiny with a kind of weary elegance.

"So if I wanted to meet someone in al-Qaeda, how would I do it?"

"I cannot help you. That bar where you found me, I am always waiting there. The bearded ones, *les barbus,* how can they come there? And they don't like me; they don't like the whiskey on my breath. And I don't like them. They shout, *haram! haram!* at our unveiled ladies. The barbu family, in some places they cut all the clitoris for the religion, and then the girls are frigid.[9] Barbus! There are so many of them, *entre nous."*

We were speaking in French because Anwar was there; since he hailed from the north and since he'd succeeded in persuading the authorities in Sana'a that I was a tourist, not a journalist (otherwise I would have had two soldiers continually at my side), Awad was certain that my friend must be a member of the secret police. I didn't think so and still don't. But Anwar's silent horror and condemnation of Awad could not but be perceived by the other man. To me they were representative types: the sober, honest, pious ascetic, and the charming laissez-faire libertine—both of them fine men, and men I liked, Anwar for his integrity, Awad for his tolerance, and it made me bitterly unhappy that between them anything better than an armed truce was out of the question. "Anwar's a nice guy," Awad finally admitted a little wearily, watching him frolic so happily in the ocean while we spoke of other matters which Anwar was not permitted to hear. But although he loaned Anwar his spare futa to dry off in, Anwar couldn't bring himself to like him. Anwar's side, the north, had won the civil war, and ever since about 1988 the Islamicists had become more and more powerful, which was pure and good in its way, while by the standards of Muslim law, the *shariat,* Awad was not so good, which is to say that he was more like me. By the shariat of, say, the Old Testament—enslave the Canaanites, kill the witch and lesbian, kill the man who takes a foreign wife—I didn't measure up so well, either.

Outside of the town which for excellent reason was called Crater, the bleak lava scarps were sometimes surmounted by ancient cisterns of the same color; the feeling was like that of the Great Wall of China. "This is the place," Awad now said, pointing into the sea, in a spot below a needle-slender tower upon a volcanic escarpment. He stood watching the blue-brown water against jetties and ships and islands, and by now a green-clad soldier had come to forbid me from taking any photographs, not that I wanted to anyhow; and now a woman whose black eyes leaped out beau-

tifully from her window of brown flesh, for she was dressed as conservatively as any lady of Sana'a, sat down upon the seawall, and her brother or husband squatted beside her, pointing to the same place, the place where Chief Petty Officer Richard Costelow, recruit Lakiba Nicole Palmer, and fifteen other crew members of that Arleigh Burke class destroyer the *Cole* had been, depending on how one looked at it, murdered, killed in action, or justly punished for cooperating with what Hitler used to call the evil Jewish world hydra. I myself felt sad about it, but in Yemen I seemed to be the only one.

I wanted to hear more accounts of the attack on the *Cole,* and Awad said he knew just the place to glean such details; this place proved, more to Anwar's disgust than to my surprise, to be the red-walled bar where we'd first made Awad's acquaintance last night, and so for the first time I found myself drinking a beer in a Muslim country, just to put Awad's cronies at ease, while Anwar gazed at me with sad and steady reproach, presently excusing himself to pace the beach outside. The others were all drinking whiskey now, at *The New Yorker*'s expense, but I said no to a shot for myself because I did not want Anwar and whomever else I might meet to think the worse of me. A pretty girl in black, wearing a hijab only around her pretty, pretty face, sat alertly in the corner, and Awad informed me that her name was Fatima and something could be arranged. Awad drank and drank. Meanwhile one of the men he'd called, a bleary-eyed mechanic whose face was fiery from drink, was telling me: "I see the fire only, and the *poof!* And the people, *what happened? What happened?* I was in my workshop and I see the smoke!" He whirled his hands expressively. "At first I think it was *war.*" And the ham clenched his fists, setting his teeth in a ludicrously bellicose expression. I would have enjoyed seeing him on stage. War from where? I inquired, and he said, "Inside Yemen." I asked what the radio had said, and he shrugged and repeated: "A ship go up. Some fire and some smoke." As to who might have caused the explosion, "I don't know up to now."

"I understand that you don't know, but do you have any opinion?"

He rubbed his chin-stubble and wiped his sweaty face with the back of his hand. Then he said, "External."

"From where? Saudi Arabia, Israel, Afghanistan, where?"

"Afghanistan," he replied agreeably.

He didn't know the name al-Qaeda, or rather, he'd heard it, to be sure, but "we hear only Al-Jihad," which is another charming tentacle of Islamic militancy. "They don't like our ladies to show themselves, like Fatima over there. They don't like drinks like this. Maybe Al-Jihad can do this with *Cole...*"

I was ready to go by then, but Awad needed a whiskey, and not just any whiskey, but a whiskey with ice. He was hoping that tonight he might be able to convey me to the Diplomatic Club, where the orchestra was good and there was Oriental dancing and Egyptian dancing, if I knew what he meant, and it was by the seaside and many beautiful ladies went there.

"Who is the number one enemy of Yemen?"

"Israel!" the skinny mechanic shouted happily, lighting another cigarette.

One of my other new friends was a Port Authority man who sat with a bottle of King Robert II gin in his lap. He said that socialist Yemen had not been such a bad place. Before, you paid only a hundred dinars for a woman. Now you had to pay three thousand riyals. He liked me and Awad liked me and they all liked me so they offered to take me inside the Port Authority tower so that I could see everything for myself, but I had to keep pretending to be a tourist and not take pictures, they said, to which I agreed, and so Anwar, Awad, a bunch of drunks, and I piled into the taxi, swinging by Mr. Feisal's house since he had been on duty that day; the man with the King Robert II gin in his lap yelled his name from outside so that the womenfolk didn't need to trouble themselves to hide; and then Feisal came out, looking ready for a drink. Then together we all breezed up the concrete stairs of the unguarded control tower to the air-conditioned room where they offered me any drink I wanted, alcoholic or not; they pointed at the inner harbor where the *Cole* had been hit; the place was now prohibited for fishing, they proudly told me, so everything was safe. Anyhow, about the *Cole* they weren't so interested. The harbor was almost empty (I think three freighters were marked on their magic marker board) and they had very little to do, because ever since Yemen gained independence in 1968, business had been off. But they were sure that in future Yemen would become a mercantile paradise superior to Dubai. A crackling speaker cried: "*Allah akbar ...'lah ...bar ...All' ...*" Islands of white fuel tanks, grubby tugs, and beautifully black-and-yellow tugs at the jetty, a woman wearily ascending the path, with her hijabed face shiny with sweat: thus was their domain. I stood beside them, gazing out the windows at barefoot black men standing wearily over empty and unmoving wheelbarrows. Like their colleague with the King Robert II gin, they lamented the death of those fixed prices of the socialist era. "And security was very nice," one of them said. "But if you do wrong they kill you and don't discuss. If you talk with the foreigner they will catch you. Now we have freedom, but the prices are high. Milk is now cost four hundred riyals. Before, was thirty riyals. I myself have many small children." They longed for me to while away the afternoon with them. If I had been a terrorist, I could have blown every ship in their harbor to kingdom come. But, after all, they were correct; Port Authority was safe because there were no American ships.

And now for the tale of Mr. Feisal, forty-eight years old, who like Anwar was very talented with qat; he could smoke and chew at the same time—but first, just to refresh his memory, he needed to swing by the bar for an instant, and at the bar Awad and all his friends had by some coincidence forgotten something, so they went in for a half-hour while I sat in the taxi with gloomy Anwar, because I didn't feel like spending any more money in there and I didn't want Anwar to be left at loose ends again. We watched a black car pull up from which three black-clad ladies

emerged and slipped into the bar while the driver waited; soon a man came out with a gurgling bottle in a black plastic bag. The driver reached out and took it and drove off, leaving behind the three ladies, who were, as Awad said with heavy irony, "waitresses." And Anwar looked more bitter than ever. I asked him what would happen to Awad in Anwar's village if he were caught going with ladies like that, which he'd already informed me that he did, and Anwar said that he would have been stoned to death. And then we sat silently there with the windows rolled down, sweating. When the two other men finally came out, Awad told me the latest joke: Osama bin Laden gives a mullah the V-sign, which in Yemen not only means victory but is also obscene, which adds another connotation to the V-sign awarded me on the bus when the plane crashed in "Die Hard II," and the mullah happily says, "Do you mean that we won?" —"No," Osama sighs, "I mean that there are only the two of us."

And now for the tale of Mr. Feisal, I promise, but on the way we had to get qat for Anwar, which reminded Awad of a funny thing which had happened at this bar last night: A Saudi's hired ladyfriend wanted to chew qat, so Awad drove them to a merchant of the leaf, who charged them a thousand riyals, but when the vendor learned that it was only for the Yemeni lady, he was ashamed, and offered to give them back five hundred, to which she replied, "No, he's a Saudi. He can afford it!" So the qat vendor was very happy and said to Awad, "Come back to me, brother. I'll give you recompense." —It was to this man that we now drove Anwar, who finally began to thaw a little toward Awad because thanks to that debt of gratitude just mentioned, the qat vendor, a tall brown smiling man, gave Anwar a special price which really *was* a special price, and since he was on my payroll, Awad, who said he didn't chew qat because he was the father of hungry children, now likewise purchased a bundle of sticks about the size of a rolled-up welcome mat, and Feisal also decided to invest, merely to keep them company, I'm sure, this triple transaction with its attendant greetings, handshakes, jokes, and cheek-kisses taking place in an intersection of wide colonial-era streets, its various parties happily oblivious to the honking horns around them. And now Anwar was very happy.

And now for—this time I mean it—the tale of Mr. Feisal, who waited until we had driven out to the volcanic-caped beach where Awad liked to bring his ladyfriends at night for a hurried copulation in the back seat; with a smile of absolute joy which reflected itself in the smiles of all who saw, Anwar rushed into the ocean, where he played in the waves for hours; I was slightly worried about him, because he couldn't swim, but he promised not to go far and there was no undertow; every now and then I got out of the taxi to check on him and he was always there, smiling and laughing; then I returned to that back seat of so many other discreet encounters—how illicit was this one? Let me only say that in spite of several promises of enrichment the journalist from the *Yemen Times* whom I'd hoped would bring me to *Cole*-related people kept putting me off and finally went to the Ministry of Information, where he was warned not to give me any such assistance—while

Feisal and Awad were in the front, chewing qat, and Feisal said in fairly good English: "My job is in Port Control. See the ships come in and out. In that day I'm in my job. I'm seeing another ship coming in. I don't see anything for a few minutes from that time. Then I see explosion and fire from the *Cole.* I don't know that time it's the *Cole.* Only we send boats and tugs for fire assistance. But they don't want anyone to come near the *Cole.* Port officer come in my room and make contact with another American ship coming from outer harbor. They give us instructions to leave the ship and not come near. After that, they give us instruction to send small boat to take dead body and hurt man off the ship."

"What were you thinking?"

"I can't tell you. The mind not understand! Because we have a *good* port, a *safety* port! Maybe in the first time I think there is a mistake from Americans."

"You mean an accident?"

"Yes. Then captains of the Port Control and Yemen Navy call us to see what is happen. American is very angry, and makes fight."

"And after that what happened?"

"They stayed maybe fifteen days, or maybe more. At that time, only two of us in the room of control, me and my assistant. We are afraid! The first time I see that! Only before on American film.... In that time, at one-five-zero-zero I return back to my house. I can't sleep at next day, because I can't understand what happened." And he looked so sad. "We can't understand what happened," he repeated, "and we become angry. And when we understand it's American ship—nothing can touch American ship! —we get afraid..."

"I understand. Now, Mr. Feisal, in your opinion, who killed those Americans on the *Cole?*"

"From this time, I still don't know it."

"We are alone here," I said to him, "just you and me and Mr. Awad. And I won't write your last name. So please tell me who you think it could have been. You know, when the World Trade Center fell down, the Americans who saw it had many opinions. You saw the attack on the *Cole,* and perhaps you have an opinion about it, just an opinion."

"Somebody want to make it in Yemen," he said slowly. "From *outside.* I know my people. They want to live in safety. They want to eat only. We see it on TV first from CNN. Then on Yemen News—"

"How many people did the police catch?"

Tobacco smoke poured out of his qat-bulging mouth. "I don't know. Because Security took them."

"Public Security Organization?"

"Yes." Then he cleared his throat, looked at me, and whispered: "Yemeni is poor people. They want to eat only."

So that was the story of Mr. Feisal, and off we went, driving along a volcanoscape

past the Sheraton; Awad honked at a white car from which a woman's black-garbed arm reached out in a wave of white fingers... And all the time I was wondering how I could meet the people who had bombed the *Cole* or who gave it their fervent support. I believed Feisal when he said that most Adenites were innocent of knowledge—and of compassion—precisely as innocent, in short, as those Americans who live out their lives while in the hospitals, year by year, Iraqi children without medicines die of diarrhea in their name. What does it mean to be innocent? I now refer you to the remarks of Mr. Khaled A. Wahed Noman, a sallow mountain of a man who represented Canon Products in Yemen. When I interviewed him late on a hot night he was working at his vast desk; for some reason the go-betweens had convinced him that I was here to report on Yemen's economic future; as it was, our conversation proved unpleasant to both of us.

"We were affected," he said bitterly. "The glass windows in our showrooms were shattered."

"Did you hear the explosions?"

"A lot of damage, and no one compensated us!" I gazed at him in amazement. "So we have to file a suit against al-Qaeda," he chuckled. "If, of course, it was al-Qaeda. The investigators have not done anything. Although we hear from the TV channels that Osama bin Laden..."

"If it wasn't al-Qaeda, then who do you think attacked the *Cole?*"

"We cannot accept any allegations against Muslims," Mr. Noman said. "And it is not fair. This summer we cannot go to the U.K. We cannot go to America. So this summer"—he smiled at me triumphantly—"we go to Syria."

"I wish you a nice vacation. And who did you say attacked the *Cole?*"

"So you have heard my strong opinions already. And the U.S. is using the *Cole* to cover all the aggression."

"I am very sorry for all the bad things which my government has done and is doing. I sincerely regret them. But it's a little strange to me that you don't have any opinion as to who attacked the *Cole.* And you don't seem particularly sorry about it."

"I'm not saying it was justified. But we are suffering more than you, because we lost the tourism income, we lost our reputation; Yemen was affected by this criminal act. We are suffering more than the Americans, who should expect this as a result of their political views."

"Our pleasure," I said to him. He was right, of course, but that didn't make me like him. If he had only once said that he was sorry! I had said that I was sorry. Perhaps I was childish, but he enraged me.

"Real Muslims are not fundamentalists," he assured me. "Of course there are Yemenis who are with al-Qaeda, but they are a minority. These groups do not exceed a few tens, maybe a hundred. The United States people created these fundamentalists when they created this war against Afghanistan."

"I thought that it was the Soviet Union who went to war against Afghanistan. We helped Muslims against the invaders then."

"For your own purposes. And now these fundamentalists are creating big problems for everybody. You interfered in Afghanistan's affairs—"

"Excuse me, sir," I said, "but I was in Afghanistan, and the Mujahideen were very happy to get our weapons. What should we have done? Should we have kept quiet and let the Russians kill them all?"

"That's not the point," he said. "Everyone knows you helped them for the wrong reasons. And now you have received what you should have expected."

"You mean September eleventh," I said. "Well, thank you very much."

"And then Iraq," he continued, now himself quite angry with me.

"There you are right, unfortunately," I said. "My country has committed war crimes against Iraq. Of course, Iraq committed war crimes against Kuwait, which is a Muslim country. But I'm sure you don't care about that."

We glared at each other, and I said: "I am sorry for what we have done in Iraq. And I hope and pray that my government doesn't invade Iraq again..."

"Oh, they will do it," he replied with an almost gleeful bitterness, "but you remember my words: It will take another ten years to create another al-Qaeda, but it will be worse than September eleventh. Anyone and everyone will participate in this attack."

"Even you?" I asked him.

"For me, I'm a businessman," he said with a grin. "I try to balance..."

I was hardly listening to him. "Let me ask you something, sir. Right now, if someone launched a jihad against the U.S., how many Yemenis do you think would go? And if that jihad were against Israel, how many?"

"Islam does not accept to kill anybody unless he kills another. An eye for an eye, this is our justice. If you kill anybody, even a cat...Mohammed says, a woman will go to hell for confining a cat so that it starves."[10]

"In that case, if a Palestinian suicide bomber kills an Israeli child, will he or she go to hell?"

"We can't say. No Muslim can say. God is the only one who can say that."

This was an appropriate answer, a pious answer, but once again, its vagueness seemed to me opportune. He just couldn't express any pity about the *Cole,* or September eleventh, or murdered Jewish children. But he had plenty to say about American aggression; he didn't leave that part up to God. No doubt my expression betrayed my feelings, for he presently said, "I live in Aden. I was born here. All my friends were Jews. My first love was a Jewish girl. I have Jewish friends. And even after 1967 I don't feel that they are Jews; they are my friends. They left Aden after 1967, of course. And they did not go to Israel," he added fondly. "They went to the U.K."

"And why did they leave?"

"Oh," he said, "there was an uprising here. They fired their houses."

"So they drove them out?"

"Oh, that was just one or two incidents. And that was after we knew that they'd occupied the Sinai Desert. Ah, before that our relations were like *this,*" he sighed. "We used to go swimming with them on the beach..."

Taking leave of this fellow, whom the two affluent young intermediaries called an example and inspiration to them because he got so much done and refrained from chewing qat ("and what do you think about me?" —"Ah," they sighed, "you are definitely a journalist; that is your job"), I thought to myself: If he represents the mainstream in Yemen, as he very well might, what must the al-Qaeda types be like? I sent Anwar to telephone another journalist, and he came back with the unsurprising report that all the well-known fundamentalists had refused to meet me. What to do? Mr. Feisal in Aden had a drinking companion who'd been detained in connection with the *Cole*; at first this man seemed willing to talk in exchange for money, but then, as people so often did, he grew scared, because he'd been arrested once before, also on an explosives charge—precisely the kind of person I was looking for, and no wonder he was worried about getting into more trouble. Anwar worried that I might have underpaid Feisal, for his helpfulness had quite gone away. I myself think that Feisal was also scared. Public Security now knew of my presence in Aden, and it is possible that they visited Feisal's home. As for Awad, I made the mistake of overpaying him, so that he was now far too hungover to work. "I'm sure he was in a nightclub," Anwar pronounced. "Perhaps even with ladies. I don't like to imagine." Awad is, as an Icelander would say, "now out of this saga," but before I let him go it's my pleasure to tell you that he once invited Anwar and me into his home for lunch; his flat lay above many flights of garbage-strewn stairs, but thanks to the socialist era it actually belonged to him. I've told you how it was in Sana'a: Knock, wait, and find only men. Sometimes in Aden a door may be opened by a beautiful lady wearing a bright red hijab, but after a quick greeting she will retire in favor of her husband, brother, or son. In Awad's home we waited; then he led us through an empty corridor into the empty sitting room, where we sat on the sofa and waited some more. Presently our host's son brought us fish and rice, big pieces for Anwar and me, a small piece for Awad. On the wall over her heads I was astounded to see a wedding photograph of Awad and his wife. I later asked Anwar whether his parents possessed any such thing, and he gently replied, "Impossible. Haram." About photographic portraiture Yemenis were not nearly as strict as the Taliban, who prohibited image-making of humans except for identity documents; "don't you know," asks *Bukhari,* "that angels do not enter a house wherein there are pictures; and whoever makes a picture will be punished on the Day of Resurrection and will be asked to give life to what he has created?"[11] (The context: the Prophet refuses to accept, even from his own wife's hands, a pillow adorned with representations of animals.) And so that wedding photograph definitely attracted my notice. While we were eating our fish, I, trying to be polite, said to Awad that I thought his wife very

pretty, and that aside from his hair, which had gone entirely white with age, he still resembled the handsome young man who gazed confidently out from the wall. He thanked me for these compliments. Then it was time to go find more America-haters and anti-Semites. Anwar and I had already begun to descend the stairs when Awad did a very touching thing. He called me back, me only, while Anwar stood sullen on the landing, took my hand, led me back inside his flat and *introduced me to his wife,* who smiled and placed her hand in mine; she was a lovely, fortyish lady in the usual dress, the long black *abaya*,[12] and around her head a rainbowlike hijab; she also looked nearly the same as in her wedding photograph. I smiled at her, placed my hand on my heart, thanked her for the meal, and offered her and her family all my friendship. Awad translated; she thanked me. Then I backed away, perhaps too quickly, perhaps not, but I thought it best not to presume too much. When I told Anwar about that meeting, he grew sad and grim. I asked whether if I became his best friend and lived with him in his village for ten years I would ever see the face of the cousin he was going to marry, and he calmly, solemnly said never; then, considering a little more, he said that it was possible that in the space of ten years I might accidentally glimpse her through a curtained window, but even then her face would be covered. All this was in my thoughts as I sat in the back seat of the taxi, watching the two of them together, Anwar gazing proudly and gravely straight ahead, Awad occasionally glancing at him, correctly feeling himself judged and wanting, resenting that and also feeling insecure; for in Yemen his faction had lost and Anwar's had won; all this was unexpressed and in no way prevented them from getting along perfectly politely together. And so we drove along the margin of that vast harbor with its ships and squat volcanic islands.

"Anwar, what would you have done if Awad had presented his wife to you?"

"I would have lowered my eyes at once and gone away."

Aged twenty-seven, Anwar proudly remained a virgin. He'd last seen Cousin Fatima ten years ago, and then only her head and hands. It sometimes happened, accidentally on purpose I suspect, that a man saw his bride for an instant before marriage, but only once. Anwar did not know whether he would see Fatima or not. He would pay a dowry of about a thousand dollars for her, and then the marriage contract would be signed by him, his father, Fatima's father, and the local sheikh, while his mother, Fatima, and Fatima's mother waited in another room. Before marriage, fornication was punished by a hundred lashes. Then the man would go to jail, and sometimes the woman, too, after which they must marry. Adultery was punished by stoning, as Anwar had already said; he was a student of Islamic jurisprudence. The Prophet is said to have carried out this punishment with his own hands.[13] Four witnesses were required, although *Bukhari* recounts the case of a man who entered a mosque, bore witnesses against himself four times, and so by the Prophet's command was taken away and stoned.[14] Anwar was once working as a security guard at the construction site for a new hotel when he saw a taxi pull up; a man and a woman

got out. Waiting a moment, so that he was more likely to catch them in the act, Anwar got his friend, and then the two of them crept up on the couple, who were indeed engaged in illicit intercourse. Anwar held them at gunpoint. He told his companion to run and bring some soldiers, so that the statutory number of observers would be present for the sentence to be carried out. But both of the adulterers were pleading and crying; the girl offering him all her jewelry if he'd spare her life; finally he took pity on them[15] and allowed them to go. To the man he said, "If you ever come back here, even alone, I'll kill you," and the man promised that Anwar would never see him again. The girl, who was trembling so much that she could barely get her clothes back on, whispered that her father would kill her if he ever found out, to which Anwar replied, "Your father is worse than you, to have given you so much freedom."

Meanwhile, as I said, poor Awad's taxi (and his hungover consciousness) had grown unsusceptible to resurrection, so we got another taxi. First stop: The babel of the qat market, where bare feet and leaf bunches constantly wriggled on worn tables; soon Anwar and the driver came back in fine spirits.

"Salaam alaykum," I said to the driver then.

"You are Muslim?"

"Christian."

"Ah, very good! We are united against the Jews. Very bad bastards. They are not people. *We* are people. We must..." and he made a strangling motion. "I was an engineer in the former USSR. In Lvov."

"The Ukraine?"

"Yes. Very good city. But many Jewish bastards."

"I thought that the Germans had killed them," I said, for Belzec, near Lvov, was where the first gas chamber for Jews was established in 1942; as many as half a million people might have perished there. However atrocious Israeli policy toward Palestine might be, one would think that the horrors of Belzec might hinder somebody who'd lived near there from talking about strangling the Jewish bastards.

"Germans are very good people," agreed the fat loud driver. "And Americans are good people. But your President Bush is very vicious. And the Jews, we give them oil, we give them land, we give them jewelry, and all we ask is peace! And they give us no peace."

The main opposition party in Yemen was called Islah. In Aden they sometimes whispered that one of the leaders of Islah ran a "Taliban training camp" in the desert near Marib, so I figured this man might like them. But when I asked what he thought of them, he replied, "They are very bad people, not clear. The do the secret thing, in league with the Jews. Bin Laden is a Jew. The *Cole* was attacked by Jews. Islah is working with Afghanistan against us. I have no party. There is only one party: Allah and Mohammed!"

(Meanwhile, in Arabic, he was complaining to the disgusted Anwar about how much better it had been in the socialist days of cheap whiskey and women.)

"You will vote for whom in the elections?"

"I don't believe in elections. Elections are controlled by the Jews. The clean man, he doesn't like this poison. The Twin Trading Towers, who exploded them? Only Jews! Mossads! Arabs never kill civilian people!"

"Except for Jews."

"The Jews! We must kill them!"

That evening I was standing in front of the street rotisserie, where I had once seen a Russian woman with her long blonde hair falling nakedly down her neck as she stood drinking a beer and swearing obscenely in her language; nobody molested her or even changed expression; on this night I met four engineering students who insisted on paying for my grated lamb sandwich; they invited me to come take the air with them; they wanted to buy me sodas; their kindness made my heart ache because, like the paean to Hollywood actresses of that old Iraqi, Dr. Basri, they reminded me of how it had been for me in most of the Muslim countries I went until our cruise missiles hit Afghanistan in 2001; the students said that until September eleventh they had hoped to study in my country, and one of them had even qualified for a waiting list, but no more, since they had heard worrisome things about the treatment of Muslims in America nowadays; "we are quite free here," they proudly insisted.

Taking leave of them, I strolled past street stands of Lifesavers, watches, grapes, and cassettes; I passed a crowd of black female phantoms with the fire of another lamb rotisserie illuminating each crucial strip of eyes and nose-bridge so well, the whites of the eyes glistening differently but not more brilliantly than the sweat on the skin between them, the various gazes brown or black; I chatted with the shoeshine men of Crater, who were sitting in the street all in a row, chewing qat; a lady in black chador as all-covering as in Sana'a raised her sleeve and emitted a delicious rosewater fragrance; a ten-year-old girl with beautiful braids came up to a teashop proprietor with a banknote in her hand, and he changed it for her and patted her; a turbaned man, counting money as he smoked a cigarette, waved when I waved, smiling on me; I passed the early sleepers, the men already laid out like sweating corpses on cardboard on the sidewalk; then in a dim and stinking alley I saw two men in white robes and white head-wrappings; they turned around to glare at me and they were barbus, all right; I wished them salaam alaykum and one of them spat at my feet.

"WHAT'S ONE GOOD THING THAT AMERICA HAS DONE?"

And so Anwar went to his village to further his engagement with Cousin Fatima, while I took the bus back to high, cool, brooding Sana'a, where the women's faces were hidden in blackness again, a sight all the stranger to me given that in *Bukhari* we read that female heaven-dwellers will be transparent: "Every one of them" (the good Muslims) "will have two wives; the marrow of the bones of the wives' legs will

be seen through the flesh out of excessive beauty."[16] In America I asked a Muslim lady of my acquaintance if she believed that she would become a see-through skeleton in the hereafter, and she gave me this excellent answer: "In Paradise everything will be so different that we can't imagine." And here in Sana'a, where two days earlier another Frenchman had just been kidnapped, things were also different. The human rights organization HOOD had finally called into being a parliamentary committee to investigate a certain little matter of detention. In America my president had, with his usual respect for democratic values, offered us secret military tribunals. In Yemen such institutions had already been in place as long as anyone could remember; I don't know how many people kept informing me in low voices that "up until recently" people just disappeared. "But people don't disappear like that anymore?" I always asked. The answer usually was silence.

Mr. Mohammed Nagi Allawo, chairman of the Allawo Corporation for advocates and also of HOOD, was himself a member of Parliament, and so thanks to his diplomatic immunity my new translator, who was very nervous, and I were permitted to enter the Parliament building at his side. The hearings would begin this morning. I thought it less useful to attend those than to interview the relatives of the detainees in an adjoining room.

"After the *Cole* explosion," I asked Mr. Allawo, "how many people were held?"

"Hundreds," he said. "Many were later released. As for the number of those still in custody, we have no statistics, because there are no suits against them."

"No suits against them! Under Yemeni law, how long can somebody be kept in detention before being brought to a lawyer?"

"Twenty-four hours. After they are referred to the attorney general. According to the law, they are then either kept in detention for seven days or released. The primary court has to renew the decision to keep them after seven days, then again after forty-five days, and after forty-five days again. After ninety days, the case must go to a higher appeals court. After six months, if there is no clear evidence against the person he must be released."

"So this is the law," I said. "And has it been followed?"

"No procedures have been followed."

"Is this the result of Yemeni policy or American pressure?"

"We've been obedient to the U.S.," he said, and then continued with smiling bitterness, "We've been good. Yemen has no sovereignty in this."

"After September eleventh, were more people detained in Yemen?"

"A lot. According to the president's statement, a few hundred. At this point, we in the organization estimate the number of detainees at between 114 and 120. But, as I said, there are no statistics."

"Could you express a personal opinion as to how many of these are guilty?"

"We need to differentiate between two things. The suspects of the U.S.S. *Cole*, they are probably guilty, so they are treated according to Yemeni law. The ones

linked to 11 September, there is no specific guilt. They will not be treated according to Yemeni law. This comes from the U.S."

When I got back my country I telephoned the State Department and read these words to a nameless official there, who said, "no comment," so I asked whether I could quote him as saying no comment and he preferred that I didn't, but connected me with Mr. Greg Sullivan, the deputy director for Press Affairs at the Near Eastern Affairs Bureau, so I read these words onto Mr. Sullivan's voicemail and waited for him to call me back, which he promptly did, remarking with kindred bitterness: "I'm sure we're responsible for cancer and AIDS, too! We have excellent cooperation from the Yemeni government, but obviously we don't get all we ask for. If Yemenis are trying to give the impression that they are in the back pocket of the U.S., they're really messing up on the public affairs angle."

So I questioned relatives all morning, and their stories were pretty much the same. I will tell you a couple of them. As you read them, please remember this: You and I possess no capability for evaluating the guilt of any of these terror suspects. The prisoner for whom a mother or brother pleads is always innocent. So assume, if you like, that all of these detainees are guilty, which would certainly be happiest for justice and for you and me as the countrymen of their victims. Grant that if you'll sleep better accordingly, but ask yourself whether the secret limbo in which the Public Security Organization holds them is fair and right. Ask yourself whether it has a salutary influence on Yemeni opinion about our country. Ask whether it is discouraging or encouraging terror.

A black ghost of a woman named Fatima Abdulla said that her brother, Ahmed Abdullah Mahdi, had been arrested in Sana'a. "Of course, he's not a political activist." Softly crying and crying, she wiped her eyes with her black gloves. Everything about her was black except for her worn-out shoes.

"In your opinion, why was your brother arrested?"

"He himself asks that question."

Neighbors had informed the police of an "unknown meeting." So far, he had been in custody for one year.

"Do you think he was arrested at the bidding of the Americans or your own government?"

"We don't know about this."

"Could I visit your house and ask more questions?"

"We're behind on our rent. And my husband wouldn't like it."

"What do you think about the American government?"

"I have no idea," said the blackness.

When I asked Mr. Sullivan at the State Department whether he thought it possible that Public Security might be arresting people simply to curry favor with the Americans, he replied, "The FBI doesn't feel like having them locked up by the Yemenis is a positive development. Frankly, we'd rather have them somewhere else

where we can question them. From our point of view, they might as well be at large." I could see his point, although that didn't quite address the matter. "We've been good. Yemen has no sovereignty in this." Was that true? On reflection, Mr. Sullivan's assertion seemed more plausible than Mr. Allawo's—always assuming that, as Mr. Sullivan was implying, the FBI had been unable to question the detainees. When I was in? Yemen my various interpreters advised and implored me in the strongest possible terms not to approach the PSO for an interview; they said that it would endanger them, and so of course I respected their wishes. So I can't tell you whether the detainees were questioned at all, or whether that information was being passed on to the Americans.

The next one was not a relative at all but a neighbor; smiling shyly, he said that he'd traveled all the way from Ibb, which lies two governorates north of Aden.

"You went to a lot of trouble to come here."

"No problem," he said, cocking his head.

The arrested man, Khaled Ahmed Ali, was a "mosque preacher," an imam, I assume. "And now he's a sheikh. He handed himself over to Public Security Organization."

"And why did PSO want him?"

"That's the question."

"You have no guess?"

"We don't know, but he was detained under the pretext of having links with al-Qaeda."

"And do you believe that there is an al-Qaeda?"

"In Yemen, no. It's a creation of the media."

"Then who attacked the *Cole*?"

"We cannot say," he replied with a shrug.

That was what they all said, and I never started liking it. The best interpretation I could put on their disinterest, which might well have been the correct one, was that they were uneducated, incurious and, like most human beings, including of course Americans, they cared about no suffering except their own. Had they had showed some sympathy and, better yet, advanced any alternative explanation for the *Cole* incident, I might have even believed that there was not much support for terrorism in Yemen.

"When was your brother-in-law arrested?" I asked the next man, the man in the raspberry shirt. He had a sore on his lip.

"Before 11 September 2001 and after the *Cole*. He has been in prison for a year and a half."

"And what happened?"

"I accompanied him to the airport. He was going to Syria. And then he wanted to go to Afghanistan. At the airport he was arrested."

"Why did he want to go to Afghanistan?"

"To be a Mujahid."

"So this was in the Taliban time?"

"Yes."

"And you also wanted to be a Mujahid?"

"Maybe. Why not?"

"Who arrested him?"

"PSO."

"When did you find out?"

"After three days his Syrian friend phoned me to say that he hadn't arrived. But PSO didn't tell me for four months."

"And he is in which prison?"

"The PSO jail in Sana'a."

"He is being well-treated?"

"He doesn't complain."

"How many are in his cell?"

"Just him. Solitary."

"Is your brother-in-law very angry now?"

"You know, he's so angry, because the duration is too long. But he's not angry at PSO, because they just performed their duties."

"Why do you think they arrested him?"

"They had suspicions about the *Cole* incident."

"And was he involved?"

The man spread his hands. "Who knows?"

"But what's your idea about it?"

He smiled. "That's their own belief. They must believe in it."

"And who do you think attacked the *Cole*?"

"If I knew I would tell you."

"Well, people must say something. What do they say?"

Sweat burst out on his hands, and he said: "The *Cole* incident has shaken the government, but..."

"Is there an al-Qaeda?"

"Allah knows."

"What's your opinion?"

"I hope that there will not be any, since it causes problems."

"What do you think about the U.S. government?"

"Bad."

"What's the worst thing that my government has done?"

"Everything. What's one good thing that America has done?"

"Well, we helped Afghanistan."

"Yes, but Mujahideen helped also the U.S. against the USSR."

"What about when we helped the Bosnian Muslims?"

"And why are they against Muslims now? Bush said in his last speech that

America must have a crusade against Muslims."

"I don't believe he ever said any such thing."

"Yes he did," said the man in the raspberry shirt, his eyes now glowing with hatred. His name was Majed Ali Qasem, and the name of his brother-in-law was Naser Naser.

"So is Osama a hero?"

"Oh, yes, he's a hero."

Then came the gray-haired, clear-eyed old man in the checked cloak, wearing only the sheath of his jambia because daggers were not allowed in Parliament; he was here on behalf of "my uncle's son," Khaled Ali Salem al-Ahmadi, who'd been arrested two years ago, shortly after the *Cole*, because "he came from Saudi Arabia to Yemen for a jihad. They went to arrest a friend of his, and he was there, so they took him, too. I don't know why they wanted to arrest him."

And here I find it necessary to say something about Mujahideen. It is all too easy for an American to assume that if someone expresses his intention of embarking on jihad he must be a terrorist. And maybe he is. One of my interpreters, a harsh but honest man named Mr. Ahmed, had this to say about the Yemenis who went to Afghanistan: "They go for one year or five years or ten years, and nobody knows how they get the visa or how they get there. And then when they've come back, it's as if they've lost all family feeling. Everything. My two brothers went over there, and now they don't talk to me. They tell my cousin she must cover herself with blackness even working with animals in the mountains, and they read nothing but the Qur'-An, this *surah* or that surah."

Let's leave *Bukhari* out of the matter for once, since its menacing pronouncements are rejected by many Muslims. What does the Qur'-An itself say? "So obey not the unbelievers, and strive against them mightily with the Book."[17] Jihad means simply "struggle" or "striving." When a woman refrains from eating or drinking anything between sunrise and sunset for the entire month of Ramadan, that is a jihad for her. When a laborer works hard, that too constitutes jihad. And jihad is also, yes, violent defense of the Islamic creed. When an Islamic nation is under attack from unbelievers, it becomes the duty of those who are physically capable (a category which usually but not always excludes females) to come to the defense of the oppressed. When Muslims from other countries came to help their brethren (whom they really did call brothers) in Afghanistan and also in Bosnia, I thought it sublime, and I always will. When Naser Naser set out for Syria and thence Taliban-ruled Afghanistan, his intention might have been to join al-Qaeda's jihad against America. Then again, he might have wished to help his brothers in Chechnya, a place whose terrible and unjust suffering at the hands of Russian soldiers we used to decry, until September eleventh made us say, as the Yemeni detainees' relatives did about the murders of the *Cole*'s sailors, "We have no idea about that." The point is that a Mujahid who travels to Afghanistan in the Taliban

may well be a suspicious character. But that fact alone cannot convict him of terrorism as we now define it.

"So your uncle's son came to Yemen to make jihad?" I asked the old man. "Why and where?"

"Afghanistan. But I'm not too much interested in politics."

"Do you believe in the existence of al-Qaeda?"

"I don't know."

"Is Osama bin Laden good or bad?'

"That's not my concern."

"Is your uncle's son innocent?"

"God knows."

I'll pass over the man who got arrested for going to Oman to work ("you know, he has asthma and chronic malaria," said his father), the man who got arrested for searching for a bride in Pakistan ("because Pakistani girls are very beautiful," his father explained), the man and wife who were arrested in Pakistan for going there "to study," I don't know what. The man who'd gone to seek a bride had been beaten into unconsciousness by PSO, his father said, and my interpreter confirmed that that case had been in the newspapers. Never mind the old man in the white turban whose son had been detained "for unknown causes" one year and four months ago and was still there "with no reason and no explanation."

When I inquired of Mr. Al-Sofe, the Central Committee member of Islah, whether arbitrary detention would have occurred in Yemen nowadays without American involvement, he replied: "There are some defects in the state. I may be arrested without cause even without U.S. instigation. But the political-administrative body in Yemen acts with the support of the U.S. In this case it tries to hide its defects."

Considering this statement too elliptical, I requested elaboration, and he said: "All the equipment in this office is American. And I prefer the U.S. political system. We also learned about impartial journalism from the Americans. But there is a difference between American influence and American interference. America now treats Yemen as one of its states. Detention and torture are performed by Yemeni hands, but, it's said, as a result of U.S. pressure."

"Before the *Cole* incident, was there torture in Yemen?"

"There was, of course. That can be ascribed to corruption and political defects."

"In your opinion, is there an al-Qaeda in Yemen?"

"I don't think so. I think it is in the U.S. and in those countries which are powerless. In Afghanistan, people killed each other all the time. With the pressure of such circumstances, al-Qaeda emerged. With the spread of political awareness, the media will now diffuse al-Qaeda everywhere. And the detentions will be a pretext to commit more terrorist acts."

"So what do you think America should do about terrorism?"

"The U.S. can defend itself and the world through good values only," he said

steadily. "U.S. support of Israel is a betrayal of the U.S. Constitution, because it projects tyranny and dispossession in the world. I do confess that the democratic system in Israel is more prominent than in the Arab world. But what America does is evil. And toward ourselves, we Yemenis are also evil. But we are superior to the U.S. in foreign policy."

I will now mention a widowed mother named Mrs. Naur Salem al-Hakemi, whose three eldest sons, Hussein, Ahmad, and Salah Saleh al-Khedr, had all been at various times detained. Her littlest boy, Hamza, was with her. Hussein had been detained for three months, then released. That was a year ago. Salah had been held for three years and eight months.[18] As for Ahmad, the second son, "of course he has to leave school because there is no one to revive the family. So he works in a workshop. The PSO comes at twelve midnight. They enter by force into the garden, looking for Ahmad. He has been in detention for one month and ten days," she said, spreading her black-gloved hands. "It's as if he were bin Laden! And he has only one eye ..."

"Let's see," I said, "right now, how many sons do you have in detention?"

"Two. One is with the PSO, and one is with the Criminal Investigation Bureau. Hussein now is free, in Saudi Arabia."

"Why were three of your sons arrested?'

"Hussein was charged with links with al-Qaeda. That is why his two brothers were detained."

"And he is innocent?"

"Of course. We visited the president and the president himself says that he has no links. He was originally charged only with car theft, and innocent of that."

"I'm so sorry about your suffering," I said to her. "In your opinion, are any of these people arrested for links with al-Qaeda guilty of the charges?"

"I'm only thinking about my sons. So I hate these preventive measures."

"Well, if these measures are wrong and if the Americans are behind them, how should the Americans be protecting themselves instead?"

"The main thing is, we are not educated; we cannot tell you about everything. They take these young boys. What have they done? And those who have been in detention for four years or three years..." Her loudly liquid words rushed out of her as she clutched at her heart.

"Can I visit your sons in prison and hear their story?"

"The officers at the Criminal Investigation Branch have threatened that if I come to visit my boy, I will be arrested also."

"All right, so I won't visit him. Do you have anything else to tell me?"

"The elder one, he was a Mujahid in Bosnia," she volunteered. "After the 1994 civil war in Yemen, he stayed in Bosnia. The one with the PSO, he went to Bosnia for a year."

"You must have been very proud that they were fighting in Bosnia," I said.

"You know, it is their duty," she said.

The next relative was an ancient barbu with gold teeth who thundered that America was the Great Satan of the world; then came the one whose name I will not write for reasons which you will see; he was a very dark, wiry boy in his late teens who informed me, "We have only one God, and the U.S. is the one God! We hate it. We will destroy it if we can. You know, our whole government is under the control of the U.S."

His brother had been detained by the PSO, and when I asked him how and why that had happened he replied, "I don't know. But my brother is innocent. That's why I hate America. There have been no charges laid against him. When they came for him, they refused to even let him change his clothes. He's already spent one year in jail."

"So you have no idea why the PSO was interested in him?"

"He once went to Afghanistan during the jihad against the USSR. That was after the Gulf War.[19] He was there only three months. He was twenty years old."

"With which Mujahideen group? Rabanni, Gulbuddin?"

"With God only!" he proudly declared. "About the rest I don't care."

There was an almost innocent fervor about him which had not yet jelled into viciousness, so I asked whether I could invite him for dinner to speak further. In Yemen, as in Afghanistan, everything is personalized. A waiter whose left cheek bulged with qat set down a cup of cardamom tea on my rickety blue table and called me brother. A white-bearded grandfather laid his hand on my shoulder and said that since I could understand his halting English I would now and forever be his son. A tourism official agreed with me that Mossad couldn't have been behind September eleventh; his reasoning was that "the son cannot kill his father." And a man in the street kissed his hand to me, calling me "my dear." I would have been so happy if I could have entered this young man's family so that he had at least one American brother. Failing that, perhaps he would introduce me to somebody from al-Qaeda.

"SOMEDAY WE WILL INVADE AMERICA"

In the alley where the camera shop and the telephoning shop were, a man with dark glasses and rotten teeth—he called himself a sheikh, but another man said he was crazy—invited me to drink tea with him by the mosque, and because I'd already refused him on the previous day I decided to go; and on that day the news had just come that in New York the Americans had detained more Yemenis for terrorism, so many of the people who now knew me and who used to greet me kindly were cooler. When we arrived at the tea-shop, which was actually a terrace looking out across the ramparts of the old city to the fabulous towers beyond, a bearded man with a jambia, one of the ones whom Awad would have called les barbus, asked the sheikh where I was from, and hearing America, without even granting me the cold smile

which so often sufficed my nationality these days, turned his back on me at once. Nor had a single one of the snow-white-bearded men who sat chewing qat on the sidewalk at the mosque's edge returned my greeting. This unnerved me; even in Iraq they hadn't been as unfriendly as that. But a moment later, perhaps to console me, the sheikh removed from his finger an old silver ring from Iran and insisted that I take it.

"Are you a Muslim?" his friend Tariq asked.

"No, a Christian."

"Take your time, take your time. Someday, *in sh'Allah*,[20] you will be one of us."

I came out of my hotel an hour later and a man began screaming at me. Other men gathered round in a circle, men in long white skirts, with their curved jambias sheathed at their abdomens. Doubting they would help or hurt me, I stared into the screamer's face as calmly and steadily as I could, then walked on. No one hindered my going, and the screamer failed to follow. Around the next corner, a man sweetly said *salaam* to me.

Three more blocks, and I was at the restaurant "Palestine," where I'd asked the boy to meet me. He came with his friend, a little late; he was willing to drink tea but had decided not to take food at my hands.

"We hate so much the American authority," he said.

"So to you Osama is a hero?"

"Of course, and to every Muslim."

"Do you want to do something like he did?"

"So much!" he cried with a joyful smile. "And I will, in sh'Allah! Something bigger than the World Trade Center..."

"If you had the choice to kill people in America or in Israel, where would you choose?"

"Anywhere there is blasphemy."

"Do your friends think like you?"

"Many, many! And some are more extreme than I!"

"How can I meet someone who thinks as you do and also has big power?"

"Why?"

"The Qur'-An says that Allah is forgiving, merciful. Allah warns the wicked before He destroys them. I want to warn the Americans."

"To meet the big ones you must become a Muslim," he said.

He was from a certain governorate in the south, where some foreigners had been murdered three years ago "for revealing their allegiance to American political aims," as he put it. At first he was willing for me to come home with him, but then he began to fear that he might suffer problems. He advised me to go to Abyan Governorate, where I might find what I was looking for, although I might also get killed. He asked me whether I was aware that a certain surah in the Qur'-An predicted and approved the September eleventh attack; I assured him that I wasn't. He

wanted to recite it for me, but he forgot which surah. He smelled the way that very poor people smell, of sweat and rot and excrement. His grubby rags were torn. We talked some more and in the end we shook hands, and he said that unlike other Americans I could be "excused" from what was coming. He was a very lively, likable boy, and I could not help but grieve for the violent destiny which seemed so likely to await him and his victims.

BUKHARI

And now something happened which I won't give much space to, because it was anticlimactic, added little new information to this story, and cannot in any way be verified, so believe it or not as you wish, but after the boy who wanted to invade America had gone away, and so had his friend and so had my interpreter for that day, who was even more cross and nervous than before and in fact quit my employ the following morning although his salary had been higher than that of anyone else who worked for me in Yemen, I stood up to pay my bill, and then a barbu who had entered the restaurant a moment after the boy first came in approached me and in perfect English asked me to take a walk with him. I obeyed. Our walk lasted perhaps ten minutes, during which I took no notes, and I prudently wrote nothing about it the entire time I was in Yemen. According to my first and favorite interpreter, Mr. Anwar, no one would want to help me in this matter because I was American and therefore serving the interests of Israel; nonetheless, this man said that he was from al-Qaeda. He asked me what I wanted, and I asked whether he had heard my conversation with the boy, which he had, so I said, "Then you know." Again, less patiently, he asked what I wanted, and I asked to meet a high-ranking person if possible. He said that I would have to make do with him. I asked whether al-Qaeda had any message for America. He said something to this effect: "Right now, even now, we hate Israel more than you. But after your Jews in Congress manipulate you into make war on Iraq, then we will hate you more, and we will retaliate. The next time it will be a nuclear bomb." Aside from the business about the nuclear bomb, which might have been braggadocio, he'd said nothing that mountainous Mr. Noman in Aden hadn't said. I asked him if he had anything else to tell me, and he advised me to read the hadith *Al-Bukhari,* from whose nine volumes I've been accordingly quoting throughout this essay. (Here are some more gems from that document: Kill the atheist but don't burn him to death, because that punishment Allah reserves for his afterlife.[21] Kill the female apostate specifically; in this passage, *Bukhari* forgets to say what to do with the male.[22] "If a Muslim, being furious, slaps a Jew, no compensation is required. Abu Huraira narrated this from the Prophet.")[23] The Taliban had also been very fond of *Bukhari.*

I went to the hotel and chewed qat with Mr. Abdoolcarim and his cronies. Al-Jazeera showed my president thanking Congress for being so accommodating about

his impending attack on Iraq, and everyone's faces hardened. The policeman was there, and he shook his fist at America.

"YOU DESERVE TO BE KILLED"

So now I thought to make a little tour of Yemen, ending up at Abyan Governorate, since that was where the boy who wished to invade America had advised me to go, and beginning in the tribal areas around Marib. In Aden I had seen that the old fault line between the strict rectitude of the north and the tolerant vice of the south certainly remained; the other major division in Yemen is between central authority and the tribes. I remember that once, with well-meaning ignorance, I complimented a handsome young soldier on his uniform, then remarked what a pity it was that he wasn't allowed to wear his jambia, too. I was thinking of the Gurkha Regiment in India, whose daggers make such a brave show. But the soldier was offended. My interpreter, Mr. Ahmed, explained to me that "when a man puts on the uniform, the government owns him. He must die for the government if it needs him. But when he wears the jambia, he forgets about the government. His family and his tribe own him. He must die for them, against the government if necessary." This division was so strong within the soldier's mind that he had thought I was making fun of him. "What defines us is the tribal norms we have to obey," one sheikh told me.

In recent years, northern Yemen has garnered a sinister reputation because so many foreigners have been kidnapped there; in fact, most of the kidnappings have ended happily, with the victims being released, often with presents, upon payment by the government of a ransom: a new school, the release of last year's kidnappers, or other concessions which the government makes to avoid scaring away the tourist trade. Needless to say, the foreign media like to describe the tribal zones as havens for al-Qaeda. According to Anwar, who hadn't been there but had heard stories, "In Marib people are like animals. You need two soldiers just to go to a restaurant, because everyone has a machine gun."

While we are waiting at the checkpoint for permission to depart Sana'a for the hinterlands—foreigners may do this only at nine o'clock sharp each morning, in convoy with the other Land Rovers in which Belgian tour groups and lovey-dovey Swiss couples sit in happy anticipation (for some reason I cannot fathom, no one other than myself represents the great U.S. of A.; doesn't everybody like Americans?) —I'll give you what we Jews from Mossad like to refer to as a situation briefing, code name: Tribes.

In Sana'a certain dagger-bearing, white-garbed man with jet-black hair and a jet-black moustache once wrote an article about one Mujahid who returned home from Afghanistan. This article was published one week before September eleventh, 2001. And so the Public Security Organization arrived at the journalist's office.

"Just come with us, they said," and he went "*down, down, down*," pointing deep into the ground for me as he told the tale. It was an isolation cell.

"Were they correct with you?"

"Yes. But I was detained without cause, irregularly, and so I was angry. In fact I was detained three times. That was the second time, and it lasted for twenty-one days. And thirteen days in Marib. The third time was shorter."

"And why did they detain you?"

"The main reason was to discourage me from writing against the government."

"So what happened in Marib?"

"I wrote about kidnapping incidents in Yemen. The government was angry because I could go right to this German while he was kidnapped, but the government couldn't."

"Which is more important to you, your tribal membership or your Yemeni citizenship?"

"Equal. I am proud of my tribal affiliation, because it protects me..."

"When someone is kidnapped, does the sheikh know?"

"It's better that he doesn't know, so that the government won't harm him."[24]

The first thing he remembered was a tribal clash. In the zone around Marib, for instance, the major tribes consisted of Abida, Al-Ashraf, Jeda'an, Jehm, and the largest, Murad. Murad and Abida were enemies, as were Al-Ashraf and Jehm, and Jeda'an and Jehm. "All have machine guns and very strong tribesmen," he said with a fond smile. Revenge killings most often occurred between adjacent tribes. He opined, and for all I know it may be true, "I think authority wants the tribes to clash, since they may otherwise pose a threat to the system." In 1988 his uncle was killed by machine-gun fusillade from another tribe. He belonged to the Jehm. It was the Jeda'an who killed him.

In August 2001 thirteen people were killed and more than forty wounded in a day-and-a-half clash between the Jehm and Jeda'an tribes. "Marib has rich resources such as oil, and tribesmen feel deprived. The government employs military units for its antiterrorism policy."

At the beginning of 2002, government troops entered each house of an Abida village, searching for Mohammed Hamdi al-Ahdad, aka Abu Asem, one of the two al-Qaeda fugitives. The tribesmen claimed that although Abu Assim had been here, he'd departed fifteen days earlier. "So the government didn't feel satisfied about this. Their main aim is to create a problem." Three tribesmen and twenty-nine soldiers died in the subsequent battle.

"Why doesn't the government come with helicopters?"

"Because tribesmen have RPGs," he replied patiently.

It was through this man that I was able to interview Sheikh Bin Ali al-Okaimi, whom another intermediary described to me as "one of the most prominent Sheikhs in Al-Jawf," which is a huge tribe extending over all the Gulf Emirates; the sheikh didn't know the number of tribesmen or the number of sheikhs, but the latter were

"in the thousands, not in the hundreds." He was also a member of the Shura Council. So far as I could tell, he was indeed a man of estimation, active and useful to those he served. In Yemen there is a tribal convention that if someone is killed in a feud between two groups, the sheikh of a third tribe must be chosen in an attempt at reconciliation. If he fails, the government takes over. Sheikh al-Okaimi had settled a seventy-year-long clash between two tribes by leading his own tribesmen into the battle line. "I was the third side," he said. "So both sides had to stop. This was due to the tribal convention. It is shameful for any tribesman to kill third parties." He had done the same, although with merely local success, in conflicts between the Jehm and the Jeda'an. When I asked that lean, gray-haired, gray-bearded sheikh what it meant to be a tribal person, he replied, not without belligerence: "We as tribesmen have the same rights as educated people."

His brother was, according to a certain journalist's account, charged with harboring terrorists: One of the two al-Qaeda suspects, Waed Senyyan al-Hanethi, aka Abu Ali, came to his brother for protection. This Abu Ali belonged, as his surname implies, to the very large and influential Bani al-Haneth tribe near Shabwa. Lean and white-clad, with key chain and jambia on his belt, reclining sideways with his legs crossed, the sheikh utterly denied this to the journalist's face, and the journalist kept silent. According to the sheikh, his brother, who was a member of the opposition Islah Party, "crossed the road where the president was coming. So he was detained for two or three days." But actually, the sheikh later said, there had been another occasion when his brother had been "pursued or charged by the police. Nobody knows their motivation."

"What happened in that case?"

"My brother was in the defense ministry as a soldier," he said, fiddling with a qat stem. "He interfered in a matter, just to mediate."

"What did he do exactly?"

"The negotiation was under way. My brother and the defense minister went to Marib to settle the issue and encourage Abu Ali to hand himself over, but he refused."

"In your opinion, are there many al-Qaeda members in Yemen, or not many?"

With a sharp, sly smile, picking at a qat twig, he said: "We as sheikhs are tribesmen. We are pure tribesmen. There is no al-Qaeda within our area."

"Then is there any terrorism in Yemen, or is that just American propaganda?"

"Our president is sincere, and the incidents do terrify foreigners. So he tries to crack down on lawbreakers. But they do not belong to al-Qaeda. When tribesmen feel that they are deprived, they resort to kidnapping."

"And what about the U.S.S. *Cole* incident?"

"So actually," he replied with that bitter smile I was getting to know so well, "I have no links to al-Qaeda."

"In your opinion, who attacked the *Cole?*"

Sheikh al-Okaimi shrugged and said that he didn't know. I asked him to spec-

ulate, and once again he didn't know. His retainers, all sitting there on the cushions with their jambias curved against their bellies, gazed on me with unfriendly eyes, and I realized that I was not making an especially good impression. I should have cared, but he didn't much thrill me, either. "Tribalism is not uncivilized. It is the opposite. It is the *most* civilized," he said at one point, spitting emerald-green qat pulp into a jar. It wasn't that I thought him uncivilized; I didn't. And, as I said, he was probably a good and effective man in his own world. His aggressive watchfulness against any attempt to demean his lack of education (Anwar: "In Marib people are like animals") stirred my compassion. At the same time, his steadily resentful suspiciousness wore me down. The boy who wanted to invade America had expressed a far more hostile, even hateful position, but it was a merely ideological one; as human beings he and I actually enjoyed each other, and I liked to think that if he ever did come to America and blew up everybody I loved, he might laugh at my jokes before he killed me, too. But Sheikh al-Okaimi remained inimical in a more impersonal fashion. It wasn't that I was American, although I entertained that hypothesis for awhile. (He thought the attacks of September eleventh "un-Islamic." Regarding the Palestinian suicide bombers who killed Israeli children, he felt the same, "but I understand that when you are terribly oppressed you have to do something." After I had raised that issue, he became even more unfriendly and suspicious. Perhaps he thought that I was a Jew.)[25] Truth to tell, I could have been one of those wide-eyed Belgian tourists at the checkpoint (they told me that I shouldn't have come to Yemen, because "you're American, so you're hated"); or for that matter I could have been that eloquently boozing whorehound, Mr. Awad of Aden; either way, I remained an outsider, a nothing.

And so I waited with the other three or four Land Cruisers' worth of foreigners until we had each been assigned our pair of soldiers, for our own protection they said, and no doubt that was true; anyhow, soldiers, like other pets, are expensive to keep. But there was no help for it. Mr. Ahmed, my latest interpreter, of whom I grew very fond, had told me to budget five thousand riyals a day for everything except the Land Cruiser and his salary, but soldiers need qat, of course, and they have to have money for their soldierish expenses, and even after that they often remain uncooperatively alert, hindering the Jew-loving CIA agent—I mean the American journalist—in the performance of his incognito duties. And so we rolled out of Sana'a with Ahmed in the backseat beside me, and our first two soldiers—who, speaking of pets, were as silent as my little girl's crayfish—shared the front passenger seat, occasionally stretching out their hands without looking, and then Ahmed would give them more qat. He pointed at a honey-colored beehive of a hill and said: "Over there begins the tribal place where they drive cars without license plates and make their own wine. They don't care so much about Islam. Everybody has a Kalashnikov."

Everything was bright against the tan sands. Yes, Ahmed was correct; I saw ever so many unlicensed Toyota pickups with Kalashnikov-bearing men in the back; the

women frequently eschewed black in favor of checked blanketlike wrappings or paisley sheets.

Two boys unsheathed their jambias and saluted me with them, laughing. "Everybody has his own law here," Ahmed said. "They don't care about government."

Then we went down, far down toward a vast plain which was half-mysterious beneath its dust. Here came another military stop, where tribesmen with jambias and machine guns mingled with soldiers, a little grimly, I thought. They were Al-Jawf, the tribe of Sheikh Bin Ali al-Okaimi. Taking photos was forbidden; going off the road was forbidden. I asked a tanned young soldier what life was like for him here, and he said that it was very dangerous. "They talk nice with the soldiers in the daytime. In the nighttime, fighting." Nonetheless, it had been very quiet here for the past seven months, he said, ever since the end of the "fighting with bin Laden" in the Abida area; that must have been what the tribesman with the black mustache had been speaking of (three tribesmen and twenty-nine soldiers killed).

We finished our soda pops. Two new soldiers replaced the old in our Land Rover. There went my budget. And off we rode. It was very hot now. I could see a white dust devil on that plain of dark rocks. Later the landscape became more strikingly tan and dark, with soft ocherish sands and heaps of volcanic cinders. The two soldiers were quiet and watchful in a very neutral sort of way. When we arrived in Marib, which my guidebook informs me is "the most famous archaeological site in Yemen,"[26] I wanted to photograph tribesmen in the marketplace (interviewing them was out of the question), and the soldiers accompanied Ahmed and me, one before, one behind, with their machine guns slung forward, although casually; and although Ahmed tried to buy them off with a huge lunch including meat, more qat, and a handful of pocket money apiece, they would not leave us alone. Wandering about in the town was very strictly prohibited, because so many foreigners had been kidnapped here (Ahmed later said, "Of course if someone wants to kidnap you, the soldiers can do nothing!"); and they refused to let me entertain visitors, either. I checked into a hotel, renting one room for myself and another for Ahmed and the driver; my plan was that Ahmed could go out, meet someone, and lead him up to his own room, at which point I could discreetly interview and pay; unfortunately, the plainclothesmen in the lobby were wise to such tricks, and on the threshold of the lobby our two soldiers stayed and stayed. I opined that their precautions on my behalf were excessive, at which Ahmed laughingly said, "About your safety they don't care! They're afraid of American journalists, because they believe the U.S. is preparing an attack against Yemen." —"And what do you believe about that?" —"Why not? You help the Zionists; you will do anything. By the way, if I tell you where bin Laden is hiding, how much will you pay me?" —"Nothing," I said. "Then I won't tell you," he said. Then we went out to see the sights of Marib. Here trudged a man in oil-soaked sand, his machine gun strapped to his back; here was the Temple of the Sun, ringed around by fences and barbed wire; its nondescript

rubble was mostly buried in sand; it could have been the foundation of a tourist hotel. A Bedouin squatted on the sand in a shaded part of it; he was the watchman. Getting any closer than this was prohibited. I heard that Americans had come to excavate it half a century ago, but the tribesmen hadn't liked them and ran them off. Now for the Bilquis Temple; nearing that also happened to be, by some coincidence, prohibited, but I saw its famous five pillars, which Yemenis who don't mind engaging in anachronism liken to the five pillars of Islamic faith (adherence to monotheism, belief that Mohammed is God's Prophet, alms-giving of a fixed portion of one's income, belief in angels—or, if you follow *Bukhari,* engaging in jihad—and, if possible, making the hajj, or pilgrimage to Mecca). Children tried to sell me oranges for a hundred riyals apiece, but I wasn't interested. So they became hostile, and when they learned I was American began to make remarks about certain sexual acts which I was presumed to have committed with Jewish men. One boy who spoke a little English said that he knew that America would soon invade Yemen, "thanks to the speeches of President Bush." Ahmed chimed in: "Europeans bring us school and like this. Americans bring only weapons for the government, nothing for the people. And who made Osama bin Laden? America! Who made Saddam Hussein? America!" Thanking them all for their friendship, I returned to my room to enjoy that dull fever-ache behind my eyeballs and engage in some recreational diarrhea. Ahmed tried again to get me an interviewee, but quickly reported that anybody who dared to visit me would be "catched." Resigning myself to my imprisonment, I lay down, reading my Qur'-An. (And here I should insert another detail in indication of the degree of Yemen's Islamic fervor: In, say, the Northwest Frontier Province of Pakistan, when people saw that I had a Qur'-An, they might kiss it. In Yemen they were more likely to boredly say, "very nice." Anwar was sincerely happy about it, of course. But the only person I ever saw reading a Qur'-An in Yemen was me.)

The Bedouin offered a so-called "desert taxi service," really a protection service: Pay three hundred U.S. dollars to the sheikh, and his tribesmen won't carjack you. That was the price in my guidebook, but once again Osama bin Laden had come to my aid; fear of terrorism weakened tourism in Yemen, and so now the price was only two hundred. We read in *Bukhari* that the Prophet foresaw the day when Islam would triumph so completely that a man could ride from Sana'a all the way to Hadramawt "fearing nobody except Allah and the wolf lest it should trouble its sheep."[27] That day had not yet arrived, at least not for Americans, but the good news was that the wolf accepted cash. At my express request, Ahmed chose a driver who was one of les barbus. Going with him, I'd be exempted from carrying soldiers to eat at my expense and listen to my detriment; it seemed like the only way to conduct interviews around here. That was my plan. Laying down my Qur'-An, I read a chapter of *Don Quixote.* By now it was dark and they were shooting outside, rapid fire, I assumed for a wedding. Approaching the window, but taking the precaution

of turning out the lights first, I saw a steeply ascending stream of yellow scintillations, and then another to the right, still more vertical but at the same time more frugal of ammunition. Later on I found out that this was in celebration of Yemen's football victory over China. I fell asleep then, frequently awakened by a mosquito bite, a bedbug bite, or the choking stench of the pillow, which seemed to have supported various parts of many unwashed bodies. After an hour I gave up and read more of *Don Quixote.*

At four-thirty Ahmed and I were in the courtyard, waiting for the driver to return from the mosque. Ahmed no longer went to Friday prayer in Sana'a because for the past three years (in Marib it had been ever since the Gulf War), the imams had been calling up all Muslims to kill the Jews and attack the Christians in the name of Allah. The Bedouin was there, and he was an old whitebeard, all right; he gazed on me as Sheikh al-Okaimi, without interest or friendliness, and declined to shake my hand. Then the driver, Mr. Hussein, returned from his prayers. We started out beneath the full moon, and it was so cool and fresh there beneath the stars. Our two soldiers stood making sure that I was in the vehicle, and then watched us go. After that, soldiers shone flashlights two or three times through the Land Rover's window, and each time Ahmed had to give them another photocopy of my permission document; he had a stack of them. Presently we were out of Marib, and free of soldiers for awhile. The Bedouin drove behind us in his own Land Rover. I asked Mr. Hussein how many nightclubs he had gone to last night, and there was a long silence until he decided not to take offense and began laughing. he proved to be a jovial, nasally twittering soul, more patient than the hot-tempered Ahmed; he was one of the best drivers I ever had, and if I needed him to do so he'd go sixteen or seventeen hours without any complaint. He and I were soon good friends. In the days before the *Cole* and September eleventh, when more tourists had come, many French people had hired him, and so he believed that he could speak a little French; it was inexpressibly comical to see how even when strangers greeted him in Arabic he'd reply, *"Oui?"* He for his part was equally amused by my various antics, for all that I was a American. And now the sky paled; there was an endless line of darkness to the east. Above this line, which presently proved to be cloud, the heavens began to lighten. Soon I could see that the dark cloud was actually slate-blue, and the sky grew orange. Checkpoint now succeeded checkpoint, their president's picture always plastered up on each grubby soldier-shack. Here came the lovely red-orange sun, like some masterpiece of a glassblower's art; it wasn't yet painful to look at. We pulled over. Hussein set out for Hadramawt by asphalt road, while Ahmed and I clambered into the Bedouin's Land Rover, which carried us across the backbone of the nearest dune and thence into the desert.

The Bedouin's name was Mr. Mubarak. He had eleven children, nine of whom were sons, praise be to Allah, and he had two wives. The new wife was very good, he remarked with an obscene gesture. I asked whether the old one had complained, and he said that she'd been relieved; she was tired of giving birth.

He had made the hajj four times. Already he'd brought his first wife and his eldest son, he didn't say how many times. In sh'Allah, he would take the new wife to Mecca either this year or next. And some day he hoped to marry a third girl, a very young one, and make the hajj with her.

Needless to say, regarding the various disturbances in the tribal areas it was Mubarak's opinion that "government makes all the trouble." He believed that the soldiers sometimes instigated clashes in order to justify sending still more soldiers. Whether or not this was true, I couldn't help but feel sympathetic to his position. Like a Montenegrin farmer or a Montanan homesteader who wanted nothing more of the greater world than that it leave him alone, Mubarak could see the handwriting on the wall. I sincerely wished him peaceful enjoyment of his desert.

He was Abida. Needless to say, he remembered the three tribesmen and twenty-nine soldiers killed, although the way he told it, it was two tribesmen and twelve soldiers. al-Qaeda was gone now, he said; they were all in Egypt now.

He could not afford to chew qat or to eat meat more than once a week. His greatest worry was the rising price of corn. It would not have been polite to ask him how much of my two hundred dollars he was permitted to keep, but Ahmed thought that the sheikh got most of it.

So we sped over the dunes. It was getting hot now. Twice Mubarak halted to let more air out of his tires. He drove his vehicle very well, and of course I had to respect him for not getting lost in this ever-shifting sandscape whose *unknownness* was as richly exciting to me as the exposed slit of a woman's face as she bends over a pomegranate stand. All the time I could sense his dislike for me and his principled desire to let me see as little as possible.[28] Ahmed had told him that I wished to question as many people as I could, so he, innocently smiling, avoided every encampment that he could, until I finally insisted. With a sullen face he stopped before the outermost tent of a small encampment.

Among the Bedouin it is the women who serve tea and sell things to strangers. The lady who now emerged wore a black hijab. Her mouth was covered, but not her eyes, nose, or bangs. She appeared to be a very haggard fifty, so she was probably thirty. Mubarak said that no man wanted to marry her on account of some bodily defect, perhaps a growth of some kind, for he pointed at her left side, just above the hip. Squatting with her one knee up within the long green skirt, her braceleted wrists between her legs, she poured our tea, remarking that not so many tourists came to her now, on account of "the war between America and the other countries."

"What's your opinion of Osama bin Laden?" I asked her.

"He's just a Yemeni like us. But he goes after politics. I don't know if what he does is good or bad. If he follows Allah, then he is good."

"If he came here asking for shelter, would you hide him?"

"If he comes as a good Muslim, then we will hide him, by God, so that no one can catch him!"

I could see which way the wind blew around here.

"And if a Christian like me came to you for the same purpose, would you hide him?"

"Yes."

"Can you read or write?"

"No."

"Can you recognize the *bismullah* [the standard invocation] in the Qur'-An?"

"Yes."

"Are Christians and Muslims friends now?"

"No."

"How can that be changed?"

"The Muslims need to hear from the Christians that there is no God but Allah and Muhammed is His Prophet, and then we will be friends."

And now an old lady came to ask Mubarak whether he had seen any greener wadis than this, because these people wanted to move their tents. Our hostess sold me a hijab, tried to sell me some primeval lithic tools she'd found in the sand, made me a present of an arrowpoint in lieu of making change for the hijab, saw that she couldn't get anything more out of me, and turned her back.

Then for several hours more we sped through the flat desert, which kept crawling with blue mirages. At last we came to what once been the border between the two Yemens. The boundary stone resembled a seated woman in a chador. We stopped. Mubarak gathered a few Kalashnikov shells and cheerfully whistled across their open ends. Farther on, we came to the burnt-out hulk of a South Yemeni tank, and while Ahmed went off to urinate—Yemeni men squat to piss as women do, because they would otherwise be compelled to pull their skirts up and expose their bare legs—the Bedouin amused himself by climbing into it and seating himself on the bare springs.

"Would you serve in a jihad at Osama's side?" I asked him.

"If the government permits."

"Would you kill Osama for ten thousand dollars?"

"Never!"

So now we were in the governorate of Hadramawt, ancestral seat of the bin Ladens. Mubarak knew where their hometown was, and on my request named it for Ahmed. I asked him whether he thought that we ought to visit, and he said: "For what? If you wish, I will take you to that place, so you can tell your government that bin Laden is not there."

"And his father?"

"In Saudi Arabia."

"If we go there what will we see?"

"A colleague of mine took a German journalist there. The soldiers told them not to go. There are many checkpoints and then the place has many troops. They say the house is empty. The German was kept in jail only one or two days. My colleague was in jail for one month. If you want me in jail for one month, okay, no problem."

"And if we found the house—"

"But how? No one will talk to you. You are American; you help Israel."

"Maybe they would talk to you."

"As I told you, if you want me in jail, I'm not afraid. Only it's bad for my business. And if you find the house, nobody will answer because nobody is there, I told you already."

"All right, forget it," I said. I hadn't really wanted to disturb Osama's father anyway even if he were there, and besides, I had to go and vomit. This task being accomplished to my satisfaction, I returned to the Land Rover, and we sped through the flat desert of Hadramawt; Mubarak had refused to stop at any other encampments and was now desirous of ridding himself of me. After another hour we came to the road again. It was now midday. We stopped at a scorching cafe where Yemenis and Somalis lounged; although there were many of them, they were outnumbered by the flies. Half a dozen of these gentlemen were sporting Kalashnikovs. Had this been Afghanistan in the good old days, I would have been tickled. As it was, since I was the enemy, it didn't feel like quite as much fun. And in fact this place proved to be the most unwelcoming, not to say menacing of anywhere I'd been thus far in Yemen. "Don't tell them what country you're from, I beg you!" said Ahmed.

"Salaam alaykum," I said, sitting down across from a Somali with a gun.

"Where do you come from?"

"America."

"You should be killed," he said.

Mubarak of course couldn't have cared less whether I were killed or not, although it's true that I hadn't yet tipped him (when I did, I gave him less than he wanted, and once again he made a great show of not shaking my hand after he kissed Ahmed and Hussein on both cheeks). As for Ahmed, he was hot and tired; he hadn't yet chewed his qat, and I'd disregarded his advice, so as far as he was concerned, whatever I got was coming to me, not that anybody actually meant to harm me unless I insulted them or blasphemed their God; nor was I at my best just then; it was ugly, ugly, nothing more.

This Somali had hateful, hateful eyes, into which I gazed as calmly and sweetly as I could. "Very good," I said. I started saying "very good" quite often for the rest of that journey.

"In my opinion," Ahmed remarked with a long slow smile, "the Yemeni government should let you go wherever you want. If you get kidnapped or killed, no problem. What do you think?"

"Very good," I said again, feeling irritated and provoked, although in retrospect I don't think he meant it the way it sounded. "And if someone kills *you,* may I have your jambia?"

"No!" he cried in a rage. "You must give it to my children."

The other men had all grown cold and silent when they heard I was American.

So I rose and went to greet them; a few of them answered me, although in low voices. Then I went out to vomit, and a man with a machine gun, a Yemeni I think, followed me. Now it was just him and me. When I had finished vomiting, he leveled his weapon at my chest, then, inexplicably, smiled. I smiled back as best I could and shook his hand. Later he allowed me to photograph him.

I asked Ahmed to ask them what they thought about al-Qaeda, and they all shouted: "Very good!"

"Do you think any of them are members?"

"God knows. I prefer not to mix myself up in such things. I have my business, you know."

So then we drove on for another hour or two, and met Mr. Hussein. After parting from Mubarak in the touching manner which I have already described, we continued on to Shibam, which (quoting my guidebook again) is "the most celebrated Arabic Islamic city built in traditional style."[29] Here we found a hotel and I gave Ahmed and Hussein the rest of the day off. Then I ascended the crumbling steps into the old city. So this was Shibam, this place stinking of goats, infested with flies, this complex of five-hundred-year-old mud "skyscrapers"; I have to say that it was one of the most strange and spectacular metropolises I have ever seen, a Manhattan of the Old Testament as it seemed to me from my defective Judeo-Christian perspective. Some of the towers were whitewashed, some crumbling. I entered the first alley, where four men on four ladders were painting a honeycomb pattern upon a mud facade. Could I take a photograph? They all screamed, "No!" and I saw that they were barbus. Around the corner, I asked a child if I could take his picture; shouting, he ran away. I said salaam alaykum to a group of men who sat on the stoop of a crumbling old skyscraper, and all them scowled in silence until one man halfheartedly raised a finger. I said salaam alaykum to a boy in an alley, and he shouted, "I kill you!" —"Where is your guide?" said another. "Where is your country?" —"Tell them you're from Germany," Ahmed had pleaded. "America," I said. The man turned his back on me. Now the sky had become a fine orange membrane, and two black woman-shadows led a little girl down a rubbishy alley. Two friendly men tried to sell me something, and when I told them I was thirsty, one of them took my hand and led me to a grocery store. I wanted to buy him a soda, but he refused. An old man was watering down the street-dust, and I stood feeling quite lonely and hopeless. Most of them didn't hate me, but they definitely didn't like me, and I was getting so tired of proving myself. A little boy shouted for me to take his photo, and when I tried to oblige he shoved a stick in my face. "No, no, no!" a man shouted at me from a crumbling, half-curtained window. Then a boy threw the first stone from behind. It struck me in the elbow.[30]

Were I a novelist instead of a journalist, I would end my account of Shibam, and perhaps this essay, right there, but honesty compels me to say that when I returned to the old city with Ahmed on the following morning, prepared for the worst, an old Bedouin with a water pipe invited me to take tea with him on his filthy blan-

ket; I told him that I came from America, and he assured me that we could still be friends. Soon enough many men in that marketplace were nodding and waving at me; only one barbu I remembered from last night continued to stare hatefully.

I inquired of Ahmed what we should do next. On the one hand, what Mubarak and the Bedouin women had said was almost certainly the prevalent sentiment. Still, I would have liked to interview more Bedouins. The man with the water pipe offered to take me to his village, but that was hours and hours away, back in the direction we had come. So I asked Ahmed to please telephone that sheikh in Marib and find out whether if we paid the cost of another "desert taxi," some of the leading tribesmen might be willing to meet me away from the government soldiers, and tell me how they felt about Al-Qaeda, America, et cetera. Ahmed did his best, but came back looking sad. Laying his hand on my shoulder, he said that even the sheikh, who would happily have taken my two hundred dollars, regretted to tell me that people hated the Americans so much that they wouldn't talk. Concluding that this answer told me what I needed to know while saving me two hundred dollars, I decided that we might as well press on to Abyan.

AHMED'S MAGIC SURAHS

So we went south, toward the sea, with Ahmed and Hussein happily throwing empty glass bottles and banana peels out the windows as we went. This land resembled the canyonlands and mesas of Utah but, unlike those, which bear only husks of ancient human presence from the Amerindian times, Yemen was cairned all over with stones which might have been put there yesterday or a thousand years ago; and black-clad ladies in their tall Hadramawti hats still drove sheep through the wadis much as they might have done when the Prophet was receiving his revelations. And the mud houses I saw could have been ancient or new; I was told that people preferred to live in the new ones because they were less trouble to keep up. Here came a wadi suddenly green with palm trees; around the bend it grew barren again, nothing but white pebbles all the way to the horizon. There was in all this beautiful desolation some quality of harsh openness which I found to be especially consonant with the Qur'-An. This was an all-or-nothing landscape, desert or oasis, mountain or plain, rocks or sand, all offering itself to the sky, consecrated by its own history and peopled by white-clad men and black-clad women, the latter sometimes seen two or three together on a cart, each with her strange high hat which resembled an upside-down mushroom. The flat desert was empty from horizon to horizon, with no sign of any human being. But here was a camel with its front legs hobbled together, slowly ambling across this scorching waterlessness without concern. Strange heaps of rock all of one color lay in desertscapes of another color; these places were most often cemeteries. So we passed the hours upon Yemen's granular rockscape, unfortunately carrying soldiers again. In late afternoon we arrived at the

coast, bypassing Al-Mukalla, which seemed to be renowned for its stench, its cholera, and its malaria. It was here that about ten days later a French oil tanker suffered the *Cole*'s fate.

Dusk found us at another crumbling, bullet-pocked concrete building where listless green-clad soldiers smiled vacantly, hugging their Kalashnikovs. We were about to enter the Shabwa governorate. The soldier assigned to us here said "No, no, no" to Ahmed and snapped his fingers; we must all obey him. We gave him cigarettes, qat, money, all of which he accepted but without gratitude. Ahmed looked anxious. I wanted to begin my interviews again, but no deal, not yet; everything must be done in the military way. Another soldier entered the Land Rover, ignored my greeting, wedged his machine gun in his lap, with the barrel pointed carelessly at poor Hussein, who pretended not to mind it. Ahmed sincerely wanted to help me and save my money, so he decided that we could all sleep on the beach that night; perhaps he wanted to twit the soldier a little. So Hussein left the three of us at the ocean's edge while he went back into town, first to pray, then to watch football on the television of the restaurant where we'd regaled ourselves on super-sugared tea and fresh-frozen fish. Ahmed gave the soldier more qat, and he went off, disconsolately or not I couldn't tell, to sleep by himself. Then the two of us lay down on the sand. Even with the sea breeze it was still hot, so while Ahmed wrapped himself up in a sheet I stripped down to my underpants, which disgusted his modesty a little, but I told him that in America I usually slept in less than this, and he laughed a little. The stars, almost untwinkling overhead, were a little dullish in the humid air, the whitecaps brighter than they; and the moon began to gradually ooze around the silhouetted lava-crag at our heads. A wind blew with intermittent kindness across my sweaty chest while Ahmed prayed. Then we talked a little about our lives.

Ahmed had two wives, a Yemeni and a German (it was on the latter's account, I suspect, that he was always asking me to pretend to be German). For the son who was growing up in Germany, Ahmed was preparing what he considered to be the most precious gift a father could give his child: the Qur'-An, written out complete and by hand in miniscule calligraphy upon sheets of stationery from Ahmed's now-defunct business. On the previous night, seeing how disappointed I had been that Mubarak had refused to bring me to anybody other than that Bedouin woman, and feeling a little ashamed that his sheikh had also failed to help me, Ahmed had knelt down and recited a certain surah which would infallibly open and reveal all secrets to me. I have reason to think that Hussein prayed for me also.

Ahmed once wrote another surah one thousand and one times in his beautiful micro-penmanship, and after three days his incurably sick friend recovered. Abdoolcarim's eldest wife was suffering a very difficult labor, so he wrote still another surah ninety-nine times in ink and rosewater upon a piece of rice paper which he then dissolved in rosewater; she drank this potion, and her womb was opened. In Sana'a, when I visited him in his monklike cell, which was very warm,

he and I must sit cross-legged facing each other on his mattress, for the rest of that chamber was taken up with books: Arabic-language novels, including those of the anything but provincial Naguib Mafouz, hadiths such as *Bukhari,* and even a few German books. Difficult, stubborn, a bit grasping, hardworking beyond belief, shrewd, decent, loving, incurably loyal, Ahmed became a very good friend of mine, and when I parted from him in the end we kissed each other on both cheeks. The last I saw of him, he'd begun copying out a surah which would solve a certain love problem that I had. And on this night we lay chatting on the beach, and then Ahmed began to recite for me a longish surah; he chanted for a good quarter-hour without hesitation, the lovely poetry of the Arabic rising up toward the moon, and I lay listening in great contentment. Afterwards he said that he was sure I'd learn many secrets on the following day, which turned out to be the case. "I have shown you some light," he proudly said when it was all over. For now, we slept. The mosquitoes were not very bad, but shortly before dawn the wind died away, allowing them to range over us in droves, so we got an early start, having to call our soldier for a long time before he came from his hidden place of rest.

"THEN ALLAH HELP YOU!"

We had a good soldier that morning, a handsome, goodhearted, bribable young man, just married, who minded his own business so that we could accomplish ours. Ahmed was acquainted with his sheikh, which smoothed the way, and so did more cash. He refused to chew qat, since it would have aroused him, and then he would have deserted to go back to his village and sleep with his bride.[31] Overwhelmed with delight that there would now be more qat for him, Ahmed slipped a few more of my banknotes into the boy's hand. If only he could have been our watchdog in Marib! Whenever we had a good soldier like this one, we always gave him a bonus and kissed him goodbye on both cheeks.

On the road we passed a long double line of black people slowly walking toward town; the good soldier said that they were illegal immigrants from Somalia, paying two or three hundred riyals, or less than two American dollars, to be smuggled across the strait in small boats; the women frequently paid with their bodies. When the Yemenis caught these people on the sea, they imprisoned them. When they found them here, they usually left them alone, "because what can we do?" Yesterday alone, three hundred Somalis had walked past the good soldier's checkpoint. I thought of the threatening Somalis I'd met yesterday at that cafe in Hadramawt, and understood that from their utterly lawless homeland, which had unnerved me when I visited it during the civil war in 1993, any organization whatsoever could grow, terrorist or not, and anybody could come to Yemen. A jet-black woman in a hijab only smiled at us; she was very pretty; and the good soldier said that already four of his companions were in prison for having contracted AIDS from Somali

ladies. Now I remembered how in Aden stunningly beautiful Somali beggar women with their faces open within the headscarves kept taking me by the hand, cooing, "I love you!" until I ran out of coins to give them. Awad the taxi driver, who should have known, hadn't thought they were prostitutes but I had; maybe Awad went with more expensive girls. ("Only in Aden!" Anwar had cried out thankfully. "Outside, you see only the woman black-black-black!")[32] The good soldier told the tale of the four convicted sex criminals without any apparent shame, but Hussein shouted angrily: "Why do you commit this filth? Better to have sex with animals!" and the good soldier dipped his head, smiling in such a way that I could not tell whether or not he was sorry.

"Ask him if he wants his second wife to be a Somali girl," I asked Ahmed.

"No," replied the good soldier, and Ahmed explained: "They will kill him if he does. I told you, I know his sheikh. They're very nice people."

"How long can you keep your machine gun?"

"As long as I'm a soldier."

"And how long will that be?"

"Until I die," he said with that bright smile, which was obviously not ashamed at all.

We stopped to breakfast on broiled fresh-frozen tuna, brushing away the flies as we broke off pieces with our hands and wrapped bread-scraps around them. The table was set with sheets of Chinese-language newspaper.

On the beach we stopped to interview a powerfully built young fisherman who, smiling and sweating in the morning sun, said that he was very happy with his life; he caught big tuna such as the one we had just eaten, and on a good day earned the equivalent of nearly eighteen American dollars. He needed about six dollars a day to live. Allah always did the right thing for the people, he said.

"How do you feel about Americans?"

"We hate them."

"Why?"

"Because of Palestine."

"Who is worse, Americans or Jews?"

"Jews," he smilingly said.

"If someone called a jihad against the Jews, would you go?"

"Of course."

"Is bin Laden good or bad?"

"Very good."

"And September eleventh?"

"Good, because Bush is like Sharon."

He thought that Egypt and Saudi Arabia were the two best foreign countries.

Taking leave of him (although I'd told him that I was American, he placed his hand on his heart when we said goodbye), I asked our good soldier what he thought,

and with that same smile and duck of the head he agreed that he hated Americans and Jews and was very happy about September eleventh.

"And you?" I couldn't forbear from asking Ahmed.

"Of course I wasn't happy. I was worried about the effect on my tourist business."

And now we were coming into a sizable but poorish village where I wanted to speak with the people; as usual Ahmed asked me to say that I wasn't an American, and as usual I refused, as until then I had done all my life without exception, even in Iraq, Serbia, Somalia, Afghanistan; so Ahmed shrewdly said, "About your safety, if they kill you, it's no problem. About my safety, no problem. I'm not afraid. If my children have no father, no problem. But maybe you might learn something. Maybe they tell you some special thing. Maybe you discover how much they *really* hate America.'

"All right, fine."

"And you should do this all day..."

"No, just one time. Only here."

"No problem," he said bitterly.

So we came into that village, whose name was Maifa'a, and as soon as I got out of the Land Rover, the men and boys who'd been walking hand and hand down the sunny street began to boil curiously about me. (Two women holding hands, covering their eyes against the blowing dust, they quickly turned away.) The good soldier—oh, he was very good!—stayed inside beside the driver, so that anyone could say what he liked out of hearing of the government's representative. And Ahmed and I sat down on the nearest restaurant bench. I laid out my notebook; Ahmed ordered tea, and all the rest of them, maybe half a hundred or maybe it only seemed that way, because Ahmed was nervous and so because I figured he knew more than I did I was nervous, too (soon, however, I saw that there was nothing to fear), they crowded standing and sitting on the other side, and I sat there hating it while Ahmed introduced me as a German.

I asked them whether Christians and Muslims were now friends or not, and their reply duplicated the Bedouin woman's: "We are not friends. The Christians must become Muslims."

"How long have we been enemies?"

"Since the Prophet's time."

That must have been what their imam taught them in the mosque, and it made me very sad.

"I am a Christian," I said to them, "but I read the Qur'-An. It's right there in my bag. I want to be your friend. Do you think I can be?"

They were all leaning forward, turbaned and mostly dark-skinned (probably because they lived so close to the African coast), the older men supporting themselves on the boys' shoulders, and an elder replied: "Yes, if you don't make any mistake."

"When you heard about September eleventh, how were you feeling?"

Many of the younger men grinned and raised their fists aloft, but the old man shook a finger at them, at which they were shamed, and the old man said, "Not good for Islam! We were very sad." Then I was glad that Ahmed had persuaded me not to be an American, because otherwise I never would have known if the old man were just being polite; yes, he truly was against murder, and that gave me hope.

"If the Americans finish with Israel," I asked him, not that I necessarily wanted that to happen, but I truly wondered what he would say, "do you think that Yemen would be America's friend?"

His face lit up, and he cried, "If they leave Israel, we will be friends until the next life! All Muslim people, they are against America only because of Israel."

"Is bin Laden good or bad?"

"He does bad for Islam," said the old man.

"How many of the rest you think that bin Laden is good?"

About half of them raised their hands. Most were younger men. "Good, good!" shouted one boy, smooth-faced and merciless. "Because America is with Israel!"

I felt that I was endangering my incognito by asking so many questions about America, since good Germans might not wish to waste much time on that country, but I couldn't resist one more inquiry: "When the Americans say that al-Qaeda is widespread in Yemen, is that true?"

"Propaganda. America is crazy now."

"When I go back to my fine country of Germany, what should I tell my fellow citizens?"

"Say to your government, they must stay with Palestine."

"You know," I said, "since I'm a German I now remember that in my country we once had a chancellor named Adolf Hitler, who killed a lot of Jews. Would you say that he was good or bad?"

"Very good!" they shouted together, with shining white-toothed smiles. "We hope that he comes again to kill the Jews." Oh, yes, all was revealed unto me; Ahmed's prayer was coming true.

"What about President Bush, good or bad?"

"If I catch him," the old man snarled, rending the air with his hands, "I'll strangle him myself!"

And that was how it went all day, although after that one interview I became American again. —"Maybe tomorrow your bombs fall on us," said so many of them with that customary bitter smile. I wanted to disabuse them, but then I thought: For all I know, they are right. Who knows what my government will do? Just inside the governorate of Abyan we had to change soldiers and got another acquiescent one, although he was not as actively agreeable as his predecessor; a double handful of qat branches began to win him over, and then on the outskirts of another hot village, right by the graveyard's rockheaps, I questioned an eighteen-year-old student with a gentle expression, who had excellent hopes for Yemen's future and trusted in

Allah that the Americans would be defeated when they went in to Iraq. "Iraq is my brother no matter what," he said. I asked him who had been his brother when Iraq had attacked Kuwait, and he said with a shrug, "Both are my brother. But I don't like fighting." Then along came an angry old man with a gun, who could barely restrain himself when laying hands on me. "If America doesn't change its politics with the Arab countries," he warned, "the end of America will be like the end of the USSR. Bush is like Hitler."

"Now, let's see," I said. "Hitler killed Jews. Bush is like Hitler. Does that mean that Bush is good?"

He readily allowed that Hitler was not all bad, because, yes, Hitler had killed Jews. All the same, Bush was like Hitler; Bush was very bad.

"For me," I said in anger, "the September eleventh hijackers are like Hitler."

"They were just five or ten people," he said. 'They were not us."

"So if you caught them, would you kill them?"

"I would give information to the government, but I would not kill them."

"Is there al-Qaeda in this governorate?"

"We are not al-Qaeda. Many of us helped the Afghans against the Russians. And then people catch them and say we are al-Qaeda."

"I agree with you that catching them just for that reason is wrong. You did a noble thing to help Afghanistan in the jihad, and for that I respect you."

He glared at me in silence, with the finger of his right hand trembling around his pistol. No, this was hardly Aden, where if you go to the barbershop the patron after you will invite you to chew qat with him...

"Do you have any message for America?" I asked him then.

"You must be sure to say to your government: When you attack Iraq, your *business* will be affected," and the way he said it, "business" was an obscenity. His voice was deep with hatred.

"Anything else?"

"About a hundred and fifty people are in prison for the *Cole*," he said, clenching his left fist. "And they had nothing to do with it."

"So who destroyed the *Cole*?"

"They died. That's it. They were like suicide bombers in Israel. There are no others."

Raising his forefinger threateningly, he cried out: "Every house has a weapon." And he flourished his pistol in my face. "Every man has his own weapon, and even if America comes with all its power, we are ready. Every house in Yemen has six or seven Kalashnikovs. In twenty hours, we can be six million, each man with his weapons..."

At the next checkpoint the children came running, and when they learned that I was American, they laughingly made a gesture which I did not understand at first, the flat of a hand traveling horizontally to strike the other vertical hand, and then I realized that this was shorthand for the attack on the World Trade Center. For a

moment I felt more grief than I can tell you. They were shouting: "Osama *hamdoulliah*!" Osama is very good.

Presently we came to the hot still place of craggy desert where in December 1998, amidst these fractured undulations erupting out of sand, four foreign tourists died in a firefight between their kidnappers, members of the al-Hamza organization,[33] and the Yemeni authorities. "They were taken right off the main street and brought here," said Ahmed. "Very bad for my business."

"I'm sorry for you," I said.

Stopping for an excellent lunch at a roast-lamb restaurant whose staff killed each animal on the premises, aiming its head at Mecca and crying, "Allah akbar!" before cutting its throat, I told every man who asked that I was American, and was rewarded in most cases with an "All the same, welcome in Yemen!" When I went to the toilet, which lay on the far side of a wide dirt lot, one barbu who was lounging there half-raised his Kalashnikov in my direction, just to scare me, but two other men scolded him and he turned away. Meanwhile several men agreed to be photographed, sometimes smiling at me quite kindly and graciously, and often with their arms around their little sons.

At the end of the afternoon we were in Abyan City itself, also known as Zinjibar. My guidebook advises: "A walk along the town's sandy streets will leave you feeling that your time could have been spent better elsewhere."[34] Abyan, said Ahmed, was once "the sexy place of Yemen," where you'd go to rent eleven-year-old girls. "This place went from being one hundred percent open to ninety-nine percent closed." I have to tell you that here more than anywhere else in Yemen I had an eerie, unsafe feeling. All that day, the closer we had come to Abyan the more everyone hated me. We had a very unhelpful soldier now, who didn't want to leave Ahmed and me alone to do our business; all that Ahmed could think of to do with him was to send him off with Hussein to buy more qat, a tactic which would gain us three quarters of an hour at most. I could see at once that the boy who wanted to invade America had given me good advice in directing me here; I could also see that I might not succeed in accomplishing a photo-interview with card-carrying members of an al-Qaeda cell. This was the only place I went in Yemen where people actively avoided me. I'd sit down at one of a tea-shop's communal tables, and the other men would get up and hurry away; sometimes they literally ran. Two old men who remembered the "one hundred percent open" time spoke with me briefly, on condition that I not take notes while everyone was watching; they acknowledged that their imam called upon them every Friday to make war upon the Jews and Christians; nonetheless, they welcomed me to Yemen. They were very friendly old men; it wasn't until I asked them about Islamic extremist organizations that they took fright. So Ahmed and I strolled a little forlornly up and down Abyan's two main streets, admiring the gravel and rubble, not to mention the garbage; Hussein remarked that the filth here reminded him of the way Yemen used to be thirty years

ago. He too was very uneasy here, and Ahmed later confessed that he had been apprehensive every moment. The lone hotel, which looked disgusting, was full, they said; Ahmed and Hussein bravely offered to sleep on the beach with me if that would help my work, and I thought about it, deciding finally that the little we might learn in this unfriendly place hardly justified the risk. So I told them that we would get a hotel in Aden that night, at which they were very happy; then I dragged the ever more anxious and unwilling Ahmed to admire the lone Communist statue, which good Islamicists had decapitated; its trunk was draped with votive garbage. From across the street, barbus in white headdresses were staring, staring. I approached one of them and he refused to speak with me; I insisted of Ahmed, who seemed to be on the verge of cracking, that he ask why, and the barbu replied: "People watch us. Big trouble for me!" I leave it to you to deduce whom those watching dispensers of big trouble might have been. Another man allowed me to photograph him and said that he wished he could invite me inside his house to meet his wife and child, but didn't dare, again for fear of "trouble." He earnestly advised me to leave the city before dark. And I thought, well, I guess that tells me what I want to know about Abyan. He said a sad salaam to us, and when we were halfway down the block I looked back at him; two tall barbus from across the street who'd glared at me with shining eyes were standing over him; I saw him outfling his right arm in some pathetic gesture of protest. What did *Bukhari* have in store for him, I wonder? The next barbu, who was sitting in a doorway chewing qat, very grudgingly permitted our approach, but unlike most Yemeni hosts neither offered us qat and nor invited us to sit beside him, but we nonetheless did the latter. Ahmed implored me not to take notes just then, and I thought that a wise precaution. But the substance of what the man said, which I wrote down from memory an hour later, was that the enmity between Muslims and Judeo-Christians was not the Muslims' problem. What could I do about it? I asked. My country was supposed to be a democracy, he sneered, so "go back; they'll figure it out." When I told him that I had spoken out against my country's intervention in Iraq before and that I also opposed the forthcoming attack, he softened. Gazing earnestly into my face for a long time, he shook my hand and said: "Then Allah help you!"

A BLOCK OF ICE

And so I call on Allah to help me by whatever name you or I know Him. What *can* we do about all this? Well, what do I know about anything? After all, I'm only an American, and a Jew-lover at that. Nonetheless, here is what I think.

First and foremost, our president ought to present his evidence against Saddam Hussein's al-Qaeda connection, if he actually has any, to the World Court at the Hague, and cease his threats of war in the interim. One of his worst characteristics is that he is all stick and no carrot. Meanwhile, we should withdraw our demand to be above the World Court's law. If we commit no war crimes, what have we to fear?

If the World Court is biased, why do we dispatch other defendants there?

I am well aware that what I wish for here is hopeless, idle. Iraq and America will both pay the price.

Secondly, we need an American voice, a measured, Arabic-speaking voice, perhaps although not necessarily a Muslim voice, which possesses knowledge of U.S. policy and of the Qur'-An, which has the authority of our government behind it, and which can speak to the Yemenis. This voice needs to personalize us, and to show the Yemenis that we also see them as people. Do you remember what Ahmed said in Marib? "Europeans bring us school and like this. Americans bring only weapons for the government, nothing for the people." Is this true or not? I don't know, and probably neither do you, but that's what most Yemenis think, and it's not good for us that they do. If it is in fact true, then why not bring schools, hospitals, whatever? And why not make sure that the Yemenis know it?

This voice must make public America's role, if any, in holding the *Cole* and September eleventh detainees in Yemen. Whether America or Yemen is responsible for the violation of due process in these cases, we should explicitly condemn or explain the detentions, and make clear what we expect to happen to the detainees. And if there is any military action which we need to undertake against Muslim terrorists, this voice must explain the where and the why, without vengefulness and *with proof,* which we failed to furnish against Osama bin Laden before September eleventh and which are not now providing against Iraq in any meaningful form.

Early in the morning in Aden, you'll see many men with knives slowly chipping away at an immense block of ice in the middle of an intersection. This is how I imagine this project of the measured voice will go. It will take much time to chip away at the estrangement between us, so we might as well start early. But we can do it if we really want to.

Anwar once related to me,[35] in more detail than I will tell you here, the hadith of the man who murdered ninety-nine people. When the killer went to an imam to ask what he ought to do, the imam replied that the case of so evil a man was hopeless, so he killed the imam, too. And then the killer wandered far away. He came to an old man in a cave who advised him that he had been living in a village of bad people and needed to go elsewhere. Filled with hope and the desire to change his life, the murderer set out for a village of good people, but he died on the way. Then the angels came down and fought over him; some wanted to drag him into Hell, but in the end he was admitted to Paradise because he had sincerely wanted to improve himself.

Anwar had a fine legal mind; he knew the shariat so well[36] and he possessed an answer for every hypothetical case I proposed: What if a woman had to prostitute herself for food? The law is the law, he replied. (After all, *Bukhari* tells us that the Prophet would have cut off his own daughter's hand were she ever guilty of theft.)[37] Besides, she could have taken another job; almost anyone in Yemen who wasn't

starving himself would give her work to spare her from polluting herself in that way; and in this Anwar might well have been right.

And so the fact that he quoted this hadith to me gave me hope: Repentance is always acceptable to Allah, even in the case of horrendous crimes.[38] And I am sure that if we can put our own fear and anger aside sufficiently to reach out to the Muslim world, then even now, in spite of what we have done to Iraq and what they perceive us to have done in Palestine, they will turn away from the hate-preachers and be our friends.

Anwar was one extreme; what about the other? When the driver's side mirror of Awad's taxi was broken by a crazy man, at first he was determined to get the police; then he stormed downstairs ready to do battle with the vandal, who sat on the sidewalk, shiny-eyed, passive, and hemmed in by a circle of neighbor men; it was they who'd shouted up to Awad, and they were now guarding the man so that Awad could do whatever justice upon him proved befitting; and so the old man shouted angry exclamations and interrogations at the culprit, who replied nothing; finally Awad exhaled, threw up his hands and left the man sitting there, possibly to do his vehicle more mischief. And he loved his taxi! In situations of mechanical emergency, which occurred about twice an hour, he had a special trick of very tenderly tapping the engine's G-spot with a pair of pliers; this usually made it come back to life; once on a steep volcanic incline when he and Anwar and I were in great suspense as to whether we would reach the summit or begin to roll backward into the other cars, which is what in fact happened—we finally came to rest halfway back down that scorching grade—I saw Awad stroking the dashboard as tenderly and patiently as he must have caressed his ladyfriends; he wasn't angry at his car; he was sorry and encouraging. ("You know," he announced then, desperate to distract and entertain me so that I would not leave him, "that's a chador. Over there.") And now what if that shiny-eyed man broke his windshield next? I asked whether he would get the police and he said that he hadn't the heart; the madman would have sat in prison for two or three months, "and for what?" sighed Awad, shaking his head. He was forgiving in his tired old way; it was really too hot. He wasn't up for holding a grudge...

This measured voice of ours, which lamentably remains a hypothetical voice, needs to engage Al-Jazeera and the imams in *public* debate. If, as I believe that they are, they are spreading hate, we must expose and refute them. And if our Middle Eastern policy is also creating hate, that too ought to be shown against us, in which case we must accept the responsibility for changing it. The people who contradict the imams must be Muslims. I remember how on the outskirts of Abyan I met a sweating, angry man who shook everybody's hand except mine, until I grabbed his; when I asked him what America could do to repair relations with Yemen he began to shout, "America haram, haram!" Were I a Muslim, he might have listened to me when I told him what was and what was not haram.[39] As it was, why waste my breath in trying? He looked at me with such hatred...

Meanwhile, we ought to assist the Yemeni government in controlling the maritime border with Somalia, which is a perfect breeding-ground for haters and murderers.

Finally, we must assess our Israel policy fully and fairly. "You know that the U.S. policy toward the Middle East is unfair," Mr. Al-Sofe of the Islah Party insisted. "Ashcroft, bin Laden, Sharon are far away from us. We are in favor of the democratic process. We feel that the U.S. defense ministry does not serve the U.S. defense interest." Is he right or wrong? The opinion of "the U.S. defense ministry" about this matter may not be entirely free from bias. Intimidation and fear of further terrorist attacks would be an unacceptable motive for distancing ourselves from our Israeli allies. Brutal expediency would be an equally unjustified reason for supporting their actions in Palestine. Either way, we must understand what costs we will incur, and we must not betray our own birthright by permitting this administration to make this decision without consulting us.

What is Yemen to you? Nothing, probably, unless more Americans are killed there, or from there. And maybe that is as it should be. In a narrow street, at the foot of a tower, a tiny iron door opens from the inside, and a dagger-bearing man strides out. Is he a threat to you? Possibly, I'm sad to say; and once we begin to shoot and bomb people in Iraq, a little more possibly. But he need not be; he doesn't want to be; he'd prefer to be nothing to you. In the cloud-softened light of the highlands, a man in a white garment with a grubby jacket unbuttoned over it emerges from a doorway hundreds of years old, his jambia moving as his belly moves when he steps out onto a plain of pebbles and trash; and from a flock of schoolgirls in blue dresses and white hijabs one child comes running up to him to be kissed and petted; then hand in hand they go inside their house. They would all prefer to be nothing to you than what they are.

"Where are you from?"

"America."

"Welcome!" they'd say, or sometimes they'd tsk-tsk and walk away; this story has had to concentrate on the bad, but what about the time that the ring which that self-styled sheikh gave me fell off my finger, and an old, old man came running over from another table to pick it up for me, bowing afterward, with his hand on his heart?

What is America to them? One more time I met with Mrs. Naur Salem al-Hakemi, whose sons had been detained. She wouldn't take tea because it was her practice to fast every Monday and Tuesday, in a sort of extra Ramadan. Those greenish-brown eyes of hers wept at me as glitteringly as the two slender golden bangles on her black-gloved wrist; then came a sudden flash of white sleeve as she gestured in anger. "Ahmad doesn't know anything about al-Qaeda," she kept repeating with loud and liquid protests, her black-gloved fingers pinching at destiny. I had wanted to help her, but now she was getting afraid, because since our last interview "somebody looks behind me a lot of times." What was America to her? "I'm sorry about the American people who died, but my son doesn't know anything." I could

never get her or anybody else in Yemen to say what America *should* be doing, except leave Israel to her fate and become Muslims. While the little boy remaining to her squirmed in his special-occasion suit and dragged his chin along the table-edge , our discussion went on and on. until she became very angry. "My son and the students with him, everyone is younger than twenty years old! They just catch my son because they find somebody telephoned him. He was standing in front of some house..." Believe me, she *wanted* America to be nothing to her.

ANWAR'S ASPIRATION

When it was still dark and otherwise silent, the strangely wolflike howling of the muezzins called people to prayer. This happened only during the early morning prayer and only in Sana'a. I never heard anything like it in any other Muslim country. Then, closer at hand, came a long, passionately chanted exhortation which made the dogs howl. In the daytime they must have had a different singer, the muezzin's call to Allah wavering in the dusty wind in much the same way that the black women-ghosts change shape instant by instant, billowing in the wind; I could have been in Pakistan or Afghanistan then; it always made me very happy to hear it. Of course if they'd invited me to enter their mosques I would have liked it more. So many of them wanted me to become a Muslim, which I probably never would; it sometimes maddened me that their invitation was to something secret, something I couldn't know unless and until I had joined up; but of course that was their way; when I asked Anwar whether he worried about an incompatible marriage with his almost completely unseen cousin, he replied in astonishment that of course his mother had seen and spoken with Fatima many times; how could he not trust his mother, who loved him, knew him better than he knew himself, and wanted the best for him? They wanted the best for me, I'm sure—at least the ones who didn't think I deserved to be killed, which is to say the majority of them, for most of them, no matter how much they hated my government, really did like me, I think. On the bus I once met an air traffic controller who told me how sweet it was that his wives kept their lovely faces for himself alone. That was how so many of them thought about Islam, too, and I could respect that; in its way it was beautiful and appropriate. On the streets of Ta'izz, where we stopped so that Ahmed and Hussein could buy qat, an old man seized me by the hand to give me a present of three honeycombs, even though he knew that I was American. Islam was their honeycomb; when I departed Yemen, Anwar gave me the best present he could think of: a brand-new prayer rug so that I'd be ready for action as soon as I turned Muslim. I have been in mosques in other countries, and I mostly like them very much. But in Yemen I was—one can't say an excommunicate; a precommunicate, maybe. What did they really say in there? I asked Hussein whether he ever prayed for anything, perhaps for a safe journey or the recovery of a sick child? Ahmed prayed that way, as you know; he'd prayed that

Abyan's secrets be revealed unto me. Hussein became a little prickly at the question; was I, the Christian, merely asking a question or was I in fact questioning the way he prayed? But once he understood that I meant no harm, he answered straightforwardly that he prayed simply to glorify his God, Who would dispose of all journeys and sicknesses as He thought best. This accorded with my own feelings; and we had another pleasurable talk about religion. One of the reasons I so much enjoy discussing Islam with its adherents is that the other two Peoples of the Book, the Jews and Christians, are most often nominalists and lip-servers, secularists like me; while the ones who keep the commandments tend to be as dogmatic (or, if you prefer, harsh, bigoted, intimidating) as the Muslims who insist on the *Bukhari*'s narrow path; most Muslims are lip-servers when it comes to *Bukhari*, but not the basic tenets of the Qur'-An; what I am trying to say is that of the three religions of the Book, a Muslim is most likely to be sincerely passionate about his creed, and I love that.

But what were they saying in the mosque? Even though I'd heard it from Ahmed's lips and from the mouths of men in Abyan, Shabwa, and Hadramawt, I still couldn't believe that every Friday the imams were really calling for other people's deaths. So many people had befriended me in countries of so-called "Muslim extremists" that it was very hard for me to accept that they favored murder. When I think of Yemen now, I'll always remember easygoing old Awad, empowering his sputtering taxicab with caresses and whiskey breath, dreaming of his next extramarital copulation on the beach! *He* didn't want to hurt anybody, did he?

So I asked Anwar if I could meet an imam from the mosque he went to. I would have preferred to go to the mosque, but it was enough that the imam came to me. His name was Mr. Abdullah al-Aqa. Yes, he came, smiling, kind, and old. We shook hands. I offered him tea but he refused, probably because he was fasting that day.

"How can Christians and Muslims be friends now?"

Smiling and wrinkling up his eyes, he said, "Islam is for everybody, not just for Muslims. Anybody who knows about the Qur'-An and *Bukhari,* he knows everything about Islam. If Allah wants to bring you to Islam, He will. Meanwhile, Christians and Jews, they are with God."

I cannot tell you how happy this answer made me. It was exactly what I wanted to hear.

I asked him about the Friday homily of kill the Christians, kill the Jews.

"That's not true," the imam insisted. "Anytime you can come to the mosque and listen for yourself. You can come for instruction if you make your ablutions. We worry that Christian people may not clean themselves after sex; that's why the mosques are closed to them unless they promise..."

"Why were so many Yemenis happy about September eleventh?"

"Some people just listen to al-Jazeera. Some people have other ideas. Who can do this thing? Not Muslims. It's a big problem for all the world, and I myself am not happy about September eleventh."

After he took leave of me I continued to be happy for awhile; I was living in the good old days, all right. Anwar smiled at me, laid his hand on his shoulder. Then my doubts began to reawaken, because Ahmed had never lied to me. So I asked Anwar, who was also as honest as the sun, whether when he went to Friday prayer he never, ever heard any imam say to kill the Christians and Jews, and Anwar clarified: "He[40] says, don't kill the women, don't kill the children, don't kill the old people. If you kill one person for nothing, that's a bad thing. But in Palestine, many Israelis they kill the Palestinian children. They kill everything, even the trees, even the grass. So the Muslims can kill all Israelis, even the children. But for the Christians, we can kill only soldiers."

Forcing myself to ask this question, because I liked Anwar so very much, I said, "And would you like to do something against Jewish children?"

"I hope to be in Israel," he said quietly. "I hope to make the big bomb to kill, even in the school." He must have seen the sorrow in my face, for he quickly added: "But Jewish children outside of Israel, never! I don't kill anyone for nothing!"

I felt a little sick, but as Mr. Hussein would have said in his proud French, c'est la vie. We went out for a walk and Anwar bought me a fresh orange juice and a fresh mango juice. As I said, we used to sleep in the same room, every morning literally breaking bread together, he quietly paying for the meal out of the small wages I gave him. Every morning at 9:11 precisely his wrist alarm went off, in memorialization of the fact that on September eleventh four people from his village had been killed inside the World Trade Center. He wondered if he could buy me another orange juice. Four schoolgirls in white hijabs and pigeon-blue uniforms passed by, looking modestly downward as they near us; then here came a cigarette-smoking young man in an earthen-colored skirt; his jambia hung down just so, and he greeted me with the palm salute of a cigar store Indian.

"EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS"

On the road to Al-Mukalla I met a couple of Swiss tourists, and the woman, who belatedly donned her hijab for the sake of the public, whose members had already awarded her some dislike-filled glances, said to me in amazement: "And you're American, and you're *here*! And you have no problems?" Had the wonder in her voice been tinged with any warmth, let alone concern for me or sympathy for my country, I might have reacted better. I don't think that this world owes me a living. And, as I hope I've made clear by now, America has made and is making terrible mistakes; the acts of this government are criminal. Why shouldn't we be hated? But we have done good things in the world, too, and some of them have benefited her. In this young woman's voice, although I may be imagining it, I read resentment that I was here; she thought that I had no right to be here: I *should* have had problems. Had a Yemeni spoken like this to me I might have taken it, because they were

partly justified and because it was my job to take it or at least listen to it, but what had I done to her? How would she be feeling if a plane hijacked by al-Qaeda smashed into her parents' home in Geneva? Hopefully she loved her country. In spite of everything, I loved mine. So I looked at her for awhile, then said in my most innocent tone, "What do you mean? Everybody likes Americans."

America-Haters in Yemen

2002

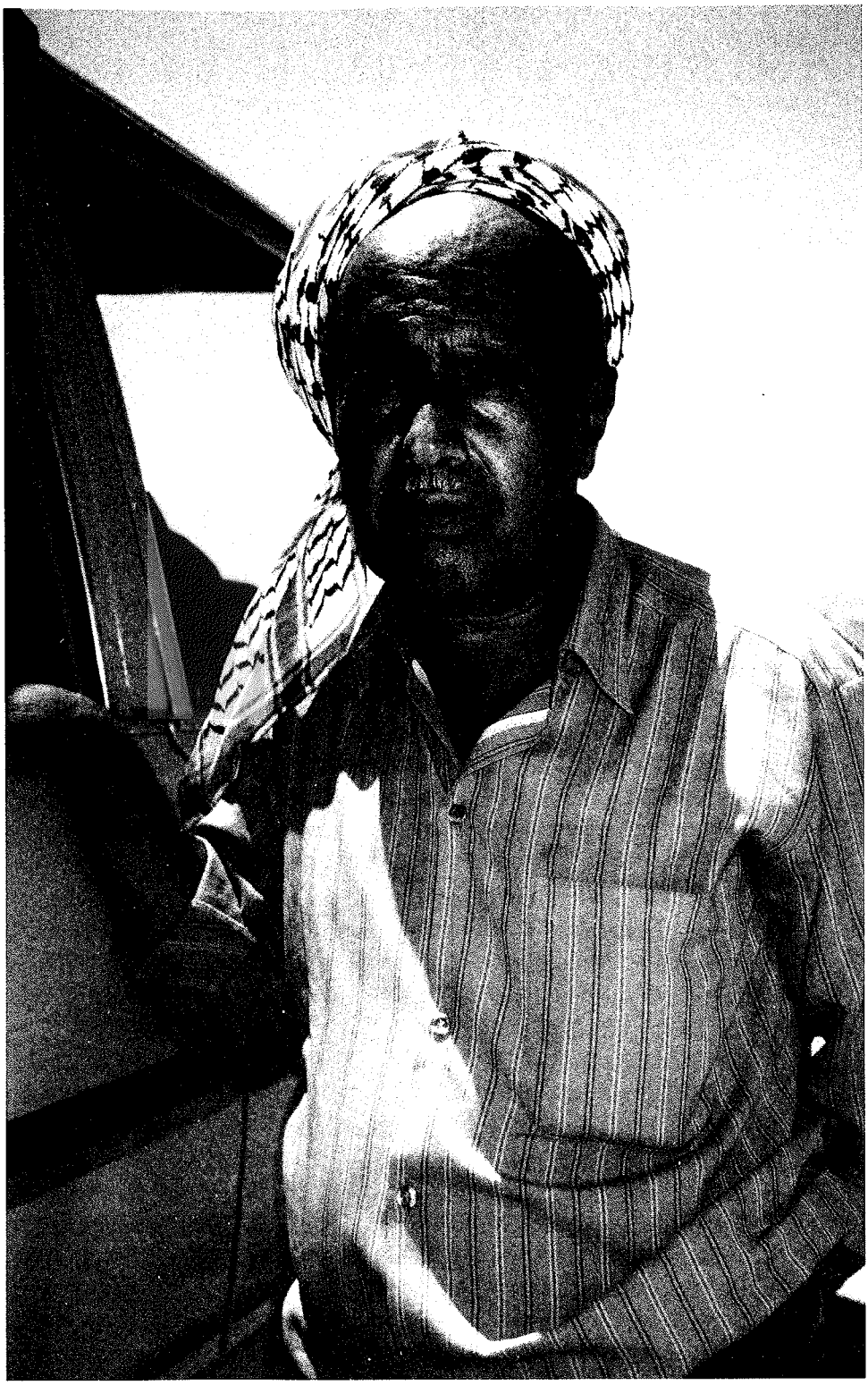
This brief portfolio documents some of the anger of the Muslim world against Westerners and especially Americans in the post-September eleventh era.

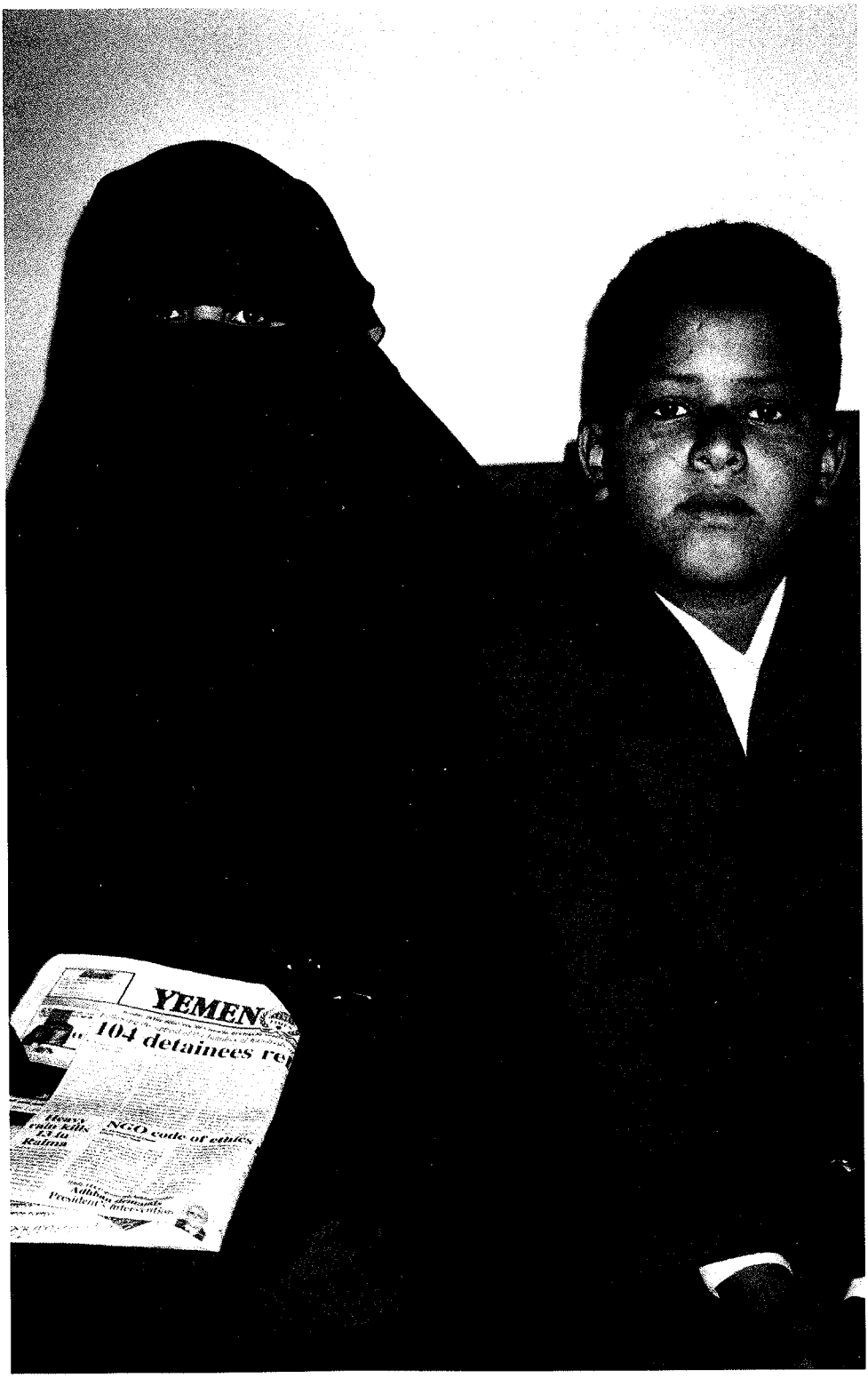
204. American-hater in Abiyan Province. Note the pistol on his left side. He could barely restrain his rage when I spoke with him. He promised that if the American soldiers came to Yemen, he would kill quite a few of them.

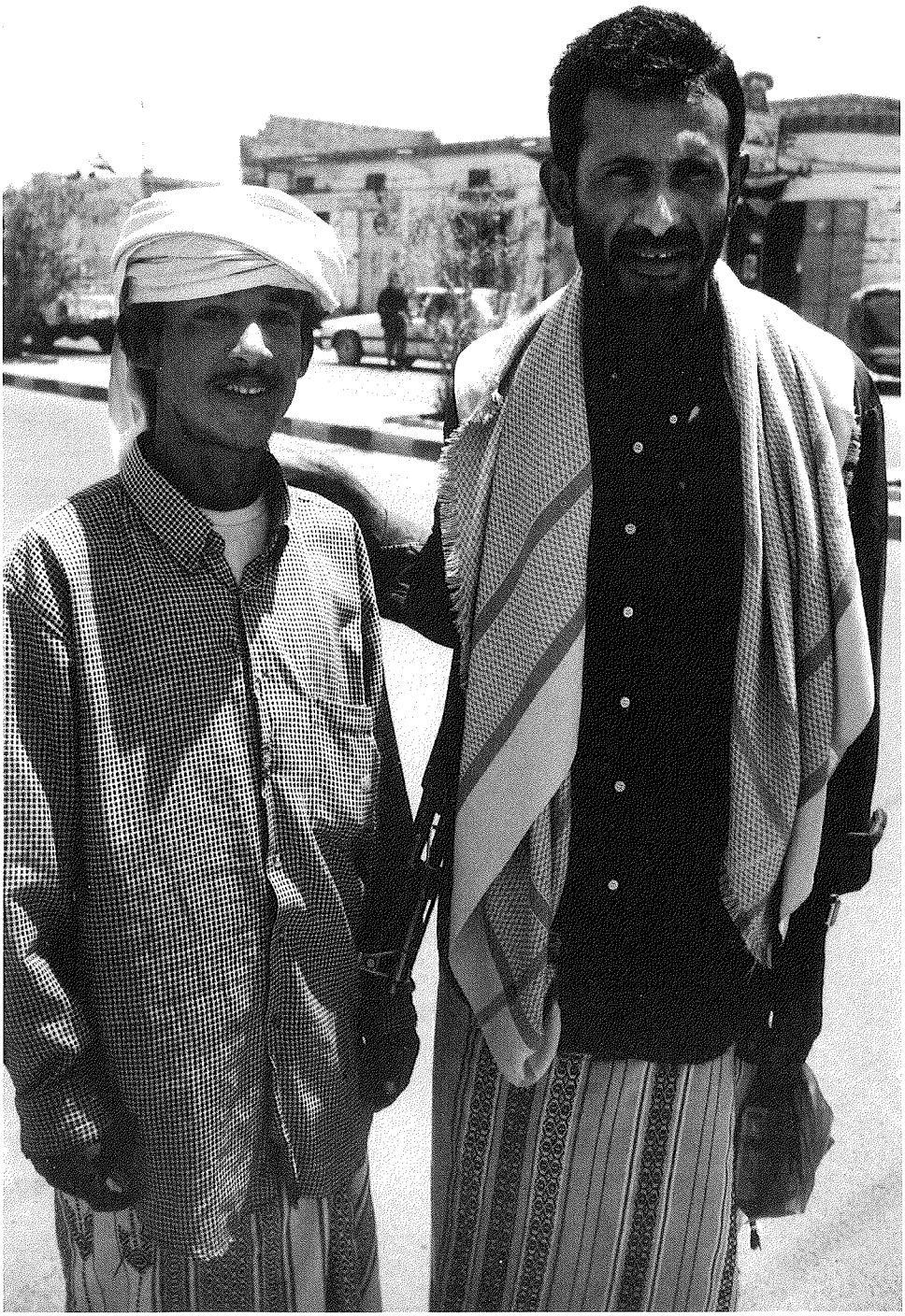
205. Mrs. Naur Salem al-Hakemi, whose three eldest sons had all been detained as al-Qaeda suspects. Here she is in the Parliament building in Sana'a at the behest of a human rights group, testifying against what she believes to be the arbitrary abuse of Yemeni government authority on behalf of American imperialism.

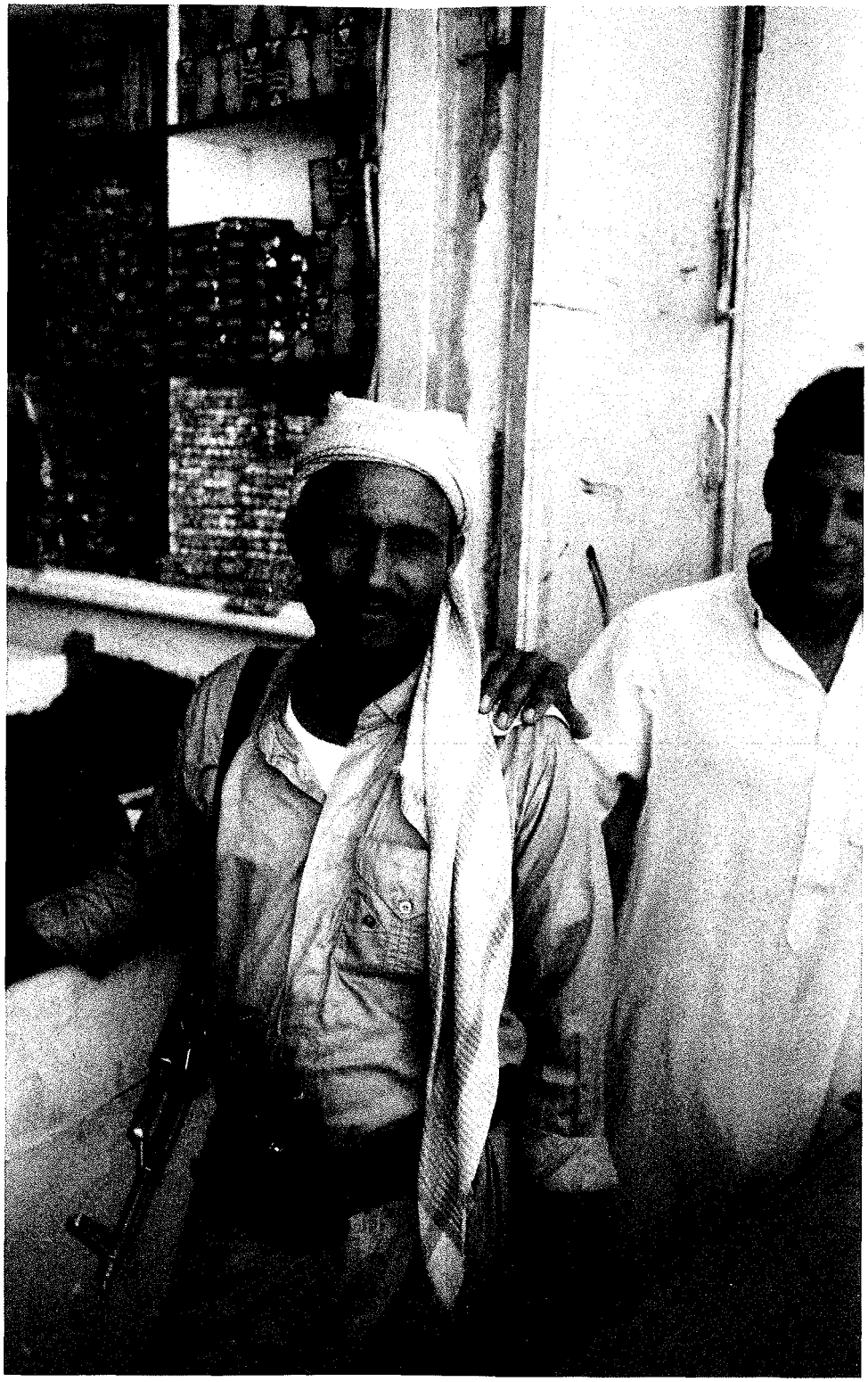
206-07. Men with guns in Marib tribal area. Kidnapping of foreigners is routine here, since that is the most effective way for the tribespeople to force the weak central government in Sana'a to make economic concessions.

208. Anti-American graffiti on a wall in Sana'a.




YEMEN
104 detainees re
NGO code of ethics







NORTH AMERICA

Laughing at All Her Enemies (1994)

You Gotta Be a Hundred Percent Right (1995)

Whack 'Em and Stack 'Em! (1997)

Dey Bring Dem Bloodstain Up Here (1997)

Murder for Sale (1999)

Guns in the USA (2000)

INTRODUCTION

"With a gun I'd say the peace of mind is as valuable as the safety itself." This is a peculiarly (although not exclusively) North American attitude. In much of the world, guns are tools only of authority and of outlaws. In Colombia or southeast Asia, ordinary citizens fear guns. But the Second Amendment in the United States, and the wild animals of the Canadian North, make for quite a number of armed citizens on my continent. The speaker I've quoted lives in Nome, Alaska, and he explains: "I have shot a bear in self-defense before, down in Kodiak. Without my gun, I would have been at the very least severely injured." It is very natural for this self-reliant man to see guns as tools of self-defense against animals in Alaska, and against humans in South Carolina.

And it also appears to be natural for Apache teenagers on the reservation to kill themselves. It is natural for young men in the ghettoes of Jamaica to defend their neighborhood against rival neighborhoods.

North America is the Columbine massacre, where two despised schoolboys took up guns to defend their own conception of honor and execute retribution upon a world they hated. North America is also the Guardian Angels, who employ the Wild West conceptions of patrolling gangs and citizens' arrests to form themselves into a "good gang," armed only with their hands, to make the streets safe. North America is the rock star Ted Nugent, who glorifies guns and hunting. His watch-

word: *"KILL 'EM AND GRILL 'EM! WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM!"* Nugent and the Columbine shooters exemplify the extremes of the American gun culture. The man in Nome exemplifies its core.

How does North America look from the outside? I have been investigating violence in Africa from the standpoint, unavoidable to me, of an American. I'll never know enough to see myself from the standpoint of an African, but a European perspective may not be entirely beyond my ken.

The Europe of my case studies was limited to the former Yugoslavia. This is the Europe of Machiavelli and the Kaiser, the Europe of the Thirty Years' War and the Hundred Years' War. It is not, superficially at least, the Europe of 2003, which has now begun cohering into an economic power whose glue is a partially justified anti-Americanism. This Europe remembers the time when it burned its witches, broke its murderers on the wheel, buried its infanticides alive. Each state in the European Union must now renounce all capital penalties against its citizens, and Europeans note with disgust that when an American gets judicially electrocuted so incompetently that his face bursts into flames, an American leader remarks: "A painless death is not punishment. I think it's important that there is a deterrent and a punishment element."[1] This Europe remembers all too well the violence invoked by its own various national sovereignties, and hates violent Americanism accordingly. The United Nations will someday (so Europeans hope, as do I) be powerful enough to mediate all international conflicts. The rhetoric of this body seems to express a philosophy of benign coordination, which may at times require "verification" (a favorite United Nations word). Hence this prediction from Major General Nils Carlström, who headed the United Nations inspectors in Iraq in 1998: They were monitoring many hundreds of sites, and "it is my belief that the Council will keep that system for many years."[2] This is the European solution, and for Iraq, at least, it is certainly superior to the American solution of mean-spirited threats and unprovoked attack. But it makes this American uneasy.

From the standpoint of my European friends, the North American, and in particular the American, passion for firearms is a mark of barbarism. Europeans tend to live in social welfare states,[3] within which the citizen is more politically opinionated and historically aware than his American counterpart. Health care, housing, safety, etcetera, have been more or less guaranteed by the state. In short, the social contract is both effective and efficient. Bureaucrats in Brussels now make certain that French cheese conforms to German procedures of pasteurization.

Rising Up and Rising Down has asserted the Shepherd's Maxim, namely: *As authority enlarges itself, its obligation to protect from violence the individuals it controls increases, and the ability of those individuals to defend themselves from violence correspondingly decreases.*[4] In Europeans, the capacity for individual self-defense atrophied so long ago that it is not much missed. As a cause or result of this, Europe's streets are presently less violent than America's. (Again, forget Yugoslavia.) Hence the corollary

to the Shepherd's Maxim, which seems so self-evident to a person with my prejudices, would strike a European as absurd and even dangerous: *Because the right to self-defense remains inalienable, each of us can and should maintain a self-reliant distrust of authority.*[5]

Self-reliance is indeed the name of the North American game. The price we pay is one Columbine massacre after another.[6] What some of us get in exchange, or at least what we strive for, is a sense of wholeness, pride, fulfillment best known to the hunter-gatherer.

In the hands of a Colombian *para,* a gun is primarily a tool of terror, deterrence, retribution, revenge. For a Congolese insurgent, it may be any of these things, or it may be an implement of extortion. For an American, a gun is, for better or worse, an "equalizer."

North Americans are the quintessential lonely atoms. In Canada, where tolerance for social control approaches Europe's, and inter-human violence remains relatively low, there runs a narrow belt of densely populated cities along the U.S. border; this zone really belongs to Europe; but then North America resumes, running north all the way through the Arctic archipelago. Here the solitary woodsman stalks his moose; and the Inuit family summers at the floe-edge of the frozen sea, killing seals and defending themselves against polar bears. These people are one with the defender of Jamaica's Rema ghetto, who when I asked him whether Rema could ever reunite with its hated enemy neighborhood, Tivoli Gardens, replied: "Too much people dead already. We are turn a new page. Cannot *force* dem in Rema to live Sodom way. Dem *force* us live in certain things, but Trenchtown is *ours,* sir. Dem want take our glory and magnify." And so he stood ready to protect Rema with lethal force. "A man's home is his castle," runs the old English saying, and it is a North American saying, too. Defense of ground, defense of homeland, equal rights for sovereign selves, these principles are what we've been raised on, for better or worse. What if somebody wants to pasteurize us according to German procedures, or any procedures? We might be better off, but we won't do it; we just can't. After Columbine, the memorials to the murdered went up in Clement Park, and I asked a nonconformist woman, a Goth: "Do you think you'd have a hard time if you went to Clement Park in your Gothic clothes?"—"I could say a resounding yes. But I'm strong enough to ignore them even if they throw stuff at me. I think it's sad that people are taking one faction of society and blaming us. We're nonviolent. We never hurt anybody. You know what? This winter when I need a jacket, I'm gonna get me a black trenchcoat. Because this is *ridiculous."* That is the North American way. Self-reliance equals defiance. That is why Ted Nugent insists: "In Vermont, anyone, anywhere, under any conditions, can carry anything that can go bang, and no bullets are hitting six-year-old girls in bathtubs." And that is why a Guardian Angel says, and this, I think wonderfully and nobly: "You have to encourage the good and discourage the bad. We Americans are the ones who want to have all the opportunity and not share it and at the same time we want other people like police to solve our

problems for us. What can you say about a society in which a man or a woman can be attacked at two-o'-clock in the afternoon and no one will do anything? That's an indictment. I'm not against criminals. I'm against apathy."

A Parisian expects "other people like police to solve our problems for us." My friends in the Congo and Madagascar expect the "problems" to remain menacingly insoluble. North Americans solve their own problems. That is why I own guns, and it is also why those two despised boys at Columbine brought guns to school and solved their own problems, evilly and uselessly.

What are the rights of the self? Ask a North American, who worries about them the most. But many people on this earth might disagree with his answer.

LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES (1994)

SAN CARLOS APACHE RESERVATION, ARIZONA

How do they do it?

They hang themselves, the high school boy said. Or sometimes they shoot themselves.

Would you say it's more boys or girls who do it?

Girls.

Why?

They're just more crazy, I guess. Boys can get 'em pregnant and leave 'em, or they break up with their boyfriends and stuff. Boys don't care. I know a lot of girls, they got pregnant and now they're not even with the boyfriend that got 'em pregnant. I know three girls; one's fifteen, one's sixteen and one's fourteen. Only one's with the same boyfriend. That fourteen-year-old that was pregnant, that freshman, she went back to school and cut herself in the wrist. I don't know why. After that, the child protective services took her away from her parents.

What did the other kids say?

They just made fun of her. They called her suicider. Then she got pissed off. Started bitching at everybody.

We rode along for a moment and he said: My cousin's brother, he was playing with the .30-.06. Playing roulette. It went click an' it went click an' it shot him in the eye. I went to his funeral. He had his head turned around like this so you didn't see that eye.

Good idea. How old was he?

Thirteen. And this one here, she shot herself in the stomach, but hit nothing with that .22 of her dad's, and so they asked her why and she said she didn't get along with her parents. She's a freshman. She's fifteen. That one girl, I seen her scar. She showed me.

Was she proud of it?

No. She just showed me.

Do they make fun of her, too?

Not really that much people know about it, the boy answered, 'cause they kept it quiet.

We rode along for a minute and he said: This guy who's my sister's friend, he cut his wrist. He broke up with his girlfriend; that's why he did it. Cut right through them things—

Tendons?

Yeah. Now he can't grab things too good.

How about that girl who just hanged herself last week? Did you know her?

Yeah. I seen her around.

Did she seem sad or anything? How did she look?

Pretty different from in her casket.

Oh, so you went to the funeral? How was she dressed?

In a buckskin like for the sunrise ceremony. It was cut up to the neck.

Yeah, I said. I guess people wouldn't want to look at her neck.

Everything was working out for her, he said. She was doing sports and stuff, till she met that guy. Then she started gettin' naughtier and naughtier.

How long did that last?

Two years. Since the beginning of eighth grade.

You think he got her pregnant?

No.

Then what happened?

They broke up. Her parents sent her off to boarding school 'cause he drinks real bad.

Was he at the funeral, too?

I didn't look for him.

What does he say about it?

Nothin'. He don't talk about it. Everybody knew that she was drinkin' on Thanksgiving, he said. Everybody knew she was feeding this other guy.[1] A lot of

girls caught 'em together, so they made fun of them. They said he killed her, said his sperm was poison like a rattlesnake.

The other girls didn't like her?

I know she had lots of enemies. Lots of girls had to kick her ass a lot. Lots of enemies for stupid reasons. Down here in San Carlos, when they get in a fight it's scary, man, 'cause they'll come after you anytime. When there's boys fighting there's just punchin'. But the girls just keep bleeding and bleeding. It's more scary to see the girls fight. A lot of girls just kicked her ass. No weapons, man. Just jumpin' and jumpin'.

We rode along for a minute and he said: I heard that when everybody came over to the house her dad said that the girls could go through her stuff, and they found a letter from her to her other boyfriend down at boarding school. And the letter said she had a dream that she'd died and had a funeral and was standing by her casket laughing at all her enemies.

ANOTHER POINT OF VIEW

The old lady with the time-scored brownish arms sat eating her institutional lunch, and my friend Seth asked her how she felt about the death of the girl who'd had enemies.

I'm always happy 'cause anyhow we're all goin' to the same place, so I don't feel too much about it, said the old lady.

What do you think caused it? Seth asked.

I know, but I'm not gonna say. It's like when my sons used to come home drunk. I didn't answer back to the things they said. I waited until morning when they apologized. When you're drunk, your brain swells up against your skull. A doctor told me that. That's why you go crazy. That's why you're in pain.

THE REAL EXPLANATION

Somebody else said that the reason the girl had hanged herself was that her parents had been too busy to accompany her to a high school basketball game.

A LOVELY THOUGHT

Somebody said that she came to her father and her uncles in a dream in which she joked around with her uncle who'd just died, and she said she had come home and was in a good place.

ROCK PILES

Somebody said that a bad spirit had gotten her. Something was getting the kids on the reservation, maybe something like the thing in the rock pile on the reservation in New Mexico; the rock pile kept shifting a few inches all by itself, so whenever the cowboys rode by they wedged propitiatory sticks in. Possibly it was better not to dig up rock piles. In San Carlos one old man who smelled of cigarette smoke knew where there was an old cavalry wagon and many brass buttons under the sand, but when the old man's brother started digging he got nightmares. Up one draw (the old man pointed to the place where a sunbeam alighted), there was a cave of ancient rifles. Why not leave them there? The girl who'd just hanged herself had been fourteen. She'd been struggling with the thing for a long time and had never been able to tell anyone what was wrong. Toward the end her parents had been relieved to see her come home every night. She'd hanged herself in the wickiup that her father had been building for her. Somebody dreamed that her last thirty seconds of life had been a joy and a relief.

Where do you think those people who kill themselves go? I asked the high school boy.

Maybe to hell.

GOING THROUGH WITH IT (GLOBE, ARIZONA)

On Monday night Seth and I went to Pinky's Bar, which was supposed to be dangerous, and it was just a homey, bright and well-run place where people flirted with the barmaid. I bought a drink for an Apache girl, who said no, then yes, then left, then came back and drank it, then thanked me and left. We saw her ten minutes later that night at Mark's Bar up the road. When I asked what she wanted for Christmas, she said a charcoal-colored jeep. —Nobody's gonna give it to me, though, she said.

That was all that happened. On Tuesday morning there were blue lakes in the roof of cloud and some of the mountains could be seen silhouetted against the mist or else grey and translucent like coagulations of the mist, and a kind and decent white man who worked in the tribal forestry office laughed: So you went to Pinky's and survived! —That night Seth and I went to Pinky's, where the barmaid remembered us and there were a few more Apaches, including a beautiful chunky girl in a striped shirt who sat at a table past the green pool world, which was at that moment ruled by an old reddish-skinned woman who was grinning and assassinating the striped balls one by one with expert cue-nudges, and the fat girl sat with her friends watching while fondling three bottles of beer and a woman was dancing. Either the fat girl didn't see me or else she was looking right through me. It was just like the time that Seth took me to visit an old woman in a wheelchair with a pain in her

chest. Her husband made cylindrical fiddles out of the hollow stalks of century plants and strung them with horsehair. He said: That Crystal Mountain, they say there's a lot of crystal up there. But I never been there. —His wife coughed weakly and looked through me. Seth and I agreed that we would never believe bad reports of Pinky's again.

On Wednesday night we went to Pinky's and it was full of drunken Apaches; and the pretty fat girl, who probably weighed two hundred and fifty pounds, happened to be sitting next to me at the bar. As she asked my name, she took my hand in her big and callused hand, so I bought her a beer and wanted to know if I could kiss her and she said yes so I approached her huge face and watched the tiny pink lips open and her tongue rushed into my mouth. She was already pretty drunk. By the pool table two men were swearing at each other. One, whose wide beer-blushing old face was studded with two yellow fangs, gripped his belt sheath, and I thought of the high school boy saying: When I got in a fight in Globe, one guy used a knife on me. He got sent off. Used a knife too many times. —But nothing happened. I asked the fat girl if she wanted to come home with me, and she said shyly: I do, but I can't leave right now or my friends will say I'm just trash. —So I bought her another drink and said I had to go and she snatched my hand and said: Please stay. Please wait 'cause now it's my favorite song. —I stayed until the end of the song and then said goodbye again, but she said: Please stay and I'll take you home. —There were more and more mean drunks standing around, and the barmaid was yelling and slamming her fist down on the bar, and Seth had gone out to his truck so I said I had to go, and just then she said uh oh and a tall guy sat down on the other side of her and leaned toward me and said: Hey, I'm her cousin, man. —I shook his hand and admired his tattoos until he relaxed a little and said: I'm just a distant cousin; don't worry. —Then he said: Can you buy me a beer? —So I handed the girl a twenty and told her and him to be very very happy and had started to get out of there when she began crying and said to please stay. I said to please go with me now. —Why won't you stay? she said. —Because I'm a little afraid here, I said. —And she said: Afraid of me? —And I said no and promised that I'd visit her tomorrow; and on the way out, dodging the young man to whom Seth and I had given a ride to the tribal police station (he'd sat silent with his chin on two fingers, which were lost in his goatish beard), I met a drunk in a cowboy hat who scraped at my shirt looking for money and the barmaid was cursing him and he groped at my pockets so I sent him off in the direction of my twenty-dollar bill, which was already mostly spent by the looks of it; he was the one who would awake at 6:00 the next morning, bum a beer from the new bartender, and start walking the twenty miles from Globe back to San Carlos with its cheap, low, styrofoam-insulated houses. He wanted to check his mail and find out if the cattle office was going to give him a hen or a turkey for Christmas (he preferred the hen), and maybe borrow some money from his brother. He'd arrived at Pinky's with eighteen dollars; and when he'd come

to his wallet was still in his pocket but empty, so he must have spent his wad on beer. He knew the price of beer in every establishment east or west of the res. (The worst place was the reservation casino, whose neon had almost burned out so that the sign just said NO.) When Seth and I picked him up, he said: So you was at Pinky's, too, huh? I can't remember. Where was you at? Just sittin' around until all those ugly women turned pretty? —So he was the one I sent over to the bar, and after using the men's room I myself went back to say goodbye to the fat girl one more time. She held my hand so tight and kissed me and begged me to come see her tomorrow if I wouldn't stay, and I walked out missing her a little but happy to escape a fight, happy to remember the feel of her sweet soft thighs against me on the barstool.

Recalling the girl from Monday night who'd wanted a charcoal-colored jeep for Christmas, I had asked the fat girl what she'd be doing on Christmas Day. —Sit around at home doin' nothing, she said. Maybe watch TV. —She was twenty-six or twenty-eight, I forget which.

I thought of another high school girl who'd come back late from a dance and was scared that her parents would be angry. She went to the back yard. Her mother came out to hang laundry and found her still struggling, so they cut her down and took her to the hospital, where she was in critical condition. About her, the high school boy opined: She won't come back to school. She's embarrassed 'cause she didn't go through with it.

UNIMPORTANT PEOPLE

An old cowboy from the White Mountains, who sometimes sang Apache songs and sometimes sang Jimmie Rodgers songs about women, sat drunk and deaf in bluejeans and worn leather boots in an almost bare room with a wood stove going and a TV that didn't work; he looked out the window and said: Probably this is gonna be a long rain, maybe.

He was a fine and wise person who knew a lot about plants.

The old woman who was one of Seth's teachers said of him: We didn't come to visit for a long time, so he got lonely and decided he wasn't important anymore. That's why he was drinking.

A drunk with a face like molten slag and sad weepy little eyes that could barely stay open explained: I used to be a professional boxer. I boxed oranges in California. I come from Hiroshima, where they dropped the bomb. They had plenty of em-*bomb*-ing fluid. I went to Yale University but it was too easy for me so they sent me to Oxford, England. When I swam home, all the sharks were scared of me.

I wanted to eat my cheeseburger. I didn't really want to listen to him.

I went to *Yale University* but it was too simple for me, so then they sent me to *Oxford, England*, he said.

He wanted me to laugh. He wanted two dollars and fifty cents. I gave him a dol-

lar and he studied it for a long time and then announced: That's not enough!

So many drunks, and sad girls, and losers. A teenager threw himself out of a car at full speed. A twenty-five-year-old woman died of cirrhosis. Nobody knew why.

There was a meeting between tribal representatives and the Bureau of Land Management. The BLM wanted to broker a land exchange between itself and a mining company. Law required it to make a presentation to all the neighbors. Their public relations geeks pontificated with their maps. The Apaches claimed that one of the parcels of land actually belonged to the reservation, whose boundary had been mis-surveyed in 1871. They had been arguing with the BLM about this for years. With cold anger, several people pointed out that neither reservation border, the official nor the disputed, had been indicated on the BLM maps at all. The spokesman for the public relations company replied that that was an oversight, which it probably was—and which hardly improved anyone's temper. What I most remember is the tribal lawyer saying over and over: *You just don't listen. You don't listen. This is our land.* And many people clapped in an exalted rage.

And somehow that reminded me of the high school boy telling me: I know that there's a lot of people that play ouija boards here. They get in a circle. There's a whole cemetery down there, he said, pointing. My cousin said they were sitting there in the dark. And one of 'em said: Don't you see my dad? I wanna talk to my dad. 'Cause his dad had died when he was only three years old, see. Then the others got real scared. Then his dad started getting mad, 'cause they were fixing to leave. But they couldn't see his dad. Only that one guy could. They said: Why don't you ask your dad to say something? —But his dad wouldn't say anything. So then they wanted to leave, and he started to cry 'cause he wanted to stay with his dad but the others left. He wasn't scared then, 'cause he loved his dad. But when they started leaving, he was scared and he cried.

I myself don't know if the boy in that story ended up killing himself or not. I never met the storyteller again, and I hadn't wanted to ask at the time. The boy in the story just sounded lonely. He just wanted to be with somebody who loved and knew him. He wanted his father's spirit to speak to him. Wasn't he kin to the girl who'd hanged herself? When she imagined herself standing by her casket laughing at her enemies, maybe she no longer hoped to be loved, only to be respected or simply acknowledged by virtue of her grim deed. I don't know whether her enemies gave her that much or not. In any event, they wouldn't make her their main topic for long. Someone else would surely marry the rope, the knife, the gun or the bottle a few days later.

YOU GOTTA BE A HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT (1995)

I'm not against criminals. I'm against apathy.

SEBASTIEN METZ (1995)

CITIZEN'S ARRESTS

FORT APACHE, NEW YORK CITY (1995)

Listen, said Caine, we're runnin' into the problem of slammin' a guy and findin' nothin'. That's assault. Your whole patrol can go to jail. If you keep comin' up dry, police'll send you with your tail between your legs. Now, if you see a transaction, what ya gonna do?

Stop 'em, a young Angel said.

Which one, the buyer or the seller?

Both of 'em.

Then they'll say: *You're not cops. Get off me.* Then what?

Slam 'em, said the young Angel.

So I'm startin' to walk off, an' I say you can't hold me. So what are ya guys gonna do?

I'm gonna search your ass real fast.

But I don't wanna be searched.

Then I gotta slam ya.

Then police come. Then what?

Technically, cop comes, I say I thought he had a weapon.

Right. But where you guys are goin' wrong, when you guys hold your man down, you gotta be a hundred percent right. You have to be sure what you see is what you thought you saw.

Understood.

OK. Now I'm the police officer. I say: What's the problem?

I say he has drugs in his lefthand pocket.

A month ago we had a crack smoker, he bit Cash, bit him on the arm, even Curtis came, and they still wouldn't toss the guy for assault. Everybody has a stem these days. Police officer won't arrest 'em for crack anymore unless they have seven vials or more. You call the cops over one or two vials, cops just yell at you. No place to put 'em. You know the score.

Yeah, Caine, we know.

Sometimes the guy squeezes drugs to someone else before he goes down, Caine went on. Then the whole patrol goes down. Don't you see that? So you guys gotta start using your head. The past three weeks, three times.

I understand that. I understand that. But what I'm sayin' is —

No, I was there. When you physically take a guy and you hold 'em, you gotta be careful. If I was just a pedestrian being slammed, I'd definitely call the police, get the whole patrol locked up. Only reason we haven't gotten sued is 'cause we don't have no money. You have to be careful. You know the police here.

Yes, but —

Last Saturday we had the money, we had the crack stem, and we had him dead in the water. But we didn't slam him.

The young Angel, angry and defensive, cried out: I learn in the Guardian Angels, if somebody hits me, I gotta take him down!

Last night you were this close to bein' locked up, was Caine's implacable reply. Even if Curtis goes down to get you, you'll already be processed. You'll already have a record.

I don't care!

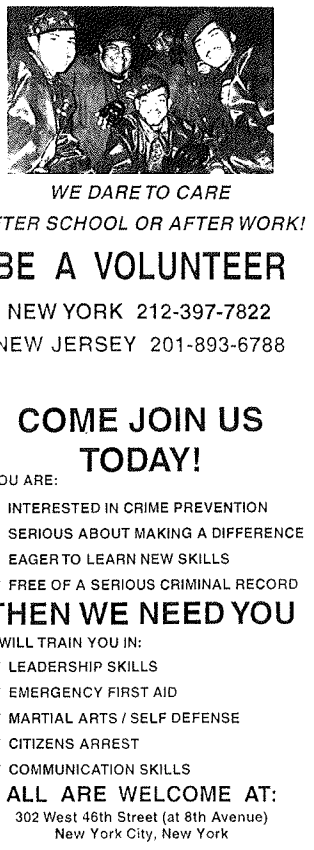
If you don't care, you shouldn't be wearin' the shirt. Sometimes you just gotta let the crackhead go. You remember the bus that came and locked up eighteen Angels?

TELEPHONE STATEMENT ABOUT THE GUARDIAN ANGELS BY A POLICEMAN AT MIDTOWN PRECINCT NORTH, NEAR FORT APACHE

I heard the man put his hand over the receiver for a moment, and then there were the fluttery crackles of conversation beyond the hand, and then he said: No, I'm sorry. I'm not allowed to comment.

"HEMORRHOIDS IN RED BERETS"

A Platonist (and perhaps the empiricist cop at Midtown Precinct North) could have interpreted Caine's address to the troops as evidence that the Guardian Angels were a menace. I myself considered it remarkable that in the past three weeks of day and night patrols, Caine had heard of only three such incidents. The Angels, unlike their celestial counterparts, got their hands dirty. (The founder, Curtis Sliwa, once said to me: In each city I visited to establish the Guardian Angels, there were nine failures for every success. That is how it is in life.) So they made mistakes. They tried to correct those mistakes. Over their sixteen years they had probably learned a few things from their errors. The Nigerian porno barker on Eighth Avenue said that in the old days the Angels had harassed people, had told them that they'd have to move on; and one couldn't have that. But they'd settled down, he said. Now they truly protected the streets. Thus to me Caine's insistence and earnestness were indications of good; almost from the beginning I wanted to give high marks to this strange group whose branches came and went, came and went (in Sacramento, California, they were there and then they disappeared and then came back; in Brooklyn they'd died out because there weren't any 24/7's there anymore—that was what the Angels called their full-time ascetics—and while I'm on the subject of asceticism I might mention that the Angels got paid nothing, that the 24/7s got a uniform, a place to sleep, and maybe some cigarette money, period; they raised usually their operating funds by going out to street corners with signs and buckets



Flier distributed by the Guardian Angels.

and hopeful faces; once in front of Fort Apache I saw them erect a sort of lemonade stand without the lemonade, and a poor-looking man came up and gave his little daughter a five-dollar bill which she proudly slid into the slit lid of the money jar; all of which was why Sliwa could afford to remain unruffled about potential lawsuits, shrugging: Here's an organization that's *lean.* A lawyer will look at us and say: Where's the equity? A pair of sneakers? A ten-speed bicycle?).

One of the most common idiocies of a "developed" society bursting with schedules and gadgets, overcast by traffic, the red eyes of yellow cabs comprising the only sunset in the smog times choked by glowing signs and neon beads and light wriggling up the sides of dark buildings above the dark crowds of Times Square, is that as routines become more repeatable and products and services more consistently whatever they are (better or not), then people become accustomed to demanding that consistency and repeatability increase to a level found only in the heaven of the spoiled child.[1] In short, there are many who condemn the Angels. But a woman who disliked both police and Guardian Angels (having once been slammed by the former for drugs she didn't have, and fearing the latter's paramilitary ways) witnessed Caine's bawling-out speech at Fort Apache and offered this grudging praise: Can you imagine one cop telling another cop in front of a reporter that the other cop went too far? —And just down Eighth Avenue from Fort Apache, at the restaurant now in its forty-fifth year where they served rice and beans and showed wrestling on the TV, where the big bronze fanblade was almost as big as a helicopter's prop and Puerto Rican music vibrated your eardrums in most happy and brassy salvoes from that long wall of bottles behind the bar, the waitress said: Yes, the Angels are good. Better than the police. When police come, they always come *boom-boom-boom*, and they accomplish nothing. Angels come in cool. When I have a problem, I call the Angels. —Whenever preferences are expressed so strongly, one can be sure that other points of view also exist, which must have been why on a bright hot morning on Forty-Fifth and Sixth when I asked two traffic cops what they thought, the short one carefully said that she had no opinion and the tall one stretched himself fully upward and bellowed: I think they're shitheads! —Oh, yeah? I said. Why's that? — I don't like 'em. I just don't. They're shitheads.

The crux of the issue posed by the Guardian Angels is this: When are we justified in using preemptive force upon strangers for the benefit of other strangers? This is also a question worth asking police, of course. When I asked Sliwa to describe the relations between his bare-hands army and the police, he said: Now they're very good. At first we were like hemorrhoids in red berets. They wanted nothing to do with us. Remember, most of us were street-smart young men and women, mainly black and Hispanic, so back then the perception of us was: They're just another youth gang but pretending to be Goody Goody Two-Shoes. And officials said: This implies that we're not doing *our* job. —But we reacted to a need, as on the subways. When I first talked about making citizen's arrests, they thought I should be locked up.[2]

It was the Angels' actions based on the premise of citizen's arrest that had not only been responsible for their admirable successes, their saved lives, recovered purses and extended civil tranquilities, but that also unnerved some citizens and officials, especially police—and, as both Sliwa and Caine had intimated in their different ways, however much of a truce might now be in force, relations between the two kinds of protectors had sometimes had a poisoned history. I heard stories of various police commissioners who'd sought to close the Angels down. "Teams of vigilantes often cause more trouble than they help," said a spokesman for the Metropolitan Police in London.[3] (In 1995, the three or four people on the London Tube whom I asked were all for the Angels, although they hadn't seen them. I think the Angels overstated their numbers sometimes.) "Vigilantes" was also the word that the New York City police commissioner, Benjamin Ward, had used back in 1988, the year that over a dozen Angels were arrested for taking proactive part near Fort Apache in the War on Drugs.[4] In Chicago the police superintendent had called them "goon squads."[5] A New Hampshire police chief said that he was "totally opposed" to the presence of the Angels. (His stance later softened.)[6] The first day I came to Fort Apache I saw the "wall of fame," where five berets and photographs hung to commemorate the five Angels killed over the organization's first sixteen years (four shot, one stabbed). Of these, the second, Frank Melvin, was blasted down by police officers in Newark who evidently did not know or perhaps did not trust the approaching red beret. (*The New York Post* went so far as to call the cops "crooked."[7] That was back during the press honeymoon, just after Sliwa had been shot in a taxicab, and just before he admitted that some of his miracles, rescues and imbroglios were hoaxes.) Many, many Angels had been seriously injured on duty. Usually the stakes were lower. One patrol leader told me, for instance, that they had been moving some homeless loiterers out of a certain park on account of crack use, and following community complaints three undercover cops had come in posing as homeless men. The upshot was that the Angels were arrested (although they were soon let go). When Sliwa was shot in that cab, allegedly by vengeful drug dealers, although it was also said that the Mob had done it, his then wife Lisa had put her complaint about the slowness of the investigation this way: I'm not indicting the New York Police Department as a whole. I'm just saying there's something rotten in the Ninth Precinct, and there has been for a long time.[8] —Unfriendly, shall we say? There were more stories in this vein. Perhaps that was why the executive director, Gail Rachlin, thin, bright-eyed, enthusiastic, and in public concurrence with all the founder's opinions, just as an executive director should be, made some less than flattering generalities about the physiques and abilities of the police:

STATEMENT OF GAIL RACHLIN (CONTINUED)

A prostitute robbed somebody on 46th Street. This New York city cop tried to get her, but those guys are often fat and out of shape. The Angels were out at Fort Apache. They're young. They pinned her down. If somebody pulls a knife, they're right on top of it.

What did the cop say?

He was thrilled. Those cops, some of them are not as young as they used to be.

STATEMENT OF AN ANGEL AT FORT APACHE

We often get there before the cops, because we often run.

FROM THE NEW YORK POST (1990)

BALTIMORE (AP)—The Guardian Angels have voted to take their volunteer anti-crime group out of Baltimore, saying that they face police hostility, and that Mayor Kurt Schmoke refuses to intervene. Last week, two Angels and two former members were convicted of assault and false imprisonment for a citizen's arrest that went awry.The catalyst for the Angels' departure came when Baltimore Circuit Court Judge David Mitchell compared the group to the Ku Klux Klan. The man [arrested by the Angels], who was not charged by police, needed 40 stitches... Sliwa responded that the judge "obviously needs to get mugged."[9]

HAVING IT BOTH WAYS (1995)

But it is important not to dwell on sour rivalries and old mistakes. Had the Baltimore incident been the norm, I would not have seen Angels in other cities five years later. I do feel sorry for the man with forty stitches. I also feel sorry for Angels whose legs and heads and ribs got broken in the course of duty. That shouldn't have happened, either. In Manhattan, at least, an accommodation had been established. They tried not to be rash. I remember the time that I went out on patrol with the Angels and two guys had locked their keys in the car. They begged the Angels to help. The patrol leader was sorry for them; he was ninety-nine percent sure that they were on the level, but not a hundred percent. He asked them to go to the police. He told me that if they turned out to be car thieves, assisting them would really hurt the organization. He was right. No doubt it was because of such prudence that relations with the police were not so tense anymore. —I remember one night when Snake's patrol walked two candidate members back to the subway. It was almost midnight, and the candidates were going home to Brooklyn. The token clerk wouldn't let them in free, so Snake put in a token, went through the turnstile, found a cop, and the cop waved them in. That pleased me. —I remember the Angel called

Panther, who told me he'd once helped a police officer who was being beaten by a drug dealer. That pleased me, too. —They're not a problem, said the gruff cop to me at the corner of Forty-Sixth and Eighth, right next to Fort Apache (a place whose memory will always remind me of long, stretched out skinny legs and boxes of cold pizza). And I remember the cop standing majestically at the corner during the shouting and blaring of the Puerto Rican Day Parade (it was early, the cheers still relatively soft and sibilant like the hissing waving of banners), and I said to him: Looks pretty busy.

This ain't nothin', the cop said.

Are the Angels working with you? I saw them just down the block.

Nothin'. They got nothin' to do with us.

Are they helpful or are they a pain?

Both, he said immediately.

I waited.

Sometimes they go where they don't belong, he said. Other times they really help.

FROM THE NEW YORK DAILY NEWS (1995)

CIVILIANS NAB SLAY SUSPECT

Three bystanders chased and caught a gunman Friday night following a fatal shooting in a Manhattan pool hall, police said. ...[The gunman] fled, stuffing his pistol into his pocket, police said, but he was chased and tackled by Guardian Angels Joe Crincoli, 27, and James Stilley, 16, and another bystander ... identified as a nightclub bouncer.[10]

Joe Crincoli, who got to the gunman first and held him until Stilley and the bouncer arrived, was the man called Caine.

TELEPHONE STATEMENT OF OFFICER BILL MORRIS, ONE HUNDRED AND ELEVENTH PRECINCT, BAYSIDE, NEW YORK

We held a street fair with the Bayside Chamber of Commerce, and it attracted approximately 250,000 people on Bell Boulevard between 35th and Northern. Lemme count how many blocks that is ... approximately eight blocks, about a quarter of a mile gets closed off to traffic. This is a pretty big event. We did have one incident, a fight in a bar between two patrons and the bar employees over marijuana. Now they did get them out, and they started fighting the police. Three officers were injured. When I got there, there were some Guardian Angels and police forming a perimeter around the altercation. The perimeter was really being formed. That's the way to do it. That way the altercation kinda is what it is; it doesn't grow, you see. These Angels were doing this, and this involved a certain amount of risk. They appeared to know what they were doing. I've been pretty happy with what they did.

TELEPHONE STATEMENT OF MR. LENNY ALCIVAR, ASSISTANT PRESS SECRETARY TO THE MAYOR OF NEW YORK CITY

The Guardian Angels perform a duty usually reserved for police and fire departments. Every day they put their lives on the line to help New Yorkers. And they're doing a great job.

STATEMENT OF A MAN IN THE STREET

The first time I saw them, two gentlemen were going to rob this old man. Nobody in sight, and then all the sudden I see this wave of red Guardian Angels!

TELEPHONE STATEMENT OF MR. WAYNE BRISON, SPOKESMAN TO THE DISTRICT ATTORNEY'S OFFICE, NEW YORK CITY

There have been cases that [the Guardian Angels] have come in. They all totally appreciated the Guardian Angels' cooperation in all cases in which they are witnesses.

Do they come in frequently or rarely?

I really don't know.

STATEMENT OF OFFICER MORRIS (CONTINUED)

What do you think about the concept of citizen's arrests?

I certainly have mixed emotions about it, said Morris. We're better off letting police do it. Police have training and experience. But I'm not telling you I'm completely against it. I'm just concerned because of the safety reason.

Curtis Sliwa recommends teaching the principles of citizen's arrest in every high school, so that we'll all have that training and experience, I said.

Perhaps the concept should be looked into, said Morris. Perhaps.

FROM A POLICE TEXTBOOK

Most arrests are for misdemeanors such as disorderly conduct, drunkenness, minor larceny, minor drug offenses, minor assaults, minor sex offenses, nuisances, and other offenses of lesser severity. You must see such offenses to make an arrest without a warrant. In many states an arrest can also be made by a private citizen who did witness the misdemeanor and who then turns the subject over to you.[11]

STATEMENT OF CURTIS SLIWA

In fact you as a citizen have more leeway than a cop. I recognized that in studying citizen's arrest procedures. Notice the hypocrisy. Once a year in any city they have a ceremony honoring citizen-heroes. They want citizens to be just the eyes and ears. But I still insist that without that option you are stripping away your ability to put a crimp in that crime.

Sliwa's voice was hard, sincere, and determined when he said: Imagine if all the citizens were trained in citizen's arrest, and if they decided to *do* it.

PATROLS

ON THE STREET (HELL'S KITCHEN, MANHATTAN, NIGHT)

No, I haven't got high at all, I mean in a while, the woman whispered. The only thing suspicious, you're picking your nails with a crack pipe, said the patrol leader. Did we not catch you smoking crack last week?

I don't remember, the woman said.

She was smoking, I know she was! cried another Angel. If we search her —

If she don't have anything in her hand, you can't do that, said the patrol leader quietly.

The radio crackled.

Whooh, the Boston chapter's in town!

She probably has it stuck in her pants, the patrol leader explained to me, but we didn't see it, so we can't search her.

STATEMENT OF OFFICER JOHN PRZEPIORKA (NINTH PRECINCT, PHILADELPHIA, PENNSYLVANIA)

It can't just be *I think.* That doesn't fly.

ON THE STREET (NIGHT)

The patrol leader shone his discreet flashlight upon the sidewalk and found an ID card. —Maybe stolen from a car, he muttered. Beside it, under the railing, was a stack of papers. —Belonging to a health worker, he radioed Fort Apache. We do believe these papers are stolen. Over.

Ten-four,[12] the radio said. Bring them in.

They went back around the corner and entered Fort Apache (whose winged eye

was writ large on its steel shutters), holding their arms out while they were patted down one by one, the security man lunging and pretend-pouncing them. Then they went out again, back into the hot darkness.

Two cops stood across that street divided by peepshows; they gripped the lamppost and stared right through the Guardian Angels, who ignored them and said to each other: Let's go. —I was sorry that they couldn't work together better. It didn't matter whose fault it was.

At Forty-Sixth between Ninth and Tenth, a black guy was sitting on a stoop smoking a cigarette. The black patrol leader asked him if the porch were his, and he said no. The patrol leader told him he was loitering and asked him to move on. The man snorted at the Angels in disgust. Then he got up and stalked away.

People don't like that on their porch, you know, the second-in-command explained to me. They get afraid. It ain't right.[13]

You live here? the Angels said to the next smoker, down at Tenth.

Yeah, I live here. What's wrong with you?

Just checkin'. OK. Have a good night.

They turned south on Tenth, and the patrol leader suddenly stopped, putting his palm on the second's chest. The second made a signal. The patrol formed into single file. A man was down in the shadows, and another man hunched over him. Silently and rapidly, the Angels made a semicircle around the scene.

Howdy, said the patrol leader to the crouching man. Need any help?

My friend, he have too much drink, said the man with a smile.

Ah, said the patrol leader.

They helped the drunk to his feet. He wobbled and blinked and smiled and could not speak.

Can you get him home all right? said the patrol leader.

No problem, said the drunk's friend. I can do. Thank you, amigo.

I saw a pale ear, cropped hair, a beret adorned with stars, flags, crossbones, shields and wings, a pale chin on a pale youngish hand, and all else steel and darkness; gazing through a grating's metal diamonds, the Angel was speaking into his hand where a pocket radio nestled.

Ten-four, replied the radio.

They walked on, stopping to pick up plastic bags to see if they had crack cocaine in them. The streetlight cast stiff, golden worms upon their cheekbones. Their arms folded with a slam as they "posted" into position, backs up against some dark store window, Apache's hair like snaky sullen darkness. There was something heavy, almost gloomy about Apache—well, it wasn't just her. They were all serious, like the soldiers and guerrillas I'd seen around the world, like raccoons fishing silently in the night. Some of them were wide-eyed in an earnest way like kids in church; others, like Apache, possessed a calmly neutral look. All were alert. They stopped to inquire if all was well of a mountainous security guard who pulled at his mustache

as he paced just beyond the door of a fast food restaurant; the guard smiled and slapped the patrol leader's shoulder; he told me that the Angels made him happy. They walked on, their T-shirt with the seeing wings on them coming out of the darkness first, then their eye-whites and ready hands. A black boy's face, soft and watchful, traveled through the darkness beneath that red beret.

Now they came to the place where women in miniskirts leaned into corners and smiled with their breasts hanging out. —Hi, said the whores.

Good evening, replied the Angels somberly.

They did not harass the women in any way.

The patrol leader said: If we see a john coming, though, then we write down his license plate number, to scare him off. See, where there's a hooker, there's a dealer and a user.

Ten-four, ten-four; you just gotta start swingin' down Ninth, the radio crackled.

It made their battle almost official the way the glowing outlines of the neon girls had their counterparts in the almost phosphorescent white outlines of winged eyes on the backs of the Guardian Angels' windbreakers. Tonight was warm, so they didn't have the windbreakers on, just the T-shirts. And they weren't in the neon neighborhood anymore. It was just Angels and whores, the next of whom looked right through the Angels, just as the police had. Perhaps her business had been damaged. Her skirt was like an upturned flower.

ON THE STREET (SOUTH PHILADELPHIA, NOON)

Officer John Przepiorka worked for the Ninth Precinct. He carried a Glock 17 and a concealed .25-caliber Beretta for off-duty use. He didn't like ankle holsters. —God forbid, if something should happen, if it's around your waist, you can reach for it, he said.

He struck me as an intelligent and honorable man, "always moderate in his behavior," as the Norse sagas would say. He was smoothshaven and fairskinned.

At this point in this city, we're a necessary evil, he said. A lot of guys still have pride, though. The thing with this city is, you have a single tax base, but no special interests. The cost of Avenue of the Arts is two hundred and fifty million, but they're telling us we don't have enough for bulletproof vests. They just issue you someone's old vest. You don't know what the person did with your vest.

They wear out in two years, don't they?

That's right. But you can actually use them until the Kevlar becomes frayed. Some of our vests go back a few years beyond that, I'm sorry to say.

We got into a 1994 Ford LTD Crown Victoria with a five-liter engine (only four months old, and already more than twenty thousand miles on it), and the wooden nightstick lay beside the console with its red buttons: TAKE DOWN, RIGHT ALLEY, LEFT ALLEY, HORN and SIREN. Przepiorka drove me to a place of

boarded-up houses and said: This is the upper end of the district. We had a triple homicide up here about a month ago. They found one outside the house. It took a day or two before they found the other two inside. They got shot in the back of the head, through a pillow, to muffle the noise.

How dangerous is your job?

I guess compared to most jobs, pretty dangerous. A lot of guys get relaxed. It gets monotonous. But you have your freedom. You can go around. If you wanna stop cars, you can stop cars. See that car ahead, with the crucifix hanging off the mirror? That's a petty violation. If I needed probable cause, I could stop that car for that. Here's Broad Street.

Lots of graffiti, I said.

Just juveniles trying to get a name for themselves, said Przepiorka wearily.

How long have you been working this precinct?

Not long. Before, I was on the north side. Up there you could have a shooting on the Fourth of July and a hundred people didn't see nothing. Down here you got good witnesses.

We drove on. He had the car and the gun. He could cover more ground than a patrol of Angels could. Perhaps he didn't see as much per block as Angels did because it is easier to hide from a car, but he covered more blocks; it seemed to me a tradeoff.

Down that corner is more poverty, he said. You have a higher rate of drugs and stuff. Over here, it's beautiful houses. It's a wonder why they can't just all get along.

We rolled past an old building, and he said: You know, this is an old, shut-down prison. They want to turn it into a museum. We don't have enough space in the prisons anymore. It's a shame they can't put somebody else in there.

We rolled on, and he said: We have a town watch down here with rollerblades. What they do is they carry cellular phones with them.

Do you think the Guardian Angels are a good idea?

Oh, absolutely.

And what's your opinion of citizen's arrests?

Once in a while, people will hold people. But we will actually be the arresting officers.

How often does it happen?

You hear it on the radio once a week. I have my doubts about it. Like with a family quarrel, if somebody's holding somebody, who's right?

From a Letter of Comment by Officer Przepiorka

> Citizen's arrest is ethical when a citizen observes another person committing a crime, and [when he knows] that this act is a criminal act and detain[s] the individual for police.

ON THE STREET (CONTINUED)

What's the most common crime here?

Theft *from* a vehicle and theft *of* a vehicle, said Przepiorka. Not homicides, like on the north side. Sometimes a car'll be stripped down and you'll never see it again. I recovered a car last week that had been stolen only fifteen minutes earlier with just the steering column damaged. That's pretty rare, of course.

The radio crackled. —They're calling this car for backup, said Przepiorka.

He turned on the siren and accelerated. We swung onto a street of spraypainted, boarded-up buildings and stinking garbage cans. The other patrol car was already there. A blue Oldsmobile with two black boys in it had been stopped for failure to show an inspection sticker. The car wasn't stolen, but neither of the boys had a driver's license. Przepiorka and the other cop took up stations on either side of the Olds ("posting," the Angels would have called it), and I thought about the way one so often sees policemen from below, as the black boys were now seeing them, because one is in a vehicle when the cop leans down into one's halted world: a god, a giant, at least, descending to one's level, majestically equipped and uniformed, the gun and all the other gadgets belt-ready. A Guardian Angel is but a citizen. A cop is the Law.

The other cop said something. The two boys got out of the car with exaggerated sullen nonchalance, stretched elaborately, and walked away.

What did he tell them?

Well, since neither one can legally drive, he had to tell them to abandon the car, said Przepiorka.

And then what will happen?

We'll drive away, they'll walk around the block, get back into the car and drive it somewhere.

What's the point then?

We know they have no license to drive. We've written them up. If we let them go and they get into an accident a block from now, it's our fault.

I see.

I thought of what the Angels had told me, that in Manhattan the cops wouldn't even make an arrest for less than seven vials of crack; I thought of a comment I'd read in the newspaper attributed to Sergeant Steve Spenard of Denver's Urban Street Crime Bureau; Spenard opposed the Angels because *he feared the Angels would waste the time of police for police by making citizen's arrests for minor crimes like public consumption of alcohol. "It's going to be the police who have to pick up these people" and process them*, Spenard said.[14] All these were admissions of failure. Either the licenseless driving, the crack smoking, the public drinking ought to be legalized, or it ought to be punished, I thought. Leaving them on the books as crimes was unfair to the police, the public and the supposed criminals. A toothless law is far worse than no law. It was

the same failing I had seen among the Marines in Somalia and the UNPROFOR officials in Sarajevo, this making of unenforceable directives; it was a forlorn sort of wolf-crying which the wolves ignored and the sheep quickly became cynically habituated to.

We got back in the car and drove on.

Lots of empty houses around here, I said.

It's pretty bad. Problem is, if you don't seal 'em up, you'll get squatters in there, and they need fire to smoke crack, and God forbid there's a family next door and they burn up, you know.

The radio crackled like burning bacon.

There's been a robbery, said Przepiorka. He activated the siren and accelerated.

...Black male, blue windbreaker... robbery... said the radio.

Przepiorka drove at twenty-five up the narrow rainy alleys, then round and round, repeatedly passing a woman who trudged looking down at her wet miniskirt. Hot rain drummed down on the roof.

It was a parking kiosk that had been robbed, a tiny box backdropped by a brick wall grafitti'd with what resembled a giant cow skull.

The flash I have is a black male in a blue and white cap going west through the alley, said the radio.

Have you determined the amount of cash taken? said Przepiorka.

About a hundred dollars.

A robbery, the radio said. Pointed a gun. Was seen westbound through the alley at Twenty-Second Street. Black male in a blue cap. Stocky build. Twenty years of age.

An incandescent tube shone bravely behind the grille of the parking kiosk. Przepiorka leaned forward, one foot on the low step outside the grille, asking questions of the clerk, listening, getting wet. His navy-dark trousers stuck to his legs in sodden creases. I sat watching him from inside the patrol car. Long rainfingers shot down the windshield. He crossed the street and lowered his pale blue shoulder over a pay phone. After a while he came back to the car, owning the same rapid confident stride as the Angels. He'd gotten a commendation once for nabbing a robber. But this time it wasn't going to be like that.

Thing is, though, if he had a car and jumped in, he's pretty much gone. Probably already sleeping somewhere. As for that watchman, he couldn't tell me what color pants the robber had on. He didn't know. Just focused on the gun. I guess there's no perfect way to get robbed.

DETERRENCE

"IT'S NOT A KARATE THING"

Whoever has read the foregoing accounts will see that on the average night a patrol of Angels, like many a patrol of police, did not encounter chills and thrills. They penetrated the throngs, the shoulders and herd and other flotsam descending Eighth Avenue all stuck together in a logjam as they carried each other past the sprawled, outlined, ambiguously naked girl with her neon moon and stars on the sign for the Playpen; on they swam, ladies weighted down by their handbags, men with their fists doubled at chest level, ready to strike out and free themselves; and the Angels cut through them all, ignoring the pleasantly smiling brown boys standing on the corners handing out topless bottomless coupons, and they turned right, went all the way to Tenth, broke up a crack deal, turned right again, then another right; and the store owner on Forty-Ninth called the Angels over to ask them to come by and check with him more often; he'd been having some problems. He was also interested in donating some food to Fort Apache. That was how it went. —There were certainly moments that were otherwise, as when police sirens wolf-howled a dire concert and the patrol of Angels I was with dashed across Eighth Avenue, dodging the screeching cars, to the parking lot where a robber had been cornered. The cops slammed the man against the hood of a shining, old Thunderbird. —Hands up on the car! they shouted. Now suddenly there were many, many Angels to be seen, posting up, one patrol leader asking the group of gum-chewing officers if the Angels could help, but the police did not seem very quick to accept this offer. I with my press card was able to approach the Thunderbird, where the robber was being cuffed, his head and shoulders down upon the hood. The Angels weren't allowed that close. It didn't seem fair, in a way. They wanted so much to help. (Of course, I should point out that with the exception of the two handcuffers, none of the police, neither blue-uniformed or white-clad, seemed to be doing anything. They were waiting for the victim, who was afraid that his car might be towed. —Can you believe it? an Angel said. Got a man down here and all these cops; no one stood with the victim.) Finally the wistful Angels (whose berets were paved with pins asserting various symbols and messages) made themselves useful by directing traffic at that corner, sending rubberneckers on their way. An Angel called Curtis Sliwa, or "Angel One," as he was known on the radio, and reported location and situation. —Ten-four, the radio crackled, far away...

The truth was that while the Angels could and sometimes did handle circumstances like these, hour by hour they usually did exactly what the police did: they showed themselves. —People see there's a good police presence, they might think twice about breaking into a car, Officer Przepiorka explained to me down in

Philadelphia. Uniforms would prevent more crimes, while plainclothes would more catch someone in the act of committing a crime. —What Gail Rachlin, the executive director, had to tell me was almost the same: It's predominantly nonviolent. It's visual deterrence. It's not a karate thing. We're attached at the hip. We're out on patrol together. One will hold the person down, one calls the cops; it's like that. During the three-month course, they learn some martial arts techniques but also how to be street smart. And they're taught how to split things up and handle things.

STATEMENT OF ALEX CLEGHORN, FOUNDER, Q STREET PATROL (SEATTLE WASHINGTON)

After my friend—he was a close personal friend—got stabbed,[15] we contacted the Seattle Chapter of Guardian Angels and said we wanted to patrol our own neighborhood, the young lesbian said. We're seen as being an easy target. So the Guardian Angels came out. We trained with them for five months, then expanded to Vancouver, and our community takes great pride in what we do. We're the QSP, the Queer Street Patrol. The local Guardian Angels chapter and the Queer Street Patrol chapter have to be willing to put on each other's uniforms. We specifically deal with violent crime toward people and property. We've been around for five years now. You know, police tell you: If you're going to be raped, be compliant. That hurts your self-esteem.

How do you feel about weapons training?

The thing about weapons, you look at the number of handgun deaths in our country. The no-weapons policy I really agree with. I think there is more power in a community's coming together. Recently these guys came to a lesbian bar and yelled: *Suck my dick!* One woman went out to confront them and was hit in the head with a shovel. What if the whole bar had confronted them? Then nobody would have gotten hurt. Criminals rely on us being afraid of them. That way, it takes five of them in a dark alley to get one of us.

How well do you work with the police?

Queer Street Patrol, when we first started, the cops didn't know what to think of us. We are now used by the police chief as a model of what community policing is all about.

What constitutes legitimate self-defense?

If your safety or someone else's safety is threatened.

Would you use violence to prevent violence?

Semantically, yes, but I see a big difference between the amount of force we use, which is minimal force, and what the criminals use. Minimal force is one degree less than what they use.

Wouldn't it be great to be able to walk anywhere you wanted, at any time, alone? I asked.

We're not superhuman. We have the philosophy of unity through strength. We

do have the right to go wherever we want, but we can't do it alone. We send a message to the bashers that you cannot do this to us.

DISTURBANCE CALL (PHILADELPHIA)

He's a tall thin guy, the manager said. He kept harassing people.

I wonder if he went out the other side? said Przepiorka. You can get out through that other door over there.

Przepiorka went into the hotel and searched the bathrooms. The abusive drunk was gone.

He probably left when he saw me calling the police, the manager said. He's mean. He's a Batas.

And I thought: Well, that was a victory then. Chalk up another one for uniformed presence.

STATEMENT OF THE BLOND DOORMAN AT THE PARAMOUNT HOTEL HALF A BLOCK FROM FORT APACHE (HE WAS HIP AND FRIENDLY IN HIS DARK BLAZER, BY THE WAY, AS HE STOOD THERE OPENING AND CLOSING THE GLASS DOOR)

Well, I like 'em, those Angels. They all seem to be good guys. I've never seen 'em doing anything, the way I see the cops chasing drug dealers all the time, but they act as a deterrent. And they don't hold themselves obnoxiously, either. They're not squeaky clean. They're part of our neighborhood. And the neighborhood is picking up. I've been here for four years, and it never seemed all that bad, but they tell me it used to be dangerous.

THE INTIMIDATION FACTOR

In the dim painted-brick stairwell of Cloud Six, which is Curtis Sliwa's headquarters, you might see two men or a man and a woman practice-sparring, sometimes laughing, sometimes silently, sweatily serious, with wolf-gleaming eyes, the novice's lips parted with anxious concentration, the mentor indulgent with slow punches and easy-to-understand blocks; the man, let's say, squinting and grinning with effort, watching the woman's elbow come shooting toward his throat, the woman's long rich pigtails tumbling down her sweaty nape; while in the grand graffiti-adorned rooms beyond people ate cold sandwiches or lifted weights or stared out the window or played chess. When push came to shove, or punch to kick, how well could Angels actually fight? A candidate member spoke admiringly of a chokehold that a Queer Street Patrol woman put on him, so if he respected her then maybe

some jerk who was causing trouble might, too. Whenever I asked the Angels about this they gave me modest, credible answers.[16] Sebastien Metz, whose radio handle was "Iron," replied to one of my hypothetical questions this way: Whenever we deal with a knife situation, we have to be realistic. If you disarm someone, you'll probably get cut. But what you can control is *where* you'll get cut. —This not only rings of commonsense, it also sounds professional. In the short time I spent with them I never saw them being menaced on equal terms (and I am glad I didn't), but they could certainly hold people and search people in a twinkling; they moved with confidence. That, in combination with the uniform, allowed them to do a superb job of projecting "good police presence: wherever their patrols went. To tell you the truth, I felt safer with them than I sometimes did going on patrol with soldiers. Angels protectively surrounded me at every post, like a circle of pioneer wagons, or Arctic musk-oxen. Whether or not they actually knew what they were doing (and I think they did), they gave that impression, which is how deterrence works. Angels posted still and watchful against a corner wall; Angels ran to direct traffic around a man who'd been run over; Angels strode down the center of the sidewalk; and if big, tall, unpleasant-looking men were standing there glowering, the Angels would say politely: Excuse me, and if the men didn't move to let the Angels through, the Angels would calmly move them. I loved it. Sebastien, who'd been an Angel for twelve years now, carried himself with authority. He was the one I'd seen in old newspaper photos which accompanied articles on the Guardian Angels in Frederick, Maryland, in Denver (twice, once dressed as Santa Claus after the previous Santa in the mall got a death threat); they knew him in San Francisco; he was quoted in the New Hampshire *Union Leader* saying that the local police chief's attitude was getting more positive. He seemed to be everywhere. (That was the core of the Guardian Angels: the sternness, the earnestness. At Cloud Six I saw Sebastien calling one chapter over to a dark corner between beds. He said to one member: Are you sayin' you wanna be a twenty-four-hour-a-day man? You stayin'? If not, you're free to come and go anytime.) When I accompanied him on patrol I saw at all times his hard and focused face, his five fingers spread in a swimmer's gesture as if to tear air out of his way; he had so much to do. He was ready to be confronted. He was calm and prepared. —They're bullies, a man once told me, but in my brief experience they were never that. Encountering some wild-eyed longhaired junkie girl who gazed up at them from the base of a brick wall like a dog expecting a kick, they were calm and businesslike when they took her treasure, her crack pipe, away and broke it. Regardless of what one thinks about the justice of such confiscations (if unjust, the fault lies with our legislators, not with police or Angels), they did their job firmly, with the minimum necessary force. That, I think, was why every night two or three citizens would come up to them from nowhere and say thank you.

Sometimes deterrence does require a higher minimum of force, not necessarily physical; it's best to call it moral pressure, to call it the "intimidation factor." One

night in the park just past Saint Luke's, an Angel called: Hey, look at this! Five-O beat us to it!

And indeed, two cops were searching a man. They beamed a flashlight into the man's hat, glanced it down his clothes.

Leave your stuff there, the tall cop said. When I tell you to pick it up, you can pick it up.

You didn't find nothin', the man said.

Well, sometimes there's a lookout, said the fat cop. You know what I mean? I think you know exactly what I mean.

The man mumbled something.

I somehow have a feeling that you're gonna go to jail tonight, the cop said. I just have that feeling. I often have that feeling about people and I'm usually right. Tonight is your night. Maybe if you leave this area it won't be, but if you stick around here I can guarantee where you'll sleep tonight.

A woman, evidently the man's girlfriend, walked the gauntlet of Angels, taking in the patrol leader, whose radio was tucked between T-shirt and flat belly, whose face was lowered, the eyes gazing straight out, calm and maybe cocky and the woman said bitterly: You can kiss my ass. —The Angels said nothing. She disappeared among the dumpsters of Midtown.

The man refused to admit anything, and the police continued to use the language of intimidation. Whether they later found drugs, I don't know. They told me he had a record. The man was disrespectful, uncooperative, defiant; certainly there was no reason for the cops to be especially polite. This was the game, the necessary game that any upholder of order must sometimes play to get respect. The Angels played it just as well. I remember one hot afternoon on Ninth Avenue when two men were fighting over a plastic bag of white powder. It was a loud and ugly fight that seemed on the verge of escalating beyond words. Both men had lost control of themselves. Their rash fury and hate had cleared the sidewalk; no one dared to be near them. At once the Angels began to run toward the disturbance.

Let the other guy go, said the patrol leader. He's just a user. You can see by his sniffling. He won't have anything on 'im, just a couple of rocks. Not enough for a bust.

They surrounded the king of the white bag.

This is bullshit, the guy said. I ain't got nothin'.

Turn out your pockets, the Angels told him.

You can't do that to me—this is bullshit.

Turn out your pockets.

The patrol confiscated all the plastic bags in his pockets. There was white powder in one.

Not real stuff, said the patrol leader. You see what this guy's doin'? He's collectin' white dust, like paint chips and stuff, and sellin' it for crack. All right, you.

Get out of here. And if we catch you pushing your stuff here tomorrow, you're gonna suck cement.

The dealer ran away cursing. The Angels stared after him with neutral eyes.

And another thing, said the patrol leader to me. See that police car over there? He saw. And he didn't do nothin'.

STATEMENT OF AN ANGEL NAMED PATRIOT

You gotta be loud in front of everybody. You gotta tell 'em if they wanna be dealin' on the street, they're gonna suck cement.

COLLOQUY WITH AN ONLOOKER WHO SAW THE ABOVE

God bless you, the little old lady said.

God bless you, too, ma'am, said the patrol leader, squeezing her hand.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY OFFICER PRZEPIORKA (CONTINUED)

Citizens can help police by getting involved, being good witness[es], and by doing their civic duties and pressing charges against those who commit crimes. All too often people don't want to get involved. Sometimes [they're] afraid of retaliation from criminals, or they just don't want to be bothered or [are] just too busy. These people allow the criminal[s] to feel that what they've done was okay and nothing will happen to them.

DESK GUYS AND STREET GUYS

The most convincing explanation for the effectiveness of the Angels' "uniformed presence" was that it came from within. (This was also true of committed police officers like Przepiorka.) The only thing they got out of doing what they did was pride. If they weren't ready inside, then they couldn't go outside. Confidence does not always indicate good judgment, but lack of confidence definitely means lack of judgment, and the Angels could see that in a person's face. One time Snake rubbed his goatee. His suspenders blotted up darkness. —I saw this guy playin' around, he said. I told him, you can't take your own patrol. You don't have the respect. I coulda hit him, man.

You gotta be careful, man, said the other Angel. You can't let your temper flare. But you were Fort Apache when you said that. You were the man. They gotta give you the respect.

That same night, the patrol was just Snake and that other guy, a new Angel who

said: I admit you feel different when you put that shirt on. I didn't think I would. But people treat you differently.

More respect, huh? said Snake.

That's right.

I'm serious, bro. You deserve that respect. Awright, now look around you. On patrol I like to keep it real serious.

Avalanche to Fort Apache, said the radio. I just left all the guys at Cloud Six.

Ten-four, said Snake.

A Korean was pushing patiently through a crowd at a vegetable market, carrying a stack of plastic baskets.

Two of them were all they were, one not even trained, and yet they were doing the job. —Keep it up! a man whispered to them. They stopped to post across the street from the Church of Scientology, whose reverend, John Carmichael, agreeably wide-eyed, had folded his arms, gazed into my forehead, and told me: They seem to be going about their business. They seem to be sincere. They seem to be creating a helpful presence, and that's appreciated. Other than that I really have no comment. —They walked on, peering in at the yupsters in the grand lobby of the Paramount, looking through those glass doors from the street, which was not a bad street but maybe a little hard; it was a theater street and suddenly a play let out and people were everywhere; the Angels perhaps made it sound worse than it actually was, but it was good that they were there. One patrol had stopped a purse-snatching there three or four nights before. The two Angels went on, cutting through the security men in gleaming white shirts and in ties as black as nothingness, the immense billboards bearing fickle images, yellow cabs like counterfeit lights, all the crawling bravado of the neon and the twenty-five-cent peepshows, and always the crowds kept swarming by, parting around them ("like the Red Sea," the other Angel laughed, appropriating Sliwa's stock simile of the way that the public cleared a path for street gangs).

Doesn't Times Square look like a giant pinball game? the Angel said.

Yeah, yeah. You know, you said I was Fort Apache, Snake said suddenly. Anyway, I'm afraid if I get trained to be Fort Apache, I'll just be a desk guy, not a street guy anymore...

THE SKELS

LUMPERS AND SPLITTERS

The dichotomy between those who act and those who philosophize has as its necessary result the fact, sad or trivial or otherwise, that the more "in the world" and on the streets one becomes, the sparser grow the moral categories.[17] A

sociologist might create dozens of valid pigeonholes into which people can be put: street sweepers, lovers, lumpenproletariat, bearers of inherited wealth, Bonapartists, Decembrists, adolescents; a soldier on patrol might recognize only friends, enemies and neutrals. Curtis Sliwa's pigeonholes were small, narrow and garish, although (because he was the founder of an organization, hence reflective by nature) he allowed more than the military three. In his entomology of the streets, I found several species. Each of them, however, was colored good or bad. —At night you need security the most, he said to me once. These guys they call *the Skels*—human skeletons walking around, all the predators just waiting their turn... —He shook his head in disgust.

I myself, when I think of "Skels," imagine concentration camp victims. I have seen some skinny addicts in the nighttime streets, but rarely do they scare me; rarely do they seem to be the sort of cunning, scuttling vampires that Sliwa's words conjure up. For me, the "predators" are the swaggerers, the muscleboys, the gangland armies, the crowds of bullies, and only very occasionally the screaming skitterers. I suppose I have my own pigeonholes.[18]

Yes, the warrior in him was coming out, the contempt for the enemy (of course he was also hard on his Angels and on himself). In 1990 the Angels held a rally and called for the castration of rapists. I feel a certain admiration for their forthrightness. As Curtis Sliwa's ex-wife, Lisa, put it: The public is behind us. A woman's greatest fear is being raped.[19] —Ah, but who decides who's the rapist? One psychologist insists: *Most people arrested for pedophilia are elderly men. It is extremely doubtful that many of these men intended to harm the child at all.*[20] —If the Angels had said that rapists should be castrated after, say, the second or third conviction, I might conceivably be for it. But with the Angels every issue had to be straightforward, every solution unchanging. Every lawbreaker had to be vicious and stupid. When he addressed a gathering of G.A. branches at Cloud Six, he said, speaking of cleaning up crime: In any country you're from, the government has told you that you're not smart enough to do it. But, you know, the criminal is the simplest creature that has a chromosome pattern! —But I myself have known a few criminals in my time, and that just isn't true.

Is it possible for anyone who's ever been a criminal to wipe a slate clean? I remember one afternoon when Sliwa was giving a lecture at Fordham University (attended, alas, by only four of five people), he mentioned that, in keeping with the new "Megan's Law," Angels had started handing out leaflets in New Jersey notifying the community when convicted sex offenders were paroled there. A woman asked: What happens if they wanna start a new life?

Well, said Sliwa, the recidivism rate is high. I trust people not to get crazy and show up with pitchforks. Out of forty-six cases of notification, there's been only one case of violence.

But if someone is really trying to get back into society and pay for his crime, I want to let him live in peace, the woman persisted.

Sliwa's face hardened. —Maybe my opinion is, I don't care about the criminal. The criminal has to *prove* that he can be trusted. I don't mind 'em having a stigma. Imagine the *victim* seeing the person released!

When it comes to the placement into a neighborhood, violent ex-criminals, *convicted* child molesters and the like, oversight failures (which sometimes result in new victims) have convinced me that Sliwa's attitude is at least partly right. People convicted of such crimes ought to be watched after returning home from prison, watched at least for a while. When it comes to victimless crimes, Sliwa is at least partly wrong. Here is Sliwa on prostitution: We were given this place (Cloud Six) to clean up the hookers and the johns. This where the Blue Bozos used to come, the blue Jersey license plates. It was like "Animal House." It indicated *lawlessness*, anarchy. Girls could be stopping cars, buck naked. Pimps could be smacking girls out in the open. Mayor Giuliani told the cops, lock 'em up every day. Harass 'em. We chase the customers away. That's where we're most effective. Now, did the pros disappear? No. But now some of the pimps have had to put the girls in cars and drive around. I can't tell you the effect that's had on their bank accounts. Now you don't have the backed-up traffic, the car thefts, the fighting.

When I rode around with the vice squad in San Francisco, they used to say trying to make prostitution disappear was hopeless, I said.

That's ridiculous, Sliwa said. The more you build up on their records, eventually even the criminal system will catch up with 'em.

The fact that many, perhaps even most, Americans would agree with this assessment and plan did not make it right. Who were the prostitutes hurting? Why were the Blue Bozos bad? Skels, hookers, pimps, Blue Bozos—the way Sliwa described them, they all sounded evil. And not all of them were. Consider my friend N., a dark-haired Greek woman with a triangular face, always beautiful, a high-priced call girl who thought of all the hotels at Fifth and Fifty-Seventh as her "office." She was supporting herself and her husband, who was an artist, and she was making rich men happy. How could that be wrong? N. hated Mayor Giuliani because he kept stinging call girls. —I don't know where he comes up with the money to do that, she said. What a waste! If that Curtis Whatever-His-Name-Is were mayor, he'd be the same or worse.

Do you think that prostitution should be legalized? I'd asked Sliwa.

For myself now, I personally do not like it, because it breeds other problems. But being a realist, if you are strapped, if your public safety is strapped, you might have to go that route. I'm thinking of the families. 'Cause eventually the woman of the house finds out.

That was the rationale, that it bred other problems. The Guardian Angels believed that evil violence blossoms like a bloody flower wherever its seeds are tolerated, and they were probably right. As Sebastien put it: There is a percentage of the population who cannot handle all the freedoms, and some who intentionally

take advantage of them. The only way you can do it is accepting responsibility, not just building your own fortress, but building your neighborhood. Go out and walk your neighborhood with your neighbors. When you surrender your street to the criminals, eventually they'll get under the door of the underground parking garage where you park your car.

The first few times you walk the streets, won't the gangs shoot at you?

No, he insisted. The gangs will always go where it's easier. Violence against patrols is rare. When I started the group in Denver, there were already three patrolling organizations. They'd been patrolling for two and a half years before we even started. And you know what? Not one of them have ever been injured. And you know what else? Residents walking the streets get a lot of cops motivated.

But if the gangs actually do shoot, then what can you do?

We're talking about peacekeepers, not crimefighters. Feel *good* about your streets.

(But crimefighters was what they called themselves.)

Fine, so they didn't want to surrender the street. That was laudable. And I don't want you to take away that doctrinaire impression of them. They were always respectful, courteous, always stopping to explain themselves to any tourists who asked (Panther could do it in French). I remember how they stopped at a fast-food place on Broadway and Fiftieth to see if the security man there needed anything. He appreciated them and gave them free munchies, courtesy of the manager. They weren't vanguardists, not really; they just did what they thought most people wanted them to do, and I think that most people did. Their errors were those of society at large. Most righteously, therefore, did the Guardian Angels loathe the adult bookstores and strip shows and peepshows and such; whenever we walked on patrol the smiling lowkey barkers would slip brochures like topless bottomless money into my hand and the Angels would think less of me for not spurning them; the barkers never tried to give the Angels any, in part because the Angels had a sensible policy never to accept leaflets of any kind when on patrol since that might have slowed them down; more to the point, every Angel I raised the subject with told me proudly that he'd never been in any of those places. In an old newspaper I came across a photo of Angels standing in front of one such anatomical education establishment; they were on guard with signs that said PORNO and CREEP.[21] The funny thing was that on Eighth Avenue, within a used condom's toss of Fort Apache (where in berets and white shirts and dark trousers they sat drinking sodas or reading, gabbing, stretching or crossing arms upon their heads), deep inside a marketplace similar to the one in the old newspaper, at the very threshold of the buddy booths, where two men stood in the cool darkness counting dollar bills, the big burly bearded guy at his high desk said that the Angels didn't harass anybody, that they kept away the drug dealers and prostitutes; he was all for them! And he should have been. (We don't do anything illegal, said the guy in the doorway of the Private Eye; he said this so many times that I wondered what illegal things he did.)

At one point, Sliwa made a very profound and disconcerting remark. He said: The people in America who talk about people's right to express themselves even in negative ways are affluent and protected. —Here I myself stand accused and convicted. I do not live in a red light district anymore. If I did, I believe that the viciousness associated in America with illegal drugs and illegal vaginas would grate on me. I would want those sad, addicted street women and their pimps to let me walk home from the late-night movie in peace. But, as I know from Asia, prostitution itself does not have to be that way. It is the shame we attach to it that makes it that way. Legalized, controlled, regulated and taxed, it could enhance local life instead of degrade it. Sliwa, of course, would not want to live in a place like that. He told me: In terms of quality of life, Utah has the least problems. —He reminded me of the Malaysians I met who loved Singapore. They said that everything was safe and clean there, that phone booths didn't get vandalized, that people could walk alone at night. There is absolutely nothing wrong with such a preference. Those who condemn Singapore for the intense social controls required to preserve it as a sort of Disneyland are far from justified; whoever wants to live that way ought to be able to. And Sliwa's solutions, occasionally simplistic or heavy-handed, as Sebastien intimated when he spoke of his mother's "big dreams," better than no solutions at all. But none of that is any excuse for contemptuously dismissing the humanity of "some Skel in the street."

ON PATROL

The woman had Spanish-Indian cheekbones, and streetlight shone upon her white and sparkling teeth. She gazed worshipfully up from her corner of concrete between peeling pillar and graffiti'd wall, dark wall boldly defaced by the white calligraphy and outlines of "juveniles trying to get a name for themselves," as Officer Przepiorka had put it; the graffiti was a lesson of street champions brushed across the blackboard of the night. Into the woman's ecstasy came something whiter still, an immense white shoulder, white since clad in white cotton—the T-shirt of a Guardian Angel. From the shoulder reached an arm as brown as hers, reached to take the pipe of her chemical dreams. The pipe rose inside the hand, and then the fingers opened and it rang upon the sidewalk but did not break until the foot with the wide rubber heel came down...

THE MISSION

"DO SOMETHING THAT HASN'T BEEN DONE BEFORE"

But the criticisms I have made of Curtis Sliwa, of his abrasive, aggressive puritanical prudishness, should not, must not be construed as more than slightly weakening my immense admiration for this man and what he has done, and above all for the people he has gathered around him.[22] They call him a publicity hound. They say that he has repeatedly lied, has staged incidents to dramatize the Guardian Angels.[23] Perhaps the most disturbing allegation, given the supposed purpose of the Guardian Angels, was that Sliwa called for a delay in turning over to the police one member "who ran the group's West 46th Street headquarters." Sliwa wanted time to replace him. After a week, this individual was brought to the police in defiance of Sliwa's orders. The charge was sexual assault. The Angel pled guilty.[24] If this is true, it is a serious reflection on Sliwa. About the hoaxes, I care only somewhat. A shabby means was used in pursuit of a shining end. The means hurt no one, although under other circumstances it might have (the stupidest and most mean-spirited thing Sliwa did was to file a false police report saying that he had been kidnapped by three off-duty transit cops. —There were a lot of things he did because the transit cops were against what we were doing, explained another former member.)[25] Sad and repulsive, I have to say (not even his wife knew the truth), but I understand why he made that mistake. He needed publicity. We can give him the doubt, and say that his public aims were unselfish, and his private ones, if he had any, harmless. In their service, why did he have to brand himself untrustworthy? One founding Angel who later left the group complained that some of the raids on Brooklyn crackhouses he'd been involved in had been likewise publicity actions. *The New York Times* quoted him as saying: If we hadn't gone through these stupid stunts to hype the group and give it the demeanor we were superheroes and cause the knuckleheads to join because they wanted to be Superman, those guys (he meant the Angels killed) would be alive. I have to live with that.[26] —Had the business about the actual hoaxes never come out, this accusation would have meant little. And Sliwa denied it. But now and forevermore one must take Sliwa's affirmations and denials with a heaping tablespoon of salt. Still, that was several years ago, and I think it important to remind myself that every organization, like every human being, stinks to some degree. Bureacrats have their own bad odor; so do generals and faith healers. The Guardian Angels, while no exception to this rule, comprise probably one of the most idealistic, decent and practical groups I have ever encountered. And Sliwa (dishonestly, it is true) made it happen. He set out to do good, and he has done good. We have to remember that the hoaxes were exposed because Sliwa himself came forward and revealed them.

I found in many Guardian Angels, including their founder (although in him it may be more theatrical), a tendency that might be labeled monkish, or masochistic, or simply humble, a desire to show one's failings honestly, a repulsion of boasting, a calm clearheaded openness. (This was one point of difference between Sliwa and Bo Gritz.[27] To hear Gritz tell it, he had not made any mistakes except for those of naiveté.) Thus, Sebastien Metz at one point said to me: We stay, and we're accountable. I used to see the world revolve around the Guardian Angels. Now I see it doesn't. Young people join hate groups because it's something they do all the way. I wouldn't make the mistake of saying that Guardian Angels are better than other people. We're all here for selfish reasons. As a leader, I have to remember that. — Selfish reasons underpin life, and any organization. Still, this is an extraordinary (and impressive) remark for any leader to make about his group. Sliwa, being *his* leader, went even further. He minimized every virtue and achievement the group had. Even the natural pride in the uniform that Angels had, the pride that was their strength on the streets, he sometimes ridiculed as "rockin' and shockin' in my colors." He didn't want there to be any arrogance. It is greatly to Sliwa's credit that he refused to feed self-satisfaction. In one talk I heard him say: For many of us, when we hold our buckets up to car windows, we see large denominations. They know it's gonna go for the good of society. —The way he put it was revealing. The Angels were simply collecting the money "for society." They were but agents. They, he seemed to be saying, deserved nothing for themselves. Talk about ascetics!

What I remember for so much of my life in American cities is darkness, and wicked men staring me down. Was I the only one? One article about the Angels in Denver quoted a local as saying that residents were *mostly receptive but tense about being approached by strangers.*[28] When I went on patrol with the Angels, the wicked ones lowered their eyes. For the first time, I felt safe in staring them in the face. I think of Sliwa saying to his red-crowned armies at Cloud Six: When it comes your time to put the beret on, do something that hasn't been done before. Don't just be a bump on the wall. Don't just be a barnacle on a butt. We're willing to accept the failures, as long as the work has been put in. Remember, you cannot have everything in life! But in reality, you know there is so much more you can do!

STATEMENT OF A CHICAGO BRANCH ANGEL

When I was a kid, man, I had six sisters, said the black boy. I was the youngest. I did a lot of running. There was so many gangs. Fear just eliminated everything, even happiness and sadness. I run so much I could have been in the Olympics! I was the shortest, I was the littlest, but my Dad said I was the man in the house. And my mother wasn't datin', so she was alone. So some guys thought they could walk in like it was free. I had to lock 'em out, sometimes even lock sisters out if they stayed out too late.

Did you want to join a gang?

I seen 'em in the gangs. I know 'em. Sometimes you be lookin' so cool but you go into the bathroom and break down cryin'. If you don't have no family, you're done.

What's the most difficult thing about being a Guardian Angel?

Tryin' to live that expectation that they have, be what they think of me. I have to set that tone, that patience, that calmness.

HOW IT STARTED

Acccording to Gail Rachlin he'd been an honor student at Catholic school. They all had to wear neckties. He circulated a petition requesting the freedom not to wear ties, so he got expelled. Six months later, the school abolished the tie rule.

At that time the subway was called Mugger's Express. He and Don Chin, another night manager at McDonald's, started the patrols. They got eleven other employees in on it, so they became the Magnificent Thirteen. (Kids will enter a positive or a negative gang, Gail said.) That was sixteen years ago.

Now he was Angel One.

PORTRAIT OF ANGEL ONE

As with so many of his troops, there was something sad and lonely about him, almost bitter. His mouth was so often downturned in a wry grimace. I remember how at the talk he gave at Fordham, Gail Rachlin came and greeted me; even Apache, that slablike woman from the Denver Branch who had little respect for me because I wouldn't stay in one position in a patrol, nodded curtly; Sliwa spied me as he came in, frowned, and went to sit on the other side of the room. And yet he answered my questions before and after that speech without any appearance of dislike, and never sought to restrict my access to the group or to be anything but helpful. When I interviewed him at Cloud Six, five flights up in that warehouse with no running water but with weight-lifting benches everywhere (a Boston Branch member knocked on a bathroom door: Anybody in this one?) and other Angels peering out the street window going: You patrollin' tonight? —Yeah. —It's not rainin' no more. Wasn't it rainin'?), Cloud Six where a black man in black boots and a red beret pivoted on his heel and practiced high kicks and Sebastien was telling everyone: So I give you a promise that if you open up your eardrums and really listen ...—Sliwa made a point of locking the rickety old door to his office, as if to keep the other Angels away. When Gail, who was with us, had to go to the bathroom, she could not unlock the door, which kept sticking. Sliwa had to stop talking, get up and let her out. And yet as soon as she came back, he locked it again. There were many similar aspects of him: his utter disregard for pleasantries (not once did I ever

see him greet anyone; I'm not sure he knew my name), his simple attire, the shabbiness of Cloud Six, which like Fort Apache had been donated. To him there was only one thing that mattered.

This style of leadership has as both its virtue and its vice the fact that it seeks to take every responsibility upon itself. Without "Angel One," the organization would never have lasted. His brooding, nurturing interest demanded to be informed even of laundry runs from Fort Apache. One could not avoid being stirred by his fiery sincerity. His weakness, I suppose, was this very conviction, which made him so sure of his own righteousness that, like that old nun in Bangkok, Khunying Kannita, he sometimes made decisions on behalf of his empire without paying much heed to the subjects. His sudden disclosure of the rescue hoaxes, without having even prepared his wife, let alone (I presume) the other leaders, was one example of this. Another case was his refusal to admit women to two Connecticut branches of the Angels, on the grounds that "female members had been hit on." One woman, who'd been turned down twice due to an alleged involvement with a Bridgeport leader (so what? wasn't Lisa Sliwa an Angel? Wasn't she involved with her husband?) finally filed a discrimination complaint. What was Sliwa's response? —If they're going to tell us who we have to take, all they'll be doing is depriving protection in crime-torn areas of Bridgeport and New Haven, because we'll be forced to close down. —If they wouldn't play Sliwa's way, in short, he'd take his ball and go home.

True, true, and true. *But what he has done is good.*

STATEMENT OF SEBASTIEN ("IRON") METZ, INTERNATIONAL COORDINATOR

I came from Vancouver in '83. My parents were the original Timothy Leary converts. I was raised in communes where the main cash crop was marijuana and clothing was optional. We had a native American pipe maker. Then there was another guy, Phil,[29] who lived in the back of the house. Phil used to mix oregano with the marijuana. He'd hire the kids to pick the plants, and then pay us with his *special blend.* He just wanted more pot, wanted to rip us off. You always ate the marijuana brownies first in my house, before someone else could eat it. But my parents always gave me a lot of love; I don't complain about my upbringing. The thing about the Angels that appealed to me was to quit drugs, be a family values type, be more of a straight arrow.

Were your parents disappointed in you?

No. They never put pressure on me. In a sense, my parents prepared me for the Guardian Angels. We ate out of dumpsters. Believe me, dumpster dining was better then! Just a little bruise on that apple ... What I liked about the Angels was that they were interested in me. The thing about my parents was that they'd sit around

and talk about the problems of the world and put blame, but, you know, my parents never did anything. They were talkers. But what I liked about the group was, they did something. My mother had a lot of plans. She was a big dreamer. But (Sebastien laughed gently) there were no results! —Responsibility is a good thing. To have a reason, to have a purpose, to have people depend on you.

What was the most difficult aspect of your training?

In my first year as an Angel, I had a guy walk up to me and punch me in the head and then the fight was on. I just held on. Didn't do a whole lot of good. After that patrol, I was scared. If you get hurt, back out. But I knew I had to get in there again. I was afraid, so I made myself go back the next night.

Would you try to break up a crime alone?

At times I have done it and have been involved. You're doing the victim more of a favor when you keep your ability to impact the situation. When people are drunk, a little too much liquid courage, you gotta order 'em around. They're weak of mind.

You have to encourage the good and discourage the bad, Sebastien went on. We Americans are the ones who want to have all the opportunity and not share it and at the same time we want other people like police to solve our problems for us. What can you say about a society in which a man or a woman can be attacked at two o'clock in the afternoon and no one will do anything? That's an indictment. I'm not against criminals. I'm against apathy.

STATEMENT OF GAIL RACHLIN (CONTINUED)

I was working out in the gym and I met Curtis' sister. When Curtis hit a really funny time, she interviewed me over dinner. His wife Lisa was on the verge of leaving him. And I saw some of those guys and some of those girls, and their hearts were in the right place. They wanted to help society and protect people. It kinda convinced me. Then I started doing part-time work for them last June. Curtis is a unique individual. When he was young, he won awards. He saved three people from a burning house at age fourteen. He was recycling when he was fourteen, thirteen years old. He's a man with a mission.

PORTRAIT OF ANGEL ONE (CONTINUED)

Sliwa's anecdotal, colorful, populist generalizations were not so different in character from Bo Gritz's. Everything seemed to come from personal experience, although either of these two men, I felt, might be capable of stretching a tale. The theme seemed to be shoveling away the bullshit and showing citizens how to take responsibility for their own safekeeping—a goal with which Emerson would have approved. He had a mission for everybody. The disabled veterans "of all colors" on

the nation's streets could, while they were peddling things, be "perfect eyes and ears" for crime, making us proactive rather than reactive. All the neighborhoods could organize and go on patrol. Teenagers could join. Citizens could alert their communities about the presence of convicted rapists among them: You make a flyer and pass it out, and they can't stop you, he insisted. And, oddly enough, *the ACLU has to support you;* it's your First Amendment right! Of course, I should be doing any checking. If not, I can be liable for libel. You gotta do your homework. —That was another thing I liked about this exponent of praxis (and this quality, too, I thought, he shared with Bo Gritz): He reminded all devotees of the mission that the buck stopped here. It's right to act, but if you make a mistake you had better clean up. This sentiment is far too rare among angry "empowerment" groups.

STATEMENT OF MR. CURTIS SLIWA, FOUNDER OF THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

How many members do you have worldwide?

Close to five thousand.[30]

How many in the U.S.?

Close to four thousand. Our most recent branch is in Tokyo. They're starting to be affected by the first signs of the deterioration of the quality of life. Their juveniles want to imitate America, become a bad boy.

How much responsibility does the media have for that?

Oh, I think total responsibility, Sliwa replied, leaning back in his swivel chair, with his legs crossed. —The media now has marketed the concept of negativity with products. The music, the movie, the video, they all involve violence and weapons. The basic concept is: By all means necessary, get what you want. That's synonymous with America. Just like the way that Berlin is getting graffitti'd up. They learned that from U.S. movies.

Do you believe that the media should be censored, or would that cure be worse than the disease?

I think the industry is incapable of policing itself, because profit is their goal. For every item you market that's negative, it should almost be incumbent on you to market one of positive value. You can't trust Hollywood, because they told us "Forrest Gump," a positive movie, lost money. That's why government exists, to ensure that things are being kept clean. Each of these Hollywood guys is like a polluter, like someone who taints food. Government has always had to step in. But we should take care of this without censoring. It should be like cholesterol versus a balanced diet. People should have some choice what they eat. Don't get me wrong. I'm not knocking America. In all the chapters I have internationally, the biggest attraction is that Guardian Angels are American. They'll absorb that good stuff.

(A month later Gail Rachlin was to proudly tell me that there were cyber-

Angels now, cyberpatrolling the Internet. —To look for what? I said. —Oh, pedophiles, she replied. —My heart sank. In my opinion, this was not what Angels—or anyone—ought to be doing. And no doubt Sliwa would "police" Hollywood movies, too, if he could. Didn't he see how thin the line was between protecting society and harassing people? If somebody were to digitize a child's body, let's say from scanned anatomy textbook photos, and dither and rasterize and pixellate it into something lewd, whom would he be hurting and why would that be the Angels' business?[31] How could they possibly "take care of this without censoring"? There were so few of them, and there was so much violent crime. Why couldn't they work where they were most needed? Well, Sliwa was battling the Skels again. What would he call them this time? The Peds? The Pervs? Didn't he see that just as some survivalist "militias" could become terrorists, so also the Morality Police might validate themselves (to take Sebastien Metz out of context) by becoming Thought Police?

STATEMENT OF SEBASTIEN METZ (CONTINUED)

What do you think about the survivalists and the way they empower themselves by means of weapons?

I think people need to validate themselves and their existence. They go around convinced the government could get them personally, as if it could give a damn. I think they should find their identity elsewhere. I don't believe in conspiracy theories. I have to admit I haven't seen the video about Janet Reno, the Second Coming of the Anti-Christ.

STATEMENT OF OFFICER PRZEPIORKA (CONTINUED)

What's the best way for an ordinary person to protect himself from violence?

Some people like pepper spray, but God forbid if it's a windy day. I guess there isn't a way to perfectly defend yourself. It's a shame you have to think about it.

STATEMENT OF CURTIS SLIWA (CONTINUED)

What do you think about the Second Amendment? I asked.

I see good people loading up, bad people loading up, Sliwa replied, and I could not disagree. —Each year the lethal power goes up. I understand, having been a crime victim myself, why I should carry a gun. That's the argument that could be made. I don't want to use the fact that I've been a crime victim to be a role model for weapons. Guns stay around. Guns last a century or more. These kids, they tell you: I carry a gun to defend myself in school. But really it is a system of power. It's a way to intimidate.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY OFFICER PRZEPIORKA (CONTINUED)

I don't believe citizens should be armed. It places too many guns on the streets. These guns may be purchased by good, law-abiding citizens but all too often fall into the hands of criminals.

STATEMENT OF CURTIS SLIWA (CONTINUED)

When do you think that violence is justified?

It is if you're delivering a message. We have no weapons, no bulletproof vests, nothing but a beret and what the average person has. But if a Guardian Angels patrol has been involved into a high crime, and we are being confronted physically, I wish it could be as easy as Dr. Joyce Brothers putting somebody down on a couch. But most likely they will get violent; they will carry out a show of force. Then you use pain compliance to the person, with the armlocks, the leglocks. They think they're knocking on the Pearly Gates. They think they're dying. And all the Angels are organized to get that person down.

Sliwa leaned back in the swivel chair and looked at me for a moment. —When you see people running away, Angels invariably run *toward* the situation. These people are willing to die if necessary. They appear fearless. The street, like anything, blows things out of proportion. No criminal wants to acknowledge that four Guardian Angels, unarmed, took him down. So he has to justify this to his peers, and make Guardian Angels bigger than life. They're sorta like jihad warriors on the mopeds, riding through the minefields. We're like the kamikazes. These criminals can't understand us. They say: Why would somebody join the Guardian Angels and not ever get paid? They must want a legal way to kick some butt. So I'm not going to become their prey.

He spat into a paper cup. —They pretend, he said bitterly. They talk about being a family. More Bloods kill Bloods, more Crips kill Crips, than kill each other. They're always fighting over drugs, and the biggest thing is snatching each other's girls and powers. If they can steal a girlfriend and get over, hey. If you had an army and all they were doing was drinking and partying and the MPs didn't arrive to pick 'em up out of the gin mills and brothels, they'd do more damage to themselves than to the enemy. There are statistics to prove it. Being a gang member is empowering yourself at the expense of someone else. You can tell how they'll be if they get off on hurting people.

What are your views on capital punishment?

I personally am for it. The group itself takes no position.

What do you actually do when you're confronted with a violent situation?

We're not throwing kicks, causing physical damage. We've been through thou-

sands of situations with bad problems. That enrages the cops, but once they get over that rage they see you as a link to the street. Guardian Angels are also perfect to stand in lineups.[32] Before, they might have to wait eight hours, ten hours to hold a lineup. People were afraid. And for every one criminal situation we respond to, there are ten medical situations: car accident, heart attack, broken bottle on the head, I can't tell you half of it.

So do you have Angels at Penn Station and Port Authority?

Recently there was a big rainstorm at Penn Station. There was twenty-one hustlers fighting one another, pulling doors, threatening people. So basically I took control and *physically* grabbed a few physically, and kinda whispered in their ear.

The radio crackled. —Angel One to Apache, he said into it. Go ahead with your message.

Crackle.

That's ten-four, ten-four. How you gonna move your stand-up, over?

Crackle.

How many total guys you have, over?

Crackle.

Ten-four, I believe twelve, over.

Crackle.

Ten-four, so have everybody go as one large group to the truck, over.

Crackle.

Why don't you have Angels at Port Authority and Penn Station every night?

We have to be invited.

Why aren't you invited?

Politics.

FOLLOWING THE GUIDELINES

They were always talking about their failures, always trying to improve, which I thought exemplary. —You know what? one of their leaders addressed them at Cloud Six—all of them, Los Angeles, Boston, Houston, Seattle, Denver, Toronto, Moscow, Sidney, Levittown, San Juan in Puerto Rico—you know what? That high school called the KKK to stop the violence! They didn't call us! We're *us*, the Crimefightahs of Destiny, the Red Berets! But someway those people in Fort Lauderdale called the KKK! We took that on the chin. We gotta do better. —There was a sternness, a hardness.

When Sliwa stood to address them, he said in his deep hard confident voice: When you start feeling sorry for yourself, you fall into the doldrums, and you start feeling like a fuddy-duddy. I suggest you remember the Guardian Angels who have been injured in the line of duty. I have never heard any of them moan or complain. On the wall there, as you saw at Fort Apache, you saw our Wall of Fame: Five

Guardian Angels who are no longer with us. I have never heard any of the loved ones point a finger, in a day and age when lawyers chase ambulances.

His voice became louder and harsher. He was almost shouting: Out there it's a hostile world; it's I and me. In here it's us and we. If you do something premeditated to cause harm to the organization, then obviously we have to cast you out forever. If it's an honest mistake, then we can accept that.

I listened in amazement. This was like no pep talk I'd ever heard.

I give up my pride if I recognize a solution to a problem but I'm not willing to go the whole nine yards. *You—must—keep—your—eye—on—the—final—goal—of—your—mission!*

We could lose the headquarters tomorrow, he said. Will it stop us? I've operated like many of you who had to meet in Greyhound bus stations. Too many of you get all *stunk into a funk* and don't realize how important it is to continue on! No police commissioner, no matter how much they have threatened us, has ever stopped us from creating an organization. No gang has ever run us out of a city. We can pat ourself so much on the back that we have to get a chiropractic adjustment the next day. But you haven't flexed your wings! And the wings on your chest[33] aren't enough. Those chapters that have not succeeded have only themselves to blame! *They got sidetracked from the mission!* There is nothing to keep you from succeeding if you follow the guidelines.

(And I thought of the Chicago Branch boy who'd said to me that sometimes hardly anybody came to headquarters, and when I asked him what happened, then he replied: In Chicago, we go two out, we go one out, 'cause you got to keep the patrol goin'. —In 1990, Chicago Branch had claimed ninety members.)[34]

That was how Curtis Sliwa spoke to his Angels. They listened to him silent and wide-eyed. That was the mission: bravery, service, self-abnegation, patience.

ON PATROL (FORTY-SIXTH STREET, AFTERNOON)

At Saint Luke's stinky soup kitchen, practically next door to Fort Apache, the Angels came to make sure that there was no fighting. One had his hands behind his back, like a soldier; the other sat handing out meal tickets. The man with the white bowl said to the masses: You only get one bowl. How many bowls?

ONE! they shouted back obediently.

Two! a man sneered.

You get none! the man in the white apron laughed. We will not give out new bowls or new spoons. So don't lose 'em. And we got some pizza from the Guardian Angels, so as soon as we get it heated up we'll serve it. Okay, let's thank God for food! LET'S THANK GOD FOR FOOD!

The long line of hungry ones, many in ball caps, curved round the tables.

The Angels sat watchfully looking at those heads hunched over old food, those bandaged noses, dirty clothes, fretful little children.

A man yanked his baby's arm, and the baby cried. An Angel stood like a sentry at post over the last eaters.

Thank you, a girl said to the Angels. Then she walked away.

A man approached with crazy jerks of his sunburned head and shouted at an Angel: Start smiling, man, or I'm gonna put you out of the neighborhood!

The Angel looked at him and lovingly smiled.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY OFFICER PRZEPIORKA (CONTINUED)

The Guardian Angels could be an asset to any city or town. I believe the more people you have involved in making society a safer place [the more likely] you will develop a safer place.

ITALY

It was ten o'clock at night, and Fort Apache was empty except for Italy, grey and forty, who sat manning the radio at the desk. Then Snake's patrol came through the doorway, outstretching arms to be searched under the giant American flag that hung beside the two street maps. —Hey! said Snake. What's the TV doin' on?

I was fallin' asleep, said Italy. I'm the last to go to sleep, and I'm the first to get up.

Don't you want a cigarette now?

I was told by Wire.[35] I cannot.

Why?

Because I must watch the phone. Hey, did I tell you what happened? There was three girls, and two men fighting over 'em. The girls was afraid. So I stepped in to help 'em, and the guy says don't touch me. I says, *who ya talkin' to?*

And then what?

Then we broke up the fight, he concluded with pride.

There were periodic light-blushes in the doorway's darkness, and then two other patrols came back, and Fort Apache was full, crawling and seething with life all through the white glare of it, the scuffed dirty floors of it, and they were all sitting around eating yesterday's doughnuts. Beside the trash can with its retinue of flies, a new recruit in pale camouflage pants was getting chewed out for not having his shirt tucked in. —What do you think, you're my mother? he shouted. Even my mother's not my fucking mother.

The patrol leader replied calmly: I'm your mother, your father and your sister. I'm in *charge.* Now tuck your shirt in!

The recruit tucked his shirt in. He still looked sullen, so another Angel went up to him and said goodnaturedly: Hey, remember, you're not special.

Hey, man, said the patrol leader to a skinny little Japanese, I said get some socks. Get some fuckin' socks!

Someone else was teasing the Japanese, who balled up his fists and cried: You callin' me Won-ton? Won-ton your Mom!

Everybody laughed. He went to his locker and put on his socks.

A black man came in to show off the place to his halter-topped girlfriend. — This is *nice!* the woman said in awe. I *want* you to join!

Listen, asked a young Angel, is it true the other day the Las Familias gang was here handin' out blades to homeless people and tellin' 'em to cut us up? I heard that.

Guess we'll find out. We can handle 'em. You wanna take the train patrol?

Hey, Won-ton!

Shut *up* with that! I'll Won-ton you!

Listen. A word to the wise. On Christopher Street there's gonna be undercover cops with the patrol, 'cause some Latin Kings threatened they were gonna kill the guys.

Hey, you notice that crazy guy, Dragon?[36] With the beret? He comes like from Chicago.

He talks with an English accent.

He don't have his safety certificate. And I think I know why. He's so hyperactive.

Hey, listen, now you gotta confirm that I'm half Puerto Rican because I got your blood all over me!

Did you lick the blood?

Yeah!

That means you got AIDS!

Hey, Panther, what's up?

Doc, what's up?

Hey, Third Rail!

How's it goin', Professor?

Italy, we decided you're your own nation! You're big enough, buddy!

The Angel in the red windbreaker who'd missed his plane home to Fort Lauderdale sighed, ate a stale dougnut, and got ready to go out on another patrol.

Snake's patrol tossed down a soft drink or two. Then it was time to get back to it. —Hey, let's go out and clean up the streets, my man! said Snake in a happy gentle way, patting one of his Angels on the shoulders.

At the corner an oldster came up to them and whispered: Keep it up, man! Stop the bad guys!

They stopped to post against a wet steel shutter, four of them back to back just as on a street corner, their eyes swooping and searching. Then they strode on, east to the subway, above whose entrance jutted the wide destination plate like a grave number, then west to Tenth Avenue, then south and back east past the kung fu video store where in the daytime a black guy from South Carolina was sometimes to

be found behind the counter; he said that they didn't do any good. He remembered when they'd gone to Florida and California to fight crime, and were told they weren't wanted. (The Guardian Angels were in both Florida and California when I wrote this essay.) Well, the video guy said, he did allow that they might do some good on the streets sometimes. Snake's patrol continued east past that store, which was shuttered dead and right, and turned north on Broadway. In the night it came out most clearly, their loneliness, their grim endurance. When I asked one patrol leader how much longer he'd stay in the Angels, he said: To be honest with you, I don't know. If I had a life of my own, you know, a wife and family, I'd cut back to being just part time. But, you know, it's so hard. Like, I gone out with Chinese girls, Japanese girls, Puerto Rican girls, black girls, white girls, and there's always the racial thing. (He himself was mixed.) The parents don't like it, he sighed.

(When Snake uttered those words, I thought of something that I'd heard Sliwa say to a gathering of Angels: I was a person you didn't even know the name of. Just like you.)

They stopped at the Greek doughnut shop whose owner always had two big sacks of fresh doughnuts ready to give them every night. They posted at the corner, looking and waiting, but all was quiet. When they returned to Fort Apache to eat cold donated pizza after their patrol (hey, Caine, can I trade my old crust for a new one?), somebody said: We're havin' a meeting at midnight!

What are we, a coven? Are we sacrificing a cow?

Grinning goodhumoredly, they left for Cloud Six. Most of them would sleep there. They'd have to be up at seven a.m. to go on Goody-Goody patrol, spotting hookers and calling the police. Now it was after midnight, and once again Italy was by himself.

How much sleep will you get tonight?

I don't worry about sleep. I worry about keepin' the place clean, he sighed, slowly sweeping up soda-pop lids and doughnut crumbs and plastic scraps.

Now I look for somebody, he said. What I do with my money? I'll tell you something. I never cheated on my wife for nineteen years. But she left me.

The radio crackled: *Ask Patriot if he left the door open.* (The radio was pretty silly sometimes.)

I'd give anything to go out with a girl, said Italy.

Let me tell you something, he said to me. When I came in here, this place was like a junkyard. I put in the walls myself.

You think Curtis will stay up late after the meeting?

Curtis? he said, his eyes shining. Oh, we don't sleep, me an' him.

We short on guys, he said. I'm the only one can drive the big truck. Oh, little mouse! Look at that! See him come out from under that chair! One night I went to the bathroom, I saw one this big! Boy, I took the broomstick, *boom!*

I kept him company for awhile. It was getting very late. When I left, Italy was sitting alone behind the desk, eating a donated doughnut, trying to remain in readiness.

STATEMENT OF SEBASTIEN METZ (CONTINUED)

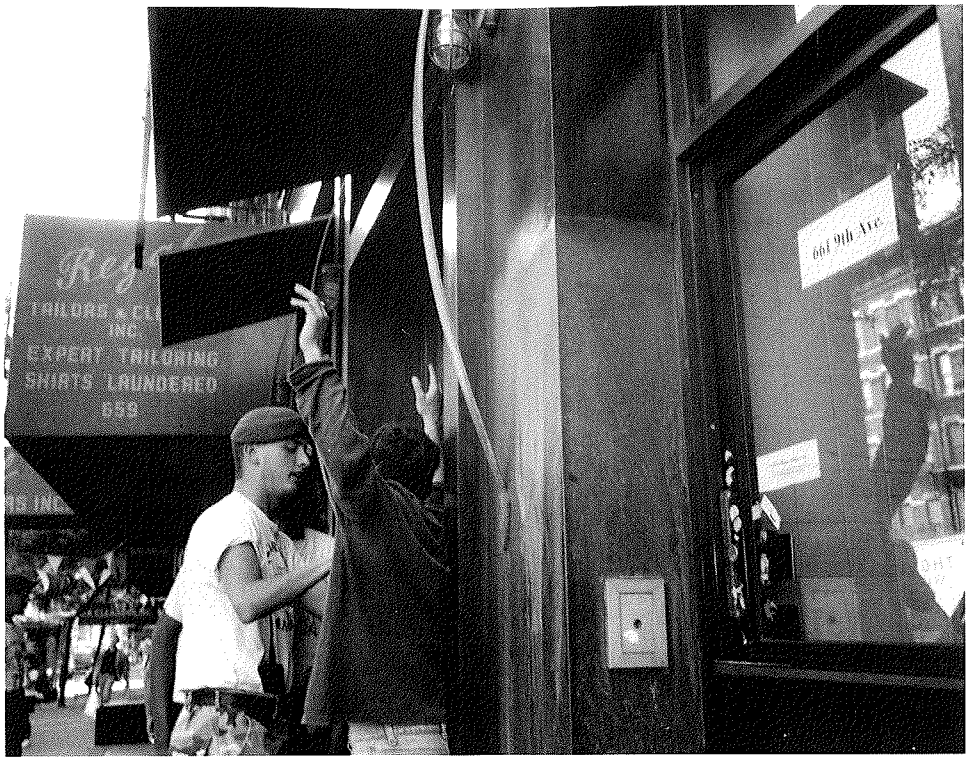
I think it's tempting to wash your hands of other people's problems. That's great, if you can sleep at night.

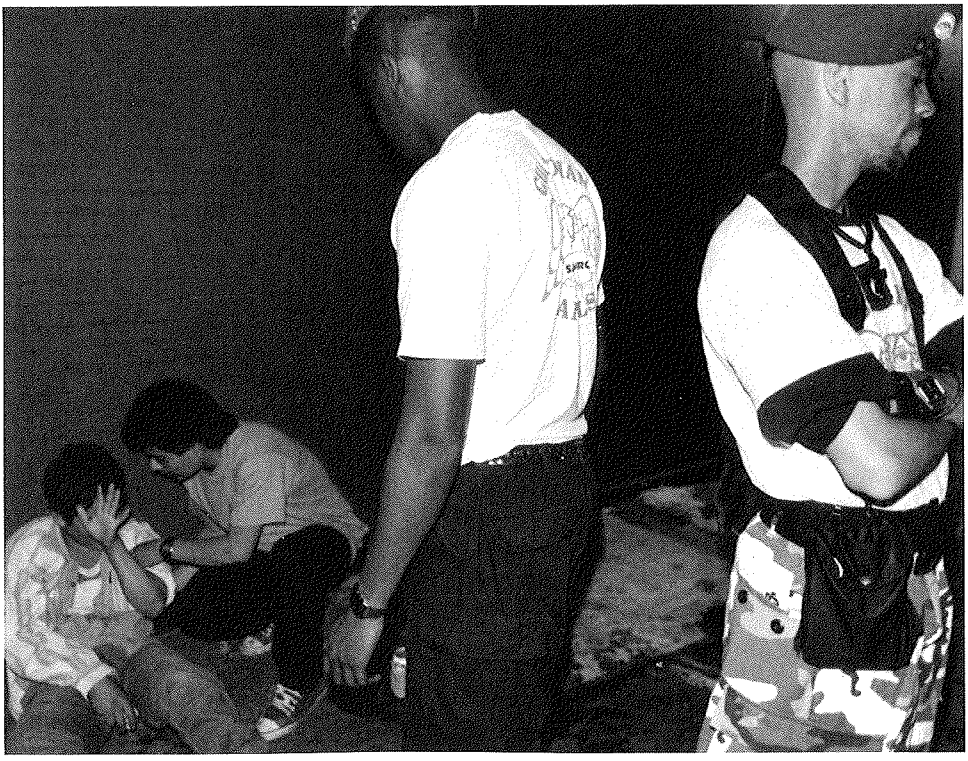
THE GUARDIAN ANGELS

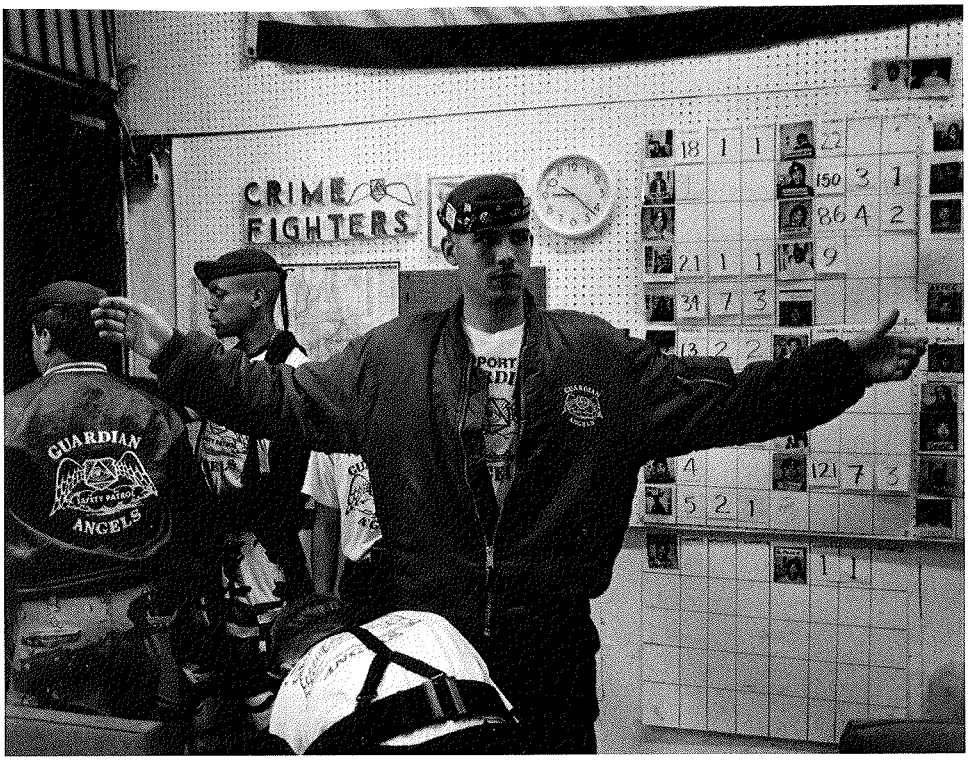
NEW YORK CITY, 1995

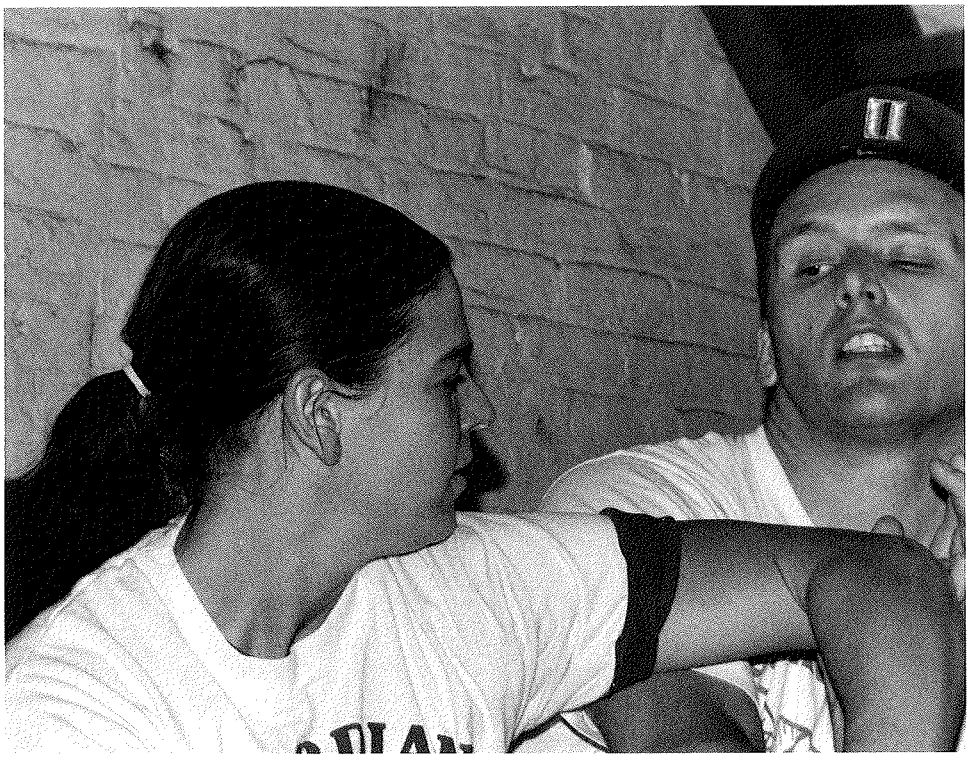
264. Angel at Puerto Rican Day parade.
265a. Angels searching a suspected crack dealer.
265b. Angels interrogating a woman who might possess a "crack stem."
266a. Being searched on entering Fort Apache.
266b. Practice sparring.
267a. Angel and official truck.
267b. On patrol.
268a. Curtis Sliwa and Apache at Cloud Six.
268b. Award ceremony at Cloud Six.
269a. Guardian Angels in their truck.
269b. Group shot.

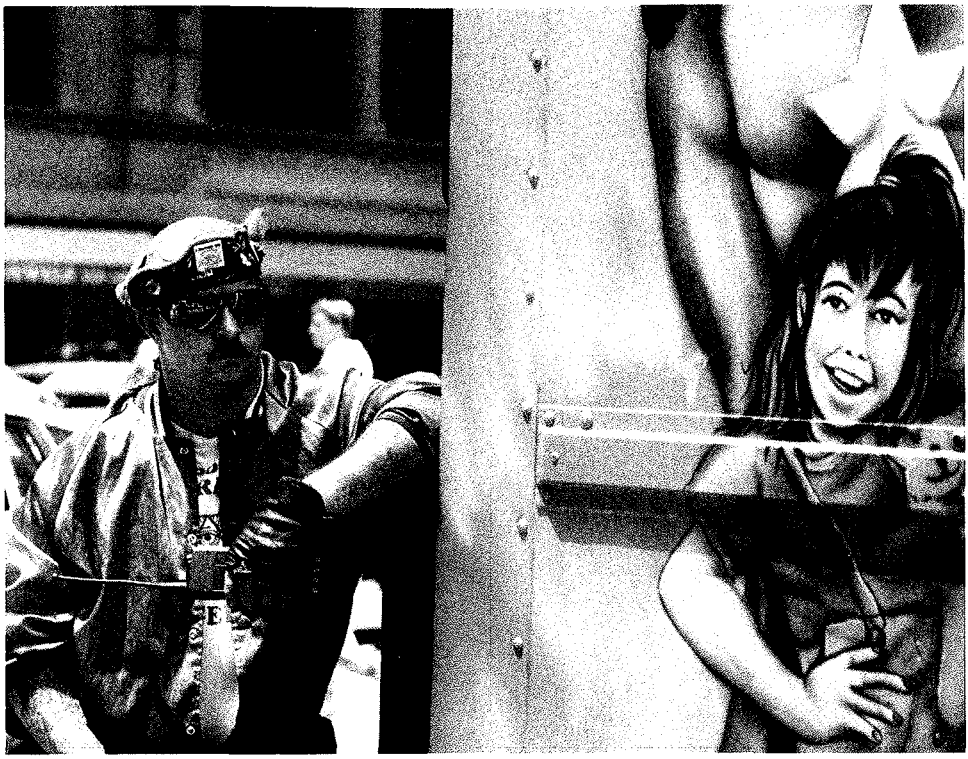

SUPPORT THE
UARDIAN
ANGEL


Ray
TAILORS & CL
INC
EXPERT TAILORING
SHIRTS LAUNDERED
658
661 9th Ave




CRIME
FIGHTERS
GUARDIAN
ANGELS

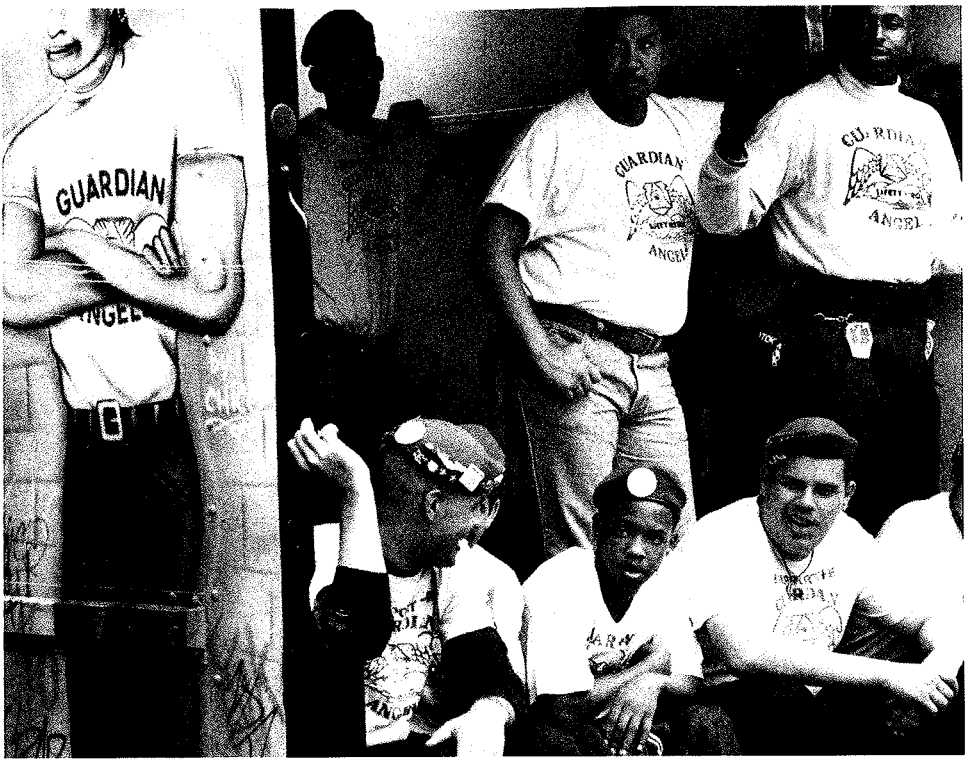


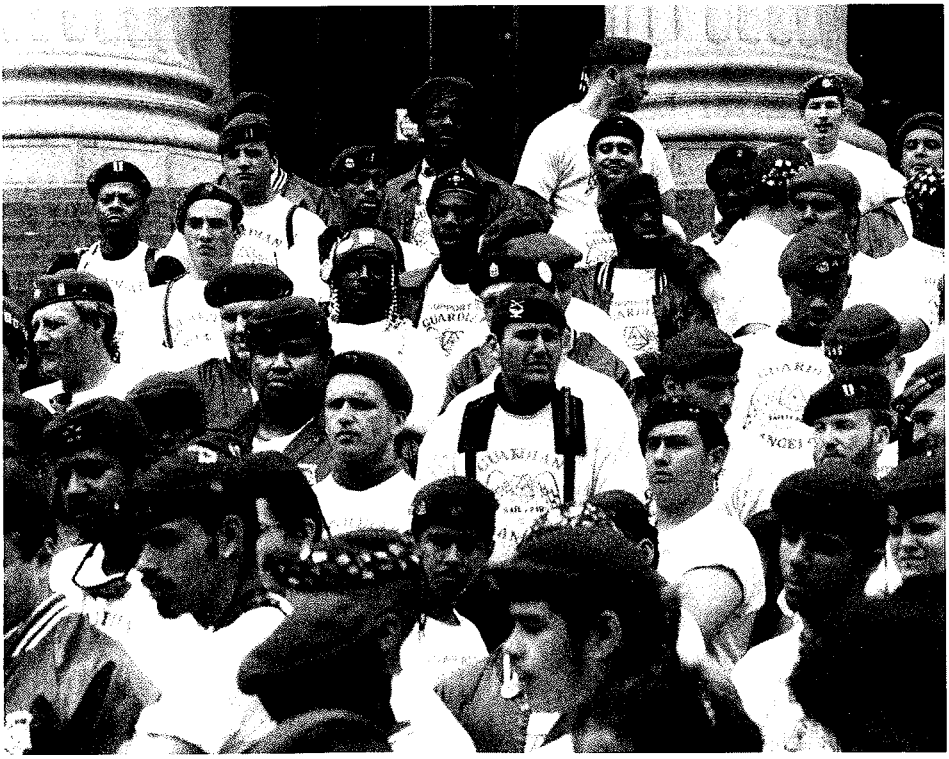



BUDDY
BOOTHS
ANGELS


SAFETY PATROL
ANGELS


GUARDIAN
GUARDIAN
ANGELS


GUARDIAN
GUARDIAN
ANGEL



WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM!
(1997)

Vicki? said Linda at the switchboard. Where you callin' from? If I may ask, how old are you?

Click-click went the keyboard, as Linda navigated through colored data fields, storing Vicki's particulars.

Where you callin' from? Linda was asking again. Do you think they were human or animal? Wow! Yow! she said, her arms crisscrossed on the desk. —OK. Vicki? Our lines are filled up here. I'm gonna put you on the system.

Through the big dusty window, I could see beyond the rack of CDs, Ted Nugent headphoned and gesturing, Ted Nugent, who since 1969 hadn't store-bought an ounce of the meat he ate, Ted Nugent slumped on his chair with his boots up on the desk. —Does the person who kills the chicken have any difference in violence from the person who eats it? he demanded of the airwaves. —Not in my mind, he answered himself. *Thank you!* I'm just a guitar player, and I figured that out. Thank you, Dr. Joyce Brothers.

Hardnosed Linda, picking up another call, said: You still haven't hit me with a direct comment.

Linda adored Ted. He had inspired her on the radio before she began working for him. She had gone out to the archery range and begun shooting.

There are four obvious claw-marks, Vicki was saying on the air.

That's *Tyrannosaurus rex,* said Ted. Well, take a twelve-gauge shotgun... Can you turn your radio down, sir? said Linda, clicking away at her keyboard. What's your comment, sir?

Well, I'm telling you, Ted was saying—I think to Vicki—I'm just a guitar player, but maybe some of our members right now, the United Sportsmen of America, we can get our private killers on line to help you... Can you identify those tracks as canine, feline, or *Ursus horribilis?*

Something like that, the caller said.

"I'm just a guitar player" was his mantra, like the sly tax protester Red Beckman's "I'm just a hayseed from Montana," or the survivalist Bo Gritz's self-deprecating characterization: "I'm an old grunt."[1] Ted Nugent had had Gritz on his show not long before (I'm in touch with Bo pretty regular, he said. He's my hero). In Ted's case, this rhetorical bow to American populism, to the anti-intellectual Everyman who supposedly embodies this country, was always quickly followed by an equally rhetorical standing on tiptoe: Ted Nugent in his camouflage hunting jacket and camouflage Browning Archery cap, Ted Nugent with his fair, greying moustache, his fair, greying hair, his muddy, rubber-soled boots proclaimed that he was the best, the most far-out, the wildest, the most blessed, the man with all the answers for the rest of us sad, dull dumbfucks. —He said: I'm not the world's greatest shot, but close. —He explained: Being Ted Nugent is too much for most people to handle, because they can't handle the intensity. —The former of these convolutions, the bowing, was imprinted on many a mass politician, from Lincoln to Stalin. The stretching latter was the result of American marketing—well, no, it goes beyond that. In this country, at least, people are charmed by sunny ego. They admire those who are larger than life, or claim to be—it doesn't matter how or why. And the confidence of this particular politician was not without a certain basis. Unlike the marginalized Beckman, whose house had been bulldozed by the IRS, or the semi-marginalized Gritz, whose associates made gays, liberals, and multiracialists nervous, to say the least, Ted Nugent was of course a rock and roll star, whose decades of outrageousness, riffing, and riding buffaloes onstage, had literally paid off in thirty million albums sold[2]—paid off not only for him but also for the corporate types who in the normal course of business had taken their percentage of the corporate profits. When does an ego's spontaneous self-expression give way to publicity stuntsmanship? With "experience," I suppose, and while there is nothing wrong with self-interest, its naked urgency is sometimes more appealing to the showman than to an observer. I remember hearing Nugent say on his radio show: You know, girls, you learn from Uncle Ted, if nothing else, it's *fun* to be fun. You agree?—Mm hm, replied a childish voice. —Girls, get your pretty little mouths

close on the telephone right now, as if you were kissing Uncle Ted. —Then, in honor of a dead grandmother the two girls, ages ten and eleven as we know from Linda's data fields, began singing a song they had composed entitled "I Will See You Again." —Claire and Nicole, that was *wonderful,* he cried. Boy, if this isn't the most exclusive radio show in the history of electricity, I don't know *nothing!* —I did not like this self-congratulation for someone else's dead grandmother; but the criticism I am making is directed less against Ted Nugent himself than against the whole cold side, the business side, when calculation of an end—money, fame, a political goal—masquerades as transcendence. We all participate in this. For this essay, which was originally commissioned as an *Esquire* article and then rejected (I was told because Ted's syndication effort didn't succeed enough to make him *Esquire*–worthy), the photographer asked that I be in some pictures with Ted. Wearing one of Ted's camo jackets instead of my own red coat, I found myself running, per instructions, toward the photographer's white umbrella stand, which we were supposed to pretend was a deer. Occasionally a deer did in fact flash across the reddish leaves of this private game preserve, like Linda's hands on the keyboard, but the photographer would have had to use thirty-five millimeter to capture them, and photo editors don't like thirty-five millimeter. I had to run next to Ted but slightly behind him. I felt phony. Do I blame the photographer? Absolutely not. If I'd blamed him, I wouldn't have gotten into his picture. He was doing his job, just as I was, and likewise patient Ted, who posed with drawn bow again and again in the woods, crouching, squatting with his long ponytail tucked back, while he tapped one Whackmaster arrow against six others and the photographer flashed him. This, my first real "celebrity story" (for to an American audience, I have been repeatedly told, foreign "personalities" do not count), cannot avoid describing the carnival of *manufactured* personality, where guitar players, old grunts, hayseeds from Montana and reporters all sell their own varieties of moral cotton candy. But, having said this, having perforce alluded to the tedious bowings and tiptoeings to which Ted Nugent had been compelled through laws no less onerous than that of gravitation, I now want to say that when he stood on his own two feet, when he simply was what he was, the man offered something sincere and decent.

In fine, Ted Nugent was a hunter, and he used his mass market access to tell us about it. Sincere? The man loved what he did, both the killing and the telling. Decent? I'll try to tell you why I think so, if you bear with me. Killing, like showmanship today, used to be a business in the United States, and an uncontroversially necessary one. We killed to eat. In the novels of Fenimore Cooper, the "Deerslayer" was already romanticized, which marked a corresponding decrease in his substantiality: an ever-increasing proportion of Americans were getting their protein not at a rifle's end but from the barrel of salt pork at the general store. There was a feedlot in our future. And what if somebody didn't like the future? In Hemingway's short story "The Last Good Country," the hunter, on the run from civilization with

his little sister, loves the grouse that he shoots and knows their ways; his sister is sad at first to see them die, but gets happy like him when he reminds her that nature, personified by great horned owls, will kill "all the good birds" anyway. No helpless feedlot addict, this boy knows a mink's track when he sees one. He knows how to clean the dead birds and pack them with ferns and where the berry patch is. These details and procedures are exquisitely described; but what makes the story memorable is that the boy and his sister are fugitives, gone like the Deerslayer to Never-Never Land. I don't know how long they were able to hide, hunting out of season, because Hemingway never finished that story, but sooner or later a road must have sprouted between the trees, and that road became a highway, and the berry patch was eaten by an immense discount warehouse; and then the animal rights people came. In 1995, I learned from Ted Nugent's bio sheet, the "Spirit of the Wild" was recorded. Is Ted Nugent the spirit of the wild? Not by a long shot, for the more you talk about the wild, the less wild you become; but although the Last Good Country may be gone, or close to it, somebody who has felt wildness can still show tame people what they are missing. What Nugent did in fact claim was *honorable*, no matter how grandiosely the claim might have been put:

> What I represent is truly a *voice* in the wilderness. I have never compromised my beliefs in the face of overwhelming odds. When I was on the cover of *Rolling Stone* with a .380 Walther in my hands, it wasn't a fucking prop. Nobody in the NRA or anybody said, "Thank you, Ted"—maybe because I had a ponytail. I do more in a day for the Second Amendment than the NRA does in a forty-eight-month period.

(The NRA, by the way, never got back to me to comment on Nugent and his rhetoric, even though he is on its board of directors.) Nugent's organization, United Sportsmen of America, was at a bit of a remove from Hemingway's young poacher-hero, as we see from its second bylaw: "Abide by all laws and regulations governing the states and provinces of our designated hunting area, living a code of ethics honorable to our sport."[3] As a matter of fact, the rules in the creed went beyond unexceptionability to the point almost of Boy Scoutishness: Nugent seemed determined to establish a higher minimum ethical level. Give the game the benefit of the doubt, he said; pick up the litter of jerks who did not; use every part of what you kill, down to the very bones; "restrict our bag even more than the law demands when the animals need the help."[4] He could have shot a buffalo or something just so that *Esquire* would get a good kill shot, but he didn't, and I respect him for it. Hemingway used to go out in a boat and shoot hammerhead sharks just for fun. That sort of behavior is frowned on now, and I'm glad. But the frowners got militant. If you kill those grouse, you are a murderer, say the animal rights people.[5] If you eat meat, you are an accomplice to murder. In 1976, right around the time that Ted Nugent became

a superstar, the Committee to Abolish Sport Hunting was formed by Luke A. Dommer, who wondered in *The Animals' Voice Magazine* (or, I should say, pretended to wonder, for he already knew all the answers):

> But what might provoke the urge to kill inoffensive animals that bear us no willful harm? ...Is it the thrill of possessing the power of life and death over another living being, or is it just plain sadism? Whatever the reason, perhaps the rock 'n' roll darling, animal killer Ted Nugent, can shed some light on the subject for us ...His victims, confused and in fright, painfully stagger and run about with imbedded [sic] arrows bobbing and tearing their blood vessels until they hemorrhage and can no longer stand. One of his hapless victims had to be tracked for five hours via a trail of blood.[6]

The use of the word "inoffensive" here is meant to be accusatory. But a true hunter does not kill because an animal offends him. He kills because he wants to eat or because he wants to test himself—hopefully both, for few Americans (in the Lower Forty-Eight, at least) *need* to hunt anymore the way that the Deerslayer did. For just that reason, the Luke A. Dommers argued that no one should be allowed to hunt anymore. Ted Nugent, on the other hand, who became a bowhunter three years before he'd become a guitar player,[7] reacted to this lessened need by making the hunting difficult—which isn't by any means to imply that he eschewed the use of firearms. He had a place, so I learned, in the Handgun Hunters' Hall of Fame; he'd been nominated for the Outstanding American Handgunner Award.[8] —I carry a gun to neutralize evil, he told me with his typical overstatement. This means shooting stray dogs, although it also encompasses armed self-defense, and on at least one occasion (as we shall see) the defense of another person. Indeed, he owns four hundred guns, one of his favorite of which is a sixteen-round Glock 20 transfigured into a .41 magnum-equivalent. That was the one he used when he competed against the Navy SEALs. But when I asked him on the way to World Tedquarters whether he preferred bowhunting to firearms hunting, he replied: Yes, I suppose I do, although there are certain elements to long-range marksmanship that are good and interesting and challenging—to put the bullet in at three hundred yards is as fulfilling as getting within burping distance of a moose and putting an arrow in his heart, or not putting it in his heart more likely...

Not putting it in his heart doubtless reminds the Luke A. Dommers of this world of a five-hour trail of blood. Now, as a matter of fact, it might indeed mean a five-hour trail or blood, or it might mean (as it probably would in my case, for I have bad eyesight) missing the animal entirely. As for Nugent, I didn't mean *missing* the heart, this hunter said when I brought the matter up. Sometimes we opt not to even shoot.

Here I ought to describe Ted Nugent's game preserve, which was called "Sunrize" and which was surrounded by a high wire fence through which houses

could occasionally be seen. Nugent stopped his truck and released high protein chunks from a big Waste Watcher drum. Sitting on the truckbed upon a sack of Morton System Saver pellets, I saw cylindrical bales of hay, a tree-wall, a mucky track through a snowy field that smelled of wet hay. From time to time he scattered a cupful of corn. The boar-shit looked too soft, he said; he'd have to alter their feed. The hunter had become a farmer. By no definition was this a wilderness, but it was much larger than it looked; bowhunting here was certainly not as easy as shooting fish in a proverbial barrel. Now the fence had vanished, and in the forest I saw a line of pale deer diffusing briskly through the snow. —Go ahead and try to sneak up on one of those whitetails, said Nugent. If you can get one, I'll suck your dick. I will sincerely suck your dick.

He pointed out in the twilight shadows a tall brown shape with downcurved horns—a Russian boar, he said. We got closer, and I saw another and another. Suddenly the line of animals went galloping behind the snowy trees, while branches crackled.

In the article I have quoted, Luke A. Dommer (whom according to the best standards of journalistic ephemerality I really should have telephoned in order to "update" his remarks on Nugent—for all I know, Mr. Dommer eats only raw meat these days) hammers away at hunters for descending upon animals with all the support of technological overkill. Does Luke A. Dommer want all shots to be instantaneously lethal, or does he want the hunted to have a sporting chance, which will sometimes result in five-hour trails of blood? He cannot have it both ways, and, of course, neither of these options is good enough for him. I have seen an Inuit hunter kill a seal in open water with a rifle. He shoots carefully, shot after shot, whenever the animal surfaces and tries to breathe; finally the water becomes red, and after one more shot the dying seal rises; the hunter rushes to harpoon it before it sinks.[9] Luke A. Dommer wants the hunter to go on welfare instead. I can see his point, although I don't agree with it. Were we to deny that the seal suffered from pain and from terror, we would be as crooked in our methodology as he is for pretending that the hunter's motivations boil down to sadism. One cannot fault Luke A. Dommer for not wishing to hunt himself. But Luke A. Dommer does not want Ted Nugent to hunt, either. I guess we are all fanatics about something, unless we are sheep. Nugent's response to the Luke A. Dommers (uttered at the family dinner table, over venison marinated in Coca-Cola and cooked just right by Mrs. Nugent) was: If you're a vegetarian, what do you wear? If you wear cotton, you're saying get out your tractors and go ride down those fields until you've killed every vole, all those screaming field-mice; you're just as guilty of murder as I am, so shut the fuck up.

Thus Nugent's *spoken* response. The Luke A. Dommers have created the Ted Nugents. I like Ted Nugent much better, in part because I am (as a vegan asserted) selfish, and in part because (if we except his eminently fair and not very burdensome "Hunter's Creed") Nugent does not tell me what I am forbidden to do. As for his

acted response, well, among other things he participates in a program which, in a brilliant outflanking of the animal rights position that hunting is mere sadistic waste, gives away wild meat to the homeless.

Nugent's group has been a good contributor, said Bob Easterbrook of Safari Club International. Not the largest contributor, but they've donated a good fifteen or twenty percent of the total for the whole state of Michigan, I would say. That's a record anybody would be proud of. I've been out with the Salvation Army, feeding the homeless on the streets. With fifty pounds of venison you can feed eight hundred people. On subzero nights, I've seen those hungry people take that hot food in their hands and hold it just because of the heat. You wanted to cry.

Meanwhile, Nugent cranked up the rhetorical juice, shouting like the hollow clack of his big bow released to send an arrow into a stump in far-off shadows. (Easterbrook, who'd been out in the woods with him, called him "a very hard hunter.") Nugent's prescription was literally this: You're going to win by impressing the masses with your sincerity. You do it by getting in the face of the representatives and the senators and the media. The reason I went with Bob Easterbrook, Nugent told me later, was because I saw all their gargantuan efforts go unnoticed. Bill, I couldn't find a mention in the media. I showed up with a goddamned chef's hat, and with meat I had killed and cut with my own Nugent knife, it was on AP international.

Hence his slogans: *KILL 'EM AND GRILL 'EM! WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM!* Hah!

These words, which appeared to be a hundred percent sincere, didn't raise my hackles, so he added: In Michigan, Nugent is the N-word. I wanna be a nigger.

This absurd remark, no matter what Nugent might have meant by it (in his rock and roll persona, he liked to refer to himself as a black man), struck me as mere professional in-your-face-ness, like the reflexive prickliness he showed when he announced: *Esquire* had better tell the truth in this article. If not, I *will* retaliate. —I have already harped on the necessarily commercial component of outrageousness, and how in Nugent's case this strategy was devoted to selling not only himself, his albums, and his hunting merchandise at World Tedquarters, but also his political platform, as it were. There is no reason to enlarge on the process by which Nugent made himself into a man of privilege. In due fairness to Luke A. Dommer, as much as his assessments of sport hunting irritate me, we have to grant that he and his cohorts were as ground-level hunters whom the uncommitted could scarcely perceive, whereas Ted Nugent was sitting pretty in a zebra-striped tree stand, trumpeting his message so loudly and visibly that even I, who watch no television and listen to no radio, knew something about the guy. That is to say, his status as celebrity and millionaire amplified whatever he chose to communicate. Almost as important, some of the messages to which he'd committed himself were approved by "the System." One could find him portrayed in the official magazine of Ford's

Michigan Truck Plant.[10] On a billboard, he warned Michigan drivers to buckle up unless they wanted to be road kill. One shooting team in the ATF was called the Nugent Squad, and its official song was his "Stranglehold." He'd been a guest speaker at the International Law Enforcement Convention, by invitation of the FBI; he was an official spokesman for the Drug Abuse Resistance Education program; the Michigan Recreation and Parks Association named him Man of the Year in 1995. He was a deputy sheriff. Whatever one might think about the justifiability of such causes as, say, drug interdiction, these marks of fame are all achievements of sorts, accomplished as a result of effort. But they made "the System" bend its rules for him. —None of my gun permits were any good, and all the FBI agents knew I was carrying, went one of his stories, but they didn't have a problem with me; they *liked* it that I was carrying. —He delighted in telling me tales of going over a hundred miles an hour, in and out of state; sometimes they set roadblocks for him, or put him up against the side of the vehicle with his hands high; but they always let him go because he was Ted Nugent, the Motor City Madman. In one state (I think it was Arizona), the police supervisor handed him back his gun and license because his rock and roll inspiration had gotten her brother off drugs. I wondered what she would have done to me if I had been going over a hundred miles an hour with a loaded gun illegally at my belt. In Miami, when he saw an off-duty cop struggling to hold onto his gun in a traffic altercation, Nugent got out of his cab and drew his own pistol, waved his own badge, protecting the cop from violence at the hands of two thugs: what would have happened to me if badgeless (no matter how well I'd meant) I'd pulled *my* gun?

That being his situation, it would have been natural had Ted Nugent, now a sort of spokesman for authority, become a puppet of it. But, as far as I could tell, he remained very much his own man. The fellow who had spoken by invitation of the FBI said instantly and passionately when I asked him about the two people shot by the FBI at Ruby Ridge: Obviously it's a vulgar, horrific tragedy. A worst-case scenario. I'm repulsed by its occurrence, and I have been hammering relentlessly in the media against the failure of the government. We live in a continuous quagmire of obscene government corruption.

Do you think that the FBI sniper, Lon Horiuchi, should go to jail?

I think he should be shot by a firing squad, Nugent replied.

His deepest message, I would say, is the fundamental tenet that self-reliance is a good thing, that he who knows how to take life competently, for good reason (to protect himself or another person, or to eat, or, as I said, to challenge himself, provided that he kills humanely and that he respectfully uses the dead animal) will probably be a happier, more realistic, confident and responsible person. I subscribe to it. It is not a very popular message today. Vicki and Sammy Weaver, whom the FBI killed at Ruby Ridge, had been armed; hence the sniper's supposed justification. Paralleling the Luke A. Dommers who seek to abolish sport hunting are the

well-meaning police and citizens who long to make private possession of firearms illegal—or, I should say, to limit it to the judges, mayors, sheriffs, millionaires and politicians who undoubtedly would be safer if other people didn't have guns. Again, it would be all too easy for Nugent, who can breeze in without legitimate permits, to shrug off the deteriorating situation of other weapon holders. But, as he put it: What on God's green earth does the Second Amendment have to do with recreational hunting? Clinton wants to reduce it to a blue teal opportunity.

His philosophy of an ideal America was, *If it goes bang, you can own it.* The "minimum age for access to unlimited weaponry," for instance, ought to be eighteen. Do whatever you want, was Nugent's message, and if what you do is evil, then take your lumps. He said: In Vermont, anyone, anywhere, under any conditions, can carry anything that can go bang, and no bullets are hitting six-year-old girls in bathtubs.[11]

He added: But considering where society is today, would I allow everyone to have machine guns? Not until we get the justice system overhauled.

I have often thought that one reason why gang predation is so successful in this country is that there is not any more dramatic way for kids to prove themselves. When I was in Kenya four or five years ago, some Kikuyu women who had been circumcised (or, as American activists would term it, mutilated) told me that they were glad for the operation, because it had literally marked them as adults. It made them "feel special," several of them said. Nugent operates a camp to teach American children how to hunt. I think that when a kid first stalks, kills, butchers and eats an animal, he or she must "feel special," too. The Deerslayer would have endorsed this; Hemingway's hero, the young Nick Adams, frequently articulates a feeling that the wilderness around him possesses a beauty that he can partake of by living and acting within it, which means, as it must to all who eat, killing. —Nature is not a spectator sport, Nugent insisted.

Ted Nugent owned fourteen hundred acres out in Jackson. He lived on seven hundred and twenty of that. The rest was his game preserve: animals, and ice, and slush, and grass, and silver sky. In his house, which was inhabited by zebra-patterned chairs (one wall of his youngest boy's room was muraled with game animals), two-dozen-odd wide-eyed trophy heads and skins hung on the walls; especially striking was a white, almost maneless lion skin. An oval mirror framed by antlers emblematized the man. We had a view of an icy lake. Nugent had lived there for twenty years. He said to me: I've given thousands and thousands to Ducks Unlimited. I've planted over sixty thousand trees with my hands, so shut the fuck up. I'm just a guitar player, but I've *done* something. And I guarantee that if I didn't buy these two lakes outside, they wouldn't be here anymore. If you wanna destroy habitat, don't use a bow and arrow, put up a golf course.

I thought: This guy is right.

I'm not alone, he had insisted, segueing into one of his typical exaggerations. Since we've gotten into this car, I haven't expressed an opinion. I've expressed a *pulse.*

That was probably true, too. Of course, the anti-hunting movement expressed a pulse, too. So did the drive against gun possession. But what I appreciated about Nugent, however irritating and full of himself he might be at times, was that he was honest about what he was, and he *liked* who he was. He drew a line, and he stood behind it. (He told me: My celebrity is dwarfed by something called my action. Man, *I do it!)* I would say to his friends and to his enemies: Plant some trees. If you've already done that, shut up and plant more trees. Do something useful, at least.

Easterbrook told me the tale of a kid with terminal cancer—the relative of a friend—whose case Nugent heard about; he sent a limo over to take the kid to one of his concerts, took him backstage, gave him albums and a signed photo. The kid returned home in ecstasy. When he died, his family followed his wishes and placed Nugent's photo in his coffin. —You don't hear these things about Ted, Easterbrook said. He's just superb. —Because Nugent was so fully his own untrammeled spokesman, it was easy for him to descend sometimes into sloppy inconsistency. You have an obligation to research, he told me in reference to animal rights zealots who'd never hunted, and then you *earn* an opinion. —But not long after that he was insisting with equal determination: There is no rationalization for substances that alter your level of awareness in a downward way. I've never taken a drug in my life. But I've never sat on the green bench with a wet paint sign. I don't need to eat a glass sandwich, either. Wet paint will stain your ass; so if you want to sit on my lap, fuck you. (Linda, who'd heard it all before, dialed her cell phone.) Consistent or not, empathetic or not, whether the man represents American weapons owners or simply his own crotchety opinions, his public insistence on calling a spade a spade is a welcome relief.

DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE (1997)

NOTE: *My Jamaican friends have asked me, "in the interests of the island," to remind the public that Jamaica is a safe and desirable playground for tourists. I would not recommend the Kingston ghettos to tourists, but I wouldn't recommend the ghettos of Los Angeles, either.*

MY NEIGHBORHOOD, MY PRISON

We read that Satan took Jesus to the top of a high peak, and showed Him all the kingdoms of this world, announcing their availability in return for the trifling favor of devil-worship.[1] But when the two men from Rema brought me to the topmost story of the abandoned college, which had been mashed up by gangsters from Tivoli Gardens, with perhaps a little local help, the world they showed me from the unpaned windows was beyond their power to bestow, for it belonged to Satan alone, and they could not hope even to enter it. Wires flapped against the concrete walls now paragraphed with the utterances of an angry God as they led me through the echoing, urine-stained rooms, inviting me to behold the evil kingdoms:

Plead my Cause o Lord, with Them That Strive with me: Fight against Them That fight me: Take hold of Shield and Buckler and Stand Up for mine help. The wind blew in. Remembering the youth hostel on the front line in Sarajevo where people ran past open windows, not wanting to give the snipers any bonus points, I was surprised that my new acquaintances could stand there at the very border of Rema, aiming their didactic forefingers first at the long flat hot weedy lot that had once been Boys' Town until Tivoli Gardens had mashed that up (in Tivoli Gardens, no doubt, they would tell me that Rema had done it); Boys' Town thus lay now as dead as the American Embassy in Phnom Penh after the Khmer Rouge had finished *their* spring cleaning; next my guides swiveled their forefingers left until they were marking No-Man's-Land at center stage where birds nested in the littered nothingness, with Tivoli Gardens in sight beyond; then they pointed farther leftward still at the long grey wall which marked Board Villa, which was likewise mashed up. (Mashed-up-ness can eat you up in your body and in your insides! preached one of the elders at the Swallowfield Chapel, which was safely uptown. Battling with the air, pugilistically gesturing, he cried out: *Perishing—shriveling—falling to the ground!* Ultimately, perishing accompanies people beyond the grave. *Do we believe this?* he asked. I think we need to decide whether we believe it. I tell you this: When God looks upon this world today, He sees it is PERISHING!) Back to center stage. At the edge of no-man's-land was another long wall, behind which weeds grew between the rotting roofs of Denham Town. My friend Philip's house stood there, or, I should say, the skeleton of his house. Gunmen had driven him into Rema, where he now cooked at Miss Lorna Stanley's school. Denham Town was no town anymore—this portion of it, at least. Near Hanna Town it wasn't so bad. —Dey call it Dead Man Town, said my tour guide, the security man, who liked his little joke. He went on: Ever since the Rema Massacre of 1984, everybody run away. Used to be so nice! (I *saw* dem go to work, dem Tivoli gunmen, mon.) Now look over dere, past Dead Man Town. See dem high-rise building up dere? Dat's Tivoli. Oh, so many people mashed up! Most of dem come here, we know dem *evil*...

I asked the question that had been irritating me: If it's so dangerous right here, then how come you guys stand at the windows?

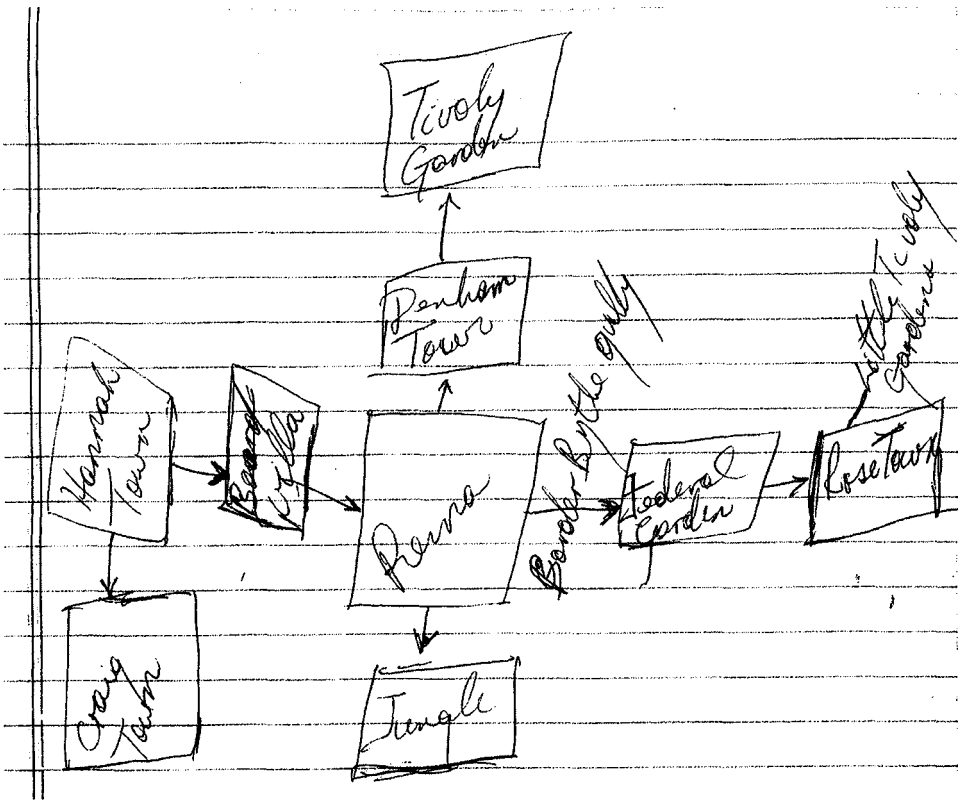
Right now, dey under security force at Tivoli. Canna come here.

When will the soldiers go away?

We doan know.

He was referring to what the newspapers had predictably called an "operation" against Tivoli Gardens, in which four Tivoli residents had been killed and seven injured. A probe would be launched, explained the authorities blandly. "The investigations will also determine if shots were fired from an aircraft."[2]—From an aircraft! What kind of "operation" was that? Did it bespeak repression, desperation, or both? Either way, it was a military act—not law enforcement but war.

How do you feel about what happened at Tivoli? I asked the security man.



Rema as center of the world: A neighborhood guardian's map (1997)

Good, mon! They kill one gunman. Him was the hit man, the biggest murderer. Dem kind of people were *bloody* people.

Well, I said, then do you feel any safer now?

We are still weak ones, he quickly replied. Police help the strong ones.

But the police attacked Tivoli Garden, not Rema, I objected.

Brushing this off, the security man gripped my shoulder, brought my face almost against his face, and said: Dey bring dem bloodstain up here, sir, like water running up dem sidewalk. We never get a nice time. Just more distressed, 'cause of dem Tivoli gunmen.[3]

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY

By this time I had asked any number of men, women and children in Rema what would happen if they crossed No-Man's-Land. The answer was always the same: Death by shooting. So, turning to the security man's tall, dreadlocked, shining-eyed friend, who was very good to me and whom I'm going to call Colin, I asked him to indicate what prospects awaited him at each of the four directions.

Pointing straight ahead out that gaping window toward Tivoli Gardens, he said: You canna' go there.

He pointed to the left, toward Board Villa. —You canna' go there, he said.

Toward the right, toward Trenchtown,[4] he gestured: Can go that way a little.

He pointed behind us. —Can go that way.

What happens if you get in a taxi?

If go the wrong way, Tivoli gunman see, then shoot up taxi, kill everyone.

Can you go uptown?

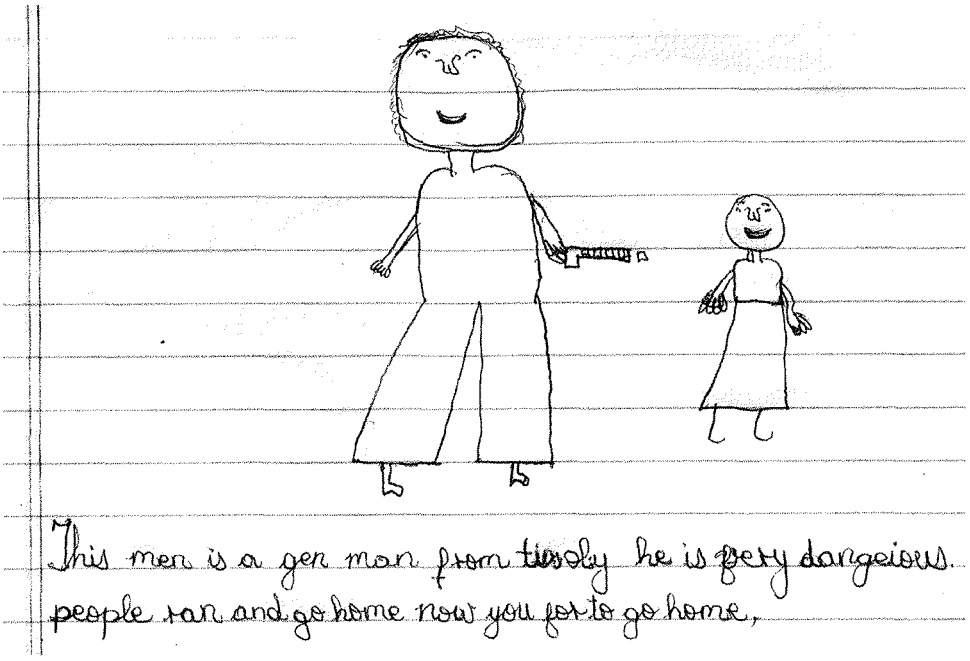
Yes, but some place no good. At Halfway Tree one good friend got killed...

When the fact of what Colin was saying finally pierced my comprehension, I stared at him. It was one of the most hideous things that I had ever heard.

"WE JUST TRY TO LIVE OUR GHETTO LIFE"

I ought not to imply that the situation of Rema was as terrible as that of a community besieged in wartime. Nor could the "Tivoli operation," ugly as it was, be equated with a typical moment of war. An *act* of war it undoubtedly was, but that act, with its eleven resulting casualties, remained an aberration. —Certainly since last week at Tivoli we're very close to seeing summary executions, Father Michael Linden, S.J., had told me. He added: Guilt by association can be a capital crime... —But Tivoli operations did not occur every day or even every week—not yet, at least.[5] The texture of Rema life, I felt, was that of an imprisoned, wounded, interrupted peace, not of a committed war. Everyone said things had been worse last year; perhaps it had been a true war then. If Colin had really wanted to go uptown, or the security man to a supermarket, either foray could have been pulled off, given patience and knowledge, with a seasoning of luck scarcely needed. It was not a routine thing at Rema—or anywhere in Kingston—to see bloody bandages or war dead. Authority's tanks and jeeps went by, while a kid walked up the street singing: *On the road to Jesus Christ...* A man sat in his wheelchair, taking in sun. He'd been shot and paralyzed. Yes, the wounded were around, and one heard gunshots every day, but only as easy finger exercises, not as arpeggios, let alone full-scale orchestral works. The air didn't smell like gunpowder. Up in the abandoned college, which was now his sentry-post, kicking the charred fibers and springs of a torched couch, the security man obligingly pointed out to me some bulletholes on a facade, but if he hadn't pointed to them I wouldn't have seen them. (Everybody wanted me to write good things about Rema, and so I am trying to oblige.)

We *not* robber, we *not* thief, said a stubby man named Mackel. We just try to live our ghetto life. —White chickens cheeped in an immense siding-roofed hutch (a church project), kids played basketball, clothes ballooned and wriggled in the hot wind, while fat ladies and skinny ladies pursued life with clothespins in their mouths. Colin, like the church workers I talked to, kept telling me not to empha-



Drawing of a Tivoli gunman by the daughter of a Rema gunman (1997)

size violence in this story. Fair enough; as I said, it really wasn't as bad as it could have been. Life was getting better and better, Colin continued, leading me to a couple of fledgling shops (gasoline, soft drinks, cold juice) on the border strip which overlooked Board Villa: in the old days, he explained, when Tivoli Gardens ruled, the proprietors would have been taxed to financial death by gunmen. Miss Lorna, the gruff, determined old schoolmistress, made similarly optimistic claims, as did that white American Christian, the Reverend John Steigerwald (about whom more below), who first brought me into Rema. These people requested in the most forceful terms that I not make the community look bad. I think it no aspersion on Rema, which I came almost to love, to report the general consensus as to the extent of progress actually made—summed up by one man's cry: *Worse, worse!* We need *money* to spend! We need some training center; we need jobs... Miss Lorna, who several times told me not to write this down or that down,[6] cried out: What I would *prefer* to tell you, what I would *love* to tell you, is that we have established peace in Rema.

And if you told me that, would it be true?

Yes! she cried.

But five minutes before she'd been saying to Reverend Steigerwald: And I started hearing gunshots over there, and I said: Let's get out! and the boy was insulted. He thought I'd dissed[7] him. He threatened me...

And the gap-toothed security man in the abandoned college had insisted: Dey come regular. Daytime or nighttime. Heavily armed, man. They ambush us.

Well, that didn't invalidate her. In my country's ghettos also, there were gunshots and threats, which occurred occasionally enough for us to stretch the word "peace."

POLITRICKS

Turn your back to Tivoli Gardens and ascend the gentle slope which leads you out of Rema into Jungletown and Jonestown; that's the one approved direction. Now go right, and soon you'll be in Hanna Town, where Paddy Boy[8] is always ready for business and where St. Anne's Church is by necessity fortified with gates and bars. (Is that such an aberration? I read in the newspaper just yesterday that Canadian churches are starting to do the same.) A sister turns a key, removes a padlock, and lets you in.

Tribes, I wanna call it, said slender, dark-faced old Deacon Patterson, whom Paddy Boy remembered from his own school days. A wooden cross hung around his neck. —Different opinions, he said. I've been here for a number of years, and this is the worst. You have drugs, and you have criminal activity, too. It's no use trying to blame it on any individual. It's only posturing bitterness. Quite a few people get shot...

How dangerous is it here? I asked.

I'd say it's not so dangerous, but I don't need any more trouble, you know.

Do they respect the church?

They respect the church. Some younger ones, oh, very very bad, very ignorant... When people get injured, nobody's willing to come forward. The thing is, people avoid being hurt.

(The columnist Dawn Ritch had proposed a countervailing axiom: *When they are not caught, it means that the community approves of their actions.*[9] I see no reason not to accept both explanations. Devotion works as well as intimidation.)

So what do you do about all this? I asked the deacon.

We try to do our best to smother the anger, to let the anger wait for tomorrow...

We went for a walk, and at every corner there was someone to wave to Deacon Patterson. He ambled gently, with the listlessness of old age, smiling, murmuring sweet vague greetings. No one wanted to be photographed except for one street prostitute who stuck out her tongue. Some youths in a doorway shouted at me. —People said, you're an informer, Deacon Patterson explained. They don't like informers.

The walls said JLP or PNP. JLP was the Jamaica Labour Party. PNP was the People's National Party. The walls said this everywhere I looked.

Deacon Patterson, is the violence mainly politically motivated, would you say?

Oh, we don't talk about that, replied the old man. We call it politricks.

THE PLANTOCRACY THESIS

When you got downtown, when you got to Badtown, you found scrawled on almost every wall the initials JLP or PNP, sometimes with additions, as in: PNP A HYPOCRITE, or JLP MUST BE WIPED OUT. These letters and slogans *expressed* and *directed* the violence. They did not exactly *cause* it anymore: through habit and retaliation it caused itself. —*Examine the behaviour of some of the people who occupy the PNP and JLP garrison communities*, said one editorial.[10] *We see the same pattern as existed among primitive bands and villages... We have graduated ... from stones and spears to Glocks and M16s.* This was the tribal explanation, which to my mind explained nothing. It was the convenient tautology of those who were afraid, of those who lived uptown. (When I arrived in Kingston, people warned me not to go downtown unless I had to, and never to go downtown alone. I took that advice. I always went with my dear friend Pearline, who, not being from downtown, had no hereditary enemies there. She was from the country. Dawn Ritch looked Pearl's town up on the police report and said that it was a garrison community, too. Pearline was surprised to hear it; but it's true that she used to vote PNP because that was how her parents voted. Once a year, her family went to the National Arena for a PNP rally. Now, like almost everyone else I met in Kingston, she said that she no longer wanted to vote.)

Deacon Peter Espeut, an eloquent, high-powered, barrel-shaped uptown man, proposed a more plausibly sophisticated version of the tribal thesis. —I suppose a historian could make a case that Jamaica is a society founded on violence, he began.[11] When the British came in 1655, not one Arawak Indian was left alive. The Spanish had killed them all. Of course all slave societies are based on violence. But this was not like the southern United States, where the populations of slaves and free were about equal. In Jamaica the whites were outnumbered by the blacks twenty to one. Jamaica was just Britian's overseas garden. The kind of violence wreaked in Jamaica was more severe than elsewhere, since this island had jungle for slaves to run away to; so the masters had to make examples. They tried to avoid hanging, because if you hang a slave, you eat up your capital. So they used a lot of whipping. The word was: *Plantocracy.* Even after emancipation there was an absence of justice. You tell people they're free, but you compensate the masters for the loss of their slaves—six million pounds! And people continued to work on the plantation for starvation wages. They had to pay rent for the houses they'd been in for generations. Until 1944 the only people who had votes were people who had land. It took a riot to get universal suffrage!

Was there the same sort of violence in the schools then as today?

No, said the deacon. The population of Jamaica then was 85 percent rural. Rural children even today are better behaved, more tolerant of bad treatment. Even today, 51 percent of the population are rural. And I can't think of any violence that happens in rural areas.

If slavery was responsible, I asked, shouldn't the violence have been as bad or worse just after emancipation as it is now?

Wait, said Deacon Espeut. The story's not over with emancipation. After 1944, the next sort of upheaval came in 1962. Out go the British, in come the brown Jamaicans to take up the mantle of power. *Emancipation from slavery simply freed the masters from having to care for the slaves.* And we *still* have elite rule, but now it's brown. Political office is still a way to enrichment.

It always is, I said.The violence came in the 1960s as a route for ensuring power, Espeut went on, frowning a little at my interruption. First, guns were brought by the JLP before the 1967 election. Then the PNP brought in guns for the 70s. Before '67, it was just a few bruises. After '67 it was a matter of being killed. And the children learned violence from their parents, and it's been going downhill ever since.

"WE JUST TRY TO LIVE OUR GHETTO LIFE" (CONTINUED)

At age fifteen I seen my first murder, a teacher at Miss Lorna's school said. I seen where houses was burnt down over there for the political violence. I seen men shot out of the tree, drop out of the tree like a bird.

When was the last murderer here? I asked a woman in the street.

Sunday morning time. A man just come from Tivoli, killing. Same way they kill my husband.

STATEMENT OF FATHER MICHAEL LINDEN, S.J.

Eight hundred people have been killed in a single election. Politicians have so much as admitted that they used the gangs to do their work. But now it's linkages between families which is an engine of the drug trade. The cocaine traffic follows the same way as the old ganja traffic, only it's not provided here. The trade is all controlled by the Tivoli gang.[12]

STATEMENT OF MS. DAWN RITCH, NEWSPAPER COLUMNIST

Tivoli Gardens is the West Kingston seat of the JLP leader, Seaga. Three years ago, he admitted that he had lost all control in his district. He gave police the names of thirteen gunmen.

STATEMENT OF ANOTHER REMA SECURITY MAN

I saw dem go to work, dose Tivoli Garden gunmen, mon. Dey have *artillery*, man. Where dey get that from?

WHY THE PEACE WAS SO PEACEFUL

We don't kill nobody from Tivoli Gardens, explained a Rema boy. The problem is we diss 'em, cause they stand for Satan.

And if you were to go to Tivoli Garden?

Chop 'em up, mon!

STATEMENT OF FATHER LINDEN (CONTINUED)

Seaga and Thompson began it, said Father Linden. They were the leaders. As you know, Seaga was JLP and Thompson was PNP. There was a growing expertise in both parties in affecting drug trade, for which there would be payment in U.S. dollars or guns. In the late 70s and 80s, there was a lot of Cuban military training. So the JLP became more ideological. The '70s perfected a lot of the ideological stances.

(I thought of the Rema man who when I asked him about the JLP replied very calmly: We cannot vote for the devil. —Hard to be more ideological than that!)

Both parties have an official no-violence policy, the father continued. For the most part, they live by it, but the symbolism of violence is certainly not dying.[13]

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY (CONTINUED)

From downtown to Rema one went by way of funeral and automotive parlors past the wall that said PNP ZONE and JLP and LOVE. The cabbies who didn't refuse outright to go were usually nervous. For some reason I especially remember one whose radio blared an old American comedy show bristling with canned laughs, while the driver himself sat sweaty-faced and baleful, hating this job, hating us. Here came another broken wall, barbed wire, funeral homes, grafitti—GHETTO YOUTH, LOVE JAH (God) AND LIVE!—rusty sidings and half demolished houses, goats at Brooklyn Corner, a burned house full of burned and twisted things, a wall that proclaimed REVOLUTION, and then May Pen Cemetery, the burial ground for both Rema and Tivoli Gardens. The cemetery walls shouted JLP. (This place is designed to make criminals, said Miss Lorna. A lot of hideouts for the guys.) We were on Spanish Town Road, in sight of Tivoli Gardens, whose wall said FREE JIM BROWN. Jim Brown had been the Don of Tivoli. The story went that after he went to jail he was going to be extradited to the United States for murder, which worried his confederates, who would have sprung him if they could, but did the second-best thing, namely, to send him a smoke bomb with instructions to activate it at just the right moment, which would force the prison officials to open the windows, and then the confederates would come and get him. The smoke bomb, of course, was a real bomb, so Jim Brown blew himself straight to heaven, thereby easing the confederates' worries. Another story, which was less dramatic and hence

more likely to be true, simply went that he had burned to death in his cell. Some said the police had done it.[14] There were other stories. Pearline, for instance, often heard rumors that Jim Brown was still alive somewhere, just waiting his time, like Barbarossa or King Arthur, but she didn't believe it. Seaga had been one of Jim Brown's pallbearers. One Mr. Wayne Jobson, a Jamaican living in L.A. who was trying to market a screenplay treatment of Monsignor Albert's life, told me that when the BBC asked Seaga how he could show graveside support for a wanted murderer, Seaga merely replied: His community respected him, so I have to respect him, too. —Jim Brown's son Dadas was the Don now.[15] His police report described him as *a short man with a short man complex.* The cab now turned onto an empty, weedy plain of ruins, which as I said reminded me of Sarajevo or Phnom Penh or Mogadishu; and we were back in Rema again, insects once again upon that bleakly sunny ruinscape which was so politrickally mashed up, idiotically wrecked—just like West Beirut, said one of the security guys who like me had never been to West Beirut; but his Adam's apple worked with emotion when he said it. From the Board Villa side there came a shot, then silence, and then a shot. —Them keepin' somebody from comin' in, said Philip with a smile. Keepin' the community safe from Tivoli Garden. —But hard-to-impress Pearline told me out of the side of her mouth that it was nothing serious—only three shots, after all! (For another had sounded now.)—Just trying to start something, maybe, she said. —(I remember how she was curling her hair uptown when a gunshot sounded, and when I asked her how that made her feel, she replied: Happens all the time. You can hear that everywhere.) The next day a Rema kid said that those shots had been let off by a soldier killing one of his friends. I said that I was sorry. Maybe the soldier had actually done it at a different moment, employing a fuller burst of shots; for we were only in Rema for three or four hours that day, and that kid could not have known which noises we'd heard. Maybe the kid was lying, who knows? The shots themselves were real enough. Pearline's sister sometimes dwelled across the border in Rose Town, I suppose for boyfriend reasons. That occasional address meant that she would not be very safe were she to visit Rema, because Rose Town constituted, in Colin's words, "Little Tivoli." She'd told Pearl: I love the music of the guns. —Pearl shook her head wearily. Her maxim was: *People mostly think of doing evil rather than doing good.*

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY (CONTINUED)

Deacon Espeut headed a school, whose boys and girls, like their American counterparts, occasionally[16] showed up with knives, icepicks and hacksaw blades. (Well, they will always tell you that they carry the knife for self-defense, he said with weary geniality.) In such cases it was the deacon's unenviable job to be present at the hearing. (So far, he confided, we haven't expelled anybody, because usually, unfortunately, there's some defect in the procedure.)

What Espeut said next was a complete sociogeography lesson:—The first question we ask the child is: What is your address? And we may get a violent address—Tivoli Gardens, Wilton Gardens. And we ask: Do you know your mother's name or your father's name? And then we know.

Two years before, while studying the "untouchable" Burakumin caste of Japan,[17] I'd heard of a similar procedure. An employer or a university admissions officer asked the candidate's address, and then he knew. The Buraku—or many of them—lived in generations-old ghettos, partly out of inertia, partly from social pressure, and partly from a desire to be with their own. Such an address closed the file. The candidate would not be admitted.

Deacon Espeut, of course, put his question out of motives entirely alien to those of bigotry. What a Rema or a Tivoli Gardens address told him was not that the candidate was low, or subhuman—but rather that the candidate was unfortunate. Ghetto affiliation explained things.[18]

STATEMENT OF ANOTHER SECURITY MAN

Mostly rifle, the man said. Dat's what dey use when dey come to Rema. Dem stand up. Dem come in car. Dem come any way. Dem used to drive all the time, but now dem stop. People kinda have eyes out. Dem use gun. Yeah, mon.

How many come at once?

Dem, six, seven, shoot and damage.

How do they dress?

Just normal. But dem kill anybody, even baby accidentally. Dem doan respect the baby. And woman shield them, so police cannot do to them. Dey is *violence.* Dem come and burn and kill, mon. If dem see we's not here, dem come here, dem Seaga gunmen, dem Tivoli types. We in fear. Every time somebody good come up here, dem Tivoli gunmen come here. Last week us find five dead bodies in Dead Man Town. As long as Seaga rule, it must be like that.

What were you doing in Denham Town?

The man only smiled.

THE WISDOM OF THREE THUGS

Ten minutes away from Rema, in Hanna Town, the cabbie was asking still another ruthless man in gold-rimmed sunglasses: You seen Paddy Boy? and the man muttered: Up de road, up de road! and Paddy Boy came strolling alongside a wall that read YOU ARE NOW ENTERING PNP TERRITORY and at a fruit stand whose wisdom proclaimed MR. TRUST IS DEAD, MR. CASH TAKE OVER, my friend Pearline and I fell in with Paddy Boy, who for two thousand

Jamaican dollars let us photograph another gunman with his pistol, which I first unloaded; then we took another very unwilling taxi back to Rema where they told me: Understand dem Tivoli Garden kill a guy dis morning. A little guy. Some guys passing the Rema Town border from Board Villa...—and then the next day we went back to Hanna Town again to meet Paddy Boy and two of his friends. I knew that the rendezvous would cost me, but I got receipts from Paddy Boy; instead of "bribe" I wrote in "community fee," because Paddy Boy wasn't the sort whom one wanted to disrespect.

JOINT STATEMENT OF THREE THUGS IN HANNA TOWN

It started to change around 1976, said the PNP man (well, all three of them were PNP men, so let's call him the agitator—come to think of it, they were all agitators, so call him the gunman's friend). —Politics get more rigid, he went on. The CIA gangster arm the JLP government, because afraid of Communist. Well, violence became more rigid. Man from Tivoli come here, start firin' shots. PNP in Tivoli had to leave.

When was the last time you went to Tivoli Gardens? I asked.

During the peace of 1988, he said. We had a dance down there, a group down there for some police competition.

How did you feel about meeting your enemies?

We shake hands, laughed the gunman's friend. Those guys are those guys. I tell you straight up, you cannot trust 'em.

Did they pat you down for weapons?

No one gonna start anything. The Don of Tivoli was there...

Do you have a Don?

In Hanna Town we don't really have one. We have a *political adviser.*

All right. So you went to the dance. And now?

We can't trust Tivoli now. They doan love peace. They have to say dee [kill], you like it or not. We are on the corner. They shoot at us.

When was the first time you got shot at?

It all begin in 1980, said the gunman's friend. I was on the corner one night when a bullet come down the hill from the Tivoli Gardens. The bullet start to come from the Rema people. And if we see 'em now, gun or no gun, we have to shoot 'em back.

Beside the gunman's friend, lean and vicious and old, sat Paddy Boy himself, who said: For the 1976, election we go around the country. We campaign. Well, we were driving to a JLP community on the way to our office and a group of men just open fire at our vehicle. We tried to retaliate through the police. We never had no idea about what place it is. So we go to the polling station and the police listen to us, give them retaliation from us.

What kind of retaliation was it?

Oh, no one got hurt, he grinned, and the gunman's friend and the gunman both laughed.

(But I do not want to give the impression that these three violent man were swaggerers. They struck me, rather, as pathetic and fearful.)Then the CIA started to come in, said Paddy Boy. We started to get aid from Cuba, so the CIA didn't like that, so they pump dollars into the JLP.

OK. So you're telling me the JLP was on the American government's side, I said. And what did the PNP stand for?[19]

The gunman spoke for the first time. His gold-rimmed sunglasses dazzled me. He said: We care more for the poor people. We help the people.

And they shot at you, too?

Yeah.

Were you feeling pretty angry about it? I asked.

The gunman replied: This bit of town here, you have to fight pretty hard here. This section of town here, Seaga want to destroy.

Did Rema rise up against Seaga and Tivoli? That's what they tell me.

Well, they would say that, because they were with him, but he turn against them. Now they say one hundred and seventy dead in the war between Rema and Tivoli...[20]

WHY THE PEACE WAS SO PEACEFUL (CONTINUED)

Everyone agrees that Rema and Tivoli used to be under the same Don—the Don of Tivoli. The Rema people whom I interviewed always spoke of that time as the bad old days of dictatorship, but the bitterness of after-times may have contaminated memories. At any rate, the Rema people seem to have felt that Tivoli was keeping a disproportionate share of the resources. As one youth put it: We only get coffin and prison, but *dey* get develop. —Colin said much the same: We do everything for the Don, even be gunmen for him, but he give us only coffin when we die.[21]

The first version of the tale was that one of the worst Tivoli gunman, whom I presume was so labeled by my storytellers because he had killed Rema people, stuck a pistol inside his pants as usual one fine day and accidentally blew his balls off. Tivoli, however, rightly or wrongly believed that the gun had discharged with assistance from Rema. And here I might want to insert what was told me by a member of a crowd of Rema "sportsmen" wall-sitting at the borderline—namely, that before this ambiguous death, Tivoli had put up placards throughout JLP territory advertising a dance, and once the dance was over, a Rema boy, thinking no evil, tore one poster down; but since it bore the likeness of that gunman soon to die, the gunman felt disrespected and gave the Rema boy an etiquette lesson by shooting him in the head six times. The Rema boy pitched forward on his face, which according to Pearline was a sign from God that the killer would soon die, as we know he did.

This sub-plot of the poster, if true, certainly strengthens Tivoli's case that some Rema gunman might have taken revenge, because the Rema people, Christians though they were, never expounded to me on the virtues of turning the other cheek; but let's leave that alone and simply mention that after the Tivoli gunman died, one of his colleagues, the suggestively named Shotty Marks, rolled into Rema to uphold the law of vengeance.

Shotty kill one boy here for nothing, said the security man. When 'im dead, when 'im done, 'im Granny go an 'shout at Tivoli: *Blood for blood!* An' that's when the war come up.

The second version, which bore a finer ideological polish, and which commenced without reference to the events just described, was that Rema had won a liberation struggle—a veritable holy war. Rema had possessed only three guns against Tivoli's thousand, but because Tivoli was under Satan, God had been on Rema's side.[22]—Down dere is de army now, you know, Colin said (and he wasn't the only one who said it). Not even de army can go dere now, you see—must shoot 'em from helicopter!. *An' we stood up to 'em.* Dis system is God system. Deir evil system is de devil system. Dem *kill you, kill you.* When dem come up, dem do *anything* dey can do, especially if dem carry malicious feeling. Dem rob, dem kill, dem make de girl do oral sex like Sodom; dem is *WICKEDNESS.* So we take a stand dat time. Before, if we take any kind of stand, even make a youth club, dat's a PNP youth club, dey call it Communist youth club because dey is JLP. We supposed to live without *any* kind of system right now, not PNP, not JLP. Enough of my friends, me an' them, we're not gonna vote. No more politicians. *So us rise up.* The youth from this community gonna get locka up in the prison three-four years. 'Cause if we don't defend the community, we gotta run away. *We gotta rise up.* We gotta stop them by any means necessary...

Why couldn't you just go talk with their Don?

No chance! Colin cried in husky bitterness. I promise I will *not* no more JLP stronghold! Don is JLP politician. Must kill me. So we fight. Dem come up and kill! We stand up against dem with three gun. From dat day dey don't dictate. It was thanks to de Almighty that we won...

The third version, the dry one, the cynical one, was propounded by Pearline, that sad forty-two-year-old country girl who knew a few things. —Dey want to switch from JLP to PNP, she said. Dat's all. So dey fight. And Colin with his story 'bout the three guns makes me laugh. Colin was Tivoli gunman before, I am sure. He must be. He *himself* must have dose three guns![23]

STATEMENT OF THE THREE THUGS (CONTINUED)

Did you help Rema in their uprising against Tivoli? I asked the Hanna Town gunman.

Well, we had a relationship, to be frank, the man replied, running a thumbnail

along his sweating beer bottle. (His pistol was an old black Luger, so old that I almost wondered whether he might be fooling me with a licensed firearm, because it was not very shiny or showy [oh, they love the Glock! Father Linden had laughed, particularly the *chrome* Glock...]. But when I photographed the weapon, sweat broke out on his face. He hid himself, all but his gun hand, crouching unsteadily behind a pillar.)

And that was justified?

Of course.

When do you think violence is justified?

Violence is justified if somebody try to hurt you, Paddy Boy recited quickly, knowing this lesson by heart. —You have to look out! If a man from Denham Town or even Tivoli, you can welcome them but you cannot trust them. Some people just bring politics up to the max. Election time is just gunshot. You don't take your eye off any minute.

And you agree with that? I asked the gunman.

Yeah.

And is revenge justified?

Yeah.

Have you done that?

A lot of that.

I heard that a seventeen-year-old girl in Tivoli got shot in the brain during that recent helicopter assault, I said to the three of them. How do you feel about that? Are you sorry for her?

Well, the violence is caused by them in Tivoli, you know, said the gunman jauntily. Tivoli really start it.

STATEMENT OF FATHER LINDEN (CONTINUED)

We used to baptize everything that walked, said Father Linden. After Vatican II, now a pastor has to make sure that the person has been raised in a proper environment. But I had a girl shot the other day. She was in our youth group. She's blind now. She's been baptized.

Why did she get shot?

Unknown. It's a security forces bullet in there.[24]

STATEMENT OF THE THREE THUGS (CONTINUED)

Would you like to see the violence stop? I asked.

Paddy Boy said nothing, and the gunman's friend grinned sarcastically, but the gunman became emotional and his patois thickened and he said: Dey need unity. Can no have the peace, no peace. If most of 'em can't eat, what can dey do?

STATEMENT OF SISTER BEVERLY, SAINT ANNE'S CHURCH, HANNA TOWN

You see some really malnourished people. I saw one man whose face was eaten away by hunger. I don't know if he died.

STATEMENT OF THE THREE THUGS (CONTINUED)

If your address is Kingston, Jamaica, insisted the gunman, even with twelve subjects in school, you can't get employment.

So what can be done about it? I asked him, bearing in mind one very bitter remark of Deacon Espeut's: You see your colleagues driving cars that you can't buy, and when you ask where they got them, they say: I'm carrying a gun for this politician. A gun becomes a ticket to prosperity.[25]

But the gunman either chose to keep that axiom a professional secret, to avoid repulsing me, or else he really believed himself (as I hope he did) when he answered: In the ghetto, it has to start from some skill. From earning and learning. Police Youth Club is a good thing, too. I was even invited to their meeting. Maybe I should have gone.

Do they help you much at Saint Anne's? I asked.

Saint Anne's is a good school. Enough of them learn from it. Paddy Boy here, he went to Saint Anne's...

Well, do you see peace coming to stay? I asked.

The gunman curled his fingers into fists. —As long as Mr. Seaga have power, and 'im *comin'* and 'im *dealin'*, it's not gonna stop, he said furiously. Dat *my* experience. If something happen in dat community, cannot even let police know. Is a *vicious* man.

Surprisingly enough, Paddy Boy thought differently about Seaga. He said to me: Once, we want to see 'im dead, but he start to show the kindness, aid us with things, pump money into Hanna Town. Him start to repair commercial center. Him start more from the old-time politics.

But the gunman in his patched pants and loose shirt raised high the beer in his hand and cried: Mr. Seaga just find a way for to kill 'em! Because him so big, you know! Seaga make the politics of West Kingston get *rotten*. Dem doan' want the government force, the good force, the security force to enter Tivoli Garden! Is like some guerrilla! Dem people doan think like us. Bullet whistle overhead, mon! Last July, big things go on. Big mens plot when big man of Tivoli get dead. Dey say is just fire gun salute over graveside, but dem gunshot two day, three day—and dem gunshot come into Hanna Town! Police kill 'im! It look to me like Seaga get 'im up for dead to get WAR, WAR, WAR! And I remember dem shoot up de police station at Denham Town...

The gunman paused for breath. Then he, who'd been shot in the chest at a recent

dance (he'd spent his birthday at the hospital), turned his gilded sunglassy stare full upon me and said: Long as Mr. Seaga have dem blue breath of life in 'im, gonna be no peace.

THE UNEASY RULE OF LAW

To help you visualize the kind of campaigning that Paddy Boy and his colleagues had engaged in (and probably would undertake again for the next elections, which would happen sometime between October and March, the date to be announced only two weeks in advance to reduce opportunities for violence), I can do no better than quote Father Linden: It's a secret ballot by law, but the mob goes to welcome the voters. So the voting is always unanimous. The other thing is, the police get frightened and disappear. And at some point the crowds might move in and steal the ballot box...

POLITICAL GEOGRAPHY (CONTINUED)

Bearing those words in mind, I asked a taxi driver how he planned to vote. The driver (who carried an icepick for protection, because thirteen cabbies had already been killed by gunmen so far that year) stuck his head out the window and spat into the street. —Win-lose, win-lose; I don't care anymore! he growled. Last time I go down there, a man and a woman come in with a big long paper and say: What is your name? Okay, you don't have to vote. We vote you already.

In the country, Paddy Boy might or might not be able to boast of such impressive results. But in garrison communities such as Hanna Town or Tivoli Gardens, the sheep must follow their gun-wielding shepherds. The outcome was apathetic disenchantment.[26]—You see, politics is sport, explained the elegant columnist Dawn Ritch. Vote early and often. Traditionally, voter turnout in Jamaica is very high.[27]—And I am sure that many people did plan to vote. But I have to repeat that almost everyone I polled—the nature of my task, of course, skewed my sample, who were mainly Rema people, Hanna Town, and downtown people, with some cabbies and ministers thrown in—said that they didn't want to vote anymore. (I have already relayed Colin's view: No more politicians.) But it might well be that when polling day came, Ms. Ritch's prediction would be borne out once again—for Paddy Boy would vote, and our taxi driver would either vote or be voted for...

POLICE

There was a second factor that tended even more to alienate that portion of the electorate whose spirit was already imprisoned by violence. That was *authoritarian* vio-

lence. At literally the same moment as the radio droned on in anxious confusion about the attack on Tivoli Gardens, other people were telling me counterpart tales. One of Pearline's friends, the sister of a robber-gunman (who, by the way, had his own ethical code—seeing a strange man beating a strange woman, he at once shot the man in the leg; and it may also be placed to his credit—or not—that he regularly gave his sister gifts of stolen gold chains) put on her sandals late one morning while her brother slept on, tired from his night work, and she went out to the market. The neighbors led her home. Policemen had shot her brother in his bed. Pearline told me she would never forget her friend's wailing. Not long after, the authorities liquidated her other brother, who'd followed the same brutal trade.[28]

Does she hate the police now? I asked.

No, because she know both brothers were gangsters.[29]

But Colin, not so forgiving in his disposition, called the police "terrorists." —Just past the ruins of the old Ambassador Theater, which squatted, white and blasted, at the edge of more no-man's-land—Rema land, really, all the way to the watchtower of the prison where five of Colin's friends sat in payment for their efforts in the cause of community self defense, but all the same, it was not advisable to go much past the roadblock of rusty and burned things because Tivoli Gardens might fire wide, and a stray bullet was, in Colin's words, "the worst disease"—just past the Ambassador (it were a *nice* place, eh? said Colin, shining-eyed and guarded by his chest-length braids. Look, Bill—here were the screen for the theater! Look, Pearl! The people just dismantle from both sides of the community. Lick it down with sledgehammer!), a street ran in the one direction that Colin could freely go;[30] a street walled by metal sidinged shanteys and then by genuine concrete walls that were painted with oceans, angels and bottom-waggling girls, courtesy of the youth arts project. This was Jonestown. Ever since Tivoli Gardens had lost its reputed stranglehold, Jonestown and Rema, once politically divided, were united in the emancipation of apathy: no more PNP or JLP! We sat on a Jonestown stoop drinking Dragon Stout, my camera lens mobbed by uniformed school children. Then suddenly, rapidly, came a khaki-colored tank, bristling with helmeted soldiers. People's faces closed. I wanted to take a photograph, but they begged me not to. —They don't like, a man explained. Maybe then they hurt us, mon. All the time they brutalize us.

Do they come here often?

They patrol here every day.

The police, of course, had their own plausible and reasonable version of events. —I will stay here in the station and hear shots fired in Rema, said Superintendent Lanval in his windowless office in the heart of the station, which stood a block from the Ambassador, with machine-gun-gripping soldiers on the front steps. —And they'll say no shots were fired!

Which is more dangerous, I asked him, Rema or Tivoli Gardens?

Rema is as dangerous as Tivoli Gardens, although it is true that here they are

more exposed to us during the day, thanks to our armed patrols. Once you come into close contact with the Rema gunmen, there can be no hesitation about shooting back. Over the past two years, two police have been killed in this area, six shot and injured, and four or five soldiers also shot. Most of the shootings occurred last year. Right now, it's like a dormant volcano. The criminal element within forces us to be aggressive. There have been occasions when people who have been friendly with us have been told by gunmen to stop. I don't want to imagine what this area would be like without our presence here.

What's the worst thing you've seen?

Firing at the police station. They have attacked this police station three weeks ago—about eight men with M-16s...

When I asked Colin about this, he gave me confirmation, and there was mirth in his eye. Dawn Ritch gave me confirmation of another sort when she showed me a map that she'd recently printed in her column. It depicted the island of Jamaica, benignly blank except for the area around Kingston, which was heavily shaded with garrison communities. One-third of Saint Catherine Parish was garrison; that was next to Kingston.[31] In East Kingston, the police knew of six discrete gangs; in Central Kingston, of twelve; and in West Kingston, of eight. According to the police report that lay on her desk, Rema had the second highest number of gangs.

And the police's case was reinforced by the testimony of almost everyone I met, such as the little Rema girl who said she saw gunmen all the time; when I asked what they looked like she replied: Like Satan. —Are there gunmen here? I asked a strapping fellow in the mixed PNP and JLP town called Riverton, where boys jumped onto the garbage trucks to claim first ownership of what must be literally called the spoils, and where no one had been killed for a whole month. —I wouldn't deny it, came the reply. Just like any normal community.

If gunmen constituted normality, and the police were to perform their duties at all, then swift, ruthless action must sometimes be called for. —The vast majority are just spoiled kids, Father Linden had said.[32] The worst I've seen are people who are lethally dangerous and also cocaine-addicted and in leadership. When you see mutilation it's almost always cocaine. There's a strong suspicion of irrationality. —Was Father Linden's chain of cause and effect accurate? I don't know. But how can I demand that anyone, police or not, negotiate and palaver with irrational gunmen?

I can, of course, demand that the police know what they're doing. Last month's victim, the one that the strapping citizen of Riverton referred to, had been a twenty-four-year-old mother accidentally shot by the police, who were after five men. I don't know if the men escaped or not. The dead woman left behind four children.[33]

Obviously, the officer who had discharged his weapon into this woman was most to blame. But can we deny Paddy Boy and his counterparts all responsibility?[34]

STATEMENT OF SISTER BEVERLY (CONTINUED)

Yesterday I went to Tivoli to meet the parents of someone who was shot. He was probably killed by soldiers. He wasn't in the street; he was in his bed. A little kid. The brother of the dead child comes to our school, and he was crying a lot that day, so we visited the house...

What did you do? I asked her.

We introduced ourselves, she said. We let the father tell the story of how his son had died. We wanted just to be there with the family. Then we prayed with them.

And did the father feel better?

He was grief-stricken, but I think he felt a little better maybe, replied the nun without much conviction.

POLITRICKS TRIUMPHANT

Thus the usual steady state, which one can find in any instance of prolonged violence (Serbs kill Croats, so Croats kill Serbs) had been achieved. The more Paddy Boys proliferated, the more violent the authorities became, which encouraged the perception that they were "terrorists," and gave the Paddy Boys all the more license...[35] Hence that cliché, the "climate of violence." —The moral point for people in the church is, you have a culture that can easily undermine the morality of people, said Father Linden. There's a culture of subterfuge; there's a culture of get-rich-quick. And in the garrison areas, large numbers of parishioners have suffered violence. Once the violence does touch people, you have the revenge factor. Once you have a member of a family killed, you have it—or a girl from one turf mixes up with a guy from another part. Suppose someone from Hanna Town goes down and robs somebody under protection in another area; or someone is supposed to transport a gun and uses it instead. Or someone fails to transport a gun... —Thus Father Linden.

But in Rema everybody disdained such detached explanations and indignantly insisted: Look like we are the evil, but not true! Tivoli send someone kill by day or night, then run so police say from Rema gunman. But we only stand up to them so we can live nice. If we no stand up, they must mash up everything with fire and sledgehammer. —Such ran their justification. In other words, Rema gunmen were always right. And, after all, Rema *was* mashed up. If the police were unable to "stand up," how could one blame the locals for doing it?

SOLUTIONS

I firmly believe that it's not a behavioral problem that people have. It's a spiritual problem.

These were the words of Reverend John D. Steigerwald, the executive director of Jamaica Teen Challenge, an organization self-described as "a Bible-based alcohol and drug rehabilitation program," whose unfortunately ambiguous slogan, "Helping Hurting People," might bring sarcastic smiles to the lips of the ungodly, but Reverend Steigerwald's urgently martial sincerity, which could be but the uneasiest of friends with the cosmopolitanism (some would say rottenness) in which I live, was perfectly in place in the ghettos of Kingston, where one's enemies received automatic enrollment into Satan's legions, and even weary, worldly Pearline could say, when I showed her an illustration of Aztec gods in a book I was reading: Better doan do that. Burn up too much money already. Idols are a waste of time and money. —Steigerwald's famous Catholic counterpart, Monsignor Richard Albert, believed that such religious typecasting was superficial and did not benefit anyone. About Teen Challenge he said, after a word or two of lukewarm praise: I think we have to be careful about over-spiritualizing things. I want to help the people live their lives as they choose. I'm not out to make them follow my line. —How could anyone deny that Steigerwald's moral vision was black and white? But I admired this balding, bespectacled, squinting, uncomely man. He was here to do good at the risk of his own life—and his crusading ethos surely raised the risk to a level exceeding Deacon Patterson's. He was no cautious delayer or time-waster. On the morning I met him, we sat uptown in the townhouse of a mutual acquaintance, and after interrogating me as to my purpose and gazing deeply into my eyes he took Pearline and me straight to Rema, although the acquaintance begged him to be careful down there. Could Steigerwald find young people who needed him, and could he in some sense help them? It seemed eminently possible, for he had love and will in his heart.[36] Colin appreciated him, too, which counted for a lot with me. Teen Challenge had joined in cooperation with two Kingston churches who for some time had supported Miss Lorna's school there within the high fence, catty-corner from the police station,[37] and Miss Lorna was a bundle of furious, no-nonsense goodness with no time for me, so if she had time for Steigerwald that made me respect him all the more. (We never see NO ONE here! cried Colin passionately. No one help us except only this school! This lady, she's the first to give opportunity. —Did any Don ever help you? I asked, and got the usual answer: When somebody kill us, Don give us only coffin. Only this lady care about us so many years...[38] And Pastor John, he new here, but he try and do the good thing. —When I heard that, my heart went out to him and to Miss Lorna, who two weeks after her first arrival in Rema—fifteen years ago now—saw two men approaching each other with upraised machetes, and in her

deep, hoarse, shouting voice cried out: In the name of Jesus, what are you doing? and they stopped.) ...Miss Lorna's school would be the place toward which Pearline and I would direct those uptown taxi drivers who were willing to go to Rema (one in three of them weren't). Kids standing outside the locked gate. Every time someone passed through the gate, they unlocked and locked it. Miss Lorna was sorting donated clothes inside, to the click of padlocks. Tanks and jeeps clattered past the fence.

Man has *choices* in life, Steigerwald told me. The Scripture clearly says that a man's bent is toward evil. These guys have made *choices*.

So your strategy is to get them to make another choice?

That's right, answered Steigerwald, seeking and searching for something in my face. —They talk about injustice. Well, the biggest injustice was what happened two thousand years ago. They want to stop the injustice. They never include the option of prayer.

You know, John, I said, the last time I was in Cambodia I met a kid who'd joined the Khmer Rouge because he was hungry.[39] He was scared and he was ignorant. He killed innocent people—and government soldiers—because he was told to. He doesn't even know his own leader's name. How responsible would you say he is?

Steigerwald replied: I have to believe the scriptures, where it says in Romans that God reveals Himself to all. People, even the Gentiles, know that to kill someone is *wrong*.

I understand, I replied.

As I write this now, considering Steigerwald's argument as closely as I am able—for the issue is a universal and desperately important one—I have to say that I disagree at least partially. *Necessity is murder's first defense*, and it is so easy to define necessity in expedient terms! As far as I can tell, it never entered that Khmer Rouge boy's mind that he had done anything wrong. As for the violent ones of Kingston, Dawn Ritch had—very insightfully, I believe—illuminated their moral actions when she told me: They come in search of better conditions, and don't find them. It's a social phenomenon. They don't see why they should be so weak, so poor. You wouldn't compare this with Pol Pot and Bosnia. You compare it with old Corsican banditry. These people are protected by their communities. They become outlaws. Rather than face the law, they retreat into their communities. The problem they have is of being a permanent underclass. *Their communities regard their first offense as an honorable thing.*

But on another level I think that Steigerwald was correct in asserting the existence of apodictic moral knowledge. When someone in Rema shot up the police station, say, and was applauded for it by his peers, he was applauded (so I like to think) not because shooting was good in and of itself, but because the police were perceived as the aggressors. In other words, he was applauded because his act was considered an important exception to a rule: Killing was bad, but the police had killed, or by confiscating neighborhood guns, had left us vulnerable to be killed by Tivoli gun-

men; therefore in this particular instance, counter-killing was good. (That is why when I asked one of Colin's friends, a big man who declined to be photographed and who sat watching Board Villa from his box of zinc siding and barbed wire, how often the enemy attacked, he replied: This week they cool, mon. I'm a security officer. That my job. You see someone come. If they approach us the bad way, then we must do the same. But we don't want to destroy people. We are not animal. We are not cannibal. We are human being.) —The problem with making exceptions was that it left the gunmen free to make whatever exceptions they chose.

That's the whole message of Teen Challenge, Steigerwald said. It's a faith-based program. We're not preaching religion. We're preaching *relationship.*

This was one valid approach—the way of discipline, of pulling the recalcitrant camel through the needle's eye to bring it to Heaven. One reason, I think, Reverend Steigerwald and Miss Lorna could be colleagues was that in the gangland atmosphere of *take-take-take* they both laid down strict rules of creed or behavior, which could infuse backbone into certain lax individuals.[40] Hence their colleague, the Reverend Bobby Wilmot, whose aggressive, nay, insatiable determination formed handholds out of its own bony hardness from which it pulled itself upward, aggrandizing itself, executing its purpose in small steps, leaving its undisciplined competitors in the dust. He told me: I must say, early on, when I came here seven years ago, they would pass me skeptically and say: *Are you still there?* But we didn't come to play games. Dis used to be deir place to play football. We took it over for a school. I said, I will clean up de place dis month, and you clean up next month. Then next month dey didn't do it, so I cleaned it up and said: I have rights now. And de mainstream of guys support us now.

Hence also the teacher I met at Miss Lorna's school who was studying for purposes of refutation the heretical doctrine of evolution up at the All Life Ministry Bible Institution, learning how wrong Darwin was. I disagreed with her opinions, but the most important thing was that she was studying, and sometimes studying required direction. Even at the school itself the workers, most of whom had scars, might suddenly fly into a rage, and shout: *Doan' argue with me!*

They have asked us to discipline their children, Miss Lorna said, rushing from room to room as usual, this time with an extension cord and a washcloth in her hands. —I mean, we are everything down here—doctor, nurse, hairdresser, mother... I closed the school down once. Closed it down last week, for discipline problems. The parents came within one hour. The first thing the parents said was: Grab them by the ears and beat them! Because they equate beating with love. It's true that if they don't see the rod, they don't behave.[41] Miss Lorna! cried a boy eagerly.

Hey, how you doin', babes? she said, kissing his cheek.

She entered the classroom and said: All right, children. I am leaving. Please do not frustrate the teachers. Respect Philip. Respect the others. All right; all the best now.

STATEMENT OF MONSIGNOR RICHARD ALBERT, SAINT PATRICK'S FOUNDATION

Other individuals, who might not like being drilled in matters of conviction, found a patron in Monsignor Richard Albert, who, although he lived in that same personal relationship with the Father and Son that Reverend Steigerwald talked about,[42] he could still say to me: There are a lot of good people who don't accept Jesus who are in Heaven.

His headquarters, Stella Maris Church, was way uptown. The taxi driver who carried Pearl and me up there for our first interview kept a licensed Colt six-shooter in his pants, which made me feel as if I were back in upstanding sections of my own country. We rang the buzzer, and from inside they unlocked the steel-barred gate just as they did at Saint Anne's Church in Hanna Town; and then they held open the inner door to the air-conditioned anteroom where assistants worked at computer and phone; to the right was a nameplated door behind which, in an office ornamented by three English bulldogs that grinned sadly with their sharp little white teeth, Monsignor Alpert himself sat at his desk, bald and red-faced and brawny like his dogs.

I'd like to meet some of the people you helped, I said.

Most of the people I've helped are either in jail or dead, he said.[43]

Grimacing, he picked up the phone.

He got bail, huh? the priest was saying. Before the jailbreak? I didn't see his alias in the newspaper, so I wondered if he was in the jailbreak. He's up for some serious charges—murder and whatnot.

The priest chuckled. —What're we gonna do?

He hung up. —Wacky Mikey's gone, he said. We can't get him.

I came to Jamaica in 1976... he began to tell me, but just then the phone rang again. Another case. He picked it up and muttered into it: What I said was, I wanted him to get checked by a doctor as long as it's a genuine situation. I wanna help him. Not thousands of dollars, but a thousand dollars or so is okay. I understand he lost an eye and he's very depressed. I can help with two and a half, three thousand dollars. And I would pay it to the doctor, not to him.

He hung up. On his desk was a box of Cuban cigars. He put one to his lips, and made a face. —A lot of inferior cigars these days, he said. —He threw the whole boxful into the garbage and went to a cabinet to get a better one. —All right, let's go, he said.

We got into his van, the cigar now puffing satisfactorily, and proceeded down to Waterhouse, where he had lived from 1983 until quite recently, when the death threats and the dead bodies thrown over his wall finally drove him uptown to Stella Maris. (Pearline's niece lived in Waterhouse from time to time with a man—shall we call him a gun collector?) On the way, Monsignor Albert gave me his autobiography, in a perfunctory sort of way, his impatience at being taken from his work less

palpable than Miss Lorna's, but it was clear enough that here was one busy man. Everybody in Kingston seemed to know him (as was natural, for like any other sincere fundraiser he tirelessly tooted his own horn), and most seemed to like him. —He's a great person, said neck-scarred Philip in Rema, slowly licking a spoonful of peanut butter. —A hero, said Colin, who insisted that he was Monsignor Albert's friend, and wanted to see him again, which was not so easy because the priest maintained no center in Rema: He couldn't be everywhere, after all. —He a good chap, said the friendly bartender at the Indies Hotel uptown who always charged me double.[44] Even Paddy Boy's friend, that Hanna Town gunman, allowed: Well, a good pastor. Always try an' sort out any violence. —The Saint Patrick's Foundation, which he had founded, was the largest charitable organization in Jamaica. He ran women's centers, woodworking shops, schools, and the like, all locked and gated like everything else in Kingston. —Some guys would be interested in building up their churches, he said. I'm interested in building up centers.

One of the brothers at Saint Anne's had told me: I'm not trying to be critical of Monsignor Albert, but the infusion of foreign aid is not the best answer. —But what was? —The gangs are protesting the lack of opportunity, said Dawn Ritch. Once there is growth in Jamaica, the killings will decline. The answer is not simply to suppress them. —Monsignor Albert with his extraordinary budgetary powers proposed to provide a mite of that opportunity.

When is violence justified? I asked him.

As a pacifist, I would say, violence is almost never justified. As a Catholic, I think the same.

What about the death penalty?

The death penalty should die. Killing people to stop people killing people is crazy. I've walked some men to the gallows. One of the saddest times in my life was when I walked one guy, and he said he was innocent, and I believe him. Jesus had a lot to say about it. He said: *He who is without sin, let him cast the first stone.* Unfortunately, we're in a terrible situation in Jamaica. We're fighting for our survival. This area we're going through now, two small boys were murdered for reasons of donsmanship. We're on a PNP-JLP border. The inner city is coming up into the outer city. We're in a free-market economy, but the vast majority of Jamaicans are not capable of entering the free-market economy. Ninety-four percent of the kids in this city are born out of wedlock. Sixty percent of the kids who graduate from the schools can't read. The teachers are the last to arrive and the first to leave each day. And the gun problem is worse and worse.

Because of politics or because of drugs?

Don't let anyone tell you the gun problem is drug-related, said Monsignor Albert.[45] It's the result of political donsmanship. I don't believe any man has the right to have a gun. Garrison communities have been armed by politicians. This is modern-day slavery.

How is that? I asked.

Dependence is slavery. Give a man a fish and you help him for a day. Teach him to fish and you help him for his whole life. The people in the garrison communities aren't free. They're trapped.

But isn't having your own gun like having your own fishing pole? I wanted to know. Give a man a gun and he can defend himself for his whole life...

(As I said this I was recalling the hot ghetto afternoons in Rema, one of Colin's daughters, the youngest, on my lap, inhaling secondhand ganja smoke while her father and the other men read American gun magazines, admiring the Para-Ordnance models P-12 and P-10, the Sig Sauer P220...)

I lived for fifteen years in the ghetto, replied Monsignor Albert. I could go in and out—when the gunfire was quiet...

We came to a wall on which was written ANYONE FOUND HERE AFTER 12:00 PM WILL BE FOUND DEAD IN THE MORNING and Monsignor Albert, one hand on the wheel, the other clenched around the big cigar, was saying: Every night there's a major flareup. Last August I had just finished dinner up in town with my archbishop, and I radioed down to Waterhouse and they said: There are three guys on the premises with M-16s in their briefs, and nothing but shooting going on. We went to the police station for assistance, but we were also getting shot at *at the police station*; we were under siege. Finally we were able to get a policeman to come to our help. The policeman and I stood in the street. Eight soldiers had to come to get me on my property. Now, the three guys with the M-16s weren't out to attack me. They were just stationed there. The soldiers smashed down my front gate, lay down on the ground in combat position, and we watched as *nine* guys with M-16s jumped over my wall... As I watched eight black Jamaican soldiers knock down my gates, ready to kill other Jamaicans, I was so sad. I realized how entrenched the gun culture was. The inner city communities have become so tainted now with this culture of death that they see it as the logical thing to have a gun, not only for self-defense, but also to get their way...

A BORDER MEMORY

He spoke with some truth. At the border between Rema and Rose Town, which was, the Rema crew told me, controlled by Tivoli, there stood a corner store where Colin, Philip and I left Pearl for the moment and proceeded with the crew into enemy territory, the young men all nervous, sweating and swallowing, which made me the same. Pointing back at the corner where Pearl sat, one youth said to me: If dem try come that shop, come and burn down everything. Gotta keep 'em out—boom-boom-boom! —*Why* the black man cannot live together? Philip soliloquized in anguish. —Metal sidings sported the occasional bullethole, although I could not honestly say that this zone was as much weapon-devastated as simply neglected—

well, mashed up, too, by sledgehammers and such, but the borderscape was merely ugly and sad, not hellish. Past the seventh-day Adventist church we transected hot squares of naked lifelessness, then arrived at the weedy ruins into which we all dropped, cautiously upraising our heads like prairie dogs. —You are a brave man, someone told me, which made me feel even less brave, but out of inertia and egotism I accompanied them over the wall, hearing one boy mutter: Very dangerous!—and now those black bodies were running through the weeds, and no one shot at us, and we came into Rose Town where they had me photograph a crazed old lady for proof that we'd done the dare; another woman, in youngish middle age, spoke with me civilly for a moment, but between her and the Rema crew no words were exchanged. They leaped back up over the wall, but I, feeling fat and old, had to run around it. No one shot at us. But Philip's question continued to roar as loudly as any gun.

STATEMENT OF MONSIGNOR RICHARD ALBERT (CONTINUED)

Now, this is Mandela Terrace, the priest interrupted himself, pointing out another fine part of garrison Kingston, ugly like Colin's scarred gashes from an assailant's cane-bill—a hot and spread-out city it was, with high curving walls topped with fences or barbed wire or concertina wire. —These people living along the road are like refugees, he said. The government put the road in; I put the water in. And this is one of my centers: Saint Margaret's.

A gate was unlocked and opened, and people came running, crying: Yes, Father, Father!

How's the neighborhood? he asked the boy with the scarred arm. How's the kid? Everything quiet?

Yeah, mon! So far, so good!

Both his brothers were murdered by the police right inside the house, the priest said to me.

With or without cause?

Without cause.

This is Tower Hill, he said. Half JLP, half PNP. During election time, I'm the only one who can move about, he said, in the same matter-of-fact way that Pearline could tell me how one of her friends, pregnant, had worked in the cane fields until the hot sun made her miscarry, got out of the hospital, went back to the cane fields, and worked until she hemorrhaged again—because people did whatever they had to do, or thought they had to do, and who knew the difference?

We drove on. —This is where I lived, he said to me, and from the crowd of well-wishers and assistants, whose hands he shook through the rolled-down window, he singled out the priest who had succeeded him here. —This is a different Jesus, he

was saying, pointing to a fresco. I got some beautiful things in Rome. A black Jesus, a black Madonna and child... Yeah, that's great. What'd he charge you for that?

Eighty thousand, said the new priest.

Too high, said Monsignor Albert.

I thought it was reasonable.

No. That's too much. And I'll tell him he's got to do a free one for me.

Both men laughed, one heartily, the other a little nervously.

He did my Baptism of Jesus for six thousand, Monsignor Albert continued.

The priest grinned anxiously. I suspected that Monsignor Albert might not always be an easy boss.

Things quiet?

Last week they burned up somebody. A thief.

All right, said Monsignor Albert, shaking hands, asking: You still working? At the supermarket? You havin' fun? All right. Good. Fine. How's it going? I want to see your kid's report.

He hugged and kissed.

We drove out, and they locked the gate behind us.

This is the school wall, he said. I put a lot of sayings from the Bible on it, as you can see.

YOU SHALL NOT KILL, I read.

Anyone else, they would have crossed them out, the priest mumbled around his cigar. They used to throw dead bodies over my wall at night. It was pretty rough. I still don't go out alone. Say I had a flat tire... Now, this is the house that the Don, Willie Moscow, built for his mother. He never stopped anything I did.

Stretching his hand across the vista of shacks, he said: This is where Jesus Himself was.

You know, I grew up in the Bronx, he went on after a moment. I saw some tough stuff but I really wasn't exposed to it at all. I was trained to be a university chaplain but in 1975 I flunked my exams. So I had to go back to the monastery and study again, and by then the position was filled. Then when I did pass the exams, my superiors said go to Jamaica. I said you're crazy; I never worked with minorities; I don't want to do that; I said no. My superior tried to convince me and I said no. But on the subway car going home, it hit me that in giving you receive, in dying you're born. So here I am. When I got off the train I called him and said: Okay, I'll go.

I was overwhelmed by the suffering, but I was young and enthusiastic, and I dug in. I learned not only to offer spiritual consolation but also to remember that Christ lived among the poor. After Saint Catherine, where I set up the only leprosy hospital in Jamaica, I went to Kingston, and I've been there for fifteen years. I've lived through all the death threats, all the gunshots, all the abuse. The majority of the people love me, because I want nothing from them except their prayers. A guy had threatened to kill me; he's since dead. Satan the gangster came to me, very grateful

for some help I had given him, and offered to take the man out. I said I was very grateful but let God take care of it.

Now this is Seaview Gardens, he said. The Don asked for $30,000 U.S. to allow us to build. We told him no. And here it is.

Rolling down the window, he let out air conditioning and cigar smoke, let in greetings, asking all the young men who came running up: Are you workin'?

Yeah, mon.

Quiet around here?

Uh huh.

He slapped shoulders. —All right.

Have you gotten lots of people jobs? I asked.

Two and a half thousand kids a year go through our placement program, he said. At least thousands have been placed in employment. I'm not into handouts. I'm not into charity. I don't want anyone dependent on me.

BEING PRESENT

The Saint Patrick's Foundation, which Richard Albert headed, got to spend three hundred thousand U.S. dollars every budget year. Down on Hanna Town, Saint Anne's Church had a little money for its school, but almost nothing to give for wages, so Pearline was less impressed with that organization. But what people like greyhaired, blue-scarfed Sister Beverly, who worried about rape and who had been bitten by gangsters' dogs so badly that she'd been hospitalized, could offer the desperate was themselves, their lives, their listening and witnessing.

I feel that I am part of the community down here, Sister Beverly said. I'm really happy down here. I think it's a privilege. It's like a dream of my life. I grew up feeling like I wanted to be a nurse, so I could help when people are hurt.

What's the greatest help that religion can provide in a violent community? I asked.

To help people be friends with one another and to be friends with other religions, replied Sister Beverly. God is the one who is mighty, not me. Let's be humble before God and recognize each other as brothers and sisters.

Her superior, Father Linden, was obviously gifted by the same sort of commitment as Sister Beverly; and as a result of his close, observant living, he perceived several weak links in the chain of influences that led people to violence.

The first link is obviously the individual, he said. All ministers see someone who they know is getting gangish. By the age of eight or nine, you may be asked to carry a gun inside a cooler. The next link, the next weak point, is working with the politicians. If word goes out that they don't want shootings, maybe the gangs will fear the loss of patronage. It's not the rule of life, but you just do it. The other area where it can be done is to address unemployment.

I guess that's Monsignor Albert's strategy.

Right, he said, although that's another kind of patronage.[46]

SMALL SUCCESSES AND APPARENT FAILURES

Sister Beverly with her projects—helping teen-dyers make dolls to sell at the Devon House, establishing town meetings and dances; Deacon Patterson with his slow promenades past gangster-owned doorways; Father Linden with his excellence in talking and listening (of all the divines I met in Kingston he pleased me the most, thanks in equal measure to his wide, large-spectacled face and his cheerfully tolerant intellectualism), Miss Lorna down at Operation Restoration Center in Rema, exuding gruff love and business; the two churches that helped her, with their hutch full of white chicks, maybe sixty of the cheeping little things on a Rema street; Reverend Steigerwald with his unnerving mix of compassion and doctrinal determination; Monsignor Albert with his learning centers; Junior Rowe with his twenty-two years of schoolmastering on a garbage dump; were they doing enough, or the right things, or the *appropriate* things?

Consider Junior Rowe and Monsignor Albert together, where at Riverton somewhere between four and five thousand people lived on or beside that garbage dump, and a Jamaican flag flew over greasy gravel in possession of a swing set without swings. A blue and white concrete building called itself CHRIST THE REDEEMER EARLY EDUCATION CENTER. Naked little kids rolled themselves on barrels; other kids kicked, laughed and stretched. That was on the midterm Monday holiday. A day or two before, when school was in session, Monsignor Albert had entered and the children had rushed around him and he'd taken them into his arms. All around crouched low shacks and dirt streets that were sometimes walled with scavenged sheet metal.

It wasn't like this, said Mr. Rowe, who was that center's director. We had a wooden structure. When Monsignor Albert came, we tore that down and built this with the assistance of United Way and some business groups. —When Pearline and I wandered into a soft drink stand that offered us a locked grate and flooring of stinking cardboard on which flies crawled, we met one of the men who had been hired to build it. He loved Monsignor Albert, said that constructing the school had been one of the best jobs he ever got. His cigar-smoking patron had, of course, no plans for resting on any laurels. The center must expand. When the van rolled past an idling bulldozer, the window shot down, the cigar came out of the mouth, and Monsignor Albert cried: Lord God, man, what's happening? Why isn't it moving? What's wrong with ———? I was hoping this would all have been done... Awright. Call me.

He give all kind of help, said an old woman who dwelled in the stench of garbage. He give me a house. And he help me and help my son. And he look out for him. All[47] these houses down here is Father house.

Her affectionate encomium moved me. Monsignor Albert had done good. And how much should it matter that the tiny concrete cubes he'd commissioned were not exactly up to the standard of my quarters, or of Monsignor Albert's? —They're good compared to what they had before, said Mr. Rowe, who estimated that each one had cost $140,000.[48] When I asked him to tell me one of his success stories, Mr. Rowe replied: Recently, I gave twenty people recommendations for jobs. They all got jobs—security jobs and fast-food jobs. So they came to say: I'm doin' well. I was so happy.

Well, twenty people, out of five thousand or five billion it didn't really matter, was probably more than the number I myself had ever helped. And the soup kitchen fed fifty of the worst cases every day. And the others? Well, they weren't starving, as far as I could tell. But did I want to spend my life at Riverton? And what about the people in Rema? (The religious doan like us so much, said a security man there. Get timid. Even Father Albert come years ago, get timid.) Monsignor Albert simply could not be everywhere. —You have to live with a lot of apparent failures, Father Linden had said. I remembered those words at Riverton. Monsignor Albert had been there for fifteen years, and Mr. Rowe for twenty-two. —Father has changed people, said the old woman's son. People feel like if a white man can come down to our level, then why not change? —We used to use coal, said the school cook, but Father Albert give us gas so it much quicker...

What would Riverton be like today without the Saint Patrick's Foundation? I asked.

Monsignor Albert was about to leave for Washington and then Grenada. He sat cross-legged, swiveling a fat cigar in his mouth, his round face aimed down at something he was proofreading, then looked up at me and said: Well, I know that we've made a genuine difference, because kids are getting educated that would not have gotten educated. When I first went there fifteen years ago, we had a little girl who had never been to school. I put her through school. She's now twenty-four, about to graduate from the University of North Carolina, and plans to come back and work in the Jamaican tourist industry. We spend forty thousand dollars a year paying school bills, buying some books...[49]

What's your idea of how Riverton will look ten years from now?

Well, I would hope that they would each have a house.[50] I would hope that the kids would have an education.

A fine goal, I thought—but still only a goal. Meager results: that's life. Not to be deterred by meager results: that's a kind of nobility: steadily scrubbing a bloodstain or two off the sidewalk.

MY NEIGHBORHOOD, MY NATION

Up here was PNP; down here was JLP, a Jungletown man said, raising his beer and clinking it against the beer of his Rema friend. —But it change now. We not supposed to unite. We supposed to be killing each other.

Rema and Jungletown, Rema and Jonestown people could mingle; I grant you that. But these were exceptions. The garrison communities continued to guard their frontiers. Pearline and I could go almost where we chose, and so, as she said, could Dawn Ritch, because we three were not Rema people or Tivoli Gardens people or whatever; Sister Beverly could go to Tivoli even though she lived in Hanna Town, because she was, as they used to say about the religious, "not of this world." But the Rema people tended to stay in the Rema tenements with their laundry hanging out to dry, their subworlds partitioned by zinc siding. They could go past the strange pale yellow ruins of the Ambassador Theater and be in Jonestown, and thence uptown or even out of Kingston, but what about the other three directions at home? —When I asked Colin whether Rema could ever reunite with Tivoli, he replied: Too much people dead already. We are turn a new page. Cannot *force* dem in Rema to live Sodom way. Dem *force* us live in certain things, but Trenchtown is *ours*, sir. Dem want take our glory and magnify.

Fair enough; I've expressed Colin's point, probably too many times. (Christianity continues to challenge people to live respecting their neighbors, said Monsignor Albert.) Now for the other side. —People's vibes now are more positive than negative, Colin also said, and I think he was right. (Of course he couldn't stop there, and added: The negative vibes we get is just from Tivoli Garden.)What do you most want? I asked the lady on the sidewalk.

Job.

What kind?

Dressmaker's.

Anything else you want?

Me want to see tourist in de community, and me want cut down dey violence 'cause it keep us apart. *The community itself is at peace.*

That wasn't what the police would say; and throughout this survey I have been using the word "peace" in an ironic way, but when I wean myself away from my irony I find that the word can almost stand.[51] Gunshots every night, yes, but the Rema people weren't shooting each other (at least most of the time). Pearline and I were welcome around the rubbish fires; we greeted and were greeted by the ladies in curlers who were leaning on their machetes, cleaning up for Labour Day; we found tranquility in sitting out on a second-story concrete railing among the big-shouldered black boys who were reading *Guns and Ammo*, while the radio was saying at that very moment that somebody had just gotten shot by four gunmen in Norman Gardens; and a barefooted, thick-legged, busty, pretty young woman cra-

dled a baseball, calling to her boyfriend, who was one of the security men, and then she literally danced down the street to find him, down that street of PNP and old JLP slogans, of paintings on walls, goats on littered grass. Evening, and peering down from the high steps into the zinc-walled zones of personal life, I could see dark naked boys pouring bucketloads of water over themselves, or men close together beneath a white cloud of ganja smoke, or women sitting in the light of open doorways. Old people came out of their houses for the first time since early morning. As darkness fell, the place became emotionally warmer in inverse proportion to the physical temperature, more intimate, somehow, beneath the peaceful dark humidity of the occasional banana tree; jazz played on the radio, and children called to their mothers; girls were laughing; stars came shimmeringly into the pale blue sky, while light oozed out from between stairs. —Blessed! Colin bade farewell to his friends, raising two fingers, out of habit, in the old JLP sign. I would have thought it was the peace sign. (JLP was the bell, PNP was the head, explained Pearl. Those were their symbols.) Now it was night. On the dark blasted concrete plain of Concrete Jungle, the watchers stood watching, still and wary. This place had the feel of unfriendly territory. When Pearline and I walked up there to buy our dinner through a cautious woman's door-grate (roast pork for her and for me some of the best roast chicken I ever had), Colin felt obliged to come with us, holding my hand. We were happy to get back to Rema, where we felt safer among the now well-known murmuring of water-taps and of street-loungers, rival boom-boxes, some painted with iconographic pistols, meaninglessly glowing walls, silhouetted heads beneath the rare trees. On the way to Jungletown it seemed as if one could see farther away than one really could, because ther was no traffic and one can spy people's silhouettes waiting and clustering on the road, as if some drama were about to happen. And there many of them remained, sentinels, until it began to get light at five in the morning, clouds of mosquitoes inside, bodies oozing sweat in the beds, smoke from rubbish-fires seeping through the open windows to make people cough and wipe their eyes. By seven the asphalt and concrete plains were getting hot, and new silhouettes stood on the sidewalks, and the open sewer running down the street had begun to stink again while a boy who sported an upside-down backward sunshade and incipient dreadlocks like caterpillar-heads erupting from his skull nodded to radio music from within a taxicab parked on the sidewalk with all four doors open; and on that day, the twenty-seventh of May 1997, while the taxi's radio announced that the fourteenth taxi driver of the year had just been killed by gunmen, ghetto women were already washing clothes, a line of young men were taking turns shaving outside, with one electric razor plugged into a storefront, each shaver holding up a mirror while he did it. I wanted to take a photo, and they all refused. —I scared dem camera, a man growled. Watch yeah face, boys!

What's yeah motive? another man once asked me then.

Ill prepared (he wanted a word, but I needed a paragraph), I returned: What's yours?

He said: *For us.*

And yet, this transcendent us-ness of theirs, pleasing, protective, and even inspirational though it surely was, scarcely hindered them, as I thought, from being violent to each other. —In the ghetto, when a man sees the next man get ahead, instead of applaudin', he wants to pull him back, said Reverend Bobby, shaking his head. You have to be willin' to help de next one of your brethren to rise up. —Deacon Espeut in his denunciation of what he (and also the superintendent at the Rema police station) had plausibly called "the culture of violence" had argued that the evil began at home. —Jamaican parents beat their children, he said. Often mercilessly. You walk and you hear: *Bam, bam, bam!* Do you agree? he asked Pearl, who nodded with a grin. Pearline, after all, was the one who bore on her arm a thick red angry scar that her stepfather had made with a pot-lid when she was a baby. He hadn't let her mother take her to the hospital because he might have gotten in trouble. The earliest thing that Pearl could remember was being sent to her auntie's house for a month or two at a time because her stepfather hated her for not being his. He was always telling her: You doan belong here. —So Pearl grew up calling her auntie Mama and calling her mother Auntie. —I like your niece, I said to her, and she replied: Oh, dem all fine when me around. When me no around, dem talk different, I sure... —But at least her family never pretended, as far as I could see, that they were "for us." —Lick him down! I heard early one Rema dawn, and Pearl pointed. I saw a man punching a woman to the ground. The man was the woman's child. Sobbing, the woman stood up and went to the police station. When I mentioned the incident to Colin, carefully, so as to avoid launching one of his easy rages, he replied wisely: Man doan own any of dem Rema girls. They just stay till you doan have more to give 'em, den dey go another guy. But to hit a mother, of course it's too bad, mon...—and I realized anew that my trying even to mention such things was as useless as trying to turn on the water-taps in the daytime in Rema—although Colin, I am happy to say, had attackied a man who'd hit one of his daughters, and he bore cane-hook scars on his face to prove it. Over in Hanna Town, Sister Beverly told me about a mother she'd just met who'd branded her baby with a red-hot iron. I asked her how she planned to proceed with that one and she said: I'm sort of relating to her first. —That was probably the best way, the only way, the slow way. At Pearl's auntie's house way out in the country, where people were certainly friendlier and laughed more, I saw one of Pearl's nephews, eighteen, a pleasant, churchgoing boy who loved to draw pictures of Jesus in his Bible, strike his six-year-old sister down to the floor after she had poked him with her little finger, and no one said a word as she lay there wailing. When Pearl and I were outside under the mango tree, I asked: Why does he have to hit her so hard? and Pearl, who always had all the answers, replied: Maybe he doan like her, because not from the same father. Only

mother same. I think same mother is stronger bond, she added bitterly, surely thinking of herself, but maybe he doan think so...

(What was the natural result of such treatment? On a hot afternoon in Rema, Miss Lorna said to me: One eight-year-old girl, her father got killed right in the cemetery, and she was in a rage; she wanted a gun to kill the murderer. I hear he's a dead man. Such a rage from her mother's womb!)

Pearline's idea of heaven was a three-bedroom concrete house like her auntie's, which at age forty-two she was no closer whatsoever to affording. So her fallback plan was to leave Jamaica forever, and find a healthier economy. —I remembered Dawn Ritch telling me: In general, social spending is down. This is how the government has balanced its budget. —I remembered a ragged Riverton youth pleading: Father, gimme a start, and Monsignor Albert peered out at him from the down-rolled window of his van and said: Paul, if you come up to Stella Maris I'll be happy to help. —I never give money, he said to me over and over. I give a job. A job liberates a man. Jesus was about liberating men. —All Pearl wanted, like Paul, was a start, not charity. And she could not get it. Her sister had inherited a sewing machine from a lady who never returned home, and when I asked the reason for her permanent absence Pearline replied dryly: Nobody want to come to Jamaica, if dey can get away. —For just this reason, Pearline had gone illegally to Curacao, where she dwelled silently and desperately until she was deported. Her stereo, blender, television, the bicycle for her son, and all the other possessions she'd gained from her sweat, from cleaning Dutch people's houses, the immaculate houses of people who despised her and sometimes refused to pay her—all were confiscated by the police, who caged Pearline, gave her only a vague and useless receipt for her things, and then expelled her from the country. —People lose dem thing like me and become violent, she said.

Are you violent?

Not yet. Maybe someday, she steadily replied.

So there was more than one path into the Pit. I wondered: Is there something in humanity equivalent to the swarming impulse in ant colonies, a drive toward subdivision and exclusion? War was the norm for the ancient Greek city-states. War of sorts was the norm in Kingston's garrison communities. Or had the "normal" social element, whatever it was, simply been degraded (mashed up, I should say), into a mess of mutually repulsive atoms? In Kingston, even uptown, whenever I, walking alone, met a stranger, or, worse, a cluster of strangers, I had to prepare myself for insistent begging, discourtesy[52] and threats. (For that matter, whenever I met someone new in Rema and asked how he or she was, the answer would usually be: Not as good as you! Buy me cigarettes! Buy me a cold juice!) The fact that these unpleasantnesses did not always occur was offset by the fact that they *did* occur often enough. Once when I was uptown I went out to buy some cold carrot juice for Pearline, who was feeling hot and weary; and almost immediately a man bicycled

up to me and, assuring me that he was neither a beggar nor a thief, commenced to beg. The thieving part came when I offered him some coins. He unwrapped a machete and shouted: No coins! Give me paper! —For the sake of my own self-respect, I told him that I didn't want to give him paper, but that he could still have the coins. —Well, he finally grumpily said, it's enough for cigarettes. Without thanks he took the silver coins out of my hand and left me the almost worthless coppers. Then he rode off. I came to the juice place, where the man charged me double. I returned, meeting another beggar. —My white skin did render me a target, but the anger of Kingston could be turned on anyone. Whenever I shared taxis with people, I was saddened by their mutual unfriendliness—no greetings, pushings and shovings over room, occasional nasty words, no goodbyes. A few days after my meeting with the bicyclist, Pearl and I were eating patties at Halfway Tree when we saw one man stab another right outside, and the policeman soon appeared to arrest the stabbed man, who was bleeding from neck and face, like Philip had, I suppose, when he got his wounds; and a crowd began to shout and raise their fists, but already the policeman and his prisoner were gone, and so the scene was over. (I think the whole country is going to blow, Monsignor Albert said. —About the upcoming elections he said simply: I fear the worst.) Pearl most bitterly insisted: It'll come out to the country, too. In the last election, the violence came out there, because all the city people came out thievin' and killin'... —In Kingston, while I wasn't exactly afraid, I found myself becoming wary whenever someone I didn't know drew near. Dawn Ritch had assured me that she could walk anywhere she chose, provided that she took off her gold chain. And it was true that whenever Pearl kept me company my annoyances were vastly reduced; her black presence legitimized me in Rema, or maybe just made me appear less alone. But Pearl herself dreaded Rema, and never got over that dread. I think I was more comfortable there than she was. Colin and Philip and their friends knew us and looked out for us; but some of our protectors had red eyes, which Pearl considered to me a mark of sin, so I tried always to stay in her sight, for her sake and for mine, preferably holding her hand. —Canna trust any of them, she muttered, and she *liked* Colin and Philip. What she was most afraid of, as it transpired, was not so much the possibility that someone in Rema would turn on us as the chance of receiving a bullet earmarked from or for Tivoli Gardens.

But certainly there were paths out of the Pit, too. One hot grim evening I returned to that roofless polygon, the Ambassador Theatre, whose high shell concealed much of the damage, which was visible only when you entered, stepping between lumps and pats of human excrement: rubble above all, but also stripped ribs and stalls that reminded me of the ruins of Roman baths; and outside the Ambassador I met a fiftyish lady who said: The concrete is not damaged. Dem can fix it up good. —Deacon Espeut and Reverend Bobby and the others were always talking about giving hope to the garrison communities, but this lady already had it. Colin had it, too; his fond delusion was that I would write an article promoting

tourism in Rema: Bob Marley was from Trenchtown, after all; wouldn't reggae fans want to come see his house? And maybe he was not so far wrong. I had come to love being in Rema; I really had. Pearline still dreaded the place; but the friendliness and energy of it (the nighttime carnival-energy of competing radios and boom boxes) always gave *me* a kind of hope. When I saw the kids slowly working with machetes and rakes on the barren grounds of Miss Lorna's school, moving rubbish for Labour Day, I felt hope, even as a jeep full of soldiers rolled by, and one soldier grinningly aimed his machine gun at the kids. Some of the American ghettos I had visited seemed far more damaged by anger than Rema, and more unsafe, too; Rema struck me as merely *formerly and potentially* dangerous. But the war with Tivoli Gardens went on, and they were resigned to it.[53] —Dem's a different set, mon, said the hopeful lady. Shoot you up for nothing. Kill so many people all the time...—and she turned and pointed across the rise and the vacant border-field toward Board Villa and Tivoli. The next morning I met a fellow eighteen or nineteen years old whose father and brother had both been killed by Tivoli gunmen within the space of forty-eight hours. (Dem are the WICKED ONES, he cried, See 'em bullet holes in the zinc up dere this side?) He took me to the borderline and dared me closer and closer while Pearline watched aghast, then pointed back to the window of an apartment where, he said, eight people had been murdered by Tivoli on May 8, 1984. That was long before the present war with Tivoli, of course, and when he showed me a hole blasted in another apartment and said that Tivoli had done it. I wondered if that was true, and if so, under what circumstances: Why did this professional victim's friend keep clicking and unclicking his switchblade at me, and why did the others not want their photographs taken? (We one big family. We doan like de photo, mon.) They weren't a crew, they assured me; they were just "sportsmen." Day after day I'd seen them lounging near the borderline, watching, protecting Rema. The knife-clicker said: Seaga, we doan want him to be our godfather no more. (Not many blocks away, the superintendent of police wryly told me: They say, you take our guns, but are you going to protect us?) They terrified Pearline, who implored me never to go near them again. But I gave them a thousand Jamaican dollars and rendered them harmless...

What yeah name, mon? the knife-clicker had said to Pearl when I was at the border.

Pearl. What yeah name?

Shootah. Just Shootah. What yeah full name?

Why you doan tell me yeah full name? asked Pearl very reasonably. If you just Shootah then me just Pearl.

Pearl knew how to deal with them. But she was still afraid.

You're taking your life in your hands sleeping here, said a teacher at Miss Lorna's school, and when I laughingly repeated the remark to Colin, to show him how unafraid I was, he flew into a rage and told everybody and soon the women on the streets were howling that that teacher was "a Judas in plain clothes." (A lot of these

guys are short-tempered because of a lack of education, which impairs reasoning ability, Reverend Bobby had said. You and me, we can agree to disagree. Politicians spoil them, because a man can get money without working. They don't have to know anything. You cannot agree to disagree with them. If you try, they say you're dissing them. I want to get them to see the senselessness of killing one another.)[54]

At the Tuesday night dance the singers cried: *Rema! Rema! Rema!* and in abundance one heard readers from Ecclesiastes. A song attacked Seaga; an orator cried: I realize the politicians mash up our land! and at good parts of this speech, watched again and again on video by Colin's crew, some youths banged and boomed on the school desks with earsplitting enthusiasm. People swayed and clapped as at church. *Rema, Rema!* —The people in Jamaica have an inner joy you won't see in America, Monsignor Albert had asserted, and maybe this was a case in point; this was civic pride good and bad, the expression of people who would not give up on their neighborhood—and of violent defenders pounding the last nail deeper into the coffin of urban unity. This was neighborhood nationalism.

Well, this looks like a fine place, I said when I first got to Rema.

No! the little kids giggled.

Well, why's that?

Guns!

But I prefer not to end on that note. I prefer to remember Colin giving up his bed for me, and Philip the cook at Miss Lorna's, who always wanted to make lunch for Pearl and me, and whose neck and belly with scars from a stabbing (one of his assailants had been caught and went to court)—Philip my friend, who said he loved me; I prefer to remember coming downstairs out of Colin's flat early one Monday morning, with kids bouncing basketballs, shading their eyes, and a "sportsman" shouting at me: *Love the place, mon! Rema's the best, mon!*

Readers Who Wish to Help the Organizations Mentioned Here May Do So At:

Jamaica Teen Challenge
Rev. John Steigerwald, *Executive Director*
34 Hope Field Ave.
P.O. Box 617
Kingston 6, Jamaica
ph. 978-0014 or 978-2359
http://misslink.org/tcidir.html#jam

• Miss Lorna Stanley's school, Operation Restoration Centre, can also be reached through Teen Challenge. So can the elementary school next door, Joy Town Centre. So can Reverend Bobby Wilmot.

St. Anne's Church
Rev. Michael D. Linden, S.J.
5 3/4 Percy Street
CSO Kingston, Jamaica
ph. 922-2991

• "It is best to include our Postbox number (P.O. Box 8002, CSO Kingston) since there is no mail delivery in much of West Kingston (another service withdrawn because of fear!)"
• Deacon Patterson and Sister Beverly are at the same address.

St. Patrick's Foundation
Monsignor Richard Alpert
Stella Maris Rectory
62 Shortwood Road
Kingston 8
ph. 925-9520/ 905-1769

• Excluding Stella Maris, St. Patrick's currently operates six centers, five of them in Kingston. Junior Rowe may be reached at Riverton/Calalaoo Bed Outreach Centres, 579 581 Spanish Town Road, Kingston 11 (no phone; must be radioed from Stella Maris).

LOOKING FOR PEN PALS

All requesters lived in the Rema or Riverton ghettos. All were female. Everybody wanted a man. I promised I would do my best. If you write to them, they'll be thrilled.

Cynthia Richards, 45 years
Bldg. E, Room E 32
Fourth Street
Kingston 12

Tamara Adair, 19 years
501 East Road
Kingston 12

Paulette Whyte, 35 years
10 Collie Smith Drive
Kingston 12

Diana Ellis, 23 years
22 Hopkins Ave.
Duhaney Park Rd.
Kingston 20

Claire Escoffery
6 Coleyville Crescent
Kingston 20

Susan Edwards
6 Colleyville Crescent
Kingston 20

Donnette Thomas
4A East Road
Kingston 12

Maureen Dyer
1301 C Fourth Street, Room 34
Kingston 13

ESPRIT DE CORPS IN JAMAICA

KINGSTON, 1997

Defense of honor and of homeland—like the Yakuza, these civic boosters have it all.

323. PNP booster in the ghetto called Hannah Town. The People's National Party and the Jamaica Labour Party were the two rivals of Jamaican politics. Certain neighborhoods, especially in Kingston, had been "organized" by one party or the other and were accordingly known, with all-too-good reason, as garrison communities.

324. One of Rema's most respected guardians. Rema was also a PNP neighborhood. It had split off from the adjoining Tivoli Gardens, which remained under JLP control, so Rema and Tivoli were arch-enemies.

325. Rema sentinel, watching for Tivoli gunmen from the "mashed up" hulk of the old high school.

326. PNP graffiti, Rema. JLP graffiti had been half-obscured beneath it.

327-28. Monsignor Richard Albert, one of Kingston's good angels, in formal attire (p. 327) and with some of the slum children his Saint Patrick's Foundation was helping in the shantytown of Riverton. The first photograph is reproduced courtesy of Msgr. Albert.

329a. Children at Monsignor Albert's center in Riverton, looking across the street.

329b. Two children on the street in Riverton. This photograph helps explain why the fighting between the PNP and the JLP could become so vicious: Jamaica lacked the resources to care for the entire population. Therefore, each party could promise such amenities as running water and sewage to its adherents only.

330a. Riverton houses.

330b. The main street of Riverton.

331a. A call for revenge in Rema: NINJA MUST DEAD FOR SHARN.

331b. Graffiti in Rema: NORTH STREET WAR ZONE.

332a. PNP gunman in Hanna Town.

332b. Guarding the border between Rema and Board Villa, which was another JLP neighborhood. This "mashed up" area was very exposed and dangerous.

333a. Rema boys, ready to defend their neighborhood.

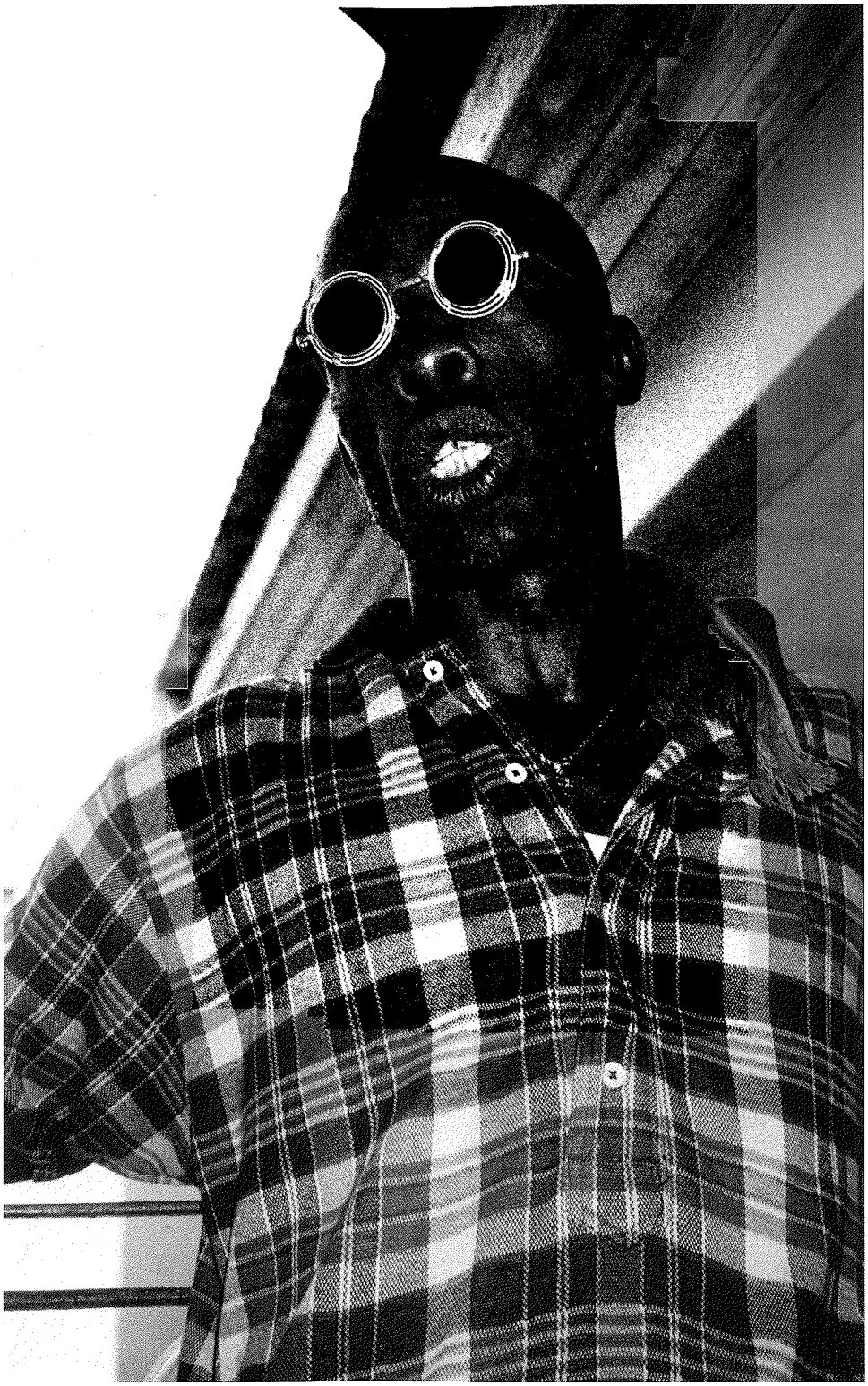
333b. In No Man's Land between Rema and Tivoli Gardens. The "mashed up" house in the background lay within the Tivoli domain. Taking this photograph was extremely dangerous both for me and for this daredevil guardian of Rema. In retrospect I have to say that it didn't justify the risk.

334a. Graffiti in Rema: PNP and gunmen.

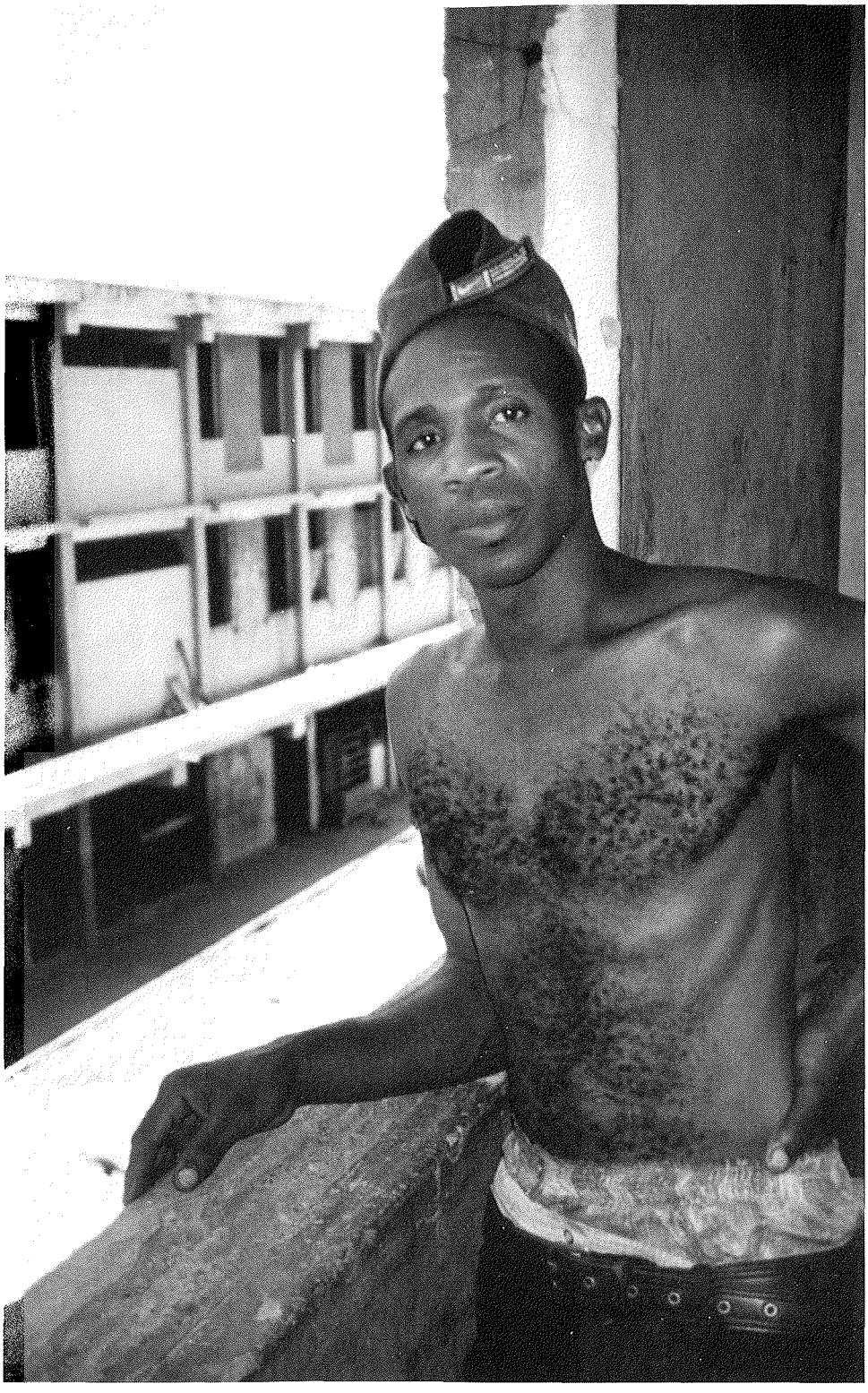
334b. Graffiti in Hanna Town: PNP and HANNAH [sic] TOWN WANTS JUSTICE.

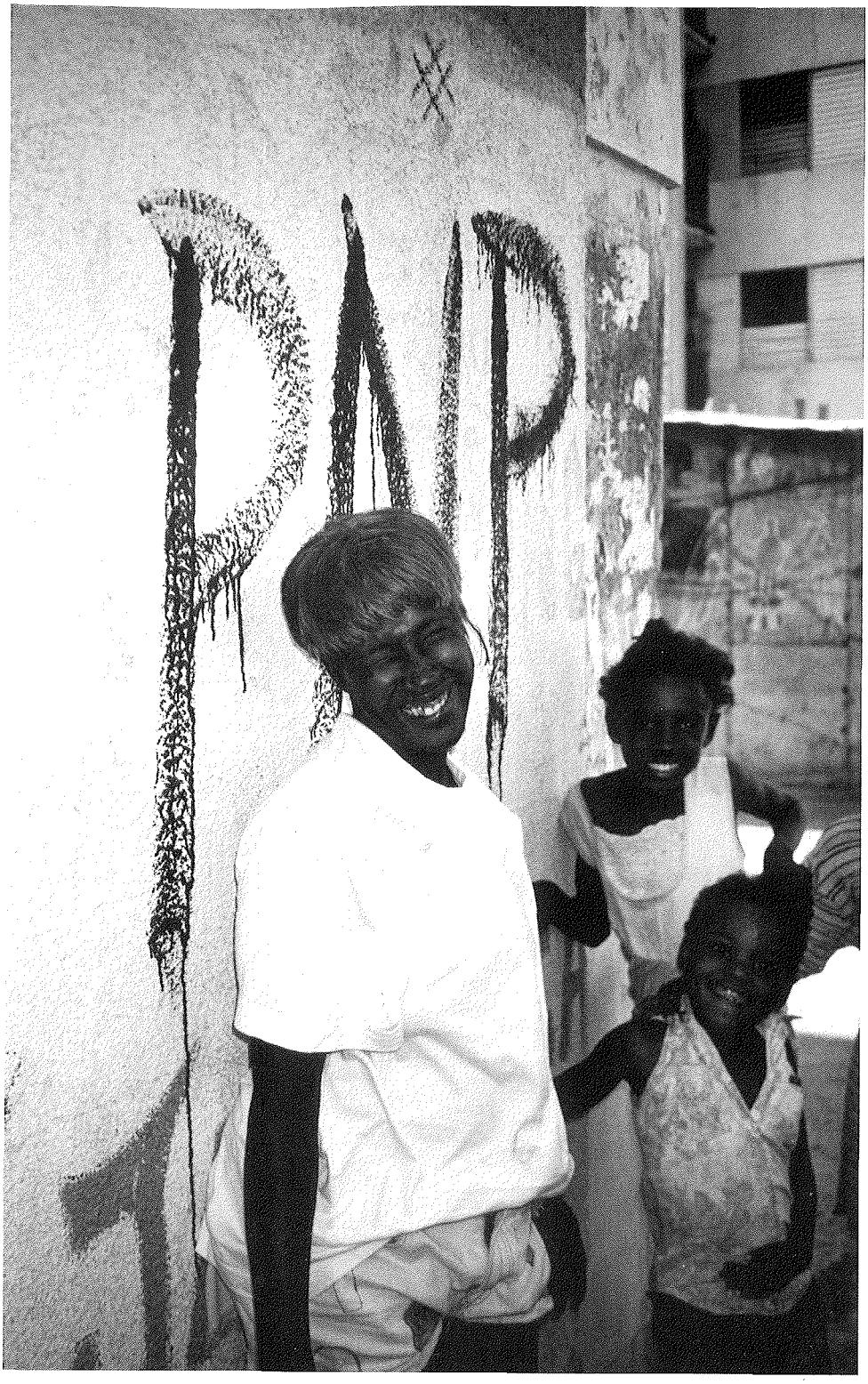
335a. On the frontier between Rema and Tivoli: PLEAD MY CAUSE O LORD.

335b. Rema graffiti: JESUS WEPT.

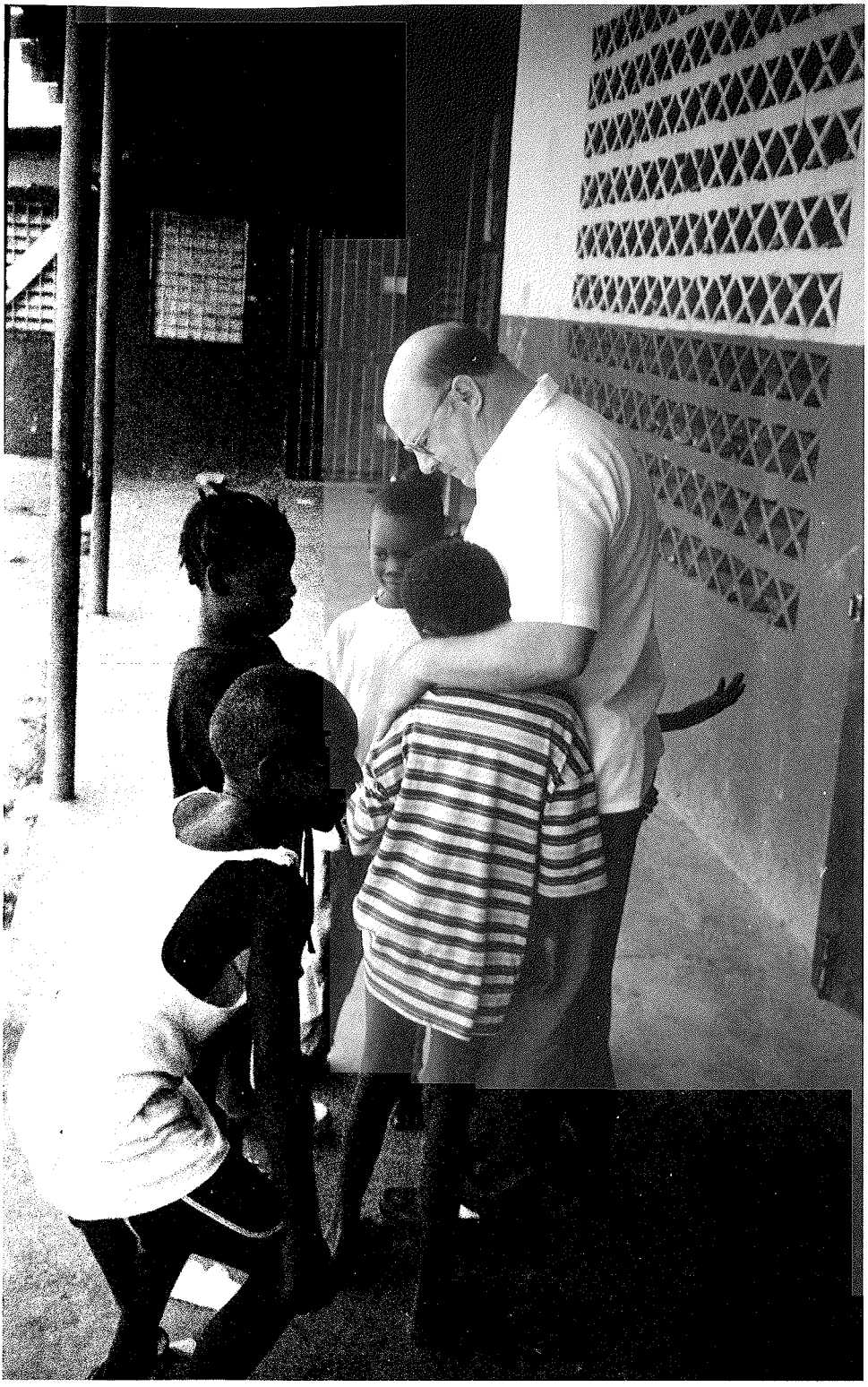


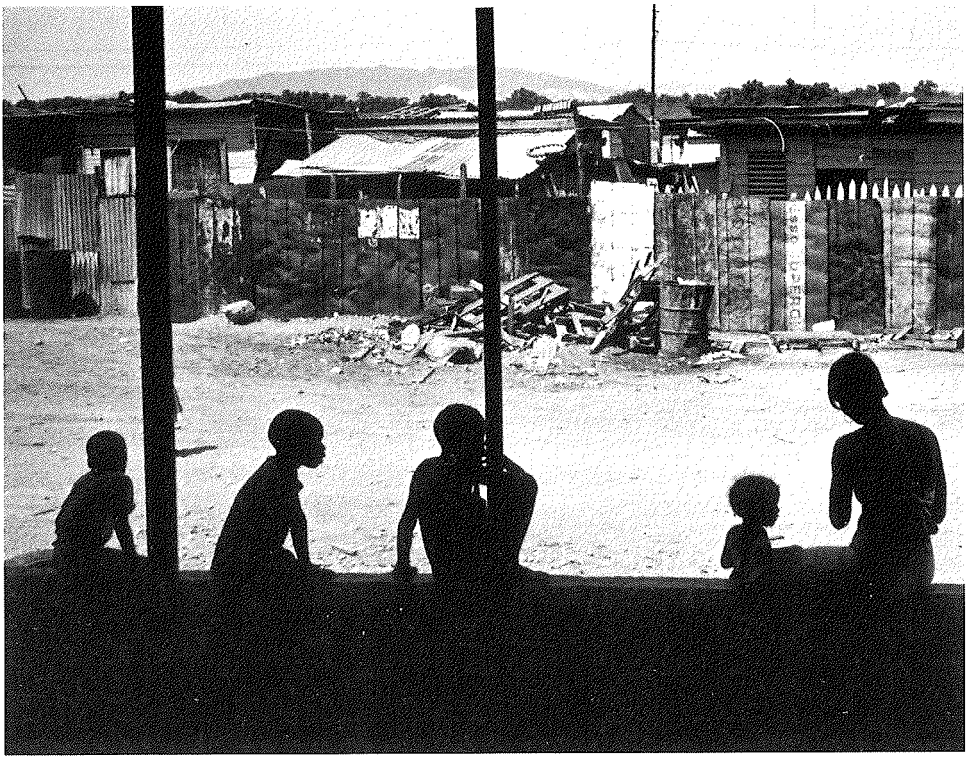

ER & DAGA IRIE
GAL BARE
NT WE
NGLIN CENTRE
TREET, KGN. 12
ON
Y25, '97
STAR DISCO
PEACE AND LOVE
VIDEO

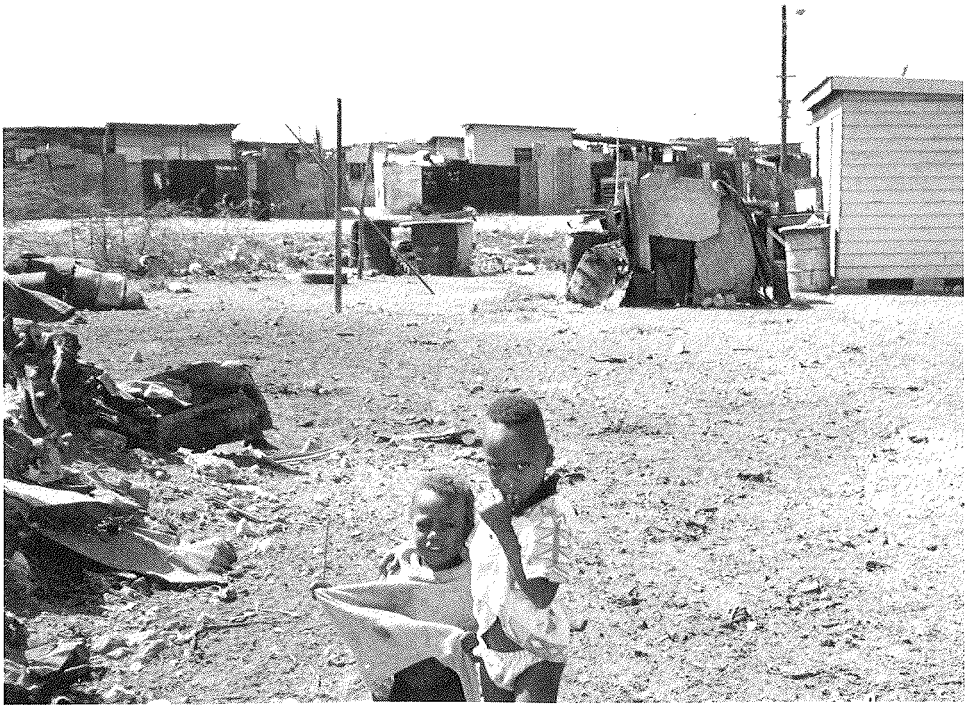


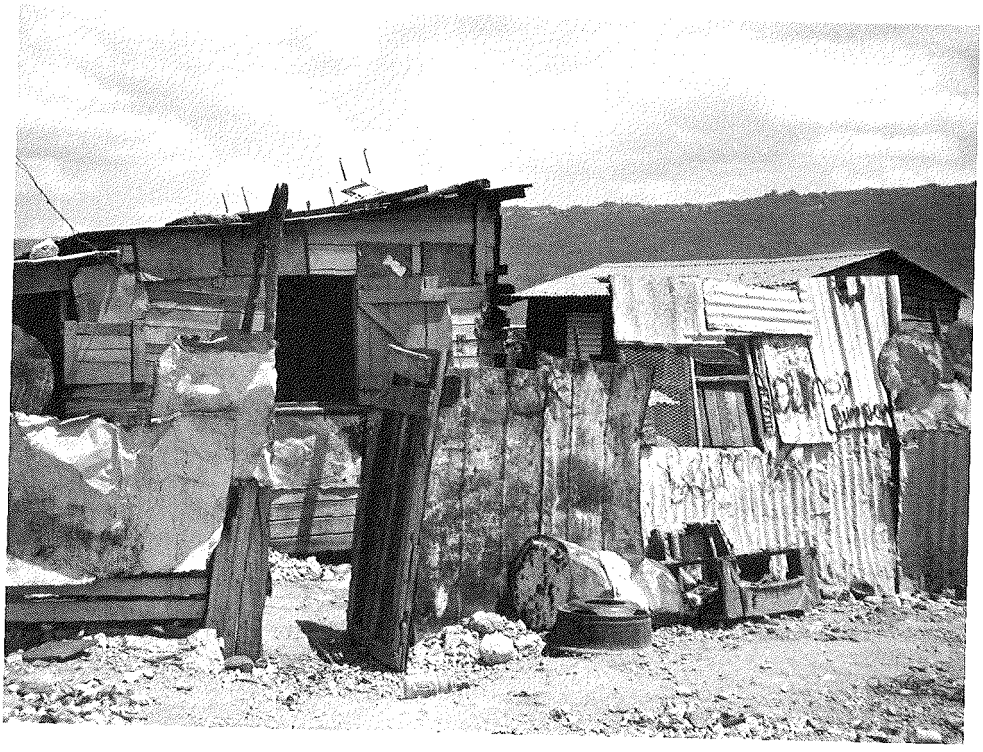




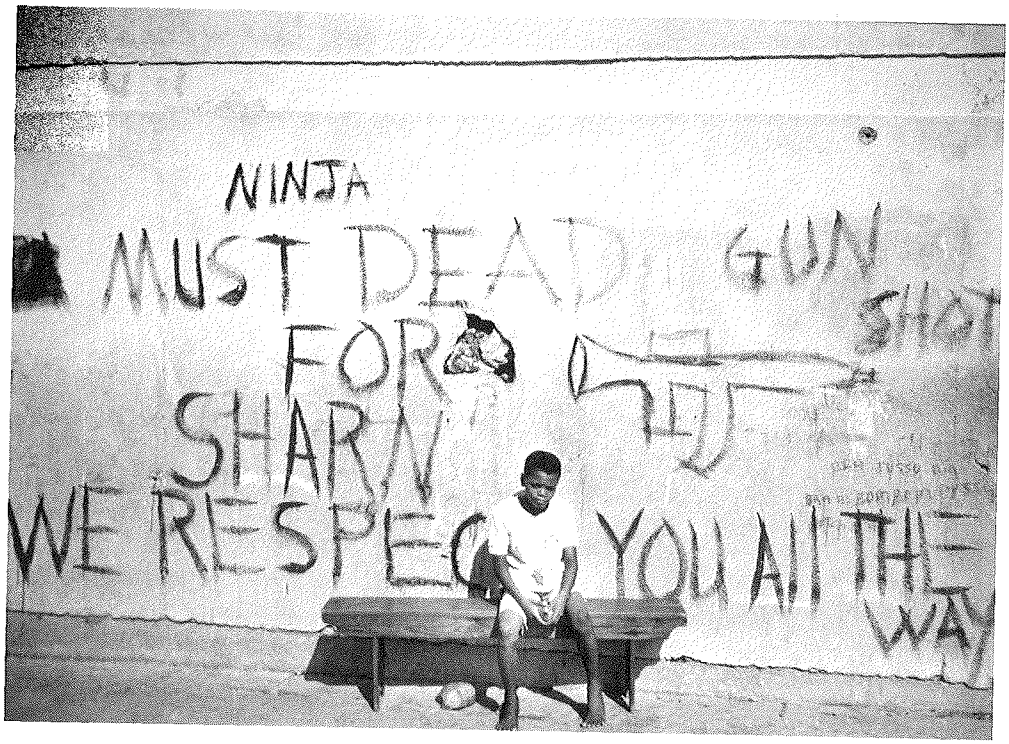


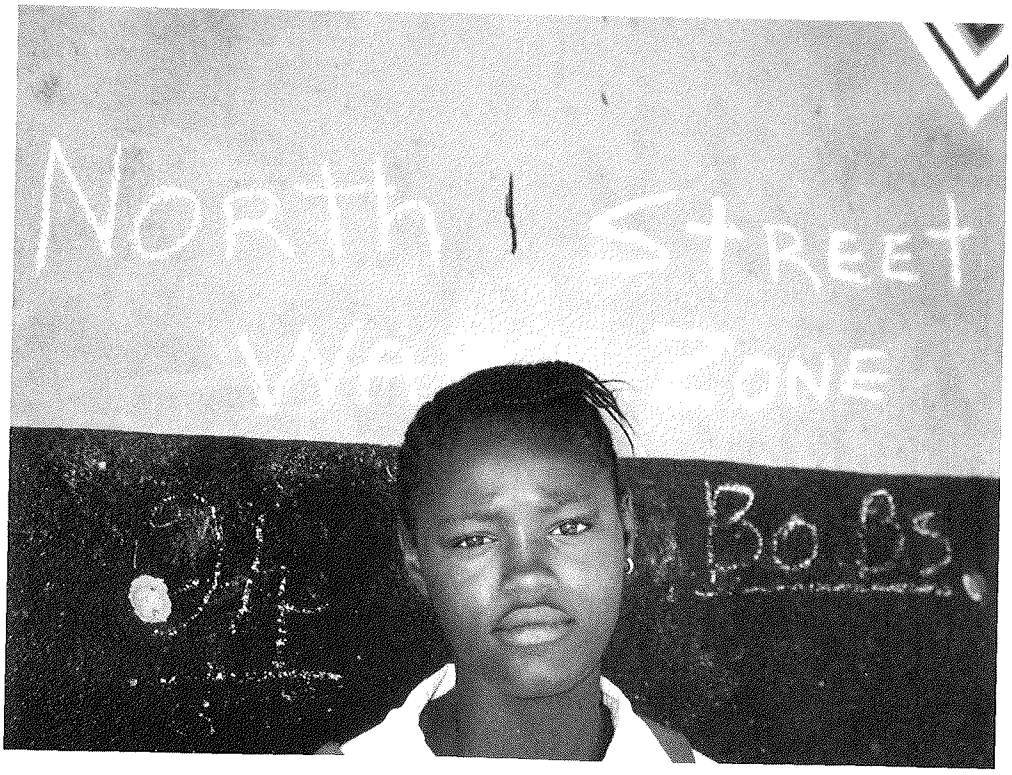


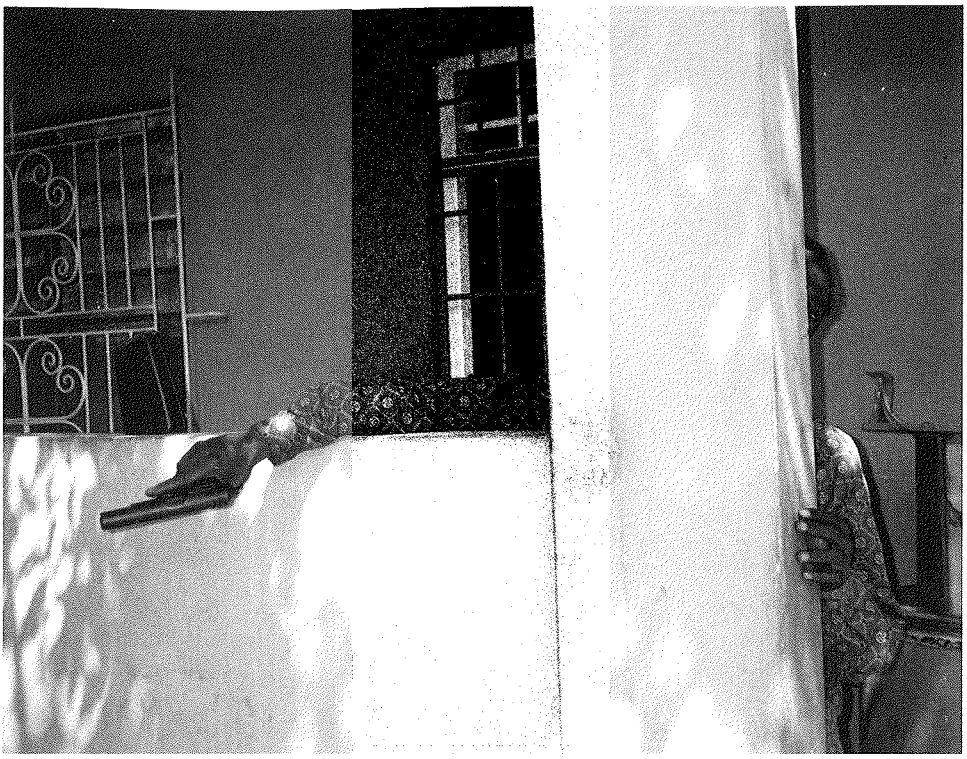


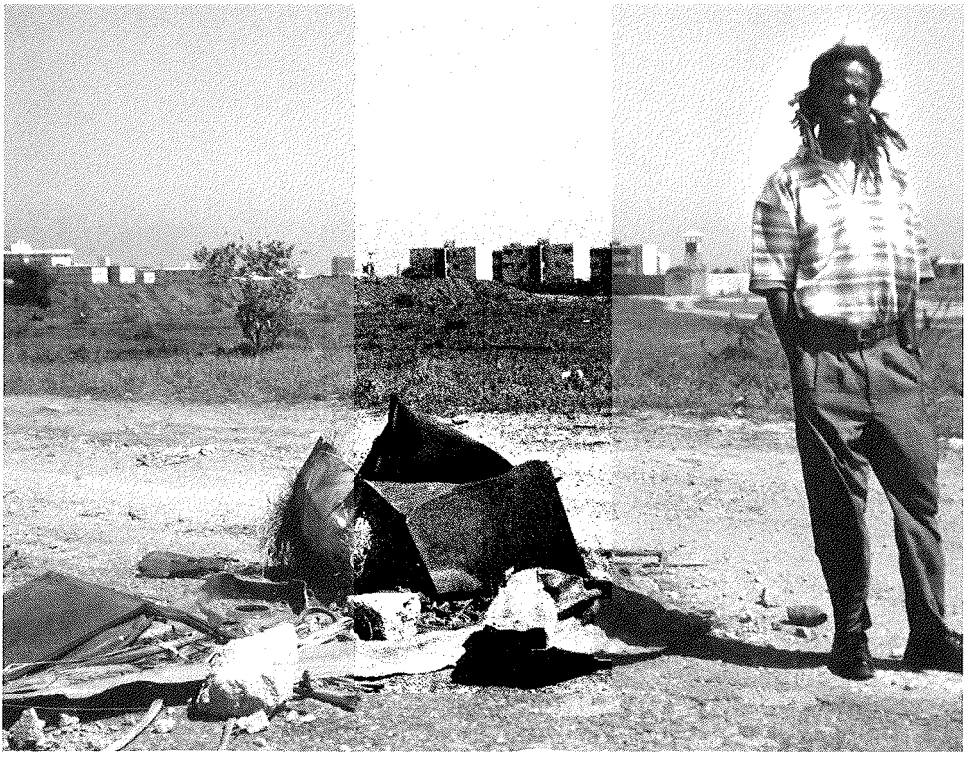





NINJA
MUST DEAD GUN
SHOT
FOR
SHARN
WE RESPE YOU ALL THE
WAY

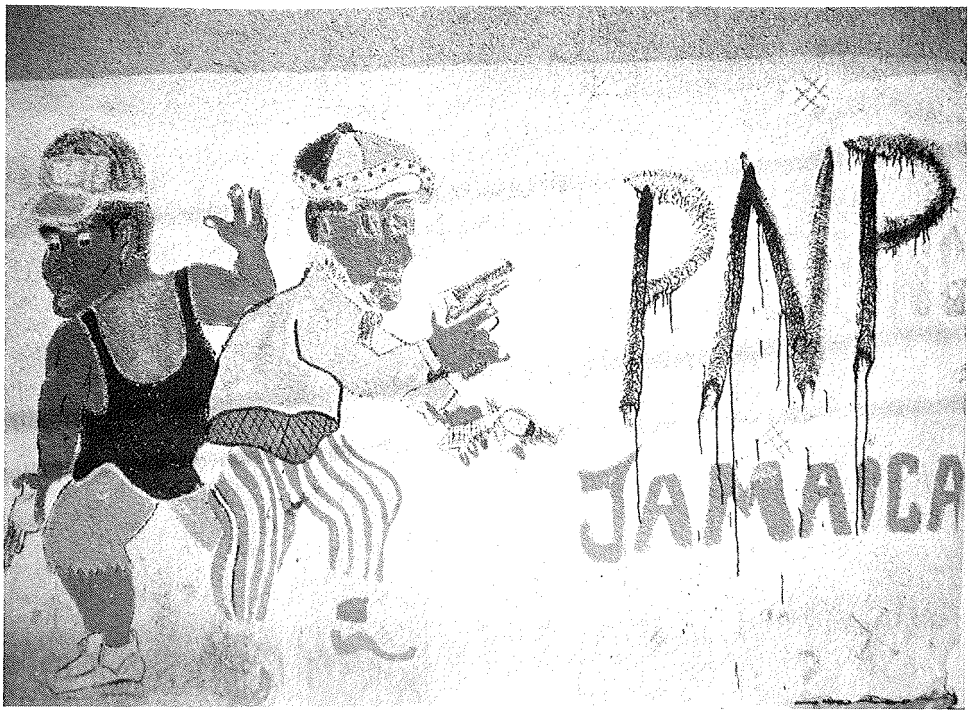

North Street
ZONE
BOBS

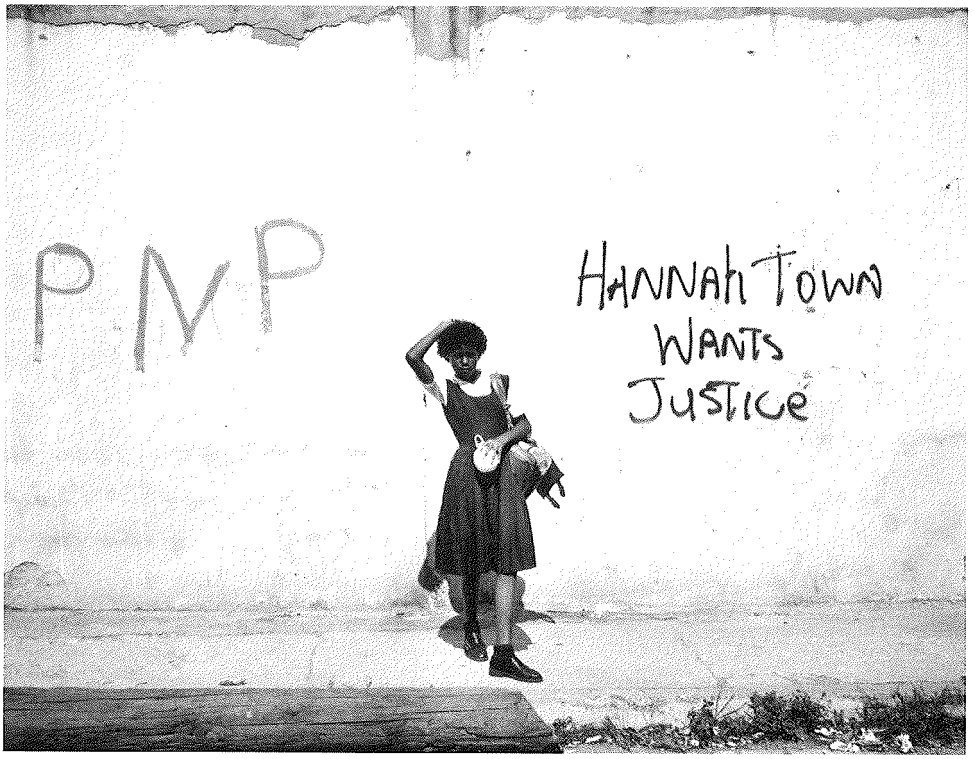


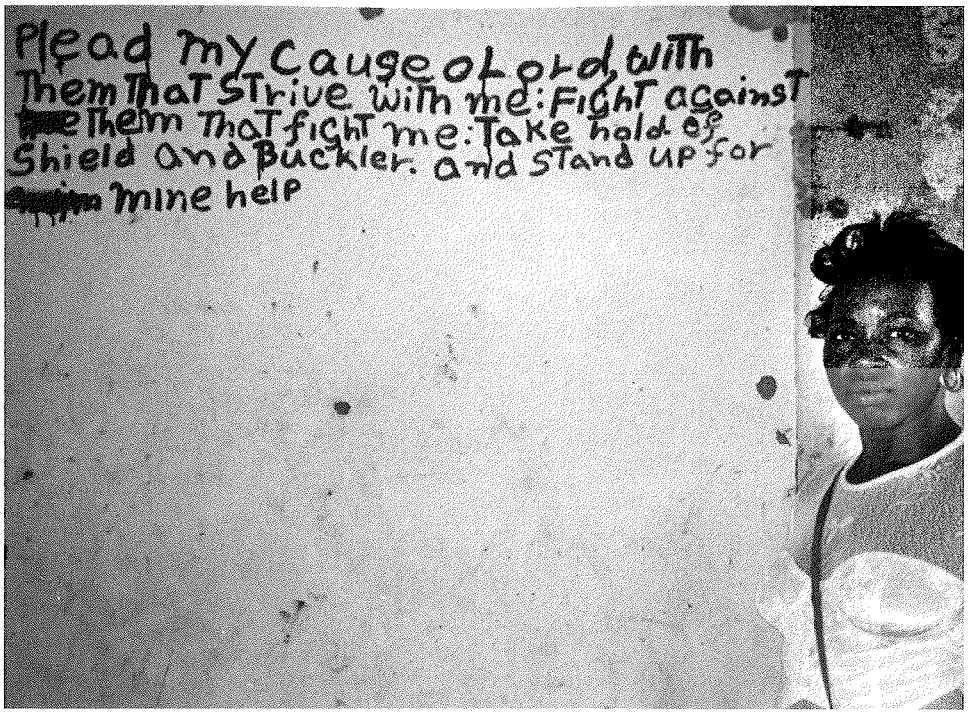


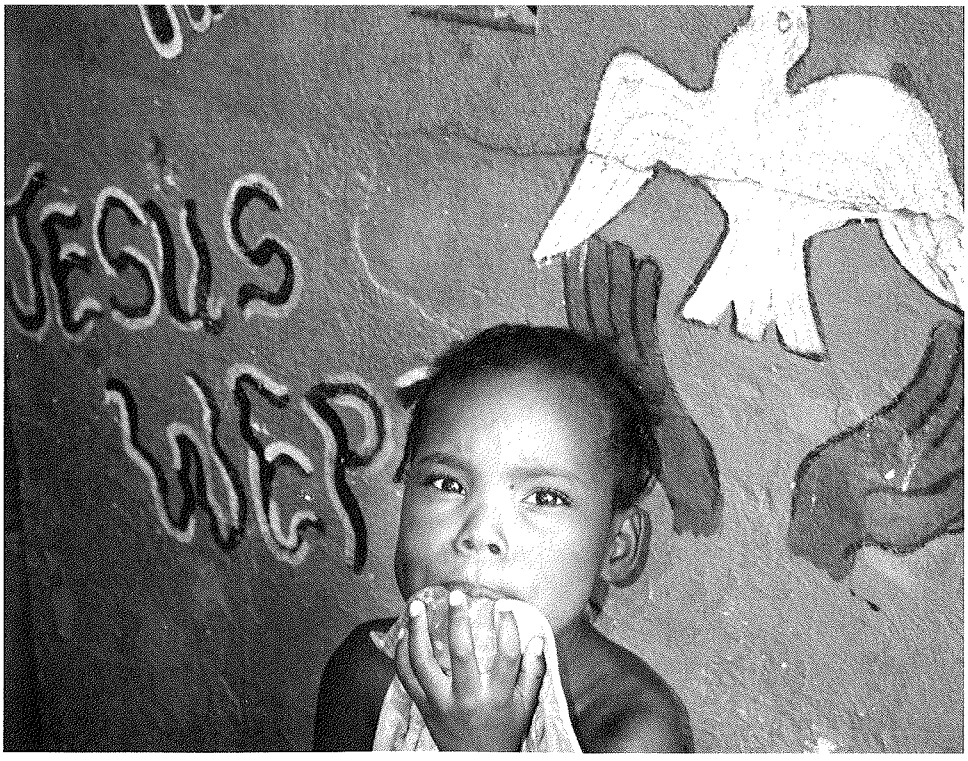





PNP
JAMAICA


PNP
HANNAH TOWN
WANTS
JUSTICE


Plead my Cauge O Lord with
Them That Strive with me: Fight against
Them That fight me: Take hold of
Shield and Buckler. and Stand up for
mine help


JESUS

MURDER FOR SALE
(1999)

VULTURES AND COPYCATS

There are some stories that should be written only for money. This is one of them. On Hitler's birthday, 1999, while our warplanes were killing dozens or hundreds of people in Yugoslavia, and the Yugoslavs were killing their hundreds or thousands, two high school students in Colorado shot down a teacher and twelve of their classmates in a long, sadistic game of hide-and-seek made still more atrocious by the theater of Nazism. Much would be made of the boys' military-style preparations for the murders, which were detailed in diary entries, but in fact their aims and methods evinced nothing more than juvenile grandiosity. They meant to avenge themselves on the school athletes who'd always mocked them, and yet their killing was literally catch-as-catch-can. ("Peek-a-boo!" they said to one girl before blowing her brains out.) They expressed ill will toward people of color and particularly blacks, but managed to kill only one black student. They dreamed of hijacking a jetliner and crashing it into a city, smashing all on board and hopefully some below, but this laudable dream also came to an end when, faced with otherwise inevitable capture, they shot themselves there in the high school they'd bullet-pocked. And really, now, thirteen unarmed victims was not much to show for all that "planning"

and their so-called "arsenal." Why, our armed forces did better than that in a single bomb-drop upon one Serbian hospital! No matter. To my colleagues, Littleton, Colorado, was a godsend. The day-by-day headlines of our undeclared war in Kosovo, which had already begun to shrink thanks to pressure from headlines about stock market fluctuations, immediately collapsed into inconsequentiality, perfect foils to the new headlines in type as long as my teeth: STUDENT MASSACRE. And the vultures alighted in Littleton with their satellite dishes and long lenses, their spotlights and their microphones as long as my arm.

I was one of them, but I was not in the initial wave. The first I heard about it all, I was sorting receipts from another job. (What was it now? Something involving death, novelty or celebrity.) The phone rang. It was a San Francisco newspaper. The shootings had just been announced. The editor urged me to turn on my television. He wanted me to fly to Denver the next morning. Weakly, I said I'd think about it. At that time I had no idea how lengthily and sordidly the vultures would feed, but even then the fare smelled sick and dreary, another true-life horror movie for a nation ever more uncertain what was true and what was life. I asked how much. The editor, perhaps disappointed in my lack of enthusiasm (and by the way he was a good man, a friend, who'd been genuinely shocked by what the mass media, as ever, would call "the tragedy"), told me he'd call right back. When he did, he said that he was sorry, but he'd just learned that it had to be a union job. That suited me just fine. After all, even if some lesson lurked, however coldly and apathetically, in the carcass of this tale which my fellow vultures had already in that first hour stripped down to the entrails, how could I grub around in an ethical way? For at that time I could imagine only two directions in which to twist my beak: (1) interview the victims' circle, which entailed slurping up their grief, or (2) gnaw open the "real story" on the murderers, which would glorify them no matter what I wrote; because in our country, fame and infamy are both glory. P.T. Barnum meant precisely this when he declaimed that any publicity is good publicity; and if that's true for circuses, it's true even more so for pathetic juvenile ringmasters of carnage, who launch their spectacles precisely because they feel ignored. Well, well, what publicity it already was! *Newsweek* awarded Littleton a double-sided photo foldout—a panorama of panicked students streaming to safety, taken with a long lens, with a caption reading 'THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE,' and on the reverse a closeup of a wounded boy being slid into an ambulance. The chief killer got a full page to himself; his follower's photo appeared in the center of the facing page, just under the headline. Turn a few pages, and there they both were again![1] *The Sacramento Bee* put Littleton on the front page day after day after day. Television networks reported "soaring audience ratings," with a variety of sordid statistics to back their claims.[2] *Sieg heil!* With endless thirst, the vultures drank from the tale of the boy who held the door for his classmates to escape. He died for that. He was a hero and a gentleman; I admire him. Would that I could die the same way! The vultures stabbed their beaks in the tale of the girl who, cowering

beneath a desk, was asked whether she believed in God. She'd been only recently born again. She hesitated, then looked her murderer in the eye and said that she did. (What if she had denied her God? Would it have made any difference?) The gun spat hatred into her face, and she was dead and bloody for vultures to feed on. Then there was the tale of the basketball coach, who saved many lives, got shot, and slowly bled to death asking someone to tell his daughters that he loved them. I don't know why; somehow his example affected me the most. —Noble, all three of them! They died affirming something. The vultures loved them, drank their blood, then defecated horror upon the airwaves.[3] But here's a miraculous principle about media carrion: The carcass whose stench attracts the most vultures grows new flesh to feed them. Look at Hitler! Even now he's not picked clean. So it was with the two murderers. The deeper the vultures picked, the more fascinating new guts they found. Did you know that those boys modified a violent video game to make it an electronic massacre whose victims vainly beseeched God for help? Did you know that they made a video portraying the murder of their classmates long in advance? And so it went. The lives and deaths of the victims thereby became subservient to the killers' biographies—hunting trophies, if you will. This was why I did not want to go to Littleton. I saw no reason to memorialize evil's achievements.

Three days after the killings, two students in the high school in sight of my house were escorted away in handcuffs for bringing a pipe bomb to class. They didn't want to hurt anybody, they said; they just wanted to watch it go off. The superintendent of schools was sure that they'd gotten the idea from Littleton, where the killers deployed at least thirty of them. "This is such a unique time when something like this can affect a lot of minds," he said vaguely.[4] I suppose the affected, the handcuffed minds rode off to juvenile hall in a cloud of self-loving glory.

Two days later, in Orcutt, California, a teenager took hostages in a bank and demanded that a television reporter be sent to interview him. He insisted that the gunmen in Colorado had pushed him over the edge when they killed one of his relatives. This proved to be an utter fantasy. But what did truth or lies matter? He simply wanted attention; Colorado showed him the way.[5] Meanwhile, day after day, the vultures excreted new headlines in the newspapers.

A week after the murders, schools in thirteen other states had reported bomb threats and the like.[6] Then a student in Alberta, Canada, came to school with a gun and shot two people, one of whom died. Surely all this couldn't be a coincidence. Vultures were extending and magnifying the murderers' work.

Of course they were not murderers themselves; I would never dream of censoring or punishing them. Their greed for carnage was no more culpable than that of those who watched it. But it seems pretty indisputable that the international footage of grief and death transformed "the tragedy" with its associated "death toll" from something merely hideous into something *important*, rendering the murderers themselves important, powerful, special. Everybody wanted to know what had made

them do it; they were the talk of the hour. It was not only revolting, it showed other unstable souls how they could be important, too.

RAISINS IN THE PUDDING

My fellow vultures offend me not only because their work incites other murderers, but also because it literally makes of murder a commercial commodity. Here I think of a remark which a friend made shortly after "the tragedy." Kent is a highly successful commercial photographer. I see his images on billboards all around me. He'll spend an entire weekend shooting closeups of almonds for a nut company, or executives for a quarterly report. His work is ephemeral; the color transparencies it's printed on begin to decompose within a couple of years. And yet he gets excited about his shoots; he'll lie awake at night trying to decide which of the two yellow ties he just bought at the mall will look better on that French pianist-model, on whom he'll practice his French. He'll deploy his colored micro-lights upon a tomato as carefully as any cardiac surgeon. Unlike me, he watches television. He said, "You know, this coverage, all this wallowing in tears and grief, I don't know what to think about it. Maybe it's good or necessary somehow that we see it. But it makes me uncomfortable. And what really depresses me is the way they'll cut from a crying face to a fucking commercial."

I doubt that the commercial-makers feel similarly depressed. They want their advertisements to be watched and remembered, so they embed shrillness into them, or humor, vulgarity, melody, obnoxiousness, anything that might stick in our thoughts. And because most people don't set out to watch commercials, the advertisers sprinkle them like poisoned raisins into the bland, premolded puddings of television programs. —Did I say bland? No, no, I misspoke; when everything American screams and rushes, we spice up our puddings to better disguise the raisins. We couldn't show a man performing cunnilingus on his sweetheart to give them both joy, because that might offend adults and incite their children to try the same, but if we present a bullet-laden carcass convulsing and bleeding on a hospital gurney, or a gang of self-satisfied thugs humiliating and hurting their fellow human beings, or a caption reading 'THERE WAS BLOOD EVERYWHERE,' why, then the viewers in their home castles will refrain from changing the channel until they've eye-swallowed a few more raisins.[7]

This essay is about the raisin-sprinklers, the vultures of all persuasions, and how they used Littleton for their own purposes.

CLEMENT PARK (I)

Of course I did go to Littleton, in part for money and in part because I hate to say no. I arrived on the day that the last of the murdered students was buried. The land-

scape, flat and cold, green and mucky beneath a drizzly sky, reminded me of Kosovo. There might as well have been no mountains. Streetlight slowly writhed in the rain beyond the windshield.

Wanting to be a decent vulture, I decided not to interview anybody who wasn't thrusting himself on public attention, to observe similar restrictions in photographing, and to leave the names of the two murderers unwritten, so as not to reward them even posthumously. Call them Tweedledum and Tweedledee. Once or twice I broke these rules, and accordingly shamed myself, as when I approached a sandy-haired teenager who was sitting at a picnic table all by himself in Clement Park where all the memorials lay, and I said, "Excuse me, but I'm a journalist, and I just wondered if I could ask you whether you thought that any good might come out of all this?" and he whispered, "I just don't want to talk about it."

Well, enough of such embarrassments. Vultures must dine, mustn't we? Let's leave that high school student alone with his sadness and walk through the drizzle past the wall of wilting bouquets. Let's wander through a few of the many shrines to the dead students, finding in those grief-carnival booths wallpapered with signatures, bad poems and repeated platitudes (mainly "I'm so sorry this happened" and "Jesus loves you" and "My heart is with you") evidence above all that in most cases human feeling is infinitely greater than its own expression. Over Clement Park hangs a fog of grief. The people who slowly, silently promenade there, rain or shine, night and day, imbue it with their anguish. It is difficult to spend an hour in Clement Park without crying. When the air is clear, one can see from far away the motionless human silhouettes on the hill of crosses, which is our destination, too. But first we'll need to pass so many flowers and teddy bears in the rain, then the booth that contains, among the usual detritus, a sampler on which the names of the thirteen victims have been embroidered, and a long note in crabbed handwriting that begins: "So many words so many kids had to say ...silenced in so few seconds. How exploited and dramatized their lives have now become." And we're also obliged to pass the CBS tent, which resembles a passport photographer's studio; its sign invites local teenagers to INTERACT! by appearing on a panel to discuss "What Is High School All About?"—in other words, I suppose, "Please Let Your Heart Bleed On Camera When We Ask You About 'The Tragedy.'" —But keep going. As we approach the parking lot filled with satellite television trucks, a tree greets us with a hopeful placard on which an arrow has been drawn, accompanied by the proclamation: MEDIA FREE ZONE AHEAD. ("Well, the kids are kinda annoyed," one woman told me. "They're like, can you please go away now? And who can blame them?" That was at least half the story. The other half was that many of those kids had volunteered to go on the television shows. The vultures didn't have to swoop too far.) Now pass a big truck whose rear advises START THE WEEK OFF RIGHT—ATTEND THE CHURCH OF YOUR CHOICE. Step right up! On your left, Columbine High School, which they now call *the crime scene*, lies silent in

the rain, shot up but not shattered as in a war zone. Like good Nazis, Tweedledee and Tweedledum boobytrapped it with pipe bombs before their suicide. It radiates that same dead, dark, ugly, creepy feeling as atrocity sites everywhere. Police guard it against itself. Hordes of bouquets have been stuck through the fence between it and the park. The cut flowers thrive in the cold rain, but their plastic wrappings sag beneath the weight of water.

Enter the queue of silence; ascend into the rain. Approach the hill of fifteen crosses, where in spite of the MEDIA FREE ZONE sign TV people with microphones which resemble long cattail stalks will decide whether or not to aim their long lenses at your face.

NOT THIRTEEN, BUT FIFTEEN

I will take you back again to the summit of this hill; I will tell you what it is like to wait in the rain to see those monuments; but for now I need say only one thing, or rather repeat it: *Fifteen crosses.* Not thirteen, but fifteen. A woman places a rose on one of the two murderers' remembrance-place, slowly walking by. And this amazes me. On the other ill-starred cross, to be sure, someone has x'd out the boy's face just as survivors of Cambodian atrocities do to Pol Pot's likeness in the Tuol Sleng Genocide Museum. And yet there is a cross for him, too; there are flowers.

I will take you back there because every day I returned there. That was Littleton for me. When I think of Yugoslavia, where neither forgiveness nor forgetfulness binds up atrocity's ever-bleeding gashes, those fifteen crosses in Littleton become a miracle in my mind. That hill is one of the most sublime places I have ever seen. The fact that human beings can, however briefly or provisionally, forgive those two souls who were really enemies of all humanity, inspires me beyond words. And the actions of the vultures who feed on and pollute the community's blood instead of sanctifying it inspire me with a proportionate rage.

THE GENTLE, ANGRY VULTURES

For indeed, mitigating my disgust with my colleagues and my self-disgust was the spectacle of yet other scavengers making capital out of murder. Follow those high school kids with their fresh flowers, and if you don't see the media vultures, you'll run into the gentle, angry vultures instead. They leave their turds in the tent-shrines where little children, coaxed by their parents, set down butterfly-shaped balloons on the funeral-festive debris, and where messages of simple heartfelt sadness already lie. Turn over ten or twenty, and you'll find a placard like this: I PRAY THAT YOU CAN FORGIVE US AND THAT MANKIND LOOK INTO THEIR HEARTS AND ASK THEMSELF [sic], IS THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS WORTH THE LIVES OF OUR CHILDREN?

That weekend the National Rifle Association was holding its annual convention, which through ill chance happened to be in Denver, so the gentle, angry vultures decided to besiege it. On that chilly overcast day a carpet of faces unrolled itself around the capitol building—more than six thousand, the organizers said, and the newspapers reported eight. Among the many placards I picked out: THE NRA IS A BUNCH OF STUPID REDNECKS and NRA = NO REALITY ALLOWED.

Fifteen crosses, not thirteen. So it had been on that sadly precious hill, but our gentle, angry vultures had no time to spare to love their enemies, much less search for common ground.

"Legislators beware," a woman shrilled. "There's a new kind of voter out there. I will *never again* allow the NRA to decide what is best for our children." Her voice trembled with fury. She was Linda Cuesta, a Columbine parent who during the emergency had made a deal with God that if her son survived unharmed she'd become politically active against guns. That was her right. But what exactly did the NRA believe to be best for our children and why was she against it? Here are the words of Wayne LaPierre, executive vice president, which I heard and wrote down less than two hours after Mrs. Cuesta's speech: "Of the six thousand young people caught with a gun in school in the last two years, we believe all should be prosecuted. But the truth is that only five people in 1997 and eight in 1998 were prosecuted. That's not zero tolerance. The NRA believes in no unsupervised access to guns, period. Just as every kid should have a guardian, every firearm should have its own guardian."

I do not belong to the NRA, but to me, at least, this position is eminently reasonable. Why should the NRA be blamed if the law is not enforced? Has the law *proved* unenforceable? If so, was the NRA solely responsible for the drafting of the law? Could better laws or better enforcement save more schoolchildren's lives? These are dry and difficult questions, I know, but perhaps we ought to answer them before we give up and ban guns. But Mrs. Cuesta's speech was short on intellectual effort. She said merely: "Our children are *frightened* to go to school. I *know* we can't protect them. I pray that I have honored them with my presence here today." — *Honored* them! She dared to say that! She dared to compare herself with those crosses on the hill that honored *and forgave.* She honored them with words of anger, hopelessness and hate.

Tom Mauser, father of one of the slain students, also spoke at this rally, and he said, "I'm sure there will be those who'll say I shouldn't be here today, that I am being exploited. *I am here today because my son Daniel would want me to be here."*

(A woman held her sign high: LIFE IS SACRED, NOT THE RIGHT TO BEAR ARMS.)

I could certainly understand why Mr. Mauser of all people might be against private gun ownership. I constantly worry about some thief getting ahold of one of my pistols and using it to commit evil. But my own possession of guns has on occasion saved me from harm. With all due respect, I see no reason why my life is any less

valuable than Daniel Mauser's. No matter. The point is not who is right in the gun debate, but merely whether it lies in good taste for the murders at Littleton to be politicized. As far as I'm concerned, it stinks.

But we're interrupting Mr. Mauser, who at that moment was asking the world: "If the NRA feel no responsibility for these events, why should they be meeting here?"

The NRA had booked its convention long before the shootings occurred. It had already canceled most of its exhibitions and shortened its meetings. What more was it supposed to do? I remember how after one of my colleagues was killed on assignment, I tried to explain to his family what had happened. The further backward I bent to soothe them, by phone, international long distance, at my expense, the more convinced they grew that I was guilty of his death. My explanations grew still more self-effacing, their questions more accusatory, until I finally exploded in hurt which has not left me to this day. Perhaps the way I felt then—and his family felt about me—was not far different from the way that Mrs. Cuesta and Mr. Mauser felt, but at least neither the family nor I went on any kind of public warpath. Did Mrs. Cuesta belong to some BUNCH OF STUPID REDNECKS whose motto ran NO REALITY ALLOWED, solely because she was an American citizen at the moment our planes were killing Serbian and Chinese civilians? —Not hardly, and neither had the NRA killed those thirteen people in Littleton. Had it in fact relocated the convention to another city, like me enslaving myself with overly considerate gestures toward my slain friend's family, no doubt the gentle, angry vultures would have taken that as proof of their guilt. So I felt that Mr. Mauser's question was irresponsible and unfair. The protesters applauded him, of course. Later they would sing, "We Are A Gentle, Angry People."

"Something is wrong in this country when a child can grab a gun so easily and shoot a bullet into a child's face as—as my child experienced," Mauser continued, his voice breaking. I agreed with him there—who wouldn't? He cleared his throat and went on: "There are reasonable gun owners, many." (At this point his audience fell sullenly silent. They would allow him this lapse, because his child's murder brought them such good propaganda, but I could see them tightening their lips and wincing.) "But the time has come to realize that a TEC DC-9 with a thirty-shot magazine like the one used to kill my son is not used to kill deer."

The crowd cheered him at once, its faces sad and angry and serious, many of them older people, many women. It lived in middle-class homes; it brought some of its children along; it swam in the American mainstream. I respected its collective grief and fear. Many of its members were not vultures, I think. I remember the weary, downcast heads, the trembling lips, the patient and impatient massiveness of its collectivity. I remember the refined grief on old women's faces. I remember the bowed heads, the tears, the endurance. Guns had killed the Columbine thirteen, and to these warm and goodness-seeking human beings who could not bring them back

it seemed natural to dispossess other citizens of their guns so that no one else would die. But I wondered whether Mr. Mauser and his audience truly understood *why* Tweedledum and Tweedledee had killed his son. I knew I didn't. From their public statements, it appeared that their parents didn't, either. And until I did, I wasn't about to demand that we alter the constitution of the United States. Granted, a TEC DC-9 is not used to kill deer, I thought. For that matter, the Second Amendment is not about sport hunting. It is about trusting and empowering citizens to defend themselves against government oppression, banditry and organized terror. If I am black and the Ku Klux Klan burns a cross on my lawn, then I want a gun to protect my family. But what did the gentle, angry vultures really think of the Second Amendment? Why, they wanted to suck the blood out of it! A sign read: SACRIFICE THE 2ND AMENDMENT—NOT CHILDREN.

Mr. Charles Blek, whose boy had been shot down in New York City, cried out, stern and determined: "When we sanction large-capacity magazines, we sanction the hunting of human beings." —Was it really large-capacity magazines that he was against? The government had already banned those before Columbine happened. If you had them, you could keep them (for now), but you couldn't buy any more. As for that TEC DC-9, it had been illegal for the killers to purchase it in the first place, since they were under age, and indeed, a few days after the rally, a man would be charged with obtaining it for them. No one had "sanctioned" their possession of it except for law-breakers. No matter. Mrs. Blek was already screaming at the NRA: *"We love our children more than you love your damn guns!"* And in my mind's eye I could see again those fifteen sublime crosses on that hill, the hill on which Mrs. Blek did not belong, and maybe not me, either, but I wanted to belong; I wanted to be that good; I wanted to be no vulture and do no harm.

And now Pastor P.L. Demner took up the microphone in tones of trembling eloquence, saying: "There are those who believe that refuge is to be found in the possession of a gun. That is the spirit of *lunacy*, and it is the spirit of *lunacy* that brings the NRA to our *wounded* city. And it is *here*, plotting an agenda that would *increase* the number of guns. Maybe someone should tell Charlton Heston that this is not a movie ...These are *real* children. *And it's real that it all comes from a gun."*

After that they commenced their tolling of the bell (which actually sounded like the tinging of a triangle) for each victim. I didn't count, so I cannot tell you whether they included the killers or not. Silence, bowed heads, tears and children's wondering glances set the scene. What did they all think of the pipe bombs? Did they want to ban pipes?

"IRRESPONSIBLE SEX AND OTHER NEW AGE HATE CRIMES"

Meanwhile, in a subterranean ballroom of the Adam's Mark Hotel, which the gentle, angry vultures would soon surround, Charlton Heston himself, current president of the National Rifle Association, was saying in person and on any number of giant monitors, "I'm *sorry.* This is *America.* We have the right to go wherever we want." He went on in his magisterial voice, "What saddens me the most, it implies that you and I and eighteen million honest Americans are somehow to blame ...*Don't come here!"* he mocked the vultures. "We're *already* here!" And the NRA cheered.

His audience, like Mrs. Cuesta's, was comprised mainly of older people, but there were more men than women. They too were mainstream in their way. Many wore Right to Bear Arms T-shirts, or clothing decorated with American flags. Behind me I saw a man in the garb of the fire department.

Colorado Secretary of State Vikki Buckley, black and herself a victim of a gunshot wound, took the podium to say: "I welcome you to Colorado, a state where *some* of us believe strongly in the *entire* constitution of the United States." She was especially interested in Isaiah Shoels, the one black victim at Littleton. The gunmen had asked each other, "Where is that little nigger?" before they shot him, and afterward they laughed that now they knew what nigger brains looked like. Just writing this detail enrages me once more, and it certainly enraged Vikki Buckley. Isaiah's murder was a hate crime, she said, and so it was. Indeed, Isaiah's father had professed to her that the hatred itself, not guns, was the problem. So far, so good. If anti-gun people wanted to politicize Littleton, then who could fault pro-gun people for addressing their sorry arguments? But then Vikki Buckley showed her own vulturedom: "Those who want to run the NRA out of town need to look at our own children who are engaging in irresponsible sex and other New Age hate crimes." And so once again a strange raisin had been slipped into the Littleton pudding. Nonetheless, everyone applauded.

I went outside. Half an hour later, the anti-gun people were screaming at an NRA man: *"Kid killer! Kid killer!"*

KATE'S VIGIL

I don't mean to imply that nobody should refer to an atrocity when staging public events. Kate Balasa at Regis University desperately wanted "another outlet to talk about things and not just grieve inside." So she did something about it.

"The day after the shootings, the university had a memorial service. I just sat there and was overwhelmed. I thought, we need to stop this. I was sick of people taking a stand on this for just one day. So I started talking with friends, and we organized a vigil."

"Had you ever done anything like that before?"

"Never."

"And how did it work out?"

"It turned into something great, but also it was hard. You know, the the vigil was supposed to last from Tuesday at 5:00 until Wednesday at 5:00, and at Wednesday at 4:30 we found out that in Canada there was another shooting, that copycat shooting, so we actually ended up continuing our vigil for another night."

"How many people were involved?"

"Well, we had forty to fifty people camping out on the quad and two hundred stopping in. By a lot of standards the numbers weren't that high, but, you know, Regis is small, and at least it was something."

"What's your opinion of the crosses for the two murderers?"

"That's okay. Their families need support and prayers. They lived troubled lives."

"And how do you feel about private gun ownership?"

"I'm against it."

"Did that become an issue in your vigil?"

"Well, there were two students who were NRA members. At one point I felt a lot of tension, but at the end they were discussing each other's opposing views and learning from them."

Thank you, Kate, for not being a vulture. You're one of the few.

CLEMENT PARK (II)

The next day was rainy and cold. Water trickled between people's legs as they stood in the straw, moving one body-width at a time up that wide mound of earth which in that deadening sprawl of flat-roofed malls got called a hill, and it was very strange to see Americans in line being so patient. They were very quiet. A high school boy who wore a baseball cap and an inadequate windbreaker stood soaked and shivering, waiting to take another step; often he wiped his eyes but he might simply have been wiping away rain. The media vultures were in hiding, perhaps out of worry about the effects of the rain on their expensive lenses, but other vultures braved the weather. Here came the Scientologists in sloganed raincoats, saying to the shiverers, "You look miserable. Would you like to know how to be happy?" And they passed out paperback books that explained just that. Every day I stood in line, they gave me one. When the Littleton job was over, I left them in the glove compartment of the rental car. Other citizens in that queue accepted them with sodden apathy, maybe because doing so was easier than arguing with the proselytizers, or maybe because they were looking for answers. For days I did not ask; I stood in silence; only the Scientologists talked. Finally I said: "So what would L. Ron Hubbard have done to prevent these murders?" —"Well, actually that's not something I feel comfortable talking about," one Scientology vulture in a yellow raincoat

replied. "You see, we're using this event, this mass gathering, as an *opportunity...*" (The vulture, like all scavengers, is opportunistic by nature.)

It took half an hour to reach the summit of the mound where yesterday the fifteen crosses had stood, each with its photograph of someone now dead, with raindrops running down that dead face like tears. Now there were only thirteen uniform monuments because one murdered boy's father had uprooted the two killers' crosses and chopped them to bits. Somebody had already replaced them with very short makeshift crosses of ugly sawn-off plywood. All the flowers and messages to the killers remained, as many as to their victims, and that manifestation of evenhanded remembrance touched me.

I think that if somebody were to shoot down a person I loved, I would have done what the cross-puller had done, but that did not make it right. I was not sure that these new crosses were right, either. I was not sure of anything.

A message to one of the killers read: FATHER, FORGIVE THEM FOR THEY KNOW NOT WHAT THEY DO. To the other: SORRY WE FAILED YOU. That choked me up.

Tears dripped off a man's moustache, striking the ground audibly; I never would have thought that sound possible. A girl turned away from one murderer's monument with a bitter shrug.

A mother and child stood on the other side of the same cross. The child began to cry. The mother clutched her to her heart and turned away from the crowd, facing rain as they both sobbed.

A small boy came to that spot and asked, "Why are their crosses short, Mommy?" The mother began to tremble. The child waited, but she could not reply.

"I know!" the child piped up at last, proud of his own cleverness. "They *wanted* short ones! Isn't that right, Mommy? Mommy?"

By one of the murderers' crosses a sign read: START TO FORGIVE. A man in a Jesus hat knelt, kissed one of the many flowers he carried, and laid it down there in the pile of other flowers.

THE CONFORMITY VULTURES

How pure was this forgiveness really? Was the man in the Jesus hat a vulture? I refuse to think so. I admire him. I respect him. I don't care what else he believed. And how about these sad and patient crowds? They say that when one woman began to write something hateful on one of the murderers' tall crosses, back when they still *had* tall crosses, others surrounded the cross to protect it and began to sing "Amazing Grace." Again, this impresses me. It undoubtedly helped matters that Tweedledum and Tweedledee were both dead. Since they could not be lynched, one might as well forgive them. (Isaiah Shoels' family would soon sue the school and the two gunmen's parents.) I don't wish to insult the sincerity of those umbrella'd peo-

ple slowly proceeding from one another of those myriad spontaneous materializations of mourning; of those families, those couples, slow and silent, massing on the hill where the crosses were. Every time I went to Clement Park, the gentle unity of their grief moved me to tears. And yet...

I dislike mentioning any details about the two murderers themselves, for fear of abetting their posthumous celebrity, but it's relevant to note that they frequently wore doom-black clothing, insulating themselves in a clique which some bullying athletes jeer-named "the Trenchcoat Mafia." Tweedledum and Tweedledee were not founding members of this organization, which by all accounts harmed nobody. Somehow it did not surprise me, given my own school experiences in America (I never wore black but was shy, uncoordinated, unathletic and weird, so I frequently got beaten up) that black-garbed high school students in Littleton found themselves frequently reviled, punched, demeaned and slammed against lockers. Tweedledum and Tweedledee not being available for interview except by ouijah-board, I decided to ask some other habitual wearer of black how it felt to live in Littleton.

A woman named Kerri Peek, founding member of the organization Judge Not Lest You Be Judged, had dressed Gothic for years. "Basically the scene has been around a lot longer than people think," she told me. "It's been around since 1979 with the bands like Bauhaus and even like David Bowie. For me at this point it's like a lifestyle—well, kind of more ideological. I live my life to where I follow a certain philosophy: *Judge not lest you be judged.*"

"And do people misjudge you?" I inquired.

"Oh, constantly. Recently I took my kids to the Capitol People Fair and somebody said, 'oh, poor kids.' I just ignored it. Sometimes when that happens, I say, 'Excuse me, what's your problem? What have we ever done to you?' I remember a time when a friend of mine and I wanted to go to church. Our hair was kind of wild, so we wore hats. And somebody knocked our hats off and said, 'Can't you show some respect?'"

"What did you do?"

"We left."

"Do you think you'd have a hard time if you went to Clement Park in your Gothic clothes?"

"I could say a resounding yes. But I'm strong enough to ignore them even if they throw stuff at me. I think it's sad that people are taking one faction of society and blaming us. We're nonviolent. We never hurt anybody. You know what? This winter when I need a jacket, I'm gonna get me a black trenchcoat. Because this is *ridiculous.*"

"Do you think that those two murderers would have spared somebody who was wearing Gothic clothes?"

"I don't think they cared. But I'm wondering if maybe they'd had somebody like us to talk to, maybe it could have been prevented. You know, I didn't have anybody to talk to. There was a time when I was looking for fights. I had a lot of pent-up

rage. Because I was *sick* of it. I was *sick* of being called a scary freak. But what came to my attention, and I thank God for this, was this: I had a choice. And let's also say that I never threw the first punch."

"Would you say that you're encountering more hostility since the murders at Columbine?"

"Defintely. A couple of my fiends are afraid to go out dancing. And one of my friends, somebody tried to beat them up."

And here I have to say that whenever I visited Clement Park, I never saw anybody who looked "different," I found scarcely any messages of condolence of a non-Christian flavor. Enter one of those memorial-tents, and you'll discover expanses of paper hands with schoolchildren's names on them. You'll see in a child's hand the depiction of a sun, a probably inadvertently bloody rainbow, and the words LOVE YOUR ENEMIES; PRAY FOR THOSE WHO HURT YOU. Who can object to that? I try to live that way, too, although I fail. But those words come from the Bible, and so do ever do many others. Yes, some kind soul did direct me to one dove-adorned "shalom," but I wondered whether the goodwill words of an atheist, say, would have been suffered to remain in Clement Park.

It was all grist for still another flock of scavengers, whom we might as well call the law and order vultures, or, better yet, the conformity vultures. *If they wear black, kick 'em out!* Thus ran the croaking of that tribe. They were the ones who were threatening Kerri Peek's friends. In Denver West High School, the principal established new security measures that caused fifty students to walk out. One ninth-grade girl complained, "They frisked me. They send kids home for wearing fatigue pants."[8] In Newnan, Georgia, the school board forbade opaque bookbags.[9] These are the same people who support mandatory drug testing and national identity cards, on the theory that "*I* have nothing to hide. Do you?" For them as for the others, Littleton was a godsend. If we are to give the killers any belief or credence whatsoever, then it was the relentless persecution of just those types that twisted their nonconformity into murderousness. No matter. Maybe the conformity vultures would win the next round. Maybe they'd suck out all the life of the next high school Kerri Peek, so that she'd finally give up and act like them...

CLEMENT PARK (III)

The next day was Sunday and sunny, so after church the park swarmed with crowds and the hill of crosses gazed down upon the longest line I'd seen yet. The feeders with their long lenses were back for more blood. People struggled up through the boot-churned muck of Rebel Hill, the parents so often holding and gentling their children; they'd realized how easily they might lose them forever. On the gravel playground by the rest rooms the families at first seemed the same as anywhere else, but then the parents began to seem to me more protective than usual. The father on

the teeter-totter with his son, the father who rushed to his little girl when she stepped into a puddle, both of them flinched when a truck engine backfired, as if they were expecting gunshots. I knew that feeling well, for after several sad experiences in wartime I sometimes found that a sputtering car or bus would make my heart race, too. The ones who ascended Rebel Hill were often gripping bouquets. They worried aloud about losing a shoe in that mud. ("They're fuckin' killin' the grass, man. That's the real tragedy," said a Littleton hotel clerk. "And all for the fuckin' news media.") —"Gramma wants to take a pitcher," a kid said. The old lady began to focus her lens on the big new cross that had just appeared that day, and a man with a telephoto lens snapped her, so I whipped out my camera and took his picture for good measure. All's fair in love and journalism, right?

A DIGRESSION ON LITTLE GIRLS

I watched that journalist for a while. The grandmother proved to be an aberration. Mainly he was taking pictures of little girls. I suppose that they were his natural prey. Just in case you wish to understand the feeding habits of this subspecies of vulture, I now refer you to my friend Noah Richler, an acute and articulate student of the world who's worked with me at BBC Radio and now runs the book review section of Canada's *National Post.* He put it to me like this: "In a way, the climactic moment is always being pushed forward. Twenty years ago, the shootings themselves would have been the point. But now the shootings are not good enough. You need the weepy hugs. And it becomes something other than news. You know, here we are at the newspaper, and we had loads of shots from Littleton of the kids hugging each other. Then the next day there was that copycat shooting here in Canada, and so we had shots of teeth biting the lips and parents hugging their kids and all that, and I found myself thinking, these kids aren't as cute as the Littleton kids—you know, prairie kids, farmer's daughters and all that. I suppose the American journalists had searched out more photogenic kids..."

CLEMENT PARK (IV)

The summit of Rebel Hill was a long, soft bed of ribbons, messages and balloons. People gripped that tall cross and prayed. A little blonde child in her church dress went around sniffing the flowers. Everybody was more animated; many kids were laughing and gossiping, the horror already drying up like the rain. In the rain, Clement Park had seemed like a mix between some old carnival and a homeless camp, with its flowers and letters to the dead lying smeared like the paper litter that gets scattered where tramps sleep and that remains after the police raid them and herd them on. And the teddy bears wet and beginning to mildew like the dead teenagers in their graves, I'd seen those in homeless camps, too. When the police

chase families away from their cardboard houses, children's toys so often get left behind. But now that the sun was out, Clement Park had the atmosphere of a country fair pure and simple, with tent-booths offering memories and love—and with hucksters all around. Descending Rebel Hill with the sticky sounds of mud-gripped shoes, people escaped the camera vultures only to find the calling card of a political vulture: a cross, doubtless as solid as any that ever graced old Golgotha Hill, with a plastic machinegun crucified upon it, and the message YOU CAN STOP VIOLENCE. Who wouldn't prefer to say no to the sick, stupid violence of Tweedledum and Tweedledee? I never met them, and I hate them. But the implication here was YOU CAN STOP GUN VIOLENCE which really translated as YOU CAN STOP GUN OWNERSHIP. The gentle, angry vultures had erected it.

"DEADLY TWISTERS LEAVE WASTELAND"

When I asked Kate Balasa what she thought of the news in general, she replied, "I've been trying to keep away from all that. I definitely think the media has done plenty harm. Watching TV, oh, there's just such awful overtones of violence."

"And the media coverage of Columbine?"

"I can't really watch it anymore. It's almost two weeks now since it happened and it's still MASSACRE AT COLUMBINE. I'm all for open discussion, but I think there's a time and a place where people have to restart their lives. They're just turning it into another soap opera. I just saw *Time* magazine and it's really awful. On the cover itself it says THE MONSTERS NEXT DOOR. That's not the way we reach a peaceful society."

A month after "the tragedy," when I finally wrapped up this essay so that I could get paid (it got rejected, so I never did), new copycats were still mincing into the spotlight. But they knew that if they wanted their purrings to be remembered, they'd need to achieve a higher body count than Tweedledum and Tweedledee had accomplished. For by Wednesday, May 5, my hometown paper had entirely replaced the desiccated husk of the Columbine story with DEADLY TWISTERS LEAVE WASTELAND: TOLL RISES TO 43 AS SEARCHES CONTINUE.[10]

GUNS IN THE USA
(2000)

For illustration related to this chapter, see the photo portfolio "Guns in the USA," volume 1.

The American gun culture is probably doomed, and I stand among the mourners. Let me lay down all my cards. I do not belong to the National Rifle Association. In fact, I am not a card-carrying member of any organization except for the social "security" swarm and suchlike compulsory herds. One of these, come to think of it, is the increasingly anxious flock of California gun owners. —No, no, possession of a firearm is scarcely compulsory in my state; in fact it's almost the opposite. We need special yellow cards now.[1] Of my six guns, each of which was purchased according to all the official mummeries, only two have not yet been outlawed.

Well, after all, why should I, or anybody but a police officer, a soldier or a terrorist "need" guns, let alone guns with cruiser grips or high-capacity magazines? ("Guns, they're scary," said an old Eskimo huntress named Sarah Kakaruk. "But you need a gun. In my case, you need four guns! Depends on what we're hungry for that day.") Regarding such issues, I imagine that this essay will neither convince the opposed nor flatter the converted. And that's just as well, for most political arguments are boring or repulsive, in part on account of the anger expressed on both sides of the debate. We already know that "guns have turned America into a slaugh-

terhouse," or that "guns don't kill people; people kill people." We hear it shouted at us. I could write about the tall gun store owner in Alaska who literally stank of anger as soon as I walked in and told him that I was a reporter, because to him all reporters were anti-gun liars; or I could mention the newspaper publisher in the same town who told me that pro-gun people such as myself were "as crazy as shithouse rats." She kept rifles in her house, but to her way of thinking, those didn't count as guns; a pro-gun person such as I must be pro-machine-gun (which by some coincidence I am). Never mind. We can all agree that, for better or worse, America is a country in love with firearms. What exactly is American about guns, and what is "gunnish" about America?

To find out, I traveled from Texas, where Uzis ride around in pickup trucks, to Alaska, where long guns produce scarlet twists of caribou jerky (which has almost a sour cream taste), to Washington state, where gun rights sometimes go hand in hand with gay rights, to Montana, where constitutionalists, romantic patriots and neo-Nazis keep guns for their own separate reasons, all the way to the shooting ranges of southern California, where I always love the ticking sound of brass falling onto concrete, the flash seen through the momentarily exposed chamber as the slide cycles backward, the weirdly sinister lethal zone of the firing area, which resembles a miniature parking garage from whose low ceiling hang the paper targets, waiting to get hit.[2]

TOOLS

Let me begin by introducing you to John Abrant, a retired major with a bad knee, and now quartermaster of VFW post number 9569, up in Nome, Alaska. "Well, I live to shoot guns," he allowed. He had quite a few of them, too. We sat down at the dining room table, right beside the rifle cabinet, and he poured me an iced tea and remarked: "My grandfather gave me my Winchester model 62 when I was eleven. And then he gave me his side-by-side Ranger shotgun when I was twelve. And they're still in mint condition today," he said proudly. His daughter Hallie, now twelve herself, began to clean the glass door of the gun cabinet. She and her nine-year-old brother Dean had just recently been given matching rifles by their father. They were home schooled children, respectful, curious and intelligent as far as I could tell. Both were decent shots. Dean liked to shoot much more than Hallie. When I asked him what he enjoyed the most, he said a little shyly, "Well, I mostly like shooting things that I get on target and make my parents proud of me." And I could not help but suspect that Major Abrant had once sought his grandfather's approval in just the same way.

Most of these people who eat what they shoot have grown up with guns. Perhaps their mothers hunted, or a nearby uncle kept a reloading press in the garage. And one of the reasons that American gun culture is dying in so many places is that, in

the words of a certain Mr. High Tech in Montana: "it's become less a part of people's lives to teach their children how to shoot. When I was young, the use of a gun was essential. You had to take care of predators. This sort of thing no longer exists. Our predators were four-legged. Now they're two-legged." The teaching does continue nonetheless. A Montana huntress named Kellie Nelson casually said: "Our youngest, my husband had him in the backpack, took off the backpack, shot a six-point bull moose. Kid wasn't even a year old at the time." I met one white Alaskan, a rangy, impatient man now a grandfather, who'd killed eighty-eight bears so far. He'd shot his first bear when he was three years old. The bear had fallen into a well. His father put a rifle into his hands and helped him hold it while he pulled the trigger. "There was nothing to it," he said curtly.

"I was seven or eight when I killed my first cottontail with a rock," said Major Abrant. "It was a lucky throw, but I nailed him right in the head with a hunk of sandstone. My uncle showed me how to skin him and gut him, and we ate him for dinner that night."

These hunter-children got BB guns for Christmas when they were six or seven; then came the .22 rifle or "squirrel hunting gun" four or five years later. Eskimo children, who saw firearms employed almost daily (and whose parents probably commanded a smaller disposable income for frivolities) usually skipped the BB gun stage. Sarah Kakaruk said simply, "When I was eight, they taught me to stay away from guns. When I was eleven, they taught me how to handle guns. I always had older brothers to show me what to do." A forty-year-old Eskimo woman in Nome learned from a very early age how to kill muskrats for their skins. "If you don't get it right on the top of the head," her mother always said, there's no point even shooting it." And that huntress learned to get them on the top of the head. When you consider that it requires a hundred squirrel skins to line a single parka, it becomes clear how often subsistence hunter might employ their guns. "I mean, we go gopher hunting every chance we get," said Kellie Nelson. "When we go to the mailbox, we hunt!"

Preceded by a BB gun or not, a .22 inevitably entered the young hunter's life. Dean and Hallie Abrant's matching gifts from their father were .22s. A Texas gun shop owner said: "I had my first .22 when I was twelve. I kept it in my room with the magazine and the bullets. We used to go out rabbit hunting. We never got into any trouble." ("Say I was twelve when I started," said Kellie Nelson. "Then it's legal.") Those .22s might have been supplemented by other long guns when the hunter began to aspire to larger game, but the habit of carrying one's long gun about, ubiquitously and usually safely, required no amendment. Mr. Ron W. Marr, publisher of a pro-gun newspaper called *The Trout Wrapper*, (for which Mr. High Tech happened to write a column), told me: "When I was sixteen, everyone had a gun in the pickup and nobody *ever* had to take it to school," as schoolyard murderers do nowadays. "And if we ever pointed a gun in the wrong direction, we would get a severely harmful ass-kicking."

Once the child was grown and married, the growing gun collection moved to new quarters. Up in Nome, one Eskimo woman with a bit of Irish in her owned a .300 Weatherby, a .308, a .22-250, a regular .22, and a .22 magnum, and they all leaned ready–to-hand right up against the bedroom wall. "Tom has his own guns. I have mine. Just like I have to skin what I catch, and he has to skin what he catches. (We both got so much to skin now, Tom was saying to me the other day: 'June, we need a wife!') Sometimes I might let somebody use my .22, but it's a lot safer if you use your own rifle all the time."

By then the hunter had long since learned that a gun was an *implement* to be used only for a specific purpose—to kill a dangerous bear, for instance, or to feed oneself. These activities were so ordinary that one need not make a big deal about them. "Like I said, I'm not a hunter," insisted old Sarah Kakaruk, about whom much more later. "Just to protect myself and get my dinner, that's all I worry about. I only caught one moose in my life. That was with a .30-.30..." To someone like her, plinking at tin cans or hunting for "sport" was an alien idea. When I asked Major Abrant whether he ever bear-hunted, he replied poker-faced: "I never developed a taste for grizzly. I don't hunt for anything I wouldn't eat, even a politician. I hunt caribou pretty often," he said, rising. Opening the refrigerator, he gave me a baggie of homemade caribou jerky. "I pretty much get a moose every other year. These kids think beef tastes funny. I usually shoot young bulls or cows. They dress out at three or four hundred pounds. Turn most of it into hamburger."

"Hallie, which do you like better, moose or caribou?"

"Whichever my Dad shoots!"

"How about muktuk?" Muktuk was an Eskimo "country food"—raw, frozen whale-skin.

"We can't stand it," the girl said.

But Major Abrant and I liked it all right. Opening the freezer, he gave me black-and-white strips of bowhead whale, which I hadn't eaten in several years. The cold, soft flesh melted rapidly in my mouth, reminding me of nothing so much as almonds.

PRIDE

Seventy-three miles away from Major Abrant's family, in the little town of Teller, dwelled the Hughes (one of whose neighbors was Sarah Kakaruk). Kenny Hughes seemed at first to be a kindred utilitarian. "I just wanna put meat on the table," he insisted. "I'm not a sportsman. My guns just sit around most of the time. They're just a tool. The moose population has dwindled a bit, but lately I've been shooting musk-ox. They are a delicious meat and a great hide." He had killed two with his Winchester .308, one in 1997 and one in 1998. The heads lay in his back yard, along with a half-repaired boat, vehicles living, dying and dead, and piles of cari-

bou antlers. Mr. Hughes was waiting for time and maggots to translate them into perfect horned skulls. Already through the decaying flesh the teeth shone white. It did not take me long to realize that he was proud of those trophies.

Mr. Hughes's Eskimo wife was running errands during my visit, but of her the youngest son, Gerald, proudly said, "My Mom's a crack shot with this .22. She shot a glass jar just like *this.*"

His pretty sister Dora Mae had just turned fifteen, for which I congratulated her. She was a biathalon champion—"more decorated than all the rest of us," said her father with a fond smile.

"She shot a muskrat in the head with that .22 and blew his brains right out!" said Gerald gleefully. He himself had just been out ptarmigan hunting.

Glass jars and muskrats, the difficult shot successfully accomplished, the trophy head or paper bull's-eye, all these (except, in the case of native Americans, the muskrats) relate only peripherally to subsistence itself. In the American gun culture, the successful hunter was, and often still is, an admirable person, a celebrity, a provider to his family and to the poor, a magician of tundracraft—in short, a well-rounded human being. In the words of Mr. High Tech: "I teach my children to hunt and shoot, and they enjoy hunting and shooting. There's a certain finesse to it, a certain kind of *heart.*" That heart gets memorialized in anecdotes and trophies. Shooting at a target, whether it be a bottle or the shoulder of a moose, can be far more difficult than non-shooters imagine. And so another gift which guns offer to their owners is the joy in a hard-won accomplishment.

I remember two couples, and two parallel scenes.[3] Kellie Nelson, the blonde Montana housewife-huntress, said: "The whole family, we go hunting, and I got my first elk[4] two years ago."

"One shot at two hundred and twenty-five yards," said her husband with loving pride.

"Well, I was hoping to hit," she said bashfully. "I didn't want to shoot it and not kill it."

And in Nome that Eskimo woman with a bit of Irish in her, whose name was June Spencer, took me into her living room to show me a snow-white ram's head on the wall. She was a busy, bustling, slender woman, quite pretty, with her hair beginning to grey. "I hunt *lots*," said her boyfriend Tom, the same who'd killed his first grizzly at three. "She hunts a lot."

"I used to go with my mother," June said. "She ran a dog team. I remember being about six years old and holding the sled while she guided the dog team. She did a lot of squirrel hunting. But I didn't start hunting aggressively until I started dating Tom."

Their back yard was scattered with denuded beaver carcasses. "We've been skinning and skinning!" June laughed. "I also caught two seals just recently, so we're draining the seal oil. Then once the black meat's good and dry, we'll chop it up and

mix it in, then add the tripes."

That ram's head made her happy just to look at it. "God, I had to cross three canyons," she said. "Got it right in the butt. Broke its back."

"It was actually a pretty good shot," Tom said to me in his gruff way.

June hung her head, embarrassed and pleased. "Thanks, Tom," she said. I sensed that the approval of this expert hunter was rarely given, and that when it was bestowed it meant almost as much to her, perhaps, as his love.

GUNS AS GUARDIANS

While the hunters among us entered the gun culture at birth, many members of the self-defense crowd signed on abruptly, as a result of a scare. In Seattle, a man named Don Baldwin who describes himself as "essentially a liberal to libertarian democrat" told me that "shooting was kind of a theoretical libertarian position I wanted to have until one night my father and I were in Reno and we thought the hotel room was about to be broken into."

Mr. Ray Carter in the same city, who founded the gays-with-guns organization Cease Fear (which he so named especially to twit an anti-gun group called Cease Fire), felt that the gay-bashers were especially menacing when he first came out of the closet. "I went down to a local gun shop and started shopping. I picked up a .22 rifle which I still have today. As soon as I came of age, I picked up a .45." To Sarah Kakaruk, who dedicates her .22 to water-ducks and such small game, the choice of that caliber to bag a six-foot human being might have seemed strange. "The .22 was mainly chosen on a historical-nostalgic basis," Mr. Carter admitted. "I like lever-actions. They're a fine design." In short, it had been in part an aesthetic decision. But perhaps the key fact was that he had not been of age to get his .45.

"Only recently has safety been an issue," said Don Smith in Nome. "Basically, that's come about from traveling around Charleston, South Carolina with my mother in the downtown area after dark. My mother's eighty-five, and she likes to wear her jewelry. I never really felt the need for protection from humans in Alaska. I have shot a bear in self-defense before, down in Kodiak. Without my gun, I would have been at the very least severely injured. In general, with a gun I'd say the peace of mind is as valuable as the safety itself."

I would have to agree with him. There have been several nights in my life when I slept better for having a loaded pistol beside my bed. What if I called the police and they didn't come? Ron Marr, the publisher of *The Trout Wrapper*, was stalked two years ago by a woman who'd sent him more than six hundred letters, many of them death threats. One day she approached his house, with her hand inside her sweater. Gun in hand, he called 911. It took the authorities forty minutes to respond. Had she begun shooting, and had he not been armed, he would have been at her mercy. Anti-gun people would say that the solution is to render *both* of them

disarmed. But that wouldn't protect me from an assailant with a knife, or from somebody who was taller and stronger than I. When I asked Mr. High Tech why the Second Amendment was so important, he replied: "It absolutely asserts the fact that I can defend my life and property, if I need to, against any harm."

GUNS AS TOYS

"To me, shooting isn't necessarily something I find entertaining," said Don Smith up in Nome. "A gun's not a toy, it's a tool." There are days when I agree with him, when my practice sessions at the range seem boring or menacing. I remember how after one unpleasant trip to Bosnia the smell of burned powder reminded me hideously of the odor of war-burned buildings, and as I shot my four hundred rounds I did not feel at all entertained. I was here simply for "insurance," to make sure that my guns and my shooting skills remained in working order should I need them. (As an old gunsmith and Marine veteran put it, "I'm gonna take charge of my own safety. I don't wanna be afraid anywhere.") But there have been many, many times, particularly at outdoor ranges, when brisk weather and a disproportionate number of perfect shots infuse me with glory. —"I just enjoy it," said a Houston gunsmith named Mike Casados. "It's fun, it's a release, and it's a discipline. You can have an eighty-year-old guy getting off bull's-eyes. It's fun to get together with a bunch of like-minded guys. It's just like motorcycles. Sure, the guns get bigger and bigger, so it's not just for self-defense. So what?" I thought of what Major Abrant up in Nome had said when I asked him what he enjoyed the most about hunting. —"The fellowship," he'd replied immediately, and perhaps a little curtly. I had a sense that to him this fellowship was a very special thing, not to be spoken of to just anybody, so I did not try to draw him out, but Don Smith, might have spoken for him when he said: "I've always been in a culture that involved hunting and the safe use of guns, period. It's been a cultural kind of experience for me, bonding with my three brothers and my father." —"There's a communal aspect to having the family butcher an animal," said a Montana woman. "Somebody quarters the meat, another person cleans the skin, and so on."[5] Perhaps what all these people were implying was that hunting and shooting sometimes comprised *play*, as it always did now for the old fellow I met in Texas whose greatest pleasure was to stretch out by a certain swimming hole on his property and shoot water-snakes all afternoon. What did he have against water-snakes? They were poisonous. Perhaps he was a little sadistic in his play; perhaps the water-snakes weren't doing him any harm. But for better or worse, he was playing.

About an hour east of where I live, there's a sun-baked place attended by hot blonde grass where you can set your own pumpkin in the dirt and rapid-fire it to smithereens if you want, provided that you clean up afterwards. At the other end of the spectrum lies what Ray Carter in Seattle calls "ranges where sphincters are more

or less permanently open. They have a one-shot rule." These are most often indoor ranges. Their proprietors have to worry about the possible consequences of launching multiple bullets in confined spaces: excessive noise, lead fumes,[6] and damage to their backstops. For the first reason and the third, one of my six firearms (which adheres quite massively to Mr. Casados's "the guns get bigger and bigger" rule) is prohibited in most indoor ranges. Bull's-eyes come few and far between for me with this impractical seven-round pistol, an Israeli Military Industries Desert Eagle .50 AE, for the recoil and fireball of its extremely powerful cartridge (which barely fails being classified by the government as a dangerous "destructive device") makes me flinch—and frequently does the same favor to shooters on either side of me.

For economy, and also for the pleasure of tinkering, I gather up my expended brass, take it home, tumble it clean, and reload it with primers, gunpowder and shiny new copper-jacketed bullets. I weigh out my powder carefully, knowing that mistakes could kill me. Once I bought somebody else's reloads and was rewarded by the fright of a "slam fire": The careless remanufacturer had seated the primer shallowly, making it excessively sensitive to mechanical shock, so that when I chambered the first round by launching the heavy, spring-powered slide forward, the gun went off before I was ready. I never bought reloads for the Desert Eagle again.

The caliber is really almost too much for a handgun. Firing it is more of a "challenge" than a pleasure. I brace myself and hold my breath when I pull the trigger. The shock-boom travels through my bones. If I've managed to hit the black circle at all, I'm thrilled. And here I recall the words of an ancient huntress in another Montana bar: "If you get something, fine. If you can't, you've still got the joy of hunting." That goes for bull's-eye-hunting, too. (By the way, my Desert Eagle remains legal, for now. There is some talk about banning pistols above a certain weight, in which case my Desert Eagle would lose out.) I have no earthly use whatsoever for this gun. Let's call it a toy. (Another *bon mot* from Don Smith: When a dude from the Lower Forty-Eight was strutting around with a holstered magnum pistol, glorying in invincibility against lurking bears, one of Mr. Smith's old-timer buddies advised: "File off that front sight. When that bear takes that gun out of your hand and jams it up your ass, it's gonna hurt a whole lot less." Well, I've already admitted that this gun's a toy.)

As I said, most indoor ranges forbid my Desert Eagle, but I have many happy memories of shooting in those hot, cordite-reeking catacombs until my trigger finger's black with powder and lead. It's terrible for the environment, no doubt, and for my health, and I do not care. Sometimes I shoot alone, sometimes with my buddies. We try and try to get it just right so that every shot will be perfect. It will never happen, but it's something to aspire to.

My friend Craig Graham is a slender, hyperactive bookseller, now half a century old, who dreams, drudges, worries about paying the bills, tries to be a good father and a good husband, fears crimes and apocalypses (as is only rational, for he lives in

Los Angeles), and loves to shoot. For Christmas his family gives him ammunition. We have been shooting partners for years. Craig is not a very good NRA poster boy for gun safety, as my photograph of him will attest. But when his guns are loaded and he's on the range, he doffs his clownishness and gets down to business. He buys me bullets and I buy him bullets. We'll shoot away a Saturday morning with our handguns. Craig meets me with his .22 and his .45 in the trunk. I generally prefer to bring my 9 millimeter Sig Sauer P226 to the indoor ranges. When I bought this excellent self-defense pistol about a decade and a half ago, it came with a fifteen-round magazine, and I purchased two more for the then nominal price, because I like to have spares of everything. These magazines are now outlawed. Mine are "grandfathered" in, but no one else will ever be able to walk into an American gun store and buy them once the hoard of pre-ban manufacture has been exhausted.[7]

Craig's father once stood at the firing line beside a home reloader who'd over-charged his cartridge with gunpowder. The reloader took aim, pulled the trigger, and thereby launched the rifle-bolt right through his own head, dying instantly. Craig's father still shot after that. Craig's brother shoots and can field-strip his .45 Colt M1911 in total darkness; Craig shoots happily, on some days frenziedly, on others in a purring lethargy, fire blooming lemon-yellow from his barrel into flower-flares, holes appearing on the twitching target. What if he were to accidentally kill himself? Well, he has to die from *something.* As Mr. High Tech put it: "They talk about *safe guns.* Who the hell wants a safe gun that can't bruise someone's feelings?"

A PAUSE TO INTRODUCE MR. HIGH TECH

In Montana, where blonde squares and blue squares of cropland are shadowed by snowy hills, the wildness and extreme individualism of Alaska endure in the little towns which were scattered like junk, but these towns lie on a road system which connect them to urban anti-gun America. The population of Nome is large—around forty-five hundred people—but to get to Anchorage a body would have to fly, walk or swim. In Montana there's a settlement called Pony in the foothills of the Tobacco Root mountains. Pony is so tiny that road maps frequently omit it, and yet nothing would stop any motorist with time on his hands from driving from Pony all the way to Los Angeles. Montana is corrupted. Freemen and rich movie stars dwell in less than happy proximity. Urban and rural all at once, Montana allows its guns to be both tools and toys. I could never imagine Sarah Kakaruk saying, as a man in Pony gleefully did: "One of the coolest things is, if you like tracers, poke some cigarette lighter flints into a metal plate with some gasoline behind it, step back, take aim, pull the trigger and you got yourself a long-range bomb!"

This man, of course, was tall, bearded Mr. High Tech, whom it is my pleasure to formally introduce to you at last. We were in a bar whose helpful notice explained: "BEER IS SO MUCH MORE THAN A BREAKFAST DRINK." I've

mentioned that he wrote a gun column for *The Trout Wrapper*, and now I should tell you that the *The Trout Wrapper's* masthead slogan was "Dedicated To Hunting Down & Publicly Tormenting the Humor-Impaired Since 1994." Beside me on my desk I spy the "WHY WE REALLY LIKE GUNS AND REALLY DETEST CLINTON ISSUE," which in its grandeur and its glory approaches the one about the Janet Renosaurus in the Liberal Reptile theme park. Did you want to have fun with your gun? Why then, Mr. High Tech was your man. He was also a dedicated NRA member and, when you got right down to it, a very earnest Second Amendment advocate. "Montana has more guns per capita than any other state," he said. "If you have to listen to, God forbid, Bill Clinton, we should be havin' a shootout every day. In fact, guns are a defense mechanism against people who want to take away our freedom. Look at the IRA. They have held the British government at bay. If the Founding Fathers were right in giving us the Second Amendment for that purpose, that purpose is still valid."

Moreover, Mr. High Tech loved guns. He had several, and more than several—oh, yes, he did. He had fun with *his* guns. I had fun with mine. He had outdoor ranges—why, Montana *was* his outdoor range...

THE WILD WEST

If it's merely a dangerous sport that I want, why don't I stick to skydiving, which rarely kills anybody other than its own practitioners? Enemies of the gun culture sometimes shoot out the contemptuous catchphrase "Wild West," meaning that gun advocates have wished themselves into an anachronistic high-noon movie set in which touchy cowboys can preserve their self-esteem by gunning down co-workers with assault rifles, running amok at day care centers and fast food restaurants, "going postal." This ascription is both more apt and less pejorative than they know. Old West standards of conduct remain semi-legible in the New West, like the wooden grave-markers of some ghost town. Sometimes they come back to life. I remember a bank teller in Sacramento, a slender, somewhat desiccated old lady with a Spanish name, whose fresh-dead husband's many guns had all passed unto the far-scattered children—all except the .357 magnum revolver. Now she was beginning to think of trading it in for a smaller, lighter pistol, the kind a lady could keep in her purse. I opined that if it was too small then it might not stop an attacker. She replied that it would do the job if it were an automatic—by which she did not mean an illegal full-auto machine-pistol, but simply an auto-loader, a gun whose magazine dwells within the grip—compact, accurate, and higher in capacity than that Wild West six-shooter to which her sentimentality clung. She had in mind a handgun with, say, fifteen shots like my Sig Sauer—not unreasonable when you consider that nearly half of the bullets fired by seasoned cops miss the bad guy. This was what the widow wanted. (I didn't have the heart to tell her that the capacity she

needed and deserved was now limited by law. No matter.) She said to me, "If I were about to be hurt, or someone in my family was, or my pet, I don't think I'd have any trouble using it." And then she said something characteristically American. She said: "One time this punk stole my hub caps. And, you know, maybe I shouldn't get so upset over a material possession, but it was a 1968 Volkswagen, and it's not so easy to get replacement parts for those. I'm not rich. I thought to myself, *that's my horse.* You understand what I'm saying? In the old days, stealing somebody's horse was a capital crime, because a horse was your car, your tractor, and everything. Without a horse you were going to have a tough time. I don't know. I don't think I'd have had any trouble defending my horse."

A friend of mine opined that this gun owner was not very nice, to imply that she might execute somebody for stealing her hubcaps. And certainly the vigilantes of the Wild West were not very nice. But I sympathize with her all the same. Why should she have to suffer insult and theft without recourse? (Calling the police would not constitute recourse. It would be unlikely that they'd arrive in time.) What if the hubcap thief didn't stop with her hubcaps? Even if he did, was his behavior thereby acceptable, decent, permissible? If so, let's legalize hubcap theft. If not, why shouldn't this tired, scrawny Hispanic woman, who had no one to help her, be able to pull out a gun and tell the thief to get the hell out?

If the Old West had an overarching ethos, that would have been *self-reliance.* A gun can turn a bad man into a real-life ogre, as we know without a doubt—but it offers that widow at least the possibility of surviving or even vanquishing him, just as in movies the heroic cowboy liberates himself from the desperado. That is why the weak, the sickly, the old, and the crippled so often participate in America's gun culture with enthusiasm. What they think about the increasing legal and social obstacles to gun ownership you can well imagine. —"It's all a witch-hunt, that's all it is," said a gun-owning friend of mine in Massachusetts. Skinny and prominently bespectacled, he more than anything resembles a grasshopper, thanks to his crutches—he's paralyzed from the waist down. Some people might say that his love of guns originates in compensation. So what if it does? He hales himself to Manhattan and back without complaint. He eases himself down into a seat at in a narrow delicatessen; he ascends steep flights of steps; he strains and strategizes to do what most of us do thoughtlessly. If his gun collection makes him feel like more of a man, more power to guns! Living out in the country, he fears human predators less than rabid animals, particularly the volatile hybrids known as "coy-dogs." A pistol in his pocket makes him feel safer when he goes outside at night. He's Mr. Intrepid; he's ready for anything. I'm all for him.

Go over those far brownish-green ridges whose white dots of reindeer resemble Arctic heather, and you might find yourself back in Teller, Alaska, where the Hughes family lives—a town of some two hundred and fifty souls, most of them Eskimos who live by subsistence hunting, and if you step into the kitchen of old Sarah

Kakaruk and her brother Norbert, you will meet a fine pair for whom calling the police would not constitute recourse. To Sarah you have already been introduced.

"They'll be mostly water-duck eggs right now," she's saying. "And we take just enough for dinner. Split 'em up among our family."

"Water duck, now," says Norbert. "Bill, I just love to eat. Water duck, well, you put macaroni, potatoes, everything you've got, and you make like cat soup."

He sits there in his chair, listening more than looking.

"I been blind since I was five, since 1943," he told me. "But I been taught that when you're in a house, make sure the barrel's pointing at the floor. And always take care of your rifle; keep it from being rusty. These are real important to use around the camp, like if you want some duck for your dinner, you should keep a little .22. And never leave your shells close to your rifle in the house, on account of the kids."

Was this he merely parroting stale theories which he could not practice? Wait and see. He possessed a .30-.06 without a front sight. He carried it with him when he and Sarah went out into the country. He was ready to shoot it if he ever felt a bear's breath on him through the doorway of their tent. And if don't believe that he could, listen to him as he sits there against the wall (he's just finished his fried egg sandwich), while Sarah shows you the gun that saved their lives not long ago at camp, and tells you how he helped her.[8]

"Sarah's father bought that rifle around the turn of the century for twenty dollars," he said. "He made that little gun bag out of bleached sealskin, and, you see, that's what Sarah still keeps it in."

"It was eleven-thirty at night," Sarah said, "when our dog started to bark, and I said, oh no, don't let it be what I think it is. I started looking, but it was getting hard to see, being dusk in August. But I saw him, all right. First he started sniffing at the tin house. And he stood up and waved his arms like this. And then he took a sniff at me, so I shot him once in the chest. Norbert was saying, 'Shoot him again!' because sometimes those bears are real smart and they'll play dead. But there was only that one round in the chamber. Norbert, though, he knew where everything was even in the dark, so he reloaded for me. That bear was beating the water with his paws real mad. So I gave him three more. After that bear was dead I started to panic. Norbert said, 'You can't let your eyes get swollen from crying since you're the only one that can see.' Then that night another one came. She was smart. She hid out of sight. She must have been the first one's mate. We put the first one in the boat and took him to Fish and Game, because he was out of season, and when I came back three days later that other bear was beating up the ground with her paws, still waiting."

The Wild West was wild. Sometimes only self-reliance could save us. Sometimes that's still the case.

It might seem that gun control measures now taken would not affect the Sarah Kakaruks of this world, but they do make life problematic for the would-be Sarah Kakaruks, the Eskimo admirers such as myself. As I said, I am not a hunter. But I

like to walk and camp alone in the Canadian Arctic, where snow-rimmed rivers glint blackly in the sun. "Once you leave Nome proper, you're part of the food chain," Major Abrant had said. Hence my Mossberg 12-gauge pump action shotgun, recommended to me by Canadian Mounties as a very reliable means of self-defense against polar bear attacks. To reduce the weight and bulk of this life-protector (for my backpack often weighs over a hundred pounds as it is), I purchased it with a compact, lightweight pistol-style "cruiser" grip. These grips are now outlawed in California. Perhaps some gangster once hid such a shotgun in his coat, I don't know. I keep the gun with friends in Canada, to avoid border-crossing problems.

In the movies we see the cowboy's hand come flashing out of the holster with the gun already firing. I myself have never tried to do this, mainly because I'm not allowed to holster up my gun in my home state. Even the pistol ranges in California generally prohibit quick draw. This is the sort of "Wild West" behavior that now gets decried as ludicrous and unsafe. It is certainly dangerous if the quick-drawer doesn't know what he's doing. But could I get the legal opportunity and the eye-hand coordination to safely practice it, I'm sure that I would be a more effective defender of myself and others.

The little girl carries her doll lovingly about and feeds it air with a plastic spoon, imitating the way that her own mother feeds her. We can call this play, but it is surely not useless. Someday, perhaps, her doll will be a real baby. And Wild West behaviors, quaintly irrelevant or outright antisocial though they often are, might similarly retain more utility than we think.

"As kids, we practiced quick draw with our cap pistols and things like that," said old Mr. Ralph E. Carter, Jr., concealed handgun instructor. "We respected firearms. We didn't play with 'em.[9] We knew they could hurt a person. When I was a boy, World War II was on"—surely a good time for quick draw skills. "It was a time when people were very, very patriotic. A lot of people volunteered. I remember a man joining up because he didn't want the same thing happening over here that was happening over there in Europe."

What would we call that joiner these days? An idealist? And what would we call him if he now tried to tell us that the same thing was indeed happening here which happened in Europe?

MOURNERS

I myself wouldn't believe him—or, as I should say, I don't in any way pay credence to the notion, as so many gun owners do, that New World Order tyranny is stealthily undermining the Second Amendment in order to establish totalitarianism in America. "What's real funny to me," said Ron in Montana, "is how it's being done incrementally. "People are sheep. People can live with incremental theft." —And Mr. High Tech added: "I think the reason is because they're ignorant. They don't

understand the Bill of Rights and how it affects them. They don't even understand freedom of the press. I do think that if this ignorance continues, the Second Amendment ain't the only one that's gonna fall."

Ron and Mr. High Tech are both right. Bit by bit, we are losing our right to bear arms, just as we are losing our right to protection against unreasonable search and seizure, our right to pass and enforce laws of our own choosing (I'm thinking here of California's medical marijuana initiative, Oregon's assisted suicide initiative, and many other popular mandates which the federal government then prohibited), etc.

"The Founding Fathers didn't know they were gonna win," said John Abrant. "They risked everything when they wrote the Bill of Rights; they meant *exactly* what they said. The 'shot heard round the world' happened because the British were there to disarm them."

"And how would you describe the situation now?"

"We haven't won a war since World War II. Up until immediately following the Vietnam War, there was only one thing that an American fighting person would give their life for, and that was *freedom.* And we returned the freedom to those European countries. Now, in Panama we got sent to fight over drugs. And in Desert Storm, we fought over oil. And I don't know what the hell we're doing in the Balkans. Our elected leadership has lost sight *completely* of what our country, and our Constitution, is all about. The people they're out to disarm are the law-abiding people."

By *they*, of course, Major Abrant meant the members of the other American culture, the newer one, some of whose watchwords and intentions I support. Long ago, the cruelties of "raw" capitalism, which too often consigned worn-out workers to beggary, and deserted wives to prostitution or starvation, were indignantly rejected by everybody from the Wobblies to Franklin Roosevelt. America possessed the resources, and in time also the will, to help the helpless. Like many admirable projects, this one extended itself into absurdity. It became as fashionable as it was convenient to translate underdogs into victims. The underdogs benefited, especially if they had committed heinous acts. A mass murderer could blame his crimes on his parents, his income or his medication. The growing state bureaucracies also did well, for their budgets increased, as did the degree of power and control which they were able to exercise over everybody else. The amount of good accomplished by them probably outweighs the evil, so far. But the cost to self-reliance has been considerable. If you disbelieve me, just spend some time with old people, whose personalities were formed before the New Deal. They may be good people or bad; they may be tiresome, or bigoted, but they will stick to their own opinions whether those are fashionable or not, and they will at least pay lip service to the idea that the world does not owe them a living. If the world owes me a living, and if I am not responsible for my own felonies, why, then, the world may not want me to have guns.

"They're trying very hard to change everything," said an ancient huntress in a Montana bar. "They're putting restrictions on everything you do."

"People need to be accountable for their actions, said Kenny Hughes in Alaska. "An electrical cord, a butter knife, a screwdriver, you name it. All these things can be used for violence. Prohibition does not work. All those tree-huggers, they utilize false and misleading information to get money from their constituents."

The gun culture is not yet in its last days; it has plenty of fight and squeal left in it, but I suspect that in my daughter's lifetime the widespread legal availability of handguns, at least, will go the way of the dinosaur. —"It's pretty obvious that we're losing," said Don Smith. —And in Seattle, a gay shooter said: "They won't be happy until they can just tell us, *Cease fire!*"

RELICS

Deeply traditional, backward-looking (for their future doesn't shine very brightly), American gun owners refer to the Constitution as if it were sacred writ, to the Founding Fathers as if they were saints and disciples, to a freer, yet more punitive time when you could live as you thought best—and you took the consequences. The past—and in some cases the fabled past—abides as overridingly alive in these people's minds as it does for an Egyptian, an Afghan or a Serb.[10] "Our history *revolves* around guns," insisted a Texas gunsmith named Jim Cuff. "This country was founded on a revolution against a tyrannical government." Ralph Carter, that old concealed-carry handgun instructor who lived in a tiny, weed-grown house in Houston with his wife, his ancient mother and an American flag, explained to me: "Actually, as I understand it, when the Constitution was first written, we didn't have a Bill of Rights. The people were afraid of the government. The *people* at the time wanted the right to bear arms. The Constitution was accepted by the States on the understanding that we should have a Bill of Rights." He might as well have been performing a Biblical exegesis. Could the intent of the original framers only be explicated and agreed on, all would be well, for the Constitution, or at least the Bill of Rights, was perfect as it stood, needing no further amendments or corrections.

How would Ralph Carter have felt if he'd stood beside me on a rainy hill in 1999 looking down at Columbine High School, where two unhappy, foolish and wicked boys with guns murdered a teacher and twelve of their classmates? Among the many memorial messages to the slain I saw: SACRIFICE THE 2ND AMENDMENT—NOT CHILDREN. To me, that message was merely ill conceived, and offensive given its placement in this zone of mourning which should not have been politicized. To Mr. Carter, it might have been sadder than that, maybe even blasphemous. Almost bald, with huge steel spectacles, he sat his desk by his computer (or perhaps it was his wife's; I think she was an accountant), behind a stack of yellowing files, and he said: "I don't think it's *necessary* for a person to have a machine gun, but from a constitutional standpoint, yes, you have the right."[11]

OIL AND WATER

Perhaps I do have that right. For the Second Amendment says that *the right of the people to bear arms shall not be infringed.* And if I don't have the right to keep machine guns, surely I have the right to keep my shotgun, my Desert Eagles, my Sig Sauer. I have that right. I do not want my right to be infringed any further.

In the Montana mountains there's an old man named John Wright who lives behind a fence and a NO TRESPASSING sign. "Don't call me a Freeman," he says. "Call me an *American."* He thanks his lucky stars he's twenty-five percent German. His granddaughter is "a blonde, blue eyed little Aryan bombshell. My family and my friends are all white like me. White and bright. I socialize most with my species." He showed me the Star of David on the U.S. dollar bill. He showed me the pyramid, which he said represented the Zionist conspiracy to crush down the Aryans into mass graves.

"What the Germans did—and I don't know whether this was God's decision—was to enhance and evolve the modern day *Homo sapiens.* They made the decision to get the ultimate man in twenty years. By the end of World War II, they didn't completely get it done, but they damn near got it done..."

"Do you carry a gun, Mr. Wright?"

"I am always armed."

"Why's that?"

"By the Constitution of 1790, only the militia could come ashore. They were *mandated* at the point of being hung for not being armed. But to me, a weapon is like a screwdriver or a hammer. My children knew how to deal with a weapon about the time they learned to get a licking."

Mr. Wright may not have the most popular views in America, but until he commits a crime, as some of his fellow Freemen did, *he has the right.*

And in San Francisco I know some Jews with guns who point out that gun control was one of Hitler's measures. They quote that slogan about the Holocaust: *Never again.* They're armed against the people Mr. Wright admires. *They have the right.*

AN ESSAY ON THE PLEASURES OF AIRPLANE TRAVEL

Yes, I have that right!

When I sit in the jury box with eleven others, getting cross-examined by the judge and the two opposing attorneys, I may at times feel annoyed ("Do you feel that you could be fair if you were appointed to this case?") or humiliated by intrusions into my private affairs ("Have you had any experiences with crack cocaine?"). But, strange to tell, my predominant emotion is that sober, partly ritualistic and entirely unfashionable satisfaction called *civic pride.* I believe that I have the right and the obligation to judge my peers when called upon. Should I ever be arraigned before the

law, I'd rather be judged by the neighbors than by some cipher or zealot of the State. It is unfortunate that we citizens do not possess the power to amend evil laws. But at least we hold the inalienable constitutional prerogative of deciding who is innocent or guilty according to a given law. That makes me proud to be an American.

And when I enter the polling booth on election day, I feel the same pride. The electoral college may be outmoded or even crooked; the opposing Presidential candidates may both be indifferent to my rights; and yet I maintain my faith that voting matters. If fewer of us performed that slightly ludicrous ceremony of curtaining ourselves, than stabbing that card with our voting pins, why then, the murderous Presidents and the vicious demagogic Senators would get bolder. Right now they have to woo me every now and then; they have to pretend to be intelligent and decent. When I vote, I feel that I'm holding the line.

And when I've reached the head of the airport ticket line, and I step up to the counter to declare one piece of baggage ready for checking—namely, a small hard suitcase which contains a pistol with the slide drawn back and the empty magazine lying dutifully separate on the foam cushion—I feel the same sense that I am exercising a cherished right. How many countries trust their nationals to do as I can do? I have never assaulted another human being, nor committed even a traffic violation, let alone treason, nor been proved to be otherwise egregiously evil or incompetent, and so my constitution says that I deserve to carry my gun when and where I choose. I am an American citizen. I am supposed to be sovereign here, subject only to a very few necessary limits. And this right to bear arms is atrophying. Unlike jury duty, it is not convenient to the state. That is why I rarely get to feel that same civic smugness when I carry a gun. Just as in Cambodia or Colombia the citizen who values his opportunity to vote is all the more obligated to do just that because terrorists are waiting to get him at the ballot box, so here in the USA it is becoming my duty to make myself known as a politely unrepentant owner of firearms.

The right to bear arms, which I interpret to be the right both to possess them and to literally carry them—is quite literally revolutionary. Should our government become tyrannical, it will be our right and duty to overthrow it. Meanwhile, we hope that our government will think twice about becoming tyrannical—perhaps because it knows that we are armed. As I heard one bearded old NRA cadre in Denver proclaim: "The Second Amendment keeps the government honest." He was saying this to a French reporter who was covering those infamous shootings at Columbine High School. The Frenchman stared at him as though he were a crazed brute. "Don't you feel that in the wake of this tragedy the Second Amendment should be repealed?" he asked. —"Nope," said the NRA man with a faint smile. —"Well, do you have anything to add?" —"Only that I feel sorry for you because you're a citizen of a country whose government doesn't trust you."

"The way I look at it," said Ray Carter in Seattle, "Second Amendment issues fall into the broad range of civil rights issues. That has been particularly brought to my

attention as a gay man, because the full range of civil rights are not easily available to me, such as the right to visit my partner in the hospital. Just think of the importance and the fragility of the rest of your rights! In the end, our rights are only as permanent and strong as the amount of support we're willing to put into the system."

And that, in sum, is why I declare a pistol in my luggage every now and then.

Every airline seems to employ a different policy regarding the transportation of guns, and this policy has been known to vary from one leg of a journey to the next. They want the ammunition separate, or they want it in the same hard case as the gun, or they simply confiscate it without compensation. They get horrified because I've unlocked the case for inspection. If it's locked, they demand to see inside, flick their eyes at my gun in hypnotized loathing, explain to the customers behind me that I am responsible for this delay, "because this gentleman has insisted on bringing a firearm aboard your plane," and then often as not they'll admit to me that they don't know how to determine whether or not the gun is loaded. Every once in awhile they'll insist that the hard case be locked inside a second hard case. These demands to redo whatever I have done are all too often accompanied by remarks of which the mildest and most common is: "Why should *anybody* need a gun?" —"No, I do *not* want to see your gun," a ticket agent replied just last week when I inquired whether she needed to inspect it. "You shooters are all alike," she continued. "You like to show off your *guns*"—this last uttered as if it were an obscenity.

I cannot much blame these clerks, who might someday be faced with the responsibility for having boarded a hijacker. Nor can I blame the many policemen I've interviewed over the years who would abolish civilian ownership of guns, or at least handguns, if they could. Their jobs would be much more pleasant were the Second Amendment to be repealed. —"Our nation wasn't designed to be easy to police," said Ray Carter. "I wouldn't want to live in one that was."

THE BOW-MAKER'S PROMISE

"I think it would be a mistake to disarm the people," said old Ralph Carter in Texas. "They should attempt to enforce the laws they already have."

"You think they're going to disarm us anyway?"

"Well, it's crazy. Who are they gonna confiscate the guns from—*the criminals?* You have a right to be safe in this country."

What would the gun culture do if and when confiscation was announced? Its members would get around some of the new laws somehow. They had been doing just that for decades. If it was now illegal to sell a rifle with a bayonet attached (another stupid, pointless law), why then, they'd sell the bayonet separately, and call it a tent stake. Moreover, I'm sure that only handguns would be confiscated, at least for starters. Long guns could be registered later, as is now happening in Canada. Perhaps my Alaskan friends would not be unduly affected, for isn't a handgun noth-

ing more than a toy which any bear can shove up your ass?

But if the government got bear-like and rammed the laws through and actually *enforced* them? Jim Cuff, Texan gunsmith and ex-Marine, looked at me, leaned up against the wall, folded his arms and said: "The government would have to start thinking about a body count if they wanted to confiscate the guns."

I have no idea whether it would actually happen like that. But it is worth reminding the anti-gun zealots that we gun owners, precisely because we aspire to self-reliance, can be a little bit stubborn. —"Doesn't seem like you can take all the guns away," said Kellie Nelson's husband Jim, who hunted beside her in the Montana mountains. He smiled slightly when he said it.

I'll leave you with the words of a slow, deft, soft-spoken bow-maker whom I met in Houston. We were talking about future gun legislation. "Well, I prefer bows to guns," he said. "I kinda get burned out after I shoot a gun, and I go back to my bows. I've bowhunted exclusively since 1975. But there ain't nothin' like a gun for self-defense. And I'll tell you this," he continued quietly, in the mildest possible tone: "I got some guns at home, including one I ain't even shot yet. And if *things change*, I'm still gonna have some guns."

SOUTH AMERICA

You Never Know Who is Who (1999)

Papa's Children (2000)

INTRODUCTION

Both case studies in this section take place in Colombia, where civil war and random crime have terrorized people since the end of the Second World War. Centralized authority is nearly as weak as in the African case studies. In Colombia even the taxi drivers may be murderers; rural villages may be suddenly overrun by insurgents or right-wing paramilitaries. Everyone I met in this sad country knew someone who had been kidnapped by an extremist group. Everybody could tell me stories about a neighbor or relative who was pressed into service at gunpoint by one armed group, and punished for it by that group's enemies. And yet even many ordinary Colombians, who are widely described as hostages, justify the actions of these murderers based on imminence. One man tells me, "In our town, criminals had stolen our cows and engaged in narco-traffic. The paras cleaned those people up"—which is to say, they killed them.

From the standpoint of violence, Colombia is a nightmare. I remember telling some Colombians about the Columbine massacre,[1] whose thirteen victims in a go (fifteen, if we count the two suicidal murderers) shocked the United States. My Colombian friends reacted almost with amusement; to them the numbers were small. Between 1948 and 1953, three hundred thousand Colombians died in *la violencia.* It has not gotten much better. In ever so many small towns, such as the one in Antioquia Province where the case study "Papa's Children" begins, there's a

"death bridge" where every week a Columbine-sized number of victims are found without their heads.

Colombia is a lesson in the psychology of people in a violent land. In public everyone is extraordinarily careful, because "you never know who is who." In private, instant friendships are the rule, a kind of warmth against the coldness of violence.

As you read these stories, you will find ghastly expedients in defense of ground; you see creed's punishments and the illegitimacy of a weak and corrupt authority. Deterrence, retaliation and revenge operate against the relatives of those whom an organization hates. Refugees, driven out of their homes by violence, become beggars in the cities, and all too often violent criminals, leaving us to try to determine just where the line of imminent necessity has been crossed. Vigilantes point to the evident failure of government to protect them, thereby quasi-legitimizing their violence;[2] frequently they cross the line and become paramilitaries. "Special taxes" of extortion abound, as in Africa: pay the beggar, or he'll break your windshield; give this jungle child a coin, or else his father around the bend will make you sorry.

Here too is defense of creed. A paramilitary (this faction is infamous for their hideous tortures) earnestly insists: "The biggest torture is compelling an innocent young child to be a prisoner of the guerrillas." (Hence, we'll chop off the guerrillas' hands and feet.)

When I was writing the case study "You Never Know Who Is Who," I met the woman whose husband was strangled and whose daughter was killed by a random bullet eight months later. "My little girl went out to buy an eraser for school, and that's when it happened." The killer was a man known to the family; ironically enough, he was trying to obey proportionality,[3] trying to scare away a carjacker rather than harm the man, so he shot into the air, and his bullet violated discrimination.[4] (He turned himself in, and is now serving a prison sentence of thirty-six to forty years.) And where were the police? Why didn't they stop the carjacker, which would have saved the child? They were weak; they were busy. What did they do about her husband's murder? "The police don't care. They never came here. And I was not rich, so I had to pay for his funeral by installments...It's a mistake, of course, walking out alone at that time."

The central question of these case studies: How can Colombia construct a social contract which functions? When will the men with guns shake hands? And if they do, will they use their guns to defend the people or oppress them?

The men with guns are not the police, of course. Those apprehensive, underpaid, undertrained, unsupported men have my sympathy. They're afflicted with responsibility without power.

Colombia remains a place without any consensus on social values. In the African case studies, a desperate scarcity of resources renders the notion of a useful working social contract a mere dream. Colombia has the resources, but its profound polarization keeps humankind in separate caves.[5] In our chapter on the social contract we

quoted Rousseau: "Each of us puts in common his person and his whole power under the supreme direction of the General Will; and in return we receive every member as an individual part of the whole."[6] In Colombia, violence's inertia may have to be broken violently before Rousseau's dictum can come to pass.

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO
(1999)

THE HOPELESS GENERATION

On the previous Friday there had been a memorial ceremony at the National University (which of course was always ringed round these days by barbed wire and pistol-belted security guards in blue uniforms) for another teacher kidnapped and murdered by the paramilitaries because, in my first driver's words, *he tell the truth against the government.* Of course nobody except the killers really knew why he had been put to death, or even which group did it. It could have been the guerrillas or the army or anybody else. My first driver soon confessed as much. Shrugging sadly, he said: I don't know. Maybe I don't care. I think it's getting worse because there's been a lot of tragedies goin' on and on and on. You know, thirty people get killed, forty people get killed, by the paramilitaries, by the government...

He was my first driver because after two days of taking me to what I had thought of as innocuous places he resigned his job in fear. How could I blame him for quitting? Not long before I hired him, he'd been drinking at the Union Jack bar with a gringo, an oil rig engineer, when, round about midnight, in came five men,

three of them carrying nine millimeter pistols, the other two with machine guns. They kept their weapons low so that the people outside would not realize anything. My first driver literally shat in his pants. One machine gunner told him not to worry; they knew he was just a taxi driver. Nothing was going to happen. All he had to do was hand over his valuables like everybody else. He tried to explain this to the gringo, who unfortunately was drunk and bellicose. The gold watch he wore had been given to him by his dying father, and so he wanted to keep it. I asked my first driver whether it would have been possible to at least raise the subject of the watch's sentimental value, but he only grew melancholy and agitated by my lack of understanding. Of course there was no negotiation possible. One kept quiet and gave them everything. They had already announced that after every last ring and banknote had been gleaned, they would body-search each victim and shoot any hoarders. Eventually the angry gringo acknowledged necessity. But my first driver preferred to keep necessity at a distance if he could. He had a wife and a lively, intelligent daughter who was almost the same age as another girl whose murder I'll soon be telling you about; and all three of them wanted to leave Colombia, probably for California or Texas, which my first driver had illegally visited. As we drove past a concrete drainage ditch, where three months ago somebody had discovered the bullet-smashed corpses of three people murdered by unknown evildoers for unknown purposes, he said to me: You walk around here, you better not show anything, no watches, jewelry, gold chains...

But inside the university it's okay?

Yeah.

Is your wife afraid to go shopping?

No. She don't got a clue.

My first driver was well off, thanks to his association with the oil company gringos. He could afford to send his daughter to school in a private van. He preferred not to send her anywhere on the city bus. Six months ago, at nine-thirty at night, a bus had been boarded by four men and one woman. They robbed the driver and passengers at gunpoint, then raped two girls in the back of the bus. The police had actually posted a reward, and so they were caught. My first driver, therefore, paid seventy thousand pesos a month so that his ten-year-old could ride direct to school with a dozen other girls. She got up at five-thirty in the morning to arrive in the classroom at seven. In the evenings she usually stayed home with her mother in the locked and gated house. My first driver disapproved of her going to the grocery store alone, because some entrepreneurs had started kidnapping children. The parents would be called upon to buy one or two million pesos' worth of groceries if they wished to find their child alive in the parking lot. If one paid the ransom too readily, they would simply keep the child and inflate their demands. If one hesitated, the child disappeared forever. My first driver thought it best not to be invited to play such games.

He lived with a cousin who told me a tale, which might as well have been an allegory for the life of almost any Colombian. He had been driving with his family to Medellín. Soldiers warned him of danger ahead, but, as in a dream, it was already too late; for a banana truck blocked the very next bend, its tires shot flat. Guerrillas were shooting down from the mountains on either side. The cousin could not turn around. There was already a traffic jam behind him. Many of the extortions, intimidations, robberies and murders that occur in Colombia happen in traffic jams. The guerrillas, paramilitaries and soldiers who establish their checkpoints in the jungle are often wryly described as engaging in the sport of "human fishing." They throw the little ones back and keep the fat ones for ransom. In Bogotá, where traffic freezes every day into smoggy immobility, gaunt and angry men stride from car to car. They do not supplicate; they demand and threaten. Every driver I ever had paid every one of them. If they didn't, the panhandlers might smash the windshield, or snap off the rearview mirror, or much, much worse. (No, it's not bad, my second driver said. You just pay five cent, ten cent, like that. No problem. I'm not afraid.) One Saturday night while I was in Bogotá, the radio said that some poor people had stopped three cars, stabbed two of the drivers dead, and set the vehicles on fire. So my first driver's cousin was in a familiar situation. He hid with his family under the car all afternoon. When it began to get dark, they ran to the house of a nice Señora who offered them tea, but then the soldiers entered that house, too, and began shooting up at the guerrillas, who returned fire through the walls, and there was nothing for the cousin and his family to do but lie underneath the bed trembling. (Let's call this the parable of Colombia.)

My first driver quit working for me after hearing on the radio that in the very place where we had parked, in the infamous Cartucho district around the morgue (on whose shelves at midmorning I'd seen three of the day's bullet-murdered men, whose teeth were bared in snarls of agony), the police had, only hours after our visit, arrested a gang of thirty people who were selling bullets, vests and automatic weapons. My first driver's eyes got very big and sad then. He said that he would do anything else for me—take me to whorehouses, get me good deals on gemstones, drive me to the airport. But he was not cut out for this other job.

My second driver was not afraid of anything. When I hired him, he insisted that I hire his brother also. I paid the two of them together exactly what I'd paid the first driver. They were big, tough old men who needed money. My second driver was always saying: The sonofabitch journalists are killing Colombia! They're scaring all the tourists away. It's not dangerous here. It's not so bad.

When we drove into the mountains where the lonely, terrified town of Gutierres crouched, all the townspeople sullen and silent, all the police afraid of the guerrillas, an ambiguous character offered to guide us to the place where guerrillas had wiped out almost an entire encampment of soldiers not long since. The storekeeper told me that I might get kidnapped, and the schoolteacher, who said that he was

always nervous because *you never know who is who*, thought that the guerrillas would surely see us and machine-gun us all. The high-voiced boy in the jeep, who adored the guerrillas, finally agreed to take us to the trailhead, but it would be entirely on my responsibility.

What do you think? I asked my second driver.

You're the boss, he said. If you want to go, let's go.

Well, are you worried about getting kidnapped?

Fuck these sons of bitches. They're all chickenshits.

And he gamely struggled up the steep trail behind me, wheezing and clutching at his chest. He was more than sixty years old.

The guerrillas had kidnapped him once already. He'd been compelled to pay them four thousand dollars. He said that it wasn't really so bad. He just did what they told him to. When they said shut up, he shut up. When they said walk, he walked. There was nothing to it.

So when I asked him to take me to the National University, it was all the same to him. After all, it wasn't even dangerous. About my aims he couldn't care less.

A stubble-faced boy in a grubby windbreaker stood aloof from the soccer game, gazing out at the world through the fence. When I began to interview him, the security guard approached us at once, his hand on his gun. Of course the guard didn't do anything. In Colombia the forces of order were most effective on billboards, like the icon of the flying policeman who also happened to be an angel. Once I asked my second driver whether if somebody did a bad thing to him he would have any redress, and he replied, spreading his hands: Not enough police. Not a strong police. So only I can do something bad to them.

Trying not to pose any leading questions, I asked the student how pleasant was his sojourn in this institution. He replied in a dispirited voice: The people here are very confused and we don't have relations between people. We are always waiting for your violent reaction, even here. The people here are mixed. If I talk about my way of thinking, maybe the guerrillas or the paramilitaries or the others will listen and you never know. That's why we are all suspicious. When people are fighting, the people like me who are not interested in a violent reaction, we keep quiet...

Near the English department loomed the stenciled head of Mao Zedong; and revolutionary slogans crowded each other off the walls. About these messages a young woman who was studying literature said: Many students disagree. This is not the way to achieve peace.

How often would you say that you feel afraid of violence?

Outside my home and this campus, fifty percent of the time.

And on the campus?

No, here it's no problem.

Have you been robbed?

Like the boy before her, she answered: Yes, of course.

How many times?

So many. This year, twice.

Downtown?

Yes. Both times in Centro.

How did they rob you?

Once with a knife and once with a broken bottle.

Do you have any strategy for dealing with the robbers?

Well, I try to analyze first. I try to act very calmly. I try to talk nicely with the robber, or else I strike first. But I'm just a girl, you know; I'm not strong...

But here you feel safe?

Yes. But you must be careful. You must not discuss politics with strangers. *Because you never know who is who.*

This last observation I heard everywhere I went, in the city and in the country. Here was the reason that the people of Gutierres feared to make any statements about the guerrillas. This was why victims dared not report crimes to the police. In Colombia fear of the murderers all around had corroded basic civility to such an extent that when I visited the heavily contested town of Tíbu near the Venezuelan border,* my translator, who had never been to Tíbu and who now happened to meet an aunt whom she had not seen for years, scarcely dared say hello to her. The aunt was married to a policeman. Therefore, the guerrillas would regard her as an enemy. Should the girl and I happen to get hooked by the "human fishermen" at a guerrilla checkpoint, and should it come out that someone hiding in the jungle foliage had seen her embrace her aunt, it might go badly for her. And at the National University it was just the same. Mere discussion being perilous, any change must be hopeless; and when I expressed that view to the young woman who was studying literature she listlessly ran a hand through her hair, then said: For my generation I agree that it is hopeless. Only the younger people, if they have an education where they can talk to one another, maybe then they have a chance...

Here she was, maybe twenty years old, and she believed that her entire generation stood indicted, corrupted, and ruined. I said: Is there nobody here who dares to talk publicly to the other side?

Well, we have one professor. His name is Chucho Bejarano...

A few hours after this interview, Professor Jesus "Chucho" Bejarano was assassinated in his own classroom. The gunman, who wore no mask, strolled away and was not apprehended. Nobody saw him. Nobody recognized him because, after all, *you never know who is who.*

EPITAPHS FOR CHUCHO

About this murder my second driver said: My wife, she cry. He was a really good guy. Everybody cry. He was working hard for peace...

What was the guy's name again, Marcos?

Oh, I forget. What the hell, he shrugged. Too many people getting assassinated all the time...

We drove back to the National University, where the faculty and students were organizing a funeral demonstration, which would travel by foot all the way across the city to the Plaza Bolívar.

How important was he? I asked a girl who sat among the other sad eyes and hopeless faces.

Anyway, if one is important or not, one has the right to express what he thinks. I was shocked, she whispered, starting to cry.

Is there anything else you want to tell me? I inquired as gently as I could.

It's just that I hope everything gets better, she said in a trembling voice, and I think everybody has to do his very very best. It has to begin in our houses.

A boy in a red jacket who believed in the goodness of Chairman Mao's stenciled face that loomed on the wall behind him said: First of all, it's really unbelievable, and really bad for the country. When people kill like that, they're stopping the right to expression. Chucho used to be a leader for the peace. For the university he was really important. For the government he was the best. He said that all speech is okay. He was too smart. They were jealous.

Who did it?

In my opinion, he predictably said, the extreme right killed him.

You don't think the guerrillas could have done it?

That's also possible, he said with a shrug.

While the marchers assembled near the cafeteria, in the wide Plaza Ernesto "Che" Guevara, whose giant likeness of a blood red Che in a black beret towered over them all, I wandered past the pro-guerrilla slogans (on one wall I even saw an encomium to Peru's Maoist Shining Path insurgents). And beyond another campus fence and guarded gate I met a vendor in a wool cap, a busy man of the world who fashioned copper bracelets and who, leaning up against the gate, which was now crowded with flowers for Chucho, shruggingly delivered the most realistic epitaph yet: It's routine. I'm sad. It's Friday. By Monday everybody will forget about him.

How could it have been otherwise? Life goes on. Soon I would hear a woman shrilling: *Chucho Bejarano!* and the marchers commenced their eerie shouts. Hours later, in the Plaza Bolívar, after all the shouts for no more violence, the vendors would utter their own shouts for water and mango juice; then the long lines of *policía* would move away with lowered riot shields, the tanks would drive slowly off; and finally the pigeons would take over as Chucho's banners blew away.

On Sunday the mayor of Villavicencio was assassinated, but my second driver wanted extra money to go there because the murder site was a good three hours away, so I decided not to bother with any assassination less conveniently near than Chucho's; in Colombia, a journalist could pick and choose...

A SUNDAY STROLL

Why was Colombia such a journalist's paradise? In my opinion, the most self-evident (and alarming) symptom of the nation's sickness was *an absence of any credible police presence.* In Bogotá there were a few rich enclaves where people said that it was safe to walk around alone at night, but most of the city was otherwise—and, by the way, I wish I could convey to you the hardness and ugliness of the place, especially in the southern districts and in the cold rain with the angry slogans on walls and gratings, the heaps of gravel and garbage in the streets. The factories resembled prisons. They were walled around and topped with concertina wire, and some of them were adorned with watchtowers manned by armed guards. People said that Centro was bad, and the immense, weary, poverty-infected sprawl of Ciudad Bolívar, whose roofs marched up the green mountains and whose laundry hung out to dry on barbed wire, was beyond the pale—better never to go there, most of them said. But Ciudad Kennedy offered the same dirt roads beside garbage heaps, the same dirt roads between dirty brick buildings, the same guerrilla slogans on corrugated metal sidings; some of the prison administrators lived there and had no problems, so they said. I had no problems in Ciudad Bolívar or anywhere else, because I was lucky, careful, and usually escorted. As my second driver said, it wasn't so bad, which signified merely that it was what it was. To me, most of Bogotá expressed the same feeling: rundown, resigned and anxious, with flashes of desperate anger twinkling here and there like broken glass. Near the center of the city lies a district called the Candelaría, where in happier days tourists used to go to admire the colonial architecture. I stayed there for a few days. My first driver had thought the place very dangerous, but he thought everywhere was dangerous. My second driver said it was not so bad, then installed me in my cheap hotel with the utmost misgivings. It was a Sunday afternoon. After he left me, I set out to explore the neighborhood. (No, it was not dark; I was not that stupid.) Westward lay Avenida Caracas, but, respecting my own puniness, I chose not to venture there. Eastward rose the steep grassy hillsides akin to Ciudad Bolívar where they told me that bodies were too often found, so I chose not to go there, either.* I stayed in the good section around the Gold Museum with its submachine gun-armed guards. And yet almost everywhere I went, I spied men with shiningly violent eyes. My Colombian friends believed them to be refugees from rural areas that had been rendered unpolicable, unlivable by the guerrillas and the paramilitaries. (Many of the most frightening ones, as I found out by questioning them, came from that cesspit of hell called the Cartucho, where I will take you soon.) They were longhaired, sunken-headed men who always seemed to feel my lightest, most flickering gaze on the backs of their heads or the sides of their beards, at which point they would instantly whirl to regard me with a menacing challenge. I was lucky. I walked on, and they did not pursue me. Then on a thoroughfare crowded with middleclass families I first saw the skinny, crop-

haired, swaying, gaunt man who kept shouting menacingly about a whore, which is to say *una puta, una puta*, a fifty-peso *puta;* and at first I considered him merely irritating and walked a few blocks up to Avenida 19 so that I would not have to listen to him; but then he came to the outdoor cafe where I was drinking a *tinto* and as he began his ranting I noticed that the other customers looked neither amused nor annoyed, but *afraid.* Then I began to feel afraid, too. Wide-eyed, a group of schoolgirls sat gulping, not daring to look away from him. I couldn't believe it. To me he was as a half-crippled wasp, scarcely capable of any mischief, but what did I know? I wasn't Colombian. He seized on a bohemian-looking old man in a sweater who humored him as long as he had to, nodding rapidly, never looking away; after a quarter-hour, that captive succeeded in backing away. The two security guards, both of whom wore pistols, gazed anxiously in the opposite direction. One actually stepped backwards. They, too, were afraid. How could it be? And the one they feared strutted about, lounging, lunging, gleefully shouting sadistic filth. Now he was standing beside me. The counterman leaned out of his reach. From across the counter the bohemian man nodded to me encouragingly, licking his lips. I got up and walked away, and absolutely nothing happened. Then the gaunt man approached the schoolgirls, who crept away, leaving their coffees and juices behind them. Hanging their heads, the security guards pretended not to see. The bully glared triumphantly. Then he wandered away. I think that perhaps he was following the girls. The two security guards now relaxed. The shoulders of the couple in front of me slowly slumped. I was horrified.

Ten minutes before, a black-toothed, flaming-eyed man had stuck his head and his hand in my face. I gave him a hundred pesos, as my friends always advised me to do. He would have been handsome, had he been clean and had his face not been clenched in manic hatred. He took my offering without thanks, of course. In subsequent days I tried giving these men five or ten dollars each, to see if I could please or soften them; and one demonic character from the Cartucho kissed my hand. But for most of them, everything I possessed would not have been enough. Here allow me to insert the tale of the old man from that neighborhood who always gave food and money to the homeless. A week before, one *basic* addict whom he had many times helped suddenly exposed a long skinny knife, screaming his intentions of impending murder unless the old man handed over watch, jacket, wallet, papers, the works. Fortunately, a policeman came by and actually responded to the old man's cry for help. He began beating the addict and kicking him in the face, as the police so often did when they arrested such types; and the old man, who supported the guerrillas and hated the police as a rule, thought that for once this was entirely justified. But then he had to plead with the policeman not to arrest the addict, who would have been released in a day or two and then, the old man was certain, would have lain in wait for him day and night until he could stab him. In the end he bribed the policeman with his sunglasses. He had seen the addict several times since, and neither of them

harbored any hard feelings, but the old man now tried to cross over to the other side of the street when he saw the addict coming. Thus, Colombian justice.

I went back to the park where I had so comfortably sat a couple of hours before, and a grey-haired man, enraged, was doubling his fists over a policeman's head. Once again, I was astonished to see that the policeman conciliated the aggressor most subserviently; he, too, was scared. (And a few days later when it was raining so that I hooded myself, I approached an armed guard to ask where I could find a certain bank; and he cowered back from *me.)*

It was twilight by now. I went to a restaurant, and just after I sat down, a reeking man in an Indian blanket strolled in, approached the young couple beside me, who were finishing their dinner, and impatiently extended his hand. The husband looked down at the floor in what I believe to have been shame at his own impotence, then handed over the soda from which he was drinking. A moment later the beggar (or, as I should say, the demander) strode out with another family's chicken. My own chicken came, and when the waitress set it down before me I asked her whether she were afraid. She gestured a little, and resignedly replied that if she didn't allow these men to come in, they would snatch off her bracelets.

But are you afraid? I asked.

I am accustomed to it, she said.

Then a boy came from the street and threateningly stood in the doorway while the waitress sat down beside me, watching him apprehensively. I gave him two fried potatoes to see what he would do, and he snatched them up disdainfully and chewed them, gazing full into my face. When he had swallowed them down, he continued to stand there implacably, staring at me. I was more bemused than afraid, and went on eating my chicken. As long as he had no weapon, I was sure that I could hurt him worse than he could hurt me. He was a slender, feeble-looking boy. But the waitress looked drained and anxious. Screwing up her courage, she stood up and tried to face him down, I think because I was a foreigner and so she felt obliged to protect me. I pitied her. Since I was not hungry, I offered the boy the remainder of my dinner, which the waitress silently wrapped up for me. He deigned to accept it and darted off into the darkness.

I began to believe that a revolution might happen in Colombia; and each day this impression deepened. Except possibly in Madagascar, I don't believe I have ever seen poor people as angry as in Colombia—angry beyond desperation and fear. They *will* have their due; and every day they are presenting the bill. The police know it. They do not want to pay it anymore. The policeboys in that high, sullen mountain town called Gutierres confessed to being terrified. They huddled and did nothing. And when I took a drive from Cúcuta to Tíbu, in the hot low jungle near the Venezuelan border, I came to a village called Campo Dos whose police station, like the old one in Gutierres, was but a graffitied hulk. Unlike Gutierres, Campo Dos had no new police. From a tree, a single white pathetic peace flag flew. Almost every

building was bullet-pocked or scrawled with the maxims of guerrillas or paramilitaries. It was twilight. The taxi driver was nervous about us being kidnapped. Almost everybody turned away. It was dangerous for them to be photographed by a gringo. Finally some ladies told me to please inform the government that they were afraid, so afraid, because Campo Dos had neither police nor soldiers anymore, and the gunmen of all factions kept terrorizing them. On my return to Cúcuta, which was interrupted only by a traffic accident which caused the taxi driver and my scared young translator, who thought it might be a guerrilla checkpoint, to pray and cross themselves, I went to the central police station, whose acting commander spread his hands sadly, remarking that after all the people of Campo Dos had not been very nice to their police. They'd murdered two cops, then murdered another, and then when they blew up the police station they murdered two more and kidnapped thirteen others. They treated the police as if they were the enemy, he said. And so at this point he could not consider reopening the station without a contingent of thirty well-trained policemen, whom he could only get by pulling them out of other towns. Therefore, Campo Dos would have to get by without any police.*

Back to the Candelaría. Since I had given my dinner away to the young extortionist (whose photograph you'll see here), and since the waitress was busy, I thought it time to go. My hotel being literally next door, I thought that no one else would have time to swoop down on me, but the instant I stepped out of the restaurant a bearded flower-seller rushed up to me. I explained in my broken Spanish that since I had no ladyfriend in Colombia I required no flowers—a witty enough remark under pressure, and some passers-by laughed. But not he. He stalked threateningly closer and closer, raising his voice. (A truckload of machinegun-wearing police went by—no use expecting anything from *them.)* In my pocket I had some change from the restaurant, which I easily could have given him, but by now I had begun to feel angry at all these bullies, so I refused him again and began to knock on the locked hotel door. Stunned, I believe, that I had defied him, the flower-seller failed to seize my shoulder until the very last moment, when the reception-girl came running to open the door for me, and I shook him off and entered into safety as he glared balefully, pressing his face up against the glass.

"GOD CONTROLLED HIS ACTIONS"

There was the heart of it: Citizens did not believe in the police, who did not believe in themselves. The story of the old man in the Candelaría was merely sad; now I'll tell you one that was tragic. On the walls of the National University, amidst all the slogans for the GRUPO COMUNISTA REVOLUCIONARIO DE COLOMBIA and their fellow travelers, ran many appeals for participation in the general strike of 31 August. This general strike, although I missed it by nearly two weeks, brought me to a part of Bogotá called Ciudad del Tunal from which one could see Ciudad

Bolívar swarming up the mountainsides; here the middle-class apartments were often adorned by armed security guards who stood cautiously within the fences, letting people in and out, gazing ahead at vistas of barbed wire and dirt. Passing pro-guerrilla slogans on the wall of the hospital, my second driver and I finally found the house of the woman whom I had come to interview. From the street we walked a few steps to a tiny variety store in front of which, on the concrete sidewalk, remained a bloodstain where the woman's ten-year-old daughter had died, and a few more steps past that stood the clinic outside of which some killers had flung down her husband's beaten, strangled corpse. We turned a corner and there was the house. No security guards here. The woman sat us down in her darkened parlor and then she bolted the street door.

No one knows why my husband was murdered, she said. He was in good health. No one knows where he was killed exactly. Maybe they wanted to steal some money...

When did it happen?

Last December thirteenth, at one in the morning. He had some business that ran late, and when the business finished, he was on his way home, and...

In the darkest corner of the parlor sat a little boy in a cowboy hat. Wiping away tears, my second driver tried to play with him. But the small boy was wooden and wide-eyed. Perhaps he was naturally shy, or perhaps he missed his father and his sister.

Before your husband was killed, did you have any trouble here?

No, said the woman flatly. Everything was safe.

How long had you been married?

On October twelfth it will be twenty-five years.

And then six months later your little daughter was—

Sí.

What happened?

Thirty-one August was the big strike. People were just shooting.

Were you with her?

No, the mother said. I was here all day, and about six o'clock my little girl went out to buy an eraser for school, and that's when it happened.

Were there gunshots before that?

No, nothing. People were only running behind a bus, attacking the bus. That's normal during the strikes.

Did you hear the gunshot?

Sí. People were screaming and yelling: The little girl's been shot! So I went out, and saw that it was my daughter...

She died instantly?

Sí. The ball destroyed the head and came out the mouth.

And after that happened, do you feel any differently about life?

Sí. Everything is strange and I miss too much my daughter. I'm sad inside all the time.

After it happened, did you get any help?

The people who organized the strike, they came and helped me. The strike syndicate gave me some financial help...

In your opinion, are they partially responsible for your daughter's death?

The President doesn't keep his promises, so they have to strike.

And the man who shot your daughter, was he for or against the strike?

I don't know. I wasn't there. But it was an accident. He had a small business. We knew him. His business was selling women's knickers. At that time somebody tried to steal a car and so he shot into the air to scare the thief and...

How do you feel about him now?

God controlled his actions. Anyway, she's in the ground now and no one can bring her back.

So what happened to him?

He voluntarily went to the police and said he shot my girl. He's in jail now, for between thirty-six and forty years.

And are the police pursuing your husband's case?

The police don't care. They never came here. And I was not rich, so I had to pay for his funeral by installments... It's a mistake, of course, walking out alone at that time.

Are your husband and your daughter in the same place?

Sí, very close. Because they love each other.

How often do you go to visit them?

Each week.

The woman went into the bathroom for a moment, and I heard her sobbing. She showed me a legal summons that she had just received regarding her daughter's death. Since that case had already been solved, they were pursuing it energetically. They had also sent her husband a legal summons. Maybe they could interrogate him by ouija board.

Is there anything I can do for you? I asked the widow.

I want justice for my husband. I try to make them find the killers, but they won't do anything.

How do you know that it was the killers who left him in front of the clinic?

They brought him to there and they knocked at the door very hard, and then they threw him down on the floor. And the security people saw, but in the nighttime, *who is who?*

Could you get the security people to testify? Maybe they know who it was.

Better leave it alone, my second driver advised. How the fuck can they testify? If they go to the cops, the bastards who strangled her husband are gonna kill them, too.

My daughter was so nice in the school, said the mother, showing me photographs of her first communion. When the boys had no lunch, she gave them hers. She was really so kind, a really good human being.

The mother showed me a photograph of the little girl in her casket.

Even in death she looks pretty, I said.

The mother replied softly: When the bullet left her mouth, it knocked all her teeth out.

THE KING OF THE CARTUCHO

About the Cartucho, which is the logical concretion of police impotence, I can only say that I never would have believed it had I not seen it. The word "cartucho" literally means "cartridge" or "little hat." Applied to a prostitute's organ of commerce it forms a compliment replete with connotations of compactness, but the place under discussion is a far less savory hole. Its seven or eight blocks of filth-puddled alleys, mounded with garbage and excrement, were literally hazy with *basuco*-smoke exhaled by the swarms of tottering wretches some of whom who were already crazy and others of whom were supposedly on the way to being there, for *basuco* is not crack, but the reagent-riddled *residue* of crack, priced for the poor (half a dollar a dose), poisoned for the poor. Take the following with a grain of salt or some more congenial substance. For the wolf-criers who've insisted that marijuana leads to hard drugs or that heroin is instantly addictive have (to my mind, at least) discredited their direst warnings; but I was assured by every *basuco* dealer I interviewed that he who smokes enough *basuco* destroys his mind. (I tried it once, and got a headache. Another time I was going to try it again, but found that it had been cut with broken glass.) Certainly the mad or far-off or desperate stares, the stenches, the wide-eyed hags crawling into cardboard boxes in the mud, the glowing *basuco* pipes everywhere, the bags of powder, the grime, the evil sentries watching everyone, the thugs, knifemen and gunmen all gave the place the ambiance of a post-nuclear bazaar. I remember a black woman with insane eyes who kept trying to sell herself to the other zombies, and she was mumbling, wailing, showing her evil-blistered wares.

Doubtless, as the driver would have said, it wasn't so bad. One smalltime *basuco* dealer I got to know on Avenida Caracas, a rather cold young man, clean-cut, mustachioed and alert, who pimped out his addicted girlfriend and told me he didn't love her in the least,* walked to the Cartucho five times a week without any fear to buy his merchandise, for which he paid a thousand pesos per dose and which he sold for five hundred to a thousand pesos more. He could only afford to buy three or four doses at a time. Every time, he did business with a different dealer. I asked him whether it was dangerous, and he said that the only danger came from the police, who had caught him five times. Each time they put him in jail overnight, beat him and released him. It speaks volumes for the proximity of Colombia to a revolution that he hated them far more than he did the guerrillas even though one time guerrillas had put a pistol to his head, then thrown him into a deep hole to die, "because they didn't know him." Once they found somebody who could vouch for

him, they let him out. The reason he still liked the guerrillas was *because they are on the side of the poor.* His pale, twitching girlfriend, who opined (desperately licking her rouged lips because she could not smoke until the interview had ended) that both the government and the guerrillas were bad, rented herself for anywhere from ten to thirty thousand, depending on what she could get. Just two days ago some men in the Cartucho had tried to rob her of her "medicine," but the lady whom she always bought from had protected her. So both members of this couple vouched for the Cartucho as a business environment, and who am I to say otherwise?

This kingdom had its king. His name was Ernesto Calderón, and on his business card he called himself the president of the *Movimiento de Recicladores e Ingentes Proprietos y Bodega del Cartucho.* —Ciudad Bolívar isn't shit compared to what I have, he crowed. This place is much more dangerous.

I met him through the police, who said that there was no need to pay him anything since it was for journalism. My second driver, a prison administrator and I walked with him to the police station because he wanted somebody official to vouch for me before he'd lift a finger. He said that he'd spent some time in New York, so I asked him what had brought him back to Colombia.

Here I can rob, rape and kill, he said.

He said this in the parking lot of the police station, waving to the submachine-gun-wearing officers in the doorway, who greeted him respectfully. We went inside, and all the cops shook his hand.

He said that he owned a building in the heart of the Cartucho where two hundred people slept and were fed through his largesse. That was why they'd do anything for him. Without his protection, he went on, I'd find that I couldn't interview anybody or take a single photograph. In fact (and I took this as a threat), I'd find that my fucking gringo life was worth nothing. He offered me his protection for one hour for four thousand dollars. He was not very polite (by our second meeting he was already referring to the driver and me as "the gonorrheas"), so I counter-offered with a hundred dollars. He sneered that my camera was worth much more than that. (That guy's a real bastard, my second driver disgustedly laughed—but only once we were safely alone. My second driver went on: Maybe by the time you come back to Colombia somebody's gonna bump him off.) Meanwhile the king warned me yet again that the Cartucho would be closed to me if I did not pay. Then he spoke to the police, who spread their hands and said that they were very sorry, but now the king had prohibited them from taking me inside the Cartucho. I didn't blame them. The menacing atmosphere of the place can hardly be described. One journalist with *El Tiempo* considered me a brave man for going there at all, because he had been badly beaten when he went. I went three times, and took photographs each time, but never in the very center where it was the foulest. I would not pay the king his four thousand dollars, and I would not subject myself to the virtual certainty of harm for a photograph of people smoking *basuco*. That morning on the way to meet

the king at the police station we had driven down one of the Cartucho's outer streets, where cars could actually go, and when we stopped in traffic for a moment, with my second driver's permission I stuck my lens out the window and took a photograph of a man's back in the ruins, far off to the side. The man whirled as if I had literally shot him, and then four other men began to run toward us. The previous night two cars had been stopped and burned in Bogotá, and a passenger stabbed to death, because, in one bystander's words, the poor people didn't like all that traffic in their barrio. And so my second driver, for whom nothing was ever bad, cried out in horror; his brother and the prison administrator went ashen-faced. We were in a traffic jam as usual. The brother was crossing himself. Finally the traffic began to move, and my second driver collapsed backwards, moaning Jesus Crísto and holy María and holy Jesus tomatoes. After that I thought I could not in all responsibility subject my companions to any more such risks; but once our second and final interview with the king had concluded with my refusal to give him the four thousand dollars, as we drove away defeated from the police station we found ourselves traffic-becalmed in a spot two lanes away from the Cartucho, and my second driver told me to go ahead and take another picture if I wanted. I had already walked around that spot a week earlier when I visited the morgue (one of whose attendants told me that what she liked best about her job was "the atmosphere," which reeked) and at that time I had taken some photographs without any trouble, so I aimed my lens once again and had clicked one off when my second driver screamed: *Holy shit! It's the motherfuckin' guy!*—and, indeed, at that very moment the king, who, like his criminal subjects possessed eyes in the back of his head, whirled around and came running toward us in a rage. This time the other three men were even more terrified than before; but the double line of traffic between us and the king prevented him from reaching us before we were finally able to move. The car stank of the other men's sweat. I have to confess that I felt a certain glee at having stolen a picture, however uninteresting it probably was, of the home of this extortionist to whom I was determined never to yield up a single slimy peso. And so once again we'd all been lucky; but I could not get over how afraid my companions were, how pale and dripping with sweat...

"IT'S NOT SO BAD"

Perhaps I've conveyed an unduly doleful impression of life in Colombia. As my second driver always liked to say: It's not dangerous here. It's not so bad. And my own frequent feelings of apprehension, justified though they might have been in my own case, surely had not a little to do with the fact that I was a gringo, and hence, in one man's words, a military target.

I remember how it was in Sarajevo during the siege. When the snipers on the hilltops could see you, you ran; and in the mornings and the evenings you always

heard machinegun fire and sometimes mortar fire. Life was dirty, perilous and terrifying, and yet life went on. Bogotá was a much-attenuated version of Sarajevo; and the countryside seemed in some ways better and in some ways a little worse. Colombia was dangerous, but usually in predictable ways. The bomb blasts of the Medellín cartel lay in the past. Cautious homebodies could get along fine. An art critic who lived and mostly worked in his high, book-lined apartment tower told me: You can stay here in Bogotá for two years without noticing anything. And nobody's gonna use the term *civil war*, even though we've been fighting for the last fifty years. I've been here for thirty-four years and nothing ever happened to me. But I have to be privileged to live in a home like this. And I don't go downtown much. When you go out, you have to spend fifty percent of your time in paranoia... —Life always does go on; and Dr. Gloria Suarez, who worked at that well-guarded morgue in the Cartucho, scarcely thought of going to Ciudad Bolívar; as for her husband Carlos, a fine, brave and idealistic man who ran a clinic deep in Ciudad Bolívar, he would not tarry after nightfall. —Because the people is changing, his wife whispered earnestly. In the nighttime, the danger people come out. —Truly, Ciudad Bolívar was not so bad. Looking down from its grassy hills eroded with trails and mudslides, past the multicolored laundry on the lines and the tan dirt and the dirt-colored brick houses flat-roofed with concrete or corrugated metal held down with stones, one saw laughing children sliding on the steep grass on flats of cardboard or whirling lassos as the grass blew in the wind, the skyscrapers of Bogotá far below them and their rubbish and open sewers. Go in those houses, and you'd begin to see how hungry and desperate many of them were, and why guerrilla slogans spidered about so ubiquitously. Talk to the crying mother whose crying daughter had been pursued home from school by neighborhood boys with knives, one of them only eight years old, and you'd begin to see why Gloria felt apprehensive. Talk to the teenagers up the hill, who'd tell you about the men in fancy cars who came at night to perform "social cleansing." A policeman told me that in the past seven years *five thousand* people had disappeared in Ciudad Bolívar. A young man said that fifty people in his barrio had vanished in the same period, including ten friends of his. So maybe it was bad after all. But my Colombian friends had more or less made their peace with such limitations on their freedom, which had become immutably natural, like extensions of the law of gravity. All the women who made sure not to ride the buses at night, the partygoers who were careful not to take too many pesos to the Zona Rosa, the drivers who thought it politic to give a coin to everybody who thrust out a hand at them in traffic jams, the taxi drivers who knew enough to roll up the window in the Candelaría or Centro so that a knife-hand could reach in, the churchgoers who avoided Friday mass for fear that somebody would steal their cars, well, they lived as they needed to, and followed all the rules. My second driver was correct: It wasn't so bad. And if it was, better to pretend otherwise because Colombia's myriad kidnappers remained utterly intractable and implacable. Of

course one admires the Chucho Bejaranos of this world, who actually attract attention to themselves and take risks in their quest for national improvement; but one may well choose to admire them at a distance; because what happened to Chucho? In connection with that noble person I think of a graffito which I saw on the wall of the National University: THOSE WHO DIED FOR THE SAKE OF LIFE ARE NOT DEAD—a worthy sentiment, but the earnestly mangled English of my first driver accomplished a more realistic summation: THE PEOPLE WHO DIED FOR LIFE, THEY CANNOT COMPLAIN BECAUSE THEY'RE DEAD.

PAPA'S CHILDREN
(2000)

"THE BIGGEST TORTURE", OR HOW PAPA SAVED THE CHILDREN

The paramilitaries' friend-of-a-friend who, for a certain financial consideration, had brought me to the farmhouse was a boy of nineteen who adored motorcycles. I called him Rambo to make him happy. When he was a child, his father used to call him El Ratón, the Little Mouse, because of his habit of gnawing. Now he'd become El Ratón in truth, for he was trying to be brave but could not help grimacing for fear, pretending to smile, showing the delicately glistening wires of his braces, clenching and grinding his teeth. With this piteous grin he kept drawing the edge of his hand across his throat. He gazed at me whenever he thus pantomimed the loss of our heads, because whatever happened would be all my fault. I, myself, felt a little nervous, but trusted that money and, if necessary, more money would see us through. It was almost midnight. We waited in an utterly dark, sweltering room. The two paras had unscrewed the light bulb when we arrived. After what seemed like half an hour but was probably about ten minutes, I persuaded them to give us light. But then they ushered us into another room still deeper in the farmhouse, a concrete cell without furniture or windows, the perfect murder

chamber. Remembering the warnings of all my journalist friends in Bogotá, I explained that we preferred the outer room, at which they stared and whispered. Sweat drip-dropped onto the floor. Then finally we could hear the car coming up the dirt street. It stopped. Doors slammed. The other two paras entered the house. El Ratón tried to smile at them, but produced only the same stale rodent-grimace of terror. Next morning, with our heads still attached, he would plead with me most reproachfully to remember that I could leave Colombia, but he, although he lived with his mother in a huge city six hours away by car (a distance subject to considerable or even infinite lengthening on account of the roadblocks of paramilitaries, guerrillas, and bandits) would forever remain accountable for my actions. I comforted him and gave him more money. His next request was that the translator and I both remain in our windowless hotel rooms until the airplane came, to which I agreed for his sake although I would have liked to visit the long, low, many-tiered concrete bridge which spanned the sluggish river near the airport; this was called the "Death Bridge" because every week ten-odd corpses were found there, frequently without their heads. According to a certain townsman whose sunglasses resembled the eye sockets of a skull, the victims were real trash: informers, guerrillas' helpers, addicts, and robbers. Thanks to the paras' extrajudicial zeal, the town remained tranquil, he said. (El Ratón later told me that this fellow was a para.) When we passed the "Death Bridge," I saw vultures. Had I been a better journalist I would have gone there at once. But El Ratón gnashed his teeth and begged me to desist. Who was I to further endanger his life? I also promised him not to mention the name of the town.[1] The paras themselves had requested the same courtesy, because, like El Ratón, they were doing this only for the money, and furthermore they were doing it without authorization from "Papa," as they called the head of their organization. During the interview they appeared even more frightened than El Ratón. Shy, wizened and gloomy, they seemed almost innocuous, if we exclude from consideration their commanding officer, who that night manned the departments of Accounts Receivable and Security. He was a huge idol of soft-spoken intimidation, a bad man, a killer if there ever was one, and the other three paras, El Ratón, the translator, and I were all afraid of him. I had agreed to pay him three hundred dollars for this group interview that was to be followed by a portrait session in which guns would be the prop. But after we had all assembled in that hot dark farmhouse, he announced that there would be no guns, for fear of discovery and punishment. We were in his power. I had already made my hundred dollar down payment, and the translator had the other two hundred tight-rolled in her left hand so that no para would see me take money out of my wallet. I knew enough not to try to lower the price. I complained a little, to prevent the leader from utterly disrespecting me. Finally he said that he would get some machetes, an offer not lacking verisimilitude since it was machetes that paramilitaries most often used when they entered some jungle town, set up a table in the main square, and at this table

lopped off hands, feet and heads, as for instance had happened two weeks ago in Ovejas, where more than forty people perished, some lucky ones by shooting, the rest by this method of dismemberment.[2] So machetes were fine for my purpose. And that, I thought, was that, until after about forty minutes, when the interview was in my opinion at its high water mark, the paras all began intimating in their dry soft whispering voices that they needed much more money now, and El Ratón formulated his terrified death's-head grin while the translator swallowed and stared at the floor. Not only was I opposed on principle to giving them more, but I also thought that the surest way to lose everything was to surrender to them. Their faces were just the same as ever, their gazes somehow muffled; they were not really seeing us; they had cut themselves off from human kinship long ago. I told them that I was very sorry but since there were no guns I could not pay them any bonus. I told them that I wished I were a richer man. There came the now inevitable moment of silence, while they tried to decide what to do. I was not very worried because the leader had gone to the doorway again; had he been staring into their eyes at that instant I might have been afraid. Of course he could have been verifying that the dirt street was clear of eyewitnesses, but I was tired, I had made my decision and I did not want to worry. And then one of them shook off his dream of limitless enrichment and said in a mournful voice that he understood my limitations and that I could rest easy because they were all my friends now. El Ratón smiled with relief, and his teeth chattered. But now, because I would not oblige them, those new friends fidgeted, like prostitutes who've put in their time and are already lining up the next customer.[3] I dared not urge them to continue the interview. So they pulled their shirts over their faces and I photographed them with their machetes and the handmade signs which they'd prepared to indicate their party affiliation: AUC, the Autodefense Union of Colombia. And to me they appeared halfway evil and halfway like uncouth clowns, gripping the machetes self-consciously, shy before the camera, worried that the flash could somehow be seen outside the tightly closed door. They'd come without uniforms, but some of them wore military boots. After five minutes they shook hands with me and skittered anxiously into the darkness. I never saw them again.

"Well," I said to El Ratón, just to get his goat, "they all seem like nice guys."[4]

"They are all murderers," said El Ratón.

The one I liked best, because he spoke almost as much as the commanding officer (whom I disliked the *more* he spoke) had been sitting scared and somber in the darkness, here only for hire, as were those three other slender, dark-skinned, tropical men. His face in shadow, he told me that he had joined the organization quite simply because he had no job. In his deep, low, uneasy voice, he said that he'd been a *militar* before, a *hercito*, a regular soldier, but then he'd had nothing to do. Many Colombians had already told me that soldiers got "frustrated" with the low salaries and low morale, and so they used their lethal skills to become paramilitaries. "The paras gave me the

opportunity to work for them," the deep-voiced man said. "Now I am taking care of farms, and of the whole region. And I am fighting against the guerrillas."

"Do the paras give you a salary?"

"Yes, they do. The people who pay for that are the farmers."

"It's a good salary?"

"Yes, of course. At least it helps the needs of my family. And the economic situation is so bad here that for me the money must be enough."

Then the other paras swarmed closer to me, whispering of sick wives and debts.

It would be easy to suppose that the farmers who paid them were getting nothing for their protection money except further provisional possession of their own heads, but some were actually enchanted with Papa. Here I'll cite the sad and greasy-bearded refugee in the black leather jacket, his curly hair matted down against his head; many others told the same tale. He slept on the pavements of Bogotá these days, but once he'd enjoyed title to seven hectares of farmland in his natal village near the Gulf of Urabá. Possessing something to lose, he'd remained at risk of being kidnapped by the guerrillas, a fate from which the Colombian government could never guard its citizens.[5] (Now he was almost safe. Only one more thing could be wrested from him.) It was in 1985 that tidings of Papa's children first entered his ears. "I thought the guerrillas were finished," he told me. "I thought the violence was finished. In our town, criminals had stolen our cows and engaged in narco-traffic. The paras cleaned those people up."

"They killed them?"

"Of course," he said. "So I was very happy for about ten years."

"What changed your mind?"

"Corruption between the *hercitos* and the paras," he said.

I thought about this as I sat in that hot, dark concrete farmhouse with the sheet hung over the lone window to hide darkness from darkness, and I wanted to ask the deep-voiced man, the former *hercito*, to what extent he cooperated with the regular army, but I was afraid to raise that question so early in the interview, and later he rushed away with the others. So instead I inquired: "Do you see any difference between your current work and your previous work as a *hercito*?"

"A little different. When you are a para, you have to carry out the mission no matter what."[6]

The leader came very close to me then and interjected: "If you do something wrong, you'll be killed. If you rape the farmer's wife, you'll be killed. If you rob, you'll be killed."

"Well, that's just wonderful." I turned back to the deep-voiced para and asked: "Do you think that Papa is a good person?"

"*Sí*," he said after thinking for a moment.

"What do you most admire about him?"

"Carlos Castaño defends the rights of the people," he said.

"Some say that he defends only the rich," I said.[7] "Is that true?"

"No. He defends rich and also poor, because they are human beings."

Another paramilitary interjected: "His Papa and Mama, they were kidnapped by guerrillas and both killed. That's how the vengeance of Castaño started."

As far as I know, only Castaño's father was murdered then. But later the guerrillas killed brother after brother, and his sister died in a rescue attempt. It was small wonder that Papa hated the guerrillas.

A third para, a big-built older man, said very sincerely: "He is a good person, but others make propaganda against us. For example, guerrillas come here and kill five people. Then they make graffiti, for instance AUC. And then the people start to ask, who did that massacre? And they say, from the graffiti it must be paras. But paras didn't do it."

I nodded, not much impressed.

The older man insisted: "If there were no paras, the guerrillas would take control of the country."

"So in your opinion the guerrillas make all the problems?"

"*Claro,*" he replied, meaning *naturally.* And he began to tell me a story to explain why the guerrillas were so bad. "Once in Jacinto we were fighting against guerrillas. We caught three of them, two women and a man. The women were less than fifteen years old, and the man was sixteen. We interviewed them. They told us that they were forced to join the guerrillas. They were like prisoners."

"So what did you do to them?"

"We took them to the *hercitos,* and of course they have to be in a juvenile correction institution."

"Last week," said the second paramilitary very proudly, "three guerrillas escaped to join the paras."

"These same three?"

"No, no," explained my translator. "Everyone who is working with the guerrillas he calls a prisoner."

"How convenient."

"You want me to translate? Maybe better I don't translate."

Sitting with them on the concrete floor of that suffocatingly humid farmhouse besieged by screaming crickets, I asked whether it was true what so many Colombians had said to me, that while the guerrillas killed or kidnapped more people the paramilitaries were more cruel.

"False," they said earnestly. "The biggest torture is compelling an innocent young child to be a prisoner of the guerrillas."

"And the paramilitaries never torture people?"

"No. That is all false."

MISTAKES

Were some cunning torturer to flay a human being alive so that instead of the skin which while protecting innards meanwhile defines beauty or at least normality, we'd see scarlet meat, human in shape alone, dissevered from its humanity by the agency of agony; and then if the victim were somehow able to climb back into his skin so that he could pretend for his own sake and ours to have regained his previous wholeness, why, then, we'd have a Colombian,[8] like the out-of-work engineer I know, a beautiful, large-eyed city girl, who loves her country and disapproves of the sensationalism of the foreign press: Colombia is *safe!*[9] Like every other Colombian, she has a story to tell about kidnapping. In this case the victim was her mother's cousin. Paramilitaries had done it, so she hated the paramilitaries. But later, when I asked her to question her mother about the details, it turned out that the paramilitaries hadn't done it after all. It seemed that the cousin had been boasting about his wealth, saying: "I have so much money that I could pay the paras to clean up this town!" Evidently the people he'd wanted to clean up took offense. My friend's mother spent more than a million pesos[10] trying to locate him. Finally the guerrillas, either pitying her or else getting exasperated by her efforts, mailed her his documents and his chain necklace, along with a note advising her to search no longer.

So really if my friend was going to hate somebody for kidnapping her mother's cousin, she should have hated the guerrillas, and she did, and she also hated the paramilitaries and the armed robbers; she hated them all, was sick of them all, and did not want to think about them anymore. Most of the Colombians I met felt the same way, especially the peasants. Again and again I heard that the government neither cared for them nor cared about them, and that into the dangerous vacuum thus formed swam inimical forces. "We don't like to be a member of any group," the campesinos told me. "Because if we go to any group, another group will attack us." Their other guiding principal of neutrality remained *You never know who is who.* Therefore, they preferred never to discuss money or politics with anyone. Unfortunately, the most scrupulous aloofness could not protect them against nightmare involvements. Permit me to tell you the tale of the taxi driver in Medellín whose brother-in-law was a trucker from Urrao in the jungle mountains to the north. One day twenty paramilitaries "invited" him at gunpoint to be their driver. He found himself ferrying them to the town of La Honda,[11] where they killed "thirteen guerrilla men who were dressed like civilians"—translation, thirteen civilians who might or might not have been guerrillas.[12] The paras also blew up the town bridge. The trucker was compelled to watch while they shot the villagers and threw them into the river. They had a list of names. Then he drove the murderers home. That had been twenty days ago. The next act in the comedy began a week later with a knock on the trucker's door: Guerrillas. After he explained, implored and cringed, they agreed not to slaughter him on the spot. The price he paid was to become their

unpaid driver, on call twenty-four hours a day. It had not yet been decided whether he could keep the title to his truck, whether he would be compelled to pay the guerrillas a monthly ransom, and whether other truckers in his village would be held similarly accountable for his sins. There was some talk that every owner of a car or truck in Urrao might have to provide transportation for the guerrillas on demand. Urrao was famous for its *granadilla* fruits that got exported to France at a high profit. Now the truckers were afraid to take anything anywhere. As for the driver of the murder-truck, one aspect of his case was clear: For the rest of his life, at least as long as he remained in the place where he was born, he'd be on probation. Moreover, needless to say, if the paramilitaries learned of his treason, he'd run the risk of execution from their side, too. He feared to leave his house. His brother-in-law, the taxi driver who was telling me the story, dared not invite him to Medellín, for fear of drawing danger on his own head. He believed that the guerrillas were worse torturers than the paras, but he hated them both.[13] His relatives paid the paras protection money to keep their gas stations open. Other people had to pay money to the guerrillas, "because the guerrilla man, he don't like to work." The taxi driver himself paid no one. He wanted to keep it that way—which of course was all that his brother-in-law had ever wanted, too.

Can you understand why my friend the out-of-work engineer felt so disgusted, fearful and hopeless? She said to me that sometimes she wished for a good strong leader such as Chile's Pinochet, a man who could control the country and make it safe, even if she'd have to pay for that with some of her freedom...

PAPA TO THE RESCUE

And it was at this juncture that her prayers were in a measure answered, for on Caracol Television, for the first time ever with his face uncovered, appeared none other than Papa himself—namely, the aforementioned Señor Carlos Castaño, commander-in-chief of the A.U.C. I cannot say I understood more than three of the words he said, for I am only a gringo. He was surprisingly young, small and frail, although he did convey a somewhat military look. His every expression seemed exaggerated. He'd smile mirthlessly, and then his lips, like El Ratón's, would stretch painfully tight across his teeth. Each smile lasted but an instant. Now he'd twitch, throwing back his round head, and gesture rapidly. His chin was faintly stubbled. His head rolled from side to side on his shoulders. He seemed hot under the collar. He'd say, "*Sí, sí, sí,*" all the while shaking his head. He kept looking nervously away from the television. After all, the government had a bounty on him. What can or should be said about the body language of someone we've never met? His nervous isometrics reminded me of Hitler's, but for all I know, Papa was really a very nice man.[14]

Later one of my translators presented me with an English language transcription of the interview, and I learned that he preferred the Old Testament to the New

because it was "more strict," that he was "just a common person," "a man with a peace vocation" and that he was very tolerant. "But I can't be tolerant with respect to the atrocious methods of national change such as the destruction of towns and the kidnapping of honest people to finance a supposedly just course."[15] Several of my Colombian friends thought his remarks quite brilliant.

What else needs to be added about Papa? A Human Rights Watch researcher[16] said that "if you talk of massacres alone, clearly the paras are number one, and the guerrillas are number two. The paramilitaries cause seventy percent of all the illegal killings in the civil war." An Amnesty International spokesman[17] told me quite simply and bluntly: "The paramilitaries are responsible for most noncombatant civilians killed." And the paramilitaries followed Papa's orders.[18]

MORE DISPUTED FACTS

Why do so many Colombians disagree with Amnesty International's distribution of culpability? The journalist who'd witnessed the aftermath of the Ovejas massacre reminded me that the guerrillas also tortured some of their victims—usually soldiers—by dissolving their faces with acid. In his opinion, and other people agreed, the guerrillas kidnapped more people and the paras were more cruel. Anyhow, he thought that life was much safer now that the war between the Medellín and Cali drug cartels had ended. He admitted that if you killed one person over here and another over there, as the paras did, then even if your body count were higher, the press coverage might be less dramatic than if Pablo Escobar killed several people at once with his bombs. But what it really came down to was that he was a Colombian; he'd seen and suffered far too much; for him it was all relative. Between 1948 and 1953, three hundred thousand Colombians died in *la violencia;* and Colombians had been murdering each other ever since.[19]

"And which side has killed more people, the paras or the guerrillas?" I asked.

The journalist laughed and threw up his hands.[20]

WITH THE FACES OF CHILDREN

Another Colombian once offered me this aphorism: *The guerrilla is the state in some places. The para is the state in others.*[21] One cause of murder is that the territories of these opposing states do not remain static. What happens when Papa's children pay one of their typical visits to a contested town? Fortunately, we can answer this question even if our imaginations fail us, for in Colombia, eyewitnesses to atrocity abound. They will come to you on the streets of any large city. Or you can go to them, as I sometimes did.

I remember a place which by night resembled an open air market, with lights shining down on plastic awnings which might have sheltered merchandise,

although in this case the merchandise was death's; it was refugees who slept in those tents and wandered amidst them like customers eyeing the merchandise; twenty policemen watched them outside the double barriers on which the children leaned. By day there were far more of them leaning. Here stood a man within that little half-prison of begrimed pavement; he was brushing his teeth, spitting toothpaste onto the ground. Silvery smoke rose almost straight into the cool, windless morning. A woman squatted there, warming her hands. In another minute, or maybe in an hour, she would begin cooking. She had all the time in the world. And so did the other six hundred or so refugees who lived there on the premises of the Red Cross in Bogotá. Outside the barrier, a man sat in a white ambulance truck, filling out papers. He sat and sat. Then a black hearse arrived. It disappeared behind the Red Cross building. Somebody must have died in the night. The barrier-enclosed asphalt was wet with black puddles in which crawled the reflections of pale, T-shirted shoulders. The refugees clumped and clotted. They leaned against the barriers; they rested their chins upon it. It was very difficult for them to go out. A man told me that sometimes the police kicked them, but I never saw that when I went there. If anything, most of them seemed happy that the police were there to keep other unfortunates from joining them. They were already sleeping in the corridors and downstairs on the concrete of the parking garage where the hearse had gone. A man was sweeping grime out from his tent. He swept more grime from in front of the tent, then suddenly leaned upon his pushbroom and halted; he was finished. Now the people had begun to gather around the cooking fire; the children warmed their hands. They played very quietly that day; I did not want to disturb them, because there had been a death. I went there on another day, when they were playing very loudly and busily within the barriers. It was early afternoon. I asked the people how many of them were refugees from violence and how many from poverty, and they shouted: "All from *la violencia!*"[22]

In that purgatory there dwelled a man named Carvilio Guzman. He was one of the first people I met there, and so I wonder if there were others in that place whose stories were more terrible than his. Actually, on the Colombian scale of unpleasantness none of their stories could have been so bad, for weren't all the tellers alive?

When I asked Señor Guzman what had caused him to take up residence at the Red Cross, he said: "I was displaced because I saw a massacre committed by the paras. The paras took me and said I was innocent, but still I was a witness. After three months, the paras found me again, investigated me, and guaranteed my life."

"Then why are you here?"

"Some pro-guerrilla families thought that I might work for the paras."

"So tell me about this massacre."

"I used to live in a small village called Brisas, which is where the killings occurred. They started at ten o'clock in the morning and finished at six o'clock in the afternoon."

"What did you see?"

His eyes began to water from the cooking smoke. A few steps away, a lady was washing out her cooking pot under a tap, shaking the rinse water onto the concrete so that it trickled toward the sooty foam pad on which we sat. We were in the parking garage. Families hunkered on the concrete between the cars. With the air of a man who had told his story many times, Señor Guzman said: "They took everybody out from the house—children, women, all—and put them in the street."

"Okay. And then?"

"*Bueno.* All these people, they put them in the street, with their faces down. The paras were looking for the people who work with cows and have the *corvia*[23] to push the cows. They took these things to tie the people's hands. The other people, we stayed on the street with our faces on the street. The condemned people were put in a separate place, and then they made us sit up. They selected new victims by their appearance and bound them also and took them away with the others. After this, one military helicopter came to help the paras. That is why I say that *hercitos* and paras are the same."

Here let us pause to quote the Amnesty International spokesman once again. "The fact remains that the armed forces and the paramilitaries work closely," he said. "One sees almost a division of labor in which the army outsources the dirty work to the paramilitary groups. And we are seeing the same kind of victims, peasant leaders, community organizers, human rights defenders, who used to be killed. As for who does what, we think of it as being linked to more U.S. Congressional scrutiny of the Colombian armed forces. Armed forces human rights violations began dropping, and paramilitary violations shot through the roof."

I, myself, suspect that this formulation exaggerates the army's culpability. The legitimate Colombian government being weak, the army is weak; surely Papa's children make their own decisions at times. But doubtless if the army had to choose between the paras and the guerrillas, it would fall back upon a certain predisposition. A Colombian put the matter to me more tactfully: "*It's difficult for the army to fight against the paras because the paras are attacking the people, not the state.*"

"Brisas is close to a river," Señor Guzman continued. "They took the condemned people to kill them by the river. But before this, they took one of them and killed him before the people."

"How?"

"With gun. They like the people to see that the paras can kill."

"Did they wear masks?"

"Just military uniforms, American style."

"They looked the same as *hercito* uniforms?"

"Different."

"And the *hercitos* helped to shoot the people?"

"No. But in the paras was one colonel of the *hercitos*."

What was that colonel doing? Was he, in the words of the Amnesty International spokesman, "outsourcing"? Allegations of a sinister link between the army and the paramilitaries haunted me wherever I went, although I myself never uncovered any proof of collusion.[24] Instead, I kept hearing tales of soldiers who became paras. During that midnight interview, which so frightened El Ratón, the deep-voiced para had said he'd resigned from the *hercitos* because he'd had "nothing to do." In Bogotá I met a handsome, plump young ex-captain, a gesticulating gum-chewer who threw his head back whenever he talked about himself and who arrived four hours late. Oh, he was a smiling tough guy with moussed hair; he was very pleasant, lazy and hasty, ready for anything. At first he too claimed to be a retired *hercito.* I was stupid; it took me twenty minutes to realize what that meant. Pounding his fists on his heart, he complained that the human rights people manipulated the law against honest officers such as himself. He'd killed some paramilitaries in battle. It was a clear case of self-defense; it was him versus them. Well, all right, so maybe they hadn't been paramilitaries. They'd been guerrillas, or maybe civilians. But the point, he said (nodding and slouching, working his mouth as though to spit), was that those guerrilla organizations FARC, EPL and ELN had wormed their way into the government. All the Communists got aid from Cuba. How would I like it, he demanded, if Communists took over my government and kept manipulating me with their sonofabitching *human rights?* A lot of decent officers such as himself had run away from the army under such circumstances. He himself had gone to the paras for protection from the *human rights* bastards.[25] With a strange sad pride he showed me his sheaf of *documentos occultos.* In the photographs on those laminated identity cards, he was always in uniform and swaggering, a member of this infantry brigade and that special unit. Here was his captain's card. If the police found it, he'd be in big trouble, but maybe he could bribe his way out, he said. Drinking up all my beer, he kept making disgusted air-kissing faces as he complained about the obscene manipulations of those *human rights* whores. The reason that Colombia needed paramilitaries was that they did what the army wasn't allowed to do, he said.[26] He had a habit of leaping to his feet in a rage if he thought that I was challenging him. I did not fear him in my own hotel room, but I would have distrusted him in the jungle. Was he vicious? Had he massacred those "guerrillas?" He was definitely disorganized and mercurial. The more he drank, the more he swelled with crazy anger. He said that for money he'd help me interview a paramilitary called the Black Eagle, whom he claimed was number four in Papa's organization. (The other paras I interviewed had never heard of him.) When I asked how long it would take to arrange an interview, the "retired" *hercito* became very insulted and said that I'd simply have to leave myself in his hands for a few days. A week later he'd arrived at a price: four thousand dollars. I told him to forget it. He was difficult to keep in touch with anyhow. The man who'd introduced me to him pretended that they'd been friends for years, but it came out that the introducer didn't

dare reveal to him his address or telephone number. The introducer had been kidnapped by FARC and released only in exchange for a ransom that crippled his family forever; and yet, he feared the "retired" *hercito* and the paras even more than he did the guerrillas.

And so, when Señor Guzman told me about the colonel of the *hercitos* who accompanied the murderers to Brisas, I saw in my mind's eye this laughing, self-satisfied ex-captain coming along for the ride, drunk with glee to be scoring another point against those *human rights* tricksters...

"How many murders occurred on that day?"

"Twenty-seven," Señor Guzman said. "But also they took another group, and they are disappeared, and we don't know anything about them. Around seven o'clock, two other people were murdered three kilometers from town, and I saw it."

"By the same paras or different people?"

"The same."

"Who were they?"

"One was caught during the massacre and stayed all the time with the paras. He was a member of the Unión Patriotica.[27] The other one appeared in the village at the end of the massacre."

"And how many were disappeared?"

"More than fifteen."

"How many people live in Brisas?"

"Brisas is a port in a river. The population is around a hundred and fifty to two hundred. But many people come to make business and buy things in the river supermarket. So at the moment of the massacre, there were around six hundred."

"Were the victims all men?"

"Yes, but one of them was sixteen years old. And among the disappeared were some women and kids."

"When did this happen?"

"August of 1996."

"During the massacre, were you afraid or did you believe that you would be all right because you were innocent?"

"I was afraid, because at that moment I had never seen paramilitaries before. I was about to relieve myself when it started. I had to wait until seven-o'-clock."

"What did their faces look like?"

"They were young people, in their thirties or less. Their faces didn't look like murderers'. They looked like normal people—very nice-looking, very nice presentation. Their faces were like a child's."

"And did they speak politely?"

"Very impolite, with bad words and loud: *We are for the autodefensistas of Carlos Castaño of Cordoba, Urabá. We come to murder all the sons-of-bitches guerrillas we can find. If I find that my own mother is a guerrilla, I'll kill her, too."*

"And then what did they do?"

"They took one person and said they'd come to clean the rural way. The paras took the gun to this person, and this person took the gun and said don't call me sonofabitch and don't kill me. The paras said don't touch my gun or I'll kill you now. Then another para took a knife to a man's head and said come here. They investigated him. He was okay."

"In your idea, were the people killed by the paras all guerrillas, or did the paras make some mistakes?"

"Some were innocent and some were guerrillas. The sad thing was that they didn't have guns to defend themselves. Fifty percent were innocent."

"How did they decide whom to kill?"

"One person in the village was a secret para, and he denounced whomever he wanted."

"Do you know who it was?"

"No. But they came with a list."

"Did they have any other sources of information?"

"That one person in the Unión Patriotica, he said some names to save his life, but he got murdered, too."

"All right. So when did you get afraid?"

"In 1997, thirteen months after. For a while it was good. I earned good money and everything was calm. After the massacre I earned even more. I bought cows and pigs cheap from the refugees who were leaving. I bought two hundred pigs and four hundred and twenty-eight cows. I sold them all to make sausages. Then I became a refugee and I lost everything."

"If you went to Cordoba and said that you loved Carlos Castaño and wanted to live there, would you be safe?"

"No. Guerrillas operate even there. I am afraid about the guerrillas."

"If I meet Señor Castaño, what should I ask him?"

"Ask him, do you want good campesinos to come back? Would you respect our lives and our houses?"

EPITAPH FOR BRISAS

When I inquired of a journalist at the famous daily *El Tiempo* his opinion of these events, he replied wearily: "There were a hundred and three massacres in 1999. The one in 1996 was not important.[28] Brisas is now quiet and under paramilitary control."

"THEY KILL PEOPLE WHO NEED TO BE KILLED"

But here it's necessary to reiterate that the quiet of a pacified dominion, no matter how ruthless the pacification might have proved, not be the quiet of the grave. A

campesino does not greatly care whether it's paras or guerrillas who rule him, provided only that their rule is stable, that they refrain from extorting too much—and that he himself remains virginally uncompromised, in contradistinction to that sad trucker who found himself compelled to drive the paras to their murder-work in La Honda. These preconditions being met, it's all the same.

Let me tell you about such a dominion. Northwest of Medellín lies a town called Apartadó, whose hot and rainy days are beset by small mosquitoes. Although it boasts an airport of its own (to say nothing of innumerable humid flower-trees), my guidebook neglects to list it. The taxi driver who related the tale of La Honda recommended it, because it was swarming with paras. Of course our journey there was uneasy, like any long road trip in that country; inevitably there were contested areas. Most of the taxi drivers weakly said that they had too much to do. The one who urged us to go there was frankly afraid. Finally we found a hungry boy who was willing to try. As the car began to switchback upward out of Medellín's diesel fumes, he gazed into the rearview mirror and said: "Let's make a plan. What will we do if we're stopped, so we don't get shot?" He'd been kidnapped once already. The guerrillas had ransomed his passengers. It had not been a very nice experience. So we made our plan and continued along the sickeningly winding road, making acquaintance with steep green mountains and clouds of fog until it was night. The headlights sometimes caught ferns sparkling in the rain, or betrayed precipices to the left or the right. Presently we entered the province of Antioquia. The cafe where we stopped for dinner was the preserve of a fifty-year-old widow who'd built it with her own hands. This warm person, who sat with us at the table and later kissed me goodbye, proved very willing to talk. When I asked about politics, she, with the same propriety she would have shown about announcing with whom she slept, pretended to be neutral, but from her hints it was clear that she preferred the paras. The guerrillas had always taken food from the people; she was glad that the paras had run them out and starved them out. The driver asked anxiously about the road. Oh, that was very safe, Señora Dora assured him. Two night ago three policemen had been murdered by ELN guerrillas in Dabeiba; other than that, all was quiet. Hours later, in a sickening fog beset by rock piles, grim men with guns stopped the car. To me, the looks of fright on the driver's and translator's faces were sufficient indictment of *la violencia.* I think about them now as I write this; I wish I could have done more for them than give them a little money. Anyhow, it was fine: the gunmen were honest *hercitos* on the watch for ELN. We were deep in paramilitary territory now. In each little town that the road led us through, we saw hard young men in crew cuts standing on the main street, watching. The driver and I both thought them to be paras, but of course *you never know who is who.* And at last we reached Apartadó, which proved a clean, late-night sort of town, with music, couples, and prostitutes on the nearly empty streets. By day the streets were almost empty, too. Horses and meat-shanties, concrete house-blocks with banana trees bursting out behind them, the

slow tropical life of cyclists and ice cream bells, all these set the tone. In short, Apartadó could have been any poorish jungle town in Colombia. Soldiers in camouflage with machine guns at their backs wandered past fruit stands. Dark-green-uniformed police carried machine pistols. And where were the paras? Our hotelkeeper, terrified of their violence, refused to telephone the ones he knew, even though I offered money both to him and to them; arranging such an introduction, unauthorized by Papa, might result in his saying goodbye to his head.

At the edge of town, in a rainy banana plantation, there was a tin-roofed open-walled shelter in which the soldiers were training with up-pointed rifles, clicking and unclicking the safeties. Beyond them the dirt road went from shanty to shanty. My translator grew afraid of getting kidnapped, but I paid no attention. The people all told me the same story. They were proud of their bananas, and everything was tranquil now, thanks be to God, although late at night they did not go out alone. Five years ago or less, Apartadó had been very dangerous, with ten or twenty murders happening every day. When I asked who had committed these murders—paras, *hercitos*, or guerrillas?—the villagers shuffled their feet and said: "Armed men." The Amnesty International spokesman told the tale less delicately: "In the 1996-97 period, the paras in Apartadó carried out a series of massacres creating forced displacement, and the Urabá area became quite notorious for paras."[29] That was when the Colombian government placed a bounty of one thousand million pesos on Papa's head.[30]

It was Sunday. Black people and brown people slowly emerged from the latticed concrete church. Inside, a little girl in white baptismal dress was riding in her proud parents' arms as they carried her down from beneath the crucifix. The priest, who was very courteous to me, said that a couple of days ago ten people had wound up headless, thanks to the paras, but surely it had been much worse five years ago. Apartadó remained a *zona peligrosa*, a dangerous zone. It was good that the paras drove the guerrillas away. Although each side remained addicted to vengeance against the others, still, he went on in his gentle voice, the paras did what the *hercitos* couldn't do. "In my opinion, they kill people who need to be killed," he said.

"NOTHING WOULD CHANGE"

In the center of town, Father Joseph Michael was in his office at the cathedral. The Archbishop had gone home to rest. Father Joseph, young and coffee-colored, a little proud and skeptical, listened to my request for an introduction, then said that there were many paras twenty kilometers from here, in a village called Currulao. He would send a boy there to help me.

"The guerrilla story began," he said, "when they wanted to defend the *pueblo*[31] against the government. Then the paras wanted to defend the *pueblo* against the bad guerrillas.[32] Now both sides fight for position and vengeance. The *hercitos* are not interested in killing either of them. They fight against each other, and the poor are

the principal sufferers. And, you know, the narco-traffickers are helping both sides. The biggest problem now is the narcos. A lot of the people in the United States are customers of the narcos, so in my opinion you bear some responsibility."[33]

"If Carlos Castaño were to call for peace right now, would all the paras lay down their arms?"

The priest threw back his head and grimaced. "No, that's baloney. Even if Castaño and Mondo Hoy of FARC were to shake hands on television, nothing would change. Let's say there are five thousand paras. What can we do with them? They have no work. It's not so easy for them to give up the gun; that's how they eat."

Father Joseph was right there. I remembered a refugee I'd met who hailed from a town called Río Blanco, in Tolima province to the south of Bogotá. He'd been a community leader, and so it was he whom Papa's children had approached with a proposal to help all the peasants with their lands and houses; this help consisted in allowing them all to stay on in Río Blanco, provided that they signed over title to their land. Yes indeed, that was how Papa's children ate. After this overture the people held a meeting in which they decided to refuse Papa's kind offer. The leader went to visit a journalist whom he knew, and the journalist advised them that the only safe way to express that refusal was by not replying. So the people of Río Blanco kept silent. They were not afraid at that time. But *la violencia* increased over the years, and the paras, the *hercitos* and the guerrillas each took the town at various times, so after many people had been killed, the rest began to leave. And finally some men had come and burned the town. The community leader believed that they were paras, but he was not a hundred percent sure. He too became a refugee and slept at the Red Cross in Bogotá. About Papa he said: "He is a bad person, and his actions are bad. He takes the children to work for him—boys and girls, all. He takes the kids from seven years old and educates them in his discipline." But if Papa retired or got assassinated, could this man go back home to Río Blanco? For all the other extortionists would still be there.

"And this money that the United States wants to give for fighting, that also doesn't work for anything," Father Joseph was saying. "We need to give the pueblo a good opportunity to work and to live. We need to make a resolution: Take the narcos away, because they support all the work of violence. The only thing these factions don't yet have is the atom bomb!"

He took the Bible in his hands; he took the catechism. He said: "Here is the clear method of the peace." He was earnest now, almost to the point of agitation.

"On the average, how many murders occur in Apartadó?"

Father Joseph smiled teasingly. "Many, many people. But, mister, information is very expensive."

He wanted a new computer for the church.

"Well, how many people would you say exactly?"

"On Friday, when I came from Mutatá, I found two people dead by side of the road."

"With or without heads?"
He laughed gruesomely. "With head. But *almost* without head."
"Who did it?"
"Paras. Guerrillas don't do something like that."
And with that, we set out for Currulao.

SPECIAL SERVICES

My interviews with and about paramilitaries most frequently took place in windowless hotel rooms full of cigarette smoke, and always in low voices, and they were always first and foremost about money. They might pretend to be former instead of current paras; they might act friendly; but sooner or later they all folded their arms and explained, with an intonation far removed from the joking priest's, that information was expensive. But the group that I was now about to meet in Currulao disdained all payment. They were open; they smiled; they posed for photographs... — Well, maybe it was not quite that simple.

The first cadre I laid eyes on was a skinhead-like block of a man, a soldier or a thug, everything about him squatly muscular. From behind the counter of the pharmacy where he worked, he looked upon us without favor. He lounged; he flicked his cigarette as if it were a knife. I have met a number of such types in Bosnia, Afghanistan, Japan and America. With them my interactions tend to be personal. They ham it up, enjoying the attention, or else they sullenly tell me to go to hell. This one, however, merely looked us up and down and announced that he was not authorized to give us any information. He worked for a community protection organization called Convivir. "That was one of the more unfortunate things that happened," said the Amnesty spokesman. "The idea was that if they regulated these armed civilian groups, they would be better able to control them. Instead, what we saw was that there were now paras with a legal cover. Some of the Convivirs turned out to be responsible for the same kind of atrocities as the Castaño people."[34]

Once the pharmacist had reported me in, a smiling, personable young man named Juan appeared. He was the public relations director, he said. He was black, but with Asiatic eyes. He was also big and brawny-armed. Two other men in khaki vests and baseball caps entered the cafe behind him. They sat at another table, refusing drinks and invitations, and listened to every word. Juan later said that one of them was his brother.

The big, smiling P.R. man explained that this whole area of Urabá had always been rich in natural resources, particularly in its bananas—and here I may as well put in that on the road from Apartadó we'd passed bananas and more bananas, oceans of banana plantations and nothing else until we came to Currulao's stalls and stores and houses facing one another across the highway. Furthermore, said Juan, Urabá was a *zona strategica* because it was an outlet to the sea, and hence a conduit

for guns and drugs. In the 1950s, six guerrilla groups[35] had sprung up here and promptly begun quarreling amongst themselves. He himself had been born in 1978, and when I asked him what he remembered from his early childhood, he placed his hand on his heart and said: "When my brother and I were very, very young, we left Apartadó for Currulao. When we were five years old it was very terrible to see the people dead in the streets. At that time, different groups were fighting for the town. Here the families didn't really know who killed whom. Nobody respected people. No human rights, nothing!" he said in his peculiarly passionless, even voice.

"Did your father try to protect you?"

"Yes, he did, but it was so difficult for him. Young people saw citizens get disappeared and displaced."

"When did you first hear the name Carlos Castaño?"

"I was twelve years old."

"What did you hear about him?"

"I heard that Castaño was the leader of the autodefensistas, but at that time I didn't know anything about him. We want to clarify," he added quickly, "that we're not involved in the paras. We're not under Castaño's control."

The paras whom I'd interviewed in that hot, dark concrete farmhouse with a sheet hung over the lone window had also insisted that these zealots were not paramilitaries, and maybe they weren't. Reader, why don't you be the judge?

"Autodefensistas came here eight or nine years ago," Juan continued. "They started to kill people, innocent or not, just to run the guerrillas out of the zone. Meanwhile, the guerrillas retained political power. We were against all this violence. But after the paras expelled the guerrillas from the zone, although it's true that they killed a lot of people, at least they achieved peace."

"What year did they run the guerrillas out?" I asked.

"In about 1991. Before that time, we could see fifty or a hundred dead people anywhere in Urabá, and, you know, the zone of Urabá is large. The conflict lasted eight years. '91 was a very important year. EPL and ELN and others gave up the guns. That's how it's been since then in Urabá. There's been happiness for all."

By thus dating the establishment of "peace," Juan was in my opinion expressing considerable complaisance, to say the least, about the massacres of 1996–97.

"So what were you doing in 1991?"

"I was a student." (He would have been about thirteen.) "But I began to be worried about the situation here. Three years ago I decided to be involved in politics." (This would have been during the height of the massacres.) "I'm very worried about people. It's my responsibility to provide the peace."

"So how did Convivir come to be formed?"

"There was a conference everywhere in Urabá. The paras permitted us to have our own organization. It was very easy."

"That was nice of them," I said, more convinced than ever that he must be a para. It stood to reason that if my hotelkeeper didn't dare even introduce me to the paras for fear of decapitation, then how could Convivir operate freely and confidently with the blessings of Papa, unless they too were Papa's children? How confident and powerful they were I didn't know until the next day, when Juan conducted us to their headquarters on the other side of Apartadó, past more banana plantations. Now we had arrived at a massive *hercito* base with watchtowers, tents and a training green. We turned left onto a dirt road which hugged the base's outermost wall, and after a *hercito* in a booth raised the bamboo barrier for us, we continued on to a concrete complex upon a rise where the members of Convivir were gathered, everybody clean-cut and strict. That day they all refused to be photographed—for fear of the guerrillas, they said. But on that first day when Juan smiled and liked me, I was able to take some portraits of his colleagues sauntering together down the street, some with radios, the rest with somewhat hard-bitten expressions. I asked the spectators whether they wanted to be in the pictures, too, and they all shook their heads, because *you never know who is who*, or maybe they knew all too well.

"We had one chance to participate for our own protection, according to the constitution," Juan was saying. "Convivir joined itself to the military forces, the police and the government according to the law. At the beginning, everyone thought that Convivir was paras. But no—we were just trying to carry out peace in the zone."

"And what happened next?"

"Then the constitution changed, and so Convivir was abolished and the new services started."

"I see. So what are you called now?"

"*Servicios Especiales y Comunitarios de Vigilancia y Seguridad Privada.* We're just vigilant citizens. We have a thousand members in Urabá, men and women together. This organization is the biggest of its kind in the world."

"So you are like private police?"

"No. Our mission is *information.* For example, in each neighborhood there are some radios. The informers say some criminals or subversives try to come here. Then they call the police."

"When the police come, they help to catch the bad people?"

"*Claro.* Of course."

"So you do nothing but advise the police?"

"If it is necessary to use physical force, we do it. But we treat them as normal criminals."

Listening to all this, I was bored and sickened.

"How many hours a day do you patrol the streets?"

"The enemy never sleeps."

The next day, at headquarters, I met the former director of public relations. It

was he who had founded Convivir sixteen years ago. He was grey-haired and military in his bearing. He sat behind a big desk in his air-conditioned office adjoining the immense field of soldiers, while Juan, the current director of public relations, kept respectfully silent. The organization had no brochures and the walls were blank. The former director said to me sternly: "Like the people of Israel, each town defends itself. Criminals will always be here."

"Is each rural area of Colombia controlled by one or the other of the armed groups?" I asked him carefully, wanting him to admit that Apartadó lay under paramilitary control.

"Yes," he replied. Then he said: "Here in Urabá is the only part of Colombia which is a paradise for peace."

"What is your opinion of Castaño?"

"They are all the same. But one thing about him I like—he is against the guerrillas. But they try to come to the town and kill people..."

My driver and translator left the place convinced that the helpful citizens of Special Services were not paras at all. When I went back to Father Joseph to ask his opinion, he laughed at my ignorance and said that *of course* they were paras. Was he right? *You never know who is who.*

"THEY ARE ALL MURDERERS" (REPRISE)

Let us suppose for the sake of argument that Special Services was precisely what it claimed to be. Then to my mind they would be worthwhile and good. In the rhetoric of Special Services we see the ideal of Carlos Castaños and the *autodefensistas.* In the tale of Brisas we find that ideal's macabre debasement. It is probably true that only organized, vigilant citizens, working with their government's defense forces, have any hope of walling off their communities from the violence which has flooded Colombia this last half-century. Four factors render such attempts tragically dubious: the weakness and corruption of the *hercitos* on which those citizens must defend, the violent habits which the citizens pass on to their own children, the ruthless, desperate greed of the armed bands in the jungle (greed ever more inflamed by the narco-traffickers), and above all the vindictive ambitions of the various guerrilla leaders—and of their counterpart, Carlos Castaño.

PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

Nightmares, Prayers, and Ecstasies (1994)

Off the Grid (1994)

Thick Blood (1995)

INTRODUCTION

When is violence justified? If this ponderous book has accomplished anything at all, I hope that it has at least shown that even the clearest "theoretical" justifications require referencing and dissection; the fat of a spurious invocation of creed must be scraped away for us to see that this excuse for murder really equals nothing but expediency; and the blood-red pulsations of an appeal to racial self-defense need to be tested for the presence or absence of simple reasonableness in the racial identity being protected. Defense of homeland cannot be judged completely without consideration of ethos; defense of earth seems to require the special category of scientific imminence, and so it goes.

In the case studies, in which I've tried to further your understanding of the sensory immediacy of ethical situations, it becomes evident how difficult it is to apply any moral calculus to life. If we speak of violence in the ghettos of Jamaica,[1] we really ought to talk about this ghetto or that ghetto, and in particular about the violence of this or that person. Only by considering a narrowly specific, personalized situation can we hope to apply our rules very precisely. Vigilante-authority may meet many criteria for legitimacy in Rema, but not across the street in Tivoli Gardens. But narrowness allows us only the procedural applications of jurisprudence. If we want to assess more broadly where we are in the world, and where we ought to be; if we choose to praise justice and condemn injustice from the supreme

perspective (to which every human being is entitled) of a policymaker, then we need to accept flexible approximations. Who was more justified in the Yugoslav civil war, the Serbian centralists who sought to retain Croatia within their federation, or the Croatians who chose to leave? This question can be answered only by inspection of the ends and means of both parties, but it *can* be answered according to a commonsensical analysis of how faithful those ends and means to the presuppositions of a moral calculus. For example, as most decent people would, and I don't at all mind employing the vague word "decent," if you accept proportionality and discrimination as proper limits on war aims, then the Serbian massacre of several thousand unarmed men at Srebrenica, which clearly violated both, must be extremely unjustified; and if such atrocities repeat themselves to a greater extent on the Serbian side than on any other side, then we may assert that the Serbs prosecuted the civil war more evilly than did the Croats. But while this may provide sufficient grounds to indict individuals Serbs for war crimes, and indeed may demand United Nations intervention against Serbia to end a war which has become unjust, the question (which I don't possess enough knowledge to address) of whether the Serbian federalists might have had the most right on their side to begin with remains consequential, not only ethically, but practically. One of Hitler's strongest arguments in favor of his military buildup, which soon proved to have been achieved for the furtherance of the most wicked imaginable ends, was that Germany had been unjustly handled by the Treaty of Versailles which concluded the previous war. That war has been widely seen as unjustified on Germany's part. Even so, fair-minded foreign statesmen had to at least admit the possibility that injustice had been done to Germany by the Treaty of Versailles. Their uneasy confusion on this issue fed the appeasement of Hitler, who for his part had ready German takers when he served up his hot broth of anger and hatred. It is at least arguable that had the Allies not been so vindictive at Versailles, the case for stopping Nazi Germany twenty years later would have been more clear-cut, and Hitler disarmed before he was in a position to murder millions. In short, the Golden Rule and self-preservation jointly require that we examine the justifiability of all our opponent's arguments even after one of them has been proven resoundingly invalid.

So far, so good; and hopefully the case studies thus far have shown how daunting it actually is to get to the bottom of a large-scale ethical situation.

In this final group of case studies, we take a step farther in the direction of complexity by moving beyond violent means, ends and responses themselves, into more indirect associations with violence. Everything is connected to everything; therefore, violence is connected to everything.

The case study "Thick Blood" may be considered a sort of briefing of a specific case of long-standing class injustice. The Japanese "Untouchable" caste called Burakumin is defined as such on the grounds of ancestral origin. In our moral calculus we've agreed that some minimal degree of aloofness is permissible for any racial or cultural group; it is possible that such groups as the Burakumin Liberation

League may someday create the possibility for the expression of "Untouchable pride";[2] but for now, collective defense for this minority aims simply at the right to *assimilate,* to be treated, economically and socially, as the equal of other Japanese. At the moment, the violent results of this class and ethnic struggle remain limited to a few suicides caused by shame. "Thick Blood" should nonetheless be read as a long example to accompany the "theoretical" chapter "Defense of Class."[3] As you read it, ask yourself whether or not the Burakumin have met the preconditions for a morally justified violent rising up against the society which oppresses them. What ought the means and ends of such a campaign to be? Should it envisage itself as the defense against inequality to which all are entitled, as imminent defense of individuals against the exactions, impoverishments, oppressions and humiliations imposed by other classes, or should it direct itself more fundamentally against class structures and their active or official representatives?[4]

"Off the Grid" has to do with the contrasting rights of creed, self-expression, race, homeland-ethos, and authority. This case study is set in the American Northwest, where a spectrum of extreme to moderate individuals—neo-Nazis, tax protesters, "Christian Patriots," survivalists, and folks who just like to be left alone —seek to live in their own worlds "off the grid" of conventional society and authority. Profoundly difficult questions arise here. To what extent may "minimal aloofness" be pushed? Arrive at the Aryan Nations compound in Hayden Lake, Idaho, and the sign will warn you: WHITES ONLY. This is not nice, but is it unjustified? In Noxon, Montana, one of the most infamous militia organizations asserts itself against what is perceives as a conspiracy of the federal government and the United Nations to take over America—that is, to erase the self-reliant, gun-carrying, anti-cosmopolitan (which may in some cases mean, "anti-Semitic") rural ethos of America. On the edge of the Nez Perce reservation in Kamiah, Idaho, Lieutenant-Colonel James "Bo" Gritz and his "Christian covenant community" of armed survivalists erects itself in defiance of the "predatory" violence of federal law. Gritz refers to the killings at Waco[5] and Ruby Ridge as proof of the government's murderousness, and I think that he is right, although I find it unsettling that in both cases, the victims were armed religious extremists, and in the Weaver case, they were white supremacists with possible links to the Aryan Nations. He tells reporters: "We do *not* want there to be any Waco. We do *not* want there to be any Weaver. We're making it so the government will have to follow due process. I want Matt Dillon back, where somebody *knocks* on the door and doesn't take the hinges off! We don't want anything from the government. We only want them to stay in the ten square miles the Congress gave them." A journalist asks him about the self-defense clause which his new householders are required to sign, and Gritz explains: "If there's an action that's unprovoked, that doesn't mean we'll come running to our guns, but it does mean we'll get together and come to that person's defense." In your view, are these words a reasonable presentation of the document of imminent self-

defense, or do they represent, as one of his critics opines, the highly dangerous doctrine that "small groups of citizens should be able to organize against state and federal authority"? Or is that a highly dangerous doctrine? Jefferson didn't think so.

The critic just quoted happens to be a man whose sexual preference is for men. Gritz once ran for president; his running mate was the former Klansman David Duke. In keeping with his "Christian covenant" beliefs, Gritz believes that homosexuality is an abomination. Nonetheless, during his presidential campaign, he vowed to uphold all American legal rights, even those to practice what he personally disapproves. "So I'm willing to put myself in harm's way, just like I told that little homosexual in L.A. I'll put myself in harm's way to protect your rights." Do you consider this statement a disingenuous mask for an aggressively discriminatory creed, or can you take it at face value? Given that Gritz is always armed, do you trust or distrust him? How would you weigh his rights to protect and express himself as he sees fit against federal authority's right to guard itself against separatist violence?

In this case study, the Montana tax protester Red Beckman, whose house got seized, bulldozed and sold by the Internal Revenue Service, will inform us: "A bunch of hired killers, that's what those U.S. Marshals are. At Nuremberg we hung guys like that. That's what they did at Waco, you see. Those Marshals, those guys who believe they have a job to do and murder those people, those guys will never live this down. Those guys are going to go to trial someday."

"What should they have done, Mr. Beckman?"

"If somebody tells you to do something evil, you turn around and you kill the guy who gave you the order, see."

This statement would strike me as admirable if it were referring to Nazi atrocities. In the context of the United States government's domestic rule of law, it frightens me. In short, it again raises one of *Rising Up and Rising Down*'s central questions: What constitutes legitimate authority, and when does compulsion render authority illegitimate? How far may one of authority's subjects go in rising up against that authority if he believes it to be "evil"? What obligation does he have to explain what "evil" means, and to whom must he explain it?

When is violence justified? That was the question which *Rising Up and Rising Down* has tried, however unsuccessfully, to answer; but we should not forget that the majority of the people on this planet lack the luxury of asking it. For them, the only relevant question is: "How can I avoid violence as much as possible?" In the remaining case study, "Nightmares, Prayers, and Ecstasies," we'll meet more or less disempowered individuals across the American South who believe in the protective power of magic. Al in New Orleans follows this policy: "I light candles to the good saints like Saint George, Saint Anthony, Saint Jude." He fears that his mother-in-law and his father's mother-in-law are trying to put the evil on him. I believe that by interpreting misfortunes as aspects of personalized magical violence, one gains the comforting illusion of being able to control them, which is not so different from

the motivation which drives me to spend twenty years constructing a moral calculus which pretends to give meaning to violence. A voodooist in Miami asks me, "Do you want something to put on you so even if they shoot you you cannot die?" For that privilege, of course, I must pay, but even if the charm is phony, aren't I better off if I don't fear?

The first half of this book ended with a brief chapter entitled "Remember the Victim!" And again we end with victims, as is only right. Violence is death, and in life death will find us. What can we do but hide and pretend as children children? We hear that the voodoo lady Maline can murder people for money, "with poison or some kinda shit like that. All Maline want from you the person name and address. You ask her today, and the person dead tomorrow." What if it's true? What if it isn't? Death is Maline. She will find us out. We will be dead tomorrow.

In the days when my gun was my rosary,[6] when I'd slip it into my coat pocket before going out to keep the Asian woman company on those creepy winter nights, it was such a comfort to me, a magical comfort, but if we'd met someone who was more determined or a better shot, then my gun would have been no more effective than I believe Maline's power to be. But, as I said, what if she could and did murder people? What if my gun saved the Asian woman this time? Wouldn't something else get her next time? This book opens with the words "death is ordinary."[7] Violence is ordinary, death is ordinary, and life is ordinary, too. To aestheticize weapons, violence or anything, to construct moral calculi, to seek meaning from punishment,[8] it's all preposterous ("somebody try to pull a revolver on you, he gonna give you some words to pray, nobody can shoot you and you just gonna disappear!"), but no less effective for that. Creating significance is never spurious; instilling tranquility, self-reliance, etc., however objectively unfounded they may be, is a victory. "If I die, it will be as a Christian and as a Frenchman. Courage and confidence! We shall find each other again in the eternal bliss of heaven."[9] Who am I to say that's not so, or to defile the reassurance which probably helped that soldier to perish less fearfully?

NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS, AND ECSTASIES
(1994)

I am not a believer or a disbeliever. I once saw an angel and I have talked with God, but the former occurred at the Magnetic North Pole when extreme cold and the wrong sleeping bag caused me to substitute hallucinations for sleep, and the latter would never have happened without the assistance of psilocybin mushrooms. Neither apparition, in short, qualifies as miraculous; but although I used to long for a miracle as much as when I was a child and craved to taste fresh hot asphalt in the summer, I no longer need such exotic candy because a candle in a doorway can be as eerie as a talking skull. Anyhow, rationalism explains anything. A supernatural stone strikes, makes ripples, and sinks into the obscurity of science. For example, a Haitian I met in Miami was telling me about the time he drove a few blocks away from his smashed marriage and came to a voodoo lady's botanica. He parked and went in for a consultation. —The woman said: Your life's fucked up, man. You don't see anymore. Just now you ran a red light coming here. —My friend realized with a chill that he'd done exactly that at the previous intersection. Such had been his emotional disequilibrium that he hadn't noticed at the time, which made her knowledge spookier. —He, of course, had an explanation. The woman (who'd never met him before and had no reason to expect him) had seen him run the red light.

Since my relationship with his experience was secondhand, I had more opportunities for disbelief. He could be lying to me. The voodooienne could have somehow hypnotized him into the conviction that he had run a red light when he hadn't. She might have heard him pull up screeching in front of her botanica and made a well-founded guess that he was the type to run red lights. None of this means anything. One might almost say that magic is by definition a personal matter. If a drunk sees pink elephants, no one can tell him different.

I am interested in religion because violence is so often irrational that we may well require something irrational to control it, and of all the irrational control mechanisms that come to mind religion would seem to have the greatest potential to do good.

With this in mind I set out for the Deep South, where a jungle of sects and creeds grew high. I knew that I would remain ignorant of most of them, misunderstand some of the rest, and gain a very superficial knowledge of two or three, but here breadth seemed more important than depth. I spent my time in Louisiana and Florida, learning mainly from black people, although I did go to a white faith healer in Raceland, Louisiana, and I met some Cuban *santeros* in Miami, because there is no reason to deny and reject anyone else's experience (no matter that too often all these people did it to each other). So I became a student of Cajun prayer rituals, black gospel churches, spiritual counselors, charlatans, crooks, saints, brujas, santeros and santeras, and—most often—voodoo priests.

CARRYING CHRIST IN YOUR HEART (NEW ORLEANS, LOUISIANA)

Let me begin with Pastor Charles Brown. Or rather let me begin just around the corner from his church, in Geno's Lounge, where the sign said that no one under thirty was allowed; this was a black neighborhood in New Orleans, and although the French Quarter lay only ten minutes away by foot there were not any tourists here. Police cars would stop at the sight of me, and through a rolled-down window the officers would ask me what I was doing here. In the beauty parlor across the street, well-meaning black ladies told me that it was getting too late in the afternoon for me to be safe (it was about 3:30 p.m., near the longest day of the year).

I went into Geno's several times with a white friend of mine whom I'll call Nathan Bedford Forrest, after his idol, the Confederate war hero and founder of the Ku Klux Klan (which Forrest later repudiated). Each time the barmaid glared at us, refused to give change unless we asked repeatedly, and slammed our beers down in front of us. A man I met on the street in front of Geno's one night said that inside the bar other blacks had asked him what he talked to "those fucking oppressors" for. This was the kind of neighborhood it was. In short, I always felt welcome at Geno's.

There was a man there named James Brooks who said: We're virtually at rock bottom right now. When I came up, when my mother went to have a baby, the neighbors would take care of the children. They'd feed 'em, they'd clean them up, they'd send them off to school. Nowadays, you gotta fear your little girl going to school she's gonna get raped. Or your boy's gonna get raped.

We are living the signs of the times. People gotta get close to God. It all begins at home. You know, sometimes if you're ridin' along, if you're traveling by highway, you see all these trees and wilderness; there's more'n enough land for everybody. So why destroy all these beautiful lives?

I've been told by ministers and by Biblical scholars that it's been worse before than now. I sure wouldn't want to witness it. So what do we say? What next, Lord? It's up to man. Yes, it's up to man! God Almighty has done His job.

Mr. Brooks had lost a nephew, murdered over drugs. As he was telling me this, a police siren squealed grimly outside. —You hear that all day, he said. All this killing going on.

The barmaid came and because Mr. Brooks was sitting next to me she did not slam down my beer, and I asked what the churches were like around here.

Sunday's the big day, Mr. Brooks said. Now, it's a rare thing to have church services through the week, with the exception of the Baptists. They're full steam ahead. Now, we have a church that's uptown that's got an interdenominational choir, and that's on Jackson Avenue. I myself converted to Methodist. Ironically enough, I visit the Catholic church most of all, because it's short and sweet. You know, if it's Christian at heart you can go anywhere. You can go even to bars if you carry Christ in your heart.

GOD'S PLAN AND SATAN'S PLAN

Just outside of Geno's Lounge there was a long vast arm of concrete over which traffic struggled and scuffled in the humid dusk, and between the pillars which supported this activity crack pushers and prostitutes flirted with the world, but if you were to pass them and cross the street, emerging at last from the dingy shade they throve in like mushrooms, you'd have the choice of going left or right. Left would take you to the liquor store with the wall of bulletproof glass inside; to the three coffee-colored girls in bandannas and earrings who sat on their stoop waiting for opportunity and gave different names every day; the prettiest one with the slender face and the peacock's fan of hair called herself first Latoya, then Baby Girl, then Baby Doll; left would also take you to the corner store with the handwritten sign on either side of the door saying: THIS IS NOT A CRACK HOUSE! 1) DO NOT CARRY DRUGS IN HERE. 2) NO SITTING AROUND WITHOUT BUYING SOMETHING. THIS IS NOT A HOSPITAL OR BOARDING HOUSE. 3) DON'T STAND IN FRONT OF BUSINESS. —Right, on the other hand, would

take you to Pastor Brown's church, the Full Gospel Church of God in Christ, where the pastor's son, Charles II, was leading a rehearsal of the choir. The young man was a born leader. They instantly obeyed his every command, conveyed not only through his voice but also through motions of his arms which brought them to their feet and down again, which altered tempo and volume at his will; he was, in effect, the conductor of a small orchestra because there were musicians as well: somebody with a keyboard, a drummer, and a brilliant trumpeter all creating a sonic structure of great sweetness, volume and power over which the singing of the choir rode like an angelic version of the four-wheeled lives that rolled across the overpass outside. —You should be taking breaths at the same time, Charles said. Put your arms at your sides. Ready? Sing it! —*OHHHHHH!* went the choir in G-major —Okay, said Charles. Now let's hear it! *Om-NI-potent is great my Lord!* —The choir obliged, again and again. The thing that I must convey before all else is the happiness that came out of them. They were swaying, clapping, smiling as they sang *We shall receive our reward.* Charles, slender and pate-shaved, held the microphone in his left hand and pointed his right forefinger at the choir like a pistol. The drummer worked in a dreamy fury, gazing slightly downward. In the niche of fake stained-glass windows, dark ladies in pale colors stood singing in a row. The others stood with their arms clasped at their waists. Charles's watch flashed as his arm swung to and fro. White teeth glistened in song. The choir threw back their heads and closed their eyes and sang like heaven. They braced their knees and swung their arms downward as if they were trying to force themselves closer to the clouds. They made fists and called down lightning-bolts of grace. They clapped their hands, and their mouths strained and gaped as they suffused the church with music amplified by the microphones until my ears rang as if after a session on the shooting range, and Charles whirled his spread fingers and sang along with them for all he was worth as they gazed up at him making their raptures—and the young men's faces shone with determination and joy and a girl sang hallelujah. Together they made pure beauty.

Charles stepped back. —It's up to you to put out your best, he told them sternly. You know what I'm sayin'. I was down there and I could barely hear you. You know why? 'Cause you weren't puttin' it out! How you rehearse is how you sing.

This last I certainly agree with, because I had the chance to come to church on Sunday also when Charles's father preached the sermon of the dead church (Revelations), before and after which the choir sang in an ecstasy which I believe caught up everybody in the congregation, Nathan and me also, everyone shooting up both hands while singing as if to reach up to God. The motto of the Full Gospel Church of God is "Always Be Nice," and they were. From the pulpit Pastor Brown called upon Nathan and me to rise and give our names; and after we did everyone filed to our pew to welcome us and shake our hands. At the beginning and end of the service we clasped hands with our neighbors; some of the ladies embraced and kissed us. I felt so happy and peaceful and free because I had been accepted in this

way. In the three or four times that I visited this church it was always strange to step in and feel loved and then step out again and wonder if somebody under the freeway would shoot me. In a very real sense the house of God was under siege. Pastor Brown knew it and expressed it when he baptized a baby girl and said: And we bind the Devil that wants to destroy this child. —His son expressed it also when he said to me:

The role of the church in the community is very important. God established the Earth for the Gospel to be spread. This black church was meant to be put here. This area is drug-infested. Prostitution is the main thing. We have some members who are former prostitutes.

How safe is it for me to walk around here?

If you go down a side street or something, then maybe somebody put a gun to your head or something, said Charles matter-of-factly.

Is there much voodoo around here?

When you say voodoo, it's hard to say who. In every church there's somebody doing witchcraft to disunify the church. In this church, Satan has his plan for this church; just like God has His plan. And we have some members who were going to fortune-tellers, opening the door to voodoo, before we saved them.

He ushered me out of his father's office and called the choir back to rehearsal. As dusk darkened they sent up their melodies, rocking and carrying each other away on waves of almost jazzy sweetness, smiling, singing with utter almost heartbreaking joy.

"SOMETIMES WE CAN'T DO IT ALONE" (LAFAYETTE, LOUISIANA)

Seeing Charles was easy. Seeing his father, who appears in my photograph wide and towering and smooth and grinning, filled with authority, his necktie connecting him with the lesser world, required more time and humility. But to see Mr. M. you had to be prepared to mark off least two hours, maybe three. Nathan and I were lucky. We spent only about two and a half hours in that long narrow dingy waiting room with its dozen chairs, the TV on. I never would have found the place on my own. Nathan turned into a bad neighborhood not far from the place called "Four Corners" where the previous night, which was hot and utterly lightless, Nathan, in one of his rages of gleeful self-destruction, had driven with me and his friend Kevin, whose acquaintance had been shot dead there not long ago for trying to rip off the black boys in a crack deal; and Kevin became glum and silent because he did not want to go to that bad place, but Nathan was determined, so Kevin said: At least lock the doors and roll up the windows, because sometimes they come rushing and pull you out of your truck. —Yep, that's right, said Nathan cheerfully. Them crackheads'll be *layin'* for us! —Four Corners was an intersection where a black boy stood

waiting. He approached me and I rolled down my window and greeted him. Surprisingly enough, he said hello back, I suppose because that might be good for business. I was not in a mood to buy crack, so I pointed to Nathan at the driver's side while Kevin stared miserably between us; and the dealer strode around the front of the pickup and over to Nathan, who rolled down his window and said: How much? —The dealer flashed a huge rock and said: Twenny dollah. —Forget it, said Nathan contemptuously. He pulled away, and I realized then that he had never had any intention of buying crack from this fellow, that he was just fucking with him, as the saying goes; and I thought: Nathan has a lot of balls and I thought: Nathan is endangering all three of us and I thought: Nathan is unhappy about his wife; what else is new? and we came to a cul-de-sac and so Nathan swung around and we rolled back to Four Corners where the dealer stood waiting; Nathan grinned, stopped, and rolled his window down. —Fifteen dollars, the dealer said. —Nathan took the rock into his palm and pretended to consider. Then he lobbed it back into the black boy's hand. —Fuck, no, he said. He pulled away, and I wondered if we were about to get shot, and two long cars came speeding toward us but then I saw that they were police cars and as Nathan drove us away we could see in our rear-view mirrors the cops arresting the black boy and other black boys who'd been lurking; and Nathan cried amused-bemused: They didn't bust us even though I had the goddamned rock in my hand! and he began to laugh and said: I guess all those niggers will think we're with the cops! and later that night when he drove back to Four Corners Kevin and I refused to go with him. —This was the neighborhood where Mr. M. lived, not really a good neighborhood, in short; as Nathan and I rolled slowly down the street in that pickup truck we were watched by black faces; and I saw one group of black men and women standing on a lawn and waved to them and a man raised his fist at me and shouted: What the *fuck!* —Mr. M.'s was two or three houses past that, at the end of the street. He had a Cadillac or two in his driveway, and an American flag flying. There were no signs to indicate what type of service he provided. (In this business it's all word of mouth, Nathan said.) The waiting room was inside the side door. On the wall a schedule of office hours was posted: most days 8:00 to 5:00, closed Wednesdays; Saturdays and Sundays different hours; it was just like going to see the doctor. On that wall I saw no less than three warnings not to take a number if you didn't intend to pay after being served; and then: TO WHOM IT MAY REFER—Return Your VOODOO To Your VOODOOIST! You Cannot Hurt a Man of God! and then DID YOU SIGN IN? Everybody in there was black except for Nathan and me. Across from us sat two plump ladies, one in red. The lady in red (who also wore a red bandanna and huge red earrings) was resting her purse on her wide glistening thighs and writing somebody's name ten times because, as she explained to me, Mr. M. had told her that ten times was good and two times was good but nine times was bad if you wanted to get rid of someone; and although she did not say so, I thought I comprehended the general rule, which was that the more

effort you took (and of course by corollary the more money you paid), the better your chances were; and since ten times was more work than two times the lady in red had chosen ten times. After about fifteen minutes the Door to Beyond opened for the first time and Mr. M. came out with a client he'd finished with. He looked me over and said: Boy, you better uncross your legs or you gonna have *love* trouble! All your love gonna be turned to *like!*

I uncrossed my legs.

There were three men sitting in the corner by the door, construction workers by the look of their clothes, and Mr. M. went to one of them and slapped him on the shoulder just like a politician and said: How ya doin'?

Purty good, the man said. Found a hunnerd dollar.

See? See how good it works? When you get to Heaven you'll ask 'em for a parachute, 'cause life purty good *here.*

He went back through his door with the next client and the two fat ladies touched their smiling heads together, gazing at a commercial on TV, and the lady in red said: That's a lie. You gotta buy twenty dollars worth of that stuff to get that price. You been to that store?

Mr. M. popped out, and the other fat lady said to him: We gotta get to work.

That's right, the lady in red said. We gotta get that bottle.

He messin' with you-all, said one of the men in the corner.

Yeah, I know, said the lady in red. We don't mind it. He always talkin' shit.

The other fat lady wore a floral-patterned dress. I suddenly understood that she was very tense and unhappy. What her tragedy was I never learned, never asked.

I went to the coffeemaker beneath the sign that said: Happy 64th Birthday Mr. M. and helped myself to a doughnut, gazing at the corner by the door where the guy in grayish-green leaned his head against the wall and closed his eyes behind the thick glasses there beneath the sign that said: THE ALL-SEEING EYE NEVER SLEEPS.

In the interval between TV loudnesses I heard the woman in the flower dress say in a deep gravelly weepy voice: I jist wants... and then the TV came on again. Mr. M. came out of his office again and said to her: Awright, come in, baby. —A moment later she came back out holding a bottle of something inside a paper bag, and he strode beside her, saying: It's gonna be all right. You worry too much.

Mr. M. went outside for a moment, came back in, and exclaimed: Hot out there. Time to go fishin'!

A couple of the men chuckled faintly. The fat women kept chewing their gum. Mr. M. went back into his office (QUIET PLEASE—DID YOU SIGN IN?) and shut the door.

A beautiful young girl with a terrified face had entered, closing the door noiselessly behind her; and she seated herself next to the three men in the corner just as the woman in the floral dress sat back down beside her friend, lit up a cigarette,

rubbed her red-edged eyes, threw her head back to become an immense statue, and cried out: He just says the same thing over and over!

The young girl flinched.

He be jokin' around, one of the men said gently, but inside he's all business. He does a good job. We all need help, and sometimes we can't do it alone, so we need somebody to help us.

The girl nodded, as if those words had been for her, too. The man gazed at her for a moment, bit his lip, and said: You know how it is when you can't get a job, you can't get a simple used car—

I feel all I got going for me is my car, the girl replied.

He told her more about his problems in a very low voice, and she said: That's sad.

I didn't have a nickel to give away, he said.

That's a shame, she said.

Oh, sure it's sad. You're sayin' that.

Your family's supposed to stick with you, she sighed. But they're not with you.

I'll tell you the truth, he said. I'm not a suspicious person, but I do rely on my instinct.

It must've been hard to admit they was crossin' you. Imagine that. Your own family.

I was surprised at myself, too. Because I started back with a hunch, about two and a half years ago. It was a hunch. Something was twisted up. Something was wrong. I don't like to be confused.

So you-all come here often? asked the girl timorously. She wore blue jeans and the blue uniform of some cleaning company, with her name embroidered on her breast in a little white lozenge.

No. This is my fourth time, the man said. I came here one time to get the judgment goin' my way, and I came here again to postpone my sentence. Then I came here again before the last day of trial. Now I'm here again. See, I want to be ahead of this.

That's sad, the girl said.

But jealousy, it'll kill ya, I guess, said the man. Whatever I had going, I just want to stop it and get something going with my life.

Mr. M., he's good? the girl whispered.

Yeah. If you give him some money, he's good. If you given him two hunnerd fifty or five hunnerd dollars, he's good.

That much? she said, crushed.

You didn't know that?

No. No.

Go to him. Don't go to them gypsies. Gypsies they can do things to obliviate your views.

So that was another thing that made voodoo doctors like psychiatrists, I thought. They charged high prices. (Madame Yvette, who ran a voodoo botanica in

Miami, demonstrated a table ceremony in which animals are offered up. She killed only one chicken, and charged me a thousand dollars. I felt defrauded and disgusted. —When you do the actual service they sacrifice many, she said. Sometimes twenty. Because they sacrifice by pair, male and female. And if some people has sick or the spirit was good to you, you give me some money. Then I promise for cow. The spirit is like a baby. What you promise, you have to give to him. Otherwise he tear you up.) I wondered why it was that that man and the girl couldn't just rely on each other to be powerful for each other in the way that they paid Mr. M. to be, but that is another thing about psychiatrists: You trust them because they don't know you. And these two knew each other too much now. In Miami a couple of weeks later I met a Haitian taxi driver, about whom more later; his ladyfriends always seemed to be voodooists, but he didn't go to them to solve his problems. One girl had been bathing under a waterfall in Haiti when she was twelve, and she just vanished. Her friends dove to the bottom over and over, but couldn't find her. Two days later she returned, and from then on she was possessed by spirits. Another one wore a certain fetish in her hair whenever she wished to summon spirits. Once at a voodoo ceremony the taxi driver had seen her fly into the air, turn upside down, and slam down onto her skull. She was still alive after that. Another was the mother of his seven-year-old-daughter; that woman had the most power of all. When I asked why he never made use of their services, he replied: I can do it but I don't want my woman do it, in case she put the bad thing on me or make me look like a dummy. If she is not my woman, okay. —That was how it was, that he couldn't trust whoever was closest to him, that their closeness was his weakness. What a sad world.

Mr. M emerged from the special door and motioned the man in. Then he went outside to check his mail. The young woman was sitting alone, plucking feebly at her uniform. Mr. M. came back in with a handful of letters, turned to her, and began to flirt with her until she laughed. —You love him? he said abruptly. You tell him you love him, or you just say maybe?

I don't know, she giggled, gazing at the linoleum. That's why I come here.

He turned his back on her and went into his office. As the door closed behind him his voice boomed out: *Let me know* and I'll take *care* of it.

At last the door opened for Nathan and me, and he brought us into his tiny office which was filled with the reek and grandness of his power; the smallness of that room made it impossible to turn away from him. It had been intimated to me that he was a woman-chaser. He made more than a hundred grand a year, tax-free, according to Nathan's lawyer, who was Mr. M.'s stepdaughter and who had sued him for child support for her sister. (What do you think about voodoo? I'd asked her. —I think it's evil. —Why? —'Cause it's against what the Bible says.) Since she had her own bitter agenda this portrait should perhaps be salted with several grains. In fact it doesn't matter whether or not Mr. M. was himself a woman-chaser, although I believe that he was; sex with clients is often a part of the voodooist's lifestyle; for

he is not confronted by the same battery of legal-ethical barriers as other psychiatrists. If I were an uneducated and desperate young girl (as most young girls who came to him probably were; he was a sort of spiritual abortionist), I might well have yielded to him. As it was, my self-protectively skeptical male soul was, for the moment, thoroughly awed and intimated by Mr. M. —Nathan, too, seemed cowed. In that cramped place whose walls ceaselessly reflected back and forth Mr. M.'s energies as lethal as gamma rays, we were utterly contained by him, as if he were a giant eye in a magnifying glass, watching us in some suspension of primordialness. He sat behind his desk, dark and skinny with gleaming silvery spectacles, and on that desk was a miniature skull and a Bible opened to the Psalms and a huge fat jar of reddish liquid, two vials of which he later gave us for free. At his side, in an opening in the wall, were some half-smoked cigars, like corpses picked and gnawed at by a crocodile in its lair. There was a big poster of Jesus and a white nun or Virgin Mary; then another, New Ageish in style, of a beautiful black woman.

So what's your trouble, friend? he said to Nathan.

I want to get my ex-wife back.

Your ex-wife?

Yes.

She done left you?

Yes.

And you want her back?

Yes.

You want her back!

Yes.

Whooh, said Mr. M. That's a hard one.

He stared down at the miniature skull.

And you don't see her? he said.

Sometimes, said Nathan.

Ahhhh, Mr. M. whispered, grinning.

All right, gimme your social security number. Just the last four digits.

Nathan regurgitated this eerie fragment of his official self, and Mr. M. pushed the appropriate four buttons of an electronic calculator which lay wide and low on his desk like a cockroach. Then he began to perform some complex but to him obviously very familiar arithmetical operation, the results of which he wrote down on a piece of paper. Then he played his instrument three more times, and wrote down the results on three other pieces of paper.

Somebody done you evil, friend, he announced.

What do you mean? said Nathan.

Somebody who was supposed to help you done the opposite. They performed a different thing from what they said they would, to get her back. Somebody wanted you *daid.* Now, who's Ettie?

Who?

I said who's Ettie?

I don't know.

Who's Callie?

I don't know.

Who's Marisha?

I don't know.

Who's Tabia?

I don't know.

The phone rang. —Mr. M. picked it up, listened, and said: Yeah, I can work that, nigger. Bring me something of her.

He hung up. —Now, who's Marie?

My girlfriend in Ecuador is Flore Marie, said Nathan, trying to be helpful.

If she love you, she'll come between you and your ex-wife, even to the grave. Now, who's George?

I don't know, said Nathan.

Who's Pat?

I don't know.

(This was how he worked, this Mr. M., probing and stabbing with his scalpels of intuition, trying to make a wound he could see through; and I wondered if he himself believed, in which case his place of business would then resemble one of those French Quarter bars in New Orleans where the horsey barmaid stands holding a drink herself and watching the game on TV.)

Who's Eugene?

Well, I was in Eugene, Oregon, once.

The phone rang. —Hi, honey, said Mr. M. —Oh, like an old man. But you make me young. Awright, until then.

He clicked down the receiver and turned to Nathan. —Now, what I want you to do is write down eight times the names of anybody you think might have crossed you. Did you bring something of her?

No, said Nathan dully. I don't like to—

I think I can get her back for you. Bring me something of her. And bring me a beef tongue and some hot sauce.

What I think he was going to do was to literally pin down the tongue in some graveyard to make a dead person's spirit talk through it, revealing to Mr. M. precisely who had hexed Nathan[1]—and I might add that the Catholic cemetery in Lafayette, which Kevin had been kind enough to take me to the previous sunset while Nathan sat at his ease in the bar drinking a few more pitchers of Miller Lite and trying to make time with a certain semi-obscure blonde, was a most excellent and spectacular place with its tombstone "in memory of all the innocent victims of abortion," and the steep-sloping roof above the rosetted window-pillars of that brick

church, guarding the multitude of tombs like square blisters or maybe kilns and ovens of putrefaction, a city of them on that green, green grass. I wanted to see more, but the problem was that the gate was locked, and when we climbed over the fence I got impaled by a spike going right through my jeans and suspending me helplessly by my own fat ass; Kevin had to push me off. But I figured that Kevin could handle it because on the way there he'd already pointed out the house where he used to screw a twenty-one-year-old who pissed in their bed every night and when she woke up she'd say: Oh, I must have forgotten to pull my panties down when I got up last night, and Kevin would just nod and smile and go wash himself off. I hope she was good in bed. Not to waste any more of your valuable time, reader, I return to the cemetery, where Kevin had gotten me off the hook and we were wandering among those white boxes and angels and crosses all coagulated against the moist orange sky. Some tombs had been cracked open by that irresistible explosion called time; and between those scales or continents of divorced concrete gaped musty caves in which they said that homeless folks slept when it rained; and into some of these places it was possible to reach and pull forth human bones. Dr. Patricia Rickels, a folklorist at the University of Southwestern Louisiana, had told me that she knew of a voodoo lady in Lafayette who had formerly made use of people's bones in her rituals.) I remember Kevin reaching past the rubble of one niche now entirely open (the sign said ABANDONED—Please Contact Cemetery Office) and drew out a curved fragment of rib... and the bone-shadow on the brick was so dark and hideous... Kevin and I were talking about why God permitted violence, and Kevin said: And no answers to the suffering. I guess if there was any answer it's just a balance. I guess I think about the randomness of death a lot...[2] So I assumed that Mr. M. would make use of a place like this for tongue-pinning purposes. —Nathan had a different theory: That fuckin' crook's probably gonna make himself a gumbo. Just wants a free dinner. Probably gonna tell the next guy to bring him gumbo and a cold beer. Beef tongue and hot sauce. Hot sauce! Hot sauce my ass.

"YOU GOT TO TREAT IT LIKE YOUR LAST ROLL OF THE DICE" (NEW ORLEANS)

That was why Nathan wasn't going to get his ex-wife back through voodoo. There was a santería botanica in New Orleans, and one of the customers there was a darkish grizzled man who wore what might be called a ventilated knitted Stetson and he had a pack of Phillies Tips (guaranteed fresh) in his breast pocket. The man stood against the wall of chickenwire that protected those shelves of Florida water, love soap, money-drawing floorwash, and figurines of saints and animals, and the man, whose moustache and sideburns were gray, fixed upon me his deep dark eyes of kind sincerity and said: Listen, friend. None of this stuff will accomplish anything without faith. Without faith you can burn all the candles you want, and all you'll do is

make a lot of smoke. You got to treat it like your last roll of the dice. You got to pick up those dice and say: I *know* this time's gonna bring me luck! and then let it go.

How do I increase my faith? I said.

He put his hand on my shoulder. —Pray, he said. Pray to Saint Joseph.

He said that he'd studied for a year. He'd only begun to learn. He said that to become an adept one had to study for seven or eight years and pay up to ten grand.

Knowledge is power. Magical knowledge is extraordinary, supernatural power. In my mind's eye I see a black woman who stood in front of a jar labeled EACH $1.25 SEA URCHIN and smiled at me, and the man with the pack of Phillies Tips in his pocket said that she would soon be a full santera. That was why she was so happy. There was something about her, a pride and a deep goodness that even I in my ignorance could feel. Most of all, I guess, she seemed to be free. I see this often in Inuit children, this tuned self-reliance. Their hearts speak to me, saying: *I am me. I am happy to be me, and I have no fear. I hurt no one, and no one will hurt me.*

Lately I have begun to be more fearful, so I envy this. I've been robbed and threatened and harassed. I would like to scorch my enemies or else simply negate them, but I don't dare and don't know how.

Many people are like me.

The Cuban proprietor of another spiritualist shop on Broad Street used the following analogy, so grimly appropriate to his neighborhood: If you was involved in an accident that wasn't your fault, why you get a lawyer? Because you have *faith* in the lawyer. With spiritual products it's the same thing. These products is your middleman. Let me get a lawyer because he went to school about it.

I thought that the way he put it was pretty diplomatic. *An accident that wasn't your fault.* I could just see him saying it to his clients. On the counter, right next to the register, was a big bottle of charms called "Law Stay Away."

Warming to his subject, he continued: When you get a gun for protection, you make ready against trouble. Why you do that? Because you need the right thing to protect yourself. That's the same reason you buy a candle to burn to Saint Joseph, to keep trouble away.[3]

These metaphors made profound sense. Because religion is a lens for looking at life, it also serves for interpreting that aspect of life called violence. To interpret is (no matter unsuccessfully) to control. In a homeless encampment under a freeway in Miami I met a tall black man in his fifties whom I'll call Willy. When he was six years old Willy saw his first murder. A man lost ten cents in a pool game and refused to pay the paltry amount, so the creditor picked up a two-by-four and smashed his head in. Later he witnessed a husband who'd just found out his wife had been cheating on him come in, empty a pistol into the wife's face, and leave. In his life he'd personally been present at more than fifteen homicides. Just last year he'd seen a man who defaulted on a crack deal get blown away. The police came around and offered a two thousand dollar reward, but, just as with the wife and the pool play-

er, Willy had seen nothing. He wasn't a rat and never would be. To him each of these murders was justified. —There's *never* no violence without good reason, he insisted. Nobody gets offed that don't deserve it. —That this is demonstrably false (as in the case of so many drive-by shootings) is less than relevant. The point is that Willy believed in a system of rules. If he were to toe the line, he'd come to no harm. In my opinion, this calculus preserved him from fear and thereby did him a great service, especially since he had no religion. A Catholic group brought food to this particular encampment. —Before you eat, you gotta listen to the preacher, he said. I don't care how good it's gonna be for me when I'm dead.

Voodoo and santería believers maintain their own sense of control in a similar way. Instead of saying, like Willy, that a misfortune is deserved, they say that it has a magical cause. The implication is that he who masters magic can avoid misfortune. Hence a black man named Al, who like the proprietor of that spiritist shop also believed in middlemen, accepting that notion of intermediaries and intercessors which is so alien to my soul—I've always thought that any God with Whom I can't speak directly is too remote for me. But Al didn't think that way. He said: See, I don't pray to the saints. I pray to the good Lord, and ask the saints to help me.

In one sense, such propositions are dim reflections and shadows of powerlessness. What is being said is this: I cannot rely on myself for my own protection, so I'll have to call upon a higher power. But I cannot even rely upon myself to make contact with that higher power; I guess I'd better get a mid-range power to do that for me. In another sense, these ideas are a way of personifying God. Frank, the proprietor of a Cuban botanica, once said to me: Everybody got a spirit, got a saint. Some people got a saint; the most powerful got a planet. —The notion that somebody divine knows you and loves you is a comforting one. The people in Pastor Brown's gospel church believed it. They told me that they prayed to Jesus to intercede for them with God. They were not powerless at all. So what empowers? I remember the jar of darkness labeled simply "Protection from Evil," and then as many vials, wall to wall, as there are books in a library; and in front of them the lady plump and dark with a sparkling black bodice housing her cleavage and an elaborate silverish belt of braided glitter-ropes whose buckle was an immense silvery plate, its center a textured spiral; she stood most mountainously behind the cash register, a sun-ornament hanging from her neck, and patting the jar of triple luck bingo beans ($3.99), she said: I use these things; I don't just sell them. I burn candles for success and money. I do this always, from when I was a little girl. I keep around me candles against jinxes, for uncrossing everything bad. I let my spirit work with them.

How much faith do you need to have for these things to help you? I asked.

It's the same faith that we have in God. In the Bible it says: *If you ask Jesus in faith, you shall receive.* He's the Master.

And it works for you, Rose?

I used the money spray for my daughter. I burned the Indian candle for success and uncrossing. I had her light it. I burned the fast-luck incense. My daughter went to the casino and pulled three lucky sevens, enough for rent! So what I did, I burned it again for thanks. The energy was so strong in there that I was more than sure that we were gonna get a spirit blessing. And then I won the lottery! It was only five hundred dollars, but that's a lot, comin' from zero. Each day is not always a good day, because even God has bad days. So I just put all of my trust in God, and everything gonna work out. In this shop I have seen where a lot of people come in and they're desperate for money, and their inner spirit come help these people what to do.

BUT I BELIEVE I WAS SPEAKING OF AL

Al had a sweet face, the tilt of his head somewhere between knowing and timid. A great mound of curly black hair made the back of his head more substantial. His features were still smooth, but the creases in his cheeks when he tried to smile (and actually grimaced) bespoke a certain worry in contradistinction to the stubbled bravado of Guitar Slim, whom I also met on the same street corner and who kept telling me: You're a stupid mothafuckah to be in this here project.

I gazed at the crack gangsters down the block as sunnily as a baby and said: Gosh, it looked pretty safe to me.

Slim slammed his huge sunglasses back up his nose and said: Tell this mothafuckah what gonna happen to him, Al.

Something *bad*, said Al mournfully.

There were shadows under Al's eyes and he clenched his teeth in the course of his second failed attempt to smile.

His meta-problem, as it appeared when I bought him a beer, was that Black Hawk kept riding him. (Interesting, said Dr. Rickels. Sounds like contamination from native American sources.)

Well, Black Hawk is a bad spirit, Al explained, definitely a *bad* spirit. They used to do in the old days, they'd go to this lady who'd light candles in the cemeteries, and where Marie Laveau[4] is buried, they dig up the dirt she's buried in and do some satanic shit. 'Cause I live around the cemetery, and see a kinda light, and I get so scared. That's Black Hawk. Black Hawk will kill you. Black Hawk in the Devil Himself. I tell you, he'll come to choke you in your sleep. Marie Laveau will only kill you if you promise something to her spirit like candles or flowers and you don't fulfill your promise. Then she'll be after you, man, She gonna come after you, man.

So who's a good spirit?

Saint George. Saint George can help you against Black Hawk. But there's two sides to Saint George. One side, he's good and can be helping you. The other side is when he's angry. You ever seen a guy running down the street in the middle of the

day? That's 'cause Saint George is running after him, riding him down on a big white horse, and that dude never gonna stop 'til he get a heart attack or drop from exhaustion, man.

Does Black Hawk have a good side?

Well, maybe he come offer you money, but you pick it up it turns to blood and ashes in your fingers. That's the *good* side. And the bad side, I'm telling you, brother, you don't want to see his bad side.

And he's after you?

That's right. Ain't nothing gone right for me I don't know how many years, so that's how I know Black Hawk is after me.

Why's he on your case, though, Al? That's the part that beats me.

Well, I think my mother-in-law or somebody outside my family she put something on me. Probably my mother-in-law. I always thought she wanted me to work two jobs to keep her daughter satisfied. My daddy's mother-in-law, her name is Moriah. I tell you, I never go around that grave, 'cause she gonna put me in there. She made my daddy rise out of his coffin when he died. She made him turn evil. She's after me, too. She had red, red eyes.

So what can you do to keep those ladies off you?

I light candles to the good saints like Saint George, Saint Anthony, Saint Jude.

If you lit a candle to Moriah and said you wanted to be friends, what would happen? I ventured, having read in a book by a Haitian voodoo adept that the higher soul or *bha* rises into "the high solar regions of the atmosphere," whereas the inferior soul, the *ka*, "remains, by its nature, with the corpse, hovering about and battening on its noxious stench as if the earth which contains the decay of the putrefying flesh were its own psyche... it is responsible for all the dread that the deceased's close friends experience."[5] According to this text, a flower, a song or a prayer can mollify the *ka*. But of course Al's faith was a mirror of his powerlessness, for he replied: She'd blow it out. She would never be my friend...[6]

Al lived an existence of many terrors. He was afraid, for instance, that at any time his mother-in-law might slip green cheese into his food and thereby infect his stomach with snakes. Why should beliefs like these be adaptive? The only explanation which makes sense to me is the one that Willy led me to. Reification is the first step to control. Scientists believe this also. If you cannot isolate and name a chemical substance, you cannot work with it. One is inclined to think that religion "deals with the immaterial," but voodoo does precisely the opposite, taking all the impalpable economic and social apprehensions of life and personifying them. Maybe a man cannot address his general sense of failure and inadequacy which he feels in the presence of his mother-in-law because he is poor, badly educated and alcoholic and therefore unable to support his wife. Most likely he will never be able to get a good job. He must live at his mother-in-law's house and each day ingest her contempt along with her cooking. But at least if he burns candles in secret and watches for

green cheese on his plate he may keep some sense of self-determination. The unspoken tension that thickens year after year between himself and the mother-in-law may have no anodyne, but at least if he has some weapons on his side he may be able to look her—and his wife—in the face.

Some healers, voodooists, and santeros, as we shall see, can manipulate the spirits with much the same facility as others can symbols of algebra. But it is symptomatic of Al's lack of dominance over his world that when I asked him to describe—and hence to have a possibility of using or working with or just having a relationship with—Black Hawk, he said: He's a black guy in a suit with a mask on. If you open the mask, there's no face. If he ever come to your house, you don't ever get out alive unless you call on the *Lord.*

So there was nothing to Black Hawk which one could quantify or fight back against. How can one win over the Emperor of Nothingness?[7]

"I BELIEVE WE CAN GET THINGS WORKED OUT OKAY"

But voodoo in and of itself is not a negativistic religion. Some people, like Al, use it simply to objectify their hopelessness. Other people use it to give themselves hope. One day Nathan and I went by the Voodoo Spiritual Temple of Priestess Miriam and Priest Oswan Chamani, whose facade boasted a white sign in the window, depicting a wax-dripping candle, two open books and a strange darkly smiling figure, along with other things; the sign said: SPECIAL VOODOO ITEMS and the curtains were drawn behind it. If you were to knock on the door or bang on the glass, no one would answer. You had to call from the pay phone next door. Sometimes you might have to wait to do that because a black boy would be making a crack deal on that phone, and if you stood behind him he'd warn you to give him space. This happened to me three or four times with three or four different black boys. Sometimes it was difficult to make that futile knock on the window because a drunk might be sleeping on the sidewalk, not quite sitting, his chin on his shoulder, his back against the grimy wall below the window, his long skinny legs stretched out; he was a hanged man who'd paid for his own noose; and the dark dirty sidewalk dwindled beyond him into the sticky evening, heading for the Projects. Usually it was Miriam's son who let you in, and brought you to the courtyard in back to sit where it was cooler until Miriam was free; people might be sitting around a table with a brazier of burning cloves, drinking tea and smoking, talking with Oswan in that wide cement space, Oswan laughing with his wrists upraised and curled, his fingers splayed (a cigarette protruding between), his eyelids drawn comically down, his mustached lip pulled up against his teeth with his lower lip sucked into his mouth; Oswan skinny and brown with his thin veiny legs and his grey beard, happy satyr's face, telling over and over again the story about eating the motherfuckin' *rattlesnake* in Honduras and then the goddamned fried *cat* with rings

and rings of onions around it; and whoever hadn't already heard that story five times would be laughing; while behind them balconies and open doors hung in the unmoving air.

You know, that's old slave quarters, said Nathan, pointing to the balconies. That's how they built 'em back then, built 'em longways.

Inside the store (which is really what it was, although they called it a temple), transparent beads hung from an immense crucifix. There was a picture of Erzulie, who is a goddess of love and also an analogue for the Virgin Mary. There was a skull with the black hat and some tall pointed-headed figures, an idealized portrait of Marie Laveau, the nineteenth-century voodoo queen of New Orleans. In the print, Marie was holding a chicken and some Tarot cards. In the Projects I'd asked those three black girls (one of whom was Baby Girl, I mean Baby Doll) where her tomb was and they'd never heard of her; when I said that she was a voodoo queen they got scared. —I believe in voodoo, Baby Doll said rapidly. I believe. —Al always said: Whatever you promise to Marie Laveau you better deliver. If you don't put flowers on her grave every week like you promise to do, she gonna come to your house an' burn it down. —When I went to her burial place, which was scrawled with red and white x's (it's like if you wanna make a wish, Baby Doll explained; and when I asked what she wished for she said: I want lotsa money. Gimme lotsa money!), I saw that it was not a mere brick-roofed two-story tomb upon whose stoop, as it were, supplicants had left flowers and coins and bottles of booze, offerings to the essence behind the blank facade they'd scratched their magic x's in; no, Marie Laveau's tomb was a magnificent triple-decker, with x's scrawled so thickly and furiously over each portal that they seemed to crawl and swarm and hover like scary materializations of this confidante, madame, businesswoman and poisoner. A bouquet girdled with ribbons, slender chains and crucifixes clung to the marble near the soles of her decomposed feet. It was raining, and the wilted flowers in the vases below gave off the smell of rot. (The cemetery was supposed to be dangerous, by the way. People said that you could get robbed and hurt there by black gangsters. When Nathan and I went there with Nathan's friend Juan, a fine man who is now my friend also, we didn't see any gangsters.) As we were about to leave, Nathan spied another tomb within whose hex-x'd perimeter somebody, Nathan guessed a crazy homeless soul, had taped a Xerox of a face over the inscribed marble, handwritten a new name, and left behind a bag of ferns, now limp and decayed. Somehow this seemed more eerie to me than anything around Marie Laveau's tomb, I think because anytime something is institutionalized, including magic and religion, I get bored and worried. And I think now of Kevin in Lafayette, squatting crosslegged in the grass of the Catholic cemetery, Kevin thin and handsome and Cajun-looking in his white shirt, a cigarette between his fingers and a dirty rib-bone propped up against the brick wall of a breached grave. Kevin and I returned that rib to its home, but sometimes I wonder whether we should have taken it with us and done something with it, something

fine and extravagant and new.[8]

At any rate, back in the Voodoo Spiritual Temple with its brooms and homemade skulls and a postcard replica of a page from Matisse's *Jazz*, Miriam, reddish-brown, rubbed her palms together and then shuffled the clicking cat-bones back and forth in her cupped palms, her lips moving very faintly in that stifling close-smelling place, her earrings shuddering while she stared down at the square of green felt with the yellow spokes. —She had faith in what she was doing, and she once told me: You have to get some belief. You have to let it grow. —Slowly she shooed away air over the felt with her fist, flexing her wrist most limberly; then she let the bones down and stared at them for awhile, her hand on her knees.

I see a certain situation that could cost you some losses, she said to Nathan. Certain female persons who maybe it was some losses or breakup. It may be a bad situation from September or August until this year in April.

What kind of situation? he asked.

There is a female, a lady who's so around you.

When she asked questions, she closed her eyes and gazed faintly downward. Nathan leaned toward her, gesturing, explaining.

Now in April there's a certain female who's holding something over you, she said.

One of the reasons I came back is 'cause my grandmother passed away, Nathan said. But I also got divorced. October's when she asked me for a divorce. December is when it became final.

She leaned forward holding her right fist inside her left elbow, the left arm stretching down to her ankles, the hand curled around those cat-bones that would reveal more (she preferred to pay for her cat bones, because, as she once told me: Our hearts just couldn't teach us to sacrifice those cats, black cats and calicos. Those cats were just too pretty. You could do a chicken, you could do a lamb, but to take an innocent cat...);[9] her earrings like triangular-headed combs whose flexible tines brushed her collarbones as she stretched closer to that square of green cloth imprinted with the designs of two yellowish snakes and a central wheel whose spokes divided it sixteen times, four of these being blank, and separating into clumps of three the remaining twelve, which were the domains of astrological signs; and as the figurines of saints stood alertly watching her from the cloth-draped altar at her back with the candle and the dollar bills, she finished rattling the tiny bones and let them patter down into that circle of signs.

An' you had any children? she said.

No.

But anyway, the business part, it will be more successful in April. Is there another lady?

No.

You got some kinda settlement of property or anything?

No.

Ah. Just your business.

She sat still for awhile. Then she picked up the bones again and tossed them from hand to hand, alternating between slowness and its reverse; finally she leaned down, making that shooing motion with her wrists, and slowly let the bones tink down.

You will meet up with another lady, which you will have more success with, Miriam said. She wore a long sundress with irregular zebra stripes, and a purple turban. This lady will work very closely with you. Some things move slow and the person may have to take care of some business or something like that. An' the two male persons, you gonna deal with control, it's gonna materialize in April. An' I see you traveling on a Thursday. An' if you're looking at a money situation, it could be Friday this week, maybe next Friday. So July will be a time when you're finishing up, signing papers, getting everything ready. You're gonna get married an' you're gonna have a little boy child. Is that what you wanted?

No, said Nathan steadily. I don't want any children.

Well, it could be some people working very close to you.

The room was humid and dazzling, the walls white, the floor almost empty.

There is a very special person, Miriam said gently. You'll meet her before the year's out. She's gonna be very helpful to your business. Is the ex-wife having any dialogue with you?

Well, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. I wanna get her back.

Miriam tittered. —You wanna get her back? But you divorced her.

No, said Nathan. She divorced me.

Well, let's see. What's her birth sign?

Nathan told her.

Is she in the U.S.?

Yes. Here, in the French Quarter.

Have you seen her?

Not in the past month.

Have you seen other women?

Yes.

And what was her response?

It's great if it makes me happy.

An' when she broke up what did she accuse you of?

She just said she didn't wanna be married.

So your divorce was finalized in December?

Yes.

And when you saw her last, how was her response?

Uh, she made love to me.

Miriam laughed. —Well, at least you got that far with her.

Nathan smiled politely, sitting there pale and sweating as he thought about

his wife.

Well, said Miriam, maybe she will come to some decision, unless she'll hold to the fact that you're divorced.

She paused.

If I put something together, can you come back and pick it up?

Yeah, said Nathan.

She went and got a notebook. What I need is both of your names.

First and last?

Yeah.

Nathan gave the information.

Well, Miriam said smiling, why not get back together? Marriage is marriage. Although from your birthdates I see you have some ups and downs. I believe we can get things worked out okay.

Nathan and I went out, and it was still so hot that it felt good when a raggedy ghetto kid got us in the back with his squirt gun; and we proceeded to the nearest long wooden bar and chairs with COLD BEER glowing over the narrow cooler, a guy with stringy long blond hair turning his baseball cap slowly in his fingers to dry the sweat off it; and Nathan said: You know, at first I didn't like Miriam. But there's something about her, it just makes me feel good and makes me want contact with her.

SOME DEFINITIONS

What exactly *is* voodoo? "*Everything* essential to the knowledge of the mystery is implicit in this word," says Milo Rigaud."...*vu* means 'introspection' and *du* means 'into the unknown'... The Voodoo rites, derived from the supernatural, proceed from the influence of the sun in the atmosphere."[10]

"The raids on the African Slave Coast began about 1724, and thousands of these snake worshippers were sold into the West Indies. With them they carried a word, which was the name of their god. The word was 'Vodu...'"[11]

Voodoo deals with the spirit itself, Al told me. I think voodoo is more powerful than hoodoo, 'cause you get involved in that, you get involved with Black hawk, who is *King Of All The Spirits!*

When you light a white candle to Saint George, is that voodoo?

No. Saint George is my protector.

The proprietor of the spiritist shop, continuing with his defensive analogies, said: It's like if you buy a gun for protection. That's religion. But if you use it just to murder someone, that's voodoo.

Voodoo *used* to be a religion, a young black crackhead (I just do one or two rocks a day, he said, *I* ain't hooked) told me. But it ain't no religion no more. It's like the Devil and all that six six six and that stuff, man. It don't mean *bullshit.* I'm a

Christian. And I know that when you go through the Projects you may get shot or you may not get shot. It's written on the Lord's calendar. It's destiny, man.

How do you deal with violence in your heart? I asked him.

I try to stay away from it. And I pray for my brothers and my sisters. And I pray for the protection of the good Lord.

Frank, the skinny Cuban at the santería botanica, lit up another green cigar when I asked him what it was all about, and said: They got their voodoo and they got their hoodoo. Hoodoo when you find something hidden in the ground. You have to really plow the ground. Hoodoo is bad power. Voodoo is bad, too. Santería and voodoo is no different, but santería is more useful because the saint can come down to earth, lead you, tell you what to do. The saint is God. All the saint they coming and you receive them all. Sometimes you can see them. All the saint guys, they have their own work. Some saint to get you out of jail, some for the highway, some for prosperity. The best saint that can protect you is Olgun. You can travel in front of all the criminals.

Here is a more succinct definition, from a Haitian man in Miami: In voodoo, they bite the chicken. They open the chicken life!

Two other definitions of voodoo were awarded me across the street from Geno's Lounge in the beauty parlor where a girl sat with the napkin tucked all around her and the beautician in a long dark glossy apron was braiding her hair while in the swivel chair behind them the next client sat in shorts with a towel about her shoulders, a tiny TV whispering into the back of her head and the water cooler shining and sparkling; this woman smiled and her glasses gleamed and she placed her elbows on the arms of the swivel chair and flicked out her pointer-fingers and said: Most people don't go to church. The young people, no. I think you'd find the people my age, but not the teenagers. We pray for them. I'm Catholic.

You think the young people are into voodoo?

I think mostly the older people are into that. That's God. Voodoo is believing in God.

That ain't religion, the beautician cut in. I have a lady in the Projects that does that stuff. That's something I try to stay away from. That scares me.

Does she talk about it much?

Oh yes. They're still in full bloom. Just be careful where you ask. I customer of mine went to her, to save her man, keep her man from leaving.

Did it work?

No.

So what do *you* think voodoo is?

Voodoo is like you put a curse on 'em. Palm reading is tell you about your future. I believe if you do a bad curse you got to do a better, do a good one to make up for it.

Why don't the young people believe?

Because they don't fear nothing. If I feel I have to answer to somebody, maybe I don't take a life. But the parents want to be the child's friend, 'cause we work too

hard and we want their life to be better than ours. It's a mistake to think like that.

How can we make it better?

It have to start at home. Maybe we can start training parents to be better parents, how to work with God.

Now it's *my* turn. Voodoo as practiced in the southern United States is both a religion and a magical way of fulfilling wishes.[12] In keeping with its African origins, practitioners are largely, though not entirely, black. The actual religious system seems to me to have survived more completely and coherently among recent immigrants from Haiti, where blacks working through secret voodoo societies succeeded in overthrowing the French colonial regime, than among blacks who have lived in the U.S. for many generations, and have therefore been at least partially assimilated into white Christian culture.

The essential tenet of voodoo, from a layman's point of view, is that the universe is filled with various spirits or loas which can be propitiated or otherwise—and which react accordingly. Hence the possibility of fulfilling wishes through magic. The religious aspect consists of creating a feeling of relatedness and communion with the loas by calling them down from the upper atmosphere, offering them foods and essences to please them, and inducing them to possess devotees.

Hoodoo is simply voodoo filtered through the Baptist faith instead of Catholicism.[13] Santería is a voodoolike faith, with different loas, all syncretized with Catholic saints, probably to disguise its rites in the old slave days. My friend Rich Nicholls of New York said: It's amazing. It's Catholicism hollowed out.

A SANTERÍA READING (MIAMI, FLORIDA)

The place was at first sight nothing but a small and not particularly well-stocked general store in Hialeah, just across the highway from a shopping mall whose ugly order went on forever on that hot day which made me long for the onset of night when it would be cool again and I'd be at my ease back in Little Havana, where across the street the mannequins in the bridal shop glowed like angels and pale trees overhung and drank from the dripping darkness; but in addition to the jello and candybars and toilet paper and bleach there were images of Jesus and the saints and there were statuettes of wise old black men with grayish-white beards. Behind the counter, bottles of oils and essences stood at attention. And if you were to follow that counter along the length of the shop you'd come to a doorway in the back that led to a waiting room with six chairs and a black-and-white TV not much bigger than a cheap restaurant's napkin holder; the anonymity of the room brought to my mind the antechambers of Southeast Asian brothels. Off from this led a short corridor. The first door on the right was the consultation room. Unlike the chambers I'd seen for such purposes in voodoo establishments, this one was furnished in no dramatic way. On the desk was a deck of mold-stained Tarot cards and a wine glass

filled with water. The santera was an older woman with a harsh face. She looked at me and said: Sit down. Cut the cards, she said.

She turned over the first card, gazed into the water-glass, peered into my face, and said: You travel too much.

I felt a chill. How could she know that?

Someone in your family is sick, she said. A man. (That wasn't true.)

She turned over a long row of cards. —Have you been arrested?

No.

You gonna have problems with the police.

I didn't believe that I would, but I thought it interesting that she would say this. The fact that many people who go to spiritual advisers are poor, uneducated and desperate and therefore do have trouble with the law is an example of how magical consultations contain self-referential as well as self-fulfilling prophecies, thereby strengthening the ability of magic to make sense in the client's mind so that the world becomes explicable through faith.

You gotta stay home, she said flatly. You gonna keep traveling like that, you gonna get killed.

How do I do that? I said. How do I put my life in order so that I can settle down?

She wrote down a prescription in Spanish on a scrap of paper, and when I took it to the counter the ladies there mixed five different oils into a little square glass jar to make me a brilliant vegetable-green cologne which reminded me of Frank's Jupiter oil to draw money, then filled what appeared to be an oversize shampoo bottle with various essences, had me put my hand over the opening and make my secret wish, puffed cigar smoke in, sealed the bottle, and perfumed a glass-walled yellow Double Fast Luck candle (Lucky 7). The price for these items was $31.00. I was to burn the candle for three days and three nights. The bottle I was to pour on each of those three days one-third of the contents into my bath water. I was to bathe, concentrating on my object, and then anoint myself with the cologne.

The lady took my prescription and made a hole in it with a pencil, then blew more cigar-smoke into the paper bag my spiritual medications stood in.

As for the reading itself, I paid $15.00. The santera had said that I could give what I wanted to give.

I asked her how I could learn to see spirits better, and she said I didn't need to pay anybody for a course of spiritual instruction. All I had to do was set up a place in my house with a cross over the door, light a candle to Jesus or any saint, and gaze into a glass of water. As with Miriam in New Orleans, I left feeling that the woman was truly good and wanted only to do good, that she believed and that if I could only believe more it would help me.

PENANCE AND VITAMINS (RACELAND, LOUISIANA)

I had a similar feeling about a Cajun prayer-healer whom Nathan brought me to in Raceland, past the thick willows and ivies and forests with coffee-colored wounds in them or the rich rank green of algae-colored pools; channels of brown fringed by algae and lilypads, the water reflecting the heavy clouds. It was a very hot day, a soggy drive in Juan's pickup, rolling southeast from Baton Rouge and the little girl in the church camp T-shirt that said COME ALONG WITH JESUS. Only the rusty railroad tracks looked dry. The previous night Nathan had dreamed that near Lafayette was a hidden city under siege like Sarajevo, and nobody talked about it. I could tell that he was thinking about his wife.

The traiteuse was perhaps thirty-five or forty, a Cajun woman whose features instantly recalled to mind those of the people of Nova Scotia, once called Acadia; when the French families were expelled by the English (an occurrence which Longfellow has related in his "Evangeline"), the Acadians went south and became Cajuns. She sat there with her hands clasped in her lap, dark-eyed and a little severe, with a crucifix on the wall and a cross on a chain around her neck. I could have imagined her as a seventeenth-century Frenchwoman. On the cloth-covered table behind her were vials, artificial flowers, a guest book, figurines of the saints, and an immense candle which, even though partially burned, still reached as high as the knees of the tortured Christ. In the woman's face I saw sadness, patience, love and resolution.

We had come so that she could pray over my wrists. On my thirtieth birthday I had been afflicted with repetitive stress injury in both of them. Five years later they were not better.

She said to me: This is working with God. This is not voodoo.

Is there any voodoo around here?

They say in this town there's one man who does voodoo, she replied. But I don't hold with it. It's working with the Devil, not with God.

First she put holy water on me. She knelt at the altar, praying in French in a low voice. The prayer was a family secret which her late mother-in-law had taught her. She said that the mother-in-law's prayers had once helped a hemophiliac's blood gain the ability to clot.

She never asked me for money. When I gave her twenty dollars she said she'd spend it on candles with which she'd pray for others. She told me that she'd do penance for me.[14] She also told me to cut down on my salt, fried foods and alcohol and to pray more. She recommended a specific B-vitamin. Then she began matter-of-factly to pray over me. It was very brief. She gripped my wrists gently, supporting them in one hand, with the other so sweetly and kindly drawing an invisible poison out, then shaking it down onto the carpet like an ectoplasmic fluid.

And Nathan said later: You know, I think I would actually be happy if I was like around people like her and Miriam all the time. They make me feel good.

WHY MOIRA DIDN'T NEED THE MAGIC ROCKS (KEY WEST, FLORIDA)

This matter-of-factness at the actual sticking point, this calm authority and brevity, impressed me greatly. In a way it was like a visit to a specialist physician. I don't think that the woman in Raceland cured my wrists. After spending several thousand dollars on various doctors over the years, I am able to report that nobody else has cured my wrists, either. And as I sit typing this I am waiting for the usual stabbing pains to start, and they haven't. Maybe my wrists are a little better. Who knows? But that isn't the point. When I go to a doctor I almost never feel that he has any interest in me. He may be mildly interested in my malady, of course. I remember one time when I had intestinal parasites and the doctor inserted a greased viewing tube into my rectum. She went out and returned with a crew of medical students. They all took turns looking up my ass. Not one said hello to me. Now, they weren't doing anything wrong; they only wanted to learn; and in the medical profession busyness makes coldness. And I have in fact met some doctors who do care. But what I felt in the course of so many of the encounters I am writing about here is that there was a basic humanness. That was what made Nathan feel better. —What you can do in your moments of quietness is you put on this potion and anoint yourself and make a little cross between your eyes and look into the mirror and just ignore everything else and think of her and everything will just come to together, Miriam said quietly. Keep the bag and the potion with your shaving stuff. Give it at least seven days of concentration, of power meditation.[15] —He never got his wife back. One night he went to see her again and came back almost suicidal; a couple of weeks later he flew down to Ecuador with thirty bucks in his pocket and two days left on his visa, not sure whether he was going to marry his favorite whore or the police chief's daughter. But I truly believe that Miriam, who not inappropriately had once been trained as a nurse, had healed him a little bit—not much, not enough, but she had done something with her kindness and her listening eyes and the cool fingers of her burned arm (she'd once knocked a frying panful of boiling oil onto it when the door rang); in that hot humid shop she reached out to touch Nathan's forehead, anointing him with magical cologne as he sat with his eyes closed thinking about his ex-wife as she had told him to do. The saints and books and crowns and crosses and bottles behind her looked on and sanctified everything. He looked at peace; I think he believed. And I could see that Miriam wanted him to become happier; she wanted to help him. I understood all this better when I visited the slender, cigarette-smoking psychic healer Moira Brown in Key West. I had known and loved her for a number of years. She worked mainly in Germany these days, where she made a good living. She had special rocks which her teacher had given her; one of them, her favorite, had gradually changed color as she'd used it to become a rich purple hue. Sometimes she put one or more of these underneath the massage table, or even

on it, beside the patient. She also burned incense, and sometimes put into a lovely little glass bowl colored like a map of clouds some symphony of aromatic essences which she'd conducted herself, the under-chord being always a high-quality almond oil of palest amber. But to her none of these were anything more than devices. They made people who were susceptible to them more receptive; more suggestible; she didn't depend on them. And this reminded me of the Cajun woman in Raceland. She needed no rituals to dazzle you with. What Moira did when you lay on the table was to walk about you thinking and listening and trying to see you with her eyes closed, then touching the pressure points in your feet and hands and other places, drawing the bad energy out and throwing it away in exactly the same way that the Raceland woman had done. She saw that my right foot was hurting me even though I hadn't told her. Once she was working with a man in Germany and could not stop hearing marching music. When she told him he'd gone pale. His father had been in the German Army under Hitler and had tried to make him grow up military, too, which he hadn't. All through his childhood, his father had played marching music over and over. —While I am sure that Moira and the Raceland woman would have had opposing views on just about every political and religious matter, they both concurred in disliking voodoo. The Raceland woman's reasons I have already given. Moira simply said: I don't feel comfortable with all the fear stuff. —When I thought of Al I had to agree—or, for that matter, Mr. M., who kept trying to scare Nathan by telling him that somebody wanted him dead. —But I don't blame voodoo for that. I blame fear. As a white prostitute in Lafayette put it to me: That voodoo can only get to you if you let it get to you. It's all about makin' your mind turn in on itself.

People has a tendency to shun away from voodoo as a result of its history, Miriam told me once. They think it's evil. The teaching down the years has been expressed in a very negative form. People relate to voodoo as killing, puttin' spells on people through sticking pins in dolls, puttin' snake powder in food. I myself would never go to the Powers of Destroying in that way.

Sometimes what looks like fear turns out to be simply the notion of a contrary, which is the magical equivalent of the Newtonian law about every action having an equal and opposite reaction. —Many people they don't like me, my Haitian cab driver said to me. Because when they tell me somebody do something bad to them, I say, what you do to them? —He told me about the time back in Haiti when he got sick with a terrible fever, so he went to a voodoo man who gave him something to make him sweat so much that there were pools on the floor; and after that he was cured. But he said to me: If they can cure me, maybe they put it on me. —And he dropped his voice and said: You know, that voodoo man he have nine wives, and he keep them all in Nikes! Voodoo man be getting rich from something.

In short, he did not quite trust healers.[16] That is another difference between a faith healer and a doctor. A doctor may be unfeeling, incompetent, or even cruel. But most patients do not fear that he'll deliberately make them ill. When you deal

with spirits, however, its a two-way street. Spirits do not always do what they are expected to. More importantly, to a believer when there is sickness there is evil. The evil must be sent somewhere in a cure. Hence the following typical anecdote which Frank told me: If they do something bad to you, you get sick, then until you get well you have to go through a spiritual Mass. Here I got a case one time. A lady was sick almost one year. Full of worms. Fucking worms everywhere. I don't believe until I saw. My godfather give her a glass of water with some herbs in it. Then he do the spiritual cleaning, and the worms disappear. Then for the first time she can eat. He sang the rosary so beautiful. The lady's still alive today, and she's a great spiritual, too. After the spiritual Mass, he send the spirit that want to kill her back to the bad lady. And two days after that, the lady fall down and break all her bones.

THE UNBELIEVER (MIAMI)

Palm-fingers downdangled like horses' manes, the sky white but occasionally stained blue, in about the same proportion as a bloodshot eye supports the carmine faction; and cars whirled slowly by, emitting the same noise that one hears in putting one's ear to a seashell, the drivers rubbing glowing noses and foreheads as I could see through their open windows. We were still in Little Havana where there were so many botanicas, figurines of saints in the store windows, a big statue of a saint in a discount store with pennies in a tub at his feet, statuettes of saints in the window of a pharmacy on West Flagler. Midafternoon. We passed a restaurant with long loaves of bread in the glass case, and I glimpsed two Cubans in baseball caps, laughing and rapidly shaking their heads over cigarettes and beer.

I tell you the truth, the taxi driver said. We still talk to each other. I bring you as a friend. I know so many of them. I used to gamble lucky. They used to pack the blackjack card. They make you pay for that.

So you believe in voodoo? I said.

Me I don't believe. When you do voodoo for a woman, it don't work forever. When it cool down, she gonna wake up again.

We were in Little Haiti now, and he said: These people can do anything. They turn to animal. They turn to dog, turn to horse! They can do *anything.* This is the worst area for voodoo.

You've seen them turn to dogs? I asked.

I never see it, he said vehemently. I hope I never see it!

We came to an intersection where three boys were lounging, holding bottles by the neck as if to hurl them, and he pressed the button that power-sealed the windows and the other button that power-locked the doors with a slamming click like the bolt of a rifle being drawn back, and I said to him: Do you think that voodoo can protect you from violence?

The problem is, I always believe my death is not come from shooting. Maybe a

three-year-old girl can shoot me, but I don't believe it. You want to ask Basil to do it for you?

Sure, I said. Why not?

Basil he look like the spirits use him. The mother of my baby, the spirits use her. If she have to do something for somebody, she can do it, just like that. She go to bed, and in a dream they tell her what to do.

He hesitated, and went on: That's why I don't want the voodoo woman. This woman don't want to sleep with you all the time, because the spirit want her. Because on Sunday and Tuesday she want her own bed.

WHAT THE TEN OF CLUBS SAID

Basil took a small white candle and scored it with a knife. He gave it to me and asked me to speak silently in my heart and ask for what I wished. I gripped the candle firmly and prayed for knowledge and for the control of violence. When I was finished, Basil took a chipped cup of water and poured a little on the floor.[17] He gave me the cup and asked me to do the same three times, which I did. Then he took a scorched deck of cards and told me to cut it in such a way as to form three stacks. He told me to turn over the top card in the last stack. It was the ten of clubs.

He threw the dice. I remember Basil's shrewd yet noble face watching the dice with full alertness, his ruthless fingers fanning out over the half-burned cards.

He told me that a woman had left me. He told me that there was great misfortune in my life. He told me that I had a good spirit with me from my mother's side, and that the spirit wanted to help me and sometimes did, but I did not take care of myself and of the spirit.

He poured Come-To-Me Oil on my hands and had me rub them together. Then he began to lay out the cards, passing each one through the candle flame.

Seeing those scorched cards, I could not help remembering the scorched smell in Mostar and in the car after my friends had been killed, and the scorched smell in Sarajevo and in Mogadishu, and sadness punched me quickly in the stomach.

When I asked if I would ever be killed by violence, he shouted: No! —Jack, his brother and interpreter, said that my guardian spirit was strong enough to protect me from being killed in any war; it just needed to be raised higher still (he brought his hands from shoulder level to above my head).

He dealt out all the cards one by one, commenting on each, telling me vague things I half-believed. He said that if I was not careful I'd lose other people close to me. He said that tomorrow he'd be flying to Colombia, where he'd stay for two weeks, but if I came in the morning he could make me an infallible charm against being murdered. The ingredients alone would cost $721. (The reading cost $37, a standard price. Ones, twos, threes and sevens were lucky.)

BULLSHIT

The next Haitian voodoo man, who was twenty-seven, led me into another stifling housing project flat whose vestibule was also its kitchen, and in the sink a startled black baby sat, his hands on the counter while warmish water flowed from the tap behind him, salt on his left and a half-empty baby bottle of juice on his right; the baby raised his face and stared with wondering olive-black eyes, not sure yet whether to be amazed and entertained or whether to scream; and we passed into the living room where a skinny pretty girl was sitting, and she rose silently to follow us into a cement room that smelled faintly a slaughterhouse. Looking down, I saw bloodstains on the floor. Someone had painted a cross on the wall using blood. There was a huge cross with a hat on top and a hat on each arm, a great knife driven into its heart. On the altar in an adjoining room, Erzulie's narrow black face lived in a white bonnet; a silvery-white dress fanned out and down until it met the solid cylindrical glass-walled candles and the Cinzano bottle, the Barbincourt rum bottle, the usual bottles of cane syrup and fruit syrup, and all the other bottles on the cloth-hung table with the plate of rice and yams in offering below.

He scored a candle which resembled a white turnip (the taxi driver told me that it had been made with honey), then set upon his lap a huge flat plate of woven reeds, an aboriginal sieve. He cut the cards into two piles which he laid upon the sieve. In one hand he held the candle, whose flame was as a huge yellow leaf. Between him and the cards lay a small heavy black Bible, scorched and waxed so that to me it resembled the *Necronomicon* of H.P. Lovecraft. Triangles of light trembled on his chest-hair and his unshaven cheeks.

He said: The place that you go to, they don't show things like that on this side. For this place they have to have the power to kill, and all that.

I didn't understand what he said. A long line of light went down his nose. The pale whites of his eyes held candle-whites in them like extra ghostly pupils.

He poured some pale rum on the floor.

Marie, who'd claimed to have paid him three thousand dollars to treat her for sickness, although she was so obviously dirt-poor that it was hard to imagine her ever having three hundred dollars, and she was cured but had stayed on in that hot almost empty place which had only one bed so possibly she paid in other ways, kept announcing that the spirits had to have money before they'd come. It wasn't the voodoo man who needed the money, but the spirit. —Lay your money down, he said.

He's good, 'cause I was sick, Marie was saying. I was paralyzed. It was something in my leg. He did a good job.

Is he your boyfriend?

No.

Why didn't you ask your boyfriend for help, or your mother or your father?

Because they're the ones who hurt you, she said levelly.

After long and tiresome negotiations, I threw a hundred dollar bill onto the floor. This was always how it was, that these souls possessed with spirits, who might have told me what the meaning of life was, had nothing but money on their brains. But I cannot say for certain that they were charlatans, only that, having me pegged as an outsider and therefore as a probable unbeliever, they were charlatans with me. (I remember the kids of one project in New Orleans who smiled at me with their arms crossed or hugged each other, until a fat lady stuck her turtle-head out the door and yelled: Git away from whitey!) And it was true that wherever I was, be it Pastor Brown's gospel church or some Cuban botanica, that one had to put one's money where one's mouth or soul or praying hands were. Back in Lafayette, a friend of Nathan's who ran a bookstore had told me how his grandma used to cure warts by buying them for a nickel apiece. Once she'd put that nickel down, the wart would begin to disappear. He swore it was true. Even a practitioner of brujería, which is the black magic side of santería, must throw some coins as payment into the uncanny cauldron into which he places the head, ribs, fingers, tibia, and toes of an evil person whose spirit will kill for him.[18] And when I asked Frank at the santería botanica where evil spirits came from, he said: They go to the cemetery and pay nine cents, and the spirit go with you. If you don't know what to do, the spirit eat you.

There was a red silky cloth with a round face on it. The young voodoo man knotted a blue cloth across his shoulders like a shawl, opened that Bible whose corners were blackened and thickened by wax, raised the skinny candle high, and began to read aloud, running his forefinger down one of those pages stained bluish-grey by grease and oils. His lips moved slowly as he traced the passages whispering, the flame warped itself slowly around the end of that skinny spiral taper, flickering and making long narrow pulsing lines of golden light on the altar's many bottlenecks.

Why do you want to know about voodoo? he said.

So that the spirits can protect me from violence.

Cut the cards. Once. Now turn up three cards. What's your name?

William.

Mr. William, you got something always stop you. Your head is not in position. You discussing something all by yourself. There is a woman. Who is the woman for you?

I don't know, I said. There could be several possibilities.

He says there's just one here, Marie told me, but he's gonna find the others. He says: Where your friends got killed?

Bosnia.

Bosna? There's a place called Bosna?

Yes.

When you go there, you go to report?

Yes. To find out why people fight.

Why you go over there?

Because I have a good brain and I want to help people. Maybe I can learn how to guard against violence.

Marie looked me in the face. —He says this is why you have something stopping you.

The man began to chant to the spirit. He asked my religion and the name of my God.

He says if you're Protestant the spirit will never help you. You have to find the spirits to help you.

I said nothing.

The young voodoo man said again: In your country, what is your God?

For him this was not my country. This room of this house of this neighborhood was Haiti. This room was his country.

My God is God, I said.

How you want to win the war?

It's up to you.

He held a bottle wrapped round by a thick knotted strip of cloth. There were weird pale things inside like pickled ears.

By yourself you cannot do it, he said.

No one else cares, I explained.

What kind of protection do you want? he asked. (It always seemed to come to that. It always got personalized.)

Something so that I won't die by violence, I said.

Marie looked at me and translated: He said, do you want something to put on you so even if they shoot you you cannot die?

Sure, I said, weary and disgusted.

For that you must pay.

How much?

He said, he will give you something like this shawl and something to drink. For two thousand. He said, he gonna give you protection. Half you give him before, and when you see nothing happen when they shoot, then you pay him the other half.

I'll think about it, I said.

When we were outside, the taxi driver said to me: Bullshit. He is total bullshit.

Yep, I said.

"THEY FIND THEIR OWN SOLUTION"

He took me to a very powerful voodoo man who, the story goes, had been detained by the U.S. government on account of possessing bad papers, so he invoked the spirits and disappeared from custody. Now here he was in Little Haiti. The translator, who I believe was his nephew (the taxi driver described him thus: That young dude, he don't know shit nothing!) led us to a very small hot room with a fan. Putting on

a necklace of purple beads, the old man with the unbuttoned shirt cut the cards in three, then had me join them into one pile. He laid out six cards face-down and turned over the rightmost, which was an eight of diamonds. Then he shook a little bell, the kind I had seen for sale at several botanicas in Miami. He sprayed cologne in the air. He had me light a candle with another candle, then took the new candle and examined the cards. Then he called out to a Bon Ange (good angel/spirit). He turned over the second card from the right, which was a three of hearts.

He said: You didn't come here for sickness.

He examined the eight of diamonds again. There was a drop of wax on that card. Wiping the sweat off his face, he shivered and said: I'm cold.

You see, the spirits got him now, man, said the taxi driver in awe.

He said: You came to learn the magic, and control the magic. *Pour apprendre la magie et pour controller la magie.*

He stretched out his arms. In a deep voice, he cried: When you doing, you gotta get enough pressure. —He swayed. The smell of cologne was all around.

His face closed. —You work with the group, he said coldly. And the group sent you to learn something about magic.

That's true, I admitted.

Sweat ran down the backs of my hands.

I thought that everything was over now, as it had been in one place the taxi driver had taken me to when they decided that I must be FBI, or as it had been when we went to see Basil's cousin or sister or whatever she was, Maline, whom Basil said would read my future and be my friend and introduce me to other friends, including ladies who would be faithful to me forever; but when the taxi driver and I went to her botanica a little girl gazed at me chinny-chin on the glass counter as I winked at her and waited for Maline to notice me which she wouldn't do; finally she asked which daughter had talked with me on the phone to set up our appointment, and I had to tell her that the daughter had never identified herself; then she glared and said she wasn't working, no, not today, not this week, so the taxi driver, growing ireful, wanted to know when we *could* come back, and she said next month.

Come on, let's go, I said. She doesn't want to work with me.

That bitch don't look so good, said the taxi driver. What the fuck's the matter with that bitch? She don't show you no respect.[19]

A couple of days later we were driving someplace in Little Haiti when a friend of a friend told the taxi driver something in patois, and his eyes widened and he said: He told me Maline kill people also. All Maline want from you the person name and address. You ask her today, and the person dead tomorrow.

You think she does that with magic or with poison?

With poison or some kinda shit like that. You remember that young girl Marie? She was made sick with the powder. I don't like people like that. When you do like that, you gonna die same way.

So I thought that this voodoo man wouldn't want to deal with me any further after divining that I worked for "the group," but it wasn't quite the end. —You want to learn something, he muttered, filling the room with his low face and his thick knotted arms. Rings glistened on his fingers. He turned over the third card from the right, which was a six of clubs, then the leftmost card, a queen of clubs.

He said: You want the protection. You pass some voodoo place already, but it wasn't right.

(And here I want to say that I had told him nothing before paying him the seventy-seven dollars, that as far as I was aware the taxi driver had told him nothing, although one never knows.)

He turned over the second card from the left, which was a five of spades. —What kind of protection you want? he said. You want to learn witchcraft. I gonna tell you everything.

He turned over the final card, a king of spades. I suddenly noticed that the cards were all from different decks. Gray ringlets whirled back from his forehead. He said: The power is there, if you can handle it.

He took my arm, raised it up, and tapped it. He had me make a fist. (And here I need to say that about twenty minutes afterward, when the taxi driver and I were rolling through Little Haiti, I began to get an itchy swelling exactly where he had touched me. My arm turned red, then purple. An hour after that, the irritation was gone. Then I believed a little more, and I believed also that Maline might truly be able to kill through malignancy, if the right powders were available. But the taxi driver said: I don't think it's as easy here as in Haiti, because there they have the plants and the people and everything.) The voodoo man began to sing a sweet and beautiful song to the angels. Then he set the eight of diamonds into the wax between the two candles. He spoke over the card, then rang the bell and spilled rum three times on the floor. He said: If you need strong power in your body, then I gonna put that power on you.

He fanned the other five cards in his left hand. He said to me: Sometimes you feel like you're not normal, because you have spirits helping you.

What do I do to get the power? I asked.

He said he gonna pour some stuff on you, said the translator. Anything he give you, not right away, but one day in your home, day or night, you gonna see something. Somebody try to pull a revolver on you, he gonna give you some words to pray, nobody can shoot you and you just gonna disappear. When you need perfect things, man, you spend your money.

If you bring out my personal power, how much should I give you?

Nobody can mess with you, never never never! the translator shouted.

Okay, said the voodoo man, slamming the cards together.

He laid them sideways, face up in five rows of four.

Seven thousand to do all the work, he said. I make your house a voodoo house. You will know everything I know.

And how about just for the voodoo protection?

Five thousand five hundred fifty-seven dollars, he said. I can give you the *oraison*, the handwritten prayer to make you invisible.[20]

A pretty young girl entered the room, the usual sort of pretty and desperate girl. The voodoo man opened an attache case in which loose vials rolled around. Removing one vial, he uncorked it, sniffed it, and handed it to her. She kissed his cheek. —Later I asked the taxi driver: Under Haitian custom, if you kiss a lady like this does that mean you're sleeping with her? —He replied: In Haiti, if my wife was kissing closely like that with another man, I'd say, why you do like that? But I think maybe America is different. —That wasn't America in there, I said. That was Haiti. —That's true, he said. You know what that little girl do? What she pick up just now is for the Immigration. Her husband was in jail for drugs, and this voodoo man he get him out. Now she go for the green card. Immigration gonna ask her questions. If she shake that little bottle, Immigration gonna be mute. Gonna let her go with the green card.

Do you think the voodoo man helped her? I said.

When they believe like that, they find their own solution.

And *you* believe in this man?

Yes, I believe he got the spirit. Because he know you was with the group. How he know that? And he know you want the protection. And he know you go to other voodoo men. And also he shake both hands right and left, and also he speak strange way so I cannot understand his words. He got the spirit sure.

The taxi driver drove me back to Little Havana, where it was a warm evening with the bitter smell of leaves, and Cubans sat inside bright boxes gazing out at their lawns; an engine backfired, and everybody jumped and ducked; then we passed the Sugar Shack, where a notice warned patrons to leave their firearms at home; and an old man ran a metal detector over everybody, not neglecting to check the ladies' purses, then patted the purified ones on the shoulder in a fatherly way; and farther down Caille Ocho some lizards emerged from young palms just as a long black station wagon flashed its signal light and slowly pulled into the parking lot of the Hotel Seminole while three police cars, winking their myriad revolving jewels, nudged another automobile into a gas station parking lot; then the cops got out and bent over the couple inside as if they were helping them. The station wagon nosed up against the pastel-pink hotel wall. Cumuli, those smoky clots of rain, cooled a tower's blue-greenish beetlings as a fourth police car pulled in.

The taxi driver had long since pressed the controls which locked the doors and windows; he was always watching for trouble, always expecting it, and so it seemed to me that in his own way he had the spirit, too.

A JOY CEREMONY

We pulled up beside the long high dark ribs of a fence. This was where the taxi driver's ex-girlfriend lived, she being the subject of his classic pronouncement, which deserves to be carved in marble, upon being involved with voodoo women: *They fuck when they want to, they smile when they want to, they with you when they want to—it's no way to live!* Their daughter was seven. She adored him. She'd always come running out, crying: Daddy, Daddy, Daddy! because she didn't see him much anymore. I remember her one morning standing on the lawn in her white lace nightgown, almost biting her lip out of courteous seriousness as she stood to greet me, her dark face more like his than the mother's. Later he said to me: She already too much about that stuff. She knows too bad. It's too bad. —Anyhow, she was asleep now. Her mother knew where the joy ceremony was; that was why he'd had to come here. I sat in the cab waiting. The street was very still. A car passed by perhaps every ten or fifteen seconds. The uniform store across the street was silent with the steel blinds pulled down. I thought I heard singing and screams from somewhere behind, but then that sound ended. A pregnant lady and her children passed slowly down the sidewalk. In the intersection ahead, four lights turned green while one remained yellow. The taxi driver came back. He was drinking a Zima and the other guy, the navigator sent by his ex-girlfriend, was drinking a Budweiser in a paper bag.

Some fucked-up people here, man, the taxi driver said, glaring at the pregnant woman.

Kids were shooting off Fifth of July fireworks as we drove by Basil's house, barred and shuttered; maybe he had gone to Colombia as he'd said. Pale blocks of apartments with lights and fans shimmering inside surprised us like islands among the dark and glossy trees. We came to a courtyard.

You remember that young voodoo guy that fucks Marie? said the taxi driver. They tell me he isn't coming to this *joie* ceremony. He want to lead it, but they say no, so he get angry they don't give him the job. Last time he tried to stop the spirits from coming here. But the spirits they come anyhow. Now he can't come here.

Plump black ladies in white stood at the door cooking.

We stood around waiting.

I'm scared, he said to me. Even my little daughter she say to me I'm chicken. I'm chickenshit. Man, I'm scared.

He told me that in Haiti if you came to a crossroads at night a man might offer you red wine. He said that if you ever drank that wine you would be in trouble because the wine was actually human blood, and next time you came to a crossroads at night, if you didn't bring a human victim for the voodooists to sacrifice they would drink your blood instead.

I'm scared, he said.

Finally a lady in white said to us: Why don't you come in?

One good thing about magic, the taxi driver muttered. If you believe, it can really save your ass. If you don't believe, nobody gonna be there for you. You gonna die all alone and they drink your blood.

He was still smoking a cigarette outside, screwing up his courage, when I went in. I sat in the row of chairs in the outer room. The inner room was where the altar was, and that was already full. On the countertop across from me a pretty girl in a black polka-dotted dress was sitting, and she said to me: What's in the bag?

My breakfast, my lunch and my dinner, I said.

She smiled. After awhile she came and sat next to me.

They were talking Creole, which I largely couldn't understand, so just to dip my oar in I said to her in French: Can you sing well? because all I knew about the ceremony was that it involved singing.

Yes, I can, she said. Can you?

No, I said. But I'll try.

She laughed, whether amused or scornful I couldn't tell, and repeated our conversation in patois to the others, who also laughed. Now the nephew of the voodoo man who had offered to sell me personal protection for five thousand five hundred and fifty-seven dollars came in and shook my hand. He'd had a lot of money before, but since he'd failed to give Erzulie the offering he'd promised he'd lost it all.[21] With his shaven head, tall and intense, he resembled a Los Angeles gangster. (Later the taxi driver told me that he'd guaranteed the safety of the car in this bad neighborhood, saying that his Mafia would look after it.) —You like her? he said to me, indicating the girl.

She's gorgeous, I said.

He laughed with pleasure and high-fived me. —She my cousin, man! I tell her!

It was this young woman who would soon become a spirit's "horse."

There were many people in white, especially young people, and I didn't know whether that was for some ritual purpose (santería initiates, for instance, wear white after they "make the saint"), and the women in traditional Haitian voodoo ceremonies wear white, as I have read, although at this writing I have not yet been to Haiti). Initially there were about twenty souls, but more kept coming and at the height of it there were perhaps seventy-five or more. The altar was the usual long table crammed with candles and bottles of perfumes, liquors, cane juice and so on.

It was supposed to start at nine, the taxi driver's voodoo woman had said. At eleven it finally did. By the closet door on the lefthand side of the altar a young man in a white shirt and glasses began to sing. He had a beautiful tenor voice. Most of what he sang I didn't understand. But I did comprehend *Saint-Pierre, ouvrez la porte* (Saint Peter, open the door)[22], and then there was another very pretty song, and when I asked the taxi driver what it meant he translated: *Erzulie, in your hands we cannot drown.* (He kept a picture of Erzulie in his cab, and another in his apartment. He said that without looking at her face he could not sleep.)

The singing gradually went faster and faster. Then the raising of the candle began.

At last someone handed the candle to me. I had not expected to be shown this favor, and was grateful and a little nervous that I might do something wrong. The short candle stub dripped wax on my left hand. The cup of rum was in my right. Approaching the altar, I raised both high as I had seen others do. Then I knelt and poured three splashes of liquor into a basin, got up, and approached the door, which I had assumed to be that of a closet. Someone opened it for me and closed it after. I later learned that this was the place and time to wish, and I did in fact make a wish to see the spirits, which, as you'll hear, was in a sense gratified. Anyhow, it was not a closet after all, but an anteroom with another door open to the night. Now I think I should have splashed rum three times on the ground just outside, but I did not know. So I made my wish and then went out without doing anything else. I walked back through the crowd of people, feeling happy to have been accepted, passed through the kitchen, and splashed down rum outside the door, because I'd seen others do that; then I returned to bring the candle and cup to the next person.

Something gonna happen, man, said the taxi driver. I tell you, something gonna happen. I'm scared.

The girl in the polka dot dress, the voodoo man's nephew's cousin who'd sat next to me, was dancing faster and faster. —Nothing gonna happen, man, said the taxi driver, trembling. No spirit gonna come. —Then he said: Something gonna happen.

I thought of Miriam telling me: We went and did a ceremony to the Old Man of the Woods. We went way out to Gary, Indiana, and off the road. We set up the altar and did our prayers and our calling. We could feel the ground moving. We could feel the spirit moving.

Suddenly the girl staggered and threw her arms up, as if trying to thrust away an invisible attacker. (This is, I am told, a classic sign of possession. The last reflex of the "horse" before she loses her consciousness to the rider is a struggle, which doesn't last long.) Now the rider was seated in her skull, and she began to dance again with incredible speed. Another woman had been possessed at the same time, and they danced in tandem. Through the excited throng I glimpsed somebody wrapping colored scarves around the two "horses." These are the mantles of specific voodoo gods. The one who had sat next to me began to come near. I'll never forget how that young woman's eyeballs had rolled *down* in her head so that the gleaming whites confronted me with crazy blind nobility and pride, the head thrown back, the body drenched with sweat; suddenly the woman stretched out her hands to a massive seated man who gave himself into her grasp obediently. With whiplike snappings and convolutions of her wrists she brought him to his feet. He hung slack and resistless in her power, letting her shake him back and forth. Then she let go, and he sat down again. In turn she seized us all, men and women, and each of the ones she had touched smiled joyously. When she came to me I wondered whether I'd be passed over, but she snatched my hands and jerked me about like the others.

It was almost like being a child in New England again and struggling to approach the rope tow in my new skis that were too long for me; when I closed my hands about the rope it pulled me with such power that I fell down. Squeezing the possessed woman's hands tightly, I gazed into her face trying to understand where she was, and instead of the orgiastic self-absorption which I had expected I perceived full recognition of me as a soul; but her expression was so eerie; she gazed upon me as she snapped my arms to and fro; she saw me and knew me but whatever she was that saw me was so crazed and hurt and exalted and utterly beyond me. —She let me go. —Strangely, as I think of all this now I am most reminded of the atmosphere at the Full Gospel Church. These two congregations, which would have feared and distrusted each other, were both filled with dignity and delight. They both worshipped something higher than themselves. The possessed woman was as queenly as one of the ladies who attended Pastor Brown's Sunday service, a lady whose hair had been greased into a sweet-smelling crown of blackness, her eyebrows perfectly plucked, her earrings heavy and precious; there was a golden locket about her neck, and below that her long-sleeved dress swept downwards like a wall of rainy watercolor orchids; this lady had been caught up in the singing; and as Charles, Jr. led the choir she heaved deliriously and burst into a sweat, "making a joyful noise unto the Lord" for all she was worth. She and the Haitian woman were sisters, and I was inspired by them both.

When the spirit-ridden one had thus laid hands on everybody, she began a second round, this time splashing onto our hands a fragrant oil from a tall bottle she'd pulled from between her breasts. It smelled like the Come-To-Me essence that Basil had touched me with. Like the others, I rubbed my hands together after having received the liquid, then anointed my sweating face and forehead. The flat was stifling. Some of the older women who'd been sitting on the long countertop began to open their plump thighs and rest their hands in between, wiping off their perspiring fingers. Every hour or two a lady brought us all napkins to wipe our glistening faces with, but it was so hot and there was only one ineffectual fan and on this second progress of hers the possessed woman swept it off its stand in a magnificent rage so that it thudded onto the carpet and the blade stopped whirring. For a moment the smell of perfume from the tall bottle was in the humid air, but a moment later when I brought my slippery hand to my nose I smelled only my own sweat.

She was back at the altar now, whirling and sometimes falling backwards, always to be caught by someone in the attentive crowd that supported her. Suddenly she squatted down beside a huge offering of beans and rice. She worked the food with her hands like a potter and crammed pattycakes of it down inside her dress, packing it against her breasts. She cried out in a deep hoarse voice. Everyone was silent, respectfully listening and trying to understand (but when I say everyone I do not mean everyone, because unlike, say, Pastor Brown's church service, at this gathering the people in the front room, particularly those nearest to the window, felt free

to talk and joke among themselves or go through the kitchen and out the front door at any time to have a smoke in the coolness of the courtyard). She began to sing in that same deep, charged voice, and the crowd sang with her. I myself tried to sing, because the tune was very beautiful and very simple like a chant, so that I could follow it, but even after many repetitions I caught only a few syllables of the strange words and so I could not do any more than try. The singing was very loud and fast now, the women's voices practically screaming, and the drummers were thwacking a rushing complex rhythm with the handles of their butter knives on the bottoms and rims of upturned plastic tubs and we were clapping as hard as we could, my palms ringing together like metal and aching. It was like a long and strenuous bout of sexual intercourse; the physical exertion and intensity cannot be sustained, so it waxes and wanes without losing its end-directedness. Now the spirit-ruled woman had rushed to the window of the outer room. She paused and began to rock her hips. An older lady smiled knowingly and drew the curtain against the silent crowd outside. The woman strutted in a way now more and more hungrily sexual. She began to snatch at her dress with half-conscious plucking motions, samboing her way back to the altar. —Man, I wanna stick my dick in her! the taxi driver whispered. I believe I'm gonna get hard! —I felt the same way, and so, I think, did every other man in the place. Unfortunately, said the nephew of the voodoo man who had offered to sell me personal protection for five thousand five hundred and fifty-seven dollars, most of the voodoo ladies here were lesbians. That seemed borne out when the woman, squirming before the altar, permitted the other women to help pull her dress over her head and then began to mount people. Shiny with sweat whose glowing droplets rolled down her ankles and by whose agency her underchemise stuck to her like a second skin, she rushed to and fro, halting in front of each chosen partner without warning. More often than not the partners were women. (A day or two later, when I queried Madame Yvette at the Macaya Boumba Botanica on Northeast Fifty-Fourth Street, she made sense of what had happened. The young woman had been possessed by a male spirit! —It's Papa Guédé, she said matter-of-factly. He works in the cemetery and he's a good father.[23]) She'd gaze at the chosen one with her white eyes so big and unearthly in her beautiful black face as she stretched out both arms. The partner would take them and then sit down. The possessed woman spread her legs wide and drew herself down onto her partner's lap, then let go the partner's hands and began to dry-copulate—if anything in that flat could be considered dry; all around the altar the carpet was soaked with rum, and my T-shirt was so heavy with sweat and humidity and breath that it had stretched down almost to my knees. The possessed woman made love to each of her choices very briefly, silently and urgently, in exactly the same way that a bull mounts a heifer. The two bodies touched only at the waist. It was almost an act of rape, except that the people submitted to her proudly, joyously; and as soon as she'd finished with them half a minute later they'd leap up laughing and singing.

Now they all becoming crazy! whispered the taxi driver in awe and horror.

Somebody was shaking the *asson*, the ritual calabash with stones and snake bones inside, so they say. (But Madame Yvette told me that you can put whatever you want inside. She herself used dice and quarters.)

Another woman had become possessed. She rushed about in a rage. Her fist struck me on the side of the head. In the outer room, a man leaned up against the wall at an angle, as stiff as the proverbial board; it seemed as if one could have stretched him between two chairs and used him for a sawhorse, so rigid was he. Only one part of him was moving—the hand that drew the candle flame slowly back and forth across the tip of his tongue.

I thought of something else I'd read in Rigaud: *"Horses" have been known to be terribly mistreated or even killed by the mystère whom they served...*[24]

That was how it was with the spirits, which I had perhaps thought of as gentle watchful distant beings like Southern girls in Lafayette, standing on their whitewashed porches in the evening time, leaning against railings whose pillars resembled a woman's braids artfully reproduced in white-stained wood—Southern girls who stood and leaned and faintly smiled as they watched the world go by from their houses; or spirits like the fat ghetto girls in New Orleans who sat smoking and drinking beer and talking on the extension phone out there on their stoops whose steps were as grimed and stained and crusted as lichened boulders or slaughterhouse tiles; they sat with heat oozing out from their steep dark staircases and through their open doorways and between their meaty shoulderblades as they looked outward, watching nothing pass, waiting for nothing and maybe enjoying their lives. Sometimes they shifted bottles or beer cans between their legs or even stood up, grabbed a hip and danced for a sticky moment, their stage a cement wall or a brick wall or the square buttock of an air conditioner which the tenant couldn't afford to run. —Some spirits were like that. Others were wild and rash and cruel. There were more of them than stars; there were millions and billions of them; who could know them all? I wanted to know some, at least; I wanted to see what it felt like to be a "horse," but that never happened and maybe I hadn't missed anything because they say that when the spirit goes you remember nothing. (Santeros say this, too.)

— The taxi driver concurred. —A lot of people have the spirits on Saturday, Tuesday and Thursday, said he, refreshing himself upon his favorite grievance. That's why they don't sleep with nobody on that night. They think that Saturday, that is the night for some spirit woman to come and sleep with them. They fix the bedroom in a special way, with white stuff...

And Marianne, do you fix her with white stuff, too? I joked.

Okay, I tell you, he said with a grin. One night Marianne she call the spirit, and the spirit they come to her. So she fall down faint, and I know she don't know nothing. So I fuck her one time and another time—the first time I can fuck her on a Tuesday! And I am so happy. I put her in the bed. The next morning she say to me:

Darling, we do something bad last night? And I say: No, what you mean? And she say to me: What about all this sperm coming out of me? I say: I don't know about that; maybe it come from the spirits. Then—*hah!*—she can say nothing.

At half-past two in the morning, the spirits began to leave people. And I, thinking of the twenty-five dollars an hour I was paying the taxi driver, decided to go. A lady said to me: Wait. The spirits want to talk with you. —But a moment later she returned and said: It's finished.

I felt as I had a few nights earlier in Little Havana after a storm or tropical disturbance or whatever it technically was, whatever abnormality of isotherms; and the parking lot of a convenience store had become a square lake upon which squiggle-walled reflections of the shining windows floated; and just behind the compressed air dispenser a palm tree's crooked fingers formed a sort of swastika without angles, and everything was hot and dark and misty like the inside of somebody's lungs, and I felt so exhausted and calm...

"IT'S LIKE A SNAKE COMING INTO YOUR SPINE"

What sensation do you have when the spirit rides you? I asked Madame Yvette, who sat in her back room with the plastic shower curtains, the table with one white candle, one pink candle, one blue candle, a crucifix, orgeat syrup from Haiti, a bottle of Florida water, Barbincourt rum, red wine, other bottles in cloth jackets with sequins and pearls. (Different spirits prefer different essences. Some like particular kinds of alcohol. Erzulie likes a certain perfume.) In her front room lay the model coffins with red crosses on them and the saints and carved faces, the perfumes and candles, Florida water, cement santería heads with cowrie-shell eyes, noses, mouths and ears; bells, marriage eau de toilette, ropes, spools of colored thread.

You feel like you are another person, Yvette said. Physically you feel it with your spine. It's like a water or a snake coming into your spine. I can't call it good because you have a bad sensation. Sometimes you don't have a good feeling because you have a heart pumping; you have to be afraid. When the spirit goes, you feel weak after. When you have a ceremony to do, you feel weak after. It's really hard to be a *bruja.*

AMERICA'S BIRTHDAY

It was dusk on the Fourth of July and I sat with thousands of people on a grassy hill just across from the Intercontinental in Miami, with a flag four stories deep hanging from the top. White lights trolled the glossy shiny boats bay and children lit sparklers on the basketball court and occasionally sent illegal fireworks screeching with cadmium-yellow light into the puffy-clouded sky. A band was playing hurtfully loud, and people had begun to cheer. —Happy birthday, America! a father shouted joyfully to the small girl riding on his shoulders. Looking down toward the

palm-fringed bay, I saw a fine festival of tanned backs and girls in summer dresses and men with beers in either hand all passing on the greenness, while children came running to the sputtering pools of sparks and beyond the tents a fountain cypressed its gush higher than any tree.

I wanted it to truly be America's birthday. I loved my country very much and wanted it to be happy instead of sickening each year more and more toward death. All things pass. When would the end come for these hypothetically United States? It was getting darker now, and I saw a fountain of smoke and sparks, saw everyone standing around it with prayerfully extended arms like some pagan sun greeting, not running screaming and bleeding as they would have if it had been a bomb or a mortar shell. The air was cool and sea-fresh now, and lovers were lying in happy laps. The fireworks began to go off like light-caliber pistol-shots, and I thought of the two double-murders that the Happy Brains had explained in fifteen seconds apiece on television that night along with the assault on the policeman's wife; and now the official explosions were beginning to rise into the sky and the concussions of the cherry bombs were becoming more frequent while greenish advertisements glowed on the side of the Intercontinental and the sparklers went off in clouds like welding torches. A red star rose into the indigo sky as a man and a woman led each other laughing by the hand. Then a drunk fell down onto another man's stash of liquor and smashed a bottle and they got into a fight.

And once again I wondered: Can faith protect us from violence?

I thought of Miriam saying to me: Last year, things got more worse, because they had more killings last year than the year before; and this year it's two hundred already.

What's responsible?

Youth mismanagement. Trying to make money too fast. Their family upbringing. A lot of their mothers and fathers is involved in the same activities. People is so closed in and so closed up in the city environment that they only see the capitalistic situation, and the fashion is inviting them, so they get it through drugs and fast selling.

Do you think that people's attitude can cause them problems? I asked.

It's like this, she said. If you go out looking for trouble, trouble find you. If I keep an open mind, smile on my face, I gonna meet nothing bad.

Her husband cut in: When they see a stranger in the neighborhood, their paranoia make them suspicious that you're an informer and so they kill your ass.

The son said: If you go on another turf, they think you're an undercover cop or a gangbanger. Then the Devil will go through your defenses.

Can voodoo help?

I would say so, Miriam replied. You focus your mind in the right direction. There is a stronger prayer that I use. I really believe that if you pray as often as possible it will help protect you from guns and all kinds of weapons. One guy down the street practiced witchcraft. He wanted to challenge us. He gave us death threats.

I prayed a lot. He went out and bought his candles and set his altars and it backfired on him. He committed suicide.

We always like to believe that we are rational, and so we build up a scar tissue of rationality around our blind spots. Religion, of course, is irrational. Not long ago I was speaking with a Jehovah's Witness who sought to prove to me through deductive argument that God gives each of us a choice. —What about babies and retarded people? I wanted to know. —We don't understand God, she replied. We cannot question God. —This statement is irrefutable. Had it been her sole line of attack, I would not have and could not have counterattacked. Because there were so many premises in her reasoning which could not be proved, the reasoning itself contributed nothing. Intellectual argument is itself a form of testing and challenging, like scarring a drop of putative gold with acid to determine whether it is real. This is the way we generally proceed when we act in the material world. We say: She claims to love me, or: He wants me to believe that this will be the perfect job for me and then we try to establish whether it is actually so. Being solid, and usually already marred by acid from other causes, material things can stand this treatment. The immaterial world is not that way. As the Christian woman said, we cannot question God. We cannot question Him either because our knowledge and belief is weak, hence easily damaged or destroyed by the acid test; or else because we are so firm in our faith that we have no need for proof, that any attempt at proof would in fact be injurious and insulting. Instead of saying: She claims to love me, we say: She loves me, and if we truly believe that she does then it would be demeaning to test it.

What's the point of all this? —That because religion is not logical, its claim to confer benevolence upon us cannot be grappled with. Faith is, in effect, the perfect closed system, impervious to any outside influence. This is one reason why I think that gospel singing or voodoo rituals or Cajun faith healing or whatever can be such a help and comfort, particularly to poor people. There is no seam in it. If you believe, you believe. Nobody can pry away at it.

One afternoon I told Madame Yvette that I was going to sleep in a homeless encampment under the freeway that night, and she said: Why? Why you go there, William? You not afraid?

What about you? said the taxi driver. Your power don't protect you?

(This was exactly the question which I had wanted to ask.)

If I sleep with them maybe I lose my power, replied Yvette. Spirits, they are always clean, clean, clean. That's why in my *oum'phor* [voodoo temple] in Haiti I always take off the shoes, make everybody take off the shoes. If I sleep in a dirty place with all those little animals [lice], maybe the spirit desert me.

In short, she did not care to put her presumed invulnerability to the test.

Al, on the other hand, simply made his religion reflect his vulnerability. He was always saying: Don't be surprised if you see that door to Saint Luke's church blow off and a twenty-foot devil come right out of it. 'Cause they're demonized.

'Cause they don't help the homeless, an' they believe in the Trinity, an' they try to use Job 1 on you.

He sighed and said: We always in a struggle for good and evil in this city.

I wondered if either side would ever win. And I thought of something Moira had once written: *I do not choose to be limited to the power of any human person I've met, including myself. This work would not be possible using any human "power."*

VOODOO, HOODOO, AND SANTERÍA

AMERICAN SOUTH, 1994

How can we protect ourselves from violence? We can't. But we can gain peace of mind if we believe in our chosen illusions. This photo-essay and the next move from the American South, where faith in magic comforts the vulnerable with dreams of protection, to the West, where pro-Christian and sometimes anti-Semitic paranoia about the government encourages the erection of self-reliant fortresses.

473. The altar of Priestess Miriam, New Orleans.

474-75. Voodoo altars, Miami.

476. The tomb of the "voodoo queen" Marie Laveau, New Orleans. The x's are for magic.

477. Botanica, Miami.

478. Botanica, New Orleans.

479. Frank mixing a Jupiter oil elixir at a botanica, New Orleans.

480. Priestess Miriam casting cat bones for divination.

481. Faith healer, Raceland, Louisiana. She was praying over my damaged wrists.

482. Calling a spirit, Miami.

483a. Pastor Charles Brown of the Full Gospel Church of God, New Orleans.

483b. His son, Charles, Jr., leading a rehearsal of the choir.

484a. Voodoo man entering a trance, Miami.

484b. Madame Yvette calling a spirit in a table ceremony, Miami.

485a. Priestess Miriam anointing Nathan with her elixir, New Orleans.

485b. Plucking a bone from an abandoned grave, Lafayette, Louisiana. Voodoo and santería practitioners often obtain the human ingredients for their potions in this way. This removal, however, was "for information purposes only."


VOODOO
SPIRITUAL TEMPLE
SNAKE DANCE RITUALS.







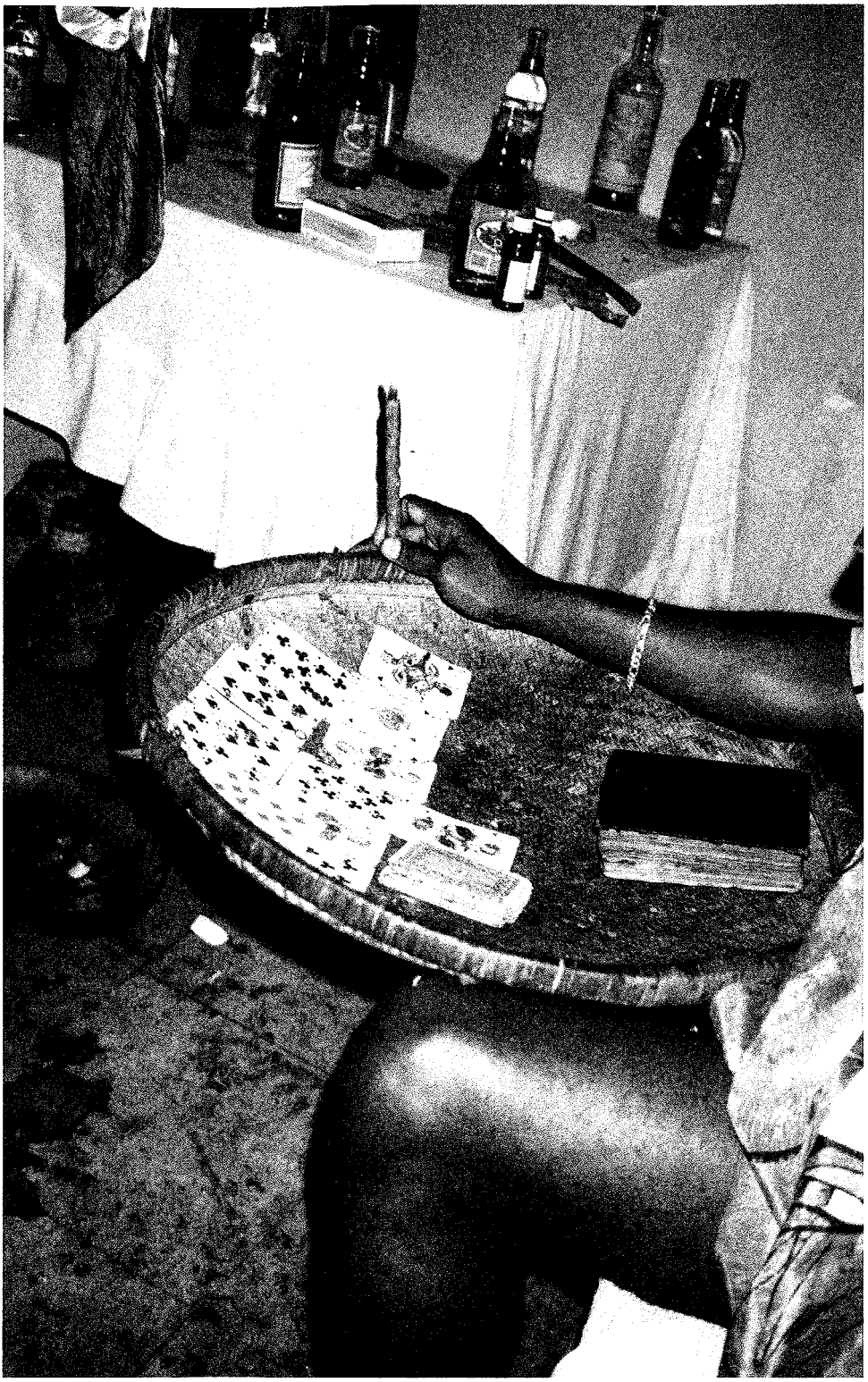






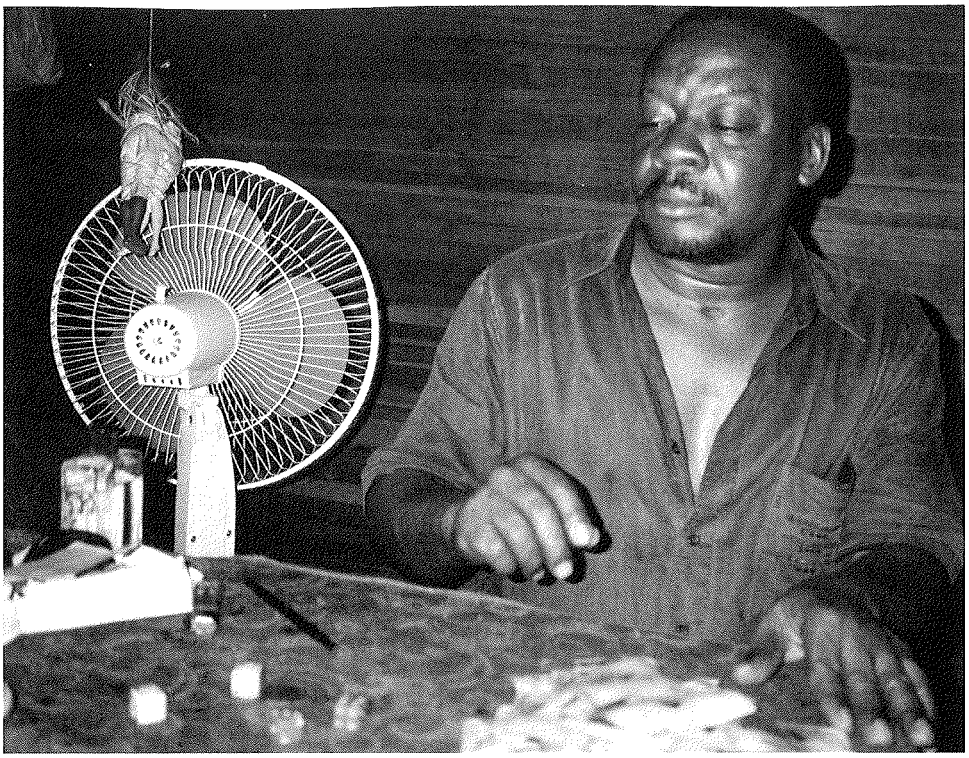









ACHING THE








BANDONED
CONTACT CEMETERY OFFICE
232-1322
TOMB 2

OFF THE GRID
(1994)

So I'm willing to put myself in harm's way, just like I told that little homosexual in L.A. I'll put myself in harm's way to protect your rights.

JAMES "BO" GRITZ (1994)

ALMOST HEAVEN

"EVERYTHING HE SAYS IS COMING TRUE"

This is his office, said Dick.

Joan, standing behind him, glared watchfully.

Well, we can just wait here for an hour or so and see if he shows up, I said.

No! said the woman so fiercely.

She's been kind of upset lately, Dick explained in the driveway. The media keeps portraying him as some kind of nut, stockpiling weapons for World War III. Hell, Bo's had enough war.

I guess he has, I said.

He just wants to be off the grid, is all, said Dick. He already tried to be a force for change. He ran for President, and the goddamned media smeared him. So he said

to hell with it.

Joan was standing inside the house listening. At this point she slammed the door on us as hard as she could. Dick seemed about to take the hint, so I asked him where I could shoot the fifty-caliber Desert Eagle I happened to have with me. The indoor range in Las Vegas hadn't quibbled about my forty-five, but they said that the fifty might blow through the wall. A lot of shooting ranges told me that. I had brought the pistols along partly because it seemed a way to make Bo like me (as it turned out, he couldn't have cared less), and partly because I love to shoot. Dick, seeing that my interest was not faked, told me to go up the road a ways and try the cutoff I'd see on my right. The only cop who might come by was Ted, and if he came all I had to do was tell him that Dick down at Bo's had said that it was OK. I thanked him.

I used to think Bo was nuts, he said. Now everything he says is coming true. They want a universal medical card, so they can keep tabs on you, keep you in their system. They want to put those alarms in your car so if your car is stolen they can find it in one and a half minutes flat. If they can do that when it's stolen, you know they can do it anytime.

Bo Gritz[1] represented people who just wanted to be left alone, it seemed. They did not trust the government. Fair enough. Neither did I. Elect a Republican and he'd do what he could so that the women I loved couldn't get abortions; elect a Democrat and he'd try to take away my right to self-defense. Browsing through the Center for Action's latest newsletter, I was charmed by some of the items for sale: herb seed kits, for instance *(GET YOURS BEFORE THE FDA TAKES THEM OFF THE MARKET!)*, reprints of Constitutional documents, a self-defense training book. Sometimes, however, the catalogue descriptions seemed alarmist:

> GETAWAY 72 HR. 2 PERSON DUFFEL BAG —It's a hurricane, flood, tornado —THE FEDS! Grab this getaway duffel bag with everything you need for 3 days for 2 people. Food, water, shelter, radio, flashlight, toilet paper, matches and much, much more.

And then there were a few items that were just plain alarming. If all Bo's people wanted was to be left alone, why would they be interested in the *Bo Gritz DARE Manual?* "Defense Against Restricted Entry...Detailed instruction on lock picking. With simple instructions and drawings you'll become a professional in a short period of time." Also available were four lock pick sets, one specially made for the doors and ignitions of various foreign and domestic cars.[2]

CENTER FOR ACTION
S.P.I.K.E.
Specially Prepared Individuals for Key Events



America's Most Decorated Green Beret "De Oppresso Liber"

VOLUME 4, NO. 6 JANUARY 1995

INSIDE THIS ISSUE

- Can You Feel the Kingdom Coming?
- More G.A.T.T. Gremlins.
- Total Surveillance: Why you need SPIKE.
- No Excessive Force in Weaver Murders?
- Looking Ahead.
- Jerry's Corner.
- Product List
- January Special

THE COLONEL'S CORNER
BY BO GRITZ



Have a Great 1995!

CAN YOU FEEL THE KINGDOM COMING?

Throughout the years I have endeavored to show, interpret and connect Bible prophecy to events in our time. In 1992 we raised the Constitution before America in the presidential election. The purpose was to testify before the people of every state that God's gift of the Constitution could revive, preserve, and promote the American dream. The only means of replacing national dread of debt and strife with hope is through the Divine principles imbued in the Constitution. I attended Preparedness seminars and explained the movement toward one world government through population and resource control. America chose. People asked me: "What now?" We needed to do more than talk. We put patriotism into action through SPIKE!

January 1993 we initiated the SPIKE program with the intent of providing you with the knowledge, skill, equipment and organization to live self-reliantly in spite of an abusive government. The SPIKE objective is not to isolate you from society, or established bureaucracies but to safeguard your free agency to choose how you will live. Without insight as to what direction statecraft is moving and alternative means if you chose a different course, you have no choice -- no agency. Spike is a three year instruction effort to furnish you with the tools to self-sufficiency in 10 affordable compact phases conducted in centers convenient to your home. Time between phases allows development

CENTER FOR ACTION MONTHLY NEWSLETTER c/o HC 11 Box 307, Kamiah, Idaho PZ83536 (208)935-2918. Annual Subscription Rate is $30.00. NO REFUNDS. REPRODUCTION OF THIS NEWSLETTER WITH INTENT TO SELL OR PROFIT IS STRICTLY PROHIBITED AND WILL BE PROSECUTED.

STATEMENT OF TWO LADIES AT THE LEWIS AND CLARK MOTEL (KAMIAH, IDAHO—POPULATION 1200)

Inside the restaurant with its Halloween pumpkins, middle-aged Rose from Montana said: Bo and Claudia? Sure I know them. I think they're great. I think it's sad that all the other races can say we're separate but white people can't. Anyway I think all the colors are beautiful. In fact I might just take one of Bo's SPIKE courses.

(SPIKE stood for "Specially Prepared Individuals for Key Events." As Gritz explained his curriculum to me: I started it so if people start in Phase One and go to Phase Ten you'll be as prepared as Delta Force. So what that means is if 911 doesn't respond, you'll be prepared.)

And the blonde waitress who the previous day had given me a no-comment said: All I know is that when kids go to the house his wife bakes fresh bread and stuff for them.

"JUST A SOLDIER, NOT A POLITICIAN" (SANDY VALLEY, NEVADA)

That night Bo Gritz was absorbed in a special about Rommel's buried treasure: the frogmen crawling over a barnacled airplane and flipper-kicking and exhaling bubbles, which ascended through the blue immensity of the TV. His own plane, which now loomed in the driveway and could almost be seen through the blue drapes, had suffered troubles sufficient to delay him all day. He looked very tired, and so did his slender, longhaired young wife, Claudia, although she kept a gracious face and poured herb tea; and I suspected that they would have preferred to watch the show alone together and then go to sleep, so I felt a little guilty about bothering them in that living room with its Bible and Oriental fan and two framed certificates from the American Council on Karate Instruction announcing that James Gordon Gritz was a black belt of the first degree and the sixth degree. Dogs were howling in the desert outside. The frogmen made caressing motions, hovering above the hulk. — What kind of treasure was it? I said.

Probably Nazi gold.

What tonnage of gold could a German plane have carried back then?

Gold is awfully dense, he said. The thing about gold is, it's not how much you can carry, but how much each station of the plane can carry

We sat there for a moment watching more bubbles, and I remembered how my friend Ben had told me that skydiving was like leaping into an immense television screen.

It's a mystery to me, why all this hoopla, said Gritz suddenly.

I waited.

It started with this Coalition for Human Dignity making provocations against me, he said. They were actually a front organization for NAMBLA[4] and some gay and lesbian rights groups. They said: *You were David Duke's running mate!* If they had done any due diligence they would have found that I was put on the ballot first. The Populist Party rejected me and wanted David Duke. I didn't know much about him except that he was a young person. I was just a soldier, not a politician. I said, Jim Trafficant yes, David Duke no, until I check him out. After a week, I found out he was a self-appointed Grand Dragon of the Ku Klux Klan. I said no. Then the Populist Party got angry at me; but not being a politician, I didn't really give a damn.

STATEMENT OF MR. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (MONTGOMERY, ALABAMA; BY PHONE)

I find it hard not to believe he wouldn't know who David Duke was at that point, especially since he was somebody who had signed on as a politician.

STATEMENT OF COLONEL BO GRITZ

On the wall by my head, near the framed photograph of Bo and Claudia, were two huge bronze medallions. One said: UNITED STATES ARMY—LTC JAMES GRITZ, and an eagle flew in the center. The other said: SPECIAL FORCES—LTC JAMES GRITZ, with the motto DE OPPRESSO LIBER.

David Duke became a Republican, he burst out. Does that mean that George Bush is now a Klansman?

The dogs kept howling.

I'll tell you something, the Colonel said. We needed ten thousand signatures in Georgia to be on the ballot. Well, one day my campaign manager said: The Klan seems to be running a major part of your campaign in Georgia and I don't like it. —I said: Throw all the signatures away. —So we trashed five or six thousand signatures and we didn't get on the ballot in Georgia.

We went into his office and I saw a campaign painting of him, framed in deerskin, and he pointed toward his library room, saying: I can find books about almost any reference, including weird stuff! then Claudia was pointing to a photograph. —I get really, really offended when anybody says we're white supremacists, she said. Here are our children. They're Amerasian.

Our friends call us up, her husband interjected wearily. They say, Bo, have you changed overnight? —And there's a picture of our goddaughter. Half African-American, as you can see. As a soldier, I've learned something. I've been all over the globe. I've learned that no matter what your color and your sex —I've used women many times; they make the best assassins —you don't judge someone by their sex

or color. As for the Coalition for Human Dignity, they've never met us. They refused to meet us. They will not come on the radio with us.

It's like the media wants a villain, he said in wonder. If you're the anointed one, that's it.

The cat jumped up on Gritz's lap, and Claudia said: Honey, he wants you to pet him.

Gritz gripped his mug of herbal tea and said to the cat: Be careful. That's hot, now, boy.

I may be a dinosaur, he said with defiant pride, but we're forming a covenant community, and we're making progress on it.

FLYING TO ALMOST HEAVEN

A couple of mornings later he and Claudia took me there.

Clear left, he said, starting the portside propeller. *Clear* right!

I had bought a whole boxful of his SPIKE training manuals a moment before. —Since we have *all* this extra luggage, he said in disgust, we'd better use the whole runway. One time a plane crashed on account of an extra lunchmeat sandwich. Left mag is running ragged for some reason. Winnemucca, huh? Guess we can refuel in Winnemucca. Where the heck is Winnemucca? All right, let's go. All right, we've got manifold pressure; we've got RPM. Here we go. Better throw out that lunchmeat sandwich. Extra clothes, hair dryer—a wonder we ever fly. Geez. Barely made it off.

Claudia laughed and gentled him. —The drama of it all, she said.

Now we got a lot of restricted areas in all seriousness, he said to her. It should come up on eighty.

No, it comes up on ten.

Push it just one light time, Snuggles.

Her arm was across the back of his seat, and they smiled at each other and my heart went out to them a little and Gritz checked a dial and muttered: OK, little turbo.

Sandy Valley had gone away now, taking all its long streaky sandy valley neighbors with it, all its dusty ridges. —Better go higher, he said. We're going by Area 51, where all that flying saucer crap comes from. Boy, this GPS is sure accurate. I love this thing.

Another toy, said Claudia indulgently.

I had understood by now that Bo Gritz loved toys. He was very fond of his plane, a 1966 Cessna Riley rocket conversion. —This thing flies like a scalded dog! he said proudly in his black leather aviator jacket. There used to be a time no kid didn't have a free ride up here, he said.

It must be expensive, I said.

If you need to look at the gas gauge, don't even think about flying.

November Victor Seventy-Six, said Claudia. It's an air-sailing glider port.

As long as I can miss that restricted zone we'll be legal all the way for a change, he said. No reason to get problems from the Feds.

North of Winnemucca; lurching up and down, almost in touching distance, it seemed, of some steep red snow-topped mountains that looked like Mars, we cleared a brown ridge which was lightly snowed; then in a high brown valley with a few yellow trees, maybe cottonwoods, there was a cabin.

Probably another white separatist, said Gritz bitterly.

Now, now, said Claudia.

The plane shook and rattled in the wind.

THE IDEAL (I)

The *Los Angeles Times* headline said: Paramilitary Figure Developing Communities in Idaho Land Use: Neighbors are troubled by work of former Populist Party presidential candidate James (Bo) Gritz. He says he is preparing for Armageddon in 1996.[5]

"Bo Gritz sees Armageddon in Idaho," he said in sarcastic disgust. That is *horseshit*. That word Armageddon occurs just once in the Bible, and in the context of Jerusalem, and I don't know when it'll come.

But in the current issue of his *Center for Action* newsletter, he'd written:

> There should be no question about where, or when this finale occurs.[6] It is in the Middle East exactly as described above. The time is seven years after the peace covenant for Israel is secured; 42 months after the antichrist sits in the temple proclaiming himself to be God (abomination of Desolation)...If the peace accords we have witnessed this year (Jordan—July) and last (PLO—September) started the clock...Armageddon would occur sometime not long after the turn of the century.[7] Considering the speed with which technology and politics are propelling us toward global government, economic chaos, and a world cashless economic system[,] can you imagine a beastly mark and antichrist within the next three years or so? If so, the rest is easy. We who will not accept the mark will have to endure increasing hardships until delivered by the coming of the Messiah and perfect government for 1,000 years. Can you feel the kingdom coming?8 Everybody fears something. I am afraid of violent crime. Colonel Gritz dreaded violent government. I think that that is what he meant by the "increasing hardships" just prior to Armageddon. That night in Sandy Valley he'd told me: We should have those First Amendment rights. If Hillary [Clinton] wants to issue a health card, let others opt out, if they want alternative medicines. And also, for example, we want to protect the Fourth Amendment Rights of people, not like the case of Donald Scott who was a millionaire in Malibu. The DEA saw marijuana plants growing in the trees! How can they spot plants in the trees? Later they admitted they were lying. Now, Donald Scott

couldn't even see. He had cataracts. So when they took the hinges off the door, his wife screamed at them: Don't shoot! and he came running with a gun to protect her, and they shot him in the face. Why didn't they do it with a phone call? He died. Turned out they wanted to confiscate his estate because they were having budget problems. And of course we support the Second Amendment.

SECOND AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

A well regulated Militia, being necessary to the security of a free State, the right of the people to keep and bear Arms, shall not be infringed.[9]

SIGN ON A BARBER SHOP (KOOSKIA, IDAHO)

CLOSED FOR HUNTING.

FROM A NEWSPAPER ON THE MONTANA-IDAHO BORDER

FOUNDING FATHERS QUOTE
THOMAS JEFFERSON
"The beauty of the Second Amendment
is that you don't really need it
UNTIL THEY TRY TO TAKE IT AWAY."[10]

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER, COALITION FOR HUMAN DIGNITY (PORTLAND, OREGON)

What's your opinion of the Second Amendment? I asked.

The Second Amendment is part of our heritage. I'm not arguing with that, but there's a certainly a question about whether it says that small groups of citizens should be able to organize against state and federal authority.

And you think that Bo Gritz is doing that?

Yes, I do.

STATEMENT OF MR. JIM ELLIS, OWNER OF THE LEWIS AND CLARK MOTEL (KAMIAH, IDAHO)

Oh, I did some time in California once, the old man said.

You make it sound like a prison, Jim.

Well, it was all right. I was glad to get back.

So you like it here?

I love north Idaho. I was born in the hills and went all the way to school in north Lewiston. I think you'll find that most of the people here in north Idaho are rugged individualists. They want to do their own thing. Like, we've built this whole resort without a single building permit. Just to have a buncha BUREAUCRATS crawling around, telling us how to do things, I don't care for that. —That's my son-in-law with the baby there. The kids are all home schooled. There's another one—hi, Serenity! Good morning, Charity! Charity plays piano here during our ice cream socials. The quality of life's the difference. I used to just sit with a phone stuck in my ear all the time, talking to all my brokerage clients. I found the desire to come back to the hills of Idaho very strong. I keep a Piper Commanche at the little airport here.

It had just started to snow in moist soft flurries that glazed the Clearwater River, the first snow of the year; and ribbons of fog hung behind the orange-leaved trees. Behind them were grey-green mountains with dark tree-studs in the white sky—steep mountains, green, orange, grey and white, upon which the big round flakes came rushing down. The forest formed various-fingered grey planes along the river, whose far side shimmered golden-orange with reflected foliage.

My philosophy in life is to live and let live, Mr. Ellis said. I think the world would be a happier place if we didn't care what others believe. Politically I'm a Conservative but I respect a lot of good Democrats. I have taken a very active interest in politics over the years. I believe that good politics has to be effective at the grassroots level. You have to work with your neighbor. Because come election time, it comes down to them and us.

What do you think about this Bo Gritz business?

There's several things I like about him. He's forthright, maybe a little blunt, but that's OK. And he was in the military. I did my stint, and I think discipline is good for a fellow. I've met some of his followers. Some came here and stayed in the motel. They weren't freaky. I didn't hear one word that would indicate that they were wild-eyed Nazis. They just liked being close to the soil.

Can you tell me how you first met him?

I guess the first thing that happened was, there was stuff tacked on the door that was anti-Gritz, and Mrs. Gritz asked us if our crew had done it and why, and my wife and I apologized to 'em, and said someone else had snuck in, so we got off to a good start. If you take the time to listen and relax and learn about people, basically they're all good. I can't quite understand why him coming here should raise all this stir.

A BUMPER STICKER IN KOOSKIA,[11] IDAHO (POPULATION 700)

BUY AMERICAN—While There's Still Time.

STATEMENT OF A BARMAID IN KOOSKIA

I used to live in Alaska. When I came to Idaho I never had to show ID again.

THE IDEAL (II)

Meanwhile, after further exegesis, the newsletter cut to the chase:

> ...I highly recommend you secure a place; a refuge in a time of Lot, an ark in a time of Noah. If none of these signs are true, the Bible is false, and God is dead; we are still left with a magnificent home in a secure environment to enjoy the days of our lives. Call Jerry ... for details, plot maps and information.[12]

And so Bo and Claudia Gritz were going to move to Idaho. The names of the two communities were Almost Heaven and Shenandoah. The Gritzes' log cabin would be in Almost Heaven.

You have communities that are in easy walking distance of each other, Gritz said, so maybe if we're all together the Feds will think twice. You have no earthquakes up here, no tornadoes, no hurricanes, no social unrest. There's just one stoplight in Idaho County, and it don't work all the time! There's no military targets like in North Dakota. The soil is volcanic, so you can grow almost anything. The weather is mild and the water is plentiful. From a preparedness point of view there isn't a better place. We plan to put a runway in. With our SPIKE teams, we'll have ID'd surgeons who think the way we do.

Will you keep the house in Sandy Valley? I asked.

If the people in Kamiah turn out to be real assholes, they won't deserve us to be there, said Gritz with a grin.

Now, honey, his wife said.

COMING IN TO GRANGEVILLE, IDAHO

There was a curtain of virga, or mist, and then tan landscape with deep purple shadows and clouds overhead.

No reason to take the chance of picking up ice, said Gritz. We're just about pattern altitude now, but still not out of the woods. Wow! Look at that! Bald eagle! Whew! We *like* that!

We kept going in and out of mist, with mountains around us, and just below us. Twenty-three miles, friends. Gotta be right over that last ridgeline and that way.

And there was the Clearwater River twisting like molten gunmetal below.

SIGN IN OROFINO, IDAHO

WELCOME HUNTERS

STATEMENT OF DOROTHY "CRICKET" NIMAN, OWNER OF THE GRAY CRICKET BOUTIQUE (KAMIAH, IDAHO)

I've lived here for about ten years. Yeah, we still got good fishing up here. Actually, Bo is right there on the hill where my daughter and my son-in-law is. I haven't even seen the man. There's been a couple of town meetings...

Be careful of your opinion, her boyfriend Bruce cut in. That's just a word of advice.

I hope nothing changes here, she said. People are a little worried about Waco and things. Right now there's not much crime.

No crime, said Bruce. Just a fight every six months.

I relocated up here because of the crime, Cricket said, sitting back with a parcel of frozen moose meat in her hands. We don't have much population here, only three or four thousand. In the city it's just terrible. I think people up here have a little more respect for guns. So what's Bo doin' up on the hill, I'm not sure what he's doin.' I'll tell you one thing. Land prices used to be reasonable up here before all this happened.

I got no beef with Bo, said Bruce. My family moved up here, so I'm not complaining. But some people don't like other people movin' in.

He's subdividin' the land and hoping I guess to get likeminded people moving in.

We're just watchin', said Bruce. We've had tough lives, both of us. We've both been burned.

"WE DO NOT WANT THERE TO BE ANY WACO"

You coming to the circus? said the reporters to each other, hands in pockets. There was low fog over the tan and grey-green hills, and they stood waiting in the parking lot and gazing at each other's breath ghosting across the yellow foliage while inside the motel Bo and Claudia were finishing their breakfast. —They're even having a seminar on me today, said Gritz. Sometimes it makes me feel like some dead extinct animal. —He knew about the seminar because I'd given him my copy of a press release which had been presented to all the reporters at the motel; it contained a broadside from the Northwest Coalition Against Malicious Harassment, with a Xerox of a letter from Idaho's Governor, Cecil Andrus: *As you know, this year new forces of hatred and intolerance are at work in Idaho. This divisiveness is carefully cloaked...*They use me like they might use a whetstone to sharpen this knife, said

Gritz. —And outside, where the reporters paced, Jerry Gillespie (the same Jerry whom the newsletter invited one to call for information on lots at Almost Heaven) explained: We want you to leave early in the fog so when we get to Almost Heaven with all the sun you'll see how beautiful it is.

Bo and Claudia were first, in the van with Jerry and a boy who was going to live at Almost Heaven. (The boy wore a silver POW bracelet that Bo had given him. I asked the boy if he thought there might still be American prisoners of war in Laos, and he replied: You gotta take Bo's word for it, 'cause of all the times he's been there.) The reportorial caravan followed. The road took us under that ceiling of fog as we rode past a stack of logs and along the brownish-grey river flanked by yellow-orange trees. I saw an American flag, horses on a hill. Then we began to wind up between tall narrow evergreens. Fat low reddish cows grazed. I saw a cluster of sheep, like pale furry berries, on the grass. Now we had come up on a high ridge of reddish grass, reddish leaves, and all around us the fog hunkered down low; but as the ascent continued, the fog got paler and paler until we emerged into blue sky. And so we came out onto a high plain over a lake of fog, the horizon being comprised of long blue ridges with wheat-colored spaces in between. This was Almost Heaven. The Gritzes led us to their lot and stood smiling.

What's that thing on your belt, Bo? a reporter asked ingenuously.

This? said Gritz mildly, putting his hand on his belt buddy ("for your Spyderco Endura™ knife this handmade all leather sheath with the SPIKE logo. With the belt buddy your knife will open automatically when you pull it out. Attach your Respond 2 [CS gas/pepper spray] to the supplied rig and you have great protection.").[13] The previous day I myself had bought a belt buddy from him in Sandy Valley, and after we'd landed in Grangeville I was trying to make the blade open automatically but couldn't figure it out. Finally I went to the Gritzes for help. —Claudia, instruct him, said Gritz. —She showed me how to almost-close the blade around the rubber bushing so that when I took hold of the handle and pulled firmly the knife snapped open and locked with a click, which filled me with joy. After that I kept my belt buddy on my belt. My friend Vanessa loved it so much that I let her wear it for a week and bought her another one. —This? said Gritz, drawing his long Spyderco with that same authoritative click; and reporters swarmed to photograph him. He looked at them not without ironical disdain before folding the knife away.

Now, Bo, what can that knife be *used* for? asked a reporter, waiting and hoping for incriminating words.

Well, you can do almost anything with it, Gritz replied with a grin. Faked you out, didn't I? I got you like I got the Feds. They knew I had the .45 in my fag bag but they never noticed the belt buddy until I showed it to 'em. You should have seen their faces.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY KEN TOOLE, MONTANA HUMAN RIGHTS NETWORK (HELENA, MONTANA)

Testosterone poisoning! As I read your caricature of Gritz I kept thinking "boys and their toys" ...fast planes, leather flight jackets, neat knives that are almost switchblades, steely blue eyes and guns... yes, yes, guns. It may make the reading more entertaining but I think it creates a romanticized version of Gritz which is somewhat misleading...While acknowledging his apocalyptic world view, his fixation on direct action, his disjointed rhetoric, you emphasize the "romantic" aspects of his persona...In the context of our concerns about Gritz creating armed camps united by a paranoia, this treatment of him is far too charitable.

"WE DO NOT WANT THERE TO BE ANY WACO"

Meanwhile, Bo Gritz had drawn himself up slightly, with thistles in front of him and Claudia beside him and trees and clouds behind and far below him where fog gripped ravines in its pearly fingers. The press conference was about to begin.

This is Almost Heaven, he began, and it needs no explanation. Being a pilot, I know that if you climb far enough it'll be clear. This is where the Nez Perce wintered over. They saved Lewis and Clark's bacon. There are two hundred acres in the form of a U. Again, there's no following, or they'd all come trooping up here. I don't have disciples. It's not a Christian covenant community, it's a *Constitutional* covenant community. The reason that we are moving to Almost Heaven is I do see a time coming of more restrictive government. If you're living in one of those metropolitan cesspools, you'll appreciate that more than I do. I think the rising tide of government may end at this cloudbank. Even if I'm wrong, we still have a beautiful place where people can raise their children. I also see a time when people will need an ark in a time of deluge.

(Jerry Gillespie in his dark sunglasses almost like goggles gave me a grim and guarded smile. He'd told me that the press had misquoted, distorted and outright lied from square one. Some of the reporters had in fact been unfair, I thought, and Gillespie's obvious resentment did not help matters. When the press conference was over he said: I told Bo with all them media people it would be easy to cause some trouble and put up a swastika.)[14]

But we do *not* want there to be any Waco, Gritz went on, while Claudia kept nodding beside him. We do *not* want there to be any Weaver. We're making it so the government will have to follow due process. I want Matt Dillon back, where somebody *knocks* on the door and doesn't take the hinges off! We don't want anything from the government. We only want them to stay in the ten square miles the Congress gave them.

Is there any regulation that when people move in here they have to have guns? a reporter asked.

Of course not.

And what about this self-defense clause?

If there's an action that's unprovoked, that doesn't mean we'll come running to our guns, but it does mean we'll get together and come to that person's defense.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

It's difficult for me to imagine that a gay or a person of color would sign such a thing [as the self-defense clause]. I don't think that Gritz has a visceral kind of racism. His is political. Gritz himself isn't going to attack that person. But with those people he's bringing in, some are bound to be unstable. They have the world-view of people who are utterly persecuted. If he was just a standup comic I wouldn't care.

STATEMENT OF MR. CLINT ENGLEDOW, REALTOR (KAMIAH)

We all have a thing that's wait and see, he said, leaning back from his desk where a fine sheath-knife lay amidst his papers, the leather of it used just enough to show that it was the man's tool, not his affectation; and I liked this. —The number one thing that we don't want is we don't want to be *found*, he said. And we don't want to be labeled. What's the first thing you think of when you think about Waco, Texas? But one thing my Daddy always said was: Don't worry about anything you don't have any control over. —The one thing we are right now is we're safe. My boys have never been bullied. They have to do two hours of homework to get by. They've never been offered drugs for sale. It's a paradise here. My son has killed a black bear and he's caught ten thousand fish and he's the star of the high school play and he's ready to conquer the world. There's never been a car burglarized in this town, and the reason is there's no money here. I haven't locked the house in eight years.

STATEMENT OF AN OLD LADY CAB DRIVER (PORTLAND, OREGON)

I picked up a black boy on the southeast side one time and he was so scared he was almost white! He was being chased by skinheads. He'd run toward me a whole block, and boy was he out of breath. Strange times. An' I thought there's all this violence nowadays because the kids don't know how to fight. My two sons used to go at it toe to toe all the time. The next day one of 'em would be sorry, but neither of 'em would be dead.

THE IDEAL (III)

I intend to use the badger versus beaver approach, Gritz had told me in Sandy Valley. —When a grizzly bear goes after a beaver, the beaver will just roll over and die. But the badger will jump right in the bear's face and fight. Once the grizzly has determined this, he will *always* choose the beaver for lunch, if you will, for the beaverburger. And this is what I will do in my covenant community. We will protect ourselves through *strength—not* sandbags, *not* rifles, *not* Jim Jones Kool-aid. I know from experience that before the government launches an operation they make a threat assessment. So they will make their assessment of threat and they will decide it will take too many resources. All those guys gotta have hot meals, you know.

When is violence justified? I asked.

Anytime your life or your property is threatened with peril. And I think the law is pretty well regulated. A police officer can be shot if he's wrongfully trying to arrest you, and that would only be manslaughter according to the Supreme Court. If somebody were to attack me with their fists, I would be stupid to counterattack with a gun because I'm well trained in the martial arts. But if somebody were going to attack me with a knife, I'd use a gun because one mistake in one hold or one block and I'd be dead. And if someone were to assault my home or my wife as in Waco, I would respond with deadly force. I will make the government stop being a predator and start being a protector.

FROM A COALITION FOR HUMAN DIGNITY RESEARCH REPORT

It would be a mistake to consider the Almost Heaven Christian Covenant Community as representing a case of "separatism." Yes, it is intended as a retreat, a last refuge for patriots in case the apocalypse they anticipate overtakes them, but it is also intended as the center for a regional base of power... The formation of armed enclaves of white supremacists can be seen as an outgrowth of Gritz's 1992 presidential campaign as the candidate of the racist Populist Party.[15]

STATEMENT OF MR. MARK MANSFIELD, SPOKESMAN, CENTRAL INTELLIGENCE AGENCY (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

I'm trying to figure Colonel Gritz out, and I'd like any information on him that you can give me.

I really can't help you, Bill.

Was he ever employed by the CIA?

We neither confirm nor deny affiliation with the Agency.

Did he work for you in Laos?

No comment.

Would you characterize the guy as a hero or a loose cannon or a threat?

I wouldn't make any characterization.

Well, thank you very much, Mr. Mansfield. By the way, both Colonel Gritz and I have visited Khun Sa, the Opium King of Burma. Is Gritz's and Khun Sa's allegation true that the CIA was involved in smuggling heroin into this country?

Ludicrous, said Mansfield after a pause (officials generally pause before answering a question.) The CIA neither engages in nor condones drug trafficking.

STICKERS ON A HARDWARE STORE DOOR (STITES, IDAHO)

WARNING: GOVERNMENT IS DANGEROUS TO YOUR HEALTH
GOD, GUNS AND GUTS MADE AMERICA GREAT
DON'T TREAD ON ME

AN OLD GRUNT (KAMIAH)

At his press conference he talked too long. There was something almost halting and innocent about him at times that made me want to trust him. He seemed to think that if he only explicated thoroughly everyone would believe in him. Perhaps he did not understand that the world is indifferent to the truth or falsity of a man. They judge him only on his style. And Gritz was, as another not unsympathetic reporter called him, a "man of action." At one point Gritz said: The person you have to worry least about is an old grunt. —That is exactly what he was. He was a soldier. He was a slab-like man with big hairy arms and a white moustache, with a twinkle in his eye like Reagan's. Like Reagan, he was also vague and even self-contradictory sometimes, but he seemed to be more genuinely his own man than Reagan ever had been. Nobody was telling him what to say or how to say it. His video about Khun Sa and the U.S. so-called War on Drugs had been a case in point. Awkward, tedious, amateurishly produced and poorly edited, it was also very gutsy, and, remembering my own interview with Khun Sa, it struck me as true. Bo Gritz had the courage to accuse his own government of lies, murder and racketeering, and because he used to work for that government, because he had something to lose by making those accusations, I respected him for it.

At the press conference his delivery was like that of somebody being debriefed after a mission. There was little give-and-take. He did answer questions, but each time with another monologue. He did not possess empathy. This was in no way a moral or personal failing on his part; it was simply that he did not happen to have that particular psychic gadget which many politicians seem to have been born with or to have bought, that gadget which fools us into thinking that they care about us. They do not and he did not. This is who I am, he seemed to be saying. I will stand here and display myself for you, but whatever your opinion of me might be, I'm indifferent. —I admired him for being this way—would that we all were! —but it

saddened me that he did not perceive how much this hurt him publicly. (The people are so good at having others make up their minds, Claudia had said to me. They are so manipulated.) —The other reporters were wandering off chatting. A beady-eyed photographer shuffled impatiently, clicking away.

Gritz said: What I would really like to do is start an Eagle Scout camp, and I suppose some asshole will say: You're trying to start a *Hitlerjugend.* And the Nez Perce Indians are some of the best to start an Eagle camp.

STATEMENT OF MR. DON PEARSONS, SURVEYOR (KOOSKIA)

Mr. Pearsons had a hornet's nest on the wall, just over the front door. He said to me: I came from Almost Heaven in the wintertime and thought the hornets were frozen out. Soon as it heated up, out they came! I unplugged the window, let 'em all out. Then I plugged it up again. Never dared to open that plug back up. I think it's a work of art.

Well, I met Jerry Gillespie first when they wanted a parcel surveyed. I met Bo and I met Claudia. Well, of course I had my suspicions, but after making a survey contract that didn't even have to be in writing I realized they were people I could trust.

So Bo is a decent developer?

Bo is *not* a developer, number one. A developer sells a parcel for a big profit. Bo just subdivides it into lots. He sells it for just enough to pay the cost.

So then what *is* he?

Skinny and crabbed, he looked at me through his golden glasses, with his hands in his lap. —I don't know if there's a single word, but he's giving people the opportunity to move out of the city and get into a place at a cheap price. These people, they're thinking: What is there to prevent somebody from pulling a drive-by shooting? They're just regular people who want to get off the grid. I admire Bo for giving them the opportunity.

STATEMENT OF MR. CLINT ENGLEDOW, REALTOR (CONTINUED)

...And then he triples them into small pieces of land. He's a subdivider. He's a developer. He's doing what all of us would like to do, buying at a thousand an acre and selling at three thousand an acre. Three thousand is the going price around here. He's making money, believe me.

STATEMENT OF MR. KEN TOOLE, MONTANA HUMAN RIGHTS NETWORK

My assumption is he's making money (a) on the SPIKE training; (b) on Almost Heaven.

STATEMENT OF MR. DON PEARSONS (CONTINUED)

As a surveyor, maybe you have some idea of what Almost Heaven will look like...?

They'll be homes, ranchettes, milk cows, horses. It'll be beautiful. I'll tell you this. It would be nice if you could meet these people who are buying this. They're not what the media says. They're basically city folk. I could stand in the field and let some of those gals shoot at me all day. Some of their husbands, too. They don't know one end of a gun from another.

What do most people around here think of it all?

Seldom do you ever hear anything negative about Bo Gritz or Jerry Gillespie. What you hear the negatives from is the implants, who've only been here a year or so. I just talked to a guy today, an electrician. He's a hundred percent supporter of Bo Gritz. Most of the Nez Perce tribe is for Bo. The last meeting we had there, they said he's our man. Of course there's still some that are real government orientated. But the local natives know this: number one, you can't keep people out. It's supposed to be a free country. They're glad to have an area where they can offer this to the people who like to be here.

WORDS, WORDS

James "Bo" Gritz was concerned about what the government might do. Others feared what *he* might do. When I mentioned to Bill Wassmuth of the Northwest Coalition Against Malicious Harassment that Gritz seemed did not seem evil to me, he replied: I'm not saying he's evil. My point is that people he's attracting to himself are racist. What Almost Heaven *appears* to be is a bringing together of like-minded folks so that they have the ability to ward off the chaos they see happening. But ultimately it could involve acting out against people of color. —Wassmuth's house had been blown up by white supremacists. He went on: Tell Gritz that if he will disavow his ties with these people, we'll back off. —So much, too much of all this was about words, about appearances and stances and disavowals! What exactly is a white supremacist, and how dangerous is such a person? When is a body sounding that clarion call and when is he crying wolf? One morning I asked old Jim Ellis at the Lewis and Clark Motel how much white power he'd noticed in Kamiah lately, and he replied with his gentle smile: Oh, I'd put it in about the same category as the Indians who are militant. They want to refight the Indian Wars all over again.

One guy said: We're gonna scalp all the white people. We listened to him and he went on down to Lewiston and that was the last we saw of him. —Mr. Ellis, in short, took the long view. Everything always blew over. And maybe he was right. What was there, exactly, to fear? The Waco and Weaver incidents, of course, hung over everything,[16] and Gritz was partially to be blamed for that because he kept mentioning them, but only partially, because I think they had deeply affected him, and Almost Heaven was in many ways a reaction to them.

Anyway, what deed of violence was *he* actually threatening to do? In Sandy Valley he'd said to me: You can do a lot before I'll react to you violently, because I'm not afraid of you. —What was the scariest thing that ever happened to you? I asked. —Oh, I don't know. I'm kind of a fatalist. I'm weird. Generals have said if you're not afraid in combat you're a liar. But I've never been afraid. I got concerned in Laos. I got completely surrounded by a regiment of Pathet Lao completely devoted to capturing us and they called in the U.S. Ambassador to Thailand and said: *When* we capture Colonel Gritz, we're going to treat him summarily as a war criminal. —But I told the others: We'll all stick together; we'll never leave anybody behind. There's an old Thai saying: *Where the elephant walks, the legs must follow.* Those were pensive moments. —Listening to this, I had wondered why this concept of sticking together, so obviously admirable in combat, should alarm the neighbors when applied to a housing development. The answer, of course, was that sticking together is an activity performed against a common enemy, which in this case must be either the government or those same neighbors. Nonetheless, while his *Weltanschauung* might be a trifle paranoid, he evinced no bellicosity. His phrasing was not always happy, but the denotations of the words themselves were utterly fair and reasonable. That same night in Sandy Valley, for instance, Gritz had told me (I heard him later use almost identical words a few days later at the press conference): Even though I don't support homosexuals, I have tried to help them. I have counseled them. And I think there are degrees of homosexuality, just as there are degrees of murder, from first degree murder down to manslaughter. If you tell me you're going to sodomize my little boy, I'm gonna nail your hide up against my wall. On the other hand, if you have been a person abused as a child and you don't know right from wrong, you have to be supported on a totally different level. —A gay friend of mine's reaction was "totally patronizing, primitive homophobia." Frankly, the analogy between homosexuality and murder is not endearing. And in this continuum of "degrees of homosexuality" only the endpoints are sketched out: the predatory pedophiles and the pathetic victims. Both of these groups do exist. The majority of the gays I know, however, are in between, not aggressive, not damaged, just human beings going about their own business. I suspect that to Gritz these people would have also been the pathetic victims, the diseased souls to be pitied. I disagree with his descriptive analysis but am not surprised by it. If anything, it is less harsh than one might expect from a man of his generation, especially a man with military conditioning.

Everyone has the right to his own *views.* What are his telegraphed *intentions?* Only that if a homosexual assaults a member of his family he will act in retribution. Other gays he will "support on a totally different level." In Gritz's court, would the moral equivalent of manslaughter carry no penalty? We don't know, so by no means do we have grounds for condemnation.[17] But as I looked into the faces of the other reporters around me at that press conference, I feared that many were thinking GUILTY instead of CASE NOT PROVEN.

The day that some fellow from Colorado opened up on the White House with an SKS rifle, I happened to be in Stites, a small town about thirty miles from Kamiah; and more than one person added after passing on the news: Too bad Clinton wasn't there! —Now, it would be easy to deduce from this that Stites and its environs were fungus gardens of armed extremism. But tasteless expressions of longing for a President's demise do not equate with declarations of intent to assassinate. I remember being in a liberal college town when President Reagan was set on by John Hinckley, Jr., a decade and a half before. A handyman told me the tidings. He worked in a campus dormitory. I had always known him as someone gentle, calm, and quiet. But he deeply resented Reagan's policies, and so for a moment he gloated. In the first confusion with which the media loves to mesmerize us, it seemed that the President was seriously wounded; and this man said: *I hope he dies.* —The most that one can say is that such words is that they show a person's sympathies; if uttered publicly they may indicate an actual tendency. But we use words in so many different contexts and for so many different reasons that caution is certainly warranted when formulating allegations of incitement to violence. It seems obvious, for example, that the less authority one has, the less one ought to be accountable for one's statements. (Of course Gritz had said he wasn't a leader. Of course the Coalition for Human Dignity had said he was.) The men in Stites who expressed their disappointment that President Clinton had failed to take an SKS round might (or might not) have been Bo Gritz's fellow travelers. But they themselves were no leaders that I know of, and so their various utterances comprised no more than puffs of evil wind that happened to be protected by our Constitution. Had Colonel Gritz himself said exactly the same words, a hundred yards away from the White House, addressing a detachment of snipers armed with SKSs (and, by the way, I don't at all imagine Gritz in such a position), *that* would have been treason. Had he said it to Claudia when they were alone in their house one night at Sandy Valley, she would have laughed or said oh honey and that would have been the end of it.[18]

Who will be in charge of Almost Heaven? a reporter asked.

There will be thirteen community people, said Gritz. They will choose themselves. I don't intend to run for office. They could also decide that somebody is undesirable. You cannot have a Hole in the Wall Gang here. If someone is unlawful, or if you're doing something which is in violation of the rights of others, then

we will buy back your equity and you're gone.

And what did undesirable mean, I wondered? Some people were sure they knew. I surely didn't.

In my view he truly was not a bigot. He said of what Lieutenant Calley did in Vietnam: That was a horrible crime. —What about Richard Butler from Aryan Nations? a reporter asked. —Richard Butler's pretty long in the tooth, he replied. When Richard Butler dies, I think the flag comes down over Hayden Lake. They may be more of a threat than I feel, I dunno. If they come here they'll have to take off their Nazi suits. I abhor the Crooked Cross. —When somebody said to him that the books peddled by his associate Richard Flowers denigrated blacks' intelligence, he said: You don't have to read 'em. I think if you had a bunch of homosexuals over there and gave Richard a gun, I don't think he'd pull the trigger.[19] —Then Gritz said the significant thing. He said: If he tries to assault you for having a mixed marriage, that's wrong because you have the right to your own expression.

Sometimes his grimly defiant jokes got him into trouble. Rosemarie Thibault at the Clearwater Motel told me: And he did insult the Native Americans. At the public meeting somebody asked him how he planned to interact with them. He said: Perhaps they can teach me to make rope and I can teach them to pick locks! —I thought that was rude, Rosemarie said. I live on reservation land. I don't like him insulting my neighbors. —But in my mind's eye I could just see Gritz smiling faintly as he said it, just as when he'd clicked that long Spyderco blade out from his belt buddy and refreshed himself upon the reporters' horror, and I had to laugh.

Nor was he a terrorist. I have read a stack of his SPIKE manuals, and in no place, not even the disturbing DARE book on lock-picking, do I find any advertisements for preemptive strikes. Mainly what I see is caution, compassion, and common sense:

> The purpose of this instruction is to provide you with the control tools used by security masters. This information should never be released or used for criminal intent...It is my prayer and desire that you master the methods presented and use them to promote security of persons and property in a free society.[20]

Pray and hope that you never have to use a firearm against another human being. But rather than allow yourself, family and others who depend on you, to suffer and die at the hands of an assailant, use a gun when it is the right choice. When you pull the trigger be certain that the bullet will only hit what you intend and not an innocent person... I recommend the .45 auto Hydrashock bullets. They stop without excessive penetration that might endanger others. My wife and I both normally carry small .45 autos.[21]

What's in a word? Don Pearsons told me that if I misquoted him the way all the other reporters did. then I would have some problems. He knew guns, and showed me how to drill out my hollowpoints to make a bigger impact in life. A boy who

was going to live at Almost Heaven,[22] who when we went to the cutoff just outside of Stites was able to blow away his pumpkin with the first rifle-shot, said to me: If you do anything against Bo or my Dad, I'm gonna come after you. —To save them trouble, I gave them both my address. I liked them. I thought that they were upright people at peace with who they were. They were not unconditionally threatening me. (Bo is really not a violent person, said the boy's father. And I don't think the boy was, either. He wanted to go on a mission for the Mormon Church.) They were warning me that if I lied about them or the folks they cared about, then they would take action. My recourse was my inclination. I would be fair and honest and so I had no need to be afraid. Another reporter might have felt differently. For that matter, some people, including Bo and Claudia Gritz, said that it was the press that was doing the intimidating. And it was certainly the press that looked for trouble and magnified whatever they found, because that is the press's job. A Nez Perce man with a wait-and-see attitude about Gritz put it to me: These guys from the paper, you're the ones that wanna conjure up the verbal wars. —And Bo Gritz just shook his head and asked: So why are people so damned interested in one guy starting a covenant community in Idaho?

STATEMENT OF DAVID L. SCOTT, NEZ PERCE OUTREACH COUNSELOR

Cuttin' up your brothers and sisters, that's carpentry. Cuttin' up the trees. One day I couldn't handle that no more. I really love hard work. That's the person I am. Besides, it's good for the gut. I got in trouble, got a DUI.[23] Maybe I needed that. I'm kinda thankful that I got stopped. Later I became a drug and alcohol counselor. After I got into this work here, I kept workin' across the river here where my sweat lodge is at. The Grandfather had blessed me and put me on the Red Road. Later a man came and helped me and taught me. He offered to bring me to the Sun Dance. That was a great honor for me. I was so thrilled. I don't display my piercings. When your skin breaks, you know what it's like to be humble.

He had a round face and round glasses. His belt buckle said: NEZ PERCE.

And so, he said, when I got word of this person coming to this valley, I heard a lot of fear, and I felt my anger taking off also. But I said, don't believe the media. When we read print, it puts a situation where we want to point fingers and make choices. This man and his followers, if they're gonna do any kind of harm to the people and to the land, it's gonna all come down. We, as people, do not have to get riled up by the evil. I hope that our people will not do anything. I'm only praying that if there is any good in this covenant, that's great. As a drug and alcohol counselor, I know that when there's change people get afraid. I think people are fifty-fifty. Some say, naw, we don't want this. If they push us with paramilitary stuff, we gonna attack back. We got a lot of people who wanna say: Give him a chance. If

they get angry or evil or whatever, they'll self-destruct. We'll work with them if they want. The Creator will have His way. I never met Mr. Gritz, whatever his name is, but I'd love to meet him.

STATEMENT OF JERRY GILLESPIE (WHOSE ALMOST COMPLETED HOUSE STOOD NEXT TO THE GRITZES' PROPERTY)

Well, I'm just dreamin' when we get this porch finished, put in some wicker furniture, have some hot chocolate, watch the deer comin' in.

They come up that draw every morning, said his son.

So what's this community all about? I asked.

You've got people of like minds that are going to defend themselves against bad government. That's all. We're not racist.

STATEMENT OF ROSEMARIE THIBAULT, GENERAL MANAGER AT THE CLEARWATER MOTEL (KAMIAH)

I can't prove anything, but have any blacks bought up there? Have any homosexuals bought up there?

STATEMENT OF JERRY GILLESPIE (CONTINUED)

We have blacks that go to our SPIKE. We're not brainwashed. We don't all think exactly the same. For instance, I told Bo, I says, you'll never be my religious leader.

STATEMENT OF ROSEMARIE THIBAULT (CONTINUED)

He talks all the time about his children who are half-Chinese and his half African-American godchild. Now, this just happened on the phone, so I can't prove anything, but a mother named Mrs. Martin called me from Nevada and told me he's not the godfather of that child. She knew the girl's name. I don't know if he's the godfather, and who does know?

STATEMENT OF MR. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (CONTINUED)

I don't know that he is racist. But I think he has set himself up with the extreme right and the racist right is part of his constituency. He has put himself in a posi-

tion where he must either totally disassociate himself from them or else he is stuck with it, because these are the individuals who are coming to his SPIKE training. He doesn't lead a militia. But his influence, his vision, is based on a history of racist, anti-Semitic affiliations that he does not deny. He dances around the issue. He stays away from it. But he's addressed a gathering of Klan members. And his message is Christian Identity.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MR. DAVID LANE, "POW OF ZOG [ZIONIST OCCUPATION GOVERNMENT]" (FOR SALE AT THE ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND)

Today this doctrine, in which we again realize WE are Israel, is called "IDENTITY." To our forefathers who knew their Identity as they marched across this land, singing songs such as "Ye sacred seed of Jacob's Race," it was simply Christian faith...In the United States and Canada they knew their Identity. They defeated the Asiatic Indians and put them on reservations. They drove the Mexicans from Texas and California. They had laws against marriage with Negroes. Therefore, they became a great nation and Yahweh blessed our beginning. But then we sinned. We permitted the alien, the Devil's children, to run our affairs...[24]

STATEMENT OF PASTOR RICHARD BUTLER, CHURCH OF JESUS CHRIST CHRISTIAN, ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND (HAYDEN LAKE, IDAHO)

Patient and white-haired, he sat a little dreamily behind his desk, on the front of which two signs had been hung; the first said ARYAN and the second said NATIONS. Books and sideways-stacked papers almost walled him off. The wall behind him was crowded with insignia, photographs (at least one of Hitler), messages and tiny figures in a case. The sign on the corner door said: MINISTRY OF TRUTH.

The twelve tribes of Israel is the *Aryan* Nations. They're the white nations. We're the Adamic race. We have settled all over the world as the Bible said we would. We have brought light to the world. Genesis says: This is the book of the race of Adam, period. The other races were here long before us. It was the whites who brought gunpowder to China. We get taught things from a Jewish point of view. Now, when I was your age, we *had* a national state.

When Saigon fell, Pastor Butler went on after awhile, the Vietnamese slammed all the mixed-race babies' heads up against the wall.

Was that right?

From their point of view, yes.

A SIGN IN THE ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND

WHITES ONLY

STATEMENT OF MR. STEVE TANNER (NEAR RUBY CREEK, WHERE THE RANDY WEAVER SHOOTOUT OCCURRED; QUOTED)

People who want to believe a lie will find that God will give them over to it. This applies to more than the sodomites. It may even apply to what's known as the Patriot Identity Movement ...Many or most of the people I have seen in the Identity movement only want to gripe and blame someone else for their problems and injustices.[25]

STATEMENT OF MICHAEL REYNOLDS (CONTINUED)

You look at right wing terrorism throughout the eighties and nineties and it has Identity laced through it. That's a danger I see with this Christian covenant community. What if you're raised with that ideology and you retire to a community full of it? Let's say half a percent of those folks decide to take up the gun. You got hell to pay.

STATEMENT OF BO AND CLAUDIA GRITZ (CONTINUED)

So you dropped by Butler's compound, did you? said Gritz in amusement. And how was everything down there? I haven't been there for years, since I had engine trouble at Hayden Lake.

You visited the Aryan Nations compound? said Claudia in fascinated horror. Was it scary?

STATEMENT OF JERRY GILLESPIE (CONTINUED)

So all the lots at Almost Heaven are sold?

That's right.

Do you have a copy of the covenant that buyers sign?

We haven't written it up yet, he said.

Look, I said. Let me be honest with you, Jerry. Everything you say makes sense except for one thing. If you folks only need to defend yourselves, why do you want

to know how to pick locks? I'm not trying to be rude. I only want to understand.

We were inside his dark and chilly house now. There were no walls between rooms yet. He said: My other son, Adam, he has helped people who've locked their keys in the car. I'm handicapped, as you see. (Gillespie had bad legs.) If there's a vehicle and it's an emergency and I see it, I'm gonna need it. A combination lock, we can open it in two seconds. And when you know you're not safe, not even with a deadbolt, it makes you think.[26]

Anything else you want to say? I asked.

You just mention that I think Bo Gritz is one of the most decent human beings who ever lived.

STATEMENT OF ROSEMARIE THIBAULT (CONTINUED)

I'll tell you what bothers me. He sells lock picks through his magazine. He said it's because his wife always locks herself out of the car. I felt that was not a sufficient answer, because he can buy *her* a lock-picking kit, but why sell them to others? And I don't like these rumors that are going around town that they're building bunkers up there. These rumors supposedly come from people who are working up there. I have guns myself. I have rifles and I have handguns. *I* don't need a bunker. What kind of weapons would they want to keep in a bunker? The rumors are enough to scare people.

So, I gather you think Bo Gritz is dangerous, or am I putting words in your mouth?

Oh, you're not putting words in my mouth! Children learn from children, and if their children are gonna go to public school, what are they gonna teach our children? Fortunately my children are grown, but what about other people's children? I don't want them to live by the philosophy, don't pay your taxes and stuff like that

How would you say the feeling runs in this town?

A lot of people that are against are not speaking out because they're afraid. In this town it's probably running 65%-35% against. I think it was much lower until he wrote the article about how to avoid your Idaho tax, I think it was in his magazine, where he told his people how not to pay Idaho tax also.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (BY PHONE)

If you follow Gritz's view of the world to its logical conclusion, there's going to be violence.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ

Your concern about my teaching DARE is also a bit mystifying, considering your latent SF[27]

tendencies. I am a school trained skilled lockmaster and manipulator of safe combinations, albeit as a USG operative...What is wrong with me sharing an esoteric technical skill as part of SPIKE that attendees are using to start new areas of employment and for other legal purposes?} Instruction, such as I gave in Phase II, would cost thousands. Our SPIKERS received it along with three other subjects for $100... Several of our SPIKERS are now licensed locksmiths. Everyone who attended Phase II, or has viewed the video, knows how to better secure their person and property. Too bad you missed the training. A guy in your shoes could use such a skill to preserve life, limb and liberty. Buy the video and stop blubbering about responsible Americans who know how to better secure themselves and can make a living doing it—it's out of character for you and, I believe, not your true nature.

STATEMENT OF A CHEF IN A RESTAURANT IN A CERTAIN SMALL TOWN NEAR KAMIAH

It's a real nice, tight-knit community, to tell you the truth. I was really happy to come up here. My car had just been stolen in Florida. The judicial system in Florida is such corruption. I was in court on a charge of false arrest. My lawyer entered a guilty plea without my permission.

I'm formerly employed by the National Security Agency, he said. Believe me, I know things I wish I never knew. We have got to start enforcing the Constitution and get the politicians accountable. It's supposed to be *our* town. I know my rights.

What do you think about Bo Gritz?

I don't know his entire beliefs and everything but I think it's great he stands up for his beliefs. We and five other families just purchased a hundred and nine acres. We looked at Bo's property, and we liked it, but this other place, the price was right. Real nice view. Very defensible, also.

I nodded.

Up on our property, we gonna be generating our own electricity also, he said. We're gonna be off the grid as much as possible.

The teenagers here, you know, they're a whole different breed; they're polite, he said. They're home-schooled. Matter of fact, I've talked to some kids who know a lot about their rights.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ, KAMIAH (CONTINUED)

Why are you building Almost Heaven? a reporter asked. What do you hope to get out of it? Are you making money on these lots?

Gritz looked at him for awhile. Then he said quietly: I would hope that you have something in your brainbox more than bucks.

THE CONSTITUTIONALISTS

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER, COALITION FOR HUMAN DIGNITY (CONTINUED)

There is an obvious question about who is Bo Gritz and what role does he play in the white supremacist movement in the United States, said Gardiner, cupping his cheek in his hand inside the room of the chilly brick warehouse that served as the Coalition for Human Dignity (CHD) headquarters. This was, as it were, the command post of Bo Gritz's archenemies. Jonathan Mozzochi, whom Gritz particularly resented, had said to me: One thing he's been trying to get across to the press is he's not a bigot. He has kept his confirmed white supremacist friends until they're of no use to him. Up to then, they're his best friends.

I had begun to see by then that one of the most substantial issues was who Gritz's "friends" were and how closely they traveled beside him on his political road. Mozzochi did not mince words in describing Gritz's particular path: What does this most closely resemble ideologically? It's Identity. It's clear Identity. —Grossly simplified, Christian Identity is the doctrine that whites constitute the House of Israel, and others are excluded. (One man in Noxon said: The Bible is the history of my relatives. That makes it special. —I like myself this idea of his, as long as the people I love can be my relatives, also.) Some people go further, arguing that Asians and blacks are the "beasts of the field" mentioned in the Book of Genesis, and Jews are the offspring of Cain, who in turn was the issue of Eve's literal seduction by the serpent. (One tract, written by a fellow who once spoke at a Covenant, Sword and Arm of the Lord function along with Richard Butler of the Aryan Nations,[28] reads: *Martin Luther King unconsciously made a very revealing statement when he said: "The Negro MUST ATTAIN HUMAN DIGNITY. This statement is tantamount to saying that the cow must attain bovine dignity. Why would anyone try and attain that which he already possessed?... There are also distinct scientific differences between the blood of the "true Jew" and that of the Adamite, which explains why they {the Jews} have always been a "vampire" people who MUST live off others in order to survive.)*[29] Some Identity Christians preach violence and some do not.[30] Did Bo Gritz stand for Identity? I didn't think so. But I spoke with Mozzochi only on the phone. When I came to Portland, he was away, so Steven Gardiner ended up being the one I interviewed. Gardiner—pale, plump, acned, and dedicated—reminded me of some of my college classmates who had stayed on in academics. A bookish and very articulate intelligence was the mainspring of his soul. Whereas Gritz generalized, perhaps excessively, from his own experience, Gardiner had the opposite flaw, which might be called bloodlessness. The sin on both sides of the conflict between the rightwing "patriots" and their liberal-left watchdogs was one of judging people by

the company they kept. They were not so interested in who or what Gritz was, and I thought that that was wrong. (In your opinion, is he a racist? I'd asked Ken Toole of the Montana Human Rights Network. —My conclusion is it doesn't matter, was the reply. Most of my discussion with Bo was very brief. He was talking about the Fourteenth Amendment... —To me this was no more satisfactory, and certainly less witty, than Pastor Richard Butler's rejoinder when I asked him what he thought of the Coalition for Human Dignity; old Butler touched his swastika ring, smiled benignly, and replied: You know what the word *hue* means? *Color.* I'm an Aryan, not a *hue* -man.) Whom Bo Gritz associated with was certainly important, which was why I was about to go to Montana and then back to Idaho to meet them, listen to them, see if they shared beliefs, learn what they had to say about Gritz; perhaps my own bias, my fascination with character (I sometimes write novels), might be making me search in the wrong places for the wrong thing, but I didn't know any other way to do this. The blinds were drawn and there was no nameplate outside. Gardiner would not permit me to take his photograph. He feared harassment of his family.

STICKER ON A COMPUTER AT THE COALITION FOR HUMAN DIGNITY OFFICE

FEAR OF A QUEER PLANET

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Do you believe I foment hatred? Do you think I'm not sensitive to the plight of honest homos? I believe homosexual conduct to be abnormal. Nothing else in nature that I know of tries to copulate with its own kind... I understand why some are caught, but I believe assault of any sexual nature is criminal (rape, incest, sex with minors). This includes NAMBLA and any other militant sexual oriented organization. I am as much, but no more, against them as I am the KKK, et al.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

I really don't think Gritz is an evil person, I said.

He does say, "I'm not a bigot; I'm not a racist, I'm not an anti-Semite," Gardiner replied. And he is somehow larger than life. He's a leader.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE
(CONTINUED)

He's very charismatic. The thing about him that troubled me was the behavior that his stance encourages, and the people in the past who've conglomerated around him in his Presidential campaign. His response is the Populist Party is just a vehicle for him.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER
(CONTINUED)

For us the question is *not:* what's in his head; what's in his heart? He is playing a role as a leader within the movement of white supremacists. This movement breaks down three ways. There are neo-Nazis, there are Christian Identity members, and there are Christian Patriots. Gritz's specific role is in the Christian Patriot movement, which bases itself on Constitutional principles.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ, KAMIAH
(CONTINUED)

We will do whatever we have to do within the letter of the law—but the law is the *Constitution.*

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER
(CONTINUED)

The Christian Patriots often want to abide only by the Constitution itself and its first ten Amendments, because they claim that that's the original "organic Constitution."

FROM GRITZ'S CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER

Don't forget: The 2nd Amendment was passed to safeguard the other nine![31]

STATEMENT OF JERRY GILLESPIE
(CONTINUED)

I oppose the Fourteenth Amendment because it makes us federal instead of state citizens.

FOURTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, SECTION ONE

All persons born or naturalized in the United States, and subject to the jurisdiction thereof, are citizens of the United States and of the State wherein they reside. No State shall make or enforce any law which shall abridge the privileges or immunities of citizens of the United States; nor shall any State deprive any person of life, liberty, or property, without due process of law; nor deny to any person within its jurisdiction the equal protection of the laws.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

If somebody says to me that the Fourteenth Amendment is flawed, to me that's racist. If this takes away the rights of original state citizens, my response is that the original white citizens had privileges, but with the end of the Civil War that question was resolved.

STATEMENT OF MS. MARLENE HINES, MONTANA HUMAN RIGHTS NETWORK (HELENA, MONTANA)

Here in Montana there's a group called the Freemen. They say white Christian men are sovereign. Fourteenth Amendment citizens have rights only from whites.

STATEMENT OF GROUP LEADER TIM BISHOP, ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND

The idea of cruelty to slaves is to imbue the white nation with collective guilt.

BUT WHAT IF IT WASN'T RACIST?

There is another way to judge somebody who opposes the Fourteenth Amendment, and that is to take him at face value. Jerry Gillespie said he did not want to be a federal citizen. Maybe he really did not want to be a federal citizen. All of these people were isolationists. They specifically feared "one-world government"—*all* of them: Gritz, Beckman, Gillespie, Butler, Bob Fletcher and the Trochmanns of the Militia of Montana, and even (according to a sympathetic pamphlet) Randy Weaver.[32] Gritz's friend and associate, Jack McLamb, founded an organization called "Police Against the New World Order". —A typical comment was Bob Fletcher's on GATT:[33] That's the end of the country. One thing in it is the registration of all newborn babies with their social security numbers. —Will that happen in Mexico



TAX PROTESTERS and GUN OWNERS are going to elect well known **TAX PROTESTER**

RED BECKMAN X

as the next SHERIFF of YELLOWSTONE COUNTY.

When Sheriff Maxwell supervised the theft and destruction of Red and Earlene Beckman's home and property it was not just their rights that were violated—

IT WAS OUR RIGHTS!!!

GUN OWNERS and TAX PROTESTERS will use the pencil in the voting booth. They will write in:

RED BECKMAN for COUNTY SHERIFF

and check the square X

Red Beckman has been blowing the whistle on politicians, corrupt public servants and the terrorist IRS for many years. He has earned our respect!

This message is brought to you by TAX PROTESTERS and GUN OWNERS who have decided to quit complaining and get involved. We can have very little effect at the State and Federal levels, but we can have a big impact at the County level if we elect:

RED BECKMAN

As Sheriff with a write-in vote. X

"Politicians create problems—**TAX PROTESTERS** solve problems."

If you want more information or wish to assist; please call or visit campaign headquarters at HOJO INN, 248-4656 Ext. 400

Paid for by Friends of Red Beckman. Darlene Durand Treasurer, PO Box 457, Billings, Mt. 59103

Election flier (1995)

also? I asked. —I don't give a shit, said Fletcher. We have enough problems in this country.[34] And as I traveled across Montana, which was sometimes snowy and sometimes rainy and sometimes chilly and sunny with sagebrush and clouds and warm light inside tiny cafes where guys sat on stools drinking coffee before mounted elk heads or deer heads like great-horned idols, I found that many ordinary people who had nothing against anybody else believed what Fletcher believed. —As Bo Gritz had said at his press conference: We don't want anything from the government. We only want them to stay in the ten square miles the Congress gave them. — Sometimes even I agree, knee-jerk taxpayer though I am. —And "Red" Beckman had insisted: The states were the ones who created the national government, not the other way around. The federal government is meant to be the *agent* of the states.

Does that mean that during the Civil War the southern states had the right to pull out of the Union? I asked.

Absolutely. Absolutely. I never did like Abe Lincoln. That guy, he was rotten. Six hundred thousand Americans died. You get into true history, you'll learn that Abe Lincoln and Karl Marx were friends.[35] That was a socialist revolution. Six of the Union generals were Communists. Can you imagine the tears? Can you imagine the heartache? Can you imagine all the orphans, all the people out there with amputated legs? All the women left at home. Slavery was being discarded on a continual basis. It was something that could have been resolved without all that. Those blacks living in those ghettos in Chicago, most of the people living in slavery back then were better off than those poor kids without a family. Some of the best friends I have

in this country are black.[36]

FIFTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, SECTION ONE

The right of citizens of the United States to vote shall not be denied or abridged by the United States or by any State on account of race, color, or previous condition of servitude.

FROM A BOOK FOR SALE AT THE ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND (HAYDEN LAKE, IDAHO)

We have already discussed above how a repeal of the fourteenth amendment would reenable states and communities to effectively grapple, on a local level, with their problems regarding standards of conduct ... the repeal of the fourteenth amendment would assist in returning the citizenship status of nonwhites to that of the Dred Scott *era, that is, nonwhites would again become non-citizens... The repeal of the fifteenth amendment fits into the overall scheme of the proposal of this text by removing the right to vote regardless of race. It would be incongruous to repeal the fourteenth amendment which gives citizenship rights to nonwhites, but not repeal the fifteenth amendment which gives them voting rights. Moreover...the fifteenth amendment as well as the fourteenth amendment was illegally proposed and ratified by the radicals at the end of the Civil War.*[37]

STATEMENT OF MR. DON PEARSONS (CONTINUED)

His work-wrinkled hands gripped each other. —A lot of people don't even know what the Constitution says, he sighed. Everybody is so busy with his own little problem, he doesn't want to worry about the other stuff. I feel like if we were back in the 1850s, it would be nice. Those people were so forceful. When I went to school back in the little one-room schoolhouse, that's what we were taught, the Bill of Rights.

What do you think about the right to bear arms?

It's ridiculous to disarm the people.[38] I don't think anybody knows what they might have to defend against. Self-defense is always justified if your life is threatened.

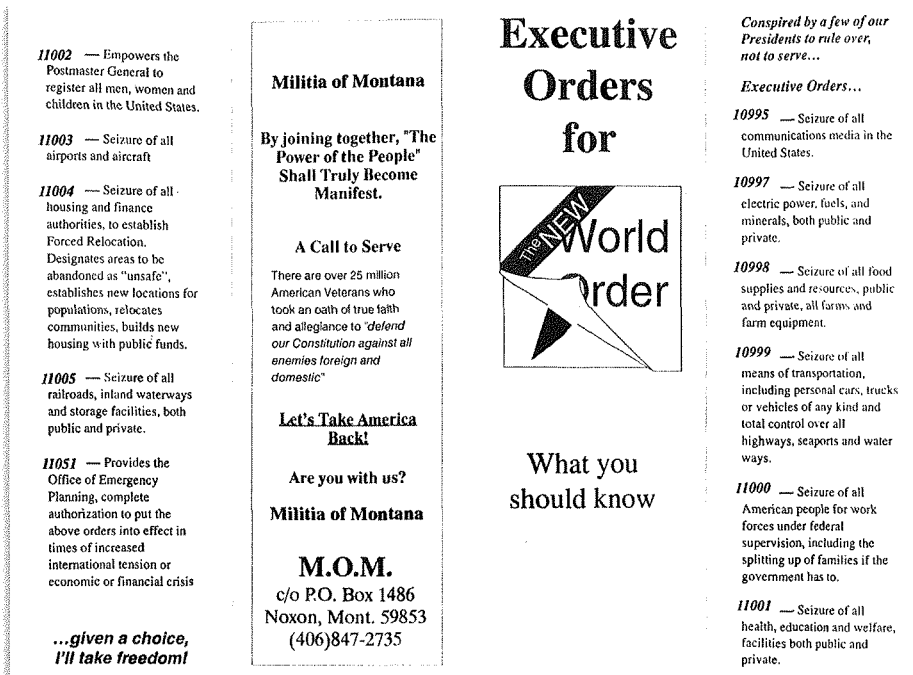
Who do you think is more likely to cause a problem, Mr. Pearsons, criminals or the government?

I would say the government probably.

What's the worst thing they might do?

Randy Weaver! the boy who was going to live at Almost Heaven cut in. Here's a woman standing in the doorway and they shoot her!

Why would they have done that? I asked him.



Militia of Montana leaflet

Why would they have shot a fourteen-year-old boy in the back? he said flatly.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

I'm not pro gun control, said Toole. I like hunting. But there are some reasonable limits to the right to bear arms. I assume that Bo stays in the law on this stuff. But the movement does not. My first shotgun was a .410, and within three or four years it was no longer legal due to a hacksaw. We all did that. But that's different from a bunch of adults.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN

I, myself, believe that the crime bill banning "assault" weapons which President Clinton signed into law in the autumn of 1994 was an infringement upon on my Second Amendment rights. With one possible exception, every gun I own was on the ban list. I fail to see, for instance, why I shouldn't be able to have a machine gun loaded with a five-hundred-round drum in my house if that would make me feel safer at night. I agree with Bo Gritz and Don Pearsons. I believe that the government *is* trying to disarm me.[39]

Executive Orders

What are Executive Orders?

Executive Orders are laws established by United States Presidents. These laws are not passed by the Congress or the Senate, and create an end-run around the Constitution. These laws begin as Executive Orders which are simply printed in the Federal Register. After thirty days these orders become law and carry the full impact of any law passed by the United States Congress. These laws are unconstitutional because the Constitution does not afford any person the right to creat laws by himself that negates the Constitution.

To understand just how this could all come about you need to open your eyes, your mind and your heart. What we have discovered is quite scary, very much unconstitutional and in every sense, acts of treason to the United States of America. There are individuals in this world, within this country, and in our own government who would like to rule the world, and they do believe that this is possible. They are and have been working towards this goal for decades. Some of the individuals caught up in this endeavor have been our very own elected officials. These power hungry individuals have corrupted our government and are working on sabotaging our freedom by destroying the Constitution of the United States, in order to establish the "New World Order" (a.k.a. "Global Community").

To bring about this New World Order, and ultimately the single World Government, there are several things that must come about: All other forms of government throughout the world must cease to function and thus the countries would become bankrupt. Because the Constitution is a document that safeguards the sovereignty of our nation it must be destroyed. Because of the genuine threat of the American militia, the American people must be disarmed, and become addicted to the government hand-outs and thus become "*sheeple*".

The American people have become so accustomed to their freedom, and the constitutional safeguards afforded them, that they have paid little if any attention to what is and could be happening around them. The international establishment has planned this, and are working to use this weakness to erode our freedom and take control of the United States.

— The Declaration of Interdependence, supported by several of our elected officials, moves the United States of America closer to the mandates of the United Nations Charter.
— The U.S. has entered into many United Nations treaties (Genocide Treaty, Human Rights Treaty and Total Disarmament Treaty) that steal away our rights under the "Bill of Rights". Despite the noble titles of these treaties, the truth of the motives of the U.N. become self-evident under the most fundamental scrutiny.
— The "War on Drugs" is the guise the Federal Government uses to legitamize the invoking of Martial Law tactics (under the Drug & Crime Emergency Act), while they continue to covertly import the drugs and weapons they claim to be fighting against. This guise conveniently facilitates the total disarmament of all weapons (public and private) as mandated by the United Nations.
— Without the complicity of the Federal Government, crime of this magnitude could not exist.

These Executive Orders, and other treasonous acts, establish the basis for the Federal Emergency Management Association (FEMA). FEMA has the power to completely rule over the American people, any time the President should decide to declare Martial Law. If this should ever happen the Director of FEMA (an unelected official) has the authorization to enact all Executive Orders, giving him full dictatorial control over all of the United States, its resources, and its people. Martial Law suspends all prior or existing laws, functions, systems and programs of civil government, and replaces them with a military system. These systems include the courts, mail, sanitation, aviation, firefighting, police, agricultural services, health, education and welfare. The American people and all their belongings become chattel of FEMA, and the United Nations Peace Keeping Forces will be in absolute control of our country.

Sounds a bit preposterous, doesn't it? Yes, but there are those individuals who feel so secure in what they are doing to gain this control, that they have indeed set themselves above the law, or perverted the nature of the law into new laws to protect their conspiracy. Laws that are made in secrecy are a threat to each of us, and must be rescinded if we are to remain a free people. There is evidence of all of this if you would but ask and seek the truth.

A SIGN NEXT TO THE GAS STATION SIGN IN SAINT MARIES, IDAHO

BLACK POWDER GUNS
$129.00 & UP
FULL LINE SUPPLIES

NOTE: *Black powder guns are not yet subject to registration.*

SIXTEENTH AMENDMENT TO THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

The Congress shall have power to lay and collect taxes on incomes, from whatever source derived, without apportionment among the several States, and without regard to any census or enumeration.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

The Sixteenth Amendment is something that none of us feel very good about, said Gardiner. It's not so much tax protest that I object to. It comes back to this argument about state citizenship. It's a petty kind of Populism. Taxes are part of the heart of what is democracy. I see no evidence that the Sixteenth is illegal and false.

FROM A BOOK BY MR. M. J. "RED" BECKMAN (BILLINGS, MONTANA)

In 1800, if Congress had written the IRS code, the voters would have trashed that bad law with their jury votes. People, who recognize a tyranny, will refuse to finance their own destruction. That means a refusal to pay taxes. A mentally independent thinker will not file a federal 1040 income tax form.[40]

STATEMENT OF MS. THEO ELLERY, PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (HELENA, MONTANA)

Do you think that "Red" Beckman and similar tax protesters are dangerous?

The Internal Revenue Service really has no opinion on this. The gentlemen are exercising their Constitutional rights.

According to "Red" Beckman, the Sixteenth Amendment was never properly

ratified. What do you think about that?

That argument has never been upheld in any of the courts. It appears that they have their own interpretation of the Constitution and the legal system, unsubstantiated by case law. I guess that's why all of these folks are saying now that the court system is not right.

STATEMENT OF AN EMPATHETIC SOCIOLOGIST

Granted that IRS officials have had grounds for implementing aggressive Returns Compliance Programs in eastern Idaho, the apparent arbitrariness and harshness of its measures have lent plausibility to a popular image of it being stupid at best and of "playing a Gestapo game" at worst.[41]

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN

In March 1983 I just destroyed a prosecutor in Fort Worth, he laughed. I just *destroyed* him. They wouldn't let the jury hear my testimony. The prosecutor had lied to the judge. He'd tried to quash my subpoena. He wanted the judge to order troops around the courthouse. I'm just a peacelovin' hayseed from Montana! This was a major IRS prosecution. The judge got his chin on his chest when I said my piece. The judges want to make the decisions, see. But I said to the prosecutor: Up in Montana we don't believe anything you people tell us. The Sixteenth Amendment was never ratified. It was never ratified. We're afraid not to file that income tax return, so we're not free.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

These guys piss me off because I pay for the roads they drive on to get off the grid. We are *not* in a state of nature. Where this really pisses me off is in the courts, when they start filing this stuff that costs the country horrendous amounts of dollars. We've got kids who need vaccinations!

STATEMENT OF AN UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON, MONTANA

All the way, the Patriotic Movement has been fighting the government. We have made progress based on what the Supreme Court sent back and we have learned. The sad thing about most people is we become hardwired into our beliefs and unable to grow.

STATEMENT OF MS. MERRY TRUDEAU, PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (BOISE, IDAHO)

We don't have that kind of visible hardcore protester group [in Idaho]. They're not as visible as they used to be.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Dynamite comes in small packages, too. That little book [on tax protest] is having a tremendous effect. I'm the most published author in Montana history.

STATEMENT OF MERRY TRUDEAU (CONTINUED)

In the past, these people filed Sixteenth Amendment returns. Those returns alerted us to the fact that they were protesters. Now they just don't file. With our computer system it could take us up to two years to find out they haven't filed. But we're modernizing. Very soon it will take only one year to find them.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

The IRS, they're worse than the Mafia. I've been bulldozed, I've been SWAT teamed. It's just a weed patch now. They sold that land at an IRS sale, which was absolutely illegal. As you see, said the old grandfather in his grey jacket and a grey cowboy hat, handing my friend Vanessa and me a pamphlet, I'm a write-in candidate for sheriff. Boy, if I was sheriff this would be the first IRS-free county in the nation.

What exactly happened?

They came in just as the Missus and I were at home. They were in camo, with guns and stuff. They just said: You're in custody. I first thought it was the Gestapo. They took us off the property. And the sheriff said to one of the newsmen: He didn't violate the law. He didn't do anything wrong.

STATEMENT OF MARLENE HINES, MONTANA HUMAN RIGHTS NETWORK (CONTINUED)

When they had this auction of Beckman's personal effects, I went down and bid on

some of his papers. Five or six men came up to me and said: What's wrong with an all-white nation? —It was quite an intimidating scenario. For some reason, these men were quite large.

STATEMENT OF THEO ELLERY, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

I've heard that "Red" Beckman's property was sold for more than the amount that he owed the IRS, but that he never received the difference. Is that true?

No. When a taxpayer refuses to pay a tax but has the ability to pay and the money to pay, that taxpayer leaves the government no option but to seize and sell his or her property. If there's more money realized in the sale than is due in tax, the taxpayer has the right to claim the refund. But you have to file. You have to ask for your change. Anyhow, once Mr. Beckman's property was sold, it was out of the hands of the Internal Revenue Service, Bill. The Internal Revenue Service had no further right to the property. And neither did Mr. Beckman. And Mr. Beckman exercised all of his Constitutional rights through the judicial system. The opinion of the Internal Revenue Service was upheld at all levels. By the way, all this happened over fifteen years ago. Are you aware of that?

Yes, I am. Does Mr. Beckman file these days?

That's something that's protected by privacy, Bill.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

When they came to evict "Red" Beckman from his property, we lined up with brooms and maps and empty buckets. All he wanted was due process. You don't have to do a lot of things that are provocative. The SWAT team finally left because we confused them. Maybe they thought there was napalm in those buckets.[42]

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Do you know where we can get some venison, Mr. Beckman? Vanessa's never tried it.

There's so many deer. I used to shoot 'em right back behind the barn, before they took my property away.

SO MANY DEER

There was a cemetery in a wheat-colored field. The small gravestones resembled hay bales. We headed south, then west toward the storm blue mountains. Clouds were long and rounded like trout. Cool greenish-tan ridges attended us, and another deer ran across the freeway. A deer was swimming across an icy river.

It was raining in Helena and they said there might be snow.

We drove on, evergreens shading the snow blue as we came down over the Little Blackfoot River. A deer went running.

STATEMENT OF THEO ELLERY (CONTINUED)

Do these tax protesters have any influence?

It's my personal opinion that their message doesn't appeal to the average American. It seems like the disenfranchised collect together, though.

STATEMENT OF MR. CLINT ENGLEDOW, REALTOR (CONTINUED)

I've worked for myself all my life, and so I'm a real jerk when it comes to the government and welfare and people who don't get up in the morning. (A blind man is another matter.) But while I'm fiscally conservative, while we all can complain about our federal income taxes and what they're used for, property tax is the one equitable tax. It flushes our toilet; it pays for everything. If they won't pay property taxes either at Almost Heaven then I say by God don't use our library or have a heart attack and then expect an ambulance.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

For these people, if you're a citizen of a state, that means a *white* citizen. If you're only under the organic Constitution—a white citizen—then you're exempted from any Amendments past the Tenth.

How does Bo Gritz fit in?

His 1992 Presidential campaign speech did more to bring all the racists together than any other *positive* event (the negative events being Weaver, Waco, the Brady bill, the crime bill) in the past twenty years.

POPULIST ACTION COMMITTEE

300 INDEPENDENCE AVE., SE WASHINGTON, D.C. 20003

NON-PARTISAN—DEVOTED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULISM, NATIONALISM AND THE U.S. CONSTITUTION—FOR AMERICA FIRST

ADVISORY BOARD

ABE LINCOLN AUSTIN
Monetary Scientist

MIKE BLAIR
Investigative Reporter

KEN BOHNSACK
Founder Sovereignty

ROBERT BROCK
Cosmopolitan Brotherhood Association

BOYD GODLOVE Jr.
Chairman
Maryland Populist Party

JAMES (BO) GRITZ
Lt. Col.—U.S. Army (Ret.)

VAN LOMAN
Promotional Consultant

PAULINE MACKEY
Treasurer (Ret.)
David Duke for President

TOM McINTYRE
Former Chairman
Populist Party

EUSTACE MULLINS
Author

L. FLETCHER PROUTY
Col.—U.S. Air Force (Ret.)

JOHN RAKUS
President
National Justice Foundation

Hon. JOHN R. RARICK
Former Congressman
(D-Louisiana)

VINCE RYAN
Senior Editor
The SPOTLIGHT

SHERMAN SKOLNICK
Chairman
Committee to Clean Up the Courts

JAMES H. TOWNSEND
Editor & Publisher
The National Educator

JAMES P. TUCKER Jr.
President
National Media Services

TOM VALENTINE
Host
Radio Free America

RAYMOND E. WALK
President
Hayan Associates, Inc.

ROBERT H. WEEMS
Founding Chairman
Populist Party

* * *

KEVIN KREIDER
Director

RICK KNOX
Political Education Director

25 November 1994

Bill Zollman
PO BOX 188337
Sacramento CA 95818

Dear Mr. Zollman,

I thought this additional information was important in clarifying the Populist outlook. It was written by my good friend Robert Weems in an attempt to explain the differences between the Libertarian outlook and the Populist outlook.

If you have any further questions or comments, feel free to call.

Sincerely,

Kevin Kreider

Letterhead of the Populist Action Committee

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON

The best thing that ever happened is the marriage of the Militia and the Brady Bill, the Crime Bill.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

The Populist Party historically was founded by bigots and led by ex-Klansmen. It led candidates who were bigots. Not everybody in it was one. Many were just disgruntled. Certainly the leadership here in the Northwest is wholly run by neo-Nazis and Klansmen.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

I am not now, nor ever have been (including the 1992 election) a member of the Populist Party. My '92 campaign had zero—nothing—zip to do with Willis Carto. I was on most of the state ballots under the "America First" banner and only used the Populist Party where states wanted to run candidates for other offices.

STATEMENT OF MR. WILLIS CARTO, SPOKESMAN, POPULIST ACTION COMMITTEE (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

Their stationery had an eagle on it with the words "AMERICA FIRST." The motto of the Populist Action Committee was:

NON-PARTISAN—DEDICATED TO THE PRINCIPLES OF POPULISM, NATIONALISM AND THE U.S. CONSTITUTION—FOR AMERICA FIRST.

The list of names on the advisory board went almost to the bottom of the page. Let's see, now...right above PAULINE MACKEY, TREASURER (RET.), DAVID DUKE FOR PRESIDENT there was one VAN LOMAN, PROMOTIONAL CONSULTANT; and just above him I spotted a name I might have seen before, a certain JAMES (BO) GRITZ, LT. COL—U.S. ARMY (RET.)

Mr. Carto's name was not on the stationery, but Steven Gardiner seemed to know him quite well. He told me that Carto was a racist, and maybe he was.[43] As my friend Ben remarked, calling someone a racist or a sexist in the 1990s was equivalent to calling him a Communist in the 1950s. Unfortunately, both sides in the battle could sometimes be a little righteous, so that it was difficult to tell a description from an epithet. For example, they used ad hominem methods to attack one

another. "Face-to-face [Jack] McLamb is a large, smarmy man who wears his police uniform at public appearances,"[44] the anti-patriots wrote about Gritz's friend and associate. (Jonathan Mozzochi said to me on the phone: I think McLamb is a frig-gin' used car salesman in this movement.) Bo Gritz was not above this, either. In his Center for Action newsletter he quoted someone as saying about Attorney General Janet Reno (or, "Butch," as he loved to call her): "She is far more ghastly in person, sort of an elephant-size explosion of flab and fish odor wrapped in sack cloth."[45]

So was Carto a racist?

There is no Populist Party at this time, said Carto on the phone. The Populist Party unfortunately has fallen on very hard times.

What's the difference between the Populist Party and the Populist Action Committee?

A party's a party. A political action committee is simply an information group that compiles and reports information and facts about Populists. There is one group, but that group up there up has no ballot status anywhere as far as I know. The guy's simply collecting money.

Do you think Bo Gritz will run for President on the Populist ticket again?

Well, we're not too familiar with what Bo's doing right now, but he's certainly saying the right things.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

I had never met Willis Carto, or the Populist Party when I went to the '88 Cincinnati Convention. As you know, Claudia does all my bookings. My trip was strictly as a paid speaker to relate my SF[46] experiences and findings in Burma. As a professional soldier, I had never considered politics as a lifestyle (firmly believed all politicians belonged on the bottom of the ocean with whale droppings, et al—still do). I arrived the night before my scheduled morning speech and remained in the motel room until talk-time. After the presentation, Willis Carto cornered me about being a vice presidential candidate on the ticket with James Trafficant (U.S. Congressman from Cincinnati).[47] *I relented when Willis assured me there would be no travel involved... Next day at noon, I had lunch with Trafficant (I knew and liked him from my OSD Pentagon Congressional Relations tour). We talked and he seemed fine to have me as a silent Cal candidate while he went out and beat the populist bushes. I agreed to have my name submitted and Willis took the nomination immediately tot he floor for approval. I (as a registered Republican) was posted as VP before the delegates chose their Prez. I remained for the afternoon acceptance of Trafficant. I honestly believe that Carto was in shock—I certainly was when—when a Texas rep challenged James T. and nominated D. Duck (Duke)! You could actually smell shoe leather burning as I started backing up. Carto saw the whole thing coming apart and convinced me to stay on the ticket until I at least had a chance to meet with the Duck...I resigned from the candidacy one week later and some PhD from New Mexico was added to the ticket.*

STATEMENT OF WILLIS CARTO (CONTINUED)

Why do you think Colonel Gritz lost his [1992] Presidential campaign?

That's a long story. Perhaps his campaign wasn't run as well as it should have been.

In your opinion, was David Duke associated with the KKK or is that media propaganda?

That marriage [between Duke and Gritz in 1988] didn't last very long and Gritz withdrew. David Duke has always shown himself to be a very strong candidate, whatever he runs for. We don't know what he's gonna to do now.

I notice that both Gritz's name and David Duke's name are on your letterhead.

Yes. Is there anything else? I really need to get back to work.

Are they still affiliated with the Populist Action Committee?

I don't think either have resigned as far as I can recall. I think both are on the letterhead.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Your finding and reporting my name on the "advisory list" is a bit like finding a piece of petrified dung and fearing the dino may dump on you. Willis takes great liberty at using names. I have never received a letter, literature, engaged in conversation, or had a phone call with ANYONE as an advisor to any of Willis's endeavors (Liberty Lobby, SPOTLIGHT, etc.). Having not been so engaged, I see little reason to resign—do you? Prepare me a letter with postage and I'll sign and mail it—if it bothers you. Honestly, Bill, you have been around the world in some intense situations. I'm a bit disappointed that you are allowing this herd of rabbits (all your watchdog contacts, both liberal and conservative) to stampede you. It is one thing to be crushed by charging rabbits (being machine-gunned in a car)—quite another to be run over by rabbits.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

Colonel Gritz assured me that he didn't know that David Duke had been in the KKK, I said.

I think it's possible that he didn't know, replied Gardiner. But there's a disturbing pattern with Gritz of embracing somebody who just toes his line. Look at his involvement with Pete Peters. Peters' views on homosexuality, race, and Jews ought to have been transparent.

FROM A BOOK BY PASTOR PETE PETERS

THE JEWS ALWAYS CLAIM TO BE A PERSECUTED PEOPLE, YET THE BIBLE EXPOSES THEM AS THE PERSECUTORS... The Jewish Talmud, which is the religious literature of Judaism, is full of filthy, sexual perversions... Already the Jewish powers have gotten "hate laws" passed in Canada which forbid literature that speaks against them. (Note: Their definition of hate is "truth about Jews.") THERE IS ONLY ONE SOLUTION TO AMERICA'S PROBLEM. To remove the Jew would not change anything, for God's own people are themselves so Judaized and sinful. God's people must once again repent of their sins, and turn to their Saviour and His laws, then America will not have a problem. But according to Scripture, the Jew and so-called Christian ministers, who praise and exalt them, shall have the problem.[48]

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Is there one puppet-master in this conspiracy?

There is no single one. I would say that Henry Kissinger is a diabolical kind of a guy. And there must be someone behind him pulling the strings. It's like the Federal Reserve System. They absolutely control the economy of this country, and I can't name any of 'em.

But who's the *real* problem, Mr. Beckman?

He leaned his cheek on his fist, his face not quite as tanned or toughened or wrinkled as those of the other old cowboys I've known although he did wear a cowboy hat; but as he'd told me: The ranching and such is my love. But I'm more business than I am ranch. —In repose his pale face just looked tired. But when he wanted them to, his dark eyes could lock onto me and arrest me and search me while they watched me to see what I thought of his ideas. —The international bankers, the IMF,[49] he said. You know, the Secretary of the Treasury is not paid a salary from the taxpayer. He's paid a salary from the IMF.

Now, when you talk about international bankers, do you have Jewish conspiracy in mind?

I would rather not call it a Jewish conspiracy when I study what those people in the Jewish religion are saying. I've got some really great friends who are Sephardics, and they don't like the Zionists. Some of these people want to rule the world. Everybody has people like that. The Muslims, too, they want women to cover their faces. We've got them, we got Republicans; why focus on somebody way out there when it's right there in your back yard? I say this, that, every tyranny in history has been energized by the people at the grassroots level. When the people at the grassroots believe the lie, they are used. If Adolf Hitler had not been able to get people to believe him, he'd never have been able to get his name in the history books.

FROM ANOTHER BOOK BY "RED" BECKMAN

The nation of Judah was destroyed by the Babylonian army because of the evil choices of the political and religious leaders. The people, who believed and served Satan as their God, have been judged many times in this church age... They talk about the terrible Holocaust of Hitler's Nazi Germany. Was that not a judgment upon people who believe Satan is their God?... The true and almighty God used the evil Nazi government to perform judgment upon the evil Anti-Christ religion of those who had crucified the Christ.[50]

STATEMENT OF MR. WILLIS CARTO, POPULIST ACTION COMMITTEE (CONTINUED)

What's the single most important problem in the U.S. today?

Oh, well, it's undoubtedly the corruption. Business, official, personal corruption. Lack of integrity. And that's to be expected under this present rotten political system. All this is done because of the big international bankers and the big business.

Who's behind it?

Many, many groups.

Could you name just one?

I should say a group like the Tri-Lateral Commission.

And the Zionists?

The Zionists are certainly a part of it.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (SANDY VALLEY, NEVADA)

As for this Christian Identity stuff they accuse me of, I had never heard of Christian Identity. I had never heard of Pete Peters, said Gritz. —I found that the people at the encampment were actually very good. There was a Catholic priest and some Mormons; there were obviously, there were some African-Americans and some Hispanic-Americans and such. I didn't see all the bad things. Later, on my Presidential campaign, a homosexual man stood up and said: I want to know if you support homosexual rights. I said: As a Christian I don't agree with homosexuality, but as your President I would enforce your rights. And then Pete Peters made a statement that Christian Identity should spew me out of their mouths because I wouldn't agree to execute all homosexuals.

FROM A COALITION FOR HUMAN DIGNITY REPORT

In a speech delivered at the 1991 Bible camp, Gritz embraced the Identity movement's anti-Semitic message, telling the crowd:

...And a Zionist group that would rule over us as long as satan [sic] *might be upon this earth, that is your enemy...{God has} given us the likes of Pete Peters; he's given us the likes of the Christian Identity movement.* [51]

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

{Your} article's treatment of the homosexuality issue was one of the more disturbing points. You should listen to your gay friends who characterize Gritz as a primitive homophobe. You say Gritz's position is OK (or at least excusable) because he does not advocate a specific penalty for homosexuals ... never mind that his whole characterization of it is a comparison to murder. Though you do provide some analysis at this point, you conclude "the case not proven."

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Possibly my concern for your apparent wimpishness on these issues is as baseless as yours for being whatever Klanwatch, et al, decides to label me. Most of the stuff you quote from them is distorted, exaggerated, or just plain crap. LOOK AT EVERY ISSUE OF SPOTLIGHT IN THE '92 CAMPAIGN. WILLIS DIDN'T GIVE ME ONE INCH OF INK! READ WHAT PETE PETERS PRINTED IN HIS IDENTITY NEWSLETTER DENOUNCING ME BECAUSE OF MY TOLERANCE OF HOMOS! I WOULDN'T RECOGNIZE A SINGLE ONE OF THE KLANSMEN MENTIONED IF THEY WERE TO KNOCK ON MY DOOR. I HAVE REPEATEDLY REPUDIATED DAVID DUKE, PETERS, CARTO, THE KLAN, ETC. WHAT PART OF THESE ENGLISH WORDS DON'T YOU AND YOUR SOURCES UNDERSTAND????

STATEMENT OF MR. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (CONTINUED)

I said to Reynolds: I feel that some of these other organizations such as the Coalition for Human Dignity may have gone a little overboard in lumping Gritz in with the more extreme types such as Pete Peters, I said.[52]

Reynolds laughed. —Did you know that Pete Peters wrote a check so that Gritz could get his autobiography *A Call to Serve* published?[53]

EXCERPT FROM *A CALL TO SERVE*

Claudia thought it was a good idea if we took a week off and attended a Christian encampment in Colorado. I had been invited by Pastor Pete Peters as a "mystery" speaker...The camp was a delight... After my talk at the Peter's {sic} camp, the pastor and a committee of dea-

cons came to visit me in Las Vegas. They wanted to help {the campaign to save Vietnam War POWs} by sending a tape-recorded message and press release to every radio station and newspaper in the nation.[54]

STATEMENT OF CLAUDIA GRITZ (KAMIAH, IDAHO)

That first night at Pete Peters's place, when Bo came to bed he said to me, "Claudia, a woman said the strangest thing. She said, 'Bo, you look so *Aryan*.'" That really raised our hackles. We really wondered what kind of place we'd come to.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

IN THE SIMPLEST OF TERMS: I AM SICK AND TIRED OF ALL THE PARANOIA—INCLUDING YOUR INSERTIONS. I DO CARE ABOUT BEING LIBELED AND SLANDERED (I'M HUMAN AS YOU AND MY MANY DETRACTORS MIGHT BE), BUT I'VE COME TO ACCEPT THAT LIKE ORIFICES, PEOPLE HAVE OPINIONS, AND THOSE TOO RIGID TO SEE ANY BUT THEIR OWN, ARE OF LITTLE VALUE AND ABOUT AS MUCH CONCERN TO ME AS MOSQUITOES IN LAOS, LEECHES IN VIETNAM, SAND FLEAS IN SAUDI, OR GNATS IN BURMA. WHAT I CAN SAY TO SHED ACCURACY AND HONESTY, I WILL, DESPITE MY BRIDE'S ADMONITIONS TO THE CONTRARY. THOSE TOO DENSE TO SEE THE TRUTH CAN DO AS THEY WILL. I have not lied to you, but then would you or the other pontificators of personalities know the truth if it flew up your nose{?} REMEMBER, I HONESTLY LIKE AND APPRECIATE YOUR EFFORT, OR I WOULDN'T WASTE A HEARTBEAT TRYING TO DO AS YOU HAVE ASKED.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

Again, Gritz's personal views, I don't know what those are. For many people who support him, especially Richard Flowers,[55] his mixed-race children are an abomination against God. If you are in a leadership than you have a responsibility to distance himself from bigots. If he's going to use the energy and politics of that movement, he has a responsibility to say responsible things.

BUMPER STICKER ON THE BACK OF A PICKUP TRUCK IN THE PARKING LOT OF RICHARD FLOWERS'S BOOKSTORE (BORING, OREGON)

ONLY FREE MEN OWN GUNS

BUMPER STICKER ON THE BACK OF ANOTHER TRUCK AT RICHARD FLOWERS'S (BORING, OREGON)

LET'S BO FOR IT! GRITZ FOR PRESIDENT

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

There's a ton of common ground with every citizen. But it's their solution that we don't go for.

A ROAD SIGN

CHERISH THE FREEDOM HERE IN MONTANA

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (SANDY VALLEY, NEVADA)

They say I'm a Nazi, he said. Look. Here's a photograph of my Dad, who was killed in World War II. Anybody who'd put Hitler up in a hero's status has to be more than half a bubble off.

COMMON SENSE

As I sat in front of my computer thinking about all this, remembering high passes with snow-smoke blowing across the road, huge-bearded guys in pickups, snowy hills, my feeling was that Bo Gritz had kept some strange company, which depressed and worried me because David Duke and Pete Peters and "Red" Beckman and Jerry Gillespie's views on the Fourteenth Amendment could each be explained away individually, perhaps, but all together they indicated a trend; and yet they still proved nothing about Gritz himself. And I liked Gritz and wanted to be his friend. The speech in which he'd praised Christian Identity gave me a sinking feeling, but Identity is in some ways not so different from Mormonism, and Bo and Claudia had been Mormons for a long time (they left the church in 1994), so maybe the man had been misled. I thought of Ken Toole's accusation, which Bill Wassmuth and Steve Gardiner had also made: —I feel like he is still serving as a focal point for these other folks, Toole said. He is serving to unite some of these folks who have been

involved in this other weird, weird stuff. —But then the most fearfully explicit ideologue I met in Montana or Idaho was not Bo Gritz, but Richard Butler, who'd given Gritz the following encomium: Oh, I've spoken at some of Pete Peters's meetings, and he at mine. Bo Gritz is a little different. He's a great man—a hero, of course. He disagrees with us, of course. He has had a couple of children by a Vietnamese lady. He realizes now, he said to me, that he was in error. But he still disagrees with us on race. But you don't put chicken-hawks in with chickens, do you? When like does not beget like, dissension is caused. The product of an interracial union, as Dr. Shockley has explained, is one in which the genes are at war with each other. You take a bluegum, a pure black, and they're very easy to control. You can control them. They'll do anything for you. It's the ones with white blood in them that are hateful.[56] —To Butler and Beckman, and other Christian Patriots, those children were a blemish. To Gardiner they seemed to be a smokescreen. But to Bo Gritz they were simply his children, and I respected him for it. I sat wishing that I could be as self-assured and alert as "Red" Beckman signing his books, Beckman's lips firmly clenched so that his cheek wrinkled up, the cowboy hat swiveling upon his head as he raised the pen, pulled the flyleaf toward him, turned, glanced toward me, then leaned forward to write intently. *(I would urge you to reconsider your thinking that our characterization of Beckman as a hardcore anti-Semite*[57] *is a bit harsh,* Ken Toole wrote me. *His paternalistic demeanor belies the fact that he says the holocaust was God's judgment. We think this is pretty strong stuff.)* I wanted to believe that Gritz was OK. And I thought of old Jim Ellis in Kamiah saying: We just kinda believe in everybody behavin' themselves. We trust everybody until they prove they can't be trusted.

WEAVER AND WACO

"EVERYTHING HE SAYS IS COMING TRUE" (CONTINUED)

The Christian Patriots, of course, had never subscribed to Mr. Ellis's philosophy of live and let live. To me that is inexcusable. They had separate but overlapping agendas, some of which frightened me.

What Bo uses to market himself is fear, Ken Toole said. And what he bases himself on is violence. If these guys came to power, oh, my God! I'd be swinging from a lamppost. —I myself do not think that if Bo Gritz came to power Ken Toole would end up dangling, but some of "those guys," I thought, certainly would enjoy raising him between Heaven and earth. —And Gritz did market himself upon fear. And yet I would be part of what "Red" Beckman called "the prostitute press" if I were to say that his fear was baseless. What happened at Randy Weaver's cabin in

Ruby Creek, Idaho in 1992, and what occurred at the Branch Davidian compound in Waco, Texas a year later, simply horrified me.

Both incidents are too complex to go into in much detail here; and after all it is their *effect* that is most relevant here. The case of Waco is particularly well known. Citing weapons violations, the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms, assaulted the compound military style, without first giving David Koresh, the leader of the Branch Davidians, a chance to surrender. Koresh apparently dialed 911 to ask for help, but was repeatedly cut off. The siege lasted fifty-one days. In the end, a fire broke out in the compound and killed Koresh and more than eighty of the sect members, including seventeen children. A few bodies were found with what appeared to be self-inflicted gunshot wounds. Some people say that the fire was accidental, some that Koresh set it as a suicide gesture, and some (the Christian Patriots, of course) that the government deliberately burned the Branch Davidians alive.[58] The final report of the investigative subcommittee kept using the word "troubling." A typical passage:

> ...the subcommittees find it troubling that even though the government clearly believed there existed a strong possibility of fire, no provision was made for fire fighting units to be on hand, even as a precaution. If, as the Justice Department's Report implies, the government had decided in advance that it would not attempt to fight any fire that occurred (and thus did not make provision for fire fighting units to be present at the compound), it is difficult to understand why the FBI placed a call for fire fighting units to be summoned to the scene immediately upon the commencement of the fire.[59]

Muddled methods, in short—or mixed motives—but not to the Christian Patriots, who love to cry conspiracy. In a videotape which I purchased from the Militia of Montana,[60] a piece of work entitled "Waco: The Big Lie Continues," by Linda D. Thompson of the American Justice Federation in Indianapolis, the raid is likened to the Nazi destruction of the Warsaw Ghetto fifty years earlier.[61]

The Weaver episode also occurred as a result of alleged weapons violations. Weaver was accused of selling one or possibly two sawed-off shotguns to a government informant. Some of Weaver's supporters claim that he was framed. Even Ken Toole, hardly a Weaver supporter, said: I don't doubt that people get set up by ATF on weapons stuff. —Selling a sawed-off shotgun is a fairly stupid risk to take. As somebody asked me: Why not sell the shotgun and throw in a free hacksaw blade? The effect would be the same, and one would be legally in the clear. —At any rate, maybe Weaver disobeyed the law here and maybe he didn't. After the deaths at Ruby Ridge, he was acquitted of this charge, because it seemed to be entrapment. (The Senate subcommittee remarked: "The [undercover] tapes did contain Weaver's statement that he hoped the guns he was selling would end up with a 'street gang,' although in hindsight there is a question of whether that statement was evidence of

a major gun dealer or just mindless misanthropy.")[62] He was released on his own recognizance, but broke his promise to appear on the set court date. This fact lessens our sympathy for Weaver—but here it might be mentioned that the government had instructed Weaver to appear in court on March 20th, when the correct date was actually February 20th. "Knowing this," remarked the subcommittee in incredulity (which I share), "the United States Attorney's Office *nevertheless indicted Weaver* on March 14 for his failure to appear—six days before the date he officially had been given."[63] I am reminded of the behavior of the Bureau of Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms at Waco, when government agents actually refused an offer by the cult members to come in and inspect them for compliance with weapons laws.[64] It was almost as if the government did not *want* a peaceful resolution.

And so Weaver withdrew with his wife and children to the isolated cabin on Ruby Ridge which the FBI would soon be calling "the compound," and there he stayed, waiting until the government came to him—something he seems to have expected long before the weapons charge.

AFFIDAVIT OF RANDY AND VICKI WEAVER (BOUNDARY COUNTY COURTHOUSE, 1985)

...we, a married couple, Randall Claude and Vicki Jordison Weaver, believe our physical live {sic} to be in jeopardy... We are the victims of a smear campaign of our character and false accusations made against us to the Federal Bureau of Investigation and the United States Secret Service by some local residents who have a motive for my decease.[65]

And they probably did. Although he had no prior criminal record, Randy Weaver does not seem to have been an upstanding citizen. A neighbor accused the Weavers of lying about them, of harassing them with obscenities, threats and gunshots, and of raising their children "like little Nazi soldiers."[66] More than one person called them thieves. (One story is to his credit, however. Apparently he once ran for sheriff of Boundary County and promised to hand out one Get Out Of Jail Free card to each citizen for the first offense.) Weaver is known to have visited Richard Butler's church in Hayden Lake at least once, and was probably an Identity Christian.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Well, to work with Randy you pretty much had to learn Weaverspeak. For instance, he doesn't say Jesus, he says "Yashua." He doesn't say God; he says "Yahweh."

FROM THE WRITINGS OF DAVID LANE, POW OF ZOG (CONTINUED)

There is only one way we will conquer our ancient foe... That is to return to the laws of our father and God, called in Hebrew "Yahweh," and his Son, called in Hebrew, "Yashua."[67]

FROM A LETTER FROM SARA WEAVER TO SUPPORTERS

These terrible things that have happened have been very hard on all of us, but I know it's lead {sic} alot of people to the truth, and thats {sic} all Mom and Sam would ask for. Our creator, Yahweh-Yashua Messiah, His will I won't question...May Yahweh Bless and Guide you.[68]

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

Well, see, Randy would admit to it. I knew Randy. He wanted to be left alone, and he wanted to stay within his race. Everybody should have that. But Randy got paranoid in the end.

FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE CHARACTER SKETCH

Randy Weaver's views, in short, were not mainstream. (The media would soon call him a white separatist, and Gritz would laugh into the video cameras and say with his typical ambiguity: No, you can call *me* a white separatist because I am white and I live far away from everybody.) Perhaps Weaver bought into all the Christian Patriot mumbo-jumbo about the dangers of paper money, too, because when the Weavers sold their home in Iowa to move to Idaho, they requested payment in gold or silver.[69] Another neighbor said of his fourteen-year-old son: Sam was trained to shoot people his Dad wanted him to shoot, be it agents or neighbors.[70]

"The ultimate responsibility for what transpired at Ruby Ridge must be shared by many people," a government subcommittee concluded. "The first, of course, is Randy Weaver himself."[71] When the U.S. Marshals tried to negotiate his surrender to face the shotgun-selling charges, his doomed, fanatical wife wrote back that there was nothing to discuss. She was the one who'd sent letters to the U.S. Attorney for Idaho addressed to "the Queen of Babylon."[72]

None of this in any way justifies how the government behaved.

STATEMENT OF MERRY TRUDEAU, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

Was Randy Weaver a tax protester?

I do not believe the Internal Revenue Service had any dealings with Weaver.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

He didn't become a separatist until he became a fugitive. Yes, he wanted to keep his farm together. But he used his family as a hostage. To me that was an unconscionable act. Yes, two members of his family were killed. But we don't learn from that the government is a conspiracy.

BY THE WAY

(For their own part, the other side also believed in conspiracies. When I asked Toole what he thought of "Red" Beckman and Bo Gritz, he replied: Red's a true ideologue. I'm not sure what the hell Bo believes. I wouldn't be surprised to find out he works for the government as a provider of intelligence on the right wing. —Marlene Hines said: The Militia is organizing in cells. That's bad. And "Red" flies to Florida all the time. He flies to Portland all the time. Who funds 'em? There's something in my gut that says somebody is funding 'em. —Mozzochi, Gardiner, and Wassmuth were convinced that the Christian Patriots were all working together. Maybe they were. The Militia of Montana sold me two cassettes of songs by one Carl Klang, who was also thanked in the credits of a white separatist video about the Weaver incident, and whom the Coalition for Human Dignity claimed was an associate of Pete Peters[73]—angry, fearful, vengeful songs about the "banksters," with titles like "Blinded By The Lies," and "It's Dangerous To Be Right When The Government Is Wrong", and, of course, "Hang 'Em High." I wondered whether "banksters" was a code word for Jews. Probably to some it was and to some it wasn't. Did that mean that MOM was anti-Semitic? An unnamed man in Noxon (about whom more later) told me that certain idiots had called David Trochmann's septic system a shooting range, that they called his carrot cellar a bomb shelter. Beckman knew and recommended the Trochmanns; Richard Butler traded meetings with Pete Peters; and yet the patriots I talked to seemed to keep their distance a little from Bo Gritz, and he from them. Was it a conspiracy? You tell me.)[74]

BY THE WAY (CONTINUED)

What was there to do except look and listen some more and then think? If all the scary guys said that they were Bo Gritz's friends then I guess he would be scary, too. If not, then maybe not. But what is a responsible way to draw connections? Take the issue of World War II. In that diner in Billings, "Red" Beckman had sipped at his coffee and said with a grin: I always challenge audiences. I can do it better than most. It was a gift that God gave me. I challenged one audience, I said: We know that our tax-consuming public servants lied to us about Pearl Harbor. I talked with one of the men who personally broke the Japanese code. FDR set it up. We had 14% unemployment when the war started. Any good Navy man will tell you the only reason we had so many battleships in Pearl was because they had special orders to be there. They *wanted* to get us into that war![75] It was just another case of the little people being used. In Korea I had a top-secret security clearance and I knew what was happening. We were lied to. We were lied to about social security and the Kennedy assassination and the energy shortage. We were lied to about every major happening in this century. The Supreme Court in 1894 had said that income tax was unconstitutional. But at that time we had a Congress that was even more broken than it is now. Our Congress was bought and paid for. The Sixteenth Amendment was declared ratified in 1913. With that track record for truth that they have, you know that they lied to us.

So Beckman thought that Americans shouldn't have fought in World War II, and so did Willis Carto of the Populist Party, who said: It was our intervention in the war that made it into World War I and World War II. Roosevelt deliberately set up Pearl Harbor. He wanted war, so he got it.[76] I don't think anybody can say the world is in a better shape today.

So we should have stayed out it of?

Of course. Of course.

And so did Richard Butler, who when I asked him: So what made you arrive at your current way of thinking, Pastor? replied:

Oh, I guess World War II. I was involved in *that* fiasco. We threatened the wrong people at the wrong time and began wondering why everything we learned in school about America was being overturned. My primary goal is the awakening of my race, my people. Nation means race. We have fifty or sixty nations in America today. We don't have one nation under God.

Who's the greatest threat to the white race?

Well, the white race, said Butler. All power was given to us. We are the Chosen People. We have electric lights because power was given to our race. But we are seduced into misusing the power. Jewry is opposed to us. They are the adversary. Our Father in Heaven seeks to approve those who can obey His law. Those who can be diverted from His law, such as homosexuals, will be punished, but in the mean-

time they aid the cause of Jewry. In the final analysis, as Benjamin Franklin told us, if we don't prohibit the citizenship of Jews, within two hundred years they would be in the counting-houses and we in the fields.[77]

Look at what the Holocaust has built, he concluded with a gentle smile. It built the state of Israel. They get pretty much three thousand dollars for every man, woman and child from us and Germany. You cry big crocodile tears for something that never happened. That gravestone at Auschwitz, they've marked it down from six million to two million. It's a fraud.

So that was what Richard Butler had to say.[78] He and Carto and Beckman were all against World War II. (Gritz certainly wasn't. He was proud that his father had given his life in World War II.) It would be all too easy in a presentation like this to make Beckman's views, say, resemble Butler's more than they did. Yet I think that Beckman's opinion on World War II, for all his distrust of Zionism, was less an expression of anti-Semitism than simple resentment and selfishness. So were Beckman and Butler working together? Again, there is no clear answer.

STATEMENT OF A CHEF IN A RESTAURANT IN A CERTAIN SMALL TOWN NEAR KAMIAH (CONTINUED)

A lot of people will tell you there's no conspiracy, but all those big boys want to go to a one-world currency and keep control of all the population. What you gotta start keeping an eye on now is the United Nations. All the sudden we're in Haiti. Look what the One Worlders did to Randy Weaver. Look at Waco. It's very uncomfortable.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER, SPOKESMAN, MILITIA OF MONTANA (NOXON, MONTANA)

David Koresh had a firearms permit and one of his businesses was gun shows. A legitimate business. They just killed Koresh and those people as practice. Russians are involved. British are involved.

STATEMENT OF MR. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (CONTINUED)

But Randy Weaver wasn't just a guy with one rifle up there. He was stockpiling. The other thing about Identity is that you're dealing with an Armageddon belief system, that it *has* to come down.

FROM A TRACT WHICH I BOUGHT AT RICHARD FLOWERS'S BOOKSTORE

The {surveillance} videos showed the Weavers going about activities much as any other family. They also showed family members, even the children, often had pistols strapped around their waists and occasionally carried rifles, when strange people came down a road that dead-ended at their home.

This would seem strange to most people, but most people have not been targeted by lying, deceitful government agents. Nor do most people have the deep religious faith the Weavers had. They were ready to die defending themselves and their home.[79]

INTELLIGENCE DATA DISSEMINATED BY GOVERNMENT AGENCIES PREPARATORY TO RUBY RIDGE

Randy Weaver had been convicted of "white supremacy activities." (In fact, he had never been arrested for anything until the ATF entrapped him on the shotgun charge.) Randy Weaver was a bank robbery suspect. (He was not.) Randy Weaver was a violent terrorist. (There was no reason to suppose so.)[80] Ruby Ridge had been tunneled and booby-trapped. (It was not.) Weaver grew marijuana. (He did not touch drugs.) Weaver had threatened the President. (Weaver denied it, and the Secret Service couldn't prove it.) Randy Weaver's name was not Randy Weaver, but "Mr. Randall."[81]

Such lethal absurdities, such murderous incompetence, employed in equal measure at Waco,[82] requires us to retouch the Orwellian portrait painted by most Christian Patriots. The U.S. government was not omnisciently, omnipotently evil. In this instance, at least, it merely became that poster child for gun control, an armed idiot.

STATEMENT OF JIM ELLIS, LEWIS AND CLARK MOTEL (CONTINUED)

Perhaps he was wrong, Mr. Ellis said with a barely perceptible smile. People are certainly guilty of having a lot of guns. My son-in-law was just out elk hunting yesterday. I got a gun in the house myself—haven't shot it in five years, but somehow I have a feeling it still works.

I think it's a right, the old man went on quietly. I think Randy Weaver also felt that way. 'Course I don't think people should be carrying six-shooters on the streets of L.A.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

You take a guy, he's got a family, he's got a dream. He's got a piece of land he calls his own. You take it away, he'll be a tiger in his back yard. That's why in Vietnam we got exactly what we deserved. Those New York bankers are the ones who should have had to go there!

THE BODY COUNT

The Recon Team, wearing camouflage, showing no identification, began matters by creeping near the family's cabin and, in an act of inspired cretinism, "tossed two rocks to the lower driveway to see whether that would evoke any reaction from the house."[83] It did. The Weavers' dog, Striker, barked and began approaching the G-men. Striker, therefore, was the first to die. What were the attackers thinking? I suppose that they had tried to negotiate and been rebuffed, so they would not negotiate this time. —Of course they were going in [to arrest Weaver commando-style], said Ken Toole. They say they just encountered Weaver and his son and [his friend Kevin] Harris on the road. This person I talked to said that if they shot the dog then they were going in. —Young Sammy Weaver then shouted: You shot Striker, you sonofabitch! and returned fire. ("It seems plausible," concluded the Senate subcommittee, "that a 14-year-old boy, on seeing his dog shot, would have opened fire at the person who shot his dog. At that point, it was likely that the Marshals would shoot back...")[84] A U.S. Marshal, William Degan, was shot dead, although government statements reported him as having been hit by a single round to the head, which then became the heart, and then became the throat, and meanwhile, Degan's body was whisked out of state to be autopsied. He was probably shot either by Kevin Harris, who said he did it, or by Sammy Weaver, who was killed at the same time or shortly thereafter. The subcommittee report describes his death in words as brief and cool as those in an Icelandic saga: "The shooting stopped for a moment, and by this time Sammy was running back up the road, yelling in pain. Harris heard Randy calling for Sammy to come home. Another shot was fired, and Harris heard Sammy yelp once and then fall silent."[85] He died, then, in fear and agony, however brief his dying. He died trying to run away. His slaying was not reported by the government for three full days. Later it claimed not to know about it for those three days. This assertion presents us with the fantasy of a group of supposed experts who didn't see what they were shooting at, who didn't hear Sammy's screams, who were able to approach the cabin closely enough to throw two rocks into the driveway but didn't happen to be eavesdropping when the dead boy's parents, who by their own testimony were wailing, came to carry his body home.[86] The director of the U.S. Marshals (whose own documents prove that he did know that Sammy had been

shot)[87] decided not to review this episode, because, in the subcommittee's words, he wished "to avoid creating discoverable documents that might be used by the defense in the Weaver/Harris trial."[88] (In the Waco episode a year later, the agencies involved would similarly obstruct justice).[89] The case thus entered what for the killers must have been a delightful never-never land of non-accountability. What had happened? Nobody knew, and there was no evidence. The government could say that Sammy received his death-wound "in the torso," while the Christian patriots could say (which seems to be the truth) that he was shot in the spine while running away. But surely there are photographs of the body! Well, he was autopsied not in Idaho but in Washington state, and then immediately cremated. So say the Patriots. None of these reports could be verified because all access to the cabin was blocked off. I have seen what seems to be a Christian Identity-produced video of the event (sold to me by the Militia of Montana); and along the road one spies many, many angry protesters, shouting: *Shame on you!* A man yells: You bastards! How could you kill a fourteen-year-old boy? Bastards! —A woman cries: You killed that little boy! The fellow who put together the video says into the microphone: It is the general feeling of the community that the government is going to end the standoff by taking out the entire family.

Such words reek of hysteria. And yet the FBI's now infamous rules of engagement, faxed to Idaho after the death of Marshal Degan (after it was all over, no one would admit to issuing them),[90] announced, in the blunt if ungrammatical words of FBI Special Agent Sexton: If you see an adult armed male up there on Ruby Ridge, you had the green light."[91]

FBI OPERATION PLAN, 22 AUGUST 1992[92]

> ... An armored personnel carrier (APC) would first announce the FBI's intent to effect the arrest of those persons in the Weaver cabin. If no surrender occurred, APCs would return the next day and begin destroying the outlying buildings in the Weaver compound and certain parts of the Weaver cabin itself. Following this destruction, the APCs would insert tear gas into the cabin; thereafter, H[ostage] R[escue] T[eam] members" [an Orwellian name] "would make an armed entry into the cabin in the hopes of arresting the adults and taking control of the children.

In the video, the placards say THIS HAS TO STOP and WEAVER VICTIM OF ENTRAPMENT and, of course, DEATH TO ZOG.[93] —Randy Weaver (whom, at the subcommittee hearings, the U.S. Marshals now accused of having accidentally shot his own son)[94] brought Sammy's body back to the family's birthing shed on the night before the rules of engagement were issued. Very likely he was thinking the same thing as the video maker. The FBI waited. The Weavers waited. What could they have been waiting for? Late the next day, with a helicopter buzzing overhead and nine government snipers now in position around his cabin, Weaver went out to

visit the body, bringing his daughter Sara and Kevin Harris—whom the government later claimed "was carrying a long gun at high port carry," and who raised that long gun to take aim at the helicopter.[95] "Weaver maintains that, had they heard a helicopter at this moment, they all would have run back to the cabin immediately."[96] I believe Weaver; this is certainly what I would have done. The helicopter took no fire on any of its six overflights that day.[97] Lon Horiuchi, one of the nine killers, now looked at Weaver's upturned face through his telescopic sight[98] (why wasn't he aiming at Harris?) and squeezed off the first round. His testimony after the fact is disgustingly evasive—but scarcely more disgusting than the Senate subcommittee's conclusion that the shot was constitutional:

> *Question.* You thought maybe he was getting ready to take a shot, didn't you?
> *Answer* [of Horiuchi]. At what time, sir?
> *Question.* At the time you shot him?
> *Answer.* At the time I shot him? No, sir.
> *Question.* You didn't think he was getting ready to take a shot then?
> *Answer.* During that period he was attempting to take a shot, or I assumed he was attempting to take a shot.
> *Question.* Assume[d] he was attempting to take a shot?
> *Answer.* Yes, sir.
> *Question.* He was not getting ready to take a shot at the time that you took your shot?
> *Answer.* No, sir.[99]

His bullet had already struck Randy Weaver in the back of the left arm. To the Senate subcommittee, "Horiuchi stated that after the first shot, he decided he would shoot at the man if given another opportunity."[100] As the three ran back to the cabin, Sara helping her bleeding father, Vicki Weaver threw the door open to let them in and Horiuchi's second bullet, the unconstitutional one, took part of her head off and continued into Harris's body, seriously wounding him. The dying mother, gripping her child, fell onto the porch steps. Horiuchi's testimony coldly reads: "He heard a woman scream for approximately thirty seconds."[101] Evidently, like her son, Vicki Weaver had time enough to feel terror and pain.[102]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF "RED" BECKMAN

There are only two forms of government—*people control government* or *government controls people.* It makes absolutely no difference what label you attach... A democracy bullet in the back of the head is as deadly as a communist bullet between the eyes.[103]

STATEMENT OF "MARK FROM MICHIGAN", MILITIA OF MICHIGAN (ON A VIDEO)

Ain't no sense running, 'cause you'll just die tired.[104]

TACTFUL NEGOTIATIONS

An hour after Vicki Weaver's murder, the government sent to the cabin door a robotized vehicle mounted with a telephone and (once again I am incredulous) a shotgun. The robot demanded everyone's surrender. It is, perhaps, understandable that Randy Weaver did not respond. FBI Director Freeh later said that this notion was "the stupidest thing I ever heard of."[105] As for the shot that killed Vicki Weaver, under pressure he finally weakly disowned it "for policy and for constitutional reasons."[106]

Sara Weaver remembers the FBI approaching the cabin that night, and on subsequent nights until the siege finally ended on the thirtieth, and calling through their bullhorns: Come out and talk to us, Mrs. Weaver. How's the baby, Mrs. Weaver?[107]

CONCLUSION OF THE FBI SHOOTING INCIDENT REVIEW GROUP: THE SECOND SHOT

The use of deadly force was justified in that she {Vicki Weaver} placed herself in harm's way by attempting to assist Harris, and in so doing, overtly contributed to the immediate threat which continued to exist against the helicopter crew and approaching HRT personnel.[108]

CONCLUSION OF THE FBI AFTER ACTION REPORT: THE RAID ON RUBY RIDGE

A success.[109]

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

They made too many mistakes which they knew we saw. It's like they wanted to provoke a reaction. They knew we were in the mountains videotaping it. We saw them with a barrel of a diesel flying towards Randy's house. Randy and his family weren't hurtin' anybody. The sheriff had said: Leave 'em alone; they've created their own prison.[110]

FROM A SECOND LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ

A person has the right to protect person and property of self and family from both the law (when wrong) and criminals. The USMS[111] *and FBI was wrong in killing Sammy Weaver and Vicki. Kevin Harris was right in returning fire when fired upon by USMS. He was not charged with a crime. The Marshals had no right to endanger his life by shooting at him. Had Harris pursued the Marshals with intent of killing them, they would have had a right of self-defense. The government has a right of defense when challenged with wrongful overthrow.*

JACKPOT

Inexplicably (the Christian patriots say cynically), the authorities delayed admitting to Vicki Weaver's death for days, just as they had done with her son's, although by their own admission they had surveillance devices in the cabin and surely knew about it; as we've learned, Horiuchi heard her dying scream. As the somewhat objective Constitutionalist writer Kirby Ferris put it: *It will be left to Bo Gritz, several days later, to come down off the mountain and tell the media and the protesters that Vicki Weaver is dead, killed by a sniper's bullet to the right temple, and that her body is lying on the Weaver kitchen floor rotting.*[112] And Bo Gritz did. The shootings of the Weavers colored his rhetoric ever after, sometimes directly, sometimes more subtly, as at his press conference in Kamiah, when he quoted Crazy Horse as saying: They said that we attacked and slaughtered. But we sought just to go away with our women and children. But they came in winter and destroyed our teepees.[113] (He can speak at a very high energy level for a very long time, Ken Toole conceded.) Whether Gritz was then consciously invoking the Weavers or not, the reference fit. Crazy Horse's band had withdrawn and sought to avoid conflict, and so had Weaver. The people of Almost Heaven, watchful and insular, might be the government's next victims. — The other patriots had the same vision in their minds, like Carolyn Trochmann of the Militia of Montana, whose words were laden with a certain extra ominousness when she told me (and I couldn't blame her): The Feds have tried to raid our house twice. BATF was the first, and the Marshals came second. Each time we called the FBI and told them that we were waiting for them, and we also called the newspaper. After that they backed off. —She paused, and went on: We're concerned about every man, woman and child in this country.

THE BARGAINER

But why was Bo Gritz at Ruby Creek in the first place? Kirby Ferris claims that it was his idea to invite Gritz there to negotiate, because Gritz was known to be fearless, because Weaver had also been in Special Forces, and because the two men most likely could come to some kind of ideological understanding. Ferris writes that

upon Gritz's arrival, the FBI told him, with typical institutional arrogance: Tell Gritz to back off.[114] (The FBI refused to comment, and so I am inclined to accept Ferris's version, which rings true for be when I consider my own limited dealings with the FBI.) Gritz's role seems to have been what they call "pivotal."[115]

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (BY PHONE, CONTINUED)

I think that he deserves credit for that. He did a good thing.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

His intervention in the Weaver siege was not in and of itself a bad thing, but the way in which he used it afterwards—well, he wants to play on people's most paranoid fears. To him, all history is a conspiracy.

STATEMENT OF MR. MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (CONTINUED)

To an observer like anyone else, it seemed like Gritz had some influence in the Weaver affair. I don't think he solved it. In his head I'm sure he does.

SCENES FROM THE VIDEO

We see the night fires of the protest vigil. The crowd appears pale and cold. The double blur of headlights passes wavering like a nightmare. A man is standing with a black POW-MIA flag just like the one at Bo Gritz's house in Sandy Valley. A blonde leans on her sign, which says TELL THE TRUTH MEDIA. Another sign says: RELIGIOUS PERSECUTION PURE AND SIMPLE. —This was truly a case of white Christian unity, the narrator enthuses. —We glimpse Carolyn Trochmann, the wife of the Militia of Montana co-founder, cooking food. A sign says: FBI BURN IN HELL. The ATF and FBI men stand with folded arms, wearing bulletproof vests and camouflage. A middle-aged woman tells them: This action is insane. You can refuse to participate. —The government boys yawn, looking sheepishly back at the camera.

Bo Gritz stands sonorously reading a writ of citizen's arrest against the Director of the FBI, the Special Agent in Charge, the Director of the United States Marshals ...He is massive and brawny, calm and relaxed. When he finishes, a "disinterested" citizen tries to hand the writ across the bridge to the government boys, but they refuse to take it, so finally the citizen reaches under the yellow barrier tape, sets it

down by them and lays a stone on top of it.

A man cries: Bill Clinton or George Bush or one of them suckers ought to say something! This is wrong, wrong, wrong!

We see a man wearing the T-shirt of The Order, a group characterized by the Coalition for Human Dignity as "a highly sophisticated network whose members robbed banks, assassinated public figures, and terrorized minorities across the United States before it was broken up by law enforcement."[116]

A couple of days pass, and then Bo Gritz comes down from the mountain. It is night. Gritz says: I want all of you individuals to join your hands. I've got good news and I've got bad news. The good news is we went up to the top of the hill and we established immediate dialogue with Randy. I want your hands to join. That's an order.

We see the dark bluish faces.

I've got a reason for it, Gritz goes on, and one knows that in Vietnam he must have done this many, many times before. —The bad news is first that Kevin was hit by a bullet. I was told by the girls that he's all right. Bullet apparently went through his arm into his chest...The other bad news is that Vicki was killed.

Oh, no! a woman begins to sob.

The three girls are in good health, and Randy is in positive spirits, and the reason that we're gonna get this thing resolved is because you have been loyal in your prayers. A wonderful woman, a pioneer woman, has had her life taken, and now she's in God's hands. There's a bureaucrat here that's guilty. I believe we're gonna find some fat bureaucrat...that authorized the deaths of three people.

A man prays, a woman weeps heartrendingly, while Bo Gritz bows his head and prays: We ask you, Lord Jesus, that you keep us in the night.

We see bowed heads, blue in the blue darkness.

You show everybody that we are women of Yahweh! a woman shouts. We are the virtuous women!

We're goin' to war! a man shrieks.

Government men stand silently by.

You're nothing! a man shouts at them. You're fuckin' nothing'!

A man—it might be Gritz; here the video is hard to see—comes and leads him gently away. —Don't fuckin' touch me! the man shouts, but he suffers himself to be taken away.

Later we see Mrs. Trochmann, identified as "a close friend of Vicki Weaver," cooking at the grill. We see her wiping her eyes. She says: I love the kids. I love Randy. I'm proud of the stand he's taking.

We watch Gritz in a blue police-style shirt, explaining to the protesters what happened at the cabin. He is very calm and clear and convincing. —He goes to Weaver's mountain again. On his return he says: When we left he was making such statements as, we're not ready right now. He said, Bo, we're going to have to pray

on this matter. And that was very encouraging to me. We have a family who may not have abided by the exact letter of the law, but he's lost faith in the bureaucracy.

WHAT THE VIDEO MAKER (TO WHOM RANDY WEAVER WAS "A WHITE PATRIOT") THOUGHT OF BO GRITZ

This tape is not an endorsement for the Bo Gritz for President campaign. Nor is it a detraction from the campaign. The Gritz campaign has its own agenda. We appreciate Colonel Gritz coming up here, and most of us will vote for him for President of the United States, but this tape...is not an endorsement for the Gritz campaign.

SCENES FROM THE VIDEO (CONTINUED)

Now it is Sunday night, and Gritz says: I do appreciate your listening, because my voice has been getting a little hoarse...Randall just needed to pray, said Yahweh would show him the way. We were able to get Kevin out. Jack [McLamb] and I carried him out in a litter. We had a very professional type container—it had handles—to put Vicki in.

Did you cleanse her body? a woman asks.

Well, says Gritz, perhaps a little taken aback, it had already been cleansed by the girls. And the FBI gave us a very nice container. I'm used to army stuff.

I think Randall has made some very good decisions, he goes on. The FBI has completely pulled back. We asked them to remove the tank and they removed the tank. And I'm gonna take that stupid roadblock apart myself tomorrow.

It's over?

Of course it's over...O ye of little faith! We just had to make a citizens' arrest to get their attention...We all came out holding hands. There was no search. There was no handcuffs. They put Randy on the bird and he's flying straight to Boise.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

I was very much relieved when Weaver walked out alive. He asked me one thing, which was to thank the people at the vigil, including the skinheads. That was not a salute, it was a wave. I got their attention; I said: Hey, guys, I want to thank you. Your letter was instrumental in getting Weaver out alive.

STATEMENT OF CERTAIN REPORTER

It was not a wave; it was a Nazi salute. I've seen the videotape.

SCENES FROM THE VIDEO (CONTINUED)

By the way, he told me to give you guys a salute, and you know what that is, says Gritz, raising his arm half-heartedly and then dropping it. Nobody says anything.

STATEMENT OF CLAUDIA GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Weaver I don't care about. He's an adult. He made his decision. But those girls, that family, that could have been a black family. I know my husband. He dropped his Presidential campaign when he was asked to do this, and he risked his own life. *Bo saved their lives.* He saved all those people's lives. And he would have done it for anyone. And, Bill, I have never been so full of pride and love for my husband as when he saved Weaver's little girls.

STATEMENT OF WILLIAM T. VOLLMANN (CONTINUED)

I think that Claudia said it best. Obviously Gritz's involvement as a negotiator did further his own cause, and quite likely the Weavers were bigots (in the video many of their supporters were waving signs with messages like DEATH TO ZOG), but once again that is not the point. He did a brave and wonderful thing in persuading (or helping to persuade) Weaver to surrender. He did something good.[117]

BEFORE THE BAR

After twenty days of deliberation, the jury found Kevin Harris not guilty and Weaver guilty on two minor charges.

JACKPOT

The Weaver and Waco incidents were to the far right what Kent State had been to the left a quarter-century earlier. The patriots had martyrs now. As far as martyrs went, of course, old "Red" Beckman had the best of both worlds, being able, in a sense, to cry at his own funeral. That long cold morning in Billings he'd told me frankly: The best thing they ever did to me was that SWAT team deal, tearing down the house. Because now everybody knows I'm cutting edge. One fella says to me (I won't tell you what office he holds): When they did that to "Red" Beckman, that solidified my point of view that the government is totally out of control.

So that was nice, but imagine how much better it was to have real dead bodies

to flaunt! As the Coalition for Human Dignity ruefully conceded:

> ...the Weaver siege and the events at Waco portrayed a government that seemed unwilling to play by the rules of law, due process and reasoned response. Government bungling of the cases could not have been better geared to the purposes of people like Gritz and McLamb if they had been scripted for that purpose. Not only was Gritz made into the hero of the Weaver situation, but the various law enforcement agencies seemed determined to reinforce the most paranoid conspiracy theories of the Patriot movement.[118]

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

Randy Weaver goes off to court and got justice, said Ken Toole. And yet there isn't any acknowledgment [from these people] that the court system will work.

FROM A NEWSPAPER ARTICLE (1994)

A confidential Justice Department study of a deadly 1992 standoff between a white separatist and federal agents found that senior officials violated not only their own policies but also the Constitution when they relaxed the rules that govern when federal agents may shoot a suspect.

... The report said one agent involved in the standoff interpreted the rule change as a departure that meant, "If you see them, shoot them."

... Frederick Lancely, a hostage negotiator for the bureau during the standoff, told the investigators after the incident that he was "surprised and shocked" by the rules of engagements, the most severe he had seen in handling more than 300 hostage situations.

That criticism and the official findings of the report contrasted sharply with the tepid reaction of the Justice Department, which has decided not to prosecute Lon Horiuchi, the FBI sharpshooter who killed Vicki Weaver, or anybody else for violating her civil rights.

... Last week, {FBI director Louis J.} Freeh promoted Larry A. Potts, who had overall responsibility for the operation, to be his chief deputy.[119]

BEFORE THE BAR (CONTINUED)

In August, 1995, the government, probably realizing that it would lose, settled out of court, and awarded the remnant of the Weaver family more than three million dollars. At once the media chameleons began to put Weaver in a sympathetic light. Why couldn't everyone have done that before? How could Weaver not be a victim? Why did the establishment have to play into the hands of the extremists?

STATEMENT OF MR. JOHN TROCHMANN, CO-FOUNDER, MILITIA OF MONTANA (ON A VIDEO)

We have enough treason from federal agents who are so eager to shoot little boys in the back and nursing mothers in the face, and burn children alive.[120]

STATEMENT OF "MARK FROM MICHIGAN" (ON VIDEO; CONTINUED)

Janet Reno, the Butcher of Waco, she's one of the keys... The enemy tastes, stinks, smells bad.[121]

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

The problem is that if you keep saying something's gonna happen and it doesn't, then you get more frustrated and you create the situation.

DUE PROCESS

He was right, of course, which must have been why when I asked Ken Toole what the worst thing was that he could imagine happening he said: The worst thing that I see coming out of Gritz and Trochmann is law enforcement people getting killed. —At Waco and at Ruby Creek, of course, law enforcement people had indeed gotten killed, but they'd also killed civilians. No wonder Bo Gritz was so obsessed with due process. I recalled his telling me the story of how the government had wanted to indict him for using a false passport. They asked the sheriff to seize him and bring him in (so Gritz's version goes, and I'll assume that it's correct because it sounds like Gritz and because the government couldn't be bothered to give me *its* version), and the sheriff refused, saying: Why not just use the telephone? So they called Gritz and said that he was indicted, and he said: Sure, I'll come in Monday morning. See how easy it is? —False passport—weenie charge! he added contemptuously. I have used false passports all my life! Yes, I'm guilty. I've used false passports in pursuit of government projects and I won that case. That U.S. attorney admitted: *George Bush called me up and told me to get Bo Gritz.* After that, they fired the U.S. attorney. It made me almost bulletproof, judicially speaking. I think the response in the intelligence community and the law enforcement community was that I'm a mature person who has no criminal tendencies. I've got night vision goggles, and the police used to borrow them. I don't hate anybody—the *New York Times* is full of shit and you can quote me on that.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Why should a registered voter believe anything a U.S. Attorney says?...Any Grand Jury that allows the U.S. Attorney to use their vote to harass a fellow American, have the same mental disability as the KGB or Gestapo.[122]

DUE PROCESS (CONTINUED)

Much of what Gritz had to say about the U.S. attorney sounded believable, especially after Waco and Weaver, in which context "Red" Beckman's diatribe was understandable. What gave me the creeps was that Beckman had written those words in 1990, *before* either of those incidents occurred. I thought: Who's not respecting due process here? Bo Gritz was not "Red" Beckman, of course. As far as I knew, he did seem to stay within the legal system. He might be pushing the envelope, but he was not openly advocating defiance of the law. As I listened to him worrying about due process, a certain stale old irony flashed in my eyes for the hundredth time, namely, that the community of like-minded at Almost Heaven would almost certainly be less likely to get due process, as Gritz himself must have suspected; it leaped out between the lines of his "Crazy Horse" speech at Kamiah. If the government came after Bo Gritz in earnest, their behavior would be equivalent to an act of war.

STATEMENT OF MICHAEL REYNOLDS, KLANWATCH (CONTINUED)

Reynolds and I were still talking about Bo Gritz, and Reynolds insisted: He's been quoted as saying: *I would love to lead a guerrilla army.* But he really wants to have this enclave. He says: *We won't engage in action outside our perimeter.* My question is: Is he setting up the situation through his SPIKE training in which there would be an armed confrontation with law enforcement?

Well, Michael, why would he want to do that? He might get publicity and glory but most likely he'd get death.

Well, I don't know. This is a man who says he's been anointed by God.

FROM THE CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER (CONTINUED)

I have been anointed with consecrated oil, and men of God have laid hands upon my head with blessings that I be a Gideon for the righteous in this time of trouble.[123]

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (BY PHONE, CONTINUED)

The other thing we were troubled by was how long what happened was allowed by the BATF to sit and fester. All the while Weaver's paranoia was building, the Militia's paranoia was building; the man in the street's paranoia was building. The BATF was not responsive.

STATEMENT OF AN UNIDENTIFIED PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, BUREAU OF ALCOHOL, TOBACCO AND FIREARMS (WASHINGTON, D.C.)

Could I ask you a few questions about your role in the Weaver affair?

Try the U.S. Marshals, said a mealy-mouthed voice. They were a heck of a lot more involved.

I'd like to speak with an ATF person if possible also.

Somebody will get back to you, Mr. Vollmann.

(I called them five times. Nobody ever did.)

STATEMENT OF MR. RON VAN VRANKEN, BUREAU OF INVESTIGATION, SALT LAKE CITY, UTAH

Mr. Van Vranken didn't call me back the first two times I called, but on the third time the secretary asked who I was and there was a pause and then she said that Mr. Van Vranken was on another line (and, by the way, I hope I'm spelling Mr. Van Vranken's name right because nobody would confirm it), and the secretary said that she would transfer me to Mr. Van Vranken's answering machine, but (by mistake, I suppose) Mr. Van Vranken actually picked up the phone himself. He said that he was pretty busy just now on account of the Unabomber.

I understand, I said. I hope you catch him. Could you give me a quick comment on the role that Colonel Bo Gritz played in the Randy Weaver negotiations?

I can't do that, sir. I'm gonna have to put you off on that. We're just going to put you off on that. This thing is still in a pending status and this is just how it is.

After two years?

That's right.

You know, Mr. Van Vranken, I'd really like to be fair to Colonel Gritz. I have his side of it, and if you don't give me yours I guess I'll have to go with his. Could you give me any comment at all?

Until this thing is resolved administratively we're just going to say no.

When do you think it will be resolved?

I hope soon.

You think within a year? I'd be happy to wait a year and then call you back. Oh, I'd just hate to commit to any sort of schedule whatsoever.

FRIENDS OF MR. VAN VRANKEN

Over the past century and a half we seemed to have drifted a long way from the America more flatteringly described by Tocqueville, in which centralization of government, which is legitimate and deals with such necessities as foreign policy, had not yet been overtaken by the more baneful centralization of administration, which dictates and reduces citizens to servility.[124] (Dave Eggers: *This seems a very harsh characterization, doesn't it, Bill? Are you saying that the govt. has reduced its citizens to servility?* Yes, comes pretty close to what I am saying.) Mr. Van Vranken was nominally my representative, but he was not in the least interested in being accountable to me. The agency for which he worked had shot a fourteen-year-old boy in the back and an unarmed woman in the face, and they were not sorry and he was not interested in discussing it. And so, as I was saying, that was why the statements of so many Christian Patriots seemed to be made with terrifying sternness, which in turn, with fine circular logic, must have been why Ken Toole said (and I think that he was right): The worst thing that I see coming out of Gritz and Trochmann is law enforcement people getting killed.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER, MILITIA OF MONTANA (CONTINUED)

The judicial system is completely friggin' traitors anyhow. They just gave forty years to the survivors of Waco. So you assume they were found guilty, right? The jury trial found them not guilty, but the judge just said screw you. They utilized four hundred and fifty fully dressed troops to kill Vicki Weaver and her kid. It's good guys and bad guys now. Classify anybody beyond that, and you're screwin' up.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

A bunch of hired killers, that's what those U.S. Marshals are. At Nuremberg we hung guys like that. That's what they did at Waco, you see. Those Marshals, those guys who believe they have a job to do and murder those people, those guys will never live this down. Those guys are going to go to trial someday.

What should they have done, Mr. Beckman?

If somebody tells you to do something evil, you turn around and you kill the guy who gave you the order, see.[125]

"A well regulated militia, being necessary to the security of a free state, the right of the *people* to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed." - The Second Amendment

THE MILITIAMAN'S NEWSLETTER

TAKING AIM

VOLUME 1, ISSUE NO. 5, 1994
SPECIAL EDITION

MOM, C/O P.O. BOX 1486, NOXON, MT. 59853
(406) 847-2246 VOICE/FAX

THE ROAD TO SLAVERY
PUTTING THE PIECES TOGETHER

PART 1
THE FEMA CONNECTION

During the fall of 1993, FEMA (Federal Emergency Management Agency) made personal calls upon the churches in and around Kalispell, MT. asking them how many people they could feed in their kitchen facilities, how many people their church could hold; bathroom facilities, etc. And most importantly if they would volunteer their churches to house people during a time of crises or emergency.

June 30, 1993 the Office of the Coroner, Potter County, Pennsylvania issued a letter to all area churches. The letter reads as follows:

"Dear Pastor,

"Myself, John Getrick (Emergency Management Director), Vito Lanzillo (Director of Paramedic Services -- CCMH) and Jim Plant (Fire Coordinator and Deputy Coroner) are in the process of developing a Mass Disaster/Fatalities Plan for Potter County. Each day we read of disaster, both natural and "man involved", we only think these things happen elsewhere, but we must acknowledge it could happen here someday.

"Many people, equipment and facilities are needed to make an effective plan. There is a national D-MORT Response Team available that responds to major disasters where ever they occur. However, we must have a plan in place to handle smaller scale problems ourselves and to provide assistance to the D-MORT Team in the event they need to assist our county. Specifically, we need your help and your facilities. We need people to serve as INTERVIEWERS. These are the people who interview family members of disaster victims, to aid in the identification process of victims, help with paper work, help coordinate details with families and perhaps most importantly give comfort and support to the families of the victims. The other need we feel you can provide is a place for this to be done, ie your Church/Church facility. By using clergy, we accomplish two needs at once. The interviewers and a place to accomplish the same. We hope this is one job we never will need to do, however we must be ready.

"Please complete the enclosed questionnaire and return it to me at the above address. Thank you for your assistance.

Sincerely,
Kevin J. Dusenbury Sr.

There are 10 D-Mort (Disaster Mortuary) teams located throughout the country, administered under the National Disaster Medical System, with all of their equipment stored at Sky Harbor Airport, Phoenix, Az. This pro-

"WE'RE IN TROUBLE, BABY"

COMING INTO NOXON, MONTANA

Speaking of guys who were ready to kill the bad order-givers, in his greenish vest, with his grey moustache, Mr. Bob Fletcher made a hard and determined impression. He and Ken Toole had gotten into it recently at one of Toole's speeches. —You know, Toole told me later, the funny thing about him was I thought that on some level here was a nice guy who had truly gotten fucked over. That story he tells about Ollie North, I could almost believe it. —Vanessa and I had met Toole in Helena, Montana. Now we were continuing west. Between Thompson Falls and Noxon there are mainly squat blackish mountains whose sides were freckled in that season with turning tamarack foliage; we passed occasional barns and cabins and aspens. Ahead I saw a single misty blue pyramid. We were almost in Idaho. The dotted yellow line led us into Militia country. It was Sunday when Vanessa and I arrived, so Fletcher met us for five minutes, just to size us up and give us a Militia of Montana video. The proprietress of our motel wouldn't let us watch the video on her VHS because it was "too controversial in this town," and when we drove to the gas station five miles away to rent a machine I showed the woman the video and asked her if she'd seen it and she said no; I asked her if she had any other MOM videos and she said no. I asked her whether she could get them and she said no, her jaw muscles twitching. There were boxes of ammunition for sale behind the counter, including .45, so I asked her if she had any .45 and she said no. She made me give her a hundred dollar deposit in cash, and seemed shocked and disappointed when I was able to come up with the money. Her views on MOM were evident.

A waitress at one of the two restaurants told us that she had a Mexican husband, so I said: Tell me. Is the Militia racist?

They never bothered us.

So what do you think about them?

I don't think, she said, moving away.

In the video, old John Trochmann (half bald, bespectacled, and in white) was saying: We know that the monsters who prey upon our women and children are connected to fiends at the highest level of government.

Vanessa had fallen asleep. I went outside. It was a cold and cloudy night. The mountains rose and fell like the ragged black hem of a whitish grey curtain of sky. Dogs howled, just as they'd done that afternoon when we'd gone to shoot off my pistols at the range. Tall thin trees grew leafless into the sky.

A SIGN ALONG THE SIDE OF A BAR

NOXON IS MORE THAN A ONE [PICTURE OF HORSES] TOWN
LIFE IS BUT A DREAM
YEP

STATEMENT OF MR. BOB FLETCHER, MILITIA OF MONTANA (NOXON, MONTANA)

The Trochmanns, they're three of 'em, two brothers and a son. I'm the only one who's not family.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

The Trochmanns? I know those people well, and they're sound as can be. (I was going to say as sound as the dollar but the dollar's not too sound.) But they're victims, so there's some paranoia here. (Better call before you arrive.) This is pure patriotic Americanism.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

Beckman's floating on the edges of this Militia stuff.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

I got involved with this ten years ago, when Oliver North and his buddies took advantage of me big time. I owned a toy company and merged with him. That company was a front of North's contra operations. Did you know that?

Of course not. When I found out what was going on, they owed me a quarter of a million bucks. They bled me dry. They said if you say anything about it you'll be killed. I became a witness in the Contra hearings. They tried to kill me twice, and that pissed me off more. After that I got into investigative work. I had all the evidence needed to impeach George Bush and hang his ass. They classified all but four pages of my report. So after getting involved with this crap, I found out everything was interconnected: the drug smuggling, BCCI, Whitewater, the Iraqi War and the October Surprise. Forget liberal and conservative. That's all horseshit. Those pigs are all crooks, all the way down to the state level. In Montana, Pat Williams, he's a scumbag. Senator Burns is OK and he's our senator. It goes on and on. It's mind-

boggling. People involved in killing Kennedy, for Chrissakes, are involved with Watergate. George Bush was involved with the Bay of Pigs. The Reagan assassination attempt? Hinckley's family was friends with George Bush.

I thought there was hope for you two, said the waiter to Vanessa and me, shaking his head. But now I see you're talking to this guy.

I was a goddamned hippie when I was in the sixties, Fletcher went on, ignoring the interruption. I believed in that shit. But it ain't gonna happen unless Jesus Christ is gonna run it. Socialism in true practice means that eighty percent of everything goes to ten percent of the people.

So what's the danger for our country? I said.

As amazing as it would seem to the average American, they're fixing to put us into a one-world society, and they're going to do it by force if necessary, or otherwise by declaring an emergency. They're bringing weaponry into our country—Russian and East German equipment! When they're ready to pull the plug, they'll declare martial law. Everything's in line. George Bush announced it in 1991 when he created the one-world army. Let's send some of our kids over there to die for those Arabs who enslave people. What a bunch of assholes. That's when the militias started to develop. And now they're putting the icing on a cake that's thirty years old. In 1961 the National Security Agency formally laid out the disarmament program for the USA.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

In an earlier segment you read that our present government is not our lawful government...Our lawful government was subverted and changed because jurors gave their allegiance to government, rather than to their country.[126]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF A PSYCHOLOGIST

There are two signs that betray the destructiveness powerful men conceal behind seeming amiability and benevolence: first and foremost, self-pity passing itself off as suffering is a component of the fascistic personality... Second, the unflagging proliferation of external enemies, which is an indication of the flight from inner phantoms...[127]

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

Being a part of the Militia movement, you must have a lot of enemies, Mr. Fletcher, I ventured.

We're being attacked by the Anti-Defamation League and all that bullshit human rights stuff. The ADL is using defamation as a weapon. I ran the biggest

black recruiting company in Atlanta, Georgia. My daughter-in-law is Native American. I just set up five Black Muslim Militia groups in L.A.

So people who aren't white can join the Militia?

If a guy's in a trench shooting, if he's black, Jewish, whatever, if he's shooting the right way then he's on our side.

It would be interesting for me to talk with some of those Black Muslims you helped.

What I did was share an entire hour with a Black Muslim leader on the radio. You can get the tape from the dee jay if you want. I just talked to a black fellow a couple of days ago. He realized that we're all cannon fodder for the New World Order.

STATEMENT OF THEO ELLERY, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

How about the Militia of Montana? Are they tax protesters?

Some file and some don't.

And the Aryan Nations?

I don't know.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

Would you call yourselves Christian Patriots?

There's not a goddamned thing to do with religion. The three Trochmanns all have three different religious views.

How about the Jews? Vanessa and I were talking with "Red" Beckman in Billings the other day. Mr. Beckman seemed to feel that the Zionists were a threat.

He falls more harshly down on racial and religious lines. Because we are national in scope, we have people there who hate Jews, who hate niggers—I'm using their term—but it has nothing to do with our agenda. Our agenda has nothing to do with specific religious or racial issues. Beckman's attitude is totally different from mine.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

I'm just somebody who's nothing but a hayseed from Montana. I'm much more content skinning a cat. When you read the history books, George Washington and those other people were basically introverted.

FROM A MONTANA HUMAN RIGHTS NETWORK REPORT

...Tax protester Red Beckman and MOM organizer John Trochmann have appeared together at meetings. [128]

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

And where does Bo Gritz fit in?

Gritz is a friend. There's some ego crap between a variety of patriot leaders, but we stand down from any of that horseshit.

Do you want to get your representatives elected to power?

We won't even screw with that shit. It's bullshit.

Then what can you hope to accomplish? The United States government is pretty well armed.

Let the enemy be warned: We have cooperation at every level of the Army, Navy, Marines, at every level up to admiral. Naval intelligence initiated three weeks ago an investigation against us for sedition, which is ludicrous. When that investigation was initiated, I received a copy of the orders within two days. And I faxed it back to them. *That* frigged their heads off! We're forming cells of six to eight, a tight, cohesive group. Dues, fees—none of that crap exists. It's a small little group, but it's networked. We're here to alert America. We want to know this: Why is the U.S. Army creating civilian prison camps within the U.S bases?

Can you show me these concentration camps?

They're gearing up to do it. The people who are just sittin' on their ass, watchin' the football games, they'll be surprised. There's one in Indiana that's been recently constructed. There's one at Fort Jaffe on the east coast. In Michigan they're already going down in the sewers and putting sensors down there in anticipation that the patriots might hide in them.

Where's that?

I believe it's in Bay City. It's just hard to imagine because we're just *jerks.* They're doing it to us. I happen to have the Defense Appropriations Bill for the creation of AIDS. How does that grab you? The World Health Organization, when they gave inoculations for smallpox, they gave 'em a freebie. It's not a gay disease. It's not a strictly sexual disease.

He gazed at me, his face framed by that soft, greyish moustache and beard; a genial face in repose, almost gentle; but the eyes narrowed when he spoke and he became hard and thin-lipped as "Red" Beckman could sometimes be when he'd straighten in his chair, raise a thumb, gaze at me dead-on from under the brim of his cowboy hat, a single vertical wrinkle extending down his forehead to just above the bridge of his nose; and as he spoke he showed his teeth; Beckman's words, how-

ever, partook of a bitterness and disgust and defiance partially masked by his assumption of "hayseed" courtliness, while for Fletcher the anger and horror was uncovered, elemental; the man's ugly, terrifying vision of our society, a vision in which there was a seed of truth, was almost an assault. Like Beckman, who prided himself upon being a good listener, Bob Fletcher spoke almost nonstop. This was also Gritz's style, but Gritz by comparison was sunny. (Richard Butler from the Aryan Nations seemed older and more tired than the others, so he offered more pauses into which I could plop my questions.) All four of these men possessed the manners of prophets, and accordingly offered prescriptions of one kind or another against the doom they foresaw. They had it all figured out, like the wise general in Sun-tzu's treatise: *Prohibit omens, eliminate doubt so that they will die without other thoughts.*[129] —Gritz's was isolation pure and simple, the creation of an ideal and self-sufficient polity not completely unlike an ancient Greek city-state, the common thread, the culture of it being a peculiar Biblical exegesis which may or may not have been Christian Identity, with the added twist that the elect would live between the jaws of Leviathan, waiting and waiting for that teeth-snap against which their own "liberty teeth" and the help of Heaven might or might not save them. Butler's plan, more grandiose and less realizable, was *racial* isolation on a national scale, the expulsion of Jews and colored people from within the borders of the United States. When I asked him to characterize his hero, he replied with a rather beautiful metaphor comparing a country with a house: Hitler was a man who was described as Obadiah in the Bible,[130] he began. He fought for the life of all white people. He was a sincere man. The Christian church has never had such a good time as they had under Adolf Hitler's rule. He believed in Germany for Germany. Now what's wrong with that? —Pastor Butler smiled and got to the meat of it: A country is a *house,* he said. It has ports, which are doors. It has borders, which are walls. That's your house. That's what your nation is. You invite in those whom you wish to enter into your home. You lock out the others. A nation is a kindred family. —With Beckman it was difficult to tell how far he was willing to go, but Willis Carto of the Populist Party (under the aegis of which organization Gritz, as will be recalled, had run for President) said of Beckman: I think he's a wonderful man, a great hero. A great patriot. A very courageous Christian gentleman. —Beckman and Carto seemed to me to be kindred souls in their agendas, and Carto expressed his more clearly. When I asked him: If a Populist candidate were elected President, what's the first thing you would want him to do? he replied: Gosh, I don't know. There's so many things. The main thing would be to cut foreign aid, and to get away from the Federal Reserve. All American troops overseas should always be brought home without any exception. Let the other countries mess up themselves. That alone would bring the budget into balance. —This is probably the sort of program that Beckman would subscribe to, a *mercantile* isolationism. Whether he would actually have the heart to enact anti-Semitic measures is anyone's guess. I feel that the Montana Human

Rights Network's characterization of him as a "hardcore anti-Semite" may be exaggerated. —But of all the prophets, Bob Fletcher's notion of what ought to be done seemed to me the most hopeless. (*Wars are not won by heroic militias,* wrote Winston Churchill.)[131] MOM's call to arms conjured up a long night of civil war and guerrilla warfare, of patriots fighting holding actions against faceless dictators and their minions. His isolationism was that of a band of partisans trapped in the enemy's forests.

We're in trouble, baby, he said. And when you talk to American citizens, they're so stupid it blows your mind. And meanwhile that Russian equipment keeps on coming in.

It seems to me that Russia isn't much of a threat, I said. Why, they're worse off than we are!

Right, said Fletcher in disgusted sarcasm. What about Gorbachev? Is he in the friggin' food line? Eighty percent of the goods for ten percent of the people. That's socialism, remember? The Chinese say they welcomed a New World Order a couple of weeks ago. Who won the Cold War? *Who won the Cold War?* Why are they arming police chiefs with grenade launchers? They did a conference on terrorism recently. Janet Reno, that lesbian bitch murderer, was there. What they're doing is arming for what they're going to do to us.

I sat there in the restaurant thinking of "Red" Beckman saying: This government is absolutely rotten to the core; it's absolutely evil! as Fletcher held up a newspaper photograph of Russian and American troops training together in San Francisco. He held up a photo of a man in a gas mask and riot gear, holding a machine gun.

What's wrong with this picture? he said. Remember when you were a kid and your mother said that you could go ask the friendly policeman for directions if you were lost? You wanna talk with this sonofabitch? See, they're creating an SS force!

FROM THE CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER (CONTINUED)

By 1997, the USA will be foreclosed upon. Our economy will be such that we will have to surrender our land, or become NWO[132] *slaves. Clinton would have us do both.*[133]

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

You see, I'm one of their worst critics. But they seem to be doing what they believe. I was part of, not the Militia, but them. Everybody, even you, generally speaking they don't like the government. Everybody fights in a different way. So I don't wanna shoot 'em down. For me it's personal. Not only did I preach what I stood for, I lived it. When you don't live it, it's money. It's a business. And they've cried wolf too many times.

STATEMENT OF KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

In Montana we haven't yet seen any kind of organized cells within law enforcement that are sponsored by these folks. So there's a real danger we'll turn people into demons when they really aren't, but there are also dangers from these people based on their own paranoia. They are building a movement and a business based on fear. I've seen how those businesses work. You know, I did farm foreclosures for a while. I'd sit down with bankers, seed companies, and so on. We'd try to work out these deals to keep the farmers on the ground. And sometimes the farmers would spend anywhere from five to seven thousand dollars to file these anti-Semitic papers and not obtain anything for it. These people were very real victims.

Do you think that "Red" Beckman was any kind of victim?

No. But with most of these folks I can't sort through how much is greed and how much is ideology. With Beckman it's ideology.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

I refuse subsidies for my sheep. Too many strings. When the census people call me up I just say: I don't deal with the government. I won't tell anything, because you people screw everything up.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

Suddenly Fletcher whirled upon poor Vanessa. When you say the Pledge of Allegiance, what do you pledge allegiance to? he said.

I don't say it, said Vanessa.

You pledge allegiance to a friggin' *republic.* What's the difference between a republic and a democracy?

I don't know, she shrugged.

You and every other friggin' American in this country! A republic is what our Founding Fathers intended. In a republic you can do whatever you want as long as you don't hurt anybody. In a democracy, it's tyranny of the majority pure and simple.

This is the telephone shit, he said, holding up an article. All new telephones will be manufactured with tapping devices. What's wrong with this picture?

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN (CONTINUED)

You see, democracy is mob rule.

You can't have democracy as long as there's greed, the other man cut in.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF ARISTOTLE

For tyranny is sole rule for the benefit of the sole ruler, oligarchy for the benefit of the men of means, democracy for the benefit of the men without means. None of the three aims at the advantage of the whole community.[134]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF PLATO

When a young man, bred, as we were saying, in a stingy and uncultivated home, has once tasted the honey of the drones and keeps company with those dangerous and cunning creatures, who know how to purvey pleasures in all their multitudinous variety, then the oligarchical Constitution of his soul begins to turn into a democracy... His life is subject to no order or restraint, and he has no wish to change an existence which he calls pleasant, free and happy.

That well describes the life of one whose motto is liberty and equality.[135]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN

Nowhere in the world is presented a government of so much liberty and equality.[136]

FROM THE WRITINGS OF V.I. LENIN

Bourgeois democracy, although a great historical advance in comparison with medievalism, always remains and under capitalism is bound to remain, restricted, truncated, false and hypocritical, a paradise for the rich and a snare and deception for the exploited, for the poor.[137]

STATEMENT OF PASTOR RICHARD BUTLER, ARYAN NATIONS COMPOUND (CONTINUED)

Democracy is just a euphemism for communism.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

Americans are just friggin' *jerks,* he said. When the Militia holds a meeting they'll say: Oh, I'm *afraid* to come. I might end up on a list. —And I'll make 'em repeat what they just said. Then I'll say: Do you understand what you just said? Do you understand what kind of government puts people on a *list?* That's the point of the Militia, you *sonofabitch.* If you really meant that, we don't want your ass anyhow, because you won't be worth a damn.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

There's no guts out here. In Bozeman there's a whole buncha fellas call themselves Republicans. I don't know what name I can use for 'em with a lady present.

STATEMENT OF "MARK FROM MICHIGAN" (ON VIDEO; CONTINUED)

We are going to rise up, not go back.

STATEMENT OF MRS. CAROYLYN TROCHMANN, MILITIA OF MONTANA (NOXON)

It's growing by leaps and bounds. With me being involved in the ammunition business, I get calls all the time.

Do you think it's going to keep growing?

I know it's going to.

How did you get involved in MOM?

I knew from my study that I *was* the Militia, she said.

STATEMENT OF MARLENE HINES (CONTINUED)

I think we would be remiss not to be concerned that people like Trochmann are going around forming militias and so on. In Montana, guns are part of the culture. Extremists talk about this gun control and get into the mainstream. They showed this "No More Wacos" video. There's one point where they have these tanks come into the compound. There were these heat-seeking things coming out of them, so the video said. I just happened to be sitting next to a vet and he said: Bullshit! That was *exhaust* I saw. I used to drive those things! and he got up and walked out.

I'll tell you what, said Marlene. I don't want to give those guys the benefit of the doubt anymore.

THE BEAST

This story is, in effect, an extended parable about self-defense. The people whom I've written about here were mainly angry and bitter and filled with dread for the future. Richard Butler wanted to defend himself against blacks, Asians and Jews. "Red" Beckman wanted to defend himself against the Internal Revenue Service and the courts. Bob Fletcher wanted to defend himself against the military and the police. (So, apparently, did Randy Weaver and David Koresh.)[138] Ken Toole, Marlene Hines, Jonathan Mozzochi, Steve Gardiner and Bill Wassmuth wanted to defend themselves against armed bigots. That was how each of them would have characterized the enemy.

To Bo Gritz, the enemy was the Anti-Christ.

And now I want to introduce more fully the unnamed man from Noxon whom I've been quoting. In his heavy blue checked shirt and jeans and thick rubberized boots he was, I'd say, the ideal Christian Patriot: utterly sincere, consistent, deeply moral by his lights, unbelligerent but unafraid (which reminded me of Bo Gritz), a listener as well as a talker—a man straight from the Old Testament, a bearded patriarch. He wore his blue logging cap like a crown. His wife deferred to his judgment when they disagreed, because that was what the Bible said. —My wife is a human being and has the right to be treated as one, and she is an intelligent lady, he said; and as far as I could tell, he loved and respected her. He told me that he'd been in jail but got justice "in a roundabout way". The more he spoke, the more I admired his integrity. I liked him and was frightened by him. —Marlene Hines had said wearily of the anti-gay crowd: If you're going to go by Leviticus, how many don't eat venison? How many keep their faces unshaven? Clearly it's only some laws that we choose to follow. —She had not met the man from Noxon. —Behind his steel glasses, I saw sad, righteous, extremely clear eyes which reminded me of those of the leader in a certain group of Afghan guerrilla factions. That man had been a general, a warrior, a killer, and I'd felt that he was filled with power and utterly at peace with himself.

Before I met the man from Noxon, I'd thought that I understood what Bo Gritz meant when he spoke of living off the grid. I'd thought that he meant the same thing as the guy at the trading post in Paradise, Montana who smoked and brain-tanned his buckskins to a fine supple softness said that he was feeling closed in and wanted to move to the Yukon. Well, that was part of it. Gritz had wanted to take his wife bear hunting for their twentieth anniversary, but when Vanessa and I ran into him in Kamiah a couple of weeks later he laughed and said: My bride didn't go

for it. So I had to take her B-A-R-E hunting, on the beaches of San Diego. —To me he seemed content with his life and himself. I couldn't believe that he wanted to disappear. In many ways he lived more on the grid than I.

There was the financial reason, of course, if what Ken Toole and the Kamiah realtor had said was true. Maybe Gritz stood to gain something from ushering other folks off the grid.

The man from Noxon exemplified a third reason, the religious reason.

STATEMENT OF AN UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

I hate the government. Therefore I take nothing from the government.

I don't deal with banks. Interest is wrong because God says no. I gave up my house because I couldn't pay usury on the loan, which is against the Bible. I rescinded my social security number. There are twenty million people who don't pay income taxes. I knew I had to get out of it, so I did. And I had nice stuff. I walked away from it. If you do what's right, you put your fleshly body at risk.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Yes, I've rejected my social security number, he said at his press conference. But I will authoritatively state that I have paid all taxes that are required.

STATEMENT OF MARILYN STEEN, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

If we received a tax return that didn't have a social security number on it, it would be a little hard for us to process the return. I've read that there are some religious ministers who use that as an argument.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MARY STEWART RELFE

The world's greatest conspiracy is being quietly conducted in the most sacred halls of secular secrecy...Their applied strategy is by way of IDENTIFICATION... PHASE I began in 1970 with a conscientious effort to "IDENTIFY EVERY ITEM" at the manufacturer's level with a NUMBER "MARKED" on it. A group of Numbers designated by Marks, lines or bars, is called a Bar Code...PHASE II began in 1973 with an effort to IDENTIFY each PERSON with a Number. The Social Security Numbers when blended with the Universal Numbering System will be converted to "Bars." Initially, this NUMBER will be "Marked" on a Card (a WORLD-WIDE

MONEY-ID CARD). Subsequently, according to Bible prophecy, it will be stamped upon the person it identifies.[139] [NOTE: I purchased this book from Bo and Claudia Gritz. Bo recommended it highly. It is offered for sale through the Center for Action newsletter.]

FROM THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS

Then I saw another beast which rose out of the earth; it had two horns like a lamb and it spoke like a dragon...It works great signs...Also it causes all, both small and great, both rich and poor, both free and slave, to be marked on the right hand or on the forehead, so that no one can buy or sell unless he has the mark, that is the name of the beast or the number of its name.[140]

STATEMENT OF THEO ELLERY, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

Now, what happens when people rescind their social security numbers?

You have to have a social security number to file taxes, Bill. You can't live in America without a social security number. You would have to go totally underground. I suppose a person could eke out a meager existence.

But is it legal? Is it possible?

I don't know. You'd have to be paid in cash. It makes it very difficult for anyone to get a job, to get unemployment benefits, or any benefits for their children if they need it.

How many people are involved in this?

A small, small minority. —You know, she added just before we said goodbye, some of these folks are very bright. It's just sad to see them not channeling their energies into something more productive. It's a Don Quixote-like existence.

STATEMENT OF STEVEN GARDINER (CONTINUED)

What do you think about the notion of living off the grid?

I don't see that as a realistic way to live.

STATEMENT OF MRS. CAROLYN TROCHMANN, MILITIA OF MONTANA (CONTINUED)

What phrase would characterize your ideals?

I don't know if there would be a single phrase to cover it, because man has become so greedy and so corrupt and morals have gone so far by the wayside.

FROM THE BOOK OF REVELATIONS (CONTINUED)

This calls for wisdom: let him who has understanding reckon the number of the beast, for it is a human number; its number is six hundred and sixty-six.[141]

STATEMENT OF "MARK FROM MICHIGAN" (ON VIDEO; CONTINUED)

The Constitution and the Bill of Rights were once a chain upon that beast called government.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MARY STEWART RELFE (CONTINUED)

Is it not strange that the only Number {in the Universal Product Code} represented with 3 different Bars is 6, "6-6-6?"...You will find a little study of the Marks will enable you to clearly see the "neatly planned" deceit in causing people to unknowingly "Buy and Sell" with a "Mark" in which is concealed the use of this Number...[142]

STATEMENT OF MR. PAUL FOSTER, VICE-PRESIDENT, INDUS CORPORATION, PITTSBURGH, PENNSYLVANIA

Thanks for the Relfe book, Bill. It's a hoot. I've been showing it to people all around the office.

What about this 666 stuff, Paul?

I did some checking about that. You know, our software is inventory control. I called one bar code guy and asked him about it. No basis. It's just numerology stuff. As a matter of fact, I went to the supermarket and did some checking. The first item I picked up did have a six in it, maybe a six-six-six, I don't remember. But by no means all of them did.

What percentage did, would you say?

More than half.

STATEMENT OF MS. MERRY TRUDEAU, PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (BOISE, IDAHO)

We don't care if you rescind your social security number. If you make money and you file a tax return, the IRS will require that that return be filed. To my knowledge, you can *attempt* to revoke your social security number. But that would be your

identifying number. We would probably input a substitute social security number for the income. And if your form 1099s show up with that number, we would attribute that number to the person holding that number.

What happens if someone refused to give an employer a social security number?

I suppose you could do that if you were to declare that you were subject to zero withholding. Of course that would be a red flag.[143] Employers are required to submit those names quarterly to the IRS.

AN INTERESTING LIST

In her book, Mary Stewart Relfe reproduced an Internal Revenue Service W-2 instruction form, a social security application form, a social security records change request form, a social security confidential instructions form, and a combination U.S. Treasury, Internal Revenue Service and Alcohol, Tobacco and Firearms badge.[144] All of these items had on them somewhere the number 666.

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN (CONTINUED)

All I wanted to do was tell people about the law and give them a choice. Social Security or not, it's up to them. You don't respect a government of force.

STATEMENT OF AN ALMOST HEAVEN RESIDENT (KAMIAH, IDAHO)

So is there anywhere here you can go camping and just not see anyone? asked my friend Madeleine.

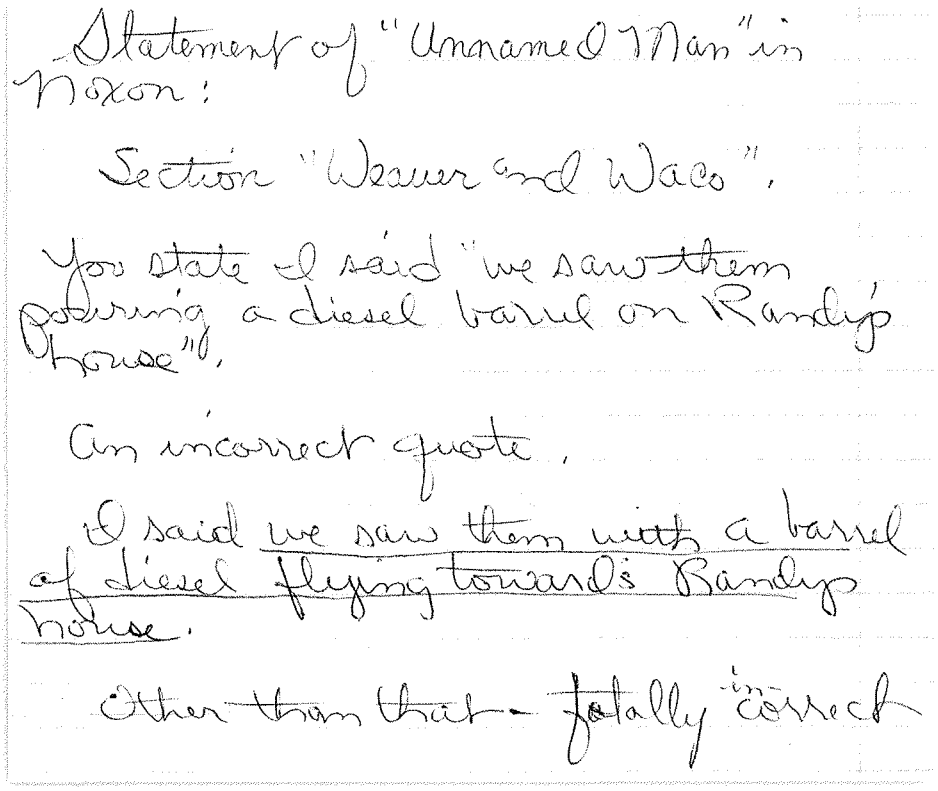
Sure, anywhere, said the boy with the turned-up cowboy hat and the silver POW bracelet, the round face.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

Six thousand people in Sweden have already been implanted with transponder chips in the backs of their hands. It's unbelievably Biblical, this stuff. The Mark of the Beast. And by the way, I'm not a Bible freak. I have one of those transponders, and that transponder injector.

I'd like to see it, I said.

Well, you can't. It's in Thompson Falls. But the point is that this transponder can be scanned through walls. You will have to have that. You will not be able to have a job without it. The cops'll scan your hand.


Statement of "Unnamed Man" in Nixon:

Section "Waco and Waco".

You state I said "we saw them pouring a diesel barrel on Randy's house".

An incorrect quote.

I said we saw them with a barrel of diesel flying towards Randy's house.

Other than that - totally incorrect

The Unnamed Man's corrections to this chapter

STATEMENT OF MERRY TRUDEAU, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (CONTINUED)

Well, there was an allegation years back that they were implanting microchips in the feet of babies.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

So will you offer classes in how to make counterfeit transponders? I asked.

I will be dead by then. I will be dead within two years. All the activists are in serious danger of being taken out. The CIA blew up that Lockerbie flight. There was three members of the CIA coming back to blow the whistle on their drug scam.

Is it possible to get them to just leave you alone? I said. Why not live off the grid?

Our intention is that we're not gonna avoid 'em. It'll be like the Holocaust. The Jews jumped up and took credit for the deaths. But what did the Jews do to avoid

Adolf Hitler? Our suggestion is not hiding in cellars. We're like the French Underground.

What about Bo Gritz and Almost Heaven? It seems like he's trying to stay out of it.

Bo knows better than that, he said with a pitying smile. These guys wouldn't pay $350.00 to go to SPIKE and learn how to cut some guy's head off with piano wire.[145] If Bo thinks the bad guys are gonna take over the world and leave him alone, that's bullshit. Bo knows better than that.

FROM THE WRITINGS OF MARY STEWART RELFE (CONTINUED)

At present, I see no difference in using a Number on a Credit Card, than {sic} using a Number on a Social Security card. The Credit Card is one method of selectively disbursing one's earnings, which is yet voluntary; while the Social Security Card is the method by which one must earn one's wages, and has been mandatory since 1937...Soon, however, you will receive a Final Card and a Final Number.[146]

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (AT THE ALMOST HEAVEN PRESS CONFERENCE; CONTINUED)

I can see the time coming when the country goes to a cashless system and gives everybody an ID card. If you don't believe it, read *PC Weekly.* The military is already issuing a card called a MARC. What do you think of that name? I refer you to Revelations 13. Needless to say, I refused my MARC card. I've turned down my military pension. I have to say I see bad times coming.

STATEMENT OF WILLIS CARTO, POPULIST ACTION COMMITTEE (CONTINUED)

Do you believe in the End Times in the Book of Revelation? I was speaking with Colonel Gritz about that...

Oh, I take a more secular view.

STATEMENT OF MRS. CAROLYN TROCHMANN (CONTINUED)

Hunger is going to be the biggest threat. You see it happening in foreign countries. They'll control the food.

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

I fear more from my neighbor who has not put food away than from the government.

...And I understood what he and Mrs. Trochmann were saying. It came out to the same thing that Gritz was saying, although whether or not the other two would put it in religious terms I didn't know. The Anti-Christ was here. The Beast was here. The Mark was upon us all.

STATEMENT OF "MARK FROM MICHIGAN" (ON VIDEO; CONTINUED)

...I will not give them the honor of calling them human beings. I look into their eyes. Especially I look into their eyes. I see the eyes of a Himmler, of a Heydrich.

STATEMENT OF MS. MARILYN STEEN, PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, INTERNAL REVENUE SERVICE (LAS VEGAS, NEVADA)

So you were saying you haven't had any trouble with Bo Gritz?

I wouldn't really be able to comment on that particular taxpayer.

I'm not asking if he filed. I'm asking if he's been a tax protester.

Well, I've only been here since July. But I haven't dealt with that community. They've been very quiet.

STATEMENT OF THE BOY AT ALMOST HEAVEN (CONTINUED)

Reporters say that Bo don't pay income tax. That's another lie. They take the tax out of his military pension before they send it. And he never collects it. He won't touch it.

FROM THE CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER (CONTINUED)

All people except those whose names are recorded in the Lamb's Book of Life will worship the beast. Those who take the mark are destined to eternal torment. It is clear we will either take the mark, or be prepared to live in spite of a tyrannical cabal. We cannot expect to make it alone. Safety will come in numbers collected together in relatively remote areas prepared to fight for our families, homes, Constitution and Heavenly Banner. The "Covenant Communities" will keep the citizenry safe while meeting the needs of each individual. I

believe we have about two years until constricting bureaucracy forces those of us with God's law within our heart to relocate.[147]

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

So we'd said goodbye to Bob Fletcher and to the unnamed man, and we left Montana. A deer ran across the freeway. I was sad to see the last of that fine and wonderful state with its smoky bars and casinos and the foggy cloudy snowy mountains looming ahead no matter which way you went, the wide blue rivers gravelly. I remembered one especially beautiful day when Vanessa and I were looking for crows west of Bozeman and after not finding them we continued towards Helena to meet the Montana Human Rights Network people, and on the way the grass was of the yellow-brown shade called by watercolorists "gallstone." We'd seen dark horses, smoking trains, broad folded blue horizons stubbled with forest, and now we were done. So in Idaho we paid our visit to the Church of Jesus Christ Christian where Pastor Butler smiled and shook our hands, and Group Leader Tim Bishop, tall and brawny, stood with folded arms beside a swastika banner in the church. There was a silver bust of Hitler, a swastika clock that said NOW IS THE TIME, crosses everywhere, the Aryan Nations version of the swastika, a sort of crowned letter N with a dagger through it. (The swastika under Jesus Christ's day was four capital gammas or L's, symbolizing the four Apostles, Bishop explained. Jesus Christ used to walk up to fifty miles in the hot sand to get away from the Jewish areas. The white race is the true Israel and the Jews are the deceivers. In the Talmud they say that all Christians should be killed, even all non-Jews, all the *goyim. Goyim* means human cattle. We offer the *Protocols of the Elders of Zion.* We're an information service.) —The next day, after a long drive, we arrived in Kamiah. It was snowy and misty. We strolled down the drizzly main street of Kamiah with its clock outside the realty office and its cardboard cutout-style firehouse and town marshal's office, the Nez Perce Express grocery store a couple of blocks away, the supermarket with deer heads high on the walls; and I remembered the press conference at Almost Heaven, only a week or two earlier, but autumn was considerably more advanced. I remembered Bo's gaze, martial, alert, impatient, a touch defiant, quite unlike the feeling I'd gotten from looking into "Red" Beckman's strangely sharp eyes. Handsome and steady, with his belt buddy just right of his buckle, Bo Gritz had stood gazing at the reporters who knelt and squatted and aimed their reflectors, and grass waved in the wind as he rested his hands in his pockets. (One of the Nez Perce girls told me that her grandmother found him sexy.) I thought of Bo sitting in his office at home in Sandy Valley, pushing his hands together in an isometric sort of play that reminded me of the push-pull position in the recommended "Weaver stance" of pistol shooting, closing his eyes slightly with the lamp shining beside

him and a painting of an old sailing ship on the wall. I thought of him happily swinging himself out of his turboprop plane.

Marlene Hines had given Vanessa that wild meat, and I'd promised to cook it for her. None of the restaurants would touch it due to FDA regulations. So we went to Bo and Claudia's enemy, Rosemary Thibault at the Clearwater Motel, and rented a conference room with a stove from her. I fried up elk burgers and venison steak for Vanessa. When I went to pay for the use of our improvised kitchen, Rosemary said: I suppose you've heard that Bo's back in town.

Wanting to pump Gritz once more, and also to see again Claudia's pretty, clean and happy face, I called and asked if Vanessa and I could come over. Gritz greeted me cordially, but he looked tired. He said that it had been a strain flying through the snowstorm. Claudia was at Jalinda's having dinner.

I remembered what he'd said in his newsletter about Armageddon, so I took a deep breath and asked him: Who's the Anti-Christ?

He gazed into my face for a moment. Then he said: My candidate would be Mikhail Gorbachev. He has a smile with iron teeth.

STATEMENT OF BOB FLETCHER (CONTINUED)

This is nothing different than if ten years ago the Russians had parachuted in. Gorbachev is in bed with the Queen and the elite and all of them. Kennedy started it. Kennedy, I think, was a friggin' Communist. The next step, which they already have in operation, is for them to scan you to see how much cash you're carrying. They're already doing it. State troopers can scan you in a moving car. They're putting scannable strips in all the money, to prevent counterfeiting, so they say. What's wrong with this picture?

STATEMENT OF MR. JON MURCHINSON, PUBLIC AFFAIRS OFFICER, DEPARTMENT OF THE TREASURY (WASHINGTON, D.C.; BY PHONE)

I've been talking with some folks who believe that those new strips in our paper currency can be scanned in such a way that officials will be able to tell how much money somebody has without even looking in his wallet, I said. Is that true?

No, that's absolutely false.

You care to elaborate on that?

I believe I've already said what needed to be said, said Murchinson crisply.

So what's the purpose of those strips?

They're counterfeit deterrent measures. These strips are commonly referred to as a security thread. They were first introduced into fifties and hundreds in 1990.

And they're in twenties now also?

Yes.

And will they be in other bills?

In the tens, yes. I don't know about the fives.

What next?

In July, on the thirteenth actually, the Treasury unveiled plans for modernizing U.S. currency. The bills are going to look very American. The only things that are changing are the portraits are going to be enlarged and moved off center; there's going to be some new anti-counterfeiting devices associated with the bills. The security threads are going to be in different.

Do you intend to put bar codes in any of the currency?

No, that's not currently under consideration at all.

No microchips?

No bar codes, no microchips, nothing like that.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

This New World Order thing is dead serious. To do it, they got to pull our economy down. We have a Burger King out here. This guy has been ruined by the Federal court. It's a concerted effort out there to destroy our standard of living. They've got to bring us down. They've got to bring the Mexicans up—but only those forty-two rich families

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

There was something else I had to ask Gritz on what might well be our last meeting. I knew that I could never fully understand this strange, fascinating, ambiguous man, whom the Coalition for Human Dignity called a bigot and an anti-Semite, but about whom Richard Butler had said: We disagree on race; whom both Ken Toole and the Constitutionalist Patriot who'd invited Gritz in to negotiate during the Weaver siege sometimes half-jokingly suspected of being a government agent, whom his ally "Red" Beckman had characterized in this way:

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Colonel Gritz is kind of an unknown quantity for us. We don't know what to make of him. He started out at Point A over here as an Establishment figure. It's possible to deprogram someone, but it takes time. I've seen a steady change, where he's depro-

gramming himself. He did what he was told. In Vietnam he lived with a Vietnamese woman and had a couple of Amerasian children. He's honest about it. He regretted the fact that he did what he did. He's honest. I consider Bo a big man. But he still has some strings to cut. He still thinks the government does a little good.

What do you think of Almost Heaven?

I'm not a fanatic trying to build a colony like this. I'd rather stay here in my turf. I'm not recruiting [people] to move to this area.

WHO IS JOHN GALT?

None of these men seemed to know Bo Gritz, to really know him. I certainly didn't. This establishment hero who'd been praised in Westmoreland's memoirs, who'd received sixty-two citations for valor, how had he drifted so far to right field? —His own explanation, his mission to the Opium King, might have been all there was to it: Khun Sa is the undisputed overlord of most of the world's heroin. Yet we don't support him. I was there in an official capacity to talk to him. I thought I'd get an attaboy. Instead, I got an aw shit. —Maybe the answer was the religious one. Maybe it was the financial one. There was one more possibility in which I didn't believe or want to believe. He had denied it already so many times. —You know he was a featured speaker at a Klan rally and an Identity gathering, said Michael Reynolds from Klanwatch. The thing with Gritz is we got a little more material on Bo's background. Let me pull this up. Yeah, Bo, Bo, Bo, Bo. Ah, here we go. This was 1991. Greensboro, North Carolina. They had a First Annual Identity and Klan rally. So the speakers they lined up included Bo Gritz. Weems was there, too. He used to be the Grand Dragon for the Mississippi Klan.

AN ARTICLE FROM THE CAROLINA PEACEMAKER (1991)

WHITE-WING LEADERSHIP MEETINGS: SKINHEADS, NAZOS, POPULISTS, MEMBERS OF OTHER 'LOVE GROUPS' MEET IN GREENSBORO AREA

The Holiday Inn "think tank" meeting was billed as the first National Identity-Christian conference. It was ... chaired by A.J. Barker, Populist Party national chairman ... Among speakers were...Lt. Col. James (Bo) Gritz of Arizona ... At one time, 113 persons representing the Populist Party, Confederate Knights [of the Ku Klux Klan], United American Guard, Invisible Empire, Aryan Knights (Brown Summit), and SS of America were in attendance at the Holiday Inn meeting while 31 skinheads were watching the doors and parking lot access.[148]

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

As for the North Carolina Klan meeting and my participation—GARBAGE. YOUR KLAN WATCHERS NEED OPTICAL DEVICES FIXED IN THEIR BELLY BUTTONS SO THEY CAN BETTER SEE. Jerry, Claudia and I would be more than happy to respond to any queries about campaign stops and weirdos we encountered in 15 months of crisscrossing America. I HAVE NEVER, NEVER, NEVER IN MY LIFE KNOWINGLY ATTENDED A 'KLAN MEETING,' NOR WOULD I! WOULD YOU???? I remember attending a "Populist Organization Meeting" for several southern states in North Carolina. I gave my "candidate" speech and attended a perfectly legitimate organization with PP people...Later that afternoon Jerry, Claude 'n I were present as a "guest speaker" started to address people (not dressed for a toga party) that were in attendance. WE WERE THERE UNTIL HE SAID: "WELCOME FELLOW KNIGHTS." It took me about 10 seconds for me to realize there was no punchline (I thought the guy was in the process of making a joke). We (including Charlie Brown, National Campaign Manager) got up and left the assembly. The KLAN may have had something your boys picked up in a newsletter, but it certainly wasn't accurate!

STATEMENT OF MICHAEL REYNOLDS (CONTINUED)

Have you noticed the message in the writings, especially the last October issue? His writings are rife with the Identity messages. My concern is not about Bo uncovering a covert operation in collusion with CIA in collusion with the drug lords. It's Gritz's Identity-laden message, in which he is careful to couch his anti-Semitism in the form of rhetorical question. I think he's very canny and very media-wise. He reminds me of William Potter Gale, who was on MacArthur's staff. William Potter Gale helped found the guerrilla army in the Philippines. He came up with the word Identity. He founded the Identity movement in Mariposa, California. He helped establish the Possus Comitatus. He was indicted and convicted on conspiracy and plots to bomb federal judges and other government officials. He essentially sent up a paramilitary organization. He was close with Richard Butler and others.

FROM THE CENTER FOR ACTION NEWSLETTER (CONTINUED)

Were those pre-Adamic "people" put on earth before Adam as "beasts" of labor? Adam was not required to "sweat" until after He {sic} was evicted from the garden.

...throughout the Bible Prophets and Jesus Christ Himself refer frequently to the seed of Satan, e.g. John 8:44 (Jesus says to the Pharisees, "You are of your father the devil, and the

lusts of your father you desire to do." Is that why Rabbinical documents have Jesus Christ boiling in urine and excrement?)...

Do you see the sign, scent, stain and mark of the beast on America today?

...Woodrow Wilson received the Nobel Peace Prize for his bid to create a "new world order" through the League of Nations...Wilson later lamented that he had betrayed his nation. Wilson even had a NWO flag prepared. The banner displays a multicolored central disk dominated by a six-pointed star. What does it all mean?

... Solomon adopted his six-pointed star seal after the sign of Astarte! The star of David had five points. Look to Revelations 13:18, "... and his number is six hundred, three score and six." The number of the Antichrist system is 666, a six within a six within a six. Six sides, six angles, six points.

...Yes, there is a star war going on today between the five-points of righteousness and the six-points of Satan. Whose ensign do you carry in your heart?[149]

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY A FRIEND (MAY 1995)

The day after the {Oklahoma} bombing there was a brief clip on one of the network news shows with Bo Gritz standing at some podium that day, declaring that the bombing was "a Rembrandt... a work of art... a true masterpiece of art and technology." Gee, isn't it reassuring that Bo knows who Rembrandt is? I certainly feel reassured when morons call forth the work of geniuses to extol the work of other morons. I've really been affected by this thing like I can't remember being affected by anything.

...I am totally aggravated with you for trying to pass this Bo Gritz guy off as some kind of folklore hero. (Although I have not yet seen any article about him by you,[150] *I sense your admiration of the guy.) The bottom line is that he is just another sinister minister of hate, this time dealing with the romantic notion of backwoods self-sufficiency, but under the pretty coating of standing up for his rights, he is just another paranoid racist who can't deal with the way the world is heading, which is that it's looking less and less white, isn't it. And I wonder whether you aren't drawn to him from somewhere in your heart that is still Indiana, the heartland, the Midwest, Middle America, where it used to be the 50's and little crew-cut white kids could roam around on their shiny red tricycles and nobody would come and snatch them away. Wasn't life prettier in the early 60's? I remember the bells on the Good Humor trucks, and being allowed to wander the neighborhood at will and trade gum-machine charms with my friends or go to the toy store and to school by myself at the age of five. And this was in* Queens. *Now, my sister can't let her five year old out of her sight for even ten seconds. We walk him to school, walk him to the playground, walk him to the park so that he can ride his bike in a little fenced-in area while rap blasts from somebody's boom box twenty feet away. Kind of makes me want to move to the mountains of Idaho also. Except... oh yeah, there's a problem. I'm Jewish. And I forget... we Jews run the world, according to Bo Gritz (You'd never know it from my life). We are everything evil and we should be exterminated. Just like those stupid fucking Germans. let's face it, if they hadn't*

killed and chased out all the Jewish scientists and brains in their country, maybe they would actually have WON World War II.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

Too bad you selected my JAN '94 newsletter as an example. I (probably wrongly) thought to use some shock therapy on the readership hoping they would begin to research for themselves many of the odd-color issues—AND THEY DID! Ask Jerry about the deluge of concerned calls and letters. MY POSITION IS AS CLEAR AS IS MY ACTION AND EXPLANATION TO YOU CAN MAKE IT. WHY USE ONE ISOLATED PUB AND IGNORE HUNDREDS, MAYBE THOUSANDS OF OTHER PRESENTATIONS THAT CLEARLY SHOW I AM SIMPLY FOR FREEDOM OF EVERY AMERICAN. IF THAT MESSAGE ISN'T LOUD AND CLEAR—THEN GO AHEAD AND COMPROMISE FOR YOUR EDITORS! NOBODY REALLY KNOWS BO FOR 100% ABSOLUTE IRONCLAD CERTAIN). WELL BO KNOWS: JESUS KNOWS: CLAUDIA KNOWS: THE PEOPLE WHO COUNT IN MY LIFE KNOW: THAT'S ALL THAT'S IMPORTANT.

FROM A SECOND LETTER OF COMMENT BY BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

ANYONE WHO EVER SAYS THAT I IN ANY WAY EVER KNOWINGLY SUPPORTED THE KKK IS FULL OF SHIT!

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY KEN TOOLE (CONTINUED)

All the media, including this article, focus too much on whether or not he is a racist. Only Bo knows what he is in this regard and yet the media keep digging for it and don't get it. Of course you don't ... and it really isn't the point. The point is that he's happily, cooperatively and probably profitably serving as a rallying point for individuals who are fundamentally opposed to diversity and tolerance in our society. I know they sound like PC buzz words but the fact of the matter is that they are basic precepts to a free society and a democratic government.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

There did not seem to be any point in asking Gritz any more questions about race. So I decided to ask about abortion, one of "Red" Beckman's many issues. Beckman

loved to decry the fact that his (or maybe not his) tax dollars were subsidizing the murder of the unborn.

I brought to mind about what the patriarch in Noxon had said when I asked him about the minister in Florida who'd shot the abortion doctor—a fairly clear case, I figured, of the extremist vigilantism that the human rights groups feared. —I believe he was right in what he did, the man from Noxon said. Now maybe God comes along and says you interpreted it wrong. That's always possible. But you do what you can. That's why I say if somebody breaks into your house, shoot him, because God wants to *talk* to that man.

What if that doctor had been an atheist and all the women he gave abortions to were atheists? I'd said.

Religious freedom in this country is based on the fact that you believe in the *Bible* freely, the other insisted.

Well, how about people in Japan? They're Buddhists. They don't believe in the Bible. Do they have the right to have abortions?

Very good! he laughed. I'm not against the Japanese. They are against the Bible, and that's for God to sort out. I believe in Him.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

Every person should be proud of their race. I believe in racism. If I was a black man, I should be proud of my race.

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

I *do not* have to be forced to live next to the blacks. Under this Constitution neither the blacks nor the Orientals were to be citizens.

FROM THE CONSTITUTION OF THE UNITED STATES

Article I, Section 2, paragraph 3. *{The respective Numbers of the several States} shall be determined by adding to the whole Number of free Persons, including those bound to Service for a Term of Years, and excluding Indians not taxed, three fifths of all other Persons.*

STATEMENT OF THE UNNAMED MAN IN NOXON (CONTINUED)

But *you* listen to *me!* the man cried with stern earnestness. If you write that down then you write *this* down: God looked on what He made and said that it was *good*,

and I'm not big enough to say that God was a liar. So I think all the races are good. They have a right to exist.

Would you characterize yourself as Christian Identity?

There are so many kinds of Christian Identity that that's meaningless. There's too many people who hang on Christian Identity as salvation. God doesn't care. God says: Show me your love. To love Me is to obey Me. You know, one time I went to that Aryan Nations church. When they started talking about niggers, I didn't like it. I could see nothing in the Bible to justify wearing a Nazi uniform. But God will sort us all out in the end. He'll stand us up and slap us around.

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

And so I asked Colonel Gritz about the man who shot the abortion doctor.

I think he should be executed, he said.

I'm so happy to hear you say that, I said.

The judge should have let him present any defense he wanted. If he wanted to talk about saving the unborn he should have been allowed to do that. But after that he should have been executed.

If you had been elected President, would you have sought to change the law?

I would have enforced the law, whatever it was, whether I agreed with it or not, he said firmly.

Claudia was back from dinner by now. I knew that she also thought that abortion was wrong. I said: But if someone else wanted an abortion, and didn't think that it was wrong, would you try to stop her?

I don't have the right to judge another person, she said. Only God does.

STATEMENT OF "RED" BECKMAN (CONTINUED)

This country, we've become so evil, he said through his squarish glasses. These child abusers, these pedophiles, these homosexuals, they're gonna have to go back in the closets.[151] And these government schools, I can't call 'em public schools, we've gotta get 'em out. One homosexual teacher around here, he's very aggressive. Home schooling is coming along like gangbusters. I have a granddaughter in Portland, and she was one hundred percent home schooled. She tested twelfth grade level in everything but spelling. In this town, it's growing by leaps and bounds. My kids, they got an education. They didn't get smoke and mirrors and propaganda. I don't care who tells me I'm wrong. They're gonna have to prove me wrong.

ALMOST HEAVEN
(CONTINUED)

I thought of Ken Toole, honest, doubtful, bespectacled. I liked him. I felt that his was an open soul. —It'll be real interesting to see if they can pull this off the grid stuff, he sighed. —I thought of Bo Gritz himself, who might or might not have been open; only time would tell; but he was bold and he was brave. (He and Ken Toole, for all their differences, had at least this much in common: They occasionally gave the other side the benefit of the doubt. Most of the other players in this game did not.) I remembered Gritz saying by way of greeting as he looked out at his private plane: You picked a bad time to travel. Turbulence. We're gonna have a hell of a rough ride. —And his eyes gleamed, and I liked that. —I liked it when he said with a grin: In 1984, when we came back from Laos, *Izvestiya* ran a story about me being bemedaled by the blood of the peace-loving peoples of Soviet Asia. —I liked the way he boasted of having been indicted for violation of the Neutrality Act. He'd been ten times behind Communist lines, he said, but the FBI came to his rescue, testifying that he was working for the CIA. —I didn't like it when he said: I've seen that the Executive Branch uses drugs to bypass Congress. Congress is liberal. They don't like covert operations. —Or, rather, I didn't like the sense of it. But the words themselves were so sunnily outrageous that I had to laugh, just as I had when he'd flashed his belt buddy at all the reporters at his press conference (when I saw him that last night in Kamiah a week or two later, he was without the belt buddy; he said he'd given it away to an Eagle Scout). Once I asked him what I ought to use for self-defense, and he told me that my primary weapon ought to be a .223, not a .762; and that the Steyr AUG was the absolute best. —I liked that because I had a feeling he knew what he was talking about. Maybe that's why Ken Toole had said: Lou Beam from the Klan is the greatest encourager of direct violence. Gritz is a close second. The Trochmanns? People say they're just wacky. I think they're dangerous. Rattlesnakes are wacky, too. There are a whole bunch of players in this... —But I longed to take Gritz's SPIKE classes myself. I wasn't going to say that they were bad. I thought of a young hardware store clerk in Stites named Skip Brandt who'd said to me: I think Bo's right on top of everything. The only thing I disagree with Bo, I'm not a religious individual. Any other person can stand behind me, black or gay or whatever, until he segregates himself from me, and then I'll segregate him. Bo's American. I have a hard time saying no one can live here. Till he breaks the law, let him stay. He states he's a Christian. Really I'm at a loss what to say. I'm not concerned. He's another person moving in here. What's the big deal?

STATEMENT OF BO GRITZ (CONTINUED)

I have a Master's in journalism. You are supposed to as a reporter print whatever you find without your own particular bias being thrown in.

* * *

POSTSCRIPT

In 1997, Jerry Gillespie, the same man who called Bo "one of the most decent human beings who ever lived," embezzled almost a million dollars from Almost Heaven and fled. In September, 1998, Claudia Gritz filed for divorce. A few days later, her husband stood beside the road near Almost Heaven and shot himself with his .45 on the left side of his chest. The wound was not fatal. A year or two after that, I went to one of Gritz's lectures. He looked much older and heavier.

OFF THE GRID

AMERICAN NORTHWEST, 1994

590a. Lieutenant-Colonel James "Bo" Gritz, retired, in the driveway of his home, Sandy Valley, Nevada.

590b. Gritz alighting from his private plane in Kamiah, Idaho.

591a. Gritz and reporter, on the site of his homestead in the "constitutional covenant" community of Almost Heaven in Kamiah.

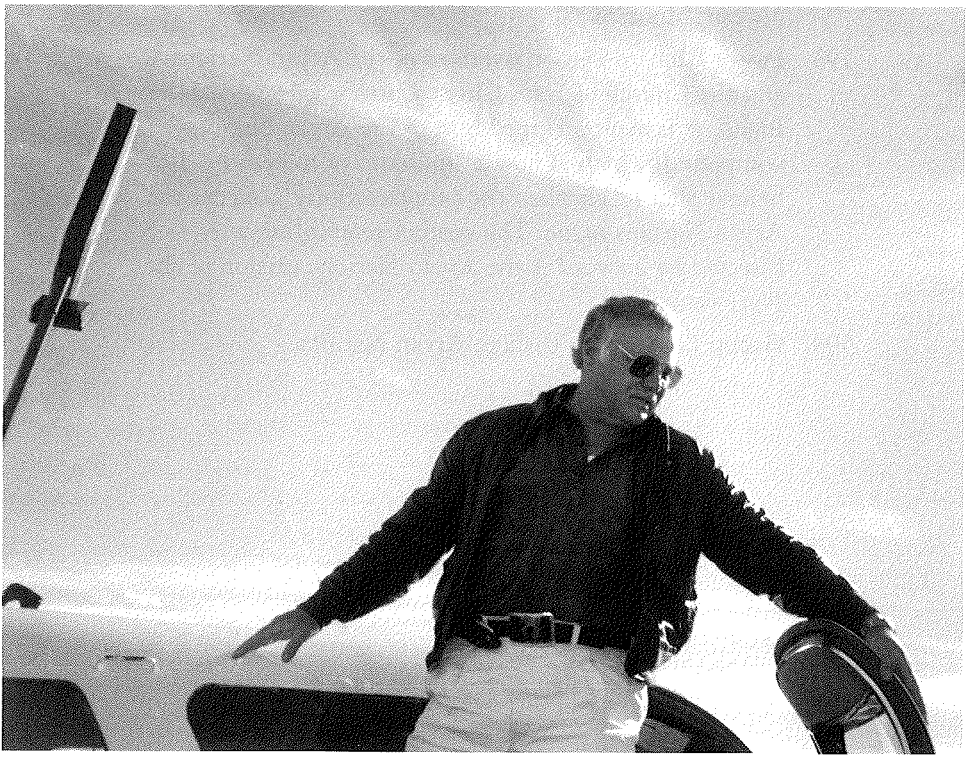
591b. Martin "Red" Beckman, "Montana's Fighting Redhead", author and tax protester. The Internal Revenue Service seized his property, which was bulldozed. Here we see him in his favorite cafe in Billings, Montana.

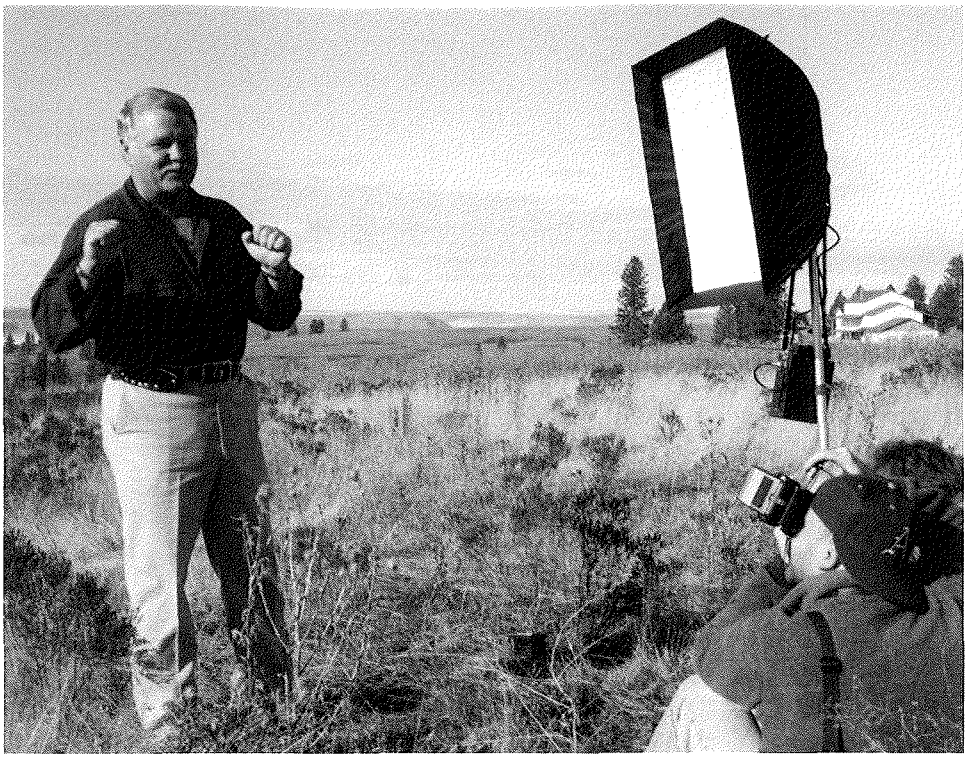
592. Bob Fletcher, spokesman for the Militia of Montana, Noxon, Montana.

593. Pastor Richard Butler, overlord of the Aryan Nations and the Church of Jesus Christ Christian, Hayden Lake, Idaho. A lawsuit stripped him of the Aryan Nations compound, which is now a "museum of tolerance." I believe that he also lost the proprietary right to use the Aryan Nations name. The symbol resembling a letter N bisected by a sword is the Aryan Nations version of the Nazi swastika.

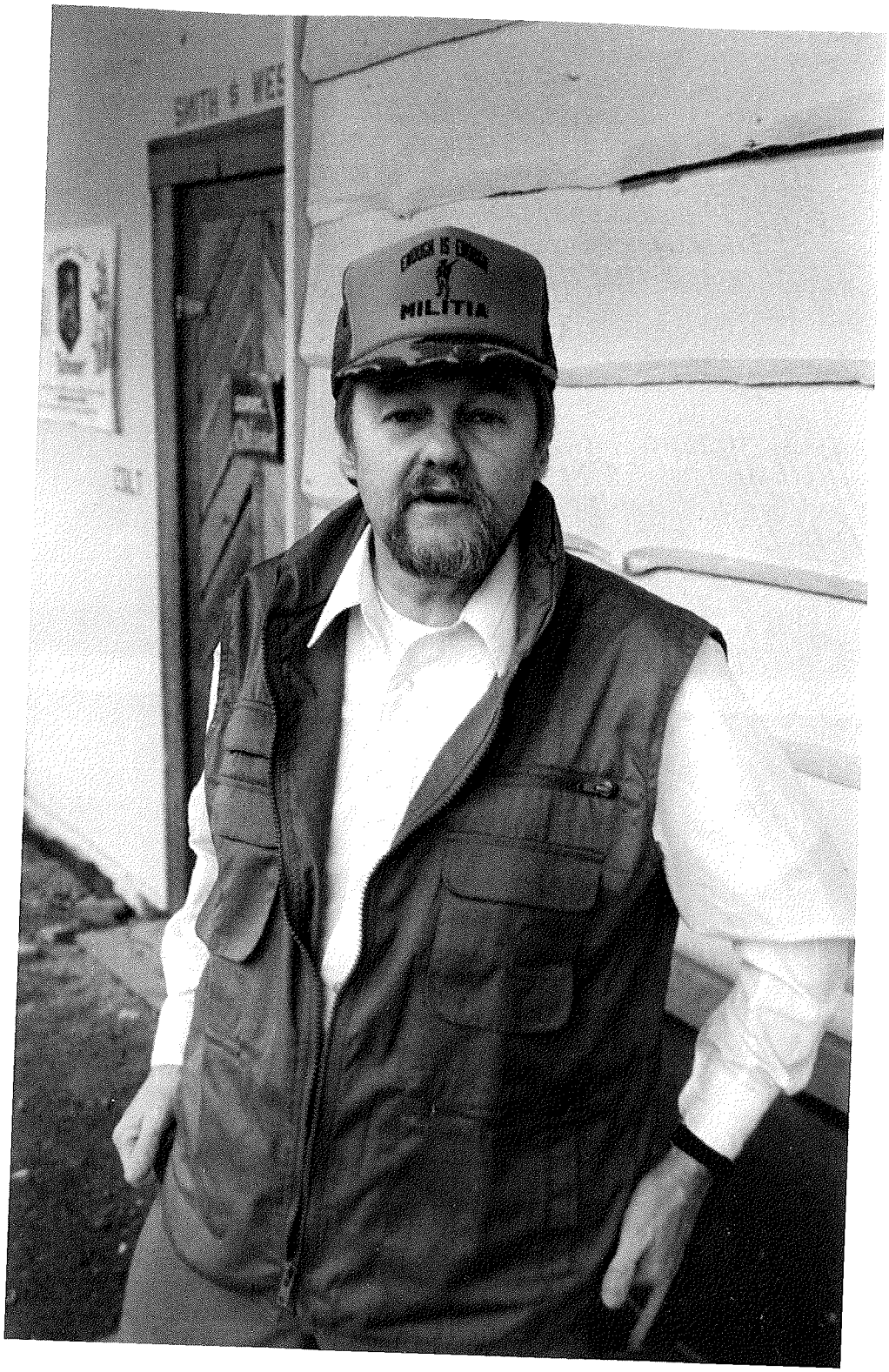
594. Group Leader Tim Bishop, Aryan Nations.


POW•MIA
HARLEY-DAVIDSON








MILITIA


MINISTRY
OF
TRUTH



THICK BLOOD
(1995)

"AN AWFUL DISEASE"

OSAKA, JAPAN

Ask him if this is a Burakumin[1] area, I said.

He says he is from the north, and there is no discrimination there. He says here in Osaka there is some, so he has *heard,* but he has no experience. He says it is a bad remnant of feudal times.

We were in a black taxi with white lace seat covers, the driver in a blazer, wearing white gloves. It was he whom I was interrogating. Since he'd been (for Japan) very direct in his replies thus far, I was emboldened to go farther. Ask him if the Burakumin are the same as those homeless people we saw in the park just now.

He says homeless people are no good. They don't want to work. I think we better not ask him any more, Yuki said. He's getting angry. See how he's raising his voice? He says Buraku is a very ugly word.

STATEMENT OF A NON-BURAKUMIN WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30s (TOKYO)

People don't want to talk about Buraku matters unless speakers and listeners are very close or know that each other are not from Buraku, like family, relatives. They subconsciously understand Buraku things are not a right subject to talk about.

IN THE BLOOD

The woman was correct. In the course of my brief investigation into Untouchability I caused people humiliation and embarrassment. I remember the time I was standing in an immigration line at Bangkok's international airport, and the Japanese man behind me seemed courteous and kind, so I asked him what he did; he was a shipbuilding engineer come to Thailand in quest of cheaper steel. We talked about ships and steel for half an hour until he asked me what I did, and I told him that I was a journalist and had come from Japan a month before. He wanted to know more, so I told him that I had been writing a story about Buraku. All the goodwill hemorrhaged out of his face. He stood gazing at his toes, the sad and resentful ghost of an affable man. We were a long way from his country; few if any of the people nearby would have even known what a Buraku was. And yet I had shamed him; I had hurt him. It was like telling an Iranian that I used pages of the Qur'-An for toilet paper, like slapping an American on the back and confiding that I liked to sodomize young children. But in those two latter cases it would have been the *position* that I took which caused offense. In the case of our engineer, it was the topic itself. He had no way of knowing whether I was for them or against them; he never asked, and I didn't want to torture him any further by discussing it. Had it not been for a multitude of instances such as this, I might have given less credence to the Buraku Liberation League's claims. As it was, how could I not believe? Freud made it clear long ago that when one cannot or will not talk about something, then one has a problem. Still, it was strange. First of all, where was the violence? In California my Korean girl, Jenny, and I are occasionally subjected to racial taunts. It is always black boys who do it; perhaps they are happy to find two of the colors they hate. They pull up their eyes with their fingers in homage to Jenny's gookish slant; they emit high-pitched goobles and gobbles to represent the universal Asian language; once when Jenny and I were going to visit a friend for Easter two carloads of them pulled up and started yelling things at me and particularly at her that provoked me almost to rage; it was a long red light and Jenny was screaming at me not to get out but finally I tore myself away from her, opened the door, and strode toward the bullies to ask them why they did that. They laughed and grinned when I came closer, and through the rolled-down windows of the two cars I saw fingers clenched around baseball bats. So I wisely tucked my tail between my legs.... Then there was the

first night that Jenny came back in tears from walking the dog in the park just around the corner saying that some black boys had thrown a bottle at the dog and the bottle had smashed on the sidewalk, spraying glass and almost hitting the dog and I was so angry and afraid and powerless and I wondered whether the bottle that had come smashing onto the sidewalk in front of our house late the night before had also been done by black boys; because after awhile, if you are intimidated enough by racists, then your thinking may well become a little racist, too. Then there was the second night, and the third. Thus evil spreads. But in Japan it was not like this at all. A BLL woman told me: In Japan no people are murdered because they are Buraku, although there are ultranationalists and ultra-right-wingers...

I thought that a number of Koreans had gotten murdered after the Kanto quake a few decades ago, I said.

During the Kobe crisis, the Japanese people and the Korean people have been helping each other, and that is really encouraging. But the ultranationalists and the neo-Nazis in our country don't attack anybody physically now. A friend of ours who is Austrian in nationality said the reason may be the link between the Yakuza[2] and the right wing. They don't kill, because the Yakuza profit from exploiting, for instance, women[3], so, they don't want to hurt their commodity.

Do they exploit Buraku women?

Not that way. But the way that some Buraku people join the Yakuza is evidence of discrimination from society at large.

I did not agree with her last remark. While it is true that many people do become criminals because society has rejected them, I have also met a Raskolnikov or two who rejected society first. And I did not think that prostitutes were necessarily exploited, and if there was no violence then I did not see what the big deal was. What I had forgotten, of course, was that people may be punished mentally as well as physically; and, as the engineer in Bangkok later reminded me, Japanese have a well-developed capacity for shame.[4]

As Carlyle says: *...are not Nations astonishingly true to their National character; which indeed runs in the blood?*[5] Blood was what it was about.

WRITTEN STATEMENT OF A MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (TOKYO)

The word "Burakumin" (*Untouchable people* in Japanese) sounds like they are negatively looked down on, people who do dirty jobs of which no majority citizens voluntarily want to take. I was warned a long time ago by a classmate at a grade school alumnus that I be very careful about choosing what's a right word to say. I had a tendency to joke around with friends by, "you must be from a Buraku somewhere, don't you?" —Buraku has two meanings. One is the community discriminated against by the majorities. The other is just a small village in countryside far from a modern

society. I meant the latter one; my friend was so naive and innocent that I joked she must have grown up in a conservative community isolated from the modern world. I just had misused the word "Buraku" because I had almost none of knowledge about Buraku people. There was almost nothing for me to know I had hurt someone by saying that. However, their hearing the word in even joke by close friends hurt people from discriminated community. I was so shocked to be corrected by her that I have been quiet about this matter since then.

A CONFESSION OF FAILURE

Many writers have called Japan a "closed society," and they are largely right. My interviews with Burakumin took place almost entirely under the auspices of the BLL, an organization of significant strength,[6] which wants to do good, and has done much good, but nevertheless an organization, and no organization I have ever met doesn't have an agenda. One problem was that the time required to stay longer in Japan would have required a hideous sum of money; another was the usual one of words not always meaning what one thinks they mean. The taxi driver in Osaka, it seemed, did not like homeless folks. He said that they were no good. But why was he getting so agitated? —You smell homeless! my tactful Yuki would say to me. You smell like homeless! —And yet this girl, who had a heart of gold, had worked as a volunteer for Project Open Hand in San Francisco, delivering food to AIDS sufferers, some of whom were homeless souls who often smelled bad, who sometimes yelled and threatened her and made her cry. In Japan Yuki didn't earn very much but she wanted me to carry back a hundred dollars for her to give to Project Open Hand. —So what did silences mean? What did smiles mean? —But the largest difficulty of all was that merely asking someone if he were Buraku might inflict such humiliation, I was warned, that I could be sued for inflicting emotional distress. (Tokyo had many Burakumin, they said, in Sumida Ward, but no one had time to take me there, and I never found them on my own.) Once in Osaka the BLL told me that it would reflect badly on them if I were to interview anybody unaccompanied, because if I were to ask some insensitive question then the Buraku community would be angry. Hearing that, of course, I immediately went out on my own with Yuki. In Nishinari Ward there was a mall called Tsurumi Bashi where people sold shoes and tripe and other unclean things; the slaughterhouses used to be there. This, local people had told us, was a Burakumin area—and it made sense that it was, for *in East Asia,* says the Britannica, *several homogenous societies sharing Buddhist ideas regarding the bodily pollution of death (Tibet, Korea, Japan) have generated internally their own local fractions of morally abhorred specialists, originally leatherworkers. These occupational outcaste persons constitute small, scattered populations, separated in marriage and descent from the local majorities, although not thought of as ethnic or corporate units.*[7] Maurice Pinguet wrote more simply: *Shinto has a horror of blood.*[8]

Do you feel that killing cows is unclean? I had asked a Buraku man.

No.

Do non-Buraku people in Osaka think so?

They think even today: Unclean, inhuman.[9]

So if you go into a butcher shop in Osaka City, what are the chances that the employees there are Buraku?

Eighty to ninety percent certain.

But another Buraku cautioned me: You can't know if you go into a shop if it is Buraku or not. Once you ask some non-Buraku if they are Buraku they will be angry. If you ask and they are Buraku, they will accuse you of discrimination.

So Yuki and I browsed down that long tunnel roofed with corrugated plastic and riven into segments by streets, my camera at the ready. The place had the feel of a bazaar. People bicycled rapidly through this sad tube, one almost hitting Yuki and not caring. Butcher shops, flower shops, restaurants, hardware stores, that was Tsurumi Bashi. Were the people I saw, ordinary-looking, Japanese-looking people (high-cheeked, long, narrow faces), Burakumin or not? I didn't ask them. No doubt some were and some were not. But let me say this: Most Japanese are very gracious about having their photo taken (as well they should be, since they themselves click and whizz away on their vacations). In Tsurumi Bashi, however, whose luminescence was as dingy-green as the tiles of Gaien-mae station in Tokyo, if we went into a shoe-store and I requested merely to take a photo of the shoes, the proprietor would twist in suspicion and fear. He would refuse, or else he'd rush to the other side of the tiny room to make sure that I wasn't surreptitiously including him. A woman was selling intestines, and I asked to take a picture of the intestines; she held some up for me—held them in front of her face. In the main tunnel, if I even began to raise the camera to take a general view, people averted their faces. And why not? Those people were just trying to get through life like that man on the subway reading a tiny book in a protective paper cover—small and narrow, that book, not much larger than his spread hands; maybe he had a secret even smaller than his book; maybe he hid it in his hands as he traveled through the crowds. They struggled; they hid so as not to be humiliated; even the number of them was not accurately known.[10]

STATEMENT OF MS. MIEKO FUJIOKA, SECRETARY, INTERNATIONAL MOVEMENT AGAINST ALL FORMS OF DISCRIMINATION AND RACISM (IMADR), TOKYO

The most typical reaction is that there is no problem any longer in Japan, so I don't understand why the Buraku people are waking up the sleeping child. Another typical reaction is that there is discrimination but no one can help it. Another reaction would be, especially among the older generation, is that Buraku people do deserve discrimination because they're dirty and lazy and so on.

STATEMENT OF A NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 50s

When I was little, before 1945 in which World War II ended, there was a Buraku community in my neighborhood. We used to call them *chorinbo.* I don't know the reason, though. I used to be scared of going close to the Buraku community because neighbors mentioned Buraku people were physically handicapped with one eye, no nose, no ears, or a hare lip, or they had an awful disease.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

Are Burakumin physically or genetically different from other people in Japan?

There's no difference whatsoever between the Buraku and the Japanese, she replied flatly.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 50s (CONTINUED)

There were about forty or fifty households in the community back then on the low hill. It looked dark, damp and gloomy to me. A house seemed to have two bedrooms, a kitchen and a bathroom. I was also told that once you had walked in there, Buraku people would have chased you and thrown stones to you since they were treated badly with discrimination.

What memories of Burakumin do you have?

The strongest memory is about a Buraku family with leprosy. Members of the family were parents and three-four children, I assume. The eldest daughter moved out to Tokyo to work after her graduation from grade school. The family committed suicide and all of the family died except the eldest daughter in Tokyo. The reason was that they had suffered from leprosy. At first some of the children got leprosy and spreaded to all the family. The family was finally determined to take their lives away themselves since they were too desperate and hopeless to continue their lives in poverty. It was very surprising and sad news in such a small conservative town. I heard that the daughter wept for grief at the funeral and it made people feel sadder.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

I remember one scene where my grandmother was sick and the doctor came to our home to see her at night. I think it was a little before she died of uterine cancer, when I was four years old. I remember my brothers and I were sitting side by side and watching the back of the doctor in a dark room of the small, old house with

only four rooms (including the dining, living, and bedrooms, for a family of six persons) which we had at that time.[11]

AN INTERESTING FACT

If a non-Buraku were to marry a Buraku, the non-Buraku's married sibling might have to get a divorce.[12]

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

Are they told by their parents what they are?

It depends on the parents. Many don't tell. It could happen that you might never know you were Buraku until somebody opposed you in marriage. I didn't know I was a Buraku until I was eighteen. My parents didn't tell me. I was brought up and born in a Buraku community in Yamaguchi Prefecture. When I was a senior in high school, I realized what I was, and I asked my mother and she told me, but not straight out....

How did you feel then?

It was a strange feeling. It didn't really hit me at that time, because I didn't experience discrimination myself. But when I was a little child, I'd wondered why we were always poor, and why my parents were always fighting, and why my mother never wanted to see my father's family.

So your mother was Buraku, not your father?

Yes.

And your father's family would have been cruel to her?

Yes.

STATEMENT OF MR. TAKUJI ENAMI, SECRETARY, PREFECTURAL DOWA PROJECTS ASSOCIATION (OSAKA)

And you, any instances of discrimination to report? I asked.

Oh, many of them!

Mr. Enami was very young, with round glasses. He wore an immaculate white sweatshirt with leaf or antler patterns on it. He stretched his fingers and clutched. When I asked for for-instances he got up and closed the door.

When he was in elementary school, he visited one of his friends. The friend's mother asked him where he was from. When he answered, the mother said that her child had something to do and could not play with him. That was in first grade. A similar thing happened when he was in fourth grade.

Did he ever go to his friend's house again?

No.

Did his friend ever come to his house?

That friend avoids him.

He still avoids you now?

The young man nodded quickly, laughed a lot, displayed bad teeth, blinking through his glasses. —Yes, the translator said. And when he said to a girl that he wanted to date her, she refused, because he was Buraku.

Was it out of family pressure, or did her refusal come from herself?

Because she was told by her parents that he was no good.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

I believe that my country has had no unfair and unequal racial treatment since World War II. For instance, anyone who equals [aspires?] to higher education, he or she is accepted to the public college if he or she passes the entrance examination regardless any background. There is no caste system in existence in Japan. In fact, from 1600 to 1800 we used to have the feudal class system consisting of the *samurai* (warrior) class, the farmer class, the merchant class, the *eta* ["extreme filth"[13]] and *hinnin* (non-human) class,[14] but it was set up by political reasons of the feudal government to prohibit a coup. The system's characteristics in Japan differ from those of the caste system in India based on Hindu. The caste system there divides Hindu society into four hereditary classes; and people from each caste are distinctly separated from the others by restrictions of marriage and jobs. However, in Japan there is the fact that the royal family has allowed its members to marry regular citizens. Japanese society is quite open-minded. Buraku problems refer to the family blood. I assume that Untouchable people prefer living in their own community sneakingly and quietly instead of joining us.

STATEMENT OF MRS. KOZUE ENAMI, SECRETARY, BURAKU LIBERATION LEAGUE (OSAKA)

The Enamis had just married. The girl stood shy and slender in her sweater, a long pigtail sleeping on her shoulder. —And when did she find out? I asked.

When she was in the nursery, where there was a special children's activity for Buraku. She was too young to know the actual situation; she thought that was daily life. And when she was in elementary school, she didn't feel she was discriminated against, because all her friends and teachers knew. But when she entered high school, some problematic things happened. There was graffiti on her girlfriend's desk after returning from gymnastic class, and it said ETA.

And what did her friend do?

She was crying.

And then?

An entire gathering of the school was held.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30s (CONTINUED)

What was it like for you to grow up in a Buraku area?[15]

I can't describe what it looked like because I didn't grow up in such an environment having Buraku around. I can't put any comments about it since there were no people related to Buraku around my neighborhood. My family (parents, grandparents) hardly ever mentioned about Buraku people.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

As I hardly ever make a chance to meet those people in my life, I can't tell how they live, what personality they have, and how they think.

STATEMENT OF MRS. KOZUE ENAMI (CONTINUED)

And now when she goes down the street, does anyone say mean things to her?

When she carries books from the BLL office, she hides the titles.

If she didn't do that, would anyone say bad things?

She doesn't think so.

What's her biggest fear?

When she bears a child, she's afraid the child will be annoyed in the school. And that's not the real problem. When the child marries, the real problem will arise.

Does she work here full time?

Yes. When she worked outside the League, the company felt differently, so she wanted to quit the company.

The company didn't like her because she was Buraku?

The company knew she was here at the BLL office part time, so they were not glad about that.

Why do non-Buraku worry about all this stuff?

They think very differently from us, said the girl with a sad laugh, so we cannot understand them.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

There is still a five- to six-point gap between Buraku and non-Buraku children in high school enrollment, and the dropout rate is increasing sharply. The Buraku chil-

dren cannot really find a reason why they have to continue study. Generally speaking, if your school record is not good and you are repeatedly told from the age of seven that you are dumb and stupid, then what is the interest in school? And in Japan, if you don't graduate from high school, you can't get a job. That is a headache now for most Buraku parents in Tokyo—first finding any high school that they can actually get into, then keeping them there. Already at the age of thirteen or fourteen they can see their life.

Is the situation better than it was twenty, thirty, forty years ago?

Of course the economic status of Buraku has increased, but in one survey that was conducted in Osaka five or six years ago, more than one-half of the respondents replied that either they'd oppose marriage to a Buraku or else they wouldn't try to combat the opposition of their relatives.

STATEMENT OF TAKUJI ENAMI (CONTINUED)

Now suppose a non-Buraku were a butcher. Would his neighbors think that he was unclean?

They don't think that all butchers are unclean because they kill cows. Only Buraku. They sometimes call us "four-legged."

Not very logical, eh? I said. In your view, is violence ever justified against people who discriminate?

The young man grinned politely. —Personally, he thinks there are two types of discrimination, the intentional and the unconscious. For the intentional one, violence will be permitted.

The translator, Mr. Kadooka, who was also Buraku, interjected: But in my belief we must logically persuade those who discriminate.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

I remember a murder occurred in 1950s in Sayama in Saitama Prefecture, a western suburb of Tokyo. A woman called Yoshie, a high school girl, was killed and later the police arrested a man in his early 20s, Kazuo Ishikawa, at a Buraku community.[16] Kazuo was a Buraku person. The public believed he was the murderer because the police announced that he had confessed he had killed Yoshie. However, once the trial started he denied that and persisted in his plea of innocence. The police's arresting him seemed so suspicious to some of the intellectuals, such as novelists, journalists that they collected evidence, trial materials, all in the process from the arrest to the trial. As the result, they had a conclusion that it was almost impossible for Kazuo to commit the murder and he should not have been charged with the murder according to all their examination of the evidence.

I have had a chance to read the report on the Yoshie's murder and realized not only that many pieces of evidence shown by the police for the trial seemed to be made up by the police for the trial, but also that he was a victim who was entrapped by the police because they just wanted to arrest one who could have been anyone.

He was released on December 21, 1994, last year after 31 years in prison, provisionally on parole because the Ministry of Justice admitted that he was a well-behaved prisoner, not because it was a false accusation. But this implied that the Ministry quietly admitted their mistake.

Kazuo was arrested because he was an Untouchable person.

STATEMENT OF MR. KEN-ICHI KADOOKA, SECRETARY, BURAKU LIBERATION LEAGUE (OSAKA)

Mr. Kadooka had sat there on the sofa in his suit of white undersleeves, his long-fingered hands resting one upon the other, translating for me and the Enamis, his fine-featured head hunched low, turning back and forth after each party spoke. I had found him both resolute and reasonable. He did not exaggerate or complain. He'd said that in his school he personally hadn't experienced discrimination. This moderation clothed the stories of the others in a context of greater believability. No one was going for the cheap shot; these things, I felt, had truly happened. That afternoon when Yuki phoned BLL headquarters, smiling her eyes into slits, gripping her ballpoint, her parka flapping in the cold wind, above her the pillars of Japanese letters within a double border, curvilinear and parallel constellations of segments, behind her head a poster protesting the hovering pistol which menaced a mother and child, on the other side of the phone a roundfaced old lady with a gold necklace was also smiling broadly—at me; she liked me and she liked Yuki because we had eaten in her restaurant and complimented her on her *unagi;*[17] she wanted us to marry. Marriage was in the air. I'd asked Kadooka if he were ready to marry and he said that he was but he hadn't found anybody yet. I wondered who he would find, on which Osaka night of glowing paper globes character-inscribed like mystic puffballs. I wondered how lonely he truly was. So I asked him: Could you have hidden your identity if you'd wanted to?

Maybe it's almost possible to hide our origins, he replied, but the neighbors know because they heard it from the parents, and the parents heard it from the grandparents. One can know the origins by looking at the family register. That is the problem.

When was the family register established?

In 1870. Use of it is required when one gets a passport.

And how many Burakumin die from discrimination each year?

One or two lose their lives every year.[18] For example, three years ago in Hiroshima Prefecture, one high school student suicided as a result of discrimina-

tion. She wanted to marry her teacher, but the teacher discriminated against her, so she suicided. Maybe he knew she would do that, by the position of being a teacher. Because teachers must know their students.

What did the BLL do?

We accused him, and he resigned. He didn't apologize. The Japanese Communist Party is taking his side. He says that discrimination is not the cause of the suicide.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

If you wore a T-shirt on the subway saying "I am Buraku," what would people do; would they look away?

They'd just look away, the woman replied.

And what would they say later?

They'd think that that was absurd. They'd want to avoid the issue. They do not want to face it.

THICK BLOOD

AN INQUIRY INTO BLOODLINES

Mieko Fujioka had said that she'd heard that ninety percent of detective agencies' business had to do with investigating prospective spouses to see if they were Burakumin, so at the subway station, Yuki and I having just ingested our six-dollar cup of tea, I had my co-conspirator look up some agencies in the Osaka yellow pages. One ad showed a man in a business suit clenching a telephone receiver, energetically gesturing, with noise-lines coming out of his mouth. The fine print said NO DISCRIMINATION. Another ad showed a happily smiling young woman; perhaps she had checked out okay or her fiancé had checked out okay. Yuki, who is honest and truthful, looked nervous. For her reference, I wrote out:

OUR OFFICIAL STORY

1. I want to marry you.
2. I have a job offer from a banking company here in Osaka.
3. One of my prospective colleagues just warned me that if you are Buraku I may have difficulty in getting promoted.
4. So we must investigate your ancestry.

The curly phone cord followed the arc of Yuki's hair, pulling her forward as her pen danced its life out on the little pad; above the phone a comet trail shot across a darkened screen.

She refused, Yuki reported, because she asked me if my case is one of brief research. She wanted to find out my problem. So I told her, and she said, it will be very very difficult. So I said, I ask them, what can I do? What she wants me to do, I write legal document to my company that I am not Buraku. She said she wouldn't do the research.

Why?

Because this is kind of sensitive, delicate. She said only that.

So poor Yuki had to turn more pages of yellow maps and cartoons and Japanese letters and huge numbers. She reported: Most of them said we do not do discrimination research.

I'm very stressed that you make me do this, she said. I don't like this job.

I'm sorry, Yuki.

Having found a likely one at last, hunching close to the telephone, she put on her politely enthusiastic voice, as so many Japanese do when they talk to strangers; and for a long time she smiled and bobbed her head, saying: Ah, *so*-so-so-so! and *hai!* with her purse between her ankles as she blinked and gushed and whispered our story, her little notepad accruing lines of Japanese in this weird underground hive of boutiques and lockers and vending machines.

Now I found! she told me proudly. There's a law established in Osaka Prefecture that if a detective agency does discrimination research and is found out anyone in public their license would be taken right away. That's why they are afraid. They are afraid of being unveiled. They can find out where I am from, what my family tree is, but they can't say if I am Untouchable or not. They can summarize all my research to my sponsor or me.

So they won't do it explicitly?

Cannot.

Call them back and tell them we'll need their legal research. But we must meet them first.

This is so awkward, Yuki objected. Since I live in Tokyo, why are we doing it in Osaka?

Because I got the job offer in Osaka and I must give them an answer right away.

Oh, honey, this is so *stressful!* poor Yuki wailed.

But she did it; she was good and she wanted to help me.

Okay, she said. She's just a receptionist, so she doesn't know anything. Right now they have only unfaithful couples research. The research counselors for our case, to tell us how much, are not there. They are walking, walking every day. With beepers. They just make appointment like, okay, I will meet you at such and such a location.

Please tell them we'll meet them at our hotel.

Tonight?

Why not?

STATEMENT OF KEN-ICHI KADOOKA (CONTINUED)

So there is a law against revealing the names of Burakumin?

In this prefecture of Osaka, he replied, flexing his fingers. Not in Tokyo or elsewhere.

Is that law often broken?

I think so.

Is there a master list of names?

That was revealed about twenty years ago, in the 1970s. Many private firms bought the list. And still many clients ask about origins. They say, all the people are doing that.

THE INTERVIEW

The boy said that it would cost five hundred thousand yen[19] to investigate Yuki back to her great-grandparents, which he seemed to consider far enough. It was certainly far enough for me because what did I know? He and she sat crosslegged in their legless chairs on the tatami mat. The boy had long white very expressive fingers. He wore a blow-dry haircut and an innocent look. He seemed very nice. Although I could not understand a single word he said, I liked his manner of speaking, maybe because I'd had a few whiskies for my sore throat—Bowmore Mariner from the duty-free shop in San Francisco; I'd planned to give it to a Yakuza friend of Yuki's cousin's but the man decided that he didn't want to be interviewed. Yuki had worried then that I must be humiliated. That seemed to be the key. In Madagascar they got jealous, in Thailand they withdrew, and in Japan they got embarrassed and hurt and miserable. I admitted that I wasn't any of those things. Meanwhile Yuki poured the young "research counselor" tea and cried: *Ah!* in amazement as he enlightened her as to the workings of the universe.

The family register tells you what family you are from and what parents you were born from, Yuki translated. This is also a birth certificate in our country. The current address register shows where you now live. Of course homeless doesn't have. Every time you move, you must register or you lose the right to vote.

Ask him why it's so expensive.

One reason is they can inspect the two registers but cannot photocopy them. It's the new law. So now they must write notes by hand. And here family trees are very expensive. The agency has to be ready for everything. Some commit suicide as a result of the investigation.

Tell him that I've never heard about Untouchables until today, I lied. Ask him whether if you had an Untouchable ancestor our baby could be diseased.

He says, the reason they don't like Untouchables is because before they were allowed to breed only in their own communities, cousin with cousin, so their

blood got thick. If you marry them, your child may also suffer from a thickening of the blood.

Tell him, please forgive me if this is an inappropriate question, Yuki, but when he investigates you, if you turn out to be an Untouchable, can your family register be changed?

He says impossible. Because it is a public record and there are several copies.

Can the agency change whatever copy of the list my company has?

The list reflects only your current address. Since my ancestors moved from another prefecture, the list does not reflect that. That's why we cannot change it.

BEING INVESTIGATED

As a matter of fact, I had no intention of actually giving the agency five hundred thousand yen, because I already knew that Yuki was not Buraku. (Had I been made of money, of course, it would have been interesting to see if the agency's conclusions were the same.) Ten years earlier, when Yuki's cousin Sumiko had gotten married, the bridegroom's parents had hired an agency to investigate her and her whole family. (And because this took place in Nagoya, not in Osaka, there was no law against "discrimination research.") The groom was a lawyer, let's say, the son and grandson of lawyers. His family had become in consequence very rich and important. They didn't want any strange blood, as Yuki put it. Apparently the groom's brother had married a girl who proved to be Buraku. Nothing could be done because she was already pregnant and they loved each other. It ended in divorce, however—Yuki said not because of *that,* but because the wife went through too much money. At any rate, they turned up no Buraku ancestors for Sumiko, and they were happy.

How did it feel to be investigated, Yuki?

Of course my parents were very angry, she said. Angry and humiliated.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30s (CONTINUED)

I seldom have a chance to pay attention to those people. When I make friends, I don't consider who is an Untouchable person. I have several Buraku friends from high school and have kept in touch with them because friendship comes from an individual characteristic, not from where you grow up. I think everyone knows discrimination is unreasonable. However, in terms of marriage it's another story. A marriage is considered not only the two become a couple but also their families become relatives which means two family blood become one. I don't know what's wrong with Untouchable people, but people believe their blood is not clean and few people wonder why. We have been brainwashed in our history that a marriage to a Buraku person is not a right thing to do. But everyone believes we are not

supposed to treat one with discrimination. Nobody wants to get involved in this very sensitive matter.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

What's the worst kind of discrimination that Burakumin might encounter?

When it comes to marriage or hiring somebody, they will hesitate because of the consideration of their families and their relatives. At that point they would not dare to marry a Buraku person.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

Even though I am very open-minded regarding Buraku problems and towards Untouchable people, I might be hesitant if my family blood is blended with that of someone from Buraku, to be honest with you. I have no idea what makes me think in that way. Maybe others' curious eyes?

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 50s (CONTINUED)

I think only wealthy, long, long-historical families worry about mixing their blood with Burakus'. Since my own family is not wealthy, with no outstanding history, it would be okay with me for my son to get married to a Buraku person as long as she loves him and she is a very warm-hearted.

STATEMENT OF TAKUJI ENAMI (CONTINUED)

As for marriage, his community is still discriminated against. No marriage between them and the others. His community is across a river from the non-Buraku side. One of his friends married a non-Buraku. The parents wanted to see their daughter and her child, but they wouldn't cross to the unclean side of the river. So the wife must cross the bridge to meet them on the clean side. But if her husband comes, then they leave.

STATEMENT OF KEN-ICHI KADOOKA (CONTINUED)

For example, some bride from Buraku visits the [husband's] parents; they never let her enter the house.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

How important is your Buraku identity to you? I asked.

I personally don't care to stick to the identity, but I imagine that if I married a Buraku, or for that matter a non-Buraku, my mother would be concerned about me.

I didn't know Mieko very well, but I could picture Yuki in her place; I could see Yuki's mother watching her with quiet loving concern from under her glasses.

ACCUSATIONS

STATEMENT OF YUKI (TOKYO)

We were eating eel in one of those tiny restaurants which served everything in covered bowls shaped like artichokes, the paper lampshades being set into the ceiling in softly glowing polyhedrons, formica-topped wooden tables against the wall, and Yuki said: I didn't realize what a widespread problem! Even my own cousin refused to talk to you about this story! Are you discouraged?

No, honey.

Do you know why she refused? Her husband is afraid of BLL. Afraid they will make an accusation against them.[20] Because his brother divorced a Buraku woman years ago.

But it wasn't because she was Buraku! I said. He knew when they married, and they loved each other then!

Yes, but, darling, they are very afraid of BLL. My cousin said you must false name for me to protect her husband.

I understand.

You must remember that her husband's from the western area, and there they're much more sensitive to the Buraku issue, Yuki added gently. They didn't grow up in cities, like us. And Sumiko would have done it if her husband had not absolutely forbidden it. Are you humiliated?

No, *gaijin*[21] are too stupid to feel humiliated.

FROM A LETTER OF COMMENT BY YUKI

Of course [our family] hasn't done anything wrong. [But] if we threw a stone in their happy family life, I would feel guilty for the rest of my life.... My sister's husband, I think, is not afraid of BLL. He lives far away in the west. I assume that he hesitates that he can be considered discriminating, or his parents could be as well. They just want to be quiet about this controversial topic and not be involved. His father and he and his uncle are well-educated and respected as a lawyer but in their

deep mind it's obvious that they judge people by origin and social status which they are not supposed to do. So, bad image! This is the point I guess. What do you think?

SOME PARTICULARS CONCERNING RIGHTEOUSNESS

What were these "accusations?" I don't know, because I wasn't given a chance to see one. If a company made what was considered a bigoted statement about Burakumin, then the BLL would protest in front of the houses of an offending company's executives. They would block telephone lines.[22] One reporter wrote of the BLL's "sinister reputation" and "heavy-handed tactics," which "have often stifled serious debate about discrimination in Japan."[23] —*I think we must emphasize that our movement is a positive one, though it is serious anyway,* Mr. Kadooka wrote to me. —*Non-Buraku people tend to assume that the existence and/or its movement are negative. From the wider viewpoint, however, the elimination of all forms of discrimination and the establishment of human rights are essential in the modern international world. In this respective, our movement should be cheerful and spirited.* He himself was cheerful and sweet, but any organization which engages in social change runs the risk of attracting self-righteous and humorless elements. The feeling that I got from the BLL reminded me of what I'd read about "Wobblies" and Communists in the U.S. during the Depression. The BLL's workers were educated or not, articulate or not, but all were calmly resolute. Mr. Kadooka told me: Originally our league was in a good relationship with the Japan Socialist Party, but now we are in the process of changing policies, so it's a different question. —When I asked a local BLL leader in a refugee camp in Kobe what his opinion of Marxist-Leninism was, he replied: If this were a socialist government, discrimination would disappear. —There was much good in these words, and also much danger; because selflessness inevitably engenders righteousness.

STATEMENT OF KEN-ICHI KADOOKA (CONTINUED)

Some non-Buraku Japanese people would be afraid of the accusation if they don't know the real state, I think, said Kadooka. They may focus on their imaginary and mistaken situation [estimation] that the accusees were brought to a kangaroo court. The terminology "accusation," however, is not correct in that the meeting is intended to make them know the accurate condition of the problem who made discriminatory saying and/or act. The use of the term "denouncement" is similar in the sense above. We, the League, hope that all the nation would know rightly know the problem through any chance. This kind of meeting is a good opportunity.

MORE PARTICULARS

It was out of consideration for the position of Yuki, whom I adored, that I altered so many names, ages, relationships, and places of birth and residence in this tale; her fear was of the accusations, and when she read the preliminary draft she kept writing that she was scared. Dearest Yuki, who was so pure-hearted and generous, who wanted only a quiet life, who had been repeatedly unlucky, who was now long past the age of twenty-five, which is when Japanese begin to cruelly call an unmarried woman "Christmas cake," meaning something stale that should have been consumed on the twenty-fifth, Yuki, who dealt lovingly with everyone, black, brown, yellow, red or white, who deserved to be accused no more than Christ did, was afraid of accusations! Not for herself, mind you, but for the shame they might bring upon her family! It was only then, because I loved this woman who was not Buraku at all, that I truly began to understand the peculiar, subtle horror of discrimination against Untouchability. The family became the hostage; or (as would be equally correct to say) the individual became hostage to the family. In many respects the Asian family is superior to the Western one. Old people are respected and cared for, rarely shunted into nursing homes; brothers and sisters help one another; it is the closest thing to true communism: "From each according to his ability, to each according to his needs." There is, of course, a price, and I do not know whether I would be willing to pay it. When I first began to describe in print my sexual relationships, some of which involved prostitutes, my mother and father were, I am sure, ashamed. One of my sisters telephoned me crying. I had hurt them, repulsed them, filled them with worry, disgust and sorrow. I felt vile. My father asked my questions to which he could not bear to hear the answers. I had the choice of hurting him or lying to him. Oh, I was despicable, all right. And yet I had hurt them mainly in their capacity as people who loved me. Doubtless there was some concern for appearances as well. But I had wounded only the members of my family. I had not harmed the family itself. My brother-in-law, perhaps, did not approve of me, but he did not divorce my sister. My grandfather's friends tore up their subscription to a magazine which I had profaned with my "filth" and refused to speak to me on Christmas Eve, but my grandfather's honor and standing were not much affected, and so I did not care. But poor Yuki...! Never, ever, will this appear in print until she has been satisfied; never will I strike at her family. An accusation would break my Yuki's heart.

STATEMENT OF KEN-ICHI KADOOKA (CONTINUED)

Accusing was more prevalent in the 1970s, when the private companies bought that list of names. Here is a good instance. In 1979, one Buddhism priest made a wrong statement at the World Religious People Meeting held in Princeton, USA, saying that the Buraku problem no more existed in Japan, and that only few of the cam-

paigners would raise an uproar. After a few years [of] soul-searching considerations through meetings with out League, he comments that he was reborn to fully think about the Buraku problem and to tackle it for his life's subject. In short, he positively evaluates the "accusation" of BLL. We should make publicly known such activities of our League.

Recently, however, Buddhist priests have been saying bad things by using lowly names like *Eta.*

So what did you say?

We told them that saying such things is not the right way. We gather face to face, and the Buddhist section also. They replied, they'll think about our program, and they won't do the bad thing anymore.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

When I watch TV, I sometimes come across anchors, reporters, show hosts apologizing because there have been some inappropriate words spoken on the TV program. It seems that the TV station has been accused by people or some organizations related to the Buraku equal right movement and forced to make apology, even if we, the majorities, were unaware of such discriminatory words.

There are more than a hundred Buraku-supporting groups within the nation, but some are very suspicious [in] their activities—related to Yakuza, or to people taking advantage of Buraku people's suffering. They pick on every word people say on the media. Once they find even a small and positive discriminatory word, they accuse over the phone immediately and extort money from the media.

I think a discriminatory word, if it is used positively and in a friendly way in everyday conversation, should be used in public. Although there is forbidden usage of broadcast terminology, people don't have to be so strict on it. If a person offends Buraku people with unreasonable treatment, he should be accused by law or public. However, such incidents on media make us imagine the Buraku problems negative. Getting compensation for usage of discriminatory words is obviously a crime. It seems to me that Buraku organizations, not all but some, have overly taken advantage of their being discriminated against by the majorities and being weaker than regular citizens, and also they are spoiled with having been treated special by whining out that the public has treated them still unfairly instead of having their positive attitude towards us. They should know that the more they blame us for only our mistakes, the more they'll feel isolated from society.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

"Fear" held by some non-Buraku people towards the "accusation" is based on ignorance of what it is. Usually people have never seen how the accusation is conducted and what results it achieves especially to the discriminators. Prejudice already held by the majority [of] people against Buraku is amplified by wrong descriptions of the accusations made by media reports, which do not touch upon the question of why the discriminator is being accused by the BLL. Sadly, condemning the BLL on account of the "accusations" usually does not lead to a fruitful discussion about the Buraku discrimination itself, but contributes to making the problem more complex.

STATEMENT OF MR. YASUJIRO SUGIOKA, HEAD OF B.L.L. KAMIIKE BRANCH, KOBE CITY (INTERVIEWED IN NAGATA B.L.L. OFFICE)

Are your relations with the government good or bad here?

Good, in the sense that they can't ignore us.

What was your experience with accusations?

It was a long time ago, the man said, resting his head on his hand. There was a big accusation last year, but I didn't participate. The one I was involved in was a marriage discrimination. Five or six members of the League gathered the entire prefecture. The discriminator did not understand that he had committed discrimination. He and his girlfriend had agreed to marry, but his relative opposed the marriage. So we wanted to help them fight the discrimination.

And what happened?

They agreed to rethink the matter, and girl has joined the movement.

And they never got married?

No.

How did the parents know that the girl was Buraku?

She told them herself.

Was the man's family rich or poor?

Average.

Why was the accusation unsuccessful?

Well, the major point is to make people know what the problem is.

STATEMENT OF THE NON-BURAKU MAN IN HIS EARLY 40s (CONTINUED)

It seems taboo in this society for a person to say, "I am an Untouchable person." It could be a good idea that a comedian from an Untouchable society sarcastically and

bravely makes fun of the relationship between Buraku and regular people in history, problems, and conflicts through media, so we would be able to openly talk about it with less hesitation.

KOBE

OSAKA TO KOBE

We are most suffered in the occasion of the big earthquake, Takuji Enami had told me. Buraku people don't have places to refuge. —This latter statement might or might not have been an exaggeration. When one is young and militant it is not always easy to avoid equating acts of God with acts of deliberate injustice. But before I get to Kobe, please allow me to describe "ordinary" urban life in Japan. In each and every country the city nourishes its children after its own peculiar fashion, not without also awarding wounds. —Tokyo reminded me of Fritz Lang's 1926 science-fiction film "Metropolis" with its rushing trains, its multileveled freeways, bridges and ramps crawling with rush-hour crowds, its tunnels, caves, cellars, metallicized basements in which white-uniformed minions labored amidst dismembered sea creatures in a bright-lit haze of steam and spattering grease—yes, the *many-tieredness* of it, the elaboration of its arterial and venous circulation, made it, like Thoreau's moose, "singularly grotesque and awkward to look at."[24] Upstairs from the minions, under a blue-gray sky of night, chirpy loudspeakers addressed the columns of people with briefcases and purses who marched along the sidewalk, so many of them that their footsteps rang like applause. On average, a tenth of the money they spent to stay alive after taxes went for "transportation and communication."[25] A white and glowing train sped overhead, while colors crawled upon the neon signs. Cunning parlors of capitalism entrapped on all sides, baited with stuffed animals, barrels of batteries, giant televisions.... Pachinko parlors shone and boomed. (When she had money, Yuki sometimes liked to play pachinko because she had gambling luck. When she scooped the ball bearings into her cupped hands by pushing up the silver thing under the blue thing and then loading them into the yellow plastic tray which resembled a child's toy car, then turned the knob to whirl the balls across the vertical pinball board like a statistics demonstration, she tried to get them to spurt down between the two glaring faces and down the baseball video display in the middle, making infinitesimal adjustments to the knob, the wheels spinning, her eyes so happy while the security men in white shirts and ties stood at each aisle, watching.) In the Ginza, a folkish melody was playing in the Underwater Photo Shop. At Ikebukoro Station the banks of luggage lockers were painted to resemble immense nature scenes, so that for a coin one could own for a few hours the recess behind a section of tree trunk, or a tiny square of foliage or mountain peak. In my country these would have been scratched and dirtied and van-

dalized—as would have been the vending machines of all quarters and districts, on whose shelves in all splendor glowed the brilliance of Georgia-quality coffee, Kochakaden-quality tea; one Suntory vending machine offered what I thought at first were twelve different kinds of beer, but then I saw that some were whiskey and one was canned gin rickey; the neighboring machine posed its ranks of Asahi cans like soldiers silver and gold and blue; then came the Sapporo vending machine and then two different cigarette vending machines—such a wall of lighted objects! A middle-aged man came to get a Suntory beer, the reflection of which gleamed in his glasses.... People kept telling me that there were vending machines which sold the used panties of high school girls, but I never saw one. Those might have been in Kabuki-cho.... It was cold and snowy that night. Wandering into a Seven-Eleven to do an errand for Yuki's mother (a kind and hospitable woman who was always pressing flowers and drying eucalyptus branches she'd brought back from California and making radish-tops bloom in jars of water), I encountered a dozen clerks doing everything in a smiling rush. Many of the customers wore white cotton masks over their mouths against pollution and germs. It would have been easy to see those masks as an objectification of Japanese xenophobia, but in fact people wore them not only to avoid infection but also to avoid infecting others. (One could see that, if one liked, as a metaphor for the people who didn't want to contaminate their families with any personal shame; that was the flip side, the good side; they were by my American standards mostly so selflessly considerate.) I saw one girl with a cute button-gaze like a big-eyed soldierfish; her mask covered her face right up to the eyes; I was reminded of the realm of Muslim women. She went up and out and down to the salarymen slowly slurping up noodles in a basement Vietnamese restaurant. — And in Osaka, the second-largest city, Yuki exclaimed at how much cheaper things were. At her request we stayed in the "bustling area." This was not so far from BLL headquarters, and because many of the cheaper hotels were crammed with refugees from Kobe our "business hotel" was the best that we could easily do. It proved a good investment anyway; our interviewees respected us; we pulled wool over the young detective's eyes.... At night we gazed out upon the twitching spaghetti-worms of light on the dark canal, into which lighted fountains rhythmically leaked. Yuki stood in front of the mirror brushing on makeup. She cried: Ah! at the next stage, that of the eyeliner pencil. Strange towers oppressed me; I felt trapped in an alien Las Vegas. Across the canal, I saw a man leaning on his elbows, smoking behind a glass window. A giant neon crab moved its claws a few steps away from Mister Donut where Yuki and I scratched the graphite-colored circles on the mini-cards to learn that we'd won yet another plate; Yuki chose a navy blue one to match the first. Angels fluttered in department store windows. Glow-stippled skyscrapers guarded alleys into which a thousand incandescent suns were raining. At the Filipino C.L.U.B., women in black nylons puffed out breath-smoke. Naked-legged hostesses in fur coats came out of the bars around Osaka Station, which possessed so

many tunnels and walkways and cars. It was very cold. The city, with its glories, annoyances and superfluities, rose up around us and marked time for us, pulsed life for us with its blinking crawling signs. We went to sleep. The city gave us warmth.

In Kobe it would not be so warm. Nor would there be a superfluity of plumbing. The BLL had warned Yuki, who had a small bladder, to use the toilet at Kobe Station because it was difficult to find rest rooms there. The city had been broken.

We took an express train, watched a local from Shin-Osaka shooting past. Crossing a long white trestle which became a bridge, we left the river behind and re-entered the ugly realm of brickfronts and concrete cliffs and advertising banners. After an hour or two, we began to see blue tarps on house-roofs, mounds of smashed sticks which once had comprised houses, houses canted, house-roofs like broken-backed dragons (Yuki gasped), houses punched down by an immense fist, not cleanly penetrated as by mortar shells; really, of course, the fist had opened from beneath; the fingers had gripped each house by the foundation and pulled it downward into the earth, shaking it and stretching it until it sagged in the middle; we saw houses made squat and low, converted most marvelously into bulging broken bundles; and everywhere the claws of bulldozers rooted in the heaps of shards.

In Kobe Mr. Kadooka met us and brought us to Nagata District, where about ten thousand Burakumin had lived.

STATEMENT OF MIEKO FUJIOKA (CONTINUED)

Nagata Ward was almost completely burnt down. That was the area where what used to be the largest Burakumin community in Japan was. Fifty-four hundred people died in the quake.[26] Twenty or thirty of the dead in Nagata alone were Buraku. The reason why the old houses burned down was that in that area the houses were so cramped and the roads were so narrow, so the ambulances couldn't get in, really....

RUBBLE

The most surprising thing about the smashed district was its *nondescriptness.* I gazed up a stairwell and could find no reference except the light bulb still hanging in its socket. An armchair trapped beneath a beam was still what it was; and yet somehow it did not look like an armchair anymore, because of its strange context. It was merely a sad and dusty thing with sooty edges, a reification of that sickening meaninglessness that Sartre called "nausea," a piece of a tall garbage heap which had once been a barbershop. And that shopping bag lying on top of everything, what was it doing there? Down alleys half-choked with masonry, air conditioners, glass, Mr. Kadooka and the BLL man led us, scarcely conscious of us even as we continually forgot about them, such was the weight of the destruction. Only the BLL man was from Nagata. Mr. Kadooka had not been here so much. In front of what appeared to

be a vacant lot (except that it was covered with splinters), a handwritten notice had been stuck on a stake: *Our family is now staying in the community hall.* That tired word "senseless" flashed inside my skull like one of those neon signs in Osaka, but of course what had happened made tectonic sense; of course the collapsing homes had respected Newton's laws. (And there was always so much dirt inside these ruined houses, like the feces that come out in profusion when intestines are slit open in an autopsy.) In front of a hideous cliff of broken lumber which had once been somebody's home, Mr. Kadooka and the BLL man stood waiting for us with folded arms.

STATEMENT OF TAKUJI ENAMI (CONTINUED)

There was a big fire in the Buraku community in Kobe. The fire engines couldn't extinguish the fire because there was no water there. —But I think it was not connected to the Buraku problem this time, Mr. Kadooka added.

And then, Mr. Enami went on, the BLL came to help. We had extra supplies. Some of the non-Buraku refused to accept our blankets. They said: We don't want to get sympathy from Buraku, even if we die!

How did they know the supplies were from the BLL?

There was a sign in the car.

Were you surprised at their reaction?

Oh, surprised! They were facing death!

And how did that make you feel about them?

The young man smiled grimly. He told me—off the record.

WILTED FLOWERS

The death-houses were easy to spot. They were the ones with plastic-wrapped bouquets laid at their choked doorways, wilted ones and sometimes fresh; no one had had the heart to take the old flowers away. In front of the first house whose trophies I troubled to count, I made out ten bouquets, all dead.

STATEMENT OF A MAN IN A SKULLCAP, NAGATA

The camp lay just across from where they'd pulled two bodies from a house, one still alive, the other still warm. (Many of the fatalities had been from the heave slate roof-tiles necessitated by typhoon winds.) Four or five large tents crouched around piles of scavenged house-wood which the people used for cooking. Women trotted back and forth, washing teacups and clinking them gently down onto a styrofoam cooler. They looked hardy and healthy. They were dressed well in vests and scarves and they were clean. They smiled at me. They bustled almost happily. The atmosphere was very different from that of an American homeless camp with its sluggish

ennui and hopelessness, but then of course these people were refugees, not permanently roofless souls like the ones in Miami or New York or San Francisco or, for that matter, Osaka.

At first, eighty people were refugees here, but now we are only thirty, the man in the skullcap said. Most of the others went to their relatives. But some stayed here so as not to be a burden. Right after the earthquake we built this tent and the temporary toilet. First we went to the school, but it was too crowded...

Where do you come from?

I was born in the northern part of Kyushu. I am of Buraku origin and I married a Buraku woman, he said. He was an older man with a round and bestubbled pink face.[27] In happier times he could have been the grinning bearded-cheeked god of business prosperity whose image I'd encountered back in muzak-infested Tsurumi Bashi where the sneezing cook poured out kettles while his wife packed tea into the mesh ball and screwed down the red plastic lid, which seemed to me almost as massive as a manhole cover—Burakumin, both of them. But the man in the skullcap had no prosperity now. He wore a dirty windbreaker over a dirty sweater.

In school I was segregated from the other children at athletic meetings because my father collected dumped things [refuse] for his job and I helped him. Even at that time I thought that I shouldn't be beaten by discrimination.

In your opinion, why is there discrimination against the Burakumin now?

I also want to know the reason, the refugee laughed.

Do you have friends who are not Burakumin?

Yes, in my daily life and work there are more non-Buraku people. But just now in this community, all my neighbors were Buraku. Now, of course, with the quake, who knows what will happen?[28]

What was your experience during the earthquake?

I was working in N. City east of Kobe. My wife phoned to say that she was all right. Later I understood that that meant only physically all right. Of course we have no home anymore.

In your opinion, were Buraku and non-Buraku equally hard hit by the quake?

Well, we all had the same experiences. But of course, as for those who live in apartment buildings, it's safer than for us in these wooden houses, these Buraku houses, so small and crowded...

STATEMENT OF A LOCAL B.L.L. LEADER IN THE SAME CAMP (CONTINUED)

For fifty years we have struggled for a place to live. Behind the movement is the spirit to eliminate discrimination. These areas had not suffered from air raids in wartime because they were not important, so there remained many old wooden houses....

STATEMENT OF THE MAN IN THE SKULLCAP (CONTINUED)

Did you save any of your possessions?

All the [damaged] houses should be removed. The precious things are still inside my house. I need a tentative house to put them in.

LUNCH

I once asked Mieko Fujioka if being Buraku had made her sad, and she wrote back: *I do not think I am a sad person. Being a Buraku person has in the end given me the opening for me to start thinking about the politics, justice, and history of humankind as well as made me think how I should live.* —Mr. Kadooka replied simply: *I am proud of my origin in the sense that I am using it for the establishment of human rights.* —They were crusaders, those two, for better or worse, and with them it was largely better. That day in Kobe the BLL from Hiroshima Prefecture, other crusaders in sweatshirts and scarves, were unpacking lunch food from its plastic crates, cooking, setting out the hot lunches on the long table while the refugees—spry old grandmothers in knit caps who cracked jokes with them, expressionless middle-aged women who'd lost members of their families, well-mannered children in bright parkas, heavy-headed men staring down at the chopsticks which the organizers had handed them, girls carrying lap dogs—lined up, facing the BLL banner, this one with a five-pointed star, one of whose legs was strangely enlarged; they accepted their lunches there beneath the wavy awning and then went back into the rubble. When I asked one Buraku refugee if he knew of any difference between his group and the Japanese at large, he said: Buraku are more tight-knit. We know each other; we help each other. —And there was something moving about seeing the League look after its own. On that strange day it seemed that Burakumin were not only pariahs; they were also the elect. Meanwhile, the bulldozers slowly clawed and crunched and whined. How could all the rubble be put back inside glowing signs and giant animated clowns? Would they bring back the tiny stores like wells of downpointing shoes which I'd seen in Tsurumi Bashi (I remembered an old man there, almost certainly Buraku; who still used an abacus to calculate the tax when I bought a hat from him; he said that his family had owned that abacus a hundred years)? And the skyscrapers all around? And the marriage bureaus? And the detective agencies?

STATEMENT OF A COFFEE SHOP WAITRESS IN KOBE

Is there any discrimination here?

Smiling a little warily as she poured from the huge coffee pot, she replied, and the translator said: She can't tell, because she doesn't live here.

How about in Japan?

She doesn't feel that there is, even though there are many Korean residents.

Tell her I'm very happy to learn that there is no discrimination in Japan.

The girl smiled and bowed happily.

Do you think she knows that you're Buraku?

She's not being conscious of that, said Mr. Kadooka, because she doesn't tell by the face.

Ask her about the Untouchables. Tell her I don't know what they are.

She stopped wiping the counter, shrugged and folded a wet napkin.

It's not such a serious problem, she said.

STATEMENT OF A NON-BURAKU WOMAN IN HER EARLY 30s (CONTINUED)

I don't know the reason, but it seems almost impossible for us to openly discuss the discrimination against Buraku people with no lie.

UNTOUCHABLES

JAPAN, 1995

This portfolio is highly relevant to the "theoretical" chapter on defense of class.

624a. Buraku Liberation League member encourages a Buraku bride to tell her story (Osaka). Their names are given in this book, and they probably wouldn't mind, but since the taboo against them remains so strong, I thought it best to keep their faces anonymous.

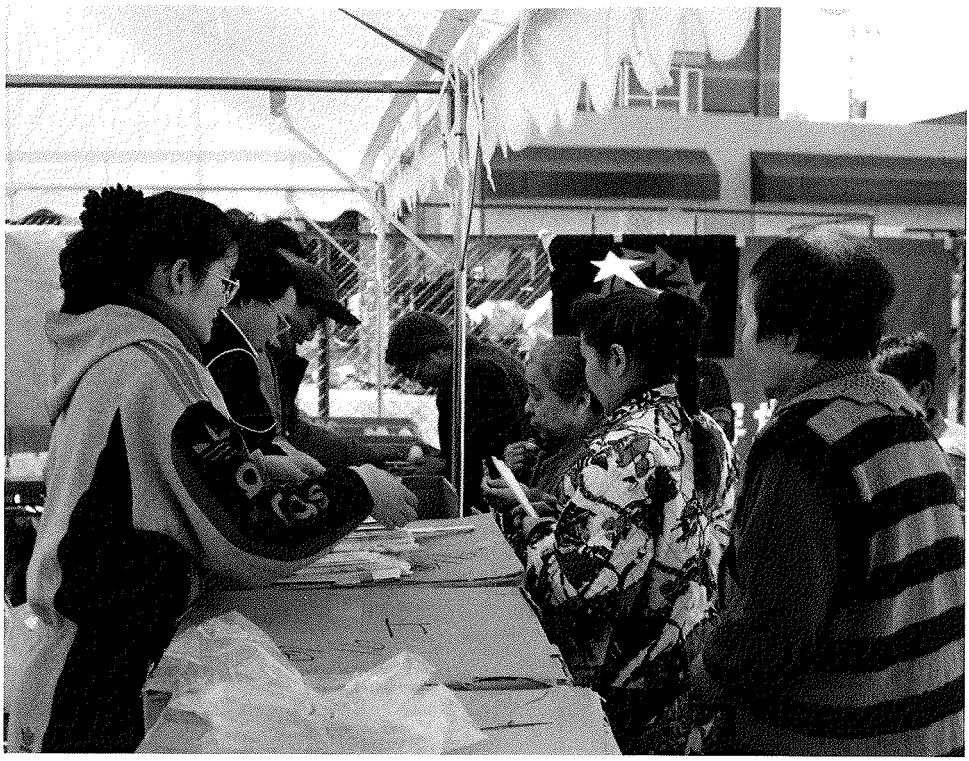
624b. Buraku section of Kobe after the earthquake.

625a. BLL passing out free food at Kobe. Prejudice against the Untouchables is such that non-Buraku Japanese in need preferred not to accept anything from the BLL.

625b. Raising the BLL flag.








部落解放同盟兵庫県連合会
神戸市連絡協議会

NOTES

INTRODUCTION: MIDDLE EAST AND MUSLIM AFRICA

[1] Moral calculus, 1.3.1-1.3.13.
[2] Moral calculus, 1.2.1-1.2.6.
[3] Moral calculus, 2.1.
[4] Moral calculus, 5.1.7, 5.2.F.1.
[5] In "The Old Man," which is set in Malaysia in 1995, the head of a Muslim terrorist cell grinningly informs us that "five years from now, something big is going to happen, a special thing. I cannot talk about it now." If he knew about it even then, September 11 would seem to have been retribution for the Gulf War.
[6] In short, the U.S. followed, or seemed to follow, the unjustified Zealot's Golden Rule: *Do unto others as you are doing for yourself* (moral calculus, 1.2.3).
[7] Moral calculus, 1.2.4, 1.2.2.
[8] The chapter on this follows, and it reminds us that our attempt to save the Somalis from hunger was well-intentioned, did some good, and ultimately failed.
[9] To some extent, that was the case even at the time. See "Let Me Know If You're Scared," set in Somalia in 1993, during the civil war; even the best of intentions—American Marines were there to make sure that food went to the starving—got us no credit. What were we doing wrong? What should we have done differently?

LET ME KNOW IF YOU'RE SCARED

[1] Pronounced "boor."
[2] Years after writing this sentence I read Michael Maren's account (op. cit.), which blames the refugee organizations not only for backbiting but for causing much of the crisis through poisonously self-sustaining spending programs, whose food and money were funneled to fat and vicious government favorites "...CARE headquarters in New York gladly took its 7.5 percent administrative fee of at least $600,000 a year, on the way to building the largest NGO [non-governmental organization] in the world" (p. 125). I am not expe-

rienced enough to judge this accusation.

[3] He actually said, "the aunt chop her head," but this is what he meant.

[4] In the 1984 edition of *Small Arms Today*, the Democratic Republic of Somalia was listed as having AK-47 and AKM assault rifles of "East Bloc origin. Specifically, Hungarian AKMs appear in news photos. Yugoslavian M70 also in service" (p. 178). The German HK *Gewehr 3* is also listed. Thus it is far from certain that somebody in Somalia obtained these on the international black market. As for the lack of an authorized form, since this was the real Africa where things took their own course, there could have been any number of reasonable explanations. The HK also could have been a black market gun; there is no way to know. The official Somali arsenal, by the way, was a crazy quilt of Czech, "East Bloc," English, Israeli, Italian, Singaporean, World War II German, and, yes, American arms. Concerning the M-14, *Small Arms Today* remarks: "USA origin, but transfer path unclear," which sounds a little black marketish to me.

[5] *Small Arms Today* does not list any M-16s as part of Somalia's official arsenal, so you may draw your own inferences.

[6] It was this same Aidid who five months later killed and wounded many U.N. soldiers in an ambush, and was then shelled by the Marines. He escaped and went into hiding.

[7] As an Egyptian Muslim once told me, "Muhammed is take a good way. Muhammed is take a best way. He is never say to kill the people."

[8] I wondered: Do these failures discredit anarchism, or is there in fact a practical as well as a theoretical difference between anarchism and anarchy?

[9] Churchill wrote: "... the structure and habits of democratic states, unless they are welded into larger organisms, lack those elements of persistence and conviction which alone can give security to humble masses..." (*The Gathering Storm*, pp. 17-18). This is why I disagree with the American Christian Patriot movement, which hates and fears the U.N. (see the chapter entitled "Off the Grid," below). The problem with the U.N.

in Somalia, however (and also, as I had seen, in Bosnia), was that it strove to tell people what to do without having the will to force obedience. Better, in my mind, not to tell them anything.

[10] Rocket-propelled grenade.

THE OLD MAN

[1] This distancing and belittling was the Thais authorities' most common tactic in such occurrences. Two years after D. and I first met Hadji Amin, the *Bangkok Post* ran a small article with the heading: GRENADE DEFUSED IN SOUTHERN DISTRICT. The fine print said that the Border Patrol Police had defused not only a homemade grenade tied to a power pole, but also two bombs, also attached to power poles. "Earlier Sunday, a home-made bomb went off at a school in Narathiwat's Tambon Bai Sado of Ra-ngae district causing slight damage to a building." On the same page, there was another article about that bomb: SCHOOL BLAST: ARMY BLAMES EXTORTIONISTS. "Lt-Gen Panthep Phuvanatnurak told reporters... that the bomb blast was meant to merely create a picture that would portray the southernmost region as still politically unstable"—which, as we have seen, is the usual goal of terrorism. The article goes on: "He dismissed suggestions that the bombing was the work of separatists, adding terrorism, which once did exist in the South, had come to an end" (Tuesday, August 6, 1996, p. 4; "Home" sec.) In other words, the PULO did do it—which is exactly what I was told on the sly by a policeman who knew about on the case.

[2] Or sometimes "Unity."

[3] "They have the same idea," the Governor had said, "but they work separately. The BRN is more urban."

[4] At 5261 square miles, this territory makes up about 2.7% of Thailand. (My fact-checker used different numbers and got 6120 square miles.)

[5] *Bangkok Post*, March 4, 1995, p. 6.

[6] Foreigner. (Used mainly for Caucasians.)

[7] Also profiled in this book. See "Off the Grid."

[8] And outside observers agreed. Writing about this area in the 1970s, one social scientist remarked that "disgruntled elements of a minority, in this case the Muslim Malay majority of Thailand's southernmost provinces, served as the milieu for communist recruitment. Despite the mineral riches of the area, it had been habitually neglected politically and economically by the government. Lawlessness was rampant, with many areas unsafe for travel." —Marks, p. 33-34. It would be fascinating to learn to what extent the Communist insurgency of this period paralleled in its geography and its aims the PULO insurgency of the 1980s and 1990s.

[9] According to the "Executive Summary Report" (undated; probably issued late 1994), even now "the main source of income was from the agricultural sector (rubber latex)..." (p. 12).

[10] The Governor agreed with this figure: "You know, the majority group of the Yala Province is Muslim—almost 80%. And they are very *kind* people. But anyway they are very *kind* people, very *nice* people." The "Executive Summary Report" said simply "more than 70 percent" (p. 7).

[11] At the time of my visit, Yala Province was not exactly booming. The export value of border trading had diminished by half between 1988 and 1993. The number of jobs *available* "through government placement" had risen from 738 in that same period, but the number of applicants had fallen from 1267 to 351, and the "number of employment" (which I assume means the number of positions actually filled) had declined from 278 to 117. It is true that the number of financial transactions generally, and the value of bank loans to various industries, had generally doubled or tripled; tax revenues had also doubled; the minimum daily wage had risen from 61 to 102 baht (about U.S. $2.44 and $4.08, respectively, if we assume the exchange ratio of 25:1 that was fairly constant during these years). Such precursors of industrialization might well bear fruit in five or ten years. But in the meantime, the number of foreign tourists registered through Yala's border checkpoints had fallen from

95,060 in 1988 to 55,598 in 1993 (Executive Summary Report, pp. 13-14). What was wrong? The "Executive Summary Report" stated rather plaintively that it was necessary "to make a good impression on tourists visiting Yala so that they will come again. This can be done by emphasizing cleanliness, beauty, orderliness, conveniences and *most important of all, safety in life and property*" (ibid, p. 22; emphasis mine). It is not very difficult to read between the lines. At least some of Yala's woes were attributable to fear of the PULO.

[12] This is surely true, and the phenomenon applies to military budgets everywhere. The following year I read in the *Bangkok Post* (Wednesday, January 3, 1996, p. 2) an article called "Thailand must keep pace with regional arms race": "Thailand needs a quick buildup of military weaponry to keep up with neighbours like Malaysia who are investing in their armed forces, a source in the SUpreme Command said yesterday."

[13] Marks writes (p. 59) that after 1900 the number of Chinese immigrants to Thailand increased both in number and in the relative proportion of women to men, so that Chinese became less assimilated in Thai culture and society. By 1963 Chinese comprised "60-70 percent of the total nonagricultural labor force and an even higher percentage of the skilled laborers" (loc. cit.).

[14] In a seminar on terrorism in 1992, former U.S. Attorney General Ramsey Clark said: "And then we let ourselves go to extreme tactics in response to great tragedies like Pan Am Flight 103. Our government now says that Libya blew that plane up. Why did it earlier say that Syria did it? Why even earlier did they say that Iranians may have been involved? Still earlier they said Palestinians." —Clark, "Beyond Terrorism," in Brown and Merrill, p. 85.

[15] 1976 ed., Macropaedia vol. 18, p. 197.

[16] Under "Laos, People's Democratic Republic of," *Small Arms Today* lists nothing but a series of blanks, apologizing that "very little is known in the West about the People's Liberation Army of Laos" (Ezell, p. 130). Frankly, I think that Laos is a red herring. Under "Malaysia" we read that the M-16 models 613 and 653, both of American provenance, are "the most widely used 5.56 mm rifle in Malaysia. Approx. 200,000 M16A1s in service" (p. 145), and combined ground forces of 72,000, so maybe they can spare a few for the PULO. No Kalashnikovs are listed, however. Those we find when we look up Libya, the "arsenal of Islam.". Libya is not known for its M-16s. (The Thais, by the way, have three models of M-16s, and Singapore owns a fourth.) Any or all of these sources are possible; Laos strikes me as improbable.

[17] See above, "The Skulls on the Shelves."

[18] On the basis of the subjoined sketches the bomb very clearly seems to be a single cylinder, not a Y-shaped device such as Bulgarian PSM-1 metal-bonding mine, which is a fat cylinder surmounted by two skinny upraised arms. Most likely the bomb is in fact a bomb, not a land mine, for since land mines are common in so many border areas around Thailand one would think that this defector would have used the correct word. The presence of a separate battery makes this even more likely. If, however, one were searching for a mine whose shape is most consistent with this drawing, the following remarks apply: Cylindrical or can-shaped metal-bonding land mines, generally with a single projection at the top, abound. Models to which Libya might have access include the Pakistani P3 MK2 and its slenderer Egyptian cousin, the American M16A1, the Czech PP-Mi-Sr, and the Russian OZM-72. More likely, however, is that the cylinder is a simple antipersonnel device, like the Soviet SPM plastic limpet mine, or the North Vietnamese MBV-78A plastic stake mine, presumably removed from its stake. My suspicion would be that the mine, if mine it is, belongs to the still cruder category of improvised claymores.

[19] About U.S. $4.00. This was clearly a man who fell into the Governor's second group of PULO/BRN members: the poor, the jobless.

[20] Not his real name.

[21] Mao Tse-Tung, *On Guerrilla Warfare*, pp. 42-43.

[22] Ibid, p. 50. How would the PULO achieve its ultimate aim, then? Assuming a serious

confrontation between Thailand and Malaysia, the words of one counter-insurgency analyst come into play: "... the subversion might come first, to be followed up by an orthodox operation which would be presented to the world as intervention at the request of the insurgents representing the majority of the people. Alternatively the threat of an orthodox assault might come first. In this case tension would be built up in such a way that an assault appeared to be imminent, so that the forces of the opposing country were drawn into their mobilization positions behind the frontier, at which moment strikes, riots and acts of sabotage might break out which were far beyond the capacity of the police to handle. While government forces were held along the frontier by the threat of a military advance, insurgency on a significant scale could develop which, amongst other things, might go some way towards paralyzing the army along the frontier. Unless the country had enough uncommitted troops properly trained and equipped to fight the insurgents, it would have to sue for a settlement which would probably involve accepting a government formed by the insurgents themselves. Alternatively the country could move its forces away from the frontier to fight the insurgents which would leave the frontier open and enable the aggressor nation to overrun the country and establish the insurgents in power by force" (Kitson, pp. 46-7).

[23] "Peace be upon you." The Muslim greeting.

[24] Furthermore, the small and middle-level cadres of both the PULO and the BRN bicker with one another and cast recriminations upon their leaders' perceived greediness—hardly conducive to achieving Mao's second step, internal unification (indeed, as the PULO defector said: "Sometimes big boss fighting together, so no good for local people!")—and they oppress the citizens, sometimes without discrimination—which negates the first and most important step, "arousing and organizing the people." The Governor's dismissal of many bombers as jobless hooligans was not so far off the mark.

[25] I would be exaggerating if I said that Chinese were repressed by Malaysia; everywhere one could see their banners, see the painted portraits of old time mandarins on the doorways of their houses—but many *felt* repressed, or oppressed, occupying their place in nice symmetry with the Thai Muslims.

[26] About U.S. $4,000.00

[27] Mao, p. 47. His schema includes as representatives of such tendencies the White Russian guerrillas, the squads armed by the Italians in Abyssinia, and so forth. Whatever one may think of the justice of his individual examples—and by and large I think them correct—his analysis makes sense. Mao's meditations on this matter are doubtless the foundations of Che Guevara's argument (op. cit., p. 50) that the difference between the guerrilla and the bandit is simply and exactly the degree of popular support which each enjoys. By this token the PULO would seem to lie in between guerilladom and banditry.

[28] I don't know whether D. would never hurt a fly, but she certainly shunned hurting ants. In our hotel room in Mae Hong Song the previous year, the wall of the bathroom was always swarming and glistening with those insidious creatures. They didn't bother her, so I left them alone until the night I awoke with a thick ribbon of them crawling across my face and down D.'s neck. As far as I was concerned, this meant war. I threw off the sweaty sheet and massacred that column of enemy soldiers with a dirty sock, tracking them all the way back to their redoubt in the bathroom. As I watched, more spilled down from the crawling mass and began to follow the scent trail toward our bed. So I turned the hose upon them. It was (I fully confess) my intention to wash them all away. Suddenly I heard a sound almost like a sob. D. stood behind me. She was gazing upon me in sadness and horror. She shook her head and whispered: "*Why?*..."

[29] This was not only an oversimplification on my part, but an outright error. Chinese—in Kelantan, at least—are a successful middle class. One anthropologist puts them at the top of the economic hierarchy from the standpoint of businesses owned (actually shops as opposed to self-assigned hawking franchises),

and Malays at the bottom. This economic power, however, is offset by an almost total lack of political power. Chinese have very little say in local or national government, and, of course, are vulnerable at any time to resentment on the part of the Muslim (Malay) majority. "...Malays in Kelantan view the Chinese in general as being hardworking, materialistic, economically sophisticated, crafty and ambitious, and worry that they will end up owning the whole country ... the Chinese in Kelantan ... tend to see the Malays ... as being religiously prejudiced, more backward than themselves, more apt to be lazy, not willing to work for what they want, not willing to share the wealth of the country, not willing to give the Chinese or Indians credit for developing the country..." An approximate analogy of mutual stereotyping between immigrants and locals might be drawn between twentieth-century Chinese in Malaysia and nineteenth-century Jews in central and eastern Europe. (Cf. Winzeler, pp. 106-7, 112-14, 117-18) Having said all this, it is worth nothing that the Chinese I met in Penang and Khota Baru expressed the same sense of frustration and impotence that Muslims in south Thailand did.

[30] About U.S. $8,000.

[31] About U.S. $ 16,000.

[32] Presumably this is a minimum. He may have killed others, but not wanted to let the government know.

[33] About U.S. $4.80, or 120 baht.

[34] U.S. $1.20. In 1988, which is roughly when the PULO man went to Malaysia, the minimum daily wage in Yala Province was 61 baht, or about $2.44. His wages in Malaysia, if any, would have been somewhat higher, and so would his expenses.

[35] Recall the Provincial Governor's estimate of 120. For purposes of comparison, the population of Yala Province in 1993 was 375,482 (Executive Report, p. 7). Since Pattani Province, for instance, is smaller, the total population of the four provinces is probably less than four times this figure; or under fifteen million.

[36] My next thought was to ask a taxi driver, an old one, paying him what the magazine business calls a "kill fee" if he failed, and more if he found the Old Man. But the drivers we asked, lazy and greedy, wanted two hundred ringgit (U.S. $80.00) or more per hour—about twenty times the going rate—and they had no idea where to go.

[37] In less than an hour she returned, slow and steady (Malaysia everybody move lazy! she kept saying, and I said: Because of the heat. —Yes, she agreed upon due consideration, if do everything quickly in Malaysia maybe you very tired.) She'd talked with several men at the mosque, she reported, some of them friendly, some not. The young ones didn't comprehend anything. One old man knew him. He said that Hadji Amin used to come to the mosque every day, but for a year now he hadn't seen him. The old man was angry at Thailand because on account of Hadji Amin they were always criticizing Hadji Amin's brother, Mr. Den Tohmena, who at that time was the Thai Minister of the Interior. (Agreed D.: Yes! Because at beginning of this year, in every province in south PULO do something bad! Then Thai government must listen!) The old man thought that maybe Hadji Amin had stopped coming here because it was a well-known mosque and he didn't want to give his brother trouble. He said that Hadji Amin lived in a small village which we'll call Kampung X.

[38] In the end we had to return to the hot, dark town. Night of mosquitoes, night of gnats, night of midges sparkling in lighted porticoes like negative mica-gleams, sticky night, sweaty night of underloaded streets! Sometimes a car or a motorcycle passed, or maybe the same three men we'd seen hours ago deep within the fan-whirling shelter of the Indian restaurant where D. and I had looked across the empty street corner to the barred storefront with the advertisement for YOKOHAMA/yoko-HAMA; the old woman who owned the restaurant prowled among stacks of bananas while the younger girls lounged by the window laughing at the greedy ferocity with which I ingested three orange juices. Then it had been twilight, mosquitoes biting my thighs through my jeans, white light on tall grass like foam on

the sea, and strange white spider-shaped flowers drooping around a mosque whose muezzin was saying *Allah, Allaaaaaaaah!*, the sheen of incandescents on its porch walls. But this twilight we had spent in Kampung X., searching vainly for the Old Man. Under the pink sign of a barbershop whose proprieter, D. had learned at the mosque, was friends with him, we stood and waited, then rapped, tapped, pursued a more active investigation; but the man had gone home. The next day was Friday, so his shop would be closed. Night of mosquitoes, night of gnats! The three men we'd seen at the Indian restaurant promenaded side by side down the middle of the street. Only the bus terminal continued its now dark bustling, the loudspeaker announcing things with stern indecipherability.We slept, and in the morning I was sicker, so D. had to get me breakfast again. —"You want four prostitutes no sugar?" she teased.Slender women in headscarves and ankle-length skirts strode along under their parasols. I sat in Independence Square, wondering whether I ought to puke or just sweat, while D. returned to the mosque to do all the work. In half an hour she came back amazed. —"Very difficult same like Opium King! He always move move move, so nobody know the way. Always many bodyguards. We must meet someone at two-o'-clock..."

[39] About U.S. $60.00.

[40] Translating for the other PULO defector, D. had said: "His boss Mr. Hamil ever tell him Libya, but he never saw. Most people go to training in Libya. Many also in Syria. Syria, Libya they hold hand together. They support big money together. In Libya, if training good, get three stars on shoulder. If not good, one star. Otherwise two."

[41] This was the same Mr. Hamil for whom the other PULO defector had worked as an assistant, and who had now been amnestied to become a head of village here in Yala Province.

[42] AK-47. Again, this is consistent with what is listed in *Small Arms Today*: "AK47 and AKM assault rifles. East Bloc origin." Qadhaffi "has used his enormous petroleum-derived wealth to build one of the most highly militarized states, in terms of per capita expenditures and quantities of hardware, in the world... The weapons thus acquired have been distributed to a variety of revolutionary and terrorist organizations." (p. 141).

[43] U.S. $16.00.

[44] U.S. $8,000,000.00.

[45] BRN Konket "for soldier training," controlled by Hj. Amin, BRN Kodanet "for training," and BRN Bursatu, "the number one group." I did not have the time to investigate this.

[46] A few cents over U.S. $20.00.

[47] This was borne out out by the nature of the restaurant which the PULO haunted: the swankiest I saw in Khota Baru, with glowing red tablecloths and sparkling glassware, richly textured stucco walls and an Arab inscription on a huge green banner. It was very quiet, the loudest noise being that of the silverware. A sign said: THANK YOU FOR NOT GARGLING AND BLOWING YOUR NOSE. An immaculate and handsome man stood by the wall. D. said that he was another cousin of the Old Man's.

[48] Since this is, after all, the leader of the PULO speaking, I have eschewed my usual practice of fairly literal faithfulness to D.'s pidgin translations, and have assembled her interpretations into more correct English. In no case was the meaning altered.

[49] A quick glance through the record reveals that long ago Pattani was indeed one of several independent Muslim states in that area. I am by no means knowledgeable to confirm or deny that the current area of the four provinces in question corresponds to the area of these ancient territories. At any rate, Pattani was vanquished but continued to fiercely resist Thai rule down through the centuries—a base, it would seem, that the PULO has profitably built upon (c.f. Wyatt, pp. 88, 107, 109-12, 142, 151, 158, 169, 172-73, 213). One official in Yala, who prefers not to be named, told me that there had been a situation of Muslim insurgency there for the past ninety years.

[50] "For nine years, from 1948 to 1957, the Thai premier was Pibul Songgram, who played the role of arbiter of competing military factions." —*Britannica* (15th ed., 1976),

vol. 16, p. 723.

[51] "By 1957 the army faction led by Field Marshall Sarit Thanarat had gained predominance of power, and it seized control of the government. Sarit assumed the position of head of state in 1958, and, to underline his intention of ruling without interference, he abolished the constitution and dispensed with the formality of elections." —*Britannica*, loc. cit.

[52] Published 2537 B.E. (A.D. 1994), pp. 30-31. It is a measure of the late Hj. Sulong's importance that this booklet contains facsimiles of congratulatory letters from the Ambassadors of Egypt, Iran, Pakistan, Bangaldesh, Turkey, Indonesia, the Philippines and Iraq, on the occasion of the dedication of the Foundation's hospital in Pattani. The ceremony was attended by H.E. General Chavalit Yongchaiyudh,the Deputy Prime Minister and Minister of the Interior.

[53] Gaboungan Pattani Raya. Organization of the Kingdom of Pattani.

[54] Dusong Gha.

[55] Several PULO cadres told me of a similar event which occurred in the village of Ba Cho, Narathiwat, in the mid 1950s. Another man in Pattani mentioned in this connection the towns of Buka Samau and Baehu Naravat.

[56] Phot Sarasin (September-December 1957) was Phibunsongkhram's immediate successor; after him, Thanom Kittikachorn lasted a little longer (until October 1958). The Prime Minister whom Hj. Amin liked must have been one of these two, since it was in the administration of the next, Sarit Thanarat, that he was put in prison.

[57] Lim Ko Niaw was the girl's name. Her brother was Lim To Khieng.

[58] Sun-tzu, p. 231.

[59] The interview was conducted about a month after that date.

[60] I'd asked the Old Man if I could see any PULO training in Malaysia and he'd said that he could not go with me, which meant that they would kill me because I was a foreigner. I believed that. It might also have been that there was no training, and the Governor of Yala was right, that they had the PULO pretty well bottled up—and of course Yala was not one of the four PULO provinces anyhow. Where lay the truth? Typically definitive was the dialogue I had with the high police official in Hat Yai, who when I asked him to estimate how many people were killed by the PULO every year in Thailand, gave me the stock answer: "Maybe twenty," and then when, deciding to risk a more general question, I inquired: "Do you think that Hadji Amin is dangerous?," handsome and animated, with a soldier's haircut and silver jumper's wings on his dark uniform, the man smiled there in the Operations Room. He had gotten a binder and extracted from it three or four transparencies upon which organizational data about the PULO and the BRN had been written. He could not permit me to copy these, but I can say that on one was the telephone number of a PULO office in Kulal Lampur. —"He cannot talk about that but he know," said D.

[61] "Khunying" signifies a woman of the Thai nobility. D. knew this woman, and before we interviewed Hj. Amin she told me the story this way: "Before, Minister of him [of Hj. Amin] go to Saudi Arabia to tell them please hand me some money for them, and Saudi Arabia believe and give him money, but only for him, not yet for independence, because he say that King of Thailand is no good. But a girl from Thailand went to show video that King of Thailand help poor people, and then Saudi close the way; no money from Saudi anymore; so Hj. Amin change the way and go to Libya."

[62] One of D.'s PULO friends was still receiving training in Libya at this time.

[63] D. translated this "Organization Islam Center." It seems to be a coalition of Islamic countries who help terrorists.

[64] This is, after all, the goal of terrorism: "to produce not physical trauma but emotional trauma... Not the result of literally witnessing the actual violent act, the public's discomfort usually arises from its contact with media *re* -presentations of disruption, destruction, injury, and death."—Maurice Berger, "Visual Terrorism," in Brown and Merrill, p. 20. For that matter, as Clausewitz and many others have pointed out, it is also the goal of most wars: to defeat the enemy, not necessarily to kill him.

[65] According to the *Bangkok Post* article quoted earlier, the New PULO was led by "Arrong Mooreng who is alleged to be in Malaysia." No doubt if the New PULO were under somebody else's power, the Old Man would scarcely care to admit it.
[66] Two years later I read an account of a Hindu wrestler in India who helped direct violence against Muslims during riots. "First, I talk like Gandhiji," he explained. "Only when talk fails, I use force like Shivaji or Bose" [Shiva the Destroyer and Bose, the Indian crypto-fascist who sought an alliance with Hitler] (Kakar, p. 96).
[67] *Holy Qur'-An*, pp. 842-43. In a note on this chapter, the translator Ali remarks "The object is to show that man can attain to perfection, and thus achieve the real object of his life, through contact with the *perfect man*, Muhammad... This chapter upholds the truth of the Holy Qur'-An, and the first section [which I have quoted in its entirety above] shows that, though there would be strong opposition to it in the beginning, it would in the end give life to a dead humanity" (p. 841).
[68] Carlyle, *The French Revolution*, vol. 1, p. 187.
[69] One indication of long-established dissatisfaction on the part of tino-Malaysians with their place in the social order is that in the 1930s and 40s the Malaysian Communist Party, which obviously represented the poor, the desperate and the extreme, just as in southern Thailand the PULO does for Thai Muslims, found its greatest support in the ethnically Chinese villages of British Malaya.
[70] The Greeks and Romans did.
[71] About U.S. $400.00.
[72] Griffith, in Mao, p. 27. Italics in original.
[73] Here is the remark in context:"What does a BRN camp look like?" I'd asked."Like camp of soldier," defector said. "Very clean?" "Everything is okay. The people in village give us everything."
[74] Cummings, p. 419.
[75] Tzabar, p. 31.
[76] Presumably he was using the word "PULO," as I sometimes do here, as a linguistic stand-in for the names of all the various Islamic insurgent groups; because, according to Hj. Amin, the PULO was formed in 1968, and this man was in his forties.
[77] I assume excluding Satun.
[78] Hat Yai is in Songkhla Province. There is no "Hat Yai Province." D. puts it this way because Hat Yai is the second or third largest city in Thailand.
[79] About U.S. $20,000.

THE WET MAN IS NOT AFRAID OF RAIN

[1] Or, in the words of the Amnesty International spokesman Mr. Rabih Aridi, "the international community continues to express little interest in the gross human rights abuses and the suffering of the Iraqi population. Unfortunately, the international community only gets interested in these violations whenever it seems that Saddam is capable of exporting his threat beyond Iraq" (telephone conversation with WTV, 1998).
[2] United Nations, Blue Book Series, vol. IX, p. 33, para. 102 (introduction, "Statements in the Council").
[3] "Iraq has not thought of eliminating Israel," an Iraqi said. "They're not Israelis. They're Jews."
[4] Saddam Hussein, *On Gulf War*, p. 59.
[5] UN Blue Book, pp. 104-6 (introduction, sec. IX, "Caring for the Needs of the Civilian Population").
[6] Phone conversation with Rabih Aridi, Amnesty International, Los Angeles, 1998.
[7] _____, *Amiriya Shelter*, pp. 3, 5.
[8] When his wife came in to serve us tea made with the dirty water which most Iraqis had to drink, I asked her if she thought that America was bad. She smiled and said no.
[9] A common view in Iraq, it seemed. "Kuwait, it mean USA, baby," said the gallery owner. "Kuwait, it mean USA. I'm sure if Saddam Hussein not enter into Kuwait, Prince of Kuwait make other problem." —"Well, was it good or bad when Iraq came into Kuwait?" —"Sure not correct," he shrugged. "But then USA make problem out of all of it. USA talk to France, ask money." And the lawyer said: "I believe that Kuwait

belongs to Iraq. I supported President Saddam Hussein when he entered Kuwait. What is international policy now, this is something else. Let me put it this way. Driving out Iraqi forces from Kuwait does not represent everlasting justice. Kuwait meant to undermine our economy by selling too much oil. In spite of warnings, Kuwait did not listen. So, Saddam Hussein thought it was ripening. Okay, everybody commits some mistakes..."

[10] When you make the long drive west from Baghdad to Amman, you find the same heat and flatness as before, but once you've crossed out of Iraqi territory you begin to notice more for sale in the stores, where the merchandise's brighter hues make you realize that the embargo is slowly bleeding Iraq's shops of color. At some point, they'll be bare and grey, I suppose.

[11] When the soldiers asked who we were, the driver always tactfully told them I was French. In civilian cases I always threw off the driver's good intentions and pointed to myself, announcing, "USA!", but in the case of soldiers I kept submissively quiet.

[12] "Saddam Hussein could care less if one million or two million babies die in Iraq," the Amnesty International spokesman said to me. "This serves a very strong propaganda in his favor. And to a certain extent it suits his interest because the biggest victims are the babies from the Kurdish areas from the north. They are the offspring of people who have opposed Saddam Hussein."

[13] A lawyer I interviewed, being rich, had not suffered much from the embargo. He couldn't buy his wife French dresses and perfumes anymore. Convenience foods and certain cheeses weren't available now. But even he said to me: "The biggest problem is to see the poverty of our relatives and friends. People begging. Nothing to eat. Selling their households. Three days ago, one of our relatives died of appendicitis. He was nineteen years old. The hospital had no medicine to treat him."

[14] UN Blue Book, pp. 38-39 (introduction, "Report on damage to Kuwait").

[15] Ibid, p. 95.

[16] UN Blue Book, p. 606 (document 177, "Fifth semi-annual report (for the period 17 June to 17 December 1993) on the implementation by the IAEA of the plan for destruction...")

[17] Ibid, p. 94 (introduction, sec. VIII, "Disarmament and Weapons Control").

[18] S/1998/332 (16 April 1998), p. 15, para. 80.

[19] Afterward the press liaison woman requested me not publish remarks by one individual who had "said something he shouldn't have said." That something being innocuous, it was easy for me to oblige her.

[20] Regarding the Oil For Food program, Iraq itself had broken off negotiations several times, citing infringement of sovereignty. The UN Security Council then hypocritically "deplored Iraq's decision to discontinue contacts with the Secretariat, underscoring that Iraq thus bore 'the full responsibility' for the humanitarian problems of its civilian population." (UN Blue Book, p. 101). Finally, in February 1996, Iraq capitulated.

[21] UNOCHI fact sheet f-escrow.Rev.1, "Escrow Account (SCR 986 Allocation of US $2 billion." See also UN Blue Book, pp. 478-80 (doc. 132, S/RES/778 (1992) and pp. 307-08 (doc. 81, S/RES/712 (1991)).

[22] Other caloric estimates are lower. UN Food and Agriculture Organization et. al. gives a per capita monthly food ration "under the public rationing system" of 1654 calories in 1993 and 1093 calories in 1995 (p. 64, Table 12). The International Relief Association's newspaper *Lifelink* (October, 1997, "The Impact of the 7 Year Blockade on Iraq," p. 8), which misleadingly excludes from consideration food baskets deliveries to the Kurdish autonomous areas in the north, concludes that "these small and restricted sales allocate less than 25 cents a day per person, and provide, at least, less than a quarter of the minimum caloric intake."

[23] In Iraq, as I said, gasoline is five dinars per liter. In Jordan, it's twenty-two fels, or 46 Iraqi dinars—almost ten times as much.

WITH THEIR HANDS ON THEIR HEARTS

[1] *The Holy Qur'-An*, Ali trans., p. 785 ("The Romans").

[2] Afghans and Pakistanis say "Ramazan," but most other Muslims are unfamiliar with this variant.

[3] In less homogenously Muslim countries, such as Malaysia, it is less.

[4] The word "jihad" actually means "struggle," and appears in a number of other contexts, too. Nonviolent Islamic proselytizing, the execution of justice upon criminals, and any Muslim's personal program of self-improvement might also be labeled a jihad.

[5] I admit that the Mujahideen also committed some atrocities, but their number was relatively slight at this stage.

[6] Courtois et al, pp. 713, 717 (Sylvain Bolouque, "Communism in Afghanistan").

[7] I saw one of these in 1982. Courtois also cites an Amnesty International report on this subject (p. 719, n. 58).

[8] I have been quoted the following unverified figures by an Afghan journalist: 1.5 million people were killed and 700,000 disabled from the beginning of the Russian occupation in 1979 to the collapse of the pro-Russian post-occupation Najibullah government in 1992. According to Courtois, between 1.5 million and 2 million people were killed "in the war", 90% of them civilians, and between 2 and 4 million wounded (p. 725), while 14,751 Soviet soldiers were killed out of "more than 600,000" sent to Afghanistan (p. 715). If you know any Afghans, just try to find one who did not lose at least one relative during the jihad time. Between the Pakistani border and Kabul lie many roadside cemeteries with their tan heaps of pebbles in the tan dirt. These graves are inset with green plastic flags for the ones who'd been "martyred" by the Russian infidels. When I was there in 2000 I saw so many green flags that it was shocking, horrible.

[9] The number fluctuated. They were basically Sunni, although some Shias fought alongside them. There were also 8 Shia Mujahideen parties in Iran.

[10] Afghans have been the genuine victims of outsiders. They are also perhaps the greatest complainers in the world. Nothing is ever their own collective fault. Pakistan, which sheltered and armed them for many years, is now, many insist, an anti-Afghan state, or the sinister puppetmaster of the Taliban, or liberally-decadently anti-Taliban. The United Nations gets faulted for not offering more money. The United States is bigoted against Muslims because it bombed Osama bin Laden's bases inside Afghanistan and failed to intervene in favor of Chechnya; that we aided Kuwait and the Albanian Muslims of Kosovo is dismissed as mere national interest. The factional fighting between Mujahideen groups, and between Masoud and the Taliban, are blamed entirely on international agitators. There may be some justification for all of these claims; still, the fact remains that never have I heard Afghans admit any responsibility for their own tragedies.

[11] Of course this goes for the Taliban, too.

[12] My translator told me that this incident had occurred on 1 January 1992, but at that time Dostam's entry into Kabul occurred without incident; moreover, the date of that entry was 25 April. 1 January 1994 was the date of many rocket attacks from Dostam and Gulbuddin, which would be in line with the girl's statement that she was wounded by an RPG on that date. By then, Kabul University was destroyed, and more than half of Kabul itself destroyed.

[13] And should I add that she did not much like the Taliban? They'd saved her from rape and murder, but they'd also beaten her brother for some minor offense so that for a year now he'd been suffering for what she called "wound rheumatism." When I asked her whether the general economic situation of Afghanistan or the Taliban specifically had determined her move to Pakistan, she replied, "Economic hardship, and then they terminated me from my job," presumably because she was female. "I tried handiwork, but had no luck."

[14] Unverified estimate of killings which occurred between the Najibullah time and the Taliban time; furnished in an interview

by M. Sarwar Hussaini, Executive Director, Co-operation Centre for Afghanistan (CCA).

[15] According to Mr. Rasheed ul Huq at Darul Uloom Haqqania, Akora Khattak, the Taliban movement was born near the Baluchistan border. "At that time, there was many gangster. One big gangster in Kandahar, he want to marry to a boy. So the Taliban kill that gangster and no one was able to get that person (who killed him). At that time, the people appreciate this action of Taliban." According to another story, a former Mujahid commander had kidnapped, gang-raped and murdered three women.

[16] Zaher Shah, deposed by coup in 1973.

[17] Personal communication of Mr. Haji Syed Daud, director of the Afghan Media Resource Centre in Peshawar, 2000. Mr. Daud, who is pro-Zaher Shah and anti-Taliban, felt very bitter about this. He believed that many civilians were tricked into giving up their arms on the belief that they were doing so in the King's name.

[18] Interview with Mr. Rasheed ul Huq at Darul Uloom Haqqania, Akora Khattak (2000). For a description of this Taliban institute see below.

[19] Qur'-An, VI.5.38-39 (p. 252, "The Food").

[20] Interview with a Talib at Darul Uloom Haqqania, Akora Khattak, Pakistan, 2000. But when I asked a Tajik lady who had worked for Radio Kabul (her interview appears below) what kind of life a criminal amputee could expect, her opinion was, "Disgrace and handicaps." The Talib might even have agreed with this. I think he was referring to the forgiveness which the thief could expect in the afterlife.

[21] According to M. Sarwar Hussaini (same interview as previously cited), forty thousand or more have been killed so far in the war between the Taliban and Masoud. I have not been able to verify this.

[22] This was President Rabanni. In 2000, apparently, Rabanni was in northern Afghanistan and Masoud was moving back and forth between Panshjer and Tajikistan. Their faction called itself the National Islamic United Front for the Salvation of Afghanistan. The media frequently called them the Northern Alliance. It was plausibly asserted that Rabanni was receiving money from Russia and Iran. Hence when I asked the Taliban whether they would ever consider making common cause with him in the interest of national unity, they usually replied something like, "It is impossible for him to come back, because he is friend with Russia."

[23] Qur'-An, XXX.12.3 (p. 1219, "The Unity").

[24] One entrepreneur posted Mujahideen slogans in the desert so that the Russians would bomb it and he could collect the metal!

[25] Qur'-An, XII.11.115 (p. 459, "Hud").

[26] The Prophet Muhammed is said to have owned three turbans, one black, one white, and one green. A well-schooled Talib in Jalalabad had read in the hadiths that when the Prophet sent governors off to their provinces, he presented them with a black turbans. A Talib near Jalalabad told me that black turbans were used by "fighting Talibs" and white turbans by those who were more strictly religious students. No other Talib I met agreed with this or had any particular reason for wearing one color or the other. Green remained the least common, perhaps because certain members of the Rabanni-Masoud government had affected it in Kabul. But one very pleasant, gentle Talib I met to the south of Sorabi told me that he wore a green turban because black and white were more expensive.

[27] Local transliteration. This gorge lies between Jalalabad and Kabul on the main road. The teahouse is south of Sorabi.

[28] "Presumably the customs [of male and female homosexuality] are widespread," writes Dupree (p. 198). "Boredom has led women in harems to lesbianism. A shortage of females encourage [sic] male homosexuality."

[29] In early 2000, when I visited Afghanistan, this would have been about 40¢. The average monthly salary of a teacher in Kabul in this period was about three dollars.

[30] Baffled and angry, a Talib once asked me why the American media worries so much about the tiny number of Afghan women who actually belonged to the educated labor force. And from a practical point of view he is right. Outside of Jalalabad, for example, one

sees the raised tan paths subdividing wheat fields into incomprehensible arcs and polygons in which men and women work together, the women rarely wearing those infamous blue burqas; indeed, since they sweating and stooping so much, sometimes their heads remain utterly uncovered. Most of Afghanistan is like this, and has always been. The Taliban has scarcely altered the lives of uneducated women. In Jalalabad and Kabul I saw the faces of older ladies exposed in the chadoris. One female relief worker kept saying to me, "They are all frogs in a well. They see only a little patch of sky and think that it is enough. But is not enough." She may be right. But this battle I do not want to fight. I condemn the Taliban's treatment of educated, professional women. As for the others, I prefer not to tell them what is enough. Well-meaning missionaries have sowed so much havoc in this world.

[31] Educated people—veteran refugees in California or Pakistan—occasionally added something contemptuous like, "The Taliban is good enough for the ones at home. Not good enough for you; not good enough for me." But in Kabul I met an English-speaking military doctor whose daughter was allowed to show her face to me; even these cosmopolitan people used the word *progressive* to describe the Taliban.

[32] Trying to do as the Romans, I had purchased a set of Pushtun clothes in Pakistan. Days later an old man would tell me, "That cap you are wearing, if I wear it they arrest me, because the Masoud people are wearing it." But the Talibs never mentioned it, and the old man might have been exaggerating, because once in Jalalabad when a Kalashnikov-armed Talib stopped my rickshaw on account of the brevity of my beard, he made no complaint about my cap. But that was how everything was in Afghanistan—sluggish, weary, inconsistent. My four hosts said nothing about my Masoud cap.

[33] In 1973, Dupree (p. 247) saw "miniskirts, worn by pert school girls, blossom on the streets of Kabul." In Kabul, then, the Taliban have truly turned back the clock. But Dupree added (loc. cit.): "Women in the cities continue to come out of purdah ... and remove the veil, but a strange reversal of attitudes has occurred in villages becoming towns..."

[34] I was often amazed at how little some graduates of the madrassahs knew, even after years of study. But I'd remind myself again that these were the war years, and the Talibs were displaced boys whose relatives kept getting transformed (thanks to Marxist dialectics) into bleeding corpses to be buried under stones and a green martyr's flag.

[35] It has been plausibly asserted that some of the CIA money funneled through Pakistan to fuel the anti-Soviet resistance was disbursed to the madrassahs. The Pakistani government encouraged the molding of holy warriors as expedient to her own ends. This theory may well be true. It is also as irrelevant as a lost Russian tank-tread unrolled in Kabul's snowy dirt. The madrassahs are indigenous, and the extremism which so many of them preached during the jihad (and still preach now) was as natural as any other form of wartime jingoism.

[36] In his opinion, 30% of the Mujahideen commanders there were corrupt.

[37] Unverified figure quoted by one of my translators, a well-connected Afghan journalist.

[38] A certain black-turbaned Talib to whom I gave a lift to Sorabi was one of them. He was one of the cadres who had liberated that luxury hotel from the ogre of Tang-i-Abrishini Gorge. I imagine that it was at Darul Uloom Haqqania that he became radicalized. He was a front-liner in the capture of Mazar-i-Sharif. When I met him, he had just gotten engaged. I congratulated him. His bride could read, he said, and if she gave birth to daughters he had no objection to their education provided that they could avoid attending any coeducational school. He explained these matters to me readily but without enthusiasm. What really fired him up was coming to the aid of his Muslim brothers in need. Marriage would never stop him from fighting the jihad, he assured me. He had no wish to be in Kashmir, which to him was a merely regional dispute, but he longed with all his soul to defend Chechnya against the Russians, if he could only get transportation. Because I met so many Talibs like him, I sug-

gest that we consider him a typical product of Darul Uloom Haqqania.

[39] "The usual title given in Afghanistan to a member of the [bodies of religious leaders], a renowned mystic, or a great scholar in Islamic studies" (Dupree, p. 109).

[40] He later added: "But Islam allows it when there is a need, as for visa photographs and pictures on currency." —I am not entirely unsympathetic to the Taliban, or for that matter to Islam, for wanting to defend itself against corrupting images. In its ponderous calculation of a given country's "index of human development", the United Nations considers not only such factors as access to safe drinking water but also the per capita availability of televisions (United Nations Development Program, 1997). I loathe television and for the last twenty-odd years have watched it only involuntarily. To me it is a nasty, vulgar assault. I despise its braying commercialism and its triumphant anti-intellectualism. I sincerely believe that it has made America more coarse and vicious. Does "access to television" mean being unable to get out of earshot of one when I go to an American airport? I fear that it does. But the Taliban's goal is impossibly arbitrary here, and the methods correspondingly unconscionable.

[41] I think he meant the original wars between the Prophet's followers and the Jews and Christians of Arabia.

[42] I asked Mr. Ken Blady, author of *Jewish Communities in Exotic Places*, whether in his opinion Afghans were more anti-Semitic than the citizens of neighboring Muslim countries. He replied: "Well, they haven't seen a quorum of real live Jews there since 1979. Now, the Pathans [Pushtuns] have old myths about themselves being descended from the ten lost tribes. They also perpetrated some of the old anti-Semitic canards about Jews. But primarily the real hostilities come from the Shiites there. A lot of pogroms were perpetrated against the Jews in World War II. And the King actually sent the Jews to concentration camps to protect them from the enraged masses. At the end of World War II, many Jews ended up in displaced person camps in India. Jewish aid organizations eventually helped them. There was one Jew left in Afghanistan in 1999 and he left the country. There are no Jews there now as far as we know. In Pakistan, Karachi still has a tiny Jewish population." —"Do you think that the Taliban's anti-Semitism came from Saudi Arabia?" —"I suppose so. Taliban are Sunni Muslims and traditionally more tolerant of the Jews."

[43] Sardar Mohammad Daoud Khan.

[44] For some reason, when the *New Yorker* was fact-checking this story, Taliban representatives insisted that Talibs wore only white or black turbans. This is not true.

[45] Eighteen years ago I am sure that he would have gladly allowed me to take his portrait. Now he cared to do the American no favors, especially illegal ones.

[46] Three Afghans, two of them Taliban supporters, one of them not, independently gave me the figure of 10,000 Taliban slain in this turnaround. But none of them were there, and I suspect this tale grew in the telling.

[47] Cf., e.g., Peter Marsden, p. 54.

[48] M. Sarwar Hussaini (same interview as previously cited). When I asked him whether the Masoud side had engaged in similar atrocities, he replied: "Only in one incident." Another man, a Pushtun, insisted that the Taliban had massacred "five or six thousand" Hazaras in this incident. I have learned that in south Asia as in every other part of the world, casualty figures and especially atrocity statistics are always suspect.

[49] According to Mr. Hussaini they make up fifteen to twenty percent of the Afghan population. Other sources put them at six to ten percent. Or, to be more specific:

AFGHAN ETHNIC DIVISIONS
A Hazara's statistics

Pushtuns	35-40%
Hazaras	15-20%
Tajiks	20-25%
Others	30-15%

SOURCE: INTERVIEW WITH MR. SARWAR HUSSAINI (2000).

Now, since Mr. Hussaini rattled off these figures from memory, his exaggeration of the proportional population of his own ethnic

group may not signify anything. At any rate, here are other figures:

AFGHAN ETHNIC DIVISIONS

	Scholarly statistics
Pushtuns	40-46%
Hazaras	6-10%
Tajiks	25-27%
Others	29-17%

SOURCES: DUPREE (1973) AND COURTOIS ET AL (1997).

In this latter table I am using the 1947-68 figures in Louis Dupree's classic (which is to say dated) *Afghanistan*, pp. 59-64. Dupree gives the following figures: 6.5 million Pushtuns in Afghanistan (46% of national population) and the same number in Pakistan, 870,000 Hazaras (6.2%), 3.5 million Tajiks (25%), and 2,830,000 others (including a million Uzbeks, or 7%), out of a total population 13.825+ million. (Since Dupree also lists a few groups made up of "several thousand" individuals, in my calculations I rounded up to 14 million.) Courtois (p. 705) gives 6 million Pushtuns (40%), 1.5 million Hazaras (10%), 4 million Tajiks (27%), and 1.5 million Uzbeks (10%), out of a population of 15 million (1979 figures). According to Amnesty International, the proportions of the various ethnic groups may well have changed dramatically in the last few years.

[50] One of the seven parties. The Hezb-i-Islami meant here was commanded by Younis Khalis. I'm told that during the jihad Mullah Omar was enrolled with this organization. Khalis's Hezbi split off from Gulbuddin's organization of the same name. Both groups were Islamic-conservative.

[51] I have not confirmed this number.

[52] Mr. Hussaini had insisted: "They don't tolerate Hazara to be a teacher in Pushtun areas." —"Even if you are Sunni?" I asked him. —"Even then it's a problem. For them, a Hazara is a Shia. They don't care about religion so much. For them, religion is not so important. Uzbeks for them are also like Hazaras." In Kabul, a Pushtun who hated the Taliban disagreed with Mr. Hussaini's opinions, saying, "If I am Shia, a hundred percent Taliban will do nothing about me. If I am Hazara, Taliban will not like me, because about ten thousand Taliban were killed by General Malik the Uzbek and his personal Hazaras. But they will not hurt me. Maybe if I am Hazara and I fight with another guy who is not Hazara, they will hit me."

[53] In my opinion, these descriptions of the barbarous appearance of the Taliban cadres were propaganda, inflamed perhaps by a little of her own ethnic prejudice. The Taliban looked no different from the Mujahideen. Surely, no matter how westernized she might have been, she must have been familiar with the appearance of men in traditional clothes!

[54] In spite of the exasperation of her "progressive" male colleague, she refused to allow me to photograph her.

[55] Qur'-An, XVIII.24.30-31 (pp. 684-85, "The Light"). For "sexual passions" I have substituted "lust" to shorten the passage.

[56] No one outsider can hope to know Muslim society. At a minimum it would take two—a man and a woman who loved or understood each other well enough to communicate what they learned on their respective sides of the closed door. This essay is necessarily a male view of Afghanistan, and my every conclusion about the lives and longings of Afghan women remains subject to extreme doubt.

[57] An Afghan journalist to whom I quoted her remarks laughed slyly and said, "Since you are American, of course she must come out against the Taliban. But to Afghans she speaks more like an accommodationist."

[58] Islamic law.

[59] Qur'-An, V.4.32 (p. 198, "The Women").

[60] United Nations Development Program, p. 151 (Table 2: Gender-related development index for all countries). The literacy figures (1994) are 23.3% and 49.0%, respectively. This book also tells us that Pakistani women "have fewer employment opportunities than men in rural areas: they rarely find work outside agriculture, so their lack of access to land is particularly crippling" (p. 64; Box 3.3.: "What does the feminization of poverty mean?").

[61] Ibid, p. 154 (Table 3: Gender empowerment measure).

[62] "What if I were to bring one of those beg-

gar-ladies for tea?" I asked my translator.—"You cannot," said he. "First of all, look at these Talibs behind us." (I looked and saw a whole squad of them, tall and proud, long-bearded, dark-eyed, in green jackets and green turbans.) "And second of all, it's illegal."

[63] United Nations General Assembly Resolution 217A (III), 10 December 1948. Of the countries relevant to our story which were in existence at the time, Afghanistan, Pakistan and the United States voted in favor. The USSR abstained.

[64] The amputation of thieves' hands and the whipping to death (or, more accurately speaking, the laying on of one hundred stripes, which I'm told usually results in death) of adulterers presumably goes against Article 5 (prohibition on "cruel, inhuman, degrading treatment or punishment"). Because the Qur'-An allows widows a smaller inheritance share than widowers, Article 16 ("men and women ... are entitled to equal rights ... during marriage") would seem to be violated as well. In its constraints upon relations between the sexes, the Qur'-An might also go against Article 20, Section 1, "right to freedom of peaceful assembly and association." Moreover, the Qur'-An's stand on slavery is equivocal. (The Bible, of course, explicitly commands slavery in places; e.g.; Deuteronomy 20:10-14). In spite of a supposed prohibition on that institution (see note 2294 to the edition cited), I find references which seem to allow it: "And whoever among you cannot afford to marry free believing women, (let him marry) such of your believing maidens as your right hands possess" (op. cit., V.4.25; "The Women," p. 196). The Universal Declaration of course forbids any form of slavery.

[65] Specifically, it disregards Article 13 ("right to freedom of movement and residence within the borders of each state"), since women cannot easily go out alone, Article 19 (the right to "seek, receive and impart information and ideas through any media"), since television is banned, Article 23 ("free choice of employment"), since woman cannot work, Article 26 ("right to education ... elementary education shall be compulsory"), since it is very difficult for most girls and even some boys to receive schooling, and Article 27 (the right "to enjoy the arts"), since music and representations of human and animal forms are banned.

[66] Some sources claim that the cauterization happens afterward, out of public view. I fail to see why this would be the case, but it may be true.

[67] "They misuse the Qur'-An," the Tajik woman who had worked for Radio Kabul insisted. "In the Qur'-An it is not written that even for pilfering you must cut the hand. No, the real meaning of that verse is metaphorically cutting the hand from robbery, for instance through imprisonment. And theft due to poverty, that's different from robbery." She had seen two boys, one seventeen and one nineteen, get put to death in the stadium for robbery and murder. When I asked her to tell me the tale, she only smiled bitterly and said, "It's a long story." She had known the boys, and their execution had obviously been terrible for her. But I cannot agree with the "metaphorical" part of her argument. As a novelist I have learned that metaphor can transform anything into all things, without limit. The Tajik woman's argument contains some plausibility, for indeed the Qur'-An itself explicitly warns against literalist interpretations: "He it is Who has revealed the Book to thee; some of its verses are decisive—they are the basis of the Book—and others are allegorical." (Qur'-An, III.3.6; p. 130; "The Family of Amran"). But I assume that the allegorical surahs are enigmatic or poetic ones, the parables, not the laws. Otherwise why not say that the requirement to pray five times a day, or to keep Ramadan, can be satisfied metaphorically?

[68] By his own admission, with Khalis and Sayaf. According to Marsden (pp. 31-33), Khalis was a moderate, while Sayaf's party was pro-Saudi and anti-Shia.

[69] The same source informed me of Osama bin Laden's kidney complaint a day before the international media picked up that story.

[70] Most sources say that the two brothers were shot, then hanged. The man who claimed that Razzaq had ordered the executions

thought that they had been hanged to death.
[71] Later he added: "When Russia invaded Afghanistan we made holy jihad against them. But the Mujahideen could not bring shariat."
[72] Draw your own conclusions as to which of the rival regimes she was referring. This woman was Margaret Ladner. She has approved this summation of her views.
[73] Non-governmental organizations. International charitable institutions.
[74] But after the interview had concluded, when I asked the translator to verify this exchange, he did so without embarrassment. Moreover, since two other men were present and since my translator immediately afterward dictated the substance of the interview to a man from the national radio, I think it likely that he translated everything carefully and honestly, including my confirmatory interrogatives.
[75] United Nations High Commissioner for Refugees
[76] Human nature being what it is, men and women courted as they could. I remember the man in Kabul who gleefully pointed out to me how a blue-burqa'd lady showed her ankles; she was wearing fancy socks. He said: "When you are living in a society with the burqa, when you see even her hand, you think maybe she is beautiful." Another young man said, "Many of my friends have girlfriends, if the girls' parents are democratic. They talk to them by telephone. Taliban cannot listen, because our phone system is primitive. So it goes like this: She will come to the corner at such and such a time. That way she will see the boy, although of course the boy cannot see the girl. But if she likes his face, then maybe some go-between can bring him her photo." And a taxi driver proudly confided that he was carrying on an affair with a beautiful beggar-woman; he'd bring her in his car as if she were a passenger, and no one could suspect... Not everyone had such luck. When I asked one boy how in these times he could ever meet someone to marry, he said, "I will talk to my father and mother. They will go to the girl's home." But then he added sadly, "I am the only person to find food for my family. So I can never love a girl."
[77] Would the women be better off if they could literally carry their houses on their backs, if their burqas had built in space heaters and concrete overcoats so that the whips of the Taliban could not hurt them?
[78] Mr. A.H.W., now of Peshawar.
[79] Marsden, p. 51.
[80] Personal interviews with Jalalabad residents, 2000.
[81] The Talib who worked the reception desk of my guest house in Jalalabad kept hitting me up for film and tips in the most un-Islamic manner.
[82] Mr. Len Schensky, recorded statement on my answering machine, February 2000.
[83] I meant to speak to her and ask why she had kept silent, but after standing in the throng around her and hearing her tell all the other journalists that they would have to go through the press office, I gave up.
[84] I spoke with one Afghan journalist who moonlighted for the Voice of America. He insisted that never once had he heard the Americans explain why they believed Osama to be guilty.
[85] Over and over I heard: "You created Osama. He is your baby. Why do you carp at him now?" Most Afghans, I'm sorry to say, were not the least interested in the possibility that he might have murdered innocent American nationals. I think that's because they had become so angry with our country by now. When I raised the point, they'd coolly say: "Well, of course we are sorry when anyone dies violently, Muslim or non-Muslim." I said to them: "I don't understand why my government hasn't given you better proof of his guilt. But, at the very least, it's established that we did help him during the jihad and now he is saying that Americans ought to be killed. If you were an American, how would that make you feel?" The customary response to this was a change of subject.
[86] And duty free appliances and cars got smuggled from Afghanistan to Pakistan. When I was in Kabul, luxury goods such as chocolates and mineral water were still available in a few stores. The owners said that 80 to 85% of their stock came from Dubai, and

the rest from Pakistan.

[87] During that civil war the Serbs had inflated the fact of Mujahideen involvement into propaganda, while the Americans meanwhile denied it.

[88] About Masoud they said, "He is Muslim, but Islam gives permission to fight against rebels." I could see that their heart was not really in the civil war.

[89] Qur'-An, II.2.24.190 (p. 80, "The Cow"). The commentator adds (n. 239, p. 81): "Fighting for the propagation of faith is not mentioned in the whole of the Qur'-An." This interpretation is hardly universally shared. For instance, one contemporary Pakistani primer explains that "in its mission to disseminate Islam to every part of the world it does not compel such people whose hearts it fails to open, as such compulsion would be of no avail, but it does not permit them to guard the minds and hearts of others or create an atmosphere in which they cannot see Islam closely. Obviously, such an atmosphere will not be available to Islam until the reins of society are snatched from the hands of the un-Islamic forces... Islam does not accept the right of any un-Islamic system to rule any part of the world... Force is to be used whenever its supremacy is challenged" (Islahi, pp. 198-99, "Impediments and their Implications"). For other Qur'-Anic verses about jihad, which may be interpreted aggressively if taken alone, cf. X.9.9.73 (p. 402, "The Immunity"), and XIX.25.5.52 (p. 704, "The Discrimination").

[90] Amnesty International, International secretariat, pamphlet: "Children devastated by war: Afghanistan's lost generations", November 1999 (AI index: ASA 11/13/99), p. 3 (box: "Landmines").

[91] Qur'-An, XV.3.28, p. 549 ("The Israelites").

EVERYBODY LIKES AMERICANS

[1] *Al-Bukhari*, vol. VIII, p. 521, 82.796. In this citation only, I have improved the English of the rather weak translation.

[2] The most northerly governate of Yemen.

[3] I haven't a clue as to the identity of this actress. Did he mean Rita Hayworth? I am a Hollywood ignoramus, and like it that way, so I didn't take the trouble to check her out. I assume from Dr. Basri's age and the mention of his father her provenance would have been 1940s or 50s if not earlier.

[4] Yemen was not Afghanistan. Here and there walked a solitary woman, blacker than a shadow except for her hands, ankles, and eyes; she was freer than her sisters would have been under the Taliban because she could walk alone. She could also approach men for necessary business. I always made sure to lower my eyes when a woman neared me, unless she were a beggar, and then I would greet her and give her something. It seemed best to be more reserved than I thought I needed to be. It was a common sight to see a woman come into a telephoning shop, clutching a piece of paper. She could not read the number written on it (the female illiteracy rate in Yemen is high), so the nearest male customer dialed it for her, and there was no constraint or shame in any of this.

[5] In October 2002, as I was writing this story, a friend of mine who teaches journalism in a small college in my hometown said that his students thought the most exciting and important topic to write a story on was binge drinking among college students. I asked how many of them could have said where the *Cole* incident occurred, and he said: "None. Well, maybe one. He's head and shoulders above the rest. He's an exchange student from Germany."

[6] Anwar himself once more or less confessed that he had seen X-rated videos in the hotel room of a friend, since "seeing is not doing."

[7] Vol. VIII, p. 504, 3.764.

[8] Steam bath.

[9] Female circumcision occurs mainly in the Tihama costal plain which lies between Aden and Sana'a. The men I asked did not know of any cases in those two cities. Nor was it prevalent in Anwar's village.

[10] Why in particular a woman? I quote *Al-Bukhari:* "Narrated Imran bin Husain: The Prophet (peace be upon Him) said: "I looked at Paradise and found poor people forming a

majority of its inhabitants; and I looked at Hell and saw that the majority of its inhabitants were women" (vol. 4, p. 305, 7.464).

[11] Vol. IV, p. 297, 6.447.

[12] I believe that this name for the garment has currency only in Aden. In Sana'a it is called a *baltu.*

[13] Vol. VIII, p. 527, 7.804.

[14] Ibid, p. 528, 7.806. "When the stones troubled him, he fled, but we overtook him at Al-Harra and stoned him to death." "The Prophet spoke well of him and offered his funeral prayer" (p. 531, 7.810).

[15] Perhaps he was haunted, as I am, by some of the details in *Bukhari*: "So both of them were stoned at the Balat, and I saw the Jew sheltering the Jewess" (ibid, p. 530, 10.809). Another account of the same incident reads: "And I saw the man bending over the woman so as to protect her from the stones" (p. 550, 24.825).

[16] Vol. IV, p. 307, 7.468.

[17] Qur'-An, p. 704, XIX.25.52. The translation actually reads: "And strive against them a mighty striving with it," which is a lapse from this version's customary decent English. "Strive against them a mighty striving" I take to mean "strive against them mightily." Regarding "with it," the translator remarks (p. 705, fn. 1793): "It should be noted that the greatest *jihad* which a Muslim can carry on is one by means of the Qur'-An, to which the personal pronoun *it* at the end of the verse unquestionably refers, because it must be carried on by every Muslim under all circumstances."

[18] On another occasion she said three and a half years.

[19] The Soviets left Afghanistan in 1989 and the Gulf War in 1991, so the boy was in error here.

[20] God willing.

[21] Vol. IX, p. 45, 2.57.

[22] Vol. IX, p. 42, ch. 2.

[23] Vol. IX, p. 38, ch. 32.

[24] Tribal sheikhs are less powerful than before, thanks to the government's growing ability to disburse funds, employ people, and raise up local officials, but they can still give the government a good fight. For whatever it is worth, several people told me that sheikhs who are supported by Saudi Arabia are stronger than those supported by Yemen. The best sheikh was "one who has the intention and capability to attack a problem quickly without violence."

[cat0]I'm not sure what this stands for – maybe give an explanation after the quote?

[25] *Bukhari* says (vol. IX, p. 48, 4.62): "Narrated Ibn Umar: Allah's Apostle (peace be upon him) said: "When the Jews greet anyone of you they say: 'Sam-Alaika' (death be upon you); so you should say: 'Wa Alaika' (and upon you)."

[26] Hämäläinen, p. 204.

[27] Vol. IX, p. 62, 2.76.

[28] According to Ahmed, had I been a European he would have stopped at many other places along the way; Ahmed, who knew where his long-term bread was buttered, had nonetheless refused to speak up for me in this regard. He didn't want Mubarak to badmouth him to the sheikh.

[29] Hämäläinen, p. 253.

[30] "While adults seldom show their feelings," writes Hämäläinen (pp. 90-91), "children in some regions have taken to throwing rocks at tourists....Resist placing too much importance on a small part of your Yemen experience."

[31] Mr. Awad in Aden had told me that qat did for him what alcohol does for older American men: it increases desire while decreasing capability. He preferred to give it to whatever lady he was with that night, because "frankly, speaking as Awad, I must tell you, it makes the lady hot inside her clitoris."

[32] But Yemen was not always as Anwar wished it to be. The beggar women in Ta'izz smiled at me with a certain kind of openness whenever I gave them anything. Ahmed thought that they were all prostitutes. Someone had told him that if one of them were bleeding when she got some business, she'd visit her neighbor's husband and say, "May I please borrow your wife for a moment for my business? In return, you can have me whenever you like." I asked whether the Islamicists gave them any grief, and he said in surprise, "Of course not. Each has his own life."

[33] So the local people said. According to Hämäläinen (p. 229), it was the Aden-Abyan Islamic Jihad, which the *New York*

Times (11 October 2002) also credited for the recent bombing of the French freighter off Al-Mukalla.

[34] Hämäläinen, p. 230.

[35] Anwar wasn't sure what the source was, perhaps the more lenient *Muslim*, which I haven't read; it didn't sound like *Bukhari.*

[36] Ahmed for his part preferred a more lenient approach. For theft, he proposed for the first offense prison, for the second prison with a warning, and only for the third amputation of the right hand.

[37] Vol. V, p. 59, 19.79. "Not even I will be saved," the Prophet said in another place, unless and until Allah bestows His mercy upon me" (vol. VIII, p. 313, 18.470).

[38] According to the Qur'-An, the one unforgivable exception is the ascription of partners to Allah—which is to say, endorsing polytheism. Unfortunately for many of us, such harsh interpretations of Islam as *al-Bukhari* declare that those who believe in divinity of Christ are polytheists. But this line seems to be followed by the majority only when international politics demands it. In Yemen, most people really would be happy to be our friends even now.

[39] "In Yemen," Ahmed once said, "we have Islam, yes, but, you see, we can do what he want. Hussein prays on Friday, I don't. and he says nothing about that to me." Why didn't he debate with that man? Most likely because he agreed with him.

[40] With Anwar's English it is unclear which "he" is meant, and we lack evidence to convict the imam I interviewed of outright dishonesty.

INTRODUCTION: NORTH AMERICA

[1] Quoted in *The Sacramento Bee Final*, Thursday, March 27, 1997, "Newsline" section, p. A18, "Electrocution still backed in Florida." These words also appear in the continuum to "Punishment."

[2] See above, "Survival and Defiance in the Land of Oil."

[3] Or former social welfare states, as in the nations of what used to be the Eastern Bloc.

[4] Moral calculus, 1.5.1.

[5] Loc. cit.

[6] My good friend David M. Golden, an organizer for the National Rifle Association, takes exception to these words. "Columbines are really rather rare," he insists.

LAUGHING AT ALL HER ENEMIES

[1] Sucking him off. A phrase which strangely reverses the actual case.

YOU GOTTA BE ONE HUNDRED PERCENT RIGHT

[1] Sebastien Metz, the Angels' international coordinator, cried with considerable truth: "We're the number one whiners in the world, and we have the worst work ethic. If a young person now doesn't chop his mother up with a hatchet, he's held up as an example!"

[2] At a speech at a local institution of higher learning I heard him say: "If you ask the cops about a citizen's arrest, it's as if you're asking them about the black plague. They become paralyzed with fear. They have an Ex-Lax attack."

[3] *London Daily Mirror*, n.d., "Angels' delight: It's a year in business for the Tube 'vigilantes' no one wanted." The *Mirror* calls them "the first chapter of a success story that's here to stay."

[4] *The New York Times*, June 22, 1992, p. B3, "Lisa Sliwa Accuses 9th Precinct of Bungling Investigation," by James Bennet.

[5] *The Denver Post*, 12/11/93. p. A17, Eric Anderson, "Police not crazy about arrival of Guardian Angels." The police superintendent's characterization occurred in 1981.

[6] *The Union Leader* (Manchester, New Hampshire), Tuesday, December 31, 1991, p. 5, "Angels Pleased by Softened Opposition," by Jeff Rapsis.

[7] Amy Pagnozzi, "Curtis: Rumors Hurt More Than Bullets: In 1st interview, he rips cops' love-triangle theory," June 23, 1992.

[8] James Bennet article.

[9] "Guardian Angels: Bye-bye, Baltimore,"

September 28, 1990.

[10] June 25, 1995. A similar story appeared in *New York Newsday* on the same day.

[11] Bennett and Hess, *Criminal Investigation Handbook*, 3rd. ed. (San Francisco: West Publishing Co., 1991), p. 258.

[12] Affirmative.

[13] Presumably a police officer could do the same, and even pat the man down. My textbook says: "In California, stop and frisk has been validated on the basis of situational criteria, including the following: (1) furtive movements, (2) inappropriate attire, (3) carrying suspicious objects such as a TV or pillowcase, (4) vague, nonspecific answers to routine questions, (5) refusal to identify oneself, and (6) appearing to be out of place" (Bennett and Hess, p. 143). Number (6) is quite a catch-all.

[14] Eric Anderson article.

[15] Not fatally. He died of AIDS six months later.

[16] This modesty was one of their best characteristics. With them the practical outweighed the dogmatic. One thing I respected about Sliwa was that he didn't pretend that the Angels could solve every problem of violence. I remember asking him: "If you Angels instead of the U.N. were running things in Bosnia, what would you do?" —"I think with us our best role would be with those under the age of fifteen, helping them to work in a common cause." —"So your method wouldn't work in a conflict?" —"Not in the hot zone," he replied. "But in Haifa, for instance, Arabs and Jews could work together on juvenile crime. Where there's less violence there lies the potential of merging the common interests."

[17] "Frankly, I wasn't interested in what traces the movement or any individual would leave behind in history; I wanted to act. I didn't take part in the debates about what would and would not be written" (Rotem, p. xii).

[18] "Life is a festival only to the wise," declaims Emerson. "Seen from the nook and chimney-side of prudence, it wears a ragged and dangerous front" (*Essays and Lectures*, p. 373 ["Heroism"]). All I can say is that I would like to see Emerson in a war zone. How festive would his wise head find it then?

[19] "Avenging Angel," *The New York Post*, June 1, 1990.

[20] Wesley, p. 102.

[21] *Portsmouth Herald*, Monday, August 2, 1993, "Guardian Angels join porn protest," page number unknown.

[22] One aspect of the organization I especially liked was its emphasis on courtesy. I recall, for instance, the way that Angels would apologize to each other for bumping into one another.

[23] According to *The New York Times*, Sliwa confessed that "six of his group's early crime-fighting exploits were actually faked and former and present associates contend that even more of the group's activities were publicity stunts. The group has become little more than a security force for a block of Midtown restaurants..." ("Sliwa Admits Faking Crimes for Publicity: Current and Ex-Angels Recount Slew of Hoaxes," Metro section, Wednesday, November 25, 1992, p. B1).

[24] Ibid, pp. B1-B2.

[25] David Gonzalez, "Police Union to Sue Sliwa Over Hoaxes," *The New York Times*, November 29, 1992, no page number available.

[26] Tony Mayo, quoted in David Gonzalez, "Guardian Angel Training Inadequate, Critics Say," *The New York Times*, November 29, 1992, Metro Section L 43.

[27] Gritz is featured below, in "Off the Grid."

[28] Allison Anders, "Guardian Angels get mixed reception," in *The Denver Post*, Sunday, August 1, 1993, page 5C.

[29] Not his real name.

[30] I am not sure how hard and fast this number actually is. Newspaper reports from 1991 and 1992 quote the Angels as giving the same figure. I think the number of *active* members must be much, much smaller. The same night that I interviewed Sliwa, Gabriel from England asked at the big conclave at Cloud Six: "How many chapters need new members? How many chapters have lost members in the last six months?" —Almost everyone raised a hand.

[31] A year later, somebody told me the tale (I know not whether it's true, but I believe that it could be) of a man who bought an adult pornographic magazine, cut children's heads out of another publication and glued them onto the adult bodies, and was convicted.

[32] Groups out of which the witness must pick the suspect.
[33] I.e.; on the Guardian Angels T-shirt.
[34] "Chicago: A Different Kind of Education: Going on Patrol," in *The New York Times*, Campus Life, Sunday, May 20, 1990, page 44.
[35] Not his real name.
[36] Not his real name.

WHACK 'EM AND STACK 'EM

[1] See below, "Off the Grid."
[2] "Ted Nugent Bio 1997" in official press kit, p. 1.
[3] "TNWB By-Laws: A Hunters [sic] Creed" [pamphlet].
[4] Ibid, By-Laws 4, 8, 12, 13.
[5] See Above, "Defense of Animals."
[6] Luke A. Dommer, "Killing for Fun," in *The Animals' Voice Magazine*, vol. 2, no. 6, p. 40.
[7] Ted Nugent bio sheet, p. 1.
[8] Bio sheet, p. 2.
[9] For extended discussion of seal-hunting, see above, vol. 3, "Defense of Animals," p. 256.
[10] Linda McCallum, Plant Vehicle Team, "The Best Bronco a Bow-hunting Rocker could ever buy," in *Navigator*, July/August 1996, pp. 16-17.
[11] Subject to federal restrictions, of course. As a matter of fact, in Vermont in 1995 (the latest year for which FBI statistics were then available), the homicide rate was 2.2 per 100,000 inhabitants—not as low as, say, South Dakota at 1.8, but considerably lower than Louisiana at 17.0 (FBI, state breakdowns, pp. 71, 76, 77).

DEY BRING DEM BLOODSTAIN UP HERE

[1] Matt. 4: 8-9.
[2] *The Weekend Observer*, Friday, May 16, 1997, p. 6 ("Forbes orders probe of police conduct in Tivoli operation"). The present situation of the Jamaican ghettoes might well be the future state of the American.
[3] The security man, who was missing front teeth from a basketball accident, didn't want to be photographed. He was afraid that Tivoli would then try to get him personally. He deserved to live; he wasn't a beggar, he explained to me. He was too noble a soul to shake me down for a thousand Jamaican dollars (about $30 U.S.) every time he saw me. He didn't need my money. For a few thousand I could go to the supermarket and buy him ten dozen crates of fruit juice so that he could start his own business. —"Why doesn't he want to go to the supermarket himself?" I asked. —"No so easy for him to go there, Bill. No supermarket in Rema."
[4] Technically, Trenchtown was in fact on the right, but this term was sometimes loosely applied to include Rema, also.
[5] One uptown minister called it "a new thing" that "instead of riots between garrison communities, police are attacking armed garrison communities."
[6] Without belaboring the matter, I ought to note that the initial reactions toward me of many people in Jamaica were cautious. While Monsignor Alpert was in Rome with the pope, the other two fathers at Stella Maris refused to meet me, without explanation. A downtown radio commentator declined an interview, because "you have to be careful; an election is coming up. A sensational story is not to the advantage of Jamaica." Dawn Ritch, who in the end proved so helpful and kind, expressed similar reservations. I could give any number of similar examples. Nor did they much discriminate in their suspicions. My friend Pearline, for instance, seeing Miss Lorna Stanley holding what appeared to me to be a perfectly justified rummage sale, immediately whispered: "See, they sellin' the things to give away. Make me sad. See that everywhere. She just cheatin' the poor."
[7] Disrespected.
[8] Not his real name.
[9] This was borne out by the Hanna Town gunman I interviewed who said in explanation of the split between Seaga and the Don of Tivoli, Dadas Brown: "The Mafia go with the people, but Seaga try to be unfriend with Dadas."
[10] *The Weekend Observer*, Friday, May 16, 1997, p. 6 (Dr. Leahcim Semaj, "Utterances").

[11] Chevigny (p. 225) similarly makes the case that colonialism, slavery, etcetera, launched Jamaica's violence, including her police violence, by catalyzing "the breakdown of participatory government."

[12] "From my point of view it might be wise to take it a little easy on Mr. Seaga and politicians in general," he wrote in his comments on my draft (letter of 7 July 1997). "Really, Mr. Seaga and all politicians have paid dearly for their active or tacit promotion of violence in the '60s through mid-1980s; the Jamaican people are fed up with it... All politicians now condemn violence; this is true of Tivoli Gardens and its MP, Mr. Seaga. I suggest it fair to say that with limited exceptions (such as Rema) there is a type of forgiveness for the tragically dirty history of Jamaica's politicians having employed violence as a political tool."

[13] Father Linden went on to say: "Even the JLP's head, Seaga, who has the most horrible reputation for gang violence, much of it deserved, is now turning in the names of active gang members. So the violence is emphatically not political in a strict sense, but it is in an ethnic sense."

[14] The 1991 Hirst Report on Jamaican police tactics (quoted in Chevigny, p. 204) concludes that "the continuing level of deaths attributable to firearms operations involving the JCF [Jamaica Constabulary Forces] are undoubtedly produced by their use as an action of first resort." A table of deadly force incidents on the island between 1983 and 1993 shows that the police committed a minimum of 18% of the homicides, and sometimes more than one-third (ibid, p. 212).

[15] "Of their fifty-five criminal gangs there in the garrison communities, each one has a leader," Dawn Ritch told me. "The most ambitious leaders will be dead in two years. The less ambitious ones will live longer."

[16] Far more occasionally. Out of 1,800 students there were "five or ten really bad cases, and fifteen or twenty hangers-on."

[17] See above, "Thick Blood."

[18] Naturally, it was not always so simple. The garrison communities were possibly less dangerous than the mixed ones during the elections, where the rival parties might hope to contest this or that result. Riverton, for instance, was eighty percent PNP.

[19] For a quick and dirty understanding of the distinction between the two parties, consider their original constituencies. The PNP was the stronghold of small farmers, while merchants supported the JLP. Such divisions obviously grew irrelevant in the garrison communities.

[20] Other accounts went as high as two hundred.

[21] "Twenty-two years ago, when I first came to Riverton, the Dons were big men," said Junior Rowe, the director of Christ the Redeemer Center run by Richard Alpert. "Not young. They had the community at heart. Now they're more young. They just want to know how many Reeboks, how many girlfriends they can get."

[22] "Dem come up and kill, but someone stand up against dem with three gun," said a security man. "From that day, dey doan dictate. It was from the Almighty that we won."

[23] "Rema is perceived as the worst community in Jamaica," Miss Lorna had told me. "It's always perceived as turning out the worst gunmen." —"And is that true?" I started to ask, but someone called her just then. —"When most of those top-level gunmen in Rema take over," another Rema woman said, "they had an incident when thirteen people were killed from Rema, because Tivoli didn't want them to take control."

[24] I did not ask Father Linden, but I believed that she was the girl in Tivoli Gardens. I was wrong. "The girl shot is from Denham Town, an area generally considered JLP," Father Linden wrote me in July 1997. "As a postscript, she is now home. Some sight restored. The family remains traumatised. Church people, myself, and Mr. Seaga have variously visited the family."

[25] "A politician will come into the area," said Reverend John Steigerwald of Teen Challenge, "and if a man is hungry, he'll offer him $500 to mash up another man."

[26] That's the old tired tale. In Nazi Germany, for instance, enthusiastic demonstrations were staged and restaged, until enthusiasm, wearying, had to be reinforced by compul-

sion. To varying degrees, the same was true in Stalinist Russia, Maoist China, Napoleonic France, etcetera.

[27] She quoted me figures for recent elections ranging from the mid fifties to eighty percent.

[28] "They don't need to rob banks and homes," Father Linden had said. "They have cocaine to finance them." —This may have been true of the bigshots, but the quickest survey of downtown gave evidence of street crime and sullen rancor: its discount jewelry stores protected by heavy grates, its spontaneous crowds chanting protests against some cheater or other. The stores presented ten-foot-high steel cages, behind which the cashiers yelled dimly at the thronging customers.

[29] And perhaps also because she knew that the police most likely would not have shot her. One of a certain Rema man's many complaints about the Tivoli Gardens gangsters was that "woman shield them, so police cannot do to them."

[30] He had a sweetheart, who'd borne him two daughters—polite, pretty little girls whom Pearline and I took down to the borderline for juice one Saturday—and who lived in another garrison community two buses away. Whenever he went to visit them, he went this way.

[31] Pearl lived in Saint Catherine.

[32] Deacon Espeut had put it more more dryly: "If the schoolchildren know they won't be allowed to sit their exams, because they're not in an accredited school, then they might make themselves useful in illegal ways."

[33] Monsignor Albert's center in Riverton was assisting those children. "Did the police say they were sorry?" I asked the center's director. —"Not in so many words, no," he replied. "But they're trying to help the children a little bit also."

[34] For Monsignor Richard Albert, the charismatic Catholic priest profiled below, the short term solution was "enlightened heavy policing."—"The police are still executing people," he admitted. "Granted, some of the people they kill are pretty rough people. But the police shouldn't be judge, jury and executioners. At the same time, they're in a bind. We have anarchy on the streets, but we'll have anarchy in the police if they're curtailed in their duties. These guys will as easily kill a policeman as they'll kill a dog."

[35] Even Paddy Boy recognized the systemic nature of the violence. I asked him whether the Don of Tivoli could proclaim peace and be obeyed, and he, putting his typically murderous spin on my question, replied: "Dadas Brown is they leader. When you have de leader, you want to stop 'im, of course. But you have Don Number One, Don Number Two, Don Number Three ..."

[36] Would his war on marijuana succeed? I rather doubted it, watching a girl rolling a thumbnail-sized ball of ganja around in her hand, to "refine" it as she put it, until her palm and fingers were emerald-colored. I saw scenes like that every day. How about his war on prostitution? I doubted that, too, and I didn't really mind because prostitution and marijuana have never seemed like very serious problems to me.

[37] Next door was an elementary school, Joy Town Learning Center, which was also run by the two churches. One of the two teachers, Miss Henry, who had sixty pupils in her class, told me, "They're not supposed to come if they don't pay the fee, but we don't turn them away."

[38] I think he was right. Few other good Samaritans were to be found laboring in the bitter vineyards of Rema. According to Dawn Ritch, the government had approved the existence and operation of 337 charities and 126 educational institutions in the inner cities in 1995 (the latest year for which information was available), to say nothing of nearly five hundred private sector institutions. —"There's tremendous business support," she insisted (and I did in fact find evidence of these organizations in certain places such as Hanna Town). "They come in here when the government isn't."—"I don't know where she got her information, said Miss Lorna in her hoarse impatient voice. Maybe there are some over there in Denham Town. None here in Rema that I know of."

[39] See above.

[40] On the table I lay out Deacon Espeut's well-meaning but less than convincing maxim: *If the children have hope, they'll tend to*

behave. The PNP thugs I interviewed in Hanna Town had plenty of hope, and so did the Rema "sportsmen." Reverend Steigerwald and Miss Lorna had inverted it, saying, in effect, that if one makes the children behave, then they may be able to apply themselves to find hope.

[41] Miss Lorna could certainly talk tough if she had to. "One Sunday two women were killed," she remembered. "I said, lemme tell you something. I'm not giving ultimatums, but if you kill two ladies on the way to church, well, that's an accident. I could also have an accident." I have no idea how this speech was received.

[42] That belief had presumably been reinforced by his meeting with the pope a few days earlier.

[43] "In 1979 I was responsible for the peace initiative in Portmore," he said. "I sponsored the first televised debate between politicians. I gave a speech calling for a revolution in our thought. The *Gleaner* had to apologize and explain that I didn't mean armed revolution. I was involved in the peace initiative of 1983. I arranged for high policy meetings with Dons. I brought together people."—"I'd like to meet some of those people," I said. —He sighed and said: "So many are gone now."

[44] There did not seem to be so great a difference between that bar, whose minion literally charged me twice the list price for everything (and even made a dummy receipt so that he could pocket the difference) and the corner store in Rema where I went to buy Pearline, a peanut punch, and a woman outside started shouting at me to buy her a cold drink; I told her to buy it for herself, so she came in and so did two other people; she ordered her drink, which I repeatedly refused to pay for, kissed the air in ironic thanks, snatched up the carton of juice and ran out while the others watched to see what I would do. The clerk charged me for the drink. I paid, smiling. The two other hopefuls, a man and a woman, then ordered drinks, but I too kissed the air and ran out with a laugh; when I stopped halfway down the block and looked back, they were coming out of the store, dejected and drinkless.

[45] His was a dissenting voice. One would suppose that if the garrison communities were in fact such well-oiled monolithic machines, they ought to offer their denizens security—that if people kept their noses clean and followed the party line, like our cabbie keeping quiet when somebody voted for him, then they should be safe; and as a general rule they might well have been safer than their American ghetto counterparts, except at elections, of course, when the machetes came out. But the gangland killings continued. Dawn Ritch expressed the consensus when she told me that the divorce between politicians and gunmen happened as a result of drugs. —"They can't afford them anymore," she said. —"What would happen if we legalized drugs tomorrow?" I asked. —"Tourism harassment would be wiped out," she said. "The gunmen of course would continue to find employment." (The gunman in Hanna Town was more tautological. About Dadas Brown, the Don of Tivoli, he simply said: "Dadas grow up. Understand me? Seaga don't want 'im.") "A lot of Jamaicans would love to see marijuana legalized here but kept illegal in the U.S. It'd be fabulous," chuckled Father Linden. "But that's not going to happen, he went on. And I don't think we're ever going to have cocaine legalized. And even if we legalize everything, they'll develop some new thing. And Jamaica is the ideal transshipment route."

[46] Just one success story would justify the man, and I heard many. Here is one: A boy named Linton, one of his drivers, told me that Monsignor Albert had had a "major, major, major effect" on him. —"Before, I was without a job," the young man said. "I had to move from place to place to get a meal for the day. Now I'm feeling comfort. And my dear mother, he also get her a job as the principal of a school."

[47] An exaggeration.

[48] About $4,100 in U.S. currency.

[49] "What about the forty- and fifty-year-olds?" I asked him, and he shrugged. —"The only thing would be job placement or something like a freezer or some like that. The whole thrust of Saint Patrick's is self-empowerment. Christ not only liberated us from sin, but He wanted us to continue this through self-empowerment." (I assumed that what he

meant by this reply was that if one is not self-empowered by forty or fifty, he may never be.)

[50] "The community used to be divided on account of the scarce benefits," Junior Rowe said. "People used to have the Santa Claus mentality. But we'd get them together for a brainstorming session. What can we do to assist them right now? Make them accountable. Do what they tell us, and remind them that's what they asked for. They asked for houses."

[51] The obvious question I had asked myself on the very first day was: Why live in Tivoli or in Rema?—The answer was equally obvious: While ghetto residents might or (more likely) might not have had anywhere else to go, most of the time they did not view their neighborhoods as hell, and neither should we. (A Romanian is not bound to ask himself why he was born a Romanian.) It was only the enemy neighborhood that was hell. One's own community was by definition on the side of the angels.

[52] One cab driver told me after I had quietly closed the door: "Doan slam the door," so I said: "I'm sorry," and he said: "I tole you, doan' slam the door, white man!"

[53] When I asked even the optimistic and relatively successful Richard Albert about the war with Tivoli Gardens, he said: "I can see no solution."

[54] He put the case more optimistically than Monsignor Albert, who simply said: "I'm also worried about an ever-growing lack of respect for authority. The police are being seen as the enemy, and it's leading to unrest. I worry about the morale of the police and the soldiers. We're becoming an armed society. Uptown is ready to kill downtown. Downtown is ready to kill itself."

MURDER FOR SALE

[1] *Newsweek*, May 3, 1999, pp. 22-23 (foldout), and 24-25, 29 (murderers), in "Anatomy of a Massacre," by Matt Bai et al.

[2] *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, Friday, April 30, 1999, p. 22A (Dusty Saunders, "TV coverage of rampage lifts news audience ratings." Network viewing increased as much as 59% for Fox News and 41% for CNN.

[3] A typical vulture-nugget: When the district attorney intimated to a forlorn group of parents that their children were probably dead, *Newsweek* was anxious to inform us, "two mothers went outside and vomited" (op. cit., p. 31).

[4] *The Sacramento Bee* Final, April 23, 1999, p B6 ("Metro" section, "Bomb: Powerful enough to kill or injure, police say"); followup article, April 24, p. B1 ("Metro" section, "Anxiety is high at area schools").

[5] *The Sacramento Bee* Final, April 24, 1999, p A3 ("Capitol/State" section, "Teen grabs hostage in bank, cites massacre in Colorado").

[6] *The Sacramento Bee* Final, April 27, 1999, p. A9 ("Massacre at Columbine High" section; "Web site targets students in Wisconsin" and "Many in U.S. say no school immune") cited threats in Oshkosh, Wisconsin, and East St. Louis, Illinois. The same newspaper a day later (p. A14, "Threats: Bomb scare empties Galt elementary school") mentioned incidents in Washington, D.C., Ohio, Missouri, New York, Pennsylvania, Georgia, New Jersey, Washington state, Connecticut, Maryland and Florida.

[7] And, as I said, the two teenaged shooters in Littleton followed the same strategy. If they did anything extreme enough, they'd get noticed and remembered; we'd swallow the raisins of their names and grievances; we'd wonder why; we'd talk about how sad it all was, until next month when some newly remarkable thing would be born from the womb of "news," and everybody would forget about Columbine High School in Littleton, Colorado, except of course for the families, sweethearts, friends and enemies of the dead.

[8] *Denver Rocky Mountain News*, Tuesday, May 4, 1999, p. 7A.

[9] The *Sacramento Bee,* final, Monday, May 24, 1999, front page.

[10] The *Sacramento Bee,* final, Wednesday, May 5, 1999, front page.

GUNS IN THE USA

[1] By California law, to purchase any firearm I must show a certain yellow card which certifies that I have passed a firearms safety test (and that I paid for the privilege). Although some Texans shook their heads sadly when I showed it to them, pitying my consignment to what they called "the People's Republic of California," to my own way of thinking, anybody whose deficient care, judgment or intelligence prevents him from answering a few simple questions about which way to point a gun should not be allowed to keep one. But I fear that the bars and exclusions will not stop there.

[2] Why did I limit myself to the west? In a way it didn't matter; since we Americans are a peripatetic bunch, many if not most of the people I interviewed in any given state originally came from another, and nearly all had spent time in another. Some of the Montana constitutionalists could be Alaskans or Californians. Perhaps I should have gone east, to rural Pennsylvania or the Florida Panhandle. I guess I just have a western bias. I was born in California, and I plan to die here. "I like living in the west," said a Montana gun owner named Mr. High-Tech. "Most of my neighbors are good armed citizens. It's not a good place for criminals, so we basically trust each other." My neighbors aren't quite the same as Mr. High-Tech's, but I too like living in the west.

[3] Such stories are innumerable. One more will suffice. A beautiful fifty-year-old Eskimo woman in Nome told me that when she was sixteen she went out hunting with her parents on the day after her father had given her mother a new rifle. Her mother fired at a seal and missed. The daughter took the gun into her hands, pulled the trigger and killed her seal with a perfect shot through the brain. She had not hunted in many years; she was a street alcoholic now. But remembering her marksmanship made her very happy. Guns and hunting were in her blood as much as beer. (And so was the other side of guns. The seal-huntress' father had one day shot her mother, and then himself.)

[4] "It's a lot different from deer hamburger. Deer hamburger you have to season with pork."

[5] Faulkner and Hemingway described that "cultural kind of experience" rather well, but many gun owners are not particularly verbal. There are two types of gun people: those who can clean their guns adequately, and those who can talk about them. Since their opponents don't have to do anything but talk, firearms owners too often come across in the media as being wooden or even stupid— and here I hasten to add that I am not referring to either Major Abrant or Mr. Smith, who were perfectly articulate, but when you match a "spokesman" against a doer, quite often the doer suffers. I can clean my guns, but I'm not a hunter and I'm not a very good shot. Will the speech centers of my brain therefore be well developed enough for me to be a pro-gun "spokesman"? I hope so.

[6] I remember one range-master at an indoor facility in my area who proudly boasted of the elevated lead levels in his blood. The place eventually closed down. I heard one account of health code violations.

[7] I've read that out of legal prudence SigArms has now stopped all civilian sales, which means that it will soon be difficult for most Americans to buy the pistol itself.

[8] The story is really not even that surprising. People have always done what they had to do. Eskimos used to kill a grizzly with a jade blade lashed to a six-foot pole; it took two men to do it, one to stab the bear in the abdomen, the other to stab him in the side, so that the bear would keep whirling back and forth, always presenting some weak side. The side position was less dangerous than from the belly, they say, but it still sounds pretty dangerous to me.

[9] Incidentally, Mr. Carter was not a flamboyant Wild West type. Such playfulness as he might once have had, and Craig still has, seemed long vanished from him. —"What gives you the most pleasure or pride about being a gun owner?" I asked. —"I like to have guns," he replied. "I don't know if there's any particular *pride* in it. There have been incidents in the past—robberies, murders and rapes — so I just thought it was a necessity." For him as for any real Old Westerner, the gun, even the

quick-draw gun, was not a toy to flash, but once again a tool.

[10] A disproportionate number of them are romantic theoreticians, even idealists. Because everyone is not good at everything I have met many a crack marksman who can scarcely articulate why he shoots, or who shotguns me with clichés. (For that matter, some of the best talkers are some of the worst shots. I know one extremely verbal champion of the Second Amendment who can barely clean his own pistol.) Paradoxically, at the same time they are literalists. I understand why, for I'm one myself. Proponents of gun "control" like to say that when the Second Amendment says "the right of the people to keep and bear arms shall not be infringed," it doesn't mean all people, but only "the militia," whom they define as our armed forces. By that interpretation, the Second Amendment has been honored by every state from North Korea to Nazi Germany! Somehow, I don't buy it. I think the people means *the people.*

[11] This view remains very controversial among gun owners. Don Smith, for instance, opined that "I just don't see the validity of owning a rapid-fire weapon for the purpose of hunting—Uzis, touched up AR-15s, and so on. Those guns don't have any purpose other than personal enjoyment out on the firing range. We need to get those goddamned type of weapons out of the bad guys' hands and maybe even out of good guys' hands."

INTRODUCTION: SOUTH AMERICA

[1] See above, "Murder for Sale."

[2] See above, "Defense of Authority."

[3] Moral calculus, 5.1.7.

[4] Moral calculus, 5.2.F.1.

[5] See the "Huddling Against Monsters" section of "Where Do My Rights End?" above.

[6] Rousseau, pp. 18-19 ("The Social Contract").

YOU NEVER KNOW WHO IS WHO

[*] La Gabarra just down the road was much worse. I did not go there. A couple of weeks after my visit to Tíbu, the paramilitaries murdered 47 people in La Gabarra.

[*] A Colombian friend who read this thought that the Candelaría was not nearly as bad as I made out. She also believed that the mountains were perfectly safe. But she said that she would never go there alone at night.

[*] According to one journalist who worked at *El Tiempo*, in the year 2000 Colombia had 1170 towns, and of these 145 contained no police or soldiers at all.

[*] He added: If you smoke too much you start dreaming and go crazy. So I only smoke every three days, but then I smoke twenty or twenty-five times. My girlfriend sells her *cosita* (pussy), so I can smoke.

PAPA'S CHILDREN

[1] Awarding it a fraction of a page, my guidebook calls it "a convenient stopping place." The town lies in the vast region called Bajo Caula Antioquia. According to Robin Kirk, a spokeswoman for Human Rights Watch, it is well known as a Castaño stronghold and also as a haven for drug labs.

[2] For details, see. e.g., *El Espectador*, 19 de febrero 2000, p. 1 ("Massacre paramilitar en Ovejas: Empieza éodo masivo en Sucre"). One Colombian journalist with *El Tiempo*, his thinning hair slicked back, his gaze petrifying into hard sadness, said to me, "It was the most horrible thing in war I've ever seen. About ten of the dead were women. More than three thousand people from the region became refugees. One of the victims was a girl about six years old. She was trying to get out of town. Her mother was among those killed. She got dehydrated. A woman tried to help her by putting saliva in her mouth, but she died."

[3] Another metaphor, probably more to the point: When you've snatched meat from the crocodile, do you also demand that he finish-

es his circus act?

[4] The leader aside, they were actually rather courteous. One said: "We wish you the very best and we're very excited to meet with somebody like you, an American journalist. We never could have imagined this."

[5] The Americans were sometimes blamed for this. The argument ran that U.S. pressure to go after drug traffickers left the already feeble soldiers and police even more thinly stretched.

[6] He went on to complain: "I'm married; I have a child. And it's very difficult to know that we are authorized to see the family only once a month." He had to spend most of the time "working" in the jungle

[7] My friend Gladys, who lived south of Bogota in the immense slum town called Ciudad Bolívar, aphorized: "You'll never find a poor person who will say anything good about the paras." And I never did. Another Colombian woman, a journalist with considerable political experience, phrased it this way: "The problem with paras is that in the past they were very rich people, and so the guerrillas kidnap them. Then they form self-defense organization and start to fight everyone in those towns, even peasants whom they say are helping."

[8] The American psyche possesses its own bleeding wounds, the imprints of violence and fear of violence. But memories of pioneer self-reliance, and the abundant economic rewards available to most of us who can work, condition the American to an unfettered distrust of and disinterest in others. In his own way, choosing his own company, he'll safely reach heaven. The Colombian psyche is naturally warmer than our own, but the world it dwells in is poorer and more perilous. It smiles and pretends, caught in an agony between the natural longing to trust others, and the justified fear of the same.

[9] She did not want to be my translator in any rural area. Her family owned a farm near Medellín, and they needed to check on it, but they are afraid. Guerrillas operated there.

[10] In 1999–2000 this would have been about USD $550. A few years earlier, when the kidnapping occurred, it would have been more.

[11] About La Honda, Señor Alberto Morales Peñaloza, government researcher for the Personería de Medellin, had "no information." He also had "no information" about any of the other guerrilla—or paramilitary—controlled towns just outside of Medellín.

[12] Since La Honda was at that time one of the five towns in that region controlled by the guerrilla group FARC, it is probable that at least some of the murdered men were actual guerrillas.

[13] The way he expressed his anger at the massacre was this: "When I'm in a fight, *I* want to be the dead one, not the other way around. How can I live with myself otherwise?"

[14] "These paras are very polite," said another Colombian reporter who often dealt with them. "They know how to convince you. One journalist, she was very amazed with Castaño's discourse. She went to bed with him in the jungle, and now she's carrying his baby. It ruined her career."

[15] Interview with Carlos Castaño by the journalist Dano Anzmendia, Caracol television, translated for me by L.G.

[16] Robin Kirk, telephone interview. Ms. Kirk explained: "If you talk about murder, torture, massacres, clearly, all sides commit these violations. They all do it. There are certain types of violations which the paras will commit with much more frequency such as mutilation, but the guerrillas are the kings of kidnapping." She estimated that out of every hundred political murders in Colombia, seventy were committed by the paras, twenty by the guerrillas, and two or three by the army.

[17] Mr. Carlos Salinas, Latin American affairs, Washington, D.C. Telephone interview.

[18] I asked the journalist who had witnessed the Ovejas massacre: "In your opinion, did Mr. Castaño give the order to chop off people's hands and heads?" —"They want to make everybody to be afraid of the paras," he replied. "They want to make you feel that they are in the middle of the war and they are going to kill you. And Carlos Castaño is *El Jefe.*"

[19] However, it might be germane to quote the old refugee Jose M., who opined: "In '48 you couldn't see the people displaced as they are

now. Perhaps it happened, but the government didn't take an interest in it. Now, the government is more interested. And the violence has increased more, more, more in the last ten years."

[20] "You can't divide the groups into good people and bad people," he said. "The paras in the past were victims of guerrillas, and if you feel that the state is not making justice, why, you try to make justice with your own hands. Everybody has his own reason to be in the war." And from a practical point of view, William R. Brownfield, the U.S. Deputy Assistant Sectertary of State for the Western Hemisphere, agreed with him. —"Whom do you see as a greater threat to stability in the region, the guerrillas or the paramilitaries?" I inquired in a telephone interview. —"You are asking us to decide us to decide which is the lesser of two evils," replied Brownfield. "Both the guerrillas and the paramilitaries represent a threat to stability and peace in Colombia. They are heavily involved in the narcotics trade and both have abysmal human rights records."

[21] The sadly obvious presupposition is that the legitimate state has no power to be the state. To many Colombians, the origin of the paras was very simple: the state had been "limited," as they politely put it, in its response to the guerrillas.

[22] But not all necessarily from paramilitary violence. In a sweaty bombproofed government skyscraper guarded by policemen with machine guns, Señor Alberto Morales Peñaloza, a researcher for the Personería de Medellín, told me that the displaced people whom he interviewed could be divided into the following categories: 30% had been run out by the paramilitaries, or by fear thereof, 20% by the guerrillas, 5% by the army, 10% by "armed groups, ambiguous cases," in which he included kidnap-extortions, and the remainder were afraid to say. A municipal worker in Bogotá who did not wish to be identified told me that the figures for his city would be similar.

[23] Rope?

[24] And certainly the military does not go on record to show favoritism to the paramilitaries. For example, when I questioned him, Señor Major General Jairo Garcia Camargo, commandante of the Colombian Air Force (E), was careful to blame the paras and the guerrillas in equal measure. To him both took second place to the narcotrafficking problem. When I asked him what the Air Force had accomplished that he was most proud of, he replied: "In 1999 we intercepted and neutralized more than thirty airplanes involved in narcotraffic. We supported the Policía Nacional in defending 180 towns attacked by guerrillas. With the Ejército and the Armada Nacional, we put down 1,200 guerrillas and paramilitaries." I wish that the General had specified the proportions of each. This figure would seem to conflict with the Amnesty International statistic of 1,000 *total* combat casualties for 1999. No matter. "But our best accomplishment was that we increased the Air Force's credibility in public opinion. We fortified the Air Force's legitimacy. We possess the respect of the civilian population. After the Church, we're considered to be the institution with the greatest credibility and responsibility in the country" (written interview with WTV, 6 March 2000, Bogotá).

[25] It was food for thought that he'd known where to go. During the interview with those four paramilitaries in the farmhouse that night in the unnamed town, I asked the one who'd been a *hercito:* "Before you joined the paras, did you know who was a para in your town?" —"Yes. When I was working as a professional soldier, I knew." *How* did he know?

[26] And this was a phrase I often heard on the lips of ordinary Colombians—for instance, the old proprietor of the juice palace in Medellín who'd approvingly watched Papa's interview on television the previous night. The law here was "not helpful," he said. In a year or three, captured guerrillas would get released. On the other hand, "paras do what the government should do and cannot."

[27] A rightwing party, now defunct. The paramilitaries dislike the UP because it was opposed to the government.

[28] From a percentage standpoint he was right; they were a drop in the bloody bucket. According to the Amnesty International spokesman, Mr. Salinas, in 1999 Colombia

suffered from about 1,000 combat related deaths and 3,000 politically motivated killings and disappearances of noncombatants, most of these the result of paramilitary zeal. The paras had been responsible for the bulk of the civilian deaths at least since the mid 1990s. If these figures are accurate (and they match those given by Human Rights Watch's Robin Kirk), then the massacre victims at Brisas would have been equivalent to about 1% of the victims for 1999. And it is possible that the statistics are even more depressing. The journalist at *El Tiempo* who had seen the victims of the Ovejas massacre served up higher numbers. He opined that 5,000 people per year died in the civil war (as opposed to Amnesty International's 4,000), and 25,000 per year perished from other homicidal causes. Of this latter group (whose approximate number I've verified in the Centro de Referencia Nacional sobre Violencia's *Comportamiento de Lesiones de Causa Externa, Colombia 1997*, p. 19), some of were murdered in street crimes committed by refugees. Thus their deaths contained an indirect political component. (The population of Colombia in 2000, by the way, was about 36 to 38 million.)

[29] "The most difficult experience I had in battle was in Urabá," said the gaunt, deep-voiced paramilitary during that night interview in the unnamed town. "It was on Holy Saturday. We had to fight even then; we did not finish fighting until the following Tuesday, shooting and shooting. That day I went to see how my friend was doing. He was my partner. I moved from tree to tree, and then I said, 'get behind me.' I looked, and there was a bullet hole in his forehead. So I went back to help my friend. He was still alive. He said three words I'll never forget. He said, *nobody is forever.* He was dying. 'So go ahead and leave me behind,' he was trying to tell me." And then the para showed me the bullet scar on his arm and the bullet scar on his side.

[30] *El Tiempo*, 11 December 1996, "$1.000 millones por la cabeza de Carlos Castaño Gil."

[31] The people; the community.

[32] For those of you who prefer the long view of paramilitary history, I quote the Amnesty International spokesman, who said to me: "In the nineteenth century, the liberal and conservative parties had armed groups to settle scores. It wasn't until the twentieth century that you really had the emergence of a regular army. In the 40s and 50s, you had armed groups of the liberal, the conservative, and, of course, the communist parties. These para groups as we now think of them, while having a historical precedent, seem to have come to the fore, first in the 1960s, through the counterinsurgency tactics of the Colombian army. This current wave came to the fore in the 1980s through an alliance between narcotraffickers, the army and the local economic and political elite. But I sometimes think that to understand Colombia one has to have a good background in fractals and chaos theory, waves within waves. This current wave within the current wave really starts in the 1990s with the work of the Castaño brothers who created a unified umbrella structure."

[33] In a written interview with me, Air Force commander Major General Jairo García Camargo made essentially the same points.— "What do you think would be the effect on the Colombian civil war if the United States were to decriminalize cocaine and heroin?" I asked the U.S. State Department, which declined to answer on the grounds that such a question was "speculative."

[34] Robin Kirk of Human Rights Watch put it similarly: "I think they were clearly an attempt on the part of the government to do something about the security concerns, but unfortunately they fed into an old Colombian pattern of lack of oversight. They were linked with illegal paramilitaries. The government was never able to supervise them. There have been several cases where it has been shown that legalized paras in Convivir have bought legal weapons and used them to commit massacres, targeted killings."

[35] FARC, M-16, the PCC (Partido Comunista Colombia), Quintin Lame's group, CRS (Corriente de Renovación Socialista), and EPL. ELN, which comprised the major guerrilla presence in 2000, had not yet appeared on the scene, at least not in Urabá.

INTRODUCTION: PERCEPTION AND IRRATIONALITY

[1] "Dey Bring Dem Bloodstain Up Here."

[2] In this regard the Pelasgian Dilemma is highly relevant: Do I express who I am, and thereby cause harm to myself or others, or do I protect myself by becoming one of *them?* (Moral calculus, 5.2.D.5).

[3] See above.

[4] Moral calculus, 5.2.B.1-2.

[5] Regarding Waco, see also "Defense of Ground."

[6] See above, "On the Morality of Weapons."

[7] See above, "Three Meditations on Death."

[8] See above, "Punishment."

[9] See above, "Defense of War Aims."

NIGHTMARES, PRAYERS, AND ECSTASIES

[1] See, for instance, Bodin, p. 31, for a mention of this practice.

[2] And I myself think far too often of the final scene of Andreyev's short story "The Red Laugh," in which naked corpses are vomited up out of nowhere, piling higher and higher in the streets and in people's houses until they suffocate, but they cannot suffocate because facing them is the incarnated visage of violence itself, the Red Laugh.

[3] Speaking of trouble, I left that store, went two blocks, and ran into some gangsters. One of them felt sorry for me and escorted me back to the dividing line on Rampart Street. On the way he said: You can't be too *hongry*, man. If you look too *hongry* and desperate to get somethin' the brothers gonna game you so fast. Sometimes they even be gettin' *me* with their games.

[4] The former voodoo queen of New Orleans. See below.

[5] Rigaud, pp. 84-5.

[6] Contrast this with the sunnier view of Madame Yvette, who said: All the spirit, they are jealous; they love people; they want to teach people. If two people are angry, spirit can make them friend again.

[7] It is proof of the power of reified terror that many people who don't subscribe to voodoo are afraid of it, precisely because it represents the unknown. In the homeless camp I met a black lady named Ellen, who kept the Bible in her shack and prayed. She often went to the Catholic church which people had built out of plywood; she was a good Christian; and when I asked here if there were much voodoo around she whispered: They're killers. They're Cubans. —She took me deeper into her shanty, to another room filled with old clothes which she kept to give away, and cupped her hands round my ear and murmured: On Thursday nights they kill dogs and cats and stuff. They can put a hex on you to make you walk like *this* for the rest of your life (she contorted her face and became a twitching hunchback). —When I went back on Thursday night, she'd just been picked up on a bench warrant. I didn't see any sacrifices, which proves nothing.

[8] In the French Quarter there are several establishments which earn their living by making convenient facsimiles of, and thereby trivializing, the artifacts of voodoo. Marie Laveau's House of Voodoo I particularly loathe. Here you can buy male-, female- and skull-shaped candles, masks, "personal protection" canes from Kenya, jars of incense sticks for success, fast luck, money-draw. YOU BREAK A CANDLE, YOU BOUGHT IT. You can buy Marie Laveau's "Everything-You-Need Executive Voodoo Kit", all shrink-packed, High John the Conqueror purple soap, yellow "Buddha at Life soap, blue "Labon de La Mavamba" soap, green "Jardin Le Diers" soap, charms and chains, wooden snakes, key rings, arrowheads ("essential ingredient for mojo bags—helps guide one through life"), tanka wishing beans, voodoo dolls, bandannas, spirit spinners, long fat quartz crystals, jinx-removing bath pearls, crystal skulls, spirit pianos, charcoal, Marie Laveau deer-eyes for the protection of children, crime scene barricade tape, M & Ms, Tylenol, packets of verbena for protection against witchcraft ("We Do Remove Hexes," alligator heads ... —I had gotten this far in my recorded categorization when the supercilious saleswoman said: Excuse me,

what are you doing?—I told her I was making a list of all the things I wanted to buy, which gladdened her heart. As I went out I glanced back at the altar with the railing around it that said NO PHOTOS—NO FILMING and I took a picture.

[9] As I've mentioned, I did have an opportunity to see the Haitian voodooienne Madame Yvette perform a mock table ceremony in Miami. It involved killing a chicken. —This ceremony mean to feed the spirit, Yvette said. Some people do it every four, five years. Some do it every seven years. —She came and filled a censer with myrrh, wearing a white kerchief "to make everything okay." Then she rang her little bell. She began to trace out the lines of flour, forming three adjacent crosses to represent the Father, Son and Holy Spirit. Then she brought in a live chicken and raised it toward each corner of the ceiling. —When you finish to present the animal to the four corners of the world, then we feed it corn, she said. —She laid down corn on the first cross and touched the chicken's head to it. The candle burned on the second cross. Then she sprinkled flour across the chicken's body in the form of a cross. She cut the chicken's throat and bled it into a white bowl. The bird lay on its side, moving its legs and flexing its pinions. She picked it up and broke its wings.

[10] Ibid., p. 8.

[11] Tallant, p. 9.

[12] All sorts of wishes. My taxi driver in Miami, who was Haitian, said that he did not know anything about voodoo, but five minutes later, as we passed a freeway sign ingrown with gang graffiti as if with some hideous gray ivy, he said that he used to go into football and soccer stadiums on the nights before a game and sacrifice to the luck of the Green Bay Packers or whatever other team they were rooting for.

[13] I am indebted to Mr. Juan Parke of New Orleans for this concise and accurate description.

[14] Re: penance, it may be worthwhile to quote Madame Yvette again: The knowledge is on *you;* you need to improve it. When you lay down to receive it, it's penitence, because you lay down on the floor, no movie, no dancing. You make pilgrimage, church to church to church. You make charity to poor people. Then you are in quarantine forty-one days. Then you read the book. We serve God. Who is God? God is a spirit. We do good things. Forty-one days you don't eat pork, you don't dance, you don't make sex. When I prepare myself, I was twenty. When you are young, you learn better. The spirit was bad on me. It was bad! I couldn't sleep!

[15] Miriam was born in the U.S. Her husband was Belizean. When I'd ask her some question about voodoo she'd often defer to him. What she'd told Nathan may have its echo in what Oswan told me about his initiation in Belize: I had to go to the jungle and catch a snake and kiss it, then sleep in a cemetery for a week with incense at my feet and my head. The first time I had to take a machete, chop a circle three feet in diameter, throw the machete and not look where it fell, then sit with only water, no food. That was only part of it. Then I had to spend an hour a day in the complete nude, in front of a mirror. You take the index finger of the left hand and put it on your nose, and stare at that for an hour. —What did you see? —It scared me to fuckin' *shit!* he shouted with a laugh.

[16] I suppose he had good reason. When his brother tried to get a child back from his estranged wife, he died of sickness only eleven days after returning to Haiti. That had to have been voodoo, the taxi driver insisted. His brother had not believed in voodoo, but that only made it scarier.

[17] Cups or basins of water often figure in voodoo. My friend Madison Smartt Bell, who visited Haiti in 1995, wrote in an unpublished manuscript entitled "Miroir Danjere": "According to the *vaudou* beliefs in which the country has been saturated since the time of slavery, the ocean surrounding Haiti is a mirror, whose surface divides the world of the living from the world of the dead ... So at the beginning of *vaudou* rituals, they sing *o creole, sondé miroir*, an exhortation to *pierce the mirror*, so that the spirits of the living can once more reach Guinée [the world of the dead, and vice versa] ... For the same reason the members of the increasingly popular Haitian musical

group Boukman Eksperyans sing ... of falling through the surface of a sacred pool." (draft p. 1).

[18] Gonzalez-Wippler, p. 131.

[19] Among the Southeast Asian groups which I am familiar with, it is considered a failure and a weakness to show anger. The most tranquil soul in a confrontation is the superior. But Haitian and American blacks seem to regard it a sign of weakness and fear not to react loudly to provocation—something they have in common with Koreans, which may be one reason why they don't get along.

[20] I considered actually doing this. I could have dipped into my savings. But I had already decided to pay $1,000 of my own money for a posed enactment of a table ceremony (taking photographs during a real one would have offended the spirits). SPIN did not want to pay for anything that was not real, for which I didn't blame them. And I later regretted spending the thousand. At any rate, the books I have read and the people I have talked to inform me that it is not unusual to spend years of study and to pay up to $10,000 or more to become an adept in voodoo or santería.

[21] The act of paying debts or giving presents to the spirits, being voluntary, is another way of asserting control over one's life. Every year on the eighteenth of May, Frank at the santería botanica in New Orleans would close up shop to make an offering to his statue of Saint Joseph. —Cost me over two thousand dollar, he said, but I have to do it because it's what I offer. I been here five years. When I first start here I didn't have nothing. But the saint help me. — Doing this creates peace of mind because it is now more likely that the loa will reciprocate.

[22] A similar invocation is sometimes made to Legba Adingban, the chief voodoo god. I have been told that Legba and Saint Peter are syncretistic.

[23] According to Rigaud, the Guédés are "the loas of death and of cemeteries ...who have *noms vaillants* (names with the great mystères assume when they do not wish to appear under their real names)" (p. 58). They include Guédé Ratalon, the first gravedigger, and Guédé Morpion (Louse), his pickman. "As for the lesser Guédés, such as *Ti Pété* (Little Break-Wind) ..., their bizarre names derive from the caustic character of this race of loas. All the Guédés are pranksters" (p. 68). Papa Guédé does not appear in his list, but that is not particularly surprising given the decentralized nature of the voodoo religion.

[24] Ibid, p. 48.

OFF THE GRID

[1] Pronounced "Grites."

[2] All newsletter items listed here are from the October 1994, volume 4, no. 3. The herb seed kits are listed on p. 10, the constitutional documents reprint on p. 9, the self-defense manual on p. 10, the seventy-two-hour duffel bag on p. 11, the DARE manual and lock picks on p. 10.

[3] Pronounced "Kam-ee-eye."

[4] The North American Man-Boy Love Association, a pedophiles' organization.

[5] Tuesday, September 6, 1994. By Louis Sahagun, Times staff writer. Home edition. Page 3, part A, column 3.

[6] "So he contradicts himself," said one of his antagonists, Ken Toole of the Montana Human Rights Network. "You don't want to hold that against a politician," he chuckled.

[7] The October 1994 newsletter refers to Revelations 16:16 for mention of Armageddon. Revelations 16:14-16 reads: "...for they are demonic spirits, performing signs, who go abroad to the kings of the whole world, to assemble them for battle on the great day of God the Almighty. ("Lo, I am coming like a thief! Blessed is he who is awake, keeping his garments that he may not go naked and be seen exposed!") And they assembled them at the place which is called in Hebrew Armaged´don."

[8] *Center for Action Monthly Newsletter*, vol. 4, no. 3, October 1994, p. 4-5: "Israel, Syria, Idaho and Armageddon."

[9] By the way, since the crime bill of 1994 has so greatly angered and shocked the Constitutionalists, Christian Patriots, militias, etc., some brief remarks on the original meaning of the phrase "the right to bear

arms" may be in order. Does this right in fact refer only to state militias, or does it refer to individual citizens? A case can be made for both. Thus the State of New Hampshire, for instance, in ratifying the Constitution in 1788, expressed a desire for a Bill of Rights, in which ought to be included the following: "12th. Congress shall never disarm any citizen, unless such as are or have been in actual rebellion" (Bailyn, vol. 2, p. 552). This is pretty clear. Again, as Noah Webster wrote in a press debate in 1787, "The supreme power in America cannot enforce unjust laws by the sword; because the whole body of the people are armed, and constitute a force superior to any band of regular troops that can be, on any pretence, raised in the United States" (vol. 1, p. 155). To the Pennsylvania Convention Robert Whitehall offered some petitions signed by 750 inhabitants of Cumberland County calling for a Bill of Rights; one right was: "7. That the people have a right to bear arms for the defense of themselves and their own state, or the United States, or for the purpose of killing game" (vol. 1, p. 872). None of this proves, of course, that a majority of the signers of the Bill of Rights accepted this interpretation; but it certainly renders that interpretation plausible and encourages me to sympathize with, and even share in, the patriots' outrage. It is interesting to note that the inveterate monarchist Count von Moltke hated the idea of arming "the people" (op. cit., p. 33) and hated democracy, perhaps because the former is a sign of the latter.

[10] *The River Journal: News and Stories from Along the Lower Clark Fork River—Trout Creek, Montana to Lake Pend Oreille, Idaho*, vol. 2 no. 25, 4-13 November 1994, p. 23. I have not been able to find this in my volume of Jefferson, and doubt that he used these exact words, although he might well have agreed with the sentiment.

[11] Pronounced "Kooskie."

[12] Ibid, p. 5.

[13] *Center for Action Monthly Newsletter*, vol. 4, no. 3, October 1994, p. 10

[14] A letter to the editor in the *Clearwater Progress* (Wednesday, November 9, 1994, p. 11) gives a good idea of this man's character. He begins by asking: "Why aren't my children being given the opportunity to be judged by their own true character and not by what the media may say about their father?" Fair enough. But he can't leave well enough alone. He goes on: "The NW Coalition Against Malicious Harassment recently had a conference in Moscow regarding 'Bo Gritz and the Christian Patriots.' What if we held a conference called 'Bill Wassmuth and the Jews'[?]"

[15] Crawford et al, *Almost Heaven* , p. 1, p. 2

[16] "From any perspective," concludes the House of Representatives final report, "Waco ranks among the most significant events in U.S. law enforcement history. For ATF, it was the largest and most deadly raid ever conducted. For the FBI, it was an unprecedented failure to achieve a critical objective—the rescue of dozens of innocent women and children" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, I.a, para. 2). The report on the Weaver incident said much the same.

[17] A hint that he would assign no penalty comes from his statement: "A police officer can be shot if he's wrongfully trying to arrest you, and that would only be manslaughter according to the Supreme Court."

[18] Ernest Hemingway once brought up still another complication, remarking: "The fun of talk is to explore, but much of it and all that is irresponsible should not be written. Once written you have to stand by it. You may have said it to see whether you believed it or not."—*The Paris Review*, no. 18 (1958), "The Art of Fiction" XXI, by George Plimpton, p. 69.

[19] In the January 1994 issue of his newsletter (p. 2), Gritz recommended Flowers as a source for a Bible concordance and a Bible dictionary.

[20] *Bo Gritz SPIKE Training: Defense Against Restricted Entry*, p. 1.

[21] *Bo Gritz SPIKE Training: Gun Control*, p. 149.

[22] After seeing this, he asked not to appear in the article in any way. I didn't completely oblige him, but at least I cut his name out.

[23] A citation for driving under the influence of alcohol.

[24] David Lane, p. 10.

[25] Steve Tanner, quoted in Ferris, pp. 118-19.
[26] I asked Gillespie which kind of lock would be the best one to buy for one's home—i.e., the least susceptible to picking. He recommended the multi-tumbler kind.
[27] *Special Forces*
[28] Leaflet reproduced in Aho, p. 231 ("FOR ACTIVE CHRISTIAN-PATRIORS ONLY!!") [29] Mohr, pp. 53-56. "We know that Cain had a wife, and evidence would indicate that he had taken a female from among the BEASTS OF THE FIELD, a Negress" (p. 48). These quotations occur in an annex to Mohr's main text, which mainly attacks Jews. Mohr claims not to know the author of the annex. He says rather coyly: "I am not sure I agree with it 100%, but it has merit and as Christians we should examine it in the light of God's Word...It will strengthen our argument against "race mixing..." (p.36).
[30] According to Michael Reynolds of Klanwatch, in 1994 there were about thirty-five thousand members of Identity. At Hayden Lake, Richard Butler's assistant, Group Leader Tim Bishop, claimed that between fifteen hundred and two thousand people belonged to the Aryan Nations movement. Bob Fletcher of the Militia of Montana, which is not a strictly Identity group but probably overlaps with it, said: "Possibly we have at this time between six and a half and eight million people in the system. There are militia groups in every major city. "—This probably a considerable exaggeration.
[31] *Center for Action Monthly Newsletter*, vol. 3, no. 6, January 1994, p. 3 ["State of the Union"]
[32] Len Martin, p. 56. (Just to show where he is coming from, I should mention that Martin is also the author of a book entitled *Black vs. White Equals Slavery: The Color Bomb* [same publisher, 1994], which endeavors to prove that racial disharmony is a diabolical enslavement scheme perpetuated by Jews.
[33] General Agreement on Tariffs and Trade.
[34] "Red" Beckman was kinder. He said to me: I believe that you cannot have free trade and free immigration as long as you have slave labor. Forty-two families in Mexico, they been using those people down there. These little people in Mexico, they're no different from us, he went on, rather surprisingly. They want to live and they want to love.
[35] On 29 November 1864, Marx finished his "Address of the International Working Men's Association to Abraham Lincoln," in which the President was congratulated on his reelection. A browse through the indices of my two-volume set of Lincoln's writings and speeches turned up no references to Marx or to Communism.
[36] Why were the Constitution and the Bill of Rights so sacred? Thomas Jefferson, who to say the least was somewhat involved in the writing of the Constitution, ought to have been one of Beckman's heroes. But in his writings Jefferson seemed to me to have been on Lincoln's side, as when he said: *I suspect that the doctrine, that small States alone are fitted to be republics, will be exploded by experience, with some other brilliant fallacies accredited by Montesquieu & other political writers. Perhaps it will be found, that to obtain a just republic (and it is to secure our just rights that we resort to government at all) it must be so extensive as that local egoisms may never reach it's {sic} greater part...* —Jefferson, p. 1024 (letter to François D'Ivernois, 1795).
[37] J Pace, pp. 93, 94, 104.
[38] Machiavelli warns his princely reader that when he disarms the people, "you at once offend them by showing that you distrust them" (op. cit., p. 30).
[39] The following characterization, written by a sociologist, probably applies in part to me: "Some buy a handgun for protection and become caught up in an 'escalation of deviance.' That is, they are questioned and criticized for their gun ownership and in reaction, intensify their identification with the problematic behavior..." F. Frederick Hawley, "Culture Conflict and the Ideology of Pariah Groups: The *Weltanschauung* of Gun Owners, Southerners and Cockfighters", in Tonso, p. 121.
[40] Beckman, *Walls in Our Minds*, pp. 17, 36. For some horrifying examples of IRS abuses of power, cf. Aho, pp. 42-44.
[41] Aho, p. 42. This author ends by quoting Red Beckman.

[42] According to Beckman, the brooms came out when no one was attacking.

[43] As Gardiner and his colleagues at the Coalition for Human Dignity wrote in their report, *The Northwest Imperative*, "Of course Gritz's good friend Willis Carto is one of the most notorious and influential bigots in the country—a fact Gritz would later admit in a press conference ...., but only after a bitter split between Carto and the Populist Party that left Carto out in the cold" (p. 2.22).

[44] Crawford et al, *Patriot Games*, p. 1.

[45] October 1994 issue, p. 7 ["KPOC Takes Waco to D.C. and a Citizens [sic] Grand Jury].

[46] Special Forces.

[47] This was the same Hon. James A. Trafficant, Jr., who in March 1994 read into the *Congressional Record* a letter of support for the Croatian rightwing leader Dobroslav Paraga (see "The War Never Came Here," above).

[48] Peters, *The Real Hate Group* , pp. 16, 21, 22, 26.

[49] International Monetary Fund.

[50] Beckman, *The Church Deceived* , p. 42.

[51] CHD, *The Northwest Imperative*, p. 2.23.

[52] The CHD report does admit that "for men like Peters and others in the Identity movement, Gritz is not homophobic enough" (p. 2.23). As I have stated above, I believe this is unfair to Gritz. If he does not advocate penalties against homosexuals, then as far as I am concerned he has done nothing wrong.

[53] Klanwatch claimed that Peters was "a close associate of Beam, Bo Gritz, Stetson, and other leaders in the white supremacist movement. He helped pay for the publication of Gritz's book, *Called to Serve*" (press release, p. 4).

[54] Gritz, pp. 485-86.

[55] The book by Pete Peters quoted above was purchased at Flowers's bookshop in Boring, Oregon.

[56] Jack Mohr's book, quoted for earlier, was another of those available at Richard Flowers's bookstore. Mohr makes exactly the opposite claim from Butler, thereby arriving at the same conclusion: "...for the White man to inter-marry, means his ultimate destruction. And of course, this is the plan of the 'race mixers.' History has proven that mongrel people are always easier to control, than pure bred ones" (p. 28).

[57] "This veteran tax protester and hard-core anti-Semite has an Identity church in Billings, Mont, called Freedom Church" (Klanwatch press release, p. 5).

[58] The final government view was that the fire (or, as they put it, the fires) constituted mass suicide. "There is no evidence that the FBI intentionally or inadvertently set the fires on April 19." (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, Executive summary, b. findings of the subcommittees, clause 7). "Additionally, the location of the bodies of the Davidians indicates that few of the Davidians actually attempted to escape the building. Many of the bodies were huddled together in locations in the center of the building. Few of the bodies were located at points of exit from the building, and autopsies indicates that the cause of death of several of the bodies at exit points were self-inflicted gunshot wounds or gunshots from very close range" (ibid).

[59] U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, VIII.D

[60] MOM Tape No. 109.

[61] Interestingly enough, Bo Gritz is given unfavorable mention in this video. Linda Thompson seems to frown on the Delta Force, which she accuses of complicity in the raid. Gritz, of course, was Delta Force, and his SPIKE sessions are designed to offer Delta Force equivalent training. Thompson sneeringly calls Gritz "a self-proclaimed patriot" and belittles his claim that what the ATF is calling fire-flashes coming from the turrets of the BATF tanks are in fact reflections. (I tend to believe Gritz over Thompson, given the former's military expertise.) Gritz is also quoted as saying that the CS gas used by the BATF could well have started the fire. The video seeks to discredit him by saying that his supporters have ties with *Soldier of Fortune* magazine.

[62] Subcommittee on Terrorism & c, p. 1099.

[63] Ibid, p. 1108 ("United States Attorney's Office"), emphasis added.

[64] It is unclear why the ATF did not accept the offer to do a compliance inspection of Koresh's firearms. Importantly, the Treasury

Report *fails to mention* that...[the ATF] had an opportunity... (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, II.B).

[65] Quoted in Ferris, pp. 74-75.

[66] Ruth Rauh, quoted in Ferris, p. 106.

[67] Ibid, p. 10.

[68] Peters, *Special Report on the Meeting of Christian Men*, p. 5.

[69] Martin, *Feds Lose Big*, p. 56.

[70] Steve Tanner, quoted in Ferris, p. 116.

[71] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, p. 1096 ("Summary of Conclusions").

[72]ibid, p. 1102 ("Conduct of Randy Weaver").

[73] *The Northwest Imperative*, p. 3.32.

[74] "...this whole issue of our opponents seeing conspiracies and the ironies of our own view of connections between this group and that group is not lost on us," Ken Toole wrote me. "The relevant question is when is it significant to the work we do and when is it simply coincidental. I wish we had had more of an opportunity to discuss this because it is something we profit from examining from time to time."

[75] This is probably true.

[76] Beckman reminds me here of Gerald P. Nye, leader of the ultra-isolationist America Firsters, who up to and even after Pearl Harbor continued to say that it was "Roosevelt's war." Both Beckman and Nye did in fact have some justification—though not a lot—for their claims: Roosevelt's policy was one of active "neutrality" in favor of England. Yes, this was underhanded. But it is just not reasonable to assert that in the long run America could have stayed out of World War II. To ignore the unpleasant fact that we either had to sacrifice American lives, or else wait for our country to be attacked—which in fact it was, before we declared war—is to scapegoat in a dangerously wrongheaded way. The Allied nations were certainly guilty of appeasement, complacency, stupidity, inertia, and callousness. But (may I please state the obvious?) World War II was not Roosevelt's war. It was Hitler's war.

[77] I have not been able to find this quotation in my one-volume edition of Franklin, which proves nothing. A pamphlet from the Church of Jesus Christ Christian entitled "Why Are Jews Persecuted for Their Religion?" cites the diary of Mr. Charles Cotesworth Pinckney, one of the framers of the Constitution, as a source. This diary is not available to me to check.

[78] "In my mind, I honestly saw northern Idaho as being occupied by crooked-legged, brown-shirted Nazis at roadblocks. I was wrong. When I got there I found out the people were a lot like we were."—Bo Gritz.

[79] Martin, *Feds Lose Big*, p. 44. This pamphlet twice quotes "Red" Beckman's characterization of district judges and U.S. attorneys as "the greatest coverup gang in America."

[80] Subcommittee on Terrorism & c, pp. 1100-1101 ("Quality of Information About Weavers").

[81] Ibid, pp. 1103-04 ("Information and Intelligence Gathering and Transmission").

[82] Our Waco parallel: The ATF's affidavit for a search warrant, while it might have been just barely constitutional in other respects, "failed to mention that grenade hulls like those cited in the affidavit to help establish probable cause had been sold by the Davidians in the past at gun shows as paper weights and mounted on plaques. Finally, the affidavit was misleading by reporting that Deputy Sheriff Terry Fuller was in the vicinity of the compound when he heard a loud explosion, but then failed to report that Fuller investigated and learned that the Davidians were using dynamite for construction" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, II.E). Furthermore, "the ATF misled the Defense Department as to the existence of a drug nexus in order to obtain non-reimbursable support from the Defense Department. The subcommittees conclude that the ATF intentionally misled Defense Department and military personnel as to whether the Davidians were operating an illegal drug manufacturing operation at the Davidian residence" (loc. cit).

[83] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, p. 1105 ("August 21, 1992 Firefight: Who fired the first shot at the Y?").

[84] Ibid, p. 1107.

[85] Ibid, p. 1106.

[86] Ibid, p. 1107. Of course, one must never

underestimate the power of incompetence. And if we return to our parallel with Waco, we learn this amazing fact: "It was later determined at trial that during the period of constant surveillance the agents within the house did not know what Koresh looked like" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, II.C).

[87] Subcommittee on Terrorism & c p. 1122 ("Inaccuracy of FBI 302 Forms").

[88] Ibid, p. 1108 ("Failure to Conduct Comprehensive Formal Internal Review").

[89] The final government report on the Waco hearings, for instance, laments: "Regrettably, the Treasury Department balked at making ATF agents available for interviews. The Department steadfastly refused to allow the subcommittee staff to meet with ATF agents who participated in the raid. Only the threat of subpoenas secured the appearance of ATF agents at the hearings. The inability to interview these individuals before public hearings was a significant investigative road-block... Several of the military personnel involved ... were not made available to the subcommittees' staff for interviews. Disturb-ingly, all of the military personnel interviewed by the subcommittees' staff were counseled about the interviews prior to them by senior commanders, despite requests to the contrary" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, I.1.C.2)

[90] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, p. 1112 ("Rules of Engagement").

[91] See above, "Punishment," for the text of the ROE, and "Defense of Ground," for more on Waco.

[92] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, p. 1110 ("Inadequate Negotiation Alternative"). This was remorselessly analogous to the Waco tactical plan a year later, which stated as its "final contingency provision" that "if all subjects failed to surrender after 48 hours of tear gas, then a CEV with a modified blade will commence a systematic opening up/disassembly of the structure until all subjects are located" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, VII.B.1). What did this lead to? A dissenting opinion concludes that "there was no opportunity for the vast majority of the Davidians to have any hope of escape, because of the Government's tactics the morning of the 19th of April. Essentially, the use of the armored vehicles, methodically smashing down portions of the building, cutting off avenues of escape (for example, smashing the walls down to cover the "escape" hatch to the tunnel out of the main building), intimidated the inhabitants into seeking "safety" in the one secure part of the structure (the concrete "bunker" in the center). With massive quantities of CS gas pumped into this area, it virtually guaranteed that most inhabitants would be incapacitated, which they were, and they died in the ensuing fire because of the incapacitating effects of the CS gas and the cutting off of escape routes" (ibid, submission by Hon. Bob Barr).

[93] Zionist Occupation Government. At the Church of Jesus Christ Christian they gave me a bumper sticker that said JUST SAY NO TO ZOG.

[94] Subcommittee on Terrorism &c, p. 1107 ("Who shot Sammy Weaver?").

[95] Ibid, p. 1114 (Horiuchi's testimony).

[96] Ibid, p. 1115 (testimony of Randy and Sara Weaver and Kevin Harris).

[97] Ibid, p. 1118 ("Legality of the first shot").

[98] ibid, p. 1116 (testimony regarding position of curtain).

[99] Ibid, pp. 1116-1117 ("Legality of the first shot").

[100] Ibid, p. 1114.

[101] Loc. cit.

[102] This callous disregard for safety, even for life, finds still another parallel with Waco: "While it cannot be concluded with certainty, it is unlikely that the CS riot control agent, in the quantities used by the FBI, reached lethal toxic levels. However, the evidence presented to the subcommittees does indicate that CS insertion into the enclosed bunker at a time when women and children were assembled inside that enclosed space could have been a proximate cause of or directly resulted in some or all of the deaths attributed to asphyxiation in the autopsy reports" (U.S. H.R. Committee on Government Reform, Executive Summary, B).

[103] *Walls in Our Minds*, pp. 22-23.

[104] From a videotaped which I purchased from the Militia of Montana. The title was "A Call to Arms."

[105] Ibid, p. 1111 ("Inadequate Negotiation Alternatives").

[106] Ibid, p. 1119 ("Legality of the second shot").

[107] Jess Walter, story in the *Spokesman Review*, quoted in Jim Oliver, "The Randy Weaver Case: Another Federal Fiasco," *The American Rifleman* (n.d.; from Internet).

[108] Ibid, p. 1131 ("Ability of the FBI to Investigate Itself").

[109] Ibid, p. 1132 ("Ability of the FBI to Investigate Itself").

[110] I had originally inadvertently misquoted him on this. In due time I got his response to my draft, a sheet of paper unsigned, in an envelope without a return address. After correcting the misquotation he added: "Other than that, ~~totally correct~~ fatally incorrect."

[111] United States Marshals Service.

[112] Ferris, p. 42.

[113] The version I have, which contains the same sense, reads: "All we wanted was peace and to be left alone. Soldiers were sent out in the winter, who destroyed our villages. Then "Long Hair" [Custer] came in the same way. They say we massacred him, but he would have done the same to us had we not defended ourselves and fought to the last. Our first impulse was to escape with our squaws and papooses, but we were so hemmed in that we had to fight." —Nabokov, p. 179 ("I Have Spoken," 1877).

[114] Ferris, p. 31.

[115] Gritz's friend and associate, Jack McLamb, also played an important part.

[116] Crawford et al, *Almost Heaven?*, p. 5.

[117] Gritz told me an amusing anecdote: When he'd visited Khun Sa, the Opium King, he brought back a dozen MTA hats for the local Boy Scout troop, and they'd worn them out. Later, after the Randy Weaver debacle, the FBI had asked him what he wanted as a reward for negotiating, and he said he'd take a dozen FBI hats. The boys hated them. He said that that just went to show that people don't respect the government anymore.

[118] Crawford et al, *Patriot Games*, p. 10.

[119] David Johnston, New York Times, "Report: FBI broke rules in fatal siege", The *Sacramento Bee*, Tuesday, December 13, 1994, pp. A1, A14.

[120] Militia of Montana Information Video and Intelligence Report (Tape No. 100). This video also included a Waco memorial segment, with words by Carl Klang, and closed with "The Ballad of Randy Weaver" by Carl Klang.

[121] AKA Mark Koernke. Timothy McVeigh, a suspect in the Oklahoma City bombing on 19 April 1995, attended Militia of Michigan meetings and was "affiliated with a Michigan Militia member named Mark Koernke" (The *Sacramento Bee,* final, Saturday, April 22, 1995, p. A23).

[122] *Walls in Our Minds*, p. 10.

[123] January 1994 issue, p. 2.

[124] *Democracy in America*, vol. 1, pp. 86-91. In his day Tocqueville could even write that the U.S.A. "may almost be said to govern itself, so feeble and so restricted is the share left to the administration, so little do the authorities forget their popular origin and the power from which they emanate" (p. 51).

[125] "Red Beckman, a militia supporter in Montana, blamed the Oklahoma City bombing on the CIA, the FBI or the ATF. 'They're all capable of that because it wasn't too long ago they burned a whole bunch of women and kids down in Waco,' he said. 'They're afraid of the militia, so they do something like this and they blame the militia.'" (The *Sacramento Bee,* final, Saturday, April 22, 1995, p. A23.)

[126] *Walls in Our Minds*, p. 13.

[127] Gruen, p. 153.

[128] Montana Human Rights Network, *A Season of Discontent*, p. 9.

[129] Sun-tzu, p. 221.

[130] There are twelve different Obadiahs in the Old Testament. The highest-profile one, however, is the author of the Book of Obadiah. Assuming that he is the one whom Pastor Butler meant, I think the following passage would be most relevant to his theme of racial self-defense: "You should not have entered the gate of my people in the day of his calamity; you should not have gloated over his disaster in the day of his calamity...

For the day of the Lord is near upon all the nations. As you have done, it shall be done to you; your deeds shall return upon your own head" (13, 15).

[131] Churchill, vol. 2, p. 163.

[132] New World Order.

[133] January 1994 issue, p. 3.

[134] Aristotle, *The Politics*, p. 116.

[135] *The Republic of Plato*, trans. Cornford, pp. 284, 286.

[136] Lincoln, vol. 2, p. 626 (speech to the 148th Ohio Regiment, Washington, D.C., 1864.

[137] Lenin, vol. 3, p. 28.

[138] According to a Christian Patriot Association pamphlet, which is very sympathetic to Weaver, Weaver also believed that Armageddon was near.

[139] Relfe, *The New Money System: 666* , pp. xxiv-xxv.

[140] Revelations 13:11, 13, 16-17.

[141] Revelations 13:18.

[142] Relfe, p. 49.

[143] Or maybe, (I thought to myself) a "Red" flag.

[144] Relfe, pp. 6-79, 81.

[145] The price per SPIKE session was actually $100.00.

[146] Relfe, p. 203.

[147] January 1994 issue, p. 5.

[148] *Carolina Peacemaker* (Greensboro, North Carolina, July 24, 1991), p. 1. "Gritz was a speaker at a North Carolina Klan rally and First National Identity-Christian Conference in 1991, where he shared the podium with Klansmen and other racists" (Klanwatch press release, p. 7).

[149] January 1994 issue, pp. 7, 8 ["Spiritual Matters: A Stroll Through The Garden, Ride on the Flood, and Stop by Star Wars"].

[150] Emphasis added. I am continually amazed by how little data it takes for people to make up their minds.

[151] As the inimitable Bob Fletcher put it: If you as an individual want to stick pine cones up your ass at night, I don't care. But in that Head Start educational program for young kids they've got five homosexual readers. And Janet Reno was caught several times making love with a fourteen-year-old girl.

THICK BLOOD

[1] "Burakumin" means "Buraku people" and I have used it as a collective noun at the Buraku Liberation League's request. "Buraku" is the singular and adjectival form.

[2] The "Japanese Mafia."

[3] Many whorehouses are Yakuza-run.

[4] Pinguet, pp. 39-40.

[5] Carlyle, vol. 1, p. 414.

[6] A hundred and sixty thousand members in 1995.

[7] Macropaedia, vol. 3 (1976 ed.), p. 991.

[8] Pinguet, p. 52.

[9] In ancient times, Sakyamuni Buddha advised any bodhisattva to refrain from consorting with "butchers and meat mincers, hunters and fishermen, who slaughter for gain; those who vend meat for a living, and procurators ..." (p. 224). In seventeenth- and eighteenth-century Germany, the executioner was similarly regarded. When he touched the victim, the latter became explicitly dishonored. He was responsible for accomplishing such dishonorable tasks as killing dogs, emptying cesspits, etc. (Evans, pp. 56-63).

[10] How many Burakumin are there? As Meiko Fujioka wrote me, "There are no official statistics about the population. According to the government survey conducted in 1993, the Buraku population in the reported 4,443 districts throughout Japan was 892,751 [a figure confirmed by Mr. Ken-Ichi Kadooka of the B.L.L.]. This figure does not reflect the actual number of Buraku people living in Buraku districts (it should be bigger than this, as it has been said from the time of Meiji period that there are 6,000 districts). However, if based on this government survey, Buraku people living outside the districts will be about 60%. You have to take into account that there are not official statistics about the number of Buraku districts itself and population which covers the whole nation." Kadooka for his part rejects the 60% figure, saying: "The [Burakumin] population in 1971 was 1,458,802, as the official survey shows. It is estimated, therefore, about one-third of Burakumin live outside the communities." When I asked Kadooka in an inter-

view what he supposed the total number of Burakumin in Japan to be, he replied: "Our League thinks about three million."

[11] In the mid-1980s the average national income in Japan was 4.129 million yen, and the average income for Burakumin was 2.438 million yen, according to a pamphlet by the Buraku Kaiho Kenkyusho (Buraku Liberation Research Institute), entitled *The Reality of Buraku Discrimination in Japan: An Appeal for Support Toward the Enactment of a Fundamental Law for Buraku Liberation* (Osaka, 1991), p. 17. [Note: Like any figures published or unpublished, these must be taken with latitude. For instance, the average national income figure for 1985 which I arrived at was about 5.34 million yen, multiplying by 12 the average monthly figure given in Table 48 of the Japan Institute of Labour's *Japanese Working Life Profile: Labour Statistics* (Tokyo: Yoshida Printing Inc., 1992), p. 58.]

[12] According to *The Daily Yomiuri* [Japan], Sunday, December 6, 1987, 47.8% of marriages comprised of one burakumin partner "faced opposition to their marriages—37.1 percent of them for explicitly discriminatory reasons." "I may look human from the outside," wrote one woman in her suicide note (the engagement had been broken off when the prospective groom learned that she was Burakumin), "but my inside is empty, stupid, dull-witted and self-isolating ... my real self is a lifeless doll" (quoted in Etkind, p. 89).

[13] From two Chinese ideograms meaning "defilement-abundant."

[14] These people were gravediggers, butchers, executioners, etc. "Hinnin" is sometimes also transliterated "hnin."

[15] Kochi Prefecture, Shikoku Island.

[16] This was a famous case, which actually occurred in 1963, not in the Fifties. According to Mieko Fujioka, the BLL has held several demonstrations each year to call for a retrial so that Ishikawa-san's name can be cleared.

[17] Eel.

[18] An earlier article I read quoted a BLL spokesman as saying 30.

[19] In February 1995 this would have around U.S. $5,700.00.

[20] For one such case, see *The Christian Science Monitor*, xxx, p. 7 (Keiko Kambara, "After Gaffe, TV Anchor Fights Bias On Air").

[21] This common Japanese term for a foreigner means, revealingly enough, "outside person."

[22] Juan Williams, Race and Japan: A Cross-Cultural Journey," in *The Washington Post Magazine*, January 5, 1992, p. 25.

[23] Robert Guest, "From the Cutting Room," a sidebar to his article "A Tale of Two Sisters: Japanese Untouchables Emerging From Centuries of Scorn," in the *Far Eastern Economic Review*, July 9, 1992, pp. 28-29.

[24] "The Maine Woods," in *A Week, Walden, Maine Woods, Cape Cod* (New York: Library of America, 1985), p. 680.

[25] Japan Institute of Labour, *Japanese Working Life Profile: Labour Statistics* table 48, p. 58. Out of a 1992 monthly "living expenditure" of 353,000 yen, 35,000 yen went for "transportation and communication." The "non-living expenditure" of 90,000 yen was all taxes and social security.

[26] One BLL person told me that of these 5,400 victims, 250 to 300 were Burakumin. It is probable that I misunderstood or that he was mistranslated. According to a BLL Hyogo Prefectural Office booklet entitled *The List of the Damage Among Buraku Communities Caused by the Hanshin-Awaji Great Earthquake (March 27, 1995 - Present)*—this is Yuki's translation—there were over the nine localities affected the following casualties among Burakumin: 189 deaths, 260 injuries (this was probably the number which I had misheard), 5,828 houses "damaged completely," 1,232 houses "damaged mostly." In Bancho district of Nagata ward, where the interviews in this text were conducted, the respective figures were: 42 deaths, an unknown number of injuries, and 1,400 houses damaged either "completely" or "mostly" (these figures were not broken down, for some reason), and 1,000 houses, Yuki added in a marginal note, were damaged "partially," including six "6- or 7-story apartment complexes that you saw there [which] need to be rebuilt. Community centers, public bath places were widely damaged." All of these estimates are conservative.

By and large, of all the people I have interviewed over the years, Japanese take the greatest care not to exaggerate, even at the risk of underreporting. Thus, a local BLL cadre in Bancho district gave me a figure of 25 Buraku killed in Nagata, and 54 families, or half the residents, who lost their houses. Another man said that 29 Burakumin were were killed in Nagata. (Of course more could have died in succeeding months due to injuries received.) I don't know how many non-Buraku perished. An American source claimed that the total number of dead was 5,500, and 190,000 buildings damaged.

[27] He informed me that I resembled the young Charles Bronson.

[28] "The economic status of Buraku people is traditionally very weak," said Mieko Fujioka. "In this quake, almost all in the very small shoe factories lost their jobs, or, if they owned those factories, their own property. The cost is very high to produce something in Japan, you know. Those who can afford to, set up factories in places like China or Bangladesh."